

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

A quiet and dimly lit gas station, with a single CLERK, young 20s, scrolls on his phone behind the counter. The station is empty except for a few lonely customers browsing the aisles. A faint HUM of the refrigerators can be heard.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

CHARLIE (a wiry man in his early 20s) and JIMMY (Still in High school, 18) sit in their parked car across the street from the gas station, observing the scene. They both wear dark clothing and ski masks. Charlie takes a drag from his cigarette while Jimmy fidgets with his gloves.

CHARLIE

Remember, stay cool and stick to the plan.

JIMMY

I know, I know. Let's just get this over with.

They get out of the car and move to the back of the gas station running through a small grass field.

EXT. GAS STATION - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

They approach the back door, checking the area for any witnesses. The back door wears years of grime and crappy graffiti. Charlie pulls out a lock-picking kit and starts working on the door.

JIMMY

(whispers) You sure this'll work?

CHARLIE

(whispers) Trust me, it's a piece of cake.

The door CLICKS open, and they sneak inside.

INT. GAS STATION - STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Charlie and Jimmy find themselves in a storage room filled with boxes and supplies. They crouch behind some shelves, peeking through a gap to see the clerk.

JIMMY  
(whispers) What's the next move?

CHARLIE  
(whispers) Classic Tag n Bag.

Charlie motions for Jimmy to stay in the backroom as he looks over to the gas station.

JIMMY  
(whispers) Got it.

Jimmy works on shutting down the security system which still runs on an outdated PC. Charlie watches as the last customer in the store goes to the clerk to buy a case of beer and cigarettes. The CUSTOMER, a scruffy middle-aged man, stands at the counter. The CLERK, an uninterested teenager with a nametag reading "BRAD," fetches a pack of cigarettes from behind the counter.

CHARLIE  
(whispering) Eyes out?

JIMMY  
(Watching the screen as a progress  
bar loads and screen goes black)  
Out.

Charlie checks his gun, ensuring it's loaded, grinning to himself.

Jimmy takes a deep breath, trying to calm himself.

INT. GAS STATION - MAIN AREA - NIGHT

The Customer counts out some crumpled bills and hands them to Brad, who rings up the sale. Brad hands the Customer the pack of cigarettes.

CUSTOMER  
You have a good night.

BRAD  
Yeah, you too.

INT. GAS STATION - BACKROOM - NIGHT

The chime of the door goes off as the customer steps out of the store. The rumbling sound of his pick-up fades into the night.

Brad puts the money back in the register and starts scrolling on his phone. Charlie looks at Jimmy and motions toward the register.

INT. GAS STATION - MAIN AREA - NIGHT

As Charlie slowly approaches Brad, he raises his gun and presses it against the back of Brad's head.

CHARLIE

Hey buddy, I need you to take a  
deep breath

Brad freezes, eyes wide in fear. Charlie takes a deep breath in, then out.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Just like that

BRAD

Wh-

CHARLIE

A bup-bup-bup, relax. My friend in  
the back's gonna take care of you.  
Just do what he says and no one has  
to get hurt.

Charlie keeps the gun pressed against Brad's head while he guides Brad to the back room and pushes him through the doorway. Charlie goes back to the register to start filling a bag with cash.

INT. GAS STATION - BACKROOM - NIGHT

As Brad stumbles into the dim backroom Jimmy puts his arm around Brad's neck and presses a piece of duct tape tightly against his mouth.

JIMMY

Phone, Wallet, Keys. Now.

Brad complies, moving his shaky arms towards his pockets and limply tosses the items on the floor.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Good, now you're gonna go ahead and  
open that safe. Understood?

Brad faintly nods and heads toward the safe. Jimmy reaches down and snatches the wallet rifling through its contents. He stops when he finds what he's looking for.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Bradley Crenshaw, 22, 112...  
Priscilla Drive.

Brad shudders.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
One word of this to anyone and  
we'll be there.

CHARLIE  
Shit! Car!  
(from the cash register)

Headlights peer into the gas station as a police cruiser pulls into one of the pumps. Charlie lays down behind the counter.

JIMMY  
Fuck. Give me your uniform.

Brad freezes and Jimmy rushes over to Brad taking his cap and pulling on his shirt. The door chimes.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Not one move.

