

**The Hit**

by

Pia Cook

FADE IN:

**INT. BANK - VAULT - DAY**

Gold coins. Lots of them.

Stacked in neat rows inside a plastic container.

A old woman's hand reaches for one of the coins, picks it up.

The hand belongs to MRS. COHEN (82). A short, withered lady with a cane. She puts the coin in her purse.

MRS. COHEN

Thank you so much for helping me,  
Jackie. I couldn't possibly pick  
that box up by myself these days.

JACKIE ORLANDO (35) attractive, but tired looking with long hair pulled back into a bun. A tinge of bitterness in her eyes. Still, she manages a genuine smile at Mrs. Cohen.

JACKIE

That's what we're here for Mrs.  
Cohen.

Jackie closes the container, climbs up a step ladder. She reaches up to one of the safe deposit boxes, puts the container inside, then locks the box with two separate keys.

She climbs back down, hands one of the keys to Mrs. Cohen.

JACKIE

We're looking forward to seeing you  
again next month.

Jackie unlocks the steel gate-like inner door to the vault with a key on her keychain.

MRS. COHEN

You take care, dear.

Mrs. Cohen leaves the vault.

Jackie folds the step ladder, puts it in the corner, then walks out. She locks the inner door, but leaves the vault door open.

She continues into the --

**LOBBY**

-- where she sits down at a desk in the open lobby.

A sign on the desk: Jackie Orlando, Assistant Manager.

There are only a few customers inside. Three female tellers take care of them along with those in the drive-thru.

TODD HANSON (45), manager. A proud cock in this little henhouse, struts over to Jackie. He sits down on the corner of her desk, leans in with a hopeful glint in his eyes.

TODD  
Hey, Jackie.

She types on her computer, doesn't bother to look up.

TODD  
I'm heading to HQ tomorrow. I'm going to do my best to convince the suits to get your salary up to twelve and a quarter.

Jackie looks at him. That bitterness definitely shows now.

JACKIE  
Wow...a whole quarter raise.

He puts his hand on top of hers. A wedding band on his ring finger. He pats her hand. A little too friendly...

TODD  
We all have to start somewhere.

He glances over at the tellers, speaks with a lower voice.

TODD  
It's more than they're getting and they've been here a lot longer.

JACKIE  
What is it that you really want, Todd?

He smiles. Fixes her with his eyes.

TODD  
I was thinking that maybe you and I could have a little chat over a drink after work? Get to know each other better.

Jackie glances at his wedding band. Really? She removes her hand underneath his.

JACKIE

I don't think that's a good idea.

TODD

If you're going to continue to work here, it's in both our best interest that we get along.

Jackie continues to type.

JACKIE

I work here because I need the money, not because I need to get laid.

Todd straightens, feathers a little ruffled.

TODD

Well, I can definitely help you get ahead in this company, if that is your goal.

Jackie stares at him.

JACKIE

And all I have to do is...?

Todd glances around. Lowers his voice.

TODD

Jeez, Jackie. I was only asking you to have a drink with me.

Jackie checks a clock on the wall. 4:56. She gets up, shoves her chair in.

JACKIE

I don't drink.

Todd cringes.

TODD

I'm sorry. I forgot about the DUI.

Jackie sours, grabs her purse, marches through the lobby.

Todd's gaze lingers on her feminine form.

**EXT. BANK - ATM - DAY**

Outside the entrance is an ATM.

VICTOR MARTINEZ (40) handsome, charming, killer smile, pushes buttons on the number pad.

The door swings open. Jackie stomps out just as Victor takes a step back. They collide. Jackie almost trips. Victor steadies her. Jackie drops her purse. The contents spill out.

VICTOR  
I'm so sorry.

Frustrated, Jackie gathers her belongings.

Victor bends down, gives her a hand.

VICTOR  
I guess I should pay more attention.

Their eyes meet. Victor flashes her his sexiest smile. Jackie can't help but melt a bit.

JACKIE  
It's no big deal.

Jackie, gets up. Victor does the same. She should leave, but she lingers an extra moment. They share another glance. Another smile.

JACKIE  
Well...you have a nice day.

VICTOR  
How could it get any better?

Jackie straightens her clothes, sashays out to the parking lot. Deliberate. Sexy.

Victor watches her go. He likes what he sees, but his smile soon fades.

**EXT. BANK - PARKING LOT - DAY**

A blacked-out SUV sits parked outside the bank.

Hard to make out the faces, but there are two men inside. They watch the entrance to the bank.

**INT. SUV - DAY**

ANTON COOPER (40s), sits in the drivers seat. He's got a pair of small binoculars to his eyes. He watches as Jackie crosses the lot.

ANTON

That's her.

SAXON "SAX" WALKER (50s) sits next to Anton. His appearance rugged, but the look suits him.

SAX

Not bad.

ANTON

Used to be one of those upper class housewives that don't have to worry about shit in life. Other than looking good that is.

They watch as Jackie gets in her piece of shit car at the other end of the lot.

SAX

Looks like things have changed.

ANTON

A complete one eighty.

Anton puts the binoculars away, fires up the SUV.

**INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Early evening. Dark shadows fill the space.

Jackie enters. She puts her purse down on the entry table, continues into the --

**KITCHEN**

She flips the light switch on the wall. Nothing happens. She tries the light over the stove. Nothing. Jackie sighs. Pissed off, she grabs her phone from the counter, speaks to it.

JACKIE

Siri, call Phil.

She waits while Siri dials.

**INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

A large plush room. PHIL MATTSON (45), neatly groomed, nicely dressed, a picture of success, watches as JOSH (8) and TYLER (6) test new toys and beach gear with excitement.

MIA (30), fashion model type, sits on the couch surrounded by fancy shopping bags. She pulls out dress after dress. She's as excited as the boys.

Phil is amused. A ringtone chimes. He checks the screen, takes a few steps away from the excitement.

PHIL  
(into phone)  
Jackie?

**INTERCUT**

Jackie takes a deep breath. Tries to keep calm.

JACKIE  
I thought you said you were going to help me out with the electric bill this month.

PHIL  
I did. I gave Mia money to pay it last Monday.

Jackie's even more pissed off now.

JACKIE  
Well, I guess she forgot all about that one!

She crosses her arms, waits for his answer.

Phil sighs, feels bad.

PHIL  
Jackie, I'm sorry. I'll take care of it as soon as we get back.

JACKIE  
Get back? From where?

PHIL  
Shit...I'm sorry. I forgot to tell you. We're leaving for Jamaica tomorrow.

Jackie's flabbergasted.

JACKIE

What about Josh and Tyler? They're supposed to be with me this weekend!

A long painful pause. Phil glances at the happy boys.

PHIL

I don't know what to tell you...they rather go to Jamaica.

JACKIE

This is bullshit, Phil! They're supposed to be with me the third weekend every month.

PHIL

They still love you, Jackie. They just don't want to --

Jackie stabs the end call button, tosses the phone on the counter with disgust.

She covers her eyes. A snuffle is heard, then she straightens up. Angry. She grabs her phone, heads out.

**INT. BAR - NIGHT**

Happy hour. People have a drink before they head home.

Jackie enters, takes a seat at the bar.

The BARTENDER comes over.

BARTENDER

Hi, Jackie. The usual?

She thinks for a moment. Considers it.

JACKIE

Lord knows I could use something stronger, but...

The bartender smiles, leaves to get her drink.

Victor, enters the bar. Scans the place, sees Jackie. He heads towards the bar, sits down next to her.

Jackie recognizes him, tries to hold back a smile. Victor, doesn't hold back. He gives her his best flirty one.

The bartender gives Jackie a club soda.

VICTOR  
(to bartender)  
Jim Beam.

The bartender leaves.

Victor eyes Jackie's drink.

VICTOR  
You sure stick out in this crowd.

JACKIE  
In what way would that be?

Victor glances around the bar, then back at her.

VICTOR  
This is happy hour. You're not  
happy.  
(points to her drink)  
And I doubt your club soda is gonna  
do anything to change that.

Jackie cracks a sad smile.

JACKIE  
This is a bar. Happy people don't  
hangout in bars.

The bartender gives Victor his Beam.

Jackie glances at him and his drink.

JACKIE  
Why are you here? You're drinking  
whiskey. That's a sad man's drink.

Victor's turn to offer up a sad smile.

VICTOR  
Maybe I am a sad man.

**EXT. BAR - NIGHT**

The SUV from earlier is parked down the street.

**INT. SUV - NIGHT**

Anton sits in the driver seat. Bored. Sax sits next to him.  
Takes a swig from a flask.

ANTON

Time flies when you're having fun,  
but it fucking crawls when you're  
bored.

SAX

Patience. The key to any stakeout.

Anton scoffs.

ANTON

You don't know shit about  
stakeouts. You mow lawns for a  
living.

**INT. BAR - NIGHT**

Jackie and Victor at the bar. They have a good time.

The bartender brings a plate of oysters on ice, puts it in  
front of Victor.

Jackie eyes the plate with amused disgust.

VICTOR

You like oysters?

She shakes her head no.

VICTOR

Why not?

JACKIE

They look disgusting.

Victor squeezes a few drops of lemon on the oysters, picks  
one up, turns to Jackie with a sexy smile.

VICTOR

C'mon, try it.

Jackie stares at the oyster, backs away a bit.

VICTOR

I promise you, it will be your new  
second favorite thing to swallow.

Jackie blushes.

JACKIE

Is that so?

He caresses the oyster with his finger, then locks his lusty gaze on her.

VICTOR  
They have an extremely silky  
texture, slides down your throat  
like...

Amused, Jackie laughs.

Victor brings the oyster to his mouth, breathes in its aroma.

VICTOR  
You can smell the salty sea.

He sucks the oyster into his mouth with a slurp, swallows it. Satisfied, he licks his lips, then picks up another one. He holds it out to Jackie's mouth.

VICTOR  
Try it.

She stares at it.

JACKIE  
I can't.

Victor leans in a little closer, speaks with a sexy voice.

VICTOR  
A poet once said, eating an oyster  
is like French kissing a mermaid.

Jackie laughs.

JACKIE  
Why would I want to French kiss a  
mermaid?

Victor holds the oyster closer to her mouth. This time, she doesn't back away.

VICTOR  
C'mon, feel it.

Jackie meets his gaze, gives in. She touches the oyster with her finger. Sensuous.

VICTOR  
Smell it.

Jackie does.

VICTOR  
Tilt your head back.

She follows his instructions.

VICTOR  
Close your eyes. Suck the oyster  
and the juices into your mouth,  
then let it slide down your throat.

Jackie purses her lips, ready to eat the oyster when --

VICTOR  
Wait! One more thing.

Jackie opens her eyes. Victor leans in even closer. Whispers.

VICTOR  
Don't chew.

Jackie's confused.

VICTOR  
No teeth.

Jackie smiles.

JACKIE  
No teeth. I promise.

She tilts her head back, closes her eyes. Victor holds the oyster to her lips. Jackie sucks it into her mouth. Swallows.

They both laugh.

VICTOR  
How was it?

JACKIE  
Not bad.

**INT. SUV - NIGHT**

Anton sighs out of boredom, checks his watch. Sax, takes a gulp of his booze, messes around on his phone.

**INT. BAR - NIGHT**

Jackie checks her phone.

JACKIE

It was nice talking to you, Victor,  
but I have to go.

He takes her hand, looks her in the eyes.

VICTOR

Hey, thanks for making this sad man  
a little less sad.

JACKIE

Works both ways.

VICTOR

Can I walk you home?

She considers it.

JACKIE

I'm not going to have sex with you  
if that's what you're thinking.

VICTOR

No. No. I just want to make sure  
you get home all right.

JACKIE

...Okay.

**INT. SUV - NIGHT**

Jackie and Victor exit the bar. Anton perks up.

ANTON

Here we go, Sax. Put that flask  
away.

Anton starts up the car.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Jackie and Victor stroll together down the quiet street.

Victor casts a glance over his shoulder. The SUV follows them  
a hundred feet back.

JACKIE

I was a good mother. Did everything  
for my kids. Then I made one  
mistake. One big damn whopper of a  
mistake.

Victor pays attention, but keeps a covert eye on the SUV at the same time.

VICTOR  
Everyone makes mistakes.

JACKIE  
Yeah, but only idiots get behind  
the wheel drunk with their kids.

Victor gives her a sympathetic look.

VICTOR  
Hence the club soda?

JACKIE  
I can't afford to make any more  
mistakes.

They turn down a smaller street.

Jackie stops by a low-end apartment building. Disheartened, she looks at it, then turns to Victor.

JACKIE  
This is it. Thanks for walking me  
home.

Victor casts another glance at the SUV.

VICTOR  
Thanks for letting me.

The SUV revs its engine behind them.

They both turn to see the SUV charge in their direction.

Victor grabs Jackie, shoves her aside, away from the SUV.

Victor is not as lucky. The SUV clips him in the side. Or did it? He goes down. Rolls a few turns on the sidewalk.

He grabs his right leg. Moans.

Jackie hurries to his side.

JACKIE  
Oh my god! Are you okay?

Victor's face, a grimace of pain. Jackie digs out her phone.

JACKIE  
I'm calling 911.

Slight panic in Victor's eyes.

VICTOR  
No. I'm fine. Really.

Jackie stares at him.

JACKIE  
Are you sure? I think we should  
call the police. That driver needs  
to be stopped.

