

Jelly

written by

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INT. ARMORED TRUCK

Two men - TRIP and PHILLIPS - sit in the front cab of the truck. The atmosphere is claustrophobic. The ambient noise outside the truck is muffled by the heavily armored steel.

PHILLIPS sits in the driver's seat, tapping the steering wheel impatiently, scanning the scene outside through his sunglasses.

TRIP exhales firmly, then leans down to pick up a brown paper bag. He begins poking around the contents.

TRIP

How do you tell the
difference between
the filled ones?

The question distracts PHILLIPS.

PHILLIPS

...what?

PHILLIPS takes off his sunglasses and whips his head towards TRIP, now giving him his attention.

TRIP

The filled ones. I
can never tell the
difference.

PHILLIPS reluctantly engages.

PHILLIPS

You can see the
filling in the hole.

TRIP

They don't have
holes, I'm talking
about the filled
ones.

PHILLIPS
Yes, they have holes.
The jelly, cream,
whatever - it's
there.

TRIP Shakes his head and pulls a
jelly-filled donut from the bag.

TRIP
There's no hole, it's
a filled donut.

PHILLIPS, now clearly annoyed, grabs
the donut from his hand, rotating it
and pointing to the filled hole.

PHILLIPS
They make a hole to
get the filling
inside.

PHILLIPS hands the donut back to
TRIP. TRIP takes a beat before
accepting the donut back. He smiles,
gleefully, before taking a giant
bite.

TRIP
I don't know how you
know stuff like that.
I never notice that
stuff.

PHILLIPS
Details.

TRIP
What?

PHILLIPS

Details. Like little
pieces of information
you notice or pay
attention to. Like
the fact CARL has
been gone for twelve
minutes.

TRIP finishes the rest of the donut
with just another large bite, shoving
the remaining pastry into his mouth.
He meticulously rolls the bag closed
and uses one small napkin to clean
his face before wiping his hands on
his uniform pants.

TRIP

I guess I just don't
notice those things.
He's probably just
tied up.

PHILLIPS

Wait here. Only open
the door with the
right knock.

PHILLIPS exits the truck and circles
the front, heading to a bank, out of
view.

TRIP watches PHILLIPS exit view
before he reaches for the radio,
turning it on and cranking the
volume. He leans back down, picking
up and reopening the bag of donuts.

From outside the truck, the ambient
noise is much different. We hear an
alarm bell blaring, popping gunshots
heavily muffled and sporadic.

Back inside the truck, TRIP is
singing along to the music as he

methodically pokes the donuts,
working on a decision of which to eat
next.

Suddenly, there's pounding on the
passenger door. In a panic, TRIP
opens the door using the same hand
holding the donuts.

TRIP
I'm sorry.

But now the scene slows down, we're
in slo-mo. The ambient noise of
alarms and approaching sirens is
mixed with the music from the radio.

The door opens to reveal a masked
GUNMAN holding PHILLIPS, now
handcuffed with zip-ties and a gag,
by the collar.

As the door whips open, the bag of
donuts flips out towards the GUNMAN
who fires a shot. The bullet
penetrates the bag, bursting powdered
sugar into the air.

PHILLIPS, seizing the opportunity,
shoves the GUNMAN with his shoulder.
The GUNMAN loses his footing while
closing his eyes as the sugar stings.

The GUNMAN turns toward the source of
the shove and fires again, striking
and mortally wounding PHILLIPS.

Stumbling through the fog, the GUNMAN
turns, setting his aim in the general
direction of TRIP. But as he does,
his footing lands on what's left of
the donuts, the pile of dough, jelly,
and cream. The GUNMAN steps and slips
forward, splitting his stance and
causing him to fall backwards.

The gun bounces against the inside of the open truck door, dislodging it from the GUNMAN'S hand. As the GUNMAN lands on the ground, the gun lands too, just inches from the GUNMAN'S head, discharging as it hits the concrete.

Suddenly, we're no longer in slo-mo. TRIP sits stunned, a donut in his hand, covered in powder and what could be jelly, blood, or a combination. Below him, on the ground, are the bodies of the other men.

TREVORS (O.S.)
Trip...? Trip?

We continue panning back from a frozen TRIP sitting in the armored truck.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP

TRIP is now sitting across from TREVORS at a table. Both men are wearing police uniforms.

TRIP
What was that?

TREVORS
Before, were you
active duty?

TRIP is now a bit shaken. His responses are short and emotionless.

TRIP
Private security.

TREVORS
Like malls and shit?

TRIP
Armored vehicle.

TREVORS
Huh.

He's unimpressed but turns to brag.
I did two tours in
Afghanistan, in the
shit. Once you've
been to that zoo,
this shit is a
fucking cakewalk,
boy.

TRIP stares down at his donut. It's
an old fashioned but the paper sleeve
had jelly on it. The jelly is now on
TRIP'S fingers as he rubs it between
his thumb and pointer fingers.

TREVORS takes an aggressive bite into
his donut, a jelly filled, with the
contents spilling out onto the table.

TREVORS
Just keep your chin
up, you'll see some
action. Or make some.

TRIP looks up from his fingers and
scans the scene. His eyeline pivots
to a man outside, walking
aggressively towards the front door.

Suddenly we're in slo-mo again.

The ambient noise of the restaurant
muffles, resembling the inside of the
armored truck.

TRIP sits still as TREVORS takes the
last piece of his donut, feeding it

to himself followed by a large,
happy, grin.

TRIP sits motionless and closes his
eyes. As he does, we...

CUT TO BLACK.

Screams and a single gunshot.