

RENDEZVOUS

Written by

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FADE IN:

Open on a title card which reads: RENDEZVOUS. The sound of GUNSHOTS, SIRENS and a BANK ALARM play over the title card. The sounds get louder and louder until...

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - DAY

We open on a SCRAWNY TEENAGE BOY scrolling through his phone at the concession stand. His name tag tells us his name is EUGENE. Offscreen, the sounds of a door swinging open followed by frantic footsteps and panting breath are heard.

MAN (O.S.)
(out of breath)
Hi. Two tickets for...um...

There's a pause and Eugene looks up from his phone to see two men, HAWAII and NEW JERSEY, both in their early twenties and wearing wrinkled suits.

HAWAII is dripping with sweat, wiping it from his forehead and grinning like an idiot. He's holding a fast food soda. NEW JERSEY anxiously scans the room. He's carrying a large duffel bag and has blue ink splattered across his face.

EUGENE
You've got a little something...

Eugene motions to his face. New Jersey stares blankly at him for a moment, then wipes his face. He sees the ink and continues frantically wiping and glaring around the room again.

EUGENE
Are you two here to see a movie?

NEW JERSEY
Yes. Um... we...

HAWAII
(cutting him off)
Two tickets for The Living Undead
Return Again.

Eugene glances at his watch, and begins the process of printing their tickets.

EUGENE
Your movie started fifteen minutes
ago.

HAWAII
God damnit. We're late, man.

New Jersey stares at him for a moment and turns back to Eugene.

NEW JERSEY
How much do I owe you?

EUGENE
That will be... twenty-two dollars even.

NEW JERSEY
For a matinee? Are you kidding?

HAWAII
Don't make a big deal about it,
just pay him. It's an independent
theater and they got hit hard-

NEW JERSEY
Jesus Christ. Okay, fine.

New Jersey looks at Eugene suspiciously and turns around. He unzips the duffel bag slightly and pulls out a stack of cash. He counts out twenty-two dollars in ones and turns back around.

NEW JERSEY
(placing the money on the
counter)
Twenty-two dollars.

Eugene hands over the tickets.

EUGENE
You'll be in theater two. And
excuse me, sir. We don't allow
outside food or drink.

HAWAII
Oh, yeah. My bad. Watch this, dude.

Hawaii lifts his leg and throws the cup underhand below his leg. It smashes against the wall above the trash can, splattering Dr. Pepper all over the place.

HAWAII
Aw shit. Should I...?

EUGENE
(sighing)
I'll deal with it.

The two men begin to walk away, but New Jersey pivots back around.

NEW JERSEY

Sorry. Do you have a bathroom?

Eugene points behind them. They look at it, and Hawaii gives a big thumbs-up.

HAWAII

Thank you for everything.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - DAY

Hawaii slams a silver 9mm into the duffel bag which is filled to the brim with cash. Some packs of peanut M&M's and Milk duds are in the bag as well.

New Jersey washes his face in the bathroom sink.

NEW JERSEY

I can't believe we're doing this here. We've already drawn way too much attention to ourselves.

HAWAII

Give me your gun.

NEW JERSEY

What if I need it?

HAWAII

You're not going to need it because this plan is genius. No one ever finishes a job in a movie theater. Plus, I don't want to sit around shitting my pants in some grocery store parking lot waiting for Montana to show up.

New Jersey sighs, turns the faucet off and reaches back to grab his gun from his belt. He tosses it to Hawaii. Hawaii puts it in the bag and zips it shut. He takes his phone out.

HAWAII

This way, he gets the money and the guns and we get to sit down and enjoy a movie.

NEW JERSEY

We shouldn't be watching a movie, we should be halfway across the border by now.

HAWAII

You're overreacting.

NEW JERSEY
You're under-reacting.

HAWAII
I'm looking at it here and it's
saying that it's got an 89% on
Rotten Tomatoes.

NEW JERSEY
Well we'll be long gone by act two,
so don't get your hopes up.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

New Jersey and Hawaii sit watching the movie. A handful of
patrons are scattered throughout the theater.

New Jersey fidgets in his seat nervously.

NEW JERSEY
He's late.

HAWAII
Sh.

NEW JERSEY
Don't... don't shush me. The guy is
late. I'm not here to watch a
fuckin...

A MOM sitting a few rows ahead turns and shushes New Jersey.

NEW JERSEY
(quieter)
I'm just saying, what if something
bad happened to Montana? Like what
if he got picked up?

