

". 33 REVERSE GUNTHER"

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

In SLOW MOTION, STEVIE BAGGA WONDERBREAD turns to face his pursuers. Sweat drips down his face. He reaches into his belt and pulls out his gun.

Stevie's mouth opens, but we hear only the DISTORTED PLAYBACK of words in SLOW MOTION. He aims the gun.

In REGULAR SPEED, a hail of bullets rips through his body. Stevie falls to the ground as blood stains his shirt.

DRAKE(V. O.)

That was the end of Stevie Bagga  
Wonderbread.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

DRAKE SCALA sits at a table wearing a nervous look on his face. Smoke billows into the frame from the cigarette of an unseen GUEST who sits across from him

GUEST(O. S.)

I'm just wondering why you chose  
to start your story at a point so  
close to the end.

DRAKE

You're asking me to recall a series  
of events that happened three  
months ago. Events I've tried to  
erase from my mind.

GUEST(O. S.)

It's okay, as long as I get the  
whole story.

Drake smiles nervously.

DRAKE

I'm a little nervous. You don't  
necessarily put a guy at ease.

A large cloud of smoke blows into Drake's face.

GUEST(O. S.)

Pretend I'm your best friend.  
(slight anger from Drake)  
Sorry. Didn't mean to hit a nerve.

DRAKE

Don't worry about it. Like I said,  
it's been three months. I've come  
to terms with that.

GUEST(V. O.)

Tell the story in whatever order  
you want. Just make sure to  
include everything you can remember  
about the guys from Philly.

DRAKE

(smiling reminiscently)  
Billy Dee and Bruno.

EXT. DESERTED BRIDGE - NIGHT

A beat up black Cadillac is parked on a deserted bridge.

BRUNO(O. S.)

This is a bad fuckin' idea.

BILLY DEE steps out from the driver's side and walks back to  
the trunk. BRUNO exits from the passenger side.

They've both got "don't fuck with me" looks chiseled into  
their hardened faces. You don't want to meet these two in a  
dark alley.

BILLY DEE

I don't care what you fucking  
think. We're doing it because  
Big Abner told us to.

Billy Dee pops the trunk. A POLICE OFFICER lies bound and  
gagged next to the spare tire. Lots of blood and bruises.

BRUNO

Killing a cop is never a good idea.  
I don't care if the order comes  
from Buddha himself.

BILLY DEE

This cop crossed Big Abner and  
fucked with his business.

**BRUNO**

And it's our business to keep Big Abner's business "unfucked".

**BILLY DEE**

Now you're feeling me.

(Bruno isn't thrilled)

Big Abner also said if we turned this fucker into Philly cheese steak, we'd get a gold fuckin' star next to our names. You know what that means, don't you?

Bruno is starting to look interested.

**BRUNO**

He said that?

**BILLY DEE**

(nodding)

We get to lay low for six months while this blows over. We can go wherever the fuck we want, pull whatever jobs we want, and we don't gotta kick back anything to Big A.

Cash registers ring in Bruno's head. He pulls out his gun and pumps a half dozen shots into the trunk.

**BRUNO**

Next time, cut out the bullshit rhetoric and lead with the money.

**INT. BANK - DAY**

Drake is behind the teller's window. He has a large amount of cash in his hands and stares at it as if mesmerized.

**CUSTOMER**

I'm in a hurry.

The voice snaps Drake from his high-income daydream.

He puts the money in his teller's drawer, stamps the customer's receipt, and shoves it out through the little opening at the base of his window.

**DRAKE**

We'll take real good care of it.

The customer gives Drake an odd look as he walks away.

MANAGER (O. S.)  
Drake, can we talk?

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME

From behind his desk, the MANAGER fiddles nervously with his keys that are attached to a case on his belt via a retractable chain. Drake sits in front of the desk.

MANAGER  
I hate to have to bother you with this at work, Drake, but you've fallen quite far behind on your mortgage payments.

Drake bows his head as if he is ashamed.

DRAKE  
I know, sir. It's both a blessing and a curse to work at the very bank that holds the mortgage to a house that's been in my family for generations.

MANAGER  
It's a shame your grandma didn't leave this world with her finances in better order.

DRAKE  
It's a shame she had to leave at all, sir.

MANAGER  
Amen.

Drake shakes his head sadly as if the mere mention of his deceased grandmother is enough to bring him to tears.

DRAKE  
When I inherited the house, it was the happiest day of my life. Then I move halfway across the country only to discover Grandma, God bless her soul, had taken out a second mortgage to pay for Grandpa's chemo.

MANAGER  
I know the circumstances. That's why I'm so lenient when you get  
(MORE)

MANAGER (cont'd)  
behind on your payments, but the board of directors is breathing down my neck on this matter.

DRAKE  
You've been a saint, sir. Giving me extensions and hiring me on as a teller. Don't think I don't appreciate it.

MANAGER  
I'm just afraid that I can't hold the vultures off any longer. You're going to have to make the payments, or they will repossess the house.

DRAKE  
I don't know what I'm going to do.

The manager's eyes light up.

MANAGER  
Deirdre was asking about you again. She has a real thing for you.

Drake glances at a framed photograph on his boss' desk. Deirdre, a grotesque girl, smiles from behind the frame. It is a hideous smile. The girl is very, very ugly.

DRAKE  
Give her my best.

MANAGER  
Your house would be a great place to start a family. Of course, I would do everything in my power to make sure my girl was happy. Everything.

Drake nods. He gets the point. Take the heifer off of his hands and the old man will pay the mortgage. Fuck no.

DRAKE  
I'm sure you would, sir.

MANAGER  
Give it some thought. You're a fine young man. The kind any man would be proud to call "son".