

THE HOLDUP

Written by

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EXT. BANK PARKING LOT - DAY

PARKER, 28, white male, dressed in dark hoodie, jeans, with backwards 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 fancy and looks ahead at the bank.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You ready to get it notarized?

PARKER

Yeah, let's do it, then I'll get an Uber after I deposit my cash.

Simon checks his watch again.

PARKER (CONT'D)

That's a really nice watch.

Simon lowers his arm and pulls his sleeve to cover the watch.

SIMON

Yeah... I got a great deal on it.

Both men walk across the parking lot towards the bank.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

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

PARKER

I'll be out in a sec to take the tags off the car.

Simon nods and walks off.

Parker pushes his money to the clerk.

PARKER (CONT'D)

I would like to deposit this into my checking account. Account number 6129478.

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 and fat, dressed in a tight gray suit, appears from a small office in the lobby and walks towards the Notary/Clerk.

Parker turns back towards the Notary/Clerk as she starts to print out his bank statement.

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

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.

Simon points his gun as he scans the bank.

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

SIMON
You... Old man...

Gun now pointed across the room at the old man.

SIMON (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.

When the Older Man is seated on the ground Simon turns towards the lone Notary Clerk still terrified.

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

NOTARY/CLERK
Ye...yes...

SIMON
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.

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

Simon pulls up his sleeve and looks at 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.

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

Simon begins to pat Parker down.

PARKER
Back pocket...

The masked Simon locates the phone and tosses it behind him in the vicinity of the other phones.

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

Simons smile is visible through the mouth hole of the mask.

SIMON
You crying? My god, act like a man.

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

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

Simon looks at his watch once more.

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

Simon still looking at his watch, directs his attention to the clerk now.

SIMON (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.

SIMON (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.

SIMON (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.

SIMON

Sit down, your of no use to me. Do
you know how to open the registers?

Parker stares silently at him.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Thats what I thought, now sit your
ass down.

Simon turns his attention back at the Clerk.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Lets go lady.

The clerk starts filling the bag once again.

Simon looks down at his watch.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You have less than 3 minutes.

Parker looks on as Simon looms over the bank teller and the
watch catches his eye.

PARKER

Simon....?

Simon turns to look at Parker.

PARKER (CONT'D)

It is you. What the hell.

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

Your here just because I needed a
clean car, a discrete car that
blends in.

(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)

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

Simon checks his watch again.

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 the 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, when your smart like me, your on top of things. 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. So the patrol units are at a minimum for the next few minutes. Actually, in exactly 2 minutes I'll be gone.

Simon points at his head in a cocky fashion.

SIMON (CONT'D)

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

Your not that smart. So what are you gonna do now? Now that I recognized you. Your on camera.

SIMON
You actually think I used my real
identity for our little
transaction. I'm not an idiot.

Simon with a smug look on his face.

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?

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

Simon looking a little frantic and rushed now.

SIMON
Go back and erase the footage now.
Hurry, 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 3rd til, pointing
the gun at her head once more.

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

Parker looks at the front door, just steps away, then runs to
the fire alarm on a nearby wall and yanks on it.

The loud ALARM fills the room.

Simon turns his attention now to Parker who is running back
behind the pillar and hides himself 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 rushes out of the front door.

Parker then 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 quickly grabs the money bag and rushes out the door. Gun left behind on the seat.

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 SQUECHES 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 smiles as Parker appears on the other side of the door.

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