

**HOMEMADE IN CHICAGO**



**AK47**

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**CHRISX**

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**CITY STREETS. NIGHT**

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(BEN)

The six of us went out that night  
looking for trouble.  
Dressed to kill, ready for battle.

A weed leaf with sunglasses skates ahead of the group. A devil, skeleton, and banana casually walk down the street sipping beers. A witch and an angel walk together talking and smoking.

Z

I'm telling you, pigeons are the scum of the earth!  
Rats with wings.

SVEN

Hey rats are cool.

BEAN

I accidentally kicked a pigeon once.

Sven laughs.

SVEN

Wait, what?

Bean throws his hands up in defense.

BEAN

I thought it would move!

Z shakes his head.

Angel and Kat walk behind them, passing a joint back and forth.

KAT

So... You and Bean?

ANGEL

Yea.

KAT

Isn't he like bat-shit crazy?

ANGEL

He keeps things interesting.

Angel shrugs and laughs. She watches Bean talk to Sven.

SVEN

Dude, where have you been?

BEAN

What do you mean?

SVEN

You never hang out anymore.

You're always with your girl.

BEAN

It's called getting laid, you guys should try it.

Sven and Z laugh.

Z

Hey, I get more ass than a toilet seat.

BEAN

Your face looks like a toilet seat.

Z

What!?

SVEN

You guys are dumb.

Risa hops off the skateboard, out of breath.

RISA

Bean, you want to ride for a bit?

BEAN

Yea! Let me show you how to do some tricks.

RISA

Yea right, it's impossible to do tricks  
in these things.

She hands him the board and fixes her large costume.

Bean tosses his beer behind him and the glass bottle shatters. He hops on the board and tries to do a kickflip but his oversized banana suit nearly topples him.

Risa, Kat, and Angel laugh.

Z

Are we all set?

SVEN

Yup, stencils, paint, and a decent amount of  
narcotics.

Bean finally gets the hang of skateboarding as a banana and cheers as he flies down the street.

Z

Where are we headed?

SVEN

This abandoned factory on Lake Street,  
you can see it from the trains.

Z

An abandoned factory?  
Isn't that kind of a waste?



**AK47**  

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**CHRISX**

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**On another street**, Sven sits in a red truck with a snowplow chained to the front. He rubs his hands together and breathes slowly.

SVEN

This is a good plan.  
This is a good plan.

He shakes his head, trying to convince himself.

SVEN

Why did I think wearing the suit would be fun?  
This thing is heavy as hell.

His colorful watch starts beeping and he looks down at his wrist.

SVEN

Ok, ok.

He takes a deep breath and puts on an oversized metal helmet. The dark grey welding mask muffles his heavy breathing. He turns the truck on and shifts it into gear.

The red truck roars to life and the snowplow glistens in the sunlight.

**Inside the bank**, people wait in line. A woman yawns as a man happily pours himself free coffee. Money trades hands while cash drawers open. A fat security guard watches four monitors while scratching his sweaty back.

Bubbles swirl inside a water cooler.

The office sounds form a white noise almost like silence until Sven violently explodes through the wall.

The red truck sends people and bricks flying across the bank. Its tires skid over glass and drag velvet ropes through the lobby. The plow shatters tables and chairs as it tears through the building.

Sven revs the engine and picks up speed. Employees scream and scatter as he bursts through the bulletproof glass and then into the hallway. He heads through wall after wall destroying their offices.

The truck slams into the final reinforced wall at full speed, plowing its way into the large vault and crashing into a wall of safe deposit boxes.

The disheveled crowd looks around the bank trying to figure out what just happened. In the confusion and destruction, two shadowy figures wearing black opera masks climb over the rubble and hold their weapons high.

Z

Nobody fucking move!

KAT

Everybody play nice and this'll be over real quick!

Shattered lights shoot sparks through the dust above their heads.

They hop down from the chunks of cement and point their guns at the terrified crowd.

Several armed guards come running out of the hallway.

BANK GUARD

Don't fucking move!

Do you know who's money this is?

The guards aim their weapons at Kat and Z. For a second the bank falls silent as they stare at each other waiting for someone to make a move.

BANK GUARD

Don't be stupid!

Z takes a deep breath and looks at Kat.

She smiles at him from under her mask and then fires her AK47.

The guards leap behind tables and start shooting back at them.

Kat and Z keep firing at them while using the wreckage as cover.

**Inside the vault**, wires and rubble cling to a destroyed pickup truck.

The dented red door slowly opens and Sven slides out.

His heavy metal suit and black boots hit the ground.

Sven's entire body is encased in a suit of makeshift body armor. Layers of welded metal clang together as he lumbers toward the firefight.

His breath is muffled and slow under the heavy helmet and the two eye slits barely give him enough room to see. He stomps into the bank's lobby and digs two jetblack MP5 submachine guns into his shoulders.

The guards are busy rattling off their weapons at Kat and Z but one of them stops to reload and looks back. He lets out a whimper as the harbinger of death slowly marches toward him.

BANK GUARD

Look!

The guards curse and scream at the metal goliath. They empty their magazines but their bullets just bounce off.

Sven plants his feet firmly and lifts the MP5s.

Bullets shred through the guards, sending their bodies into a whirlwind of paper and blood.

Kat stands up from behind the rubble with a smile on her face.

KAT

No way it's that easy!?

Z

Watch the crowd!

Z runs toward the vault while Kat climbs on one of the few remaining desks.

KAT

Everybody get down on the floor  
or you're going to look like these guys!

Z pats Sven on the back as he passes.

Z

Nice job man!



SVEN

Yea yea, just hurry up, I can barely move in this thing.

Z pulls two duffel bags from the destroyed truck and starts emptying the racks of cash next to the wall of safety deposit boxes.

Kat tries her best to maintain a grip on the situation. She shoots up into the ceiling and yells at the terrified crowd.

KAT

Nobody move or I'll shoot every last one of you!

BANK TELLER

Please, I have a family.

KAT

I said don't move!

She hops down from the desk and aims at the teller. Suddenly she hears sirens outside and she runs to the window

KAT

Guys! Hurry up!  
The easy part is over!

**Outside**, a dozen sheriffs and deputies pull their screaming cars to a halt. A handful of expensive black SUVs pull up behind them, blocking the trio's path to the Camaro.

A slick county sheriff with a heavy midwest accent and a lot of brass medals exits his car. He groans and holds a microphone to his mouth.

SHERIFF

We have the building surrounded.  
Come out with your hands up and your weapons down.

A greasy haired mobster exits his SUV and storms the police line.

MOBSTER

What the fuck is this? Why do we even pay you?!

SHERIFF

Relax!

We have things under control.

The Mobster looks at the destroyed building and screams.

MOBSTER

It doesn't look like you have this under control!

There's a god damn hole in my bank!

**Inside**, Z straps the dufflebags to Sven's makeshift armor.

Z

Okay, we'll be right behind you!

Just run straight through them like we practiced.

KAT

Are you ready big boy?

This should be fun!

Sven sighs and reloads his machine guns.

**Outside**, mobsters climb out of their SUVs and aim their large guns at the destroyed brick wall.

SHERIFF

Whoa, whoa!

This is an active crime scene.

I can't have you guys seen in public like this!

MOBSTER

If you don't get out of my fucking way...

He shoves the Sheriff aside and walks up to the bank.

MOBSTER

What is that?

A large metallic creature climbs over the dust and rubble with two masked figures behind him. Everyone stares in confusion.