

THE SMILE

written by

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OVER BLACK.

We hear deep, heavy breathing. A separate, muffled voice begins to emerge amongst the breaths, it's aggressive.

CUT TO:

INT. LONE STAR BANK - LOBBY - DAY

We open on JUSTINE, a 30-something bank teller. She has brown hair with a youthful face that's currently filled with equal parts dread and terror. Her hands are raised, but she's petrified.

Justine's measured breathing has not stopped, and neither has the barking, muffled voice as we...

CUT TO:

CRIMINAL #1, donning a Greek mask with a frightening expression. We see their eyes and mouth through the openings. They're dressed in all black and holding a black bag. Their muted voice is the one we've been hearing.

Their gun is pointed directly at us.

Crim #1 continues yelling as we...

CUT BACK TO:

Justine, her breathing becomes heavier as it fills our ears.

BACK TO:

Crim #1, their mouth is moving, but we can't make out the words. They take a step towards Justine, towards us.

BACK TO:

Justine, who hasn't moved an inch, when suddenly a clear voice pierces through the air.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
(pleading)
PLEASE...

This voice belongs to...

CUT TO:

ANNA, an aged woman with a kind face and natural streaks of gray running through her blonde hair. Her hands are also raised as she surveys the gunman's reaction.

ANNA
LOOK AT HER.

Anna points to Justine's swollen stomach.

ANNA (CONT'D)
(softer)
Please. Look at her. She's
pregnant. She's PREGNANT.

A beat.

BACK TO:

Crim #1 who's glaring at Anna, turns back to Justine.

CRIMINAL #1
(calmer now)
Give me. Your fucking. Phone. NOW.

His voice is heavy, baritone in quality.

JUSTINE
(in a low voice)
It's in my pocket.

CRIMINAL #1
(snappy)
Which pocket?

JUSTINE
My right pocket.

CRIMINAL #1
(motioning with gun)
Take it out slowly and put it in
the bag.

Justine nervously removes her phone and places it in the black bag.

CRIMINAL #1 (CONT'D)
Good girl.

He continues standing there before faking a sudden, aggressive lurch towards her.

Justine, startled, flinches.

Crim #1's lips slowly unfurl into a menacing smile, revealing a silver tooth. He points his gun at Justine's face.

ANNA (O.S.)
PLEASE. STOP. PLEASE.

CRIMINAL #1
 (soberly)
 Remember this feeling.

Justine's eyes begin to water, as she avoids eye contact.

CRIMINAL #1 (CONT'D)
 Remember who's in control.

A beat, then he backs away, keeping his gun fixed on Justine.

CUT TO:

INT. LONE STAR BANK - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

We stay on Crim #1 as he makes his way through the lobby. As he passes the waiting area, we see two more criminals with Greek masks dressed in all black, each armed with AR-15s. They're standing watch over a small group of hostages seated on the floor.

We follow Crim #1 as passes the tellers windows and heads into...

INT. LONE STAR BANK - MANAGERS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Crim #1 hands the blag bag to CRIMINAL #4, dressed the same as the rest. Crim #4 is standing near the door while aiming a semi-automatic pistol at...

THE BANK MANAGER, a middle-aged man with pale skin and thinning hair, who's panting and sweaty like he just ran a marathon. His hands are in the air.

CRIMINAL #4
 How we doing out there?

Crim #1 looks the bank manager up and down, then back at Crim #4.

CRIMINAL #1
 How we doing in HERE?

Crim #4 takes a seat on the managers desk, keeping the gun fixed on him.

CRIMINAL #4
 (to the manager)
 How ARE we doing in here? Hm?

BANK MANAGER
(nervously)
I'm okay.

CRIMINAL #4
Obviously we can't bypass the
physical component of the vault
without YOU, right?

The bank manager nods slowly.

CRIMINAL #4 (CONT'D)
OK. So, we need you to give us
access to the vault, or we WILL
SHOOT one of your employees.

The manager doesn't respond.

CRIMINAL #1
One of them is pregnant. We could
shoot her first. Make an example.

Crim #4 looks back at Crim #1.

CRIMINAL #4
You're fucking sick.

Crim #4 looks back at the manager.

CRIMINAL #4 (CONT'D)
(chuckling)
I love it. What a great fucking
idea huh? What do you think?

Crim #4 presses the pistol against the manager's head.

