

LIFE OF CRIME

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INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's almost dark enough to hide two thieves as they rifle through drawers, stuffing jewelry into bags. Then, a NOISE from the hall -- LAUGHTER, FOOTSTEPS DRAWING CLOSER.

Panicked, they hide in the closet and we get our first real look at them. TOM, 40's -- a good guy, ask anyone -- huddles next to his partner in crime, WENDY, around the same age, bright, pretty.

They watch as a white-haired MAN stumbles into the bedroom with a PROSTITUTE.

WHITE HAired MAN

(to prostitute)

Take out the strap-on... I'm gonna get more Scotch...

He walks out, leaving the Prostitute alone. Wendy and Tom WHISPER to each other from the darkness of the closet.

WENDY

You believe this asshole? On top of everything else, he's banging hookers.

Tom strains to see the prostitute, knocking into a hanger.

TOM

Shit.

The prostitute reacts. Curious, she walks towards them.

TOM (CONT'D)

No... no...

WENDY

Give me the gun.

TOM

Why?

WENDY

We may have to shoot the whore.

Tom turns to her, aghast.

TOM

We may have to *shoot the whore*?

He and Wendy stare at each other.

TOM (V.O.)

Just so you know, we didn't start out like this.

INT. ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom, in happier times, sits on a couch next to Wendy. They seem eager... hopeful almost... as they talk to someone O.C.

TOM

So we've given it a lot of thought--

WENDY

-- at our age, you don't do something like this without being sure --

TOM

-- but it's time. An *exciting* time.  
(smiles)  
Right, honey?

She nods. Tom takes her hand.

WENDY

We want a divorce.

ANGLE ON the man sitting behind a cluttered desk. His name is DREYFUS. He collects dog paintings.

DREYFUS

Why? You're such nice people. What went wrong?

INT. PATTERSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Tom puts on a jacket to get ready for his day as Wendy arrives home from her night shift, wearing bloody scrubs -- ships passing in the night.

TOM

I've got early classes this morning.  
How was work?

WENDY

You see this?  
(points to blood on sleeve)  
This isn't my blood. You see this?  
(points to blood on pants)  
This is. That's how it was.

TOM

Well, I have something I think you might like.

He runs into the bathroom and returns.

TOM (CONT'D)

I bought a foot-long dildo.

He produces it. It's large and black.

WENDY

What the hell are we supposed to do with that?

TOM

I don't know. I thought you knew.

WENDY

You mean from my undergraduate degree in huge fake dicks? Why did you buy that ridiculous thing?

TOM

You said we needed something to spice up our sex life.

WENDY

I meant something other than the missionary position!

TOM

Hey, don't be so quick to knock the missionary position. It's like an old Buick -- it gets you there.

WENDY

*It gets you there?*

The door opens and their son OLIVER enters. He's 10 years old but super short for his age -- he looks no older than 6.

OLIVER

It's time to measure me. What's that?

Tom stands there holding the dildo, frozen, trying to come up with something to say.

TOM

Rubber ruler. Let's see how much you've grown.

Tom places Oliver against the door and rotates the dildo end to end, starting from the floor, to determine his height.

TOM (CONT'D)

Let's see, looking like just over--  
(surprised)  
Wow, five feet!

OLIVER

I'm five feet tall?!

WENDY

That can't be.

TOM

Wait. Sorry.  
 (re: dildo)  
 I got it from a Canadian website.  
 They call it a "foot-long" but it's  
 actually a *metric* foot.

OLIVER

They'll never let me on the Flying  
 Dutchman...

TOM

Sure they will.

INT. AMUSEMENT PARK - ROLLERCOASTER RIDE - DAY

A pimply RIDE ATTENDANT checks Oliver's height against a beam  
 with a line on it as Tom and Wendy watch nervously. Oliver  
 cheats by rising up on his heels.

RIDE ATTENDANT

Feet flat on the floor so I can verify  
 your height.

TOM

Verify his height? What, are you from  
 Guinness?

Oliver complies. He's a hair under the line.

RIDE ATTENDANT

Sorry. Come back and see us again in a  
 few months.

TOM

He's negative 23 percentile on the  
 height chart. You have any idea how  
 tough that is for a boy?

RIDE ATTENDANT

I don't make the rules.

WENDY

Come on, Tom.

