

AND HIJINKS ENSUE

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

An old rusty car pulls into the empty parking lot of a convenience store. It parks far away from the entrance.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

BRIAN and his brother MAX sit in the car. Brian is in his 40s. He is scrawny, balding, and wears glasses. Max is in his late 30s. He is taller than Brian, overweight, and has a patchy beard. Brian turns off the car's ignition. Max immediately opens the passenger door.

BRIAN

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Where's the fire?

MAX

I was just goin' in the store.

BRIAN

Have you got everything?

MAX

I think so

BRIAN

Well, we are going into a store, I'm sure we could buy anything we need in there.

MAX

You're right

BRIAN

Yeah, here's a better idea. Why don't you check to make sure you have everything now? Save us some money.

Brian pulls a revolver out of his pocket. He checks to see that it is loaded. Max rummages around in the floorboard. He produces a ski mask and a paper sack.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What's in the bag?

MAX

It's a surprise.

BRIAN

No. There are no surprises. What's in the bag?

MAX

Only this.

Max opens the bag and pulls out a small handgun, much more modern than Brian's.

BRIAN

Where did you get that?

MAX

It was in the floorboard.

BRIAN

I doubt it came pre-installed. Where did it come from?

MAX

You know that pawn shop down by the titty bar?

BRIAN

Yeah, it's where I moonlight. Give it to me. You're not intelligent enough to properly utilize it.

Brian reaches for the gun; Max pulls it away.

MAX

You get to use a gun!

BRIAN

That's because I know how to use one. And I also know how to avoid using one.

MAX

Huh?

BRIAN

What did mom always say about heists?

MAX

Um...

BRIAN

Take your time, it's not like we're doing anything tonight.

MAX

She said: Don't get arrested.

BRIAN

Bravo. Yes, but do you remember anything else?

MAX

About what?

BRIAN

How are we possibly related?

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I mean, honestly, I'd love to know. She said you should always take your time and think in situations like these. Don't rush into things. With a cool head, you can solve any problem.

MAX

Did mom really say all that?

BRIAN

Well, she was mainly talking to me. You should probably just stay low and try not to get shot anywhere vital.

MAX

I won't.

BRIAN

A good head on your shoulders can get you out of any situation. Punks today, they bust into a store, guns blazing, shouting demands.

MAX

Yeah. It's really cool.

BRIAN

Fine. Ya know what? Keep the damn gun. I doubt you stole bullets and I don't want to ruin the surprise.

MAX

Can we go in yet?

BRIAN

Fine. I just hope you know which side of that thing is the business end.

Brian and Max exit the car.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

A CLERK sits behind the store counter, reading a comic book. The front door beeps as Brian and Max enter wearing ski masks; Brian wears glasses over his. As they approach the counter, the clerk notices them and jumps up from his stool.

BRIAN

All right, hands up, let's go, c'mon, hands up.

Brian holds his revolver menacingly while Max points his gun at the clerk.

MAX

You heard him. Get your hands up now.

The clerk does as he's told. He stands motionless, looking scared behind the counter. He stares at Max.

BRIAN

Hey, hey, please direct your eyes over here, I'm the one in charge, thank you. Pay no attention to Quentin Tarantino.

MAX

You listen to him. My brother Brian is the one calling the shots.

BRIAN

Wonderful. Hold on a minute I'll read out my social security number. Now you just don't make any sudden moves and don't even think about...

The clerk reaches under the counter very quickly and presses a button and then returns to his previous position

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing? What was that? Did you really think I wouldn't see that? Are you kidding me?

Brian cocks his gun and points it at the cashier.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Just open the damn cash register and maybe I won't have to shoot you.

The clerk moves to open the register. Suddenly, Max shoots him in the arm. The clerk jerks backward and falls on the ground. Brian turns slowly to look at Max.

MAX

I got him.

BRIAN

What... the... hell... do you think you're doing?

MAX

He pressed the alarm, Brian. You told him not to move and he pressed the alarm.

BRIAN

If you absolutely had to shoot him,  
maybe the ideal time would have been  
before he pressed the alarm.

MAX

I'm sorry. Got a little excited.

BRIAN

You stupid... I don't believe this.

MAX

I never killed anybody before. Mom  
would be so proud.

Brian moves around the counter to look at the cashier on the  
floor. He kicks him with his foot. Brian sighs loudly.

