

THE KILLER JOB

by

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An Original Screenplay

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EXT. HATTON GARDEN - TWILIGHT

London's Diamond district closes down for the night. Hands remove expensive necklaces from window displays. Shop owners pull down protective shutters. Workers scuttle home.

INT. DELIVERY VAN - TWILIGHT

A mean-looking gangster in the passenger seat checks his SAWN-OFF SHOTGUN. Three gangsters in the back pull on wide-brimmed hats and long black coats. They check backpacks.

INT. THE DIAMOND EMPORIUM - TWILIGHT

An assistant removes jewels from display cases into boxes he holds. SAM SILVERMAN, fifties, ragged at the edges, is the only person in the rugged airy space - half modern boutique store, half workshop.

EXT. HATTON GARDEN - TWILIGHT

The van pulls into a quiet cobbled courtyard dominated by a large Victorian warehouse - The Diamond Emporium.

INT. EMPORIUM PRIVATE VIEWING ROOM - TWILIGHT

JULES BABBAGE stares wide-eyed, bursting with joy. Early twenties, professional, bright with a hidden vulnerability. She dares to touch a beautiful engagement ring on the table in front of her, the perfect diamond sparkling.

She looks to LUKE. A similar age, he matches her perfectly. Two people with their future together ahead of them.

CAMILLA YARN observes, smiling as only a true saleswoman can. Power-dressed with all the right jewellery. Sharp.

Luke slides the ring easily onto Jules's wedding finger. Perfect. They look into each others eyes, totally in love.

EXT. THE DIAMOND EMPORIUM - TWILIGHT

The mean gangster stands at the glass doors.

MEAN GANGSTER

Delivery!

Sam opens the door a crack...

BANG the gangster smashes it into his face, barges in.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DIAMOND EMPORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Sam stumbles back. The gangster whips out the sawn-off from beneath his coat, rams the butt into his face. Sam sprawls across the floor.

MEAN GANGSTER
Move and you're dead fucker!

Two more gangsters with sawn-offs rush in.

EXT. THE DIAMOND EMPORIUM - TWILIGHT

The final two gangsters unload a long metal crate from the van, carry it towards the Emporium. A normal delivery.

INT. THE DIAMOND EMPORIUM - TWILIGHT

The younger of the three intruders strolls purposefully towards the prostrate figure of Sam.

YOUNGER GANGSTER
How many people still here?

SAM
What?

The mean gangster raises the butt of the sawn-off.

SAM
Two, two!

The younger gangster nods to the third who turns, heads for the corridor at the end.

A BELL RINGS, two short bursts.

YOUNGER GANGSTER
Two minutes! Heads down, we don't
want our pictures in the paper.

He points to the CCTV cameras high up on the walls. He shouts at Sam shrinking at his feet.

YOUNGER GANGSTER
Inside the vault, now!

INT. EMPORIUM CORRIDOR - TWILIGHT

The gangster enters to see Camilla rushing the other way.

GANGSTER
Stop right there!

Camilla freezes. He runs up, grabs her, shoves her back down the corridor.

He pushes a door open. As the door slams back he leans in, sweeps the sawn-off around the empty office.

He stops outside the next door, tries the handle. Locked.

GANGSTER
Anyone in here?

Camilla is a picture of calm, ready to cooperate.

CAMILLA
Whatever you are after, I'm sure
we can come to some agreement.

He examines her closely...

KICKS the door in.

INT. EMPORIUM PRIVATE VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The gangster steps in, catches Luke giving Jules a boost to the high window whilst dialling on his mobile.

The gangster snatches the phone from his hand, barges Luke aside. Jules tumbles down.

Luke notices the engagement ring on the table, glinting in its open box.

GANGSTER
Out!

INT. THE DIAMOND EMPORIUM - TWILIGHT

The mean gangster locks the outside door, backpacks at his feet. The younger one hurries out of the vault.

Camilla appears from the corridor... then Luke and Jules nudged along by the gangster's sawn-off.

GANGSTER
Look what I found.

Both the other gangsters are surprised.

The bell rings in short bursts.

MEAN GANGSTER
Thirty seconds.

GANGSTER
What shall I do with them?

LUKE
We're just innocent bystanders.

GANGSTER
Shut it!

The younger gangster has to make a quick decision...

YOUNGER GANGSTER
Bring them.

The other two gangsters exchange looks.

MEAN GANGSTER
They'll get in the fucking way.

YOUNGER GANGSTER
Inside!

He waves them all in. The bell now rings continuously. The thick steel door clicks, starts to slowly swing shut.

The younger gangster runs around the Emporium making sure everything is in order: throws receipts into a drawer, slams a display case shut.

The vault door is over halfway closed. He skips to the entrance, quickly surveys the space. Satisfied, he turns out the lights plunging the Emporium into darkness.

He races back, the vault door almost closed...

He skids across the floor...

Just squeezes through the narrow gap. The thick door CLANGS shut. The bell stops ringing.

Quiet returns to the Emporium.

Not a thing out of place.

As if nothing at all was wrong.

INT. VAULT ENTRANCE CHAMBER

The younger gangster steps from the door onto caged stairs. This is WILSON PHIPPS, cool, controlled, in command.

He quickly descends to the large basement room. No windows, semi-modern, artificial light. Two corridors lead off.

He stops at the bottom next to an industrial-sized red button on the wall. He bangs the cage door shut.

All the gangsters shed their hats and coats.

JON is the mean looking gangster. Middle-aged, beefy, a life criminal. He heads straight down a corridor.

PIERCE leads with the crate. Disinterested and aloof, he doesn't look pleased to be here.

