

ATM

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"ATM"

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY - DAY

CREDITS OVER:

Businessmen and women fill the sidewalks, clutching their winter coats shut. Most wear gloves and hats, though they provide little respite from the blustery Midwestern winds.

Salt-stained Taxis jockey for position. Steam billows from manhole covers and metal grates. Metro train cars, filled to capacity, howl across the frigid track.

HIGH-RISE BUILDING

The revolving door spins like a carousel, filled with the briefcase-carrying denizens of this busy financial center.

A sign, situated high above the front security desk:  
"STARKWEATHER FINANCIAL."

A large Christmas wreath hangs above the sign.

The elevator door starts to close. A hand shoots in, stops it. The door reopens.

DAVID HARGROVE, 27, more handsome than he probably realizes, climbs into the crowded elevator. The other occupants barely move. The door closes -- inches from David's face.

DING.

WE TRACK WITH DAVID as he:

Exits onto his floor...

Walks through the cubicle farm, past the other middle-income earners and entry-level employees...

Sits down in his cubicle. Tosses his car keys into a plastic cup filled with pocket change, next to his small desk clock that reads 8:29AM...

Pours himself a cup of coffee in the break room...

Talks on his office phone, while sneaking in bites from a sandwich...

The wall clock shows 1:30PM...

He removes a tall stack of files from a drawer and drops them on his desk...

Talks on the phone some more. Stressed out...

David's small, desk clock shows 4:42PM...

He enters data into a computer program...

Finally lets out a deep sigh.

Just another day.

END CREDITS

CUT TO:

INT. STARKWEATHER FINANCIAL - LATER

It's now dark outside. Fluorescent light fills the antiseptic office. People work into the night.

The wall clock reads 7:14PM.

David sits at his desk, talking on the phone. Or, better described, being talked to.

His tie unloosened, his hair mussed, he fails in his efforts to keep stress at bay.

DAVID

(into phone)

Right...I understand. But, there's so many variables that come into play in a market like this.

The voice from the other end of the phone is unintelligible, but its tone is unmistakably hostile.

DAVID (CONT'D)

If you'd like, we can explore shifting what's left in your 401K into...I see.

COREY THOMPSON, 28, David's somewhat overbearing and audacious friend and coworker, overhears the conversation. Tunes in.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Yes. Yes, sir, I know Christmas is coming. I understand. I'm sorry, Mister Dean. Truly, I'm sorry. I spread the investment risk as wide as I could.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)  
It's just the unfortunate state of  
the economy we're all --

From the other end of the phone, we hear the muffled sound of what sounds a lot like a string of curse words.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Hello? Hello, Mister Dean...?  
(sotto)  
Shit.

David hangs up the phone. Buries his face in his hands.  
Rubs his temples.

Corey wheels back in his chair. Leans into David's cubicle.

COREY  
You lose him?

DAVID  
What gave it away?

David powers down his computer.

Corey takes a candy cane off David's desk. Tears open the plastic wrapper. Pops it into his mouth.

COREY  
Candy canes taste like shit.

DAVID  
I wouldn't know.

Corey smirks.

David looks at himself in the reflection of his powered down computer monitor. His button-down shirt. His loosened tie. His messy hair. Corey notices his dejected expression.

COREY  
Hey, it's not your fault.

DAVID  
(sarcastically)  
Oh no, who's fault is it then?  
(sincere now)  
I've never even met this guy. Just moved some numbers around on the computer and now he's fucked.

COREY  
Everyone's fucked. So stop moping.

David shrugs his acknowledgment.

DAVID  
Maybe I should have taken today  
off.

Corey looks across the office. Sees EMILY BRANDT, 25,  
attractive, chatting with a coworker.

COREY  
(re: Emily)  
Ah, but then you would have missed  
your chance.

DAVID  
What do you mean?

COREY  
Today's her last day.

DAVID  
She's quitting?

COREY  
That's what I hear.

DAVID  
No...

He watches Emily as she walks back toward her cubicle.

COREY  
Stop being such a bitch and go ask  
her out.

DAVID  
I tried that a year ago. I made an  
ass out myself.

COREY  
Yeah, because you couldn't say the  
word date. What did you call it  
again...?

DAVID  
I asked her if she wanted to meet  
up for...a gathering.

COREY  
A gathering? What is she, a  
fucking wizard?

DAVID  
No idea why I said it.

COREY

You're right, you did make an ass  
out yourself.

David ignores Corey. Collects the last of his belongings.

COREY (CONT'D)

Come on, come on -- I'm just  
messing with you. Go talk to her.

DAVID

I can't.

COREY

Why can't you?

DAVID

Because...I left my balls at home.

COREY

Not again.

DAVID

Yup, right there on the dresser.

COREY

Next to your nightgown?

DAVID

Right next to it. In fact, it's  
probably covering them a little  
bit, keeping them warm.

COREY

Like a male penguin.

DAVID

Like a male penguin. I don't know  
what that means.

David grabs his jacket and car keys.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'll see you on Monday.

COREY

What about the Christmas party?

DAVID

Eh...

COREY

Don't give me "eh." We're meeting everyone at Max's in, like, twenty minutes.

DAVID

Shouldn't I go home and change first?

COREY

You're fine; everybody's going straight from the office.

DAVID

Oh...I get it now. Male penguins sit on the eggs to keep them warm...like my balls.

COREY

You got it right away. Stop trying to change the subject -- the party's going to be fun.

DAVID

Are Jerry and Luke going?

COREY

Yeah. Everybody from our department is. Besides, I need a ride.

DAVID

You know all those yellow cars out there? It's crazy, all you need to do is give them some money and they drive you wherever --

COREY

-- Yeah, yeah, yeah. Just give me a second. I gotta' take a piss.

DAVID

(through a smile)  
I'm not going.

COREY

Yeah you are. You wanna' know why?

David's already given up. Raises his eyebrows to say "Why?"

COREY (CONT'D)

(re: Emily)  
Because she's going, too.

Corey walks off, leaving David to reconsider, and then yells from afar.

COREY (CONT'D)

This is going to be a big night for you, bro. I can feel it.

INT. MAX'S - LATER

Busy bar scene. Young professionals enjoy after-work drinks at their company Christmas party. Some enjoy too many, evidenced by Corey's obvious inebriation.

He and David sit at a table, along with coworkers CHRISTIAN, JERRY, and LUKE. High-ball glasses cover the table. Corey's iPhone also sits on the table, in front of him.

Emily stands across the room, speaking with friends at the bar.

Back at the table, Corey holds court.

COREY

So I purposely order the pizza at, like, three minutes before midnight.

JERRY

On New Year's Eve?

COREY

Yeah.

LUKE

(to the group)

What's going on for New Year's this year?

COREY

Who gives a shit? I'm not done with my story.

JERRY

It's going to be Easter by the time you are.

COREY

Yeah, whatever. Go fuck yourself. Anyway...where was I?

DAVID

New Year's. You ordered a pizza.

COREY

Right, right. So, three minutes passes, the ball drops, it's officially the new year. Lo and behold, ten minutes later there's a knock on my door.

LUKE

Was it the point of the story finally showing up?

David listens in. Laughs. Glances over at the bar, where he sees Emily. She looks back at him. Their gaze holds for a moment, but then they both look away.

COREY

It was the pizza guy. So, I tell him, "You better not be charging me for this. I ordered the fucking thing last year!"

The punchline receives a few courtesy chuckles.

LUKE

Did you end up paying?

COREY

No. The kid apologized and --

As Corey plops back down into his seat, Corey accidentally bangs into the table and knocks his iPhone onto the floor. He doesn't notice.

He also spills everyone's drinks. That, everyone notices.

CHRISTIAN

Ah, man. What the hell?

COREY

Shit. My bad, my bad.

Corey pulls out his wallet. Grabs all his cash. Calls over a COCKTAIL WAITRESS.

COREY (CONT'D)

(hands her all his cash)  
Sweetie, here. Bring a bottle of tequila to the table. Best stuff you got.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

It's five more dollars.

COREY

Oh...um...

Corey searches his pockets.

David stands up and places a ten dollar bill on the Cocktail Waitresses' tray. He walks away from the table.

WE STAY ON DAVID as he crosses the bar. Readies himself. Approaches the bar, next to Emily. Tries to make his selection of that spot seem random.

He signals the bartender.

DAVID

(to the bartender)

Another beer. Thanks.

He turns and looks at Emily.

DAVID

Oh...hey, Emily.

EMILY

Hi, David.

The bartender brings David his beer.

DAVID

(to Emily)

Did you want anything?

EMILY

No, I'm good, thanks. I'm leaving, actually.

DAVID

I heard that.

Emily's slightly confused.

EMILY

You heard I was leaving?

DAVID

Yeah. Corey told me you got a job at an NPO.

EMILY

Oh, right...I did. I meant I was leaving...never mind.

DAVID

Well, congrats. Needed a change, I guess.

EMILY

Thanks, yeah I think I've gone about as far as I can handle in finance.

DAVID

I know what you mean.

Neither of them seems to know where to go from here. The extended silence is a bit awkward.

EMILY (CONT'D)

So...I should probably get going.

DAVID

Right...

EMILY

Thanks for the drink -- well, the offer.

DAVID

Of course. Yeah. And, ah, you know...maybe I'll catch you later...or something.

EMILY

Umm...yeah.

Emily grabs her coat and purse. Walks off.

David winces. Dies a little on the inside.

EXT. STREET - SECONDS LATER

Cars and taxis speed past. Their exhaust mixes with the cold air, clouding up the street.

Emily walks from the bar and is instantly hit by an aching cold gust of wind. She extends a shivering arm to signal a cab, but it passes her by.

David exits the bar, carrying a winter hat. Catches up to her.

DAVID

Emily, wait...

Emily turns to face who called her. Sees it's David. A hopeful smile crosses her face.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
You forgot your hat.

EMILY  
Oh...that's not mine.

DAVID  
Shit. Did I just steal a hat?

EMILY  
I think you may have.

DAVID  
Well, consider it a going away  
present...from whoever owns it.

EMILY  
I'm not going far. My new office  
is only a few blocks uptown.

David goes for broke.

DAVID  
Want to grab lunch some time?

EMILY  
Ummm....

Crash and burn. David quickly recoils.

DAVID  
It's cool. I understand...

EMILY  
No, no -- I would. Sorry. I'm  
nervous.

DAVID  
Nervous? About what?

EMILY  
About this. About us talking right  
now.

DAVID  
Really?

EMILY  
Yes.

She reaches out to another passing taxi.

It, too, does not stop. She grows frustrated. Cold. She moves to a spot further down the street. David walks with her.

DAVID

We've talked plenty of times  
before.

Wearing only his button-down work shirt, the cold is already taking its toll on David. He folds his arms for warmth. Tries to rub life back into his limbs.

EMILY

At work, yeah. You'd call me at my  
desk, ask me about a financial  
report, but that was it.

DAVID

I never cared about the reports.

They smile at each other. Their breath escapes into the cold nighttime air.

A cab speeds past. Emily misses the chance to signal it. Standing in the spot she stood moments ago are two women. The cab stops for them and they climb in.

EMILY

(re: the missed cab)  
Damn it...

A bone-chilling gust of wind blows through. Emily clutches her coat closer to her chest and neck. David turns away slightly, letting the brunt of the wind hit his back.

Once it passes:

DAVID

I can give you a ride home.

Emily considers it, but then:

EMILY

I live outside the city. It's  
really out of the way.

Another cab passes without stopping.

DAVID

Come on, it's freezing out here.  
I'll grab my jacket and we'll go.

More cold wind blows through. It chills them to the bone.

EMILY  
That would be great. Thanks.

He hurries back toward the bar. Emily yells over to him.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
You should probably return that  
hat.

INT. MAX'S - MOMENTS LATER

The bar is just as busy as it was when we last left it.

David enters --

He places the hat on the back of a chair. Leaves it there.

Walks to his table. An almost full bottle of top-shelf  
tequila sits on it, along with several empty shot glasses.

DAVID  
I'm taking off.

COREY  
Already?

David's lips form a modest smile.

DAVID  
I'm giving Emily a ride home.

The guys at the table applaud.

COREY  
See? And here it is you didn't  
even want to come tonight.

David smirks. Puts on his winter jacket.

DAVID  
I'll see you guys on Monday.

LUKE  
Alright, playboy.

JERRY  
Congrats.

David's about to leave the table. He notices that Corey has  
put on his own jacket, which is half soaked from when he  
spilt the drinks.

COREY  
(patting down his jacket)  
Damn.

DAVID  
What are you doing?

Corey puts his jacket over his arm instead.

COREY  
What do you mean, what am I doing?  
We're leaving.

DAVID  
Well, I'm leaving...

COREY  
Yeah. And you're my ride home.

DAVID  
Can't you take a cab?

COREY  
I don't have any more cash on me.

Slightly frustrated, David takes out his own wallet. He doesn't have much cash either.

COREY (CONT'D)  
I'll just go with you now.

DAVID  
I told you, I'm bringing Emily home.

