

California Dream

By

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BLACK

SUPER: "'...the dream of instant wealth, won in a twinkling by audacity and good luck.' - H.W. Brands"

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

A pink-orange sunset over the Pacific Ocean. Mild waters crash against a deserted slice of shore.

And, on the shoreline, a YOUNG COUPLE. CW photogenic, sun-kissed and smiling. They watch the sun set in silence.

CALVIN (V.O.)  
Not even a month ago, I felt like  
I'd never be happy again.

The Guy drapes his arm around The Girl. Moves in for a kiss. She's receptive. Returns the kiss.

CALVIN (V.O.)  
But that all changed. Because of a  
girl.

Things get heated quickly. The Guy rolls on top of her.

CALVIN (V.O.)  
A girl who reminded me what it felt  
like to be happy.

WHAP! A flash of silver steel bashes The Guy across his head. He rolls onto his back with a grunt.

The Couple stare up at CALVIN BARRY (26ish) - a hoodie and sunglasses cover most of his guy-next-door handsome looks. In his hand, a pistol.

CALVIN  
Money. Cards. Uh...Ipods. Jewelry.  
Cough up.

He tosses a sack onto The Girl's chest.

The Guy, hand to a bloody gash on his head, surrenders his wallet. The Girl shakes her purse into the sack.

As Calvin watches, a - brief - smile plays on his features.

BLACKNESS

INT. CAB (MOVING) - DAY

A cab through Los Angeles. A lavish view of Bel-Air, seen through a grimy window.

In the back, Calvin, morose and dejected. Saggy shoulders and a constant frown.

Calvin watches, envious, as decadent houses pass - reflections in the window. The CAB DRIVER's noisy Arabic phone argument provides the soundtrack.

EXT. BARRY RESIDENCE - DAY

The butt end of Culver. A bland, single story, small even by ranch standards. The place barely has a front yard.

INT. BARRY RESIDENCE / CALVIN'S ROOM - DAY

The room ain't much: a twin bed, a bathroom that used to be a closet, a tiny window. SUE BARRY (50ish), a plane-jane blue collar woman, leads Calvin, with two small bags, in.

SUE  
Any more bags, hun?

CALVIN  
Nah. Most of my shit's in storage.  
Or with Katie.

SUE  
Oh. How's she doing with...you  
know. Everything?

Calvin's despondent glare silences Sue. She drops the thought. Gives him a hug.

SUE  
Dinner's at six-thirty.

Calvin nods. Sue shuffles out of the room.

EXT. BARRY RESIDENCE / DECK - DAY

Nothing special here - a modest garden, a fading wood deck, a small pool. TARYN BARRY (17), blonde and cute with a side of snotty, lounges in the sun.

Calvin exits the house. Glances at Taryn.

CALVIN  
Hey. Productive afternoon?

Taryn flips him the bird.

TARYN  
Whad'ya want, fucktard?

CALVIN  
Mom told me to come say hi.

TARYN  
Aren't you a little old to still do  
what mommy tells you?

He sits on a lounge next to her. Taryn snickers at him.

TARYN  
Finally kicked ya out, huh?

CALVIN  
More or less.

TARYN  
An' you came here. Totally you.

Calvin grimaces. His gaze drifts around the sparse yard; everything here is so meager.

INT. BARRY RESIDENCE / KITCHEN - NIGHT

An overstuffed kitchen with a small TV on the counter. Sue, Taryn, and Calvin eat dinner with JOSEPH BARRY (50's), old military. Sue and Joseph watch a sitcom, silent.

Taryn's phone beeps. She checks it.

JOSEPH  
(to Taryn)  
What'd your mother tell you about  
the phone at dinner?

TARYN  
Same thing other people say.

JOSEPH  
She's not people, she's your  
mother.

He snatches the phone away from Taryn.

TARYN  
I forgot. Riveting discussion here.

Taryn and Calvin lock eyes. He grins teasingly.

CALVIN  
You can have it back when you  
finish your veggies.

TARYN  
Yuk-yuk. Suck it, Freeloads.

Joseph clears his throat. Calvin and Taryn both fall silent.

Taryn pops a piece of food into her mouth. Smiles sweetly at Calvin. He gives her the finger.

INT. TIKIHAMA'S - NIGHT

A surf bar; island themed, boards on the wall. Calvin sits near the far end. He watches a GORGEOUS BLONDE at the bar; dressed for work at a porn set.

MARK KESSLER (late 20's), a Cali brodude dick, slides into the booth. He passes Calvin a drink.

MARK  
Jeez. Enjoy that eight dollar beer,  
bud. Consider it an apology for not  
puttin' ya up.

Calvin doesn't respond. Just keeps his eyes on the Blonde.

MARK  
I told Damaris it'd be a week or--

CALVIN  
--it's cool, Mark. Just kind of  
sucks being with my parents. Can't  
wait 'til I get the fuck out.

MARK

I feel ya. Got any plans yet?

Calvin shrugs. The Blonde bends over the bar. Gives Calvin a good view of her ass. He gawks.

MARK

The Burger King by my place is always hiring.

CALVIN

At this age? You kidding?

MARK

I was at Subway for almost a year when I got out.

Calvin grimaces. Eyes the Blonde again. Mark laughs.

MARK

She's not gonna go home with a guy who rooms with his parents.

Calvin shoots him a glare.

CALVIN

She's not gonna go home with a guy in a Burger King hat either.

MARK

Yeah. Hey, maybe you should follow my lead. Hold up a Seven Eleven.

Calvin seems to be considering this. Mark glares.

MARK

Dude, sarcasm. Shit ain't worth it. Dumbest thing I ever did. Pokey's not as fun as Oz and Shawshank make it out to be.

Calvin eyeballs the Blonde again. A RIPPED BRODUDE stands behind her now. They talk, very close; intimate as hell.

Calvin bats his drink back and forth. Glances around, lost in thought.

INT. BARRY RESIDENCE / CALVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Calvin, facedown in bed. His ALARM BLARES. He opens his eyes and glares at the clock.

Ten in the morning. Calvin whacks the snooze button.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Calvin trudges in. He opens the fridge and fishes around. Behind him, Joseph enters, dressed for work - he's a cop.

JOSEPH

About time your lazy ass got up.

CALVIN

Busy night.

JOSEPH

Busy night make you any money?

Calvin ignores him.

JOSEPH

Air Force will take ya up to twenty eight, you know.

CALVIN

I'm a little old. Plus you've gotta be in for, like, three years.

Joseph gives Calvin a long glare.

JOSEPH

Well, right now it's pretty much your only option, isn't it? Closed a lot of doors dropping out--

CALVIN

--Military's not my only option. I can find something better.

JOSEPH

You wanna talk options, fine. Get your ass up before the crack of one, find yourself a job, or join the military.

Calvin checks the freezer. Ignores Joseph.

JOSEPH  
I'm perfectly fine with adding to  
the homeless community, Calvin.  
You'd be in good company.

Joseph exits without another word. Calvin glares after him.  
Slams the freezer door.

EXT. BIGGIE'S BURGERS - DAY

A disco-themed chain joint on the end of a strip mall. The mascot is a giant hamburger-headed thing with a massive belly. The place isn't busy.

Calvin exits a JEEP. Approaches the store.

Parked a few spaces away, in front of a boutique, a MINT GREEN FORD SHITBOX with the engine popped.

And, over the engine, GWEN SUMMERS (barely 18), an adorable beach gal with a devil-may-care attitude and a killer tanned bod, dressed casual - shorts, baby tee, sneakers.

Calvin stares. A little too long. Gwen looks up. Catches him staring. She smiles at him.

Calvin doesn't return it. He scurries into Biggie's.

INT. BIGGIE'S - DAY

Industry standard: lightly-worn chairs and tables, an aura of dirt, ads for meal deals on every surface. Calvin enters, disgusted with the place.

Behind the counter, a young BIGGIE'S CHICK, cute and perky. She leans against the drive window, on her phone.

Beside the register, MICKEY (21ish), a hairy-bear with thick glasses. He glances at Calvin.

MICKEY  
Hey. Would you like to try our new  
Biggie Triple for five dollars?

CALVIN  
No thanks. Just a number one.

Gwen steps into line behind Calvin. He doesn't notice. His gaze lands on the Biggie's Chick's ass.



MICKEY

What to drink?

He gives Calvin an annoyed glare. Calvin looks away from the Biggie's Chick, embarrassed. Notices a "HELP WANTED" sign on the register.

CALVIN

Uhm, Coke. You guys are hiring?

He taps the sign.

MICKEY

Yeah, for mornings. Gotta get up pretty early. It ain't fun.

He extends an application. Calvin takes it.

CALVIN

You mind if I fill it out here?

Mickey shrugs. Calvin turns. Locks eyes with Gwen. He just stares. She gives him a sugar sweet smile.

GWEN

You set, dude?

Calvin realizes. Slides aside with an apologetic nod.

INT. BIGGIE'S - LATER

Calvin, by himself, scribbles out his application. Gwen passes, on her way to the door, a huge cup in hand.

She pauses. Looks Calvin up and down. He ignores her. Gwen sizes him up. Smiles. She slides into the booth.

GWEN

You don't wanna work here.

Calvin looks up. Gwen takes a long, loud sip from her cup.

CALVIN

I'm filling an application out.

GWEN

Fuckin' why? Biggie's sucks. Shitty hours, shitty pay.

She takes another obnoxious sip. Calvin looks away.

GWEN

Just tryin' to help a brother out.

She glances at Mickey, behind the counter. He yawns and picks his ear with one finger.

GWEN

Plus you're too old for this shit.

CALVIN

I'm just twenty-six.

GWEN

Oh. Well, just sayin', the only old dudes who work at Biggie's don't speak a lot of English.

CALVIN

It's temporary.

Gwen takes another long sip as she slides out of the booth. Pauses. Turns back with another sweet smile.

GWEN

I'm Gwen, bee-tee-dubs.

(leans over, reads  
application)

It's nice to meet ya, Cal-Vin.

She scurries away. Calvin watches her go; he's smitten.

EXT. BIGGIE'S - DAY

Calvin exits. Crosses the lot in a hurry. Gwen sits, gym bag in lap, on an outdoor dining bench by the Ford.

Calvin takes a brief peek at her. Gwen notices him staring. She waves.

GWEN

Heya, Cal-Vin!

CALVIN

Oh, hi...Gwen, right?

GWEN

Uh-huhs. Can you give me a ride?

Calvin frowns, suddenly unsure.

GWEN

Please? Can ya? Huh? Huh? Can ya?

Calvin shakes his head a little.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Dude, c'mon! My roomie's car shit out on me. An' she's probably sittin' out on the beach, so she ain't answerin' her fuckin' phone. C'mon. Be a buddy. Don't make me take the bus.

Gwen adds a pout at the end. Calvin stares, unsure. Finally, he nods. Gwen is overjoyed. She skips girlishly around the front of the Chevy.

INT. JEEP (MOVING) - DAY

Calvin drives with Gwen shotgun. She rests her feet on the dash and bobs her head along with the RADIO.

GWEN

So, you local?  
(gestures across)  
Turn left here.

CALVIN

Culver. Well, my parents.

GWEN

Venice represent right here.  
(pause)  
You give a fuck if I smoke?

She pops a cigarette into her mouth.

CALVIN

Are you old enough?

GWEN

The fuck? Are you a narc? Yeah, I'm old enough. Just turned.

Calvin nods permissively. Gwen lights up.

GWEN

Culver with mom and dad, huh? Like, what happened?

CALVIN  
What do you mean?

GWEN  
What made a strappin' adult move  
back in with mommy and daddy?

Calvin bristles at her phrasing. Gwen removes her sneakers.

CALVIN  
It's a long story. I guess I kind  
of ran out of options.

GWEN  
Where'd ya move from?

CALVIN  
Chicago.

GWEN  
Chicago? Aw man, I always wanted to  
go there.  
(groans, fans herself)  
Fuckin' A it's hot. I'm hittin' the  
beach, like, the second I get back.  
You give if I get ready?

CALVIN  
What? Here? Now?

GWEN  
That's what I said, Cal-Vin. It's  
only weird if you make it weird.

Calvin nods. Gwen quickly slides her shorts off. Underneath,  
a little red bikini bottom. Calvin tries not to stare.

GWEN  
You couldn't find anywhere to live  
in Chi-Town?

She digs in her bag. Finds a tube of suntan lotion.

CALVIN  
I was broke, and I didn't know a  
whole lot of people. So I ditched  
out and ran for the hills.

Gwen rubs the tanning lotion on her legs. Calvin eyes her as  
he drives.

CALVIN (CONT'D)  
I knew my folks would take me in.

GWEN  
Mine would'a told me to fuck off.

CALVIN  
My dad wanted to. Mom overrules him  
on most things. Trust me. Not my  
ideal situation.

GWEN  
You got a plan?

Gwen pulls her shirt over her head; underneath, an  
itty-bitty bikini. Calvin gawks.

CALVIN  
Uh...not really. Just get out. Go  
somewhere better than this.

Gwen lotions up her arms. Moves to her shoulders. It  
distracts the hell out of Calvin.

GWEN  
Samesies. I'd love to just live a  
cushy-ass life. Like, in fuckin'  
paradise or something, you know?  
Miami. But the fam doesn't throw me  
anything. So, you know. Do what I  
gotta do, I guess. Make the green.

She twists herself around to lotion up her shoulders. Gives  
him a decent view of the goods.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
And the whole time, I just dream of  
sandy beaches, crystal waters, and  
a carefree existence.

CALVIN  
L.A. has sandy beaches and crystal  
waters. C'mon. Venice?

GWEN:  
L.A. has a dirty fuckin' beach with  
bums suckin' each other off under  
the boardwalks, and waters full of  
piss and sludge.

Calvin chuckles. Gwen removes her socks and kicks her feet  
into a pair of flip-flops. Rests her feet back on the dash.

CALVIN  
Your fantasy sounds great.

GWEN  
Oh, doesn't it? Patent pending.

She gestures across. Her fingers graze his chest.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
Left here.

Her touch distracts him. He stares down at her arm for a split second, mind obviously elsewhere.

EXT. PALM WOODS APARTMENTS - EVENING

A ghetto complex on the ass-end of Venice - the beach is visible in the background, but that's the only perk. This place has been around for YEARS and looks it. All the apartments open into exterior halls.

The Jeep rumbles up to the curb.

INT. JEEP - DAY

Gwen stumps her cigarette out in the ashtray. She smiles over at Calvin. He's clearly interested, and she knows it.

GWEN  
Thanks for the ride. Oh, and hey,  
let me get your number.

Gwen takes his phone. Punches in her number before he can protest. Her PHONE BEEPS. Gwen smiles and hands him the phone back.

GWEN  
Y'know. In case ya wanna be a buddy  
again. Maybe buy a gal some vodka.

CALVIN  
Yeah. Breaking the law. Always fun.

GWEN  
Always.

Gwen pops her door. She waits. Calvin bristles, unsure what to do. Gwen giggles. Extends her fist.

GWEN  
Put 'er there, Cal-Vin.

Calvin chuckles and bumps knuckles with her.

Gwen struts towards the building. Calvin watches her butt wiggle as she walks away.

Gwen turns back. Calvin slams on the gas. The car is still in park - the engine roars.

Calvin grimaces. Knocks it into drive. Waves at Gwen. She waves back.

INT. BARRY RESIDENCE / CALVIN'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Calvin enters, a bit less morose. Taryn, dressed for work, does her makeup in his bathroom.

TARYN  
Dad's in the bathroom.

Calvin flops onto the bed.

CALVIN  
So where are you working again? The Hooker Bar?

He sneers at her. Taryn flips him the bird.

TARYN  
Hardy-har. Guys dig this fuckin' look. An' at least I got a job.

CALVIN  
I might have a job. At Biggie's.

TARYN  
(scoffs)  
Figures. Coaster.

CALVIN  
You've got room to talk. How long you spend laying on your ass today?

TARYN  
That's it. Keep skirtin' the issue. I swear, you're such a bum. I bet'cha a hundred bucks you're still here when I ditch in May.

