

DEAL

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Two men run down an alley, each carrying two dufflebags filled with money. FRANKIE, a disheveled man in his young 20s has his gun in his hand while he runs, while his bags flop around with his arms.

DEAN, a few years older than Frankie, runs in front of him, his gun put away and his hands firmly on the bags' handles, looking calm and collected.

Frankie falls, his gun clattering along the ground as it slides, the bags strewn in front.

Dean stops and looks down at Frankie. Frankie looks up at Dean sheepishly.

DEAN
Every time.

FRANKIE
Sorry Dean.

DEAN
Get up.

Frankie gets up and grabs the bags, smiling.

DEAN (CONT'D)
And the gun.

Frankie bends over to grab his gun, struggling to hold onto the bags at the same time. He finally comes up with it. The two stand there looking at each other.

FRANKIE
What would I do without you, Dean?

DEAN
Die penniless. May we?

They both begin running like mad again.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Frankie and Dean come running into the empty warehouse, putting the bags down and catching their breath.

MICHAEL (O.C.)

You made it. I was worried when I heard the sirens.

DEAN

We weren't spotted. We're clean.

We see MICHAEL, a clean cut businessman in his 30s, wearing a suit, standing behind a table.

MICHAEL

Good. Then my plan worked.

Dean and Frankie come over and put the four bags on the table in front of Michael.

DEAN

Pfft. Your plan.

MICHAEL

Yes, my plan. My plan to get you. To get you in. And to get you here.

DEAN

Well, your plan didn't exactly go according to your plan. And it still isn't.

Dean looks at Frankie. Michael notices and all three draw guns. Frankie and Dean on Michael and Michael on Dean. Frankie holds his gun sideways.

MICHAEL

What is this, Dean?

DEAN

First, you shut up.
(looks at Frankie)
Second, hold your gun right, you look like an idiot.

FRANKIE

Don't call me an idiot, Dean. This is how it's done now. It's menacing.

DEAN

I didn't call you an idiot. I said you look like an idiot because only idiots hold it that way. And it's not menacing.

FRANKIE

Yeah. It is.

DEAN

Michael?

MICHAEL

Admittedly it's a little menacing,
but only because I'm not sure he
even knows how to use a gun and I
don't want him accidentally blowing
an extra hole in my face.

FRANKIE

There, see, menacing!

DEAN

There, see, idiot. Just hold your
gun right!

Frankie adjusts his hold.

FRANKIE

Whatever, Dean.

DEAN

Where was I?

MICHAEL

You told me to shut up and called
him an idiot.

Frankie nods at the last part.

DEAN

Right. Three, we're taking all the
money and you're not gonna do shit
about it.

MICHAEL

You dirty backstabbing bastards.

FRANKIE

What did you just say?

MICHAEL

(matter-of-fact)

"Dirty backstabbing bastards."

FRANKIE

Yeah, "dirty." You hear that Dean,
he called us dirty Wops!

MICHAEL

No I didn't.

DEAN

No he didn't.

FRANKIE

Yeah, you did. You said "dirty," I know what that means. I hear it all the time. Dirty Wop! Dirty Wop! You know what? You're racist.

MICHAEL

Whoa, whoa, whoa. I called you "dirty" because you're a backstabbing bastard. You just happen to be a wop.

Dean gives Michael an annoyed look.

FRANKIE

See!

MICHAEL

Okay. You're right. I'm sorry for calling you a wop. But you're still backstabbing bastards.

FRANKIE

No, that's fair.

Dean stares at the two, shaking his head, exasperated.

DEAN

So I'm taking the money.

MICHAEL

No, you're not.

DEAN

Yes, I am. Look, it's simple math, two guns to one. Even Frankie can figure this one out.

FRANKIE

Wait, what?

DEAN

Nothing.

MICHAEL

Nothing.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Dean. I came to you with a job and a perfect plan and you're not happy with two-hundred-thousand dollars?

FRANKIE

I want two-hundred-thousand all for Frankie!

MICHAEL

That's what your getting.

FRANKIE

Yeah that's what I'm gettin'!

MICHAEL

No, I mean that's what you're getting. That's the plan. Two-hundred-thousand each.

FRANKIE

Wait, what? Dean, what's he talking about?

DEAN

Nothin' Frankie.

(To Michael)

And I thought I told you to shut up.

FRANKIE

(To Michael)

I'm telling you to keep talking. Two-hundred?

MICHAEL

Yeah, why, what did he say?

FRANKIE

Fifty.

MICHAEL

Fifty? Oh Dean that's just bad form.

DEAN

Shut up! Both of you! I put more work into this than anybody! I made your plan work and fixed all your screw ups. I deserve more!

MICHAEL

Wow. You know what Frankie? You switch sides and I'll give you half.

DEAN

Frankie!

FRANKIE

Dean!

DEAN

Don't you dare!

Frankie moves and points his gun at Dean. Dean keeps his on Michael.

FRANKIE

Sorry bro, but he's offering half.

MICHAEL

"Bro?"

DEAN

You two-timing, no, three-- You little shit!

FRANKIE

Yeah, now who can't do math.

MICHAEL

Hold on, you're brothers?

DEAN

Yes.

FRANKIE

Yeah.

MICHAEL

Like brother, brothers. Like, same parents brothers?

DEAN

Different Fathers.

FRANKIE

Different Fathers.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

And I'm the brother getting half.

MICHAEL

No.

FRANKIE

"No?" What do you mean "No?"

Michael moves his gun toward Frankie.

MICHAEL

I'm rescinding my offer. You turn your gun on your own brother? For money? How can I trust you?

Frankie jerks his gun back onto Michael.

FRANKIE
We had a deal!

DEAN
WE had a deal!

FRANKIE
Yeah, so, lets get our money and
go, bro.

Dean takes a moment and then turns his gun on Frankie.

DEAN
I'm going to have to agree with
Michael. I'm tired of taking care
of you and covering your ass.

Frankie is agitated, wiping sweat off his face as he points
his gun back and forth from Dean to Michael.

FRANKIE
But! But!

DEAN
Idiot.

MICHAEL
Wop.

DEAN
(To Michael)
Hey.

MICHAEL
(To Dean)
Sorry.

Dean nods his head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
So, Deano. What do you say about
halvsies.

FRANKIE
Wait, you're gonna make a deal with
him, but not me? It was his idea to
betray you!

MICHAEL
Yeah, but that was just a
negotiation among colleagues. He's
not my brother.

