

A HEIST TO REMEMBER

Written by

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EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

It's dark. A SEDAN sits on the side of the road.

In it, a BURGLAR - in the shadows - looks on at one of the cookie-cutter houses through BINOCULARS. Classic jazz music plays on the radio. He puts down the binoculars and starts tuning his SCANNER.

POLICE RADIO  
(muffled)  
... This is squad car 3. We'll take  
care of noise complaint on Forest  
and Wisconsin...

The burglar slips on a MASK. Gets out of the car. Makes his way to the trunk. Gets out his gear.

He closes the trunk and makes his approach.

INT. ABBEY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Abbey - 23, anxious grad student - is restless. She squirms every few seconds. Can't sleep.

Out her window, and unbeknownst to her, the burglar is army crawling; through her lawn, towards her house.

INT. KITCHEN DOOR - NIGHT

The back of the house. The burglar crawls up. It's a glass door. He peeks his head up to check for security. The coast is clear.

He pulls out a tiny GLASS-CUTTING DEVICE; jabs a tiny HOLE in the glass. Hardly noticeable.

INT. ABBEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Restless Abbey hears the tiny glass puncture.

She looks towards the door.

INT. KITCHEN DOOR - NIGHT

The burglar uses a repurposed, wired COAT HANGER to open the lock, through the hole, from the outside.

He gets in. Creeps a few steps.

FLICK. The LIGHT comes on. Abbey stands, hand on her hips.

ABBEY

Wayne.

The burglar books it. He's not fast; runs like an old man.

ABBEY (CONT'D)

Wayne!

WAYNE

That's not my name!

Abbey runs for the door and blocks it.

The burglar, WAYNE, pulls out his glass cutter.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Step aside.

ABBEY

You're not going to use that.

WAYNE

What makes you think that?

ABBEY

You're a pacifist. And it would add  
3 to 5 years to your sentence.

WAYNE

If I'm caught...

ABBEY

Grandpa... You're not a burglar  
anymore. This is your house.

Wayne gets confused. He stumbles; Abbey catches him.

ABBEY (CONT'D)

Let's just get you to bed, huh?

Wayne looks in her eyes. He takes off his mask. He's a senior citizen - physically fit, but not mentally all there anymore.

WAYNE

I know you from somewhere.

ABBEY

Yeah, Grandpa. It's me, Abbey.  
Let's get you to bed, huh?

She puts her arm around him and helps him towards the stairs.

ABBEY (CONT'D)  
Want some chamomile?

WAYNE  
Yes.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Abbey fills up the KETTLE and turns it on.  
She pulls out her PHONE and makes a call.

KAREN  
(voicemail)  
This is Karen Lancaster, please  
leave a message.

Beep.

ABBEY  
Hi Mom. He, uh... he cut through  
the kitchen door this time. And  
threatened me with a knife. He's  
getting worse. I don't know if I  
can... they've been understanding  
of his condition, but if he gets  
another strike he's going to be in  
some serious trouble with witness  
relocation. Just... call me back.  
Please.

She hangs up.

Click. The kettle is ready.

She pours the hot water into a mug with the tea bag.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Wayne and Abbey sit eating BREAKFAST.

WAYNE  
I feel like I know you from  
somewhere. Where do I know you  
from?

ABBEY  
I'm your granddaughter. Abbey.

WAYNE  
You couldn't possibly be!

ABBEU  
I am.

WAYNE  
You're a liar!

ABBEY  
Are you all done eating?

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Abbey comes out the front door to collect Wayne's NEWSPAPER. Across the way she sees their neighbor, OFFICER PINNEY - 50s, family man, cop - getting into his squad car for work. They make eye contact and wave. Abbey watches him drive off; subtly paranoid.

ABBEY  
(to herself)  
Of all the neighbors to have...

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Abbey folds clothes. Wayne walks in.

WAYNE  
I think I might head to the Knot.  
See if Keith and Bill are looking  
to get hustled.

ABBEY  
The Knot closed.

WAYNE  
It's midday - no way it's closed.

ABBEY  
Closed down. 10 years ago.

WAYNE  
(flustered)  
Oh. Oh, well I'm sure we can find  
another place to play. I'll give  
Bill and Keith a call.

ABBEY  
They're not around.

WAYNE  
Where are they?

ABBEY

They're in prison, Wayne. You gave them up in exchange for witness relocation.

WAYNE

I saw them last - oh. Oh, That's right.

Pause.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I think I'll go have a lay down.

Wayne leaves.

Abbey continues folding.

INT. WAYNE'S ROOM - DAY

Abbey creaks the door open quietly. She's carrying a laundry basket full of clean clothes.

The lights are off. Curtains drawn. Wayne's asleep.

She goes to his drawer and puts away laundry quietly; notices something. An object. She reaches in and grabs it. It's a fancy, antique locket.

ABBEY

(under her breath)

Wayne, you son of a-

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Abbey sits with the phone to her ear.

