

SCRIPT TITLE

Twisted Success  
(Working Title)

Written by  
Justin Scott Cole

Address  
(850) 565-0584

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

\*

Taxi cabs amongst sea of traffic navigate busy streets as they pick up and drop off passengers.

\*

\*

A mid size black sedan zooms past several taxis waiting along the curb for pickups. MIKE, tall with medium length hair slicked back and dressed in a Chauffeur uniform, 32, gazes at the taxi drivers from behind the steering wheel.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Mike turns the radio dial as he weaves in and out of traffic.

\*

MIKE

C'mon, play something decent why dontcha...

Mike looks over at his friend SAMMY, 31, tall & lanky and dressed in black slacks with slick black hair, sitting next to him with his right foot propped up on the dash. He holds a lit cigarette out the window, takes a puff and exhales smoke slowly.

\*

MIKE (CONT'D)

Christ... all these stations and not a god damn thing on...

SAMMY

Ah chill out why dontcha...

MIKE

Hey, don't you start. Just want to get in the right mind set before I start driving these rich bastards around town again.

Sammy shakes his head, then continues to smoke looking outside the window.

SAMMY

Ya know... If you hate it so much, why don't you just find some other line of work?

Mike stares at Sammy as the car pulls up to a red light.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Ya kno.. there are other ways than taking crap from these A-holes...

Mike shakes his head, the light turns green. Mike drives up and to the right, and pulls into open parking lot.

\*

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A group of older, more seasoned men circle BIG BOSS Jimmy, a short stocky man, 47, holding a clipboard. \*

Mike and Sammy get out of the car and walk towards them. Sammy nudges Mike and points towards the main office and heads to the office building nearby.

Mike nods, continues towards group. Big Boss Jimmy, holding the clipboard looks in Mike's direction.

BIG BOSS JIMMY

Well, well, well... a little late  
aren't we sunshine?

MIKE

Um... there was traffic and a huge  
accident on the five. Just ask Sam-

BIG BOSS JIMMY

-Hey save it!... We got's a big  
event going on tonight and I don't  
want my business to lose out cause  
of some crummy excuses.

Mike glares over at his boss Jimmy, and clutches his fists. \*

BIG BOSS JIMMY (CONT'D)

Okay, listen up losers. As you  
might have heard, several top  
Environmental CEO's are in town for  
the unveiling of that whatya  
callit.. some famous art piece that  
was found overseas buried by the  
nazis.

All the guys in the circle roll their eyes. Mike stands and glares at Jimmy.

Big Boss Jimmy, waves clipboard to get everyone's attention focused again.

BIG BOSS JIMMY (CONT'D)

Whatever the cause for this shindig  
is unimportant. But what is  
important is the fact that you guys  
need to be on point tonight. And I  
better not hear any negative  
feedback.

All nod in affirmation with a few grunts and sighs.

BIG BOSS JIMMY (CONT'D)  
And that goes double to you Mike.  
Stop trying to rub elbows with  
these guys. Nothings gonna happen,  
so suck it up.

Mike continues staring, fists still clutched. He starts to  
take a step forward when the senior driver WILL, tall  
muscular Irishman, 60, speaks up. \*

WILL  
Alright now, give us our schedules  
and routes and we'll be off... to  
make you look pretty your highness.

Big Boss Jimmy sneers at that remark, while looking up at  
Will.

BIG BOSS JIMMY  
Oh you want to be funny wise guy?  
Keep it up and you'll find yourself  
under the turnpike with all the  
rest of the bums outta work. Okay,  
gramps?

Will gives a smirk, puts his hands on his waist.

WILL  
Gotcha Big Boss Man. Now can we get  
our routes?

Boss Jimmy passes out route assignments to the guys in the  
group. A few men grunt and grab their sheets and head to  
their assigned limo cars.

Big Boss Jimmy walks back toward the office, and motions for  
the men to hurry up and get to work.

Mike looks down at his sheet to find out where he's going for  
the pickup while Will looks towards him.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Don't let that S.O.B get to you  
son. He's just like his father,  
spoiled and full of himself.

Mike kicks a pile of rocks.

MIKE  
God that sonabitch is going to get  
his one day, mark my words.

WILL

Yea, yea, and everybody else has said the exact same thing. But he's the boss and we're the workers. We have to do what we're told.

MIKE

Well this is different, I got big plans in the works that will sky rocket me to the top.

Mike looks over towards Sammy walking from the office building.

MIKE (CONT'D)

We'll soon put plans into motion and we won't be taking his crap for long.

