

Henchmen

By

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FADE IN:

1

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

1

BRIAN, 24, lanky but fit, someone who lies about how much sex he had in college, and CLARK, 23, slightly shorter, wears glasses, storm out of a hotel with a duffle bag. The bag has random bills spilling out of it.

The two wear all black. Brian has blood smudged on his outfit and face, his clothes torn. He is holding a gun that is still smoking. Clark is completely clean and fiddles with the safety on his weapon as he runs.

An ALARM BLARES from the hotel.

BRIAN  
Shit! Shit! Shit!

CLARK  
Hey, how did you get this thing to  
turn on?

Brian wipes the blood off his face as he runs.

BRIAN  
That did not go as planned at all!

CLARK  
Oh wait, here it is.

Clark accidentally FIRES his GUN into the air.

BRIAN  
Are you out of your goddamn mind!?  
Let's go!

The two run into:

2

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

2

Brian and Clark search for a getaway car. They slow down to catch their breath as they realize no one is chasing them. The ALARM fades away.

CLARK  
Who would have thought that hotels  
have safes? Talk about *financial*  
*hospitality*.

BRIAN  
That doesn't even make sense.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK

Neither did all of those security guards who came out from beneath the front desk.

BRIAN

(ignoring him)

We need a way out of here.

CLARK

How about that one?

Clark motions to a small black sedan parked far from any other cars. An easy target.

BRIAN

Absolutely not. What happened last time you picked the getaway car?

CLARK

It was low on gas.

BRIAN

And the time before that?

CLARK

There was a cat living in the trunk. But hey, we got away fine both times!

BRIAN

I don't care. I'm sick of you screwing up our missions, Clark. I'm not going to let us wind up outside an interrogation room because your dumb ass can't pick a proper vehicle.

CLARK

Look, Brian, at least let me check it out.

Clark approaches the car and checks through the window.

BRIAN

Fine, go see. But you're not gonna find anyth-

CLARK

(surprised)

Hey, it's unlocked!

BRIAN

Wait, what?

CLARK

And the keys are in the cupholder!

BRIAN

Are you serious?

CLARK

Isn't that convenient? Usually we would have to smash the window, break open the dash, disable the alarm, and hot-wire the car, but this situation doesn't call for any of that!

BRIAN

(annoyed by his partner's luck)

Wow. Yeah, okay, I guess we'll take this one. Move over.

Brian pushes Clark out of the way and moves towards the driver's seat. Clark submissively moves to the other side of the car. The look on his face says this isn't the first time Brian has taken the wheel.

CUT TO:

3

INT. THE BLACK SEDAN - DAY

3

Brian throws the duffle bag in the back and puts the keys in the ignition as Clark climbs into the passenger seat. Brian has an excited energy as he reaches for the GEAR SHIFT to put the car in drive.

BRIAN

(confused)

Wait, what the-? What are these numbers?

PAN DOWN to the gearshift, which is labeled 1-5 with a sixth label that says "R" - a standard stick shift.

CLARK

Oh, wow. It's a stick shift. I didn't even know cars could have these anymore.

BRIAN

The hell is a stick shift?

(CONTINUED)

CLARK

It changes the gears of the car manually. They're pretty hard to drive.

Brian tries to force the stick in gear, but it won't budge.

BRIAN

Screw it. Let's get a different car.

Brian exits the car.

CLARK

Hold on-

Clark exits as well.

CUT TO:

4

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

4

CLARK

Maybe we can make this work.

BRIAN

What?

CLARK

I don't know... Maybe I could drive it.

POLICE SIRENS fade in, and the henchmen freeze, eyes bulging in terror. Quickly, they fade away. The cops must have been heading somewhere else.

BRIAN

We just shot 4 people and stole \$15,000 in cash. Do you really think this is the time for a driving lesson?

CLARK

(muttering)

YOU just shot 4 people...

BRIAN

What was that?

CLARK

Nothing. Look, Brian, just give me a chance.

Brian thinks for a moment. He is sick of arguing.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Okay, fine. But this is it. If you take more than two minutes, I'm bailing. We can't leave Pauly waiting for this money, or our asses are on the line.

The two get back into the car, this time with Clark behind the wheel.

CUT TO:

5

INT. THE BLACK SEDAN - DAY

5

Clark looks around at the different instruments of the car. He turns the RADIO on, then off. Then the WINDSHIELD WIPERS.

BRIAN

Are you finished?

CLARK

Why? Would you say that I'm *driving* you crazy?

Brian HITS Clark on the head.

BRIAN

Okay, Ricky Bobby, get us out of here.

Clark pulls out his phone and speaks to SIRI.

CLARK

(to phone)

Hey Siri, how do you drive a stick shift?

Siri takes a while to load, appropriately.

SIRI

With difficulty.

Clark puts his phone back in his pocket, defeated. He tries to shove the stick in gear, but it still won't budge. Clark then looks at his feet.

