

STAND OFF

Phil Lewis

Thriller, Drama, Crime Suspense bank robbery for TV

When robbing a bank you need nerve, information and a mobile phone.
What you can never predict is human reaction.

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STAND OFF

CAST

Monique	Receptionist	20s
Brian	Alfred's Assistant	40s
Sean Deane	Head of the gang	30+
Pauline Rose	Head of kidnappers	30s
Helen Morris	Alfred's Wife	40+
Baz Tolley	Robber No 3	20s
Mickey Bowles	Robber No 2	30
Nigel	Car salesman	Any
Alfred Morris	Depository Manager	40+
Damian	Kidnapper No 2	20s
Peter	Assistant	Any
Kerry Morris	Daughter	Teenager
Danny Morris	Son	Pre-teens
Bernard Egan	Detective Inspector	50s
Roland Marsh	Detective Inspector	50s
Les Ammond	Senior Officer	50+
Maynard Unwin	Negotiator	50s

STAND OFF

SC1. INT. RECEPTION – REPOSITORY - DAY

[THE RECEPTION AREA CONTAINS MONIQUE'S DESK, TWO VISITOR'S CHAIRS AND A SMALL SOFA. A TABLE CONTAINS READING MATERIAL. THREE DOORS LEAD OFF FROM THE ROOM. ONE TO THE MAIN OFFICE, ANOTHER TO THE OTHER ROOMS ON THE FLOOR AND THE THIRD TO THE STAIRS AND THE STREET. THE ROOM IS TASTEFULLY DECORATED, WITH AN AIR OF CALMNESS AND QUIETNESS. THE DESK LOOKS EMPTY, WITH JUST A COMPUTER SCREEN. HER KEYBOARD SITS UNDER THE DESK TOP AND IS SLID OUT EVERY TIME SHE NEEDS TO USE IT.]

[MONIQUE IS A SEVER LOOKING WOMAN IN HER 30'S. SHE HAS A HUMOURLESS PERSONALITY AND AN AIR OF EFFICIENCY THAT BORDERS ON INTIMIDATION. SHE SITS AT HER DESK LIKE A GUARDIAN AT THE GATES. SHE SMILES AT THE GUESTS BEING SHOWN INTO ALFRED'S OFFICE, BY BRIAN. BRIAN IS A SMALL MAN IN HIS 50S, BALDING AND VERY BANK EMPLOYEE LOOKING. SEAN IS IN HIS 30S, EXUDES CONFIDENCE AND HAS A READY, DISARMING SMILE.]

CUT TO:

SC2. INT. ALFRED'S OFFICE – DAY

[ALFRED'S OFFICE IS QUITE LARGE, WITH NEW SWEDISH WOOD FURNITURE. A LARGE DESK AND A HEAVILY PADDED LEATHER CHAIR COMPLETES THE EXECUTIVE LOOK. SEVERAL COMFORTABLE CHAIRS ARE AVAILABLE FOR GUESTS AND A SMALL TABLE FOR MEETINGS. THE WALLS ARE COVERED IN MODERN ART AND SOFT LIGHTING COMPLETES THE AMBIENCE.]

[BRIAN IS SEATED IN THE LARGE DESK CHAIR, WHILE SEAN IS IN THE GUEST CHAIR. BRIAN IS SHOWING SEAN THE BROCHURES FOR PARAMOUNT DEPOSITORY.]

BRIAN:

We're pleased here, at Paramount, that you're interested in our range of services. I understand from your application form here, that you're interested in the depository side of our facilities?

SEAN:

Indeed. I have, from time to time, a need to secure valuable information and some physical articles too. But I do need to be assured of their security.

BRIAN:

Paramount can offer the best peace of mind there is. Under the heaviest of security, we offer a resource for goods in transit, storage for insurance items, unclaimed goods, and items awaiting valuation. We're also the premier deposit resource for Police evidence materials and the storage of stolen goods.

SEAN:

Impressive.

BRIAN:

We also offer a direct sales service, should you wish your goods sold straight from the depository.

SEAN:

May I see the facility?

BRIAN:

I'm afraid not. Not until you're registered with us, and we've made all the necessary background checks.

SEAN:

Ahhh.

BRIAN:

We've several sizes of deposit boxes, would your requirement be small, medium or large?

SEAN:

Small I think. Looking at your charges here..... (WAVES BROCHURE) Small will be adequate.

BRIAN:

With regard to your personal use of your security box, two members of staff must be on hand to open the vault. Using special keys and frequently changed code words. These actions are broadcast live, and are also video taped.

SEAN:

Sounds good to me.

