

BULLION

written by

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INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - 2 AM

We hear a SCREAM from the bathroom.

LISA (24) jumps up and down near the toilet with a pregnancy test in hand.

JONAS (25) runs in, worried.

Lisa shows the positive birth test to Jonas. His eyes widen, and he GUFFAWS with joy. They hug.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - THAT NIGHT

MARTY (21) works the open mic with a stand-up routine.

MARTY

I feel like we don't really need heroin anymore because we have TV on our laptops. You know? You go through a break-up, you had the shittiest childhood so you don't know what expression of love looks like, then your cousin calls you asking for money. Then you just... I don't know, you saw someone accidentally running over a cat. Generally a less-than-perfect day. You don't go home and shoot up, no, you press play on the 87th episode of The Office.

There are a few chuckles here and there, but the reaction is lukewarm in general.

MARTY (CONT'D)

What's crazy is, though, I think parents would be more disappointed that, instead of black-tar heroin, their kids just need to know what's going on with Jim and Pam. Like they go to the hospital, they say, "John, we're going to work through this, we get it. We're going to be with you every step of the way." But you see John sitting in his room close to finishing his second full run of *Dexter*, and you're like "where'd we go wrong, honey. What did we do?"

The audience stares blankly at him. One woman in particular, though, chuckles and smiles.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

The audience gives a tepid sympathy applause.

TITLE: BULLION

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Marty walks outside with a cup of coffee. The one laughing woman follows him, also with a cup.

WOMAN  
Hey. You did great up there.

MARTY  
Sure about that?

WOMAN  
I thought so, at least.

MARTY  
Thanks. That's kind.

WOMAN  
That's it?

MARTY  
What?

WOMAN  
I'm the only one who's come to talk to you after your set. I think I could get more than a "thanks, that's kind."

Marty chuckles nervously.

MARTY  
Alright. What should I say?

WOMAN  
How about if you asked my name?

MARTY  
Alright. What's your name?

WOMAN  
Betty.

MARTY  
Betty. Cool.

BETTY  
And yours?

MARTY  
Marty.

BETTY  
Nice to meet you, Marty.

Betty looks at Marty for a few seconds.

BETTY (CONT'D)  
Are you fucking kidding me?

MARTY  
What?

BETTY  
Fine, I'll nudge you along. Why  
don't you ask for my number?

MARTY  
Oh. Oh, okay.

Betty stares at Marty and raises her eyebrows.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Oh, you want me to- okay, um.  
Betty, could I get your number?

Betty puts her hand to her chest. Charmed.

BETTY  
I would be honored.

Marty hands his phone to Betty.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Lisa and Jonas stand inside as they watch Marty play with the dog. They're both real rabble rousers.

LISA  
I think you have to talk to him.

JONAS  
Are you sure about this? Absolutely  
sure? I'm sure there's something we  
could work out.

LISA  
I wish there was. But from every  
angle, it's bad.  
(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)  
We're starting a family, and we  
can't have "uncle Marty" around.

JONAS  
Uncle Marty could be fine.

LISA  
Uncle Marty would have to sleep in  
front of the TV for 18 years.

Jonas sighs.

JONAS  
I hate this.

Lisa rubs Jonas's back.

LISA  
I'm sorry.

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

Jonas sits at the table. He fidgets nervously.

Marty sits down.

MARTY  
Hey Jonas, what's up?

JONAS  
Nothing much. You want some tea?

MARTY  
We don't have tea.

JONAS  
Yeah. Yeah. You're right.

MARTY  
What's wrong dude?

JONAS  
Nothing. I just.

MARTY  
Spit it out man, you're making me  
nervous.

Jonas taps his fingers on the table.

JONAS  
Lisa's pregnant.

MARTY

Congratulations! Oh, that's great!  
That's amazing. Oh man, You had me  
on edge for a second there.

JONAS

Yeah, it's just... there's a few  
issues.

MARTY

Like what?

JONAS

Like pregnancy. It usually leads to  
a kid.

MARTY

Usually, yeah.

JONAS

And a kid usually needs a place to  
grow up, without maybe an uncle  
hanging around...

Marty. Confused.

MARTY

What?

JONAS

Alright. Lisa wants you to move  
out. And I think you should too.

Marty leans back. He puts his hand on his forehead.

MARTY

Oh... shiiiiiiit.

JONAS

Sorry man, but it's really the best  
thing for all of us. You don't have  
to go now, but it's just, for the  
baby's sake I think it's a "sooner  
the better" situation.

