

SFX: CONVERSATIONS IN THE BACKGROUND - NOTHING CAN BE MADE OUT.

THOMAS: Can you make out what they're saying? Who's the other half of this deal, anyway?

SAL: That's Dr. Robert Archer. He made his fortune by inventing something, and then building it smaller to cash in on it again.

THOMAS: Just needed a name - keep your details and voice down, will ya?

SAL: I like details. I'm a storyteller.

THOMAS: You wrote one short story five years ago - usually when you're a storyteller, you tend to actually tell stories.

SAL: Oh you're just being a jerk and-- what is that?

THOMAS: What is this? Amateur hour? It's a gun.

SAL: What in blazes are you doing with a gun? You don't think a bunch of scientists can figure out the math to dodge a bullet?

THOMAS: I'm not going to shoot them, I'm just doing a little science project.

SAL: I want to see a formally written hypothesis first.

THOMAS: No self-respecting science project has ever come without a catalyst!

SFX: GUN SHOT. THE SOUND ECHOES WITHIN THE ALLEYWAY. PEOPLE START TO YELL AND RUN.

DR. ARCHER: Oh, you son of a bitch!

SFX: MORE GUN SHOTS RING OUT. CAR DOORS ARE SLAMMED SHUT AND TIRES ARE HEARD SCREECHING OUT OF THE ALLEY. THE ALLEYWAY QUIETS AS IT EMPTIES IN A FRENZY.

NARRATOR(SAL): And Thomas was gone. Apparently his brilliant plan was to get everyone to scatter in confusion while he snuck into the trunks of one of the cars. It had... maybe a 3 percent chance of working, and wouldn't you know it - It did.

That was probably our last moment as traditional thieves. After that we started planning out more -let's say- creative jobs.

Looking back, I miss the smaller work. The classic, right? Breaking into cars, stealing people's wallets, living hand-to-mouth. Nomads. Scavengers. That said... I wouldn't trade our current position for the world.

SCENE 3: TOP of parking garage
(Sal, Thomas)

SFX: _____ THE CITY LIFE ROARS UNDERNEATH. A DOOR OPENS.

SAL: There you are! What took you so long?

THOMAS: Excuse me, but did you just ride in the trunk of a car for two hours in order to steal us the best loot of our lives?

SAL: I—

THOMAS: No? There we are. Now, do you want to see it, or not?

[He drops the suitcase on a table.]

SAL: God, you're cranky when you don't get your sunlight.

THOMAS: Now, before I open this, there's something you oughta know...

SAL: Wait-wait-wait. You're going to build this all up and then hesitate on the reveal? Come on, Thomas. Open it!

THOMAS: Sal—

SAL: Open it open it open it open it!

THOMAS: Alright, but don't say I didn't warn you—

SAL: Will you stop talking and open the dammed thing!

[sound of briefcase opening.]

NARRATOR(SAL): What Thomas was attempting to tell me was that his
plan had not, in fact worked. At least, not the way
we'd intended.

SAL: ... Well, that's certainly not legal tender in any country I've heard of.

THOMAS: Not exactly, no.