

THE TELLER

Written by

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September 27, 2023

INT. SAN FRANCISCO BANK LOBBY - DAY

A grand, historic space. Marble floors. Echoing.

INT. TELLER WINDOW - DAY

VIOLET is a bank teller. Despite the ornate lobby out there, it's a dull job. The positions on either side of her are not even staffed.

Violet is 25 and looks to be going nowhere. She wears an ill-fitting business suit in the shade of Customer Service Drab. Her haircut is totally wrong, like a stylist took revenge on her. We can't see her shoes, but we suspect they are a misfire. White flats, maybe. Right now, Violet just sitting there, drifting, staring into space when --

ALMIRA

Hello?

A CUSTOMER at her window. Violet snapped back to attention.

VIOLET

Hi.

ALMIRA

No line. My lucky day.

ALMIRA is a stylish woman. Early 40s. Awesome suit. New manicure. The glitter of jewelry and good taste. People like this don't usually show up at Violet's window.

VIOLET

Can I help you?

Almira's briefcase up on the counter. She's taking out an empty CASH BAG. The kind used by merchants.

ALMIRA

Absolutely.

(so pleasant)

Fill it up. Everything in your drawer.

VIOLET

I'm sorry?

ALMIRA

Or I'll start hurting people.

Violet incredulous. Isolated. The other tellers -- everybody else in the bank -- all seem miles away.

It's happening. A robbery. A very genteel one. Violet reaching for the cash bag. So strange.

ALMIRA (CONT'D)
What's your name?

VIOLET
Violet.

ALMIRA
Slower. Don't hurry.
(Violet transferring cash
to the bag)
Doing great. Thirty seconds and
you'll never see me again.
(the bag's full)
Now pass me the bag. Nice and
calm.
(she does)
I'll need a receipt. You can print
out a blank one by typing control
seven-seven on your keyboard.

How does she know this? Violet following her prompts.
Trying to get this right.

ALMIRA (CONT'D)
Okay. I'm going to walk out now.
If you press the silent alarm
before I leave, I'll know because
it emits a chirping noise on a
speaker in the ceiling. But you're
not going to press the silent
alarm. You're going to let me
leave. After that you're free to
tell your supervisor what's
happened. Are we in agreement?

Violet nodding. Almira's voice has her mind in a vice.

VIOLET
Yes, ma'am.

ALMIRA
Have a nice day.

VIOLET
You, too.

Violet barely knows what she's saying. Almira calmly crossing the lobby and out the door.

Violet reaching down -- beneath her counter --

A BUTTON. The silent alarm. Violet's finger poised. But not pressing it yet. How long should she wait?

But now -- one of her colleagues -- oblivious --

DANICA
Violet?

Violet's supervisor, all high heels and jangling bracelets --

DANICA (CONT'D)
Could you...
(some paperwork)
... code it like the others.

Danica clomping off. Everything going on as before. Violet struggling to find her voice -- to break the pattern --

VIOLET
Actually, Danica?

Danica turning back and --

INT. BEDROOM - VIOLET'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Middle of the night. A cramped one-bedroom in the Inner Sunset. SOME GUY snoring under the covers.

NEXT TO HIM

Violet. Wide awake. Staring at the ceiling.

INT. KITCHEN - VIOLET'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chipped cabinets. Aging appliances. Violet out here now. Pacing. Agitated.

Opens a cabinet. Liquor bottle there.

Closes it again.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE TELLER

INT. BANK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Weekday morning. We're inside a glass box meeting room with views into the bank's expansive lobby.

Violet at the big table. Waiting nervously. Her outfit is different here but not any better than the one before.

The glass door opening. In comes MICHELLE. She runs this branch. She's early 40s. Over-scheduled and worn down.

Michelle stops in surprise. Looking around.

MICHELLE
Where is this guy? It's already
ten after.

She drops into a seat. Annoyed. Flipping open her notebook to do some work when -- looking over --

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
What's on your jacket? Is that
bird crap?

Violet discovering a splotch of bird crap on her suit jacket.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
God. Here.

Michelle sliding over a stack of cheap napkins. Then -- blast of air -- door's opening -- in sweeps --

JEFF
Sorry. SFO was a nightmare.

JEFF is a fit and attractive man of 50. Impeccable suit. Eyes like glitter. The confidence of a man who bets on himself. He pulls a roller bag.

JEFF (CONT'D)
I was looking forward to some fog.
I thought San Fran had fog.

MICHELLE
Climate change.

JEFF
That's a bummer. Which one of
you's Violet?

Violet meekly raising her hand.

JEFF (CONT'D)
What is that, bird shit? Don't use
a napkin. You're just grinding it
further in.

MICHELLE

I've got a busy morning, so if you
wouldn't mind, let's get started.

Jeff at the head of the table. Whipping off his coat.
Opening his laptop.

JEFF

You the branch manager?

MICHELLE

Michelle. Yes.

Jeff sending two business cards sliding across the table.

JEFF

Jeff Spaulding. FBI.

(admiration)

Fog or no fog, you guys are lucky
to live in this city.

MICHELLE

I'm out in Walnut Creek.

JEFF

Also very nice.

(to Violet)

You should take that jacket to a
dry cleaner. Better yet, throw it
out. It doesn't nothing for you.

MICHELLE

Are we really going to discuss her
clothes?

JEFF

She'd look better in brighter
colors.

MICHELLE

Can we please get to the robbery?

Jeff going to his laptop. Pulling up a file.

JEFF

How much they hit you guys for?

VIOLET

Eleven hundred.

MICHELLE

Probably cost five times that to
send somebody out from D.C.

JEFF
Ironic, isn't it?

MICHELLE
Doesn't the FBI have people in San
Francisco?

JEFF
They don't handle bank robberies
anymore. It's not a growth
industry.
(back to Violet)
This was two weeks ago?

VIOLET
Correct.

JEFF
You still on leave?

VIOLET
Until Friday.

JEFF
How's that going? You sleeping
okay?

VIOLET
Just fine.

JEFF
Many tellers report being afraid to
go out in public after they've been
robbed. Are you afraid to go out
in public.

VIOLET
No.

JEFF
Have you spoken with a counselor?

VIOLET
About what?

MICHELLE
She didn't request counseling.

JEFF
Violet here has been through a
traumatic workplace incident.
Wouldn't it be good for her to
process that with somebody?

VIOLET
I did speak with someone.

JEFF
Who?

VIOLET
My husband.

JEFF
Is your husband a licensed social
worker?

VIOLET
No.

JEFF
What's he do?

VIOLET
Craig's a working theater director.

JEFF
As opposed to malfunctioning one?

MICHELLE
Have you caught the robber?

JEFF
The woman? We're working on it.

MICHELLE
It was broad daylight. I'd think
you'd have a pretty good
description of her.

JEFF
Had Violet hit the silent alarm, it
would have activated additional
cameras and given us a better look.

VIOLET
She said not to press it.

JEFF
You're very cooperative, aren't
you?

MICHELLE
Violet did the right thing. Our
policy is to get them the money and
get them out of the bank.

JEFF

Why not keep her there? Lock the door. Call the cops.

MICHELLE

We don't want people getting hurt. They can have the money.

JEFF

So that's it? That's your bank's official loss-prevention policy?

MICHELLE

I'm a little confused. You say you investigate robberies?

JEFF

Only for the past 25 years.

MICHELLE

Then you'd know we don't stop people.

JEFF

But if you did, we wouldn't have to go to all this effort to catch them?

Violet looking back and forth. They're like two arguing parents.

MICHELLE

Every business has that policy nowadays. Go into any big-box store, put an eighty-inch flatscreen TV in your cart and walk out with it. They won't stop you.

JEFF

Doesn't that kind of piss you off?

MICHELLE

This meeting's kind of pissing me off. What are we trying to accomplish here?

JEFF

I'm just asking questions. Looking for patterns. Exploring hunches.

MICHELLE

I don't have time for that. I have a branch to run.

(MORE)

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Now if you'll excuse me.
(getting up)

JEFF
Where are you going? You can't
just leave.

But there she goes. Glass door swinging closed after her.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Damn. She left.
(back to Violet)
You don't say much, do you?

VIOLET
Well, what should I --

JEFF
Never mind. That'll be all.
(gathering his things)
You did fine in that hold-up. Kept
your nerve. Lot of tellers would
have fallen apart.
(then)
What's that chocolate they have out
here?

VIOLET
Chocolate?

JEFF
Yeah. Come on. You know.

VIOLET
Ghirardelli?

JEFF
Bingo. I'm grabbing a box of that
before I go home.
(getting up)
And Violet -- I mean this in the
most constructive way -- try
wearing brighter colors.

CUT TO BLACK.

ROXANNE (V.O.)
Overdrawn?

INT. TELLER BULLPEN - DAY

Days later. Violet back at work. Dressed in something
shockingly bright. A CUSTOMER at her window.

ROXANNE

That's impossible. How can my account be overdrawn?

VIOLET

Let's have a look at your recent activity.
(her screen)

ROXANNE

Why? So you can lecture me on how I spend my money?

Violet in the line of fire. Doggedly at her screen.

ROXANNE (CONT'D)

And then you're going to charge me an over-draft fee. Then a reactivation fee. Then some other fee.

(laying into her now)
This bank is evil. It's a heartless, soulless vortex of hell.

BEHIND VIOLET

Danica there at her desk.

DANICA

(quietly as she works)
Sure got that right.

CUT TO:

NEW CUSTOMER

Violet preparing a cashier's check as --

SCOTT

That line took forever. All these empty windows. Why don't they hire more tellers?

VIOLET

I'll pass along your concern.

SCOTT

Whatever.

Scott snatching his check from her and --

CUT TO:

Violet rapid-fire laying down hundred-dollar bills. Hands moving so fast it's almost a blur --

VIOLET
-- sixteen, seventeen, eighteen,
nineteen, two thousand.

KENNY -- new customer -- dazzled by Violet's dexterity.

KENNY
I just have a question. Is there any way you can keep my wife from seeing I took this money out?

CUT TO:

Violet doing some filing. A fellow teller, FAYE, 20s, keeps up a constant monologue.

FAYE
The only good thing about the service was it was an open casket. It's not like I'm morbid or anything, I'm just curious how human bodies look when they're dead. By the way, why don't people know how to dress for a funeral? Everybody looks like they're going out fucking clubbing or something. (on and on like that as--)

CUT TO:

A new customer (TONY) at Violet's window.

TONY
ATM outside won't take this. I've tried like ten times.

VIOLET
The check's falling apart.

TONY
It's just a little wet. What's the problem? Put it in my account.

Violet taking a breath. Stay calm.

VIOLET
I'm sorry, sir. You need a new check.

TONY
And you need a new face.

SMACK. Violet recoils in shock. He's just thrown his ATM card at her! He's storming out.

Violet getting up. Humiliation. Faye looking over. Resuming the monologue.

FAYE

Anyway, so get this. My gym said they're going to penalize me for missing a class I signed up for, and I'm like, how can a gym penalize you?

The third and final teller back here -- JOACHIN -- new hire --

JOACHIN

Lots of ways. Take away your guest passes. Deduct loyalty points. Make it you can't prebook a class...

UNDER FAYE'S DESK

Violet having to crawl under here to retrieve Tony's ATM card. Joachin still droning on somewhere up there and --

CUT TO:

Violet back at her desk. Flicker of satisfaction as she feeds Tony's ATM card into the shredder.

But it's so demoralizing. So deadening. And it's not even lunch time. But now -- at her window --

TYLER -- 30s -- hoodie -- baseball cap -- thuggish --

He's like a stereotype of a bank robber. Violet quietly enjoying the joke.

VIOLET

May I help you, sir?

TYLER

Give me the fucking money.

VIOLET

Come again?

TYLER

The money. Or I'll fucking cut you open.

Violet dumbstruck.

VIOLET
(awed whisper)
Fuck a duck.

Clears her throat. Glance around. Okay. Back to her keyboard. At least she knows what to do.

OUT IN THE LOBBY

REX, late 20s, the so-called security guard. Slumped in a chair at the front door. Useless. Absorbed in his phone.

TELLER BULLPEN

Faye and Joachin busy with customers. Danica a million miles away, down there fiddling with the laser printer.

Violet confounded. How is this happening again?

TYLER
Hurry up, dummy.

Violet shakily bringing out the stacks of bills.

VIOLET
Do you have something to put this in?

TYLER
You get a bag. Not me.
(as Violet scrounges
around for one)
Your life means nothing to me. I
will gladly kill everybody in here.
I will take a crowbar to your face
and I will --

INT. BEDROOM - VIOLET'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Late. Dark. Quiet. CRAIG, Violet's husband, again snoring soundly as --

INT. KITCHEN - VIOLET'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Violet staring out at the city. Keyed up. A strange energy churning inside her. Turning to

THAT KITCHEN CABINET

She walks over. Opens it. The liquor bottle. She hesitates.

She's moving the bottle aside. Doesn't want it. Reaching for something else, something way, way back in there --

She's got it. Carefully replacing the items she moved so there's no sign of disturbance. Sitting down with --

A PACK OF PLAYING CARDS

Sets them on the kitchen table. Seconds roll by. Finally she picks up the deck.

Flick. A card sails across the table. Comes to a perfect stop at an empty chair.

Flick, flick. Two more cards now sitting at the other two empty chairs.

