I KILLED THEM ALL

Horror, Triller, Short

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1. INT. BANK VAULT

Half empty room with no windows. There is only one entrance steel door, in the middle of which there is a large valve for opening. This is a bank vault for money. In the middle of this room lies a huge pile of banknotes. Near the walls there are several iron racks with some documents.

Near the door are three people dressed in weapons equipment. Together, they try to turn the valve on the iron door. They are robbers.

The First is a strong man of forty years. Silent and calm.

The Second is a young guy of twenty-five years. Impulsive.

The Third is a man in his thirties. He is the head of this little gang.

All three are doing their best. But they don't succeed.

The First falls to the floor.

FIRST

(out of breath)

I cant more!

The Second one also gives up. He abruptly moves away from the door and clutches his head.

SECOND

Fuck!

The Third is trying to catch his breath. He continues to stand at the door and looks around.

THIRD

Guys, just…

But the Third is interrupted. The Second turns sharply in his direction.

SECOND

Dont start this shit again. What do you want to say? Ah? We are in complete ASS! We are fucked up!

The Second furiously kicks the bent rifle, which, apparently, he had unsuccessfully used as a lever shortly before.

The Third calmly answers, continuing to look around the room.

THIRD

We have no time for tantrums

SECOND

No time? Wait, no time?! Now we have a lot of time! Even too much!

THIRD

(irritably)

And what do you suggest now? Sort things out?

SECOND

(louder)

Exactly! We are dead! And all because of you, it was your idea!

THIRD

Now what? Are you accusing me of YOU agreeing to this? I spoke about the risks, about the danger that awaits us! And now you accuse me like I set it all up on purpose?

SECOND

The only thing I accuse you of is your stupidity, which knows no bounds! This whole plan, bitch! How I felt - did not want to participate in this!

THIRD

Well, then what the hell are you doing here?

SECOND

But don't ...

The second steps closer to the Third and swings his arms from side to side.

SECOND

After all, you tried to persuade me! Begged me to help you! When you talked about your ingenious plan! The fucking robbery of the century!

THIRD

(Starts laughing)

Have you forgotten about your part of the benefit?

SECOND

No, no, no. I remember my share very well! Although how could such a thing be refused? The whole world is going to hell! There is complete chaos everywhere. Some unknown crap makes people kill each other! A virus or something else - I don't know. On TV every time a different version.

(MORE)

SECOND (CONT'D)

And while all the cops, the military, all kinds of services are raking this shit, we decided to rob the most fucking guarded bank in the city! Right during the fucking zombie apocalypse! You're just a genius, bitch!

THIRD

Well, why are you saying all this? What are you accusing me of?

SECOND

Where we are now! Buried in a fucking safe with the money we've done so much for. A fortune, right in front of my nose!

The Second approaches a huge pile of neatly arranged bills. Pausing, he lowers his head.

SECOND

(Frustrated and quiet)

Here they are. Right in front of me. And I can't do shit with them

The Third is trying to calm everyone down. He reacts calmly

THIRD

Stop making waves. We need to act, now we'll come up with something ...

The Second again viciously turns in the direction of the Third.

SECOND

Come up with something?

(Laughs mockingly)

Oh yes, let's brainstorm!

The Second starts looking around the room.

SECOND

So: we are now buried in the most well-protected safe I have ever seen. Of the items we have only two machine guns, a pump-action shotgun and several million dollars. And ... ah, and here's another thing!

Second pulls an open pack of cigarettes out of his pocket and throws it at Third.

SECOND

Well? What ideas?

But suddenly, outside, behind a steel door, in the middle of which there was a huge valve for opening, distant sounds were heard. Whether shots, or screams. It's hard to parse. The whole trio pricked up their ears. And then, the Second, pushing the Third out of the way, abruptly runs up to this door and starts screaming.

SECOND

HEY! We are here!

The Second beats with his fists on the door with all his might.

SECOND

HEY! HELP!

But Third abruptly grabs him by the elbow.

THIRD

What are you doing!?

SECOND

I'd rather be in jail than stay here to die.

The Second again begins to hammer on the metal. The Third is disappointed and angrily replies.

THIRD

You quickly gave up ...

SECOND

What you said?

The knocks on the door stop immediately. The second starts waving his arms again and answers loudly.

