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30 Minutes or Less

By Michael Diliberti

You're 4 minutes late.

Pizza's free.

C'mon! You guys live two towns away.

It's pretty much impossible to get here in 30 minutes.

Exactly. That's why we ordered
from your shitty Pizza Parlour.

Ok. You guys are pretty smart.

You figured out a way to beat the system.

I'll let you go.

- Thank You!

What No Tip?

Sorry, only got the big bills.

You guys kinda remind me of me,
when i was your age, actually.

You know, Kinda like...

try to get drunk any chance I get.

You got...frige full of beers right?

Man, we don't have anything.

- Really?

- Could you get us some beer?

- Me?

Uhm..Listen..I shouldn't do this..but if you give me the money
that your mom gave you for the pizzas, which you didn't give me,
I will run out and grab you some beers.

- Dude, this is fucking cheesies.

- But I want a tip this time.

- Okay, we have ...net \$40.

- Thanks man.

- Wait, how many of em again?

- Whatever that would get us.

- Okay, I'll see you soo.

- Wait, you boys like O'Doole's right?

-Yeah, I love that shit!

- Totally! - You rule!

OOOkay...

Alright!

Wow, cool.

You really went for it.

- Okay, I will..uh..

- Call me

- I will, yes. Okay...take care.

Thanks again!

You've a great personality!

Hey! What the hell?

Have you just been sitting there,
watching the whole time?
Yep. Caught the whole shill. Really
classy move at the end. By the way, that kiss...
- Look, the woman is kind enough to ride me with fellatio services,
I'm not just gonna,
dart outta there, llike she is an untouchable.
- And they say, Chivalry is dead.
Here, have a beer. The alcohol should help you
wash the taste ofyourself out of your mouth.
- Thank you, sir.
- Hey, I rented some movies for us.
I got, uh Lethal Weapon...
I got uh..Lethal Weapon 2.
- I think, I'll have to pass.
I gotta be up early tomorrow. I have a class to teach at 7.
- C'mon man, you're a sub.
Just call in sick, like a real teacher do.
- Dude, you know I got promoted
to full-time last month, alright.
You boughtme a laser pointer.
I know.I'm just having
trouble accepting you as "the man."
You know, cos you are YOU.
Filling kids head with a bunch of bullshit.
Laser pointing at stuff, just so you can have your summers off.
- I'm sorry, I have a career. And that i don't have time
to squeeze action movies into my schedule.
- Okay, Call Of Duty?
Fine, but you will get smoked.
- That was sick! Dwayne.
- That was fucking awesome!
This one's gonna blow even bigger.
- You know, if you weren't such a skinny
little bitch you coulda been in the military.
- I don't need the military, dude. I taught myself
how to do this shit. Went online, and looked all this up.
- Oh, I hear you. I taught myself how to
eat pussy. And cut my own hair.
- I taught myself, how to eat pussy hair.
- Dude, hey I want this one.
- Give me the Cross-bow.
Blow that shit up dude.
This one is mine.

Bin Laden!

This time its personal.

Fuck you!

Whoah, man! It's so real!

Run bitch!

Oh, Check this out.

- What are you doing, dude?

Look, I'm not afraid of Jason.

Look at me..

I'm fucking Jason.

Who are you two fags fucking?

Just..Jason Vorhese.

Afternoon, Major.

- It's been 20 years, Dwayne.

When are you finally

gonna get the courage, to ask him out?

- Phss..that's not funny.

We are business partners.

- What kind of business are you in?

- Entrever..ss

- entreaver nouss..?

- That's not a business!

You can't even pronounce it.

We're just trying to watch this movie.

About 45 minutes left and 3D tits coming.

You come in at the worst possible time.

I bought that TV set so I could watch my football,

not so you and your boy friend could jack off all over it.

- Well, then maybe you should learn

how to share the common space, better.

- Common..

The only thing common in this house is you.

- Come on Travis.

This moviesucks anyway.

- You look it, Major.

I paid for the damn cold cuts, too.

Maybe if you had a job, or a fucking prospect,

or a clue how to get any of the above,

I'd let you eat 'em.

- You are a cold sonofabitch, dad.

- That's what it takes, boy. In the Corps,

pussies like you wore dresses to keep us entertained.

That's really fucking disturbing!

Shit! Talking to me about, fucking cold cuts.

That sonofabitch.

Oh, you gotta be kidding me.

He bought another new truck.

That's some high end Detail work, Dwayne.

- Fuck the Major.

- Yeah, fuck him dude.

Sorry.

Very funny, but you are late.

- No, I'm 45 minutes late...

which is like...

Ten minutes early for me.

- Where the hell were you?

You live like, two blocks away.

- Yeah, I got held up.

Trying to get the perfect shirt and hat combo for you.

What do you think?

- I like it.

Very minimal wage.

- Thanks, I can't wait to quit and take the shit off.

- Say what you wanna say about your boss.

But the man knows how to make a good pizza.

Did you see Tom Small's Facebook Update?

You know I don't check that shit,

I'm off the grit.

- He came out.

- What?

Even posted a picture of him and his latin boyfriend.

Tom Small is gay??

That kid beat the hell out of me and

Chet in grammar school. Wow.

Tell me about it.

He OTPF'd me at Junior High formal.

- What the hell was that?

'Over The Pants Finger'

- That's disgusting.

- So, I've got some news...

- Even bigger news than that, Tom Small?

Cos, I don't know if I can take much more news.

- This little Corporation they call 'The Four Seasons'

has decided to finally get their shit together,

And accept me to their management training programme.

- Really? Wow!

Congratulations.

- That's amazing.

- Thank You.

- I just can't believe they're opening a Four-Seasons in town.
We don't even have a Radisson.

- Yeah, exactly. Which is why
I'm moving to Atlanta.
I'm gonna be working in the Special Events Department.

- In Atlanta?

You know, I know a little bit about it,
from Rap Music and It sounds like a fucked up place.
Come on,???

Did you tell your brother?

- Yeah..Chet was really happy for me.
I thought You'd be happy for me too.

- I am. I am totally happy for you.
In fact, i will make you a Crunk CD or something.
I bet you have a hustler friends in Atlanta.
He treats me like a bitch.
That's no way to treat a son.
He thinks he knows me. He doesn't fucking knows me.
I have more ideas than, he could ever dreams of.
I have plans more bigger than his whole fucking house.
Oh...whatever you say.
Maybe, just be quite for a while.
Forget about your dad.
Let me do my think.

- I wish I could forget about that Ass-Hole.
As is, I'm pretty much waiting for him to drop dead.
I just don't wanna mess with my inheritance.

- Really? What kind of inheritance?

- Well, when the old man left the service,
He started buying lotto tickets, the next think you know..
for ninety eight the dude hits it for ten million dollars.
You know, ever since then, he'd been burning through
it like an NBA draft picks. Bought a Winnebago..
Flat screen TV...
Its all that senseless spendings.
He's probably down to one or two million now.
As soon as he kicks it,
All that cash is mine.

- You know,
for a million dollars...
You could have anything.
You'll be like a King.
King Dwayne.

