

Legacy

written by

Nick Taylor Buck

E-mail nicktaylorbuck@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. CITYSCAPE - DAY

It is a glorious summer day in London. Midday sun glints off the tall curving glass buildings in the distance, casting short stark shadows onto the streets.

We look down from above to see a car pulling up outside a regency building in a busy street.

Four dark figures emerge from the car and move into the building.

Our view shifts to reveal the sign 'Beringers Bank' above the doorway of the building.

INT. BANK - DAY

POV OF SECURITY CAMERA - The four men enter the bank. They are dressed entirely in black and armed with stubby shotguns.

They wear black balaclavas on their heads. No comedy masks, nothing kooky - just professionals intent on getting the job done quickly.

They form a well practiced diamond formation as they move in, so we will call them NORTH, EAST, SOUTH and WEST.

The sole SECURITY GUARD is in the corner near the door. He is tall but out of shape, his belly fighting to get past his belt and straining his shirt buttons.

He is attempting to chat up one of the bank staff. Off her look he spins round to see a sawn-off shotgun barrel pointed at his face by West.

He instantly raises his hands in supplication. He is not paid nearly enough for heroics.

His reward is getting the butt of the gun SMASHED into his nose.

As he crumples to the floor, South, buzzing on adrenalin, gives him a savage KICKING.

North shouts at the staff and customers, some of whom have started SCREAMING in terror.

NORTH
GET BACK! TO THE BACK OF THE ROOM!
NOW!

They allow themselves to be herded towards the rear of the bank.

West hauls South away from the Security Guard, who is now barely conscious.

WEST

Enough! He won't give us any trouble.

South reluctantly joins North & East, who round up the hostages, standing guard over them.

As they do so, one of the TELLERS surreptitiously pushes a silent alarm button underneath a counter.

East SIDLES up to North. They are standing slightly apart from South.

EAST

(Inclines head at SOUTH)

What the fuck is wrong with him? I thought you said he was professional?

North looks back at him, and widens his eyes as he shrugs his shoulders 'no idea'. He checks his watch.

West comes out of a side office with his gun in the back of a meek looking man who has his hands up.

WEST

I've got the manager.

NORTH

Right. 3 minutes. Go!

INT. VAULT ROOM, BANK - DAY

SOUTH and EAST bundle the Bank Manager downstairs to the vault room, while NORTH and WEST watch the hostages.

EAST

Open it. Hurry up.

The Bank Manager looks at him with terrified eyes and nods.

He puts his thumb on a reader pad, and gets a red light and an admonishing BUZZ. Entry denied.

He tries again, with the same result.

BANK MANAGER

S-sorry. It's because I'm nervous.

He holds his hands up to East.

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)

It's making me sweat.

He wipes his thumb on his trousers and tries again. This time it's a green light and a chirpy BEEP.

The Bank Manager moves on to the next stage of unlocking the vault, which is to enter numbers into a key pad.

He fumbles the code and receives the message 'INVALID ENTRY'. He tries again with the same result.

CRACK. SOUTH whacks him hard around the back of the head.

SOUTH

If you do that wrong once more it will lock the fucking system down.

South PUNCHES the Bank Manager hard in the face.

SOUTH (CONT'D)

Do NOT get it wrong again.

He goes to hit the terrified man again but East steps in between them.

EAST

Jesus. Stop - just let him do it, alright?

The Bank Manager is now shaking like a leaf, blood dripping from his nose and mouth.

He finishes the unlock protocol, but the vault doesn't open.

SOUTH

Why isn't it opening?

CRACK. He hits the Bank Manager again.

SOUTH (CONT'D)

(Shouts)

WHY ISN'T IT FUCKING OPENING?

BANK MANAGER

Uh...uh, it must be because someone upstairs has tripped the silent alarm.

South looms over the bank manager.

SOUTH

You knew didn't you? You've just
been wasting our fucking time!

South goes for the Bank Manager again, but East has had
enough, and again tries to intervene.

EAST

What are you doing? Now who's
wasting time? If the vault's locked
down we need to go!

South completely ignores him and tries to get at the bank
manager again.

