

BASIL KING

SAMPLE OF EPISODE #4

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SAMPLE

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EXT. BANK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

JEFF BASILS (30s) and his friends/colleagues, **TONY SMOKES** (30s) and **BOBBY BOTANY** (30s) make it to the BANK and collect themselves. The robbery ahead weighs on each of them heavily.

TONY
I gotta be honest, I don't like this.

JEFF
Tough.

BOBBY
Yeah, I'm not sure about this.

JEFF
It was your fucking idea, dipshit!

BOBBY
I know that! I just mean I got a bad feeling is all.

JEFF
Of course you got a bad feeling!
We're about to rob a fucking bank!

TONY
I feel kinda sick.

JEFF
Tony, I'm gonna need you to cut the shit. You've been whining all day and I'm tired of it.

BOBBY
Jeff, take it easy. You know how sensitive he is.

TONY
I'm not sensitive.

JEFF
Let's just get this done. Alright?
Is everyone cool with that?

Everyone goes silent. The tension in the air is heavy. When Jeff gets like this, everyone's day proves a little less than well.

But IN THE BACKGROUND, we see SOME MEN CREEP INTO THE BANK and proceed to ROB IT.

Meanwhile, the trio proceeds to talk.

BOBBY
I think we need to unpack this.

JEFF
Unpack what?

BOBBY
Whatever the fuck's the matter with you.

JEFF
Oh, Jesus...

BOBBY
Seriously, man. You've been taking it all out on me and Tony--Tony especially. And as much as I like to rag on Tony, there's a limit.

TONY
I can only take so much shit.

JEFF
Look, we don't have time for this--

BOBBY
Then tell us what the hell's the matter with you.

THE MEN HOLD THE TELLERS AND PATRONS HOSTAGE as they talk.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY - SIMULTANEOUS

Outside the restaurant, **DETECTIVE DUMAS** (40s) and **DETECTIVE WAHLBERG** (30s) slip inside their car with MILKSHAKES. Just then, the RADIO COMES ON saying that there was an ACTIVE ROBBERY AT THE BANK.

DUMAS and WAHLBERG look at each other, the dots finally connecting.

DUMAS
Those motherfuckers!

WAHLBERG
Fucking shit!

They SPEED AWAY toward the BANK.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

THE OTHER MEN ARE HOLDING PEOPLE HOSTAGE as they STUFF MONEY INTO BAGS.

Meanwhile, the trio is still in the car.

JEFF

I don't have to explain myself.

TONY

We're your friends.

BOBBY

Tony's right.

JEFF

Okay fine! Jesus...

(sighs)

I just don't know if we're in too deep. This kind of money is gonna put me out of business--not that I had much business to speak of in the first place. Not only that, but I don't want to get y'all in more shit either.

BOBBY

What're you talking about? I live for this shit.

TONY

I don't live for it, but I can take it.

BOBBY

Shit comes and shit goes, but the point of it is: We're all in shit together.

THE MEN FIRE THEIR GUNS IN THE AIR AND PEOPLE SCREAM, but BOBBY and TONY and JEFF are too wrapped up in this heartfelt moment.

JEFF

You Goombas have been with me since the beginning. What would I do without y'all?

BOBBY

Probably wouldn't be in this shit to begin with, to be honest.

JEFF chuckles. And they fall silent.

In the BACKGROUND, THE MEN TIE UP EVERYONE, MONEYBAGS IN HAND.

TONY
Bianca left me.

JEFF
What?

TONY
Yeahhh. I think for good this time.

BOBBY
Well, shit.

JEFF
I'm sorry, man.

TONY SNIFFLES and SHRUGS.

TONY
It's whatever. Now, let's rob a fucking bank.

JEFF
Fuck yeah!

BOBBY
No slips or shits, we fucking got this!

They lower their MASKS over the faces just as THE MEN IN THE BANK PILE OUT THE DOOR AND RUN INTO THE PARKING LOT.

The THREE get out of the car, toy guns at the ready and stop in complete shock.

THE THREE MEN WHO JUST FINISHED ROBBING THE BANK stop as well, money in hand, just as confused.

MASKED MAN #1
Who the fuck are you?

MASKED MAN #2
What's with the Obama mask?

TONY
It's Sammy Davis Jr., you bigot bastard!

JEFF
And who the fuck are you?

MASKED MAN #1
I asked you first.

BOBBY
Well, he asked you second.

MASKED MAN #3
That's not the way that works.

JEFF
Oh yeah? Who the fuck asked you,
wise guy?

MASKED MAN #3
I ain't no wise guy.

JEFF
I can tell, you on-the-spectrum-
piece-of-shit!

JEFF and BOBBY HIGH-FIVE.

MASKED MAN #1
You can't say that! It's offensive.

JEFF takes off his mask and turns to BOBBY.

JEFF
Well, goddammit! What the fuck can
I say?

MASKED MAN #3
Just don't call people names. It's
not nice!

BOBBY
Oh yeah? Well robbery isn't very
nice either.

MASKED MAN #2
You're just mad because we got here
first.

BOBBY
Oh, you want to see fucking mad?

JEFF
Tell you what: put the bags down
and walk away, then we can call it
fair.

MASKED MAN #1
Or! You dicks go back to whatever
circle-jerk you came from and we
walk away with what we rightfully
stole.

BOBBY and TONY take off their masks and throw them on the
ground.

BOBBY
Fucking shit, man!

JEFF raises his TOY GUN.

JEFF
I only ask nicely once.

MASKED MAN #1
You gonna shoot us in broad
daylight? Real smart.

JEFF
I've said my say. I think it's
'bout time I let Smithy here say
his say.

MASKED MAN #1
Fuck! Off!

AS THEY ARGUE, THE SOUND OF SIRENS GROW LOUDER. The hostages
inside are looking on in astonishment at the heroic act.

JEFF
Put the money down!

MASKED MAN #1
How 'bout NO!

JEFF
Don't make me tell you again!

Then, finally, the COPS SHOW UP and PULL OUT GUNS.

COPS
FREEZE! Put your weapons on the
ground.

All six of them set their weapons on the ground and step
away. COPS come in and put handcuffs on them and lead them
toward the car.

But THEN, one of the hostages step out and interrupt them.

HOSTAGE #1
They stopped them officers! They
stopped the bank robbers.

COP #1
He did?

JEFF
We did?

HOSTAGE #2
It's true! I saw it!

Then, all the HOSTAGES START CLAPPING, applauding the trio's
bravery.

MASKED MAN #1
You've got to be shitting me!

The cop takes off the handcuffs from JEFF and the NEWS ROLLS
IN. TAKING PICTURES AND PHOTOGRAPHS.

After a long moment of confusion, JEFF and the others begin
to revel in the attention, going along with the hostages'
version of the story.

DETECTIVES DUMAS AND WAHLBERG ROLL IN and see the commotion
going on at the foot of the bank, dumbfounded.

Through the crowd of clapping hands and smiling faces, JEFF
turns to see DUMAS standing before stone-faced. After a
TENSE MOMENT, DUMAS holds out his hand.

Hesitantly, JEFF SHAKES IT.

DUMAS walks off, signaling for WAHLBERG to come with him.
WAHLBERG is getting BOBBY'S AUTOGRAPH, and he walks away to
join his partner.

A REPORTER STICKS A MICROPHONE IN JEFF'S FACE and says:

REPORTER
And here is the hero of this ordeal
today! What is your name, sir?

JEFF smiles.

JEFF
Basils. Jeffrey Basils!