BRIAN

Hold the letter to mom. He's only  
fainted.

Brian puts his gun away and begins to examine the cash  
register.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Now how are we going to get this  
thing...

Brian stops when he notices flashing lights approaching in  
the distance. A police car is driving towards the store.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Oh beautiful.

Brian looks around the store, then grabs the clerk by his  
shoulders and begins to pull him towards a door behind the  
counter.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Hey, Dirty Harry, you wanna give me  
a hand here?

Max helps Brian lift the cashier off the ground and into the  
back room.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Max and Brian drop the cashier on the floor of the back room.  
Brian rubs his lower back while Max grins widely.

MAX

Did you see that? Right in the arm!  
Right in the fuckin' arm!

BRIAN

Just stay in here and keep quiet.  
(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
 Start your letter to mom. Tie him  
 up with something.

Brian opens the door to the store and peers out.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
 And can the smile, jackass.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Brian returns to the front of the store, pulling his mask off just as two POLICE OFFICERS enter through the front door. One cop is tall and huskily built, the other is shorter and fatter.

TALL COP  
 What's the problem?

BRIAN  
 Problem? There's no problem,  
 officers.

TALL COP  
 We got a call that someone tripped  
 the silent alarm.

BRIAN  
 Oh that? Oh. Yeah. Psh. I must  
 have hit this little button here by  
 accident.

The cops look at one another. The FAT COP moves off and begins walking down the aisles.

TALL COP  
 Really?

BRIAN  
 Yeah. Completely an accident. I'm  
 new. There are buttons all over the  
 place back here.

TALL COP  
 Aren't you a little old to just be  
 starting here?

BRIAN  
 Well, no. People have to work, right?  
 Aren't you a little thin and handsome  
 to be a police officer?

TALL COP  
 What's that supposed to mean?

BRIAN  
 Nothing, nothing. I was just giving  
 you a compliment.

The officer approaches the counter.

TALL COP

Are you calling me fat and ugly?

BRIAN

What? No! The complete opposite in fact. I happen to think you're very well built. And attractive. Great facial structure.

TALL COP

Are you hitting on me?

BRIAN

What? No! Absolutely not.

TALL COP

Sir, your sexual preference is no concern of mine but I must inform you that I am not in fact a homosexual.

BRIAN

Of course not! No. You wouldn't be. And neither am I. I just, you know, thought you looked like you worked out, or something.

TALL COP

Sir, we law enforcement officers adhere to a strict regiment of physical conditioning to remain in top... physical condition, at all times.

BRIAN

Is that so?

TALL COP

Absolutely. Top physical condition.

The fat officer calls from the back of the store.

FAT COP (O.S.)

Hey, Hankmann, they've got those little cupcakes you like. You know the ones with the white swirls.

TALL COP

Okay, Earl!

FAT COP (O.S.)

You want me to get you a couple of them?

TALL COP

That's okay, Earl!

FAT COP (O.S.)  
How about some pork rinds?

TALL COP  
Leave 'em, Earl!

The officer glares at Brian.

TALL COP (CONT'D)  
Now listen...

Leaning over the counter, the officer now notices a small patch of blood on the floor behind Brian.

TALL COP (CONT'D)  
What is that?

BRIAN  
What is what?

TALL COP  
On the floor there, what is that?

BRIAN  
I don't see anything.

TALL COP  
On the floor there.

BRIAN  
It's nothing.

TALL COP  
That wouldn't be blood, would it?

BRIAN  
Blood? No. No.

The officer rounds the counter and touches the blood on the floor.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
It's ketchup!

TALL COP  
No, sir, this is blood.

The officer looks up at Brian accusingly.

BRIAN  
Oh, well, you're the professional.

TALL COP  
Has someone been injured sir?

BRIAN  
Um. Well, no, not exactly.

TALL COP  
What do you mean, not exactly?

BRIAN  
Well, you see, I'm actually Hypo-  
Anemic.

TALL COP  
Hypo-Anemic?

BRIAN  
Yes. Yes. Unfortunately. Rare  
blood condition. Very nasty. I'm  
prone to having blood spurt out of  
my body at any given time.

The tall officer stands.

TALL COP  
Is that right?

BRIAN  
Yes, absolutely.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Max is listening to the conversation between Brian and the  
officer just on the other side of the door. The clerk is  
lying face down on the ground.

TALL COP (O.S.)  
That's really... unfortunate.