HAWAII
Why would they pick him up? He
wasn't even at the scene.

NEW JERSEY
Well he should be here and he isn't
so I'm just saying...

MOM
Shhhh!

NEW JERSEY
Hey, lady. I'm sorry, I just...

MOM
SHHHHHHH!

NEW JERSEY
Listen, I don't want to do this
back and forth-

MOM
SHHHHHHHHHHH!

The proceeding conversation is all conducted through
whisper-screaming.

NEW JERSEY
SHHHHHHHHHHH! See? SHHHHHHHH! I can
do it too. Doesn't make anything
quieter! SHHHHHHHHH!

MOM
I'm trying to watch a movie with my
son.

NEW JERSEY
It's one o'clock in the afternoon
on a Tuesday. What's he doing at a
movie?

MOM
(sternly)
He had a half day.

NEW JERSEY
Ohhhh, he had a half day. Did you
hear they give out half days now?
No wonder this generation is so
stupid. What's next? Quarter days?

The Mom and Son get up to leave the theater.

MOM
(furiously)
SHHHHHH! SHHHHHH! SHHHHHHHH!

They exit the theater.

New Jersey and Montana sit in silence, Jersey fuming.

HAWAII
You didn't have to do that.

NEW JERSEY
Shut the fuck up.

HAWAII
Why can't we just watch the movie?
The guy will get here, okay?

NEW JERSEY

Fine. Fine. We'll watch the goddamn movie.

They turn their attention to the screen. A blonde girl is coaxing a zombified jock into a bedroom. Saxophone music plays.

NEW JERSEY

What am I looking at?

HAWAII

Well if you paid attention, you'd...

NEW JERSEY

I've been paying attention, it just doesn't-

HAWAII

89%.

NEW JERSEY

-doesn't make that much sense.

HAWAII

89%. 93% audience score.

The Mom and Son re-enter the theater and sit back down.

NEW JERSEY

Hey.

HAWAII

What?

NEW JERSEY

Ya think this actress has fake tits?

HAWAII

Breasts.

NEW JERSEY

What?

HAWAII

They're not... don't call them tits.

NEW JERSEY

You shot four police officers today.

HAWAII

Yeah, well... c'mon, that's not. I just don't go around referring to women's bodies like I'm some kind of...

A beam from a flash light hits the two men directly in the eyes. It's Eugene from the concession stand.

EUGENE

Sir, you're being too loud. I'm going to need to ask you to quiet down.

NEW JERSEY

Alright, listen buddy...

HAWAII

We're sorry.

NEW JERSEY

Yeah, sure. I'm sorry. You didn't need to bring in the... bat-signal or whatever.

Eugene sighs and leaves the theater. The two men sit and watch the movie again. The girl is being devoured by the zombified boyfriend.

The doors to the theater jolt open and a man wearing a cartoonish disguise nervously bumbles into the theater.

NEW JERSEY

Jesus Christ.

HAWAII

What?

MONTANA, the drop-off guy, sits down five seats away from Hawaii and New Jersey. Montana is wearing a trench coat, fedora, fake mustache, round sunglasses and a bushy wig. New Jersey stares ahead with a blank stare.

Montana leans over the seat next to him to whisper to them.

MONTANA

Did you bring the-

NEW JERSEY

No.

MONTANA

What?

NEW JERSEY

What the fuck are you wearing?

MONTANA

What do you mean?

HAWAII

Can you sit closer?

NEW JERSEY

Get the fuck over here.

Montana awkwardly shuffles over to sit next to Hawaii.

HAWAII

What are you doing?

MONTANA

I'm picking up the... stuff.

NEW JERSEY

Yeah, we got that. And the trench coat?

MONTANA

I didn't want anyone to recognize me.

NEW JERSEY

You look like two kids stacked on top of each other, you fucking idiot.

HAWAII

Yeah, what are you trying to do? Sneak into an R-rated movie?

NEW JERSEY

Or! Like you're trying to sneak into a G-rated movie because you look like a fucking pedophile. God damnit. God DAMNIT!

MOM

SHHHHHH!

New Jersey breathes in deeply, and exhales slowly.

MONTANA

Funny you say that because they did actually check my I.D. Which like, hasn't happened to me in like five...

HAWAII

What did you just say?

MONTANA

It hasn't happened to me in years.

NEW JERSEY

No, you fucking muppet. They looked at your I.D.?

MONTANA

Yes?

New Jersey makes a whimpering noise.

