

*"Dry Run"*

Written by

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INT. WAREHOUSE OR SIMILAR - DAY

Big. Empty. Silent. Well-lit, but no windows to the outside.

The front door BURSTS OPEN:

Three people in ski masks wordlessly hurry inside: SAM, JAMIE, and TAYLOR. Sam, the last one in, SLAMS and locks the door. Everyone visibly relaxes, but keeps their masks on.

SAM  
Now that was a rush.

JAMIE  
(nervous)  
Did anybody follow us?

SAM  
If they did, we wouldn't have come in here.

JAMIE  
I'm just asking.

SAM  
Just relax; everything went exactly according to plan.

JAMIE  
Don't tell me to relax. I'll relax when everybody else gets here.

TAYLOR  
Ugh, flashbacks to my childhood.

Taylor casually pulls a gun out of his waistband. Sam and Jamie tense involuntarily.

SAM  
Dude. Put that away. The heist is over.

TAYLOR  
Calm down, Jamie, it's just uncomfortable having this stupid thing in my pants.

SAM  
She's Jamie; I'm Sam.

TAYLOR  
It really doesn't matter. In a few minutes, I'll be on my way to forgetting any of you existed.

JAMIE  
Shouldn't the others be here by now?

SAM

Probably just making sure they weren't followed.

Jamie shoots him a death glare.

TAYLOR

Better not have gotten caught. I bet I need that money more than all of you.

SAM

Gotta pay back your mom?

JAMIE

(ignores Sam)

Just promise me you're not about to double cross us and take the money.

TAYLOR

Nobody does that in real life. Will you guys just relax? I'm not gonna -

A LOUD BANG on the door. Taylor instinctively raises the gun. They all stare at the door, frozen. Another BANG.

TAYLOR

(to Sam)

Did you lock it behind you?

SAM

Oh, shoot.

TAYLOR

(under his breath)

Amateurs.

Sam rushes to the door and reaches for the lock, but hesitates.

SAM

Who's there?

JORDAN (O.S.)

Open the stupid door!

SAM

(to himself)

Why is everybody so rude...?

Sam unlocks the door. JORDAN shoves it open, and she's followed in by MORGAN and ALEX, all wearing ski masks.

JAMIE

What happened? Were you followed?

JORDAN

Had to avoid a roadblock. The cops got set up quick. Too quick.

SAM

(to Jamie)

See? I told you they were just being -

JAMIE

Where's Casey?

TAYLOR

Where's the loot?

JORDAN

(cagey)

Casey has the cash. We... got separated.

JAMIE

He didn't get caught, did he?

JORDAN

Relax, I'm sure he'll be here soon.

JAMIE

(fuming)

Quit telling me to relax -

SAM

(points to his mask)

Don't worry. He can't ID us anyway.

JAMIE

He can ID a ticket to the Bahamas and leave us here.

MORGAN

(eyes Jordan)

Apparently, he didn't make it to the rendezvous point by the cutoff time.

JORDAN

(defensive)

We didn't have time to wait. I followed the plan exactly.

(angry, to Morgan)

What did I tell you before?

SAM

You're not running this operation, Jordan.

JORDAN

Neither are you, Alex.

SAM  
I'm Sam. Alex is...

He trails off, uncertain. Everyone looks at each other, momentarily befuddled.

ALEX  
(raises hand)  
I'm Alex.

JORDAN  
You're not Morgan?

ALEX  
Yeah, I'm pretty sure.

MORGAN  
I'm Morgan. How do you not know that? You were just yelling at me.

JORDAN  
I wasn't yelling.

TAYLOR  
Oh, for the love of...

Taylor rips off his mask. Everyone GROANS AND COMPLAINS at him.

TAYLOR  
Oh, eat me, okay? It's uncomfortable anyway.

SAM  
You got a real problem with that.

TAYLOR  
I have texture issues!

JAMIE  
Hey!

Jamie pulls off her mask; everyone GROANS again.

JAMIE  
How are we going to find Casey and get our money?

MORGAN  
That's why I told Jordan to wait for him.

Jordan takes off her mask and glowers at Morgan. No one complains.

JORDAN  
If we'd waited, we'd all be cuffed right now.

Morgan takes off his mask as well.

MORGAN

(still angry)  
You're prettier than I thought you'd be!

JORDAN

I don't know if that's a compliment!

Alex sheepishly lifts her mask.

ALEX

So are we not doing the secret identities  
anymore, or...

SAM

We need a plan. Without the cash, we just risked  
our necks for nothing.

JORDAN

He'll be here. I didn't hear anything on the  
scanner about him getting picked up.

SAM

You have a police scanner?

JORDAN

Yeah, for this exact situation.

SAM

Why didn't you just say that when you came in?

JORDAN

I just... didn't think of it until right now.

Jordan knows it's a weak answer.

A long, awkward silence. Everyone exchanges glances, then avoids each  
others' eyes.

TAYLOR

(loudly)  
You know what I think?

He COCKS HIS PISTOL and steps toward Jordan.

TAYLOR

I think you're a little too defensive about all  
this. And I think you have a little too much info.  
Which means...

JORDAN

I swear, I don't know where he is.

MORGAN

No, but I bet you know where the money is.

SAM

(to Taylor)

Hey, take it easy, Taylor.

TAYLOR

That's not my name, and you know it, "Sam."

SAM

Okay, fine.

Sam lifts his mask and pointedly looks Taylor in the eye.

SAM

I'm Jackson. Yes, we all faked our names and played a part, but nobody got hurt, and that doesn't need to change now. We'll figure out a plan, just like before.

MORGAN

Casey made the plan.

SAM

Well, this time we'll all make the plan. We're all competent, reasonably smart people -

JORDAN

Why are you looking at me?

SAM

I'm not, I'm just saying, everything is gonna be fine if we all just relax. Right, Jamie?

JAMIE

I'll strangle you.

SAM

See, we're all friends here.

(to Taylor)

Just put the gun down, okay?

Taylor doesn't react, but he slowly lowers the gun. A COLLECTIVE EXHALE fills the room.

The door swings open. CASEY steps in, almost nonchalantly, ski mask in place, dragging a full trash bag. He's an imposing presence, if only in how he carries himself.

All eyes on him, he surveys the room. Then, he tosses the bag in the center. No one moves.

JORDAN

Casey, I'm so sorry I didn't wait -

CASEY

You did exactly what you should have done. Don't apologize.

(beat)

Nice work, everybody. You're all naturals.

TAYLOR

Except for the part where they all took their masks off right away. I didn't even have to try.

CASEY

You're getting too good at this.

All eyes turn to Taylor, who smiles as he raises the gun and holds it on the group.

CASEY

(to the group)

Two choices. One: stick with me, and we do the big job together. That's your ticket to a life of luxury. This was just a rehearsal. Two: take your share and go. Taylor here won't stop you. But I know your face now. I own you. If I go down, ever, I take everyone who leaves here today with me.

(beat)

So. Make your choice. Now.

All eyes turn to the bag of cash. A moment of indecision.

ALEX

Real quick, since we're waiting, does anybody wanna grab a drink after this?

Everyone's heads turn stoically from the cash to Alex's oblivious face.

FADE TO BLACK.