

One Shot Deal

By

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2nd DRAFT

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EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Two men, dressed in thrift store chic, are seated inside a shabby car behind an even shabbier building.

ROPER, behind the wheel, holds a Styrofoam coffee cup while KYLE, on the passenger side, has a small pair of binoculars pressed to his eyes aimed toward the front window.

KYLE

So... how long you think it'll be?

ROPER

Until what?

KYLE

Until they're done, for Chrissake.

ROPER

No telling. Few hours. Could be here all night.

KYLE

And she has no idea?

ROPER

Well, as far as I can tell...

Roper's thought drifts. Kyle waits.

KYLE

As far as you can tell what?

ROPER

I said, as far as I can tell.

KYLE

Yeah, I heard that, but it sounded like you hadn't finished the thought.

ROPER

What are you talking about?

KYLE

The way you said *as far as I can tell* sounded like you had more to add.

ROPER

(peevied)

As far as I can tell, she has no idea. Better?

Kyle stares Roper down.

KYLE
What time is it?

ROPER
Five minutes since you last asked.

KYLE
And what time would that be?

ROPER
Ten twenty seven.

KYLE
Thank you.

Roper slyly checks his watch.

ROPER
Make that ten twenty eight.

Kyle lifts the binoculars to his eyes.

KYLE
Why don't we just go in there and
get this job over with?

ROPER
And risk losing the money? You
gotta be crazy.

KYLE
No, this is crazy. Sittin' here
like a couple a morons. There's
gotta be something we can do to
move this along?

ROPER
No way, man. You know the rules. No
cell phones, no guns, and no
getting out of the car until she
leaves with the briefcase.

KYLE
My god. Why no cell phones?

ROPER
Because.

KYLE
Because why?

ROPER
They could triangulate our location
with 'em, that's why.

KYLE
Triangu-what?

ROPER
Triangulation. It's a surveying
technique. They can track the
strength of our phone signals and
find us on a map. Don't you watch
television? The SyFy network?

KYLE
And what if I gotta take a squirt?
What then, Einstein?

Roper reaches into the backseat and presents a plastic jug
that once contained apple juice.

ROPER
You can use this.

KYLE
You're joking.

ROPER
Truckers do it all the time.

KYLE
What about number two? And food?

ROPER
How you can mention those both in
the same breath is disturbing.

KYLE
I'm gonna get hungry.

ROPER
Just... deal. I don't wanna screw
this up. Lindsey would kill me.

Roper tosses the jug in the back seat.

KYLE
Kill you? What about me? I have
just as much riding on this as you
do in case you forgot.

ROPER

Fine then. I won't speak for your sorry ass, but as for mine, forget about it.

KYLE

I'll gladly forget about your sorry ass if you'd stop reminding me.

ROPER

No, I said your sorry ass not mine.

KYLE

My ass or your ass hadn't crossed my mind until you brought it up, so can we just drop it?

ROPER

My pleasure.

KYLE

Excellent.

Roper sips coffee. Kyle fiddles with his binoculars.

ROPER

Seriously, those were the best you could do?

KYLE

What are you bitchin' about now?

ROPER

Those binoculars. They're tiny. They're like toy binoculars.

KYLE

These are my hiking binoculars and they work just fine.

ROPER

Yeah, right, lemme see.

Roper reaches for the binoculars. Kyle resists.

KYLE

Hands off!

ROPER

I just want to see for myself.

KYLE
If they're so small, why do you
care?

ROPER
Come on. Lemme see.

KYLE
No.

ROPER
One peek?

KYLE
I said no.

Roper presses Kyle for the binoculars.

ROPER
Gimme just a little peeky?

KYLE
Forget it.

ROPER
I bet you can't even see into the
window from here.

KYLE
Of course I can.

ROPER
For all I know we've been sitting
here for coming up on an hour and
you can't see squat.

KYLE
Fine! Here.

Kyle gives in, shoves the binoculars at Roper. He removes
his glasses, squints into the lenses, and adjusts the focus.

ROPER
Dude... it looks all... fuzzy.

Kyle snatches the binoculars back.

KYLE
You see?

ROPER
That's the problem, I can't see.

KYLE
You had your peek.

ROPER
They could be broken.

KYLE
You have no idea what you're doing.

ROPER
I've used binoculars before.

KYLE
Apparently not.

Kyle lifts the binoculars to his eyes and tunes Roper out.

KYLE
So... how do you know Lindsey?

ROPER
He asked me not to talk about that.

KYLE
Seriously?

ROPER
Seriously.

KYLE
You're kidding.

ROPER
Why would I kid about that?

KYLE
Absolutely ridiculous. What, do you know him from poker? The tracks? Long walks on the beach? Where?

ROPER
Not saying.

KYLE
Oh come on, like it's really that important.

ROPER
Then if it's not that important, why ask?