BRIAN:

Of course, as you've just experienced, everyone is scanned before they enter the premises. Tight, very tight, security here, Mr. Deane.

SEAN:

Good, good. What's the value of all the material stored here?

BRIAN:

We've no idea. We don't know what's in any of the boxes. Unless our clients elect to inform us. We offer a very discreet service, Mr. Deane.

SEAN:

I can see you do.

[STANDING.]

SEAN:

I must consider your offer and will get back to you very soon. Thank you for your time, Brian.

BRIAN:

My pleasure, sir. My card.

[BRIAN HANDS SEAN A BUSINESS CARD.]

CUT TO:

SC3. INT. ALFRED'S SITTING ROOM - DAY

[ALFRED AND FAMILY LIVE IN A FOUR-BED ROOMED HOUSE WITH A LARGE GARDEN IN THE MORE EXPENSIVE SUBURBS. THE DECORATIVE TASTES ARE TRADITIONAL, WITH PATTERNED WALLPAPERS AND FURNITURE COVERINGS. A LARGE FIREPLACE DOMINATES THE ROOM, WITH FRAMED PHOTOGRAPHS EVERYWHERE. ONE DOOR LEADS TO THE FRONT DOOR, ANOTHER TO THE HALLWAY A THIRD TO THE STAIRS.]

[HELEN IS SHOWING PAULINE INTO THE SITTING ROOM. HELEN IS A SMARTLY DRESSED WOMAN IN HER 40S. PAULINE A FRUMPY LOOKING YOUNG WOMEN IN HER 30S. FOR HER ROLE SHE IS WEARING A WIG AND MAKE-UP.]

PAULINE:

I can't thank you enough for doing this.

HELEN:

Oh, that's alright. Anything to help. How long have you been on the course?

PAULINE:

Just over a year. First major assessment and I am running late.
(Coyly) Nothing new there.

HELEN:

So, what exactly do you need to see?

PAULINE:

This is a superb example of a 40's house. Architecturally fascinating. I just need a few photos to illustrate my project.
(Coyly) Are you sure you don't mind?

HELEN:

Not at all. Snap away. I'll put the kettle on.

PAULINE:

How kind of you. I won't be long.

[HELEN SMILES AND HEADS FOR THE KITCHEN. PAULINE BEGINS TO TAKE PHOTOS.]

[CLOSE UP SEQUENCE]

[A SERIES OF PHOTOS OF DOOR LOCKS, WINDOW LOCKS, TELEPHONE POINTS, BUNCHES OF KEYS, AND WHERE MOBILE PHONES ARE LEFT. ON EACH PHOTO, THE CAMERA ZOOMS IN TO DETAIL THE LOCK, OR FEATURED ITEM. SOME PHOTOS ON THE WALL HAVE BEEN CAPTURED ON FILM. SOME HAVE ALFRED IN ARMY UNIFORM.]

CUT TO:

SC4. EXT. ALFRED'S HOUSE, FROM THE OUTSIDE, FRONT - CONTINUOUS

[HELEN IS LEAVING THE HOUSE WITH BOTH HER CHILDREN. SHE LOADS THEM INTO HER CAR AND DRIVES AWAY. HIDDEN IN THE BUSHES IS PAULINE, WATCHING AND PHOTOGRAPHING.]

CUT TO:

SC5. EXT. ALFRED'S HOUSE, FROM THE OUTSIDE, FRONT - DAWN

[ON THE DRIVEWAY ARE TWO DUSTBINS, READY TO BE COLLECTED BY THE DUSTMEN. A VAN DRAWS UP SILENTLY TO THE END OF THE DRIVEWAY. BAZ AND MICKEY GET OUT AND TAKE THE PLASTIC BIN LINERS.]

[BAZ IS IN HIS MID-20S AND MICKEY IN HIS 30S. BOTH ARE EFFICIENT IN THEIR ACTIONS. THEY THROW THE SACKS INTO THE BACK OF THE VAN AND DRIVE OFF.]

CUT TO:

SC6. INT. ROOM 1 - DAY

CLOSE ON:

[CLOSE UP VIEWS OF DOCUMENTS BEING FORGED. PHOTOGRAPHS OF SEAN, BAZ AND MICKEY BEING STUCK ONTO DOCUMENTS. THE PASSES BEING ENCAPSULATED BY A SMALL MACHINE ON THE DESK.]

CUT TO:

SC7. EXT. FRONT DOOR – EVENING

[CLOSE SHOT OF A FRONT DOOR. ALL WE CAN SEE IS ALFRED'S HEAD AND PART OF THE DOOR FRAME. ALFRED IS SAYING GOODBYE. HE KISSES AN UNSEEN WOMAN.]

