

CRIME FAMILY

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. DARK ROOM

Looking down from the ceiling, we see DEVIN COOPER (37), dressed in a DRAB KHAKI JUMPSUIT lying down on a RICKETY BED. He has his head relaxed in his hands as he looks up at the ceiling, talking to himself.

DEVIN

Today's the day, Devin! It's been a dreary twelve months, ten days, sixteen hours - or was it sixteen days and twelve hours? - the point is, it all pays off today. I can't wait to see Brenda and the kids. I should take them somewhere fun. The museum! Wait... I'm probably banned there. Ah well. There's plenty of things to do in Lost Valley, and it's not like price is going to be an issue --

PRISON GUARD

(o.s.)

Cooper! Your sentence is up!

We get a better look at the room DEVIN has been in. It's a PRISON CELL. The silhouetted form of a GUARD stands by the DOORS.

Seeing the guard, Devin leaps out of bed and makes a beeline for the door.

DEVIN

Hop to it then! I've got a big day planned. Chop chop!

The GUARD flips through his keys for the right one.

PRISON GUARD

Always a wise guy, Cooper. Maybe I oughta keep you in there a little longer. To be honest, you don't look rehabilitated to me.

DEVIN

Oh, I'm very rehabilitated. Aren't we rehabilitated, Snake Eyes?

DEVIN looks behind him to the other corner of the CELL, where his cellmate SNAKE EYES is shuffling a deck of cards.

SNAKE EYES

Oh yes sir. I have certainly  
learned my lesson when it comes to  
bank robbery.

The GUARD finds the right key and UNLOCKS THE CELL with it.

DEVIN

And what have you learned, exactly?

SNAKE EYES

Always case the joint first.

DEVIN

Atta boy.

DEVIN walks through the OPENED CELL DOOR.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Happy music plays over a montage of Devin's prisoner release process. The music clashes against the dreary atmosphere, but fits perfectly with Devin's mood.

Thumbprints, paperwork, parole meetings, nothing seems able to hamper Devin's attitude.

A smile on his face, DEVIN is led past rows and rows of identical prison cells. TWO PRISON GUARDS escort him on either side. Whispered rumors pass between prisoners.

PRISONER 1

(whispered)

Hey, isn't that the Cooper guy?

PRISONER 2

(whispered)

Cooper? What, like the bank?

PRISONER 1

(whispered)

Yeah.

PRISONER 2

(whispered)

What's a guy like *that* doing here?  
You'd think he would be swimming in  
cash.

DEVIN overhears this particular conversation and stops to chime in.

DEVIN  
Trust me, boys. In about an hour  
from now I'll be doing exactly  
that.

One of the PRISON GUARDS gives DEVIN a shove.

PRISON GUARD  
Keep moving.

INT. PRISON WAITING ROOM

DEVIN sits on a chair, filling out the last of the release papers on his lap. The prison guard approaches him.

PRISON GUARD  
Do you need us to call you a bus or  
a taxi?

DEVIN  
Don't worry, that won't be  
necessary. My family is coming to  
pick me up.

PRISON GUARD  
Good to know.

The GUARD goes to leave but DEVIN stops him.

DEVIN  
Hang on. This section where it says  
"Past Offenses"? It's too small.

PRISON GUARD  
Turn it over and use the back.

DEVIN  
Oh. Yeah. That works.

DEVIN flips the paper and continues scribbling.

INT. PRISON CHECKPOINT

A MANILLA ENVELOPE plops down on the table.

PRISON GUARD  
Here are your personal affects,  
confiscated from you upon your  
admittance to this facility.

The GUARD removes a small HANDKERCHIEF.

PRISON GUARD  
One handkerchief.

The GUARD removes a MATCHBOOK with a sleek logo.

PRISON GUARD  
One Matchbook from Club Sancus. Do they even *make* matchbooks anymore?

DEVIN  
Club Sancus does.

The GUARD removes a worn leather WALLET.

PRISON GUARD  
One Wallet containing a keycard for the History Museum, and a family photo. These your kids?

DEVIN  
Stock Photo. My kids are way cuter.

PRISON GUARD  
We wiped the keycard, by the way. Won't get you in anywhere now.

DEVIN  
We'll see about that.

The GUARD removes a utility tool.

PRISON GUARD  
One emergency glass hammer.

DEVIN  
You know, those work on more than car doors.

PRISON GUARD  
I'll bet. Well, that's everything.

DEVIN  
Hey, what about the lockpicking kit I had when I came in here?

The Guard gives Devin a look. Devin shrugs.

DEVIN  
Hey, you can't arrest me for trying. Well... actually you can. And did.

Devin scoops up his belongings and heads for the door.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

DEVIN finally exits the PRISON, a spring in his step.

DEVIN  
Heeeeere's Dad!

There's nobody there. The courtyard's empty. The music stops.

DEVIN  
Uh...hello?

DEVIN walks through the open gate into the parking lot ahead. Not a person or vehicle in sight.

He checks the street. No cars parked on the side of the road.

The gate closes behind him.

DEVIN  
Must be traffic. Well, I can wait.

EXT. PRISON - MUCH LATER

It wasn't traffic. DEVIN turns back to the closed gate.

DEVIN  
(raising voice)  
Hey, I think I could use that taxi  
after all. Hello?

He bangs on the gate.

DEVIN  
(shouting)  
HEY! HELLO?

DEVIN gives up and looks around. He spies a BILLBOARD advertising the COOPER BANK.

**Cooper Financials: Lost Valley's Most Trusted Banking Service Since 1964!**

DEVIN sighs and makes his way down the empty road, a destination in his mind.

INT. COOPER BANK - DAY

Cooper Financials. A trusted name in banking. Good rates. Helpful employees. Top-of-the-line security. Nobody in line at the bank today has any doubts about their money's safety.

At least, until Devin walks in.

The minute he pushes open the doors the mood changes. It's as if a notorious gunslinger has entered the saloon. Customers shoot a side-glance. Is that really him? Employees glare at him dead-on. Drat, it's him.

Devin pays them all no mind. He keeps walking towards his destination: a metal door with EMPLOYEES ONLY written on it.

Devin knocks on the METAL DOOR. The sound reverberates all throughout the bank's lobby. Almost immediately, the DOOR opens and a HAND grabs Devin and yanks him inside.

Compared to the soft incandescent lights of the bank's lobby, the lights in the Employees Only section are harsh and florescent.

FRANK

What on earth are you doing here!?

Devin is pinned to the wall by FRANK (60), a man best described as a Clint Eastwood type without the patience.

DEVIN

Frank! It's been too long! Twelve months, eleven days, and sixteen hours, if I'm not mistaken. How's Nancy been?

FRANK

Don't give me the small talk schtick. You shouldn't be within a hundred feet of this building, and here I catch you walking around like you own the place!

DEVIN

Technically speaking, I do own about ten percent of this place.

FRANK

Hah! Not after what you did!

DEVIN

You're right. Margaret probably gave me a couple more shares as a thank you for pulling that heist.

FRANK

Nobody asked you to pull that heist, you dope!

DEVIN

All right, all right. I apologize for generously delivering you a precious diamond and languishing in a jail cell for my troubles. So how about this: as soon as I get my cut, I'll be out of your hair and business hours can continue as usual.

FRANK

(laughing)

Your cut?

DEVIN

Yeah. From the heist?

FRANK

You mean nobody ever told you? We gave the diamond back, ding-dong!

DEVIN

You WHAT?

FRANK

Why do you think your sentence was so short, ya loon?

DEVIN

I need to talk to Margaret.

FRANK

We're trying to go legit here, Devin. Your stupid heist almost blew it for everybody!

DEVIN

I'm going to Margaret's office.

FRANK

You're not going anywhere, kid.

DEVIN

Frank. Dad. Let me in.

FRANK

Don't call me Dad.

DEVIN

Oh yeah? Any what are you going to do to stop --

EXT. DIRTY ALLEY

The DOOR closes behind Devin with a SLAM. Devin picks himself off the floor and brushes dirt off his clothes.

He looks around at the alleyway. It stands in stark contrast to the rest of the bank's slick veneer. A grimy dumpster sits smellily in one corner. Discarded plumbing supplies lie nearby, a bucket and a pair of toilet plungers.

He looks up at the looming COOPER BANK. It's a sleek, modern structure, all glass. A WINDOW is open, several stories up. Devin has an idea. He retrieves the PLUNGERS from the floor.

We get a nice view of COOPER FINANCIALS' twelfth floor. Then,

**THOOMP. SPLORTCH. THOOMP. SPLORTCH.**

Using the plungers as SUCTION CUPS, Devin scales the side of the BUILDING. He is fully engrossed in the task.

He pauses for a moment and looks in the window he is affixed to. Inside, a BUSINESSWOMAN gapes at Devin. She holds a PHONE to her ear, but is too mystified to speak.

Thinking quickly, Devin pulls the HANDKERCHIEF from his pocket and starts to WIPE DOWN THE WINDOW. After a couple of seconds of this, he nods to the woman and continues up the building.

The BUSINESSWOMAN, still confused, puts down the phone.

INT. COOPER BANK

Devin climbs through the OPEN WINDOW into a BREAK ROOM.

He peers through a DOOR into the HALLWAY beyond. Security guards walk up and down the corridors.

Devin reaches into his pocket and retrieves the CLUB SANCUS MATCHBOOK. He retrieves a match and lights it just underneath the break room's FIRE ALARM.

Devin enters the HALLWAY, which is now full of flashing lights, blaring sirens, and EVACUATING EMPLOYEES. Devin cuts through the crowd like a knife. Nobody notices the man traveling in the opposite direction as them.

Eventually, Devin reaches a DOOR. The name on the plate is MARGARET COOPER. Devin tries the handle. Locked, naturally.

Devin retrieves the OLD LEATHER WALLET. The keycard might have been stripped, but cards like these can still be used to open certain kinds of locks.

INT. MARGARET'S OFFICE

Everything in this office is taller than it honestly needs to be. The WINDOWS are tall. The BOOKSHELVES are tall. The SWIVELING ARMCHAIR with its back to the entrance is tall.

What this place lacks in practicality it more than makes up for in menace.

Devin closes the door, muffling the sounds of the fire alarm.

DEVIN

You're a hard woman to reach,  
Margaret.

Devin struts towards the LARGE SWIVELING CHAIR.

DEVIN

It's been a while, hasn't it?  
Around twelve mont--

Devin rotates the chair...but there's no one in it!

DEVIN

Oh. Oops. Hmm.

Devin sits down in the CHAIR, turning it away from the door. Soon enough, the DOOR opens.

In walks MARGARET COOPER, age 80, her face dragged downward by annoyance and also gravity. Trailing behind her is BECKETT CAUL, age 35, Margaret's personal assistant.

MARGARET

...already drawn up the papers.  
Make sure those all go out to the  
right people.

BECKETT

Yes Ma'am.

Devin smiles. They haven't noticed him at all.

MARGARET

And remember - none of my family is  
to know about this. *Especially*  
Devin.

Devin's smile fades.

BECKETT

Of course.

MARGARET

Heaven knows what that man would do if he figured out I was emptying out the family vault.

BECKETT

Wait, all of it?

Margaret and Beckett are getting dangerously close to the swivel chair.

MARGARET

Every single penny. It's being funneled into an account controlled exclusively by me.

BECKETT

And why can't I tell your family?

The two reach the swivel chair, but it's empty. Devin has hidden underneath the desk. He waits there with bated breath.

MARGARET

Because *they* might tell Devin, and *he* might do something stupid. The man is small minded, Beckett. I mean, what was he thinking, walking in here like that? His incompetence could spell the end of this bank, and I won't have that.

Margaret places a DOCUMENT on the table.

BECKETT

Yes, Ma'am. I've told the guards not to let him in anymore.

MARGARET

Good. Now if you'll excuse me, I need to go sack whichever idiot it was that set off the fire alarm.

The two people walk away. The DOOR closes. Devin is alone in the room again. He quickly springs into action. He grabs the DOCUMENT off the desk and reads it. Indeed, the document is titled "Transference of Assets".

Devin runs the document through a COPIER. He places the ORIGINAL back on the desk, and the COPY in his back pocket.

Devin unlatches one of the UNREASONABLY TALL WINDOWS and slips through, making sure to close it on his way out.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Devin approaches the FRONT DOOR of a COZY SUBURBAN HOUSE. He tries the knob. It won't open. He checks under the mat. No key. He tries knocking. No answer.

DEVIN

Brenda! We need to talk!

No response.

Devin starts looking for a possible entrance, but just then the door opens. Out leans his wife BRENDA (39), reserved and matronly and not at all happy to see him.

BRENDA

Please don't break any of the locks.

DEVIN

Brenda!

Devin goes to embrace Brenda, but she recoils from him.

BRENDA

Devin, what are you doing here?

DEVIN

Okay, I know things haven't been great between us lately--

BRENDA

That's an understatement. You've been in prison for a year!

DEVIN

I was in prison because I - no, I'm not here to argue with you. This is more important than that!

BRENDA

If it's anything to do with more theft, I won't hear it.

DEVIN

This isn't about theft. Well, it sort of is, but--

BRENDA

See, I knew it! I thought we gave all that up after Mila was born! You know, you still haven't apologized for landing yourself in jail.

DEVIN

You still haven't *thanked me* for trying to secure the family's future! Did you *know* they gave the stupid diamond back?

BRENDA

Yes, Devin. Margaret and I are the ones that organized it. They almost tried us as accomplices, Devin. What would have happened to the children if we'd both gone away?

DEVIN

Maybe if I'd had help nobody would have gotten arrested. We were so good together, don't you remember? Don't you miss it?

BRENDA

Of course I miss it. It was exciting and romantic! But we have people that depend on us now.

DEVIN

Speaking of which, where's Mila and Dewey?

BRENDA

They're in bed. Don't wake them up.

DEVIN

Come on, I want to see them.

BRENDA

I don't think they want to see you.

DEWEY

Dad!

DEWEY COOPER (10) runs out the front door and hugs his father's legs. Devin smiles at his wife.

DEVIN

You were saying?

MILA  
Dewey, wait!

MILA COOPER (14) chases after her brother but freezes when she sees her dad. She gives him a cold stare.

DEVIN  
Mila! Dewey! How have you been?

MILA  
What do you care?

DEWEY  
I'm learning computers! Last week I programmed a Trojan Horse!

