

Served Cold  
by  
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INT. METRO BANK AND TRUST - PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Behind a generic wood veneer office desk sits, as his name plate proudly declares, the BANK PRESIDENT (50s), over weight, comb over, looking every bit like a pencil pushing accountant.

INT. FAN CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

A red light on the device Fisher planted blinks silently.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

A normal bank day. Patrons queue up one by one to see the tellers. A SECURITY GUARD reads the paper in the corner.

INT. FAN CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The device stops blinking. A loud beep. Then it starts emanating a thick grey cloud of smoke, which is instantly sucked into the vents by the intake fan.

INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The smoke starts to seep out from a vent above the Bank President's head. He starts to smell the smoke, then looks around before finding it coming from the vent.

BANK PRESIDENT

Christ.

EXT. METRO BANK AND TRUST - CONTINUOUS

A red Ford E-150 van sits at the curb across the street.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Carter watches over a laptop screen as various pieces of information scroll up a text box. Fisher and Worm watching from behind. The trio all sport identical firemen gear.

CARTER

Got it. Fire alarm pulled. As far as they know DFD is on the way.

FISHER

Alright Quinn, pull around back.

Quinn starts up the van.

EXT. METRO BANK AND TRUST - CONTINUOUS

The bank's employees and patrons are outside on the sidewalk. People walk by on the street, bewildered by what is going on.

Three "firemen" come running around the corner. It's Fisher, Carter, and Worm, fully decked out in fire department attire, including an axe and oxygen tanks.

The Bank President is relieved and rushes over to them.

BANK PRESIDENT

Oh thank God you got here so soon.

FISHER

You're lucky we had a training exercise just a few blocks away. The truck and everyone will be here as soon as they can.

Carter and Worm head right into the bank.

FISHER (CONT'D)

I need you come inside with us.

BANK PRESIDENT

You need me to come inside?

FISHER

Yeah, we don't know the building. I might need you to point some things out.

BANK PRESIDENT

Okay, sure yeah.

The Bank President heads inside with Fisher.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

As Fisher and the Bank President walk into the lobby, Carter and Worm start to chair the front doors shut.

BANK PRESIDENT

What are they--

FISHER

Standard procedure sir. We don't want to risk anyone else coming in.

(MORE)

FISHER (CONT'D)  
We'll unlock them when the truck  
arrives.

White smoke continues to flow out from the vents. Fisher looks around, taking everything in. He goes to the wall, and starts to follow it. The Bank Manager periodically coughs.

FISHER (CONT'D)  
Looks like the fire is coming from  
the heating system. The smoke's  
probably getting sucked in through  
an intake vent.

Carter and Worm, finished at the front door, come over to join Fisher. Fisher turns to the Bank President.

FISHER (CONT'D)  
I need to see inside your vault.

The Bank President continues to cough, holding his sleeve up to partially cover his mouth.

BANK PRESIDENT  
I don't see why you need to get  
into the--

FISHER  
Your vault climate controlled?

BANK PRESIDENT  
Of course.

FISHER  
Then we need to get in there  
because all this smoke could be the  
contents of that vault going up in  
flames. But, if you want to explain  
to the press that the reason  
priceless artwork, statues, and  
jewelry went up in smoke was  
because you wouldn't open the vault  
to help fire department put out the  
fire, then be my guest.

BANK PRESIDENT  
No, no, no, of course not.

FISHER  
Then open the fucking vault.

Flustered, the Bank President moves into the vault room. Fisher and his crew follow.

VAULT ROOM

The Bank President opens the vault and pulls the vault door open. Inside is still. Smokeless. Flawless. Pristine. Just stainless steel doors with deadbolt locks on them.

BANK PRESIDENT

There's no--

Worm knocks out the Bank President with a slap jack to the back of the head.

The smoke stops coming out of the vents.

FISHER

Worm, get into chamber one one three six.

Worm takes off his coat to reveal a utility vest full of tools, gizmo's, and lock picking gear.

He and Fisher rush into the vault.

Carter, crouched against the wall, peeks around the corner and spots two POLICE OFFICERS trying to open the front doors.

CARTER

We've got company!

VAULT

Worm works on the lock to compartment one one three six.

WORM

Almost there.

Fisher grabs his walkie talkie.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Quinn monitors various scanners for activity.

WALKIE TALKIE

Quinn!

Quinn jumps and grabs his walkie.

QUINN

(into the walkie)  
Yeah?

WALKIE TALKIE

You getting anything on the  
scanners because we've got blumen  
out front.

Quinn looks confused.

QUINN

No, I haven't heard anything.

INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Worm pops the lock and pulls the compartment door open.  
Inside it's the size of a small walk in closet. Various  
smaller boxes. Statues. Vases. The Goodridge painting leans  
against the wall in the back.

Fisher heads in and grabs it.

VAULT ROOM

Carter watches as the two Police Start prying at the door  
with a crowbar.

CARTER

Fisher, hurry up man, they've got a  
God damn crowbar!

Fisher comes out, Worm in tow, the Goodridge painting under  
his arm. They b-line for the back door.

FISHER

Let's move, let's fucking go!

Fisher grabs his walkie with his free hand.

FISHER (CONT'D)

(into walkie)

Quinn, your ass had better be  
waiting on the other side of the  
door when I open it.

Worm kicks the door open and sure enough the Van is waiting,  
back doors already open.

The trio hop in just as the police break through the front  
door.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The van drives off as Carter pulls the doors shut.

