

KEEP IT SAFE

Written by

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INT. SECURITY VAN - DAY

HARRY, 37, and COLE, 22, work together to load security boxes into the back of the van. Stacking them neatly on top of each other. Metal boxes secured under lock and key.

Once finished Harry closes the double doors to the back of the van behind him. They automatically lock shut. These are doors that can only be opened from the inside.

Harry then sits down on top of an overturned wooden box.

HARRY  
(to Cole)  
You're driving.

COLE  
Again?

HARRY  
Listen, I don't want to argue about it. I just don't feel like driving.

COLE  
Yeah and you didn't feel like it yesterday or the day before that or the day before that.

HARRY  
What's your point?

COLE  
We're supposed to take it in turns.

HARRY  
Yeah?

COLE  
Well, I don't know, maybe for the last ten jobs I'm the one who's being doing the driving.

HARRY  
But who's counting.

COLE  
I am.

HARRY  
And who the fuck are you?

COLE

Someone who's sick of doing all the work, all the driving, all the paperwork whilst you're just sitting back here watching porn and jerking off.

Harry gives him a nervous smile.

HARRY

How do you know about that?

Cole points at a security camera positioned in the van's ceiling.

COLE

I see what you're doing back here.

HARRY

Pervert.

COLE

Most of the time you're just asleep.

HARRY

Sounds like you don't want to work with me anymore.

COLE

I don't.

HARRY

Well good news for you, you're not going to have to for much longer.

Cole frowns, not understanding. He takes a moment just to stare at him.

COLE

What do you mean?

HARRY

I've been fired. They're letting me work until the end of the month and then I'm gone.

This news almost floors Cole, he can't believe what he's hearing.

COLE

You're serious?

Harry rolls his eyes, smirking.

HARRY

Don't act surprised. And don't act like you're not going to be glad to see the back of me.

COLE

You don't respect me, so why should I respect you?

HARRY

You're so dramatic.

Suddenly the whole van violently shakes from side to side, the force knocking Cole to the floor and sends Harry flying off his overturned box seat.

COLE

Are you OK?

HARRY

What the hell was that?

Now the van lurches forwards. They're moving.

Harry and Cole look at each other in disbelief. Both of them trying to wrap their heads around what the hell is happening.

COLE

Who's driving?

Harry smirks.

HARRY

Well, at least it's not you this time, so you must be happy?

COLE

Get your head in the game. Don't you think we need to work out why we're moving, if we're both back in here?

Harry goes to a small hatch on the side of the van, acting as a window. He slides it open and peers outside. After no more than a quick glance he bursts out laughing.

HARRY

We're being towed.

COLE

What?

HARRY  
You didn't illegally park us did  
you?

Cole now marches over to the slot, has a look out for  
himself.

COLE  
What the hell, we're being towed.

HARRY  
Well, there you go.

Harry returns to his box, turning it up the right way he sits  
back down on it.

COLE  
Aren't you the least big concerned  
by this?

HARRY  
You're the one who should have been  
driving not me.

Cole lets out a long deep breath, frustrated. He takes out  
his phone.

COLE  
I'm going to sort this out.

Frowning he tries to make a call. Looks at his phone.

COLE (CONT'D)  
I've got no signal.

He quickly plays around with his phone.

COLE (CONT'D)  
I've got nothing.

He turns to Harry.

COLE (CONT'D)  
This is intentional. We're being  
jammed.

Harry gives him another roll of his eyes. He takes out his  
own phone. Puts in a call. But it won't connect.

HARRY  
Shit.

COLE  
Who you trying to call?

Harry shows Cole his phone.

HARRY

My wife.

He tries to call her again, a picture of her appears on his phone with the words 'the wife' appearing above her. No connection possible.

COLE

You look worried.

HARRY

I am, and so should you.

Cole now tries to make a call to 'Babe' in his phones contacts. A picture of a woman appears on Cole's phones screen with the words 'Babe' written about it.

It's the same woman as 'wife'. Wife and Babe are the same person.

They're both trying to call the same woman.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Who you calling now?

Cole keeps his phones screen hidden from Harry.

COLE

Work again.

Harry scoffs at him.

HARRY

Forget work. We're in real fucking trouble here.

Harry throws his mobile phone across the length of the van. Sending it crashing against the double doors.

HARRY (CONT'D)

And our phones don't work.

Harry stands up. Removes his handgun from its holster. Cocks it ready to fire.

Cole watches him in disbelief.

COLE

What are you doing?

HARRY

You've got yours on you?

COLE

Of course.

HARRY

They've jammed our phones, stopped them from working. But these still work.

COLE

And what's your plan?

HARRY

I'm going to shoot them.

