

Easy Money
by
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V3.1

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EASY MONEY

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BANK - AFTERNOON

People wander by the bank as a Suspicious Person, the HOBO BANDIT, stands near the door. Finally, he bolts into the bank.

After a moment, the bank doors open, and the Young Man bursts out with a bag in his hand. Quickly, he runs down an adjacent alley, leaps into a waiting car, the type of which is hidden in the shadows, and tears off.

EXT. PAINTBALL FIELD/WOODS - DAY

A man in a paintball helmet, tears through the woods, his paintball rifle out in front of him. CLEVER WATSON, African American, early 30's, slides to a halt near another group of men, huddled together in the brush.

CLEVER

Why do I always have to recon?

TIM BAILY, and AIDEN DUNNE, early-thirties, pop up their visors.

TIM

You run the fastest, Clever.

CLEVER

Excuse me?

TIM

Don't read anything into that.

Clever glares at him.

TIM (CONT'D)

Is there any chance you can tell us what you saw?

CLEVER

They put the flag in the middle, just like last week.

From the woods, two more men, Aiden's father, CONNOR, late 50's, but in great shape and, BRAD STRIEB, early 30's, blast in, startling the others who level their weapons at them.

CONNOR

We reconned the back trail.

AIDEN

Dammit, dad! We could've shot you!

CONNOR

Well, you didn't.

TIM

Leave it to the FBI to come pounding in like a flock of elephants.

BRAD

We could've capped you. You weren't even paying attention.

CONNOR

Anyone have a plan? I think we're the only ones left.

TIM

Clever does.

EXT. PAINTBALL FIELD/THE TRENCHES - MOMENTS LATER

The circular trenches dug about three feet into the ground, have a wooden building in the center. Hanging from a tree next to the fort is a colorful flag. Two men, clad in paintball garb, stand guard nonchalantly.

CLEVER moves stealthily in from the woods and snakes his way toward the trenches. Quietly, he slips into the trench. On his heels, Tim slinks into the trench.

CONNOR AND BRAD on the other side of the trenches, nearly under the eyes of the defenders, slip into the trenches.

AIDEN exits the woods and snakes his way down an adjacent trail, just out of sight of the defenders.

He checks to see that the others are in place.

Aiden takes aim at the two defenders and cracks off a few shots.

THE FIRST DEFENDER takes a shot dead center in his chest. The Second Defender backs off, but Tim rises and fires a shot in his back.

CLEVER jumps up and grabs the flag.

CLEVER

Let's go!

AIDEN turns to head down the trail, but two other Defenders head his way and fire, hitting him square in the chest.

CONNOR AND BRAD lay suppressing fire down the trail.

CONNOR

Retreat! Move it!

CLEVER AND TIM head off first with the flag.

CONNOR AND BRAD leap into action and follow Clever and Tim, as paintballs whiz by their heads and splatter on the trees.

EXT. PAINTBALL PATH - CONTINUOUS

CLEVER, WITH TIM on his heels, blasts down the path as paintballs whiz past their heads.

TIM

Keep moving!

DEFENDING PLAYERS pop up from the woods and catch them in a cross-fire. Luckily, the guys are able to duck the shots.

CONNOR AND BRAD take up firing positions and touch off the Offending Players, then instantly follow after Clever and Tim.

EXT. PAINTBALL FIELD/TWO STORY - CONTINUOUS

Tim exits the woods and instantly goes to one knee, scanning the area, sweeping his weapon back and forth. Clever stays just inside the tree line.

The other three bring up the rear and take up defensive positions.

TIM

I do not like this?

BRAD

Too quiet.

CONNOR

Call it, Tim.

Tim on point, motions them forward. The guys slowly make their way into the clear. After the others move out, Clever, still carrying the flag, follows.

The silence is deafening. Their HEARTBEATS fill their helmets. The guys screen Clever. They are about forty feet away from the fort.

Suddenly, the air fills with paintballs.

Aiden is hit right away, and gets out of the actions.

The rest of the guys bolt for the fort, firing as they go.

Somehow, the boys evade the attack and hunker down behind a huge cable spindle. The balls pepper the spindle, spraying the air with paint, as the boys as the boys catch their breath.

TIM

You ready?

CLEVER

Yeah.

Tim turns to the others.

TIM

Spread out. Lay down suppressing fire. Don't worry about getting shot. Protect Clever.

A moment to gather themselves together, and the guy blast up, laying down a barrage of fire, filling the air with paint.

In a flash, as one by one the others are hit, Clever plants the flag, winning the game.

The guys cheer wildly.

INT. TIM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

At one end of the room is a plasma screen television. The Eleven O'Clock News is on.

A computer with a screenwriting program on the screen sits on a desk off to the side of the room, but facing toward the television.

Tim pours a glass of beer, and sits at his computer, then turns the television on. He presses the flashing light on the answering machine. The message from his agent, JERRY, sounds in V.O.

JERRY (V.O.)

Hey, Tim, it's Jerry. It's down to the wire. Waiting to hear from Spielberg and Gibson. No need to call back. I'll call you as soon as I know. Keep writing.

Tim stares at the blank computer screen.

TIM

Yeah. Keeping writing.

His girlfriend, SARAH CARSON, a comely blonde in her late twenties, enters.

SARAH

Hi, sweetie, I'm home.

TIM

Hi, Sarah. How was class?

SARAH

It was class. How's my weekend warrior?

Sarah tosses her coat aside, kisses Tim on the head, turns back, kicks off her shoes and plops down next to him on the sofa. Tim rises and joins her.

TIM

We won again. I got shot a couple of times.

He shows her his bruises. She kisses him on the cheek.

SARAH

Awe, poor baby.

She kisses his bruises.

TIM

I think you're kissing the wrong place.

She smacks him playfully.

SARAH

Down, boy. I think I should hold out on you till you sell this script.

TIM

Might not be too long.

She inclines her head toward him and raises a brow.

TIM (CONT'D)

Got a call from Jerry. It's close.

SARAH

I'll pray my ass off tonight.

TIM

You do that.

SARAH

My friend told me a joke today.

TIM

I can't wait.

SARAH

Did you hear about the Polish starlet?

TIM

No.

SARAH

She married the writer.

TIM

Oh, that's cold. Did Emily say that?

SARAH

Emily thinks you're cute.

TIM

Lovely.

He kisses her. She kisses back, passionately.

INT. AIDEN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Aiden enters, drops his keys on the table in next to the door and flicks on the light. A light flicks on upstairs. His wife's voice

KELLY (O.S.)

Aiden, is that you?

AIDEN

Yeah, Kelly.

Kelly comes down stairs.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

You didn't have to wait up for me, sweetie.

KELLY

Couldn't sleep.

She hugs him hard.

KELLY (CONT'D)

So, did they catch him?

AIDEN

Yeah, right. Just like on TV.

KELLY

At least you got your paintball game in. How'd you do?

AIDEN

Need you ask?

Shows her his wound on his ass.

KELLY

Cute.

AIDEN

Thanks

KELLY

You better get your cute little ass to bed before you have to go to work again.

AIDEN

You gonna be in bed too?

KELLY

Sleeping, I will.

They head up, arm in arm.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Clever gets out of his car and heads toward City Hall, which is surrounded by a horde of reporters and their vehicles.

CLEVER

Ah, shit. This is going to suck.

As he nears, he sees Aiden standing next to his news van.

CLEVER (CONT'D)

Morning, Core.

AIDEN

Morning, Clever.

CLEVER

Looks like the party's started.

AIDEN

The vultures have assembled. Anything you can give me?

CLEVER

I couldn't give it to you if I knew anything.

AIDEN

Police have anything?

CLEVER

You have Brad's home number. Your own father's heading the team that's investigating this. You want to know what the Feds know, call them.

AIDEN

I just thought...

CLEVER

Look, when they catch the bastard, I'll know something. Till then...

AIDEN

Got it.

CLEVER

I have to get ready to go throw up my lunch.

AIDEN

Enjoy.

Clever walks toward City Hall.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Clever.

CLEVER

What?

AIDEN

How the hell can one man do this, out in the open, rob this many banks, and you can't catch him?

CLEVER

When I find out, I'll tell you.

Sardonically, Clever turns away and wades through the melange of reporters assembled.

INT. FBI BUILDING/CONNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Connor and Brad sit in front of a display of all the banks robbed.

CONNOR

Little fucker's going for a record?

BRAD

Question is, is it the same perp?

Connor looks at him questioningly.

BRAD (CONT'D)

He's never hit a bank in the Northeast. Is it a copycat?

CONNOR

God help us if that...

From behind, the door opens and a group of men enter, led by MAYOR DENNIS MONAGHAN, a man who drips politician from every pore of his being. He stands with another man in his late twenties, SEAN MONAGHAN.

BRAD

Mr. Mayor!

The Mayor holds a manila file in his hand.

MONAGHAN

Stand easy, boys. I just came down to see what was going on here. Do you have anything to add to this report?

The Mayor tosses the file on the desk.

CONNOR

Mr. Mayor...

MONAGHAN

That's a no. What do you have?

BRAD

Mr. Mayor, whoever this is, he's very careful. He strikes fast. Leaves no clues.

MONAGHAN

Is that so? I want results, gentlemen. This is my nephew, Sean Monaghan. He's going to be my liaison between my office and yours.

SEAN

Harvard, class of '93...

MONAGHAN

Don't give them your CV, Sean. You already got the job.

Monaghan looks at the file he brought in, turns and leaves, taking his entourage with him.

As soon as he leaves, Connor and Brad take a deep breath.

BRAD

I really hate when that happens.

CONNOR

I guess we got to get a whole shitload of overtime authorized. I'll call DC.

Connor picks up the phone and dials.

BRAD

I'm going to call my wife. Tell her I won't be home for a couple of months.

Connor looks out the window and sees the Mayor get into a limousine.

CONNOR (O.S.)

This is Special Agent Connor Dunne. I need to speak to the Bill Greene as soon as I can.

The limousine moves through a throng of reporters. A crowd of onlookers gathers outside of the perimeter of reporters.

CONNOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

As soon as he's out of his meeting, have him call me.

The CLICK of the phone signals the end of the call.

Brad joins Connor at the window.

BRAD

What are you looking at?

Brad scans the crowd, looking for something.

Near the edge of the crowd, a wisp of motion, someone, moves off from the crowd.

CONNOR (O.S.)

Not sure.

EXT. FRONT STREET - DAY

Tim and Sarah exit their condo and head toward their cars.

TIM

Sarah, this guy's a serial bank robber.

SARAH

I'm a big girl.

TIM

What if he kills someone?

She stops and embraces him.

SARAH

Look, I understand. I know you're scared for me. And I love you for that. But...

TIM

I'm not trying to be a macho big guy. But I don't want to turn on the television and see Aiden reporting that you got shot in a robbery.

SARAH

Tim, I'll be fine. Go to work.

TIM

I love you.

SARAH

I love you too.

She kisses him.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Go on. Get out of here. Don't want to be late. The Army'll get pissed.

TIM

I see you later.

Tim gets into his car and Sarah goes to hers.

EXT. FORT DIX, NJ/PX PARKING LOT - DAY

Tim stands outside of a street Hummer. Inside, an actor, QUIN, dressed as an Army Sergeant, sits in the driver's seat.

TIM

This is the last shot, Quin. We get this, and we can all go home.

QUIN

I'm for that.

ROGER, the Cameraman, sets up in front of the Hummer.

TIM

You ready, Roger?

ROGER

As I'll ever be.

Tim turns to the sound man, WILLIE.

TIM

Willie?

WILLIE

Sound's ready.

TIM

All right, let's get this! Roll it!

ROGER

Rolling. Speed.

TIM

And...

Before he can get the word "Action" out, a car alarm SOUNDS in the parking lot.

TIM (CONT'D)

Cut! What is that?

WILLIE

It's called a car alarm.

TIM

I know it's a car alarm, Willie.
Can someone go kill it?

INT. FBI BUILDING/CONNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Connor sits at his desk, going some papers. Clever walks in. Connor points to his ass.

CONNOR

See that? That's where the mayor
chewed my ass off.

CLEVER

And it's such an adorable ass.

Connor glares at him.

CONNOR

Any thoughts on this case?

CLEVER

You're the investigator.

CONNOR

You used to be a cop. Think like
one.

CLEVER

I've looked at all the evidence, and I got nothing. This guy's a ghost.

CONNOR

What's the only difference? He looks like a bum, but a different bum each time. He knows banks. There's something we're not seeing.

CLEVER

He doesn't get much cash. I wonder what he gets out it?

CONNOR

Fucking with me.

EXT. FORT DIX, NJ/PX PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The entire crew sits around as the car alarm blares on in the b.g. Tim has his cell phone glued to his ear. As he listens, a smile slowly appears on his face.

TIM

All right. Sounds solid.

He hangs up.

TIM (CONT'D)

Yes!

WILLIE

What is it, boss?

TIM

I don't give a shit about that fucking horn. Providence has shined on me!