Violet scooping up the three cards. Fingers caressing the deck in her hand. Like she's in a trance.

Fast shuffle. 52 cards in a split second. And then --

Cards flying across the table now. Violet -- it's a blur -- rapid-fire dealing the entire deck to the three empty chairs.

It's done. Three piles and not one card out of place.

We saw this before as she was dealing out the hundred-dollar bills at the bank.

Violet -- for the first time -- intrigued. Plugged into something vital. So caught up she doesn't see

DOOR TO THE BEDROOM

Comes flying open and --

CRAIG -- her husband -- standing there in the kitchen. Violet looking up -- startled --

VIOLET
Everything okay?

But the table -- impossible -- it's completely bare. But it's not some hallucination because

THERE IN HER LAP

The deck the cards. It doesn't seem possible, but Violet's gathered them back up again and is holding them out of sight.

But not to worry. Craig not paying attention to that. Craig only pays attention to himself.

CRAIG
I figured out my approach.

VIOLET
Craig, that's gre --

Craig holding up his hand for silence. His process is holy.

CRAIG
Where's my iPad?

VIOLET
It's in the living room.

CRAIG
(as he floats into next
room)
How about some tea?

The deck of cards in her hand. The spell is broken. Violet getting up, tucking the cards away and grabbing the kettle.

INT. BANK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Violet back here for another meeting. Another blindingly-colorful outfit. Michelle here, too. This time she's taken the seat at the head of the table.

MICHELLE
Is this guy ever on time?

There he is. Striding across the lobby. Throwing open the glass door and --

JEFF
Well, well.

MICHELLE
Where's your roller bag?

JEFF
Should we talk about my luggage or
should we start the meeting?

MICHELLE
Start the meeting.

Jeff settling in there. Laptop. Coffee.

JEFF
So your bank gets held up twice in
a month. Same teller, too. Told
you there's a pattern.

MICHELLE

How is that a pattern? It's a big city. Crime's up. Stuff happens.

VIOLET

Another body washed ashore in Alameda last week.

Jeff pausing to have a look at her.

JEFF

That's what you're wearing?

MICHELLE

Again with her clothes?

JEFF

Our latest suspect, did you see in the video? He gets to the front of the teller line, he steps aside and waits for Violet's window to become available. Now you tell me. If these two robberies were unconnected, why would he go out of his way to select Violet to rob?

Jeff different from the first meeting. All business. Bloodhound on the scent.

VIOLET

I didn't have anything to do with it, if that's what you mean.

JEFF

Maybe word's just out you're an easy target.

MICHELLE

That's outrageous.

JEFF

You've now been held-up twice. Most tellers would have quit and found a safer job.

VIOLET

I like working here.

JEFF

It's retail. It's entry level.

(to Michelle)

Why haven't you promoted her? Why isn't she a loan officer by now?

MICHELLE

There've been openings. She never applied for them.

JEFF

(back to Violet)

Why haven't you applied to be a loan officer.

VIOLET

I didn't think I was qualified.

JEFF

To be one of those Emporio Armani clowns out there? They can barely tie their shoes.

Michelle setting out her phone.

MICHELLE

To let you know, I'm recording this meeting.

JEFF

(on Violet hard now)

You're a model employee, Violet. Ledgers always balance. No complaints lodged against you. Zero days out sick. Your fashion sense is nonexistent, but I can see you're capable of so much more than depositing checks 40 hours a week for a place that doesn't give two shits about you.

MICHELLE

Violet is a valued employee!

JEFF

Ever celebrate her birthday? You even know when it is?

MICHELLE

Off the top of my head?

JEFF

It's April 13. Know where she's from? Her home town?

MICHELLE

(her phone)

This is still recording.

JEFF

She's a Nevada gal. The Silver State. Reno, Nevada.

(back to Violet)

I'll ask it again. Why are you here?

VIOLET

I like handling money.

JEFF

Interesting. Elaborate.

VIOLET

Just -- the way it feels. The new bills. People are happy when they see money. Even though none of it's mine, being around it, it's... like I'm worth something.

Violent staring at her hands.

JEFF

Thank you. I'll accept that answer.

MICHELLE

I fail to see the point to these meetings. This second robbery had an even smaller loss than the first. And the FBI has you fly across the country -- twice -- for two low-dollar holds-ups?

JEFF

This is not about the first and second robberies. This is about the third one.

MICHELLE

Third one?

JEFF

The one that's coming. Maybe not tomorrow but it's coming. To your branch, Michelle. And the third one might just look a bit different. Your bad guy might not be some clown in a hoodie or some chick in Louis Vuitton. The next one might be a real crew with a bigger plan. Better educated. Better prepared. More motivated. Well-armed. More brutal.

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

Willing to take hostages. Willing to use violence. And now they know that you people -- your bank -- won't even put up a fight. Why drill into your vault overnight when you keep it wide open during the day?

MICHELLE

The vault's on time release and we have a day gate.

JEFF

Fuck the day gate. Have you been listening at all?

MICHELLE

Okay -- yup --
(grabs her phone, got her evidence, getting up)
Thank you.

JEFF

You're bailing again?

MICHELLE

I'm calling your supervisor.

JEFF

Remind her who I am, will you?

MICHELLE

I feel sorry for her.

The door swinging closed as she stalks out and --

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. BANK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

We're right back in the exact same place but some sort of violence has happened here --

The chairs have been pushed all over the room. The potted plant's tipped over. Speaker phone smashed on the floor. The glass wall now pock-marked by BULLET HOLES.

AND THROUGH THE GLASS - OUT IN THE LOBBY

It's full of police. OFFICERS moving about. CRIME SCENE TECHS gathering evidence. YELLOW POLICE TAPE stretched across the scene.

IN HERE

TWO FBI AGENTS have taken over this room to conduct witness interviews. AGENT KARINA GUZMAN, 40s, mostly investigates sedate, white-collar securities fraud but somehow got pulled into this. Her deputy, AGENT ELEANOR SPRAGUE, 28, once wrote her college thesis on Emily Dickinson, now wears a sidearm strapped to her leg.

ACROSS THE TABLE

MICHELLE

Back in here again. She sits with her head in her hands.

AGENT KARINA

Michelle?

Michelle removes her hands and sits up. Her face is badly swollen. Like she's been in a fight.

MICHELLE

Yeah?

AGENT KARINA

Just a few questions.

AGENT ELEANOR

Which one of them did that to you?

MICHELLE

Does it matter?

AGENT ELEANOR

We're going to get these guys.

MICHELLE

He sat there and told me.

(dazed)

He was right there where you're sitting and told me there'd be another robbery.

AGENT ELEANOR

He made us all look stupid.

AGENT KARINA

Nobody's stupid. He may have fooled people, but now he's just a criminal on the run.

(MORE)

AGENT KARINA (CONT'D)

And this is our best chance to catch him. Right now. Within the next couple hours.

MICHELLE

I don't know where he is.

AGENT KARINA

We'll figure it out together. Help us understand what happened. Start at the beginning. Take us back.

MICHELLE

The beginning.

(a lost paradise)

In the beginning... I trained to be an Olympic figure skater. But I wasn't good enough. I took a job at bank and here I am, twenty years later.

Haunted silence. The awfulness of it.

AGENT KARINA

I meant... the beginning of today.

MICHELLE

Ah.

AGENT KARINA

Can you walk us through what you did when you came into work this morning?

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

The vast, ornate lobby. It's four hours earlier and the robbery hasn't yet occurred. It's morning. Bank's closed. Everything still.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

I'm always the first one in. It's just me.

Front door's unlocking. Michelle enters. Fresh for the day.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

It's my favorite time of day.
Before I have to deal with people.

She locks the door behind her. Keys a code and disables the perimeter alarm.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

There's a protocol I follow where I
check every part of the bank.

Her shoes echoing on the marble as she crosses the lobby.
Plucks a stray slip of paper from the floor.

Turning now. Slowly taking in the big space. The clusters
of furniture. The teller counter with its eight windows.
The placard advertising home equity loans. The fake potted
trees. The ATMs glowing in their alcove.

The tiniest CLICK. Michelle looking up at

A HUGE CLOCK hanging up there. An elegant fixture from an
earlier era. Its hands at 8:05.

AGENT ELEANOR (V.O.)

What are you checking for?

MICHELLE (V.O.)

Sometimes people hide in banks.

But everything out here's normal. She's walking over to --

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Neat and tidy. All the chairs pushed in. Michelle coming in
here for a quick look around. Checking under the table.

INT. TELLER BULLPEN - DAY

Michelle going down a row of cabinets, opening each one.
Done this hundreds of times but she's taking it seriously.

INT. MICHELLE'S OFFICE - DAY

She's dumping her keys, briefcase on her desk. Big poster of
the figure skating champion Kristi Yamaguchi on the wall.

INT. BANK CORRIDOR - DAY

Her echoing footsteps. She's stopping just outside the vault
room. Listening. If anything criminal is going on, it would
likely be in the room she's about to enter.

INT. VAULT TELLER'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Four walls. A solitary desk. Beyond it, the closed, steel-mesh door of the DAY GATE.

Michelle looking through the day gate's metal latticework into the vault vestibule.

She dials a number on her phone. An ENTRY CODE texted back. She enters it into a KEY PAD and the day gate unlocks. Michelle swinging open the gate and --

INT. VAULT VESTIBULE - DAY

A strongroom. Steel-reinforced walls. Couple work tables and computer terminals.

ALONG THE WALL

Shelves full of money. Hundreds of thousands of dollars in bills. Serious cash, but it's not where the real money is.

THE BACK WALL

A MASSIVE VAULT DOOR. This is what guards the real money.

Michelle testing the vault door. Locked tight.

INT. BANK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Back to Michelle's FBI interview.

MICHELLE
Everything looked okay.

AGENT ELEANOR
So what did you do next?

MICHELLE
At eight-thirty I unlocked the front door and let the others in.

INT. BANK LOBBY - FRONT DOOR - DAY

The BANK EMPLOYEES filing inside. Maybe fifteen people. LOAN OFFICERS. CLERKS. Some familiar faces. Faye. Danica. Joachin. Rex the cool-dude security guard. And here comes

VIOLET

Back in the old, drab suit. The flattened hair. The beaten-down wallflower. Faye at her side. The run-on monologue --

FAYE
-- I hate skiing. I hate everything about it. I hate the cold. The lift lines. I hate all the trees they have out there...

Violet barely listening. But now her PHONE RINGING.

VIOLET
(answering)
Craig?

CRAIG (V.O.)
You took my iPad.

VIOLET
What?

CRAIG (V.O.)
Yours is here. Mine is gone. You grabbed the wrong one.

VIOLET
Are you sure? Did you check the bathroom?

CRAIG (V.O.)
I checked everywhere, okay?
(exasperated)
You always do this. You always grab shit that doesn't belong to you.

VIOLET
When have I ever done that? Why are you accusing me of --
(her backpack)
Shit.
(pulling out an iPad)
Here it is. I have it.

CRAIG (V.O.)
See? I knew it.

VIOLET
I'm sorry. They look alike.

CRAIG (V.O.)
They're nothing alike. Mine's a Pro. Yours is just an Air.
(MORE)

CRAIG (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(heavy sigh)
How soon can you bring it back?

INT. TELLER BULLPEN - DAY

Violet coming in here -- still on the phone --

VIOLET
I can't bring it back. I'm already
at work.

Michelle popping out of her office doorway --

MICHELLE
Violet, may I see you?

CRAIG (V.O.)
Don't put this on me. You're the
one who took it.

VIOLET
Craig --

MICHELLE
(pressing there)
Violet, now.

CRAIG (V.O.)
Throw it in a taxi if you have to.
Just get it to me.

He hangs up. Violet heading into Michelle's office.

INT. BANK - MICHELLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Michelle tossing Violet a stack of documents.

MICHELLE
Faye's been making mistakes again
in her reconciliations. You'll
have to check all before it goes
in.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Rex unlocking the door for someone outside.

REX
Sorry, ma'am, we're not yet --

JULIE VANDERVAART
It's okay.

JULIE VANDERVAART, 38, dynamic corporate executive, pushing past without introducing herself. Rex giving way, cowed by her innate authority. Julie heading across the lobby and --

INT. BANK - MICHELLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Michelle still dumping more work on Violet. The grind of another day in retail banking.

MICHELLE
On Friday I'll need you down in the San Bruno branch all day to train their tellers on the new software.

Suddenly -- a jolt -- there in her doorway --

JULIE VANDERVAART
Have you been meeting with the FBI?

Michelle frozen -- blindsided --

MICHELLE
Julie. Hi. What brings you --

JULIE VANDERVAART
On two separate occasions, did you meet with the FBI without informing me?

MICHELLE
Honestly, it wasn't even clear what the guy wanted to know.

JULIE VANDERVAART
Doesn't matter what he was wanted. You're bound by confidentiality, which means you say nada. Zip. Instead you refer him to corporate.

The angry schoolmaster. Michelle called out. Violet stranded between them.

MICHELLE
You're right, Julie.
(swallowing her pride)
Next time I'll do that.

JULIE VANDERVAART
Cool.

Wrath spent, Julie's leaving with a half-hearted attempt at goodwill.

JULIE VANDERVAART (CONT'D)
I'll get out of your way now. You
open in eighteen minutes, you must
have a lot to do.