The Mom and Son get up and leave the theater again.

NEW JERSEY

What'd you say when the picture didn't look anything like you?

MONTANA

...That we're all going to a costume party after the movie.

NEW JERSEY

We? WE? So not only are you placed here, which is the entire thing we're supposed to avoid, but they can ALSO definitely recognize you in a line-up because you had an extended conversation where you ASSOCIATED ALL THREE OF US.

The Mom and Son sit back down again.

HAWAII

Where's the bag?

MONTANA

You tell me.

NEW JERSEY

You didn't pick up the-

The flashlight returns, hitting New Jersey straight in the eyes.

EUGENE

Sir.

NEW JERSEY

Oh my god.

Jersey turns to the woman and her son.

NEW JERSEY

Is this you? Are you the one sicing
this guy on me?

EUGENE

Sir, this is your last warning. If
you don't quiet down, I'm going to
ask you and your friends to leave.

NEW JERSEY

You know she's got a kid here. R-
rated movie and Tiny Tim is sitting
here on a school day.

EUGENE

Sir, that gentleman-

NEW JERSEY

I'm just saying-

EUGENE

-That gentleman-

CUT TO:

The son is sitting there watching them talk about him.

NEW JERSEY

-There's literally been three pairs
of tits so far-

HAWAII

-Breasts-

EUGENE

-That gentleman-

NEW JERSEY

Whatever, breasts. Kid's looking at
bazoingas in a fucking theater.

EUGENE

Sir, that gentleman is accompanied
by a parent or guardian. He's
allowed to be here.

New Jersey sits in silence.

EUGENE

Are you going to keep it down now?

Jersey nods.

EUGENE

Okay... enjoy the movie.

He begins to walk away.

MONTANA

Vell that vas qvite crathzy.

HAWAII

Don't do a voice.

MONTANA

Vis ees my real voice-

NEW JERSEY

Go get the fucking bag.

HAWAII

It's in the men's room.

Montana gets up and exits the theater. Hawaii reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out a bag of M&M's. Then, he searches the rest of his pockets.

HAWAII

Shit.

NEW JERSEY

What?

HAWAII

I forgot to get the Doritos.

NEW JERSEY

Whatever, you can eat them later.

HAWAII

I don't like to watch movies
without snacks.

NEW JERSEY

I don't like a lot of things
happening today.

Jersey reaches into the bag of M&M's and thinks for a moment. Then, he throws an M&M at the back of the Son's head.

The Son turns around and then looks back at the movie.

Montana returns from the bathroom and shuffles back into his seat.

MONTANA
It's not there.

HAWAII
What?

MONTANA
I just said, it's not-

NEW JERSEY
You checked the third stall?

MONTANA
I checked every stall, it's not-

HAWAII
-You even checked behind the
toilets and everything?

MONTANA
Yes, obviously I checked
everywhere. What do I look like, an
idiot?

NEW JERSEY
Yes.

MONTANA
I'm getting sick of this abuse
here, alright?

New Jersey and Hawaii get up and exit the theater.

MONTANA
Hey! Guys! Guys!

Montana waits for a moment and gets up to follow them out.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Hawaii enters the bathroom and New Jersey barrels past him.

New Jersey opens each stall, the bag isn't in any of them.

Montana opens the door.

MONTANA
Did you find it?

HAWAII
Not yet.

MONTANA

Why would you guys put it in here?
Rookie move.

NEW JERSEY

Rookie move? You're the one who
barrel-assed in here dressed like
Borat. And like, ten minutes late.
I told you this was a bad drop-off
spot.

HAWAII

(to Montana)

I texted you! Why didn't you see
it?

MONTANA

You texted me? Oh! Wait, wait...

Montana scrolls through his phone, then holds it up once he
finds the text.

MONTANA

Just dropped major package in the
bathroom? I thought you took a shit
or something.

HAWAII

Why would I text you that?

MONTANA

I don't know, that's why I didn't
respond.

NEW JERSEY

Oh my god, shut up! Both of you.
This whole idea was fucked from the
start. None of this would be
happening if I was in charge of the
location.

HAWAII

Oh, right. Says the guy who's all-

NEW JERSEY

-Alright, just because-

HAWAII

-Oh, hey. Why don't we open the bag
to see how much we got.

NEW JERSEY

-I DIDN'T THINK THE INK WAS STILL
GONNA BE IN THE BAG-

HAWAII
I'm just saying-

MONTANA
-Yeah Jersey, plus the suits? You
guys look like you just robbed a
Bar Mitzvah.