CALVIN  
Better have that hundo ready.

Taryn scoffs. Calvin sits up. Glares at Taryn's back.

INT. BARRY RESIDENCE / KITCHEN - EVENING

Calvin crosses the kitchen. Sue cooks over the stove. She glances at Calvin.

SUE  
Your father said you were going to  
talk to the recruiter.

CALVIN  
Nah, ma. I wasn't.

SUE  
Oh. Well, he's right. It's a good  
option for unemployed college  
dropouts. If I were you, I'd march  
on over to the recruiter. Between  
that and fast food? Well...

Calvin glares at her, annoyed.

CALVIN  
So I should just go jump into the  
military because what the fuck else  
can I do? Jesus, ma. I'll find  
something. I just need time.

SUE  
Don't most people your age know  
what they want to do, hun?

Calvin is furious. He just exits aggressively without  
another word.

INT. CALVIN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Calvin sits on the floor, a beer on the toilet seat. He's  
locked in.

Calvin takes a long, angry sip of beer. Another sip.

His PHONE BEEPS. Calvin checks.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN: A text from an unknown number. "Hey,  
this is Gwen! Left my shoes in your car!"

Calvin frowns. He stares at the phone for a moment.



INSERT PHONE SCREEN: Calvin types a reply. "Okay. U want my address?"

He hesitates over the send button for a moment. Finally sends the text with a reluctant grimace.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sue silently watches television with her dinner. Calvin enters. She ignores him.

Calvin digs around in the fridge. Grabs a Tupperware. Sniffs it. Gags.

SUE

You want me to make you something?

Calvin's PHONE BEEPS. He checks it.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN: A text from Gwen's number. "OMFG! So bored! Bring them over and we'll hang! :)"

CALVIN

No, that's okay. Hey, can I borrow the Jeep real quick?

SUE

Your father says you're supposed to be staying in tonight. So you can get up early and--

CALVIN

--mom, please? I'll have it back before he gets back, okay?

Sue thinks for a beat. Finally nods and gestures at a ceramic key-dish on the microwave cart.

EXT. PALM WOODS APARTMENTS / PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Jeep rumbles into the lot. Calvin steers into an open spot. The car blends well in the lot.

He gets out, shoes in hand. Stares up at the building. He looks hesitant; a little nervous.

EXT. PALM WOODS / FIFTH FLOOR - NIGHT

Calvin follows the exterior hall. Checks off door numbers mentally. Ahead of him, TWO BIG LATINO GUYS smoke on the terrace. They stare as Calvin approaches.

Calvin stops at door 508. One door down. The Latinos go back to their cigarettes. Calvin sighs with relief.

Calvin raises his hand. Hesitates. A few deep breaths. He slicks his hair back. Paces. He's still not sure.

Finally, he spins and KNOCKS. Nothing. He KNOCKS again.

AMY NEELY (18ish), a chill surfer gal with long sandy-blonde hair and a bevvvy of bikinis, answers. The teensy white thing she wears is an instant distraction to Calvin.

AMY

Oh hey, you're Kevin, right?

CALVIN

(tries not to eyeball her)

Calvin. And yeah, I am.

AMY

Oh. Righteous. I'm Amy. Or Amelia, if you're a total dee-bag. Gwendy's gonna be a sec. C'mon in.

She beckons Calvin inside. He does his best not to stare at her bikini-clad chest as he skirts past.

INT. GWEN AND AMY'S - NIGHT

The place is a shit-hole, clearly inhabited by teenagers: clothing everywhere, junky furniture, cheap electronics, a massive bong and drug paraphernalia on the coffee table.

Calvin enters. Amy kicks the door shut. An ECHO.

Amy flops back on the couch. Stretches her legs out. She grabs the bong.

AMY

You want a hit?

CALVIN

Nah. I don't touch the stuff.

As she hits, he takes in more details: Bare walls, an inflatable chair, tiki-lights strung on the ceiling, vodka empties on a table, stains on the carpet.

CALVIN  
You guys live here alone?

AMY  
Huh? Yeah. Gwendy's, like, my  
sister from another mister.

Gwen, in a summer dress, exits the bathroom. She grins when she sees Calvin. Tosses her hair.

GWEN  
Hey, Cal-Vin! You ready to go?

AMY  
What'cha guys doing?

GWEN  
I dunno. Stuff. You wanna come?

Amy shakes her head and wags the bong. Gwen nods and taps Calvin's shoulder. He follows her.

On her way out, Gwen fetches a hoodie from the closet.

AMY  
Nice to meet ya, not Kevin.

She waves. Gives him a very coy, flirty smile. He nods back, a little uncomfortable yet interested.

INT. JEEP (MOVING) - NIGHT

Calvin drives with Gwen shotgun. She reclines, her feet on the dash again.

GWEN  
We should hit a drive-thru. Maybe  
get a fuckin' bottle of Jack. Go  
chill down by the beach. It's a  
nice night, an' I know this real  
peaceful spot.

CALVIN  
Sounds like a plan.  
(embarrassed)  
Uhm, I'm kind of broke. Is that...

GWEN  
Cheap-ass. Don't worry. I got this.  
But make a pit stop, mmkay?

Calvin nods. She stretches her legs out. He tries to keep his eyes off them.

She catches him. Throws him another flirty smile. Calvin can't help but smile back.

I/E. GAS STATION - NIGHT

An empty all-nighter. The only car in sight is the clerk's, parked alongside the building. Everything is dead calm. The Jeep pulls up.

JEEP

Calvin knocks the car into park. Gwen checks the building.

GWEN  
I'll be right back. Ya want  
anything from inside?

He shakes his head. Gwen nods mischievously. Hops out of the car. She leaves her flip flops.

GAS STATION LOT

Gwen scurries across the parking lot. She casually looks around. Makes sure the coast is clear.

CONVENIENCE STORE

Gwen enters: Barefoot, hood up, hands stuffed into her hoodie. The surly CLERK nods to her.

GWEN  
Hey, dude. 'Tzup? Easy night?

CLERK  
Ya gotta wear shoes in here.

GWEN  
Aw! Lame! I'll be real quick, okay?

She pouts cutely. He reluctantly nods approval.

Gwen runs to a small cooler near the register. She stuffs her hand into her sleeve and grabs two bottles of Coke. She hops around on her toes; a cutesy, aloof little dance. Her eyes flick around the store: Empty.

She walks to the register. The clerk approaches, glum.

Gwen whips a PISTOL out of her hoodie. It's small; an H&K P2000 at most. She aims it squarely at his head.

GWEN

Put the register in a fuckin' bag!

JEEP

Calvin hums along with the radio. He ignores the store completely. Stares at the road.

Visible in the window, Gwen waves her pistol in the clerk's face. The clerk scoops money from the register into a bag.

CONVENIENCE STORE

Gwen, pistol aloft, tears the bag from the clerk's hand and bolts. She's out the door before he has time to breathe.

JEEP

Gwen yanks the door open. Jumps in.

GWEN

Drive, dude!

Calvin notices the gun. The bag of money. He freaks. Knocks the car into drive and jams his foot on the gas.

INT. JEEP (MOVING) - NIGHT

A few blocks away from the store. Calvin checks over his shoulder. Nothing. He whirls on Gwen, pissed.

CALVIN

What the fuck?!

GWEN

Relax. No one got hurt. We needed cash, I got us some cash. I do this shit all the time. It's cool.

CALVIN

Jesus Christ! My dad's a fuckin' cop, you know?! If anyone saw me--

GWEN

--oh, chill. Nobody saw us. That hole's only got, like, one camera. And, meanwhile, I got...

(checks bag)

Like two hundred bucks and change.

Calvin sputters a little. Settles for a stern glare.

GWEN  
C'mon, money's money.

She wags a twenty under his nose.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
The fuck does it matter where it  
came from? All that matters is what  
we can do with it.

CALVIN  
It's stolen.

GWEN  
I'll take it back if you want. Go  
do some hard time.

She gives Calvin a mischievous smile. Calvin shakes his  
head. He cracks a grin...

EXT. BEACHFRONT - NIGHT

A peaceful, secluded slice of beach. The Jeep is yards away,  
on the roadside. The RADIO PLAYS SOFTLY.

Calvin and Gwen relax on a blanket. Between them, a bottle  
of Jack, the Cokes, and a drive-thru platter of tacos and  
cups. Calvin mixes himself a drink. Gwen wolfs a taco.

Gwen wags her cup in his face, her mouth full of taco.  
Calvin takes the cup and mixes her a drink.

GWEN  
Mmm. It's not like we had a fuckin'  
choice, you know? We're besties.  
Her parentals kicked her to the  
curb because drugs. Like, not even  
a warning. Just get the fuck out.  
She needed help gettin' a place. I  
was sick of my stepdad anyway. Dude  
went all pedobear as soon as I  
discovered my tits, you know?  
(shrugs)  
So, boom. Roommates.

He passes Gwen her drink. She takes a long sip. Savors it.

CALVIN  
Sounds fuckin' great. Carefree.

GWEN

You had that shit in Chicago.

CALVIN

Like hell I did. I moved there with my ex, Katie. She went to school. I got a job at Midway.

(sighs)

Wound up losin' that job. And she just kept pushing me to get another shit job that didn't pay dick. Aldi. Subway. Wendy's. She didn't care. But...I guess I needed time. To figure out what to do. Ah, I dunno. I'm being stupid, right?

GWEN

Yup. Totes retarded, dude.

Calvin grimaces. Gwen cracks up.

GWEN (CONT'D)

I'm breakin' your balls. You've gotta learn shit about yourself. The way I see it, you just found one more way you don't wanna live your life. What good is money if you gotta get ankle-deep in shit to get it, right?

Calvin perks up, a little prouder.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Take me. I lean on my douchenozzle boyfriend because I don't wanna spend six hours five days a week askin' people if they want fuckin' fries with that. So I figured a way to easy money.

She makes a finger gun. Points it at Calvin. Fires.

GWEN

I know what I want. And I take it.

Gwen stares. She's relaxed and prone; the perfect position to make a move. She waits. Calvin watches her out of the corner of his eye, nervous.

GWEN

You gonna ask about my boyfriend?

CALVIN

Why? I don't want to date him.

Gwen laughs. She daintily kicks Calvin. He eyeballs her leg.

CALVIN

Is he a permanent fixture?

Calvin continues to eyeball her. Gwen notices.

GWEN

Eh. I drift, you know? Story of my life. If something strikes my fancy, I take it up.

She stares hungrily at him. Calvin catches it. Stares back at her. He smiles. Raises his cup.

CALVIN

To drifting.

Gwen knocks her cup against his. They down the rest of their drinks together.

Gwen stands. Stretches. She paces behind Calvin. He continues to stare out at the water.

GWEN (O.S.)

It's nice down here, right?

Calvin stares out at the ocean. Nods.

GWEN (O.S.)

Quiet. No one around for miles. Just me, you, and the ocean.

CALVIN

Yeah. Nice.

Something lands on his head. A swath of fabric. Calvin pulls it off his head. Looks at it.

Gwen's dress.

He whirls around. Gwen waits behind him. She is naked.

Calvin's eyes widen. He's not sure what to do.

GWEN

What do you think?

Gwen prowls forward, one foot in front of the other. He wants to run. But she's too much of a sight.



CALVIN  
Shit. Uhm...

GWEN  
Is this not okay?

CALVIN  
I...wow. I don't...

GWEN  
You don't?

She steps into his lap. Lowers herself. Calvin's hands flail. He is too afraid to touch her. Gwen's lips are inches away. She's inviting him. He tries to speak. Can't.

Gwen takes his hand. Runs it between her legs.

Calvin's jaw goes slack. He stammers.

GWEN  
I know what I want, remember?

A long, breathy moment. Calvin grabs Gwen. Kisses her with animalistic ferocity. Gwen melts against him. They kiss like horned-up teens. She tears at his clothing, forceful and demanding. They fall back...

EXT. BEACHFRONT - NIGHT (LATER)

Calvin, on his back, sweaty and spent. Gwen on top, in control and still going. She leans back, just far enough that he can't touch her.

Calvin grasps blindly for her. She watches with a smile.

CALVIN  
Gwen...fuck...I'm gonna...

He tries to roll her off. She bats his hands away. He lets out a pleading gasp. She continues to rock her hips, totally in control. He climaxes. Gwen moans with ecstasy; she loves every second of it.

Everything winds down. Calvin pants. He stares up at her, breathless; she's a goddess.

GWEN  
Relax. I'm on the pill.

Calvin groans again. Gwen rolls off. Smiles down at her handiwork. He sits up. She aggressively pushes him back.

A beat. Calvin remains on his back, mesmerized.

Gwen leans down. She kisses him; it's pure sex.

INT. BARRY RESIDENCE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dimly lit, but the TV still plays. Calvin enters. Joseph, still wide awake and in uniform, waits on the couch. He glares at Calvin.

JOSEPH

You forget that your phone has a clock on it?

CALVIN

I got side tracked.

JOSEPH

Oh, side tracked? I arrested a guy at a drug bust once. He was side tracked too.

CALVIN

Oh, cool. I know that guy. We were actually hanging out just now.

JOSEPH

You're lucky your mother didn't call, comedian. I would've side tracked your ass to an overnight lock-in for stealing her car.

He turns back to the TV.

JOSEPH

Oh, and you better believe you're relying on rides now.

Calvin glares at the back of his head.

CALVIN

That's bullshit.

JOSEPH

Act like a teenager, get treated like one. And this shit happens again, your ass is going to a homeless shelter. Got me?

Silence for a beat. Calvin storms out, furious.

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

A Lakers-Kings joint. Calvin sits at a corner booth. Mark stares at him with disbelief and a hint of jealousy.

MARK

You shitting me here? Being an accomplice is a crime too, ya know?

CALVIN

I'm not gonna get caught.

MARK

What does your father do for a living again? Oh, that's right--

CALVIN

--Gwen does this shit all the time, and she hasn't been caught yet.

He sighs, a dumb, smitten expression on his face.

CALVIN

I'm telling you, she's amazing. Perfect ten, all across the board.

MARK

Well I'm real fuckin' glad.

He clearly isn't. Calvin glares, annoyed.

MARK

Sorry. You got laid. High fives all around. But, fuck...I really don't want to say 'I told you so'.

CALVIN

You won't have to. I just...my folks, man. They treat me like...

He trails off with a dissatisfied sigh.

MARK

Gateway drugs. Before you know it, you're running down the one-oh-one coked out of your mind without any goddamn pants on.

Calvin laughs. Shakes his head. No way he'll go that far.

INT. MILITARY RECRUITING OFFICE - DAY

A recruiting office, decorated in hoo-ah and a side of chest-thumping. Calvin slumps in a chair; across from him, a RECRUITER (20's), visibly younger than Calvin.

RECRUITER

And you haven't done any college?

CALVIN

Not really. No. Is that bad?

RECRUITER

Oh, heck no. Kind of limits the big options here. Starting pay is a little lower. Given any thought to what you'd like to do for us?

Calvin stares around the office. Grimaces. He glances back to the expectant recruiter. Shakes his head.

RECRUITER

Let me ask you this, Calvin. Why the Air Force?

Another brief silence. Calvin shrugs.

CALVIN

Heard it was a good option.

RECRUITER

Oh, it's a great option. But that all depends on you, my man. Is it a great option for you, ya know?

Another brief silence. Calvin looks at the floor. Sighs. His body language is obvious; he doesn't want to be here.

INT. BARRY RESIDENCE / CALVIN'S ROOM - DAY

Calvin sits on the edge of his bed, upset and dejected. He stares at a military pamphlet with narrow eyes.

Calvin's eyes drift to the bed. To his phone. Back to the pamphlet. He tosses it aside. Picks up the phone. Dials.

INT. GWEN AND AMY'S / GWEN'S ROOM - DAY

Teen girly: a mess of clothing and pink, bed covered with fuzzy pillows, an open dresser. Gwen lounges on her bed with her legs up on the wall, headphones in, joint in her mouth.