- Right On!
and you can be like my Queen.
- and polish my Roll Sceptre.
- I know practice makes perfect.
- ohh, fuck you.
- Maybe, I could help get you that money, now.
- Oh yeah?
- Before he spend another penny.
- And how would you do that?
- I know a guy in Detriot.
He could help you.
He'll probably do it for...
A Hundred G.
- Do what?
- Kill your mean old Dad.
So, what do you say?
Are you ready for your Crown?
Uh huh.
Hey, Watch out.
- Hey, you should pace yourself there, buddy.
Its Noon on a Saturday.
Nah, the frige is full man.
We are all good.
Its pretty crazy about Tom Small huh?
- Yeah, well.. I never liked him.
Your sister did. You know,
she let him finger blast her? Big time.
- What the fuck are you talking about, man?
I don't want that shit in my head.
- Sorry, your sister told me about it last night,
I thought you should know.
- What? You now swapping stories
about getting fingered?
- No, it's just that your sister makes some
questionable decisions. You know, like...
like moving to Atlanta.
- What's wrong with that?
She gets to manage a hotel, I get free rooms...
You can go over there and crash,
whenever you're on streets. We all win!
- Yeah, except her!
Once she gets involved with some Atlanta douchebag,
that's totally wrong for her.
You know, some Doctor...

who drives a white BMW and listens to Phish.

Fucking lame.

- Right, whatever.

Why are you telling me who my sister goes out with?

- I don't know.

- You wanna fuck my sister, don't you?

- Chet, I really don't wanna talk about this, okay.

- Ahhh, my twin sister!

Which is basically, like fucking me???

- Your sister is attractive, and she excites me.

Yes, in a sexual way.

Can we please be adults about this?

- You...an adult?

You had a luchables for dinner last night.

You're a fucking man-child!

Hey, let's not say shit we can't take back..Okay?

How about this?

You wanna know who I saw naked?

Who?

Jenny Rifkin.

I was nailing her.

The week after she dumped you.

Intercourse style!

That's right.

My brown hands, all over her nice white tit ass.

Wow.... You pulled a Judas on Jenny fucking Rifkin.

That is messed up Chet.

Almost...

as messed up as how I sold your

Willie May signed ball for 200 bucks.

Hey, My grandpa left me that ball in his will!

You helped me look for it for a month!

Now you know why we never found it.

Are we done here?

Not quite yet.

I was the one who told John Tanner

about how your mom fucked that

lifeguard. And I always felt awful about it,

because even though he swore secrecy,

he wound up telling everyone else in town.

And then your parents got divorced.

But now...I don't give a shit.

Well then!?

You ruined...my whole fucking life!

Not much of a life to ruin but yeah,
I guess i did.
Okay, Chet.
You're right.
I do wanna have sex with your sister.
Again.
Because the first time was so awesome.
Bullshit, that never happened.
Graduation night.
- Noo, you fucked Tina Scado.
- No, I just told you I did. Same story,
different girl.
- What!
You deflowered my sister,
and i know all the fucking details!
Get the fuck off me!
You're twins, did you feel it when I was fucking her?
Motherfucker!
You're a huge loser.
You're not good enough for my sister. Okay?
You're a pizza boy!
You know, I actually feel sorry for you.
You're a fucking dick.
Cos you'll never understand this shit.
Its way more complicated than your...
Online dating.
You're a shit friend.
All those years asking me for stuffs,
favours...you know what, that B gowns is the last favour.
You'll ever get.
- Good, That's the last one I'll ever need.
Yeah, i'll give you call on a fucking Matzarella sticks.
The pool is so dirty dude.
Where do all these leaves come from?
- Where the hell do you think, dude?
From fucking trees.
- That's what she said.
You know, 'that's what she says' joke don't..
work with that. It has to be something
in a sexual reference.
Like, you know...
'These leaves are hard'.
That's what she said.
I hate this pool.

Dwayne?

What?

Look, I don't wanna get into a family matter...
or anything but uh...

but killing the major seems kinda messed up...
right? or no???

No, it's not messed up.

It's barely even murder.

I mean ...it's

really..just kinda shaving

a few years off The Old man's shitty existence.

Hey, Dipshit!

If my pool ain't ready in an hour,
you don't get paid.

Maybe, you gotta woke your lazy ass up,
before noon.

- I wake up at 11:15 Major.

That's a fact.

- You look good.

- Nice to see you too, Dad. Love you... so much.

Fuck that dick.

You know why I sleep late, Travis?

It's not because I'm lazy.

It's on account of having so many dreams.

Big ones.

Prepare yourself.

What is the one thing, this town's missing?

I'll give you a hint.

It's cash business.

It's crawling with sexy bitches.

- A Chinese food restaurant?

- Abortion clinic?

- No.

- Yeah...No. A tanning salon.

Think of all the green.

All that brown flesh.

And, It's the perfect front for a prostitution ring.

- And guess what?

- What?

- I'm gonna cut you in on it.

Make you a partner in business.

If...and only 'if'..?

You'll be my partner in crime.

You're gonna be fucking rich and famous..

Helping dudes to calm and get tanned.

Or you're gonna be fucking pussy,
and clean this asshole's pool
for 10 bucks an hour?

- Yeah, alright. I'll do it.

But I'm not shoot the Major or anything. Alright?

I'll hold him while you shoot him.

Not that dude.

- Nah.. listen, I'm not shooting anybody alright?

You wanna be a millionaire Travis?

You gotta start thinking like one, Okay?

Do you think millionaires murder people?

No..no they don't.

They hire highly trained assassins to do it for them.

Which I've done.

- What?

- Dwayne, where are we gonna get a 100 thousand dollars,
to pay this deadly assassins?

- See, now we're getting down to the heart of the matter.

How do we get the 100 Gs?

'Cause once we have the 100 Gs,

We basically have a million.

And once we get the million, well then we

own everything and everyone in this whole fucking town.

- Alright, maybe we uh....

rob a bank?

Isn't that what people do? Just go down to the local branch,
shoot some old shit security guard???

We'll be like...

- Not really thinking like a millionaire.

Okay, then maybe we, uhh hire somebody to rob a bank.

- Dude, Fuck hiring them,

Just force some dumb motherfucker,

to rob a bank for us.

So, I film myself banging this dude's wife.

I talk her into doing some degrading shit.. get the neighbourhood
kids over and they're gonna whack off on her face.

And then, we use the tape to blackmail her hausband,

Into robbing the bank.

- That's a great idea, Dwayne.

Really good.

I just think, it might be a little hard to find
a wife that slutty and gross by tuesday.

- Yeah, I guess seduction takes some time,

So, what do we do?

We use political pressure, death threats??

- Or A bomb.

Everyone's scared of a bomb, Dwayne.

- I was gonna say hypnotism...but

I like a bomb.

Yeah, that's definitely thinking outside the box.

What would you do? You just like,

stick it to him like we did those watermelons?

- Yes, strap it on Man.

- You can do that?

- Yeah, camel jockeys do it in caves.

I got a fucking dope ass

garage workshop, in America.

- And what I like about this idea is,

this is kinda how a fucking millionaire would do it.

we don't lose any sleep over it,

nobody gets hurt.

- Except The Major.

- The trick is gonna be,

Where do we get our dude?

If we're gonna commit to a kidnapping,

Well, that's just as risky as a murder.

