

CRUSADERS #3:
THE BANK JOB

Written by

Jonathan Gutheinz

Bluerroof Productions
&
Warzone Entertainment

TEASER

INT. SLAVE SHIP - HOLD

A blinding white light peeks into the pitch darkness of ERICA's cell as the lid is slowly removed. Her eyes dilate as they adjust to the new light. Two pairs of arms reach in and pull her out.

INT. SLAVE SHIP - STORE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The TWINS drop her onto her hands and knees on the hard floor in front of her cell. A creepy smile shared across their faces as they look down at her naked body.

DEALER ONE

On your feet.

DEALER TWO

It's time for inspection.

Erica looks up at them, her face is hallow, sunken in. The kind of look you only get when deprived of food. Her skin is pale due to her extended stay in complete darkness. Her hair has started to thin. The girl is a mess and that is an understatement.

Despite all of that there is fire in her eyes. A flame that won't die.

ERICA

Screw you!

She attempts to get up, pushing herself off of her hands but before she could get very far Dealer One kicks her hard in the chest. She flies back, hitting her head as she falls into her hole.

Dealer Two pushes the lid shut.

DEALER ONE

Such a shame.

DEALER TWO

I thought she was ready.

DEALER ONE

Not yet, but soon.

DEALER TWO

We can only hope.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. LEAGUE SHUTTLE

MALCOLM stares out the viewport into the vastness of space. His hand holding his wounded arm.

MALCOLM

I don't understand it.

He spins around to find XANDER and SCOTT sitting on the bench nearby.

ZACK leans back from the pilot seat.

ZACK

Does it matter? Let's just put as much distance between them and us as possible.

XANDER

It matters because there was no reason for them to let us go! That means they are up to something.

ZACK

Up to what? They had us in their clutches.

SCOTT

Unless they want something from us.

ZACK

Again, anything they wanted from us they could have got while they had us. They bought our story.

XANDER

Bullshit! We spent five minutes coming up with our story. A ten year old could have poked holes in it.

SCOTT

The League may be useless but they know how to arrest people.

MALCOLM

They are good at that. Which is why I agree with the kid.

(he nods at Xander)

They let us go for a reason.

Zack gets to his feet and enters the room.

ZACK

So what is their goal? If they let us go, why?

SCOTT

Maybe they think we can lead them to the others.

XANDER

That would mean they have a tracker on this ship.

ZACK

No shit. Even if they bought our story they would still have a tracker on board.

SCOTT

Every League ship has one. Comes standard in case they get stranded somewhere.

Malcolm takes a seat.

MALCOLM

We need to get rid of this ship ASAP, but to do that we need money.
(he smiles at the others)
And I know just where to get some.

EXT. SPACE ABOVE ROMBA

The Shooting Star heads towards the surface.

EXT. ATMOSPHERE OF ROMBA - CONTINUOUS

We follow the Shooting Star down as it glides down to a soft landing at the

EXT. ROMBA SPACEPORT - CONTINUOUS

The landing bay doors open as DAVID steps out. He looks around, a worried look gracing his eyes as he takes his first step onto the planets surface.

EXT. NEW JERUSALEM - WOODS

Leading the small group stiff as sentinels are TOMMY and DAWN, rifles at the ready. Following close behind them, in chains are JAMES and PHOEBE. Tears welling up her eyes as anger fills James. Bringing up the rear are MARK and ALYSSA. Rifles not held nearly as firmly as Tommy and Dawn's.

Phoebe leans towards James as they are marched through the woods.

PHOEBE
(whispers)
How much farther?

James looks around.

JAMES
(whispers)
Just keep walking.
(beat)
Have you seen our mystery friend
around here anywhere?

Mark rams his rifle into James back, knocking him to the floor.

MARK
No whispering!

Phoebe lets out a scream as she sees James crumble to the floor.

PHOEBE
James!

Dawn moves her rifle with record speed to aim it at Phoebe's head.

DAWN
Say one word!

ALYSSA
Dawn!

TOMMY
Lance Corporal what is the meaning
of this?

Mark looks up at Tommy.

MARK

They were conspiring sir.
 (looks down at James)
 I put him in his place.

Phoebe charges at him but Alyssa stops her.

PHOEBE

You monster!

ALYSSA

Back down!

Instead Phoebe tries harder to get at Mark, Alyssa butts her with the rifle, knocking her back. The second Phoebe falls to the ground Alyssa spins the rifle around to aim at her.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Stay down!

TOMMY

Enough! We have a lot of ground to cover, everyone up and let's get out of here.

(he looks around at each
 one of them)

Unless you all want to die here?

EXT. WHITEFALL - DESERT - DAY

The League shuttle Malcolm and co were in sits deserted in the middle of nowhere.

INT. WHITEFALL - MOTEL ROOM

A small overly crowded room housing four grown men. Xander stretches out on the bed, his eye lids struggling to stay open. Zack keeps pacing back and forth around the room. Scott is sitting at a table nearby with a beer in his hand, a few empty bottles all around him.

