

The Holdup

Written by

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EXT. BANK PARKING LOT - DAY

PARKER, 28, white male, dressed in a dark hoodie, jeans, with a backward hat, leans against a concrete barrier containing some plants and a single tree in the center.

He looks at a Black Chevy Impala in the spot in front of him.

Outside the car, walking around looking at the exterior is, SIMON, 34, clean shaved with shaggy hair, dressed in a blue t-shirt, jeans, and a black back-pack slung over one shoulder.

Simon circles the car and walks towards Parker.

PARKER

Uh, What'd ya think? It has newer tires, satellite radio, Onstar...

SIMON

You asking 5k right?

Parker nods, then breaks eye contact and stares at the for-sale sign on the car, taped right above an OnStar sticker on the window.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I'll give ya.... 4k.

PARKER

Its blue books for 5,500.

SIMON

Hey man, Take it or leave it...

A defeated look comes over his face and Parker nods.

Simon hands over an envelope he pulls from his bag.

SIMON (CONT'D)

It's all there.

Simon checks his watch and looks ahead at the bank.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You ready to get it notarized, mate?

Simon checks his watch again.

PARKER

Yeah, I'm sure you have somewhere to be. Looks like the bank isn't too crowded. This shouldn't take long.

SIMON
Yeah, I'm on a bit of a schedule.

Both men walk across the parking lot towards the bank.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Parker and Simon stand at the counter while the bank's
NOTARY/CLERK, 30, stamps the title and hands it to Simon.

Simon turns towards Parker.

SIMON
Nice doing business with ya, mate.

Parker nods as Simon walks out of the bank.

Parker pushes his money and license to the clerk.

PARKER
I'd like to deposit this into my
checking account.

NOTARY/CLERK
One moment, please.

As the Notary/Clerk is processing Parker's deposit, he looks
around the small, quiet nearly empty bank.

An OLDER MAN, 64, bald, dressed in a gray suit, appears from
a small office in the lobby and walks towards the
Notary/Clerk.

Parker turns back towards the Notary/Clerk, who is now
counting out the cash and placing it into the drawer.

A MASKED MAN, wearing a black ski mask, gun in one hand and,
a black bag in the other, comes rushing through the front
doors.

The hurried sound causes Parker to turn back around.

Parker sees the masked man and sprints toward the exit,
taking the long way around the small lobby, not wanting to be
seen.

On Parkers not so secret approach to the door, he is cut-off
and met with a swift strike with the handle of the gun,
falling to his hands and knees instantly near a pillar.

The Masked Man points his gun around as he scans the bank.

Behind the counter stands, the terrified clerk. Positioned on the lobby side of the counter is the Older Man.

MASKED MAN
You... Old man...

Gun now pointed across the room at the old man.

MASKED MAN (CONT'D)
Why don't you have a seat against that wall? Back up to it slowly and toss your phone down near my feet and keep your hands up.

The OLDER MAN tosses his phone at The feet of the Masked Man and sits against the wall.

The Masked Man turns towards the terrified Notary Clerk.

MASKED MAN (CONT'D)
Now, if you do what I say, nobody else will get hurt. Do you understand?

NOTARY/CLERK
Ye...yes...

MASKED MAN
Give me your phone.

Simon reaches over the counter and rips her cell phone from her hands, and tosses it by the other one.

Simon shoves the black bag rudely at the Clerk.

MASKED MAN (CONT'D)
You know what to do. Fill it up.

Simon pulls up his sleeve just enough to see his watch. Then he walks over by Parker, who is starting to regain his bearings but still on his knees.

Simon grabs Parker by the collar and lifts him to his feet and shoves him against the pillar for support. Gun pointed at him.

MASKED MAN (CONT'D)
Which pocket is your phone in?

Simon begins to pat Parker down.

PARKER
Right pocket...

The Masked Man locates the phone and tosses it behind him in the vicinity of the other phones.

PARKER (CONT'D)
Pl... Please don't hurt me.

The Masked Man's smile is visible through the mouth hole of the black mask.

MASKED MAN
You crying? My god, act like a man.

The Masked Man slaps Parker, not hard, on his bloody face and, shoves him back to the ground.

MASKED MAN (CONT'D)
Holy shit man, get yourself together. This will all be over pretty soon. Actually...

The Masked Man looks at his watch once more.

MASKED MAN (CONT'D)
It should be over in less than 4 minutes. Then you can go about your day as usual.

The Masked Man still looking at his watch, directs his attention to the clerk now.

MASKED MAN (CONT'D)
Hey lady. You have less than 4 minutes. So fill it faster.

The Clerk begins to break down and cry, now she's standing behind the second til.

MASKED MAN (CONT'D)
You're almost done, lady. Now start shoving the money in the bag.

The Clerk struggles to regain her composure.

Simon walks furiously over to her, gun pointed.