COREY  
I know. Just drop me off on the way.

DAVID  
Corey...

COREY  
It'll take ten minutes.

DAVID  
You live twenty minutes away.

COREY  
What am I supposed to do -- walk?

DAVID  
(sighs)  
Okay. Let's go.

Corey swipes the bottle of tequila off the table and hides it under his jacket.

Off the guys' chagrined looks:

DAVID

What? I'm the one who bought it.

David walks away, toward the exit, with Corey following close behind.

EXT. ROAD - LATER

A long stretch of darkened, suburban road, lit by the occasional street light.

Small, snow-capped homes appear sporadically. The chilled limbs of wintry trees spread like spindly, bony fingers, hovering just above the road.

A set of headlights cut through the darkness.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

David drives as Emily rides in the passenger seat, doing her best to warm her hands near the dashboard vents.

She stares out the window, watching the dark world outside speed past her.

Corey sits in the backseat, his bottle of tequila in hand. He sips from it as he talks, unnecessarily loudly, on a cell phone.

COREY

(into phone)

Check my seat. Nothing? How about under the table? Yeah. Yeah, it's an iPhone. Nice. Leave it on my desk tomorrow. Luke? Leave it...you there? Yo?

Corey looks at the cell phone. It's powered down.

COREY (CONT'D)

(to David, re: the phone)

Your battery's dead.

David plugs his car charger into the cigarette lighter.

DAVID

(re: the cell phone)

Let me see it.

David reaches his hand behind him, but Corey throws the phone over David's shoulder, onto the front seat. It lands on the floor, in a small crevice on the side of the seat.

DAVID

Dude...?

David reaches for the phone, but his hand doesn't fit. He gives up. Leaves it there.

They continue driving. David looks over at Emily, who keeps her hands pressed against the heating vents. He slides off his jacket.

DAVID

(placing the jacket over  
her lap like a blanket)

Here.

EMILY

(smiles)

Thanks.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm sorry by the way.

EMILY

For what?

DAVID

I realize this is out of the way...

EMILY

It's fine. Honestly.

(beat)

I'm enjoying the company.

David and Emily share a flirtatious smirk.

From the backseat, loudly:

COREY

It's true, I am good company. Take  
this left.

Corey tells David to take the turn just as he reaches the street. David swerves slightly, but readjusts.

COREY (CONT'D)

Don't worry about it. You can take  
the next one.

David continues driving.

After a beat:

COREY (CONT'D)  
I'm starving.

No response. Corey tries again.

COREY (CONT'D)  
You know what I'm saying?

DAVID  
Yeah, that you're hungry. I get it.

COREY  
Let's grab something to eat.

DAVID  
It's after midnight.

COREY  
And? What am I, a fuckin' gremlin?

EMILY  
Yes.

David smirks.

DAVID  
Eat at home.

COREY  
I don't have anything. C'mon, just stop somewhere.

DAVID  
Nothing's open.

COREY  
There's a pizza place near here that serves slices till two.

Corey's clearly too drunk to be getting the hint. David tries a more direct approach.

DAVID  
I kind of want to, you know, bring Emily home...

COREY  
It'll take two seconds. I swear, I'll stop this masterclass in cock-blocking right after that.

David looks at Emily. She laughs. David ends up doing the same.

DAVID  
You're killing me right now.

COREY  
Cool. Oh yeah, I need to stop at an ATM.

DAVID  
Just use your debit card.

COREY  
They only take cash...unless you wanna' spot me --

DAVID  
Where's the ATM?

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Large and dark, the lot is a vast expanse of empty area. Yellow lines demarcate the hundreds of parking spaces, though none are occupied.

It's quite barren. Eerie. Not the best part of town, either.

The supermarket is closed for the night. A long, frozen, industrial hose snakes from the building to the rows of Douglas-fir trees lined near its entrance.

The trees' chilled limbs dance in the strong winds. Festooned above them, a large banner reads: "CHRISTMAS TREES FOR SALE."

Nearby, beneath the supermarket's main sign, is a large time and temperature sign. Current time: 1:18am. Temperature: negative 3 degrees Fahrenheit.

Across from the supermarket, in a remote area of the parking lot, sits a standalone ATM vestibule owned by BANK OF THE MIDWEST. The large, glass-encased ATM vestibule remains open for 24-hour use.

David's car pulls up near the ATM vestibule. Not far, but not exactly close, either.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Emily opens her door. Leans her seat forward. Corey squeezes through, squashing Emily in the process.

COREY

I'll be back in a second.

Leaving his damp jacket in the car, Corey hurries over to the entrance.

The ATM vestibule shines like a beacon in the otherwise darkened parking lot. Its many windows are partially frosted from the extreme cold.

Corey takes a long pull from the bottle of tequila he brings with him.

David and Emily watch from the car as Corey inserts his ATM card into the outside security reader. He pulls open the door and he enters. Neither says a word at first. Silence, save for the idling engine and the steady sound of heat escaping the vents.

DAVID

I'll make sure he's fast at the pizza place...

EMILY

I really don't mind.

DAVID

They actually make pretty decent pizza. The mushroom and, um, and something...garlic, I think, is pretty good. They cook it all up and stuff. It's good.

Off David's stammering:

EMILY

I thought I was the nervous one.

David jokingly puffs up.

DAVID

What are you talking about? I'm not nervous.

EMILY

Catch you later?

DAVID

Well that was -- okay, I was a little nervous then, but...

EMILY

I like it. It's cute.

Emily smiles. She notices a pewter clip -- featuring Saint Christopher -- attached to David's visor.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
 (re: the clip)  
 What's that?

David seems slightly embarrassed.

DAVID  
 Oh, it's nothing.

Emily leans in and reads the inscription. Her shoulder touches David's. Her touch electrifies him.

EMILY  
 "Protect me and my passengers and  
 all who pass by with a steady hand  
 and a watchful eye."

DAVID  
 It's stupid. I don't know why I  
 even have it.

EMILY  
 I think it's nice. There's nothing  
 wrong with having a little faith.

Their conversation is interrupted by the distant sight of Corey in the ATM vestibule. It's clear by his body language that he's aggravated about something.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 (re: Corey)  
 Uggg...what is it now?

Corey turns to face them. Throws his hands up in resigned defeat.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 You've got to be kidding me.

David gets out of the car. Leaves his jacket behind on Emily's lap. Jogs over to the ATM vestibule.

WE STAY ON EMILY as she watches David using his own ATM card to let himself into the vestibule. He and Corey have a brief discussion, ending with David's obvious displeasure.

Emily looks around while holding her cold hands closer to the heat. The emptiness and dark surroundings make her visibly uneasy.

After a moment, she turns off the car. Removes the keys from the ignition. Still wearing her coat, she exits the car and hurries over the ATM. WE SEE that she left behind her purse.

Corey opens the door and lets her into...

INT. ATM VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

Large, both in length and height, the vestibule is quite roomy inside. Close to fifteen feet across. Thirteen feet high ceilings.

Glass windows cover three sides of the rectangle shaped vestibule. Its fourth side is a dull, white plaster wall, cluttered with Bank of the Midwest advertisements. Off to one side of this wall is an Automated Teller Machine (ATM).

David stands at the ATM, going through the process of getting cash.

INSERT - The P.O.V. from the silent, black and white video camera situated in the ATM:

David, with Emily and Corey in the background, stands in front of the ATM. He punches in his PIN.

BACK TO SCENE

COREY  
(to Emily)  
What's wrong?

EMILY  
Nothing. I didn't want to wait in  
the car.

DAVID  
I'll just be a second.

EMILY  
(to David)  
Why are you taking out money?

David rolls his eyes over in Corey's direction. Corey notices.

COREY  
Cockhead, I'll pay you back.  
(to Emily, kinder)  
The magnetic strip on my card's  
messed up.

EMILY  
Cockhead?

COREY

Just a little pet name I have for  
him.

Emily chuckles. Corey, who left his coat in the car, blows into his hands for warmth.

COREY (CONT'D)

It's freakin' freezing in here.

Emily agrees with a nod. Corey places his cold hands against a small heating vent located along the bottom of the plaster wall. It offers a small amount of relief.

Transaction complete. David takes his cash. Grabs his receipt. Throws it in a waste basket.

DAVID (CONT'D)

All set, let's go.

Leading the way, Emily places her hand on the vestibule door - on the EXIT LEVER. She's about to press the lever and open the door, when suddenly --

-- she stops.

Corey and David look at her.

COREY

What?

She doesn't move. Not a muscle. Her eyes are fixed on something straight ahead in the dark parking lot.

Corey and David turn their attention to what she stares at.

Standing there, about thirty feet from the door, is a MAN. A formidably sized man, at that. Shrouded in darkness, wearing a heavy, hooded parka.

He doesn't move -- he simply stands and stares.

WE CANNOT SEE his face, only the faint wisps of steam as they curl from his mouth in the cold winter air.

David, Emily and Corey stop dead in their tracks. They never exit the vestibule.

DAVID

Who the hell is that?

David looks at his own hand, which is full of cash. Practically on display.

He quickly stuffs the cash into his pocket.

COREY  
Who gives a shit? Let's go.

Corey puts his hands on the door, about to open it and exit.

David warily grabs Cory by the shirt.

DAVID  
No, wait...

COREY  
For what?

DAVID  
Just wait.

Corey stands down. The three of them stare outside at the Man.

He stares back.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Why's he out there?

COREY  
He's probably waiting to use the ATM.

EMILY  
Why didn't he come in, then?

COREY  
Who cares? I'm freezing. Let's go.

DAVID  
Damn it, Corey. Wait.

Corey stops. Let's out an annoyed sigh.

COREY  
The fucking guy wants to use the ATM. Big deal.

EMILY  
Where's his card?

COREY  
Probably in his wallet.

DAVID  
What if he wants to rob us?

COREY  
He's not here to rob us.

DAVID  
Corey, it's one in the morning.  
Why would this guy be in the middle  
of an empty parking lot?

COREY  
(re: the ATM)  
The same reason we're here.

DAVID  
Did we walk here? Alone?

Corey looks at the Man for a beat. Considers David's  
assertion.

After a beat:

COREY  
This is retarded. I'm leaving.

Corey opens the door and starts to exit. The very second he  
does --

-- the Man takes a step closer to the ATM vestibule.

Seeing this, Corey freezes. After a beat, he then slowly  
steps back inside the vestibule. Closes the door.

EMILY  
What was that? Why did he do that?

COREY  
Maybe...maybe he thought we were  
done, so he could finally come in.

They wait. Continue to look outside at the Man. He does the  
same right back at them.

EMILY  
Should we call the police?

COREY  
No.

EMILY  
(to David)  
I think we should.

David doesn't respond. He holds his attention on the Man.

COREY  
Let's just ask him why he's here,  
then.

EMILY  
No...

DAVID  
Corey, no.

Corey knocks on the glass. Calls out to the Man.

COREY  
Hey, buddy. You waiting to use the  
ATM?

The Man does not respond. He continues to stand and stare.  
Unflinchingly.

EMILY  
(unnerved)  
What does he want, then?

DAVID  
Probably our money.  
(beat)  
Does he have anything on him? Can  
you see?

EMILY  
I...I can't tell.

COREY  
Are you guys serious right now?  
Who cares about this jerk-off?  
Let's go.

DAVID  
Says the guy who just got scared  
back into the booth.

COREY  
Whatever. If we all leave at once,  
we'll be fine. Come on.

Corey puts his hands on the door, prepared to exit. David  
grabs onto him again.

DAVID  
Wait -- will you just wait?!

Corey shakes David's grip off of him.

COREY

For what? I want to go eat.

David looks outside. The Man stares back, still standing in the same spot in the parking lot.

DAVID

He's just...watching us.

OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

The Man stands and stares at David, Emily and Corey. They stare out at him.

INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

Emily, David and Corey keep their attention on the Man. Confused. Slightly fearful. Growing colder with each passing minute.

EMILY

Maybe he's homeless.

COREY

He probably is. So, give him a fin and let's call it a night.

DAVID

He doesn't look homeless.

COREY

What makes someone not look homeless?

DAVID

When they're that big.

Just then, the Man's head WHIPS around. A faint jingling sound grows louder and louder. Someone's coming.

OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

ROBERT, 43, a random man walking his dog, ambles through the parking lot, a hundred feet or so behind the Man. A medallion on his Golden Retriever's collar jingles with each step.

ROBERT

(to his dog)

Alright, go ahead.

Robert lets go of the dog's leash. It runs off into the dark.

## INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

David, Emily and Corey watch as Robert comes into view.

The Man walks over to Robert with a determined step.

## OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

Robert stands and waits for his dog to return. Bounces on the balls of his feet to keep warm.

He then notices David, Emily and Corey in the ATM vestibule. They all stand at the door, watching intently. He appears to find this somewhat odd.

Robert then sees the Man approaching.

ROBERT  
How's it going?

The Man continues toward him. Doesn't say a word.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
Just letting my dog do his  
business.