- That's a good point.

- We'll have to figure a way to bring the dude to us.

Lure him into a situation,

we have total control over.

We also, gotta make sure that

this dude is not connected to us in anyway.

(on TV) And remember...

We'll deliver anywhere in 30 minutes or less!

Or your pizza is free!

Vito's Pizza, where the customer gets what they want...

pronto!

Sometimes, fate pulls out its big old cock

and slaps you in the face.

- Yeah.

Pizza man:

not that bag...the other bag.

Hey, i don't mean to interrupt you

curing a cancer here...but uh..

It's time to get back on the street.

- I'm off in ten minutes,

Where the hell is this?

- Let me check my fucking e-mail...

Its in 30 minutes or less lane,

or else, the pizza comes out of your paycheck!

Tic Tock!

Hey, over here buddy!

The City's got us working at the ass end of the night!

- Yup, I hear that.

Hey, listen I know i'm probably

like 10..15 minutes late, but uh

That's a great mask.

That's very funny.

So, listen about the whole 30 minutes thing...

are we cool? Cos uh...

Oh, another one. The missing link.

That's really nice, I wish

I could get stoned too.

So, which one of the gorilla's handling the cash?

- Get Him!

Escape, is impossible.

What the hell!?

Rape!!

Step one.

You thought we were gonna rape you.

What an idiot!

Alright, let's see here...

Mr.Nick Davies of 110 North of...

whatever the fuck street.

Right now, you are wearing an explosive bomb vest.

Calm down...calm down.

Just don't do anything like,

trip over your shoelaces or anything.

That vest is packed with C-4.

The C is for chaos.

Actually, for "composable."

Don't bump in shit.

Hey wow...

sit down.

Show him your kicks.

- Yeah.. check that shit. You wanna pop off?

Look at this.

Fucking stay there!

Or you'll get that right across your god damn face.

So, what do you think?

Pizza boy..

Can we take that tape off?

I'm trusting you now.

- Help!

Someone, help him!!!

Where the fuck do you think you are?

You might as well be in outer space, man.

Nobody can fucking hear you scream.

They'd hear you more in space, actually.

Not that, you can hear anyone in space.

It's from Alien.

Why are you doing this to me?

Why does anybody do,

something fucked up to someone else?

- For money dude!

- Cha cha cha Ching!!!

- I'll sell my car.

I'll get you like a thousand bucks. - For that Mustang?

You mean a hundred dollars?

No, no..I'll get you a 100 thousand bucks.

I swear to God, please?

- We're gonna need a hundred grand.

Where the fuck am I supposed to get that much money?

I don't know, Maybe..

The Donner-Wells National Bank on Charles Road.

Over the Olive Garden.

How am I supposed to rob a bank?

It's not my problem dude.

It's yours.

Get creative. Maybe, use that scary bomb
strapped to your chest.

Maybe do it the old fashion way.. get a gun, a band of outlaws..

Doesn't matter to me. Its not a rocket science.

- Fine, Then do it yourself.

Well..I would do it, but looks like I'm

wearing this gorilla mask and you're already wearing that bomb.

Go ahead and tell him about the bomb vest.

Look, You seem like a pretty smart guy...

but just in case...

you're gonna panic and try to be a hero..and be like,

i'm gonna take this fucking vest off. Fuck this guys, they're assholes..

Don't do that, okay..

'Cos we booby trapped it to shit.

There's also a little remote detonator on the back,

so we can trigger...
it at any time by dialing a number.
We got your shit on speed dial.
We're watching you alright. So, do what you gotta do.
If you go near a police station..
Fourth of July comes a little early this year.

It's 9:

As soon as you get the money,
call this number here.
You call it. We give you explicit directions
on where to make the drop off.
If you do good, we give you a six-digit
combination that stops the timer...
and open the lock.
But if you don't do good...
Allow me to make a little demonstration for you.
Pay attention to the uh..
cuddly bear over there.
Ring ring ring..oh look,
the bear is calling..
What a coincidence. Hello bear,
How's it going?
Yeah, you're just hanging out getting fucked up...
that's cool
What do you mean you couldn't rob the bank?
It was too hard???
so you just went back to your bear cave
and hid like a little crying bitch?
Well, that's a shame, my stuffed buddy...
B'cos time is up.
I liked that bear.
I don't even fucking know you.
Well, get to it man!
Show and tell is over.
- Alright, and you are free.
- Let's move...
Time's literally ticking right now!
Go on now, get after her.
- Wait, wait...can we please just talk about this?
- Yeah, of course we can talk.
Go on man, get fucking moving!
You're wasting time! Go..fucking move!!!
We'll be watching you!

Adios, dumb motherfucker!

Bye! Have fun!!!

What the fuck, Dwayne?

You told me that was a replica gun.

Yeah, It was. Then I paid a Mexican
a firing pin in it.

Now it goes boom.

- Dude, we can't have a loaded gun,
around that bomb!

Don't you ever question me.

I'm fucking this bitch. You're just holding the camera.

- I know, man. I'm just saying,
you should've told me.

- This ain't the Marines.

If you hesitate, you fuck around...

and I will leave you behind.

C'mon!

We've got some surveillance to do.

And possibly breakfast.

And this whole region here,

about 830 thousand...

square miles, was part of the
original...

Louisiana Purchase.

-(coughing) Nice laser.

- Yeah, its a nice lase, Rodney.

You know what's not nice?

Texting in my class.

- Hey, Steve..you watched the UFC Vitro?

By the way, you think Lisa would go out with me?

Wow!!

Lisa over there?

No way! She's laughing in your face.

Don't text in my class anymore, okay?

Everyone, take out your workbooks.

What do you want?

We gotta talk.

I'm at work. Do not mess with...

Please, for the love of God!

Please..talk to me in private, for one minute.

Well, well..well!

Look who wants to apologize.

Well, you know what?

it's gonna take a lot more than some pathetic groveling -

- Chet! Shut up!

I don't wanna apologize to you!

- Then what do you want?

we don't have anything left to say to each other.

- Last night two guys in masks
struck me and strapped a bomb to my chest,
and now I have less than nine hours to rob a bank.

- You're hysterical. Great joke.

I'm going back to work now.

What is this?

What the fuck? Is that real?

- I'm not fucking around here! Two guys did this to me..
and if I don't rob that bank in time, this thing is gonna blow.

- Seriously?

- Seriously.

- And your first idea was to come to a
school filled with young children?

- Well, I guess...

I didn't really think about it.

- Just back away.

back away...back away.

Back away!

- I think the vest is probably safe for now. These guys don't want me to
blow myself up on accident before I get their money. Right?

Oh yeah, so you figure the two psychopaths..

that put a bomb to your chest made sure it was safe?

There's no margin for error...

That their fucking bomb designed!?

I don't know!

All I do know is that this is real.

This is happening.

but I have nowhere else to go.

- For what?

I need your help. Okay.

I can't do this alone.

- Damn it!

But I wanna tell you,

You are fucked!

- I know.

- But I can't!

Cos I'm a better man than you.

if I let you go and explode or whatever,

Cos that shit might come back

and eat at my conscience,

and affect my relationships with other people.

Like my wife and kids

and shit.