WILL

A couple people have tried to rally up against but "long story short", they were never heard from again. Besides, he knows what he can and cant get away with. I think he just pushes so far for the power trip. You kno.. Napoleon syndrome.

MIKE

Yea maybe... but I'm serious and his day is coming, just you wait and see...

Will smiles and pats Mike on the back. The two then break off and walks towards their own limos. Sammy runs up as Mike reaches the car.

SAMMY

Hey man, I caught a whiff of what went on but not all. Looks like Jimmy is being Jimmy as usual.

Mike nods as they both get into the Limo. He hands the assignment sheet to Sammy and starts to drive off toward their destination.

INT. LIMO CAR - NIGHT

Mike drives through the busy downtown streets towards the Grand Plaza Hotel. Sammy looks over the night's assignment sheet.

SAMMY

It says here we're picking up some  
sort of environmental EPA CEO.  
Huh... nature been good to him I  
suppose.

Mike still drives in silence, staring up ahead.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Oh man... you should see this guy's  
credentials. I mean, why the hell  
would they put these on here...  
like we give two shits.

Mike continues the thousand yard stare and grips the steering wheel tightly, accelerating to make each green light. \*

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Oh shoot.. Mike you got to hear  
this. This guy-

MIKE

Just shut up Sam!

Sammy looks over with one eye brow raised.

SAMMY

What the hell's your problem?

MIKE

...noth.. Nothing, just need to  
focus so I can do my job.

Sammy shakes his head, and sits the assignment sheet on the dash. \*

MIKE (CONT'D)

I... dunno, just tired that's all.  
Ever want something more outta  
life? Like you know you're meant  
for something much bigger in this  
world? \*

Sammy just shrugs, smiles and looks out the front window.

SAMMY

Yea... I know whatcha mean. But you  
can't get down. Just know that  
things are slowly but steadily  
progressing. You're saving money  
and soon you'll have the money to  
get married and provide the kinda  
life to your family that you want.

EXT. OUTSIDE IN FRONT OF HOTEL - NIGHT

Mike pulls up to the valet desk and parks, he looks at Sammy \*  
and sighs.

MIKE

Well, if I have anything to say  
about it, I'm gonna start kicking  
my destiny into overdrive tonight.  
Just you wait and see.

Mike turns off car and gets out, walks around front to the  
valet.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Yeah, hello there, I'm here to pick  
up a CEO of the environmental  
protection agency. Jimmy's limo  
company sent us to pick him up. We  
should be on the long list of other  
drivers picking up from here  
tonight.

Valet looks down at the list on his podium. Scans through  
list of names.

VALET

Oh yes, he's right in the lobby.  
Let me page him for you. I'm going  
to need to see your ID first for  
protocol.

Mike nods and shows him his identification. Look past the  
glass doors into the lobby and spots what appears to be his  
client.

MIKE

So, my assignment sheet didn't have  
a name for this guy. You got it?

VALET

(rolling eyes)

Yea, its... Mr. Greenleaf. But I  
wouldn't make any jokes if I were  
you. He's probably heard them all.

Mike nods and walks over to the glass door to open it for his  
client. Mr. GREENLEAF, medium build with glasses, 37,  
approaches and walks through.

MIKE

Hello Sir.. Mr. Greenleaf, my name  
is Mike and I'll be your driver for  
tonight.

Greenleaf just walks past towards the limo. Mike hurriedly runs and opens the back right door to the limo. Smiles again and tries to make eye contact.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Sir, we're delighted to have been chosen to escort you this evening.

Greenleaf not making eye contact, walks past Mike and bends down to enter limo.

GREENLEAF

(as entering)

Got to make the first event in ten minutes, so drive fast, but safe okay.

MIKE

Yes sir, I'll get you there in no time and in one piec-

Greenleaf shuts the door to the limo.

Mike looks around, smiles, nods to the valet and walks around to the front to get in and drive.

INT./EXT. LIMO CAR - NIGHT

Mike enters car and starts engine, looks over at a smiling Sammy. Mike waves his finger towards him as he puts it in drive and puts his foot on the accelerator.

Driving onward to the first destination, Mike occasionally looks back through the rear view mirror towards Mr. Greenleaf in the back.

MIKE

So you're the head of the EPA I guess. Pretty interesting position I tell you.

Mr. Greenleaf looks down at his note cards.

\*

MIKE (CONT'D)

Yea, myself and a friend of mine are huge fans and have some great ideas to help the environment. As a matter of fact, just the other day, we were discuss-

The window visor raises up shutting the opening between the driver and client.

SAMMY

I guess he's not one on much conversation.

