

THE SAFE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. CANNABIS STORE - DAY

A hazy hum of lo-fi beats drifts through the air. The glass display cases glint under fluorescent lights, packed with jars of green gold.

SAM (mid-20s, permanently rumpled, radiating laid-back energy) mans the front counter, half-lidded but alert. He hands off a neatly bagged purchase to a FEMALE CUSTOMER, their fingers brushing briefly over the counter.

Behind them, the ghost of another customer lingers in the blurred periphery, waiting their turn, unmoving.

SAM
(to customer)
Hey, man! Thanks a lot. Have a good one!

The customer exits as Sam smiles anticipating the next customer.

SAM (CONT'D)
And what can I help...

Sam's smile fades.

Standing in front of him is a MASKED ROBBER armed with a PISTOL at Sam's face.

ROBBER
Yo, gimme all your cash! NOW.

Sam startles, instinctively raising his hands in submission.

SAM
(calm)
Yeah, yeah, dude. It's all good.

Sam reaches his hands down towards the register slowly.

The Robber widens his eyes.

ROBBER
Trip that silent alarm, all that good gas gon' have your FUCKING brains sprayed all over 'em!

The register SHUTTLES OPEN. Change SWISHES. Sam once more raises his hands in submission.

SAM
(reassuring)
I got'chu.

Sam proceeds to take the cash out.

ROBBER
You got me? Get my cash,
motherfucker!

Sam nods willingly. He hands the cash to the Robber, who violently snatches. He eyes it, unimpressed.

ROBBER (CONT'D)
Yo, this all you got???

A beat.

SAM
Dude. It's 10:15. We just opened.

The Robber squints.

ROBBER
...I know what time it is, bitch!
You gonna hassle me?

SAM
No, sir.

The Robber marches behind the counter, plants the barrel of the pistol in the small of Sam's back.

ROBBER
Nah, you gon' make this up to me...

Sam darts his eyes confused as the Robber leads him towards the front of the store.

SAM
What are you--

ROBBER
We gonna be closed temporarily for
a few minutes so you can give me
ALL the cash in your safe.

Sam freezes-lowers his eyes.

SAM
(serious, ominous)
...You don't wanna go in the safe.

The Robber spins Sam around, leans in menacingly.

ROBBER
Oh, really?

The Robber aggressively pushes Sam to the front door. Sam gets his keys out, locks the door. CLICK.

Sam slowly closes his eyes. A sharp exhale.

The Robber nudges Sam.

ROBBER (CONT'D)
I ain't got all day, bitch!

The Robber follows Sam, still at gunpoint towards the adjacent office lined with stained bulletproof glass. Sam uses his keys to unlock that as well. CLICK.

SAM
You sure you--

The Robber immediately SMASHES the handle of the pistol against Sam's head, who crumples.

SAM (CONT'D)
(agony)
Motherf--

ROBBER
YOU THINK I'M NOT SERIOUS?

Sam, blood trickling from the side of his head, slowly rises.

SAM
Clearly you are.

Sam leads The Robber into--

INT. CANNABIS STORE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The cramped office space, with whiteboards listing sales goals, posters pinned against the walls advertising various cannabis partners and products, the security camera system, filing cabinets and a main desk with a computer.

In the corner, attached to the wall is a large black safe with numerical keys and a chrome latch.

The Robber's eyes light up. A quiet sigh of exasperation escapes Sam's bottom lip.

The barrel of the pistol meets the back of Sam's head.

ROBBER
What'chu waitin' on? Open that
shit!

Sam kneels down, shaking his head.

SAM
(reserved)
Okay, man.
(keying code)
But I tried to warn you.

Sam completes keying the code. BEEP. The code light flashes green.

CLINK. The lock from behind the safe has unlatched.

Sam raises a hand towards the latch, but is violently tossed aside by the impatient Robber.

ROBBER
Bitch, move, you wasted enough of
my time!

Sam SLAMS against one of the filing cabinets. He leans back against it, groaning.

The Robber grabs the latch, lowers it. CLINK. He opens the safe. The door creaks from the weight.

The Robber's expression of intense excitement melts into quiet disbelief.

ROBBER (CONT'D)
(face twisted)
...Yo, what the fuck?

Laid out before The Robber is the open safe, revealing a dark, endless, void that seemingly...*breathes*?

The Robber shoots a sharp glance at Sam, now expressionless.

A HOWL bellows from deep within the safe—instinctively capturing The Robber's attention.

His eyes flicker with doom.

IMMEDIATELY, whole mutated Cannabis plants emerge from the dark like tentacles, its bright green branches quickly wrapping themselves around The Robber's mouth, nuzzling him, along with his arms and torso.

Elongated, frost-tipped buds dangle from the vicious plant.

The Robber's eyes bulge in absolute terror as he grapples with every fiber of his being trying to free himself from the living plant. The pistol in his hand hovers in his hand, but he is unable to fully pull the trigger.

Like sharp teeth, thorns rise from the stalks, digging themselves into The Robber's flesh. Blood drips from each injection.

His cries are stifled.

A moment passes, The Robber's eyes suddenly become bloodshot and glassy. He sways, muscles relaxed.

ROBBER (CONT'D)
(sedated)
Mmmmmmm...

Sam takes a deep breath. He rises his eyes. Resolve.

The Robber abruptly jerks from his bound position. His eyes grow wide once more in a moment of realization.

He pulls his arms back against the monstrous plant, claws sunk in.

The Robber wriggles helplessly as he is spun around, back towards the opening.

He is being dragged in.

Actually - more like sucked in, because he cannot fit in the small space afforded to him.

As The Robber's strained, muffled, unheard cries for help cut through the office, BONES CRACK, internal organs FOLD LIKE JELLY and blood flows down his mouth like a fountain as he chokes and gargles on crimson.

The Robber's shoulder blades SNAP as his arms are folded inward, the back of his neck CRACKLES-his head pressing into the chest.

That's enough to do it. The Robber's carcass is SUCKED IN, his body sliding into the void a slimy, bloody mess.

Sam crawls cautiously towards the now eerily quiet safe.

The void continues to exist as an empty and unfathomable space within the safe.

Sam slumps.

Without warning, A TIDAL WAVE OF BLOOD ERUPTS from within the safe, spraying all over Sam's face and clothing.

Sam barely reacts. He curls his lips, annoyed, using his hands to wipe and cup away chunky bits of lifeblood.

A blood-stained Sam peers into the safe indifferently, shaking his head.

SAM
(sighing)
Robbing this place is always a
strain.

Sam SLAMS THE SAFE SHUT. CLINK.

FADE TO BLACK.