

Double Bondsmen
v5.0

written by

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SUPER: "IN THE ABSENCE OF TRUE JUSTICE, THE CITIZEN KNIGHT MUST SEEK IT OF HIS OWN ACCORD—WITH HIS FISTS." —LUCAS A. FERRARA, *MODERN BOUNTY HUNTING: HOW TO KICK ASS AND TAKE NAMES*

1

INT. SEDAN, NIGHT

1

A ring of smoke catches the dim glow from a nearby streetlight. The ashy end of a joint glows for a moment as BRETT (30) leans into the light, taking a pull.

BRETT (V.O.)

I am not a criminal. I know, you guys might think differently. But if you were in my shoes, I guarantee that you would've done the same, because we're both after justice here. The whole thing started when we were waiting on a job, and Rhett turned to me and said,

RHETT (30), Brett's twin, sitting in the passenger seat, takes the joint from Justin, Draws in a long, luxurious pull, and puffs the smoke out the window.

Both men wear leather jackets and leather gloves.

RHETT

Do you think Mom hates me?

BRETT

What, because of today?

RHETT

Yeah, because of today. And last Thursday. I just...can't stop thinking she's like, mildly disgusted by me. And, like, us.

BRETT

Hey man, don't talk like that. We don't need that kind of negativity. She loves you. She just can't stand you.

RHETT

I guess.

He hands the joint to Brett, who takes another pull.

BRETT

You know what it is? She resents
the fact that we have a dream.
She's never had a dream.

Rhett grunts. His phone buzzes. He sits up.

RHETT

Uh, we got one.

BRETT

What's the job?

Justin leans over and checks out Rhett's phone.

RHETT

Eh, looks pretty standard.

BRETT

I don't know if I'm good to drive,
man.

RHETT

Alright, I'll drive.

BRETT

Dude. You've smoked just as much as
I have.

RHETT

We have the windows down. I only
took a few hits, lay off. I know my
limits.

BRETT

Don't judge me, I need it for my
anxiety.

RHETT

I know.

BRETT

It's medical.

RHETT

It's medical, I know.

BRETT

You'll drive?

RHETT

Yeah, idiot, I'll drive.

Rock music fades up and we see in bad-ass montage:

-The twins switch sides in the car
 -They pull on leather gloves, flexing their fingers
 -Keys in the ignition, engine revs
 -Dustin spins the cylinder on a snub nose revolver, snapping it into place with the flick of his wrist
 -Headlights, screeching tires

2 INT. HALLWAY, NIGHT 2

A door opens, revealing Brett and Rhett holding bags of takeout Mexican.

BRETT
 Chalupas for Josh?

CUT TO:

TITLE: DOUBLE BONDSMEN

3 EXT. TWINS HOUSE, DAY 3

The paint is chipped and weeds peek through the cracks in the sidewalk. The grass is too long.

SUPER: SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH DAKOTA, ONE OF THREE STATES WHERE MARIJUANA IS ILLEGAL

BRETT (V.O.)
 Alright, I might have gotten ahead of myself. A few things you should know about us.

4 INT. TWINS' BEDROOM, DAY 4

BRETT (V.O.)
 First of all, we're identical twins. And in case you forget, Rhett's the one with the hair. But that doesn't mean we're the same person. Hell no.

The room is divided into two mirrored halves with a line of duct tape running down the middle of the floor with a twin bed on each side. Both sides are a mess. Brett is sitting on his bed reading a book called "Modern Bounty Hunting."

Rhett walks in, hops on his bed, and turns on a stereo playing heavy metal and begins to play air-guitar.

BRETT
(yelling)
DO YOU MIND????

BRETT (V.O.)
Rhett is partially deaf.

5 INT. BATHROOM

5

Rhett is sitting on the toilet, scrolling on his phone. We can hear the shower running.

BRETT (V.O.)
We have a temporary living situation, and we share a room to save on rent. Our landlord can be a bit demanding.

MOTHER (O.S.)
BRETT AND RHETT! DISHES!!!

