

BURY MY HEART

Written by

Minhal Baig

INT. HOTEL - LONG ISLAND, NY - NIGHT

An empty bedroom, but clearly lived-in. The light from the bathroom streams in.

There is the sound of someone changing their clothes inside.

There's stacks of cash piled inside of an open briefcase. A gun and its requisite bullets lie neatly beside it.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - SAME

A black Mercedes is parked across the street from a strip club with its lights on.

As the club closes up, its PERFORMERS file out and AD-LIB good-byes to each other. The bouncers lock up.

INT. CAR - SAME

MAX, 40s, having mastered cold, emotionless reservation, sits at the wheel.

From his rearview mirror, he sees a few DRUNKEN WOMEN pass by; one talks loudly on her phone, another walks in a helpless zigzag on the sidewalk.

Behind them, RACHEL, 20s, fresh-faced, sharp and prurient, walks by, phone in hand as she texts furiously. She sees the car and stops.

Max studies her in the rearview mirror. Caught like a deer in the headlights, she quickly walks on.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Finally, a GIRL, 20s, full of youthful sloppiness, leans over and rests her arms on the open passenger window of the car.

GIRL

Hey. What are you doing out here?

MAX

Waiting.

Girl appears confused. She looks around and makes sure she isn't alone.

GIRL

For what?

She pops her gum.

MAX

You.

GIRL

You don't like words too much, do you?

MAX

Not really.

She smiles into her arm, gestures at the empty passenger seat.

GIRL

That taken?

He unlocks the door for her in reply. She opens the door and sits down next to him.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

He places the car in park, reaches over in the back for a black duffel bag and places it in her lap.

GIRL

What's this?

MAX

It's yours.

GIRL

And what's inside of it?

MAX

Open it.

Girl unzips the back. Inside, there are thick stacks of bills, filled to the top.

GIRL

Jesus Christ, there must be like a...

MAX

Fifty-thousand. You can count it, if you like.

She puts the duffel bag at her feet.

GIRL
And you're just going to give this
to me? What's the catch?

Max leans in toward her. He takes out his gun and clasps her hands around it.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Gunplay, huh? I like that.

MAX
Put a bullet right here.

Her finger hovers over the trigger. Girl playfully presses the gun against his chest.

GIRL
(playfully)
Bang.

MAX
(seriously)
Bang.

Girl appears terrified.

GIRL
You're not serious.

MAX
It's not monopoly money in that
bag, is it?

Her eyes widen.

EXT. CAR - SAME

The car door slams shut.

GIRL
(screams)
What's wrong with you!? You're a
psycho!

She runs away, into the darkness.

INT. CAR - SAME

Max sits in the car, his face a deadpan.

MAX
Fuck.