

"DAILY GRIND"

by

J. Martinez

5601 Perrin Street  
The Colony, TX 75056  
214-621-3318

FADE IN:

EXT. AN AVERAGE SUBURBAN HOUSE ON AN AVERAGE SUBURBAN ROAD  
IN AN AVERAGE SUBURBAN CITY. DAY

A sleek, black BMW pulls in front of the SUBURBAN HOUSE.  
The DRIVER gives two quick honks of the horn letting his  
FRIEND know that he's out front.

The PASSENGER comes out the front door, locks it, and  
lurches towards the BMW.

The Passenger gets in the car.

DRIVER

Ready?

PASSENGER

(sighs)

Yeah.

The BMW pulls out and off they go.

DRIVER

Okay, where is this place,  
again?

PASSENGER

(unenthusiasti-  
cally)

The First National Bank on  
Custer.

DRIVER

What's wrong?

PASSENGER

I don't know. I just- I don't  
know. I'm bored. I'm bored  
with this job. I'm bored with  
this house. I'm bored with  
life.

DRIVER

Look, don't start today.  
Alright? I'm in a good mood.  
It's a nice day. Nothing's  
stopping me today.

They drive in silence for a beat.

PASSENGER

I hate my job.

DIVER

What's to hate? You make good money. You have a house. A car - granted it's in the shop right now. A pool. A swim-up bar in the pool.

PASSENGER

Yeah, I know. I make enough money. But, it's not enough.

Driver looks at him incredulously, thinking he's talking about the money that's not enough

PASSENGER

No, no - this  
(referring to  
the  
materialistic  
car)

This is not enough. I feel like I'm meant to do something else.

DIVER

Well, it's not like you can do anything else. You dropped out of college.

PASSENGER

You got us kicked out of college.

DIVER

Semantics.

PASSENGER

(aghast)

You were the one that thought it would be fun to break into the Business Admin Treasury Office.

DIVER

Ah, but we only got busted for breaking into the Business Admin *building*.

PASSENGER

Whatever.

They drive further on in silence.

PASSENGER

(rhetorically)

I think I need a hobby.

(beat)

I've always wanted to learn how to tap.

DRIVER

(beat)

Um... What?

PASSENGER

Tap.

DRIVER

(confirming)

Tap.

PASSENGER

Tap dance.

DRIVER

(looks at  
Passenger)

Yeah... That's gay.

PASSENGER

What's gay about that? Gregory Hines tapped.

DRIVER

Shirley Temple tapped.

(beat)

Besides, even without the tap dancing Gregory Hines is cooler than you.

PASSENGER

Was.

DRIVER

What?

PASSENGER

Was. Gregory Hines died.

DRIVER

WHAT?

PASSENGER

Yeah.

DRIVER

(incredulous,  
again)

When?!

PASSENGER

I don't know. What, '02, '03?

DRIVER

No shit?

Passenger nods.

DRIVER

Well, even dead, he's still  
cooler than you.

PASSENGER

Agreed.

(beat)

Running Scared was a great  
movie, though.

DRIVER

Totally. If we were in that  
movie, I'd be Gregory Hines.

PASSENGER

I have no problem being Billy  
Crystal. He had all the great  
lines.

DRIVER

Pfft! Gregory Hines had the  
better lines.

PASSENGER

(imitating  
Billy Crystal  
in Running  
Scared)

Oh, no.

DRIVER

(throwing both  
fingers at  
Passenger  
imitating  
Gregory Hines  
in Running  
Scared)

YYYYEES!

Passenger chuckles.

They drive in silence for a few more moments.

PASSENGER

You know another good movie?

PASSENGER & DRIVER

(simultaneously)

Stakeout.

Driver and Passenger look at each other.

PASSENGER & DRIVER

(simultaneously)

I'm Richard Dreyfuss!

Arguing ensues over who's Richard Dreyfuss.

They drive in silence for a few moments, again.

DRIVER

Look, I know what you're going through. I went through the same thing at my last job. But, things will get better. You have to make them better. But, they'll get better.

(beat)

You'll see.

(beat)

It's either this or the Stop N' Rob.

PASSENGER

No! No, no, no, no, no. No freakin' way!

DRIVER

That's what I'm saying! Enjoy this, because there's a helluva lot worse things that you could be doing.

The BMW pulls into the parking lot of the bank.

PASSENGER (O.S.)

We should buy a bar and retire. In Mexico.

The BMW pulls up in front of the bank.

DRIVER

You ready?

PASSENGER

(sighs)

Yeah.

Like a precise, experienced dance move, the two guys put on ski masks and cock semi-automatic pistols.

CUT TO: BLACK

THE END

CREDITS

AFTER CREDITS - 5 MINUTES LATER

Driver and Passenger jump in the car with bags of cash. Sirens are heard behind them. Driver starts up the car as quickly as he can.

PASSENGER

I'm Richard Dreyfuss.