THE HOSTAGE

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - DAY

The Greek Revival architecture connotes the three-story building's century-old "colonial" history. We hear the MURMUR of children inside the bank.

LIAM (PRE-LAP)
Is your money safe in a bank?

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK, BANK LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

LIAM BARDWELL, 20s, the bank's security guard, struts with self-importance as he leads an ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TOUR through the lobby, past bank customers waiting in a snaking line.

LIAM
There's maybe eleven hundred bank robberies a year, with an average haul of less than five grand. Now most criminals aren't dumb: Banks have silent alarms, cameras, bait money, dye packs, bulletproof gates, handsome guards. Why risk ten years in prison for only five grand? That's less than a dollar forty a day. You'd do better as a pickpocket, right?

Liam taps his temple over his "smart words to live by". The kids nod: Bank robber, no. Pickpocket, yes.

The TEACHER frowns as the tour continues to the--

VAULT HALLWAY

Liam leads the tour from the main lobby into the hallway that hides his pride and joy: The main vault door, which is open during business hours.

LIAM
She's a Diebold. Door is three feet thick. High grade steel. From those eleven hundred robberies, less than forty even go for the vault. And that's smart.
(again taps his temple)
Every second in the bank multiplies the risk of prison. Can't do the time? Don't do the crime, right?

Again, the kids nod. The Teacher rolls her eyes. Liam smiles with pride--He's really getting through to these kids.

A bead of sweat runs down Liam's forehead. He wipes it away, and breathes deep: Getting winded. Is he sick?

LIAM
Let's go inside.

The children's eyes go wide with wonder as they enter the--

VAULT FOYER

This is a small room of doorways to the vault subsections.

LIAM
Now there's the safe-deposit box vault, but that's mostly people's photos and worthless mementos. Stick to run and gun, right?

The Teacher's jaw drops at the mention of "run and gun". Liam ignores her, pointing to the next cage door--

LIAM
But here is where we keep the good stuff: Who wants to see how big a room is with five million dollars?

All the kids raise their hands excitedly. Liam wipes away more sweat from his brow, looking worse for wear.

Sexy-yet-professional assistant manager JAMEE MORTON, 20s, exits the safe-deposit box vault, and Liam takes advantage--

LIAM
Jamee, hey, can you finish up the tour for me? Gotta hit the john.

Teacher cringes, but Jamee sees Liam needs the break.

JAMEE
Of course.

LIAM
Okay kids, let Jamee hear you say, "Moneyyy!"

TOUR KIDS
(in unison)
Moneyyy!

Now the Teacher seethes.

INT. GREY VAN - DAY

FRANKIE MITTS, 30s, grins, cheerful, like a kid in line for a roller coaster. A silver teardrop earring in his left ear sways back and forth like a pendulum.

In his hands: Halloween sheep masks. He hands them out to the van's other occupants, who each take a mask and put it on--

DUANE MARS, 20s, cocksure, swarthy with strong features, whistles as he wears his mask, having as much fun as Frankie. But we notice: His left hand is missing a pinky finger.

RONNIE MARS, 20s and Duane's younger brother, struggles to put his mask on with one hand while driving.

PAUL MERCER, 50s, covers a sour grimace with his mask, the lines in his face suggesting his scowl is permanent.

Paul nudges KIKO WALKER, 30s, from his meditation to get him to take his mask. Kiko takes it and goes right back into meditation, donning the mask with his eyes closed.

MEET THE WOLVES IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

FRANKIE
Check your weapons.

Ronnie hands his gun back to Frankie, who checks it along with his own pistol.

Duane pulls a pistol out of the open duffel bag.

Paul checks a shotgun, grabbing shells and sliding them into the barrels. But he drops one--

It falls into the open duffel bag. Paul reaches in like a bull in a china shop, throwing its contents around harshly.

Duane grabs his arm and yanks it out of the bag--

DUANE
Hold up! Hold up! Are-you-crazy??
That ain't a punching bag!

PAUL
Get your mangled hand off me!

FRANKIE
Paul.

Just his name from Frankie, and Paul chills. So, yeah, we know who's in charge.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The sun sets as the grey van drives down the street, keeping the speed limit. Few pedestrians. Businesses are locking down the security gates. The work day is ending.

COUGHING PRE-LAPS--

INT. BANK RESTROOM - DAY

Liam's COUGHS EXPLODE with painful wretches into the sink. He shakes from wave after wave of spasms.

Finally, the coughing subsides, and Liam gathers himself, wiping blood from his chin.

He turns on the tap and washes the splatter of phlegm and blood down the drain.

He empties two pills from a MEDICINE BOTTLE into his palm, and swallows them with a swig of running water.

He looks at himself in the mirror. There's terrible fear in his eyes. But he sucks it up, and returns to the--

BANK LOBBY

Liam approaches Jamee, who's handing out piggy banks to the kids while listening to an earful from the frowny Teacher.

LIAM
Now you kids tell me: Is your money safe in a bank?

TOUR KIDS
(in unison)
Yes!

LIAM
Can't hear you.

TOUR KIDS
YES!!

JAMEE
Thank you, Liam. Everyone, let's thank Mr. Bardwell.

The kids clap and cheer. The Teacher joins in tepidly. Liam joins Jamee in handing out piggy banks.

JAMEE
(softly to Liam)
Run and gun?

LIAM
(softly)
It makes the tour more exciting.

JAMEE
You trying to get fired? You're lucky she came to me and not Mr. Hanover.

Jamee glances across the bank to--

Fussy Bank President TOLLIVER HANOVER, 60s, watches Liam with distrust while also hovering over the Bank Tellers.

Liam looks to Tolliver as well and mouths his words so that his lips can be read--

LIAM
Fuck. Him.

Tolliver glares. Can't be sure enough about what was said to accuse, but he KNOWS.

Liam looks proudly back to Jamee, but she's now looking at the bank entrance with puppy-crush eyes.

SHAWN BOWEN, 30s, enters the bank, smiling back at Jamee with the easy charm that comes with natural good looks and money.

Shawn holds a satchel in one hand, and the hand of adorably innocent eight year old KRISTEN in the other.

Liam sees Shawn--with Kristen--and his jealousy churns.

LIAM
What the hell?

JAMEE
What?

LIAM
(covering)
Since when are you and Shawn serious enough that you trust Kristen alone with him?

JAMEE
Jealous?

LIAM
(Yes!)
No!

JAMEE
(laughing)
Don't be so threatened. I trust you with Kristen, too. In fact, can you watch her while I help Shawn?

LIAM
Why can't she go with you?

JAMEE
I want to TALK with Shawn, help a girlfriend out!

It kills Liam to nod. But he does. Poor guy: Jamee's out of his league, but the heart wants what it wants.

SHAWN
Hi, sexy. Oh, and hello, Jamee.

Jamee LAUGHS. Liam rolls his eyes.

JAMEE
(to Kristen)
Honey, stay here while Shawn and I go to his safe-deposit box.

KRISTEN
Why can't I go with you?

JAMEE
Because... Liam needs you to help him hand out the piggy banks.

Jamee mouths a "thank you" to Liam while walking arm in arm with Shawn to the vault.

Kristen salutes Liam, and dutifully helps hand out piggy banks to the remaining tour kids while Liam watches Jamee go.

LATER

Liam and Kristen stand by the open barred-glass-door exit, waving to the kids leaving with their piggy banks. He checks his watch just as--

WILL QUICK, 20s, enters. He's homeless, approaching feral. Eyes, shifting, hyper-aware.

LIAM
(grimaces at Will's odor)
We close in five minutes.

Will GROWLS at Liam, and hurries to the bank line, carelessly knocking over a CARDBOARD STANDEE of a FRIENDLY BANKER, offering that home loan you thought you couldn't afford.

Liam props the Standee back up, staring daggers at Will.

And he's not the only one: Tolliver notices Will as well. Likes him even less than Liam.

KRISTEN
What's next, Chief?

Liam stares again at his watch, gears turning in his mind.

LIAM
Tell you what, you know those vending machine crackers I like? Why don't you get me some.

Liam hands her a five dollar bill--

LIAM
Get yourself some too.

Kristen happily takes the money and runs to the--

ELEVATOR: Its doors opening, with a dozen BANK EMPLOYEES filing out to leave for the day. As Kristen enters--

The Bank Employees head to the exit, passing Liam--

LIAM
(to Employees)
Have a good night.

Employees nod politely as they pass.

INT. SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX VAULT - SAME

Shawn stands in the middle of the long, rectangular vault: He opens his safe-deposit box on a table, his eyes on Jamee, standing a few yards back to give Shawn some privacy.

She smiles, smitten.

SHAWN
Just a few miles from shore, the world changes.

Shawn empties all the contents into his satchel: First an old, leather-bound book.

SHAWN
The moon and stars, our only light.

Next, he removes a stack of money.

SHAWN
The water lapping against the boat our only sound...
(another money stack)
... it's going to be a religious experience.

On the third stack, Jamee's eyes start to bug.

JAMEE
You sure you wouldn't prefer a privacy room?

SHAWN
I'm taking you and Kristen aboard my yacht,
(holds up a fourth stack)
This can't be a surprise to you.

JAMEE
You can't walk around with that.

SHAWN
Relax. My watch costs more.

JAMEE
But you could just leave it here.

SHAWN
I have a safe on board. Won't need this one anymore.

JAMEE
Why'd you open it then?

SHAWN
To meet you.

Shawn blushes a little. Jamee finds it adorable. Next, Shawn removes something wrapped in velvet.

SHAWN
Check this out.

Shawn pulls away the velvet, exposes the ancient, jewel encrusted knife.

Jamee's eyes go even wider.

JAMEE
Can I?

Shawn nods: Jamee takes the knife, showing its silver blade.

SHAWN
It's a priceless antiquity.

Jamee LAUGHS nervously, and can't put it back in the velvet fast enough.

INT. SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX VAULT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jamee leads Shawn from the safe-deposit box vault through a hallway with three privacy room doors: They head to the--

VAULT FOYER

Jamee slides her keycard to open the cage door, as she and Shawn head back to the--

BANK LOBBY

Will paces in line. He scratches himself as if flea-bitten.

WILL
Can this line move any faster?

Tolliver approaches Liam, eyeing Will with dislike.

TOLLIVER
(RE: Will)
If it's not too much trouble,
please DO try to be useful.

Liam seethes at Tolliver's sarcasm.

INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - SAME

Kristen approaches the elevator while eating her vending machine crackers, holding an unopened bag for Liam. She sees--

The floor indicator moves from second floor to first floor.

She spies the adjacent stairwell, and heads down by foot.

IN THE BANK LOBBY - SAME

Liam approaches Will, who's pestering the customer in a BLUE-BLAZER in front with a crumpled bank check.

WILL
I got a place I gotta be, I'll take just two seconds to cash it!

LIAM
If you can't wait in line, you'll have to leave.

Will GROWLS at Liam like he's about to bite his head off.

Blue-Blazer finishes his transaction and hurries away from the tension, over to the exit, joining another batch of Bank Employees heading home for the day.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Blue-Blazer and the Bank Employees exit the bank, but Blue-Blazer stops and bends down to tie his shoe.

The Wolves in Sheep's Clothing pull up in their grey van.

Blue-Blazer sees the sheep masks, and runs.

INT. BANK LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Will makes his way to the front of the line. Liam stands over him, watching him like a hawk.

Jamee and Shawn approach Liam--

JAMEE
Where's Kristen?

LIAM
Cracker run.

Before Jamee can tsk-tsk--

THE WOLVES IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING burst into the bank, FIRING their guns into the air.

QUICK CUT TO: Kristen, hearing gunfire and SCREAMS. She drops her crackers and runs back up the stairs, terrified.

BACK IN THE BANK LOBBY: Frankie rushes Liam with his pistol aimed at Liam's head.

FRANKIE
Everybody down!

NOW EVERYTHING HAPPENS ALMOST AT ONCE--

--Liam throws his hands in the air. Frankie pulls Liam's weapon, and shoves him to the floor.

FRANKIE
I said down!

--Tolliver drops like a stone, signals others to do the same.

--But Jamee is too panicked: Where's Kristen?? She looks to the elevators and stairwell: Make a run for it? She sees--

--Paul press the elevator button with his shotgun muzzle.

--Shawn sneaks his satchel behind a potted plant before grabbing Jamee, and forcing her to the floor--

SHAWN
(whispers)
Where's Kristen?

Shawn follows Jamee's terrified gaze, watching--

Kiko blocks the now-open elevator with a garbage can, and rushes up the stairwell with Paul, shotgun and pistol at the ready.

