

FOR MONEY

Written by

Simon K. Parker

copyright 2019
Simonkyleparker@hotmail.co.uk

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

MICHAEL, 47, blading and fat stands at the wall where a calendar hangs inside his small and modestly furnished apartment.

He marks the new day, the 5th with a big red marker pen.

He then goes further down the calendar to the 25th which is marked as 'payday'. There's a long time to go

He goes over to a nearby bookcase. Picks up his wallet, opens it and it's empty.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Michael enters the sparse room, just a mattress on the floor, pile of clothes on a chair. A big glass jar full of pennies. He empties the jar out on the bed. Quickly counts it out but it doesn't add up to much.

EXT. CITY STREET - CASH MACHINE - DAY

Michael puts in his bank card but his funds are zero. He punches the cash machine in anger but then instantly regrets it. Holds his injured hand and grimaces in pain.

INT. ROBERT'S CAR - DAY

An expensive sports car, ROBERT, 30, tall and handsome. Dressed in fashion branded expensive clothes, with several gold chains around his neck.

Michael sits beside him, hands together and grovelling.

MICHAEL

You're looking well I must say. I'm getting older and fatter but you, you're still the same.

ROBERT

What is it that you want?

MICHAEL

This is a little bit embarrassing for me, but I need to ask you for perhaps a loan. Or maybe for work?

ROBERT

You don't have a job?

MICHAEL

Yes, but it gives me peanuts when I need a lot more.

ROBERT

I'm not your saviour, I cannot save you and I won't be giving you any money because I won't see it again.

MICHAEL

My mother and your dear mother are sisters. That makes us blood.

ROBERT

Inconsequential.

MICHAEL

I go to sleep and I dream of nothing but money. I wake up and I have none. I'm consumed by it. I'm not as talented as you but there must be some work you can find me?

Robert opens up the glove box and inside it he takes out a fat wad of cash.

ROBERT

This is not out of thin air. Sacrifice, pain and suffering. You're not equipped to do the things that I do.

Michael eyes up the money, almost watering at the mouth.

MICHAEL

There must be something. I beg of you. Take pity. I sleep on a mattress on the floor. I'm tired of working. I want what you've got.

ROBERT

But you're not willing to do what it takes. If you were, you'd already have what I have.

MICHAEL

Test me. I need to be rich, I'm ready. My heart, mind and soul.

Robert eyes him up coldly, considering.

ROBERT

Do you have a car of your own?

MICHAEL

A humble little thing, ten years
old but reliable. Will get me from
point A to point B.

ROBERT

Then you'll be used for deliveries.
Bringing those who are guilty to
punishment they so richly deserve.

Robert takes a small amount of cash from the large bundle and
gives it to Michael.

Michael takes a gratefully. Brings the money up to his lips
and kisses it.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Robert waves Michael over who versus his car slowly down the
dark, dirty alleyway.

Robert then bangs on the side of the car with his fist.

ROBERT

Step out.

Michael parks the car up, does as he's told and gets out.

Robert then pulls out a heavily pregnant woman with a bag
over her head. Wrists and ankles tied together. He brings her
out from the back of a building and shoves her into the
backseat of Michael's waiting car.

Michael watches on, shocked.

MICHAEL

What on earth am I supposed to do
with that in the back of my car in
the middle of the day?

ROBERT

You are to deliver it.

MICHAEL

It? Delivery? She is pregnant.

With one hand Robert grabs Michael around the throat whilst
with the other he hits him hard across the face. Bloodies his
nose.

ROBERT

You said you wanted this. Well, do
you? You will deliver it. A simple
car journey, one not even you can
mess up.

Michael is stiff with fear.

MICHAEL

Of course. I'm just a simple driver
giving a pregnant woman a lift.
What does it matter that she has a
bag over her head and is tied up.

Robert now slams Michael up against the car, Michael grimaces
from the impact.

ROBERT

You asked for this. You must know
what I'll have to do to you if you
fail?

Michael nods, he does.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - DAY

Michael drives, follows the orders of the sat-nav. Uses the
rearview mirror to look back at the pregnant woman sitting on
the backseat behind him.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY

Michael's car comes off from the main road and parks up on a
quiet out of the way country lane.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - DAY

Michael turns around in his seat to face his passenger.

He reaches over and with a shaking hand he removes the bag
over the head. ANGELA, 21, beautiful. She whimpers at him
with a gag in her mouth.

MICHAEL

I don't even know where it is I'm
taking you.
(gestures to the sat-nav)
I'm just following this thing. Do
you know?

She nods. He takes the gag off of her.

ANGELA

You're taking me to be killed.

MICHAEL

Oh dear, and you know this for
sure?

ANGELA

They told me. A driver will come for me. You. And I'll be killed and buried where no one will ever find me.

MICHAEL

And what did you do to anger these people like this?

She places a hand onto her stomach.

ANGELA

I became pregnant and lied about having an abortion.

MICHAEL

And the father?

ANGELA

A politician. Frank O'Connell.

Michael's eyes get big, mouth agape.

MICHAEL

He's the deputy prime minister. Jesus Christ.

ANGELA

Yes. And he's friends with these gangsters. Paid them to make me and my unborn child disappear.

MICHAEL

Oh god. I thought I'd be transporting drugs, guns. Illegal exotic animals. But not this. Not you. A living, breathing human.

ANGELA

Two, living breathing humans.

MICHAEL

I'm not a monster.

ANGELA

All I wanted was to be left alone with my child.

MICHAEL

I can't do this.

ANGELA

And I can't run from them. If you're going to kill us, do it quickly. I can't go on like this.

MICHAEL

Kill, no. I just wanted money. I thought I'd be willing to do anything. But obviously not. I'm not taking you to them. No. I can't. I won't.

ANGELA

Who are you?

MICHAEL

Me? My name is Michael. And yours?

ANGELA

Angela.

MICHAEL

I'd rather be poor than evil. And meeting you is what's made me see that.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - DAY

Angela now sits up front with Michael. Her wrists and ankles untied. Michael drives, the sat-nav tells him to make a U-turn. He's going the wrong way. He turns it off and keeps on driving. Angela looks over at him and smiles gratefully.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END