



Scripts.com

The Real McCoy

By William Davies

Freeze! Stand back,
or we'll fire!
Don't move!
- All right! Be good now!
- Unlock!
McCoy. A-4-2-7-1?
One wallet, leather.
Pair of sunglasses,
Ray Bans.
One pack of gum,
sugarless.
One condom.
- Ribbed?
- Guess I was ahead of my time.
- Where'd ya get on, Savannah?
- Athens.
Athens. Is that right?
Pretty little place,
Athens.
Uh, headin'
to Atlanta, huh?
- Uh-huh.
- You work there?
- Used to.
- Doin' what?
I robbed banks.
Robbed banks.
Excuse me.
- So if anybody wants...
to jump in and grab 'em
before they're gone...
- The men's three-diamond ring...
- Hello?
- Is Roy there?
- Well, who's calling?
Karen.
Karen who?
Karen McCoy.
Roy. It's your ex.
Karen?
Karen?
Don't sound so scared, Roy.
- Where are you?
- I'm downtown at the train station.

What'd you do, escape?

- I'm on parole.

- Oh, Christ.

Look, I gotta get my stuff. All I've got is the suit I went to court in.

Well, uh, I don't want you comin' to the house.

- I'll just meet you at Mario's.

- What?

- **Mario's at 4:**

- Okay. Tomorrow, 4:00?

- **Yeah. 4:**

- Roy?

How's Patrick?

Thanks.

Okay, everybody hit the floor!

This is a stickup!

Oh! Oh!

I'm sorry, ma'am.

Just step to the side, please.

- All right, gimme all your money.

- I can't do that.

- Why not?

- I haven't got the key.

- Well, get the key.

- I can't.

- Why not?

- The manager's got it.

- Well, get the manager.

- I can't. He went home.

Shut up!

Okay, Mr. Smarty-pants.

- This is a gun.

Okay, hang on!

Don't blow it.

- Okay.

- Where did you want your new asshole?

I'm Gary Buckner. I been appointed by the State to supervise your parole.

Why didn't you call me when you came in last night?

Well, it was late. I knew

I would be seeing you today...
- so I didn't think that you would...
- Wait a minute.
You didn't think?
I think that you don't understand...
- what being on parole really means.
- Mr. Buckner...
I'm the boss
is what it means.
You say somethin' I don't like, I'm
gonna throw your butt back in the can.
You do somethin' I don't like, I'm gonna
throw your butt back in the can.
You don't report, I'm gonna
throw your butt back in the can.
You don't call, your butt is back in the
can. You violate your parole in any way,
you are back in the can,
do you understand me?
Karen, I really
want to be friends.
But it's gonna take
cooperation.
Now what are you gonna do to cooperate
with the State of Georgia?
I'd like to get a job...
- and find a place to live.
- Mm-hmm.
Well, first, you're gonna have to spend
a month in that halfway house.
Mr. Buckner, I spent
six years in prison.
I've got a son who doesn't even know me.
I need my own place to live.
What can I tell ya?
- Couldn't you just give me a break?
- No, ma'am.
I can't give breaks. You gotta earn 'em,
but I'll tell you what, Karen.
You keep that pretty little figure
of yours, get yourself a job...
and do exactly what your
parole officer tells you,
and I'll let you out of that

halfway house, okay? Okay.

Oh, uh, Karen?

One more thing.

You stay out of them damn
banks, now you hear me?

Frankly, I agree,
but I've changed.

- Oh, thanks.

- Just don't let me down, J.T.

- Straight like an arrow, Mel.

- Right.

- Who the hell is that?

- She was released yesterday.

Mac somethin'... McDonald, McCoy.

Karen McCoy.

The Karen McCoy?

See ya.

Hey! Hey!

Uh, wait a minute.

Excuse me. Are you
who I think you are?

You are.

I can't believe it.

- Me neither.

- I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Uh, J.T. Barker.

What do you want,
my handbag?

Listen, I'm your biggest fan.

Can I ask you a question?

- That Atlanta job,
that bank you did in '84...

- J.T.? Is that what it is?

- I'm in a hurry if you don't mind.

- Where did you hide all that dirt?

Hey, wait up, now.

One more question now.

That '85 job you did,
that First National...

- where you filled all
them alarms with foam?

- I've got a bus to catch.

- I know, I know... A trade secret.

- I'm really sorry, okay?

- Hey! Hey! Shit!

