

A KIND GESTURE

by

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EXT. DINER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Late hours. Only one CAR in the area.

DALE(20s), in a black hoodie, tries to steal the car.

He looks nervous. Sweat beads cover his forehead.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

A cheapie place to get a quick bite.

ANDREW(40s), the sole customer, munches on a sandwich.

A text message pops up on his phone.

It reads: *We waiting here. Down the road. Get here quick.*

Andrew sneers.

ANDREW

Screw you.

He types: *Be there in 5.* And sends it.

A text message appears on the phone screen: *Don't forget the thing. Hurry!*

He types and sends: *I won't forget it. Be there shortly.*

Andrew puts the phone down and chuckles.

ANDREW

Gonna fuck me, huh?

He glances through the glass wall at Dale, who is still struggling.

ANNA(60s), the waitress, comes to Andrew, follows his gaze towards Dale.

ANNA

Oh shit! These punks will never understand. Always wanna land in trouble. Let me call the-

ANDREW

No need for that, darling.

Andrew finishes his sandwich, takes out a few bills from his pocket, and puts them on the table.

ANDREW

I'll handle this.

Andrew moves towards to the exit.

ANNA

As you wish. Have a good one.

Andrew looks back and smiles.

ANDREW

I always do.

EXT. DINER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Upon seeing Andrew come out, Dale tries to flee.

ANDREW

Hey! Stop!

Dale walks faster, almost running.

ANDREW

Stop! I wanna help you.

Dale stops.

DALE

Why?

ANDREW

Maybe 'cause I *can* help you.

Dale starts to walk again.

ANDREW

Hey! I'm serious! You want my car,
right?

Dale stops again.

DALE

Yes.

(chuckles)

Will you give me your car?

ANDREW

I might.

DALE

What the fuck does that mean?

ANDREW

Would you mind turning around? So
that I can see the gentleman I'm
talking to.

DALE

No.

Dale starts to run. Andrew follows him.

ANDREW
Hey! Here's the key.

Andrew takes out the key from his pocket.

ANDREW
Last chance, bud. You don't wanna lose it.

Dale turns to face Andrew.

DALE
Look, don't play games with me. You have no idea how desperate I'm right now.

ANDREW
No shit, dude! I just saw how desperate you're. Is this your full time?

DALE
Fuck no! My first and... Maybe now my last.

Andrew takes a step forward.

ANDREW
Lemme guess here. You need a car for a special occasion. Right?

DALE
Yeah.

ANDREW
I'm proud of myself! But I'm no wizard, so you need fill me in.

DALE
And why would I do that?

ANDREW
You'll find out. Come on, tell me.

Dale sighs.

DALE
Tomorrow's the three years with my girl. So... I wanted to surprise her.

ANDREW
With what? A stolen car?

DALE

Hey man, do you see money hanging out of my pockets? Well, you won't 'cause I got no money.

ANDREW

That's not too hard to tell. And maybe she might suspect you, like from where the fuck did you get a car?

Dale looks as if he didn't think of this.

DALE

I'll say I had savings.

ANDREW

Well, I hope she's no economy student 'cause that answer's lame.

DALE

What the fuck do you mean?

ANDREW

You know anything about the economy?

DALE

Nothing.

ANDREW

Then let's just say that in this present economy, no fucking savings gonna put your ass behind the wheels of that car.

(beat)

Anyway, here you go.

Andrew tosses his car key at Dale.

Dale catches it.

ANDREW

Enjoy your life, man.

Dale shakes his head.

DALE

You not gonna fool me. You gonna call the cops. Better luck next time.

He tosses back the key at Andrew. Andrew catches it.

ANDREW

If I wanted to, I would've done it much earlier. Just hop in the car and get going.

DALE

You're fucking weird.

ANDREW

Trust me, you ain't the only one who said that to me.

DALE

I ain't falling for this... This trap.

ANDREW

You gotta be an idiot! You need a car to surprise your girlfriend, and you're getting one so damn easily, 'cause the owner of the car you were trying to steal has a kind heart. And you're turning down this opportunity.

DALE

I don't feel good about this.

ANDREW

About what?

DALE

About you and this awkward situation.