MARTY

Sure we can't work something out? I  
mean I could just hang, help out  
with the kid. I'm good with kids. I  
think.

JONAS  
Marty, if you stayed, you'd be  
sleeping in front of the TV for  
eighteen years.

A pause.

MARTY  
Did Lisa say that? JONAS (CONT'D)  
Lisa said that.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
This sucks.

Jonas looks down.

INT. CAR - EVENING

TYLER (18) sits in the driver's seat as Marty smokes a bowl  
in the passenger seat.

TYLER  
And he just kicked you out?

MARTY  
Not really. I've got two weeks.

TYLER  
Two weeks? How are you going to get  
out of there in two weeks?

MARTY  
I don't know. I'll find a way.

Marty takes a hit.

TYLER  
You'll need a job.

MARTY  
I'm sure there's something. I hope  
there's something.

Marty takes his last hit.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Oof. Thanks, I needed that. Could I  
get it on the tab?

TYLER  
Sure.

MARTY  
Cool. You're a lifesaver.

Tyler writes: "+\$20. \$310 total."

Marty leaves the car. He turns around.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Actually, sorry, could you get me  
to the coffee shop?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NEXT DAY

Marty walks into the coffee shop, only to see a guy playing the guitar on stage.

Marty looks disappointed. He walks outside.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - CONT'D

Betty walks up behind Marty.

BETTY  
Hey.

Marty FLINCHES.

MARTY  
Whoa.

BETTY  
Haha, sorry. Noticed Jack Johnson  
up there took your slot.

MARTY  
Yeah. It's a bummer.

BETTY  
That sucks.

MARTY  
It does.

BETTY  
For the record, I think he sucks.

MARTY  
Do you really?

BETTY  
He's the dude who shows up to  
college parties and does sub-prime  
John Mayer.

MARTY  
He's like, thirty-five.

BETTY  
Exactly.

MARTY  
You're here a lot.

BETTY  
Yep.

MARTY  
What for?

BETTY  
I'm really into iced Americano. And  
live performances.

MARTY  
Wow, that was a pretty obvious  
through-line. I probably could've  
guessed that.

Betty smiles.

BETTY  
Don't beat yourself up. What are  
you doing Saturday?

MARTY  
Not much.

BETTY  
You wanna do something?

MARTY  
Yeah, that'd be great, actually.

BETTY  
Cool, how does Melody's sound?

MARTY  
That sounds great, yeah.

BETTY  
Bomb-ass tiramisu.

MARTY  
Great stuff, I'm sure.

BETTY  
You know other words beside "great"  
exist.

MARTY

It's a good word.

BETTY

You just spill your guts to the room in there but out here you're like a puzzle.

MARTY

I'm no open book in there, either. There's a very specific image of myself when I do stand-up. Confident. But not overbearing. Smart. But not in any useful capacity. I write words to work to that, essentially.

BETTY

Well I think you're just fine out here.

MARTY

Thanks. I think?

Betty laughs.

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Marty plays with the dog in the backyard. He throws a tennis ball around, and the dog catches it and brings it back.

Marty TRIPS on a hole near a fence, and sees something sticking out of the dirt.

MARTY

Hey boy, you know you're not supposed to dig in the yard.

Using his hands, he digs out a chunk of something.

He rubs the dirt off the thing, and sees that it's NAZI GOLD BULLION. A heavy gold, 1-pound brick labeled with a swastika.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

Marty runs inside with the bullion.

INT. HOUSE - LATER

Lisa, Marty, and Jonas stand around the gold.

JONAS  
Is it real?

MARTY  
It feels real.

LISA  
I don't want this in the house. How  
did this even end up in our  
backyard?

MARTY  
Who knows. I mean, who cares even?

LISA  
I care. This is insane.

MARTY  
People find weird stuff all the  
time. We were just hit, I guess.

LISA  
"Hit"?

JONAS  
How much is this worth? Did you  
look that up?

LISA  
Jonas!

JONAS  
I just want to know.

INT. HOUSE - OFFICE - CONT'D

Lisa, Marty, and Jonas crowd around a computer monitor.

LISA  
Holy shit.

JONAS  
Ohhh-kayyy...

Jonas takes a deep breath and backs up.

LISA  
I'm serious Marty, I think we  
should hand this over to the  
government or something. I'd think  
keeping this shit would be super  
illegal.

JONAS

I agree. Also not sure if we want  
Nazi memorabilia in here for much  
longer. It's pretty unsettling.

