

A café that has been blown to bits. Detectives ROBERT AND MIKE shake their heads at the carnage. It's a god damn fucking gory mess, and it's all centered around the torched remains of one booth with two skeletons in the chairs. Clearly this was the fucking epicenter of this fucking nightmare rodeo.

ROBERT: Jesus would you look at that.

MIKE: Jesus Christ, yes. Blew straight through the table, shot splinters everywhere.

ROBERT: Splinters right into people. People are dead.

MIKE: People ARE dead! Look at them.

ROBERT: Jesus all the blood. Jesus.

MIKE: Jesus.

ROBERT: Jesus. Hey officer?

POLICEMAN: Sirs?

MIKE: How are you, Beachead?

ROBERT: Yeah how the hell are you?

iPOLICEMAN: Okay.

ROBERT: Do you see the trademark scoring?

POLICEMAN: What?

ROBERT: Under the table. Do you see it? (points) The lines! The lines made out of ash.

POLICEMAN: Oh, yes.

ROBERT: That's this guy's MO.

MIKE: You told him about the MO?

POLICEMAN: What MO?

ROBERT: MO means MODES OPERANDI. THE MODE OF OPERATION.

POLICEMAN: Yes sir.

ROBERT: This guy bombs the shit out of stuff every time.

MIKE: Every FUCKING time.

ROBERT: And this is the scoring from his bombs.

MIKE: Trademark scoring!

(it is quiet a long time)

MIKE: It's an inside job.

ROBERT: It IS an inside job. Holy shit a job.

MIKE: Inside.

ROBERT: Inside.

MIKE: Officer!

POLICEMAN: Sir?

MIKE: Who was that guy with the red hair that always spoke in that nasally sing song voice? The cop? Like you?

POLICEMAN: What, Mitchum?

MIKE: Mitchum!

ROBERT: Of course! Fucking ol' Ginger Mitchum the turncoat.

MIKE: He sat at this very table. Killed himself.

ROBERT: Oh my god he did, I can see it now. The other guy was his target.

MIKE: Yes! He killed himself. We are standing with Mitchum around us.

ROBERT: This store and Mitchum just got acquainted.

MIKE: In part.

ROBERT: Good one.

MIKE: It was Mitchum.

POLICEMAN: Sir, Mitchum is here.

MIKE: He sure as fuck is! In part(S)!

POLICEMAN: No sir, he's standing over there. (points)

MITCHUM: What the fuck are you sirs talking about?

(long silence)

MIKE: Man that would have been it.

ROBERT: God fucking dammit. So close.

MIKE: That would have been the case that made me.

ROBERT: Me too!

MIKE: Made us, yes.

ROBERT: Fuck that would have been a beautiful find.

(they twirl their handguns on their fingers. It is obvious they do not know what guns are)

ROBERT: Sometimes I worry that we're not cut out for this shit.

MIKE: I'm getting too old for this shit.

ROBERT: You ARE very old.

MIKE: So are-

ROBERT: Yes, I am too. We're both old.

MIKE: Do you like coffee?

ROBERT: I don't.

MIKE: Well what the fuck are we supposed to do now?

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