The front door opens up as Malcolm walks in, a stern look on his face. Zack's head spins towards him with a snap.

ZACK

Where have you been?

He jumps to his feet. Scott finishes his beer and puts it down. Xander continues to doze off.

MALCOLM

Out.

ZACK
Were you followed?

MALCOLM
What do you think?

Scott makes his way towards the mini fridge.

ZACK
We just got away from the League!
Are you trying to lead them right
to us?

Scott pulls out and pops open another beer.

SCOTT
Chill out, like you said, they let
us go. No reason to think they are
going to be coming after us right
after we land.

Zack spins towards him.

ZACK
Weren't you the one worried that
this was a trap?

Xander doesn't even open his eyes.

XANDER
And you were the one telling us to
stop worrying, so take your own
advice.

He pulls his pillow over his face.

XANDER (CONT'D)
(muffled)
Now could you all please shut the
hell up!

Zack gives Xander the devil eyes before looking back at
Malcolm.

ZACK
Were you followed?

MALCOLM
I know how to keep from being
followed.

ZACK
So you were followed?

SCOTT
Can you relax Zack? You're fussing
isn't helping anyone.

Malcolm takes a seat on the end of Xander's bed. Xander rolls over, grunting.

MALCOLM
I was out scouting, I have an idea.

SCOTT
What you got?

MALCOLM
I found a bank nearby. The nearest
sheriff department is across town.
We can get in and out, make some
quick cash and blast off this
world. Should be simple.

ZACK
Should be?
(yells)
Should be? Are you fucking insane?

Xander gets up, snatching up his pillow and blanket.

XANDER
And you're fucking rude!

He starts to storm off towards the bathroom. He looks back at Malcolm.

XANDER (CONT'D)
I'm in.

He goes into the bathroom and slams the door shut.

MALCOLM
One down. How about the two of you?

ZACK
He's in? Off of what? Let's rob a
bank?
(fake Xander voice)
Okay. Gee willikers that sounds
fun!

SCOTT
As much as I hate to admit it, Zack
has a point.

ZACK
(sarcastic)
Thanks.

SCOTT
We need a plan.

That was not what Zack wanted to hear.

MALCOLM
Good thing I've already got one all
figured out.

INT. ROMBA - BAR - SHADY

In the back corner of a low lit shady bar sits David. All but hiding in the shadows. A young man with a low fade that has symbols cut into it sits down across from him. He has a serious air about him.

FADED HAIR
You be David?

David leans back into the shadows.

DAVID
You may leave my table.

FADED HAIR
Foreal? Look man, I didn't come all
the way to this hole just to be
sent packing. I'm your crew.

David puts a blaster on the table facing him.

DAVID
Leave.

EXT. NEW JERUSALEM - WOODS - CAMPSITE - NIGHT

A few tents are set up in a small clearing. James and Phoebe are chained to a nearby tree.

PHOEBE
It's so cold.

JAMES
I know baby, we just have to ride
this out.

PHOEBE

Ride this out? As soon as they find a way off world they are going to kill us or ship us off to their brainwashing camps.

JAMES

We don't know that.

PHOEBE

These monsters killed our entire planet!

JAMES

But we survived. God's looking out for us.

PHOEBE

What about our families? Why didn't he look out for them?

Mark comes out of the tent.

MARK

Good question Mr. Faithful. Got an answer?

James eyes Mark with nothing but contempt.

JAMES

Yeah, he didn't do it. You and yours did.

MARK

But he spared you right? Why didn't he stop us?

JAMES

Is that his job? To sit there and slap your hand when you do something bad? You want to go down this line of questioning than how ethical is it when a mother bird pushes her young out of the nest? Is that a monstrous act?

Mark smirks, a quick retort on the tips of his fingertips when a flaming arrow soars through the air hitting his tent, catching it on fire.

MARK

What the fuck?

James and Phoebe get to their feet, straining against the chains as more arrows start to fill the sky above them.

JAMES

Whose shooting at us?

Phoebe starts crying. Tommy starts rushing out of the flaming tent, Mark helps pull him out.

MARK

Ask your god.

The girls scramble out of theirs, still pulling on their clothes, as it catches on fire.

ALYSSA

What's going on?

MARK

We're being attacked! What does it look like?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. NEW JERUSALEM - WOODS - CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Tommy dives back into the tent and comes out with two rifles and a pair of keys. He tosses the keys to Mark.

TOMMY

Get the prisoners, we need to get out of here!

The girl's tent burns to the ground.

DAWN

Whose attacking us?

Mark rushes over to James and Phoebe, locking eyes with them.

MARK

Who do you think?

He starts to unlock them.

PHOEBE

This isn't our fault.

James rubs his newly freed wrists.

JAMES

Even if it is our people, can you blame them?

He locks eyes with Mark.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Can you tell me that in their place you wouldn't do the same damn thing?

