

THE COMMUNICATOR

written by

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EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

An armored truck, pinned between two large panel trucks, is under attack by ROBBER TWO, ROBBER THREE and POWELL. All are 30s and hard, wearing hose masks and gloves, dressed in full tactical gear and carrying full-auto AK-47s with 100-round drum magazines.

Robber Two and Robber Three fire full-auto bursts BRAAAAP! at the driver's side of the truck. Powell moves to the passenger side and BRAAAAP! opens up on that side. Robber Two sprays bullets at the windshield, BRAAAAP! BRAAAAP! which begins to star.

INT. FIRST ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

Inside the truck, the CLANG-CLANG-CLANG of the bullets hitting the truck armor is deafening. MARTINEZ, 40s and stocky, with a close-cropped military haircut, is in the driver's seat, shouting to be heard.

MARTINEZ

Central, this is truck five three. We're under attack by four assailants. Send tactical. All are armed with fully automatic A.K. forty-seven variants. Assailants are wearing bullet-resistant vests and are dressed head to toe in black tactical gear.

CENTRAL (O.S.)

Truck five three, acknowledged. Officers responding. Tactical alerted.

Martinez slams the truck into reverse and floors the accelerator, the tires squealing WHIRR as the truck crushes the grill of a panel truck to the rear, pushing it backward inch by inch.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

BRAAAAP! BRAAAAP! Powell sprays the passenger side of the truck. The small glass window in the door stars, and the armor begins to bubble inward.

INT. FIRST ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

BEN, early 40s and out of his element, cringes and fumbles for his pistol in his holster.

MARTINEZ

They're trying to bust through the armor! Shit!

BEN

I thought these things were bulletproof!

MARTINEZ

They're bullet resistant! Channel enough rounds in the same spot and you might get one through. It'll bounce around in here like a ping pong ball.

Martinez yanks a short-barreled shotgun from the rack between the front seats, racks the slide, and thumbs off the safety, pointing the muzzle toward the gunport in his door.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Little to the right, little to the right. Got you, asshole.

Martinez jams the muzzle through the gunport and pulls the trigger, the BOOM! of the blast echoing through the truck.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Robber Three, hit in the neck, gasps, drops his AK-47 and collapses, bleeding out on the pavement.

INT. FIRST ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

Martinez rests the shotgun in his lap. As the armored truck edges backward, Robber Two steps in front to fire directly into the windshield. BRAAAAP! BRAAAAP! Shards of glass TINKLE onto the dashboard as the windshield starts to buckle.

MARTINEZ

Can't see out of this fucking glass. There you are. Come a little closer. If you want to shoot out the glass, you got to get right up front, you little shit.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Robber Two continues to spray the windshield with bursts of automatic fire. BRAAAAP! BRAAAAP!

INT. FIRST ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

MARTINEZ
Yeah. Right there.

Martinez throws the truck into drive, surges forward and crushes Robber Two between the two trucks.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Robber Two screams and fires wildly BRAAAAP! as blood pours from his mouth, then drops his gun and hangs limp.

INT. FIRST ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

Martinez backs up, and Robber Two's body spills to the ground. A pinpoint of light appears on the passenger side of the truck.

BEN
Armor's going!

A bullet flies through the hole, PING-PING-PING ricocheting around the inside of the truck before smacking into Martinez's thigh.

MARTINEZ
I'm hit! Shoot that guy! Use the goddamn gun ports! Shoot him!

BEN
YAAAAAAA!

Ben draws his gun, racks the slide, and shoves the barrel through the gun port in the door. He peeks through the window and fires PAK! PAK! PAK! PAK! PAK!

EXT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD - DAY

SUPER: "Six months earlier."

Ben stands by a barbecue grill talking to SCOTT, mid-40s. SIX CHILDREN, three to six years old, run and play. A large banner hung across the fence reads "Happy Birthday!"

BEN
I know there's more out there. I just can't keep doing what I'm doing and pretend it's okay.

SCOTT

Better find someplace you can stay
for awhile. Dig in and ride it out.
And then there's family. When are
you and Claire gonna turn out a few
of these little guys?

Ben looks across the yard at CLAIRE, an early-40s redhead
with a sad beauty. She takes a long sip from a glass of white
wine, looks at Ben, smiles, then frowns and lowers her glass.

BEN

Not sure it's in the cards.

Scott laughs and slaps him on the back.

SCOTT

Maybe you're playing with the wrong
deck.

Ben stiffens and eyes Scott.

BEN

You and Traci have three, right?

SCOTT

Last time I checked.

BEN

And you make about a hundred fifty
k. a year, right?

SCOTT

Well...

BEN

When was the last time you looked
into what it costs to raise them?
Isn't Jeff ready for first grade
next year?

SCOTT

Well, yeah, but...

BEN

And then in another year Brittany's
ready, and a after that it's
Jackson's turn.

SCOTT

What are you getting at?

BEN

You guys went to private school,
right?

SCOTT

St. Veronica's and St. Mark's.

BEN

Tuition's about twenty-five grand a
year, per kid. Sound about right?

SCOTT

I guess so.

BEN

That's half your income just going
to tuition, for years. And what
about college? Average kid costs
about two hundred and fifty k. each
just to get through high school.
Sorry, that's for public school.

Scott looks at the Children playing in the sprinklers.

SCOTT

I guess we didn't think that much
about it.

BEN

Maybe you're planning with the
wrong deck.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Ben and Claire are in the kitchen. Two SMALL DOGS wander in
the background.

CLAIRe

What were you and Scott talking
about?

BEN

The usual. Money, jobs, and kids.
That's about all he's got.

CLAIRe

I wish you'd try harder to get
along.

BEN

Laura's your friend, and I'll go when we're invited, but unless I wanna talk about who has the best ass at the party, there's not a lot to say to Scott.

CLAIRE

Why can't you at least make money like him?

BEN

Here we go. Red or white?

CLAIRE

What?

BEN

Wine. It's pretty clear you had your share. You drink every night, but somehow I'm the one who needs to get it together.

INT. BEN'S CUBE - DAY

Ben is sitting at his desk, typing on his laptop. We see a photo of Claire against the cube wall, some books and piles of paper. Ben sits back in his chair and flexes his cramped hands as ROBIN, late 20s, walks up.

ROBIN

Just got out of the board of directors meeting.

BEN

They let you into that?

ROBIN

Someone has to run the presentation.

BEN

I get it. You're a peon like me. What's up?

ROBIN

We get our social intranet. Drew presented the business case, and they're gonna do a capital expense.

BEN

I get the feeling there's bad news.

ROBIN

He pitched it like it was his idea.

BEN

Mother. Fucker.

ROBIN

The shady shark strikes again. I sat there with my mouth shut, although I did clear my throat a couple of times until our new, extra perky, bottle-blonde S.V.P. Brynn gave me the evil eye.

Ben's cell phone begins to buzz on his desk. He picks it up and answers.

BEN

Hello.

TRACEY (V.O)

Ben Washburn, please.

BEN

Speaking.

TRACEY (V.O)

Ben, my name is Tracey Rhodes. I'm a recruiter for First Armored, the armored transport company. We're looking at local candidates for an internal communications role. Is now a good time to talk?

BEN

Your timing could not have been more perfect.

EXT. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Ben gets out of his car, grabs a portfolio from the back seat and walks toward a large, two-story office building. KIM, late 30s, sits on the curb next to a box. The lid flies off the box, and a piece of paper flies out. Ben stomps on it and picks it up.

INSERT - CERTIFICATE

"Kim Arbonne, 2013 Employee of the Year"

BACK TO SCENE

BEN

(handing her the paper)

Here you go. Sorry about the
footprint.

KIM

(wipes her eyes, smearing
her mascara)

Thanks.

BEN

Are you okay?

KIM

Not really. Twelve years working my
ass off. Customer advocacy rep, to
corporate training manager, to
waiting for my ex-boyfriend to pick
me up.

BEN

I'm sorry.

KIM

Should've gotten out last year
after the layoffs. Nothing a week
in Jamaica and a case of Red Stripe
can't cure. You interviewing?

BEN

Director of internal
communications.

KIM

That pays pretty well. Amelia was
great. She was the last person in
the job. Fired her a month ago. Not
meeting performance metrics, same
as me. You have a family?

BEN

Yeah. Why?

KIM

A lot of the people here are
single.

BEN

So?

KIM

They weren't single when they got
here.

INT. CHRIS HERNANDEZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Ben sits at a small table with CHRIS, 50s and overweight in a dark suit. Pictures of trucks and planes line the walls. All feature the First Armored logo.

CHRIS

Normally you'd interview with Michelle Richards, V.P. of marketing and communications. She's your boss. But she's in the hospital - had a baby the day before yesterday. We expect her back in five weeks.

Ben picks up his portfolio and starts to unzip it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You can put that away. I went through your website.

Ben puts his portfolio down.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

And the pre-screening questionnaire identified our final candidates, so I just have a few questions.

BEN

Sure.

CHRIS

This company has made a lot of money. In that way we've been successful. But we haven't been so good at communicating with employees. We don't know how to get our messages through. How would you fix that?

BEN

Tell people the truth, as much as you can tell them at the time, in a way they can understand.

CHRIS

What else?

BEN

There's a list, but that one's at the top, and from what I've read about First Armored, we probably need to concentrate on that for awhile.

CHRIS

You're direct, and a direct style
is a good fit here. Why do you want
to leave your current company?

BEN

It's retail. If we sell a lot of
underwear and kids' backpacks, it's
a good day. I need more than that.

CHRIS

Okay. Do you have time to take
another test? Takes about an hour.
It's a hundred and fifty questions,
multiple choice. It goes faster
than you might think.

BEN

What sort of test is it?

CHRIS

General psychological test. Looks
for certain patterns. In our
business, the majority of our
employees carry weapons on the job.

BEN

(laughs)

Is it a sanity test?

Chris taps his pen on the table.

CHRIS

That's exactly what it is.

INT. BEN'S CUBE - DAY

Ben is sitting in his cube when his cell phone rings. He looks at the number, then out into the hallway, then answers.

BEN

This is Ben.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Chris Hernandez here. Your test
results are fine. If you're
available on Tuesday afternoon, our
C.E.O., Michael Bray, wants to meet
you. Can you get away for an hour?

BEN

That won't be a problem.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

The walls of the expansive office are lined with framed photos of armored trucks of all kinds, and display cases contain pistols and corporate awards. Ben sits across a large conference table from MICHAEL, late-40s, in shape and intense in a dark, expensive suit.

MICHAEL

It's a newsletter, company intranet, quarterly magazine, stuff like that. But mostly you'll be working for me. I know what I want to say. I just don't know how to say it. Can you do it?

BEN

I can, but I need to ask you something.

MICHAEL

Okay.

BEN

When I came in for my first interview, I talked with Kim Arbonne. She was outside sitting on the curb.

MICHAEL

She was our corporate training manager.

BEN

She mentioned a layoff. Do you have a lot of those here?

MICHAEL

Companies are always right-sizing, and we're no different, but First Armored's a one-hundred-year-old, three-point-nine-billion-dollar company, with more than six hundred branches in a hundred and thirty countries. We're not going anywhere. And now I need to ask you something: What makes you different from the other people I've talked with today?

BEN

I'm sincere in all things, at all times, and I believe in what I do.

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

If the day comes that I don't, I
can't do it anymore.

MICHAEL

Fair enough. Then come work for me,
because we need you here. I need
you here.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Claire is sitting on the couch, a glass of red wine in her hand. Ben walks in from the garage and puts his computer bag in a chair by the kitchen table.

CLAIRE

It's after eight. Is that what this
job's gonna be like?

BEN

It's almost twice the money as my
last job. You never got tired of
wondering if we were gonna make the
mortgage? I did. That's over now.

CLAIRE

But now you're gone all the time
and you don't do anything around
here. Everyone else has kids. What
do I get to do? Keep up the house
and feed the dogs, and you don't
give a shit!

Ben starts to yell back, but looks down at the Small Dogs wagging their tails, shakes his head, and walks down the hallway to the bedroom.

INT. HOME - NIGHT - TRACKING

Ben wakes up in bed and hears the TV. He gets out of bed and goes to the living room. Claire is passed out on the couch with a mostly empty glass of red wine in her hand. Ben picks up the remote and turns off the TV, takes the glass from her hand, and puts it on the coffee table. Claire half wakes.

CLAIRE

Hi, honey.

BEN

Let's get you to bed.

CLAIRE

Okay, I'm going.

Ben grasps her hands and pulls Claire gently to her feet, and she leans on him as he leads her down the hallway.

INT. CAR - DAY

HOOD ONE and HOOD TWO, both late-20s, sit in a beat up car on a side street next to a bank. Hood One nervously taps the steering wheel.

HOOD ONE
You sure they comin'?

HOOD TWO
Shut up. They here every day at
six. There.

They watch as a First Armored truck turns into the bank parking lot and parks by the ATM. MARQUEZ, late 20s, gets out of the truck carrying a metal currency cassette, looks around, and begins servicing the ATM.

HOOD ONE
Go slow, dog. Just roll up behind
'em.

HOOD TWO
I got it, I got it.

The car rolls forward into the parking lot, creeping up behind the truck and Marquez, who has his back to the approaching car.

HOOD ONE
Let's do this.

HOOD ONE, pistol in hand, jumps out of the car and runs up behind Marquez, shooting him once in the back of the head. Blood sprays from the front of Marquez's head and he crumples to the ground, dead, a pool of blood spreading from his head.

HOOD ONE grabs the currency cassette, jumps back in the car, and they speed away as the truck alarm sounds a loud WHOOP WHOOP.

INT. BEN'S OFFICE - DAY - TRACKING

Ben is in his small office, typing on his laptop, when Chris appears in the doorway, looking very serious.

CHRIS
Michael needs us in his office.

BEN
What's going on?
(grabs a legal pad and a
pen)

They walk to Michael's office.

CHRIS
You hear about the shooting?

BEN
No. What happened?

CHRIS
We lost a messenger about an hour
ago.

BEN
Where?

CHRIS
Four miles from here. You ever seen
someone killed before?

BEN
Of course not. I mean, no.

Ben and Chris reach LINDA, late 30s and serious, who is
sitting at her desk outside Michael's office.

LINDA
Go in. They're waiting for you.

Chris pats Ben on the back.

CHRIS
We'll probably have to see it more
than once, so just stay calm.
You'll do fine.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Ben walks in to see Michael, BILL, early 50s and in shape in
a dark suit, DENNIS, late 50s and balding, and SERGEANT
WALLACE, 50s and hard-bitten in a police uniform, standing
around one end of a small conference table, looking at a
laptop screen.

MICHAEL
Ben, Chris, get over here. Ben,
this is Bill Girard, S.V.P.
Operations, and Dennis Baker,
Director of Security.
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And this is Sergeant Wallace with the Dallas Police Department. Sergeant Wallace, Chris Hernandez, our V.P. of H.R., and Ben Washburn, director, internal communications.

SERGEANT WALLACE

I'm sorry to have to show you this. Your messenger, Mr. Marquez, is servicing the A.T.M. when a white Honda approaches from the far side of the parking lot.

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN

Onscreen, Marquez is preparing to load a cartridge of cash into the open front of the ATM. Hood One enters the frame and shoots Marquez in the back of the head. Blood sprays from the front of Marquez's head and he crumples to the ground.

BACK TO SCENE

BEN

Jesus.

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN

Hood One grabs the currency cartridge and runs out of the frame. The video ends, and frozen in the still-frame is the unmoving body of Marquez.

