

KNIGHT SHIFT

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. MUSEUM - EXHIBIT HALL - DAY

Sunlight streams through the high arched windows of a grand, hushed hall. KEANU, in a sharp but slightly rumpled suit, walks with MR WILLIS, who is wearing an immaculate tailored jacket. Both men in their early 30's.

They pass displays of Greek pottery and Roman statues.

MR WILLIS

Six break ins, two cyber attacks.
Don't worry, I'm not expecting you
to do anything about them.

(a long deep breath)

God knows how many smash and grab
attempts in broad daylight.
Security is a nightmare. I could
put a hundred camera ups and it
wouldn't have an effect. I need
men. Strong men. Something to put
these thieves off.

KEANU

It's a real shame. I'll do whatever
I can to keep what's on display
safe.

They stop by a display case containing jewels.

MR WILLIS

Everything in this place is
valuable. We've just got to make
sure the wrong people don't get
their grubby little fingers on
them.

Suddenly, a piercing, LOUD ALARM blares through the hall. Red
emergency lights flash.

MR WILLIS (CONT'D)

(Tense)

Right on cue. I need a holiday.
This alarm. It's giving me PTSD.

KEANU

Wait, you weren't joking? You get
targeted all the time?

MR WILLIS

I don't joke.

MR WILLIS (CONT'D)
But this is a museum?

MR WILLIS (CONT'D)
Filled with shit that can be sold.
You asked for the job. Well, do you
still want it?

Keanu's calm demeanour is instantly replaced by a focused urgency.

INT. MUSEUM - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Keanu and Mr Willis sprint down a long marble corridor.

They round a corner and stop dead.

Up ahead, PAGE and GERT, (40's) are smashing a glass display case with a heavy hammer. Jewels scatter on the floor. The thugs are stuffing fistfuls of necklaces and rings into duffel bags.

There's a couple of already filled duffel bags down by the floor, close to Keanu's feet.

GERT
If it has even a hint of gold, I
want it!

Page turns, seeing them. He pulls a knife.

PAGE
Get back. We were here first. Don't
be stupid now.

MR WILLIS
(whispering)
I'm not dying for a bunch of old
shit.

Keanu looks down at the duffel bags.

KEANU
(to Mr Willis)
Dedicated to the job I see?

MR WILLIS
I'm paid to keep the place neat and
tidy. That's it.

Keanu reaches down and scoops up the filled duffel bags from the floor.

KEANU

This has got to be the most intense
job interview ever.

He runs the opposite way. The thugs see him and start to give chase.

GERT

Drop the bags. This isn't a game!

INT. MUSEUM - MEDIEVAL EXHIBIT - CONTINUOUS

Keanu sprints into a vast room filled with tapestries and ancient weaponry.

He slows, his eyes fixed on a majestic, glinting SUIT OF ARMOR standing on a pedestal in the centre of the exhibit.

He stares, a slow, determined grin spreading across his face.

Keanu runs directly toward the suit of armour.

INT. MUSEUM - CORRIDOR - DAY

Gert and Page are on the hunt. Desperately searching for Keanu.

PAGE

We do all the hard work and he
takes the bags. Well, that's just
cheating.

Gert shakes his head, furious.

GERT

I will find him. And he will hand
them back or he'll die.

INT. MUSEUM - MEDIEVAL EXHIBIT - LATER

The thugs burst into the medieval hall, looking around, confused.

PAGE

This is the last room. If he's not
here I'm splitting.

GERT

I'm not leaving without those bags
and neither are you.

A loud CLANKING sound echoes from behind a heavy velvet curtain. They freeze.

Out from behind the curtain steps KEANU. He is now completely encased in the heavy, steel SUIT OF ARMOR.

PAGE

What the hell? It's too early for Halloween.

Keanu raises a gauntlet-encased hand. It's heavy, slow, but intimidating.

GERT

It's him! Kill him!

Gert swings the hammer with all his might at the suit's chest.

CLANG! The sound is deafening. Keanu stumbles but the armour holds.

Keanu, now moving with surprising speed, elbows Page in the face. The thin armour of his forearm smacks the thug's jaw. CRACK!

Page drops his knife, holding his face, reeling back.

Gert lunges. Keanu grabs a decorative sword from an adjacent display rack. It's dull, meant for display, but heavy.

Keanu uses the sword to bat away the hammer, then swings the flat of the blade at Gert's legs. THWACK!

Gert yells, dropping to his knees, clutching his thigh. The hammer falls away.

KEANU

(His voice slightly
muffled inside the
helmet)

This is kind of fun. Anymore of you
guys around here that I can beat
up?

Keanu stands over them. The thugs raise their hands in surrender.

INT. MUSEUM - MAIN ENTRANCE - LATER

The police are arriving. Sirens WAIL outside. Mr Willis is talking with an officer.

Keanu approaches, having removed the helmet. He is sweaty and his suit is covered in metal polish and dust. He carries a couple of discarded duffel bags.

He opens one of the duffel bags, revealing the sparkling, recovered jewels.

MR WILLIS
 (Dead serious, but with a
 twinkle in his eye)
 So, when can you start?

Keanu smiles.

FADE OUT.

THE END