Mark doesn't say a word but doesn't look away either. He doesn't even blink.

ALYSSA

Is this really the time for this?

Tommy fires his rifle into the woods towards the source of the arrows while tossing the other gun to Dawn.

TOMMY

We need to get out of here.

Dawn starts firing into the woods as well.

JAMES
We aren't going anywhere!

An arrow shoots through Phoebe's arm.

PHOEBE
Ahh!!!

James turns to look as Phoebe falls to the ground holding her right arm, blood pouring out.

JAMES
Phoebe!

He rushes over to her as does Alyssa.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Are you ok?

She shakes her head no, tears streaming down her face.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I'm going to get he arrow out.

James takes hold but Alyssa stops him.

ALYSSA
Don't do that!

JAMES
It's hurting her!

ALYSSA
It'll hurt worse if you do it wrong!

PHOEBE
(painfully)
James!

Mark rushes over.

MARK
Move!

He pushes James out of the way.

JAMES
Hey!

Mark grabs the arrow.

PHOEBE
It hurts.

ALYSSA
I know, just be strong.

JAMES
Get away from her!

MARK
Stop moving!

Mark grabs the head of the arrow and snaps it off.

JAMES
Don't hurt her!

Mark looks at James.

MARK
I won't!
(turns to look at Phoebe)
This will hurt. A lot!

JAMES
You bastard!

He tries to stop Mark but Alyssa stops him.

ALYSSA
Stop! This has to be done.

Mark pulls the arrow out through her arm in one swift motion. Her scream is high pitched and Mark backs away. Alyssa lets go of James. He rushes to her and pulls her into his arms.

JAMES
Are you okay?

PHOEBE
I've been shot!

JAMES
I know, it's going to be okay.

The arrows start to come faster and faster.

TOMMY
We have to move now! Get them!

Mark and Alyssa force James and Phoebe to their feet. Dawn throws her rifle.

DAWN
I'm out!

Tommy's rifle stalls as well.

TOMMY

Move!

He tosses his down as he turns to run with the rest.

INT. ROMBA - BAR

CRASH

A big man with a leather vest slams a slightly smaller man through a table.

The on lookers in the sleazy bar look on with glee as the smaller man, now on his back, kicks over his head, knocking the big man back a foot. He jumps on to his feet and spins around to face the big man but no sooner does he turn around than the big man lands a hard hit to his face. The small man falls back, catching himself on a nearby table. A glass of whisky starts to shake, almost knocking over, a hand shoots out and grabs the drink before it falls, we follow the glass up as David takes a sip from it.

He gets up and makes his way through the bar towards the exit just as the smaller man slams a chair across the back of the big man. The big man goes down onto his hands and knees, he starts to get up just as David takes one last sip of his drink and puts it down and exits the bar into

EXT. ROMBA - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The cool night air breezes past David as he starts down the alley, the sounds of the bar fight fading behind him.

JIM (O.S.)

Wait! Wait!

David turns around to find a dark haired man in a leather coat running towards him.

DAVID

May I help you?

The man holds out his hand.

JIM

Jim's the name, flyings my game.
Any chance you still looking for a
pilot?

David locks eyes with the man, glances down to look at his hand then back up to his eyes.

DAVID
Welcome aboard.

He takes the man's hands.

INT. WHITEFALL - MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM

The comforting darkness of the bathroom is only disturbed by soft snoring. We slowly pan across the bathroom towards the source, Xander is fast asleep in the bathtub. Nicely wrapped up in his blanket with his pillow stuffed under his head.

ZACK (O.S.)
Are we really talking about this?

SCOTT (O.S.)
What's to talk about? We need money
don't we?

Xander grunts and rolls over, facing the wall. The snoring stops.

ZACK (O.S.)
We can't go in there without a
foolproof plan!

SCOTT (O.S.)
We have a damn good plan!

ZACK (O.S.)
But it can be better! It needs to
be better!

MALCOLM (O.S.)
What's wrong with my plan?

SCOTT (O.S.)
We can spend the rest of our lives
fixing up the plan and it'll never
be perfect. No amount of planning
can account for the x-factor.

ZACK (O.S.)
What's the x-factor?

MALCOLM (O.S.)
My plan will work!

SCOTT (O.S.)
People. They fuck up everything,
always do. So wake up sleeping
beauty and let's get on with it.

Xander sits up, not happy.

XANDER
(yells)
I'm up.
(under his breath)
Assholes.

EXT. ROMBA - STREET

The occasional street lamp is the only source of light as Jim leads David down the deserted streets.

DAVID
Are you sure that I can find the
rest of our crew here?

JIM
No doubt in my mind.

DAVID
Good. We really must depart this
world rather quickly.

JIM
I got you. This place has everybody
you'll ever need when it comes to
hiring crew. Trust me.

EXT. NEW JERUSALEM - WOODS

We open on feet rushing past us, slowly moving up to see a frazzled Tommy stopping and turning to look behind him as Dawn rushes past him. Alyssa and Mark force James and Phoebe forward. Tommy takes a deep breath, the stress of the situation written all over his face. Stray arrows zoom past him on either side. He turns and starts forward.

TOMMY
Keep moving!

DAWN
No shit!
(it dawns on her what she
said)
Sir!
(trying to make amends)

Phoebe holds her hurt arm, her teeth grinding from the pain. James shakes Mark off of him. Arrows start to fill the air above them.

JAMES
(firmly)
Get off of me!

He pushes Alyssa off of Phoebe.

JAMES (CONT'D)
(firm)
Let go of her!

He holds Phoebe gently.

JAMES (CONT'D)
(softly)
Babe are you okay?

Tears well up in her eyes.

PHOEBE
It hurts.

Tommy and Dawn look back at them.

TOMMY
Move it!

Mark grabs James and pulls him hard, as he starts running again.

MARK
Check on her later!

JAMES
Let go of me!

He pulls free of Mark, Alyssa takes Phoebe's good hand and starts pulling her, softly.

ALYSSA
I know it hurts but we need to go.

Phoebe starts to nod.

JAMES
Are you sure? We can stop and rest
for a while.

An arrow lands in the ground right at James feet.

PHOEBE
We can't.

The truth of the situation starts to dawn on James. He nods and starts to run, careful to stay the same pace as Phoebe and Alyssa. Mark didn't wait around, he is now up with Tommy and Dawn.

INT. WHITEFALL - BANK

A small low key bank with only a few non employees in the bank. A man in line with a hat on, hung low is clearly Scott. Malcolm dressed as a local is at the front talking to a bank teller.

The door to the bank opens as Zack and Xander walk in.

ZACK
(whispers)
You sure you don't want to go over
the plan again?

Xander rolls his eyes.

XANDER
Has it changed from the last time
you told me?

Without waiting Xander pulls out a blaster and fires it into the air.

XANDER (CONT'D)
(yells)
Sorry to do this but everyone on
the fucking floor! This is a stick
up!

EXT. ROMBA - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jim stops in front of a door.

JIM
You ready?

DAVID
(bored)
Let us get on with it.

Jim pushes open the door and motions for David to go inside.

INT. ROMBA - WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The inside of the warehouse is a weird mix between a biker bar and a clubhouse.

Guys and gals, all of whom look like they could kill David without breaking a sweat, turn to look at David. The fear in his eyes leads us into the

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. WHITEFALL - BANK

It's amazing how much of a frenzy you can start up by firing just a few shots up in the air. Who knew? People knocking each other over trying to rush for the exits, alas those are locked. Bits of ceiling tile falling to the ground.

XANDER

What did I just say?! On the ground!

Xander levels his blaster at the crowd.

ZACK

Smooth man.

Zack says as he pulls his loose.

ANGLE: THE TELLER

The teller slowly starts to move her hand towards the silent alarm.

MALCOLM

Sweetie, I wouldn't.

RETURN TO SCENE

Malcolm has a blaster pointed at the teller. Scott now has his blaster out as well.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

We have no intention of hurting no body, why don't you just give us what's yours and we'll be on our merry way.

The teller lifts her hands up from the silent alarm and nods.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I'd hurry. I'm sure all these fine folks don't want to be delayed. After all they are already being robbed. No need to add insult to injury.

The others have the customers rounded up and on the ground.

SCOTT

Can we hurry this up?

A man in his late twenties gets up to play the hero, there is always one isn't there? He charges at Scott from behind, paying no mind to how much noise he is making.

ZACK

Scott!

Without missing a beat Scott spins around hitting the man in the head with the butt of his blaster, his eyes on Zack.

SCOTT

Can we not use my name?

The man falls to the ground out cold. A lady screams.

XANDER

Now I'm going to need everyone on their best behavior. As you can see,

(points to Zack)

Some of us are new at this,

(points to Scott)

And on serious edge, so don't make them jumpy.

(stretches the word)

Because when people get jumpy, well

(He fires into the air)

Stuff gets intense.

The crowd get silent, nothing pacifies people more than gunshots.

MALCOLM

Now miss, if you'd be so kind,

(hands her a baggy)

Money in the bag. That would be swell.

EXT. NEW JERUSALEM - WOODS

Phoebe lets out a whimper, Alyssa slows down.

ALYSSA

Are you okay?

Mark stops and looks back at them.

MARK

It doesn't matter, if she doesn't start moving she'll be dead.

James gets in his face.

JAMES
She needs rest. We all do.

MARK
We can rest when we're dead.

ALYSSA
Nice Mark.

MARK
I'm just trying to keep us alive.

JAMES
Alive? You? After everything you're
people did to us.

Mark gets in James's face.

MARK
What did you just say?

INT. ROMBA - WAREHOUSE

All eyes rest on David, with Jim at his side.

DAVID
This place holds everything I need?

Jim moves away from David as the onlookers get to their feet,
nice and slow.

