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THE INSIDE MAN  
by  
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INT. DALTON'S CELL - UNDETERMINED

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Pan right to left across a cream-painted cinder block wall. Various items taped to the wall. A page from Playboy, a handwritten calendar, bible quotations on scrap paper, a checklist. We pan left to the adjacent wall and stop in an ECU of DALTON RUSSELL, 36, white, with ten days of beard.

AS WE PULL BACK:

DALTON

My name is Dalton Russell. Pay strict attention to what I say, because I choose my words carefully, and I never repeat myself.

He wears no shirt. A tattoo on his chest says "Murder will out. Certain, it will not fail - Chaucer." He reads a small, worn Bible, wears white light cotton drawstring pants, and sits up on a mattress with his back to the wall.

DALTON (CONT'D)

I've told you my name. That's the 'who'. The 'where' could most readily be described as a prison cell. But there's a vast difference between being stuck in a tiny cell and being in prison. And I am not in prison. The 'what' is easy. Recently, I planned, and set in motion events to execute, the perfect bank robbery. That's also the 'when'. As for the 'why', beyond the obvious financial motivation, it's exceedingly simple: Because I can. Which leaves us only with the 'how'. And therein, as the Bard would tell us, lies the rub.

FADE INTO:

INT. PRECINCT - OFFICE OF CAPTAIN CAPELLINI - 9:15 AM

Miller is seated in a chair in front of the desk, staring around the room at various items on the desk and walls.

CAPTAIN CAPELLINI, 45, Italian-American, enters, rounds his desk, and casually drops a GOLD DETECTIVE'S SHIELD on the desk in front of Miller.

CAPELLINI

Congratulations, Detective First Grade.

MILLER

Yeah, thanks.

CAPELLINI

Don't fuckin' start with me.

MILLER

I wasn't. I'm thrilled. Really.

CAPELLINI

Well, you earned this.

MILLER

So how did you earn yours?

CAPELLINI

I rescued a missing nine-year-old girl  
from a crackhouse.

Miller gives him a skeptical expression.

CAPELLINI (CONT'D)

And kept my mouth shut and did as I was  
told for twelve years. That helped.

MILLER

So what do I tell them I did?

CAPELLINI

You diffused a dangerous hostage  
situation and saved dozens of taxpayers.

MILLER

I did. Didn't I?

CAPELLINI

Damn right you did. Now get goin'.

Miller gets up. He takes the gold shield.

MILLER

So why do I feel like I watched the whole  
thing on TV?

CAPELLINI

Whoa! Don't get all fucking deep on me.  
Just go out there and fight crime.

MILLER

Look out, bad guys. Here I come.

Miller exits.

CAPELLINI

And don't come back until the streets are  
safe again.

FADE TO BLACK

CREDITS

SUBTITLE - "10 DAYS EARLIER"

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 9:50 AM

A white painter's van drives down a city street. Logo:  
"Perfect Painters - We Never Leave Until The Job Is Done".

INT. MANHATTAN TRUST BANK - MAIN FLOOR - 9:50 AM

Forty Customers and fifteen Employees are going about their business. The Customers are a cross section of New York City. They include CHAIM, 60, a Hasidic Jew, NANCY, 24, attractive, with large breasts, dressed provocatively, BRIAN, 8, African-American, playing a Nintendo Gameboy, his father RAY, 29, African-American, MIRIAM, 60, white, SETH, 19, white with dreadlocks, in a "Rage Against the Machine" T-shirt, STAN, 73, white, with a bald spot, ERIC and BRAD, two male homosexuals in their forties, and Dalton, clean-shaven, disguised as a construction worker, in a hard hat, sunglasses, workboots, a white paper/plastic jumpsuit, a flannel shirt over the jumpsuit top, and a tool belt, a mouthguard and eye goggles hanging around his neck. He carries an industrial type flashlight in each hand. The flashlights appear to be off.

WALL OF SURVEILLANCE MONITORS - 9:56 AM

Various views of the same bank activity. On one monitor, Dalton is leaning against a counter near the entrance. His flashlights are emitting a strong light. The timecode at the bottom of the monitor shows it is 9:56:59 and running.

INT. BANK MAIN FLOOR - 9:57 AM

Dalton leaning against the counter. He puts a flashlight on the counter and adjusts the lamp, which emits no light.

SURVEILLANCE MONITORS - 9:57 AM

We see Dalton in the same place, adjusting the lamp. As he points it towards our view, the screen goes white. On the adjacent monitor, a view of a more interior portion of the bank. A beat. It goes white.

INT. PERFECT PAINTERS VAN - 9:57 AM

STEVE, 30, a muscular white male, sits in the driver's seat, dressed like a painter ready for an industrial job. He wears a disposable white paper/plastic jumpsuit, matching haircover and shoe-covers. A pair of goggles obscures his eyes. A mouthguard covers his mouth. In the passenger seat sits STEVIE, 28, a woman dressed in the same manner. She also wears her goggles and mouthguard, hiding her facial details. In the rear of the van, which has no seats, sits STEVE-0, 40, disguised exactly like Steve, but slimmer, shorter and less imposing. We cannot identify their faces. Their fourth accomplice, Dalton, they refer to as Steven. The confusion is intentional. Collectively, they are THE CREW.

Steve parks the van and turns it off. He and Stevie exit the van and walk to the rear.

EXT. PERFECT PAINTERS VAN - 9:58 AM

They open the rear doors and remove a large amount of supplies, most of which is in nondescript brown cardboard boxes. Steve wears a large black knapsack hanging from one shoulder. They place the boxes on two hand trucks, shut the van doors, and proceed around a corner to the entrance of the bank, a large traditional bank façade with floor to ceiling marble pillars, modern glass doors and small windows. Nobody seems to notice them.

EXT. TO INT. BANK - 10:00 AM

The Crew enter the bank like painters approaching a job. Steve secures the doors with a pre-fitted metal brace.

BANG. Chaos.

Stevie sets off three small explosives. Loud noises and smoke fill the bank and cause chaos but harm no one. People scream and run or hit the floor. Steve-0 and Stevie pull M16s from Steve's knapsack. Dalton pulls on his goggles and mouthguard, removes his flannel shirt and pulls out a Smith & Wesson .357 revolver.

DALTON  
(shouting)  
Everybody get down on the fucking floor!  
Now! You have four seconds. Anyone still  
standing gets shot! One. Two. Three.

Silence. A beat. Dalton looks around. Only Chaim is still standing. Dalton walks up to him, points his gun at him.

DALTON (CONT'D)

You get the same treatment as everyone else, Rabbi. Now get down!

Chaim doesn't move. Dalton kicks him down to the floor.

DALTON (CONT'D)

My friends and I are making a very large withdrawal from this bank. If you get in our way you get a bullet in the brain.

Dalton paints a forced smile on his face for a moment, then drops it quickly, and his expression is cold and blank.

DALTON (CONT'D)

Plenty of people out there waiting for your kidneys, hearts and livers.

EXT. BANK ENTRANCE - 10:08 AM

SERGEANT COLLINS, 28, white male, approaches the door of the bank. He can see the interior is filled with smoke. He tries to open the door. It is locked. He draws his gun. He pushes the button on his shoulder radio.

COLLINS

Possible Ten-Thirty. Manhattan Trust Bank, corner of 23rd and 8th.

The door suddenly opens a crack. Dalton's .357 revolver is pointing at Collins' head. Collins freezes.

DALTON

Get back! I've got hostages. You fucking cops come near this door and I'll start killing people. I'm not kidding man.

Dalton slams the door shut and replaces the brace.

Inside, Dalton's expression quickly returns to calm. He smiles confidently, satisfied with this performance.

INT. PRECINCT INTERROGATION ROOM - 10:12 AM

Miller and DETECTIVE MITCHELL, 30, black, are seated at a table. Miller's on the phone. Mitchell's doing paperwork.

MILLER

Baby, I'm fighting for my life here. Do we have to do this again? Now? Do you know the kinda thin ice I'm on right now with this Madrugada Check Cashing thing? They wanna lock me up. If this hundred  
(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)

forty grand doesn't turn up somewhere,  
soon, things could get rough for me.

(a beat)

Of course I didn't take it. It's just  
some lying drug dealer trying to save his  
own ass by fucking me over. Eventually  
it'll blow over. Then I'll be up for  
First Grade in a couple of years. When  
that happens, we'll have enough to buy a  
bigger place. Until then, do we have to  
have this conversation every time your  
brother has a tantrum or gets caught  
stealing a car?

(a beat)

It's OK, sweetheart. I'm sorry. Me too.

Miller makes a "jerk-off" gesture with his hand.

MILLER (CONT'D)

I love you. Bye.

Miller hangs up.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Her lowlife brother. He's got three  
convictions. One for armed robbery. He's  
a high school drop out. And he's only  
seventeen. He's a maggot. He's beyond  
hope. He doesn't have an honest bone in  
his body, and he's too fucking stupid to  
ever amount to anything, even as a  
criminal.

MITCHELL

Can't you get rid of him?

MILLER

She loves him. What am I supposed to tell  
her? "Throw your brother out on the  
street?" She just puts it all back on me.  
You know, if we had a bigger place it  
wouldn't be such a problem. And of  
course, if we were married, that would be  
different.

MITCHELL

How's he feel about you?

MILLER

He's thrilled having a detective sleeping  
in the next room, banging his sister.

The DOOR bursts open and Capellini, in a short-sleeved dress  
shirt, pokes his head in. He points at Miller.

CAPELLINI  
You guys cops?

MITCHELL  
(to Miller)  
Shit! He made us.

CAPELLINI  
(to Miller)  
Christmas just came early for you. Bank  
robbery. Hostage situation. 23rd and 8th.

MILLER  
What?

CAPELLINI  
Grossman's on vacation. You're up.

MILLER  
Yeah, but what about Madrugada Check  
Cashing? Aren't I in the doghouse?

CAPELLINI  
I just threw you a bone. Far  
as I'm concerned, you still work here.  
But if you don't think you're ready to...

Mitchell and Miller spring up from their seats. Mitchell puts  
his paperwork in order. They begin to exit the room.

MITCHELL  
He's ready.

MILLER  
Sure I am.

CAPELLINI  
Good. I'm giving you a big break here.  
Don't make me look like a fool.

INT. BANK - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS - 10:15 AM

STEVIE  
All bank employees raise their hands.