She's leaving. Doesn't even acknowledge Violet. She does, however, pause at the Kristi Yamaguchi poster.

JULIE VANDERVAART (CONT'D)
That's not you, is it?

MICHELLE
No.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Rex hastily opening the door for Julie as she strides out.

INT. MICHELLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Michelle sitting quietly with her humiliation. Violet hovering uncertainly.

MICHELLE
It's not too late. I could open a
figure skating school. Find some
little kids to teach. I'd have to
get up a lot earlier.

Michelle strategizing. Like she might go and do it right now. Violet edging towards the door.

VIOLET
I should get to the vault.
Sylvia's probably waiting for me.

INT. VAULT VESTIBULE - DAY

The huge vault door still closed. Plenty of cash for the day's teller operations stacked on the shelves.

SYLVIA, 60s, loading Violet's two teller drawers with stacks of cash in various denominations. Sylvia's the vault teller. This is her domain back here. Impeccably dressed, she has the sad formality of a deposed monarch forced to earn a living.

Violet signing for the cash with simple ballpoint.

SYLVIA

Wait. Stop. What is that?

VIOLET

What?

SYLVIA

In your hand. Where is your fountain pen?

VIOLET

I don't have it right now.

SYLVIA

Was it stolen in one of the hold-ups?

VIOLET

No. I lent it to someone.

SYLVIA

Lent it? Why on Earth?

VIOLET

It's not a big deal.

SYLVIA

It's a very big deal. Letting others take advantage of you.

Violet indignant. Hefting her cash drawers to leave.

VIOLET

I'll get it back.

SYLVIA

Not without a great deal of trouble.

INT. TELLER BULLPEN - DAY

Violet, Faye and Joachin -- the three tellers all entering one after the other -- lugging in their cash drawers. Danica holding open the door for them and --

TELLER COUNTER

Final preparations now. Faye sliding in her drawers -- the stacks of cash disappearing into the locked cabinet.

Joachin setting up his workspace. Fastidiously arranging his pens, keyboard, framed photos.

Violet in her chair now. Set to start work. Last thing, she leans forward and slides open her teller window as --

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

The BIG WALL CLOCK hits **9:00 a.m.** Rex unlocking the front door. Customers already filing in as --

EXT. DOWNTOWN HOTEL - DAY

Half-mile away. An anonymous, upscale business hotel.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Twenty floors up. Airless luxury. Four rugged EQUIPMENT CASES lined up by the door.

TWO OPERATIVES at work in here on some last-minute preparations.

There's ALMIRA. Our Louis Vuitton robber. Rayon blazer laid out on the dresser. She's hunched over it like a seamstress. Carefully sticking a THREE-INCH-LONG strip of DUCT TAPE to one of the blazer's elbows. Odd.

And TYLER. Hoodie-thug from the second robbery. But not a thug. A seasoned pro. Meticulously loading a HANDGUN.

ALMIRA
(pulling on the blazer)
Leaving in nine minutes.

TYLER
Got it. Nine.

INT. HOTEL SUITE BATHROOM - DAY

Almira coming in here now. Opening a professional make-up kit. Wig, sunglasses laid out there on the counter.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Time to go. Tyler zipping up duffle bags. Grabbing keys. Almira coming back out here. New identity with the wig and makeup. She pulls on a blazer, opens the room door to --

JEFF. Waiting for them in the hallway. Awesome suit. Sparkling eyes.

JEFF
Let's do it.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

The WALL CLOCK now at **9:40 a.m.** Drifting down to --

THE LOBBY

Bank's open for business. CUSTOMERS AND STAFF swirl about.

FRONT DOOR

ALMIRA entering. Just another customer. Bee-line for the teller windows.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

Jeff heading down the sidewalk. Glance at his watch.

EXT. BANK - BACK ALLEY - DAY

Deserted. Dumpsters and locked delivery gates. At the top of the alley

A WHITE DELIVERY TRUCK

Turning onto the alley. No signage of any kind on it. Its cargo hold entirely covered by a TARP.

It pulls to a stop halfway down the alley. Engine off. TYLER behind the wheel. Waiting there.

INT. TELLER BULLPEN - DAY

Violet holding up her hand for the next customer. Almira stepping to her window.

VIOLET
Hi.

ALMIRA
Good morning.
(pushing through a check)
I'd like to deposit this into my account.

VIOLET
Certainly.

Violet barely giving her a glance. Almira's appearance entirely altered by the wig, hat and sunglasses.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Danica, can I get a check approval?

Danica wandering over. Jangle of KEYS she wears on a long ribbon around her neck.

DANICA
(to Almira)
How ya doing?

ALMIRA
I love your watch.

DANICA
Thanks.

Danica leaning in to enter an approval code on Violet's keyboard.

VIOLET
Have a nice day.

ALMIRA
You, too.

Danica walking off. A transaction receipt printing out. Violet passing it to Almira. All of this utterly routine.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Almira's left the teller windows. Crossing the lobby as --

IN HER HAND

HER TRANSACTION RECEIPT. It's been folded in half. Almira opening it up and

A KEY

Sitting in there. Almira palming it. Heading for the far end of the lobby.

AN UNMARKED DOOR. Staff only. Almira -- no hesitation -- key quickly into the lock and --

INT. BANK CORRIDOR - DAY

A secure, inner area of the bank. Almira stepping in here. Pulling off that short length of tape from the elbow of her blazer and taping it across the lock. Then darting off down the corridor.

INT. TELLER BULLPEN - DAY

Violet back at work. Head down. Nothing. No outward sign anything is going down as --

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Jeff now in the bank. Walking to a high table in the middle of the lobby. Taking everything in without seeming to.

INT. TELLER BULLPEN - DAY

Violet barely pausing in her work to turn the PENCIL HOLDER on her desk 90 degrees. That's all. Tiniest of gestures.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Jeff -- signal received -- sending a quick text -- this whole thing so far unfolding flawlessly and --

INT. BANK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Four hours later. Back to the FBI interviews.

AGENT KARINA
Recognize this?

Karina placing A KEY onto the table.

DANICA. Her turn in here. She nods. Glum.

AGENT KARINA (CONT'D)
How'd they get it from you?

DANICA
It's impossible.

AGENT KARINA
And yet.

DANICA

I keep them around my neck.
(brandishing her key ring
on its ribbon)
At all times. They probably broke
in overnight and took it.

AGENT KARINA

Did you use the key earlier that
morning for anything?

DANICA

No.
(thinks about it more)
I don't know.
(grudging)
I might have.

AGENT ELEANOR

That key they swiped -- it may have
gotten them through a few locked
doors, but it wouldn't have opened
the day gate, much less the vault.

DANICA

True.

AGENT ELEANOR

Seems like they may have had help,
wouldn't you say? Someone on the
inside?

Hard question. Danica pondering that as --

INT. TELLER BULLPEN - DAY

Back to that morning. Violet doing a cash withdrawal for a
cranky older man (DILLON). Counting out bills.

VIOLET

Fifteen, fifteen-fifty, sixteen
hundred. Will there be anything
else?

Dillion frowning at all the fifty-dollar bills.

DILLON

What the hell's all this? Why
can't I get it in hundreds?

VIOLET

Certainly, sir. No problem.

Violet clearing away the fifties. Out come the hundreds.

DILLON
(grumbling)
Trying to give me fifties, didn't
ask for fifties.

VIOLET
(rapid-fire counting them
out)
-- thirteen, fourteen, fifteen,
sixteen hundred.

Violet sweeping the bills into an envelope which already
contains the fifties. Sealing it up.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Have a nice day, sir.

Dillon shambling away with the envelope, oblivious. What's
Violet up to? Violet's vastly over-paid him.

INT. BANK LOADING DOCK / GARAGE - DAY

Cavernous enclosed space. Shipping palettes. Oil-stained
concrete floors. Almira's found her way back in here.
Saboteur loose in the bank. Still with Danica's stolen key.
Turning it in a wall console -- which starts opening a BIG,
METAL GARAGE DOOR.

EXT. BANK - ALLEY - DAY

The metal door opening. Tyler -- sitting in the truck --
starting it up and --

INT. BANK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

We're three weeks earlier. That second meeting between
Michelle, Violet and Jeff. But Michelle's just walked out in
a huff so it's just Jeff and Violet in here.

JEFF
My meetings don't all go this
poorly.

Violet alone with him. Back in that absurdly bright outfit.

VIOLET
I should probably get back.

JEFF

Aren't you still on mental health leave? For the second time?

VIOLET

I just meant, you must be pretty busy.

JEFF

Fine.

(whips a form from his briefcase)

Sign there. Says we met.

(she's signing it as--)

That's a beautiful pen. Is that a Mont Blanc?

Violet with an elegant RED FOUNTAIN PEN.

VIOLET

Yes.

JEFF

Let me see.

Violet reluctantly handing it to him.

JEFF (CONT'D)

This puts you in a new light, Violet.

(takes back the signed form, tucks it away)

Ready to get started?

VIOLET

With what?

JEFF

That stuff with Michelle wasn't the real meeting. This is the real meeting.

VIOLET

What do you mean?

JEFF

Let me tell you a story. It's about a young woman in Reno. She gets a job in a casino. Very quickly becomes a dealer due to her extraordinary dexterity. Just a natural with the cards.

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

She's so fast and fun to watch that people play at her table just to see her work. For weeks and weeks no one notices that she repeatedly pays out blackjack to a certain 38-year-old male accomplice whose cards rarely, in fact, add up to twenty-one. Until they do notice and she's arrested. At which point they discover she's only sixteen and still in high school.

Pin-drop silence. Violet frozen in her chair.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Anyway, after a stretch in juvenile prison she kicks around for a bit then winds up here in San Fran. Changes her name. Marries some fuck-face and uses a fake social security number to get a job -- where? -- at a bank. This bank.

No reaction from Violet. Not even a blink.

INT. TELLER BULLPEN - DAY

And we're back to the morning of the robbery. Back to Violet helping more customers. Quick. Fast. Efficient. Zipping between drawers and files. Keyboard and cabinets. Coding. Signing. And she continues dumping money.

We're seeing it in quick flashes. Her dexterity is amazing. Cash going in all directions. Snuck inside paperwork. Into a cabinet. Into the pocket of her backpack. Into pages of Faye's celebrity magazine.

And nobody's seeing it. Faye, Joachin and Danica only a few yards away but Violet so inconspicuous -- giving nothing away -- her face a mask of boredom -- it all goes unnoticed and --

INT. BANK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

We're back three weeks earlier. Continuing Violet's scene with Jeff. He's just recounted her secret criminal past.

JEFF

When you think about it, a bank teller's not much different from a blackjack dealer. All that money moving through your hands.

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)
Dealing it out. Doing things with
her hands people don't always
notice.

Violet on her heels there. Groping for a defense.

VIOLET
I've never taken a penny from this
place.

JEFF
Question is: why not? Why haven't
you robbed this place by now,
Violet?

VIOLET
I made a mistake. I learned my
lesson.

JEFF
So this is it? This is your new
life? Look at your outfit. Look
at your hair.

VIOLET
Did you fly all this way to insult
me?

JEFF
I came all this way because it's
tragic to see someone stifling her
true nature. You're not this low-
wage, customer-service toady.
(beat)
You're an apex predator.

VIOLET
What's that?

JEFF
Stop bullshitting. You know
exactly what an apex predator is.
(scoffing)
You got busted once. So what?
Stop punishing yourself and get
back to the bad-ass you really are.
Otherwise, six months from now,
you'll be jumping off the Golden
Gate Bridge.

Violet holding out her hand.

VIOLET
I'd like my pen back, please.

JEFF
Take it from me.

VIOLET
Excuse me?

JEFF
This pen belongs to an apex
predator. Until you get the guts
to take it from me --
(he pockets it)
-- it's mine.

VIOLET
You're insane.
(standing up)
I'm getting Michelle.
(running for the door
when)

JEFF
I'm going to rob this bank, Violet.

Violet stops. Turns around.

INT. TELLER BULLPEN - DAY

Morning of the robbery. Violet strolling around here now. Restocking the laser printer. Making a fresh pot of coffee. Routine tasks. And we don't even need to see the money to know she's smoothly hiding it everywhere. Finally over to --

THE SHREDDER

Bills going into its maw. Outrageous. Thousands of dollars. Violet realizing this was reckless. Struggling for composure as the shredder GROWLS and WHINES to grind it all up.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Jeff still standing at that high table. Monitoring things. Hint of impatience now as --

Uh oh. A CUSTOMER (LYNN) -- just left Violet's window but stopping to discover all this extra cash in her envelope. Must be some mistake. Turning back to the teller window.

Jeff stepping around the table. Might have to intervene.

But Lynn's thought about it and she's leaving. Jamming the money in her purse and hustling out of the bank.

INT. BANK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Continuing Jeff's one-on-one with Violet from three weeks earlier. Violet looking stunned.

VIOLET

What did you say?

JEFF

I'm going to rob this bank and I want you to help me do it.

VIOLET

Are you trying to entrap me?

JEFF

I'm trying to recruit you. I've spent my career investigating bank robberies. Who better to pull one off than me?

VIOLET

You can't be serious.

JEFF

It'll happen in about three weeks. Be a small team. Four people. You. Me. Two others.
(calmly packing up)
No small-time counter stick-up.
We're gonna hit this place for everything in here. Millions and millions.