Her PHONE RINGS. Gwen answers.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CALVIN AND GWEN

GWEN

Hey, boyfriend. Been three days! I was gettin' worried.

CALVIN

Oh, sorry. I was going to call--

GWEN

--dude, just spankin'. 'Sup?

Calvin shrugs, a little awkward.

CALVIN

My dad dragged me to the recruiter. Remember a few nights ago? I was out late.

GWEN

(giggles)

'Course I remember, silly.

CALVIN

Well, apparently being out late means military service is my only option. To my dad, anyway.

GWEN

Oh. That's bullshit.

(pause)

Sounds like someone needs a li'l bit of cheering up. You should come chill with me tonight.

She bites one of her nails. Waits. Silence for a beat on Calvin's end.

CALVIN

I'll have to take the bus. Plus my dad is a real ass when I go out at night now...

He trails off. Sighs. Gwen giggles.

GWEN

My pussy's getting wet just  
thinking about you, Cal-Vin. It  
needs your big fuckin' cock. Now!

Calvin is taken aback.

CALVIN

Uh. Yeah. I want you too.

GWEN

Dude, you suck at this. Sooo, shall  
we say...eleven?

Calvin grins; his answer is obvious...

INT. BARRY RESIDENCE / CALVIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Calvin tries to read. His eyes bounce to the clock. 10:29.  
It ticks to ten thirty. Calvin half-bounds off the bed.

INT. BARRY RESIDENCE / KITCHEN - NIGHT

Calvin enters, silent. Glances into the living room. Joe and  
Sue watch TV together on the couch, oblivious.

Calvin pops the fridge open. A few beers on the bottom  
shelf. He takes them. Stuffs them into a ratty old backpack.  
On to the freezer. A bottle of vodka, stuffed against the  
food. Calvin snatches it.

INT. CITY BUS - NIGHT

A sparse LA night bus, populated with an EVENING CROWD.

Calvin rides in silence, hood up, backpack on his lap. He  
eyeballs a GROUP OF BEACH GIRLS as they pass.

EXT. GWEN AND AMY'S - NIGHT

Calvin approaches 508. Pauses outside. He straightens his  
clothing, fusses with his hair.

The door opens when he's yards away. IAN VANHEIS (20's), a  
ripped frat bro, exits. Amy follows, a fountain of rage.

AMY

You jerk! You touch her again, and  
I'll cut your nuts off!

IAN  
Whatever, bitch. Tell her she needs  
me more than I need her.

AMY  
Oh...you fucking fuck!

She charges Ian. Calvin steps in between them and catches  
her around the waist. Amy struggles.

IAN  
Hey, tell Gwen I'll call her later.

AMY  
You piece'a--

CALVIN  
--Hey, cool it! Go back inside!

Amy glares heatedly at him, but she listens. She glares  
daggers at Ian the whole way in.

IAN  
(as the door slams)  
Bitch. Thanks for that, bro.

CALVIN  
Uhm, sure. Everything okay?

IAN  
Yeah. That bitch is nuts. Fuckin'  
bullshit. None'a her business. But  
sisters before misters or whatever.

He laughs at his "fantastic" joke. Calvin is disgusted. Ian  
walks away as if nothing has happened.

Calvin watches him go. Waits for Ian to disappear down the  
stairs. He approaches number 508.

INT. GWEN AND AMY'S - CONTINUOUS

Calvin enters. Amy paces by the couch, livid.

AMY  
Fuck! I'm so teed off I can't even  
get hammied right now! You should'a  
let me pitch him over the edge!

CALVIN  
Uhm...what happened?

AMY

That dick hit Gwendy because she  
said he couldn't spend the night!

Calvin is surprised. She started a fight because of him?

Gwen exits the bathroom, a towel over her eye. Calvin  
grimaces the second he sees her.

CALVIN

Jesus. I could've stayed home.

GWEN

Why? He had to fuckin' get up  
early. I don't. I'm young. I have a  
life. Like I want to lay in bed and  
listen to Ian fuckin' snore.

She lowers the towel. No cut or bruise, but it'll smart in  
the morning.

AMY

You should'a shanked him.

GWEN

No shit. I need a fuckin' drink.

Calvin shakes his bag. Gwen smiles and dabs at her eye.

INT. GWEN AND AMY'S - LATER

Calvin sits on the couch with Gwen wrapped around him. Amy  
lies on the floor. They're all a little drunk. MUSIC VIDEOS  
roll in the background.

CALVIN

You need him to pay the bills? But  
aren't you guys doing fine on your  
own? With...you know?

He makes a finger gun. Gwen shakes her head.

GWEN

That's, like, our fun money an'  
shit. Ian pays the bills.

CALVIN

So he gets to hit you? That seems  
like a fair trade.

Gwen gives him a light slap on the arm.



GWEN

Ian's like shavin' your legs.  
Unpleasant but essential.

Calvin shakes his head with disgust. Nods to Amy.

CALVIN

I should'a let you pitch him.

Amy nods her agreement.

AMY

Yeah. I hate shavin' my legs.

GWEN

He's temporary. I need money, he  
has it. Yeah, I can rob places, but  
sometimes I don't get a lot.

AMY

He's an A.T.M. With a dick!

Amy snags a bag of weed off the table. Stuffs her bong.

CALVIN

It just sucks. You want to change  
your life, and you can't kick that  
prick to the curb. I sympathize.

Gwen rolls towards him. Flashes a cute, girlish grin.

GWEN

Would you help me get enough money  
to escape, Cal-Vin? Even if you had  
to be a bad boy to get it?

CALVIN

It's the booze talking, but sure.

Just what Gwen wants to hear. She giggles. Leans against  
him. His hand finds a slice of bare skin.

Amy lights the bong. Takes a hit. Exhales. Passes to Gwen.

AMY

Would you, like, commit crimes in  
my name too? So I can  
gee-tee-eff-oh with Wendy?

CALVIN

Yeah, sure. Why not?

GWEN  
(exhales)  
Hit on it.

Calvin frowns, confused.

GWEN  
We're gonna hold you to this, Cal.

Gwen extends the bong. Calvin declines. She flashes him doey-eyes, pouts her lips. Even throws in a whine.

CALVIN  
Oh, come on...don't do that...

Gwen laughs. Swats his arm.

GWEN  
Motherfucker, I got punched in the face tonight because'a you. I tell you to hit, you hit. Capiche?

She firmly extends the bong. Calvin takes it.

AMY  
An' you're doin' a bomb hit. You don't stop 'til we say.

Calvin nods jokingly; sure, whatever. He takes a hit.

Gwen grabs the bong and the back of his head. Holds them together. Amy watches. They giggle sweetly. Calvin's eyes widen as he takes the longest hit of his life.

GWEN  
Aaand...aaand...aaand. You may...not stop!

Calvin can't take it. He manages to pull away. Coughs up a fuckton of smoke. Gwen and Amy crack up. Amy takes the bong.

Calvin falls back on the couch. Groans and rubs at his face.

GWEN  
Ames, let's give him a real treat. Some li'l blue goodies?

Amy nods. Gwen gleefully rushes off to fetch them.

GWEN  
Watch Calvin, hun.

Calvin stares after her. He tries to stand. Tumbles back on his ass. Amy watches with a grin.

AMY

Aww. Baby need a bweak?

Calvin shakes his head. Amy takes a long-ass hit. Calvin watches; she hits like a pro. Releases. She leans forward and blows the smoke directly into his face.

He gags at first. Lets out a drunken laugh.

CALVIN

Holy Christ...I'm fuckin' thirsty.

He tries to stand again. Falls back in a daze.

AMY

I got'cha, dude.

She stands. Turns up the RAP MUSIC. Amy starts to dance. First her hips, then the rest of her body. Slow and sexy, like a stripper, she dances to Calvin. She makes a show of it. Teases him the whole way.

Calvin gapes. Amy gyrates seductively over him. Her bare navel and bikini bottom wiggle in his face.

Amy grabs the vodka. She tilts his head back with one finger. Pours vodka directly into his mouth.

He chugs a few long gulps. Closes his mouth with a gag.

Gwen returns. She displays a handful of ecstasy to Amy. The girls exchange a naughty smile.

GWEN

You ready to fly, dude?

She takes a pill. Places it on her tongue. Swallows.

CALVIN

I shouldn't do that.

Gwen joins Amy. They grind together; a slow and seductive performance. Calvin is hypnotized.

Gwen places another pill on her tongue. Leans in. She kisses Amy, slow and sexy. Leans back. Amy swallows the pill.

Gwen pops another pill. Bends to Calvin. He doesn't resist. She kisses him, tongue first. She doesn't stop until he's swallowed the ecstasy.

Gwen pulls back, a devilish smile on her face. She and Amy resume their dance, a mish-mash of flesh and limbs.

Calvin's eyes widen. He's less lucid by the second.

Amy raises the bottle. She and Gwen lick the tip. Calvin watches, a stupid grin on his face.

Calvin falls back into a boozy pot haze. The world around him moves in fits and starts - like a hazy music video.

BLACKNESS

The rap music fades into nothing...

INT. GWEN'S ROOM - DAY

Calvin, a sweaty mess, lies on his back, naked beneath a sheet. Gwen rests across him.

He opens his eyes. Winces from the light. Groans.

Calvin clutches his head and checks the clock. Almost two. He bolts awake, groans again; he's moving too fast.

GWEN

'S too early. Go back to sleep.

CALVIN

Early?! It's almost fuckin' two!

Calvin gets up. He searches frantically for his clothes.

CALVIN

The fuck are my clothes?

GWEN

I dunno. Quit freakin', baby.

CALVIN

I can't quit fuckin' freaking,  
Gwen! I'm gonna--

GWEN

--dude, you're an adult. You wanted  
to have a good time last night, you  
had a good time.

Calvin shakes his head; she doesn't understand. He exits. Gwen glares after him, annoyed.

EXT. GWEN AND AMY'S - DAY

Calvin exits into the California sun. Squints and groans. He's reeling, hung-over; too sick to be outside.

Calvin turns, groggy. And there's Ian, just a few feet away. Calvin raises his hand to protest--

--and doesn't get a chance. Ian jumps him before Calvin can breathe. He slugs Calvin's gut. Hurls him to the ground.

Calvin rolls onto his back. Ian kicks him a few times. Calvin tries to crawl away.

IAN

The fuck you doing here? You  
fuckin' my bitch? That what the  
fuck this is, faggot?

Ian kicks Calvin again. Right in the crotch. Calvin recoils in pain, too hung-over to defend himself.

He crawls, desperate to get away. Ian follows.

IAN

Fuck you think you're goin'?

He grabs Calvin by the collar. Cranks his fist back...

Amy grabs his arm before Ian can hit Calvin. Yanks it back.

AMY

Jesus, stop it! He's here with me,  
you retard!

Ian stares down at Calvin; he's not sure whether to trust her. Finally, he breaks into a grin.

IAN

Oh. That makes sense. My bad, bro.

AMY

Damn right your bad! Get outta here  
before I call the police, dude.

IAN

Nah. Think I'm gonna go wake Gwen  
up. With my dick.

He starts towards 508. Amy catches his arm again. Ian whirls, fist clenched, ready to strike.

The Big Latinos stand in the doorway of 509 again. They stare daggers at Ian. He stops when he sees them.

LATINO 1  
Everything cool, homes? You good?

Ian looks both the guys over: Baggy clothing, prison-honed arms; scary motherfuckers.

He realizes his fist is raised, lowers it. He nods at the Latinos. Backs away slow. His eyes land on Amy. Bounce to Calvin. He stares daggers between them.

Ian retreats. Amy rushes to Calvin's side. She gives the Latinos a gracious nod.

INT. MINT FORD (MOVING) - DAY

The mint-green shitbox. Amy drives. Calvin rides shotgun. He wears her sunglasses: A big, flowery red pair.

AMY  
How ya feelin' over there, champ?

CALVIN  
Like my ass got hammered and  
kicked. That fuckin' guy. I'd like  
to kill that fucker.

AMY  
He wears Ed Hardy. Pretty sure God  
would forgive ya.

Calvin chuckles. Immediately clutches his head.

CALVIN  
Fuck...some hangover.

AMY  
Well, you had a bomb night.

CALVIN  
I haven't blacked out since high  
school. I didn't do anything  
inappropriate, did I?

Amy smiles over at him, coy and suggestive.

AMY  
Dude, there's no such thing. You  
had fun. Okay? Lots of fun.

Calvin tries not to smile. He turns away from her and there it is. A big, happy grin. He loves this shit.

INT. BARRY RESIDENCE / KITCHEN - DAY

Calvin enters. He starts towards his room.

JOSEPH (O.S.)  
Calvin, get your ass in here.

Calvin groans.

LIVING ROOM

Joseph hunches over a computer desk. Calvin enters behind him. Joseph doesn't even turn.

JOSEPH  
Any word from the recruiter?

CALVIN  
Hi to you too. And no, nothing yet.

JOSEPH  
And you're out all night and day?  
Again? The fuck am I supposed to  
think here, huh?

He kicks his chair towards Calvin. Waits for a response.

CALVIN  
Maybe I was at my girlfriend's.

JOSEPH  
Oh, so you can get a girlfriend but  
not a job? Where the fuck are your  
priorities, Calvin? Jesus. I told  
you, the military's your only--

--Calvin punches his side, very upset.

CALVIN  
That's your only option, dad!

JOSEPH  
Well it's your only option now,  
too! That, or I can drop ya at the  
Retard House with the rest of the  
homeless idiots in this town.

Calvin stomps out, too upset to talk. Joseph shrugs. Returns to his computer.

EXT. BARRY RESIDENCE / DECK - DAY

Taryn lounges in the sun, on her phone. Calvin stomps onto the deck. He paces back and forth. Back and forth. Taryn watches, curious and annoyed.

TARYN

Oh, dear god, fine. So what the fuck is wrong with you?

CALVIN

This! This fuckin' place! I'm a goddamn adult, and so what if I didn't graduate, and I don't have a phone full of connections?! I have options in life! Don't I?

TARYN

I assume. I don't know. We're kind of in different boats, Cal. I'm acing school. Got a full ride to N.Y.U. You're...you.

Calvin grimaces. He knows she's right.

CALVIN

If there was a way to quickly get my life on track? Right the boat?

TARYN

I guess...if quickly is what you're lookin' for. I'd bite.

Calvin turns away, shaky yet determined. Taryn regards him with some concern.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP LOT - EARLY EVENING

A Culver dealership; mostly imports and sporty cars. Calvin and Mark pace the lot.

CALVIN

Come on, Mark. I need this. You did the same thing, and you came out all right.

MARK

Bullshit. I'm here because Damaris' dad owns this place. Jeez, Cal. You want my advice? Go work at Walgreen's or something.

Calvin whirls on Mark; urgent and pleading.



CALVIN

Come on. I'm twenty-six. Going  
nowhere. I need something, man.  
Just for a little bit.

(pause)

You've been here, Mark. You know  
what I'm going through. Come on.

Mark groans, conflicted. He looks at Calvin, sympathetic; he knows he shouldn't do this.

INT. BLAKE'S COMPLEX - NIGHT

The foyer / entry hall of a posh apartment complex. Calvin passes, determined.

He KNOCKS on the last door in the hall. Waits.

The door opens a crack, still chain-bolted. BLAKE (30's), a chubby business type, peeks through the crack.

BLAKE

You're Mark's buddy, right?

Calvin nods. Blake undoes the latch.

BLAKE'S APARTMENT

An upscale apartment: Neat and organized, kiddie toys on the floor, a dog ambling around. BLAKE'S KIDS (7ish) are on the couch. Blake leads Calvin through.

BLAKE

So how is Marky? I been meaning to  
call. But the squirts got me busy.

The kids wave at Calvin. He smiles back, a little awkward.

CALVIN

He's good. Cleaned up and got a job  
selling cars over in Culver.

BLAKE

Wow, Marky? Legit? No kiddin'.

(laughs)

Know what you're looking for?