Five men and eight women, mixed between black, white and a  
couple of Indians/Asians, raise their hands. Dalton and  
Stevie, masked, count them.

DALTON  
Not enough. Steve-0, check downstairs.



Steve-0 runs down the stairs and everyone stands still for a while until he shouts from downstairs.

STEVE-0 (O.S.)

I have two employees and a customer.

DALTON

Are they laying down on the ground with their eyes closed?

STEVE-0 (O.S.)

Are they...

(muffled sounds of Steve-0 ordering the employees down.)

Yes.

DALTON

Stevie, take your employees downstairs and send Steve-0 up with his customer.

(to STEVE)

Steve.

STEVE

Yeah?

DALTON

(stating the obvious)

Give Stevie a bag, please.

STEVE

Oh. Sure.

Steve throws a bag to Stevie, who catches it.

STEVIE

Let's go, down the stairs.

Stevie motions all the EMPLOYEES to go downstairs. They all head downstairs, and Stevie follows.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BANK - 10:30 AM

A dark blue school bus with darkened windows, marked NYPD arrives, filled with a SWAT team of twelve officers in dark clothing, clearly marked NYPD, carrying M-16's and sniper rifles. SWATs quickly get off the bus, both from the front steps and jumping from the rear exit. Uniformed police officers have pushed back passersby and are stringing up yellow police tape. There is much confusion.

INT. OFFICE OF ARTHUR CASE - 10:30 AM

A large, well-appointed private corporate office. A statuette on his desk which says "Lifetime Achievement Award." A crystal paperweight: Case Foundation. ARTHUR CASE, 82, WASP, upper-crust, dressed in a suit and tie.

SECRETARY (SPEAKER PHONE) (O.S.)

Mr. Case. I have Katherine Snell on the phone from Manhattan Trust.

Case picks up the phone and speaks cheerfully.

CASE

Hello.

SNELL (ON PHONE) (O.S.)

Mr. Case, I'm Katherine Snell, from Ed Reynolds' office.

CASE

Hi, Mrs. Snell. What can I do for you?

SNELL (ON PHONE) (O.S.)

Well, Mr. Reynolds asked me to telephone you. There's a robbery in progress at one of our branches.

CASE

Oh, my.

SNELL (ON PHONE) (O.S.)

He asked me to apologize for not calling you himself, but he's...

CASE

That's quite alright. I understand. Has anyone been hurt?

SNELL (ON PHONE) (O.S.)

I don't think so. But there are hostages.

CASE

Oh, that's awful. Which branch is it?

SNELL (ON PHONE) (O.S.)

Number 32. 301 West 23rd Street.

Silence. Case is stunned.

SNELL (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Mr. Case?

CASE

Thank you, Mrs. Snell.

Case hangs up. He drops his head into his hands.

CASE (CONT'D)

(quietly, with fear)

Oh, dear God.

INT. BANK - A ROOM IN THE BASEMENT - 10:33 AM

Dalton addresses the bank employees, who sit on the floor.

DALTON

First, I'm sorry for scaring you before,  
but in the end it's better for all of you  
if you just do what I say. Now, I need  
everybody to take your cellular phones,  
and your keys out of your pockets and  
handbags, and hold them in the air.

Steve-O enters the room. Dalton takes a stick of CHEWING GUM  
from a pack, unwraps it, places the gum in his mouth and the  
wrapper in his pocket. All the employees take out their  
cellular phones and keys. Dalton grabs a garbage bag and  
collects the phones from the employees, until he reaches  
PETER HAMMOND, 45, in a blue suit, holding keys but no phone.

DALTON (CONT'D)

What is your name?

PETER

Peter.

DALTON

Peter what?

PETER

Peter Hammond.

DALTON

Where's your cell phone, Peter Hammond?

PETER

I left it at home.

DALTON

Peter, think very carefully about how you  
answer the next question. Because if you  
get it wrong, your headstone will read,  
"Here lies Peter Hammond, Hero, who  
valiantly attempted, in vain, to prevent  
a brilliant bank robbery by trying to

(MORE)

DALTON (CONT'D)

hide his cellular phone, but wound up getting shot in the fucking head." Now, Peter Hammond, where is your cell phone?

PETER

I'm telling you, I left it at home.

Dalton reaches into his bag of cell phones and pulls out four of them. He hands the bag to Steve-0. Then he pushes buttons on one of the phones. He then tosses the phone to Steve-0, who catches it. Dalton repeats this motion with another cell phone. On the third phone, he succeeds. He pushes the TALK button on the phone. We see the readout on the cell phone in his hand: "P Hammond cell". In a few seconds, we hear the sound of a cellular phone ringing somewhere in the room. Peter Hammond's expression says he knows he screwed up.

PETER (CONT'D)

OK. OK. I fucked up. I'm sorry.

DALTON

Oh, don't worry about it.

Steve-0 retrieves the cell phone from a corner of the room, where PETER had tossed it surreptitiously.

DALTON (CONT'D)

Right. Well, we'll be back later.

Dalton and Steve-0 exit the room. The employees look around at each other cautiously, but nobody speaks.

BAM! The door bursts open. Steve-0 and Steve run in and grab Peter Hammond, who screams. They drag him out of the room, kicking and yelling. The EMPLOYEES all look around at each other. Dalton re-enters the room.

DALTON (CONT'D)

Anyone else here smarter than me?

Dalton extends his open palm and eyes the EMPLOYEES. DEXTER, 32, black, in slacks, a light blue shirt and a tie, reaches into his pocket and pulls out a set of bank keys. Dalton approaches the man. He takes the keys.

DALTON (CONT'D)

And you are?

DEXTER

Dexter Reed.

DALTON

Thanks, Dexter.

Dalton exits the room, shutting the door behind him.

The EMPLOYEES eye the door nervously. DEXTER is watching it, praying it doesn't burst open again. The door opens quickly, but less violently than before. They react with fear.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - MOVING THROUGH TRAFFIC - 10:35 AM

Mitchell and Miller head to the bank in their unmarked car.

MITCHELL  
(excitedly)  
This is it, baby. The Show.

MILLER  
(cautiously)  
Yeah.

MITCHELL  
You got the call. God Damn.

Mitchell glances at Miller and sees his mind is elsewhere.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)  
What's on your mind?

MILLER  
You mean besides the gang of armed men holding... oh... forty taxpayers hostage in the middle of the city, whose lives are over if I fuck up? Not to mention mine.

MITCHELL  
Here's all you need to know. You walk in unarmed and the head bad guy puts a gun to your head and makes you get on your knees. You look around and there are five armed men pointing Uzis at you. Just picture them in their underwear.

MILLER  
How 'bout orange jumpsuits and shackles?

MITCHELL  
There you go. Andy, you can do this.

MILLER  
Let's hope so.

MITCHELL

Just go by the numbers. In the end, they get hungry and tired and they give up. Isn't that what you told me?

MILLER

(impatiently)

Did I mention that half the time, they waste a hostage before that happens?

MITCHELL

You may have mentioned that.

MILLER

Guess I should be happy. I might get to postpone my testimony with IAB.

MITCHELL

Yeah, just drag this hostage thing out 'til tomorrow morning, and you're off the hook.

MILLER

And Katrine's bugging the shit outta me. She wants to get married, move into a nicer place.

MITCHELL

Big steps.

MILLER

I'm ready for it. But all that shit costs money. Weddings, furniture. Kids. You know how much a diamond ring costs?

MITCHELL

She high maintenance?

MILLER

No worse than anyone else, I suppose. It's not just her. I want all those things, too. It would be nice to take her out for dinner once in a while and eat something other than Italian.

MITCHELL

So take her someplace else.

MILLER

Oh, yeah. Then I'd have to pay for it. Great solution.

FADE INTO:

INT. PRECINCT INTERROGATION ROOMS - UNKNOWN

We cut between several interviews, after the situation ended, with people who exited the bank. In these and further interviews, they are interviewed variously by Miller or Mitchell, or both, whose clothing changes twice to show they occur over several days. A pack of gum sits on the table.

Interview 1: PAUL, Hispanic Male, 5'11".

MITCHELL

Gotta hand it to you, Pablo. This was a real step up for a small timer like you. This was no liquor store gang bang.

PAUL

First of all, it's Paul. Not Pablo. OK?

MITCHELL

Excuse me. Want some gum?

PAUL

No. And second, I didn't do it. Alright? I made a few mistakes when I was a kid. I was out with some friends and they held up a liquor store. What was I supposed to do? Where the hell did you grow up, homeboy? Park Avenue?

MITCHELL

And ten years later, your friends just decided to knock over a bank.

PAUL

Man. You guys are funny.

Interview 2: Seth

SETH

I was standing in line for the tellers. They have like nine windows but there's never more than three tellers working there. What's up with that?

MILLER

Then what?

SETH

Then "BAM!" I turned around and there was smoke everywhere.

Interview 3: Stan

STAN

I was on the ground with my eyes closed.

MITCHELL

And they just picked you?

STAN

They asked if anyone had heart problems or any other health problems. I think they didn't want anyone to die on them.

MILLER

So you said yes?

STAN

Well, I raised my hand and I told them I'd had a heart attack once before.

INT. BANK - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS - 10:40 AM

Dalton, Stevie and Steve are standing at various points on the bank's main floor. Six Customers are laying face down on the ground. Stan sits in a chair. Steve-0 comes up the stairs. Dalton holds his .357 revolver.

Dalton motions for Steve to follow him. They walk over to Stan. Dalton taps him on the shoulder.

DALTON

Get up.

Stan stands up cautiously, avoiding Dalton's gaze. Dalton takes his arm and walks him to the door. Steve follows.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BANK - 10:41 AM

Collins speaks to a group of five SWATs, led by HERNANDEZ, 38, Hispanic. Ten feet behind him, the front door of the bank opens. Everyone reacts quickly. Guns are pointed at the door. Stan is pushed out of the door, which closes behind him.

HERNANDEZ

Freeze!

Stan's hands go up.

HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)

Get down on your knees!

STAN

Don't shoot! I'm... I'm...



HERNANDEZ  
On your knees! Right now!

Stan drops to his knees.

STAN  
They sent me out here.

Two SWATs approach Stan, M-16's trained on him. One frisks him and finds nothing.

SWAT  
Clear! He's clean!

Some SWATs lower their weapons.

STAN  
He said stay away. If you come near the bank he'll throw out two dead bodies.

HERNANDEZ  
Who?

STAN  
Who? I don't know who. The guy with the gun. There's four of them in there.