BRIAN (O.S.)  
It really is. It really really is.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
But ya know, those of us with...  
um... H-A... if we get the right  
medication, we can usually live a  
perfectly normal life, so, ya know,  
gold at the end of the rainbow.

TALL COP  
Now that you mention it, I think I  
have a cousin with that.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE BACK ROOM - NIGHT

The clerk begins to move slowly and starts to moan

CLERK

Uhhhhhh

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

The cop glances towards the back room.

TALL COP

What was that?

BRIAN

What was what?

CLERK (O.S.)

Uhhhhhhh

TALL COP

There it is again.

BRIAN

I didn't hear a thing.

TALL COP

It sounds like somebody's back there.

The officer begins to open the back room door behind Brian. Brian puts his hand against it and closes the door quickly.

BRIAN

Oh that. That. Yes, well, that's just... my girlfriend.

TALL COP

Your girlfriend?

BRIAN

Yeah, my lady.

TALL COP

I thought you were gay.

BRIAN

My girlfriend was just visiting me on the job. Got a little sick.

TALL COP

She sounds injured.

BRIAN

Oh she's just a little queasy. The sight of my blood always makes her a little ill. She'll be fine.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Max tries to cover the mouth of the moaning clerk to no avail.  
He sees a dust pan nearby on the floor.

CLERK

Uhhhhhhh

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

TALL COP

Maybe I should check on her.

BRIAN

Oh no, that won't be necessary.  
She's fine.

CLERK (O.S.)

Uhhhhhhh

A loud metallic sound is heard.

BRIAN

See. She's fine? All better now.

TALL COP

(Calling to the back  
room)

Miss? Are you all right in there?  
I'm a police officer, do you need me  
to come and take a look at you.

BRIAN

Listen, look, I really think she'll  
be fine, she just needs some rest.

TALL COP

Is that so?

BRIAN

You know how women are. She sees a  
little blood and wool, she's out.  
Such fragile creatures.

MAX (O.S.)

(In a feminine voice  
with a British accent)

Thank you officer. I'm quite fine,  
though. Just needed some rest.

Brian and the officer stare at each other for a moment.

TALL COP

She sounds very... tired.

BRIAN

Oh, she is.

TALL COP

And British.

BRIAN

Very.

The fat officer returns from the back of the store and places an arm full of items on the counter.

TALL COP

Jesus, Earl, buy the whole damn store.

FAT COP

Shut up, Hankmann.

The tall officer walks around the counter to rejoin his partner. He begins looking over the items on the counter.

TALL COP

Look at this shit. It's no wonder you're so damn fat.

FAT COP

Piss off, Hankmann, you're one to talk. Besides, I'm feeling weak from hunger.

TALL COP

Yeah, you're practically emaciated.

The fat officer turns to look at Brian who stands watching the debate.

FAT COP

That'll be all.

BRIAN

What'll be all?

FAT COP

You can ring this up now.

BRIAN

Oh right. Right.

Brian approaches the cash register. He studies it closely, presses a few buttons, and then realizes he doesn't know how to operate it.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

My God. Would you look at all these marvelous buttons.

TALL COP

Your... girl... has been awfully quiet back there, maybe I should go check on her just to be sure.

BRIAN

Tell ya what. There's no charge.

FAT COP

Really?

BRIAN

Yeah, absolutely. I feel bad, making you fellas come out here for a false alarm. And thanks for the concern for my girlfriend.

FAT COP

Ah, I really appreciate it. Say, lemme grab a couple more twinkies.

The fat officer grabs several snack cakes off the shelf.

FAT COP (CONT'D)

You don't have any titty magazines do you?

Brian whips out a paper sack and tosses the items into it.

BRIAN

Nope. Fresh outta the titty magazines. You fellas have a nice night.

TALL COP

Yeah. You keep an eye on your lady friend and don't push that button anymore unless it's an emergency. We law enforcement officers have a great duty...

FAT COP

Hey, Hankmann, want me to grab you some of those cupcakes?

TALL COP

We'll be going now.

BRIAN

Have a good one!

The officers leave.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Brian enters the back room. Max is standing over the now unconscious clerk.

BRIAN

What in the hell is going on back here? Are you two putting on a circus?

MAX

I couldn't help it. He woke up and then I couldn't get him quiet.

