



By

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Original Concept

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SCENE 1: KID STUFF

EXT. Fifteen bedroom mansion - Night

An old beat up hatchback sits about half a block away, on the opposite side of the street, its license plate reads "OUTATIME." Inside the car, two men sit hunched forward, trying to get a good look at the mansion.

BYROM is a black man in his mid-thirties. He wears glasses and dresses unstylishly. In his lap is a baby girl, about six months old. He bounces her on one leg. STAN is about the same age as Byrom. He's a white guy, with a bit of a gut and thick Buddy Holly glasses. He bites into a king size candy bar as he talks.

Stan stares at Byrom and Lucy, his baby. Byrom stares at the mansion.

STAN:

Dude...this is soooooooo wrong.

BYROM:

Just think about how many senior citizens this guy wiped out. He's a scumbag. Just another banker without a soul.

STAN:

No. No. No. Not what I what I meant.

Beat.

STAN:

You brought your BAY-BEE.

Stan stares at Byrom. Byrom ignores his friend and peers at the mansion.

STAN:

BAYYYYYYYY-BEEEEEEEEEEEE.

BYROM:

Okay, it's eight-fifteen...the automatic lights should pop on...NOW!

Nothing happens.

Byrom continues staring at the massive home.

(CONTINUED)

STAN:

Why do we care about the lights again?

BYROM:

If they come on, that means he's not here...What was I supposed to do? Sitters cost money.

STAN:

Dude, your mother-in-law still lives with you. Do you get how messed up that is? Your wife moved out, but she left her **mom**. Put that broad to work...Also, that makes no sense. If I had automatic lights, I'd always use those puppies.

BYROM:

You know I can't do that. I'm not going to leave my six-month-old with a 70 year old narcoleptic...besides, she was watching her shows. Okay...NOW!

Again, nothing happens.

STAN:

So leaving a baby alone in this terrible car while we commit our first felony is better?

Stan waits for an answer. Byrom looks back at him awkwardly.

STAN:

What?

Automatic lights pop on around the mansion.

EXT. Fifteen Bedroom Mansion - Night

Byrom and Stan clumsily sneak toward the mansion. They each have paintball masks flipped to the top of their heads. They stop and hide behind some bushes for a second, and then both take cover along one side of the house. As they run, the camera reveals Lucy bouncing on Byrom's back.

STAN:

You are **terrible** at this. Just FYI. Worst thief in history.

Byrom looks around, and tries to get his bearings.

(CONTINUED)

BYROM:

Okay, I think this window opens directly into the trophy room. Did you bring the glass cutter?

STAN:

Uuuuuh...yep. Got it right here...

Stan rummages through a fanny pack looking for the glass cutter. After a second, he produces a craft-style glass cutter.

BYROM:

Are you serious?

STAN:

What?

Byrom holds up the tiny glass cutter.

BYROM:

I can't use this!? Haven't you ever seen the movies with the suction cup deal and the cool blade that spins around it? And seriously, a fanny pack?

STAN:

I don't care what you say, it's convenient. Everything I need is right here. I don't really get the "fanny" part though. I'd probably name it a "crotch pack"...

Byrom shakes his head. He's discouraged.

BYROM:

Maybe this is nuts, man...

Stan starts looking through his fanny pack again.

STAN:

Rom, don't do this man. Do you really want to get another job selling sixty dollar games to spoiled twelve year olds? Ah! Here it is, found it.

BYROM:

You brought another glass cutter?

Stan wraps his fanny pack around his hand.

STAN:

Nope.

Stan smashes a pane in the window and unlocks it from the inside. Byrom's mouth is slack.

STAN:

See, fanny packs are **awesome**.

SCENE 2: HALF OFF

INT. Gamer's Den Video Game Store - Day

It's around 7:00am. A small herd of half-asleep, blue-shirted employees stand around a managerial sort of fella. The Manager, FLOYD has his hands on his hips, and is dressed very precisely. He rocks back and forth on the balls of his feet as he speaks. Among the employees are Byrom and Steve.

FLOYD:

Okay, so who can tell me February's Vendor of the Month?

No one answers. Stan leans toward Byrom.

STAN:

(whispers)

Dude, I have this killer idea for Act 3.

BYROM:

(whispers)

Oh yeah? After the meeting, okay?

STAN:

(whispers)

What if our hero actually has to team up with the evil professor? Uneasy alliance and all that...

