

VIVA LAS VEGAS, AM I RIGHT?

Written by

Cat Bitteker

Cat Bitteker
cmb2246@nau.edu
505-249-6183

INT. LAS VEGAS BAR - EVENING

People are talking and music is playing at a low volume.

Slot machines line one wall, flashing lights and chiming sounds.

SHANE (30) enters the bar and takes a seat. He is tall, has long, dark brown hair, and sports a patchy beard. He wears green-tinted aviators, a short sleeve button up, and slacks.

A BARTENDER approaches Shane and places a DRINK NAPKIN in front of him.

BARTENDER

What can I get you?

Shane itches his beard as he thinks.

SHANE

Mm...Captain Morgan on the rocks.

The bartender acknowledges the order, then turns away.

Shane averts his attention from bartender and glances around the bar. He looks at a TV, a bowling league game is on.

The bartender places the DRINK on the napkin and Shane looks back to him.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

The bartender turns without saying anything. Shane grabs the drink and takes a sip.

INT. BAR TOP - EVENING (CONTINUOUS)

A COUPLE enters and sits next to Shane. They are whispering to each other and keeping to themselves. Shane looks at them and smiles. They do not smile in return.

Shane looks back down at his drink.

Shane takes a sip, then glances back at the couple. The man, TONY (24) notices Shane.

TONY

Hey, you gotta problem?

Shane looks caught off guard.

SHANE

No, no, of course not, man.

Shane focuses on the TV, drink in hand. The man looks at his girlfriend, CLAIRE (21).

TONY

(Under his breath)

Fuckin' drunk.

Shane clicks his tongue, but does not reply. He fiddles with his drink and takes another sip before placing the cup back on the napkin.

The couple is whispering to each other, but Shane ignores them. He continues to watch the bowling league game.

INT. BAR TOP - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Tony pulls out a GUN from his jacket.

Shane snaps his head to Tony and his eyes widen. Tony points the gun at the bartender and Claire stands, also pulling out a GUN. She points it towards the CUSTOMERS.

TONY

Everyone get to the ground and
nobody gets hurt!

(To bartender)

Take all the money out of the
register!

The people in the bar fall to the ground in unison. The bartender, with his hands in the air, slowly goes to the register and opens it.

Shane does not move from his seat. He blinks and slowly turns back to the bar, studying his drink.

Tony looks at Shane and steps closer to him, gun raised.

TONY (CONT'D)

Did ya hear what I just said?

Shane takes a sip.

SHANE

(Calmly)

Yeah--

The bartender slaps a stack of SMALL BILLS on the bar top.

Tony turns and grabs the money, studying it. His gun is still trained on the bartender.

TONY
(To bartender)
The fuck is this? Big bills too,
dammit!

Shane itches his beard as he glances at the stack of cash.

SHANE
It's happy hour man, they only have
small bills.

Tony snaps his head back to Shane. He drops the money back on the bar top.

TONY
That right, *hombre*?

Shane points to a sign above the bar that reads:

HAPPY HOUR! ONE DOLLAR DRINKS, 5-7PM!

Tony glances at the sign and frowns. He looks at Shane and takes a step closer.

TONY (CONT'D)
Well maybe you can help me then.
Gimme me your wallet! Gimme me all
your money, NOW!

Tony points the gun towards Shane. Shane spins towards the man in his chair. He lazily puts his hands in the air.

SHANE
Hey, man, I only have \$5 and it's
for my next drink.

Shane grabs his half empty glass and shakes it side to side. He still has one hand in the air as he takes a sip.

Tony scowls. He steps up to Shane and shoves him out of his chair.

INT. FLOOR - EVENING (CONTINUOUS)

Shane falls and, unable to catch himself, lands on his back.

THUD!

The BARSTOOL crashes on the floor. Shane's drink flies out of his hand. The glass crashes and the liquor and ice splash across the floor.

Shane groans as he sits up and pushes his hair out of his face. He grabs his AVIATORS and perches them back on his nose.

He looks at his spilt drink on the ground with a frown.

SHANE

Man...I wasn't finished with my
drink.

Shane moves to get to his feet, but Tony shoves him back on the ground with his foot.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Jeez!

Tony bends down and points the gun at Shane's head. With his free hand, he grabs Shane by the shirt and yanks him onto his side. He straightens and puts his foot on Shane's back.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Yo, not cool!

Tony looks at Claire. Shane wiggles on the floor.

TONY

(To Claire)
Check his pockets!

Shane cranes his head to look at the two robbers.

SHANE

Aw, c'mon, you don't have to do
that!

Claire bends down and shoves her hand in Shane's back pocket.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Gettin' a little too personal there
lady!

She pulls out his WALLET and opens it. She pulls five ONE DOLLAR BILLS out and throws them on the ground.

Claire fingers through the wallet and pauses. She reveals a metal PRIVATE DETECTIVE BADGE imprinted into the black leather.

Tony snorts and snatches the wallet. He removes his foot off Shanes back, an outline of dust now imprinted on Shane's shirt.

