

"VEGAS RUN"

EPISODE ONE

By Juliette Gillies

FADE IN:

INT. VEGAS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 1

VEGAS sits on the floor in front of her laptop. It rests open on her coffee table along with an ashtray, lighter, packet of cigarettes and a half empty glass of red wine. The Robins "If Teardrops Were Kisses" plays on a nearby record player. She is dressed in a black t-shirt, her hair still wet from the shower. She lights up a cigarette and takes a deep drag as she studies the screen. She pauses a moment, stubs out the cigarette and quickly types something unseen. She shuts the laptop and skulls the remaining wine.

EXT. PARKING LOT- LATER THAT NIGHT- CONTINUOUS 2

A car pulls into an empty PARKING LOT.

INT. VEGAS IN THE DRIVERS SEAT 3

"Shake It For Me" by Stevie Ray Vaughan plays on the radio. Vegas sits behind the wheel for a moment. She checks her phone then looks around the lot. The car idles for a moment before Vegas kills the engine. The music abruptly shuts off. Vegas pulls her gun out of her shoulder holster and checks it's loaded.

EXT. PARKING LOT- CONTINUOUS 4

Vegas swings open the car door and slams it behind her. She lights up a cigarette and looks around. The only light in the street is from the streetlights. Vegas pulls her leather jacket tightly around her. Her breath is a mix of smoke and mist mixing with the cold night air. Suddenly a woman's voice breaks the eerie silence.

WOMAN (O/S)

You Vegas?

Vegas strains to see a figure standing near a brick wall. She can't make out their face or features.

VEGAS

Who wants to know?

WOMAN

You her or what?

VEGAS

That depends on whose asking.

WOMAN

I'm asking. (pause)  
So you her or not?

VEGAS

I'm her.

WOMAN

You alone?

VEGAS

Stand in the light where I can see  
you.

WOMAN

I asked if you're alone bitch?

VEGAS

Just me, myself and I, bitch.

Vegas shows the woman the gun in her holster.

VEGAS (cont'd)

Now step out into the light where I  
can see you.

The woman takes a step towards Vegas and is revealed as an aging hooker. Clearly used up and an addict. Her face a car wreck of a rotten life and messed up makeup. Vegas tries not to stare at her torn fishnet stockings.

VEGAS (cont'd)

You have some information for me?

HOOKER

You got my money?

VEGAS

Information first.

HOOKER

Forget that bitch. Let's see the  
cash.

Vegas senses something isn't right. She looks from side to side. The car park still looks empty.

VEGAS

So you're Dodge71? Funny. You don't look much like a computer user.

HOOKER

I got mad skills girl.

VEGAS

Ha! Is that right.

The woman grins widely. Her teeth are unimpressive.

HOOKER

Yep.

VEGAS

Really? Because you look more like a meth user.

HOOKER

Hey up yours bitch. Ain't you heard of community college.

VEGAS

Uh huh. Now it's really beginning to feel like you're screwing with me.

HOOKER

I ain't screwing you none girl.

VEGAS

Is that right?

HOOKER

You'd feel me screwing you girl.

The woman bursts into cackling laughter.

VEGAS

Careful.

Vegas taps the gun under her jacket. The woman stops laughing.

HOOKER

Yeah?

VEGAS

Yeah.

HOOKER

Or what?

VEGAS

Or you'll feel me screwing you too.

The woman bursts into another fit of laughter.

HOOKER

Take it easy bitch.

VEGAS

I'm tired of messing around. Do you have information for me or not?

HOOKER

Of course. I ain't standing out here freezing my girls off for no reason.

VEGAS

So?

HOOKER

At least give me a cigarette.

VEGAS

Screw you.

HOOKER

C'mon bitch.

Vegas pauses for a moment then reaches into her pocket. She takes out a pack of Marlboro Lights and lights one up. Placing the pack back in her pocket she takes a step towards the hooker. The hooker takes the cigarette off her.

HOOKER

Sweet of you bitch. Makes me almost feel bad.

VEGAS

Why is that?

Vegas is suddenly hit from behind by a darkened figure. She falls to her knees. The figure is dressed entirely in black, their face covered by a balaclava. They remove the gun from Vegas's holster before she can react. The hooker giggles as the figure also takes Vegas's mobile phone. The figure removes an envelope from Vegas's pocket also

and throws it to the hooker. She opens it and it contains about \$1000 cash.