VIOLET

Why me?

JEFF

You handled yourself well the first few times.

(dismissive)

I just need you to steal a few keys. Open a few doors. No big deal.

VIOLET

Why would you think I'd help you?

JEFF

Because you've lost your self-respect. Robbing this bank will get it back.

VIOLET

Robbing this bank will get me twenty years.

JEFF

You want to wind up like Michelle out there? She was probably was a fun person before they killed off her spirit. You and I have the same problem. You're sleepwalking through life. I've been a government stooge for thirty years. Where's it gotten either of us? It's time we showed everybody how a bank heist should really be done. With intelligence, style and panache. As Michelle readily admitted -- banks these days don't give a shit about being robbed. They won't resist.

(on his feet)

VIOLET

I could call the police on you.

JEFF

I'm a senior FBI agent, Violet. And a man. Which one of us are they gonna believe?

(on his way out)

I'll be in touch. For now, finish your leave and come crawling back to work. Don't break character. Keep your head down. Stay the loser. God knows you've gotten used to it.

(opens the door)

But when this is over, I promise you, four things are going to happen: you'll be out of your marriage, out of your job, you'll have your mojo back and you'll be filthy rich.

(that magic smile)

You're welcome.

(pushing out into--)

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Jeff gliding off. Violet behind glass, alone in the airless conference room, watching him go.

INT. BANK LOADING DOCK / GARAGE - DAY

Back to the morning of the robbery. THE WHITE TRUCK has driven in here from the alley and is now backed up to the edge of the loading dock. Its cargo doors thrown open. Tyler and Almira quickly unloading the cases of gear we saw in the hotel room.

INT. TELLER BULLPEN - DAY

Violet back at her desk. Finished dumping all that money.

HER TELLER DRAWERS

Pulled open there. Emptied out. Almost no bills left.

VIOLET
(turning there)
Danica, I --

But now HER PHONE -- buzzing -- throwing her off --

CRAIG: MY IPAD??!!

Craig. God. His iPad. Totally forgot. Can't deal with that now. Sliding her phone away and --

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Danica, I'm out.

Danica looking up from her desk.

DANICA
Of what?
(incredulous)
It's not even ten. How could you
be out of cash already?

VIOLET
See for yourself.

INT. MICHELLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Danica stopping in the doorway.

DANICA
Going back to the vault. Violet's
out of cash.

MICHELLE
This early?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Hours later. Post-robbery. New FBI interview. Sylvia there.

SYLVIA

It's very unusual for a teller to go through that much cash in just one hour.

AGENT KARINA

What did you think when they showed up in the vault?

SYLVIA

I wasn't there. I was on break.

AGENT KARINA

You take a break every morning?

SYLVIA

From ten to ten-thirty.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

The big clock now at 10:00 a.m. Sylvia rapidly crossing underneath it. Purse. Headed out on break.

Jeff has moved to an open desk. Clocking Sylvia's departure as he pretends to study his phone.

INT. VAULT TELLER'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Empty. The day gate guarding the vestibule has been closed.

Violet following Danica in with her two empty cash drawers. With Danica's back turned, Violet quietly places her phone against a lamp on Sylvia's desk to film the following:

Danica receiving a code on her own phone, which she then enters into the keypad causing the day gate to unlock. The two of them pushing into the vault vestibule and --

INT. TELLER BULLPEN - DAY

Back to the morning of the robbery. Violet has returned from the vault. Her cash drawers fully reloaded with money.

EXT. CAFÉ - DAY

Couple blocks away. Sylvia on break. Sitting down with a cup of coffee.

INT. VAULT TELLER'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

No one here. The locked day-gate. SOUND of WHEELS ROLLING out in the hall and --

ALMIRA AND CRAIG

They're powering in. Each wheeling in a HAND-CART stacked with boxes of their gear.

Instant activity. Every second counts. Almira grabbing VIOLET'S PHONE from Sylvia's desk. Replaying THE VIDEO of Danica entering the access code for the day gate.

Almira re-entering that same code. The day gate unlocking. She and Tyler moving their gear into the vault vestibule.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Jeff on his feet now. Approaching that UNMARKED STAFF DOOR. Quick glance around and --

INT. BANK CORRIDOR - DAY

Almira's taped over the lock, so Jeff steps easily inside.

INT. VAULT VESTIBULE - DAY

The cash on the shelves completely ignored. Instead, Tyler and Almira deployed around --

THE VAULT DOOR

They're working to get it open. Tyler shutting off a BLOW-TORCH. Just burned a smoking hole in the vault door's locking case. Almira already feeding in the flexible cable of an ENDOSCOPIC CAMERA.

ALMIRA

We've got twenty-five minutes.

TYLER

Picture's up.

CLOSE ON

A CAMERA DISPLAY SCREEN

Live imagery. We're seeing inside the lock. Weird close-ups of complex circuitry.

Almira -- eyes on the screen -- like a surgeon -- nudging the cable further into the tight space --

ALMIRA
There's the tumblers.

TYLER
Can you fit under the board?

ALMIRA
There's the timer.

They've found it. A TIMER. Deep inside the lock. Ticking away there with the current time: **10:12 a.m.**

Tyler now threading a second wire in as --

JEFF
(walking in)
How's it coming?

TYLER
Tying in now.
(delicately edging the
wire)
You have signal?

ALMIRA
Get closer. Lock into that port.

TYLER
I see it.
(securing the wire)

ALMIRA
Good. We're synched.

THE ENDOSCOPE CAMERA SCREEN -- A TIME DISPLAY there --
matching the time on the vault's internal clock.

JEFF
Okay. Fast forward.

Tyler twisting a knob. The numbers on the time display speeding up.

EXT. CAFÉ - DAY

Sylvia still there with her coffee. Glance at her watch. She won't be here much longer.

INT. VAULT VESTIBULE - DAY

Jeff, Almira and Tyler all crowded around the endoscope screen. The numbers on the time display racing forward but --

JEFF

Why is this taking so long?

TYLER

It has to reach the time the door's programmed to open.

It's a setback. They're stuck at the closed vault door.

JEFF

We need that thing open. She'll be back in here in eighteen minutes.

TYLER

This is as fast as it goes.

ALMIRA

We're not going to make it. We need more time.

(appealing to Jeff)

Can you buy us another ten minutes?

EXT. CAFÉ - DAY

Sylvia finishing of her coffee. Gathering her things to go.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Jeff discreetly stepping back out here. Briskly walking over to a banker's desk and picking up a desk phone.

INT. TELLER BULLPEN - DAY

Violet trying to lose herself in routine paperwork. But her DESK EXTENSION ringing. Violet unthinkingly answering --

VIOLET

This is Violet.

JEFF (V.O.)
We have a problem.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Jeff at that banker's desk. On the desk phone.

JEFF
We need more time. We're not into
the vault yet.

Violet working to keep her voice down --

VIOLET
Are you kidding? You guys should
be almost done by --
(then)
Shit. Oh, shit.

JEFF
What?

VIOLET
She's back.

FRONT DOORS -- There's SYLVIA. Coming in from outside.

JEFF
What is she back this early?

VIOLET
Jeff, get your people out of the
vault.

JEFF
I need ten minutes.

VIOLET
She'll be back there in two
minutes.

JEFF
You've got to keep her reaching the
vault.

VIOLET
I can't leave my desk.

JEFF
You don't stop her, we all get
caught -- including you.

VIOLET

Jeff --

JEFF

Now's your chance. No more loser.
Be the bad-ass.

He hangs up. Bizarre motivational speaker. And Sylvia --
there she goes -- disappearing through a staff door.

Violet jumping her feet. Barely knows what she's doing.

DANICA

Where are you going?
(looking up as--)

Violet disappearing through an internal door and --

INT. BACK HALLWAY - DAY

Violet sprinting through here. Shouldering open a door and --

INT. UTILITY ROOM - DAY

She's cutting through here -- one door to the next --
desperate to get ahead of Sylvia and --

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Sylvia on the way back to her office when --

Slowing down. Hears a noise. Turning and --

ALCOVE

Violet there in a corner. Back turned. Sobbing.

SYLVIA

(approaching)

Violet?

VIOLET

Leave me alone.

Violet shrinking from her. Like she's come back here to cry.

SYLVIA

What's wrong? What is it?

VIOLET

I'll be okay.

But she looks miserable. Heaving with sobs.

FURTHER DOWN THE CORRIDOR

Almira peeking out of Sylvia's office. She's heard them.

ALCOVE

Sylvia drawn in -- Violet's a wreck --

SYLVIA
Here -- shh --
(her purse, tissues)
-- it's okay --

INT. VAULT TELLER'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Almira holding there just inside the office. Gun ready.
Waiting to see where this goes as --

INT. CORRIDOR / ALCOVE - DAY

Violet sobbing. Sylvia with her arm around her.

SYLVIA
(pulling her up)
Not out here. Let's go into my
office...

VIOLET
(resisting)
-- no -- no --

SYLVIA
Yes.

Violet -- it's the last thing she wants -- they're in this
strange, weepy tug-of-war when --

DANICA
(showing up back here)
There you are. What are you --

Violet now glomming onto Danica -- blubbering incoherently --

DANICA (CONT'D)
What's going on?

SYLVIA
She won't tell me.

DANICA
It's okay. I've got her.

Danica and Violet walking back up the corridor. Sylvia watching them go -- that was weird -- then realizing --

SYLVIA
... my purse...
(it's gone)
-- Violet -- you have my --

Violet walking off with Sylvia's purse -- clutching it like some kind of stuffed animal -- Sylvia forced to follow them --

INT. VAULT TELLER'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Almira relieved -- lowering the gun as --

TYLER (O.S.)
(inside the vestibule)
It's opening!

INT. VAULT VESTIBULE - DAY

The vault door -- gears moving --

TYLER
We got it!

Almira rushing in. The vault door unsealing. Miraculous.

INT. MICHELLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Michelle on a phone call. But now Danica's helping the sobbing Violet in here -- Sylvia not far behind --

MICHELLE
(her call)
Sorry, I'll have to call you back.
(hangs up, annoyed)
That was I.T. I've been trying to
get them on the phone for two
weeks.
(Violet weeping there)
What happened?

DANICA
I have no idea.

MICHELLE
Violet?

Sylvia shutting the door. Violet slumping into a chair.

VIOLET
I don't want to bother you.
(already rising)
I'll go back to work.

But the others -- no, no, no -- easing her back down --

MICHELLE
Just tell us what's wrong.

Violet trying to whisper something. Can't get it out.

DANICA
What was that?

VIOLET
(choking back tears)
Craig sold my fountain pen.

MICHELLE
He -- what? -- who?

SYLVIA
I told you. You don't stand up for
yourself.

Violet sneaking a peek at her watch as she double over in a
fresh round of misery --

MICHELLE
Who's Craig?

INT. VAULT - DAY

The treasure room. MILLIONS in shrink-wrapped blocks of
cash. Almira and Tyler -- Jeff's back here, too -- no time
to lose -- they're looting the place.

INT. MICHELLE'S OFFICE - DAY

MICHELLE'S MONITOR -- on her desk -- surveillance imagery
clearly showing Jeff and crew emptying the vault --

But nobody's paying attention. They're all gathered around
Violet, who's still carrying on.

MICHELLE
Just to confirm, you're not crying
because something's wrong with the
bank.

SYLVIA

How could you ask that of her?

Sylvia gently -- but insistently -- trying to pry her purse out of Violet's arms --

VIOLET

I feel trapped in my marriage.

DANICA

Have you tried therapy?

SYLVIA

Therapy is for the weak.

MICHELLE

I've been in therapy thirteen years.

DANICA

I don't understand. This is about a pen?

MICHELLE

The pen is indicative of a larger problem.

DANICA

But there's still an actual pen, right?

INT. BANK - LOADING DOCK - DAY

They're moving the money out here now. Tyler heaving the blocks of cash into the back of the truck. Almira wheeling another cartload of it out onto the loading dock.

INT. VAULT - DAY

Mostly cleaned out. Warp-speed robbery. Jeff shining a flashlight around, not satisfied, going back through here like he's still searching for something.

INT. MICHELLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Violet's stopped crying. Box of tissues in her lap. In the middle of a meandering confessional.

VIOLET

I knew he was self-involved. I wanted someone who'd take charge.

(MORE)

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Make it about himself. That way I could just... disappear. That's all I wanted. Even here. This job. For eight hours I don't have to exist. I just vanish.

It's bleak. But she's has them listening. And Violet -- maybe she's still acting, maybe it's genuine.

INT. VAULT TELLER'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Almira and Tyler packing up the last of the gear. Jeff emerging from the vault vestibule. Look of dismay.

JEFF

It's not in the vault.

ALMIRA

Where else would it be?

Something else they're after. Jeff thinking it over.

TYLER

Any case, let's grab the cash in here.

(the vestibule)

Could be another hundred k.

JEFF

Might as well leave it.

TYLER

It'll take two seconds.

Tyler pulling the remaining teller cash from the shelves as --

INT. MICHELLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Violet blinks. Her sad story's been told.

VIOLET

Thanks for listening. I feel better.

DANICA

The time's really flown by.

SYLVIA

We should all talk more like this.

MICHELLE

Let's not go overboard.

