

NIGHT GAMES

written by

John Stone

"He who laughs Last, Laughs Longest."

Jhnstn87@aol.com

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Leggy, blonde, blue eyed LANGLEY (20's) sits up in bed next to handsome, dark haired Espanic PEDRO (40's).

They share a cigarette.

PEDRO

I'll leave her if you stop seeing that prick Swindon.

LANGLEY

I don't believe you. You'll never leave her, not while you're working for Milo.

PEDRO

I will baby, I promise

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Biracial junior negotiator SWINDON (Late 20's) sits at a desk and eyes hefty shouldered MILO - Caucasian (40's), as he kneels down and uses his thumbprint to unlock his safe.

He then loads the safe with bundles of cash, he takes from a small cabinet next to him.

SWINDON

So, when will I get my cut?

MILO

You'll get your fifteen grand when I get the rest.

SWINDON

Why can't I have it now? You and Pedro have got yours.

MILO

There's two-hundred K going in here. There's still a hundred-K outstanding.

SWINDON

Well, it's a bit unfair, seeing I executed the deal, initially.

MILO

You executed the deal?. You underestimated a contract worth three-hundred-K. I'm still waiting for the balance before I decide whether to give you anything at all.

He watches him close the safe and sit back down at his desk.

SWINDON

So when d' you expect the balance, then?

MILO

(Shrugs shoulders)

I dunno. How long's a piece of string?

Swindon angrily slides his chair back then jumps out of his seat.

SWINDON

This is a joke. I made the deal happen. If it wasn't for me there'd be nothing at all.

Milo throws up his hands in the air and shakes his head, before he slowly climbs out of his seat and steps towards him.

MILO

Don't get shirty, pal. You'll get your coffers, if and when I'm good and ready, understand?

SWINDON

But I just want what I'm owed.

MILO

(Furiously)

Get the fuck out of my office, you cheeky little cunt! You're fired.

SWINDON

(Outraged)

You what?! Sacked?! Just asking for what's mine?

MILO

Get the fuck out!

SWINDON

You won't get away with this,
Milo, you'll see.

He slams the door shut upon his exit.

Milo picks up the phone.

INTERCUT: WITH PEDRO AND MILO.

MILO

Pedro, make sure you keep the
safe key with you at all times.

PEDRO

Of course. But why?

MILO

I don't want that little fucker
Swindon sniffing around.

PEDRO

What's happened? Is he alright?

SWINDON

No, he wanted his cut. I wouldn't
play ball.

PEDRO

OK.

MILO

He nearly cost us a hundred
grand. He got all shitty, so he's
fired.

PEDRO

Oh no! Are you sure you know what
you're doing?

MILO

Yeah. But I've got a feeling
he'll be back with his tail
between his legs.

PEDRO

Of course. Of course.

END INTERCUT:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Langley sits behind the wheel. Swindon sits in the passenger seat

SWINDON

(Bitterly)

I'm only gonna take what's mine.

LANGLEY

How? It's locked away inside the safe, you said.

SWINDON

I know. But if I can find Pedro's key.

LANGLEY

All right.

SWINDON

I think he keeps it inside his top drawer.

LANGLEY

Are you sure you know what you're doing, Swindon?

SWINDON

Yes, I am. I know there's a spare key, in case Milo needs it opened when he's not in the office. He keeps files in there as well as cash.

(Introspects)

It must be there.

LANGLEY

Oh, be careful.

SWINDON

Pedro's the only other person who opens the safe. And that's only because he trusts him with impunity. He's married to his sister.

LANGLEY

So he's Milo's brother-in-law,
then?

SWINDON

Yeah.

LANGLEY

(Scowls)

Oh, I didn't know that.

SWINDON

Why would you? You don't know
Pedro, do ya?

FLASHBACK:

Langley and Pedro fucking doggy style on her bed.

END FLASHBACK.

LANGLEY

(Coyly)

No.

SWINDON

Cool. Wish me luck.

He opens the door and climbs out.

LANGLEY

Good luck, Swindon. And keep your
phone on, in case of anything.

He acknowledges and makes his way towards the main entrance.

INT. OFFICE BLOCK - NIGHT

He enters through the main door, using his key, then
immediately dismantles the CCTV camera above the entrance,
before he climbs the stairs.

INT. PEDRO'S OFFICE

Using the light from his iPhone he rummages through desk
drawers and cabinets.