HOOKER

Woo wee! See bitch? I told you you'd feel me screwing you.

The hooker kicks the stunned kneeling Vegas in the head and knocks her out cold.

INT. BASEMENT

5

Close up of Vegas's face. Her eyes start to open slowly. Blood stains her forehead sticking some of her hair to her face. She starts to come to and tries to lift her head. The camera pans back to reveal she is seated on the floor legs outstretched. Her hands are cuffed above her to a pipe. She appears to be in a dark, damp basement. She tries to free her hands. But can't. Her jacket and shoulder holster are gone. So are her phone and cigarettes. Vegas looks around the room. There are no windows. There are rusted chains hanging from the ceiling in one corner. Vegas can tell from the gooey, clotted bloody stain underneath that this is not a room she wants to stay in. There is also a small table. She cranes her neck but can't see what the table contains. She struggles again against the handcuffs for a few more seconds. She hears a door shut above her and she stops moving. She listens intently to footsteps above her.

YOUNG GIRL (O/S-whispering)

Be quiet.

VEGAS

What?

Vegas eyes frantically search the room for the owner of the voice then realises the voice is coming the room behind the wall she's attached to.

YOUNG GIRL (whispering)

You need to be quiet.

VEGAS

Why? Where am I? What's going on?

YOUNG GIRL (whispering)

Shhh! You need to be quiet. If you make a lot of noise it will make him come down faster.

VEGAS (voice lowered)  
What? Who'll come down faster?

YOUNG GIRL  
I don't know. I just know that the  
ones that yell end up screaming and  
then they go real silent.

VEGAS  
Got you. What's your name?

YOUNG GIRL  
Annie.

VEGAS  
Annie, I'm Vegas. Do you know where  
we are?

ANNIE  
No.

VEGAS  
How old are you Annie?

ANNIE  
Twelve. (cont'd) Did you see my  
sister?

VEGAS  
No.

ANNIE  
She was in that room before you.

VEGAS  
What happened?

ANNIE  
I'm not sure but she made a lot of  
noise, then screamed for a long time  
and then didn't make any noise  
anymore. (pause) Do you think she's  
okay?

Vegas doesn't answer. She hears Annie let out a little  
whimper.

VEGAS  
Annie? Do you know how you got here?

ANNIE (whimpering)

No.

VEGAS

Can you tell me what you remember?

ANNIE

We went to the park to meet my sister's new boyfriend but he wasn't there. I don't know what happened. This weird woman started talking to my sister and then I woke up here.

VEGAS

How long have you been down here?

ANNIE

I don't know. A while I think.

VEGAS

Do you have a watch or can you see outside?

ANNIE

There aren't any windows. And I'm...  
(pause) I'm naked. He... (whimpering)

VEGAS

Are your hands free Annie?

ANNIE

No. I'm handcuffed to a pipe.

VEGAS (muttering)

Dammit.

ANNIE

What?

VEGAS

Nothing.

ANNIE

How did you get here?

VEGAS

I blame the Internet kid.

ANNIE

What do you mean?

VEGAS

Nothing.

Vegas's eyes desperately search around the room again.

ANNIE

Are you cuffed like me?

Suddenly Vegas spies a small wire on the ground.

VEGAS

Not for long.

Vegas stretches her leg out desperately trying to reach the piece of wire. She stretches and stretches finally reaching it with her foot. She starts dragging it towards her but loses it.

VEGAS

Shit!

Vegas starts struggling and there is a large thump upstairs. Footsteps across the floorboards above her. Nine Inch Nails 'Heresy' starts playing slightly muffled.

ANNIE

Oh no! He's coming!

Vegas starts to panic. Deep marks and blood have formed around her wrists where the handcuffs mercilessly cut into her wrists. In her struggle she realises one of the bolts attaching the pipe to the wall is loose. She flips her legs up in the air and starts feverishly kicking at the pipe. She can hear Annie praying in the next room.

ANNIE

Our God in heaven, hallow be thy name..

Vegas kicks and kicks. The sound of a key in the lock and a heavy door swinging open make her kick even more frantically.

INT. STAIRS INTO BASEMENT- CONTINUOUS

6

A dark shadow descends the stairs. A large man, small tomahawk in his hands. He wears blood soaked overalls but his face is clean shaven and not unattractive. He has a look of calm on his face. He whistles to the music.