--Duane carefully puts down his duffel bag, and pulls his gun out to SHOOT out the first of many security cameras.

--Ronnie takes a chain off his shoulder, and uses it to chain the front doors shut, padlocking them inside.

--Tolliver sees nearby, under a teller window--

A silent alarm button on the floor. Just out of reach.

--Jamee reveals her spiritual side, pulling a silver cross pendant out from under her blouse to squeeze as she prays.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Two Bank Employees approach the stairwell, leaving for the day, only to run into Paul and Kiko--

KIKO
(spooky-calm)
Don't move. Listen. Do everything I say. Nod if you understand.

Both nod slowly, dull-witted by the shock. Paul runs down the hallway to point his shotgun at a THIRD EMPLOYEE--

PAUL
(TOP OF HIS LUNGS)
YOU! GET OVER THERE NOW!

The Third Employee runs to Kiko with her hands in the air.

IN THE BANK LOBBY

Frankie checks his watch, his gun still on Liam.

FRANKIE
Vault's gonna start closing.

DUANE
I'm on it.

Duane SHOOTS out another camera as he heads to the--

VAULT HALLWAY

As the clock hits 5:00--

The open main vault door--three-feet-thick steel--gives off a WARNING BUZZER as it lurches slowly closed.

Next to the vault, the LED screen above the keycard slot reads, "WARNING: DOOR CLOSING".

Duane approaches carrying a keycard with attached wiring that dangles from the card to a motherboard. This is the DOOR HACK DEVICE. Duane slides it into the keycard slot.

And moments later, the giant metal pins inside the vault door frame that lock the door jut out with the door still open.

The LED screen reads "ERROR". The buzzer stops. This vault door is now impossible to close.

IN THE BANK LOBBY

Tolliver slides ever so carefully closer to the alarm button.

He reaches for it--

Just as Frankie approaches, sees Tolliver and the button. Tolliver freezes in fear. But Frankie shrugs and, to Tolliver's surprise, presses the silent alarm for him.

FRANKIE
Hostages are part of the plan.

IN THE SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

A hallway security camera EXPLODES from Paul's shotgun BLAST.

Paul peeks into an empty office. He shuts off the light.

Back by the stairs, Kiko now has six Bank Employees, actually leading them through MEDITATIVE BREATHING: In through the nose... and out through the mouth...

INT. STORAGE CLOSET - SAME

Kristen rushes inside, and hides in the corner, stacking boxes of coffee up to hide herself better. What floor is this? We can't tell. Will Paul and Kiko find her?

IN THE BANK LOBBY

Duane pulls duct tape out of his duffel as Ronnie joins him.

They help each other tape hostages' hands behind their backs--

Will struggles not to be tied up--

WILL
What are you doing? I don't have anything!

Duane puts a gun to Will's head.

DUANE
You're a hostage. Or a dead man.

WILL
What? I can't stay here!

DUANE
(cocks the gun)
Am I listening to a dead man?

Duane and Ronnie share a CHUCKLE.

IN THE VAULT FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Ronnie escorts the hostages inside: Tolliver, Shawn, Liam, Will, and two Tellers. Duane follows, now carrying his duffel bag with great care. Frankie enters last.

LIAM
(whispers)
Kristen?

JAMEE
(whispers)
Say nothing!

FRANKIE (O.S.)
You two!

Jamee and Liam look to see that Frankie is talking to them. Did he hear them??

FRANKIE
(pointing at his side)
Over here.
(as they obey)
Tie the rest up.

Ronnie and Duane sit the other hostages down, and begin duct taping their hands behind their backs, and to one another in a row on the floor.

WILL
What the hell you want with us? The police aren't even here yet! Take the money and go!

RONNIE
Hey, we told you once.

Satisfied with the progress, Frankie exits to the--

BANK LOBBY

In the distance, the sound of POLICE SIRENS grows. Frankie reaches over to light switches on the nearby wall, and flips them all off, one by one.

In phases, the bank Lobby goes darker, until...

The only light that remains creeps in from the front doors, and from the vault hallway. Deadly calm.

EXT. BANK - DAY

COP CARS swarm the street in front of the bank. Barricades rim a hundred foot semi-circle perimeter.

Police Commander MARCUS OWENS, 40's, exits an unmarked cruiser. He walks through the chaotic scene to the barricade, coolly absorbing the details of the neighborhood.

Several uniformed POLICE OFFICERS look to him, but he only raises binoculars to study the bank exterior.

GABBY (O.S.)
Commander Owens...

Detective GABBY VARGAS, early 30's, approaches with a POLICE PHONE KIT. A bounce in her step, green, untested.

GABBY
Detective Vargas, sir. Let me know when I can bring you up to speed.

Marcus never lowers his binoculars.

MARCUS
How about we let the site Commanding Officer do that, detective.

GABBY
That would be me, sir. We've got barricades up on a three-sixty perimeter. Adjoining buildings evacuated. HRT in place and SWAT en route, ETA five minutes.
(holds out the phone)
Dedicated line to the bank lobby. Sir.

Marcus lowers his binoculars: Maybe this kid's not so green.

MARCUS
Okay, detective. Let's catch these guys.

GABBY
Beg your pardon, sir, but they're already caught.
(a grin)
The trick is getting them into custody. Safely.

Marcus smiles.

MARCUS
Eye witnesses?

GABBY
None yet, but we're canvasing.

MARCUS
How about my favorite kinda witness? The electronic kind.

Gabby scans the area, her eyes land on--

The Jewelry Store across the street, with a security camera pointed back toward the bank entrance.

Gabby nods back to Marcus--

GABBY
I'm on it.

She hands Marcus the police phone kit, then hurries off toward the store.

Marcus turns his attention back to the bank.

Squints into the sun dipping behind the urban skyline.

INT. VAULT FOYER - SAME

Duane pulls smaller bags out from the duffel bag, and tosses one to Ronnie.

WILL
Please, you gotta let me go.

Ronnie shoves the bag over Will's head.

RONNIE
Why? You scared of the dark?

SHAWN
You're the ones who should be scared.

Ronnie freezes as Shawn stares daggers, until Duane covers Shawn's head with a bag.

TOLLIVER
Tell me, Bardwell, did it occur to you that we gave you a gun for a reason?!

JAMEE
He was following protocol. Give him a break.

TOLLIVER
(to Jamee)
Protocol, my ass.
(to Liam)
The only thing you were following was the yellow streak running down your back.

LIAM
Maybe I'd have been quicker to risk my life if the bank had helped me try to save it.

TOLLIVER
Beautiful. So this is your--

But Tolliver's words are cut off as Ronnie shoves a hood over his head.

FRANKIE
(returning)
Everybody just shut the hell up!

RONNIE
And you, sweetheart--
(RE: Jamee)
You got a date in the back.

Jamee GASPS as Ronnie pushes her toward Duane--

Liam instantly leaps to her defense, knocking Duane back against the wall, stepping in front of Jamee protectively--

As Frankie's pistol THUNKS down on the back of Liam's head--

Liam crumples to the floor, stunned. Opens his eyes to find Frankie's pistol pressed under his chin.

FRANKIE
If you can't be helpful, you can be an example.

Frankie PULLS BACK THE HAMMER, about to fire, when a distant lobby phone RINGS. It gives Frankie pause.

FRANKIE
Lucky for you, I need a volunteer.
On your feet!

Frankie grabs a punch-drunk Liam and hustles him into the bank lobby at gunpoint.

RONNIE
(To Jamee)
And you CAN open the safe-deposit box vault, right, sweetheart?

Jamee nods soberly, as Duane pulls her across the foyer to the safe-deposit box cage door.

Duane shoves Jamee in front of the security terminal.

DUANE
Do it.

Jamee takes the KEYCARD on her belt, and swipes it into the security terminal.

With a THUNK the steel cage door nudges open, and Duane pushes Jamee through, into the--

SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX VAULT HALLWAY

Jamee turns back to see Duane carefully carrying his duffel back into the vault--

DUANE
(to Jamee)
Keep moving. You don't want to make me drop this, darling.

Jamee looks at the duffle Duane carries so gingerly. Her eyes brighten at the realization of what it contains.

She moves deeper into the--

SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX VAULT

Duane follows her in, and sets the duffel bag down gently.

DUANE
(pointing to the corner)
Sit.

AT THE BANK LOBBY ENTRANCE

Frankie drags Liam to a desk and grabs the ringing telephone, then holds it out to Liam.

LIAM
(into phone)
Yes?

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Behind a barricade, Marcus talks into his police phone.

MARCUS
(into phone)
This is Commander Owens of the Metro Police. Who am I talking to?

Silence. Marcus raises his binoculars to the chain-locked entrance--

To see Liam roughly pushed up against the glass entrance by Frankie, a gun to Liam's head.

MARCUS
(into phone)
Easy. All I wanna know is who I'm speaking to.

INTERCUT MARCUS / LIAM

At the glass door entrance, Liam looks up to Frankie, unsure how to respond.

Frankie nods: You can tell him.

LIAM
This is, uh,... Liam Bardwell. I'm a guard here at the bank.

MARCUS
Nice to meet you, Liam. Take it you're helping out some fellas in there?

LIAM
Yessir. Guess you could say that.

Frankie shoves a typewritten page into Liam's hand. Liam looks to Frankie: I should read this? Frankie nods.

Shakily, Liam reads the page.

LIAM
We have hostages. People are gonna get hungry. We need forty pizzas--
(to Frankie)
Forty?

Frankie SLAPS the back of Liam's head and points back to the page: Read, don't question.

Marcus watches through his binoculars as the frightened Liam turns his attention back to reading.

LIAM
Cooperate, and no one gets hurt.

INT. SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX VAULT - SAME

Duane searches carefully through his duffel bag, until finding a pair of handcuffs.

He goes to Jamee, slaps one handcuff onto a railing, then the other to Jamee's wrist.

JAMEE
Why are you doing this? Just take me back to the others.

DUANE
And miss the pleasure of your company?

Duane turns back to his duffel, but spots--

Another security camera in the far corner.

DUANE
God dammit...

He lifts his pistol to the camera: BOOM!

AT THE BANK LOBBY ENTRANCE

Liam almost drops the phone, jumping at the sound of Duane's gunshot. Frankie scowls--

FRANKIE
God fucking dammit.

MARCUS (O.S.)
Whoa! Why am I hearing gunfire, gentlemen?

Liam looks at Frankie: What do I say? Keeping the gun trained on Liam, Frankie steps out of earshot.

PAUL (O.S.)
(from radio)
What the fuck is up with the shooting?

FRANKIE
(icily, into radio)
Good question, Paul. Duane, are you TRYING to bring the cops in here??

DUANE (O.S.)
(from radio)
There's a camera in the vault! What am I supposed to do, let it film me while I work?

FRANKIE
(into radio)
Fire that gun again, it better be at your own head to save me the trouble.

Frankie returns to Liam and whispers in his ear.

LIAM
(into phone)
He says it's a security camera being shot. The hostages are fine.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Marcus looks down a line of cops all pointing their weapons at the front of the bank.

MARCUS
(into phone)
They better be. Because you can tell everyone I have a very simple working arrangement, understand? You keep the hostages safe, and I keep my cops out of the bank.

LIAM (O.S.)
(from phone)
They're safe. He says so long as you stay away from this door, nobody's getting hurt.

INT. SECOND FLOOR BREAK ROOM

Paul flips on the lights--

QUICK CUT TO: INSIDE THE STORAGE CLOSET, where Kristen sees the break room light pour in. She huddles, terrified behind her wall of coffee boxes.

Paul scans the room: Table and chairs over by a glass partition, with a now-illuminated hallway on the other side.

Kitchenette and Vending machines bookend the partition.

Finally, Paul notes the storage closet door, slightly open, a wall phone base hung beside it.

He moves toward it...

The door CREAKS as he opens it further to let in the light--

HE SEES: The coffee boxes stack to hide Kristen in a space far too small for a Bank Employee to hide. Is Paul fooled?

QUICK CUT TO: A terrified Kristen as she hears--

PAUL (O.S.)
What have we here?

Fortunately Paul walks away from the closet to grab a cookie off a plate on the table, then turns back to the exit.

PAUL
(into radio)
Second floor clear, Captain. One more to go.

Kristen peeks above the coffee boxes--

When Paul suddenly glances back in her direction.

He stares... Did he just hear something?

FRANKIE (O.S.)
(over radio)
Got it. Get up there, I want this place locked down.

Paul hesitates, then turns out the lights, heading to the--

HALLWAY BY THE STAIRWELL

Kiko watches Paul approach, his gun still trained on the Employees, now seven in total--

PAUL
Everybody, up to the next floor!