CALVIN

Uhm. Big, but not too big. You take  
cash only? I don't have much, but--

BLAKE

--I'll work with it. Marky brought  
me some business back in the day.  
Nostalgia discount. One time only.

BLAKE'S BEDROOM

Blake walks to the dresser. Fishes a latch-key out of his  
pocket. He unlocks the bottom drawer. Opens it.

BLAKE

The bigger it is, the more you're  
gonna feel it. And don't go  
splashy. Splashy equals Asian junk.  
Just ask. I'll name a price.

Calvin examines the contents with a nervous smile.

BLAKE

Defense or offense?

CALVIN

Neither. Dream fulfillment.

Blake laughs. It's pretty clear what is inside the drawer...

I/E. THIRSTY LIQUOR - NIGHT

A large midtown liquor joint. Calvin enters, announced by a  
DING. He winces at the sound.

The store is sparse, almost dead for the night. An OLD GUY  
checks out with the THIRSTY'S CLERK. Two HIPSTER GUYS argue  
near the back.

Calvin nods to the clerk. The Old Guy glances at him.

OLD GUY

Stay off the scratchers. Bad night.

Calvin acknowledges him with a nervous nod. He wanders to  
the beer coolers. Browses for a moment.

He watches the Hipsters. They argue over a couple cases of  
cheap beer.

HIPSTER 1

We can get twelve P.B.R's for the  
same! Put back the Corona, man!

Calvin wanders to the hard liquor section. Glances at the  
register. The clerk bags the old man's liquor.

Calvin hunches by the Scotch bottles. Picks one up and looks at it. He watches the hipsters.

Finally, they decide on a case. Calvin's head tracks the guys to the front.

The Old Guy is halfway out. The clerk calls after him.

THIRSTY'S CLERK  
Don't drink it all at once, Ron!

The Old Guy grumbles something and the clerk laughs. He rings up the hipsters.

Calvin watches. The clerk glances at him. Calvin freaks. He awkwardly grabs a bottle of vodka. Goes for the front.

Halfway there, the hipsters stare back at him. Calvin pauses by the tequila. He grabs a pricey bottle.

The hipsters finally make a noisy exit. Calvin approaches. He puts the bottles on the counter. The clerk gives him a skeptical up-down.

THIRSTY'S CLERK  
Gonna need I.D.

Calvin fishes around in his hoodie pockets. Frowns.

CALVIN  
Ah, fuck. I forgot my wallet.

The clerk shakes his head. Grabs the bottles.

THIRSTY'S CLERK  
Sorry, bud. No can do.

Calvin nods. Heads for the door. Halfway there, he pauses. Stares at a beer standee. A bikini bombshell - very close in appearance to Gwen - stands under a palm tree.

And, over her head: "Your Ticket To The Good Life!"

Calvin turns. Marches back to the register...

And tries to pull something out of his hoodie. It gets stuck. Calvin fusses with it, freaked...

And he finally manages to pull a HAND CANNON - a Desert Eagle .45 - from his hoodie. Levels it at the clerk. With this gun, he doesn't need good aim.

The Clerk wasn't expecting that. His face blanches.

Calvin's hand shakes. He palms the bottom of the gun. Stares down the clerk...

INT. GWEN AND AMY'S - NIGHT

KNOCKING. Gwen opens the door. Calvin waits, a bag stuffed under one arm. Gwen looks surprised to see him.

Calvin stares at her, hungry. Gwen waits, teases with her eyes. He grabs her. Pulls her into a savage embrace. They dive into each other with abandon.

He carries her inside; his lips never leave hers. They fall to the couch.

Gwen locks her legs around Calvin. Frowns. She feels the lump in his hoodie. Calvin grins. Produces the Magnum.

A cute smile twitches across Gwen's face. She runs her fingers over the barrel, gingerly traces the tip.

GWEN

Fuck. Was Calvin bad?

He dumps the money onto her stomach. Gwen stares, impressed.

CALVIN

I almost didn't. But...I just kept thinking about what you said, Gwen.

GWEN

How much is there?

CALVIN

Two hundred. I'm no Gwen Summers, but not bad for a first time.

Gwen stares at the money. Grins. Her eyes drift to the gun. She caresses the barrel suggestively.

GWEN

Know what we should do, Cal-Vin?

She licks her lips; slow, she makes a show of it.

INT. BENNY'S LIQUORS - NIGHT

Another liquor store, larger and brighter. Calvin and Gwen enter. They both wear hoodies now. They're all over each other, giggly and flirty - like a young couple. Hoods down low over their faces this time.

The BENNY'S CLERK rings up a pair of YOUNG WOMEN. An OLDER DUDE waits on line.

Gwen joins the line. Calvin paces around the register. Stops at the register door. He examines a case of mini-bottles.

He turns. Quickly scans the store. His eyes land on Gwen. She smiles, giddy with anticipation.

One of the young women slides cash across the register. Calvin watches with a smile. The CASH DRAWER OPENS.

He pulls his gun. Aims it at the clerk as he charges around the counter. The line erupts in panic.

CALVIN

Get the fuck away from the drawer!

The young women and the man scurry back. Gwen is there to greet them with her own gun.

GWEN

Wallets! Cash! Cough up!

The clerk backs away, hands up. Calvin shoves him to the ground and pounces on the drawer..

The customers produce their wallets. Gwen hops around them like a gleeful schoolgirl.

Calvin finishes the drawer. He clubs the hunched clerk over the back of the head. Skirts back around the register.

He extends the bag for wallets. The young women toss theirs in. The man starts to hand over his wallet. Pauses...

LIQUOR STORE GUY

This was an anniversary--

--Gwen bashes him across the mouth with her pistol. The guy spits blood onto his shirt. Calvin snatches the wallet. He and Gwen make a run for the door.

The clerk stands, a bloody gash on his head. He holds A PISTOL. Too late...Calvin and Gwen are gone.

INT. SANDWICH SHOP - NIGHT

An all-night sandwich shop. Calvin and Gwen enter. The SANDWICH CLERKS - a pair of sniggering kids - groan. They wander to the counter, pissed that they have to work.

SANDWICH KID 1  
We're closin' in five minutes.

Calvin tries to vault the counter. Slips. Lands on his ass.

He staggers up. Knocks over a cookie caddy on the counter as he pulls himself to his feet. The Sandwich Kids exchange a confused glance.

SANDWICH KID 2  
Dude. You high, bro?

CALVIN  
Open the fuckin' drawer!

He and Gwen level their guns at the Sandwich Kids. The Kids freak. Back away from the guns...

EXT. DRIVE-UP ATM - NIGHT

A drive-up ATM, into the hills. A yellow VW BEETLE rolls up. Behind the wheel, a PERKY VALLEY GIRL. LOUD MUSIC blasts from her stereo. She sings along.

Valley Girl parks in the drive-up. Produces an ATM card and goes through the motions. The ATM dispenses her cash. She sings the whole time.

And Calvin runs onto the scene; a hurricane with a gun. He yanks her door open. Valley Girl shrieks. She scrambles for the passenger door.

Gwen opens it. She leans into the car. Puts her pistol in Valley Girl's mouth.

GWEN  
Give him the fuckin' cash, bitch!  
Before this gun cums right out the  
back'a your fuckin' head!

Valley Girl shakes with fear. She hands Calvin her money.

Before Valley Girl reacts, Calvin and Gwen run.

EXT. EMPTY LOT - NIGHT

A vacant, dim lot. Calvin and Gwen run through the Calvin stops, breathless. He and Gwen laugh.

Calvin looks back - in the distance, the ATM. For a second, his giddy expression falls.

Gwen grabs his hand. It's an electric spark for Calvin. She pulls him away...

INT. GWEN AND AMY'S - NIGHT

LOUD ROCK MUSIC fills the room. Calvin and Gwen roll around on the floor like animals; a savage prelude of what's to come. The money lies on the coffee table.

Amy enters. Calvin looks up, embarrassed. Amy smiles as she sidles past. She pauses when her eyes find the money.

AMY  
Gwendy?! What the eff?!

Gwen fusses with Calvin's belt.

GWEN  
A little busy here, hun.

AMY  
I can see that. How much you get?

GWEN  
Like, four grand. Cal, show her your gun!

Calvin fishes the Desert Eagle out of his hoodie. Amy gasps a little. Giggles. She's impressed.

AMY  
Ooh. Bomb. Well you two have fun with Cal's other gun, mmkay? Don't knock my shtuff over.

She ruffles Calvin's hair. Gwen pulls Calvin's head down. Presses his lips to her neck. He gets the idea.

INT. GWEN'S ROOM - DAY

Calvin sits up in bed. He scrapes the money into a neat stack. Gwen sashays to the bed.

CALVIN  
Four thousand and eighty exactly.

GWEN  
From seven places? Man, we gotta get more ambitious. Break ten.

CALVIN  
I dunno, Gwen...

She crawls forward on the bed, a prowling animal. Calvin is resistant, but his resolve cracks by the second.

GWEN  
Doesn't holding all that money feel  
fuckin' good?

Gwen's lips are a few inches from his. He leans in for a kiss. She pulls back.

GWEN  
Ah-ah. Answer my question.

CALVIN  
Of course it feels good.

Gwen's lips melt slowly against his. A long, lingering kiss. Calvin's resistant stance melts away.

GWEN  
I gotta run. Fuckin' Ian. Ames is  
on the beach. She can give you a  
ride back to daddy's whenever.

Calvin bristles at the mention of his father.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Bright and sunny; the beach is semi-crowded. Amy lounges on a towel, joint in hand.

A few MILFY WOMEN walk past. They glance at Amy's joint. She drags off of it. Blows smoke at them.

Calvin walks to the towel. Sits beside Amy.

CALVIN  
Hey. Ready when you are.

AMY  
A'ight. When I finish. Want a hit?

She wags her joint at him. Calvin shakes his head.

AMY  
Suit yourself, square-o.

Brief silence. Amy rolls towards Calvin, her bikini-clad butt in plain sight. Calvin glances. His eyes immediately land on her ass. He turns away, embarrassed.



AMY

Dude, it's chill. Every dude who passes while I'm ass up will eyeball me. Just watch.

Calvin laughs. Focuses his gaze on the water.

AMY

Hey, a big criminal like yourself shouldn't be scared of a booty. Specially a bomb one like mine.

(pause)

You dug it, right? Last night?

Calvin makes an effort not to look at her butt.

CALVIN

You ever get told how your life was going to turn out, no matter what?

She nods.

CALVIN

Well it felt like I was grabbing life by the balls.

AMY

Dude. And gettin' richer.

CALVIN

Yeah! And after all this bullshit about how I don't have any goddamn options in my life.

(sighs)

It's a hell of a thing.

Amy nods in agreement. Hits the joint again.

AMY

Hey, my dealer, Noah? He's gotta be the dumbest dealer in L.A. Like, one time I kinda did some shtuff with him so he'd hook me up with some dank. An' he was so crunked up he, like, showed me where he keeps all his money. Dude does not trust banks. He's got, like, twenty gees, easy, sittin' in his pad.

(pause)

We should hit that.

CALVIN

Rob a dealer? Fuck that shit.

AMY

No, c'mon! You an' me could totes do it! He's got his amateur deejay shit every Thursday, an' I know where he keeps his spare. Cause I'm rad like that.

CALVIN

He won't know it was you?

Amy laughs and shakes her head, grins ear-to-ear.

AMY

Nah, like, we'll bust a window on the way out. Make it look like a break-in. Chill as hell, dude. We'd be stupid not to do it.

For a beat, Calvin is quiet; lost in thought. Amy's smile widens. She knows he's interested.

INT. BARRY RESIDENCE / CALVIN'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Calvin falls back on his bed. He stares at the ceiling with the same smile. He's enjoying life for a change.

A COUGH. Calvin raises his head. Taryn leans in the doorway.

TARYN

You're lucky dad's at work already.  
He'd have some words for you.

Calvin rolls back to the window, despondent.

TARYN (CONT.)

Relax, bro. It's just me here. I'm not gonna lecture ya. But--

CALVIN

--I'm fine. I don't like being here, so I occupy my time.

Taryn glares, a little annoyed. It's obvious from the look; she knows something's up.

TARYN

Just...be smart, huh?

Calvin half-nods. Taryn gives him an awkward smile; she does care in spite of her crass attitude.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A middle-class neighborhood: Lots of lights on, very much a family area of town. Amid the vehicles is the

MINT FORD

Calvin and Amy watch the street in silence. Amy smokes her usual joint. Calvin checks the clock anxiously.

Amy finishes the joint and turns to Calvin. Gives him an enticing smile.

AMY

You ready to bounce?

He nods, unsure. Amy gets out of the car.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET B - CONTINUOUS

A few blocks away. Calvin and Amy hurry along. They walk closely, at a brisk pace.

A CAR PASSES. Calvin watches, nervous.

AMY

End'a the block, turn left.

They continue forward at a silent rush. Something moves in one of the houses. Calvin catches it.

He turns. A FAMILY OF FOUR sits down to dinner. Calvin watches them a moment. Their house is so much larger - and nicer - than his. Calvin looks envious.

Amy WHISTLES. He snaps back to reality and follows her.

EXT. NOAH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A nice one-story ranch; sparse yet appealing. Calvin and Amy cross the street. She's excited. He's nervous. He scans the block for movement. Nothing. Silent.

Amy runs between the garage and the house, to the backyard. Calvin follows her.

BACKYARD

A long, yet narrow yard with a fire pit and a peeling deck. Amy runs to the fire pit.

Calvin stares around the silent neighborhood. The lights in the house next door are on. SOFT VOICES inside. Shadows move past the window. Calvin watches, wide-eyed.

Amy taps Calvin's arm. He almost jumps out of his skin. She has to stifle a giggle.

In her hand, a hide-a-key rock. She wags it in Calvin's face. The KEY RATTLES inside.

INT. NOAH'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An impressive living room: Monster TV, expensive furniture. Amy and Calvin sneak in. Amy locks the door behind them.

AMY

Dude, like, I feel so bad bitch  
right now.

She claps giddily. Calvin follows her down the hall. Samurai swords and medieval weapons on the wall. He gawks.

CALVIN

Does he actually use this shit?

AMY

Huh? I dunno. He can barely use his  
chubby, so I fuckin' doubt it.

THE BEDROOM

More weapons and kung-fu junk, a very Oriental theme. Amy uses the light on her phone to illuminate the room. She leads Calvin to the heat register. Pauses.

AMY

Ah, fuck. Screwdriver's in the  
kitchen. Stay put.

She hurries out of the room.

Calvin paces. He stares enviously at the huge bed. The 60-inch wall mounted LCD. He glances out the window.

Lights in the houses just beyond; people move within.

Calvin stuffs his hands into his sleeves. Closes the blinds.

He turns to the closet. His eyes go wide. The door is open, revealing Noah's "filing system": Stackable-hutches filled with baggies of drugs - weed, shrooms, pills, acid.

Amy re-enters with a screwdriver.

AMY

Yeah, like I said, he's one or two thousand levels below stupid.

She scurries to the vent. Calvin stops her before she can touch anything. She gives him a dazed glare. Calvin presents his sleeves. She looks at her bare arms. Nods.

He takes the screwdriver. Wipes it down quickly. Kneels and goes to work. Amy crouches behind him.

AMY

Gwendy's gonna be psyched, man. This'll cover the rent plus some for, like, a couple months. Long enough to get more.

CALVIN

We planning to hit him again?

AMY

Naw. Why? Ya catchin' the bug?

She laughs. He doesn't. Calvin drops the vent screws to the floor. Pries the cover loose with the screwdriver.

CALVIN

If he finds out--

AMY

--He has sleazy clients. He'll blame one'a them. Maybe kill 'em.

CALVIN

Is that supposed to be reassuring?

AMY

It's not?

Calvin laughs nervously. He tosses the vent cover aside. Reaches in...

And pulls out a black duffel. Amy kneels beside him, giddy with anticipation. Calvin unzips the bag.

It's full of money. Thousands of dollars. Calvin stares in shock. He's never seen this much before.

AMY

Holy. Shit.