Without success he makes his way back down the stairs.

INT. MILO'S OFFICE

He enters and immediately stares at the safe parked on the floor behind the desk.

CU: WROUGHT IRON SAFE WITH FINGERPRINT CONTROL AND KEY LOCK.

He bends down and attempts to lift it.

Too heavy, so he wedges open the desk drawers and continues to search for the key.

INT. CAR.

Langley spots a Porsche pulling up outside the block.

She immediately calls Swindon using her iPhone.

INTERCUT:

SWINDON & LANGLEY

He continues to rummage through drawers as his phone lights up. She looks over towards the block and panics.

He answers the call.

LANGLEY

(Nervously)

It's him. He's on his way up.

SWINDON

Are you sure it's him?

LANGLEY

Does he drive a Porsche?

SWINDON

Oh Shit!

END INTERCUT.

He hides behind the door as Milo enters and immediately goes towards the safe. He goes to open it using his thumb print, but then spots his desk drawers opened.

He turns around only to have Swindon's gun pointed in his face.

MILO

If you're gonna use that thing, I suggest you get on with it. But you won't get away with it. You're already fucking dead. The money in that safe belongs to Harry Jacks. D'you know who he is? Coz if you don't, you're about to find out. He'll cutcha bollocks off and shove 'em up your backside once he hears about this.

SWINDON

(Calmly)

I don't care. Just open it.

MILO

You know that's not happening, dontcha?

SWINDON

Don't make me fuckin' shoot you, Milo. Just open the fucking safe and give me my money.

MILO

(With bravado)

You haven't got the bottle.

SWINDON

(Shaking)

No? Try me.

MILO

By the way, Pedro's fucking your bird. If you don't believe me ask her yourself.

SWINDON

Just open the safe.

Milo stealthily produces a blade, then lunges towards him.

Swindon side steps him, before he pulls the trigger.

BANG!

Milo stumbles over his desk and looks up at him agape, before he falls to the floor.

Swindon panics and quickly exits.

INT. CAR

He opens the door and climbs onto the passenger seat.

LANGLEY

Oh my God! What happened? Are you okay?

SWINDON

I shot him, didn't I?

LANGLEY

You shot him? You idiot, Swindon.

SWINDON

He came at me with a fucking blade. I had no choice. Fuck! What am I gonna do?

LANGLEY

Is he dead?

SWINDON

I dunno. I legged it. I need to go back in and get the safe, otherwise this is all for nothing.

LANGLEY

I'll come with you.

SWINDON

I think we'll be able to carry it together.

INT. MILO'S OFFICE

They enter and creep up to Milo who lies supine on the floor.

They drag his body towards the safe, then place his thumb on the print ID setting.

They wait a moment, but the safe remains locked.

SWINDON

It doesn't work.

LANGLEY

He must've changed it.

SWINDON

We'll have to take it with us.
Give me a hand.

They attempt to lift the safe, but it's too heavy.

LANGLEY

Bloody hell! It's heavy.

SWINDON

Hang on. I've got an idea. Wait here.

He exits, then quickly returns with a trolley.

SWINDON /

This should do it.

LANGLEY

Where d' you get that from?

SWINDON

The paper cupboard.

Together they lift the safe on to the trolley then exit.

EXT. RAILWAY STATION TAXI RANK - NIGHT

Sitting inside his iconic black taxi FAT GEORGE (40's) waits for a fare. He gradually moves along the rank, until he reaches the front.

Appearing at his nearside window Swindon and Langley.

Swindon pulls a trolley that houses the safe. It's covered by a blanket.

SWINDON /

How much to Redhill, driver?

GEORGE

What, Redhill in Surrey?

SWINDON

Yeah.

GEORGE

Between one and one-fifty at a guess. Off the meter I can do it for one-twenty.

SWINDON

Let's go with that then.

GEORGE

OK. Jump in.

He starts the engine as they climb in the back with the safe.

Beat.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Langley wears a red wooly hat and sits quietly looking through the nearside window as the taxi moves along at pace.

The flash of headlights illuminate their expressionless faces.

Swindon leans over to her and whispers into her ear.

SWINDON

Got any money for the cab?

LANGLEY

(Aback)

No. I thought you had some money.

SWINDON

(Irked)

What? I ain't got any money.

LANGLEY

Are you flipping joking? How are we going to pay the fare?

SWINDON

I dunno.

