

first-year fuckin thief. I'm actin like a professional. They get him, they can get you, they get you, they get closer to me, and that can't happen. And you, you motherfucker, are looking at me like it's my fault. I didn't tell him my name. I didn't tell him where I was from. I didn't tell him what I knew better than to tell him. Fuck, fifteen minutes ago, you almost told me your name. You, buddy, are stuck in a situation you created. So if you wanna throw bad looks somewhere, throw 'em at a mirror.

Mr. Pink lowers his gun and walks towards White.

**MR. PINK**

So if you wanna shoot somebody, put that gun in your mouth and shoot yourself.

Then from OFF SCREEN we hear:

**VOICE (OS)**

You kids don't play so rough. Somebody's gonna start crying.

**12 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - MEDIUM C.U. ON MR. BLONDE**

The Voice belongs to the infamous Mr. Blonde.

Mr. Blonde sits on a counter, drinking a fast food coke and eating a hot dog.

**MR. PINK**

Mr. Blonde! You okay? We thought you might've gotten caught. What happened?

Mr. Blonde doesn't answer, he just hops off the counter and starts walking around the warehouse, checking the place out.

He doesn't look at either Mr. Pink or Mr. White, he just eats his hot dog and sips his coke.

This is making Pink and White nervous as hell. But Mr. Pink tries to talk through it.

We HANDHOLD follow Mr. Blonde around the warehouse.

**MR. PINK**

Really, how did you get away?

Mr. Blonde walks the loft. Silent.

**MR. PINK**

You saw what happened to me, I found a hole and booked.

Silence.

**MR. PINK**

Where's Mr. Blue?

Blonde looks in the bathroom.

**MR. PINK**

We were hopin you two would be together.

Blonde looks out the window.

**MR. PINK**

That was the big question we had, what happened to Mr. Blue and you?

Blonde walks away from the window.

**MR. PINK**

We were worried the cops got ya.

Blonde bends down over Mr. Orange.

**MR. PINK**

He got it in the belly. He's still alive, but won't be for long.

**MR. WHITE**

Enough! You better start talkin to us, asshole, cause we got shit we need to talk about. We're already freaked out, we need you actin freaky like we need a fuckin bag on our hip.

Mr. Blonde looks at his two partners in crime, then moves towards them.

**MR. BLONDE**

So, talk.

**MR. WHITE**

We think we got a rat in the house.

**MR. PINK**

I guarantee we got a rat in the house.

**MR. BLONDE**

What would ever make you think that?

**MR. WHITE**

Is that supposed to be funny?

**MR. PINK**

We don't think this place is safe.

**MR. WHITE**

This place just ain't secure anymore. We're leaving, and you should go with us.

**MR. BLONDE**

Nobody's going anywhere.

Silence takes over the room. Mr. Blonde stops moving.

After a few beats the silence is broken.

**MR. WHITE**

(to Mr. Pink)

Piss on this turd, we're outta here.

Mr. White turns to leave.

**MR. BLONDE**

Don't take another step, Mr. White.

Mr. White explodes, raising his gun and charging towards Mr. Blonde.

**MR. WHITE**

Fuck you, maniac! It's your fuckin fault we're in so much trouble.

Mr. Blonde calmly sits down. He looks to Mr. Pink.

**MR. BLONDE**

(referring to Mr. White)

What's this guy's problem?

**MR. WHITE**

What's my problem? Yeah, I gotta problem. I gotta big problem with any trigger-happy madman who almost gets me shot!

**MR. BLONDE**

What're you talkin about?

**MR. WHITE**

That fuckin shooting spree in the store.

**MR. BLONDE**

Fuck 'em, they set off the alarm, they deserve what they got.

**MR. WHITE**

You almost killed me, asshole! If I had any idea what type of guy you were, I never would've agreed to work with you.

**MR. BLONDE**

You gonna back all day, little doggie, or are you gonna bite?

**MR. WHITE**

What was that? I'm sorry, I didn't catch it. Would you repeat it?

**MR. BLONDE**

(slowly)

I said: "Are you gonna bark all day, dog, or are you gonna bite."

**MR. PINK**

Both of you two assholes knock it the fuck off and calm down!

**MR. WHITE**

(to Mr. Blonde)

So you wanna git bit, huh?

**MR. PINK**

Cut the bullshit, we ain't on a fuckin playground!

(pause)

I don't believe this shit, both of you got ten years on me, and I'm the only one actin like a professional. You guys act like a bunch of fuckin niggers. You ever work a job with a bunch of niggers? They're just like you two, always fightin, always sayin they're gonna kill one another.

**MR. WHITE**

(to Mr. Pink)

You said yourself, you thought about takin him out.

**MR. PINK**

Then. That time has passed. Right now, Mr. Blonde is the only one I completely trust. He's too fuckin homicidal to be workin with the cops.

**MR. WHITE**

You takin his side?

**MR. PINK**

Fuck sides! What we need is a little solidarity here. Somebody's stickin a red hot poker up our asses and we gotta find out whose hand's on the handle. Now I know I'm no piece of shit...

(referring to Mr. White)

And I'm pretty sure you're a good boy...

(referring to Mr. Blonde)

And I'm fuckin positive you're on the level. So let's figure out who's the bad guy.

Mr. White calms down and puts his gun away.

Mr. Blonde returns to the persona we saw at the beginning, talking about Madonna.