

**Resevior Dogs**

**11 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

They run over to Mr. Orange, who's unconscious. The CAMERA hovers over the action. Mr. Pink reaches him first.

**MR. PINK**

Is he dead?

Mr. White pushes him out of the way. He feels the pulse on Mr. Orange's neck.

**MR. PINK**

So, is he dead or what?

**MR. WHITE**

He ain't dead.

**MR. PINK**

So what is it?

**MR. WHITE**

I think he's just passed out.

**MR. PINK**

He scared the fuckin shit outta me. I thought he was dead fer sure.

Mr. White stands up and walks over to a table.

**MR. WHITE**

He will be dead fer sure, if we don't get him to a hospital.

**MR. PINK**

We can't take him to a hospital.

**MR. WHITE**

Without medical attention, this man won't live through the night. That bullet in his belly is my fault. Now while that might not mean jack shit to you, it means a helluva lot to me. And I'm not gonna just sit around and watch him die.

**MR. PINK**

Well, first things first, staying here's goofy. We gotta book up.

**MR. WHITE**

So what do you suggest, we go to a hotel? We got a guy who's shot in

the belly, he can't walk, he bleeds like a stuck pig, and when he's awake, he screams in pain.

**MR. PINK**

You gotta idea, spit it out.

**MR. WHITE**

Joe could help him. If we can get in touch with Joe, Joe could get him to a doctor, Joe could get a doctor to come and see him.

During Mr. Pink's dialog, we slowly ZOOM in to a C.U. of Mr. White.

**MR. PINK (OS)**

Assuming we can trust Joe, how we gonna get in touch with him? He's supposed to be here, but he ain't, which is making me nervous about being here. Even if Joe is on the up and up, he's probably not gonna be that happy with us. Joe planned a robbery, but he's got a blood bath on his hands now. Dead cops, dead robbers, dead civilians...Jesus Christ! I tend to doubt he's gonna have a lot of sympathy for our plight. If I was him, I'd try and put as much distance between me and this mess an humanly possible.

**MR. WHITE**

Before you got here, Mr. Orange was askin me to take him to a hospital. Now I don't like turning him over to the cops, but if we don't, he's dead. He begged me to do it. I told him to hold off till Joe got here.

**MR. PINK (OS)**

Well Joe ain't gettin here. We're on our own. Now, I don't know a goddamn body who can help him, so if you know somebody, call 'em.

**MR. WHITE**

I don't know anybody.

**MR. PINK (OS)**

Well, I guess we drop him off at the hospital. Since he don't know nothin about us, I say it's his decision.

**MR. WHITE'S POV:**

**C.U. OF MR. PINK.**

**MR. WHITE (OS)**

Well, he knows a little about me.

**MR. PINK**

You didn't tell him your name, did ya?

**MR. WHITE (OS)**

I told him my first name, and where I'm from.

There is a long silence and a blank look from Mr. Pink, then he SCREAMS:

**MR. PINK**

Why!

**MR. WHITE (OS)**

I told him where I was from a few days ago. It was just a casual conversation.

**MR. PINK**

And what was tellin him your name when you weren't supposed to?

**MR. WHITE (OS)**

He asked.

Mr. Pink looks at Mr. White like he's retarded.

**MR. WHITE (OS)**

We had just gotten away from the cops. He just got shot. It was my fuckin fault he got shot. He's a fuckin bloody mess - he's screaming. I swear to god, I thought we was gonna die right then and there. I'm tryin to comfort him, telling him not to worry, he's gonna be okay, I'm gonna take care of him. And he asked me what my name was. I mean, the man was dyin in my arms. What the fuck was I supposed to tell him, "Sorry, I can't give out that information, it's against the rules. I don't trust you enough."? Maybe I shoulda, but I couldn't.

**MR. PINK**

Oh, I don't doubt it was quite beautiful--

**MR. WHITE (OS)**

Don't fuckin patronize me.

**MR. PINK**

One question: Do they have a sheet on you, where you told him you're from?

**MR. WHITE (OS)**

Of course.

**MR. PINK**

Well that's that, then. I mean, I was worried about mug shot possibilities already. But now he knows: (a) what you look like, (b) what your first name is, (i) where you're from and (d) what your specialty is. They ain't gonna hafta show him a helluva lot of pictures for him to pick you out. That's it right, you didn't tell him anything else that could narrow down the selection?

**MR. WHITE (OS)**

If I have to tell you again to back off, me an you are gonna go round and round.

Mr. Pink walks out of the C.U. and turns his back on Mr. White. Mr. White's POV PANS over to him.

**MR. PINK**

We ain't taking him to a hospital.

**MR. WHITE (OS)**

If we don't, he'll die.

**MR. PINK**

And I'm very sad about that. But some fellas are lucky, and some ain't.

**MR. WHITE (OS)**

That fuckin did it!

Mr. White's POV CHARGES toward Mr. Pink.

Mr. Pink turns toward him in time to get PUNCHED hard in the mouth.

**END OF POV**

Mr. White and Mr. Pink have a very ungraceful and realistic fight. They go at each other like a couple of alley cats.

As Mr. White SWINGS and PUNCHES, he SCREAMS:

**MR. WHITE**

You little motherfucker!

Mr. Pink YELLS as he HITS:

**MR. PINK**

Ya wanna fuck with me?! You wanna fuck with me?! I'll show you who you're fuckin with!

The two men end up on the floor KICKING and SCRATCHING.

Mr. White gets Mr. Pink in a HEADLOCK.

Mr. Pink reaches in his jacket for his gun, and pulls it out.

Mr. White sees this, immediately lets go of Mr. Pink, and goes for his own weapon.

The two men are on the floor, on their knees, with their guns outstretched, aiming at one another.

**MR. WHITE**

You wanna shoot me, you little piece of shit? Take a shot!

**MR. PINK**

Fuck you, White! I didn't create this situation, I'm just dealin with it. You're acting like a 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.

**MR. BLONDE**

Well, that was sure exciting.  
(to Mr. White)  
You're a big Lee Marvin fan,  
aren't you? Me too. I don't know  
about the rest of you fellas, but  
my heart's  
beatin fast.  
(pause for a beat)  
Okay you guys, follow me.

Mr. Blonde hops out of his chair and heads for the door.

The other two men just follow him with their eyes.

**MR. WHITE**

Follow you where?

**MR. BLONDE**

Down to my car.

**MR. WHITE**

Why?

**MR. BLONDE**

It's a surprise.

Mr. Blonde walks out.