A protracted silence as they stare out of opposite window, before she turns back to him and scowls.

LANGLEY

It was your idea to get a taxi, not mine.

SWINDON

I know. I know.

LANGLEY

Haven't you got Apple Pay on your phone, or a credit card?

He searches his pockets and panics.

SWINDON

Shit! My phone! I left it in the car.

LANGLEY

Oh, that was clever. Mum'll know I've used her car now.

SWINDON

Give me your phone a minute.

LANGLEY

What for?

SWINTON

I'll ring Jess and ask him to go and get it before she finds out.

LANGLEY

No, you won't. I locked it.

SWINDON

So we can't pay the driver then.

She ignores him, instead looks out of the window.

LANGLEY

Maybe he can open it for us.

SWINDON

I'm not asking him. He might dob us in.

LANGLEY

Don't be silly. He's a cab driver. They know everything.

SWINDON

Tell him you'll give him a blow job if he can open it.

LANGLEY

(Outraged)

Fuck off! You give him a blow job if he opens it.

SWINDON

Alright. I'll tell him we'll both give him a blow job if he opens it.

LANGLEY

You're such an idiot. Why are we taking it all the way to Redhill anyway?

SWINDON

You know why - Because that's where no one will find me.

LANGLEY

You can't hide forever. The police will find you sooner or later.

Another protracted silence as they sit and introspect.

He suddenly leans forward to speak to the driver.

SWINDON

Hey, driver. How's it going? You having a busy night, then?

George slides open his glass partition.

GEORGE

Call me George.

SWINDON

George, then.

GEORGE

What can I do for ya?

Swindon slumps back in his seat and puffs out his cheeks.

SWINDON

(To George)

We've got a little problem.

GEORGE

Oh yeah? And what's that?

LANGLEY

I'm afraid we can't pay ya for the ride home.

GEORGE

(panicked)

You what? You better be kiddin' sonny.

SWINDON

Your fare is in our safe.

GEORGE

Safe? What safe?

LANGLEY

The safe we have with us in the back.

SWINDON

My girlfriend forgot to bring the key.

GEORGE

I'll take you back and you can get it, then?

SWINDON

No! We can't, bro.

LANGLEY

Look, we were wondering if you might be able to open it for us.

GEORGE

How much is in there?

SWINDON

Enough to cover the fare.

GEORGE

A lack of communication eh? Happens all the time with me and my missus. She says I never listen to her. Truth is, she never listens to me, either.

She passes Swindon a cheap look.

LANGLEY

Yeah. That's fatal, that is.

GEORGE

Well, you're in luck.

LANGLEY

(Excitedly)

Oh really?

GEORGE

Yeah. My brother'll be able to open it for ya. He's pulled more safe jobs than I care to remember.

SWINDON

Wicked! So he'll be able to open it, then?

GEORGE

Yep. You'll have to give him a drink though.

LANGLEY

Cool. So where does he live?

GEORGE

About ten minutes away.

SWINDON

Wicked!

GEORGE

Well, let's not count our chickens just yet. He might not have the right tools anymore. I'll pull over and give him a ring, let him know we're coming.

He stops the taxi at the side of the road, then makes a call using his iPhone.

GEORGE /

Jimmy-? It's George. Sorry to call you this late, but I thought you might be able to help my customers out of a jam- They've got a safe with 'em, but they've lost the key. They can't open it, which means I won't get paid my fare- I dunno, I'll ask em. Hang on-

(Turns to them)

He wants to know what kinda safe is it?

SWINDON

Erm.

(Pulls blanket back)

Yale Maximum Security.

GEORGE

Is it coded?

SWINDON

No. It's Fingerprint and key lock.

George speaks back into his phone.

GEORGE

Did you get that-? Drill it out, right- Oki doki. I'll be with ya in about six minutes or so.

He ends the call and sets off again.

LANGLEY

We'll keep everything crossed.

GEORGE

Yeah.

Swindon and Langley fist pump to their success.

EXT. OLD COTTAGE - NIGHT

They pull up outside. It's pitch black.

George turns off the ignition and jumps out. He switches on his torch and walks towards the front door where he presses the bell and waits.

INT. TAXI

Swindon and Langley sit in anticipation with worried expressions showing on their faces.

LANGLEY

D'you think he's genuine?

SWINDON

I don't like the sound of this. We're in the middle of nowhere.

