

Steal Your Heart

Dunga Dah

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INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

CHRIS--a clean-cut young man--smiles from ear-to-ear with a twinkle in his eye. He looks over to ANDREW--a fidgety and brainy fellow with sweat building up on his forehead.

CHRIS
(whispering)
There's just something about her eyes,
ya know?

ANDREW
Uh-huh.

CHRIS
It's just like...they draw you in and
hold your heart so tight you can't
escape. You know what I mean?

ANDREW
Yeah.

CHRIS
God...I might be in love with this
girl. Does that sound crazy? I know it
does, but it's just like--BOOM--

Andrew jumps at the sound of the word boom. His eyes flutter in quick sporadic bursts.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
--right to the heart. Look at her, the
way she handles the room. So sexy.
Right? What do you think? She's sexy,
right?

ANDREW
Listen, buddy, just *please--please--*
shut the fuck up.

Chris and Andrew are dressed only in their underwear, hands tied behind their backs, sitting cross-legged with their backs to the wall.

CHRIS
Whoa...that was really uncalled for.
Jeesh.

Chris turns to HARVEY--a chunky man practically bathed in sweat, who is sitting about ten feet down the wall from Chris and Andrew. Harvey is sitting next to JANICE, an old woman.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Hey, big guy, what do you think of
that girl over there?

Harvey stays still.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Hey...hey, big guy, hey.

Harvey tries to look at Chris in the corner of his peripheral
vision.

HARVEY
What? Wha-which one?

CHRIS
The girl with the fierce blue eyes.

HARVEY
I can't see--

CHRIS
--her, right over there. Standing by
the teller line.

HARVEY
The one wearing a ski mask holding the
assault rifle?

MASKED WOMAN (MAW for short) is quick to bounce the barrel of
her rifle around the room. The stock of her rifle presses
against her shoulder and never moves an inch.

MAW
Keep your fucking heads down.

She points her rifle in the direction of Chris and his
unwilling companions.

CHRIS
(to Harvey)
Yeah, sexy...right?

HARVEY
Sure-yeah-sure.

JANICE
My husband thought I was a sexy young
thing when he first saw me.

HARVEY

Yeah? Was that before or after your honeymoon on the Titanic?

Harvey lets out little giggles in short, muted bursts. Janice looks down at a brooch pin on her jacket--a rose made of ruby.

JANICE

He gave me this pin when he asked me if I wanted to go steady with him.

HARVEY

Wow, that's really sweet. Not many guys had money for gifts when they shipped off to fight with Robert E. Lee and the Confederacy.

JANICE

A big romantic gesture like that would win any woman over. It worked on me, that's for sure.

Maw marches down to the chatty group. Harvey and Andrew squirm against the wall. Chris tries to straighten himself up.

He blows a big breath against his own shoulder and takes a whiff. He shrugs his eyebrows at the smell.

Maw flips her rifle backwards--the butt facing her hostages. Like the snap of a whip, the stock of her rifle plunges into Harvey's rotund stomach.

Harvey lets out a wheezing, guttural *OOF* before he slumps over on his side.

ANDREW

Jesus.

Maw flips the rifle back facing forward and points the barrel at Andrew.

Andrew's eyes almost pop out of his head as he squirms away from her line of fire.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Oh, Jesus. No, no, no.

Maw takes a few large strides and in perfect time she catches Andrew with a boot to the side of the head.

Andrew's head puts a dent in the drywall behind him.

Chris doesn't blink--he's giving Maw "the smoulder"--and doesn't takes his eyes off her for a second.

Maw puts the barrel of her rifle two inches into Chris' cheek. He manages to wink at her.

MAW

Did you just wink at me?

CHRIS

What would you do if I put something long and hard in your face?

MAW

Put your head down--now.

CHRIS

Just let me know how long you want me down there for.

MAW

I will blow your fucking brains out, do you understand?

Chris throws himself to the ground, then twists and turns until he is laying flat on his back--his legs spread open in the air.

CHRIS

Absolutely, so, how do you want to do this? I don't mind staying tied up, but you'll probably have to do most of the work.

A MASKED MAN (Masked Man for short) runs out from behind the teller line with two bulky duffel bags. He throws them at Maw.

MASKED MAN

Rendezvous, now.

Maw hesitates to turn away from Chris. Even as her body starts to turn, her eyes stay with his for a brief moment.

Without stopping, she scoops up the duffel bags and begins to break for the back of the bank where a large, charred hole in the wall has been blown out.

Chris looks at the Masked Man with a quizzical look on his

face. His eyes keep scanning him over until he finally focuses in on the red dots that are all over Masked Man's body.

The sound of glass shattering and a collective gasp fill the room. Chris' world slows to a crawl.