East jumps South, and they tussle face to face. The Bank
Manager is off to one side of the skirmish.

East's gun is pinned sideways between him and South.

There is a struggle and -

BLAM! The Bank Manager is BLOWN OFF HIS FEET.

South jumps back -

SOUTH

What the fuck?

East looks down at the smoke drifting up from the barrel of
his gun.

South looks from East to the Bank Manager's bloody twitching
body on the ground, and runs out of the vault room and up the
stairs to the foyer.

CLOSE ON EAST's face, eyes wide under the mask.
Hyperventilating.

He drops his gun on the floor and tries to help the Bank
Manager.

The Bank Manager's chest is ripped open, and it is a horrible
mess.

East grabs a cushion from a nearby chair and props it under
the bank manager's head to try and make him more comfortable.

But he has no other tricks up his sleeve.

He doesn't know first aid, and just rocks back and forth on
his knees, useless.

EAST

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. It was a mistake.

(Beat)

Please be OK. Please be OK.

The Bank Manager says nothing, but is gazing intently into East's eyes, as if he's trying to communicate something.

East leans in close to listen, but all he hears is an awful bubbling sound as the bank manager draws his last breath.

East stands up breathing heavily. He is distraught.

EAST (CONT'D)

(Quietly, on the verge of tears)

Fuck.

(Beat)

Fuck.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

EAST runs back up to the main foyer of the bank, gun in hand, past the stunned hostages, who are still sitting where they have been left. Terrified.

East sees NORTH, SOUTH and WEST already getting in to the getaway car that has appeared outside the bank.

He sprints towards them, but he is nowhere near fast enough.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BANK - CONTINUOUS

By the time he gets to the street outside, the getaway car (being driven by a fifth man), is already screaming off down the street without him.

EAST

(Screaming)

HEY! WAIT!!

East watches the car speed away, realising what utter shit he is in.

EAST (CONT'D)

(Quietly)

Hey.

For a second he just stands there, lost, but then the distant sound of sirens snaps him back to his senses. He is on his own.

He SPRINTS in the opposite direction.

EXT. STREETS OF CITY - CONTINUOUS

We follow EAST sprinting along the street, gun in hand and panting.

Somebody steps out of a doorway on East's left, eyes on their phone, not looking at what they're doing.

East swerves out of his way off the pavement and into the street.

A car coming up behind East nearly hits him, the driver slams on it's brakes and blares the horn at him.

East runs on without slowing.

People are staring and moving out of his way in terror at the sight of him.

After rounding a couple of corners there are fewer people around and East disappears into a narrow alley.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Throwing the gun down on the floor, East pulls off his mask, and we see the face of our protagonist JAMES EAST. From this point on we will call him JAMES.

JAMES is mid to late 30's, not in bad condition, but a little rough around the edges.

JAMES checks that no one is in the alley with him, and rips off the black boiler suit (which has quick release velcro all down the sides for just this purpose).

Underneath he is wearing neat but unremarkable clothes. Think Gap khakis and a check shirt.

He is also wearing an empty black rucksack, squashed flat against his back.

He hops around on one foot trying to release his foot which has become snagged in the boiler suit, furious as he bounces comically off the alley walls.

When he is free of the suit, he slips off the rucksack, checks around him again and cracks the gun to remove the unspent cartridge.

He then balls up the suit and mask, and bundles them and his gun and ammo into the rucksack, which he slings over his shoulder.

As a final touch he pulls a soft peaked army cap from the back pocket of his trousers, pulls it down low over his eyes, and leaves the alley from the opposite end where it merges with a busy shopping street.

He walks calmly along the road, melting into the throng.

EXT. CITY SQUARE - LATER

CLOSE ON JAMES' FACE - his eyes darting around nervously, but he keeps his head low the whole time, and tries to keep his breathing normal and his posture relaxed.

He is hustling through the crowd in the square and walks past a JUGGLER, wearing baggy black trousers and pumps, a black waistcoat and a bare chest. He has bizarre face paint that exaggerates his features nightmarishly.

The juggler already has a small audience but is trying to get more interest going in his act.

He juggles some balls, and then shouts In James' direction -

JUGGLER

HOI!

- as he throws the ball up in the air for James to catch.

Instinctively, James looks up and catches the ball.

JUGGLER (CONT'D)

Oh, excellent reflexes Sir,
excellent reflexes, just what I
need.

He gestures enthusiastically for James to come closer.

JUGGLER (CONT'D)

Step in, Sir, step in.

James, annoyed for letting himself be drawn in the first place, just throws the ball back and keeps walking, head down again.

He turns a few more corners and then disappears down into an underground station.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - LATER

JAMES is now in a residential area away from the centre of the city.

The sun is much lower in the sky - he is clearly taking a long time to get where he's going via a circuitous route.

As he walks along he nonchalantly checks over his shoulder every now and again.

Although his gait is relaxed, the product of many years of trying to not look guilty, his face is taugth with tension, his eyes darting around constantly.

He is walking past the top of a slightly scruffy street lined with tightly crowded victorian terraced houses, when he sees a rubbish lorry moving slowly away from him along it.

There is a binman either side collecting wheelie bins to empty into its compactor.

James changes direction and walks slowly towards the truck, careful not to be obvious in the driver's rear view mirrors.

When the two binmen are off replacing a set of bins, James slips off his rucksack and throws it deep into the throat of the lorry.

He continues walking past the truck, head down, as if nothing has happened.

The binmen feed the lorry with the next set of bins, and the crusher goes into action, taking the rucksack deep into its belly.

INT - BANK VAULT - DAY

Two police officers stand in the vault looking down at the Bank Manager's body. DETECTIVE CONSTABLE WALSH and DETECTIVE INSPECTOR BOWDEN.

CHARLENE BOWDEN is mid-forties, black, capable.

JED WALSH is mid twenties, whip-thin and sharp as a knife.

There are three other Scene of Crime officers in bunny suits taking samples and shining UV lights at the carpet around the body.

Walsh is still new enough in the job to be affected by a murder scene.

WALSH
Poor bastard.

DI BOWDEN shakes her head.

WALSH (CONT'D)
They didn't even get what they were
after. The vault stayed locked.
(Beat)
What a bloody waste.

BOWDEN
Has anyone told the next of kin?

WALSH
They're on their way there now.

Bowden sighs heavily, still looking sadly down at the body.

BOWDEN
(Slowly)
OK. Let's see what we've got. Have
we got the CCTV?

WALSH
Yup.

He thumbs over his shoulder up the stairs.

WALSH (CONT'D)
Kelly's on it.

They walk away and out of the vault, Walsh leading the way.

BANK BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

BOWDEN and WALSH enter a small room and lean over the
shoulder of a third colleague DETECTIVE CONSTABLE KELLY who
is controlling the playback of the CCTV footage on a
computer.

They watch the struggle that leads to the shooting.

WALSH
Hmm. Doesn't look deliberate -
looks like there was a disagreement
between the gang members.

BOWDEN
(Angry)
Not deliberate? I'd say he
deliberately put those cartridges
in that gun wouldn't you?
(MORE)

BOWDEN (CONT'D)

(Beat)

What was that for, to scare the
fucking pigeons?

Walsh instantly looks sheepish.

BOWDEN (CONT'D)

Would you like to tell the victim's
family that it 'wasn't deliberate'?

Walsh shakes his head slightly.

WALSH

(Flat)

No.

BOWDEN

I thought not. Right. Let's see if
we can find who did this.

EXT. RAILWAY BRIDGE - DUSK

JAMES is trudging along next to a road that cuts under a railway line. He is silhouetted with the purple light of dusk tinting the sky behind him.

He walks through the tunnel like a man with the weight of the world on his shoulders. Some of the tension has gone from him, and his shoulders are sagging.

We watch him for a few moments walking towards us through the tunnel, away from the catastrophic day behind him.

A train passes overhead, rattling the foundations of the tunnel.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

JAMES walks up to a once grand house that has been split into several shabby looking apartments.

It has large windows and decorative brickwork, but the white paint is peeling and litter blows about on the pavement outside.

Instead of heading up the imposing staircase to the main lobby, he ducks down some side steps to a basement apartment.