"DAILY GRIND"

by

J. Martinez
FADE IN:

EXT. AN AVERAGE SUBURBAN HOUSE ON AN AVERAGE SUBURBAN ROAD
IN AN AVERAGE SUBURBAN CITY. DAY

A sleek, black BMW pulls in front of the SUBURBAN HOUSE. The DRIVER gives two quick honks of the horn letting his FRIEND know that he’s out front.

The PASSENGER comes out the front door, locks it, and lumbers towards the BMW.

The Passenger gets in the car.

    DRIVER

    Ready?

    PASSENGER

        (sighs)

        Yeah.

The BMW pulls out and off they go.

    DRIVER

    Okay, where is this place, again?

    PASSENGER

        (unenthusiastically)

        The First National Bank on Custer.

    DRIVER

    What’s wrong?

    PASSENGER

        I don’t know. I just— I don’t know. I’m bored. I’m bored with this job. I’m bored with this house. I’m bored with life.

    DRIVER

        Look, don’t start today. Alright? I’m in a good mood. It’s a nice day. Nothing’s stopping me today.

They drive in silence for a beat.

    PASSENGER

        I hate my job.
DRIVER
What’s to hate? You make good money. You have a house. A car – granted it’s in the shop right now. A pool. A swim-up bar in the pool.

PASSENGER
Yeah, I know. I make enough money. But, it’s not enough.

Driver looks at him incredulously, thinking he’s talking about the money that’s not enough

PASSENGER
No, no – this (referring to the materialistic car)
This is not enough. I feel like I’m meant to do something else.

DRIVER
Well, it’s not like you can do anything else. You dropped out of college.

PASSENGER
You got us kicked out of college.

DRIVER
Semantics.

PASSENGER (aghast)
You were the one that thought it would be fun to break into the Business Admin Treasury Office.

DRIVER
Ah, but we only got busted for breaking into the Business Admin building.

PASSENGER
Whatever.

They drive further on in silence.
PASSENGER
(rhetorically)
I think I need a hobby.
(beat)
I’ve always wanted to learn how to tap.

DRIVER
(beat)
Um... What?

PASSENGER
Tap.

DRIVER
(confirming)
Tap.

PASSENGER
Tap dance.

DRIVER
(looks at Passenger)
Yeah... That’s gay.

PASSENGER
What’s gay about that? Gregory Hines tapped.

DRIVER
Shirley Temple tapped.
(beat)
Besides, even without the tap dancing Gregory Hines is cooler than you.

PASSENGER
Was.

DRIVER
What?

PASSENGER
Was. Gregory Hines died.

DRIVER
WHAT?

PASSENGER
Yeah.
DRIVER
(incredulous, again)
When?!

PASSENGER
I don’t know. What, ’02, ’03?

DRIVER
No shit?

Passenger nods.

DRIVER
Well, even dead, he’s still cooler than you.

PASSENGER
Agreed.
(beat)
Running Scared was a great movie, though.

DRIVER
Totally. If we were in that movie, I’d be Gregory Hines.

PASSENGER
I have no problem being Billy Crystal. He had all the great lines.

DRIVER
Pfft! Gregory Hines had the better lines.

PASSENGER
(imitating Billy Crystal in Running Scared)
Oh, no.

DRIVER
(throwing both fingers at Passenger imitating Gregory Hines in Running Scared)
YYYEEESS!
Passenger chuckles.
They drive in silence for a few more moments.

**PASSENGER**
You know another good movie?

**PASSENGER & DRIVER**
(simultaneously)
Stakeout.

Driver and Passenger look at each other.

**PASSENGER & DRIVER**
(simultaneously)
I’m Richard Dreyfuss!

Arguing ensues over who’s Richard Dreyfuss.
They drive in silence for a few moments, again.

**DRIVER**
Look, I know what you’re going through. I went through the same thing at my last job. But, things will get better. You have to make them better. But, they’ll get better.

(beat)
You’ll see.

(beat)
It’s either this or the Stop N’ Rob.

**PASSENGER**
No! No, no, no, no, no. No freakin’ way!

**DRIVER**
That’s what I’m saying! Enjoy this, because there’s a helluva lot worse things that you could be doing.

The BMW pulls into the parking lot of the bank.

**PASSENGER (O.S.)**
We should buy a bar and retire. In Mexico.

The BMW pulls up in front of the bank.

**DRIVER**
You ready?
PASSENGER
(sighs)
Yeah.

Like a precise, experienced dance move, the two guys put on ski masks and cock semi-automatic pistols.

CUT TO: BLACK

THE END

CREDITS

AFTER CREDITS - 5 MINUTES LATER

Driver and Passenger jump in the car with bags of cash. Sirens are heard behind them. Driver starts up the car as quickly as he can.

PASSENGER
I’m Richard Dreyfuss.