They're all getting up. Danica opening the door. Michelle crossing back to her desk.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
(grabs the phone)
What are the chances I get these
ass-bags back on --
(her monitor)
What the flying fuck?
(stopping cold)
There's people in the vault!

HER SCREEN

SURVEILLANCE CAMERA FOOTAGE called up. Tyler removing the cash from the vestibule shelves.

INT. TELLER BULLPEN - DAY

Danica ripping open the door of Michelle's office --

DANICA
Faye and Joachin -- close your
windows -- right now.

INT. MICHELLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Michelle grabbing her phone.

VIOLET
What are you doing?

MICHELLE
Corporate needs to know.

VIOLET
Michelle, wait. That's not the
policy.
(Michelle's not hanging up
so--)

MICHELLE
What'd you do that for?

Violent's just disconnected the call on Michelle' phone.

VIOLET
No alarms, remember?

MICHELLE

Maybe for a counter hold-up. This is different. They're in the vault.

And now Faye and Joachin coming in here --

FAYE

What's going on?

VIOLET

Michelle, listen to me. Our priority is safety of our staff and customers. These guys don't want a confrontation. Let them go. Then make the call.

MICHELLE

I lose the vault, that's twenty million. They'd crucify me.

SYLVIA

You're right. You'd never manage another bank.

VIOLET

Corporate wants us to chill out in here and let it happen.

FAYE

Sounds like a plan.

MICHELLE

(her monitor)

It's him.

(stunned recognition)

I don't believe it.

ON HER SCREEN -- surveillance imagery of Jeff, Almira and Tyler walking through the vault and antechamber.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

That fuck-head FBI guy is back there robbing my bank.

DANICA

Wait a minute. The FBI's robbing us?

FAYE

I'm guessing he no longer works for the FBI.

Michelle ready to explode. Nobody knows quite what to do.

JOACHIN
Screw this.
(pushing his way out of
the office--)

INT. TELLER BULLPEN - DAY

Joachin grabbing his things. Violet right behind him.

VIOLET
Joachin, what are you doing?

JOACHIN
What's it look like? I quit.

Faye and Danica coming out here now --

FAYE
You can't quit in the middle of a
bank robbery.

JOACHIN
I don't need this shit. I'll go
work at First Coast Financial.

VIOLET
Stay here, Joachin. Don't make
this any worse.

FAYE
First Coast is hiring?

VIOLET
I promise you, this will all be
over in a few minutes.

JOACHIN
Dudes are armed. I ain't dying
with you bitches.

FAYE
Who you calling a bitch, bitch?

JOACHIN
You talk too much, you know that?
(turns to Violet)
And you're the Anti-Christ.

Joachin fleeing the teller bullpen. Violet sliding a window
open to watch as he storms out across the lobby.

FAYE
I hated his cologne anyway.

VIOLET
What's he doing now?

HER POV - THE LOBBY

Joachin stopping there at a loan officer's desk --

VIOLET (CONT'D)
(catching on)
Don't do it, Joachin.

Joachin yanking open a drawer -- a BUTTON inside there --

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Don't do it. Oh, shit --

-- he presses the silent alarm.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Aftermath. Hours later. Joachin's FBI interview.

AGENT KARINA
So you pressed the silent alarm.

JOACHIN
I want a lawyer.

AGENT KARINA
We're just talking.

JOACHIN
Lawyer.

AGENT KARINA
Nobody's accusing you of anything.

JOACHIN
Lawyer.

A brick wall. They won't get anything from him.

INT. VAULT VESTIBULE - DAY

Back to that morning. Jeff, Almira and Tyler looking around as -- odd sound -- Click. Click. Click.

ALMIRA
What is that?

Electronic CHIRPS coming from a speaker in the wall.

INT. MICHELLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Violet tearing back in here -- urgent --

VIOLET
Joachin tripped the silent alarm!

Click. Click. Click. The chirps sounding in here, too.

DANICA
That's what it sounds like?

VIOLET
Michelle?

Michelle's monitor showing Jeff inside the vault.

MICHELLE
I want him dead.

VIOLET
Michelle, the alarm's going off.

On her desk -- MICHELLE'S CELL PHONE RINGING.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
That's the alarm company.
(Michelle doesn't move)
Michelle, if we don't answer,
they'll send the police.

MICHELLE
Good.

VIOLET
The police will only make this
worse, Michelle. Answer your
phone.

Michelle no help at all. So Violet grabbing the phone --

VIOLET (CONT'D)
(answering)
Hello?

MICHELLE
Hey!

ALARM COMPANY (V.O.)
This is Waypoint Security. You
have an alarm activation.

MICHELLE
Give me my phone!

VIOLET
(retreating, into the
phone)

It's a false alarm. There's no
emergency. We're having an office
party and someone pressed it as a
joke.

MICHELLE
(calling out)
Don't listen to her! Send the
police!

Violet throwing open the door -- shooting out of here --

INT. TELLER BULLPEN - DAY

Violet -- fast-walk -- Michelle's phone to her ear --

ALARM COMPANY (V.O.)
Is everything okay?

VIOLET
Like I said, it's a party, people
are drinking, playing jokes, you
know how it is.

Pushing through another door and --

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

She's out here now. Fleeing Michelle. In the middle of the
swirl of customers, none of whom knows what's going on.

ALARM COMPANY (V.O.)
If I could just have the password
then.

VIOLET
Password?

ALARM COMPANY (V.O.)
To cancel the alert.

Violet stopped cold. Doesn't know it.

ALARM COMPANY (V.O.)
Ma'am, I need the password.

VIOLET
Right, I hear you. I'm just going
to my desk to look it up.

But she's just standing there. Stalled. And Michelle -- is she still chasing her?

ALARM COMPANY (V.O.)
(insistent now)
Unless I receive the correct
password, I am required to dispatch
law enforcement to your location.

VIOLET
Sorry, My computer's a little slow
this morning. It's coming up now.

Violet racking her brain. Looking all around the huge lobby
for some kind of inspiration.

ALARM COMPANY (V.O.)
Time's up. We're calling the
police.

VIOLET
Yamaguchi. The password is
Yamaguchi.

Silence. Violet cringing. Braced for disaster.

ALARM COMPANY (V.O.)
Yamaguchi is correct. The alert is
cancelled. Have a nice day.

INT. MICHELLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Violet saunters back in. Calm now. Stopping next to the
poster of Kristi Yamaguchi. Michelle glaring at her.

VIOLET
Michelle, you're not thinking
straight.

Michelle picking up her desk phone and dialing 9-1-1.

MICHELLE
I'm in charge here. Not you. Stop
interfering.

Line's dead. Violet's just pulled out the phone jack. It's
war between the now.

DANICA
Violet, that's it. You're fired.

VIOLET

We'll put it to a vote. The five
of us here. Police or no police.

DANICA

Did you hear me? You don't work
here anymore.

Violet silences her with a look.

MICHELLE

Violet, what's come over you?
What's happened to you?

VIOLET

All in favor of no police, raise
your hands.

She holds up her hand. Faye reluctantly joins her.

MICHELLE

Two out of five. You lose.

VIOLET

Then we all lose.

MICHELLE

Danica, call the police.

Danica whipping out her phone when --

JEFF (O.S.)

Am I interrupting?

He's in the doorway. GUN in hand.

INT. VAULT VESTIBULE - DAY

Michelle, Danica, Sylvia, Faye and Violet all sitting on the floor. Jeff's prisoners. Almira and Tyler standing guard.

MICHELLE

They're going to nail your ass to
the wall for this.

JEFF

I feel like you and I got off on
the wrong foot.

MICHELLE

Get out of my bank.

JEFF

Violet's right. There's no point in any of you fighting back to protect a corporate bank's insured assets. If they don't care, why should you?

Violet -- eyes down -- just another hostage. Praying he doesn't say the wrong thing.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Now then. We're going to finish loading up. Violet, I'm sure you know the drill by now. Go back out there and keep everything nice and calm until we're gone. You others so much as move, Almira's gonna shoot you in the kneecap.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Jeff escorting Violet away from the vault area. As soon as they're out of earshot --

VIOLET

What are you doing? It's ten-forty-five. Why haven't you left yet?

JEFF

Stop worrying. Everything's going fine.

VIOLET

No, it's not. Are you kidding? I'm sure half my coworkers suspect me by now.

JEFF

Then drop the good girl routine and just be the bad guy. I did. It's liberating.

VIOLET

No. I walk away clean. That was our agreement.

JEFF

Why? So you can keep working here? Where's the win in that?

(making the pitch)

Come with us. By tonight we'll be having steaks and martinis on the beach in Belize.

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

Not Belize specifically, mind you, but a Belize-esque country.

VIOLET

I'm not spending the rest of my life with an Interpol warrant out for my arrest.

JEFF

Fine. Have it your way. But you're just making it harder on yourself.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Jeff and Violet back out here in the normal business day environment. Walking through the swirl of staff and customers. Their conversation continuing in undertone.

JEFF

You want to know why I'm still here, it's because of you.

VIOLET

Me?

JEFF

We haven't yet brought about your character transformation.

VIOLET

Will you stop with that shit? It was never funny.

JEFF

You made a good start, but you're still not that apex predator.

(the conference room)

Now come in here.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Violet turning on Jeff as they come in.

VIOLET

Why the hell are we back in here?

JEFF

It's our special place.

VIOLET

I thought you knew how to rob a bank.

JEFF

I do.

VIOLET

Looks to me like you're trying to get caught. Are you trying to get caught?

JEFF

A hundred percent I'm walking out of here. Hundred percent.

VIOLET

Then go do it!

JEFF

I will. Soon as we take care of a few loose ends.

VIOLET

Such as what?

JEFF

Such as Michelle.

VIOLET

What do you mean?

JEFF

She's become a problem. She's not going to let us leave without a fight.

VIOLET

Then lock her up and get out of here.

JEFF

I could do that. But Michelle is an opportunity for you to hasten your journey to the dark side.

Violet dumbstruck.

VIOLET

I'm starting to wonder if you might be insane.

JEFF

I want to help you, Violet. I want to end my career by helping another human being reach her true potential. Otherwise this is just about money and that's crass.

VIOLET

I may shoot you myself.

JEFF

Then you wouldn't get that million-dollars, would you?

VIOLET

My share's a million and a half.

JEFF

If you defeat Michelle, you'll win. You'll be that predator again. And then I'll leave the bank. And retire in that Belize-esque country.

VIOLET

If I defeat Michelle, you'll leave the bank?

JEFF

You have my word.

The door's swinging open and Tyler's walking Michelle in.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Well, it's been real, guys.

(leaving)

See ya.

They're gone. Just like that. Michelle staring at Violet like she's never really known her before.

MICHELLE

Who are you?

VIOLET

What do you mean?

MICHELLE

Stay away from me.

VIOLET

Calm down.

MICHELLE
Stop walking towards me.

Violet pausing there. Hands up. Harmless.

VIOLET
Michelle, relax.

MICHELLE
You're helping him rob this bank.
Aren't you?
(stunned)
How did he recruit you? Was it
here in this room? Those meetings?

VIOLET
I'm begging you. Don't talk
anymore.

MICHELLE
Tell me the truth. Yes or no.

Michelle frightened. But holding there. Violet knowing on
the brink of something she can't undo.

And now she reaches out. Her hand closing around --

A GLASS PITCHER

There on the table. Violet hefting it. Feeling its weight
in her hand. It's a real weapon.

Michelle -- oh shit -- realizing the danger she's in and --

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Violet stepping out of the conference room. Smoothing her
clothes. Michelle not there with her. Whatever's happened
between them, it looks to be over.

Violet heading back to the teller area when --

CRAIG
Where have you been?

Violet started. CRAIG getting up from an chair.

VIOLET
Craig?

CRAIG
You were supposed to bring me my
iPad!

VIOLET

Right. I forgot.

CRAIG

Forgot?! I've been calling,
texting.

(disbelief)

I had to come all the way down here
-- two buses -- and you know my
foot's been hurting. And now my
whole morning is shot.

VIOLET

Craig, the bank's being robbed.
Right now. As we speak.

Craig glancing around.

CRAIG

Everything looks fine in here.

VIOLET

It's not. Trust me.

CRAIG

So here's what you do. Go get my
iPad. Then I'll leave and get
help.

Craig in all his single-minded simplicity. Nothing to be
done about it.

VIOLET

Sounds good, honey.

INT. TELLER BULLPEN - DAY

The closed teller windows. No staff. They're now hostages
in the vault.

Violet back in here. Looking around at it all. Is this the
last time she'll be here? Is she going to prison?

Her backpack. Violet pulling out Craig's iPad. An empty
feeling inside.

KNOCKING on her teller window. Someone out there. Violet
sliding it open.

JEFF

Hi.

At this point, nothing he does should surprise her.

VIOLET
Still here I see.

JEFF
Just wanted to say good work in
that conference room.

VIOLET
I'm not proud of it.

JEFF
Change is hard. I know.
(taps his chest)
Especially in here. But you did
it.

VIOLET
But you were leaving.

JEFF
One last thing. I promise.

He hefts a duffle bag up onto the counter.

VIOLET
What's that

JEFF
Obviously it's a duffle bag.

VIOLET
You gonna hold me up, too? Vault
wasn't enough? Good idea. Here.
(opening her drawer)
Have the coins. Quarters. Dimes.