- Hey, listen.
I can give you a ride.
My car's right here.
- Is it true you never carry?
- Excuse me?
- A rod?
A heater? The difference.
A piece.
- You know, a gun?
- I didn't need a gun.
I robbed banks when
nobody was in them.
Nobody was in them.
That's great.
"I robbed banks when
nobody was in them."
Geez. Hey, you know,
I'm a first-class driver, Miss McCoy.
You get ready for your next job,
will you keep me in mind? Miss McCoy?
- Stop the car.
- Oh, I'm talkin' too much, aren't I?
Listen, you don't have
to get out. I'll shut up.
This is where I'm going.
Thanks for the ride.
Hey, you want to get
together sometime, have dinner?
- You like hot stuff... Uh, spicy food?
- I'll call you. Thanks.
Okay.
Hey, you don't have
my number!
Just, uh, one question
on your form.
Previous occupation?
You left it blank.
Uh, yes, ma'am. I just really
didn't know what to put.
Self-employed?
Armed services?
Um, Athens Correctional
Facility for Women.
I was a convict.

I'm sorry, Miss McCoy.

The company has a policy about this.

Okay. Thank you.

- I'm sorry.

- No, that's okay. Thank you.

Uh, the position involves
handling cash, honey.

We just don't feel like it'd be
appropriate in the circumstances.

Um, the thing is...

Well, I really don't know
that I can...

Ma'am, I really
need this job.

Well...

why don't I just put
self-employed?

Thank you so much.

Love Connection!

And now here's our host

Chuck Woolery!

Where have you been?

Oh, there's no way...

a friend of mine is gonna
live in no halfway house.

Come on,

let's get your stuff.

This is it.

I, uh, got 'em to throw in
the linen for free,
and there's gonna be
a mini-fridge here and a microwave.

What, you don't like it?

- You don't like it.

- No, l-l...

Oh, you're worryin' about what that
parole officer of yours is gonna say?

No. Buckner said

I could move if I got a job.

Uh...

Well, good.

This is, uh, my address
in an emergency,
and, uh, that's just

temporary, but...

And you'll have a phone,
uh, sometime next week...

so I guess I'll, uh...

see you tomorrow?

Thanks. No, really.

- You took it as a personal loan?

- It's my business.

That's the premiums
on your staff's medical plan.

Aw, screw

the damn staff, man.

- If they'd sell more,
I wouldn't be squeezed.

- That's no way to run a business.

You got no receipts here,
your cashbook won't balance,
and you haven't filed for two years.

What am I suppose
to tell the I.R.S.?

- There's a woman here to see ya, Roy.

- Well, I'm busy.

- She says it's important.

- Aw, Christ!

- Roy...

- Look, just think of somethin',
Jerry, all right?

That's what

I pay you for.

Oh, Karen.

- I waited an hour.

- Shit, I'm sorry. Uh...

- Guess you got tied up, huh?

Shit, you look great.

- Kept your figure.

- Just get my stuff, okay?

Come on.

- Can I go and get Dad, Cheryl?

- No, Patrick. Stay in the car.

- Can I go get a soda, Cheryl?

- No. I told you. Don't call me Cheryl.

- Patrick calls you Cheryl.

- You know why Patrick calls me Cheryl.

- Shut up, Kelly.

You shut up, Patrick.
It's not a good idea for you
to see Patrick right now because we...
We didn't tell him
where you were, and, and I...
Patrick thinks you're dead.
Look, Cheryl and I just felt...
You let a woman who's livin'
in the house I paid for...
talk you into tellin'
my son I'm dead?
Look, I really think you're overreacting
to this. What did you expect me to do,
tell a three-year-old kid that his mom's
doin' ten years for robbin' banks?
No, but I-I thought
we agreed you'd tell him...
To tell him that we
split up and I moved?
- We agreed.
- Look, now I have to go.
- Dad. Who's that?
- Hey, Patrick. I'll be right out, son.
Uh, this is an old friend
of your mother's.
Are you coming
to the game?
No, Patrick.
Look, Patrick, will you just
wait for me outside, son?
- I'll be right out.
- Okay.
Bye.
What'd you do with the
letters I wrote Patrick?
- What'd you do with 'em?
- I burned 'em.
Karen, I didn't know
what else to do.
Look, I'm sorry.
Cheryl and I,
we've made a decision,
Karen, all right?
I mean, I didn't really have any choice.

I just think it's better for Patrick.

- Can I help you?

- I'm lookin' for Jack Schmidt.

- Is he expecting you?

- There he is. Thank you. Hey, Jack!

- J.T. J.T. Barker.

- Who's that?

It's my cousin's boy.

How ya doin'?

Nice to see ya.

What do you want?

I heard, uh, that you're lookin'
for a specialist.

- What are you talkin' about?

- For a little adventure you're planning.

- You better have

something interesting to say.

- Ever heard of Karen McCoy?

McCoy's inside.

No, she's not.

She got paroled.

- I thought you'd be interested.