FLOYD:

Anyone? February's Vendor of the Month? Anyone know this?

Byrom does his best to listen to Floyd while Stan attempts to distract him. Floyd looks around for someone to answer his question.

BYROM:

(whispers)

Dude, **after**, okay?

(CONTINUED)

STAN:  
(whispers)  
Sheesh...okay, okay.

Byrom smirks.

BYROM:  
(whispers)  
...that would be pretty slick,  
though.

The manager continues, but he notices Byrom talking. His eyes narrow.

FLOYD:  
That's riiight. This week we're  
featuring the Disk Rebufferer. It's  
perfect for rubbing out scratches  
on your games, music CDs. It does  
**not** come with a warranty.

BYROM:  
(whispers)  
Blitz could be expecting a  
double-cross that never comes--

Floyd purses his lips and tears into Byrom.

FLOYD:  
Hey! You want to get your eyes and  
ears up here, Mr. Byrne? If not,  
you can just clock out and go home  
right now!

BYROM:  
Uhhhhhh....I'd--that is, I....

Stan interrupts Byrom's stammer and addresses Floyd. The employees turn collectively (like at a tennis match) as Floyd and Stan verbally spar.

STAN:  
Back down twinkle-toes, it's not  
that serious.

FLOYD:  
I've had about enough of you two.  
Keep it up, and I'll suspend you  
both!

BYROM:  
I was listening....I just--

(CONTINUED)

STAN:

Are you serious? You'd prevent us  
from making pathetic-ish dollars an  
hour in this distributor of poorly  
made electronics?

Stan's face fills with mock sorrow. He clings to Byrom's  
shirt desperately. Byrom tugs back at it, embarrassed.

STAN:

How will we survive? I don't know  
how we'll look at ourselves in the  
mirror without our blue polo  
shirts!

FLOYD:

Don't be a smarta-- *a smarty pants*  
Stanley!

STAN:

How will I tell my mom?!

Floyd is becoming extremely frustrated. Byrom shoves Stan  
with his elbow and gives him a "shut up" look.

BYROM:

He doesn't mean all that, Floy--  
*Mister Dickerson*. It's just early.  
We're ready and focused now. Please  
continue.

Floyd seems confused.

FLOYD:

Are you being a smarty pants?

BYROM:

What? No, no way am I being a  
smarty...a smart aleck.

FLOYD:

Don't you be a Mr. Smarty Pants to  
me! I've had it. You're fired!

Byrom is a little shocked.

BYROM:

But I, I wasn't...

Floyd reasserts his command, and points sternly toward the  
entrance.

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD:

Out. **Now.**

Stan places his hand on Byrom's shoulder.

STAN:

I am Spartacus.

Stan nudges the guy next to him. The other employee sort of stares off in space.

Byrom rolls his eyes.

BYROM:

No one here gets that reference,  
Stan.

### SCENE 3: SITCOM CLICHÉ

INT. Stan's apartment living room - Day

The living room is split down the middle with a neat strip of black duct tape that flows from the floor to the walls and ceiling. On the left side of the tape, the room is immaculately clean. On the right, it's an utter mess.

Stan and Byrom can be heard just outside the door.

STAN:

Are you serious? It was an **awful**  
job.

BYROM:

Right. An awful job that I couldn't keep. It took me six months to get that awful job. How pathetic is it that I couldn't keep an entry level job at the electronics equivalent to Wal-Mart?

Stan opens the door to the apartment. He and Byrom are still talking. On the clean side of the room there are a few wadded up Kleenex and an empty soda bottle. Stan zeros in on the bits of garbage and immediately grabs a broom.

STAN:

(frustrated)

You know good and well we're not losers. Just because I refuse to take situations that others consider "serious" seriously **does not mean we are losers...**

(CONTINUED)



STAN:  
(raising his voice)  
A loser is the sort of person  
that can't keep their nasty crap  
on their nasty half of the  
apartment!

Stan stares down the hall angrily for a few seconds.

STAN:  
These Kleenex better not be what I  
think they are!

An overweight, shirtless guy in his late twenties comes waddling down the hall. His socks are yellowing, and slipping off his feet. Scraggly, unkempt hair peaks out from under a trucker-style ball cap. He very lethargically makes his way down the hall and toward the kitchen.

ZACH:  
Oh...hey Stan.

STAN:  
Hey leech. When ya movin' out?

ZACH:  
I dunno. Didn't we just pay rent?