TOM

Why, because this fetus with pimples  
 said he can't ride?! He's going on the  
 Flying Dutchman.

RIDE ATTENDANT

He could fall out and get decapitated.

WENDY

Tom, he could get *decapitated*.

OLIVER

I don't want to ride it. I don't want to be decapitated!

TOM

Get on the goddamn ride, Oliver!

Oliver bursts into tears.

TOM (V.O.)

There was medication that could help him, but the insurance company rejected us.

INT. PHARMA-CARE - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Tom (holding a large file) and Wendy wait patiently in the outer office of Pharma-Care, their insurance company.

TOM

There is no way we don't get this overturned. They *have* to cover the growth hormone. It's the *law*.

The door opens and MR. TURNER enters. He's short. Very short.

MR. TURNER

Mr. and Mrs. Patterson? Come in.

INT. PHARMA-CARE - TURNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Turner reads through their documentation. He's dwarfed by his desk, which makes him look even smaller.

TOM

As you can see, the endocrinologist says that our son will almost certainly be under five foot.

MR. TURNER

So?

Tom and Wendy glance at each other. This is delicate...

WENDY

So... the doctor believes his growth hormone deficiency can be corrected with medication, medication that you've denied us.

MR. TURNER

Yeah. My point is, so what if he's short? What's wrong with that?

Turner stares at them. Wendy and Tom are hugely uncomfortable. Tom finally decides to go for it.

TOM

Mr. Turner... I would think that  
you... of *all* people...

MR. TURNER

Aha! There it is! Look -- not all of  
us are Christmas mall elves. Some of  
us actually have jobs. Some of us are  
actually -- gasp -- real human beings  
living actual lives.

WENDY

You are obligated by state--

MR. TURNER (CONT'D)

Sue us.

WENDY

(realizing)

The medicine only works until puberty.  
You want to tie this up in court until  
it can't help him!

MR. TURNER

Hey, I didn't make the decision. Our  
claims doctor did.

TOM

Who is this doctor?

MR. TURNER (CONT'D)

That's confidential.

TOM

Give me that name! We have rights!

Tom leaps up and tries to grab a file from Turner's desk.

MR. TURNER

Get out!

TOM (CONT'D)

Give me that name, you troll!

Turner and Tom wrestle with the file.

INT. CAR - LATER THAT DAY

Tom drives home as Wendy tries to read a signature from a  
scrap of paper that Tom managed to rip off a file.

WENDY

It's "Z" something, but I can't make  
it out.

TOM

Those bastards want to keep him small.  
They're making him small! They're  
making all of us small!

(then)

We'll just pay for the medication  
ourselves. We'll cut back.

WENDY

Fine. Let's start with your Propecia.  
That's six hundred dollars a year.

TOM

Oh, I can't give that up. I'd be a  
bald guy. What about your medicine?

WENDY

You mean my *birth control*?

TOM

(sighs)

Why do they want us small and pregnant  
and bald?! The insurance companies  
just won't stop screwing us!

INT. PATTERSON HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Tom and Wendy stand at the front door with MARIO, a very fat,  
very Italian contractor from Permanent Alarm Solutions.

MARIO

Current code requires 3 watts per  
square foot, so we're looking at 800  
watts, not to mention the arc fault  
circuit interrupters --

WENDY

(to contractor)

How much is that going to cost?

MARIO

You're looking at four grand.

Wendy glances at Tom. What can they do?

WENDY

The insurance company requires the  
alarm--

MARIO

We'll get started.

Mario turns to go. Tom, head down, speaks softly:

TOM

Please don't screw us.

MARIO

What?



TOM

I said please don't screw us. I know you're gonna do it anyway, but I'm asking you... please... don't. You're talking about amps and watts and arc fault circuit interrupters and it's like I'm in a kung fu movie and everyone is talking *ching chang chong* and you know we have no idea what you're saying, so you can just screw us and screw us but our mortgage just ballooned -- these predatory lenders, we had no idea -- and our kid needs medicine and... God... please don't screw us, okay? Will you promise not to screw us?! *Please do not screw us!*

WENDY

Tom. *Tom!*

Tom turns to her.

WENDY (CONT'D)

We have to do this, okay? He won't screw us.

(to Mario)

Will you?

MARIO

No.

TOM (V.O.)

He screwed us.