The CAR ALARM stops as suddenly as it began.

TIM (CONT'D)

Do you hear that?

WILLIE

I don't hear shit.

TIM

Let's get this shot and go home!

INT. TIM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The place is full of Tim's friends. Champagne and beer flow. With a glass of champagne in one hand and a bottle in the other, Sarah takes center stage.

SARAH

Everybody! Listen up!

Everybody quiets down and gathers around Sarah and Tim.

BRAD

Why are we here, Sarah?

SARAH

Patience, Brad. Valued friends, come close. We are gathered here to celebrate the fulfillment of a life-long dream. After years of struggle, sacrifice and hard work, success has finally arrived.

A murmurer rushes through the gathering.

AIDEN

Okay, Sarah, the suspense is killing us.

CLEVER

Spill it, Sarah.

SARAH

My dear boyfriend just sold his first feature screenplay to Icon Productions! Mel Gibson wants to direct.

A murmur rushes through the gathering.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Mel Gibson is going to direct it.

Cheers and high-fives erupt as Tim's friends congratulate him. Brad lights a cigarette.

CLEVER

What happened to Spielberg?

TIM

He lost the auction.

Connor's phone RINGS, and he instantly answers it. Before he can even answer, Brad's phone RINGS.

CONNOR

Dunne. I'll be right there. I'm looking right at him.

Brad hangs up his phone.

BRAD

Let's go, Batman.

Brad's wife, KIM, glares at him.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Gotta go, sweetie.

KIM

Another one?

He nods, kisses her on the cheek and follows Connor out. Sarah goes to Kim.

SARAH

How do you deal with that, Kim?

KIM

It's ain't easy, sister. That damn cell phone rings all the time.

Aiden heads for the door. KELLY, goes to him.

KELLY

Where are you going?

AIDEN

Get an exclusive?

KIM

Give up, Kelly.

INT. TIM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Aiden sits with Tim and Clever, drinking beers.

AIDEN

When was the last time you saw Brad smoke?

TIM

Must like five years.

CLEVER

He's pissed because he can't solve these robberies.

TIM

Some crimes go unsolved.

AIDEN

When I was a kid... I used to go into this small grocery store at the end of the block. On the corner.

(MORE)

AIDEN (CONT'D)

I would go in, get a bunch of penny candy--I was like six or seven--and I'd pay for two or three, and take the rest. Never got caught.

CLEVER

What a criminal. I'm surprised we haven't seen you on the America's Most Wanted.

AIDEN

You don't understand. I never got caught. I was a klepto. I stole anything I could get my hands on. I think it had something to do with my dad being a cop.

TIM

It was penny candy.

AIDEN

At first. I won't go into the other things. Besides, if my father found out he would have killed me. The point is, how did I get away with it?

CLEVER

You were a kid.

AIDEN

Exactly. I should have been a constant suspect. But I got away with it.

TIM

I see where you're going. These robberies go unsolved because the guy's a five year old?

AIDEN

Very funny. Brad and my dad have nothing to pin a case on. It's like the person is a ghost.

CLEVER

Like Jack the Ripper. Except robbing banks.

AIDEN

Exactly.

TIM

You know, the guys who were the DC Snipers, they would have gotten away with it if they hadn't made a few mistakes here and there.

CLEVER

Yeah. I read the reports. They left a living witness. Then, they made the ultimate fuckup. They called the cops. They revealed themselves. Leopold and Lobe: they left clues. They were just doing it as a prank, to see if they could get away with it. They never intended to kill the kid.

AIDEN

So, if you're careful, if you leave no clues, you can get away with it?

CLEVER

Hell, the Mafia guys who robbed the money from Lufthansa back in the Sixties. One fingerprint began to bring the whole thing down. And they still never recovered the money.

TIM

I wonder what it must be like to do that. To rob a bank or kidnap someone. You know, I think that might be a great idea for my next script.

CLEVER

Sounds like you have a lot of research to do.

TIM

Yeah. I do.

INT. BANK - DAY

Tim enters the bank with a check in hand and stands in the middle of the floor for a moment. He takes serious note of the cameras, the security guard, the tellers, the managers.

After a moment, he takes out two deposit slips and fills them out. When he finishes filling out a savings and deposit slip, he studies the bank again. From behind him, DIANE CRAINE, approaches.

DIANE CRAINE

Mr. Baily?

TIM

Huh? Oh, hi.

DIANE CRAINE

Can I help you?

TIM

Ah, yeah, I have a check to deposit.

He hands the check and the slips to her. Her eyes go wide when she sees it.

DIANE CRAINE

Wow, you finally sold it?

TIM

Yeah. Hollywood here I come.

DIANE CRAINE

Congratulations.

TIM

Thanks.

DIANE CRAINE

Let me take care of this for you.

They both move toward her desk.

DIANE CRAINE (CONT'D)

Are you and Sarah going to move to Hollywood?

TIM

That's the plan.

Tim's head is on a subtle swivel. He cases the joint.

DIANE CRAINE

We'd miss her here. She's awesome.

TIM

Well, I don't want to leave her here.

DIANE CRAINE

Guess not.

Tim turns as a man dressed as a street person enters the bank and heads right for one of the tellers.

Tim begins to breathe heavier and focuses on the out-of-place man, the Hobo Bandit.

For a moment, the two lock eyes. The man almost smiles through his disguise at Tim.

Finally, the person in front of the man leaves the teller station. The Man heads up to the station and hands the teller a note and a bag. Almost instantly, she begins stuffing cash into the bag.

Taking the bag, the Hobo Bandit turns to take a final look at Tim. He then calmly exits the bank.

TIM

Holy shit. Diane, you might want to call 911.

The door finally closes behind the robber.

TELLER

We've been robbed!

EXT. BANK - LATER

Aiden stands in front of the bank as Roger focuses in with his camera. In the b.g. Tim stands with Connor and Brad.

AIDEN

The Hobo Bandit has struck again.
This time in Center City.

INT. TIM BAILY'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

The gang is sitting around the poker table.

TIM

The fucker just calmly walked in.
He stood in line!

BRAD

Didn't we go over this at the office?

AIDEN

Hey, I wasn't there. I'd love to hear this.

CLEVER

Did he have a gun?

TIM

No! I don't think so. He said he did. I think. But I never saw it. That was the most exciting thing I've ever seen.

CLEVER

I just wish you could identify him.

TIM

I'm telling you. He was disguised.
The only thing I could see that was
him was his eyes.

The community cards are two Kings and an Ace.

CONNOR

You know, I talk enough shop talk at
the shop. Can we play poker or not?

The Turn card is another Ace.

TIM

All in.

CLEVER

I have to call that.

Tim flips his cards and reveals two Aces. Clever flips his
two Kings.

EXT. TIM'S BACKYARD - LATER

The boys drink beers around the backyard.

TIM

I still can't believe it.

CLEVER

What? You winning at poker?

TIM

The robbery.

AIDEN

Oh, god, not again.

Brad and Connor get up.

CONNOR

Time to go.

TIM

Do you guys always leave together?

BRAD

Force of habit.

CONNOR

We'll see you next week.

Connor and brad leave. A hush falls over the rest.

AIDEN

Something's on your mind.

TIM

I don't know. It's... it's nuts.
Crazy. I can't even believe I'm
thinking...

CLEVER

Can you just fucking say it?

EXT. FRONT STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Clever and Aiden exit rapidly and head toward their cars,
with Tim on their heels.

CLEVER

You're fucked up! You need a shrink!

TIM

Come on, guys.

AIDEN

I have to agree with Clever, Tim.

They get to Clever's car.

CLEVER

Are you out of your mind? We can't
do that.

TIM

It's just an experiment.

CLEVER

Try to wrap your brain around this.
I'm an Assistant US Attorney.

He gets his lips close to Tim's ear.

CLEVER (CONT'D)

I do not rob banks. Get it? End of
story.

Clever opens the door and gets in his car. Tim stands
exasperated next to Aiden.

TIM

We could do this, dude.

AIDEN

Clever is right, dude. It's crazy.

TIM

Think about it. We'd know what was going on in the FBI, because we have a man on the inside.

AIDEN

What would we do with the money?

TIM

That's the best part. We don't need the money, so when we spend it, no one will know. It won't look out of place.

AIDEN

I'm going home now. You should call a psychiatrist in the morning.

TIM

Aiden.

AIDEN

What?

TIM

Clever will do it.

AIDEN

Bullshit. How can you say that?

TIM

I'm learning to read him.

Aiden gets in the car and drives away.

INT. FBI BUILDING/CONNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Brad, Connor and Clever sit in front of the evidence board with photographs from all the robberies. Clever seems a bit distracted as he examines the pictures from the bank robberies.

CONNOR

Through the surveillance cameras, we've been able to establish that the perpetrators of these crimes are the same person.

BRAD

Same height, weight, physical characteristics. He's good at disguises. Doesn't use the same one twice. The Hobo motif is the same, but... Clever, are you listening?

CLEVER

Yeah, I was just thinking.

CONNOR

What?

CLEVER

I can't put my finger on it.

INT. TIM BAILY'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Tim sits in his office, staring at the screen of his computer. He picks up a bottle of liquid latex and then stares at his fingers. Sarah enters.

SARAH

Hi, sweetie. I'm going shopping with Kelly tonight.

TIM

All right, sweetie.

SARAH

And I'm going to New York for three weeks for that training seminar on Monday.

TIM

Is that now?

SARAH

Yeah. Maybe you can come up on the weekends. They're putting us up at The Plaza.

TIM

That's sounds like a plan.

She walks up behind him, pulls his head back and lays a kiss on him.

SARAH

I'll see you later. Love you.

As she leaves, Tim turns his attention back to the screen.

TIM

Me too. Sarah.

SARAH

Yeah?

TIM

You've worked in banks since you're win high school.

SARAH

Yeah.

TIM

You've been in bank robberies?

SARAH

Two of them.

TIM

Were you scared?

SARAH

First time. It was the Teller next to me. I could see what was going on. I froze. I watched out of the corner of my eye. He never threatened her. Just handed her a note. Didn't even have a gun that we could see.

TIM

But were you scared?

SARAH

Yeah. But we're trained. We're told to cooperate. Give them what they want. Don't make any rapid moves. Be deliberate.

TIM

What about silent alarms?

SARAH

If you make a move he doesn't like... Besides, there are mechanism in the cash drawer that, well when you remove one particular bill, it automatically trigger the alarm. Why do you ask?

TIM

After seeing a bank robbery in person, I just...

SARAH

Tim, very few people are hurt during these things. Don't worry about me. I'm a big girl.

TIM

Go have fun.

She kisses him on the head and leaves. As soon as she is out of the condo, he pulls his wallet out of his pocket and procures a brand new twenty dollar bill.

He places the bill on the scanner and scans it into the computer. Then, he quickly duplicates it four times and prints it.

Examining his work, he smiles with pride.

EXT. BOOK STORE - LATER

Tim stands in front of the book store and hesitates for a moment.

INT. BOOK STORE - MOMENTS LATER

The store bustles with activity as Tim heads for one of the shelves. He loads up on two very expensive books.

He heads for the counter, where a line seems to go on forever.

Finally, he makes it to the CASHIER.

CASHIER

Hello, sir.

Tim tries to hide his nervousness.

TIM

Hi.

A manager, MICHELLE, walks by.

CASHIER

Michelle, can I take a break?

MICHELLE

Finish with that customer and I'll get D'John to take over.

CASHIER

Thanks.

She turns back to Tim and begins to process the transaction.

MICHELLE

Sorry. I've been on my feet for hours.

TIM

No prob. Not in any real hurry.

CASHIER

Okay, that's seventy-eight, twenty-nine. Cash or...

He flips out the phony twenties.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Okay, thanks.

She quickly counts the change and bags the books.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Thanks. Have a nice evening.

TIM

Thanks.

EXT. BOOK STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Tim stands outside the store and looks back. He takes a deep breath and moves on.

INT. CENTER CITY BAR - NIGHT

Clever and Aiden sit together with drink in front of them.

AIDEN

I know it sounds fucking crazy. I mean, shit, it's like Timmy boy's taken a dive into the deep end of the stupid pool and hasn't come up for air.

CLEVER

I want to know where all this comes from.

The WAITRESS comes up and drops some drinks.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything else?

AIDEN

That's fine.

Clever and Aiden taste their drinks as the Waitress walks off.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

You know, it is kind of interesting.

CLEVER

Say what?

AIDEN

Think about it. Three guys... No motive... No need for money. They just walk in, rob a bank...

CLEVER

I'm a lawyer. A former FBI agent and let me remind you that I'm now a an Assistant US Attorney. See, people like us, we don't rob banks. I've said that before. Should I write it down for you?

AIDEN

Are you telling me you've never, in all the time you've been doing this, ever wondered what it would be like?

CLEVER

Of course not.

Tim comes up and sits.

TIM

What's up, guys?

CLEVER

I think Aiden has now officially lost it.

