

BLOOD MONEY

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Grimy wallpaper. A humming mini-fridge. Flickering overhead light. A duffel bag hits stained carpet—money soaked in blood.

Two bank robbers: KEV (50s), grizzled and bitter. RAY (40s), tense and wired.

KEV

You just had to shoot him. Look at this shit. How the fuck are we supposed to spend it?

Kev pulls out fistfuls of bloodied cash.

RAY

He didn't listen.

KEV

You're an amateur, that's what you are.

RAY

We clean it.

KEV

Five jobs before, on my own. Never like this.

RAY

Maybe you should've done it alone.

KEV

I thought you were dependable. Fuck me...

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kev scrubs cash in the sink. Ray smokes. The blood clings.

KEV

This is bullshit.

RAY

Half of that's mine.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

A key turns in the door.

THE CLEANER (50s, Eastern European, tired) enters with her cart. She freezes at the sight of the men—and the blood-soaked bag.

Kev and Ray snap awake.

KEV

Fuck.

Ray grabs her by the neck. Eyes her supplies.

RAY

Maybe we caught a break.

KEV

The only luck we've had is bad.

RAY

(to her)

You clean?

KEV

Let her go, man.

Ray releases her. Locks the door.

RAY

You've got one job—get the blood out. That's your ticket out of here.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

The Cleaner scrubs bills with bleach and soap. The blood won't budge. She mutters under her breath in her language.

Kev watches, deflated.

KEV

We should burn it and disappear.

RAY

I've got nothing else. No home. No car. No one waiting. I'm not leaving this behind.

KEV

No one wants this kind of money.

RAY
I'll find someone.

Ray storms over. Claps near her face.

RAY (CONT'D)
Clean the fucking money! Now!

KEV
She doesn't understand a word.

RAY
She understands just fine. If not,
I'll teach her. I'll slap her,
punch her, bite her.

KEV
What a genius plan.

RAY
My dad taught me that way.

KEV
Did it work?

A beat.

RAY
I shot him.

KEV
Heart warming. Save it for
Christmas.

The Cleaner stops. Shows the rag, the ruined bills. Defeated.

RAY
Get the blood off, you stupid
bitch!

Ray draws his gun—trembling, sweating.

KEV
What the fuck are you doing?

RAY
She's messing with us.

KEV
Then you clean it.

RAY
She's the professional.

KEV
And we're bank robbers? Look at us.

RAY
It's my first time.

KEV
So you're a liar and a killer.

RAY
Killing's the only thing I've ever
been good at.
(aims gun)
Bye, bitch.

Kev steps in front of her.

RAY (CONT'D)
Move.

Kev slaps him. Kicks the gun. They fight—vicious and desperate.

The Cleaner crouches, hands Kev a screwdriver.

Kev stabs Ray in the neck. Blood sprays. Ray collapses, dying.

EXT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Kev opens the door. The Cleaner stands, silent. A nod from him. The faintest smile from her.

She leaves.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Kev slumps into a stained chair. The ruined bag sits in the corner, untouched.

He doesn't move.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.