

Every Last Dollar

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. COLLEGE DORM ROOM - NIGHT

The shirtless fellow in tighty-whities underwear is ROLLIE DUGGLEBY, 20. More ribs than muscles show on his pale torso.

Over his ears are huge headphones that emit muffled death metal. His blond hair is crusty, knotty, out of control.

Taped to his walls: Mixed martial arts and Bruce Lee posters.

Rollie whirls and spins and twitches, his version of dancing. His skinny thighs are in overdrive.

Watching Rollie's half-nude dork dance: ALEENA BOWEN, 20.

She's Rollie's opposite. Thick-limbed. Black. Observant.

Aleena lies in bed, bare shoulders, sheets pulled up.

ROLLIE

I love you.

His voice is too loud due to the blaring headphones.

ROLLIE

Said I love you.

He grasps her hand and kisses it.

ROLLIE

Don't never leave me.

He turns off his music and studies her wrist.

ROLLIE

I love your hamate, your pisiform,
your lumate. No...lunate. Ah, fuck.

Thinks. Gives up.

ROLLIE

And all the rest of 'em.

ALEENA

There are five more.

ROLLIE

That many?

Aleena points to her own wrist.

ALEENA
Trapezium, trapezoid, scaphoid,
capitate, triquetrum.

ROLLIE
All that in just one wrist?

ALEENA
I need to get back to my dorm.

ROLLIE
You can't. I suck at bone names. I
ain't passing anatomy without you.

ALEENA
My morning shift starts in three
hours.

She snatches her sweater from the floor and slips it on.

ROLLIE
Blow it off. Fuck all that work-
study bullshit.

ALEENA
I can't.

ROLLIE
Working in the cafeteria ain't for
you. You're better than that, baby.
Stay here with me. Fuck your job.
Fuck French toast.

Aleena pulls on her sweat pants.

ROLLIE
Let me walk you, at least.

ALEENA
No. That's okay. It's fine.

She paces.

ROLLIE
I love you. You know that, right?

Aleena verges on a response, but she waves awkwardly to
Rollie instead. Out the door she goes.

EXT. CAMPUS SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Aleena shuffles alone, head down. Soles scraping softly.

She stops, shoves her hands in her pockets, views the sky.

A late-night straggler approaches. This is GWEN GRANT, 20s. She shakes her head in disappointment.

GWEN

You hooked up with Rotten Rollie again, didn't you?

Gwen laughs. Aleena keeps her head down.

GWEN

Where's your self respect, Aleena?

What can Aleena say? The two women continue in opposite directions, but Gwen gets in one more crack.

GWEN

Can't nobody stand that boy.

Aleena nods and heads to her dorm.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Aleena writes with immaculate penmanship in a journal.

ALEENA (V.O.)

I do love you, Rollie, but maybe I shouldn't.

A slight hesitation.

ALEENA (V.O.)

You're the first person to say "I love you" to me. Nobody has ever told me that before.

She pushes on, writing more quickly.

ALEENA (V.O.)

This is an earthquake for me. A continental plate smashing against another one. Someone loves me.

Her hand shakes.

ALEENA (V.O.)

I love you, too, Rollie. I need to find the courage to say it.

She closes her eyes.

ALEENA (V.O.)

But nobody respects you. They laugh
at you. And then they laugh at me.

Aleena drops her pen. She sits quietly. Alone.

INT. CAMPUS CAFETERIA - DAY

Breakfast is underway. Aleena lugs a pan of overcooked French
toast to the serving line to feed indifferent students.

They look at the French toast and frown. They look at Aleena
and frown.

EXT. DUMPSTER AREA - DAY

Aleena drags some garbage bags to the trash. She's not alone.

Two men argue by the Dumpster. They don't notice Aleena.

JAMES BISHOP, 40s, a well-dressed administrative big-wig
stands close to thuggish HAM BONE HAYES, 30s.

HAM BONE

This was a big-time fuckup.

JAMES

I know. I'm sorry. I'll have the
cash in two days.

HAM BONE

Joey told me to cut off your ear.

JAMES

Tell him I'll have three hundred
grand on Thursday. I swear. Come to
my house. My wife won't be home.

Ham Bone punches James in the stomach, dropping him.

HAM BONE

No more bullshit, James.

A kick to the midsection.

HAM BONE

If you don't have it Thursday,
that's the end of you. Lights out.
You understand?

Aleena slips away undetected.

INT. CAMPUS CAFETERIA - DAY

Aleena stands in the middle of the kitchen, mulling over what she just saw. Her SUPERVISOR snaps at her.

SUPERVISOR

Wake up, Aleena. They need some more eggs and French toast in the serving line.

Aleena doesn't respond. It's like she's under a spell.

Her supervisor snaps his fingers. C'mon. Get with it.

ALEENA

(totally out of the blue)
I quit.

What? Confusion.

ALEENA

Fuck French toast.

INT. COLLEGE DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Aleena and Rollie sit in bed together, conspiring.

ALEENA

He lives on Emerson Street. He's the vice president of finance at our college. Last name's Bishop.

ROLLIE

And he's got a shitload of cash?

ALEENA

Paying off a gambling debt, that's my guess. Probably embezzling from the school.

ROLLIE

Classic loser.

ALEENA

We're going to take that money.

Aleena looks Rollie dead in the eye.

ALEENA

I want every last dollar.

ROLLIE

We deserve it.

ALEENA

I can't stop thinking about it,
Rollie. Nothing's ever going to be
the same. The earth's shifted.

Rollie springs from the bed and joyously practices Kung Fu.

ALEENA

I know exactly how to lure James
Bishop out of his house. It's clear
as day to me. We'll have enough
time to slip in and find the cash.
I've got it all planned out.