Brett yanks the corner of the shower curtain back, his hair covered in shampoo. Rhett looks up from his phone.

BRETT	RHETT
IN A MINUTE, MOM!	I'M ON THE CAN, MOM!

6 EXT. BACKYARD, DAY

6

Rhett digs a small hole with a spade, Brett looking over his shoulder.

BRETT (V.O.)
We have a few hobbies--Rhett has a green thumb.

They peer around, then Brett hands Rhett a marijuana plant and he nestles it in the hole.

7 INT. TWINS'S BEDROOM, DAY

7

Brett sits on his bed with his computer in his lap.

BRETT (V.O.)
Never quite finished high school, but we consider ourselves lifelong learners.

He presses play on a YouTube video titled "7 KEY TIPS to grow HUGE BUDS."

8 INT. TWINS BEDROOM, NIGHT 8

The twins have a bookshelf stocked with tons of westerns and box sets of NCSI on DVD, but we also see a book on growing your own marijuana, and one titled "Modern Bounty Hunting" by Lucas Ferrara.

BRETT (V.O.)
But let me tell you, our *dream* is
to become bondsmen.

Brett grabs "Modern Bounty Hunting" off the shelf. He flips thought it, landing on a chapter titled "Training."

9 INT. BASEMENT, DAY 9

Brett wraps his knuckles in athletic tape, pulls on MMA gloves, and ties a bandana around his head. He takes a deep breath, eyes closed, then flashes them open with a cold blooded glimmer, his entire neck flexing like he's about to pop a vessel. He locks into a fighting position.

BRETT (V.O.)
Two things you should know about
becoming bondsmen. One: you gotta
be in peak physical condition. You
never know when you'll need to
roundhouse a perp.

Brett and Rhett stand in the middle of the mat, facing off. Brett, still in his rigid fighting position, weakly swats at Rhett—once, twice, three times—Rhett blocks with ease. Brett takes it up a notch, swinging his leg out in a limp roundhouse kick. Rhett ducks it and WHAM!—body slams Brett to the ground.

BRETT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Rhett blew up terrorists in I-raq,
so naturally he's got an advantage
there. Well, he did logistics, but
it was *army* logistics.

10 EXT. BACKYARD, DAY 10

Rhett looks down at the marijuana plant while holding a spade.

BRETT (V.O.)

But more important is number two—
and this one is why we're in such a
bind right now—they're real picky
about criminal background stuff.

Rhett uproots the marijuana plant and replaces it with a
columbine flower.

BRETT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But in this economy...there's not a
lot of money in justice.

11 INT. SEVERAL RESTAURANTS, NIGHT 11

In montage:

A smartphone with a notification from DoorDash.

Brett and Rhett grabbing to-go bags of food from restaurant
counters.

Doors opening in quick succession, each time revealing Brett
and Rhett holding bags from different restaurants.

The door opens another time; this time we're back with the
man in the kimono.

12 INT. HALLWAY, NIGHT 12

BRETT

Chalupas for Josh?

MAN IN KIMONO

Who the hell is Josh?

BRETT

Oh, man, I'm sorry, brother.

The man closes the door. Rhett walks away.

RHETT

Dumbass.

BRETT

Hey man, you know I'm dyslexic.

13 INT. STAIRWELL, NIGHT 13

The brothers walk down the concrete steps, their voices
booming against the cinder-block walls.

RHETT
 You're not dyslexic—that's just
 what Mom told you when you failed
 3rd grade.

Brett stops right in the middle of the stairwell, a few steps
 above Rhett.

BRETT
 Really, that's the best you can do?
 You know, I'm getting very tired of
 your negative attitude—it's killing
 our focus.

He steps down and puts his hand on Rhett's shoulder.

BRETT (CONT'D)
 Remember what Ferrara says in the
 book. If we want to get anywhere,
 you know, break down barriers,
 we're going to need a growth
 mindset.

Rhett rolls his eyes.

Suddenly—CRACK!

BRETT (CONT'D)
 Shit, what was that?

RHETT
 What?

BRETT
 Dude, was that a gunshot?