The MOBILE COMMAND CENTER, a "Winnebago" vehicle, arrives.

INT. BANK BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - 11:00

Dalton, Steve and Stevie, mouthguards and goggles still obscuring their faces, briskly tour the hall. They stop in front of a massive vault. The vault door is open, but the internal steel bar door is closed. They peer through the bars to gaze at the money on the shelves inside.

STEVIE  
Nice.

STEVE  
Ahhhhh.

They continue on to another room, which they enter. It is the outer room of the safe deposit box vault, which we see ahead of them, also behind a steel bar door.

STEVE-O  
Oh, Mama.

DALTON  
Come on.

Dalton leads them out of the room and to a door. He tries the knob and finds it unlocked. They enter.

INT. BANK BASEMENT - SUPPLY ROOM - 11:01 AM

Frontal shot of Dalton, Stevie and Steve staring at the room, which we can't see. Their mouthguards and goggles cover their faces. We still see that Dalton is smiling.

DALTON

Beautiful.

Their POV: A supply room twelve feet wide and thirty feet deep. Metal shelving units along all the walls, loaded with office supplies. It looks like an aisle at Staples.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BANK - 11:02 AM

Police vehicles of all types are on the scene in front of the bank. Uniformed and plainclothes officers are moving people away. More cars, marked and unmarked, arrive.

Inside the bank, the smoke has cleared and the main floor is deserted. Miller's and Mitchell's car pulls up to the scene. They exit the car and are approached by Collins.

COLLINS

Sergeant Collins, first on scene.

MITCHELL

Detectives Mitchell and Miller.

MILLER

Tell us what you know.

COLLINS

Not much. We responded to the alarm and saw the bank filled with smoke. The door was locked. When I tried to get a look inside, one gunman opened the door and stuck a three-fifty-seven in my face, screaming about killing hostages.

MILLER

Did you see any others?

COLLINS

No, sir. I couldn't see anyone at all.

MILLER

What else?

COLLINS

A half hour later they let out a hostage, a white male, 73, Stanley Resnick. He's in the command center. Told him to say that if any cops came near the bank they'd throw out two dead bodies. He thinks there's four of them.

MILLER

You hear anything inside?

COLLINS

Nope. As far as I could tell, it was quiet. But with the noise outside and the three-fifty-seven in my face, I can't really be sure. I'm sorry.

MILLER

You did fine, Sergeant. Ever had a gun pointed in your face before?

COLLINS

Yeah. Once.

MILLER

Really?

COLLINS

Yeah, by a 14-year-old.

MILLER

(softly, with surprise)  
Holy shit. What was that like?

COLLINS

Not one of my better days.

MILLER

I'll bet. Soon as we get this scene under control, I'll try and cut you loose.

COLLINS

I'd rather hang around a while, Sir. At least until you make contact.

Miller nods.

INT. BANK DOWNSTAIRS - SUPPLY ROOM - 11:05 AM

Dalton is giving instructions to Steve. There is a nervous energy about it, but not panic. He points as he speaks. Their goggles and mouthguards hang around their necks. We see Steve's face for the first time.

DALTON

You have to move all of this crap away from this wall and towards the entrance, so you can remove one section on the left and one on the right. Once that's done, you pull out the section against the rear wall. Leave all the supplies intact if you can. I wanna be able to put it all back, so be very careful.

INT. MADELEINE WHITE'S OFFICE - 11:30 AM

A large, well decorated and neat office, unburdened with paperwork. MADELEINE WHITE, ESQ., 40s, WASP, tall, well-groomed and poised, sits in a chair at a coffee table. On the adjacent couch are three Arab men. RISHAM, 37, is in charge.

RISHAM

Again, I want you to rest assured, Ms. White, my intention is nothing more than to spend time in your wonderful city and enjoy all that it has to offer.

WHITE

And no business with your Uncle.

RISHAM

Of course not. In truth, I have very little to do with my Uncle these days.

WHITE

I'm told you haven't spoken to him in nine years.

RISHAM

(surprised)  
You're extremely well-informed.

WHITE

I have to be.

White's male assistant beeps her. She picks up the phone.

WHITE (CONT'D)

Yes.

ASSISTANT (O.S.)

I have a Mr. Arthur Case on the phone.

White stands. The others follow suit.

WHITE

I'm going to have to end this here.  
Please send me copies of the mortgage  
application, purchase agreement, and  
documentation, and I'll be in touch.

RISHAM

I will. Thank you.

They exit.

WHITE

Arthur Case? Are you sure about that?

ASSISTANT (O.S.)

That's what he said.

WHITE

He said his name was Arthur Case? Just  
like that? I mean it wasn't a secretary  
saying he was on the line?

ASSISTANT (O.S.)

No.

WHITE

Well, put him through.  
(pause)  
This is Madeleine White.

CASE (O.S.)

Ms. White, I'm Arthur Case.

WHITE

Good morning, Mr. Case.

CASE

Have we ever met?

WHITE

No sir, I don't believe we have.

CASE

But somehow you're always at my Fourth of  
July party in Southampton.

WHITE

(responds cautiously)  
Well, we know some of the same people.

CASE

It seems. I'll get right to the point. I  
have a small problem that requires  
(MORE)

CASE (CONT'D)

somebody with very special skills. And complete discretion. Are you such a person, or have I been misinformed?

WHITE

Go on.

CASE

Can I pick you up in front of your building in five minutes?

WHITE

(a beat to reflect)

Sure. I'll be down in five minutes.

EXT. STREET AND MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - 11:30 AM

Miller and Mitchell enter the MCC, containing surveillance and communication equipment, and room for ten people inside.

MILLER

Captain Pappas?

PAPPAS

Yeah.

MILLER

Detective Andrew Miller. This is Detective Bill Mitchell.

PAPPAS

(disinterested)

Hey.

MILLER

You might remember, we worked that hospital thing on 93rd a while back.

PAPPAS

Oh, yeah.

(a beat)

That was a real shame.

MILLER

Yeah. What have you got so far?

PAPPAS

(dismissively)

I've got an unknown number of suspects and an unknown number of hostages in a bank. And about a million spectators. And I can't see shit. So I'm kinda busy.

MILLER

I understand.

PAPPAS

The way this works, Mr. Miller, is that I deal with Mr. Grossman. So if you need anything, you can speak to him. OK?

MILLER

No, Captain. It's not OK. Detective Grossman is away on vacation, and I'm the big dick today. So if you need anything, you can speak to me. OK?

Everyone in the truck looks over at Miller.

PAPPAS

Well, I guess it will have to be.

MILLER

Tell you what, Captain. I'll get out of your hair while you get this crime scene under control. And you'll let me know when I can get a detailed briefing. OK?

PAPPAS

Yes, Sir.

MILLER

Thanks.

Miller and Mitchell begin to exit the truck. Miller stops on the steps, in the open doorway.

MILLER (CONT'D)

We'll be right behind you in the Diner.  
(jerks thumbs toward diner)  
Be sure you don't go in there  
(points to the bank)  
without letting me know.

Miller and Mitchell exit the truck.

PAPPAS

(under his breath)  
Yeah. And don't you pocket any cash after my guys clear out the bank.

EXT. MCC - 11:31 AM

MITCHELL

Shouldn't we be in there?

MILLER

Let's give him some time to get the scene under control.

MITCHELL

Sure, but still...

MILLER

Until he secures his position and gets the physical layout, he'll only dump on us. If the show starts, he'll call. Trust me. I've seen him work.

MITCHELL

Your call, Andy.

MILLER

Guess it is. One thing I learned watching Grossman. Those guys don't think much of what I'm here to do.

MITCHELL

What do you mean?

MILLER

To them it's a tactical situation. Having me there says that there's a mental side to it they don't get. They think it's an insult, my being there.

MITCHELL

Told you you could handle this.

MILLER

Are you kidding? I keep waiting for someone higher up on the food chain to show up and say "here's what we do."

FADE INTO:

INT. PRECINCT INTERROGATION ROOMS - UNKNOWN

Interview 2: Seth

SETH

Bunch of psychos. I thought they were gonna kill everybody. They came in screaming and waving those fucking machine guns in our faces.

Interview 4: PELTZ, 30, male.



PELTZ

They kept us locked up most of the time. Once in a while they'd come in and take a few people out and move them somewhere else. Then they'd bring some others in.

MILLER

Any idea why?

PELTZ

Beats me. They moved me twice. Didn't make any difference.

Miller is blatantly examining Peltz's face.

PELTZ (CONT'D)

What?

INT. BANK DOWNSTAIRS - SUPPLY ROOM - 11:40 AM

Dalton pokes his head in the doorway. Steve, unmasked, has cleared off the two sections of shelving along the left and right walls closest to the back wall, and he's pulling those sections away from the walls and taking them apart. He has an electrically powered cordless screwdriver in his hand.

DALTON

How's it coming?

STEVE

Not bad. We should have access to the rear wall in an hour. How's that?

DALTON

Excellent.

EXT. FRONT OF DINER ACROSS FROM THE BANK - 11:50 AM

Pappas approaches the window where Mitchell and Miller are seated, their coffee almost gone. He knocks on the window. Miller and Mitchell get up quickly, leave some money on the table, exit the diner, and walk with Pappas back to the MCC.

PAPPAS

Look, Detective, I didn't mean any disrespect back there...

MILLER

Forget it, Captain. What's the story?

PAPPAS

We think there's about forty to fifty hostages and maybe four perps.

MILLER

Terrific.

PAPPAS

There's a video system in the bank. We're working on getting a feed into the van, but it'll take a while. We've got the block locked up. I've got men on the roof across the street and we're checking the sewers with ConEd.

MILLER

What about the phones?

PAPPAS

Cut and diverted into the van. We're the only ones they're gonna call. Cell phones are monitored, and we can jam the air whenever you say. But we like to leave it clear in case a hostage is able to get through. So far nothing.

MILLER

What about 911?

PAPPAS

It's up on the screen. Any call about a bank gets routed straight to us.

MITCHELL

What chance you give that of working?

PAPPAS

Please. I have nightmares about a hostage calling 911 and saying, "Don't break in, it's wired with explosives." And the operator saying, "Don't shout at me, Ma'am. What is your name?"

(a beat)

So. That's my end of it, Detective.

They all look at Miller, who doesn't seem to notice his cue. Eventually he looks up, but expresses no surprise, giving the impression that he was deep in thought.

MILLER

Yeah. I'm not calling them yet.

