

PETTY

Written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. NYC - BANK - MIDDAY

Its a busy afternoon in a large, midtown bank. Tellers shuffle along quickly behind the counter as customers stand in line. Most customers look bored, reading on their phones or staring out the windows, except one woman at the front of a line

JOSIE, mid-20s, wearing bright pink sneakers and an oversized trench coat, looks as if she might be sick. Her smokey eye makeup, once carefully applied for an "effortlessly" cool look, is now smudged by sweat as she stares out the window.

BANK TELLER

Next. (pause) Next. Miss! Please step up to the counter. Miss?

Josie startles as she realizes its her turn.

JOSIE

Oh, hi yes sorry about that...just worried about my...aunt...who's....dying.

The teller smiles stiffly.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Anywhoo. Um...

Josie pulls out a small piece of paper from her coat pocket and looks down at it for a few seconds.

TELLER

Is there something I can help you with ma'am?

JOSIE

Yes, uh, I...

Josie stares at the note for a few seconds, thinking hard.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

I'd like to open a checking account.

TELLER

Alright. Let me grab the paperwork, and I'll be right back.

As the teller leaves, Josie puts her hands on the counter and rereads the note.

ON THE NOTE

THIS IS A HOLDUP. PLEASE GIVE ME ALL THE MONEY IN YOUR REGISTER. I AM SERIOUS AND VERY WELL MIGHT HAVE A GUN. THANK YOU KINDLY.

Josie sighs as she crumples the note and stuffs it in her pocket. She then notices the bank pen, attached to the counter with a chain.

Josie looks around, very suspiciously, then starts pulling on the pen. She pulls harder and harder until it breaks with a THWACK and she stumbles back a step. Everyone is looking at her. She stuffs the pen in her pocket and runs out the door.

BEGIN TITLES

INT. APARTMENT - MIDDAY

Josie runs into the apartment, sweating profusely, and slams the door behind her.

The studio apartment is run down with boarded up windows. There's a lot of exposed brick, but not in the cool hipster-type way. What furniture there is has clearly spent some hard nights on the street.

Willow, mid-20s, wears a floor length floral skirt and messy braids. Sitting cross-legged on the floor, she holds an old cell phone flat on her hand and much too close to her face as she swipes with her pointer finger.

She looks up at Josie excitedly.

WILLOW

Oh hooray! You're back! So how did it go?

JOSIE

Uh, well you know, pretty good I'd say.

MIRA, mid-20s wearing all black sits on a run-down sofa. She's picking gunk out of her toenails with one hand while eating a bag of potato chips with the other.

MIRA

So the same as always then?

JOSIE

Yah, well they had a heighten security team. Must have been the NYPD, maybe even FBI. I was totally compromised. Didn't get any cash, but I did manage to sneak this out right under their noses.

Josie tosses the bank pen from her pocket into a cup on a nearby table. The cup is filled with pens from different banks, with a few supermarket checkout dividers and one 'Take a Penny, Leave a Penny' tray.

Josie then takes a squirt gun out of her pocket and sets it down. It's painted black, but has streaks of red and yellow where her sweaty hands rubbed off the paint.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

We're gonna need to pull a new heist soon though. I'm still working on the bank angle, but does anyone else have any ideas in the meantime? Mira, it looks like it's your turn this week.

Josie points to a chore wheel neatly made from construction paper that's hanging on the wall. The jobs listed are "Clean Apartment" "Take out Trash" "Brainstorm Heists"

MIRA

(without looking up)

I was thinking you could go to Staples and just stuff a box of pens down your pants. Then you wouldn't have to waste time going to banks and could brainstorm heists yourself.

JOSIE

Unhelpful as per usual, Mira. What about you Willow, or do I have to do all the work like always?

WILLOW

Well! I got that dating app you keep going on about, thinking I could get some handsome fella to give me a free supper, but instead I keep getting pictures

(giggling)

pictures of their private parts! More than one man seems to have accidentally photographed their Johnson, then sent it to me!

(MORE)

WILLOW (CONT'D)

I propose we inform them of their mistake and demand free dinner! They must be so embarrassed I'm sure they'd do anything for the safe return of these photographs!

JOSIE

Willow, that wasn't an accident. That's just something men do.

WILLOW

What!

She turns to Mira who is nodding in agreement.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

But why?

JOSIE

Who knows. Didn't men do anything weird in your commune? Or is that an oxymoron?

WILLOW

Well, I suppose there was one peculiar activity they engaged in. Sometimes, during the New Beginnings season, whichever man believed he had the biggest cock would burst into his neighbors' home unannounced with his cock in hand. He wouldn't leave until all the womenfolk had pet it, and then he would rub it in the mens' faces; trying to prove that his was indeed the biggest cock in town. It was all quite a laugh.

Josie is shocked, and Mira looks away from her toes for the first time, amused.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

I tried it once as well.

JOSIE

What?

WILLOW

Yes, only it didn't quite work as well. The cock pecked my hands to high heaven and I got blood all over Mee-Maw's rug.

Josie rubs her eyes in frustration and Mira laughs.

JOSIE

Birds then...it's bird you're talking about?

WILLOW

Oh of course! What else?

MIRA

You should tell that story more often Willow. To more people.

JOSIE

Well, obviously neither of you are going to be planning a heist anytime soon, so I guess it's up to me. I'm going to go for a walk, and when I come back get ready for something huge!

Josie walks back out the door.

MIRA

(to Willow)

So can you send me some of those dick pics? I'm making a collage.

EXT MANHATTAN SIDEWALK - EVENING

Josie walks down the street. Mumbling to herself, and oblivious to her surroundings, she walks straight into Armand St. Aurum.

ARMAND is the perfect embodiment of tall, dark, and handsome. He wears a perfectly tailored suit, and even standing in the middle of a busy NYC sidewalk, the commuters give him a wide berth, like a school of minnows avoiding a shark.

ARMAND

Well look who it is. My favorite petty thief.

JOSIE

Oh, Armand. My least favorite cat burglar. And you know, I'm not sure petty really covers it for me. I mean, I almost robbed First National today.

ARMAND

Right. Almost being the key word.

JOSIE

Well, I've got to scope it out first. How are all you big time gigs going then?

ARMAND

Oh you didn't see the news then? Don't worry, I've got an extra one.

Armand pulls a folded paper out of his jacket and hands it to Josie.

ON THE PAPER:

Prized family heirloom jewels disappear from socialite's home.

JOSIE

This was you?

ARMAND

Of course!

JOSIE

How did you do this?

ARMAND

You know I can't give away trade secrets darling.

JOSIE

We're in the same trade though!

ARMAND

Yes, of course, the same. Just the way the majestic *Panthera tigris tigris*, the king of beasts, and the cutesy house cat both share some ancestors. Anyway, I can't chit chat for long, I've got heists to plan (winks). If you ever want to know what is life's like as a real A-list criminal, you should stop by my apartment some night.

Josie is too angry to talk as Armand slips her a business card.

ARMAND (CONT'D)

I'll see you around pussycat.

Armand strolls away as Josie pulls herself together.

JOSIE  
(to herself)  
What the fuck is a panthera tigger  
tigger?