INT. PATTERSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The walls are ripped open throughout the entire house. The clean up and repair job is enormous.

WENDY

The wall repair isn't included in the four grand?

MARIO

Yeah, we don't do that. Also, the final bill came to seven grand.

Tom and Wendy stare at him, framed by their destroyed house. In the background, we catch a glimpse of an unkempt mountain man with a ZZ Top beard eating pizza on their couch.

TOM (V.O.)

That's when the really bad times began.

INT. SCHOOL - THEATER - DAY

Tom directs the high school production of *YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN*. As the kids sing, he mouths along with them, almost as if trying to will a performance from them.

CAST

(singing)

*...You're a good man, Charlie Brown/  
You're the kind of reminder we need/  
You have humility, nobility and a  
sense of honor that is very rare  
indeed!*

CUT TO:

LATER. Tom gives the young cast notes as they sit sprawled on the stage. He's passionate and the kids like him.

TOM

Who is Charlie Brown? He's you. He's me. He's anyone that ever wanted dignity in a world that denies it.

TYLER

I don't understand why he keeps trying to kick the football when he knows Lucy's going to pull it away.

TOM

Because he *believes*, Tyler. That, one day, in the face of certain failure, Lucy will let him kick that football and it will justify all his effort. That's what motivates Charlie Brown.

A girl, KENDRA, raises her hand.

KENDRA

What motivates Lucy?

TOM

Lucy's a cunt.

INT. SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom stands in front of PRINCIPAL LYNN -- a tall woman, attractive in a severe way.

TOM

I should not have used the C-word in front of the kids.

PRINCIPAL LYNN

No, but that's not the reason you're fired.

TOM

Wait -- I'm fired?

PRINCIPAL LYNN

Look, I love your program but you and the coaches are paid for by the PTA. They needed to make some cuts and they decided to cut you.

TOM

But why the drama department? Why not phys-ed? One of them smokes! Am I the only one that sees the irony?

PRINCIPAL LYNN

There's an obesity epidemic in America. As long as fat kids are around, phys-ed is safe.

TOM

So if there was a musical theater epidemic I'd still have a job? I can produce some gay kids if it'll help!

PRINCIPAL LYNN

I'm sorry.

TOM (CONT'D)

At least let me plead my case to the head of the PTA!

INT. SISTERS OF MERCY HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Tom walks quickly beside DR. ZONDERVAN, an older, white-haired, distinguished physician.

DR. ZONDERVAN

We had to eliminate your position because we're facing new economic realities.

TOM

But one of the coaches smokes. Smokes! Am I the only one that sees the irony?

A NURSE walks up.

NURSE

Dr. Zondervan, if we could just get your signature on these claims.

Dr. Zondervan dashes off his signature on a series of documents from "Pharma-Care", all which are marked "DENIED" in red ink. Tom suddenly has a realization.

INSERT: The ripped piece of paper with an illegible doctor's signature on it that Wendy was trying to decipher in the car.

BACK TO SCENE: The illegible signature perfectly matches the signature that Dr. Zondervan writes on a claim form.

TOM

You're him.

(Zondervan looks up)

You're the asshole who denied our son's growth hormones. You fired me and then you rejected him! You're trying to keep him small! *You're keeping all of us small!*

WENDY (O.S.)

Tom!

Tom turns to see Wendy in her scrubs. This is the hospital she works at. She turns to Dr. Zondervan.

WENDY (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, Doctor.

TOM

You know him?

WENDY

He's on the board of directors!

TOM

Well, then your board has a demon from the deepest pits of Hell!

Dr. Zondervan stares at him, then turns to Wendy.

DR. ZONDERVAN

Is this your husband?

TOM (V.O.)

That's how Wendy got fired, too.

INT. TOUCH OF TUSCANY RESTAURANT - NIGHT - LATER

Wendy and Tom pick at their dinner in this hole-in-the-wall Italian restaurant. A FOR SALE sign is in the window. They're the only customers. Wendy stares at him. Finally:

TOM

You blame me, don't you?

WENDY

(sighs)

No. Look, you and I just don't connect any more. We're like that idiot Charlie Brown with the football.

TOM

Well, he never connects because Lucy always yanks it away from him.

WENDY

Right, because she's trying to teach him to adapt and overcome. She's doing everything she can to help him be a better man but he's still just a fool.

