

AMICABLE GETAWAY

WRITTEN BY M. LATHROM



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Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

The thin, red-haired bank teller, OLIVER (36), slides a deposit receipt under the dividing glass to a chubby older woman with thick glasses. Gives her a friendly wink.

OLIVER

There you are, mamm. You have
yourself blessed day now, will ya.

She snatches it. Sneers, then walks off. Oliver leans forward, scans the area.

JACK DONNER (40), tan suit, a white-collar hero in a perpetual rush, struts toward the teller.

Oliver smiles, flips the "Teller Closed" sign.

Jack stops in his tracks.

Oliver winks, then slips away into the back.

A buzzing sound startles Jack. He pulls a phone from his pocket.

CLOSE ON THE PHONE. "Office Calling"

He clicks it off, pockets it.

Jack scans the bank. Out of a dozen windows, only two lines open, both about 8 people long. He steps to the back of one.

He sighs, fiddles with the check.

Jack notices a young couple, MARA (30) and BILLY (31), arguing under their breath in the next line.

Their little daughter, Sarah (5) stands lonely behind them. She sways back and forth, holding her SpongeBob backpack in front of her.

She catches Jack's gaze. Gives him a half-hearted smile. Jack smiles back. He reaches in his pocket, pulls out a receipt. Folds it a few times. Sarah watches, curious.

He throws the paper behind his back.

A little paper airplane glides to a stop at Sarah's feet. She giggles, picks it up. Unzips her backpack, then shoves it in.

Jack's heart melts. Then

SLAM, a man in a BLACK MASK shuts, then latches the main entrance.

Jack whips around to see the man pull a shotgun from his jean jacket, aim it right at him.

BLACK MASK
Everybody on the ground.

The people in line scatter. Black Mask aims at two tellers in back.

BLACK MASK
You, out here on the ground with
the rest.

The tellers rush through the doors, out to the main floor.

The young couple backs up, forget their daughter. See her frozen, then reach out to pull her back.

Jack backs into someone, startles. He peers back.

A man in a WHITE MASK stares back at him. Cocks his head.

WHITE MASK
You heard the man.

The Man points a pistol in the air.

WHITE MASK
All right, folks. You know what's
happening. As soon as we have what
we're here for, we'll be on our
way.

The scattered 15 or so people hit the ground.

The young couple holds Sarah close between them, they get on their stomachs.

Jack raises his hands, kneels, lays face down.

BLACK MASK
You get the back, I got this.

An old gentleman lifts his head up, looks at Black Mask.

Black Mask digs the shotgun into the old man's neck.

BLACK MASK
You keep your eyes on the floor.

WHITE MASK
 Easy. They get it.
 (to everyone)
 You get it, don't you folks?

Some shuffling in a room behind the teller stations catches White and Black Masks' attention.

A figure moves past the open door.

WHITE MASK
 Stop. Don't move another inch. Get
 out here.

Oliver backs out with his hands up. A duffle bag hangs from his arm.

White Mask goes around to the teller station door, opens it.

White Mask aims his pistol as he Oliver backs out into the bank lobby.

WHITE MASK
 What have you got there? Turn
 around.

Oliver turns around, faces White Mask.

As soon as White Mask sees his face, he lowers his gun in disbelief.

WHITE MASK
 Oli?

OLIVER
 (whispers)
 Shh. John. John is my name.

Oliver points to his name badge.

White mask laughs.

WHITE MASK
 Oli. Hey everyone, this guy's name
 is Oliver, not John. You got that?

Oliver grits his teeth.

OLIVER
 Hey everyone, this charmer's name
 is Rohan. You get that. Rohan.

Jack looks up at Black Mask, who watches White Mask and Oliver in confusion.

WHITE MASK

What the hell is going on? How the hell does he know--

OLIVER

Oh, sweet heart, he hasn't told you about me?

(to Rohan)

Did you tell him he's wearing my mask?

White Mask grabs the duffle bag. Oliver grabs the white mask, rips it off.

ROHAN (37) retracts, lets go of the bag.

ROHAN

What the hell!

OLIVER

C'mon, babe. Don't you want to show the world that winning smile.

Black Mask charges Oliver, jams the gun in his face.

Rohan grabs the barrel, lowers it.

ROHAN

I'm getting tired of you waving that thing around.

BLACK MASK

We're wasting time. Let's get the money and get out.

OLIVER

Oh, you mean this?

Oliver pats the duffle bag.

Rohan reaches out for it. Oliver backs up.

OLIVER

Uh uh. I got it first. Fair and square.

ROHAN

This was my plan. My research.

OLIVER

Our research. And there wasn't an inch of room for my plan, which other than this hick-up, seems to be going smoother than yours.

ROHAN
That's my money.

OLIVER
I beg to differ.

BLACK MASK
I'm going to blow you both away if--

JACK (O.S.)
Maybe I can help.

Black Mask spins around, aims the shotgun at Jack. Rohan raises his pistol.

Jack hands up in the air, they tremble a bit. His jaw clenched.

BLACK MASK
Now is not the time to be a hero--

JACK
I'm not a hero.

Jack peers down at the little girl and the young couple.