The Employees look obediently to Kiko.

KIKO
Simon says.

With a wave of Kiko's gun, the Employees obey, climbing the stairwell to the top floor.

IN THE VAULT FOYER - SAME

The hostages whimper in fear, as Will's growing hysteria infects them. He thrashes on the floor, struggling upright against his bindings--

WILL
Get this bag off of me!

Ronnie anxiously kicks Will back down onto the floor.

RONNIE
Shut up already!

WILL
I can't take this!

RONNIE
And I said shut up!

IN THE SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX VAULT

Duane peruses the safe-deposit boxes, holding the crowbar in one hand, while looking at the palm of his other hand--

WRITTEN ON HIS PALM: the number 418.

He finds box 418, and pops it open with the crowbar.

He pulls out the box, and opens the lid--

Inside, he finds a large COIN COLLECTION. Some are in rolls, others scattered in small plastic bags, he ignores these.

Instead, Duane reaches deep into the back, and retrieves a LEATHERBOUND FOLIO--

Duane opens the folio to reveal TEN SILVER COINS, beautifully displayed in their individual sleeves.

DUANE
(into radio)
Jackpot!

He slides the folio of coins into the duffel bag.

DUANE
(into radio)
Proceeding to exit strategy.

Jamee pull at her handcuffs.

JAMEE
You hooded the others, why not me?

Duane ignores her, searching through the duffel again. He extracts two pair of industrial earmuffs.

DUANE
And cover up that pretty face?
(tosses earmuffs to her)
You'll need these.

He stands, then hefts the crowbar.

DUANE
You know, you're pretty... for a banker chick.

Jamee looks down, paralyzed by the uncertainty of Duane's comment. His masked face, unreadable.

DUANE
What, you think I'm an animal?
(no response)
I said, you think I'm an animal?

JAMEE
No.

DUANE
Jesus, lady. It was just a compliment.

Duane dons the earmuffs, picking up the huge drill.

He moves into position in the middle of the room, drops the drill into position on the marble floor.

He switches the drill on, then lowers it into the marble with a DEAFENING WHINE.

Jamee recoils from the noise and quickly pulls on her earmuffs.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

In a dimly-lit jewelry store, a UNIFORMED COP placates the anxious STORE OWNER at the entrance. Through the store's front windows the frenetic police activity continues outside.

From a desk behind the counter, Gabby looks up anxiously to see the arrival of a SWAT van, then turns back to the glowing computer in front of her.

She scrolls through various camera POV's until she finds the store surveillance showing the exterior street, and the front of the bank.

GABBY
(to herself)
Now we're cooking...

Gabby grabs her radio on the desk next to her.

GABBY
(toggling radio)
Commander, I've brought up the footage.

MARCUS(O.S.)
(over radio)
What do you see?

Gabby fast-forwards the tape, eyes glued on the screen. Cars and customers enter and exit in a blur.

GABBY
Scanning it now.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN: the grey van pulling into a parking space outside of the bank.

GABBY
(into radio)
Got us a beautiful angle of the perp's van pulling up.

MARCUS(O.S.)
(over radio)
Now get me a count of everyone inside, hostages and bad guys.

INT. VAULT FOYER - SAME

Ronnie feverishly paces the vault foyer. He lifts up his mask and looks to the hostages with a scowl.

Will twitches in his escalating tweak-out.

WILL
(whispering)
C'mon, man, you all just gonna sit there and wait to die!? Screw that!

SHAWN
(whispering)
Get a grip. You're only making things worse.

WILL
(louder now)
I'll show you worse, man, if I don't get outta here soon--

Ronnie suddenly rushes over and pistol-whips Will hard through his hood. Will recoils, whimpering--

RONNIE
And I got more of that for any of you that want to keep talking!

TOLLIVER
So maybe you should try listening! I know police protocol in a situation like this. I'm trained. I can help you!

RONNIE
The only thing you want to help is your sorry ass.

TOLLIVER
You need to release hostages to reassure the police that you're cooperating.

RONNIE
Quiet!

TOLLIVER
I can act as your spokesman. I can use my position to make sure that cooler heads--

But Tolliver's words are cut off in a GASP as Ronnie kicks him in the gut. Tolliver wretches in pain.

RONNIE
Job's filled.

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

Police unload searchlights off a truck. Marcus paces behind the barricades.

MARCUS
Double-time on those lights!

He looks up to see the FULL MOON as it crests the horizon.

INT. VAULT FOYER - SAME

Will writhes, his MOANS OF PAIN growing louder. Doubled over, twitching. He rocks the row of hostages, bound together.

RONNIE
Dude, I swear to God if you don't shut up!

When suddenly an OTHERWORLDLY MOAN shocks Ronnie: He steps back in surprise.

RONNIE
(into radio)
Captain, I got me a hostage freaking out in here!

AT THE BANK LOBBY ENTRANCE

Frankie doesn't have time for this--

FRANKIE
(into radio)
And this is something a swift kick can't solve?!

But as Frankie listens, the commotion in the vault only grows. Low moans morph into a GUTTURAL GROWL--

Suddenly SCREAMS echo out from inside the vault--

FRANKIE
(losing patience)
Now what?

IN THE VAULT FOYER

CLOSE ON Ronnie's eyes, frozen in horror. He raises his gun to the MONSTROUS SOUNDS--

AT THE BANK LOBBY ENTRANCE

Frankie turns toward the vault, barking into his radio--

FRANKIE
(into radio)
Ronnie! If you can't--

Gunfire erupts from inside the vault: BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Marcus spins at the sound of the rapid gunfire. The phalanx of cops at the barricades raise their guns in unison.

MARCUS
Jesus.

He turns back to a HELMETED HRT OFFICER--

MARCUS
HRT is a go! Move!

Instantly, six members of the HRT SQUAD cross the barricade line, running toward the front entrance.

INT. VAULT FOYER - SAME

CLOSE ON Ronnie as he staggers back against the wall, his ammo spent. He stares in terror at something we cannot see.

AT THE BANK LOBBY ENTRANCE

Frankie yanks Liam away from the entrance and pushes him towards the--

VAULT FOYER

Duane's DRILLING emanates from the safe-deposit box vault. Liam enters first, and freezes. Frankie follows him in--

FRANKIE
What part of "no more gunfire"
don't you--

Now Frankie freezes as well. A flickering light from a half-shot-out florescent above illuminates hell.

In the center of the foyer, only five hostages remain, writhing helplessly in a growing pool of blood.

TOLLIVER
Somebody, please, what's happening!

FRANKIE
Christ almighty.

Still frozen, Frankie watches the blood run over the floor.

PAUL (O.S)
(from radio)
Gunfire? Again???

FRANKIE
(into radio)
Stand by.

Frankie turns to Liam--

And sees Ronnie slouched over against the wall.

Frankie steps toward Ronnie and crouches.

FRANKIE
What the hell happened!!?

Frankie pulls at Ronnie's shoulder, and Ronnie's head droops forward unnaturally, his throat ripped out.

Frankie recoils, bolting back upright.

Liam drops the phone in shock.

TOLLIVER
I demand a response!

The blood pool makes SMACKING sounds with the remaining hostages' writhing.

Frankie collects himself. Notes the DRILLING: Looks through the cage door to the safe-deposit box vault.

WHAT HE SEES: Duane drills in the vault, unaware that Ronnie is dead--

AND FURTHERMORE: If Duane were to stop drilling, he'd have a line of sight to Ronnie's body.

Frankie acts fast, he drags Ronnie's body out of Duane's line of sight, rests him in the darkest corner.

He takes the gun from Ronnie's dead hand, examines it--

No more bullets.

FRANKIE
(pocketing the gun)
How do you miss eight times, numbskull??

Meanwhile, the phone at Liam's feet RINGS. Liam is too stunned to recognize it.

TOLLIVER
I can hear you're in here!

Frankie gets in Tolliver's covered face. The proximity of his voice takes Tolliver aback--

FRANKIE
Next hostage that speaks--
(stands, addressing everyone)
--is the next to die.

That shuts Tolliver up good. Now there's just the RINGING, and the DRILLING. Meanwhile Frankie isolates the source of the blood soaking the hostages--

IT'S WILL. HIS THROAT, GONE.

Frankie mentally counts the hostages. He spots shredded duct tape, then bloody footprints leading out the vault entrance.

And who seems to be missing? Shawn.

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

PATROL CARS continue to fill the street. More barricades. More police-tape unspooled.

Marcus hangs up his police-phone and steps out from the perimeter barricade. A row of uniformed cops wait behind the barricade, watching the bank entrance.

Searchlights, now up and pointed at the front door, POWER UP, and come on--

Flooding the lobby with new light.

MARCUS
Get charges on the entrance.
(into radio)
TAC-One: What's my ETA on SWAT?

The radio CRACKLES back.

SWAT SERGEANT (O.S.)
(from radio)
TAC-One: En route. ETA in five minutes.

Marcus redials the phone--

INT. VAULT FOYER - SAME

The phone on the ground, now doused in blood, RINGS again. Again, he seems oblivious. Quivering in horror.

Frankie sees the new brightness of the outside police lights.

FRANKIE
Come on.

Only gonna tell Liam once: Frankie SLAPS LIAM BACK TO REALITY, grabs him again by his collar--

FRANKIE
I said come on!

Frankie drags Liam back out to the--

BANK LOBBY

As Liam and Frankie enter, they see the bright light coming from the front door--

Silhouettes of the HOSTAGE RESCUE TEAM, holding shields, place explosives on the front door's hinges.

FRANKIE
Answer that damned phone, and get those cops away from the door!

LIAM
(answering phone)
Hello! He says get the cops away from the door.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Marcus talks into the police-phone.

MARCUS
What happened to "no more gunfire"?

INTERCUT LIAM / MARCUS

Liam looks to Frankie, unsure what to say--

FRANKIE
You fucking solve it!

LIAM
Uh...there were more cameras! Now get the cops away from the door,
(a beat)
Or they say the next shot you hear will be a hostage.

Marcus considers.

MARCUS
(into radio)
HRT, fall back!

Liam watches the HRT silhouettes fade back into the glow of the searchlights.

Marcus scans the building. His gaze lands on the rooftop.

MARCUS
(into police-phone)
Alright, you got your wish, but I better not hear any more gunfire.
(into radio)
They can’t monitor the roof. Let’s make that our entry point.

Liam hangs up. And looks to the entrance, expectantly.

Frankie notes the DRILLING SOUND--

QUICK SHOT: Duane drills away, still oblivious.

Satisfied, Frankie gets on the radio--

FRANKIE
(into radio)
Paul, we got a problem.

IN THE TOP FLOOR HALLWAY

Paul listens to his radio while following Bank Employees (now eight of them), with Kiko leading them up ahead.

FRANKIE (O.S.)
(from radio)
Ronnie’s dead.

PAUL
(into radio)
Jesus, does Duane know??

INTERCUT FRANKIE / PAUL

FRANKIE
(into radio)
No, dammit, and he can't know until he's done. Let him focus, and meanwhile be on the lookout for the killer, somewhere in the bank. I'll be coming up to join you in a bit.

Paul steels himself for attack, looking behind him.

IN THE BANK LOBBY

Frankie looks to the entrance--

To see the cops back away. Crisis averted, for now.

He looks back to a haunted Liam.

LIAM
No one was supposed to die.

REVEALED: LIAM IS THE INSIDE MAN.

FRANKIE
(shrugs)
God laughs at plans. Here.

Frankie hands Liam back his gun. Before Liam can ask why--

FRANKIE
When Duane finds out his brother is dead, he's not leaving without an eye for an eye. So come on, it's rabbit season.

LIAM
(hoping to avoid shooting)
How do we shoot without bringing in the cops?

Frankie stews. Liam has a point.

IN THE TOP FLOOR BREAK ROOM

Similar to the second floor break room, except it gets light from a large transparent skylight.

Kiko leads the Employees inside--

KIKO
Everyone sit along the wall, facing it with your hands held behind you.

Unlike Kiko, Paul gets more and more nervous, staying by the doorway, peaking down the hall, ready for... well, who knows?

INT. JEWELRY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Gabby watches the tape on fast-forward, pauses on Blue-Blazer leaving the bank as he bends down to tie his shoe.

Gabby crosses “Blue Blazer” off her list of hostages.

MARCUS (O.S.)
Time’s up. How many inside?

Gabby turns to see a frustrated Marcus approach.

GABBY
I think this guy is last.

She hits play--

And starts the tape to show the grey van pulling up.

Marcus watches the tape with great interest.

GABBY
There you go. That puts my count at fifteen employees and three customers. One’s a little girl.
(noticing the screen)
Oh, and as you can see, five bank robbers.