BACK TO SCENE

SERGEANT WALLACE

Another camera shows the car pull up and the shooter get out and run toward your man. Your driver sounded his horn, but it was too late. E.M.S. was on scene in less than two minutes, but Mr. Marquez was already gone.

MICHAEL

Where are we now?

SERGEANT WALLACE

We got a partial plate from the other camera, enough to identify a suspect. Warrant's in process. We notified his mother. She's real shook up. You talk to the family?

BILL

Not yet. Risk and Legal need
another half hour to put things
together.

SERGEANT WALLACE

Really?

MICHAEL

An unfortunate reality in our
business. Bill, get to the family
as soon as you have what you need.
Let 'em know we'll get this guy.

BILL

Got it.

MICHAEL

Ben, get on the eulogy. Five-minute
message. I understand he supported
his whole family: brothers,
sisters, mom and dad.

BEN

I'll get what I need from his
resume.

MICHAEL

Eduardo Marquez never had a resume
in his life, and now his life's
over. He made twelve dollars an
hour working as a messenger – his
first job as an American citizen.
Talk to the branch manager. Find
out what you can.

Michael turns back to the laptop screen, where Marquez's body
lies motionless, and rests his hand on top of it.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH – DAY

Beams of morning sunlight, filtered through stained glass,
shine on VARIOUS MOURNERS and LAW ENFORCEMENT in a large
sanctuary. An organ plays a SOMBER FUGUE. Ben, in a dark
suit, enters a row and sits. He pulls his phone from his
pocket and scrolls through e-mails.

A WOMAN MOURNER, 40s, enters the pew in front of Ben and
looks at him, frowning, then sits down. Ben stuffs his phone
in his pocket. He looks around. SONDRA, mid-20s, dark-haired
and intense, walks past, nodding to Ben.

Michael stands next to the altar by the PRIEST, 60s. Dennis enters the pew, kneels, closes his eyes and crosses himself, rises, and looks over at Ben.

DENNIS
Sit next to you?

BEN
Sure.

Dennis edges across the pew and sits.

DENNIS
Been to too damn many of these.

BEN
Really?

DENNIS
Third in six months. Getting rough out there. Glad I'm not running the money these days.

BEN
You were on a truck?

DENNIS
Drove two years and ran the money for two more, then got into firearms training.

BEN
You have a background in that?

DENNIS
Army and National Guard. Two tours in Iraq, first go-round.

BEN
What's it like on a truck?

DENNIS
When you're driving, you're trying not to hit some dumbass who pulls in front of you. When you're carrying the money, you're trying not to catch a bullet. Bad guys have better guns than they used to. Anybody can buy a cheap A.R. for five hundred bucks. Some have automatic weapons.

BEN
Where do you get a machine gun?

DENNIS

Easier than you think. Lots of wars means lots of machine guns. A lot of bad guys are military trained. Some have seen action. Twenty years ago all you had to do was draw your weapon, maybe fire a round, and they'd hightail it. Now they work in teams, they've been watching the truck, and they're used to getting shot at. So you watch your ass, shoot first, and put your rounds on target. If you don't, they'll take you down.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Good morning. Thank you all for being here today.

All eyes turn to Michael at the lectern on the altar.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We are here only for a short time, and occasions such as today come as undeniable reminders that our lives are brief, our passing preordained by powers greater than our own.

Michael looks up and smiles a thin smile as he scans the sanctuary and regards the Various Mourners.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We're here to celebrate the life and mark the passing of our colleague and friend, Eduardo Marquez, taken from us just two days ago. My name is Michael Bray, and I'd like to spend the next few moments reflecting on the fine work Eduardo did for First Armored.

Dennis elbows Ben, who turns toward him.

DENNIS

Michael sounds good. With any luck that'll keep the family from suing our asses off. You write that?

BEN

We worked on it together.

DENNIS

(nods his head)

Um hmm. Remember, I heard him
before you got here.

Ben turns back to Michael, listening intently. Michael looks toward the family in the front pew: LUPITA, early-40s, ERNESTO, 20s, ANNA, late teens, and SANTIAGO, mid-teens.

MICHAEL

Lupita, Ernesto, Anna, and
Santiago, and all of Eduardo's
extended family, God bless you.

Ben looks around the sanctuary, where some Mourners are in tears. Ben gazes across the pews and sees Sondra, who regards him and nods before wiping her eye with a handkerchief.

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Ben stands next to Dennis outside the church. Various Mourners file past. Sondra walks out into the sunlight, looks around, and walks over to them.

SONDRA

Hi, Dennis.

DENNIS

Sondra.

SONDRA

You must be Ben.

(extends her hand)

BEN

(shakes her hand)

I am. Good to meet you.

SONDRA

It was a nice service.

BEN

It was.

SONDRA

See you back at the office.

Sondra walks away, and Ben and Dennis watch her go.

DENNIS

Director of organizational
development. Watch out for that
one.

BEN
What are you talking about?

DENNIS
She's looking for a husband.

BEN
I'm off the market.

DENNIS
All I'm saying is, I hear she
doesn't like living alone. You're
not handsome and sophisticated like
I am, but you do have more hair.

Lupita and Ernesto approach.

LUPITA
You work for the company?

DENNIS
We do, Mrs. Marquez. I'm so very
sorry for your loss.

LUPITA
Thank you. Did you know my husband?

DENNIS
I met him once. I helped train him.
Firearms training.

Lupita nods and turns to Ben.

LUPITA
And what do you do?

BEN
Internal communications.

LUPITA
(in Spanish, with
subtitles)
I don't understand.

ERNESTO
She doesn't understand.

BEN
I write. I'm a writer.

ERNESTO
(in Spanish, with
subtitles)
He is a writer. He writes stories.

LUPITA

Please write a story about my
husband.

ERNESTO

My father worked hard. For ten
years he put his life on the line
to carry rich people's money.
Remember that.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Sondra walks up the hallway toward Ben and Dennis.

DENNIS

Hi, Sondra.

SONDRA

Dennis. Ben, do you have a second?

DENNIS

That's my cue. See you later.

Dennis walks away, turns around to meet Ben's eyes, winks, and walks on.

SONDRA

Michael did well today.

BEN

That was hard. Was that the first
work funeral you've been to?

SONDRA

No. You know, I've been meaning to
get on your calendar.

BEN

It's public. Just send me an
invite. What about?

SONDRA

To see if you wanted to go to lunch
sometime. Do you like Chinese food?

BEN

I do.

SONDRA

I know a great place. I'm off to a
meeting. Look for that invite.

Sondra walks away and Ben watches her go. Halfway up the hall she turns and meets Ben's eyes, smiles, then keeps walking.

INT. BEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Ben is sitting at his desk when Sondra appears in the doorway, her purse over her shoulder.

SONDRA
Did you get my invite?

BEN
When did you send it?

SONDRA
About thirty seconds ago.

BEN
Let's see.
(checks his email)
Meeting subject is Chinese food.
Sounds serious. And it's for, it's
for eleven forty-five. That's...

SONDRA
About a minute from now.

BEN
All right. Give me a second to
respond.
(clicks his mouse)

Sondra's phone beeps, and she pulls it out of her purse. She shakes her head and grins.

SONDRA
Tentative. Really?

BEN
A lot can happen in the next thirty
seconds. I'm keeping my options
open.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

Ben and Sondra sit at a small table in a busy Chinese restaurant. A SERVER picks up their empty plates and silverware and walks away.

SONDRA
So you're married.

BEN

Five years, although we dated for four years before we got married.

SONDRA

What's she like?

BEN

Claire? Well, she's great. She...she's a handful. Every relationship takes work. I'm digging a hole, aren't I? I'll stop. So, what about you? Anyone special in your life?

SONDRA

There was this guy for a while, but it never went anywhere. So, as of now, I'm available.

Sondra looks into Ben's eyes and holds his gaze. He blinks, takes a deep breath, and looks away.

INT. BEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Ben walks into his office and turns on the light. As he puts his laptop bag on his desk, Dennis appears in the doorway.

DENNIS

Morning. Did you hear about San Francisco?

BEN

No. What about it?

DENNIS

We lost someone this morning making a diamond run. A messenger and a guard got ambushed getting out of the truck. One guy's dead and the other guy's likely.

BEN

Likely?

DENNIS

Likely to die. One funeral's on Tuesday, and Michael's gonna be there. Better get on the eulogy.

INT. THAI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ben and Claire are eating dinner at a Thai restaurant. Ben types an email while Claire looks at the menu. A SERVER, early 20s, approaches.

CLAIRe

Can you put that down?
(points at Ben's phone)

BEN

What?

CLAIRe

That thing you're always checking,
typing on. I need time with you,
time where you're here, with me.

BEN

There's something going on at work.
I've got to get back to these
people.

CLAIRe

It can wait. We're at dinner.

BEN

No, it can't wait. Two of our guys
were making a pickup today and
someone walked up behind them and
shot them to death. And right now
I'm trying to coordinate the
messaging we're going to deliver to
his family.

CLAIRe

I don't understand.

BEN

What do you not understand?

CLAIRe

Two people are dead, and you're
using the word messaging.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Ben sits at a long boardroom table with Michael, Chris, and Bill.

BILL

We're in a tough spot in Miami. We
had a sick-out yesterday.
(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

The armored guys are leaving for the competition, or getting out of the business. They can make half again as much money delivering blue and white boxes, and nobody tries to shoot 'em. And the money processing team is pissed. The branch manager keeps hiring his cousins.

MICHAEL

Didn't we go through this five years ago?

BILL

We did.

MICHAEL

I remember it working out in the end.

BILL

We made some salary concessions and gave the crews more flexibility with scheduling. We got out by the skin of our teeth.

MICHAEL

Who fixed it for us?

BILL

Gabriel Menendez, Cuban national, very well-liked by the whole branch.

MICHAEL

Send him in again.

BILL

Can't do that.

MICHAEL

Why is that?

Everyone looks around the table at one another.

BILL

We let him go six months ago.

MICHAEL

Whose idea was that?

BILL

We let a number of people go in
that round who were about to become
a financial liability.

MICHAEL

What exactly does that mean?

CHRIS

He was close to getting his full
pension. We saved two-point-one
million the first year.

MICHAEL

What's the net on the Miami branch?

BILL

Last year it was thirteen million,
up one-point-five from prior year.

MICHAEL

Miami is losing its best people,
it's a union risk for the second
time in ten years, and some genius
thought it was smart to jeopardize
thirteen million a year to save two-
point-one million a year. Is that
what I'm hearing?

Everyone looks down.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna ask who decided to
let him go. I'm so pissed I'd
probably fire 'em right now. Bill,
Chris, and Ben, you're going to
Miami, and you're taking a video of
me with you because I can't get
away. Figure out who's running off
good people, and find out who's
working for the union. They need to
cause trouble for someone else. But
first you're going to Philly. We
lost the Sienna Restaurant Group
and Food King. We're cutting the
branch in half.

BEN

What do we tell these people?

CHRIS

(pointedly)

Isn't that your job?

INT. BEN'S CAR - DAY - DRIVING

Ben drives Michael down the highway.

BEN

We've got three cameras, and we'll do two or three takes. I'll scroll your message on a prompter.

Michael looks down at a fast food wrappers on the floorboard.

BEN (CONT'D)

Sorry about the mess.

MICHAEL

You can tell a lot about someone from the trash in their car.

(points at the floorboard)

You should lay off the fast food.

BEN

I keep telling myself the same thing.

MICHAEL

If you don't mind me asking, why did you leave your last job?

BEN

I wasn't challenged. Couldn't do it anymore.

MICHAEL

And now?

BEN

I'm definitely challenged.

MICHAEL

I had a job I couldn't do anymore. Used to be a patrol cop.

BEN

You were a cop?

MICHAEL

In Boston. Brookline. Some people call it Whiskey Point. Not a bad area, as far as neighborhoods go, but everybody's working too hard. That can take a toll on a family. We saw a lot of husbands who beat up their wives, and a few wives who beat up their husbands.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Mostly the same people, over and over. Did it for almost ten years.

BEN

Why did you quit?

MICHAEL

One day my wife told me she didn't want me talking about work around our kids anymore.

BEN

That did it?

MICHAEL

No.

Michael looks out the window at the cars rolling by.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I was on patrol one night and a domestic disturbance call came in. I knew the address. I'd been there a couple of times. Both times the husband had been yelling, and the wife got scared. She was pregnant, due any time the last time I saw them, about six months before. I knock on the door and the wife opens it. Her face is white, and I see she isn't pregnant anymore. I ask her if she's okay, but she won't say a word. The husband's on the couch and there's a gun on the coffee table in front of him. I draw my weapon and tell him not to move, pick up the gun, a small automatic, and stuff it in my front pocket. I ask him what's going on, but it's like I'm not even there. I look at the wife, and she points at a small hole in the ceiling and collapses in a chair. Just then my backup gets there, so I tell him to watch the husband. I go up the stairs and into a kid's bedroom. Stars and rainbows painted on the walls, toys all over the floor. There's a crib close to one wall, and I see a hole in the ceiling over the crib. It's so quiet, and I can't look into the crib, but I know I have to.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I look in and see the cutest little boy, maybe five months old, and he's looking right at me, and for a second I think he's okay, but his eyes aren't moving, and he isn't breathing, and there's a hole in his chest. I took a leave of absence for a month, then gave my notice and started driving trucks for First Armored. That was eighteen years ago.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA BRANCH - DAY

Chris and Ben, in suits and ties, sit in a car in the parking lot of the Philadelphia branch. Ben sips coffee from a paper cup, while Chris eats a breakfast burrito.

CHRIS

I hate doing this. Definitely the worst part of my job.

BEN

How many people are we laying off?

CHRIS

Fifteen. Six messengers, six from money processing, and two supervisors.

BEN

Where's Harding? Isn't he the branch manager?

CHRIS

He's number fifteen. Called in sick because he can't face his people. I don't blame him. I need someone in there with me in case something goes sideways. Lucky you.

INT. PHILADELPHIA BRANCH - DAY

Ben and Chris are seated in a small office on one side of a cheap desk, facing off against JACKSON, late 40s.

JACKSON

Fuck you people. All of you. Everyone back at U.S. headquarters sittin' around with their head up their ass.

(MORE)

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Everyone who can't figure their shit out, so now I have to figure my shit out. Seriously. Fuck you people.

(to Ben)

I know this asshole, but who are you? An attorney or something?

BEN

Ben Washburn. Communications.

JACKSON

Well, when you get back to Dallas, communicate this to those dark-suit-wearing, latte-drinking motherfuckers.

(flips him off)

You got that? Don't see you taking notes.

BEN

No, I got it.

INT. PHILADELPHIA BRANCH - DAY

Ben and Chris sit across from a MESSENGER, 30s, who is crying, his head buried in his hands.

INT. PHILADELPHIA BRANCH - DAY

Ben and Chris sit across from GREER, late 40s.

GREER

Ten years ago I got a call from Lomax, wanting me to be a supervisor. I thought 'I'm already a supervisor. Why would I go over there and do what I already do?' So Brooks goes, and now he's branch manager, and I'm still a supervisor, or at least I was until you called me in here to tell me I got no job anymore.

INT. PHILADELPHIA BRANCH - DAY

Ben and Chris sit across from DIAZ, early 30s.

DIAZ

What kind of severance do I get?

CHRIS
We're giving everyone two weeks.

DIAZ
Then sign the check and quit
wasting my time. I got shit to do.