BRENDA  
Dewey, I thought I said no viruses.

DEWEY  
C'mon, mom....

DEVIN  
Your mother's right. That's very irresponsible behavior.  
(whispering)  
You'll have to show me later.

Dewey giggles.

DEVIN  
Mila, how's your soccer stuff?

MILA  
I don't do soccer anymore. Now I do gymnastics.

DEVIN  
Fantastic! A clever enough acrobat can find a way into wherever they want.

BRENDA  
Don't encourage that kind of behavior.

DEVIN  
Gymnastics?

BRENDA  
Breaking into places!

MILA

It's not anything like that...it's just balance beams and stuff...

DEVIN

Well, either way I'm proud of you.

DEWEY

Are you back to stay with us, Dad?

MILA

Or do you have to go back to prison again?

DEVIN

Mila!

BRENDA

Your father's not going back to prison, *I hope*, but he's not staying here either.

DEVIN

What?

BRENDA

Not tonight at least. We...we need to talk things over first.

DEVIN

If that's what you want, I'll go. But first I really need to show you this.

BRENDA

Fine. Mila, Dewey, back to bed.

DEWEY

Whaaat?

DEVIN

No, let them stay. They should see this too.

Devin pulls out the COPIED DOCUMENT from Margaret's office and hands it to Brenda.

DEVIN

Look at this. I found this in Margaret's office.

BRENDA

You broke into my grandmother's office?

DEVIN

That's not the point. Look at it!  
She's trying to steal the family  
fortune for herself. That's *our*  
money, Brenda.

(points at kids)

That's *their* money!

BRENDA

There must be some mistake.

DEVIN

That's her signature, isn't it?

BRENDA

She hasn't discussed this with me.

DEVIN

I wonder why.

BRENDA

There's something here we're not  
seeing.

DEVIN

It's all there in black and white.  
I heard her discuss it. What, do  
you not believe me?

BRENDA

Maybe I don't, Devin. All right?  
Maybe I'm more liable to trust my  
grandmother than the man who just  
today got out of prison.

Devin grabs the document from Brenda's hands.

DEVIN

Fine. I've had my say. Now I'll  
leave, just like you want.

Devin walks down the steps of the porch, towards the street.

DEWEY

Dad! Where are you going?

DEVIN

I'm gonna go see your Uncle Don.  
I'll see you kids tomorrow! *I hope.*

EXT. CLUB SANCUS - NIGHT

Club Sancus is the place to be. The front entrance is packed. A limousine pulls up, and the crowd goes wild. The door opens, and out steps a veritable modern day Rat Pack.

It's the new teen idol and his entourage. There's his hype man. There's his social media guru. There's his hot friend who, thankfully, can't sing. There's the group's prankster, such a comedian. And there's- hey, who's that weird old guy?

That weird old guy is DON, age 40, who's currently working as a bodyguard for these young punks. As the entourage walks from the car to the club, Don keeps the crowd of fans at bay.

INT. CLUB SANCUS

The pop star and his entourage laugh and drink, secluded in the VIP Lounge while Don stands guard.

He scans the perimeter. His eyes fall on someone lounging around on the second floor.

It's Devin.

Don makes a beeline for the second floor, abandoning his client without a second thought. His bodyguard now absent, the teen idol is immediately swarmed by waves of fans.

Upstairs, Don joins Devin at one of the booths. He speaks with a thick Russian accent.

UNCLE DON

Devin! When you got out?

DEVIN

Just today.

UNCLE DON

I am sorry, I should have been there.

DEVIN

It's not problem. It seems you were busy enough.

Devin gestures to the teen idol, currently drowning in fans.

UNCLE DON

Is boring job. All I have do is look big and scary. I *am* big and scary.

DEVIN

It's a tragic waste of your talents.

UNCLE DON

I not even allowed to punch. What kind of job not let you punch? Bad job is what.

DEVIN

How have you been, Don?

UNCLE DON

Fine. I do not see the family so much. No get togethers anymore. Or no invitation for Don, perhaps.

DEVIN

I don't think it's you, Don. The whole family is breaking apart. Frank kicked me out of the bank today, Brenda won't even let me in the house, and - oh, here's the best one - Margaret is *embezzling* the family fortune!

UNCLE DON

What? This is some joke you tell.

DEVIN

I mean it! Take a look at this, her signature's on it and everything!

Devin retrieves the DOCUMENT and hands it to Don. He looks it over.

UNCLE DON

Many things make sense now. I ask Margaret for cut many times. She always say no. I am forced to take job babysitting Tiny Man and his Tiny Friends, and am not even allowed to punch. Is sad life for Don, my friend.

DEVIN

I don't know what to do about it, Don. Brenda won't even hear me out. I've been barred from entering the bank...

UNCLE DON

Not like that could stop you. I remember old days, before family goes legit. Back then, if we want something, we would take.

DEVIN

Hey...you know what? You're right!

UNCLE DON

Of course I am right. About what?

DEVIN

The money in that bank belongs to us, right? It belongs to me and you and Frank and Brenda and everyone else!

UNCLE DON

Da.

DEVIN

So let's go get it! Let's get the family back together, and let's steal that fortune together!

UNCLE DON

Hah! I am loving this thing you say! Can count me on board!

DEVIN

Great. Let's go, we need to gather everyone else. Do you still have that great SUV?

UNCLE DON

Even better.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT

Devin and Don stand in a parking lot full of sports cars and humvees. Don clicks his key, and a tiny compact car beeps.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR INTERIOR

Don is packed into the seat, sardine style. He looks like he might rupture the vehicle. Devin is not faring much better.

DEVIN

How exactly is this *better*?

UNCLE DON

Handles like dream. Also, partial electric. Must save Mother Earth, da?

INT. DARK LABORATORY

Arranged on a table is an elaborate construction of glass containers and tubes. It looks like some mad scientist is brewing up some alchemic creation. The truth isn't far off.

A BUNSEN BURNER is lit, and a series of Rube Goldbergian chemical reactions begins to play out. UNKNOWN LIQUIDS bubble up, travel through tubes, and mix together.

Eventually a clear, shimmering concoction pours out into a small GLASS VIAL. CASSANDRA COOPER, age 35, picks up the vial and examines it.

Then she sips it. Hmm. Not bad, her expression says. She writes down some notes on a clipboard. At that moment, Devin walks in through the door.

DEVIN

Cassandra. We need to talk about--

CASSANDRA

Here, drink this.

Cassandra hands Devin the vial without looking at him.

DEVIN

I'm not in the habit of drinking things that come out of lab equipment.

CASSANDRA

Relax, you baby. It's just gin.

Devin regards the drink with skepticism. He takes a sip.

CASSANDRA

So what'd you think? Does it seem dry? Earthy? Sweet?

DEVIN

It's, um...gin-y.

CASSANDRA  
 (scribbling on clipboard)  
 Note to self: Devin knows nothing  
 about alcohol...wait, Devin? I  
 thought you were in the hoosegow!  
 Aren't you supposed to be there  
 until May?

DEVIN  
 It is May.

CASSANDRA  
 Wow, really? I have not been  
 outside in *a while*.

DEVIN  
 Well, that's about to change. Come  
 on, we're having a family meeting.

INT. CAR INTERIOR

Don sits in the driver's side, waiting for Devin.

CASSANDRA  
 (muffled, O.S.)  
 Shotgun!

DEVIN  
 (muffled, O.S.)  
 Did you really just call shotgun?

The car doors open. Cassandra indeed enters the shotgun side.  
 Devin sits in the middle backseat.

Cassandra is surprised to see Don in the driver's side. She  
 starts acting flustered. Oooh, somebody's got a cruuush!

CASSANDRA  
 Don!

UNCLE DON  
 Hello, Cass.

Cassandra is struggling to make small talk.

CASSANDRA  
 I-it's good to see you. How is  
 your, uh, face?

UNCLE DON  
 My...face.

CASSANDRA

No. Yes!  
 (whispered)  
 Stupid, stupid!

UNCLE DON

Face is, ah, fine. Thank you to  
 ask.  
 (turns to Devin)  
 Where now?

INT. GAS STATION - MORNING

A run down gas station convenience store. A tiny fan struggles to alleviate the sweltering heat. A bored looking teenager checks her phone behind the front counter.

Suddenly, a tiny, shaking hand places a bottle of milk on the counter.

The confused cashier leans over the belt, only for the head of a tiny elderly woman to pop out behind it. Stooped over, and with a kindly expression on her face, she speaks.

NANCY

Just the milk, dear.

The milk is beeped.

GAS STATION CASHIER

Total comes out to ninety nine cents. Will that be cash or credit?

NANCY

(rummaging in purse)  
 Cash. I'm afraid I only have a ten dollar bill. Could you please break it for me, dearie?

Reluctantly, the cashier pops open the register and begins to count out nine dollars.

NANCY

Oh, here's the ten.

She tosses the dollar to the cashier, who fumbles with it while trying to put together the money. Eventually, the cashier manages to get the money back to the woman.

NANCY

No, tell you what. I just found another dollar in my purse.

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Give me that ten, and I'll give you  
back your ones.

The ten is returned. Nancy shuffles the cash, obscured by the counter. An insert shot shows us Nancy placing the returned ten in the pile of ones.

NANCY  
Here you are, dearie.

The cashier examines the stack. Nine oners...and a ten.

GAS STATION CASHIER  
This is nineteen dollars.

NANCY  
Oh dear! I must have given you  
another of my tens. Just give me a  
twenty and we'll call it even.

The cashier pauses, considering. Nancy peers back with intensity. Five seconds elapse.

A twenty dollar bill exchanges hands.

NANCY  
Thank you kindly.

With her other hand, Nancy snatches the milk.

As she turns for the door, she straightens up. Suddenly, this woman is a half a foot taller, and her body language immediately grows confident. Cloaked in a GAUDY ORANGE ZOOT SUIT, she struts out of the gas station.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Nancy exits the gas station convenience store to see Devin leaning up against Don's car.

DEVIN  
Nancy.

NANCY  
Son-in-law.

DEVIN  
You could just say son.

NANCY  
Mmm, I'd rather not be inaccurate.  
Finally out of jail, huh? You could  
have called.

DEVIN  
I did call. Six times.

NANCY  
You can't expect me to check my voicemail every other minute, you silly boy.

DEVIN  
As much as I've missed talking with you, we need to get going. We're having a family meeting.

NANCY  
Maybe you didn't know, Devin, but we don't do those anymore.

DEVIN  
I'm getting us back in the habit. Come on.

INT. CAR INTERIOR

Nancy steps into the back seat.

CASSANDRA  
Hi, mom.

NANCY  
Oh. You're here too.  
(looks around)  
What is this claptrap? It smells like vodka and disappointment.

Don turns to greet Nancy.

UNCLE DON  
Is my car.

NANCY  
Oh, never mind. It's not the car at all.

UNCLE DON  
Hello you too, Nancy.

EXT. COOPER BANK - MORNING

Frank shuffles towards the massive skyscraper, ready to begin another day at work. He hears a HONK from offscreen.

Devin leans out of a car window and waves at Frank. The old man storms over to the vehicle.

FRANK

What are you doing here, you moron?

DEVIN

Relax, Frank. I'm not going in the bank. From what I hear, I've been banned anyways. We're having a family meeting, you're coming with.

FRANK

Hah! Even if I *wanted* to come with you, I've got a *job*, Devin. Remember those?

DEVIN

Oh, don't worry about that. Nancy called in sick for you.

FRANK

Nancy's with you?

DEVIN

Unfortunately, yes. I've got her and Cassie and Don, and we're just on our way to go see Brenda. Are you coming with?

Frank ponders this.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR INTERIOR

Frank is squished between Cassandra and Devin.

FRANK

Why aren't you up front?

Nancy leans back from the front seat and grins.

NANCY

I need the leg room for my sciatica. Remember, hon?

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Ding Dong!

The door opens. Its frame is completely filled. Devin, Don, Cassandra, Nancy and Frank are arranged awkwardly.

We see the other side of this. Brenda is completely flabbergasted. The kids are in the middle of preparing for school.

DEVIN  
Family meeting!

BRENDA  
M-mom! Dad! Don!

CASSANDRA  
Also Cassandra. But I get it. Some people are more important than your sister.

Dewey eyes Don with suspicion.

DEWEY  
Dad? Who's this big guy?

DEVIN  
That's your Uncle Don! Well, I guess he's more like your godfather.

UNCLE DON  
Dewey! Has been many years! Last I saw you, I could crush you with bare hands! Can still crush you with bare hands, but would be much harder now.

Dewey cowers behind his mother's legs. Don is wounded. He goes to talk to Mila but is intercepted by Nancy.

NANCY  
Mila! Darling baby!

MILA  
Oh, hi Grandma.

NANCY  
Are those your school clothes? My goodness, how *adventurous* to go outside dressed like that!

Mila looks down in horror. What's wrong with her clothes?

Frank looks at Devin.

FRANK

All right, kid. You got us together. Now what's this all about?

Brenda sighs.

BRENDA

This is because of Margaret, isn't it, Devin?

FRANK

What's my mother got to do with any of this?

DEVIN

She's playing you for a sucker, Frank.

FRANK

Don't you talk about my mother like that!

UNCLE DON

Is true, Frank.

FRANK

Hah! Why should I listen to you, Smirnoff? You're not even part of this family!

CASSANDRA

Leave him alone, Dad.

DEVIN

Take a look at this, Frank.

Devin pulls the TRANSFERENCE OF ASSETS document out of his pocket and hands it to Frank.

Frank scans it for a long time. And then...

FRANK

You know I can't read this with my cataracts!

Nancy snatches the document from her husband's hands.

NANCY

Give it here, Darling. Don't trouble yourself with reading.

Nancy looks over the document. As she reads, her expression darkens and darkens.

NANCY

Oh! Isn't this *just* like her? She's going to steal the family fortune.

FRANK

What!?

CASSANDRA

What!?

NANCY

It's definitely her signature. Where did you get this, Devin?

DEVIN

After *Frank* kicked me out of the bank yesterday, I decided to go talk to Margaret myself.

BRENDA

You mean you broke in.

DEVIN

More or less.

FRANK

Wait a minute...you're the one who set off the fire alarm, aren't you? Colin almost lost his job because of you!

NANCY

So you went to see my mother. Why on earth would she tell you about this?

