

"The Piggy Bank"

by

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FADE IN:

INT. A TINY BATHROOM - DAY

A face appears at the window.

An eye is pressed against the glass, peering in.

A gloved hand forces the window open.

RICARDO (33), Hispanic and hefty, sticks his head through and examines the room.

The coast is clear and he begins hoisting his heavy frame through the window.

He lodges halfway through the window.

RICARDO

You want to me give me a hand here.

PAUL (O.S.)

I'm pushing.

RICARDO

Well put some muscle in it.

Ricardo tumbles forward, over the toilet, and onto the floor.

PAUL (33), English and lithe, looks in the window.

PAUL

You fat bastard.

RICARDO

Shut up and get in here.

Paul scampers through the window.

RICARDO

Quick and professional. We find the ice and we're out.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A picture of a lovely family rests on the mantle of this suburban home.

The two thieves ransack the house.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BED ROOM - DAY

The men search the room tossing clothes and emptying drawers.

Paul opens a loaded jewelry cabinet and holds up a string of pearls.

Ricardo examines it.

RICARDO

It's costume. It's all worthless.

Paul throws the jewelry down in disgust.

PAUL

This is a waste of time. I never should have trusted you, you fat bastard.

RICARDO

Call me fat again and I'll kill you.

PAUL

Whatever.

RICARDO

I'm going to search the kitchen, check out the kid's room.

INT. KID'S BED ROOM - DAY

Stuffed animals and toys litter the room.

Paul scans the room.

There, on a shelf, sits a large pink piggy bank.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Paul enters the kitchen shaking the pig like a maraca and doing a little dance to the music.

RICARDO  
What the hell are you doing?

PAUL  
Listen to that.

Paul gives it another rattle.

PAUL  
There's got to be close to fifty  
dollars in here.

RICARDO  
Put it back.

PAUL  
No.

RICARDO  
I did not come here to steal some  
kid's piggy bank.

PAUL  
Well, the rocks aren't here so I'm  
making the best of it.

RICARDO  
Give it to me.

PAUL  
Not likely.

RICARDO  
I'm not playing with you.

PAUL  
Piss off.

Ricardo thinks and then lunges for the bank which Paul pulls out of reach just in time.

They stare, sizing each other up.

PAUL  
Oink. Oink.

Ricardo charges, slamming Paul into the oven, sending pots and pans scattering, as they both careen to the floor in a battle for the pig.

Ricardo, straddling Paul, yanks the bank free.

Paul grabs a frying pan and slams Ricardo upside the head.

Ricardo falls back and Paul stands over him reclaiming the pig.

PAUL  
You crazy fat bastard.

Paul exits.

Ricardo shakes his head clearing the cobwebs.

Ricardo, vengeful, rises and grabs a carving knife from the butcher block.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRS - DAY

Paul is at the top the stairs when Ricardo appears, thrusting the blade into him.

Paul gasps and stares at the knife.

PAUL  
Oh, hell.

Paul drops to his knees.

PAUL  
It was just a bit of fun.

Ricardo, scared, turns and runs out the back door of the house.

Paul collapses at the top of the stairs.

The piggy bank falls from his grasp, tumbles down the stairs, and crashes on the ceramic floor.

The pig's head snaps off and pennies, nickels, dimes, and quarters skitter in all directions.

Laying across the top of the coins is a small black velvet pouch, diamonds spilling out of it.

FADE OUT.