

BABY DRIVER

Written by

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"You are the music while the music lasts."

**T. S. Eliot**

"I was born one dark gray morn, with music coming  
in my ears..."

**Paul Simon**

*Every scene in this film is driven by music.*

1 EXT. PARKING LOT - EARLY MORNING 1

A strip mall in the San Fernando Valley.

A front wheel of a car pulls slowly into view.

A curb reads 'Short Stay. 5 Mins Only.'

2 INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS 2

Play is pressed on an iPod Classic. A rock track starts up.

It's very loud. It's awesome.

**'Bellbottoms' by the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion.**

*On high strings and a guitar stab we see the driver.*

Young, baby faced. Short cropped hair. He wears mostly black. Sports cheap gas station shades. This is BABY.

We can't see his eyes, but his blank expression seems pretty stoic. He listens to the track, stares out the windshield.

*On a 2nd guitar stab we see a beefy (30s) tough guy in shotgun. This is GRIFF. He too wears shades, black business clothes.*

*On a 3rd stab we see another black clad gentleman. (40s) He's handsome, but looks like he parties too hard. This is BUDDY.*

*On a final stab we see the last shades wearing black clad passenger, a younger lady (20s) with her hair up. This is DARLING. There's a hint of trash beneath her business clothes.*

*The high strings crescendo. Griff flings his door wide open.*

3 INT./EXT. CAR/PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS 3

*The track kicks in. We see the car is a shiny red Honda Civic and note the door chimes are in time with the song.*

*Choppy strings play against guitar riffs as GRIFF gets out. We see a shotgun partially concealed in his trench coat.*

BUDDY and DARLING get out. We glimpse they are also armed. He pops the trunk. Grabs two duffels. Hands one to Darling.

We see they all wear sneakers as they walk away from the car in sync with the track. Again. It's awesome. But we stay with-

BABY: our young driver. Hands fixed on the wheel. Ten to two. Watching his colleagues disappearing inside a 'CHASE' bank.

*The song pauses for two bars.*

*When it kicks back in, our driver suddenly drops the strong, silent tough guy act and comes to glorious, joyous life.*

Nodding his head. Swaying in his seat. Mouthing the vocals. A slave to the rhythm. He doesn't miss a beat. It's cool, but-

He's also like a *big kid* in front of his bedroom mirror. As he drums on the dash, we see shoppers pass, other cars cruise by.

Baby is so *immersed* in the track, he flicks on the wipers. *They swipe across the dry glass in perfect sync.*

A mother with a stroller passes. The infant inside notices Baby rocking out in his car. Baby waves. The infant smiles.

Then he instinctively looks in his rear view. A BLACK & WHITE POLICE CRUISER, sirens blaring, races up the street behind. Baby turns to watch the police car drive up and past.

*A pause in the music.* The police car doesn't return.

*An urgent bass line.* Baby looks to the bank. His goofy chair dance is over. He's stone faced and all business again.

*Over distorted guitars, our driver watches through partially frosted windows. Sees his colleagues ordering staff to hit the floor. Glimpses scared faces, the brandishing of weapons.*

*The song reaches an interlude; a vocal comes in and Baby lip syncs every word as his eyes stay fixed on the bank.*

JON SPENCER (IN SONG)

*"Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen."*

*A snare hits.* An ALARM sounds. Baby steels himself.

*Military snares build like staccato machine gun fire.* His colleagues explode out of the bank, two bags full.

Baby revs *in time with the snares* as his colleagues get in. Our driver glances at the bank sign. 'CHASE'.

He pops the car into reverse. Stomps the gas, hard.

*Snare drums crescendo.* The car screams back through the tight spaces between parked cars, makes a tight Rockford to face forward. Baby drops into drive. Swerves wide onto -

JON SPENCER

*"I'm gonna daaaaaance."*

Baby's car sails into busy traffic, *the track blasting on the car stereo, building in speed and energy.*

Despite the velocity of the getaway, our driver is calm at the wheel, weaving through traffic like an android.

The other gang members lay low in their seats, shrug out of their business attire. They trade looks as Baby swerves.

WOOP WOOP. One BLACK & WHITE cruiser screams the opposite way. It zooms past, then makes a 180 behind them.

Baby sees the Black & White BEHIND. A light turns red AHEAD.

He FLOORS it through the stop light. Other drivers break hard around him. Cars crash, rear end *in time with kick drum hits.*

The Black & White flies through the intersection, gaining.

Baby nears 70 mph, *the track building with cracking snares.* The lone Black & White still dogs behind. Sirens wailing.

Baby HITS 70 mph. Then 80. Comes up to an intersection. Eases off. Makes a hard right at the last second into -

A side street. Loses the Black & White. Baby TEARS down the narrow street, dodges dumpsters.

On the adjacent artery, the Black & White can be seen in parallel. Baby floors it to the next cross street and SWERVES a hard left, directly into the path of the Black & White pursuing.

Baby plows through this intersection, forcing the Black & White and all other traffic to brake VIOLENTLY HARD.

The Honda Civic leaves the Black & White in the dust and tears down another straight with less traffic.

Baby holds the gas down. Sees something before we do -

JON SPENCER (CONT'D)

*"I'm gonna break, I'm gonna break!"*

Baby brakes, pulls hard on the wheel, accelerates through a 180 skid, roars in back the other direction with -

THREE BLACK & WHITES now on his tail. Red and Blues. Sirens.

Facing the original cruiser, Baby crosses the double line, tears past oncoming traffic and DISAPPEARS up a freeway ramp.

No one saw that turn coming but Baby.

5 EXT. THE 405 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS 5

The Black & Whites are left behind as Baby revs past the green light and into aggressive morning traffic. 85... 90.

*Highly distorted guitar* signals the arrival of a POLICE HELICOPTER. It dogs above, but has to play find-the-lady with at least *three red Honda Civics* currently southbound.

Baby weaves from lane to lane. As he disappears under a bridge, he crosses to the shoulder and barrels along it at a crazy speed. Tears down the off ramp. And he's back onto -

6 EXT. THE STREETS OF LA - CONTINUOUS 6

MASS HONKS as Baby blows through a intersection. Disappears down an alley, weaving these back routes like a savant.

As sirens and choppers' blades ebb away a little, we see Baby ease it down, *a rising bass riff signals a sneaking approach.*

He slows to see if any cruisers cross by ahead. One police cruiser glides by, sirens off. Baby waits *on the bass riff again.* Then floors it when the coast's clear. And suddenly -

They pull into a covered parking lot underneath a quiet shopping complex and pull up next to a green Toyota Corolla.

*And like that,* the gang leap out of the Civic and into the switch car, money and guns covered up.

The gang swap places. Buddy and Griff in the back. Baby shotgun, Darling drives. Lets her hair down. Pulls on a colorful sweater.

Baby closes his eyes, pretends to be asleep as Darling roars into the white of morning *and the Blues Explosion echoes out.*

And the first musical number is over. That was something.

7 EXT. DOWNTOWN BUSINESS DISTRICT - LATER 7

**OVER CREDITS: 'Harlem Shuffle' by Bob & Earl.**

Our hero, Baby, appears from a door in the mirrored exterior of a non-descript business address in Bunker Hill.

Baby has his iPod earphones firmly in, his shades on and his bubble of sound around him. Again, he's clearly a big kid when away from the gang, lost in his music.

He strolls down the street listening to '*Harlem Shuffle*'. The song is as funky as the business district is not. Office workers stride to work, while Baby STRUTS along like Tony Manero.

Baby walks against the traffic, the world syncing around him: a chorus of car honks, cell phones and barking canines.

Baby uses a crosswalk, *the bleeps and his steps all in time*. He reaches the other side of the street and breezes into -

8

INT. STARBUCKS - CONTINUOUS

8

Baby takes one ear out, orders from an unseen MALE BARISTA.

BARISTA (O.S.)

Can I get your order sir?

BABY

(counts out four fingers)

One black coffee. One black coffee.  
One black coffee. And one coffee,  
black.

BARISTA (O.S.)

So, four black coffees?

BABY

Uh. Yeah.

BARISTA (O.S.)

Size?

BABY

Middle one.

BARISTA (O.S.)

Four grande black coffees. Name?

BABY

Baby.

BARISTA (O.S.)

Your name is "Baby"?

BABY

B-A-B-Y. Baby.

Baby puts his second ear back in as the coffee machine screams into life *and Bob (or Earl) wails over the middle 8.*

Baby looks around the Starbucks, *sees other young people of his age, smiling and chatting, enjoying their carefree lives. Their actions are magically in time with his personal soundtrack.*

Baby looks out through the window, *sees A PRETTY GIRL walking past. She too is wearing earphones and lost in her own music.*

For a beautiful moment this girl and the whole damn city is alive and *all in step with the music in his head.* All except -

A BEAT COP. Ironically, the only person not walking on beat.

*The middle 8 ends.* The GIRL disappears. The BEAT COP lingers.

Baby grabs his coffee tray. Splits.

9 EXT. DOWNTOWN BUSINESS DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS 9

Baby passes the Beat Cop, only doing a subtle strut in time.

His swagger returns as he approaches the building from where he came. We see POLICE CARS reflected in the glass of the building. Baby hears their sirens and watches as they pass.

As the song fades, Baby opens the door with his elbow, stops it with his foot, all while switching the coffee tray from one hand to the other. He then *pirouettes* into the open door. He is-

The Gene Kelly of the coffee run.

10 INT. UNDECORATED LOFT - DAY 10

**'Egyptian Reggae' by Jonathan Richman & The Modern Lovers.**

Coffee is drunk. Cash split. The gang are in a garment warehouse space with some vintage sewing desks.

On a large table in the middle. DOC, an older (60s), silver-haired, very well-dressed man, counts out the day's haul.

Darling, fixes herself up (down?), now looking trashier than before. Buddy, sits next to her and sips his coffee quietly.

Baby sits at the back of class, earphones in and shades still on. The goofy kid has disappeared, the stoic, poker faced Baby has returned. The beefy guy, Griff, glowers at him.



GRIFF  
What's his deal?

                  DOC  
Baby? Full cut. Same as everyone.

Doc is brusque, seems irritated at answering any questions.

                  GRIFF  
No I mean, is he retarded?

                  DOC  
Retarded means slow. Was he slow?

                  GRIFF  
No...

                  DOC  
Then he don't sound retarded to me.

Doc smiles for a second. Then resumes counting.

                  GRIFF  
I don't know. There's something wrong  
with him not saying anything.

                  DOC  
There's nothing wrong with some quiet.

                  GRIFF  
I'm just saying it weirds me -

                  DOC  
(makes a zip-it motion)  
Hey! I'm going to lose count.

Griff swaggers over to Baby, *who taps his fingers on the table to 'Egyptian Reggae' on his iPod.*

Griff observes for a while, then holds down his tapping hand. Baby slowly takes his hand away. *Now his feet tap in time.*

                  GRIFF  
What you listening to?

No answer. Griff takes out one of Baby's earphones.

                  GRIFF (CONT'D)  
What are you listening to Baby?

No answer. Griff looks at Baby's iPod. Drops it with a scoff.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

You think you're pretty smart acting dumb, that it?

BUDDY

Leave the kid alone Griff.

GRIFF

I just wanna know what's going in his head. Aside from 'Egyptian Reggae'.

DARLING

(half listening)

Love reggae.

BUDDY

What does it matter to you?

GRIFF

I think he thinks he's better than us, Buddy. Wants to keep his white shirt clean while we plays dirty.

Griff snatches off Baby's shades. We see Baby's baby blues for the first time. He looks so fresh faced, so young.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

It don't work like that. Someday you'll get blood on your hands and find out it don't wash off in the fucking sink.

DARLING

Griff.

GRIFF

Hey Darling, he wants to hang with the older kids, he's going to hear some grown up words. Like 'fuck'.

Griff does a boo scare on Baby. He doesn't flinch.

DOC

Will you cut it out!

BUDDY

Yeah, he did his job, let him be.

GRIFF

Hey, I ain't saying he's not great. Boy's a star, right?

Doc puts Baby's cut in a holdall and brings it over to his desk.

DOC

Would I vouch for him if he wasn't?

Doc leaves to go to the bathroom. Griff shouts after.

GRIFF

Hey I'm just checking he's gonna be okay out in the world. You know, since he's the only one in here not packing.

Smiling, Griff takes out his revolver, puts it on the desk. Baby looks at the revolver, but doesn't show any emotion.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Take it. There's bad people around.

BUDDY

Speak for yourself.

GRIFF

Don't want it? Say I took your share, walked out? How you gonna stop me? I wanna see you stop me.

Darling and Buddy exchange glances as Griff playfully swipes Baby's holdall and walks slowly away towards the door.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

C'mon. Don't let me get away.

Baby looks at Griff, then the revolver. Griff laughs.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Do it Baby. I'm a real bad guy.

Baby looks up at the ceiling. Griff is insulted.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Okay. Enough games.

Griff huffs, reluctantly puts the money back in the holdall.  
Baby quietly puts his shades back on again, retreats.

BUDDY

I figured out why you call him Baby.  
Still waiting for his first words.

11 INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - LATER

11

**'Secondo Intermezzo Pop' by Ennio Morricone.**

Baby travels with Griff, Darling, Buddy and Doc in a packed elevator. All five of them clutch HOLDALLS.

Darling is all over Buddy. Smooching and laughing. (The 20 year age gap between them is a little much.)

DARLING

Well isn't this quite the squeeze?

BUDDY

I think *you're* quite the squeeze.

Griff again eyeballs Baby who has shades back on, phones in.

GRIFF

You still mad-dogging me boy?

Doc snaps, Darling and Buddy sigh, tired of this shit.

DOC

Jesus. *You're* mad dogging *him*.

BUDDY

Yeah, where do you get off?

GRIFF

Kid's gotta grow up sometime.

BUDDY

Seriously. Where do you get off?

PING. The lift hits P1.

GRIFF

Right here.

Griff makes a move, looking to Doc.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Okay folks, if you don't hear from me.  
It's because I'm dead.

Griff exits the frame and the movie. He's never seen again.

The doors close and Darling laughs at the release of tension. The lift descends. Buddy and Darling kiss again.

DARLING  
Hey, what's that song?  
(sings)  
"Love in an elevator"

BUDDY  
That would be 'Love In An Elevator'.

DARLING  
Riiight.

PING. The elevator hits P2. Buddy salutes Doc.

BUDDY  
Sir, I will call you as soon as the  
nose bag is empty.

Buddy punches Baby's arm playfully.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
And you? You did great. You aced it.  
You're one of the good guys.

They exit. Buddy shouts back to Baby as the doors close.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
He calls you again, don't pick up.

And with that, the elevator descends. Doc smiles tersely.

DOC  
Don't listen to him.

Baby then speaks his first words to any of 'the gang'.

BABY  
Okay.

12

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING P3 - CONTINUOUS

12

PING. Baby and Doc exit into a cavernous parking lot. They walk over to Doc's shiny Black Merc. Doc opens the trunk.

DOC  
Now you know I don't like taking candy  
from Baby, but...

Doc holds out his hand. Baby gives him *his* holdall. Doc takes out one stack of bills and throws *both* bags in the trunk.

DOC (CONT'D)

Didn't want to embarrass you in front of the gang. When we're square we'll work out a new deal. Deal?

BABY

Uh. Yeah.

Doc gives Baby the one stack of bills. Gets into his car.

DOC

Don't go crazy with that. I want you back behind the wheel and soon. I'll call you.

Doc pulls out. Leaves Baby all alone.

13 EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DUSK 13

**'Nutrocker' by B. Bumble And The Stingers.**

*A piano bangs out a funereal intro.* We see a dilapidated red brick apartment building complete with a rusty fire escape.

It's a stone's throw from a park. Judging by some of the boarded up windows, literally a stone's throw.

14 INT. BARE APARTMENT - DUSK 14

*The song becomes a rendition of March Of The Wooden Soldiers,* we see Baby flick the stack of cash in time with the piano.

Without his shades, Baby again looks less the badass, more the big kid. Young, of indeterminate age. Handsome, but cute.

*As the track vamps,* Baby puts the money away, under a missing floorboard where an amount of dollar bills are stashed.

Baby replaces the board and we get a wider view of his quarters.

Pretty basic. Tiny kitchenette. Small bathroom and bedroom. In the center, a dining table and single chair.

*As 'Nutrocker' blossoms into a jazzy version of Tchaikovsky,* Baby mimes the keyboards on the table. Pounding out the tune with his fingers. Playing at playing like Jerry Lee Lewis.

There are iPods on the counter, table and floor. There must be *close to 70 devices* from different years, different colors, different models, seemingly from different owners.

There isn't a computer in the room. Just the odd charger. Battered travel speakers. A cassette deck. Audio tapes. A vinyl player. LPs. CD players, Walkmans. Dictaphones and many other recorders. A treasure trove of music systems and physical media.

While there is a tremendous amount of equipment, it's ordered in a way that makes sense to Baby. Very precisely laid out.

Baby is now jiving around the room to 'Nutrocker'. He even pops some pills to the tune. (*Sharp eyes will notice it's anticonvulsant medication for tinnitus and epilepsy.*)

It's clear music is an obsession as Baby *dances like no-one's watching*. As he moves to the other side of the room we see -

An ELDERLY MAN (African American, 80s) in pajamas and robe, sitting in a wheelchair. He's half-asleep, watching TV.

Baby sees a KTLA 5 report on a 'Valley Bank Robbe - '.

CLICK. Baby switches it off. He wakes the Elderly Man and communicates the following in sign language. No subtitles.

BABY

You okay?

ELDERLY MAN

I'm hungry.

BABY

You want the same?

ELDERLY MAN

Yes please.

*As drums shuffle and the piano starts a descending octave*, Baby makes a sliced white bread and peanut butter sandwich.

He makes sure to spread the butter to the edges and cuts it into four smaller slices. Every action has a flourish to it.

*The song ends as it began, with jolly ceremony*. Baby serves the sandwich on bended knee, as if it were a royal platter. The Elderly Man beams with his remaining teeth.

In the corner sits one of those deaf friendly phones where a red light flashes when a call is incoming. It is not flashing.

15 INT. BARE APARTMENT - EVENING 15

Baby sits alone. The Elderly Man is asleep in his chair. Baby absent mindedly flicks through kids' TV CHANNELS.

Flip to Alfala from 'The Little Rascals' singing -

ALFALFA  
*"You are so beautiful."*

Flip to Donkey and several baby donkeys in 'Shrek The 3rd'-

DONKEY  
*They grow up so fast.*

Flip to Sully and Mike in 'Monsters Inc'-

MIKE WAZOWSKI  
*You and I are a team. Nothing is more important than our friendship.*

16 INT. BARE APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT 16

Baby still sits alone. The Elderly Man now cannot be seen. He holds an outmoded Sony handheld cassette recorder.

*He plays back the audio for the opening chase. We hear a badly recorded 'Bellbottoms' and all the sounds of the car.*

The phone sits in the corner. Still nothing.

17 INT. BARE APARTMENT - DAWN 17

Baby. Alone. Still playing the tape. We hear this dialogue.