TIM

And we didn't know this before?

CLEVER

He's talking like you now?

TIM

Wow, you've grown a brain?

CLEVER

Give me one good reason why we should do something as fucked up as this?

TIM

Oh, I get it. You want an explanation?

CLEVER

If you don't mind.

TIM

I live behind a computer screen. I write about things I'll never do. Maybe never do. I see this guy, this, strange, homeless guy, and he walks into a bank, and walks out of the bank with money.

CLEVER

And when he gets caught -- and he will get caught -- do you know how long he'll spend in prison? I'll tell you: twenty years minimum. That's the guideline. And that's if the judge runs the sentences concurrently. If he had used a gun, he could get life.

TIM

You know more about bank robbery than anyone I know. You know what makes things work. You can plan it so it works. It's perfect. You always said... what was it you said? The only difference between a cop and crook is that the crook got caught.

AIDEN

It's sounds like a rush, Clever.

CLEVER

This is insane.

AIDEN

You're thinking about it. Aren't you? I can tell. You always loved the juice. You always loved being a cop. Now, you sit behind a desk. Court doesn't do it for you anymore.

Clever seems to be in a quandary.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Just think about. No motive. No need. Just for kicks. No one would suspect us. It's the perfect crime. We won't even load the guns.

CLEVER

It doesn't matter if they're unloaded. Even if you say you have a gun, and you don't, it's armed robbery.

TIM

We plan it, Clever. We let nothing to chance.

Clever seems to be deep in thought.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Clever leads Aiden and Tim out of the bar.

CLEVER

You just admitted to creating and passing counterfeit money to a federal prosecutor, Tim.

TIM

We're talking about robbing a bank.

CLEVER

What if you left prints?

TIM

I put liquid latex on the tips of my fingers before I even touched them. No prints.

CLEVER

You're scaring me, Tim.

AIDEN

I want to do it.

Clever is in a quandary.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SUBURBAN BANK - DAY

The three of them stand outside of the average-looking bank, as patrons drive in and out of the parking lot, and other patrons enter and leave the bank.

CLEVER

Why this one?

TIM

If we're going to even think about this, we have to get the most we can in one shot. Right?

CLEVER

Of course.

TIM

There are two shopping malls in the area. And seven supermarkets. They bank here. Most of the money goes in and out of that bank.

AIDEN

How do you know that?

TIM

Anyone can walk into a bank and walk out with a few grand from the Teller's windows.

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

Big money's in the vault or the armored car. Getting that takes planning.

Major crews would hit this during a holiday, like Fourth of July or Labor Day. And that would be a great haul. But people aren't going to expect this.

Both Aiden and Clever appear shocked. The three of them slowly get into a car and drive away as...

The Hobo Bandit enters the bank.

INT. FBI BUILDING/CONNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Connor goes over some reports when Brad urgently enters.

BRAD

Come on, Batman. Joker's hit again.

Connor leaps to his feet and grabs his jacket.

CONNOR

Jesus Christ. This guy bucking for the Guinness Book?

INT. CLEVER'S PATIO - NIGHT

Tim sits at the table with Clever and Aiden. He lays some papers out.

TIM

All right. On the fifteenth and the thirtieth, that's when the most cash is in the bank. The armored cars bring in excess of a half a million dollars.

AIDEN

Why that much?

TIM

Stores need cash. Payroll. That's the golden time.

CLEVER

Explain how we get that much out of a bank? And get away with it?

TIM

It's easy.

CLEVER

Do you know how much that kind of cash weighs?

TIM

In hundreds, about a hundred and twenty pounds.

CLEVER

How do you know that?

TIM

CSI.

AIDEN

What about twenties?

TIM

Little over a thousand.

CLEVER

Jesus Christ! How the hell do you know ...

TIM

Multiplication. And we use an armored car.

CLEVER

Where the hell are we going to get an armored car?

AIDEN

I have a feeling he's going to tell us.

TIM

I watched the way they work. You'll have to too. We're going to steal the armored car too.

CLEVER

Where?

TIM

Jesus! You went to college, huh? Look, we're going to take the armored car and the money.

CLEVER

That's kidnapping.

TIM

For about ten minutes.

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

Shit, we're robbing a bank, Clever.
How much does kidnapping add? Don't
answer that! You in or out?

AIDEN

Clever, if we're going to do this,
you need to stop thinking like a
prosecutor, and start thinking like
a bank robber.

Aiden's cell RINGS and he quickly answers it.

CLEVER

Fine.

TIM

All right!

AIDEN

I gotta fill in on the anchor desk
for the five-thirty. I'll catch up
with you after.

INT. NEWS ROOM - DAY

Aiden begins to get ready for the newscast. His jaw nearly
drops as he holds the copy in his hand and reads it.

INT. FBI BUILDING/CONNOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Brad and Connor sit in front of the television, watching the
Five O'Clock news.

CONNOR (V.O.)

The Hobo Bandit has struck once more.

BRAD

This asshole's making us look like
assholes.

CONNOR

He's not creating a pattern. Not
one we can figure out. I've had the
analysts going over this time and
time...

Connor lights a cigarette.

BRAD

It's illegal to smoke in here.

CONNOR

Arrest me.

Brad takes a cigarette from the pack and lights his own.

INT. BANK - DAY

The Hobo Bandit enters the bank, heads to the window and hands the note to the Teller. His hands are gloved. The Teller reads the note.

Nervously, the Teller complies. She picks up the dye pack, looks at it, then at the bandit, then puts the pack down.

INT. TIM BAILY'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Tim sits in front of his television, drinking a beer and smoking a cigar, watching Aiden report.

AIDEN (V.O.)

NBC's Adidi Roy is on the scene.
Adidi?

The scene changes to the front of the bank. ADIDI ROY stands in front of the facade.

ADIDI

Thanks, Aiden. I'm standing...

Tim, in shock, picks up the phone.

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

Tim, Aiden and Clever stand across the street from the bank that had just been robbed. Yellow crime scene tape litters the area.

CLEVER

All right, genius. What now? They hit this bank.

TIM

It's perfect.

AIDEN

Explain perfect to we lesser mortals.

TIM

The Hobo Bandit hasn't once hit the same bank twice. It's the major part of the pattern.

AIDEN

Where'd you get that info?

TIM

Your father.

AIDEN

My father...

CLEVER

And how does this benefit us?

TIM

The FBI will be looking at banks that the Hobo Bandit has not hit. The rest of the banking community, regarding this particular bank, will let its guard down. Easy money.

The other two glare at him.

TIM (CONT'D)

This fucking asshole is walking into and out of banks at will, and even the great FBI can't get near him.

CLEVER

So, what's the plan?

INT. TIM BAILY'S HOME OFFICE - LATER

Tim has a street plan of the area around the bank, and a floor plan of the bank.

TIM

All right. This is...

CLEVER

Where'd you get this?

TIM

Internet. This is the beauty of this plan. We're not really robbing the bank. We're robbing the armored car that brings the money to the bank.

The only one who looks assured is Tim.

CLEVER

This stuff is on the net?

TIM

You'll be surprised what you can find.

CLEVER

I am. I'll have to start an investigation.

AIDEN

If you don't go to jail.

Clever flashes a concerned look.

TIM

You're not helping, Aiden.

AIDEN

Sorry.

CLEVER

What about our faces? I mean, shit, Aiden's on the news almost every day. How do you hide that? Masks?

TIM

That's too obvious for what we're doing. I have a better idea. When I was a kid, I was really into prosthetic makeup: Planet of the Apes, things like that. Before I became a writer, I learned how to do it. We go in disguised as regular people.

INT. TIM'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Clever sits in a chair with a cape wrapped around him and a skull cap on his head. In the b.g., Tim mixes up a container of alginate.

CLEVER

I've seen this on DVDs.

TIM

It's just cold. Now listen, we're not going to use straws. I'm going to dump a lump on your nose. As soon as I do, blow your nose.

Tim slams the alginate onto Clever's face. In the b.g. Aiden cracks up as Clever blows the excess away from his nose.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) Tim covers Clever's entire head with alginate.
- B) Tim covers the alginate with the support plaster.
- C) Tim separates the supports and reveals Aiden.
- D) Tim pours the mold.

E) Tim reveals the finished positive head casts. The three Of them admire Tim's work.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL/SARAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah opens the door and lets Tim in. Instantly, she wraps her arms around him.

SARAH

Hey, lover. I missed you.

TIM

I missed you.

SARAH

So, show me how much.

Sarah and Tim fall to the bed and start ripping their clothes off.

TIM

Seems like The Plaza brings out the animal in you. I think I'm in the wrong business.

SARAH

These are just the perks. And you're talking too much.

Sarah lays one on him.

INT. FBI BUILDING/CONNOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Connor sits in front of the wall of evidence, glaring intently, searching for clues. Behind him, Sean Monaghan enters.

SEAN

Agent Strieb?

BRAD

Sean Monaghan. Call me Brad.

SEAN

Sean's fine. How are things going?

BRAD

I have twenty agents and twice that many city cops on it. And we can't find...

SEAN

My uncle is...

BRAD

This guy leaves no clues. He's in and out in less than a minute. Never hits the vault. Gets chump change. And as far as I can see, never spends a dime.

Sean looks a bit upset with the last remark.

BRAD

And he disappears into nowhere. There's no pattern. He hits random banks. Different parts of town. Bucks County. Delaware County.

SEAN

How do you know he never spends it?

BRAD

The tellers are always instructed to insert a small amount of marked bills. Serial numbers are recorded. Some times, the circulate. And we can get a pattern.

Nothing with this guy. Not a dollar. He even separates the dye pack before he leaves. Now he's gotten really smart. He informs the tellers that if they put the dye pack in, he'll come back and kill them.

Brad looks at one of the only pictures of the man where he looks directly into the cameras. He then looks at Sean's eyes.

SEAN

Do you have anything I can tell my uncle? Any leads? Persons of interest?

Brad enters, slipping by Sean, leaving, with two sandwiches in his hands. He tosses one to Connor.

CONNOR

I might have my eye on someone. But it's only a hunch now.

SEAN

All right. If you have anything concrete, call me.

CONNOR

You can be sure of that.

Sean slowly leaves the office.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

What's with the sunshine boy?

BRAD

His uncle wants to know how the investigation is going.

CONNOR

Politicians.

BRAD

Where's this from?

CONNOR

Geno's.

BRAD

There's something on your mind.
Spill it.

Connor seems to search for the words.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL/SARAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah reaches over and pulls a bottle of champagne from the ice bucket. She pours a glass for her and Tim.

SARAH

This is so nice. No one to bother us. We have the whole weekend to ourselves.

TIM

No stress. No phones.

A cell phone RINGS.

TIM (CONT'D)

What timing?

She picks up her phone.

SARAH

This better be the emergency of emergencies. No Emily. I told you I had company. Do not call until Monday. Thank you, very much.

Sarah closes the phone, downs her champagne and pulls Tim to her.

SARAH (CONT'D)

So, are you lonely without me?

TIM

Of course.

SARAH

What are you doing to pass the time?

TIM

Just chillin' with Aiden and Clever.

SARAH

Well, you're mine till Sunday.

She lays into him.

INT. GET-AWAY CAR - DAY

All disguised as armored car drivers with the prosthetic makeup on to disguise their faces, Tim drives, Aiden, heavy beard, blond hair, in passenger's seat, Clever, dressed as a white executive, in the back.

Tim checks his watch. He then turns to the guys.

TIM

If you want to call this off, this is the time. We haven't broken any laws yet.

CLEVER

You sure we're up for this? We only trained like two days.

TIM

It's either now or never. We know what to do.

Aiden holds up his hands. They are covered with what looks like rubber of some kind, but not a glove.

AIDEN

This feels weird on my hands.

TIM

No fingerprints.

CLEVER

You sure this makeup's not going to come off from us sweating?

TIM

Dammit, Clever! Are you in or...

CLEVER

Fuck! I'm in! I'm in!

TIM

All right. Get ready with the radio jammer. Aiden, switch seats with me.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BANK - CONTINUOUS

The armored car rolls up in front of the bank. The get-away car, which looks like a racing car, stripes, numbers, etc., rolls up behind it.

As the GUARDS get out of the car and get ready to haul out huge amounts of cash in bags, Tim and Clever get out and head for the guards. In their hands, they have silenced machine guns.

TIM

If you know what's good for you, don't make a noise.

Tim and Clever both relieve the guards of their weapons.

TIM (CONT'D)

You, get in. You come with me. Drive.

Clever gets into the back of the car, while Tim takes the driver to the cab. Tim gets in first, then points the machine gun directly at the driver.

TIM (CONT'D)

Move anyway I don't like, I'll rip you up. Get in.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

The armored car and the get-away car roll down the alley. They roll down to a nondescript van. They back the armored car up so its back is up to the back of the van.

Tim pushes the driver out, as Clever opens the back of the armored car. Aiden jumps out of the get-away car and levels his weapon at the two guards.