INT. BASEMENT- CONTINUOUS

7

The man stands at the bottom of the stairs and stares at the spot Vegas should be. There is only an empty pair of handcuffs. A look of confusion spreads across his face.

VEGAS  
HEY ASSHOLE!

Vegas hits the man hard across the face with what looks like the top of a three-pronged sharpened garden hoe. The man stumbles slightly and Vegas hits him hard again making him fall to his knees. She grabs the tomahawk and slices the Achilles tendons on both his ankles. The man screams and she smacks him a third time with the back of the tomahawk splitting his face open sending blood spraying into the air. The man finally falls to the ground in a heaving, whimpering mess, his hands clutching his face. Vegas looks down at him disgusted. She walks back over to the table near the chains. She swaps the tomahawk for a large blade. She pulls the chains down in preparation before walking back over to the man still cowering on the ground. She kicks him in the stomach and then the head to move his hands. He looks up at her pleading.

MAN (whimpering)  
Please! Please!

VEGAS  
Please? PLEASE!!! You kidnapped the wrong girl.

INT. ANNIE'S PRISON ROOM- CONTINUOUS (SMASH CUT)

8

Annie, a very slight, twelve year old girl cowers against the wall with her hands cuffed. Her face full of fear she listens intently to the commotion on the other side of the wall. She can hear the man screaming. He screams in absolute and ear piercing agony. A slight smile crosses her small dirt smeared face.

INT. DINER- MORNING

9

Light streams in the windows of the diner. Martin sits in a booth near the window perusing the menu. His phone sits on the table near his hand and his eyes keep glancing at it. A young blonde, overly cheerful waitress approaches his table. She's pretty with a tattoo sleeve showing under her pink uniform.

WAITRESS

What can I get you hun?

MARTIN

Coffee. Black.

WAITRESS (flirting)

Don't you want something to eat?  
Breakfast is the most important meal  
of the day.

MARTIN

Has anyone ever told you, you have  
Bette Davis eyes?

WAITRESS

Who's Bette Davis?

MARTIN

Never mind.

WAITRESS (oblivious)

So just the coffee then?

Martin looks at the waitress but doesn't respond. She smiles a little confused and bounces off to retrieve his order. Suddenly Vegas drops herself into the booth. Martin stares at her for a moment. Her eyes meet his and then drift out the window. She is clearly not her usual self.

MARTIN

What's up with you?

VEGAS

Nothing.

MARTIN

Looks like something.

VEGAS

It's nothing. (pause) I thought maybe  
I had a lead on my sister.

MARTIN

And?

VEGAS

It didn't pan out.

MARTIN

Oh.

The waitress returns with Martin's coffee. She turns to Vegas.

WAITRESS

What can I get you hun?

VEGAS

Coffee. Black.

WAITRESS (flirting)

Don't you want something to eat?  
Breakfast is the most important meal  
of the day.

VEGAS

Has anyone ever told you, you look  
just like Veronica Lake?

WAITRESS

Who's Veronica Lake?

VEGAS

Never mind.

WAITRESS (oblivious)

So just the coffee then?

Vegas looks at the waitress but doesn't respond. She smiles a little confused and bounces off to retrieve her order.

VEGAS

We really need to start meeting  
somewhere else.

MARTIN

Never mind her. Listen, this will  
brighten your mood. I just got a call  
from Eddie the Snitch.

VEGAS

That assbag! You just seriously  
exaggerated my mood being lifted.

MARTIN

Well then. Let's just sit here and be  
miserable.

Vegas's coffee arrives via the vague and oblivious waitress.

WAITRESS  
Will that be all?

MARTIN & VEGAS  
YES!

WAITRESS  
Ah, okay. Let me know if you want to order some breakfast. After all it is the most important meal of the day.

Smiling the waitress bounces off.

VEGAS  
If she comes over here again I'm going stab her in the heart I swear to God.

MARTIN  
Take it easy. Damn, you're all kittens, rainbows and sunshine today. You sure you're okay?

VEGAS  
I'm fine.

MARTIN  
Okay then let's get down to business. I got a call from Eddie the Snitch and he has it on good authority that some Latino Mafioso types in a hotel downtown may have that briefcase we've been looking for.

