

BALLS AND ASSHOLES

Logline: After a "symbolic" heist, two fugitives must deal with a real robbery, as tension rises between the two.

EXT. HOT SPRING - AFTERNOON

Two cans of orange crush BUMP against each other. ETHAN (late 20s, black shirt and pants, with sunglasses) and TOMMY (early 20s, thin, pale, wearing thrift pants and a blue checkered shirt) sit on camping chairs in front of a tent. Nearby is a hot spring with smoke rising above the water.

ETHAN

Cheers. Consider yourself a man now. You did something ballsy. It's all uphill from here, baby.

TOMMY

If we don't end up in jail.

ETHAN

I thought you were on board with this. I was starting to be proud of you. The money never actually left the bank, so it's not like we stole it. It was a symbolic thing.

TOMMY

Pretty sure we committed a crime.

ETHAN

No, we didn't even have real guns.

INT. BANK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Ethan shoves money in a black duffel bag. Another bag half filled next to him. In the b.g., Tommy holds bank clerks (o.s.) at gunpoint, shaking. Both wear sunglasses.

ETHAN (V.O.)

We got in with fake money and left with it. We fooled around with the real money to add authenticity to the experience. But I left it there. I told you I left it.

Ethan shoves a duffel bag under a bench as he walks away.

EXT. HOT SPRING - AFTERNOON

Ethan leans back on his chair.

ETHAN

We did nothing wrong.

TOMMY

Why are we hiding here then?

ETHAN

It's part of your journey. Step one, learn to take action. Step two, which we'll do tomorrow morning, dump the fake money in the spring as a gesture of separation from the material. We need the daringness of thieves without the assholeness of theft. The balls without the asshole. Speaking of action, go hide bag. Fake or not, we don't wanna be caught with that cash. Put your gun in there too.

Tommy grabs the duffel bag and walks to a tree. He places it between two large roots protruding from the ground. He takes a black gemstone out of his pocket and squeezes it, whispers.

TOMMY

Please give me the strength to keep it together.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Tommy's in front of the bank, holding his stone.

TOMMY

Please give me the strength to go through this and to --

Ethan grabs him and pulls him in the bank. SCREAMS (o.s.)

EXT. HOT SPRING - AFTERNOON

Guilt fills Tommy's face as he covers the bag with dead leaves. From a distance, MERVIN (20s, fat, long and curly hair, a denim vest) watches him, mouth open. He sneaks away.

EXT. HOT SPRING - EVENING

Ethan hands Tommy a can of maple syrup.

ETHAN

Take a sip of sugar, you deserve it. Today was just the start of your growth as an individual. No more living in mom's basement.

(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

No more wives leaving you 'cause you're spineless. I did this mostly for you. Don't you feel alive?

TOMMY

Well I --

ETHAN

Things are looking up for us.

Mervin and JIMBO (20s, skeleton thin, messy hair) emerge from the woods. Mervin points a crossbow at them. The price tag is still on it. Ethan and Tommy get up and step back.

MERVIN

Give us the money. And the snacks.

ETHAN

What money?

MERVIN

I saw you hide the bag. I heard the word money. I'm pretty good at putting two and two together.

TOMMY

Let em have it, it doesn't matter.

ETHAN

Stay out of this.

MERVIN

Jimbo, go get it. Under that tree.

JIMBO'S POV - HE LOOKS AT THE FOOT OF THE TREE

The leaves swirl into a whirlpool of colors.

BACK TO SCENE

JIMBO

Man, I'm fucked up.

MERVIN

(to Tommy)

You put it there, you fetch it.

Tommy fetches it. He looks at Ethan, then opens the bag.

TOMMY

You took the real money...

ETHAN

Isn't there something else you  
wanna take in that bag? Something  
that could be very useful now.

Tommy takes out his gun and points it at Mervin.

MERVIN

Drop the gun.

TOMMY

Drop the crossbow.

Ethan reaches for his backpack and takes out his gun.

ETHAN

Doubly drop the crossbow.

Jimbo picks up a stick and waves it around at nobody.

ETHAN

What would you do with money  
anyway? Buy more drugs?

MERVIN

What about you, mister perfect?

ETHAN

I'll invest it. I have half a  
degree in economics. Start a  
business, stimulate the economy.

MERVIN

That's what we'll do too. Open a  
munchies shop on the beach.

JIMBO

I never really agreed to that.

MERVIN

You agreed to that this morning.

JIMBO

I was drunk. Now I'm high. It  
puts things in perspective.

ETHAN

Need the money to grow mushrooms?

JIMBO

Pay for grandma's cancer treatment.

Awkward pause.

ETHAN

With all due respect, she'd die of old age the week after. Money belongs to the young and ambitious.

Tommy opens Ethan's backpack. Full of counterfeit money.

TOMMY

You were gonna switch it during the night. You used me.

(then)

I knew it...

ETHAN

Stop whining, will you? You got more out of the experience.

TOMMY

I'd prefer cash.

ETHAN

With all due respect, money belongs to a leader. You're a follower.

MERVIN

You two clearly don't get along, so that makes two against one against one. Jimbo, we'll give parts of the profits to grandma, alright?

Ethan SHOTS in the air. Everyone freezes.

ETHAN

Not to shit on democracy, but I have the real gun. Debate closed.

Ethan takes the duffel bag and walks away.

TOMMY

Wait! Can I just... get some symbolic revenge. For closure. It's the least you can do.

ETHAN

Sure, go ahead. Not in the face or too close. Blanks leave bruises.

Tommy steps forward and aims his gun.

TOMMY

With all due respect, I never trusted you. I got the real gun.

Before Ethan can say anything, Tommy SHOTS him in the chest. He then puts a hole through Mervin's surprised face. He SHOTS Jimbo in the back as he's running.

TOMMY

I'll be the balls and the asshole.

He drags the bodies and pushes them into the hot spring. He takes the gemstone out of his pocket, throws it. SPLASH.