[ALFRED IS A MIDDLE-AGED MAN, PUTTING ON WEIGHT AND HURRYING TOWARDS AN EARLY RETIREMENT.]

CUT TO:

SC8. EXT. SMALL AUTOMOTIVE GARAGE IN THE CITY - DAY

[SEAN IS BEING SHOWN AROUND A COLLECTION OF SECOND HAND CARS AND VANS, BY NIGEL. SEAN POINTS TO SEVERAL AND SMILES. SEAN HANDS NIGEL A SMALL PILE OF MAPS AND THE PAIR SHAKE HANDS.]

CUT TO:

SC9. INT. ROOM 2 - NIGHT

[THE SITTING ROOM OF AN ORDINARY SEMI-DETACHED TYPE HOUSE. AN EASEL IS SET UP AT ONE END AND DRAWINGS ARE VISIBLE ON THE LARGE PAD THAT SITS ON IT. THE DRAWINGS ARE OF HOUSE PLANS AND STREET MAPS.]

[SEAN IS TALKING THROUGH THE DETAILS OF THE ROBBERY, WHILE PAULINE, DAMIEN, BAZ AND MICKEY WATCH.]

CUT TO:

SC10. INT. ROOM 1 - DAY

[CLOSE UP.]

[SHOT OF MAN'S HANDS WORKING ON A PAIR OF MEN'S SHOES. THE HEEL SWIVELS OPEN TO REVEAL INDENTATIONS FOR HIDING TOOLS. WATCHMAKER TYPE TOOLS ARE SLID INTO THE RECESSES.]

CUT TO:

SC11. INT. ROOM 2 - DAY

[PAULINE IS USING HER MOBILE PHONE TO TAKE PICTURES OF BAZ. HE MAKES PECULIAR POSES AND PULLS FACES. SHE ADMIRES HER HANDIWORK.]

CUT TO:

**SC12. EXT. OUTSIDE DEPOSITORY - AFTERNOON-
WEEKDAY**

[A CITY STREET WITH TRAFFIC AND PEDESTRIANS. SEAN, MICKEY AND BAZ ARE DRESSED IN SUIT AND TIES, CARRYING LARGE PILOT'S CASES. THEY WAIT TO BE LET IN THE HIGH-SECURITY PARAMOUNT REPOSITORY.]

MONIQUE:

[FROM SPEAKER BOX.] Who did you say you were?

SEAN:

[INTO SPEAKER BOX.] (Charming)

Mr. Deane. I had a meeting with Mr. Morris last week. Please tell him my colleagues and I have come to a decision.

[AS THEY WAIT, MICKEY AND BAZ BEGIN TO GET NERVOUS. SEAN SMILES AT THEM TO PUT THEM AT THEIR EASE. HE LOOKS UP TO THE CAMERA ABOVE THE DOOR, THEY REALISE THEY ARE BEING WATCHED AND TRY TO STAY CASUAL. TO SHOW HIS CONFIDENCE AND PATIENCE, SEAN PLACES HIS CASE ON THE GROUND AND FUMBLES IN HIS POCKETS, AS IF FOR WRITTEN PROOF OF AN APPOINTMENT.]

MONIQUE:

[FROM SPEAKER.] Mr. Deane?

SEAN:

[INTO SPEAKER.] Yes?

MONIQUE:

[FROM SPEAKER.] You may come up, please.

[THERE IS A CLICK AS THE LOCK IS RELEASED. SEAN SMILES AT HIS COLLEAGUES. HE PUSHES THE DOOR OPEN AND ENTERS.]

CUT TO:

SC13. INT. ALFRED'S HOME, INSIDE – CONTINUING

[HELEN IS ANSWERING THE DOORBELL

HELEN:

[TO CHILDREN.]

Hurry up, ten minutes and we're off.

[AS SHE OPENS THE DOOR PAULINE AND DAMIEN PUSH HER INSIDE. HELEN REACTS IN SHOCK. DAMIEN HURRIES THROUGH TOWARDS THE CHILDREN. PAULINE POINTS A GUN TO HELEN'S FOREHEAD.]

KERRY (O.O.V)

(Concerned) Mummy?

CUT TO:

SC14. INT. RECEPTION – DEPOSITORY - CONTINUING

[FROM HER COMPUTER SCREEN, MONIQUE IS WATCHING THE SECURITY ROOM AND THE THREE MEN BEING SEARCHED AND SCANNED FOR WEAPONS. THEIR CASES ARE X-RAYED.]