MARISSA

(voicemail)

Hello, you've reached the voicemail box of Marissa and Gabe Gibson...

Abbey examines the engraving on the locket. It's grown faded over the years but "M\_\_issa" is legible. Marissa, presumably.

BEEP. Abbey snaps out of her trance. She hangs up.

EXT. GIBSON KITCHEN - DAY

The house is identical to Wayne's, but furnished differently.

Abbey looks in the window. No one's home. There's a stack of uncollected mail next to the door. She looks up and sees a high-tech security camera.

Abbey walks away. She has an idea.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wayne comes down the stairs, wearing his PJs.

Abbey has laid out blueprints and gear for a heist.

ABBEY

Ready for one last job, old man?

INT. ABBEY'S ROOM / WAYNE'S ROOM - NIGHT

SPLIT SCREEN.

CLOSE ON: their ALARM CLOCKS. Wayne's is an old-fashioned face and Abbey's is more Sharper Image-esque. They both read 2:59 AM.

Tick. Tick. Tick.

RING. The alarms go off. Simultaneously, the two hands slam down on their respective clocks.

Abbey's hand comes through the SLEEVE of a sweater.

Wayne puts on his SOCKS.

Abbey tightens her BELT.

Wayne pulls his PANTS up - WAY too high.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

They meet face to face in the kitchen. Neither says a word. They just put their MASKS on.

And high five.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Wayne looks through binoculars at the Gibson's house.

ABBEY

Couldn't we have just done this at the house?

Wayne grunts. He starts fiddling with the police scanner.

ABBEY (CONT'D)

Wayne, we're in the center of suburbia. The police are probably just on their eighth run to Dunkin' Donuts, which is a full mile and a half away-

WAYNE

Don't you be telling me how to burgle.

ABBEY

(under her breath)

Burgle is a ridiculous verb.

Wayne starts playing 50's music on the radio, very quietly.

ABBEY (CONT'D)

What are you doing now?

WAYNE

This is my routine.

ABBEY

Your routine?

WAYNE

I went 15 years without being caught. They used to call me "Butter Man" because I'd always slip right through their fingers. Every single heist, I'd sit. And I'd listen. To Sinatra. To Bing and Basie and Ella and that lot.

ABBEY

I never realized you were superstitious.

WAYNE

When the home team is down in the seventh inning, the whole stadium turns their caps inside out. It's superstitious, but who's to say it has no bearing on the outcome?

He shuts off the radio.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Now, let's go, Annie!

Wayne gets out.



ABBEY

It's Abbey-

(to herself)

It's a lost cause, Abbey. Forget it.

Abbey gets out. She follows Wayne to the trunk of the car.

He already has it open; hands Abbey a fake bush.

WAYNE

Put this on.

Abbey complies. It looks ridiculous - like she's wearing a human-sized green cotton ball.

ABBEY

*This* is what we're wearing? I thought you said you had ghillie suits.

WAYNE

Yes. I did. Feds took 'em.

ABBEY

Grandpa, those are high tech cameras. Bad Ghostbusters cosplay isn't going to fool them.

WAYNE

Don't worry, Annie, I have contingencies. Now, let's go!

ABBEY

Wait, what kind of contingencies?

EXT. GIBSON LAWN - NIGHT

Wayne and Abbey shuffle slowly across the lawn.

Their eyes are dead-set on the cameras, still not tripped.

ABBEY

(whispering)

Okay, remember, the Argus Panoptes X6. No audio feed, but if we set off it's sensors, it'll send a live feed to Argus.

WAYNE

(whispering)

How do you know that?

ABBEY  
(whispering)  
I'm studying mechanical  
engineering. And I googled it.

WAYNE  
(whispering)  
Oh. If it has no audio feed, why  
are we-

Wayne loses his balance and makes a sudden movement.

Tick. They both freeze. The camera has come on.

INT. ARGUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A cubicle. RODNEY - depressed in his dead-end job - shoots  
whipped cream into his mouth directly from the can as the  
monitor changes.

He looks intently at the screen, using his finger to  
carefully search the live feed in front of him for signs of  
suspicious activities.

EXT. GIBSON LAWN - NIGHT

Wayne and Abbey are still frozen.

ABBEY  
Stay. Perfectly. Still.

WAYNE  
SHHH! The camera will hear you!

ABBEY  
Grandpa...

INT. ARGUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Rodney continues searching the frame. His finder lands on  
Abbey and Wayne's current position.

RODNEY  
Wait a minute...

EXT. GIBSON LAWN - NIGHT

Still frozen.

ABBEY  
It should've reverted back by now.  
We might've been had.

WAYNE  
Time for the contingency.

Wayne pulls out a device and slowly prepares it. Pause; and then, from his bush, a terrible-quality skunk SOCK PUPPET emerges, controlled by Wayne. It sniffs around.

ABBEY  
There's no way they'll go for that.  
We're doomed.

INT. ARGUS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Rodney is looking at the skunk.

RODNEY  
(delighted)  
Oh, what a cute little skunk!

He clicks "approve".

EXT. GIBSON LAWN - NIGHT

The camera flashes blue.

ABBEY  
Oh.

They continue to crawl towards the house.

EXT. GIBSON KITCHEN - NIGHT

Abbey and Wayne look up at a window just out of reach.

ABBEY  
That's *the* window?

WAYNE  
That's the window.  
(beat)  
Hoist me up!

ABBEY  
Are you sure?

WAYNE  
Daylight's a-wasting!

ABBEY  
It's night but okay...

Abbey hoists Wayne up on her shoulders - struggling.

ABBEY (CONT'D)  
(struggling)  
Oof! You gotta lay off the Fig  
Newtons!

WAYNE  
Get me closer.

Abbey gets Wayne to the window. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out six PICKS and a LOCK-PICKING WRENCH. His hands are shakier than he anticipated. His confidence; contaminated with doubt. Click. One pin down. Snap. One pick down.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
Hold me steady!

ABBEY  
(struggling)  
I'm doing my best!

New pick. Click. Another lock. The third pin gives Wayne a lot of trouble.

ABBEY (CONT'D)  
How's it going up there?

WAYNE  
(flustered)  
Don't rush me!

Snap. Pick number two breaks. Onto pick number three. Wayne is getting nervous. Snap. Pick three breaks. Wayne looks down at the two remaining picks.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
Put me down.

ABBEY  
What?

WAYNE  
Put me down.

She complies.

ABBEY  
Did you get it?

WAYNE

No. My hands are too shaky. You're going to.

ABBEY

I've never picked a lock.

WAYNE

You've got a great coach.

Abbey looks in her grandfather's trusting eyes.

ABBEY

Okay.

WAYNE

Okay.

(beat)

Climb on up there, kiddo.

She climbs up to the window. Wayne remains below.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Ready?

Abbey looks down at the wrench and two picks.

ABBEY

Ready.

WAYNE

First, wedge the wrench into the bottom of the lock and turn it ever-so-slightly counter-clockwise.

Abbey examines the wrench and hastily puts it in the bottom. She successfully turns it.

ABBEY

Okay!

WAYNE

Great. Now, it's a three-pin lock. I've knocked out 2 - It's just that pesky last one. Slide the pick into the top of the lock-

Abbey does. Snap.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

(flinching)

-carefully!

ABBEY  
(stressed)  
Sorry!

WAYNE  
Don't apologize. You've got one  
now. Make it count. Carefully slide  
it in and push up-

Click.

ABBEY  
Yes! I got it.

Wayne's never looked prouder.

INT. GIBSON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wayne and Abbey enter. Masks off.

ABBEY  
D'you remember this room at all?

WAYNE  
I don't.

ABBEY  
Okay, well, we'll have to figure  
out where this goes.

Abbey pulls out the locket. Wayne looks perplexed. Abbey  
locates the jewelry box.

WAYNE  
Wait.

Wayne takes the locket. He tries to open it, but it's locked.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
Where's the key?

ABBEY  
(confused)  
You didn't have it.

Wayne reads the faded inscription on the back. SMASH! He hits  
the locket onto the corner of a dresser, just enough to break  
the lock.

ABBEY (CONT'D)  
Wayne!

He opens it up. Within, portraits of two star-crossed lovers.

ABBEY (CONT'D)  
Is that...  
(realizing)  
You and Grandma.

WAYNE  
That's right. Melissa...

ABBEY  
...not Marissa.

WAYNE  
Right. Let's get out of here.

EXT. GIBSON KITCHEN - NIGHT

Abbey and Wayne exit out the front door.

ABBEY  
Shit.

Officer Pinney's car coming down the street.

ABBEY (CONT'D)  
The neighbor. What do we do?

WAYNE  
(frozen)  
I don't know.

Abbey scans the area. Sees some loose bricks. Picks one up.

ABBEY  
(to herself)  
There's no way I'm getting caught  
after all of this.

SMASH! She throws the brick through the window.

Abbey has time to calm down before Officer Pinney runs up.

PINNEY  
Police! Identify yourself!

Abbey opens her mouth but-

WAYNE  
(faking a panic)  
Oh, thank god you're here! We live  
next door. I'm Wayne. This here is  
my grand-daughter, Abbey.

Abbey is stunned. Wayne remembered her name.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
We heard some noise and the  
Gibson's are out of town so we  
thought we'd be good neighbors an-

PINNEY  
Yes, Wayne, hi. We've met. I'm your  
neighbor across the street.

ABBEY  
I'm sorry, he has-

PINNEY  
Yeah, I'm aware. You've done good,  
I can take it from here. Get him  
back to bed.

ABBEY  
Okay, thank you, officer.

ABBEY (CONT'D)  
Please. Paul will do just fine.  
Night folks.

Abbey helps Wayne walk. He gives her a wink. She smiles

FADE TO BLACK.