NEW JERSEY
The suits are cool! The suits are
fucking cool!

HAWAII
Listen, let's just cut our losses
and get the fuck out of here before
anyone reports the-

Suddenly, the door to the men's room and Eugene steps in.

EUGENE
Looking for something?

The three men stare blankly at Eugene.

EUGENE
Why don't you follow me?

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - DAY

The three criminals cautiously follow Eugene as he makes his
way behind the concession stand. He pulls out the duffel bag
and plops it onto the counter.

New Jersey and Hawaii look at each other and nod. They both
reach for their guns.

They left them in the fucking bag.

NEW JERSEY
Alright, look...I'm sorry, I can't
read your name tag. Left my
contacts at home today.

EUGENE
Eugene.

NEW JERSEY
Well, Eugene. I know I speak for
all of us over here-

EUGENE
Respectfully, gentleman, I don't
think you understand the severity
of this situation.

HAWAII

C'mon Eugene, we can work something out. Why don't you just-

Eugene reaches into the bag and pulls out the bag of Doritos that Hawaii was saving for later.

EUGENE

This? Level three contraband.

The criminals stare at him, then at each other and then back to Eugene?

NEW JERSEY

What?

EUGENE

Outside snacks are not allowed in or around the premises. I'm afraid I'm going to have to keep this, and you're going to have to leave.

NEW JERSEY

Listen, uh... Eugene?

EUGENE

That's Eugene to you.

NEW JERSEY

Okay...look. Why don't we just take that bag, leave, and go eat our Doritos somewhere else?

EUGENE

I'm afraid I can't let you do that.

HAWAII

Well what if we pay for the snacks?

New Jersey and Montana whip their heads around.

HAWAII

Yeah... I mean, you're a small business. It's a struggle, AMC's got the market by the balls with those reclining seats and... it just doesn't feel right to take away potential business from my favorite theater.

EUGENE

You really mean that?

MONTANA

Zere iz money in za bahg.

Hawaii punches Montana's shoulder.

HAWAII

That's right. Take a look.

New Jersey's face is bright red and sweating.

Eugene reaches in, pushing past the snacks. His eyes widen, and he looks back up at Hawaii.

EUGENE

The thing is... snacks are pretty pricey these days.

He pulls out two stacks of cash. He pauses and pulls out a third.

EUGENE

And with...inflation...

NEW JERSEY

Yeah, don't be cute. You're pushing it.

Eugene puts back the third stack.

HAWAII

Are we good?

Eugene breathes in.

EUGENE

I suppose.

HAWAII

Great. Now, if you could just hand over the bag we'll be on our merry way.

EUGENE

Here. Just get it out of here and leave our theater out of your business.

Eugene throws the duffel bag into Hawaii's arms. One of the guns inside fires and hits Hawaii in the stomach. He drops to the ground and wheezes. The money and guns spill out of the bag.

HAWAII

WHAT THE FUCK?

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

Inside the theater, a scene plays out onscreen of a Rambo-style old man firing an assault rifle into a crowd of zombies. The sounds of bullets firing echoes through the room.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - DAY

Blood pumps out of the wound in Hawaii's stomach. New Jersey approaches and tries to throw Hawaii's arm over his shoulder to lift him up.

Eugene looks on and pees his pants.

HAWAII
Is... is it bad?

MONTANA
It's not THAT bad.

NEW JERSEY
It's fucking awful!

Some blood spits out of the wound and onto New Jersey's face.

Montana gags and runs to the bathroom. Hawaii trembles and tries to Grab New Jersey's collar.

NEW JERSEY
Euggh. Oh my god.

In the chaos, Eugene stares down at the bag of money.

NEW JERSEY
Listen, buddy. At least we got the-

New Jersey looks down and sees the empty place where the bag used to be and there's only a few stacks sprawled across the floor.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Eugene pants heavily as he sprints down the street carrying the duffel bag.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - DAY

Suddenly, a POLICE OFFICER enters through the front door.

POLICE OFFICER
We got a call about a noise
complaint-

He takes his sunglasses off and sees Hawaii and New Jersey staring at him while Hawaii bleeds out on the ground. They're surrounded by discarded stacks of money and blood.

Then, Montana comes out of the bathroom and stops in his tracks.

POV: The officer looks up at Montana and then back to New Jersey. Jersey is pointing a gun straight at the camera. He fires.

CUT TO: BLACK