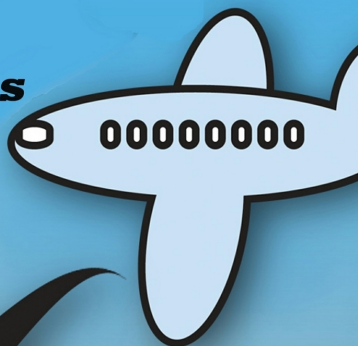


# **A BUNCH OF BANKERS**

**Screenplay**

**By**

**Anna Tomkins**



СОДЕРЖИТ  
НЕЦЕНЗУРНУЮ  
БРАНЬ

18+

# Anna Tomkins

## A bunch of bankers. Screenplay

*[http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio\\_book/?art=63011383](http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=63011383)*

*SelfPub; 2020*

### Аннотация

«Публикуется в авторской редакции с сохранением авторских орфографии и пунктуации». Сценарий. История молодого человека, выбравшего профессию по ошибке. Саркастический английский юмор, забавные происшествия, место действия Англия, провинциальный городок. Банк. Практически правдивая история. На русском языке сценарий называется Смешная история служащего Английского банка. It is the story of Sean McGuire, a supervisor in a small bank who hates his job and whose quirky sense of humour gets him into constant trouble. Through a strange twist of fate, Sean's life becomes completely transformed. He wins his dream girl and gets his dream job. The script is original and funny, much in the style of The Full Monty, has the potential to be the pilot episode for a comedy series. Although originally set in England, it would easily adapt to another country. It is the kind of work that would suit the acting style of say, Ben Stiller or Adam Sandler. Содержит нецензурную брань.

# **Anna Tomkins**

## **A bunch of bankers. Screenplay**

FADE IN:

EXT. SMALL TOWN HIGH STREET – ESTABLISHING  
SHOT

– EARLY MORNING

Few pretty Tudor style buildings in a row.

Last from the left OLDSHIRES BANK.

INT. OLDSHIRES BANK – BANKING HALL – WIDE  
SHOT – MORNING

Full window facing on to street.

Adverts on a wall for different financial services.

Big display of tropical plants standing in the corner.

Just a few customers standing at some of the tills.

Four cashiers behind the glass bandit screen. Working at their  
tills.

PAN ON female cashier. MARGARET. Woman in her mid  
fifties.

She puts a pile of index cards in alphabetical order.

Looking at the entrance door through the glass screen.

MARGARET'S POV

Woman pushes pram into banking hall, struggles with the door

and another customer holds it open for her. Woman smiles and says thanks.

## BACK TO SCENE

WIDE SHOT – four cashiers at their tills behind bandit screen.

### OUR CHARACTER(V.O.)

Welcome to Oldshires Bank. It is a small branch – only 8 of us – on the High street of a medium sized market town in the Midlands.

I won't tell you where in case the buggers decide to sue me. I will however introduce you to our staff. After all, it would be impolite not to.

By the way my name is Sean.

Man sat at desk in middle of office, early thirties. Going through

sheets of computer reports ticking off the entries. SAM.

### OUR CHARACTER (V.O.)

First of all we have Sam the assistant manager. Sam is a really good bloke to work with. Really knows his stuff. Dead helpful. His wife is some sort of specialist nurse and works in Dubai most of the time earning a packet. The plan is to save enough dough so she can have a baby without having to worry about going back to work afterwards. Unfortunately his dodgy football allegiances mean he can never be totally trusted. He's a City fan.

FLASHBACK – EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM – CROWD SECTION

Football match in progress.

Sam dressed in blue replica football shirt with blue scarf.

Others in shot dressed similar.

From O.S. OPPOSING FANS SHOUTS "GOAL!"

Sam and other blues fans groan and shake their heads in disappointment.

OUR CHARACTER (V.O.)

If you want to ruin his day just ask him what was he doing the last time City won a trophy. He was in his pram soiling his nappy I believe.

SAM'S DESK (BACK TO PRESENT)

Sam answers telephone.

SAM

Good morning, Oldshires bank. Sam speaking. How can I help you?

OUR CHARACTER (V.O.)