COLE

That's not a plan.

HARRY

Of course it is.

COLE

Well, it's not a very good one.

HARRY

We're being taken somewhere and I don't want to find out where.

Harry goes to the sliding hatch.

COLE

What are you doing?

HARRY

I'm going to get them to stop.

Harry sticks his gun out of the hatch, but now he can't see out. Aiming blind.

Cole grabs a hold of Harry's arm and forces him to bring his gun back inside the van.

COLE

Firing your gun wildly out of here is beyond stupid.

HARRY

Says you.

COLE

If we really are in trouble do you really want to waste your bullets firing blind?

Harry thinks this over, knows Cole is right but isn't happy about it.

HARRY

Fine. So what now, we just wait?

Cole gestures to all those stacked up security boxes.

COLE

There must be something in here that they're after.

Harry puts his gun back into the holster. He then starts grabbing onto security boxes at random and starts smashing them open with a hammer that he finds inside a toolbox.

Money, jewellery and other valuables.

Cole stands over Harry, watching him closely and shaking his head.

COLE (CONT'D)

You really have lost the plot.

Harry smashes open another box, money is scattered all across the floor.

Must be thousands and thousands.

Harry puts down the hammer. Starts picking up the cash and stuffing as much as he can into his pockets.

Cole throws up his hands, exasperated.

COLE (CONT'D)

What are you doing now?

Harry smirks.

HARRY

Cleaning up.

COLE

We're supposed to be protecting this stuff, not stealing it.

HARRY

If I'm going to make it out of this, I want something to show for it.

Suddenly the van comes to a sharp stop. Again, Harry and Cole are knocked off their feet and sent crashing to the floor by the force of it.



HARRY (CONT'D)

Shit.

They both get up again. They wait, turning to face each other.

HARRY (CONT'D)

We're not moving anymore.

COLE

So what does that mean?

HARRY

I think we're about to find out.

The sound of power tools hitting against the side of the van now fills the air around them.

Harry and Cole now look utterly terrified.

The blade of a power saw now cuts a circle out of the side of the van. Large enough for a man to crawl through.

Harry cowers into a corner, holding his hands up in surrender.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Fuck this shit, let them take whatever they want.

A man dressed in black and wearing a ski mask sticks his head through the freshly made hole. He takes a quick look at Harry and Cole then attempts to crawl through.

Cole reacts fast, picking up the hammer that Harry had been using from the floor, takes a hold of it in both hands, swings and smashes it against the head of the man with the ski mask. Forcing him back out.

Harry picks up one of the smashed open security boxes and throws it at Cole.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

Now a gun is poked through the hole and is fired wildly and repeatedly. Bullets flying around Harry and Cole punching holes all around the van.

The last shot hits Harry in the stomach. Sending him slumped to the floor. Blood quickly oozing out of him.

Cole takes out his own gun and fires at the cut out hole, the other gun is pulled back.

Cole rushes over to Harry, sees the blood coming from his stomach. Cole kneels down beside him.

COLE

Oh my god, you're hit.

Harry is in terrible pain.

HARRY

Just my luck that I would die like this, in the company of an idiot who hates me. You hate me and you don't even know me.

COLE

I know you better than you think.

HARRY

I'm twice the man you could ever hope to be.

COLE

Is that a fact?

HARRY

You don't know me, but I know you. You're just a suck up and a coward. You should have been shot, not me.

COLE

I know you Harry.

HARRY

No.

COLE

You're a drunk. A liar. A thief and a bully.

HARRY

Kiss my ass.

COLE

That's why your wife is leaving you.

Harry snarls, his face twisting.

HARRY

And what would you know about my wife?

COLE

She's been having an affair. And I know you know this. And I know you know that's why she's leaving you. But you don't know who the other man is. But I'm going to let you know.

A beat.

HARRY

You?

Cole nods.

COLE

Me.

Harry spits in Cole's face. Cole wipes it away.

COLE (CONT'D)

I know all I need to know about you.

Harry shakes his head, a powerful rage washing over him.

COLE (CONT'D)

But you know what, I'm going to do everything I can to get us both out of this alive.

Harry is in agony, blood still oozing out from his stomach. With what little energy he has left, he takes out his gun, puts it to the side of Cole's head and pulls the trigger. Shooting him dead, point blank range.

It all happened so quickly there's nothing Cole could have done.

The back doors to the van are cut open. They're then pulled apart.

Several men in ski masks look in, armed with their own guns.

Cole is already dead on the floor, and Harry doesn't have long left.

The gang take no further risks. They all fire their guns in at Harry, filling him with more bullets, finishing him off.

**FADE TO BLACK**

**THE END**