

STICK UP

written by

Sam Herriges

CLERK - Tall, sarcastic. Bill Hader-ish.

MAN - Short, looks like a guy that plays a lot of *Magic, The Gathering*. Josh Gad-ish.

ROBBER - frantic, high-strung. Aaron Paul-ish.

STICK UP

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INT. - CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

The c-store is essentially empty except for the CLERK behind the counter and the MAN who's shopping.

MAN walks up to the counter to check out with a bag of snacks when the stand of celebrity gossip magazines catches his eye. The CLERK notices.

CLERK

Yeah, that's a good one.

Better than last month's.

MAN

Oh? Ok, yeah, throw that in there.

(The two mumble a few moments more about their collective love of piping hot Hollywood tea. Meanwhile, in the background, we see ROBBER swiftly enter the bodega. He's in all black except for the panty hoes he's using to cover his face.)

ROBBER

All right, get on the ground!

Don't even think of calling the cops unless you wanna get fuckin' whacked!

MAN

(dropping to the ground)

Shit!

(The CLERK quietly presses a button underneath the counter.)

CLERK

(to the robber)

Hey man, just take it easy.

ROBBER

Empty the fuckin' drawers into the fuckin' bag.

MAN

(under his breath)

So much profanity.

ROBBER

Shut up, dickass.

(ROBBER holds out his bag.)

Now, move it!

(CLERK, still in shock, stands motionless.)

Are you fuckin' deaf? I said move it!

(The ROBBER now threatens the CLERK with a black object... but it's not a gun.)

CLERK

Is that... is that a dildo?

(The MAN on the floor now lifts his head in curiosity.)

MAN

Ha, it is.

(pulling out his phone) Amy's never gonna believe this.

(ROBBER, now visibly angry, uses the ginormous falice to 2-piece combo the MAN on the ground. Hitting first his phone, then whacking him across the face, breaking his nose and sending him reeling into the magazine stand.)

ROBBER

(threatening CLERK yet again with the massive falice)

I'm not fuckin' around. Get the money in the bag!

CLERK

(nonchalantly grabbing the bag)

Ight, brotha.

(CLERK begins filling the bag with the register's contents)

So, tell me, man. Why the dildo?

ROBBER

I... I don't have to answer that. Just get the money in the bag!

CLERK

(continuing, now just to himself)

It's just like, why not get a gun, ya know? I mean, a Nerf gun would do it if you spray painted it.

That shit'll look so real you might get shot, ya know? But a dildo?

ROBBER

Are you serious man? In this economy? If I had the money for a gun, I wouldn't be robbing this shithole.

CLERK

(stops, genuinely offended)

Woah, man. Uncalled for.

ROBBER

Sorry. Just put the money in the bag, man.

CLERK

(under his breath)

Bum can't even get a gun. Fuckin' joke.

ROBBER

What was that?!

CLERK

I said you're a fuckin' joke!

ROBBER

You know what, man – fuck you and your elitist bullshit. I'm living with my mom, who by the way just got laid off, so I don't have the money to buy a cool mask or a nice bag let alone a fucking gun. I've got to use shit I find around the house because times are tight. I mean, even the cops are losing money. The economy is collapsing and all you're doing is judging me from your ivory corner store for what?

Just trying to get by?

CLERK

(interrupting)

Wait, a second. You said you had a 15...

ROBBER

(corrects)

16.

CLERK

16-inch girthy-ass dildo just laying around the house?

ROBBER

Well, it... it isn't mine, ok?

CLERK

That's... your mom's?

(The CLERK starts to laugh uncontrollably. The ROBBER, now ashamed, sheepishly grabs the bag of money from the counter and walks out.)

CLERK

(still laughing)

Wait!

(ROBBER turns his head in excitement as CLERK grabs a pack of cigarettes and tosses them to the ROBBER.)

For when she's finished.

(starts laughing again)

ROBBER

(under his breath)

Fuckin' asshole.

(As ROBBER is walking away, the MAN on the ground, beaten and bloodied, starts to stir.)

MAN

Hey, man.

(spits out some blood)

Where did you get that... thing. Amy and I are trying to spice things up.

ROBBER

(sighs)

I ain't your marriage counselor. Leave me out of that shit. I've got my own issues. Oh, and while you're at it, leave my mom out of your arcane, patriarchal views on sex – she's doing her best!

(ROBBER walks away with flipping the two of them off.)

CUT TO outside the c-store. We see the robber's face staring at his measly haul – \$48 and a pack of cigarettes.)

ROBBER

(sighs)

Man, she's gonna whoop my ass.

(He closes the bag and dumps his "weapon" into a nearby trash can. As he does this, ["Requiem, K. 696: Lacrimosa"](#) by Mozart plays. Camera pans up to his face as he starts walking in slow motion. We see red and blue lights against his face, and as the camera slowly pulls out, it reveals two cop cars cornering him and their drivers getting out

and beating him. But they're not beating him with nightsticks. Just
dildos.)

(FADE OUT.)