Violet cracking open paper rolls. COINS rolling around.

JEFF
What are you doing?

VIOLET
What else? Here. Take my watch.
(unstrapping it)

JEFF
Don't be dramatic.

VIOLET
You might as well hit my apartment
on your way out of town for the
rest of my jewelry. It's in a case
in my top dresser drawer.

Then -- behind Jeff --

CRAIG
Violet?
(walking up)
What is taking so goddamn long?

VIOLET
Jeff, this is my husband.

JEFF
How thrilling.

CRAIG
Who are you?

JEFF
I'm the bank robber.

Craig -- vague nod -- not even listening because there on the counter -- something much more compelling to him --

CRAIG
(his iPad)
Can I have that?

VIOLET
Did you hear what he just said?

CRAIG
What? Who?

Even Jeff is shaking his head.

VIOLET
Never mind.
(his iPad)
Here you are, darling.

Violet getting to her feet and

HEAVES THE IPAD OUT INTO THE LOBBY

Shocked beat -- the iPad spinning through the air like a discus and

SHATTERING against a marble column. BOOM!

The lobby falling silent. Everybody turning to look.

Craig -- incredulous -- staring at its shattered screen.

CRAIG
Oh my God...
(louder)
OH MY GOD...
(frenzied)
OH MY GOD!!!

Jeff calming unzipping the duffle bag --

JEFF
Well done.

As he pulls out A MACHINE GUN and --

HE'S OPENING FIRE -- chaos! -- deafening -- people diving --

Jeff shooting up in the air at --

THE HANGING WALL CLOCK

It's rocking -- bullets pinging -- chain snapping and --

HERE IT COMES

The plummeting clock -- BANG! -- SHATTERING like a bomb on the floor. Dust hanging in the air as we --

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

It's quiet. Karina and Eleanor -- our two FBI agents -- they're now standing outside the conference room.

They're crossing the lobby. It's hours later. Place is now a crime scene.

THE SHATTERED CLOCK on the floor. Pieces everywhere. The hands frozen at about 11:00.

AGENT KARINA
They could've just left. Instead of this.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Back to the robbery. Jeff's just shot up the lobby. Debris from the demolished clock still hanging in the air. Everybody out here still recoiling in confusion as --

ALMIRA
Everybody on the floor! Now!

She's cutting through here -- MACHINE GUN brandished -- BODY ARMOR -- she's got on Kevlar -- tactical gloves --

REX -- fancy security guard -- first to surrender -- he's down on the ground -- no trouble at all --

And Tyler coming out here -- also in body armor -- he's bringing out Danica, Sylvia and Faye. Shoving them down with the rest of the hostages.

FINALLY

Violet -- she's come out into the lobby on her own. Just watching the spectacle. Before she can slip away --

Her wrist. Almira hauling her over to the other hostages and shoving her to the floor. Faye lying there, shaking.

VIOLET
It's okay, Faye. It'll be okay.

It's done. They've taken over the bank. Thirty people lying prostrate. Stifled moans and whimpers.

Almira and Tyler prowling -- machine guns sweeping the room --

JEFF
(addressing the room)
So, obviously this is a robbery.
Lie still and you won't be harmed.
We'll finish up and be on our way.

Jeff going the FRONT DOOR. He's leaving. Handing his machine gun off to Almira, who unlocks the door for him and --

EXT. BANK - DAY

Jeff out here in the sunlight. Door closing and locking behind him.

So there he is. Standing on the sidewalk. Traffic, people passing. No alarm. No police. Not yet. But the gunfire inside -- all those hostages -- surely this situation is about to explode.

But Jeff -- no worries -- just walking away.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Window shades pulled down. All these hostages lying across the lobby. Tyler and Almira patrolling the stillness. Gloves. Weapon. Armor. Scary.

Violet there on the cold marble. Ignored. An afterthought.

But a new energy in her now. Possibly good. Possibly bad. But some deeper program running.

TINKLE of broken glass. Under the wreckage of the clock --

CRAIG crawling out. Thing must've fallen directly on him. He's in bad shape. Covered in dust. Couple broken bones. Blood bubbling in his mouth. But he's dragging himself towards her. Braving the pain. Violet can't believe it. His determination to reach her.

But no. Violet's not his goal. It's his IPAD. He's reached it now. Gathering it tenderly in, cracked screen and all.

Of course. Violet turning away.

Tyler -- meaning -- coming over to Almira.

TYLER
Where's the bank manager?

Almira looking over to the conference room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Almira coming in here to discover --

MICHELLE

She's down there on the carpet. Unconscious. Beaten up. Face bruised and swollen. Wrists bound with phone cord.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DAY

Jeff now a few blocks away. Sunglasses. Beautiful morning. Stopping to buy a pretzel from a stand.

But now --

A POLICE CAR

Tearing past. Siren wailing. Jeff watching it go. No worries. Munching the pretzel.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

As we HEAR -- outside -- THE POLICE RESPONSE. Sirens. Vehicles arriving. Thud of a HELICOPTER overhead.

In here nothing changes. Almira and Tyler letting it happen.

EXT. BANK / INTERSECTION - DAY

Police perimeter quickly going up. Officers taking up positions behind their cars, guns drawn as --

TWO FBI AGENTS getting out of a government sedan. We've already met them. It's Karina and Eleanor. They're just arriving on the scene. Start of their day.

AGENT KARINA
Morning, lieutenant.
(flashing a badge)
What do we got?

INCIDENT COMMANDER
Robbery in progress. Shots fired inside about eight minutes ago.

Karina surveying the scene. Doubtful.

AGENT KARINA
Who takes over banks these days?

A RUMBLE up the street. A POLICE MOBILE COMMAND UNIT cruising up. This sleek, futuristic bus.

INT. POLICE MOBILE COMMAND UNIT - DAY

Staffed up with SFPD TECHS, SUPERVISORS and INVESTIGATORS. Karina and Eleanor coming in here to join the fun.

EXT. BANK / INTERSECTION - DAY

And here comes Jeff. He's back. Returning to the scene.

OFFICER
Sir, you need to move back.

Jeff flashing his FBI BADGE. The officer waving him through.

INT. POLICE MCU - DAY

Jeff bounding onboard. Badge around his neck. Back to being the lawman.

JEFF
(approaching Karina and
Eleanor)
How's it going? I'm Jeff.

Karina finding an unfamiliar face.

AGENT KARINA
You local?

JEFF
DC. VMX-1. Happened to be in
town.

AGENT KARINA
(he vastly outranks her)
You want to take over?

JEFF
It's your show. Here if you need
me.
(the bank)
I was just in there, too.

AGENT KARINA
You're kidding.

JEFF
Meeting this morning. Bastards
must've been just waiting for me to
leave.
(then)
Who are those geeks?

THREE BANK EXECUTIVES have just entered. Hovering nervously.
One of them is JULIE VANDERVAART. Jeff sauntering over.

JEFF (CONT'D)
That your bank being robbed?

TODD / COO
That's right.
(making the introductions)
I'm Todd Phillips, head of
operations. This is Julie
Vandervaart, our vice president of
risk management.

JEFF

I'm never gonna remember your
names.

TODD

So, what's the plan here?

JEFF

Wait outside.

TODD

Outside?

JEFF

Unless you've got a badge on.

TODD

It's our bank. You want us to wait
out there?

JEFF

I'll put it a different way. Get
the fuck out now!

The cowed executives falling over themselves to leave.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Not you -- you stay --

Jeff grabbing Julie.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You're the risk management person?

JULIE VANDERVAART

Correct. Julie Vandervaart.

JEFF

Come here.

Jeff leading Julie over to the monitors.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Tell me about your bank. It's your
biggest branch?

JULIE VANDERVAART

Biggest and oldest.

JEFF

And the vault. How much money's in
there?

JULIE VANDERVAART
Around twenty million.

JEFF
What else is in the vault?

JULIE VANDERVAART
Nothing. Just the cash. There's
no safe deposit boxes.

JEFF
What other securities are you
holding in the bank?

JULIE VANDERVAART
Beyond the physical plant, the
equipment, nothing.

JEFF
What about the gold?

JULIE VANDERVAART
The what?

JEFF
Gold. It's a precious metal.
Atomic number 79. They make it
into bars and keep them in banks.

JULIE VANDERVAART
Not that bank.

JEFF
Come on, Julie. They're after the
gold. That's why they haven't left
yet.

JULIE VANDERVAART
I don't know what to tell you.
There's no gold in that branch.

JEFF
There's no declared, insured gold,
you mean. I'm asking about the
undeclared, uninsured gold that
your board of directors has you
secretly stash in that bank for its
unsavory clients.
(she hesitates)
Jules, I'm the FBI. I know a thing
or two.

JULIE VANDERVAART

Then you'd know it's illegal for US
banks to hold assets off its books.

JEFF

And if I was Treasury, maybe I'd
give a shit. But I'm just trying
to stop a robbery.

JULIE VANDERVAART

And I'm not saying any more without
a subpoena.

JEFF

Okay.

(the door)

Follow me.

EXT. BANK / POLICE PERIMETER - DAY

Jeff leading Julie up to the police perimeter.

JEFF

I hope your will is up to date.

(to the officers)

Can I grab a couple Kevlar vests?

(back to Julie)

What size are you?

JULIE VANDERVAART

What's going on?

JEFF

We're going in. You and me.

JULIE VANDERVAART

What?!

JEFF

We can swap ourselves, free at
least two of the hostages.

JULIE VANDERVAART

Absolutely not. I'm not doing
that.

JEFF

Since you won't tell me where the
gold is, I have no choice but to
bring you in there so we can see
for ourselves what they're up to.

This is real. He's grabbing a vest, helmet for her when --

JULIE VANDERVAART
It's in the vestibule.
(panicked admission)
But it wasn't my idea.

JEFF
The gold's in the vestibule?

JULIE VANDERVAART
It was the board. They made me do
it.

JEFF
Where in the vestibule?

JULIE VANDERVAART
It's in a compartment under the
floor. I had carpet installed on
top of it. Honestly, they probably
won't find it.

JEFF
Probably not. Unconventional place
for it, I'll give you that.
(putting aside the helmet
and vest)
You can go.

Julie fleeing the scene.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Violet still lying side-by-side with Faye. Sweating through
their clothes.

As we survey the rest of the lobby --

FRONT DOOR -- Almira nudging a window shade for a peek
outside.

ATM ALCOVE -- Tyler restlessly pacing.

CRAIG -- on his back -- eyes closed -- alive? -- his iPad
clutched to his chest --

EXT. BANK / POLICE PERIMETER - DAY

Jeff preparing to enter the bank alone. Karina helping him
get ready. Tightening his Kevlar vest.

AGENT KARINA
You don't have to do this.

JEFF

I have some time to kill before I
get on a plane.

(starts towards the bank)
Call you once I'm inside.

He's beyond the police perimeter. Hands in the air.
Crossing the empty intersection towards the bank. FBI hero.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Almira unlocking the front door. Jeff stepping inside.

ALMIRA

Well?

He smiles.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Hours later. Robbery's over. Officers milling around.

Violet sitting among a group of witnesses waiting to be interviewed. Her appearance is now a total shambles. Her hair's a mess. Her clothes are water-logged. Face streaked with mud. And for some reason she's wearing TACTICAL GLOVES. Clearly something pretty major has happened.

AGENT ELEANOR

(walking up)

Is there a Violet out here?

Violet wearily getting to her feet.

AGENT ELEANOR (CONT'D)

If you'll follow me into the
conference room.

INT. BANK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Violet now in the interview chair.

AGENT ELEANOR

Is that glass in your hair?

VIOLET

I guess.

AGENT ELEANOR

Mind telling us how that happened?

VIOLET

A fucking clock fell on me.

AGENT ELEANOR

The one out in the lobby?

VIOLET

Is there another one?

AGENT ELEANOR

What about the mud?

Violet tensing -- just noticed the GLOVES she's got on.

VIOLET

Who knows? It's been a long day.

(hands moving casually
under the table)

The real question is, why aren't
you guys out there trying to find
Jeff?

AGENT ELEANOR

What's on your hands?

VIOLET

What?

AGENT ELEANOR

Are you wearing gloves?

Violet holding up her hands. No gloves.

AGENT ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Oh. I could have sworn...

VIOLET

Why would I be wearing gloves?

AGENT ELEANOR

I don't know. It just doesn't feel
like you're being straight with me.

Karina watching from the sidelines. Time to intervene.

AGENT KARINA

We are trying to find Jeff.

VIOLET

Then why not ask me where he's
going instead of Bryn Mawr here
jacking me off?

AGENT ELEANOR
What did you call me?

AGENT KARINA
Where is Jeff going?

AGENT ELEANOR
Maybe you like to spend the night
in jail.

VIOLET
How does someone like you become an
FBI agent?

AGENT ELEANOR
By way of the Marines.

AGENT KARINA
Do you know where Jeff's going or
not?

VIOLET
You were a Marine?

AGENT ELEANOR
Should I prove it to you,
motherfucker?

AGENT KARINA
Will you excuse us for a minute?
(pulling Eleanor up and--)

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Karina leading Eleanor out of the conference room.

AGENT KARINA
What are you doing?

AGENT ELEANOR
What are you doing? She's clearly
guilty.