TOM

Wait -- you're on *Lucy's* side?

WENDY

Who isn't?

TOM

Only *everyone*.

WENDY

No one's really on the side of that bald moron with the dog friend.

TOM

You mean... *Snoopy*?

They stare at each other for a long time. Something fundamental shifts between them.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Wendy walks down the street with her best friend AMY, an attractive, early-30's woman dressed expensively.

AMY

I can't believe you're getting divorced. You're the last ones left.

WENDY

Every time we look at each other, we see failure. We don't connect. We're like that idiot Charlie Brown --

AMY

-- who can't kick the football, yeah. But if you guys can't make it work, there's no hope for me!

Amy stops in front of a walk-in clinic with a sign out front that says: "Servicios Baratos Medico." She enters.

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - DAY

The place is packed with sick people. Amy walks through them, inspecting everyone, until finally settling on a middle-aged MAN who looks particularly ill -- watery eyes, sneezing.

AMY

I am so, so sorry about this.

Amy kisses him full on the mouth as Wendy watches, horrified.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Amy, now very sick, lays in bed with Wendy at her side.

SUPER: FOUR DAYS LATER.

WENDY

This is a terrible way to lose weight.

AMY

I have to! If you can't keep a guy what hope is there for a fatty like me? I have to look good if we're gonna be out man-hunting.

WENDY

You're not fat. And you really think we should get divorced?

AMY

Yes! Then we'll pick up guys and they'll humiliate us. It'll be fun.

INT. ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom and Wendy sit on the couch. NOTE: This is a continuation of the first scene with Dreyfus, their accountant.

TOM

Between the banks and the contractors and the insurance companies all tearing us apart --

WENDY

-- we just can't do it any more.

DREYFUS

I get it. Life is stressful. And if a divorce is what you want, I'll do anything I can to help.

TOM

Thank you.

WENDY

We appreciate it.

DREYFUS

But there's nothing I can do. You're out of work, your mortgage ballooned, you've got crazy bills from these asshole contractors. You can't *afford* to split into two households. You can barely afford the one you have.

TOM

Then how do poor people do it?

DREYFUS

They don't have a six hundred dollar Propecia bill!

TOM

Well, I can't be on the market without a full head of hair. That undermines the whole purpose!

DREYFUS

I'm sorry. Let's work on getting you guys back on your feet and then we'll get you divorced, I promise.

INT. CAR - DAY

Tom and Wendy drive home, deflated.

TOM

We want a divorce because we're broke and we can't get one because we're broke! I blame Zondervan.

WENDY

He's not the only reason we're here.

TOM

He's the *main* reason. If you and I were working and Oliver was set, would we want to do this?

WENDY

Probably not.

TOM

You spend your whole life doing the right things, following the rules and then some rich prick like Zondervan screws you! Right in the butthole!

WENDY

You're right.

There's a long silence as they think.

TOM

Let's rob that asshole to pay for our divorce. Now, before you say no--

WENDY

I'm in.

They turn to each other, a little surprised at their mutual willingness. Then they smile.

TOM (V.O.)

And that's how we got started on our life of crime.

INT. TOUCH OF TUSCANY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Tom and Wendy sit in the dreary little Touch of Tuscany restaurant with the same wild-eyed, bearded mountain man we caught a glimpse of in their living room.

MOUNTAIN MAN

Actually, I done some time. To this day, I have to keep a hundred yards away from Miss Jennifer Connelly.

TOM

We know. Not about Jennifer Connelly, but about the prison stretch.

WENDY

Which is why we want you on this robbery.

TOM (V.O.)

Coyote Jack had been living with us for three months.

INT. PATTERSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

SUPER: THREE MONTHS EARLIER

Coyote Jack voraciously eats a tub of ice cream. Wendy is horrified but trying to cover it.



WENDY

So what brings you here... Coyote Jack?

COYOTE JACK

Well, I was livin' in a shack in the Ozarks -- hunting game, takin' care of business --

WENDY

Was there a lot of business to take care of in the Ozarks?

COYOTE JACK

Yes, ma'am. *The business of survival!*

TOM

Let him finish, honey.

COYOTE JACK

Everythin' was honkey-dory until that old wildfire. Burnt my shack and kilt all the critters that filled my belly on those cold nights. I was in despair -- 'til I remembered your oath.