SECOND

Quickly gave up? We have been trying to get out of this trap for an hour. I'm trying to save our asses! We ALREADY fucked up. We can't get out of here ourselves! Everything is over! There is no choice, now we have to pray to God that the cops come as soon as possible, because I don’t give a fuck about how much air we have left here. Can't you understand?!

The unquiet dispute between the Second and the Third is interrupted. At some point, the whole room begins to shudder, as if from an earthquake. There is a roar outside. All three stare in horror at the walls and ceiling. They listen with their legs wide apart. Concrete dust pours from above. Lights swing from side to side. The metallic screech presses against ears.

FIRST

What is happening there?

The quietest of them wonders. He appears to be the calmest of the trio.

After a couple of seconds, the sounds stop. Deathly silence, cut only by the heavy breathing of the robbers.

The Second, coming to his senses, again begins to hammer on the door.

SECOND

We are here! Somebody open it!

Meanwhile, the first one throws the machine gun over his shoulder, picks up cigarettes from the floor, lights up and carefully sits down on a huge pile of money.

After some time, the Third One turns back to the Second One, who is banging on the door endlessly.

THIRD

That's enough… You're making me nervous…

The second one stops knocking. Turns towards the Third.

SECOND

Well, let me help you relax, do you wanna joke? So, they were walking along the road somehow, a Ukrainian, a Russian and a Papuan…

THIRD

(a little louder)

And now, you're making me even more nervous.…

SECOND

(with sarcasm)

Oh, sorry! You're so productive, serious! Probably thinking over another brilliant plan. How to get out of here!

THIRD

(Kneads his temples with his fingers)

I'm trying to figure out why the door is locked. And this definitely has a reason…

SECOND

Wait, wait. But didn't we ourselves, having overreacted, rushed to close it as soon as possible? On your advice, by the way! Eh?

The Third immediately changes face. His eyes are bloodshot. He clenched his fists. He answers viciously.

THIRD

You're an idiot? Tell me: What were we supposed to do? Have you forgotten, you son of a bitch? You yourself saw these creatures that were running after us! Like animals, they wanted to tear us to pieces! And no less than me, with shit in a pants, in a panic, closed the passage so that they would not get to us!

Pause. The second has nothing to say. This is really an argument. He's cooled down a little. But the Third meanwhile continues

THIRD

Literally throughout the work, you whined incessantly. And I endured. You're a good driver, you have some connections. I can't take that away from you. But if they told me what a pathetic little boy you are, I'd tell you to fuck off!

And now the Second one starts up again. He goes up to the Third One and starts poking him in the chest with his finger.

SECOND

Of course! It's you who are the most noble here! You have a noble goal! You're not stealing for yourself! You're stealing for your seriously ill daughter!

The third one then rudely and quietly tries to answer

THIRD

Don’t…

But the Second One continues anyway.

SECOND

Keep convincing yourself that you are a victim of circumstances. I know who you are. You're a thief—just like me. And you know nothing but how to steal!

THIRD

One more word and I'll shoot you in the head…

SECOND

Come on! You…

BANG!

The third is immediately concussed.

A series of shots follows.

The second falls to the floor, holding his head with both hands. He was also concussed.

SECOND

(Closing his ears)

What the fuck!?

The shooter turned out to be the First, who silently watched their skirmish. It was he who shot at the ceiling several times.

FIRST

Loud gunfire will be heard much sooner than your endless whining…

The First sits imperturbably on a wad of money and exhales cigarette smoke.

The Third looks at him in surprise.

THIRD

Oh, okay…

And now, we see how some time passes. The ticking of a clock sounds. In fragments, from the side, we watch as all three explore this small room. First they search all the corners. The second at some point again knocks on the door. The third sets fire to the bills and brings them to the smoke detector on the ceiling. The first is tapping on the walls. As a result, the First and Second disappointedly sit on a pack of money and smoke cigarettes. Only the Third did not stop crawling around the room, feeling, tapping and sniffing everything. Several hours have passed. The second finally calmly turns to the crawling Third.

SECOND

Enough... Before that, I made you nervous. And now vice versa? What is this, revenge?

THIRD

I won't stop (Not looking up from the search)

SECOND

Why?

THIRD

I… I can’t…

SECOND

What are you talking about?

THIRD

I am such a person. Understand?

SECOND

Idiot?

The second one laughed. But, not hearing an answering laugh or joke, he immediately fell silent. He hesitated. Thinks and stares at the Third. He knows perfectly well what his friend meant.

SECOND

Yeah… I understand… (pauses) And... Sorry for hysteria...

