

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. JEWELRY STORE. SATURDAY MORNING.

JESS looks at fancy bracelets. Jess overhears a conversation between an EMPLOYEE and a WEALTHY-LOOKING CUSTOMER:

EMPLOYEE

Mrs. Jones! Oh so good to see you!
Any item that tickles your fancy
today?

MRS. JONES

(pretentiously)
I have my eye on that beauty there.

EMPLOYEE

Ooh la la! Exquisite choice!

Jess looks at a gold bracelet.

She imitates Mrs. Jones:

JESS

You know me. Always buying the
fanciest of fancies. Sometimes it
feels like I'm made of money haha.

Jess grabs a bracelet and puts it on:

JESS (CONT'D)

Oh yes indeed. This is so in. I may
even wear this to the gala this
evening.

Jess gets a phone call. She answers it.

JESS (CONT'D)

Hello? Wait wait, slow down. An
emergency? Alright, I'm on my way!

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT. KITCHEN. SATURDAY MORNING.

NICK and WINSTON sit at the counter eating Chinese food.
Winston opens a fortune cookie.

WINSTON

"Today you will enjoy razor-sharp spiritual vision." Huh, you know I always felt like I had a sixth sense for trouble.

Jess bursts through the door and into the kitchen.

JESS

What's the emergency?!

NICK

Don't worry Jess. We calmed Schmidt down.

WIDEN TO REVEAL SCHMIDT eating Chinese food like a man starved at the other end of the counter.

SCHMIDT

(between mouthfuls)

It turns out I was just experiencing a temporary state of hunger-induced-mania. I thought that the exercise bike started actually rolling forward and would send me into the Silver Sneakers class.

WINSTON

He thought fasting while exercising would help him burn fat twice as quick, but it turns out you need energy to exercise.

JESS

So there is no emergency.

NICK

None that orange chicken couldn't solve.

JESS

Oh well that's a relief. Here I was thinking we had a problem on our hands.

SCHMIDT notices a bracelet on her wrist.

SCHMIDT

Speaking of hands, what is that pretty little thing you're wearing?

JESS
(confused)
What do you mean?

Jess looks at her wrist. Her eyes widen.

JESS (CONT'D)
(in Mrs. Jones' voice)
Oh dear!

Off her look we:

SMASH TO MAIN TITLES.

INT. LOFT. KITCHEN. SATURDAY MORNING.

WINSTON
Why would you bring it back here?
This makes us accomplices!

NICK
How are you accomplices?

WINSTON
Excuse me, ever heard of harboring
a fugitive?

Winston walks over and grabs the bracelet off her wrist,
shaking it emphatically.

WINSTON (CONT'D)
This right here is evidence linking
you to the scene of a crime! Very
obvious, gaudy evidence!

SCHMIDT
Oh come on, you think that's
gaudy?

NICK
Alright, alright, quit it! Everyone
just take a breath and think
rationally for a second.

Everyone pauses for a moment. Then SCHMIDT'S eyes widen.

SCHMIDT
You're right. Jess is the one who
stole it and Winston got his
fingerprints all over it. Nick and
I have nothing to worry about.

WINSTON

Think fast.

Winston throws the bracelet to Schmidt. Schmidt catches it out of instinct.

SCHMIDT

Oh you son-of-a--

NICK

(exasperated)

Hey! Calm down no one is going to court.

JESS

Can't I just return it?

SCHMIDT

Jess, returning to the scene of the crime is the quickest way to end up in court.

NICK

(louder)

No one is going to court!

WINSTON

How do you know?

NICK

Because it's not that big of a deal.

SCHMIDT

Not that big of a deal? Excuse me "Mr. Law School," but in the real world our actions have consequences and the consequences of Jess's actions lead all of us straight to jail!

WINSTON

Is this a felony? I can't be seen with a felon.

NICK

Look, it's not a felony unless it's over \$1000. And if nobody cared enough to put it in a special Jess-proof case, then I'm sure no one is going to care if it went missing.

SCHMIDT

Jess, where did you steal this from?

NICK

She didn't steal it. Stop calling it that.

JESS

I accidentally...may or may not have taken it from...A Kay Jeweler store.

SCHMIDT

Jess, there is no reason any person with any one of our jobs should be walking into a Kay Jeweler store.

JESS

I know! I was picking up something that Cece ordered but I got distracted by the fancy. I just wanted to know what it was like to live the high life.

WINSTON

I know what you mean. Like when you suck on chips for a little bit and put them back in the bag. That way you get the flavor but not the calories.

Everyone looks at Winston.

NICK

Winston, have you been sucking the seasoning off of our chips and putting them back in the bag?

WINSTON

(defensively)

What? No. I was just pretending to eat the chips like Jess pretend t-
...ok I'll stop doing it.

NICK

Alright let's just clear this up once and for all. Jess, do you know the name of that bracelet?

JESS

It's on the back of it. Here.

Jess hands the bracelet to Nick. Nick's walks to his room, everyone follows.

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Nick sits down at his desk with his laptop and everyone gathers around trying to peek at the screen.

NICK
(with mounting horror)
oh...uh oh.

Nick shows the others his computer screen which has a picture of the bracelet and \$10000 on the price tag.

All of their eyes widen. Schmidt and Winston start freaking out.

WINSTON
I'm going to need to move, change
my name, burn my fingerprints
off...

SCHMIDT
I can't go to prison, the inmates
won't be able to resist my perfect
physique.

JESS
(trying to stay positive)
It's okay! If I go back to the
store and explain what happened I'm
sure they won't be mad.

SCHMIDT
Jess, every single item we have in
this loft combined is less than
\$10000. If some stranger came in
here and took all of my stuff for
multiple hours and came back to
return it, I would still be mad!

JESS
But you'd still be happier than if
you never got it back.

WINSTON
If we never return it, we'll always
have a target on our backs.

JESS
So, we need to return it without
them knowing?

SCHMIDT
Like a reverse heist!

WINSTON
Exactly!

NICK
No guys, Jess is right. We need to
return it now and explain the
situation.

Schmidt grabs the bracelet from the counter.

SCHMIDT
Look, I love Jess' optimism but I
learned on the playground that
people will betray your trust.

WINSTON
Reverse heist or nothing.

NICK
No.

SCHMIDT
Let's vote.

NICK
(reaching out)
Come on give it back!

SCHMIDT
(petty)
Make me!

Nick lunges at Schmidt but Jess intervenes.

JESS
Hey! I'm the one who got us into
this mess so it's my decision.

INT. SCHMIDT'S ROOM. DAY.

Schmidt stands next to a heist schematic drawn on a
whiteboard.

SCHMIDT
Alright! For any great heist, each
person must have their distinct
roles. Nick and Jess will be the
distraction, I'll be the muscle--

WINSTON

Wait, wait. You? The muscle? If anything I should be the muscle.

SCHMIDT

Um have you seen...
(Schmidt takes off his
shirt)
This bod?

WINSTON

Have you even been in a fight?

SCHMIDT

Pfft. A fight? That's crazy of course I've... look that's not important besides we need you to be the lookout. After all, didn't the fortune cookie say you would have "razor-sharp spiritual vision?"

WINSTON

The lookout... I like that.

JESS

Great, so we can go now?

SCHMIDT

Jess, we haven't even developed the plan.

JESS

Every great heist is flexible.

WINSTON

That is a very Clooney argument.

EXT. SIDEWALK. DAY.

Jess, Nick, Schmidt, and Winston are walking to the jewelry store. Schmidt is doing Karate moves and Winston looks around nervously.

WINSTON

Guys, I think we should go back. As the lookout, I'm getting a bad aura.

NICK

Would you relax? Nothing's going to go wrong.

SCHMIDT

Yeah what are you, chicken?

A guy walks past them.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Hey back up! You wanna mess with me
huh?

The guy gives Schmidt a weirded-out look and walks away.

INT. JEWELRY STORE. SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

Jess, Nick, Schmidt, and Winston all walk into the jewelry store, trying to act casual, but failing. Jess is in the lead, when an EMPLOYEE steps near her. Nick, Winston, and Schmidt all turn and pretend to act busy.

EMPLOYEE

Hello ma'am, is there anything I
can help you with today?

JESS

Oh yes, I mean uh, no... I'm just
looking for something... For my...
Boyfriend.

EMPLOYEE

Oh, I see. And what kind of pieces
is your boyfriend fond of? I can
help you look for something he'll
like.

JESS

Oh, yeah, he's a big fan of... Nose
rings.

EMPLOYEE

(Taken aback)

Oh. Well... We may have a few
pieces like that, though we're more
of a... Traditional establishment.
Rings, necklaces, bracelets-

JESS

-Ha, what? Who said anything about
bracelets? Nope, no, he never wears
bracelets. His wrists are... Too
big. Absolutely massive. The size
of most people's thighs.

An awkward silence.

EMPLOYEE

Okay, well... I'll check the back
and see if we have what you're
looking for.

Employee exits through a door.

NICK

What the hell was that?

JESS

I panicked, okay?

NICK

That was your chance to come clean!

WINSTON

Uh, guys, we might have a problem.

Winston points to the entrance, a POLICE OFFICER has walked
inside. All four of the gang immediately duck for cover
behind a display.

END OF ACT ONE.