DOC (TAPE)  
*Was he slow?*

GRIFF (TAPE)  
*No.*

VEEEEEEP. Baby rewinds this. Listens again.

18 INT. BARE APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING 18

**'Call Me' by Siriusmo.**

Baby hasn't slept. Stares at the phone. In time with a track made up of dial tones, he pretends to *play it like a theremin.*



He mimes out this *Chaplin-esque* routine where he wills the phone to ring with *grand choreographed gestures*.

But no call. Bored, Baby looks into the bedroom. Sees the Elderly Man asleep under blankets. Sunlight streaming in.

Slowly Baby starts to fall asleep. But as soon as his eyes close-

**FLASHBACK: A HIGH PITCHED WHINE ON SOUNDTRACK**

- A *YOUNG 7 YEAR OLD Baby*, not wearing headphones, sitting in the same apartment, same table. The furnishings are different.

- *Young Baby* has bruises and visible stitches. He looks up to see the *Elderly Man* (about 10 years younger) offer him a peanut butter sandwich and mouth 'you okay?'. *Baby* closes his eyes.

- See *Young Baby*, unbruised, in the back seat of a car, headphones firmly on. The camera pans around to see -

- A crying woman driving.

- A man in the passenger seat shouting furiously at her.

- The pick up truck they are about to rear end.

- The *WHINE* reaches a peak. *Baby* closes his eyes.

**FLASHBACK ENDS.** *Baby* opens his eyes. Gets out of his chair.

He looks at one white iPod on the table. The original model from 2001. It is cracked and broken. Beyond repair.

19

INT. BARE APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

19

**'Intro' by The Herbaliser.**

*Baby's* back in his bubble. Jacket on. Phones in. Stands by the front door in a hallway with mirrors on both sides.

*THE HERBALISER*

*"He's rough, he's rugged, he's red blooded, he's romantic. He's full of shit."*

*Baby* takes his shades on and off, throwing looks into the mirrors, acting out tough expressions and badass poses.

It's clear *Baby* will not leave until *the beat kicks in*. *Baby* throws open the door and exits...

20 INT./EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - CONTINUOUS 20

*To a funky groove, Baby struts down the stairwell, passing a rising exposed elevator on the way up. He doesn't acknowledge the neighbor going up as he continues his tough act, sauntering down to the front door and on beat -*

He struts into the street, as if he owns it. Baby jumps into a Blue Chevy Malibu. As the song ends, he rolls away.

21 INT. EMPTY DINER - EARLY MORNING 21

**'Let's Go Away For Awhile' by The Beach Boys.**

Baby. Shades on. Phones in. Looking ahead. Listening to music. He sits in a pleasant, but not very busy, old school diner.

*The decor is 50s retro and auto centric. Classic convertibles with happy smiling couples inside are painted everywhere.*

Baby sees the LA Times on the table. He flips it over so he doesn't have to see the headline featuring 'Robbery'.

Baby looks out to see a COUPLE in a car at the lights. They seem happy living the life Baby does not. They pull away revealing-

The PRETTY GIRL from earlier.

She's outside the diner, wearing grey sweats, and still wearing earphones too. She appears to be singing as she -

Walks into the diner and right into the kitchen.

Baby peers through the round glass of the kitchen doors as the girl gets changed out of her sweats. Still singing.

Baby takes out one ear of his earphones to hear what she's singing. But he can only hear the diner music and a little snatch of her voice when the kitchen doors swing open.

*For a brief moment, the planets align and Baby's music, the diner muzak and her singing make glorious union.*

THE GIRL

*B-A-B-Y, Baby.*

Baby takes off his shades to look more clearly at this angel, but she disappears from view to finish getting changed.

Baby stares at the empty space where she just was. Then -

FEMALE VOICE

What can I get you this fine morning?

Baby looks up in a daze. It's her. She's a waitress.

BABY

Uh.

THE WAITRESS

Don't worry if you need a minute. I got all the time in the world.

She gestures to the empty diner. One man at the counter and a second bored waitress. Baby stares at photos on the menu.

THE WAITRESS (CONT'D)

Y'know that's the kids' menu right?

BABY

Uh. Yeah.

He embarrassedly flips the menu to the other side.

THE WAITRESS

Hey don't worry. I get it. It's early. You need Joe to jump start your head?

BABY

Joe?

THE WAITRESS

Coffee.

BABY

Uh. No thank you.

THE WAITRESS

Did you just get off?

BABY

Get off?

THE WAITRESS

You just starting your day or did you just get off?

BABY

I guess.

The Waitress smirks at his non-answers. Hearing Baby talk more, we note his speech patterns are half schoolkid and half stoner.

THE WAITRESS  
What do you do?

BABY  
I'm a driver.

THE WAITRESS  
Like a show-fer?

BABY  
A what?

THE WAITRESS  
You drive around important people?

BABY  
I guess I do.

THE WAITRESS  
That's pretty cool. Is it exciting?

BABY  
Yeah.

THE WAITRESS  
Anyone I'd know?

BABY  
I hope not.

THE WAITRESS  
Well, aren't you mysterious?

BABY  
...I don't know.

THE WAITRESS  
You don't know? Ha! Do you ever hit  
the road just for fun?

BABY  
Not so much anymore.

THE WAITRESS  
Me neither. Sometimes I'd like to just  
take off. Put some tunes on. Not know  
where I was going.

BABY  
Yeah?

THE WAITRESS  
Yeah.

A long pause. They drift off, lose themselves in the idea.

THE WAITRESS (CONT'D)  
Have you decided on anything yet?

BABY  
Yeah...  
(blurts)  
You are so beautiful.

THE WAITRESS  
Oh you just decided that? Well thank  
you but I'm sure you don't mean it.

BABY  
I do mean it.  
(looks at her name tag)  
Jonathan?

THE WAITRESS  
Oh sorry. This isn't my badge. I only  
just started here as a...  
(gestures at her uniform)

BABY  
Jonathan?

THE WAITRESS  
Yeah, as a 'Jonathan'.

She smiles. Charmed at his odd manner. She walks off.

THE WAITRESS (CONT'D)  
Well, if you have any questions,  
holler.

Baby stares as she walks off, tapping the backs of diner stools  
in time with the music as she goes. She sings a snatch of the  
song she was singing earlier in time with the muzak.

THE WAITRESS (CONT'D)  
*B-A-B-Y, Baby.*

Baby takes in this image of The Waitress framed within the  
couples in convertible illustrations that adorn the walls.

BABY  
I have a question.

THE WAITRESS  
Uh huh.

BABY  
What song are you singing?

22 INT. DISCOUNT RECORD STORE - LATER 22

**'The Plot' by Lalo Schifrin.**

Baby marches into a discount music store, the final resting place of physical media. Zeroes in on the right section. He's never looked so serious. He flips through jewel cases. Finds.

BABY  
Car-lah Tom-ass.

We see the CD cover. 'Gee Whiz: The Best Of Carla Thomas'. He flips to the back cover. Track listings. '13. B-A-B-Y'.

Pays with a crisp new 50 dollar bill. And he's out.

23 INT. BARE APARTMENT - DUSK 23

**'B-A-B-Y' by Carla Thomas** plays at full volume.

Baby stands in the middle of the room. Lost in the track. The Elderly Man sits in the corner again, watching TV.

We see a red light flashing on the phone.

Baby doesn't see it at first. He mouths along with the song -

CARLA THOMAS  
*"And I can't stop loving you."*

Baby has started a slow, solo dance around the room. The phone light flashes *in time with the track.*

CARLA THOMAS (CONT'D)  
*"And I won't stop calling you."*

The Elderly Man waves to Baby, alerts him to the phone. Baby presses pause on his music and picks up.

DOC (O.S.)  
You didn't answer. What's up?

Baby briefly glances at the ceiling, puzzled.

BABY  
What's up?

DOC (O.S.)  
 Baby, I don't actually need to know.  
 Here's what's up.

24 INT. DISCOUNT CLOTHING - EVENING

24

**'Supervillain Theme' by Advillain.**

DOC (O.S.)  
 I need you to drive me to an  
 appointment and I need you to look  
 smart.

Over the phone conversation, we see Baby in a cavernous discount menswear store in Santee Alley, garment district.

It appears that we're in the store after hours and that Doc is very much in charge. He may be the owner as he has several same age lackeys helping Baby try out some smarter clothes.

DOC (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 You got what it takes to be a  
 chauffeur?

BABY (O.S.)  
 I think so.

DOC (O.S.)  
 You know what a chauffeur does?

BABY (O.S.)  
 Drives around important people.

DOC (O.S.)  
 You learn fast kid. I like it.

Baby admires his new suit. Doc gives it the nod too.

25 EXT./INT. FANCY RESTAURANT/FANCY CAR - NIGHT

25

**'Marca A La Turca' by La Tia Leonor Y Sus Sobrinos.**

Baby drives Doc's Merc up to an equally smart restaurant.

It's a final sitting for dinner, not too busy. Baby sees a booth full of SERIOUS LOOKING GUYS through the window.

He wears his new black suit, shirt, tie, smart sunglasses and driver gloves. Only one earphone is in. Doc sits in the back.

Baby pulls into a spot. A town car is parked alongside.

A valet opens the door. Doc leans over to Baby and whispers -

DOC

I won't be long. In case of fire,  
there's something in the glove.

Doc gets out, leaving Baby staring at his gloves, intrigued. There's a hidden weapon in his gloves? Like in 'Iron Man'?

Baby then realizes Doc meant the glove compartment. He opens that to see a PISTOL inside. He closes the glove again.

He looks over to the restaurant. Three WELL DRESSED TOUGHS sit in a booth with their backs to the wall. They greet Doc with cordial hugs. They look like gangsters. Or ex-cops.

As they talk we only see the back of Doc's head. Their conversation cannot be heard *but it syncs perfectly with the music in Baby's ears: a wonky sixties cover of Mozart's Piano Sonata in A Major.*

The four men discuss something important. Through Baby's eyes their hushed talk *is scored by the piano music. A 4 bar melody represents one guy talking, the next 4 bars in a higher octave represent a second guy.* The meeting continues in time with *descending piano scales.*

A piece of paper is passed to Doc across the table, Baby starts to mouth along with what he imagines the conversation to be, mimicking the facial expressions of the three toughs.

As he fully commits to this silly charade the window of the ADJACENT CAR winds down and a POKER FACED CHAUFFEUR looks across at Baby, acting like a goof.

Baby stops. The chauffeur then winds his window back up.

Then, *in perfect sync with a celebratory end to the track* Doc walks out of the front door of the restaurant.

Doc jumps in, slams the door *on the closing note of the song.*

DOC (CONT'D)

So I got us a job. You in?

BABY

Am I in?

DOC

It was a rhetorical question Baby.  
You're in.



**'Kashmere' by The Kashmere Stage Band.**

Baby walks in with Doc. We see what he sees. Three new colleagues. Three hardened criminals. Meet EDDIE, J.D. and BATS.

DOC

Meet the new cast.

All 30s, all formidable male specimens. Eddie is a slab of white muscle with a discolored band-aid on his nose. J.D. is a long haired, dopey faced Korean, covered in tattoos.

DOC (CONT'D)

This is Eddie No Nose. Formerly Eddie The Nose.

BATS (O.S.)

Why, what happened?

EDDIE

Come on. Don't ask me that. That's a No-Nose' no-one. Page one.

DOC

And that's J.D. He put the Asian in home invasion. And Bats there-

Bats is an intense dude, mixed race, wiry with piercing eyes and permanent grin. He wears a leather glove on one hand.

BATS

No need for the intro Doc, everyone's heard of the 'One Glove Bandit'.

Bats and Co. treat their new member with curiosity and malicious glee; their jazzy patter overlapping like Altman. They talk around him, at him, project onto him.

J.D.

This is him Doc? This is the mute?

EDDIE

All I hear is talk about this mute.

J.D, Eddie and Bats are up in Baby's face like wild dogs as Doc busies himself writing on a freestanding chalkboard.

BATS

That right? Are you the mute?

BABY

...No.

J.D.

This is the kid, the one who listens to music all the time.

BATS

If he's got phones in all the time how's he's concentrate on the job?

DOC

He doesn't phone it in.

J.D.

Phones don't phone it in, huh?

BATS

Driver's supposed to be the eyes and ears. Not just the eyes.

DOC

He won't disappoint.

EDDIE

You don't disappoint in this biz, you just end up dead.

DOC

I'd put money on any of you fucking up, before Baby puts a step wrong.

J.D.

Baby steps, right?

EDDIE

Why's he listen to music all the time, he got mental problems or something?

BATS

Hey. I got the mental problems on this crew. Position taken, you hear?

DOC

He's got tinnitus.

EDDIE

What's that?

DOC

Had an accident when he was a kid. Something went pop in his ear.

(MORE)

DOC (CONT'D)  
 Still got a hum in the drum. Plays  
 music round the clock to drown it out.

J.D.  
 Hum-drum, huh?

Baby doesn't react to them talking about the accident. He's  
 distracted by one of J.D.'s tattoos that reads 'Hat'.

BABY  
 'Hat'?

J.D.  
 Uh?

BABY  
 Your tattoo says 'Hat'.

J.D.  
 Yeah it used to say 'hate', but to  
 appease my parole officer and increase  
 my chances of employment, I got the  
 'e' removed.

BATS (O.S.)  
 Oh how's that working out for you?

J.D.  
 Who doesn't like hats?

DOC  
 So. Let's talk shop.  
 (clicks fingers at Baby)  
 Baby, you with us?

Again, Baby doesn't directly answer. We CUT TO-

27 INT. UNDECORATED WAREHOUSE - LATER

27

**'Unsquare Dance' by Dave Brubeck.**

*Over a strong bass line, hand claps and snare drums -*

Doc relates a plan to the four strong team. Some of it is  
 illustrated on the chalkboard. We see everyone, except Baby,  
 listen as Doc relays details of masks, timings, routes etc.

Baby sits at the back again. *The music in his ears fully drowns  
 out any dialogue.* But he watches their lips.

There is a TOY CAR on the table next to some floorplans. Baby  
 absent mindedly plays with it as he taps his foot.

The song finishes. Doc finishes. Bats' hand shoots up.

BATS

I got a question. Tell me why I should believe Phones over there listened to a damn word you just said? You go through the whole play and he ain't listening.

DOC

Baby?

BABY

You're going to hit an armored truck at Banco Popular in El Monte at 10am sharp. You have the details of the route because someone at the depot has a nasal problem. The bank itself is right by the 10 so we should be able to hit a ramp within 60 seconds of getting out. We also have a diversion crew, who are going to blow up a bread truck a ways away, keep the fuzz busy. Dress code is Michael Myers Halloween masks, but you can't all buy the masks at the same time, looks suspicious. You guys have the switch car all set up, but you want me to go out to the long stay parking structure at a Metrolink and get a ride that stays colder for longer. Boost a commuter car, a family car. Something that will blend into the morning traffic.

(beat)

I think something on the heavy side, case we need to ram the police off the road. An Escalade, a Yukon, an Avalanche. Whatever it is, it needs to be ready for an 8.30 start. In the ayem.

Wowed silence.

DOC

That's my Baby.

28

INT. NORTH CORONA METROLINK PARKING STRUCTURE - EARLY MORNING

**'Bongolia' by The Incredible Bongo Band.**

*On a bongo roll, we see a windshield POV, as we pull into a concrete parking structure and park up in a long stay spot.*

Shades on, ears in; Baby sits in a 1989 white Toyota Camry. And waits for something better.

*Drums kick in. Tempo shifts up.* The lot gets busy.

*On every second beat we hear a loud vibraslap and each time Baby sizes up another car. Office workers slamming car doors and beeping keys in perfect sync with his music.*

We see a silver Infiniti dropped off, a blue Accord, a green Acura, a silver SmartCar, then bingo. A black Avalanche.

The middle aged, middle management AVALANCHE OWNER beeps it locked. Then wanders out of the lot, nose in the LA Times.

*On a drum fill,* Baby jumps out of his ride, follows.

29

EXT. NORTH CORONA METROLINK STATION - CONTINUOUS

29

*A brass riff scores* Baby following the Avalanche Owner, copying his stride. He follows him onto the train platform. Apes his glance to the digital timetable. He even swipes a discarded paper to look like a real commuter.

When the Avalanche Owner reaches the edge of the platform. Baby stops, pretending, like his mark, to read the LA Times too. The Avalanche Owner stops to get a coffee from a news stand. Baby does too, like a weird echo of Harpo Marx.

*A bongo solo* signals the arriving train. Baby waits, lining up one door away from the Avalanche Owner. They get on.

The Avalanche Owner moves inside the carriage, Baby does too and KNOCKS RIGHT INTO HIM.

BABY

I'm sorry.

Baby then swiftly moves further down the carriage.

*The breakdown ends with a key change and a whistle blowing.* Just before the train doors close, Baby slips off again.

*Now a solo sax joins* as Baby struts back to the parking structure, a swing in his step as the train leaves behind.

*The brass sounds triumphant* as Baby Travoltas back into the long stay area and right up to his prize.

The Avalanche. Baby walks up. Whips out the OWNER'S KEYS. Beep beeps. Gets in. Pulls out.

30

EXT./INT. BANCO POPULAR/AVALANCHE - LATER THAT MORNING 30

The Avalanche pulls into a strip mall lot outside the bright red facade of a Banco Popular. Parks up.

Baby is still at the wheel. In the back are Eddie and J.D. dressed in black duds. In shotgun and in black is Bats.

Baby spies, with his little eye, a utility uniformed MARINE walk past their car and over to a 1988 Red Toyota Pickup.

The Marine eyeballs the Avalanche as he gets into his Ford, but Baby's attention turns to another Ford, the E-350 ARMORED TRUCK which pulls up level with a side entrance to the bank.

Bats breathes deep. Whispers a mantra, half to himself.

BATS

What's in there is ours. It belongs to us. They got our money. Our hard earned paper. They snuck in last night when we was asleep, took our pants off the chair and emptied our wallet. They got what is rightfully ours. So let's take it back. What is rightfully ours.

Baby hits play on an iPod plugged into the Chevy's stereo.

**'Neat Neat Neat' by The Damned.** *A menacing bass riff scores -*

Bats. Pulling on the mask from the movie 'Halloween'.

In the back Eddie also pulls on the 'Halloween' mask.

Third up, J.D. pulls on an 'Austin Powers' latex face mask.

HALLOWEEN 1 (BATS)

What is that?

AUSTIN POWERS (J.D.)

What's what?

HALLOWEEN 2 (EDDIE)

Your mask! Doc said Michael Myers.

AUSTIN POWERS (J.D.)

This is Mike Myers!

HALLOWEEN 1 (BATS)

It should be the 'Halloween' mask!

AUSTIN POWERS (J.D.)

This *is* a Halloween mask!

HALLOWEEN 1 (BATS)

You're gonna stand out.

AUSTIN POWERS (J.D.)

From who? Is everyone in this mall wearing a Mike Myers mask too?

HALLOWEEN 2 (EDDIE)

Michael Myers.

AUSTIN POWERS (J.D.)

Whatever dude.

Austin Powers goes to open his door when Baby stops them -

BABY

Wait. I gotta start the song again.