PAPPAS

I beg your pardon?

MILLER

It just doesn't feel right yet. And I'm not gonna call them up and ask what I can do for them. Let's see what they do.

PAPPAS

Your call.

MILLER

It'll be fine. I just need to find my voice, if you know what I mean.

PAPPAS

Sure thing, Pavarotti.

INT. CASE'S LIMOUSINE - 11:53 AM

WHITE

Mr. Case, let me tell you how I work. You say there are family heirlooms in your safe deposit box. Fine. But in my experience, folks like you have people working for them to handle things like this. And when they can't, they don't call me, their people call me. So right away, I know that there's something in that box that you don't even want your closest aides knowing about. That's not a problem for me. If I don't need to know what's in there, just tell me that I don't need to know. But if you tell me it's a bunch of old baseball cards, and I find out it's launch codes for nuclear missiles, well, at that point we no longer have an agreement. Understand?

CASE

What's in that box has belonged to me since before you were born. It's very valuable, and poses no danger to anyone.

WHITE

Except to you?

(a beat, no response)

OK. First, there are men with guns in there. So I can't guaranty you any results. Is that acceptable?

CASE

Of course.

WHITE

What I can do is this: I can get close to the people in charge and find out what they know. If necessary, I may be able to influence their actions. So tell me how you would like this to end.

CASE

I'd prefer it if nobody ever touches my safe deposit box. Not them, not you, not the authorities. The sooner this situation ends, the happier I'll be. Is that specific enough for you?

WHITE

No.

CASE

The contents of that box are of value to me, so long as they remain my secret.

WHITE

And if they're exposed?

CASE

I'll face some difficult questions.

WHITE

So it stays locked, or disappears.

CASE

Precisely. Can you make that happen?

WHITE

Yes.

CASE

I hope so. I have to say, I can't help but be skeptical.

WHITE

You're wondering how a woman could have the kind of influence I claim to have.

CASE

I am. Am I just being old fashioned?

WHITE

Probably. But the fact is, Arthur, few people, male or female, have this kind of influence. It's not something they give you. It's something you take.

CASE

So what will this cost?

WHITE

When it's done, I'll give you a number and you'll pay me whatever I say. We both know it, so why pretend? If you feel you've been taken advantage of, you don't have to recommend me to your friends when they ask for someone with special skills and complete discretion. Whoever gave you my number got the same deal, and it must've satisfied him.

(a beat)

All I need is the key.

CASE

I'm afraid that's not possible.

WHITE

(getting excited)

Not possible? Not possible? I'll tell what's not possible. It's not possible for you to ask me to...

CASE

I lost it.

WHITE

Come again?

CASE

I lost it years ago.

WHITE

Ah. Now I get it.

CASE

Get what?

WHITE

Why you would've left this stuff sitting there all of this time.

CASE

I had always meant to do something about that. Then it was just too late.

WHITE

But you could've had the box opened.

CASE

No. The bank has no record that it belongs to me, or anyone at all. I saw to that many years ago.

WHITE

Still, it's your bank. You could've...

CASE

It would've raised too many questions.

INT. BANK BASEMENT – SUPPLY ROOM - 12:00 PM

The rear shelf has been moved, exposing the cream-painted cinderblock rear wall. The adjacent shelving units from either side have been removed and disassembled, their shelves and poles lay on the floor. Their contents occupy the remaining shelves, of which there are still many.

Steve, unmasked and sweating, rests. Around him are boxes and supplies they brought into the bank and he is clearly using. One open box has concrete tiles in it. Dalton enters.

DALTON

Not bad. You need any help?

STEVE

Can you spare Steve-0? I wanna start on the floor. That's hard work. But the wall's what'll take the most time.

DALTON

I'll do my best.

Dalton exits. Steve raises a pick-axe. He strikes the floor in the far right corner, one foot in from either wall.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER – 12:30 PM

Miller and Pappas are seated. Others in the MCC attend to their stations. Two officers, BERK, 33, female, and ROURKE, 28, male, are seated at stations. Pappas is telling a story.

PAPPAS

So he's laying on the floor, blood spurting out of his fuckin' neck, right, (mimics choking) and he goes, "Somebody's gotta - pick up - my kids - at - school."

Laughs from all but Miller, who manages a nervous chuckle.

BERK (O.S.)

We're all set, sirs.

PAPPAS

Wait, wait. It gets better. So we're all lookin' at each other in total silence like, "What the fuck did he just say?" And he just rips one. A monster.

Laughs from all except Miller.

PAPPAS (CONT'D)

You ready yet?

MILLER

Yeah. Let's go.

Pappas nods to Berk, who has a telephone in her hand. Berk presses a button on her console, then hands it to Miller. Miller puts the phone to his ear. We hear it ring six times, and everybody shows some impatience and confusion.

PAPPAS

You sure you got the right number?

BERK

Absolutely.

In frustration, Miller hangs up the phone.

ROURKE

We've got the video.

MILLER

Let's have it.

We see a monitor which shows nine camera angles inside the bank, and time code, which begins at 9:56:48. The top three angles we recognize as the main floor, including the entrance camera where we saw Dalton earlier. We see Dalton turn on his flashlight and it emits a whitening light. He places it on the counter, adjusts it to point at the camera, and the entire view from that camera goes white, at 9:57:46 am.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Wait! What happened to that camera?

ROURKE

Hang on.

Rourke rewinds the video and they watch it again.

MILLER

This guy. He blinds the camera with his flashlight. Show it again.

Rourke rewinds it and we see it one more time.

MILLER (CONT'D)

It's weird, no one else sees it. You'd think it would be pretty bright. No?

ROURKE

It could be infra-red.

MILLER

How's that?

ROURKE

An infra-red bulb. Humans can't see it, but video cameras pick it up. He could blind the camera with no one noticing.

The video rolls on and we see by the other views that the bank robbery begins at 10:00:13, roughly two minutes later.

MILLER

Great. A full two minutes goes by and we can't tell who enters or leaves.

FADE INTO:

INT. PRECINCT INTERROGATION ROOMS - UNKNOWN

Interview 5: Miriam

MILLER

How long were you there before it began?

MIRIAM

A few minutes.

MILLER

Can you tell us what happened after the explosions and the smoke?

MIRIAM

They made everyone get down and close their eyes. Then one of them told the others to go down and fix the cameras.

INT. MCC TO EXT. STREET - 12:32 PM

ROURKE

They covered up every camera by 10:05.



BERK

There's movement at the front door.

Everyone turns to the video monitor which shows the front door of the bank opening. They all run out of the MCC.

(Handheld) We follow Miller, Pappas, and Mitchell as they approach the scene emerging. A man in the white outfit of the Crew exits the bank and stands in front of the door, which closes. His hands do not move from his sides. A BLACK METAL DESK DRAWER hangs from his neck by a length of phone cord. The open side faces his chest, so the SWATs cannot see what's in it. Several SWATs, including Hernandez, approach slowly, M-16's pointed at him.

HERNANDEZ

(shouting)

Don't move! Put your hands on your head  
and get down on your knees!

(a quick beat)

Get the fuck down before I shoot you!

WHITE OUTFIT MAN still does not respond.

Hernandez steps up to him, the barrel of his M-16 pointed directly at his chest. Close-up on White Outfit Man's face. He tries to speak from behind his mouth guard, but his mouth is taped. Hernandez moves the guard aside to reveal tape on his mouth, which he pulls off. It's Dexter. He gasps.

DEXTER

Don't shoot. Please, don't shoot me.

HERNANDEZ

Who are you?

DEXTER

Dexter Reed. I work in the bank.

HERNANDEZ

OK. Relax Dexter. Are you all right?

DEXTER

Yes.

HERNANDEZ

Are you booby trapped? Is that a bomb?

DEXTER

No. Fuck, no. My hands are tied.

Slowly, Hernandez moves the drawer and peeks into it. It's empty. He takes it by the cord and lifts it off of him.

Inside the drawer we see a message scrawled in liquid paper, but cannot make it out. Hernandez waves his arm to signal all clear. SWATs 2 and 3 approach. Hernandez slings his M-16, shuffles Dexter away from the bank, to Miller and Pappas.

INT. OFFICE OF THE MAYOR - 12:45 PM

White enters the office of the MAYOR, white, 54, finding him speaking with an AIDE, 29.

MAYOR

Madeleine. How are you?

WHITE

Just fine, your honor. Thanks for seeing me on such short notice.

They shake hands.

MAYOR

Oh, please. I always have time to put on a tux and eat free food for a good cause. Who are we saving this week?

WHITE

Sir, I'm trying to round up support for the Joseph Freidkin Memorial Fund for Spinal Cord Research. We're holding a fund-raiser next month, and if you could attend it would really give us a boost.

MAYOR

It would be my pleasure.  
(to his aide)  
John, are we through here?

AIDE

Yes, Sir.

Aide begins to exit.

MAYOR

Tell me, can I do any more to...

Aide exits.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

(angrily, but quietly)  
What the fuck do you want?

WHITE

A favor.

MAYOR  
No shit! Which kind?

WHITE  
The last one I'll ever ask of you.

MAYOR  
That's the kind I had in mind.

WHITE  
You know about this hostage situation?

MAYOR  
On my way. What's it got to do with you?

WHITE  
I just need to keep an eye on it.

Mayor picks up the remote, presses a button, and we see NY1 covering the situation live.

WHITE (CONT'D)  
Thanks. I need to get a little closer.  
Bring me there and tell whoever's in  
charge to extend me every courtesy.

MAYOR  
You're out of your fuckin' mind.

WHITE  
If it was easy, it wouldn't square us.

MAYOR  
It's impossible.

WHITE  
You know that's not true. You'll have to  
call in a few markers, that's all.

MAYOR  
I may have to give out a few.

WHITE  
So that's what you'll do.

MAYOR  
You're a magnificent cunt.

INT. DINER - 1:00 PM

Mitchell and Pappas stand. Miller sits with Dexter Reed.

DEXTER

The first thing I remember was an explosion and a lot of smoke. Then they were screaming, "Get down on the floor or we'll kill you." They wanted everybody to keep their eyes shut.

MILLER

Did they hurt anyone?

DEXTER

Yeah. They beat up Pete Hammond.

MILLER

Who is that?

DEXTER

He's a bank VP.

MILLER

Beat him bad?

DEXTER

I don't know. He tried to hide his cell phone and they caught him.

MILLER

So how many of them did you see?