- Karen's in Atlanta?

Damn sure right.

That's real interesting.

But the fact is...

I'm not plannin' anything.

I'm in the real estate
business, son.

Nice of you

to drop by, though.

Regards to your daddy.

The most you can hope for is
a couple of hours a month...

probably supervised by
some court-appointed agent.

But he thinks I'm dead.

Well, maybe it's
better that way.

- Look, Karen, you're still young.

- No.

You're starting a new life.

You can have another family.

- I don't want another family.

- You're not listening to me.
Well, what if I got a better job,
a better place to live?
- That's gotta help something.
- It's not gonna happen, Karen.
I'm sorry.
For six years, the only thought
that kept me goin' was my son.
- I'm sorry.
- He's my son.
Hello, Karen.
Been a long time.
Not long enough.
Well, now,
Jack don't think so.
- I don't give a damn what Jack thinks.
- Come on, girl.
Take it easy now.
- You tell him I haven't forgotten.
- I don't think you understand.
- Jack wants to talk with you.
- No, I do understand.
I understand perfectly.
You know, maybe you could send...
a little message
to Jack for me, okay?
Aah!
- Asshole.
- What time does the 210 get here?
- About 20 minutes.
Hey, Karen.
Hey, you look great.
Not a good time, J.T.
What, for me to tell you
you look great?
I'm having a really shitty day.
It'd just be better not to irritate me.
What, just 'cause I said...
Hey. Look, why don't
I take you out to dinner? I'm buyin'.
I know this great place.
They got a great menu.
- Great ambience.
- J.T., l...

Come on, you look like
you could use a hot meal.
I'm wet, and I...
- Can I change?
- Sure.
- What are you gonna do about your boy?
- I don't know.
Just know I'm not gonna let
him go, that's for sure.
I got a real good feelin'
everything's gonna turn out all right.
God, I hope so.
Well, see, I... Well, I got
a proposition for you.
Yeah, what?
I know these people.
I mean, they're...
They're good people.
- You know, professional people.
- What people?
Well, I mean,
like I'm sayin',
they're professional...
people.
What people?
Well, people like Jack Schmidt.
You ever heard of him?
Karen. Karen.
What?
What'd I say?
I thought you'd be interested.
Karen, I...
Jack Schmidt cost me
six years of my life.
I never want
to see you again.
Hey, Karen.
Mr. Katarich
wants to see you.
- Hi, Karen.
- I'm afraid we've got kind of a problem.
Mr. Katarich was runnin' your
social security number through the...
Just to get your pay slip,

you know, and, um,
well, come to find out
you was on parole.
Now God knows everybody
makes mistakes, Karen.
On your application form here, uh...
it said you're self-employed.
I needed a job.
I'm, I'm sorry.
Well, sorry
ain't gonna cut it.
Well, hell, Karen.
Guess I'm gonna have to put you back
in that halfway house.
I had to lie.
Nobody would hire me.
Well, ain't nobody said
it's gonna be easy.
It won't happen again.
Well, let's say I forgot
about the halfway house.
The least you could do
is meet me for a drink...
to discuss your...
employment opportunities.
- I thought you said a drink.
We're just goin' up here
for a little get-together.
Some friends of mine
are havin' a little party.
We'll have some drinks and you'll meet
some very influential people.
- What's that?
- Our host, uh, considers himself...
quite the, uh,
animal lover.
- Aaah!
Trouble is most of 'em would
tear your damn throat out.
How ya doin', Beatrice?
Ain't seen you in a long time.
Aw, fine, thank you,
Mr. Buckner.
Follow me.

- Time for you to go home, honey.

- I'm not tired.

Sure, you are.

- What about Saturday?

- Call me tomorrow.

- Kept your figure.

- Fuck you.

Yeah. I got your message.

Karen, it's just

a drink among friends.

You don't have to act

so damn pissy. You know,

Jack, how far do we go back,

about 15 years or somethin' like that?

Jack heard you got out and gave

old Buck a jingle; here we are.

- Now what'll you have to drink, honey?

- Nothin'. I'm leavin'.

No, no, wait just a minute.

No, you're not.

You're gonna stay right here

and have a drink or I'm gonna go

to your place and find this...

in your bathroom.

Now you know where that

puts you? Back inside.

- You understand me?

- What do you want from me, Buckner?

What everyone

always wants, Karen...

For you to rob a bank.

Why didn't you just do it

for me six years ago?

- Would have avoided

so much unpleasantness.

- I don't work for assholes.

I'll be in the car.

You know, some people

just won't respond...

- unless you apply a little pressure.

- Where's Patrick?

- I don't know. I haven't

seen him since this morning.

Yeah?