RHETT
 I didn't hear anything.

BRETT
 Yeah, because you're deaf.

RHETT
 Just deliver the food.

14 INT. HALLWAY, NIGHT

14

The twins walk up to a different door.

BRETT
 This is the one.

He knocks. They hear nothing.

RHETT
You sure it's the one?

BRETT
I swear it's the one!

He bangs on the door. No response.

RHETT
Just leave it at the door.

He bangs again.

RHETT (CONT'D)
It's not worth it man, let's go.

BRETT
What if the gunshot came from
inside?

RHETT
Will you cut it out with the
gunshot shit?

Brett tests the knob. Unlocked.

BRETT
(whispering)
Dude. Get the gun.

RHETT
What? And trespass?

BRETT
There could be a killer on the
loose.

Brett forms a finger-gun with two fingers and pretends to reach into his pants to pull out the revolver. With a glare, Rhett grabs the bag from Brett and drops it at the door.

RHETT
I'm going back to the car.

Rhett pivots and strides back down the hall. Brett remains staring at the doorknob. Brett turns the knob. Rhett, from the other end of the hall:

RHETT (CONT'D)
(whisper-yelling)
Brett!

Brett pushes the door open and disappears inside.

A beat. A seed of concern begins to grow in Rhett's heart. He clenches his jaw and starts to walk back toward the door.

RHETT (CONT'D)

Idiot!

Suddenly—Brett erupts from the door and presses himself against the wall.

BRETT

(whispering)

Shit!

RHETT

What?

Brett sucks in big breaths in an effort to calm himself.

BRETT

Get the gun.

RHETT

Calm down, what did you see?

This time in a panic, Brett makes a gun with two fingers and pretends to pull it out of his pants.

Finally, with a huff, Rhett reaches deep into his pants and pulls out the snub nose revolver.

BRETT

You go first.

15

INT. APARTMENT, SAME TIME

15

Rhett crosses the threshold at the ready, Brett crouch-walking behind him, hiding behind his brother's frame. The apartment is cluttered with knick-knacks and a plethora of mirrors on the walls. A sliding glass door leads out onto a small balcony.

BRETT

There.

Rhett looks toward a sofa and a TV—then he sees it. A hand hangs over the sofa. The sleeve is saturated with blood that drips down from the index finger, pooling on the ground.

RHETT

Holy moly, brother.

The brothers come around the edge of the sofa. The man has been shot in the head.

BRETT
Dude, look at this.

Brett points to a gun lying on the sofa beside the man.

RHETT
He shot himself? Holy shit, he shot himself.

Brett, slowly regaining his composure, turns away from the body and floats toward the sliding glass door.

RHETT (CONT'D)
This--this is crazy, man.

Brett pokes his head out the window, eyeing the fire escape.

RHETT (CONT'D)
Dude, what are you doing? We gotta get out of here.

Brett pulls his head back inside, furrowing his brow.

BRETT
I'm feelin sumpthin weird about this place.

RHETT
Are you still high?

BRETT
No, not that kind of feeling. What I'm saying is that this, this--doesn't this, you know man...feel a little familiar?

RHETT
I have no idea what you're talking about.

BRETT
Remember the book? Seize the opportunities around you--that's what Ferrara always says. Look here, at how the gun is sitting. No way he just dropped it like that. Look around--no suicide note. And look up--no blood splatter on the ceiling. The shot was fired from above.

Brett makes a gun with two fingers and points it at the man.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Bang! Just like that. I think what we have here is a murder that was made to look like a suicide.

RHETT

What the...?—this—this is nuts, man. You've never even seen a real murder.

BRETT

And—the sliding door is open. Second floor balcony. Killer could have climbed out just after the murder.

RHETT

I don't know, man.

BRETT

Let me put it this way: why would he call DoorDash if he knew he was gonna kill himself? Why waste the chalupas?

RHETT

I mean...maybe.

BRETT

Rhett, this is our chance.

RHETT

Our chance?