VEGAS  
Then what are we waiting for?

MARTIN  
I need to finish my coffee.

VEGAS  
Forget the coffee.

MARTIN  
I don't do anything in the morning until I finish my coffee.

VEGAS

Whatever. Actually, speaking of Eddie the Snitch I need him to get some info on a meth head whore.

Martin raises his eyebrows.

VEGAS

I owe her a screw.

Martin starts to open his mouth to question Vegas when the waitress suddenly appears back at their table.

WAITRESS

Two Big Boy specials extra bacon.  
Enjoy!

She places two huge breakfast plates in front of them. Bewildered Vegas and Martin watch her bounce happily away then stare at each other across the table.

MARTIN

What just happened?

VEGAS (looking at plate)

It does look pretty good actually.

MARTIN

Yeah. The hell with it.

They both dig into their breakfasts.

VEGAS

So where is this hotel anyway?

EXT. MOTEL GARDENS & POOL - DAY 10

Opening track- "This World of Mine" by Jim Reeves.

The camera pans along a concrete walkway bordered with blooming flowers. It travels along to a modest pool where a body floats face down. It pans up, along and through a broken second storey window. The white curtain blows carefree on the breeze.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 11

Afternoon sunlight streams through the windows hitting glass and blood stained carpet. The sparse seventies style room is littered with bullet shell casings. There are bullet holes in the wall and upended furniture. A MAN

lies on the ground dead, a bullet wound to the head. Another MAN lies near him, a TV smashed over his head. There is an open silver briefcase on the coffee table. It is full of cocaine. MARTIN sits on the edge of the bed. He is battered and bruised, his white shirt stained with as much sweat and blood as his face. He holds his gun in one hand and smokes a cigarette with the other. He turns his attention to an equally sweaty and bloodied GANGSTER tied to a chair in the middle of the room. He is dressed in a white singlet. His head is shaved, arms tattooed and a huge gold chain hangs around his neck. VEGAS is only slightly dishevelled and stands over him beating him in the face. The GANGSTER is clearly in pain and breathes heavily through gold plated teeth. VEGAS hits him again and again.

MARTIN

Okay.

Vegas stops hitting the man. She bends down and picks up an already bloodied hand towel to wipe her knuckles.

MARTIN

We can do this all day Amigo.

The man spits blood in Martin's direction. He speaks with a Mexican accent.

GANGSTER

Who you calling Amigo?

MARTIN spits blood back and it lands on the gangster's leg.

MARTIN

Where's the briefcase?

GANGSTER

What briefcase?

Martin nods at Vegas who backhands the gangster sending him and the chair toppling sideways. The gangster spits up more blood.

GANGSTER

You bitch! You're lucky I'm tied to this chair.

Vegas stands on the gangster's throat cutting off his air supply. He frantically tries to breathe.

VEGAS

Or you'd what?

MARTIN

Okay.

Vegas takes her foot off his neck and lifts the man and the chair back upright. Martin rises from the bed and stubs out his cigarette. He tucks his gun into the back of his pants and approaches the gangster.

MARTIN

Look man. We just want the case. No need for you to end up like your buddies here. Just tell us where it is and we'll be on our way.

GANGSTER

I told you that case is the only one I got.

MARTIN

That case! That case assbag!

Martin rushes over and picks up the briefcase full of cocaine. He takes it into the bathroom.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

12

Martin takes a knife from his ankle holster and cuts open the packets of cocaine. He tosses them in the bathtub and turns the overhead shower on. He watches for a moment as the cocaine starts to wash away down the drain before re-entering the motel room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

13

VEGAS

Are you sure that was a good idea?

MARTIN

It's done.

GANGSTER

Now you're dead. Nowhere to hide man. They're gonna come looking for you and mess you up. Cut your little bitches titties off.

Vegas hits the gangster hard in the back of the head.

VEGAS

Hey! Be nice.

MARTIN

I'm going to ask you one more time where the case is and if you don't tell me I'm going to shoot you in the face.

Martin shoves his gun into the gangsters face. He pushes it hard into his cheek.

MARTIN

Where is the case?

GANGSTER

Screw you.

Martin discharges a shot into the floor then presses the still smoking hot barrel into the gangster's cheek. The gangster cries out in pain.

GANGSTER

Screw you!

VEGAS

Let's cut his fingers off!