Calvin nods. Too stunned for words.

AMY

Dude, look at all that. My pussy is  
so wet right now.

Amy's hands go to the bag. She buries them in the money.

AMY (CONT.)

Cal, I could fuck you.

Calvin looks her over. Amy's thong bottom peeps out the back of her teensy shorts. His eyes linger. She swats his arm.

AMY

It's a figure'a speech, pervo.

He grabs the bag. Amy lingers on the drugs.

AMY

How much you think that's worth?

Calvin shrugs. She smiles greedily.

AMY

I'm gonna go find a bag.

Calvin protests. But she's already out the door.

He groans softly. Paces the room, more uncomfortable and nervous by the second. He peeks through the blinds.

The DOOR SLAMS. Calvin perks up, relieved.

LIVING ROOM

Calvin enters, clearly expecting Amy. The light comes on. And he's face-to-face with NOAH (late 20's), a dreadlocked prison-buff pothead.

Calvin freezes. Noah sees the bag. Realizes...

NOAH

Motherfucker, is that my money?!

Calvin runs for it. But Noah is too fast. He catches Calvin's hood. Hurls him head-first against the wall.

NOAH

Big fuckin' mistake, asshole!

Calvin tries to run again. Noah leaps on him from behind. He hammers Calvin mercilessly.

Amy enters, bag in hand. She sees the fight. Her eyes widen.

She tries to grab Noah's arm. He whirls. Furiously punches her in the stomach. A follow up to the face. Amy topples backward.

Noah stares at her, confused. Recognition dawns.

NOAH

Amy? What the fuck? Ya goddamn  
junkie bitch!

Calvin takes advantage of his distraction. Knees him hard in the ribs. Noah topples like a tree. Crashes through a little wooden table.

Calvin runs to Amy. Pulls her to her feet. They forget the money and drugs. Run for the front door.

Noah, filled with ferocious rage, leaps on Calvin. He slaps Amy. She goes flying. Crashes into the TV.

Calvin struggles. Noah steers him by the hood. Bashes his head against the wall. Calvin falls.

Noah howls, a mad dog. He hurls Calvin to the floor.

NOAH

Oh, you motherfucker! You  
mother-fucker! Just made the  
biggest mistake of your life!

(to Amy)

And I'll be right with your dumb  
pothead ass, bitch!

She's on the ground, balled up in pain. He stomps past. To the hall.

Calvin, dazed, stands up. Clutches a bloody gash on his forehead. He opens his eyes...

Noah charges Calvin like a bull. In his hands, a KATANA.

He swings for Calvin's head. A near miss. Calvin falls. Scrambles away on his hands and knees. Noah follows.

Calvin, frantic, terrified, searches the room. Noah is right behind him, sword ready.

Calvin grabs a sword off the wall. He extends it shakily.

NOAH

(laughs)

Oh, you do not wanna duel a fuckin'  
ninja, man.

Calvin keeps the sword extended. His hands quiver. Noah eyes the blade. Laughs...

And he charges Calvin, a screaming freight train--

--Amy grabs his leg. Noah whirls towards her.

NOAH  
Fuckin' bitch...

He kicks Amy across the face. Tries to spin back to Calvin in a split-second. Instead, he loses his balance...

He slips. Falls. He sees what's coming. Tries to stop.

Calvin's sword spears Noah's throat; a vital artery. Blood splatters. Noah staggers away, the sword still in. He grasps his throat, his cries a hoarse croak.

Calvin and Amy stare in horror as Noah falls back against his mammoth TV. He drops to the floor like a rock. There's blood everywhere.

His eyes drift to Amy. A pleading, pained stare. She pulls her legs up to her chest.

AMY  
Ew.

Noah crawls towards her. Just a few feet. He collapses.

Silence. Calvin and Amy are frozen. Nobody moves. Blood pools across the carpet.

Amy stretches one leg out. Taps Noah with her toe. He doesn't move. Amy glances at Calvin.

AMY  
Dude. He's dead.

CALVIN  
Ya think?!

She looks at Calvin. He shakes, terrified. His eyes can't leave the sword that dangles from Noah's neck.

AMY  
He was gonna kill you.

Calvin tries to speak. Can't. He nods.



AMY  
An' he killed himself.

Calvin nods, still unable to form words.

AMY  
Should we leave 'em? The drugs?

Calvin swallows hard. Shakes his head.

Amy stands, slow and careful. She tiptoes around Noah and picks up the ball bag. Exits.

Calvin remains on the floor. Stares at Noah's body. Amy NOISILY rummages in the bedroom. Calvin is on another planet though, unable to hear. He barely breathes.

Finally, Calvin looks down. His hoodie, splattered with dark stains - blood. He tries to tear it off. Thinks better.

He stands. Cautiously skirts around the blood. Crouches over Noah's body. He stuffs his hands into his sleeves. Reaches out. Wipes the sword hilt for prints.

Amy returns, full bag in hand. She watches Calvin.

Calvin turns. They lock eyes. She smiles.

Amy nods to the bag of money. Calvin doesn't have to be told twice. He fetches the bag. Amy takes his arm. Pulls him towards the door.

Calvin pauses. Sneaks one last glance at Noah.

AMY  
He killed himself.

She pulls his arm. Calvin follows her out the door.

INT. GWEN AND AMY'S - NIGHT

The nightly news rolls on T.V. Calvin, by himself on the couch, a glass clutched loosely in one hand. He stares at the table.

The two duffels lie open. Money and drugs smile up at him.

Calvin bounces his leg nonstop. He socks back his drink with a grimace. Notices something on his hand.

A little spot of blood.

INT. GWEN AND AMY'S / BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Calvin enters. Furiously runs his hand under the water. Scrubs with soap like it's going out of style.

He locks eyes with his reflection. Grimaces. Goes back to scrubbing his hand.

Calvin glances into the living room. At the duffels on the coffee table. The money is just visible.

Calvin stops scrubbing. Looks down at his hand. Clean. He splashes water on his face.

INT. GWEN AND AMY'S - CONTINUOUS

The T.V. still rolls. Calvin enters the kitchen. Fetches vodka from the fridge. He takes a long sip from the bottle.

Calvin fetches a glass. Takes another slug from the bottle. Starts to pour himself one.

REPORTER (O.S.)  
...police are searching for two  
suspects, a Caucasian male and  
female, involved in a string of  
Santa Monica robberies last night.

Calvin freaks. Drops the bottle on the counter and runs into the living room.

On the T.V. screen, a cute REPORTER sits in front of grainy surveillance footage - the sandwich shop. And, worse, grainy shots of both Calvin and Gwen.

REPORTER (CONT'D)  
The suspects, seen here, were  
identified as being in their early  
twenties or late teens. Police have  
released further sketches, based on  
the descriptions obtained...

The screen beside her changes. Crummy sketches of Calvin and Gwen - not great, but accurate enough...

Calvin freaks. He turns the T.V. off. Downs his drink in a single gulp.

He runs back to the kitchen. Raises the bottle for another drink. Pauses. He takes the bottle. Returns to the couch.

Silence. Calvin stares at the T.V. Wide-eyed and freaked. He bounces his leg again. Sips from the bottle.

Gwen and Amy enter. Gwen runs to Calvin. Embraces him.

GWEN

Are you okay? He didn't hurt you?

Gwen kneels next to him. Prods him with her fingers, checking. Calvin winces. Pushes her off.

Gwen's eyes land on the money and go as wide as saucers.

GWEN

Uhm, holy fuck! How much is there?

AMY

A lot. I dunno. You know I fuckin' hate counting.

Gwen claps. Catches herself. Her eyes waver to Calvin.

GWEN

I didn't mean...I'm sorry...

AMY

Pfft. Don't be. He tripped and fell on it by himself. It's, like, running with scissors. Pointy shit is dangerous like that, yo.

Gwen shoots her an annoyed glare.

GWEN

Still.

(squeezes his hand)

I'm gonna run to the bathroom, mmkay? Stay put?

Calvin nods distantly. He stares at the money, unsure what to think.

Amy sits on the floor. She searches his face, as if trying to gauge his mood.

AMY

You freakin'?

He nods.

AMY

Me an' Gwendy headed past Noah's on the way back, an' nothing. Nobody goes there but junkies. And me. So, like, it'll be a li'l while.

CALVIN  
Yeah. But eventually...

He trails off. Amy raises her eyebrows, confused.

AMY  
Eventually?

CALVIN  
We'll get fuckin' caught! We were on the news, you know? Me and Gwen. It's not like my dad isn't going to fuckin' notice!

AMY  
You guys were on the news? Sweet. Wendy, you're famous!

Calvin lets out an exasperated gasp.

AMY  
Aw man, don't trip. Like, look at me. Chill as hell.

CALVIN  
You smoked while you were out.

A beat. Amy nods; good point.

CALVIN  
The cops - my dad - have my fuckin' picture! Gwen's too. And now, in addition to being a robbery suspect, I'm a goddamn murderer! So don't tell me to chill!

AMY  
We didn't leave any evidence. It's cool. You wanna smoke some of this shit? It's, like, totally bomb.

Calvin shakes his head, appalled. Amy shrugs.

AMY  
Suit yourself. But we're fuckin' ballin' now. I'm gonna party up. You an' me just had the score of, like, the decade.

GWEN (O.S.)  
Bitch, please! I can top that!

AMY

Bitch please yourself! Can not!

Gwen exits the bathroom. Gives Amy a smirk.

GWEN

I can so. Ian's loaded.

AMY

Ian? Ian who won't let you touch his money even after you suck his dick? Uhm, I call bee ess.

Calvin socks back more vodka. Gwen struts into the kitchen.

GWEN (O.S.)

Okay, whatev. But last night? Tonight? We should hit Ian. Cause we're makin' a fuckin' killing.

CALVIN

No shit. We sure as fuck did that.

Gwen struts out of the kitchen. Gives a disapproving glare. She carries the remaining bottles and more glasses.

GWEN

Calvin, look at the money! You're telling me you don't want that?

Calvin glances at the bag; maybe she's right.

Gwen tops off his drink. Pours for herself and Amy.

AMY

Like, how much?

GWEN

I dunno. However much he keeps in his safe. I bet he's got a fuckton.  
(laughs scornfully)  
Know what he does? He empties his account an' asks daddy for fuckin' money. Then he empties that a few weeks later and asks for more. It's a vicious cycle. He calls it a California A.T.M.

CALVIN

So you'll what? Crack his safe?

GWEN

Uhm, no. Ian might be rich, but he's a moron. Like, really. A dumb, dumb person. He can't remember shit. He has his PIN code written on his debit card, and he's got a sheet of account passwords by his computer. I bet he's got something with the fuckin' safe combo on it. I just gotta poke around next time we're fuckin' at his pad.

CALVIN

Not to blow your master plan out of the water, but let's suppose he doesn't just have the combo conveniently written down?

GWEN

No harm, no foul. But if he does? C'mon. We'll be rollin' in green.

She and Amy both smile like giddy schoolgirls, a rush of excitement between them.

Calvin glowers at the bag of money. At the gun resting beside it. At all the drugs.

Amy fishes a bag of weed out. Sniffs it. Sighs with pleasure and grabs her bong. She wags it at Gwen. They share an enthusiastic nod.

Calvin finally has enough. He stands, pissed.

CALVIN

What the fuck?! Jesus! What the fuck?! I...we killed a fucking man tonight! And you're...gonna get high?! And plan another robbery?! It's not bad enough that the cops are looking for us from last night! Now we're accessories to fuckin' murder, goddammit! And the two of you could fuckin' care less!

GWEN

No, we care. But not enough to let it ruin what the fuck we want.

He whirls on her.

CALVIN

Is that all you fucking think  
about?! What the fuck you want?!  
That's not how the world works!

GWEN

Uh, yes it is. You have a fuckin'  
dream, the motherfuckin' good life,  
right here! And you're gonna puss  
out because Noah killed himself?  
Jeez, dude. Disappointed. I thought  
you were different.

CALVIN

I have fucking morals!

GWEN

Yuh-huh. You have a better time  
when you fuckin' don't.

She glares up at him, defiant.

A heated moment passes. Calvin's breath is short and fast.  
He's boiling mad. And she's not going to have any of it.

Amy hits the bong. Exhales with a happy sigh.

CALVIN

You're so full of shit, Gwen. You  
both are.

He stomps to the door.

EXT. GWEN AND AMY'S - CONTINUOUS

Calvin SLAMS THE DOOR. It pops right back open. Gwen comes  
after him, hurt and upset.

GWEN

(whispered yell)

Dude, what the fuck?! We could get  
outta this damn town! To paradise!

CALVIN

I fuckin' can't.

GWEN

You could.

CALVIN  
I'm not that kind of guy!

GWEN  
Bullshit! So when you picture all  
that money, nothing? You were  
singing a different tune last  
night, dude! Admit it! Taking  
charge of your life for a change?  
That's your fuckin' dream, an' you  
enjoyed the hell outta it.

Calvin stares out at Los Angeles. At home, in the distance.  
His conscience still fights, but it's a losing battle.

And Gwen knows. She steps towards him. He doesn't move. She  
takes another step. Just inches away, but not touching.

GWEN  
(a forceful whisper)  
Calvin?

She extends her hand. Calvin stares at it. He tries to fight  
the urge.

Her eyes burn into his. A demanding gaze.

And he takes her hand. Gwen beams at him. She pulls him  
towards 508. He follows eagerly.

INT. GWEN AND AMY'S - CONTINUOUS

The room is already smoky. Gwen leads Calvin in. Amy, on the  
couch, exhales a hit.

AMY  
Thank god. I can't smoke all this  
shit by myself.

Calvin sits. His eyes drift over the money. He smiles; there  
is a lot there.

Gwen sits beside him. Watches his face cautiously.

GWEN  
Cal-Vin? We cool?

CALVIN  
Yeah...I'm cool. I think. Fuck. I  
don't know. It's a lot of money.  
But...there's still a body...



Gwen takes his hand. Places it on Amy's leg. Calvin gives her a confused, permissive look.

GWEN

Dude. That dream you're livin'?  
It's a good one. Enjoy it.

She forcefully turns his head.

Amy is there to meet him. She kisses him savagely; the earlier adrenaline pours into him in one steamy lip-lock.

Gwen daintily reaches across Calvin. She pulls Amy's leg towards his lap. Amy gets the idea. Her body follows. She rolls against him.

Gwen turns Calvin's head towards her. She kisses him, slow and deliberate: Pure seduction.

Gwen slides his hand from Amy's leg to the straps of her bikini. He rolls the straps between his fingers...

Gwen opens her eyes. Watches Calvin, still hesitant with the bikini straps. He lets go.

Gwen pulls back. Leans to Amy. They kiss, slow and perfect. Their mouths seem to dance as Calvin watches.

Gwen and Amy, still kissing, lock eyes with Calvin. He surrenders. The three make out with growing intensity...

INT. GWEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS

--Gwen and Amy crawl naked onto the bed. They pull Calvin in behind them. Guide him onto his back. Calvin submits to every touch. The trio kiss heatedly.

--Amy on all fours. Calvin behind her. A line of cocaine across her back. Gwen eases Calvin's head down. He submits. Snorts the coke as he fucks Amy.

--Gwen rides Calvin. Amy crawls in beside him. Tilts his head towards her. They kiss.

--Amy in Calvin's lap, facing him. Gwen behind him. The girls guide his hands over their bodies as he alternates kisses between them.

--Gwen and Amy on their backs. Calvin thrusts between Gwen's legs. Pulls back and crawls to Amy. She gasps as he enters. Her eyes widen. Lock with Gwen's. A lingering gaze. Gwen grabs her hand. Kisses Amy. They smile at one another...

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. GWEN'S ROOM - DAY

The room is a damned mess. Calvin, Gwen, and Amy lie in the center of it all, asleep. They haven't so much fallen into bed together as collapsed from exhaustion.

Calvin stirs awake. He smiles a little at the sight of Gwen and Amy: Still fast asleep, girlish and peaceful.

Calvin's phone rests on the nightstand. He grabs it. Checks. Almost two. A ton of missed calls.

Calvin sighs. Gwen, awake now, shoots him a curious look.

CALVIN

Bet'cha my dad saw the news.

Gwen smiles up at him; a clear suggestion in the look.

GWEN

I can kiss it and make it all  
better if ya want.

She kisses her way down his chest. Calvin smirks.

INT. BARRY RESIDENCE / CALVIN'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Sue stands in the door, upset. She watches Calvin zip up his last case.

SUE

You can't wait 'til your father  
gets home?

CALVIN

Nope. Sorry, ma.

SUE

He's worried. We both are...

CALVIN

Worried? What, that he won't get to  
lay my life out for me anymore?

Sue glares; Calvin ignores the look.

SUE  
He's just honest.

CALVIN  
Well tell him 'just honest' can  
really beat a guy down.

He hugs Sue. Plants a fond kiss on her forehead.

INT. BARRY RESIDENCE / KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Calvin walks through. Taryn leans by the counter, eyes on the microwave.

TARYN  
You're ditching pretty quick.

CALVIN  
I found a place.

TARYN  
With the girl?  
(off his look)  
Cal, I'm not stupid.

Calvin doesn't reply. Gives her an embarrassed look.

TARYN  
Look, I don't care. You've got a  
thing, you've got a thing.

Calvin nods, a little guilty. He turns to the door.

TARYN  
Just...be careful, okay?

CALVIN  
Be careful? Of what?

TARYN  
I watch the news, dummy.

Taryn grabs his shoulder. Pulls him into a hug - a warm, tight goodbye hug. A pause. Calvin hugs her back.

INT. GWEN AND AMY'S - EVENING

Gwen butts Calvin's suitcases against the couch. He stands by, not sure what to do.

CALVIN  
Where do I sleep?

GWEN  
Mine. Amy's. The couch. You pick.  
When Ian's over, crash with her and  
it'll be chill. You'll see. We're  
gonna have fun. Plus, we can...

She makes a gun with her finger. Mimes holding him up.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
Only one rule. You gotta have fun.  
Think you can handle that?

CALVIN  
After last night? Gee, I dunno.

Amy exits her bedroom. She ties her bikini top up, yawns.  
She giggles when she sees Calvin.

AMY  
Aw, Cawvin's aww gwown up.

He flips her off. Amy plucks a joint from behind her ear.  
Pops it into her mouth with a snotty grin.

AMY  
Y'know, we should go celebrate.  
Club it up.

Amy and Gwen exchange giggly smiles.

AMY  
Aw. But I'm light on club duds.

GWEN  
Fuck, right? Me too! Cal-Vin,  
whatever shall we do?!

The girls move to Calvin, teasing and seductive as ever.  
Gwen strokes his cheek.

GWEN  
Got'cha a housewarming gift.

She presses something into his hand. Calvin looks at it. A  
SKULL-FACE BANDANA.

Calvin stares at the bandana for a beat...

INT. WHITNEY'S - NIGHT

An upscale Palisades boutique, mostly ladies'. Calvin, bandana and sunglasses on, throws a SALESGIRL (20's) across the register.

A second SALESGIRL (20's) whimpers nearby. Her eyes fix on Calvin's pistol, full of horror.

SALESGIRL 1  
Please...don't hurt me! Please!

CALVIN  
Then your friend better open the register.

Gwen and Amy - in LADY-LIP BANDANAS and BUG-EYE GLASSES - rush past. They tear around the store like bratty kids; snatch anything they can stuff in their shopping bags.

Calvin twists his fingers through Salesgirl 1's hair. She screams. He presses the gun to her head. Salesgirl 2 shakily fumbles at the drawer.

Amy spots some pink Jimmy Choos. She squeals, delighted.

AMY  
Oh-emm-gee! Cute shoes!

Salesgirl 2 fumbles the drawer again. She whimpers.

SALESGIRL 2  
I can't open it.

Her tears reach him. Calvin pauses. Steps back.

Gwen stops a few feet away. She snatches body jewelry off a rack. Raises her glasses and locks eyes with Calvin: A commanding look.

He obeys. Presses his pistol hard against Salesgirl 1's head. She sobs. Salesgirl 2 shrieks with fright.

SALESGIRL 2  
We have cameras, you fucking fucks!

GWEN  
Ooh! La-dee-da! Let's make us a snuff film.

Salesgirl 2 freaks. This time she gets it open. Calvin throws her a bag. She stuffs it with cash.

Gwen and Amy finish their shopping spree. They run laughing past the register.

Salesgirl 2, tears in her eyes, extends the bag. Calvin snatches it. Runs. The salesgirls clutch each other, sobbing and scared.

EXT. WHITNEY'S - CONTINUOUS

The mint green shitbox waits for Calvin. He runs from the store. Dives into the open back door.

INT. MINT FORD (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Amy hits the gas. She and Gwen laugh from the front. Calvin, in the back, removes his bandana.

GWEN

Did you see those bitches' faces?

Calvin pauses briefly, ashamed. He looks into the bag then. Stares down at hundreds of dollars.

GWEN

Oh my god, Calvin! You are going to  
love this dress!

That gets his attention. Calvin tosses the bag.

INT. LOS ANGELES NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A packed LA hot spot: YOUNG REVELERS, glitzy red and blue neon, a loud deejay, a champagne bar. The night is in full swing. DANCE RAP BLARES.

Gwen and Amy lead Calvin into it all. They're dressed to the nines, smoldering in body-hugging minis that leave little to the imagination.

Calvin is high on atmosphere alone. He's never been that guy before. The looks the girls draw from MALE CLUBBERS drives Calvin's delight higher.

Red floods bathe the room. Gwen and Amy smile back at Calvin. They drag him into the club chaos. MUSIC THROBS.

## MONTAGE - CALVIN ENJOYS HIS NEW LIFESTYLE

-IN BLAKE'S BEDROOM: Calvin counts out money for Blake. Nearby, Gwen and Amy gleefully handle NEW TECH NINES.

-IN VALLEY LIQUORS: A masked Calvin, Gwen, and, now, Amy brandish guns. They level the weapons at a CHUBBY CLERK.

-IN THE CLUB: A crowded dance floor. In the center, Calvin. Gwen and Amy grind on either side. He's in heaven.

-AT A DRIVE-UP ATM: A YOUNG GUY in a sedan takes his money. Pulls out of the ATM. Calvin jumps ahead of his car. Gun steeled and ready. Gwen yanks his door open. She and Amy drag him from the car, guns to his head.

-IN THE CLUB BAR: Calvin, Gwen, and Amy sit at a table together. They sock back shots.

-IN GWEN AND AMY'S APARTMENT: Gwen sits on the couch with Ian. Amy pulls Calvin through the apartment. To her room. He locks eyes with Gwen as they pass. Smiles.

-IN A PRIVATE RESIDENCE: An OLDER MAN opens the door. Calvin pistol whips him. He drops to the floor. Calvin, Gwen, and Amy enter. Gwen's gun finds the terrified old man.

-IN THE CLUB: Calvin, between Gwen and Amy again. Their hands consume him. He loves every second of it. A FRAT JERK grinds against Amy. Calvin glares.

-THE CLUB LOT: Calvin beats the shit out of the Frat Jerk. Nearby, Gwen and Amy paw through his wallet.

-IN GWEN AND AMY'S BATHROOM: Calvin and Amy shower together. Steam rises around them. They kiss, blissful and passionate.

-IN GWEN'S ROOM: Gwen, nude, wrapped around Calvin; a human pretzel. She sprinkles coke on her clavicle. He snorts it.

-QUICK CUTS: Clerks, guns, money, and blood. A thundering series of violent shots, interspersed with the fever of the club, sex, and drugs.

-ON THE BEACH: Night on the beach. Calvin, on his back on a towel. Gwen and Amy dance above; lips and bodies. Calvin closes his eyes, in pure bliss.

END MONTAGE

EXT. BEACH - DAY

A sparse mid-afternoon beach. Calvin and Amy relax on a towel. He rubs her feet.

Gwen, giddy, skips across the beach behind them. Flops on the towel with a big grin.

GWEN

Less than a month. Just like I  
said! Read 'em and weep, bitches.

She extends a sticky note. Calvin takes it. Amy hunches in to read it too.

The note: 06-64-43-20-01-17.

Calvin turns to Gwen, surprised. Is this...

GWEN

Fuck yeah, baby. An' he just  
fuckin' borrowed money from his old  
man while we were shopping. Oh,  
speaking of, new. You like?

She gestures at her bikini. Calvin nods.

AMY

We hittin' him tonight?

Gwen shrugs.

CALVIN

Where was the combination?

GWEN

His wallet. He's got one of those  
portable condom things, and it was  
stuffed inside.

CALVIN

You took his only copy?

GWEN

Uh, no. I'm pretty, not stupid.

(shrugs)

Hey, you know they got a name for  
us on the news now?

AMY

Ooh! Uh...The Awesome Threesome?!



GWEN  
The Beach Blanket Bandits.

She gestures at the beach blanket. It takes Amy a beat, but she and Gwen both snicker.

Calvin's eyes widen. He bolts upright, freaked. Gwen grips his shoulders urgently.

GWEN  
Hey! Have any cops come by yet?

He shakes his head.

GWEN  
So don't freak, baby. Mmkay?

Calvin looks around. Various groups of people, young and old - a pretty typical beach scene. Nobody's suspicious of him.

GWEN  
I vote we give Ian 'til Friday.  
He's got an early class. I'll stay  
over. Give him some action. And  
when he leaves for school?

AMY  
Ka-ching?

GWEN  
Ka fuckin' ching.

Amy and Gwen grin, giddy and excited. Calvin actually shares in the euphoria.

INT. GLENDALE SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

A cramped, nice bar. THE WAITRESS slides beers to Calvin and Mark. Calvin pays her before Mark can.

CALVIN  
Keep it.

Mark glances at the bill. A twenty. He follows Calvin.

MARK  
Fuck. This Sam Adams better be  
worth a twelve dollar tip.

CALVIN  
It's only money.

They settle into a booth together.

MARK

Right. I forgot. You're the King of L.A. now.

CALVIN

Hey, following your lead, man.

MARK

To be clear, I robbed one liquor store and spent six months in the clink. You moved in with two barely outta high school chickies and went on a fuckin' crime spree. Following my lead? Suck a dick, man.

CALVIN

You sound jealous.

MARK

Of your hedonism? Yes. Of the fact that you'll eventually get caught and be some guy named Peaches' bitch? Not so much.

CALVIN

I won't get caught. Just one last job, and then off to Florida.

MARK

I'll remember that when I see your ass on Miami One after you got nailed for robbing a Dunkin' Doughnuts or some shit. It was just one job a month ago. Junkies always want a taste.

Calvin gives Mark a derisive scoff as he sips his beer.

INT. GWEN AND AMY'S - NIGHT

Calvin enters, buzzed. Ian is on the couch, pants around his ankles. Gwen kneels in front of him, topless, face buried in his lap.

Calvin slams the door. Gwen freaks. Stuffs a pillow over Ian's crotch.

GWEN

Calvin! Shit! Uh...sorry, dude.

IAN  
Aw, seriously? Don't even think  
about lookin' at my dick, faggot.

Gwen grabs her shirt off the floor. Puts it on. Gives Ian a rough sock on the arm.

Ian and Calvin exchange glares. Ian laughs.

IAN  
You know if you stare at a dude  
while he's got a boner, it means  
you're a fuckin' homo, right?

GWEN  
The fuck'd I say about that shit?

IAN  
What? Guy like him gets to live  
with a couple honeys, he should  
take some shit!

Gwen stomps into the kitchen. Ian watches her butt.

His eyes bounce back to Calvin. He flashes a smug grin.

IAN  
If her ass wasn't so damn nice...

CALVIN  
Yeah, it's a real peach.

IAN  
Yeah it is. Whoa. The fuck did you  
just say about my girl?

CALVIN  
You clearly heard me, fucknuts.

Ian stands. Pulls up his pants and muscles in on Calvin.  
From the kitchen, Gwen gives him a glare. He laughs. Drapes  
an arm around Calvin.

IAN  
You watch the news, bro?  
(pause, waits)  
You seen that Beach Blanket Bandit  
crew? Two girls, one guy. They got  
masks. But they sorta look like  
you, Stoney McShitbrains, and Gwen.  
I thought they were for a sec. But  
you know what? Nah.

(pause)

(MORE)

IAN  
No way you're that guy. Cause he's  
boss. And you? You're a faggot who  
mooches off his fuckin' girl and  
wishes, man.

Calvin glowers at Ian. Clenches one fist.

CALVIN  
Kinda getting a little close to me  
with that boner, Ian.

Ian shoves Calvin. Gwen steps into the kitchen door.

GWEN  
Wanna go home with blue balls?

Ian glares at her. Scoffs at Calvin. Backs off.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Calvin follows Gwen in, hot under the collar. She hands him  
a beer.

CALVIN  
Say the word, Gwen. I'll pistol  
whip his ass into tomorrow.

Her eyes widen; the thought oddly gets her going. She gives  
him a coy grin. Traces the tip of his bottle suggestively.  
Runs her fingers down it.

GWEN  
I wouldn't stop you.

Gwen places a bottle-opener under his beer cap. Pops it.

GWEN  
Friday. Now shoo.

She pushes him with one finger. Calvin relents.

INT. AMY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A scattered mess with a beachy vibe, bikinis and drug  
paraphernalia strewn about, tiki lights hang from the  
ceiling. Amy lounges on the bed, her usual joint between two  
fingers. Calvin enters.

AMY

Dude, you're bringin' bad vibes in here. Chill.

CALVIN

I'm fine. Just can't wait to give Ian a taste of his own medicine.

AMY

Aw, shit! He's got pills?

Calvin laughs. Shakes his head. He sits on the edge of the bed, still a little upset.

Amy crawls in behind. Rubs his shoulders. He closes his eyes. Savors her touch.

CALVIN

Maybe Mark's right. Maybe I am becoming a junkie for this shit.

Amy pops the joint into his mouth.

AMY

Two bomb ladies. Waist-deep in bank. Hella drugs. You're ballin'. If you weren't jonesing for a taste, you'd be, like, legally required to surrender your dick.

Calvin drags off the joint, smiles; makes sense to him.

CALVIN

You know, the whole time my buddy was harping about how wrong this is, I just kept thinking how I'd do anything just to keep it.

Amy smiles. She tilts his head back and plucks the joint from his mouth.

AMY

It's worth stayin' asleep when you're havin' a good dream.

CALVIN

I love it when you talk stoner wisdom to me.

AMY

Aw, shut up.

She kisses him, slow and delicate. Like a lover. It's exactly what he wants. He's putty in Amy's hands. She leans back. He submits. Crawls after her.

INT. AMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Amy, half-covered by the sheet, Calvin in his boxers. She rolls a joint. Calvin kisses her exposed belly. Amy giggles.

AMY  
Ticklish, dude. You make me spill  
this dank, an' you're gonna be  
goin' downtown for a loooong time.

Calvin smirks at her. Kisses her belly again. Amy squeals and wriggles away from him. Calvin crawls after her.

His PHONE RINGS. Calvin groans. Checks it. A call from Sue.

Calvin stares at the phone for a beat. Glances to Amy for permission. She nods.

CALVIN  
(answers)  
Mom? It's almost midnight.

INT. BARRY RESIDENCE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

All lit up; the TV runs silently in the background. Sue sits on the couch, a distraught mess.

SUE  
I know.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CALVIN AND SUE

CALVIN  
Well? What's up? I'm kind'a busy.

Sue chokes up a little at the scorn in his voice.

SUE  
I'm worried about you, Calvin.

CALVIN  
Don't. I'm fine, really. Heck, I'm  
better than fine.

Amy runs her foot through his hair.

SUE

Oh. How's the new place?

Amy taps her toes against Calvin's ear. He slaps it away. Swats her on the butt. Amy shrieks and giggles.

Sue hears. Her face goes ashen.

CALVIN

It's great, ma. Really great. I love it here. I'd call if I was in trouble. So don't worry. Okay?

