

VOICES

Written by

Nolan Bryand

© 2016 Nolan Bryand  
This screenplay may not be used or  
reproduced without the express  
written permission of the author  
nolanbryand1@gmail.com  
416-629-9124

FADE IN:

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

PAUL (22), slightly out of shape and unassuming, walks casually down a city sidewalk. He passes by a few PEOPLE.

DEVON (V.O.)

You could have taken any one of them. Don't be such a pussy.

COREY (V.O.)

Why do you always need to hurt someone? Stay on the task at hand, don't get sidetracked. Get the job done, then get out.

PAUL

Would you guys shut up. I'll figure it out. I don't need your help.

Paul keeps walking until he comes to a grungy looking apartment complex. He walks inside.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Paul stands in front of an apartment door. He knocks.

BARBER (O.S.)

Who is it?

PAUL

It's Paul.

Deadbolts CLANK open on the other side of the door. The door CREAKS open enough for BARBER (25) to pop his head out. He's a few teeth short of a full load.

BARBER

Fuck man, you got me all freaked out. I thought you was someone here to ice me.

PAUL

I can leave if you want.

BARBER

Shit man, don't be like that. I just gotta be careful you know. You never know who's gonna knock on the door.

Barber opens the door completely. He's dressed like a thug.  
Paul steps in the apartment.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Paul follows Barber into the living room that looks like it could double as a Chernobyl disaster area.

Wallpaper hangs on for dear life.

Dirty clothes that didn't make it to the laundry basket litter the floor.

The furniture looks like it's from the eighties, and hasn't been cleaned since.

Old take out containers, some with rotting food, clutter the coffee table. The coffee table wobbles on unsteady legs.

Barber and Paul walk through the living room.

Barber sits down in a corner chair. Behind the chair is a window. A fire escape is visible outside.

BARBER

Take a seat.

Paul looks around.

PAUL

I'm good.

BARBER

Suit yourself.

Barber reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pack of cigarettes and matches. He grabs a cigarette and strikes a match.

He lights the cigarette and inhales deeply, and exhales a puff of smoke.

BARBER (CONT'D)

You want a drag?

PAUL

Nope.

BARBER

Okay.

PAUL

I'm here for the stuff. You got any left?

BARBER

Yeah, I got some.

PAUL

Well? Let's have it then. I have cash.

Paul pulls out a wad of cash from his pocket.

BARBER

That's not gonna cut it. This shit is tight. In high demand.

Barber puts the smoke out on the chair. He reaches underneath the chair and pulls out a very small bag of pills.

PAUL

And what the hell is that? I came here for the bath salts.

BARBER

Bath salts. Fuck man, no one calls that shit bath salts anymore. Shit. You're one honky mother fucker.

(beat)

This is the new shit on the block, jazz tits.

DEVON (V.O.)

Okay, I've heard enough from this asshole. Jazz tits? What the fuck is going on here? Where did they come up with that name? Do they think we're stupid? Time to end him.

COREY (V.O.)

Just stick to the game plan. Get it and get out. They wouldn't have guided us here if this isn't what we were supposed to get.

DEVON (V.O.)

Fuck off, jazz tits? This is fucking lame. Let's spice it up.

PAUL

Jazz tits?

BARBER

Jazz tits.

PAUL

And why is it called jazz tits?

BARBER

Because it's awesome as fuck, just like jazz and tits. We gonna do this or what? My boys are coming over in a few, I need you out of here.

PAUL

You don't strike me as a jazz fan.

DEVON (V.O.)

Okay, this is stupid. Enough already with this jerk off. Take him out and take the shit. They don't care how we get it, just that we get it. Who cares if this loser lives or dies?

COREY (V.O.)

Just give him the money like is planned.

PAUL

How much?

BARBER

Ten large.

COREY (V.O.)

They didn't give us that much. We must have missed something. Okay, I agree with Devon.

PAUL

Okay.

BARBER

Perfect.

DEVON (V.O.)

Wait, okay to what?

PAUL

Okay to your idea.

DEVON (V.O.)

Yes.

BARBER

What?

Paul lunges at Barber and grabs him by the throat. He squeezes as hard as he can.

Barber hits Paul in the side of his head.

Paul lets go of his grip.

Barber sits in the chair, struggling for air.

DEVON (V.O.)

Shit, that didn't work.

PAUL

What am I going to do now genius?

DEVON (V.O.)

Table leg.

Paul looks over at the wobbly coffee table. He reaches down and yanks one of the table legs off. It detaches with ease.

PAUL

That was easy.

DEVON (V.O.)

Hit him.

Paul SMACKS Barber in the head until he no longer moves.

COREY (V.O.)

Okay, okay, he's dead. Jesus. Get the shit and lets get out of here.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

DEVON (V.O.)

Uh-oh, you're in shit now.

PAUL

I'm in shit? You're the one who put the idea in my head.

COREY (V.O.)

You shouldn't have done that.

PAUL

What? Both of you told me to do it.

JACKSON (O.S.)

Barber, open the door bitch.

Paul looks back at the door. The deadbolts aren't locked.

JACKSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Barber?

The door creaks open. JACKSON (24) and PRINCE (21) walk in. Both are dressed in stereotypical gangster clothes.

Paul stands over Barber.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?

Paul throws the table leg at Jackson and Prince.

COREY (V.O.)  
Nice throw, idiot. The fire  
escape.

Paul grabs the bag, moves to the window and hops out.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

Paul races down the fire escape, placing the bag inside his jacket pocket. Jackson and Prince follow after him.

COREY (V.O.)  
Should have stuck to the plan.

PAUL  
Not now.

The sound of GUN SHOTS pierce the air.

DEVON (V.O.)  
Well, you're fucked now.

PAUL  
You guys got me into this mess.

DEVON (V.O.)  
We didn't do shit. You didn't have  
to kill him. Don't blame us.

COREY (V.O.)  
Yeah, not our fault.

Paul keeps running down the stairs. Gun shots echo down below in the enclosed alleyway.

## ALLEYWAY

Paul slips on a step and falls about six feet to the ground, landing awkwardly on his feet. His ankle BREAKS.

Paul lies down on the ground.

PAUL  
I can't move.

COREY (V.O.)  
I think you broke your ankle.

PAUL  
Shit.

Jackson and Prince stumble down the stairs towards Paul. They take their time stepping off of the fire escape.

DEVON (V.O.)  
That's how you should have done it.

Jackson walks up to Paul, gun raised.

JACKSON  
Where's the bag?

DEVON (V.O.)  
Tell him to fuck off. He's not going to let you live anyway. Let the cunt find it himself.

PAUL  
I don't know.

Jackson hits Paul in the face.

JACKSON  
Where is it?

COREY (V.O.)  
Just give it to him. It's game over man, you don't really have anything left to do.

DEVON (V.O.)  
Yeah, it is game over, so who the hell cares? Don't make it easy for him.

PAUL  
Fuck you.

Jackson holds the gun to Paul's head.



JACKSON  
No, fuck you.

Jackson pulls the trigger.

Everything goes black.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: 2041

Paul takes off a virtual reality helmet. He stands in front of a large screen with his virtual reality character dead on the ground. Jackson and Prince stand over him.

GAME OVER flashes on a large screen.

DEVON (21), overweight, wears glasses and COREY (22), tall and lanky, stand beside Paul.

COREY  
Why do you always listen to him.  
It never goes the way you want when  
you listen to him.

DEVON  
Fuck off Corey. What's the point  
of this game if you don't commit  
senseless acts of violence. It's  
what makes it fun.

COREY  
What's fun for me is actually  
winning the game, not beating the  
living shit out of people left  
right and center. I swear that  
we're making future serial killers  
with games like this. You  
shouldn't have the option to do  
that stuff.

PAUL  
Meh, I could go either way.

DEVON  
See, he doesn't care.  
(to Paul)  
My turn.

Devon grabs the helmet.

PAUL  
I'm outta here. I have to study  
for tomorrow's exam.

COREY  
What do you need to study for?  
You're a damn genius, you never  
study.

PAUL  
It clears my head.  
(points to his head)  
Lots of stuff going on up here.

DEVON  
Suit yourself man. I'm going to  
fuck some shit up.

PAUL  
Have fun with that. I'll see you  
guys later tomorrow.

COREY  
Later.

DEVON  
Later dude.

Devon puts the helmet on.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Paul walks along the sidewalk, head down, hands in his  
pocket.

His visible breath disappears into the cold night sky.

He walks by a homeless man sleeping in an alleyway.

He stops, looks around.

STEPHEN (V.O.)  
No one will know. You've done this  
before and gotten away with it.  
They've been looking for months and  
still haven't put it together. As  
long as you keep to the bums, who  
cares?

JARROD (V.O.)  
You don't need to do it. Just go  
home. We got lucky the last time.  
(MORE)

JARROD (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
You know that's not going to always  
be the case.

PAUL  
Jarrod's right.

STEPHEN (V.O.)  
What has Jarrod ever done for you  
other than make you nervous before  
a great plan? You want to do this,  
don't let him get in the way. You  
remember how it felt the last time?

PAUL  
Yeah.

STEPHEN (V.O.)  
And how did it feel?

PAUL  
Good. Really good.

JARROD (V.O.)  
Don't do it.

PAUL  
He'll be in a better place if I do  
it. It's freezing out tonight.

STEPHEN (V.O.)  
That's the spirit. You've got  
this.

Paul reaches into his jacket pocket. He pulls out a folding  
knife.

STEPHEN (V.O.)  
Just like last time.

Paul looks around to make sure no one sees him.

He flips the knife open and walks into the alley.

FADE OUT