Baby rewinds, *plays the intro again*. The gang stare like he's insane. *When drums kick at the 5 second mark*, Baby points.

BABY (CONT'D)

Okay go.

The gang jump out of the Avalanche. Run over to the truck. Surprise the Hopper unloading bags from the back doors.

Halloween 1 is about to cold cock the Hopper when -

Baby pulls forward a few feet, *blocking his view of the violence*. He looks dead ahead, retreats into his bubble. Chooses not to watch. *He lip syncs the first verse -*

*THE DAMNED*

*"Be a man, can a mystery man. Be a doll, be a baby doll. It can't be fun in any way. There can be found no way at all."*

*Then on a key change into the chorus*, he backs up. Sees two Halloweens and Austin Powers, each with a bag running toward.

Baby can see the Hopper beyond them. Face down on the ground. Blood on the concrete. *Baby didn't want to see this*. Then-

Halloween 1 & 2 jump in. Austin Powers lags behind, a klutz.

BATS

Fucking move Austin! Move! Use your powers of speed!

Austin (J.D.) finally makes it to the car. And then Baby floors it, spins a perfect circle to face the exit. When -

The RED PICKUP reverses into their path. Blocking the exit.

Baby squeals to a halt as the Marine jumps out, pulls a RIFLE and opens fire on the Avalanche. Holy shit.

Baby & Co. Hit the deck. Bullets spiderweb the windshield.

Slam into reverse. Scream into a J-turn.

BANG! The Marine takes out the rear window. Glass rains down.

BANG! The driver of the armored truck is out and firing too.

VROOM! Baby floors it. Escapes over a landscaped island.

In his shaking rear view, Baby can just see the Marine jump back into the Red Pickup, as he roars onto -

31 EXT. VALLEY BLVD / I-10 - CONTINUOUS

31

Sweating, Baby speeds out of there. Screams down the shoulder. Going 70... 80. The gang in the car have their masks off and slump down, out of sight. Bats curses.

*An out of control guitar solo signals the Avalanche joining the freeway and swerving wide to occupy the far left lane.*

BATS

Diamond lane that shit. We got four.

Baby holds the gas down, tearing up the far left, swerving only to overtake cars observing the speed limit.

*As the guitar solo goes up in register. Bats sees-*

THE RED FORD PICKUP is behind and gaining. Baby is boxed in by rigs. Allowing the Pickup to get close.

BATS (CONT'D)

Go Baby go!

Right now. There is nowhere to go. The Pickup closes in, a determined Marine at the wheel.

To the gang's amazement, The Pickup attempts the PIT maneuver (Pursuit Immobilization Technique), tapping the back of the Avalanche and sending the gang into a tailspin.

That would be pretty crazy, if not for what happens next.

Still boxed in by surrounding rigs, Baby spins the wheel and turns the fishtailing Avalanche around to face front again.



Nose forward, Baby floors it, snakes in between the rigs in a hairy move, just missing them both.

It is some fancy ass driving. Though Baby looks shaken.

The Pickup is left on the scorching hot 10, as the Avalanche swerves hard right and, like that, is gone -

32

EXT. OFF RAMP - CONTINUOUS

32

The Avalanche glides fast down the off ramp. But up ahead-

A RED LIGHT. Construction. Single lane traffic.

*The music breaks down to the solo bass line.* Baby's car is third back from the stop light. Bats motions for them to get out.

BATS

New ride.

Baby unplugs the iPod and jumps out, there is a PAUSE in the music. *We hear traffic, sirens approach, sounds of unease.*

Bats and Eddie stroll with their bags to the first car at the stop. A Blue Accord with a YOUNG MOTHER inside, Bats taps his pistol on the passenger window. The Mother looks stunned.

YOUNG MOTHER

I have a child.

BATS

Get the fuck out of the car lady.

Bats roughly pulls the Mother out and gets the fuck in. Baby quickly, instinctively opens the back door. Sees-

Her YOUNG SON on the backseat. He *recognises himself*, then unbuckles and hands the scared kid to his mom at the roadside.

BATS (CONT'D)

C'mon pussies. Let's go go go.

J.D. is lagging again, having run back to retrieve a gun from the Avalanche. Bats mutters again at the gang klutz.

J.D.'s Austin Powers masks FALLS OFF as he races to the Accord. He quickly picks it up off the street and jumps in.

BATS (CONT'D)

Jesus, Austin!

Baby is now in the drivers seat and quickly plugs his iPod into this car. We barely miss a bar.

The light turns magically green. They pull out and drive to -

33 EXT. ROSEMEAD SHOPPING CENTER - CONTINUOUS 33

Baby eases this unplanned ride into a shopping center parking lot. The GPS is going crazy (all in time with the music)

FEMALE GPS VOICE  
Route recalculation...

Baby glides past an oblivious Black & White that is on its way out of the huge mall.

When the cruiser is out of sight, Baby swerves hard and heads for their target, a quiet access street behind a Target.

They pull up next to a 2005 SILVER SATURN AURA parked in the shadow of the morning sun.

*On the final chorus, drums drive up the energy as our gang jump out and slip into their third ride of the day.*

*We're back to something like clockwork. The hi hats blending into white noise as Baby slams into drive, peels out and -*

34 EXT. UNDERGROUND PARKING P3 - LATER 34

Pulls up to a sharp stop back at Doc's. Baby got the gang out of a mess. But he is not as calm as before, he's sweating.

BATS  
Man up, Baby.  
(jumps out)  
And go get the fucking coffee.

*We hear the 'Harlem Shuffle' intro again. But this time -*

35 EXT. DOWNTOWN BUSINESS DISTRICT - MOMENTS LATER 35

*It's a cover by 'The Foundations'. And it's a faster tempo.*

Equally, Baby performs his coffee run at speed. But he's not strutting this time. He's not enjoying himself. At all.

36 INT. UNDECORATED LOFT - LATER

36

Doc divides up the take in front of the gang. Baby walks back in, handing out black coffees. To Doc, to Eddie, to Bats, to...

Baby looks for the missing team member. Doc catches it.

DOC  
Where's J.D.?

Eddie sips at his coffee. Bats sits back and stretches.

BATS  
The International Man of Mystery?

Bats lifts up the Austin Powers mask, puppeteering it with two fingers through the eyes and his thumb through the mouth.

BATS (CONT'D)  
Beats me.

Bats grins at Baby like a naughty schoolkid.

37 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING P3. DAY

37

PING. Baby exits the elevator with Doc. Both carry holdalls.

Baby walks over to the Silver Aura. Stares at the trunk. But doesn't dare open it. We see a SMUDGE OF BLOOD on the latch.

Stay on Baby. Mesmerized. Horrified. Doc takes Baby's Holdall from his hands. Gives him a stack of bills in return.

DOC  
You're nearly done Baby.

BABY  
Yeah...

DOC  
One more job though. Lose this ride.

SLAM. Baby shuts the door, sits in the car. Alone.

38 EXT. JUNK YARD - DAY

38

*A slowed down version of Carla Thomas' 'B-A-B-Y' starts.*

Baby watches his former ride (the Aura) and former colleague (J.D.), about to be destroyed in a car wrecker.

A hydraulic plate presses. The windows explode. Baby turns, equally crushed, as the song drowns out the CRUNCHING METAL.

He closes his eyes.

**FLASHBACK: A HIGH PITCHED WHINE ON SOUNDTRACK**

*In reverse we see the CRUNCHING METAL of a car slamming into the back of a pick up truck. Then see in reverse-*

*- The man shouting. The crying woman driving. The busy road.*

*- We see a Young Baby sitting in an apartment we haven't seen. Standing over him, the Man & Woman from the previous flashback.*

*- Eyes closed, Young Baby opens a hastily wrapped gift. He opens his eyes to see a new iPod. The one we saw earlier, unbroken.*

*- Young Baby peers through a bedroom door. Sees the Man & Woman argue violently. Listens to the iPod to drown out the fight.*

*- Young Baby hides under his comforter. His mother leans over him. Her mascara has run. She takes out one of Baby's earphones, says 'Hey Baby'. Young Baby closes his eyes. The WHINE peaks.*

39

INT. HALF EMPTY DINER - DAY

39

Baby opens his eyes. He sits in his usual spot. Sans shades. Retreats into a happy song ('Lalo Bossa Nova' by Quincy Jones).

A finger clicks in front of his face. She's here. His waitress.

WAITRESS

You're back.

Baby doesn't catch this. *She takes one of his earphones out.*

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

You're back.

Baby is not sure whether he's dreaming or not.

BABY

I am?

WAITRESS

Yeah you are. And you sir are going to be my last customer because I am walking outta that door in precisely 30 seconds.

BABY  
You're leaving?

WAITRESS  
Yes I am.

BABY  
Can I come with you?

WAITRESS  
You can. But I don't know how exciting  
you're gonna find the laundromat.

Baby is confused.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)  
I gotta run some errands. So can I get  
you a drink instead?

BABY  
Oh, I don't drink.

WAITRESS  
No, I mean water, coffee?

BABY  
I don't drink.

Another pause. The waitress breaks into a cute grin.

WAITRESS  
Well you might not drink sir, but I am  
sure getting a buzz off you.

BABY  
Yeah?

WAITRESS  
Yeah. Tell you what, you have a think  
about what you want, and I will stick  
around and wait for you.

BABY  
You will?

WAITRESS  
Yessir.

Baby glances at the menu, but can't stop watching the Waitress,  
who small-talks with a Second Bored Waitress.

SECOND WAITRESS  
How you two getting along?

The Waitress grins. Baby loses himself in that sunny smile.

WAITRESS

Oh, good. He's sweet isn't he?

SECOND WAITRESS

That kid's been coming here since before me. I think maybe his mom used to work here.

WAITRESS

Huh...

The song fades in Baby's ears. The waitress comes back.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

You know what you want?

BABY

Your name?

This is not as smooth as it sounds.

WAITRESS

You can get that for free. It's Debbie. Debora.

BABY

Like the song?

DEBORA

The Beck one? Yes, except I'm 'd-e-b-o-r-a' and I think that's just 'd-e-b-r-a'.

BABY

I don't know it.

DEBORA

It goes-

(sings just beautifully)

'I met you at J.C. Penny, I think your nametag, said Jenny'.

BABY

Jenny?

DEBORA

Yeah, the song is about him wanting to get with Jenny *and* her sister too, whose name is Debra. So it's not even really about me, it's about the sister. *My* sister's name is Mary.

(MORE)

DEBORA (CONT'D)

She's got all the songs. 'Mary, Mary where you going to', 'Proud Mary keep on burning', 'Mary, you shouldn't let 'em make you mad'. She's got me beat. Again. She's got *endless* songs. I got one.

BABY

Two.

DEBORA

What's the other one?

BABY

Debora.

DEBORA

Who by?

BABY

Trex?

DEBORA

T-Rex? I know 'em, but I don't know that one. How does it go?

BABY

*(half sings)*

*Deboree-dah. Deboree-dah. Bee-dah.*

DEBORA

I like it so far.

BABY

*Oh Deb-o-rah, always look like a zeb-o-rah.*

DEBORA

A zeb-orah?

BABY

A zeebra.

DEBORA

Hey, I guess I am wearing black and white. So you can call me Dee-bra.

BABY

I have it on here.

Baby takes out his iPod and shuffles through in front of her. Debora notices that it is pink and covered in glitter.

DEBORA  
You have that iPod the other day?

BABY  
No.

DEBORA  
You have different color iPods for  
different days, different moods?

BABY  
I guess.

DEBORA  
This a pink and glittery day for you?

BABY  
Uh. Yeah.

Debora laughs again. This kid is a kook.

DEBORA  
What is your name?

BABY  
Baby.

DEBORA  
Your name is 'Baby'? 'B-A-B-Y, Baby'?

BABY  
Yeah.

DEBORA  
Well then you have us *all* beat. Every  
song is about you!

BABY  
I guess.

DEBORA  
Did your Mom call you Baby?

BABY  
...Sometimes.

DEBORA  
She used to work here?

BABY  
Sometimes. She was a singer too.



DEBORA

Oh wow. I like to think I can sing.  
But I am not a pro or anything. What  
does she do now?

BABY

Nothing...

Baby is looking flustered. He holds up the iPod again.

BABY (CONT'D)

I can find 'Debora' if you want.

Debora pauses, smiles sweetly at him.

DEBORA

How about you play it for me sometime  
when I don't gotta rush off. Deal?

BABY

Deal.

DEBORA

Now you know what you want yet?

Baby knows what he wants. *Her.*

40 EXT./INT. HALF EMPTY DINER/AVALANCHE - MOMENTS LATER 40

**'Debora' by T-Rex.**

Baby sits in a Red Chrysler Lebaron *singing along. Loudly.* Out  
of his window, he sees the real Debora leave work.

She briefly shoots a look Baby's way. He ducks.

41 INT. BABY'S BATHROOM - EVENING 41

...then resurfaces wet *to sing along with 'Debora'.* Again.

Baby is in the bath. The song echoes around the tiles. It is  
being played on a battered iPod speaker dock. Baby goofs around  
to the track in the bath, *in his own mini musical.*

42 INT. BARE APARTMENT - LATER 42

*'Debora' still plays.* Baby dances around the living room.

The Elderly Man is in his chair, looking more and more like a piece of the furniture. He watches the local news again with subtitles. We see that THE MARINE is being interviewed when -

Baby switches the channels to 'Jeopardy'.

Then Baby resumes singing with 'Debora' again, leading into a -

**'DEBORA' ON REPEAT MONTAGE:** The song scores Baby's night.

- Baby flicks through an address book. Empty except for 'D'. We see 'DOC' and his phone number written in a scrawl.

- Baby adds the name 'Debora'. Under, he draws a question mark.

- Baby plays dialogue on his recorder in time with 'Debora'.

BABY (ON TAPE)  
Can I come with you?

DEBORA (ON TAPE)  
Yes, you can.

VEEEEEEP. He rewinds this. Plays it again.

- Baby uses a twin deck cassette recorder to edit dialogue. We see stacks of TDK D90s and TDK D30s audio tapes.

- Using the pause, play and record buttons on the twin deck, he has edited a conversation with Debora to say -

DEBORA (ON TAPE) (CONT'D)  
Sometimes I'd like to just take off.

BABY (ON TAPE)  
Can I come with you?

DEBORA (ON TAPE)  
Yessir. I got all the time in the world.

- Baby sits back in a chair and listens to this dialogue on a loop. It's now the dead of night. He is alone when -

The phone rings. FLASHES. Baby stares. Doesn't pick up.

- Baby sits on the bathroom floor. He lip syncs along to 'Debora' with gusto, as if driving other concerns out.

- Baby peers back into the main room. Two things.

One. Sunlight floods in. He has clearly not slept again.

Two. The phone is still FLASHING. Baby doesn't pick up.

- Baby sits at his bedroom window, looks out at the city. Mouthing along with 'Debora' again.

- The phone FLASHES again. Baby is not present. We see the Elderly Man rise slowly out of his chair to answer.

Baby runs out of the bedroom. Motions 'No'. Stops him.

He watches the phone FLASH. 'Debora' echoes around the room.

43 EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY 43

Baby comes bounding out of his block. He gets into his Red Chrysler Lebaron and peels out. He doesn't see-

A BLACK MERC behind him. It follows slowly.

44 INT. HALF EMPTY DINER - DAY 44

**'I Can't Believe What You Say' by Ike & Tina Turner.**

Baby is happy to be back. Upbeat music on. His shades are off. Has the pink iPod with him. He looks out of the window-

*He imagines himself and The Waitress as a young couple in a 50's convertible at the lights. Smiling, laughing. Then he hears-*

DEBORA

Hey Baby.

She's here. The dream come true.

BABY

Hey Debora. I'm back.

DEBORA

I can see. What's up?

BABY

You know... just listening.

DEBORA

Well, what you listening to?

BABY

Music.

DEBORA

Well, duh.

Baby smarts a little at this. Debora stops herself.

DEBORA (CONT'D)

Wait, I take that back. I guess not everyone listens to music. Could be a podcast or an audiobook. Hell, I get to sleep listening to whale song. Never even seen a whale but I sleep with one.

BABY

It's music.

Baby offers up his iPod. She reads the display.

DEBORA

Ike and Tina Turner huh?

BABY

You like 'em?

DEBORA

Half. Like Tina. Don't like Ike. He's a bad man. Don't like bad men.

BABY

You don't?

DEBORA

Why, do you?

BABY

No. I don't.

Baby then sees. Outside the diner. For real. DOC. Patiently waiting outside his Black Merc.

DEBORA (O.S.)

I don't need bad people in my life. Or my ears. I'll stick with the whale.

Debora sees she has lost Baby's attention.

DEBORA (CONT'D)

Is that your Dad?

BABY

No. It isn't.

Baby just stares out the window. Debora notes his unease.

DEBORA

Hey, why don't I give you a minute to decide.

Baby pauses his music. We hear that FAINT UNSETTLING HUM.

45

EXT. DINER PARKING LOT / INT. DINER - DAY

45

Baby walks up to Doc. Shades firmly on. *The hum continues.*

DOC

I called three times. Something wrong?

BABY

No...

DOC

What's with you all of a sudden? You sweet on that waitress or something?

BABY

No...

DOC

Well, there's good news and there's good news. Good news is you're paid in full. We're all square. And then the *good news* is I got another job for ya. So maybe if you wanna get your waitress girlfriend there a rock or some fur, you're gonna get a fat cut.

BABY

She's not my girlfriend...

DOC

...So, you in?

BABY

Am I in?

DOC

One, don't reply to my question with a question. Two, I ain't in the habit of taking no for an answer. So, get in. I'm driving.

Doc opens the passenger door. From inside, DEBORA puzzles at this well dressed older man opening the door for Baby.

Baby looks at Debora one last time, takes a breath. Then jumps into the passenger seat. They disappear.

**'Here We Go' by Mister Scruff.**

Doc drives the Merc down a street with palm trees on either side. But this is not Sunset Boulevard. It's Watts. Baby looks out of the window. His stomach sinking.

DOC

You're not going to ask why?

BABY

Why?

DOC

Why I'm driving?

BABY

Why are you driving?

DOC

What I'm alluding to Baby, is that you don't have to drive forever. You haven't done me wrong yet, have you?

BABY

No.

DOC

No you haven't. I don't think you have the fuck up gene. Not like your dad.

Baby says nothing.

DOC (CONT'D)

You keep going like you're going, you can leave the wheels behind some day. How does that sound?

BABY

I don't know sir.

DOC

What don't you know?

BABY

I know what I'm good at.

DOC

And I ain't seen you break a sweat doing it. I'm just saying, there's other jobs in your future. If you want to shift up a gear.

Baby looks out of the window. Doc seems offended, then smiles.

DOC (CONT'D)

Sure. You can think about it first.

47 EXT. US POST OFFICE. WATTS - DAY

47

Doc pulls into a unremarkable strip mall that houses a post office. Construction is occurring nearby. The noise is disorienting. It is hot outside. Sticky. Close.

DOC

This place doesn't get rolled as much as you'd think. Most people get scared off by the area. But we ain't most people.

