

Final Draft 7 Demo

SCREWED

by  
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A short heist comedy.

Draft 3  
2/20/10  
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INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

LEO WILSON (27) and DAVID LEE (26) sit against a wall in the darkness, sipping Fanta. Nearby RICK (35), JONES (31) and KEVIN (16) play cards. Everyone is wearing black. Cracks of light stream through the dusty air. Leo turns to David.

LEO  
Some people really do look exactly  
like monkeys.

David ignores Leo's theorizing and takes another sip.

LEO (CONT'D)  
Little black baby. Asian babies are  
pandas--

DAVID  
I'm not comfortable participating  
in this conversation.

Leo's watch alarm beeps repeatedly.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Let's go.

LEO  
Alright.

Leo lifts a panel of the floor and light floods the dark room from below. Leo jumps down into the hole and lands in a

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

with a thud among the mops. David drops down after him. As David catches the bulky bags dropped down to him, Leo reviews his map and instructs the team.

LEO  
This is easy, guys. I actually feel  
bad for our friend Mr. Palmer. He  
built this awesome place and we're  
robbing him anyway.

The other men drop into the closet.

RICK  
I brought some thief disguises.

Rick holds up a wad of nylons, and puts one over his head.

LEO

This isn't a seven eleven, Rick.  
And I'm not paying you because  
you're thieves - I'm paying you  
because you're mechanics.

David gives each man custodial coveralls.

DAVID

We need to hustle. Don't activate  
or open or touch or think anything.  
This place is built like Fort Knox.  
Getting in was the easy part.

Kevin holds up his coveralls.

JONES

Nice.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The door creaks open and Leo emerges with swagger, rolling a  
mop. David follows, super paranoid.

DAVID

Leo! Take it easy.

LEO

Chill. We're in, Dave.

The others follow Leo into the dark

INT. SHOWROOM FLOOR - NIGHT

where their flashlights examine the walls. Leo flips a light  
switch - they're standing in the middle of

INT. PALMER'S EXOTIC CAR DEALERSHIP - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

with all of it's sheet-covered beauties. Jones yanks one  
sheet away to reveal a black 2009 Porche Targa. Kevin  
whistles in awe.

DAVID

Don't--

RICK

I call this one.

LEO

Sorry boys, we only have time for one tonight, and I already picked my fave.

Leo whips the sheet off of a lime green 2010 Lamborghini Mercielago.

KEVIN

You can't hotwire a Lambo.

DAVID

You thought we were gonna hotwire it?

David climbs into the Lamborghini, holding a homemade car key covered in wires and circuit boards.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I have the key. This will start any car.

JONES

Yeah right.

With pure nerd delight, David inserts the key and turns it. Nothing. David is crushed.

DAVID

What the hell.

RICK

Some jerk on Ebay just made five hundred bucks on you.

DAVID

I tried it at home like ten times.

JONES

Toyotas are a little different.

VROOOOOOM! An red 2008 Enzo starts. Kevin grins like a kid in the driver's seat.

Leo walks up and tosses the Lamborghini's keys to David.

LEO

They have a little cabinet.

DAVID

Turn that off!

Kevin kills the engine.

LEO  
Might as well. We're not driving  
these out.

RICK  
Please tell me we're tunneling.

LEO  
Nope. The foundation is ten feet  
thick. Palmer lifts every new model  
in and out through that door.  
He points up to a huge garage door on the ceiling.

JONES  
So why aren't we lifting them out?

LEO  
Do you have a crane?

DAVID  
The door is untouchable. Six alarms  
at least.

LEO  
There's no door or window on this  
building wide enough to drive a car  
through.

DAVID  
It's like a safe.

RICK  
If you guys don't have a plan, just  
tell us. We won't think less of you.

DAVID  
We've planned this for months.

KEVIN  
There's no way out of this place.

LEO  
Listen up, mechanics.

David unzips their bulky bags and starts removing body shop  
tools.

LEO (CONT'D)  
We're taking these cars out the  
back door - one piece at a time.

DAVID

We'll reassemble it outside and  
drive outta here.

KEVIN

Palmer's gonna piss his pants.

INT. PALMER'S EXOTIC CAR DEALERSHIP - MORNING

LUKE PALMER (33), a rich dirtbag, unlocks the front door enters the dealership, sipping his Starbucks. He sets down his messenger bag and surveys the showroom. Just as he left it.

He yanks the sheet off of the Enzo and polishes a smudge off the hood. He steps back to admire it, but something sharp pokes through his shoe. It's a metal screw. He looks up at the ceiling door - systems normal. Then he looks at the Lamborghini.

Palmer stomps over to it and yanks the sheet away to reveal the office furniture and folding chairs underneath, arranged in the form of a Mercielago. He clenches his teeth.

CUT TO BLACK

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