I'm tellin' ya, Karen.
I am never gonna forgive you for this.
- What are you talkin' about?
- I got enough to worry about with
the damn bank and the I.R.S.!
- I don't need all this
mother's rights crap!
- What are you talkin' about?
Don't give me that shit. I'm talkin'
about Patrick. Now where is he?
- What do you mean?
- Well, nobody's seen him
since this mornin', Karen.
Cheryl gets a call, and somebody says
you snatched him from school.
- Did you call the police?
- Look, I don't call the police
until I have to.
Good. Keep it like that.
Look, if you haven't got him, I want to
know who does, and I want to know now.
I don't know, but I'm gonna find out.
Now gimme your car keys.
- Gimme your car keys!
- I don't have time for all this shit.
I got a damn Federal audit

startin' at 7:

Wait a minute!
How am I suppose
to get home?
Night-night, boys.
Mmm, healthy.
Come over here.
Come lie down
next to me.
Come closer.
- That feels good.
- Ah, I really like it.
- Put your hands over here.
- Oh, where?
- Right there.
- Ah, how's that? Is that good?
- Hand me that scarf.

This? Ohh. Ooh, that
feels good. Tighter.

- Tighter!

- Has anyone ever done this before?

Oh, no! Tighter. Ohh.

I like that.

- I'm looking for Gary Buckner.

- Uh, 403.

- Thank you.

- Oh, honey? I think he's gone fishing.

Hmm?

Lake...

Lake Lucille.

Excuse me, sir?

Do you know this man?

Sure. Everyone knows Gary.

Lives out by the lake.

- 'Bout two miles up the road.

You can't miss it.

- 'Bout two miles?

- Mm-hmm.

- Great. Thank you.

You're welcome.

Patrick?

Patrick?

- Patrick!

- Patrick!

Patrick.

Patrick, wake up.

- You're my mom's friend, aren't you?

- Shh! That's right.

We gotta get out of here.

Come on.

- Is this yours?

- Yeah.

Hey. How you doin',

Mr. Sam?

Hey, Gary.

Good to see ya again.

- Did my dad ask you to come?

- I'll explain later.

- Hey, there was a lady here

lookin' for ya last night.

- What lady?

A young, good-lookin'
blond lady.

- How'd you know where to find me?

- Later.

- Shit!

- Oh.

- Was there a ransom note?

- Somethin' like that, honey.

Yeah, well, my dad's flat broke.

He could never pay.

- No!

Boy, this must be
one of Dad's cars.

This isn't a car.

This is a piece of shit.

I didn't mean to say that.

That's a bad word.

You can say "shit," Karen.

My dad says it all the time.

Karen, this is my big shot,
and you're screwin' it up.

Hey, leave her alone!

Stop it!

Stop it!

Leave her alone!

You worthless bitch. It's my big shot,
and you're screwin' it up!

Karen? Karen?

I'm real sorry, Karen.

- Where's Patrick?

- Patrick's fine.

It's you

I'm worried about...

I don't wanna hurt anybody.

I just want the bank.

And you just want
your boy.

- Karen!

- Shh!

- Hey.

- Are they gonna kill me?

Nobody's gonna hurt you.

I'm here, okay?

Don't go, okay?

Listen, I'm right here. I'm right here.

I'm goin' nowhere.

You've got to try

to go to sleep.

- Will you do that for me?

- Yeah.

Try to sleep.

Everything is gonna be okay.

I promise.

- Where is he, Karen?

- He's okay, I swear.

- Well, bring him back home.

- I can't, not yet.

- Why not?

- I have to do somethin' first.

- What? I'm comin' over.

- Roy, don't.

Listen, you have to trust me.

'Cause you don't have any choice,
and neither do I right now.

- Hey, J.T.

- Hey.

Hey.

- Hey, what happened to you?

- You want a job?

- What?

- That Jack Schmidt.

S-Schmidt?

- W-W-What are you talkin' about?

- They got my boy.

Oh. Jesus. I'm sorry.

Listen, you gotta believe me.

- I had nothin' to do

with anything about...

- I do believe you.

- Go get your shirt,

and let's get out of here.

- You bet.

Listen, Karen, everything's
gonna be all right.

- What are you gonna do with this?

- In case there's any trouble.

J.T., we ain't holdin' up no Dixie
mini-mart on a rainy night in Georgia.