MARCUS
Wait, rewind.

Gabby hits rewind, and replays the scene.

MARCUS
Interesting. The driver entered first, carrying the chains to lock the doors.

GABBY
They planned on sticking around from the start. That's not good.

MARCUS
That's suicide.

GABBY
Look how that one carries his utility bag. Two handed. Walking gingerly.

ON THE SCREEN: Duane carefully puts the bag down in order to don gloves from his back pocket.

MARCUS
Pause it!

Gabby pauses the tape. Marcus looks at--

DUANE, FROZEN IN TIME AS A GLOVE SLIDES ON.

MARCUS
He's missing a finger.

GABBY
Oh god... He's a bomb maker, isn't he? He's got explosives in the bag.

MARCUS
We need a name. Run a search: You have his occupation. His height. His association with bank robbers. His missing digit. Is that enough?

GABBY
(nodding)
We'll find him.

Marcus's pleased expression sours as his police phone RINGS.

MARCUS
(answers, frustrated)
Who's calling me on this line?

OFFICER
Sir, I have a scared little girl on the line, FROM INSIDE THE BANK.

Marcus's eyes go wide--

INT. SECOND FLOOR BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The wall-hung phone base hung by the open storage closet door is now empty. Kristen's voice WHISPERS from the darkness within the closet--

KRISTEN (O.S.)
Hello?

MARCUS (O.S.)
Hello, my name is Marcus, and I can help. What's your name?

Moving into the--

STORAGE CLOSET

We find little Kristen behind the coffee boxes, on the phone.

KRISTEN
Kristen.

INTERCUT KRISTEN / MARCUS

MARCUS
Where are you, Kristen?

KRISTEN
I'm in a closet... on the second floor.

MARCUS
Is that where they're hiding the hostages?

KRISTEN
I'm alone. No one knows I'm here. Is my mom okay?

MARCUS
You just worry about you. We're going to get your mom out of there soon, okay? For now, you stay hidden, and quiet. Hang up the phone. We know where you are now, so we'll come to you.

KRISTEN
Okay.

Kristen hangs up the phone. Muffles tears, trying her best to stay quiet.

Good thing, too: Outside the open door, a shadow moves across the floor. Moving towards the supply closet. FOOTSTEPS ECHO.

Kristen hears them, and holds her breath in terror.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Two large vans pull up: The SWAT TEAM HAS ARRIVED.

The first man out: The SWAT LEADER, 30s and formidable in his helmet and body armor. Marcus is there to greet him--

MARCUS
We've got gunfire. Entrance is chained up. And they're watching the front door. How long will it take for a rooftop incursion.

The SWAT Leader nods, turns to his team.

SWAT LEADER
Double-time! Get me some eyes on the roof!

INT. BANK LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Frankie grabs a water bottle from a trash can, and slices the bottom off with his Bowie knife.

Liam watches with worry.

PAUL (O.S.)
(over radio)
Where's my cavalry already??

FRANKIE
(into radio)
Almost there, hold your horses!

With the bottle, duct tape and some paper towels, Frankie fashions a crude suppressor onto the end of Liam's gun.

He holds up his ingenuity with pride.

FRANKIE
(handing it to Liam)
Problem solved.

Frankie picks up his already-suppressed gun and beelines for the elevator--

FRANKIE
Anything you can tell me about our missing hostage?

LIAM
His name is Shawn.

FRANKIE
What is he? Special forces?

LIAM
He's a pampered dandy. No way he did this.

Frankie pulls the garbage can blocking the doors away, and enters the elevator.

FRANKIE
So maybe we have two people to kill upstairs.

Liam gulps nervously as he joins Frankie in the elevator, worried more than ever for Kristen's safety.

Frankie misreads his anxiety as the doors start to close--

FRANKIE
Please tell me you can shoot straighter than my getaway driver.

IN THE TOP FLOOR BREAK ROOM

All the Employees now sit facing the glass partition with hoods on their heads, and hands duct-taped behind them: EIGHT HOSTAGES, all repeating a word--

HOSTAGES IN UNISON
Ohmmm... Ohmmmm...

Kiko sits under the skylight, leading them in MEDITATION.

Meanwhile, Paul paces, waiting nervously for his cavalry, when a CRACKLING NOISE startles him.

He turns, shotgun at the ready.

The noise, coming from outside the break room.

PAUL
You hear that?
(no answer)
Hey!

KIKO
This room is my job. That hallway is your job. Ohmmmm.

Paul takes the muzzle of his shotgun like a club, pretending Kiko's head is a golf ball. He pulls back and swings--

But stops just short. Kiko doesn't flinch. His eyes, closed. "OHMMS" continue throughout the scene.

Again, the CRACKLING NOISE turns Paul's attention.

PAUL
Is that you guys?

No answer. Paul steps closer to the entrance door.

PAUL
I've got a shotgun, motherfucker!

Still no answer. Paul peaks outside the doorway into the--

TOP FLOOR HALLWAY

Mostly darkness. A WHIR now adds to the occasional CRACKLE, coming from an office across the hall.

Paul creeps out, double checking every direction as he moves to the office doorway.

Back to the wall, Paul takes a deep breath, steadies nerves.

3...

2...

1...

Go! Into the--

OFFICE

Paul finds a gentle breeze waft across his face as he scans the room.

A corner oscillating fan rotates, cooling the air. It hits a sheet of paper on the desk every sweep, causing the CRACKLE.

Paul breathes a sigh of relief as he crosses the room to turn off the fan.

PAUL
Get a fucking grip, Paulie.

Paul turns back to the exit--

A claw swings through the air--

Blood erupts from Paul's throat.

IN THE SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX VAULT

Three holes are drilled in the floor, ready for dynamite.

Duane DRILLS a fourth hole, his back now to Jamee, both still oblivious to the chaos on the floors above.

Jamee struggles with her handcuffs, but it is no use. The chain is stronger than she is.

Then, an epiphany: Jamee removes an earring.

Examines the hook end. Straightens the metal. And then bends the tip at 90 degrees.

She looks again at Duane, who remains oblivious, and slips the pick into her handcuffs, hungry for freedom.

IN THE TOP FLOOR HALLWAY

Frankie and Liam exit the elevator, suppressed pistols at the ready. "OHMM" sounds continue in the distance: The Hostages are still meditating in the break room.

FRANKIE
Paul! Kiko!

LIAM
(no answer)
Fuck.

FRANKIE
Don't fuck about, where are you?

LIAM
(no answer)
Guys, do you want to get shot?

FRANKIE
(to Liam)
Still two on one, let's go.

Frankie heads down the hallway, Liam follows reluctantly.

IN THE TOP FLOOR BREAK ROOM

The Hostages, still tied up, hooded and seated facing the glass partition, “OHMMM” together.

Frankie enters, only to turn away in rage--

FRANKIE
What! The! Fuck!?

CLOSE ON: Kiko’s meditating face, eyes closed.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Kiko’s decapitated head sitting in his lap, not having moved from his meditation spot.

Now Liam enters, and sees--

Paul, dead on the floor by Kiko’s body. But his blood has been used to write a message into the floor.

Liam GASPS at the message:

“BRING KRISTEN HERE”. A large X marks the spot.

FRANKIE
Who is this motherfucker! And WHO THE FUCK IS KRISTEN!?

IN THE SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX VAULT

The deafening WHINE of Duane’s drill continues.

With one eye on Duane, Jamee uses her earring to unlock the handcuff: The cuff springs open.

She glances to the vault door with intention, when Duane’s drill goes silent. She spins back--

DUANE
Like butter.

Duane fingers the clean edge of one of the four holes he’s drilled in the floor, pleased.

He lumbers back toward Jamee, who covers the opened handcuff with her free hand.

Duane drops the drill, kneeling at the duffel bag.

DUANE
Now for the grease.

Duane carefully pulls a foam wrapped EGG CARTON from the duffel bag. He unwraps the carton, revealing--

Four nestled ampules of syrup-like NITROGLYCERIN, each pre-wired with a blasting cap.

DUANE
Ooh, pretty babies. I wouldn't sneeze if I were you.

He picks up the carton and heads back to the drilled holes. With his back turned, Jamee sees her chance--

She bolts for the vault door. Duane spins, curses the explosives he's carrying, gingerly setting them down.

He then lunges as she slams the door shut in his face. His hands claw through the bars, clutching her blouse--

But a sharp jab to his eye releases her with a YOWL--

DUANE
Goddammit, you bitch!

She crabs backward into the foyer as Duane curses, and GASPS at the sight--

Of Ronnie's blood-drenched and mauled body.

JAMEE
Oh my God.

IN THE TOP FLOOR BREAK ROOM

Liam scans the eight hostages along the partition: None of them, Kristen.

LIAM
(whispered)
Clearly, Paul and Kiko didn't find Kristen on their sweep. And Shawn hasn't found her, so she's alone and afraid: Please, can you help me find her, make sure she's safe?

FRANKIE
It's not my problem some psycho wants this kid. The bastard's already offed three of our guys. I'm thinking it's time to focus on getting the hell out of here!

DUANE (O.S.)
(over radio)
Captain, you there? Where is everybody!?

IN THE SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX VAULT

Duane paces, his mask now off.

DUANE
(into radio)
The bank lady locked me in! Where were you guys? What happened to the hostages? What's with all the blood?

IN THE TOP FLOOR BREAK ROOM

Frankie closes his eyes, no doubt resolving to kill someone.

FRANKIE
(into radio)
I'll be right down. Hang tight.
(to Liam)
And you're worried about some kid.

Frankie grabs Paul's shotgun and strides for the elevator.

IN THE VAULT FOYER

Jamee gets her composure, moves to the hostages.

JAMEE
(hushed)
It's Jamee. I got away--

TOLLIVER
For Christ's sake, Morton, get over here and untie me!

Jamee steels herself and moves past the carnage to Tolliver's side. She pulls his hood off.

JAMEE
What in God's name happened?

At the safe-deposit box cage door, Duane's SHOUTS are heard. The door is recessed far enough into the wall, that he has no angle in seeing Jamee.

DUANE (O.S.)
(muffled)
Goddammit, Ronnie, bring that bitch back here! RONNIE!

TOLLIVER
C'mon, there's no time, untie me!

IN THE BANK LOBBY

Jamee emerges from the vault hallway. Crosses the dark bank lobby to the potted palm where Shawn secreted his satchel.

She pulls the satchel from its hiding place, puts the strap over her head in order to rummage inside as she walks.

SHE FINDS THE VELVET WRAPPED KNIFE. Carefully removes the velvet and places it back in the satchel.

Weird runes glimmer on the long, silver, fang-like blade.

Across the bank lobby the elevator CHIMES: Jamee looks up.

Above the elevator: the floor light glows, showing the elevator quickly descending to the first floor.

Jamee darts for the stairwell.

THE ELEVATOR DOORS crack open, dim light pouring into the bank lobby.

Jamee watches, hopeful, until Frankie steps out with his shotgun.

JAMEE
Dammit.

Jamee turns and heads up the stairwell, to the--

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Knife still in hand, Jamee emerges from the stairwell and heads to a--

CUBICLE ROOM

She moves down a row of cubicles, searching for her daughter.

JAMEE
(anxious whisper)
Hey, baby, it's mommy. Are you in here, honey?

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

Marcus paces behind the barricade.

MARCUS
(into radio)
Talk to me, detective. You got me a name?

GABBY (O.S.)
Our bomb-maker is Duane Mars.

Marcus turns surprised to see Gabby approach with a tablet. She shows him Duane's mug shot on the screen.

GABBY
Explosives pro with a healthy criminal record. Fits the description to a tee.

Marcus allows himself a half-smile.

MARCUS
Got who he's running with?

GABBY
(taps on tablet)
Crew out of Camden, run by a guy named Frankie Mitts.

Now Gabby shows Frankie Mitts's mug shot.

GABBY
I got Mitts' whole file, sir. What do you need?

And Marcus goes full-smile.

INT. SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX VAULT HALLWAY - SAME

Duane jams the crowbar into the safe-deposit door cage hinge and pulls back with every ounce of strength, before falling to the floor with a GROAN.

DUANE
Goddammit, Ronnie! I need your help, man!

Still no answer. He moves to the duffel bag, searching for another tool. Finds the shotgun shell Paul dropped in the van.

He tosses the shell carelessly into a corner of the vault.

DUANE
RONNIE, GODDAMMIT!

Duane moves to the safe-deposit cage door. The recessed door only gives him a narrow view of the foyer--

But he spots something in the pool of blood in the corner.

Is that... Ronnie's shoe?

DUANE
(into radio)
Captain, Ronnie's not answering. Is that lazy bastard up with you?