VICTOR  
No! No cops. I'm fine.

Victor struggles to get up. Can't put weight on his leg.

JACKIE  
You need to see a doctor.

VICTOR  
I'll be fine. I just need to rest  
my leg for a minute.

Jackie thinks for a beat, decides he's harmless. She reaches  
out with her hand.

JACKIE  
C'mon.

**INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Victor sits propped up on the couch with his leg raised.

Jackie lights several candles on the table. She looks  
gorgeous in the candlelight.

JACKIE  
Sorry about the lights...

Victor watches her. She notices.

JACKIE  
How's your leg?

Their eyes meet.

VICTOR  
You're beautiful.

She ignores him.

JACKIE  
How's the leg?

VICTOR  
Forget about my leg.

He takes her hand, pulls her in, undoes her bun. Thick luscious hair falls down, frames her face.

JACKIE  
I normally don't bring strangers home.

VICTOR  
Get to know me then, and I won't be a stranger anymore.

He pulls her closer. She hesitates, but soon gives in. Their lips meet. Gentle at first, then eager. Passionate. Hungry.

**INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Jackie and Victor lie naked close together in bed.

The last candle on a dresser burns out, leaves the room in darkness. The street lights outside offer up faint light through the slats in the blinds.

Jackie sighs.

JACKIE  
I have to get the electricity taken care of today. This sucks.

Victor squeezes her.

VICTOR  
He sounds like an asshole for not paying the bill, if you ask me.

JACKIE  
He's not that bad. It's his new wife that's the problem. She's a bitch. I'm sure she forgot on purpose. Doesn't matter, I should be able to pay my own bills, but it's pretty hard on twelve bucks an hour.

VICTOR  
My dad used to tell me, this is America, Victor, if you work hard, you will make it.

(MORE)

VICTOR (CONT'D)

You too can live the American dream.

(scoffs)

What a bunch of bullshit that turned out to be.

JACKIE

You don't believe in the American dream?

VICTOR

All I'm saying is that I've worked hard all my life and yet, here I am with nothing to show for it.

JACKIE

Don't you think some of the things that keep us down are the results of the bad decisions we make?

They lie quiet for a moment. Thinking.

VICTOR

Sometimes, I fantasize about robbing a bank. Like in the movies. Then I would take the money and move down to the Caribbean. Open a bar...and live happily ever after.

He smiles at the thought.

Jackie peers at him with curiosity and surprise.

JACKIE

The average take in a bank robbery is only seventy-five hundred bucks. You won't get very far on that.

Victor's turn to be surprised.

VICTOR

You sound very sure about that statistic, but I guess you would know.

JACKIE

It's a federal crime. It's very rare a robber succeeds and walks away with millions.

They lie quiet until --

VICTOR

What if I told you I had the perfect plan.

JACKIE

There's no such thing as the perfect plan.

VICTOR

In my plan, the robbery won't be noticed for at least four months and no one would get hurt.

Jackie gazes at him with a cocked brow, then runs her finger across his chest, amused, kisses it. She climbs on top.

JACKIE

Well, you'll let me know if you pull that off won't you? I wouldn't mind working at a bar in the Caribbean.

**EXT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Jackie exits the building, heads towards the parking lot.

A tow truck winches a car up on its flatbed. The car comes into view as it is raised. It's Jackie's car.

Jackie sees it. Pissed off, she picks up her pace, hurries towards the truck.

JACKIE

Hey! Stop! That's my car!

The driver secures the car, then climbs into the truck. He drives off.

JACKIE

Stop the fucking truck! It's my car!

She's too late. The truck is already on the way out.

Jackie glances around. Desperate.

JACKIE

Fuck!

**INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY**

Jackie storms in.

Todd sits in her chair at her desk. He checks his watch as she approaches.

TODD  
A bit late today.

JACKIE  
I had to take the bus.

Todd remains in her chair.

TODD  
That shitty car of yours wouldn't start?

She glares at him.

JACKIE  
I thought you were going to HQ?

Todd gets up.

TODD  
I'm heading there now.

He puts on sunglasses.

TODD  
Try to keep this place in order while I'm out, will you.

She plops down in the chair, sticks her tongue out as she watches him strut out the doors.

#### **SERIES OF SHOTS**

- A teller's hands count cash, hands it to a customer.
- An armored transport guard brings in two bags of cash.
- A man puts rare coins in a safe deposit box.
- A woman withdraws cash from the ATM.
- A machine counts stacks of money.

Money. Money. Money.

Jackie glances at the wall clock. 5:03.

The last customer of the day leaves the bank. Jackie follows with keys in her hand.

Just when she's about to lock the door, a CRAZY MAN pushes inside. He's desperate. Eyes wild.

JACKIE

Excuse me, sir, we're clos --

The crazy man, whips out a pistol, points it at Jackie.

Jackie gasps, raises her hands.

CRAZY MAN

I want my money!

The other tellers notice. They raise their hands in terror.

One teller pushes the alarm button under the counter.

The crazy man wields the gun around.

CRAZY MAN

Where's my fucking money?

He fires off a few shots into the ceiling.

The tellers scream, duck under their counters. Jackie's the only one left.

CRAZY MAN

I want my fucking money back!

Jackie's scared, but confused as well.

JACKIE

Someone took your money?

He swings the gun on her. She takes a step back.

CRAZY MAN

You took my money! I want it back!

Jackie proceeds with caution.

JACKIE

This isn't a robbery?

CRAZY MAN

Why the hell would I rob a bank?  
I'm not crazy!

Jackie decides to roll with it.

JACKIE

Okay. I believe you.

Jackie's worried eyes search the lobby for ideas. Finds none.

JACKIE  
You said you lost your money?

The crazy man is desperate.

CRAZY MAN  
I had ninety-two thousand in my savings account. It's all gone! You took it! This bank took it!

JACKIE  
Banks don't steal money. They keep them safe.

CRAZY MAN  
My money is fucking gone! My life's savings! Gone!

Jackie calms. Lowers her hands.

JACKIE  
I'm sure it's a simple mistake. Why don't you come with me and we'll look into it?

On shaky legs, she gestures for him to follow to her desk.

**EXT. BANK - DAY**

Police cars roll silently into the parking lot.

Officers exit their cars with guns drawn.

**INT. BAR - DAY**

Jackie trudges in, sits down on one of the bar stools. She checks her hands, they tremble. She hides them in her lap.

The bartender slides a club soda in front of her. Jackie stares at it, weighs it, then looks to the bartender.

JACKIE  
How about some raspberry Absolut to go with it?

The bartender smiles, grabs a bottle from the shelf.

In a corner booth is Victor. He takes his Beam, strolls over to the bar, sits down next to Jackie.

VICTOR  
I was hoping you would call me.

JACKIE  
I'm sorry. I had a really shitty  
day.

Victor eyes the bottle of vodka on the bar.

VICTOR  
I can tell.

They sip their drinks in silence.

After a moment, a smile emerges across Victor's lips.

VICTOR  
You could come with me to the  
Caribbean. I bet you'd make an  
awesome bartender.

Jackie smirks, takes another sip.

JACKIE  
I was waiting for you to get your  
million first.

Victor leans in close to her with his sexiest smile. Sexiest  
voice.

VICTOR  
It's not one million. It's ten.

Jackie stops mid sip. He's got her attention.

Victor puts his hand on her thigh, slides it up an inch under  
her skirt.

VICTOR  
Why don't we get those millions  
together?...You and me.

Jackie turns to him. Serious.

JACKIE  
I've already committed one crime in  
my life. It cost me everything. I'm  
not going to commit another one.

VICTOR  
With five million in your pocket,  
you could get it all back...

Jackie takes a big gulp of her drink.

VICTOR  
I've got it all planned out...no  
one gets hurt.

**INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

A flashlight lantern sits in the middle of the table. It's  
the only light source.

Jackie and Victor sit across each other. He pours vodka over  
ice in two glasses. They are both past tipsy.

JACKIE  
So, when did you start planning  
this?

VICTOR  
You know the guy that owns all the  
Windermere Pawn shops? Aaron  
Schiffer?

JACKIE  
Hard not to. His commercials run on  
every freaking channel.

VICTOR  
I was doing some paint work at his  
house and I overheard him on the  
phone. Apparently, he keeps all the  
shops' special diamonds in a safe  
deposit box. Customers that are  
interested, can view these by  
appointment only.

Jackie watches him with a doubtful eye.

VICTOR  
Later that week, I helped missus  
Schiffer install a new faucet in  
the kitchen. I noticed a to do list  
on the counter for their upcoming  
world cruise. I asked her about it,  
and she told me they would be gone  
for four months.

Victor chuckles.

VICTOR  
The idea basically jumped into my  
lap and demanded I'd do it.

Jackie sips, mulls this over, then sets her glass down.

JACKIE

Sounds simple enough, but I'm having a hard time with this extremely convenient coincidence that the diamonds just happen to be at the bank where I work.

Victor meets her gaze. Steady. Focused.

VICTOR

I know how it sounds, but it is just a coincidence. Nothing more, I swear. I had no idea you worked there until you told me. I thought you were just another pissed off customer when you barged out.

Victor places his hand on hers, looks deep into her eyes.

VICTOR

When you told me, all the pieces fell together. I knew we could do it.

They sit in silence. Deep in thought.

VICTOR

Think about it. You can start a new life. A life your boys would want to be part of.

Jackie gets up, steadies herself. She moves to the counter where she turns to face him. Amused, but serious.

JACKIE

If, I said yes, there would be some conditions you'd have to meet. After all, great sex doesn't translate into deep trust. Nothing personal, just comes from painful experience.

She's got Victor's attention.

JACKIE

I can't let you just walk out of the bank with ten million. I need to be with you. I won't let those millions just disappear into the night. If you know what I mean.

VICTOR

Fair enough.

JACKIE

You're going to rent a car that I will drive you to the bank in. After you pick up the diamonds, you come back out to the car and I will drive us to a place of my choosing where we will split the take. After that, you and I will have no contact whatsoever for six months.

She pauses. Lets a smile escape.

JACKIE

When those six months are up, you and I can meet-up somewhere, maybe even in the Caribbean, to see if we still have something going between us.

A sexy, but sly grin spreads across Victor's face.

VICTOR

I take that as a yes.

**EXT. BANK - DAY**

A Mustang is parked at the far end of the parking lot.

**INT. MUSTANG - DAY**

Victor's in the driver seat. Jackie's next to him. She's hung over, rubs her temple.

VICTOR

Remember, there's no rush. We have four months. It's more important that you do it at the right time, than rush and fuck up somewhere.

Jackie's uncertain.

JACKIE

Victor, I can't do this. It sounded like a good idea last night, but I was drunk.

Victor caresses her cheek.

VICTOR

You want to live on the edge of poverty for the rest of your life?

(MORE)

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 Have your kids dread to come and  
 stay with you?

Victor digs into his jeans pocket, pulls out two keys. He holds them up in front of her face. One key is old. The other one new and shiny.

VICTOR  
 A buddy of mine made a copy of  
 Schiffer's key. Easy to remember.  
 Old man, new key. Old key, new man.

He puts the keys in her hand, kisses her.

VICTOR  
 You can do this.

Jackie looks at the keys, then gets out.

Victor's face turns serious. A hint of danger in his eyes as he watches her walk towards the bank.

**INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY**

Jackie enters through the front doors.

All the tellers gaze at her. They know something she doesn't.

Jackie notices. She strolls right through the lobby, self-conscious, towards the break room.

She passes Todd's office. The door is an inch ajar. Male voices are heard from inside. Jackie stops outside. Listens.

CORPORATE SUIT #1 (O.S.)  
 That's really fantastic, Todd.  
 Never figured you for the guy to  
 handle a tense situation like that.

TODD (O.S.)  
 It was nothing, really. Anyone  
 would've done the same thing.

CORPORATE SUIT #2 (O.S.)  
 No, no. Don't be so modest. A  
 psycho like that? Who knows what he  
 was capable of.

CORPORATE SUIT #1 (O.S.)  
 Hey, Steinman himself said you'll  
 get a real nice bonus for  
 Christmas. You prevented a robbery  
 and possible bloodshed, Todd.

Jackie crinkles her face in disbelief.

CORPORATE SUIT #1 (O.S.)  
 You know what? We're heading out  
 for a round of golf. Why don't you  
 join us?

TODD (O.S.)  
 Really?

The door opens.

The two corporate suits step out followed by Todd. Todd  
 stares at Jackie in horror. Jackie stares back. Awkward!

TODD  
 (high pitched, surprised)  
 Jackie!

The suits turn to Jackie. Suit #1 reaches out with his hand.

CORPORATE SUIT #1  
 Jackie Orlando?

Reluctant, Jackie takes his hand.

CORPORATE SUIT #1  
 Nice to meet you. Todd speaks very  
 highly of you. In fact, he had us  
 pinned down at the meeting  
 yesterday. He practically demanded  
 we'd give you a raise.

JACKIE  
 Really?...

CORPORATE SUIT #2  
 Oh yeah. Steinman wouldn't hear of  
 it, but since Todd diffused the  
 situation with that nutcase  
 yesterday, he gave in to Todd's  
 demands.

Jackie glares at Todd who smiles sheepishly back.

CORPORATE SUIT #1  
 He decided to give you a raise. Not  
 just to twelve and a quarter  
 either. Twelve thirty-five!

JACKIE  
 Wow. An extra dime.