CLARK

Hey look, there are three pedals.

BRIAN

Why would there be three pedals? You only have two feet.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK  
I don't know...  
(beat)  
Maybe this third one on the left  
does something.

Clark pushes the leftmost pedal with his foot and reaches for the gear shift. He is able to put the car in gear.

CLARK  
Hey look, I did it!

Clark hits the gas and the car buckles forward, stalling.

BRIAN  
(mocking him)  
Hey look, you did it!

Clark fumbles with the keys and tries to start the car again.

CLARK  
You know, I only became a henchman  
for the money. I went to art school  
before this.

BRIAN  
Oh yeah? How'd that work out for  
you, Clark?

Clark opens his mouth to respond, but he picks up his partner's sarcasm and shuts it.

Suddenly, the two turn as they hear a SCREAM coming from behind the vehicle. It's SANDRA, 28, with straightened hair and wearing business attire. This must be the owner of the sedan.

SANDRA  
What the FUCK?!

BRIAN  
Oh, shit.

Brian and Clark step out of the car to confront the angry owner.

CUT TO:

6 INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

6

SANDRA

What the hell are you doing to my car?

Sandra pulls out her phone and begins dialing the police.

CLARK

Look, ma'am, I can explain. We're really sorr-

Brian runs up to Sandra and PUNCHES her clean across the face, knocking her out.

CLARK

Oh my god! Brian! What did you just do?

Brian picks up Sandra's phone and hangs it up.

BRIAN

What else was I supposed to do? She was calling the cops! C'mon, help me get her back into the car.

Clark's face screams disapproval, but he helps his partner anyway. The two struggle to get her into the back seat of the car. They clearly have never done this before.

Brian and Clark slump back into the car, disheveled. Clark is once again behind the wheel. He is trying very hard not to cry.

CUT TO:

7 INT. THE BLACK SEDAN - DAY

7

BRIAN

(out of breath)  
There. Shit.

CLARK

(blabbering)  
What are we gonna do? I can't go to jail. How am I gonna finally sell my artwork? How am I gonna find love? How am I gonna take out a second mortgage to put my kids through private universities?

Brian SLAPS Clark in the face.

(CONTINUED)



BRIAN

Hey! I'm not going to jail either.

POLICE SIRENS begin to go off in the distance again, growing closer.

BRIAN

(losing hope)

Okay, never mind. We're done. Game over. Looks like I am going to jail.

Clark rubs his cheek where Brian hit him. His expression turns from anguish to anger. He looks intently through the windshield, suddenly empowered.

CLARK

No.

BRIAN

What?

CLARK

(still looking forward)

You're not going to jail. And I'm not going to jail either. I am going to drive this goddamn car if it's the last thing I do. Maybe the heat of the moment will help me. Maybe my distant relative was a drift racer or something, and it's in my blood. Maybe, if I just finally trust myself instead of sitting on my ass and letting the world drive me, I drive the fucking world.

The ENGINE REVS. Sweat begins to drip from Clark's face as he takes off his glasses. There is nothing that can stop him now. He turns to his partner.

CLARK

Are you ready?

BRIAN

(matching his intensity)

For once, hell yeah I am.

Clark looks forward and YELLS as the ENGINE REVS louder. The POLICE SIRENS grow closer as the moment builds to a climax. Clark goes to put the car in gear right as we-

SMASH CUT TO:

8 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

8

Brian and Clark sit outside a room labeled "Interrogation B." Their positions are the same as they were in the car.

The two sit in silence for a solid ten seconds.

CLARK

I mean, at the end of the day,  
we're in this together right?

Brian slowly turns to face Clark.

BRIAN

(tense anger)

Are you fucking kidding me? You're  
the reason we got into this mess.  
I've dealt with your bullshit from  
the day I was assigned to you at  
HQ. I don't care how much I have to  
tell them. I don't care how much  
you want to "follow your dreams." I  
am doing whatever it takes to make  
sure that my ass walks out that  
door a free man. I'm sailing you  
down the goddamn river. B before C.  
Brian before Clark. They're gonna  
call me in first, and there's  
nothing you can do about it.

An INVESTIGATOR walks out of the room, holding a clipboard.

INVESTIGATOR

Okay. Anderson, Clark. You're  
coming in first.

Clark and Brian sit in shock.

INVESTIGATOR

(again)

Anderson, Clark.

Clark slowly stands up to follow the investigator. Brian is  
dumbfounded.

BRIAN

(desperate)

Oh, hey. Um, partners, right? Like  
you said, we're in this together.  
You won't say anything, will you?

Clark ponders for a moment. Is he actually going to stand by  
Brian?

(CONTINUED)

CLARK

Oh, I'll *paint them a picture* all  
right.

Nope.

Clark turns and follows the investigator, a victorious smile  
on his face.

CUT TO BLACK.