But it's more than a question. There's a sound of growing desperation in his voice.

IN THE BANK LOBBY

Frankie doesn't answer his radio. He gains his composure: Time to tell Duane the bad news.

He strides toward the vault when his cellphone RINGS. He pulls it from his pocket: Who the fuck is this now?

FRANKIE
(answering)
Yeah?

MARCUS (O.S.)
(over phone)
Hey, Frankie. How's it hanging? Commander Owens, Metro PD.

A beat, and that sound you hear is the last straw breaking inside Frankie's head.

FRANKIE
Of course it is.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Marcus walks with a bit more than a smile. He nods over to Gabby: Job well done.

MARCUS
I thought we'd dispense with the intermediaries if you don't mind. One boss to another.

INTERCUT MARCUS / FRANKIE

FRANKIE
And you can go fuck yourself.

MARCUS
What? And miss the opportunity to see you surrender? The party's over, Mitts. You're famous!

A beat as Marcus' words sink in. Frankie looks at the phone, then throws it across the room--

It SHATTERS into bits against the wall.

INT. VAULT FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Duane winces, looking through the safe-deposit box cage door into the vault foyer.

DUANE
(into radio)
Is that Ronnie? Is that Ronnie in the corner??

No answer. Duane retrieves the crowbar--

And tries to pry the cage door with all of his might.

IN THE SECOND FLOOR BREAK ROOM

Liam steps inside. Vending machines cast the only light feebly into the blackness.

LIAM
Hey, Kristen. It's Liam, honey.

No answer.

LIAM
It's okay, honey, it's safe now. You can come out.

Silence. Liam turns back to the doorway, when he hears a box HITTING THE FLOOR from the supply closet. He turns to see Kristen exiting the closet, running into his arms, sobbing.

He kneels, embracing her.

LIAM
Hey, hey, sweetie, it's alright, it's alright.

KRISTEN
I heard the shooting. I didn't know what to do!

LIAM
You did great, you hear me? Some bad men came to rob the bank, but I got you now. You're safe, okay?

KRISTEN
Where's mommy? I want to see mommy!

LIAM
Mommy's fine, honey. You just stick with me now, okay. I'm going to get you out of here.

SHAWN (O.S.)
Are you now?

Liam bolts upright, shoving Kristen behind him protectively.

SHAWN (O.S.)
Hello, Liam.

Liam trains his gun on the SILHOUETTE leisurely entering.

Shawn circles slowly through the darkness, keeping a distance from Liam and Kristen, making his way to--

THE SUPPLY CLOSET

Shawn peeks inside to see--

The fort of coffee boxes, one of them having fallen, spilling packs of coffee onto the floor.

IN THE SECOND FLOOR BREAK ROOM

Liam creeps to the doorway, with Kristen behind him, watching Shawn as he closes the supply closet door.

SHAWN
Coffee. Of course. It masks odor so well.

Shawn stops at the edge of the vending machine light, but even in the darkness its clear his features have changed into something coarser and more brutish.

And the darkness can't hides the YELLOW GLEAM in his eyes.

SHAWN
You cannot save her. Save yourself.

A beat. Liam never lowers his gun.

LIAM
I'm beyond saving.
(to Kristen)
Run, honey.

Kristen obeys, runs for the stairwell as Shawn lunges--

THWIP! THWIP! THWIP! Liam empties his silenced gun into Shawn's chest, throwing him backwards.

Shawn crashes into the glass partition, shattering it into a thousand pieces.

IN THE SECOND FLOOR CUBICLE ROOM

Jamee looks up at the sound of SHATTERING GLASS, and instantly heads towards the sound.

IN THE SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Kristen turns a corner, bolting for the stairs.

IN THE SECOND FLOOR BREAK ROOM

Shawn lies on the floor, writhing in pain as Liam cautiously approaches. He stares down at Shawn's face in disbelief, now revealed in the half-light.

CLOSE ON SHAWN: Coarse hair covers his face. His jaw and nose are distended into a half-human canine profile.

Shawn's GASPS OF PAIN reveal the blood-flecked teeth of a wolf, but are quickly subsiding--

Suddenly Shawn stares directly up into Liam's eyes.

Liam stumbles back, fumbling for more bullets in his duty belt.

Shawn rises up, fully recovered, then launches himself--

THWAP! His clawed hand grabs Liam's throat, pinning him to wall.

Shawn blankly stares into Liam's face.

His grip on Liam's throat tightens. He lifts him off the floor with ease.

SHAWN
Call the child.

IN THE SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Kristen turns another corner, and freezes--

Yes, she definitely hears FOOTSTEPS CLACKING, DRAWING CLOSER.

Kristen dashes into the darkness of the nearest office--

Just missing her mother's arrival: Jamee pauses to listen.

IN THE SECOND FLOOR BREAK ROOM

Liam's feet dangle two feet above the ground.

Shawn tightens his grip on Liam's throat. Liam's eyes bug--

His gun drops from his hand--

He grabs Shawn's wrist, attempts to hold up his own weight, his lungs now in a GASPING fight for every breath.

Shawn's monstrous face approximates a smile, enjoying Liam's pain. Shawn's neck, lacking strain. His strength, inhuman.

SHAWN
Call her, Liam.

LIAM
(gravelly, tortured)
Fuck you.

Shawn's gaze turns to Liam's hand. He delicately pinches one of Liam's pinkies, slowly pries it away from his wrist, then grabs it firmly--

And BENDS IT BACK, A CRUNCHING SNAP, LIKE A CELERY STALK.

Liam's face goes red from the pain, his body almost vibrates to conceal a scream. A LONG, FERAL GROWL emanates.

SHAWN
Louder, please.

Shawn grabs another finger. SNAP. Liam's second finger points unnaturally to the floor.

Liam's eyes tear as his GROWL GROWS LOUDER, AND LONGER...But then shifts into sudden LAUGHTER.

LIAM
(laughing)
You're... just giving her more time to escape...

Shawn, amused, joins the LAUGHTER.

LIAM
Joke's on you, dude. I only got six months to live. I'm already dead.
(laughter grows)
Start on my toes next.

Shawn becomes furious as Liam LAUGHS with crazy, haunted, death-wish eyes.

IN THE SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Jamee hears Liam's crazy LAUGHTER, and clutches her knife more firmly as she follows the sound.

IN THE SECOND FLOOR BREAK ROOM

Shawn pulls Liam close, and INHALES Liam's breath.

SHAWN
You ARE dying. I can smell the rot.

LIAM
Right back at ya.

SHAWN
On the bright side, it's not going to kill you.

Shawn grabs Liam's broken fingers, and TWISTS.

Liam can't hold back any more: HE SCREAMS.

Jamee rushes to the doorway and her jaw drops--

A monster in Shawn's clothing is holding Liam in the air, whilst twisting Liam's fingers maniacally.

Jamee charges bravely, both hands on the knife hilt--

She PLUNGES IT INTO SHAWN'S BACK--

And unlike bullets, this knife has bite: The wound HISSES and smokes as the knife sinks in--

Now it's Shawn who CRIES OUT IN OTHERWORLDLY PAIN--

Liam drops to the floor--

Shawn spins--

Sends Jamee flying across the room, still holding the knife--

Inhuman speed: Shawn blurs in flight out of the room--

IN THE TOP FLOOR BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Shawn rips off his shirt and dives into the moonlight pouring in from the skylight above--

As the beam strikes his back, the wound gives off a molten glow as it CRACKLES, slowly healing before our eyes.

The pain is tremendous: Shawn almost vibrates, trying to hold in the screams, and FAILING.

The helpless, hooded Hostages cringe and WHIMPER.

ON SHAWN'S FACE: Subtle changes, as his monstrous features turn even more animal-like. How monstrous could Shawn become?

IN THE VAULT FOYER - SAME

Frankie finally enters. Slowly. Somberly.

Duane jerks frenetically, trying in vain to budge the cage door off its hinges with the crowbar. He sees Frankie--

DUANE
Where the hell have you been?! Why didn't you answer?!

Frankie looks to the hostages.

Tolliver looks back at him with his hood off--

FRANKIE
Perfect. Now a witness can peg me in a line up. Just gets better and better.

Duane presses his face into the cage bars to see Ronnie.

DUANE
Why's my brother there??

FRANKIE
We still have a job to do.

That's all Duane needed to hear: His fears are true. His sadness curdles into rage. He BASHES the cage door with the crowbar.

FRANKIE
(to Tolliver)
I'll deal with you later.

Tolliver shakes in fear at the implied threat.

DUANE
Who did it?

FRANKIE
You need to focus.

DUANE
I AM FOCUSED!

FRANKIE
We don't have time for a "pound of flesh"! We have maybe an hour, tops, to finish that tunnel before they squeeze our connections, and find our plane.

DUANE
We need that bitch's keycard!

FRANKIE
Blow the cage along with the floor.
(pointing)
Hide in one of those privacy rooms.

DUANE
You mean the rooms I also can't enter without the bitch's keycard??

FRANKIE
(to Tolliver)
Where's YOUR keycard?

TOLLIVER
Hooked to my belt.
(indicates obsequiously)
Down here, I'd hand it to you, but--

Frankie reaches to Tolliver's side, yanks away his keycard.

TOLLIVER
I hope you remember my helpfulness!

Frankie ignores Tolliver's begging as he brings the keycard to the cage door, but then stops halfway.

FRANKIE
God dammit, Ronnie.

Frankie holds up the card for Duane to see.

Tolliver sees it too, and blanches.

REVEALED: The card has a bullet hole in the magnet strip.

Frankie tries the card, but it's useless.

FRANKIE
Of all the things Ronnie hits.

Tolliver marvels at the bullet's apparent trajectory, then looks to heaven.

TOLLIVER
(whispered)
Oh thank you, Lord.

Frankie strides back to Tolliver and throws his hood back on in frustration.

IN THE SECOND FLOOR BREAK ROOM - SAME

Jamee has an emergency kit open on the floor, wrapping Liam's broken fingers as best she can.

Liam winces, while studying the knife in his good hand.

LIAM
(wincing)
Kristen must be here somewhere.
(off Jamee)
Don't worry, we'll find her.

Jamee tries to suppress tears, though a few trails run down her face.

LIAM
And with this--
(RE: the knife)
We'll keep her safe.

JAMEE
How did you get away from the bank robbers?

LIAM
They, uh, abandoned me when Shawn attacked. We're the least of their worries now.

Shawn's name triggers a wave of guilt washing over Jamee.

LIAM
You okay?

JAMEE
We just have to find her.
(RE: the bandages)
Good?

LIAM
I'll live.

Liam grabs the satchel and, knife in hand, leads the way.

IN THE VAULT FOYER - SAME

Duane and Frankie try prying the cage door with their combined weight on the crow bar--

But the crowbar slips, sending Frankie onto his ass--

And Duane's face into the cage door. They both wince in pain.

DUANE
This is stupid! Just go upstairs and find that bitch!

FRANKIE
We'll get it open!

DUANE
You're wasting time! It's real simple: You want me to finish the tunnel, you get me the hell outta here.

Frankie picks up the shotgun, enraged. Strides out of the vault, heading upstairs.

IN THE SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Jamee and Liam pass the stairwell. Liam's pulled out Shawn's book, standing under the light of the glowing "EXIT" sign to read it. The pages are brittle, ancient. He's entranced.

LIAM
You search, I'll watch the stairwell.

Jamee nods, and heads down the hallway.

JAMEE
(whispers)
Kristen, baby?

But Liam proves a poor guard. Each page is more fascinating than the last...

He stops on a page with an illustration of the knife. He holds the actual knife next to it to confirm. Identical.

His finger scans the handwritten text below.

LIAM
Whoa.

DOWN THE HALL

Jamee goes from office door to office door--

JAMEE
(whispers)
Kristen?...
(to the next door)
Kristen?...
(next door)
Kristen? It's mommy.

BY THE STAIRWELL

Liam steps away from his post, hurrying into--

AN OFFICE

Liam turns on a light to get a better look at the book. His mouth, agape.

ON THE PAGES: Drawings of werewolves howling at a full moon.

Liam turns pages, faster and faster, totally lost in the book. Every page a bigger and bigger revelation.

LIAM
Hey! You gotta come check this out!

FRANKIE (O.S.)
Who in the hell are you talking to?

Liam looks up in shock to see--

Frankie, standing at the doorway with the shotgun. He looks ready to hand out death at the drop of a hat.

IN THE ADJACENT OFFICE

Jamee peaks out into the hallway, only to duck back in at the sight of Frankie, who didn't see her.