The Man continues his approach, undeterred. Robert suddenly appears to feel slightly threatened.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
Is there...uh, something I can help  
you --

SMASH! Without a moment of hesitation, the Man PUNCHES Robert in the face. Drops him.

## INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

EMILY  
Oh my God!

David bangs against the glass, trying to stop the Man.

DAVID  
Hey! Hey!!

## OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

The Man GRABS Robert's head in his big, meaty hands, wrapped in dark leather gloves and --

-- SMASH-SMASH!! Against the concrete. Like an animal. Blood trickles out from Robert's head.

## INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

COREY

Holy shit. Did you see that? Did you see that?!

EMILY

David...

## OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

The Man removes Robert's wallet from his back pocket. Doesn't open it. Stuffs it into his own jacket pocket.

He leaves Robert's bloodied body in the middle of the parking lot. No care. No remorse.

He walks back toward the vestibule.

Well behind him, Robert's Golden Retriever returns. Nudges him a few times with his snout. Whimpers. Robert doesn't move. The dog walks away, its leash dragging behind on the ground.

## INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

They watch in horror as the Man returns to where he was originally standing. He plants himself there. As if nothing happened.

David frantically reaches into his pocket. Searches. Nothing. Reaches into his other pocket. Same result.

DAVID

Damn it!

(to Emily and Corey)

Call nine-one-one. Call them!

Corey throws his hands up. He doesn't have his phone, remember? David looks to Emily.

She sheepishly answers.

EMILY

My phone's in my purse.

DAVID

Where's your purse?

Emily looks outside.

EMILY

In the car.

Corey starts frantically looking around next to the ATM.

COREY  
 (running his fingers along  
 the underside of the ATM)  
 Don't they have panic buttons in  
 these things?

EMILY  
 Yeah they must.

They all join in looking for the button, but can't find it.

DAVID  
 Shit, what about a hard line?

COREY  
 What do you mean?

DAVID  
 I don't know, like an elevator  
 phone. A speaker thing that  
 connects directly to the bank.

COREY  
 Right, right.

They all continue looking around, but still they find nothing.

EMILY  
 This can't be happening.

But it is. The three of them stare at each other, all pleading for an idea. They've got nothing.

The gravity of the situation fully takes hold.

FADE TO:

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - LATER

Chilling winds scream through the empty lot, knocking one of the Christmas trees over. A small chain, fastened to its trunk, keeps it from blowing away.

A few pieces of trash roll about like suburban tumbleweed.

The time and temperature sign provides its update. Current time: 1:52am. Temperature: negative 5 degrees Fahrenheit.

The ATM vestibule sits in the distance, aglow in the dark winter night.

INT. ATM VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

David paces back and forth, futilely hugging his arms close to his body for warmth.

Corey kneels near the wall, his hands near the heating vent. He takes a warming sip from the bottle of tequila.

Emily clenches her jacket closed as she stares into the parking lot. Her teeth chatter behind her dry, pallid lips.

She can't take her frightened eyes off the Man, who slowly circles the vestibule like a shark. A predator.

DAVID

There has to be something.  
Something we can do to, I don't  
know, get someone's attention.

COREY

Who? There's no one else out  
there.

DAVID

There was that guy with his dog.

COREY

And look what happened to him.

David takes this into account.

EMILY

(re: the Man)  
Why hasn't he come in here?

Corey and David look outside at the Man. Study him as they talk to each other.

DAVID

Maybe he doesn't have an ATM card.

EMILY

Why would that stop him?

DAVID

You need it for the buzzer thing.

COREY

What if the dog guy has one?

DAVID

Has he checked?

COREY  
How the fuck should I know?

Their concern escalates.

EMILY  
What are we going to do?

David looks over at the car. It's parked a good distance away.

DAVID  
Where are my keys?

Emily digs into her jacket pocket. Removes David's keys, as well as a tube of lipstick. She hands David his keys.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Maybe I can get to the car.

COREY  
You'll never make it.

DAVID  
You don't know that.

COREY  
David, the guy's right there.  
You'll be lucky to get within ten feet of it.

OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

The Man notices that all three of them look in the direction of the car. It's obvious what they're considering.

He walks toward the car.

INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

EMILY  
What's he doing?

DAVID  
Shit -- I think he heard us.

OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

The Man opens the driver's side door. Leans in. Fiddles around near the steering wheel, though WE CANNOT SEE what he's doing.

He then pushes a button to pop the trunk. Closes the driver's side door.

After standing in front of it for a moment -- with his back facing the vestibule -- he then retreats to the back of the car.

Opens the trunk. A faint light emits from a small bulb. The Man carelessly rummages through the junk inside, throwing much of it to the ground, including an old, folding lawn chair.

He finds a tire iron, apparently what he was looking for. Grabs it. He then spots a small tool kit. Takes that, too.

INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

They watch as the Man closes the trunk, carrying the tire iron and tool kit.

He walks away from the car, toward the vestibule. Continues walking, until he's out of sight, presumably behind the vestibule.

COREY

Is he leaving?

David places his face against where the last pane of glass meets the plaster wall, trying to see the Man.

DAVID

No...I can't tell. I think he went around back. Shit.

David peels away from the window.

EMILY

What should we do?

They all look at one other. At the car. At the open parking lot.

Decision time.

INSERT - The P.O.V. from the silent, black and white security camera in the ATM:

David, Emily and Corey stand near one another, looking unnerved. Discomposed. Scared.

BACK TO SCENE

Still no sign of the Man.

Silence, except for the steady hum of the small rotor in the heating vent.

David's foot lifts from the floor. Slowly. It lands one step closer to the door.

He waits a second for a reaction of some kind. But there's none. Has the Man left?

As David begins to take another step --

-- BANG!!

The sound of metal striking metal. Coming from the back of the vestibule, behind the plaster wall.

David, Emily and Corey WHIP around to face the plaster wall.

BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG!! It echoes through the vestibule.

Followed by a screeching sound. Metal scraping metal.

David waits a beat, and then:

DAVID  
 (to Emily, hushed)  
 Your cell phone...you're positive  
 it's in your purse?

Emily nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 On the front seat?

Corey looks over at David, figuring out what he's driving at.

COREY  
 No...

DAVID  
 He's back there. By the time he  
 gets around the booth, I'll be  
 halfway to the car.

COREY  
 And what about the other half of  
 the way?

BANG-BANG-BANG!! Even louder this time.

Emily, Corey and David watch as the plaster wall rattles slightly.

Followed only by the continuous hum of the heating vent.

And then the faint sound of what sounds like a metal object being dropped onto the ground is heard.

EMILY  
(hushed)  
He has a gun.

David shakes his head.

DAVID  
He would have shot at us by now.

COREY  
This glass is probably bullet-  
proof.

DAVID  
No, it's not.

EMILY  
We should just wait. It'll be light  
out soon. This parking lot will be  
filled with people.

DAVID  
The sun won't be up for hours.  
We'll be lucky if we don't freeze  
to death before then.

David's right. The clouds of breath that escape his mouth  
are proof of this.

COREY  
This is fucking insane.

Corey rests his head against the glass. Defeated.

EMILY  
(pleading with her eyes)  
It's too dangerous.

David meets Emily's heartfelt stare. His adrenaline is  
momentarily stifled as he considers what to do.

And then --

-- POOF-POOF-POOF...

The overhead fluorescent lights blow out in succession. The  
vestibule turns almost pitch black inside, save for the light  
of the ATM display screen.

DAVID  
Terrific.

After a few short BEEPS, the emergency lights kick in. They  
are not nearly as bright. The vestibule remains quite dark.

COREY  
What the hell was that? What  
happened?

DAVID  
He cut the power.

EMILY  
Oh no.

David and Corey turn to see what concerns Emily. She's  
crouched down near the heating vent.

It's silent.

COREY  
No...no, no...

Corey bangs the bottom of his fist against the vent.

Nothing.

COREY (CONT'D)  
Shit.

DAVID  
He's back.

Corey lifts his head. Sees that the Man is back in view. He  
stands about fifteen feet from the vestibule.

And then, something occurs to David.

Looking at the glass window pane --

DAVID  
Wait...wait-wait-wait...

EMILY  
What is it?

Without explanation, David suddenly bangs against the frosty  
windows several times. Hard. But the glass shows no sign of  
compromise.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?!

DAVID  
The glass -- there's got to be an  
alarm on it or something.

David bangs harder, all to no avail.

EMILY

But if you break it, he'll be able  
to get in.

She's got a point.

DAVID

All right...then something else.

David looks around the vestibule. His eyes lock on the  
plaster wall.

He KICKS at it. Repeatedly. Frantically.

It dents. Deforms.

Cory joins in. SMASHES his shoulder into the plaster wall,  
over and over again.

Pieces of drywall fall to the ground. But still, no alarm.

DAVID

Damn it!!

Emily's eyes drift upward. Something catches her attention.

EMILY

Wait...

David and Corey stop.

DAVID

What?

EMILY

Those will have an alarm.

David looks up to where Emily stares. He sees what she sees:  
the emergency fire sprinklers.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Do you have a lighter?

DAVID

Shit. No.

(to Corey)

You?

Corey shakes his head "No."

Out of breath, David looks at the ATM itself. Without any  
hesitation, he storms over to it.

WHAM!! He delivers a KICK right at it. Nothing.



After a beat:

EMILY (CONT'D)  
I'm so cold.

DAVID  
Me too.

Emily paces to the other side of the vestibule. Shivers.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(to Corey)  
How much do you have in your  
account?

COREY  
I'm not sure. Why?

DAVID  
I've got close to three grand.

David approaches the ATM. Inserts his card. Punches  
buttons.

COREY  
You're not going to give this  
asshole money?

DAVID  
He just fucking beat a guy to  
death, Corey. If it means us  
getting out of here alive,  
absolutely.

Something's wrong.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Damn...

EMILY  
What is it?

DAVID  
(re: the ATM)  
It'll only let me take out four  
hundred.

EMILY  
Why?

DAVID  
I already took out a hundred.  
There's a daily limit.

David goes forward with the withdrawal anyway.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(to Corey)  
You take out five hundred, too.  
Maybe a thousand will be enough.

David grabs his cash. Takes back his ATM card.

COREY  
I told you, my card's not working.

DAVID  
Shit. That's right.

David gives Corey a once-over. Notices his watch.

DAVID  
What about that?

COREY  
What?

DAVID  
Your watch.

COREY  
No fucking way am I giving this to  
him.

Emily takes off her diamond stud earrings.

EMILY  
Here. Take these.

David looks down at the earrings. After a beat he  
reluctantly takes them.

DAVID  
(to Corey)  
It's just a watch, Corey.

COREY  
The thing's been in my family  
forever. I can't...

DAVID  
Look, I know it's important to you,  
but...we need it.

COREY  
No. I'm not doing it.

DAVID  
You're unbelievable.

COREY  
Fine, I'm unbelievable.

David gives up. Stares at the cash and earrings he holds in hand, clearly questioning if it is going to be enough.

Now what?

Emily huddles her arms close to her body for warmth. She trembles. As she stares outside, almost in a state of catatonia, she has a frightening realization.

EMILY  
(to Corey)  
Wait...if your card's not working,  
how did you get in?

COREY  
What do you mean?

After a moment, David appears to figure out what Emily's driving at. He instantly becomes equally concerned.

DAVID  
She means, if the magnetic strip on  
your card's messed up, like you  
said it is, how were you able to  
get past the security buzzer?

COREY  
Who gives a shit?

DAVID  
Please tell me you were just being  
cheap.

COREY  
What?

David's panic grows tenfold. His words are pleas for comfort.

DAVID  
Your card works fine. You were  
just too cheap to take out money,  
right, Corey?

Corey finally gets it, evidenced by his sudden look of disquietude.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Corey...?

He slowly shakes his head to say "No."

David and Emily look at each other. Fear stains their faces.

David takes slow, trepidant steps over to the vestibule door. He looks at it. Terrified. He slowly extends his trembling hand until his fingertips make contact with the icy glass.

Without pressing the EXIT LEVER, he gently, and ever so slightly, pushes the glass door itself --

-- and it OPENS. A chilling wind whistles in through the small space.

His outstretched hand quivers. The locking mechanism on the door is clearly broken.

In short: The door is unlocked.

David looks outside for the Man. He's nowhere in sight. But still, did he see this?

David nervously pulls back his hand, closing the barely-opened vestibule door.

He backs away.

After a beat, David signals to Corey. "Give it."

Corey removes his wristwatch. Hands it to David.

David approaches a signing shelf, affixed to one of the glass walls of the vestibule. He grabs an ATM deposit envelope.

Reaching into his pocket, he removes all his cash. Stuffs it into the envelope. Same for Corey's watch and Emily's earrings.

Seals the envelope. His cold, shaking hands make these fine movements difficult.

David signals Emily and Corey over. They huddle around him. He holds the deposit envelope in hand.

DAVID

I'm going to slide this to the side of him -- away from the door. If he goes for it, we run the other way, toward the main road.

COREY  
Yeah. Okay.

It's apparent that Emily is less confident in the plan.