STAN:  
No...Nope. I'd remember "we" paying  
rent. "We" definitely did not pay  
rent.

Zach leans into the fridge and begins rummaging.

ZACH:  
That's right. I wrote you a check,  
and you told me you didn't want it.

STAN:  
Again, your stunning inability to  
string together consecutive moments  
has me awe-struck. What I actually  
said was: "I'm not taking another  
snot-stained check from your  
Cheeto-eating butt."

Zach leans back with a stack of junk food in his arms. He attempts to close the fridge door with his foot, but instead ends up just rubbing his socks all over the food.

Stan's eye twitches.

(CONTINUED)

STAN:

I swear...one night I'm just going to shove powdered donuts down your throat until you choke to death. I'll tell everyone you were just a fat idiot that was incapable of listening to any shred of self restraint...They'll all believe me. I won't even have to sell it. You've been selling it your entire sweat-crust life.

Zach gazes at Stan with a sort of half-awake stare. Byrom stares at the two of them uncomfortably.

ZACH:

So you **do** want rent this month?

STAN:

Cash.

Zach begins walking back to his room.

ZACH:

I still have the che--

STAN:

No Zach, I don't want your completely valueless check. Cash.

ZACH:

K.

STAN:

Cash, or powdered donuts.

ZACH:

K.

STAN:

Seriously, even your mom will believe me.

Zach closes his bedroom door. Byrom is staring at Stan.

STAN:

So....pizza?

Cut to a half empty pizza box. Next to it is a legal pad that Byrom is scribbling notes on. In the middle there's a list of film-making equipment.

(CONTINUED)

BYROM:

Filters...lenses...tape...we're not even to the camera yet, and our equipment list is already twice the annual salary at the job we just **lost**.

STAN:

It's just money...there are people that trip over this kind of cash on a daily basis. We can do this, Rom. If we keep talking about making a movie and never do it? That can't happen man. It just can't happen.

Beat. Byrom stands, and twirls the legal pad onto the floor. He's beyond discouraged.

BYROM:

I don't know what to tell you. I have a kid. I can't **do this** anymore. I've been living in a dream since I was 17. It's time for us to grow up. No one's going to discover us. No one cares about our stupid movies.

STAN:

Come on, Byrom...

BYROM:

(interrupting)

Yeah, some people make this kind of cash easy. **We don't**. I just came from a job making \$500 a week with overtime. Success isn't for me. It's for arrogant douche bags and corrupt bankers.

Byrom gathers his things and walks to the door.

BYROM:

I'm done. I'm gonna go get another crap job so I can buy diapers and formula for the one part of my life that I'm happy with. The universe doesn't want us to make movies? Point taken. I finally got the message. I quit. I quit it all.

Stan looks lost. He picks up the legal pad and stares at the list of supplies.

(CONTINUED)

Byrom begins to open the door, but looks at Stan one last time.

BYROM:  
I'm sorry, Stan.

Beat.

Byrom shuts the door. Stan's posture goes limp.

Beat.

STAN:  
Dammit.

#### SCENE 4: GIRL TROUBLE

EXT. Martin High School - Day

PRINCIPAL MORGAN:  
This has to be a record. What is it, 8:12 on a Monday morning?

LUCI:  
You know me, principal. I like efficiency.

INT. Martin High School Principal's Office

Principal Morgan sits behind his desk, shuffling a stack of papers. He's a typical, friendly-faced fatherly type. Across from him sits LUCI, a 17 year old girl who doesn't have a hair out of place. She sits very straight in her chair, and straightens her already straight skirt.

PRINCIPAL MORGAN:  
So what happened in twelve minutes minus the time it took to walk here?

LUCI:  
Mr. Raymond and Paul Revere.

PRINCIPAL MORGAN:  
Vague.

Luci fidgets with her fingernails.

PRINCIPAL MORGAN:  
Would it help if I pretended to be Mr. Raymond? We could do a super-awkward re-enactment thing?

(CONTINUED)

Luci rolls her eyes. The principal scoots his glasses to the edge of his nose and pulls his pants under he armpits.

PRINCIPAL MORGAN:

(Doing an impersonation)

...Now class, let me tell you why I love Paul Reve-- Luci? Why do you already have that disapproving look on your face?

Luci rolls her eyes.

LUCI:

I just don't understand why Mr. Raymon--

PRINCIPAL MORGAN:

(whispering)

This only works if you stay in character...