INTERCUT LIAM / JAMEE

Liam waves for Frankie to come closer to the book.

LIAM
Was talking to you. Heard you coming.

FRANKIE
Bullsh--

LIAM
(indicating the book)
Look! Here's how we kill Shawn.

Frankie joins Liam incredulously, with his back to the door.

LIAM
Here!

Liam flips through the pages--

Meanwhile, Jamee searches the office--

Sees a glass on the floor with golf balls in and around it.

Eureka! She scans the room again, and sees--

A golf putter, resting in the corner.

Liam shows Frankie page after page of woodcut images of werewolf anatomy, stages of transformation of man to beast.

FRANKIE
A werewolf? You putting me on?

LIAM
I saw Shawn! And this is his journal. You realize it's a full moon tonight? The myths... they're all true.
(points out the knife)
This knife? Pure silver, I bet.

FRANKIE
(skeptical, but greedy)
I'll be taking that then.

Frankie takes the knife, admiring its heft.

Jamee, meanwhile, creeps just outside the door, now holding the putter, ready to attack, but listening intently.

LIAM
We know how to kill a werewolf. He's upstairs, weakened. Now is the time to take him out.

FRANKIE
No time for that. We have to find Jamee. You're coming with me.

Frankie half-turns until Liam grabs his shirt sleeve to turn him back.

LIAM
Are you blind?? Look at this!

Liam holds up a book illustration: woodcut depiction of a wolf/human hybrid. The spitting image of Shawn, using the knife to cut out and consume the heart of a child.

LIAM
This is what happens to Kristen if we walk away.

Frankie looks at the illustration, sternly at first, like maybe there's hope he'd feel sympathy. But then he LAUGHS--

FRANKIE
Un-fucking-believable: In all my bank heists, I've NEVER had an inside man as unlucky as you, Liam.

Liam blanches--

Jamee's knees buckle from the revelation. She can't help but look into the room to look Liam in the eyes.

Liam sees Jamee in the doorway, he's mortified.

Jamee sees his face, and knows it's true.

Frankie sees Liam, and becomes alarmed: What's behind them--

Frankie turns to the doorway, shotgun pointed--

But Jamee is gone.

AT THE STAIRWELL

Jamee turns the corner. Falls back against a wall, shaken to the core by Liam's betrayal--

When a shadow looms up behind her--

SHAWN (O.S.)
Sweetheart...

Jamee spins back, a scream rising in her as Shawn's feral hand encircles her throat.

His other hand grabs her wrist, squeezes hard--

The putter drops from her hand and onto the floor.

Jamee's eyes go wide as Shawn's bestial face presses close.

SHAWN
What? Don't love me anymore?

IN THE SECOND FLOOR OFFICE

Frankie turns back to Liam--

FRANKIE
Enough with the dungeons and dragons. Help me find JAMEE--

Jamee's muffled SCREAM echoes from the hallway.

Off Liam's horror, cut to--

UNDER A DESK

Where Kristen hides somewhere on the second floor.

She blanches at the sound of her mother's SCREAM, followed by Shawn's demonic SHOUTING reverberating through the bank--

SHAWN (O.S.)
Kristen!

IN THE STAIRWELL

Shawn effortlessly drags Jamee up the stairwell.

SHAWN
Come to me, or your mother dies!!

IN THE SECOND FLOOR OFFICE

Liam looks to Frankie, desperate for his cooperation--

LIAM
Look, I know Kristen's not your problem, but--

FRANKIE
No, you're right. Let's deal with this Shawn.

Frankie turns to lead the way.

LIAM
Hold up.

FRANKIE
Time's wasting.

LIAM
You wanna maybe give me a weapon at least?

Frankie considers, and chucks the shotgun to Liam--

FRANKIE
Lot of good it did Paul.

Frankie turns again to lead the way, but stops as Liam pulls open a desk drawer, rifling inside.

FRANKIE
What now?

LIAM
You got anything silver that'll fit inside the barrel?

Frankie digs through his pockets, digs out a dime, and flips it to Liam.

FRANKIE
Knock yourself out.

LIAM
They stopped putting silver in these in the sixties.
(see Frankie's earring)
Your earring: It's silver, right?

Frankie reluctantly pulls off the earring, tosses it to Liam.

Liam drops it inside the barrel, and follows Frankie into battle.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Marcus and the SWAT Leader lean over architectural blueprints spread out police car hood.

SWAT LEADER
Eight man team. We blow the skylight, pour flash bangs down right on their heads. Be over before it starts.

Marcus doesn't look convinced.

MARCUS
For them or us.

Marcus looks up as the HRT TECH approaches with a phone.

HRT TECH
It's the little girl, sir.

MARCUS
(taking the phone)
Hey, Kristen.

INT. UNDER A DESK - CONTINUOUS

Kristen still hides, with the desk phone now pressed to her ear. Eyes filled with tears.

KRISTEN
(into phone)
The monster, it took my mommy.
Where were you?!

INTERCUT MARCUS / KRISTEN

Marcus takes a pause. A monster?

MARCUS
(into phone)
Listen to me, sweetie. They're just some bad men doing bad things. Okay? And we're coming.

KRISTEN
(into phone)
No, its real, I saw it. It took her! You said you would save her!

Kristen's tears turn defiant. She drops the phone, crawls from under the desk, and runs off toward the stairwell.

MARCUS (O.S.)
(over phone)
We're doing everything we can, Kristen... Kristen? You there, sweetie?

INT. TOP FLOOR BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shawn shuts the door behind him and drags Jamee beneath the skylight. He shoves her into a chair, then paces away, anxious, fevered.

Jamee notes the Hostages, bound and hooded, sitting helpless along the wall.

SHAWN
If I don't get her soon... they're all dead.

She cringes, unable to look into his face.

SHAWN
Every second... every heartbeat... shaves my control.

He looks back to the moon as a guttural GROWL tries to force itself from his throat.

Shawn tentatively reaches out to the moonlight with reverence.

JAMEE
You knew... you knew this would happen tonight.

SHAWN
Call her, Jamee... I can still make you rich... I know it's... monstrous... but isn't that what you wanted?

Jamee shakes her head in horror.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Marcus hands the phone back to the HRT Tech, unsettled by Kristen's disappearance.

SWAT LEADER
Monsters, Commander?

MARCUS
Kid's imagination.

But Marcus doesn't sound convinced. He looks to the HRT Tech.

MARCUS
Anything?

HRT TECH
No one's picking up, Commander.

A beat. And a decision--

MARCUS
(to the SWAT Leader)
Enough's enough. Get your men into position on the roof, Captain.

SWAT LEADER
You got it. We'll set up a link for you in the van--

MARCUS
Hell with that. I'm going in.

INT. TOP FLOOR BREAK ROOM - SAME

Shawn quivers like an addict. Looks again to the full moon demanding a sacrifice.

JAMEE
How can you even think something so monstrous about me??

SHAWN
The way you... ignored Liam's affections in pursuit of mine...

Jamee tears, the monster fully exposing her greed.

Suddenly, the door handle JIGGLES, about to open--

Shawn rushes to Jamee, pulls her out of the chair, uses her as a shield just as--

Liam and Frankie enter. Liam aims his shotgun at Shawn and Jamee hesitantly, fearing for Jamee's safety.

Frankie lowers his knife in shock at the sight of the transformed Shawn.

FRANKIE
Holy shit.

EXT. BANK ROOF - SAME

Marcus runs in a crouch alongside an eight man SWAT INCURSION TEAM across the roof toward the skylight.

The team deploys around the skylight, setting explosive charges.

Marcus gestures to the SWAT Leader standing nearby--

MARCUS
Can we get a visual up?

The SWAT Leader moves to the skylight, then uses a NIGHT SCOPE to peer down into the floor below--

POV THE NIGHT SCOPE: The outline of Shawn holding Jamee by the throat. Shawn faces away, his monstrous face obscured.

Behind Shawn: The eight other hostages cower.

The SWAT Leader returns to Marcus--

SWAT LEADER
Nine friendlies. One hostile, directly below.

INT. TOP FLOOR BREAK ROOM - SAME

Shawn tightens his grip on Jamee, his shield.

LIAM
We know your weakness, Shawn. Let her go.

Jamee flinches in pain as Shawn squeezes even harder.

Frankie spies Jamee's keycard, clipped to her blouse.

FRANKIE
Everyone just stay cool.

Shawn breathes harder now, almost gasping. Arches backward as the feral fever grows inside him.

SHAWN
Time’s up... If you want to live...

Shawn looks up at the moonlight streaming in--

SHAWN
... BRING ME HER HEART!

Shawn convulses while throttling Jamee tightly by the throat. Jamee MOANS under his grasp.

KRISTEN (O.S.)
Let her go!

All heads turn, and Shawn’s eyes go wide at the sight of Kristen running into the room. She rushes toward Shawn with a bravery born of terror--

JAMEE
Baby! No!

Liam darts forward, blocking Kristen’s path, shotgun still aimed at Shawn.

And Frankie grabs Kristen, wraps an arm around her protectively--

KRISTEN
Mommy!

Liam paces closer to Shawn, the shotgun aimed for his head--

LIAM
Your sacrifice: not happening, Shawn.

FRANKIE
Sorry. Really am.

Liam spins back and sees--

Frankie holding Kristen WITH THE KNIFE TO HER THROAT.

Liam retreats, stunned at Frankie's betrayal, swings the shotgun to Frankie, then quickly back to Shawn--

LIAM
What the hell, Frankie?!

FRANKIE
I need Mama Bear's keycard, Liam. I need that vault open.

Frankie pushes Kristen toward Liam with the knife pressed to her throat.

Simultaneously, Shawn creeps closer to Liam, using Jamee as a shield.

SHAWN
The mother for the girl...

FRANKIE
Just throw me the damn card.

He points to the card clipped to Jamee's blouse.

FRANKIE
And yes, you can have the girl.

Liam's shotgun never leaves Shawn--

LIAM
Don't even think it, fucker.

Shawn's eyes dart to Liam's shotgun, even as his feral hand reaches down to grab Jamee's Keycard.

When suddenly Jamee tightens her grip on the SILVER PENDANT around her neck. She yanks it off the chain--

AND STABS IT DOWN INTO SHAWN'S THIGH!

Shawn recoils in a HOWL of agony as Jamee lunges away--

Finally leaving Liam a clear target of Shawn's chest: He pulls the trigger--BOOM!

EXT. BANK ROOF - CONTINUOUS

On the roof, the SWAT team turns at the sound of the gunshot below.

SWAT LEADER
On my signal, Commander!

The SWAT Team members crouch by the skylight, rappelling ropes in hand, readying themselves for the detonation.

Then SWAT Leader holds up five fingers... four... three... two... one...

And the skylight EXPLODES in a shower of glass!

INT. TOP FLOOR BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

THE THUNDERING EXPLOSION shakes the room. Everyone falls to the floor, ducking for cover as glass and metal rain down.

The Hostages cringe, helpless as the skylight CRASHES into the floor behind them.

Then FLASH GRENADES drop into the Break Room--

Liam, Frankie, Jamee and Kristen's eyes fall upon the flash grenade that has rolled between them.

FRANKIE
Oh shhh--

KABOOM: A brilliant SERIES OF CONCUSSIONS BLOWS THEM off their feet. Smoke fills the room--

The SWAT Team rappels down through the blown-open skylight, night vision goggles on, guns at the ready--

SWAT LEADER
EVERYBODY DOWN!

Frankie no longer has Kristen as the SWAT Team surrounds him. He drops the knife, throws his hands in the air.

The SWAT Team kicks away the knife, which disappears into the smoke. They push Frankie onto his stomach.

The SWAT Team forces Jamee, Kristen and Liam down as well--

JAMEE
Kristen!

KRISTEN
Mommy!

LIAM
Let her go to her daughter!

The SWAT Team relents, let's Jamee up to be with her daughter again.

Liam sees the reunion through the smoke, and smiles, even as the SWAT Team kicks away his shotgun.

The SWAT Leader beelines for the hostages, removing their hoods one by one--

SWAT LEADER
It's over, people! We're here to get you home!

The Employees faces light up with tearful joy as they glimpse behind themselves as best they can to see their rescuers.

MEDIC (O.S.)
This one needs medical!

It's Shawn, shot and bleeding, a MEDIC tends to his wound--

Until Shawn LAUGHS. Sits up. Pushes the Medic away like he was made of feathers.

Shawn locks eyes through the smoke with Liam--

SHAWN
(taps his heart)
You missed.

Shawn looks up through the skylight--

The glow of the full moon pierces the haze.

CLOSE ON SHAWN'S CHEST: The shotgun wound heals itself with a molten glow. The earring, spit out by his chest.