WENDY

(to Tom)  
Oath?

EXT. CROOKED RIVER - DAY

A younger Tom and several of his buddies CHEER as they paddle down a brutal white water river.

Suddenly, the raft strikes a rock and overturns. Tom is dragged underwater and pinned against the rock. He's drowning when two strong hands reach down and yank him from the water. They drag him onto the bank and begin to compress his chest.

TOM'S POV

On Coyote Jack -- water dripping from his ZZ Top beard -- as he descends to give Tom mouth-to-mouth.

TOM (O.S.)

He saved my life...

INT. PATTERSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

TOM

...which is when I swore to help him if ever he was in need. It was an oath. A *mountain man* oath.

COYOTE JACK

Yeah. So can I live with ya'll til' I  
get back on my feet?

TOM

Absolutely.

WENDY

Not a chance.

COYOTE JACK

Thank ya'. I'm self-sufficient. I can  
bathe in a puddle and cook varmint so  
tasty you'll smack your momma fer  
never makin' it fer ya'.

INT. PATTERSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Tom and Wendy argue in hushed tones.

WENDY

He can't stay.

TOM

But I made him an oath. A mountain man  
oath.

WENDY

I don't care. I don't trust him and I  
don't want him around Oliver.

TOM

He's perfectly safe.

WENDY

He's an idiot.

TOM

Where you see stupidity, I see  
simplicity. I think he has real  
wisdom. *Mountain* wisdom.

WENDY

Please don't ever say the  
word "mountain" again.

COYOTE JACK (O.S.)

Vittles!

Wendy opens the door to see Coyote Jack place a vat of stew  
on the dining room table. REVEAL the table is missing a leg.  
It tips. Stew flies everywhere. Coyote Jack sighs.

COYOTE JACK (CONT'D)

That's my fault. I used the table leg  
to whittle your boy a present.

Oliver enters holding a long whittled stick.

WENDY

So, you took a stick and whittled it into... a stick?

COYOTE JACK

Back where I come from, we call video games... sticks.

Wendy shuts the bedroom door.

WENDY

He's a goddamn idiot!

TOM (V.O.)

Coyote Jack was what psychologists call a "stressor" but we'd finally found a way for him to help us.

INT. TOUCH OF TUSCANY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jack and Wendy continue their talk with Coyote Jack as the bored OWNER smokes by the window.

COYOTE JACK

I really want you to think twice about what you're doin'. A life of crime is a terrible thing.

TOM

We're not going to hurt anyone.

WENDY

But we *do* need a gun.

EXT. PERMANENT ALARM SOLUTIONS - NIGHT

Tom and Wendy wait in the shadows outside this business, examining a pistol.

TOM

I mean, we're not really going to shoot anyone --

WENDY

Of course not --

TOM

It's more for the intimidation, right?

WENDY

Right. We'll never use it.

Just then, Mario, the fat, Italian contractor who tore apart their house, exits his office.

TOM

There he is. You! Thief!

MARIO

You got a problem, take me to court.

TOM

You'd love that wouldn't you because the system protects crooks like you!

MARIO

What I do is totally legal.

Mario pushes past Tom and gets into his car.

WENDY

Only because you're a pussy.

Mario stops. Even Tom seems taken aback.

TOM

Wendy?

MARIO

What'd you call me?

WENDY

You know how I know you're a pussy? Because you don't have any balls. Swiping an extra couple grand from some homeowner who's just trying to satisfy an insurance company when a real man would consider that chickenshit and go for the big score. We need a man who can defeat alarm systems. Join us and we will turn you into a rock hard, steel shafted, rich-as-shit *supercock*.

Tom and Mario stare at her, stunned.

TOM

Wendy? Maybe we should just--

MARIO

Let's talk inside.

TOM (V.O.)

And that's how we created our team.

EXT. FANCY HOUSE - NIGHT - EST.

A series of expensive estates run along this tree-lined street. A beaten-up truck pulls up.

INT. PICK-UP - NIGHT

Mario sits in the passenger seat and Tom and Wendy are in the back. Coyote Jack drives. He points.

COYOTE JACK

Alright, that's Zondervan's house.

WENDY

Masks on.

She, Tom and Mario pull ski masks over their faces. Mario's is way too small.

MARIO

What the hell?

WENDY

Sorry, that was Oliver's from our Tahoe trip. Use mine.

