

TROJAN HORSE

Written by

Colyn Rogers

INT. MUSEUM OFFICE - NIGHT

GREGOR, 40s, burly, thief, and DANE, 30s, lanky, safe cracker, in the middle of a heist. An old oak desk sits near the center of the room, light from the street trickles in through the windows. *

Various bookshelves and artifact replicas adorn the walls, a rug lays in the middle of the wooden floor. *

Gregor stands in front of the unconscious museum CURATOR, 60s, who is propped up in a cushioned desk chair.

Dane whistles at Gregor.

DANE
How's our friend? *

Gregor nudges the Curator.

GREGOR
Out like a light. *

Dane turns the dial on the safe. *

DANE
That's good. Let me know if he wakes up, I've almost got this thing cracked. *

Gregor nods, but Dane doesn't see him. *

Gregor looks around the room at the various bookshelves and artifact-themed decor, he stops as something catches his eye.

GREGOR
Well, well, look what we have here! *

Gregor walks over to a bookshelf in the corner of the room.

Dane pauses, then turns the dial again.

DANE
What did you find?

Gregor chuckles, then pulls a decanter of whiskey from the shelf. *

GREGOR
The good stuff! *

Gregor raises the decanter, whiskey SLOSHES in it. *

Dane peeks over the desk, then goes back to the safe.

DANE

Drinking on the job isn't gonna get us any closer to payday, Gregor.

GREGOR

Yes, but this would make it more fun.

*

Gregor opens the decanter, takes a swig.

DANE

Is it any good, at least?

Gregor grins and nods.

*

Dane shakes his head.

DANE (CONT'D)

I can't see you, genius, there's a desk in my way.

GREGOR

Sorry. Yeah, it's good. You want a sip?

*

*

Gregor walks back to the Curator, bumps into a shelf, and drops the decanter, which SHATTERS on the floor.

*

Dane sighs and shakes his head.

*

DANE

Was one drink worth it?

Gregor shakes his head sheepishly, then pushes some of the broken glass into a pile with his foot.

GREGOR

No, it wasn't.

*

The safe CLICKS and SWINGS OPEN.

Dane chuckles.

DANE

Doesn't matter, I got it.

Dane reaches into the safe and pulls out a small wooden box.

GREGOR

What's that thing?

*

DANE

I don't know.

Dane tosses the box to Gregor, who fumbles for a moment before he catches it.

GREGOR

Is this all that was in there?

*

Gregor turns the box over in his hands, sees a TROJAN HORSE carved into the bottom. He rolls his eyes and turns it back over.

DANE

That box, plus what looks to be about six grand in cash.

Dane puts the cash into his bag.

*

Gregor holds up the small box.

GREGOR

Want me to open this thing?

*

Dane shakes his head.

DANE

Nah, it's probably just an old cigar case or something.

Gregor grins.

GREGOR

Well, don't mind if I do!

Dane sighs.

DANE

Come on, man, we don't need this place full of smoke. You breaking that bottle was bad enough.

*

*

*

Gregor flips the latch on the box and opens it, reveals an empty box.

*

GREGOR

It's freakin' empty, man.

*

Dane walks over to Gregor.

DANE

What do you mean, empty?

Gregor sighs.

GREGOR

I mean there's nothing in it.

*

DANE

No, I-

Dane groans.

DANE (CONT'D)

I know what empty means, Gregor.
There should be something in there.

Gregor shrugs.

GREGOR

So what? It's empty, what good is
it to us?

*
*

Gregor tosses the box over his shoulder, it CLATTERS to the
floor, open.

A purple fog flows from the center of the box.

Dane taps Gregor on the shoulder and points to the fog.

DANE

Uh, buddy? What the hell is that?

Gregor turns around, sees the fog, and turns back to Dane.

GREGOR

Most likely some kind of ancient
curse.

*

DANE

Ancient curse?

GREGOR

We're in a museum, right? There's
probably a bunch of old, cursed
stuff in here.

*
*
*

Dane looks at the fog, then back to Gregor.

DANE

In literally any other situation,
I'd argue with you on this, but the
facts aren't in my favor right now.

*
*

GREGOR

Agreed. We gonna hoof it?

*

DANE

And leave that poor Curator to his
purple, foggy fate?

*

They pause, and the fog rolls closer to them.

GREGOR
He looks like he's lived a good
life. *

Dane scowls. *

DANE
Gregor. *

Gregor rolls his eyes. *

GREGOR
Fine, let's grab him. *

Gregor runs over to Dane and the two struggle to lift the
Curator. *

DANE
Why is he so heavy? *

Gregor throws his hands up in exasperation.

GREGOR
Forget him, just run for it! *

The two of them run through the door and Dane's bag gets
caught as they close it. *

DANE
My bag!

GREGOR
I'll steal you a new one!

He lets it slip from his shoulder and drop to the floor, then
the two of them exit and the door SLAMS behind them. *

The Curator stands up from the chair then walks over and
picks up the box. He presses a button on the inside of the
lid and the fog stops. *

CURATOR
The old fog machine trick, what a
classic! And now to celebrate with
a glass of- *

The Curator looks over at the broken decanter and gasps. *

CURATOR (CONT'D)
Oh, that son of a- *

END