We're having a picnic or something, one day...

and I'd just be like...God damn it!

I shouldn't have Nick explode that time.

- That's a...very rational way to look at the situation.

And you're right,

about being a better man than me.

Just walk a few feet in front of me?

Yeah, I can do that.

Thank you.

Subtitle By D3xt3r

Did you miss me?

Of course, I miss you.

Don't lie to me.

Those guys get Juicy, but you get Jacklyn.

Alright, Cool Jacklyn...This is what I want.

First, I want my money,

And I wanna kill that old motherfucker,

then get the fuck out of here. Alright?

- Well, that's how it's gonna go.

We're just waiting on a call.

You see my impatient face right here.

- Well, I think I can keep you entertained.

C'mon Baby.

- Oh, that's nice!

Okay, once we sawed both of your arms,

Slip the vest over your head. Then, go to the hospital, where they'll

reattached both your arm. We'll just keep your arms on ice the whole time.

- Fuck that!

Well, I don't know what to do, man!

All these sites say different shit.

There's not a lot of consensus

in the bomb disarming community.

What do they do in 'The Hurt Locker'?

- I don't know, I didn't see it.

Yeah, me neither. I NetFlixed it like six months ago.

It's just been sitting on my coffee table.

Its so dumb, I'm paying like \$12.99 a month.

Just keeps same 3 movies in line..

- Just keep on looking online okay?

- Alright, you can't expect me to become

a bomb disarming expert, after looking online for 5 minutes.

- It's too tight!

Can you please take this seriously, Okay?

This is scaring the shit out of me.

This guys may've been following me,

I have no idea what they look like.

They could be anywhere.

- Call the cops!

- No we can't!

They see the cops show up,

they blow the vest and cut their losses.

- What do I do, Chet?

What do I do?

- I don't know man!

- I guess you gotta just rob the bank.

It's gonna be okay.

No, it's not gonna be okay!

I'm gonna blow up!

C'mon!

Get yourself together!

Fuck Chet!

You know exactly how to rob a bank.

- What are you talking about?

- Point Break.

That movie is like a how-to guide for bank robberies.

You just bust in.

Masks. Guns. Move fast.

Stick to the tellers and don't bother with the vault.

- Yeah...You are right.

I guess it's pretty simple

The Donner-Wells on Charles Road.

- The one by the Olive Garden?

That's my bank.

Small. Standard Security...

Totally manageable for one dude.

- One dude..you mean...

You're gonna do it with me?

- No. But I'm happy to give Tips..

advice..motivational speeches....

- Oh Chet, Please...Jesus Christ!

I need you on this, Okay?

If I do it alone, I'm dead. Please?

- Okay, Just tell me this.

How many times, Did you sleep with my sister?

- Just once.

I swear to God. Graduation night.

- Okay.

I'll help you on one condition...

You never mention my sister again,
and you never speak to my sister again.

Okay.

Yes, we can do this.

Whoah, Ski masks.

- Perfect!

- Alright.

Okay, here we are.

So, we get the handguns...or the Uzis?

What do you think?

Get down on the ground and give me the money in the bank!

- Wait, how am i suppose to get the money..

If i'm on the ground?

- Go get the money in the bank,
and get down on the ground, afterwards!

- Alright, I'll be right back.

Dude, you totally fucked up this mix tape.

We're not a bunch of frat guys,
trying to finger bang girls to MatchBox 20.

Should be like, some industrial shit.

Some, fucking German Techno.

- Sorry, Dwayne.

That song just means a lot to me.

- Well, it doesn't mean a lot to me.

It means a fucking headache to me.

And suppose this guy,
could fucking hurry up!

- Are you worried about that other guy
that fucking mini G?

- No, man. He picked him up from the school.

So long as he's not a cop, I don't give a shit.

He can bring the whole fucking faculty for all I care.

As long as he gets my money.

- Oh, check that.

- Are you looking at Subway..

You want me to run over and get some sandwiches?

I'm hungry as shit, dude.

- Look!

It will be the perfect place for the tanning salon.

- You are so right.

- Yeah.

- You know, I've been doing a lot of thinking.
and I want you to start off the front counter.
I know, it sounds like a demotion,
but it's not.
Alright, It's a very important job.
We're gonna be using a lot of code words and shit.

- For what?

- Well Say..a gentleman walks in and says ,
"Hello, good afternoon. I'd like a tan".
Well, that just means that he wants a tan.
Okay.
But if a guy comes in.. and he's like..
" Yo! I want a deluxe tan,"
Well..that means he wants a tan and a blow job.
Which mean, you have to go to the back and...
- and Blow Him?
No. You have to find a girl,
who's gonna suck him off.
- Okay.
Guns..
Masks..
Are you sure, you 'all don't want to grab some condoms?
- Uh, no. Why??
- Because this is usually what men buy before they rape someone,
We're not rapists.
Us two..? Small fries, No way.
- Is that cash or credit for your rape kit?
This is a Slider station and a rape kit.
Cos we're getting one of those too.
- We'll pay cash.
not into rape, just into sliders.
If it's anal, Is it a Hard anal then?
No, no. The anal will tip it off too much.
- What if a black guy comes in,
will he go to tanning glover?
- No, we're not going to profile,
racially..our clients.
We don't say anything, if a black guy comes in.
If a dude comes in, that wants a black chick...
Then, yeah. That'll be a tanning glover.
We have codes for that.
Do we have codes for missionary, anal, black chicks?
I have a glossary of terms in my files,
back at home.

But I'm not gonna bother get into that right now,
because you my friend... are supposed to be on lookout
and I know how terrible
you're at multitasking.

- Oh they're getting away dude..
they're getting away.

Go go..go!

- Enough Travis...

I'm sick of this fucking family dollar bullllshit.
Its time to get our heads,
into the game.

Yo, can you please be more careful,
you're getting the paint all over the car!
Really, you're worried about the paint
in this car?

- Yeah.

You're car is a total piece of shit.

Yo, please?

Your car is garbage. It's like....

You bought a Mustang,
and the Mustang has Aids.

And you're worried about paint in it?

Fast isn't the same as instant. Okay?

You gotta let it sit for like 20 minutes.

Alright, We don't have time to sit around
and literally watch paint dry. Okay?

Aren't we going straight to the bank?

- I was actually thinking
we got to stop and steal a car first.

- What? Why! We've a car.

- Yeah, we have my car. Okay.

I can't use this as a getaway vehicle.

They'll trace the plates.

Even if we do get away, we'll be arrested.

How are we gonna steal a car?

I don't know how to hot wire a vehicle...

Do you know how to hot wire a car?

That's why I was thinking gotta stop...
and steal one from..

your parents' friends.

The Fishers.

Remember, how they used to pay us
to clean their garage?

They leave the keys in there.

And they've got a Datsun.

That's a fast car.

- I'm not stealing the Fishers' Datsun.

Let's steal one of your parent's friends cars.

What friends?

What friends? My parents don't have any.

My dad moved away, when your big mouth humiliated him,
and ruined his marriage...

and no one wanted to hang out with the mom
who everyone knew fucked a lifeguard.

- You never should have told me!

I was 13 years old!!!

I couldn't process information like that.

I thought it was cool that your mom fucked a lifeguard.