DEVIN

She didn't. I overheard it by accident. I took a copy of this paper when she left, so I don't think she knows that I know.

Frank paces around.

FRANK

You don't find this all a little convenient? This runt breaks into the bank looking for Margaret, and he just happens to find an incredibly damning piece of evidence that involves us all?

CASSANDRA

That's...not a bad point, dad. I trust you, Devin, but you have to admit this is kinda suspicious.

(MORE)

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Why would Nana try and screw us all over?

UNCLE DON

Margaret stingy with money these day. Any of you have asked her for loans lately?

CASSANDRA

I did ask her for money so I could build a distillery...

NANCY

(to Frank)

She's been awfully slow getting us our retirement fund, hasn't she, dear?

BRENDA

She wouldn't even pay Devin's legal fees. I thought it was because she was mad at you, Devin, but maybe...

DEWEY

Why does Nana have everybody's money anyways, Dad?

DEVIN

Well son, before you were born, your mom and I and the rest of the family were master thieves.

MILA

You mean you stole things?

Brenda is quick to interject.

BRENDA

But only from other thieves! We only robbed people who deserved it.

DEVIN

Plus, none of our targets could go to the police.

UNCLE DON

Just like your Robbing Hood, da?

DEVIN

Once we had the money, we had to figure out a way to spend it. You can't buy everything in cash without somebody getting suspicious.

DEWEY

Okay?

DEVIN

So your great grandmother took it upon herself to be the family's launderer.

DEWEY

I thought Mom was the launderer. She does all the laundry, right?

Cassandra stifles a laugh.

CASSANDRA

Snrk. Sorry...sorry...

DEVIN

Money laundering is where you take money that was gotten illegally and make it *seem* legal so no one can trace it.

MILA

How did she do that?

NANCY

We ran it through the bank, of course! You didn't think my mom started that place up because she likes financials, did you?

UNCLE DON

I was under impression, perhaps.

BRENDA

The plan was: we'd give her all our earnings, she ran it through the bank to legitimize it, and then she'd give it back to us.

DEVIN

But lately, it seems she's been skimping on that last part.

NANCY

All right, Devin. Let's assume you're not stupid enough to try and lie to the best hustler this side of the Rockies. Let's assume you're telling us the truth about this. What are we supposed to do about it?

DEVIN

What are we supposed to do about  
it? I don't know, Nancy! What do  
YOU think a con artist,  
    (looks at Frank)  
a demolitions expert,  
    (looks at Cassandra)  
a gadgeteer,  
    (looks at Don)  
a brawler,  
    (looks at Brenda)  
a coordinator,  
    (looks at Dewey)  
a hacker,  
    (looks at Mila)  
and an acrobat are supposed to do  
about it?

Mumbles of confusion. I dunno, man, tell us.

DEVIN

We steal it back!

More mumbles, but of excitement. Hey, that could work...

BRENDA

Wait, are you saying we get the  
kids involved?

DEVIN

They're part of the family, aren't  
they? This involves them.

DEWEY

Can we, Mom, can we? I've always  
wanted to be part of a Real Life  
Heist!

MILA

It...sounds kinda fun.

BRENDA

You're all okay with this?

Mumble mumble, sounds good to us.

BRENDA

...Fine. I'll go through with this-  
on ONE condition.

DEVIN

Name it.

BRENDA

If this goes south, you're the one who takes the fall for it. None of us. You hear me?

DEVIN

Fair enough.

MILA

How do you plan a heist, anyway?

BRENDA

First, we're going to need some blueprints of the bank. Let's check city hall.

Dewey begins typing away at something on his PHONE.

NANCY

Don't bother. Mom sent them fakes.

CASSANDRA

They might have them stored online somewhere.

DEWEY

Nope. I just checked. Unless it's hidden really well, they don't have it in any of their data banks.

CASSANDRA

Wait... did you just hack into the bank's private servers?

DEWEY

Yes.

CASSANDRA

In the past five seconds?

DEWEY

Yes.

CASSANDRA

Using only a smartphone?

DEWEY

I mean, the touch keyboard slowed me down a bit.

CASSANDRA

...I like this kid.

Dewey smiles a bit. Cool Aunt approves of him!

DEVIN

It'll be held somewhere on the bank's premises, then. Dewey, you keep looking around the data banks while I go find a physical copy.

BRENDA

Wait! I'll come too. Somebody needs to keep an eye on you.

DEVIN

Just like the old days. I love it.

FRANK

What about the rest of us?

DEVIN

I don't know. You're all family, aren't you? Why don't you catch up with each other.

DEVIN and BRENDA leave. The rest stand around awkwardly.

UNCLE DON

So...any of you have seen good movie lately?

EXT. COOPER BANK - NIGHT

It's a dark blue night. The barely visible silhouettes of DEVIN and BRENDA creep through the back alley behind the bank. They whisper back and forth to each other.

DEVIN

Heyyyy, so this is fun!

BRENDA

Oh yeah. Nothing to brighten the spirits like some good old breaking and entering.

DEVIN

Come on, we used to do stuff like this all the time! Remember when we robbed that casino with only a toothbrush and a pair of scissors?

BRENDA

(wistful)  
Our second date.

Devin grabs onto a ledge and climbs up it.

DEVIN  
Now, you remember where the  
physical records are kept, right?

BRENDA  
You don't remember? How were you  
planning to find it without me?

Devin gets himself up onto the ledge.

DEVIN  
I don't know, I would have  
improvised. It's like Jazz, baby.

Brenda begins to climb up after him.

BRENDA  
This is such a bad idea. What was I  
thinking? If we get caught, who's  
going to take care of the kids?

DEVIN  
We're not going to get caught,  
because we're *experts*.

Thump. An impact sound. Brenda has fallen off the ledge.

DEVIN  
(smiling)  
Need a hand?

Devin reaches down to help Brenda up. She grabs his hand.

BRENDA  
So I'm a little out of practice. I  
was sort of busy raising our kids.

DEVIN  
I get it, I get it.

Devin pulls Brenda up onto the ledge.

Beat.

DEVIN  
So you *do* remember where those  
physical records are, right?

INT. COOPER BANK - CONTINUOUS

A lone guard patrols the hallways. His flashlight cuts through the darkness. As he rounds a corner, two figures peel out from the shadows and head in the opposite direction.

DEVIN

So, any changes around here since I've been locked up?

BRENDA

Well, the supermarket on Fifth closed down and now there's a new organic--

DEVIN

Not in the neighborhood, in the bank! Security systems and whatnot.

BRENDA

Oh. Yes. The security cameras are a higher resolution now.

DEVIN

I wasn't planning to be seen by any security cameras, so that shouldn't be a problem.

BRENDA

The motion detectors now automatically call the police.

DEVIN

I - wait, didn't they have that already?

BRENDA

I guess not.

DEVIN

Well that's just poor security.

BRENDA

There was one more thing they added. Now, what was - wait, stop!

Brenda grabs Devin by the shirt and yanks him backwards now.

BRENDA

I remember now. Laser tripwires.

Devin looks down at the floor. A number of zig-zagging green lasers briefly flicker into view before disappearing again.

DEVIN

Woah. Good catch.

INT. COOPER BANK RECORDS ROOM

Devin and Brenda open a door with the words "Records Room" marked on it.

BRENDA

It should be in here.

The two rifle through filing cabinets and drawers looking for the bank's blueprints.

DEVIN

So what else is new?

BRENDA

I think I told you everything. I mentioned the security cameras, right?

DEVIN

No, sorry, I meant with the kids.

BRENDA

Oh. Mila's, well, Mila's thirteen. She's dealing with teenager problems. At least I assume so, she won't talk to me about it.

DEVIN

Yep. That's thirteen for you.

BRENDA

Dewey, I don't know. He spends so much time in his technology. I know it's his passion, but he spends all day locked up in his room.

DEVIN

Yeah, that's no good. He should be out interacting with people.

BRENDA

That's what I tell him, but do you know what he says?

DEVIN

Bingo.

BRENDA

No he doesn't say bingo, he says--

DEVIN

No, hon, I meant *bingo*.

Devin has found the BLUEPRINTS. He tosses them to Brenda.

BRENDA  
(bemused)  
...Bingo.

Brenda deposits the blueprints in her BAG.

INT. COOPER BANK

More corridor creeping.

DEVIN  
Hah! What a rush! Do you feel it?

BRENDA  
I feel a general anxiety if that's  
what you're talking about. We're  
not out of the woods yet, Dev.

DEVIN  
Come on, we've gotten this far,  
what are the chances that--

Devin rounds the corner, and a flashlight turns on him. He freezes.

BANK GUARD 1  
Hey, who are you?

DEVIN  
I...uh....

Devin looks to Brenda. She is fleeing in the opposite direction.

BANK GUARD 1  
Sal, come over here! We got some  
guy sneaking around!

Another flashlight joins the first.

BANK GUARD 2  
Wait a minute, isn't this that guy  
who's not allowed in the bank  
anymore? Darryl...Danny...

DEVIN  
Devin.

BANK GUARD 2  
Devin! That's it!

BANK GUARD 1  
Keep an eye on him, I'll call this  
in.

BRENDA  
DEVIN!

Brenda storms in from behind the two security guards, and she looks pissed.

BANK GUARD 2  
Miss Brenda! What are you doing  
here?

BRENDA  
Trying to stop my *idiot* husband  
from getting himself arrested  
again. What were you thinking,  
sneaking around in the middle of  
the night?

DEVIN  
I, I, I, --

Brenda grabs his ear.

BRENDA  
Never mind, I don't want to hear  
it. Come on, we're going home.

DEVIN  
ow ow ow

Brenda leads Devin past the security guards by his ear.

BANK GUARD 1  
Should... we still call this in?

BRENDA  
Don't bother. I'll call Margaret  
myself. I'm so sorry you two had to  
deal with this.  
(to Devin)  
Keep moving!

Brenda leads Devin out the door.

EXT. COOPER BANK - NIGHT

Devin and Brenda laugh hysterically as they walk away from  
the towering bank.

BRENDA

Oh man, I can't believe that worked!

DEVIN

I have to commend your excellent performance.

BRENDA

Performance? That was me *actually* being mad at you. I just tweaked the specifics a bit.

DEVIN

Hey, whatever works, works.

A brief silence.

DEVIN

I'm just realizing I never apologized to you. For doing the museum thing.

BRENDA

That was never the problem.

DEVIN

It wasn't?

BRENDA

The problem was that you never told me about it. The first I heard about the whole thing was your "One Phone Call." We're supposed to be a team, all right? If you'd told me about your plan, I could have helped you. I mean, ideally I could have talked you out of it.

DEVIN

Hah. There's no way you could have talked me out of it.

BRENDA

Okay, you're right. I think we can agree on that point.

INT. DEVIN'S HOUSE - LATER

The family is gathered in a large empty room.

DEWEY

I was able to turn those blueprints into a 3D model of the bank.

CASSANDRA

And I built us a way to visualize that 3D model here on this table.

DEVIN

Can we, uh, start big picture? We really need to start planning this ASAP.

CASSANDRA

You want big picture? Big picture is we might be scrubbed right out the gate.

NANCY

What!?

CASSANDRA

Think about it. Nana built this place using all her years of thieving experience. She knows all the tricks in the book, and how to protect against them. More importantly, she knows how we operate.

FRANK

You're saying she built this place specifically to safeguard against us?

CASSANDRA

Not necessarily. It's possible she just used us as a template for designing a perfect security system. The point is, none of our old tricks are going to work in here.

DEVIN

Brenda and I got in pretty easily last night.

CASSANDRA

Those were the office floors. The vaults will be a tougher nut to crack. Now, everybody please put on your virtual reality glasses.

Everybody puts on a dorky looking headset. They all look very stupid.

CASSANDRA

Let me just save this for later...

Cassandra takes a photo of the group with her phone, then puts on a headset herself.

Low-resolution avatars of the family materialize in a Tron-esque wireframe layout of the Cooper Bank.

MILA

Woah! Is this the bank?

DEWEY

Of course it is, dummy.

FRANK

This doesn't look like the bank at all! The bank isn't blue! Where's all the other buildings?

CASSANDRA

It's just a simulation, dad. We don't need the other buildings.

DEVIN

Show us around, Cass.

Cassandra uses a remote in her hand to swivel the building around to highlight different areas.

CASSANDRA

So here we have the entrance to the bank. You'll notice that there are several guard checkpoints stationed around --

UNCLE DON

Gah, no moving! Am getting motion sick!

Dewey pulls up a Menu full of various options.

DEWEY

Woah, nice!

MILA

How'd you get that?

DEWEY

Press the menu button on your controller. Looks like this system has a bunch of pre-built options.

A couple of people open up menus.

NANCY

(o.s.)

Mine isn't working.

Cassandra turns to look at Nancy's avatar, which has somehow glitched and is now inside-out.

CASSANDRA

How did you even do that, Mom?

NANCY

It's your stupid computer box.

DEWEY

Hey, check this out!

Dewey materializes a virtual MACHINE GUN from out of thin air. He aims it at Mila and fires. The BULLETS pass right through her. She is unharmed but annoyed.

MILA

Stop it!

BRENDA

Dewey, no shooting your sister!

Don selects a cylinder on his menu, and a foot-tall 3D model appears.

UNCLE DON

Hah! Much delight! I can make cylinder!

DEVIN

That's just one of the basic shapes, buddy. There are way more options here.

UNCLE DON

You mean I can have...two cylinder?

DEVIN

...Sure. Go nuts, buddy.

Mila has found a ROCKET LAUNCHER in the options. She retaliates against her brother.

MILA

Ha ha! Counter attack!

DEWEY

Ohhh, you're gonna get it now!

Nancy's glitchiness has worsened. She now resembles a piece of very bad origami.

NANCY

Great, now it's even worse!

Frank bends down to tend for his wife.

FRANK

Honey! Honey, are you okay?

A piece of the origami abomination kicks Frank.

NANCY

I'm not dying, you idiot, my headset is just broken.

CASSANDRA

Dad, stop! Don't touch her!

As Frank gets closer to his wife, the glitch spreads to him and his character model begins to distort.

CASSANDRA

Oh great, it's contagious. Don, are you *inside* a cylinder?

Indeed, the place where Don's avatar once stood is now occupied by a humongous cylinder.

UNCLE DON

Yes. Is punishment for my hubris. I fly too close to sun.

