

HOLDUP

Written by

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EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - AFTERNOON

A small run-of-the-mill corner store. A sign that says 'OPEN' hangs from the door.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - AFTERNOON

Rows of neatly-stocked shelves stand in front of the check-out counter, the closest of which is a shelf of magazines to the left of the counter.

GREG, a scrawny cashier in his late twenties to early thirties sits up straight behind the cash register. He is the only person in the store.

CLOSE ON GREG

GREG clenches his jaw and looks up to his left.

CLOSE ON CLOCK

A clock on the wall reads 3:55. The clock's ticking is the only sound in the room, aside from the slight hum of the fluorescent lights.

CLOSE ON GREG

GREG'S eyes linger on the clock before moving down to his lower left.

CLOSE ON STICKY NOTE

A yellow sticky note sits on the counter behind the cash register. Written on it in red pen is '4:00', along with a crudely drawn cartoon money bag.

CLOSE ON GREG

GREG smiles slightly, trying to contain his excitement. His eyes lose focus and his smile fades into pursed lips as he looks up to his right.

CLOSE ON SECURITY CAMERA

A security camera protrudes from the wall above GREG. It makes a slight whirring noise, and seems to be pointed directly at him.

CLOSE ON GREG

GREG leans forward slightly, to block the sticky note from the security camera's view.

GREG looks over his shoulder at the sticky note, his eyes wide and alert, then back at the camera.

The chime of the front door cuts through the ticking of the clock.

GREG instinctively stumbles to his feet and raises his hands into the air, in a pose of surrender.

We see who came in: an OLD MAN wearing a navy blue cap and a down jacket. He doesn't notice GREG.

CLOSE ON GREG

GREG looks at the OLD MAN, his surprise turning to embarrassment. He tries to play it off as a big yawn, and lowers his arms slowly as if stretching. He sits back down.

GREG looks to his left, the clock reads '4:00'.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - EVENING

The clock now reads '5:00' and it is noticeably darker outside. GREG is no longer on edge and alert, he is slumped over the counter with half-open eyes. He is holding the sticky note. He looks at it, furrows his brow, and tosses it to the floor behind him.

The OLD MAN enters from out of frame; he is still here. He puts a magazine back on the shelf, looks at the options available, and picks up a new one. He starts flipping through it as he wanders the store.

GREG idly watches as the OLD MAN walks up and down the aisles of the store. The OLD MAN bumps into a bag of chips, knocking it to the floor. He tries to bend over to pick it up, but struggles. GREG watches on in indifference. The OLD MAN continues to struggle.

GREG rolls his eyes and gets up from his seat. He walks over to the OLD MAN and picks up the bag for him. The OLD MAN gives a warm smile and carries on reading.

GREG gives a passive smile back, before his attention is taken by the front door chime. He looks toward the door.

A ROBBER enters, wearing a gray ski mask and holding a knife in one hand with a duffel bag in the other. The ROBBER looks at the unmanned check-out counter in confusion, before seeing GREG holding the chip bag. The ROBBER waves.

GREG looks at the ROBBER with a wide-eyed, frustrated expression. He makes a watch tapping gesture to the ROBBER.

The ROBBER looks over to the clock, back at GREG, and shrugs.

GREG looks at the OLD MAN, who hasn't noticed the ROBBER. GREG looks back at the ROBBER and shakes his head 'no'.

The ROBBER responds by emphatically shaking his head 'yes', holding up his knife and bag, before gesturing with his head at the security camera.

GREG closes his eyes in exasperation, lets out a deep exhale through his nose, puts the chips back on the shelf, and puts his hands in the air.

GREG walks back to the check-out counter, only lowering his hands to open the till. The ROBBER slams the bag on the counter with a loud thud.

GREG glares at the ROBBER, subtly making a shushing gesture with his finger as he motions toward the old man with his eyes.

The ROBBER lowers his head as if being scolded, then coyly gestures with the knife at the register and the bag.

GREG, still glaring, motions to the security camera. Understanding him, the ROBBER repeats the knife gesture with more aggression.

GREG starts taking money from the till and puts it into the bag. As he handles the money, he exchanges smiles with the robber.

GREG's smile fades as he sees the OLD MAN approaching the magazine shelf. GREG and the ROBBER look back and forth between each other and the OLD MAN, who is seemingly oblivious to the "robbery" taking place right next to him.

GREG zips up the bag slowly and delicately, as to avoid catching the OLD MAN's attention.

The ROBBER pulls the bag off the counter, but his hand is whacked by a rolled up newspaper and the bag falls to the floor.

The ROBBER quickly looks up, but his face is immediately obscured by a fist flying into it. The OLD MAN punches the ROBBER hard in the nose, knocking him to the floor.

The OLD MAN looks down and sees the knife on the floor. He starts shuffling towards the knife, but struggles to bend over to grab it.

The ROBBER blinks his eyes a few times, trying to get his bearings. The portion of his mask under his nose is now soaked red. He scrambles to his feet to grab the knife.

GREG watches on with wide eyes, raised eyebrows, and mouth slightly agape. He looks back and forth between the ROBBER and the OLD MAN. For the first time, we see GREG genuinely fearful.

The ROBBER and the OLD MAN both have a hold on the knife, and are struggling over it. GREG looks at the two, then at the bag of money on the floor, then back at the two, then up at the camera. He is becoming more clearly panicked, his shoulders rising with every quick breath.

We hear the ongoing struggle but only see Greg, his eyes darting all around. We then hear a breathy groan, then a thud, then the door chime, with footsteps quickly fading into the distance.

We see the OLD MAN lying face-down on the floor, a pool of blood beginning to form. GREG stares at the scene before him, expressionless.

GREG looks at the spot on the floor where the bag was, but it is now gone. He looks back at the OLD MAN.

CLOSE ON STICKY NOTE

We see the sticky note stuck to the floor behind GREG. The clock's ticking is the only sound in the room, aside from the slight hum of the fluorescent lights, and a faint swell of sirens in the distance.