KYLE
I'm making conversation.

ROPER

Well I have nothing to add.

Kyle returns to his binoculars.

KYLE

How could it possibly be so important?

ROPER

He requested confidentiality. End of story.

KYLE

Alright. So if we both know Lindsey, how is it we've never met?

ROPER

Different circles, different crowds.

KYLE

Strange. He's never mentioned your name before.

ROPER

Maybe not to you.

KYLE

What's that supposed to mean?

ROPER

I'm just saying, for Lindsey it's a matter of trust.

KYLE

Oh, Lindsey doesn't trust me? Is that what you're saying?

ROPER

That's not what I meant.

KYLE

Sure does sound like it.

ROPER

Look, Lindsey's an odd duck. Who knows what he thinks half the time.

KYLE

That's hilarious because I was just gonna say the same about you.

ROPER

What? That he doesn't trust me?

KYLE

That you're an odd bird.

ROPER

Duck. I said odd duck, not bird.

KYLE

Same frigging thing. Last time I checked, a duck was a bird.

ROPER

True, but you changed the context.

KYLE

How in hell does that change the context?

ROPER

It does. You did. A duck has certain connotations, while a bird is more general.

KYLE

Oh please. Fine. Fine! You're an odd duck, he's an odd duck, we're all odd ducks! Happy now? My god...

Time passes.

Roper peers through the binoculars. Kyle reads a magazine.

At some point, Kyle slyly lifts his left cheek, leans to the right and then adjusts himself.

Roper notices Kyle's movements out of the corner of his eye.

ROPER

Tell me you didn't just fart.

KYLE

Why? What's it to you?

ROPER

Wha... what's it to me? I happen to be sitting this close to you inside a car. What do you mean what's it to me? I can't believe--

(pauses mid-sentence)

Oh... oh... Jesus.

Roper quickly rolls his window down.

ROPER

Oh, that is vile. That is just horrendous. Smells like... clams and... sauerkraut. My god.

KYLE

Hey, blame Lindsey, don't blame me.

ROPER

Oh, grow up. You can be a big boy and hold it in.

KYLE

Not forever.

ROPER

Well at least apologize.

KYLE

It doesn't bother me.

ROPER

We don't apologize to ourselves, we apologize to others.

Kyle realizes that the stench is too much for even him and rolls his window down.

KYLE

Fine. I'm sorry. There. Happy now?

ROPER

Not remotely.

A few beats.

ROPER

Good lord. Are you sure you didn't drop a load in there?

KYLE

Wouldn't be the first time. I used to shit my pants on the way to--

ROPER

Whoa, whoa. No. Don't go there. I do not need to know nor do I want to know the details about your pants crapping days or your pants crapping ways. Please. Just. No.

KYLE
You keep pushing my buttons and
I'll push it right on out, pal.

Roper stares at Kyle with vitriol.

ROPER
That's revolting.

KYLE
Like I said, you can hang it on
Lindsey for not letting us outta
this goddamn car.

ROPER
Something tells me that wouldn't
matter one bit.

KYLE
Then be thankful we can at least
roll the windows down.

ROPER
Yeah, if I survive, I'll try to
keep that in mind.

Both fall silent. Roper reflects on Kyle's comments.

ROPER
You'd really shit your pants to
spite me?

KYLE
Don't get your hopes up.

ROPER
You do know that women are told to
empty their bowels in the clutches
of a rapist.

KYLE
No, but, I do now. Thanks.

ROPER
Do I threaten you that much?

KYLE
As if. Annoy me is more like it.

ROPER
Because I find your gas offensive?

KYLE

It's normal.

ROPER

Like hell. What's happening there is anything but normal.

KYLE

Natural. I meant natural, OK?

ROPER

No. Granola. Granola is natural. Jellyfish. Jellyfish are natural. What is comin' out of you is supernatural, OK? It violates the laws of all things natural.

KYLE

If I can deal with it all the time, you can handle it this once.

ROPER

Well, clearly you've developed a resistance, you've adapted to your own environment and now you're immune to these toxic fumes, you can fight it, but for those of us who haven't been around you long enough to acclimate to your hazardous stench, cut us a little slack so that we can get deal with it although god help me if it ever comes to that.

KYLE

Oh, please. Stop trying to get philosophical about my farts. It makes you sound like an asshole.

ROPER

Well it beats anything getting expressed from yours.

Roper stares at Kyle, who continues to read his magazine, and comes to the realization that arguing is a lost cause.

Time passes.

KYLE

So, if you won't tell me how you know Lindsey, at least tell me how long you've know him.

ROPER
Less than ten years, more than one.

KYLE
Unbelievable.

ROPER
You asked.

KYLE
Well... for your information, Kyle
isn't my real name, so ha.

ROPER
Really.

KYLE
Really.

ROPER
Kyle isn't your real name?

KYLE
Nope. Just an alias.

ROPER
Right.

KYLE
Which is probably why he hasn't
mentioned my name, or at least my
real one.

ROPER
Must be.

KYLE
Because I've done other jobs for
him, before this one. This is just
an in-between kinda thing. Me and
Lindsey, we go way back.

ROPER
That's cool.

KYLE
It is. Very.

Kyle keeps pestering Roper.

KYLE
Although... not that it's anything
to me but... I do recall him

talking about a few jobs that didn't go so well.

ROPER
Not surprising.

KYLE
And this is your first job for him?

ROPER
Hardly.

KYLE
Hmmm. Then maybe he was referring to one of those?

ROPER
Doubt it.

KYLE
What makes you so sure?

ROPER
Just am.

KYLE
No, you can't be just sure about something like that. You either know for certain or you don't.

ROPER
Than I know for certain.

KYLE
That he was referring to you?

ROPER
Wasn't referring to me. Besides, you think the two of us would be sitting here if I had disappointed him?

KYLE
Don't see any reason why not.

ROPER
Then you don't know Lindsey.

KYLE
Like I said, he and I go way back and I'll be sure to ask him about those botched jobs.

ROPER
Be my guest.

KYLE
Don't mind if I do.

ROPER
I won't stop you.

KYLE
Consider it done.

ROPER
Let me know what he says.

KYLE
Count on it.

Roper clips his fingernails, admiring his work. Kyle is busy with his binoculars.

ROPER
You know that some long distance runners have their toenails completely removed?

KYLE
I didn't know people get declawed.

ROPER
They don't. If they did they'd have half their toes chopped off.

KYLE
What do you mean?

ROPER
When they declaw cats, they actually snip the first nub of their toes off.

KYLE
God. That's... barbaric.

ROPER
Hell yeah it's barbaric. Hurts like a bitch, too. But people love their new sofas so kitty toes go bye-bye.

KYLE
And the runners?

ROPER

With them they cut the whole thing out, pour acid on the nail bed, but their toes are left intact.

KYLE

And they do this by choice?

ROPER

The runners do, not the cats.

KYLE

Gathered that.

The two sit in silence. Time passes.

KYLE

So... Roper. What's that all about?

ROPER

What's what all about?

KYLE

I mean Roper. What kind of a name is that?

ROPER

Just a name.

KYLE

What, is it a first name? Last? Middle? Maiden? What?

ROPER

It's what people call me.

KYLE

Who names a baby Roper?

ROPER

It's a nickname if you must know.

KYLE

What, like... you're into rope?

ROPER

I grew up on a ranch. Was good with the lasso. Make sense?

KYLE

Kinda. Sorta.

ROPER

Good. Glad we got that cleared up.

Kyle mulls over Roper's information.

KYLE

Yeah. Actually, now that you mention it, it all makes perfect sense that you grew up on a farm.

ROPER

Then you must be talking about a different Roper.

KYLE

How so?

ROPER

Because I grew up on a ranch!

KYLE

They're the same thing!

ROPER

Look, Kyle, whatever your name is, not that I take pleasure in proving you wrong at every turn, but for your education, a farm is typically considered an area of land where vegetables or grains grow and a ranch is typically considered where livestock are raised and roam.

KYLE

That's precisely my point.

ROPER

I give up.

KYLE

It's just more proof that you grew up on a ranch.

ROPER

And why is that?

KYLE

Because you're so full of bullshit!

Kyle thinks it's the funniest thing. Roper reaches for the radio, clicks it on and cranks it up.

Time passes. Kyle won't quit.

KYLE
OK. So explain this. If he trusts
you so much, why am I here?

ROPER
Accountability.

KYLE
Accountability.

ROPER
Accountability.

Kyle ponders the meaning, a bit perplexed.

KYLE
Fine. Let's just forget it. I don't
really care. It's all water under
the boat as far as I'm concerned.

ROPER
It's water under the bridge.

KYLE
Oh would you just shut up.

Kyle hovers above the seat at an angle. We hear the sound of
liquid trickling into the plastic jug.

Roper squints through the binoculars.

KYLE
Don't let me catch you looking.

ROPER
As if there's anything to look at.

KYLE
Hey, buddy, it's not the size of
the bat, it's how you swing it.

ROPER
You must do a lot of bunting then.

KYLE
Keep it up and some of this might
just end up on the floor.

ROPER
You already took a dump in your
pants, might as well go and piss on
the rug. And while you're at it,
why not wipe a few boogers under

the seat. I'm sure Lindsey would appreciate the gesture.

KYLE

Why would he care what happens to your car?

ROPER

This ain't my car. It's his.

KYLE

What? This is Lindsey's?

ROPER

It's a loaner. Mine's in the shop.

KYLE

That's just great. You're worried about cell phone triangles and we're sitting here in a loaner from Lindsey. He could have the damn thing wired for all we know. He's probably listening to us right now.