BRENDA

This is ridiculous. I'm leaving.

Brenda walks away from the family. She hits an invisible wall and falls over.

CASSANDRA

Um. You might want to take off your headset before walking away.

INT. DEVIN'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM

The family is gathered around the dinner table. Devin pulls around a whiteboard.

DEVIN

We've had a chance to go over the plans for the building - more or less - so how are we going to crack this nut? Anybody got a pitch?

FRANK

I say we blow the roof off the place!

NANCY

Ohh, that's your solution to everything.

FRANK

Well, you know the saying: when all you have is 2.4 tons of plastic explosive...

CASSANDRA

Ideally, we should try and plant sonar pulses in strategic places around the city so we have a complete map of the city limits.

Devin looks up from the whiteboard. There's a couple of notes on it now.

DEVIN

I think that's a little excessive.

CASSANDRA

I understand that, and I am willing to compromise. How about we just map a five to ten mile radius?

UNCLE DON

I have plan. What if I punch? Historically, punch tend to solve most problem.

NANCY

That's not a plan, you sack of bricks, that's just you punching something.

UNCLE DON

For example, problem of unpleasant old woman.

DEWEY

If we can get a flash drive into the bank somehow, I can download the funds right off their server!

BRENDA

The family fortune isn't digital, Dewey.

DEWEY

It's not? Who they heck uses physical money these days?

MILA

Banks do, doofus!

DEWEY

And you have a better idea?

MILA

I dunno, I could...climb in or something.

NANCY

Clearly I'm going to have to go undercover. Here's my character:  
(puts on southern accent)  
My name is Annabelle Sweetwater. I'm the widow of Don "Soft Whip" Sweetwater, the famous soft serve tycoon, here to invest our ice cream fortune in an account for our successor.

Devin looks up from the whiteboard again. Now it's about half filled with scribbles.

DEVIN

No disguises, Nancy. You're related to the bank's founder, they're going to recognize your face.

NANCY

(still with the accent)  
Annabelle Sweetwater doesn't show her face in public. Not after...  
*the accident.*

BRENDA

We need this to be fast. In and out. We need somebody operating an escape vehicle. And there's only one vehicle I can think of which can hold us all.

CASSANDRA

Brenda. No. Please don't bring the minivan into this.

BRENDA

Why not? It's stylish, convenient, it suits our needs --

CASSANDRA

I'm not getting in any vehicle that has ever driven to or from a soccer game.

BRENDA

What do you think, Devin? ...Devin?

Brenda turns to look at Devin, who is hunched over the whiteboard. It is now filled with a vastly complicated branching tree graph which criss-crosses like a spiderweb.

DEVIN

It just...might...work!

CASSANDRA

What, Brenda's plan?

DEVIN

Well, her plan, but also yours, and Nancy's and Don's and, well, everybody's.

BRENDA

You've lost me.

DEVIN

See, on their own, your plans all have flaws. But if we take bits and pieces of each one, they all work together. Sort of like a, like a...

BRENDA

Like a family?

DEVIN

Well, that's a bit on the nose, but yes.

UNCLE DON

What you need from all us?

DEVIN

I'll need that sonar pulse from Cass. JUST one. Brenda, get the minivan.

Brenda looks triumphant.

DEVIN

We need to rip it apart from the inside out and turn it into a mobile surveillance van.

Brenda looks distinctly un-triumphant.

CASSANDRA

Hah! Let me know if you need help gutting that sucker, all right sis?

DEVIN

Frank, we need more information on the security systems. I need you to sneak in and case the joint. Don, you go with him.

FRANK

What do I need to sneak in for, doofus? I work at the dang place! If I need to get in, I can use the front door.

DEWEY

Hey, why don't you just--

FRANK

Before you ask, no, I don't have clearance for the family vault.

DEVIN

I think that's it. Everybody come talk to me at some point and I'll brief you on your individual role.

INT. WORKSHOP

Cassandra tools around with a tangled mess of wires and computer parts.

MILA

Auntie Cassandra?

CASSANDRA

Oh. Boy. Please do not call me Auntie. That leaves a real bad taste in my mouth. Call me Cassandra. Or Doctor Cooper, maybe.

MILA

Okay. Um, Cassandra? I'm having  
some problems with...um...  
(whispered)  
...boys.

CASSANDRA

And you came to *me*?

MILA

Well, it's weird talking about that  
stuff with your parents, you know?

Cassandra looks over at Don. She sighs.

CASSANDRA

Kid, you don't want romance advice  
from me, all right? If anything, I  
should be asking you for pointers.

MILA

Oh, you mean with Uncle Don?

CASSANDRA

Cripes, you figured that out? And  
here I thought I was being subtle  
about it. Clearly you know more  
than me about this kind of thing.

MILA

Oh. Well, thanks anyway. I guess  
I'll go ask Grandma --

Mila turns to walk away, but Cassandra grabs her shoulder and  
yanks her back.

CASSANDRA

WOAHHH, HOLD ON. I didn't know you  
were desperate enough to ask *my*  
*mother* about this! If it keeps you  
out of her clutches, I guess I can  
help you out.

MILA

You mean you'll teach me what you  
know?

CASSANDRA

God, no. I don't know *anything*  
about this stuff. But, I'm a  
scientist, which means I'm good at  
figuring stuff out. We're gonna  
crack this romance nut together,  
kid.

INT. COOPER BANK - DAY

DON and FRANK wander through the halls of the Cooper Bank. They pass by several employees without incident.

FRANK

...and they added these double-layer security doors last year. It's two fingerprints and a retinal scan just to get in. Complete pain in the--

UNCLE DON

Frank.

FRANK

What?

UNCLE DON

Am I..just muscle to everybody?

FRANK

That's ridiculous! A lot of that bulk is fat and you know it!

UNCLE DON

What I am meaning is... am I part of family?

FRANK

What're you talking about? Yer the kids' godfather, aren't ya?

UNCLE DON

Nancy say to me--

FRANK

Hah! Nancy says a lot of stuff to a lot of people. She calls *me* a hot-head, no matter *how* many times I yell at her than I'm not.

Don doesn't say anything.

FRANK

...Look, pal, I get it. We're the tough guys. We want to be strong for everybody. But people always miss the point. They think we're distant or mean or stupid or something.

UNCLE DON

So what we tough guys do?

FRANK

The same thing we always do - we stay strong. ...Look, if it really matters to you, this family's screwed up enough already. I can't see how it could get much worse if you were a part of it.

UNCLE DON

[Russian Word for Thanks], Frank.  
Now, tell me about key cards.

FRANK

Oh, don't get me STARTED on the key cards!

INT. DEVIN'S HOUSE - GARAGE

A BRAND-AGNOSTIC MINIVAN with its TRUNK popped open. A number of metal bits and bobs lay on the floor around it. Suddenly, one of the vehicle's SEATS comes flying out of the trunk. It clumsily tumbles to the floor.

Looking inside the vehicle, we see Brenda wiping sweat from her brow.

CASSANDRA

(O.S.)

Woah, wait for me!

Cassandra runs to the Minivan, dragging a LARGE TOOLCASE behind her.

CASSANDRA

I brought my *power tools!*

BRENDA

Yeah, fine. Hook them up. I'm running out of stuff I can do with these ones.

Brenda holds up a couple of SCREWDRIVERS and PLIERS.  
Cassandra begins spooling out extension cords for her tools.

CASSANDRA

Hah hah! Prepare to meet your death, minivan.

BRENDA

Why are you so keen on destroying this thing, anyways?

CASSANDRA

I dunno, man. It's like the epitome of suburban complacency.

BRENDA

Hey Cass, my teenage daughter called, she wants her anti-establishment manifesto back.

CASSANDRA

You know what I mean. Once you get a minivan, it's like whatever you used to be doesn't matter anymore. Now you're just a... *mom*.

BRENDA

And what's wrong with being a mom?

CASSANDRA

It just seems like, once you're a mom, and you're married, and you've got a little house in the suburbs, that's when everything goes wrong.

BRENDA

Nothing went wrong for Mom and Dad.

CASSANDRA

Of course you think that.

BRENDA

What?

CASSANDRA

You were the star child. They never took things out on you when they got mad.

BRENDA

I never gave them a reason to get mad. *You*, on the other hand...

CASSANDRA

The only thing I ever wanted was to be like you, to be good like *Brenda* was. When I saw that wasn't going to happen, I stopped trying. I forged my own path.

(MORE)

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

I stopped listening to Mom and Dad, I got out of the city as soon as I could, and I made sure I never ended up tied down like all of you did.

BRENDA

And how has that been working out for you? Because last I heard, you were locking yourself in your apartment, not seeing the sun for weeks, and brewing beers that only you would drink!

An electric silence. Neither sister looks at the other. After a couple of seconds, Cassandra stands up.

CASSANDRA

I forgot the drillbit.

Cassandra tosses the tool aside and walks out of the garage.

INT. WORKSHOP

Cassandra storms into the workshop and plops down at her workbench. Mila leans through the doorway.

MILA

Wanna talk about it?

CASSANDRA

Oh my god. I am not getting mommed by a thirteen year old girl.

MILA

Trust me. I don't want to mom anyone. And I guess you don't either?

CASSANDRA

Yeah, I guess I just - wait a minute! I should be the one imparting wisdom to you! This is humiliating.

MILA

Hey, I get where you're coming from! I think mom sucks, too! Hey, can you dish on stuff she did when you were kids?

CASSANDRA

Your mom doesn't suck, Mila. We had a fight. Siblings fight. You of all people should know that.

MILA

Seems like she's making a lot of the same mistakes Gramma made with you and her.

CASSANDRA

Be nice to your mom, all right? She's doing her best.

MILA

Hey, now you're giving the advice!

CASSANDRA

Score one for Cassandra, bastion of wisdom.

MILA

So, you don't want a family?

CASSANDRA

Well, I've got you guys already. Beyond that, nah.

MILA

Not even with Uncle Don?

CASSANDRA

No! Maybe? Look, can you cool it with the wise beyond your years shtick?

MILA

Fine. How's it going on the Dating Research?

CASSANDRA

Not great. I tried googling "What do guys like" but I mostly got - uh, promise to me you'll never google "What do guys like".

MILA

Why?

CASSANDRA

Just trust me on this one.

Devin enters the room.

DEVIN  
Cassandra?

CASSANDRA  
I WASN'T SAYING ANYTHING TO YOUR  
DAUGHTER - I mean, uh, what's up?

DEVIN  
How's the sonar pulse coming along?

CASSANDRA  
Oh, that, right. It's just about  
done.

DEVIN  
And the linkup with Dewey's  
modeling system?

CASSANDRA  
All ready.

DEVIN  
Great. Then we've got everything we  
need. We do it tomorrow.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Devin surveys his bedroom. Two dressers. A lamp. A window. A  
TV propped up on an old chest. A bed, of course.

Brenda enters the room behind him.

BRENDA  
Taking a look around?

DEVIN  
Been a while since I've seen the  
old place. You took down my record  
collection?

BRENDA  
Don't worry, they're safe in the  
garage.

DEVIN  
You even took down the signed  
Sinatra!

BRENDA  
Sinatra's hokey.

DEVIN  
Sinatra's great!

BRENDA  
Sinatra's *hokey*.

They stand in silence.

BRENDA  
You really think it's going to work tomorrow? It's not too late to --

DEVIN  
It'll work. Long as everybody plays their part, it'll work.

Another pause.

BRENDA  
Should we have stayed thieves?

DEVIN  
Sorry?

BRENDA  
When the kids were born. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe we should have kept going. Because right now, I don't feel ready. I feel like... just a mom.

DEVIN  
You are not *just* a mom. You're a wife, you're a thief, you're a devilish rogue, you're the best driver I've ever seen in my life!

Brenda laughs, wiping tears from her eyes.

DEVIN  
I don't know what we should have done in the past. But I know what we're going to do tomorrow. And if you're with us, well, I don't think "just a mom" could rob the largest bank in town.

BRENDA  
Thanks. We should get some rest.

DEVIN  
Yeah.

The two hop into bed.

BRENDA  
Good night.

DEVIN  
Good night.

Click! Devin turns out the light.

Darkness.

THE NEXT DAY

INTERCUT - SEVERAL LOCATIONS

DEVIN  
All right, roll call. Codename Mom,  
check in.

As each member of the family checks in, we receive a brief glimpse of their preparatory activities.

BRENDA  
(activating a video feed)  
Codename Mom, checking in.

DEVIN  
Codename Aunt, check in.

CASSANDRA  
(putting on a mechanic's  
uniform)  
Codename Aunt, technically capable  
of rational thought.

DEVIN  
Codename Godfather, check in.

UNCLE DON  
(slinking through back  
alley)  
Da, am here.

DEVIN  
Codename Grandpa, check in.  
(beat)  
Frank, that's you.

FRANK  
(on a golf course)  
Henh!

DEVIN  
Codename Grandma, check in.

NANCY  
Right here, lambie!

DEVIN  
Codename Son, check in.

DEWEY  
(booting up a slick  
computer)  
That's not my codename.

DEVIN  
Yes it is.

DEWEY  
My codename...is Agent KillDeath.

DEVIN  
No, it's not, because that's the  
worst codename I've ever heard.

CASSANDRA  
Can I object to these family-based  
codenames? I really don't want to  
call my sister "Mom".

UNCLE DON  
I'm okay with codenames.

CASSANDRA  
Of course you are, Don. Your  
codename makes you sound like Vito  
friggin Corleone.

DEVIN  
Could you guys have brought this up  
*before* we began an elaborate bank  
heist?

MILA  
(climbing into old truck)  
I, uh, I'm here too.

DEWEY  
Nobody asked you, Mila!

MILA  
Shut up, Agent Shrill-Breath!

DEWEY  
It's Killdeath!

DEVIN  
No! It's really not!

NANCY  
Could I get a little peace and  
quiet on the comm link, please?  
Gramma needs to get into character.

INT. COOPER BANK - LOBBY

A bank teller perks up slightly as an elderly woman enters the bank. She shuffles along, carrying a purse nearly as large as herself. As she approaches the window, he leans over the booth to maintain eye contact.

TELLER  
Nancy, is that you? It's been too  
long!

NANCY  
Oh, yes. Hello... you?

TELLER  
I'm wearing a name tag.

NANCY  
Good to know.