MIKE

No... but by the end of the night, he'll be talking and wanting to know all about my plans.

SAMMY

And what plans would that be huh? You have no idea what the EPA does and you've never ever cared for the environment, let alone go to a event on your own.

MIKE

Yea, but he doesn't know that. And for all he's concerned, I can be the biggest tree hugger this side of dodge.

Sammy just shakes his head and continues to hold and look down at the assignment sheet and directions.

Mike continues to drive fast, dodging traffic on the way to the CEO's first event. Gripping the steering wheel tighter as he draws closer, staring into space as he accelerates faster.

SAMMY

You know, if you ever wanted to gain the respect of these A-holes, you need to be pretty loaded with moolah if you know what I mean.

Not paying any attention, Mike continues driving faster.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

I mean, considering the situation, the only way to riches for us would be I dunno the lottery.. That or rob a bank.

Barreling through the streets faster and faster, Mike swerves to avoid a another vehicle and slams on the breaks before causing an accident.

The limo comes to a screeching halt, sliding right in front of the press conference for the CEO.

The visor comes down in the middle showing an irate heated CEO.

GREENLEAF

What the HELL do you think you're doing?! Are you completely out of your mind?

\*

Mike comes to, looks at Sammy and back at the CEO.

MIKE

Um.. Sir.. I do apologize for that but there was a vehicle that I was trying to avoid. Being the creative genius that I am and caring for the environment like I do, a just sudden master plan came to mind and I know you wont be disappointed. Just hear me out. This will benefit the whole glo-

GREENLEAF

-Son, I don't give a rats ass what you thought of and what you want. You want to know honestly what your ideas and thoughts mean to me?!

Greenleaf holds up his hand in the shape of a circle.

GREENLEAF (CONT'D)

Yea that's right, zero, ziltch, nata. You're just a lowly driver and that's what you'll always be. Your father was probably one and your son or daughter will be one if the world is unlucky enough to be graced with your pathetic spawn.

Mike grips the steering wheel even tighter. His eyes opens wide and stares straight into the rear view mirror towards the CEO. Mike starts to turn red, his arms shake.

\*

Sammy looks over to Mike, he tries to motion with his hands to bring it back down and stay cool.

Mike suddenly exits the limo and walks around in front of the press. He opens the rear door up and pulls the CEO out, Mike throws the CEO towards the ground and starts pounding on him over and over.

The crowd stares in disbelief. A couple of reporters call 911 and within minutes sirens are heard throughout the air.

Mike finally comes to and stops his bloody rampage. His hands are covered in blood. He looks down at the battered beaten CEO.

Looking around at the crowd stepping back from him, Mike comes to his senses.

MIKE

I don't appreciate rude behavior in  
a man, I won't tolerate it  
whatsoever.

Mike runs back around the limo and gets in and drives off.

SAMMY

Are you kidding me Mike? Do you  
know how much shit you're in? For  
God's sake, think of your fiancée  
and soon to be kid.

Mike, tearing up continues to speed ahead, passing  
intersection after intersection, disregarding red lights or  
signals.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Mike talk to me, we can get through  
this. We just need to think things  
through and go back to confess and  
apologize.

MIKE

NO! There's no way they'll listen  
to me. You saw all of them. They're  
on his side and I'll be crucified  
for sure.

SAMMY

So what, we can get a lawyer ya  
kno... We do have options and still  
a chance to make things right.

Mike just shakes his head, drives forward into a nearby scrap  
metal yard.

EXT. SCRAP METAL YARD - NIGHT

Mike gets out of the car and throws the keys to the CHIEF  
ENGINEER on duty.

MIKE

Can you get rid of this asap? No  
questions asked okay.

CHIEF ENGINEER

(hesitantly)

Yea... but there's a fee.

(MORE)

CHIEF ENGINEER (CONT'D)  
I won't ask anything, but something  
of this size requires a little  
compensation.

Mike nods, starts to walk off of the lot while turning.

MIKE  
You'll get your payment tomorrow,  
guaranteed. I'll float you a grand.  
You have my word.

CHIEF ENGINEER  
Um... well if you're lying and I  
don't get anything, my people will  
find you Mike and dispose of you  
too.

Mike turns away and heads out, walking out of the lot.

EXT. SIDE STREET THROUGH NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Mike and Sammy start walking fast through the neighborhood,  
to Mike's house.

SAMMY  
Mike, talk to me, we got to do  
something. This has bad news all  
over it. The wrath of the CEO, Boss  
Jimmy... oh god, just think what  
Jimmy will do. We're totally  
screwed.