Jimmy hastily shoves his mask and gloves into his pockets and throws the shirt on over his head. Jimmy put on a smile and walks back into the store. Realizing he still has Brad's name tag he rips it off and throws it on the floor.

INT. GAS STATION - MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Jimmy walks casually behind the register making no note of Charlie who is laying on the floor tightly against the counter. A grizzly uniformed police officer is looking through the coolers. Charlie rustles against the floor and Jimmy lightly kicks him. The officer walks toward the register setting down an energy drink and a bag of chips. The officer gives Jimmy a stern look.

OFFICER  
Evening.

JIMMY  
What can I do for ya?

OFFICER  
25 on pump 2 and a pack of Big  
Reds.

JIMMY  
Gotcha.

Jimmy turns around and looks for the pack of cigarettes.

OFFICER  
You're new here, right? Haven't  
seen you before.

JIMMY  
Yup, just started a few days ago.  
Name's Riley.

OFFICER  
Officer Jules, good to meet you.  
It's nice seeing new faces around  
here.

Jimmy places the cigarettes on the counter and starts  
scanning the items.

JIMMY  
Total'll be 14.30.

OFFICER  
You get the gas?

JIMMY  
Tonight it's on the house.

OFFICER  
Really? Thanks man.

JIMMY  
No problem, thank you for your  
service.

Officer hands over the money and starts heading out.

OFFICER  
Hey, stay safe out there.

JIMMY  
Have a good night!

The door chimes and the police cruiser rolls out of the lot.

When the coast is clear Jimmy lets out a loud sigh. Charlie  
rushes up and slaps Jimmy on the shoulder.

CHARLIE

Good Shit! Let's get the fuck out  
of here.

Charlie opens the register again to get the last few bills  
out of the register. Jimmy puts on his mask and heads to the  
back to check on Brad.

INT. GAS STATION - BACKROOM - NIGHT

JIMMY

We're good. Get it open.

Jimmy watches intently as Brad enters a long code into the  
safe. It beeps and clicks open. Jimmy tosses a duffel bag at  
Brad. Brad starts placing wads of cash into the bag. Charlie  
walks in.

CHARLIE

None of this happened. If anyone  
asks, you fell asleep and when you  
woke up the register and safe were  
empty.

Brad still places cash into bag

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You got that? Nod if you do.

Brad nods quickly and finishes placing the cash in the bag.

JIMMY

Ready?

CHARLIE

One last thing.

Charlie looks at Brad and swings his gun smashing it into the  
back of Brad's head.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Jimmy shakes his head in disapproval.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Help me move him.

Charlie and Jimmy drag Brad across the floor to the register  
and place him in a chair.

Charlie and Jimmy, duffel bags in hand, quickly exit the gas  
station.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The two men slip out of the gas station and sprint across the street to their parked car, duffel bags in tow. They enter the old sedan.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Both men get into the car, breathing heavily. Charlie starts the engine and they speed off into the night, leaving the unconscious clerk behind.

As they drive away, the gas station fades into the distance, a lonely beacon in the night. Their hearts race with adrenaline, the weight of the stolen money heavy in the backseat, and their minds swirl with thoughts of what might have been if their luck had turned against them.

JIMMY

Ahaha, I can't believe that worked!

CHARLIE

Yeah, you did good kid. Remember, stick to the plan and we'll be fine. Let's lay low for a while.

The car rolls to a stop outside an old apartment building. Jimmy gets ready to open the door.

JIMMY

Hey, Charlie. I just wanna say thanks, for doing all this.

CHARLIE

Ha, no problem kid. Just know I wouldn't do this for anyone. You have talent, you're special kid.

JIMMY

Thanks Charlie.

Jimmy opens the door and steps into the cold night air.

CHARLIE

I'll give you a call soon!

The sedan glides down the street and Jimmy walks up the stairs into the brownstone.

INT. CAR - EARLIER DURING THE ROBBERY

A man and a woman watch from their parked car as two thieves run out of a gas station towards a black car and drive away.

WOMAN  
Them.

MAN  
Them.

WOMAN  
Call Zhang.

The man makes a call on a flip phone.

MAN  
We got our guys.

ZHANG  
Good.

Phone line clicks.

The man and woman roll out onto the street in their black Cadillac.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. A HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM

MISS. ELM  
Eyes on the board, Rizzo!

Students chuckle as Jimmy wakes up, startled by the teacher. He briefly makes eye-contact with a girl who grins at him.