- You were there that...
- It doesn't matter.
- Just go in there and get your shirt, all right?
- I'm just so embarrassed.
Nobody uses Betamax anymore.
What? Oh.
They do in Nigeria.
Betamax capital of the world.
It's my third shipment already.
- I think you know each other.
- Wait a minute.
I do a job,
I pick my own driver.
I just want you to know, Jack, that, uh,
- I won't disappoint you.
- If you do, I'll tear your head off... and feed it to my dogs.
Excuse me, ma'am.
May I help you?
Yes. I'd like a safe deposit box, please.
- 'Course, ma'am. Right this way.
- Thank you.
Here you go. Mr. Kroll will be right with you.
Well, thank you.
Good afternoon.
I'm Mr. Kroll.
Well, hi.
Beth Baxter.
Um, you wanted a safety deposit box, ma'am?
Uh, yes, sir.
Um, for some jewelry.
Oh. You just, uh, need to fill out some forms.
- Mrs., um...
- No, that was "Miss." Miss Baxter.
Hmm. Miss.
Hmm.
Have you visited

our bank before?

Just once.

Ohh.

Well, uh, elevator's
right around the corner.

- This way.

- Thank you.

- The vault is, uh, four levels down.

- Our security area is serviced
by our armored elevator.

- Armored?

The Federal Reserve insisted before
they'd rate us Triple "A."

Oh, sure, we are now
the main holdin' bank in the state.

Two years ago, we just
tore out everything.

- We put in total state of the art.

- Oh.

Well, that's
very reassuring.

- Here we are.

Ohh. Why, this
is just beautiful.

I thought you'd like it.

This way.

- Mr. Kröll.

- Hello, Paul.

Watch your step.

Here we are.

- I'll be waiting right over here.

- Thank you.

Whoa! It's heavy!

Yes.

- Guess you've got a lot of jewelry.

Uh, Miss Baxter?

A lot? Uh, yes.

Enough? Never.

- Bring back happy memories?

- It's been upgraded.

- So what? - I can't break into
a Triple-"A"-rated bank.

- You can.

- No, nobody can.

- It has a V.S.U. In there...
A Volume Signature Unit. - A what?
So what? We'll cut it
the same time we do the TV cables.
- Ya can't do that. It's screened.
- Then I guess...
you've got some
thinkin' to do.
You're not listening,
are you?
I'm listenin', Karen.
You know what I hear?
A little boy cryin' his eyes out,
wonderin' if he's
ever gonna get home again.
Shh.
Okay, now watch this.
Sit up here, right here now.
You spring,
and then you go, okay?
Let's try it. Bend your knees,
spring and then you go.
You got to put your arms up... That's
right. At the same time. You ready?
Whoa!
- Now you're goin' to the tigers.
Okay, there's the bank.
To the right is
the security building.
Right. All the bank's TV
and alarm cables run directly into it.
The instant
we trip the alarms...
Southtec Security
dispatches four cars.
We have to time it.
See how fast it takes them to get to us.
- Oh, isn't that fabulous?
- Enjoyin' the view, huh?
Go!
Shit!
Two minutes.
Hey!
Four minutes.

Hey!

- Whoo-hoo!

- Watch out!

What the hell you doin'?

Watch where you're goin'!

Stop.

All right.

That's six minutes, ten.

We'll make it six in case their guys
drive fast. Then shave a minute off...

for us gettin' in and out each time,
and that'll leave five.

- That's good. That's all right.

- Why don't you tell him?

- Tell who what?

- Patrick.

Why don't you tell him

who you are?

- You wanna drive

or do family counseling?

- Don't get riled.

I just think that kids should

be told stuff like who their

real mother is, that's all.

I'd be proud

to call you my mother.

If I were Patrick.

Drive, okay? Just drive.

Oh, Miss Baxter.

- It's so pleasant to see you again.

- It's nice to see you again as well.

Um, I was thinkin'

about opening...

a savings account here.

Oh. The rate on our money market

deposit account...

is currently

5.45 percent.

That seems awfully

high to me.

Oh, well, here's the best part.

The yield is 5.59.

"How can that be?"

You ask.

Why, I don't know.
I don't know anything about it.
I'd appreciate
you explainin' it to me.
You like it?
I love it. I took
the rheostat off the engine.
How do you know
about rheostats?
I like takin' things apart,
seein' how they work.
You take after your mom.
Really?
What was she like?
Well, she was
kind of like you...
Like a boy.
Like a tomboy.
Cool. Did she like
baseball like I do?
Yeah, she loved sneakers
and baseball hats...
and, yeah,
she loved baseball.
And she loved you,
Patrick.
You know, she always wanted a son?
Did you know that?
- No.
- Yep. The day you were born,
you know what she said?
What?
She said you were the best thing that
ever happened to her in her whole life.
- For real?
- For real.
- And you were there when I was born?
- Yeah, I was there.
And you had a little black
fuzz on your big, bald head.
- I did not.
- Did too.
- I did not.
- Did too.