TELLER  
What are you doing here?

NANCY  
I'm making a deposit into the  
family vault.

TELLER  
I don't know if I can get you  
access to that toda-

Nancy pops open her purse. The TELLER bears witness to the FAT STACKS contained within. Several hundred Benjamin Franklins look back at him from inside the bag.

TELLER  
I-I-I-we will deposit your...f-  
funds in an adequate location as  
soon as we are able.

EXT. EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE

Don approaches the door of the bank's employee entrance in a makeshift guard uniform. He knocks on the door, and one of the guards creaks it open.

GUARD

Who the heck are you?

UNCLE DON

New guy. Management send me over.

GUARD

Yeah, no they didn't. They email me about that kind of thing. Whatever type of con you're pulling, try it somewhere else.

The Guard slams the door in Don's face.

INT. PARKING GARAGE

A multi-level parking structure. Cooper Bank can be seen through the windows about a block away.

Brenda's MINIVAN is parked inconspicuously in one of the spaces.

INT. SURVEILLANCE MINIVAN

The minivan is completely transformed. Its interior now resembles that of a government surveillance van. In the back, Dewey is hunched over several computer monitors.

In the front seat, Brenda surveys the Cooper Bank with a pair of binoculars. She places them on the passenger seat, then turns to confer with her son.

BRENDA

Okay, how's this going? Explain your whole setup here, what's on these three screens?

DEWEY

All right. This first one is displaying the program shell. Here I can enter code for the program to execute.

BRENDA

Okay, yeah.

DEWEY

Here in the middle is a live video feed I've got hooked up to monitor everything.

BRENDA

And what's this on the right screen?

DEWEY

That's a, uh, let's play I'm watching. Just so there's something on in the background.

BRENDA

Okay, but I have the right to take that away if you get distracted.

He holds his hand up to his ear.

BRENDA

Aunt, Daughter - status report.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK

Cassandra and Mila sit in the front seat of a beat up old pickup truck.

MILA

Doing good, Mom. Cassandra just taught me a new way to -

CASSANDRA

No! Shh shh shh!

BRENDA

Please stop corrupting my children.

CASSANDRA

I am nooooot corrupting your children.

CASSANDRA

(whispers)  
I totally am. It's awesome.

BRENDA

I can hear you.

CASSANDRA

(pressing keys furiously)  
Shoot. How does this chat work?

EXT. EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE

Don knocks on the door again. The same Guard answers.

GUARD

Hey, I told you to bug off!

UNCLE DON

I got note from higher up. Says to let me in.

He holds up a note.

GUARD

That note is written on a napkin.

UNCLE DON

We were at lunch. Boss is busy man.

The Guard slams the door again.

EXT. MINI GOLF COURSE

A cheesy old mini golf course. Plastic sun bleached windmills and all that. Cooper Bank is visible on the horizon.

FRANK grips a golf club infirmly. The golf club shakes violently in his hands. A group of kids approach him.

SOME KID

Hey, old timer! Mind letting us go first? We wanna finish our game sometime this century.

Frank groans, and mumbles something under his breath.

Suddenly, he whips out a grenade, flicks off the pin, and drops it onto the green.

The kids scatter and hide behind a TINY WINDMILL.

With expert precision, the man slices the mini golf club through the air. It connects with the grenade, and sends it flying.

EXT. BANK ROOF

Wide shot of the bank roof. Ventilation shafts, roof turbine things, etc. A comical whistling sound, followed by a small round object falling onto the roof. Then...

KABOOM! An explosion!

EXT. MINI GOLF COURSE

Frank turns to the kids.

FRANK

I'm going to finish my game however quickly I want to. Any of you punks got a problem with that?

The cowering group of children raise no arguments.

EXT. CHECKPOINT BOOM BARRIER

An old pick-up truck rattles its way to the guard booth.

Cassandra rolls down the window. She's wearing a mechanic's uniform.

CASSANDRA

Yes, I'm here about the disruption in the ventilation system?

The guard squints his eyes at her.

GUARD

I haven't heard anything about a dis-

The guard's phone rings. He answers it, listens, and offers a curt response into the receiver. He looks back at Cassandra.

CASSANDRA

I bet they never tell you anything around here.

The man mutters to himself as he lifts the boom barrier. The pick-up truck zooms off.

EXT. SMALL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The pick-up truck parks in a small lot near the back of the building. Mila pops her head out from a tarp in the back. Cassandra and Mila exit the vehicle.

As Mila pushed the button for the service elevator, Cassandra extends the antenna on the pick-up truck and places a mannequin dressed like herself in the driver's seat. The two enter the elevator.

## EXT. EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE

Don knocks on the door again. The exasperated guard opens the door and steps out.

## GUARD

Why are you bothering me, pal? You gotta know I'm not going to let you in.

## UNCLE DON

I have story for you. Man is crossing border with wheelbarrow of sand. Man tells customs officer he is smuggling. Customs officer sifts through sand, does not find contraband. He lets man through. Every day, man brings wheelbarrow of sand through. Every day, customs officer finds nothing. Eventually, customs officer asks man, what you have been smuggling all this time? Man says, I have been smuggling FIST.

Don punches the guard in the face, immediately knocking him unconscious. He steals the guard's uniform and walks in the door.

## EXT. BANK ROOF

Mila and Cassandra arrive at the roof via ELEVATOR. Cassandra scans the surroundings with a pair of binoculars. Mila examines the perfect hole blown in the ventilation grate.

## MILA

Boy did gramps ever hit his mark.

## CASSANDRA

It does make you wonder, though. How a man with such pinpoint accuracy . . .

POV Shot of the Binocular's View: An old man jumps around and swings a golf club violently.

## CASSANDRA

. . . can miss the eighteenth hole every single time.

Mila peers down the hole.

MILA

Yup. Looks like a straight shot into the ventilation system.

Cassandra unscrews the broken ventilation grate and removes it. She retrieves a spare grate.

CASSANDRA

Now, I'm going to have to seal this back up. You gonna be okay?

MILA

I'll be fine, Auntie Cass. Oh, sorry. I meant Cassandra.

CASSANDRA

Eh, it's fine. Call me whatever you want.

Mila smiles, then hops down into the ventilation system. Cassandra places the new grate over the gap and screws it in.

Cassandra sits down and pulls out her smartphone. She opens an application displaying a video feed and several buttons and starts to fiddle with the controls.

CASSANDRA

Codename Mom - yeah, no, it just sounds weird. Codename *My Actual Sister*, am I free to extract the pickup truck?

INT. SURVEILLANCE MINIVAN

Brenda looks through her binoculars.

POV BINOCULAR SHOT: Brenda's view focuses in on the Checkpoint Boom Barrier. The guard inside is slouched over, reading a comic book.

BRENDA

You're all set. The guard is distracted.

EXT. BANK ROOF

CASSANDRA

Great.

Cassandra presses a specific button on her device's screen.

EXT. SMALL PARKING LOT

The pick-up truck rumbles to life. It has some difficulty backing out of the lot, but is soon on its way out.

EXT. CHECKPOINT BOOM BARRIER - CONTINUOUS

The pick up truck exits the barrier without incident. The guard on post, still absorbed in his comic, fails to notice Cassandra's doppelgänger in the driver's seat.

EXT. BANK ROOF

Cassandra pockets the smartphone and makes her way to the access door on the roof.

INT. COOPER BANK BATHROOM

Don, now clad in the guard's uniform, checks the stalls for any errant bathroom patrons.

UNCLE DON  
Coast being clear.

He stoops down to remove a large floor grate. Devin squeezes his way up the hole in the ground. He lets out a breath.

DEVIN  
Whew! It is filthy down there.

He looks down at his grimy outfit.

DEVIN  
Hmm. I could use a wardrobe change.

INT. METAL DETECTOR

Nancy is led through an airport-style security checkpoint.

A large burly man watches her from behind a bag checker.

CHECKPOINT GUARD  
Remove all non-clothing items from your person and place them in your purse, please.

She places a few items in her bag and places it on the conveyor belt. Suddenly, she removes it again.

NANCY

Oh dearie me, I forgot my shoes.

She places it back, only to rescind it immediately.

NANCY

Oh! And my glasses.

NANCY

Oh, and my earrings!

Replaced and rescinded.

NANCY

Forgot about the necklace!

The annoyed guard struts over to the line rope that separates the two. He is about to say something before she hands him her purse. Again he almost says something before she grabs back the purse.

NANCY

Whoops, almost left in the glass eye.

Offscreen, we hear a wet popping noise. The bag is once again offered. The guard snatches it vindictively.

CHECKPOINT GUARD

Is that IT?

NANCY

Yessiree.

She steps through the metal detector and it immediately GOES OFF. The guard glares at her.

NANCY

Hip replacement. You can search me if you want.

He glares at her.

CHECKPOINT GUARD

Get out of my sight.

The checkpoint guard tosses Nancy's bag to ANOTHER GUARD.

INT. HALLWAYS

ANOTHER GUARD takes the purse down to a room marked "COUNTING ROOM". His watch beeps.

He quickly tosses the bag at a nearby table and takes off. He passes a different guard in the hallways and waves at him.

Up above the both of them, Mila watches the exchange in the ventilation system.

MILA

Shift change. Make your move,  
Godfather.

The different guard walks past the bathroom and is intercepted by Devin and Don. He is knocked out, stripped to his underwear, bound, gagged, and tossed in a duffel bag.

Don carries the guard-bearing bag to a door marked "VAULT ROOM".

UNCLE DON

Here is new bag.

VAULT GUARD

Oof! Jeez! What, did the guy pay in  
gold?

Out of sight of the Vault Guard, Don and Devin (now wearing the different guard's uniform) exchange nods.

INT. COUNTING ROOM

Don enters the dark room.

UNCLE DON

The guard is knocked out.

DEWEY

Ugh, what? Boo! Gross!

Don searches for the purse, and finds it.

UNCLE DON

What?

DEWEY

You gotta say some cool code thing  
whenever you accomplish something.  
Like, "The Hound Has Been Put To  
Sleep".

Don rifles through the stacks of cash. He finds the strange device stashed at the bottom of the bag.

UNCLE DON

Why would I not just say thing I mean.

DEWEY

So that anybody listening in can't figure out our secret plan!

Beat

SON

also because it's cool

Don drops the strange device onto a conveyor belt leading into the bank's vault system.

UNCLE DON

Remind me what little box will do.

CASSANDRA

It's a sonar pulsator. It'll let out an ultrasonic...blippy thing...and record the echoes it makes. Then Codename Son will decode the data, and use it to make a map to the family vault.

UNCLE DON

And what is reason for doing this?

CASSANDRA

There's no map of the vault layout stored anywhere, so we've gotta make our own. Just let me know before you send the pulsator through the system, okay?

UNCLE DON

Oh, yes. I did already.

CASSANDRA

What? Shoot! Codename M- Brenda, I need you to set off the pulsator right now!

INT. SURVEILLANCE MINIVAN

Brenda types at a computer.

BRENDA

Understood! I'll just set it to - oh, you know what?

(MORE)

BRENDA (CONT'D)

There's an important email coming in from Mila's school, let me just check to see if it's in first.

CASSANDRA

Uh, Brenda? I really need that pulsator, like, pulsating.

BRENDA

Don't worry, I'm just multitasking.

DEVIN

Honey? What have we said about multitasking?

BRENDA

Um, that I'm great at it and should do it all the time?

CASSANDRA

Brenda, we have a limited time window here!

BRENDA

Okay, sorry, I can get back to the-

BR-R-R-ING!

BRENDA

Oh, that's my phone! Let me just-

DEVIN

*Honey!*

BRENDA

(returning to computer)  
Sorry, sorry.

INT. CONVEYOR SYSTEM

From the strange device, comes a far-reaching BLIPPITY NOISE. The blip echoes throughout the featureless corridors.

Visual indicators of the sonic pulse rebound off of every wall, coating the facility in a neon blue outline.

INT. SURVEILLANCE MINIVAN

DEVIN

You got the data from the sonar pulse?

DEWEY  
Yup. Just popping it into the  
interpreting program now.

TYPING SOUNDS

DEVIN  
Is it working?

DEWEY  
Yeah, no, I just gotta - I forgot  
which function you're supposed to  
use here...gotta search it  
up...okay, yeah, here it is.

TYPING SOUNDS

DEWEY  
Okay, this code is super ugly, but  
it should work.

CLICK

DEWEY  
Oops.

DEVIN  
What?

DEWEY  
Compiler error. Now where the heck  
is - whoops, yeah. Forgot a  
semicolon here. Yep, there we go.

DEAD SILENCE

DEVIN  
So is it done?

DEWEY  
Well, it's gotta compile first.  
(beat)  
Alright. There it is.

DEVIN  
You hear that, Daughter? You're a  
go.

MILA  
Okay, dad.

## INT. VENTILLATION SYSTEM

Mila climbs through the ventilation system. A video feed of her progress is broadcast to Dewey, who cross-references it with his new map of the facility.

MILA

Am I almost there?

DEWEY

Let's see...warmer...warrrrmerrr...  
oops! Colder! Warrmer-COLDER!  
Cooolder...bit warmer...ice  
cold. Zero degrees kelvin.

MILA

Just give me some normal  
directions!

DEWEY

But this is much funnier!

BRENDA

Son, give your sister some  
straightforward navigation or I'm  
taking away your third screen.

DEWEY

Aw, no, come on! I'm watching a  
livestream, I can't pause it!

MILA

Better give me the deets, then!

DEWEY

Fine, fine. Turn left up ahead.

Mila rounds the corner and comes across...a dead end?

MILA

Nice try, Dewey. Can you please  
give me the right directions?

DEWEY

I swear I did this time!

MILA

Dad, I hit a dead end.

DEVIN

Don't worry. Don and I are working  
on it.

## INT. SECURITY GUARD ROOM

A room filled with monitors displaying video feeds from cameras all across the bank. A guard surveys the screens.

The guard notices something. A suspicious person in a guard's uniform. It's Devin.

The guard reaches for his phone. Then, he reconsiders. He'll see where this is going first.

The guard follows Devin from screen to screen. Devin is moving erratically. It's all the guard can do to keep up.

Finally, Devin stops and approaches one of the cameras. He pulls a piece of paper out of his suit and holds it up.

It says "Behind You".

The guard turns around to see Don, who immediately decks him. Don drags the unconscious guard away from his seat.