JACK
I'm a divorce attorney.
(beat)
This is what I do. Look, you two were lovers. You split up and now you both just want your fair share, right? N-Nothing wrong with that, okay?

The young couple eyes Jack, pull their daughter close.

JACK
Look, look, these things can end ugly. You gotta work together. Make this an amicable separation. It never works if one person wants it all.

BLACK MASK
Well maybe we just take it all.

OLIVER
From my cold dead fingers, you goon.

BLACK MASK
With pleasure.

JACK

Right, okay. There's three of you. That's something to consider. Like when there's a kid involved. Not that you're a kid, I'm just saying--

ROHAN

This whole thing was my idea. He wouldn't even be here if I didn't plan this thing.

OLIVER

I had ideas, but it just had to be your plan. You always have to have control.

JACK

I'm sure you were both involved. It's probably fair to say that if you'd never met each other, neither of you would be here, right? So there's something... positive?

The bank manager on the ground looks up at Jack.

BANK MANAGER

Are you seriously helping them--

JACK / OLIVER / ROHAN / BLACK MASK

Shut up!

The bank manager lowers his head.

Oliver crosses his arms in defiance.

ROHAN

(to Oliver)

If it's my plan, then if something goes wrong, it's my responsibility. I was just trying to protect you.

JACK

See. Good.

Black Mask shakes his head, irritated.

OLIVER

You just insisted on using guns and... I suppose it would be handy in case something... unexpected happened.

ROHAN
I never planned on actually using
them.

BANK MANAGER
You didn't.

Black Mask takes aim at the bank manager.

BLACK MASK
He didn't.

Oliver eyes Rohan, disturbed.

JACK
Now that you've built a bridge, we
can talk numbers. There was two of
you, but because Rohan lost his
partner, there's a third. It's only
fair that it's split three ways.
That should be more than enough for
each of you, right?

Rohan shrugs. Black mask nods.

Oliver lowers the bag.

OLIVER
You got a bag, babe?

Rohan smiles. He tucks his gun in the back of his pants.

ROHAN
(to Black Mask)
You watch out here, I'm gonna grab
a bag.

Black Mask nods

Rohan turns toward the teller station door with Oliver, then

The shotgun cocks.

Rohan turns around to see Black Mask aiming the gun right at
him.

BLACK MASK
Your little Doctor Phil session
just cost me five hundred thousand
dollars. And since your little pea
shooter is just a prop to you, I'm
the only one holding down the fort.
I think it's only fair that I take
all of it. For my trouble.

Rohan puts his arms up.

BLACK MASK

Now, reach behind you slowly, then
toss the gun at my feet.

JACK

Wait. Hold on here. All three of
you can--

BLACK MASK

Shut your filthy lawyer mouth. You
turned my partner here into a
Nancy. Your work here is done. Now
get back down.

(to Rohan)

And you, toss me the gun.

Jack gets down.

The little girl eyes him, terrified. Sweat glazes his face.

Rohan reaches behind him, grabs the pistol. He holds it out
by the barrel, tosses it to Black Mask's feet.

BLACK MASK

That's it. Now, you, toss the bag
over to me.

Oliver complies.

Black Mask grabs the bag, heads away when

ROHAN

Don't spend it all in one place,
Gary.

Black Mask freezes. He turns around, marches over to Rohan,
aims the shotgun in his face.

BLACK MASK

Maybe I need to tie up some loose
ends first.

ROHAN

This was my...

Rohan looks at Oliver.

ROHAN

Our plan. You wouldn't even be here
if--

BLACK MASK

You smell like a rat. I bet you give me up in two seconds for a deal. How much you want?

ROHAN

Three ways.

Black Mask considers it for a moment.

BLACK MASK

No deal, get on your knees and turn around

Behind Black Mask, Oliver looks at Rohan. Shakes his head in desperation.

Rohan gets down, turns around.

Black mask aims the gun at the back of his head.

BLACK MASK

You got any last words for your buby?

CLOSE ON ROHAN'S FACE. His eyes glassy.

ROHAN

You were right, Oli. No guns--

A loud buzzing sound. Black Mask shakes, tumbles the the ground in tremors.

Rohan spins around.

ANGLE ON OLIVER. Wires run from Black Mask's back attached to the tazer in Oliver's hand.

OLIVER

How about no bullets?

Rohan smiles, gets up.

He runs in for a hug. They hold each other for a long moment.

Jack stands up. Smiles.

Rohan puts a hand on Jack's shoulder.

ROHAN

You're all right...

JACK

Jack.

Oliver grabs the bag.

They head out the teller station door, past the windows, to the back.

Jack watches with pride as they run off.

The rest of the bank customers stand up.

Sarah runs up to Jack, hugs his legs.

Billy and Mara walk up to him.

BILLY

Thanks. They almost killed each other, but...

JACK

That's what I do.

Jack pulls something from his pocket, hands it off to Billy.

CLOSE ON THE CARD. A simple white card with black lettering.
"JACK DONNER | Divorce Attorney"

He rubs Sarah's head, then walks toward the exit.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Jack pushes through the double doors into the street.

OFFICER (O.S.)

Freeze, hands in the air!

Jack throws his arms up. Smirks.

FADE OUT.

THE END