

WANTED

written by
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KIRA - KAYLA
SYLVIE (vee) - NATALIE
BRANDY - PANAYA
LUGAR - WILL MANNING
BLACK JACK - WILL DEVARY
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INT. BLACKJACK'S BAR - DAY

SYLVIE sits alone at the bar, swirling her mug of cheap beer. BLACKJACK is pouring drinks for others at the bar.

BLACKJACK
Waiting on someone?

SYLVIE
(shaking her head)
Nope. Just me today.

Blackjack raises his eyebrow in suspicion before shrugging and going back to pouring drinks. Camera pans to entrance of the bar-someone has come in. Only the shadow of the figure is visible.

KIRA steps into the dim-lit bar. She is walking up to where Sylvie is sitting. Camera is on her busted up BLACK BOOTS at first, then her golden pistol holder, then her face while she is walking.

As soon as Kira reaches Sylvie, she whips around, pulling out her pistol. Sylvie, grinning, does the same - hers is red, Kira's is blue.

KIRA
(with a straight face)
Hands up, fuckers.

Gunshot. Black screen.

Title card: WANTED

EXT. BLACKJACK'S BAR - DAY

Sylvie and Kira are running away from the bar with PILES OF GOLD in both their hands. The two speed past multiple shops, including a shoe store right across from Blackjack's bar. New boots line the window. Sylvie is giggling, while Kira has a serious look on her face.

Kira's hair, long and untied, flies wildly across her face as she runs. She tries to move it with her shoulder, but to no avail. A couple people with silver vests are chasing them.

SYLVIE
(dropping some gold)
Oh, shit!

She looks behind, her. Kira smacks her behind the head, causing Sylvie to tighten her hold on the rest of the treasure

KIRA

Leave it.

As the people start to get closer, Kira speeds up. She doesn't look behind her to see if Sylvie is following

SYLVIE

Hey, wait up!

Kira looks back, only slightly, but makes no effort to slow down. She quickly turns back around and continues running. Sylvie speeds up too, trying to catch up to Kira.

Sylvie suddenly trips over her own feet, landing right in front of the wooden wall of a building. She looks up to see KIRA'S WANTED POSTER. Next to it is another poster. It reads: "Help Wanted: Assistant Country Sheriff"

KIRA

(yelling)

Sylvie! Get up!

Sylvie scrambles to her feet, trying to collect as much gold as she can from the ground.

SYLVIE

Sorry!

Sylvie catches up to Kira. The two turn a corner and run into a beat up wooden house with nails sticking out of the old wood and one boarded up window. The rest of the windows look surprisingly clean and new.

INT. KIRA AND SYLVIE'S HOUSE

Sylvie quickly slams the door behind Kira, sighing heavily as she leans back against it and sinks to the floor. Everything is quiet-nobody is chasing them anymore.

SYLVIE

(panting)

So, what should we do with all this gold?

She drops the gold she's holding on the ground in front of her.

KIRA

I don't know. I've been needing some new boots. Do you think the shoe store across Blackjack's would recognize us?

SYLVIE

Nah. Those wanted posters don't do you any justice.

Kira blushes, then lightly kicks her foot.

KIRA

Stop it Sylvie, you're just saying that.

Sylvie gets up, then walks over to another room down the hall. She returns with a half-full bottle of alcohol and two fancy glasses. Kira is sat on the couch, legs resting on the small table in front of it.

Sylvie pours two glasses, one half full and one full. She hands the full one to Kira and takes the half full one for herself. She sits on the couch next to Kira, placing her gun on the table. Kira keeps her GUN IN IT'S HOLSTER next to her.

Kira raises her hand. Sylvie follows suit.

KIRA (CONT'D)

To another successful heist.

SYLVIE

To another victory.

They clink their glasses together, then drink. A look of recognition passes over Kira's face.

KIRA

Hey, isn't this that fancy shit you love? What's the special occasion?

SYLVIE

Think of it as a celebration for your new boots.

KIRA

(laughing)

We should seriously check out that store.

~~A beat. The two look at each other, silent.~~

KIRA (CONT'D)

(smiling)

What would I do without you?

SYLVIE

Drink shitty alcohol.

Kira laughs, throwing her arm around Sylvie's shoulder, a smile on her usually deadpan face. After a couple more sips, she's out cold. Sylvie, looking at Kira closely, moves some pieces of hair out of her face.

While Kira is out, Sylvie gets up from the couch slowly. Kira's arm slips from her shoulder. She walks over to a paper nailed to one of the wooden walls. It has a list of places and dates.

Sylvie writes a new date/place underneath the last one. She circles the new addition in red. It reads: "Sylvie and Kira - 1 year"

INT. SHOE STORE - DAY

Kira and Sylvie are browsing through the shoe store. Kira has her eyes on a shiny pair of BLACK BOOTS. They look expensive, and much better than her old ones.

Camera pans to a woman with a GOLD-LINED VEST, hair tied back into a tight braid. She has her hand on her holster. She takes a look at Kira and Sylvie, then tenses. She starts to walk over to the two, slowly.

KIRA

Hey Sylvie, check these out!

She waves Sylvie, who is wandering aimlessly, over. Together, they inspect the boots.

SYLVIE

(grinning)

These look great, Kira.

Sylvie checks the price tag, and suddenly her face falls.

SYLVIE (CONT'D)

But they're kind of pricey. Why don't we look for another pair?

KIRA

Why? Blackjack's should cover this.

SYLVIE

Kira, we don't want to spend all our money in one place.

Kira is taken aback-she quite literally takes a step back from Sylvie, looking at her with a confused expression.

KIRA

Since when have you cared about that kind of stuff?

SYLVIE

Since forever! Do you think the windows just magically repair themselves? That the couch just appeared in the house one day?

KIRA

So that's where all my money's been going.

SYLVIE

(angrily)

Your money? I've helped you with every heist you've pulled off!

KIRA

(scoffing)

If you consider "helping" to be almost getting us caught, then sure. You're a big help.

The two stare angrily at each other--the patrons of the store have started staring and whispering. The woman with the braid keeps a close eye on both of them.

Suddenly, Sylvie lunges at Kira, tackling her to the ground. They roll around in the shoe store, knocking things down, each trying to get the upper hand.

SYLVIE

I'll show you helping!

KIRA

What the hell does that even mean?

They continue until Kira gets the upper hand, straddling Sylvie and pulling out her pistol. It's aimed at Sylvie's heart.

Sylvie stops, staring in shock.

KIRA (CONT'D)

(grinning)

What? Changed your mind about the boots?

But she's not looking at Kira. Instead, she's looking behind her, where assistant county sheriff BRANDY has a gun pointed directly against Kira's skull. As soon as Kira feels the cold metal, her eyes widen too.

KIRA (CONT'D)

Shit.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MIDDAY

Sheriff LUGAR is sitting in a bed-like chair. He's visibly old, and coughing a lot. Assistant Sheriff BRANDY walks up to him, concerned.

On Lugar's desk, we can see multiple pictures. One is of him and a young female child, both smiling. He looks much younger.

BRANDY

All good, Sheriff?

LUGAR

As good as it gets.

~~Brandy smiles sadly, watching Lugar have a coughing fit.~~

BRANDY

(softly)

We finally caught 'em, dad.

~~She rests her hand on his shoulder, patting gently.~~

LUGAR

I knew you could do it.

BRANDY

Yea, but I wish you were there with me. You shoulda seen the look on their faces when I-

LUGAR

(firmly)

Brandy.

BRANDY

(sadly)

Yeah, yeah. Sorry.

~~She claps her hands together, bringing herself back to her cheery-serious self.~~

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Anyway! Would you like to do the honors of interrogation?

LUGAR

Brandy, look at me.

He gestures to his state, Next to him are tissues and a bottle of alcohol. The alcohol is the same brand as the one Sylvie and Kira had drank for the "special occasion."

BRANDY

You're right. You just stay there and rest, and I'll take care of it.

LUGAR

I'm counting on you, future sheriff.

Brandy walks towards the door, a proud look on her face. Before she walks out, she turns around to face Lugar

BRANDY

Love you, dad.

But Lugar has fallen asleep in his chair, softly snoring. ~~Brandy lets out a sad laugh, then walks out the door.~~

CUT TO:

INT. SYLVIE'S INTERROGATION ROOM - MIDDAY

Brandy circles the room before Sylvie, who's tied to a small wooden chair. Sylvie has her head down, ashamed.

BRANDY

Sylvie.

SYLVIE

Brandy.

BRANDY

I didn't want to have to see you again like... this.

SYLVIE

Well. We don't always get what we want, do we?

BRANDY

(sighing)
No. No, we don't.

Brandy stops pacing around the room, suddenly going rigid. She clasps her hands behind her back.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Sheriff Lugar is sick. Really sick.

Her voice is breaking, but she keeps her composure. She takes in a deep breath, then continues.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Which is why I need to take his place as the new county Sheriff.

SYLVIE

Well, congratulations to you then. Why are you telling me this?

BRANDY

Well, I need a partner. Someone I can trust to have my back, who I know is capable of doing the right thing.

~~Sylvie squints her eyes in suspicion, looking up to stare at Brandy. She's now standing directly in front of Sylvie~~

Brandy is

SYLVIE

And who would that be?

BRANDY

Who do you think?

~~Sylvie's jaw drops. Before she can say anything, Brandy cuts her off.~~

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Under the condition that you pin all the blame for 'Marty's Party'- and every other crime you two have committed, I suppose- on Kira.

Silence fills the room. Brandy has stopped pacing, waiting for Sylvie to say something. Sylvie's face gives away the shock she's feeling-her eyes are as wide as dinner plates.

SYLVIE

Marty's Party wasn't just her fault.

BRANDY

(softly)

Oh, I know, Vi. But she convinced you to take the job, no?

~~Sylvie doesn't meet Brandy's eyes. Finally, Brandy sighs and her face softens.~~

BRANDY (CONT'D)

I don't want to see you suffer like this anymore, Vi.

(MORE)

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Do you think I would've asked you to do this if I thought you weren't capable?

SYLVIE

Did you really think that would work? I see right through you. Besides, Kira wouldn't do this to me.

BRANDY

Are you sure?

Sylvie looks guilty, not meeting Brandy's eyes. ~~Brandy waits for her response, same expectant look, then gives up after a little bit.~~

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Alright then. I'll give you some time to think about it.

Brandy walks to the door and closes it behind herself.

INT. KIRA'S INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kira sits tied to the same wooden chair as Sylvie, her hands held behind it by rope. The camera is closer to her face, then cuts immediately to Brandy's. Kira's face is expressionless-almost like she's bored. Brandy is smiling.

BRANDY

Kira.

KIRA

Brandy.

BRANDY

Y'know, I'm glad to see you here. Really. I've been waiting to meet you forever.

KIRA

Have you now? Well, today's your lucky day.

Brandy takes a look at Kira's scuffed up BOOTS. The details are zoomed in on for the first time-one of the buckles is missing, the side of the left shoe is torn open, the black leather is peeling off.

BRANDY

Phew. You're looking rough.

KIRA

(laughing)

Tell me something I don't know,
sheriff. Can we cut to the chase
already? You're starting to bore
me.

Brandy grins. She then leans down to Kira's level, placing her arm on the back of the chair. She reaches behind Kira and pulls out a big brown box, setting it down right in front of her chair.

Kira's eyes widen.

BRANDY

I'm giving you an offer.

CUT TO:

INT. SYLVIE'S INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door swings open on Sylvie, alone and anxious.

SYLVIE

What's going on? Where's Brandy?

The guards say nothing, instead untying her from the chair and grabbing her arms, one guard on each. They yank her forward and towards the door.

SYLVIE (CONT'D)

Hey, what the hell? Let go of me!

Sylvie starts kicking and shouting. They drag her out of the room, walking her down a hallway to the right labeled "CELLS".

As she's being dragged down the hallway, she spots Brandy and Kira outside her interrogation room, both watching her go. Kira is wearing a GOLD VEST and new, shiny black BOOTS. They're the same ones from the store, the ones Sylvie said they shouldn't buy. Her hair is tied back into a tight ponytail, only the front two strands loose, framing her face.

Kira looks at Sylvie, face unreadable. She pulls out her once-blue gun. It's now lined with gold.

Camera cuts back to Sylvie, eyes wide and streaked with tears. Audio cuts out. She starts yelling something down the hall, unintelligible.

Camera back to Kira. She mouth's something that looks like "sorry". Cut to black.

