

MY FIRST BANK ROBBERY

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INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON/CELL HALLWAY. CHICAGO - DAY

A PRISON GUARD walks the long hallway, past cells of aggressive and badass prisoners. He stops at DON'S...

A black guy in his early thirties. Prison has nothing to do with his good looks and tough-muscles. He's working out. Push-ups. His scar-faced CELLMATE doing the counting.

The guard opens the door but the duo never minds him.

CELLMATE

Fifty six. Fifty seven. Fifty eight...

PRISON GUARD

(re: Don)

You're free.

CELLMATE (CONT'D)

Fifty nine...

(to the guard)

Me?

PRISON GUARD

To hell. Him.

Don grins broadly.

PRISON GUARD

Yes you... You are going home.

DON

Home?

PRISON GUARD

Yeah. Come on. Get up.

Don gets up, grabs a few stuff on his bed, hugs his buddy.

DON

Be safe.

Don trudges out. HEAR his v.o as the guard follows him through back to the clearance window.

DON (V.O)

As you can all see. We don't have beauty parlors in this place --

A tattooed RUSSIAN PRISONER bangs the bars, pointing at Don as he passes his cell. He detests him.

RUSSIAN PRISONER

Black asshole!

Don erects the middle finger into his face.

RUSSIAN PRISONER

Fuck you, too!

DON(CONT'D)

(vo)

That's why I work out. To protect my expensive looks from such goons. Wait. Did I introduce myself? My mother often said that a good impression comes with an introduction first. I granted her a pig's ass most times... I guess it's part of the reasons I'm in this place right now. Anyway. My name is Schleidon Kitimbo but my friends call me Don. Not you. My friends. And when I talk of friends, to me, only two count. You could ask me why but the reason is simple. In the world I live trust kills. So friends are limited.

AT THE WINDOW: Don signs the papers. Gets dressed out of the prison jumpsuit. Into a clean suit. He strains his collar.

DON(V.O)

God bless America. The only country that does laundry for its prisoners.

He picks a handkerchief from his pocket, wonders with a grin.

DON(CONT'D)

(vo)

Oh. And also keep well all their property for this long.

EXT. MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - DAY

Two Rangerovers skid to a halt outside the prison gate. The back window of the second vehicle lowers: two African men in suits are seated inside -- High ranking material.

The Prison gate opens. Two prison guards holding well maintained rifles and the PRISON WARDEN escort Don out, toward the cars. He looks curious.

DON

(re: Warden)

Am I really free?

PRISON WARDEN

From my prison? Yeah. But from United States of America, I doubt.

DON

Who are those guys?

PRISON WARDEN

Your government.

They recede toward the cars as we hear Don's v.o.

DON(CONT'D)

(vo)

Yes. My government. I'm not from around here you know. I believe it explains why you failed to pronounce my last name now. I am one of a million miserable Ugandans who come looking for greener pastures everyday. I don't complain for spending most of my time here though. I mean this prison. Not like I bought the food or anything else. It was all free.

PRISON WARDEN(CONT'D)

They're here to make sure you reach home safely.

The second car's door opens and comes out the two men to the warden.

BLACK MAN

My government is very grateful for this cooperation, Sir.

PRISON WARDEN

Of course. You must as well know that your prisoner is a very big threat to your country's security.

BLACK MAN

We shall keep that at the back of our minds.

DON(V.O)

Back of your minds? Seriously? Fellow Ugandans... The Don I come.

Prison Warden and the men shake hands. The Guards lead Don into the first car.

PRISON WARDEN

It was nice having you in my home, Don.

DON(V.O)

Fuck You.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

A 300-hundreder passenger airbus takes off.

DON(V.O)

I was deported after four years in prison. I tried robbing a bank.

INT. BLUE BANK. CHICAGO - DAY(-FOUR YEARS EARLIER-)

Don is holding at gun point a FEMALE TELLER terrifyingly while she packs stakes of cash into bag.

DON

Hurry the fuck up, bitch!

Don's three partners are seen in the b.g. pacing around, their weapons trained at the hostages lying on the floor.

FADE TO BLACK

DON(CONT'D)

(vo)

The security was tight-ass there.
They helped me though. Considering
a free air ticket on the Embassy
budget because if all goes well...
I'm yet to realize my dream.

"GRAPHIC"

STAMP TITTLE: "MY FIRST BANK ROBBERY"

FADE IN:

EXT. ROADSIDE. KAMPALA, UGANDA - DAY(-FOUR YEARS LATER-)

TIGHT ON A stationery black caldina.

REVEAL: DON, inside the caldina, looking even better. His look is critical. Both hands are firm on the steering wheel. He's definitely holding onto someone... or something.

Hold a beat, then: BOB, dressed in shorts and a sleeveless t-shirt, approaches the car from its rear.

He's holding a brown envelope in one hand and a still-camera hangs from his neck. Don sees him thru the rear-view mirror.

DON(V.O)

His name is Bob. We went through
High School together. Bob is a
perfect photographer and finds out
what I want when I want. Just like
me, Bob is not married.

Bob enters the car.

BOB

Let's go.

Don starts the car's engine and drives.

EXT. RYAN'S HOME - DAY

Don's Caldina cruises past the house and stops thirty metres ahead....

RYAN, unshaven, is right outside the front door dressed in a bad suit while talking to his five-year-old son standing in front of the mother.

DON(V.O)

I hate kids.

ON RYAN: Walking towards us.

DON(V.O)

His name is Ryan. That guy loves his family. But he makes terrible financial decisions that's why he's always in red. He is the computer geek and the last of my two friends.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ryan bumps into the back!

RYAN

How many times should I remind you guys to stop picking me at home? You can't let my wife --

BOB

She didn't, see us if that's what you meant.

RYAN

(to Bob)

Bad attitude.

BOB

Glad you noticed.

Don takes a picture out of the brown envelope on the dashboard and hands it to Ryan. It's the "STATE TRUST BANK".

RYAN

State Trust Bank?

DON

What can you tell us about it?

RYAN

The only one thing I can tell you is you're two very dead men.

BOB

Three... You, too.

RYAN

This bank has the safest systems ever designed.

DON

Figure a way to get us inside.

RYAN
It's impossible.

DON
What's impossible, Ryan? You
getting us into the bank or robbing
it?

RYAN
We can't step an inch close to this
bank before getting noticed.

DON
Is that all?

RYAN
Yeah.

DON
Work the solution not the problem.
One of the many lessons I learnt
the hard way. You may live now.

RYAN
Um.

DON
What?

RYAN
Do you mind dropping me off to my
new place of work?

DON/BOB
(in unison)
What place of work?!

RYAN
I lied.(eyes to the wife) My wife
thinks I found an office job.

INT. DON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Messy. It's not been cleaned for days. Bob is sitting on top
of a table fleeting through photos and papers on the same
table.

Ryan enters -- Hands full. He's eating a burger with tined
yoghurt in another hand. His laptop bag hanging over the
shoulder.

RYAN
Ugh! Can someone have this place
cleaned - at least for once?

Don walks in from the shower. In shorts. Towel in hands.

RYAN(CONT'D)

(re: Don)

Why even bathe if you're to sleep
in the stables?

DON

Lend me your wife to take care of
this night, Genius.

RYAN

Back off.

Ryan notices, out of many, a picture of a "MAN" on the
table. He picks it.

RYAN

Who's this guy?

BOB

State Trust Bank manager. You know
him?

RYAN

I think... I might have seen him
somewhere.

He pokes his head slowly, as if to help his mind remember.

RYAN(CONT'D)

Remember, Ryan, remember...

Don directs a blow to his head but Ryan grabs the hand.

RYAN(CONT'D)

Wo, giant! Save your energy for the
bank's security... Yes! I get it.

BOB

Remembered something?

RYAN

In a picture... They were shaking
hands with Live spy Networks C.E.O

DON

What's Live Spy Network?

RYAN

It's a PSP company...

DON

PSP?

RYAN

Private security provider company
that supplies cameras and motion
detectors to banks and offices.

BOB

Okay. So. Do you think Live Spy Network provides Trust bank with its security?

RYAN

That makes the situation even worse.

DON

What do you mean?

RYAN

It's practically impossible to hack into Live Spy's servers.

DON

I have witnessed you hack into interpol servers, Ryan...

Don starts for the kitchen. Ryan and Bob follow.

DON(CONT'D)

You can't tell me this is impossible.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUES

They enter, Ryan still arguing.

RYAN(CONT'D)

What I mean is -- This whole State Trust Bank thing can't happen. Find some other bank... Maybe TROUT.

DON(V.O)

A micro finance? Hell No! I can't have my first bank robbery recorded on a few pennies stolen from fucking Micro finance.

BOB

(to Ryan)

Dude. Do you know how much effort and time it took me to gather this whole chunk of information?

RYAN

Start again. This time on a more realistic bank.

Don picks a table knife and a plate.

DON(CONT'D)

No.

RYAN

No?

DON

No!

He punches the knife deep into the table. Ryan freaks a bit.

DON

Impossible is never a solution to a stumbling block, Ryan. We are going for State Trust.

RYAN

Did you even hear what I just said?

DON

Yeah. And I think you'll find away, right?

RYAN

(quietly; to himself)

Wrong.

DON

Continue with your search, Bob. I have a few calls to make tonight and as for you, Mister Genius.

Don holds Ryan's chin in his hand, eyes trained at the knife. He smiles.

DON(CONT'D)

Do what you do best.

Don heads out with the plate. Bob grins for Ryan while swinging the blade.

RYAN

I said no.

INT. DON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Don pins on the board the various pictures of State Trust Bank taking at different angles from different vantage points.

He studies the pictures: "the bank is all surrounded by buildings."

Don gazes a particular BED ROOFED building, about one thousand meters from the bank's main entrance, for a moment. He circles it with a red marker.

EXT. RYAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Ryan makes his way out to the balcony pleading into the cellphone. His wife, ADRIANA, watches him through the glass window as she sets a plate of food in front of the boy on the dinning table.

RYAN

You just have to keep a little leap of faith in me Derrick like you've always done. I know...

Adriana stands at the front door worried.

RYAN(CONT'D)

I'm working to deliver the whole package I promise. Alright.

He fumbles the phone off the ear and sighs.

ADRIANA

Is everything okay?

RYAN

It's Derrick. He needs his money at month end.

ADRIANA

Will you have it?

RYAN

I don't know.

ADRIANA

What about your new job?

RYAN

What about it?

ADRIANA

You could ask for an advance.

RYAN

Seriously?

ADRIANA

I'm just saying. You said you're the company's favorite...

RYAN

("you don't understand")
Yeah. I'll figure out something.
You don't have to worry, Ad.

ADRIANA

Okay.

EXT. KATHLYN'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment next door to Don's. Bob knocks on the door with red Roses in his hand. KATHLYN, late 20s, stunning, opens the door. Bob hands her the flowers.

KATHLYN

Are these mine?

BOB
You're Miss Kathlyn, right?

KATHLYN
Sure. Who sent them?

BOB
Actually. It's your next door
neighbor. That's what he said.

KATHLYN
Wow. I haven't even met him. Please
send my gratitude to him.

BOB
Of course.

As Bob starts away:

KATHLYN
What's his name?

BOB
(turns)
Do... Um, David. Yeah, that's the
name I guess. David.

KATHLYN
David. Okay. Thanks.

Bob skitters away. Kathlyn dazes over the flowers for a second, looks over at Don's apartment, shrugs and grins before she enters.

INT. DON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bob displays another lot of pictures to Don.

BOB
(re: picture)
He is the Live Spy Network's C.E.O.
Oh, and about the bank Manager. The
only family he has in the country
is his eighty year old mother.
Leverage?

DON
Not outstanding.
(re: Kathlyn's photo)
Who's she?

BOB
Her. She's Kathlyn. The assistant
Bank manager, also a daughter to
the owner and... Never mind.

DON
Is that calling me to mind?

BOB
Absolutely nothing to mind about...

DON
Bob.

BOB
She's renting the apartment next door.

DON
What? When did you learn this?

BOB
Before I suggested this apartment.

DON
Were you fucking out of your crazy mind?!

BOB
Don --

DON
We need to find our way out of this place right now.

BOB
This place is the best.

DON
I decide what's best, Bob not you!
We can not continue this shit with her in the next apartment.