UNCLE DON

Was sign necessary?

DEVIN

It's important to have a little fun  
with your multi million dollar bank  
heist.

Don sits down at the chair. He scans the numerous buttons and finally presses one. The LED inside it changes from green to red.

## INT. VENTILLATION SYSTEM

The dead end opens up and Mila is able to continue.

MILA

There it goes! Almost to the vault  
now, I think.

UNCLE DON

Tell me if you find mouse.

MILA

Mouse?

UNCLE DON

Once I had pet mouse. Visited vault  
one time. Left him here by mistake.

CASSANDRA

Don, I think your mouse is dead by now.

UNCLE DON

Da, I am aware. Am only looking for closure.

INT. FAMILY VAULT

Mila drops down from the ceiling. Something off-screen surprises her.

MILA

Oh no.

DEVIN

What is it?

MILA

Well, don't get mad, but... it's not here.

UNCLE DON

You mean mouse? What a shame.

MILA

No, I mean, *nothing's* here.

We get a full look at the vault's interior. The place looks ransacked. The shelves are completely empty.

MILA

The whole vault is empty.

There's a brief pause as everybody tries to understand.

DEVIN

You're... sure you're in the right place? You didn't drop into the wrong vault?

Mila stoops down to examine the sonar pulsator.

MILA

Auntie Cass's sonar thing is in here.

DEVIN

There must be some mistake.

The jarring sound of radio interference rings out over the comms link.

MARGARET

(v.o.)

The mistake was thinking you could steal the family fortune from under my nose.

DEVIN

Margaret!

MARGARET

Hello, children.

NANCY

Where's the money, mom?

MARGARET

Gone, just before you arrived. It's on its way to the State Reserve now. You kids have put me through quite an ordeal the past few days. Do you know how difficult it is to find three armored trucks on such short notice?

FRANK

Aw cripes, she knew we were coming!

MARGARET

Not knew, just suspected. There were a couple of clues. Impromptu tours of the facility. Mysteriously missing blueprints. Of course, the most damning piece of evidence was the mere fact that Devin was running around free again. So, I took some precautions.

DEVIN

Mila, get out of there *right now!*

MARGARET

Oh, don't worry. I'm not going to call the police on you. In fact, I have got the security footage from the past hour pulled up and - oh dear! It seems somebody has deleted all the data!

CASSANDRA

So, what? We're free to go?

MARGARET

Of course!

Several vault doors open up, revealing an exit.

MARGARET

I love my family! I wouldn't want to hurt any of you!

DEVIN

You won't hurt us. You'll just take our money.

MARGARET

I'm sticking my neck out covering for you! I'm the head of the largest bank in town and I'm letting a gang of thieves just walk out the front door! If that doesn't prove my point, I don't know what will. Now, I've been more than generous with you all, and I only ask one thing in return: Get. Out. Of My Bank.

More radio interference. It sounds like Margaret has hung up.

INT. LIMOUSINE

Margaret and Beckett inside of a swanky limo. Margaret collapses the antenna on a 1980's style MOBILE PHONE.

MARGARET

Well, that's over with. How close are we to the State Reserve?

BECKETT

About forty minutes.

MARGARET

Good. This is going to be a weight off my shoulders.

BECKETT

I know it's not my place to ask, boss, but maybe you should have just told them the truth about the money?

MARGARET

You think that would have stopped them? They're incorrigible. In any case, it's too late now.

She unfurls the phone's antenna and holds it to her ear.

MARGARET

Tell the drivers to hurry up.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Margaret's limousine tears across a country road, surrounded by hilly grasslands on all sides.

Panning up from the limo, we see that it is following closely behind a convoy of three ARMORED TRUCKS.

EXT. COOPER BANK

The whole family stands outside the bank, silently looking at each other.

They seem confused and unsure.

MILA

Now what?

UNCLE DON

Now is... Phase 2?

NANCY

Phase 2 is cancelled, you oaf.

UNCLE DON

What I do with trolley carts, then?

CASSANDRA

Who cares! We're scrubbed! Nana pulled one over on us!

BRENDA

Devin?

DEVIN

...she said the State Reserve.

FRANK

Yeah. We all heard her. So what?

DEVIN

If she's going straight from the bank to the reserve, she's going to have to take the interstate. There's an old toll road that cuts fifteen minutes off the route, but they'll have to make a stop.

BRENDA

Wait a minute...you're not thinking...

DEVIN

Dewey! See if you can patch in to the toll booth's automated system.

DEWEY

Got it!

DEVIN

Cass! Bring that pick-up truck around to the curb!

CASSANDRA

Oh - sure - hang on!

Cassandra pulls out her smartphone and gets to work.

FRANK

You can't be serious! We don't have a plan!

UNCLE DON

What Devin doing?

FRANK

He thinks we can rip off those armored trucks!

UNCLE DON

Oh! ...Can we?

DEVIN

Maybe.

FRANK

No! Are you nuts? They've got a head start on us, and we have no plan!

DEVIN

Yeah, but if--

FRANK

If "ifs" and "buts" were candy and nuts, we'd all have a merry christmas, now wouldn't we? It's impossible!

BRENDA

I think it's time to let it go, hon.

(MORE)

BRENDA (CONT'D)

We took a chance, and it didn't pan out. That's all there is to it.

DEVIN

No! It's not! That money is ours! We spent blood, sweat, and tears getting it!

The RC pickup truck pulls up along the curb.

BRENDA

It's just money, Devin.

DEVIN

Look, I'm not doing this for myself! I couldn't care less about the stupid money! This is so Mila can go to a good college! This is so Frank and Nancy can retire! This is so Don doesn't have to babysit pop stars for a living!

MILA

Wait, which one?

(to Don)

Was it Xander Styles? Can you get me his autograph?

Mila turns to Don. Don keeps his eyes on the conversation.

UNCLE DON

Sh. Now is not good time.

BRENDA

I can't believe you want to take this risk just after we got out of-

DEVIN

Dewey! Status update on the toll booths!

Dewey looks up from his phone.

DEWEY

I'm mostly patched in! I've got boolean control over a couple of variables.

DEVIN

Son, I am forty years old, I do not know what "boolean" means.

DEWEY

I can turn things on or off.

BRENDA

Dewey, if you keep helping your father with this delusion, you are grounded.

DEVIN

Dewey, you are permanently ungrounded. Now turn off every toll booth except one.

NANCY

What are you playing at? Why not all of them?

DEVIN

If we stop traffic altogether, Margaret will know what we're up to. We need to slow her down just enough to catch up with those trucks.

NANCY

And then what?

DEVIN

Well, we have a whole car ride to figure that out.

BRENDA

You don't even have a plan?

DEVIN

We have a chance. That's all we need.

BRENDA

Hah! He doesn't even have a plan! How's this going to end up any different than the diamond heist?

DEVIN

I'll have my family with me this time.

BRENDA

Great! So we can all go down as a family! We'll be locked away for the rest of our lives, but at least we'll be *together*, is that right?

DEVIN

Fine. Don't come with us then.

BRENDA

What?

DEVIN

If you want to abandon your family,  
I'm not going to stop you. Don...

Devin tosses Don a KEYCHAIN.

DEVIN

...you're driving the minivan.

UNCLE DON

D-da.

BRENDA

You're just going to strand me  
here?

DEVIN

Cassandra, call your sister a cab.

CASSANDRA

Um...

DEVIN

*Cassandra.*

Cassandra looks frightened. She starts dialing a number on her phone.

DEVIN

Everybody get in a car. I don't  
care which one. Start thinking  
about how we're going to crack this  
nut. The clock's ticking.

The family looks like they want to protest, but none of them do. They all pile into the MINIVAN and the PICKUP TRUCK.

The two vehicles peel away from the bank, leaving Brenda alone on the street.

EXT. TOLL ROAD

Traffic is backed up by at least a half mile, and the three armored cars are trapped in the middle of it.

INT. LIMOUSINE

Margaret is not happy about the situation.

MARGARET

What on *earth* is going on out there?

Beckett leans his head back in from the sunroof.

BECKETT

Looks like most of the toll booths are offline, ma'am.

MARGARET

Of all the rotten...wait a minute... no. It couldn't be. They couldn't be *that* stupid.

INT. SURVEILANCE MINIVAN

The minivan and pickup truck close in fast on the toll road.

Just barely visible in the mass of traffic are the three armored trucks.

FRANK

There's the trucks! They're nearly through the toll booth.

DEVIN

Perfect timing. Don, drive straight for that closed booth.

UNCLE DON

Da.

FRANK

What are you, mad?

DEVIN

Dewey - on my signal, turn all of the toll booths back on, and we'll breeze right past them.

DEWEY

Yeah...okay...

INT. LIMOUSINE

Margaret's limo sits next to the toll booth. Her driver finishes the transaction and the gate opens.

As the vehicle advances forward, Margaret looks back at the booth.

MARGARET

Finally, we're back... on... oh no.  
Tell me that's not what I think it  
is.

EXT. TOLL ROAD

Every car is funneled towards the single open toll booth,  
allowing the two family vehicles to tear right past them  
towards one of the closed tolls.

INT. SURVEILANCE MINIVAN

Devin eyes the toll booth intently.

DEVIN

All right... now, Dewey!

Nothing happens.

DEVIN

Dewey!

DEWEY

Sorry! I got distracted! What?

DEVIN

Open the toll booth! Quick, quick,  
quick!

Dewey rapidly taps buttons. The gate begins to open slowly.

DEVIN

We can make it... we can make it...

MILA

We're not gonna make it!

EXT. TOLL ROAD

**CRUNCH!**

The minivan smashes right through the toll gate. Bits of  
debris fly everywhere. An ALARM goes off on top of the booth.

DEVIN

We can worry about that later!  
Right now, we need to catch up with  
those trucks!

INT. POLICE STATION

A cop sits at his desk. His phone rings and he answers.

POLICE OFFICER

Hello? Uh huh? Uh huh. We'll send  
someone over. Yes. Thank you.

The cop hangs up.

INTERCUT BETWEEN PICKUP TRUCK AND MINIVAN

Cassandra steers the truck like a champ.

Alongside the truck, Don pilots the minivan.

CASSANDRA

I'm ready to run these suckers  
down!

UNCLE DON

Hah! Look at us racing down  
highway! Is like we are partners in  
crime!

CASSANDRA

Partners? Oh, yeah, in crime.  
Hah hah. Yes.

MILA

Agh! I can't take this anymore! Why  
don't you just tell Uncle Don how  
you feel already?

UNCLE DON

What she is talking about?

CASSANDRA

Nothing! She's kidding! Mila, I  
told you not to tell anyone I'm in  
love with Do-- wait! No! I didn't--

DEVIN

You're *what*?

NANCY

With *that* oaf?

CASSANDRA

Can it, mom! You don't get to tell  
me how to live my life anymore!

UNCLE DON  
How long you feel this way?

CASSANDRA  
I dunno, a decade or something.  
Back when the family did jobs  
together. It was just a kid crush.

MILA  
Pretty resilient for a kid crush.

CASSANDRA  
You're on *thin ice*, all right?!

UNCLE DON  
Everybody stop...You are all...  
talking too fast...I cannot...

Don begins to mutter nervously in Russian.

DEVIN  
Great. We've lost Don. Does anybody  
want to take the wheel?

Devin goes to move Don from the driver's seat, but Don shoves  
him back.

DEVIN  
Okay, I guess we'll just let him  
keep driving. Any suggestions for  
how we'll slow these trucks down?

Frank is already trying to rip the pin off a grenade with  
his teeth.

NANCY  
Frank, are you crazy? Put that  
thing down before you blow us all  
to smithereens!

FRANK  
Well, what's your idea? Con the  
trucks out of twenty dollars?

DEWEY  
What about your remote control  
thing, Auntie Cass?

CASSANDRA  
What about it?

DEWEY  
Couldn't you use it to take control  
of one of the cars?

CASSANDRA

I mean, maybe, but you'd have to move the radio receiver from my car to one of theirs.

FRANK

I could probably toss that sucker onto the roof.

CASSANDRA

No dice. It's gotta be fixed on good.

DEVIN

What, so we'd need someone to jump onto a moving vehicle? Nobody could make that--

MILA

I bet I could.

DEVIN

What?

MILA

If you kept the momentum right, it wouldn't be too hard. Maybe easier than some of the stuff I do in gymnastics.

DEVIN

No way. This is too dangerous for you.

MILA

Dad, we're tearing down the highway at eighty miles an hour chasing down a convoy of armored trucks. Earlier today I snuck through the ventilation shafts in a heavily guarded bank. I think we're past the danger threshold by now.

DEVIN

...Fine. But you have to tell your mother that it was your idea.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Mila clambers out into the bed of the pickup truck. She yanks the RC RECIEVER off of the hood of the truck. Then she climbs up on the roof.

MILA

You gotta get me right up next to it!

CASSANDRA

Roger!

The pickup truck accelerates next to the furthest back armored truck.

Mila LEAPS from the pickup truck and grabs hold of the armored truck. She inches her way towards the front of the vehicle.

In response to this, the vehicle starts to swerve, almost causing Mila to lose her balance.

INT. LIMOUSINE

Margaret gasps as she sees this transpire.

MARGARET

Mila!

She picks up her clunky phone and yanks out the antenna.

MARGARET

Slow down, for god's sake! That's my granddaughter hanging from your car!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The car slows down, and Mila makes it to the front. She affixes the RC RECEIVER to the vehicle.

MILA

All set.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK

Cassandra, hearing this, tosses the remote controller to Dewey.

CASSANDRA

You know how to steer one of these things?

DEWEY

Basically...it's just like a video game, right?

CASSANDRA  
Not really at all, but whatever.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The armored truck begins to jerk and swerve erratically.

MILA  
Dewey, what are you doing?

DEWEY  
Sorry, this is a really weird angle  
to drive from!

The armored car stabilizes somewhat. Mila takes the opportunity to hop back on to the pickup truck.

INT. LIMOUSINE

Beckett is conferring with one of the drivers over radio.

BECKETT  
Lost control of the truck? How?

MARGARET  
Some ridiculous techno-doodad, I'm  
sure.

BECKETT  
This is getting too sketchy. We  
need to get you out of here.

MARGARET  
Fine. Nothing we can do here  
anyway.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The limousine pulls away from the rest of the convoy.