(looks at watch)

It will be ripe around this time tomorrow. So what do you say? You wanna go for third time lucky?

Baby looks at the immediate area, feels uneasy. Turns to Doc.

BABY

Can I just drive? Have my music?

Doc looks at him, then shakes his head, smiling.

DOC

Sure you can. But I want you to do something for me right now. I want you to go in there. Make a note of the number and position of cameras, the number of registers open, number of employees and number of customers. Is there a guard? Is he armed? Is there bandit glass? You're not a face so it will be cool. Here's some currency to get changed. Take your buds out and shades off. Less suspicious.

Baby does so.

DOC (CONT'D)

Oh and take him too.

Doc motions to the backseat. There is an EIGHT YEAR OLD KID sitting on the backseat. He has his own phones in, and is plugged into his PSP. He throws Baby a bored look.

48 INT. US POST OFFICE - DAY

48

Baby enters the post office. An alien environment to him.

It's an impersonal space. Like a bank, but without couches and complimentary coffee. A security guard is present. The counter is wide open, a heavy door protects the back room.

Without music playing, we again hear the hum in his ears. It's an unsettling noise that accentuates Baby's unease. It is also intensified by the whine of computers and cameras in the room.

Baby cases. He counts the number of cameras (three) and the number of registers (six). There are a few (eight) customers doing business at the (four) registers open.

He mouths the numbers. The Kid tugs on Baby's leg. Whispers.

THE KID

No bandit glass. One guard unarmed,  
three cameras, six registers, two  
open, eight customers, four employees.

BABY

Thanks.

They wait in line. The kid continues playing on his PSP.

BABY (CONT'D)

You okay?

KID

I get bored of this.

BABY

Yeah. Me too.

Baby reaches his TELLER, a sweet faced lady, some jewelry, personal flare, a small crucifix. He hands her some pesos.

NICE LADY TELLER

Back from vacation?

BABY

Uh. Yeah.

NICE LADY TELLER

Oh it would be real nice to get away.  
With all this heat.

BABY

Yes, ma'am.



NICE LADY TELLER  
How old is your boy?

BABY  
Four?

THE KID  
Eight.

BABY  
They grow up so fast.

The Teller is bemused. She hands back some dollars.

NICE LADY TELLER  
Does he have a name?

BABY  
You do don't you?

THE KID  
Samm.

NICE LADY TELLER  
Well Samm. I have a mint with your  
name on it.

The Teller passes a mint across, smiling sweetly.

BABY  
Thank you.

Baby has a sudden flicker of concern. Politely asks.

BABY (CONT'D)  
Are you here tomorrow?

NICE LADY TELLER  
Sure am. Workin' 9 to 5. Just like  
Dolly.

BABY  
Dolly?

NICE LADY TELLER  
Dolly Parton. '9 to 5'.

BABY  
Oh yeah. I like Dolly.

NICE LADY TELLER

Who doesn't? *'Everybody wants happiness, nobody wants pain, but you can't have a rainbow without a little rain'*. Wise lady.

BABY

She is.

49 INT. DOC'S MERC - MOMENTS LATER

49

Baby jumps back in shotgun. Samm in the back.

DOC

So?

BABY

No bandit glass. One guard unarmed, three cameras, six registers, four open, eight customers.

The kid coughs. Mouths 'four employees'.

BABY (CONT'D)

And four employees.

DOC

Anything else?

BABY

The teller seemed nice.

THE KID

Yeah, that lady gave me a mint.

DOC

She did?

THE KID

Yeah. She did seem real nice. You probably wouldn't even need to use a gun with her. Just say boo and she'll give you the big bills first.

DOC

Chips off the block.

Doc smiles. Baby does too, but only for Doc's benefit. When Baby looks out of the window, his expression clouds again.

DOC (O.S.) (CONT'D)

So you think about it?

50

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - AFTERNOON

50

**'Threshold' by Steve Miller Band.**

CLUNK. The elevator doors close on Baby and Doc like a prison cell. Baby looks trapped as he and Doc go up in the world.

DOC  
My offer.

BABY  
Yes...

DOC  
I'm thinking about your future. Are you?

BABY  
I am...

DOC  
And I don't offer these positions lightly Baby. You wouldn't want me to be offended would you?

BABY  
No.

Doc eyeballs Baby. Unsure if there's hesitation or insolence.

DOC  
It's just when I give you something nice, maybe try and help you out of your situation and you go off day dreaming, I feel like I should go fuck myself.

Doc smiles broadly. This is somehow much worse. Baby takes a breath, takes his shades off and says the following.

BABY  
You and I are a team. There is nothing more important than our friendship.

Doc is surprised and touched.

DOC  
Well, good.

CLANK. The elevator reaches their floor. The doors open.

DOC (CONT'D)  
Normally I'd introduce you to the rest  
of your team. But in this case, you  
already met.

We see Baby take a big breath before walking back in.

51

INT. UNDECORATED LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

51

Walking through the doorway of Doc's warehouse, we see what

BATS

He's got tinnitus. A hum in his drum that he has to drown out by playing music *all the time*.

DARLING

You know who else does that exact same thing? Barbra Streisand.

Bats takes offense at this. Stares at Darling.

BATS

Do I look like a fucking guy who knows a fucking thing about Barbra fucking Streisand?

BUDDY

That's my lady. Watch your mouth.

Bats just laughs. Darling takes a cue to powder her nose. Baby sits on the opposite side of the room to Bats. Buddy walks over.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

That true? You listen to music to drown out a noise in your head?

BABY

Uh. Yeah. And when I don't want to think about stuff.

BUDDY

It's an escape. I get it.

BABY

It gets me moving, you know. Music makes everything better.

BATS (O.S.)

Oh, I am playing the violin right now.

BUDDY

Knock it off.

(sits, continues quietly)

I used to do the same thing. Used to fool around with cars when I was a kid. Drive all night, hopped up, listening to the radio. I used to have a special tape. Used to have my track. My one killer track that would get me flying. You got one of those?

BABY

Sure.



BATS

A cigarette song? Yes. Après heist with a glass of scotch? Absolutely. But not on the way to a job. Don't need any extra noise. I got enough demons making music up here.

BUDDY

I believe that.

Bats warms to his theme. Turns his chair to face them.

BATS

My old buddy wanted to pull out of a job because of what was playing on the radio. We're about to go in, he won't get out of the car. Why? Guns & Roses' 'Knockin' On Heaven's Door' is playing on the FM. Gives him the heebies. He says we *all* gonna die in there.

BUDDY

So you bailed on the job?

BATS

Nah. We did it. And he was half right. He bought it. I didn't. Fucking crazy.

Bats jumps up now. Seems to be a little coked up.

BATS (CONT'D)

And I'll tell you another thing.

BUDDY

Can't wait.

BATS

My uncle used to be a movie nut. And we used to ride together, pulling off liquor stores. He was my road dog. And he used to say we should get chase music ready next time we get in a chase. I say like what? He says get the chase music from Bullitt. He was way into Steve McQueen, not Queen. And so I goes into some record store and I pocket me the Bullitt soundtrack. And guess what? We can't find the track. Know why? There is no fucking chase music in Bullitt. It's just the noise of the car.

(MORE)

BATS (CONT'D)

So I said to my uncle, that's the only music you need, the sound of a 390 V8 in a third gear four-wheel slide, there's your music. My uncle didn't believe me, he said there's definitely music in the Bullitt chase and I said yeah there is, it's VROOOOM VROOOOOOM VROOOOOOM.

(...)

This was all before I stabbed him.

BUDDY

All your stories end with someone dying?

BATS

I guess you'll find out Buddy.

BUDDY

Oh, that's funny.

Bats grins at Buddy. Darling re-enters. Senses tension.

DARLING

What's funny?

BABY

What's Bullitt?

Doc clicks his fingers.

DOC

I need eyes and ears open, people.

BUDDY

You got it, Doc. What's happening?

DOC

Watts. That's what's happening.

52

INT. UNDECORATED LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

52

**'This Is Soul' by Paul Nero.**

Doc relates the plan on the chalkboard. Again Baby drowns this out with *incongruously jazzy music* in his ears.

This time Baby only half watches. He looks up at the lights, blots them out with his fingers *in time with the music*. He then plays with TOY CARS on the table. But makes them CRASH into one another. The song ends as Doc wraps up.



DOC

You get all that Baby?

All eyes are on Baby to reiterate the plan. But he is not as impressive as before, stuttering through the following.

BABY

Uh. The plan is hit this post office.  
You know a guy who has a...  
(stalls)

DOC

Money order machine.

BABY

We get the order slips themselves and it's literally a license to print money. Every money order is a potential 700 dollars, each box of money orders has 250 slips in there. That's 175 K for every box you get...

DOC

And for the icing on top?

BABY

Tomorrow is the day after people get their welfare, which means there's a lot of their cash in there tomorrow afternoon. Plan is...go in there. Get the money orders. And the cash. I get a used car as the g-ride and the switch car is one of ours. We come back here after and uh...that's it.

DOC

You missed stuff.

Baby goes red. Like a child embarrassed in front of class.

BUDDY

The plan is that Darling goes in first. Then me and Bats. I take her hostage, put shotgun to her head.

DARLING

We've role-played this a lot.

BUDDY

That gets the door open. And gets us where the money is. And where the money orders are.

DOC  
And the guns?

BABY  
I don't know...

BATS  
I got some contacts to get us hardware  
that's fresh and clean. Keep up Rain  
Man, we picking it up tonight.

DOC  
And then what are you going to do?

Baby stalls. Doc is disappointed. Becomes more intense.

DOC (CONT'D)  
You're going to stay here tonight.  
There's a lot of heat around and we  
need to mix up our routines. So you  
guys better learn to live together.

Bats breaks into a wide toothy grin.

BATS  
Oh, we in bed together now!

53 INT. '96 CADILLAC DEVILLE - NIGHT

53

**'Nowhere To Run' by Martha and the Vandellas.**

Baby drives. Bats in shotgun. Buddy and Darling in back. She  
sings along. She has some really good lungs.

DARLING  
*"Nowhere to run to Baby!"*

For once, everyone in the car is enjoying the music. Everyone  
*except* Baby, who looks like he wants to be somewhere, *anywhere*  
else.

On the line *"I know you know you're no good for me"*, Baby looks  
at Bats, a dread descending. Bats motions to pull over.

54 INT./EXT. CADILLAC DEVILLE/GAS STATION - NIGHT

54

Bats jumps out of the passenger door.

BATS  
I gotta take a leak. You guys want  
anything while I'm in there?

Everyone shrugs a negative response.

BATS (CONT'D)  
Gum? How about you Darling? Gum?

BUDDY  
Sure, I'll take some gum.

Bats saunters off. Baby watches him walk up to the gas station where a MALE CLERK is behind the counter.

Buddy and Darling smooch. Baby glances at this in his rear view.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Hey. Not in front of the Baby.

DARLING  
He don't mind. And I never seen you complain when I put on a show before.  
(another noisy smooch)  
How much do you think there's going to be tomorrow?

BUDDY  
If it were just me, enough to live on for the year. But if we're talking the two of us, enough for one weekend.  
(to Baby)  
My fiancé has expensive taste.

Darling breaks out of the embrace, hits him playfully.

DARLING  
Hey, blame it all on me why don't cha? You got a problem too.  
(to Baby)  
This one has a gambling problem too.

BUDDY  
I do not have a gambling problem. They call it gaming now.

DARLING  
Fine, we both have a gaming problem. See? That don't sound so bad.

BUDDY  
Hey, it ain't a problem if you keep winning, right Baby?

Baby looks back into the gas station. He can't see Bats OR the clerk anymore. It doesn't feel good at all. He mutters.

BABY

Yessir.

DARLING

Oh hey baby. Was going ask, what's a good Egyptian reggae song?

BABY

... 'Egyptian Reggae'.

The door opens. A grinning Bats is back. He dumps whole armfuls of chewing gum onto Buddy. Packets and packets.

BUDDY

The fuck? Did you just swipe this?

BATS

You said you wanted gum! What am I going to do, pay for it?

Baby looks back to the gas station. Still can't see the clerk. He peels out fast.

55

INT./EXT. CADILLAC DEVILLE/OUTSIDE TRAIN YARD - EVENING

55

**'Fog On The Hudson' by Moondog.**

The gang wait in the dark outside a deserted train yard. Headlights off. It's eerie quiet. Inside, everyone chews gum. Save for Baby who doesn't look like he wants to play anymore.

Bats flexes his hands. We see his single glove.

DARLING

The one glove? Is that a Michael Jackson thing?

BATS

Fuck no. It's not a Michael Jackson thing. It's all me. I wanna make an impression.

BUDDY

Oh, you make an impression.

BATS

They don't know the name Bats but you better believe they heard of the One Glove Bandit. I come into a bank and the business manager sees this glove come off, he knows I mean business.

DARLING

You not worried you'll get recognized?

BATS

That's the genius Darling. When I think they're onto me, I just -

He slips on a second glove too.

BATS (CONT'D)

And now I could be anyone.

BUDDY

Anyone wearing gloves. In summer.

BATS

You got it.

BUDDY

Whatever you say, MJ.

BATS

Fuck you Buddy. I did the one glove before him.

BUDDY

How old are you?

BATS

I am thirty seven years young.

BUDDY

Jackson did the one glove at least thirty years ago. So what, you were robbing banks at the age of five?

Bats shrugs as if to say "Maybe I was...".

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You're crazy Bats.

BATS

Hey, your parents call you Bats, you gonna turn out crazy.

BUDDY

Come on. Bats isn't your real name.

BATS

You doubting I'm Bats? I can show you my ID anytime buddy.

BUDDY

That doesn't sound good.

57

INT. ABANDONED RAIL YARD - MOMENTS LATER

57

**'Tequila' by The Button Down Brass.**

*Cowbells play in Baby's ears. A bass part kicks in as -*

Our foursome approach the truck and the semi-circle of black SUVs with tinted windows. In the center of this gathering, portable work lights illuminate crates covered by a tarp.

Four linen suited gorillas flank the crates (we'll call them FARMERS) and a more urbane man (THE BUTCHER) stands in the middle, quietly makes a list to himself.

As they walk up. Bats discreetly offers Baby a pistol.

BATS

Take this. Look serious.

Baby looks at the pistol being offered. Stalls on taking it.

BUDDY

Is he going to need it?

BATS

He needs to swagger in like he's got one. Let 'em know we ain't a bunch of pussies. Darling excluded of course.

DARLING

Oh please.

BATS

Baby, take the gun. It's not like I'm asking you to hold my cock.

DARLING

It ain't a million miles away.

Baby takes the pistol, just as they come within shouting range of the men gathered around the crates.

The tallest of the 'Farmers', ARMIE, a thick-necked giant looks straight at Baby, *with his earphones in and shades on.*

ARMIE

Who's the geek?

BATS

This is our Baby Boy.

ARMIE

What's with the ears? That a wire?

BATS

It's just his tunes. He's a little Looney Tunes and he needs his tunes.

ARMIE

Oh yeah? How we supposed to know it's not the police or something?

BATS

Is it the police?

BABY

It's not The Police.

ARMIE

Yeah? What is it?

Baby looks at his iPod display.

BABY

'Tequila'.

BATS

Tequila! Hey, why did the Mexican push his wife off a cliff? Ah, I ruined it-

BUDDY

To business?

The Butcher starts proceedings by throwing back the tarp. The crates are stencilled with 'LAPD'. On top of them is a huge smorgasbord of GUNS AND AMMO. Black gun metal gleams at them.

THE BUTCHER

Tonight gentlemen, ladies, we have only the finest cuts of pork. Direct from local smokehouse.

On Darling: 'What?'

THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

You are experienced butchers yourselves, so as I am sure you are aware the humble pig can be cooked from nose to tail. So I can offer you nine cuts at the best prices in all of Christendom.

The Butcher motions in turn to Berettas, Smith & Wessons, Glocks, Kimbers, Colts, Heckler & Kochs and Remingtons.



## THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

So let's dive in head first: from the jowl we have the God-sent Roman bacon that is Guanciale. Actually from the shoulder of the hog comes the Boston Butt, a tough but tasty cut. Then the Picnic Shoulder is a favorite for those who enjoy the smoking of pigs. Then center cut loin, double cut pork chops, baby back ribs, pork belly and Serrano ham on the back leg. Every one delicious.

The Butcher gestures to a wide array of ammo and grenades.

## THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

And of course, we also have a fine selection of sausages.

Buddy, Darling and Baby look bemused. Bats claps his hands.

## BATS

I'm hungry.

## THE BUTCHER

Fantastique. And how will we be paying this evening gentlemen... ladies?

## BATS

Do you take bullets?

## THE BUTCHER

How do you mean?

## BATS

Like this.

*A trumpet hits a loud blast of 'F', as suddenly -*

BRAP. Bats draws and shoots the Butcher POINT BLANK in the face. He drops. Dead. WHAT THE -

The big Farmer guys, caught off guard, reach for their arms. Stunned, Buddy, Darling and Baby hit the deck.

Bats then SMOKEs the nearest Farmer. As his body falls, Bats rolls down next to his corpse. Grabs his machine pistol.

*The song hits a breakdown where duelling drummers madly flail away at each other in furious patterns as -*

BRAT BRAT BRAT. The remaining farmers LET RIP with their machine pistols and shotguns at the air Bats just vacated.

The syncopation of music and action is shocking and awesome.

Over crates and car hoods, the fire fight between Bats and the three Farmers as *the duelling drum solo intensifies, each burst of gunfire matched by a burst of drums.*

The noises echo around the train yard. A portable light is knocked over, creating dramatic under lighting. Buddy and Darling are forced to join the violent melee.

From the deck, Baby has a *sideways angle on a six way fight.* Gunfire builds. Shells drop. Car windows smash.

*The drums on the track get louder and louder* as Baby watches his colleagues spew hot lead. BRAT BRAT BRAT BRAT.

One Farmer aims at Baby. Baby rolls out of the way and runs like hell. He is trailed by bullets, dives over a crate for safety.

*The tempo peaks, there's a last burst of drums and guns. And -*

Baby looks up. The train yard is quiet again. There are five bodies on the ground that appeared to be alive seconds ago.

*He cannot comprehend what he has just witnessed.*

Bats is out of ammo. Grabs a nearby clip. Winks to Buddy, who strides over and goes to strike Bats with his pistol.

BATS (CONT'D)

*What the fuck?*

Bats dodges and shoves Buddy right back.

BATS (CONT'D)

Hey! I just got us some hardware!

We've never seen Buddy *this mad.* It's not fun.

BUDDY

You shot the gunsmiths! I thought these were your contacts?

BATS

Yeah. They *were* my contacts.

BUDDY

Are you fucking crazy?

BATS

I believe we established I was. Why, do you still wanna see my ID?

BUDDY

You didn't think to tell us your plan?  
We come in here with no masks, no  
nothing -

DARLING

Yeah, what if they recognized us?

BATS

Those *what-ifs* are dead Darling.  
They're ghosts now. Only way they'll  
finger us is through a Ouija board.

BUDDY

Well your name is only four letters to  
spell out.

BATS

Pah. Bats ain't my real name.