DAVID  
(to Emily)  
What's wrong?

EMILY  
What if there are more of them out there?

COREY  
More of what?

EMILY  
Him.

Emily looks outside for the Man.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
How do we know he's alone?

OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

The Man stands at the rear of the vestibule, out of their sight.

The tool box the Man removed earlier from David's trunk is on the ground. Its cover open, WE SEE a spool of wire amongst its contents.

In front of him is a steel door, encased by a brick wall, that appears to lead inside the vestibule. He tries to pry open the door with the tire iron. No luck. He then picks up a screwdriver in one hand and a hammer in the other.

The Man places the screwdriver to the already damaged lock. He is about to strike the end of the screwdriver with the hammer when he overhears Corey, David and Emily OFF-SCREEN.

He stops. Listens. It's difficult to hear them, but it sounds as though they're having a disagreement over something.

DAVID (O.S.)  
Emily's right, it's too risky.

COREY (O.S.)  
There's no one else out there.

EMILY (O.S.)  
You don't know that.

COREY (O.S.)  
Neither do you!

DAVID (O.S.)  
I'll go alone.

EMILY (O.S.)  
No, David.

COREY (O.S.)  
You're not stranding us here.

DAVID (O.S.)  
I'm not stranding anybody. If I  
make it to the car, I can go get  
help.

The Man quietly places the tools on the ground. Walks to the side of the brick wall. Peers around it. Waits.

#### INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

INSERT - P.O.V. from the black and white security camera, situated inside the ATM. The image is slightly obscured, caused earlier when David smashed the ATM with his foot:

With the deposit envelope in hand, David slowly approaches the door. Corey and Emily stand close behind him.

The security camera image only captures the inside of the vestibule, but only a few feet outside.

#### OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

David opens the door. Halfway. Seconds later, he takes a single step outside. He is hit by a blast of arctic air. His button-down, collared shirt does little to keep him warm.

The Man slowly emerges from behind the vestibule. Ready.

David takes a second step outside. He turns around to face Corey and Emily.

David signals them with an apprehensive nod. They respond as they're clearly supposed to -- by closing the door behind him.

For the first time since all this started, David is outside the vestibule. Alone. Vulnerable.

He looks around. Nervous. Scared. No sign of the Man.

And then, from out of the shadows, he emerges. Standing approximately twenty feet in front of David, his heavy breaths escape from the hood of his parka.

David holds out the envelope.

DAVID

There's...there's five hundred dollars in here...plus, everything we have. A pair of earrings, a watch. It's yours, all of it. Please...just let us go.

The Man doesn't react. He just continues to stare.

Corey and Emily watch, nervously, from behind the glass.

The bitter cold stings David's cheeks, transforming his breath into vapor.

DAVID (CONT'D)

We won't tell the police about any of this. We've never even seen your face, so...so you can just take this...

David slides the envelope full of valuables across the concrete, off to the side -- away from the door.

DAVID (CONT'D)

...and...you know, disappear. Like nothing happened. Okay? Is that...is that okay?

The Man is yet to move. Silence. The tension is palpable.

And then, after a long beat --

-- the Man takes a step in the direction the envelope.

Finally, a glimmer of hope.

Step by lumbering step, the Man gets closer to the envelope -- and further away from David. And the car.

David surreptitiously removes his car keys from his pocket. Waits the for the right moment to make his move.

Waits...

Waits.....

Waits.....

NOW!

DAVID

sprints across the parking lot, toward the car.

THE MAN

sees him and gives up entirely on the envelope. Walks, quite resolutely, toward David.

DAVID

reaches the car. Pulls on the door handle. It's locked. He immediately clicks the unlock button on the key, but it remains locked --

-- He looks down to see the lock is jammed with something. The pewter visor clip of St. Christopher.

DAVID

Shit!

INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

Corey bangs on the glass. Emily yells out, frantically.

EMILY

He's coming!!

OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

DAVID

looks through the car window at the passenger side. That door is unlocked. He turns around to check on...

THE MAN,

who is almost on him.

DAVID

runs around the car. Reaches the passenger side. Yanks at the door --

-- it opens. Relief. Momentary.

THE MAN

rounds the front of the car.

DAVID

leaps inside. Slides over to the driver's side. Inserts the key into the ignition. Turns it --

-- Click. Nothing. A broken panel exposes torn wires hanging from the ignition.

THE MAN

gets within feet of the passenger side door.

DAVID

locks the passenger side door.

He then spots Emily's purse on the floor. He hurriedly rummages through it. Finds her cell phone. Dials 9-1-1. Is just about to press SEND, when --

-- SMASH!!!

THE MAN

punches through the passenger side window with his gloved hand. Lunges for David.

DAVID

leaps to the driver's seat. Opens the door. Is about to escape when --

THE MAN

unlocks the passenger side door. Violently swings it open. Catches hold of David by the neck. Yanks him out of the car in a single pull. His strength is impossible.

DAVID

falls from the car, landing hard on the cold concrete with a wind-stealing thud. Emily's cell phone falls from his hand and slides well out of reach.

COREY

jumps out of the vestibule, keeping one hand on the open door.

COREY

David!!

THE MAN

looks over at Corey, momentarily turning his attention away from David.

DAVID

uses this distraction to climb back into the car. The already open driver's side door is his only chance. He frantically scurries across the front seat.

THE MAN

reaches in the car after David. Gets a hold of his shirt. Pulls hard.

DAVID

sheds his ripping dress shirt, leaving him in a T-shirt and freeing himself from the Man's powerful grip. He falls out of the driver's side door. Struggles to get to his feet -- he's banged-up pretty badly.

COREY

reaches his hand out, trying to hurry David along.

COREY

Hurry!!

Emily joins Cory outside the vestibule door.

EMILY

David, run!!!

THE MAN

walks to the front of the car. Closes in on David.

DAVID

staggers toward the vestibule. Notices the cell phone. 911 shines brightly on the display, waiting for the Send button to be pressed.

COREY

Hurry!!

David stops. He's about to change course and go for the phone.

EMILY

David -- no!!

THE MAN

gets to within eight feet of David.

Five feet...

Three feet...

He's right on him...

He's just about to grab him, when...

DAVID

is forced to abandon the phone. He changes his course back toward the vestibule. He outstretches his hand, fighting through the pain.

Just as the Man is about to latch onto him --

COREY

leans forward and connects with David's hand. He YANKS David in. Hard. Pulling him...

INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

Corey and Emily SLAM the door shut and hold it closed. Grip the handle with all their might.

David falls to the floor, holding his ribs. Coughing. Bleeding.

After a moment of obvious surprise, Emily and Corey release their grip on the door.

WE SEE that the Man has discontinued his pursuit. Just over ten feet from the vestibule door.

Emily drops to her knees, next to David. Comes to his aid. Takes off her jacket and wraps David in it, leaving her in a thin blouse.

EMILY

David! David! Are you okay?

David labors to get his breath back.

Corey watches as the Man walks away from the vestibule, into the darkness. Once Corey knows it's safe, he joins Emily at David's side.

COREY

You all right?

David coughs. His breath clouds in the cold air. He struggles to regain his faculties.

DAVID

Yeah...

David hands Emily back her jacket.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Here.

EMILY

You need it.

DAVID

So do you.

OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

The Man picks up Emily's cell phone. He then walks over to the discarded deposit envelope. Picks that up as well.

INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

They watch as the Man approaches David's car. Circles around to the trunk.

COREY

What's he doing?

OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

The Man reaches into his jacket pocket and removes Robert's wallet. Tosses it inside the trunk.

He then throws the deposit envelope and Emily's cell phone into the trunk. 911 on the phone's display screen, still having never been Sent.

He SLAMS the trunk shut.

INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

They watch the Man.

COREY

(exasperated)

Shit...

Corey leans against the glass. Slides down to the floor. Mentally and physically spent.

David and Emily are already seated on the floor. They, too, have reached their limits.

The three of them look at one another from across the vestibule. Shiver uncontrollably. Their faces ashen with grief.

No one seems to know what to say. Silence is appropriate.

Emily stuffs her hands into her jacket pockets for warmth. Finds something -- her tube of lipstick. She uncaps it and approaches the window. Writes something on the glass.

David and Corey watch her.

OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

The dim emergency lights appear bright when set against the dark night.

Written in large, lipstick letters on the glass: "HELP"

FADE TO:

INT. ATM VESTIBULE - LATER

INSERT - P.O.V. from the silent, black and white security camera in the ATM:

David and Corey PULL on the small metal grate covering the heating vent. KICK at it. Emily watches with hope.

Her lipstick message falls just outside the camera's line of sight.

END INSERT

Try as David and Corey might, the metal grate's not budging. Not a chance. They give up.

DAVID  
Son of a bitch.

Their speech has begun to thicken. They exhibit signs of cognitive decline. Shiver uncontrollably. Appear slightly confused.

Early signs of hypothermia.

David looks closer at the vent. Examines it. Stares inside with a mini key ring flashlight.

COREY  
What do you see?

DAVID  
There's a...a room or something.

EMILY  
A room?

David blows into his numb hands in efforts to warm them.

DAVID  
Yeah. It's small. It must be  
where they go to restock the ATM.

COREY  
If there's a room, that means  
there's a door.

Corey kneels down next to him. Looks inside the small vent.

COREY (CONT'D)  
If we distract him, Emily can use  
it to sneak out back.

DAVID  
(re: the vent)  
There's no way she's fitting  
through this.

David's right. The vent is far too small.

Corey looks up at the cracks and dents made earlier in the  
plaster wall. Digs his fingers in. Pulls. His tired,  
frozen muscles keep him from mustering up any real strength.

Finally, a sizeable chunk of drywall falls to the floor,  
exposing a brick wall behind it.

COREY  
Son of a bitch.

Emily looks over at the ATM.

EMILY  
(to David)  
Let me see your card.

DAVID  
I took out as much as I could.

EMILY  
I know.

Her hand stays outstretched. David hands it to her.

She inserts it into the ATM card slot. Looks to David. It  
takes him a second to realize what she's waiting for.

DAVID  
Five, nine, oh-eight.

Emily removes a pen from her coat pocket. Says the PIN out  
loud as she writes it on the back of a deposit envelope.

EMILY  
Five...nine...zero...eight.  
Okay...

She presses numbers on the ATM keypad. In reverse order of what she wrote down.

EMILY  
Eight...zero...

DAVID  
You're doing it backwards.

EMILY  
I know. I remember hearing that if you enter a pin backwards into an ATM, it automatically alerts the police. It's some sort of panic code in case you're getting robbed.

David joins Emily at the ATM. Corey stays down near the heating vent, shining the mini key ring flashlight inside.

COREY  
That's an urban legend. It's bullshit.

DAVID  
(to Corey)  
How do you know that?

Corey turns off the flashlight. Stuffs the keys in his pants pocket.

COREY  
Think about it -- what if your pin was, like, four, two, two, four? You're fucked.

EMILY  
It's still worth trying.

Emily enters the last of the digits. Presses ENTER.

The display screen reads: "INCORRECT PIN." David's card is ejected from the card slot. A steady BEEP sounds from the ATM, alerting them to remove the card.

David is about to retrieve his card when he is distracted by Corey, who climbs to his feet, facing the door.

COREY  
Where did he go?

David and Emily turn around to see what Corey is looking at: No one. The Man is missing. Robert's body, however, remains where it was last seen.

DAVID  
Did you see him leave?

COREY  
I just turned around and he wasn't there anymore.

DAVID  
But did you actually see him walk away?

David presses his face against the glass. His dilated eyes frenetically dart in every direction.

The ATM continues to beep, signaling the need for the card to be retrieved from the slot.

COREY  
Who cares? This might be our only chance.

DAVID  
He could be right around back.

COREY  
Even if he is, we're less safe in here than we are out there.

DAVID  
We're still alive.  
(re: Robert)  
He's not.

COREY  
That doesn't mean shit.

Corey puts his hands on the door, prepared to exit.

EMILY  
Corey, please, no.

He stops. Disarmed by Emily's genuine concern for him.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Please...

He takes his hands off the door. Calms down.

After a beat:

COREY

If he wants to get in here, he can.

DAVID

He doesn't know that.

COREY

He doesn't have to use the door.  
He can smash the glass with a rock.  
He can drive the damn car right at  
us...

EMILY

Then why hasn't he?

COREY

I don't know. I don't know...

The ATM finally stops beeping. David's card is swallowed.

David taps a few buttons on the ATM. Nothing. His card is gone.

DAVID

Shit...

Emily continues to stare out the windows. With her eyes fixed outside:

EMILY

Why's he doing this to us?

DAVID

I don't know.

EMILY

Maybe we did something to him.

But what? David obviously has no idea.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Did something happen at the bar?

DAVID

Not with me.

COREY

Me either.

(beat, then to David)

Wait...what about that guy from  
work today?

DAVID

What guy?

COREY

The one screaming at you on the phone.

EMILY

What did you do to him?

DAVID

Nothing.