Suit #1 puts his hand on her shoulder, smiles at her.

CORPORATE SUIT #1  
Keep doing what you're doing,  
Jackie and the sky's the limit for  
you here at First US National Bank.

The suits head for the front doors. Todd turns to Jackie.

TODD  
Erm...they have invited me out for  
a round of golf.

JACKIE  
Don't worry. I know how to handle  
any situation around here...

Embarrassed, Todd manages a smile, then leaves.

Jackie sits down at her desk, pulls the drawer out. She takes out the two keys Victor gave her, studies them, considers what they can do.

She puts them back in the drawer, then starts to type.

ON SCREEN: Aaron Schiffer, 5242 NW Rhododendron Drive.

Jackie types some more until --

BINGO! She finds what she's looking for. Next to Schiffer's name is a safe deposit box number. Eighteen.

Mrs. Cohen enters the bank. She shuffles over to Jackie who smiles up at the old lady.

JACKIE  
Miss Cohen. I didn't expect to see  
you again until next month.

MRS. COHEN  
I'm getting forgetful these days. I  
need to visit my box again. Some  
important papers I need to put in.

JACKIE  
Of course.

Jackie gets up, follows her to the vault.

She unlocks the metal gate. They both enter. Jackie locks it as soon as they are inside.

**VAULT**

Jackie grabs the step ladder in the corner. While she does, she peers up at the security camera. The red light is on.

Jackie thinks fast. Nervous eyes dart back and forth between the camera and the safe deposit boxes. She makes up her mind.

JACKIE

Miss Cohen, would you excuse me for a moment? I forgot something.

MRS. COHEN

Of course, dear.

Jackie unlocks the gate, gets out, then locks it again with Mrs. Cohen inside.

**LOBBY**

Jackie strolls casually to her desk, pulls the drawer out, grabs the two keys. She continues on to Todd's office, casts a nervous glance at the tellers. They are busy.

She enters a code into the heavy security lock on Todd's door, opens it, then slips into his office unseen.

**TODD'S OFFICE**

Jackie glances around the office, notices Todd's golf gloves on the desk. She hurries over to a closet, opens the doors.

Inside is the equipment to the surveillance system. DVR recorders. A couple of small monitors. A myriad of cables.

She checks all the cords. Behind the DVR is the electrical cord. It's plugged into the wall.

Jackie hesitates for a beat, then yanks the plug out of the socket. All the equipment goes dark. She sighs in relief.

She turns to the desk, when --

BEEP.

The back-up batteries kick in. The equipment is back on.

Jackie hurries back. She locates the back-up battery, disconnects the wires to it. The equipment goes black again.

Another sigh of relief. Anxious, she hurries back to the desk, checks her watch.

JACKIE

C'mon.

The phone on the desk RINGS!

Jackie straightens up, takes a deep breath, then answers.

JACKIE

First US National, assistant  
manager Jackie Orlando speaking.  
How may I help you?

**INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY**

TONYA PAUL (50) sits in front of a bank of monitors, speaks into a headset.

TONYA

This is Tonya Paul at Badger  
Security. Your surveillance just  
went off line.

INTERCUT

Jackie tries to act surprised. Speaks into her phone.

JACKIE

Really? Must be a mistake. Nothing  
going on here.

Tonya furrows her brow.

TONYA

Okay...Do you have the all clear  
code?

JACKIE

Yes, of course. It's cherry on top.

Tonya, mulls it.

TONYA

All right. I'll call back in ten  
for a double check.

JACKIE

Thank you. I'm sure it will be back  
up by then.

Jackie hangs up the phone, hurries to the door, opens it a crack, peeks through it, then slips out.

She strides across the busy lobby. No one pays her any attention. She unlocks the gate to the vault, gets inside.

### VAULT

Once inside, Jackie locks the gate.

Mrs. Cohen sits on the step ladder.

MRS. COHEN

I was beginning to think you gone  
and forgot about me.

JACKIE

I'm so sorry, miss Cohen. We're  
very busy today.

Jackie peers at the camera. The red light is no longer on.

Mrs. Cohen hands Jackie an envelope.

MRS. COHEN

If you would put this in my box,  
please. It's my lawyer, you see. He  
insists I keep all my important  
papers in a safe place.

JACKIE

It's a very good idea. I can't  
think of a safer place.

Jackie climbs up the ladder, puts the envelope inside, then  
climbs back down.

She unlocks the gate, lets Mrs. Cohen out. Jackie's nervous,  
forces a smile.

JACKIE

We'll see you again next month,  
miss Cohen.

MRS. COHEN

Thank you, Jackie.

Jackie locks the gate. She scrambles to put the ladder away,  
then peeks out into the lobby. Tellers are still busy with  
customers.

Jackie takes out the shiny key from her pocket, opens box  
number eighteen.

Inside is a black velvet bag. She picks it up, weighs it in her hand. She locks the box, takes out the old key, opens box number thirty-two.

Jackie drops the velvet bag into the box, then locks it.

She straightens her clothes, unlocks the gate, then strolls out of the vault.

#### **LOBBY**

Jackie locks the gate behind her, continues across the lobby towards Todd's office.

#### **TODD'S OFFICE**

Jackie slinks inside, shuts the door behind. She hurries over to the closet, plugs in the power cord and battery back-up.

She breathes out a heavy sigh of relief, walks to the door, puts her ear against it, then opens it a crack to peer out.

#### **LOBBY**

Jackie quietly exits Todd's office.

TODD (O.S.)

Jackie.

Startled, Jackie spins around, comes face to face with Todd. Awkward.

TODD

What were you doing in my office?

Jackie stares at him. Plucks a lie from her brain.

JACKIE

Uhm...a customer called and asked about the CD rates. I couldn't find my sheet...

Todd gazes at her with suspicion.

TODD

Did you find it?

Jackie reaches inside her jacket, pulls a rate sheet out. A nervous smile escapes her.

JACKIE  
Yes. I would've asked you, but I  
thought you were playing golf.

TODD  
(sheepish)  
I forgot my --

JACKIE  
-- gloves. I saw them on your desk.

They exchange embarrassed smiles, then Jackie hurries back to her desk.

She pulls out her cell phone, types in a text message to Victor. "Better get that rental! I DID IT!!!".

Jackie looks at the two safe deposit keys in her hand, then puts them in her purse.

Satisfied with her success, she goes back to work.

#### **LATER**

The clock on the wall shows 4:10.

Tellers tend to a few customers. Jackie shakes hands with a woman. They smile. Speak MOS. The woman leaves.

Jackie checks her phone. No new messages. Disappointed she puts the phone in her purse.

Anton strolls into the bank.

Jackie looks up, greets him.

JACKIE  
How can I help you?

ANTON  
I need to access my safe deposit  
box.

She gestures for him to sit down. He does.

JACKIE  
What's your name?

ANTON  
Anton. Anton Cooper.

Jackie types on her computer.

JACKIE  
Address?

ANTON  
Uh...two six one, twenty-third  
boulevard.

Jackie types.

On the screen, safe deposit box number thirty-two pops up next to Anton's name.

Jackie stares at the screen, confused, then turns to Anton.

JACKIE  
You got a picture ID with you?

ANTON  
Yeah, sure.

Anton hands her his drivers licence. She stares at the ID. It's a match.

Confusion mixed with concern, even worry on Jackie's face.

JACKIE  
Do you by any chance know which box  
number is yours?

ANTON  
Thirty-two.

Their eyes meet. A slight smirk on Anton's lips.

ANTON  
Is there a problem?

Jackie can barely breathe. Knows she's been had.

JACKIE  
No...excuse me for a moment. I'll  
be right back.

Jackie gets up, stalks to the --

## **RESTROOM**

Pissed off, Jackie pushes buttons on her phone. She paces while she waits with the phone to her ear.

JACKIE

Victor! Where the hell are you?  
Call me back! It's urgent. Someone  
else is picking up the diamonds!

She ends the call. Leans over the sink, takes deep breaths.  
She looks at herself in the mirror with disgust.

JACKIE

Fuck! You've been had, Jackie.  
Conned by a goddamn Casanova!

She yanks the door open, storms out.

### **TODD'S OFFICE**

Todd sits at his desk shuffling papers when Jackie barges in.

JACKIE

Todd, can I borrow your car?

Todd's flabbergasted.

TODD

My car?

JACKIE

It's urgent!

Todd leans back in his chair. Sees an opportunity here.

TODD

What's so urgent, Jackie?

JACKIE

Something came up.

TODD

Like what?

JACKIE

Please, Todd!

Todd smirks. Toys with her.

TODD

What's in it for me?

Jackie swallows her pride.

JACKIE

Please...  
(desperate)  
(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
If you let me borrow your  
car...I'll have a drink with you.

Todd cocks his brow. Really?

JACKIE  
...maybe two.

TODD  
Wow. This must be important.

JACKIE  
It is. Please...

Todd digs out his car keys from his pocket, holds them out.  
Jackie snatches them.

#### **LOBBY**

Jackie stalks back to her desk, eyes filled with rage. She still manages a polite smile.

JACKIE  
Mister Cooper, let's get you to  
your box.

#### **VAULT**

Jackie glares up into the camera before she unlocks the first lock to box thirty-two. Anton waits, patiently next to her.

Jackie gives him a hostile look, then steps outside, locks the gate.

Anton opens up the box with his key, takes out the velvet pouch. He feels the weight of it.

The sound of hundreds of diamonds inside.

A satisfied grin spreads across his face. He locks the box, turns to the gate where Jackie waits outside.

ANTON  
I'm ready, miss.

Jackie opens the gate with a scowl. Anton steps out.

#### **LOBBY**

Anton smiles at Jackie.

ANTON

You have a great day, Jackie.

He winks at her, then strolls out.

Jackie hurries to get her purse, then rushes after Anton.

**EXT. BANK - DAY**

Anton climbs into the SUV.

Jackie searches the parking lot for Todd's car. Finds it. A German mid-sized sporty thing. She hurries to it while she keeps an eye on the SUV.

**INT. TODD'S CAR - DAY**

Jackie straps herself in, fumbles with the keys. She's about to start it when she notices --

JACKIE

You gotta be kidding! A stick?

She glares out the window, sees the SUV peel out into traffic.

She turns the ignition, shoves the stick into first gear.

A horrible grinding sound!

Jackie takes her foot off the clutch. The car lurches forward. She follows the SUV in a jerky fashion.

**EXT. STREETS - DAY**

The SUV moves through traffic. Jackie keeps up a few car lengths behind.

**INT. SUV - DAY**

Anton sits in the passenger seat. Sax drives. Victor's in the backseat.

Victor opens up the velvet pouch, peers inside. Grins wide.

VICTOR

Holy fucking Christ!

Sax and Anton grin. Celebratory shouts from all.

**INT. TODD'S CAR - DAY**

Jackie works the manual transmission. It groans in protest. The car jerks every time she shifts gear.

She keeps her eyes on the SUV up ahead.

**EXT. BOB'S BODY SHOP - DAY**

The SUV pulls into the lot of a rundown body shop in an industrial park.

It drives into the shop. As soon as it's in, the roll-up door clatters down.

A few seconds too late, Todd's car screeches into the parking lot. Jackie gets out, pissed off.

**INT. BOB'S BODY SHOP - DAY**

Cars in various state of repair are parked inside along with all the tools and machines needed for professional work.

Victor, Sax and Anton get out of the SUV. They high five each other. Mood is high.

ANTON

Whoo! Bitches are gonna love me now!

VICTOR

You're part was easy.

Sax slaps Victor on the back.

SAX

Your part wasn't that hard. All you had to do was seduce her and she was pretty hot. It's not like you needed a paper bag.

Anton checks his watch.

VICTOR

What time will he be here?

ANTON

Soon. I told him you wanted the rocks off your hands in a hurry.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

They share confused looks, grab their guns hidden underneath their jackets. They move with caution towards the office.

**INT. BOB'S BODY SHOP - OFFICE - DAY**

Victor peeks around the corner at the front windows.

Jackie glares back at him.

Victor sighs, puts his gun away.

VICTOR  
I'll take care of this.

He strolls up to the front door, opens it.

Jackie stands outside with her hands on her hips. Angry. She stomps inside.

JACKIE  
I admit. You had me good. Real good, but if you think you can just waltz out of here together with some other assholes with the ten million, you're wrong! Dead wrong!

She takes a few steps closer, stabs Victor in the chest with her finger.

JACKIE  
I risked the rest of my life in federal prison for you! Risked my freedom for your lies! For you, you fucking slime!

Victor puts his hands up.

VICTOR  
Hey. It was nothing personal. We had that bank staked out for a month. You were our only choice. You should feel honored.

JACKIE  
Honored? Honored that you conned me? You told me we could have a future together on a tropical island. I believed you!

Victor shrugs.

VICTOR  
It's not my fault you're gullible.

Jackie seethes with anger.

SMACK!

She slaps him hard across the face.

Victor remains calm, but now he's pissed as well.

JACKIE

I want them back. Now! If not --

VICTOR

-- you're going to the police? What exactly are you going to tell them? That you stole ten million from one of the bank's clients?

Jackie knows there's nothing she can do. Her shoulders slump.

VICTOR

Just go back to work like nothing happened. This won't be discovered for at least four months. By then, all the surveillance videos will be old and erased. There's nothing to tie you to this.

Jackie looks him in the eyes. Betrayed.