MARTIN

Good idea.

Martin hands her his knife. Vegas grabs the gangster's hand and presses the blade against his pinkie.

GANGSTER

Wait! WAIT! All right you crazy bitch!

VEGAS

Where's the case?

He struggles against her. She starts to cut through his skin.

GANGSTER

The vent! The vent bitch!

MARTIN

What?

GANGSTER

The freaking air vent man! Take a look!

Vegas continues to restrain the gangster. Martin walks over to the bed and examines the air conditioning vent above it on the wall.

MARTIN

Blade.

Vegas throws his knife to him and he catches it by the handle flipping it downward. He gets up on the bed and using the knife jimmys the metal cover off the vent. Dropping the cover to the floor he puts his knife away and using both hands lifts a box the same size as a briefcase out of the vent. He sits on the bed placing the case carefully in his lap. It is black metal with no handle. The locks are welded shut.

VEGAS

Martin, is that it?

Martin continues to examine the case.

VEGAS

Well?

MARTIN

I think so.

GANGSTER

Let me go bitch!

VEGAS

Shut it!

Vegas bends the finger she's still holding back until it snaps. The gangster howls out in pain.

GANGSTER

You unholy bitch!

MARTIN

It doesn't seem to have any seams.

He turns his direction to the gangster.

MARTIN

How does it open?

GANGSTER

I'm not telling you nothing else man.  
Go screw yourself!

MARTIN

Have it your way.

Martin takes a step back and aims the gun directly at the middle of the gangster's temple. Suddenly they hear a speeding car and tyres screeching to a halt. The gangster starts laughing.

GANGSTER

I told you. You messed up ese. You  
and your bitch. Tiny's going bust you  
in half.

Martin walks over to the motel door and opens it. He can see the motel car park. An old yellow VW bug sits idling. He can faintly hear "Can't Fight the Moonlight" by LeAnn Rimes playing on the car's radio.

MARTIN

What the hell?

Suddenly the car's engine is shut off.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS 14

The car door swings open with a screech of unoiled hinges and TINY, a 6'6 hulk of a man gets out.

Track- "Return of the Tres" by Delinquent Habits.

TINY has a sawn off shotgun in his hands which he pumps to load. He makes his way up the outside motel stairs towards the motel room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM (CONTINUOUS) 15

Martin closes the door and rushes back to Vegas. She sees the look on Martin's face.

VEGAS

Tiny's an ironic name isn't it.

MARTIN

How much ammo do you have?

VEGAS

I'm out.

GANGSTER (laughing)  
You're screwed! You jerkoffs are  
dead. You're gonna die!

VEGAS  
Shut up!

Vegas SMACKS the gangster hard knocking him out.

VEGAS  
Dammit. Whatever. What do we do now?

Martin doesn't answer.

VEGAS  
Martin?

Martin checks his mag and reinserts it into his gun.

VEGAS  
Martin?

Martin looks Vegas dead in the eyes.

MARTIN  
We might be a bit boned.

Three hard knocks rattle the door on its hinges. A  
shotgun BLAST blows the door half apart and Tiny enters  
the room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM- CONTINUOUS

16

Martin SHOOTS straight at Tiny. The two bullets hit a  
bulletproof vest and have no effect. Martin's out of  
bullets. He moves out of the way just as Tiny takes aim  
with his shotgun. Martin throws his knife HITTING Tiny in  
the upper leg. He falls to his knees in pain discharging  
the second round on his shotgun BLOWING the arm off the  
unconscious gangster still tied to the chair.

The gangster wakes up SCREAMING. Martin makes a run at  
Tiny and grabs the shotgun. Tiny FLINGS him across the  
room like a ragdoll. Vegas lands two punches and a kick  
before Tiny throws her against the sliding door of the  
wardrobe, smashing them to pieces. Vegas shakes it off  
and sees the motel iron. Holding onto the cord she  
expertly lets it FLY towards Tiny. It SMASHES him hard in  
the face breaking his nose and knocking out two teeth.  
Tiny growls and comes at her. Tearing the knife from his  
thigh he swipes at her but she quickly moves away

swinging the iron into the side of Tiny's head where it makes a sickening CRACKING sound. Martin wrenches the shotgun out of Tiny's grip and swings it like a baseball bat into the other side of Tiny's head. Tiny hits the ground hard crying out in pain. The gangster is still screaming about his missing arm.