COREY

Bullshit, nothing. You lost half the money in his 401K three days before Christmas.

DAVID

Yeah, I know, but...  
(re: the Man)  
This guy isn't him.

COREY

How do you know?

DAVID

Because I know.

COREY

You said it yourself. You've never met him in person.

DAVID

No, but I do know he's in his sixties. If anything, this guy could be any one of the thousands of people you piss off daily.

Emily's not convinced.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Emily, this guy isn't doing all this because I lost his money. If that were the case, why would he kill the dog guy? It doesn't make sense.

COREY

It's at least a reason.

EMILY

But why here? Why not do this in some alley or wherever, where there isn't glass separating us, or a security camera watching?

David looks around the vestibule. Thinks as he speaks.

DAVID

It's isolated. Open all night.  
Only one way in or out. And  
there's a box full of money in it.

(beat)

It's the perfect human trap.

COREY

Human trap! Are you hearing  
yourself right now?

David shrugs, any other ideas?

COREY

So what, he was waiting here?

DAVID

I don't know. It's possible, maybe.

EMILY

He couldn't have followed us. We  
didn't see any cars.

DAVID

Right, yes. So he was waiting.

COREY

But how did he know we'd be here?

DAVID

He didn't.

Corey shakes his head.

COREY

Fuck that, this is all bullshit.

DAVID

(sarcastic)

That's great man. Really fucking  
insightful.

They all try to calm their nerves a bit.

None of them can stop from shivering. The cold is  
oppressive.

After a long beat:

COREY

I can't feel my fingers.

EMILY

Me either.

Emily extends her pale hands to get a better look at them. Her fingertips are slightly purple.

David cups Emily's hands in his. Rubs them.

In a much needed moment of levity, David grabs Corey's hands, too. Huddles them together with his and Emily's.

But, the moment is fleeting. Somber looks soon appear on their faces. Their trembling hands lower and separate. Their eyes divert.

They're freezing to death. They clearly know it, too.

Just then, a faint light shines across the parking lot, near the supermarket. David, Corey and Emily turn to face it.

DAVID

What's that?

Seconds later, its source appears: the same car from earlier. Unlit emergency lights sit on its roof.

EMILY

It's the police. The same one from before.

Emily bangs against the glass.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Help!! HELP US!!

David and Corey join in, basically yelling the same.

INT. SECURITY CAR - CONTINUOUS

A slightly overweight SECURITY GUARD, 45, drives his car through the parking lot. A late-night AM talk show plays on his radio.

He notices David, Emily and Corey across the parking lot in the bank vestibule.

Confounded, he circles around.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

INSERT - The Man's P.O.V.: the car approaches. He watches it from the shadows.

END INSERT

The Security car pulls up closer to the vestibule.

INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

They watch as the car draws nearer.

Corey is ready to burst out the door. Emily and David stand behind him, also ready.

COREY

As soon as the cop sees us, we make  
a run for it.

DAVID

Yeah. Okay.

But then -- the car's overhead emergency lights are switched on. Not red and blue. Green.

Corey stops. Apparently thinks better of exiting.

COREY

It's a security guard.

EMILY

So what?

The Security car parks. Its green lights continue to spin. From out of it emerges the Security Guard.

COREY

So he doesn't have a gun. He's not  
going to be able to do shit to stop  
that guy.

DAVID

(re: the Man)  
Where is he?

COREY

I don't know. I still don't see  
him.

Emily bangs on the glass.

EMILY

Help us!!

OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

The Security Guard walks toward the vestibule. Cautiously.

The spinning green light reflects off his shiny, brass badge.

He notices the residue of the word "HELP" written on the glass, which is now faded and indiscernible.

He removes a MAGLITE FLASHLIGHT from his garrison belt, next to a can of PEPPER SPRAY.

SECURITY GUARD

What are you guys doing in there?

Muffled through the glass:

DAVID

Watch out -- there's someone out there.

Emily opens the door enough to lean outside.

The Midwestern wind howls madly.

EMILY

Call the police!

The Security Guard cannot hear her over the wind.

SECURITY GUARD

What? I can't...

He walks closer. Trepidation in each step.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Are you okay in there?

Still fighting the wind, but more discernible:

EMILY

(pointing)

He's trying to kill us!!

The Security Guard looks over to where Emily points. All he sees is David's car.

Confused at first, the Security Guard's expression quickly changes upon seeing Robert's bloody, dead body lying on the concrete.

SECURITY GUARD

Jesus...

He fumbles with his walkie-talkie. Hurriedly puts it to his mouth.

SECURITY GUARD

Twenty-two to base, twenty-two to base...

Only STATIC is heard from the other end of the walkie-talkie.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)  
Twenty-two to base, twenty-two to  
base...

A DISPATCHER is heard through the walkie-talkie.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
*Go ahead, twenty-two.*

WHAM!!!

The Security Guard's head is smashed with a half crumbled CINDER BLOCK. He collapses to the ground. The Man stands over him.

Seeing this, Emily YANKS the vestibule door shut.

The Security Guard is almost unconscious. The man picks up a smaller piece of the now shattered cinder block and SMASH-SMASH. The man slams him in the temple. Blood spills out. Just as suddenly as it started, it stops. The Security Guard doesn't move.

The Man takes a step away, over to the Security car. He turns off the ignition, the lights.

The Man then grabs the Security Guard by his shirt. Drags him, using only one of his powerful arms, across the parking lot. Like he's clearing roadkill.

INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

David, Emily and Corey watch as the Man drags the Security Guard's dead, bloodied body closer to David's car. He leaves him there, carelessly, not far from Robert's carcass.

It's all too much for Emily to take.

She walks softly to the corner of the booth. Sits down. Her back facing David and Corey.

After a beat:

DAVID  
Are you okay? Emily?

She doesn't answer.

COREY  
Emily?

EMILY  
Leave me alone.

David reaches out to touch Emily's shoulder. She abruptly pulls away.

EMILY  
Both of you, please, just...leave  
me alone.

She shivers in the cold. Hugs her arms close to her body.

David and Corey speak quietly to each other.

COREY  
She needs to keep moving.

DAVID  
I know, I know...

COREY  
We should still make a run for it --

DAVID  
(overlapping)  
No --

COREY  
-- He'll go for one of us, and the  
others can make a run for it.

DAVID  
Who's going to play the bait? You?  
Because I'm sure as hell not going  
to again.

Corey sighs. Frustrated.

Still huddled in the corner:

EMILY  
Do we have any more plants?

DAVID  
(confused)  
What?

EMILY  
Plants...I don't know. I thought  
there were plants.

She rubs her temples. Appears disconcerted.

COREY  
(quietly to David)  
She's disoriented as fuck.

DAVID  
It's hypothermia. We can't stay  
here much longer.

COREY  
No shit. We just have --

CLICK. A HOWLING wind blows into the vestibule.

Their heads WHIP around to face the now open door, where they  
see --

-- THE MAN WALKING IN!!!

Corey's eyes widen.

DAVID  
Emily!!

David LUNGES forward, BLOCKING the Man from Emily, who he is  
nearest. He GRABS the Man by his thick jacket and SLAMS him  
against the plaster wall.

MAN  
Ahhh..

The Man FIGHTS BACK. Resists. Corey immediately JUMPS in  
the fray. Joins David in WRESTLING the Man to the ground.

WHACK-WHACK-WHACK! David and Corey's PUNCHES land,  
haphazardly, all over the Man's face and body. Still he  
continues to struggle, both audibly and physically.

The Man KICKS wildly, STRIKING Corey in the face.

Emily screams.

DAVID  
Grab him!!

Corey shakes it off. Blood spills from his nose. He JUMPS  
back on top of the Man, rejoining David in the struggle. He  
GRABS the Man by the hair, lifts his head --

-- SLAM-SLAM-SLAM. Against the wall, just beneath the  
signing shelf. The Man screams out in pain. Blood stains  
his hair. Still, he fights back. Grabs at David's face and  
neck.

EMILY

David!!

The Man's fingers RAKE across David's eyes. PULL at his hair and skin. The entire battle is awkwardly primordial. No skill whatsoever; only pure survival instinct.

With the Man's hands now GRABBING at his throat, David notices the pen -- hanging from a thin, steel cable wire attached to the signing shelf above -- dangling in front of him.

His eyes widen.

He frees one of his hands, which is tangled up in the struggle. Grabs the pen. Wraps the steel wire around the Man's throat. Takes hold of the wire with both hands --

-- and PULLS with all his might. Pushing off with his feet, for leverage, against the Man's body.

The Man's hands instantly raise to his throat. He writhes and thrashes like a fish on a boat deck. Desperately tries to squeeze his fingers beneath the wire.

His face turns color. Red first, then blue. The veins in his forehead and neck look as if they are about to burst.

David bares his clenched teeth, holding on with all his strength.

The Man's legs kick uncontrollably, more and more...until --

-- he succumbs to asphyxiation. He stops moving. His head slowly slumps to his chest.

It's over.

Corey inches away from the body. Equally unnerved, David pushes the Man's dead, bloodied body off of him, onto the floor.

INSERT - The P.O.V. from the black and white security camera in the ATM:

David slides out from underneath the Man. Lets go of the signing shelf pen cord, wrapped around the Man's throat. It slips off the Man. Dangles from the signing shelf.

Corey and Emily stare. David looks up at them.

BACK TO SCENE

EMILY

Is he...?

Still laboring to catch his breath, David responds with an uneasy nod.

Corey lets out a long sigh. His lungs are also on fire from the encounter. He takes off his collared dress shirt, leaving him in a T-shirt. He holds the collared shirt to his bloody nose.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What...what do we do now?

COREY

Leave.

David nods in agreement, still somewhat shell-shocked.

EMILY

We have to tell the police.

DAVID

Yeah. We will. Let's just get out of here first.

David climbs to his feet. Corey does the same.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(to Emily)

You okay?

EMILY

Yeah. Are you?

DAVID

I think so.

(to Corey)

How's your nose.

Corey doesn't answer. He slowly lowers the shirt from his nose. His dilated eyes stare straight ahead.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(to Corey)

Hey...? You all right?

EMILY

No...

David looks at Emily. She also stares outside. David turns to see what they're looking at.

To his shock, he sees the Man. Standing twenty feet from the entrance. Watching them.

DAVID  
What...? How's he...?

EMILY  
What did you do?

DAVID  
I didn't do anything. He...he was going to kill us!

COREY  
(re: the dead body)  
Who is he? If it's not him, then who is it?

DAVID  
I don't know. I thought...you did, too.

COREY  
I know, I know!

David is thunderstruck. He places his hand against the wall to steady himself.

Emily takes steps away, overcome by emotion.

After a beat, Corey takes off the dead man's parka. Its hood -- which was on the dead man's head when he first entered the vestibule -- has since fallen off, exposing his bloody face.

Underneath the parka, the dead man wears a work uniform of some kind. A factory-style jumpsuit. A plastic employee badge for "NEWGATE HOSPITAL" -- with his photo, name and "CUSTODIAL DEPT. - 3RD SHIFT" printed on it -- is clipped to his breast pocket.

Corey searches through the parka pockets. He only finds useless pieces of paper. He then starts a search of the dead man's pants pockets.

DAVID  
What are you doing?

COREY  
Looking for a cell phone.

Corey continues his frantic search. From the dead man's pockets, he removes:

Set of keys...

Small bits of paper...

And a wallet.

But no cell phone.

COREY (CONT'D)

Nothing.

Corey resignedly tosses the items to the cold, tile floor.

Emily notices an ATM card lying on the floor.

David grabs the dead man's discarded wallet off the floor.  
Sifts through its contents:

A credit card...

Very little cash...

A small photo of him, along with a woman of about the same  
age and two adolescent children...

His license...

DAVID

(reading)

Harold Westbrook. Eight Frederick  
Street. Date of birth: five,  
nineteen, sixty-eight.

(beat)

What the hell was he doing here?

EMILY

Using the ATM.

David looks over to see Emily holding Harold's ATM card.

David leans back against the frosty glass. Sits down. His  
head falls into his trembling hands.

COREY

We don't know anything about this  
guy. For all we know, he could've  
been working with that douchebag  
outside.

DAVID

He's got a wife...kids.

COREY

So what? That could all be  
bullshit.

DAVID

For Christ's sake, Corey, the guy's  
a fucking janitor. He was on his  
way to work.

Emily places the ATM card on the floor and moves back.

EMILY

He's innocent...  
(sotto, but loud enough  
for them to hear)  
Just like we are.

Corey and David are quickly sobered by this statement. A few moments of silence pass before David breaks it.

DAVID

(re: Harold, dejected)  
Not anymore.

David looks at Emily. His guilt is palpable.

Corey can't fight it anymore. He knows they're right.

He kicks over the metal waste basket. Paper flies everywhere.

OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

The Man watches them for a moment. Studies them.

After a beat, he moves into the shadows.

INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

Emily returns to the opposite side of the vestibule. David remains seated against the glass, his arms huddled to his chest. Corey walks over to Harold's body and takes the parka off him.