*In 'Tequila', a huge trill of brass sounds as -*

We see one of the farmers is not dead. He runs past Baby,  
toward one of the SUVs. Bats yells at Baby, who is closest.

BATS (CONT'D)

Don't let him get away, Baby!

Baby has his gun in his hand, *but does not fire*. The farmer  
jumps in the SUV. Makes a break for the entrance. Fuck -

Instead Bats lets rip at the fleeing vehicle. Buddy and Darling  
grab a shotgun and mini pistol from the dead and also unload.

Baby hangs back and pointedly does not join in with the  
shooting. His face says everything. *He doesn't want this*.

*Wailing brass, furious drums and Hammond organs score a barrage  
of bullets that stop the escapee dead in his tracks.*

We hear a sustained HORN, as the driver slumps on his dash.

BATS (CONT'D)

Baby. Get us out. Move!

No time to argue. Baby grabs another abandoned SUV as Bats,  
Darling and Buddy grab as many guns as they can carry.

Baby starts the car. In his haste, one ear bud has dropped out,  
meaning that Bats can hear the track as he jumps in the  
passenger seat with a lot of hardware in his arms.

Baby waits for the others, then floors it.

*The brass in the final bridge reaches a resounding climax as they pass their old Cadillac, Bats takes a grenade, flicks the safety and throws it into the open window.*

As the car goes KA-BOOM in the night, Bats sings along -

BATS (CONT'D)  
Te-quiiiiii-laaaaaaa!

58

INT. SUV - NIGHT

58

The foursome drive in the newly acquired SUV. All are silent. Bats is still jonesing from the previous encounter.

Baby drives past his usual DINER and subtly looks in to see if Debora is working. Before he can establish this -

BATS  
Hey, pull in here.

Baby does not. Keeps driving.

BATS (CONT'D)  
Pull in here. I'm hungry.

BABY  
No.

BATS  
Stop the car.

Baby stops. Bats fixes him. Furious.

BATS (CONT'D)  
No? You telling *me* no?

BABY  
No. I don't want to go in there.

Baby is firm. Bats breaks into a sickly grin. Cackles.

BATS  
Well hel-lo Baby. I never seen you so mad. You saw a bunch of bodies hit the floor and you didn't say nothing, but for some reason, you get all mad about this one diner.

BABY  
I don't like it in there. It sucks.

BATS

Well on that recommendation, we gots  
to go in.

59 INT. HALF EMPTY DINER - NIGHT

59

**'When Something Is Wrong With My Baby' by Sam & Dave.**

This song plays on the diner's stereo system. Opens with -

SAM & DAVE

*"When something is wrong with my baby,  
something is wrong with me."*

Debora is dealing with one sole customer at the counter, she looks bored and distant. Then the door opens and in walks -

An intense looking Bats, a grim Buddy and Darling. And behind them, Baby. He pointedly looks at Debora, his sunglasses very firmly on. He is not smiling. She's never seemed so far away.

She gets that *something's up*. It's as ominous as him and Doc in the parking lot. She's also never seen him with sunglasses on.

In fact she's *never seen* a booth of four people all with sunglasses on at night. It's as weird to us as it is to her.

At the booth, Bats soaks up the tension. Loves it.

BATS

Now why you all still mad at me?

BUDDY

Because you have a death wish and we don't.

Buddy talks calmly, but intensely. Tears a napkin into strips. Baby and Darling are caught awkwardly in the middle.

BATS

We're all going to end up in a chair. Maybe see out your days in a lawn chair at Holiday Villa, maybe settle with the electric one. Might be just me, but the latter sounds funner.

BUDDY

It's just you. You revel in bad choices. In bad luck. And that's bad business.

BATS

What's bad luck to you are more open doors for me. So I'm gonna pick thirteen as my lucky number and make hay while you Hail Mary.

BUDDY

Whatever you do on your own time is fine. What you do within this group affects us all.

BATS

Don't worry Buddy. I ain't gonna mess up. I know you have noses to feed.

BUDDY

Oh. Because you *never* take drugs.

Baby has been watching Debora *the whole time*. She comes over. Senses the sour mood. Plays it cool.

DEBORA

Can I get you anything to drink?

BATS

I think it's Coke all around.

DEBORA

Three cokes.

This strikes Darling as odd. She looks at Baby, who stares down at his menu. When Debora leaves, Bats continues.

BATS

Here's the thing. You rob to support a drug habit. I take drugs to support a robbery habit.

(to Baby)

Baby boy. What you do this for?

Baby's glances at Debora. But says nothing.

BATS (CONT'D)

The cash? The girls? Or is it just the smell of burning rubber?

BABY

I guess.

BATS

So, we in agreement. We're all about the white line fever.

BUDDY

Yeah. You're real funny.

During this exchange, Debora looks at Baby, deeply concerned.

BATS

I'm deadly serious. This is my job.  
It's you two who's on vacation.

BUDDY

What is that supposed to mean?

BATS

You're Wall Street right?

BUDDY

Doc tell you that?

BATS

Doc tells me nothing. I am just  
guessing.

Buddy glowers. Sub zero sarcasm.

BUDDY

I would be fascinated to hear your  
thoughts.

BATS

Stop me if I'm way off. But I'm thinking  
you were a stockbroker, maybe with a  
previous fiance, maybe a wife, maybe  
kids. You're making good money, you're  
good at your work, but you also play  
hard. And you like the wild side too  
much, get in too deep, rack up debts  
that would make even your employers  
blush. So either you get laid off or  
someone wants to break your legs. You  
decide to run off, maybe take your  
favorite lap dancer in tow, head out to  
the desert and disappear into your  
double life, concentrate on the three  
things that get you high: the money, the  
boogaloo, the sex, the action. Okay four  
things. But am I close?

Buddy is still unamused. Then -

DARLING

I will have you know I was a feature  
dancer, not a lap dancer.

BATS

What's the difference?

DARLING

It means my name was on the marquee. And I could charge quadruple for dances.

BATS

Well then ignore everything I said.

BUDDY

You doubt my credentials?

BATS

Just saying you're on a trip right now. And maybe it's one you're not coming back from. Either way, if you're from Wall Street you're already a bigger crook than I'll ever be.

BUDDY

Two things. Don't underestimate me. And don't ever speak ill about my lady. Or I will see red and you will see nothing but black.

Buddy is scary when angered. Bats breaks into a big grin.

BATS

Where did you find her? Vegas? Reno? I think maybe it was Morongo.

DARLING

What makes you say that?

BATS

'Cause that's where the *Morons-Go*.

Buddy's eyes glaze over. He shifts in his seat. Grips a fork. It's fucking terrifying to see him shift. Bats just laughs.

BATS (CONT'D)

You seeing this Baby? *This* is what happens when a man loves a woman.

Debora comes over with the three Cokes.

DEBORA

What can I get you to eat?

BATS

These cats need a happy meal. But I'm just gonna get the check... Debora.



Baby sees that *for the first time*. Debora is wearing a 'Debora' name tag. Bats then throws an arm around Baby.

BATS (CONT'D)

Oh and my friend here hates this place. I think it's okay. So I wanna ask you, what's his problem?

Baby cannot look up at Debora. She replies coldly.

DEBORA

Maybe your friend would like to fill out a suggestion slip and tell us how we could improve our service.

Debora puts their check on the table and leaves without looking at Baby. Darling guesses something's up.

DARLING

Are you two fucking? Or you were fucking? You fucked her and didn't call her back. Or she didn't call. Something's up. I can definitely smell fuck in the air.

Baby goes red. Wants to curl up and die.

BATS

I don't know about that.  
(to Buddy and Darling)  
You two, I got down pat. I can't get a read on Dum Dum here.

We let the song play as Baby looks up at Debora behind the counter. Longs to be anywhere else with her. When-

BATS (CONT'D)

Come on, let's bounce. You guys go on out to the car. I got this.

Darling and Buddy leave. Baby moves past Bats and sees -

Bats pull the gun from his jacket. Then, like lightning -

**Baby GRABS Bats' arm. Firmly stops him.**

*Bats is shocked at this action. Baby has never touched him before and now holds down Bats' gun arm with real force.*

Buddy turns and sees this too. He checks to see if anyone in the diner sees what's going on. They don't.

SAM & DAVE

*"When something is wrong with my baby,  
something is wrong with me."*

Baby looks determined, emotional. Bats then breaks into another wide grin. Impressed. He backs off.

BATS

Be sure to tip the nice lady.

Baby takes the check and goes to the counter. He puts it down and goes to exit, without saying anything to Debora.

Debora sees under the check folder. An iPod. The pink one.

DEBORA

Hey, you left your -

Baby doesn't look back. Carries on walking out.

Debora looks down to see. Cued up on the iPod. 'Debora'.

She looks at Baby silently depart. She's worried for him.

60

INT. UNDECORATED LOFT - NIGHT

60

Doc enters. He's instantly aware of -

A mood. And three camps. Bats on the opposite side of the room to Buddy and Darling, while Baby lies on his makeshift bed in another part of the room, facing away. His headphones are on.

DOC

Who died?

BUDDY

A better question: 'who didn't?'

DOC

I count four. Something happen I should know about?

BUDDY

A little trouble procuring the hardware.

DOC

Trouble?

BATS

There was no trouble. Just a little haggling.

Doc senses there's something else to tell. Gets serious.

DOC

This going to bite me in the ass?

Buddy and Darling say nothing. Bats grins wide.

BATS

Nothing's going to bite no-one. We got this Doc. You got no worries with us three here.

DOC

You three?

BATS

I can't speak for the mute.

Doc looks to Baby. He closes a partition in the loft space, so Baby is now separated from them.

DOC

Something wrong with Baby? He's been a problem?

BUDDY

Jesus. *He's* not the problem.

Bats warms to this new theme, keen to distract Doc.

BATS

I don't know. I'm starting to think he *is* the crazy one on this team.

DARLING

Riiight.

BATS

I saw the first glints of steel in Baby tonight, but not when he had a gun in his hand. He's real quiet then he can get real emotional. And over some dumb waitress.

This registers with Doc.

DOC

A waitress, huh?

BATS

All that emotion worries me Doc.

DOC

What are you worried about other than him turning left, him turning right and him knowing when the light turns green?

BATS

Him turning yellow and squealing?

DOC

That ain't gonna happen. He squeals on the asphalt not to the cops.

BATS

And you done how many jobs with him?

DOC

Hey mouth, if you can't take my fucking word for something, get back in the elevator.

(...)

I'll bet that kid started earlier than any of you. You ever hear of the Pacific Ghost?

BATS

The joyrider?

DOC

Used to bait cops by zooming through Malibu speed traps. Going 100 mph with his headlights off, brake lights disconnected. Begging the police to chase him. Then leaving 'em in the dust. That was our boy.

BUDDY

Wasn't that like ten years ago?

DOC

Like I said, that was our boy. He's been boosting cars since he was old enough to see over the dash.

BUDDY

So how'd you find him?

DOC

He stole a Merc of mine. With a ton of my merch in it. I saw him do it too. I didn't stop him right away either, because I was just like - *the balls on this kid.*

(MORE)

DOC (CONT'D)

He didn't know who I was or what he was stealing but when I finally tracked him down I made sure to tell him who I was, what I do and what I am capable of. And he went on to pay me off and show me what he's capable of. I figured if he likes to joy ride so much, we might as well make some money from it.

We see Baby is awake and listening through the partition.

DOC (CONT'D)

Turns out his dad used to work for me way back. But that kid is a better criminal than his father ever was. Baby is going to do a great job tomorrow. And you are going come right back here and apologize to me. You mark my words.

Baby hears this, but doesn't want to. He CLOSSES HIS EYES.

**FLASHBACK: A HIGH PITCHED WHINE ON SOUNDTRACK**

- We see YOUNG BABY sitting in the diner. His Mom is working at the counter talking to a male customer. Baby's Dad is also present and staring at the male customer intensely.

- We then see Baby's Mom in a modest recording studio. She is behind the glass and we cannot hear what she is singing.

- In the studio are Baby's unsmiling father and the (younger) Elderly Man. He is an engineer behind the mixing desk. As Baby's Mom sings, the Elderly Man turns to Baby and gives a thumbs up.

- We see Young Baby in the backseat of a car, watching his Dad hold up a gas station clerk at gunpoint.

- Baby's Dad dumps a bunch of CANDY BARS on the back seat.

- The Mom drives. She cries. The Dad yells.

- We see the car about to slam into the pick up truck-

- The candy falls off the back seat. So does the iPod.

- Young Baby closes his eyes. The WHINE peaks.

**'Ready Let's Go' by Boards of Canada.**

Some time later. Doc is gone. Bats sleeps in a chair. Buddy and Darling curl up on a couch.

Baby quickly gathers his things in the dark. And sneaks out.

62

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING P3 - NIGHT

62

Baby walks from the freight elevator to the SUV. He gets in. Starts up. But when he pulls out toward the exit.

Buddy is waiting for him. Blocking his path.

BUDDY

Where you going, Baby?

BABY

Coffee.

Buddy walks to the driver's window. Baby remains very quiet.

BUDDY

At 2AM? That doesn't sound too smart.  
Or much like you either.

(...)

Look you're a good kid. I said you shouldn't have picked up that phone. But here you are. And that's cool if you're really committed to the job. But if you're in it for the buzz, I say go on your Starbucks run and don't come back. Because bad things happen.

BABY

I know.

BUDDY

Doc said your Dad was in this business.

BABY

He was.

BUDDY

But I'm not sure you are. You can't dip your toes, you're either in the pool or you're not. If this is just your escape, then go.

BATS (O.S.)

What we talking about here?

Bats is standing outside the elevator. Buddy covers.

BUDDY

Just about how we should all be getting more sleep before tomorrow.

BATS

It don't look like that.

BUDDY

What does it look like?

BATS

Looks like he's going somewhere at 2 in the morning. You going somewhere Baby?

Baby looks back to Buddy. Then to Bats.

BABY

No...

BATS

Good, because we gotta talk about this.

Bats is holding a Sony handheld cassette recorder. Baby searches his jacket for *his*. Bats stops him.

BATS (CONT'D)

Yeah, it's the same one.

63

INT. UNDECORATED LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

63

A D90 audio cassette plays in the handheld recorder. Baby sits in the middle of the room. Forced to listen. *We can hear the hum in his ears again, underlining the tense mood.*

Buddy and Bats stand over him. Bats has his gun out. Darling sits in the corner. From the tape, we hear recent dialogue.

DOC (ON TAPE)

*What are you worried about other than him turning left, him turning right and him knowing when the light turns green?*

BATS (ON TAPE)

*Him turning yellow and squealing?*

Bats presses stop. He is deadly serious.

BATS (CONT'D)

Now why you go and do that?

Baby stammers, but is aware he needs to speak up. And fast.

BABY

I like to record stuff.

BATS

And *why* do you like to record stuff.  
Are you the police? Are you a snitch?

DARLING

Didn't Doc work with his Dad?

BATS

That don't mean nothing. He could be  
working out his daddy issues on us. Or  
maybe, just maybe he is fucking  
retarded. Are you?

Baby doesn't want to answer that. Stalls.

DARLING

I think he's just acting the fool.

BATS

I asked *him*. But 'acting' is right.  
What if this is a cover? What if Harpo  
here is a real Serpico?

All eyes on Baby.

BUDDY

Speak up, Baby.

BABY

I... I just like to listen to what  
people say. I don't always understand  
first time out. So I listen back to  
the words. To understand. And I like  
to make music out of it. It's just me  
fooling. Fooling around.

BATS

That is one fucking dumbass excuse.

BUDDY

To be fair, a cop would not come up with  
an excuse as fucking dumbass as that.

BATS

I'm calling Doc.

Baby doesn't want that to happen. Blurts out.



BABY

I can play you one. Of my tapes. Of the music I make.

BUDDY

Where are they?

BABY

At home.

BUDDY

Well, looks like we are going somewhere at 2 in the morning.

64 INT./EXT. SUV - MOMENTS LATER

64

*The hum in Baby's ears underscores this section, adding uneasy menace as the SUV drives fast down deserted streets.*

Baby is in the back seat. Buddy drives. Bats is in shotgun with his gun lightly trained on Baby. Stereo is silent.

BATS

No music for you. You ain't moving.

65 EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

65

The SUV pulls up outside Baby's apartment block. Baby and Bats get out. Buddy stays in the car.

BATS

Watch that fire escape.

66 INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

66

Bats and Baby ascend in the extremely slow exposed elevator.

67 INT. BARE APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

67

Baby walks in first. The TV is on, but barely illuminates the room. Bats enters, flicks the light switch. It's still out.

Bats observes the dimly lit room. He's both surprised and yet not at how bare and simple it is.

BATS

This is your place?

BABY  
It's my foster dad's.

BATS  
And where's he?

The Elderly Man is asleep in his chair. But Bats does not notice a person is present. It looks like a big old blanket.

BABY  
...He's dead.

Baby does not acknowledge the old man. He walks right over to a pile of tapes on the kitchen counter.

He takes the pile of D30s. Turns to Bats and softly says.

BABY (CONT'D)  
Got 'em.

BATS  
This better be good, Baby.

68 INT. UNDECORATED LOFT - LATER

68

Buddy and Bats stand over Baby at the tape recorder. Darling, again, is in the corner. He presses play.

*The montage that plays is a collage of almost all dialogue we've heard so far. A nonsense medley of crosscut dialogue. It builds into odd rhythms. Sounding awesome, but absurd.*

Bats presses stop. Buddy shuts his eyes.

BATS  
What the fuck did I just listen to?

BABY  
Like I said. I was fooling around.

BATS  
Did we not establish what happens when you act the fool with me?

BABY  
I wasn't acting. I am one.

A pause. Then -

DARLING  
Well hell, I like it. It's funny.

BUDDY

I say we get someone else.

BATS

At this time of night?

BUDDY

Anyone you've worked with that's still alive?

BATS

You two are still alive.

BUDDY

I'm so honored.

BATS

Lemme think about what to do while I give the kid a ride home.

Bats tucks his gun into his waistband and puts his jacket on.

Baby does not like the look of this. He speaks firmly.

BABY

I can do this. I'm driving tomorrow. I'm not retarded. I'm fast. *I'm driving.*

Buddy and Bats exchange looks.

DARLING

Let him. So what? He recorded stuff. Big deal. I was kinda hoping someone got all the pork nonsense on tape because that was bananas.

(...)

Besides I kinda wanna hear the rest of the tape.

BATS

Oh yeah? Well go get it.

Bats throws the D30 cassette out of the window.

69

EXT. ALLEY - EARLY MORNING

69

We see a smashed cassette. The audio tape spooled out on the concrete like brown spaghetti. The morning sun rises.

70 INT. UNDECORATED LOFT - EARLY MORNING 70

Doc enters to find Buddy, Darling & Bats dressed in civilian attire for the robbery. They look weirdly normal.

DOC  
Where's Baby?

BUDDY  
I'm going to guess... in the car.

71 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING P3 - MOMENTS LATER 71

**'Movement One' by Herbie Flowers & Barry Morgan.**

PING. Buddy, Bats and Darling exit the elevator to find -

A blue Mitsubishi Galant. Baby at the wheel. Eyes fixed forward. Hands ten to two. *Music pumping on the stereo.*

The gang get in. Buddy and Darling in back. Bats in shotgun.