BOB
Keep your enemies closer,
remember?!

Don deflates. Bob's face is silently saying a hell No: "we are not going anywhere."

DON
You better be right this time, Bob
or I'll kill you myself when this whole shit blows on us.

BOB
Sure.

As Don proceeds to the bedroom Bob mumbles.

BOB
And that's just the beginning.

DON
Did you say something?

BOB

No. Nothing.

INT. RYAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dimly lit by the laptop. Ryan sits on the couch. He's on Google Search. He types into the search box "LIVE SPY NETWORK CLIENTÈLE."

A full page of notes displays on the screen - exclusive database of the company's clients. Ryan peruses through the long list to spot "STATE TRUST BANK."

EXT. DON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Don comes out of the front door holding a trash bag and barges into Kathlyn, hands in gloves, also carrying a similar bag from her apartment.

Their eyes meet. Awkwardly. Kathlyn smiles and Don grins for her. Don takes the bold first move.

DON

Hey.

KATHLYN

Hi. You must be David.

DON

David...? Oh. Yeah. David... And you are -- Kathlyn.

KATHLYN

Uh huh.(a beat)Um. I really loved the flowers.

DON

Flowers?

KATHLYN

The roses... you gave to the tall, a bit slender guy? He told your name.

DON

("whatta hell are you talking about?")

Oh. Yeah... Roses, to the tall slender guy.

KATHLYN

You don't remember, do you?

DON

Of course. I do... The red roses. I'm glad you liked them.

KATHLYN

How did you know I loved red roses?

DON
("honestly")
I didn't.

KATHLYN
Okay.

DON
You know... It's actually kind of a
tradition in my family to donate
red roses to neighbors as a sign of
peace.

KATHLYN
I see. So. What do you do, David?

DON
(looks at the trash bag)
Um. I'm a taker.

KATHLYN
A taker? What do you take?

DON
Everything. Anything I can I take.

She looks perplexed.

DON(CONT'D)
And on that note I guess, I should
be the one taking this for you.

Don takes the trash bag in her.

KATHLYN
(grins)
Oh. Thanks.

DON
You're welcome.

He proceeds away, both confused.

KATHLYN
(quietly: eyes on Don)
Taker? Whatever.

INT. DON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Don slams the door behind him. He's headed for blood. His
face a halloween mask.

DON
Bob!

DON(V.O)
I am killing the son-of-a bitch
this instant.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Don barges in and pulls the blanket where Bob is napping. Bob topples his ass to the floor and stirs.

BOB

What?

DON

Flowers? What the big hell were you thinking?

BOB

Is that a good indication the neighbors have officially met?

DON

This is not funny! You risked everything!

BOB

We need eyes on the inside, Don. My camera can't. Ryan has failed to hack the systems and you -- are complaining my friend.

DON

Lemme get this right. You are plotting on using Kathlyn to rob her father's bank?

BOB

Uh huh.

DON

And you actually think she'd let you steal her own money?

BOB

No. And because she won't give me all the information I need - directly, that's why I introduced you... David I mean.

DON

Wait. You want me to --

BOB

Exactly.

DON

That's not the way I play my game. Plus you could do that, too.

BOB

Of course. But you're her neighbor and as far as she's concerned, I'm not more than a delivery guy.

Don is not pleased.

INT. DON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ryan enters very excited that he barely notices the other two members inside not in better terms.

RYAN
I was right he supplies equipment
to the --

He notices. Don is listening to his music through earpieces while Bob pretends to be studying the pictures.

RYAN(CONT'D)
Are we all right in here?

DON
Do you believe Bob sent her flowers
in my name?

BOB
I didn't use your actual name.

DON
Whatever... And he wants me to go
on a date with her.

RYAN
(to Bob)
What is he talking about?

DON(CONT'D)
I have never in my life sent
flowers to a woman.

BOB
(to Ryan)
I initiated plan Mystic. He's mad
at me.

DON
(to Ryan)
You knew about this, too?

RYAN
That's what I do. I know before you
do...
(to Bob)
You actually said Don told you to
do this.

DON
He did? Son of a bitch.

RYAN
She's cute though, isn't she?

DON

Don't you have a wife?

RYAN

True. And I also have eyes to see beauty and a mouth to complement it, making me a totally different species from some kinds in here.

DON

You guys think am afraid of her?

RYAN

Are you?

DON

Hell NO!

BOB

Then play your game with all the cards you've got on the table - If you can.

DON

Fine.

BOB

Done. So. Ryan. What were you saying again?

RYAN

The bank makes a general security upgrade every after three months and according to my very reliable source, the previous was done two months three weeks ago meaning --

DON

We have only one week to go.

RYAN

You still are forgetting one important thing though. I have totally failed to hack into Live Spy network computers.

DON

Right. Are you sure there isn't anything else you can do?

RYAN

All I can. I have done.

BOB

This is one of the many times I hate technology.

DON
 (thinking)
 There's another way we can get in.

RYAN
 What's that?

DON
 Live Spy Network.

RYAN
 Dude...

DON(CONT'D)
 Find all the information you can
 about its employees. If you can't
 hack their computers, I will hack
 into their brains.

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

Don and Kathlyn are having coffee. Other diners seem to mind their own businesses.

DON
 Out of curiosity. How did you
 ascend the cooperate ladder so
 first? I mean, I usually don't see
 Bank Managers this young?

KATHLYN
 What do you think?

DON
 Um. Maybe --

KATHLYN
 I fucked my boss for the big
 promotion?

DON
 I didn't say that.

KATHLYN
 It's in your eyes.

She bursts into a laughter. Don laughs, too.

KATHLYN
 Anyway. You're not the first man to
 ask me this question -- but I
 usually prefer not to answer it.

DON
 Was the experience too bad?

KATHLYN
 No... Fine.

(MORE)

KATHLYN (cont'd)
(lips closer to his ear)
State Trust Bank belongs to my Dad.

DON
Wo! So, technically I am speaking
to a billionaire right now?

KATHLYN
Exactly why I don't answer the
question. It scares the crap out of
my possible suitors.

DON
So you instead go with the first
version?

KATHLYN
I don't use it either. Oh. By the
way, I'm dieing to ask you about
that "taker" thing... What exactly
does it mean?

DON
(laughs)
Uh. I worked in consignment back in
the States and my Clients referred
to me by that.

KATHLYN
What still refer to yourself by
that?

DON
It makes people curious, so, yeah I
do.

Both giggle.

KATHLYN
What do you do now?

DON
I am a stockbroker.

The Waiter approaches and drops the bill on the table. Don
reaches his wallet and pays. Then quietly gazes her.

DON(V.O)
Get to business Don. Quit the
stupid talk and do something.

KATHLYN
We better get going.

DON
Now?

KATHLYN

I have a very early morning tomorrow. Thanks for the coffee.

DON

My pleasure.

INT. DON'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Don enters. Bob is lying on the couch reading a magazine.

BOB

How was your date?

DON

Interesting, less productive. She hesitated on all bank related questions.

BOB

Maybe your approach was so vague?

DON

I tried sugar-coating but, I remember my one-night stands every time I'm talking to a woman.

Bob shakes his head in disbelief, hands over to Don a photo of a man with a ten-year-old GIRL from the magazine. It's the Live spy network C.E.O. with his daughter in a school uniform.

DON

Who's the girl?

BOB

His child. He drops her to school every morning, picks her up in the evening and heads with her to his office where they both come from at night every week day.

DON

Her mother?

BOB

She's dead. Two years ago.

DON

In simple terms you're telling me there's no time the girl is home alone?

BOB

No.

DON

What did you say her school was again?

BOB
I didn't. But it's on the back.

Don turns the photo and reads "LITTLE TUBBIES" on the back.

DON
Good.

INT. DON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ryan displays to Don and Bob bank vaults pictures on the laptop.

RYAN(CONT'D)
They're over forty vaults that have been sold to Uganda since 1921. There's no way I can guess which unless I get a clue.

DON
And how is that supposed to be done?

RYAN
By getting into the bank and take the vault's picture.

BOB
Are you kidding me?

RYAN
It's the only way this can be done.

DON
That won't work.

RYAN
I thought impossible never existed in your vocabulary.

DON
But risk does. Anyone of us enters down there and will be the first suspect when all this is done. We can't risk our identities.

RYAN
Do you have a better idea?

INT. KATHLYN'S APARTMENT - DAY

It has a clean decor with fancy furniture. Kathlyn is watching a movie when a knock hits the door. She pauses the movie and heads for the door -- It's Don.

KATHLYN
You?

DON

Yup.

They gaze each other for a moment. Then:

DON

May I--?

KATHLYN

Oh. Sure, Come in please.

DON

Thanks.

Don enters. He looks around the room mesmerized...

DON

Nice place you have in here.

KATHLYN

I'm sure familiar with the format.

DON

Yeah, but not the setting.

DON(V.O)

My apartment is the hell you don't want to come to.

DON

Um. I, thought maybe, you might be bored in here and, needed my company?

She laughs

DON

What?

(checks his zip)

Did I forget to zip-up?

KATHLYN

You thought I needed your company or you actually needed my company?

DON(V.O)

Busted.

DON

Truthfully. I was bored and thought coming here wouldn't be such a bad idea?

KATHLYN

No, it's not. Can I offer you anything?

DON

No, thanks.

She continues to talk as they settle down.

KATHLYN

In fact I wanted to ask you something from our last conversation, too.

DON

Takers?

Laughter.

KATHLYN

No. About your current job. What's your bank?

DON

What's my... None.

KATHLYN

None? Where do you keep your money?

DON

In a very safe place.

KATHLYN

Safer than banks?

DON

Maybe. I don't trust any of the banks we have here.

KATHLYN

Then it's obvious you haven't been to State Trust Bank.

DON

Really?

KATHLYN

Okay. This might look like a king hailing himself but State Trust is ranked the top most secure bank in the country.

DON(V.O)

It sounds really good to a person who loves statistics. Not like I don't but the guys who make it. They can be paid to write whatever nonsense the person with cash says.

KATHLYN(CONT'D)

What about you come on monday and prove it yourself?

DON

What about you tell me a few things about that security to motivate my inner man?

KATHLYN

Okay. For your sake I guess you would want a bank that can keep your securities safely.

DON

Right.

KATHLYN

We have one of the strongest bank vaults that has ever been designed in the whole world.

DON

Anything computerised can be hacked.

KATHLYN

That's where you're wrong. We have a nineteenth century vault --

DON

What Model?

KATHLYN

I didn't go into a better crammer system while studying so, you'll excuse the small details.

DON

Fair enough. How about this? Suppose someone starts fire on the main entrance -- Tell me how you would save the people inside your bank and all their property?

KATHLYN

Every bank has an emergency exit.

DON

I don't see one on State Trust.

KATHLYN

Simply because it's emergency. Anyway. It all ends in the vault.

DON

What do you mean?

KATHLYN

That you come to the bank on monday and see what we can offer.

DON
You win. I'll come but only on one
condition.

KATHLYN
Name your price.

DON
A cup of coffee.

KATHLYN
Done.

She stands.

INT. DON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Don enters. Bob and Ryan are watching porn. Ryan slams the
laptop shut.

DON
Are you guys watching porn?

RYAN
No. Okay a little. It's Bob's idea.

DON
Oh Yeah. It's always Bob's idea.

BOB
Did you get anything?

DON
(re: Ryan)
Search for all nineteenth century
vaults ever sold to Uganda. One of
them is what we're looking for.
And, Bob, prepare your identity
card.

BOB
What for?

DON
You're opening up an account with
State Trust Bank on monday.

BOB
Are you going nuts? What about the
risking our identities talk?

DON
You were right. We need some eyes
inside the bank.

BOB
We have Kathlyn.

DON

Kathlyn can't tell us all the camera positions in the bank. The only person who can do that is an experienced photographer who will use his cellphone to take pictures without being noticed and that person --

BOB

Is me?

Bob scurries away to the bedroom in disagreement. Don stays, Ryan gazing him - wanting to say something.

DON

What?

RYAN

I suggest you put your house in order, father.

DON

Dammit.

Don follows Bob.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Don enters to find Bob lying, face-up, on the bed.

DON

Risking our lives is the last thing I'll ever do.

BOB

Yet you're already doing it.

DON

I have a plan.

BOB

With you there is always a classified "well-laid-plan", Don!