MARTY

Relax, guys. It's a chunk of metal.  
A chunk of metal that's probably  
worth a lot of money to someone.

JONAS

Who, a Nazi?

MARTY

...maybe.

LISA

You can't be serious.

MARTY

Lisa, this could be the key. The  
money I get, it'll help me survive  
while I pursue comedy.

LISA

Like you've been "pursuing"  
anything for three years. Do the  
hard thing. This isn't your answer.

MARTY

Can't I just have this? For once?

Exasperated, Lisa leaves the room.

INT. CAR - OUTSIDE OF MELODY'S - EVENING

Marty inspects the dirty gold bullion, with Tyler next to  
him. They're parked.

TYLER

I don't know about this.

MARTY

This is a sign. I mean, just when  
I'm in this sticky-ass situation,  
suddenly some gold shows up?

TYLER

Sticky-ass?

MARTY

It's a miracle.

TYLER

How? From a racist God?

MARTY

It seems a little too coincidental,  
don't you think?

TYLER

Whatever you say man.

Marty looks at the gold some more. He's oddly entranced.

TYLER (CONT'D)

So who's this girl?

MARTY

Betty. She's great. She introduced  
herself to me. Can you believe  
that?

TYLER

(sarcastically)

Oh wow, insane huh?

MARTY

I just hope this works out. I've  
managed to screw up everything else  
before.

TYLER

Well. You could start with not  
ogling Nazi gold.

They spot Betty walking out of her car.

MARTY

There she is. Could you keep this  
here?

TYLER

No! Fuck no! I'm not touching that!

MARTY

Ugh. Fine.

Marty stuffs the bullion into his pocket. He walks out of the car and into the restaurant.

INT. MELODY'S - LATER

Marty sits across from Betty. They both look positively delighted.

MARTY  
What do you do?

BETTY  
I work in server management. What that means I can't really tell you, because I'm still kind of figuring it out.

MARTY  
Sounds familiar.

BETTY  
What about you?

Marty is caught a bit off-guard.

MARTY  
Me? I'm kind of between jobs right now.

BETTY  
Oh, cool.

INT. HOUSE - SAME

LISA  
I just think you should talk to him.

JONAS  
He literally found gold, Lisa. He's not letting this go.

LISA  
I swear to God, you've all gone insane.

JONAS  
You're the one who wants him out so badly!

LISA  
This isn't a matter of convenience, Jonas! If I just wanted peace and quiet and some cinnamon toast crunch left over at the end of the week, I would've kicked him out a long time ago.

JONAS  
I thought it was you eating all of the cinnamon toast crunch...

LISA  
You can't let him do this. We can't  
let him do this.

INT. MELODY'S

MARTY  
I was born on the back of a  
stallion.

BETTY  
No, seriously.

MARTY  
Fine, my mom was pregnant. And she  
got to the hospital on a stallion.

BETTY  
Well I was born in the back of a  
Cadillac.

MARTY  
For real?

BETTY  
For real.

MARTY  
I feel like you guided that  
conversation so you could tell that  
story.

BETTY  
So what?

INT. HOUSE

JONAS  
I just don't know why you're  
freaking out so much.

LISA  
Jonas. Did you forget my fucking  
maiden name was Stein?

INT. MELODY'S

MARTY  
That is messed up.

BETTY

You gotta do what you gotta do.  
Besides, I got free bread out of  
the whole ordeal.

MARTY

Wait, you got a settlement from  
someone harassing you at Target and  
you used it on bread?

BETTY

I really like bread!

INT. HOUSE

JONAS

Shit.

LISA

And if you think this is really his  
last thread, tell him to go for it.  
But just know he plans to jumpstart  
his life on blood money. And I hope  
you're okay with that.

INT. MELODY'S

BETTY

(whispering)

You wanna know a secret though?

Marty leans in, but the GOLD BULLION in his pocket falls out.

Betty sees this.

At first, she's confused.

And then horrified.

BETTY (CONT'D)

What the hell is that?

MARTY

What?

Marty looks down.

MARTY (CONT'D)

... I can explain.

Betty leaves the restaurant.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Wait!

Marty leaves the table, but comes back for the gold.

EXT. MELODY'S - CONT'D

Betty briskly walks away from the restaurant.

MARTY  
Betty, hold on.

Betty ignores him.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Betty! I'm not a Nazi!

Betty turns around.

BETTY  
Then what was that?

MARTY  
I'm selling it.

