

EXT. PONY EXPRESS BANK, LIBERTY, MO. - DAY

A crisp spring morning. Birds sing as people stroll the sidewalk. Some push strollers. Others run errands.

A faded dark plum colored Chrysler PT Cruiser with dented fenders arrives. The brakes screech. The engine percolates, and the car shakes while emitting smokey exhaust.

INT. ARLO'S CAR - DAY

COLT (43), confident, arrogant and organized, sits in the passenger seat, with a small notebook in his hand. He flips through pages of notes, outlining steps he has prepared for a perfect bank heist.

ARLO (49), sarcastic and sloppy, places his right hand on the back of Colt's seat, and leans toward him.

COLT

This is going to be a cinch, dude! It'll be the most epic bank robbery in history. Way bigger than that clown, Jesse James of the 1866 in Liberty, Mo. heist.

ARLO

Yeah, whatever. Just don't screw this up!

COLT

When have I ever screwed anything up?
Try, never!

Arlo rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

ARLO

You throw your weight around a lot for someone who ain't never done something like this.

Colt shoves Arlo's arm away from the seat. He shuffles through junk on the rear floorboards.

COLT

If I am going to rob a bank, I need my gun and something to put the money in! Look at all this crap back here. Empty cigar boxes, dirty towels, Chocodile wrappers everywhere; How can anyone live like this? It's ridiculous!

Arlo looks out the driver's side window and shakes his head in disbelief.

2.

Colt grabs a potato sack and a gun. He places the gun in his lap and holds the potato sack up to examine it for holes.

The sun, shining through the front windshield, exposes dust and tiny burlap fibers that gracefully float in the air as he calculates their odds in his head.

COLT (CONT'D)

Alright! I'm ready to rrrollll!

Colt is exiting the car, but is interrupted. Arlo has a look of horror on his face, and his mouth is wide open. He points to the gun.

ARLO

Wait, wait, wait! What, in the hell, is that?

Colt looks confused. He raises up the pistol.

COLT

This? It's just the gun that I will use for the holdup. Why, what's wrong with you now?

ARLO

Dude, is that actually a PAINTBALL GUN made to look like a real PISTOL? Are you kidding me with this right now? What the hell is the matter with you?

Colt smirks and dismisses Arlo's concern.

COLT

Uh, yeah. It's made to look like a pistol. I even used red paint balls so it will look like blood if I have to fire it. Nobody will know the better.

Colt nods proudly. He winks at Arlo as if he had just split the atom.

ARLO

Gawd, you are such an idiot. Just get in there.

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Colt casually strolls up the bank sidewalk. His weapon and potato sack are tucked under his trench coat. His posture shows he has not a care in the world.