JACKIE

How could you do this? Don't you feel ashamed of yourself?

VICTOR

You'd be surprised how much shame ten million can wash away.

Another blacked out SUV pulls into the lot. They both see it through the window.

Victor pulls out his gun, points it at Jackie. He gestures at the door that leads into the shop.

VICTOR

Get in there!

JACKIE

You said I should leave. Forget about this.

VICTOR

Things just changed.

He shoves her into the shop.

**INT. BOB'S BODY SHOP - DAY**

The roll-up door is open.

The other SUV pulls in. The door clatters shut behind it.

Victor's got the gun against Jackie's spine. He pushes her down into a chair. Anton and Sax stand next to them.

Three men get out of the SUV. BOYD BROWN (40s) big hefty guy. Wears a suit, but is clearly here as protection. He scans the surroundings.

DEON CRUZE (35) smaller in size than Boyd, but meaner. Faster. Also here as protection. He checks out Victor, Anton and Sax. His eyes linger on Jackie with a scowl.

ELI SALTZMAN (50). Sharp suit. Barber shop precision haircut. Handmade designer shoes. Expensive watch. He grins at Victor. A shark like grin. Lots of blinding white teeth.

Victor strides over to Eli. They shake hands.

ELI  
Everything went well?

VICTOR  
Almost too easy.

Eli glances in Jackie's direction.

ELI  
Who's the broad?

VICTOR  
Our inside contact.

Eli nods, mulls this over.

ELI  
Are you fucking her?

VICTOR  
Not anymore.

Jackie clenches her jaw. Eli still sports his shark like grin, but his eyes harden.

ELI  
Then why is she still alive?

Everyone looks at Jackie. They hadn't thought that far.

Panic builds inside Jackie.

JACKIE  
Please. I won't tell.

Victor and Eli share a glance.

VICTOR  
She won't be a problem.

ELI  
What do you plan to do with her?

Victor aims his gun at Jackie's head. She's terrified.

Eli waves him off with his hand.

ELI  
Wait til I leave. She's your  
problem, not mine.

Victor nods, puts the gun away.

ELI  
Show me what you got.

Anton tosses the velvet pouch to Victor who hands it to Eli.

Eli puts the pouch on the hood of his SUV, opens it up. He sifts through the diamonds.

He takes a loupe out of his pocket, puts it to his eye. He inspects one of the diamonds, then checks another one. He nods. Grunts.

Eli takes out one more. Much bigger in size than the others. He inspects it, grins with satisfaction.

ELI  
(to himself)  
That's the one.

He inspects a few more. Victor, Anton and Sax watch with anticipation. Jackie is the last thing on their minds.

Jackie glances around the shop. Desperate. Notices next to her, a 200lb pressure sandblaster. An open bag of glass beads next to it.

A warning sign on the bag reads: WARNING! Caustic. Avoid contact with eyes!

ELI  
Looks good.

Eli pockets the pouch with the diamonds.

Victor, Anton and Sax breathes a sigh of relief.

Eli nods to Boyd, who reaches into the SUV, takes out two large cases. He puts them down in front of Victor.

Boyd opens both cases. Inside are stacks of cash.

Victor, Anton and Sax stare at the cash. Can't help but look like kids at Christmas.

Eli, Boyd and Deon watch the three men ogle the cash. They relax a bit. No one pays attention to Jackie.

Jackie watches the men. Calculates. Her eyes drift to the sandblaster a few feet away. One last look at them. Then --

Jackie dives for the sandblaster hose, aims it at the men.

Surprised, all six men turn their heads in her direction. With lightning speed, Deon whips out a gun.

Jackie squeezes the nozzle.

PSSSSHHHTTT!

Glass beads pelt their faces.

They all SCREAM! Cover their faces. Deon drops his gun.

Jackie snatches it.

The others fumble to get their guns out.

DEON

Bitch! My eyes! I can't see!

Jackie's eyes flit from Eli to the two money cases. She makes up her mind. She dumps the bag of glass beads on the floor, kicks it over to the men. Blinded, they start to slip and slide on the beads. It's like ice.

VICTOR

Fucking bitch! I'm gonna kill you!

While the men struggle in agony, Jackie hurries, gets the keys from Anton's car, pockets them.

She grabs the two money cases. They are very heavy. She shoves them inside the back seat of Eli's car.

She aims the gun at Eli.

JACKIE

Any of you assholes even thinking  
of doing something stupid, the  
money man dies.

A brief pause as the men realize she's got the upper hand.

Their eyes are red. Tears flow freely. They moan in pain.

VICTOR

Jackie. You don't realize what  
you're doing right now.

Jackie aims her gun at Eli's temple.

JACKIE

You're right, Victor. I'm winging  
it and I have no idea what I'm  
gonna do next, so you all better do  
what I tell you.

Eli forces himself calm.

Jackie slaps a big button on the wall, the door rattles open.

ELI

We can work something out.

Jackie presses the gun harder against his temple.

JACKIE

Get in the car!

Eli hesitates.

JACKIE

You know how to drive a car don't  
you?

Eli gets into the car on the drivers side. Jackie gets in  
next to him, points the gun to his head.

The SUV revs. Eli lets off the brakes. The SUV backs out with  
a screech.

Victor seethes.

VICTOR

She's dead!

DEON

Motherfucker, you're the one who  
brought her here.

Victor glares at him, knows he's right.

**INT. SUV - DAY**

Jackie keeps the gun on Eli who drives through town.

JACKIE  
Give me the diamonds.

ELI  
Let's talk about this.

Jackie pushes the barrel hard against his cheek.

JACKIE  
No.

Eli pulls out the velvet pouch, hands it to her.

ELI  
Where are we going?

JACKIE  
Just drive.

Eli glances at her, thinks for a moment.

ELI  
I know it must seem tempting to  
you, but there's no way you'll be  
able to turn those diamonds into  
cash on your own...You'll need  
someone who knows the business.

Jackie glowers at him.

JACKIE  
What makes you think I'm going to  
turn them into cash?

Eli cocks a brow in surprise.

JACKIE  
I'm going to return them.

Eli scoffs, can't believe it.

ELI  
To the bank?

Eli sours. Gets annoyed with her.

ELI

Look, the diamonds are insured. No one will get hurt if they go missing.

JACKIE

I don't care. They don't belong to me.

ELI

What about the cash?

JACKIE

I'm keeping that.

ELI

It doesn't belong to you.

JACKIE

I know, it belongs to you, but I don't like you. You wanted me dead.

Jackie glances around the outside. Not the best part of town. She points down a street.

JACKIE

Turn here.

Eli does as told.

They continue down the street. The neighborhood gets worse the further they go. Soon, they're in the ghetto.

Up ahead is a liquor store. Jackie points at it.

JACKIE

Park there.

Eli does. He turns to her with a questioning look. She keeps the gun on him.

JACKIE

Give me your phone.

He sighs. Digs a phone out of his pocket, hands it to her.

JACKIE

Get out of the car.

ELI

Are you kidding?

JACKIE  
I'm sure your nice watch can buy  
you a way out of here.

Eli glares at her with hatred.

ELI  
I'll get you for this.

She points the gun at his face.

JACKIE  
It's a big world. Ten million can  
take me far...Now get out!

Eli gets out of the car. Jackie climbs over into the driver's  
seat. She slams the door shut.

**EXT. GHETTO - DAY**

Eli looks really out of place. A group of YOUNG MALES loiter  
outside the liquor store. They watch Eli with predator eyes.

Jackie drives off. The young males approach Eli who watches  
his SUV leave. He flips Jackie the bird.

ELI  
(to himself)  
I'll get you, bitch. No one steals  
from me.

**INT. SUV - DAY**

Jackie drives through town. Furrowed brow. Troubled face.

JACKIE  
Shit! Shit! Shit! What the hell  
have I done?

She looks around outside. Thinks hard.

**EXT. BOB'S BODY SHOP - DAY**

Victor, Anton, Sax, Boyd and Deon stand outside in the  
parking lot. Their eyes puffy. Red.

DEON  
So, where the fuck did she go?

ANTON  
We know where she lives.

SAX

She's not gonna go back to her  
apartment. She's not that stupid.

ANTON

Then where's she going?

Victor thinks hard, scans the lot. He sees a big rig tow  
truck parked at the other end.

Boyd watches Victor, toys with his gun in his hand.

BOYD

Better think of something...soon.

**EXT. SUBURBS - NIGHT**

Jackie drives the SUV through an upscale area at dusk. Gated  
communities with guard houses flank the way.

She pulls into the Huntington Estates entrance, stops in  
front of the security bar by the guard house.

JIMMY (65) kills his cigarette, smooths his shirt, leans out.

Jackie rolls down her window. Jimmy cracks a big smile when  
he sees Jackie.

JIMMY

Miss Mattson. Didn't expect to see  
you here.

JACKIE

Orlando.

JIMMY

Oh yes. I'm sorry. Miss Orlando.  
How have you been? Haven't seen you  
in awhile.

She gives him a genuine smile.

JACKIE

Well, you know how it is. Busy,  
busy, busy.

JIMMY

I don't know if you know, but  
mister Mattson and --  
(he makes a face of  
disapproval)  
His wife, are not home. They left  
for Jamaica yesterday.

JACKIE

Yes, Jimmy. I know. I'm supposed to water the plants and feed the fish.

JIMMY

Oh, I see.

He raises the security bar.

JIMMY

Well, it was good to see you again, miss Mat...Orlando.

JACKIE

Good to see you too, Jimmy.

**EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Jackie drives up the quiet street to a large expensive house. She parks in front of the garage.

She gets out of the car. Looks around. It's quiet. She heads up to the front door. Scans the grounds with focused eyes.

Finally, she sees it. A dog turd in the bushes. Jackie picks it up. On the bottom side of the turd is a small compartment. Inside is a key.

**LATER**

The SUV drives into the four car garage, parks in an empty spot next to a Corvette.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

CRASH!

Victor's work boot smashes into the apartment door.

The door flies open.

Victor, Anton, Sax, Boyd and Deon, head inside.

**INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Victor leads the way.

VICTOR

Look for anything with an address on it other than this one.

They spread out, search the apartment. They use their phones for light.

- Victor rifles through the drawers in the kitchen.
- Boyd checks prescription bottles in the bathroom.
- Anton tosses the living room.
- Deon rummages through a closet in the hallway.

#### **BEDROOM**

Sax searches under the bed, finds an Amazon box with an address label. Bingo!

#### **EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

The big tow truck rumbles down the street. A pissed off Victor at the wheel.

#### **INT. TOW TRUCK - NIGHT**

All five men sport grim faces.

ANTON

I knew it went too easy.

VICTOR

What the fuck did you expect? You thought taking home ten million would be as easy as driving your mail truck?

DEON

You all need to share some of that with me and Boyd on account it was your bitch that almost got us all blind. Pain and suffering kind of thing.

Victor seethes, tightens his grip on the steering wheel.

ANTON

What about Eli? Anyone heard from him?

Victor, Boyd and Deon check their cell phones.

**EXT. BAD PART OF TOWN - NIGHT**

Eli trudges down the street. His hair ruffled. His suit gone. He's barefoot. Silk boxers... His watch no longer on his wrist. He's got murder in his eyes.

Every car that drives past honks at him. Some people holler.

A couple of hookers on a street corner see Eli approach.

HOOKER #1

You ain't stealing our corner,  
baby!

They both laugh.

ELI

Please, do you have a cell phone?

HOOKER #2

This is twenty sixteen. Everyone  
has a cell phone...except you.

They laugh some more. Hooker #1 takes her phone out of her purse, holds it in front of Eli's face.

HOOKER #1

I'll let you make one call for  
twenty.

Eli gestures at himself.

ELI

I don't have twenty dollars on me.

The hookers scoff.

HOOKER #2

Then I say, you're shit outta luck,  
sugar.

**INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Jackie stands in the doorway to the large luxurious room. She's got the two money cases in her hands. She takes in the room. Sadness spreads across her face.

She puts the cases down, walks in.

There are lots of framed photos in the room of two young boys. Her boys. She stops at photo on an end table. She picks it up, swallows, struggles to hold back tears.

She puts the photo back, strolls through the room, sees all the other photos of Phil and his new wife. No photos with Jackie in any of them.

A ring tone plays.

Jackie's startled, feels her pockets for Eli's phone. She finds it, checks the screen. The call is from Boyd.

Jackie stares at the screen, then hits the "decline" button.

She shoves the phone back into her pocket with a a scowl.

She walks into the --

#### **KITCHEN**

Jackie opens the fridge. Almost empty. She closes it.

She reaches for a glass in a cupboard, opens the freezer door, dumps some ice cubes into the glass, then leaves the kitchen, heads into the --

#### **DINING ROOM**

Jackie is very familiar with this house. Knows where everything is.

She aims straight for the liquor cabinet, opens the door.

Inside are several liquor bottles. Jackie grabs a vodka bottle, pours herself a stiff one.

#### **LIVING ROOM**

Jackie plops down on the couch, takes a healthy gulp of her drink. She closes her eyes.

BUZZ!

Jackie reaches into her purse for her phone. She checks the screen. "Incoming call. Victor".

Jackie scoffs, hits the decline button. She tosses her phone on the coffee table, leans back, takes another gulp.

#### **INT. TOW TRUCK - NIGHT**

Victor throws his cell phone on the dash.

SAX

You didn't really expect her to answer did you?

