

EASY MONEY

written by

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EXT. SUBURBAN STREET-DAY

A beat-up old 4-door rolls up to a curb and stops. Inside is an unkempt man (FLOYD in his twenties), staring across the street, to-

A nondescript upper class house. Looks like every house on the block.

INT. FLOYD'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

Floyd reaches for a crumpled up piece of paper on the dashboard, reads it- '335 W Trome Dr, Lees Summit.' He looks over to the house. It's the same address.

Suddenly Floyd attention is stolen - a Range Rover pulls into the driveway and parks. A man (MARK, early 50s, looks coming from a gym) gets out. As he unloads some groceries he glances over and notices Floyd, watching him. Floyd immediately plays it off, starts his car and goes...

Montage of Floyd driving.

FLOYD (VO)

Easy money. It's what we all want,  
isn't it? I know I did. And one day  
I actually found it...

EXT. CITY STREET-FLASHBACK-DAY

Floyd walks, stops at a telephone pole where a paper advertisement hangs- 'Looking to MAKE MONEY FAST? Call me today! Set your schedule AND have fun on the job!

Floyd tears off the number.

INT. FLOYD'S CAR-DAYS LATER

Floyd drives. At a stop light he glances over at the number sitting on the passenger seat, almost taunting him...

FLOYD (VO)

When I finally called the guy I  
could tell he was a little off. I  
was scared the job was gonna be a  
weird sex thing, but it turns out  
he just wanted me to follow him...

INSERT:

INT. PHONE BOOTH

CLOSE ON: Floyd's mouth as he talks to the MAN from the ad. This is MUTE, we don't hear his words, only his VO-

FLOYD (VO)  
He paid me by the hour. Told me to  
call him every day and report how  
long I'd followed him, what I saw-

EXT. STRIP MALL-DAY

Floyd quietly stalks Mark, watching as he stops for coffee.

FLOYD (VO)  
Did I think it was weird? Yeah,  
sure, but who am I to judge?

Mark suddenly looks up, in Floyd's direction. Floyd turns around, pretends to be looking in a store window...

EXT. MARK'S HOUSE-DAY

Floyd discreetly moves through the bushes in the front yard.

FLOYD (VO)  
And besides, it was easy money...

INT. MARK'S HOUSE-KITCHEN

Mark, in his robe. He pours himself a cup of coffee, then sits down at the table to read his newspaper...

BEAT. He looks up, hearing something, but all's quiet...

He goes back to reading. Then- Sudden RUSTLING outside. He jumps up, goes to the window overlooking his backyard-

He catches a FLASH of Floyd, stepping back behind his shed, just his leg as he goes into hiding. Mark GASPS...

BEAT. His mind is thinking what to do. He moves back to the kitchen and takes a STEAK KNIFE from the drawer...

EXT. MARK'S HOUSE-BACKYARD-CONTINUOUS

Mark, slowly approaches the shed. He's holding up the knife, as he rounds the corner-

Nothing. Floyd is gone. Mark scans all around, hurriedly. No one there.

INT. PHONE BOOTH-LATER THAT DAY

Floyd is bit worried.

FLOYD

Was that too much today? With the shed You looked really freaked out.

MAN (VO)

Are you kidding me? That was great. Keep it up...

FLOYD

Yeah, well, as long as you're paying me I will...

MAN (VO)

Don't worry about that, that's not going to stop...

Floyd grins to himself.

MAN (VO) (CONT'D)

In fact, I wanted to mention something... I'd be willing to up your rate, but how much will be determined by you.

FLOYD

What do you mean?

MAN (VO)

I liked your work today. I want to offer you a bonus.

FLOYD

How much?

MAN

The more you surprise me, the bigger the bonus...

CLOSE ON Floyd's eyes darting, thinking about possibilities.

EXT. MARK'S HOUSE-DRIVEWAY-MORNING

Mark walks to his car, in suit and tie, heading to work. He casually opens the driver's door and is shocked to see- The kitchen knife, HIS kitchen knife, sitting on the seat...

He looks up and scans around, but there's no one there... He rushes into the car and pulls out, as we PAN OVER TO:

At the end of the cul-de-sac Floyd watches him through binoculars. He's leaning back in his seat, out of view.

INT. FLOYD'S CAR-LATER

Floyd pulls up and parks in a mall parking lot. He watches shoppers coming in and out. Mark emerges

FLOYD  
There's my buddy. Do you wanna have  
some fun, buddy? Some 'excitement'?

EXT. MALL-PARKING LOT-CONTINUOUS

Floyd exits the car, starts following Mark.

Suddenly Mark takes a HIGH-POWERED TASER, turns around and starts walking at Floyd.

Floyd immediately stops in his tracks, notices the taser and runs away.