DEWEY  
Hey, that car's getting away!

INT. SURVEILANCE MINIVAN

DEVIN  
Leave it. It's just Margaret.

NANCY  
And what do we do about *that*?

Nancy points out the window to a squad of police cars following in hot pursuit.

DEVIN

That...might be more of an issue.  
Frank, do you have any grenades  
that--

Frank whips out several frag grenades.

FRANK

I gotcha covered.

DEVIN

Uh, I was going to say do you have  
any grenades that are *nonlethal*.

Frank sadly replaces the frag grenades for smoke grenades.

FRANK

Well, if you don't want to have any  
*fun* with it...

DEVIN

That'll do. We just need to obscure  
their vision for a couple of  
seconds. Dewey, I'm gonna need you  
to do something crazy.

DEWEY

Nothing sounds crazy to me anymore.

DEVIN

I want you to ram that armored  
truck into the other two trucks.

DEWEY

I was wrong. Things can still sound  
crazy to me.

CASSANDRA

I think I get it. Push all the  
trucks into the forest so we can  
hide from the cops.

DEVIN

Exactly. We'll use Frank's grenades  
as a smokescreen.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Frank leans out the window of the minivan.

FRANK

Explosions and car crashes. Now  
*this* is a good plan!

DEVIN

Let's do it, then. On the count of  
three...one, two, three!

Frank tosses the grenades out the window. The police cars, noticing this, screech to a halt.

Rather than the explosion they were expecting, a wall of smoke erupts from the grenades.

The remote controlled armored car swings to the left of its two compatriots. In one violent move, it slams into them, and are three topple into the nearby woodlands.

The minivan and the pickup truck follow the armored cars, but their entrance into the woodlands are similarly bumpy.

The five cars come to a stop, bruised and beaten but out of sight.

Meanwhile, the police cars finally emerge from the wall of smoke, only to find the road mysteriously empty.

INT. LIMOUSINE

Beckett is listening to his radio. The sounds of crashing and screaming are heard. Then silence for a while, and then the sounds of the armored car driver being tied up.

Beckett sighs, then puts down the radio.

BECKETT

It's over, then. And after all the  
work you put into it. They're  
maniacs.

MARGARET

You've got that right. I'm honestly  
not sure if it would be better or  
worse if the police found them now.

Over the radio, faint police sirens can be heard.

BECKETT

It seems you'll get an answer to  
that question fairly soon now.

## EXT. ROADSIDE FOREST

The three armored trucks and two family cars sit with their lights off. Flashing red and blue lights stream through the treeline.

The family finishes loading the last of the fortune into the minivan.

NANCY

Well, now what?

DEVIN

We can't stay here. They're probably searching the forest already. It's only a matter of time before they find us.

CASSANDRA

But we can't leave, either! The roads are swimming with cops!

FRANK

I knew this was gonna go sour!

DEWEY

Dad, I'm scared.

DEVIN

Everything's fine, Dewey. What we need is a distraction. Cass, is your remote control thing still operable?

CASSANDRA

'Fraid not. It got smashed up during the chase. You can still drive the car normally, but...

DEVIN

Drat. All we'd need is one vehicle to lure them away from us.

NANCY

Course, even if we get away, they'll still be looking for us. See, this is why most jobs have a patsy. You throw one guy under the bus, and everyone else walks free.

CASSANDRA

Mom, our whole crew is family. You can't betray family.

FRANK

Tell that to Margaret.

CASSANDRA

I'd like to think we're a little better than--

The sound of a car door shutting. Cassandra turns to look.

CASSANDRA

Devin...what are you doing?

Devin has entered one of the armored trucks.

DEVIN

I think I've thought of a way to solve both of our problems.

CASSANDRA

What do you mean - no. No! You better not be doing what I think you're doing.

Cassandra runs to grab the handle, but Devin has already locked the doors.

CASSANDRA

Open this door!

DEVIN

Don't you see? This is the only way you all get out of here with the money!

DEWEY

What's he doing?

MILA

He's going to go and get himself arrested again.

CASSANDRA

How could you possibly think this is a good idea?

DEVIN

If the police capture a suspect with a prior criminal history and a reasonable motive for committing the crime, they won't bother looking around the crime scene too much. It's perfect.

CASSANDRA  
We won't let you do this!

DEVIN  
You can't stop me. Just... promise  
to make sure Brenda's okay, right?

CASSANDRA  
Devin, stop!

Devin drives the armored truck away from the rest of the Cooper family. Don comes in on the comms link.

UNCLE DON (O.S.)  
Devin. Come back. You not have to  
do this.

DEVIN  
It's better this way, big guy. In  
all honesty, you're probably all  
better off without me.

Devin removes the earpiece from his ear. He rolls down the window and tosses it out of the car.

The earpiece lands unceremoniously in the dirt. Don's faint, tinny voice can be heard coming from it.

UNCLE DON (O.S.)  
Devin? Devin! Are you there, Devin?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The police are in hot pursuit of the lone armored truck.

Much to their surprise, it smoothly pulls over to the side of the road. Devin steps out of the vehicle, his hands in the air.

The police step out of their own vehicle to confront him.

MALE POLICE OFFICER  
Stay where you are!

DEVIN  
Relax, officers. I'm not going  
anywhere. You got me.

The Male Police Officer signals to his partner, keeping his eyes on Devin.

MALE POLICE OFFICER  
Go check the truck.

The Female Officer heads over to the armored truck and opens the back door. She peeks inside, then closes it.

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER

It's empty.

MALE POLICE OFFICER

Where's the money, Cooper?

DEVIN

Gone. I threw it away or burned it or something. You won't find it on me.

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER

It's with your accomplices, then.

DEVIN

Accomplices? I don't have any accomplices.

Devin's voice is flat. Any other time he would be having fun keeping tight lipped about a job, but right now his heart's just not in it.

MALE POLICE OFFICER

Where's the other two trucks?

DEVIN

You'll find them abandoned in the woods a couple miles back. You won't find the money in there either, by the way.

The Male Officer turns to his partner.

MALE POLICE OFFICER

Call it in.

(to Devin)

Devin Cooper, you're under arrest for grand theft auto and suspected robbery.

Devin is cuffed.

INT. PRISON

In a reversal of the film's first scene, Devin is led back through the jail he only just left.

He surrenders all of his personal affects to the checkpoint, including his wallet. He takes one last look at the family photo inside before handing it over.

He is fingerprinted and mugshot.

He fills out some paperwork. The PRISON GUARD from last time swings by.

PRISON GUARD  
Hey, we printed up a special form  
just for you. More space in the  
"Past Offenses" section.

DEVIN  
How considerate.

He is led past rows and rows of cells.

PRISONER 1  
(whispered)  
Woah, it's the Cooper guy again!

PRISONER 2  
(whispered)  
What? Didn't he just leave?

Devin has no witty remark for the two as he passes by.

INT. PRISON CELL

SLAM!

The cell doors close shut. Devin sits down on his  
uncomfortably small bed.

SNAKE EYES  
Hey, man.

Devin looks over into the cell next to him. It's his old  
cellmate SNAKE EYES.

DEVIN  
How's it hanging, Snake Eyes?

SNAKE EYES  
Back already? What'd you do?

Devin sighs.

DEVIN  
I saved the day.

SNAKE EYES

I'm gonna assume you're being all metaphorical or whatever, cause I don't think they lock people up for saving the day.

DEVIN

I guess they don't.  
(shouting)  
Hey, what about my phone call?

INT. PRISON PAY PHONE

Devin stands by a faded phone box. He clutches the receiver for dear life, waiting for someone to pick up.

There's a CLICK, and then...

UNCLE DON (O.S.)

Devin!

DEVIN

Don! How did everything go after I left?

UNCLE DON (O.S.)

All went good. We loaded everything into the cars before politsiya were able to - oof!

NANCY (O.S.)

Give that thing to me. Don't you know they're probably listening on the other end?

DEVIN

Mom!

NANCY (O.S.)

Don't call me - ah, whatever. They treating you right in there? Three square meals a day?

DEVIN

I've only been in here for an hour.

NANCY (O.S.)

--yes, Frank, it's him. No, you can go after - okay, fine. Devin, you'll have to excuse me. I'm being forced to give up the phone.

Silence on the receiver

FRANK (O.S.)

That was a real stupid move, kid.

DEVIN

It's good talking to you too,  
Frank.

FRANK (O.S.)

Look, kid. I'm broken up about all  
this too. But I'm trying to stay  
strong for everybody back here. You  
stay strong too, all right?

DEVIN

I will, Frank.

FRANK (O.S.)

That's all I had so say. I'll give  
the phone over now.

CASSANDRA (O.S.)

What's up, D?

DEVIN

Cass!

CASSANDRA (O.S.)

Just sit tight in there. We're  
working on lawyer stuff as we  
speak.

DEVIN

Don't worry, I'm not going  
anywhere.

CASSANDRA (O.S.)

Hah. Good point. Well, I won't keep  
you. There's some people here who  
are very eager to talk to you.

DEVIN

Hello?

DEWEY (O.S.)

Dad!

MILA (O.S.)

Dad!

DEVIN

Kids!

DEWEY (O.S.)

Dad, this stinks! I want you to come home!

MILA (O.S.)

How long are you going to be in there?

DEVIN

I, uh, I don't know yet.

DEWEY (O.S.)

Will we be able to visit you?

DEVIN

Yes, yes, don't worry. I'll see you both really soon, I promise. Can I talk to your mom real quick?

DEWEY (O.S.)

Aw, what?

MILA (O.S.)

Yeah, I'll go get her.

There is silence on the receiver.

BRENDA (O.S.)

Devin!

DEVIN

Brenda!

BRENDA (O.S.)

Devin, I'm so sorry! I should have come with you all!

DEVIN

That doesn't matter anymore. What's important is you'll all be taken care of now. How's everybody holding up?

BRENDA (O.S.)

They miss you. I miss you.

DEVIN

I miss you too, but this is for the best, all right?

BRENDA (O.S.)

I don't know. Maybe we should just-

DEVIN

No. Don't even say what you were about to say. This is a happy ending for you guys. Let's just leave it at that.

BRENDA (O.S.)

Devin, I...I just want to say something. I--

There is a click, then a dial tone.

DEVIN

Brenda? Brenda!

A Prison Guard steps up beside Devin.

PRISON GUARD

Time's up.

Devin frantically pounds at buttons on the phone.

DEVIN

No, no, I wasn't done yet!

PRISON GUARD

Too bad. Now get back to your cell.

INT. PRISON CELL

Looking down from the ceiling, we see a DEVIN dressed in a DRAB KHAKI JUMPSUIT lying down on a RICKETY BED. He looks up at the ceiling solemnly. Blue moonlight streams through the bars, faintly illuminating him.

Then, a small flashlight clicks on. It shines right in Devin's face.

PRISON GUARD

Cooper. Get up.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Devin sits across a table from two SCARY LOOKING PEOPLE IN SUITS. One of them speaks.

HERNANDEZ

Mister Cooper, I'm Agent Hernandez. This is my partner, Agent Thompson.

DEVIN

Hmmm....  
(points to each)  
Bad cop, good cop.

HERNANDEZ

Sorry?

DEVIN

I'm just trying to guess which one of you is which. You strike me as the good cop of the pair.

HERNANDEZ

For all intents and purposes, we're *both* the bad cop today.

THOMPSON

Let's cut to the chase. Tell us where the money is and *maybe* you'll see the light of day again some time this century.

DEVIN

I told those other officers I burned the money. Besides, I kind of like it in here.

HERNANDEZ

Taking the heat, huh? Sorry to tell you this, but your accomplices have already been arrested.

DEVIN

I don't have any accomplices, and do you really think I'm that stupid? I've seen the whole "pretend you know more than you really do" bit a hundred different times. You've got nothing that's going to change my story.

THOMPSON

What about your family?

This almost knocks Devin off guard, but he regains his composure.

DEVIN

(nonchalant)  
What about them?

THOMPSON

It seems they're pretty important to you. Most people use their one phone call to ask for a lawyer, but you just rang up the old homestead.

HERNANDEZ

Didn't even ask for their help. Just wanted to see how they were doing.

DEVIN

Lots of people call their family, I'll bet. It's not a crime to call up your wife and kids.

HERNANDEZ

No, but stealing millions of dollars *is*, Mister Cooper. So unless that money turns up, we can lock you up and throw away the key.

THOMPSON

You know, you being a repeat offender and all, we could probably argue that you need to be in solitary confinement. Now tell me, Hernandez, do they allow visitors in solitary?

HERNANDEZ

Come to think of it, Thompson, I don't think they do.

THOMPSON

So if you ever want to see your family again, Cooper, I suggest you tell us where that money is.

Devin sits silently, thinking.

DEVIN

One condition.

HERNANDEZ

And what's that?

DEVIN

Full immunity for any... potential conspirators. As far as the official records are concerned, I'm the only one responsible for this robbery.

The two agents look at each other. A silent conversation between the two.

HERNANDEZ

I'm sure we can make that happen for you, Mister Cooper.

DEVIN

...Fine. I'll tell you where the money is.

THOMPSON

It is so good to hear that. We'll be back in the morning with a full agreement. Good night, Mister Cooper.

INT. PRISON CELL

Devin sits hunched over on his tiny cell bed. He pays little attention to the sounds of activity outside his cell, until he hears the distinctive voice of his grandmother.

MARGARET (O.S.)

...don't you take the rest of the night off? I want to talk to my grandson.

PRISON GUARD (O.S.)

Y-yes, ma'am.

Devin looks up to see Margaret standing at the door of his jail cell.

DEVIN

Come to gloat, have you? Well good job, you won.

MARGARET

Shut up, you stupid boy. I've come to tell you something. I suppose I owe it to you at this point.

DEVIN

And what if I don't want to listen?

MARGARET

Well, pardon my candor, but you can't exactly leave, can you?

DEVIN

Fine. Get it over with.

MARGARET

I am going to tell you a story, and I want you to pay attention.

DEVIN

Oh boy. Story time with grandma.

MARGARET

This is a story about a woman tasked with keeping watch over her family's money.

DEVIN

She was bad at it, and failed. The end.

MARGARET

Please don't interrupt grandma's stories. One day, two men came to see the woman. They said they were from the government.

This causes Devin to take notice. He sits up a bit.