LUCI:

...why YOU insist on teaching us the same tiny wedge of history that every American student hears every year from kindergarten to senior year. We all know about the American Revolution.

Luci becomes more committed to what she's saying.

PRINCIPAL MORGAN:

Don't you think American History is--

LUCI:

What about Cortes, Genghis Khan, Stalin or the Prophets of Doom?! Don't you think it's important that we understand the real brutality of world history instead of just reasserting the same 200 year old propaganda?

PRINCIPAL MORGAN:

Well, I think--that is, we should--

Luci spirals into her own world as she talks.

LUCI:

I'm not a communist or anything, but don't you think it's important that we know something about the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUCI: (cont'd)  
nature of the history of the world?  
I mean George Washington himself  
said our country's future depended  
on a well-informed population.

Principal Morgan straightens his glasses and pants.

PRINCIPAL MORGAN:  
I think you have some valid--

LUCI:  
But you, "Mr. Raymond" don't want  
well-informed anyones do you? You'd  
rather have six periods of slide  
shows and sleeping jocks than put  
forth the effort creating a lesson  
plan with more complexity than a  
paint-by-numbers kit!

Luci is out of breath as she finishes her rant. She notices  
that she's gone a little overboard again. She straightens  
her posture and glasses and sits back down.

Beat.

LUCI:  
(muttering)  
And then I may have said something  
about "tenured morons creating a  
lazy half-informed mass of  
intellectual cancer."

Principal Morgan cleans his glasses. The two sit in silence  
for a moment.

PRINCIPAL MORGAN:  
So, you're sure private school  
isn't an option?

LUCI:  
The cancer thing was probably a  
little far.

PRINCIPAL MORGAN:  
Think?

Principal Morgan stands and fixes his pants.

PRINCIPAL MORGAN:  
I understand. I really do. Other  
kids spend their time trying to  
impress each other, and you're  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PRINCIPAL MORGAN: (cont'd)  
doing your best to care about  
things. It's great...a little  
condescending...still great though.

Principal Morgan puts his hand on Luci's shoulder and turns her toward his office window. Herds of kids pass by. They all look so similar.

PRINCIPAL MORGAN:  
I think what frustrates you is the  
idea that all these students are  
going to miss some great  
opportunity to be **better**. That Mr.  
Raymond's laziness can only result  
in slighting an entire generation  
of a chance to be consequential and  
informed.

LUCI:  
That does sound a little  
condescending.

Principal Morgan turns Luci to face him. He has a hand on each of her shoulders now.

PRINCIPAL MORGAN:  
That can't happen though. Ignorance  
in a world with Google, cell  
phones, and public libraries?  
That's just old fashioned apathy.

LUCI:  
So what, everyone just wants to be  
stupid?

PRINCIPAL MORGAN:  
**More than anything in the world.**  
That's why I love you though. Aside  
from the moral imperative to love  
family, you're one of the good  
ones. You're brilliant, and brave,  
and a little mean. Whatever you do,  
it'll be great. It also won't be  
enough.

Luci stares out the window at her peers. The window feels like an impenetrable barrier.

PRINCIPAL MORGAN:  
You just have to find a way to be  
that brave, brilliant, mean person  
and and not alienate everyone  
around you.

## SCENE 5: PAY FIRST

## EXT. Quick Stop Convenience Store - Day

An old gas station sits in an iffy part of town. The sign flickers, and three thug-looking teenagers enter the front door.

## INT. Quick Stop Convenience Store

Byrom sits behind the counter, reading a comic book. The three "thugs" come in and spread out. Each of them begins grabbing various food items and hiding them in their jackets & pants. Byrom takes notice, and squirms a little.

Byrom looks at the phone and considers his options, nervously.

The thugs head toward the exit, but are startled when the front door swings open. It's Stan. He's gabbing on his cell phone.

Stan stands awkwardly between the thugs and the door.

STAN:

Yes ma'am. It's the Quick Stop on Highway 37.

BYROM:

Stan?

THUG 1:

MOOOOOOVE Idiot.

Stan smiles and puts up his index finger.

STAN:

One sec, puddin'.

Beat.

The thugs are confused.

STAN:

Uh huh. Yeah, they're just a few dumb kids...right, no future...Yeah...

The thugs look at each other, again confused. Byrom is becoming anxious.