Sue wrings her hands together. Sighs.

SUE

Is it all right if I drop by and see you some time, Calvin?

Amy caresses his cheek with her foot. He swats it away.

CALVIN

I dunno, ma. I'm just gonna be here another couple days.

SUE

Well? All the more reason for me to come by and see you.

Calvin smiles. Thinks for a beat.

CALVIN

Okay, okay. Just call ahead and no dad. I'm at Palm Wood in Venice. Call. I'll come down to meet you.

Sue glances across the living room - to where Joseph waits with FRANK PENNER (40's), a grizzled LA detective. She locks eyes with Joseph. Gives him a sad nod.

SUE

Okay. Thanks honey.  
(firm)  
I love you.

CALVIN

Yeah. Love you too, ma.

He hangs up. Rolls onto Amy. She giggles. Pulls him into her arms. Calvin tosses his phone to the floor.

INT. GWEN AND AMY'S / KITCHEN - MORNING

Gwen pours herself cereal. Calvin enters, shirtless. He stretches. Eyes her butt.

CALVIN  
Asshole still here?

GWEN  
Mm-mm. Fuck no.

Calvin grabs her by the waist. Spins her with force. He presses her against the fridge. Kisses her with aggression. Gwen gasps; she loves it. She bites his lip.

GWEN  
Aw, don't be jealous, baby. I gotta pull his strings.

She leans in. Calvin stops her. He thinks for a moment.

CALVIN  
I hope you're not doing that to me.

Gwen bites her lip. Suddenly she's bashful and nervous.

GWEN  
Maybe a li'l.

He recoils. She follows. Wraps his arms around herself.

GWEN  
You wouldn't be here if I didn't pull some strings, would you?

She tugs at the strings on his shorts. Calvin smiles.

He spins Gwen around. Shoves her over the counter. Yanks her shorts down. Gwen turns. They make out, aggressive, as Calvin guides his groin to hers...

EXT. PALM WOODS APARTMENTS - DAY

Calvin, a smug grin on his face, walks to the bus stop. He skirts around the edge of the parking lot.

Near the curb, a silver sedan. Penner gets out.

PENNER  
Calvin, right? Joe Barry's kid?

He approaches Calvin, a wolf in a chrome suit and shades.



PENNER

Frank Penner, Your dad said you'd be here. Got a sec?

CALVIN

Nah. I'm kind of busy.

PENNER

Oh. In that case...

He flashes a badge.

EXT. PALM WOODS / POOL AREA - DAY

A small, shitty pool area. Calvin and Penner sit at a rusty table. Penner sips coffee, casual and relaxed. Calvin looks confident, bounces his leg nervously.

PENNER

The night of July Twelfth. I know it's awhile back, but do you recall where you were?

Calvin knows exactly. But he plays dumb.

CALVIN

I think I was with my sister.

PENNER

Go by Thirsty Liquors in Van Nuys?

CALVIN

Nope. My sis can't drink, sir.

PENNER

C'mon, I've got kids in high school. I know--

CALVIN

--ah, not her. My dad doesn't brag about Taryn? The perfect angel?

Penner nods opaquely. He flips through his notebook again.

PENNER

How about the Mar Vista Benny's Liquor? Off the four-oh-five?

CALVIN

You want me to speed this up? We didn't go to any liquor stores.

PENNER

Okay, right. How about July...uh, fifteenth?

Calvin shrugs.

CALVIN

Fuck, I can't remember. That was a...what, Tuesday? Shit, I was probably watching my shows. Fox has a pretty good Tuesday lineup. I know. lame, right? Young guy like me. Oughta be partying it up.

Penner nods absently. Scribbles on his pad.

Calvin cases the two pool exits. The fence that looks out into the main courtyard. Not a lot of escape routes.

PENNER

Been to Whitney's in the Palisades?

Calvin laughs.

CALVIN

Pfft. That store's for chicks.

PENNER

No kidding. Ever been?

A beat. Calvin stares, unable to read Penner. He finally shrugs and shakes his head.

PENNER

(scribbling)

Now, Calvin, Mister Swarovski says you're...not on the lease here?

CALVIN

Oh. Uh, no. I took over a sublease, but it was off the books. My roomie said it was cool. Am I in trouble?

Penner shrugs; plays things Bogart. Calvin grimaces, annoyed at the cop's superiority.

CALVIN

This is about the news, right?

Penner raises his eyebrows, interested. Calvin plays off it.

CALVIN

The Beach Blanket Bandits? I kind of look like the guy in that fuzzy photo. I get that a lot. Can't go into a liquor store up the block without getting the stink eye. I wish, though. Lucky guy. Probably bangin' both those girls. At once.

Penner's cool exterior cracks; he looks a little annoyed.

PENNER

Yeah, rough break for you. The lease is under Gwen Summers and Amy Neely. Mister Swarovski says that they're supposed to give notice if they vacate the premises. Or let someone sublease.

Calvin swallows. Thinks for a moment.

CALVIN

Amy took a job in San Fran.

Penner scribbles on his pad.

CALVIN

Gwen's upstairs. She sleeps in. Lazy ass. You want me to wake her?

PENNER

Nah. You don't have plans to leave the city? In case I need to follow up with you?

CALVIN

No plans, but you never know what might happen. Heat of the moment.

Penner glares.

CALVIN

No, not really. You want my number?

Penner slides him the pad. Calvin jots his number down.

Penner watches the whole time, clearly suspicious.

EXT. PALM WOODS APARTMENTS / PARKING LOT - DAY

Calvin follows Penner out of the pool area. Penner reviews his notes. Doesn't even look back.

PENNER

Well, Mister Barry, thanks for your time. I'll be in touch if there's anything else.

CALVIN

Yeah. And, hey, that guy? Living out every guy's porn fantasy? I hope you catch the fucker. Sir.

Penner turns on his heel, a big smirk on his face.

PENNER

Hey, that's my job, right?

Calvin nods. His composure is all but gone.

INT. GWEN AND AMY'S - DAY

Amy watches LOUD MUSIC VIDEOS with her bong. Calvin enters in a frantic hurry. Slams the door. He paces, freaked.

CALVIN

Fuck!

AMY

Fuck what?

Gwen pops out of the bathroom, a toothbrush in her mouth. She and Gwen both watch Calvin in confusion.

CALVIN

A fuckin' cop!

Gwen and Amy exchange a glance. Calvin punches the wall.

CALVIN

He knows! Maybe not about Noah, but he knows the rest! He's fuckin' onto us! Onto me!

GWEN

The fuck? Chill, dude. If he didn't arrest you, you're good.

CALVIN  
Or he's going to come back!

AMY  
Who's going to come where now?

CALVIN  
Fuck...so what if he didn't arrest  
me? I can tell he fuckin' knows!

Amy grabs his arm. Pulls him onto the couch and scooches in  
behind him. She gently rubs his shoulders.

AMY  
Dude. Remember? How many unsolved  
robberies are there in this city?

CALVIN  
Fuck, I know, but--

AMY  
--ah-ah. How many, dude?

CALVIN  
A ton.

AMY  
An' there were prob'ly suspects.  
But nothing to charge 'em with.

CALVIN  
Well what the fuck if he has proof?  
Like, I don't know. The giant bag  
of money in there?

He gestures at Amy's room. Gwen turns. Eyes the room. She's  
lost in thought for a beat.

AMY  
Dude, c'mon. Quit bein' heavy.  
Let's burn and fuck until the sun  
goes away, mmkays?

CALVIN  
Yeah, but...I dunno--

--Gwen places her hand to his lips for silence.

GWEN  
Calvin's right, Amy.

AMY

He is?

GWEN

He is.

(pause)

What would you guys say if I got  
Ian out of the apartment tonight?

AMY

Bomb! I'd say bling-bling, girl!  
Bring on that green!

CALVIN

I don't know...I mean, if the cops  
are sniffing around. My dad...

The girls push him back. Calvin stares up at them. They  
smile down like goddesses, seductive and beautiful.

GWEN

You're gonna let speculation keep  
you from paradise? With us?

AMY

Aw. That makes me sad.

GWEN

Paradise, Cal. Just you, me, and  
Amy. Forever.

Calvin stares up, infatuated. The girls lean down, all  
smiles...into a passionate three-way kiss.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Sunset over the City of Angels. The sun has bled away as  
darkness consumes town.

INT. GWEN AND AMY'S - NIGHT

Calvin, on the rubber chair, looks annoyed. He watches Gwen  
and Amy, Ian between them, sock back shots.

Ian throws back a second shot with barely a breath. Pounds  
his chest.

Behind him, Amy spits her shot on the floor. She grabs Ian's  
chin. Forces his head towards her.

The second his head turns, Gwen spits her shot onto the  
floor. Locks eyes with Calvin. She winks.

Amy hits a joint. Ian runs his hand over her leg. She giggles. Removes it with a flirty smile.

AMY

Uh-uh. I'm not that effed up.

Ian grabs the bottle. Pours more shots. One for each girl. Two for him. He sneers at Calvin.

IAN

Sure you don't wanna partake, fag?

CALVIN

I'm sure.

IAN

Fine. More for me. Pussy and drink.

He grins meanly. Socks back both shots in rapid succession.

GWEN

Dude! Ian! First rule of shots! We gotta hit together!

Amy pours him another shot. Ian taps the second glass. She pours him a second.

They sock back the shots. Gwen and Amy both spit their shots off the couch. Ian doesn't notice. Gwen gives Calvin a quick nod.

Calvin smiles, excited. He stands.

CALVIN

Hey, Ames? Kitchen?

Amy follows him. Ian swats her ass as she goes. Gwen giggles and pulls him into her arms.

KITCHEN

Calvin glances into the living room. Gwen makes out with Ian. He turns away, disgusted. Amy enters.

AMY

You ready?

CALVIN

Are you?

They glance back. Gwen still kisses Ian. The whole time, she watches the kitchen with one eye.

AMY

Yup. Five by five. Let's rock.

Gwen leans back from Ian. He opens his eyes, Calvin's cue.

Calvin bitch slaps Amy. Hard.

She staggers against the fridge. Gasps.

AMY

(soft)

Harder!

Calvin goes after her, grabs her throat. He slaps her full force. She falls to the floor with an aroused gasp.

AMY

Get the fuck outta here!

LIVING ROOM

Calvin stomps out of the kitchen. Glares at Gwen. She suppresses a smile. Acts repulsed.

GWEN

The fuckin' fuck, Calvin?!

CALVIN

It's her fault. Fuckin' slut.  
Letting him touch her like that.

Ian stares. He's too buzzed to do much. He just laughs.

IAN

Aw, it's okay. I won't let her  
touch my dick before you, okay?

Gwen socks his arm.

Amy enters, livid. She grabs Calvin. Pushes him to the door. He fake-struggles. She laughs, enjoying the act. Slaps him a few times.

AMY

Go on! Get the eff outta here, you  
douchebag!

Calvin opens the door. Whirls on Amy, raises his fist. She winks. Calvin exits.



EXT. PALM WOODS APARTMENTS / PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Calvin leans against Amy's car. Ian staggers down the stairs, stinking drunk. He fishes his keys from his pocket. On the way to his car, he sees Calvin.

IAN

Hey, faggot!

Calvin glares. Ian paces towards him.

IAN

I ought'a thank you, bro. Cause they're both up there, beggin' for my dick cause you're such a faggot. I gotta go get some coke from my guy, and if you're here when I get back, you can't watch. Okay?

CALVIN

Whatever. Should you be driving?

Ian flips Calvin the bird. Staggers towards his car. He fumbles his keys.

Calvin smiles.

INT. GWEN AND AMY'S - NIGHT

Calvin reenters. Amy, on the couch, wags a set of keys.

AMY

How is he?

CALVIN

A couple shots beyond wasted.

Gwen wanders out of the kitchen. She beams when she sees Calvin. He starts towards her, but she flashes her phone.

GWEN

(into phone)

I don't know. We told him not to leave, but he got all upset. We're just two girls. We couldn't hold him back. An' now he's driving over to this guy's house, real drunk.

(pause)

License? Van Ess One. It's a silver Audi. He'd be going west.

(pause)

(MORE)

GWEN  
Huh? Yeah, he's going into  
Brentwood. He's prob'ly on the  
four-oh-five. He's really drunk.

She smiles triumphantly, pops a thumbs-up. Gwen waves Calvin and Amy towards the door.

INT. MINT FORD (MOVING) - NIGHT

Calvin drives. Gwen rides shotgun, Amy in the back. They're all visibly excited.

Gwen laughs. She gestures ahead.

Along the highway, strobes flash. An LAPD SQUAD has pulled over IAN'S AUDI.

Calvin slows as they pass. Sure enough, Ian sits on the curb, hands cuffed. A COP stands nearby.

Amy, in the back, meets Gwen's eyes in the rearview. They exchange a smile. Calvin's too busy laughing to catch it.

EXT. BRENTWOOD COMPLEX - NIGHT

A swanky apartment complex. Amy's car rolls into a spot by one of the buildings.

Calvin, Gwen, and Amy get out. He stares up at the complex. It's nice. He grimaces.

GWEN  
In and out. Two minutes, tops.

She snatches the keys from Amy. The girls scurry excitedly towards the complex. Calvin eagerly follows.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Gwen opens the door. Calvin and Amy follow her in. Gwen gestures to the stairs. The girls are first, Calvin second. The DOOR SLAMS and they're running.

They round the second floor. Calvin's is even with the girls now, face full of excitement.

GWEN  
Fourth floor. Four-oh-three.

The third floor. Calvin stumbles. Gwen catches his arm. Her touch is electric; it motivates him further.

He resumes the climb. Watches the girls bob just ahead of him. It's a hell of a rush. His excitement crescendos.

#### FOURTH FLOOR HALL

Gwen leads, hands deep in her hoodie pockets. The trio act inconspicuous, like they belong.

Calvin reaches the door first. The girls hurry to catch up.

#### INT. IAN'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A large bachelor's mess of booze ads and video game shit. Gwen leads Calvin and Amy in. Pure silence.

GWEN

Nobody touch anything. The safe is  
in the bedroom closet.

She leads them on, excited. None of them dare to breathe. Calvin looks at Ian's stuff with disgust.

Gwen reaches the bedroom. The door is wide open.

#### BEDROOM

Gwen enters. Calvin and Amy behind. Gwen fumbles for the light. Turns it on...

A GASP. Calvin and Amy whirl towards the bed. ERIKA (20's), a pretty blonde, startles awake.

ERIKA

What the fuck?

She stares, dumbfounded. Her eyes land on Gwen. She gasps.

ERIKA

You're that girl from the beach! He  
said you weren't...oh, that  
goddamn...get the fuck out--

--Gwen snaps her pistol from her hoodie. Aims it at Erika.

GWEN

Shut the fuck up an' we'll be gone  
in, like, one minute. Cal?

He's frozen, unsure what to do. Gwen kicks him. Calvin snaps to. Fumbles his gun out of his hoodie.

GWEN

Got her?

He nods. Spins his gun towards Erika. She glares, disgusted. Her eyes drift to Gwen.

ERIKA

Did he tell you about me?

GWEN

Uh...t'cha. Now shut up, bitch.

She opens Ian's closet. At the very bottom, a large box. Gwen pulls it aside. Hollow, wrapping a medium safe. She fishes the combination out of her hoodie, kneels.

Erika watches, silent. Inches towards the nightstand.

Calvin watches her, frantic. He catches her moving.

CALVIN

Stay there! Don't fuckin' move!

He steels the gun on Erika. She freezes.

Gwen spins the dial to six.

Erika scoots back. Her hand grazes the nightstand. Calvin takes a step forward. She holds up her hands in defeat.

Gwen spins the dial again. Sixty-four.

ERIKA

He's been seeing you all these nights, hasn't he?

GWEN

Yup. Been hittin' this ass left and right, girlfriend.

She spins the dial to forty-three.

Erika's eyes dart to Calvin, challenging. He glares firmly.

ERIKA

You're what? Her concubine?

Calvin doesn't respond. The words clearly sting.

