

TEN GRAND

written by

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INT. CITY BUS - DAY

Two men sit beside each other. Both look like they've been through hell. Oblivious to the judgmental looks they're getting from the dozen or so PEOPLE dotted around the bus.

GRANT, 30s, a black eye, swollen cheek and several small cuts all over his face.

KYLE, 30s, a bandage across his nose and wads of toilet paper jammed up both nostrils. He holds a phone to his ear.

KYLE

Yeah...

(beat)

...no-- that's what I said...

(beat)

...but-- I mean-- he got his point across...

(beat)

...all right. Lenny, I understand... It's fine. Bye.

Kyle sighs. Hangs up the phone.

Grant sits forward, eyes widening in anticipation of how it went.

GRANT

Well?

Kyle stays silent. Staring off into space.

GRANT

Kyle?

Kyle snaps out of it. Looks at Grant.

KYLE

He said that was just a taste of what's to come. We have until noon tomorrow to deliver his money or we're dead.

GRANT

Dead?

Kyle nods.

GRANT

But... I don't wanna be dead.

KYLE

Me neither.

GRANT
Did you tell him that?

KYLE
I'm gonna go out on a limb and say
I don't think he cares, Grant.

Kyle pockets his phone. He hangs his head. On the verge of a breakdown

Grant lays his head against the glass. Staring into space.

GRANT
What are we gonna do?

Kyle shakes his head.

KYLE
I don't know...

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Kyle and Grant mosey down the side walk, maneuvering through PEDESTRIANS. They look over their shoulders every few seconds, making sure they aren't being followed.

KYLE
Okay, so... we've got less than
twenty-four hours to get ten
thousand dollars. We can do
that... right?

GRANT
Yeah...
(beat)
How?

Kyle scrunches his brow. Thinking hard. Apparently, it takes quite a bit of effort.

KYLE
I got it-- we'll just sell one of
your kidneys.

Grant stops in his tracks. Grabs Kyle's arm, jerking him to an abrupt stop.

A COUPLE behind them side-step quickly to avoid a collision.

GRANT
Wait, why do we have to see my
kidney? Why can't we sell yours?

KYLE

Because I'm the brains, you're the expendable one. Plus, I drink a shit ton of coffee-- my kidneys are gonna go soon anyway. No one's gonna want a worn out kidney.

GRANT

Fair... but who would we even sell it to?

KYLE

I don't know. But there's gotta be somewhere online you can sell a kidney.

Kyle pulls out his phone, starting down the sidewalk.

KYLE

Siri-- how do you sell a kidney online?

Kyle runs his hands over his back, massaging his kidneys. Then hurries to catch up to Kyle.

INT. KYLE & GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A messy, sparse place. What it lacks in personality, it makes up for with trash strewn over every surface. Empty pizza boxes and takeout containers cover the coffee table.

Kyle paces back and forth across the small amount of visible floor.

Grant sits on a grimy, stain-covered couch.

KYLE

All right, kidneys are off the table. What does that leave us?

Grant racks his brain. Searching for an idea. As the lightbulb in his head goes off--

GRANT

I got it! Drugs!

Kyle stops pacing. Turns to face Grant. Not opposed to the idea.

KYLE

Drugs?

GRANT

Yeah.

Grant gets off the couch and walks toward Kyle.

GRANT
People sell drugs all the time.
Look how many drug addicts are out
there-- it's gotta be a goldmine.

INT. KYLE & GRANT'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

The medicine cabinet is wrenched open, revealing near empty shelves with only a couple PILL BOTTLES here and there.

Kyle grabs the bottles from the shelves and feverishly scans them, hoping to find something good.

Grant peers over Kyle's shoulder.

GRANT
Anything?

Kyle's face slackens as he reads each new label.

KYLE
We've got Aspirin, Tylenol and
suppositories that expired three
years ago.

Grant rubs his temples, fighting a migraine.

GRANT
Shit!

Kyle throws the medicine into the sink.

INT. KYLE & GRANT'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - EVENING

Kyle and Grant sit at a folding card table setup in the middle of the room. A dinner of frozen pizza and beer sits in front of them. Untouched.

Both men stare at the table, lost in thought.

Finally, Grant breaks the silence--

GRANT
We're gonna die.

KYLE
We're not gonna die. We just have
to come up with a plan. We can do
this-- we're smart... right?

GRANT
We're gonna die.

KYLE
Shut up! We're gonna be fine, we
just need to find someplace
that'll just hand out money.

Beat.

Kyle and Grant share a look of mutual understanding.

KYLE	GRANT
A bank!	A bank!

INT. KYLE & GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grant shoves the trash off the coffee table and into the floor.

Kyle dumps an armful of BLACK CLOTHING, SKI MASKS, and a DUFFLE BAG onto the table. He steps back, looking down with more pride than necessary.

