

Script Excerpt - Gang of Varmints



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The movie will be a thriller. Get some impressions by the following script excerpt:

INT. BECCAS OFFICE - DAY

Becca sits in her chair. Her mobile phone rings, she looks coldly at her phone, picks it up.

BECCA COOPER: Look at this. The rat is crawling back to the surface.

JOE BECKETT: Funny.

BECCA COOPER: You got something?

JOE BECKETT: A suitcase of diamonds. Untouched.

INT. JOES CAR - FRONT ROW - NIGHT

Joe talks through his cars speaking system.

JOE BECKETT: So, tomorrow then?

STELLA CLARKE (V.O.): Tomorrow. 8 p.m. As I said.

JOE BECKETT: Alright.

INT. BECCAS APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joe is sitting comfortably on Becca's luxury couch. Becca is standing next to him observing Joe.

JOE BECKETT: The package arrived.

Becca turns to him.

BECCA COOPER: When?

JOE BECKETT: Tomorrow.

INT. BECCAS APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Becca is eating Hamburgers, as her phone rings. She puts the Burger aside and picks up the phone.

JOE BECKETT (V.O.): I'll pick you up.

BECCA COOPER: Honey - you don't tell me what to do.

JOE BECKETT (V.O.): I do - because you want the diamonds.

INT. STELLAS APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Stella watches a TV Documentary about carnivores. She looks at her glock, picks up the phone and calls Joe.

STELLA CLARKE: I'm watching the clock. You better be on time.

JOE BECKETT (V.O.): Stella, relax. You'll get your money.

STELLA CLARKE: I better do.

JOE BECKETT (V.O.): That's not a threat, or is it?

INT. JOES CAR - FRONT ROW - NIGHT

Casual and calm music plays, while Joe drives. Becca looks at him. After a short while she speaks up.

BECCA COOPER: I'm telling you - something ain't right.

JOE BECKETT: Oh? Who put you in charge?

BECCA COOPER: I did you fucking imbecile.

INT. STELLAS APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JOE BECKETT (V.O.): I'm on my way. Get the suitcase ready.

STELLA CLARKE: Look who's talking.

INT. STELLAS APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

STELLA CLARKE: I told you to double check.

JOE BECKETT: Don't look at me like this is my fault.

STELLA CLARKE: It is.