Seeing Harold's bloody, dead body makes Emily uneasy. She looks away.

Corey puts the heavy parka on over his T-shirt. Walks to the other end of the vestibule. Leans against the glass.

It's apparent they all need some space from one another.

No one says a word at first. And then, after a long beat:

DAVID

You had to make me stop. You  
couldn't just go home...

COREY  
Fuck you, David. Don't even try  
make this my fault.

DAVID  
It is your fault!

OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

The Man walks to the rear of the vestibule.

David and Corey continue to argue OFF-SCREEN. Their voices, though slightly silenced by the walls, still carry through enough to be heard.

COREY (O.S.)  
Nobody made you stop.

DAVID (O.S.)  
You did!

The Man flips open the toolbox. Grabs the spool of metal wire.

INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

The argument continues.

COREY  
I didn't make you do anything. You  
could've said no.

DAVID  
I did say no. Twice. But as  
usual, you didn't give a shit.

COREY  
That still doesn't make this my  
fault. If it's anyone's fault,  
it's yours.

DAVID  
Mine?

David leaps to his feet.

COREY  
Get the fuck out of my face.

DAVID  
Fuck you.

COREY  
(re: Harold )  
You're the one who did this...

With that, David immediately charges at Corey.

INSERT - The P.O.V. from the silent, black and white camera inside the ATM:

David slams Corey hard into the plaster wall. Corey stands back, momentarily shocked. He appears to shout something and then charges back at David.

BACK TO SCENE

Corey tries to tackle David, but David holds his ground. Emily attempts to break it up.

EMILY  
Stop! Stop it!

David pushes Corey back against the wall. Corey responds by SHOVING David hard to his chest.

DAVID  
(to Corey)  
You did it, too!

COREY  
Get off me!

OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

The Man watches from the shadows, not far from David's car.

Corey and David continue to push and shove each other.

INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

David and Corey, still tangled up, have clearly begun to tire.

Their arms soon unlock. Release their grip on each other, breaking the stalemate.

They each let out long sighs, which curl from their mouths in spirals of cold mist.

They walk away from each other.

Emily looks outside.

EMILY  
He's gone again.

David doesn't bother to look. Neither does Corey. Their disdainful gazes are locked on each other.

DAVID  
He's out there. Somewhere.

It's clear that Corey's reached a breaking point.

COREY  
I'm tired of this shit. I'm tired  
of hiding. Tired of waiting for  
someone to come save me.

DAVID  
It's the only option we have.

COREY  
You have.

Corey grabs his bottle of tequila. Takes a swig.

EMILY  
What are you going to do?

COREY  
Get the hell out of here.

DAVID  
That's what he wants you to do --

COREY  
-- Fuck him! He's one guy! There  
are three of us.

EMILY  
I can't go out there, Corey.

COREY  
Don't.  
(to David)  
You either.  
(to both)  
I don't even care anymore. If you  
want to stay in here and die,  
that's your call. But I'm done  
with this.

Corey places his bottle of Tequila on the ground.

EMILY  
Please, just wait...

COREY  
No. No more waiting.

DAVID

Enough with the tough guy rou --

Wait...what?!! Corey's BURSTS out of the vestibule door!!

DAVID (CONT'D)

Corey, no!!

OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

Corey stops for a brief moment, not far from the door. Scans the parking lot. To the left...to the right. It's empty -- the Man is nowhere to be found.

David and Emily bang against the glass, trying to get Corey to return.

Corey disregards their pleas.

He steels himself -- and then RACES into the darkened lot.

His legs pump hard despite being nearly locked up from the cold. His heart drums wildly.

Just as he is about to pass by David's car --

-- WHAM!! His legs inexplicably come out from under him, landing him flat on his back. Hard. The bone in his left leg BREAKS.

INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

David and Emily watch. Panicked.

DAVID

No!

EMILY

Corey!

OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

Corey lies on the ground, in agonizing pain. He coughs, gasps for breath. Holds his throat.

Still, he tries to drag himself to safety.

Just then, the Man approaches him, arriving from out of the darkness. Traces something in the air -- a straight line of some kind.

WE SEE what it is he traces: the metal wire -- strung across the clearing between the car and the pole of an overhead light.

He created a perimeter.

The Man hovers over Corey. Corey's gaze climbs him, until he finally stares at the Man's shrouded face. Deep, cloudy breaths emanate from underneath his hood.

COREY  
Please...please...

INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

David bangs against the glass. Pleads for his friend's life.

DAVID  
No!! No!!!

The Man looks over at David and Emily. He calmly pulls out a SCREWDRIVER from inside his parka.

David's eyes widen as he sees the screwdriver. He tries to exit the vestibule to help his friend, but Emily grabs hold of him. She hangs on with all her might.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
No!! Corey!!!

EMILY  
David, no!

DAVID  
Let me go!!

EMILY  
It's too late!

DAVID  
No it's not! Let me go!

David opens the door and pushes free of Emily. Harder than he probably intended. She falls backward, tripping over Harold's legs and SLAMMING her head onto the cold floor.

Seeing this, David stops. Closes the door and rushes to her side.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Shit! I'm sorry! Emily...!

EMILY  
I'm okay. I'm all right.

She rubs the back of her head.

Seeing that she's okay, David starts to turn away. Emily grabs him by the arm with surprising force, stopping him.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Don't look.

Emily's fearful pleas give David pause.

But, David has to look.

He slowly turns to face the vestibule door. Outside, he sees Corey's dead, bloody body lying on the cold concrete. The screwdriver still sticking from his stomach.

David's hands tremble. His breathing borders on hyperventilation.

Nearing a breakdown, David's feet move backwards. Slowly. Further and further away from the door.

His back soon touches the plaster wall. Collapses onto it.

DAVID

This can't...this can't be  
happening...

He rubs at his eyes, his temples. His hands wring his matted hair. His whole body shakes.

He falls apart.

Emily waits a moment before approaching him. Sits down next to him. She holds him; he holds her. They shiver in the unyielding cold.

OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

The Man walks behind the vestibule. Picks up the hammer and screwdriver. He's just about to SMASH the metal door, when he's distracted by a distant sound.

Turning to see what caused it, he notices that yet another Christmas tree has blown over near the supermarket. It pulls against a metal chain, which keeps it from completely blowing away.

He is about to return his attention to the vestibule, but does a double-take when he sees --

-- the long, frozen, industrial hose snaked between the rows of Christmas trees.

He takes a beat. The vapor of misty breath stops coming from under his parka hood. The world seems still, quiet. As if providing him with the silence he needs to think.

Then, a sudden release of breath escapes his mouth as he marches over to the row of Christmas trees.

He grabs the industrial hose. Pulls. It cracks and creaks as the ice inside and around it breaks up.

FADE TO:

INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

David and Emily huddle close together for warmth. It does little to keep their bodies from freezing.

DAVID

The hat...I knew it wasn't yours.  
I grabbed it off the back of  
someone's chair.

EMILY

Why?

DAVID

(shrugs)  
I was desperate.

EMILY

For what?

DAVID

For a way to keep you from leaving.  
(beat)  
I wish I had just let you go. I'm  
so sorry.

EMILY

Don't be.

DAVID

You should be home right now.

EMILY

David...

DAVID

It's my fault.

An unsettling realization occurs to Emily.

EMILY

You're right. It is.

David looks at Emily. Surprised by her concurrence.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
It's all of our fault.

Emily sets adrift in thought.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
We've been in here for hours now  
trying to control what's happening  
to us. Waiting for...a reason.  
(beat)  
What, because we didn't do anything  
wrong we're somehow supposed to be  
protected? By who? The police?  
Alarms? Little visor clips with  
angels on them?  
(beat)  
If there is a reason this is  
happening, it's because we never  
thought it could.

David takes a moment to consider this.

DAVID  
Still, you shouldn't be here.

EMILY  
I could have taken a cab. I could  
have skipped the party. I could  
have never worked at Starkweather  
in the first place. But, I did all  
those things, and a million, random  
things in between, and added up  
they all brought me here  
tonight...with you.

David looks up at Emily.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Although, given what's happened,  
lunch would have probably been a  
better choice.

David ekes out a smile. He pulls Emily closer. They tighten  
their embrace.

DAVID  
I've wanted to be this close to you  
for so long.

Emily's head falls to David's chest, against his T-shirt.  
Her chin slowly rises.

Tears trickle over her lips as they draw nearer to David's.

And then, suddenly --

BANG!!

David and Emily LEAP to their feet. Turn to face the plaster wall.

BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG!!

Followed by silence.

David and Emily stare at the plaster wall. Like deer in headlights. Waiting for whatever could possibly happen next.

And then, the distinct sound of old, rusted hinges squealing as a hulking metal door is forced open.

David and Emily listen intently.

DUN.....DUN.....DUN.....

The Man's heavy footsteps trace along the opposite side of the plaster wall.

A faint clinking sound is heard, coming from the heating vent. Metal touching metal. But just as suddenly as it started, it stops.

Silence. Emily and David don't move a muscle. They wait.

David's attention is suddenly stolen by something he sees out of the corner of his eye.

David turns around fully to get a better look.

His visage of bewilderment is instantly replaced by that of shock.

DAVID

Christ...

Emily turns to see what David is looking at.

It's Corey. He's ash-white. Bleeding profusely. The screwdriver still stuck in his stomach.

Corey's quivering arms drag himself across the parking lot, toward the ATM vestibule. A trail of smeared blood follows him.

Emily is about to say something -- or scream -- when David pulls her close to him. Covers her mouth.

Puts a finger to his mouth. Shhhhhhhh. A cloud of smoke accentuates his silent directive.

He points at the plaster wall, referring to the Man. Emily gets it -- she nods.

David removes his hand from her mouth.

David quietly opens the vestibule door. Exits. Emily exits with him to...

#### OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

They are instantly hit with an achingly cold gust of wind.

In the background, WE SEE the time and temperature sign. Current time: 3:16am. Temperature: negative 6 degrees Fahrenheit.

David and Emily sneak across the parking lot. Hurry over to Corey. Grab him under the arms. Lift the upper part of his body off the ground.

For a moment they consider whether to make a run for it in the other direction. But it's impossible. They have to get Corey back inside.

DAVID  
(hushed)  
Okay. Come on.

They move Corey back toward the vestibule, trying not to make a sound. His rag doll legs noisily drag across the ground.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(hushed)  
Hurry...

They continue to drag Corey. Blood spills from his open wound. They're halfway there, when --

#### THE MAN

appears from out of the shadows. He moves toward them. Faster than usual.

#### DAVID AND EMILY

see the Man. They panic.

EMILY  
There he is!!

DAVID

Go-go-go!!

They pull with all their might, as fast as their frozen, fatigued bodies will allow.

THE MAN

closes the distance between them. He holds the tire iron in his hand.

DAVID AND EMILY

pull Corey with all their collective might. David's legs get tangled with Corey's. He stumbles.

EMILY

Get up! He's coming!!

David quickly gets back to his feet. They resume their rescue effort.

THE MAN

gets dangerously close. Within twenty feet. Fifteen feet. Ten feet...

DAVID AND EMILY

call upon every last bit of strength they possess.

DAVID

Get the door!! I've got him -- get the door!!

EMILY

lets go of Corey. Rushes over to the vestibule.

DAVID

grabs Corey under both arms from behind. Lifts him a bit higher off the ground than he previously had been. Corey lets out a pained groan.

THE MAN

sees Emily rushing for the vestibule. He chooses to stay on David. He's close. Very close.

EMILY

opens the door. Rushes inside. Holds the door open with an outstretched arm.

THE MAN

raises the tire iron as he gets within striking distance of David.

EMILY  
David! Hurry!!

DAVID

gives Corey one final, desperate pull, dragging him...

INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

Emily helps pull David in, as he still carries Corey. Emily SLAMS the door shut.

INSERT - The P.O.V. from the black and white security camera in the ATM:

David falls into the vestibule, on top of Corey, after dragging his body in there.

David drags and leans Corey against one of the windows. David's body blocks much of what is going on with Corey.

BACK TO SCENE

OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

The Man stands outside the vestibule. Just over ten feet away from the entrance. Still holding the tire iron.

He stares at Emily, who remains standing at the door. Transfixed. After a beat, the Man lowers the tire iron to his side.

INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

Emily stares back at the Man. Terrified.

DAVID  
Emily, what are you doing?! I need  
your help!

Emily snaps out of it. Slowly. Still staring at the Man.

After a beat, she joins David, who attends to Corey.

Corey's in worse condition than it seemed.

His skin is terribly pale.

His purple lips tremble.

Blood leaks from his stomach, through his flimsy T-shirt and all over Harold's parka, which he still wears.

DAVID

(to Corey)

Holy shit, holy shit. Corey?  
Corey? Can you hear me? Come on,  
buddy...please...Corey? Corey?!

(to Emily)

We've got to get him help.

EMILY

Cover his stomach with something.

DAVID

With what?

EMILY

Anything!

DAVID

I don't have -- give me something!

Emily looks around. Grabs a handful of deposit envelopes. Hands them to David.

EMILY

(re: the envelopes)

Use these.

David places them against Corey's wound, carefully avoiding the screwdriver. Blood immediately soaks through the paper.

The pressure causes Corey to emit an anguished scream. He doubles over.

OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

The Man leans in the smashed passenger side window of David's car. Shifts it into NEUTRAL.

INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

Corey's condition worsens by the second.

DAVID

What do I do?!

EMILY

I don't know!

Corey shivers uncontrollably. He's freezing. Bleeding to death.

DAVID  
Jesus...Corey....

To Emily, regarding the screwdriver:

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Should I pull it out?

EMILY  
No. It could make it worse.

DAVID  
(re: the blood)  
It's not stopping!

EMILY  
I know, I know...

Emily places Corey's discarded button-down shirt -- which he previously left in the vestibule after using it to blot his bloody nose -- over his stomach.

DAVID  
Do it easy.

EMILY  
I have to put pressure on it!

Emily presses the shirt down on Corey's wound, trying to stabilize his bleeding. More blood oozes out. Corey responds weakly. It's clear he's fading fast.

The blood soaks through the shirt, drenching it.

DAVID  
We've got to get him to a hospital.

EMILY  
How?

DAVID  
I don't know, but we have to. He's going to bleed to death if we don't.

Corey continues to shiver.

Emily takes off her coat, leaving her in her work blouse. She drapes it over Corey like a blanket.

Still aiding Corey, David looks outside for the Man. He's nowhere in sight.

David turns his attention back inside the vestibule.  
Frantically looks everywhere for an answer.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
If we try to...

David notices that Corey is starting to drift away. He  
gently taps his cheek to bring him back.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(to Corey)  
...whoa-whoa-whoa, Corey...Corey!

Corey comes back around, albeit slightly.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(re: the compress)  
Keep holding that there.

David climbs to his feet. Nervously searches the vestibule.

EMILY  
What are you doing?

David picks up the metal waste basket. Takes firm hold of  
it.

Without even a moment of hesitation --

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! David slams the waste basket against  
the ATM.

INSERT - P.O.V. from the black and white security camera in  
the ATM:

The round base of the metal waste basket comes into frame as  
it's continuously SMASHED against the ATM.

After yet another SMASH with the waste basket, the image on  
ATM security camera goes dead.

BACK TO SCENE

The ATM display screen is shattered. There is no longer an  
image -- only a dead, broken monitor.

David looks up to the emergency lights with hope in his  
expectant eyes.

Still, no alarm.

EMILY  
What are you doing?!

DAVID  
It'll send a signal to the police,  
won't it? If the ATM's broken?

EMILY  
I don't know!

DAVID  
Well, something in this thing has  
to! It's owned by a God damn bank!

Still tending to the rapidly fading Corey, Emily glances  
outside. Her mouth falls agape.

David turns and sees why.

The Man has rolled David's car up against the front of the  
vestibule. The front bumper presses against the glass door.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
What...?

David tries to open the vestibule door. Not a chance. He  
frantically tries again. It barely opens an inch.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
We're locked in.

Corey suddenly starts to convulse.

EMILY  
(re: Corey)  
What's he doing?!

David rushes over to help. Grabs Corey's shaking legs.

DAVID  
Grab him!

Emily struggles to keep Corey's body under control. Blood  
and bile spill from the corner of his mouth.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Corey! Come on, buddy. Please...

Corey soon stops. He's alive. Barely. His blood soaks  
David's clothes.

David is paralyzed by his inability to do a damn thing to fix  
the situation.

And then -- THERE'S WATER.

It rushes through the heating vent. Fast.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

The icy water rapidly spreads across the floor. Pools in the corners.

EMILY

Stop it!

David stuffs Corey's discarded, bloody shirt into the metal grate covering the vent. It does little to stop the heavy flow of water.

He winces in pain as the cold water stings his shivering, purple hands. The water splashes all over him, soaking his clothes.

An inch of water has already filled the vestibule. Some leaks out from underneath the door and windows -- but not much.

EMILY (CONT'D)

David, help me!

Emily tries to lift Corey's body from the water.

David rushes over to help. They lift Corey's body. He emits a pained moan.

DAVID

The signing shelf.

Their feet splash through the frigid water as they struggle to carry Cory's limp body over to the signing shelf.

DAVID (CONT'D)

On three. One, two, three...

They try to lift Corey high enough to lay him on the signing shelf, but can't.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Higher!

EMILY

I...I...can't.

Emily's bent fingers appear almost arthritic. The cold and wet is crippling. She shivers uncontrollably.

David grabs Corey by himself. Lifts him. Places him on the shelf -- but it's far too narrow. Corey slips right off.

David has no choice but to place him back on the ground, in the water. It's now close to six inches deep.

DAVID

Fuck...

Emily drapes her coat over Corey once again. David approaches the door.

He tries to control his erratic, irrepressibly rapid breathing. His purple lips quiver.

EMILY

(re: the Man)

He's trying to drown us.

David pushes the door with all his might.

It opens an inch. Water drains -- but cold air rushes in. David's muscles give. The door closes.

DAVID

Not drown us -- freeze us.

The water is unremitting. Gallon after ice cold gallon spills from out of the vent, bringing the level in the vestibule just under David and Emily's knees.

Harold's corpse floats at the surface of the frigid water.

Holding Corey close, compressing his wound, David's eyes frenetically dart in every direction, searching for a solution.

And then, he sees something -- right in front of his face.

The focus of his rapt attention: a pack of cigarettes, poking out of the inside pocket of Harold's parka -- which is still being worn by Corey.

David ferrets through the parka. Removes the pack of cigarettes. As he clearly hoped, a disposable lighter is also tucked away in the inside pocket.

His look of hopelessness evaporates from his face, overcome by an expression of nascent optimism.

He then looks up at the ceiling, where he sees --

-- the FIRE SPRINKLER system, poking through various parts of the high ceiling.

David hatches an instant plan. Potentially a good one.

He leaps to his feet. Climbs, with great difficulty, on top of the metal signing shelf. Tries sparking the lighter. His numb, purple hands lack the motor skills required to spin the striker.

He resolves to use the palm of his other hand to spin it.

It only spits a few sparks.

One more try. Finally, it catches. He holds the lighter over his head. But, the ceiling is far too high.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Shit!

EMILY

You need to be higher.

DAVID

I know, I know...

Emily sits Corey up against the wall. She then collects as many paper items as she can that have not yet gotten wet. Deposit envelopes, discarded receipts, etc.

Stuffs them in the metal waste basket, which now floats on the surface of the rising water.

EMILY

Find as much paper as you can.  
Anything that will burn.

David joins Emily as they both work intensively at this task.

OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

The Man sets up the folding lawn chair. Sits in it. Watches David and Emily from afar as they race to fill the waste basket.

INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

The waste basket is fairly full.

DAVID

That's enough.

David holds out the lighter. Again he struggles to light it.

Spark. Spark.

DAVID

(sotto)

Come on, come on...

Spark. Spark.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Come on!

And then, finally --

-- and it catches. He uses his other hand to shield the flame as he moves the lighter closer to the paper in the waste basket.

David touches the flame to the corner of a single piece of paper. The flames quickly spread. He stuffs the lighter into his pants pocket.

Within a matter of seconds, large flames jump out from the top of the waste basket.

DAVID (CONT'D)

All right -- hold onto it.

Emily takes hold of the waste basket. Watches David as the ice cold water continues to rise.

He places his knee on top of the signing shelf. Reaches to grab hold of anything that can assist him in his climb -- but there's nothing. Just a blank, glass wall.

Inching forward onto his butt, he manages to sit on the narrow shelf. The next step is far more difficult: standing up.

He checks the status of the fire inside the waste basket. Still burning, but already showing signs of weakening. He looks over at Corey, who sits against the wall. The water is up to his chest.

Time is running out -- for everyone.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Throw in more paper.

EMILY

There's only a little left!

DAVID

Use it!

Emily throws in the last of the paper. The fire reignites to its original strength.

She approaches the signing shelf.

EMILY

Here -- grab onto my shoulders.

David does just that. He's able to maintain his balance long enough to stand up.

DAVID

Okay...hand it to me.

Ducking away from the flames, Emily lifts up the metal waste basket.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Careful...be careful.

EMILY

Take it...take it!

David takes the waste basket.

Emily takes several steps backward. Sloshes through the ice cold water.

David lifts the waste basket. Past his face. Over his head.

His lower back inches away from the wall. He sways back and forth.

His view of the fire sprinkler is blocked by the waste basket.

DAVID

Am I near it?

She shakes her head to offer a distressed "No."

David angles the waste basket so he can see for himself.

He's not even close. The ceiling is simply too high.

He lets out a frustrated scream. Lowers the waste basket. Rests it on the signing shelf.

OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

David's scream is dampened by the glass windows.

The Man remains seated in the lawn chair. Patiently waiting.

He watches as Emily pushes against the door. It opens enough to let some water out.

INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

The fire inside the waste basket is dying fast.

DAVID

We need more paper. Anything!

Corey fades in and out of consciousness. His skin has turned an icy blue.

The water level is up to his chin. Emily's jacket, which was previously draped over him like a blanket, now floats on top of the water, as does his capped bottle of tequila.

Emily tears cardboard Bank of the Midwest advertisements out from behind their plastic shields, on the plaster wall. Hurries them over to David.

EMILY

Throw these in.

David does just that.

WOOSH -- the advertisements go up in flames. David angles away from the heat. But the flames quickly subside. Threaten to extinguish.

Emily and David's already raised panic increases.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Help me up.

Emily starts climbing onto the signing table. She extends her hand for David to grab.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Help pull me up.

DAVID

No -- what are you doing?

EMILY

The fire's going to burn out.

David helps Emily onto the narrow signing shelf. The two of them barely fit on top of it. The flaming waste basket doesn't make it any easier.

Emily takes hold of David's shoulder as she gets her balance. Being smaller than David, she has less trouble standing up.

DAVID

What the hell are you --

EMILY

Try to squat down a little.

DAVID  
The fire's going out. We're  
wasting time!

EMILY  
If I can get on your shoulders, I  
should be able to get close enough  
to the sprinklers.

DAVID  
What?!

EMILY  
Just do it, David! Please!

David squats down. Slightly. His back eases away from the wall. His balance is shaky.

Emily places her foot on David's thigh. Carefully grabs around his neck. Tries to climb on top of him.

With one hand still balancing the waste basket on the signing table, David uses the other to help Emily climb.

Emily's foot slips off David's thigh. She loses her balance, but manages to stay on the signing shelf.

Corey emits a pained moan, which instantly turns into a misty spiral in the cold air.

DAVID  
Forget it!

David grabs the other side of the waste basket. Ready to lift it again.

EMILY  
Help me up again.

DAVID  
Forget it, Emily. It's not  
working!

EMILY  
You can't reach it by yourself!

David reluctantly gives in. He squats lower, struggling to maintain his balance.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Lower...

DAVID  
I can't get any lower without  
falling off.

EMILY  
Try!

He manages to lower himself a few more inches. His legs sway back and forth, threatening to cause him to fall at any moment.

Emily again places her foot on David's thigh...

Grabs hold around his neck...

Pulls herself up...

Slowly raises her leg over his shoulder, followed by the other.

She's on.

David wavers a bit, causing Emily to sway, but he manages to hold fast. He slowly presses up with his legs.

They did it. And not a minute too soon -- the fire is rapidly fading.

EMILY  
Okay, pass it to me.

David grips the waste basket.

His knees shake a bit. His balance remains unsteady. He raises the flaming waste basket.

DAVID  
Okay, take it.

The flames get rather close to Emily. Still, she reaches for the waste basket.

EMILY  
Almost...

David extends his arms above his head as far as he can.

Emily's hands lunge for the basket. She reaches further...

Further...

And then finally --

EMILY (CONT'D)  
I've got it!

David slowly releases the waste basket. Emily holds onto it.

DAVID  
All right, rise it above you.  
Under one of the sprinklers.

Emily spots the closest sprinkler. It's right above her.

The top of David's feet dangle precariously off the edge of the shelf. His hypothermic body sways back and forth.

Emily's skinny, soaking wet arms struggle to raise the metal waste basket over her head.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Higher!

EMILY  
I'm trying!!

It inches up further. Almost close enough.

Higher...

Higher...

Almost there...

And then, as the flames lick against the sprinkler --

-- PSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!! All of the sprinklers fire, raining down water inside the vestibule.

OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

The Man watches from the shadows as a STROBE LIGHT flashes repeatedly from inside the vestibule. A separate strobe light flashes outside the vestibule.

An audible ALARM sounds: WOOP...WOOP...WOOP...WOOP...

INSIDE THE VESTIBULE

Frigid water sprays all over Emily and David. The strobe light flashes ad nauseam. The alarm is deafening.

But Emily and David rejoice.

EMILY  
It worked! It wor --

The signing shelf gives on one side. Collapses.

David's legs come right out from under him. He and Emily come CRASHING down.