AGENT KARINA
That's not guilt. That poor young
woman's now been in three
robberies. Her hostility comes
from trauma and helplessness. It's
classic victim behavior.
(stopping because--)

Door to the conference room's swinging open --

VIOLET

Belize.

(matter-of-fact)

Jeff told me he was going to
Belize.

Mad scramble. Karina grabbing her phone. Eleanor dashing across the lobby. The pursuit is on.

INT. VAULT VESTIBULE - DAY

Back to that morning. Almira with a claw hammer, working furiously to pull up the industrial carpet laid down in here.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Tyler patrolling. Moving among the prone bodies of the hostages.

Faye among them. Fighting panic. Trying to lie still. Looks over to Violet --

But it's empty floor. Violet's gone.

INT. BANK LOADING DOCK - DAY

Almira coming out here.

ALMIRA

Jeff?

Jeff looking over. He's there with some EMPTY DUFFLE BAGS he's laid out to carry the gold.

JEFF

Carpet's up?

ALMIRA

You'd better have a look.

The expression on her face isn't encouraging.

INT. VAULT VESTIBULE - DAY

The carpet torn away to expose a bare floor. Jeff looking all around.

JEFF

Where's the compartment?

ALMIRA

There isn't one.

JEFF

It's here. She said it was --

ALMIRA

That risk management woman lied to you.

Jeff staring at her. Outrage simmering.

JEFF

Give me your phone.

ALMIRA

Why?

JEFF

Because if I call her on mine, she's not going to pick up.

ALMIRA

Jeff, forget the gold. It's time to leave.

JEFF

Give me your phone.

CRACK! Jeff -- his face -- eyes wide -- shock --

Almira's just slapped him.

ALMIRA

We had enough. We're going.

Jeff lowering his hand from his cheek. Staring at her.

JEFF

Okay.

INT. BANK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Karina waiting in here with Violet. Eleanor coming back in with an update --

AGENT ELEANOR

FAA and Homeland Security are running passenger manifests for every flight to Belize from the West Coast. CHP, CAL-TRANS, airports and Border Patrol all have descriptions of the three suspects.

VIOLET

So that whole takeover, that was
all to find the gold?

AGENT KARINA

He didn't get the gold. He failed.

INT. BANK LOBBY -- DAY

Back to the morning. All the hostages still on the floor.
Jeff -- on his phone -- wandering the lobby.

AGENT KARINA (V.O.)

Jeff? What's happening in there?

JEFF

They've got thirty hostages but
they're willing to leave them here.

AGENT KARINA (V.O.)

In return for what?

JEFF

Safe passage. I've offered to go
with them as their insurance
policy. Once they're out of the
city and there's no police pursuit,
they'll cut me loose. And there's
no negotiation. This is their one
and only offer.

INT. POLICE MCU - DAY

Karina -- Eleanor -- cops -- all off them huddled around
Karina's phone --

AGENT KARINA

Jeff, I can't ask you to go along
with that.

JEFF (V.O.)

They're professionals. They're not
going to harm a federal officer.

The Incident Commander and Karina weighing the offer. Then --
piping up behind them --

JULIE VANDERVAART

What about the money?

AGENT KARINA

Who cares about the money?

JULIE VANDERVAART

There's twenty million in our
vault. You can't let them leave
with it.

AGENT KARINA

We can if it saves lives.

JULIE VANDERVAART

But... you've got the place
surrounded.

AGENT KARINA

You want us to take a bullet to
save your paper?

JULIE VANDERVAART

What do mean? We don't let bank
robbers go. This is America.

AGENT KARINA

(to Eleanor)

Get her out of here.

Eleanor dragging Julie away.

JEFF (V.O.)

Guys, I need an answer from you.
We gonna take this deal or not?

Karina giving the reluctant nod to the Incident Commander.

INT. BANK GARAGE - DAY

They're leaving. Jeff starting up the truck. Tyler and
Almira sliding into the cab beside him.

EXT. BANK - BACK ALLEY - DAY

Everything blocked off. OFFICERS guarding the perimeter as --

THE WHITE TRUCK

Comes rumbling out of the bank and into the sunlight.

Jeff there at the wheel. Playing the FBI hostage driver.
Eyes forward. Tyler next to him. Gun at Jeff's head.

And the police just standing aside. The truck driving off.

OFFICER
(into radio)
They're away. White 2-ton truck.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

THE FRONT DOOR smashed open. SWAT OFFICERS pouring in --

SWAT OFFICER
Police! Nobody move!

The hostages all fanned out down there. Swat team flooding in to secure things and --

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DAY

The truck churning through the city. No speeding. No panic.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

All of them scanning traffic, mirrors.

TYLER
They back there?

JEFF
That blue Kia.

INT. KIA - DAY

Unmarked car. Two PLAINCLOTHES OFFICERS following the truck.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Kia's back there in the mirror. Jeff prepping something.

JEFF
Here we go. Hold on.
(foot off the gas and--)

Jams on the breaks.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DAY

The big truck shuddering to a hard stop as --

INT. KIA - DAY

The truck looming in their windshield --

PARTNER
Look out!

His partner breaking hard as --

EXT. TRUCK - DAY

ATOP THE TRUCK

PING! -- cables snapping all around to release --

A HUGE TARP -- flying up off it and --

INT. KIA - DAY

WHAP! The TARP engulfing Kia. Blocking every window.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DAY

THE TRUCK driving away. Its appearance totally different. Its cargo bay now a battered SHIPPING CONTAINER. Looks like any other truck on the road. Almira reaching out her window to slap some anonymous company logo on the door.

The KIA stuck back there. Swamped by the tarp and blocking lanes. HORNS from traffic stacking up behind them and --

EXT. BAY BRIDGE - DAY

The truck escaping the city. Free and clear.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Now moving south on Highway 880 into Oakland.

JEFF
Honestly, that gold would've put
this in a class by itself. But
twenty million ain't bad.

Jeff's PHONE RINGING.

ALMIRA
Who's that?

Jeff -- not much caring -- answers, putting it on speaker.

JEFF
This is Jeff.

VIOLET (V.O.)
You left without saying goodbye.

Almira gesturing -- no -- hang up -- leave it alone.

JEFF
Hey, Violet.

VIOLET (V.O.)
I'm guessing you're off to the Port
of Oakland. Gonna load that
container onto a cargo ship.

Tone shift. Jeff eyeing the traffic out there.

ALMIRA
(hissing)
Hang up!

JEFF
(ignoring her)
You're very perceptive, Violet.
Where exactly are you?

VIOLET (V.O.)
I'd like it back.

JEFF
What's that?

VIOLET (V.O.)
My fountain pen.

Jeff exchanging a puzzled look with the others.

JEFF
You want your fountain pen back?

VIOLET (V.O.)
You said you'd return it once I
completed my transformation.

JEFF
Right. I remember now.

VIOLET (V.O.)
Then hand it over.

JEFF

What you're going to make off this job, you can go buy a thousand fountain pens.

VIOLET (V.O.)

I want mine.

JEFF

I don't have it.

VIOLET (V.O.)

That's not acceptable.

JEFF

It's just a stupid pen. I don't know where it went.

VIOLET (V.O.)

I'll give you one chance. Get off at the next exit and meet me at the marsh. Once I get my pen back, you'll all be free to go.

JEFF

Is that a threat?

VIOLET (V.O.)

You saw what I did to Michelle.

Jeff hanging up on her. Tense silence.

JEFF

What a freak.

ALMIRA

(the mirrors, the traffic)
She can't be too far behind us.

JEFF

She's not back there. She's in the truck.

TYLER

What?

They're looking around. Creepy beat. Jeff already changing lanes, heading for the next exit and --

EXT. ALAMEDA ACCESS ROAD - DAY

Urban wasteland. Despite the constant, surging traffic up on the elevated freeway, down here it's eerie, empty space.

Nothing but vacant ground and concrete freeway footings and piles of trash. All of it fading into the wet grass of the marsh -- beyond which lies the immense San Francisco Bay. The occasional ROAR of a flight out of Oakland Airport adding to the desolation.

And the truck's coming out here now, down a crumbling access road that dead-ends at the marsh.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Jeff pulling to a stop.

TYLER

What are we doing out here?

JEFF

We've got to deal with her. We can't risk going to the port with her back there.

TYLER

You really don't have her pen?

ALMIRA

Jesus Christ --
(impatient)
-- let's get this over with.
(throwing open her door
and--)

EXT. ACCESS ROAD - DEAD END - DAY

The three of them walking around to the back of the truck.

TYLER

How'd she even get in there?

JEFF

Have to assume she's armed.
(regret)
Sorry, guys. I know you didn't sign up for this.
(the freeway)
Can they see us down here?

They staring at the closed, locked doors. Little enthusiasm.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You know what? I'll take care of it.

ALMIRA

Really?

JEFF

I was the one who brought her in.

(gesturing)

You guys wait over there. Out of
the line of fire.

TYLER

Be careful.

Almira and Tyler moving back. Jeff drawing his gun.
Steadying himself. Approaching the back of the truck.

Then turning around and --

BLAM! BLAM!

Almira and Tyler both SHOT DEAD.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. TRUCK / BANK LOADING DOCK - DAY

Flashback. Earlier that morning. Jeff -- we've seen this
before -- he's on the loading dock -- putting out some empty
duffle bags in expectation of the gold when --

VIOLET (O.S.)

You're being set up.

Jeff spins. Gun drawn. Violet standing there.

JEFF

(lowering the gun)

What are you doing you out here?

VIOLET

Your helpers. Tyler and Almira.
Where did you find them?

JEFF

I did my homework. They're
professionals.

Jef pushing past her. Back to the duffle bags.

VIOLET

No professional would put
themselves inside a police
perimeter.

JEFF
Everything's working perfectly.

VIOLET
Nor would they ever team up with an active duty FBI agent.

JEFF
Your job's done, Violet. We're almost out of here.

VIOLET
(in his face)
Can't you see who they are?

JEFF
Get back to the loading dock.

He shoves her away, but she comes right back --

VIOLET
Look at their haircuts. Look at the shape they're in. Their education. Those two aren't crooks. They're cops, Jeff.
(incredulous)
You've managed to put two undercover cops on this job.
(Jeff stopped cold)
You don't believe me, ask to see their phones. They won't let you. That's how you'll know.
(retreating)
I can help you out, but you gotta get your head out of your ass.

ALMIRA (V.O.)
Jeff?

He spins. Almira emerging out here. Claw hammer in hand. Jeff scrambled. Looking back. Violet has vanished.

JEFF
Carpet's up?

ALMIRA
You'd better have a look.

INT. BANK CORRIDOR - DAY

Jeff staring at the back of Almira as she leads him through here.

INT. VAULT VESTIBULE - DAY

And we've seen this moment before. The carpet torn away to expose the bare floor.

ALMIRA
That risk management woman lied to you.

Jeff staring at her. Outrage simmering.

JEFF
Give me your phone.

ALMIRA
Why?

JEFF
Because if I call her on mine, she's not going to pick up.

ALMIRA
Jeff, forget the gold. It's time to leave.

JEFF
Give me your phone.

CRACK! Jeff -- his face -- eyes wide -- shock --

Almira's just slapped him.

ALMIRA
We had enough. We're going.

Jeff lowering his hand from his cheek. And now we understand what he understands about her.

EXT. ACCESS ROAD - DEAD END - DAY

Jeff as we left him. Just gunned down Almira and Tyler at the edge of that forlorn marsh. His gum smoking. Staggered by what he's just done and --

BEHIND HIM

Truck doors clattering open to reveal --

VIOLET

VIOLET
Hurry.

She jumps down. Pair of TACTICAL GLOVES borrowed from Jeff. She's right into it -- going over and grabbing Almira's body.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
What are you waiting for?

Violet already dragging Almira into the marsh glass. Jeff struggling to pull himself together. Going to Tyler's body.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
You gotta get him all the way in.

Violet hauling Almira's dead weight into deeper water. Jeff grabbing hold of Tyler. Shuddering even to touch him.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
I thought you'd be better at this.
Why are you being such a pussy?

Violet swimming Almira into the bay, then letting her go. Treading water as Almira sinks beneath the surface.

Jeff still struggling with Tyler -- back there in the knee-deep marsh water when --

COUGHING -- Tyler heaving -- not quite dead --

JEFF
Shit!
(horrified, dropping him)

VIOLET
The fuck is wrong with you?
(thrashing back over)
Stop! Put that away!

Jeff fumbling for his gun but Violet already taking over -- sliding Tyler's body into the water -- her teeth grit as she pushes him under -- holding him there --

Jeff appalled. Violet ferocious. Just holding him down. The water bloody and bubbling in the murky water.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Now let's go.

She stands up. Tyler's not coming back up. This whole incident has flipped the power dynamic between them. Violet splashing back past Jeff, grabbing the keys from his pocket.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
I'll drive.

Jeff stumbling after her and --

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Violet starting the truck. Soaked. Muddy. Blood-stained. But calm and focused.

VIOLET
Relax. It's over.

JEFF
We had to do it. We had no choice.

Jeff hunched there. Replaying the horror.

VIOLET
Can we focus for a second? Where are we going, after we drop this thing at the port?

JEFF
You're coming with me?

VIOLET
Have to now, don't I?

JEFF
Sonoma. There's an airstrip north of town.

VIOLET
I knew there's be a private jet somewhere in this.
(the road out there)
Any idea how to get back to the freeway?