CARTER struggles with the other end of the crate, edgy and excitable. They shuffle after Jon.

That leaves FREDDIE "FINGERS" BAKER, the gangster that searched. Punkish, face piercings and a wild look.

He points his sawn-off at the cowering hostages.

CAMILLA

I'm Camilla Yarn, the manager,
and I demand to know why you've
taken us hostage.

WILSON

I know who you are.

Fingers tosses Luke's phone to Wilson.

FINGERS

Wilson, it's his.

Wilson steps up to Luke.

WILSON

We're thirty feet below ground,
no windows and an eighteen inch
solid steel door to seal us in.
If you can get a signal then I
want to be on your network. But
just in case.

He drops the phone on the floor, stamps on it, breaking it into pieces.

LUKE

Look we're nothing to do with
this. Why don't you just let us
out? We'll keep quiet.

WILSON

Problem. That door is controlled
by a timelock. Nobody, and I mean
nobody, gets in or out in the
next ten hours.

LUKE

But we're innocent bystanders--

Fingers takes a step forward, butts him in the side of the knee with the sawn-off. Luke drops in pain.

JULES
Leave him alone!

Wilson holds up his sawn-off.

WILSON
Get any thoughts of heroics out
of your heads. There's no CCTV
anywhere in this vault, no way to
communicate with the outside
world. Why bother when it's
totally secure? So do as we say
or there's more where that came
from. Understand?

Jules nods.

WILSON
Now, keys.

He stares straight at Sam who flinches but makes no move.
Wilson shakes his head, gets right in his bruised face.

He yanks hard, rips Sam's key chain from his trousers. Sam
is frightened, struggles hard not to show it.

Wilson locks the cage door, the button sealed safely on the
other side. He turns back.

WILSON
To answer your earlier question.

MONTAGE:

--The BIGGEST DIAMOND you can imagine.

WILSON (V.O.)
You are working on the Bahia
Diamond, to be returned to its
owner this week.

--The diamond stands proud in a display case in the middle
of a small room.

WILSON (V.O.)
It is held in a secure safe in
the centre of this vault.

--Pierce and Carter drop the crate in front of a thick
glass window looking over the diamond. A large safe door
stands next to the window.

WILSON (V.O.)
A safe that has an outer door
that is linked to the vault
timelock.

--Pierce releases the clamps on the crate. The lid pops up to reveal a number of mechanical parts. He hauls them out, begins assembling them.

WILSON (V.O.)

None of the staff can open it whilst the vault is locked. We'll deal with that.

--Beyond the first door is a second surrounded by a thick rubber seal. At the centre is a large dial, a lever below.

WILSON (V.O.)

An inner door seals the room in a vacuum. It can only be unlocked with a combination...

CUT TO:

INT. VAULT ENTRANCE CHAMBER

Wilson moves threateningly in front of Camilla.

WILSON

...that only the manager knows. I'm only going to ask this once, so pay close attention. Will you open the inner door for me?

Camilla is cool.

CAMILLA

I've not been told the new combination. Nobody has. It was changed specifically--

Wilson slaps her across the face.

WILSON

Please, don't try to be clever.

Camilla regains her composure.

CAMILLA

You are correct, normally I would know. But I haven't been told. An extra safety precaution.

WILSON

Let me introduce Freddie.

The wild man steps forward.

WILSON

Also known as Fingers.

Camilla's facade wavers as Fingers steps forward.

WILSON

You know there's a strange thing about pain and the human condition. When its inflicted on an individual their resistance becomes astronomical. No matter what sick, torturous methods are used, the prisoner doesn't give up the information. The Spanish found that out a long time ago.

Fingers suddenly grabs Sam.

SAM

I don't know the combination.

WILSON

But nobody can bear to see another human being suffer.

Fingers yanks Sam's arm straight tucking the elbow against his own body. Sam's clenched fist is exposed in front. He forces out Sam's index finger.

Sam cries out in fear. Camilla steps forward.

CAMILLA

He doesn't--

Wilson holds up his sawn-off cutting her off.

Fingers pulls out a chunky cigar clipper. He slides it over Sam's finger, past the knuckle.

Sam whimpers in terror as Camilla, Luke and Jules all stare in horror.

CAMILLA

You wouldn't.

WILSON

Will you open the safe?

Fingers tightens the clipper on Sam's finger. The skin goes white under the pressure.

WILSON

He will do it.

CAMILLA

I swear if I knew the combination I'd open it.

WILSON

Playing for time isn't going to
get you anywhere.

Fingers squeezes harder. Sam cries out as blood seeps out
from under the blades.

SAM

Tell him! He's going to cut my
finger off!

Wilson looks expectantly at Camilla. She stares at Fingers
and the frightened Sam.

WILSON

Will you give it up?

CAMILLA

OK, OK. Yes.

Fingers loosens his hold. Everybody relaxes relieved...

Without warning Fingers squeezes the clipper hard...

SNIP

Pandemonium breaks out. Sam screams in agony. Blood spurts
across the room. His finger falls to the floor. Fingers
howls with laughter.

Blood sprays onto Jules who also screams. She slaps at her
body uncontrollably as though a horde of cockroaches were
crawling on her. Luke tries unsuccessfully to calm her.

Fingers slips the clipper around another of Sam's digits.

CAMILLA

I said I'd do it!

Wilson grabs her.

WILSON

Don't ever fuck with me again.

He motions to Fingers. He releases Sam who staggers away.
Fingers' blood is up. He step towards the screaming Jules.

FINGERS

Can't you shut that bitch up?