

THE HEIST FAMILY ROBINSON:
"THE BANK JOB"

by
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CASTING SCRIPT: MIKE ROBINSON (Amanda Robinson as read in)

INT. A SLEEK, UNDERGROUND BASEMENT - NIGHT

The camera glides smoothly through a polished, modern underground space. Neon lights glow faintly, casting a cool blue hue over the minimalist furniture and high-tech equipment. It's a blend of sophistication and subtle danger. The camera finally lands on AMANDA ROBINSON, stylish and composed, leaning casually against a sleek table. Across from her, MIKE is seated with his laptop, the screen casting a glow on his face. He's got that effortless, tech-savvy charm, typing away with quick precision.

AMANDA

So, tell me, genius brother, how are we cracking the uncrackable?

MIKE

(typing away)

The key to any heist is misdirection, right? You don't break in. You walk in, like you own the place.

AMANDA

And how do we do that?

MIKE

Their system - it's all about layers. You got your standard firewalls, encrypted data, blah blah blah. But here's the thing, they're running an old system underneath all that shiny new tech. Now, that's where I slide in, nice and quiet.

He pulls up a visual on his screen - an intricate web of security nodes. With a few keystrokes, he begins to dismantle them one by one.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'll slip through their system protocols, loop the security cameras with pre-recorded footage, and make their vault alarms sleep for a while.

Amanda leans in, clearly impressed but always cautious.

AMANDA

(impressed)

You've thought of everything. Anything likely to trip us up?

MIKE

(confident)

That's the beauty of it.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

The system's so old, it doesn't even realise how vulnerable it is. As long as I don't hit the wrong switch—

SUDDENLY, the laptop screen flickers and his laptop restarts. Mike's fingers freeze mid-type. Amanda straightens up.

AMANDA

Mike... tell me this is part of the plan.

MIKE

Not exactly. It shouldn't be doing this. I was in the middle of rerouting their—

The laptop suddenly emits a small puff of smoke, and the screen dies completely. Mike stares at it in disbelief. Amanda's expression hardens, but her voice remains controlled.

AMANDA

(steely)

Tell me you've got a plan B.

MIKE

(Sighs, closing the laptop)

We improvise.

Mike looks up at Amanda.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Always did like a challenge.

CUT TO BLACK.