AIDEN

Let's go.

He opens the back of the van.

CLEVER

Move the bags into the van. Do it now!

The guards immediately begin transferring the bags of money to the van.

Tim surveys the area to make sure they're not being watched.

AIDEN

This is too easy.

CLEVER

Anything on the scanner?

AIDEN

Nada.

The transfer complete, Tim pushes the driver and the guard back into the armored car.

TIM

Hands behind your backs! Do it now.
You will not be harmed.

Tim handcuffs them behind their backs and shackles their legs. Aiden duct tapes their hands and wrists, so you cannot even see their hands anymore. He does the same with their ankles.

Then, they wrap almost an entire roll around their mouths. Put cotton on their eyes and tape them too.

Tim reverses his jacket, takes off everything that would indicate he is wearing a uniform and throws them into the get-away car.

Clever and Aiden strip the get-away car of the racing tape and other decorations. They pull the fake numbers off the license plate. The car looks completely different.

TIM (CONT'D)

Let's go. Stay cool.

Tim drives the get-away car, with Clever ridding shotgun. Aiden gets into the van and they drive off in different directions.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The van pulls up next to another, newer van, very clean. Aiden, not in disguise, gets out.

Another car (not the get-away car) rolls up. Clever and Tim, also not in disguise, get out.

Instantly, they check their surroundings to make sure that no one tailed them.

TIM

Let's move.

They start transferring the money from the old van to the new one.

AIDEN

Fucking shit's heavy.

Tim tosses the uniforms and the guns in a pile in the old van. Tim pulls a milk jug with liquid in it, and a timing device on the top.

CLEVER

You watch too many movies.

TIM

Evidence.

Clever looks at the guns.

CLEVER

Do you believe we just robbed an armored car with plastic guns?

TIM

They'd never believe it. Let's get out of here.

They leave the second get-away car in another spot, and pile into the new van. As they take off, the old van bursts into flames.

INT. TIM'S BASEMENT - DAY

Tim and Clever stand around a pile of cash the size of a small car, amazement on their faces. In the b.g., on the television is a special news report. Aiden is on the television, and he looks a bit nonplussed.

AIDEN (V.O.)

Witnesses say only that armored car guards got out of a car which has not been found. They walked up to the armored car, and the guards all got in and drove away without picking up or dropping off any money.

TIM

Do you see the irony in this?

CLEVER

It was too easy.

AIDEN (V.O.)

Earlier, FBI Special Agent Connor Wilson told me that they've only begun their investigation...

EARLIER SHOT

Reporters gather around Connor.

CLEVER

Father and son.

AIDEN (V.O.)

Agent Dunne, can you tell us anything else about this amazing robbery?

CONNOR (V.O.)

Philadelphia police have recovered the armored car, and the two guards. They've not been harmed.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Any other information?

CONNOR (V.O.)

A white van in a parking garage only a quarter mile away has also been recovered, but the interior has been burned and it is being towed to a forensics facility to search for clues.

Brad comes up from behind and taps Connor on the shoulder.

ANOTHER REPORTER(V.O.)

Is there anything else you can tell us?

CONNOR (V.O.)

Not at this time. Thank you.

BACK TO SCENE

AIDEN (V.O.)

That was Special Agent Connor Dunne, earlier today. The question now is, is Philadelphia becoming the bank robbery capital of the United States?

TIM

Damn! That hurt.

AIDEN (V.O.)

I'm Aiden Dunne, reporting...

Clever shuts the television off.

CLEVER

Can you believe that?

TIM

Con seemed totally out of it.

CLEVER

I guess I'll find out more later.

TIM

This was too easy.

CLEVER

Easy? I'm still searching for my balls. I left them...

TIM

Your balls are fine. Damn, dude, you freaking impressed me. You never missed a beat. Look at this!

The pile of cash looks even bigger.

TIM (CONT'D)

Clever, we walked up to a couple of armed guards. We held movie props up to them, and they gave us that!

Clever glares at the pile of cash.

TIM (CONT'D)

The first time's always the hardest, and we did it easily.

CLEVER

First time?

INT. FBI BUILDING/CONNOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Clever enters Connor's office and finds himself amidst a bustle of activity as agents call on phones, discuss things and interact with Connor.

CLEVER

Hey, Con. What's up?

CONNOR

Ah, man, Clever. These guys... they didn't leave clue! Look at this. This is the van. Not a single print. They burned it. It was abandoned.

Brad, who was standing nearby, steps up.

BRAD

The guards gave composites, but they said they were sure that the actors

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

were wearing disguises. So, the composites don't mean shit.

CONNOR

Witnesses gave a license number for the car they got out of, but the number's bogus. And we haven't found the car anywhere.

CLEVER

Is there anything you have to go on?

BRAD

Not a thing. It was like clockwork. These guys were real pros.

CONNOR

We're checking all the high profile crews, trying to see if there's a corollary.

CLEVER

I'd love to get my hands on these guys in court.

CONNOR

I'd just like to get my hands on them.

INT. REST STOP - NIGHT

Tim, Clever and Aiden sit together, with burgers in front of them.

CLEVER

We did it, Tim. We pulled off one of the biggest bank robberies in history.

AIDEN

We took over a half a million.

CLEVER

Closer to three quarters of a million.

AIDEN

And we didn't leave a clue.

CLEVER

We scored big, and no one knows who we are.

AIDEN

I don't know about you, but that's like winning an Academy Award on the first time out.

Tim has no reply.

INT. CASINO/CRAPS TABLE - NIGHT

Tim shakes up the dice and lets them fly. Everyone gathered around the table cheers.

CROUPIER

Point to the player.

Tim rattles the dice again, Clever and Aiden both grab his hand for luck, and he lets them fly.

CROUPIER (CONT'D)

Number seven. A winner!

Everyone explodes with good cheers. The Croupier shoves a stack of chips over to them, that matches the stack of chips already in front of them.

CLEVER

Now, see? This is fun!

The PIT BOSS comes up to Tim.

PIT BOSS

Excuse me, sir. May I have your name?

Instantly, Tim becomes nervous. Clever and Aiden back off a bit.

TIM

Tim. Tim Baily.

PIT BOSS

Mr. Baily, we'd like to offer you and your friends a suite.

Instantly, Clever and Aiden move forward and Tim breaks into a great big smile.

INT. FBI BUILDING/CONNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Mayor, with his nephew standing next to him, stands in front of the evidence board, while other agents stands around. Connor and Brad stand in the front of the rest.

MONAGHAN

Bank robbery capital of the east coast wasn't good enough. We're in front of Los-fucking-Angeles in the minds of Philadelphians. Funny thing is, no one looks at you folks here. They look at me.

Connor, anger in his countenance, glares at the Mayor, then he shifts it to the Mayor's nephew.

MONAGHAN (CONT'D)

Now, if you want the Philadelphia Police to take over this investigation, I'll make some phone calls and get it going. So, ladies and gentlemen...

The mayor glares at Connor for a moment. Connor glares back, then turns his gaze toward Sean.

The mayor exits the office. As soon as he leaves, the team takes a deep breath and goes back to what it was doing.

Brad stares at Connor.

BRAD

What are you thinking?

CONNOR

What?

BRAD

You have that look.

CONNOR

Nothing. A hunch.

BRAD

A hunch?

CONNOR

I'm going to get something to eat.

INT. CASINO SUITE - NIGHT

Aiden stands next to a table with the phone to his ear.

AIDEN

Kelly, you would not believe this. This place is huge. And Tim won like almost eighty thousand dollars. We didn't even know it till we cashed out.

Tim is on the other phone.

TIM

I can't believe it either! I've never been so lucky in my life... I'm not going to become a gamble-aholic. Look, I'll call you when we get back. Love you.

Tim shuts the phone and tosses it aside as he pulls out another beer.

Clever is on the other room phone.

CLEVER

How soon can they be here? Awesome.

TIM

What's that about?

CLEVER

Girls.

TIM

Girls?

AIDEN

You know. Females? Tension relief?

TIM

Sarah and I are one question away from getting married.

CLEVER

All the more reason to cheat on her now. That way you can be faithful when you're married.

AIDEN

Where are the moral qualms, my friend? Not more than a day ago, you stole over a half a million dollars.

CLEVER

Don't forget kidnapping.

AIDEN

Absolutely. Don't forget that. God forbid we forget all of the charges. Grand theft auto.

CLEVER

Grand theft auto.

AIDEN

They might throw out the weapons charges since we didn't really use real weapons.

CLEVER

Maybe. Not sure.

TIM

Stop! Enough!

CLEVER

Look, buddy, if you can't handle that, go play some more. We'll take the other girl.

Tim gets up and heads for the door.

AIDEN

Damn, we can do his crime, but he can't do ours.

TIM

My crime was against strangers, not someone I love.

Tim leaves.

CLEVER

Three girls. Two guys. This could get kinky.

INT. POKER PARLOR - NIGHT

Tim, chips in hand, goes to a table with an open seat.

TIM

Hi.

Everyone greets him.

DEALER

Ten and twenty dollar blinds, sir.

TIM

Let's play.

INT. CASINO SUITE - NIGHT

Aiden goes to the door and opens it. Three very lovely women, two white and one black, LACEY, BROOK and TOMEA, stand outside.

AIDEN

Welcome to Hell, ladies.

He motions for them to enter.

LACEY

I'm Lacey. This is Brook and Tomea.

AIDEN

I'm Aiden and this is Clever.

Clever lays on the bed with a shit-eating grin on his face.

INT. FBI BUILDING/CONNOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Connor has a collection of photographs of the Hobo Bandit on the wall. Intently, he stares at only the ones where his eyes seem to stick out. Brad pops his head in.

BRAD

I read somewhere in the rule book that you're allowed to go home and see your wife once a week.

CONNOR

Not with this shit going on. Check this out. Look at the eyes. Look at them. I've run this through facial recognition.

BRAD

Okay, are you going to keep me in suspense all night?

On the board, at the end of line of Hobo Bandit photographs he pins up a photograph with only the eyes showing. They eyes seem to be those of the Hobo Bandit.

BRAD (CONT'D)

And?

EXT. MARKET STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Brad, nearly apoplectic, with Connor on his heels, storms out the front door of the Federal Courthouse.

BRAD

You want to accuse the nephew of the Mayor of Philadelphia of armed robbery?

CONNOR

I know it's insane, but... Brad, this guy, he's hiding something. I looked into his eyes and he knew I knew. It's like he's toying with me. But what's his fucking motive?

BRAD

Money.

CONNOR

He comes from the Main Line, Brad. He was born with a platinum spoon in his mouth. He's being groomed for political life. Why this? Why this?

BRAD

Con, are you sure?

CONNOR

I ran it five times. One hundred percent.

Brad lights up a cigarette.

BRAD

We have to have more than facial recognition to sew this bag shut. Con, you don't accuse the nephew of the mayor of a major city unless you can tie it up in a neat little basket.

CONNOR

You make it sound so easy.

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

Aiden and Clever descend the escalator and enter the casino.

AIDEN

I've never cheated on anyone.

CLEVER

I never robbed a bank.

AIDEN

Tim's right. I didn't feel as bad as I do now. Kelly's my best friend.

CLEVER

You know, you can beat yourself up about it all day long. Besides, it wasn't like you hooked up with a girlfriend. Think of it as masturbation with someone else's help.

AIDEN

Yeah. Let me think about that. "Hey, Kelly, I just masturbated. But I had someone else help me." She'll really love that.

CLEVER

Don't think about it so much.

AIDEN

What if someone sees me, Clever.
I'm on the news every day. It's not
like I can hide.

CLEVER

No one saw you.

AIDEN

The girls did.

CLEVER

Who was that weather dude, Guy
Solaris? He was banging interns
three at a time. Remember you told
me the security guards used to watch
him on the monitors in the parking
lot?

Aiden begins to laugh.

AIDEN

We used to have a pool going on about
who he'd get next.

CLEVER

Who knows about it but a few people?
No one said shit. Don't sweat it.

AIDEN

Where the hell is Tim?

INT. POKER PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

Aiden and Clever enter the parlor to find a crowd gathering
around one of the tables.

Sitting across from Tim is A MAJOR POKER PLAYER. The DEALER
flops a pair of Aces (Spades and Diamonds) and a Duce of
Clubs. Tim's chip stack is larger than The Major Poker
Player's.

The Major Poker Player looks over his glasses at Tim, who
sits stone-faced across from him.

Aiden turns to Clever.

AIDEN

How much is that?

CLEVER

A lot.

Tentatively, Tim plays with his chips.

TIM

Raise. One hundred and twenty.

Clever and Aiden both sit stunned and mouth the amount of the raise.

MAJOR POKER PLAYER

Call.

Major Poker Player slides his chips toward the Dealer.

Tim looks nervous as the dealer buries a card and deals out the Turn. A King of Hearts.

Tim bets sixty thousand.

Major Poker Player sits back.

MAJOR POKER PLAYER (CONT'D)

All in.

