

SPECIAL DELIVERY

A DELIVERY TRUCK IDLES, DIESEL ENGINE GRUMBLING.

A HAND TRUCK ROLLS OVER CRACKED SIDEWALK.

A SCANNER GIVES AN ELECTRONIC CHIRP.

THE ROLL-UP DOOR BANGS DOWN HARD.

MARTY

Okay. Maple. Dentist. Dry cleaner.
Angry dog with the busted fence.
Great.

ANOTHER SCANNER CHIRP.

MARTY (CONT'D)

You and me both.

MARTY CLIMBS INTO THE CAB.

THE AIR-RIDE SEAT SHIFTS UNDER HIS WEIGHT.

DOOR SLAM. TURN SIGNAL TICKS.

THE ENGINE GROWLS AS THE TRUCK PULLS AWAY.

A CELL PHONE BUZZES AGAINST THE HARD PLASTIC DASH.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Unknown number at nine-thirteen in
the morning. This should be good.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Yeah?

VOICE

Don't hang up.

MARTY

You got about five seconds.

VOICE

You're driving truck six-two-four.
Route B. First stop was a dental
office on Maple. You left one
package behind the planter because
no one answered.

UNDER THIS: ENGINE DRONE. TIRES ROLLING OVER PAVEMENT.

MARTY

Who is this?

VOICE

You've got one hundred and twelve packages on board. One of them is a bomb.

MARTY

Fuck you. Is this Bob from dispatch?

VOICE

Shelf three. Mid-stack. Long box. White label. Bellwether Community Bank.

MARTY HITS THE BRAKES. LOOSE BOXES SHIFT IN BACK.

MARTY

This is a joke.

VOICE

Pull over.

MARTY

I'm calling the cops.

VOICE

You can -- and when someone hears you say the words "bomb in my truck," they'll shut the block down, and maybe, maybe we find out if it's real together.

A LONG SECOND.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Or you can open the back and listen.

TRUCK SIGNAL CLICKS.

TIRES CRUNCH ON GRAVEL SHOULDER.

GEAR SHIFT. PARKING BRAKE SETS.

MARTY BREATHES FAST.

CAB DOOR OPENS. FOOTSTEPS. KEYS JINGLE.

ROLL-UP DOOR RATTLES OPEN.

MARTY

Bellwether... Bellwether...

CARDBOARD DRAGGED from a shelf.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Got it.

VOICE

Cut the tape. Just the top seam.

THE BOX CUTTER SNAPS OPEN.

A SHORT RIP THROUGH PACKING TAPE.

Then --

A FAINT, STEADY TICKING FROM INSIDE THE BOX.

VOICE (CONT'D)

You just activated it.

MARTY

I -- What? What do you want?

VOICE

Deliver it.

MARTY

To the bank? The Bellwether bank?

VOICE

By ten o'clock. Walk it in like every other package. Put it on the counter. Open the flaps. Tell them to fill a bag.

MARTY

No. No, no, no.

VOICE

Yes.

MARTY

I'm just a driver.

VOICE

Today you're more than that.

MARTY

Why me?

VOICE

Because nobody pays attention to the delivery guy -- but they will today.

THE TICKING CONTINUES, QUIET BUT CONSTANT.

MARTY

What? No, I'm not robbing a fucking bank.

VOICE

Then don't think of it as a robbery. Think of it as a special delivery.

MARTY

Jesus Christ, what is wrong with you?

VOICE

If you leave the route, if you flag anyone down, if you try to dump the package, you won't have enough truck left to clock out tonight.

MARTY STRUGGLES TO BREATHE.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Retape the box, Marty. I know you have packing tape. You've got seventeen minutes.

PACKING TAPE RIPS OFF THE GUN.

A STRIP JERKED FREE. HE SLAPS IT BACK OVER THE OPEN SEAM.

MARTY SHOVES THE BOX BACK INTO PLACE.

MARTY

If anybody gets hurt --

VOICE

They won't if you do exactly what I say.

THE ROLL-UP DOOR CRASHES DOWN.

MARTY HURRIES FOR THE CAB.

THE DOOR OPENS, THEN SLAMS SHUT.

MARTY

Bellwether gets envelopes. Not boxes.

VOICE

Today they get a box.

MARTY

How do I know you're ain't fucking
with me?

VOICE

Because you heard the ticking.

MARTY

A timer isn't a bomb.

VOICE

You want to pull over and find out?

MARTY DOESN'T ANSWER.

VOICE (CONT'D)

There's a branch manager inside.
Claire. Older guard near the front.
Just one teller on the line this
morning. They open the cash drawers
at nine-thirty.

MARTY

You've done this before?

VOICE

Keep driving.

SCANNER CHIRP FROM THE PASSENGER SEAT.

MARTY

I should be dropping medical
supplies in Pocatello in twenty
minutes.

VOICE

Your day just got more interesting.