MOMENTS LATER

In a parody of much more badass scenes from movies, Kyle and Grant suit up. Pulling on ski masks, gloves, pants. The whole nine yards.

Now fully decked out, they turn to face each other.

Kyle and Grant look each other over, sizing up their "criminal looks".

They nod in unison. Pleased with themselves.

They pantomime a robbery-- Grant, the victim, Kyle the robber, complete with finger guns.

EXT. BANK - MORNING

THREE CUSTOMERS wait outside.

A BANK TELLER unlocks the front door. Then holds it open to allow them to enter.

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

Across the street, Kyle and Grant-- dressed in their outfits-- stand behind a dumpster.

They gaze at the bank, trying to build their courage.

KYLE
You ready?

GRANT
I'm ready. You ready?

KYLE
I think so. Did you bring the
guns?

Grant face-palms himself.

GRANT
Shit. I know I forgot something.

Kyle turns to face Grant. Pulls up his ski mask, revealing his face to anyone and everyone that may walk by.

KYLE
You forgot the guns?! What the
hell is wrong with you? I asked
you to do one thing-- one simple
thing.

GRANT
Why did I have to get the guns?

KYLE
Because I got the outfits.

GRANT
Yeah-- you took the easy stuff.

KYLE
"Easy stuff?" This is America,
dude. Walk twenty feet in any
direction and you'll find a gun.
You are so stupid.

Grant pulls up his ski mask. Now equally as identifiable to anyone that may pass.

GRANT
Excuse me?

KYLE
You heard me.

Instead of getting mad, Grant adopts a calm demeanor. Like a parent trying to sooth a child.

GRANT

Where's this coming from, buddy?
Are you mad at me, or are you mad
at yourself? Are you feeling
inadequate again?

KYLE

Do we have to do the this right
now?

Kyle angrily points at the bank.

KYLE

We've got bigger things to worry
about.

GRANT

I'm not going anywhere until we
work this out. If we don't have an
open dialogue, then what do we
have?

KYLE

I'm not doing this. We've got--
oh, I don't know-- about three
hours to get this money or we're
dead.

Kyle pulls down his mask. Adjusts the duffle bag on his
shoulder.

KYLE

Now put your mask on and come rob
this bank with me.

Grant sighs. Pulls down his mask.

Before the pair can turn toward the bank--

A POLICE SIREN.

Extremely close.

Kyle and Grant JUMP. They turn to see--

A POLICE OFFICER, 50s, burly, leaning against the open door of
his SQUAD CAR. He doesn't look the least bit concerned about
his own safety against these idiots.

POLICE OFFICER

How you boys doing?

Kyle and Grant freeze in their tracks. Grant raises his arms
immediately.

KYLE
Put your hands down.

He does not.

KYLE
(to Police Officer)
Morning, officer. How are you?

POLICE OFFICER
I'm hanging in there.

The Police Officer closes his door, then approaches the pair.

POLICE OFFICER
You boys wanna tell me what's
going on here?

KYLE
What are we-- that's to say us--
doing?

The Police Officer nods.

KYLE
We're just out for a walk, sir.

POLICE OFFICER
A walk?

KYLE
That's right.

POLICE OFFICER
I see.

The Police Officer looks them over.

POLICE OFFICER
(re: their appearance)
There any particular reason you're
dressed like thieves from a
cartoon?

KYLE
Oh-- that. It's a funny story.
See, what happened was--

GRANT
WE DID IT ALL RIGHT! WE WERE GONNA
ROB THE BANK!

Kyle sighs, putting his face in his hands.

GRANT

We needed money. We got in bad with a loan shark and he threatened to kill us if we didn't give him his money-- and we didn't have the money so we figured this would work. We were gonna sell a kidney, but we couldn't find a straight answer on how to do that. Plus, I kinda need my kidneys. So...

The Police Officer stares at them. Unable to believe what he's seeing.

POLICE OFFICER

Why don't you two come with me.

INT. SQUAD CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Kyle and Grant-- masks off-- sit behind the partition. Grant looks almost relieved. Kyle glares sideways at him. A look of utter hatred.

The Police Officer climbs into the driver's seat.

GRANT

Are you mad at me?

KYLE

Shut up, Grant.

GRANT

We were never gonna get away with it. You know that, right? We're not criminal masterminds. We're just... us.

Kyle thinks it over. He nods.

KYLE

Yeah... you're right. I guess one good thing about this is Lenny can't kill us at noon.

Kyle looks hopeful for a moment. A tiny smile twitches in the corners of his mouth.

Grant frowns.

GRANT

Can't he just find us when we get out of jail, though?

Kyle's face drops. The look of hatred returns.

KYLE
Shut up, Grant.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The squad car pulls off down the street.

The customers and some of the workers at the bank watch through the window.

The car drives down the street, hangs a right, and disappears from sight.

FADE TO BLACK.