

(This excerpt is from a crime drama/dark comedy screenplay. Three idiots are trying to rob a coffee shop and stumble upon actual organized crime)

FADE IN:

EXT. CAFE - AFTERNOON

A car rolls up to a cafe. JOEY, SACK, and FISHPIPE climb out. Fishpipe trips on the curb and falls spectacularly to the ground. Sack and Joey laugh as they get him to his feet. They enter the front door.

INT. CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

The place is almost entirely empty as Joey, Sack, and Fishpipe enter, pulling their masks on as they do. They make a beeline for the counter, fingering whatever they have tucked under their bulky coats. Joey and Sack exchange nervous looks and half-grins.

Fishpipe rolls up to the counter, leans half-way onto it, and whips out his pistol. He sets it on top of the counter as Sack and Joey draw their guns. The BARISTA, standing behind the counter, holds her trembling hands up.

FISHPIPE

I'd like a . . . half-caf latte. Hold the foam.

JOEY

Mocha-Raspberry blend. Iced.

SACK

The contents of the register, your wallet,
and a small black coffee. Anyone in the back?

The Barista looks between them, unsure of how to proceed.

JOEY

The drink thing was a joke, honey.

BARISTA

I know that. I've just...never been
robbed before.

FISHPIPE

Me neither. You know...if it helps.

BARISTA

It doesn't.

SACK

(stepping up to the counter)

Anyone in the back?

BARISTA

Just me. Not...busy.

Joey looks around. The place is a ghost town.

JOEY

Not busy? That's like saying my
dead grandma has her Thursdays
free.

SACK

I don't mean to hurry this along,
but we're going to shoot you if you
don't open the register.

BARISTA

Totally. One second.

The Barista goes to work on the register. Fishpipe leans in toward the other two, whispering under his breath.

FISHPIPE

You don't think there's like
a...one of those silent alarms?

SACK

This isn't a Bank of America, dude.

JOEY

Well we got past the sniper and the
laser grid, so the hard part is
done.

The register bings and pops open. Sack throws her a bag.

SACK

Fill it. Your wallet, phone, and
any jewelry of sufficient value can
go after.

BARISTA

(as she fills the sack)

Jewelry? I'm working at a cafe in
the middle of the day. Once I
finish this bag, I'll turn over my
pearls and diamond tennis bracelet.

SACK

You're a little lippy for someone
with a gun to you.

The Barista shrugs, dumps her phone and her wallet into the bag
and hands it off.

FISHPIPE

(to Joey)

There was a laser grid?

BARISTA

(to Sack)

Is there anything else I can help
you with today?

JOEY

Dude, let's check the back. There's
gotta be something, right?

SACK

Works for me.

BARISTA

Wait. Don't go back there. There's
nothing there.

SACK

Seriously? Are you some kind of
secret agent? Your elaborate ruse
has fooled me. Fishpipe, watch her.

Sack and Joey move toward the back room. Fishpipe makes an angry looking face and points the gun at her.

FISHPIPE

You move, tomato, and I'll make it
messy.

BARISTA

"Fishpipe?" Is that your name?

FISHPIPE

That's actually a funny story.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Joey and Sack creep down a hallway, pretending to be James Bond and Maxwell Smart, respectively. They hold their guns in poses, wave each other forward, and any number of inane tactical-looking, self-parodying moves.

SACK

If we find a fortune in gold
doubloons, I'm not splitting it with
Fishpipe.

JOEY

If we find a fortune in gold
doubloons, I'll will literally
kill you myself and take it.

SACK

Thanks, bud.

They come to a door, grab the handle, and throw it open. A large, well-built and finely-dressed black man named DUPRI is tied to a chair. Standing behind Dupri, DANIEL, a young Asian man, holds a gun to his head. Three more men, dressed like Daniel in thuggish but wannabe-nice clothes hold guns and look smug behind him.

SACK

What the fu-

Daniel swings around and shoots Sack in the chest. He falls, unquestionably dead to the floor. His eyes are wide open, staring. His mouth is still cocked, trying to form his final curse word. The moment of odd peace ends in a heartbeat.

Joey runs for his life back the way he came.

DANIEL

Get him! Go!

The other two lackeys run off, but Daniel grabs the last one, who happens to look very similar to Daniel but younger. MARCO, who is in fact his younger brother, looks at him in confusion.

DANIEL

(pointing to Dupri)

Watch him!

Daniel runs off after his men.

EXT. CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

Fishpipe flies out of the cafe, hurled by Joey. Fishpipe trips again, dropping his wallet, the bag of money, and his mask. Joey bursts out behind him and leaps into the driver's seat.

JOEY

Fish, come on!

Fishpipe manages to jump into the car just as we see Daniel and his men rush out of the cafe. The car pulls away from the curb, and Daniel directs his two men after them. The two lackeys run off around the side of the building to get their own car and follow them.

END OF SAMPLE