THIRD

I'm sorry too. let's drop it

But suddenly there was a rustle. Right behind the steel door. It affected them like another shot in the air. Everyone shuddered at once, glanced in the direction of the source of the sound. It's definitely outside. Despite their fear, the three of them jumped up and walked slowly to the door.

The rustling is replaced by light tapping. There is clearly someone outside.

The second one immediately yelled.

SECOND

HEY! Who's there?! You hear?

He puts his ear to the cold metal.

THIRD

Is there someone alive?

They start pounding on the door with their fists to get attention, but for a moment they freeze at the same time, listening: is there a reaction from outside?

VOICE

Who is there?

And they are answered. Frightened, twitching voice.

The robbers look at each other in shock.

SECOND

It…

The second decides to answer, but immediately falls silent. Thinking what to answer

THIRD

We are bank employees! We're stuck here! The door is locked!

The Third answers

VOICE

EMPLOYEES? FROM SECURITY?

The voice behind the door trembled violently, as if a gun had been put to its owner's head.

SECOND

(Slightly insecure)

Yeah…

VOICE

So you have a weapon?

They looked at each other again

SECOND

Well, yes. Pair of rifles!

VOICE

God... My prayers have been answered...

The robbers look at each other in surprise.

VOICE

How can I help you?

SECOND

You must open the door. There is a monitor to the right of the door. You need to enter the password, and then turn the valve clockwise!

VOICE

What password?

SECOND

Wait a second!

The Second nervously searches his pockets for the note. He takes out a leaf

SECOND

05M01Y

VOICE

Okay…

Outside, there was a beep from the safe's security system as the stranger began to enter the code. However, he stopped at the last character.

VOICE

But I have one condition...

Before the guys had time to really rejoice at the long-awaited salvation, they immediately changed in their faces.

SECOND

(dumbfounded)

What? What condition?

VOICE

Yes! Condition! I will release you, and in return you will give me your weapon!

Robbers thinking what to answer

SECOND

Okay, fine, but why do you need it?

The Second approached the door closer.

VOICE

To be saved, isn't it clear?

SECOND

Okay, no problem. Just open the door.

VOICE

But I need guarantees... After all, if I open it to you, then you can just kill me...

The stranger's delusional pleas and fears, combined with his tormented, squeaky voice, conjured up the most unsightly images of the local city lunatic. But in order not to frighten away the chance, the robbers try to react calmly and without unnecessary questions. Unexpectedly, the Third decides to answer.

THIRD

Look, man, there are several million dollars in this safe. Do you want me to make them yours? I will help you! I know how to turn it around! Nobody will try to look for you, to plant you. Everything will be fair and legal. Want? And you will take away the weapon in addition, as trophies. Good?

The stranger laughed back with a psychic laugh

VOICE

A very tempting offer! But all I need is a weapon!

It was clear that this conversation angered him. It was necessary by all means to win his trust.

THIRD

Good, good. We will now put two rifles on the floor. Right in front of the door. With a characteristic sound, you will not confuse it with anything. Then we will move away from the door and give you a sign. Let's shout so that you understand that we have moved away. Okay?

VOICE

Agreed, just...

The strange man behind the door abruptly falls silent, and then begins to scream in horror

VOICE

No! Fuck! They're here, god!

THIRD

What? Who are they? What happened?

VOICE

Help! I do not know what to do!

The stranger screams plaintively and desperately. He is not just in a panic, but in real hysterical horror. The Third yells back at him.

THIRD

Open the door! Dial the last characters of the code and turn the valve clockwise!

But then the creaking of metal was heard. The man, apparently, is trying to cope with the valve, banging on the door in a panic.

THIRD

Calm down! Just enter the code to the end, and then turn!

The Third made an attempt to reason with the stranger, but it seems to be useless. After a few seconds of terrible cries for help, an even more heartbreaking yell is heard. The knocks on the door intensified. The poor guy is screaming at the top of his lungs. And it became clear to everyone ...

He is torn apart. The sounds of breaking bones, the sobs of blood and flesh. The scream changed to a barely audible wheeze. Someone is trampling right next to the door.

As if a whole crowd ran to the place of the bloody feast.

THIRD

Hey! Man! What the hell?!

And so, the Third is trying to turn the valve, in the hope that this guy managed to enter the code.

