

Break Down

By

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INT/EXT. CAR/STREET - DAY

2 men are sitting in an old black Cadillac looking impatient; rolling eyes, sighing, these are Jason (29), smoking a cigarette and Michael (31), in the drivers seat, looking anxious.

JASON

Look, all im sayin' is you never meet a girl who opens up to love of cock.

MICHAEL

You do chat some bollocks sometimes.

JASON

Its true though, if you ever talk to a girl about cock, they act all grossed out, and why is that?, you know they like cock so why'd they try and hide it?.

MICHAEL

Well, If a girl talked about her passion for cock, you'd come to the conclusion that, that girl is a slut, and guys like us jus' don't like that.

JASON

A girl's a girl i don't give a fuck if she's a slut or not.

MICHAEL

You really would fuck anythin' wouldn't ya'.

JASON

As long as they have a decent pussy and a pair of tits, im satisfied.

MICHAEL

(defensively)

Fuck tits, its all about the ass man.

JASON

The fuck did you jus' say?

MICHAEL

I'm not a titty person.

(CONTINUED)

JASON

Then what the fuck are you?

MICHAEL

Ass person.

JASON

The hell wid' that!, i worship the titty, the titty is the thing that makes me human if there were no tits in this world i don't even know what the fuck i would be. But an ass is just an ass, what really

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Suddenly 2 other men come bursting into the car both looking traumatized wearing duffel bags full with cash, these are Jonny (28) and Mark (25)

MARK

You dumb bastard Jonny!, you really fucked up this time!

JONNY

I told her not to fucking move!, and what did the bitch do, she fucking moved!

MARK

So you shot her?!

MICHAEL

You fucking shot someone?!

JONNY

I had a gun in my hand and told her not to move, so what did she do?, she ran for the exit so i had no choice.

The car suddenly speeds off.

MICHAEL

You've fucked it right up Jonny.

He sits silent trying to ignore the fact he's just killed someone.

JASON

How much money you fuck ups get anyway.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

About one hundred grand, dunno yet,
we'll count it later lets just get
to the warehouse first.

Jonny sits up with a scared look on his face.

JONNY

(guilty)

I fucking killed someone. I, fucking
killed someone. I'm fucked.

MICHAEL

Look, just calm the fuck down
alright, no ones gonna find out
bout this you hear me, no one.

JONNY

(sadly)

But what if they do?

MICHAEL

If they find out, then were all
fucked, anyway you just robbed a
bank, i think you should be worried
about that as well.

Jonny quickly slouches back into his seat with the same look
on his face.

JASON

Where's this warehouse anyway?

MICHAEL

Just down the road from here, Its
abandoned but Smithy, that nut
thinks he owns it.

CUT TOO

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

4 men are sitting round a large dirty white table in the
middle of the warehouse, these are, Smithy (24) Danny (20)
Scott (28) and Graham (40) all armed with handguns on the
table.

DANNY

(impatiently)

Why the fuck are these pricks
taking so long?!

(CONTINUED)

SMITHY

They should be here any second,
just chill.

Suddenly Smithy's phone rings, he answers it and quickly
puts it to his ear.

SMITHY

(on phone)

Hello... Has everything gone right
Michael... Great, where are you
anyway... How much you get...
Fucking hell nice one, ill see you
in a bit mate... Bye, bye, bye.

He puts the phone back into his pocket.

SMITHY

There here now.

SCOTT

How much money they got?

SMITHY

Michael said about one hundred
grand.

SCOTT

Fuck me, dumb bastards don't
realize that where gonna -

Suddenly the warehouse doors open and Michael, Jason, Jonny,
and Mark walk through with smiles on there face, apart from
Jonny.

MICHAEL

Two hundred grand lads!

SMITHY

(smiling)

Great job boys.

They all walk over to the table.

MICHAEL

Where you want the money?

He lifts up the 2 duffel bags.

SMITHY

Give it here.

He takes it off Michael and lays both bags on the table.

(CONTINUED)

SMITHY
Didn't make no fuck ups did ya?

MICHAEL
Just one.

SMITHY
Just one.
(beat) Michael, i told
you and you associates to make no,
fuck ups.

MICHAEL
Ask Jonny.

Turns to Jonny, who is standing by him with a vague sad expression on his face.

SMITHY
(slowly)
Jonny, what is this fuck up?.

JONNY
(nervously)
I, urrrr, killed someone.

SMITHY
(angrily)
You fucking' what?