TONY
(Mocking)
What do we have here?

Shane gets up slowly, stumbling as he does.

INT. BAR TOP - EVENING (CONTINUOUS)

Tony reveals the badge to the bar.

TONY
Look at this! The man's so drunk he
forgot he was a fuckin' cop!

He flicks the wallet at Shane. Shane flinches as it hits him and it falls to the ground.

TONY (CONT'D)
(Teasing)
You can't even do your job, pig!

Shane supports himself on the bar.

SHANE
Hey, I'm on vacation, man. I didn't
come here expecting to get beat up
by a kid who decided to rob a bar
during happy hour.

Tony's face turns red. He shoves his gun barrel into Shane's chest. Shane puts his hands in the air.

TONY
(Screaming)
You're pushin' your luck buddy!

SHANE
H-hey, man. Chill out.

Claire moves closer to the man.

CLAIRE
Stop it, Tony! Don't mess with the
cop! Let's just get out of here!

TONY
Shut up, Claire!

Tony cocks his gun. Shanes eyes widen.

Claire freaks out and she lunges towards Tony, pushing his arm away.

Caught off guard, Tony fires his gun.

Shane ducks out of the way, covering his head as he does. People in the bar scream and take cover.

The bullet hits the knocked over barstool and ricochets back towards Tony. It grazes his cheek and he stumbles back.

He drops his gun and staggers in shock. The side of his face is dripping with blood.

Claire screams and steps back, still holding her gun.

The bar is in commotion. Tony screams.

CLAIRE

TONY!

Tony presses his hands to his cheek and blood runs down his arms. He thrashes around in pain.

TONY

FUCK!

Shane uncovers his head and watches Tony with wide eyes. He looks at the gun on the ground and lunges towards it. Shane grabs it and points it at Claire.

SHANE

Put the gun down, lady.

Crying, Claire drops her gun on the ground. She then puts her hands in the air. Shane moves up to it and kicks it away from the robbers.

CLAIRE

I don't wanna go to jail!

SHANE

(to Claire)

Shhh. Just stay calm, okay? Get on the ground.

(to bar)

Everyone just stay calm.

Claire drops to her knees, hands still in the air.

He straightens, securing the gun in his belt. Shane slowly steps closer to the couple. Tony, cringing, claws for some napkins off the bar and slaps them on his face.

SHANE (CONT'D)

You ok? Tony?

Shane tries to reach out to Tony. Tony takes a step back, still clutching his face. He falls to his knees, groaning.

TONY

(Slurred)

Stay the hell away from me!

Shane stops and raises placating hands.

SHANE

(Softly)

Just calm down, man. You shot yourself! Nobody here is having fun anymore. I know I'm not.

Tony does not reply, he only stares at Shane with loathing. Shane clicks his tongue.

SHANE (CONT'D)

I don't know what you were expecting from this, but it's not worth it, man. You can leave, go get your face cleaned up, and maybe take your girl out for a nice meal, eh? You don't need to do this, it ain't good for anyone.

Calmly, Shane rests his arm on the bar top. He glances at the bartender, who is watching quietly from behind the bar.

SHANE (CONT'D)

(To bartender)

Put the money back in the register.

The bartender glances at the robbers, then back to Shane before grabbing the money hastily and opening the register. Shane looks back to the robbers. The register closes.

KER-CHING!

SHANE

C'mon, man. Get outta here and clean yourself up.

Tony is staring at the ground, contemplating his options.

Beat.

Tony starts to stand, grabbing the edge of the bar and pulling himself up with one hand. Shane moves and helps Tony up. Tony flinches as Shane wraps his arm around Tony's side.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Don't strain yourself.

Tony gets to his feet. Shane steps back and puts his hands in his pockets.

Tony stares at Shane as he grabs another NAPKIN off the bar top and replaces it with the blood soaked napkins.

Tony averts his eyes and takes a step back. He motions for Claire to follow him. Claire gets to her feet.

The couple exits the bar.

INT. BAR - EVENING (CONTINUOUS)

The bar is quiet and everyone is watching, mouths ajar and eyes wide. People slowly start to get up. Shane sighs as he watches the empty exit.

The sound of the slot machines chimes through the quiet bar.

Beat.

Shane turns to address the customers.

SHANE
(to bar)
Continue as you were, I guess.

Shane grabs Claire's GUN off the ground and takes Tony's GUN from his belt. He gently places them on the bar top.

The bar resumes with hesitant quite chatter and low music.

INT. BAR TOP - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Shane turns and picks up the BARSTOOL, his MONEY, and BADGE. He takes a seat at the bar and puts his wallet and five dollars on the bar top.

Shane reaches in his pocket and pulls out a MONEY CLIP. He slides Tony's DRIVERS LICENSE from the clip and studies it.

SHANE
(to himself)
Hello, Tony Walker.

He tosses the money clip and ID on the bar top and chuckles. He looks up at the bartender who has fear etched across his face. Shane smiles.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Viva Las Vegas, am I right?

THE END