- I did not! Did not!
- Did too! Did too!
- Don't tickle me! Don't tickle me!
- Did not!
- You get the passports?
- Yeah.
- You get the...
- I got that too. Don't worry.
- Good.
- You know what to do.
- I go to the bank,
I get a safety deposit box.
I put that in.
I know what to do, Karen.
Good morning. I'd like
to open a safety deposit box.
- All right, sir.
- Family jewels.
Hey, how ya doin'? What
a pleasant surprise. You need a ride?
- What the hell you doin' in there?
- What do you think I'm doin'?
I don't wanna think.
I wanna know.
I'm closin' out my account. I happen
to bank at this establishment.
- Shit. Let me see.
\$152.
What the hell you
gonna do with \$152?
We're takin' \$18 goddamn million
out of here on Thursday.
I know that. I just don't
wanna split my \$152 four ways.
Come on, darlings.
Come on, Lucy.
- Y'all work together now.
There you go,
sweetheart.
This is the fastest
American car on the scene today.
- Patrick.
- Nissan Z is best.
What? Watch your...

Listen to me. The American au...
Listen to me, Patrick.
The American automobile industry
built this great nation.
To say that Nissan is anywhere close
to this car is a joke.
- You're full of shit, J.T.
- Uh-uh. Don't say that.
Aaah!
Get away from me!
You're wet! Aaah!
- I'll kill you!
- It's war!
- J.T.!!
- Say, Trans Am rules.
Trans Am rules!
How we gonna get
access to the cables?
They run under
the basement...
to a small architect
office here.
Just one guard.
Blocking the
closed-circuit TV is no problem.
All we need is a signal
generator and an oscilloscope.
- The V.S.U. Is the problem.
- Volume Signature Unit.
It's a state-of-the-art security system
that, um, is activated by sound.
You flip a booger, it hits the floor.
Cops will be all over the place.
So why can't we cut this V.S.U. Cable
when we do the TV?
'Cause it's screened.
We touch it with no access code,
we'll set off the alarm.
- What we gonna do?
- We're gonna set off the alarm.
- What is this bullshit, Jack?
- Hear her out.
When the alarm goes off, it takes
the security guards six minutes...

to get from their base
to the bank.
We've timed it. It'll take 15 minutes to
get into the bank and down to the vault.
Listen, lady, if it takes us
15 minutes to get into the vault,
and it only takes six minutes
for them to get to the bank,
we're gonna be spending
the next 20 years inside.
Not if you break the job into
three separate stages you won't.
Five minutes for each stage.
We clean up, we get out.
Guards don't even know
we've been there.
All right,
stage number one,
unlocking the rear door.
The alarm goes off, that
puts us in a holding pattern.
Stage two, breaking
into the vault elevator.
The alarm goes off again.
We're back in the holding pattern.
Stage three, getting us down
to the vault corridor.
Each stage will take
four minutes...
with two minutes to spare before
the security guards get to the bank.
Any questions?
The alarm's going off? That'd have
to look like a malfunction.
That's right.
That's why we're building this device.
What kind of device?
You're tellin' me
we're gonna be downstairs...
knockin' shit outta the vault
with a bunch of security guards
just sittin' upstairs?
They won't know we're there. They'll
think the alarm system malfunctioned.

Once we fix the TV, they can't see us, and they can't hear us through six inches of steel.

You think this'll work?

For 18 million,
234 thousand bucks,
I'm prepared
to give it a try.

- Hey!

- Always a pleasure, Miss Baxter.

- Same here.

- How may I help you today?

Um, today, I'd really like
to open a checkin' account.

Well, if it's checking you want,
then checking you shall have.

We offer several
interest-bearing accounts.

Well, l...

I really don't know
what that is.

- Maybe I should explain it to you.

Oh, it's closin' time,

Miss Baxter.

That'd be no problem.

I can stay ten more minutes.

Well, that really wouldn't
be fair to you, would it?

What do you say I come back tomorrow?

Locking down.

You freezing?

Let me wipe your mouth off.

You know what?

Me and you have to have
a little talk tonight.

But I have to go out first
for a little while, okay?

To rob a bank, right?

What?

J.T. Told me.

J.T. Told you?

It's okay, Karen.

They're makin' you do it.

- Did she rob banks too?

- Who?
- My mom.
- Come here.
Your mom just made
a few mistakes, that's all.
I don't really
remember her.
Sometimes I really wish
I could remember her.
Listen to me.
We're leavin' here
tomorrow, okay?
- I promise that.
- But I like this hostage thing.
I mean,
I loved havin' a pool.
- I'll see you in the morning, okay?
- Bye.
You know I never
carry a gun, Jack.
Mama taught me
never trust a woman.
- What's he doing here?
- Just a little insurance. Let's go.
Somebody's
got to baby-sit.
Karen?
Well, I believe so too.
- There is something wrong.
Everybody's
getting into it.
They want him to squeeze
the guy's head like a grape.
Truck's broken down.
I need to make a call.
Let's go.
Posts.
Got it.
We record the empty bank.
Ready for playback.
Now we hook
into their system.
She's moving.
That's beautiful.