Again, Shawn QUIVERS FROM METAMORPHOSIS. Embraces the moon.

SHAWN
... my curse...

For the first time Shawn HOWLS AT THE MOON.

EXT. BANK ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Marcus tries to see the source of the HOWL through the smoke.

Whatever howled is now a shape that CRACKLES... MOANS...

And grows.

INT. TOP FLOOR BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON SHAWN: No longer Shawn. His features transforming into those of a wolf.

Fur grows all over. Clothes TEAR. Newly exposed sinews bulge.

The SWAT Team points their weapons at the sounds, only for their rifle barrels to droop in disbelief. Their eyes lift higher to witness “Shawn” standing.

REVEAL: The transformation is complete, standing over seven feet tall. Rib cage expanded, covered with a mosaic of hard-shell plating. Eyes transformed from yellow to a demonic red: <u>THIS IS OUR WEREWOLF.</u>

The SWAT Team is frozen. What’s the protocol for monsters??

Frankie sees the creature, too. Sees no one tending HIM anymore. He crawls backward in the direction of the kicked knife.

Liam gets the same idea, crawling for the shotgun.

Jamie holds Kristen tightly--

JAMEE
Shoot it, you idiots!

SWAT LEADER
(to the creature)
Down on the floor! Now!

The Werewolf instead steps toward the SWAT Team, as if daring them. And that’s all it takes--

The SWAT Team FIRES.

The bullets IMPACT, sending the beast into a rage--

It lunges--

Pinning the SWAT Leader to the wall--

Massive jaws CLAMP down on the SWAT Leader’s shoulder--

The SWAT Leader SCREAMS--

The SWAT Team takes aim--

Only to have the SWAT Leader whipped toward his own team, taking them out like bowling pins--

EXT. BANK ROOF - SAME

Marcus circles around the open skylight to track the Werewolf. He aims, FIRES--

INT. TOP FLOOR BREAK ROOM - SAME

A flash through the haze, the beast lunges toward the SWAT Team, just as Marcus' bullet RIPS a hole in the wall where it just stood.

The room is a dark cacophony of SMOKE and GUNFIRE.

Muzzle FLASHES strobe through the blackness as the SWAT team fires at glimpses of the Werewolf.

BULLETS TEAR THROUGH THE BACKS OF HELPLESS HOSTAGES, SHATTERING THE GLASS PARTITION IN FRONT OF THEM.

The beast's SHADOWED FORM moves fluidly through the haze.

Picks off a SWAT Team member--

And another--

One-by-one in a gruesome choreography--

Beneath the haze, Liam crawls. Finds the shotgun as the SCREAMS and GUNFIRE of the SWAT Team diminish.

LIAM
(standing)
Jamee! Where are you?!

JAMEE (O.S.)
Liam!

Across the room, Jamee pulls Kristen towards Liam's voice, only to be stopped by--

Frankie, holding the knife, with a devilish look in his eyes.

Jamee pulls her keycard out and throws it into the haze--

No choice, Frankie crawls after it--

Up ahead in the haze, the keycard becomes clear. He grabs it off the floor, admires it in his hand. Finally, success--

Until the Werewolf suddenly towers over him.

Frankie SCREAMS--

The scream is quickly silenced as Frankie's head flies through the air, severed from his body.

QUICK CUT TO: Marcus stares helplessly as his team gets decimated by this impossible creature.

MARCUS
Fall back! Fall back!

Liam runs bravely towards Jamee's voice--

Finds her and Kristen safe. Only to be joined by the injured SWAT Leader--

SWAT LEADER
The exit! Move!

The SWAT Leader guides everyone out into the--

TOP FLOOR HALLWAY

Liam in turn pushes Jamee and Kristen--

LIAM
In the elevator!

JAMEE
What about you?

LIAM
I'll make it! Go!

Jamee hurries Kristen down the hallway.

Liam turns to see--

The Werewolf has its jaws around the SWAT Leader's throat. It whips its head so powerfully, it flings the human head and body apart.

Liam pumps his shotgun, and FIRES. Steps back to the elevator. FIRES. Pumps the shotgun, steps back, FIRES--

The Werewolf staggers back with every blast, only to come forward into the next blast. Slowed, but not stopped.

At the elevator, Jamee presses the button repeatedly.

Liam steps back, and FIRES. Steps back, and FIRES.

DING, the elevator arrives. The doors start to open--

Liam hears the ding, steps back, and CLICK. NO MORE SHELLS.

The Werewolf shakes off the last shot.

Liam turns and runs for the open elevator as--

Jamee and Kristen enter it.

Jamee presses the CLOSE button desperately.

The creature charges.

The doors start to close.

Liam dives into--

THE ELEVATOR

The doors close slowly enough that Liam makes it inside. Now all eyes watch the Werewolf--

The doors, moving closed as if in slow motion--

The creature charges in a blur--

The doors, only inches apart, EMBRACE A WEREWOLF CLAW--

The full force of the beast's weight hits the doors, SHAKING the compartment.

Blocked doors re-open.

Liam steps defensively in front of Jamee and Kristen, holds his useless shotgun like a bat.

Jamee pulls Kristen's face to her chest--

JAMEE
(whisper)
Mommy loves you so much.

The doors spread wide, filled with the back-lit silhouette of the beast.

Though more animal than man, the Werewolf manages a demonic, guttural, savoring-the-moment CHUCKLE.

QUICK CUT TO: Marcus (still on the roof) circles around the skylight for another shot. He aims and FIRES--

Striking the Werewolf in the back of the head, AGAIN and AGAIN. Marcus empties his gun--

As the doors again slowly close.

THE WEREWOLF

Turns to Marcus, sees him shooting from the roof. Its eyes fill with rage. It charges away from--

THE ELEVATOR

The doors close. The elevator descends.

EXT. BANK ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Marcus watches the beast barrel towards the break room below.

It builds speed, then makes a mighty leap--

It reaches for the lip of the skylight, but its monstrous paws cannot hang on.

Safe from the Werewolf's vengeance, Marcus collapses to his knees. He looks up--

His gaze finds the full moon. He stares at it as though he's missed seeing it his entire life.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME

Jamee falls back into a corner, cradling Kristen with relief.

Liam breathes a deep sigh of relief, only to COUGH VIOLENTLY--

Blood splatters on his hands.

Jamee has no room for sympathy, too hot with anger.

JAMEE
Why??

LIAM
(showing her his blood)
This! I need a lung transplant and Tolliver turned down my loan.

Jamee pauses, shaken by the news: Liam's dying? She softens.

JAMEE
I didn't know.

LIAM
(softening as well)
Do you realize that if I had ever found the courage to ask you out before you met Shawn, maybe none of this would have happened?

Jamee sees the remorse in Liam's face.

JAMEE
Do YOU realize if it wasn't for your robbery, Kristen and I would be dead?

LIAM
You're welcome.

A small moment for LAUGHTER. Very small. The elevator DINGS, and the doors open to the dark, cavernous first floor.

JAMEE
Do we stay here?

LIAM
We can't lock the elevator. We'll get Kristen to safety. Can you trust me again?

Jamee considers, then takes Liam's hand. He pulls her gently to follow.

LIAM
We get everyone into the money cage and wait for the sunrise.

Jamee starts to follow, but then pulls back--

JAMEE
Wait! My keycard's upstairs!

LIAM
We'll use Tolliver's.

Jamee sighs relief. Little do they know...

Liam hefts the shotgun like a cudgel, leading them to the--

VAULT FOYER

Liam enters first, beelines for Tolliver.

LIAM
Guess who's here to save you, Tolliver?

TOLLIVER
(still hooded)
Bardwell??

Jamee enters, putting her hand over Kristen's eyes to protect from Ronnie's and Will's bodies, but her gaze lands on--

The safe-deposit box vault door. It's been opened, Duane's drill having drilled through the lock mechanism.

JAMEE
Where's...?

Duane puts his gun to Jamee's temple--

DUANE
One question.

Liam turns, ready to swing, but Duane has the upper hand.

Kristen is unaware, her eyes still covered. A tense beat, as Liam and Jamee await Duane's question.

DUANE
Who killed my brother?

LIAM
Shawn.

DUANE
Where is he?

LIAM
Upstairs.

And with that, Duane leaves.

Liam and Jamee collect themselves in silence.

TOLLIVER
(sarcastic)
Liam the hero: Would never have believed it.

LIAM
(searching Tolliver)
Where's your keycard?

TOLLIVER
Destroyed.

Liam looks to Jamee: Uh-oh. But Liam's come too far to give up now: He looks to Ronnie.

LIAM
(eureka!)
Front entrance.

Liam beelines for Ronnie--

He searches, and finds the keys to the front door chains.

LIAM
(to Jamee)
Promise is a promise.

IN THE STAIRWELL

Duane runs up the stairwell, crying out--

DUANE
I'm coming for you, Shawn! Get ready for pain, motherfucker!

Duane turns the corner, and double-takes--

Charging at him: the Werewolf--

Its gaping maw snaps shut on Duane's face, throws Duane into the darkness of the second floor.

IN THE VAULT FOYER

Liam uses the jagged edge of a key to slice the duct tape. Tolliver and a Teller have already been freed.

Everyone turns to the sound of Duane's SCREAM.

LIAM
We have to hurry.

Everyone freed, Liam leads them into the--

VAULT HALLWAY

Cautiously, Liam peers into the bank lobby, then moves forward. Leads everyone into a--

A ROW OF CUBICLES

Three Loan Officer stations provide cover. Liam hands Tolliver Ronnie's keys--

LIAM
(whispers)
I'll guard the rear, you lead the front.

TOLLIVER
(whispers)
Me??

LIAM
(whispers)
Would you rather guard the rear?

Tolliver sees everyone looking at him like the coward he is.

LIAM
(whispers)
The one with the keys is the first one out.
(still, Tolliver dithers)
If it's not too much trouble, please DO try to be useful.

Now it's Tolliver's turn to seethe. He cowboys up, looks around the corner of the last cubicle, into eerie darkness and blood-red shadow, toward the Teller Counters.

TOLLIVER
(whispering)
Alright, on my signal, everybody stay low.

Tolliver sneaks ahead, toward the--

TELLER WORK AREA

Tolliver hunkers down behind the teller counter.

Then he slowly rises to peer over the counter into the empty, and very silent bank lobby.

Satisfied, Tolliver looks back at Jamee and beckons for her.

JAMEE
(whispers to Kristen)
Okay, sweetie. Real quiet now.

Kristen and Jamee creep together...

Liam watches in tense silence.

They reach Tolliver, who signals the Tellers to join them.

Again, the Tellers creep.

And reach the others. Only Liam, minding the rear, is left.

TOLLIVER
(whispers)
We're almost there.

Tolliver beckons for Liam.

Liam makes his way, his breathing becoming labored.

Jamee watches him tensely.

Finally, Liam joins them.

In a slow line, Tolliver leads them silently down the length of the counter--until a distant echoing GROWL freezes them.

Tolliver turns back to Liam--

Liam holds up a hand, signaling for everyone to wait.

Kristen's fear finally reaches the breaking point: She lets out a WHIMPER.

ACROSS THE BANK LOBBY

A HULKING SHADOW fills the smoky haze of the first floor stairwell.

BEHIND THE TELLER COUNTER

Jamee cradles the terrified Kristen--

JAMEE
(whispering)
Shhhh!

Liam nods for Tolliver to continue.

The group begins to move again...

At the end of the counter, Tolliver again peers out into the bank lobby.

Smoke from the battle upstairs seeps down the stairwell. Through the bank windows, the POLICE SEARCHLIGHTS from outside cut swaths through the haze.

Liam crawls to where Tolliver waits.

TOLLIVER
(whispering)
It's open ground from here on.

Liam nods and grips his shotgun.

Tolliver slowly pulls a hinged segment of the counter inward, creating a passageway to the bank lobby entrance.

Searchlights from outside arc slowly through the snowy haze, casting surreal shadows.

Tolliver peers through the murk, satisfied. He rises into a crouch and moves closer to the entrance.

Suddenly on the wall in front of him a HUGE SHADOW LOOMS UP--

Tolliver spins, kicking frantically as he staggers backward

The searchlights halo the SILHOUETTED FIGURE kicked by Tolliver: It's only the Cardboard Standee of the Friendly Banker.

Tolliver breathes relief, then turns back to Liam and the others.

TOLLIVER
(whispering)
We got lucky.

New movement behind Tolliver--

Again Tolliver spins and staggers backward--

But it's only the Cardboard Standee falling to the floor.

