

Coup  
by  
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INT. GARAGE - DAY

GREG and ANDY, 30s, hardcore bikers from skin to bone, sit on their Harley's. A small cooler of beer is on the floor between them.

Andy reaches into the cooler to grab a beer.

GREG

I think it's time the Outlaws had a permanent change in leadership.

Andy straightens up.

ANDY

You think I can open my beer before you start talking about killing Sonny King?

Greg reaches out. Turns the beer around in Andy's hand. Pulls the tab. Turns it back around.

Andy takes a pull from the can.

ANDY

It'll be bloody if it goes tits up. How many you got on your side?

GREG

If I count you?

Greg holds up three fingers.

ANDY

How many more you planning on talking to?

Greg holds up four more fingers.

ANDY

So you're, what? Putting together the Magnificent Seven? You think we're gonna mount up, and save the village from Eli Wallach?

GREG

I think there's 13 members in the leadership council, and 7 makes a majority. Dumbass. I'm trying to stage a coup, not start a civil war.

ANDY

Right. That makes sense.

Andy takes another pull. Greg waits.

A shrug.

ANDY

Yeah. Why not? I never liked the guy anyway. Hell, if you want I'll pull the trigger.

GREG

No, I'll handle that one.

Pause.

ANDY

I call dibs on Steve McQueen.

GREG

Fuck you, I'm Steve McQueen. After the shit you just gave me, you can be Horst Buchholz.