Bats kills the stereo. Produces a coke spoon. Takes a big snort.

BATS  
Now I'm going to make this clear. You can listen on your phones or do whatever it is you need to do. But I don't want to hear none of your bullshit today.

Baby silently plugs his earphones into the iPod. The music continues in Baby's head and our ears.

BUDDY  
Let's get this over with.

Baby pulls out. Heads for the 'EXIT'.

72 INT. MITSUBISHI GALANT - DAY 72

**'Music For The Head Ballet' by The Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band.**

*A solo harpsichord plays a jolly fairground intro as the gang cruises down Century Boulevard. Very slowly.*

*Baby listens to the music in his earphones as they reach the intersection of Success Avenue. And find themselves in -*

Gridlock. Some construction is up ahead. It's the middle of the school run. Cars slow to a stop. It's a bad time for a jam.

Baby signals, his indicator *in sync with the 4/4 tempo. The track becomes a woozy waltz, repeating a 'down then up' pattern that goes around and around as the traffic maddens.*

The Galant idles in the left hand lane. Baby begins to sweat. Unsure of the neighborhood. The air con blasting.

Bats' cocaine seems to kick in, his restlessness *changing the simpatico of action and music from being magical to menacing.*

Buddy taps his fingers on a seat rest *in time with the music.* Darling flicks through the pages of a magazine, *also in time.* Bats cocks and uncocks his shotgun *in time.* Baby eyes this.

The whole hood is alive with incident, all in time with the track. Kids shouting. Angry neighbors. A police helicopter.

The sound of chopper blades prompts the gang to all look up. When they look back down a COP CAR is right alongside them.

Their next door neighbor in the traffic jam is THE POLICE.

A change of key in the track. The four gang members all look straight forward, eyes fixed on the static road ahead. Then -

*The music resumes its woozy waltz as the gang take turns to look at the cops. The glances are furtive first, then more confident. The dance of their turning heads is very surreal.*

*As the melody accentuates the odd notes, we see the cops look back at the gang in the Galant. We take in the odd magic of -*

Four gang members and two cops, all wearing shades, trying to inconspicuously check each other out in time with a waltz.

Baby doesn't want to see Bats slowly raising his shotgun. Out of sight of the cops, but ready to fire.

Then suddenly, the Cop driving, points right towards Bats.

Bats does a 'who me?' The Cop shakes his head. Then -

POINTS at Baby. Motions for him to take off his earphones.

Baby does so. *The waltz concludes.* Bat smiles.

BATS

Yeah Baby. It's the law.

Bats makes the 'he's crazy' sign to the cops about Baby. The cops get a call. Switch their SIREN ON. Pull out of the jam and out of sight. Everyone exhales. Heart attack over... For now.

**'Intermission' by Blur.**

*A solo piano plays an endlessly descending melody.*

Baby pulls up into the strip mall. The place is quiet but everything feels bad. The heat, the traffic, the summer aggression in the air, a rain drop on the windshield. In Watts?

There's even a construction PICKUP TRUCK partly blocking their exit, steel enforced concrete poles hanging off the back. Even a novice would get spooked by this, but -

Bats ignores the omens and repeats his mantra.

## BATS

Remember, what's in there is ours. It belongs to us. They got our money. They got our money orders. They got our momma's jewels. They got our girlfriend in there. So let's go in, get them, get her. Take back what is rightfully ours.

Darling opens her door. It starts. There's a thunderclap.

*A crunchy electric guitar joins the piano. Adds menace.*

Buddy and Bats watch Darling walk into the post office alone.

Baby gets a pervasive feeling of dread. A baby in a stroller cries. A chorus of honks and angry drivers are heard nearby.

*A bass guitar joins the sneaking melody.* Buddy and Bats get out, take bags from the trunk and follow Darling. Baby is distracted by an argument between two men at a bus stop.

*A huge thunder clap and cymbal crash heralds the introduction of drums.* And also Buddy and Bats entering the post office.

*The tempo of the track quickens.* Traffic noise flares nearby. Baby stares forward. Rain spots his windshield.

Baby hits the wipers. They are in perfect time with the track. He stays, fixed forward, staring at the jagged mess of protruding poles, fixating on this premonition of doom.

*Tempo quickens.* Rain thickens. Baby flicks the wipers up a notch in speed. In his wing mirror, Baby sees -

A SECURITY GUARD ambling around the corner. Looks up at the uncommon rainfall. Finishes off a sandwich.

*A squeal of feedback.* Baby looks through the post office door. He can see frantic activity inside.

He looks back to the security guard who has thrown the sandwich wrapper in the trash and now slowly approaches Baby.

*The tempo quickens. The drums become more manic.* Baby flicks the wipers to go one faster. Matching the tempo. The security guard passes, eyeballing Baby. Then -

A GUN SHOT. From inside. Baby and the Guard look to the door.

Baby doesn't want to think what just happened in there. The Guard runs to the door of the post office. Just as -

Buddy, Darling and Bats run out, bags and guns in hand.

*Hard cymbals strike. White noise guitar. Madly fast piano.*

The Security Guard reaches for a walkie.

BATS BLOWS HIM AWAY WITH A SHOTGUN. POINT BLANK.

Baby witnesses this. Close up. He is in total shock.

BATS THEN SHOOTS THE SECURITY GUARD ON THE GROUND TOO.

Sound EXPLODES around them. AN ALARM. SCREAMS from passersby. The sound of distant SIRENS as -

Darling and Buddy leap in the back and Bats jumps in shotgun.

*A huge shift up in tempo, the track threatening to collapse.*

BATS (CONT'D)

Move!

Baby *doesn't* move.

BATS (CONT'D)

Fucking move!

Baby *doesn't* go.

BATS (CONT'D)

Fucking hit the gas you fucking retard. Fucking move. Go!

Bats HITS Baby in the face with the shotgun stock. It knocks out a lens from his sunglasses. We now see one naked eye.

One steely eye. Baby *doesn't* move. Baby *doesn't* go.

BUDDY  
Baby go! Go now!

BATS  
I'm blowing your fucking head off in  
three seconds if you don't move!

DARLING  
Move!

Bats POINTS the barrel of his shotgun at Baby's head.

BATS  
1-

Sirens mass. Baby holds still. That steely eye staring at Bats.

BATS (CONT'D)  
2-

*Music and noise crescendos around them. And then -*

BATS (CONT'D)  
3!

Baby HITS the gas. Drives hard and fast. *Straight into -*  
The back of the Pickup Truck. The concrete poles.

WRECKING THE PASSENGER SIDE OF THE CAR AND IMPALING BATS.

*A blast of violent noise. Wailing distorted feedback.*

BATS IS DEAD. The car is FUCKED. The sirens get CLOSER.

Baby, Darling and Buddy are alive, but badly concussed.  
Concrete dust and radiator mist cloud the trashed Galant.

BUDDY  
Get up. Get up. Get up.

Buddy pulls Darling out of the car. Baby gets out too. He has  
one earbud hanging out of his ear, one sunglass lens missing.

*The song whites out. Returns to a simple solo piano.* Buddy  
looks at Baby. He is incandescent with rage.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
What did you do? WHAT DID YOU DO!

BABY  
I moved.



Buddy FLIPS. Grabs Baby. Looks ready to shoot him there and then. Baby's ear bud falls out. When -

POP! POP! POP! A COP is positioned on the street. Shooting over the hood of the first Black & White to arrive.

BUDDY RETURNS FIRE from behind his car door. Darling too. Baby ducks down behind the wreck of the Galant. He does not know what to do and looks again to his music for direction.

He puts his left earbud back in as a new track kicks off -

**'Hocus Pocus' by Focus.**

*A heavy guitar riff plays in left channel. Baby puts in his right earbud. A second guitar joins in the right channel.*

Police cars screech into view all around. Officers screaming with fury at them to lay down their arms.

*The track builds. Baby stands. The track kicks in.*

Baby. Buddy. Darling. Run for it. Race to survive.

*Driving guitars, bass and drums propel Baby forward. Buddy fires back. Darling loses her heels, runs barefoot.*

74

EXT. THE STREETS OF WATTS - CONTINUOUS

74

The three of them disappear out of the back of the strip mall. Ducking into to a back alley. *The sound of police boots and screeching tires gaining on them.*

They pound along the alley. Baby is first, looking crazy with his single lens sunglasses. He vaults over a chain link fence and runs fast, leaving Darling and Buddy behind.

He sails across a street, cars screeching around him. Heads for a memorial park up ahead. Feet pounding.

*Guitars build. Baby runs fast and is out of control. He slams into a middle aged male DOG WALKER on a snare hit.*

*Drum solo. Baby hides in a clump of trees. Stops. Catches his breath. His organs feel like they are in his mouth.*

*Vocal section. Crazy yodelling. Hammond Organ. Baby looks around. Sees the police chasing Buddy and Darling on foot. Black & Whites splitting every which way. Circling the park.*

*The vocalist begins a rising scream.* Baby gears up. Knows he cannot stop. Police are coming. Chopper blades are closing in. The dog walker is waving in the direction of the trees.

*Drum fill into driving heavy guitar.* Baby makes a break. Heads back into the sun. Cops are suddenly on his heels. One Black & White driving onto the park itself.

Baby runs. Cops won't shoot. There are too many people in the park. Kids scream. Mothers yell. Hobos are tripped over.

*Hectic drum fills and snares build.* Baby hotfoots it across a crosswalk, weaving through shoppers as he heads for a -

75 INT./EXT. RUNDOWN MALL - CONTINUOUS 75

Baby slides down banisters into the sunken ground level of a busy-ish shopping mall that has seen better days.

*Another crazed drum solo signals* his fast descent down the stairs and mad dash right into a customer elevator going up.

*More crazy yodelling scores* his ascent to a higher level. Baby catches his breath in an elevator full of women. Baby looks out of place, panting and sweat drenched. He takes off his cyclops sunglasses to look less odd. It doesn't work.

*As the vocal rises,* Baby can see the Cops sweeping the food court. *At the peak,* one cop sees Baby in the elevator. The lift doors open. Baby is out of there.

*A frenzied guitar solo* sees Baby tear around the top floor. He can see cops running up escalators to find him. He tries to fast walk, so as not to look conspicuous. He darts into a -

76 INT. DISCOUNT CLOTHING STORE - CONTINUOUS 76

Baby takes out his ears. Grabs a baseball cap and disappears into aisles stacked with clothes. The track *plays faintly in his loose earphones and mixes with the store muzak.* Baby tries on a denim jacket. Picks up new shades. Sees -

Cops reflected in the convex mirror, high up on the wall.

Baby avoids them and walks straight back out. The tags on his stolen clothing set off the store alarms. The cops turn to see -

Baby has gone. He has disappeared into a nearby -

77 INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - CONTINUOUS

77

Baby crouches down on the floor of a low rent Best Buy style store. He pretends to inspect a particular stereo system.

One ear bud is back in and the track's *crazy oompah breakdown* mixes with the disorienting noise of many plasma screens.

Outside Baby sees the cops run past the store. Their path takes his easily distracted eye to a display of televisions.

Playing on the screens is a scene from '*Top Hat*' where FRED ASTAIRE tap dances and mimes the massacre of the chorus with his cane a substitute for a submachine gun.

All danger briefly fades as Astaire dancing syncs up with Baby's music. The TVs are placed next to mirrored pillars. *Creating a kaleidoscopic effect that mesmerizes...*

It's fleeting. The cops are back. *Breakdown is over.*

*The huge guitar riff returns* and Baby runs through the store, heading not for the exit, but for the staff room. He busts through their stock room and past yelling employees to find -

78 INT. FIRE EXIT STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

78

Baby busts down the stairs. TRIPS ALARMS. Up above the cops burst into the stairwell. Baby sees them. But doesn't see -

The cop who enters the stairwell at a lower level. FUCK.

Baby hits him at full speed. Knocks them both flying. The cop slams hard into the door he just opened. Baby tumbles down the next set of stairs. He recovers with a limp. Escapes to -

79 EXT. RUNDOWN MALL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

79

Baby races into the full lot, shaking off his new injury.

He zeroes in on models of cars from the pre-immobilizer era. Spots a 91 Accord, a 95 Civic, a 2003 Corolla.

As the cops burst into the parking lot, Baby disappears down amongst the parked cars, out of their view.

While on the ground, he tries the doors of the nearest vehicles. Then, right in front on him.

Cops. Run past on foot. Missing him.

Baby stands up and on *the rising guitar chords*, smashes at the window of the nearest white Corolla with his elbow.

CRASH. Baby messily smashes the window. He opens the door and sits in the glass as a *hectic drum solo* plays.

He tries to hot wire it. But the engine won't kick over.

He slumps down in his seat. Cops are running back and forth. *The rising vocal section builds. Hits a peak.*

The engine fires up and Baby LURCHES forward. His seat belt alarm chimes as he pulls a tight 90 degree turn. Cops spot him. Some fire. Sending other shoppers screaming.

Baby roars forward in the Corolla, clipping trolleys and non-compacts as he goes. His wheels SCREAM as he settles into the new car and turns perfect corners to get out of this maze.

*As two guitars rapidly solo*, Baby leaves the cops behind, snaking through the lot when -

BOOM. He ploughs hard into a car that is reversing at speed. It's a grey Silverado with broken windows. In the front -

BUDDY AND DARLING. No fucking way.

BUDDY  
No fucking way!

Cops descending. Both Baby and Buddy try to get their cars started again. Buddy's ride is fucked. It's not happening.

Buddy SCREAMS at Baby. The veins in his neck bulging.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Are you a fucking jinx, you maggot?

*The crazy vocals rise again.* Sirens are getting close. Buddy and Darling jump out of their car. Move toward Baby's.

DARLING  
Get us out of here Baby! This is your fucking mess.

An LAPD bullhorn barks for them to put down their -

BRAT BRAT BRAT. Darling lets rip in the bullhorn's direction.

Buddy is about to fire too, when return fire EXPLODES from three cops using nearby parked cars as a blockade.

Buddy ducks, but DARLING IS HIT. And HIT. And HIT. And HIT.

Baby is still in the car and can see two things.

- 1) **DARLING'S BODY RIDDLED WITH BULLETS AND JERKING WILDLY.**
- 2) **BUDDY'S FACE TURNING EXPRESSIONLESS, EYES SEEING RED.**

The bullets stop. Darling drops DEAD. The bullhorn resumes -

L.A.P.D  
Put your guns dow -

Nope. Buddy strides around the car and walks directly TOWARDS the cops, firing all the way. He is a man possessed.

He wastes the police who are in the way. Fearlessly walking toward the cops, shooting with fire in his eyes.

Three cops are WASTED in Buddy's vengeance. He then shoots the officer with the bullhorn who is back by a squad car.

What few pedestrians are still in the lot are *crying and shrieking*. *Massed sirens*. More cops coming and fast.

*The insane pounding guitars still ring* in Baby's ears. He stays in the driving seat, waiting for Buddy's next move.

He watches as Buddy calmly walks toward him, fixes him with dead eyes, RAISES HIS GUN AND OPENS FIRE.

Baby slips down in his seat. Pops into reverse blindly. His car barrels backwards, as Buddy unloads bullets.

*A final drum solo plays* as his Corolla slams into some parked cars and he rolls out on to the tarmac.

His sunglasses and iPod scatter on the floor as he crawls in between some parked cars.

Buddy approaches, barking madly in between each shot.

BUDDY  
You-should-have-never-picked-up!

Baby needs the iPod desperately, but cannot reach it without exposing himself to Buddy's hail of bullets, so -

Baby grabs the revolver of a downed officer. RETURNS FIRE.

Buddy dodges behind Baby's crashed car, genuinely not expecting fire from Baby. But he's not surprised to see -

BABY'S HAND. Reaching out. Trying to grab the dropped iPod.

Buddy unleashes lead and BLOWS THE IPOD TO SMITHEREENS.

*End of Song.* Then-

Baby RUNS for it, zig zagging through the parked cars. His only rhythm now: the sound of police sirens WOOP WOOPING.

He runs, turns corners, sprints frantically, trying to escape the parking lot and get far away from Buddy and the cops.

80

EXT. BACK ON THE STREETS OF WATTS - CONTINUOUS

80

We stay with Baby as he sprints through back alleys. The sirens and firing sounds fall away and *the sound of blood in Baby's eardrums gets louder and louder.*

Baby swaps his gun between hands and presses on his neck, taking his pulse. *It beats fast.* He runs fast. *Very fast.*

Baby closes his eyes and lets his pulse guide him as he runs.

The sirens fall away, the commotion behind him now. We stay with him running, his blood racing, his pulse quick.

Then slows on the corner of a quieter neighborhood street.

He sees an OLDER LADY slowly driving a Purple Pontiac Grand Am Coupe. She appears to be listening to a religious radio station.

Desperate, Baby runs up to her, gun underneath his jacket and in a voice like we've never heard from him -

BABY

Get the fuck out of the car lady!

Baby channels the (now deceased) Bats. The Older Lady freaks.

She gets the fuck out and we FOLLOW HER as she runs across the street and over the low wall of a nearby lot.

She decides to stay low on the ground, hide. Then as her breathing calms, *she hears something curious -*

**THE SOUND OF SWITCHING STATIONS...** Her car appears to still be idling. She hasn't heard it leave. But she does hear -

*A ballad. A dry news report. A country ballad. Traditional Mexican music. Another ballad. Another ballad. A slow soul track. A commercial. Another ballad...*

The Lady looks over the wall and sees Baby still in the Pontiac, trying to find the correct song on the radio to drive off.

She looks at him dumbstruck. He looks at the car stereo, fully concentrating on his search for tempo.

The final insult is **Laurie Anderson's 'Oh Superman'**. As this super slow avant garde piece plays, Baby looks up and meets eyes with the Lady for a second. Then he says-

BABY (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry.

'**Radar Love**' by **Golden Earring** comes onto the radio. Baby turns the volume WAY UP, pops it into drive and peels out fast.

GOLDEN EARRING

*"We've got a thing that's called a radar love!"*

The Lady watches him go. What the -

81 INT. BARE APARTMENT - LATER 81

The Elderly Man asleep in front of the TV news. On it: live helicopter footage of Buddy carjacking a Red Durango as he battles police in the streets.

The window is open and *we can hear 'Radar Love' playing even before we see a car pulling up.* (It's a long song).

82 INT./EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - CONTINUOUS 82

Baby parks the Pontiac, but doesn't want to switch off the radio. He looks up. Sees the window is open upstairs.

Baby leaves the engine running and the radio playing as he runs into this apartment block. He leaves the main door open so the music can echo around the stairwell.

The elevator is not on the ground and is slowly ascending so he runs up the stairs two at a time and bursts into the -

83 INT. BARE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 83

Baby wakes the Elderly Man. On the TV is live coverage of Buddy making his escape from the police in the Red Durango. Baby communicates quickly in sign language. No subtitles.

BABY

*We have to go. Bad.*

Before Baby can explain, 'Radar Love' STOPS PLAYING outside.