CRIMINAL #4 (CONT'D)
Look at me.

The manager looks at him weakly.

CRIMINAL #4 (CONT'D)
If you don't help us, her blood
will be on your hands.

We see the fear in the manager's eyes, and the determination
in the criminal's, when suddenly we hear...

CRIMINAL #2 (O.S.)
(yelling)
JOHN LOCKE!

Criminals #1 and #4 exchange a glance.

CRIMINAL #2 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (repeating)
 JOHN. FUCKING. LOCKE!

CRIMINAL #4
 (yelling)
 How much time?

CRIMINAL #2 (O.S.)
 SEVEN MINUTES.

A beat.

CRIMINAL #4
 (gesturing outside)
 Go out there and keep em' in check.
 I got this.

Crim #1 nods and heads back to the lobby, as we see...

INT. LONE STAR BANK - LOBBY WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Crim #2 pacing back and forth, muttering to himself.

Crim #3 is standing closer to the tellers windows, surveying the entire lobby waiting area.

CRIMINAL #2
 (frantically)
 I fuckin' knew it. I fuckin' knew
 one of ya'll would do it. Who was
 it huh? WHO THE FUCK WAS IT?

He begins waving his gun around towards the distraught hostages. He stops in front of a young man, who's visibly shaken up. He aims down the sight of his weapon, placing his finger on the trigger.

CRIMINAL #2 (CONT'D)
 You look like you squeal. Do you
 squeal?

The young man quickly shakes his head.

Crim #2 notices a phone tucked beneath the young man's leg. He sets his gaze back on the young man.

CRIMINAL #2 (CONT'D)
 Squeal for me. Like a pig.

YOUNG MAN
 (confused)
 W-what?

Crim #2 takes a step closer as the barrel of his gun makes contact with the young man's forehead.

CRIMINAL #2

SQUEAL.

The young man starts painfully, quietly **oinking**. Simultaneously, a few other hostages begin to whimper and cry in terror.

oink oink oink oink...

Crim #3 begins making his way towards the group.

CRIMINAL #3

What the fuck are you doing?

Crim #1 enters the waiting area from the rear.

Crim #2 ignores the question and closes one eye to focus his target.

oink oink oink oink...

CRIMINAL #2

I said, SQUEAL.

The oinking stops. Crim #2's finger begins to squeeze the trigger. Dead air fills the room.

The only sound we hear is a young man's final breaths.

BANG.

Silence. Then, the deep breathing from our first frame returns. It's the only sound we hear as we...

CUT TO:

INT. LONE STAR BANK - LOBBY WAITING AREA

Justine's face is expressionless, she's in shock.

She looks around at the group of hostages. They are huddled together. Some are crying, others eyes are glued to the floor. One man is staring blankly at the young man's lifeless body on the ground.

CRIMINAL #3

(sternly)

Hey.

Crim #3 is aiming his gun at Justine.

CRIMINAL #3 (CONT'D)
Stand over there with them.

Justine moves in closer to the group of hostages.

Crim #1 walks intently towards the commotion.

CRIMINAL #1
What the FUCK did you do?

Crim #1 stops in his tracks as he sees the body.

CRIMINAL #1 (CONT'D)
FUCKING IDIOT.

Crim 1 barrels towards Crim 2, punches him in the face and disarms him. Crim 2 falls to the ground, overpowered.

Crim 1 pulls out a concealed handgun and points it at Crim 3.

CRIMINAL #1 (CONT'D)
I SHOULD WASTE YOU. RIGHT HERE.

CRIMINAL #2
He's our John Locke.

CRIMINAL #1
I don't give a fuck.

CRIMINAL #2
I had to SET AN EXAMPLE.

Crim #1 cocks back the hammer.

CRIMINAL #2 (CONT'D)
You NEED me.

Crim 1 hesitates.

CRIMINAL #2 (CONT'D)
You need the time, don't you?

A beat.

Crim 1 pushes Crim 2 away and retrieves his fallen gun.

CRIMINAL #1
I'm keeping this, how much time?

Crim 2 gets up slowly.

CRIMINAL #2
Fuck you. Five minutes.

Crim 2 notices a hostage looking at him.

CRIMINAL #2 (CONT'D)
The fuck are you looking at?

CUT TO:

INT. LONE STAR BANK - MANAGERS OFFICE

Crim 1 enters the office, the manager is still sitting at the desk and with Crim 4 still aiming at him.