[THE MEN ENTER THE RECEPTION AND SHE PRODUCES A PROFESSIONAL, BUT NOT PARTICULARLY WARMING SMILE.]

MONIQUE:

Mr. Morris will be with you in one moment. Please take a seat.
Coffee? Tea?

[ALL THREE MEN SHAKE THEIR HEADS AND SEAT THEMSELVES. SEAN OCCUPIES THE SOFA AND MICKEY AND BAZ HAVE TO SETTLE FOR THE SLIGHTLY LESS COMFORTABLE CHAIRS.]

[IN THE SILENCE THAT FOLLOWS, MONIQUE PULLS OUT HER KEYBOARD DRAWER AND TYPES.]

[CLOSE ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN.]

[DETAILS OF DEANE'S PREVIOUS VISIT TO THE REPOSITORY.]

[BACK TO SCENE]

MONIQUE:

May I have your names, please? For our records.

[BOTH MICKEY AND BAZ GET OUT OF THEIR SEATS AND HAND MONIQUE THEIR BUSINESS CARDS. SHE SMILES HER THANKS. AS THEY SIT, SHE TYPES IN THE DETAILS.]

MICKEY:

(To Monique) All very efficient, eh?

MONIQUE:

(Without looking up) It's standard procedure. We have to know who enters our premises. I'm sure that was explained to you. At least to Mr. Deane.

SEAN:

Wouldn't want to let criminals in now, would you? They might rob the place.

MONIQUE:

(Still typing) Unlikely.

BAZ:

What, no one would want to rob this place?

MONIQUE:

Want to yes. But won't be able to.

SEAN:

It's too secure, Mr. Tolley. As I told you, our deposit is going to be very secure here.

BAZ:

Pleased to hear that, Mr. Deane.

[CLOSE ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN.]

[A SMALL PANEL APPEARS, SHOWING A CCTV FEED OF ALFRED'S OFFICE. ALFRED AND HIS GUEST ARE JUST CONCLUDING THEIR MEETING.]

MONIQUE (O.O.V):

Mr. Morris will be with you in a moment.

BAZ (O.O.V):

No problem, Miss. We've got all day.

[BACK TO SCENE.]

[FOR THE FIRST TIME SHE LOOKS UP AT HIM AND STARES, FEELING PATRONISED. DESPITE HIS CONFIDENCE AND HIGH STATE OF TENSION, BAZ LOOKS AWAY, SUDDENLY ILL AT EASE. NOT WISHING TO CLASH WITH THIS WOMAN.]

SEAN:

Do you have a toilet.....Miss?

MONIQUE:

Of course. But you'll have to be escorted. Can you wait until I can get a member of staff to escort you?

SEAN:

I suppose so, yes.

MONIQUE:

May I enquire the nature of your toilet visit?

SEAN:

What?

MONIQUE:

Which part of the facility do you wish to visit?

SEAN:

I'm sorry...?

BAZ:

(Trying to speak quietly) Number ones, or number twos?

SEAN:

Oh. I think the urinal will be sufficient. If I may.

[CLOSE ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN.]

[MONIQUE EMAILS A COLLEAGUE, ANOTHER WINDOW OPENS ON HER SCREEN. THIS CCTV VIEW SHOWS A BACK OFFICE WITH PEOPLE WORKING AT THEIR DESKS. PETER GETS THE EMAIL AND STANDS UP.]

[BACK TO SCENE]

MONIQUE:

One moment please, Mr. Deane.

(BEAT)

[SILENCE, AS ALL THREE MEN LOOK AT THE CCTV CAMERAS UP ON THE CEILING. ON MONIQUE'S SCREEN, THE VIEWS FROM THESE CAMERAS ARE SHOWN IN SEVERAL SMALL WINDOWS, CHANGING EVERY FEW SECONDS.]

[CLOSE ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN.]

[IMAGES OF THE THREE MEN LOOKING AT THE CAMERAS.]

[BACK TO SCENE]

PETER:

[ENTERS FROM OFFICES.]

(Resignedly) Toilet duty?

[HE GRINS AT MONIQUE, BUT SHE SHOWS NO REACTION, JUST LOOKS AT SEAN.]

SEAN:

Ahh. Right. I'll be right back.

[SEAN EXITS WITH PETER. MICKEY AND BAZ SIT, GETTING NERVOUS AGAIN. THEY FIDDLE WITH THEIR TIES, A NEW AND UNNATURAL ITEM OF CLOTHING FOR THEM.]

BAZ:

Can I smoke in here?