Gwen spins the dial again, stops on twenty. Behind her, Amy smiles, high on anticipation alone.

Erika leans back, scared yet determined. Her hand rests a few inches from the nightstand drawer.

Gwen spins the dial to one.

Calvin's eyes dart back to Gwen. He's anxious, ready to be done. Amy hops excitedly between them.

Erika inches the nightstand drawer open. He glances back. She freezes. Glares at Calvin.

Gwen spins the dial to seventeen. She smiles anxiously. Reaches out. Grasps the latch. Twists.

Amy gets on her knees. Calvin glances back again. Erika inches the drawer open further.

Gwen opens the safe. She and Amy gasp.

Gwen scoops thousands of dollars out of the safe. Large bills. Ian has been stockpiling for some time.

AMY

Did you know there was that much?

GWEN

Uh-uh.

Calvin's eyes remain on Erika. But he can hear their gleeful gasps. His gaze darts back.

Amy grabs a shoe box. Dumps the shoes. She and Gwen scoop money out of the safe. They giggle with delight.

GWEN

Calvin, baby! We're fuckin' set!

Calvin turns. His eyes go wide. He's never seen this much money. He lowers the gun slightly.

Erika takes advantage. She snaps the drawer open. Plucks a SNUB REVOLVER from inside.

Erika raises the gun. Just as Calvin turns back.

His face goes slack. She FIRES. A near miss.

Gwen and Amy both scream, startled. They duck.

The barrel of Erika's revolver twitches towards him. Calvin's world slows. His own gun is raised.

He FIRES; a reflex. A second time. A third. A fourth.

The shots are dead on. The Magnum rounds tear her chest to shreds. Red spatters across white sheets. Erika rocks backward, dead before she hits the bed.

Silence. Calvin stares in horror. Gwen and Amy don't move.

Erika is face up; her young, frail body prone and still. Beach blonde hair - like Taryn's - splays across the bed.

DISTANT SCREAMS. Calvin realizes what he's done. He drops the gun to the floor.

He falls to his knees in horror. Gwen scrambles to him. Takes his head forcefully in her hands.

GWEN

Look at me, Cal! Don't do this! We have to get the fuck out of here!

His eyes drift towards her. He's breaking down.

Behind them, Amy finishes packing the money.

GWEN

It's going to be okay! Do you understand me? It's going to be okay but we have to get out of here! We can't do this now!

Amy stands, two shoeboxes in her arms. She nods at Gwen.

Gwen tilts Calvin's head towards her. Tears well in his eyes. She caresses his cheek. He sobs.

GWEN

(a whisper)

Let's go home. Okay? Let's go home.

INT. MINT FORD (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Calvin, in the backseat. He watches Los Angeles sweep by; pitch dark and neon reflected in the window. He is despondent, shaking. His eyes are red with tears.

He looks to the front. To Gwen and Amy. Finally to the rearview. He stares at himself, disgusted.

INT. GWEN AND AMY'S - NIGHT

Gwen and Amy enter. Calvin close behind. Gwen guides him to the couch. Eases him down.

Amy opens the duffel bag of drugs. There's just enough room for the shoe boxes.

She opens them briefly, glances down at the stacks of hundreds and fifties. Grins. She stuffs the shoe boxes into the duffel. Zips it.

Gwen kneels next to Calvin. She pulls his head against her chest, motherly and sympathetic. Runs her hand through his hair. Kisses him on the cheek.

GWEN

It's okay, baby. It's okay. Never again. We're done.

He lets out a choked sob. Gwen forces him to look at her.

GWEN

She would have killed us. Is that what you wanted, baby? Is it?

She stares down, firm and demanding. He shakes his head. Continues to sob.

AMY

You saved our lives. Really.

Calvin smiles a little.

Amy joins them on the couch. Leans against him. Her head rests on his shoulder. She strokes his cheek. Gwen tilts his chin towards her. She glares, firm.

GWEN

Sandy beaches. Crystal waters. Carefree. Just the three of us.

The girls melt against Calvin. Gwen kisses him first, tender and passionate; full of love. She turns Calvin's head towards Amy. They kiss, just as passionate.

Gwen joins. For a long moment, the three of them share a steamy kiss.

Gwen takes his right hand, Amy his left. They try to pull Calvin to his feet. He doesn't move.

Gwen and Amy exchange a look, unsure. Gwen pulls his arm. Calvin doesn't budge; he looks drained, exhausted.

CALVIN

I just...I need to be alone.

Gwen nods to Amy. They go to the bedroom. Calvin watches, despondent and sad.

He locks eyes with the girls. Manages a weak smile. They smile back. And then they're gone. The DOOR SLAMS.

INT. GWEN AND AMY'S - NIGHT

Calvin, wide awake, watches shadows creep across the ceiling. His gaze drifts down. To the two duffel bags.

Calvin hunches forward. Glares at the bags. He glances back to Gwen and Amy's room. Back to the bags.

His PHONE RINGS. He checks. A call from Katie.

Calvin's face blanches. He stares at the phone in shock.

INT. GWEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Gwen and Amy have fallen into bed together, fast asleep; exhausted from the night.

Calvin cracks the door. Steps halfway into the room.

And just stares at Gwen and Amy. They sleep with happy smiles; the image of perfection. Calvin watches them sleep, as if reminiscing.

EXT. VENICE SIDEWALK (MOVING) - DAWN

A desolate Los Angeles morning. Calvin paces the block, lost in thought. He fishes the phone out of his pocket. Calls his voicemail.

KATIE'S VOICE comes through the phone.

KATIE (V.O.)  
Hey Calvin. Uhm...it's Katie.

Her voice makes him smile a little.

KATIE (V.O.)  
This is gonna sound really stupid,  
I bet. So feel free to laugh. But  
fuck, this past month has...  
(pause)  
Calvin, I really miss you. I know  
I'm not the easiest person to deal  
with. We fought a lot. I kept  
calling you entitled, spoiled.  
Whatever. I said a lot of shit.  
(sighs)  
(MORE)



KATIE (V.O.)  
Except, uhm, I never said I was  
there for you. And...I wish I had.

He pauses for a moment, touched.

KATIE (V.O.)  
So your sister said you were out in  
LA. I know you never liked it  
there, but I hope you're okay. I  
don't know how to say this...so I'm  
just gonna come right...  
(pause)  
I wasn't a girlfriend. I was a  
parent. And I'm sorry, Calvin.  
(pause)  
So, that's me, being sappy. Look,  
if you ever want to talk about  
crummy pizza, or hear me imitate  
Superfan, or if you want to...try,  
I guess. Well, just call me.

The message ends. Calvin stands, frozen on the sidewalk.

He stares off at a distant, invisible sunrise. The sprawl of  
Los Angeles blocks his view.

Calvin looks down at his phone. Scrolls to Taryn's name.  
Dials. He puts the phone to his ear...

EXT. GWEN AND AMY'S - DAWN

Calvin walks back to 508. He pauses. Turns.

In the distance, the sunrise. Calvin watches it with a sad  
smile. His eyes drift back to 508. Then back to the sunrise.

And finally, he grins. His mind is fully made up.

INT. GWEN AND AMY'S - CONTINUOUS

Calvin reenters. Beelines for Amy's bedroom. He's all steely  
determination.

AMY'S ROOM

Calvin enters. Scoops up his suitcase.

His eyes drift back to Gwen's door. Calvin grimaces. Slings  
the bag over his shoulder.

LIVING ROOM

Calvin exits Amy's in a hurry. He doesn't pay Gwen's door another mind; just goes for the exit. He passes the bathroom, the kitchen...

He pauses. Notices something on the couch.

His gun.

Calvin leaves the suitcase. He walks to the couch. Picks up the gun. He stares down at it, disgusted.

He notices something on the coffee table, just out of sight. Frowns. His face goes ashen...

Calvin runs for the suitcase.

THE DOOR CRASHES OPEN.

Calvin whirls, gun in hand. Two L.A. BLUES burst into the apartment, guns ready.

They see his gun. Calvin reacts, terrified; it registers for barely a split second.

BLUE 1

Gun!

Calvin tries to run. The Blue fires. Two shots. Barely a warning. The shots cut through Calvin. Blood splatters across the carpet.

Calvin drops like a rock. The Blues both remain tense on their guns. Penner shoves past them.

PENNER

I said hold fire, you dumb shits!

Penner rushes to Calvin's side.

He's too late.

Calvin is dead. On his face, a bloody half-smile and a glassy-eyed gaze. His body - one in the chest and one through the cheek - remains for a long moment, unmoving...

His phone lies beside him. It rings. A call from Taryn.

A few more BLUES file into the apartment. Penner stands. Takes another glance around the place.

Every door except Gwen's is open. Penner checks them all. Kitchen, clear. Bathroom, clear. Amy's, clear.

He pauses at the end of the hall. Gwen's door. Penner holds up one hand for silence. Listens. Nothing.

Penner braces his gun against the door. Takes the handle.

GWEN'S ROOM

Penner throws the door open, lunges in. He frowns.

The room is empty.

He checks the closet. Under the bed. Nothing.

LIVING ROOM

Penner doubles back. He checks Amy's again. Then the bathroom. No sign of life besides the officers. They all give Penner clueless shrugs. He pauses in the living room.

Penner stares at Calvin's body. Shakes his head. He passes the coffee table.

We notice, but Penner doesn't. What Calvin saw.

The coffee table is empty.

INT. BARRY RESIDENCE / MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

A cramped master bedroom. On the dresser, a family photo of Joseph, Sue, Calvin, and Taryn - all a little younger.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

Sue and Joseph, in bed, stir awake. Joseph checks the clock. 7:30 in the morning.

INT. BARRY RESIDENCE / TARYN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Taryn, half-awake, lounges on her back. She texts and half-watches TV.

A SCREAM. Sue's. Taryn sits up, alarmed. Hops out of bed and runs into the

LIVING ROOM

Taryn scurries in. Sue, on the couch, clutches a pillow. Moans and sobs into it.

In the center of the room, Penner stands beside Joseph. His eyes bounce between Joseph and Sue.

Joseph drops onto the couch beside Sue. His face is all shock and confusion - like he's been sucker-punched.

Taryn stares between the three of them, confused...

EXT. BARRY RESIDENCE / BACKYARD - DAY

Taryn sits on her lounge, legs pulled up against her chest. She rests her phone against her ear.

CALVIN (V.O.)

(from phone)

Not even a month ago, I felt like I'd never be happy again. But that all changed. Because of a girl. A girl who reminded me what it felt like to be happy...

(sighs)

And then you had to go and call Katie, didn't you? Remind me that I was happy. Before I fucked it all up. Dammit, Taryn. You're such a bitch. I say that with love.

Taryn chokes up. Sobs into her hand.

CALVIN (V.O.)

Look, I'm in some shit. Some real bad shit. Because of a girl. Yeah, stupid. I know. But...I'm gonna make it right. I don't know. We'll see each other. Maybe soon. Maybe not. I dunno.

Taryn clenches her fist around the phone. Wipes her eyes.

CALVIN (V.O.)

So, yeah. Sorry for getting all dramatic on you. But thanks, sis. We'll talk. Love ya.

The message ends. Taryn presses the replay button.

The door slams. Penner walks onto the back porch. Taryn dabs at her eyes. Pockets the phone.

Penner paces around Taryn. Leans against the lounge table. Taryn stares daggers at him.

TARYN

May I help you?

PENNER

No, no. Just...ah, I hate seein'  
your dad and mom like this...

TARYN

No shit. Really?

Penner sighs. Sits on the edge of the lounge beside her.

PENNER

I've got kids. Two of 'em. And  
whenever my son is away...look,  
that's not important. I'm just  
trying to...

He buries his face in his hand. Sighs.

PENNER

I'm sorry. Really, I am.

Taryn doesn't respond. Just stares at the pool. Penner nods.  
Stands up and turns back to the house...

TARYN

He was an idiot.

Penner turns back. Taryn hunches forward.

TARYN

I never wanted to go wave a gun in  
people's faces for cash. Never  
thought that bullshit was any kind  
of a legit lifestyle. But these  
days? This generation? Jesus. Seems  
like it's the preferable route to  
getting a fuckin' job.

(pause)

I'm really gonna miss that stupid,  
stupid idiot.

She cracks a sad smile. Penner does the same.

PENNER

I think it depends. Person to  
person, you know? One man's shit is  
another man's treasure.

He glances back into the house. Joseph and Sue sit on the  
couch together. Sue is still a weepy mess.

TARYN

You gonna catch 'em?

Penner's eyes bounce to her.

TARYN

The girls. I mean, you said they weren't there, and you didn't recover any of the stolen cash.

PENNER

We've got descriptions and some rough sketches out. They try to skip town on a plane, train, or bus, and we'll know.

Taryn nods, unsatisfied. She glances over the pool again. Sighs. Turns her gaze back to Penner.

TARYN

I don't blame you.

Silence for a beat as Penner and Taryn stare at one another. Penner gestures at the fence around the back yard.

PENNER

Okay if I take the side exit?

TARYN

Might be best.

Penner nods. Heads for the exit. Taryn watches him go.

Silence. Taryn puts her phone to her ear again...

EXT. HOMETOWN MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON

High noon in a small town: Slow traffic, a few kids trolling the rustic downtown main street - a couple bars, a library, a rummage store. Nice and homey.

At the end of the street, a DINER.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

A hometown joint: Smallish, a rotating pie rack, a faded counter, ratty booths. The place is pretty empty.

RITA (40's), a pudgy waitress, passes. She carries two plates to a booth by the window.

RITA

Okey-dokey, girls.

She places the food.

RITA  
Monte cristo and fries. Turkey club  
and fries. Get'cha anything else?

Gwen and Amy look up at Rita. They smile sweetly.

AMY  
I'll have a refill. Cherry Coke.

Rita nods. She takes Amy's glass and hurries dutifully away.

Gwen and Amy smile across the booth at each other. The  
duffel bags rest next to them. One on either side.

Amy reaches across. Plucks a piece of turkey off Gwen's  
sandwich. Pops it in her mouth. She goes for a second. Gwen  
swats her hand.

Amy giggles. She kicks Gwen under the table. Gwen kicks her  
back. They exchange a few more kicks.

Gwen flicks a fry at Amy. Amy giggles. Flicks one back. They  
flick fries back and forth. Break into a fit of girlish  
giggles.

Rita returns with Amy's glass. The girls both look up at  
her, guilty.

RITA  
Now ladies, we charge for messes.

GWEN  
Sorry, ma'am. She's bein' a brat.

Rita chuckles. Shuffles off.

DING! Across the restaurant, a YOUNG HOTTY-COP enters. He  
casually paces the restaurant. Zeroes in on Gwen and Amy.

The Cop approaches. Gwen and Amy smile up at him.

COP  
You girls in the Saturn outside?

Silence for a beat. Gwen's smile widens. She nods.

COP  
Back tire's sitting a little low.  
Might wanna hit Casey's and air  
that sucker up.

AMY

Aw! You're so bomb! We're goin' on a trip. That totes would'a sucked.

COP

Oh, where ya girls headed?

GWEN

Miami. You wanna come?

COP

Pfft. Yeah, on my salary?

He gives them a cheerful smile. Heads for the counter.

AMY

Hey! Can I wear your handcuffs?

Gwen wags her cell phone. The Cop cracks a smile. Plucks his handcuffs off his belt and opens them.

He snaps the cuffs on Amy's wrists. She strikes a goofy "gasp smile" pose, handcuffs extended.

Gwen snaps the picture. The girls both giggle.

Amy extends the cuffs. The Cop takes them off her.

COP

Well, hey, you girls have a safe trip. And enjoy the sun and surf for me, will ya?

GWEN

Oh, we will. We're livin' the dream, sir.

The Cop smiles. Walks to his booth.

Amy takes a sip of her drink. Her eyes meet Gwen's.

A beat. The girls stare at one another: Cute, sexy, innocent, and malicious all at once. They exchange devilish grins. A knowing glance between friends.

They giggle.

FADE TO BLACK