ROLLIE

That's why I love you. For your
smarts. And everything else.

Punch. Punch. Kick. Whirl. Fighting skills on full display.

ROLLIE

And you love me, that's for sure.
You just don't like to say it.

Aleena's lips quiver. She wants to confirm it.

But she doesn't. Instead, she takes Rollie's hand and pulls
him into bed. They kiss. Her lips find his ear. She whispers.

ALEENA

Every last dollar.

INT. COLLEGE DORM ROOM - DAY

Morning sunshine fills the room. Aleena sleeps. Rollie is
gone. His martial arts posters glare in the new light of day.

The door swings open. Rollie trudges inside, leaving a trail
of blood in his wake. He's gashed.

ROLLIE

(gasping)
Aleena!

Aleena jolts awake.

She struggles to make sense of what she sees. A broken nose.
A swollen eye. Gobs of blood. And a duffle bag slung over
Rollie's shoulder.

ROLLIE

I got the fucking money, Aleena!

ALEENA

The money?

ROLLIE

I broke into his house, beat the
shit out of him, and got it all.

Rollie opens the bag, revealing rolls of cash.

He laughs, his teeth wet with blood.

ROLLIE

Your plan was great, but it didn't
have enough punching. So I kinda
did my own thing. I'm sorry.

Astonished Aleena grabs some rolls of money.

ALEENA

My God. Did you kill him?

ROLLIE

Nah. Just an ass kicking. He kicked
mine, too.

ALEENA

Did anybody see you?

ROLLIE

Nah. It was ninja style. Mostly.

ALEENA

We've got to go. Right now.

Rollie holds out his shaky hand. Some fingers are mangled.

ROLLIE

They're broken. I probably broke my
lumate too.

Aleena examines his hand. She whispers.

ALEENA

Lunate, not lumate.

She finds her clothes. She dresses quickly. No time to waste.

ALEENA

We've got to go, Rollie.

He limps to the door.

Aleena opens it--and comes face to face with Ham Bone.

She tries to slam the door in his face, but he pushes back and knocks Aleena down.

Ham Bone rushes to Rollie and grabs him by the throat.

HAM BONE
(snarling)
Give me my money.

Rollie's eyes bulge from the pressure. His airway's cut off.

Thwack! Aleena clobbers Ham Bone over the head with Rollie's anatomy textbook.

Thick-headed Ham Bone is barely dazed, but it's enough for Rollie to jump on his back.

Rollie sinks in a choke hold, wrapping his bony arm around Ham Bone's air pipe. A surprisingly effective move.

Aleena lends a hand, slamming the textbook into Ham Bone's face. Whack. Whack. Whack. His nose bursts with blood.

The fight has awakened the guy in the neighboring dorm room. He calls out with full righteousness.

ANNOYED STUDENT (O.S.)
Jesus Christ, Rollie, stop fucking
around in there! I'm trying to
sleep!

Desperate for air, Ham Bone reaches to his belt and unsheathes a knife.

He bends his arm back and jabs it into Rollie's side. How deep it goes is anyone's guess.

Rollie cries out and releases. Ham Bone gasps for breath.

The neighbor dude has had enough.

ANNOYED STUDENT (O.S.)
Rollie, turn down your damn TV!

Ham Bone spots the bag of cash. He lunges to it. Aleena does the same.

He yanks it out of her hand. He swings the bag, hitting her face, knocking her over.

Ham Bone is on top of her. He draws his fist back, ready to knock her silly.

Sling. Flash. Rollie whisks the knife across Ham Bone's throat. The big man struggles, lurches, and dies with utter surprise on his face.

Rollie collapses. Aleena scrambles to him.

ROLLIE

You okay?

Aleena nods. Tears in her eyes

ALEENA

You're hurt.

ROLLIE

(rasps)

Need a few stiches. That's all.
Ain't gonna die.

Aleena inspects his wound. Her lip quivers.

ROLLIE

Let's get the fuck out. Spend our
money.

His attempt to stand goes nowhere.

ROLLIE

Help me up, Aleena.

She tries, but Rollie's legs buckle.

ROLLIE

C'mon...walk...move.

Another try. They fall again.

Aleena slings the cash bag over her shoulder and drags Rollie toward the door.

ROLLIE

This ain't gonna work.

ALEENA

I just have to get you to the car.

She grunts. Pulls.

ALEENA

I can do this.

But she sags. Realization sets in.

She and Rollie stare at the cash. Tantalizingly green.

Tears form in Aleena's eyes.

It's Rollie who breaks the silence.

ROLLIE

I always was slowin' you down,
wasn't I?

ALEENA

I'm not leaving you.

She puts her forehead on his and gulps for air.

ALEENA

I love you.

ROLLIE

Aw, see. You're gettin' yourself
into trouble.

Aleena can't move. She's stuck in this moment.

ALEENA

I'll call an ambulance.

He points to the door.

Aleena wobbles reluctantly to her feet, thrown a bit off
balance by the bag of money.

She goes out quietly.

The morning sunlight glistens on pools of blood.

EXT. CAMPUS SIDEWALK - DAY

As quickly as she can, Aleena pushes past the students headed
to morning class.

They're carrying books. She has \$300,000 cash and a new life.

Approaching is Gwen, a smirk on her face.

GWEN

Coming back from Rotten Rollie's?

She laughs.

Aleena pushes past her, but she can't stop herself from
responding. She spins and grabs Gwen by the arm. Her voice is
hoarse.

ALEENA

He loves me, don't you know?

Frown. Shrug. Whatever. Gwen pulls away.

Aleena continues on her journey, too.

She shuffles alone, head down, soles scraping softly on the pavement, weighed down with stolen cash.

FADE OUT: