

INT. BANK VAULT

EDDIE, 30s and fit, hands a full backpack to BRAD, late 40s and not all there upstairs. Eddie turns away from Brad to load up another backpack. Brad doesn't move.

Eddie grabs the empty backpack and then notices that Brad is still in the vault.

EDDIE
Go put that with the others.

BRAD
No.

Eddie crouches and starts loading up the empty.

EDDIE
What do you mean, no? Go put that on the cart with the others and keep a lookout.

BRAD
Nah, I'm not gonna do that.

Eddie stops. He stands and stares Brad down as he walks over closer to him.

EDDIE
What the fuck, Brad? You've got three jobs. Move the full bags, lookout for anyone coming, and drive the getaway car. You're not doing any of 'em right now.

BRAD
I think I should be getting paid more.

EDDIE
Well this is definitely not the time to negotiate.

BRAD
I think it's the perfect time.

EDDIE
Well, you're wrong. Fucking go!

BRAD
Nope. It's a good time to do it, 'cause if you don't give me what I want, I'll just take this here backpack and leave you here.

EDDIE
That's number nine of ten bags.
You'd be walking with one quarter
of what I promised you.

BRAD
How you figger?

EDDIE
Math.

Brad ponders.

BRAD
Well... the point is... I'd have
this here cash and you'd be in
jail. If you ain't got no car, you
ain't gonna be able to push that
hand truck up third street all by
yourself without raising some
suspicion.

EDDIE
What do you want?

BRAD
Fifty-fifty.

EDDIE
Seventy-thirty... done.

Eddie goes back over to pack. Eddie packs.

BRAD
But I said fifty-fifty.

EDDIE
And I countered with a number I
liked better.

BRAD
But that ain't how it works. I got
the job here. I got the security
code. I got the keys to the car!
I'm the one with the power!

EDDIE
Who you been talking to Brad?

BRAD
What do you mean?

EDDIE

Who's been putting ideas in your head?

BRAD

I'm not fucking stupid. I have ideas, too.

EDDIE

Your ideas are fire bad, ice cream good. Who you been talking to?

BRAD

Nobody. I... I have the power!

EDDIE

You don't have the power Brad. You could have worked this job for fifty years and never come up with a way to rob the place. You're an extra pair of hands and some brute force. You're a dime a dozen. Power? You're lucky I didn't so this job on my own and pay you five, maybe ten percent. Be thankful.

BRAD

I am thankful. Thank you. But still, I have the car.

Eddie finishes packing and stands up with the full backpack.

EDDIE

And I have the tenth bag. Let's go.

BRAD

No! God dammit, Eddie, I said I'm not going!

EDDIE

Brad... I'll tell Ann-Marie Davis that you're the one been taking a dump on or near the nativity scene every Christmas.

Brad stands silent for a moment.

BRAD

You'd do that?

EDDIE

Yes. I'd tell the love of your life exactly that.

Eddie stares at Brad.

BRAD
Fuck... let's go.

They exit.

END SCENE