INT. PHILADELPHIA BRANCH - DAY

Ben and Chris sit alone, looking tired. Both have loosened their ties.

CHRIS
How you holding up?

BEN
I'm sure there's people who can terminate employees, walk them out with a box in their hands, and do it as easily as ordering lunch or straightening their skirt. I'm not one of those people. If we're done, I'd like to get out of here. My flight to Miami leaves in two hours.

INT. TRUCK - DAY - DRIVING

Inside an armored truck rumbling along a busy street, MOORE, 40s, is driving. ANGEL, 30s, sits in the back, eyeing Ben.

ANGEL
So why they put you on a truck?

BEN
Rite of passage.

ANGEL
Riding where?

BEN
I've never been on a truck before. Your branch manager, Ernesto, thought it'd be a good idea if I rode with you to see what you do every day.

ANGEL
That's the boss man. I call him Mr. Valdes, and a good idea would be for him to give me some more hours.

MOORE
I hear that!

ANGEL
We gotta let Ben meet Aleyda today.
That'll set him straight about life
on a truck.

MOORE
Yes, it will.

BEN
Who's Aleyda?

MOORE
You'll see. You will see.

INT. CHICKEN CUBANO - DAY

Ben and Angel are talking to an unhappy MR. LONGA, late-40s, in the dining area of a busy fast-food restaurant. CUSTOMERS eat lunch at small tables while an EMPLOYEE sweeps the floor.

MR. LONGA
When Coach serviced us, they were
always on time. You guys are never
on time.

ANGEL
We have to vary our pickup times.
Lotta bad guys out there.

MR. LONGA
Must be a lot of 'em.

BEN
Mr. Longa, we appreciate your
understanding, and we really
appreciate your business.

MR. LONGA
You're cracking me up.
(to Angel)
Who's the new guy?

ANGEL
He's from corporate. Riding with us
today.

BEN
Ben Washburn. It's nice to meet
you.
(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)
(extends his hand, but Mr.
Longa just looks at it)

MR. LONGA
Whatta you do?

BEN
Communications.

MR. LONGA
Course you do.

Mr. Longa walks off and goes behind the counter. ALEYDA, late 20s and doe-eyed, approaches with a blue money bag. She hands it to Angel, and turns to Ben.

ALEYDA
You're new.

ANGEL
Aleyda, this is Ben from corporate.
He's an important man. Flies all
over the country.

ALEYDA
I've never been on a plane. How
long are you in town?

BEN
I leave tomorrow afternoon.

ALEYDA
Do you like Cuban food?

BEN
Never had it before.

ALEYDA
I'm a really good cook. If you
don't have plans for later...

BEN
That's very nice of you, but I
don't think my wife would like it.
We really appreciate your business.
Have a good afternoon. Angel?
(Ben turns and leaves)

ANGEL
See you next time, babygirl.
(turns and catches up with
Ben)
Vato, you a strong man.

INT. TRUCK - DAY - DRIVING

MOORE

Let's go! Running behind. Next stop: Gem Finance. Poor folks pawning their cars to pay rent.

ANGEL

And they get robbed at least twice a year.

MOORE

That's right. So we don't fuck around. No talking to pretty girls. Two trips. One for cash and the other for coin.

ANGEL

We do coin first. Get it over with. Shit's heavy.

MOORE

And Ben stays in the truck.

ANGEL

(to Ben)

You heard the man.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Moore pulls to a stop in front of Gem Finance, where the parking lot is nearly filled with older cars. CUSTOMERS enter and exit the building. Angel hops out and goes inside, and Ben climbs into the passenger seat.

MOORE

Poor folks and a business with lots of cash is a bad combination. Watch the parking lot. Who comes in, who leaves. I don't like people sitting in cars.

Ben sees THUG ONE and THUG TWO, both 20s, pull up in an old red sedan. They back into a parking space and sit in their car, staring at the building's front door.

BEN

Red car.

MOORE

Yep. I don't like 'em, either.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Angel exits the building, pushing a cart filled with bags of coins. Thug One and Thug Two jump out of the car, pull big automatics from their waistbands, and charge across the parking lot toward Angel. Customers scatter.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

MOORE
(thumbs his shoulder
microphone)
Gun! Two subjects at your ten
o'clock!

Moore smacks the horn button, and the truck horn begins a loud WHOOP WHOOP.

MOORE (CONT'D)
(grabs the truck
microphone)
Central, this is First Armored
truck two one nine at one one two
one seven Longview parkway at Gem
Finance. We're under attack by two
assailants, both armed with
pistols. Subjects are male Hispanic
or mixed-race. Messenger is
engaging. Send police, code three.

CENTRAL (O.S.)
Truck two one nine, acknowledged.
Officers en route.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Angel draws his weapon, crouches behind the coin cart, and fires two shots PAK! PAK! at Thug One, who is hit in the head and chest and drops to the ground. Thug Two fires two shots PAK! PAK!, and Angel ducks behind the bags of coins.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

MOORE
(thumbs his shoulder
microphone)
One subject down. Subject two
coming your way.

Ben looks through the truck window as Thug Two fires two more rounds PAK! PAK!

at Angel, the bullets smacking against the bags of coins on the cart. Moore eyes the gun port in the truck door.

MOORE (CONT'D)
(thumbs his shoulder
microphone)
No shot. We have no shot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Thug Two marches forward, leveling his pistol at the coin cart, waiting for Angel to show himself. Angel peeks over the cart and Thug Two fires a round PAK! into the coins. Moore honks the horn and Hood Two fires a round PAK! at the passenger door window.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

The bullet smacks the glass and Ben jumps back.

BEN
Shit!

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Angel pops up and levels his weapon.

ANGEL
Hey, asshole!

Angel fires three fast shots PAK! PAK! PAK!, hitting Thug Two in the leg, gun arm and stomach. Thug Two drops his gun and collapses.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

MOORE
(thumbs his shoulder
microphone)
Subjects are down. Angel, get that
guy's weapon.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Angel approaches Thug Two, who is rolling around on the ground, groaning.

ANGEL
Shut up, you little bitch.

Angel picks up Thug Two's gun, decocks it, shoves it into his waistband, then holsters his weapon. Stone-faced, Angel waves at Moore in the truck, who waves back.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

MOORE

(picks up truck
microphone)

Central, this is First Armored
truck two one nine. We have an
A.D.W. with two perps down. One is
likely four one nine. Our guy's
uninjured. No liability lost.

CENTRAL (O.S.)

Two one nine, acknowledged.
Officers arriving now.

Moore puts down the microphone, sighs, and turns to Ben.

MOORE

You didn't get yourself shot, and
you didn't shoot me.

Ben surveys the parking lot, the gathering CROWD, Thug One and Thug Two lying on the pavement, and Angel waving down a police cruiser ROARING into the lot and SCREECHING to a stop, out of which jump TWO OFFICERS, both 30s.

MOORE (CONT'D)

Tonight I am definitely going to
have some beers.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Ben walks in to see Michael sitting at his desk, looking out the window while talking on the phone.

MICHAEL

I don't care. Ahmad Alfarsi owns
forty-five convenience stores in
three states that we service twice
a week. That's just under two
million a year. Tell your crews to
get their shit together and
remember they work for that
customer. If I have to come there
and fix it myself, why do I need
you?

Michael hangs up and turns to look at Ben.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Thanks for coming in. Are you okay?

BEN
I'm fine. Why?

MICHAEL
Because you were in a truck attack
yesterday and you saw a man die. So
I'm asking you: Are you okay?

BEN
I didn't sleep, but I'm all right.

MICHAEL
Glad to hear it. I need you on my
message for a shareholder meeting.
I talk for ten minutes, and I need
it by noon tomorrow.

BEN
Tomorrow?

MICHAEL
Someone said something they
shouldn't have, and now I have to
fix it. And I need you to go to the
Nashville branch and talk to them
about a popcorn machine. You fly
out Monday afternoon.

BEN
Popcorn? You're kidding.

MICHAEL
In Nashville, there's nothing more
serious than popcorn, and we're
taking it away.

INT. DENNIS'S OFFICE - DAY

Plaques and awards of all types cover one wall. On a low credenza we see photos of Dennis with various members of law enforcement. Dennis walks into the office, followed by Ben.

DENNIS
So before we get you out on a truck
again, you're going to go through
firearms training. You ever handled
a weapon?

BEN

Pistols mostly. Target shooting. I have a gun at home.

DENNIS

That'll make it easier. I heard you're going to Nashville.

BEN

They've had to cut hours. Morale is low. They're more afraid of not making rent than they are of dying. Now we're gonna take away their popcorn machine, and I gotta figure out how to pitch it to them.

DENNIS

The truth always comes in handy. In the meantime, we need to teach you how to fight off bad guys. What are you doing tomorrow morning at seven?

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Dennis, in uniform, stands in a parking lot next to a First Armored truck. In front of him are Ben and three other recruits, all holding face shields: MERCER is late-20s and rock hard with a military haircut; AMES is early-30s with a shaved head; and SIMPSON is mid-forties and overweight. Behind him, wearing face shields, are NORRIS, 30s and tough looking, and GUARD ONE and GUARD TWO, both 30s.

DENNIS

We've covered a lot. Now we're going to practice scenarios you might face on the job. Lot of people out there making bad choices, and instead of working for a living some of them would rather gun you down and take what you're carrying. They won't ask for it. They're just gonna start shooting, and you have to shoot back, or shoot first. Your driver can't leave the truck, so you have to stop the threat. You'll encounter a variety of situations, some lethal, some not. You have to decide which is which. You'll be firing service-issue forty-caliber weapons loaded with marker rounds.

(MORE)

DENNIS (CONT'D)

This allows you to make use of force decisions and enforces proper use of cover. The simulated ammunition will not injure you, but it stings like a bastard, so get ready, because you will be hit. Put on your face shields and let's go.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The group stands to the side of a storefront mock-up as the First Armored truck approaches.

DENNIS

I want all of you to watch very closely. Anyone could be a potential threat. Backpacks, purses, briefcases - all could conceal a weapon.

The truck pulls up to a storefront mock-up, and Simpson exits the side door of the truck and walks toward the storefront. Norris approaches him from the sidewalk.

NORRIS

Hey, I know you're busy, but my car has a flat tire.

As Simpson stops to listen to Norris, Guard One approaches from behind and shoots Simpson three times in the back.

NORRIS (CONT'D)

I think he got you, buddy.

Dennis walks over to the trio.

DENNIS

The man with the flat tire wasn't the problem. It was the guy who approached from behind who got Simpson. Remember, head on a swivel. Always watch your six. Ames, your turn on the truck.

Simpson shakes his head and walks over to join the group. Ames gets into the truck, which pulls away, circles the parking lot, and comes back.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

We'll see how Ames does with an aggressive senior citizen.

The truck pulls up to the storefront. Ames exits the side door of the truck and begins walking toward the storefront. Norris, wearing a mask that makes him look like an old man, stands in front of the storefront.

NORRIS

Get out of here! You got no business here!

AMES

Sir, I need you to move away so I can enter this business.

Norris moves forward, pulling a rubber knife from his front pocket, and Ames draws his gun.

AMES (CONT'D)

Drop the knife! Do it now!

Norris continues to advance, and Ames fires two shots into his chest. Norris crumples to the ground, dropping the rubber knife. Breathing hard, Ames looks around in all directions, then turns to Dennis.

DENNIS

No one wants to shoot an old man, but edged weapons are just as deadly as a gun. Ames ended the threat, then did a three-sixty to make sure there weren't additional threats. Nice job. Mercer, you're up.

Ames walks over to join the group. Mercer nods and gets into the truck, which pulls away, circles the parking lot, and comes back.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

We've got something special planned for Mercer.

Merger exits the truck, hand on his gun, looking in all directions. He enters the storefront and comes back out pushing a cart loaded with bags of coin. As he nears the truck, Guard One and Guard Two approach from left and right, drawing their guns.

Merger draws his weapon, crouches, and shoots Guard One twice in the chest, then once in the side of the head.

GUARD ONE

Ow!

DENNIS

Get down, you're dead!

Mercer swivels to face Guard Two and shoots him twice in the chest, then fires another shot into his face shield. Guard Two drops to the ground. Mercer stands and turns to look in all directions, then drops to hands and knees, looking underneath the truck, seeing the legs of Norris, hiding on the other side.

MERCER

You behind the truck! Drop your weapon now! This is your only warning!

Norris puts his gun on the ground.

MERCER (CONT'D)

Come out with your hands behind your head, fingers laced together! Make no sudden moves! Do it now!

Norris slowly emerges from behind the truck.

DENNIS

That's enough, Mercer. Nice use of the Mozambique Drill. Everyone, Mercer hit each assailant twice in center mass, and put their lights out with a shot to the head. That's what I expect from a Marine.

MERCER

Thank you, sir.

DENNIS

And that's the first time someone's caught the guy on the other side of the truck. Washburn, you're up. Let's see how the man from corporate does.

Mercer walks over to join the group, and everyone pats him on the back. Ben adjusts his face shield and climbs into the truck as Norris and Guard One enter the storefront. The truck pulls away, circles the parking lot, and comes back.

Ben exits the truck, hand on his gun, looking in all directions as he heads toward the storefront. Guard One exits the storefront, bringing up his gun. Ben quickly draws his weapon and drops Guard One with three shots to the chest. Norris exits the storefront, reaching for his back pocket.

NORRIS
Hey!

Ben shoots Norris twice in the chest. Norris crumples to the ground. Dennis walks over to stand over Norris.

DENNIS
Everybody, come over here. No doubt about it, Ben. You're a killer. Let's see who you shot.

BEN
He was reaching for a weapon.

DENNIS
He was reaching for his back pocket. Norris, what's in your pocket?

Norris stands, reaches into his back pocket, and pulls out his phone, which he holds up for everyone to see.

NORRIS
My cell phone.

DENNIS
Before you shoot anyone, make sure they're a threat. That can be the difference between getting cleared by a grand jury and doing time for manslaughter. A third of the people faced with this scenario shoot the guy with the phone. Who's ready to go again? We got all afternoon to get this stuff right.

INT. DENNIS' OFFICE - DAY

Ben walks in to see Dennis behind his desk. When he sees Ben, Dennis opens up a desk drawer and takes out a small box.

BEN
Linda said you called.

DENNIS
(gets up and approaches Ben)
I did. Got something for you.

Dennis opens the box and hands Ben a small pin in the shape of a shotgun.

BEN

What's this?

DENNIS

The First Armored guard pin. These guys don't get a lot in the way of perks. No one's gonna fly 'em to Cozumel for a sales meeting. When they get this it means something, so wear it with pride.

Ben turns the pin over in his hand, watches the light play across the metal, then pins it on the lapel of his jacket.

BEN

I will.

INT. BEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Ben is sitting at his desk when his cell phone rings.

BEN

Hello.

CLAIREE (O.S.)

It's me.

BEN

Hi, honey.

CLAIREE (O.S.)

I was in the neighborhood and thought I'd see if you wanted to meet for lunch.

Linda appears in Ben's doorway.

BEN

Hold on, honey.

(puts phone to his chest)

Hi, Linda. What's up?

LINDA

Michael needs to see you.

BEN

Okay. Be there in a sec.

Linda leaves.

BEN (CONT'D)

(puts phone to his ear)

Sorry, hon. I can't.

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)
Just got called into something.
Let's do it later this week or next
week.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
Okay. Bye.

Ben puts his phone down, grabs a legal pad and pen, and heads out.

INT. CLAIRE'S CAR - DAY

Claire sits in her car in the First Armored parking lot. She looks at the building and sees a handful of EMPLOYEES leaving and walking to their cars. She puts her phone down on the passenger seat, frowns, and drives out of the lot.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Ben walks into the break room, where Dennis and Bill are eating lunch. He gets a bag of chips out of one of the vending machines.

BEN
Hi guys.

DENNIS
Thanks for editing that stuff.

BEN
Sure. Can I join you?

DENNIS
Sure. Good to see you've got the
company lunch routine down.

Ben opens his bag of chips and starts to eat.

BEN
I just got an email from H.R. about
performance goals. How do raises
and bonuses work around here?

BILL
You wanna tell him?

DENNIS
We've been in a turnaround
situation for the past four years,
so no bonuses and no raises - not
even cost-of-living increases.

BEN

So what Michael told me was
bullshit?

BILL

He didn't lie, but he didn't tell
you the truth, either. The company
took in two point six billion last
year, mostly because of Latin
America and China, but we're
swirling the drain. We've got the
best trucks in the business, but
banks don't care if we carry their
money in an armored car with three
guards or a pickup truck driven by
a guy getting minimum wage. If they
lose their money, it's insured.

DENNIS

The past four years I haven't
gotten an increase at all. With
inflation averaging around four
percent, every year I make less
money, and inflation'll cut my
salary in half by the time I'm
ready to go figure out what I want
to do with the rest of my life. If
you were hoping for a salary bump
and your max bonus, you're in the
wrong business.

INT. HOME - DAY

Ben is standing in the kitchen, dressed in a suit. The rest
of the house is dark. He takes a big sip of coffee, dumps the
rest into the sink, and rinses the cup. He cinches up his
tie, then goes to the kitchen table and picks up his laptop
bag. Claire stirs on the couch, gets up and comes into the
kitchen, rubbing her eyes, hung over.

CLAIRe

You make coffee?

BEN

On the counter.

Claire picks up her cup and takes a big sip.

CLAIRe

You leaving? It's early.

BEN

Have to go in early this morning.
Going to Nashville this afternoon.
Before I go, I need to tell you
something.

CLAIRE

Great. Another fucking lecture. Get
it over with.

BEN

This can't keep happening. You
can't keep doing this to yourself,
to us. I'm not gonna fight with you
about it anymore. I'm not gonna
fight with you about it ever again.

CLAIRE

So what are you saying?

BEN

I'm not gonna be doing this shit
when I'm fifty. Do something about
your drinking, or I'm gonna do
something. I don't know what, and I
don't know exactly when I'll do it,
but you're not gonna like it. I'll
be gone for two days. While I'm
gone, I need you to think about
this. I'm asking you, and I'm
telling you. Please.

Ben walks out the door into the garage. Claire drops her coffee cup into the sink, where it lands with a CRASH, and walks out of the kitchen.

EXT. NASHVILLE BRANCH - DAY

Ben, dressed in a suit, gets out of a car and walks toward a gray, one-story building surrounded by a tall chain-link fence topped by razor wire. A sign on the fence reads: First Armored. Authorized entry only. Armed guards on duty. Ben walks to a small gate and holds his company I.D. up for a camera mounted behind the fence on a pole. The gate clicks, and Ben walks to a heavily worn metal door, opens it, and walks inside.

INT. NASHVILLE BRANCH - DAY

Ben enters a small, brightly lit lobby. Compliance posters, and posters specific to armored transport with titles like "Clean Your Weapon", "Check Your Surroundings", and "Keep Your Eyes Moving," cover nearly every inch of wall space.

ALFONZO, late 20s and serious, stands behind a window protected by several layers of thick glass, wearing a headset and with his hand on his holstered pistol.

ALFONZO
Good morning.

BEN
Good morning. I'm Ben Washburn from corporate.

ALFONZO
Can I see your company I.D.?

Ben pulls the lanyard attached to his belt and holds up his I.D.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)
Please place it against the glass.

Ben presses it against the glass. Alfonzo leans forward and examines it, then leans back and takes his hand off his holster.

ALFONZO (CONT'D)
Thank you, Mr. Washburn. My name's Alfonzo Reyes.

BEN
Nice to meet you.

ALFONZO
Mr. Washburn, are you carrying a weapon?

BEN
What?

ALFONZO
Are you armed this morning?

BEN
No, I'm not.

ALFONZO

Okay. Sign in on the clipboard hanging to the right of the window, and please enter the time. It's three-fifteen. I know Mr. Bickford's expecting you. I'll let him know you're here.

BEN

Thank you.

Ben signs in, and ALFONZO steps away from the window. Ben paces in the lobby, stopping to read an article on the wall.

INSERT - ARTICLE

On the page titled "First Armored Employees Donate blood for Tornado Victims" a dozen or so First Armored employees stand with big smiles with their sleeves rolled up, holding out their arms to display bandages that show they've given blood.

BACK TO SCENE

Ben pulls his digital audio recorder from his pocket, turns it on, and talks into it.

BEN

Giving back to the community is a matter of course for the employees at the Nashville branch. The bulletin board in the main lobby is covered with clippings detailing their good deeds, along with letters from grateful Tennesseans.

TRAVIS (O.S.)

We do that sort of thing all the time here. I guess a lot of branches do.

Ben turns to see TRAVIS, late-40s and tired, and KIP, 30s and bone skinny, standing in an open doorway. Ben switches off his recorder. Both walk toward Ben, and Travis extends his hand.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I'm Travis Bickford, branch manager.

(they shake hands)

And this is Kip McAdams, assistant branch manager. Runs things when I'm not here.

KIP

Which is about five days a week.
(Kip and Ben shake hands)

TRAVIS

Watch it. This guy's from
corporate. Not sure we can trust
him yet. That thing still on?

BEN

No, I ask before turning it on.

TRAVIS

That some sort of legal thing?

BEN

Nope. I just figure people want to
know when they're being recorded.

INT. NASHVILLE BRANCH - DAY

Ben sits with Travis in his office. Papers cover the desk in various stacks. Travis grabs a couple of stacks and consolidates them. In the corner is an old carnival popcorn machine.

TRAVIS

Thanks for coming out. Everyone's
got a piss-poor attitude and
they're mouthing off to my
supervisors, so we need to do
something. Taking the popcorn
machine was the last straw.

BEN

What have you said so far?

TRAVIS

Just said we had to cut costs, and
the popcorn shaves roughly a couple
grand a month off our bottom line.

BEN

That's a lot of popcorn.

TRAVIS

Some of these guys, they operate on
a pretty tight budget. They spend
most of what they make on a place
to live. Most of 'em have kids.
Popcorn's all some of 'em get to
eat most days.

INT. NASHVILLE BRANCH - DAY

Ben sits in run-down break room in front of twenty or so BRANCH EMPLOYEES, most in uniform, some wearing bullet-resistant vests and pistol belts. In front is MATTHEWS, 30s, short and muscular, wearing a baseball cap. All stare intently at Ben.

BEN

My name is Ben Washburn. I work in Dallas headquarters. I came here to take away your popcorn machine.

The Branch Employees begin murmuring.

BEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. We're cutting expenses where we can, and if we can cut more popcorn machines and color printers and, frankly, plane tickets, the more people we keep on the job. But I didn't just come with bad news. There's some programs we've been working on that are coming this year that are going to help you do your job better, or get a different job than the one you have now. That's more opportunity to make a better life for you and your families.

The Branch Employees are looking at each other, and some are nodding as Ben continues to speak.

BEN (CONT'D)

This year's been hard, for all of us, but it's gonna get better. Who's driven one of the new trucks? You've got two of them.

EMILIO, 40s, raises his hand.

BEN (CONT'D)

What's your name?

EMILIO

(with a heavy accent)
My name is Emilio Suarez.

BEN

How long have you worked here,
Emilio?

EMILIO

Five years I am driving for First
Armored.

BEN

Why do you stay here? What is it
that keeps you coming back week
after week?

EMILIO

Because this is a good company.
They try to keep us safe. It's a
hard job, but I think they care.
Lately, they take away our hours.

The other Branch Employees in the room murmur in agreement.

BEN

I don't know anything about your
hours. But I hear you're
struggling, and when I get back,
I'll talk to someone about what
you're telling me this morning.

The Branch Employees murmur and nod. In the back, HENRI, early 30s, stands. Impossibly tall and thin, the whites of his eyes contrast starkly with his almost black skin.

HENRI

(with a heavy Haitian
accent)

Mr. Ben, my name is Henri.

BEN

Hello, Henri.

HENRI

Mr. Ben, I have prayed, because of
the hard time we have with the
hours. We watch the money, and we
count it, and we keep it safe. I am
proud to do my job, but I don't
know what will happen to me.

Ben squirms in his chair, overwhelmed by Henri's sincerity.

HENRI (CONT'D)

And now here you are, and you are a
good man, and I know things will be
okay.

Henri nods and sits down, and two or three Employees quietly clap their hands. Ben is visibly touched. Matthews smirks and slowly shakes his head. Travis stands.

TRAVIS

Thanks, guys. Make sure you were clocked in for this. If not, let Kip know, and he'll adjust your time.

Everyone files out except for Matthews, who stops in the doorway and turns to Ben and Travis.

MATTHEWS

Mr. Ben. You may be fooling them, but you're not fooling me. Bet you drive a real nice car. I bet everyone at headquarters drives a real nice car, while we're driving old trucks. But be careful. Those trucks carry a lot of money. Somebody might come and take it away.

Matthews laughs, reaching up and slapping the brim of his cap to turn it to the side, then leaves.

BEN

Who was that asshole?

TRAVIS

Matthews. Got my eye on him. His truck was short last week. Just fifty bucks, but it got my attention.

BEN

Not your problem anymore. Get someone to walk him out. He's done here.

INT. NASHVILLE BRANCH - DAY

Ben walks into Travis's office, pulling his suitcase.

BEN

Morning.

TRAVIS

Morning. You get some of those doughnuts?

BEN

Last thing I need, but thanks. I'm outta here in a couple of hours. Anything else you want to go over?

TRAVIS
We're good. Thanks again for
yesterday.

Kip rushes in.

KIP
One of our trucks got hit. Burger
Barn on Pearl. Can't reach our
guys. Cops on scene say it's bad.

TRAVIS
Which truck?

KIP
Nineteen. Bart and Aaron.

TRAVIS
Goddammit. I'm leaving now. You're
in charge. I'll call when I know
something.

KIP
You got it.

TRAVIS
(to Ben)
You coming?

INT. TRAVIS'S CAR - DAY - DRIVING

Travis and Ben pull into the parking lot of a large fast food restaurant and park. POLICE CARS are everywhere. The First Armored truck is parked by the front doors.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY - TRACKING

TWO NEWS CREWS broadcast with the First Armored truck behind them. Ben and Travis get out of the car and push their way through the LARGE CROWD.

TRAVIS
It's a bad area. They were both
wearing vests, so I'm hoping for
the best.

Travis and Ben duck under the yellow crime scene tape. As soon as they straighten up, a DETECTIVE, 30s and dead serious, confronts them.

DETECTIVE
Who are you?

Travis holds up his First Armored I.D., which is attached by a lanyard to his belt. The DETECTIVE looks it over.

TRAVIS

Travis Bickford, manager of the Nashville branch. Those are my guys over there. Ben, show him your I.D.

Ben fumbles for his I.D. and pulls it from his pants pocket. The DETECTIVE looks it over.

DETECTIVE

Witnesses say your guy was coming back to the truck, and someone outside the store with a mask on shot him several times, then grabbed the cash. The driver opened his door to help, and he got shot, too. Go on through, but stay out of the way. It's not pretty.

Travis and Ben walk toward an ambulance and look in the open rear doors. BART, 30s, is in the back of the ambulance being treated by FIRST EMT and SECOND EMT, both 30s. There is an oxygen mask over his face, an IV in one arm, and a bloody bandage around the other arm.

Travis stands in the ambulance doorway, watching them work. Bart meets Travis's eyes, grimaces, and shakes his head.

SECOND EMT

You're gonna be okay. I need you to stay still and not move that arm.

TRAVIS

Hey guys, E.M.T.s, excuse me for a second.

First EMT looks up at Travis.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

That's one of my guys.

FIRST EMT

Hang on.

First EMT pats Bart on the shoulder.

FIRST EMT (CONT'D)

Hang in there, buddy. I'll be back in just a second.

(to Second EMT)

You good?

The Second EMT nods, and the First EMT climbs out of the back of the ambulance.

TRAVIS

Travis Bickford, manager of the Nashville branch. How's he doing?

FIRST EMT

Gunshot wound to the right arm. Through and through. Mostly superficial. Didn't hit the bone. Arm should be okay, but they'll know more at the hospital.

TRAVIS

Where are you taking him?

FIRST EMT

Med South.

TRAVIS

Good trauma unit, and they're close.

FIRST EMT

Yeah. You, uh, need to go check on your other man, though.

TRAVIS

Where is he?

FIRST EMT

On the other side of the truck.

(puts his hand on Travis's shoulder)

There was nothing we could do for him. I'm sorry.

Travis and Ben walk around the other side of the truck and see AARON, 30s, lying face down in the street. He's been shot in the head and neck and is clearly dead, a large puddle of drying blood congealing on the pavement. A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER takes pictures while other OFFICERS busy themselves.

A cell phone begins to ring, playing a POP SONG SAMPLE. Travis, Ben and First EMT look around, then realize it's Aaron's phone.

TRAVIS

Jesus.

BEN

Is someone going to answer that?

TRAVIS

We can't.

BEN

What if it's his wife or
girlfriend...

TRAVIS

His wife's name is Lauren, and we
can't answer it.

BEN

...someone who wants to make sure
he's okay.

TRAVIS

It's a crime scene. There's nothing
we can do.

The POP SONG SAMPLE starts playing again.

BEN

It just keeps ringing.

TRAVIS

I hear it. Look at me.

Ben looks at Travis.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

We'll take care of him. We will.
We'll get him home.

INT. AIRLINE CABIN - NIGHT

Ben frowns as he sits in his airplane seat on the aisle. His lip quivers, and he sniffs as tears roll down his cheeks.

Across the aisle, a MALE PASSENGER, 40s, sees Ben is upset. He reaches under his seat and pulls a packet of tissues out of his laptop bag, leaning over to Ben.

MALE PASSENGER

Hey, buddy. Here you go.

BEN

(takes the tissues and
wipes his eyes)

Thank you.

INT. BEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Ben's phone is ringing in his pocket as he walks back into his office. He tosses his legal pad on his desk and pulls out his phone.

BEN

Hello.

CLAIRe (O.S.)

Hi there.

BEN

Hi. What's up?

CLAIRe (O.S.)

Just checking to see if you were free for lunch.

Sondra walks up behind Ben and lightly touches him on the shoulder, and he turns to see her. She mouths "Lunch," leaving her tongue touching the bottom of her top teeth. Ben nods to her.

BEN

Probably not today. Can I call you a little later?

INT. HOME - DAY

Claire is in the kitchen.

CLAIRe

Sure. Call me later.

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Ben and Sondra sit at a table in an upscale Indian restaurant.

BEN

There's no way I can go back for another plate. Claire's going to wonder why I'm not hungry, unless she drinks her dinner.

SONDRA

That must be hard.

BEN

Most nights I feel like a third wheel.

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

She's cozied up with her wine, and after about eight I'm looking around for someone to talk to.

SONDRA

You can always talk to me.

BEN

I appreciate that. We'll figure it out. I keep thinking one day she'll get tired of it, but then every night I get home and there's another bottle on the counter.

SONDRA

Do you tell your wife we have lunch together?

BEN

No.

SONDRA

Why? Would she be jealous?

BEN

She's definitely the jealous type.

SONDRA

Why would she be jealous? You're not doing anything wrong. Are you?

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Claire is eating at the kitchen table when Ben walks in from the garage and puts his laptop bag in an empty chair.

CLAIRE

Dinner's on the stove, and there's a salad in the fridge.

BEN

Thanks. Not that hungry.

CLAIRE

Have a big lunch?

BEN

Not really.

CLAIRE

Who did you eat lunch with?

BEN

What?

CLAIRe

Who the fuck did you eat lunch
with?

BEN

You're drunk.

CLAIRe

You always say that when you don't
wanna talk to me.

BEN

Because when you're drunk, I can't
talk to you. It's a sentence or two
and you start screaming. Let's talk
tomorrow morning. I'll make coffee.

CLAIRe

I don't want to talk in the
morning. I want to talk now!

BEN

We'll talk in the morning.

CLAIRe

It's almost nine o'clock. They
can't keep you there all the time.
They have to let you come home.

BEN

Please stop.

Ben turns and walks off down the hallway.

CLAIRe

Is she prettier than me?

BEN

What are you talking about?

CLAIRe

Whoever you eat lunch with. Is she
prettier than me?

Ben stops and stands in the bedroom doorway. He scans the
room, looking at the jumbled sheets.

BEN

(under his breath)

No, she's not.

Ben flips the switch on the wall to turn off the bedroom light.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Ben and Claire are in bed, asleep. Moonlight streams through the window. Claire snores quiet snores.

On the bedtable next to a clock, Ben's phone buzzes. He opens his eyes and picks it up, pushing a button to check e-mail. The screen lights up his face, and he furrows his brow as he reads the e-mail header.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN

"Michael Bray

Be in early tomorrow"

BACK TO SCENE

Ben looks at the clock by the bed, which reads 1:52 a.m. Claire rolls over and opens her eyes.

CLAIRES
Don't those assholes ever sleep?

BEN
It was Michael Bray.

CLAIRES
I don't care who it is. It's the middle of the night. All that money and he can't think of anything better to do than email in the middle of the night? Don't be a pussy and write him back now, either.

INT. RUN-DOWN BAR - NIGHT

Matthews sits in a booth in a sketchy bar, watching the door, nursing a tumbler of whisky. SIMS, early-30s and dirty-looking, walks through the front door, looking around the room. Matthews takes off his cap and waves it, and Sims comes over and sits down.

SIMS
Matthews?

MATTHEWS

Yeah.

SIMS

Heard you need someone.

MATTHEWS

I do. You did time.

SIMS

Robbed a gas station. Got caught.
Ten-year stretch upstate. Never
going back.

MATTHEWS

What'd you do before that?

SIMS

U.S. Marines.

MATTHEWS

How'd you fuck that up?

SIMS

Heroin. That's over. Been clean
eleven years.

MATTHEWS

Okay. Your days robbin' gas
stations are over. This is armored
cars. Steal a car, sit on a
location, take down the messenger,
grab the money, and go.

SIMS

I can do that.

MATTHEWS

These guys don't go down easy.
We're gonna have to kill some of
them.

SIMS

(nods)

When do we go?

MATTHEWS

What are you doing tomorrow at
seven?

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Ben and Claire sit at the dinner table. Ben's head is down while he eats, and Claire is on the phone.

CLAIRe

Yes, dad. Um hmm. Um hmm. Dad, I really need to go. Um hmm. He's right here. Um hmm. I told you, we're eating dinner. Um hmm.

BEN

(holds up his plate)
No hurry. Dinner's over.

Ben goes to the sink and washes his plate.

CLAIRe

Dad? Um hmm. Um hmm. Dad, I have to go. Can you tell me about it tomorrow? Okay. No, I'm listening.

Ben walks out of the kitchen.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Ben sits on the couch, flipping through the channels. Claire walks in, holding her phone.

CLAIRe

You need to be nicer about my dad.

BEN

You think it's coincidence he calls every day at seven and ten? And stop telling him we're eating dinner. It just encourages him.

CLAIRe

What do you want me to do? Not talk to him?

BEN

I just wish he had even the slightest interest in what's going on with us. Everything is upside down and backwards with your family.

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

They've got nothing nice to say to you, but your brother's a different story - the same brother who's been in and out of prison, ripped off everyone in the family for years, and who lives with a hooker - an actual hooker - that your mom says is delightful. That's who they want to spend time with.

Claire looks broken, about to cry.

CLAIRe

You think I don't know this - that I haven't turned it over and over in my mind, for years? What do you think I think about when it's four in the morning and I've been awake for hours? You wonder why someone would put away a bottle of wine every day? You really shouldn't wonder.

BEN

(holds out his arms)
I'm sorry. C'mere.

CLAIRe

(hugs him tight)
I don't mean to be hard. I really don't. But all my life the people who were supposed to love me were the ones who hurt me the most.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

TERRY, 30s and in a First Armored uniform, exits the mall doors and walks quickly toward the armored truck idling at the curb.

A SPORTS SEDAN roars across the parking lot and stops with a SCREECH in front of the truck. The truck horn sounds a loud WHOOP WHOOP. Wearing hose masks, Matthews and Sims leap out, raising their automatic pistols.

Terry claws his pistol out of his holster as Sims fires three shots PAK! PAK! PAK! at him, the bullets smacking into the ground and CLANG! hitting a nearby sign. Terry runs around to the other side of the truck, turns and crouches to look under to see Sims approach, getting ready to shoot him.

Matthews approaches Terry from behind.

MATTHEWS

Hi there.

Terry spins around, and Matthews fires rapid fire PAK! PAK! PAK! PAK! up his middle. Hit in the shoulder and neck, Terry claws at his neck and falls to the ground, dropping his gun. Matthews kicks away the gun.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

You ain't gonna need that. And I'll take that.

(bends down and grabs the money pouch and hefts it)

Heavy. That's a good sign.

Terry is bleeding out fast from his neck wound, and blood pools on the ground around him. Matthews turns and leaves, calling out over his shoulder.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

Got some bad news. You're not gonna make it.

As Matthews jogs toward the getaway car, he grins and reaches up and slaps the brim of his cap around. Sims is behind the wheel when Matthews jumps in, and he throws the car into gear and speeds away in a cloud of tire smoke.

As the truck horn continues to sound, Terry lies on the ground, his eyes open, breathing slowly, then slower, and then he is still.

INT. HOME - DAY

Ben and Claire are in the bathroom. Ben is dressed for the office, slapping on aftershave on his cheeks, while Claire is fussing with her hair. She frowns.

CLAIRe

I look old.

BEN

You look great.

CLAIRe

No one looks at me.

BEN

I look at you. Someday you'll look old, and you'll look just as beautiful then as you do now. I gotta go.

Ben kisses her cheek. Claire cringes, then softens and gives in.

Ben leaves, and Claire continues to stare into the mirror. She tosses her hair and smiles, then frowns again, then puts down the brush and looks down.

INT. - MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

MICHAEL

There was another shooting in
Nashville last night. One dead.

BEN

The same shooter?

MICHAEL

Could be. Two gunmen this time.

BEN

Jesus. What are we gonna do?

MICHAEL

I don't know. But you and Dennis
are going to Nashville in two
hours. The feds are coming to the
branch this afternoon.

INT. NASHVILLE BRANCH - DAY

In Travis' office, Travis, Dennis, Ben and AGENT GAINES, 40s and square-jawed in an F.B.I. jacket, stand next to a small table, watching a laptop screen.

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN

Security camera footage shows Matthews and Sims attack Terry. Terry runs behind the armored car.

BACK TO SCENE

AGENT GAINES

The car was stolen the day before.
We dusted it for prints, but
haven't found anything yet. One of
the two cameras in front of the
store captured some of what
happened.

(MORE)

AGENT GAINES (CONT'D)

The suspects, wearing hose over their faces and gloves, stop in front of the truck, get out, and approach your man from two sides. Because of the masks and gloves, all we can tell is that they're white or Hispanic.

DENNIS

Two of them this time.

AGENT GAINES

That's right. We can't see behind the truck, but witnesses said the suspect from the passenger seat basically executed your man. He grabbed the money bag, got back in the car, and they were gone in less than a minute.

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN

Agent Gaines slows the video and points to Matthews as he runs to the car. Just before he gets in, Matthews flips the brim of his hat to the side.

BACK TO SCENE

AGENT GAINES

This guy. He's the leader. Little guy. Can't be over five five.

BEN

The way he turned his hat.

AGENT GAINES

What did you see?

BEN

The leader, the way he turned his hat. I know him. He worked for us. Matthews. Real asshole. He was mouthing off during the popcorn situation.

AGENT GAINES

Popcorn situation?

TRAVIS

Never mind.

BEN

He made a crack about how we need to be careful or someone could take the money from us, and then he reached up and swatted the brim of his cap around to the side, like he'd really accomplished something.

AGENT GAINES

Does Matthews still work here?

TRAVIS

We fired him that day.

AGENT GAINES

What day?

TRAVIS

Tenth of November.

AGENT GAINES

The day before the first attack. How often do you change your pickup schedules?

DENNIS

Every two months on the first of the month. Did he have access to the route sheets for November and December?

TRAVIS

They're posted in the bay. Anyone can see them.

AGENT GAINES

If it's Matthews, he knows where your trucks are going to be and when for the next five-plus weeks, and he'll likely hit you again.

BEN

Unless we stop him.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Ben, Dennis, Travis, AGENT GAINES climb the outside stairway of a decrepit apartment complex. Ahead of them, guns drawn, are AGENT WALKER and AGENT SIMMONS, both mid-30s, wearing blue F.B.I. jackets. They stop in front of a dirty apartment door, heavily marked with dents from police flashlights. Agent Walker knocks loudly.

AGENT WALKER
F.B.I.! Search warrant! Open the door!

JENNI, 40s, opens the door. She's rough. Booze and drugs have done their work.

AGENT WALKER (CONT'D)
Where is James Michael Matthews?

JENNI
He's not here.

Agent Walker and Agent Simmons push past her and go inside.

AGENT GAINES
We have a search warrant.

Agent Gaines hands her a copy of the warrant. She wads it up and tosses it aside.

JENNI
So you said. He's not here. He took off a few days ago with a bunch of cash, and I haven't seen him since. Come in if you're comin' in.

AGENT GAINES
Thank you.

INT. MATTHEWS' APARTMENT - DAY

Ben, Dennis, Travis, and Agent Gaines enter the front room of a cramped one-bedroom apartment.

AGENT GAINES
Do you know your husband's whereabouts for the past few weeks?

Jenni rubs the makeup away from her left cheek and eye, revealing a huge black and blue bruise.

JENNI
Think I need another one of these on the right side, to balance things out? He's gone a lot, keeps weird hours. These days, I don't ask a lot of questions.

AGENT GAINES
I hear you, miz Matthews. Can you think of where we might find him?

JENNI
Somewhere where there's speed and
whores. He's not that imaginative.

Agent Simmons calls out from the bedroom.

AGENT WALKER (O.S.)
Got something here.

AGENT GAINES
Please excuse me.
(walks toward bedroom)

Jenni turns to Ben, Travis and Dennis.

JENNI
So who are you guys?

Agent Gaines walks into the bedroom to see dresser drawers opened and emptied into neat piles on the bed. Agent Simmons is looking through a small closet, and Agent Walker points to an open duffel bag on the bed partially filled with cash.

AGENT WALKER
That's some of it.

AGENT GAINES
Good job. Simmons, see anything?

AGENT SIMMONS
(shakes his head)
I was hoping he'd left his weapons,
but he probably has them with him.
(holds up a small plastic
bag)
Found the end flap to a box of
seven-point-six-two ammo in the
trash.

AGENT GAINES
(looks at the bag)
Those could make it through these
guys' vests.

AGENT SIMMONS
Especially at close range.

Agent Gaines, Agent Simmons, and Agent Walker walk back into the front room.

JENNI
Did he do it? Did he kill those
men?

AGENT GAINES
We think he did.

JENNI
Then you do the world a solid. When
you find him, you take him down.
Don't let him come back here.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Ben and Claire are on the couch. Claire has passed out with her head in Ben's lap. The TV drones in the background. An empty bottle of wine is on the coffee table next to a single, mostly empty wine glass.

Ben is staring off into space. He squirms to get up, and Claire stirs.

BEN
I gotta go to bed.

CLAIRE
I don't want to go. I want to stay
right here.

BEN
I gotta get up early.

CLAIRE
Just ten more minutes. I like you
holding me.

Ben squeezes her and leans down to put his nose in her hair.

BEN
I like holding you, too.

CLAIRE
I love my honey.

BEN
I love you, too. I really do.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Ben and Sondra sit at a table in an upscale restaurant. Ben, uncomfortable, looks around at the other tables, where WELL-DRESSED DINERS are eating lunch.

BEN
This is a little over the top for
lunch.

SONDRA

It's my treat. I wanted to talk to you about something.

BEN

What about? Everything okay at the office?

SONDRA

It's not about the office. It's about you and me.

BEN

I don't understand.

SONDRA

I see the way you look at me in meetings, when I'm walking up the hall.

BEN

I shouldn't.

SONDRA

It's okay.

BEN

I'm sorry...

SONDRA

Don't be.

BEN

...if it makes you uncomfortable.

SONDRA

It doesn't.

BEN

I love Claire.

SONDRA

That doesn't have to change.

BEN

It can't change. That's what I need you to understand. Half the conversations we have after seven at night she doesn't remember in the morning, but she's my wife. She always will be.

SONDRA

(puts her hands on the
table close to Ben)

I'm not asking to be your wife. I
just want this, and more than this.
Not all the time, but when you can.
I know you've thought about being
with me.

BEN

(takes her hand)

You're lovely, so much so that
sometimes it's hard to talk to you.
And I'm sorry, I really am. I
think...I think we don't get to
have lunch together anymore.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Ben, Michael, Chris, Bill and Linda sit at one end of the boardroom table, all flipping through a printed presentation.

MICHAEL

Chris, take us through this.

CHRIS

We've limped along for the past
five quarters, but the turnaround
isn't happening at the pace we need
to create the right numbers for
stakeholders, so we'll have a
reduction in force on January
ninth.

BILL

Happy new year.

MICHAEL

That's the kind of attitude we
don't need.

CHRIS

We're moving from four regions to
three and restructuring at the
corporate level. If you're here in
the room, you'll be here when the
dust settles, but some people close
to us will transition out of the
organization. Let's get started.

MICHAEL

Everyone's gonna get a haircut. The goal is to cut costs by five percent every quarter. That may go up.

CHRIS

If you look on page two you can see the positions affected across the southeast region.

BEN

You mean the people affected.

BILL

What's the total number of positions?

CHRIS

About three-hundred and sixty in the corporate office and the field.

BILL

About five percent of our total workforce.

CHRIS

Page fifteen is for this building. The orange boxes represent the positions...the people who will be leaving the company.

Everyone flips to page 15.

INSERT - PAGE

On the page titled "Headquarters" is a large organization chart with "Director, Organizational Development" in one of several small orange boxes.

BACK TO SCENE

BEN

Where are the names?

CHRIS

What?

BEN

The boxes represent positions, and there are people in those positions. Where are their names?

CHRIS

We didn't want to burden everyone
with the names.

BEN

I hear you, but it's pretty obvious
looking at the job roles who's
going away.

(pokes the page with his
finger)

We only have one senior account
exec for money processing.

BILL

Ed Hollandsworth.

BEN

Who I heard negotiated the deal to
install cash recyclers in almost
two hundred big box stores last
year.

CHRIS

Make your point.

BEN

I'm not trying to break your balls.
I'm just saying this guy really
came through for us, and it wasn't
that long ago. If my job ever shows
up in an orange box, I hope
somebody puts my name on it.

INT. HOME - DAY

Ben is sitting at the kitchen table drinking coffee and
Claire walks in, looks over at him, then gets a cup from the
counter and starts to pour herself some coffee.

BEN

Morning. I came in late last night
and you were asleep on the couch.

CLAIRE

Am I in trouble for passing out
again?

BEN

That's not what this is about.

CLAIRE

What is it then?

BEN

The house was quiet, so quiet there was a buzz in the air. I stood there for...for a long time, watching you sleep, and it reminded me of something.

CLAIRe

What?

BEN

It reminded me of everything. Why don't you come here for a second?

CLAIRe

Where?

BEN

Here. Right here.

Claire comes to Ben and he wraps his arms around her.

BEN (CONT'D)

That's not so bad, is it?

CLAIRe

(grinning)

No, it's not so bad. Don't you have to go to work or something?

BEN

I'm gonna be late today. What are you doing for the next hour?

CLAIRe

Hour? That's pretty optimistic.

BEN

I'm always optimistic.

They break the embrace and Ben leads Claire to the bedroom.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Ben sits at the kitchen table, drumming his fingers. He looks at the clock on the stove, which reads 8:30. His expression ranges from annoyance to uncertainty to worry. He picks up his phone and taps, putting it on speaker. It rings twice and goes to voicemail.

CLAIRe (O.S.)

Hey, it's Claire. If you're hearing this, I'm busy, but I'll call you back soon, unless you're trying to sell me something.

BEN

Hi, hon. It's me, giving you another call. It's eight-thirty. I'm hoping you're okay.

Ben hangs up and leans on the kitchen counter, then looks in the refrigerator. He closes the refrigerator door and looks at the clock again, which reads 8:32, then sits down at the kitchen table. He picks up his cell phone and dials a number.

BEN (CONT'D)

Hi, Laura. It's Ben. Yeah? Good. No, I'm doing fine. Have you heard from Claire? No. I talked to her about five, but that's it. Yeah, I left her a message. Okay. Well, if you hear from her, please ask her to call me.

Ben puts the phone down and sits. He hears the sound of a key in a lock. Claire comes in and walks into the kitchen, putting her purse and keys on the table.

BEN (CONT'D)

Hi.

CLAIRe

Sorry I didn't call. My phone's been off for awhile.

BEN

Where have you been?

CLAIRe

Out. Don't worry. I was fine. It was kind of a sudden thing.

BEN

Have you been drinking?

CLAIRe

Do I look like I've been drinking?

Ben looks her up and down. He shakes his head.

BEN

No, you don't.

CLAIRe
I was in a meeting.

BEN
What kind of meeting?

CLAIRe
The kind I probably should have
gone to a long time ago.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Ben and Claire sit together on the couch.

BEN
So, these people, you just tell
them about yourself, about us?

CLAIRe
For the past five years you've been
after me to get help for my
drinking. Now I am. So while I'm
doing this, I'm gonna ask you to
mind your own fucking business for
awhile. If I go wheels off, and I
might, give me a nudge. Otherwise,
stay out of it. Can you do that?

Ben looks away, his eyes playing across the room at the
things they've surrounded themselves with: the television,
the furniture, the fire pit on the porch where the fire is
dying. He turns back to Claire and nods.

BEN
I can do that.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

TIM, mid-40s and smartly dressed, walks into a busy morning
coffee shop to see Ben standing in line, scrolling through
emails on his phone.

TIM
Ben!

BEN
(turns around)
Hey! Thought you lived in San
Francisco.

TIM

Here today and tomorrow on
business.

BEN

What are you doing these days?

TIM

Consulting. Finance.

BEN

Who for?

TIM

My own company. Just got back from
St. Petersburg. Before that it was
two weeks in Mauritius. That was
vacation. What about you?

BEN

Corporate communications for First
Armored. Real shit storm. It's
layoff after layoff, and the people
left behind work harder than ever.
My job's to make it sound like it's
good for everyone.

TIM

And they suck you dry and then cast
aside your used husk when they're
done. I don't know why you're not
doing your own thing. Do you like
it?

BEN

On a good day, I work my ass off.
On a bad day, I see someone die.
You ever see someone die?

TIM

No. No, I haven't.

INT. PARKED SUV - DAY

Matthews sits in the front seat, a scowl on his face. Sims is
in the passenger seat.

SIMS

He said he'd be here.

MATTHEWS

He isn't here. One more minute, I'm
gone.

SIMS
Here he is.

Powell, 30s and steely eyed, gets into the back seat.

POWELL
Hello, Mr. Matthews. I'm Powell.
(extends his hand)

MATTHEWS
I don't wanna shake your fucking hand. Never be late again. Got me?

POWELL
I understand. Never again.

MATTHEWS
You're here because Sims says you're solid and you're good under fire.

POWELL
Two tours in Afghanistan. Expert badges for rifle and pistol.

MATTHEWS
Congratulations. Did you fight, or were you digging latrines or otherwise not doing shit?

POWELL
Eight firefights, twelve confirmed kills. Six more off the books.

MATTHEWS
We'll see. Get your orders from Sims here. Be ready in two days.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - DAY - TRACKING

Norris walks Sondra out. Her eyes are red from crying. She walks head up, carrying a box, holding it together.

They walk past Chris's office, where Chris stands by the window, talking on the phone. Bill sits at his desk and looks down as they pass. They pass Michael's office, where the door is closed. Linda looks up and purses her lips, clearly sad.

As they pass Ben's office, Ben walks out into the hallway and almost runs into Sondra.

SONDRA
Hi there.

BEN

Hi there.

Ben takes the box from her hands, puts it on the floor, and hugs her. She wraps her arms around him and squeezes him tightly.

SONDRA

They're gonna talk.

BEN

Let 'em talk.

Sondra softly kisses his cheek and breaks the embrace. She and Ben regard each other for a moment. Ben picks up the box.

BEN (CONT'D)

You need help with this?

SONDRA

(takes the box)

I'll be fine. Take care of yourself.

BEN

You too.

Sondra and Norris walk away, and Ben watches them go.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRANCH - DAY

Outside the Brooklyn branch, dozens of FIRST ARMORED EMPLOYEES, many in uniform, walk a picket line, waving signs at every truck going in and out that read "Fair Wages", "Poor Pay is Not Okay" and others.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Ben sits with Bill in the busy break room, nearly filled with EMPLOYEES talking and eating lunch. Cell phones start ringing, and Employees answer them one by one. Across the room, Chris answers his, then gets up and leaves. Bill's phone rings, and he answers it.

BILL

Bill Girard. You're kidding. When?

Okay, I'm on it.

(hangs up)

BEN

What's up?

BILL

Walkout in Brooklyn. By tomorrow, probably half of the employees'll be on the picket line.

BEN

What are you gonna do?

BILL

I'm on a plane first thing in the morning. Pretty sure you are, too. Get with Michael.

BEN

Where is he?

BILL

Probably in his office, on the phone with the board.

BEN

What happens now?

BILL

Now our jobs really get interesting.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Ben sits in front of Michael at his desk.

MICHAEL

Brooklyn adds roughly twelve million to our bottom line, and we need them to go back to work. We're flying out tomorrow afternoon, and I'll be in front of the whole branch the next morning. No videos, no lights, no music, no teleprompter. Just me standing on the edge of the loading dock in the truck bay talking to a couple hundred hard-working, mostly pissed off people - the ones who aren't walking the picket lines. I need a podium and a microphone, and I need to know what to say. If we fail, we're all looking for work this time next year.

INT. RUN-DOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Matthews stands with Sims and Powell in a dirty apartment. On a table, covered with a sheet, are three AKs, six 40-round magazines, and three mag vests.

MATTHEWS

We got some new toys. A.K.s.

SIMS

These are Chinese.

MATTHEWS

Don't be an asshole. They work just as good as the Russian guns.

POWELL

And they're a lot cheaper. Forty-round mags.

MATTHEWS

You might need the ten extra rounds.

Powell picks up an AK and a magazine, quickly seats the mag, slaps it, and works the bolt.

POWELL

These are good. When do we use 'em?

MATTHEWS

Tomorrow.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Ben, Michael, Bill and Chris, all pulling suitcases behind them, walk toward the elevators in a mid-tier hotel lobby. The door opens and they get in.

BILL

The branch is ten minutes away by cab. Traffic's not bad if we go early. I want to be there well before the first trucks leave. That's about five. That time okay for you, Michael?

MICHAEL

Fine. Ben, bring two copies of my speech.

BEN

Got it. Have a few tweaks to make.
Everyone's going to be in the bay
at six a.m. sharp.

The elevator door opens and Michael, Bill and Chris get out.

MICHAEL

See you all in the morning. Get as
much sleep as you can.

BEN

I'm one floor up.

The elevator door closes. Ben's phone beeps and he sees he
has a text.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN

that reads "Meet me at Rudy's on Flatbush at 10. I appreciate
it. Mercer."

INT. RUDY'S BAR - NIGHT

Ben opens the door of a blue collar bar and walks inside.
Although dressed down in jeans and a polo shirt, he still
looks out of place.

BAR PATRONS, most of them in work shirts and various kinds of
uniforms, as if they had come straight from work, look up at
Ben as he walks by.

Ben sees Mercer sitting alone at a small table and joins him.

MERCER

Glad you could make it.

BEN

Sure.

MERCER

You're not still on the clock are
you?

BEN

No.

MERCER

Glad to hear it. What are you
drinking?

BEN

Beer. Whatever's local that's decent.

MERCER

Everyone in here's drinking Sam's. Cheap and it does the job.

BEN

Sounds good.

MERCER

All right. I'll be back.

BEN

They don't have somebody getting drinks?

MERCER

They had somebody, but she's dead.

BEN

It's that bad a place?

MERCER

Don't be an idiot. Died of cancer. Owner's sister's been helping out, but she's got a newborn, and that don't mix with bar hours.

Mercer walks off, and Ben pulls out his phone and scrolls quickly past at least a dozen unread emails. Mercer comes back and puts down two bottles of beer, and Ben puts his phone away.

MERCER (CONT'D)

There ya go. I got this round. You get the next one.

(takes a long pull from his beer)

BEN

So we're drinking, are we?

MERCER

We're just having some beers. Trust me, around here this ain't drinking. Gotta ask you something. What do you see in here?

BEN

People. Working-class people.

MERCER

Everybody in here, they don't analyze how people work for a living, or write about people working for a living, or figure out new ways to get people to work harder for a living. They're just working. Alternating shifts, double shifts, swing shifts, grabbing overtime when they can. They're never gonna do half of what you're gonna do, and they can't stop to think about it, because they don't have the time. The hard part of it ain't the stress, and it's not the pay, because most of us can get by on that, maybe send a kid to local college, maybe even put a little away. And it ain't the deductible getting a little higher every year. I'll tell you the hard thing: it's hope. Hope that someday it's gonna get better. But it's gonna keep getting tighter and tighter, because in our business you got four big companies and a dozen smaller companies all clawing for the same ground. Their guys are just as committed as our guys, and most of 'em want the same thing: to be off the truck, to go into an office where they don't have to wear a vest and a gun and worry about some lowlife walking up behind 'em and putting a bullet in their brain for a bag of cash that some bank or convenience store chain is just gonna write off. And how you write about that and make it sound like it's something a guy like me's gonna wanna do until I can't do it no more, I gotta tell ya, that's a real fuckin' mystery.

Ben looks hard at Mercer, picks up his beer and drains it in one long pull, then puts the bottle on the table and stands.

BEN

Thanks for the beer, but I gotta go. Sorry if it seems like I'm being an asshole, but I promise you I'm not. You reminded me of some things. I'll see you tomorrow morning.

INT. BEN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ben looks out the window at the night sky, closes the curtains, and sits down at the desk. He opens a blank document on his laptop, cracks his knuckles, and starts to type.

INT. BEN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ben stops typing, rubs his neck, and stretches, then begins typing again.

INT. BEN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Ben gets up from the desk, opens the curtains, and sees the first light of dawn on the horizon.

INT. BROOKLYN BRANCH - DAY

Ben walks into the truck bay, where Michael is pacing on the loading bay platform while the BRANCH EMPLOYEES file in.

MICHAEL

Where have you been?

BEN

Had to finish this.

Ben hands Michael a single page. Michael scans it and flips it around to look at the back, which is blank.

MICHAEL

This isn't what I asked for.

BEN

It's what you should have asked for.

MICHAEL

Where's the rest of it?

BEN

That's it. Just read it.

MICHAEL

After this, you and I are going to talk.

BEN

That's fine. Right now, you have a speech to give.

Michael looks down at the page in his hand, then up at the sea of Branch Employees, all with their eyes on him. He sees Ben at the back of the room and their eyes meet. Ben nods. Michael clears his throat and raises the microphone.

MICHAEL

My name is Michael Bray. I'm the chief executive officer of First Armored. I'm here today to tell you...that I'm sorry. We do a lot of things right at this company, but sometimes we fall short.

INT. BROOKLYN BRANCH - DAY - TRACKING

Ben turns and walks away from the truck bay. He passes various UNIFORMED EMPLOYEES in the hallway and continues past the weapons window, where a WEAPONS OFFICER, 40s, hands a GUARD, 30s, a shotgun and a box of shells.

INTERCUT - MICHAEL/BEN - TRACKING

MICHAEL

We put profits over people. That's what companies do, but it doesn't make it right. We bought beautiful, expensive trucks, but we let them rust and fall apart. We bought top-of-the-line office furniture, but bullet resistant vests that just meet the specs. We hire expensive S.V.P.s with M.B.A.s, but we can't help you get your G.E.D.

Ben pauses by the exit door, where a UNIFORMED EMPLOYEE, 30s, signs in on a clipboard. The DOOR GUARD, 30s, eyes Ben from his glassed-in booth, nods, a buzzer sounds, and the lock clicks loudly. Ben opens the door and walks out into the bright sunlight.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We tell you to treat one another with dignity and respect, but when the margins aren't where they need to be, some of you have to go, and dignity be damned. Twenty years ago we called it layoffs, then we called it reductions in force, and now it's right-sizing the business.

Ben walks across the parking lot, armored trucks passing him on their way out of the lot.

The gate opens to let the trucks out, and Ben follows the last truck, passing by two UNIFORMED GUARDS, both 30s, with shotguns guarding the gate. He walks toward a large group of PICKETERS waving signs that read "Fair Wages", "Poor Pay is Not Okay," etc.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

There are people on the other side of the fence. They're angry, and I know some of you are angry, too. You've guarded them with your lives, and they have guarded you with theirs, and we'll do whatever we can to get them back on this side of the fence.

Ben nudges his way through the crowd, which parts easily for him. Ben sees Mercer walking the picket line. Mercer smiles and steps out of line. They shake hands, and Mercer claps him on the shoulder before rejoining the line.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Things have to change, and they start changing now. We're here before the sun comes up, we head home under the stars, and our dreams get farther away as we drive down broken streets, hoping the vests hold our kidneys in. I don't know what tomorrow will bring. I only know what we can do today. Most of the time you don't see much of me, but I'm here now, and I'll work with you until we figure this out.

Michael looks out at the Branch Employees who, one by one, begin to applaud.

INT. FIRST ARMORED TRUCK - DAY - DRIVING

JEFFERS, 30s, is driving, and CANTU, 30s, sits in the passenger seat as the truck pulls into a bank parking lot, parking in front.

CANTU

I'll be right back, and do me a favor.

JEFFERS

What?

CANTU

Try to stay off your fucking phone
for a few minutes. Text your momma
when we're at lunch.

JEFFERS

Fuck you.

CANTU

Seriously. Stay sharp.

Cantu gets out and slams the door. Jeffers immediately pulls his phone from his pocket and starts texting.

INT. MINIVAN – DAY

Matthews, Sims and Powell sit across the street from the bank in a minivan, eying the back of the First Armored truck. Sims is behind the wheel, and all have hose caps on their heads and their AKs in their laps.

MATTHEWS

That'll be Jeffers and Cantu.
They're dipshits, but Cantu's a
good shot. Don't let him get his
gun out.

SIMS

Okay.

POWELL

Got it.

MATTHEWS

Pull up behind the truck on the
passenger side. Stay out of the
driver's side mirror. Masks on.

(they pull down the hose)
Lock and load. Fingers off the
trigger.

All three rack the slides on their guns.

SIMS

Here we go.

Sims pulls the car across the street and slides in behind the truck as Cantu exits the bank holding two large money bags, a FEMALE CUSTOMER, 30s, behind him.

MATTHEWS

Go! Go! Go!

EXT. BANK PARKING LOT - DAY

Matthews, Sims, and Powell leap from the minivan and sprint toward Cantu, who drops the money bags and reaches for his weapon.

Powell plants himself at the rear of the truck, covering the driver's door, while Matthews and Sims open fire on Cantu. BRAAP! BRAAP! BRAAP! The bank's glass windows behind Cantu implode with a WHOOSH and, riddled with bullets, Cantu falls to the ground, clearly dead, while the Female Customer turns and runs back toward the bank.

INT. FIRST ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

JEFFERS hears the gunfire and drops his phone, looking out the window to see Cantu gunned down.

JEFFERS
SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!

He slaps the truck horn and the deafening WHOOP WHOOP sounds.

EXT. BANK PARKING LOT - DAY

Sims slings his weapon over his shoulder and grabs the money bags, while Matthews covers him. They dash to the minivan and jump in. Powell catches Jeffers' eye in the driver's side mirror, flips him off, jumps into the minivan, and they're gone.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

The Female Customer stumbles into the bank as BANK EMPLOYEES begin to get up from the floor and emerge from hiding. The Female Customer struggles to speak, her hand over a gushing chest wound.

FEMALE CUSTOMER
Heh. Heh. Help me.

She coughs up blood and pitches forward to the floor as Bank Employees gather around her.

INT. BEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Ben is sitting at his desk. He gets up and closes his office door, picks up his phone and punches a number. Tim picks up.

TIM (O.S.)

Hey, how are you?

BEN

Good. I've been thinking about what you said. I think you need to add another dimension to your business. Corporate communications.

TIM (O.S.)

What about First Armored? You said they really like you there.

BEN

It's not them. It's me. I tell myself this is what I want to do, that because I can do it, I should do it. But sometimes I feel like...I feel like I'm losing my life.

TIM (O.S.)

What are you thinking?

BEN

Internal communications to employees and external communications to customers, potential customers, and the media. Executive messages, speeches, social media and online reputation management, and all the analytics to go with it.

TIM (O.S.)

What would it take to do that? How many people do you need on your team?

BEN

I can do it. We sell everything à la carte, or I train companies to build their teams and do it themselves. It's all billed hourly or on retainer.

TIM (O.S.)

I'll be in Dallas in two weeks. We need a full day. No interruptions. Take a vacation day or call in sick. You ready for this?

BEN

No, but I will be. See you in two weeks.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Matthews stands with Sims and Powell in a dirty room of an abandoned warehouse. On a table are three burner phones, five AKs, fifteen 100-round drum mags, and cloth mag pouches.

MATTHEWS

Take a phone, and drop your old one down a hole.

Sims and Powell both grab a phone.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

Need you guys to be on your game from now on. No room for mistakes. Clear?

SIMS

Got it.

POWELL

Understood.

MATTHEWS

Hundred round drum mags, so if we get in the shit you won't run outta bullets and be standing there holding your dick. Everyone gets three. One in the gun, and two in these pouches. Worst case, you also have your forty-round mags in your vest.

POWELL

Lot of firepower.

MATTHEWS

You'll need it. Taking down something big this time.

SIMS

What's the target?

MATTHEWS

Big box store. They'll be moving two to three million in paper. We're gonna need to steal some trucks. And we need two more guys.

SIMS

I know some guys.

MATTHEWS

Not talking to you.

POWELL

I know two guys. They're solid.
(picks up an AK)
And they know how to use these.
When do we go?

MATTHEWS

Three days. Black Friday.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Ben opens the door and walks in to see Michael on the phone. Michael waves his hand for Ben to close the door behind him. Ben shuts the door, sits down at the conference table, and gets ready to take notes.

MICHAEL

Law enforcement is doing everything they can. Do a morning meeting every day and be there when they come in. They need to see you. Keep talking to them, and keep those trucks rolling. Three-man crews aren't the answer. We can't afford it. Ben and Dennis'll be there. Gotta go.

Michael hangs up.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Come over here and sit down.

Ben gets up and sits down in front of Michael's desk.

BEN

I'm going back to Nashville? On Thanksgiving?

MICHAEL

The day after. You and Dennis. Take the red eye so you're first in the branch on Friday.

BEN

Why me?

MICHAEL

Because they're scared. If I wanted to fire a bunch of them, I'd send Chris. If I wanted someone to yell at them, I'd send Bill. I need them to calm down and stay focused. That's you. And you've had firearms training. Dennis says you can handle yourself.

BEN

Is that what he says?

MICHAEL

No. He says you're a killer.

INT. HOME - DAY

The table holds the aftermath of a Thanksgiving dinner: half-empty serving plates with sides and sauces, a mostly-eaten turkey on a platter and two half-eaten pies. The sink is filled with plates and silverware.

Ben and Claire sit next to each other on the couch. BARRY and MARGARET, both mid-60s, sit in a chair. While Claire and Barry watch a football game on television, while Margaret knits a small cap.

CLAIRe

Who's that for?

MARGARET

Your cousin.

CLAIRe

Which one?

MARGARET

The little one.

Margaret smiles, and Claire smiles and shakes her head. Ben stares off into space.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY - TRACKING

Ben walks around the other side of a First Armored truck and sees Aaron lying face down in the street. He's been shot in the head and neck and is clearly dead, a large puddle of drying blood congealing on the pavement. A Police Photographer takes pictures while other Officers busy themselves.

A cell phone begins to ring, playing a POP SONG SAMPLE. Ben stares down at Aaron as the sample continues to play.

CLAIRe (O.S.)
Ben.

Ben looks around at the Officers walking around him.

CLAIRe (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ben!

INT. HOME - DAY

Ben looks around the room to see everyone looking at him.

BEN
What?

CLAIRe
My dad was talking to you.

BEN
I'm sorry. What did you say?

BARRY
I said be careful tomorrow.

INT. HOME - DAY

Ben and Claire are in the foyer, Ben's suitcase by the door.

BEN
I'll be careful.

CLAIRe
Don't let them put you on a truck.
I can lose a lot of things and be
okay, but I can't lose you.

Ben wraps his arms around her.

BEN
You won't. And I don't take it for
granted. Here, now, this time with
you. Eye of the hurricane, pause in
infinity. It's important to me.
It's the most important thing there
is.

Claire grits her teeth as a tear inches its way down her cheek.

CLAIRE

Don't make those your last words to
me.

INT. NASHVILLE BRANCH - DAY

Ben, Dennis, and Travis are sipping coffee in Travis's office.

TRAVIS

I'm not a complicated man. On a good night I get to have a couple of beers and lift the hemline of a skirt. So I'm not real sure how to handle this. Until law enforcement finds these guys, my guys are scared, and I'm scared for 'em.

BEN

What are you doing?

TRAVIS

Two-man crews are what's in my budget. But I'm not leaving my guys hanging, so I'm gonna run three-man crews on big-money routes. So I go over my numbers next month. If corporate wants to slap me, that's fine. But I'm not going to take a chance on losing people. I'm still short on a couple of trucks, though. Can you carry a weapon?

BEN

Yeah. Went through the training class and everything.

TRAVIS

How'd you do?

BEN

Killed the bad guys.

TRAVIS

Outstanding.

BEN

And shot a guy with a cell phone.

Travis shakes his head.

DENNIS

He can back me up any day.

TRAVIS

How long are you guys gonna be
here?

DENNIS

Long as it takes.

TRAVIS

Can I put you on a truck today?

DENNIS

Yep.

BEN

On one condition.

TRAVIS

What's that?

BEN

You don't tell my wife.

TRAVIS

Deal. One more thing.

BEN

What's that?

TRAVIS

It's no simulator out there. I want
everybody coming home standing up.

INT. NASHVILLE BRANCH — DAY

Travis stands next to the truck, introducing Ben to Martinez
and ELLIS, a wiry, shaved-headed black man in his early 50s.

TRAVIS

It's Black Friday, which always
brings out a special kind of crazy
in people. Ben Washburn here is
from corporate. Maybe you saw him
the last time he was here.

MARTINEZ

To take away the popcorn machine.

TRAVIS

That's right, but today he's here
to protect your ass. Ben, I want
you to meet Martinez, and Ellis.

BEN
Good to meet you guys.

MARTINEZ
Good meeting you, too.

Martinez shakes hands with Ben. Ellis just nods politely.

ELLIS
Hi.

MARTINEZ
He's kind of shy.

ELLIS
Your wife don't think so.

TRAVIS
Play nice in front of the man.
Let's have a safe drive today, and
don't take him by that gas station
that serves the tacos.

MARTINEZ
You serious?

ELLIS
Knew this was gonna be a bad day.
(shakes his head)
Ben, you gonna be missing out.

MARTINEZ
Load up. Company man, suit up and
get you a vest and a weapon. We'll
see you on the truck.

BEN
Which truck?

ELLIS
The one with the missing paint.

MARTINEZ
Here we go.

ELLIS
Guess that don't help. Also got
bald tires.

MARTINEZ
Still gonna have to narrow it down.

ELLIS
And real bad steering.

MARTINEZ

Even with all that, you know it could still be one of half a dozen trucks.

TRAVIS

You guys are real comedians. Truck fifty-three. Ben, get your stuff.

INT. NASHVILLE BRANCH — DAY

Ben stands at the weapons window while MORTON, 50s and weathered, hands Ben his equipment one piece at a time, laying it on the counter between them.

MORTON

One bullet resistant vest. Put it on in the locker room, and ask someone to help if you need to. Not too tight. It needs to be comfortable when you're sitting down.

BEN

(lays it on the counter)
Got it.

MORTON

Belt and holster.

BEN

(puts on the belt and buckles it)

All right.

MORTON

Forty caliber automatic. Check the chamber.

BEN

(racks the slide and makes sure it's unloaded)

The weapon is clear.

MORTON

Here's three full magazines.

BEN

(shoves them into the mag holders on his belt)

Got 'em.

MORTON
You're all set. Stay safe.

BEN
That's the plan.

MERCER (O.S.)
Hey buddy.

Ben turns to see Mercer.

BEN
(totally surprised)
What are you doing here?

MERCER
They flew me in to watch your ass
for the next few days.

BEN
Who flew you in?

MERCER
Big man himself.

BEN
Michael?

Mercer nods.

MERCER
Our first stop's a warehouse store.
We're picking up as much as three
million in cash and coin. If
there's a truck that's gonna get
hit today, we're on it.

INT. FIRST ARMORED TRUCK - DAY - DRIVING

Ben sits in the passenger seat as Martinez drives. Ellis and Mercer sit in the back. Martinez honks and waves at a bright white G. Nine armored truck driving in the other direction. The G. Nine truck honks back.

BEN
What did you do that for?

MARTINEZ
'Cause they're grunts just like us,
getting paid twelve bucks an hour,
trying to stay alive. Get ready.
Pulling into the Big S. parking
lot.

(MORE)

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

They got two banks - cash up front and coin in the back. Long stop. Don't like long stops. Ellis and Mercer, watch yourselves. Mister Washburn, keep your eyes open. We aren't the only guys who know this place has two banks.

MERCER

How long are we usually here?

MARTINEZ

Way too long. Never been out of here in under eight minutes. Got one manager who knows his shit, the other one's as slow as Christmas. Been here as long as twenty minutes during the holiday season. Anything can happen in twenty minutes.

MERCER

Goddammit.

ELLIS

You said it. Let's go.

Ellis unlatches the side door and swings it open. Sunlight floods the back of the truck.

INT. BIG S. WAREHOUSE STORE - DAY

Ellis and Mercer stride into the front of a big box store. VARIOUS CUSTOMERS stream in and out of the doors behind them. Ellis looks around and sees Sims, in a dirty jacket and jeans, standing near a customer service counter. Ellis thumbs his shoulder mic.

ELLIS

I don't like the look of a guy in here. Male white, early thirties, greasy brown hair, faded jeans and a cheap tan jacket.

Ellis and Mercer walk up to ANNE, early-20s, who is setting up her cash drawer.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

Is the manager available?

ANNE

He's in the back. Hang on.
(picks up her intercom and
punches a couple of
numbers)

Manager needed up front for pickup.
Manager up front for pickup.

INT. FIRST ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

Martinez and Ben scan the parking lot. Two large, unmarked white panel trucks enter the far side of the parking lot and park next to one another. Martinez picks up his shoulder mic and thumbs the talk button.

MARTINEZ

I got two white panel trucks on the
far side of the lot. I don't like
'em. Wrap it up.

INT. BIG S. WAREHOUSE STORE - DAY

Ellis and Mercer stride toward the front doors, Mercer pushing a cart loaded down with oversized bags of cash. Ellis has his hand on his holstered gun. Both whip their heads back and forth, alert for threats.

INT. FIRST ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

Ben opens the side truck door from the inside, and Ellis and Mercer toss the bags of cash into the truck, scooting them across the floor.

MARTINEZ

Where's the coin?

ELLIS

Doing coin on the second trip.

MARTINEZ

How'd he do?

ELLIS

Mercer? He's all right. What about
those trucks?

MARTINEZ

Nothing so far, but I don't like
'em.

ELLIS

Me, either. Going back for the coin. Shouldn't be too much today. One trip with the cart. Let's go.

Ellis and Mercer turn toward the store, and Ben slams the door shut.

INT. BIG S. WAREHOUSE STORE - DAY

Ellis and Mercer stride in pulling the cart. Ellis approaches Anne, who is handing an OLD MAN, 60s, two small plastic bags of groceries.

ANNE

Need any help out today?

OLD MAN

(turning to leave)

No, I got it. Thanks.

ELLIS

Hi again. Need to get the coin.

ANNE

(looking around)

Did he know you were coming back?

ELLIS

Same routine, twice a week.

ANNE

(picks up her intercom and punches a couple of numbers)

Manager needed up front for pickup.
Last call. That oughta wake him up.

ELLIS

Thanks.

Sims, now over by a change-sorting machine, pulls a cell phone from his pocket, presses a key and holds it to his ear as he turns away.

INT. FIRST ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

As Martinez watches, the two panel trucks lurch forward, roaring across the parking lot straight for the armored car.

MARTINEZ

Dammit!

Martinez grabs the radio microphone and thumbs the talk button.

BEN
What's going on?

MARTINEZ
Ellis, those trucks are about to hit us. I don't know what's inside, but get your ass ready.

INT. BIG S. WAREHOUSE STORE - DAY

Ellis and Mercer are still standing next to Anne.

ELLIS
You hear that?

ANNE
Yeah.

ELLIS
I don't know what's gonna happen, but you better find some cover.

INT. FIRST ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

Martinez slaps a button on the dashboard, and the truck's siren begins a loud WHOOP WHOOP. He grabs the steering wheel tight as the panel trucks close in.

MARTINEZ
Hold on, and get ready to use your weapon.

BEN
(grabs a handheld)
Ready.

MARTINEZ
Gun ports all around. You get a shot, shove your pistol through a port and take your shot. And be careful. Lot of people in that store about to be running around scared outta their damn minds.

The panel trucks split apart and then ram the armored truck from the front and rear, pinning it in place.

INT. BIG S. WAREHOUSE STORE - DAY

Sims pulls out a pistol and turns toward Ellis and Mercer. Anne screams and ducks behind her counter, and Ellis spins to face Sims, drawing his pistol.

ELLIS

Gun!

CUSTOMERS scream and scatter, running for the front of the store. PAK! PAK! Mercer shoots Sims in the neck and head. Sims drops to the floor, dead. Mercer and Ellis scan the room.

MERCER

Any others?

ELLIS

I don't think so.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Robber Two and Robber Three leap from the front truck, and Powell and Matthews jump from the truck to the rear. All are fully outfitted in black tactical gear and carrying AK-47s with large drum magazines.

Robber Two and Robber Three fire full-auto bursts BRAAAAP! at the driver's side of the truck. Powell moves to the passenger side and BRAAAAP! opens up on that side. Robber Two sprays bullets at the windshield, BRAAAAP! BRAAAAP! which begins to star.

Matthews sprints toward the door of the store.

INT. FIRST ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

Inside the truck, the CLANG-CLANG-CLANG of the bullets hitting the truck armor is deafening, and Martinez shouts to be heard.

MARTINEZ

Central, this is truck five three. We're under attack by four assailants. Send tactical. All are armed with fully automatic A.K. forty-seven variants. Assailants are wearing bullet-resistant vests and are dressed head to toe in black tactical gear.

CENTRAL (O.S.)
Truck five three, acknowledged.
Officers responding. Tactical
alerted.

INT. BIG S. WAREHOUSE STORE - DAY

RAT-TAT-TAT! RAT-TAT-TAT! Two three-shot bursts of automatic gunfire ring out. Ellis's chest explodes and he falls to the floor, dead. Mercer turns to see Matthews pointing an AK-47 at him. Matthews fires a three-round burst RAT-TAT-TAT!, striking Mercer in the chest, knocking him to the ground.

MATTHEWS

Ouch.

Mercer grimaces and fires a round PAK! at Matthews, missing him. Matthews fires another three-round burst RAT-TAT-TAT!, hitting Mercer in the legs and stomach.

Mercer drops his gun, groans, and collapses onto his back, closing his eyes, a puddle of blood expanding beneath him. Matthews grabs Mercer's gun and shoves it into his waistband. He kicks Mercer in the side, and Mercer opens an eye.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
Where's the paper?

MERCER
In the truck.

Matthews grits his teeth and shakes his head.

INT. FIRST ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

Martinez slams the truck into reverse and floors the accelerator, the tires squealing WHIRR as the truck crushes the grill of the panel truck to the rear, pushing it backward inch by inch.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

BRAAAAP! BRAAAAP! Powell sprays the passenger side of the truck. The small glass window in the door shatters, and the armor begins to bubble inward.

INT. FIRST ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

Ben cringes and fumbles for his pistol in his holster.

MARTINEZ

They're trying to bust through the armor! Shit!

BEN

I thought these things were bulletproof!

MARTINEZ

They're bullet resistant! Channel enough rounds in the same spot and you might get one through. It'll bounce around in here like a ping pong ball.

Martinez yanks a short-barreled shotgun from the rack between the front seats, racks the slide, and thumbs off the safety, pointing the muzzle toward the gunport in his door.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Little to the right, little to the right. Got you, asshole.

Martinez jams the muzzle through the gunport and pulls the trigger, the BOOM! of the blast echoing through the truck.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Robber Three, hit in the neck, gasps, drops his AK-47 and collapses, bleeding out on the pavement.

INT. FIRST ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

Martinez rests the shotgun in his lap. As the armored truck edges backward, Robber Two steps in front to fire directly into the windshield. BRAAAAP! BRAAAAP! Shards of glass TINKLE onto the dashboard as the windshield starts to buckle.

MARTINEZ

Can't see out of this fucking glass. There you are. Come a little closer. If you want to shoot out the glass, you got to get right up front, you little shit.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Robber Two continues to spray the windshield with bursts of automatic fire. BRAAAAP! BRAAAAP!

INT. FIRST ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

MARTINEZ
Yeah. Right there.

Martinez throws the truck into drive, surges forward and crushes Robber Two between the two trucks.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Robber Two screams and fires wildly BRAAAAP! as blood pours from his mouth, then drops his gun and hangs limp.

INT. FIRST ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

Martinez backs up, and Robber Two's body spills to the ground. A pinpoint of light appears on the passenger side of the truck.

BEN
Armor's going!

A bullet flies through the hole, PING-PING-PING ricocheting around the inside of the truck before smacking into Martinez's thigh.

MARTINEZ
FUCK! I'm hit! Shoot that guy! Use the goddamn gun ports! SHOOT HIM!

BEN
YAAAAAAA!

Ben draws his gun, racks the slide, and shoves the barrel through the gun port in the door. He peeks through the window and empties the magazine PAK! PAK! PAK! PAK! PAK! PAK! PAK! PAK! PAK! PAK!

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Ben's shots pepper Powell before a round hits him between the eyes. His face destroyed, Powell drops dead.

The air is filled with the WHUP WHUP WHUP of a helicopter hovering over the armored truck. A CAMERAMAN, 30s, shoots down on the carnage below.

INT. FIRST ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

BEN
Is that the cops?

MARTINEZ
No. Police chopper'd be moving
around more. News chopper just
sitting over us for the camera.
Won't be here long once they see
the bodies.

INT. HOME - DAY

Claire is in the living room on her phone, a soap opera
playing on the TV.

CLAIREE
It's anonymous, which suits me.
Last thing I wanna be doing is
wearing a t-shirt or a baseball cap
for this shit.

On the TV, a bright red BREAKING NEWS banner appears below
the view from a helicopter of Ben's truck sandwiched between
the two white panel trucks, surrounded by bodies.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
We take you now to Nashville,
Tennessee, where gunmen have
attacked an armored car. There
appear to be people lying on the
ground outside the truck.

Claire spins to look at the TV.

CLAIREE
Hang on.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
We can't tell you if they are the
gunmen who attacked the truck or if
they are with the armored car. Out
of respect for the injured, we're
going to pull back.

CLAIREE
Oh god. Ben.

Claire drops her phone to the floor and slowly approaches the
television.

INT. BIG S. WAREHOUSE STORE - DAY

Matthews stands over Mercer, holding his shoulder mic.

MATTHEWS

Assholes in the truck! Ellis is dead, and this other guy's really fucked up. Open up, let me have the currency, and I swear I won't blow his fucking head off.

INT. FIRST ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

MARTINEZ

(into his shoulder mic)

Hey chickenshit! Your guys out here are ALL dead, and I bet Ellis or Mercer shot your buddy in there, so maybe you better get the fuck out of here while you're still alive!

INT. BIG S. WAREHOUSE STORE - DAY

Matthews drops the microphone and paces back and forth. He kicks a bag of coins.

INT. FIRST ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

MARTINEZ

(puts down the microphone)

He'll kill us if he gets a chance. I don't think I can walk, and I sure as hell can't run and fight. Street cops are probably setting up a perimeter. Tactical is probably another few minutes away, and it'll take them time to get set up. You gotta go out there and help Mercer.

BEN

How am I supposed to do that?

MARTINEZ

Your pistol's useless against an A.K. Get the gun from the one I ran over. Mag release is in front of the trigger. Get a fresh mag, seat it, rack the slide, and you're good to go. Drum mag holds a hundred rounds, so you can waste some shots.

(MORE)

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

It's going to try to get away from you, so use the upper handguard to hold it down, and walk your rounds into the target. You hear what I'm saying?

BEN

I got it.

MARTINEZ

Good.

(gets up from the driver's seat and falls to the floor, pulling himself across blood-slick metal)

I'll lock the door behind you. Get out there and kill that asshole.

Ben clenches his fists and grabs the door handle, preparing to jump out of the truck. Martinez leans close.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Hey.

BEN

What?

MARTINEZ

Good luck.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Ben throws the door open and jumps out of the truck, slamming it shut behind him, the lock clanking into place. In the door's glass window, Martinez mouths "Go!"

Ben quickly surveys the scene, seeing Powell lying dead, eyes open, in a puddle of blood. He looks up at the helicopter hovering overhead, then sprints to the front of the truck and sees the mangled body of Robber Two on the ground, his AK-47 next to him.

Ben scoops up the weapon, thumbs the mag release and lets the mag drop to the ground. He opens one of Robber Two's mag pouches and pulls out a drum mag, seats it, racks the slide, and sprints toward the front of the store.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

As the helicopter hovers over the armored truck, Ben dashes across the parking lot and into the store.

INT. HOME - DAY

Claire sits on the living room floor, her face stained with tears.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Someone just came out of the armored car, picked up something and ran into the store!

The two small dogs sit next to her as she stares, wide-eyed and terrified, at the TV screen.

INT. BIG S. WAREHOUSE STORE - DAY

Matthews talks into Mercer's shoulder mic.

MATTHEWS
Your guy's in bad shape in here.
The sooner you open the door, the sooner you can get him help.

MARTINEZ (O.S.)
I'm not opening the door, asshole!

MATTHEWS
Sorry to hear that.

Matthews fires a single round CRACK! into Mercer's leg. Mercer screams and Matthews smiles.

The store door opens and Ben sprints in, leveling the AK-47, his left arm holding down the barrel. As he runs toward Matthews, Ben grits his teeth and starts firing BRAAAAP!

Matthews, caught by surprise, reacts and raises his muzzle, firing two three-shot bursts RAT-TAT-TAT! RAT-TAT-TAT! that blow out the door glass behind Ben.

As Ben keeps firing BRAAAAP! BRAAAAP!, a torrent of bullets chews its way across the floor tiles, and Matthews takes cover behind a checkout stand.

Matthews pops back up, flicks his gun to full-auto, and sprays a stream of bullets BRAAAAP! at Ben, who leaps behind the checkout stand where Anne lies huddled on the floor, catatonic and eyes wide, her face covered with tears and mascara.

Bits of wood and plastic fill the air as Matthews' rounds rip through the checkout stand just above Ben's head. Ben crawls out the other side of the checkout as Matthews fires again BRAAAAP! and Anne covers her face and draws up her legs.

Ben crawls in Matthews' direction past the next checkout stand, looking to the left for Matthews, who stands and moves forward, advancing toward Anne's checkout stand and firing another burst BRAAAAP! toward Ben's former position.

Matthews reaches Anne's checkout stand and looks over the shredded counter to see Anne staring back at him. Ben, now two checkout stands away, stands and levels his gun at Matthews.

BEN
Over here, asshole.

Matthews spins around to face Ben. Ben grimaces, and with his other arm holding down the barrel, he fires a long hail of bullets BRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP! into Matthews.

Matthews screams as bullets hit him everywhere, blood spraying from a dozen wounds, then drops his gun and falls.

Ben continues to fire BRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP! at Matthews' twitching body, his gun sounding like thunder, a cascade of spent cartridge casings clattering TING-TING-TING-TING to the floor, until his magazine is empty.

Ben stands for a moment in the silence, smoke curling from the barrel of his AK, then walks over to stand over Matthews. Matthews' face is splattered with blood. His eyes are open, but he's gone.

BEN (CONT'D)
You'll never hurt anyone again.

Ben thumbs the safety, puts down his weapon, and sits down next to Mercer, pressing down on Mercer's leg wounds.

BEN (CONT'D)
Hang in there. Help's on the way.

Merger looks up at Ben and smiles a weak smile.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The parking lot is a sea of police cars. An ambulance roars off. Martinez sits in the back of another ambulance, while an EMT, 30s, dresses his leg wound. Ben walks away from TWO DETECTIVES, 40s, and approaches Travis.

TRAVIS
Merger's gonna be okay. Another five minutes, it'd be a different story. You good with the cops?

BEN

They took my gun, said they want to talk again later, but I can leave now to get cleaned up. Can I catch a ride back with you?

Travis points behind him to another First Armored truck.

TRAVIS

You go back on a truck. That's how it's done.

(jingles a set of truck keys)

And I'm driving.

EXT. NASHVILLE BRANCH - DAY

Ben sits in the passenger seat as Travis drives through the gates of the Nashville branch. At the gate, TWO GUARDS hold their shotguns high in the air and pump their fists.

When the truck enters the bay, it is filled with a crowd of UNIFORMED EMPLOYEES. The crowd stands at attention as Ben gets out of the truck. Ben sees Dennis, who smiles and nods. Travis claps Ben on the back.

TRAVIS

You aren't the man from corporate anymore. Now you're one of us.

INT. NASHVILLE BRANCH - DAY

Ben stands with Travis and Dennis as VARIOUS EMPLOYEES shake his hand and pat him on the back. Ben looks around the truck bay at the aging trucks, the oil stains on the floor, the metal railings in need of paint, at the strained smiles on the faces around him.

BEN

You guys excuse me for a minute?

Travis and Dennis nod, and Ben walks to the weapons check-in window, where a WEAPONS OFFICER, 50s, nods. Ben takes off his vest and gunbelt and puts them on the counter, then turns away.

He walks past a MONEY PROCESSOR, 20s, pushing a cart loaded down with plastic-wrapped bundles of \$100 bills. Ben approaches the window by the entry door, where Alfonzo stands behind the layers of thick glass.

ALFONZO
I have six thirty-three, Mr.
Washburn.

BEN
Thanks, Alfonzo.

Ben signs out and frowns. He unclips the lanyard attached to his belt that holds his I.D. He looks at his I.D.

INSERT - I.D.

with the First Armored logo and a photo of Ben, dressed in a suit and tie, smiling

BACK TO SCENE

Ben places his I.D. on the counter in front of the window.

BEN
I'm leaving this right here.

ALFONZO
Yes sir, Mr. Washburn. I'll take care of it.

Ben hits the large red button next to the entrance door, opens the door, and walks out into the afternoon sunlight. He looks into the sun, squints, and sets off.

EXT. DESERTED STREET - DAY

Ben walks up the sidewalk of a deserted two-lane industrial street, past the older cars of employees lining both sides of the street. An armored truck passes him on the way to the branch, and Ben pulls his phone from his pocket and dials.

INT. HOME - DAY

Claire stands in the living room. Her phone rings and she answers.

CLAIREE
You're okay.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BEN AND CLAIRE

BEN
I'm okay.

CLAIRe

I told you not to get on a truck.

BEN

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

CLAIRe bites her hand and chokes back a sob.

BEN (CONT'D)

I'll be on the first flight out I can get. And I'm wondering: Do you have plans for lunch?

CLAIRe

Lunch? I mean, sure. What day?

BEN

I'm free all week.