MIKE  
We're not screwed Sam. All we need  
to do is do what you suggested back  
there.

SAMMY  
(confused)  
Um... what do you mean?

MIKE  
You know, in order for us to be on  
top, we need to have the green and  
lots of it.

Sammy, stops in his tracks.

SAMMY  
Mike, what.. I was kidding. What  
the hell are you going to do or  
planning?

Mike continues walking forward through the neighborhood.  
Sammy runs to catch up.

MIKE

It's simple, we come up with a heist. One perfect Heist to acquire all the wealth we need and we'll be skyrocketed to the top amongst all the high rollers. Then and only then will be respected and I'll be able to give the life I want to my love and soon to be newborn.

Sammy, waves his arms and hands from side to side.

SAMMY

No, No, NO, this is not the way bro.

MIKE

So your against me too huh...

SAMMY

No... I didn't say that. I'm with you through thick or thin. I'll always be there with you Mike.

MIKE

Okay then, so now lets perfect our plans.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mike walks back and forth holding a coffee cup. Sammy sits at the kitchen table, head down with his hands on top of his head.

Looking up, Sammy watches Mike pass back and forth.

SAMMY

Alright Mike, so what's the plan?

Mike still passes by holding and staring at his coffee cup.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

For God's sake, could you stop for a second and lets discuss this through?

Coming to a halt, Mike faces the window above the kitchen sink.

MIKE

I got it. The perfect set up, the perfect heist!

SAMMY

Oh..kay... So let's have it.

MIKE

How bout this... you and I will pose as surfers, we'll grab some ex-president masks and go rob a bunch of banks. It's perfect.

Sammy looks up and down at Mike, holds up finger.

SAMMY

Hey... Mike, not to burst your bubble, but I'm afraid that's already been done.

Mike turns around towards Sammy, head slightly turned.

MIKE

... what? What do you mean, already been done?

SAMMY

Yea, Yea, remember that movie with Keanu Reeves and Patrick Swayze. Point Break dude. It's a classic.

Mike shakes his head, then walks over to the opposite side of the table and sits.

MIKE

Oh.. Okay wise guy, how about this one. You go get some guys to help us rob a bank. To conceal their identities, we'll makem wear stupid clown masks and will instruct each of them to off each other after certain points of the robbery is completed. All will be taken out of the cut until we're the only two to take the loot. This is by far the perfect set u-

SAMMY

Hold it right there... doesn't this sound any bit familiar?

MIKE

What now?! I swear to God!

SAMMY

Sorry man... It's just that this sounds like that movie with the Joker.

MIKE

The who?...

SAMMY

The Dark Knight?... You don't watch a lot of movies do ya... I mean, those are some good ideas but its just too bad they've already been done...

Mike shakes his head. Gets up and walks out of the kitchen. Re-enters with a shotgun and 9MM pistol.

MIKE

Okay, I guess we'll just improvise then... That liquor store down the road is known to carry some heavy loot. C'mon, its now or never. Our destiny awaits.

Mike loads the shotgun, throws it on his shoulder and walks outside...

INT. MENTAL ASYLUM - DAY

Nurses and doctors walk hallway, occasionally escorting patients to their rooms. A WOMAN tall, slender, 28, stands outside last room at the end of hallway with a DOCTOR.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry Miss, there isn't really a great way of saying this. Your fiancée, he has a severe condition of schizophrenic tendencies. His mind is very weak.

WOMAN

I just don't understand it. He was fine the other day. I mean, he always spoke with high aspirations and giving us the life we deserved, but I never thought it would lead to this. When can I see him?

DOCTOR

For now we've talked to all eyewitnesses. The CEO, his boss and even the liquor store owner.

(MORE)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

They've agreed to drop everything as long as he stays here... Tell me miss, he... Mike keeps mentioning someone by the name of Sammy. He says that he will vouch for him and clear up matters. Your thoughts?

WOMAN

Hmmm... I... don't know what your talking bout. Mike's always been the loner type. He's never ever mentioned that person before...

The woman looks at the doctor then peers through the door window towards Mike strapped in a straight jacket rocking back and forth talking to himself.

INT. INNER CELL ROOM - DAY

Inside padded cell, Mike with his arms strapped to his sides looks over and around the room.

MIKE

We almost made it Sammy. If only you had followed my directions to the key.. I-

SAMMY/MIKE

No Mike, you failed yourself. This place... now you have to reap the results of all your wrongdoings.

Mike continues to speak to nothing while rocking back and forth. He looks up at a small window with bars. The sunlight hits his face. He smiles and closes his eyes...

THE END.