

1.

1 INT. BANK VAULT - NIGHT

1

The air is thick with the smell of ozone. LASER GRIDS—vibrant, humming webs of red light—crisscross the room, shorted out by a bypass module sparking on the floor.

JAX (32) and MIRA (28) are waist-deep in chaos. STACKS OF CASH are piled high. Six heavy DUFFEL BAGS sit engorged.

Jax cinches the last bag shut. He checks his watch.

JAX

Time's up. The silent alarm just pinged the precinct.

MIRA

Five seconds. I'm wiping the internal loop.

She rips a cable out. The vault door groans.

JAX

Move. Now.

Jax swings two bags over his shoulders. They bolt.

2 INT. BANK LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

2

The lobby is a cavern of marble and shadow.

AT THE TELLER WINDOW

Jax vaults over the mahogany counter, sliding across the polished wood. He drops the bags on the other side.

BY THE FRONT DOOR

Mira presses her back against the glass. Outside, blue and red lights pulse against the rain-slicked pavement.

MIRA

We have a problem. They beat the timer.

3 INT. BANK LOBBY - LATER

3

The lobby is bathed in the strobe-light effect of police cruisers. Jax and Mira crouch behind a marble pillar.

JAX

On three, we blow the mag-locks.

Jax clicks a detonator. BOOM. The glass doors SHATTER.

4 EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

4

Glass crunches under boots. TWENTY BYSTANDERS and POLICE OFFICERS scatter for cover.

FIVE VEHICLES dominate the street: FOUR POLICE CRUISERS forming a barricade and a matte-black GETAWAY VAN.

OFFICER RIVERA

DROP THE BAGS! HANDS IN THE AIR!

Jax hurls a flash-bang. WHITE OUT.

AT THE GETAWAY VAN

The side door slides open. Mira tosses her bags in. Jax dives in after her as bullets PING off the armor.

The van screeches forward, fishtailing into the night.

JAX

Told you we'd make the exit.

FADE OUT.