INT. PHONE BOOTH

FLOYD  
-What gives, man?! A freaking  
taser?! Are you serious?!

MAN (VO)  
What? You don't enjoy a little  
challenge?

FLOYD  
No way. You never said anything  
about this, that's too much. I'm...  
not sure I can keep doing this...

MAN (VO)  
How about an extra five grand. For  
a bonus? Would that work?

Floyd clenches his eyes. He knows he shouldn't say yes...

EXT. MARK'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Floyd is sitting in the darkness smoking. Tip of the cigarette lights up as he inhales.

He gets out of the car and goes in direction of Marks house...

INSERT:

FLOYD SNEAKS TO THE KITCHEN DOOR ON CCTV MONITOR.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE-KITCHEN

Floyd enters in the side door and stalks around, carefully.

INT. HALL-CONTINUOUS

Floyd, trying not to breathe, moves carefully down the hall. He approaches the bedroom door, slowly opens it a crack...

INT. BEDROOM-CONTINUOUS

Floyd peeks in, to find- Nothing. Mark isn't home. He relaxes, enters...

He looks around. Pictures of Mark with family. He lifts one of these and considers it, then suddenly THROWS it on the ground, shattering the frame. He does this to a few more, then approaches the bed and TEARS open the pillows.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT DOOR-LATER

Floyd, now having trashed much of the house, approaches the front door. As he turns the knob suddenly a SUPER LOUD alarm starts blaring. Mark steps out shooting the taser and missing just by an inch.

Floyd panics, quickly opens the door and runs.

EXT. MARK'S HOUSE-DRIVEWAY-CONTINUOUS

Floyd rushes out but HALTS at the sounds of approaching police sirens. They've got him...

INT. POLICE STATION

Floyd, bitter, holds his name on a slate for his mug shot.

INT. PHONE BOOTH-CONTINUOUS

FLOYD  
COPS?! COPS?! WHAT THE HELL?!

MAN (VO)  
You said you didn't mind a  
challenge for more money.

FLOYD  
I spent two nights in jail! I'm  
gonna have to go to trial!

MAN (VO)  
How about an extra fifty thousand?

Floyd is stunned.

MAN (VO) (CONT'D)  
I take it that's sufficient?

FLOYD  
Yeah... I guess it is...

MAN (VO)  
OK, is there something else?

FLOYD  
I... No...

MAN (VO)  
I ask because you're still on the  
line...

BEAT. Floyd thinks about it.

MAN (VO) (CONT'D)  
I think you secretly like playing  
with me...

Floyd is horrified, partly because the man is right...

MAN (VO) (CONT'D)  
Come around again tonight. If I  
like what I see maybe we can go  
even higher than fifty...

INT. FLOYD'S CAR-LATER

Floyd, parked again in the cul-de-sac, stares at Mark's house. He reaches into his glove box and takes out- A GUN. He checks it- It's loaded. He gets out the car...

EXT. MARK'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Floyd, head covered by a hoodie, KICKS in Mark's front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM-CONTINUOUS

Enter Floyd. Mark rushes in from the hall.

MARK

What the hell are you doing?!

FLOYD

Alright, NO MORE-

(lifting his gun)

I want my money, my fifty grand plus a bonus, and then I'm OUT. No more games...

Suddenly the phone in Floyd's pocket CHIMES, loudly. He's briefly distracted, enough time for Mark to lunge and tackle him to the floor...

The two men struggle. Mark knocks the gun out of Floyd's hand, though eventually Floyd overtakes him. He PUNCHES him twice, knocking him out...

BEAT. Floyd catches his breath, mind reeling. Suddenly his phone rings again. He takes it out- Unknown number.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

Hello?

MAN

I got it give it you. You've outdone yourself.

FLOYD

What?! You?! But...But...

The man starts to laugh, uncontrollably, sickly. It all dawns on Floyd- Mark was never the man who hired him.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

You son of a bitch...

More laughter as he hangs up, and makes a break for it...

EXT. DRIVEWAY-CONTINUOUS

Floyd runs for it, booking it to his car. Suddenly he stops in his tracks, spotting something at the end of the cul-de-sac- A MAN, staring at him from behind some shrubs.

FLOYD

You...

He starts to charge at the man but is cut-off in his tracks by the arrival of a of police car.

FLOYD (VO) (CONT'D)

In the end I guess it's true what they say- There's no such thing as easy money...

As the cops apprehend and cuff him, Floyd stares to the end of the street, watching the man disappear into the bushes.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET-CONTINUOUS

The man, now on an opposite neighboring street, gets into his car-

MAN

There's another thing they always say that I think might be true too- the best things in life are free...

-He starts the car, turns on the radio, BLASTING an old soul song from the 50s, and smiles to himself as he drives away.

FADE OUT.