Fuck, I'm sorry!

Okay, I accept your apology.

That's it?

You're not gonna apologize for sleeping with my sister?

- You told me not to mention it.

Great..

I just want this goddamn day to be over!

It's locked!

Fuck!

Okay, climb through the window.

You climb through the window.

- No, i'm holding the bag!

I'm holding the bomb...

Climb through the window.

- Are you alright?

- Yeah, I'm great.

- Who's it?

- Chuck...

The keys aren't here.

They always leave the keys out.

- Yeah. When we were teenagers.

Okay, Let's just find them.

Wait, Did you hear that?

no..what?

Mr. Fisher is coming!

- What!

Put it on.

- What are you doing?

I'm doing what I have to.

Okay, shut the door.

Where are the car keys?
They're in my pocket!
Quiet down and give them to me.
Alright, i'm just getting em out of my pocket!
Now listen, We're obviously stealing the car.
I don't want you to report it stolen until
later tonight. Let's say 5 o'clock.
- Six fifteen!
Yeah, right...six fifteen.
- Don't even bother calling the cops!
We own the cops!
If you mess with us,
I swear to God, I will...
I will shoot your son.
- Dylan Fisher! - Yes..Dylan Fisher!
I know where he works too.
He works at the travel agency!
- He's the douchebag with the bangs.
- That's right!
No, Please. Don't do that.
I won't say anything. I promise, just leave Dylan alone.
if you call the cops, there's gonna be an
undertaker styling
his stupid fucking bangs!
- Cos he'll be dead!
- That's right.
Because he'll be dead.
Now open the fucking garage door.
- Do you have any snacks?
Like Conolla bars...
or youghurts???
- Not now..
Okay, remember our deal.
six fifteen not a minute early.
Please, just go.
Thanks!
Have a great afternoon!
Oh man..I'm totally implicated.
What if he saw my brown hands?
There's only like, four Indian families
that live in Grand Rapids.
- Mr.Fisher is a fucking CPA.
I think he'll be okay.
Awesome. I'm stuck inside an even smaller car

with you and a bomb.

Next time, why don't we steal a smart car.

- This thing's got some pickup.

Take it easy, we've got plenty of time.

I know...but there's one thing I just want to do, first.

Oh get something to eat.

Thank you..let's go to Mr.Burger.

Actually, I wanna tell my boss to fuck off.

- What...are you joking?

You wanna run a personal errand,

on a way to a bank robbery?

- and you want us to go get lunch.

- Yeah, b'cos i'm hungry and i thought..

It'll be nice to have one last burger before i'm incarcerated.

- Chet, this is not a personal errand, alright.

This is very important to me.

- and so, this is your big moment huh?

Putting in your 2 weeks notice at the pizza place?

- Yeah man, yeah.

That's pretty much it.

- Whatever! Now, you're just making me depressed.

Let's just go.

I need to take a piss here though.

What are you doing?

It's gross back here.

Park out front.

You said, you had to take a piss.

I'll look into the employees rest room.

Fine, hurry up please.

It smells like dead animals and pizza out here.

Yeah, they're like..

we are fucking taking care of business.

Hey, hey ...hey.

Oh shit, Where the fuck is this guy going into?

What's in there? Some sort of secret FBI headquarters?

Some shit around here?

You know what, I got to give this bomb a call...

Let me go after and take a look.

Jesus!

- Jesus..what the hell?

Are you fucking gay for this guy or something?

- What..yeah. If wanting a lot of money is gay...

then yeah...I'm Elton John.

Well, then hurry the fuck up.

Go do some reconnaissance.
Report back..or I will...
blow this motherfucker up!
Hey, Kate. I'm right outside the building.
...no, I'm here right now.
Why are you acting so strange?
Because strange shit is going on.
I'll explain everything. Just meet me where I texted you.
Nick, i was just about to go out.
What going on?
- please, it's important.
Nick, What's going on?
Are you Okay?
- Wait, just stay over there, okay?
Please...
Alright, listen...something happened to me,
last night. I was out on this run and uh...
I started thinking...
'What if this is the last shitty pizza I deliver'?'
- I'd say, it's probably a good thing.
Nick, I'm super busy right now.
This is not the best time.
- Okay, right now..
its kinda all i have.
Come by later, and we'll talk okay?
- No, there isn't time!
Okay, can i tell you,
the single worst mistake of my life?
- Okay?
It was sleeping with you.
- Thanks.
No, no..you don't understand.
That's when i knew for sure, that I'm in love with you.
What I didn't know was, how the fuck to deal with this!
So, i screwed it all up.
- That was like, 8 years ago.
I know.
But I just want you to know that
if today...
was the final day
of my brief and uh...shitty existence.
And I could only see just one more person...
It would be YOU.
- Nick?

- I gotta go.
Wait, wait! You just can't say all this,
and just walk away!
- Unfortunately, I have to.
- Also, i told Chet...
we had sex.
- What the fuck?
- Yeah, i think It's his girlfriend or something.
They've been up there for a while.
I betcha, homeboy's trying to get one last blow job
in case he don't make it.
I like his style.
Hey, what's up man?
I'm just fixing the vaster.
Yo Juicy! what's happening?
This is King Dwayne.
I've been thinking about you alot..and...
I don't know. I just feel cool inside,
I'm excited to get this money.
and Me and You could start our thing.
I'm thinking alot about the poles scepter, deal.
I just want you to know that,
It's gonna be mutual.
You won't just have to polish my scepter;
I will also lick your Crown,
Which is...
a euphamaism for you know,
Eating your pussy.
Okay, give me a call.
When you get a chance, okay GoodBye!
What? Have my penis shrink to 12 inches...!
You're actually early for your shift!
- No, Christ!
I quit! Fuck You!!!
Fuck You!
You've been there almost 20 minutes!
- Well, I had a lot of shit to errand.
Hey, you have a Mr.Burger?
You get me one?
- I did. But you took so long,
I ate it.
Alright, give me one of those 5-Hour Energy fuckers!
Let's get to it.
I drank those too.

- Motherfucker!
Let's go and rob the bank!
I don't believe, we are doing this.
Okay, You go for the money.
I'll cover the crowd.
In and out.
I'm not feeling great man.
I drank like three of those
It's just too much energy...
I'm cramping up from all the energy,
my arms are jittery!
- Dude, settle down.
You ready for this?
Let's do it, C'mon.
What do I call you in there,
if I need to tell you something?
Call me Tivon. You'll be Darius.
I can tell you're not a black guy through the mask stuff.
Alright, you're still Darius and I'm Luis.
What if we are both Hispanics?
Like we met in a gang, in prison.
I like it. Maybe we stab a prison guard...
And we escaped,
and we're on the run.
- Yes..We're two loco motherfuckers
and that's the way we gotta roll in there.
Nothing's getting in our way!
- Wait?
- What?
I still don't a hispanic name.
You're Cruz.
- That's a great fucking name!
Let's do this!!!
Bank robbery!! Move...
Everybody put your hands in the air!
No, get on the ground!
Actually, listen to him,
get on the fucking ground!
Hey, hey...
back away!!
Don't even think about it.
Nobody press the buttons.
If you do, I'll shoot you in the face.
Now get over there, and get on the ground.