(CONTINUED)



THUG 2:  
Is he talkin--

STAN:  
(interrupting)  
SHHHHHHHHH! I'm **on the phone**.

THUG 2:  
(whispering)  
Is he talking about us? *I think*  
*he's talking about us?*

BYROM:  
Stan, just let them leave!

STAN:  
That's fantastic. I'll see you guys  
soon! You too. Yeah, yeah...oh, I  
will. K. G'night!

Stan hangs up and straightens his posture.

STAN:  
OH! I almost forgot.

Stan snaps a picture of the three thugs with his phone.

STAN:  
Oh...that's a nice one. It really  
captures your inability to make  
good life decisions.

STAN:  
You guys can totally leave. I think  
between the picture on my phone,  
your license plate number, and the  
surveillance camera footage, we  
should be good.

THUG 3:  
You called the cops?

STAN:  
Keep up, Fiddy.

Fear covers the three thugs faces. They thugs run outside,  
leaving a pile of snacks on the floor.

Stan turns to Byrom.

BYROM:  
Did you actually call the cops?

(CONTINUED)

STAN:

Yes. But before that, I called your boss and quit for you.

Byrom's face fills with irritation and confusion.

BYROM:

You did what? How would you even start to do that?

Stan slips into a very convincing Byrom impression.

STAN:

"I'm sorry, mister Lucy I just can't keep working at such a dangerous place. I also realize that since I'm leaving in the middle of a shift that I'm not not eligible for rehire. Just in case you really like me though...please remember that I think your daughter is the dumbest load of bricks I've ever met, and I know a lot of third graders."

Byrom is angry beyond his ability to articulate it.

BYROM:

Are you kidding?! Why would--How could-- Only you would do such a--

STAN:

C'mon Rom, you were about ten minutes from quitting anyway. Now, would you rather stand there pretending to be angry, or come with me and meet our new investors?

BYROM:

Why would I-- Investors?

#### SCENE 6: UNEASY ALLIANCE

EXT. Fifteen bedroom mansion - Night

Byrom's old red hatchback sputters to a stop about a block away from the mansion.

Inside the car, Byrom stares at the house while he unbuckles Luci from her car seat. Stan unwraps a candy bar and begins munching.

(CONTINUED)

BYROM:

The more I think about this plan,  
the less bad I feel. That's messed  
up, right?

STAN:

That depends. If you're talking  
about ripping of corporate badguys  
to fund our life-long dream of  
film-making, we're in total  
agreement. The whole bringing your  
kid along..."thing?" That we might  
be fuzzy on.

Stan stares at Byrom and Lucy. Byrom stares at the mansion.

STAN:

Dude...this is soooooooo wrong.

BYROM:

Just think about how many senior  
citizens this guy wiped out. 401ks,  
mortgage swindles, inflated  
bonuses...He's a scumbag. Just  
another banker without a soul.

STAN:

No. No. No. Not what I what I  
meant.

Beat.

STAN:

You brought your BAY-BEE.

INT. Fifteen bedroom mansion: living room - Night

Luci sits on an immaculately white couch, on her cell phone  
with someone she'd rather not talk to. She grimaces as the  
other person talks.

LUCI:

Yes. I know. I know. Yes.

Beat.

LUCI:

I knooooooooow. **Yes**, I got it. No  
food in the living room, no drinks  
without a coaster, and no urinating  
anywhere except the toilet. You  
worry about you. I'll be just fine  
in a house with no food,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUCI: (cont'd)  
transportation, or meaningful  
relationships...okay byyyyyyye.  
Don't forget to take a dive in the  
shallow end for me!

Luci hangs up the cell phone and frustratedly slides it across the couch. She stands, accidentally drags her purse off the couch and onto the floor. Its contents spill out. Among the other items, there's a photo of Luci with her parents.

She moves to pack the stuff back into her purse. She pauses for a moment and holds the picture. Grief covers her face.

A moment passes, and then suddenly the sound of breaking glass echoes through the house. CRASH.

Luci gasps.

Cut to the kitchen. Byrom is entering the dark kitchen. His foot sweeps around clumsily looking for somewhere to land. He finally settles it in the sink on a pile of dishes. After several seconds of making an incredible amount of noise, He makes his way to the floor.

BYROM:  
(whispering)  
Okay, hand down Luci.

Stan hands Lucy through the window.

Stan begins climbing through.

STAN:  
I still can't believe--

Lucy cocks a shotgun and clicks on the lights. CHA-CHICK.