BRIAN

Fine, fine. I've just got to get the money from the register and we're out of here.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Brian is trying to work the cash register. Max walks behind him, takes a paper bag, and walks down the aisles.

BRIAN

What are you doing?

MAX

Well as long as we're here we might as well do a little shopping.

BRIAN

We really don't have time for that. We'll pick something up at the next place we rob.

MAX

Just grabbing some snacks for the ride home. I love those little cupcakes with the white swirls on them.

BRIAN

Yes, you and the whole universe it seems.

Max throws several cupcakes into a bag. He returns to the front counter.

MAX

Can we go yet?

BRIAN

I didn't realize I would need a degree in computer science to operate this stupid thing.

Brian looks up to see another car entering the parking lot.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
Wonderful. Probably the FBI this  
time.

MAX  
More cops?

BRIAN  
I don't think so. Jesus, don't people  
have anything better to do this time  
of night than go out for milk?

MAX  
It's all right, I'll fix 'em.

Max pulls his gun out again.

BRIAN  
Oh no you don't. Give me that.

Brian takes Max's gun and puts it in his pocket.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
Now get back in the back room.

MAX  
I'll just hide out here.

BRIAN  
Where? In the rafters?

The store doors open and a short elderly WOMAN walks in.  
She immediately approaches the counter. Max has disappeared  
down the aisles.

WOMAN  
Give me a Hot Buck.

BRIAN  
I barely know you.

WOMAN  
A Hot Buck. A lottery ticket. Hot  
Buck.

BRIAN  
Right. Right. How many do you want?

WOMAN  
Just one.

Brian pulls out a single lottery ticket and hands it to the  
woman. She hands him a five dollar bill.

BRIAN

Five dollars for a lottery ticket.  
That's robbery. You know, you're  
just throwing money away. There are  
much better ways to get rich.

WOMAN

It costs one dollar. I want change.

BRIAN

You sure you don't want four more?  
The register's being a little sticky.

WOMAN

Just one.

BRIAN

Yeah. Of course.

Brian motions with his head. Max appears behind the woman  
with his dust pan raised, ready to swing.

WOMAN

Haven't got all night. My husband's  
waiting in the car.

BRIAN

Is that right? You should tell him  
to come in, look around.

WOMAN

Give me the change.

Brian shakes his head. Max frowns and lowers his bat. The  
woman turns around.

MAX

Hello.

WOMAN

What are you supposed to be?

Max retreats into the aisles. The woman turns cautiously  
and approaches the counter. She leans over it to whisper to  
Brian.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I think that man is planning to rob  
this place.

BRIAN

Are you sure?

WOMAN

He might be a terrorist.

BRIAN

I'm certain you're giving him too much credit.

WOMAN

Is the security camera on?

BRIAN

The camera?

The woman points to a security camera above Brian's head.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Well I'll be damned. Despite your best efforts you've been most helpful.

WOMAN

I still want my change.

BRIAN

You would.

Brian pushes a few buttons on the cash register and, to his great surprise, it springs open. He removes four one dollar bills and hands them to the woman.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Be sure to come right back if you hit it big.

The woman eyes Max suspiciously and then leaves. Brian takes out a paper sack and scoops the money out of the register.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Brian and Max each hold paper sacks. They stand in the back room, looking at a row of cabinets on the wall.

BRIAN

As soon as we find the security tape we're outta here.

MAX

What does it look like?

BRIAN

Well, I'm gonna go out on a narrow limb here and say that it probably looks like a video tape. Just try to find some electronic equipment around here somewhere.

Max begins to open cabinets. Brian looks around the room. He finds a small radio and holds it up.

MAX

Like this?

BRIAN

Your brilliance is, as always, staggering. I've got a very special job for you, Max. I want you to go out and keep a lookout while I find that tape. Think you can do that?

MAX

Absolutely.

BRIAN

Give it your best shot, okay. And give me that.

Brian snatches Max's bag of cupcakes away from him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Be good and you'll get it back in the car.

Max leaves the back room. Brian continues to open cabinets until he finds one which contains a sophisticated looking VCR. He deactivates the machine and removes a security tape. Brian pockets the tape. The front door to the store beeps and there is a voice coming from out front.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Oh, marvelous. He's probably attracted the secret service.

Brian approaches the door and opens it quietly to peek outside.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Max is being held at gunpoint by a ROBBER in a ski mask.

ROBBER

Empty the cash register. Now!