BRETT

Our chance to prove ourselves as bondsmen! Don't you realize? It's so perfect, it's like god or Zeus or something has dropped this in our laps. We're the ones who found this body. Don't you think that's more than a coincidence? Remember the book. We have to take advantage of this opportunity, right now, to do what we were meant to do...to do what we've always dreamed of, to take down perps.

Rhett begins to assent to Brett's plan.

RHETT

Take down perps...

BRETT
Remember the book: "Si vis pacem
para bellum."

RHETT
If you want peace, prepare for war.

Brett smiles.

Rhett shoves his pistol deep in his pants.

16 EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX 16

Brett and Rhett climb out of the balcony.

17 EXT. ALLEY MOUTH, MOMENTS LATER 17

They poke their heads around the corner, scanning for anyone who looks like a murderer.

RHETT
(whispering)
What are you looking for?

BRETT
Guilt.

He sees a woman walking her dog, a homeless man on the curb, a man with a newspaper in a dark trench coat--there!

BRETT (CONT'D)
That's gotta be him!

RHETT
How do you know?

BRETT
If he runs away, we'll know he's
guilty.

Brett sprints out from the alley, Rhett a few steps behind.

BRETT (CONT'D)
STOP! IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

RHETT
You can't say that, we're not in
the law!

The man in the trench coat looks over his shoulder at the two brothers wildly sprinting toward him.

His eyebrows shoot up, he tosses the newspaper into the air, and he sprints away, down another alley.

BRETT

I knew it!

18 INT. APARTMENT 227, SAME TIME

18

Above them, the man in the kimono from Apt #227 peers through binoculars. In his hand he cradles his cell phone. He lowers the binoculars. His eyes look jittery and afraid.

MAN IN KIMONO

They're twins, they're running down Washinton Ave, and they're covered in leather.
Yes...a gunshot.

19 EXT. STREET, SAME TIME

19

The twins sprint down the mostly empty street, gaining on the man in the trench coat. Brett catches him first, grabbing the back of his coat--Wham!--the man spins and elbows Brett in the head and keeps running.

RHETT

HEY! THAT'S MY BROTHER!

Rhett pulls Brett to his feet and they take off in a fury.

The man in the trench coat runs through a mostly-empty intersection; a single car idles, waiting for the light to turn green. Brett, following behind, tries to slide across the car's hood but gets stuck half-way. Rhett grabs his arm and pulls him back onto the ground.

RHETT (CONT'D)

C'mon, man!

The man in the trench coat rounds a corner into an alley.

20 EXT. ALLEY, MOMENTS LATER

20

The two brothers follow after the man into the alley--but when they turn the corner, he's gone.

BRETT

(out of breath)

We lost him?

RHETT

You've got to be kidding me.

Suddenly--red and blue lights. A police car pulls up at the end of the alley.

POLICE OFFICER

FREEZE!

They look around, realizing they are trapped. The brothers look at each other, both of them making split second decisions. Rhett nods at Brett.

Rhett sprints toward an officer, driving his shoulder down and shoving him away. Brett tries to juke and stiff-arm a police officer, but he gets clothes-lined by a baton. Rhett, breaking past the line of police, sprints away and disappears.

BRETT (V.O.)

We found ourselves in a bind: we could either get arrested for a murder we didn't commit, or we could escape and live as fugitives. I thought we would take the noble way out. But Rhett did the other thing. After all, he was packing.

BRETT

Rhett...

An officer starts cuffing him.

BRETT (V.O.)

There I was: alone for the first time in my life.

21

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM, NIGHT

21

A detective sits across the table from Brett. Rhett is nowhere to be seen. There is an empty chair next to Brett and a two-way mirror along the wall.

DETECTIVE

And you two wanted to become bondsmen?

BRETT

That was the dream.

DETECTIVE

You know...bondsmen are just the guys who loan the money...*bounty hunters* actually track down the guys who skip bail.

BRETT

Of course I know that. But *bondsmen* sounds cooler.

She scoffs.

DETECTIVE

Here are the facts. A witness saw you and your brother enter the building. A few minutes later, he hears a gunshot. Then, he sees you both fleeing the scene. Look, your brother left. You don't have an alibi.

