

Bond of Brothers

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FADE IN:

INT. TOYOTA PRIUS - DAY

DAVID drives along an industrial road. Early 20's, he's built like a field hand with a charming personality. He doesn't always have the best ideas but he's loyal.

Riding shotgun is MILES, early 30's, baby face. He's smart, but nothing ever seems to come easy for him. He resents David for his ability to connect with people.

DAVID

Would you rather do Shania Twain or Sheryl Crow?

MILES

Shania.

DAVID

Really? You'd go for the Canuck?

MILES

Why's that matter?

DAVID

For one, you're puttin' an American out of work.

MILES

What work? Getting double teamed?

DAVID

I'm tellin' you, Sheryl, she's the real deal. I'd drag my balls through broken glass just to hear her fart through a walkie-talkie.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Expensive paintings line the walls. A stout hand-crafted desk sits in the center of the room.

A MUSCULAR FOREIGNER fidgets in a leather chair as he stares at the back of MR. SCOTT.

Mr. Scott, designer suit, has risen to the top of drug distribution by being ruthless with his friends and enemies.

He stares at an entire wall filled with pictures of himself and CHIP, a college-aged boy.

MR. SCOTT  
Things aren't looking so well.

MUSCULAR FOREIGNER  
Boss?

MR. SCOTT  
Chip's dealings. That overdose has the  
wrong people sniffing around.

Mr. Scott takes a seat.

MUSCULAR FOREIGNER  
You want me to hurt them?

MR. SCOTT  
No, no. They need a suspect.

MUSCULAR FOREIGNER  
But boss...

MR. SCOTT  
Not you.

He slides an envelope across the desk. A newspaper  
picture of a CUTE YOUNG COLLEGE GIRL clipped to the  
outside.

MR. SCOTT  
Those errand boys aren't worth a tinker's  
damn.

The Muscular Foreigner hastily reaches for the envelope,  
but Mr. Scott doesn't let up.

MR. SCOTT  
Then don't let Chip out of your sight.

INT. RECEPTIONIST OFFICE - DAY

A FEMALE RECEPTIONIST types at her desk.

David strolls in with Miles close behind.

DAVID  
(to receptionist)  
Hey good lookin', you got the dry-  
cleaning slip?

RECEPTIONIST  
Hi, he actually wants to see you.

DAVID

Himself?

RECEPTIONIST

(to phone)

Your errand boys are here.

(to David)

Go right ahead.

Miles follows David before she barks --

RECEPTIONIST

Not you.

Miles plops down in a chair. He picks among the magazine offerings: "GUNS & AMMO, ASSAULT RIFLES, and OPRAH."

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Scott nods to the Muscular Foreigner.

He shuffles off as David enters.

MR. SCOTT

Come right in, have a seat.

DAVID

Hey, been awhile.

MR. SCOTT

Yes, I'm glad we've got this little opportunity before you leave us.

DAVID

Really?

MR. SCOTT

Of course. I wanted to wish you success with your endeavors.

IN THE RECEPTIONIST OFFICE

Miles glances up from his magazine.

MILES

So, how's your day?

She ignores him.

The Muscular Foreigner walks by with a mischievous grin.

IN MR. SCOTT'S OFFICE

Both men relax as they lean back in their chairs.

MR. SCOTT  
So what are your plans?

DAVID  
Opening up a pawn shop.

MR. SCOTT  
Ambitious.

DAVID  
You bet sir.

MR. SCOTT  
You find a location?

DAVID  
I liked this place out on forty-  
second... wait, you aren't gonna try to  
open one are you?

MR. SCOTT  
No, no, you're safe.

David sighs in relief.

DAVID  
That's good to hear.

Mr. Scott's cell phone BEEPS. He tosses David a slip.

MR. SCOTT  
Don't wrinkle anything.

DAVID  
Will do. And again, it was nice talkin'  
to you.

MR. SCOTT  
Yeah yeah.

INT. TOYOTA PRIUS - DAY

David drives as Miles fiddles with the radio.

MILES  
How'd the meeting go?

DAVID  
Boss wished us luck.

MILES

On picking up his dry cleaning?

DAVID

'Course not. The pawn shop.

MILES

You told him!?

DAVID

I turned in my two-week notice.

MILES

Our work isn't that formal.

DAVID

I wanted to do it right. He's a good guy.

MILES

And you came to this conclusion based on what? Your pep talk?

DAVID

No. He also dresses fancy.

MILES

How many former co-workers do you still talk to?

David pauses.

DAVID

Now that you mention it --

MILES

-- None! Because they're dead! This isn't a guy that wishes you luck on your future. There is no future.

DAVID

If he was going to kill us, why didn't he do it already?

MILES

I don't know.

DAVID

You think we should run?

MILES

No... he'd definitely kill us if we didn't pick up his dry-cleaning.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

At a dive strip mall, Miles places a suit into the car.

TWO POLICE CARS, SIRENS BLARING sprint up to their car.

Police Officers spill out, guns aimed.

BURLY OFFICER

Freeze!

INT. POLICE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Miles and David watch from the back as the Burly Officer investigates their car.

He opens the glove box, pulls out a small bag of cocaine and a silver necklace.

Miles and David give each other a look of "oh shit."