MARGARET

According to them, they had been investigating a particular group of criminals for a multitude of offenses. Theft, property damage, money laundering, hacking, and mass producing alcohol without a license. The men said they had enough information to put away all of the criminals for a long time. But they would agree not to do so, in exchange for a small... compensation.

DEVIN

A bribe.

MARGARET

I don't think any of the parties involved would have called it that, but yes. In order to reimburse the men, the woman would have to use all of her family's money.

DEVIN

And why didn't this woman just ask her family for permission to use this money?

MARGARET

The two men from the government didn't want anybody else to know. And besides, she knew her grandson would never go along with it.

DEVIN

Hah. You're darn right I wouldn't.

MARGARET

Along the way, the woman's family might have gotten the idea that she was simply greedy. But the whole time, she was only looking out for them.

A brief silence hangs in the air.

DEVIN

Well, that's a nice story and all, but it doesn't really change my situation.

MARGARET

I know...

DEVIN

Who's to say if it's even true?

MARGARET

I don't care if you believe me. I just needed to get it off my chest.

DEVIN

Well, I'm glad I could do that for you. So, is that all you came to tell me?

MARGARET

There's actually one more thing...

Margaret leans towards the cell conspiratorially. Devin brings his ear to hers.

MARGARET

(softly)

The next time you use the bathroom, take the third stall from the left.

Margaret strolls away from Devin's cell, leaving him more than confused.

## INT. PRISON BATHROOM

Devin shuffles into an off-white bathroom, cheap plastic flip-flops on his feet. He looks towards the third stall from the left and, with a shrug, walks towards it.

Devin sits on the toilet. A metallic scraping noise causes him to look up.

The grate above him has been moved away. Brenda peers out from the hole in the wall. She holds her finger to her lips.

An outward view of all the stalls. A rope drops from the vent. We hear the shuffling sound of pants being put back on.

Devin climbs his way up the rope and into the vent. As the last of him disappears out of view, his cheap plastic flip flops fall off his feet to the ground.

## INT. PRISON SUPPLY CLOSET

Devin and Brenda drop from the ceiling into a cramped supply closet. Don is there waiting for them.

DEVIN

What are you guys doing here?

UNCLE DON

This is, how you say in English, a jail smash.

DEVIN

You mean a prison break?

UNCLE DON

That is what I said.

DEVIN

Wait, does this mean Margaret is on our side now? She told me about the bathroom, so...

DON

She come to us last night. Tell us same story she tell you.

DEVIN

This whole thing was her idea?

UNCLE DON

Actually, it was Brenda's.

Devin looks over at his wife. She shrugs.

BRENDA  
I learned from the best. Here, take  
one of these.

Brenda hands Devin a new earpiece communicator.

DEVIN  
Thanks.

He fits it in.

BRENDA  
Let's go. We gotta get a move o--

Brenda is interrupted by a hug from Devin. She is briefly surprised, then hugs him back.

DEVIN  
It's good to see you.

BRENDA  
You too.

Devin unhugs her.

DEVIN  
All right, let's go. How are we  
getting out of here?

INT. PRISON CORRIDORS

Don, dressed in a janitor's garb, wheels a cart full of janitorial supplies down the hallway.

UNCLE DON  
Do not get to comfortable in there  
with each other! Hah, hah! This is  
joke.

Devin and Brenda, stuffed in a trash can together, do not enjoy the joke.

Don passes by a prison guard. He nods amicably.

UNCLE DON  
How it going, mac? Hard of working,  
or work is difficult, yes?

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE

The PRISON WARDEN at his desk. The phone rings, and he answers it.

WARDEN  
 (into reciever)  
 Yes, what is it? An escape? Shoes  
 left behind in the bathroom? He  
 didn't even *flush*? That's it, I  
 want this place on lockdown!

INT. PRISON CORRIDORS

An alarm starts to blare.

DEVIN (O.S.)  
 Don't panic, Don. They don't know  
 it's us.

A guard approaches Don.

PRISON GUARD  
 Sorry, sir. A prisoner has been  
 reported missing. We need to check  
 to see if he's hiding in your  
 receptacle.

UNCLE DON  
 My receptacle? Hah. Preposterous. I  
 keep my receptacle clear of  
 prisoner at all time.

PRISON GUARD  
 I, uh, I'm sure you do, but it's  
 just standard operating procedure.

The guard looks inside the trash can. He catches a quick  
 glance of Devin before Don biffs him in the the stomach.

As the guard doubles over, Don makes a break for it, pushing  
 the cart at lightning speed.

PRISON GUARD  
 (breathlessly)  
 Hey, hey!

A couple other guards come over to help their compatriot up.

PRISON GUARD  
 He's...in the trash can! Go, go!

The guards begin to pursue Don and the cart.

Inside the trash can, Devin looks to Brenda.

DEVIN

Please tell me this is one of those plans where it looks like the plan is failing but it was really all part of the plan.

BRENDA

Don't worry. We have a couple of... contingencies.

INT. PRISON WAITING ROOM

Nancy sits in the waiting room. She is dressed in a gaudy disguise.

She watches Don rush through with the cart. He nods at her.

Moments later, a gaggle of guards rush through. They are intercepted by Nancy, who speaks in an affected southern accent.

NANCY

Oh, thank *goodness* you're here!  
That ruffian passing through gave me quite a fright!

PRISON GUARD

Did you happen to see where he went, ma'am?

NANCY

Yes, he stampeded off *that* way!

Nancy points, naturally, in the complete wrong direction.

NANCY

Do you mind if I stay with you strong gentlemen? I think I may be coming down with the vapors!

PRISON GUARD

Uh, of course, Miss...

NANCY

Sweetwater. Annabelle Sweetwater.

INT. PRISON

Don rushes through the facility. The guards seem to be gone.

UNCLE DON

Exits are all closed down.

BRENDA (O.S.)  
Don't worry about that.

EXT. MINI GOLF COURSE

Frank is lining up a shot on the golf course.

BRENDA (O.S.)  
Dad, we're in subsection 3. Can you  
make us a doorway?

FRANK  
No problem, sweetheart.

Frank pulls out a DETONATOR and flips the switch.

INT. PRISON

**BADDOOM!**

A concrete wall is blown open. Daylight streaks in through  
the hole.

INT. PRISON CORRIDORS

Nancy paces around, making a big show of looking confused.  
The guards watch her with mild annoyance.

NANCY  
Now this is the darnedest thing. I  
could have sworn he went right this  
way.

Just then, the sound of the explosion reaches their ears.

PRISON GUARD  
That's them!

The guards race off in the direction of the noise, leaving  
Nancy. She speaks into an earpiece, dropping the accent.

NANCY  
They're back on your trail.

EXT. PRISON LOADING AREA

The family minivan waits outside, its back doors open.

Don rolls up and pushes the janitor's cart into the van. He  
closes both doors, and taps it twice as a go-ahead.

The minivan pulls away just as the guards catch up to Don. One of them pulls out a walkie talkie and shouts into it.

PRISON GUARD

The prisoner is escaping in a tan colored minivan moving south towards the freeway!

He puts away his walkie talkie and speaks to Don.

PRISON GUARD

All right, big guy. Hands where we can see them. We don't want to hurt you.

Don clenches his fists.

UNCLE DON

Heh heh. This is favorite part of job.

Don lunges.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The minivan peels down the highway at top speed, swerving between cars. Above it, a helicopter swoops into view.

HELICOPTER PILOT (V.O.)

Target on vehicle heading south on the 15. All units converge.

Police cars take the ramp up to the highway. Soon they are right on the trail of the minivan.

INT. LIMOUSINE

Margaret opens up her clunky 80's phone and answers it.

MARGARET

Hernandez.

HERNANDEZ (O.S.)

Margaret, what on earth is happening? I'm getting intel that *my suspect* just broke out of a maximum security jail!

MARGARET

My word. How could this have happened?

HERNANDEZ (O.S.)

Don't play dumb with me, Margaret. This was supposed to be over. You gave us the money. We left your family alone.

MARGARET

You broke that agreement when you went after Devin. Solitary confinement? Really?

HERNANDEZ (O.S.)

We'll catch the rest of your family, Margaret. And if you don't cooperate, we'll come after you next.

MARGARET

I'm afraid not, dear. As of right now, you can consider our partnership officially terminated.

Margaret closes the phone.

EXT. PRISON LOADING AREA

Don dusts off his hands, bodies in his wake. He ambles over to a nearby trash dumpster. Next to it is a janitorial cart, identical to the one loaded into the minivan.

UNCLE DON

Coast is clear.

Devin and Brenda climb out of the garbage can.

DEVIN

I imagine you're going to tell me why you loaded an identical trash can into our ride before letting it drive away?

BRENDA

Did I forget to tell you? That wasn't our ride.

Just then, Cassandra's pick-up truck pulls around the corner.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK

Cassandra sits in the driver's seat. Don enters shotgun, and Devin and Brenda get in back.

DEVIN

I get it... the minivan is just a decoy.

BRENDA

They'll be in another state entirely before they realize you're not in that car.

Don looks flirtily at Cassandra.

DON

Hello, you.

He plants a small kiss on her cheek.

DEVIN

Woah, what? What? **What?**

BRENDA

Ohh, that's right, you missed it.

DON

When I hear how Cassandra feel about me, I get thinking, maybe I feel same way. Together we decide, maybe try this thing out.

DEVIN

So, what, you're dating now?

CASSANDRA

I...guess.

DEVIN

Sheesh, what else did I miss? Is Mila in college now?

Cassandra turns on the radio. There's a news report about the highway chase.

CASSANDRA

Sounds like they took the bait.

DEVIN

Wait, if you're driving this car, then who's driving the minivan?

BRENDA

Dewey is.

DEVIN

You mean the police are currently in hot pursuit of **our son**? He's not even old enough to drive yet!

BRENDA

That's true... but he's just the right age for RC cars.

INT. VEHICLE?

Dewey grins maniacally as scenery rushes past him at eighty miles an hour.

Then we pull back to see that this scenery is a video feed displayed on a SCREEN. Dewey is clutching an RC CONTROLLER and piloting the vehicle using a panorama of monitors.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The minivan continues to tear down the highway with police cars in hot pursuit.

INT. SURVEILANCE MINIVAN

We look inside the minivan. The car seems to be steering of its own volition. The wheel smoothly turns back and forth as if an invisible driver were working it.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK

DEVIN

Well, that's it, then?

BRENDA

Yup.

DEVIN

Time to go home.

INT. DEVIN'S HOUSE

All the family is gathered around in the kitchen. Devin, Brenda, Don, Cass, Frank, Nancy, Dewey, Mila, and even Margaret. They're all hugging and celebrating. It's great.

Eventually, they settle down.

DEVIN

So...what now?

CASSANDRA

What do you mean?

DEVIN

Well, I'm still a fugitive,  
Margaret just broke a deal with the  
FBI, and it sounds like they're  
going to come after all of you  
next.

MARGARET

Ah, let em come. I was sick of  
working for that bunch of stuffy  
ingrates anyways.

FRANK

You're not gonna miss the bank?

MARGARET

If the state of my beeper is any  
indication...

Margaret pulls out a beeper which is vibrating wildly.

MARGARET

...I'd say I've been fired already!

CASSANDRA

Jeez, you still have a *beeper*?

MARGARET

Not anymore!

Margaret crushes the device underfoot. It goes silent.

MARGARET

That thing has been driving me  
crazy.

DEVIN

Now, what about the rest of us?

NANCY

We could go on a... let's call it a  
field trip, shall we?

FRANK

You mean go on the run.

NANCY

I was trying to make it sound like a fun family thing, but yes, Frank.

DEVIN

It's wouldn't be too hard to bankroll with that vaultful of money we've got sitting around.

BRENDA

We'd be leaving our lives behind, our homes. The kids would have to leave school.

DEWEY

Yaaaay, no school!

BRENDA

Okay, bad example. But the rest of you, are you really okay with this?

FRANK

What's the alternative? A nursing home? Hah!

UNCLE DON

I will go wherever Cassandra go.

MILA

I'm pretty sure I can learn more on the internet than I can at school, so...

DEVIN

Wait. Brenda. Are you okay with this? I don't want to force you into this.

Brenda thinks for a moment.

BRENDA

Well, the police have just apprehended my minivan. Clearly, I'm not getting that back. So maybe an RV is a nice replacement?

EXT. FANCY HOTEL - 1 YEAR LATER

We see the back area of a swanky vegas hotel. The kind of place where weddings are held. And indeed, there seem to be the lavish decorations of a wedding strung up everywhere.

We see a waiter carrying around a wedding cake. The cake topping depicts a bride wearing a lab coat and a groom positively rippling with muscle.

People are running around, setting things up, and Cassandra and Brenda are surveying the situation.

CASSANDRA

Let's see... good, that's good, I like that--

BRENDA

Are you sure you know what you're doing?

CASSANDRA

I do not know what I'm doing. Please help me. How do you plan a wedding?

BRENDA

Don't worry, I'm here to help. So, it seems like you've gotten over your fear of *domesticity*.

CASSANDRA

Yeah, turns out it's a lot less scary when you have someone you want to share it with.

BRENDA

Well, *I* could have told you that. In fact, I did! I said nearly that *exact* same thing to you years ago!

CASSANDRA

What? No you didn't.

BRENDA

Yes I *did*!

CASSANDRA

No, you *didn't*.

As this bickering continues, we move over to Devin and Don.

DEVIN

Today's the day, Don!

UNCLE DON

Finally...I will be part of family.

DEVIN

You already are, you goon.

Devin stands up and grabs a champagne glass. He taps it with a spoon because that's what one does with champagne glasses. The rest of the family draws in together.

DEVIN

We are gathered here today for two important reasons. First, the expansion of our family.

Devin gestures to Don and Cassandra. Everyone claps.

DEVIN

And second...the heist of the century. Now, the mark should be arriving any moment now. From then, we've got two hours to get the briefcase before he makes the trade. Is everybody prepared?

MILA

I've scouted out a route to the hotel room.

NANCY

I managed to snag a couple of keycards from a bellhop.

CASSANDRA

And I've got a machine to rewrite which room they'll work on.

DEVIN

Great.

Dewey's voice comes in over the radio.

DEWEY (V.O.)

The guy's here, dad. He's pulling up to the hotel right now.

DEVIN

Everybody to your stations!  
Operation Tie the Knot is a go.

CUT TO BLACK.