MARTY

You know, people hate us for being
late. They act like we ruined their
whole fuckin' lives because a box
of vitamins showed up after lunch.
I never thought, in all the stupid
things this job throws at you, I
never thought I'd be kidnapped
inside my own truck.

VOICE

You're not kidnapped.

MARTY

Really. Because it feels a lot like
I'm not driving where I want.

VOICE
Left at the light.

TURN SIGNAL.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Good. Park in front. Don't rush.
Don't act scared until you need
them scared.

TRUCK AIR BRAKES. ENGINE IDLES DOWN.

DISTANT TRAFFIC.

MARTY LIFTS THE ROLL-UP DOOR. THE BOX SCRAPES OUT ONTO A HAND TRUCK.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Phone in your breast pocket. Keep
me on.

MARTY
If this goes bad --

VOICE
I've got faith in you, Marty.

HAND TRUCK RATTLING OVER SIDEWALK CRACKS.

BANK DOOR OPENS. HVAC. QUIET LOBBY MUSIC.

CLAIRE
Morning. You're early.

MARTY
Got something for Bellwether.

CLAIRE
Just set it on the counter. You
folks are in and out so fast I
barely catch your names.

A STOOL CREAKS.

HARLAN
Mornin'.

MARTY
Morning.

THE HAND TRUCK SETTLES.

THE BOX THUMPS ONTO THE COUNTER.

The phone murmurs from inside Marty's breast pocket, low and tinny.

VOICE (MUFFLED)
Open it.

MARTY
Claire --

CLAIRE
Marty, right? You've been on this route a while.

VOICE (MUFFLED)
Open it now.

THE BOX CUTTER SNAPS OPEN.

TAPE RIPS.

A FAST TICKING IN THE MARBLE LOBBY.

JEN
What's that?

HARLAN
Son?

MARTY
Fill a bag.

SILENCE.

CLAIRE
I'm sorry?

MARTY
Fill a bag. Cash from the drawers.
No alarms. Please don't make me say it louder.

JEN
Oh my God.

HARLAN
You do not want to do this.

MARTY
I don't.

VOICE
Tell the guard to step back.

MARTY
Guard, takes three steps back.
Hands where I can see 'em.

HARLAN'S CHAIR SCRAPES BACK.

THREE SLOW FOOTSTEPS ON MARBLE.

HARLAN
Easy now.

CLAIRE
Jen, do it.

JEN
Claire?

CLAIRE
Do it.

THE CASH DRAWER POPS.

BILLS SHIFT AND RUSTLE IN SHAKING HANDS.

JEN
I'm filling the bag. Please, please
don't.

MARTY
I'm sorry.

VOICE
Good. Now the gray deposit pouch in
Claire's office. Left drawer.

UNDER THIS: THE TICKING CONTINUES.

MARTY
There's... a gray pouch in your
office. Left drawer.

CLAIRE
I'll get it.

HARLAN
Claire, no.

CLAIRE
If this gets him out faster, I'm
getting it.

QUICK FOOTSTEPS AWAY.

A BACK OFFICE DOOR OPENS.

JEN
I put in everything from one and
two.

VOICE
Make her clear three.

MARTY
Drawer three, too.

JEN
I need the key.

HARLAN
Bottom ring. Counter hook.

KEYS JANGLE IN SHAKING HANDS.

ANOTHER DRAWER POPS OPEN. MORE BILLS RUSTLE.

Claire returns.

FAST FOOTSTEPS BACK.

A CANVAS DEPOSIT POUCH THUMPS ONTO THE COUNTER.

CLAIRE
Here.

VOICE
Take both and leave.

MARTY
Put it in the bag.

THE POUCH DROPS INTO THE BAG.

HARLAN
Son, listen to me. Whatever you
think this ends like, it doesn't.

MARTY
I know.

VOICE
Close the box. Take it with you.
Leave.

BOX FLAPS SLAP SHUT.

THE HAND TRUCK JOLTS INTO MOTION.

MARTY BACKS TOWARD THE DOOR.

JEN
Please just go.

CLAIRE
Go.

THE BANK DOOR OPENS.

STREET NOISE SURGES IN.

THE HAND TRUCK RATTLES OUT.

THE DOOR SWINGS SHUT.

A LONG HALF-BEAT OF SILENCE

THEN --

THE BANK ALARM SHRIEKS.

MARTY HEAVES THE BOX INTO THE TRUCK.

MARTY
Fuck. Fuck.

THE BAG THUMPS IN.

THE ROLL-UP DOOR SLAMS DOWN.

CAB DOOR OPENS, THEN SHUTS.

THE ENGINE ROARS.

VOICE
Drive, drive, Marty.

THE TRUCK PEELS OUT.

THE ENGINE CLIMBS.

THE BANK ALARM FADES BEHIND HIM.

MARTY'S BREATH COMES FAST AND BROKEN.

