

THE HEIST FAMILY ROBINSON:
"THE BANK JOB"

by
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CASTING SCRIPT: JUNE AND PHILIP ROBINSON

INT. A DIMLY LIT GARAGE.

June, leaning against the bonnet of an old black car, is flipping through a small notebook, her face serious and focused. Philip, towering and broad-shouldered, is pacing back and forth, wearing a pair of dark aviator sunglasses that he clearly thinks make him look like a Hollywood tough guy.

PHILIP

(in a bad American accent,
with an added touch of Bruce
Willis)

Yippee-ki-yay, see? Those suckers won't know what hit 'em when I waltz in there, see? I'm like a ghost, June, in and out, no trace, see?

JUNE

Philip, we've been over this. You're not going inside.

PHILIP

(adjusting his sunglasses
with a grin)

But June, look at me! I'm the whole package. I got the look, the shades, the moves.

He punches into the air a would-be assailant.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I'm a real tough guy, like in the movies! How can I stand around when I could be making history in there?

JUNE

You are not John McClane, and you're not in an action movie.

PHILIP

(persisting with bad accent)
Come on, June, picture it. I stroll in there, cool as ice, shades on, no one would dare mess with me. I'd have them shaking in their boots, see?

June steps forward, pulling the sunglasses off his face and waving them in front of him.

JUNE

These don't make you a cool gangster. You're already tough. What we need is for you to be smart.

(MORE)

JUNE (CONT'D)

This isn't about looking cool - it's about getting out in one piece. You stay outside and be ready, or we all go down.

PHILIP

(Sighs, dropping the accent)
Yeah, I get it. I just... I wanted to feel like I was really part of it, you know? You've all got the brains and the skills. I'm not like you guys. I'm just... strong.

JUNE

Don't sell yourself short. Your strength isn't 'just' anything. You're the one who keeps us steady. You're as important as any of us, maybe even more. We need you. I need you.

Philip nods, finally accepting his role.

PHILIP

Alright, no more shades, no more gangster stuff. I'll be ready out here, just like we planned.

June smiles, giving him a reassuring punch on the arm.

JUNE

That's all we need, Philip. You being you. No dodgy accents required.

JUNE (CONT'D)

[BEAT]

PHILIP

(American)
Yippee-ki-yay.

JUNE

Like that!

They share a brief, understanding smile, the tension easing as they focus on the job ahead.

[THE END]