Baby looks out. A red bullet riddled Durango is parked next to his car. The doors are wide open and fuck -

Baby grabs a vinyl record, a battered copy of 'Motown Chartbusters Vol 3'. He puts it on to the stereo and places the needle on the track he needs: '**Edwin Starr's S.O.S**'.

He then wheels the Elderly Man into the center of the room. He rips out the floorboard and stuffs as many dollars into the Elderly Man's gown and blanket as possible.

He puts the rest of the money in a duffel. Grabs his address book, but does not see A LOOSE PAGE flutter to the floor.

He grabs a dictaphone. Another portable recorder. Medication. A stack of D90s. He's about to grab some iPods, when -

SMASH. The window by the fire escape is being KICKED IN.

Baby leaves all his iPods behind. He wheels the Elderly Man's chair around, pushes him fast through the front door.

*EDWIN STARR*

*'I'm sending out an SOS, because I am  
so much distress'*

Hot on their tail. BUDDY. He climbs through the broken window to the empty apartment where Edwin Starr still blares. He sees the loose page of the address book on the floor. It reads -

**Doc - 3108045898**

**Debora - ?**

Buddy grabs the paper, runs to the front door and sees that the elevator is descending...

*EDWIN STARR (CONT'D)*

*"If you see my baby, if you see my  
baby, stop her on sight"*

Buddy runs down the stairs to intercept the elevator. He hits the ground first and waits for the doors to open.

Inside is the Elderly Man. Looking frail, innocent. Buddy looks like he is about to grab the handicapped man when -

SIRENS are heard, helicopters, bullhorns, boots stomping.

Buddy looks up the stairwell. Sees Baby. Looking back down. Buddy glares. His face white with fury. Before he can chase -



POLICE BUST THROUGH THE DOOR - Buddy turns and fires. Baby doesn't stick around to find out what happens next.

He runs back into the apartment. The phone still ringing. Grabs a single iPod before jumping out onto the fire escape.

84

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

84

And heads down. Behind him gunfire, massed sirens, 'copters.

Baby puts his ear phones in. Spins the wheel on this (older) iPod. Gets half way down the escape, jumps to the next roof-

Hides behind a stairwell exit on the next roof and finds a track on his iPod that has the right urgency. *He plays-*

**'Middle' by Rocket From The Crypt.**

*ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT*

*"Are you stuck in the middle? Way-oh  
way-oh!"*

Baby looks to the fire escape. Hears gun fire from inside.

Baby looks up. A police helicopter is above and hovering.

Baby looks at entrance of his building. Cops swarm in.

Baby looks down to the street. The Elderly Man wheels along.

Baby looks further down. Sees a Sentra in a handicapped spot.

*The song kicks into gear.* He hears a CLANK behind him.

Buddy is atop the fire escape. Aiming his gun right at him.

Baby bolts. Runs fast across the roof. The copter sees him sprinting and bellows with a loud hailer. Shots are fired.

Baby jumps -

Lands in a dumpster, he emerges with a rock in hand and sprints for the Sentra. He throws the rock at the window and dives into the car. Boosts it. Hits reverse fast and heads back up the street to pick up his uncle.

DING DING DING. As the car reverses, Baby keeps his head down and watches the BACK UP CAMERA. Cops have run right past the Elderly Man who is wheeling slowly down the street.

Baby stops and gets out. Leaving the car DINGing in reverse.

He runs over and grabs the Elderly Man out of the chair. Throwing him over his shoulder, Baby runs to put him in the passenger seat of the newly stolen vehicle.

One cop turns back to see an empty wheelchair rolling down the street unmanned. He looks over to the car and sees -

Baby. In the Sentra. Pulling a sharp 180 that swerves on the sidewalk. Before the cop has time to call his colleagues-

Baby is in drive. Flooring it.

85 INT. SENTRA - CONTINUOUS

85

Baby looks in the rear view. Leaving the cops and Buddy behind him. He looks to the Elderly Man. Signs.

BABY

We're good.

86 EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - EVENING

86

Baby pulls up outside a sign reading 'Holiday Villa'. A well lit path through verdant gardens leads to the entrance.

The Elderly Man is asleep in shotgun. Baby looks at him sadly. He takes the Dictaphone and records the following.

BABY

Hello. My name is Joseph. I like watching TV and sometimes I like to listen to old records through the vibrations. I also like frozen peas, meatloaf and white bread and peanut butter. And bananas. Please look after me. Thank you.

Baby puts the Dictaphone in Joseph's lap. He is now awake and smiling back at Baby. It's bittersweet.

Baby bottles his guilt. Runs up the path. The 'open door' chime pings in his wake. Joseph is not sure if Baby has gone.

But Baby returns. Standing outside the car with another wheelchair he has seemingly stolen from the home.

Joseph signs to Baby. And for once, subtitles.

JOSEPH

Where are you going?

BABY

Away.

Baby wheels Joseph down the path to the entrance.

JOSEPH

Will you come back?

BABY

I don't know. I want you to be safe.

JOSEPH

Are you in trouble?

BABY

I don't want to be in trouble anymore.

The sound of CHOPPER BLADES. Baby and Joseph look up as a police searchlight illuminates the Sentra in the driveway.

The spotlight then illuminates Joseph alone in his wheelchair.

No Baby.

87 EXT. THE SUBURBS - EVENING

87

*Hi hat drums.* Baby walks the dark streets. Past parked cars.

*A kik drum hits.* Baby stops. A cop car cruises through a cross street up ahead.

*A discordant violin drone.* The police helicopter is still up above. Getting closer.

*Heavy breaths. A bass guitar joins the kik hits.* A young female dog walker strolls in the opposite direction.

*Violins climb.* Baby tries every car door he passes. The cop car slows, shining a torch at him. The searchlight comes close. The dog walker gives Baby a long double take. When -

One car door is unlocked. Baby opens it. Slips in. Boosts it. A *downwards piano glissando* takes us to -

88 EXT. HALF EMPTY DINER - NIGHT

88

**'Never Never Gonna Give You Up' by Barry White.**

The welcoming neon lights of the diner reflect on Baby's windshield as he pulls up to the shuffling groove.

As Barry sings 'ooh baby', our Baby looks determined as he parks up right outside the doors of the diner.

*Harpischords and high strings* score his immediate view. Debora. Behind the counter. Looking unhappy.

Baby's heart beats with *the electric bass on the track*. As Barry breathes, Baby takes deep breaths. Whispers to himself -

BABY

Go in and get her. Go in. Get her.

89

INT. HALF EMPTY DINER - NIGHT

89

Baby walks in. Takes his shades off. Leaves his earphones in. Debora sees him. Looks surprised to see him.

BARRY WHITE

*Wherever wherever girl, I'll do it.  
Forever and ever, yeah yeah yeah yeah,  
I'll see you through it.*

Once again, Debora is framed beautifully *amongst the wall art of couples in convertibles*, auto dreams of romantic escape.

Baby smiles. Debora doesn't match it. She looks worried. And unsure of him. Then Baby sees on the counter in front of her.

A half drunk coffee. A torn napkin. The missing page from his address book. *With Doc's number and Debora's name on it.*

Debora looks at Baby with fresh eyes. Like she doesn't know him at all. And she looks scared. She says quietly.

DEBORA

Your buddy is here...

She looks to the rest room. Baby follows her gaze.

BUDDY stands outside the rest room door. His eyes are black. He seems like he's in monochrome, grief and rage making him a scary shell of his former self.

Aside from the three of them, the diner is empty. With *Barry White still playing*, this quiet stand off feels *operatic*.

A *flute flourish*. Baby and Buddy stand still. No one makes a move. Buddy stares right through his former colleague.

Debora, breathing fast. Looks between them, then to the TV.

On the wall mounted TV, THE NEWS. There's photos and full names for Bats (Leo Brubaker III) and Darling (Monica Rosen).

For Buddy, a photo, a full name and an angle (James Patrick Morgan: 'Former Wall Street Trader Wanted For Cop Killings').

Baby only has a sketchy artist's rendering of his face.

Buddy and Baby fixate on the news coverage, when -

RED AND BLUE LIGHTS reflect on the diner windows. COP CARS CIRCLE. One cruises in. Parks right next to Baby's car.

Buddy calmly walks back to his spot at the counter. Baby slowly joins him. They sit on stools next to each other.

Outside. One cop stays by the car on the radio, the other officer moves slowly towards the diner doors. Buddy shows Debora his gun over the counter and nods to her.

She nods back and pours Buddy some more coffee. As Debora pours, Baby makes eye contact with her as Barry sings.

*BARRY WHITE*

*"Cause I found what the world is  
searching for. Here, right here my  
dear, I don't have to look no more."*

Baby looks emotional. Debora can tell that he is upset. Baby picks up a pen and a suggestion slip, writes something in his childish scrawl. She tries to read it upside down when -

THE COP walks in. Doesn't see the TV, waves to Debora, heads for the mens'. *The song strings build to a chorus where -*

Buddy takes one of Baby's earphones and listens in too -

*BARRY WHITE (CONT'D)*

*"Never, never gonna give you up. I'm  
never ever gonna stop."*

Buddy fixes Baby with intent, a seething fury. This is not about the girl anymore. This is about settling a score.

*BARRY WHITE (CONT'D)*

*"I'm never ever gonna quit. Cause  
quittin' just ain't my schtick."*

In the middle of this pop standoff, Debora breathes fast.

*BARRY WHITE (CONT'D)*

*"Gonna stay right here with you--"*

THE SONG STOPS. Baby sees that the iPod reads 'Error 1407'.

BUDDY  
It's dead, Baby.

The door to the rest rooms opens. All three turn to see -

The OTHER WAITRESS comes out. Clearly starting her shift. She yawns. Doesn't clock that anything is wrong.

OTHER WAITRESS  
How you two doin'?

On Buddy. "Two?" He swivels on his stool. Baby is gone.

So is the piece of paper with Doc's number. Debora sees the suggestion slip left behind. On it -

**"SORRY"**

Buddy bolts after him into the parking lot. He can't see Baby or his car. The Pacific Ghost is gone.

The cop, still on his radio, looks up as Buddy screams out.

BUDDY  
You can't keep on running, Baby!

The cop wonders who this crazy man yelling is -

COP  
Sir?

Buddy calmly turns to him, raises his pistol. BLAM.

90 INT./EXT. CALLBOX/ PARK - NIGHT

90

**"3108045898"**

Baby punches the number into a call box phone. He's in the park near his old apartment block. That area is cordoned and swarming with cops. As the phone rings he looks at his immediate environment. It's populated by the homeless and kids looking to get high. The summer air thick with noise.

Snatches of unfamiliar music. Car alarms. Partying. The still omnipresent sound of nearby chopper blades.

Baby wants out. The phone picks up at the other end.

DOC (O.S.)  
I ain't open.

BABY

It's Baby.

DOC (O.S.)

I know. I ain't open.

BABY

I need your help.

DOC (O.S.)

You had my help.

BABY

I can give some of the money back. I don't want it.

91 INT./EXT. PHONE BOX/DOC'S - NIGHT

91

Doc laughs, incredulous. He shakes his head.

DOC

It don't work like that. You got another debt now. One you can't pay off. You think the cops are gonna take a check? Think that Buddy has a figure in mind that can replace Darling? None of this is going to go away because you don't wanna play anymore. Whether you pulled the trigger or not, cops are dead. You are not going to get cuffed, they are going to kill you. Whether you shot her or not, someone's girl is dead. He is not going to forget it.

BABY

Doc, you gotta understand-

DOC

And don't give me any more lines from 'Monsters Inc' kid. Yeah, I figured that one out. It's one of Samm's favorites. I thought it sounded familiar, you little shit.

BABY

...

DOC

You there?

BABY

I'm scared Doc. I fucked up.

Doc softens. He's alone in the warehouse. His jacket is on.

DOC

I know you did. I know you did.

(beat)

Look, the cops are not going anywhere and I don't think it's in you to take Buddy's wind, so the only good news is you like driving. Because you're going to have to hit the gas and not take your foot off for 20 years.

BABY

Yeah.

DOC

Listen. I'm shutting up shop. And real soon. Too much bad business. Not my style. But I think I can help you. So here's what we are going to do -

A noise off. Doc's manner suddenly changes.

DOC (CONT'D)

You're going to go to the florist's first thing tomorrow and you're gonna drop off the flowers to my mother. Big arrangement, I don't know all the names, whatever you think looks good. Get them to her before ten. She's gotta go out.

What? Baby is confused on his end of the phone.

DOC (CONT'D)

Card should read 'Congratulations on this special day. All my love, your favorite son, Harry'.

On Doc's end we see, out of focus, behind. BUDDY.

DOC (CONT'D)

Any problems. You got my number.

Doc hangs up. Senses someone behind him. Plays it cool. Turns to see the ashen faced, dangerous Buddy.

BUDDY

Where is he?



DOC

Who? Baby?

BUDDY

Don't fuck around Doc. Where is he?

DOC

You think I know where he is? He could be anywhere.

BUDDY

He could be. But's he not. The kid ain't that bright. I don't think he knows where to go apart from his place, that diner or here.

DOC

You saw him last, not me.

BUDDY

You put him on our score Doc. Him and that ticking timebomb Bats. I took your fucking word for them. Darling took your fucking word for them. Your recommendation. So I am going to recommend you tell me where Baby is, because whether it's your fucking mother's birthday or not, I don't think you want to see her cry tomorrow.

DOC

(calm, strong)

I know that you're hurting. And I know that you want to kill Baby. Maybe you think killing him will fill that hole inside you. That you can mend your bleeding heart by stopping his. And you want me to help you do it. But I ain't going to do that Buddy. Because I am not your doctor... Even though my name is Doc.

Buddy looks at him, unblinking.

BUDDY

So that's that.

DOC

Yeah. That's that.

92

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

92

Baby sits on a low wall, deciphering that last phone call. He has a portable cassette player and rewinds Doc's command.

DOC (ON TAPE)

*You're going to go to the florist's  
first thing tomorrow and you're gonna  
drop off the flowers to my mother.*

*(rewind)*

*You're going to go to the florist's  
first thing tomorrow.*

*(rewind)*

*You're going to go to the florist's-*

Baby stops the tape. It makes no sense to him. He looks around him. The world feels so alien without music.

He sees the auto reverse button. He pushes it. The tape flips. He hears from way earlier.

NICE LADY TELLER (ON TAPE)

*It would be nice to get away. With all  
this heat.*

VEEP. Baby rewinds it. Listens again. Suddenly it becomes clear.

Baby looks at the money, the gun, the bag. And suddenly hears -

**'Theme From Shaft' by Isaac Hayes.**

It's in his head telling him to get up and get out.

Baby looks determined. He then realizes that it's not in his head. Nor is it Isaac Hayes. He looks up to see -

A red tricked out 2012 Ford Mustang V6 Premium driven by Black GANGBANGERS pulls up near Baby.

They listen to the Shaft sampling- **'Know How' by Young MC.**

One would not normally fuck with these guys, but the music moves Baby to stand up, walk over and order them to -

BABY

Get out.

The young Gangbangers look up. Laugh at this white kid.

BABY (CONT'D)

Get out of the car.

They look at his hands. One is firmly in his jacket pocket.

GANG 1

Better be good with that gun homey.

Baby pulls out the gun from his pocket. Shows it.

BABY

I am.

GANG 2

Might be the last car you steal.

BABY

Don't wanna steal it. I wanna buy it.

More of them laugh at this. Baby points the gun firmly.

BABY (CONT'D)

I'm serious. Sell me your car.

Uh okay. The laughter is more muted as Baby forces them out at gunpoint. They slowly leave the Mustang, hands aloft.

As Baby gets to the driver's door, he tosses a huge stack of bills to the original owner. His friend wows at the amount.

GANG 2

This some crazy ass shit.

Baby goes to reverse out when the driver shouts -

GANG 1

Yo yo. Can I get my iPhone?

The driver reaches inside. Baby points the gun at him.

BABY

No.

Baby reverses out of there as YOUNG MC steps up to the mic.

YOUNG MC

*"Some of the busiest rhymes ever made  
by man, Are goin' into this mic,  
written by this hand, Are comin' out  
of this mouth, made by this tongue,  
I'll tell you now my name, my name is  
Young - "*

**MONTAGE: 'Know How' by Young MC**

- See Baby driving down LA STREETS, powered by the music.
- See Baby pull into a RECORD STORE.

- See him stride as if his life depends on it. It kinda does.

YOUNG MC (CONT'D)  
*"Pullin' out rhymes like books off the  
 shelf - "*

- Baby walks right up to the 'Q' section. Takes *Queen's 'Sheer Heart Attack'* off the rack.

Then sees *Quincy Jones' 'Big Band Bossa Nova'*. He swipes both. Pays with a crisp 100 dollar bill.

93 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - NIGHT 93

Baby drives through the eerily dead business sector.

94 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING P3 - NIGHT 94

Baby parking the Mustang in his usual spot. The parking lot is mostly empty. Save a couple of cars.

*'Know How'* scores *Baby's* swagger to the elevator. He has shades on, ears in and he's ready for whatever is next -

95 INT. UNDECORATED LOFT - NIGHT 95

The warehouse door is open. Baby walks in. He sees-

DOC IS DEAD. Shirt soaked in blood. Lying in an ignominious, ungraceful heap on the floor.

Baby stops the music and stares. We hear the hum of his tinnitus. He also sees the chalkboard. It has been wiped blank.

96 INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - NIGHT 96

Baby descends in the elevator. He is slumped against the side. His body language meek. He is all alone. But not for long-

97 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING P3 - NIGHT 97

PING. Outside the elevator, between him and his car are -

THREE FARMERS?

No longer ghosts. Suddenly very alive. Baby cannot process that these men are far from dead. Is he dreaming?

They are bruised, tired and *phenomenally* pissed. The thick necked gorilla that is Armie walks toward Baby.

ARMIE  
Hey little pig!

BABY  
Are you ghosts?

ARMIE  
It's called Kevlar. Look it up.

Armie faces Baby, breathing very hard right in his face.

ARMIE (CONT'D)  
What you listening to?

BABY  
Nothing.

Armie slaps Baby very hard in the ear. Knocking one earbud out.

ARMIE  
Good. Because I want you to listen  
very carefully to me -

Baby can now hear something faintly in the background. A *fairground organ*. Is he dreaming?

ARMIE (CONT'D)  
Where are your friends?

Baby is slightly distracted by the *faint fairground ambience* in the background. He knows this song.

BABY  
They are not my friends. But two are  
dead. The other. I don't know.

ARMIE  
Well you better rack your brains,  
before we stomp on them.

Baby hears a *chugging electric guitar*. He knows this song. So do we. It's '**Brighton Rock**' by **Queen** and it's playing right now.

BABY  
I didn't shoot at you.

ARMIE  
You stood by while the blood of our  
colleagues was spilt. That's red ink  
for you my friend.

Baby glances to the side. There's a Dodge Charger nearby. Engine running. Stereo on. Playing 'Brighton Rock'.

BABY

I didn't want them to get hurt.

ARMIE

This is falling on deaf ears. Just tell us where your colleague is.

BABY

I think that's him. Right *there*.

