

ORCHID HEIST

INT. HIGH RISE - FIRST FLOOR - COFFEE BAR - NIGHT

A coffee bar on the ground floor of a high end residential building. The place is all but deserted. A teenager wipes down the counter.

On a chalkboard the hours are listed: "6am - midnight"

Two women, REI AKADA (late 20s, fashionable haircut, slick tie) and MIAMI GERARD (late 20s, black sweater, black boots), sit at a too-small table, sipping.

SUPER: "WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6th, 2012 -- 11:58 PM"

MIAMI
I don't play the violin anymore.

REI
There's nothing I can do to change your mind?

MIAMI
Nothing.

They sip.

REI
It's just that--

MIAMI
I know how you play. Bridger--

REI
Oh come on Bridger was an exception--

MIAMI
Best brass player I'd ever seen.
One movement with you, now he's
doing 19 in Rikers.

REI
That's not gonna happen again.

MIAMI
Is that what you told him?

REI
I told him what the prize was. He
decided it was worth the risk.

They sip.

MIAMI
What was it?

REI
300.

MIAMI
Thousand?

REI
Carats.

Miami's eyebrows climb. They sip.

MIAMI
What's the piece?

REI
Moonlight Sonata.

Miami's eyebrows climb higher. Rei leans in.

REI (CONT'D)
In C minor.

MIAMI
You're kidding.

REI
Serious. All I need is a violin,
first chair.

They sip.

MIAMI
I always wanted to buy a boat.

REI
You could buy three.

Rei lets it hang.

The teen taps the "HOURS" sign. He's closing.

REI (CONT'D)
Come on. Let's talk on the roof.

She gets up. Miami follows, both still sipping. They get on:

INT. HIGH RISE - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Rei hits the button for the roof. The elevator shoots up.

MIAMI
Who's the mark?

REI
Dennis Cleamont. Collector.

MIAMI
Where are we hitting him?

REI
His penthouse. 57th floor.

She points out the button on the elevator panel.

MIAMI
When?

Rei checks her watch.

REI
40 seconds.

DING. The elevator door opens to the:

EXT. HIGH RISE - ROOF

In the dark, three men wearing ski masks and dressed in black are hooking onto rappels.

Rei pulls on a ski mask. Offers a second mask to Miami.

Miami chuckles. She puts it on.

Rei and Miami walk out. The men quickly hook them into rappels as well.

All five stand on the buildings edge, back to the abyss.

MIAMI
What if I have second thoughts?

REI
Now would be the time.

Beat. Miami shrugs. In balletic unison all five drop off the side of the building.

END OF COLD OPEN

INT. COURTROOM - A FEW WEEKS LATER

The courtroom is packed. The media loves a good heist.

JUDGE CARVER presides, speaking to a handcuffed Miami.

JUDGE CARVER

Miami Gerard, you stand accused of:
3 counts of forgery, 1 count of
bribery, 2 counts of identity
theft, 4 counts of grand larceny,
and 29 counts of burglary.

Miami's lawyer (JAMES GERARD, late 60s, gray hair, sharp eyes) pinches the bridge of his nose.

INT. ATTORNEYS OFFICE

On the desk a nameplate "JAMES GERARD, PUBLIC DEFENDER".

Miami sits across from her father.

JAMES GERARD

Did you do it?

He coughs. Miami hands him a handkerchief.

MIAMI

What's it matter, dad? You've
defended guilty people before.

JAMES GERARD

This is different, Mia. Cleamont's
throwing the book at you. Did you
do it?

She meets his eyes. She lies.

MIAMI

Of course not.

JAMES GERARD

Ok. But promise me, if we get
through this, you won't end up in
a... similar situation. I just want
to spend time with my daughter-

He coughs again.

JAMES GERARD (CONT'D)

-outside of work.

INT. COURTROOM

As the jury files back in Miami looks over at the prosecutors table.

DENNIS CLEAMONT (40s, nice suit, nice watch, cheap glasses)
sits at the center of a squadron of high-powered lawyers.

Cleamont sees her looking. He smiles, winks at her.

JUDGE CARVER
Will the defense please rise?

Miami and her father stand. The press snap photos.

JUDGE CARVER (CONT'D)
How do you find the defendant?

HEAD JUROR
We find the defendant not guilty,
your honor.

Cameras FLASH. The press surges forward. Miami hugs her dad.
Over his shoulder she looks over at a LIVID Dennis Cleamont.

She winks.

CLEAMONT
She's a professional criminal! You
let her go, she'll do it again! I'm
tellin ya! She belongs in prison!

He slaps away the mics in his face.

CLEAMONT (CONT'D)
Get away from me you parasites!

He waves his finger in Miami's direction.

CLEAMONT (CONT'D)
You made a big mistake-

But she's already gone. Cleamont SMASHES his glasses on the
ground.

INT. SUSHI BAR - LATER

Miami and Rei, share a platter of colorful sushi.

REI
I feel bad, next time I'll get you
a hair net.

MIAMI
There's no next time. I'm all the
way out.

REI

Good for you. One of us has to grow up someday.

MIAMI

You should too.

REI

Maybe I will. What's your plan?

MIAMI

Got a job at Concord Investment.

REI

Finance huh? You do love crime.

MIAMI

It's not that kinda place.

INT. LIMOUSINE

Dennis Cleamont chews too much gum. Across from him his lawyer gets A TEXT.

LAWYER

Our man says Concord Investment.

CLEAMONT

Buy it.

INT. CONCORD INVESTMENT OFFICE

Miami's cubicle, a calender, pictures of the Hope Diamond, a faberge egg, and her dad.

It's five o clock. Miami turns off her computer. Grabs her jacket. Heads for the elevator. To her cubicle mate:

MIAMI

Goodnight, Stu.

STU

Seeya tomorrow.

Miami calls the elevator. Taps her foot.

DING.

REVEAL: NINE FBI AGENTS packed into the elevator. The lead flashes a badge at Miami.

FBI AGENT
Miami Gerard?

INT. COURTROOM

Back in the courtroom, Cleamont and his team prosecuting, Miami and her father playing defense.

LAWYER
It is our assertion that if Dennis Cleamont had not examined the records of the firm he purchased himself, Ms. Gerard would still be defrauding investors today.

Cleamont himself speaks from the prosecutors table.

CLEAMONT
Told you she was a bad egg.

JUDGE CARVER
Order, Mr. Cleamont, Order.

Cleamont leans back, smirking. Cool as ever.

INT. ATTORNEYS OFFICE

James coughs into a handkerchief. Miami's pacing.

JAMES GERARD
Did you do it?

MIAMI
No! He's the one screwing his own investors, they put that stuff on my computer!

INT. COURTROOM

The Jury files back in.

JUDGE CARVER
Will the defense please-

Miami stands. She knows the drill.

JUDGE CARVER (CONT'D)
How do you find the defendant?

HEAD JUROR
We find the defendant guilty.

Media circus, just like before. Only this time, Cleamont's the one to wink at a devastated Miami.

INT. BEDFORD CORRECTIONAL - MIAMI'S CELL

Cement walls. Steel bed. Across the hall in the guard's break room The TV plays the news:

ANCHOR

Legendary public defender James Gerard has been dismissed from his post after becoming embroiled in controversy over his defense of his convicted daughter, who was sentenced to 6 years in prison.

INT. BEDFORD CORRECTIONAL - CAFETERIA

Miami sits with a few other prisoners. They're pitching to her.

SUPER: "2014"

PRISONER

If you can get us that key card, we can get you all the ramen packets you want.

Miami shakes her head no.

MIAMI

Not even for the seafood special.

INT. BEDFORD CORRECTIONAL - MAIL ROOM

Miami opens a package from Rei. Inside there's a letter.

SUPER: "2017"

Miami reads the letter.

REI (V.O.)

I went to see your dad today. They say he's lucky they caught it when they did. His room is nice. At least, nicer than yours. Sorry about the gummy bears. I know you hate the red ones but you can't buy packs without 'em, so I had to sort by hand.

Miami turns the package over. Thousands of loose gummy bears spill out.

INT. BEDFORD CORRECTIONAL - MIAMI'S CELL

Miami folds up her jumpsuit. Her cell door opens.

SUPER: "2019"

GUARD
Today's the day, kiddo.

He leads her down the hall. They pass the break room. On TV, Cleamont is guest starring on an episode of ANTIQUES ROADSHOW. We stay on it as they pass.

EXT. CLEAMONT'S COMPOUND - ON TV

The host (MARK) shakes hands with Cleamont in front of garage-sized blast door.

MARK
I'm here with Dennis Cleamont, king of the collectors. He's offered to give us a tour of his new state of the art facility right here in Philadelphia. Mr. Cleamont?

Cleamont smiles for the cameras.

CLEAMONT
Right this way, Mark.

INT. BEDFORD CORRECTIONAL - FRONT DESK

The woman behind the desk hands Miami her personal effects.

WOMAN
Boots, size seven. ID, expired.
Wallet, 16 dollars, 22 cents.

She slides Miami a Metro Pass.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Bus pass, your first ride's on Uncle Sam. After that, you're on your own.

MIAMI
Thanks.

WOMAN
Congratulations.

INT. CLEAMONT'S COMPOUND - VAULT NETWORK

Mark and Cleamont walk down a long, circular hallway. If not for the gravity you'd think it was a space station.

MARK
Lasers, sensors, pressure pads, it
must cost a fortune in upkeep.

CLEAMONT
I'm a rich man. There's only one
thing I can't afford, and that's to
take chances.

Cleamont gestures to air locks as he passes them

CLEAMONT (CONT'D)
That's where I keep my paintings.
Vermeer, Degas, blah blah blah. If
you ask me, overrated... That one's
for jewels. Bah, boring! Let's go
for the fun stuff don't you think?

INT. CLEAMONT'S COMPOUND - INNER VAULT

An air lock DISENGAGES. Mark and Cleamont enter.

Mark rushes over to a glass display case with a piece of pottery in it.

MARK
This is Sumerian! It's gotta be-
five thousand years old at least!

Cleamont smiles. Exactly the reaction he was looking for.

CLEAMONT
Completely intact. Had to outbid
Princeton for it. But that's not
what I want to show you.

INT. BUS

Miami sits at the back of a crowded bus, the window next to her is open.

It starts to drizzle. She tries to close the window. Jammed.
It starts to POUR. Dammit.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY

A soaked Miami enters, she waves down a nurse.

MIAMI
Where can I find James Gerard?

NURSE
Room 223.

Miami takes off, jogging down the hall.

INT. CLEAMONT'S COMPOUND - INNER VAULT

Mark almost drops his microphone. In front of him stands a 40 foot skeleton. Tyrannosaurus rex.

MARK
That's a T-Rex! You have a T-Rex!

CLEAMONT
The only complete skeleton ever found. Museum of Natural History wanted it, but I wanted it more.

MARK
I'm impressed.

CLEAMONT
Why? Sumerian pottery, lizard skulls, whatever! Who cares! Why the obsession with dead stuff? Let me show you something *different*!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Stark white room. James Gerard lays in bed. Miami bursts in.

MIAMI
Dad!

JAMES GERARD
Mia! I missed you!

Miami hugs him.

JAMES GERARD (CONT'D)
You have no idea how happy I am to see you.

Miami looks away.

MIAMI

I'm sorry.

James waves his hand.

JAMES GERARD

Don't be. You had 6 years to be sorry. Just be here. With me.

MIAMI

Do you want anything? I can go to the house, get you some pillows or-

JAMES GERARD

Sold the house.

MIAMI

What? You should have told me!
Where do you live?

James gestures to the hospital room.

MIAMI (CONT'D)

Your insurance is paying to keep you here?

JAMES GERARD

For about another month. Then the money's gone.

MIAMI

This is Cleamont's fault, I'm not letting him win! Let's go to the media! Or sue-

JAMES GERARD

It won't work.

He holds her hand.

JAMES GERARD (CONT'D)

When I lost those six years with you, I realized... there's no justice in a courtroom. You can't beat these guys playing by the rules.

He squeezes. She meets his eyes. A fire's lit in her.

MIAMI

Then I won't.

JAMES GERARD

Mia...

But she's already gone.

INT. CLEAMONT'S COMPOUND - INNER VAULT

Cleamont leads Mark to a vault within the vault. He's enjoying this.

CLEAMONT
Here, behind 16 inches of boron
reinforced steel, is my most
valuable possession.

He scans his handprint, the door spins slowly open.

Mark nearly falls over.

INT. CLEAMONT'S COMPOUND - INNER VAULT

The camera crew focuses in on the **PANDORA ORCHID**.

It's leaves are pale blue with streaks of indigo running through the veins. Golden flecks shimmer just beneath the surface of each petal. It's the most beautiful, dignified, alien flower you've ever seen.

MARK
That's a Pandora Orchid!

CLEAMONT
That's *the* Pandora orchid.

MARK
For- for those of you at home, this is the only Pandora Orchid left in the world. There were two others until last year. One in the Dutch National Arboretum that was killed by temperature fluctuation-

CLEAMONT
(unconvincing)
An unfortunate lapse in judgement.

MARK
-And the other was at a research lab that mysteriously burned down.

CLEAMONT
(he totally did it)
A real shame. Terrible tragedy. How much would you say my Pandora Orchid is worth, Mark?

MARK
Gotta be forty, fifty million.

Cleamont smiles.

CLEAMONT
A little short, but I won't brag...

Cleamont turns back to Mark

CLEAMONT (CONT'D)
Mark, you've been in a lot of vaults, I'm sure. In your professional opinion, how safe is my orchid?

MARK
It's untouchable.

Cleamont smiles into the camera.

THEN: THE EPISODE REWINDS. We pan out to:

INT. VACANT APARTMENT

Empty except for the TV. Miami's studying the episode on a small TV. She rewinds to look at the Pandora Orchid again.

Then she grabs a jacket and heads out the door.

INT. REI'S BEDROOM

Second floor of a well put together house. Rain gently patters on the window. Next to Rei sleeps a handsome, but unimportant man. There's an umbrella at the foot of the bed.

TAP TAP TAP. A knock at the window. She closes the book, picks up the umbrella and heads to the window.

EXT. REI'S HOUSE - ROOF

Miami sits on the sloped roof next to the window.

Rei slides the window up, climbs out and sits next to Miami, sheltering them both with the umbrella.

REI
Wondered when I'd see you.

Miami motions to the sleeping man in the bedroom.

MIAMI
Who's he?

REI
Husband.

MIAMI
Congratulations. Does he know?

REI
He does. My daughters don't.

MIAMI
You have daughters?

Rei holds up two fingers.

MIAMI (CONT'D)
Congratulations.

They sit. The rain patters on the umbrella.

MIAMI (CONT'D)
I know what I said. And now you've
got a family. But I need to ask if-

REI
Yes.

MIAMI
Are you sure?

REI
Of course. When?

MIAMI
9 days.

REI
We're gonna need some brass.

MIAMI
I know a guy.

END OF ACT ONE

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE

MILTON (40s, tall, coke bottle glasses) sits behind a desk with a notepad. Across the room a woman laying on a couch sniffles into a tissue.

MILTON
I see... have you ever
considered... that it's your fault?

CHOKING SOBS from the woman. Milton makes a face: "yikes!".

MILTON (CONT'D)
Well, that's all the time we have.
See you next week.