DON

Do you trust me?

BOB

No. It's the first rule you taught me -- To never trust a thief.

DON

Good. But would you trust me for this one time if I ask you to?

BOB

Give me one reason why?

DON
Lots of millions inside State Trust
Bank waiting for us the takers. Is
that reason enough?

BOB
One time, right?

DON
One time.

BOB
If you screw me up, Don I swear
even when I'm dead my ghost will
come back to haunt you down.

DON
Deal. Now put your fake documents
in order for monday.

INT. DON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Don and Bob walk back into the living room laughing. Ryan is
busy on the laptop.

DON
(to Bob)
Did you actually mean that ghost
thing?

BOB
Try me.

RYAN
Uh, guys? I think I found out
something.

They proceed next to Ryan.

RYAN(CONT'D)
There are seven gold vaults made in
nineteenth century sold to Africa.

DON
Can you low down the list to
Uganda?

RYAN
That's just a single click away
and...

He presses some buttons on the keyboard.

RYAN(CONT'D)
Oho!

DON
What?

RYAN
None was sold to the pearl of
Africa.

DON
No.

RYAN
See for yourself.

He lifts the laptop closer to Don.

BOB
(to Don)
Do you think she lied?

DON
I think one of the vaults sold to
these African countries was later
resold to Uganda. Find out which.

RYAN
Does it a bit occur to your mind
that I have a wife and a son to go
back to?

DON(V.O)
Dammit! That's why I will never
have children while still doing
this job.

DON
Fine. You can attend to your mama
baby. We shall proceed tomorrow.

INT. DON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Don is collecting trash from the floor when Ryan enters.

RYAN
You gonna like to... Are you
actually cleaning this place?

DON
What do your eyes perceive?

RYAN
I pray my retina isn't still
holding the street janitor's image
up to now. Where's Bob?

DON
Church.

RYAN
Okay. Enough of the jokes.

Don drops the trash in his hands back on the floor.

RYAN
(re: trash)
That was a good joke though.

DON
Bob went out to do shopping. What's
your good news?

RYAN
One vault sold to a bank in Liberia
was in 1954 bought by a business
man in Uganda and guess who?

DON
Simon Kamagu?

RYAN
Tick. And my God feeling tells me
it's what we're looking for.

DON
No doubt. How long does it take to
encrypt its lock?

RYAN
Not necessary. All the vaults sold
to Africa had no code technology.
They open manually.

DON
With a real key?

RYAN
Uh huh!

DON
I guess we have to find someone
best to duplicate the key.

RYAN
Wrong, again. The keys can not be
duplicated. They're made out of
pure gold and only the originals
can open it. Loose the key, forget
the contents. But the good news
is...

He slides the Bank Manager's picture to the laptop screen.

RYAN(CONT'D)
This guy keeps one of the keys.

DON
And the second?

RYAN
I have no idea.

INT. DON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Don, Ryan and Bob are arguing. Ryan's laptop is on table with the BANK VAULT'S PICTURE ON SCREEN.

DON

Guys... Guys. Listen! We have less than sixteen hours to figure how to open this vault.

BOB

Let's blast it if everything else won't work...

RYAN

We are talking a gold vault with a giant steel reinforced concrete of 1.55 feet thick wall and a 3.5 feet door. Not even a nuclear bomb can blast it.

DON

Go to sleep.

RYAN

What?

DON

I said go to sleep.

RYAN

Do you realize we still have one biggest problem unsolved?

DON(V.O)

Can I just slap the negative out of this family nerd?

DON

Problems can't be solved, Ryan. Challenges on the other hand can.

RYAN

Right. Our - challenge is the exit. We can't come out the same way we entered.

BOB

Why not, if we work the plan right?

EXT. BLUE BANK. CHICAGO - DAY

FLASHBACK!! Don and his three partners barge out of the front door with black bags of cash to find a well-armed SWAT BATTALION: Don and his burglars the targets.

SWAT COMMANDER

Freeze!

Don drops the bag.

INT. DON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Back to Present. Don recovers from the loss, shakes his head in denial.

DON

The entrance will be swarmed with cops by the time we're done. There must be another way to lead us out.

RYAN

Why don't I see it if there is?

DON

Because it's for emergency... That's what Kathlyn said when I asked her. She said it ends in the vault.

RYAN

What ends in the vault?

BOB

Money.

Bob laughs.

INT. DON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Don holds out of the bedroom a black bag and puts it down on the floor in the living room. He looks at it thoughtfully and sighs, then, opens it.

He lifts out a clean automatic machine gun with a chain of bullets running down from its magazine.

EXT. BED ROOFED BUILDING - NIGHT

It's 500-meters to the front lot of STATE TRUST BANK.

TIGHT ON DON. Critical and very clear eyed. He's standing on the flat roof studying the bank's surrounding, holding the automatic rifle.

He places the rifle over the building edge carefully. Lowers his eye on the scope.

SCOPE'S P.O.V: The State Trust Bank's main entrance peers. Distance stamp reads: 502.02 meters.

Don lifts his eye off the scope.

CUT TO:

INT. STATE TRUST BANK/BANKING HALL - DAY(-12:15 P.M.-)

Resonant silence. Terror. Tension is filling the room. Eighteen hostages. Trembling. All lying straight with heads touching the floor. Everyone is scared.

Eleven women and seven men -- including a seventy-year-old man, a single-legged crippled man, and two guards in uniforms. Camera sweeps over each seeing their tensed bodies and faces.

A GUNMAN. Strong. Fierce. He's dressed in black, hands in tough gloves, and his face, masked. We can tell it's Don by the body structure. He's holding a fully loaded HK416. Well-maintained rifle.

Kathlyn watches on, studying the gunman's "seemingly-familiar" eyes. She's freaked to death.

Bob is lying on the same floor. He's a hostage, too. Dressed in a hooded jacket.

Don moves to the front of the hostages. He begins to pace around the banking hall.

DON(V.O)

I'm not scared. I want these guys to think I am unstable. My prison cellmate said it freaks the hell out of Hostages.

He finally stops. Holds the gun in his hands.

DON

This is a gun. I know most of you just see it on T.V but it's the real deal now. It kills. Therefore I won't expect any acts of valor in this room today. I'm the boss and the rule is clear. Do as I say, and we shall remain true friends. Now get up. Everybody. Get up! Stand!

They all stand.

DON

Very good.

He walks to Kathlyn.

DON

Collect the gadgets. Phones. Laptops, Ipad, Ipens and whatever... Every thing! In this.

He hands out a polythene bag to her. She collects everything from everyone hastily. Gives back the bag.

DON

I assume all is here. Remember.
Today is not a hero's day. Okay.
Back to the ground.

All lie. Don pulls a chair and places it in front: where he can see everybody. He studies the hostage's characters. Most are freaking out except the crippled man with a defiant, veteran look. But this is everyone's first time as a hostage.

Don crosses his legged. Rests the rifle on his laps pointing to the hostages. He keeps checking on his watch.

DON'S POV: Counting the hostages with his eyes and when done, he stands.

DON

Okay. Get up. Fast! faster!

All stand.

DON

This way. Move. Move. Let's go.
Move!

He pushes them towards the offices hallway.

INT. OFFICES HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They move past the copier room and on the office ROOM ONE.

DON

Stop! Eight of you enter.

The seven enter, Bob amongst them. Don holds the BANK MANAGER's hand as he enters.

DON(CONT'D)

Not you.
(re: Kathlyn)
You instead.

Kathlyn enters.

DON

(to the hostages)
Try something stupid inside there
and your brains will betray you.

He locks the room. Leads the remaining hostages to ROOM TWO. They enter. He stops the Bank Manager still.

DON

(to the hostages)
Like I just said. Don't be smart.
You don't want your families to
collect your corpses here instead.

He locks the door and pockets the keys.

DON
(re: Manager)
You and I need to talk.

Don follows the Bank Manager head back through the banking hall to the manager's office.

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Don and the manager enter.

DON
Make yourself comfortable.

Don sets his rifle free on the table. Both go silent, staring at one another for a while. Until:

BANK MANAGER
What's your plan?

DON
Lets see. Why don't we play a mind game instead? I love playing games you know. Tell me what you think and I'll tell you what I think.

BANK MANAGER
I think you made a terrible mistake choosing to rob this bank.

DON
Oh.

BANK MANAGER
And I also think that in about five minutes or less the security guards outside will notice the dead silence inside here and the entire place will be flooded with the police in no time.

DON
Okay. I know. And because I thought that would happen -- I kicked the security asses inside with me. What do you think?

BANK MANAGER
Can I ask you a question?

DON
Questions. Questions aren't so friendly to me but, sure. Go ahead.

BANK MANAGER
Is your father alive?

DON
Very much alive. Why?

BANK MANAGER
He must be very disappointed in you
right now.

DON
On contrary. When all this is done
my father will be so proud of me.
Do you know why?

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY(-TWENTY YEARS AGO-)

Don's father is mobbed by a huge crowd of angry civilians
right outside the front stairs as a 12-year-old Don watches.
Stolen groceries are spread all over the ground.

A bag of breads is hang around his neck by a wiry man in a
supermarket uniform who then slaps him.

MAN IN UNIFORM
Thief!

A police truck races to the scene and a police officer jumps
down from its bed shooting into space.

The rowdy crowd disperses and Don's beaten father is carried
to the truck's bed. Young Don gazes the truck as it
disappears in a distance.

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Back to Present. Don grins for the manager, not affected.

DON(CONT'D)
He's still rotting somewhere in a
prison for robbing a grocery store.
Poor Dad. Tell me he wouldn't be
proud of his son pulling the first
ever bank robbery on the most
secure bank in the country?

BANK MANAGER
So. It's in all your genes?

DON
You could say.

Don looks on his watch.

DON
How about we cut the crap and go
straight to business now?

POLICE SIRENS begin to grow loud outside the bank.

BANK MANAGER
 (defiantly)
 I told you.

EXT. STATE TRUST BANK - DAY

Police trucks skid to a halt. A police ambulance and the fire brigade close behind.

A big truck of well-equipped military police stops. They jump down and rush to taking positions immediately: surrounding the bank.

A TENT is erected in a PARKING SPACE right opposite the bank's main entrance. A yellow police band is run around the bank while the police prevent people and journalists from coming closer.

TV REPORTER
 (into camera)
 We are live right outside State Trust Bank headquarters where the the first ever successful break into the country's top most secure bank is happening this instant...

We spot RYAN in the crowd behind the reporter.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)
 And security operatives deploying heavily to try and contain this horrible attack to the bank...

INT. RESORT. BOARDROOM - DAY

SIMON KAMAGU, 60s, is chairing a board meeting of six members. His secretary walks in and whispers into his ear. Simon scurries out with her grimacing.

EXT. STATE TRUST BANK - DAY

Another car pulls in and two officers step out. One is a 40-year-old LIEUTENANT PATRICK and the other a 20-year-old JERRY, the sergeant in a police uniform. Jerry holds out a big backpack.

We PULL BACK AND HIGH: to see a clear view outside the bank. A LIVE SPY NETWORK SERVICE VAN IS PARKED A METER CLOSE TO THE BANK'S MAIN ENTRANCE...

EXT. BED ROOFED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

A SNIPPER sets his rifle on the exact spot where Don stood the previous night. Random movements are seen down. Officers on duty.

We DROP to find Lieutenant Patrick approaching the MILITARY COMMANDER. They shake hands as two OFFICERS in uniform proceed to them.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
Lieutenant Patrick. Negotiator from
the Criminal Investigations
Department. What's the current
situation?

OFFICER #1
We have hostages in the bank. Their
number is not known yet.

Lieut. Patrick notices the Live Spy Network van.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK (CONT'D)
And the van?

OFFICER #1
The bank had a security upgrade
today.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
(to Jerry)
Get me Live Spy Network's
Management on phone.

MILITARY COMMANDER
The thieves used the truck. The
network's C.E.O. is inside.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
As a hostage?

MILITARY COMMANDER
It's still too early to establish
his stand.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
Has he made any attempts to come
out?

OFFICER #2
No, Sir.

Patrick looks at the van thoughtfully.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
(for mil. Commander)
Let's keep a close eye on him
first. How many thieves are we
dealing with?