Clever and Aiden look on at the action.

Tim looks up and sees them for the first time and they exchange glances. Tim breathes hard. He can barely speak.

TIM

Call.

DEALER

Sir?

TIM

Call!

Instantly, Major Poker Player flips his cards to reveal a pair of Kings.

Slowly, Tim picks up his cards and flips over a pair of Aces.

The crowd erupts in applause.

INT. CASINO BAR - LATER

Tim sits with Aiden and Clever.

TIM

I can't lose.

CLEVER

What happened?

TIM

I was playing in this little limit game. One hundred and two hundred dollar blinds. Anyway, I bought in for ten thousand. Next thing you know, I run the table. I have like a hundred and fifty thousand.

Then, **Major Poker Player** saunters in and sits down at a no-limit table. I asked the dealer if anyone can get in on the game. The table was full of guys I'd seen on the World Series of Poker.

Major Poker Player comes up.

MAJOR POKER PLAYER

Hey, Tim, that was some great play.

TIM

Thanks, **Major Poker Player**.

MAJOR POKER PLAYER

Hope to see you in Vegas this year. Give me a chance to get some of my money back.

TIM

Maybe I'll do that. This is Aiden and Clever. My best friends.

Major Poker Player shakes their hands.

MAJOR POKER PLAYER

Major Poker Player.

AIDEN

No shit.

CLEVER

Good to meet you.

MAJOR POKER PLAYER

Good luck, guys.

Major Poker Player walks away.

CLEVER

Holy shit. Holy shit. **Major Poker Player!** And you kicked his ass!

AIDEN

This is fucking major!

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE ON BOARDWALK - DAY

Tim, Clever and Aiden sit in front of their lunches as a storm threatens.

CLEVER

This is the weirdest thing that's ever happened in my life.

AIDEN

You know that.

TIM

It almost doesn't seem real.

CLEVER

You won a stack of cash and we have a mountain of it sitting at home. It's real.

TIM

I almost want to do it again.

CLEVER

I don't like the sound of that.

AIDEN

Poker?

Tim just stares at them intently. They begin to lower their voices so no one will hear them.

CLEVER

One time. One time, we said.

AIDEN

This is crazy.

TIM

We got away with it. You said so yourself, Clever. The feds got shit on us. We made no mistakes.

CLEVER

We don't need the money.

TIM

That's the beauty of this, remember? No motive. Of course, we could make our own movies. Shoot them right here. I'll write them. Direct. You can be the producers.

Aiden whispers.

AIDEN

So, in other words, you want us to rob banks to support a film?

TIM

Not in other words. Exactly those words.

CLEVER

This is crazy.

TIM

I know it is. That's the beauty of it. No one would believe it.

INT. CLEVER'S CAR - DAY

Clever drives through a torrential downpour. Aiden sleeps in the passenger's seat. Tim stares out the side window in the back seat.

CLEVER

Kind of hard to go back to reality after that, huh? Tim?

TIM

Huh? Sorry. I was...

CLEVER

Yeah. I know. When does Sarah come back?

TIM

Next week.

CLEVER

What do you have in mind?

TIM

About what?

CLEVER

You know...

TIM

You're kidding. You're not kidding?

CLEVER

Curious.

TIM

You liked it.

CLEVER

Shut up.

TIM

You liked the juice. It was a thrill for you.

AIDEN

I think I hear stupid talk.

TIM

He's awake.

AIDEN

I heard stupid talk. Are you really considering this, Clever?

CLEVER

I don't know. It's...

AIDEN

Crazy.

CLEVER

We got away with it. We did. Aiden, you can't say you didn't have fun.

AIDEN

I did. One time. We do it again...

Tim leans forward between them.

TIM

And we do it right...

AIDEN

We might get caught.

TIM

I have a plan.

INT. FBI BUILDING/CONNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Sean stands in front of the evidence board. Brad and Connor sit behind him.

SEAN

And you have nothing on this armored car thing?

BRAD

Not a thing. Cleanest robbery I've ever seen.

SEAN

No major money laundering going on?

Connor eyes him suspiciously.

CONNOR

Not a dime.

SEAN

What about the Hobo? Anything on that?

BRAD

We have some ideas.

Con flashes a disapproving glare his way as Sean turns to face him.

SEAN

What ideas?

CONNOR

It's preliminary.

SEAN

Care to share?

CONNOR

If I cared to share I'd have done it already. Didn't they teach you that at Harvard?

SEAN

Agent Dunne, do you have a problem with my CV?

CONNOR

Of course not.

SEAN

You went to Yale, didn't you?

Connor nods slowly.

SEAN (CONT'D)

So, is this a college rivalry thing?

CONNOR

Not at all. Never got into that myself. I just don't like politicians butting in where they don't belong.

SEAN

My uncle...

CONNOR

Has nothing to do with this investigation. This is a federal matter, not a state or local. We'll handle it as we see fit.

SEAN

Perhaps he'll have a chat with your boss?

CONNOR

That's his prerogative. But we will investigate. And I'll call you when we know something.

SEAN

Can I count on that?

CONNOR

Oh, yes, you can. Without hesitation.

Sean can see that he is totally not welcome. He smiles sardonically and turns for the door.

SEAN

Good afternoon.

CONNOR

Good afternoon.

Brad waits till Sean is gone.

BRAD

You really like pushing people's buttons. You better be careful.

CONNOR

Yeah, and you practically begging him to ask more questions.

BRAD

Awe, shit, I wasn't... damn, Con.

CONNOR

You know that show, NUMB3RS?

BRAD

Yeah.

CONNOR

I need to find out something about this fucker. Something I'm not smart enough to figure out. Besides, HQ DC is up my ass about this.

BRAD

What about the armored car?

CONNOR

I have Rodriguez and O'Malley on point on that one. We have to catch Harvard first.

BRAD

Well, Fourth of July at Tim's this weekend.

CONNOR

Can't wait.

Connor's cell phone RINGS. He slowly picks it up.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

I wonder if it's too late to become a screenwriter or a Reporter. Those are easy jobs.

He flips open his phone.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Dunne. Hey, what's up? He did what?

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BANK - DAY

The Hobo Bandit saunters up to the bank. For the first time, we can see that it is Sean. He looks up at the facade of the bank and smiles sardonically.

INT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER

The Hobo Bandit saunters up to the Teller.

Before he can even say a word, we see recognition in her eyes.

TELLER

May I help you, sir?

SEAN/HOBO BANDIT

I think so.

He shows her the note.

TELLER

Yes, sir.

SEAN/HOBO BANDIT

Thank you.

The Teller instantly begins stuffing his bag with stacks of money. She reaches for the dye pack.

SEAN/HOBO BANDIT (CONT'D)

You can keep the dye pack. I won't be needing it. You can put all the marked bills in you want.

She looks at him quizzically.

EXT. TIM'S BACKYARD - DAY

A huge barbecue. Beer flows, burgers fill tables. Connor, Brad, Aiden, Clever, Tim, Sarah and Kelly, plus a host of others, partake. Lacey stands behind Clever.

CLEVER

This guy, right here! He did it. Turned ten thousand dollars into a hundred and fifty large!

Everybody comes up and pours beer on him.

AIDEN

Plus the other fifty gee's we won at craps!

SARAH

I'm just glad he didn't eat into the wedding money.

CLEVER

Not even close. Not even close. This is the man.

AIDEN

And, he's been invited to play at the World Series of Poker in Las Vegas next month.

Everyone cheers, except Sarah who smiles a bit.

TIM

There is something more important than poker.

He reaches into his pocket as he moves closer to Sarah.

A hush falls over the gathering. Sarah looks at him quizzically.

SARAH

What are you doing?

He pulls a ring box out of his pocket and kneels before her. He opens the box, as shock registers on her face.

TIM

Sarah Carson, will you marry me?

Sarah almost breaks into tears. Her hands shakes as she reaches out to touch the ring.

TIM (CONT'D)

Well?

SARAH

Yes. Yes!

Tim places the ring on her finger, and they fold into a deep embrace.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Oh, god, you smell like beer.

TIM

We can wash it off later.

SARAH

Pervert.

She kisses him as she tears up.

Connor steps forward and raises his beer bottle.

CONNOR

Congratulations to you both. But as much as I am happy for you two, I'm starving and I'd like to get a burger or hot dog, if you don't mind.

INT. SEAN'S CONDO/STUDY - DAY

Sean sits in his study, a pile of cash in front of him.

On the floor are other piles, each with a piece of paper on top with a date and the name of a bank.

Sean pulls a Davidoff cigar from the walk-in humidor, punches the tip and expertly lights it.

SEAN

Come and get me, Special Agent Connor Dunne. I dare you.

Slowly, he gathers the money together and puts it into a hidden safe. As soon as he completes the task, there is a KNOCK on the door.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Enter.

A comely brunette in her late twenties, PRINCESS, enters.

PRINCESS

Sean, your uncle's called again. He wondered where his favorite nephew was.

SEAN

Well, Princess, I suppose we should not keep the Mayor waiting any longer.

He kisses her on the cheek.

PRINCESS

I'll call for the car.

EXT. TIM'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

The party is a bit subdued. Tim, Clever, Aiden, Connor and Brad sit around, beers in hand.

TIM

I'm kind of happy not to have the FBI director, the Mayor, the press -- no offense intended...

AIDEN

None taken.

TIM

...Up your ass.

CONNOR

I am in the unenviable position of having to deal with a bank robber who finds every way possible to get away with it.

BRAD

We'll catch him.

AIDEN

Any ideas who he is?

CONNOR

Son, do you really think that I'm going to tell you anything?

AIDEN

What about freedom of the press?

BRAD

How about freedom *from* the press?

AIDEN

Fascist.

CONNOR

Thank you.

Connor looks over to where the girls sit, glowing over her new ring.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Clever, who the hell is that sweet honey you dragged in here, and why the hell is she with you?

CLEVER

That is Lacey.

BRAD

Is she blind? I don't see a seeing eye dog.

CLEVER

She's definitely not blind.

BRAD

Where'd you meet her?

Across the room, Lacey stands with the other girls.

LACEY

We met in Atlantic City.

SARAH

It's been so long since Clever and his wife split, we were wondering when he'd start dating again.

KELLY

Have you ever dated a lawyer before?

LACEY

Oh, many. But this is my first Assistant United States Attorney.

THE GUYS light up cigars.

BRAD

It's a fine thing. I love Dominicans. They're better than Cuban.

TIM

When have you had Cubans?

BRAD

Canada. Plus, I have a friend in Customs. Every once in a while a box drops out of sight.

CLEVER

Didn't you just admit to a felony?

BRAD

I said a box drops out of sight. I didn't say I picked it up.

CLEVER

I don't know.

CONNOR

Castro's almost dead. Who gives a shit?

Connor's cell RINGS. He looks at the number and moans.

AIDEN

Who is it, dad?

CONNOR

The Mayor.

He opens the phone.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Yes, Mr. Mayor?

EXT. MAYOR'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Connor hands his keys over to the VALET and walks up the drive.

As he goes, he sees a fire red BMW. Even in a lot full of very expensive cars, it stands out.

EXT. MAYOR'S ESTATE/PATIO OUTSIDE HIS OFFICE - NIGHT

The mayor leads Connor through the palatial estate that is filled with political cronies. Smoke billows from the Mayor's cigar.

MONAGHAN

You appreciate a fine cigar, don't you Con? I can call you Con?

CONNOR

Sure.

He hands him a Davidoff.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Thank you.

MONAGHAN

You can call me Denny, when we're in private of course. My wife... she hate's Denny.

Connor lights his cigar.

MONAGHAN (CONT'D)

Thinks it makes me sound like a kid. But I've been Denny all my life. My brother, they call him Bubby. Used to blow mouth bubbles all the time. How'd you like to have people call you that? A grown man.

CONNOR

I wouldn't.

In the b.g., fireworks light up the sky.

MONAGHAN

Fourth of July. I love it. My favorite holiday.

Monaghan inhales a big cloud of cigar smoke and blows it out.

MONAGHAN (CONT'D)

Con, I have a problem. You need to solve it for me. I have to run for re-election soon, and this bank robbing little asshole is screwing up all my plans.

CONNOR

I'm not exactly happy about it myself.

MONAGHAN

I wouldn't think so. I'm sure FBI headquarters in DC is crawling up your ass. But now, it seems like open season on banks. These other little assholes steal an armored car in broad daylight and get away.

Monaghan turns to look at the fireworks.

MONAGHAN (CONT'D)

I've said it before, Con, and I'm gonna keep saying it until...

(MORE)

MONAGHAN (CONT'D)

Look, I'm authorizing all the OT I can get, every cop, uniform, plainclothes or detectives. I want the entire city swamped with cops.

Sean comes up to them, eyeing Connor as he approaches.

MONAGHAN (CONT'D)

Ah, Sean, how are you?

SEAN

Fine, Uncle Denny.

Both Sean and Connor exchange knowing glares.

MONAGHAN

You know Special Agent...