[THE LOOK THE MONIQUE GIVES HIM SAYS NO. ANOTHER SILENCE. THE DOOR TO THE MAIN OFFICE OPENS AND ALFRED IS SEEING HIS GUEST OUT. THE GUEST LEAVES, AS ALFRED TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE TWO STRANGERS IN HIS WAITING ROOM. HE LOOKS QUIZZICALLY AT THE MONIQUE.]

MONIQUE:

The Deane party.

ALFRED:

Ahh, yes. You must be associates of Mr. Deane. I don't believe I've had the pleasure.

[HE MOVES AND SHAKES HANDS.]

BAZ:

Michael Tolley.

MICKEY:

Michael Bowles.

ALFRED:

Alfred Morris. CEO of the Paramount Depository. My card.

[HANDS HIS BUSINESS CARDS TO BOTH MEN.]

ALFRED:

Mr. Deane not with you?

MONIQUE:

Gone to the toilet. (Before Alfred can ask) Peter's taken him.

ALFRED:

Right, Gentlemen. Perhaps you would like to come into my office and we can get down to business. Another pot of coffee I think, Monique.

MONIQUE:

They don't want any.

ALFRED:

But I do. Thanks. This way, please, gentlemen.

CUT TO:

SC15. INT. ALFRED'S OFFICE – CONTINUING

[SEAN, MICKEY AND BAZ ARE SEATED IN COMFORTABLE CHAIRS AND ARE FINISHING OFF THEIR COFFEES. ALFRED IS RELAXED, ANTICIPATING A NEW CLIENT. THE DOOR TO THE RECEPTION IS CLOSED.]

ALFRED:

Anything else you'd like to know, gentlemen?

SEAN:

No thanks. Your colleague showed me around last time and we're very impressed with your level of security. I think we'd just like to deposit our....material and let you get on with your day, Mr. Morris.

ALFRED:

We'll need to register you first, I'm afraid. And a full security check, before we can accept your patronage.

[BAZ TAKES OUT HIS MOBILE PHONE AND DIALS A NUMBER.]

SEAN:

(Charming) You misunderstand, Mr. Morris. Can I call you Alfred? We wish to start business – right now.

ALFRED:

I'm sorry, but we have our rules. Protocols. Perhaps in a few days? A week at most?

[BAZ MOVES TO ALFRED AND GIVES HIM THE PHONE.]

BAZ:

It's for you.

[PUZZLED, ALFRED TAKES THE PHONE.]

PAULINE (V.O.):

Alfred. Hi. I'm here with your wife and beautiful children. Please do as they say, or I'll have to hurt your family. Bye for now. Please pass the phone back to Mr. Tolley.

[ALFRED IS IN SHOCK AS HE HANDS THE PHONE BACK. BAZ PRESSES A BUTTON ON THE MOBILE AND SHOWS ALFRED THE IMAGE ON THE PHONE.]

[CLOSE ON PHONE IMAGE.]

[A PICTURE OF ALFRED'S WIFE AND KIDS, STANDING BESIDES PAULINE. THEY LOOK FRIGHTENED.]

[BACK TO SCENE]

[THERE IS A STUNNED SILENCE. ALFRED RECOVERS SLOWLY. SEAN REMOVES THE PHONE FROM ALFRED'S LIFELESS FINGERS.]

ALFRED:

What's this? A joke?

SEAN:

(Casually) No joke. Sorry, Alfred. Unless you open the vault for us, your family are history. No alarms. Don't do anything silly.

[SEAN, MICKEY AND BAZ STAND TOGETHER. READY TO MOVE TO THE VAULT.]

ALFRED:

Is this.....is this a robbery?

SEAN:

(As if talking to a child) Afraid so. Now if you please. Open the vault.

ALFRED:

I can't do that.

SEAN:

If you don't, my beautiful assistants will do irreparable harm to your wife and kids. Now, you don't want that. Do you?

ALFRED:

I don't believe this....!

BAZ:

Believe it. Hurry up. Get the vault open.

ALFRED:

I can't do that.

SEAN:

Of course you can. Time's a moving on, Alfred. A little hurry up please.

ALFRED:

I can't.

SEAN:

(Casually with a hint of resignation) We both know you will in the end. Of course, your kids may have less fingers and your wife'll be missing her toes. But you WILL open the vault in the end.

ALFRED:

You wouldn't do that to them! What have they got to do with this?

SEAN:

Just pawns in the game, Alfred. The vault?

ALFRED:

[SITS]

(Stubbornly) I won't.

SEAN:

You will.

MICKEY:

You'd better.

SEAN:

(Making a decision) We've researched your background quite thoroughly, Alfred.