MILITARY COMMANDER
No idea yet. But an eye witness
claimed to have seen one masked man
entering with a big gun. I however
think it's a risky job to be
handled by a single man. More
muggers might have entered earlier.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
(to Jerry)
Connect into the bank, Sergeant.

JERRY
Yes, Sir.

Jerry gets the telephone wired up. Connects it to his laptop and turns on the computer.

INT. STATE TRUST BANK. ROOM ONE - DAY

Kathlyn spots Bob in the same room.

KATHLYN
Flower man? What are you doing here?

BOB
I bank here. And you?

KATHLYN
I work here.

BOB
Oh. Yeah. I saw you collecting the gadgets.

TELLER 07
(to Kathlyn)
Do you two know each other...?

The sound of stuff falling interrupts the talk.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

A money detector and books dropped to the floor lead us on a raging Don. He comes to the Manager.

DON
You think the situation is under control?! That's your worst mistake so far.

Don scurries out. Slams the office door and locks it.

INT. STATE TRUST BANK. ROOM TWO - DAY

Don pushes in angrily. He grabs a woman and drags her out by the hair.

INT. OFFICES HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The woman yowls as Don pulls her back to the manager's office.

INT. BANK MANAGERS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Don drops her to the floor and holds the HK416 on her head.
Right to the manager's front.

DON
(re: Manager)
You have three seconds or I'll blow
her goddamned brains out. Three.
Two --

RINGG!! The office phone interrupts his count. Don heads to
the desk, picks the phone angrily.

DON
(into phone)
I'm busy.

Drops it back into the cradle.

EXT. STATE TRUST BANK - DAY

Lieutenant Patrick is holding a phone to his ear.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
(to Jerry)
Try again.

Jerry dials.

INT. BANK MANAGERS OFFICE - DAY

Don is walking back to the woman when the phone rings again.
He turns and grabs it. All business.

DON
What's your name?

INTERCUT: Lieut. Patrick picks a pen and a notepad.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
Lieutenant Patrick.

DON
What do you want?

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
I intended to ask you the same
question, Mr--?

DON
My friends call me Don.

Patrick jots down "DON"

LIEUTENANT PATRICK (CONT'D)
Yes, Don...

DON

I'll tell you this once and for all Lieutenant Patrick. I'm inside this bank right now because what I want is in here. And since I have very limited time before you meddle with my business let's just skip to the gist. What do you want?

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

Hostages. Give all of them to me and I'll help you come out alive.

DON

(laughs; scornfully)

With due respect, Lieutenant. I planned to walk out of this building - with everything I came for very much alive. With or without your support.

BANK MANAGER

(to Don)

And how have you planned to do that, Don?

DON

(re: Manager)

Shut up.

(into phone)

Sorry. That was meant for the hostage I'm about to kill.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

Mister --

DON

I was in the middle of something very important.

Don hangs up. He pushes back to the woman and rests the gun right at her nose. His eyes for the Manager.

DON

Where were we?

EXT. STATE TRUST BANK. TENT - DAY

Jerry hastily types "DON" into the search engine. "1,200,016" profiles are displayed on the laptop.

JERRY

I have one million two hundred thousand and sixteen Dons, sir.

Patrick crouches over to the table. The displayed profiles are facebook. And of whites mostly.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

It's a dead end. A great percentage
of these faces use false names.

INT. STATE TRUST BANK. ROOM TWO - DAY

The OLD MAN gets an attack. He crouches. Loosing his breath.
His eyes glazing over. Women begin to scream while the man
fights for his life. Drying... JOY holds his hand.

JOY

Sir. Hey. Sir?

OLD MAN

(under his breath)

I... a breather.

MAN #1

What's wrong with him?

JOY

He's dying!

The old man collapses to the floor. Man1 runs to the door
and POUNDS IT.

GUARD

(to man1)

Do you want to get us killed?

MAN #1

The old man man is dying!

He continues to pound the door. Repeatedly. Yelling!

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

DON strikes the Bank Manager across his already black-eyed
and bruised face. The woman sobs quietly.

DON

Where the hell is the fucking key?

The manager laughs ridiculously. Don then HEARS the
pounding.

DON

Bastards!

He grabs the gun off the table and walks out. Locks the
door.

INT. OFFICES HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Don fast tracks the continuous pounding into:

INT. STATE TRUST BANK. ROOM TWO - CONTINUOUS

Opens the door and punches the man behind it to the floor.
Places the gun's barrel on his head.

DON
I warned you...!

JOY
He's going to die!

BAMM!! Don knocks man1 with the back of the rifle. Turns over to the old man gasping. The woman is holding him on her laps weeping.

INT. STATE TRUST BANK. ROOM ONE - DAY

Hostages freak out. Heard the commotion in the other room.

KATHLYN
He killed them.

BOB
We should have heard gun shoots if he did.

MAN #2
We have to do something people.
This man is going to butcher us like pigs.

TEENAGE GIRL
(re: man #2)
What's on your mind?

MAN #2
I don't know... Maybe we call him into the room and one of us grabs the gun from him.

BOB
Has anyone here used a gun before?

TEENAGE GIRL
I've watched a couple of first timers do it right in movies.

BOB
Right. Um. Do you need my opinion folks?

TEENAGE GIRL
Yeah.

BOB
We should keep our brilliant ideas to ourselves.

The teenager rolls her eyes.

BOB(CONT'D)
 (for the teenager)
 Or they will make our years fewer.

TEENAGE GIRL
 So we just sit here and wait? Watch
 the goon kill one of us at a time?

KATHLYN
 Yeah. It sounds pretty a plan too.
 We sit and watch ourselves die,
 right?

She trains are question to Bob. He holds her hand firmly.

BOB
 No one is going to die, okay?

MAN #2
 Are you partners with him?!

BOB
 What?

CRIPPLED MAN
 You sound damn knowledgeable,
 son...

TEENAGE GIRL
 And pretty confident, too.

BOB
 Look. We're all freaking out here.
 I'm trying to keep us think
 positive that's all am doing. And
 if that man was to kill anybody
 he'd have done it already, Okay?

KATHLYN
 Sure. Nobody is going to die,
 right?

She leans back on Bob. TELLER 07 watches on, lost of words.

EXT. BED ROOFED BUILDING - DAY

The SNIPPER grin jubilation. Three shapes come into
 existence inside the banking hall. He lowers down on the
 rifle's scope. Training it to the bank's entrance.

SCOPE'S P.O.V: The all in black Don is peering in the scope,
 receding to the door, close behind Joy and the old man.

The sniper holds out his radio.

SNIPPER
 (into radio)
 Target in range...

We DROP TO:

EXT. STATE TRUST BANK. TENT - DAY

The Military commander receives the sniper's message.

SNIPPER(CONT'D)

(vo)

I repeat. The target is in range.

He looks at Patrick and the Lieutenant nods a go. Just as the commander opens his mouth to respond to the radio call: RINGGG!! The phone rings.

JERRY

(to Lieut.)

It's from the bank.

MILITARY COMMANDER

(into radio)

Hold fire. I repeat. Hold your fire.

SNIPPER(V.O)

(vo)

Copy that.

INT. STATE TRUST BANK. BANKING HALL - DAY

Don is holding the customer service desk phone.

EXT. STATE TRUST BANK. TENT - DAY

Lieutenant Patrick turns to Jerry.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

Put it on loud.

INTERCUT: Don leads the old man and woman to the front door holding the phone.

DON

(into phone)

Watch the entrance.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

What is it?

DON

(into phone)

A present.

On the outside -- The police stand on high alert. Patrick watches the Old man lean on the woman's shoulder inside the bank while Don opens the front door gun-pointing at them.

DON(CONT'D)

The old man is in a poor shape. He needs immediate medical attention.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
In exchange for what, a plane?
Because I don't have one myself.

DON
Food. It's already past lunch hour
and the people I have inside need
to eat.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
And the young lady?

DON
She will bring the food.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
What makes you think I'll let her
come back to you?

DON
I believe you ain't stupid to risk
the lives I still hold in my hands,
lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
Alright.

DON
And don't waste time bugging the
food. My plan is already laid. Use
the money to buy drinks.

Don hangs up.

DON
(to the woman)
Get out.

The two trudge out. Don grabs the door and locks it just as
they step out.

EXT. STATE TRUST BANK - CONTINUOUS

A team of medics immediately bring help the old man. Rush
him into the ambulance while the police comfort away the
frightened woman.

INT. STATE TRUST BANK. BANKING HALL - DAY

Don sits behind the customer service desk and takes off the
mask - legs up on the table and sighs. He stays there for a
moment. Thinking. Looks on his watch, picks the mask and
stands.

EXT. STATE TRUST BANK. TENT - DAY

Joy is barely eating some food, terrified. Lieutenant
Patrick approaches and sits in front of her.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

Are you done?

JOY

Please don't send me back, please.
I have a child, officer. I'm the
only one she's got.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

Calm down. Okay?

She nods but in fright.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

What's your name?

JOY

Joy. Joy Mugabi. I don't want to go
in the bank, sir.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

Nothing bad will happen to you,
Joy.

(re: armed cops)

Do you see all those men there?
They are here to make sure no harm
happens, okay?

JOY

Okay.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

But I need your help first. I need
you to tell me how many thieves are
in the bank.

JOY

One.

JERRY

(shouts; by reflex)

Let's vacuum the bastard's ass out!

Notices he's the only one excited.

JERRY(CONT'D)

Sorry.

Patrick looks at the commander like Joy just proved the
point.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

(to Joy)

Are you sure there's no one else?
Or any person in particular that
seemed suspicious to you?

JOY

No. He came in alone. But with a gun, he's going to kill all of us if you take me back. Please, sir. I don't want to die.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

No one is going to die.

JOY

Okay.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

How many hostages are still inside?

JOY

About fifteen... or more... God, I didn't even count them.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

Dammit.

JOY

Do you think he's going to kill them?

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

He won't. We won't let him.

Patrick stands up, walks out of the tent with the commander.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

Do you think it's a one man job?

MILITARY COMMANDER

I doubt.

They drop their gazes to the bank. Baffled.

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Don is sitting in the manager's chair. Bites his jaws then stands at once raging to the Bank Manager. He punches the hell out of him rapidly until his face is swollen.

The woman watches on. Tears rolling down her cheeks in silence.

Don then grabs the rifle from the table and back to the woman's head he puts it.

WOMAN #1

(sobs; for the manager)

Please. Please.

A tear drops on floor as she looks at the Manager. He laughs dazedly. Broken.

BANK MANAGER
 (re: Don)
 You're a monster.

DON
 Wait until I blast her head and
 know better.

He opens the safety. His finger closer to the trigger.

BANK MANAGER
 Under the red book in the second
 cabin.

DON
 Good. It wasn't that hard, was it?

Don lifts the gun off the woman's head. She sobs loudly. He
 to the second cabin and picks out a RED BOOK. Fleets through
 its pages to find the GOLDEN KEY. He grins.

DON(V.O)
 Oh yeah.

EXT. STATE TRUST BANK - DAY

A food truck arrives as man in a suite is approaches
 lieutenant Patrick in the tent. It's the construction
 ENGINEER, 40s.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
 Thank you for coming on such a
 short notice, Engineer.

ENGINEER
 I couldn't hesitate, Lieutenant.
 Let's get the terrorists out.

JERRY
 It's a bank robbery, sir.

ENGINEER
 Oh.

The engineer drops his old briefcase on the table, pulls out
 the bank's blueprints.

ENGINEER
 We designed the bank as instructed
 by the owner with just one exit.

MILITARY COMMANDER
 There's no emergency exit?

ENGINEER
 No.

MILITARY COMMANDER

Is that acceptable by building standards?

ENGINEER

Not all we do is acceptable by the law, commander. Take those thugs robbing the bank right now for example. Is that legal? That's how he wanted it.

A police officer approaches.

OFFICER #4

We're ready.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

(to Jerry)

Get him on line.

INT. STATE TRUST BANK. BANKING HALL - DAY

Four hostages bring food from the entrance. Don is aiming right at them inside the bank. Until Joy carries in the last package.

DON

(to Joy)

Lock the door.

She locks door. Hands over to Don the key.

DON

(re: Lieut. Patrick)

He told you they are working on a plan to get you out of here?

JOY

Yes. You know they're too many of them out there.

DON

I know.

JOY

Are you going to kill us?

DON

Only if you give me a reason to.