DEXTER

Four, but there could've been more.

Switch to view from street of Miller and Dexter continuing their conversation. Camera pulls back and turns to the bank.

INT. MCC - 1:25 PM

The DESK DRAWER sits on a table around which Miller, Mitchell, and Pappas are seated. The message inside, written in white liquid paper, reads: 2 buses with full gas tanks. 1 jumbo jet with full gas tanks and pilots at JFK, parked at end of runway. We give you until 9:00 p.m. to do this. Then we kill one hostage every hour in front of TV cameras. Bank is secured with Semtex. We will demonstrate if necessary.

MITCHELL

Whatever you do, don't give them a jet.

PAPPAS

There's no plane. Maybe a bus. Maybe.

MILLER

Until I speak to them they get nothing.  
Not a cup of coffee. For now we wait.  
We'll let them wonder what we're doing.

The door opens and Collins enters, followed by Case.

COLLINS

Excuse me, Detectives. This is Arthur  
Case. He's the...

Collins turns back to Case for help.

CASE

Chairman of the Board of Directors.

COLLINS

...of the bank. You wanna talk to him?

MILLER

Let him in.

Case enters. Collins exits and closes the door.

MILLER (CONT'D)

I'm Detective Miller. Is there anything  
in particular you think we should know?

CASE

No. I just wondered if I could be of any  
assistance. Have they made any demands?

PAPPAS

They want a jet.

CASE

Oh, I see.

(a beat)

Would you like me to arrange for one?

They all look at him like he's from another planet.

CASE (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry. I misunderstood.

MILLER

That's all right, Mr. Case. Where can we  
reach you if we need anything?

CASE

Well, I thought I would stay here for a  
while. Those are my people in there.

MILLER

We'll keep you posted as best we can, but you'll have to excuse us now.

CASE

Absolutely. Thank you all very much.

Case exits. A beat. They wait to see who jokes first.

MITCHELL

(mimicking CASE)

"Would you like me to arrange one?" Yeah, we'll call you as soon as they demand a clueless old white guy.

Rourke, seated at a console monitoring the bank, sees action.

ROURKE

Movement at the front door.

EXT. BANK ENTRANCE - 1:27 PM

The front door of the bank opens. A Hostage in the WHITE OUTFIT walks out slowly, revealing a gun pointed at the back of his head, held by a suspect in the WHITE OUTFIT. They both move out slowly. The Hostage has a piece of paper in his outstretched hand. A SWAT steps forward and takes it from him. Then the suspect walks backwards slowly into the bank, keeping the gun trained on the Hostage. The SWAT hands the paper to Miller, who reads it: Fifty hungry people. Food now.

MILLER

Good.

CUT TO:

INT. MCC - 1:30 PM

MILLER

Are we ready with listening devices?

BERK

I need fifteen minutes once I have the food. Pizza's the best. Not sandwiches.

MITCHELL

(to Miller)

Is she for real?

Miller comes to Berk's station and looks at her equipment.

MILLER  
(to BERK)  
Are you for real?

BERK  
We'll send in, say, seven pizza boxes,  
with transmitters. Maybe we'll get some  
conversation if we give them something to  
grouop around. Give 'em each a sandwich  
it's hit or miss. They can walk around.  
And I don't have fifty transmitters.

Miller picks up a small pen-like device from the desk.

MILLER  
What's this?

BERK  
Digital recorder. Click it and it'll  
record for half an hour.

MILLER  
James Bond shit.

BERK  
(contradicting)  
I got it on Amazon.

MITCHELL  
You gonna ask for a hostage?

MILLER  
He just gave me one. Didn't he? If I ask  
for another and he says no, then what? He  
knows what he's doing. He gave us a  
hostage so he gets his food. I don't want  
to get caught bluffing this guy.

INT. BANK BASEMENT - 2:00 PM

A small room in the basement. Seven Hostages sit silently on  
the floor in full gear, identities hidden. One of them,  
Peltz, pulls down his goggles and mouthguard.

PELTZ  
Oh, fuck this. They wanna shoot me for  
taking off my mask they can go ahead.

NANCY  
(whispering loudly)  
You wanna get us all killed!?

PELTZ

Relax. What the hell's the difference?  
They're out there robbing the bank.

PAUL

The difference is you don't know what  
they'll do to us if they catch you. You  
think they dressed us like this for fun?

PELTZ

I don't know why they made us put on all  
this crap. Probably so when the cops  
break in to rescue us we all get fucking  
shot. It's a great plan but no thanks.

The door opens and we see Steve, fully masked, with a hammer  
in his hand. He looks around the room quickly and sees who's  
been causing all of this trouble. He moves towards Peltz and  
raises the hammer in the air in a threatening manner.

STEVE

(shouting)

The fuck you think you're doing?

Steve kicks Peltz in the gut, grabs his collar, and drags him  
out of the room. He slams the door shut. The others are still  
and silent, but visibly shaken. We hear sounds from outside  
of Steve beating Peltz and dragging him off.

FADE INTO:

INT. PRECINCT INTERROGATION ROOM - UNKNOWN

Interview 6: Chaim

MILLER

Could you hear anything they said?

CHAIM

One guy did most of the talking. He told  
everyone else what to do.

MILLER

You hear them talking among themselves?

CHAIM

No. Never. They kept us in rooms with the  
doors locked the whole time. We never  
knew what they were doing.

Interview 3: Peltz.



Peltz has laid out 14 photos, including Steve and the woman we will soon come to know as Stevie.

PELTZ

I'm sure about all of these people.

MILLER

Tell me about each of them.

PELTZ

Well, you couldn't miss the Rabbi, right? Whenever you take a plane there's always two of them on it. Is that, like, a law?

MITCHELL

Yeah. Who else?

PELTZ

And these two guys were gaying it up like it was Halloween in the Village. Hooters over here. I mean you'd have to be dead not to notice her. Well, I suppose Neil (nods to their photos) and Bob over here could've missed her.

MILLER

Yeah, seems like everyone noticed her. Tell us about your injuries.

PELTZ

I'm fine.

MILLER

We heard you got beat up pretty bad.

PELTZ

I got kicked in the nuts. Then in the stomach a few times. It hurt like hell for a while, but I'm fine now.

INT. BANK - MAIN FLOOR - 2:35 PM

Dalton and Steve, masked, open the front door. Outside, a SWAT officer holds seven pizzas. Another SWAT holds cases of Pepsi. A third SWAT holds an M-16, pointed at the ground. Miller stands behind them. Steve approaches the SWAT with the pizzas and takes them from him. He brings them inside.

MILLER

(to Dalton)

Hi.

Dalton ignores this. Steve returns and takes the sodas.

MILLER (CONT'D)  
How's it going?

Steve re-enters the bank.

MILLER (CONT'D)  
Hope pizza's OK. Sorry, it's a bit cold.

Dalton looks at Miller as he backs into the bank.

MILLER (CONT'D)  
Nice talking to ya.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - 2:50 PM

Pappas, Mitchell, Miller, Berk and Rourke.

PAPPAS  
Quiet.

Voices emerge from the speaker in an unknown language.

PAPPAS (CONT'D)  
Shit! Fuckin' Russians!

The rest react negatively.

MILLER  
Oh, shit.  
(to BERK)  
Call and get us a Russian translator.  
Tell him to hurry.

PAPPAS  
And get some fucking bodybags.  
(to Miller)  
You'd better know what you're doing. 'Cos  
if my guys have to shoot it out with  
those fuckin' savages...

MILLER  
Thanks. Fuck.

INT. BANK BASEMENT HALLWAY - 2:52 PM

Stevie and Steve-0 stand in the hallway, fully disguised. We see that Stevie has an EARPIECE in one ear.

STEVE-0  
Bring out five and walk them straight  
into this room.

STEVIE

OK.

Stevie enters the first room. We hear her giving orders. Steve-0 backs up to another door, where they will go.

STEVIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You, you, you, you, and you. Stand up.

(a beat)

Outside.

Five Hostages in white outfits like the Crew, including face cover, enter the hallway, followed by Stevie. We recognize Nancy among them by her figure. Steve-0 motions them into the second room. They enter, and he closes the door behind them.

STEVE-0

Hang on a sec.

Steve-0 enters a third room and returns with another Hostage. He walks him past Stevie and sends him into the second room.

STEVE-0 (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Ready?

Steve appears from around the corner. Steve-0 opens the door to the second room, and lets him in. Inside, we see a box of pizza and a large bottle of soda on a desk.

STEVE-0 (CONT'D)

Just sit here quietly and eat.

Steve-0 closes the door to the room and locks it.

FADE INTO:

INT. PRECINCT INTERROGATION ROOMS - UNKNOWN

Interview 2: Seth

SETH

These five I recognize from before it started. I was on line behind this lady, and this guy was behind me. And I saw him. I liked his T-shirt. And her, too.

MILLER

Why do you remember her?

SETH

Great tits.

Miller and Mitchell both look more closely at her photo.

MITCHELL

You remember seeing any of them after?

SETH

I saw her a few times afterwards.

MILLER

How do you know you saw her again?

SETH

I could still see those tits under the suit. Can't hide quality like that.

MITCHELL

Anyone else?

SETH

This guy. I'm pretty sure that I was in a room with this guy for a while.

MILLER

Are you sure?

SETH

I can't be sure. His face was covered the whole time. They all were. And nobody spoke, except for whispers.

Interview 7: Nancy

We see Miller and Mitchell looking at Nancy, from her POV. Their eyes often wander towards her breasts.

NANCY (O.S.)

This guy. He almost got us all killed.

MITCHELL

Why?

NANCY (O.S.)

They put eight or nine of us in an office for a while. This guy took his mask off and was talking like he wasn't afraid. "I don't have to wear this damn mask..." You know? So they came in, pulled him out of the room and smacked him around a little.

MILLER

Did you see him again after that?

NANCY (O.S.)  
No. Was he OK?

MITCHELL  
He seemed fine. Do you recognize anyone  
else from that room.

POV switches to Miller's and Mitchell's view of Nancy.

NANCY  
I can't be sure about the others.

MITCHELL  
No one? Why don't you keep looking.

NANCY  
You know, I was terrified.

MILLER  
What about before it began? You don't  
look around while you wait in line?

Nancy has noticed them checking out her breasts.

NANCY  
You guys wanna take another picture? I  
could bend over and pick up a pencil.

Miller and Mitchell are embarrassed.

