

The Team
by
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1/15/10

FADE IN:

INT. PARLOR ROOM - DAY

DON KADRUNA, 62, sits behind a desk. Balding, in slacks, dress shirt and suspenders. A lit cigar sits in the ashtray on his desk.

A KNOCK on the door.

DON

Come in.

The door opens, in walks STEPHEN MYERS. 41, dark hair, in jeans, t-shirt, and blazer.

Don rises.

DON (CONT'D)

Ah, Stephen! Good to see ya.

The two embrace.

DON (CONT'D)

Please-
(motions to a chair)
Have a seat.

STEPHEN

Thanks.

DON

Drink?

Don pulls out a bottle of scotch from his desk drawer, as well as two glasses.

STEPHEN

(holding up a hand)
No thanks, I quit.

DON

Really? When did this happen?

STEPHEN

After my second wife left me.

DON

Pity.

STEPHEN

The wife? Or the quitting?

The two men laugh. Don pours himself a glass and sits down.

DON

So lets get right to it. I've
picked out some guys for you.

STEPHEN

Hit me.

Pulling a folder out of another drawer, Don hands it to Stephen. Stephen opens it and looks at the picture.

DON

That first one, Andrew Moore.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A near empty bar. ANDREW MOORE, 36, sits alone at the bar, sipping his drink. Piano music.

DON (V.O.)

Been around the block a couple of
times.

A DRUNK PATRON stumbles past, knocks into Andrew. Andrew's drink splashes into his face, and the patron drops his drink on Andrew's back.

The patron, regaining composure, attempts to apologize. Andrew stares straight ahead.

He sets down his glass, and calmly turns around. His face is stern.

Andrew PUNCHES the patron - broken nose. Patron falls back onto a table, into a group of men. They retaliate.

Soon, the entire bar is engaged in a brawl.

DON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He's can be a hothead, but he's
smart. And damn is he strong.

Andrew only watches now, as the fight unfolds around him. He tosses a crumpled \$10 on the bar, and downs a strangers unattended drink. He admires the fight.

SUPER: ANDREW MOORE - MUSCLE

CUT TO:

INT. PARLOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS**STEPHEN**

Can he keep his cool when he needs to?

DON

That's on you, boss.

Stephen chuckles, flips to the next picture.

STEPHEN

Who's this scrawny lookin' kid?

CUT TO:**INT. DELVIERY VAN - NIGHT**

A 20-something sits in an office chair, surrounded by monitors, CPU's, and keyboards. He has a headset and glasses.

DON (V.O.)

Donnie Reynolds.

Donnie types furiously at the keyboard, shifting his gaze from monitor to monitor. Some show blueprints, others computer code, etc.

STEPHEN (V.O.)

Who?

DON (V.O.)

Donnie. The kid responsible for the Lareny job. Best hacker of his generation, there's not a code or alarm or security camera the kid can't hack.

Donnie picks up a Red Bull can from the desk in front of him, sips it, its empty. He tosses it over his shoulder, it lands among countless other empty Red Bull cans.

Ronnie still types away, moving too quickly.

SUPER: DONALD "DONNIE" REYNOLDS - TECH

CUT TO:

PARLOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS**STEPHEN**

Well, what about explosives?

Don is way ahead of Stephen.

DON

Next picture.

Stephen flips the picture. It is of a man in a U.S. Army uniform.

DON (CONT'D)

Staff Sergeant William Strickland.

CUT TO:**EXT. NEVADA DESSERT - DAY**

STRICKLAND, 33, in his military drab, crouches behind a burnt out car. He is wearing goggles and smoking a cigarette. In his hand, he holds a detonator.

DON

They discharged him when they felt his desire to blow shit up made him too reckless. Now he sits in his Nevada home, enjoying the freedom the desert provides him with.

Strickland pushes the button.

In the not-to-far distance, a LARGE EXPLOSION. Strickland stands and cheers loudly, tossing the cigarette away. He walks towards the explosion, admiring the rising smoke as debris begins falling around him.

Upon reaching the burning wreckage. Lifting his goggles to his forehead, he pulls a cigarette out of his pocket, lights it on the fire in front of him. He exhales, proud of his work.

SUPER: BILL STRICKLAND - EXPLOSIVES

CUT TO:**INT. PARLOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS****STEPHEN**

So far thats two out of three nut-jobs.

(MORE)

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Well that gets us in through the perimeter gates, down into the tunnels, and back up through the floor. Who cracks the safe?

Don smiles. He sips his drink and leans back in his chair.

DON

Her name's Rebecca.

STEPHEN

Rebecca? Her?

CUT TO:

EXT. VAULT - NIGHT

A ski-masked figure kneels in front of a large vault door, drilling into the vault door. A large CLUNK is heard. The drill stops.

DON

Practically unknown, she's a real pro. And a knockout, too.

The figure removes the drill, and using a flashlight peers inside the hole. Next, the figure grabs a small rod-like instrument. Inserting the rod into the hole, then pressing a button on the end, a quiet CLINK sound is heard.

The figure removes the rod, and spins the dial on the door. It rotates a cull circle, the figure spins it the opposite direction, and then again in the first direction.

The figure grabs the dial, ending the spin. The door lets out a hissing sound a pops open slightly.

The figure stands, steps back, and removes the ski-mask, revealing REBECCA REISS. 34, with long brunette hair.

Rebecca shakes her hair out, and stands smiling, admiring her work.

SUPER: REBECCA REISS - LOCKPICKING

CUT TO:

INT. PARLOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stephen looks at Don with disbelief. Don smiles, knowing what Stephen is thinking.

Stephen reaches for the open bottle on the desk.

STEPHEN

I picked the wrong profession to
stay sober.

FADE OUT.