The way City are playing at the moment he will be soiling another nappy in a nursing home before they win another one. Ha! Ha!

PAN PAST Sam into another room.

INT. TYPIST ROOM – NEXT

Thirty something woman sat at a desk wearing headphones and typing. JANE.

OUR CHARACTER (V.O.)

This is Jane the office typist, clerk and chief bottle washer. Basically she can do pretty much every job here and often has

to. She was not particularly friendly with me when I got here because she had been promised a promotion and I got the job. That said we get on fine now and she is one of the gang when we go for a beer after work on Fridays. Jane has been engaged to a guy called Nick for 8 years and appears to be no closer to setting the wedding date than when I met her 4 years ago. Not one to rush blindly into things our Jane.

CLOSE ON Office door.

Sign says "Mr V.I. McFier, Manager".

INT. MANAGER'S MR. MCFIER OFFICE

Open door to reveal a tall gangly figure.

Manager Mr. McFIER.

Sat in a comfortable leather chair, feet up on a big oak desk.

Talking on the phone.

OUR CHARACTER (V.O.)

This office is the lair of our boss Mr V.I. Mcfier. I was told that the initials stand for Victor Ian, but I am becoming more and more convinced they stand for Village Idiot. Or just Village to those that know him well. He hates me and I hate him. It hardly makes me unique in the office I can tell you.

MANAGER MR. MCFIER

Golf on Wednesday? Let me just check my diary.

Holds his hand over the receiver for a few seconds as if he is checking his diary.

MANAGER MR. MCFIER

Well I am quite busy but I think I'll be able to switch some

appointments. Shall we say ten o'clock in the clubhouse? Capital!

OUR CHARACTER (V.O.)

Anyway, Village has been with the Oldshires since they operated out of caves and wolves roamed the local forests. Just a dozen generations later he has already had five promotions and reached the dizzy heights of management. Which just goes to show that lack of ability need never be a barrier to advancement in life. All you need is perseverance. Being a leading light in the Masonic Lodge is certainly not a handicap either.

BACK TO:

INT. BANKING HALL – CUSTOMERS SIDE OF COUNTER

Margaret staring ahead with a distant expression.

OUR CHARACTER (V.O.)

Margaret. Poor Margaret. Recently lost her husband after twenty four years of marriage. No, no he's not dead. She just can't find him. One Sunday afternoon he went out to buy some cigarettes and never came back.

FLASHBACK. INT. MARGARET'S LIVING ROOM

Typical suburban living room.

Margaret sat on sofa watching favourite Soap opera.

Margaret's HUSBAND SHOUTS to her from hallway O.S.

MARGARET'S HUSBAND (O.S.)

Just off to the shops to buy some ciggies.

INT. HALLWAY

Margaret's husband opens the front door and leaves the house

carrying two heavy suitcases.

OUR CHARACTER (V.O.)

Coincidentally the woman from the village grocers went missing at exactly the same time and the two incidents would seem to be connected. Let's just say the authorities do not suspect foul play. Margaret is permanently zombied out on tranquilizers and is perilously close to beheading the next person to tell her that time is a great healer.

INT. BANKING HALL – CUSTOMERS SIDE OF COUNTER (BACK TO PRESENT)

PAN ON male cashier. MICK, 19 years old.

Counting a pile of coins and putting them into his till.

OUR CHARACTER (V.O.)

Meet Mick, a local lad with a great sense of humour. Been with us just over a year. Joined straight from school. Being a United fan and therefore a fine judge of character, Mick can't stand Village either. Presently living at home and without a girlfriend, he recently confided to me in a drunken moment that he was thinking about buying a rubber doll but was having a problem finding one that looked like Rachael. Nothing wrong with Mick's taste in women then.

PAN TO next till. Female cashier, seen from customers side of counter.

RACHAEL, gorgeous 23 years old, chatting amiably to customer (not seen) as she hands over some cash.

OUR CHARACTER (V.O.)

Which brings me to Rachael. Ah the beautiful Rachael. Quite simply Rachael is what I go to work for. Just the view of her ass in those tight skirts makes all the crap I get off Village worthwhile. And those legs. Don't get me started on those legs. Alas I fear Rachael and her ruby red lips will remain forever beyond my reach.

