

Southland

Nervous Clerk

41.

57 CONTINUED:

57

We follow her now as she lifts the gun and PUSHES INTO:

Start Sc. 1

58 INT. DISPENSARY - CONTINUOUS

58

The NERVOUS CLERK barely registers her entrance before:

ARIELLE

Put your goddamn motherfucking hands
in the air, bitch!

The Nervous Clerk, some college kid, sees the gun -- freaks
out.

NERVOUS CLERK

What the fuck?!

ARIELLE

Up, up, up! Open the register!
Fucking open it! Money out, now!

NERVOUS CLERK

Okay okay. Jesus.

He opens the register.

Dean holds up the phone, getting closer.

NERVOUS CLERK (cont'd)

Are you recording this?!

ARIELLE

Put the money in the bag!

He starts stuffing bills into the bag.

ARIELLE (cont'd)

Now the safe.

NERVOUS CLERK

I -- I don't -- know the combo. Oh
God.

Arielle looks at him. She pulls back the hammer on the gun
and pushes it in closer to his face. The Nervous Clerk
squirms.

NERVOUS CLERK (cont'd)

Please...

ARIELLE

It's your call.

1/2

(CONTINUED)

NERVOUS CLERK

Okay, okay.

The Nervous Clerk, who may have pissed himself, nods quickly and goes to the floor.

The Nervous Clerk not very subtly glances at a bat a few feet away. Arielle clocks this.

ARIELLE

Hey!

The Nervous Clerk turns.

ARIELLE (cont'd)

You wanna die a sweet little virgin over a couple hundred bucks, be my fucking guest.

The Nervous Clerk shakes his head and finishes getting the money out of the safe.

Arielle turns to Dean -- still recording -- and strikes a funny little pose.

He hands the bag to Arielle.

ARIELLE (cont'd)

Cell.

He hands over his cell. She drops it to the ground and stomps on it with her Chucks. She rips the landline out of the wall as well.

ARIELLE (cont'd)

On the floor, NOW!

NERVOUS CLERK

Oh God.

He lays on the ground.

ARIELLE

There's another man outside the store. Anybody but me and my boyfriend here come out, he opens fire. Got it?

The Nervous Clerk nods his head.

Dean stops recording and walks out of the store.

End Sc. 1

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2/2