

Hank's Last Robbery

By

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FADE IN

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

THREE MEN, wearing ski masks, sit in silence. After a moment, they exit the truck.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

The bank is full of customers. The men burst through the door, shotguns raised. One of them fires a round into the ceiling. Customers hit the deck, others try to flee.

TREVOR  
Get the FUCK down!

GREG  
(waiving his gun around)  
You! You! STOP!

The group of people trying to flee stop dead in their tracks. Greg walks over to them and shoves them into the floor. Trevor stands in the middle of the room, carefully pointing his gun at everyone.

The third man, Hank, makes his way to the large desk where the BANK EMPLOYEES stand. Their hands are in the air as Hank approaches.

HANK  
(unintelligable)  
Empty the safes! Now!

The EMPLOYEE that he's talking to looks terrified.

HANK (CONT'D)  
(unintelligable)  
Now! Are you stupid! Let's go!

EMPLOYEE  
(stuttering)  
I can't understand you.

HANK  
What!?

EMPLOYEE  
I don't know what you're saying.

Hank looks confused. He examines his ski mask. It's pulled to the side so the mouth hole is off center. He's been talking into the fabric. He straightens it.

(CONTINUED)

HANK  
(clearly)  
I said, GIVE ME THE MONEY! Let's  
go!

The employee, able to understand him, moves toward a safe.

HANK (CONT'D)  
How long is this gonna take?

Hank looks nervously back toward the lobby. Trevor and Greg seem to have things under control.

EMPLOYEE  
The safes are on time locks. It'll  
be ten minutes before they open.

HANK  
Aw, fuck!

TREVOR  
What'd she say?

HANK  
The safes won't open for another  
ten minutes!

GREG  
Fuck!

HANK  
What should we do? Should we just  
wait?

TREVOR  
Everybody, we're strapped in for  
the long haul. Empty your pockets  
and push everything to the center  
of the room. Now!

The people laying on the floor start doing what he says. They push their cell phones and wallets toward Trevor. Hank turns back toward the employee.

HANK  
What normally happens in this  
situation?

EMPLOYEE  
I don't know. We've never been  
robbed before.

(CONTINUED)

HANK

Really? Never?

EMPLOYEE

It's 2017. I don't think people really do this now a days.

HANK

Just shut up, I'll talk from now on. You listen and do what I say.

The employee nods.

GREG

If I see any of you try to use your phone, I'll shoot your fuckin' fingers off! Stay where you are, and do as your told.

HANK

Okay, it looks like we're just gonna have to wait for those locks to pop. Don't move, and keep your hands up.

The employees nod.

One of the men laying on the ground chimes in.

MAN

(condescendingly)

Did you think this through at all?

Greg attempts to hit him with the butt of his shotgun. He misses, slips, and falls on his ass. Some of the customers chuckle.

He gets up and walks over to the man. He slaps him across the face.

GREG

Keep talkin' and see where it gets ya!

TREVOR

Hey Hank!

HANK

Don't use my name you idiot!

TREVOR

Oh shit. Uh, Henry...let's take what's in the registers. Probably

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TREVOR (cont'd)  
some good bread sittin' right  
there.

Hank whips his head around from Trevor to the employee.

HANK  
Aha. Empty the registers. Put all  
of the money in this bag.

He presents a pillow case. The employee rolls her eyes and  
pops the register. She scoops a handful of twenties and  
places it in the pillow case.

HANK (CONT'D)  
That's it?

EMPLOYEE  
(condescendingly)  
We don't keep large amounts in the  
registers.

HANK  
So how much did you just give me?

EMPLOYEE  
I don't know, like three hundred  
dollars?

HANK  
Fuck! This isn't working! How much  
longer on those safes?

EMPLOYEE  
At least another five minutes.

HANK  
Ya'll get everybody's phones?

TREVOR  
Yeah, we're all set over here. Just  
waitin' on you.

HANK  
Once those safes pop, you put every  
last bill in my bag, you here me?

The employee nods.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Boys, gimme your bags!

(CONTINUED)

Trevor pulls out another pillow case and hands it to Greg. Greg hands his and Trevor's cases to Hank then walks back to his position.

The bank employee exchanges a look of confirmation with one of the other employees. Hank catches this.

HANK

The fuck was that?

EMPLOYEE

What?

HANK

Don't "what" me! What was that shit? That look she gave you?

EMPLOYEE

I don't know what you're talking about.

Hank is riled up and points his shotgun at the employee. She looks terrified as Hank hold his gun on her face. As the tension mounts, a SOUND is heard from behind the desk.

HANK

What was that?

EMPLOYEE

The safes.

Hank looks giddy. He gives the pillow cases to the employee.

HANK

Put that shit in there! C'mon, hurry!

The employee starts placing large bundles of 100s in the pillow cases.

TREVOR

Boys! We got company!

Hank spins around and looks out into the parking lot. POLICE VEHICLES fly into the lot and screech to a halt outside of the bank.

GREG

Fuck, man!

Hank spins back around and grabs the pillow cases from the employee.

GREG (CONT'D)

How'd they know we were here?

HANK

How are the police here?! Answer me!

EMPLOYEE

Every bank has a panic button under the desk. I pressed it as soon as you came in.

HANK

Fuck!

EMPLOYEE

How do you not know this?

HANK

Just shut up!

A VOICE comes on through a loud megaphone.

VOICE

It's over! Lay down your weapons and come out slowly!

TREVOR

What now, boys?

HANK

Out the back, let's go!

The three men sprint through the lobby and arrive at a back door.

HANK (CONT'D)

Okay. This is it. We run and don't look back. Forget about the truck, they've got that covered. Just keep running. Once we get to a safe place we'll game plan from there. Let's just get as far away from here as possible.

They each look at each other and nod.

HANK (CONT'D)

On three. One. Two. Three!

Hank throws open the door and starts to sprint through the doorway. He's immediately hit with a bean bag to the gut and knocked back.

Trevor and Greg lay down their guns and slowly walk out. The police lights flash as Trevor and Greg kneel down on either side of Hank. He lays unconscious as they're cuffed and hauled off.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN

INT. JAIL - DAY

The three men sit inside a holding cell. A BIG, BURLY MAN sits across from them.

BIG BURLY MAN  
Ya'll look like shit.

Hank groans as he holds his abdomen. Trevor and Greg look dazed.

BIG BURLY MAN (CONT'D)  
What'd you do?

Silence from the men.

BIG BURLY MAN (CONT'D)  
(joking)  
Ya'll try to rob a bank or something?

A pause.

BIG BURLY MAN (CONT'D)  
(wide eyed, laughing)  
Oh shit! You did! (beat)  
Ahahahahaha!

SLAM TO BLACK

CREDITS

Halfway through the credits, an image of Hank looking into his bathroom mirror appears. He's wearing his ski mask while practicing being intimidating.