

Back and Forth

EXT. DINER - NOON

Two men exit a black sedan and step into the harsh bright noon sun.

MARK exits the car from the driver's side. He is tall with an unkempt beard and a tired demeanor. He is carrying a dirty, green leather bag.

DERRICK steps out of the passenger-side door. His head is trembling, his hands bruised. Everything about his appearance suggests a nervous wreck or a nasty hangover.

The two reach the trunk of the car.

MARK

Give me a sec. Let me put this up.

Mark unzips the bag slowly, then swiftly reaches in, takes some of its contents, and stuffs it into the pocket of his jeans. Derrick glances around nervously.

In another quick, clean motion Mark pops the trunk, catching it before it opens all the way. He throws the bag in and slams the door as soon as he lets go of the bag's handle.

MARK

Alright. Let's go eat.

INT. DINER - NOON

Mark and Derrick enter the Diner. It's decorated in dark fabrics. Every other table is either full of customers or dirty, empty plates. A lone waitress is doing double duty waiting on customers and clearing tables. A few customers turn to face them.

Derrick takes a step back as everyone turns back to their food and families.

Mark nudges Derrick then points to a nearby paper sign informing customers to find their own seats. The two sit down at an empty booth close to the door but away from the other customers.

Mark wipes crumbs off the table with a napkin as Derrick pulls two menus from behind the napkin dispenser and drops them on the table.

INT. DINER BOOTH - NOON

MARK

Hey, are you OK?

DERRICK

Yeah, I'll be fine. So what do we do about-

MARK

OK, well what do we say happened to the guy?

DERRICK

Why do we even have to know what happened to him?

MARK

If we get asked about it, 'I don't know' sounds more incriminating than 'oh he's blank'.

DERRICK

You have a point.

(beat)

What if we say he's on vacation?

MARK

Where?

DERRICK

Out of the country?

MARK

No, that requires documentation, too many holes in that story.

Derrick looks around. He makes eye contact with another patron, stares until Derrick looks down at his menu.

DERRICK

Out of state maybe?

MARK

Oh yeah, I remember hearing about that, he's doing something weird or something.

Derrick gives Mark a funny look then gestures in realization.

(CONTINUED)

DERRICK

From what I heard he was going  
antiquing across the country.  
Looking for a deal on priceless  
crap.

Mark lets out a chuckle.

MARK

Yeah, that sounds like him. So what  
about the payout?

Derrick puts his head in his hands

DERRICK

I told you I don't want it. End of  
story. You hold onto it.

Two cops enter the diner. A FAT COP and COP WITH GLASSES.  
Their radios buzzing with dispatcher noise.

DERRICK

(to Mark)

So...so what are you going to get?

MARK

No idea, but I may try to-

Derrick kicks Mark under the table and nods towards the  
cops. Mark glances behind him at the two who are striding to  
a table across the restaurant. He picks up his menu and  
begins reading.

MARK

I wonder if I can get a drink at  
this hour.

DERRICK

Doubtful.

LOIS, the lone waitress on duty at an understaffed  
restaurant with a southern drawl and positive outlook,  
arrives at Mark & Derrick's table.

LOIS

Sorry for the wait. What will y'all  
have?

Mark and Derrick look at their menus briefly then put them  
down.

(CONTINUED)

MARK  
(to Lois)  
I'll have the chicken-fried steak  
and a Coke.

LOIS  
(to Mark)  
OK.

Lois jots the order down on a ticket.

LOIS (CONT.)  
(to Derrick)  
And for you?

DERRICK  
(to Lois)  
I'll have the- actually, I'll just  
have water for now

Lois looks up from the ticket to make eye contact with  
Derrick.

LOIS  
You sure you don't want some food?

DERRICK  
Yes. I'm not that hungry at the  
moment

Lois finishes writing then walks away. Mark leans into the  
table.

MARK  
(whispering)  
Hey, get some food and I'll pay for  
it. I understand what you've been  
going through lately. That's why I  
say you should take the bag.

DERRICK  
What do I tell my wife?

MARK  
Tell her the truth: we've been  
hanging out.

DERRICK  
But we both know-

MARK  
The details aren't important! In  
cases like this, the only things  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARK (cont'd)  
worth mentioning are the basic  
facts.

DERRICK  
You are telling me to lie to my  
wife?

MARK  
Please, you and I both know this  
isn't you're first rodeo. You've  
had to lie to Roxie before.

Derrick is frozen for a moment, then launches an index  
finger at Mark.

DERRICK  
That was different!

Mark leans back in the booth. a wicked smile spreads across  
his face.

MARK  
Trust me that little trip isn't any  
different than this, and if you  
want me to keep quiet about it you-

The cops walk by on their way out. Mark and Derrick are dead  
silent as the waitress brings their drinks and scurries off  
to help another customer. Mark leans in again.

MARK  
(quietly)  
You will take the damn bag and keep  
quiet. I don't give a shit what you  
do with it but you are in this for  
the long haul pal.

Derrick sits back in the booth, slouched. He is quiet.

DERRICK  
Fine. I'll take the bag.  
(beat)  
You better stay quiet.

MARK  
I will. So what should we do with  
the other?

DERRICK  
River?

Mark nods

MARK

River.

Lois returns with Mark's lunch in tow.

LOIS

(to Mark)

Here you go Hun. Hope you- what the hell?

Lois stares out the window in disbelief. The two men look outside and their faces twist into a look of horror.

From the window they can see the trunk of their car as it is viciously kicked open from the inside. A silhouette hops out of the trunk

EXT. DINER - NOON

GREG BOMBAY glances around with a mix of fury and fright on his face. His suit is dirty and wrinkled. Dried blood trickles down his forehead to his bruise-covered neck. He clutches the green leather bag. After looking around he shouts something and takes off running down the street.

Bombay makes it into the middle of the intersection. A Car horn blares. Bombay launches into the air and hits the ground with a thud that could be heard in the diner.

MARK

Crap in a hat.