LANGLEY

What if they open it and decide to keep the money.

SWINDON

Then, we'll just have to fucking
kill 'em, won't we?

LANGLEY

How d'you propose we're gonna do
that?

He pulls back the breast of his jacket and shows her the gun.

SWINDON

With this.

LANGLEY

Swindon!

EXT. COTTAGE

George lets himself inside.

INT. COTTAGE

GEORGE

Jimmy, you here?

No reply, so he searches the place.

INT. TAXI

SWINDON

C'mom, I've had enough of this
bollocks. Let's see what's going
on in there.

They climb out of the cab and quietly approach the cottage.

INT. COTTAGE

They enter and quietly make their way through into the
lounge.

George enters and casually switches on the light. Langley
screams of fright.

LANGLEY

God! You scared me. So where's
your brother?

GEORGE

He's just popped out to get a special drill piece.

LANGLEY

We didn't see anyone go out.

SWINDON

Yeah, alright. This time of night? Where the fuck's he gonna get a drill piece at this hour?

GEORGE

You don't know my brother. He's got contacts. Anyway, he went out the back way. It leads to his car.

LANGLEY

So I suppose we just wait for him to get back then, do we?

GEORGE

Yeah. Look, shall we bring it in?

SWINDON

Yeah. I s'pose so.

GEORGE

I'll give you a hand.

SWINDON

C'mon.

They exit.

Langley sits down on the sofa and bites her nails with trepidation.

Beat.

They enter with the safe and place it in the middle of the floor, then sit down and stare at it in wonder.

GEORGE

Heavy little fucker, innit?

SWINDON

Yeah.

GEORGE

You should've cut off his finger.

LANGLEY

We tried.

GEORGE

So what are we looking at?

SWINDON

Probably two-hundred grand,
moreless.

GEORGE

How'd you come by that figure?

SWINDON

It was his share of a property
deal that I made. I saw him put
it in there.

GEORGE

How come?

SWINDON

I work for him.

GEORGE

He'll know you took it, then.

SWINDON

He's dead.

Langley throws up her hands in despair.

GEORGE

Did you kill him?

SWINDON

He tried to rip me off. He owed
me five per-cent of the money.

GEORGE

So you're the negotiator, then?

SWINDON

That's right.

GEORGE

They'll find ya, you know that?

LANGLEY

Look, where's your brother Jimmy.
I'm getting nervous about all
this.

The sound of a vehicle is heard pulling up outside.

GEORGE

That'll be him now. I'll let him
in.

He gets up and exits as mumbling voices are heard outside.

They get to their feet and stand over the safe.

George enters with brick shit-house HARRY JACKS and a burly
flat nose DUDE (50 & 60's).

GEORGE /

Here it is, gentlemen.

Swindon produces his firearm and points it at them as Langley
quickly retreats.

SWINDON

Back off! That safe ain't going
nowhere!

HARRY

Now come on, Swindon. Don't do
anything stupid. Give me that
thing before somebody gets
seriously hurt.

SWINDON

How did you know it was here?

HARRY

George here is a good friend of
mine.

BANG!

He shoots Harry in the head, as the other Dude rushes him and
a tussle ensues.

The firearm falls to the floor. George reaches for it, but
Langley gets there first and picks it up.

George quickly legs it.

BANG!

The other Dude falls down, after Langley pulls the trigger.

Swindon Grabs the firearm from her and dashes out after
George.

Langley produces a safe key from inside her bra. She quickly opens the safe and stashes the bundles of cash inside her knickers and down her bra.

CU: a set of car keys on the cabinet.

She grabs the car keys and exits.

EXT. COTTAGE

She jumps inside the taxi and starts the engine, before she drives off at speed.

INT. TAXI

Her POV: Swindon stands in the middle of the road. He frantically waves his firearm at her.

THUMP!

She takes him down and races away from the scene.

Beat.

She pulls over at the side of the road and removes the bundles of cash.

LANGLEY

Whoa! I'm fuckin' rich!

In the rear, George quietly listens, before he gets to his feet and rips out the perspex partitioning.

She screams in horror.

GEORGE

YOU LYING BITCH!

He brings his arm around her neck and squeezes until he hears it snap.

He dumps her body at the side of the road, then jumps back inside the cab and stares down at the quantity of cash lying beside him.

GEORGE/ (Aside)

(Grins)

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha...

FADE TO BLACK:

End.