SEAN

I know him. You introduced us already. How are you, Agent Dunne?

CONNOR

I'm fine. How are you?

SEAN

Just dandy.

MONAGHAN

Sean, I have something for you.

He ducks into the office and quickly returns with a pistol case in his hands.

MONAGHAN (CONT'D)

I bought this last year. Never fired it. I know how much you love fine firearms.

He opens the box to reveal a Desert Eagle Fifty. The pistol is as beautiful as it is deadly.

MONAGHAN (CONT'D)

I want you to have this.

Sean admires the weapon, holding it up, checking it for safety.

SEAN

Thank you, Uncle Denny.

Sean returns it to the case and takes it from his uncle.

MONAGHAN

Don't mention it.

Monaghan glances at Connor.

MONAGHAN (CONT'D)

Of course, we'll file the proper paperwork, Con.

CONNOR

I'm sure you will.

MONAGHAN

Now that we have the pleasantries out of the way, let's enjoy the show.

The all look skyward to the fireworks.

EXT. TIM'S BACKYARD - LATER

The fireworks show nears the end. All of the rest of the gathering sits on lounge chairs, gazing skyward.

TIM

One of the benefits of living here is you don't have to down to Penn's Landing to watch the show.

SARAH

Gonna miss this when we move to Hollywood.

CLEVER

You gonna forget all us little people when you go to Hollywood?

TIM

Forget whom?

They all laugh.

AIDEN

And he has to be grammatical. Loser.

They all laugh again.

TIM

Clever. Aiden. I need to talk to you later. Tomorrow.

CLEVER

Okay.

AIDEN

Lunch.

The end of the fireworks show fills the sky with ear-popping white explosions.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Tim, Clever and Aiden sit around the table, their lunches in front of them.

CLEVER

Tim, we said one time. We did one time.

TIM

One time's lucky. Two times...

AIDEN

Don't say it. Please.

CLEVER

It's the guys who get greedy who get caught.

TIM

Aiden, your father, the cops, they're all so confused they don't know what's going on.

AIDEN

I talked to my dad last night, and he said the mayor is pulling out all the stops to get this guy. That means they'll be watching everyone.

TIM

In Philadelphia.

The two of them look quizzically at him.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER IN DELAWARE - DAY

Tim, Clever and Aiden spy on a bank.

AIDEN

Doesn't look like much.

TIM

Been casing different banks in the area. Looking for the ones that have the most to offer, and...

CLEVER

What?

TIM

I've been studying different M.O.'s. the way different crews took down scores.

AIDEN

You watched Heat too many times.

TIM

Well, they were a good crew.

CLEVER

God, this doesn't make sense that we're doing this.

TIM

We've done it, Clever. We got away with it. We left no clues to link us to that. And we're going to do it again.

AIDEN

You sound like you're hooked.

Tim fumbles for the words.

TIM

I'm not stupid enough to think I can make a career of this.

AIDEN

You agree that you... we... Are stupid.

TIM

It's not the brightest thing to do. But I'll tell you, we can do this. Remember what it felt like the first time? Was being an FBI agent that amazing? There was something on the line.

AIDEN

Why this bank? Why here?

TIM

It's loaded with cash from the mall nearby. No less than six shopping centers do their banking here. And with all the attention the Hobo Bandit's put on Philadelphia, no one's looking here. At least not that many. Philadelphia's like an F.O.P. Convention.

Clever and Aiden look at each other for a moment.

CLEVER

How do you want to do it?

Tim flashes a wry smile.

They begin to walk off.

TIM

You really dating Lacey?

CLEVER

Yeah. Why?

TIM

Well, she's a hooker, Clever.

CLEVER

She's a law student.

TIM

Is she going to put hooker on her resume when she goes for a job?

CLEVER

You gonna tell Steven Spielberg you rob banks?

TIM

Wasn't planning on it.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Cops fan out into the streets, followed by Connor and Brad.

BRAD

You think this is such a good idea?

Flashes a questing glare.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Con, we want to flush this guy out, not scare him away.

CONNOR

The numbers guy gave us three banks. They always taught us to crunch the numbers, look at the data, and make a decision based on it. This is the best we got, brother.

INT. TIM BAILY'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Tim sits at his computer. Sarah comes up from behind.

SARAH

What `cha doing?

TIM

Looking at condos in Hollywood.

SARAH

We really going to do this?

TIM

Hey, it's been my dream all my life. Besides, if I'm going to be a real player in the movie biz, I have to be in LA.

SARAH

No complaints here. I mean, the weather's great. Okay, you can never be sure that the ground is going to be in the same place in the evening as it was in the morning, but...

TIM

My friend stayed in this place in Sherman Oaks that survived the Northridge quake. Third floor.

SARAH

Well, let's see if we can get a condo there.

TIM

There are two on the third floor for rent.

SARAH

Awesome. Well, I'm going to go out with Kelly and Lacey. Girl's night out.

TIM

Okay. How is Lacey?

SARAH

She's awesome. I hope she and Clever stay together.

TIM

He needs stability in his life.

SARAH

Just like you.

She kisses him on the cheek and heads out.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'll see you in a couple of hours,
darling.

TIM

All right, love.

As soon as she closes the door, he clicks an icon on his computer, and brings up a Word file with an itinerary for the robbery. It's loaded with JPEGs of the route, the bank and the get-away routes.

He smiles as he runs his fingers down the pages. He prints them out quickly. Then, as soon as the papers spill out of the printer, he clicks an icon on the computer that electronically shreds the file.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Tim, in disguise, stands in front of a late model Chevy van. He also disguises his voice.

TIM

I want dis for my kid. He can prove
hisself in dis, and den, well...

The SELLER, a man in his sixties, smiles and then laughs.

SELLER

I know, Aziz. I had kids too.

TIM

Den you understand completely. Well,
for tree hundred dollars, who can
lose? Ax me that?

INT. STORAGE GARAGE - NIGHT

Tim, dripping with sweat, wearing a dust mask and a painter's cap, spray paints the van bright white.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER IN DELAWARE - DAY

The Chevy Van pulls into the parking lot. Tim, still in disguise, parks the car near the bank, with the nose facing out.

Tim, still in disguise, gets out and gets into another car. The car quickly exits the parking lot.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Clever drives. As they take off, they see Aiden driving up to the bank.

CLEVER

I hope you have this planned, buddy.

TIM

Don't worry. It's perfect. And I swear, this is the last.

CLEVER

You know it is!

TIM

Damn, dude, chill.

CLEVER

Look, I'm one prescription short of going on Zoloft.

TIM

You look very calm.

CLEVER

Don't do that, Tim. Don't go there.

INT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Aiden, disguise as an old man, enters the bank. He walks around, looking at all points, including the massive vault. He then makes his way to the counter. He waits in line.

A little girl looks up at him with the look of a granddaughter looking at her grandfather.

Finally, Aiden comes to the counter.

AIDEN

Could you please change this for me?

He hands her a hundred dollar bill.

TELLER

Certainly, sir.

INT. TIM BAILY'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Tim, Clever and Aiden sit around the television set, watching Aiden's POV as he went through the bank.

CLEVER

This shit's amazing. And no one had a clue you were doing it?

AIDEN

I was just some little old grandfather, changing a bill.

(MORE)

AIDEN (CONT'D)

No one had a clue I had a video camera hidden in my hat.

TIM

All right. This is it. We go on Labor Day weekend. It's a Friday this year. Between now and then, we rehearse.

AIDEN

What about the bank manager's house?

TIM

We drive by on our way to the bank. We don't stop. We do it late at night, or as late as we can. Keep the police scanners on so we can hear if we're picking up a tail.

CLEVER

What if we get stopped?

Tim thinks for a minute.

TIM

If we get put in the area. If we get checked for an ID? It's off.

CLEVER

That's the first sensible thing you've said.

AIDEN

But why?

TIM

Aiden, if we get put in the area, no matter what kind of alibi we have, something could come back to us. It's better to just bail. We have enough money from the first job... It's worth it.

That being said, one thing is going to change from the last time.

CLEVER

I don't like that sound.

TIM

We go armed. Guns loaded.

AIDEN

Whoa.

CLEVER

Not wise.

TIM

We go in with guns, and they shoot,
and we can't shoot back...

AIDEN

We're dead.

All three of them go silent for a moment.

CLEVER

Tim, are you really ready to shoot
someone?

Tim looks at his video again. Then, he glares at Aiden.

EXT. PINE BARRENS FIRING RANGE - DAY

Tim, Clever and Aiden stand at a firing station for an outdoor
firing range. They are at the twenty-five meter targets.

They load their pistols. Tim screws silencers on the ends
of the barrels.

CLEVER

Where'd you get these?

TIM

Silencers? They're easy to get.
Just have to know where to go.

CLEVER

You could get arrested for this.

TIM

Yeah, I was worried about that.

CLEVER

What's with the MP-5? We going to
do a North Hollywood...

TIM

Clever... We need to intimidate.

AIDEN

Are they going to be loaded?

TIM

Everything's for real.

AIDEN

I haven't done this since Iraq.

TIM

Ready?

They start shooting.

EXT. BANK IN PHILADELPHIA - DAY

Workers go about the bank business, but all look around with suspicious eyes.

EXT. STREET NEAR BANK - CONTINUOUS

The street seems normal, but also, something is slightly not right. The odd face that seems out of place.

An OLD MAN, a street person, dressed like the Hobo Bandit, shuffles down the street.

As he passes one intersection, Brad peeks out from a doorway and talks into his radio.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

The bank manager glares at the door, breathing heavily.

A Teller seems to be on edge.

Bank patrons seem oblivious. Except for a few, who seem out of place.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BANK - CONTINUOUS

The Old Man enters the bank.

Almost as if on cue, swarms of SWAT officers descend on the bank entrance and take up positions, ready for an arrest.

Standing in the shadows, Connor waits for the Hobo Bandit to strike.

The man goes to the counter.

The Teller looks incredibly nervous.

HOBO MAN

Are you all right, miss?

TELLER

Oh, I'm okay. How are you, sir?

HOBO MAN

I'm fine. I just want to make a withdrawal.

She becomes even more nervous.

TELLER

Of course. How much.

HOBO MAN

A hundred will do it.

TELLER

Okay.

She looks off, and urgent look in her eyes, to where Connor stands as the Hobo Man hands over his withdrawal slip.

Connor, as silently as possible, talks to Brad.

BRAD (V.O.)

Boss, is it him?

CONNOR

I can't tell. I can't see his face.
Fuck!

BRAD (V.O.)

What do you want us to do?

CONNOR

Wait. Wait till he does something.

The Teller takes the withdrawal slip and begins counting out the cash.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

She's counting out the cash. What the hell...

Before Connor can say another word, plain clothes officers, with weapons drawn, take the Hobo Man down to the ground. Connor launches toward the counter.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

No! No, dammit!

With radio in hand, Connor reaches the scene as the bank fills with agents and Philadelphia Police.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Stand down! Stand down! It's not him! It's not him! Get off him, dammit!

The officers look up, nonplussed.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

I said get off him!

HOBO MAN

What the hell is going on here?
You're breaking my arm!

Brad enters the bank with a cadre of other agents.

EXT. BANK - LATER

News vans litter the area in front of the bank, amongst the throng of FBI agents and Philadelphia Police. Reporters file their reports.

With his father, Aiden reports.

CONNOR

Unfortunately, officers acted without orders and an innocent citizen, who happened to resemble the perpetrator of other similar bank robberies, was detained. That's all I have right now.

AIDEN

Thank you, sir.

Aiden looks directly into camera.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

So, the Hobo Bandit is still on the loose. Reporting live from Northeast Philadelphia, I'm Aiden Dunne. Back to you in the studio.

He waits a moment, then tosses the microphone to technician and walks over to his father.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Dad, are you okay?

CONNOR

This fiasco makes me look like shit.

AIDEN

But it was the Philadelphia PD who jumped the gun.

CONNOR

But I'm the agent in charge, son. I'm the one who's going to take it in the ass.

AIDEN

Sorry, dad.

CONNOR

Your mother was asking where her prodigal son was. Maybe you might give her a call?

AIDEN

Sure, dad. I'll get right on it.

CONNOR

I have to clear some things up. I'll talk to you later.

AIDEN

All right.

As Aiden heads back to his news van, a black stretch limousine rolls by. The window opens slowly. In the back seat, Sean Monaghan sits. He smiles sardonically at Aiden, then at the scene.

INT. FBI BUILDING/CONNOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Connor enters a room full of FBI agents and the police officers who took down the Hobo Man. His veins practically blowing through his neck, he throws a stack of papers across the room.

CONNOR

Is there anyone in this room who can tell me how we can possibly fuck an operation up any better!?

The Philadelphia Cops recoil in fear.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea the liability on this? Do you know what the city is going to have to pay for a broken arm and three broke ribs on a sixty-nine year old man who's never even gotten a speeding ticket?