The others join him. They try again and again to get out. And they stopped only after they hit with a roar outside. A few seconds later the blow was repeated. And then more. The door began to shake more and more often. As if someone was banging his head against this ill-fated barrier. The guys stepped back. Blow after blow. The volume of beats increases. Without stopping, as if a wild animal, someone senselessly hammered at the metal, trying to penetrate to them ...

On the next blow - blackout.

A voiceover sounds. This is the voice of the Second. Calm, tired speech. It looks like a voice recorder.

SECOND

I don't remember how much time has passed since then... with that poor guy at the door. We didn't talk for a long time. We couldn't find the strength. And that was our mistake. It is difficult to understand how many hours, minutes, seconds have passed in a closed room. We all had watches. But I didn't want to look at them. I didn’t want to count how much we had left ...

We see footage. But none of our main characters. Only the interior of the room. Bundles of money. Light bulbs on the ceiling. Сigarette butts on the floor. Steel door. Gun. Meanwhile, the voice continues.

SECOND

The first problem we faced was water. Yes. Such a simple thing. I am ready to sacrifice everything that I have in order to sip from a cool glass. We decided to bring the lighter to the fire detector, but alas. Nothing happened. They began to burn bills to make more smoke, but everything was in vain. Before going to bed, we twisted the light bulbs to make it easier.

When you go to work, there is always a rule. Do not call each other by their first names. We are not interested in originality, so we chose numbers.

(MORE)

SECOND (CONT'D)

First, Second and Third. I was Second. God, how stupid it is. What's the point of that now?

The First was named Anton. He's a weird guy. But with great experience. He speaks little, but does a lot. Pure professional.

The Third was named Yegor. It's more difficult with him. He is the organizer. He knows his business. Where to go, how to act, what to say. He knew how to get out of the most desperate situations.

We knew each other well. We communicated well. There were moments, but ... I ended up almost always apologizing, and he apologized to me in return. He will send to hell only for the cause, he does not rush with words.

Egor always pulled us along. There were no barriers for him. He fought to the last. When I tried to cut his throat.

Surprisingly, huh?

I'm not proud of myself. But I had to do it.

On the tenth day, when we were literally going crazy with hopelessness, I realized that I couldn't take it anymore.

I can't look at my dying friends who are losing their minds.

I probably already lost it myself.

My job has always bordered on mortal risk. I drive a car well, I shoot too ... Therefore, oddly enough, I carry a sheet of paper and a pencil with me. They are always with me. Something like a talisman. But they are needed for a suicide note. You never know what can happen.

I prayed to God that I would never need them ...

Another night has come.

And I remembered. I have a knife in my bosom. He was useless here. Exactly up to a certain point.

And I made up my mind.

I waited until the guys finally fell asleep.

I decided to start with Anton.

I didn't want to shoot, Yegor could wake up and try to stop me. And there were only two cartridges left.

When I finished with him, it was Yegor's turn.

As luck would have it, he managed to wake up. We were exhausted. I didn't want to shoot, ruin his face, but that was the only thing left for me when I fought with him. I managed to reach the rifle ...

And now, shell-shocked, I sit and write all this crap.

I do not know why.

I am not worthy to tell who these people were. They were worthier than me.

But I want this note, if found, to help understand that my comrades are not villains.

They are not bad. This is all that I have enough for. I’m so sorry… I killed them all…

Tell Yegor's wife that he is not to blame. I am to blame for everything.

Second".

And now, we see a piece of paper. The same text. Someone is holding it. Moving away, we see the girl's back. She is wearing slightly tattered clothes. Backpack. A gun hangs on his shoulder. She is standing in the middle of this bank vault.

GIRL

(Half-whisper)

Here are the idiots...

Suddenly, a voice sounds from somewhere far away. Distant echo.

VOICE

Why are you there for so long?!

GIRL

(annoyed)

Wait!

We see how this girl carefully folds the note and puts it in her pocket. She looks back and stepping over something. Leans over. She looks at the corpse, rotten to the bone, holding a rifle.

Starts to sound «Bank Robber Man» Lenny Kravitz

The girl, without regret or disgust, takes the gun from the corpse. Examines the gun, check if it is loaded. There is a scream again.

VOICE

What's so interesting about it!?

GIRL

Some idiots wanted to rob a bank... And got stuck in a safe...

VOICE

Ha! (Laughs) What people have not done before for the sake of money!

The girl picks up a knife from the floor, hides it in her bosom. She takes a couple of banknotes and leaves the opposite way, through a large crack in the wall.

The End.