JONNY
(more nervously)
I killed someone.

Smithy out of nowhere grabs Jonny and bashes his head of the table and holds it there.

SMITHY
I have no time for fuck ups, there
absolutely fuckin' useless, just
cause problems, and no one likes
problems do they?.

He pulls a gun out and puts it to Jonny's head with the intention to kill him.

MICHAEL
Oi, get the fuck off him you cunt!

Suddenly Danny, Scott and Graham quickly stand up pointing guns at Michael.

GRAHAM
Watch it Michael.

MICHAEL
Fuck off Graham you old bastard!

Michael suddenly gets his gun out his pocket and points it at Graham and keeps switching between Smithy and Graham.

JASON
Michael, what the fuck are you doing?! ain't no one gon' shoot anyone! just put you're guns down!

SMITHY
Bu' if i did that your buddy Michael would just shoot me, so, no im not gonna put my fuckin' gun down.

JASON
Well, you've fucked up.

Jason brings out a large revolver and points at Smithy, now MARK also points his gun at Smithy.

SMITHY
Well, things have got a bit messy.

MICHAEL
And there goin' to get a lot messier if you don't put your gun the fuck down!

SCOTT
Michael, just chill out man.

MICHAEL
Just shut the fuck up Scott, what the fuck are you gonna' do.

SCOTT
Ill put a bullet through your head that's what ill fucking do!

MICHAEL
Fuck off will ya'

SCOTT
Don't fucking' try me!

Michael starts to laugh.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
You couldn't kill shit!

SMITHY
Fuck this.

Smithy fires his gun into Jonny's head, BANG, blood splatters across the table, Michael suddenly turns to Smithy and shoots, BANG, Smithy clumsily drops to the floor. Jason starts to let out random bullets into Danny, Scott and Graham, shooting the bags of money in doing so, Michael runs to a near by wall and takes cover, a bullet hits Danny in the shoulder and he drops his gun, another hits Scott in the chest, Graham fires his gun at Jason, BANG, hitting him in the stomach, he drops to the floor, letting out cries of agony, Mark runs to take cover with Michael.

Graham and Danny flip the table over on its side and take cover there.

MARK
(scared)
What the fuck has happened?

MICHAEL
(quietly)
Were gonna make a run for the exit.

DANNY
(shouting)
Drop your fuckin' guns you cunts!

We hear Jason still crying out in pain.

MARK
What about Jason, we just gonna'
leave him there to die?

MICHAEL
(whispering to jason)
Jason, come over here quick!

Jason turns to Michael, He try's to drag his body in Michael's direction but the pain gets the better of him and he stops and lets out louder screams.

MARK
He's fucked man, bad.

MICHAEL
Ok fuck runnin' to the door, were
just gonna let out as many bullets
as we can till' we kill both of
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL (cont'd)
them twats over there. How many
bullets you got?

Mark pops open his clip and counts his bullets.

MARK
(counting)
One, two ,three, four, five, i got
five bullets.

He puts the clip back in his gun.

Michael looks round the corner and see's the table.

MICHAEL
Fire all your bullets into the back
of that table, ok?

MARK
Alright.

MICHAEL
Now!

They both rapidly turn the corner and start firing all there
bullets into the table, then come to a stop as they've got
no more ammo.

JASON
(shouting)
Come and fuckin' help me!

Michael and Mark both run over to Jason, Michael lifts his
head of the ground with his hand.

MARK
(crying)
Oh fuck, its bad, its fuckin' bad,
call a fuckin' ambulance or
somethin'

JASON
I'm gonna' fucking die aren't i,
fuck me, im gonna' fucking die.

Suddenly Graham pops up from the table and begins firing at
them, a bullet hits Michael clean through the chest and his
kneeling body drops to the ground, Mark quickly takes the
revolver by the side of Jason and fires as many bullets as
he can before it runs out of ammo, all hitting Graham.

He drops his gun and collapses to the floor, traumatized by
whats just happened.

(CONTINUED)

At this point Jason is dead.

CUT TO

EXT. PHONE BOX - MOMENTS AFTER

Mark is impatiently standing in a vandalized phone box with the phone to his ear and waiting for the receiver to pick up.

MARK

Hello, 911... There's been a
murder, a gun fight... In the old
warehouse on chapel street...
There's 7 victims i think... be
quick please.

He hangs the phone down and starts to slowly walk away down the street.

FADE OUT

END OF SHORT