He presses the gun into her temple and cocks back the hammer.

MASKED MAN (CONT'D)
Now... You need to start filling up the bag and stop wasting time. I'd hate to have to clean your blood off my money

PARKER

No... leave her alone. Could
you... take me instead, and leave
her. I'll help you.

Parker stands without the assistance of the pillar.

Simon turns around, his attention directed at Parker.

MASKED MAN

Oh, now you decide to get some
balls. Sit down, your of no use to
me. Do you know how to open the
registers?

Parker stares silently at him.

MASKED MAN (CONT'D)

That's what I thought, now sit your
ass down, mate.

Parker stares a questioning look at the masked man.

The masked man turns his attention back at the Clerk.

MASKED MAN (CONT'D)

Let's go lady.

The clerk starts filling the bag once again.

The masked man looks down at his watch.

MASKED MAN (CONT'D)

You have less than 3 minutes.

Parker stares, as the masked man looms over the bank teller.
Parker's eyes stop on the watch.

PARKER

Simon....?

The masked man turns to look at Parker.

PARKER (CONT'D)

It is you.

Simon's eyes widened from within the black ski mask. Then
goes back to normal as he grins.

SIMON

Yeah, it's me. Busted...

Simon's grin gradually gets bigger.

PARKER

But why? Why... did you get me involved with this?

SIMON

You're here just because I needed a clean car, a discrete car that blends in.

Simon checks his watch again.

In fairness, I expected you to walk out when I left. You see, I'm on a bit of a schedule.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I couldn't wait for you to leave.

Simon motions around the room with his gun.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I actually didn't plan to hurt anyone, I never do, but sometimes you have to make an example to get a point across.

PARKER

Why don't you just take your money and leave? I would think the longer your here, the bigger of a chance you'll be caught.

SIMON

Well, this ain't my first rodeo, mate. When you're smart like me, your on top of things.

Simon motions around the room where the cameras should be posted on the walls.

Things like security, which this bank lacks, the banks not-so-busy hours, police patrol units...

Simon looks at his watch again.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Which right about now, the police shift change should be occurring.

He BANGS the gun on the counter twice. The clerk starts working faster.

So the patrol units are at a minimum for the next few minutes.

Simon points at his head in a cocky fashion.

SIMON (CONT'D)
I'll be long gone before then.
Like I said... I'm pretty smart
when it comes to this stuff.

Parker takes his sleeve and wipes the blood from his face.

PARKER
You're not that smart. So what are
you gonna do now? Now that I
recognized you.

SIMON
You actually think I used my real
identity for our little
transaction.

Simon wearing a smug smile.

SIMON (CONT'D)
I'm not too concerned about that.

Simon directs his attention to the Older Man.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Where is the camera footage saved,
mate?

THE OLDMAN
It's... in my office.

Simon looking a little frantic and rushed now.

SIMON
Go back and erase the footage now.
Hurry. If you do it right, you all
live.

The Older Man gets up and runs to the office.

Simon walks over to the Clerk now on the third drawer,
pointing the gun at her head once more.

SIMON (CONT'D)
And don't be a hero old man.

Parker looks at the side of the pillar where he stands and
pulls on a fire alarm.

The loud ALARM fills the room.

Simon turns his attention now to Parker who is running back behind the pillar and hides from Simon.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Times up lady! Toss me the bag.

The Clerk hands the bag over.

Simon looks in the office where the Older Man is.

SIMON (CONT'D)
You almost done old man?

Simon checks his watch once more.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Let's go!

THE OLDMAN
It's done.

Simon looks back at Parker as he rushes out of the front door.

SIMON
Nice doing business with ya, mate.

At Simon's exits, Parker runs to the pile of phones and grabs his.

Parker calls a number on his phone.

PARKER
OnStar, I'd like to report a stolen vehicle.

EXT. BANK PARKING LOT - DAY

Simon puts the black car in reverse and backs out of the parking space, money bag sitting on the passenger seat.

Sirens getting close.

Simon smiles all smug like from inside the car. Then he shifts it into drive.

The car speeds in front of the bank the suddenly shuts down and coasts to a slow stop near the front of the bank.

Simon tries to turn the key to restart the car but nothing happens. He tries again. Nothing happens. Once more. Nothing happens.

He quickly grabs the money bag off the seat, leaving his gun lay there and gets out.

Simon frantically looks around the empty lot. Then he starts to run towards the road and a police car cuts off his escape.

Simon turns and runs back to the Bank entrance doors.

He pulls hard on the none budging locked doors.

The police car speeds and SCREECHES to a stop by Simon and an officer hops out, gun raised.

Simon, still staring at the inside of the bank through the glass doors, drops the bag and slowly lifts both his hands in the air and forces a smile as Parker appears on the other side of the door.

Simon gets down on both knees as a police officer approaches.