They're meandering through a confusing purgatory of dirt roads, discarded tires and freeway support columns. Jeff sitting back. Wretched. Nothing's magical anymore.

JEFF
First time I'd ever shot anybody.
Why'd it have to be police officers?

VIOLET
Oh, they weren't police.

JEFF
What?

VIOLET
I made that up.

Stupefied silence from Jeff.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Funny how easy it was to fool you.
Anyway, now we can split everything
two ways instead of four.

Jeff just staring at her. Incomprehension.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Don't feel bad. You did it. You
robbed the bank and brought me back
to life.

(batting her eyes)

You were so right about me, Jeff.

He still can't answer. Can't fathom.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Speaking of jetting off to
paradise, you pack that pink Izod?

JEFF

Pink Izod.

VIOLET

You know. The one you had on when
you came into my casino.

Jeff starting to tune into what she's saying.

JEFF

What casino?

VIOLET

It was about a month before I got
arrested. You sat down at my
table. You had this pink polo on
and were acting like an obnoxious
ass.

Jeff uneasy. Thoughts racing back.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

I made sure you lost every hand.
But you never stopped betting.
Nine years later, there you were
again, across another table from
me.

JEFF

The conference room?

VIOLET

You were right. I had been
planning on robbing it.

(MORE)

VIOLET (CONT'D)

I just hadn't gotten around to it.
Then you walked in and gave me the
idea for how to do it.

JEFF

What are you talking about? This
was my job. I recruited you.

VIOLET

I made sure of it. Soon as that
second hold-up happened, I knew it
was you and I knew you'd be back.
By then I'd already researched your
life. Your high-risk behaviors.
The investment losses that drained
your retirement accounts. That
second meeting, you were desperate.
Not for money. For importance.

JEFF

You're full of shit. You can't
have known what I was planning.

VIOLET

But I knew I could turn it to my
advantage. I know a sucker when I
see one. And here you are. Alone
with an apex predator.

Jeff threatened now. Oozing malice. Not sure what's true
and what's not, but this next murder will be easier.

JEFF

You conniving little --
(whips out his gun as--)

Violet hitting the gas --

BANG!

Into a PILE OF BRICKS out there -- hard stop -- Jeff -- no
seatbelt -- catapulting through the windshield --

He's gone. Windshield's gone. Violet already in reverse --
backing the truck off the brick pile --

No doubt No hesitation. No thrill. Just more work to do
before this is over.

She's driving forward again. Wheeling around the obstacles
outside and --

WHUMP. Driving over something. Violet stopping the truck
and getting out. One last thing to do.

But we don't see it. We remain in the cab. Waiting there. Idling in the shadow of the freeway. Door's hanging open.

She's climbing back in. Driving on now.

IN HER HAND

HER RED FOUNTAIN PEN

EXT. BANK / POLICE PERIMETER - DAY

And we're back in San Francisco. Parked emergency vehicles filling the street. PARAMEDICS wheeling somebody out from the bank. It's CRAIG. He's strapped into a gurney, banged up but still alive, and fully absorbed in his cracked but functioning iPad. As they pass by --

VIOLET

Arriving back here. Slipping under the police tape. Barely a glance at her husband getting loaded into an ambulance.

INT. BANK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

And here they are. Nearing the end of Violet's interview.

VIOLET

So that whole takeover, that was
all to find the gold?

AGENT KARINA

He didn't get the gold. He failed.

A DETECTIVE pushing open the door --

DETECTIVE

Good news. Truck's back.

AGENT KARINA

What do you mean back?

DETECTIVE

Somebody parked a few blocks away
and left all the money inside.

INT. MICHELLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Michelle at her desk. Just sitting there. End of a terrible day. Wondering when she can go home when --

VIOLET
(coming in)
You have a second, Michelle?

MICHELLE
What happened? They interview you?

VIOLET
I'm done. They said I could go.

MICHELLE
They did?

VIOLET
Someone brought the money back
so...

MICHELLE
Here's a thought. How about we
just... let all this lie. Come in
tomorrow fresh and carry on.

VIOLET
I won't be back tomorrow. I'm
handing in my notice.

Exhausted silence from Michelle.

MICHELLE
Didn't Danica already fire you
earlier? Seem to remember that.

VIOLET
Well, there you go.

They share a grim smile.

MICHELLE
I guess you're ready for a new
challenge.

So this is goodbye. Violet going to the door.

VIOLET
I hope you open that skating school
someday.

MICHELLE
Soon as my ship comes in.

VIOLET
I almost forgot --
(turning back)
(MORE)

VIOLET (CONT'D)

I haven't had time to check over
Faye's reconciliations. Can I get
it to you by the end of the day?

MICHELLE

That'd be fine.

INT. BANK - GARAGE - DAY

THE TRUCK's been pulled back in here. POLICE TECHNICIANS
going over it. Sylvia emerging from the truck's cargo bay.

SYLVIA

It's all there.

(baffled)

I don't know who robs a bank and
returns the money.

ON THE LOADING DOCK

Michelle there with Todd, Julie and a few other very relieved
AURORA EXECUTIVES.

TODD

Well, I guess just put it all back
in the vault, right?

MICHELLE

Go ahead, Sylvia.

TODD

(finally noticing
Michelle)

Too bad about your face.

MICHELLE

I expect it'll heal.

TODD

Well, you have our thanks. You
defended your branch with
distinction.

(about to take off when--)

MICHELLE

Even better than thanks would be a
bonus. Maybe a year's salary
worth.

(Todd taken aback)

Or I could just file a lawsuit.

TODD

No, no. You're absolutely right.
A year's bonus is -- would be our
pleasure.

MICHELLE

One thing more, sir.

TODD

Yes?

MICHELLE

If corporate's been holding off-
books gold in my branch, I insist
on knowing where it is.

The new Michelle. Standing up for herself. And it's
working. Todd turning to Julie Vandervaart.

JULIE VANDERVAART

Todd, we're talking about the most
secret area of the bank. The fewer
who know, the better.

TODD

I'd like to see for myself, Julie.

Julie -- no choice -- making the best of it --

JULIE VANDERVAART

Right this way.

INT. BANK CORRIDOR - DAY

TEN PEOPLE -- Michelle, Danica, Sylvia, Todd, a couple
detectives -- all following Julie down this passageway.

INT. BANK CORRIDOR #2 - DAY

Julie leading them into an older area of the bank. The
floors are cracked and uneven. Few people come back here.

Julia stopping at an unassuming, unmarked door. Dramatic
pause, then --

INT. BANK STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Door's opening and they're all entering. The room is
cavernous.

Click. Julia throws on the light to reveal musty old ledgers moldering away. Obsolete equipment piled around from earlier banking eras.

TODD
Who comes back here?

JULIE VANDERVAART
Nobody. And that's the point.

Julie swinging open a cage. A room within a room.

TODD
You're kidding. Filing cabinets?

SIX OLD FILING CABINETS against the wall.

MICHELLE
It can't be in there.

JULIE VANDERVAART
Who'd ever think to look? After all, the best security is a knowledge of human nature.

TODD
Astounding.

Michelle sighs. Julie's turned this to her advantage. She opens a drawer with the tip of her shoe.

Clang. The file cabinet door rolls open and stops.

TODD (CONT'D)
Is this a joke?

The drawer is empty.

Dead air.

Julie -- absolutely -- shocked. Hauling open another drawer. Clang. Also empty.

JULIE VANDERVAART
It was here. It was -- all here.

TODD
Julie, where's the gold?

JULIE VANDERVAART
(another drawer)
I checked last week -- there were
bars in every --
(also empty)

TODD
Julie... WHERE'S THE FREAKING GOLD?

JULIE VANDERVAART
It was here! It was all here!

Bang. Bang. Bang. Julie howling -- crazed -- clawing open the drawers -- she's self-destructing in front of our eyes.

EXT. WALNUT CREEK TOWNHOUSE - EVENING

Night. The day's mercifully over. We've left San Francisco for the East Bay suburbs and a quiet neighborhood of new townhomes. Michelle trudging up the steps.

But she can't go in. Not yet. Sitting down on the top step. Needs to think over the day's events. Taking us back to...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - BANK - DAY

Earlier that morning. That confrontation between Michelle and Violet. Just the two of them. Violet picking up --

THAT GLASS PITCHER

Hefting it. The weight of it. It's a murder weapon.

Michelle -- oh shit -- she's in trouble -- Violet turning with the pitcher there and --

Pouring a glass of water. Taking a sip.

Michelle closing her eyes in relief.

VIOLET
He's after the gold.

Michelle opening her eyes.

MICHELLE
What gold?

VIOLET
The gold bars Julie Vandervaart's been storing at the bank.

MICHELLE
Gold bars. Julie. Here.

VIOLET

It's some oligarch's gold. That's
why Julie freaked out over you
meeting with the FBI.

Michelle pacing now. Growing madder with every step.

MICHELLE

I knew somebody was coming in here.
Late at night. Disabling alarms.
Moving stuff around.

(resentful)

I told corporate, they said I was
imagining it.

(mounting fury)

You know how long I've spent with
the tech support trying to diagnose
these faulty sensors?

VIOLET

So here's an idea --

MICHELLE

That fucking Julie Vandervaart.
Thinks she can do whatever she
wants in my branch.

(gossip)

You know she never even went to
college? She's got some associate
degree. That's not real college.
Meanwhile I'm still paying off
student loans.

VIOLET

Can I suggest --

MICHELLE

Every morning, you know what I have
to do? Before I leave for work? I
have to mix myself a vodka martini
and leave it in the refrigerator so
I have something -- one thing -- to
look forward to when I come home.

VIOLET

I'll take her down for you.

MICHELLE

Say what?

VIOLET

Julie Vandervaart will be covered
in shit.

(MORE)

VIOLET (CONT'D)

You won't lose the any of money,
either. But you'll have to trust
me.

Michelle can't fathom what Violet's saying. Terrified just to be having this conversation.

MICHELLE

What do you mean -- trust you?

VIOLET

No matter how weird things get.
Trust that I will make you come out
on top of this whole thing today.

Michelle's never been lucky in her life. Is this her chance?

MICHELLE

Okay.

(braving up)

What do I do?

VIOLET

Hold still.

MICHELLE

Why?

VIOLET

For this.

SLAM! Violet headbutts Michelle in the face.

EXT. WALNUT CREEK TOWNHOUSE - EVENING

Michelle touching her swollen face. Doesn't hurt as much now.

Then -- feeling it -- under her -- something on her porch she's sat down on without realizing -- she gets up and --

A manilla envelope down there. Michelle picking it up. Pulling out FAYE'S RECONCILIATIONS. Violet's corrections in red ink. Michelle finally has to smile.

INT. WALNUT CREEK TOWNHOUSE - FOYER - EVENING

Front door's unlocking. Michelle finally stepping inside. Wearing beat as she sheds purse, envelope, bag, keys.

INT. WALNUT CREEK TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Michelle opening her refrigerator. At last -- her martini waiting for her. As she gratefully lifts it out --

Something else next to it.

A GLEAMING BAR OF SOLID GOLD

Michelle frozen there. Martini half-way to her lips.

EXT. SONOMA AIRSTRIP - EVENING

A single runway surrounded by farmland. A DRIVER opening the door of a LUXURY SUV. A woman stepping out. She's transformed. Killer dress. Killer hair. Killer everything.

A PRIVATE JET waiting there.

PILOT
(not who he was expecting)
Where's Jeff?

VIOLET
He won't be coming.

EXT. EVENING SKY - SUNSET

The JET punching into evening the sky.

INT. PRIVATE JET - SUNSET

DUFFLE BAGS in seat after seat. Another vodka martini. This one on a silver tray. Violet the only passenger. Red fountain pen in her hand. Caressing it in her fingers. She has no idea where the jet is headed. Except that it's going in the right direction.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
What would you like for dinner,
ma'am?

Violet thinking that over.

VIOLET
I'll have a steak.

Outside her window, a stunning, blood-red sky.

FADE OUT.

CREDITS ROLLING over BLACK SCREEN.

Then...

After a bit of time...

The music drops out and --

12 HOURS EARLIER

INT. MICHELLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Michelle coming in. Start of her morning. The robbery hasn't happened yet. We've seen this part before. She's dumping her keys, briefcase on her desk and --

INT. BANK CORRIDOR - DAY

Michelle on her solo security patrol of the empty bank. Checking locked doors.

INT. BANK CORRIDOR #2 - DAY

Those sloping floors. The oldest part of the bank. Michelle reaching the STORAGE ROOM DOOR and --

INT. BANK STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Door's opening. Michelle flicking on the light --

THE FILING CABINETS -- drawers pulled upon and brimming with GOLD BARS -- DUFFLE BAGS open on the floor and --

VIOLET

Standing there -- caught! -- bar in each hand -- nothing she can do --

Michelle still by the door -- frowning -- fiddling with something -- kicking away some piece of trash --

Finally glancing into the room --

And maybe because she's done this walk-through hundreds of times before without incident...

Or maybe because the sight of Violet and the open filing cabinets and all that gold makes no cognitive sense and her brain simply rejects what her eyes see -- but Michelle doesn't react at all. Instead she's snapping off the light, backing out and shutting the door. Her footsteps dying away.

Violet standing there in the shadows. Incredulous.

Then back to work.

THE END