ZOOM ON Rachael's beautiful face.

OUR CHARACTER (V.O.)

She only works for the bank to fill in some time until she marries a multi millionaire. And trust me, they are queuing up for the privilege. On the other hand, by the end of a five week month I am lucky to have enough cash left to buy a lottery ticket, Life's a bitch as they say.

ON next till. Another female cashier. SARAH.

Seen from customers side of counter.

Sarah, very big girl, mid thirties, waits for next customer.

SARAH

Who's next please?

OUR CHARACTER (V.O.)

Now our Sarah here is a great girl. Married with 2 young kids, pretty much the only chance she gets to let her hair down a bit is when we go for a beer after work on Fridays.

SARAH

Who's next please?

OUR CHARACTER (V.O.)

Despite her limited opportunities to practice, Sarah can throw

down more drink than a parched camel. It is official office policy never to drink in a round with Sarah. Especially if you don't want to spend all the next day in bed with one foot on the floor trying to stop the world from spinning.

SARAH

Does anybody want serving? God why do I bother?

WIDE SHOT – BANKING HALL

Customers queuing in front of cashiers.

Nobody in front of Margaret.

A woman with a couple of kids at Mick's till emptying out a bumper sized whisky bottle full of small value coins.

Mick helping her count them.

Six men from various walks of life queue in front of Rachael's till pretending not to notice the empty tills.

Nobody in front of Sarah's till.

Sarah walks away from counter carrying some papers.

OUR CHARACTER (V.O.)

See what I mean about Rachael?

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM – NEXT

Windowless room with a door at each end, table with computer in the middle.

Our character. SEAN. Sat in chair on bank side of room. Red hair and freckles, slim build, medium height.

Two chairs on customers side of table.

SCRUFFY LOOKING CUSTOMER , late forties,

overweight, sat in one chair, other chair empty.

Sean is filling in a loan application. Jotting down details from info on computer screen. Customer sits opposite fidgeting nervously.

SEAN(OUR CHARACTER)(V.O.)

So what about me? Sean McGuire. Age 26. Last month I split up with my girlfriend after a disastrous holiday in Ibiza. What happened? Don't ask. Can't believe I had to waste a months salary on a holiday from hell to find out we were incompatible.

FLASHBACK. INT. HOTEL ROOM

SEAN'S GIRLFRIEND wearing bikini admiring her suntan in front of full length mirror.

Sean wearing swim shorts comes up behind her and tries to embrace her.

She brushes him off brusquely.

SEAN'S GIRLFRIEND

Don't touch me. I'm hot.

SEAN

All you do all day is lie in the sun in search of the perfect suntan. Of course you're bleeding hot. Next year I'm going skiing. Spend as long as you bloody want on the beach.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM (BACK TO PRESENT)

Sean continues filling in details on loan application.

SEAN (V.O.)

Been working at Oldshires for an eternity. OK nearly 5 years. Official title supervisor. I know I'm in the wrong job but now

I have a car loan and a mortgage with the bank and frankly don't know what else to do career wise. I know what I would really like to do, apart from Rachael of course. When I am not dreaming about Rachael, I dream about working the Summers on a small boat. Maybe running fishing charters or dolphin watching trips from a small island somewhere in the Med. Living off feta cheese, olives and local wine. Winters I'd travel. My other ambition is to have sex at least once on every continent. Do you think that makes me shallow?

Sean LOOKS UP from loan application at customer and shakes his head. Little does he know that he is about to seriously piss off the man who is going to change his life.

SEAN

I am sorry but I will not be able to approve your loan application.

SCRUFFY CUSTOMER

But why not? I only want to borrow five hundred quid to pay for Christmas.

SEAN

We are not allowed to lend you money unless you are in permanent full time employment. Unfortunately you already told me that you've not had a job for at least 6 years.

SCRUFFY CUSTOMER

But I've banked here for over forty years.

SEAN

Not strictly true. You just showed me a school bank savings

book showing a balance of five old pence from 1968. Our records don't actually go back that far anymore.

SCRUFFY CUSTOMER

So?

SEAN

So, you haven't actually banked with us since before the Beatles split up and the Americans faked those pictures of the moon landings. Sorry, can't help you.

Customer stands up and bangs fist on desk.

SCRUFFY CUSTOMER

I'll get the money. You buggers with your suits and superior attitudes won't ruin my Christmas.

Pushes chair out of way and leaves room.

Sean tidies up papers on desk.

Jane enters room.

JANE

What was that shouting about?

SEAN

Just had to turn down a loan application from one of the great unwashed.

Jane hands him some more papers.

JANE

Your day probably won't be getting any easier. Your 10.30 appointment is outside. And it's Terry.

Sean groans and looks up at the ceiling.

SEAN (V.O.)

I actually had a soft spot for Terry. His Mum died twenty odd years back leaving poor Terry alone in the world, with pots of cash, and a big house near the golf course. Unfortunately Trevor's IQ is smaller than his waistband. And Terry is one skinny bloke.

INT. WAITING AREA (OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOM)  
– NEXT

Thin old man, sat patiently waiting for his appointment.  
TERRY. Wearing battered old raincoat, Sherlock Holmes deerstalker hat. Trainers with holes in. Big shopping bag on his lap. Looks like a human version of the alien from E.T.

SEAN (V.O.)

Afraid he would blow the lot on extra strong mints and comics, Mother left the money in a trust giving him a decent allowance every week. Sadly what was a decent allowance twenty years ago now won't even buy Terry his comic books. The poor sod is destitute but because on paper he's rich, the social services can't help him. And the bank is bound by the terms of the trust. Catch 22.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM – SEAN AND TERRY

Sean greets Terry. Offering him a chair.

Terry takes his Sherlock Holmes hat off his head and with complete idiot smile says

TERRY

I am Terry. Where's Sam.

SEAN

Yes I know Terry. Don't you remember me? I saw you a couple of months when the toilet bowl fell on your head. Me and Sam came round and fixed it for you. Remember?

FLASHBACK. INT. SAME INTERVIEW ROOM – THREE MONTHS EARLIER

Terry sat in chair wearing trademark raincoat and deerstalker hat. The hat is fastened tightly to his head by a thick bandage under his chin.

Sean trying not to giggle.

SEAN

Morning Terry. What's wrong with your head?

TREVOR

I went to the loo, pulled the chain and whole toilet fell on my head.

Sean struggling not to laugh. Sad but funny.

SEAN

Just a minute, mate. I'll go get Sam.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM (BACK TO PRESENT)

Sean can smell something bad in the room.

SEAN

Sam's very busy this morning. What can I help you with my friend?

Terry puts the shopping bag down on the desk between them.

TERRY

It's my dog Blackie.

SEAN

So what's wrong with Blackie then?

TERRY

He's got the shits. I don't have any money to take him to the vet.

SEAN

So where is Blackie now?

TERRY

Blackie is in my shopping bag so he don't make a mess in the bank.

Terry opens the bag and a little black head pops out. Sean leans forward, gets a smell from the bag and leans back as far as possible.

SEAN

Think it's a bit late to worry about that now. Just a minute. I'll go get Sam.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BANK – BANKING HALL – CUSTOMERS SIDE OF COUNTER – SOME TIME LATER

TWO POLICEMEN enter the banking hall.

Policemen approach cashiers.

POLICEMAN N1

We need to speak with your manager for a few moments please. Tell him it's urgent.

CUT TO:

INT. MANAGER'S MR. MCFIER OFFICE – WIDE SHOT – FEW MINUTES LATER

Manager Mr. McFier, two policemen, Sean and Sam.

Mr. McFier sat at his desk, stares at his guests.

Two policemen standing in front of the manager.

Sean and Sam standing either side of the manager, looking at the policemen.

POLICEMAN N1, short, fat man dressed in uniform.

Wearing baton and handcuffs on his waist.

POLICEMAN N1

Our informant overheard the conversation in a bar on Brandlesbury Estate.

SEAN (V.O.)

Brandlesbury Estate was known locally as the roughest part of town. Even the police Alsations had to wear body armour on patrol.

POLICEMAN N1

The man told his friend that he was desperate for cash. He had got hold of a firearm and was going to rob a bank on Friday.

Please, be extra vigilant Gentlemen. Keep as little cash as possible on the counter. Our informant is considered reliable but he couldn't tell us which bank is the intended target.

POLICEMAN N2, tall big man. Also dressed in uniform. Joining the conversation.

POLICEMAN N2

If the man points a gun at you do as he says and give him everything he wants. Remember the bank is insured and we do not want any dead heroes.

The staff and the manager look concerned at each other.

ANGLE ON SEAN'S FACE

SEAN (V.O.)

If he points a gun at you do as he says? Are you fucking joking? If he points a gun at me I will make sure he does not leave without the managers wallet and car keys as well. Be A hero? On these wages? I don't think so.

MANAGER MR. MCFIER

Thanks for letting us know so promptly gentlemen. I will advise the staff to be extra cautious.

Turns to Sam.

MANAGER MR. MCFIER

Make sure the staff are aware of the potential threat, although to be honest we are about the smallest bank in town. Anybody that desperate for money would probably go for one of the bigger fish. Who have we got working at the sub branch on Friday?

SEAN (V.O.)

The sub branch was only open on Friday mornings for the market traders. There was only ever a supervisor and one cashier. I loved doing this job. It was never busy. An absolute dawdle.

SAM

Sean is going as supervisor and I was thinking of sending Margaret.

SEAN (V.O.)

Oh shit, not Margaret. Since her husband went off on his round the world expedition for a packet of cigarettes she has been

completely spaced out. Most of the time she doesn't know what planet she is on. Please, please, oh please, send gorgeous Rachael. The love of my life.

MANAGER MR. MCFIER

Capital idea Sam. Should be nice and quiet for the old girl.

OK back to work gentlemen.

Sam and Sean leave the manager's office.

INT. MAIN OFFICE – SEAN AND SAM – NEXT

SAM

How are you fixed for money Sean?

SEAN

If I get any more skint Bob Geldof will be arranging a Live Aid concert for me. Why?

SAM

Fancy some overtime and travel expenses?

Sean nods.

SAM

You know Mr. James?

SEAN

The wrestler? Yes seen him on TV once or twice. I don't care if it's all choreographed, I wouldn't want him to chuck me around a ring.

SAM

That's the man. He also owns a restaurant up on the moors. I need you to do a visit to it. Its miles from anywhere so you will make a few quid in car mileage allowance.

SEAN

Cheers mate. What do you need me to do?

Sam takes a large brown envelope from his desk and hands it to Sean.

SAM

Village needs these mortgage documents signing and sending back to Head Office as soon as possible. Mr. James will be there any time after seven.

SEAN

No problemo. I'll do it tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. BANKING HALL – NEXT

Sam makes an announcement to the staff.

SAM

Listen up everybody. The police have just informed us that there is a danger of an armed robbery in this area, probably on Friday, so let's be extra careful please.

SARAH AND RACHAEL

On counter, serving a queue of customers, talking quietly to each other.

Sarah counting money. Smiles politely to very Tall customer in gray coat.

SARAH

Did you know the glass screen between us and Joe Public is not actually bulletproof?

RACHAEL

(looks surprised; shakes her head)

You're kidding me, right?

SARAH

(lowers her voice)

Bloody am not. Bulletproof glass counter screens are far too expensive to waste money on protecting staff against attack. I heard that a couple of years back a customer in Bolton accidentally smacked the screen with his walking stick and covered the cashier in broken glass.

RACHAEL

(in disbelieving voice)

Never!

SARAH

Absolutely Gospel. Ask Sam if you don't believe me.

RACHAEL

Then why do we have them?

Sarah turns her head to Tall customer. The customer cannot hear the conversation through the glass screen.

SARAH

The counter screens are the most fun you get working in a bank. I just love watching the positions customers get into when they are trying to talk to us through the little gap at the bottom.

TALL CUSTOMER bends right down to cash slot, head resting on counter.

TALL CUSTOMER

Can I have that in tenners please love?

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.