They drive through a nicer area. Same area Jackie drove through earlier with gated communities along the road.

ANTON

It's up here to the left.

Victor slows down, turns the truck into the gated entrance. Stops by the guard house. He rolls his window down.

Jimmy steps out of the guard house, peers at the tow truck with a cocked brow.

JIMMY

Picking up a vehicle?

Victor holds a piece of paper in his hand, tries to look the part. Casual.

VICTOR

Yeah, got a call from a  
(checks paper)  
Miss Jackie Orlando. Apparently her SUV died on her and she can't get it going.

Jimmy ponders this for a beat with some suspicion.

VICTOR

She said she needed to move the car out of here before six o'clock since it's her ex's place.

Jimmy peers into the truck..

JIMMY

It takes five of you to tow one car?

Victor gazes at Jimmy. Quickly constructs a lie.

VICTOR

It's our last job of the day, then I'm giving my guys a ride home.

Jimmy nods, raises the bar, points up the road.

JIMMY

It's the big grey one on the right.

VICTOR

Thank you.

Victor drives through.

**INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Jackie sits on the floor. The two money cases open. Stacks of money are spread out on the floor. It's a LOT of cash.

A bit tipsy, she takes the last sip out of her glass. She sits back, stares at the money.

She chuckles at her situation, tries to take another gulp of her drink, but it's empty. She gets up, heads into the --

**KITCHEN**

Jackie opens the freezer door, puts ice in the glass. She turns around to leave when she notices the tow truck drive up the driveway.

Jackie pads over to the window with a frown. She watches the truck park.

Her eyes widen when she sees Victor and the others climb out of the truck.

She drops the glass. It shatters on the floor.

JACKIE

Shit!

She stands frozen for a second, not sure what to do, then dashes into the --

**LIVING ROOM**

In a hurry, Jackie stuffs all the cash back into the cases.

DING DONG!

The door bell chimes.

**EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Victor stands by the front door. His hand on his gun behind his back. Deon is by his side. Sax, Anton and Boyd covertly check out the exterior of the house.

Victor pushes the door bell.

**INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

DING DONG!

Panicked, Jackie drags the two cases up the stairs.

**EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Victor peeks in through the frosted glass in the front door. Frustrated. Can't see anything. He turns to the other guys.

VICTOR  
Cover the house. Make sure she  
doesn't try to leave.

Anton, Sax and Boyd spread out around the house.

Victor scans the front porch for ideas.

DEON  
Check the door.

Victor smirks. Humors Deon by trying the door. It's unlocked.

Victor pulls his gun out. Deon slides a small pink back-up gun from an ankle holster.

Victor stares at the gun, then at Deon. Really?

DEON  
(whispers)  
It's my wife's...asshole.

Victor nudges the door open. It's quiet inside. They both slip in. Silent. Listen.

**INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Victor and Deon move inside. Guns lead the way. All senses on full alert.

**KITCHEN**

They enter the kitchen. Deon spots the broken glass and ice cubes on the floor by the window. He gestures at them. Victor nods. They continue into the --

**LIVING ROOM**

They enter the room. Victor sees Jackie's cell phone on the coffee table. He picks it up, checks it, then pockets it.

VICTOR  
(whispers)  
It's hers.

They sweep the large room. Look under and behind any potential hiding area.

**MASTER BEDROOM**

Jackie pulls the cases into the master bedroom.

On the night stand by the king sized bed is a framed photo of a happy couple. Phil and Mia.

Jackie's expression darkens. She slaps the photo face down on the table, then moves on. She hauls the cases towards a large walk-in closet.

ANTON (O.S.)  
She's not outside!

Panic hits Jackie again. She opens the closet door, drags the cases inside, then shuts it.

**BEDROOM CLOSET**

Jackie stands in the dark, listens. She feels the wall, finds the light switch.

It's a big walk-in closet. Suits on one side. Dresses on the other. A hundred pairs of shoes.

Jackie checks behind some of the suits. There's a large safe bolted to the floor. She puts the suits back. Hides the safe.

Jackie glances at the dresses with a scowl before her gaze shifts to the trapdoor to the attic above her.

**DINING ROOM**

Victor checks the vodka bottle on top of the liquor cabinet when Anton enters.

VICTOR

She's here somewhere. Sweep it. Top to bottom and tell Sax to watch the outside.

Anton nods, then leaves.

#### **HALLWAY**

Deon sneaks along the hallway, opens doors along the way, checks inside.

One door leads into the --

#### **LAUNDRY ROOM**

Deon enters. There's another door. He opens it. It leads to the garage. He sees Eli's SUV.

#### **FOYER**

Victor makes his way back to the foyer. He gazes up the stairs to the second floor when Deon shows up.

DEON

Eli's car is in the garage, but the money is gone.

Victor keeps his eyes on the stairs.

VICTOR

(whispers)

Probably up there.

Victor climbs the stairs. His gun in front of him. Deon follows behind.

#### **BEDROOM CLOSET**

Jackie pulls down the trapdoor, unfolds the ladder.

She grabs one of the money cases, struggles to push it up the ladder.

#### **SECOND STORY LANDING**

Victor gestures for Deon to check some of the bedrooms. Deon nods, sneaks down the hall.

Victor moves on to the --

**MASTER BEDROOM**

He enters the bedroom in silence.

**BEDROOM CLOSET**

Jackie pushes the last case into the attic. She flips the lights off, then climbs up the ladder.

**MASTER BEDROOM**

Victor sees the turned down photo on the night stand. He picks it up, sees Phil and Mia. Smirks.

Victor pads over to a set of glass doors that lead to a balcony looking over the pool. He opens the door, checks outside. No Jackie.

His eyes dart to the bathroom. Creeps to it.

**BEDROOM CLOSET**

Jackie's in the attic. She tugs on the ladder. It doesn't want to fold. She gets desperate, tugs harder.

**BATHROOM**

Victor checks the empty bathroom.

A THUD is heard.

Victor spins around. Listens. Hurries back into the --

**MASTER BEDROOM**

Victor's cunning gaze immediately lands on the door to the walk-in closet. He stalks to it, yanks the door open.

**BEDROOM CLOSET**

Jackie silently closes the last inch of the trapdoor.

Victor steps inside, finds the light switch, flips it on. He checks the closet. Behind the dresses. Behind the suits. Sees the safe.

**INT. GUARD HOUSE - NIGHT**

Jimmy sits in a chair in front of a table with a computer and a surveillance monitor.

CASEY (22) strolls in. He's pimply faced in a uniform that hangs loose on his skinny frame. He's got ear buds in his ears, school books under his arm.

Jimmy checks the clock on the wall. 6:58.

He furrows his brow.

CASEY

I'm on time.

JIMMY

I know, Casey. You're all right.

CASEY

What's the matter?

Jimmy thinks for a second. Concern on his face.

JIMMY

A tow company is at the Mattson residence picking up his ex's SUV. It's been forty minutes and they're still there.

CASEY

I thought they were on vacation?

Jimmy gets up, grabs his belongings.

JIMMY

I'll make a quick run up there before I head home.

Casey plunks his books down on the table, sits down.

CASEY

All right, old man. See ya tomorrow.

**INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CLOSET - NIGHT**

Victor stares up at the trapdoor.

ANTON (O.S.)

Someone's coming up the drive.

Anton stands in the bedroom doorway. Victor takes one last look at the attic door, then hurries out.

### **ATTIC**

Jackie, wide eyed on all four, breathes out a sigh of relief. She glances around the attic. It's pretty dark, but for some lights that seeps in by the soffits.

The attic, although expansive, is not high enough to stand up in. It's crowded here with dusty boxes, old furniture and other junk covered with sheets.

She looks across the attic, crawls towards the far end where there's some light.

### **FOYER**

Victor and Anton hurry down the stairs. Deon stands by the front door with his pink gun drawn.

DEON  
(hushed)  
It's the security guard.

### **EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY**

Jimmy is parked next to the tow truck. He gets out. Boyd comes around the corner.

Jimmy eyes him with suspicion.

JIMMY  
Got some trouble with the towing?

Victor, Anton and Deon exit the house, approach Jimmy in the driveway. Their guns hidden.

Jimmy's uncomfortable with the situation.

### **INT: PHIL'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT**

Jackie crawls towards the edge of the attic.

VICTOR (O.S.)  
Can I help you?

JIMMY (O.S.)  
Just thought I'd stop by and see  
how things were going.

Jackie listens, starts to crawl as fast as she can to the edge of the attic.

**EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Victor approaches Jimmy. Boyd, Anton, Sax and Deon form a circle around Jimmy who gets nervous.

Victor forces a smile.

VICTOR  
Everything's fine.

Suspicious, Jimmy glances around.

JIMMY  
Where's Jackie?

VICTOR  
She's inside.

Jimmy casts an uneasy glance at the guys.

JIMMY  
I thought you guys would've got her car out of here by now.

Victor shrugs, smiles.

VICTOR  
She said she had to go to the bathroom. Women! What can I say?

Jimmy glances at the guys again.

JIMMY  
I'd like to talk to her before I go.

Victor steps closer to Jimmy, puts his hand on his shoulder.

VICTOR  
She had a few drinks. Maybe even a few too many. We're being polite waiting.

Jimmy stares at Victor. Sadness washes over him.

JIMMY  
Oh jeez... Thank you for waiting for her. She's a real nice person, you know.

Victor nods, gives Jimmy's shoulder a squeeze.

VICTOR

I know.

Victor guides Jimmy back to his car.

**INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT**

Jackie reaches the end of the attic. She kneels down, peers through the soffit at the driveway below.

JACKIE'S P.O.V.

Jimmy gets into his car. Victor's next to him. The other men close in.

Jackie panics.

JACKIE

No. No. No.

(yells)

Jimmy! Jimmy! Don't leave!

**EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Everyone reacts. Did they hear something? Victor slams the door to Jimmy's car shut.

JACKIE (O.S.)

Jimmy! Help! Help!

Victor gives Jimmy a quick smile and a wave. Jimmy backs out of there.

Victor's face turns grim. He glares up at the attic.

**INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT**

Jackie can't believe it.

JACKIE

Shit!

She scans the attic. No real place to hide other than the darkness. She crawls back to the two money cases.

**FOYER**

The five men burst inside, guns drawn.

VICTOR

Find her!

The men spread out throughout the house.

Victor's eyes drift up the stairs. He takes the stairs, three steps at the time.

#### **MASTER BEDROOM**

Victor runs in, eyes on the closet. He hurries to it. Stops by the door. Puts his ear to it, silently opens it.

#### **BEDROOM CLOSET**

Victor turns on the light. Pulls the trapdoor down, unfolds the ladder. Climbs up.

At the top he finds a chain to pull for the light. He tugs it, but the light doesn't work.

#### **ATTIC**

Victor climbs in. Gun drawn. He waits a moment to let his eyes adjust.

At the other end of the attic, Jackie stuffs the money cases under a couple of chairs. They are well hidden in a cramped space. She covers them up with an old sheet.

Hunched over, Jackie moves quietly to another area.

Victor checks the attic back and forth while he makes his way further in.

#### **LIVING ROOM**

Boyd has his phone in his hand, pushes a number.

#### **ATTIC**

Jackie creeps along until --

RING!

She freezes. Listens. Mouths "shit". She digs Eli's phone out of her pocket, hits the "decline call" button.

Victor stops in his tracks, tries to locate the sound.

Anton sticks his head up through the trapdoor.

ANTON  
Victor, she's nowhere.

VICTOR  
She's up here. Find a flashlight.

Anton hurries back down.

Jackie scrambles to get to the far end of the attic. The ceiling, even lower here.

She looks behind her, sees Victor who searches for her.

VICTOR  
Give yourself up, Jackie. There's  
no way out of here for you.

He checks under one of the sheets. Just a rocking chair.

VICTOR  
I will find you, and when I do --

Anton, Sax and Boyd climb up the ladder into the attic.

Anton has a flashlight, hands it to Victor. Sax and Boyd use their phones.

VICTOR  
Boyd, cover that door.

He gestures to Anton and Sax to go on. They spread out. Check over and under sheets and boxes.

VICTOR  
(whispers to Boyd)  
Call, Eli.

Boyd nods, takes out his phone.

Jackie reaches the corner. It's barely a crawl space.

Jackie feels the floor, finds a hook and a string. She pulls on the string. Another trapdoor. A smaller one with no ladder. She opens it.

RING!

Victor listens. Hurries to the ring tone.

Jackie looks down through the trap door. Nervous. It's dark down there.

RING!

Victor locates the phone. It comes from under a sheet. He yanks the sheet aside, just as --

Jackie slips down into the trap opening. Carefully pulls the trapdoor shut behind her.

**INT. GUARD HOUSE - NIGHT**

Casey studies his books when Jimmy walks in.

CASEY  
You changed your mind?

Jimmy sits down. His brow furrowed, deep in thought.

JIMMY  
I'm going to hangout here a little longer. See how they do with the towing.

Quizzical, Casey turns to him.

CASEY  
What's bothering you?

JIMMY  
Something just doesn't feel right about those guys.

CASEY  
Should we call the cops?

JIMMY  
Not yet. Jackie's been through enough with the cops.

**INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT**

Victor, Sax and Anton continue their search.

SAX  
Where the fuck can she be? We've searched this whole attic already.