She stands up.

BRETT

I'm telling the truth--this, this is a set up. You're setting me up.

She leans over the table, looking down at him.

DETECTIVE

Alright. There are two plausible explanations. One. You're delusional, but you're telling the truth, in which case, I feel sorry for you. Two. You're the murderer, you're going to prison, and you're still delusional.

BRETT

I want to call my lawyer.

DETECTIVE

You don't have a lawyer.

She leaves, closing the door.

BRETT

Balls, I need a lawyer.

Brett sinks into his chair. He looks over at the reflection in the two-way mirror: himself and an empty chair.

22 INT. POLICE PRECINCT WOMEN'S RESTROOM, SAME TIME 22

A toilet flushes. The detective emerges from one of several stalls. Another officer walks in.

OFFICER

So who you got there in room 4?

The detective starts washing her hands.

DETECTIVE

Some kook who thinks he's a bounty hunter. He and his twin discovered that body last night. He's in there thinking he's going to prison for murder. Guys an idiot. It was a suicide.

She reaches for a paper towel.

OFFICER

Did you tell him?

DETECTIVE

I'm letting him stew a bit.

OFFICER

Hm. Well, he's trying to climb out through the ceiling vent.

23 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, MOMENTS LATER 23

The door bursts open and the detective storms into the room, The officer from the bathroom close behind.

Brett is standing on a chair with his head sticking into a small opening in a vent.

DETECTIVE

What the hell do you think you're doing?

CUT TO:

24 MOMENTS LATER 24

The officer shoves Brett back down into his chair. She remains there, hovering over his shoulder.

BRETT

Just wanted a little fresh air.

DETECTIVE
It was a suicide.

BRETT
What?

DETECTIVE
The note was on his dresser. The guy offed himself after calling DoorDash so someone would find the body.

BRETT
But the blood splatter!

DETECTIVE
What do you think would have happened? If there was a killer, and you had tracked him down. Get a confession? Turn him in for a handsome reward? Ride off into the sunset? I've seen more suicides than I've seen murders. And I'm a homicide detective.

BRETT
...so we're no longer suspects?

DETECTIVE
No, but you still resisted arrest and your brother assaulted a police officer. And we found six ounces of weed in your glovebox. Your trial is in two weeks.

BRETT
Wait—what about our mom? Did she come down?

DETECTIVE
You might want to call someone else.

25 INT. JAIL CELL, NIGHT

25

There are two metal cots in the room, each with a single blanket. Brett sits on one, looking despondent. He scoots further into the bed and pulls the blanket around his legs.

Then—a sound. An officer is escorting a man down the hall. Brett looks up. Keys jingle, handcuffs are unlocked. The door opens, a man steps inside, and the door closes.

It's Rhett.

BRETT
You turned yourself in.

RHETT
I didn't like life on the lam.

He sits on the other bed.

BRETT
Did you hear? It was a suicide.

RHETT
They told me.

BRETT
Still can't punch a police officer
though.

RHETT
I found a lawyer.

Rhett reaches deep into his pants. He pulls out a folded piece of paper and hands it to Brett.

He takes it and unfolds it: a flyer for a lawyer that reads
JUST BECAUSE YOU DID IT DOESN'T MEAN YOU'RE GUILTY.

BRETT
Yeah. He looks good. Thanks, man.

They sit in silence for a moment.

BRETT (CONT'D)
I called Dad.

RHETT
Really? Did he pick up?

BRETT
No. I don't even know if it's the
right number.

RHETT
Well, maybe he'll call back.

BRETT
Do you think Mom wants us to go to
prison?

RHETT
Hey man, we don't need that kind of
negativity. She'll come around.

BRETT

We'll see. Our trial is in two weeks.

RHETT

What if we weren't there?

BRETT

What?

Rhett reaches into his fluffy hair and produces a plastic bobby pin, holding it up to show.

RHETT

Do you remember that book about jail breaks?

Brett looks up. A smirk.

CUT TO BLACK.