JIM
Yes sir, these folks here are the
best crew money can buy.

The onlookers start to move towards them.

JIM (CONT'D)
Just not your money.

Only now does it start to dawn on David that this might be a
trap.

DAVID
You said I could trust you.

JIM
Did I?
(shrugs)
Guess I was wrong.

One onlooker, this one has more muscles than shirt, hits
David in the jaw. David goes down hard.

EXT. NEW JERUSALEM - WOODS - NIGHT

Mark goes down hard. James stands over him, his knuckles bloody. Alyssa and Dawn move to keep the men apart.

DAWN

Back up!

PHOEBE

James!

ALYSSA

Shut up they will hear you!

Tommy pulls out a blade and moves towards them.

TOMMY

Stuff it!

He grabs James and pushes him back against a tree.

PHOEBE

James!

TOMMY

I get this is hard for you, I do.
Believe it or not we are trying to
help you.

JAMES

Sure you are!

The knife is at James neck before he even finishes speaking.

TOMMY

(through gritted teeth)
Say another word.

James doesn't.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Believe what you want, but we are
trying to help you. This has all
been hard for you, I sympathize,
but it's been just as hard on us,
so I'd appreciate you shutting the
hell up and not leading those arrow
firing whack jobs right to us.
Deal?

James is not a happy camper.

JAMES

Deal.

Tommy lets him go and pockets his knife. James rubs his neck.

PHOEBE

Thank god.

Without missing a beat Tommy hits James hard in the face. He goes down like a stack of bricks.

TOMMY

That's for hitting one of my men.
Next time I'll put you in the
ground.

With that he turns and starts walking off. Mark is leaning against a tree, rubbing his wounded face. Phoebe drops down next to James.

PHOEBE

Are you okay?

James starts to sit up.

JAMES

I'll be fine.

PHOEBE

You shouldn't have hit him.

JAMES

He was asking for it. All of this
is his fault. All of their faults.

Phoebe holds James.

PHOEBE

At least we are alive.

JAMES

For now.

Off of James's face.

INT. WHITEFALL - BANK

The bank teller hands the bag of money over to Malcolm. He flashes her a smile.

MALCOLM

Thanks luv, much obliged.

He takes the money and turns to the others.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
You boys ready to move out.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
This is the police! Come out with
your hands up!

Zack looks over to Malcolm.

ZACK
It's the cops. Now what?

MALCOLM
Why you looking at me? I came up
with the original plan.

XANDER
Which is?

Malcolm turns towards Xander.

MALCOLM
Get out before the cops show up.

XANDER
That's a good plan.

MALCOLM
Right? That's what I kept telling
them.

ZACK
Doesn't help us now does it?

XANDER
Neither does freaking out.

ZACK
The police are right outside, I
think I have a reason to freak out.

Scott rolls his eyes.

SCOTT
Enough! I'll handle this.

He moves swiftly, picking up a costumer and putting his
blaster to their head.

ZACK
What are you doing?

SCOTT
Showing the cops we mean business.

He starts towards the door.

MALCOLM
(impressed)
That's one way to handle things.

Xander rushes to cut Scott off, pulling the customer free of his grip and whipping the poor guy back. He hits a table and falls forward grunting as he falls.

XANDER
What do you think you're doing?

Scott isn't one to back down, he matches Xander's frustration.

SCOTT
Fixing the problem.

XANDER
By hurting people?

SCOTT
Isn't that why we came here?

XANDER
(whispers)
No, it isn't. I don't know about you but I came here to make some money to get off this death trap. Not to hurt people.

SCOTT
(whispers)
Really? This from the guy who fires his blaster off into the sky every five seconds.

XANDER
(whispers)
Yeah, from that guy. Why do you think I fire the damn thing off so much? So they think I'll hurt them and won't try me.

SCOTT
(whispers. sarcastic as fuck)
Smart.

XANDER
(whispers)
I think so.

SCOTT

(whispers)

In case you didn't notice, the police are right outside. How long after they arrest us do you think it'll be before we get flagged as being the escapees from the League prison ship?

Xander thinks about it.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I don't know about you, but I'm still not sure how we convinced them to let us go.

Xander looks around the room, his eyes locking on Zack.

XANDER

(whispers)

I have an idea.

He turns to look at Zack.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Yo!

Zack nods at him.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Let me see your blaster.

ZACK

Mine?

SCOTT

What do you have in mind?

XANDER

Just hand it over.

MALCOLM

Do it.

Unsure Zack hands Xander the blaster.

ZACK

Here.

XANDER

Thanks.

(hands it to Scott)

Hold this.

Scott takes the blaster.

ZACK

Huh?

Xander grabs Zack's arm and pulls him close, whipping him around and putting the blaster to Zack's head.

MALCOLM

Wasn't expecting that.

ZACK

What the hell are you doing?

Xander starts moving towards the exit.

XANDER

Fixing things.

Malcolm steps next to Scott.

MALCOLM

Problem solver, that man.

SCOTT

I like him.

MALCOLM

As do I.

Xander kicks the door open, stepping outside with Zack as a human shield.

EXT. WHITEFALL - OUTSIDE BANK - CONTINUOUS

The police have the place surrounded. Xander holds the blaster to Zack's head.

XANDER

(yells)

Put the blasters on the floor or we'll kill everyone in here.

He hits Zack on the head with the butt of the blaster.

XANDER (CONT'D)

(yells)

Starting with this one.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. WHITEFALL - OUTSIDE BANK

The sea of cops stare down Xander and his hostage, Zack.

A negotiator steps forward, he is all business, as he brings his speaker up to his lips.

NEGOTIATOR

(loud speaker)

Let's not be hasty. Let's talk this out.

XANDER

(yells)

Not much to talk about officer.

NEGOTIATOR

(loud speaker)

There is always something to talk about. Let's start with a name, I'm Daniel Flemings.

(motions for Xander to talk)

You?

ZACK

(under his breath)

Don't tell him your name.

XANDER

(under his breath)

No shit.

(yells)

No names, just demands.

DANIEL FLEMINGS

(loud speaker)

Fair enough, no names, but can't I have something to call you. It'll make everything easier.

ZACK

(under his breath)

He's playing you.

XANDER

(under his breath/sarcastic)

You think.

(yells)

(MORE)

XANDER (CONT'D)

Sir. You can call me sir. Now as I said, I have some demands.

DANIEL FLEMINGS

(loud speaker)

Sir? Okay, Sir it is. Well *Sir*, as eager as I am to hear your demands, and believe me, no one is more invested in making them a reality than myself. No one! But first, before we can help you out, and we want to, why don't you show us a sign of good faith. Let that man go.

XANDER

(under his breath)

Is he for real?

ZACK

(under his breath)

He's trying to distract you, get you off guard with all his double talk so you slip up.

DANIEL FLEMINGS

(loud speaker)

What will it be?

ZACK

(under his breath)

Well say something.

Xander moves the nozzle of his blaster to Zack's temple.

XANDER

(yells)

Clear the street! I mean now! Waste my time again and I'll kill this man. You have five minutes to clear this fucking street before bodies start to drop.

Not a cop moves, but for a lone sergeant, who whispers into Daniel's ear. Daniel nods.

DANIEL FLEMINGS

(loud speaker)

Ok, we can do that. But we need a sign. Something to show us that we can trust you not to hurt anyone.

Xander kicks the door to the bank open.

XANDER

(yells)

You want a sign of good faith, you show me one first. Clear the damn street!

EXT. NEW JERUSALEM - WOODS - HILL - NIGHT

The cool night air is interrupted as a screaming blur flies down a hill, bouncing off the ground as he rolls down. We follow him till he lands hard on his back. It's James and he looks the worse for wear.

EXT. NEW JERUSALEM - WOODS - NIGHT

Phoebe struggles against Dawn and Alyssa as they pull her along.

PHOEBE

Stop! Please! We have to go back for him.

ALYSSA

We don't have time! They are still coming.

PHOEBE

We can't leave him.

DAWN

Shut up! Before you bring them all down on us. The boy is dead. Deal with it.

PHOEBE

Jam. . .

EXT. NEW JERUSALEM - WOODS - BOTTOM OF HILL - NIGHT

PHOEBE (O.S.)

. . .Es!!!!

A rustling through the nearby bushes start to stir the unconscious James. He lets out a growl of pain. As a man comes into frame. A bow is readied as an arrow is put in place.

MAN

This is for my people!

MARK (O.S.)

Ahhhhh

Out of nowhere Mark comes flying down and knocking the man to the ground.

MAN

Get off me!

Mark and the man start to wrestle, each one trying to get the upper hand. The bow and arrow lay forgotten in the dirt next to them. James slowly starts to sit up. Slowly, grunting in pain as he stands to his feet.

As soon as one side gains the upper hand in the dirt fight the other side flips them over. It's evenly matched, till the man gets on top and starts choking Mark.

MARK

(strained)

Go! Run!

The man chokes him harder and harder.

James stands transfixed watching the fight. The man is roughly the same size as Mark with curly hair and yamaka.

Mark's eyes start to roll up into the back of his head. James lets out a cry as the point of the arrow bursts through the man's neck.

James lets go of the arrow and lets the man fall. Mark starts to cough and look up.

MARK (CONT'D)

You saved me.

James takes a step back, his eyes glued on the dead man.

Mark starts to get up.

MARK (CONT'D)

You okay?

JAMES

I killed him.

Mark, now standing, looks down at the man who almost killed him.

MARK

You did good.

JAMES
Good? I killed him!

MARK
He almost killed you, or did you
forget that part.

JAMES
Only because he thought I was you.

Mark nods, trying to hide the hurt the words caused him.

MARK
You saved my life.

JAMES
And took his. He was of my people,
and I killed him to save our
oppressor.