Now!
Go..go. GO!
You, just stand right there and don't do shit!
On the ground!
Don't make any sudden moves..okay?
Mustache! Stop looking at my face!!!
We just killed a prison guard,
and we're not afraid to kill again.
- Yeah, we stabbed him in the eye,
with a spoon.
Now! Very slowly,
get down..
and take your gun out and toss it.
C'mon...quicker!
Oh, god! I don't want the gun!
Did you do that on purpose!?
- No, It was an accident!
Are you guys working together?
What's going on here?
Please take this gun away!
Just toss it, lady!
I think she got the femoral artery!
- I'm so sorry! It was an accident!
- Fuck you!
Who slides a gun like that!?
Dude, this guy got shot and bleeding out,
he's gonna die and we're going to prison!
No, no! Luis and Cruz are never going back to prison!
Why isn't anybody getting me help!?
Sir, let me see where you're hit.
It's just a flesh wound, Man.
You're gonna be okay.
Cruz, how we doing on the money?
oh, Sorry, Luis.
Don't make a sound.
You! What's your name?
- Sandra.
Alright, Sandra.
You get us a bag with a 100 thousand dollars...
we'll grab it and get the fuck out of here.
No one gets hurt!
Can I trust you?
Alright, let's go!
Let's get some money.

Whoa, Cruz. You're breaking your own rules.
Not the vault,
stick to the tellers.
I don't have that much money in the counter.
I'll have to go in the vault.
Fuck it!
Go to the vault, let's go!
Go..go, go!
Hurry, hurrury!
Dude's been fucking shot.
Time is money here.
Sir? You wanna get shot in the other knee?
Didn't think so..
Keep it down.
Got it...got it.
Good! Thank you Sandra.
I'm sorry, everybody.
I know we probably fucked up your day.
I'm thinking of you in particular, sir.
Actually, you know what...
Here...Peel a few bills. On me.
Anybody rats this guy to the cops
and I'm coming after you.
I remember faces. Right Cruz?
He remember faces.
There you go, Sir.
Sandra.. What the fuck was that?
What happened to our trust?
- I'm sorry, they make us do it.
Hey Sandra, we need you here.
We all do.
So, would you kindly fill another bag,
Not a bank bag, this time.
A garbage bag.
And Cruz, you watch her.
Let's go, Sandra. C'mon.
I know your antics this time.
Go, go!
Boot up! I'm watching you.
We are not friends, no more.
Give me the bag, quickly!
Thanks, Sandra.
Whoa! Which one of you assholes tripped the alarm!?
Sandra, don't tell me,

you did that too.
No! It was Mark!
He pushed the button when you guys came in!
Sandra, you bitch!
Now they're gonna kill the both us!
You're the manager!
Fuck both of you!
I'm a regular guy and you fucked me!
So, Thank you for fucking...
a regular guy!
And his partner, Cruz!
That's right..
Donna-Wells just got rob.
Drop your weapons!
Put your hands on your heads.
Now, slowly get your ass on the ground.
Do it now!
Guess what!
You just brought a gun to a bomb fight, officer!
Now, I pull these wires out and we all go!
So, you got ten seconds to drop your weapon -
One, Two!
I can't believe that worked!
That was awesome.
He was tempting a desperate motherfucker.
Holy shit! Homeboy's got the federales in hot pursuit.
Police cars chasing us!
We're in a fucking car chase.
Well, we just rob a bank.
I do this for a living.
No, you don't. You get high and deliver pizzas,
That's nothing like this situation.
What are you doing?
My move, i'm gonna bang in 180
we'll be by in the opposite direction.
No, please don't bang.
No need for a bang!
Are you okay?
- yeah.
Take the money,
take the money.
Look at this.
Mr.Fisher is not gonna be pleased about this.
I'm trying to get away...Okay.

Hold on, hold on.
you got a piece of the car stuck in you.
Get it out! Get it out!
I gonna get tetanus?
What should we do now?
Slow down, slow down.
Hey, You know what happened
to the guys they were after?
Sounds like they got away.
That's terrible.
I hope that they catch them.
There's a 100 grand in there.
Which we stole.
From a bank.
I told a bunch of people I was gonna shoot em.
I was like..
"you fucking move,
and I will kill you where you stand!"
I threatened to blow up a guy.
And you never said
"I will kill you where you stand."
Yeah, I know.
But shit did get pretty crazy.
I held my gun, sidewise at one point.
Yeah, you did.
Man, there's no one I would have
rather taken down a bank with.
I mean that.
Me, neither.
And as for all that shit I said...
all that shit I did...
I just hope you can forgive me.
I'm sorry i've been such a dick.
I don't think there'll be anybody be friends with me.
C'mon, you're talking to a guy
who slept with his best friend's ex- girlfriend,
who split up his parents' marriage,
and sat on the sidelines watching his downward spiral.
I mean, those are actions of a shitty human being.
I don't know
who else would be best friend with me.
- Well, then its a good fucking thing
that we know each other.
Come here..

You're right. Let's take care of that.
But you owe me a hug.
It's all gravy from here.
Done and done!
This who I think it is?
- Can't you hear the ticking in the background?
Funny guy, huh?
Well, Can it. This shit ain't over yet.
Save the fucking routine.
There's an old railroad bridge out on Commerce ,
past the highway.
Be there in 20.
I'll be there in ten.
- Well, then you'll be standing there with
your dick in one hand, and my money in the other.
- No, You will.
He heard it.
Fucking asshole.
Yo, Juicy,
wrangle your boy.
Money's on its way.
God damn!
How good does this feel huh?
I'm not ashamed to admit it Travis.
I've had some dark times this last few years.
Depression. Anorexia...Addiction...
All kinds of shit that i'm not even going into.
Starting today, all that shits is the past.
I'm finally fucking done it man.
I finally pulled it off.
Yeah, I mean..
we did, dude. Together, you and me.
We make a pretty good team.
- Do we?
- Yeah, dude.
Alright, than...
Would you do it?
Would you push the button?
- Why would you want me to do that?
- It's just a question, Travis.
- I thought you said nobody gets hurt, Dwayne?
- He hasn't even made the drop, anyway.
So, I wouldn't ask you to blow him up right now.
That'll be stupid.

Not while we're eating tacos.
I gotta take a shit, dude!
Wait, did you tell the guy,
you're bringing a friend?
No.
What if he gets freaked out,
and decided to shoot me?
You wanna go?
- Yes.
You got my blessing.
Hey, Wat's up bro?
How're you doing?
Where are the other guys?
It's just me Dawg!
You call me Sugar milk, bro.
You got the money?
Oh my God, it's so pretty,
it's so pretty, bro.
Look at it!
Oh my God! What's he do?
Rob a bank?
Yeah.
You did?
- Yeah.
That's cool man!
I'm proud of you, brother.
Check you later!
Hey, man..where's the code?
I don't know no code,
What's you talking about like, what code?
C'mon man, just give me the code. Okay?
Like the vinci code, Code Red?
Like the contra code, select...select.
AB AB??
That one?
- Okay dude! Stop messing with me.
NO, I don't have no code, Bro.
Give me the fucking code,
for the bomb, okay!
Who brings a fucking bomb to a drop, Homie?
I don't know,
Your fucking boss put this on me.
I am my boss.
Fine, Then give me the code!

