THE PERFECT PLAN WITH A FEW BUMPS ALONG THE WAY

(The scene starts in a secret hideout. All characters are standing around a table with a blue print on it. A single light hangs down from the ceiling over the table.)

CLIFF: All right boys. Here's the plan. (Rolls out blue prints.) Blade is going to be stationed outside in the get-away car. Now the bank's security system is—
BLADE: Man! Why am I always the lookout!?
CLIFF: Because the police will never question a black guy sitting in a car.
BLADE: How the hell does that make sense?
RALPH: Based upon current political standings, it would be considered unethical to question an African American merely sitting in a car.
MCFINNIGAN: Just tell me where to put the dynamite and I'll make that safe blow up like a seagull full of Alka-Seltzer.
TOM: I like Alka-Seltzer. It makes my tummy not hurt.
CLIFF: Shut up, Tom. You never have anything important to say. That's why you're the muscle of this operation.
BLADE: Can we get back to me bein' the lookout?
CLIFF: Yes, Blade, you're the lookout. We've established this.
RALPH: You better listen to Cliff, Blade. He's robbed more banks then Bonnie and Clyde.
TOM: I like Bonnie and Clyde. They are like a super duo of bank—
CLIFF: No one cares, Tom. And thank you, Ralph. This is why you're the brains of our robbery.
MCFINNIGAN: Got it all right here strapped to me chest. Just tell me where to put it!
CLIFF: Hold your horses, McFinnigan. If we're going to pull of the greatest bank heist in the history of bank heists, you're gonna have to hear the plan first.

(Transition: the scene is now just outside of the bank's main safe. The safe is empty of money. CLIFF turns around frantic, breathing heavy and clutching his head.)

CLIFF: What just happened!?! We just got robbed!! We're the bank robbers! We don't get robbed! We rob! I never suspected him! Anybody but him! Anyone in the entire world but that guy! I mean… everything was going according to plan…

(Flash back: open up on the team getting out of a car just outside the bank.)

BLADE: All right, guys. We's here.

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CLIFF: Okay, Blade. You just sit in the car. If you see any suspicious activity, you tell us on this walkie-talkie.
BLADE: Yeah, yeah. I know, I know. I'm always the lookout. I'm the freakin' Sammy Sosa of lookouts.
RALPH: Okay. We should be in an out in less than thirty minutes. Everybody synchronize your watches to midnight.
MCFINNIGAN: Is that twelve AM or PM?
RALPH: …it…doesn't really matter…as long as it's at twelve…
TOM: I like watches. They tick and tock and tell you the time.
CLIFF: Tom, now is not the time!
MCFINNIGAN: Now is the time! *(MCFINNIGAN synchronizes his watch early.)*
CLIFF: McFinnigan! You started your watch early…you know what? Forget synchronizing watches. We really don't need to do that.
BLADE: But how am I supposed to know if you're in and out in under thirty minutes?
CLIFF: We are going to go in there, take the money, and come back out. Forgot how long it takes. Is that cool with everyone?
TOM: I am confused about the money part.
CLIFF: Let's go.

(The team, minus BLADE, is now inside the bank. RALPH is messing around with the security system. He shuts it down.)

RALPH: I've disabled the security systems. You should have half an hour before it starts back up again. Which might be easy to figure out if we had synchronized watches…not that it's like a big deal or anything. I'm just sayin' it'd be easier—
CLIFF: We're going to go in, get the money, and get out. Time doesn't matter.
RALPH: All right. Just watch out for security guards.
MCFINNIGAN: Oh let a security guard at me! *(Raises up his fists.)* I'll show him Chuck O'Malley and Mr. Fisty!
TOM: My fist's names are Buttercup and Shamoo!
CLIFF: Can we please go before—
SECURITY GUARD: Stop! Security!
CLIFF: Oh Sh—
SECURITY GUARD: It is illegal to be in here! If you move I will hit you with my heavy stick!

(CLIFF pulls out and cocks his gun.)
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