Mark tries to put his hand on James but James pulls back.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Don't. Lets just get back to the
others.

He starts to climb up the hill but falls back, Mark catches
him.

MARK
Easy, you took a hard fall.

James shakes him off.

JAMES
Don't touch me.

He starts up the hill again and once more falls, into Mark
who catches him.

MARK
You're going to hurt yourself.

James doesn't look at him.

JAMES
Maybe I want to.

James slips and slides down the hill again.

MARK
Let's just go the long way. We can
catch up with them.

James doesn't say a word. Just gets up and starts walking down the flat path. Mark takes a deep breath and follows him.

EXT. ROMBA - OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jim and a few of the onlookers, including the muscle bound one exit the warehouse. Smiles on their faces. Jim has David's coat.

JIM

What I tell you? Easiest score we ever had. Can't believe how much money that moron brought with him.

MUSCLE ONLOOKER

Gotta love the rich dumb ones.

INT. ROMBA - WAREHOUSE

The lights of the warehouse fade on and off. Under the light in nothing but his boxers is a beat up David. Out cold.

INT. WHITEFALL - BANK

Xander drags Zack back into the bank, he pulls free of Xander and pushes him into the door.

ZACK

Get the hell off me!

XANDER

Relax man!

ZACK

Don't tell me to relax!

Malcolm steps forward.

MALCOLM

Let's all relax. No need to get heated. We're all friends here.

Zack storms to the other side of the bank and leans against the teller station. Full emo pouting in effect.

SCOTT

So what happened?

Xander flashes him a cocky half grin.

XANDER

I got them to agree to our terms.

ZACK

You did not!

XANDER

I did, they may not have said they agree to our terms, but it was all over their faces.

EXT. NEW JERUSALEM - CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Dawn slowly makes her way back to her tent, being careful not to make too much noise.

PHOEBE (O.S.)

Where did you sneak off to?

Dawn turns to find Phoebe tied to a nearby tree. Alyssa and Tommy nowhere to be seen. Their tents next to hers.

DAWN

Took care of some business.

(waves around the camp site)

Not like we are blessed with plumbing around here.

Phoebe looks away as Dawn starts back towards her tent.

Phoebe turns back towards Dawn.

PHOEBE

Can I ask you a question?

Dawn lets out a sigh and turns back towards the prisoner.

DAWN

What?

PHOEBE

Why do you hate us so much?

DAWN

The League . . .

PHOEBE

Not the League. You.

DAWN

Me?

PHOEBE

You. Everyone else here seems to feel bad about what happened, but you, you just seem so full of hate. I want to know why.

The question hits Dawn hard.

DAWN

I don't hate you.

(thinks for a second)

Look around. Do you see what we have done to this beautiful world? Do you know how many lives we wiped out in a single day? How many more we are leaving here to die from radiation poisoning. That is something that I am going to have to live with for the rest of my life. Every time I look in the mirror all I will see is the death and destruction that I helped cause. And for what? I mean was the resistance here? Sure, we fought them up in the black, but there is no proof they were down here. No proof that you people had an alliance with them. Even if you did, it was your leaders and not the little people. People like you and

(searches her mind for his name)

James. You're victims in all of this. Every time I look at you two, I see what I did. I see what damage I helped to cause. It's a price I don't want on my conscience. So no, I don't hate you, you just remind me of how much I hate myself.

Without another word Dawn turns on her heel and enters her tent. Leaving Phoebe alone in the dark with her thoughts.

EXT. WHITEFALL - BANK

Xander sneaks a peek outside.

SCOTT

So they listen?

Xander turns around to face the room. His face gives all the answers they need.

ZACK
I knew it.

XANDER
Knew what?

ZACK
That you couldn't accomplish
anything.

XANDER
Me? Alright bright eyes, lets see
you get us out of here.

ZACK
Me?

MALCOLM
Well can you?

SCOTT
I wouldn't hold my breath.

Zack shoots Scott an angry, indigent look.

ZACK
I can get us out of here.

XANDER
The floor is all yours.

Silence fills the room. Only the scared muttering of the real
hostages can be heard.

Scott snatches up his rifle.

SCOTT
Oh forget it, I'll take care of it
myself.

He starts towards the door. The hostages are terrified.

ZACK
Wait! I have an idea!

Off of Zack's face we

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW JERUSALEM - WOODS - NIGHT

The darkness consumes the woods as James stops for breath.
Mark catches up to him.

MARK

You okay? You don't have to run the whole way.

JAMES

Don't tell me what I have to do! I know my responsibility. I have to save Phoebe!

MARK

And how will you do that if you kill yourself in the process?

JAMES

That doesn't matter! As long as she is safe!

MARK

Doesn't it? You think she wants something to happen to you? You think she will feel better knowing that you died trying to save her?

JAMES

At least she'll be alive.

MARK

She'll be alive anyways. My unit wouldn't let anything happen to her.

JAMES

They wouldn't? So they aren't responsible for all of this? For everything you people did to *our* world?

MARK

Maybe *we* are. So don't you think that *we* would want to make things right?

JAMES

I don't think you can.

MARK

Probably not, doesn't mean we shouldn't try.

The two men glare at each other.

Mark moves closer to James and puts his hand on the man's arm.

MARK (CONT'D)
I promise you, I will do everything
in my power to get you back to her.

James nods, looking down at the ground.

INT. WHITEFALL - BANK

Everyone in the bank is staring at Zack, just waiting for him to say something, say anything.

Needless to say, he says nothing.

MALCOLM
Well?

SCOTT
He doesn't have a clue.

ZACK
I do too! I have a plan.

Everyone waits with baited breath for him to elaborate but not a word comes forth.

The hostages start to get fidgety. Xander spins around to face them, his blaster at the ready.

XANDER
Quiet down!

The hostages shut up.

SCOTT
You going to enlighten us, or wait
for the police to burst through
that door there?

ZACK
There should be an underground
escape route. Should be.

His three companions turn to look at each other. Each thinking the same thing, how would he know something like that?

XANDER
And you would know that how?

ZACK
My uncle ran a bank back on New
Haven. There was one there.
(shrugs)
(MORE)

ZACK (CONT'D)

I don't know, maybe this one has one too?

Scott and Malcolm exchange glances. Some of the hostages who work at the bank get nervous. Malcolm starts for the manger and picks them up by their collar.

MALCOLM

Well? Is there any truth to his words?

The manager tries to pull free, scared out of his mind but trying to act strong.

MANAGER

I have no idea what the fool is saying. We are not the kind of organization that hides escape routes under our building. It would be undignified.

Malcolm pushes the man towards Scott.

MALCOLM

Great! You can lead us too it.

MANAGER

But I just told you there is nothing to lead you too.

The bank manager swears as Scott starts pushing him forward. Zack is about to follow before Xander stops him.

XANDER

Wait,

Zack turns to look at him, Malcolm also stops.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Why did you just wait till now to tell us this. Why not before?

Malcolm walks over to the two.

MALCOLM

Good question.

ZACK

I don't know. I didn't really think about it till just now. I hardly knew my uncle. Only went to the bank a few times to visit when I was real young.

Scott, now holding the manager at gun point looks back.

SCOTT

And the few times was enough to
remember a escape tunnel?

ZACK

I guess. I mean hey, if I'm right,
shouldn't we all be happy about it?
Why the third degree?

SCOTT

It's too convenient.

ZACK

I'm telling the truth.

XANDER

Fair enough, but why did you wait
to tell it?

NEGOTIATOR (O.S.)

Sir! If you don't mind I'd like to
come inside?

Malcolm starts forward again pushing the manager.

MALCOLM

We can figure this all out later!
(towards the manger)
Take us there now!

The other three follow Malcolm and the others as they head
down stairs, bags of money in hand. Before departing Xander
turns to look at the hostages who are all eyeing the exit.

XANDER

It's been nice doing business with
you all. Needless to say, you're
free to go.

He closes the door behind him.

The hostages as one get up and rush towards the door.

EXT. WHITEFALL - OUTSIDE BACK

The doors swing open, the police panic and raise their guns.

POLICE OFFICER

Stop now!

The crowd rushes forward.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
Everyone hold your fire!

The crowd rushing into the police lines.

INT. WHITEFALL - UNDER BANK

The manager opens a secret door.

MANAGER
There! Now can I go?

Xander moves past him.

XANDER
Be our guest.

ZACK
We're just going to let him go?

XANDER
You want to bring him with?

MANAGER
Please no.

ZACK
Just till we clear the area.

Malcolm blocks the manager's path as he attempts to flee.

MALCOLM
Not so fast, I think Zack might be
on to something.

Scott storms past them, shoots the manager in the head
without even looking at the man.

SCOTT
He's just dead weight. Let's go.

Xander and Zack look at the dead body of the manager. Malcolm
shrugs and moves past them after Scott.

MALCOLM
Let's go boys. The cops will be
down here any moment.

A few beats past before Xander moves forward and slams the
door shut, blocking out the sight of the dead manager. Zack
stands there stone faced as Xander rushes after the others.

INT. SLAVE SHIP - HOLD

A blinding white light peeks into the pitch darkness of Erica's cell as the lid is slowly removed. Her eyes dilate as they adjust to the new light. Two pairs of arms reach in and pull her out.

INT. SLAVE SHIP - STORE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The TWINS drop her onto hands and knees on the hard floor in front of her cell. A creepy smile shared across their faces as they look down at her naked body.

DEALER ONE

You know the drill, on your feet.

DEALER TWO

Once again it's time for inspection.

DEALER ONE

Let's hope it goes better this time around.

Erica looks up at them, if you would believe it she looks even worse than she did before.

The flame in her eyes is all but dead.

ERICA

Yes sir!

She jumps to her feet, ready for inspection.

THE END