[SEAN OPENS HIS PILOT'S CASE AND PLACES AN ENVELOPE ON ALFRED'S DESK. HE TAKES OUT PHOTOGRAPHS.]

SEAN:

We know the schools your kids go to, their teachers, and the rooms they have their classes in. Even the seats they use every

day. Danny sits in C21. It's a bit worn, but has a comforting history of initials carved into it.

[SEAN SHOWS ALFRED THE PHOTOS.]

[CLOSE IN TO PHOTOS.]

[PHOTOGRAPHS OF KERRY AND DANNY GOING TO SCHOOL, IN SCHOOL, AND IN THE PLAYGROUND.]

[BACK TO SCENE.]

[ALFRED REACTS]

(BEAT)

[SEAN PULLS OUT MORE PHOTOS.]

[CLOSE IN TO PHOTOS.]

[HELEN AT WORK, IN THE GARDEN AT HOME, ETC.]

[BACK TO SCENE]

SEAN:

So there's nothing we don't know about you Morris'.

[SEAN PULLS ANOTHER SHEAF OF PAPERS FROM THE CASE AND THROWS THEM IN FRONT OF ALFRED. BAZ AND MICKEY LOOK ON IN SILENCE. ANXIOUS TO GET ON WITH THE ROBBERY.]

SEAN:

Your bank statements and investment accounts for the last two years. Worth a pretty penny, aren't you Alfred? Does Helen know of all those accounts?

ALFRED:

(Stunned) Where did you get all these...?

SEAN:

We haven't just thrown this job together, Al. We've planned for over six months. Taken care of every eventuality. Anything that could go wrong, we've covered it. We've been extremely careful to provide background identities, that even your, supposedly sophisticated, checks didn't reveal. So don't think for one tiny

moment that you're not going to open that vault for us. Because you are. The sooner the better. For your family, anyway.

ALFRED:

(Anger making him bold) You're just another parasite on society. I hate parasites. Steal rather than work. Take rather than give. Hate rather than love.

SEAN:

(Laughing) Where did THAT come from, Al? (Seriously) Don't judge me. You don't know me. (Even harder) I've a family. I have to feed and clothe. I kiss my kids before they go to school and I'm there for them when they return. (Softer again) Do you do that for your kids? Have you watched them grow? I've been there for mine!

ALFRED:

That's none of your business.

SEAN:

I've made it my business. Does your wife complain you're never home? Have the kids started to think of you as a stranger yet? Called you Uncle Alfred?

[ALFRED REACTS IN ANGER]

ALFRED:

Still none of your business.

SEAN:

You're running out of options. (With a harder edge) I can make your family's last moments a misery. Eventually you WILL crack.

ALFRED:

[PUSHES THE PHOTOS AND PAPERS BACK AT SEAN.]

You still don't know me.

[SEAN SITS BACK WITH A CONFIDENT SMILE ON HIS FACE. BAZ IS GETTING EDGY.]

(BEAT)

ALFRED:

Even if you had a gun pointed at my head, do you really think I'd give in to you? I've had army training. We have courses here that would make you think twice about using crude psychology on our employees. I don't give up easily. Neither do I give in.

SEAN:

Ahhh. The army. That was a long time ago, Alfie. Reached the rank of Corporal and left under mysterious circumstances. Can you remember those circumstances, Ali Barba? That was one of your nicknames at school, wasn't it?

[ALFRED JUST STARES AT HIM.]

SEAN:

I have the full military details. Would you like to see them again?

ALFRED:

I still won't do it.

SEAN:

You will.

ALFRED:

(Hopefully) It's a fake photo. You've ...enhanced the photo. This is all a trick.

[SEAN NODS AT BAZ.]

BAZ:

[OFFERING THE PHONE.]

Call home. Call her now.

ALFRED:

She won't be there. She takes the kids to school. Then she's going to ...something or other. I'm not sure where. No one will be there.

SEAN:

You need to be sure, Alfred. (With a sigh) But bloody hurry up and dial.

[ALFRED MAKES A DECISION. HE BEGINS TO DIAL THE
DESK PHONE. BAZ STANDS NEXT TO HIM, TO MAKE
SURE HE'S NOT DIALLING THE POLICE.

HELEN (V.O.):

(Shakily) Hello, Alfred?

ALFRED:

Helen? Are you all right?

HELEN (V.O.):

No. Do what they say, Darling. Please.

[THE LINE GOES DEAD. ALFRED SLOWLY PUTS DOWN
THE PHONE. HE IS DEEP IN THOUGHT.]

SEAN:

The vault? Hurry up, Alfred. Every moment you delay, puts your
family in graver danger.

