

# REGRETS

FADE IN:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A large city hospital in central Chicago.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE ROOM - DAY

BOB HART (40) lies in bed attached to an assortment of IV tubes. He floats in and out of consciousness. Before the onset of cancer, Bob was a good-looking, athletic guy. Now, he barely clings to life.

DOCTOR SIMPSON (50's) watches a NURSE insert a hypodermic needle into Bob's IV tube, releases the medicine.

The yellow liquid snakes down the tube, reaches Bob's vein.

Simpson and the nurse's eyes meet. The mood is grim. The nurse removes the needle from the tube, places it on a tray, leaves the room.

As Simpson turns to leave, Bob's hand latches onto the doctor's sleeve. Bob looks up at Simpson, musters a feeble voice.

BOB

Could you get me the priest?

Simpson nods sympathetically.

LATER

FATHER O'CONNELL (60), wearing a priest's collar, enters the room, takes in the surroundings. He stares at Bob for a moment, crosses the room. He pulls a chair up beside the bed, sits down. Bob's eyes slowly open.

FATHER O'CONNELL

You wished to see me?

Bob looks up at Father O'Connell. Something weighs heavily on Bob's mind.

BOB

I need to confess something,  
Father.

FATHER O'CONNELL

What is it?

Bob gathers his thoughts.

BOB

It is something I have never told  
a living soul.

(more)

BOB (cont'd)

It was ten years ago. I was  
married. My son was four. I was  
a bank manager --

FLASHBACK: INT. BANK - DAY (TEN YEARS AGO)

The bank lobby is airy with high ceilings, mahogany paneling,  
marble floors. The lunch time CROWD waits in line for the  
next available TELLER.

A SECURITY GUARD (65) watches customers come and go near the  
the entrance.

A LOAN OFFICER (35) conducts business with a young COUPLE  
(30's) from a desk off to the side of the lobby.

Seated at another desk is Bob, healthy and fit. He is on the  
phone. A name plate on the desk identifies him as the bank  
manager.

Bob hangs up as the security guard discretely but firmly  
ushers PAM (30) up to Bob's desk. Drug abuse and a life on  
the streets pushes her looks closer to fifty.

GUARD

She done it again, Mr. Hart. You  
want me to call the cops?

Bob considers Pam a moment before responding.

BOB

No, I don't think we need to  
trouble them.

(looks at Pam)

Do we, Pam?

Pam yanks her arm from the guard's grip, glares at him as she  
takes a seat.

PAM

No, sir.

The guard hands Bob a check, then retreats to the lobby.

Bob scrutinizes the check, then slips it into his desk drawer.

BOB

Pam, you know passing bad checks  
is a felony.

Pam slumps deeper in her chair.

PAM

I know.

She folds her hands together to conceal a case of the shakes.

PAM

But I got it bad, Mr. Hart.

Bob reaches into his shirt pocket for a business card. He slides it across the desk toward Pam. She stares at it.

BOB

You've got what, two strikes?

(she nods her head)

They throw the key away next time.

A cloud of foreboding settles over her as she contemplates the possibility.

BOB

I want you to call Father O'Connell. His number is on that card. He has a drug program that has produced great results, but you have to make the call.

Pam picks up the card. Tears well in her eyes. She rises to leave, slips the card into her pocket.

Bob watches Pam cross the lobby as the loan officer approaches Bob with apprehension, and slides a document across his desk.

LOAN OFFICER

They're asking for an extension.

Bob grimaces as he scans the numbers on the paper, then looks at the young couple sitting at the desk. They politely smile.

BOB

(to officer)

How late are they?

LOAN OFFICER

Two months.

Bob thinks about it before coming to a decision. He signs the document.

BOB

Give them another month.

The officer leaves.

CHILD (O.S.)

Daddy!

BOBBY JR. (4) runs through the lobby toward Bob. Bob rises, scoops his son in his arms.

CHILD

Me and mommy are gonna take you to lunch.

BOB

Is that so?

Bob watches his wife, CHRISTINE (28) cross the lobby. He lowers his son back to the floor, kisses her.

BOB

Hi, sweetheart. Can you give me a few minutes to --

FRONT LOBBY

Coming through the main entrance wearing a tattered trench is JACK (35). Jack enters the lobby, lets his eyes take everything in. He is sweating profusely, his eyes dart back and forth, all signs of a meth addict.

Aware that this guy doesn't belong, the security guard approaches him from behind.

GUARD

Excuse me, sir, could --

Jack delivers a sharp BLOW to the guard's nose with his elbow. The guard drops to his knees, blood gushes. Jack produces an AK-47 from underneath his coat.

JACK

Everybody drop to the floor, now!

He fires several shots into the ceiling.

Customers and bankers scream and panic.

A bank teller pushes a silent alarm button under her station, alerting the police.

Jack pushes customers to the center of the lobby.

JACK

Everybody to the center of the lobby and drop to the floor!

An elderly woman moves too slow. Jack shoves her. She falls to her knees, her bead necklace breaks, beads scatter.

JACK  
Move it!

Bob and Jack make eye contact. Jack crosses to him.

JACK  
You. Manager --

Jack drops an empty duffel bag at his feet.

JACK  
Open the vault and fill it up.

Bobby, Jr. cries as he clings to his mother. Jack turns to Christine.

JACK  
Shut that brat up.

CHRISTINE  
Shhhh. It's okay.

Bobby's crying intensifies. Jack grabs Christine by the arm.

Bob makes a move toward his wife, stops short when Jack points the barrel of his AK-47 in Bob's face.

JACK  
You want your brains splattered  
across the walls?!

Bob considers the threat.

JACK  
Fill the bag.

Bob looks at Christine and his son. Fear looks back. Jack pushes Christine and Bob, Jr. toward the other hostages.

JACK  
(to Bob)  
You got two minutes to fill the  
bag or I start shooting.

Bob reluctantly picks up the duffel bag.

JACK  
Smart choice.

Jack, unaware of the scattered necklace beads, slips, falls to the floor. The AK-47 clatters out of his hands, slides across the floor.

It stops right at Bob's feet.

Bob stares down at the gun. All he has to do is pick it up and this thing is over. But he can't move. Gripped with fear, Bob is paralyzed.

With hope in everyone's eyes, they watch Bob with eager anticipation.

Jack reacts and leaps to his feet and snatches the gun.

Bob looks at Christine. It's painful for him as the hope she had evaporates before his eyes.

JACK  
(to Bob)  
Move it.

Bob takes one last agonizing look at Christine before disappearing to the vault in the back of the bank.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Police cars line the street in front of the bank. OFFICERS take position behind the cars and aim their weapons toward the bank.

OFFICERS hold the CROWD back at a safe distance.

A SWAT TEAM spills from the back of transport vehicle.

INT. BANK - DAY

Jack moves back to the hostages.

POLICE (O.S.)  
(bullhorn)  
The bank is surrounded. Lay down  
your weapon and surrender.

Jack is enraged.

JACK  
Who pushed the alarm?!

The hostages cling to one another in fear.

JACK  
Who?!

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