BETTY  
Oh. Great.

Betty walks away again.

MARTY  
No, hold on. I just... I found this  
in my backyard and I need to sell  
it to move out.

BETTY  
Cool!

Betty keeps walking.

Marty steps in front of Betty.

MARTY  
I know this looks bad, but I can  
promise you it's not.

BETTY  
Oh yeah, Marty?

MARTY  
I found it. I'm just selling it.  
That's all.

BETTY  
To who? Probably a neo-Nazi or something?

MARTY  
I mean, probably.

BETTY  
You do realize that's still insane, right?

MARTY  
Betty. Just. I need this, okay? I mean, I'm not a fascist!

BETTY  
But you're giving one something, right? And you're reaping the benefits?

MARTY  
But it's not me! I'm just getting help!

BETTY  
Listen to yourself. Listen, I had a cool time but, I can't do this. Sorry.

Betty walks away.

Marty hangs his head in shame.

TYLER drives up, bumping IGNITION (REMIX) by R. Kelly.

TYLER  
So? How'd it go?

MARTY  
Didn't you see her just leaving?

Tyler realizes it probably didn't go super well.

TYLER  
Ack. Bummer, man.

Marty gets in the car.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
I'm really sorry, dude.

MARTY  
It's fine.

It's probably not fine.

Marty gets an alert on his phone. He checks it.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Tyler. I think I have a buyer.

INT. HOUSE

Lisa nurses a cup of coffee at the dining room table.

Jonas sits next to her.

JONAS  
You know all this stress isn't good  
for the baby.

LISA  
What, Marty, or the one in my  
uterus?

JONAS  
Good one.

They sit silently for a moment.

JONAS (CONT'D)  
I'll talk to him.

LISA  
No, I will.

JONAS  
Why?

LISA  
You're too nice of a brother. You  
wouldn't gut punch him for being  
stupid.

Jonas laughs.

JONAS  
And you would?

LISA  
I mean.

Lisa sips her coffee.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A dark, empty lot. A BALD MAN leans next to a truck.

Tyler and Marty pull up to the parking lot.

INT. CAR - SAME

TYLER

Jesus, Marty. Are you positive  
about this?

Marty is silent.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONT'D

The Bald Man stares ominously at Tyler's car.

Tyler parks, and Marty walks out of the car and towards the Bald Man.

The Bald Man looks at Tyler. Tyler waves in a way-too-friendly manner.

BALD MAN

He's gotta go.

MARTY

What? Why?

BALD MAN

Don't ask questions here if you  
know what's good for you.

Marty backs away and heads to the car.

MARTY

Apparently you gotta go if I know  
what's good for me.

TYLER

What?

MARTY

I don't know. Just wait for me.

Tyler drives away.

Marty walks back to the Bald Man.

BALD MAN

So you got it?

MARTY  
Yeah. Yeah, let me just.

BALD MAN  
Hold on!

Marty stares at the Bald Man. He's very clearly scared, frozen in place with his hands in his pocket.

BALD MAN (CONT'D)  
I gotta show you the money first!  
Sorry, I'm awful at this.

MARTY  
No, no, you're fine.

The Bald Man takes out a brown paper bag, and shows it to Marty. It's stuffed full of cash.

BALD MAN  
Eight thousand.

Marty gives an awkward smile, then pulls out the gold.

MARTY  
Here it is.

INT. CAR - SAME

Tyler is parked farther away from the lot, and he blasts indie rock while bopping his head.

EXT. PARKING LOT

BALD MAN  
Oh, beautiful. I've never seen  
something more glorious in my life.

Marty looks down at the gold. He looks at the Nazi symbol, glistening back. He looks at the man, his look of pure joy.

BALD MAN (CONT'D)  
What?

MARTY  
I don't know...

Marty starts inching back slowly.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
I'm not sure about this.

BALD MAN  
Oh come on. What's wrong?

MARTY  
I don't think I can go through with it, man.

BALD MAN  
(angrier)  
What are you talking about? We had a deal, man.

MARTY  
Sorry.

Marty backs away a little faster.

BALD MAN  
Are you fucking serious?

Marty turns around and makes a call on his cellphone.

INT. CAR - SAME

Tyler's phone rings, but the music is so loud he doesn't notice it at all.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

Marty looks at his phone, confused.

MARTY  
Dammit, Tyler.

BALD MAN  
HEY! I'M TALKING TO YOU!

The Bald Man grabs a baseball bat and walks towards Marty.

