

Final Draft 7 Demo

Criminals Anonymous

by
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SUSPENSE MUSIC and opening credits intercut with the opening montage.

INT. CAR

A young woman, Chloe (20) is driving along a road. She is talking into her cell phone.

CHLOE

No, no, mom... I just wanted to check with dad what this red light means. ...Yeah, of course I pulled over, I wouldn't drive a defective car. Okay, mom, love you, put dad on!

EXT. WOODS - DAY

GUNSHOT. ED (28), a tough-looking backwoods man wearing a cap promoting the Northern Michigan Regional Militia, is target-practicing in the woods with several Slurpee cups lined on a fence. He shoots another off.

INT. CAR

A long stretch of open, county road. Chloe puts on her iPod and some faint CLASSICAL MUSIC starts.

INT. STORE

A pale, gawkish young man, DAVY (19) is looking blankly out of the store window at Ed doing his target practice in the back. He scratches the back of his head with the severed arm of a plastic manikin.

INT. CAR

Chloe is driving along a remote county road. She looks at her gas gauge. It is nearly empty.

EXT. WOODS

Having run out of cups, Ed practices his aim as a few cars pass along a road through several trees.

FADE TO:

EXT. PUMP N' PAY GAS STATION - GAS PUMPS - DAY

She is still listening to her iPod. Chloe has finished refueling her car and is humming along, occasionally even making "conducting" motions with the music, while screwing her gas cap back on. It climaxes, and there is the loud CRACK of a gun firing in open air. She automatically ducks, looks around for the source. The music has finished, and Chloe takes off her ear pieces to hear the echoing silence. She quickly heads into the store.

INT. PUMP N' PAY GAS STATION - DAY

Chloe enters the Pump N' Pay. Somewhat dark, lit only by yellowing florescences, the store has browns, dark reds and greens as a common theme. Although spic and span, the store cannot hide it's age and somewhat shoddy construction.

There appears to be no one in the store as she enters.

CHLOE
(calling)
Hello?

She looks around. Behind her is Davy, watching her silently, one hand slipped deep inside his pocket. Chloe senses his presence and turns around.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Oh. Did you hear that gunshot just now? It sounded like it was on your property.

DAVY
...That's Ed...

Chloe nods, concerned.

CHLOE
Is there someone else on duty I could speak to?

DAVY
...Ed...

A beat. Davy's face remains blank, as does his hand in his pocket.

She turns towards the back of the store.

As she passes the back door, Ed enters through back, tucking a gun away in his belt. Chloe's eyes widen as she sees the gun; this is clearly something foreign to her.

ED

Can I help you with something?

CHLOE

Uh, no, I'm just- fine.

She can't help but get another glance at his gun. Ed gives her a look, then heads over towards Davy.

ED

Hey, Davy, uh...

He talks to Davy SOTTO VOCE, glancing at Chloe. From her perspective he definitely seems to be talking about her, maybe asking, but she does not know what.

She quickly leans down to look for items across a shelf in an attempt to finish her stated business and get out of the store ASAP. She grabs some Advil and a bottled water.

Chloe looks over at the two. Ed seems to be talking more forcibly to Davy, maybe telling him to do something he doesn't want to do. Davy turns, Ed giving him a light cuff. Davy doesn't seem to notice, watching the floor as he walks. Ed goes over to check out Chloe's items.

ED (CONT'D)

(bagging her items as he talks)

One bottled water, one bottle of Advil, and the gasoline comes to \$35.15.

CHLOE

(quickly)

Right.

She holds out her credit card to give to Ed. He holds his hands back. Chloe is confused, but then notices a sign by the register that reads "NO CREDIT CARDS OR OUT-OF-TOWN CHECKS!"

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry-

Ed rolls his eyes as Chloe searches through her purse. Amid a myriad of credit cards and a checking booklet, she only has a lone twenty dollar bill.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I have twenty dollars and...

She searches harder, setting some of the excess clutter, including a Mace spray, on the counter.

ED

What is this? You're not planning something, are you?

CHLOE

What?

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ED

I don't believe you. Let me see that-

Ed reaches for Chloe's purse, who pulls it away from him.

ED (CONT'D)

Alright. Fine. We're going out to your car, right now. Davy, go get the rubber hose! I know of at least one way we can take care of this.

Chloe looks at Ed in horror.

ED (CONT'D)

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Let's move. Now.