Victor pulls a sheet off the chairs where the cases are hidden. His flashlight dies out. He slaps it against his palm. Dim light flickers back on.

He leans in, checks under the chairs. Sees the cases.

VICTOR  
Lookie here.

Anton and Sax scramble over.

BOYD  
You found her?

VICTOR  
No, but our ten million.

### **STORAGE CLOSET**

BLACK.

CLICK!

A single light bulb turns on.

Jackie stands in a tiny storage closet filled with cleaning equipment. Vacuum cleaner. Broom. Rolls of toilet paper.

She peers up at the trapdoor. It's shut. She puts her ear against the door. Listens. Quiet, she opens it, peeks out.

Outside is the second floor hallway. Bedrooms on either side.

Jackie waits. Sees no one. She slips out.

### **SECOND STORY LANDING**

Jackie closes the door behind, then tip toes to the stairway.

Muffled, excited hollering is heard from the master bedroom. Jackie hurries down the stairs.

### **FOYER**

Jackie rush down the stairs. Heads towards the laundry room.

Just as she passes a guest bathroom, the door opens.

Deon steps out.

Jackie and Deon stare at each other.

Jackie reacts first. She takes off to the laundry room.

Deon reaches for the pink gun. Takes off after her.

DEON  
(yells)  
I got her! I got her! She's down  
here!

#### **ATTIC**

Boyd stands on the ladder. His upper body in the attic.

BOYD  
Deon's got her!

#### **LAUNDRY ROOM**

Jackie pushes the door shut with her body. She scans the room for something to block the door with.

Deon pushes from the other side. Jackie grows desperate, lets go of the door, makes a dash for the garage.

The door flies open. Deon crashes into the room.

Jackie disappears into the garage.

#### **GARAGE**

Jackie sprints to Eli's SUV. She gets inside. Slams the door shut. Hits the lock button.

CLICK!

The car is locked.

Deon bursts into the garage with his gun drawn. Victor, Anton and Sax spill in soon after.

#### **SUV**

Jackie reaches up, pushes the garage door opener. Nothing happens. She realizes the opener is not for this garage.

JACKIE  
Shit...

The five men surround the car. Victor leers.

VICTOR  
Open the door, Jackie! You know you  
ain't going nowhere.

Victor aims his gun at the side window.

DEON  
(hushed)  
It's bullet proof.

Victor stares at him, frustrated.

A RING TONE is heard.

Boyd digs out his cell phone, checks the screen. He moves over to the corner. Out of earshot.

BOYD  
Hello.

**INT. ELI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

A plush room. This guy has money.

Showered and dressed, Eli paces. Pissed off. He's got a phone to his ear.

ELI  
Where the fuck are you and where  
the fuck is my money?

He listens to the phone. His eyes filled with murder.

ELI  
What about the diamonds?...Don't do  
anything til I get there.

**INT. GUARD HOUSE - NIGHT**

Jimmy checks his watch. Clearly worried.

JIMMY  
I'm gonna make another run up there  
and see what the hell is going on.

Casey looks up from his books.

CASEY  
You want me to go with you?

JIMMY  
Yeah.

CASEY  
Leave the gate unmanned?

JIMMY

Leave the bar up. We'll only be gone a few minutes.

**INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT**

Boyd turns back to the others.

BOYD

Eli's on his way. Says not to do anything before he gets here.

VICTOR

I don't give a fuck about his wishes!

Victor turns to Sax and Anton.

VICTOR

Think of something to get her to come out.

They rummage through the garage, look for ideas.

Sax stops by some shelves with car related items on them. Tools, brake fluid, oils, paint. He selects a can of carburetor cleaner. It has a six inch skinny straw attached to the nozzle.

A warning on the can: Extremely Flammable! Fatal if swallowed. Do not inhale fumes!

Victor and Anton share a WTF glance.

They all watch as Sax punctures the rubber seal around the driver side door with a tiny screwdriver, then forces the straw into the hole. He presses the spray button.

**SUV**

Jackie stares at Sax.

HISS!

The noxious fumes jet into the car.

Jackie makes a face at the smell. She takes her jacket off, tries to plug the intake. Doesn't work.

Jackie coughs. Her eyes water.

**GARAGE**

The guys gloat. Enjoy this.

SAX  
She'll be out in no time.

Jackie struggles inside the car. Grows more panicked as the seconds tick by.

DING DONG!

Everyone pauses. Surprised looks on their faces.

VICTOR  
You guys wait here. Anton, come  
with me.

Victor and Anton leave.

Jackie watches them, confused.

**FOYER**

Victor and Anton by the front door. Guns hidden behind their backs. Victor peeks through the peephole, turns to Anton. Gives a slight nod.

Anton, cocks his gun, puts it back behind his back.

Victor opens the door.

Outside is Jimmy and Casey. Jimmy is tense. Casey's unsure.

VICTOR  
Can I help you?

JIMMY  
It's getting late. I was getting  
concerned about the towing.

He gestures at the tow truck in the driveway.

JIMMY  
You still haven't got Jackie's car  
hooked up.

Victor smiles.

VICTOR  
She decided to take a nap before we  
get going.

(MORE)

VICTOR (CONT'D)

(winks)

Helps her sober up. You understand.

Jimmy doesn't like this one bit.

JIMMY

Well, I'm afraid I'm gonna have to ask you to leave unless you get her car hooked up now. This isn't her house anymore.

Anton tightens his grip on his gun.

**SUV**

Jackie watches as Sax, Boyd and Deon stand by the door to the laundry room. They listen to Victor and Jimmy.

Jackie crinkles her brow, thinks for a beat, then gets an idea. She lays on the horn. Long! Hard!

HOOOONK!

**EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

HOOONK!

Jimmy and Casey stare at the garage.

Victor and Anton whip out their guns, point them at the security guards.

VICTOR

Get inside!

Jimmy's jaw drops. He reaches for his radio attached to his belt. Victor punches him in the face.

Casey spins around, takes off.

Anton aims, takes a shot at Casey.

BANG!

Casey takes a bullet in his thigh, goes down. Victor scans the neighborhood with nervous eyes.

VICTOR

Shit! Get him inside before anyone comes looking!

Anton sprints to Casey, drags him back to the house. Victor shoves Jimmy into the foyer.

**INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT**

HOOOONK!

Jackie pushes the horn.

Sax, Deon and Boyd have their guns at the ready when Victor and Anton drag Jimmy and Casey into the garage.

DEON

What the fuck happened, man?

They notice the trail of blood from Casey.

So does Jackie. She lays off the horn, stares at Casey. She covers her mouth. Horrified.

Victor stomps over to the SUV. He hits the side window, kicks the door.

VICTOR

See what you've done, bitch? Thanks to you, an innocent man is shot!

Sax stares at Casey.

SAX

What the hell, Victor!

Casey moans on the floor. Victor grabs him by his collar, hauls him over to the SUV.

He squashes Casey's face against the window, puts his gun against his temple.

VICTOR

Open the fucking car, or the kid gets it!

**SUV**

Jackie stares in horror at Casey, then over to Jimmy.

JIMMY

Leave the kid out of this.

VICTOR

If you're that concerned about him,  
you shouldn't have dragged him up  
here.

Victor holds Casey up by his collar, presses the gun harder  
against his head. Makes sure Jackie sees him.

VICTOR

One...two...

Jackie puts her hands up, reaches for the door handle.

### **GARAGE**

Boyd and Deon share a look.

DEON

The fuck, man? No reason to shoot  
the guy. Just wait til Eli gets  
here. He's got a key.

Victor glares him.

VICTOR

And then what? We tell these two to  
leave, but please don't tell  
anyone?

The men ponder this.

ANTON

What are you saying? You gonna kill  
both of them?

Victor glares at them.

VICTOR

Got a better idea?

Casey whimpers.

CASEY

Please.

He reaches up, grabs Victor's gun hand, tries to aim the gun  
away from his head.

Victor grips the gun tighter.

BANG!

Blood and brains spray out in the garage.

Jackie sits paralyzed in her seat. Eyes wide.

Everyone stares at Casey, then turn their eyes to Victor.

JIMMY

You son of a bitch! You're not getting away with this.

DEON

Yeah, man. That ain't cool what you just did.

Sax and Anton glare at Victor. Not happy.

Victor stares in shock at Casey on the floor.

VICTOR

Fuck! I didn't mean to. He was trying to take the gun from me.

ANTON

He was just a kid.

BOYD

We're hired for personal protection. We're not hitmen.

Victor's pissed.

VICTOR

No one's keeping you here. Go ahead and leave.

Boyd and Deon share a look.

BOYD

Not without the money.

Victor points his gun at Boyd who's unfazed.

VICTOR

Touch that money and you're a dead man.

Jimmy's confused.

JIMMY

What money? What's going on here?

VICTOR

Shut up, old man!

Baffled, Jimmy turns to Jackie, reaches for his radio.

JIMMY  
I'm calling the --

WHACK!

Victor pistol-whips him. Hard. A gash splits opens on his temple. Blood seeps out. Jimmy sags to the floor out cold.

Victor kicks the radio out of his hand. It clatters away.

Jackie gasps, covers her mouth.

**INT. ELI'S CAR - NIGHT**

Eli has a tight grip on the steering wheel. His jaw clenched. He's mad! He pulls into the entrance to Phil's neighborhood.

The gate is open. The guard house empty.

Suspicious, Eli ponders, then takes a gun out from the glove compartment. He puts it on the passenger seat, drives on in.

**INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT**

Victor looks at Jimmy who's crumpled on the floor.

VICTOR  
(to Sax)  
Keep an eye on him.

Victor sends a murderous glare at Jackie.

VICTOR  
I need a drink.

Victor leaves. Anton, Deon and Boyd follow.

Jackie and Sax stare at each other. Unseen to Sax, Jimmy opens his eyes. Jackie notices.

Sax grabs a bucket, sits down on it. He casually holds his gun in one hand, pulls a flask out of his jacket with the other. He takes a swig.

**KITCHEN**

Boyd and Deon stand by the window in the dark, keep an eye out for Eli.

DEON

Was supposed to be a simple swap.  
Motherfucker had to go bring that  
bitch along.

Victor strolls in. Annoyed. A whiskey bottle in hand. He takes a mouthful of the amber liquid.

Anton shows up in the doorway behind him.

VICTOR

What? You're blaming me for this?

No one says anything, but their eyes speaks volume.

Victor throws the bottle at the wall.

CRASH!

VICTOR

How the fuck was I supposed to know  
she would follow him out of the  
bank! She didn't even have a car!

## **GARAGE**

Sax drinks, while he glowers at Jackie.

SAX

All your fault lady. Should've gone  
back to work while you could.

Jackie and Jimmy exchange eye contact. Try to communicate. Jackie's not sure what Jimmy wants. He gives her the tiniest of nods.

Jackie swallows. Hopes she got the message right. She watches Sax take a gulp out of the flask, waits a few seconds, then slowly opens the car door.

Sax gets up, aims his gun at Jackie who exits the car with her hands raised.

Sax smirks. Takes a few steps in her direction.

SAX

Finally coming to your senses, huh?

Sax grabs her arms, shoves her against the SUV.

Behind him, Jimmy rises to his feet. He grabs a shovel by the wall next to other gardening equipment.

Jimmy creeps up behind Sax. Jackie tries to keep Sax's attention on her.

JACKIE

Yes. You're right. It's my fault. I had a chance to leave, but I didn't.

Jimmy swings the shovel.

CLANG!

Clocks Sax in the head.

He goes down, but is not out. Looses the grip on the gun. Lands on top of it. Jimmy jumps on top of him.

Punches are thrown. Jackie tries to get the gun, but the two men block the way.

She goes for the shovel. Swings it, but Sax grabs the handle. Fights her for it.

Jimmy tackles him. His lighter falls out of his pocket.

Sax gets the shovel. Hits jimmy in the knee. Jimmy YELLS out in pain.

Sax is on top of Jimmy, presses the shovel shaft down across his neck.

Jackie spots the can of carburetor cleaner.

She snatches the lighter on the floor, then grabs the carburetor cleaner, aims the straw at Sax.

She holds the lighter at the end of the straw. It's a small flamethrower.

JACKIE

Let him go or I'll toast you like a fucking marshmallow!

Sax lets go of Jimmy who sputters. His neck red. His body hurt. The gash on his head dripping. He looks like shit.

Sax seethes.

SAX

You're the one that'll burn for this.

JACKIE

Get the gun, Jimmy.

Jimmy grabs it with a shaky hand.

**EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Eli pulls up into the drive, parks, then gets out. He glances around the neighborhood. It's all quiet. He heads to the front door.

**INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Boyd turns away from the window.

BOYD  
Big dog's here.

**EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Eli grabs the front door handle. It's unlocked. He hesitates, cautious, the gun in his hand.

**INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT**

Jimmy has his arm over Jackie's shoulder for support. He hobbles next to her towards the door to the hallway.

Jackie opens the door, checks the hallway. No one's there. They sneak into the --

**HALLWAY**

-- head towards the front door just as the door opens.

Jackie and Jimmy stop in their tracks. Jackie spins around, pulls Jimmy with her. They hurry as fast as Jimmy can go down the hallway.

Eli steps inside. Boyd and Deon emerge from the kitchen, meet him in the foyer.

Victor's angry rants are heard from the living room.

ELI  
(hushed)  
What's going on?

DEON  
Motherfucker is crazy, man.

BOYD  
Blew a guy's brain out.

