

MAPLE STREET BANK

by

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EXT. STREET - DAY

People are walking along the main street in small, rural city. A sullen HAROLD walks along the street in LONG SHOT, reading a newspaper. He arrives at an intersection, and throws the newspaper into the garbage bin. HAROLD crosses the street, and exits the frame.

CU of newspaper in trash can. The headline reads "Maple Street Bank to Announce 'Impenetrable' Security System".

INT. BANK - DAY

The lobby of Maple Street Bank is filled with newspaper reporters. JACK stands at a podium in LONG SHOT. To his left is HAROLD. To his right is an impressive security console. SAL and TOM stand in suits on either side. Camera flashes go off as JACK begins to speak.

JACK

Maple Street Bank has been on the cutting edge of bank security for years. Today, we continue that tradition. I'm proud to announce the installation of the most advanced security system in the city.

MS of the security console, with SAL and TOM on either side.

JACK

We've also added two new members to the staff. Sal Shapiro will be handling the programming of the system, and Tom McLean will be taking over security operations. Both Sal and Tom are experts in their respective fields, and we're glad to have them on board.

Return to LONG SHOT of JACK, who continues his speech.

JACK

All this will make it virtually impossible to break into Maple Street Bank.

The crowd begins to clap. JACK pauses, then continues.

JACK

I'd also like to take this time to recognize the service of a longtime employee.

CU of HAROLD, who listens dejectedly.

JACK

Harold Jenkins will be retiring from his role as director of security after forty years of service. Under his watch, no robbery attempts were ever successful. And so while we're sad to see an old friend go, we're also excited to begin a new era in bank security. I'll now take any questions.

The camera remains focused on HAROLD, while the reporters begin to shout questions and cameras start flashing again.

INT. BANK - DAY

HAROLD is at his desk, packing up his belongings into cardboard boxes. He looks glum as JACK walks up to the desk.

JACK

Are you about cleared out Jenkins?

HAROLD

Oh I'm gettin' there. I got forty years of memories saved up in this desk.

JACK

Well, thanks again for all your time here. If it were up to me, I'd keep you around for another forty.

HAROLD

That's the thing Mr. Fulton. Do I gotta go?

JACK

What do you mean Jenkins? I thought you were ready to retire?

HAROLD

It's just that I've been doin' some thinkin'. Remember when we was talkin' a month ago in your office?

JACK

A little, it's been so busy around the bank lately.

HAROLD

Well I remember it good sir. Real good. You told me that we was gonna be replacin' the old securirty system. That times was changin', and we needed to get a new system. And before I even knew what was happenin', you said it would just be best for everyone if I retired. You remember that Mr. Fulton?

JACK

Now that you mention it, yeah. What about it?

HAROLD

The thing is sir, now that I'm about to retire for good, it's different. Oh sure, it sounded good and all in your office. But now that I'm about to do it, I'm not sure I wanna.

JACK

Listen Jenkins, the system's already in place, and the contracts have all been worked out. We can't change direction now.

HAROLD

But I've been here forty years, this is all I know. What am I gonna do without this job?

JACK

(struggling)

I don't know Jenkins. You're getting old. Maybe it's time to stop thinking about work. Anyways, I've got to get home. Can you lock up once you're done?

HAROLD

Yeah, I guess I can do that.

JACK

Alright then, I'll see you when you pick up your last paycheck.

HAROLD

Good bye Mr. Fulton.

JACK exits the bank. MONTAGE as HAROLD continues to pack things. Finally, he sits down, and then falls asleep.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BANK - NIGHT

The sound of metal clattering against the floor startles HAROLD awake, still sitting in his chair. Light filters in from the street lamps, but the bank is nearly dark. HAROLD sees SAL and TOM standing next to a rope, tied to the ceiling vent. He crouches under his desk, and can only see the intruders' feet.

SAL

Tom, quick, enter the code.

TOM

Done. I'm unlocking the vault now.  
Hey Sal, can you cut the wires?

SAL

Okay, tell me when.

TOM

Now! Alright, you get started on  
the vault, I'll keep a look out.

As the vault door swings open, HAROLD lets out a hushed gasp.

INT. BANK - NIGHT

TOM stands guard with his back to the vault, while SAL stuffs bags inside. As TOM looks in the direction of HAROLD's desk, the camera PANS to the desk. After a few seconds, it PANS back to TOM who is now facing the vault.

TOM

You about done?

SAL

Just a couple more minutes!

As TOM looks in the vault, the camera PANS to reveal HAROLD, sneaking along with his nightclub raised. Just as TOM turns away from the vault, HAROLD hits him on the head. As TOM falls to the ground, SAL rushes out of the vault, a bag slung over his shoulder and his gun drawn.

SAL

Drop it!

HAROLD drops the nightclub and puts his hands up.

SAL

Well if it isn't old man Jenkins.  
Why don't you just have a seat  
right over there?

SAL leads HAROLD over to the desk at gunpoint. A groan comes from TOM, who walks over to the desk, rubbing his head.

SAL

Good, you're up. Jenkins here  
thought he'd try and stop us.

HAROLD

You guys ain't gonna get away.

TOM

Seeing as how we've already  
disabled the security system, I'd  
say we have a good shot. Come on  
Sal, let's go before he causes us  
any more trouble.

TOM and SAL run towards the front of the bank. Just as they exit the bank, police cars screech to a halt outside the bank, with lights flashing and sirens blaring.

POLICE

Freeze, drop your weapons!

TOM and SAL drop their weapons stunned. The police handcuff them, and lead them away. PAN back to HAROLD, grinning at his desk. The camera follows his arm down under his desk, where his hand is pushing down a big red button.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

CU of a newspaper photo of a hand pushing down a big red button. The camera slowly ZOOMS OUT to reveal the headline "Harold Jenkins Trips Old Alarm, Saves Maple Street Bank".

MS of HAROLD throwing the newspaper into a garbage bin, and walking towards the bank.

HAROLD (V.O.)

I might be an old man, but I ain't  
ready to call it quits yet.