Ed reaches out to begin pulling Chloe out to her car.

Reacting as fast as she can Chloe jerks away, grabs her Mace Spray and sprays Ed in the eyes at point-blank range. Ed grabs his face, lets out a YELP of pain as he falls back, knocking over a display. Chloe grabs the bag, turns to leave.

As she begins to exit the store she looks back at Ed, hand clasped over his eyes, clearly in pain.

Chloe GASPS, realizing what she has done. She looks at the pepper spray in her hand.

Focus is pulled to reveal a police officer, JOE TUESDAY, standing behind her, his gun pulled.

TUESDAY

Drop the weapon! Right now!

Chloe drops it and raises her hands in the air.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTROOM - LATER

Ed dabs his reddened eyes with a wet paper towel over a sink.

ED

...So I start to lead her out to her car cause we're going to have to syphon out her gas, and that's when she sprays me in the eyes and starts to take off with everything. It's strange, I never would have had her pegged as that type of person.

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TUESDAY

Well Ed, it just goes to show you never can tell the criminal apart from the regular folks.

CUT TO:

INT. PUMP N' PAY GAS STATION

Chloe has been handcuffed to a table with Davy watching over her. She sits in silence, itching around her handcuff.

DAVY

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(mumbled)
Do you believe in an absolute beauty?

CHLOE

(looking up)
What?

DAVY

Nothing.

A beat.

INT. REST ROOM

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TUESDAY

That's her car I saw out front?

ED

Yeah.

TUESDAY

I imagine that thing could fetch a pretty-penny at the auctions.

ED

What would you think if we were to say... barter, letting her go free with that car of hers?

TUESDAY

I could maybe go for that. But I don't know if she would.

ED

Well what if I were to give her the old "common ground" speech?

(himself)

You know, I'm all for finding common ground to bridge our differences.

(Chloe)

So am I!

(himself)

Have you ever been tortured with thumbscrews?

(Chloe)

No.

(himself)

Neither have I. And if you cooperate, we can maintain that common ground.

Ed is bemused by his own wit.

INT. PUMP N' PAY GAS STATION

DAVY

Just so you know, I'm nothing like Ed or Mr. Tuesday.

CHLOE

Oh, okay.

DAVY

I hate them both just as much as you do.

CHLOE

I never said I hated them. I think I can see the other side of the story now, and Officer Tuesday is just doing his job.

Davy's not sure how to react at first.

DAVY

I don't think you're going to survive this.

INT. STORE OFFICE

TUESDAY

So what do you want to do?

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ED

The usual, I suppose. How else will she learn?

TUESDAY

By the way, do you have the supplies for next Tuesday's little event?

Ed automatically reacts, giving Tuesday a wrapped box. Something rattles on the inside.

TUESDAY (CONT'D)

Thanks, I'll, uh-

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ED

Just don't let the girl see them.

INT. STORE

DAVY

Ed is so stupid and arrogant that sometimes just have these impulses to smash him. Like I'll be handing him a box cutter, and I'll realize that I could stab him right at that moment if I wanted. And I wouldn't have to think about it, I could just do it, and he'd be out of my life forever and... after he's opening boxes I hate myself for not doing what I know I never could do.

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CHLOE

Oh.

Chloe tries to pull away a bit, but the handcuffs keep her from going anywhere.

DAVY

That's what I admire about you. You follow your impulses and don't think about the consequences.

(MORE)

DAVY (CONT'D)

You know, as an artist, I have to learn to believe in my impulses. That's the only way I'll ever be successful.

CHLOE

(stunned)

Oh, you like art. Wonderful.

DAVY

Yes, I have a sanctuary up in the attic. I think you'll be seeing it soon enough.

Tuesday and Ed enter the room.

TUESDAY

Alright, we want to talk to you for a bit. Maybe we'll decide to give you a second chance or, uh, something like that.

ED

Yeah, because we believe in finding common ground.

Tuesday cuts Ed off, indicating that now is not the time.

TUESDAY

Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. PUMP N' PAY GAS STATION - ATTIC - DAY

In the attic of the store is Davy's "Art Collection", a collection of bizarre and even frightening items; manikins, mirrors, sculptures, tangled fishing nets with plastic body parts and other objects; with the dark light it is right out of a horror show, leaving much to the imagination.

Chloe is lead up the stairs by Davy, followed closely by Tuesday and then Ed.