ALFRED:

(Confused) The vault. Yes. I need.....I need.....

SEAN:

Your deputy. To open the vault, you need your deputy. Don't tell
him anything, Alfred. Don't warn him off, alert him at all. No coded
conversations, no little slips of protocol. Don't risk your family. If
we don't get what we want, you don't get your family back. It
couldn't be simpler.

BAZ:

We're serious. Deadly serious.

ALFRED:

[PICKS UP THE PHONE AND DIALS AN EXTENSION.]

Brian? I need to open the vault, please. As quick as you can.
Thank you.

[HE HANGS UP. STILL IN A STATE OF SHOCK.]

SEAN:

(Now in high spirits) Mr. Tolley, Mr. Bowles. Are we ready?

[BAZ AND MICKEY PICK UP THEIR PILOT'S CASE AND AWAIT THE ARRIVAL OF BRIAN.]

ALFRED:

(All sorts of thoughts are going through Alfred's mind, his face reflecting the turmoil inside) If I let you into the vault, you WILL release my family?

SEAN:

Yes. When we're safely away. What security would we have, if we let them go before hand?

[LOOKING AROUND.]

SEAN:

Where's your deputy?

[THE PHONE TRILLS, MAKING THE FOUR MEN JUMP. ALFRED PICKS IT UP.]

ALFRED:

Monique. But where is he? This is urgent please. Hurry him up. I'll meet him at the vault.

SEAN:

So we go then?

[ALFRED STANDS SLOWLY AND LEADS THE WAY THROUGH THE DOOR TO THE VAULT'S ANTI-CHAMBER.]

CUT TO:

SC16. INT. VAULT, ANTI CHAMBER - CONTINUING

[THE VAULT DOOR IS SLIGHTLY LARGER THAN A NORMAL DOOR, BUT IT IS POLISHED METAL. A SINGLE STEEL WHEEL IS ALL THAT BREAKS THE SURFACE OF THE DOOR, WHICH APPEARS FLUSH WITH THE WALL. THERE IS LITTLE IN THE WAY OF ACCESS BY TRADITIONAL BURGLAR TOOLS. EITHER SIDE OF THE DOOR ARE TWO SMALL DOORS SET IN THE WALL AT SHOULDER HEIGHT. WHEN OPENED THEY REVEAL A SMALL KEYBOARD AND A SWIPE CARD MACHINE.]

[AS THE FOUR MEN ENTER THE ROOM, BAZ AND MICKEY SHOW DISAPPOINTMENT AT THE VAULT.]

BAZ:

Is that it?

MICKEY:

Doesn't look much.

SEAN:

It's what's inside it that counts. Where is your man, Alfred?

ALFRED:

On his way.

[THE DOOR OPENS AND BRIAN WALKS IN. HE IS BUSINESS-LIKE AND NODS TO EACH OF THE MEN IN THE ROOM.]

BRIAN:

Sorry to keep you waiting, gentlemen. Alfred, if you're ready?

[ALFRED NODS. BOTH MEN STAND BY THE KEY PADS AND SWIPE THEIR PERSONAL CARDS TOGETHER. THE CARDS ARE ON CHAINS THAT ARE ATTACHED TO THEIR TROUSER BELTS. AS SOON AS THE GREEN LIGHTS COME ON, THEY TAP IN THE DAY'S SECURITY CODE. THE LIGHT TURNS TO AMBER. WITH A FINAL CODE THERE IS AN AUDIBLE CLICK.]

[CLOSE ON THE WHEEL ON THE DOOR, AS IT BEGINS TO REVOLVE.]

[THE THREE ROBBERS WAIT WITH MOUNTING ANTICIPATION.]

[BACK TO SCENE]

ALFRED:

Thank you Brian. I'll take it from here.

BRIAN:

(With a puzzled look) Certainly. Is every thing all right, Mr. Morris?

ALFRED:

Perfectly, thank you. I'll see to our clients. Thank you.

[BRIAN, STILL PUZZLED, LEAVES AFTER A LAST CAREFUL SCRUTINY OF THE THREE MEN. SEAN MOVES FORWARD AND PULLS THE DOOR OPEN. THE ROOM IS SMALL, ACCOMMODATING ABOUT SIX ADULTS. THE WALLS ARE LINED WITH BOXES OF VARIOUS SIZES, EACH WITH A DOUBLE LOCK. THERE IS A SMALL TABLE IN THE CENTRE. BAZ AND MICKEY ENTER THE VAULT WITH THEIR CASES. ALFRED SEEMS FAR AWAY IN THOUGHT.]

SEAN:

Thank you, Mr. Morris. You've been most helpful.