Two alarms have to go off first.

They're linked in pairs.

- When, for Christ's sakes?

- How about now?

Security's on its way.

And two more.

These are cop cars.

Two minutes.

Let's go!

Get around back!

- Let's go! Inside!

- Be careful!

Shouldn't we switch

the video over?

They're gonna want to see

those boys back at base.

Hick dicks!

Won't know what hit 'em.

Look at the Rent-A-Cop.

What set it off?

- Look behind them counters!

- Shine that light over here.

Cops just can't stand

false alarms.

Like Keystone Cops.

Okay.

Pump!

Two, 40.

Three minutes, 50.

It's a T-38.

- I got it. Okay, it's in.

- We got three minutes.

- Test it.

- Fine.

- Five, 20.

Clean up!

Let's go!

Let's go!

- Command to Patrol.

- 10-4.

How many times they gonna

bring us out here?

- They just waste our time.

- I don't believe it.

Red six.

- Got it.

- Got it.

And turn.

Four minutes, 40.

- Red eight.

- Got it.

Come on, boy.

And turn.

- Red nine.

- Got it.

And turn.

- Two minutes, 20.

- Shit.

- Come on, Karen.

- What's happenin'?

- I got it, blue 12.

- Blue 12.

- Got it.

- And turn.

- Thirteen.

- Got it.

And turn.

- One minute, 40.

We ought to be outta here.

- Just a minute.

- Blue 12.

- W-We already done that one.

Just do it!

This time I go first.

Got it.

And now.

Relock.

Let's go.

- Come on, let's go.

- Come on!

Oh, shit.

Anybody that ain't been down
to the Union Bank, now's your chance.

Four false alarms
in one night.

Friggin' bank
deserves to get robbed.

- What do you think?

- Three, maybe four hours.

But we have to fix

the camera first.

- Where's the service box for it?

- Probably in the elevator shaft.

- You there, Kev?

- Yeah, come in, Control.

- What's goin' on there?

- It's official. It's a foul-up.

Well, that's us here

for the night.

- What are you talkin' about?

- Standard procedure.

Till they can

check out the system.

You gotta be kiddin'.

Why don't you read

the goddamn manual?

- I'll take care of this.

You go down for the tape, okay?

- Be right back.

So, uh, who's making

coffee then?

Should have

joined the Army.

You about done?

Gotta do the video.

Just a minute.

You're clear!

Let's go.

Oh, shit.

Sarge?

Sarge!

- What people?

- Well, they're gone now.

I suppose they had little masks

over their eyes, right?

And sacks

marked "loot"?

- No.

- And they just disappeared.

- Yeah!

- Disappearin' bank robbers.

- Another rod?

- Yeah.
We're through.
We're through!
Come on, Lewis,
cool it down.
You okay?
That's it.
Oh, mama!
Oh, mama!
Man, come on,
give me a bag!
- \$18 million.
- I think I just went into
a higher tax bracket, buddy.
That's a big, old car
right here.
- Which one is it?
- Oh, uh,
it's, uh,
1-8-1.
- I think I'm gonna open an account here.
- Here you go.
Where's a bag?
Give me a bag.
I'm gonna buy a farm and settle down,
just live the good life.
Well, maybe.
We gotta do this again
next week.
- Damn. Oh, mama!
- Oh, God.
Oh, mama.
Oh, it feels so good.
It feels so good.
- It's great.
- Mmm.
- Hey, what's goin' on?
- Jesus Christ!
- McCoy!
- You believe this?
- I don't believe it.
- This is unbelievable.
Get us outta here!
A triple "A" bank.

Jack, I told you.

Can't break into a triple "A" bank, but you wouldn't listen to me, would you?

He wouldn't listen to me.

Oh, well.

- I'm real sorry about this.

- You did it!

- She did tell ya, Jack.

- I think we gotta go now.

- You bitch!

- Oh, I wouldn't do that, if I were you.

Come on, Karen.

There's a lot of money here.

- We can make an arrangement.

- Six years, Jack.

We'll split,

40160.

- Six long years.

- It's not gonna happen, Karen.

The only way you're gettin' out of this bank is if you kill me.

Oh, I wouldn't do that if I were you.

No, no, no, I wouldn't do that.

Come on, Karen!

It's \$18 million!

- Whatever.

- You're dead, McCoy!

You'll never make it to the elevator!

I'd give you about 15 to 20 years.

What do you think, Jack?

- What about the money?

- You'll never make it!

- I don't want the money.

- Well, I want the money.

- Then you're on your own.

- It's \$18 million!

- It belongs to the bank.

- God!

Aaah!

You didn't load the gun?

You told me to buy it.

You didn't tell me to load it.

- Oh, God, you're hit.

- You okay?

- Oh, it's just scratched.
- Are you in pain?
- Aah! Pain?
- You want to talk about pain?
- Hold still.

Walking away

from \$18 million, that's pain.

- What's so funny?

Roy, I got my sun bed

at 4:

While details are still scarce, reports are just coming in... about a highly sophisticated bank robbery at the Union Bank last night. Five members were apparently trapped inside the vault. But police believe two others escaped with an as yet unknown quantity of cash. One escapee is believed to be a woman.

- Coming up, the Atlanta Committee for the Olympic Games...

- Shit.

- Where's Patrick?

- He ain't in the car.

Patrick!

Patrick!

Patrick?

- Did you check in there?

- No.

Patrick?

Leave me alone!

- Say good-bye to your damn kid!

Okay, get in the car.

Hey, what's that?

Shit!

- What the hell was that?

- The bank doesn't owe me, Schmidt does.

He keeps his money

in the safe.

- Let's go.

- Who the hell is Buckner?

- Doesn't matter.

Listen, the point is,
you gotta come and get Patrick.
Okay, okay,
but, where? Where?
- Be at the airport. Gate C-11 at 5:00.
- Gate C-11.
Why won't you take
Patrick with you?
- A mother and a kid on the run?
- You'd be great.
Look, it's not like
any of this is your fault.
Don't be so hard on yourself.
Do you think...
that jerk Roy would do a better job
raising your boy than you?
At least Roy's his father.
- At least he'll have a chance
of a normal life with him.
- Normal? What?
What's not normal about gettin'
on an airplane with your mom...
and goin' down to Rio
with three million bucks?
No, this is the first time I get
to make a decision for Patrick.
I'm not gonna mess it up.
- Cops.
- Well, I'll, uh,
just, uh,
go get the tickets.
I told him I'd meet him
at the gate.
Uh, Patrick, why don't you come with me
and keep me company?
Don't worry.
I know, I know.
Karen?
Is that you?
- You're early.
- Yeah, well, I...
- So what?
- You've never been early
for anything in your whole life.

Karen, I'm sorry,
but, uh...
We gotta talk.
You do have the money,
don't ya?
- What money?
- The bank, Karen.
The money from the bank.
I'm not stupid, you know.
You're a dumbshit, Roy.
I didn't take the money.
I left it at the bank.
You left it
in the bank!
All right.
Get in there. Hurry up!
Get in there.
All right, sit the bag
down on the toilet and open it.
Hurry up!
Sit it down there!
- All right now.
Get back over there.
My god!
My God, there must be
a couple of million dollars in here.
Oh! Oh!
Okay, I'm afraid
I'm gonna have to...
Oh, Jesus Christ!
Now, I'm not gonna
kill you or anything.
- Uh, but I am gonna have
to hit you or something...
- Hey.
- Oh!
How many of these creeps
you got in your life?
All passengers for Flight 302,
World Airlines
to Rio de Janeiro,
please board now.
- What were you doing
in the men's bathroom?

- Go on, tell him.
- Not now.
- Tell me what?
- You don't tell him, I will.
- Nothing, sweetheart.
- Give me a few minutes.
- I would, but we don't have a few minutes.
- J.T.
- Patrick, Karen's got something to tell you about your mama.
- My mom's dead.
- No, she's not.
What's wrong with you two?
She's your mom.
You're her son.
You love each other.
We're rich.
Now let's go to Rio.
- Patrick.
- You were my mom?
Yes.
My mom?
Yes, I am your mom.
Airplane, tickets.
Airplane, boarding.
Airplane.
Gotta get
on the airplane now.
- He doesn't have a passport.
- Yes, I do.
- Biff Baxter.
- Where'd you get it?
J.T. Got it for me.
I always wanted to be called Biff.
- Oh, thank you.
- Sure.
Patrick, can I, uh, sit with your mama for a minute?
Nothing ever in my whole life's ever turned out right.
And here I am,
sitting in first class,
with a glass of champagne, a big bag

of money and the most beautiful woman...

in the whole world.

W-What's the matter?

Excuse me, miss.

What's going on?

- I'm not sure.

Karen.

- It's over.

- Listen, l...

It's an organ transplant,

ma'am.

We'll be away

in a few minutes.