TUESDAY

I'm glad you're cooperating. You're making this a lot easier on everyone.

Chloe looks around as Tuesday shows her to her seat.

CHLOE
What is this?

DAVY
My sanctuary.

Davy recedes into the shadows.

TUESDAY
(sitting down opposite her)
So... what made you want to do it?

CHLOE
Officer, I swear my intentions were never to steal anything or cause any harm.

TUESDAY
That's fine. Things don't always have to be completely rational, I understand. Sometimes people get these unexplainable urges... strong urges that the longer you let them go the stronger they get, to where you just start taking risks that normally, according to your little rules of operation, you wouldn't take because they could lead to arrest.

CHLOE
No, no, I'm not the criminal type at all. It all happened very fast, and he started to reach out to me-

TUESDAY
Look, if you are the "non-criminal" type then you wouldn't have started to leave the store. Now, I can be reasonable, and maybe it's just that you're suffering from some sort of mental disease that was responsible for your actions.

He walks over to examine Chloe's forehead close-up.

TUESDAY (CONT'D)
You might have been dropped as a child or have a worm buried in your frontal lobe.
(MORE)

TUESDAY (CONT'D)

No matter how you look at it, there is a clear difference between the thought patterns of people like you and regular law-abiding folks. I guess you just never knew it until today.

CHLOE

(begging)

Please, I understand what you're trying to say. I promise I'll never even think of doing anything wrong ever again. Ever.

Tuesday backs up.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

This is insane.

ED

There's nothing insane about wanting justice.

TUESDAY

(to Ed)

So what do you think?

ED

She still thinks she's innocent. We better lock her up back for a couple of days to make sure she understands.

TUESDAY

Alright then. Uh, Davy, keep an eye on her, Ed and I need to clear out the cell.

Ed crosses to Davy.

ED

(hushed, serious)
If I find out you let her go, I will kill you.

Ed and Tuesday leave to go deeper into the attic.

Chloe looks to the stairs. This is her last chance for escape.

CHLOE

(whispered)

Hey, Davy, can you get me out of here. I can take you someplace.

DAVY
No, I can't. Ed will find me and...

Davy makes some indeterminate twisting motion with his hand.

CHLOE
Not if we kill them both first.

DAVY
What?

CHLOE
Yeah, sure. I can get Tuesday with my pepper spray and you can do Ed with your box cutter or whatever. Then we keep going until...

She emulates Davy's indeterminate twisting motion.

DAVY
(imagination is reeling
but he doesn't quite
believe it)
No, you wouldn't do that, I mean-

CHLOE
Why not? Seems my mistake seemed to condemn me to a criminal stereotype, so I might as well take advantage of that while I can.

Davy looks around.

DAVY
Okay.

He lets Chloe out of the chair, hands Chloe her pepper spray from his pocket, and begins to lead her over towards the spot where Ed and Tuesday are working.

DAVY (CONT'D)
(sotto voce)
Oh, and we'll need to grab Alice and Susan on the way out.
(off Chloe's look)
My two mannequins.

They continue. Tuesday and Ed are bent over, working hard at scrapping something off the floor with sharp tools, making a lot of noise. Davy slowly approaches behind them, raising his box cutter above his head. But just as he's about to make the plunge, he looks behind him and sees that Chloe had left him.

Ed and Tuesday see Davy.

INT. PUMP N' PAY GAS STATION - DAY

Chloe rushes out from the attic, across the store. She pauses as she hears the ruckus above. Davys feet are heard jolting across the ceiling, followed by Tuesday and Ed. She grabs the items off the counter she never paid for. She is out the door, with sounds of Davy, Tuesday and Ed quickly following.

EXT. PUMP N' PAY GAS STATION

Chloe gets into her car, fumbling with the keys as she tries to jam them in the ignition. They're not far behind. She finally gets it in and pulls away.

Just exiting the store is Davy, who had dragged one of his mannequins along. He watches as Chloe drives off, not forgetting to use her turn signal as she turns onto the main road. He drops the mannequin, and then runs off in the opposite direction Chloe left.

INT. CHLOE'S CAR

Safe now, she checks her rearview mirror for one last glimpse at the gas station. She sets her purse on the other seat, and notices, along with the bottled water and advil, that she still has her \$20. She never paid for a thing. Setting it down she takes out her cell phone and dials.

CHLOE

(into phone)

Hello, police? I'd like to report a crime...

FADE OUT.

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