

"ONE LAST JOB"

By

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FADE IN:

INT. CARL'S HOUSE -- DAY

The small plush teddy bounces in the child's hand as he moves.

MICHAEL cups it in both hands and then stops before the shadow ahead.

CARL HAMMOND, a handsome man in his late thirties, zips up his jacket in front of the mirror. Michael stands just behind him.

MICHAEL

Where are you going?

Carl turns around and smiles at his son.

CARL

Don't worry... Stay here with your mother. I won't be long.

The zipper done up, he moves towards the dresser. He notices that Michael is still watching him.

Michael extends his arms, as if presenting the plush teddy to his father.

Carl takes it with one hand and stares at it, smiling. He sits on the bed and picks Michael up with his free arm, seating him on his lap.

CARL

You want me to take this?

Michael nods.

MICHAEL

But I want it back...

Carl laughs and sticks the plush teddy into his pocket.

CARL

Alright, kiddo, I gotta run.

He stands, lifting Michael gently down onto the ground.

CARL

Now give your dad a hug goodbye...

Michael's tiny arms embrace around Carl's neck. Carl's arms pull his son in close, almost protectively...

EXT. FRANK'S SEDAN -- DAY

The vehicle moves along the highway.

CARL

Sits in the back seat. He stares out of the window with a melancholy look.

INT. FRANK'S SEDAN -- DAY

Three men are also in the vehicle. FRANK WEBB, a bald man in his early thirties, drives. His robust brother, MORRIS, sits beside him. ROBERT, a thin man in his early twenties, sits behind Frank. All are quiet.

Carl glances around the car and then back out the window. He pulls the

SMALL PLUSH TEDDY

From his pocket and stares at it.

Carl sticks it back into his pocket and pulls a handgun out instead. He looks ahead --

Morris grimaces back at him.

Carl's eyes shift back out of the window.

INT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT -- (FLASHBACK)

Carl sits in a booth alone finishing off his french fries.

THE THREE MEN

Find him and sit around him, trapping him in towards the wall.

Frank looks pissed.

FRANK

Where's my money?

Carl's eyes shift about.

Frank just smiles at him. He gestures to Morris --

Carl's head slams onto the table, a hand holding him down. He flinches in pain, his arm pulled up along his back.

FRANK

Where the fuck is my money?!

Carl squints, every now and then opening his eyes.

CARL

I'm still working on it... Shit!

Frank smiles grimly.

FRANK

So you're telling me to give you more time?

He grabs the steak knife off the table --

CARL

Wait!

(nervously)

Maybe we can work something out...

FRANK

Actually, I do have an opening...

Morris lets go of Carl's head and eases up on his arm. Carl no longer squints. He raises an eyebrow in inquiry.

FRANK (O.S.)

For old times' sake... One last job.

EXT. FRANK'S SEDAN/BANK -- DAY

The four men arm themselves discretely with handguns and sub-machine guns, their vehicle hidden behind a commercial truck. They all slip on ski masks.

CARL

Looks anxious as he gazes towards the bank.

FRANK

Nervous, Carl?

Carl cocks his gun, shaking his head.

The four emerge from behind the truck and rush forwards towards the front doors.

INT. BANK -- CONTINUOUS

Frank is the first one in as he veers off to the right. Morris takes the left while Carl and Robert stay in the front. Frank and Morris spray BULLETS into the ceiling.

FRANK

Stay down if you want to live!

Screams as the people in line drop to the floor or crouch behind cover. Morris and Carl try to gather them into the open while Robert and Frank approach the counter.

Morris thrashes about, throwing the men and women onto the floor.

Carl gently leads a woman into the open.

CARL

(quietly)

Don't worry, ma'am. Just stay calm...

THE COUNTER

As Robert aims his weapon towards a CLERK's head.

ROBERT

Empty the registers into the bag!

SUDDENLY

A SECURITY GUARD pops up from behind the counter --

Robert spins around swiftly -- BAM. He falls backwards onto the floor. A pool of blood followed by more screams --

Frank FIRES several shots into the guard. He then proceeds by SHOOTING several clerks. Those that aren't killed are sent back with Morris.

CARL

Stares at the bodies, torn apart by bullets... the blood and guts spewing about... so horrifyingly gruesome...

He looks towards Frank:

CARL

What the fuck?! You said no one had to die!

Frank stares at him coldly. A beat passes.

FRANK  
Get to the safe.

INT. BANK -- SAFE -- DAY

Morris has a duffel bag on his shoulder. There are two other duffel bags on the table.

Carl finishes packing his own with bundles of money and zips it up, flinging it over his shoulder. He takes one off the table and starts for the door.

Morris just watches him. He slips out his pistol...

Carl notices that Morris isn't following him and turns around.

THE PISTOL,

Slowly rising to aim towards him --

Carl's weapon already out --

BAM.

INT. BANK -- DAY

Frank, watching the hostages, glances towards

THE DOORWAY

As Carl shifts outside of it.

FRANK  
You motherfucker...

Each raises their weapons --

BULLETS SPLINTER the door frame as Carl takes cover behind the counter -- He leans out and FIRES --

Frank behind the wall as the BULLETS line it. One of the shots SHATTERS a vase nearby. As the shots stop, he races forward --

Carl attempts to reload. His hands are sweaty, shaking as they struggle to insert the clip... CLICK. Finally --

He leans out --

Three SHOTS penetrate his abdomen. He FIRES blindly once before hitting the floor. His weapon slides from his hand.

Frank ENTERS behind the counter. His aim never shifts from Carl.

FRANK  
(cocks pistol)  
You killed my brother...

Carl winces in pain as blood flows down his chin.

CARL  
He tried...  
(coughing)  
.... to kill me!

FRANK  
And he failed.  
(beat, smiling grimly)  
You'll find with me that you're not  
so lucky...

A HOSTAGE rushes towards the door --

Catching Frank's attention for just a moment --

Carl grabs his weapon and swiftly raises it --

A BULLET straight through Frank's neck. The blood spurting out, he cringes and tries to aim -- He falls and hits the ground.

Carl drops the weapon and drags himself towards the wall, leaning on it. He pulls the plush teddy from his pocket and gazes at it. SIRENS can be heard in the distance, getting louder and louder... Eventually his arm lowers.

CARL  
(aside)  
I'm sorry...

ZOOMING

Towards the teddy, now smeared with blood. Carl's fingers slowly reach for it. It's arm is clasped between his thumb and index finger.

CARL (V.O.)  
Now give your dad a hug goodbye...

Both fingers shake steadily before finally letting go.

FADE TO BLACK.