

INTRO SCENE

INT. BAKERY - DAY

People rush in and out of a small, cramped bakery. We hear the rustling and bustling of a busy day-- paper crinkling, the tiny door bell ringing, and, of course, the opening and closing of the CASH REGISTER.

A rusty, TATTERED QUARTER is thrown methodically into the cash register. As soon as it closes, a murmur of casual discussion breaks out amongst the coins.

TATTERED QUARTER
(wailing)
LISTEN TO ME! Please!

Silence falls within the register. The other coins nervously glance at one another.

TATTERED QUARTER (CONT'D)
DO NOT trust the fleshy ones!
PLEASE LISTEN! There's something
happening! You do NOT want to go
out there! Please!

After a moment of whispering, the other coins return to their respective conversations with one another. Every time the register opens, they fall silent again.

LINCOLN, an average-looking penny, rolls around the PENNY SECTOR of the register as it continues to open and close. He approaches two SHINY PENNIES.

SHINY PENNY #1
(to SHINY PENNY #2)
One more day in here and I swear
I'm going to melt myself out of
this misery.

SHINY PENNY #2
(sniffing)
I've never even felt the warmth of
a fleshy one's hand. A penny's
already worthless enough, isn't
it...

Lincoln rolls himself to the edge of the sector, eavesdropping on a conversation happening within the QUARTER SECTOR.

QUARTER #1

Well, MY favorite experience in the outdoors was toppling into a fancy machine that pumped out these GORGEOUS golden tickets.

QUARTER #2

(scoffs)

Yeah yeah, I've done that at least four times by now. I don't think anything compares to--

Abruptly, the register opens again. A sweaty human hand lurches right next to Lincoln and into the quarter sector, scooping up Quarter #2.

QUARTER #2 (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Ta-ta! Nice to meet you!

Quarter #1 sighs in annoyance as the register closes again. Having heard enough, Lincoln lays down on his back.

Just as he's settling down, the register shoots open. Beat. The hand launches in once again, picking up Lincoln!

A customer reaches to take the penny from the sweaty palm.

CUSTOMER

Thank you! Have a good one.

Just as the customer grabs Lincoln and stuffs him into his pocket, it slips out of his hand and topples to the floor without him noticing.

Out in broad daylight, Lincoln lays still until nightfall.

OUTRO SCENE

INT. U.S. METAL SHORTAGE RESOLUTION FACILITY - NIGHT

Disfigured coins roll off the motionless conveyor belt one by one, crying from joy and reconvening with their loved ones. Dimen and Lincoln, equally disfigured, observe the scene from the facility's control tower.

DIMEN

(sniffing)

Do you think she might be down there?

LINCOLN

I don't know, bud.

Beat.

DIMEN
I gotta know for sure.

Unexpectedly, Dimen rolls from the edge of the tower onto the conveyor belt below.

LINCOLN
(shouting)
Hey! It's dangerous down there!

Lincoln rolls as fast as he can down to the conveyor belt. Now uneven from the heat damage, his rolls are uneven and slow. Dimen waits at the very end of the conveyor belt, his back facing Lincoln.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
Dimen! You scared the hell out of me with that fall!

Dimen doesn't respond.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
Dimen?

Confused by Dimen's unusual lack of energy, Lincoln rolls to his side. Beat. He gasps before we see what's in front of the two coins.

Nickole lays severely deformed as a result of the heat damage. Both faces of her body are nearly unrecognizable, aside from her signature speck of rust.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
(panicked)
NICKOLE? Nickole, can you hear me?
It's okay! I'm here! Dimen's here!
It's alright! We're okay, you're okay--

NICKOLE
(weakly)
I'm not.

DIMEN
(whimpering)
But you have to be! You're right here! We're all together!

Nickole chuckles, clearly defeated.

NICKOLE
You're sweet, Dimen, but this is no
way to live.

LINCOLN
(softly)
C'mon, Nickole, just a little
battle wound! Nothing you can't
handle!

NICKOLE
No, Linc. It's over.

Meer inches from Nickole's spot on the conveyor belt, The
fire of the furnace continues to roar.

DIMEN
(crying)
What do you mean over?! It can't be
over! You're right here, right now!
It's gonna be fine, right?!

Nickole hushes his cries.

NICKOLE
I need to ask you a favor. Dimen,
go wait in the doorway.

DIMEN
(sobbing)
I'm not going ANYWHERE!

NICKOLE
Dimen--

DIMEN
(frustrated)
NO.

NICKOLE
(sighs)
Alright then. Linc, push me into
that furnace.

LINCOLN
WHAT? No, no no no. Nickole, you'd
never make it out of there alive.

NICKOLE
I have already died. Please, this
is my one request from you.

LINCOLN

You're crazy if you think I'm going
to kill you. Dimen's right there!

Dimen is wailing at this point, begging Nickole to stay. The
other two coins shout over his screams.

NICKOLE

I already told you that I've died.
This is all I ask. Please.

LINCOLN

No.

NICKOLE

Then leave me here.

LINCOLN

Only if you promise to come down to
us.

NICKOLE

Lincoln. I'm tired. Just give me a
moment alone. Do you have any idea
how close I was to Q? Do you not
remember my dream of traveling?
It's just a lot. Let me be. Please.

LINCOLN

(quietly)

Okay.

(turning to Dimen)

C'mon pal, let's go. Nickole's
gonna meet us down there.

DIMEN

(excitedly)

Really?!

LINCOLN

Yes.

The two of them face Nickole for a moment before rolling off
the conveyor belt onto the facility floor. Beat. Other coins
on the floor are still processing their survival and
celebrating the facility's shutdown. Suddenly, gasps erupt
throughout the factory.

Nickole has rolled towards the edge of the conveyor belt.
Teetering on the belt's very edge, she's bound to topple into
the flames any second.

NICKOLE
 Goodbye, Lincoln. Goodbye, Dimen. I
 love you both. Thank you.

DIMEN
 (screaming)
 NICKY!

It's too late. Sparks shoot up from the furnace as Nickole
 clinks to the bottom. Screams ripple across the facility
 before the room falls completely silent.

Slowly, each and every disfigured coin rolls toward Lincoln
 and Dimen until a crowd has formed. A random NICKEL cries out
 from the bunch.

NICKEL
 What now?

Silence.

LINCOLN
 We have to keep rolling. Exploring.
 Choosing our own paths. We are
 worth more than the greasy hands of
 the fleshy ones, more than the dark
 halls of a register. We have to
 keep moving. For Nickole.

All of the coins whisper amongst one another for a moment
 until the Nickel cries out again.

NICKEL
 For Nickole!

ALL
 For Nickole!

DIMEN
 (squeaky)
 FOR NICKOLE!

LINCOLN
 For Nickole. And more importantly,
 for US.

Lincoln rolls out from the crowd, Dimen following closely
 behind him. Slowly but steadily, the other disfigured coins
 follow suit. Independent at last, the survivors all exit the
 facility as the camera pans up to the stars.