MAX

But I don't know how to open it!

ROBBER

It's already open, you idiot. Just give me the money.

MAX

But, there isn't any money. It's all been stolen already.

Brian begins to close the door to the back room slowly.

ROBBER  
Who stole it?

MAX  
My brother. He's right in there.

BRIAN (O.S.)  
Shit.

Brian opens the door again, slowly.

ROBBER  
Come on out of there.

BRIAN  
All right. Take it easy. Nobody  
has to get hurt here.

Brian walks with his hands raised. He holds a paper bag in one of them.

ROBBER  
That's up to you. You've got the  
money?

BRIAN  
Yes, just, please, don't do anything  
harsh.

Brian walks slowly towards the robber. The robber points the gun at Max.

ROBBER  
Give me the money or I'll blow his  
head off.

BRIAN  
Really, that wouldn't be a huge loss  
for him.

ROBBER  
I'm not kidding.

BRIAN  
That makes two of us.

Brian begins to lower his hands slowly, toward his pockets where he's keeping the guns.

ROBBER  
Uh, uh, uh. Keep your hands up.

BRIAN  
Okay. Just don't hurt him. Fair  
trade. The cash for my brother.  
Okay?

Brian slowly hands the robber. The robber takes it from his hand.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

There, now, thank you. Please go.

The robber opens the bag and looks inside.

ROBBER

There are cupcakes in here.

BRIAN

So close. Still a fair trade though,  
all things considered.

The robber throws the bag on the counter and points the gun at Brian.

ROBBER

The money. Now.

BRIAN

Yeah. Sure. Of course. I was only testing you. I'd have been really disappointed if you'd walked out of here with those. The money's just in the back there.

ROBBER

Both of you into the back. Move.

Max moves towards Brian and the back room.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Brian and Max walk ahead of the robber with their hands raised. The robber points a gun at their backs.

BRIAN

So, believe me, the irony of this situation is not at all lost on me. Definitely on my brother but I'll be sure and explain it to him later. Here you are.

Brian begins to look around the back room.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Now where did I put that money? We only robbed this place to help our sick mother.

The paper sack with the money sits on a table behind the robber. Brian sees it but pretends not to remember where he put the money.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

She's got Hypo-Anemia, so, I mean if that means nothing at all to you then by all means...

ROBBER

Just give me the money or I'll blow your heads off.

BRIAN

You've really got a one track mind don't ya? And kind of a broken record too, if I may say so. Ya know, I find a little witty banter now and then really makes things interesting.

ROBBER

I'm going to count to three...

BRIAN

I'm sure we can work something out...

MAX

Hey! Isn't that the money on the table there?

The robber wheels around and finds the paper sack. Brian stares at Max with a look of disgust. The robber grabs the sack and wheels around, only to be met in the face with Max's dust pan.

BRIAN

And that, is why you always work in pairs. One set of brains, one set of... brawns.

Brian bends down and picks up the bag of money.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Amateur.

He also removes the robber's ski mask to reveal a very attractive girl.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Well, well, well.

MAX

Ooooooh.

Brian stands.

BRIAN

(To Max)

And just where the hell do you keep that dust pan?

CLERK

Uhhhhhh.

BRIAN

Shut up.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Brian and Max return from the back room. Brian still holds the bag of money.

MAX

She was pretty.

BRIAN

She was ready to kill us.

MAX

She was still pretty.

BRIAN

We get robbed and you get turned on.

Brian walks behind the counter and pushes the silent alarm.

MAX

What are you doing?

BRIAN

Doing our cashier friend back there a favor. He's had a rough night. And if there's one thing I've learned from all this it's that karma is very much a reality.

MAX

What about the girl?

BRIAN

When the cops get here, she's going to learn a very valuable lesson: That crime doesn't pay.

Max picks up the bag of cupcakes that the robber dropped on the counter.

MAX

I was so worried back there that you were really going to give her my cupcakes.

BRIAN

Yes, thank God she didn't take the bait. This whole operation would have been a total wash without those.

MAX

You want me to grab you a couple off  
the shelf?

BRIAN

Get in the car, Max. I'm gonna teach  
you how to clean that pistol barrel  
of yours.

Brian and Max walk towards the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Brian throws the bag of money into the back seat. Brian and  
Max get into the car and drive away as police sirens are  
heard approaching in the distance.

FADE OUT.

THE END