Baby points to the Charger. Armie and the Butchers turn. We see - Buddy. In the Charger. Turning 'Brighton Rock' way up.

*And on a drum fill*, he hits the gas. HARD.

Charges the Farmers. *Listening to Queen*.

They reach for their weapons, get off some shots before -

CRUNCH. Buddy mows down two of the three Farmers.

KILLS THEM DEAD. For real this time. Baby and Armie are left standing and shocked.

Armie pops off a couple of shots at Buddy as he slams the Charger in reverse and speeds backwards to line up with Armie, Baby and the elevator. He looks insane at the wheel.

Armie grabs Baby and points his gun at the kid's head.

BABY (CONT'D)

He wants me dead too.

Armie believes him. FUCK.

Buddy punches the gas and tears toward Baby and Armie.

*Guitars descend into a bridge*. Buddy ploughs into the wall. Baby makes it into the freight elevator. Armie doesn't.

He is pinned between Charger and wall. Baby cowers in the elevator behind and looks over the throbbing hood to see Buddy at the wheel. Grooving to Queen like a crazy man,

*As snare drums accelerate into a second verse*. Baby pulls out his gun. Buddy slams into reverse again.

Baby fires at Buddy as he screams backwards. He hits the windshield a couple of times, but then -

Baby's out. And Buddy is back in drive. Charging at Baby. As *harmonized guitars wail*, Buddy bears down on Baby.

But instead of retreating further back, he runs out of the elevator and TOWARDS the Charger -

FREDDIE MERCURY

*It would be of no small avail to talk  
of magic in the air.*

Just as Buddy is about to CRASH INTO BABY and the wall behind, the kid RUNS AND JUMPS ON TO THE HOOD OF THE CAR.

That's some Jackie Chan shit right there.

Buddy CRUNCHES into the wall as Baby slips over the roof and nimbly sprints in the other direction to his car.

Buddy can't believe it. He reverses out as Baby makes it back to his Mustang, jumping back in.

Buddy spins around. His car is now pretty gnarled up.

He looks to see Baby back in his Mustang. Back at the wheel. Back in the driver's seat. But -

Baby needs something important first. As he guns his engine, he grabs the CD of *Queen's 'Sheer Heart Attack'*. It is still wrapped in plastic. He tries to tear it open with his teeth.

Buddy senses a pause and floors his fucked up Charger to ram the Mustang *in time with the driving Queen chords*.

Baby is still trying to unwrap the damn CD with his teeth. He guns the engine and slams into reverse. Hits the gas.

Buddy chases the reversing Baby across the parking lot. Baby still unwrapping with one free hand, the other on the wheel.

Baby gets the cellophane off. But there's still the annoying plastic label sealing the case. Behind Baby -

A concrete pillar looms FAST in the back up camera. Baby snakes the Mustang, missing the pillar.

*On a huge G chord*. Buddy hits the pillar. BOOM.

*As Brian May flourishes*, Baby spins the car 180 fast. He also has the first plastic label off. He faces Buddy again.

Buddy slams back out from the pillar. Swerves to charge.

Baby starting picking off the other label and reverses again, driving one handed to a *crazy guitar solo*. He snakes it once more, leading Buddy directly into the Farmer's SUV.

SLAM. As Buddy smashes into the SUV, Baby pulls another 180 on the concrete, burning as *Brian May melts his fretboard*.

Baby now has the CD out and pops it into the player.

As Buddy unwraps his Charger from the SUV, Baby fast forwards his copy of '*Brighton Rock*' so it is in sync with Buddy.

Buddy can see and hear Baby doing this and cannot believe it. He's trying to get his killer track playing at the same time. Two hard bitten criminals with duelling cars and stereos.

Buddy pops backwards fast, but Baby, with one hand on his stereo, slams into drive, gunning hard as *guitars wail*.

BOOM. Baby clips the Charger on the nose. Buddy is spun like a bumper car. He comes to a stop. Strains to see Baby behind.

He pulls back to find Baby circling around him like a shark. As *Queen play elaborate drum fills*, Buddy's Charger dances with the Mustang to get distance. The kid's showing off.

Baby still fast forwards through '*Brighton Rock*' on his stereo as he pulls out of the circle and charges forward.

*A whammy bar holds a growling low note*. Baby pulling another bootleggers turn so that he faces Buddy again. He's now in sync with his stereo and he has the hint of a cocky smile.

Two cars, two stereos, one track. *The tempo shoots up*. Buddy floors it. Charges Baby. Baby doesn't move at first but -

*As hi hats kick up the pace*, he suddenly reverses, screaming out of P3 and up the winding slope of the access ramp.

*Over pounding guitars*, Baby reverses faster than you would drive forwards. He doesn't look up, uses only the back up camera. Glances to see Buddy furiously trying to keep pace.

They circle around the winding ramp, screeching tires echo in the structure *and mix in with the ferocious guitars*.

Past P2, Baby keeps ascending in reverse at crazy speeds.

Buddy struggles to keep up. Gunning his fucked up Charger.

Baby gets ahead of the curve, Buddy can no longer see him until he explodes into P1. There are more cars on this level. Abandoned overnight.



Down the aisle, Baby's Mustang executes another amazing Rockford turn, spinning a tight 180 and facing forward.

Buddy guns it and chases, when on another whammy bar note -

WHAM! Baby's Mustang goes right into the wall. Partially smashes the barrier that separates from a steep drop to P2.

Buddy slows. WHAT THE FUCK? He pulls up to the crashed Mustang -

But Baby is not inside. The song is still playing. Then -

As chugging guitars return, we see a figure run past in the background. Buddy catches it too. *That. Fucking. Kid.*

As the solo guitar chugs low and lower, Buddy reverses up, looking between the parked cars to see if he can see Baby.

Shadows, glimpses. Amongst the playground of these abandoned cars, Baby leads Buddy in a merry dance.

Buddy pulls out his gun. Looks around the moving shadows in the parking lot, aims to see if Baby is hiding out -

On a wailing guitar, he swings his gun at -

A CHUBBY SECURITY GUARD, who is right in the line of fire, drops his coffee and runs right back out of the parking lot.

Frustrated, Buddy swerves to the second aisle of cars, determined to smoke out Baby. Looks low on the ground when -

HEADLIGHTS SWITCH ON. A dormant town car ROARS into life and rams the Charger. BOOM. Buddy is slammed into a parked car.

The town car winds back. SLAMS again. Baby is at the wheel.

Buddy takes the second hit, but when he points his gun at the town car, it is already reversing up and just crashes into the wall. Baby is no longer at the wheel. Again, what the -

Is Buddy going mad? Or is Baby magic? Here and then gone.

As the guitars build up again, Buddy turns back into the original aisle, the crashed Mustang now behind him. He looks to one side, then the other but not -

AHEAD. Drums fill. Bass ramps up. HEADLIGHTS FLICK ON.

A third car, a big red angry Yukon, faces him and screams forward. Buddy has nowhere to go and no run up. He's trapped.

Baby is at the wheel, gunning the Yukon, flooring it. As the song rushes to a climax -

BOOM. Baby smashes into the Charger. BOOM. The Charger slams back into the Mustang, which breaks through the barrier and smashes down to P2.

Buddy stomps the gas. His tires screaming. But the Yukon is winning the game of shove; Baby pushing Buddy to the edge.

Buddy raises his gun, fires. Baby ducks. A clean bullet hole where his head once was. Both tires SCREAM.

Buddy raise to fire again. Click. He's out. Game over.

The Charger tumbles over the broken barrier, landing upside down on top of the fallen Mustang. The echo of carnage rings out with the *final chord of the song*. 'Brighton Rock' ends.

Baby reverses quickly to the exit. Then stalls. Sirens can be heard distantly. But Baby thinks. Turns. Back down to P2.

98

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING P2 - MOMENTS LATER

98

Baby pulls up to the wreckage of Buddy's Charger. It rests on top of his crushed Mustang. The driver door of the trashed charger is obscured. We hear the engine hiss and die.

Baby jumps out of his car and reaches into the Mustang. Pulls out the Queen and the Quincy Jones CD. Then hears -

*An open door chime.*

Baby slowly gets up and peers around to the other side of the wrecked Charger. Blood splats on the concrete. The door open.

Behind him, the SNAP of a new clip.

Baby turns to see Buddy, a hunched up, limping, bleeding mess. He is clearly dying. His head bleeding, his torso RED.

Buddy approaches Baby, gun aloft. As the color drains from his face, there's a hint of the Buddy from earlier. A smile.

BUDDY

What can I say Baby? You did great.  
You aced it.

Baby, not sure where this is going, is fixed to the spot.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

But you took away something I loved-

Buddy is at point blank range. Gun aimed at Baby's head.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

So you know I've gotta do the same.

BANG. Buddy open fires right in Baby's ear.

BANG. Buddy fires in the other ear.

Buddy falls down DEAD. Baby falls down DEAF.

HORRIFIC RINGING SOUND. Like the tinnitus amplified a million times into a intense, awful WHINE.

Baby writhes on the floor. He rolls to see Buddy's lifeless face. Reflected on his dead skin. Red and blue lights. He can't *hear the sirens*, but knows the cops are coming.

Baby tries to stand, but his balance is off. He tumbles, his hand going straight into broken glass. He screams, *but we cannot hear it over the WHINE*. Neither can he.

Baby struggles to get to his car. His equilibrium all off. All the while the red and blues are getting closer

Baby falls into his car. Fumbles to start it. The car feels alien. Like he cannot operate without sound.

Baby struggles for the stereo, takes the Queen CD out and puts it into the CD player. Then turns the volume up, up, up -

The music starts. It's so loud, it makes the rear view mirror shake violently. In it we see, POLICE CARS turn the corner.

Baby puts one bloody hand on the wheel, one on the speaker in his driver door. Feels the vibrations of the music and then -

HITS THE GAS. Screaming out of P2 and roaring up the ramp. The Black & Whites right behind him.

We hear NOTHING of the cars. Only the whine in Baby's ears. We see the rear view and wing mirror pulse with the music. The tempo pulses through Baby's hand on the speaker.

Baby makes it back to P1, but a cruiser BLOCKS the exit. The top level is FULL OF COPS. The only way out? The way in.

Baby swerves towards the 'SEVERE TIRE DAMAGE' sign. His tires blow out, but he accelerates into the night, wheels on fire.

The cops are too slow to catch him. They struggle to maneuver, as the Pacific Ghost disappears up the street.

The WHINE lingers on as a COP CAR pulls back out onto the downtown streets and we see what he sees -

An empty street. An empty car. An open door. And no Baby.

99 INT. CAR - DAY

99

Sunlight. Baby is out cold. He looks bad. Cut, bruised. His damaged hand is bandaged with whatever rag was in the car.

He wakes and sits up. He still cannot hear. But he can see.

The diner. He is parked right outside.

What was a friendly place before, now feels off. He cannot hear a thing. Feel a thing. Barry White can't help him now.

He sees DEBORA. Strolling into the diner. A pretty girl walking to work, just like the first time he saw her.

She's singing along with her iPod again. But Baby cannot hear what she is singing.

Baby looks to the cracked Quincy Jones CD, cues up a track. He tries to make himself look respectable in the rear view.

100 INT. HALF EMPTY DINER - MOMENTS LATER

100

Debora is behind her counter, about to start her day. The TV still has non-stop news coverage of the events of the last 24 hours, but again the sound is down.

The news reports show an artist impression of Baby. But no name. He is a mystery man.

Debora picks up an LA Times also with the sketch of Baby on the cover and shakes her head. She can't believe it. Then -

BABY walks in. Limping. Cut. Bruised. He seems different.

Debora freezes. Her fellow staff don't see Baby yet and don't connect the man from the TV or paper to the one who just calmly walked up to the counter. Baby tells Debora quietly but firmly.

BABY

Let's go.

Debora breathes fast. Something in the tone of Baby's voice has changed. She doesn't have time to think why.

DEBORA

Go?

BABY

I want you to come with me. Right now.

Debora, as ever, cannot read Baby's face. She glances to see that one hand is firmly in his jacket pocket. *Is he armed?*

DEBORA

Okay. Gimme a second.

Debora turns away and taking a pen out of her hair, quickly scribbles something on her order pad. She leaves it on the counter as she walks out of the diner.

It reads - '**Help?**'

101 INT./EXT. CAR/DINER - CONTINUOUS

101

Baby takes Debora to his car. A battered white '95 Cadillac Eldorado convertible. Opens the door for her *like a gentleman*.

What's more, he opens with his bad hand, no longer in his jacket. She notices he isn't armed, *but still gets in*.

Baby sits in the driver's seat. Looks at Debora. She looks at him expectantly. He looks at her, goofily happy.

She looks back into the diner. Colleagues have noticed she's gone. And left with him. And still Baby smiles back at her.

DEBORA

Are we not in a rush?

Baby cocks his head, like he doesn't hear. She repeats.

DEBORA (CONT'D)

Are we in a rush?

BABY

We got all the time in the world.

Debora doesn't know how to respond to this. Half laughs.

BABY (CONT'D)

I have this song I wanna play you.

Baby presses play. *Huge rising horns*. Baby reverses out.

102

INT./EXT. BABY'S CAR/LA STREETS

102

**'Lalo Bossa Nova' by Quincy Jones.**

A skipping Latin bossa nova beat. Cowbell. Shakers. Tambos. The sun is out. Sky is blue. Some clouds ahead.

Baby plays Quincy Jones at FULL VOLUME. He can't hear it, but Debora can. It's brassy, loud, defiantly upbeat.

She looks at Baby's face. He observes the white lines stretching ahead and looks calm, happy. He turns to her, asks expectantly.

BABY

Do you like it?

Debora almost smiles, catches herself. What is she doing, with the strange kid, who looks fucked up, driving off into the horizon? She is still in the waitress outfit. It's crazy.

DEBORA

Yes. Yes I do.

Baby doesn't seem to think anything of it. In fact, we as an audience have never seen him happier. He's beaming.

Debora settles a little, she doesn't know where they are going, but it isn't fast. This is a Sunday afternoon drive, not a getaway. As the song settles into a slow soft toned guitar solo, she finds herself looking at the scenery.

*As horns return, she sees them first.*

BLACK & WHITES. In her wing mirror. The glass reverberates with the bass of the loud music, distorting their image.

Baby sees them too. In the rear view. He simply sighs as they begin to crest over on a hill. And then *on a mellow sax* -

ROAD BLOCK dead ahead. Police as far as the eye can see. Debora gasps. It's a surprise party. But not a fun one.

Baby slows. Behind, the police cars block off the street. All pedestrians and other cars have magically vanished.

It's just Baby, Debora and the cops.

Baby stops. As he puts the stick into reverse, he looks to Debora. She has her eyes tightly closed. Her fingers clutch the 'oh shit' handle. When she opens her eyes again, they are wet with moisture. She's scared.

He doesn't want her to be scared. He turns the engine off. But, magically, the music continues for our benefit.

To Debora's amazement, Baby gets out of the car and walks toward the cops, hands on his head.

*Quincy Jones has completely taken over and we cannot hear the harsh shouting of the police as they approach Baby from all sides, guns trained, barking instruction.*

On Debora, she's relieved, confused and... conflicted?

To us the image of the cops approaching feels very surreal as, unlike the opening credits, *the police are the only ones in time with the music, approaching Baby in step with Quincy.*

Baby takes off his jacket to show he is unarmed. With just a T-shirt and jeans on, he looks like what he is, a kid.

He turns back to her and mouths -

BABY

Sorry.

The police grab him, throw him violently to the ground and swarm around him. Debora can see they are beyond angry.

As Baby hits the deck, *all the instruments drop out and on a four bar drum solo*, the cops proceed to kick and punch him.

Debora jumps out the passenger door and SCREAMS -

DEBORA

No!

**MONTAGE:** *The following is set to the supremely upbeat 'Lalo Bossa Nova'. In this sequence, everyone is in time with the beat, except a beaten, bruised and defeated Baby.*

- We see Baby's mug-shot taken.
- Baby in court being sentenced.
- We see Debora on the witness stand. Swearing an oath.
- Baby in shackles, walking with other prisoners.
- Baby on a prison bus driving north.
- Baby arriving at the big house.
- Baby being given his new clothes.

- Baby walking with a guard down a concrete corridor.
- Baby being shown to his 9' by 5' prison cell. He takes in his living quarters. His ELDERLY CELLMATE is roughly the age of Joseph. His new one room apartment.

*The song fades out. As he sits alone with his thoughts, we are left with Baby's buzz of deafness.*

- Time passes. Baby navigates prison life.
- Through the buzz, we see Baby focus on anything that has visual rhythm. People doing jumping jacks in the yard. A warden shutting cell doors at night. People sparring in the gym. Someone mopping the floor.
- We see him in the machine shop, hypnotized by a metal stamping contraption. Other inmates working here wear eye and ear protection. Baby only has the protective visor on.

He stares at the machine, nodding as if listening to dance music. Tries to get lost in the rhythm of the machine.

103 INT. BABY'S CELL - DAY

103

On Baby, sitting alone in his cell, staring out to nothing. A guard comes past and hands him an envelope.

Inside is a postcard with a 50s style illustration of a young couple in a classic convertible, *just like the artwork in the diner*. Also inside, a beautiful, neatly handwritten letter.

But first Baby notices: *The scent*.

He sniffs, inhales the perfume on the letter. When he stops, he cocks an ear at the faint sound of burning rubber.

104 INT. PRISON UNIT - DAY

104

Baby wanders out of his cell, letter still in hand.

The noises of roaring engines and screeching tires reverberate around the prison halls. It emanates from the TV room.

Baby enters this communal room, where inmates gather around a 35 inch TV set showing the noisy Sunday NASCAR races.

Baby sees his ELDERLY CELLMATE sitting at the back of the room. He sits down by him. Shows him the letter.



BABY  
What's this say?

The Elderly Cellmate peers through thick glasses at the fancy handwriting on the letter and blankly intones.

ELDERLY CELLMATE  
"Hey Baby. I'm sorry too. I know from court your real name is Miles, but I don't know too many Miles songs so we can stick with Baby. Deal?"

Baby stares at the Elderly Cellmates lips and we magically hear Debora's actual voice as he continues.

DEBORA (V.O)  
I found another Debora song. It's by Dave Edmunds. The lyrics say she's a 'heart breaking, love making connoisseur' and frankly she sounds like a bad person, so I am discounting it. Hope this finds you okay. Maybe drive off another time? D."

Baby closes his eyes. Hears the sweet music of automobiles.

105

EXT. PRISON - DAY

105

**'Baby Driver' by Simon & Garfunkel.**

Baby walks out of the prison gates into the sunshine. Waiting for him is a smiling DEBORA. Looking adorable but-

*She is wearing 50s dress; bobby socks, pleated skirt, white blouse, cardigan over the shoulders, just like the young woman in the artwork from the postcard.*

She stands before a gleaming classic convertible, a white 1954 Cadillac Eldorado. She opens the passenger door for Baby.

Baby walks over to the car. *He is now also wearing 50s clothes, looking like the young man from the diner artwork.*

Baby jumps in. Debora pops it in drive. They kiss and then head out on the open road.

**CREDITS**