Say code again, motherfucker!
Please, say one more time.
I'll just shoot you in the face,
I'll shoot you in the face,
So, that you don't explode and mess up my shit.
But say code just one more time,
I just wanna hear it.
I want that money back.
Oh you want this money right here?
This motherfucking money right here,
the one that you just gave to me, huh?
- Yes! Give me the money back.
The only way you're get is if you kill me. Homie.
Which you ain't gonna do,
Cos you're a pussy.
You don't know what I've gone through
for that money!
Do I fucking look sympathetic, homie?
Now step the fuck aside.
watch out!
What the fuck was that?
They tried to screw us, man.
You're a liability.
They were just gonna let you blow up.
Not with the money they won't.
I'm gonna call that motherfucker!
Yeah, shit's looking good.
You're still making it look too boxy man!
I'm not trying to look like Arsinio Hall..
when I go down to the morgue
and fucking identify the body.
- So, Did you drop the money?
No! I've still got the money!
And I cracked your friend's face open!
Why the fuck would you do that!?
You lied! You said I'd get the code!
He did not gave you the code?
- I gave him the code.
I want the code right now
or you'll never see this money!
- Just settle down, Bigboy alright?
You're not exactly negotiating
from a point of leverage, here.
I'm holding the money. Okay?

I blow up, and it blows up.
Who has the leverage now?
Why don't you go ahead and press the button,
press the button, asshole. Push it!
Watch what the fuck you saying!
I own you, alright!
I tell you to rob a bank, and you rob a fucking bank.
If tell you to give me the money, and you give me
the goddamn money and you hope
that I give you mercy.
I'm tired of this bullshit.
I'm already dead, right?
So fuck you.
At least I'll die rich.
I can't say the same for you.
Get me out of this car!
Pull over! Get me out of the car, right now!
Chet, get back in the car!
Why? That was so stupid!
That was a negotiation tactic, Okay.
He'll call back and I won't answer.
Then he'll call back and I will answer,
and he'll realize the only way he gets the money..
is if he gives me the code.
Okay, I'm sure that's exactly what he'll do!
Oh wait, no. He's not,
cos he's fucking psychotic!
Now, he's not gonna answer.
He's gonna pretend like I don't exist.
Does this guy know who the fuck I am!?
Dwayne...
you never told me
you weren't going to give him the code.
We're not amateurs, Travis.
Alright..He's a fucking loose end, man!
Do you know, what's gonna happen,
if the loose end goes away?
I could just be sitting in my fucking mansion,
FBI,
CIA, fucking NASA...will converge then,
Because he'll turn state's evidence.
And they can fucking lock me away!
You know what?
Fuck that, fuck it!

I'll just kill The Major myself.
I don't need a fucking hitman.
Don't do it..man.
I gave him chances..he fucking blew it.
He wants to be a fucking big man.
He's gonna fucking die now.
Dwayne, Don't!
- Three, Two...One.
Boom.
Just killed somebody.
Hello, and welcome to MovieFone!
To use our new speech enable system,
Press Start 2
Travis, why the fuck was that Moviefone?
What's the number for the bomb?
Its In my head..man.
Alright, I switched it out
while you were taking a shit at Taco Boy, alright?
You're out of control, Dwayne.
I'm out of control?
- Yeah.
I'm in perfect fucking control!
You motherfucker...
I'm thinking about business partner
and you pull this shit with me?
I'm just tired of you pushing me around, Dwayne!
What kinda partner does that!?
Fuck you...I'm gonna probably piss blood, Now.
Yeah, That's what it said on the internet.
Would you get the phone out of my pocket.
I don't think I can make it straight.
Just put on the table.
On speakerphone.
Glad to see you finally came to your senses.
Asshole!
Who the fuck do you think
you're talking to, bro!?
Honestly, I have no idea.
Who's this?
Let me give you a hint:
your barn boy just jumped me,
tossed my bitch like a fucking rag doll
and split with the cash.
Does that ring a bell?

That's not my boy.
That dude's a dick!
I'm sorry for all the, uh, confusion
that he might've cause us today.
Confusion?
The only motherfucker who looks confused is you.
Cos Apparently,
you think you can fuck me and survive the day.
No, no no. I'm not trying
to fuck up your world.
I'm trying to fuck up his world.
Man, you just gotta understand.
You're just like a pawn
in a much larger game I'm playing here.
A pawn?
Did you just fucking call me a pawn, Homie?
I'm not a chess piece,
I'm like a fucking battle ship!
I didn't mean it that way.
Look, I'm just juggling a whole lot of shit.
Right now, alright?
I want my money. Right now.
Well, I don't have the money right now.
But if you give me a little bit time.
I think I can probably come up with it.
You know what?
The deal is off!
You just became the hit.
Congratulation, motherfucker!
What did he say?
Are we good?
He says, he is gonna kill me.
The fucking assassin is now going to kill me.
Oh shit!
Are you serious?
He's gonna fucking shoot me now.
I'm gonna die. Game over!
C'mon man. Don't say that, Dwayne.
We're gonna get that money.
Just like we planned..Okay?
We just have to get the leverage back.
How do we do that?
We hit that pizza fucking, where it hurts.
What, in his dick?

No, in his pussy!
I really don't think,
this is gonna work man.
I know, Please..
let's just try it once.
Alright, I'll try. If it doesn't work..
No more negotiations tactics, you call the guy..okay?
Alright..Three..Two.
One.
Fuck!
Fuck man!!!
It's not working!
- Yeah, cos your arms are there.
I told you, you have to cut your arms.
But.. you have to have your arms.
-Okay, I will try him.
(Voice mail)
Yo! This is the king..leave a fucking message.
It went straight to voice-mail.
- What are we gonna do, man?
If those guys don't pick up?
You're gonna explode!
In an hour you will be dead.
- Alright, I'll call him again.
That's right.
Shits just got real for you, Slumdog.
- Who the fuck are you?
- Get her!
Dwayne?
Chill out right there, Homie.
Chill out right there.
- i'm gonna walk you through it.
I'm just here for Dwayne, Okay?
that's it.
- Even if I knew where he was,
I wouldn't tell you nothing.
- Don't be stupid..Bro.
C'mon, tell me.
- You know, I saved a beaner's life in the shit.
So if I took yours,
we'd be even.
- A beaner..huh?
That shit cuts deep,
I'm not gonna lie.

That was good.

- Why you're trying to protect him?
- He hired me to kill you..motherfucker!
- Sounds like my son.
- Where the fuck is he?
- You think i'm scared of dead..huh?

There's a whole generation of gooks that think I'm the grim reaper.

Come here, You!

I'll ride you all the way to hell!

And, I know exactly how to get there!

Are you for sure done?

Nobody can fucking kill to me bro!

- Go ahead and shoot.
- Really? A fucking pen gun?

Motherfucker!

You're a fucking bad ass, bro.

You're a pimp.

Okay, remember?

You are a pimp. That's what your Ma said.

Ma told you, you're a pimp?

You're a pimp!

What the fuck is this shit?

Is that a bank?

I guess, we just became a bank robber.

Or pretty good at it.