MARTY
There was maybe... what... fifteen,
twenty grand? You put me though
this for that?

VOICE
The cash is for witnesses. Keep
going.

MARTY

For what?

VOICE

Under the Jefferson overpass
there's a self-storage lot. The
gate's open for construction. Unit
one-twelve. Leave the bag. Leave
the box. Walk away.

MARTY

And then what.

VOICE

Then you decide whether you're
better at hiding than the police
are at looking.

MARTY

You told me if I did what you
said...

VOICE

I told you how to survive the
morning.

MARTY SLAMS A HAND AGAINST THE STEERING WHEEL

MARTY

You set me up.

VOICE

Keep driving.

A LONG SILENCE.

MARTY

Claire said something.

VOICE

I'm sure she said several things.

MARTY

"You folks are in and out so fast."

VOICE

People say things.

MARTY

You said the same thing. About
nobody looking at the delivery guy.

No answer.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Who are you?

VOICE
Right now I'm the only reason
you're still breathing.

UNDER THIS: TRAFFIC ABOVE. THE LOW RUMBLE OF AN OVERPASS. AIR
BRAKES RELEASE. THE TRUCK IDLES.

MARTY KILLS THE ENGINE. THE IDLE CUTS OUT.

SUDDEN STILLNESS UNDER THE OVERPASS.

HE GETS OUT. FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL.

THE ROLL-UP DOOR RATTLES OPEN.

HE DRAGS THE BOX CLOSER, THEN THE BAG.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Unit one-twelve. Now.

MARTY
I'm looking first.

VOICE
Don't.

MARTY
You already made me rob a bank.
You don't get any more "don'ts."

THE BOX CUTTER SNAPS OPEN.

TAPE RIPS -- HARDER THIS TIME.

BOX FLAPS BURST OPEN. THE TICKING CONTINUES.

CARDBOARD SHOVED ASIDE. PACKING PAPER TORN BACK.

HE LOWERS A HAND INSIDE.

THE TICKING GOES THIN. CHEAP. RIDICULOUS.

MARTY (CONT'D)
No.

THE TICKING GROWS LOUD AS MARTY REMOVES IT FROM THE BOX.

MARTY (CONT'D)
No, no, no... It's fake?

A THUD, AS IF SOMETHING WAS DROPPED.

THE TICKING STOPS.

VOICE

Take the box to unit one-twelve.
Now.

A SIREN WAILS IN THE DISTANCE.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Leave the pouch in the box. The bag
is yours, you've earned it, Marty.

MARTY OPENS THE BAG.

BILLS SHIFT.

HE DIGS THROUGH THE CASH, FAST, FRANTIC.

A ZIPPER JERKS OPEN.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Close the bag.

MARTY

Jen gave me the drawers. Claire
gave me the pouch. That, that was
the real take, wasn't it?

VOICE

Unit one-twelve. Now.

MARTY

You knew where it was. The gray
pouch. Left drawer.

VOICE

Yes.

MARTY

She loaded me up.

VOICE

She made sure you left with all of
it.

MARTY

Jesus Christ, Claire.

VOICE

She had a problem... and you were
very helpful.

MARTY TAKES A DEEP BREATH.

MARTY
So that's it? I leave the pouch,
Claire gets her money back, and I
get the cuffs?

VOICE
No, you take the bag, leave the
pouch, and walk away.

MARTY
I'm still the guy, though.

THE VOICE LOSES A LITTLE OF HIS CALM.

VOICE
Do not be stupid.

MARTY
It's my face on the bank cameras.

VOICE
I kept you alive.
(beat)
So far.

ONLY WIND THROUGH CHAIN-LINK.

THEN --

A ZIPPER DRAGS SHUT.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Good... now put it in the unit and
walk away.

MARTY
I'm already dead.

THE BAG SHIFTS IN HIS GRIP.

FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL, MOVING PAST THE UNIT.

VOICE
Marty.

THE FOOTSTEPS KEEP GOING.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Marty, stop.

THE FOOTSTEPS BREAK INTO A RUN.

CAB DOOR YANKED OPEN.

VOICE (CONT'D)

If you drive off with that pouch,
this stops being a bad morning
and turns into the rest of your
life.

MARTY

That fuckin ship sailed 20 minutes
ago.

THE DOOR SLAMS.

VOICE

If you go off script, I cannot help
you.

THE ENGINE TURNS OVER --

FOR ONE AWFUL SECOND, IT DOESN'T CATCH.

MARTY

You had a phone. That's all you
ever had!

Then --

THE ENGINE ROARS TO LIFE.

A SIREN NOW VERY CLOSE.

VOICE

Marty -- Marty.

GEAR SLAMS INTO DRIVE. TIRES SPIT GRAVEL.

THE TRUCK LURCHES FORWARD, ENGINE CLIMBING AS IT TEARS OFF.

SIRENS ERUPT BEHIND HIM.

CLICK.

THE END