BALD MAN (CONT'D)  
Look at me, you bitch!

Marty starts running and dials the number again.

MARTY  
Pick up!

The Bald Man SWINGS the bat at Marty.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
AH!

Marty runs.

INT. CAR - SAME

Tyler jams to the song, but notices his phone ringing. He turns down the music and picks it up.

TYLER

Hello?

EXT. PARKING LOT

MARTY

I'M GETTING CHASED GET THE HELL  
OVER HERE-

INT. CAR

Tyler just hears inaudible screaming, but he turns around and sees Marty getting chased by the man in the lot.

TYLER

Shiiiiit.

Tyler starts the car and slams the pedal.

EXT. PARKING LOT

BALD MAN

WE HAD A DEAL!

Marty sprints faster.

The car pulls up, and Marty gets in the car.

MARTY

GO GO GO!

The Bald Man SWINGS the bat into the front of the car.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NEXT MORNING

Marty and Tyler look at the dent in the car.

MARTY

I'm sorry-

TYLER

It's good. It's fine. I'll... it'll  
be fine.

MARTY

I really fucked up this time.

TYLER

You know what, Marty? I think, for  
the first time in a while, you're  
absolutely right.

Tyler gets in the car and drives away.

Marty sits on the driveway and massages his forehead.

Lisa walks out of the house and sits next to him.

MARTY

Did you hear all that?

LISA

No, but I saw it.

MARTY

How stupid am I? You told me not to  
do it. Tyler did too. Oh God.

Marty puts his face into his hands.

LISA

Whatever you might think, I do care  
about you. Even though you may be  
an idiot.

MARTY

Thanks.

LISA

But I also want you to do well. I  
didn't want you to leave the house  
just because of the baby. I want  
you to leave because I know you're  
better than this. Seeing you waking  
up on the couch every day, having  
to mooch off of everyone. It's more  
than just an inconvenience, it  
seriously bums me out. And it  
worries me that it doesn't bum you  
out, too.

MARTY

You think I like this? Having to be like that one fish that lives on that bigger fish and sucks up the big fish's skin nutrients?

Lisa is thoroughly confused.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I'm afraid, okay? I'm a dumb, scared baby and I don't think I can do it.

LISA

Marty, Jonas will always be your brother. But he's starting a family.

MARTY

I know.

LISA

I get it. I really do.

MARTY

I'm sorry about this mess. I know it's not your fault. Ugh, I'm so pathetic.

LISA

You're not.

MARTY

I'm so goddamn stupid.

LISA

You're... not.

MARTY

I'm moving out. You're right about this. All of this. I can't stay another day.

Lisa smiles.

LISA

Hey, you know, I'm sorry too. Still not super cool with you selling the gold, though.

MARTY

Actually...

Marty pulls out the gold. Lisa BEAMS, and hugs Marty.

LISA  
OH MY GOD! I've never been happier  
to see a swastika!

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

Marty digs up a hole in the dirt. He tosses the gold in, and shovels dirt back into it.

He pats the dirt down, and sits solemnly next to the patch.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - EVENING

Marty does a stand-up set.

MARTY  
I think, when you're moving out of  
a place, it kinda feels more  
emotional to leave all the  
miscellaneous shit you have to  
leave behind rather than the actual  
people?

INSERT: Marty, at the bank, withdrawing a bunch of cash.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
And you'll be saying goodbye to  
your roommates and stuff.

INSERT: Marty hugs and says bye to Jonas and Lisa, and hugs the dog goodbye.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
It's emotional, but then you'll get  
to like, the cups, or the weird  
chipped counter, or your favorite  
chair, and you kinda well up. Like,  
"oh no, Charlie Brown-brand plates,  
what if I never see you again?"

The crowd laughs.

INSERT: Marty's at Tyler's front door. Tyler opens the door, and Marty hands him an envelope of cash. Tyler HUGS Marty.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
And of course, in the back of your  
head, you know you're going to miss  
the people who've given you love  
and grief, but just in that moment,  
you're like, "fuck. That really was  
a great chair."

The audience laughs and APPLAUDS.

Marty, smiling, leaves the stage. He grabs a rolling suitcase, but on his way out, he sees Betty talking to a guy.

He quickly looks away and heads out.

Marty puts his hand on the door, but Betty taps his shoulder. He turns around.

BETTY

Hey.

MARTY

Hey.

Betty looks at his suitcase.

BETTY

Going somewhere?

Marty looks back at her with a blank look.

THE END.