INT. OFFICES HALLWAY - DAY

Food and drinks are distributed into the rooms. Don watches every step of the process meticulously.

DON(V.O)

It's what they do. Convince you they are working on a plan to get
(MORE)

DON(V.O) (cont'd)
 you out of trouble even when they
 are not certain how the trouble is
 working the plan.

Bob picks the last pack and a bottle of water.

DON
 (to the hostages)
 That's all your government has
 provided off your taxes. Enjoy.

Hostages enter their respective rooms. Don locks the doors.
 He picks two packs and two bottles, too.

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Don hands over one pack to the woman. Puts the other in
 front the Bank Manager.

DON
 Eat. Before we get down to
 business.

He sits. Pulls out of his pocket the second GOLDEN KEY and
 the manager looks at him shockingly. Don notices.

DON
 (re: Manager)
 Troubled?

EXT. SIMON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Simon's Audi pulls out of the gates. Past Don's Caldina
 parked on the roadside nearby. Don steps out of his car.

INT. SIMON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

FLASHBACK!! Don, hands in gloves, tediously shuts the door
 behind him. He scrutinizes the room. Opens the jewelry box
 on a table. Holds out some of it's contents admiringly, puts
 all back.

He lies on the good bed for a moment. Thinking. Then pulls
 out on its sides a small drawer. Searches into a pile of
 documents and finds on the bottom the GOLDEN KEY.

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Back to Present. Don grins, planting the earpiece into
 position. He rolls the two keys on the table playfully.
 Satisfactorily.

BANK MANAGER
 (to Don)
 How many people have you murdered
 this week?

DON

(grins)

Not as many as I would like to since I came back home. You know it's kinda boring, uh? What is it that happened to your family again? Oh yeah, I get it. They were murdered by a burglar, right?

BANK MANAGER

I see. You made your homework quite well, Don. What I haven't figured is how you plan to walk out of this bank alive? And don't tell me your hopes are to use the main and only entrance for exit.

DON

You're beginning to sound a little like lieutenant Patrick you know. How about you tell me?

(beat)

I know that defiant look. You won't tell me unless I put a gun on someone else's head right? Anyway. I'll handle the tax when the goods are received. For now, let's enjoy the food.

EXT. STATE TRUST BANK - DAY

Patrick, the commander and the engineer plan their way into the bank. Jerry is on the computer.

ENGINEER

(re: blueprints)

Here. The chimney was built wide enough to allow a person go through it.

MILITARY COMMANDER

You don't expect me to drop my men down into the furnace, engineer do you?

Engineer has no alternative.

MILITARY COMMANDER

Is that the only alternative way to get in?

ON THE LAPTOP SCREEN: The "ACCESS DENIED" red stamp appears.

JERRY

Dammit!

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

What is it?

JERRY
I'm blocked again.

Lieut. Patrick points at Live Spy Network's van.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK (CONT'D)
(to Jerry)
Do you think he has something to do
it?

JERRY
Whoever is stopping me must be a
freaking genius, sir. And also
aware of the bank's passwords.

MILITARY COMMANDER
Didn't you say his company supplied
the bank with it's security
cameras?

JERRY
Yes, sir.

MILITARY COMMANDER
(into radio)
Apha. Tango. Secure your positions.
We are taking the C.E.O out of the
van. I repeat...

The C.E.O notices the police movements. All eyes on him.
They begin to slowly move toward the van. He thinks for a
minute. Communicates to Don via the earpiece.

C.E.O
(into earpiece)
They're onto me.

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Don hurries to look out the window.

DON
(into earpiece)
Stay calm.

C.E.O
(vo)
There coming to get me!

DON
I said stay calm. I'll handle it.

BANK MANAGER
Who're talking to?

Back to the phone. Don presses the redial button immediately
and listens.

Through the window: the police are crossing the road: Don panics a little.

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)
Are they coming for you already?

DON
Quiet!

BANK MANAGER
I didn't expect them to last this long anyway.

DON
I said shut the fuck up!

BANK MANAGER
(grins)
Are you panicking?

Don rages to the Manager and punches him off the chair. Then looks at the woman, no longer eating.

DON
(re: woman)
He wouldn't shut up.

Goes back to phone.

EXT. STATE TRUST BANK. TENT - DAY

The police recede to the bank's side of the road: progressing toward the van. The phone rings just as Patrick steps out of the tent.

JERRY
In coming!

Lieut. Patrick hurries back.

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Don looks out through the window: the police is surrounding the van from all directions - at a distance.

DON
Tell your men to back off,
Lieutenant.

INTERCUT: Patrick defies.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
You rule the inside, Don. I rule
the outside. You loose.

DON
No, you have lost this game,
Lieutenant by delivering your men
(MORE)

DON (cont'd)
 right under my automatic rifle that
 I only can trigger!

PATRICK'S P.O.V: A fully loaded machine gun fixed on a phone
 cable in front of the bank is trained down at the van.

DON(CONT'D)
 One step forward from any of your
 idiots and I'll splatter their
 cock-sucking brains out without
 another thought.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
 (to the police)
 Move back! Withdraw! Everyone move
 back now!

The police withdraw immediately.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
 (into phone)
 Bastard.

DON
 See. That's a win, Lieutenant.
 Checkmate.

Don hangs up.

C.E.O
 (into earpiece)
 Be fast! I need to get out of this
 place in whole.

DON
 (into earpiece)
 That will buy us some time.

EXT. STATE TRUST BANK. TENT - DAY

A confused commander hurries back to the Lieutenant.

MILITARY COMMANDER
 What was that, Lieutenant? My men
 were almost there!

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
 (points at the gun)
 He stationed a rifle on top of our
 heads!

MILITARY COMMANDER
 We are moving in.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
 He will trigger the gun, Benedict
 and all your men will be dead! Is
 that what you want?

MILITARY COMMANDER

What I need is to flash the psycho
out of the bank before he
slaughters all the hostages!

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Don drags the Manager up from the floor angrily.

DON

Let's go.

We follow them through the hallway. Down the staircase to
the vault basement.

INT. VAULT BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

A giant gold vault with two KEYHOLES covers three quarters
of the entire room.

Don inserts the golden key in one hole and hands over the
second key to the bank manager.

DON

Let's not waste a lot of time on
this. You do it almost everyday.

The bank Manager gazes the second key thoughtfully.

DON

I don't have the entire day here!

Manager inserts the key into the hole.

BANK MANAGER

This vault has no history of
robbery recorded to it.

DON

I'm here to add new chapters to the
recordings.

BANK MANAGER

Do you honestly think you'll escape
all the cops outside?

DON

We shall see about that when the
damn thing is opened!

They turn the keys in unison. The vault door opens.

DON

WooHoo!

His smile fades when the thick door opens to reveal a second
door with double combination keypad.

DON
You're kidding me.

BANK MANAGER
(grins)
You didn't see that coming did you?
That's a double combination lock I
have absolutely no idea about.

DON
You're supposed to know everything.

BANK MANAGER
Afraid not. Situations like this
are predicted therefore some
security details are handled by
people outside the bank.

DON
Who are those people?

BANK MANAGER
The moment you set your foot inside
this bank I was comprised. No one
will speak or offer you the
information you need.

DON(V.O)
Don't bet on that.

DON
Let's go.

BANK MANAGER
I told you. This vault has never
been robbed before.

DON
Thanks for the history lessons
grandpa.

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Don and the Manager sit across from each other. Don gazes
the manager angrily for a moment. Thinking. The Manager
grins back. Woman1 marvels about the two confusedly.

Don stands at once and steps out of the office. Locks.

INT. STATE TRUST BANK. ROOM ONE - DAY

Relaxed. Bob and Teller7 are conversing.

TELLER 07
Ahundred thousand in coins? What
were you going to use them for?

KATHLYN
He wanted coins that much?

BOB
(to Kathyln)
You know my job. I keep as much
change as I can on me.

TELLER 07
But that was way beyond much to
even carry. Did you have a giant
bag somewhere waiting?

BOB
(laughs)
I actually have this jacket with
giant pockets on it.

Don opens the door and all grow silent.

DON
Had enough of the chachacha?
(to Bob)
You. Come.

Bob hesitates.

DON
Don't waste my fucking minutes!

He drags him out and slams the door!

INT. OFFICES HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Don locks the door. And their back to friends.

BOB
Was that necessary?

DON
It had to look real.

BOB
I thought you would handle the
inside job alone.

DON
We have a situation.

INT. VAULT BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Bob is unbelievably looking at the double-combination keypad
on the vault beside Don.

BOB
No. Ryan said the damn thing had no
code technology.

DON
And we're both staring not only at
a single but double combination
keypad right now.

BOB

I knew it. A plan that usually
seems so perfect never works out.
What do you want me to do?

DON

Gimme your coat.

BOB

And how is my coat going to open
the vault?

DON

You will tell them it's what I
wanted from you if they ask.

Don pulls out of his pockets two phones. He uses one phone
to call the other. Answers it. And inserts one into Bob's
pocket.

DON

Keep the phone close.

BOB

Do you think she knows?

DON

It's your assignment to figure out.

BOB

Alright. Hit me.

DON

What?

BOB

Just do it before I change my mind
and whip your ass instead.

DON

(grins)

Nothing would give me more
pleasure, baibe. You asked for it.

Don punches Bob on the belly.

BOB

Come on, girl! Show me what's in
your panties!

Don blows Bob's face bruised

DON

You like it?

BOB

I don't have a mirror but yeah, the
pain is good.

INT. STATE TRUST BANK. ROOM ONE - DAY

Don slams Bob inside. He topples to the floor and Don locks the door. Kathyln and other hostages converge on Bob.

TELLER 07

Oh my God. Are you okay?

KATHLYN

What happened?

BOB

He killed him.

KATHLYN

He killed who?

TELLER 07

Omigod. No, no, no, no, the Bank manager?

BOB

I think...

Kathlyn freaks out. Terrorized.

KATHLYN

He killed him? Why?

BOB

I don't know... I over heard them mumbling, asking him about the codes. Then he hit him with the gun on the head.

INT. OFFICES HALLWAY - DAY

Don is holding out the cell. Listening.

KATHLYN

(vo)

The code?

BOB

(vo)

Yeah. They were down in the vault.

INTERCUT: Man1 looses it again.

MAN #1

I knew it. This bastard is going to kill us all until he gets the stupid codes.

KATHLYN

(vo)

He won't.

Don grimaces.

BOB(CONT'D)

He won't? Why?

KATHLYN

Because... Only two people have access to the codes and one of them you said is dead.

BOB

What about the other?

KATHLYN

(vo)

He's not in the bank.

DON

Fuck. You didn't help.

Don hangs up. Leans back to the wall. His head in hands. Lost of plans.

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

The Manager peeps out the door. Rushes back to the table and picks out of the polythene bag his cellphone. Punches on some numbers.

WOMAN #1

You'll get yourself killed.

BANK MANAGER

He's not there.

BANK MANAGER

(into phone)

Yes it's me. No, no, no, no one is dead yet. He's stuck on the door. No. I won't give up the codes no matter what...

Don barges in. Heard the conversation. The manager hangs up startled.

DON(CONT'D)

Well, well, well. Nice motivational speech old man. You know? I keep wondering why the more books people read the more foolish they become. I didn't go to college but I can't say "no matter what." Especially when it comes to money matters.

BANK MANAGER

You're a thief. You have never worked any day of your life.

DON

Really? I spent close to one hundred sleepless nights planning for this job.

(re: woman)

Isn't that work deserving of all the millions in his vault, sweetheart?

The woman nods.

DON

Thank you.

He turns to the manager.

DON

You just made my work easier.

Don grabs the cell and the manager and drags him out.

INT. VAULT BASEMENT - DAY

Don redials the phone and holds it to his ear. The Manager staring at him. And the vault.

DON

(into phone)

I don't care who you are but in this bank I have something very important to the owner than the money in his vault. I don't expect you to waste more of my time therefore.

VOICE ON PHONE

What do you want?

DON

Your code.

VOICE ON PHONE

I'm not authorized to do so, sir.

DON

Then you leave me no choice but to kill HER.

VOICE ON PHONE

Wait! 0792.

DON

Good choice.

Don casts the phone. Moves closer to the vault and gestures the manager to insert his part while he punches in the code.

DON(V.O)

Leverage. Plays the greatest role to success in my world but it's one hell of a thing to find.

