

BLOOD MONEY

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

A dimly lit, musty, basement. Water drips from old rusted pipes. Rats scurry across the room.

Here, hanging from the ceiling, is a brown haired man; BOB.

He has looks to be in his late twenties. His body swings limply from the chains.

His face is swollen in several spots.

A small, deep, cut runs across his cheek. It's red and leaks fresh blood.

The basement door opens and two suited men enter. One black; JOSHUA(32) and the other white; ETHAN(29).

Joshua carries a smooth, black briefcase with him. His face is one of complete seriousness.

Ethan, on the other hand, is stuffing his mouth with a hamburger. In his hand, is a much less threatening greasy takeout bag.

Joshua and Ethan approach the unconscious Bob.

JOSHUA

Hey. Hey. Wake up.

He lightly taps Bob.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Hey. Wake up.
(voice rising)
Wake. Up.

Joshua gives him a slap.

Ethan quietly eats his sandwich.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Wake up. Damn you.

A loud slap resounds in the small basement. Even Ethan winces from the impact.

ETHAN

Sheesh... You didn't need to hit him that hard. Violent.

Joshua rolls his eyes.

Bob wakes up dazed and heavy lidded as if he'll pass right back out. But seeing the suited men quickly brings him back to earth.

JOSHUA

Oh. You're awake. Good morning
sunshine.

Bob begins struggling in his restraints and screaming, but the gag in his mouth turns it into an inaudible groan.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

You might as well quit. There's no
way outta here.

Bob continues to frantically struggle.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Hey...

The wiggling worsens.

Joshua frowns. Ethan scoffs mockingly from the back.

Joshua snaps to Ethan.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

Ethan returns to his burger.

Joshua looks back on the squirming Bob. Annoyed; he pull out a pistol and takes aim at Bob.

Seeing the weapon, Bob immediately stop his struggling. Wide eyed and fearful, he stares at the gun.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Oh. So now you wanna pay attention,
huh? It took me all this time to
shut you up, but now you're quiet?

He presses the gun hard into Bob's stomach.

Bob's eyes widen.

Shaking his head wildly, he releases more muffled grunts.

ETHAN

(grabbing Joshua's arm)
Calm down. We're not suppose to
kill him. Remember?

Joshua yanks his hand away.

JOSHUA

Yeah. Yeah. I know... Don't touch me with your greasy hands.

ETHAN

They're not that greasy. These burgers are pretty good. I got them from the burger joint down the street. What was it called...? Hungry Joe?

(offering a burger)

Want one?

Joshua ignores his rambling partner.

JOSHUA

Hey Bob. Bob. Look at me.

Bob, teary-eyed, looks at his captor.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Good. Now my... partner and I need to ask you some questions. Understand?

Bob nods.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Okay. I'm going to remove the gag from your mouth. If you scream, or cry or anything, I will shoot you. Besides, you're stuck here with us. There's no help for you. Got it?

Bob head hangs sorrowfully.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Got it?

He nods weakly.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Glad with understand each other.

Joshua removes the gag from Bob's mouth.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

How are you feeling? Thirsty?

Bob mumbles inaudibly.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Hmmm?

In a raspy dry voice, Bob says:

BOB

Yes...

JOSHUA

(without looking back)

Ethan!

ETHAN

Yeah, yeah. I know.

He walks over to Joshua's briefcase.

Bob's eyes widen, his skin pales. He begins to squirm and struggle once again.

JOSHUA

Calm down.

Ethan opens the briefcase and removes a small, squeezable water bottle.

ETHAN

(handing over the bottle)

Here.

JOSHUA

Thanks

(to Bob)

Okay. Open up.

Bob stares blankly at the bottle and his two captures.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

What? You said it was thirsty. Now, open up. I'll squirt some in your mouth.

Ethan snickers childishly in the back.

Joshua ignores his immature partner.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Go ahead. Say "Ahhh."

Bob refuses to drink the water. Reminiscent of a father trying to feed a stubborn child.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

What's up with you? Just drink the damn water! What's wrong? Think it's poison or something?

(to Ethan)

Hey! Drink some of this water.

ETHAN

Nope.

JOSHUA

What?

ETHAN

I don't drink water.

JOSHUA

What? How the hell do you not drink water?

ETHAN

It goes violates my diet. I'm on a No-Water regime.

Joshua drinks a mouthful of water.

JOSHUA

See! It's just water! Drink it!

Bob continues to refuse the drink.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Now what? Fine. You win. Don't drink the water.

The bottle is dashed to the floor. Spilling all the cool water onto the ground.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Look. No water. Happy?

Joshua places on some white gloves.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Still. You will give us what with want.

He picks up his briefcase. Standing near it is Ethan, still eating his burgers.

ETHAN

Need help?

JOSHUA
 (No. I'll handle this
 myself.) (to Bob)
 You know, I was hoping this would
 be easier.

He removes a pair of brace knuckles from the case. He places them on and does a few test swings in front of Bob.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
 All you needed to do was drink some
 water and do a bit of talking.
 That's it. But you wanted it to be
 this way...

A loud rib shattering blow slams into Bob's side.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
 Who did you tell? How did you get
 our Boss arrested?

Another blow.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
 Does anyone else know? What
 happened to our money?

Another blow.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
 Tell me! Where is the damn money!
 There was over a hundred grand!
 One. Hundred. Grand.

Joshua lays into Bob. Each blow being harder than the last.

Watching this harsh display of violence, Ethan sits back eating. Unfazed by the scene before him.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY (LATER)

Ethan walks back into the basement carrying a fresh bag of burgers and a few soft drinks.

Joshua sits in the middle of the room. Sweat rolls down his face.

ETHAN
 Yo. You want a sandwich now?

JOSHUA
 No. I don't want... Actually, never
 mind. Give me one.

Ethan takes a seat next to Joshua. He takes a burger from the bag and hands it over to Joshua.

Joshua reaches over for the sandwich with his bloody, gloved hand.

ETHAN
(gesturing towards the
gloves)
Hey...

JOSHUA
Oh. Thanks.

He removes the gloves.

ETHAN
(eating)
So, did you find out anything?

JOSHUA
Yeah. The money is at the Casino.
It's in some fancy VIP suite.

ETHAN
Nice. When are we going to get the
money?

JOSHUA
Later. We have a day or two.
(eating burger)
Hey, this is actually pretty good.

ETHAN
Told you! We should eat there more
often.

Ethan takes another burger from the bag.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Should we give him one?

Bob hangs, unconscious, from the ceiling. Bloodied, bruised, and swollen. More-so than he was before.

JOSHUA
Nah. He won't be able to eat
anything for awhile.

Joshua takes a sip from one of the drinks.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
Water?

ETHAN

Yep.

JOSHUA

I thought you didn't drink water.

ETHAN

Oh. I lied.

JOSHUA

Of course...

Joshua and Ethan enjoy their meal as Bob's body sways left and right.

FADE OUT

THE END