They trade.

TOM

Alright, rock stars! Let's do this!

Everyone stares at him.

MARIO

How can I convince you not to be motivational?

EXT. FANCY HOUSE - NIGHT

Mario works on a circuit breaker box on the side of the house while Tom and Wendy watch expectantly.

MARIO

It's disarmed.

WENDY

That was fast.

MARIO

Should I pretend it takes longer?

Tom and Wendy glance at each other, then break in.

INT. FANCY HOUSE - NIGHT

VARIOUS ANGLES of Tom and Wendy sneaking through the house until they arrive at --

INT. FANCY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

They rush in, open drawers and check cabinets. Pretty soon -- jackpot! Tons of jewelry. They stuff it into bags. Finally, when they're done --

TOM

Just like that?

WENDY

Yeah. I guess so. Right?

They allow themselves a slight grin -- a moment of sexual heat -- then they catch themselves and head out.

INT. PICK-UP - NIGHT

Tom and Wendy leap into the truck to find Coyote Jack and Mario waiting.

MARIO

Well?

They open their bags.

COYOTE JACK

Beautiful! Let's go!

As Coyote Jack pulls away, Tom notices the street sign.

TOM

Wait -- this is Ebon Street. The house we want is on Avon street.

COYOTE JACK

Avon street?

Except, with Coyote Jack's southern accent it sounds like he's saying "Ebon" street.

WENDY

Wait, are you saying "Avon" or "Ebon?"

TOM

Doesn't matter! We're on the wrong street! We robbed the wrong house!

COYOTE JACK

Well, that ain't my fault.

WENDY

How is that not your fault?

COYOTE JACK

On account of my accent.

WENDY

Just because you pronounce the name wrong doesn't mean you *hear* it wrong!

COYOTE JACK

It does when you have a condition known as "dialect dyslexia". It's when you think things are spelled the way you pronounce 'em.

WENDY

I'm a nurse and I've *never* heard of that.

COYOTE JACK (CONT'D)

*It's rare!*

TOM

*It doesn't matter!* We robbed the wrong goddamn house!

MARIO

So what? We got the money!

TOM

But it's the *wrong* money! We agreed to stick it to Zondervan. This isn't him!

MARIO

But look at the house this stuff came from. I'm sure the guy who owns it did *something* illegal!

TOM

I'm sorry, guys. It has to go back.

INT. FANCY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom unloads jewelry from his bag as Wendy watches, pissed.

TOM

We're not thieves, right? We've got to do this in a way that makes us proud.

WENDY

(finally)  
Right.

She opens her bag and begins returning jewelry.

EXT. ZONDERVAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Coyote Jack's pick-up pulls up next to this new mansion.

INT. PICK-UP - NIGHT

Coyote Jack turns to Tom, Wendy and Mario.

COYOTE JACK

Okay, *this* is Zondervan's.

WENDY

You sure? No more rare conditions?  
Address-o-phobia? GPS-a-phrenia?

COYOTE JACK

I'm rising above.

TOM

Okay, let's do this, rock stars!

MARIO

Don't call me rock star.

INT. ZONDERVAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom and Wendy enter Zondervan's palatial bedroom. (Note: this begins as a repeat of the first scene.) They open drawers and shovel jewelry into their bags.

Suddenly, from down the hall, the sound of LAUGHTER, FOOTSTEPS DRAWING CLOSER. Panicked, Tom and Wendy hide in the closet as Zondervan, drunk, enters with a Prostitute.

WHITE HAired MAN

(to prostitute)

Take out the strap-on... I'm gonna get more Scotch...

He walks out, leaving the Prostitute alone. Wendy and Tom WHISPER to each other from the darkness of the closet.

WENDY

You believe this asshole? On top of everything else, he's banging hookers.

Tom strains to see the prostitute, knocking into a hanger.

TOM

Shit.

The prostitute reacts. Curious, she walks towards them.

TOM (CONT'D)

No... no...

WENDY

Give me the gun.

TOM

Why?

WENDY

We may have to shoot the whore.

Tom turns to her, aghast.

TOM

We may have to *shoot the whore*?

He and Wendy stare at each other. But it's too late. The prostitute peers into the closet and sees the two of them, giving us our first clear look at her.