[THERE IS A STRANGE LOOK IN ALFRED'S EYES THAT DISTURBS SEAN. BEFORE SEAN CAN STOP HIM, ALFRED HAS PRESSED SEVERAL BUTTONS ON THE WALL KEYPAD AND THE VAULT DOOR QUICKLY SWINGS SHUT. BEFORE SEAN CAN GRASP THE WHEEL, IT SPINS AND LOCKS THE DOOR.]

SEAN:

(Amazed) What are you doing?

[ALFRED SEEMS IN A DAZE AS HE WALKS BACK INTO HIS OFFICE, FOLLOWED BY AN INCREASINGLY IRATE SEAN.]

CUT TO:

SC17. INT. ALFRED'S OFFICE - CONTINUING

[ALFRED SITS IN HIS CHAIR, HEAD IN HANDS, TORMENTED BY HIS DECISION. SEAN STANDS OVER HIM THREATENING. HE PULLS OUT HIS MOBILE AND CALLS PAULINE.]

SEAN:

Our family man here needs a little further convincing.

[SEAN POINTS THE PHONE AT ALFRED AND A PICTURE SPRINGS ONTO THE SCREEN.]

[CLOSE ON THE PHONE IMAGE.]

[HELEN HAS A GUN HELD TO HER HEAD.]

[BACK TO SCENE]

ALFRED:

I told you before. I can't.

SEAN:

[LEANING FORWARD, THREATENINGLY.]

My men are in there, now get them out!

[A HARD LOOK COMES INTO ALFRED'S FACE AND HE
LEANS FORWARD UNTIL HE IS EYE TO EYE WITH SEAN.]

ALFRED:

You're holding my family. Let THEM out!

SEAN:

Open the door.

ALFRED:

I can't.

SEAN:

(Threatening) You mean won't?

ALFRED:

I mean CAN'T. I made an Emergency Lock-out. It's now on a timer
for twenty-four hours. Once that's timed out, I'll need my deputy
again to help me open it.

SEAN:

Why did you do that?

ALFRED:

(Realising for the first time) I didn't believe you'd release my
family.

SEAN:

You could've got them killed!

ALFRED:

Not as long as your men are in there. (Points to anti-chamber).

SEAN:

(Distracted, but thinking) Wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute. Wait.

[SEAN IS THINKING FURIOUSLY. HE LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM SENSING SOMETHING. HE HURRIES TO THE DOOR AND LOOKS INTO THE RECEPTION. IT IS EMPTY.]

SEAN:

Where is everybody?

ALFRED:

Emergency Lock-out. Everyone must evacuate the building. I should've gone too. But.....(He shrugs)

[SEAN HURRIES INTO THE RECEPTION ROOM.]

CUT TO:

SC18. INT. RECEPTION ROOM - CONTINUING

[SEAN HURRIES TO MONIQUE'S COMPUTER SCREEN.]

[CLOSE TO COMPUTER SCREEN.]

[VARIOUS WINDOWS AND THE CAMERA VIEWS. THE OFFICES LOOK DESERTED.]

[BACK TO SCENE.]

[HE HURRIES BACK INTO ALFRED'S OFFICE.]

CUT TO:

SC19. INT. ALFRED'S OFFICE - CONTINUING

SEAN:

The police been alerted?

ALFRED:

Automatically. They should be here within minutes.

SEAN:

Damn it. Don't you realise what this'll do to your family?

ALFRED:

(Lightly) Get them released?

SEAN:

(Harshly) Get them killed.

[HOLDS PHONE UP.]

SEAN:

If Pauline doesn't get the all clear, her orders are to kill them all.

(Alfred reacts)

So you better get that door open fast.

ALFRED:

I can't.

SEAN:

Then they're as good as dead.

CUT TO:

SC20. INT. ALFRED'S SITTING ROOM - DAY

[HELEN IS HUDDLED ON THE LARGE SOFA WITH HER ARMS AROUND DANNY AND KERRY. DANNY IS A SURLY YOUTH AROUND 10 YEARS OLD, WHILE KERRY IS AN OUTWARD GOING GIRL OF AROUND 14. THEY ARE BOTH FRIGHTENED AND CLOSE TO TEARS.]

[BOTH KIDNAPPERS ARE DRESSED IN CASUAL CLOTHES, JEANS ETC. PAULINE IS IN TOTAL CHARGE AND SITS CASUALLY WATCHING THEM. A GUN SWINGS IN HER HAND LIKE A TOY. DAMIAN STANDS BY THE FRONT DOOR, AS IF ON GUARD.]

DAMIAN:

I could do with a pee.

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