

The Final Heist

By

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INT. SALLY'S DINER - NIGHT

DING.

The door closes behind the last guest of the night. HARRISON, 48, lets out a WHOOP and turns the GRILL off.

HARRISON
Another day done. Good business too!
(beat)
Lucy?

LUCY, 23, pops her head out from below the counter.

LUCY
Still here, Harry. Just cleanin' up
some spilled milk.

Harrison CHUCKLES, walking around from behind the grill. He wipes his hands on his APRON. He helps her close the restaurant by turning off the lights and locking the front door while she sashays around the dining room, sweeping.

Lucy pulls a CIGARETTE PACK from her SERVER APRON.

LUCY
Care to join me for a midnight drive?

HARRISON
When have I ever said no before?

EXT. SALLY'S DINER - BACKLOT - NIGHT

They lean against her old 2000 CHEVROLET IMPALA. Harrison is against the passenger door, Lucy on the drivers' side. It's a nightly routine by now.

Lucy takes a drag of her CIGARETTE, tilting her chin up and blowing the SMOKE into the night sky.

HARRISON
You know those'll kill you.

She shrugs and flicks ash onto the gravel beneath her feet.

LUCY
What's it matter anyway?

Harrison CLICKS his tongue at her.

HARRISON
Come on, now. You've got that
beautiful little girl at home.
Don'tcha wanna live for her?

Silence.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
(hesitantly)
... What's wrong, Luce?

She SNIFFLES and HICCUPS. Without a word, she climbs into the car and SLAMS the door. Harrison follows through the passenger side, keeping his eyes on her the whole time.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCY'S CAR - NIGHT

The drive is quiet. Only the RADIO can be heard faintly in the background.

HARRISON
Tell me what's wr--

LUCY
She has cancer.

HARRISON
Who?

Lucy wipes the tears from her face and throws the cigarette out the window.

LUCY
My baby. Charlie. She has brain
cancer.
(sobbing)
I don't know what to do, Harrison.

She pulls over to the side of the road. Harrison immediately jumps out of the car and runs around to her side, pulling her out and into a tight hug. He holds her for a few minutes and lets her CRY into his shoulder.

Once she calms down, he pulls back and looks her straight in the eyes.

HARRISON
I'm gonna get you that money,
sweetheart. I promise.

LUCY
(sniffing)
How? You barely make enough in that
diner to pay for your apartment.

Harrison LAUGHS and RUFFLES her hair gently.

HARRISON
You know exactly how.

She stares at him, eyes wide, mouth agape.

LUCY
(exasperated)
What- No! Harry, you can't start
robbin' banks again!

HARRISON
And why not? This is a great reason to
pull off one last big heist.
(softly)
Your little girl deserves to live. Let
me do this for you.

Lucy looks away from him in thought. After pondering for a
few moments, she nods.

LUCY
Are you sure about this? 17 years in
the slammer before, potentially
another sentence for this one. All for
a little girl that isn't yours.

HARRISON
(nodding and confident)
Absolutely. You're like my daughter
now, Luce. I want to do what I can for
you two. I've got no one left. You're
my family now.

Lucy nods, agreeing.

Climbing back into the Impala, they close the doors and drive
off. The PURR of the engine fades in the distance. Something
from Harrison's side of the car flies out. It's a BUSINESS
CARD. On it reads:

JAMISON BOZOS, PAROLE OFFICER.

CUT TO BLACK.