The woman leaves, trying to pull herself together. Milton's SECRETARY enters.

SECRETARY (V.O.)
Your four o' clock moved to four
thirty, and now it's a house call.

MILTON
What's the address?

EXT. BOWL-O-RAMA

A large brick building, bowling pins painted haphazardly on the side. A sign reads: "SECOND FLOOR FOR RENT".

INT. SAFE HOUSE

The second floor of the Bowl-O-Rama. A little decrepit, but wide open and well lit by a large windows. The constant background noise of pins crashing rises from the floor.

SUPER: "SAFE HOUSE. 9 DAYS OUT"

Miami and Rei are halfway through replacing a window.

REI
Nice place, but is bulletproof
glass really necessary?

MIAMI
Bet you five bucks it is.

REI
You don't have that kind of money.

EXT. BOWL-O-RAMA

Milton pulls up. Reads the sign. Raises an eyebrow.

INT. BOWL-O-RAMA - LANES

Milton enters a nearly deserted bowling alley clouded by darkness and lit mostly by neon. A lone bowling team practices in the far lane. He heads for the stairs.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Milton enters. Sitting at a table in the middle of the room, arms crossed, is Miami.

Milton FUCKING BOLTS back out the door. Miami VAULTS over the table after him.

INT. BOWL-O-RAMA - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Milton BURSTS through the door. He RATTLES down the steps fast as he can.

Miami sprints in. Spots Milton below her. LEAPS down after him. Just feet behind.

Milton SLAMS through the door and out into:

INT. BOWL-O-RAMA - LANES -CONTINUOUS

Milton heads for the front door.

But Rei's already there blocking his exit. With Miami close behind Milton goes the only direction he can, down the lanes.

They sprint past a teen working the counter:

COUNTER TEEN

Hey you need shoes to go on the-

Milton crosses the line, KA-FUMP! He loses his footing on the slick surface, sliding down the lane on his ass.

Miami gives chase. Dives over the line sliding after Milton on her stomach like a skeleton racer.

CR-R-R-AASH! Milton slams into the pins, takes out all ten. The graphic above the lane reads "X STRIKE! X"

INT. BOWL-O-RAMA - MACHINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Loud machinery behind the lanes. Milton flops into the pin landing.

He gets up, takes off through a row of pin-setters. Makes a turn. Dead end. Back the other direction. Around a corner. Rei's in front of him.

REI

Hold it-

WHOOOMP! Milton's glasses fly off as Miami tackles him.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Miami, Rei, and Milton sit at the table. All sweating.

Rei hands Milton his glasses back.

MIAMI

We wanted to-

Milton KICKS the table over. Launches himself across the room at the window.

CLUNK! Bounces right off the bulletproof glass. Lands on the floor in the fetal position, cradling his head in his hands.

MILTON

Ohhhhh owowowow!

Rei sighs, she hands Miami \$5.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE

They're sitting at the table again. Milton holds an ice pack to his head.

REI

You done?

Milton nods.

MILTON

I thought you were in DC.

MIAMI

I was.

MILTON

They let you go?

MIAMI

They never found me.

MILTON

How? I told them exactly-

(catches himself)

Sorry. It wasn't personal, I-

MIAMI

I know. I would have done the same thing if it were my parakeet. By the way, how is Jonesy?

Milton looks at the floor.

MILTON

Sick.

Miami and Rei look at each other "Yikes."

REI

(quickly)

We've got a piece we're trying to play.

MILTON

And you think because of the thing in DC-

MIAMI

That we can guilt you into it? Yes.

REI

Or blackmail you. Your choice.

Milton slumps. He sighs.

MILTON

Dammit...

(defeated)

I'm supposed to be the psychologist...

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Kitschy Americana. Rei and Miami share a window booth. Across the street a DIGITAL SIGN advertises "AUTHENTIC RAMEN" and "JAPANESE SAKI"

SUPER: "8 DAYS OUT"

A bored, blonde, teen waitress with a name tag "ASHLEY" takes their order.

MIAMI
-and I'll have a cheeseburger,
medium well. Oh, and no pickles
please.

ASHLEY
Got it.

She leaves.

MIAMI
What's next?

REI
Keyboard. Any contacts?

MIAMI
Minerva?

REI
She's abroad.

MIAMI
What? Don't be like that. We need
more women in STEM.

REI
No, I mean she's overseas.

MIAMI
Oh. So what do we do? Post on
Indeed? "Masters in hacking,
proficient in breaking the law,
must know excel"?

REI
I know someone who'd be good. But
try not to jump to conclusions, ok?

MIAMI
Why?

A RINGTONE. The song "You've Got a Friend in Me"

MIAMI (CONT'D)
That's not my ringtone.

Miami unlocks her phone. She reads the text:

"Heard u need sum tech support."

MIAMI (CONT'D)
Hmmm, this your guy? I'm gonna say
I *might* be interested.

Miami begins to type it out. Before she completes it, another text appears:

"I know ur interested. I can hear u thru the phone."

MIAMI (CONT'D)
That's a cute gag.
(To Rei)
Is he good? Or just a show off?

Rei points out the window. Across the street the digital sign now reads "*Not Just Good. I'm The Best*"

MIAMI (CONT'D)
Ok, maybe both. When can I meet
him?

Ashley appears back with their food.

ASHLEY
How 'bout now?

Rei laughs.

MIAMI
Come on. What? Really? Rei, did you
set this up?

REI
She's my baby sitter. Caught her
trying to steal my identity a while
back. Gave her a raise.

Ashley places the food in front of them. Scrambled eggs for Rei, burger for Miami. Miami's staring at Ashley.

MIAMI
What are you, 16? Is pot getting
more expensive?

Ashley rolls her eyes.

ASHLEY
Tuition. You want me or not?

Miami looks back and fourth between Rei and Ashley.

MIAMI
Only 'cuz I don't know anyone
better.

Miami picks up the top bun of her burger. Tons of pickles.

MIAMI (CONT'D)
And you'll need a new job soon
anyway.

INT. BOWL-O-RAMA - LANES - MORNING

Miami, Rei, Milton, and Ashley are bowling together. Miami
and Rei talk while Ashley takes her turn

REI
Anyone else we need?

MIAMI
One more. A percussionist.

Rei nods. In the back Ashley rolls a GUTTER BALL.

REI
Good try!

Ashley comes back to the sitting area.

MILTON
I'm guessing you're here 'cuz the
bowling scholarship fell through?

Ashley scowls.

ASHLEY
Your turn, mister shrink.

MILTON
Please, call me *doctor* shrink.

Milton grabs a ball and heads for the top of the lane.
Ashley's immediately engrossed in her phone.

MIAMI
What do you think of Beetle?

REI
Rikers.

MIAMI
Evelyn?

REI
Blew her left one off during a job.
Sort of made her jumpy around the
stuff.

MIAMI
Should I send a card?

REI
I put your name on mine.

MIAMI
Thanks.

In the back, Milton bowls a STRIKE. He celebrates.
Miami meets Rei's gaze.

MIAMI (CONT'D)
What about...

REI
No.

MIAMI
We don't have an alternative.

REI
Please don't make me. You know I
used to *date him* right?

MIAMI
It's not like there's anybody else.
Come on, it's an hour away, lets
get going.

Miami, heads for the door. Rei reluctantly follows.

MILTON
Let's check the score shall we?

He points up to the digital scoreboard.

MILTON (CONT'D)
In the lead we have-

He looks. His score reads "0". Ashley on the other hand, has
a commanding lead of over eleven thousand points.

Ashley puts her phone down. Smiles innocently at him.

MILTON (CONT'D)
Oh, that's not fair.

INT/EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - GARAGE

ROCK MUSIC BLASTS from the garage. Inside, JONAS (30s, muscular, tattoos, no sleeves if he can help it) bench presses 235 in a homemade gym.