Crim 1 and 4 exchange a look.

CRIMINAL #1
(pointing toward the
manager)
One of his. Younger guy. He put a
call out on a burner. We have 5
minutes.

Upon hearing this, the manager buries his face in his hands.

Crim 4 turns back to the manager.

CRIMINAL #4
The pregnant one is next, OR you
give us the code. Your call.

The manager nods as he begins to cry.

Crims 1 and 4 escort him to the vault.

INTO:

INT. LONE STAR BANK - VAULT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

The manager enters a code followed by his finger print and eye scan.

CRIMINAL #1
(announcing)
WE'RE IN.

Crim 4 grabs the manager, ties his hands with a zip tie, and pushes him back into the office before closing the door.

Both Crims rush into the vault. They obtain the marked bills, set them aside, and begin filling their bags with as many bundles of cash as they can.

CRIMINAL #4
 (yelling)
 ROTATE!

INTO:

INT. LONE STAR BANK - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Crim 1 carries both bags out to the lobby and hands them to Crim 3, who exchanges two empty bags replace them.

Crims 1 and 4 repeat this process, when suddenly they come to a halt. A soft wailing sound rises in the distance... **police sirens.**

CRIMINAL #2 (O.S.)
 TWO MINUTES.

CRIMINAL #1
 (to Crim 4)
 We're done, lets go.

The two crims exit the vault.

INTO:

INT. LONE STAR BANK - LOBBY WAITING AREA

Justine attempts to comfort the others hostages.

JUSTINE
 Hey, it's okay. We're gonna be fine.

She looks up at Crims 1 and 4 approaching the group.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
 (to herself)
 We're gonna be fine.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONE STAR BANK - MOMENTS LATER

We see police cars begin surrounding the front of the bank, as we see two figures emerging from the bank entrance...

A collective audible reaction from multiple officers prompts them all to draw their weapons on the figures.

COMMANDING OFFICER
 (commanding)
 STOP OR WE WILL FIRE.

There is one figure with a mask, matching the crims, gun in hand aiming at the head of a second figure, mouth taped and clearly distressed. The hostage has their left hand behind their back, being handled by the masked figure.

COMMANDING OFFICER (CONT'D)
 DROP THE WEAPON. NOW.

No movement from the two figures.

CUT TO:

INT. LONE STAR BANK - LOBBY

CRIMINAL #4
 We're gonna take one of you, as insurance. Nothing personal.

Crim 4 motions towards Justine with his gun.

CRIMINAL #4 (CONT'D)
 You're coming with us.

Anna jumps forward.

ANNA
 NO. PLEASE.

Crim 4 grabs Justine and pulls the hammer back on his handgun as he aims it towards Anna.

Anna raises her hands and takes a step back.

As the group of Crims exits towards the back of the bank, of them hurls an object towards the group of hostages. White smoke begins spilling out of the canister, filling the room.

BACK TO:

EXT. LONE STAR BANK

We are now looking down a snipers cross hairs from a distance at the two figures standing out in front of the bank. We stay on the two figures as it becomes clear...

The figure in the mask has their left hand zip tied to the hand of the hostage. Their fingers are also zip tied to the gun trigger.

SNIPER (O.S.)
Price to command. You're not gonna
believe this.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONE STAR BANK - BACK ALLEY

The 4 crims exit the back of the bank and pile into a converted ambulance.

INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

They begin tearing off their clothes and masks, revealing EMS uniforms beneath. Two sit up front and two are in the back, sitting across from Justine, who is playing with her hands.

JUSTINE
Good girl? Really?

CRIMINAL #1
Nice touch huh?

Justine reaches underneath her shirt and pulls out a fake bloated stomach. She smirks and shakes her head.

JUSTINE
Next time, you be the pregnant
hostage.

Crim 1 smiles and we see his silver tooth again. He chuckles which turns into a laugh.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
You forgot something.

Justine points to her own tooth.

Crim 1 reaches into his mouth and pulls out a silver cap.

As they begin to drive away, Crim 1 taps on the shoulder of Crim 3, sitting front passenger.

CRIMINAL #1
Toss it.

Crim 3 takes the tooth and tosses it out the window.

We see the tooth land on the side of the road, as the ambulance drives off into the distance.

CUT TO BLACK.