INT. MCC TO EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS - 3:20 PM

Mitchell, Miller, Pappas, Berk, and Rourke are silent.  
Sergeant BORINSKY, 45, male, listens to the tape.

BORINSKY  
What the fuck? This ain't Russian.

MILLER  
Then what the hell is it?

BORINSKY  
Not Polish. Not Hungarian. Bulgarian.  
Maybe. It's Central European. Sort of.

MILLER  
That's it? You're the language expert?

BORINSKY  
What? No. My parents came over from  
Russia. We spoke it at home.

PAPPAS

All Greek to me.  
(to Miller)  
Whadda ya think?

MILLER

I don't know. Christ. We're in New York  
City. Somebody on this street has to know  
what this is. Probably the hot dog guy.

Miller stands, raises the volume on the tape and opens the door of the MCC, facing away from the bank, so he cannot be seen or heard from the bank. He steps out and announces to the crowd of police and others in the immediate vicinity.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Everybody be quiet please. Does anybody  
know what language this is?

Silence. All listen. Kevin, 29, ConEd worker, speaks.

KEVIN

It's Albanian.

MILLER

Would you come in here, please?

Kevin enters the MCC.

MILLER (CONT'D)

What're they saying?

KEVIN

I don't have a clue what they're saying.

MILLER

How do you know it's Albanian?

KEVIN

My ex. Her parents are Albanian. Couldn't  
speak English. I don't know what they're  
saying, but I'd recognize it anywhere.

MILLER

Oh, man. All right.  
(to Berk)  
Get the Albanian Consulate. See if they  
can send someone over to translate this.  
Make it happen fast.  
(to Kevin)  
You hang around.

EXT. STREET – 3:25 PM

Uniform cops are diverting traffic in the area.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER – 3:35 PM

BERK

Sir. No luck with the Albanian Consulate.

MILLER

What do you mean?

BERK

I can't tell what the guy was talking about. I think he wanted money. I tried the State Department. That takes a month.

MILLER

(to Kevin)

Call her.

KEVIN

(knee-jerk reaction)

Noooo way. I hate that bitch.

MILLER

She speaks Albanian?

KEVIN

Yeah. She grew up there.

Miller hands him the phone. A beat. Kevin takes it.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I hate that bitch.

Kevin dials and waits, then hands the phone to Miller.

MILLER

Hello. This is Detective Andrew Miller with the NYPD. I'm here with your ex-husband. No, Kevin. No. Everything's fine. He's not in any trouble. Actually, we need your help. I understand that you speak Albanian. Yes. He's a handsome man. Listen, do you think it would be possible for me to send a squad car to bring you here? Excuse me? Parking tickets. I'll see what I can do. Where are you now?

Miller writes down her address, and hands it to Berk.

MILLER (CONT'D)

We'll have a squad car there in three minutes. I'll see you very soon. Bye.

KEVIN

Can I get back to work?

MILLER

Sure. Hey, thanks for your help.

KEVIN

No problem. Good luck with my ex-wife.

FADE INTO:

INT. PRECINCT INTERROGATION ROOM - UNKNOWN

Interview 2: Seth

MILLER

Did you hear them doing anything?

SETH

Like what?

MILLER

You know, breaking stuff, moving stuff. What do you think they were doing when you couldn't see them?

SETH

Beats me. I didn't hear anything.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - 3:55 PM

Uniform Officer CARNOW, 49, male, white, enters with ILINA, 32, dark, sexy, cheap, with breast implants.

CARNOW

Who's Detective Miller?

MILLER

Right here.

CARNOW

This is Ilina Marit... Mira...

Ilina pushes past Carnow and enters, carrying a shopping bag, which she hands to Miller as she reaches him.

ILINA

Miritia. Hello.



MILLER

Hi. Thanks for coming. What's this?

ILINA

Parking tickets. You can fix them?

MILLER

I'll do my best. Can you listen to this  
and tell me what they're saying?

Miller motions to Berk at a console, who pushes a button. We  
hear the Albanian conversation. Ilina laughs.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Something funny? You know what they're  
talking about?

ILINA

Oh, I know what they're talking about. I  
even know who it is.

MILLER

You know their names? Who is it?

ILINA

Parking tickets.

Miller reaches into the bag and examines a few tickets.

MILLER

Expired meter. Hydrant. No standing.  
They're all taken care of. Now talk.

ILINA

It's Enver Hoexa.  
(pronounced Hoga)

MILLER

Who is he? How do you know him?

ILINA

He was President of Albania.

MILLER

You're telling me the former President of  
Albania is in there robbing a bank?

ILINA

No. Enver Hoexa's dead. That's a tape of  
him discussing how communism will defeat  
capitalism. I wouldn't worry.

MILLER

It's a tape? You're sure about this?

ILINA

I had to listen to all this nonsense in school. Communism is great. The West is evil. Lenin, Marx, blah blah blah. That's Enver Hoexa. It's a tape.

MILLER

Thank you. Officer, would you take Ms. Mirita home?

ILINA

Miritia.

MILLER

Sorry. Hey, do me a favor and watch where you park from now on. OK?

ILINA

Where is Kevin?

Ilina exits.

MILLER

They're playing tapes for us now?

MITCHELL

They knew we were gonna bug them.

MILLER

Damn right they knew. And they knew how. Worse than that, they wanted us to bug them so they could send us on this wild goose chase. Last time I had my prick pulled that good it cost me five bucks.

PAPPAS

(laughing)

Albanian. Good choice.

INT. BANK - A ROOM IN THE BASEMENT - 4:00 PM

We hear the Albanian tape continue as we pan around an office. An M-16 rests on the desk. We see Steve, unmasked and relaxed, eating a folded slice of pizza. We pan across a portable cassette player. The tape inside is turning. We stop on a pizza box with remnants of a pizza pie.

INT. BANK BASEMENT - SAFE DEPOSIT BOX ROOM - 5:00 PM

Dalton stands by while Stevie, unmasked, picks the lock to Box 392. We see Stevie's face for the first time. The box has two locks. The bank master key is in the other. It is part of a group of boxes which measure roughly five inches in height and six inches in width, the second smallest type of box in the vault, the smallest being three inches in height.

Stevie manages to pick the lock. She opens the door.

STEVIE

Got it.

Stevie slides out the box, which is 24 inches long.

DALTON

Spectacular.

Dalton opens the lid of the box, which reveals an old, brown envelope, stuffed with documents. There is some official looking typewriting on it, in a Germanic style typeface. The envelope rests on other contents, which we cannot make out.

INT. MAYOR'S LIMOUSINE - 5:30 PM

The Mayor is seated next to White. Miller sits down.

MAYOR

Detective Miller. Nice to meet you.

They shake hands.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

This is Madeleine White.

Miller and White shake hands.

MILLER

How do you do?

WHITE

It's an honor, Detective.

MAYOR

Ms. White may be able to assist you.

MILLER

Is that a fact? How?

MAYOR

She has a certain amount of influence in these matters, for reasons I can't share with you. But if you would allow her to...

MILLER

(interrupting)

I beg your pardon, Mr. Mayor, but what the fuck are you trying to say?

MAYOR

Well, I...

WHITE

If I may, what the Mayor means is that there are matters at stake here that are a little bit above your pay grade, no offense, and he's offering to help you.

MILLER

Well then, perhaps you should just tell the Mayor to raise my pay grade to the right level. Problem solved.

WHITE

Well, Detective, we can discuss that.

MILLER

I didn't mean it. I'm up for First Grade in a year or two. You wanna speed that along, I won't talk you out of it.

WHITE

There's also the matter of this hundred and forty thousand dollars that seems to have walked away from your Madrugada Check Cashing bust. The Mayor and I would like to be in your corner on that.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - 5:35 PM

Pull back from the limo. Men train floodlights on the bank.

The rear door of a ConEd truck opens. A disheveled Kevin steps out. He looks disgusted. He looks around and pokes his head back in. Ilina steps out. She looks pleased.

INT. BANK - 6:00 PM

The phone is ringing. Dalton grabs a hostage and has him answer it, while he listens on an extension.

MILLER

Lemme talk to Enver Hoexa.

HOSTAGE

Uh. What?

MILLER

Is this the President of Albania?

DALTON

Speaking.

MILLER

You're pretty funny.

DALTON

You shouldn't eavesdrop on people.

MILLER

Get used to it, pal. Not much privacy  
where you're going. Know what I mean?

DALTON

Damn right. This time next week I'll be  
sucking down piña coladas in a hot tub  
with six girls named Amber and Tiffany.

MILLER

Think so? More like a shower with guys  
named Jamal and Jesus. And here's the bad  
news, Buddy. That thing you're sucking  
on, it ain't a piña colada.

Dalton laughs.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Maybe you like that kinda thing?

DALTON

You really wanna piss me off?

MILLER

So here's where we stand..

DALTON

I don't need your status report, Serpico.  
I tell you where things stand.

MILLER

Sure. Sure. I just meant..

DALTON

Here's where things stand. You're getting me what I've asked you for. You'll have it ready in the time I gave you, or you'll sit by and watch me do just what I've said I would do. Clear?

MILLER

Look pal, I'm trying to get you what you want, but the City of New York doesn't just keep 747's waiting around for days like today. Understand?

DALTON

I understand that if you don't have my plane ready in three hours, then you might as well send a hearse.

MILLER

Please. Let's focus on how we can both get what we want here.

DALTON

Not likely. Just get me what I want and I won't have to kill anyone.

MILLER

All right. All right. I'll get back to work on it. Just let's try to keep everybody calm for now. OK?

DALTON

Don't I sound calm to you?

MILLER

Yeah, you do.

We hear Dalton hang up the phone.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Too friggin' calm.

INT. BASEMENT - SUPPLY ROOM - 7:30

Steve, unmasked, hammers at the floor with the pick-axe. He begins to break through the floor. He kneels on his knees in order to take long swings without hitting the ceiling.

FADE INTO:

INT. PRECINCT INTERROGATION ROOM - UNKNOWN

Interview 5: Chaim

MILLER

Do you think you could identify any of them from these pictures?

CHAIM

I doubt it.

MILLER

Can you rule out any of these people?

CHAIM

This I can do.

Chaim sorts through the photos, chooses twelve we don't see.

CHAIM (CONT'D)

These I remember seeing in the bank before it happened.

MILLER

You're sure about all of them?

CHAIM

Sometimes I carry lots of cash. I like to know who the people around me are.

Interview 8: Steve

STEVE

I held the door open for one of them. How fucked up is that?

MILLER

Why'd you do that?

STEVE

I didn't know they were gonna rob the fucking place, did I?

MILLER

Good point. So Mr. Da-mer-ji-an...

STEVE

Damerjian. Call me Kenneth.

MILLER

(pretending he knows)  
That's an Albanian name. Right?

STEVE

It's Armenian.

Miller can't tell if that's a "yes" or a "no".

MILLER

Sorry. I'm not much on geography. Is that like, the same thing?

STEVE

Detective, I was born in Queens. I've never been to Armenia or Albania. I went surfing in Australia once. That help?

Interview 5: Chaim

Miller and Chaim are standing. The interview is over.

MILLER

Just outta curiosity, you know anything about diamonds?

CHAIM

A bit. What do you need?

MILLER

What should a guy like me spend on an engagement ring?

CHAIM

Depends. If you like, I can give you my nephew's number. He'll take good care of you. Policeman's discount. You know.

MILLER

That'd be great.

INT. SWITCH BETWEEN MCC AND BANK - 8:00 PM

Miller and the usual cast. He is on the phone with Dalton.

MILLER

Listen. I can't work miracles here. I'm gonna need some more time.

DALTON

Perhaps if you'd used the time that I gave you more efficiently, instead of hiding microphones in pizza boxes and listening to old dead communists lecture about grain production quotas, you wouldn't be having this problem.

MILLER

What do you want me to say?

DALTON

That my plane is ready.



MILLER

I'm doing my best on that, but I'm gonna need at least twelve more hours.

The DRAWER with the demands sits on a counter.

DALTON

Why should I give you any more time?

MILLER

Simple. You can give me the time I need, and get what you asked for, or you can be stupid, and then you'll never get it. Come on, what have you got to lose?

(a beat)

I can send you more food.

DALTON

I've got a question for you. If you get it right I'll give you eight more hours.

MILLER

And...?

DALTON

You know what happens if you don't.

MILLER

I don't like this deal.

DALTON

The current proposition is I get a plane in three hours or you get a corpse. So what have you got to lose?

MILLER

Let's hear it.

DALTON

Which weighs more, all the trains that pass through Grand Central Station in a year, or the trees cut down to print all U.S. currency in circulation.

MILLER

How the fuck should I know?

DALTON

It's not really all that hard. Here's a hint: it's a trick question.

MILLER

Oh, gee. Thanks.

DALTON

You can phone a friend. Just hurry up.

Dalton hangs up. Miller looks at Mitchell. Their expressions are blank. But Pappas knows.

PAPPAS

It's the trains. U.S. money isn't printed on paper at all. It's cotton.

MITCHELL

Yeah. I heard that once.

PAPPAS

Yeah. So no trees were cut down.

MILLER

Not too shabby. 100%?

PAPPAS

Absolutely. No doubt.

CUT TO:

INT. SWITCH BETWEEN MCC AND BANK - 8:03 PM

DALTON

(answering phone)  
Manhattan Trust.

MILLER

I've got it.

DALTON

We'll see.

MITCHELL

(interrupting desperately)  
Wait! Wait! Don't say anything!

MILLER

Hang on.  
(covering phone, to Mitchell)  
What?

MITCHELL

It's a trap! They both weigh the same.

DALTON

I'm going to have to have your answer.

MILLER  
(to Mitchell)  
What?

MITCHELL  
They both weigh nothing. Tell him they  
both weigh the same. Do it now.

DALTON  
Time's up.

MILLER  
They both weigh the same.

A long beat.

DALTON  
This time send deli sandwiches.

Dalton hangs up.

MILLER  
What in the world was that?

MITCHELL  
He said "Grand Central Station." "Grand  
Central Terminal" is the train station.  
"Grand Central Station" is a post office.  
There aren't any trains in it.

MILLER  
Are you fucking kidding me?

PAPPAS  
Holy shit. This guy's nuts.

INT. BANK BASEMENT ROOM - 9:00 PM

Ten masked hostages are seated in the room. Male and female.  
We recognize the bearded Chaim beneath his mask.

HOSTAGE 1  
I had Knicks tickets tonight.

HOSTAGE 2  
They're gonna get their asses kicked.

HOSTAGE 1  
Tell me about it. I'm better off here.

CHAIM  
I'd kill for a hot dog and a beer now.

HOSTAGE 1

Oh man. What do you think, Rabbi? Do we have a prayer?

CHAIM

I'm not actually a Rabbi.

HOSTAGE 1

No shit? I mean, really? What do you do?

CHAIM

Lawyer. I teach courses at Columbia Law on Genocide, slave labor and war claims.

HOSTAGE 2

Hey. Can I sue anybody when this is over?

CHAIM

Sure. Go nuts.

INT. BANK BASEMENT SUPPLY ROOM - 9:00 PM

Steve and Steve-0 stand over a two-foot hole in the floor. Steve-0 has the pick-axe. Their mouthguards and goggles hang around their necks and we see their faces.

Steve-0 is Peltz.

Inside the hole, we see a sewer pipe.

STEVE

Good. Yeah, good. Thanks.

INT. DALTON'S CELL - UNKNOWN

DALTON (V.O.)

I'm no martyr. I did it for the money.  
But I've spent my life around wealth.

INT. CASE'S OFFICE - UNOCCUPIED - 9:00 PM

We pan across the wall. Framed certificate: American Cancer Society; Benefactor. A photo of Case with President Carter. Plaque: Friends of Israel; Man of the Year.

DALTON (v.o.)

It's not worth much if you can't face yourself in the mirror. Respect is the ultimate currency. I was stealing from a man who'd traded his away for a few dollars. He'd tried to wash away his guilt; drown it in a lifetime of good deeds and a sea of respectability. It

(MORE)

DALTON (v.o.) (CONT'D)

almost worked, too. But inevitably, the further you run from your sins, the more exhausted you are when they catch you. And they do. Certain, it will not fail.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MCC - 1:00 AM

Miller is speaking with Katrine on his cell phone.

MILLER

I'm sorry, Baby. I know. I have no idea. It could be over in a few hours or it could go on forever. You go to sleep. It's late. I'll see you tomorrow. What's that? I wish I knew how it was going. This'll either be the best thing that's ever happened to my career or the worst.

KATRINE (O.S.)

I saw the Mayor on TV. He said you were doing a great job.

MILLER

Oh, Christ. The Mayor. I gotta go, Baby. Thanks. I love you, too.

Miller hangs up. A beat while he concentrates.

INT. BANK - MAIN FLOOR - 1:10 AM

Dalton is on the phone with Miller.

MILLER

Someone here wants to talk to you.

WHITE

Hello.

DALTON

Who is this?

Miller hands White the phone. They're alone in an alley.

WHITE

Let's not get into names. What matters is what I have to offer you.

DALTON

And what is that?

WHITE

If I can ensure that certain interests are protected, I may be able to help you get what you came here for.

DALTON

I highly doubt that. Tell me about these interests that you're trying to protect.

WHITE

Let me worry about that. What were you hoping to get out of all this?

DALTON

Rich, of course.

WHITE

Of course. But you may have bitten off more than you can chew.

DALTON

How so?

WHITE

I can't discuss it over the phone.

DALTON

Do you work for the bank?

WHITE

No.

DALTON

(a beat)

Come on in.

EXT. STREET - 1:15 AM

Miller and Pappas.

MILLER

I need a favor.

PAPPAS

Is it an "I need you to pick up my kids at school" kind of favor, or a "help me get rid of a dead hooker" kind of favor?

MILLER

Let's just say I have tremendous respect for you, as a professional and as someone who understands the complexities of this job that we do.

(a beat)

And if and when I do have kids, I'll never ask you to pick them up at school.

PAPPAS

Good. So tell me what you need.

MILLER

Turn the lights out for ten minutes.

PAPPAS

What is your fucking story?

MILLER

What do you mean?

PAPPAS

Far as I've seen today, you're all about the job, and getting those people outta there alive. So I ignore the fact that I know you pocketed a hundred forty grand offa that coke ring that ran outta that check cashing place.

MILLER

It never happened.

PAPPAS

I don't care if it did, but now you're working some other angle, so I gotta ask two questions.

MILLER

Shoot.

PAPPAS

How's it gonna effect the situation?

MILLER

It might help end this thing peacefully.

PAPPAS

Good. And what's in it for me?

Miller observes Pappas for a beat.

MILLER

That's it, getting this thing over with.

PAPPAS

Right answer. Just turn out the lights for ten minutes?

MILLER

That's it. So I can send in a ringer.

Pappas purses his lips for a beat.

PAPPAS

That doesn't sound all that bad.

MILLER

You'll do it for me?

PAPPAS

Oh, you'll get a call from me one of these days. Shit, I got two dead hookers decomposing in my tool shed right now.

EXT. STREET - 1:25 AM

White wears a police slicker and baseball cap. She and Miller approach the bank entrance. The lights are off.

MILLER

Ten minutes. No more. If you can't make it out before the lights come on, you can stay there 'til it's over.

WHITE

You don't need to threaten me.

They reach the bank entrance and stop.

MILLER

That wasn't the threat, Lady. This is. I know this game is a mile over my head, but if you fuck me over, if you-

WHITE

I got where I am by collecting friends. Not enemies. Trust me.

A beat. Each expects the other to knock on the door.

MILLER

I got you this far.

White carefully knocks the door slowly with her knuckles.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - MAIN FLOOR - 1:26 AM

White is spread-eagled on the floor, face-down. Dalton holds her jacket. Stevie finishes frisking her. Both are masked.

DALTON

So what can I do for you?

White stands, composes herself, and quickly looks around.



WHITE

We can help each other.

DALTON

What makes you think I need any help?

WHITE

The hundred cops outside. For starters.

DALTON

Not a problem.

WHITE

Right. They're fueling your jet now. You're not that stupid. So here's what I think. You give up now. I can ensure that you'll serve the minimum. I'm thinking three years. Four at the most.

DALTON

You can arrange that?

WHITE

You haven't stolen anything and you haven't hurt anyone. Not yet anyway.

DALTON

Not good enough.

WHITE

I wasn't finished. When you get out you'll have two million dollars.

DALTON

Will I? How so?

White produces a safe deposit box key.

WHITE

We'll go get it and put it in a safe deposit box. It will be there waiting for you when you get out.

DALTON

Won't anybody miss it?

WHITE

That's not a problem. I'll make it go away. Or I can wire it into a numbered account offshore, if you prefer.