He sings along with the music to pump himself up. He gets every single word wrong.

SUPER: "7 DAYS OUT"

Abruptly, his music cuts out. He drops the weight on his chest. Struggles. He can't pick it back up. He's pinned.

Then, standing over him: Rei and Miami. Jonas manages a grin.

JONAS
(short on breath)
Hey... Rei...

REI
Hey.

Miami and Rei help Jonas push the weight off his chest. All three of them hold it there.

JONAS
I had that. 2 more.

MIAMI
Seemed like it. Listen we need to talk to-

JONAS
I know why you're here.

REI
Why's that?

JONAS
(motions to Miami)
You need me.
(motions to Rei)
And you want me.

They let the weight drop back on Jonas.

JONAS (CONT'D)
Wait-wait-wait-wait!

REI
Told you he was gonna be like this.

MIAMI
Alright alright, you were right.
But...

JONAS
Help-help-help-help!

They lift the weight back off of him. Rack it.

JONAS (CONT'D)
(cocky)
You need my help.

Miami and Rei look at each other. Jonas gets up, deliberately showing off his impressive height, and addresses Rei.

JONAS (CONT'D)
Come on, my Ma can make Miami some tea while you and I talk a little busy-busy.

Rei cringes. Miami shoots her a pleading look.

REI
Let's make it quick.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - KITCHEN

Floral patterns and doilies everywhere. Jonas is clearly not in charge of decoration.

At kitchen table sits GERTRUDE (late 70s, short but solid, dressed to match her tablecloth)

Jonas enters, leading Miami and Rei.

JONAS
Yo Ma, can you make Miami some tea?
Rei needs to talk to me about a piece she's plannin'

GERTRUDE
Of course, deary.

JONAS
Me and Rei will be in the Jacuzzi.

REI
No we will not. We will be out on the deck, fifteen feet apart.

JONAS
Whatever you say.

They go out through a sliding door.

GERTRUDE
What kind of tea would you like,
sweetpea?

MIAMI
Strong.

Gertrude gets out some BOURBON and winks. She busies herself
at the teapot, back to Miami.

GERTRUDE
You know, Jonas just got out too.
And it wasn't his first time.

MIAMI
I know.

GERTRUDE
He fled a scene in a stolen truck
full of Yankee candles. Figured he
needed to ditch it, so he set it on
fire. You could smell lavender for
miles. Scent led them right to him.

MIAMI
Ouch.

GERTRUDE
I'm afraid for him. That he'll
never get any better. At crime.

MIAMI
Well-

GERTRUDE
I guess I'm trying to say thank
you, dear. Thank you for including
him. He really needs the practice.

MIAMI
We're not here for Jonas.

Gertrude freezes. She turns to face Miami.

GERTRUDE
I don't do that any more.

MIAMI
You're the best.

GERTRUDE

Was the best, dear. I got my white picket fence and I intend to stay within it.

MIAMI

It's a difficult piece. It's not something I can use Jonas on.

GERTRUDE

He's a fast learner. Just the other week I was teaching him to use the thermal drill-

MIAMI

Jonas will just get in the way. Please, it's for my dad. He needs this more than I do.

Gertrude gets a dreamy look in her eye.

GERTRUDE

Ah, James. One of the good ones.

MIAMI

He needs my help. And I need your help.

Gertrude pours the tea.

GERTRUDE

I suppose I could be convinced. For James. On one condition.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE

Jonas has his feet up on the table. Very pleased with himself.

JONAS

I knew you needed me.

Rei shoves his feet off the table.

END OF ACT TWO

INT. SAFE HOUSE

Miami and Rei stand in front of a small flat screen. Jonas, Ashley, Milton, and Gertrude sit on a ratty couch facing it.

SUPER: "6 DAYS OUT"

On screen: A picture of the Pandora Orchid.

MIAMI

This is what we're after. But we need to know everything we can about where Cleamont is keeping it. Which means...

CLICK. The screen changes to a photo of PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL.

MIAMI (CONT'D)

We're hitting this first.

ASHLEY

Philadelphia City Hall? My mom loves that place. She's like some local history buff. They give tours right?

REI

We're not there for a tour. Inside Philadelphia city hall are the blueprints to the Cleamont Cache. We need them.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - VAULT

A STYLIZED BLACK AND WHITE FLASHBACK:

Cleamont places a rolled up BLUEPRINT into a safety deposit box. Beside him stands a LOCAL GOVERNMENT SUIT.

REI (V.O.)

Cleamont's security company just happened to get the contract for the building, so the place is locked up tight.

Cleamont hands the suit a briefcase. The suit opens the briefcase to reveal a JACKIE ROBINSON BASEBALL CARD. He closes it and shakes Cleamont's hand.

BACK TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE

MIAMI

Another thing. Cleamont can't know he's been robbed. No investigation, no evidence, everything left exactly where we found it.

REI

If he even suspects we're coming for him, he'll change up his security and it'll be for nothing.

MIAMI

But our biggest problem has a name. Richard Wallace.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - WALLACE'S OFFICE

Wallace (40s, dark suit, hard eyes) works diligently.

REI (V.O.)

He's Cleamont's chief security officer and he's directly in charge of the security at city hall. What do you know about him Milton?

MILTON (V.O.)

He spends all day in his office.

INT. UBER

Wallace is on a laptop in the backseat.

MILTON (V.O.)

He takes an uber to and from just so he can work in the car.

EXT. WALLACE'S HOUSE

A two story Italian villa. Private drive. 300 feet uphill Milton sits in his car watching the house through binoculars.

MILTON (V.O.)

He's wealthy. Which means his wife is way out of his league.

Through binoculars: DEIDRE WALLACE (30s, blonde, dynamite) stretches out by the pool.

INT. 5 STAR RESTAURANT - LATER

Mrs. Wallace sits alone at a table for two.

MILTON (V.O.)
But he also works non-stop.

CLEAMONT joins her at the table. She kisses him on the cheek.

MILTON (V.O.)
*Which means his wife is sleeping
with his boss.*

INT. SAFE HOUSE

The gang ponders.

REI
That's very dramatic, I'm not sure
how useful it is though.

MILTON
If one can ignore Deidre Wallace,
one must be obsessed. We need to
watch out for him.

MIAMI
What about the rest of his team?

MILTON
Fortunately not all his city hall
employees are as committed as he
is.

Behind Milton flashes a picture of the instantly forgettable
BRETT THE SECURITY GUARD.

MILTON (CONT'D)
Front-desk Brett here has two
demerits on his employment record
for looking at Instagram at work.

MIAMI
So what?

MILTON
Once is a fluke, twice is a habit.

Ashley speaks up from behind her phone.

ASHLEY
Yup, found him.

She scrolls through dozens of selfies of him at his desk.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

He still posts like 9 times a day.

She scrolls some more.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Ugh, he uses soooo many hashtags.
Like, you're not gonna become an
influencer, boomer.

GERTRUDE

I don't know what any of this
means.

MILTON

He can't help himself. Social
media's designed to give your brain
a dopamine hit. He's addicted to
the likes.

ASHLEY

So? Join the club.

MILTON

So we use the program already
installed in his brain. We train
him to spy for us.

JONAS

How?

MILTON

Ashley, make sure he gets a ton of
likes whenever he takes a selfie
near a security system. He'll chase
the dopamine, and end up with an
account full of security leaks.

ASHLEY

I'll set up some bots.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - DAY

Brett takes a selfie. Posts it. Puts his phone down. It
BUZZES. He looks. HUNDREDS OF LIKES pour in.

BRETT

Oh wow.

He takes a second. Waits a second. Checks it. No likes.

BRETT (CONT'D)
Maybe a different angle.

Brett takes another. This one has a SECURITY DOOR in the background. Posts it. BUZZBUZZBUZZBUZZ! The likes pile on.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE

The team examines BRETT'S INSTAGRAM: Swiping through the photos is like taking a stop motion tour behind the scenes. Brett "walks" backward from his desk, to the security door.

SUPER: "5 DAYS OUT"

ASHLEY
Security door. Keypad lock.

More swiping. Brett "walks" back into the SECURITY ROOM, full of monitors and equipment. They stop on a photo with a ROUTER NODE in the background.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Router. That's where the security network's controlled from. I need direct access.

MIAMI
How do we get you in?

ASHLEY
Easiest way? Plug this in the back.

She holds up a GREEN USB DRIVE.

JONAS
Great, but how do we get in the building?

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - MORNING

SUPER: "4 DAYS OUT"

Brett's scrolling through Instagram. Someone rings the bell on his desk. He jumps. Looks up and sees:

Jonas and Milton dressed in brown coveralls labelled "DEMARCO BROS MAINTENANCE" They're both wearing FAKE MUSTACHES.

BRETT

Oh you're here, great. Log says the internet went out around 1:30 last night. Strangest thing. No idea what caused it.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - AROUND 1:30AM LAST NIGHT

Gertrude is futzing around with a power box on a nearby telephone line.

She abruptly turns around and starts hobbling as fast as she can toward her parked Buick.

Ducked behind her Buick are Rei and Miami.

MIAMI

(whisper yell)

C'mon Gertie! Move!

REI

5 seconds!

Gertrude's not even halfway back. She redoubles her effort. She's not gonna make it.

CRACK! BOOM! A shower of sparks EXPLODES out of the box. 70 year old Gertrude's knocked off her feet. Miami and Rei run over to her.

MIAMI

You ok?

GERTRUDE

I told you I'm too old for this.

BACK TO:

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - MORNING

Brett's signing the men in.

BRETT

Any ideas?

Jonas speaks first. Using an ITALIAN ACCENT!

JONAS

Could'a be a lotta tings! You keep a router around?

Milton's eyes BUG OUT.

BRETT
Yup, right through here.

He leads through the door into the:

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - SECURITY ROOM

A guard (MICHAEL) watches 6 different monitors.

Brett leaves. Jonas starts wiring up Ashley's green thumb drive. Milton whisper-yells at Jonas.

MILTON
What the hell Jonas?!

JONAS
What?

MILTON
What is that accent?!

JONAS
Italian. It helps bring life to the character.

MILTON
Great! One problem! We're the DeMarco Brothers!

JONAS
Yeah so?

MILTON
I can't do an Italian accent!

Right then, Wallace enters.

WALLACE
You're the repair team right? We've got a little problem with our front buzzer I need you to look at.

JONAS
(italian accent)
Right away'a, where is-

WALLACE
You stay, we need the server back up ASAP.
(to Milton)
You, come with me.

Milton's eyes bore holes in Jonas as he leaves with Wallace.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - ATRIUM

Wallace leads Jonas through the Atrium.

WALLACE
So you're Italian huh?

Milton hesitates. He nods.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
My grandma still lives in Italy.
She's 103. Hates it there.

They come to a door "EMPLOYEES ONLY". There's a BUZZER and a KEYPAD on the side.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
Keypad works fine. But the buzzer
won't buzz.

He presses it. No noise.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
What's wrong with it?

Milton looks at the buzzer. He presses it. No sound. He has no fucking idea.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
You speak english? You understand
me?

Milton nods frantically.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
Well then what the hell's wrong
with it?

Milton gives it his best shot.

MILTON
(Horrendous italian
accent)
Couldo be'a- oh!

He claps his hand over his mouth. Mortified.

WALLACE
What? You got a cold?

Milton nods.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
What are you doing so close to me?
Back up.

Milton backs up.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
Further! I have no time to be sick!

Milton backs up further.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
Can you fix it or not?

Milton gives him the "ok" hand sign.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
Well then, get to it.

Wallace stomps away.

INT. SAFE HOUSE

Rei, Miami, and Ashley at the table. Ashley's on her laptop.

MIAMI
Are you-

ASHLEY
Don't. Don't ask me if I'm in. One,
it's cliché. And two, it makes it
sound like you doubt me.

MIAMI
I do doubt you.

Ashley flips her laptop. The same six screens from the
security room laid out in a neat grid on her screen.

REI
See? No problem.

ASHLEY
Well... Not *no* problem. Several
problems actually.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE - LATER

Ashley's security feeds are up on the flat screen.

SUPER: "3 DAYS OUT"

REI

First things first, the floor of back offices has pressure pads that are turned on every night and turned off every morning.

MIAMI

So we're going during business hours. Milton can you write Ashley a doctor's note?

Milton nods. Ashley pulls up two feeds: one of the ATRIUM, and one of the BACK HALLWAY, off the LOADING BAY.

MIAMI (CONT'D)

This is the front and back door. They're code locked. And only our friend Wallace knows the code.

JONAS

Can't Ashley hack it?

ASHLEY

Not from here, dude.

REI

We can open the doors with a manual override from the security room.

MIAMI

So day of, Ashley needs to get in there.

Ashley flicks over to the security room feed where Michael watches the security screens.

REI

Problem is, there's a guard in there until closing time.

MIAMI

Wallace is meticulous about it. They even need to sub in and out for bathroom breaks.

GERTRUDE

How do we knock this sucker out?

MIAMI

We can't. We knock him out, he wakes up, he tells his boss what happened, Cleamont knows we're coming, we all go to jail.

GERTRUDE

We force him out.

MIAMI

Similar problem. Very suspicious, hard to keep him out for long. He has to suspect absolutely nothing.

GERTRUDE

So what? We just hope he falls asleep at his desk?

REI

Exactly. Milton?

EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Modest one story town house across from a strip mall. Milton and Ashley perch on top of a Taco Bell.

They watch Michael through binoculars. He's in his kitchen eating ice cream. An old radio plays in the back. His smartphone lies on the kitchen table.

MILTON (V.O.)

Every night he eats a bowl of mint chocolate chip ice cream. While he does, he listens to sports talk radio. One oh five seven, the fan.

JONAS (V.O.)

I hate Vinny. He's got it out for the Phillies.

Michael gets into bed. Picks up a dog-eared copy of *MEDITATIONS* by Marcus Aurelius.

MILTON(V.O.)

Then he reads a book on philosophy until he falls asleep.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

Lights out.

Milton and Ashley all in black, unlock the door with a credit card. They move silently through the house.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Milton sets his binoculars on the table, goes straight for the thermostat. Checks the temp. 72 degrees. Writes it down.

Ashley opens the trash can. She motions Milton over. Full to the brim of mint chocolate chip containers.

Suddenly the phone on the kitchen table RINGS. Milton and Ashley look at each other.

A NOISE from somewhere else in the house.

The phone RINGS again!

They pad silently for the door. Ashley makes it out.

Milton slaps his forehead, swears silently. HIS BINOCULARS ARE STILL ON THE TABLE!

He runs back, snatches them, sprints for the door, just as Michael flicks on the LIGHTS.

Michael picks up the phone. Contact reads "JULIA" with a skull emoji. Declines the call.

Michael hears a door SLAM. Looks up. Goes to investigate.

EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE

Ashley's back on top of the Taco Bell. She sees Milton just outside Michael's front door, looking left and right for somewhere to hide.

She sees Michael heading for the front door.

ASHLEY
(to herself)
Run, you idiot!

INT/EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE

Michael opens the front door to see:

Nothing but a newspaper blowing up against an old trash can.

Beat. He goes back inside.

The trash can TIPS OVER, spilling Milton and about twenty Mint chocolate chip containers out onto the street.

INT. SAFE HOUSE

A feed of the vault is up on screen.

REI
Next is the vault. The door is old school, all mechanical.

MIAMI
Sometimes you get it right the first time.

REI
Miami used to play the violin. She can get us in.

ON SCREEN:

Ashley pans the camera across rows of safe deposit boxes.

REI (CONT'D)
Once we're inside, it gets a little more modern. Standard safe deposit box.

She holds up a STANDARD SAFE DEPOSIT BOX. Brass and steel.

MIAMI
How long do you need with the thermal drill, Gertrude?

GERTRUDE
80 seconds to be safe.

REI
Can it be done in 50 seconds?

Gertrude takes the box, examines it. She smiles.

GERTRUDE
Only by me.

Ashley's got the vault on screen.

ASHLEY
Ok don't be mad, but there's one more thing.

REI
What?

ASHLEY

Laser sensors. Pointed at the vault door. Wired directly to the cops. If the door moves an inch without permission, system calls for help.

MIAMI

How long will it take them to get there?

REI

Three minutes. Less if there's no traffic.

JONAS

So lets make some traffic. I know a guy with a lot of trucks.

ASHLEY

No, let's make sure the cops are somewhere else.

GERTRUDE

Bomb threat? Or real bomb?

MIAMI

No bombs. Besides you're missing the point. Cleamont can't suspect anything. We can't set off the alarm.

ASHLEY

Sure great, except it's literally physically impossible not to. So...

Milton speaks up.

MILTON

Can you set it off now? From here?

ASHLEY

The alarm? I could, but, like, why?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A cop with his feet on his desk. Suddenly, an alarm RINGS. He FALLS out of his chair, SPRINTS for the door.

MILTON (V.O.)

We set off the alarm constantly until the day of.

INT. POLICE STATION - THE NEXT DAY

A cop making coffee. The alarm GOES OFF again.

MILTON (V.O.)
The cops get used to false alarms.

He puts his coffee down, jogs toward the door.

INT. POLICE STATION - THE DAY AFTER

A cop doing sudoku. The alarm GOES OFF.

MILTON (V.O.)
Their response time slows down.

He sighs. Puts the paper down, gets his coat, moseys toward the door.

BACK TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE

MIAMI
Like the boy who cried wolf.

Rei looks at Ashley.

REI
That everything?

ASHLEY
That's everything.

REI
Alright everybody. We go in 24 hours. On your marks, get set.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

SUPER: "18 HOURS OUT"

Gertrude and Ashley share the couch. Ashley's on her laptop. Gertrude tries to work the remote.

GERTRUDE
Why won't it-

ASHLEY
What input are you on?

GERTRUDE
What's an input?

ASHLEY
Like HDMI or cable?

Gertrude just stares.

MEANWHILE OVER AT THE TABLE:

Jonas and Rei are sewing two jumpsuits labelled "CLEAMONT SECURITY" together.

JONAS
So... you really married?

REI
Yup. Sorry.

JONAS
No no, don't apologize. It's not
your fault.

Silence. They sew.

JONAS (CONT'D)
I just always thought- I always
thought we'd make it. Like
together.

REI
Hmm.

JONAS
I know I'm kind of a jerk. But only
cuz I thought you liked jerks.

Rei looks over at him. He's concentrating on the needle.

JONAS (CONT'D)
Anyway, tell this guy not to screw
up. Or he's dealin' with me.

Across the room, Ashley loses her patience.

ASHLEY (O.S.)
Just give me the remote!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SUNSET

James lays in bed. Miami sits next to him, her hand wrapped around his. They're watching family feud.

STEVE HARVEY (O.S.)
Name someone who wears a cape

Miami and James answer at the same time.

MIAMI JAMES GERARD
Ms. Marvel. Ms. Marvel!

Miami's phone RINGS. She picks up.

MILTON (V.O.)
We got a problem.

Miami looks at her dad.

MIAMI
Sorry.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

The team's assembled. Milton's got the feeds up on the monitor. ON SCREEN: Camera feed of the security room. It's Michael.

MILTON (V.O.)
Right...

Michael looks over his right shoulder toward the opposite corner of the room. Then checks his phone.

MILTON
...there.

MIAMI
I don't get it?

MILTON
What's he looking at? Telltale
paranoid behavior. He thinks he's
being watched. But he doesn't look
here, at us. He looks over there.

ASHLEY
(looking at her computer)
Oh shit. He's right.

Rei looks at Ashley's screen. She's got Brett's insta open. In the back corner of one of the selfies: a SECURITY CAMERA.

REI
A camera? We know there's cameras,
you're feeding them a loop, right?

ASHLEY

Except we don't have that camera.
The angles don't match. It must be
a second circuit. Closed from the
outside.

MIAMI

What's the point of that?

CUT TO:

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - WALLACES OFFICE - FLASHBACK

On Wallace's computer screen is an ENTIRELY DIFFERENT set of
SECURITY FEEDS. Focused on his employees. He checks it every
few seconds.

ASHLEY (V.O.)

*My guess is he uses to watch his
own employees from his office. Guy
doesn't trust anyone.*

MILTON (V.O.)

*He's a micro-manager, it fits his
psychological profile.*

BACK TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE

MIAMI

The piece starts in 12 hours and
we're just finding this now? How
the hell did we miss it?!

Rei looks around at the unease in the crew's faces. Steps in.

REI

We can beat this. We just make sure
Wallace isn't at his desk during
the piece. Easy. Miami can I talk
to you?

EXT. BOWL-O-RAMA - ROOF

Rei holds Miami's hand.

REI

This isn't gonna work.

MIAMI

It has to.

REI

I know you need to try. And I'll be with you. Every step of the way. But-

MIAMI

If it gets messy, if we get caught-

REI

I have people to think about. And if they-

MIAMI

If they offer you a deal, you take it. Tell them whatever you have to. It's all or nothing for me anyway.

Rei looks at Miami. Squeezes her hand.

REI

Ok.

INT. SAFE HOUSE

The gang waits. Miami and Rei enter.

JONAS

So what's the plan? How do we keep Wallace out of his office?

REI

We got twelve hours to figure it out.

END OF ACT THREE

INT. WALLACE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Deidre lays in bed, blonde hair spread like a halo. Wallace straightens his tie.

SUPER "6:32 am, DAY OF"

Through the window an OLD CAR pulls up.

WALLACE
Uber's here.

He tries to kiss his wife. She blocks it. Like she's done a thousand times before.

DEIDRE
I haven't brushed my teeth yet.

He sighs. Starts to leave the room. Stops in the doorway.
Hesitates.

No. Today's not the day. He leaves.

INT. UBER - CONTINUOUS

Wallace gets in. Opens up his laptop.

GERTRUDE (O.S.)
All set?

GERTRUDE is in the driver's seat!

WALLACE
Yes.

GERTRUDE
You sure? You buckled?

WALLACE
Uh, yes.

GERTRUDE
Ok then here we go.

Gertrude pulls out VERY SLOWLY.

INT. GERTRUDE'S CAR - FLASHBACK

SUPER: "DAY OF, 5:52 am"

Ashley shows Gertrude how to work Uber. Rei and Miami sit in the backseat.

ASHLEY

You just press that button there.

GERTRUDE

Ok- ope, I think it's broken.

ASHLEY

No you just- how did you manage to take a picture? I've never seen anyone do that before.

MIAMI

Working the app isn't as important as delaying Wallace.

REI

We need time to get everyone into position. But not too much time.

MIAMI

If you're not there to work the drill we may as well all go home.

REI

So take your time.

MIAMI

But not too much.

REI

Or we're dead.

GERTRUDE

Ashley, why did it turn off?

ASHLEY

Omigod.

Gertrude turns back to Miami and Rei.

GERTRUDE

Sorry, I'm terrible with technology. Can you say that again?

EXT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL

The security room guard, Michael, walks toward the building.

SUPER: "6:41 am"

He passes Jonas, who's laying out on the steps, listening to a portable radio. SPORTS TALK echoes from it's speakers.

He climbs the steps. At the top he sees Milton, who's eating an ice cream cone. MINT CHOCOLATE CHIP.

Michael enters:

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - ATRIUM - CONTINUOUS

On a bench, right in his eye line, Miami reads *MEDITATIONS*.

He passes Ashley leaning against a wall and enters the security room.

Ashley shifts, revealing the THERMOSTAT. Set to 72.

INT. SECURITY ROOM

Michael takes his seat at the monitors.

He YAWNS.

INT. GERTRUDE'S CAR

Gertrude's stopped at a light. Wallace sniffs. He wrinkles his nose.

SUPER: "6:43 am"

WALLACE
What is that? Roses?

GERTRUDE
Nettles, actually. I make my own
perfume.

WALLACE
Ah.

Beat.

He rolls down his window.

He checks his watch. He looks out of the stationary car. They're stopped at a yellow.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - ATRIUM

Ashley sits on a bench. Opens her laptop to the security feed.

SUPER: "6:45 am"

She waits until all the camera's are clear. Punches a key.

ASHLEY
(into earpiece)
Loop starts now.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL

Gertrude pulls up. Wallace gets out. Gertrude drives off.

SUPER: "7:06 am"

WALLACE
(under breath)
Finally.

Wallace opens his uber app to the rating screen. Pauses.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
Dammit.

Five stars. He walks inside.

AROUND THE CORNER:

Gertrude stops just out of Wallace's sight. Jonas, Miami (dressed in cleamont security uniforms) and Milton are already there.

Milton helps Gertrude out of the car. Jonas opens the trunk. Inside is a DUFFEL BAG.

Jonas grabs the duffel bag. Milton drives the car away.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - ATRIUM

Wallace walks through, tours are starting for the day. He dodges between pedestrians. Swipes a card into the "Employees only" area.

Ashley, still sitting at the bench, talks into her earpiece.

ASHLEY
He's headed your way, get ready.

Rei's voice echoes in her ear.

REI (V.O.)
I'm ready.

EXT. NEARBY PARKING LOT

Milton parks in view of City Hall. Keeps the engine running.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - WALLACE'S OFFICE

Wallace enters. Flicks on the lights. Looks over at his desk, raises his eyebrows.

WALLACE
Who are you?

REVEAL: Rei's sitting in his chair, feet propped on his desk.

REI
Rei Akada. Akada security. You've got big problems, Mr. Wallace.

WALLACE
That so?

REI
More than you think.

She motions to the couch across from Wallace's desk.

REI (CONT'D)
Have a seat. Let's talk solutions.

ON WALLACE'S COMPUTER SCREEN:

Security angle on Miami and Jonas entering the loading dock.

WALLACE
I've got a busy day today. If you want to schedule an appointment to-

REI
It'll just take a minute-

WALLACE
I insist.

He motions toward the door.

REI
I thought you might.

Rei pulls out two coffees.

REI (CONT'D)
Just cream right? We do our
research. I'll be out of here by
the time you're done with it.

She offers him a cup.

He hesitates. Then takes it.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - LOADING DOCK

Miami flags down a worker

MIAMI
We're from Cleamont Security, heard
you're having an alarm problem?
Think you can swipe us in?

WORKER
Thank god you're here. Damn thing's
been going off every half hour.

He swipes them in.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Blank walls. They make their way through, past a few guards.
They head toward a security door, the same kind in atrium.

JONAS
We're in the back hallway. How are
things on your end, Ma?

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - ATRIUM

Gertrude loiters near the security door.

GERTRUDE
All green, pumpkin pie.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - BACK HALLWAY

Jonas turns bright red.

ASHLEY (V.O.)
Pumpkin pie? Too cute! What a
little momma's boy!

JONAS

Shut up!

MIAMI

No time, we can talk about how adorable that is later. Ash, are you in position?

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - ATRIUM

Ashley's just outside the security room.

ASHLEY

Already there.

MIAMI (V.O.)

Milton we good?

MILTON (V.O.)

Eight minutes have elapsed. Most people are asleep in six. Either he is or he won't ever be.

MIAMI (V.O.)

Ok go.

Ashley heads for the security room. Then:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Ashley?

Ashley's eye's bug out of her head.

ASHLEY

Mom??

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You're supposed to be in *SCHOOL!*

Over the earpiece everyone reacts.

MIAMI (V.O.)

Oh no.

JONAS (V.O.)

Shit.

GERTRUDE (V.O.)

Fudge.

MILTON (V.O.)

Uh oh.

ASHLEY'S MOM

You had better not be doing Cyber crime again! Come with me young lady! We're getting in the car.
MARCH!

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - BACK HALLWAY

Ashley continues to argue with her mother in the background of the radio frequency.

JONAS

Now who's a mamma's boy?

MIAMI

Shut up. We need to get someone in that security room to override the doors or we won't even get near the vault. Milton where are you?

MILTON (V.O.)

Five minutes out at least.

MIAMI

Dammit!

GERTRUDE (V.O.)

I'm the only one close enough.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - WALLACES OFFICE

Rei's got an easel set up with a presentation on it. Slick bar graph.

REI

Akada security has a proven track record. Whether your needs are private or public, we've got the equipment for the-

WALLACE

Done.

REI

Done?

He turns his coffee cup upside down.

WALLACE

Since that's our time-

REI

We haven't gotten to the good stuff.

Rei takes his cup from him.

REI (CONT'D)

Just a little bit longer.

She pours some of her coffee into his cup. Hands it back to him.

Wallace takes it. Gives her the "Hurry up" motion.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - ATRIUM

Gertrude's at the security room entrance. She looks around. No one's paying attention to her.

She slooowwwly pushes the door open.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael's asleep. Gertrude breaths a sigh of relief. At least that worked. She steps inside.

EXT. NEARBY PARKING LOT

Milton watches as Ashley's mom pulls her to the car and stuffs her in the back seat.

ASHLEY'S MOM

You are in deep trouble young lady!
I'm calling your father right now!

Ashley's mom leans against the car and pulls out her phone. Through the window, he sees Ashley touch her earpiece.

ASHLEY (V.O.)

If I get grounded *and* I have to go
to prison I'm gonna be *sooo* bummed.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - SECURITY ROOM

Gertrude gingerly pulls the keyboard away from the sleeping Michael. Whispers into her earpiece.

GERTRUDE

Walk me through the computer thing.

ASHLEY (V.O.)

Open the console commands.

GERTRUDE

The what?

ASHLEY

The console- press the control
button.

70 year old Gertrude stares blankly at the keyboard.

GERTRUDE
I don't see it.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - BACK HALLWAY

Jonas and Miami still wait. Miami's pulling out her hair.

MIAMI
I am going back to jail!

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - WALLACE'S OFFICE

Rei's still talking. Trying to hold Wallace's attention.

REI
We're looking at over 12 percent
here if we-

Wallace throws his coffee cup in the garbage.

WALLACE
I think I've seen enough. You've
got nothing new to offer me. Now
please,
(motions to door)
I've got a busy day.

Beat. Rei can't leave yet.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
Please.

REI
I can't leave.

WALLACE
Excuse me?

REI
Not until we have a deal. You're
wide open here, I'm trying to help.

WALLACE
Leave your literature, and I'll
call you if I'm interested.

REI
That's not how we do business.

WALLACE

That's how *I* do business and the customer is always right.

REI

Mr. Wallace, I'm not gonna let you get robbed. There's so many holes in your security blanket it's more like a net.

WALLACE

Ok you've convinced me, let's sign something right now, then you leave.

REI

Well I don't have the-

WALLACE

Oh you don't have it? You don't have it? You're not ready to sign huh? That's what I thought. Get out.

REI

I can't do that.

WALLACE

I'm calling security.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - SECURITY ROOM

Michael SNORTS in his sleep, Gertrude nearly has a heart attack.

GERTRUDE

Sheeesus!

MIAMI (V.O.)

Concentrate, Gertrude.

ON SCREEN: Console command is open, cursor blinking at her.

ASHLEY (V.O.)

All you have to do is type
"Override" and hit enter.

Gertrude slooowly hunts and pecks on the keyboard. She's using 100% of her brain. She hits "enter".

Beat.

GERTRUDE
It's not going.

ASHLEY (V.O.)
What?? Did you spell it right? Two
"R"s!

GERTRUDE
Oh. Hang on.

Gertrude painstakingly retypes it.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - BACK HALLWAY

The light above the door goes green. Jonas and Miami BURST through:

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - VAULT EXTERIOR

Miami puts a pair of GOGGLES on.

Through the goggles she can see her own bones as her hands gently twist the dials on the vault door.

She concentrates on the delicate machinery now revealed to her through the X-ray.

JONAS
Let's go Miami, we're way behind.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - WALLACE'S OFFICE

Brett has arrived. He's got Rei by the arm.

REI
Wallace, listen to me-

BRETT
Ma'am let's not make this any
harder than it has to be.

REI
I'm telling you, this is a mistake!

WALLACE
Just go, get her out.

REI
You're-

WALLACE

Please!

Brett's pulling Rei out of the room.

REI

Don't come crying to me when you
got strangers in your vault!

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - VAULT EXTERIOR

Miami lines up the pins. CLIKCLIK. The vault comes unlatched.

MIAMI

Alarm tripped in three, two, one.

She pushes the door open.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - SAME TIME

Barely audible, buried beneath an entire precinct's rain
coats, the alarm BUZZES. No one even looks up.

BACK TO:

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - VAULT

Miami and Jonas enter, alarm buzzing in the background.

MIAMI

Gertrude, you almost here?

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - EMPLOYEES ONLY AREA

Gertrude makes her way toward the vault.

GERTRUDE

On my way, dear. I'll be there in-

She turns a corner. Runs face to face with a GUARD.

GUARD

You can't be here ma'am.

GERTRUDE

Oh, uh, really? Maybe I got- I
think I'm a little turned around.

GUARD
You didn't see the sign?

GERTRUDE
No, I mean, what sign?

The guard narrows his eyes.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - VAULT

Miami hears the exchange.

GUARD (O.S.)
I think you'd better come with me
ma'am.

Her heart sinks.

ASHLEY (V.O.)
What now?

MILTON (V.O.)
Get out of there.

REI (V.O.)
Wallace threw me out, we gotta cut
and run.

JONAS
No way we're right here! I'll run
the drill.

MIAMI
You don't know how.

JONAS
Sure I do, I seen Ma do it a
million times.

MILTON (V.O.)
It's not about running the drill,
it's about running it perfectly.
Leaving no trace, remember?

JONAS
I can do it.

REI (V.O.)
You've got under a minute. Miami,
it's your call.

Miami looks at the safe deposit box. All that's left between
her and the blueprint.

MIAMI
You can do it?

JONAS
Yes.

MIAMI
Let's find out.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - WALLACE'S OFFICE

Wallace sits at his desk, turns to his computer. The screen's black. He flicks the power on. Still black. What the?

He notices the power cord's unplugged. Plugs it back in.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - VAULT

Jonas has the drill out of the duffel bag, he snaps the pieces into place.

He presses the bit against the lock. Flicks a switch. The bit turns RED HOT.

MIAMI
Hold it steady, steady.

He turns it on. With a HIGH PITCH WHIZZ, it nearly jumps out of his hands. Miami helps him stabilize it. He presses the drill into the lock.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - ATRIUM

The guard walks Gertrude by the arm. Milton pops out from behind a column.

MILTON
Ah, grandma, there you are! It's time to take your medicine.

GUARD
She's with you?

MILTON
Yes, I'm sorry, she's a wanderer.
(aside to guard)
You know how they get in their old age.

Gertrude glares at Milton. Now it's Milton's turn to grab Gertrude. He speaks under his breath

MILTON (CONT'D)
(to Gertrude)
C'mon, let's go, I'm double parked.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - WALLACE'S OFFICE

Wallace's computer lights up. Displays the Cleamont logo.

Wallace clicks on the security feed program. It's loading up.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - VAULT

The drill digs through the lock, Miami quickly picks up METAL SHAVINGS that drop to the floor, sticks them in her pocket.

All at once, the drill punches through the lock.

MIAMI
Now!

Jonas rips the safe deposit box out of the wall. Miami grabs the blueprints. Spreads them on the floor. Snaps a few pictures on her cellphone.

Jonas takes a second, identical, undamaged safe deposit box out of the duffel bag. Screws it into the first one's place.

Miami throws the ruined box into the duffel bag. Jonas snaps the drill apart, tosses it back in the duffel bag.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - WALLACE'S OFFICE

Wallace's security program hits 100% Wallace clicks on the vault feed to see:

Nothing out of the ordinary.

He cycles through them. In the security room he sees Michael, asleep.

WALLACE
Asleep? Are you kidding me??

He practically jumps out of his desk.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - BACK HALLWAY

Wallace on a tear. He turns a corner, almost collides with Miami and Jonas. Miami brushes by.

MIAMI
You won't have to worry about that
alarm anymore sir.

Wallace eyes them both up.

WALLACE
Good.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - SECURITY ROOM

Wallace CRASHES through the door. Michael JUMPS awake.

WALLACE
Hey!

MICHAEL
Sorry sir! Won't happen again, I
don't know what-

But Wallace isn't listening. His nose is in the air like a
blood hound. He sniffs.

WALLACE
Nettles...

EXT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL

Milton pulls the car up, Gertrude shotgun. Miami, Jonas, and
Rei pile in the back seat. Milton drives off.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL - VAULT

Wallace examines the vault. Picks something off the ground.

A SINGLE METAL SHAVING. Looks over at Cleamont's security
box.

END OF ACT FOUR

INT. SAFE HOUSE

The gang is looking at the blueprints on the monitor.

MILTON
This is impossible.

REI
With a big enough hole maybe we
could-

MIAMI
Yeah but you'd need a-

REI
You're right it's no good.

MIAMI
Unless we-

REI
That could work. I *can* get a
forklift.

JONAS
What happens with Ashley?

REI
She'll be alright, few days at home-

MIAMI
Tearful apology, and she'll be back
at it. You know how kids are.

REI
Not looking forward to the teenage
years.

A KNOCK at the door.

MIAMI
Pizza's here.

Miami walks over, answers the door.

Looking back at her is WALLACE!

She SLAMS the door in his face. Whisper yells at the gang:

MIAMI (CONT'D)
*He hasn't seen you! Out the window,
now!*

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

The rest of the gang clambers out onto the fire escape and out of view.

Miami opens the door again.

WALLACE
I know what you did.

He holds up his phone. Security footage of Miami and Jonas drilling into the safe deposit box.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
Do you think a camera stops recording because you unplug the computer?

MIAMI
You here to arrest me? Or just to talk?

WALLACE
Not just you. I know who you're working with. And believe me it will be a lot longer than 6 years this time.

MIAMI
You'll have to find them first, they're smart.

WALLACE
Smarter than you at least. I'm not here to have you arrested, not yet. I'm here to use you.

MIAMI
How?

WALLACE
Dennis Cleamont is sleeping with my wife. I want to ruin them both. You're going to help me.

Miami smiles.

OUT.