The men look back with blank stares.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

The mayor is going to want to speak with you jokers some time tonight. I have to make a call to the Director of the FBI. I'd rather trade places with you.

Connor looks around the room.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Get out of here.

Brad walks up to him.

BRAD

Having a nice day?

CONNOR

Go home. Don't mess with me now,
Brad.

BRAD

Boss, it's a holiday. Try to relax.
He's not going to hit now.

Brad leaves the office. Connor glares at the photo of Sean Monaghan.

INT. CLEVER'S CAR - NIGHT

Clever and Aiden roll down a residential street.

CLEVER

Where is it?

Aiden looks at his hand-held G.P.S. unit.

AIDEN

Right down here.

CLEVER

Why are we doing this?

Tim leans forward.

TIM

Do you go into court without
preparation? We have to run the
route to and from. What's the most
important thing we have to consider?

AIDEN

Getting the money?

TIM

Getting away. We need to do it
better. We do this right, by the
number, do it when customers won't
be there, no one gets hurt.

Before anyone knows there's been a
robbery, we'll be long gone, enjoying
a wonderful weekend. There it is.
Right there.

They roll by a normal upper middle-class house.

TIM (CONT'D)

That's the bank manager's house.
Richard T. Hardwick. Forty-eight
years old. Harvard MBA. Republican.
Active politically.

Married to wife Alice A. Brown.
Forty-two. Met at Harvard. Three
children. Richard Junior. Nineteen.
Sophomore at Harvard.

CLEVER

Ivy league little fuckers.

TIM

Big time. Daughter, Alice Isabella,
sixteen. Attends private girl's
school. She's a year ahead of her
class. Last daughter, Mary, fourteen.
Freshmen at the same private school.

AIDEN

What don't you know about this guy?

TIM

I know everything about this guy.
It's just like when you design a
character in a script. You know
what your character has for breakfast,
even if we never see it.

CLEVER

I can't fault you there.

TIM

Let's go.

INT. TIM'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Sarah sits next to Tim.

SARAH

I actually like that you have guy
friends to hang out with.

TIM

So you don't have to worry about me
cheating?

SARAH

I know you wouldn't cheat.

TIM

I wouldn't?

SARAH

You're one of the good guys.

He smiles warmly.

SARAH (CONT'D)

It's part of the reason I'm not afraid to go to Hollywood with you. All those starlets out there.

TIM

I love you.

SARAH

I love you.

TIM

Sure you're going to be okay?

SARAH

I'm a big girl, Tim. Plus, Kelly and Lacey, since they're alone too, are going to spend the night. Little sleep over.

TIM

Sounds like fun.

SARAH

I think so. I'm going to miss it when we move west. Now, go do boy stuff.

TIM

Okay. See you on Saturday.

He kisses her and takes off.

EXT. AIDEN'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Aiden loads up his car with bags.

AIDEN

You sure you'll be okay?

KELLY

I'll be at Tim and Sarah's and then Saturday we're all going to the shore. Don't worry about me. I'll see you in a couple of days.

She kisses him. As soon as they break, Clever rolls up with Lacey in the car. They get out.

CLEVER

Damn, you're always late.

AIDEN

Very funny. Park that ride. We'll take mine.

LACEY

Hi, Kelly.

Lacey walks up to Aiden and Kelly as Clever parks.

KELLY

Hi, Lace. Ready for some fun?

Clever rolls up with his and Lacey's bags.

CLEVER

We're going to be late. Let's roll.

Clever kisses Lacey and Aiden kisses Kelly. And they AD LIB their good-byes.

INT. CLEVER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Clever and Aiden get in. Before Clever turns the key, he shoots a glare Aiden's way. After a moment, he turns the key.

EXT. 95 SOUTH - NIGHT

Clever's car rolls down the highway amongst sparse traffic.

INT. CLEVER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tim sits in the back seat, Aiden in the passengers' seat and Clever drives. They're all in disguise, but dressed in business suits.

TIM

Okay, guys. Just as we planned it. By the numbers. Show no fear. If we act scared, they'll sense it.

CLEVER

You sure you want to use real guns?

TIM

You said yourself, even if we use fakes, it's still armed robbery. If we get shot at, I want to be able to shoot back. Look, we were all in Iraq. We know what it's like to be in combat.

AIDEN

It's going to be a long night.

TIM

Let's go pick up the other drop car.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - LATER

A nondescript sedan parks in front of the bank manager's house.

INT. NONDESCRIPT SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Tim, Clever and Aiden sit waiting, all disguised.

TIM

Gentlemen, this is it. Decision time. We turn around now. Go to the casinos as we told everyone. Or when Mr. Hardwick comes home, we act. Aiden?

AIDEN

Yeah. I'm a go.

TIM

Clever?

After a moment of waiting for an answer, Tim taps him on the shoulder.

TIM (CONT'D)

If you want to back out, now's the...

The Hardwick's car rolls down the street and pulls into the driveway.

CLEVER

I'm in!

TIM

Let's go.

INT. HARDWICK'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Mercedes Benz slows to a stop, and the Hardwicks and their two daughter get out.

Immediately, Tim, Clever and Aiden fall upon them, flashing FBI badges. Tim disguises his voice.

RICHARD HARDWICK

What is this?

TIM

Mr. Hardwick, we're Federal agents.
Please step inside. All of you.

INT. HARDWICK LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tim corrals the family in the living room and forces them to sit.

RICHARD HARDWICK

I demand to know what this is all about!

TIM

Just sit down, sir! I'll explain everything.

Hardwick reluctantly sits.

TIM (CONT'D)

We're not Federal agents. But I guess you probably figured that out by now.

RICHARD HARDWICK

What do you want?

TIM

Don't be stupid. We want the money in your bank.

The daughters recoil in fear.

ALICE HARDWICK

Oh, my God.

RICHARD HARDWICK

Relax, Alice. Had they wanted to hurt us...

TIM

He's right. We don't want to hurt you. We're bank robbers, not murderers. But make no mistake. If you do not cooperate, we will take action.

RICHARD HARDWICK

I can't open the safe by myself.

TIM

I know that. And that's why we'll all just sit here and wait until morning.

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

When your second comes in, we'll get the money, and everyone will be fine.

Now, I suggest that you find a way to get comfortable. We can go to your bedrooms. Of course, you'll all be staying in the same room.

RICHARD HARDWICK

You'll never get away with this.

Tim becomes menacing.

TIM

If I don't...

He holds up his pistol.

EXT. MAIN LINE STREET - DAY

The sun rises over the horizon.

INT. SEAN'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sean dressed in running clothes, sips some orange juice. Princess enters and pours a cup of coffee for herself.

PRINCESS

Sean, why can't we go down now instead of...

SEAN

I told you. I have something to do for my uncle. When I'm finished, we'll go. Unless you want to take the limo down and I'll meet you later.

PRINCESS

Maybe I will. I don't want to wait around here all day when I could be drinking one Margarita after another on the beach. My tan's beginning to fade anyway.

SEAN

Then go.

PRINCESS

Are we ever going to move back to Malibu?

SEAN

After my uncle gets a second term, we'll move back.

He kisses her on the cheek and walks out.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Tim and Clever exit the house with Richard Hardwick, get into Hardwick's car and drive off.

INT. HARDWICK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Clever drives. Hardwick is in the passenger's seat. Tim and Aiden sit in the back.

RICHARD HARDWICK

Did you have to tie them up like that?

TIM

Couldn't leave them running around the house unattended. They might make a call I would rather they not make. Besides, I need all my friends with me.

RICHARD HARDWICK

It's wrong.

TIM

Really? What about bank robbery? You know, gentlemen, he is right, in a way. Robbery, if done properly, it is mean, but people can get over that easily. But kidnapping, that's personal. You take someone out of their lives. You don't kill them, or intend to, but you could worry them to death.

AIDEN

We won't kill them, Mr. Hardwick. I promise.

They all fall silent for a moment. Tim takes a look out of the car at the blue sky.

TIM

It's a lovely day, isn't it? Great for a Labor Day holiday.

RICHARD HARDWICK

I'd prefer not to make small talk with you, if you don't mind. Let's just get this over with.

TIM

I wouldn't upset a man who has a gun
to your head.

Clever's eyes go wide.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER IN DELAWARE - LATER

Hardwick's car rolls into the nearly empty shopping center. The van, now etched out with fancy designs, sits near the edge of the parking lot.

Hardwick's car pulls in front of the bank. Tim, Aiden and Hardwick get out and move to the bank. The car rolls out and Clever parks it.

INT. BANK/LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Tim takes Hardwick to the corridor near the vault.

TIM

The other employees will be here
soon, so let's get your half of the
combination encoded so it'll take
less time.

INT. BANK/VAULT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hardwick goes immediately to the vault and enters his
combination.

TIM

Come with me.

RICHARD HARDWICK

You seem to know a lot about banks.

TIM

I know a lot about your bank.

INT. BANK/LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Aiden stands near the door.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER IN DELAWARE - CONTINUOUS

Clever stands near the van with a Secret Service-like walkie-talkie system. He watches as a woman, MS. HANKS, gets out of her car and heads for the bank.

CLEVER

Heavysset woman in her mid-thirties.
Blond hair.

INT. BANK/LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Tim stands with Hardwick.

RICHARD HARDWICK

That's Ms. Hanks.

Ms. Hanks enters the bank, and Aiden immediately takes her into custody and brings her to Tim.

TIM

Ms. Hanks, do you have the second combination to the vault?

MS. HANKS

No, I don't.

TIM

Would you follow my associate please.

RICHARD HARDWICK

Do as they say, Ms. Hanks. Let's get this done as soon as we can.

Aiden takes her into the women's bathroom.

AIDEN

Stay here, and don't make a sound.
Let me have your purse.

Dutifully, she hands it over to him.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

I'll place it behind the counter.
You can retrieve it after we're done.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER IN DELAWARE - CONTINUOUS

Another bank employee, NORA FRANKLIN, gets out of her car and heads for the bank.

CLEVER

Female, early twenties, dark hair.
Thin.

INT. BANK/LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Tim turns to Hardwick.

RICHARD HARDWICK

Nora Franklin.

Aiden ushers her to Tim and Hardwick.

TIM

Ms. Franklin, do you have the combination to the vault?

NORA FRANKLIN

No, I don't.

TIM

Please follow my associate.

INT. CONNOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Connor downs a health drink, then heads for the door.

CONNOR

Sweetie, I'm going to the bank.
I'll be back in a bit.

MRS. DUNNE, a comely middle-aged woman, enters, dressed as if she is ready for the beach.

MRS. DUNNE

All right, darling. Don't be long.
We need to get going before the traffic builds. You don't need any more stress.

CONNOR

I won't. I need to get out of town anyway.

Connor walks out the door.

EXT. 7-11 PARKING LOT - DAY

Connor gets out of his BMW and enters the 7-11.

INT. 7-11 - CONTINUOUS

Connor enters and gets a fountain soda and a pack of cigarettes.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER IN DELAWARE - DAY

Clever watches as more and more cars fill the parking lot.
A YOUNG GIRL heads toward the bank.

CLEVER

Young girl. Teens. Blonde hair.
About five foot two.

INT. BANK/LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Richard Hardwick shakes his head.

TIM

Doesn't know her.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER IN DELAWARE - CONTINUOUS

The Young girl heads for the ATM.

CLEVER

Forget it. She's just going to the ATM.

Another person, EDWARD HARKIN, gets out of his car and walks toward the bank.

CLEVER (CONT'D)

Okay...

INT. BANK/LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Tim waits with Richard Hardwick and Aiden.

CLEVER (V.O.)

Blonde hair. Male. Six one or two. Late twenties.

Tim looks to Richard Hardwick.

RICHARD HARDWICK

Edward Harkin. Assistant manager.

Instantly, Aiden leads him in the bank.

AIDEN

Mr. Harkin?

Harkin looks at the pistol and nods nervously.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Come with me.

TIM

Mr. Harkin, do you have the combination to the vault?

Harkin looks to Mr. Hardwick, who gives him permission.

EDWARD HARKIN

Yes, I do.

TIM

Come with me.

Aiden speaks into his walkie-talkie.

AIDEN

Get the van into position, and secure the door.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER IN DELAWARE - CONTINUOUS

Clever launches toward the bank.

CLEVER

On my way.

INT. BANK/VAULT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Urgently, Tim, Richard Hardwick and Edward Harkin fill duffel bags with packets of cash. Aiden comes in and helps them.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF A OLD CITY BANK - DAY

Sean, dressed as the Hobo Bandit, enters the bank.

INT. BANK/LOBBY - DAY

Tim and Clever drag five duffel bags full of cash across the floor toward the entrance.

TIM

Let's go, gentlemen. The audience will soon be here.

Tim ushers Richard Hardwick to the lady's room. He opens the door and pushes him in. Tim holds up a strange looking device.

TIM (CONT'D)

This is a bomb. I personally would not want to be anywhere near this when it goes. I'm going to attach it to the door with a note on how to disarm it.

