

The Central Heist

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The residential area is filled with many old homes. Junk cars parked in some yards. Few lawns have been mowed in recent weeks, evident by the overgrown grass and weeds.

A handful of PEOPLE are out. A PAPERBOY makes deliveries on his bike. An OLD MAN walks his DOG.

A Nissan Sedan is parked at the curb, two houses down from a residence that needs to be condemned - peeling paint, broken windows and doors, etc.

INT./EXT. NISSAN - DAY

DETECTIVE JAMIE WELLS (late 20s) sits under the wheel. Jamie is a woman with a lot of drive, who falls short no matter how hard she tries. A partially open jacket conceals most of her holster. A cell phone lies on the dash. Jamie sips on a soda as she watches the targeted house.

HAROLD SIMS (30), muscular, gruff, dumb-looking, parks his car in front. He trots up the sidewalk that leads to the porch.

Jamie straightens over seeing him. Full alert mode.

Sims unlocks the front door and goes inside.

Jamie grabs her cell phone and presses one button - speed dial.

JAMIE

(into phone)

It's Jamie. Sims has returned to his house. I'm going in for a closer look... I'll be careful... Just hurry.

Jamie tosses down the phone. As she jumps out of the car, she draws her gun. Staying low, she runs up to the--

HOUSE

With caution, Jamie peers through a window on the side. No one in sight.

EXT. HOUSE - REAR - CONTINUOUS

A small, rotten deck leads up to a back door. Built in benches around the deck have fallen from their supports.

Jamie starts up the wooden steps. She trips on a loose plank, her gun smacking the floor as she goes down. The weapon makes a large hole in the decaying boards, Jamie's arm disappearing through the opening.

JAMIE  
(whispering)  
Shit!

Jamie pulls out her arm. The gun is missing from her hand. She looks into the hole, reaches in as far as she can manage. Not enough. She pries open the hole wider, leans in to the point of her head disappearing from sight.

Her entire body falls through the opening.

O.S. Jamie SHRIEKS. A THUD follows.

INT. DECK - UNDERNEATH - CONTINUOUS

Displaying a frown, Jamie sits in a mixture of dirt and spider webs. She blows back the hair hanging in her eyes.

Jamie swoops up her gun as she stands.

DECK

Jamie's head and shoulders pop up from the hole. She struggles to pull herself back onto the deck. It takes a lot of effort before she's successful. She collapses for a few moments to catch her breath.

Jamie staggers to her feet and trudges to the rear door. She opens it. CREAK. Jamie freezes with wide eyes. Did anyone hear that? She allows a few moments just to be sure. Coast is clear. She proceeds inside, gun held ready.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Dirty dishes piled high in the sink. Trash scattered about. A real mess.

Jamie scans the area. Nothing. She heads for the next room.

From out of nowhere, Sims tackles her. Both fall hard to the floor with Jamie pinned underneath Sims's muscular weight. Jamie's gun is jarred free and skids several feet away, just out of her reach.

Sims looks over Jamie with a smile.

SIMS

Looking for me, doll face?

JAMIE

Harold Sims, you're under arrest for the murder of Tom Johnson.

SIMS

You don't understand who's in charge here, do ya`?

He smiles as he strokes Jamie's face. She flinches.

SIMS

How would you like to die?  
Strangulation, or a bullet through that pretty head?

JAMIE

Can I see what's behind door number three?

Sims chuckles at her humor.

SIMS

I like you. It's a shame you have to die.

Sims clasps Jamie's throat with both hands. She fights to pry them loose. Jamie headbutts Sims in the face. Blood gushes from his nose. He rolls off of Jamie, a hand to his injured nose, coming to a stop on top of her gun.

SIMS

Shit!

Jamie gasps for air as she struggles to sit.

JAMIE

Get off my gun!

Jamie attempts to move Sims, failing.

SIMS

You bitch! My nose is broken.

JAMIE

Good.

Sims grabs Jamie by the arms as he stands and shoves her into a wall.

Shaken, Jamie falls to the floor near her gun. With no hesitation on her part, she grabs it.

Sims stops dead in his tracks, his focus on the weapon in her hand. He flees into the next room.

Jamie staggers to her feet and follows.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

Sims flees the house and jumps into his car. He speeds backward in the middle of the street, coming to a SCREECHING halt next to Jamie's car.

Jamie runs out of the house and toward Sims. Her Rambo appearance proves she is ready for action.

JAMIE

Stop!

Sims tosses an explosive through an open window in Jamie's car, then speeds down the street, tires SCREECHING.

Jamie fires TWO SHOTS. One shatters the rear windshield of Sims's car.

Jamie dashes toward her vehicle. She's several yards from it when the car EXPLODES. The force catapults Jamie to the ground. She covers her head as pieces of fiery metal pelt her.

A new Buick comes to an urgent stop nearby. DETECTIVE TIM ROGERS (late 20s), the kind of handsome man women drool over, dedicated and as reliable as they come, jumps out of his vehicle. He eyes the burning car while he trots over to Jamie.

TIM

Are you okay?

Jamie moans as she attempts to stand. Tim assists her.

JAMIE

No. I'm really pissed.

TIM

What happened to your car?

JAMIE

Sims tossed something into the window.  
Dammit!

Jamie picks up her gun and places it into her holster. She turns to her burning car and stiffens. The sight angers her more than anything. POLICE SIRENS in the distance grow near.

JAMIE

My car.

Tim places an arm around her shoulders.

TIM

Tough break.

As serious as the situation is, a grin attempts to fight its way to Tim's face.

Jamie turns to him with a serious stare.

Tim's smirk disappears as he withdraws his arm.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DETECTIVES' ROOM - DAY

Tim chats with fellow detectives HARRY ELLIS (30s), a little overweight and BOB HANSEN (30), tall and slim. Both wear nice suits. Other DETECTIVES are scattered about inside the room.

HARRY

I wish I'd been there to see that.  
Jamie has the worst luck with cars.

Unnoticed by the men, an office door opens. Glass reads "Captain David Lyons".

Jamie stops in the doorway, quickly picking up on Tim's conversation with his friends. With arms folded and a stern look on her face, she listens in.

BOB

What is this? Her third car lost in  
eight months?