INT. CAR(MOVING) - DAY

10-year-old NICKY, the C.E.O's daughter, lying on the backseat unconscious moves her fingers. Her eyes open.

DON(CONT'D)

(vo)

The only trouble comes when the secured leverage is no longer subject to your terms. At this moment, the rules of the game must change.

INT. VAULT BASEMENT - DAY

The second door opens. Don enters. Bonds, Certificates and title deeds are what his eyes see. NO CASH. He's confused and the manager is enjoying it.

DON

Where's the money?

BANK MANAGER

All that you're looking at is money.

DON

I mean cash. Where's the cash?

BANK MANAGER

The cash we collect is transferred to the central bank every single day and those certificates are its equivalent. This is what makes us the most secure bank in the country. You're staring at around six million dollars right now.

DON

I am going to ask you one last time old man. Where is the cash?

BANK MANAGER

You should have considered a college diploma for a real job, son.

Don holds the Manager's throat tightly. He grimaces and Don drops him to the floor.

DON

Where's the fucking cash?!

Manager hesitates defiantly. Don hits the crap out of his face. Then elsewhere on his body. Until the manager passes out. Bruised. In his own blood.

DON

Dammit!

Don shakes him. Nothing. He wrenches some certificates to the floor screaming. Sits down exhausted. For a moment. Then plants the earpiece into place.

DON

(into earpiece)

What's on your end?

EXT. STATE TRUST BANK - DAY

Ryan pushes through the rowdy crowd elbow-to-elbow to the front. He has an earpiece, too. Ryan analyzes the surrounding.

DON(CONT'D)

(vo)

Are still there?

RYAN

(into earpiece)

Hold on.

His P.O.O:

Lieutenant Patrick, commander and the engineer are critically discussing; eyes referring to the blueprints and the actual site itself.

A second sniper sets his rifle to a different vantage point up the bed-roofed building. Ryan camouflages into the crowd.

RYAN(CONT'D)

A second sniper is on the sun side of the bed building. He's strategic. Be more careful.

DON

(vo)

Always.

INT. VAULT BASEMENT - DAY

Don stands. Pulls himself together.

INT. STATE TRUST BANK. BANKING HALL - DAY

Don opens a big Live-Spy-Network equipment bag. Pulls out two folded company STICKERS.

EXT. STATE TRUST BANK. TENT - DAY

Lieutenant Patrick is on phone when Jerry notices Don's shape receding toward the door inside the bank.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
 (into phone)
 It's all going well, honey. We're
 about to apprehend the --

JERRY
 Um. Sir!

Patrick turns.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
 (into phone)
 I'll call you later.

Hangs the phone and scurries back to the tent.

EXT. BED ROOFED BUILDING - DAY

The NEW SNIPER has Don peering on his scope.

NEW SNIPER
 (into radio)
 Confirmed visual on the target.

EXT. STATE TRUST BANK. TENT - DAY

Commander, Lieut. Patrick and everyone watches the door curiously. "Is Don coming out?". He continues toward the door holding the stickers.

JERRY
 Is he coming out?

SNIPER (CONT'D)
 (vo)
 Target is on close range.

MILITARY COMMANDER
 (into radio)
 Hold for command.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
 What is he doing?

Don begins to seal the entire door with Live Spy Network STICKERS.

JERRY
 He's sealing the door.

NEW SNIPER
 (vo)
 I repeat. The target is on range.

MILITARY COMMANDER
 (to Patrick)
 I'm instructing my men to shot.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
 You can't.

MILITARY COMMANDER
 Can't you see! He's covering the
 door!

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
 That could be a hostage!

EXT. BED ROOFED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Done. Nothing inside the bank is seen from the outside.

NEW SNIPER
 Dammit!

He lifts his eye off the scope none-too-pleased. He trains
 his gaze toward the fellow sniper - also less amused.

SNIPER(CONT'D)
 (into radio)
 The target is lost.

EXT. STATE TRUST BANK. TENT - CONTINUOUS

The commander is too-pissed. Hard to tell whether at Don or
 Patrick.

MILITARY COMMANDER(CONT'D)
 That's it! We can't even see a
 little inside. Whatever the
 son-of-a bitch is planning God
 knows.

He turns to his officers irrationally.

MILITARY COMMANDER
 Shoot whatever comes out of that
 door!

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
 You can not just shoot at anyone.
 We need --

MILITARY COMMANDER
 I give the orders here, Lieutenant!
 We should have done this along time
 ago.

INT. STATE TRUST BANK. ROOM ONE - DAY

Don enters. Glares at the frightened hostages for a moment. He
 grabs up Kathlyn and Bob tries stopping him. Don pushes him
 back.

KATHLYN

Where are you taking me?

DON

To a place you know best.

INT. OFFICES HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Don locks the door and continues to pull Kathyln forcefully toward the basement.

INT. VAULT BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Kathyln trembles at the sight of the manager lying unconscious on the floor. Covered in blood.

KATHLYN

Jesus! What have you done to him?

DON

The same thing I'm about to do to you if become as stubborn as him. I want you to be a good girl. I really don't want to bruise your darling face, okay?

KATHLYN

(nods)

Okay.

He lets go of her hand.

DON

Now. Tell me where the money is.

KATHLYN

It's all that.

DON

I mean the cash. Where do you people keep it in this bank?

KATHLYN

I don't know.

DON

You don't know?

Don holds the gun firmly. She freaks.

KATHLYN (CONT'D)

I swear... I have never even been in this vault before... All I see is its outside...

DON

Relax!

She gasps for a breath.

KATHLYN(CONT'D)

Okay... I'm relaxed.

She's not. Don looks in her eyes. She's doesn't want to look in his terrifying face hid under the mask.

DON

You are going to think very hard than you have never before. Okay?

KATHLYN

Okay.

DON

Where do you think your cash is kept?

KATHLYN

I don't know.

DON

Think! I said think, bitch!

KATHLYN

(sobs)

I don't know... I swear to God I don't know.

Kathlyn doesn't know. If she does then she's a very good actor. He believes her.

DON

Fuck. Stay right here. Don't move!

KATHLYN

Okay.

Don walks out. Kathlyn gazes the bank manager on the floor. Not moving.

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Don startles the already frighten woman when he opens the door.

DON

Are you okay?

WOMAN #1

Yeah. What's going on? Where's the manager?

DON

Relaxed. You should, too.

He picks the bag of cell phones off the table and steps out. The woman gets up, sits in chair.

INT. VAULT BASEMENT - DAY

Don brings the polythene bag to Kathlyn.

DON
Get your phone.

She picks out her cell.

DON
Call him.

KATHLYN
("she already knows who")
Okay.

Kathlyn dials quickly.

KATHLYN
Are you going to kill me?

DON
When your father tells me what I
don't want to hear.

Kathlyn gazes Don for so long while listening to the call.

EXT. SIMON'S HOUSE - DAY

The Audi skids into the gate. Just as Simon hurries out of the car RINGG!! His cell rings. "Kathlyn calling." He sighs in disdain. Afraid to pick. Then:

SIMON KAMAGU
(into phone)
Kathlyn?

INT. VAULT BASEMENT - DAY

INTERCUT: Don is holding the "big" gun on Kathlyn's head.

KATHLYN
Dad?

SIMON KAMAGU
Honey, are you okay--?

Don grabs the phone to his ear. Cocks the gun.

DON(CONT'D)
I have a fully loaded gun on her
head.

SIMON KAMAGU
What do you want?

DON
The question is simple and I need
it answered in just three seconds.

SIMON KAMAGU

Whatever amount you need please
take it but don't hurt my daughter.

DON

Good dad. Where do "we" keep cash
in this vault? Three. Two. o --

SIMON KAMAGU

On your head.

Don's P.O.V: Huge stakes of cash are seen up through a
complex mesh. He grins. A dream come true.

DON

(into phone)
You're late.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. STATE TRUST BANK - DAY

A gunshot is heard. And another. Ryan starts away from the
crowd as people shout incoherently.

Cops go nuts. Tension grows. Random movements. Military
officers stand on high alert. Shielded and checking their
armory.

MILITARY COMMANDER

(into radio)
Tac one, tac three, tac four move
now over.

ON PATRICK: He looks up at the automatic rifle worriedly.
Don's rifle is not triggering. "Why?"

JERRY(O.S)

It's a toy.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

(turns)
What?

Jerry is on his laptop. Has completed a search on the
machine gun's model software.

JERRY

I have searched for any weapons,
especially of its kind, on line in
our vicinity and there's none.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

Shit.

A tactical team engulfs the Live Spy network van from three
angles. All guns trained at the C.E.O. His hands already on
the head.

COP #1
Open the vehicle!

C.E.O opens. A cop drags him out to the ground and cuff his hands immediately. He scrutinizes the truck.

COP #1
Clear!

ON THE BANK: The door-kicker smashes the glass. Three canisters are thrown into the Bank.

INT. STATE TRUST BANK. BANKING HALL - CONTINUOUS

The canisters hit the floor and release a gas. The armed police enters!

COP #2
This is the police! Everyone stay
where you are!

They move throughout the entire bank. Rescue all the hostages in rooms ONE and TWO including Bob. Rescue the woman in the manager's office.

INT. VAULT BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Three cops come down to find the Manager lying on the floor. Don is long way gone. The cop feels the Manager's pulse.

COP #3
(into radio)
We have one seriously injured
hostage in the basement.

Kathlyn is in the vault - alive. The gunshots we heard were fired to break the locks on the mesh and the OPENED DOOR inside the vault.

Kathlyn's hands and mouth are taped. She's trying to tell the cops something. Cop3 unwraps her lips. That hurt!

KATHLYN
Awch!

COP #3
Sorry.

KATHLYN
He's out through the tunnel.

COP #3
What about the rest?

KATHLYN
It's one man.

COP #4
Did you see his face?

Kathlyn hesitates.

COP #4

Miss? Is there anything you remember about the thief that can help us identify the him?

KATHLYN

No. He... He had a mask on his face.

COP #4

It's alright. You're safe now.

Four paramedics whisk the Manager out on a stretcher as cop4 proceeds into the dark emergency exit.

INT. SIMON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Simon sits on the floor shocked. Quietly. For a moment. Then pulls out the drawer on his bed.

A white note is inside written on "I HOPE YOU ARE INSURED." He dials some numbers on his cell.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - DAY

Don struggles with four heavy bags. Toward the dimly lit end.

DON

(into earpiece)

Are you in position?

RYAN

(vo)

Yeah.

EXT. STATE TRUST BANK - DAY

Hostages are brought out. Some welcomed by family. The crowd grows even bigger. Applauding the police. A few cold gazes of condemnation for the delayed rescue. Various reporters are spreading the news.

EXT. STATE TRUST BANK. TENT - DAY

Lieutenant Patrick is transfixed on the rescued hostages when the phone rings. He answers!

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

(into phone)

This is him. What? On what street?
Okay.

Hangs up.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
 (to the Engineer)
 Why haven't you told us about the
 tunnel?!

ENGINEER
 What tunnel? I know nothing about
 the tunnel. See. I don't have any
 tunnels on the blueprints yet I
 designed the building myself.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
 This is insane.

A cop approaches.

COP #2
 Sir. No hostage is dead.

Kathlyn is helped out by Bob. The ambulance and fire brigade
 take off.

EXT. STREET - DAY(-04:02 P.M.-)

Ryan lifts a cover off the manhole. Don sends forth the bags
 as Ryan hurries them into the car's trunk.

RYAN
 Where's Bob?

DON
 With the police.

RYAN
 Are we going for him?

DON
 He's good at talking himself out of
 trouble.

RYAN
 Are you sure?

DON
 Trust me. He'll be at the precinct
 in time. Let's get the hell out of
 here.

They enter the car. Ryan races away DISSOLVING INTO:

EXT. STREET(SAME) - DAY

Police sirens grow toward the opened manhole. Police trucks
 swarm the place when Cop4's rifle peers out.

MILITARY COMMANDER
 Freeze!

COP #4
It's me, sir.

MILITARY COMMANDER
Show yourself slowly.

COP #4
Okay.

He lurches out. Hands on the head. He's part of them.

COP #4
We're late.

Patrick holds his chin in disbelief. Then bursts into a laughter. Praises Don's genius quietly.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
Son of a bitch.

EXT. CAR(MOVING) - DAY

Ryan is driving. Don's legs are up on the dashboard. Very relaxed. He grins into the Camera.

DON(V.O)
All you need is to surround
yourself with few but very
professional personnel. Plans are
made but I have seen them fail men.
Or rather men failing the plans. I
know you are wondering the hell I
entered the bank. I call it emotion
imbalance... A combination of love
and fear of the unknown. Lemme say.
I choose my acquaintances quite
perfectly.

"GRAPHIC"

SOME HOURS EARLIER TODAY

EXT. LIVE SPY C.E.O'S HOME - DAY(-5:46 A.M.-)

Don's caldina is parked right across the street. He is waiting.

EXT. LIVE SPY C.E.O'S HOME - DAY(-6:58 A.M.-)

The C.E.O emerges out of the front door holding Nicky's hand. She's ready for school, armed with a school bag. They enter his waiting sport ride in the front-yard.

The car takes off. Don trails them in his Caldina tactically.

EXT. SCHOOL GATE - DAY (-7:26 A.M.-)

Rush hour. Parents/Guardians are dropping their kids for school. Some in cars. Most on foot. "LITTLE TUBBIES" is written on the school gate.

The C.E.O's car starts off revealing 10.y.o.NICKY right in front of the gate: waves for her father. Before she enters:

MELISSA(O.S)

Nicky!

Nicky turns to see MELISSA, her chubby girlfriend, with her mother at a distance. Both smile as Nicky starts a few steps back while Melissa runs toward Nicky.

MELISSA'S MOTHER

Melissa!

Mel turns. Had forgotten the bag. Runs back to collect it from her mother when a BENZ pulls in front the gate, obstructing the girls from each other.

Don appears from the crowd and grabs Nicky into the car. No one seems to notice as every parent minds their own kid. He drives away.

The BENZ takes off revealing a confused Melissa. She can't spot Nicky anywhere.

MELISSA

Nicky. Nicky?!

The boy from the benz offers Melissa a stern look.

MELISSA

Never mind.

Mel enters the gate. Not satisfied.

INT. LIVE SPY NETWORK. C.E.O'S OFFICE - DAY(-7:45 A.M.-)

A female SECRETARY, 20s, puts a hot cup of coffee on the desk. She holds out to the C.E.O. a folder file.

C.E.O

Thank you.

His cell rings!

INT. CAR(MOVING) - DAY

Don is holding his cell while driving. Nicky is lying on the backseat. A white handkerchief is next to her nose and a small bother tagged "CHLOROFORM."

INTERCUT: the C.E.O. picks the phone.

C.E.O

Hello?

DON

I need you to walk out of your office right now and drive back home.

C.E.O

Who's this?

DON

You'll figure soon.

C.E.O

What's wrong with my home?

DON

Like I said. You'll find out soon. Nicky and I are waiting.

C.E.O

Nicky? What are you talking about? I just dropped her off to school.

DON

And I fetched her. Her life depends on how fast you can get home mister C.E.O. So. Better grab the wheels. Oh and no police or she dies.

Don hangs up.

INT. LIVE SPY NETWORK. C.E.O'S OFFICE - DAY

Mister C.E.O. panics.

C.E.O

(re: Secretary)

Cancel my morning appointments.

SECRETARY

Is everything okay?

He grabs his jacket off the hunger.

C.E.O(CONT'D)

Sure. Just a little trouble my girl.

(dashes out)

I will be back soon.

SECRETARY

O-kay.

(baffled; to herself)

That was weird.

EXT. C.E.O'S CAR(MOVING) - DAY

The C.E.O is driving. Frightened and confused. He picks his cell on the front-seat and dials. The call goes straight to voice mail.

OPERATOR

(vo)

The subscriber you are calling does not answer. Please try again later.

C.E.O

Jesus.

He drops the phone and presses the accelerator.

INT. C.E.O'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY(-8:02 A.M.-)

TIGHT ON: a syringe and a small empty bottle written on "LETHAL TOXIN." Placed on the table by Don.

NICKY is lying on the Sofa in a school uniform. Her bag on the back. Don is all masked in black now and calm. He is in a small chair across from the Sofa. He Keeps on looking at his watch.

DON(V.O)

You will never know how things might turn out in this job. That's why you can never be careful enough. One sudden twist of events can either cost you actual life or life time in a maximum security jail. It's never over until it's over --

The C.E.O barges in. His eyes on Nicky first.

DON

Decent timing.

C.E.O

(rushes to her)

Oh my God. Nicky. Nicky!

(to Don)

What have you done to my daughter?

DON

Good question.

C.E.O

Who are you? What do you want?

DON

Who am I is not cool but what I want is you... Or rather your help. I'm making an early withdraw with a mutual bank which I believe is on your to-do list today.

C.E.O

Are you out of your mind? Why would I help you rob my client?

DON

In your daughter's blood runs one of the most effective Chinese poisons.

(picks the bottle off the plate)

It would take you approximately twenty eight hours, if not more to fly to China and back for a cure. And by that time -- This beautiful girl will be lying in a stunning casket.

Don pulls a similar bottle written on "ANTIDOTE" from his pocket.

DON(CONT'D)

But if you get me inside the bank this will be yours in about three hours.

DON(V.O)

Between you and I. This is fine water from my tap. You know what I did to her right?

C.E.O

You can't rob State trust Bank! They'll kill you before you even take out a penny.

DON

Don't bet on that.

C.E.O

What do you want me to do?

DON(V.O)

He's now in.

DON

I have everything figured out except one thing. Your security system. I want you to shut it down for three hours today.

C.E.O

I can't -- I mean even if I'm to shut it down the Bank was designed with a back-up system which automatically turns itself on the moment the main system is out.

DON

What do you suggest then?

C.E.O

You could hack into the master server but that only works if the system doesn't recognise you as an intruder.

DON

And how exactly can I do that?

C.E.O

By turning off all the connection sharing protocols from our super server and then do the hacking while changing the access password every after forty five seconds.

DON(V.O)

What the hell is that?

DON

You know what -- You're coming with me.

C.E.O

No, no, no. I can't. I can't go to prison.

DON

Not even to save your daughter?

DON(V.O)

Now that was saved for a punchline. Let's hear what he has to say.

C.E.O. picks his cell from the pocket.

C.E.O(CONT'D)

I could call the police and have you arrested before the robbery.

DON(V.O)

Vague. Let me try this.

DON

I wouldn't do that if I were you. I have a gun right now that can kill you and the girl before you can even punch a single number on that phone. Help me to help your girl.

C.E.O

Why should I trust you?

DON

Don't. Trust kills.

CUT TO:

INT. STATE TRUST BANK. VARIOUS - DAY(-12:05 P.M.-)

Normal working day. Fourteen tills are numbered(TELLER 01 to TELLER 14) Some people standing in the queue.

The BANK MANAGER walks from Teller 03 toward his office -- greeting the people lining up in a low tone. Four tills have no tellers.

Kathlyn is inside the BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE -- concluding her conversation with a white man in a suit. They trade hands and the man walks out.

A Man and woman are waiting for an attendant on the ACCOUNT OPENING desk. It's disgusting for the woman.

Three people are being served behind the tills. BOB one of them. He's standing behind TILL 07. A gorgeous-young TELLER 07 is yet to attend to him.

She's still working on some paper work on her desk. Bob licks his lips lustfully. Dressed in tight-jeans and a brown HOODED JACKET.

ON A BENCH next to where a female security-guard, armed with a baton, is standing; A 70-YEAR-OLD MAN is sitting. On his left is a chubby woman JOY and on the right is a one-legged man with a veteran look.

EXT. STATE TRUST BANK - DAY(-12:11 P.M.-)

Live-Spy-Network van pulls in. The C.E.O driving. He stops two-feet right outside the main entrance. The van's rear part almost seals the way. A SECURITY GUARD approaches the driver's window.

SECURITY GUARD

Sir. Good afternoon?

INSIDE THE TRUCK: DON is lying down. All masked in black. He slides the RIFLE'S BARREL to the C.E.O's belly. The guard can't see.

SECURITY GUARD(CONT'D)

Would you please move the van a bit? It's blocking the entrance.

C.E.O

We have a delicate equipment entering the bank. I'll be away as soon as it's inside.

SECURITY GUARD

Alright.

The guard backs off. Stands aside the entrance.

INT. THE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Don sits.

DON(CONT'D)

You did well. I'll be out in no time.

He forces a huge Live-Spy-Network's branded equipment bag on his back.

C.E.O

And if you don't... What will happen to my girl?

DON

She'll be fine.

C.E.O

Just like that?

DON

Do what you're supposed to do and the rest will take care of itself, okay?

INT. STATE TRUST BANK. BANKING HALL - DAY

BOB'S P.O.V: Rakes throughout the occupied tills. All with attractive ladies.

BOB

(to teller07)

Is it a standard requirement for all female employees to look stunning?

TELLER 07

(grins; reservedly)

Maybe the HR can serve you on that. What do you think?

BOB

You tell me. Um. Do you have a boyfriend?

She clears her throat.

BOB

What?

TELLER 07

Do you want all one hundred thousand in coins?

BOB

I asked the question first.

She trains her stare toward the manager's office.

TELLER 07(CONT'D)

I'm not authorized to take personal questions during working hours.

BOB

Okay. What time do you off then?

Suddenly --

Don slams two security guards inside the hall. A commotion burst inside. People move randomly in terror but the all masked gunman(DON)is blocking the exit.

BOB(CONT'D)

Oho. I guess today isn't my lucky one as expected.

Don locks the door and pockets the keys. Holds the HK-416 rifle looking up the ceiling.

DON

Everyone to the hall! Now! Now!
Move! I want to see everybody moving! Move! To the banking hall everyone!

Random movements begin as people move to the banking hall from different directions. All working stations. Mumbling terror.

DON

Attention everybody! This is definitely not a christmas festival. It's a bank robbery. I'm here for a quicky and jerk-off, assuming you won't waste much of my time. The bank is insured so no worries. And don't try to make yourselves smart.

The old man and the lame guy stay seated on the bench. Don notices.

DON

You! I want you all on this side.

The old man obeys but the lame man declines. Don moves toward him.

DON

Was I not clear enough?

He's not moving an inch. Scared but defiant. Don wallops him off the bench. And casts his stick into a till, smashing its glass.

DON(CONT'D)

I said move your fucking crippled limb to the other side.

On the floor. The lame guy still wants to raise up. But he can't. He gives up.

DON

Everyone to the floor! I want to see all faces kiss the floor! Down!

Everyone drops. Quickly to the floor DISSOLVING TO:

INT. CAR(MOVING) - DAY

Back to Present. Ryan is driving.

DON(V.O)

Now you know.

Radio news are heard in the car.

RADIO REPORTER

(vo)

Live Spy Network's Chief has been apprehended today following allegations that he masterminded State Trust Bank robbery early this afternoon. Details of this story are still coming in --

Ryan turns off the radio.

RYAN

Did you hear that?

DON

Yup.

DON(V.O)

I call that a perfect backup plan. It buys you some time to smile over your success before the actual truth is figured out.

RYAN

You're sure Kathlyn didn't recognise you?

DON

Does it matter? I'll be a thousand miles gone by the time she adds all the pieces.

INT. POLICE STATION. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT(-7:19 P.M.-)

Lieutenant Patrick and the commander are questioning Bob. Two other officers are standing at the entrance.

BOB

Like I said. I was making a withdraw when the guy entered.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
Did you see his face?

BOB
Are you kidding me? He gave me a
black eye just because I overheard
him speaking to someone else.

MILITARY COMMANDER
Thanks for your cooperation.

BOB
Anytime. I just pray the bastard
gets busted.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
We will find him...

BOB
I hope your efforts pay-off,
officers. You did a really great
job saving all of us.

DON(V.O)
Get out talker! Get the fuck out!

MILITARY COMMANDER
Thank you.

Bob heads out.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
Well. That was the last of them --
And all of them match.

Patrick sighs.

MILITARY COMMANDER
(to the officers)
Bring him in.

INT. SIMON'S HOME. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kathlyn enters to find a worried Simon on the couch.

KATHLYN
Dad?

SIMON KAMAGU
Kate?

He cradles his child.

KATHLYN
I'm okay.

SIMON KAMAGU
Thank God.