*It's Amy -- Wendy's best friend -- wearing a blond wig.* Amy, shocked, SCREAMS but Tom cups his hand over her mouth.

WENDY

Amy! What the hell are you doing here?



AMY

What are you doing here?

WENDY

We're robbing the place. Why are you dressed like a hooker!

AMY

Because I'm going to fuck this guy for money. I got laid off a month ago.

WENDY

Oh, honey, why didn't you tell me?

AMY

Because it's shameful.

WENDY

More than being a whore?

AMY

These shoes cost seven hundred bucks! I have to pay for them somehow!

WENDY

If you didn't have the money, why did you buy new shoes?

AMY

It's not my fault! Armies of advertisers spent millions of dollars just to get me to buy *these gorgeous Christian Louboutin pumps*. How can I fight all that? I'm just one girl!

DR. ZONDERVAN (O.S.)

I wanna tie you up...

TOM

He's coming!

AMY

Did you bring a camera?

WENDY

Yeah.

AMY (CONT'D)

Use it.

Zondervan enters and Amy turns to him with a sexy smile.

AMY (CONT'D (CONT'D))

Well, if it isn't the big strong doctor.

(unbuttoning her blouse)

Hey, doctor, will you take a look at this mole on my breasts?

(sexy)

I think it might be *cancerous*...

IN CLOSET

TOM WENDY  
 Is she trying to make cancer sexy? Shhh.

IN BEDROOM

DR. ZONDERVAN  
 ...I don't like this game.

Amy peels off her top and drops her skirt.

AMY  
 Come on. Take a look at these other moles, doctor.  
 (breathless)  
 I think some of them are... *atypical*.

DR. ZONDERVAN  
 (getting into it)  
 Yeah... Maybe that one... Lemme look...

AMY  
 Not before I look at you.  
 (undressing him)  
 I want to see if you have any growths.  
 (looking down)  
 I see something growing right now.

IN CLOSET

TOM WENDY  
 This is creepy. Take pictures!  
 He does as Amy and Dr. Zondervan nakedly grope each other.

WENDY (CONT'D)  
 We good?

He nods. Tom and Wendy walk into the room.

TOM  
 Zondervan!

Zondervan SCREAMS and staggers toward the phone.

WENDY  
 I wouldn't do that. What would your wife think?

Tom holds up the camera and shows him the pictures.

DR. ZONDERVAN  
*You two again!* Why are you doing this?  
 You want your jobs back?

No. TOM WENDY  
 We just want your stuff.

TOM  
*All of it.*

INT. TOUCH OF TUSCANY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Tom, Wendy, Mario and Amy, psyched, are the only ones in the restaurant. Empty margarita pitchers litter the table.

TOM  
 To all us rock sta...  
 (off Mario's look)  
 ...badasses!

They toast each other and drink.

MARIO  
 When the hell is your Coyote friend  
 gonna get here with our cash?

WENDY  
 Soon as he's done with his fence.

MARIO AMY  
 Why does the whore get a cut? Screw you!

WENDY  
 Hey, without her we never would have  
 gotten into the safe -- the big score!  
 So shut it.

AMY  
 Thank you.

Just then Coyote Jack enters, smiling.

COYOTE JACK  
 Success!

He hands out envelopes stuffed with hundred dollar bills.

MARIO  
 Not bad for a night's work.

Tom glances at Wendy. She smiles at him. He smiles back.

CUT TO:

LATER. Mario, Amy and Coyote Jack drink and LAUGH while Tom and Wendy sit by themselves at another table. Tom grins.

TOM

We may have to shoot the whore...

Wendy bursts into LAUGHTER.

WENDY

It was a stressful moment!

TOM

I had fun tonight.

WENDY

Yeah.

They sip their drinks. A nice moment. Finally:

WENDY (CONT'D)

Well. Now we can finally get this divorce underway.

TOM

Yeah.

(long beat)

Unless...

WENDY

What?

TOM

I mean, we could do that. Or... and I'm just spit-balling... we could take this cash and use it for an even bigger score. Then we could really divorce in style.

He glances at the "FOR SALE" sign in the restaurant window--

WENDY

You thinking what I'm--

TOM (CONT'D)

Buy the restaurant...

WENDY

...and then burn it down for the insurance?

Tom nods, excited. They kiss... then catch themselves and quickly pull away as their new team celebrates behind them.

END OF PILOT