Luci, Byrom, and Stan stare at one another awkwardly.

LUCI:  
You brought your baby?!

BYROM & STAN:  
AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

The screaming upsets the baby.

LUCY:  
waaaaaah!

LUCI:

You made me point a gun at a baby!?

Luci scoops up Lucy and then reasserts the shotgun. Byrom flips out a little and lunges. Stan holds him back. Lucy immediately stops crying.

BYROM:

Don't you touch her!

LUCI:

You just broke in my house. Unless there's a story involving a crimelord that's holding your family at gunpoint...

STAN:

Wow, you read a lot of comics.

LUCI:

Irrelevant.

Luci lifts her phone and begins to dial. Byrom becomes desperate.

BYROM:

Please, don't do that. Please, please, please don't do that. I don't have any idea how to convince you, but **please** don't do that.

The 911 operator answers. Luci responds frantically.

LUCI:

Yes ma'am. I'm alone at 427 Haynes Haven and I think someone is breaking into my house.

Byrom slumps.

STAN:

But this isn--

LUCI:

(interrupting)

Give me your wallets and don't move.

Luci disappears into the house.

STAN:

I'm sorry, Byrom. I should have just left you alone.

(CONTINUED)

BYROM:

It's not your fault. I've been miserable. Every day I work I stare at that door hoping you'll slide in with some idiotic plan that I can pretend to not love.

BYROM:

Awful idea or not, this is just as much my fault. I have a baby girl, man.

Beat.

BYROM:

What was I thinking.

STAN:

Well, at least we're in it together...you think Luci's at least 20, right?

Byrom stares at Stan, irritated.

Luci and Lucy return. Luci tosses Stan and Byrom their wallets.

LUCI:

You have until the police show to explain how two squeaky clean amateur film-makers with horrid credit turn into the worst burglars in history.

Byrom freezes, and Stan tears into a quick, non-stop explanation.

STAN:

Imagine struggling your entire adult and high school life to produce the sort of work that might garner the notice of someone that could catapult you into an opportunity to show the world what you were really capable of, but instead you're only able to secure positions in awful, awful jobs while your creative dreams languish in obscurity (and one website.) A few months back we were fired from the latest of those positions and found ourselves in a very serious emotional downward spiral. Byrom

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STAN: (cont'd)  
because his life has led him down a path that makes our dreams more and more frivolous. Me because I love Byrom like a very very straight brother and can't imagine making films with anyone else. Enter the current trend of morally bankrupt bankers and executives stealing from little old ladies and every day joes...we thought we might be able pull a Robin Hood sorta deal.

Beat.

STAN:  
(mumbling)  
...and maybe fund our movie too.

Luci sits the shotgun down and gives Lucy back to Byrom. Byrom hugs Lucy tight and pulls back. Sirens begin to wail in the background.

BYROM:  
Thank you.

STAN:  
So...what now?

LUCI:  
I'm in.

BYROM & STAN:  
What?

LUCI:  
Go move your car and meet me at the Holiday Inn in WestChester tomorrow morning at 5am. Bring the script.

BYROM & STAN:  
What?

LUCI:  
It's time someone put the fear of God into these snakes. You two obviously aren't capable of executing your plan alone. Planning is what I'm good at. I'm in. That is--unless you'd rather we just all come clean to the cops right now.

(CONTINUED)

BYROM:  
I can't do this again. I--

STAN:  
(interrupting)  
It's a deal.

LUCI:  
Go. move. your. car.

BYROM:  
The cops are right outside?!

LUCI:  
This is 427 Haynes Court. Haynes  
Haven is a block over. I've only  
lived here a couple of months. I  
got scared, and "misspoke." If you  
go now you can be gone before they  
call dispatch for the call's gps.  
GO.

Byrom and stan scramble to climb back out the window.

LUCI:  
Morons. Front door.

The guys turn to exit. Luci grabs Stan's arm as he's  
leaving.

LUCI:  
Seriously. 407? Pay a bill, man.

EXT. Fifteen Bedroom Mansion: front yard - Night

Byrom and Stan run toward the car. They drive away just as  
the police pull in Luci's driveway.

Byrom turns to Stan, Lucy sits comfortably in her baby seat.

BYROM:  
What are getting into man?

STAN:  
I think she's cute.

LUCY:  
bbbbbbblllllttttt!

SNAP TO BLACK.

ROLL MAIN TITLE.