When the authorities get here, they'll be able to let you out. So just sit tight till that happens. Thank you for your cooperation.

Tim shuts the door, smiles, and tosses the "bomb" aside.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER IN DELAWARE - DAY

As nonchalantly as they can, Clever and Aiden toss five packed duffel bags into the van. Almost instantly, Tim exits the bank, locks the door and jumps in the read. The van leaps into action and exits the parking lot.

A scream of elation BLASTS from the van as it speeds out of the parking lot.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF A OLD CITY BANK - DAY

Puffing on a cigarette, Connor heads up to the ATM. As he waits for the first customer to finish their transaction, he turns back and sees a fire red BMW parked in front of the bank.

The other customer finishes, and Connor turns and inserts his card in the ATM.

As he finishes his transaction, the Hobo Bandit nonchalantly exits the bank.

As Connor transacts his business, he keeps turning back to the BMW.

From the bank, Sean exits and heads directly for his BMW.

Connor catches a glimpse of him out of the corner of his eye. He turns to see, and locks eyes with Sean, who has just opened the car door.

It is almost like two gunfighters facing off in the center of town.

INT. HARDWICK'S GARAGE - DAY

With military proficiency and speed, Tim, Clever and Aiden strip the van of its markings.

They rip the license plate off the car. Under the rear plate is a different plate.

They pull the bags of money out, strip the wrappers off and put it in boxes. As Tim and Clever pull the wrappers, Aiden shreds them.

Finally, they bag up all the cash and toss it back in the van.

TIM

All right. The van's still clean.
We dump this in the parking garage.
We'll clean up the makeup on the way. Be careful. Don't touch anything. Let's go.

EXT. HARDWICK'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The van rolls out of the garage and up the street.

INT. CONNOR'S BMW - DAY

Connor frantically drives down Route Ninety-Five. He screams into his cell phone.

CONNOR

I'm in pursuit down Ninety-five South!
Clocking over a hundred! He's in a
fucking Bmw! I need backup now!
Dammit, come on Brad! Get me some
help! If this traffic lets up, I'm
going to lose him!

INT. FBI BUILDING/CONNOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brad nearly falls off his chair as he pulls the phone from his ear.

BRAD

Everybody move. Connor's in pursuit.
Get the State Police moving now!

AGENT

Which department?

BRAD

All of them! Pennsylvania! Delaware!
Maryland! Get them all!

EXT. NINETY-FIVE SOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Connor's BMW weaves in and out of traffic, trying to keep up with Sean's BMW.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The van rolls in and the guys, now not in disguise, pile out and begin moving the bags of cash to other cars.

TIM

Clever, burn the disguises and
uniforms.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Clever stuffs the evidence into a barrel full of hydrochloric acid. It immediately begins boiling.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**TIM**

All right, remember, use different
routes. We meet up tonight.

As Tim and Clever move off, Aiden closes the door to the van with the tips of his bare hands.

TIM (CONT'D)

Let's go. And remember, no speeding.
Keep cool, no matter what happens.

INT. CONNOR'S BMW - DAY

Connor is almost on the verge of being demented with rage as cars get in his way.

CONNOR

Go! Go! Go! Get out of the way!

After a moment, he notices a Maryland State Police car rolling up behind him. At first, Connor seems to breathe a sigh of relief, but the State Cop is trying to pull him over.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

No, you fucking idiot!!!

Connor pulls his badge out and flips it out the window for the cop to see.

Finally, the cop gets it and pulls up next to him. Connor rolls the window down.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

It's the red BMW!!! Up there! You
need to cut him off before he gets
off the highway!

The cop nods, and pulls his radio microphone to his mouth as he takes the lead.

Within a moment, several other State Police cars blast by him. Connor breathes a momentary sigh of relief. But as soon as he relaxes, he also slams on the gas.

EXT. 95 SOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Connor's BMW kicks into gear and rejoins the chase.

EXT. 95 NORTH - CONTINUOUS

Tim slowly, innocently, rolls into the rest stop.

EXT. REST STOP PARKING LOT NORTH - CONTINUOUS

Tim gets out of the car, and heads into the rest stop.

EXT. 95 SOUTH - CONTINUOUS

The high-speed convoy does its best to keep up with Sean's light speed Bmw. Only interfering traffic gives law enforcement a slight advantage.

INT. SEAN'S BMW - CONTINUOUS

A demonic look in his eyes, Sean glares back in the rear view mirror.

He then turns his gaze to the rest stop ahead.

EXT. 95 SOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Sean's Bmw turns off into the rest stop. The law enforcement convoy follows in suit.

INT. SEAN'S BMW - CONTINUOUS

Dangerously, Sean weaves at high speed amongst the cars of other travelers with the phalanx of State Police cars behind him.

EXT. REST STOP PARKING LOT NORTH - CONTINUOUS

Tim, a soda and hot dog in hand, exits the rest stop and heads toward his car, a sardonic grin on his face until he hears the sounds of POLICE SIRENS filling the air.

He shoves the hot dog in his mouth and quickly heads for the car. He tries to act nonchalant, but he is visibly shaken.

INT. TIM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Frantically, Tim less-than-deftly inserts the key in the ignition and turns the car on. He throws the shifter into reverse and without really checking, pulls out.

EXT. REST STOP PARKING LOT NORTH - CONTINUOUS

As Tim pulls out, Sean's Bmw blasts by, narrowly missing the rear of Tim's car.

INT. TIM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tim turns back to watch the Police Cars speed by. The last car is Connor's BMW. Connor slows to avoid Tim's car.

Connor and Tim, for just a moment, locks eyes, then just as quickly, Connor speeds off to rejoin the chase.

Tim turns forward for a moment, sweat coursing down his face. Instantly, but as if he had forgotten to do it, he turns on the air conditioner.

EXT. REST STOP PARKING LOT NORTH - CONTINUOUS

Tim's car pulls out and heads off in the same direction as the chase.

INT. TIM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tim rolls up Ninety-Five North, just behind the chase.

TIM

Oh, shit. Oh shit.

Tim turns his attention the mass of police cars in front of him, and then realizes that more and more cars are passing him.

INT. SEAN'S BMW - CONTINUOUS

Sean, fire and determination in his eyes, spies an exit ahead and begins to slow just enough to bring some of the police cars in.

As he rounds the bend, he sees the bad news. Police have created a massive road block.

EXT. 95 NORTH EXIT - CONTINUOUS

Sean's BMW screeches to a halt with police cars in front and back.

EXT. 95 NORTH - CONTINUOUS

Tim's car, along with a host of others, pulls to the side of the road to watch the action.

EXT. 95 NORTH EXIT - CONTINUOUS

Officers exits their vehicles with weapons drawn.

INT. SEAN'S BMW - CONTINUOUS

Sean looks around. Takes a deep breath.

VACACCIO (O.S.)

You, in the BMW! Turn your car off!

SEAN

No.

VACACCIO (O.S.)

Turn your car off!

SEAN

Well, this sucks.

He pulls his pistol, Desert Eagle Fifty , from inside his jacket.

EXT. 95 NORTH EXIT - CONTINUOUS

Connor comes up to Sergeant VACACCIO and flashes his badge.

CONNOR

Special Agent Connor Dunne.

VACACCIO

Sergeant Tony Vacaccio. What's your relation to this?

CONNOR

That's the Hobo Bandit.

VACACCIO

No shit.

CONNOR

No shit. I've been chasing this asshole for months. You're not going to believe what happened.

EXT. 95 NORTH - CONTINUOUS

Tim gets out of the car and pulls out a pair of binoculars.

INT. SEAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sean sits with the pistol in his lap, his eyes darting around to the officers that surround him.

SEAN

Well, Uncle Denny, this'll fuck up your re-election.

EXT. 95 NORTH EXIT - CONTINUOUS

Sean slowly exits the car.

All the officers stiffen and prepare themselves. One of the officers sees what is in Sean's hand.

OFFICER

Gun! He's got a gun!

Instantly, all the officers raise their weapons.

SEAN

Hey! Is Special Agent Connor Dunne out there?

Connor slowly rises above the car.

CONNOR

You know I am, Sean. Now, let's get this over with. Drop that thing. Lay down.

Sean wears a sardonic grin as he slowly raises the pistol in a non-threatening manner.

SEAN

You know what this is? It's a Desert Eagle Fifty. You do know that, if I wanted to, I could shoot you right through that car.

CONNOR

I know. You do realize that even if you do get me, these officers will rip you to shreds.

SEAN

Kind of factored that in. I'm dead either way. I can't go to prison.

CONNOR

Now, Sean, your uncle...

SEAN

My uncle can't do shit. Best I might get is a loony bin. That's worse.

Behind the car, Vacaccio looks over the car.

VACACCIO

This guy's crazy. Get down.

Connor looks down.

CONNOR

He wants to die, Sergeant.

EXT. 95 NORTH - CONTINUOUS

Tim continues to watch the scene. Then, he watches as Sean raise his pistol and fires.

EXT. 95 NORTH EXIT - CONTINUOUS

The round hits the car behind which Connor hides, but we can see that he completely missed.

Instantly, the officers open fire on him, ripping him to pieces.

After dancing in a hail of gunfire, Sean finally succumbs to his wounds and falls to the ground.

Connor, stunned, stands with the other officers, as Vacaccio waves for the officers to cease fire.

Officers descend on Sean's lifeless, bullet-ridden body. Connor follows them.

Connor glares into Sean's lifeless eyes.

After a moment, he turns to the highway. Hundreds of cars have stopped to watch the gory scene. As he surveys the gathering, he sees one car drive away. It is Tim's, but we can barely see it.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Tight on the Television. The news is on. The Mayor is being interviewed.

MONAGHAN (V.O.)

Our whole family is grieving now at the loss of my nephew.

REPORTER

What do you think this'll do to your re-election bid, Mr. Mayor?

MONAGHAN (V.O.)

I think those are questions best left to the political people. I have to go see my sister and deal with her grief. Thank you. No more questions.

The mayor pushes through the crowd. A hand reaches in and changes the channel.

The Jerry Lewis Telethon is on. Lacey stands in front of the set with steaks and chick on a plate.

Sarah carries some burgers and dogs on a plate from the kitchen to the patio. Lacey follows behind her.

SARAH

It's amazing. That telethon's been on since I was a kid.

LACEY

I know. Amazes me he can stay up that late.

SARAH

How about the mayor's nephew?

LACEY

Shocking.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE/PATIO - DAY

Aiden mans the grill as the girls bring the food out. He begins to slap the meats on the grill. Tim and Clever bring up a beer keg.

Kelly comes in from the beach.

KELLY

The water's great. Where's your dad, Aiden?

Aiden stiffens a bit.

AIDEN

Don't know. Said he'd be here after he finished the paperwork.

TIM

Why don't you girls go to the beach, and we'll finish this?

SARAH

Works for me. Great when the guy gets to cook.

TIM

I always cook.

CLEVER

So do I.

LACEY

You're such modern men.

The girls bounce toward the beach.

As soon as the girls are out of earshot, the guys gather close together.

AIDEN

He recognized you?

TIM

Sure as shit looked like it.

CLEVER

Fuck! What are we going to do?

TIM

Nothing.

AIDEN

Excuse me?

TIM

We act as if he knows something, if we question him, he'll know. Oh, shit.

Connor and his wife enter.

AIDEN

Hi dad. Mom.

They all AD LIB greetings. Connor, wearing mirrored aviator shades, smiles at all the guys, shakes their hands.

MRS. DUNNE

Where are the girls?

AIDEN

On the beach, mom.

MRS. DUNNE

Well, I'll leave you guys to your boys talk. Don't burn the hamburgers.

TIM

I won't, Mrs. Dunne.

Mrs. Dunne saunters off toward the beach.

CONNOR

So, how was the casino?

TIM

Great.

AIDEN

Awesome. Not as good as last time, but we made out all right.

CLEVER

Congrats on the bust.

CONNOR

Not much of a bust. We'll be doing paper work for a month.

AIDEN

Amazing. The Mayor's nephew. Who would have seen that coming?

CLEVER

Shocked the shit out of me.

CONNOR

The mayor danced a lot this weekend.

TIM

Anything else happen?

CONNOR

Bank robbery down in Maryland. Big one. Still counting the loss. Close to a million.

AIDEN

I read about that. Kidnapped the bank manager.

CONNOR

Yup.

TIM

Any leads?

CONNOR

Was a slick crew. Kind of like that armored car gig. But they did leave a bit of evidence on this one.

The boys stiffen a bit, but control their poker faces.

CLEVER

What was that?

CONNOR

Finger print. On the get-away van.

TIM

Any suspects?

CONNOR

Print's a partial. No link to anyone so far.

TIM

So what does that mean?

Connor locks eyes with Tim, then his own son. Then he flashes at Clever.

CONNOR

Well, what it means is, if these guys go underground. Don't work again. I guess they'll get away with it.

Connor's words are almost an admonishment.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Can I get a burger?

FADE OUT: