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 GUUFFAWARES 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... shiiiiiiiiiit.

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
    Shiiiiiit.

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.