This shit just don't make shit!

Bank robbers make banks.

Don't mess this up.

- You ready to talk now?
 - Yeah, I'm ready to talk.
- I want my fucking money!!!
- Good, then give me the fucking code, right now!

I will disarm this thing. I will...

I will leave the money some place, and you can come and get it.

You'll just have to trust me when I say that

I don't want it!!!

- Yeah, I'm sure.

You're just so ready to get back to your fantastic life.

Huh?

Your awesome job!

And that sweetheart little bitch of yours!?

- What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

You know that little lady,
you paid a visit to, today?
Well, guess what?
She's sitting in the back of my van,
Right now.
Let's just say, it's not consensual.
- Fuck you! You just crossed a line!
- There are no lines!
There's just me and you
and 100 thousand dollars.
The sooner, you figure that shit out.
The soon you'll get her back...
And your life back!
You're gonna meet me in the scrap yard..
Alone!
if you try anything crazy!!
Then, both of you are
delivering pizzas to Saint Peter.
- Let me talk to her.
- He wants to talk.
- He wants to talk to me?
What do I say???
- To her!
He wants to talk to her.
- Why the fuck
would he wants to talk to you?
- Right, sorry.
- Nick?
- Kate, I'm so sorry.
- It's okay...I'm fine...
I'm just really scared.
- Enough, she's wasting my minutes.
- She's just really gonna die..
if you fuck this up.
Got it?
Fuck!
- Nick, What going on?
Who are you talking to?
- I uh..I fucked up, Chet.
- What did you do?
- When we went into town, earlier.
It wasn't just to tell off my boss.
I mean, I did that too. But uh...
I saw Kate.

- While you had a bomb strapped to your chest?

Are you fucking kidding me!

- Look, i thought I was being careful..Okay?

I went to see her on a roof!

I case, i fucking exploded!!!!

Those guys followed me..

I had no idea that they were there.

- Of course, you didn't!

- I helped you robbed a bank, man!

I put a gun upto people's faces..

I committed a crime...I could go to jail..

And my whole life could be over!

- okay, I know i fucked up okay?

But we have the money, okay?

And as long as we have the money.

She's safe.

- Let's just stop arguing,
and go get her.

Hey! Hello??

- I'm here! I made it.

- How much time you got left?

- Four minutes..and nine seconds.

- That's cutting a little close.

- I got the cash, so give me the coat..
and Kate.

- Or maybe we could just chill out..
and wait for the money shot.

- That's very funny.

Now, give me the fucking code.

- 69..69..

.69.

- You gotta be fucking kidding me.

- Oh man, don't judge me!

Its my favourite sexual position.

- Yeah, how does that feel?

Freeman!

- I'm not free yet.

Where's she?

- C'mon Travis!

What the fuck, Dude?

This is the signal!

- I'm coming,

she knocked over my soda!

- Kate!

- Nick, is that you?
- Yeah, yeah I'm here.
It's gonna be okay.
This fucking fuels are greasening.
- Yo, come on man..
Just let her go.
- Yeah, I will. In time....
I want you to know my associate here...
He's wrapping a flame thrower.
- Be cool man...
Do not be crazy.
- Yeah, unless you think,
you can out run a 25 foot flame.
or a bullet.
- Which, You can..FYI.
- No, it's impossible.
- You want the money?
Yes, okay.
- Then, give me the girl.
- We'll meet in the middle.
- Yeah, sure.
- Move, woman!
- Alright! I'll count to three.
- One, Two..three.
Alright, you love birds!
You guys can go ahead and go home, now.
It's all over!
- You know, I actually have this sneaking suspicion
that once we turn around,
you're gonna put a bullet in both of our backs-
And uh..this is just a guess -
He's gonna burn our bodies.
- Well, They say great minds think alike.
I guess, in this case, so do we.
- No, I know..I figured that.
That's why I got a gun pointed at you, too.
I got a sniper and he's locked on you right now.
His name's Cruz...
and he's a local motherfucker.
Hey, Cruz!
- Yeah, right.
Bullshit!
How dumb do I look?
Nice try...Yeah, a Sniper.

- Holy shit Dwayne...on your forehead.
There's a red dot on your forehead.
You look like one of her people.

- There's a what?
Shit! Oh you sonofabitch!!!

- Thank you, Cruz!
- Well played.
- Alright, drop the gun.
Okay and you too.

- I can't put it down, it's attached to my backpack.
I'll just point it down?
- Yeah, that's fine. Whatever.
- Thanks!
- We're gonna walk away,
But if you try anything,
My sniper will shoot you.

- Oh you are so tough huh?
You had to use a sniper, to out do us.
Its a pussy move!
Suck it!

- Who cares, we got the money.
- Yeah, fuck them!

Hey, Wasn't expecting to see you here.

- Whoa, whoa!!!
- Don't leave the party just yet.
Hold up!

- Who the fuck are you?
I'm the motherfucking satanic...hispanic dawggy.
We were looking for you man.
We got all your money, right here.
Alright, throw it down.
Hey, what the fuck? We paid you your fucking money,
put the fun down.

- It's very disappointing
the way you guys do business.
It's fucked up bro.
I got shot with a pen, today!
With a fucking pen! Bro...
Right in my neck!
And I got hit in the face, with a fucking crowbar,
or something like that.
By the looks of you guy.

- I don't know what you're talking about man!
but, there is your money, just fucking take it!

- I am taking that money,
And then I'm gonna tie up the two loose ends
- We are not loose ends!
-You dumb motherfucker!
You are as loose as ends get.
- Dwayne, what do we do?
- Torch him!
Chet!? What are you doing here!?
- I'm good, where is Nick?
- I don't know, he ran off!
- What the fuck is going on?
- I don't know,
Motherfuckers are getting set on fire.
We need to leave, Now!
Hey, I got the money.
- Travis!!!
I got you buddy, hang tough.
Travis, are you alright?
Are you okay, man?
- Dwayne...You came back for me...
You said you never would.
- You did good man.
You didn't hesitate.
- That's what she said.
Yeah, that is what she said.
- It works there.
- I'm gonna go put a bullet in that asshole's face.
Go and get our money back.
You'll be able to get home, okay?
- Yeah, I can.
Go fucking get him, dude.
- I will.
Go get our fucking money!
You had a bomb strap to you all day?
Yeah. But we got away.
- For the second time, with the money.
- So, when you came to see me today?
- Yeah, I meant everything I said.
- Oh, c'mon Kate!
What are you, caught in a moment.
You're gonna fucking take King Dwayne's money!
You wanna fucking play???
Guess who, pizza boy!
Pull over.

- Ger fucked!
- No, you don't understand!
- YOU don't understand!
- I own this town!
- Why did the van just explode?
Remember that bomb i was telling you about?
I kinda type in the code...
...reactivated it
and put it in the back of that guy's van.
- How did you remember the code?
You know, It doesn't matter.
Anyway, we are alive, and we are rich.
This money's gonna change my life.
First off, Gran Rapids Elementary...
Fuck you kid.
I'm done! Okay?
I'll finally do all the stuff that i wanna do.
You know, travel the world.
Spend a little time in Italy...
Maybe, Summer in France.
Ahhhh!!!
Sandra!!!!