Five more MASKED ROBBERS jump over the teller line and leap out of the adjacent offices.

SWAT officers trample over broken glass blasting off rounds into the bank.

The Masked Robbers drop their cash, plant their feet, and pull back hard on their rifle's triggers.

Maw stumbles--the duffel bags of cash tangle around her legs.

Two Masked Men fly off their feet as bullets rip through them.

The storm of SWAT officers multiplies by the second.

Chris looks over to Janice, her hands grasping for her brooch pin, the ruby rose given to her by her husband. It radiates a beautiful red reflection of light.

Chris looks over to Maw--her body crawling with little red dots. He pops up and races towards her in one swift motion. He puts his body between hers and the red dots.

SWAT OFFICER (O.S.)

Get down! Get down! Get out of the way!

Chunks of marble and granite and wood explode off of every surface in the bank.

Dust and smoke fills the air.

Screams and cries are barely audible over the exploding roars of gunfire.

Maw scrambles to her feet and shoots a glance over her shoulder to see Chris running right behind her.

CHRIS

Don't stop, go, go, go. I'll cover you.

They get all the way to the back of the room before a bullet

bites Chris in the shoulder. He flies off his feet, twists in the air and skids across the ground.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Wait, take me with you.

Maw is halfway through the gaping hole in the back wall before she pivots to look back at Chris

MAW

Sorry--

CHRIS

--you'll need a hostage to get out of here alive. They won't risk shooting you if you have me.

Maw stretches out and yanks Chris back to his feet.

MONTAGE - THE GETAWAY

-- EXT. BANK -- Maw is slow to leave the bank at first-- keeping Chris in one arm and a gun pointed to his head in the other.

-- EXT. STREET -- Police, Maw and Chris all yell and rant and rave with guns waving every which way.

-- EXT. BACK ALLEY -- Maw and Chris hurry down alley after alley before they burst through a rusty door.

-- INT. PARKING GARAGE -- They run through the empty garage until they get to a nondescript convertible sedan.

-- INT. CAR/GARAGE -- Maw cuts Chris' hands free. They tie their tongues like pretzel knots during a deep kiss.

-- INT. CAR/CITY STREET -- The car turns out onto the street with the bank and police behind them.

-- INT. CAR/OPEN HIGHWAY - DUSK -- They are driving with the top down--Maw grabs Chris behind the neck and pulls him in for a long and wild kiss.

END MONTAGE

INT. BANK LUNCH ROOM - DAY

Chris, Harvey, and Andrew all sit around a break room table. Each of them wears a security guard outfit. A box of chocolates in the center of the table loses more freight by

the second. Each of the three men are either wiping chocolate off their face, licking it off their fingers, or popping chocolate candies like low-dose aspirin.

ANDREW

Even omitting the fact that Harvey and I weren't actually there for all this, that story is a load of bologna.

CHRIS

So, I fudged some of the details, but that was mostly to keep you interested.

HARVEY

Come on...Chris, we want the real story about how you and Elaine met. Not this...crapola. It's valentine's day--Andrew told us his *riveting* tale about how he met Pat--let's get the real scoop on this wifey of yours.

CHRIS

What? That is exactly how Elaine and I met. Swear to God.

ANDREW

Yeah, except you don't believe in God.

CHRIS

True, but at least the story kept you guys busy for long enough.

HARVEY

Long enough for what?

CHRIS

Mm, about that--I'm really sorry you guys.

Explosive pops and screams can be heard from outside the room.

Chris stands up with a brown paper bag lunch in hand and pulls out three black ski masks. He quickly pulls one over his face and tosses the remaining two in front of Harvey and Andrew.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'd put those on quick. I told her to shoot whoever wasn't wearing a mask by

the time she got in here.

Harvey and Andrew are like deer caught in headlights.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Seriously, do it--now.

The pops get louder and louder until they sound like they are coming from right behind the door to the break room.

Harvey and Andrew shove their heads inside the masks, but both are nowhere close to lining up the eye holes with their actual eyes. Just in time for--

--BOOM--

--The door is kicked in. ELAINE (Maw) storms the room with her rifle staring down Harvey and Andrew.

ELAINE
Alright boys, you know what the moral
of the story was?

Harvey and Andrew shake their heads.

CHRIS
Remember how I helped Elaine getaway?

Harvey and Andrew nod.

ELAINE
Good, then if you don't mind, it's
time to escort us to the car.

Elaine and Chris pull up the front of their masks to share a fierce kiss. Then, they pull Harvey and Andrew to their feet and hustle them out the door.

The sounds of crackling gunfire and police sirens can be heard in the empty room. The empty box of chocolates all alone on the table.

FADE OUT