ANDREW

Just don't think much, man. Take the car and make your girlfriend happy!

Dale waits a long moment - deciding - but more than that, feeling uncomfortable.

DALE

You should really get yourself checked, dude. Goodbye.

Dale begins to walk away.

ANDREW

Your loss!
(murmurs)
Fucker.

Dale's phone rings. He answers it.

DALE
 Hey, honey!
 (beat)
 Coming in about... Ten minutes.
 Don't you worry.
 (beat)
 Oh yeah, there's a surprise for
 you. You need to wait.
 (beat)
 Love you. Bye.

Dale hangs up the phone.

ANDREW
 Stop lying to her, man. What you
 have got is nothing.

DALE
 Shut the fuck up!

ANDREW
 Last chance.

DALE
 You're fucking weird!

ANDREW
 Well, I accept that.

DALE
 What you'll get helping me? What
 the fuck you'll get helping a
 stupid fuck...

ANDREW
 You alright?

DALE
 Yeah.

ANDREW
 You just trailed off mid-sentence.

DALE
 Yeah, 'cause I realized that I was
 about to cuss myself.

ANDREW
 Well, in my defense, that's weird.

DALE
 Don't try to go off-topic here.
 Tell me, what the fuck you'll get
 helping me?

Andrew seems to be searching for an answer.

ANDREW

I'm just being a... A good Samaritan.

DALE

Bullshit! You'll call the cops.

ANDREW

Alright. Look, I got no bad intentions whatsoever. I just wanna help you 'cause you need help. Really that's it. No cops and nothing of that sorts. Promise. And also I'm running outta patience here.

Dale thinks hard for a moment.

DALE

OK. But this is no robbery. You get it?

ANDREW

Absolutely. I get it.

DALE

You're willing and... And *forcefully* giving me your car.

ANDREW

That's right. You're in desperate need of it. Here.

Andrew tosses him the car key. Dale catches it.

DALE

How can I give it back to you?

ANDREW

Ahh... You can drop it right here when you're done with it.

DALE

So... Until then, you'll do what? Fool around?

ANDREW

Don't worry about me. I got a habit of walking. And by the way, my motel's nearby.

DALE

Yellow Rocks?

ANDREW

Right on the money!

Dale and Andrew get to the car.

DALE

I hope I'm doing right. Fuck!

ANDREW

You're a caring person. Your girlfriend's so lucky. Now go on.

DALE

I'll drop the car tomorrow night. Right here in this spot.

ANDREW

No hurries. And good luck.

Dale gets inside the car.

ANDREW

Oh wait! Lemme get my stuff.

Andrew opens the passenger side door and retrieves a briefcase.

DALE

What's in it?

ANDREW

Some documents. Boring stuff.

DALE

Hey... Thanks man.

ANDREW

No problem... Ahh...

DALE

Dale.

ANDREW

Yeah, Dale. No problem, Dale.

DALE

I would love to know the name of the *good Samaritan* who's helping me.

ANDREW

It's Adam.

DALE

Thanks, Adam.

Dale reverses the car and positions it towards the exit.

Andrew smiles and waves him goodbye.

Dale waves back.

ANDREW
(murmurs)
To the left.

Dale steps on the gas and heads towards the exit.

ANDREW
(murmurs)
To the left. Please.

Dale takes the left and speeds off.

Andrew grins, takes out his phone, and starts to type: *On the road. You'll see my headlights.* Hits send.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Andrew sits on a bed, eating a club sandwich.

News flashes on a TV. It shows Andrew's car crashed into a tree and riddled with bullets.

The footage shows Dale on the driver's seat. Dead.

A REPORTER starts to cover the news. But we don't hear it.

Andrew doesn't seem to be bothered at all and finishes his sandwich.

He takes out his phone. There's already a seen message with time stamp of 1:03 AM.

It reads: *U son of bitch u fuck with us fucking rat u take our thing now u r gone go hide motherfucker u will pay for this with ur life.*

Andrew switches off his phone and takes out the SIM card.

He puts his hand over the briefcase, taps his fingers on it, and smiles. A smile of pride.

ANDREW
Thanks, Dale.

Andrew takes the briefcase and leaves the room.

END.