

THE ROBBERY

by

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FADE IN:

INT. BANK - DAY

BUG EYED BILL (30s), big, strong and powerful, wearing a large down ski coat, follows the BLONDE WOMAN into the bank.

The glass doors swing closed behind him as the blonde woman heads to the teller line.

He stops. Surveys his surroundings. Taking in the important details.

He watches as several CUSTOMERS and EMPLOYEES go about their business in the small yet tidy branch bank.

His eyes focus in on the SECURITY GUARD. The guard is writing notes on a clip board. Head down. Engrossed in his work.

Bug Eyed Bill smiles devilishly as he draws a Smith & Wesson Model 29 revolver.

He glides quickly and silently into position behind the security guard. One good THUMP with the butt of his pistol, and the security guard is down and out cold.

Several customers turn at the commotion. At first startled. Then curious. Finally confused.

Brandishing his pistol, Bug Eyed Bill screams out.

BUG EYED BILL

This is a hold up, nobody better  
move.

The customers and employees react. Most immediately raise their hands in poses of surrender.

Some cower in fear.

One employee crawls under a desk.

A few cry softly. Their BLEATING music to Bug Eyed Bill's ears.

Bug Eyed Bill makes his way to the counter, all the while scanning left and right for possible trouble. Customers part like the Red Sea as he crosses the lobby. No one looks directly at him. He's in total control.

AT THE COUNTER, Bug Eyed Bill confronts the teller. SUE (20s), petite and pretty, stands behind the counter. Hands raised.

BUG EYED BILL (CONT'D)  
I need the money. Give me the money.

He points the pistol at Sue.

BUG EYED BILL (CONT'D)  
Or else.

Sue looks down at the cash drawer. It's locked. She looks back up. Imploringly.

Bug Eyed Bill motions impatiently with the pistol.

BUG EYED BILL (CONT'D)  
Open it.

Sue pulls a lanyard, with attached bank keys, from around her neck. She's nervous. Her hands shake.

BUG EYED BILL (CONT'D)  
Come on. Come on.

She drops the lanyard. The keys CLATTER to the floor.

Sue immediately starts to reach down for the keys. Stops. Petrified that she might have moved too suddenly. Straightens back up very slowly. Head down. Terrified to face him.

Finally, she slowly looks up. Right into Bug Eyed Bill's eyes.

He glares back. All meanness. No pity.

BUG EYED BILL (CONT'D)  
Well? What are you waiting for?

Sue doesn't move.

BUG EYED BILL (CONT'D)  
Pick 'em up.

Bug Eyed Bill takes a moment to scan the room. Everything is as it should be. The security guard is out cold. The customers are not a threat.

He turns his attention back to Sue. Menacing.

BUG EYED BILL (CONT'D)  
You heard me.

Sue reaches down and retrieves the keys. It takes both hands. She trembles. Fumbles with the keys.

His patience wearing thin, he shouts at her.

BUG EYED BILL (CONT'D)

Hurry up.

Sue can't seem to control her fingers. She tries to find the right key. Can't find it. Tries another one. Not right either.

Bug Eyed Bill cocks the hammer back on his pistol. Moves the barrel close to her face. Almost touching her.

BUG EYED BILL (CONT'D)

Either you open that lock or I'm...

Finally she is able to open the drawer. She crams money into a bank bag. Hands it to him.

Bug Eyed Bill stuff's the bag inside his coat. Glaring at her all the while.

Her eyes get bigger. Go round. She then closes her eyes tightly. She knows what's coming and doesn't want to see it.

Bug Eyed Bill realizes something's not right. Instinctively he turns.

The security guard staggers forward. Closing in. One hand holding the back of his head. In the other hand a gun.

The security guard brings his gun up, tries to aim, but he's still groggy from the blow Bug Eyed Bill gave him earlier.

Bug Eyed Bill dodges. Money goes FLYING from the inside his coat. Scatters across the lobby.

Sue ducks down behind the counter.

The security guard tracks Bug Eyed Bill as he races for the door. He FIRES. FIRES again. Misses, as each shot hits a little behind his quick moving target.

Bug Eyed Bill FIRES back. Not really aiming.

Bullets fly. The sound of the GUNSHOTS thunderous. Customers and employees take cover, all of them cowering now.

The security guard is hit. He slumps to the floor.

Bug Eyed Bill stops, still in a defensive crouch. Looks around. It's clear.

He stands up straight. Chest out. Looks contemptuously at the hiding customers and employees.

Finally, triumphantly, he exclaims.

BUG EYED BILL (CONT'D)  
I'm Bug Eyed Bill. This money--

Bug Eyed Bill's soliloquy is INTERRUPTED. A VOICE calls.

BILLY'S MOM  
Let's go.

INT. BANK - DAY

In BLACK AND WHITE.

BILLY'S MOM  
Billy, are you listening to me?  
It's time to go.

BILLY'S MOM (late 30s), the blonde woman, pretty once, hair stringy and in need of a wash, soiled clothing old and frayed, stares down at her son.

BILLY (8), a cute toothy kid, very thin, with a Tootsie Toy Bounty Hunter Cap Gun in hand, looks up sheepishly.

BILLY'S MOM (CONT'D)  
Put that thing away.

Billy tucks the cap gun in his trousers. A couple sizes too big, his pants slide down. He puts his fingers through the belt loops and hikes his pants back up.

She looks on. Grimly determined.

BILLY'S MOM (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, we'll get some that fit soon.

BILLY  
I don't mind.

He stands up straight, chest out, responds defiantly.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Hey, Mom. I was robbing the bank.

She counts a pitiful few dollars. Folds the freshly withdrawn cash neatly. Looks at the money for a moment. Sighs. Tucks the wad of money into her bra. Looks around furtively.

She notices Billy watching closely. Puts on a smile.

BILLY'S MOM  
I understand the urge.

She takes Billy by the hand.

BILLY'S MOM (CONT'D)

Come on. I'll buy us something to eat.

Billy nods eagerly.

His Mom leads him toward the exit.

As they approach, the security guard holds open the door.

Billy's Mom puts her head down, making sure not to make eye contact, as she trudges past.

Billy appraises the security guard closely as he passes.

The security guard closes the doors firmly behind them.

EXT. BANK - SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Continues in BLACK AND WHITE.

It's cold outside. Neither Billy's Mom nor Billy have a coat. They both shiver.

BILLY'S MOM

Come on.

Together they stride determinedly down the sidewalk.

Billy stops. Pulls up his sagging trousers again. Readjusts his cap gun.

His Mom stops. Turns. Looks down at him. Waiting.

BILLY

(eagerly)

We going to eat now?

Billy's Mom answers patiently. Tassels his hair.

BILLY'S MOM

We sure are.

BILLY

When?

BILLY'S MOM

Soon.

Billy frowns.

BILLY'S MOM (CONT'D)

Don't worry, it's not too far a walk.

Billy nods. He's heard that before.

BILLY'S MOM (CONT'D)  
I promise. Won't take long.

Billy shivers.

BILLY  
I'm cold.

BILLY'S MOM  
I don't think we have enough for a coat.

Billy doesn't respond.

BILLY'S MOM (CONT'D)  
I tell you what. There's a second hand store not too far from here. We'll check and see about it on the way.

Billy thinks a moment.

His mother continues, coaxing.

BILLY'S MOM (CONT'D)  
How's that sound, sweetheart? A quick stop and then we'll get something to eat. Sound good?

Billy grins. A big toothy grin.

BILLY  
Bug Eyed Bill will strike again!

FADE OUT:

THE END