David SPLASHES into the waist-deep water that fills the vestibule. His back SLAMS against the floor below with a thud.

Emily, falling from an even greater height, falls straight down --

-- SMACK!! Her head SMASHES against the half of the signing shelf that did not collapse. She SPLASHES into the water.

Clouds of crimson spill from her head, clouding the water in which she now floats.

In a great deal of pain, hypothermic, David emerges from the water. Sees Emily lying motionless in the sanguine water.

DAVID

Emily!!

He rushes through the water to her. Lifts her in his arms. Holds her close to him. Shivers uncontrollably.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(frantic)

Oh my God. Emily!

She barely stirs. Her eyes flutter. Bloody spit spills from the corner of her mouth.

She's alive. Hanging on by a thread.

Gelid water also continues to rain down from the sprinkler, causing the water level to rise twice as fast as before.

The strobe light keeps its cadence, as does the audible alarm sound.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Please...just hold on. Help's on the way. Hold on.

Emily's almost completely unresponsive. She starts to slip away.

DAVID (CONT'D)

No-no-no...come back, come back.

Emily comes around, albeit ever so slightly. But only for a moment. She and David look in each other's eyes...and then...

...she's gone.

Crestfallen, David leans his head against the glass wall, hugging Emily close to him. He shivers madly, colder than ever.

DAVID

No...

The ear-piercing sound of the alarm and the extremely bright strobe light are maddening.

Holding Emily in his trembling arms, covered in her blood, he rapidly comes undone.

He looks across the vestibule, at Corey, who, like Harold, floats face-down on the surface of the water.

Time has expired for him as well.

David falls apart. The water from the sprinklers rains down on his defeated head.

It's over.

But then --

-- **SMASH!!!!**

David's car CRASHES through the vestibule door, after having been RAMMED by the Security Car.

The vestibule's glass walls SHATTER.

Water RUSHES from the vestibule, into the parking lot, bringing Corey's body with it.

David lays on the floor of what remains of the vestibule. Injured. Disoriented. Bleeding. Freezing.

He soon regains his faculties. Looks at the piled-up cars. The destruction. The bodies.

He crawls over to where Emily's body now lay. Cradles her in his tremulous arms.

A single tear streaks down his pallid cheek. It clings to his clenched jaw before falling to the ground.

He looks outside the vestibule at the Man, who is back in view, seated -- to David's confusion -- in the folding lawn chair.

The Man doesn't flinch. He just sits and watches.

But then -- a change in David begins to occur. Angry tears escape his eyes. His teeth clench. His pulse races. His breathing becomes fast and guttural.

Overcome by a blinding rage, he leans Emily's lifeless body against the wall. Sits her upright, against the badly damaged plaster wall.

He tenderly brushes her hair from her pretty face as the aching cold water continues to spray from the fire sprinklers above.

Despite the extensive damage suffered by the vestibule, the emergency lights continue to strobe, interspersing flashes of white light with moments of almost complete darkness...

The fire alarm keeps its maddening cadence.

David climbs to his feet. Walks, like a caged animal, across the vestibule. His eyes lock on Corey's half-full bottle of tequila.

He unscrews the cap...

Reaches into his car through the smashed window. Removes his jacket. Tears out the liner...

Pours a small amount of the tequila onto the jacket liner...

Stuffs it into the bottle, letting a portion hang outside to serve as a wick.

A Molotov Cocktail.

David then exits what's left of the vestibule. Walks past the crashed security car. Sees that the gas peddle is wedged to the floor with the tire iron.

He approaches Corey's drenched, dead body.

He grabs hold of the screwdriver in Corey's stomach, looks away -- and YANKS it out.

Seething, David again looks out at the Man, who still remains seated in the folding chair, partially shrouded by darkness.

David takes one last look at Emily. She leans against the plaster wall, where he left her.

Tragically beautiful.

This galvanizing image brings David to his breaking point.

The temperature is crippling. His drenched clothes cling to his enfeebled frame. Still, David soldiers on.

He holds the Molotov Cocktail at the ready. The screwdriver in the other hand.

He removes the lighter from his pocket. It lights on the first try. He touches the flame to the alcohol-soaked jacket liner.

It catches.

Covered in blood, and with a look of unbridled hostility on his face, David looks every bit the animal his captivity has caused him to become.

The alarm sounds loudly...

The strobe light continues to flash, outside and inside the vestibule...

The green security lights spin atop the security car as steam emanates from under its damaged hood...

The night's madness has reached its crescendo..

David moves in closer, the screwdriver outstretched before him. Every step he takes gathers more purpose.

Incredibly, the Man still does not move from the chair. He sits, hidden in the shadows, watching as David draws nearer.

David is now approaching with considerable speed. Without breaking his stride, he takes a quick look at the Molotov Cocktail. It's more than ready.

DAVID  
(reaching his arm back)  
Burn, you son of a bitch.

With that, David throws the bottle down hard from less than ten feet away.

-- BOOOOSH!! It crashes directly in front of the Man, instantly engulfing him in flames.

A somewhat sadistic, satisfied smile grin crosses David's face.

DAVID (CONT'D)

BURN!!

But then, his savage elation slowly fades away, replaced by a look of grave concern.

To David's amazement -- and horror -- the Man doesn't move an inch, despite being burned alive. The flames burn high into the dark sky, but the Man sits motionless.

His primal courage quashed, David's overcome by the crushing return of his fear. He clearly can't believe what he's witnessing.

He moves in closer to investigate. Cautiously. Shields his face from the heat with his hand.

And then, once he's within a few feet of the Man, something stops David in his tracks. Through the flames, he sees --

-- a badge. And a garrison belt. It's not the Man; it's the Security Guard. He's been placed in the chair.

David WHIPS his head to where the Security Guard last was. He's not there. An empty pool of blood on the concrete marks his absence.

Realizing he's been tricked, David SPINS around.

A look of abject terror appears on his face.

WE SEE why. The Man stands outside the vestibule, staring at David, blocking any chance of escape in that direction.

With little hesitation, he walks toward David.

Upon turning to face the other direction, David sees he finally has a chance to make a run for it.

INSERT - The Security Guard's garrison belt. Covered in fire, the can of pepper spray deforms from the blistering heat.

BACK TO SCENE

Just as David takes his first step in that direction, preparing to dash to safety --

-- POP!! The pressurized can of pepper spray BURSTS.

A mist BLASTS out from the Security Guard, covering David like a swarm of bees. He falls his knees, clutching at his burning eyes in agony. Screaming. Writhing.

The Man halts his stride and watches David. Unflinchingly.

David tries desperately to see, but cannot. He falls to his knees, at the foot of the burning Security Guard. The screwdriver still in his hand.

Suddenly, sirens are heard, getting louder by the second. The faint hue of flashing red and blue lights appear.

Within seconds, several POLICE CARS come SCREAMING into the distant entrance of the parking lot, followed by a FIRE TRUCK.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Through his windshield, a SERGEANT sees the burning Security Guard, as well as David -- who is covered in blood, holding the screwdriver, and screaming like a madman.

The strobe lights inside and outside the vestibule continue to flash. Two cars are crashed into the vestibule. Robert's dead body remains splayed out on the concrete.

SERGEANT  
What the hell...?

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The POLICE CARS speed toward this carnival of chaos.

From his vantage point, now further back toward the vestibule, the Man notices the arriving phalanx of POLICE CARS. For a moment he edges forward, considering whether to complete his attack. Instead, restraining himself, he calmly slips into the shadows.

OUTSIDE THE VESTIBULE

The POLICE CARS come to a SCREECHING halt. The Sergeant SWINGS open his door. Stands behind it. Trains his weapon on David.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)  
Get on the ground!!

A PATROLMAN pulls out a SHOTGUN. Points it David.

PATROLMAN  
Drop the weapon!!

Still in tremendous pain and unable to see, David is non-compliant. He also has some difficulty hearing the Officers over the glaring sound of the alarm and roaring wind.

DAVID  
No...what? I don't...!

SCHK-SCHK. The Patrolman cocks the SHOTGUN.

PATROLMAN  
I said drop it!!

David drops the screwdriver, though his wild, uncontrollable movement still appears threatening.

Other POLICE OFFICERS pull out their weapons and train them on David. They all tactically inch their way closer to him.

SERGEANT  
Get on the God damn ground!! NOW!!

DAVID  
Help me...he's still here!!

SERGEANT  
(to another Officer)  
Move in! Move in!!

Two other Police Officers RUSH David. SMASH him down to the ground. Drop a knee into his back. Grab at his arms.

David struggles. Resists.

DAVID  
He's right there!! He's --

David's cut short by the weight of an Officer's baton against the back of his neck. He yells out in pain.

Laying prostrate on the ground, David's wrists are handcuffed.

The Firefighters move in fast. Attend to the burning Security Guard.

With the Officers still pinning him face-first on the ground, David lifts his head from the concrete. Looks toward the vestibule.

The Man is gone.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
No! NO!!

After a beat, the Sergeant looks over at the vestibule. He does a double-take after catching a glimpse of Emily's body -- as well as Corey and Harold's.

SERGEANT

We've got three more vics near the vestibule. Secure that area!

Officers run off toward the vestibule, their guns drawn.

David is YANKED to his feet and DRAGGED to a squad car. He fights back.

DAVID

What are you doing?! No! Wait --

The officers grip tight on David's arms. Their hands feel like vices against his frozen skin. The Officer SHOVES him into the backseat of the squad car.

SLAM! He's locked inside.

David's head slumps against the window of the police car. His eyes burning red, his breath stolen from the blow from the baton, all he can do is watch.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE

-- A Fire Official turns off the sprinklers and fire alarm as EMTs lift Emily's body from the vestibule.

-- Police examine the scene, noting the broken security camera and display screen on the ATM.

-- Detectives and Crime Scene Analysts photograph and diagram the scene, including Corey's body.

-- A Detective opens the trunk to David's car. Finds Robert's wallet, as well as the deposit envelope filled with cash and Corey's watch. He also finds Emily's cell phone, with 911 dialed and ready to be Sent.

-- A Detective holds the spool of wire from David's tool kit as he examines the wire perimeter.

-- A Detective picks up the SCREWDRIVER with a pair of latex gloves and places it into an evidence bag.

-- Several dead bodies, now covered in white sheets, are wheeled on gurneys into the back of ambulances.

-- Detectives review the black and white footage from the security camera located inside the ATM. In it, they see:

David and Corey kicking the windows and the plaster wall, looking as though they're attempting to break into the ATM...

David slamming Corey against the wall and the wrestling match that follows...

David attacking and ultimately strangling Harold with the wire attached to the signing shelf pen...

David shoving Emily, landing her hard against the floor...

David laying next to Corey, covered in blood. He moves away and reveals that Corey has a screwdriver sticking from his stomach. From the camera's vantage point it appears as though David stabbed him...

And David smashing the ATM with the base of the metal waste basket until the security camera finally goes to static.

But nowhere do they ever see the Man. Not in a single, solitary frame of the security camera video. Because he never came within ten feet of the vestibule, he remained outside the camera's line of sight.

It's as if he was never there.

Furthermore, the water flooding the vestibule, Emily's fall, and the subsequent action, all came after David smashed in the camera, leaving no explanation for how it happened.

One of the Detectives presses a button on the video playback. It instantly brings the security camera footage back to an earlier position -- showing a close-up of David's face as he takes money out of his account using the ATM.

The close-up image of David's face remains paused on the video playback screen like a mugshot.

END MONTAGE

The Detectives look at each other. One of them holds David's swallowed ATM card. His name right on it: "DAVID HARGROVE."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

An early morning sun peeks over the horizon. Police tape cordons off the crime scene.

The area is filled with Police and Fire officials. Emergency lights flash. Walkie-talkies crackle.

David remains seated in the back of the police car. The Sergeant taps on the back of the squad car. Signals the Patrolman inside.

With that, the Patrolman starts the car. Turns on red and blues. Lets the siren blare.

Officers pull back two wooden police barricades, allowing the police car's egress.

The police car cruises through the parting throng of onlookers and news reporters who have since gathered.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Physically exhausted and emotionally bankrupt, David's head falls to his chest.

He languidly looks out the car window. Mixed amongst the crowd are several people wearing thick dark parkas, similar to the one the Man wore. David's eyes scan to see if the man is among them.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

From within the crowd we watch the police car as it passes by.

David turns and looks out the rear window as the police car heads further and further down the street.

Until it's gone.

FADE TO:

INT. LOCKERROOM - MORNING

P.O.V. - A man's outstretched arm hangs a THICK PARKA (the same one the Man wore) up inside a locker. His other arm reaches in and grabs an apron. He places the apron over his head and closes the locker door, revealing the reflection of -

- THE MAN (stocky, cropped haircut, average looking).

END P.O.V. The man runs his hands over his 5 o'clock shadow before walking off.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The man stands behind the counter. We push in, revealing the stencil on his apron. It reads - Seattle's Finest Coffee.

The push-in continues up to the man's face. He waits patiently for customers to arrive.

Just another day.

FADE OUT.

THE END