Tolliver breathes an even bigger sigh of relief--

TOLLIVER
(whispering)
As I was saying--

Tolliver's words are cut off by the GIGANTIC BLACK BLUR launching itself out of the haze--

The feral madness of the Werewolf tackles Tolliver, SLAMMING him into the bulletproof glass of the front entrance.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Police and bystanders watch helplessly as--

Tolliver crabs up against glass, facing down the shadowy behemoth before him.

His body moves violently and unnaturally up the glass into a standing position, then SAVAGELY RIPS IN TWO.

INT. BANK LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

One of the Tellers stares frozen, SCREAMING, as Tolliver is torn apart. And then the Werewolf turns its eyes upon her--

But she can only stand there, too terrified to move. WHIMPERING.

The creature bounds across the floor, leaps with ferocious precision. And severs her head from her body.

Liam, Jamee, and Kristen run from the teller counter.

LIAM
Into the vault!

Liam turns at the sound of another hostage's dying SCREAMS, but what can he do?

Crestfallen, he follows Jamee and Kristen inside the vault.

ACROSS THE LOBBY

The Werewolf looks up from its kill--

Its eyes dart to Liam disappearing into the vault, then to--

The final Teller, pressing the elevator button until the doors open. She rushes into the--

ELEVATOR

Again, the panicked Teller punches buttons frantically, the doors closing with dreadful slowness.

She retreats to the back of the elevator as the Werewolf zeros in on her, leaps across the floor impossibly fast--

But not fast enough: The doors close with a split second to spare. DING! The woman collapses in relief--

SUDDENLY, THE DOORS PRY APART, REVEALING THE FACE OF THE BEAST!

IN THE VAULT FOYER

Jamee runs, carrying Kristen. An exhausted Liam follows, still carrying the empty shotgun.

LIAM
(pointing)
In there!

Jamee obeys, running into the safe-deposit box vault, but noting again the broken cage door hinges as she passes. They'll be sitting ducks inside.

IN THE SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX VAULT

Liam follows Jamee and Kristen inside.

JAMEE
What are we going to do?!

Liam picks up the detonator off the floor. Then points to the explosive charges, all set for detonation.

LIAM
You're gonna blow that thing back to hell.

He pushes the detonator into her hand.

JAMEE
Me?!

LIAM
You and Kristen hide in the foyer. Lie down, pretend you're dead. When I say NOW, you push this button. Got that? PUSH THIS BUTTON!

JAMEE
It'll see us!

LIAM
I'll distract it, lure it in here.

JAMEE
And then what about you?

LIAM
What about me?

Liam and Jamee hold on one another.

LIAM
I didn't agree to rob this bank just for the money, you know. I was supposed to save you.

The sudden ROAR of the Werewolf echoes out from the bank lobby.

LIAM
GO!

Jamee runs off toward the vault foyer with Kristen.

Liam stands his ground, braces for the inevitable.

IN THE VAULT FOYER

Jamee runs inside, moving to the far corner past the carnage and blood. Liam's voice from inside the safe-deposit box vault BELLOWS--

LIAM (O.S.)
Row! Row! Row your boat!

She tucks a protesting Kristen behind her, then together they lie on the floor.

LIAM (O.S.)
Gently down the stream!

KRISTEN
Mommy, there's blood...

JAMEE
Lay still, sweetie. It's almost over.

LIAM (O.S.)
Merrily! Merilly! Merilly! Merilly!

Jamee positions herself in the dark corner, masquerading as one of the creature's victims, then looks to the vault door with the detonator in hand.

LIAM (O.S.)
Life is but a dream!

IN THE SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX VAULT

Liam paces nervously as he CATERWAULS--

LIAM (V.O.)
Row! Row! Row your boat--

Liam stops suddenly, as his eyes fall upon the lone SHOTGUN SHELL on the floor.

Inspiration strikes. He moves to grab it, but too late--

The Werewolf appears at the doorway to the vault, stares back at him with FERAL RAGE.

Liam steps back over the explosive-filled holes, moves to the back of the vault.

The creature ducks to enter the low ceilinged vault, eyes blazing, fixed on Liam--

Who just watches, awestruck at approaching death--

LIAM
C'mon you bastard.

The Werewolf rages forward toward the explosives, HOWLING IN BLOODLUST.

When suddenly it stops, scenting the air...

LIAM
Just a little farther, dammit!

But something more than animalistic rage passes behind its eyes. An intelligence: the Werewolf zero-ins on the explosives projecting from the floor.

It bends, sniffs...

Liam steps forward, kneeling right over the explosives.

LIAM
Come on! Bite in!

The Werewolf takes the bait, lunges toward Liam--

But Liam jumps back at the last instant--

And the creature's foot smashes hard into the floor--

<u>The weakened, drilled-in marble fractures--</u>

The Werewolf's leg falls into the crumbling hole. It rages as it drops thigh-deep--

It claws the slick marble floor, trying to extricate itself--

Liam stumbles upright, this is it!

He rushes along the wall, dodges past the thrashing Beast, heading for the entrance.

The Werewolf swings its claws wildly trying to grab Liam--

Claws rip into Liam's side as he leaps past--

LIAM
Now! Jamee! NOW!

IN THE VAULT FOYER

Jamee shields Kristen, and pushes the detonator button!

IN THE SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX VAULT

Liam dives out of the vault as the explosives DETONATE!

The thrashing Werewolf is enveloped in a gigantic CONCUSSIVE BLAST!

IN THE VAULT FOYER

Fire and smoke EXPLODE out through the vault door--

The Beast's ravaged body slams into the wall outside the vault, falls to the floor. Lifeless.

Nearby, Liam lies still, as smoke and dust envelope him.

Kristen hugs her mother as the smoke slowly clears.

JAMEE
Almost done, baby, almost done. You stay here, I'll be right back.

KRISTEN
Promise?

JAMEE
Promise.

But there's no certainty in Jamee's eyes.

Jamee cautiously approaches what's left of Shawn.

She sees the smoldering carcass of the Beast: One leg blown completely off, hair singed.

Jamee moves through the smoke--

JAMEE
Liam?

She waves away smoke from her eyes, then sees Liam outside the vault, lying on the floor.

Liam stirs, looks back to her, his nose bloody.

JAMEE
You made it.

She moves to him, helps him pull himself upright.

Liam grabs the shotgun and uses it as a crutch.

LIAM
I got a killer headache.

Jamee can't help but smile.

Liam limps toward the charred carcass. Stands over it victoriously, before turning to head back into the--

SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX VAULT

Liam limps slowly past the newly created ragged hole in the marble floor. Looks down into the now-finished escape tunnel.

Jamee follows, sees the hole, awe-struck at the damage.

LIAM
Frankie's guys spent three months digging. But couldn't dig any further without--

JAMEE
(smiles, getting it)
Setting off our alarm. The robbery was just to trip the alarm and stall the cops, so they could finish their tunnel.

Liam nods as he spots Duane's discarded shotgun shell.

He retrieves it and loads it into the shotgun.

LIAM
Wish I had seen this a minute sooner. Could have saved us the trouble of using the explosives.

JAMEE
How?

Liam continues to the duffel bag. He pulls out the battered RARE COIN ALBUM.

LIAM
(holds up the album)
Well, THIS is a twenty million dollar coin collection. Every coin, at least a hundred years old, and THIS tiny one?
(pulls out a coin)
The Barber dime. Minted in eighteen-ninety-five.

JAMEE
(impressed)
Pure silver.

Liam slides the coin into the shotgun barrel: a perfect fit.

LIAM
See what I mean?

JAMEE
Hey. Why not keep it? Get that operation.

Now Liam has to smile as he considers. But shakes his head.

JAMEE
Seize the moment, Liam.

Liam CHUCKLES, unsure if Jamee is screwing with him. As if to assure they're alone, he looks over to the exit--

<u>WHERE THE CRIPPLED WEREWOLF LAUNCHES ITSELF INSIDE!</u>

It HOWLS: Fangs rocket toward Liam!

Liam swings the shotgun up, but too late: the creature leaps onto him--

The shotgun goes flying from his hands.

Jamee reacts, rushes to the duffel bag.

She digs through its contents, desperate for any weapon.

She looks back at Liam, her face goes pale with dread--

The Beast's fangs tear ferociously into Liam.

Liam GROANS as SNARLING teeth clamp down and shake--

Liam and the Werewolf's blood mixes on the floor--

Liam's hand trembles, reaching for the shotgun--

Jamee digs faster, finds nothing.

Liam's eyelids flutter, his consciousness slipping away. He lunges once more for the gun--

Success! His hand grasps the shotgun--

With all his might, Liam RAMS the butt of the shotgun into the Werewolf's snout.

The creature jerks his head up in pain, exposing his chest.

Liam swings the shotgun barrel, aims it at the Beast's heart, and pulls the trigger: BOOM!

<u>The Werewolf's blood SPRAYS the ceiling!</u>

Liam's drops the shotgun as his body goes into shock.

Jamee covers her mouth in horror.

Liam's eyes close, surrendering to his fate--

<u>Until, all at once... SILENCE.</u>

Jamee rolls a naked and dead Shawn Bowen off of Liam.

LIAM
(whisper)
Jamee...

Jamee cradles his head, as his life seeps away.

Liam's eyes slowly close--

FADE TO BLACK.

The sound of A GURNEY rolling in fifth gear.

PARAMEDIC (PRE-LAP)
He's in shock. Pulse one-forty and thready. B.P. Fifty over thirty.

INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Doctors and nurses move quickly as Liam's life hangs in the balance on the operating table.

DOCTOR
I need four units of O-neg.

JAMEE (PRE-LAP)
Is he going to make it?

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Marcus sits across from Jamee, mid-interrogation.

MARCUS
Still no word. But... it's grim.

JAMEE
He saved us.

MARCUS
From what?
(off Jamee's silence)
Something mauled him. Something I saw through that skylight--

JAMEE
Then you know.

A beat. Marcus shakes his head.

MARCUS
Tell me what you saw.

JAMEE
You wouldn't believe me.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Liam's eyes flutter open. He stares up at an antiseptic white ceiling.

His eyes turn to his bedside where a matronly NURSE attends to his IV.

NURSE
Well, welcome back, Mr. Bardwell.

Liam looks around the room, disoriented.

NURSE
How’re you feeling?

LIAM
Pretty good, I guess. Good enough.

Liam looks down at his hands, surprised.

LIAM
No cuffs?

The Nurse looks confused, but before she can ask questions, Marcus KNOCKS and enters.

MARCUS
Mr. Bardwell? Commander Marcus Owens. Metropolitan PD.

Liam braces: Time to face the music.

MARCUS
But I guess we’ve already met.
(off Liam’s confusion)
I suppose I should’ve brought you those pizzas.

LIAM
(remembering)
Ah, yeah. Some negotiator I turned out to be.

The Nurse senses Liam’s tension and excuses herself.

MARCUS
The way Ms. Morton tells it, we should pin a medal on you.

LIAM
That right?
(what DID Jamee say?)
Then Jamee, she’s--

MARCUS
She and her daughter are both fine.

A moment of sincere relief for Liam, before Marcus continues--

MARCUS
Sadly, you three are the only hostages to survive.

Now Liam can barely hold back a smile: The cops think he’s a hostage!

MARCUS
Mr. Bardwell, I need your help. The families of the dead want answers. Some, I can't give: because they won't believe it... without proof.

LIAM
What can I do?

MARCUS
That's my question.

A beat: Two poker faces, trying to read one another.

LIAM
I'm sorry, my own memory is so fuzzy. I can't really think of anything that would be helpful.

MARCUS
Understandable. Tell you what, don't worry about this now. Just focus on getting well. Take all the time you need. A month, let's say?

LIAM
A month?

MARCUS
Seems like a good amount of time. I'll come find you in a month. Have a lovely day, Mr. Bardwell. The city thanks you for your courage.

As Marcus steps to leave, Liam lets out a SIGH of relief--

A breath that surprises him. He breathes in again, more deeply.

Marcus notes Liam breathing in deeply for a third time, testing out lungs which no longer seem sick.

LIAM
Wow.

MARCUS
Is there a problem?

LIAM
No. Not at all.

Liam can't help but smile. He deeply breathes in again, ALL SYMPTOMS OF HIS ILLNESS ARE NOW GONE.

Then he catches a scent in the air--

LIAM
(whispers)
Lilies.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Jamee walks up to the hospital reception desk carrying a bouquet of LILIES.

JAMEE
I'm looking for Liam Bardwell.

And we see she carries Shawn's BOOK under her arm.

INT. LIAM'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We creep closer to Liam, as the smile wanes from his face, banished by a realization in his eyes--

Eyes now marked with an unmistakable tinge of yellow.

THE END