INT. POLICE STATION. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The C.E.O sits across from Lieut. Patrick and the commander.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

Are you sure everything went down
the way you explained it before?

C.E.O

Why would I lie? He had my daughter
poisoned. He even threatened to
kill us both if I informed the
police.

MILITARY COMMANDER

Poisoned?

C.E.O

That's what he said.

MILITARY COMMANDER

Did you see it?

C.E.O

All I saw was my daughter lying
half-dead in a chair. Then he
showed to me a small bottle with
some yellow liquid and told me it
was the antidote.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

Did he give it to you?

C.E.O

No.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

You're telling us, mister, that you
collaborated with a man who drugged
your daughter and also threatened
your life to rob a bank without
even securing the antidote first?!

C.E.O

He said everything would be taken
care of if I helped. You have to
believe me lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

I'm trying.

C.E.O

What stupid person stages a robbery
on their client?

MILITARY COMMANDER

Unfortunately only you can answer
that question right now.

A female officer appears at the entrance with a file.

DON(V.O)

I bet that nails him hard into the coffin.

Hands over the file to Patrick. Whispers in his ear. Patrick nods and she part as he reads through the file.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

Huh?

(re: C.E.O)

You said a chinese poison?

C.E.O

Yes.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

Well the file to my front right now is the just concluded medical report of your daughter. And here it says -- "The patient had no traces of poison found in her body." How do you explain that?

C.E.O

You have to believe me.

MILITARY COMMANDER

(re: officer)

Take him back.

C.E.O

I didn't rob the bank!

Officers hold him out as he struggles.

C.E.O(CONT'D)

This is a misunderstanding, lieutenant! I'm just being framed...

The door clangs shut.

INT. SIMON'S HOME. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kathlyn drains a glass of water. She lies on the couch with a cushion on her head. For a moment. Then puts the cushion on her belly. Sighs.

He eyes navigate from her trembling hand to a flower jug on the table.

EXT. KATHLYN'S APARTMENT - DAY

FLASHBACK! Bob hands over red roses to Kathlyn.

BOB

... Your neighbor.

EXT. DON'S APARTMENT - DAY

FLASHBACK!! Don bumps into Kathlyn holding a similar bag of trash.

...

KATHLYN
What do you do, David?

DON
I'm a taker.

INT. KATHLYN'S APARTMENT - DAY

FLASHBACK!!! Kathlyn is talking to Don.

...

DON
... Motivate my inner man?

KATHLYN
We have one of the strongest bank vaults that has ever been designed in the whole world.

SIMON KAMAGU(O.S)
Kathlyn?

INT. SIMON'S HOME. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Back to Present. Simon sits next to Kathlyn. She looks bewildered.

SIMON KAMAGU
Are you all right?

KATHLYN
I know who did it.

INT. POLICE STATION. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT(-8:12 P.M.-)

Nicky enters with TEACHER ALLISON. They sit facing Lieutenant Patrick and the commander.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
(to Nicky)
Are you okay?

NICKY
I need my daddy.

TEACHER ALLISON
You'll see him, honey. Just answer the officer's questions first, okay?

She nods.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

Okay. Nicky. Who took you to school today?

NICKY

Dad.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

Have you been there the whole day?

NICKY

Yes.

Commander looks at Allison, as requiring her confirmation.

TEACHER ALLISON

She's telling the truth.

NICKY

I want to see daddy!

Commander nods for Patrick, sighs.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

Okay. Let's go see daddy.

They stand and walk out.

INT. POLICE STATION. CELLS - NIGHT

Lieutenant Patrick leads Nicky to the C.E.O's cell. A guard opens the bars and he comes out to her.

NICKY

Daddy?

C.E.O

Nicky? Baby, are you fine?

He examines her body.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Yes.

C.E.O

Are you sure? I'm glad you're fine.

NICKY

You robbed the bank?

C.E.O

Honey, no. You know I can't do such a thing, don't you?

NICKY

But why are you in prison?

C.E.O

It's... Do you remember any person taking you away from school today?

NICKY

Teacher Allison.

C.E.O

No, sweetie, some other person. A big man during morning hours?

NICKY

No.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

(to the guard)

Lock him up.

C.E.O

No, wait! They set me up I swear!
Listen to me!

Patrick drags Nicky away while the guard locks the C.E.O. back behind the bars. Nicky screams wanting her father!

NICKY

Dadddy!

DON(V.O)

A clean mind needs no rehabilitation. And little is required to child's brain. How in the hell did his daughter testify against him? Honestly. That's one part I didn't have planned.

EXT. C.E.O'S HOUSE. BACKYARD - DAY(-8:14 A.M.-)

EARLIER! Don comes out of the house to meet Ryan and Bob.

BOB

Did he buy it?

DON

He's in.

RYAN

The girl will be awake in fifteen minutes. We have no time.

DON

Make sure the school doesn't realise she's been missing.

RYAN

Okay.

DON
 (to Bob)
 See you on playing ground.

BOB
 Copy that.

INT. CAR(MOVING) - DAY

Ryan is racing the car. Bob in the front-seat and Nicky lying in the back unconscious.

EXT. SCHOOL GATE - DAY (-8:24 A.M-)

The caldina stops across the road. Parents are still delivering kids.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

NICKY moves her fingers. Her eyelids tremble and the eyes eventually open.

BOB
 (in a low tone)
 She's awake. What do we do now? She can't see our faces.

Ryan grins. Then pulls out a lollipop from his pocket and confidently turns to the girl in the back.

RYAN
 Nicky? Do you remember me?

NICKY
 Yes. Imran's dad.

RYAN
 Good.

He hands her the sweet.

RYAN(CONT'D)
 You fainted out and I picked you.

Nicky looks at herself lying in the car. "Maybe I fall."

NICKY
 Thanks.

RYAN
 Do you feel alright now?

NICKY
 Yes.

RYAN
 Good. You can go to school now.

Nicky opens the door. Happily. And just as she heads out:

RYAN(CONT'D)

Don't tell anybody about our secret.

NICKY

Okay.

She runs straight into the crowd of pupils still on the gate.

BOB

You knew her?

DON(V.O)

Son-of-a bitch! His boy goes to school with her but he has never mentioned that.

INT. POLICE STATION. RECEPTION - NIGHT(-9:20 P.M.-)

Kathlyn enters with her father. Lieutenant Patrick is flirting with the female sergeant at the receptionist.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

Miss Kathlyn?

KATHLYN

I know who did it.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

Um. We already have him in our custody, Miss.

KATHLYN

You do? How did you figure it out?

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

His daughter helped actually.

KATHLYN

His daughter? What do you mean his daughter?

FEMALE SERGEANT

The C.E.O's daughter wasn't drugged like he claimed earlier.

KATHLYN

You have the wrong guy, lieutenant.

EXT. DON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT(-10:01 P.M.-)

Police cars swam the place. Military cops jump down the trucks and surround the entire building.

Patrick, the Commander and four officers dash outside Don's apartment. The commander knocks!

MILITARY COMMANDER

This is the police! Open the door!

The door opens. A 50-year-old MAN steps out and two officers drop him to the ground immediately and cuff his hands.

MILITARY COMMANDER (CONT'D)

You are under arrest for State Trust Bank robbery this afternoon. You have a right to remain silent or every --

DON (V.O)

Yeah, yeah. We all know that stupid police creed but is this tired guy really me?

Kathlyn steps out of another police car, confused.

KATHLYN (CONT'D)

It's not him.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

What?

KATHLYN

That's not David.

MAN

Young woman -- are you okay? My name is David and I have stayed in this apartment for the last two years.

MILITARY COMMANDER

Miss Kathlyn --

KATHLYN

Trust me, officer. Some guy was living in that apartment for the past five months and it's not that man.

MAN

(confusedly)

What are you talking about?

MILITARY COMMANDER

(re: Man)

Is the lady speaking the truth?!

MAN

The only reason I wasn't here is because I had visited a friend in Switzerland...

DON(V.O)

Actually. This guy is the real David, Kathlyn not me. He is Bob's ex-girlfriend's uncle and the first person to ever board a plane in their family. So Bob's ex-girlfriend couldn't shut-up about it. That's how we landed this apartment. And his key.

MAN(CONT'D)

I just came back in the country today. My passport records can even conform that.

They let the man stand, take the cuffs off.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

We're very sorry for the inconvenience, Sir. It was just a misunderstanding.

MAN

Okay. No problem.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK

You need to come back with us to the station, miss Kathlyn. We have to record your statement again.

KATHLYN

Of course.

They enter cars and take off.

INT. UNDISCLOSED HOUSE - NIGHT(-10:16 P.M.-)

Don, Bob, Ryan are gazing a hell-lot of stakes of cash laid over the table after counting it. Unbelievably.

DON(V.O)

Fourteen fucking billion dollars in a single day. I love this job.

RYAN

This is all ours?

DON

Yeah.

RYAN

I'm stinking rich!

Ryan jumps and falls into the cash. Bangs his head down to the floor but it doesn't even hurt!

RYAN

WooHoo!

The three jubilate.

INT. POLICE STATION. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT(-11:23 P.M-)

Lieutenant Patrick and the commander talk to Kathyln. Simon is right by her side listening.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
What was this man's name?

KATHLYN
David.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
Is that his real name?

KATHLYN
I don't know. That's what his friend told me.

MILITARY COMMANDER
Bob?

KATHLYN
Yeah.

MILITARY COMMANDER
Do you know where he lives?

KATHLYN
No. But we can find the information on the documents he provided when opening his bank account.

EXT. ZOO - DAWN

Police sirens rise and the cars approach the premises. Kathyln, Lieutenant Patrick, Simon, the Commander and other officers step out. Patrick is holding a file in his hands.

MILITARY COMMANDER
This is the address he provided to your bank?

KATHLYN
Yes.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
A zoo?

Everyone looks baffled. Patrick laughs out loud at the top of his lungs.

LIEUTENANT PATRICK
(into camera)
Do you, banks, take time to find whether the addresses your clients provide exist or not?

INT. SALON - DAY

Don's haircut is done. He looks at his image in the mirror.

HAIRDRESSER

What do you think?

DON

Perfect.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - DAY

Don and Bob board a small jet. The plane takes off.

INT. DERRICK'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ryan pays cash to Derrick. Happily and Proudly.

INT. COURT HOUSE - DAY

The JUDGE delivers his verdict to the C.E.O in the dock amid a full house. Nicky sobs with her aunties on a chair.

JUDGE

You will serve fourteen years on accounts of robbery, destruction of business property and breaching of the private security providers act. You will not be hired or consulted on matters of security. You shall not deal or in any way associate with any government organisation even after completion of your time.

EXT. JUDICIAL COURT HOUSE - DAY

The C.E.O is lead down the staircase by armed cops to a waiting police van in cuffs as journalists crowd on him.

EXT. RYAN'S HOME - DAY

Ryan plays with his family. Everything is going perfectly.

DON(V.O)

Don't curse. It's the world. Not a perfect place you'd want it to be. To starve isn't a good deal so men grapple to live their dreams. As an infant is born a grandfather dies. A deer wakes to feed yet a lion to prey on it. It keeps us in balance.

EXT. OCEAN. SOMEWHERE TO MADAGASCAR ISLANDS - DAY

A YACHT sails toward us. Aboard is Don and Bob accompanied by four stunning ladies in bikinis.

Don serves champagne into six glasses while Bob is capturing the sea with his camera. Everyone picks a glass.

DON

Allow me to propose a toast to our dear friends the C.E.O. and the bank manager.

LADY #1

What's the C.E.O.'s name anyway?

DON

Um. No idea.

LADY #1

And the bank manager?

Bob and Don trade a glance.

DON

What's his name again?

BOB

Ryan never mentioned it.

LADY #2

Well. To dear friends.

She hits the glasses and drink. A laughter.

ALL

To dear friends.

BOB

How do you feel?

DON

Like a champ.

LADY #3

Any plans for the future, Don?

DON

I'm preparing myself for international market.

As the yacht approaches the harbor...

DON(V.O)

Sacrifice. Many hate how it sounds. Horrible we describe it but without it this great world would never have existed. It doesn't matter how many times you try or the hell you sacrifice. All that counts to me is the ultimate happiness when a dream is achieved. This was my dream.

ZIP: DEDICATED TO MY BELOVED SISTER LYDIA DAMALIE NANTEGE.