ELI  
Where's the money?

BOYD  
Upstairs. Master bedroom.

ELI  
And the woman?

DEON  
In your car.

Jackie and Jimmy reach the living room doorway. Jackie sneaks a peek inside. Sees Victor pacing.

### LIVING ROOM

Victor drinks. Anton watches. Upset.

ANTON  
Let's cut our losses and leave  
before this gets way out of  
control. Murder was not part of the  
plan.

Victor, pissed off, pushes him down onto the couch.

VICTOR  
You're not going anywhere! You're  
in this as much as I am!

Anton jumps up, gets in Victor's face.

ANTON  
No Victor, I'm not! I didn't shoot  
someone point blank! Robbery is one  
thing. Murder is a whole different  
level, and what about Jackie and  
the guard? Now we have to get rid  
of them too?

Victor's turn to get in Anton's face.

VICTOR  
Ten million, you said. I'd do  
anything for that kind of cash!  
Your own words!

Jackie uses their distraction to quickly pass the doorway with Jimmy.

Victor and Anton turn to the doorway. Did they see something?

#### **DINING ROOM**

Jackie and Jimmy slip into the room. Hide in the shadows.

#### **LIVING ROOM**

Eli enters, followed by Boyd and Deon.

ELI  
Where's my car?

VICTOR  
Bitch locked herself in the car  
with the diamonds.

ELI  
Take me to her.

#### **DINING ROOM**

Jackie and Jimmy listen as they hear the others walk past to the garage.

JACKIE  
(whispers)  
Let's make a run for it.

Jimmy breathes hard. He's in pain.

JIMMY  
(whispers)  
I don't think I can make it. My leg  
won't carry me. You go.

Jackie looks at his knee. It's the size of a football. She thinks for a beat.

JACKIE  
Do the Lamberts still live next  
door?

JIMMY  
Mary's still there. George passed  
two months ago. She's very  
depressed.

Jackie's sad at the news.

JACKIE  
I didn't know...C'mon. We'll go  
there, use her phone.

### **GARAGE**

The men pour into the garage. No signs of anyone. They scan the space, instinctively draw their guns.

Eli pushes the button on his car key. The car BEEPS.

They stare at the empty car. Eli sees Casey on the floor. Looks at Victor with concern.

ELI  
Who's this?

VICTOR  
He's nobody.

ELI  
Even nobodies have somebody  
looking for them.

Eli looks at the splatter with a sarcastic smirk.

ELI  
You're going to call ServPro for  
this?

Victor feels the jab, stomps to the car, yanks the driver's door open.

A MOAN is heard.

Eli opens the rear door. Sax lies inside. Neatly bound with duct tape.

Victor and Anton share confused looks.

Eli glares at Victor with disgust.

ELI  
Even your men are incompetent.

Hatred simmers in Victor's eyes.

Eli, Deon and Boyd head for the door.

VICTOR  
(to Anton)  
Cut him loose, then find out where  
the fuck they went.

He hustles after Eli and his men.

**EXT. POOL AREA - NIGHT**

The living room door opens, Jackie helps Jimmy out to the pool area.

A table-umbrella is folded shut in the middle of a table. Jackie pulls it out, hands it to Jimmy, then points to the far end of the property.

JACKIE  
(whispers)  
See that corner in the fence?

He nods.

JACKIE  
There's an opening in it. The boys use it when the Lamberts grand kids visit. Go through there.

Jimmy's confused.

JIMMY  
Where are you going?

JACKIE  
Don't worry, I'll catch up with you.

He grabs her hand. Their eyes meet.

JIMMY  
You were always my favorite resident here. Always treated me with respect.

A painful expression on Jackie's face. She squeezes his hand.

JACKIE  
You always treated me with respect...even when I didn't deserve it.

He squeezes her hand in return.

JIMMY  
Be careful.

JACKIE  
You too. Now go.

Jackie watches him struggle off with the umbrella as support, one painful step at the time.

Jackie peers up at a balcony on the second floor.

**INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

With a grim face, Eli marches out into the hallway from the garage followed by Boyd and Deon.

**EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - POOL AREA - NIGHT**

Jackie pulls the table out underneath the balcony. She puts a chair on top, climbs up.

She jumps up, grabs the balcony railing, dangles underneath. She swings her legs, clambers up on the balcony.

**INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The balcony door glides open.

Jackie hurries into the room. Notices the two cases that sit right outside the walk-in closet.

**HALLWAY**

Eli, Deon and Boyd stride down the hallway. Victor hurries to catch up.

**MASTER BEDROOM CLOSET**

Jackie kneels by the large safe. She expertly turns the dial. She knows this combination.

There's a CLICK. Jackie opens the safe's door.

Only a few items inside. A pistol. A couple of expensive watches. Jewelry. Some important papers. Lots of empty space.

Jackie grabs the gun, checks the magazine, then puts the gun inside the belt on her back.

She gets up, notices a few pillows on a shelf in fancy covers. She takes a second look at the money cases.

**HALLWAY**

Eli stops by the stairs to the second floor.

ELI  
Boyd, get the money. We're leaving.

Desperation fills Victor.

VICTOR  
Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Wait a minute.  
You can't leave.

Eli ignores him.

VICTOR  
We'll find her and the diamonds, I  
promise!

**MASTER BEDROOM**

Jackie works hard and fast on something we can't see.

**HALLWAY**

Boyd takes the first few steps up the stairs.

VICTOR  
That money is payment for the  
diamonds.

ELI  
And they are...?

VICTOR  
I don't fucking know where they  
are!

ELI  
Your incompetence is astounding.

Victor dashes up a few steps, blocks Boyd.

VICTOR  
How do I know you don't have them?  
You and Jackie had them when you  
left the shop!

Boyd pushes past Victor, takes a few more steps.

**MASTER BEDROOM**

Jackie works fast. Hard.

**HALLWAY**

Victor pulls out his gun, aims it at Eli.

VICTOR

You're not walking out of here with  
my money!

Eli ignores him, gives Boyd a nod to continue.

VICTOR

I'm warning you!

CLICK!

Boyd stops.

Victor and Eli freeze. They turn to look at Deon who has his pink gun pointed at Victor.

DEON

We told you we was hired as  
bodyguards.

Victor stares at him with a wary eye. Slowly, he points his gun away from Eli.

Boyd coolly continues up the stairs.

DEON

Get down. Both hands where I can  
see them.

Victor holds his hands out where they can see them, then descends the stairs. Deon takes the gun away from him.

**BEDROOM**

Jackie slips out of the bedroom to the balcony just as Boyd enters. He grabs the money cases.

**FOYER**

Deon has his gun aimed at Victor as Boyd walks up with the two cases.

ELI

Let's go.

Anton and Sax enter through the front door.

ANTON

What the hell is going on?

ELI

(to Boyd)

Take the SUV.

(to Deon)

You come with me.

Boyd heads into the laundry room. Eli and Deon stride past Anton and Sax.

Victor stomps off. Mad as hell.

Anton and Sax share a confused look.

Victor punches the walls as he heads into the --

#### **LIVING ROOM**

Victor grabs random items, throws them against the wall.

Sax and Anton stare at him. They're not happy.

SAX

Did you just let them walk out of here with the ten million?

VICTOR

What else should I have done?

SAX

So, we've lost the ten million in cash and ten million in diamonds. All we are left with is a dead body?

Victor glares at him. Knows it's his fault.

ANTON

Don't forget about Jackie and the guard.

Victor freezes.

VICTOR

Shit! Was his car gone?

SAX  
No. Still in the driveway.

Victor glances around for ideas, notices the door to the pool area ajar.

**EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT**

Jimmy pries a section of the fence open as Jackie runs up to him. She helps remove it.

**POOL AREA**

Victor, Anton and Sax rush out from the living room.

Sax sees Jackie and Jimmie first, points at them.

SAX  
There they are!

They sprint after them.

**BACKYARD**

Jimmy pushes through the opening, hobbles as fast as he can towards Mrs. Lambert's house. Jackie squeezes through, catches up with him.

Victor, Anton and Sax reach the fence.

**EXT. LAMBERT'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Victor, Anton and Sax close in on Jackie and Jimmy.

Jackie reaches the house first. She bangs on the windows.

JACKIE  
Mary! It's me, Jackie! Call the police!

Jimmy follows her lead, bangs on the windows.

JIMMY  
Mrs. Lambert, call the police!

Frantic, they try to get attention.

Victor and men are only a few yards behind.

**INT. LAMBERT'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

In the dark room lies MARY LAMBERT peacefully in bed on her back with her hands on her chest.

On the night stand are several open prescription bottles.

Jackie and Jimmy are heard from outside.

**EXT. LAMBERT'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Victor grabs Jackie, spins her around, then punches her in the face.

Jackie staggers backwards. Blood drips out of her nose.

Sax tackles Jimmy. Gives him a good beating.

Jackie's startled by Victor's punch. She re-groups, glares at him, then switches into her best kickboxing gear.

Victor receives a quick jab followed by a cross right to his face. His turn to be startled.

Pissed off, he throws himself on her, tackles her to the ground, pistol whips her in the head. Jackie's lights go out.

Anton watches. Not real crazy about what's going on.

Victor scans the area, makes sure no one is coming.

VICTOR  
Bring them back to the house.

**POOL AREA**

Victor shoves the groggy Jackie down in a chair by the pool.

Sax drags Jimmy by his feet up on the pool deck. His head bumps hard along the way. Sax drops him on the concrete.

Anton watches, a bit uncertain about the situation.

Victor towers over Jackie in the chair. Threatening, but speaks with a soft voice...at first.

VICTOR  
Where are the diamonds, Jackie?

JACKIE  
I don't know.

Victor punches her in the face.

VICTOR  
(yelling)  
Where are the fucking diamonds?

JACKIE  
(stammers)  
Eli has them.

VICTOR  
Bullshit! Try again!

JACKIE  
I swear, I don't have them!

Victor grabs Jackie by her hair, yanks her out of the chair. He drags her over to the pool, pushes her down on her knees.

He holds her head over the water.

VICTOR  
Think a little harder this time.  
Where are the diamonds?

JACKIE  
I'm telling you I don't have them.  
I think they were left in the car.

Victor shoves her head under the water.

Jackie fights to get back up, but he keeps her submerged.

Anton squirms, uncomfortable.

ANTON  
C'mon man. This ain't worth it. We  
already got one man's death on our  
hands. This was supposed to be an  
easy job where no one got hurt.

Victor is beyond pissed! He glares at Sax and Anton.

VICTOR  
What? You don't have the stomach  
for this?

Anton squirms. Sax watches him.

ANTON  
I'm just saying, murder and torture  
wasn't part of the deal.

Jackie struggles in the water as panic sets in.

Victor glares at Anton.

VICTOR  
You want to leave? Is that it?  
Well, guess what? You can't! You're  
cock deep in shit on this one!

Sax assesses the situation, takes out his gun.

BANG!

He kills Anton who's body sags to the deck. A crimson flower blooms underneath his body.

Surprised, maybe even shocked, Victor stares at Anton. He pulls Jackie out of the water. She coughs. Gasps for air.

VICTOR  
What the fuck?

Sax shrugs.

SAX  
He was going to leave.

VICTOR  
He was one of us!

SAX  
Instead of three point three, I get  
five. Didn't take much thinking.

Victor turns to Jackie.

VICTOR  
See that man there?  
(points to Sax)  
Didn't take him long to decide to  
kill someone. Last chance. Where  
are the diamonds?

Jackie stares in horror at Anton, then turns to Victor.

JACKIE  
If I knew where they were, I  
wouldn't tell you. You're pissed  
off that the world hasn't given you  
what you think you deserve, but the  
truth is, you're a bad person. You  
don't deserve better.

She manages a mocking smile.

Victor lunges at her. Grabs her by the hair, forces her to the pool, tries to push her under.

This time, Jackie grabs a hold of Victor, pulls him with her into the water.

In the pool, they fight for life and death. Each one fights to get a breath of air while keeping the other under water.

Sax steps closer to the pool to get a better view.

Jimmy wiggles closer to Anton.

UNDER WATER P.O.V.

Jackie and Victor fight.

Jackie reaches for the gun in her belt behind her back.

Victor squeezes his hands around her neck.

ABOVE WATER

Sax watches intently as if he had money in this fight.

Jimmy reaches Anton, fishes his gun out of his pocket.

UNDER WATER P.O.V.

Jackie aims the gun at Victor. Pulls the trigger.

Nothing happens...

Victor grins.

Jackie sends her knee into his crotch. He doubles over. She hits him in the head with the gun.

A plume of red liquid jets out into the water.

Jackie swims up to the surface.

Victor grabs her, pulls her down.

Jackie kicks him in the face, swims up.

ABOVE WATER

Jackie surfaces. Gasps for air.

Sax puts his hand on her head, forces her back under.

Jimmy aims Anton's gun, fires off a shot.

BANG!

Sax topples into the pool like a piece of drift wood.

More red in the water.

Jackie swims to the edge of the pool.

Victor surfaces, swims after her. Catches up, fights to pull her down.

Jimmy slides the gun across the pool deck in her direction. She catches it.

Victor pulls her down, gets his hand around her neck.

Jackie turns around, aims at Victor. Close range. Fires off a shot.

BANG!

Victor takes it in his chest.

He floats away, dead.

Jackie heaves herself out of the pool, collapses on the deck.