ROPER

Would you just concentrate more on pissing and less with pissing me off.

KYLE

I can't pee when I'm being distracted, OK? Of all the lame-o jobs to get mixed up in, this one takes the cake. Absolutely ridiculous.

Kyle finishes up and chucks the jug in the back seat.

KYLE

I gotta wash my hands.

ROPER

You can wait.

KYLE

I'll make it quick.

ROPER

Out of the question.

KYLE

Lindsey's not even here!

ROPER
He could be watching us right now.

KYLE
How? From where?

ROPER
Anywhere! Look around!

KYLE
Why would he be watching us if he's
already got the car tapped? Why not
just watch for that stupid chick?

ROPER
She's not stupid, you imbecile.
That's why we're here.

Kyle waves wildly at the windows to the imaginary Lindsey.

KYLE
Hey Lindsey, wherever you are!
Hello! Not sure where you are but
we're right here in your car.
Thanks for teaming me up with
Professor Prick--

Roper reaches for Kyle's hands and accidentally grazes the
horn which honks. Roper is almost apoplectic.

ROPER
Would you cut the crap?! Please?!
Stop acting like such an infant!

KYLE
OK... dad! Ridiculous. Absolutely
ridiculous.

ROPER
Please say that one more time. I
haven't heard it enough.

KYLE
Say what?

ROPER
(parroting Kyle)
Absolutely ridiculous. Absolutely
ridiculous. Absolutely ridiculous.
(pressing an imaginary button)
Absolutely ridiculous. Absolutely
ridiculous...

Roper leans to one side and makes a fart noise.

KYLE

Ha ha ha ha ha. Very funny. Oh, by the way, did you know that Leonardo da Vinci could write with one hand and draw with the other at the same time. Why no! I didn't! Tell me more amazing facts!

The two nag each other until a THUMPING sound creeps in.

KYLE

Wait, wait, wait. Hold on. Did you hear that?

ROPER

Oh, let me guess. You farted again?

KYLE

Just be quiet for a second, if that's possible.

Another THUMP, THUMP.

KYLE

There. You hear that?

Roper does hear the thumping. Both slowly turn to look toward the back seat. The thumping is faint, but audible.

ROPER

(in a hushed voice)
What the hell is it?

Kyle shrugs.

ROPER

Sounds like it's...

KYLE

... coming from the trunk.

ROPER

Go check it out.

KYLE

Screw that. And lose my money? No deal. Besides, it could be a trap.

Roper considers.

ROPER

You mean a trick.

KYLE

No, I mean a trap.

ROPER

What, like you'll get caught in some net?

KYLE

I mean, Lindsey could be trying to trick us out of the money.

ROPER

Right. It's a trick.

KYLE

That's what I just said.

ROPER

I thought you two go way back.

KYLE

Further back than some folks.

ROPER

Then maybe you gave him a good reason to trip us up.

KYLE

Hey. I'm not the one going on about accountability and all that happy horse shit.

ROPER

Then get out and see what it is.

KYLE

No! I don't wanna lose my half to you, thank you very much.

ROPER

Fine then. I'll go.

Roper motions to open the door.

KYLE

You're getting out of the car?

ROPER

It's the only way to find out.

KYLE

Wait. Wait. I think it stopped.

The two pause, listen... then

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

ROPER
Look. If we lose the money, we'll
lose it together. OK?

KYLE
Deal.

ROPER
On three we open the doors.

KYLE
On three? Or three then open--

ROPER
One, two, then open the doors.

KYLE
On three.

The two collect what nerves remain and ready themselves.

ROPER
One, two... three.

The car doors pop open. They cautiously step out, almost synchronized in their movements.

The men inch their way to the rear of the car where the THUMPING increases in volume and frequency.

Roper slides the key into the lock. Before he turns it, the two trade a glance. Kyle nods.

Roper twists the key. The trunk pops open.

A muffled and agitated VOICE, struggling to form words, emanates from inside the trunk.

Roper and Kyle stare in shock, then face one another, then turn their eyes back to the trunk.

ROPER AND KYLE
Lindsey?

CUT. CREDITS. THE END.

... FEATURE SCRIPT CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE ...

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Traffic rolls past a dive restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Roper and Kyle are squeezed into a booth staring forward. We hear someone slurping on soup and the clinking of silverware.

Across the table sits

LINDSEY, 60s, a wrinkled old-timer, beaten and battered, struggles to lift the spoon to his mouth, hand shaking. Pea soup dribbles down his chin. He's a wreck.

A bloody tissue dangles from his left nostril, his right cheek is swollen and bruised, his left eye the same.

 ROPER
Whoever did this to you--

 KYLE
We'll get those guys--

Lindsey slams his free hand onto the table, stopping the two goons mid-sentence.