MARTIN

Grab the case!

Vegas starts to make her way to the case just as Martin notices Tiny taking a grenade out of his pocket. He throws it towards Vegas. It just misses her rolling into the bathroom.

VEGAS

DAMMIT!

Martin and Vegas duck for cover as an explosion destroys the bathroom. Through the clearing smoke Martin sees Tiny pull out another grenade.

MARTIN

VEGAS! RUN!

Martin and Vegas charge for the door and stumble out to the motel staircase.

EXT. MOTEL CAR PARK- CONTINUOUS

17

No explosion. Martin and Vegas are in the car park.

VEGAS

Where are your keys?

Martin checks his pockets. They're empty.

MARTIN

Crap! Where's the case?

VEGAS

I thought you had it!

Tiny appears as the top of the stairs.

MARTIN

Jesus! Get in!

Vegas and Martin get in the nearest car- the yellow VW bug. Martin frantically tries to hotwire it. Vegas PUNCHES him in the arm.

VEGAS  
Punch buggy yellow.

MARTIN  
Seriously?

Tiny makes it to the front of the car SLAMMING his huge fists on the hood. Martin and Vegas YELP in unison. The car engine REVS to life.

VEGAS  
Step on it!

The car JUTTERS forward into Tiny. Tiny SHOVES against it and the front wheels lift off the ground. Tiny suddenly stumbles and the car falls forward crushing him. The car speeds forward before Martin reverses and drives over Tiny's body repeatedly.

Martin kills the engine. Martin and Vegas only have a moment to catch their breath before the car starts to SHAKE from side to side. Martin and Vegas let out a yell as the car lifts up and gets dumped onto its side. Tiny emerges disorientated from underneath it.

MARTIN  
You have got to be kidding  
me!

They scramble from the car and run back towards the hotel room, Tiny following close behind.

INT. HOTEL ROOM- CONTINUOUS

18

Martin and Vegas burst through the doorway to find the main gangster. No longer tied to the chair he stands in the middle of the room. Blood drips from his smashed in mouth. He is staring down at his missing arm, blood streams out of the wound onto the carpet. He notices Martin and Vegas, a deranged look on his face. In his remaining hand he holds a grenade. He pulls the pin with his teeth and throws the grenade towards them. Martin catches it and throws it back, the gangster instinctually catching it just as Tiny makes it into the room. Martin and Vegas just make it to the window before the EXPLOSION and they are propelled forward landing in the pool.

EXT. HOTEL POOL

Martin swims to the edge of the pool and drags himself out. Vegas does the same. They lay there breathing heavily.

MARTIN

Ow.

Martin rolls and grabs his car keys that are underneath him stabbing him in the back.

MARTIN CONT'D

Son of a bitch.

VEGAS

Look!

Martin follows her line of sight to the grass verge beside them. The black case lies open, half singed money hanging out, getting blown about in the breeze. Martin lets out a groan.

MARTIN

Oh man.

VEGAS

I guess that wasn't the right  
briefcase after all.

Slowly they both get to their feet working out the kinks and straightening their soaked clothes. They head towards the gate.

VEGAS

Do you remember where we parked?

MARTIN

Don't even.

VEGAS

You know it's kind of been a weird  
couple of days.

MARTIN

What do you mean?

VEGAS

Never mind.

INT. MARTIN'S CAR- CONTINUOUS

19

MARTIN

You want to go get a drink?

VEGAS

Like this?

MARTIN

We've been in worse shape. We could go to Micky's. Or my place. I've got some 18 year old scotch that needs drinking.

Vegas pauses for a moment.

VEGAS

I've got a better idea. Let's drive on over to Eddie the Snitches' and beating the living hell out of him and then I'm going home, taking a shower and going to bed.

MARTIN

Sounds like a plan.

VEGAS

Here. These can tide us over.

She hands Martin a mini size whiskey. She pops the top off a mini vodka and gulps it down.

MARTIN

Where'd you get these?

VEGAS

Mini bar.

Martin smirks and skulls the little bottle. He starts the ignition and puts the car into gear.

EXT. STREET- LATE AFTERNOON

20

"Strictly Reserved For You" by Charles Bradley starts up on the radio as Martin and Vegas drive off down the street towards a setting sun.

FADE TO BLACK

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