JIMMY

You okay?

Jackie nods. They both breathe a sigh of relief.

JIMMY

Some good fighting you did there.

After a moment -- Jackie pats down, Anton. Finds his phone. She slides it over to Jimmy.

JACKIE

Call the cops.

Jimmy tries to work the phone.

JIMMY

It needs a pass code.

JACKIE

Every phone lets you make 911 calls.

Jimmy looks at her with concern.

JIMMY

What about you?

JACKIE

I'm soaked. I'd rather not have see-through clothes on when the cops get here.

Jimmy nods. Makes sense.

Jackie trudges off into the house.

**INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CLOSET - NIGHT**

Jackie grabs some of Mia's clothes.

She peers up at the pillows in fancy pillow cases.

**EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Emergency vehicles crowd the driveway. Cops. Ambulances. Medical Examiner's white vans. Forensics.

Light bars flash red, blue and yellow into the night.

Bodies in body bags on gurneys are pushed into the Medical Examiner's vans.

Jimmy is being wheeled by medics into an ambulance.

**INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Jackie sits on the couch. Distraught. DETECTIVE HARMON (40) sits across from her. Serious guy with a serious face. Seen a lot. He's got a note pad in his hand.

JACKIE

He told me he loved me. Said we were going to move to the Caribbean together. Open a bar.

(sniffles)

Then this guy came into the bank, needed to access his safe deposit box. Turns out he was Victor's friend.

DET. HARMON

This guy was Anton?

Jackie nods.

JACKIE

He told me Victor had just been playing me, I panicked.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

My boss let me borrow his car and I followed them to this body shop and another man showed up to do some business with them or something.

DET. HARMON

What did this man look like? Do you know his name?

Jackie dabs her eyes. Sniffles some more.

JACKIE

I don't know his name. He was a shorter man with a big gut. Looked Italian or something.

Det. Harmon scribbles in his notebook.

DET. HARMON

Do you know what kind of business they were going to conduct?

Jackie shakes her head no.

DET. HARMON (CONT'D)

How did you all end up here?

Jackie swallows.

JACKIE

They were going to kill me. I managed to fight back and I escaped and this was the only place I could think of to hide.

**EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Fewer vehicles now. Less activity.

Jackie paces, on the phone.

JACKIE

I know. It's crazy...I can't believe it.

PHIL (V.O.)

I'm glad you're all right...Listen, take the Vette. Go stay in a hotel. I'll pay for it. I don't want you to stay at the house or your place...

Jackie nods.

PHIL (V.O.)  
We'll be back in a few days. We'll  
go over this then.

Jackie sniffles.

JACKIE  
Thank you, Phil.

She ends the call.

**INT. ELI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Eli walks in, pours himself a drink.

Deon and Boyd carry the money cases in.

Eli takes a big gulp of his drink, gestures to Deon and Boyd.

ELI  
You can leave them here, then call  
it a day.

DEON  
I call it a hell of a day.

ELI  
No kidding.

**INT. ELI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

He sits down on the couch. Gazes at the money cases. Takes a sip from his drink.

He sits there for a long moment. Deep in thought. He crinkles his brow. Puts the tumbler on the table, then gets up. Crosses over to the cases.

**INT. HOTEL - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

Jackie parks the Vette in an empty spot, gets out.

She stops by the trunk of the car.

INTERCUT

Eli crouches by the money cases.

Jackie sticks the key in the trunk's lock, turns it.

Eli unlocks the money cases.

Jackie opens the trunk, stares down into it.

Eli opens the first case. Stares down at the contents in disbelief. Horror!

Jackie grins wide. Inside are those two fancy pillow cases. She opens them up. Inside are the ten million in cash along with the velvet pouch.

Eli rifles around in the case. It's full of dresses. Shoes. He opens the second case. Inside are suits. Mens shoes.

Jackie picks up the velvet pouch, squeezes it with a grin, then pockets it.

Eli looks sick. Horror, anger, disbelief, mixed.

ELI

Bitch!

He sags down to his knees.

#### **INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Jackie enters with the two heavy pillow cases, plunks them down on the bed, sits down next to them.

She takes out the velvet pouch from her jacket, looks inside, stares at the diamonds for a beat, then closes the pouch.

Her eyes gaze off into empty space. Deep in thought.

She gets up, looks out the window, then heads to the fridge. Inside are the standard mini bar items.

Jackie hesitates, then reaches for a vodka bottle, unscrews it. She puts the bottle to her lips, catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror.

Disgusted, she gets up, heads into the --

#### **BATHROOM**

-- pours out the liquor into the sink. She tosses the bottle in the waste basket, heads back into the --

#### **HOTEL ROOM**

Hands on her hips, she glares at the pillow cases and the velvet pouch. She's made up her mind.

**EXT. ELI'S HOUSE - DAY**

Jackie pulls the Vette into the driveway, parks in front of the front door. She hauls the pillow cases out of the trunk. About to ring the doorbell when the door opens. Boyd stares back at her, hand on his gun inside his jacket.

JACKIE

I need to see your boss.

Boyd steps aside, lets her in. She hands him the money bags.

JACKIE

Maybe you can help with these?

**INT. ELI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Eli stands by the large windows, gazes out at the pool area when Jackie and Boyd walk in. He slowly turns to face her. He notices the bags, but reveals nothing.

ELI

(to Boyd)

You can leave us.

Eli gestures for Jackie to sit. She does. He steps over to a liquor table, picks up a glass, looks to Jackie who smiles with confidence.

JACKIE

I don't drink.

Eli pours himself one, then sits down opposite.

ELI

(at the money bags)

Is that what I think it is?

JACKIE

Mhm.

ELI

All of it?

Jackie nods.

ELI

Why?

JACKIE

I'm not a thief.

Eli takes a sip, mulls this over.

ELI  
And the diamonds?

Jackie shrugs.

JACKIE  
Who knows?

Eli chuckles. They study each other for a beat. Try to get a read on one another.

ELI  
I get a feeling you're here for more than just returning my money.

JACKIE  
You wanted me dead.

ELI  
You left me in the ghetto.

JACKIE  
After you wanted me dead.

They size each other up.

ELI  
So...tell me. What is it that you want?

JACKIE  
Right now, you're ten million dollars richer than you were five minutes ago.

Jackie straightens, but plays it cool. Eli cocks his brow.

JACKIE  
I could've disappeared with your money, but I chose to return it.

ELI  
And...

JACKIE  
I have something I want to sell you.

Eli scoffs.

ELI  
I don't think so.

JACKIE  
Yes, you do.

Suspicious, Eli gazes at her.

ELI  
What if I don't?

Jackie puts a memory stick on the table.

JACKIE  
That's a copy of the surveillance  
video from the guard house.

Eli can't believe her balls.

JACKIE  
Impressive quality, actually. You  
can clearly be seen taking a gun  
out of the glove compartment and  
putting it on the passenger seat.

They gaze at each other. A small smile appears on his lips.  
He raises his glass to her. She won.

#### **INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Jimmy lies in the bed. His face bandaged. One of his eyes  
covered with gauze. His knee in a brace. An IV leads into his  
vein. He's asleep.

A soft knock on the door.

Jimmy opens his good eye. Jackie pads in. She sits down on  
the side of the bed.

JACKIE  
Hey.

JIMMY  
(weak)  
Jackie.

JACKIE  
How are you doing?

JIMMY  
I've been better, but they tell me  
it could've been worse, so, I guess  
I'm lucky.

She peers at his knee.

JACKIE  
How's the knee?

JIMMY  
Gonna need surgery, but apparently  
it's an easy one. I should be back  
walking in three weeks.

A silent moment, then...

JACKIE  
Hey listen. I've been thinking. I'm  
going to make some changes in my  
life. Can't go around blaming Phil  
for my hardship any longer. To be  
honest, I would've left me too.

JIMMY  
Oh yeah? What you gonna do?

She studies him for a beat. A smile grows wide.

JACKIE  
I'm starting my own business.

JIMMY  
Wow! Good for you! What kind of  
business?

JACKIE  
A selfreliance business for women.

Surprised, Jimmy cocks an eyebrow.

JACKIE  
We'll teach women everything from  
the simplest thing like bookkeeping  
to home security, physical defense  
and anything in between.

Jimmy warms up to the idea.

JACKIE  
I can't have been the only woman  
out there that felt lost and angry.  
I want to help other women take  
charge of their lives.  
Survive...on their own.

She takes Jimmy's hand, squeezes it.

JACKIE  
I know we can do it.

Confused, he peers at her with his good eye.

JIMMY  
Who are we?

JACKIE  
You. Me.

JIMMY  
Me?

JACKIE  
Yes, you. You'd be perfect.

JIMMY  
I would?

JACKIE  
You know lots of stuff about home security, gun use, how to spot a bad guy...and you're likable.

JIMMY  
I was the treasurer at the local Elk's.

JACKIE  
There you go. Bookkeeping one-o-one.

Jimmy soaks this in.

JIMMY  
You sure you want to do this?

JACKIE  
I thought about it all night.

His face brightens, but soon turns suspicious.

JIMMY  
This isn't really any of my business, but where did you get the money for this?

JACKIE  
Phil is investing half. The other half...is from a reluctant samaritan.

Jimmy stares at her for a moment, then he gets it. An excited smile spreads across his battered face.

JIMMY

Really?

Jackie nods.

JIMMY

Well then, you got yourself a partner, Miss Orlando.

Jackie gets up, ready to leave. Jimmy's excited.

JACKIE

You get some rest and I'll see you when your knee is better at New Start.

JIMMY

New Start?

JACKIE

Yes. Both of us.

Jimmy saddens.

JIMMY

Hey...can we make that Casey's New Start?

They share a somber look.

JACKIE

Of course. Casey's New Start For Women.

She winks at him, then heads out the door. Jimmy's gaze drifts up to the ceiling with a dreamy look.

**INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY**

Jackie strolls into the lobby. She smiles, waves at the tellers. They smile back.

She continues on to Todd's office.

**INT. BANK - TODD'S OFFICE - DAY**

Todd types on a computer. A sour look on his face.

There's a knock on the door. He looks up. Annoyed. Before he can say anything, the door opens. Jackie strolls in.

Jackie sits down in the chair opposite Todd. He glares at her, checks his watch.

TODD

Unless you're here to make good on your promises, you are fired.

JACKIE

Okay.

TODD

Okay? What the hell kind of response is that?

JACKIE

I came here to tell you I'm quitting.

TODD

You can't afford to quit. Besides, you owe me.

JACKIE

I don't owe you shit, Todd.

He glares at her. Scoffs.

TODD

You left my fucking car at a body shop! I had to report it stolen!

JACKIE

I do apologize for that. That was bad of me and definitely not my intention.

She takes her keychain out of her purse, puts it on his desk.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Before I go. I want to get a safe deposit box.

TODD

What?

JACKIE

There are two empty ones. Either one of those will do.

Todd glares at her, snatches the keys. He pulls a paper out from a drawer, slaps the paper and pen down in front of her.

TODD

Fill this out.

**LATER**

## SERIES OF SHOTS

Jackie and Todd walk over to the vault.

Todd opens the inner door.

Inside the vault, Todd unlocks box number two, then leaves.

Jackie keeps her back to the camera.

She uses a brand new key and Schiffer's key to open box number eighteen. She drops the velvet pouch inside, then locks it.

**INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY**

Todd locks the inner gate to the vault. Jackie's and Todd's eyes meet.

TODD

Better not ask anyone to call me  
for references.

Jackie can't keep from smiling.

JACKIE

Have a nice life Todd. Be good to  
your wife.

Jackie strolls out of the bank with swagger.

Todd watches her go. Angry. Confused. He turns to the tellers who watch Jackie leave.

TODD

What the hell are you looking at?  
Get back to work!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

**EXT. CASEY'S NEW START - DAY**

A new modern building with a sign above that reads:

Casey's New Start for women.

A new Audi S8 pulls into the parking lot. It parks right in front of the entrance.

Phil is in the driver's seat. Mia next to him.

Josh, Tyler and DANIEL (8) jump out of the car. Each one with a backpack. They wave to Phil and Mia, then skip to the entrance with excitement.

**INT. CASEY'S NEW START - DAY**

It's a large modern gym. Only women there. They workout. Do yoga. Taekwondo.

Jackie stands by a heavy bag.

Next to her, a PETITE WOMAN in workout clothes and gloves.

JACKIE

Make sure you land the cross head-on, not at an angle. Keep your chin and elbow tucked.

She steps aside so the woman can get in position.

JACKIE

Your left jab should allow your right shoulder to pull back for a more powerful cross.

The three boys walk in. They stop to watch just as the woman does her best to do damage to the heavy bag.

They boys wince at her attempt.

Jackie pats the woman on the back for good job, then gets in position herself.

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

Jackie's gloved fists slam a one, one, two combination into the heavy bag.

Josh and Tyler beam.

TYLER

That's our mom!

Daniel is impressed.

Jackie sees the boys. She breaks into a big grin, says something to the woman who continues to practice.

Jackie walks over to the boys. Gives her sons a big hug.

JACKIE  
You guys ready for the weekend?

JOSH/TYLER/DANIEL  
Yes!!!

JACKIE  
Awesome! Let me finish with this  
lady and then we're out of here.

She holds out her gloved fist. Josh and Tyler grin, fist  
bumps her glove.

Freeze on that image.

FADE OUT: