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1. INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

A normal Denny's, Spires-like coffee shop in Los Angeles.

It's about 9:00 in the morning. While the place isn't jammed, there's a healthy number of people drinking coffee, munching on bacon and eating eggs.

Two of these people are a YOUNG MAN and a YOUNG WOMAN. The Young Man has a slight working-class English accent and, like his fellow countryman, smokes cigarettes like they're going out of style.

It is impossible to tell where the Young Woman is from or how old she is; everything she does contradicts something she did.

The boy and girl sit in a booth. Their dialogue is to be said in a rapid-pace "HIS GIRL FRIDAY" fashion.

YOUNG MAN

No, forget it, it's too risky. I'm through doin' that shit.

YOUNG WOMAN

You always say that, the same thing every time: never again, I'm through, too dangerous.

YOUNG MAN

I know that's what I always say. I'm always right too, but --

YOUNG WOMAN

-- but you forget about it in a day or two --

YOUNG MAN

-- yeah, well, the days of me forgittin' are over, and the days of me rememberin' have just begun.

YOUNG WOMAN

When you go on like this, you know
what you sound like?

YOUNG MAN

I sound like a sensible fucking
man, is what I sound like.

YOUNG WOMAN

You sound like a duck.
(imitates a duck)
Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack,
quack, quack...

YOUNG MAN

Well take heart, 'cause you're
never gonna hafta hear it again.
Because since I'm never gonna do it
again, you're never gonna hafta
hear me quack about how I'm never
gonna do it again.

YOUNG WOMAN

After tonight.

The boy and girl laugh, their laughter putting a
pause in
there, back and forth.

YOUNG MAN

(with a smile)
Correct. I got all tonight to
quack.

A WAITRESS comes by with a pot of coffee.

WAITRESS

Can I get anybody anymore coffee?

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh yes, thank you.

The Waitress pours the Young Woman's coffee. The
Young Man
lights up another cigarette.

YOUNG MAN

I'm doin' fine.

The Waitress leaves. The Young Man takes a drag off of his smoke. The Young Woman pours a ton of cream and sugar into her coffee.

The Young Man goes right back into it.

YOUNG MAN

I mean the way it is now, you're takin' the same fuckin' risk as when you rob a bank. You take more of a risk. Banks are easier! Federal banks aren't supposed to stop you anyway, during a robbery. They're insured, why should they care? You don't even need a gun in a federal bank.

I heard about this guy, walked into a federal bank with a portable phone, handed the phone to the teller, the guy on the other end of the phone said: "We got this guy's little girl, and if you don't give him all your money, we're gonna kill 'er."

YOUNG WOMAN

Did it work?

YOUNG MAN

Fuckin' A it worked, that's what I'm talkin' about! Knucklehead walks in a bank with a telephone, not a pistol, not a shotgun, but a fuckin' phone, cleans the place out, and they don't lift a fuckin' finger.

YOUNG WOMAN

Did they hurt the little girl?

YOUNG MAN

I don't know. There probably never was a little girl -- the point of the story isn't the little girl. The point of the story is they robbed the bank with a telephone.

YOUNG WOMAN

You wanna rob banks?

YOUNG MAN

I'm not sayin' I wanna rob banks, I'm just illustrating that if we did, it would be easier than what we been doin'.

YOUNG WOMAN

So you don't want to be a bank robber?

YOUNG MAN

Naw, all those guys are goin' down the same road, either dead or servin' twenty.

YOUNG WOMAN

And no more liquor stores?

YOUNG MAN

What have we been talking about? Yeah, no-more-liquor-stores. Besides, it ain't the giggle it usta be. Too many foreigners own liquor stores. Vietnamese, Koreans, they can't fuckin' speak English. You tell 'em: "Empty out the register," and they don't know what it fuckin' means. They make it too personal. We keep on, one of those gook motherfuckers' gonna make us kill 'em.

YOUNG WOMAN

I'm not gonna kill anybody.

YOUNG MAN

I don't wanna kill anybody either. But they'll probably put us in a situation where it's us of them. And if it's not the gooks, it these old Jews who've owned the store for fifteen fuckin' generations. Ya got Grandpa Irving sittin' behind the counter with a fuckin' Magnum. Try walkin' into one of those stores with nothin' but a

telephone, see how far it gets you.
Fuck it, forget it, we're out of
it.

YOUNG WOMAN
Well, what else is there, day jobs?

YOUNG MAN
(laughing)
Not this life.

YOUNG WOMAN
Well what then?

He calls to the Waitress.

YOUNG MAN
Garcon! Coffee!

Then looks to his girl.

YOUNG MAN
This place.

The Waitress comes by, pouring him some more.

WAITRESS
(snotty)
"Garcon" means boy.

She splits.

YOUNG WOMAN
Here? It's a coffee shop.

YOUNG MAN
What's wrong with that? People
never rob restaurants, why not?
Bars, liquor stores, gas stations,
you get your head blown off
stickin' up one of them.
Restaurants, on the other hand, you
catch with their pants down.
They're not expecting to get
robbed, or not as expecting.

YOUNG WOMAN
(taking to idea)
I bet in places like this you could

cut down on the hero factor.

YOUNG MAN

Correct. Just like banks, these places are insured. The managers don't give a fuck, they're just tryin' to get ya out the door before you start pluggin' diners. Waitresses, forget it, they ain't takin' a bullet for the register. Busboys, some wetback gettin' paid a dollar fifty a hour gonna really give a fuck you're stealin' from the owner. Customers are sittin' there with food in their mouths, they don't know what's goin' on. One minute they're havin' a Denver omelette, next minute somebody's stickin' a gun in their face.

The Young Woman visibly takes in the idea. The
Young Man
continues in a low voice.

YOUNG MAN

See, I got the idea last liquor store we stuck up. 'Member all those customers kept comin' in?

YOUNG WOMAN

Yeah.

YOUNG MAN

They you got the idea to take everybody's wallet.

YOUNG WOMAN

Uh-huh.

YOUNG MAN

That was a good idea.

YOUNG WOMAN

Thank you.

YOUNG MAN

We made more from the wallets than we did the register.

YOUNG WOMAN

Yes we did.

YOUNG MAN

A lot of people go to restaurants.

YOUNG WOMAN

A lot of wallets.

YOUNG MAN

Pretty smart, huh?

The Young Woman scans the restaurant with this new information. She sees all the PATRONS eating, lost in conversations. The tires WAITRESS, taking orders. The BUSBOYS going through the motions, collecting dishes. The MANAGER complaining to the COOK about something. A smiles breaks out on the Young Woman's face.

YOUNG WOMAN

Pretty smart.

(into it)

I'm ready, let's go, right here, right now.

YOUNG MAN

Remember, same as before, you're crowd control, I handle the employees.

YOUNG WOMAN

Got it.

They both take out their .32-caliber pistols and lay them on the table. He looks at her and she back at him.

YOUNG WOMAN

I love you, Pumpkin.

YOUNG MAN

I love you, Honey Bunny.

And with that, Pumpkin and Honey Bunny grab their weapons,

stand up and rob the restaurant. Pumpkin's robbery
persona is
is that of the in-control professional. Honey Bunny's
of
the psychopathic, hair-triggered, loose cannon.

PUMPKIN

(yelling to all)

Everybody be cool this is a
robbery!

HONEY BUNNY

Any of you fuckin' pricks move and
I'll execute every one of you
motherfuckers! Got that?

CUT

TO: