

TRAFFIC JAM

By Adam Hughes

FADE IN:

1 INT. WARREN'S CAR- DAY (PRESENT DAY) 1

Warren, a forty year old man, is in his car. He is driving down the road. His hair is a mess, he is wearing a baggy-shirts and jeans, and looks like he could do with a shave. He places a CD into the stereo. Whitchita Lineman then comes out of the speakers. Warren is driving through his town, looking around, absorbing the view. He then sees a sign for the motorway, turning off at this point. He then takes the slip road to enter the motorway. As he is doing so, he notices the immense traffic jam that awaits him. They are even queuing on the joining slip road, causing Warren to sigh with great frustration. He looks behind him to see if he can go back and find another way, but then sees several cars behind him; he is now stuck with all of the other traffic.

FADE OUT:

OPENING CREDITS

2 INT. CRAIG'S APARTMENT- DAY (9 HOURS EARLIER) 2

We are in a dark apartment. It is dimly lit, with no decoration on the wall and only a television which can be described as furniture. Three men are frantically organising guns, masks and rope into two bags. Tom and Carl are zipping up the bag as Craig, the leader of the group, walks into the room.

CRAIG

Just remember everything I said. Keep
your cool and this time next week,
you'll be halfway around the world with
heavy pockets.

Tom and Carl nod at this.

CRAIG

Ok. Make sure we've got everything.
Robert's going to be here in five
minutes.

Tom and Carl acknowledge Craig as he walks out of the room. However, they look at one another slightly sheepishly. They realise the dangers of the day ahead.

3 EXT. CRAIG'S APARTMENT- DAY (9 HOURS EARLIER) 3

Robert pulls up outside the apartment in an ordinary blue van. He rings Craig.

CUT TO:

4 INT. CRAIG'S APARTMENT- DAY (9 HOURS EARLIER) 4

Craig's mobile begins to vibrate and he sees Robert calling him.

CRAIG
He's here.

Craig, Tom and Carl all then grab a bag each and leave the apartment.

5 EXT. CRAIG'S APARTMENT- DAY (9 HOURS EARLIER) 5

Robert is sat in the van. Craig nods at him as do the others. They open the back of the van, throw in the bags before jumping in themselves. The van starts and drives away.

6 INT. WARREN'S STUDY- DAY (9 HOURS EARLIER) 6

Warren is upstairs in his office holding a letter. He sighs.

SARAH
Warren? Warren? Are you coming down,
honey?

Warren then looks startled.

WARREN
Yeah. Just coming!

Warren then scrunches up the letter and he throws it in his bin.

7 INT. WARREN'S KITCHEN- DAY (9 HOURS EARLIER) 7

Warren arrives into the kitchen. Sarah, Warren's wife, and David, their baby, are downstairs in the kitchen. Sarah is feeding David.

WARREN
Hey.

He then goes over to David and kisses him on his cheek.

WARREN

Hello there, big guy.

He then wipes some baby food from his bib.

WARREN

Eurgh. What is this crap?

SARAH

That's baby food. Not that you'd know.

Warren gives Sarah a discerning look. He would not know as he is working every hour God sends.

SARAH

It's good for him.

WARREN

Well (puts his finger in his mouth) he can't be eating it for the taste.

Sarah smiles at this. Warren then looks at his watch.

WARREN

Shit! I'm going to be late.

He quickly gets a yogurt out of the fridge and begins eating it quickly.

SARAH

Hey! Go easy. You'll make yourself sick.

WARREN

I've got to be quick. They dock you if you're a minute late now.

Sarah smiles sympathetically at Warren. Warren grabs his jacket and kisses her on the cheek.

WARREN

Right, I'm going.

SARAH

Ok. What time will you be back?

WARREN

About five. Why? Will you be out?

SARAH
Might be this morning. I'll be back
around midday.

WARREN
Ok. See you later.

SARAH
Bye.

Warren then leaves. Sarah then notices David has slavered all over his bid.

SARAH
David!

8 EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE-DAY (9 HOURS EARLIER) 8

Warren zaps his car open. He then gets into it. After buckling up, he looks at his face in the mirror and sighs. He then reverses out of his driveway and moves away.

9 INT. BACK OF VAN-DAY (9 HOURS EARLIER) 9

The gang are sat in the back of the van. Craig is looking straight ahead whilst Carl and Tom look slightly nervous. Craig's phone then begins to ring. It is Owen, the man who has organised the day's events.

CRAIG
Hello...Yeah...Everything's in
order...(looks at watch)...We'll be
there in about ten
minutes...Ok...Alright.

Craig then hangs up.

CARL
The boss?

Craig nods his head.

CRAIG
Guys, we arrive in ten minutes and we
start in 15. No going back now.

Again, Carl and Tom look at one another nervously. Craig notices this. Craig then moves into the front with Robert.

CRAIG

Keep it up. You're doing well.

10 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE-DAY (9 HOURS EARLIER) 10

The van drives past the convenience store. Robert looks at it as they pass as does Craig.

CRAIG

Pull over there.

11 EXT. RUNDOWN CAFE- DAY (9 HOURS EARLIER) 11

The van then parks outside the entrance of a rundown cafe. Robert then makes their way into the back of the van.

CRAIG

Now, that store over there is 200 yards away. That means if we walk over from there back to here at a normal rate, this should take us about a minute. So, when we hit this joint, no messing around. You get out and don't stop until you're back in here. Understood?

Everyone nods.

CRAIG

Good. Now get ready. He's calling me in a minute.

They proceed to get ready.

12 INT. WARREN'S CAR- DAY (9 HOURS EARLIER) 12

Warren is checking his teeth in the mirror, realising he has not cleaned them. Hurriedly, he searches around for some chewing gum.

WARREN

Come on. Shit. No gum.

He drives past the van and quickly glances, not making much of it. He then pulls up to the convenience store and gets out.

FADE IN:

13 INT. WARREN'S STUDY- DAY (ONE WEEK EARLIER) 13

We are back a week earlier. Warren is upstairs in his study, moving around the room quickly. He is holding a letter in his hand, clearly anxious.

WARREN

Hello?

OPERATOR

Please hold, Sir.

WARREN

No, I will not hold! I've been on this line for half a goddamn hour.

OPERATOR

One moment please, sir.

WARREN

Shit.

CUT TO:

Warren has finally gotten through to somebody.

WARREN

I keep getting these goddamn letters from you guys telling me I've gone overdraft on my credit card.

OPERATOR

Let's see, sir. (PAUSE) Sir, you have done so considerably. More than \$1000 over.

WARREN

Shit!

OPERATOR

Sir, are you having financial difficulties? Because if you are, I could always recommend-

WARREN

Don't bother. Chances are I'll already be on it.

Warren then hangs up and throws the phone down. He places the letter in a drawer which is full of bills and closes it.

14 EXT. WARREN'S PARENT'S HOUSE- NIGHT (ONE WEEK EARLIER) 14

Warren knocks on his parent's front door

CUT TO:

15 INT. WARREN'S PARENT'S FRONT ROOM- NIGHT (ONE WEEK EARLIER) 15

Warren is sat in the living room with his father. They are drinking tea. Warren is sat back on the sofa, almost in a daze whereas his father, Michael, is leaning forward anxiously.

WARREN

Ever since David came along...I didn't realise how much it would cost. And they've had to cut back my hours at work.

MICHAEL

Again?

WARREN

(Nods) I'm more or less part time.

MICHAEL

Well, have you tried looking for something else?

WARREN

There is nothing else, dad. That's why I think I need your help.

MICHAEL

Well, sure. Your mother and I would be happy to help.

WARREN

Don't involve mum, dad. Just me and you.

MICHAEL

(Startled) Ok. How much do you need? A thousand?

Warren shakes his head.

MICHAEL

Two?

WARREN
Try ten.

MICHAEL
Ten thousand? Jesus, Warren. That bad?
What have you being doing?

WARREN
I...I don't know, dad. I can't help it.
We need everything we buy to live.
We're not extravagant spenders, you
know that. But every time you go
shopping the prices go up and...I
just...can't afford it anymore.

MICHAEL
This is serious, son. Have you tried
getting any help?

WARREN
Ha! I work in a bank, dad. I am the
help.

Michael stares at Warren for a moment in deep contemplation.

MICHAEL
Tell you what. I can give you five. But
that's all. Just to help you get by.
I've been keeping some money away for a
rainy day.

WARREN
Oh dad, thank you. Thank you so much.

MICHAEL
It's ok. It's what families are for.

WARREN
And as soon as I can, I'll get you it
back.

MICHAEL
Don't be silly. I see it as an
investment. A gift for my grandson.

Warren smiles at this as does his father. Emma, Warren's mother, re enters the room at this point with a newspaper clipping.

EMMA

Now then, I told you I'd find it.

16 INT. WARREN'S STUDY- DAY (ONE WEEK EARLIER)

16

Warren is going through all of his letters and records. He has a calculator and is trying to make sense of it all. He is rubbing his head in frustration.

SARAH

(From downstairs) Honey! Dinner's ready.

WARREN

Just be a minute.

Warren rubs his head. He types some more numbers into the calculator yet realises that the money his father gave him will not be near enough.

WARREN

Jesus! Shit! It won't be...it won't fucking be enough!

Warren then screws up the papers and throws them against the wall. He then breaks down in his hands.

SARAH

Warren! Your dinner's going cold!

Warren then wipes the tears from his eyes and frames himself. Sarah must not know about all of this.

FADE OUT:

17 INT. WARREN'S CAR- DAY (PRESENT DAY)

17

We are back in the traffic jam. Warren is sat in his car. He is now stuck directly in the middle of all of this traffic. He is looking in his mirror and behind him to see the extent of the jam. He then looks ahead and sees a sign saying MAJOR DELAYS FOR FIVE MILES.

WARREN

For fucks sake.

He then puts on the radio again and sits back.

18 INT. COVENIENCE STORE- DAY (8 HOURS EARLIER)

18

Warren walks into the convenience store. It is your typical layout; everything a family needs synthesised into one small place. He nods at the man behind the counter who is busy reading a newspaper. Inside, there are five others shopping: an elderly couple, a young woman and two teenage boys. Warren looks around for a moment and picks up some gum.

CUT TO:

19 INT. BACK OF VAN- DAY (8 HOURS EARLIER)

19

Everyone is sat in the van with the gear on, ready to go ahead.

CRAIG

We ready?

They all nod.

CRAIG

Let's do it.

Craig, Carl and Tom all then burst out of the back of the car. They make their way towards the shop.

CUT TO:

20 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE- DAY (8 HOURS EARLIER)

20

Warren approaches the counter with a pack of gum.

WARREN

Hey. How's it going?

ATTENDANT

Not bad, thanks.

The attendant then scans the chewing gum. Warren looks around the store.

ATTENDANT

Anything else?

Warren's attention is then caught by the sight of Carl, Craig and Tom all heading towards the store vigorously.

WARREN

Shit!

The men then burst into the store, much to the horror of everyone inside.

TOM
Everybody get down!

WARREN
Fuck

The elderly woman screams. Everybody gets down apart from Warren who stares at the gun. Tom then points this at him.

TOM
Get the fuck down, asshole!

Warren then slowly starts to get down. Craig and Carl then pick up the attendant and take him into the backroom.

CRAIG
Come on.

TOM
Over there with the rest of them. I
want to see everybody over here.

Tom motions with his gun and everybody moves over to the corner.

21 INT.BACK ROOM- DAY (8 HOURS EARLIER) 21

Craig is in the back room with Carl and the attendant. It is a drab room containing only a desk and a few schedules pinned to the wall. The attendant is on his knees. Carl is holding a gun to his head.

CRAIG
Ok. Where's the safe?

ATTENDANT
We don't have a safe.

CARL
Don't fucking lie!

CRAIG
Where is your safe?

ATTENDANT
Honestly, there isn't a safe. Please,
I'm just an employee.

CRAIG

Don't lie to us, Mr Mahey. We know that you and your wife own this place. And we also know that you store a considerable amount of money in your safe. So please, comply and you won't get hurt.

22 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE- DAY (8 HOURS EARLIER)

22

Warren is sat looking at Tom who is pointing the gun around at various hostages, trying to look as intimidating as possible. Tom then picks up a chocolate bar and looks at Warren who is staring at him.

TOM

What the fuck are you looking at?

Warren shakes his head in protest and looks down. An elderly gentleman is shaking his head vigorously, clearly worried. His wife has her arm around him. Tom notices this and looks panicked.

TOM

What's wrong with him?

ELDERLY LADY

He's having a panic attack.

TOM

A what?

ELDERLY LADY

He's having a panic attack. He hasn't had one since last-

TOM

Hey, lady. I don't give a shit. Just make sure he doesn't do anything stupid or a panic attack will be the last of his worries.

23 INT. BACKROOM- DAY (8 HOURS EARLIER)

23

Mr Mahey is still on the floor, trembling with fear.

CRAIG

Mr Mahey.

MR MAHEY

Please! Please, I have a family.

Craig sighs and turns away. He quickly turns back around and shoots Mr Mahey in the foot. Inside the store, people scream.

CUT TO:

24 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE- DAY (8 HOURS EARLIER) 24

Tom tries to calm down the hostages yet is clearly finding this whole situation difficult.

TOM

Hey! Keep the fucking noise down.

CUT TO:

25 INT. BACK ROOM- DAY (8 HOURS EARLIER) 25

Mr Mahey is screaming in agony. Craig bends over slightly so that he is in close proximity to Mr Mahey's face.

CRAIG

Mr Mahey...now come on. I was generous with that last shot. Next time, my aim won't be as poor. Where is it?

Mr Mahey looks up at Craig in disgust.

MR MAHEY

Behind there.

He notions to a special offers poster. Carl rips it down. Behind it is a safe.

CRAIG

Well, what do you know?

MR MAHEY

It's a digital safe. The code is 3859.

CRAIG

(To Carl) Try it.

Carl then goes over and tries the code. It works.

CARL

Bingo.

Inside the safe are bags of money. Carl starts laughing as he pulls some out.

CARL

Craig! Craig, look at all of this!

CRAIG

Stop laughing and bag it up. We're done here.

Mr Mahey is looking at Carl stash all of the money in a bag he brought. All of his hard work being stolen from him in front of his eyes.

CRAIG

Thank you for your assistance, Mr Mahey. You've been most helpful. And thank you for your generosity also. There must be a few thousand in there.

ATTENDANT

Yeah, well, you were lucky. The security man who deposits the money didn't arrive this morning.

Craig looks at the attendant menacingly.

CRAIG

Oh, I know.

Craig then raises the gun to Mr Mahey's face. The owner is squirming with fear. A shot is fired. We see Carl begin to laugh. Craig has shot the CCTV monitors. Mr Mahey opens his eyes, relieved to still be alive. He sees what Craig has done and sighs with great relief.

CRAIG

Just to be safe, huh?

26 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE- DAY (8 HOURS EARLIER)

26

The elderly gentleman is now frantically murmuring to himself.

TOM

Hey, Craig! Hurry up in there.

The elderly gentleman begins to slaver badly and rocks forward; much to Tom's dismay. They were just supposed to sit still and stay quiet.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Please! He needs help!

TOM

Hey, shut the fuck up, alright.

The elderly gentleman cannot take this anymore and gets up. Warren tries to restrain him but Tom points the gun at him, forcing him to sit back down.

TOM

(To elderly gentleman) Sit back down!

The elderly gentleman ignores him and opens the door of the store's entrance. He begins to run away.

TOM

Come back, you stupid prick!

Tom then points the gun at him. He pulls the trigger. The elderly woman screams. The elderly gentleman then falls forward, just outside the entrance to the store. The glass on the door is now completely shattered due to the shot. It is a real mess.

WARREN

(To himself) Jesus.

27 INT. BACK ROOM- DAY (8 HOURS EARLIER) 27

Craig, Carl and Mr Mahey have heard the shot.

CRAIG

What the hell was that?

28 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE- DAY (8 HOURS EARLIER) 28

Craig and Carl burst in. Warren is now stood up looking at the man through the smashed door. Craig and Carl see what has happened; a hostage is lying on the ground in a pool of blood.

CRAIG

Shit!

CARL

Jesus, Tom. What the fuck?

TOM

I swear, man, he was..he-

WARREN

This asshole just shot an innocent man
for no good reason.

Tom looks at Warren with great anger and points the gun at him.

TOM

Hey, shut the fuck up.

CRAIG

Watch where you're pointing that thing!

TOM

It wasn't my fault. The guy just leapt
out of nowhere. I didn't know what to
do-

WARREN

Bullshit. You didn't even try to stop
him. You just wanted to shoot someone.

CRAIG

Hey! Sit the fuck down. You're a
hostage for Christ sake.

Warren stares at Craig for a moment. He is almost trying to
test the supposed leader of this gang.

CRAIG

Sit down or be put down. Your choice.

Warren then starts to sit down...slowly.

WARREN

(To himself) No good two bit-

CRAIG

What did you just say?

TOM

See-

CRAIG

Shut up, Tom! What did you just say to
me?

Warren gulps as he looks up at Craig.

CRAIG

What did you just say to me?

WARREN

I just said you are running a two bit operation here. You can't even control the guy who's supposed to be taking care of the hostages.

CRAIG

Oh, can't I? Well, you say another word and I'll show you how I deal with people who think they can control me. You got that?

Warren looks at Craig but does not reply. Craig stares at him then looks over back at the counter where Tom is stood.

TOM

Craig, it wasn't my fault, man. This guy, he just took off.

CRAIG

I know, Tom. But the thing is, nobody was supposed to get hurt.

TOM

I know, I know.

CRAIG

Ssh, ssh. And the thing is, if I can't trust my work colleagues, then who can I trust, huh?

Craig walks close to Tom and puts his arm on his shoulder.

CRAIG

Nobody was supposed to get hurt today, Tom. And somebody's got to pay the price for that.

Craig then shoots Tom in the chest. Everyone gasps. Carl looks appalled. Tom then falls back, looking at Craig in pure shock. He then falls back on a stack of crisps, bringing them to the ground, before lying on the floor, lifeless.

CARL

What the fuck did you do that for?

CRAIG

The guy was a goddamn liability.
(Quieter, to Carl) First store and he
fucked up.

Warren is trying to overhear this whilst the rest of the customers are in shock over another death.

CARL

(Trying to be restrained) Yeah?! Well,
what do we do now? The plan was to have
three of us in here. Huh?

Craig looks quite worried at the prospect of only two of them actually robbing the stores now; they need three. Warren hears them talking and senses an opportunity. He stands up.

WARREN

Take me.

CARL

What?

WARREN

Take me with you?

CARL

Fuck no, man. We ain't taking no
hostages.

WARREN

I'm not talking about being a hostage.
I mean working with you guys.

Craig and Carl look at one another. They begin to laugh.

CRAIG

Are you fucking crazy? This ain't some
dumb ass job where we just pick any
randomer off the street. What's with
you anyway? Negotiator turned robber?

WARREN

No. I'm just looking to make some money
like everyone else.

Suddenly, the joking nature of Craig's tone disappears. He knows that Warren is deadly serious. Carl senses Craig's change of mood.

CARL

Now, wait a minute, man. You can't be serious?

WARREN

You said another word out of me and I'm dead. Now what are you going to do?
Kill me...or hire me?

Craig looks at Carl. Carl seems to be showing some hesitation. Craig then turns to look at Warren. This guy seems serious. He is showing some balls by putting it all on the line; something Tom severely lacked. Can he risk it though? He hesitates for a few moments before...

CRAIG

Hurry up!

CARL

Fuck!

Craig and Carl begin to leave. Warren follows closely behind them. He steps over Tom's body. They leave the store.

WARREN

What about?

CRAIG

Fuck him and hurry up. We're on a schedule.

They begin walking. Carl turns around and looks at Warren suspiciously.

29 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE- DAY (8 HOURS EARLIER)

29

The guys hastily leave the store. Craig and Carl simply walk past the deceased elderly gentleman. However, Warren cannot help but stare at him. How could one person shoot another in cold blood? The guys then walk up to their van which has pulled up closer outside the store. Robert sees Warren and is confused.

ROBERT

(To Craig) What the fuck?

Craig then opens the back door of the van.

CRAIG
Just drive.

They all climb into the back of the van and a perplexed Robert drives away. They need to get away from this mess. As the van moves away, we see where Warren's car is. In the heat of the moment, he completely forgot about it.

30 INT. BACK OF VAN- DAY (8 HOURS EARLIER) 30

Craig, Carl and Warren are in the back of the van. Carl is staring straight at Warren who is looking down. Craig then takes out his mobile phone and dials a number. He waits for the answer, staring at Warren as he does.

CRAIG
Hello...Yeah, we've just finished. It went ok. (Looks at Warren) A minor hiccup but nothing we couldn't handle...No...No we got the money ok, that's the main thing....Erm about 20 minutes away...ok. Goodbye.

Craig hangs up.

CARL
You were a little discreet there, weren't you?

CRAIG
What? You think I was just about to tell him that two people just got killed on our first stop?

Warren looks up when Craig says first stop. Carl notices this and stares at him.

CARL
I don't know what the fuck he's doing here.

Craig then stares at Warren wondering the same thing. Warren remains looking down.

CRAIG
(To Warren) Hey. You. What's your name?

WARREN
Does it matter?

CRAIG

Yeah, it fucking does. We just lost a close friend back there and if you're in here now instead of him, we're going to need who we're dealing with.

Warren contemplates and looks at Carl.

WARREN

Warren. My name's Warren.

CRAIG

Warren what?

WARREN

Warren Harrison.

CRAIG

Ok, then Warren Harrison. Do you know what the hell you just volunteered to back there?

WARREN

(Shakes head) No. But it sounded like a hell of an opportunity.

CARL

Opportunity!

CRAIG

(Scoffs) Opportunity. Is that how you see this?

WARREN

Well, you're making money, aren't you?

CRAIG

(Slowly) Yeah.

WARREN

Well then, that seems like a big enough opportunity for me.

Craig looks at Warren, impressed with his attitude, and then at Carl who is clearly unhappy about Warren's presence. Craig moves over to sit opposite Warren.

CRAIG

So. Can you guess what we're doing here?

WARREN

Well...robbing convenience stores I'd say.

CRAIG

(Laughs) It's a little more than that.

CARL

(Quietly) Who is this clown?

WARREN

Hey! I can't be more of a clown than that goddamn moron back there who just shot an innocent man.

CARL

(Getting up) Yo, he was my best friend, man!

Craig then stands up and restrains Carl.

CRAIG

Hey. Take it easy. Alright? Go and sit over there.

Carl then moves to the corner of the van where Craig was sat, staring out Warren as he does. Craig then sits back down.

CRAIG

What we're doing...is visiting three different establishments this morning. You just saw number one. Now we are heading towards destination number two.

WARREN

Which is?

CRAIG

A cafe.

WARREN

What? Why aren't you guys robbing banks or something normal thieves do?

CRAIG

Hey! We're not thieves, ok? We're getting what's rightfully ours.

WARREN

What's rightfully yours?! What by robbing good, hard working honest people?

CRAIG

Don't give me that bullshit. That last guy we visited could barely speak fucking English! I've busted my ass off for my country all of my life and for what? Some goddamn immigrant to take all of the glory? Fuck that.

WARREN

Yeah, but why that particular store?

CRAIG

What do you mean?

WARREN

Don't be ignorant. All that money you got. That isn't your average daily takings. Somehow you knew where to go.

Craig smiles at Warren and looks at Carl, who is wary of Warren asking all of these questions. Is this a good idea?

CRAIG

You know what, you're smart. I mean, smarter than you look. You're right. We knew there was going to be a shitload of money there today.

CARL

Don't tell him, man. I don't trust this guy!

CRAIG

Will you shut up and get with it? You best trust him because in 15 minutes time, our lives will be in his hands.

Warren looks petrified at the thought of this.

CARL

Yeah but you don't have to tell him everything.

CRAIG

Hey! If I don't tell him what we've got going on here, how the hell are we ever going to pull it off?

Carl is silenced by this remark. We can see why Craig is the leader of this gang.

CRAIG

We have been told which places to visit this morning. Destinations which will make us extremely rich.

WARREN

By who?

CRAIG

Ah, now that would be telling. Only I know that. Let's just say he's our guardian angel. Making sure we do things right.

WARREN

Ok, but how does this guardian angel know specifically where to visit?

Craig sighs at this and looks Warren dead straight in the face; he is about to let him into the group.

CRAIG

You ever heard of security collection?

WARREN

What's that?

CRAIG

It's a business. It's where a person takes a substantial amount of money from an establishment in order for it to be transferred to a place of their desire. Usually a bank.

WARREN

You mean like those guys who wear the

helmets and drive around in the security vans?

CRAIG
That's the one.

WARREN
Yeah, sure. We have them visit our place all of the time.

CRAIG
Yeah, but how often? You probably don't know that these guys only visit such establishments once every two weeks meaning that a whole lot of money gets stored up in the safety deposit boxes.

WARREN
Where are you going with this?

CRAIG
The places that we have visited today were supposed to have their money transferred earlier on this morning.

WARREN
Wait a minute, how the hell do you know that?

CRAIG
Because I'm one of the guys who was supposed to collect it.

Warren looks shocked by this, not expecting that answer. What is this?

WARREN
You? So, you planned all of this?

CRAIG
No, I didn't plan all of this. I'm involved but this is all of (taps his phone) the boss' plan.

WARREN
So, wait a minute, let me get my head

round this. You're one of the guys who transports money.

CARL

We all are!

Warren looks at Carl, surprised he has spoken.

WARREN

And you're the guys that are robbing these places? Jeez, talk about irony!

CRAIG

No, the real irony here is that the more work we do, the less money we get. You know in the past year alone I've had my pay cut twice. I'm on a three day week now. My wife's had to get another job just to keep us going. You know how embarrassing that is for a man?

WARREN

I...I can imagine.

CRAIG

Yeah, well, until you experience it, you can't imagine shit. I'm sick of being a goddamn chump, somebody's bitch. It's time for me to get what I'm owed.

Warren looks at Craig with great sympathy. Craig realises this yet does not want his empathy.

CRAIG

I supposed you think you're all high and fucking mighty now, don't you? You think we're desperate men.

WARREN

No. I know how you feel. We're all in the same situation.

CARL

Yeah right!

WARREN

Yeah, it is right actually! You think
I'd volunteer to help a group of
robbers-

CRAIG

Hey!

WARREN

Sorry. You think I'd come with you guys
and put my own life in danger if I
wasn't in need of some cash myself?
We're all struggling to make ends meet.
Just some more than others, that's all.

CRAIG

What? So, you'd never resort to this,
is that what you're saying?

WARREN

I wouldn't have done. Ask me a month
ago and I'd have said no. Clearly I've
changed my mind now.

Warren goes into contemplation. Craig looks at Carl who then
looks down.

FADE OUT:

31 INT. WARREN'S CAR- DAY (PRESENT DAY)

31

Warren is sat in his car, bored. He is looking around until he
notices a police officer a few cars ahead. Warren suddenly
looks scared and begins to panic. With everything that has
happened that day, this is the last thing he needs. The police
officer has now moved down to the car in front of Warren.
Warren checks his phone which says 12 missed calls from home.
He looks extremely panicked. Eventually, the police officer
makes his way to the car and knocks on the window, startling
Warren.

POLICE OFFICER

Hello?

WARREN

(Startled) Shit!

Warren then moves over and winds down the windows.

WARREN
Officer!

POLICE OFFICER
Are you ok in there, sir?

WARREN
I'm fine, thank you. What seems to be
the hold up?

The police officer then looks around the car, browsing suspiciously. His gaze eventually reverts back to Warren.

POLICE OFFICER
Something's happened. We're looking for
somebody.

Warren's face suddenly drops. Sweat appears on his forehead.

WARREN
W-who?

The police officer stares at Warren, intrigued by his panic.

POLICE OFFICER
Can I see some ID please, sir?

Warren looks at the police officer expressionless. He genuinely believes that he is a wanted man now.

WARREN
Yeah, sure.

Warren then gets out his wallet, which ironically is empty, and pulls out his driving license. He hands it over to the police officer. The police officer then studies the ID for a few moments. He then moves it away from his line of vision so that he can focus on Warren's face. Warren looks petrified. The police officer then lowers the ID and gives it back to Warren.

POLICE OFFICER
Everything seems to be in order.

Warren then sighs heavily. He puts his ID away and is clearly very relieved.

POLICE OFFICER
We're looking for some guy who's
abandoned his vehicle.

Warren sighs with tremendous relief.

WARREN
Is that what's causing all of this
traffic?

POLICE OFFICER
Uh-huh. The guy dumped his van
after he hit the back of a car.
I'm just checking up on everyone
back here. Wondering whether you
folks waiting had seen anything.

Warren is now much more relieved and almost quirky.

WARREN
No, sir. Not me. I'm just sat here
bored in traffic.

POLICE OFFICER
Ok. Well, it's only going to be
held up for another ten minutes.
You should be fine by then.

WARREN
Ok. Thank you, officer.

The police officer tips his cap.

POLICE OFFICER
My pleasure.

The police officer then gazes at Warren for a second before moving away. As he walks away, Warren breathes another huge sigh of relief. He then starts laughing to himself and brushes his hair back.

WARREN
Jesus! What do you put yourself
through, man?

Warren then switches on the radio, attempting to tune into a local station. He eventually finds a channel which is giving an update on the traffic situation.

RADIO

And in traffic news, sorry for all of you folks on the A1 at the moment. There is hold up there due to a truck being overturned and causing severe leakage. Currently there is a half an hour wait so sit back everyone and enjoy some classic Bon Jovi.

Warren turns off the radio at this point looking very confused. The overturned truck is not the same story as the police officer just told him. He then looks in his mirror to see where the police officer now is; he cannot see him. Warren turns around and has a proper look. However, the police officer is not anywhere to be seen.

WARREN

What the fuck?

Warren then shakes his head and sits back, placing his head in his hands. That cannot mean anything, surely.....

32 INT. BACK OF VAN- DAY (7 HOURS EARLIER)

32

Warren, Craig and Carl are still sat in the back of the van. They drive past a fast food restaurant which alerts Craig's attention.

CRAIG

(To Robert) Five minutes!

Craig then focuses his attention into the back of the van. He can sense tension between Carl and Warren. Carl is staring incessantly at Warren, much to his frustration.

WARREN

What?

CARL

What you mean, what?

WARREN

What the hell do you keep staring at me for? You got a problem?

CARL

Yeah, I got a fucking problem.

WARREN

Well, what is it?

CARL

You being here! It ain't right.

CRAIG

Cool it Carl.

CARL

No, I won't cool it. This ain't fucking normal. How do we know this guy ain't working for the feds or something like that?

WARREN

If I was working for the feds, do you think I would be letting you carry out two more robberies?

Craig looks impressed with this comeback.

CARL

Yeah, but why are you here, man? This sort of thing ain't right. You should be a fucking hostage, not helping us out.

Warren appears slightly frustrated here. Who is this guy yo judge him?

WARREN

I'll tell you why I'm here. Because last month, my father had to lend me some money so me and my wife could eat for another week. That's why. I have a job that just allows me to get shitted on every day. I have a mortgage which I can't afford to pay. I have overdrafts all over the place and to top it all off, my wife's just told me she's having another child.

Carl looks slightly taken aback with this honest answer.

WARREN

You know what? Sometimes people will do anything for money. It's not for greed

or even pleasure. It's for survival.
 And I'd do anything to see my family
 not suffer. And if that means turning a
 couple of places over then so be it.
 Their insurance will cover it.

CRAIG

And what about the risk?

WARREN

Huh?

CRAIG

What happens if you get caught?

WARREN

(Shrugs) It doesn't matter now. We're
 past that.

Carl smiles at this and nods as if to suggest that he accepts
 this answer; Warren is now completely onboard. Craig suddenly
 looks out of the window in great anticipation.

CRAIG

We're here.

The van then pulls up across the road of a cafe.

33 INT. LIVING ROOM- DAY (7 HOURS EARLIER)

33

Sarah is in the living room watching a soap opera on
 television. There is a knock at the front door. She half-
 heartedly goes to answer it.

34 INT. HALLWAY- DAY (7 HOURS EARLIER)

34

Sarah opens the door. Stood there is a thin, wiry man in a
 suit with a briefcase whose entire demeanour appears rather
 awkward.

SARAH

Hello?

MR DANIELS

Hi. Mrs Harrison?

SARAH

Yes?

MR DANIELS

My name is Mr Daniels, from
Harboured Loans. Is your husband
at home?

SARAH

No, he isn't. He's at work

MR DANIELS

Oh. Well, may I come in and wait
for him?

SARAH

No! He won't be back for a few
hours. I'm sorry, what's this
regarding?

MR DANIELS

(Sighs) It's what your husband
owes us, Mrs Harrison.

SARAH

What my husband owes you? What the
hell are you talking about?

MR DANIELS

You mean that you don't know?

SARAH

Don't know what?

Mr Daniels is clearly taken aback by how ignorant Sarah is
of Warren's financial status.

MR DANIELS

Mrs Richardson, your husband owes us
more than £20,000.

Sarah is completely taken aback by this.

CUT TO:

35 INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY (7 HOURS EARLIER)

35

Sarah brings in Mr Daniels a cup of coffee as he is sat at
their living room table with a series of papers laid out. She
passes Mr Daniels the drink.

MR DANIELS

Thank you.

Sarah sits down, still in great shock. She places her hand on one of the papers and sees a bill which accumulates to £12,000 alone.

SARAH

Jesus. How long has this been going on for?

MR DANIELS

Your husband came to us almost a year ago.

SARAH

A year?

Mr Daniels looks through a particular file.

MR DANIELS

Yes. 11 months ago in fact. November the 21st was the date of his first meeting.

SARAH

And what...what happened?

MR DANIELS

Well, your husband explained his predicament-

SARAH

His predicament?

MR DANIELS

His debt, that's been apparently kept well hidden from you?

SARAH

I...I never even thought. (PAUSE) So, what, he just came in and asked for a loan?

MR DANIELS

Well, it's not that simple. We have to assess every client before we decide whether or not it would be appropriate

to give them the funds they require or not.

SARAH

And what? He was suitable?

MR DANIELS

Well, with your husband's past credit record, and obviously his job, we had no hesitation with him becoming a client. We thought it wouldn't be a problem.

SARAH

But it was?

MR DANIELS

What your husband failed to tell us was that he had already taken out two loans with two other high street banks. One a loan of £10,000 and the other a £10,000 emergency loan.

SARAH

Oh Jesus, Warren.

MR DANIELS

We only found this out after he failed to reach the first payment. And when we did, there was little we could do. We just hoped that he would have the funds needed for us so that he could pay off what he owed us and that would be that.

SARAH

But he couldn't.

MR DANIELS

Evidentially. And you both must know, him especially, how high interest rates are these days. He quickly ended up owing us double than what he borrowed.

SARAH

But...wasn't there anything you could do? To help him out?

MR DANIELS

Mrs Harrison, I'm sorry. This is a business like anything else. We have to make money our own way. Your husband agreed to the terms we laid out before him and knew what he was doing.

SARAH

So, what happens now? Why are you here?

MR DANIELS

I've come as a final act of good will. Your husband ignores our letters, our calls. He's avoiding the inevitable. I thought if I came by and spoke to him personally then he might see sense.

SARAH

What's the inevitable?

Mr Daniels takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes together.

MR DANIELS

We've given your husband more than enough time as it is. He has until next Friday to pay up. If he doesn't, then it's a matter for the authorities to deal with.

SARAH

Oh my God. What have you done, Warren?

Mr Daniels looks at her with genuine sympathy.

MR DANIELS

I'm sorry.

36 INT. HALLWAY- DAY (7 HOURS EARLIER)

36

Sarah then closes the door after Mr Daniels has exited. She then turns around and bursts out crying.

CUT TO:

37 INT. LIVING ROOM- DAY (7 HOURS EARLIER)

37

Sarah gets the house phone and scrolls down for Warren's number. She calls it.

CUT TO:

38 INT. BACK OF VAN-DAY- (7 HOURS EARLIER) 38

Suddenly, Warren's phone goes off.

CRAIG

What the fuck is that?

WARREN

It's my phone, sorry.

Warren then takes his phone out and sees that it is home calling. He immediately rejects the call.

CUT TO:

39 INT. WARREN'S HOME- DAY (7 HOURS EARLIER) 39

Sarah sees that the call has been rejected. She looks upset and tears begin to roll down her face. What is going on?

CUT TO:

40 INT. BACK OF VAN- DAY (7 HOURS EARLIER) 40

Craig and Carl are looking at one another as Warren has rejected the call.

CRAIG

Who was it?

WARREN

Nobody.

CRAIG

Well, turn it off. We don't want anything interrupting.

Warren then turns off his phone.

41 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE- DAY (7 HOURS EARLIER) 41

We are outside the convenience store. There are now several police officers there. The hostages from before are now sat in the back of ambulances or talking to other police officers. The body of the elderly gentleman is covered and isolated whereas the young female hostage, Ms Goodall, is talking to a police officer.

MS GOODALL

And this man, he was trying to help that old guy.

OFFICER BRADY

Ok. And what happened after that?

MS GOODALL

Well, when the thief shot his friend, this guy volunteered to help them.

OFFICER BRADY

One minute, ma'am. A hostage volunteered to help these robbers?

MS GOODALL

I swear on my life. It was crazy. None of us could believe what was happening.

OFFICER BRADY

And then what?

MS GOODALL

Well, these guys were reluctant at first. But then they agreed to it and off they went.

OFFICER BRADY

And then you phoned the police?

MS GOODALL

Yeah. We had to get help for that guy. We just weren't quick enough.

Suddenly, Officer Brady is tapped on his shoulder. He turns around and his superior, Sergeant Willis is stood there. He is a tall, heavy set man with a powerful aura.

OFFICER BRADY

Sir.

SERGEANT WILLIS

Excuse us, Miss.

Sergeant Willis and Officer Brady then move over towards one of the police cars.

SERGEANT WILLIS

I've just spoke to the shop owner.

Apparently, there were three of them and one of them was killed in there. The most intriguing thing is though that they knew all of that money would be there today.

OFFICER BRADY

Inside job?

SERGEANT WILLIS

What? At a convenience store? I don't think so. This is messy. Something's clearly gone wrong.

OFFICER BRADY

Well, you won't believe what I've just been told. That woman over there, Ms Goodall, said that one of the male hostages volunteered to help these guys out.

SERGEANT WILLIS

Are you been serious?

OFFICER BRADY

Deadly. And guess what? They actually let him.

SERGEANT WILLIS

Well, it would make sense, being a guy down and all.

OFFICER BRADY

Yeah, but isn't that a bit risky?

SERGEANT WILLIS

Well, from what we've seen here, these guys are desperate. They shot one of their own for Christ's sake.

OFFICER BRADY

True. Forensics are taking a look at the body now.

SERGEANT WILLIS

Good, that should give us something. By the way, did you get any information on that Focus over there?

OFFICER BRADY

Yeah, I had Colin check it out. It belongs to a Mr Warren Harrison.

SERGEANT WILLIS

We know him?

OFFICER BRADY

No, no. He's just a regular guy. Hasn't reported it stolen though.

SERGEANT WILLIS

He's probably had it taken this morning while he's being at work. They'll have used it to get here and abandoned it when they arrived. Make sure you contact him.

OFFICER BRADY

Will do.

Officer Brady begins to take a note down. Sergeant Willis then steps towards the broken glass door and looks inside, intrigued. What was the sergeant thinking? Why would an ordinary man volunteer to help a gang of thieves? Sergeant Willis is now scanning the store, completely in his own world.

SERGEANT WILLIS

What did you say that guy's name was?

OFFICER BRADY

The guy with the car?

SERGEANT WILLIS

Yeah.

OFFICER BRADY

Warren Harrison. Why?

SERGEANT WILLIS

No reason. Just remember to call him.

OFFICER BRADY

Ok.

Sergeant Willis then walks inside the store. Officer Brady watches him do so. Is he onto something?

42 INT. BACK OF VAN- DAY (7 HOURS EARLIER)

42

Craig then throws Warren a balaclava and a long black jacket. Warren catches these and stares at the balaclava; the reality of what he's doing is catching up with him.

CRAIG

Put these on.

Warren looks at it again. He then places it over his face.

CRAIG

Ok. Carl, you're going to stay out front with the customers.

CARL

What?

CRAIG

Hey! We're not throwing newbie in at the deep end. Warren you're going to come into the back with me.

WARREN

Alright.

CARL

Here.

Carl throws Warren a gun. He fails to catch it and it drops to the floor; rather embarrassingly. He picks it up slowly and holds it in his hands, scared of holding such a weapon. Carl looks at Craig, worried.

CARL

You sure you're ready for this, man?

Warren looks up at Carl and Craig, who are both now wearing balaclavas.

WARREN

Yeah.

CRAIG

Ok.

Craig then bangs on the wall between the back of the van and the driver's seat.

CRAIG

Bob, we're going in.

ROBERT

Ok.

43 EXT. CAFE- DAY (7 HOURS EARLIER)

43

Craig, Carl and Warren all burst out of the back of the van. Craig and Carl are walking with a quick pace with Warren lagging behind.

CARL

Come on.

Warren manages to catch up to them just as they open the entrance door.

44 INT. CAFE- DAY (7 HOURS EARLIER)

44

They burst into the cafe. They are around 12 people sat eating and three waitresses serving. It is your typical roadside cafe; signs with Route 66 on the wall, pink dining chairs and a jukebox in the corner; trying to get an American feel yet failing miserably. For a single moment, as the guys burst in, we see the look of horror on the customer's faces as well as that on Warren's, realising that he is now an accomplice. We are then suddenly thrown back into reality with Craig pointing his gun at everyone.

CRAIG

Everybody get down.

There are screams heard. Craig and Carl begin marching through the cafe with their guns held high, pointing at various hostages. Warren is lagging behind again yet more aware of events now.

CARL

Everybody get into this corner.

Carl motions some people to move over to the left hand corner of the cafe, although some a reluctant to do so.

CARL
Now!

The customers then begin to move. Warren sees the shock on their faces, realising that he was one of the hostages just an hour earlier.

CRAIG
Come on!

Craig moves over to the lady stood behind the serving area.

CRAIG
Who runs this joint?

The woman looks petrified and cannot speak.

CRAIG
I said whose in fucking charge?

Suddenly, a middle aged lady comes out of a door behind the counter and looks startled. Craig points his gun at him. All of the time, Warren is just watching, bewildered.

CRAIG
Are you in charge?

The lady slowly nods his head. Craig turns around to Warren.

CRAIG
Grab her.

Warren does not know what to say. He simply walks forward and takes the woman's arm, albeit gently. Craig then pushes the door from which she came from open.

CRAIG
In here.

Warren slowly tries to move the woman yet she refuses to budge. He tries again with no success. Carl sees this and looks at Craig with great agitation. Craig loses his temper and moves forward, grabbing the woman.

CRAIG
Hurry the fuck up.

Craig and the woman enter into the back through a door next to the counter. Warren is still stood in the cafe with everyone else. He looks around at Carl who is staring at him. Warren then looks back at the door and walks through. Carl then notices one of the customers moving.

CARL

Stay still, asshole.

45 INT. OFFICE- DAY (7 HOURS EARLIER)

45

Warren enters. Craig throws the manageress onto the floor.

WARREN

Jesus! Easy!

CRAIG

Shut up! Now, tell me, where's the money?

MANAGERESS

We don't have any money.

CRAIG

(Shouting) Don't fuck me around because I'm on a very tight schedule! Now, I know you that you have cash in here. Just tell me where it is and we'll be on our way.

Warren looks down on the manageress with some sympathy. She is clearly contemplating an answer and after a few seconds...

MANAGERESS

I'm sorry, but we don't keep a lot of cash on the premises. Only what we have in the till.

Craig looks extremely angered by this response.

CRAIG

Ok then.

Craig then storms out of the room. Warren then looks at the manageress on the floor, who can sense he feels sympathy for her. Robbing places is one thing, but violence towards vulnerable people is another.

WARREN
Are you-

Suddenly, Craig bursts into the room with the waitress from before. He is holding her aggressively and pushes her towards Warren.

CRAIG
(To Warren) Put your gun to her head.

Warren is completely taken aback by this.

WARREN
What?

CRAIG
Just do as I say.

WARREN
Listen, I-

CRAIG
(Screaming) Do it!

Warren then reluctantly picks up his gun and holds it against the waitress' head, who is now hysterically crying.

CRAIG
(To Manageress) Now then. You've got
two choices. Either we do things
civilly and you give us the money or we
don't and-

Craig moves in closer to read the waitresses name tag.

CRAIG
- Mavis here gets to end her shift
early today. So, what will it be?

The waitress begins to cry more hysterically and there are tears now on the face of the manageress.

MANAGERESS
I've told you, we don't keep money on
the prem-

CRAIG
(To Warren) Alright, shoot her!

WARREN

What?

CRAIG

I said shoot her.

The waitress then screams. Warren looks completely perplexed now. There is no way can he do this.

WARREN

Wait, I can't-

CRAIG

I said shoot the bitch!

Warren looks at the waitress screaming at the end of his gun. Craig then picks up his gun.

CRAIG

Shoot her or I'll shoot you.

Craig's gun is now pointed at Warren's head. There is sweat now dripping down Warren's forehead. He moves his gun more towards the centre of the woman's head.

CRAIG

Pull the fucking trigger.

Warren pulls back the cock of the gun. His finger is on the trigger. Sweat continues to pour down his forehead; the waitress is crying and he clearly does not want to do this. His finger slowly pulls the trigger until-

MANAGERESS

Wait! Don't do this.

Warren breathes a huge sigh of relief and immediately drops the gun.

MANAGERESS

We have some money. Just don't hurt anyone.

Craig smiles maliciously at Warren and then at the manageress.

CRAIG

See? You made the right decision after all. Now, hurry up.

The manageress then picks out a set of keys from her pocket and gets up. Whilst she is doing this, Craig stares at Warren.

CRAIG
Impressive.

Warren stares at Craig angrily. He is disgusted with himself. Craig smiles at Warren's repugnance. The manageress then moves towards the door.

MANAGERESS
Out here.

Craig and the manageress then leave the room. Warren is left stood with the waitress who is still petrified. Warren tries to console her but cannot find the words.

WARREN
I'm so-

The waitress then goes through the door in an attempt to escape Warren. What support can the man who was about to shoot her offer?

46 INT. CAFE- DAY (7 HOURS EARLIER)

46

Warren then walks back into the cafe. There are a few murmurs of shock. Warren stands near the counter, watching Craig follow the Manageress into the store room.

MANAGERESS
In here.

CRAIG
The cleaning cupboard? Original.

The manageress then enters the cleaning cupboard and opens a cabinet revealing a safe. She types the combination and opens it, to reveal to large bags of cash. She pulls them out. Craig smiles as she does this. She brings them out and he takes them from her.

MANAGERESS
You know you're lucky. The transport
man-

CRAIG
Didn't show up today?

The manageress looks shocked at this.

MANAGERESS

Yes. How did you-

CRAIG

Don't worry about it. (To Carl) Carl?

Carl looks at Craig.

CRAIG

Let's roll.

Craig and Carl then begin to make their way towards the door.

CRAIG

(To Warren) You too.

Warren then slowly begins to walk, looking at all of the customers staring at him.

CRAIG

Before I forget, the CCTV.

Craig motions towards the set of small television monitors behind the counter, next to Warren.

CRAIG

Blast em.

Warren turns around and looks at the screens. He raises his gun up towards them and holds it for a moment.

CRAIG

Hurry up! We don't have all day.

Warren looks at Craig and then back at the monitors. He then coldly shoots straight towards them. Carl notices the coldness with which Warren fired with and looks impressed. He is warming to Warren.

CRAIG

Let's go.

Warren then begins to leave, staring at the monitors as he does so. They all exit the store and quickly advance over towards the van. Craig opens the back door as Carl and Warren jump in. The van then drives away.

All three are sat in the back of their van. They remove their balaclavas. Warren is sat back and unzips the black jacket, clearly quite shocked that he has actually gone through with a robbery. Carl is opening one of the bags to see how much money is in them. Craig opens his mobile and begins to dial.

WARREN

Jesus.

CRAIG

What's wrong?

WARREN

I can't believe I just did that.

CARL

What?

WARREN

Went into there with you guys and held up a store. (To himself) What the fuck am I doing?

CRAIG

You're keeping your voice down. No one else knows you're helping us and we need to keep it that way.

WARREN

Hey. Who do you keep calling?

CRAIG

That's none of your damn business.

Warren senses that Craig is adamant to protect his caller's identity.

WARREN

Well, sorry for trying to keep a tab on things. You could take a leaf out of my book.

CRAIG

What do you mean?

WARREN

Back in there, calling one another by your names. Are you stupid or something?

Craig then looks at Carl and they begin to laugh with one another.

WARREN

What? You two think this is some fucking big joke? There can't be that many security depo men called Carl and Craig not at work today.

CRAIG

(Incredulous) You think, that we'd use our real names?

WARREN

(Confused) What?

CARL

Jeez man, you're stupider than you look.

Warren tries to get to grips with this.

WARREN

Wait a minute, so, we're all in this together but I don't even know your names?

CRAIG

Don't worry about it. After today, you can forget you even knew us at all.

WARREN

(Quietly) Suits me fine.

Craig looks at Warren with some discontent before pressing the call button on his phone and holding it to his ear.

CRAIG

Hello?...Yeah it's done...No, no upsets.

Craig glares at Warren when he says this. Warren shakes his head before putting it into his hands.

CRAIG

Yeah...Well, that's all that's left to do...I'll call you in about 10 minutes...Yes I know...We won't...Ok.

Craig then hangs up.

WARREN

What did he say? Tell you not to fuck
up?

Craig looks at Warren with great disdain. He then turns his attention to Carl.

CRAIG

We're about 25 minutes away.

48 INT. POLICE STATION- DAY (7 HOURS EARLIER) 48

Officer Brady is in the centre of a busy police station. It is filled with people at their desks writing away, officers bringing in criminals constantly and officers talking to one another. Officer Brady is on the phone, ringing Warren's home.

49 INT. HALLWAY- DAY (7 HOURS EARLIER) 49

The home phone begins ringing. Sarah is anxious to answer it and leaps forward to do so impetuously.

SARAH

Warren?

OFFICER BRADY

Mrs Harrison?

SARAH

Yes?

OFFICER BRADY

Mrs Harrison, my name is Officer
Brady. I'm calling from the police
department. Is your husband home?

Sarah is shocked by a police officer calling. What else has Warren gotten into?

CUT TO:

50 INT. POLICE STATION- DAY (7 HOURS EARLIER) 50

OFFICER BRADY

Mrs Harrison?

SARAH

Er no he's not home.

OFFICER BRADY
Oh. He is at work?

SARAH
Yeah, he should be. What is this
regarding?

CUT TO:

51 INT. HALLWAY- DAY (7 HOURS EARLIER)

51

OFFICER BRADY
Your husband's car was stolen this
morning, ma'am.

SARAH
His car?

OFFICER BRADY
Yeah. We found it outside of a
convenience store five miles from
town. There's a good chance that
the thieves stole the car while
your husband was at work so he
probably won't even know about it
yet.

SARAH
I see.

OFFICER BRADY
Do you have his work number or...

CUT TO:

52 INT. POLICE STATION- DAY (7 HOURS EARLIER)

52

SARAH
Yeah. Do you have a pen?

OFFICER BRADY
Right here.

SARAH
Ok. It's 385 6840. Just asked to
be put through to him. I tired
earlier but there was no one
there. Sometimes he is with a
client so just keep trying

OFFICER BRADY

Ok, ma'am. Thank you for your
help.

CUT TO:

53 INT. HALLWAY- DAY (7 HOURS EARLIER)

53

SARAH

Officer, can you get him to ring
me when you contact him?

OFFICER BRADY

Ok ma'am. Have you got a mobile
number for him just in case I
can't?

Sarah looks agitated at this question. Should she give the officer Warren's mobile after he hung up on her, and when she does not really know what is going on? She does not want to get him into any more trouble...

SARAH

He doesn't have a mobile, officer.

OFFICER BRADY

Doesn't have one?

SARAH

No. He lost it.

OFFICER BRADY

Oh. Ok. I'll just try to catch him
at work. Have a good day.

Sarah then hangs up the phone and looks worried. She has just lied to a police officer and has no idea where Warren is. Her entirely world has been completely thrown.

CUT TO:

54 INT. POLICE STATION- DAY (7 HOURS EARLIER)

54

Officer Brady then begins to type in the number and dials. He brings the phone to his ear.

OFFICER BRADY

Hello there, I was wondering
whether you could help me please.

55 INT. BACK OF VAN- DAY (7 HOURS EARLIER)

55

The three guys are all sat in the back of the van. Craig is looking through a bag and Carl is watching him, smiling at the money accumulated so far. Warren is still slightly uncomfortable.

WARREN

Who is that guy anyway?

CRAIG

Which guy?

WARREN

The guy you were on the phone to.

CRAIG

You know you talk too much. Just keep
stchum.

WARREN

No, I won't. I'm part of this now. I
deserve to know who we're doing this
for. Who has us all on a lead.

CARL

No one has us on a lead. It's for
ourselves, asshole.

CRAIG

It's what we deserve.

WARREN

Ok. Then whoever is the mastermind
behind this plan. Whoever you keep
ringing and giving a report to every
time we hit a place.

Craig looks at Carl as if to confirm whether he should reveal the boss' identity to Warren.

CRAIG

Ok. The guy I keep calling is the man
behind all of this. It was all his
idea.

WARREN

(Shrugs) Who is he?

CRAIG

His name's Owen. At least, that what we're calling him.

WARREN

Oh, I see. So what, you guys all worked together or what?

CRAIG

No. Carl and Bob wouldn't know him if he was one of the customers back there.

Warren looks slightly confused at this. This does not exactly sound full proof.

CRAIG

Only I know who he is. It was his idea to do what we're doing and all I had to do was provide the men.

WARREN

Wait a minute, so you guys do all the dirty work and he just sits on his ass? You get caught and he gets away scot free?

CRAIG

No, you dumb prick. Don't you see? He planned all of this out. He had to pick a day on which we were all working and when our destinations were easily tangible. It's taken months to bring all of this together.

WARREN

So, wait, you guys have waited and waited until your paths eventually crossed so you could pull this thing off?

CRAIG

You got it.

WARREN

Jesus. You must be the most patient men
on the planet.

CRAIG

Hey! When you know the prize is worth
it, the hard work ain't so bad.

CARL

Yeah. Shame some punk like you is just
gonna take some of the glory away from
it.

WARREN

Hey, don't blame me. I helped you out
back there, pal.

CARL

Really? See I thought you were just in
this to help yourself. You know, earn a
little extra cash as you said.

CRAIG

What and you're not? Get real, Carl.
We're all in this because we want to
get more than we're getting now. We're
all desperate here so don't try to
glorify your own role.

CARL

I still don't get what's going on here,
man. It's fucked up. You know what, I'm
living in poverty at home. My kids
don't even get fed. Look at him.

Carl indicates towards Warren's suit beneath the
jacket.

CARL

You don't look like you need no help.

WARREN

Yeah? YEAH?! Well, you'd be surprised.
Don't let this suit fool you. I bet I'm
a lot worse off than you.

CARL

Oh, bullshit!

WARREN
Bullshit?

CRAIG
Hey! You two, come on. If we have
conflict in here, how the hell are we
going to work out there? Just chill
out. We all have our reasons for being
here so just leave it at that.

Carl is still unhappy with Warren and begins murmuring to himself. Warren then stares straight ahead, staring into space.

56 INT. SERGEANT WILLIS' OFFICE- DAY (6 HOURS EARLIER) 56

Sergeant Willis is sat at his desk looking through some papers, clearly quite perplexed about that morning's events. Officer Brady then knocks at his door and Sergeant Willis motions him to come in.

OFFICER BRADY
Sorry to bother you, sir.

SERGEANT WILLIS
No problem, officer. What's the
matter?

OFFICER BRADY
I've just rang Warren Harrison's
home. His wife was in and said he
left for work.

SERGEANT WILLIS
Yeah?

OFFICER BRADY
And so I called up his work and
they said that he hasn't turned up
today.

SERGEANT WILLIS
Hasn't shown up?

OFFICER BRADY
No, hasn't even called in sick.
And when I rang his wife, she
seemed a bit apprehensive about

speaking with me. So, I did a bit of background research on this guy. And guess what? He has debts over £20,000.

SERGEANT WILLIS
You're kidding me.

OFFICER BRADY
No! And guess what they worst part is? He works in a bank!

Sergeant Willis shakes his head at this and stands up from his desk, walking back and forth behind it.

SERGEANT WILLIS
No, no. This doesn't make sense. A banker of all people wouldn't volunteer to help a bunch of criminals go round robbing stores. Would he?

OFFICER BRADY
It's like what you say, sir. If you're desperate enough.

SERGEANT WILLIS
It just seems so arbitrary. Has there been no sightings of him whatsoever?

OFFICER BRADY
None.

SERGEANT WILLIS
Yeah, but say this guy is involved. Why leave his car? Why not burn it out somewhere?

OFFICER BRADY
Maybe they were in a rush. Like you said, it was a mess.

SERGEANT WILLIS
Mmm. I don't know. Something about this just isn't right.

Sergeant Willis then looks out of his window over the city. Will the guys strike again, and if so, where?

FADE OUT:

57 INT. BANK- DAY (3 DAYS EARLIER) 57

We are in a bank. It is beautifully decorated, with wooden staircases and portraits hung on the wall; a 'sophisticated' type of banking. There are customers talking to colleagues behind the counters and some sat down at desk in conversation.

58 INT. WARREN'S OFFICE (3 DAYS EARLIER) 58

Warren is sat in his office, situated at the far side of the bank. It is filled with files, books he never reads and the obligatory family photo; a reminder of happier times. We now realise that this is where he works. Warren is sat at his desk, browsing on his computer. He is looking on a website called Debt Solutions.com. Suddenly, whilst browsing intently, a colleague, Mark, knocks on his door. Warren looks up from his computer and motions Mark to come in.

MARK

Hey, Warren.

WARREN

Hi, Mark. How are you?

MARK

Yeah, I'm good. Listen, you aren't too busy, are you?

WARREN

No, not really. Just had a client cancellation so I'm catching up on some logging.

MARK

Really? Brilliant. Because Claire's just called and her mother's had a bad fall.

WARREN

Shit.

MARK

Yeah. I don't think it's anything too serious but you know what she's like.

Warren smiles at this.

MARK

Could you do me a really big favour?

WARREN

Sure.

MARK

I've got a couple of clients waiting for me outside. It's a consultation meeting. You couldn't take it for me, could you?

WARREN

I don't know. Aren't they expecting you?

MARK

No, no. They've just been assigned to me. They don't even know who I am. Look, just tell them there's been a swap and that you'll see them.

Warren looks reluctant at this idea.

MARK

Please. I wouldn't be asking if I wasn't desperate.

Warren capitulates.

WARREN

Ok then. Let me just finish up here and I'll call them in.

MARK

Cheers, buddy. I owe you one, alright?

WARREN

Yeah, just get to your wife. Sounds like she needs you.

Mark nods at Warren appreciatively before leaving the room. Warren then looks back at his computer screen and closes the webpage. It will have to wait until later...

CUT TO:

59 INT. WARREN'S OFFICE-DAY (3 DAYS EARLIER)

59

We cut to Warren with the two clients who he has just seated at his desk. They are a middle aged couple called Mr and Mrs Roberts. Mr Roberts is a large, overweight man with a receded hairline and a tired face. Mrs Roberts is a small, timid woman who is well presented.

WARREN

There we go. Is there anything you'd like to drink?

MR ROBERTS

No, we're fine, thank you.

WARREN

Mrs Roberts?

MRS ROBERTS

No, honestly.

WARREN

Ok then.

Warren then sits behind his desk and forcefully smiles at the saddened couple sat in front of him.

WARREN

So, what can I do for you today?

MR ROBERTS

(Sheepishly) Well er...we're looking to borrow some money from the bank.

WARREN

Uh-huh. You mean you'd like to take out a loan?

MR ROBERTS

Yeah, that's it. A loan.

WARREN

Ok. And on what grounds do you wish to apply for a loan?

Mrs Roberts and her husband stare at one another almost incredulously. This is clearly all new to them and they are embarrassed by the situation.

MR ROBERTS

Well, because we need the money.

WARREN

Ha! Sure. Makes sense, right?

They both give out a sympathetic smile. Warren then picks up the file that Mark left for him on his desk.

WARREN

Right then. Let's have a look at this.

Warren then begins scanning through the papers, and makes small talk as he does.

WARREN

Mr Roberts, do you work?

MR ROBERTS

Yes, sir. The same steel plantation for 25 years.

WARREN

25 years? Wow. That's some accolade. Do you get a plaque or something for that?

MR ROBERTS

Ha! I wish.

Warren continues to flick through the papers.

WARREN

So, how many hours a week is it? Full time I guess?

MR ROBERTS

It used to be. You know, your standard 9-5. Well 6-3 for me. But they've had to make cuts with the recession and now I'm only doing 2 shifts a week.

WARREN

Jeez. I'm sorry. That must be really tough.

MR ROBERTS

It is. But we get by. The kids are a bit older now so they lend out from

their own part time jobs if they can.
And Laura here is working more hours
than me!

WARREN

(Playfully) Is that true?

MRS ROBERTS

Certainly. 48 hours a week! I'm a
cleaner at the local school, I work on
the meat counter at our local
supermarket and I have another job at
the library on a weekend.

Mr Roberts looks at his wife embarrassed.

WARREN

Wait a minute! You have three jobs?

MRS ROBERTS

Yes, sir.

WARREN

That's ludicrous. I'm sure there's got
to be a law against that or something.

MR ROBERT

No, there isn't. And I've been looking
for another couple of jobs myself for
the past few months. It's just that
nobody's taking anybody on.

WARREN

Yeah. It's tough alright.

MRS ROBERTS

That's why we came here today. For you
to help us.

WARREN

Right, right.

Warren then pulls out another piece of paper from the file and
begins to read it.

WARREN

Well, let's see. (Sighs) Your credit
rating's not that good. In fact, it
could be a lot better.

Warren further scrutinises. The couple begin to look more edgy.

WARREN

Have you applied at any other banks for
a loan?

The couple look at one another with great restraint. Mr Roberts clears his throat.

MR ROBERTS

Yes.

There is then an awkward silence in the room.

WARREN

And what's the situation there?

MRS ROBERTS

There isn't one. Nobody would accept us
with our bad history. Seems nowadays
there's even competition for loans.

Warren gives a sympathetic smile at this. He then goes back to the paper.

WARREN

Well, your payment history only
accounts for 35%. Let's have a look at
some other factors.

Warren browses further along and continues to do so for a few moments. The couple look at one another with trepidation and Mr Roberts puts his hand on his wife's. Warren sees this and stops reading the paper.

WARREN

I'm sorry. It's just...your debt to
credit ratio is ridiculous. There's no
way could we be able to help you out
sufficiently and guarantee you could
pay us back in time.

MR ROBERTS

Oh we can. You have our word, sir.

Warren looks genuinely upset at having to face this ultimatum.

WARREN

I know, Mr Roberts. I know how much your word means to you but that's not enough. Not with, this ratio and your length of credit history. It's just not feasible.

Mrs Roberts has tears in her eyes and grasps her husband's hand harder.

MRS ROBERTS

(Holding back tears) Please. We're begging you. We've run out of options.

Warren is taken aback by the desperation of the situation and is becoming highly emotional himself.

WARREN

I'm... (Swallows back) I'm so sorry but I can't...the bank, it wouldn't let me. Not on this.

Mr Roberts nods his head and Mrs Roberts is patting her eyes with a handkerchief.

WARREN

I'm so sorry.

60 INT. BANK ENTRANCE- DAY (3 DAYS EARLIER)

60

Warren is watching the couple leave the bank. They are holding hands. Mr Roberts goes in front and opens the door open for Mrs Roberts. AS he does, he sees Warren watching them. He forces a smile yet ultimately sighs before leaving the bank. Warren is stood at his office door, looking disheartened.

WARREN

Fuck!

FADE IN:

61 INT. VAN- DAY (6 HOURS EARLIER)

61

We are back in the van. The arguing continues.

CARL

Yeah, it's bullshit man. No other poor motherfucker leads the life I lead.

WARREN

Oh, you'd be surprised.

CRAIG

Will both of you shut the hell up?

Suddenly, the sound of police sirens is heard.

CRAIG

What is that?

Craig then peers out of the back window of the van and sees a police van tailing them, flashing their lights.

CRAIG

Fuck!

ROBERT

(From the front seat) Craig?! What do you want me to do? I've got some pigs trailing me.

CRAIG

I know, I know. Shit!

Craig looks extremely panicked. Carl and Warren both notice this. Craig is thinking what to do next.

ROBERT

Craig?

CRAIG

Shit! Just...just pull over. See what they want.

WARREN

See what they want? Are you nuts? They might have followed us from the cafe.

CRAIG

Relax! If they were after us for robbery, they wouldn't have sent one car with two bitches in it, would they?

Warren then sits back and folds his arms. He looks at Carl who shares the same concern as he does. Craig is clearly worried also and looks down at the bags of money they have on the floor.

62 EXT. ROAD LAYBY- DAY (6 HOURS EARLIER) 62

Robert pulls the car over onto a layby. The police car behind stops and an officer gets out and begins to walk slowly to the van. He inspects the side cautiously as he is doing so. The other officer appears to be on a phone, radioing in.

63 INT. SERGREANT WILLIS' OFFICE- DAY (6 HOURS EARLIER) 63

Sergeant Willis is talking to a fellow colleague when Officer Brady bursts into his office.

OFFICER BRADY

Sir, they've struck again.

SERGREANT WILLIS

Where?

OFFICER BRADY

A roadside cafe. Just before the A1 junction.

SERGEANT WILLIS

Shit! Come on, let's go.

Sergeant Willis then grabs his coat as he, his colleague and Officer Brady exit the room.

64 INT. VAN- DAY (6 HOURS EARLIER) 64

The three men are in the back of the van, peeping out through the window.

CARL

Shit! He's calling someone in.

CRAIG

Just...just shut the fuck alright? Keep your head down.

65 EXT. ROAD LAYBY- DAY (6 HOURS EARLIER) 65

Outside of the van, the police officer is still checking the sides, functionally in inspection mode. He eventually makes his way to the window where Robert is waiting with his window down.

ROBERT

Hi officer. Is there a problem?

POLICE OFFICER 1

Do you know that one of your taillights
is out?

Robert looks slightly taken aback by this but also relieved
that it isn't anything any more serious.

ROBERT

No, I didn't. But thank you. I'll take
it to a garage as soon as I get where
I'm going.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Alright. And where would that be
exactly?

ROBERT

(Shocked) I'm sorry?

POLICE OFFICER 1

Where you're going now? Where would
that be?

CUT TO:

66 INT. BACK OF VAN- DAY (6 HOURS EARLIER)

66

Craig is looking extremely anxious. As are Carl and Warren.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. VAN- DAY (6 HOURS EARLIER)

67

ROBERT

Erm just into the town. I've got some
things to pick up for the wife.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Oh right. She making you do all the
shopping, is she?

ROBERT

Yeah. We've just moved into a new house
and I'm getting the wardrobe parts
today.

POLICE OFFICER 1

An ikea job, huh?

ROBERT
Yes, sir.

POLICE OFFICER
Alright.

The police officer's eyes then quickly seem to scower inside the van yet he doesn't notice anything suspicious.

POLICE OFFICER 1
Well, I guess I'll let you.

Suddenly a buzzing noise is heard.

CUT TO:

68 INT. BACK OF VAN - DAY (6 WEEKS EARLIER) 68

In the van, Craig's phone is vibrating. Owen is ringing him.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. ROAD LAYBY- DAY (6 WEEKS EARLIER) 69

The police officer hears the vibrating, noticing that it is coming from inside the van. Robert looks extremely nervous.

POLICE OFFICER 1
What's that?

ROBERT
Oh that? That's my phone.

POLICE OFFICER
Your phone?

ROBERT
Yeah. I'll just leave it to voicemail.

CUT TO:

70 INT. BACK OF VAN- DAY (6 HOURS EARLIER) 70

Craig cuts off Owen and turns the phone off. He looks at the others angered.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. VAN- DAY (6 HOURS EARLIER) 71

The police officer looks behind Robert and tries to peer into the back of the van, but cannot because of the wall behind Robert's chair.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Strange to keep your phone in the back
of a van, isn't it?

Robert clearly is unprepared for this question.

ROBERT

Must have just slipped out.

The police officer nods but clearly hasn't bought into Robert's story.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Do you mind if I have a quick look in
the back of your van, sir?

Robert is now sweating and panicked. He wipes his forehead.

ROBERT

Really? Because I'm kind of in a hurry.
I don't want to keep the missus
waiting.

POLICE OFFICER

This will only take a minute.
Procedure.

The police officer then moves out to the side of the van. Robert gets out also, reluctantly.

ROBERT

(To himself) Shit!

CUT TO:

72 INT. BACK OF VAN- DAY (6 HOURS EARLIER)

72

Inside the van, Warren, Craig and Carl are at a complete loss as to what to do.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. ROAD LAYBAY- DAY (6 HOURS EARLIER)

73

Outside, Robert and the Police Officer make it round to the back of the van. The police officer indicates to his fellow

officer sat in the car that he will only be one moment. He looks at the door and then to Robert.

POLICE OFFICER 1
Would you like to?

ROBERT
It's open.

The police officer looks slightly suspicious at this.

POLICE OFFICER 1
Ok.

The police officer then slowly opens the door of the van. Robert looks worried. As the officer opens the door entirely, he reveals Craig there with a gun pointed at his head. Carl and Warren are stood behind him. They both have guns but only Craig is aiming at the officer.

CRAIG
Don't move, officer. Now you're just going to stay here while we get away and then nobody gets hurt. Alright?

Carl then notices the second police officer getting his gun prepared.

CARL
Shit, look out.

Carl then starts firing at the second police officer, who returns fire. Craig joins in and hits him. The first police officer advances back, drawing out his gun at the same time and fires at Carl, hitting him in the face. Warren cannot believe this and is mortified as Carl's body flies back next to him. Craig then fires at the first police officer killing him.

CRAIG
Robert!

Robert has advanced to the engines side of the car and gets back inside, into the driver's seat.

CRAIG
Robert! Get us the fuck out of here.

Robert begins driving. They speed off quickly, allowing Craig and Warren to watch the mess they have made. Craig shuts the door closed.

74 INT. BACK OF VAN- DAY (6 HOURS EARLIER)

74

Craig then bends over and attends to Carl, who is clearly hurt and can barely breathe. Carl's face has taken the full impact of the shot; it is a miracle that he is still breathing.

CRAIG

Carl? Carl, hang in there, man.

Warren looks saddened and helpless at Carl. Craig looks at Warren and realises just what they have done. Carl's breathing slowly stagnates.

CRAIG

Carl? Carl, you stay with me, you hear?

Carl's breathing slows down to the point where it stops. There is silence in the van.

CRAIG

Carl?! (SHOUTS) Carl!

Craig then breaks down and moves his head closer to Carl's, crying next to him. Whilst doing so, the blood from Carl's face transfers onto his.

CRAIG

Carl. Fuck! Fuck, man!

Warren appears saddened by this. He looks down with his head in his hands. These guys may be criminals but they are still humans; and struggling humans at that. Suddenly, Craig's phone starts ringing. It continues to ring yet he does not answer. Warren looks concerned.

WARREN

Craig?

Craig simply stares at Carl, confused by all that has happened.

WARREN

Your phone, Craig.

Craig then looks down at his pocket and takes out his phone. He answers it.

CRAIG
Hello.

It is Owen. He is calling to see how the previous hit went.

CRAIG
Yeah...No, I'm ok...No, it went fine.
Yeah...About a hundred thou in
total...Alright...Well I think four
minutes sounds about
right...okay...speak to you then.

Craig then hangs up. His attention is immediately turned back to Carl.

WARREN
Owen?

Craig nods.

CRAIG
We're four minutes away.

WARREN
Ok.

Craig then begins to stroke Carl's head. Was it all worth it?

75 INT. WARREN'S HOUSE- DAY (6 HOURS EARLIER) 75

Sarah is on the phone with Warren's mother.

SARAH
No, no, he's not answering his phone or
anything.

CUT TO:

76 INT. WARREN'S PARENT'S HALLWAY (6 HOURS EARLIER) 76

Warren's mother, Emma, is stood in the hallway on the phone.

JANE
That's odd. Have you tried him at work?

SARAH

Yeah, but everytime I try his office,
there's no answer.

JANE

Don't worry about is, sweetie. He's a
busy man. He's probably with a client
of something

SARAH

(Sighs) Yeah, you're right.

CUT TO:

77 INT. HALLWAY- DAY (6 HOURS EARLIER)

77

SARAH

(Cont'd) I'll try him again soon soon.

JANE

And his mobile's probably just run out
of battery or something. You know how
useless he can be.

SARAH

Yeah, I do.

Sarah looks worried with this last comment.

78 INT. ROADSIDE CAFE- DAY (6 HOURS EARLIER)

78

Sergeant Willis is inside the cafe, examining the smashed CCTV
cameras. Officer Brady then approaches him.

OFFICER BRADY

Sir? The manageress says there
were three of them. One looking
after the hostages and two in the
back getting the cash.

SERGEANT WILLIS

Like at the store.

OFFICER BRADY

Exactly. She said that the two in
the back with her made her get the
money out of the safe. However,
she said that one of them was
clearly the leader of the group

and the other just seemed like
he'd been thrown into it.

SERGEANT WILLIS

Why were they both in the back?

OFFICER BRADY

Well, the main guy was making the
manageress get the money out while
the other was holding a gun up to
the waitresses head.

SERGEANT WILLIS

Jesus.

OFFICER BRADY

Tell me about it. He didn't shoot
her though. Apparently, he was
reluctant to do so.

SERGEANT WILLIS

Where's this waitress?

OFFICER

She's over there, sir. But she's
too distraught to speak.

Sergeant Willis ignores Officer Brady's comments and walks
over to the waitress, who is sat at a table with another
office and a coffee.

SERGEANT WILLIS

Excuse me ma'am.

Sergeant Willis sits down.

SERGEANT WILLIS

My name is Sergeant Willis. I'm
the head of the police operation
here. I just want to ask you a
couple of questions.

WAITRESSES

(Upset) I don't want to talk to
anyone.

SERGEANT WILLIS

I know you don't and I understand.
But if you just tell me a couple

of things, then we'll have a hell
of a better chance of catching
these guys who hurt you today.

The waitress looks up at Sergeant Willis susceptible.

SERGEANT WILLIS

Now, the man who was holding the
gun to you. What was he like?

WAITRESS

He was wearing a balaclava. I
couldn't see his face.

SERGEANT WILLIS

Yeah, I know that. I meant what
was his demeanour like. How did he
behave?

WAITRESS

He had a gun to my head! How do
you think he behaved?

SERGEANT WILLIS

I know, sorry, I'm not making
myself that clearer. What made him
stand out from the other man if he
did so?

WAITRESS

Well, the other man was a lot more
aggressive.

SERGEANT WILLIS

Ok.

WAITRESS

He seemed to be in control of
things. He was the most brutal.

SERGEANT WILLIS

What do you mean, most brutal?

WAITRESS

Well, when he told the other guy
to shoot me (SOBS)

The waitress then breaks down. Sergeant Willis then hands her
a tissue.

SERGEANT WILLIS

I know, I know it's hard. Just
please, for us all.

WAITRESS

Well, when he said that, the other
guy didn't want to do it.

SERGEANT WILLIS

How could you tell?

WAITRESS

Because he didn't do it straight
away. And when he wouldn't, the
one in charge pointed a gun at him
and told him he had to.

SERGEANT WILLIS

He had to? And then what happened?

WAITRESS

Well, then Vera, my manager, she
told him that he could have the
money. The other guy seemed more
relieved than I did. He even asked
me if I was ok.

SERGEANT WILLIS

Really?

Sergeant Willis is contemplating. Can Warren really be a part
of this gang? His thought is broken by Officer Brody.

OFFICE BRODY

Excuse me, sir. Can I have a word?

Sergeant Willis then gets up and they make their way back over
to the CCTV monitors.

OFFICER BRODY

We've just had a report in. Two
officers have just been shot near
a layby ten miles from here.

SERGEANT WILLIS

Oh my God. When did this happen?

OFFICER BRODY

About ten minutes ago. They were shot by three men in a blue van.

SERGEANT WILLIS

Blue van? Right, you get to the scene. I need to visit someone.

OFFICE BRODY

OK, sir.

Sergeant Willis then exits the cafe in a rush.

79 INT. BACK OF VAN- DAY (5 HOURS EARLIER)

79

Craig is still holding Carl, still distraught. Warren tries to break the tension.

WARREN

Look, I'm sorry. I-

Warren capitulates. He cannot find the words/

CRAIG

Run out of things to say?

Warren remains silent and has his head down.

CRAIG

Well, thanks. Poor bastards still dead though.

WARREN

Hey! There's nothing we can do about it.

CRAIG

You don't think so? Maybe if you would have grown a pair of balls and helped us with those two pigs back there, he would still be alive.

WARREN

Wait a minute, wait a minute here. Now robbing a cafe is one thing, but shooting a cop? Hell, I'm not going to do that.

Craig shakes his head and smiles vehemently.

CRAIG

You still don't know whose side you're
on, do you?

Warren doesn't know how to answer this but eventually plucks
up some courage to do so.

WARREN

All I know is that I'm not prepared to
kill innocent people.

CRAIG

Yeah?

The van then stops. Craig is staring at Warren with great
intensity.

CRAIG

Well, we'll see.

Craig then throws at balaclava at Warren, which he catches
with great ferocity.

80 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (5 HOURS EARLIER)

80

Sarah is in the living room, sat on the sofa on the phone. She
has phoned the bank where Warren works.

CUT TO:

81 INT. BANK- DAY (5 HOURS EARLIER)

81

The phone at the bank begins to ring. The receptionist answers
the call.

RECEPTIONIST

Hello? Harold and Smith's banking.
Caroline speaking. How may I help you?

SARAH

Can you put me through to Warren
Harrison please?

RECEPTIONIST

Certainly ma'am.

The receptionist presses a number.

CUT TO:

82 INT. HALLWAY- DAY (5 HOURS EARLIER) 82

Sarah is sat back on the sofa, looking edgy. She begins to hear the dialling tone. It is ringing and ringing but there is no answer.

CUT TO:

83 INT. BACK OF VAN- DAY (5 HOURS EARLIER) 83

Warren has his balaclava on and is zipping up his jacket. Craig is loading his gun.

WARREN

So, this is it?

CRAIG

This is it. The final showdown.

WARREN

Where are we hitting? Another restaurant?

CRAIG

(Smiles) Don't be silly! This is the big one.

CUT TO:

84 INT. WARREN'S OFFICE- DAY (5 HOURS EARLIER) 84

Warren's phone is continuously ringing. No one is there to answer it.

CUT TO:

85 INT. HALLWAY- DAY (5 HOURS EARLIER) 85

Sarah is looking progressively worried by the fact that Warren is not answering his phone. Where is he?

CUT TO:

86 INT. BACK OF VAN- DAY (5 HOURS EARLIER) 86

Warren looks puzzled. Where is Craig going with this?

WARREN

So, come on, tell me. Where the hell are we hitting?

CRAIG

(Smiles) Prepare yourself for this.

CUT TO:

87 INT. BANK- DAY (5 HOURS EARLIER)

87

Mark hears Warren's phone ringing from outside and enters, moving towards the phone.

CUT TO:

88 INT. BACK OF VAN (5 HOURS EARLIER)

88

WARREN

Come on, tell me!

CUT TO:

89 INT. WARREN'S OFFICE- DAY (5 HOURS EARLIER)

89

Mark picks up the phone and answers it.

MARK

Hello?

CUT TO:

90 INT. BACK OF VAN- DAY (5 HOURS EARLIER)

90

Craig looks up with Warren with an excited smirk on his face.

CRAIG

Harold and Smith's bank.

Warren's face drops. He suddenly realises that he will now have to rob the bank in which he works and take his fellow colleague hostages. He looks out of the rear window on the van and can see the bank from a distance. He feels faint and almost stumbles back.

CRAIG

Hey. Are you feeling alright?

WARREN

What? Yeah, it's just...

CRAIG

Just what?

Warren tries to recollect himself.

WARREN

I just didn't realise that it would be
such a big job.

CRAIG

Yeah, well. We don't do things by
halves. Come on put your balaclava on.

(Looks at his watch) We've got one
minute.

Warren looks petrified. He looks down at his balaclava,
realises what he's doing and puts it on.

FADE OUT:

91 INT. TRAFFIC JAM- DAY (PRESENT DAY)

91

Warren is sat in the traffic jam still. He fiddles around,
looking in the glove compartment and then pulls down his
overhead mirror; anything to distract him from the situation
he is in. There is a picture of Sarah and his baby on his
dashboard. He picks up the picture and looks at it for a few
moments, almost encapsulated by it. Suddenly, a car horn beeps
and Warren is back in reality. He looks ahead and sees that
the traffic is finally moving. He switches on his engine and
slowly begins to drive away. A smile emanates on his face. He
is now moving freely with the traffic and cannot believe his
luck. He is finally getting out of this nightmare. He then
takes an exit, smiling and almost laughing as he does so. He
exits the motorway and cheers.

FADE IN:

92 INT. WARREN'S OFFICE- DAY (5 HOURS EARLIER)

92

We are back in Warren's office. Mark has answered the phone.

MARK

Hello?

CUT TO:

93 INT. HALLWAY- DAY (5 HOURS EARLIER)

93

Sarah is surprised to hear Mark's voice.

SARAH

Mark? Is that you?

MARK

Sarah? Hi! How are you?

SARAH

Yeah not bad thanks. Listen, have you
seen Warren today?

CUT TO:

94 INT. WARREN'S OFFICE- DAY (5 HOURS EARLIER)

94

Mark looks perplexed.

MARK

Er no.

SARAH

No?

MARK

No. He hasn't been in today. In fact, I
don't think he's even called in sick.

CUT TO:

95 INT. HALLWAY- DAY (5 HOURS EARLIER)

95

Sarah is now looking extremely worried. What has Warren done?

MARK

Are you alright? Is something wrong?

SARAH

What? No, no. Everything's fine. Look,
can you do me a favour?

CUT TO:

96 INT. WARREN'S OFFICE- DAY (5 HOURS EARLIER)

96

Mark is looking concerned.

MARK

Sure, anything.

CUT TO:

97 INT. HALLWAY- DAY (5 HOURS EARLIER)

97

Sarah has tears in her eyes, yet is concealing the sadness in
her voice.

SARAH
If Warren comes in today, you tell me
alright.

CUT TO:

98 INT. WARREN'S OFFICE- DAY (5 HOURS EARLIER) 98

MARK
You know what, the moment he comes in
I'll-

Suddenly, a gunshot is fired and there are screams. Mark's attention is suddenly turned to this. Craig and Warren are stood in the entrance. Craig has just fired into the air and Warren is stood behind him sheepishly.

MARK
Fuck!

CUT TO:

99 INT. HALLWAY- DAY (5 HOURS EARLIER) 99

SARAH
Mark, what is it?

CUT TO:

100 INT. WARREN'S OFFICE- DAY (5 HOURS EARLIER) 100

Craig sees Mark on the phone and points the gun at him. Warren looks extremely worried at this.

MARK
Call for help.

Craig then shoots the door of Warren's office causing the glass to shatter and everyone to scream. Mark drops the phone. Craig is still pointing the gun at him.

CRAIG
Get the hell in here.

Mark, very cautiously, leaves Warren's office and comes into the main foyer.

101. INT BANK- DAY (5 HOURS EARLIER) 101

CRAIG

Anybody else, from now on, thinks they
don't have to listen to what I say
knows what will happen to them.

Craig looks around. Everyone looks petrified. Warren shares their fear; he is looking at the people he works with everyday, who he is now taking hostage.

CRAIG

Now, will someone kindly inform me who
is in charge here?

There is silence for a moment. Nobody dares look up or at one another.

CRAIG

Who is in charge?

An elderly gentleman then raises his hand from behind a desk.

MR O'BRIEN

That would be me.

CRAIG

And you are?

MR O'BRIEN

The manager.

Craig then turns around to Warren and nods.

CRAIG

Looks like we've found our guy.

Warren doesn't make any response. He is clearly the most uncomfortable he has ever been at this point. Robbing small businesses is one thing, but the bank where he works is something else.

CRAIG

Alright. Everybody over to that corner.

The bank employees and customers slowly begin to move into the far corner of the bank.

CRAIG

Hurry up!

The hostages now pick up speed. Craig goes over to the elderly gentleman and takes him by the shoulder.

CRAIG

Come on. You can show me where you hide
the big bucks in this place. (To
Warren) Keep an eye on them. That
bastards probably already phoned the
cops so this is going to be quick.

Craig then moves with Mr O'Brien into behind the counter of the bank. They arrive at a door which requires a password.

CRAIG

Enter it.

Mr O'Brien reluctantly types in the code and the door opens. Craig then turns back to Warren.

CRAIG

I won't be long.

The door closes behind them. The reality now hits Warren as to the responsibility he holds now. All of his friends and co-workers are staring at him, concerned and petrified. One of them, a lady, begins to slowly move towards a desk. Warren tries to disguise his voice as much as possible.

WARREN

Don't move!

The woman moves back to where she was. However, Mark's attention is now caught. He stares at Warren suspiciously. Warren looks at him but refrains from speaking.

102 INT. WARREN'S HOUSE- DAY (4 HOURS EARLIER) 102

Sarah is on the phone. She dials the number for the bank.

CUT TO:

103 INT. BANK- DAY (4 HOURS EARLIER) 103

The phone at the bank starts to ring. It captures everyone's attention and almost scares Warren. Warren then looks at everyone as he moves towards the reception area. He pulls the cord out of the phone. Mark is staring at him the entire time.

CUT TO:

104 INT. HALLWAY- DAY (4 HOURS EARLIER) 104

Sarah looks completely puzzled. She then begins to dial another number.

CUT TO:

105 INT. BANK- DAY (4 HOURS EARLIER) 105

Warren is looking anxiously at the clock and then at the door which Craig is behind. Suddenly, Mark's pocket begins to vibrate. Sarah is ringing his mobile.

106 INT. HALLWAY- DAY (4 HOURS EARLIER) 106

Sarah is ringing Mark, but again is receiving no answer.

SARAH

Come on, Mark. Answer.

107 INT. BANK- DAY (4 HOURS EARLIER) 107

Suddenly, the attention is on Mark. Mark is staring at Warren who is returning the look. Mark then slowly begins to place his hand inside his pocket. Warren anxiously shakes his head warning him to stop. Mark ignores him and grabs the phone. Warren suddenly points the gun at Mark who is completely shocked. However, he still has the phone in his hands.

WARREN

Put it down!

Mark stares at Warren, squinting, trying to see who is behind the mask. He slowly puts the phone down on the floor.

CUT TO:

108 INT. HALLWAY- DAY (4 HOURS EARLIER) 108

Sarah hears the phone go to voicemail and is now at a complete loss. Something is not right.

CUT TO:

109 INT. BANK- DAY (4 HOURS EARLIER) 109

Mark is still staring at Warren, whose confidence is seemingly growing.

WARREN

Slide it here.

Mark then, after a pause, aggressively slides the phone towards Warren. Warren stops it with his foot. He then looks down and sees the screen displays the message ONE MISSED CALL: SARAH. Warren stares at this hypnotised for a few moments. Everyone seems to notice this; especially Mark.

MARK

What's wrong?

Warren looks up at Mark, almost helpless for a moment. He looks as if he is about to speak until...

CRAIG

Come on. We're done.

Craig has re entered the foyer. He has a large bag in his hand, clearly stashed with money. Warren is looking slightly dazed at Mark and then at Craig. Craig is clearly not patient.

CRAIG

I said we're done.

Warren then looks at Mark before kicking the phone to the other side of the room. Him and Craig then begin walking, with Warren slowly looking over his shoulder at the hostages all staring straight at him. As they approach the entrance, Craig looks up and sees the employee of the month plaque. On it, is a picture of Warren smiling and his name underneath. Craig then turns at Warren, who is looking sheepish and shakes his head grinning.

CRAIG

I don't fucking believe it.

Warren does not respond. However, behind them Mark sees Craig looking at the photo and then shaking his head and commenting. This confirms his suspicions. He jumps up to confront Warren.

MARK

You son of a bitch.

Warren then turns around quickly. As he does, he draws his gun and shoots Mark in the stomach. Mark cannot believe this. He holds his stomach, seeing it splattered with blood, and falls back. Everyone in the bank starts screaming. Warren holds his position of shooting much to the contempt of Craig.

CRAIG

You fucking idiot! Come on.

Warren is still watching Mark, as he struggles on the ground, realising that he has just shot his best friend.

CRAIG

Come on!

Warren then comes back into reality and begins to leave quickly. Craig opens the door for him and they both leave.

110 EXT. BANK- DAY (4 HOURS EARLIER) 110

Craig and Warren are in the outside world. They hear sirens in the distance and they begin to move towards the van. However, Robert has already seen them thus the van pulls up towards them. Craig and Warren jump in the back and Robert drives away.

111 INT. BACK OF VAN- DAY (4 HOURS EARLIER) 111

Craig and Warren both take off their balaclavas. Craig looks at Warren and maliciously smirks. He then picks up the bag containing the money and opens it to look inside.

CRAIG

You know what, I'm almost proud of you.

WARREN

Why?

CRAIG

What you did in there! It took balls.

WARREN

There was nothing ballsy about that.

CRAIG

Jeez, you don't take compliments well,
do you?

Craig can see that Warren is still clearly unsettled. Warren is staring at Carl's corpse, which is now covered with a blanket in the back.

CRAIG

Well, forget about it. What's happened

has happened. It's over. And now you
can reap the rewards.

Warren looks up at Craig. He is just glad this thing has
finished.

CUT TO:

113 EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE- DAY (3 HOURS EARLIER) 113

Sergeant Willis is walking up Warren's drive. He looks at the
large, detached house and admires the well kept garden and
pleasant neighbourhood. He goes to the door and rings the
bell.

114 INT. HALLWAY- DAY (3 HOURS EARLIER) 114

Sarah walks down the hallway. She clearly is anxious now, her
cheeks are red with tears, and her overall appearance
signifies her fatigued. She opens the door.

115 EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE- DAY (3 HOURS EARLIER) 115

Sarah sees Sergeant Willis there. She has no idea who he is
until he raises his badge.

SERGEANT WILLIS
Mrs Harrison?

Sarah looks scared as Sergeant Willis shows her his badge. All
she can think about is Warren and where he is now. Sergeant
Willis can sense her fear.

SARAH
Yes?

SERGEANT WILLIS
My name is Sergeant Willis. A
colleague of mine rang you a few
hours ago regarding your husband's
car.

SARAH
Oh yes, I remember. Have they
caught the guys who stole it?

SERGEANT WILLIS
No, Not yet. May I come in?

SARAH

Well, erm, I'm a bit busy.

SERGEANT WILLIS

It won't take long. It's
important.

SARAH

OK.

Sarah moves aside so that Sergeant Willis can enter the house. She then looks around outside, not really knowing what to find. She closes the door.

114 INT. LIVING ROOM- DAY (4 HOURS EARLIER)

114

Sarah has guided Sergeant Willis into the living room. He stands next to the sofa.

SARAH

Please, sit down.

SERGEANT WILLIS

Thank you.

Sergeant Willis then sits down and
so does Sarah.

SERGEANT WILLIS

Mrs Harrison, I'm going to be
blunt. Has your husband contacted
you today?

SARAH

What, you mean called me?

SERGEANT WILLIS

Since this morning when he left
for work.

SARAH

(Distraught) No. I can't get in
contact with him on his mobile and
work say he hasn't shown up.

SERGEANT WILLIS

I know. Do you have any idea at
all where he might be?

SARAH

No. Sometimes, he goes into the city for a meeting or something like that. But he always tells me when he does.

SERGEANT WILLIS

(Sighs) Looks, Mrs Harrison, are you aware of your husband's financial situation?

SARAH

I wasn't. Until about half past ten this morning. A representative from a loan company came round telling me how much we owed him.

SERGEANT WILLIS

So, you had no idea up until today?

SARAH

Not a clue.

SERGEANT WILLIS

Ok. What time did your husband set off to work this morning?

SARAH

About half past eight like he normally does. Why? What is this?

SERGEANT WILLIS

Mrs Harrison, a convenience store about eight miles from here was robbed just before nine. We found your husband's car outside abandoned.

SARAH

Oh my God. Which store was it?

SERGEANT WILLIS

It's called Niscos. It's part of a branch.

SARAH

Yeah, I know. We go there all of

the time. He might have just popped in this morning on his way to work.

SERGEANT WILLIS

That's probably what happened. How long does it take your husband to get to work from here?

SARAH

About half an hour.

SERGEANT WILLIS

And the shop is on the way?

Sarah nods her head.

SERGEANT WILLIS

You see, we were working on the theory that these guys might have taken your husband's car whilst he was at work. But that can't have happened if he hadn't even gotten to work by then, can it?

SARAH

What are you suggesting?

SERGEANT WILLIS

Mrs Harrison, when the convenience store was robbed this morning, one of the robbers was shot.

SARAH

Oh my God!

SERGEANT WILLIS

After this happened, one of the hostages then volunteered to help out the thieves.

SARAH

What? That's crazy!

SERGEANT WILLIS

You're telling me. I've never seen anything like this whilst I've been on the force.

SARAH

What's this got to do with Warren?

SERGEANT WILLIS

Mrs Harrison, nobody has either seen or heard from Warren since this morning. And when we spoke to the hostages from the store, the description of Warren matches that of the person who left with the robbers.

SARAH

No. No! I don't care what you say. Warren would never do anything like that, ever.

SERGEANT WILLIS

You said you had money troubles.

SARAH

Yes but...he couldn't...he would never break the law.

SERGEANT WILLIS

He's hidden so much from you before now, what's to say he wouldn't do this?

SARAH

He just wouldn't. It's not in him. There must be another explanation.

SERGEANT WILLIS

There is. And it's grim. The only other logical reason for your husband's disappearance is if the robbers took his car by force.

SARAH

You mean...killed him?

SERGEANT

Yes. But there's no evidence to suggest that. There was no struggle, no signs of blood nothing.

SARAH

Oh my God. What's happening?
What's happening?

SERGEANT WILLIAMS

We don't know. We just don't know.
You say you've tried your husband
on his mobile?

SARAH

He won't answer it. Keeps going
dead.

SERGEANT WILLIS

There's a good chance that they
stole his phone from the car. For
them, it's another way they can't
be traced. I just wanna tie up a
few loose ends that's all.

SARAH

Ok.

Sergeant Willis looks at Sarah sympathetically. This has all
being a huge shock for her and he realises how difficult this
must be.

SERGEANT WILLIAMS

At the moment, we are running on
theories. There's no hard evidence
that your husband has done
anything wrong. We just have to
follow every lead we have.

SARAH

I understand.

Sergeant Williams offers a smile of empathy but Sarah is too
traumatised to notice.

116 INT. BACK OF VAN- DAY (4 HOURS EARLIER)

116

Craig is examining the amounts of cash they have in the bags.

WARREN

How much?

CRAIG

Well, after we've taken out Carl's
share and-

WARREN

How much?

CRAIG

(Sighs) We'll get about £100,000 each.

WARREN

What? £100,000 each? Is that it? Is
that what we went through all that for?
Carl's death?

CRAIG

Hey! Calm down. That's a good sum.

WARREN

A good sum? I bet there's ten times
that in that bag alone.

There is silence for a moment as Craig makes no attempt to deny this.

WARREN

Wait a minute. How much is that Owen
going? The guy behind all of this?

CRAIG

Owen? Well, a substantial amount. He
planned it all remember.

WARREN

How much is substantial?

Craig looks at Warren with sympathy and sighs.

CRAIG

Half.

WARREN

Half?! Of everything.

Craig nods his head.

WARREN

What the fuck? So, we've done all of
his dirty work and he's just going to

take what we worked for. What we
sacrificed everything for!

CRAIG

Hey, shut it, wise guy! When you woke
up this morning, you didn't even know
that this was going to be happening!
You should think yourself lucky that I
even let you in on this.

WARREN

Cut the crap. I've put more effort into
this than anyone of you. It took guts
to do what I did. I never planned on
doing any of this stuff like you guys.
You all had time to prepare. I didn't.
After what happened in there, there's
no way can I go back to my normal life.
And all for £100,000, when some guy sat
on his ass occasionally calling us gets
the majority of it.

CRAIG

Hey! That's just the way it is. No one
ever said life was fair. We of all
people should know what.

Warren looks at Carl's body before staring Craig aggressively
in the face.

WARREN

Yeah. Well, I'm sick of being walked
all over.

Warren stands up and shoots Craig. Craig falls back and hits
the side of the van wall, dropping the bag. Warren quickly
picks up the bag along with the other two from previous
robberies. Robert is in the front of the van startled by all
of this.

ROBERT

What the fuck?

Suddenly, Warren is stood behind him, pointing a gun to his
head.

WARREN

There's been a change to the plan,

Robert. Just pull over whenever you
can, ok?

Robert blinks and cannot believe what is happening.

ROBERT
Shit.

Warren then begins to transfer money from one bag into
another.

ROBERT
You know, you're making a big mistake
here, Warren.

Robert then begins to pull over. Warren cannot fit all of the
money into two bags so picks up the remainder of the third bag
and hands it over to Robert.

WARREN
Here. There's a few thousand in there.
That should do you. Do us all a favour
and torch this van when you get a
chance.

ROBERT
Warren, don't do this. It's not worth
it. You'll get found out.

WARREN
By who? Owen? He doesn't even know who
the hell am I or that I'm even in on
this. Level with me, Robert. You'd do
the same in my position.

Robert does not respond but simply sighs.

ROBERT
Be careful.

Warren looks at Robert contemplating whether this is the
correct decision or not.

WARREN
You too.

Warren then moves over both Craig and Carl's bodies and gets
out of the van.

117 EXT. HARD SHOULDER- DAY (4 HOURS EARLIER) 117

Robert has pulled onto the hard shoulder of a road. Warren gets out of the van and climbs over the fence separating the road from a small hill, leading to some fields beside the road. He slowly ascends up the hill, covered by the trees.

118 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (4 HOURS EARLIER) 118

Sergeant Willis is about to leave.

SERGEANT WILLIS

Look, if Warren calls, will you just get him to call me on this number?

Sergeant Willis then passes Sarah his card.

SERGEANT WILLIS

It would just be for my own piece of mind. To make sure he's safe and maybe that he can tell us something about the guys who stole his car, if he knows anything.

SARAH

Ok. I will.

SERGEANT WILLIS

I know you want to clear all of this up as quickly as we do.

Sarah offers Sergeant Willis a smile; purely for show.

11 EXT. WARREN'S STREET- DAY (3 HOURS EARLIER) 119

Warren arrives on his street. He slowly walks around the corner. Sergeant Willis in his drive talking to his wife; his police car is parked in his drive.

WARREN

Fuck!

Warren then hides behind the corner. He glances around to see Sergeant Willis shake Sarah's hand and get into his car. He then gets in and drives away, luckily for Warren in the opposite direction. Sarah then looks worried, watching the car leave. She makes her way back into the house.

120 INT. HALLWAY- DAY (3 HOURS EARLIER)

120

Sarah has just finished shutting the door. She stands in the hallway, against a wall, and puts her hand on her head and starts sobbing. She does this for a few seconds until there is a knock at the front door. She wipes away her tears and goes to answer it. Warren is stood there, wearing the same suit from this morning. Sarah is absolutely stunned.

SARAH
Warren?

Warren then kisses her and moves into the hallway.

WARREN
Close the door.

Sarah almost traumatised by Warren's presence closes the door. Warren then makes his way upstairs and Sarah follows him, slowly.

121 INT. BEDROOM- DAY (3 HOURS EARLIER)

121

Warren throws the money bags on the bed and begins to get undressed. He opens his wardrobes and begins to change his clothes. Sarah slowly walks in, incredulous as to what Warren is doing.

SARAH
What's going on?

Warren stops momentarily to look at Sarah. He quickly carries on.

WARREN
I need to go away for a while.
Somewhere quiet.

SARAH
Go away? What do you mean?

Warren ignores her and continues to get changed. Sarah then looks at the bulging bags on the bed and becomes extremely suspicious.

SARAH
Warren? What the hell is going on?

Warren ignores her and is trying his best to button up a shirt.

SARAH

Warren, I know.

Warren buttons his final button as she says this. He is clearly caught out by this and feels humiliated as well as betrayed. He turns around to look at Sarah.

WARREN

Know what?

SARAH

Don't lie to me anymore, sweetie.
I know everything. About all the
trouble you've been in. The money,
the debts. Why, Warren? Why have
you kept it from me?

WARREN

To protect you.

SARAH

Protect me. But, why?

Warren looks at Sarah and genuinely does not have an answer. He then thinks back to the reason why he did not come into the house straight away.

WARREN

What was that police officer doing
here earlier?

SARAH

He called round.

WARREN

Why?

SARAH

Because. They said that they found
your car outside some shop that
was robbed this morning.

WARREN

Oh, fuck! What did he say?

SARAH

He wanted to talk with you. One of the hostages from that place went and helped these criminals out!

WARREN

And so what?

SARAH

Well, with your ... nobody has seen you all day! Your phone has been switched off and you didn't call into work. (PAUSE) What's happening?!

WARREN

(Frustrated) Just shut up, ok!

Sarah is clearly taken aback by Warren's aggressiveness but can now justify it due to his financial circumstances. She has also realised that it is now a strong possibility that he may have helped the robbers out this morning.

SARAH

What are you going to do?

WARREN

(Sighs) I've run into some money.

SARAH

Into some money? Oh my God. How did get it? Please tell me you didn't do what I think you did.

WARREN

Does it matter?

SARAH

Yes!

WARREN

Yes? You know what? People don't give a damn how you lose money. So, why the hell should they care so much how you gain it?

Sarah cannot answer. Warren then opens one of the bags and a heap of money pours out. Sarah cannot believe this and gasps.

SARAH

Jesus, Warren.

Warren looks at her and then turns his attention back to the bag. He then takes out a handful of money and offers it to her.

WARREN

Here.

SARAH

What? Where the hell did you get this?

WARREN

Jesus, will you stop asking?

SARAH

No! This isn't what you get at some convenience store. (PAUSE)
Does this have something to do with the bank?

Warren is clearly stumbled by this question. He was not expecting it.

WARREN

The bank? What do you mean?

SARAH

When I rang about half an hour ago, I was talking to Mark and there seemed to be some commotion.

Warren sense Sarah is not completely sure so tries to turn the situation on her.

WARREN

What the hell are you suggesting?
That I robbed my own bank?

SARAH

No!

WARREN

You think that I'd be stupid enough to do that?!

SARAH

No, no! Look, I'm sorry. I've been so worried what with everything that's happened.

WARREN

What do you mean? What else has happened?

SARAH

Well, this morning a Mr Daniels called round from the loan company.

WARREN

Fuck! What did he want?

SARAH

I think you know, Warren. You've taken too long paying them back.

Warren is angered now that Sarah believes she can take a stance on this.

WARREN

Yeah.

Warren then forces the money into Sarah's hands.

WARREN

(CONT'D) Well, you don't have to worry about that anymore. Because I have enough to pay this guy back and all the other assholes who have been bleeding me dry.

SARAH

My God, Warren. How much is there?

WARREN

Never mind. Enough to keep you going for a couple of months.

SARAH

A couple of months?

WARREN

Just scatter it about. Don't leave

it in one place. I'll send more
when I have it.

SARAH

Warren, I'm scared. What the hell
have you done?

Warren then realises just what he's done- murdered a man,
robbed his own workplace and lost whatever dignity he once
had.

WARREN

What I had to do.

Warren then puts on a jacket and lifts up a bag.

WARREN

Where's David?

SARAH

My mum's taken him to the park.

WARREN

Shit! I would have loved to have
said goodbye.

SARAH

What about... you know?

Sarah then touches her belly, indicating towards their unborn
child. Warren smiles, trying to hold back his tears. He had
never thought about that.

WARREN

I'll be back. Don't you worry
about that.

Sarah looks at Warren, sympathetically yet also wondering what
he has done. Suddenly, there is a loud knock at the door.
Warren looks alerted as does Sarah.

WARREN

Don't answer it!

SARAH

I have to. It might be important.

Sarah begins to go down the stairs yet Warren grabs her arm.

WARREN
Don't do it!

Sarah notices how serious Warren is.

MRS SIMPSON
Sarah! It's Mrs Simpson from next
door. Are you there, dear?

SARAH
It's only Mrs Simpson. Let me see
what she wants.

Warren is unsure but after a few seconds reluctantly lets her go. Sarah then goes to the front door and opens it. Warren stands at the doorway of the bedroom, listening intently.

122 INT. HALLWAY- DAY (3 HOURS EARLIER) 122

MRS SIMPSON
Sarah!

SARAH
Mrs Simpson. Are you ok?

MRS SIMPSON
I'm ok, dear. What about you? Have
you heard the news?

Warren looks scared at this point. Sarah is oblivious.

SARAH
News? What, what news?

MRS SIMPSON
About the bank.

SARAH
No. What's happened?

MRS SIMPSON
Well, there was a robbery, dear.
Somebody was shot.

SARAH
A robbery?

MRS SIMPSON
Yes, yes!

Sarah is completely astounded by this. She realises that Warren has just come back from the bank robbery and that he may have killed someone to get what he desires. This is no petty theft. How could he stoop so low?

123 INT. BEDROOM- DAY (3 HOURS EARLIER) 123

Warren looks angered now and tries to restrain himself. Why can't that noisy old bat just stop interfering?

124 INT. WARREN'S HALLWAY- DAY (3 HOURS EARLIER) 124

Mrs Simpson sees Sarah's shock so tries to enquire more; clearly the noisy old neighbour of the street.

MRS SIMPSON

I was just seeing if Warren had called.

SARAH

Warren?

MRS SIMPSON

Yes. If he's ok.

SARAH

Warren wasn't at work today.

MRS SIMPSON

(Surprised) Oh.

Sarah then realises that her quick reply sounds slightly suspicious.

SARAH

No, he was at a meeting out of town. They have them every so often.

MRS SIMPSON

Oh. You lucky thing! No wonder you don't seem worried.

Mrs Simpson, however, seems to notice the worry developing on Sarah's face.

MRS SIMPSON

Are you sure you're alright, dear?

SARAH

What? Yes I'm fine, thanks. Just a bit of a shock that's all.

MRS SIMPSON

Well, I bet. Anyway, I've got to go. I'm expecting company at three.

SARAH

Ok. Thanks for popping round.

Mrs Simpson smiles at Sarah who then closes the door. Sarah then makes her way into the living room.

125 INT. LIVING ROOM- DAY (3 HOURS EARLIER)

125

Sarah enters the living room and puts on the television. There is a breaking news story about the bank robbery. Sarah holds her hands up to her mouth in an attempt to stop her sobs. Warren then walks in the room and sees what is on television. Surprisingly, he is not shocked. He then moves towards Sarah but stops as she turns around to look at him. Warren looks at the television for a moment. Warren looks at Sarah sympathetically and strokes her hair. She puts her hand on his and embraces it for a moment.

WARREN

I love you.

SARAH

I love you too.

Warren then slowly moves his hand away from Sarah's before leaving the room.

126 INT. HALLWAY- DAY (3 HOURS EARLIER)

126

In the hallway, next to the phone, are Sarah's car keys. Warren picks them up and takes them away. As he is about to leave, he sees a photograph of him, Sarah and David hung on the wall. They are in the park, all smiling happily; clearly a much happier time. Warren stares at this intently; he wishes he could return back.

127 EXT. WARREN'S HOUSE- DAY (3 HOURS EARLIER)

127

Warren leaves the house and unlocks the car. He throws the two bags of money into the back seat, looking around as he does and drives away.

FADE OUT:

128 EXT. MAIN STREET- DAY (PRESENT DAY) 128

We are back in the present day. Warren is driving down the street, having just left the motorway. He is contemplating what he has done that day, but is clearly relieved that it is now all over. He then comes to a set of traffic lights and looks in his mirror. He sees a police car whizz past behind him. He shakes his head and smiles.

129 EXT. FAST FOOD RESTURANT- DAY 129

Sergeant Willis is stood outside a fast food restaurant with his phone in his hand. He looks over at the car at the traffic lights and realises that it is Sarah's. He peers inside the car and notices that Warren is driving it. He hangs up the phone and slowly begins to make his way towards it, drawing out his gun.

130 INT. SARAH'S CAR- DAY 130

Warren is humming way, oblivious that Sergeant Willis is slowly approaching.

131 EXT. MAIN STREET- DAY 131

Sergeant Willis has crossed the road and is now in close proximity to the car. He is approaching it from the right hand side. Warren quickly looks to his right and notices Sergeant Willis pointing a gun at him.

SERGEANT WILLIS

Freeze, Warren!

Warren panics. As Sergeant Willis goes to grab the door, Warren begins to speed away, making the sergeant fall to the floor. Warren drives through the lights and almost hits a car in the oncoming traffic as he does so.

132 EXT. SIDE STREET- DAY 132

Warren is driving fast, worried about what just happened. Do the police know? Warren is now speeding at 80mph, just wanting to get as far away as possible. Suddenly, as he moves forward,

the side of his car is caved in by another car driving at a horrendously fast speed. This causes Warren's car to flip over and topple before eventually stopping. Warren then blacks out.

133 INT. WAREHOUSE- DAY

133

Warren wearily wakes up. He opens his eyes and realises that he is in an abandoned warehouse. He is surrounded by unused machinery, garbage scattered everywhere and smashed windows. He looks around and realises that he is strapped to a chair. His mouth is covered in duck tape. He looks to his side and sees Sarah also bound to a chair, struggling with tears in her eyes. This causes Warren to try and scream and shake his head rapidly, yet his screams are muffled. He then tries to make his way over to Sarah. He struggles and as he does so falls to the ground with the chair. Whilst on the ground, he can see the view behind him. There, Sergeant Willis is laid dead strapped to a chair, with gunshot wounds all over his body. Warren begins to shake his head, causing Sarah to look around and scream at the dead sergeant. Whilst on the ground, suddenly, he is kicked in his face. He is then brought up on his chair. He is then struck across the face much to Sarah's dismay. We then see that the man striking him is the police officer from before. Warren wearily sees him yet becomes alert when he sees who it is. He realises that the police officer is part of it.

POLICE OFFICER

Thought you were pretty smart,
huh?

Warren shakes his head rapidly.

POLICE OFFICER

What?

The police officer, or Owen as it will soon be revealed, rips off the tape on Warren's face.

WARREN

Jesus!

POLICE OFFICER

No, not quite. You see I'm not
prepared to sacrifice myself for
others. Especially low life pieces
of shit like you.

Warren looks up at the police officer and scrutinises his face.

WARREN

Owen?

OWEN

Wow! You're clever. I can tell you work in a bank.

WARREN

But, but.. in the jam, you were...you were going to cars.

OWEN

That was all an act. Don't you see. People see the uniform and the badge and they think they have to listen to you.

WARREN

So, you're a cop?

OWEN

Hell, I'm no damn cop. This uniform you can buy from any fancy dress shop in the country.

WARREN

Yeah but I've...I've seen you. You were asking other people in the traffic.

OWEN

How ignorant are you? Those people are just as dumb as you are. They see someone with a helmet on and they think they've got the real deal.

WARREN

I don't...I don't believe this.

OWEN

Yeah? (More serious) Well, believe it. Because you were about to seriously fuck me over.

Warren gulps at this and then looks over at Sarah, concerned. Owen notices this and moves towards Sarah.

OWEN

Ah, yes. The doting wife. How romantic.

Owen then strokes Sarah's hair making her cringe.

WARREN

You get your fucking hands off her!

Owen smiles at Warren.

OWEN

I don't think you're in any position to call the shots, do you?

Warren is silenced by this. Owen leaves Sarah and begins walking around the room.

OWEN

You know what? I wasn't even that angry when I found out that you'd got on board. Hell, I wasn't even that mad when I found out that you'd killed Craig. But trying to steal from me. That's something that causes me great distress.

WARREN

Look, I'm sorry, alright?

OWEN

Well, that's just the thing. You're not are you? You were more than willing to forget about me and all the months of meticulous planning it took to make this operation work. Do you think that's fair? Huh? After somebody puts their heart and soul into something for some asshole just to come along and steal the credit?

WARREN

I said I'm sorry. You can have it
all back, ok?

OWEN

No. It's not ok.

Warren looks at Owen, concerned as to what he will do to him
now.

WARREN

How did you know who I was anyway?
In the jam?

OWEN

Oh, I knew all along. You guys
were being tracked from the
beginning. You didn't think I'd
just let some nobodies run out
there with my master plan and not
be monitored did you? Oh no. This
had to be done perfectly. (A beat)
Except it didn't, did it?

Warren sighs at this and looks down.

OWEN

And now all that's left to do is
decide how we should end this.

Owen looks down at Warren who is trying to conceal his fear.
Sarah's is not so disguisable. His attention turns to the
corpse of Sergeant Willis.

OWEN

What made you do it, Warren?

Warren looks up at this, perplexed by such a personal
question.

WARREN

Made me do it?

OWEN

Yeah! It's not every day that a
hostage in a robbery decides he
wants to get on board. You must
have had a reason. What was it?

Warren cannot believe he is being asked this. He shakes his head and then looks over at Sarah.

WARREN

I needed the money.

OWEN

That badly?

WARREN

(Sharpish) Yes, that badly! I was in debt up to my ears. I had overdraft upon overdraft and my house was about to be repossessed. I couldn't cope.

OWEN

And? You're just like thousands of others out there trying to get by. What makes you so different that you thought you could get away with this?

Warren sighs.

WARREN

What makes you think you could?

OWEN

Me? Well, because I'd planned all of this. I'd been meticulous for months, waiting for the right moment. I knew I could get away with it because I'd worked so goddamn hard not to get caught. So, what about you?

WARREN

Because I found a way out.

OWEN

Ah! The only thing is though, you didn't. The only thing you've found is more grief.

Owen takes his hands out of his pockets and then picks up a coat from the corner of the room and puts it on. He heads for the door.

WARREN

Wait a minute. Where the hell are you going?

OWEN

Far away. I've got everything I want now.

WARREN

Yeah but what about me?

OWEN

What about you?

WARREN

Well, why have you brought me here? What's going to happen now?

OWEN

Why have I brought you here? To take the rap of course.

Sarah's face looks horrified at this.

WARREN

What...what do you mean?

OWEN

Well, I've left the balaclavas in your car. And Craig's body's in your trunk. And your Sergeant friend over there was just as keen as to offer his services.

WARREN

Wait a minute! You can't do this! You can't do this!

OWEN

Of course I can. Don't you see, Warren? That's the beauty of it. You ended up being vital to this operation after all. Now, we can upload of all the aftermath shit onto you and you've got nothing.

WARREN

Nothing?! I know you've all. I've seen all of your faces.

OWEN

Yeah and so what? You know our false names and seen us with dyed hair. Didn't you tell Robert to burn the truck? Well, that's a nice piece of evidence that the police will never find. However, this...

Owen pulls out a tape recorder from his pocket.

OWEN

(CONT'D) the police will find interesting.

Warren looks petrified now as does Sarah.

WARREN

What is that? What the fuck is that?

Owen then ejects a tape from the player and holds it in front of his face.

OWEN

This? Hell, it's your confession. Stopped it before I could say anything of course.

WARREN

(Outraged) You son of a bitch! You slimy son of a bitch!

OWEN

Don't worry. I've heard the jail terms are pretty easy for robbery at the moment. What with prison overcrowding and all. But murder? Well, that's another issue. Especially for a cop. They hate that. Yeah, they're going to have a field day when they find all of this.

Sarah is now crying loudly. Warren is outraged.

WARREN

You bastard! You evil bastard.

OWEN

I'm not evil, Warren. I'm just like you, trying to do the best for my family. It's a dog eat dog world out there, Warren. And my God do you know that now.

Owen then leaves. Warren is absolutely fuming.

WARREN

Noooo!

Sarah is crying. Warren begins to. We hear a car drive away. This fate is almost worse than death.

FADE OUT:

THE END