DALTON

What about the key?

WHITE

That's up to you. I can keep it for you, or you can swallow it. Or you can shove it up your ass if you want.

Dalton ponders this for a moment.

DALTON

You can shove that key up your ass.

WHITE

What? I'm making you a very sweet offer. I really don't think you have much in the way of alternatives.

DALTON

Why don't you tell me about those interests you're here to protect.

WHITE

I can't do that.

DALTON

I can.

Dalton and White stare at each other for a long moment.

DALTON (CONT'D)

Let me tell you a story. During World War Two there was an American working for a bank in Switzerland. Now I don't need to tell you that when you lift up a rock, you find a bunch of slime getting fucked over by a Swiss banker. And I'm a thief. They've been profiting off of the world's misery for centuries, and they're proud of it. And certainly, this period in history was rife with opportunity for people of such low morals. People like this one American. He used his position to enrich himself while all around him, people were being stripped of everything they owned, tortured, starved, murdered, and burnt in ovens or buried alive. Then he used some of his blood money to start a bank. Now in the case of the Swiss, hey, that's just who they are. But the idea that an American would do that, collaborate with the enemy for financial gain, that offends me personally.

WHITE

So you're a patriotic bank robber.

DALTON

I'm just saying I can live with myself.  
I'm not really hurting anyone.

WHITE

What about all these innocent people?

DALTON

What about 'em? When this is over they'll go home and hug their families and be better people. And they'll have a great story to tell at parties. Maybe one of them will write a book about it, sell the movie rights, and get richer than me. I'm doing them a favor. As long as the cops don't force me to blow them to pieces.

(a beat)

Anyway, does this sound anything like the interests you came in here to protect? Or was I just whistling the Star Spangled Banner out of my ass?

WHITE

I believe we understand each other.

DALTON

Good. So what the hell can you do for me? Since I clearly know more than you do, and I've planned this to perfection.

WHITE

You thought you had. 'Till I showed up. Believe me. If I need to, I can change your entire program. So the sooner you stop being my problem and start being my solution, the better off you're gonna be.

DALTON

Meaning what, exactly?

WHITE

Meaning that if I push a few buttons I can fill this place with more laughing gas than a Moscow theatre.

DALTON

And what about all these innocent people?

WHITE

(repeating cynically)

I'm as concerned about them as you are.

DALTON

Stay here.

Dalton stands, exits and returns with the old envelope.

DALTON (CONT'D)

This envelope could be very embarrassing to a certain gentleman who considers himself a man of honor. He should've destroyed it a long time ago, but he didn't. So now it's mine. And as long as I'm safe, so is this. If the day ever comes where I have to stand before a judge and account for what I did here, you and your boss will do whatever it takes to help me. And if you have to move Heaven and Earth, I suggest you do so.

WHITE

That's all?

DALTON

You think I should've asked for more?

WHITE

I would've thought you might want some help getting out of here.

DALTON

I think I can handle that.

Dalton motions White out of the bank, and they begin to walk.

WHITE

I'm starting to believe you. Look, if you make it out of here with that envelope, we'll pay you a lot of money for it.

DALTON

I'll keep that in mind. Tell me one thing. How the hell did you get them to let you in here?

WHITE

You're not going to tell me how you plan to get out. Are you?

DALTON

I'm gonna walk right out the front door.

WHITE

One thing I would like to know.

DALTON

What's that?

WHITE

How did you find out about all of this?

DALTON

That doesn't matter. The fact is that all lies, all evil deeds, they stink. You can cover them up for a while, but they don't go away. Governments fall, wars end, wealth changes hands, books are opened. Whatever. And things that were once dead and buried find their way to the surface. In all of this turmoil, someone adds two plus two and gets four. I just happened to be there when this rotten little carcass poked its head out.

WHITE

Murder will out.

We see a rapid fire shot of Dalton's tattoo from his first scene: "Murder will out. Certain, it will not fail. Chaucer."

DALTON

Precisely. Lies are very complex. They shift over time, they need maintenance. The truth is exceedingly simple. It never changes, and it always comes out. One day we'll find out who really killed Kennedy.

WHITE

I still don't get what you're doing.

DALTON

Good.

White begins to exit.

WHITE

You're not going to shoot me in the back as I leave, are you?

DALTON

Hadn't thought about it.

WHITE

One last thing.

DALTON

(anticipating her question)  
How do I know you'll hold up your end,  
and not just have me killed?

WHITE

Well, I wasn't going to put it that...

DALTON

Well, it's such a horrible cliché, but...  
anything happens to me... you know... letter  
to the New York Times... Blah blah blah.

WHITE

Bullshit.

DALTON

Maybe. Thank you for banking with  
Manhattan Trust.

Dalton closes the door and begins to lock it. White knocks.  
Dalton reopens it slightly and looks at White.

WHITE

The Watergate Burglars.

Dalton's expression goes from "What are you talking about?"  
to "Oh my God, are you serious?"

WHITE (CONT'D)

That's what was on the missing eighteen  
minutes of tape.

DALTON

Unbelievable.

WHITE

Don't tell anyone.

White backs away and the door closes.

EXT. STREET - 1:40 AM

In a secluded corner, White debriefs Miller.

WHITE

We spoke.

MILLER

Oh no. I'm gonna need more than that.

WHITE

I told him that since he hadn't killed anyone, it wasn't too late to surrender and get off with light sentences.

MILLER

And...?

WHITE

That was basically it.

MILLER

You know, I don't get offended the first time someone treats me like an idiot. But now you're pushing it. You didn't go in there just to tell the guy what he already knew. There had to be more.

WHITE

Look Detective, we have an arrangement, and it doesn't include me giving you a detailed explanation.

MILLER

Ey, arrange this. OK? You don't own me. This coke bust, the check cashing thing, I can face that on my own. I know what I did and didn't do. So talk.

WHITE

Off the record?

MILLER

"Off the record?" Everything about you is off the record. Just talk.

WHITE

I gave him an incentive.

(a beat)

I offered to make it worth his while. That's all I can say on that account.

MILLER

Did he go for it?

WHITE

Well, he told me to go to hell. But, he's shrewd. He's considering it.

MILLER

What about the others?

WHITE

I only spoke to the chief.

Miller pauses, then drops his attitude and talks to White as a teammate, tacitly admitting that he needs her help.

MILLER

He's smart, isn't he?

WHITE

He sure thinks he is. He's no dummy.

MILLER

He seemed like one of yours. Ivy League.

WHITE

He was clearly well-educated.

MILLER

So explain it to me.

WHITE

(reiterates the question)

Why's he robbing a bank? I haven't the faintest notion.

MILLER

(quickly)

That's what I mean. You talk like him. So think like him. What's he going to do?

WHITE

He's not going to kill anyone.

MILLER

Why not?

WHITE

He's not a murderer.

MILLER

I'll let you in on something. Most of the guys doing life up in Sing Sing weren't murderers, until they killed someone. You can't tell what someone'll do when you back them into a corner.

WHITE

I understand, but it doesn't seem like you've backed him into a corner.



MILLER

Feels more like he chose this corner.  
(a beat)  
You're through here, right?

WHITE

I guess. You're saying I should leave?

MILLER

Yes. You have a business card? I wanna be able to reach you.

White takes a pad and pen from her breast pocket, writes a number on it, while speaking, and hands it to Miller.

WHITE

Don't be offended, but I hope you never find it necessary to use this.

MILLER

Not at all. And please don't take this personally, but suck my dick.

White extends her hand to Miller, who shakes it. She smiles.

WHITE

Careful, Miller. My bite is worse than my bark.

FADE INTO:

INT. PRECINCT INTERROGATION ROOM - UNKNOWN

Interview 9: Brian

MILLER

How old are you, Brian?

BRIAN

Eight and three quarters.

MILLER

Big boy. Let me ask you something, Brian. Were you scared in there?

BRIAN

No.

MILLER

Wow. You must be pretty brave. So Brian, these people with the guns, do you remember anything that they said?

BRIAN

Sure.

MILLER

Tell me what you remember.

BRIAN

Steven said that I should never do anything that I know is wrong.

MILLER

He did? Who's Steven?

BRIAN

The guy who robbed the bank. Duh.

MILLER

Was he the one in charge?

BRIAN

Uh huh. He said that just because you see something that you want, that doesn't give you the right to take it.

MILLER

(aggravated)

No shit. He didn't say anything like, "Do as I say and not as I do." Did he?

Mitchell jumps in and calms things down.

MITCHELL

Brian, do you think you can recognize him in any of these pictures?

Brian studies the photos. Miller paces the room.

BRIAN

No. He's not there.

MILLER

Get a picture of Mr. Rogers. Case closed.

INT. MCC - 2:40 AM

Pappas smokes a cigarette.

PAPPAS

How dumb do these morons have to be to think they're gonna get a plane?

MILLER

This guy's no moron.

PAPPAS

I don't just mean him. Any hostage taker. Those ragheads at the Olympics in Munich. Who the fuck ever got a plane? And these days? Shit. This guy doesn't know that?

MILLER

Holy shit.

PAPPAS

Talk about going from bad to worse. I mean why not ask for a nuclear weapon?

Miller picks up the phone.

MITCHELL

Whoa. What're you doing there, Andy?

MILLER

He wants a plane. I'll give him a plane.

MITCHELL

What about the plan? It's grinding along. What happened to playing it by the book?

MILLER

That's what's bugging me. Like maybe the other team read the book, too. And we're doing exactly what they expect us to do.

MITCHELL

Why?

MILLER

This whole time I'm trying to stall them, right? No. He's the one stalling. Take that bullshit question. What if we hadn't known that Grand Central Station was the post office? He still could've pretended I got it right. Or if we'd gotten that but missed the cotton thing? Same thing.

MITCHELL

Maybe.

MILLER

And that Albino thing? He had us chasing our dicks for two hours while we're supposed to be getting him a plane? No.

MITCHELL

You're saying he-

MILLER

I'm saying he wants to give us more time. He's done everything we expect. He makes demands, gives deadlines. Then we stall, and he gives us more time. Easy, right? He hasn't killed anyone. Hasn't shot at us. He hasn't gotten desperate. I don't think he's in a rush.

MITCHELL

But why?

MILLER

Gimme a minute. OK? I'm working on it. I'm gonna tell him I have to come in and see the hostages before he gets anything. He's gonna say no way. But in the end he'll let me in.

INT. BANK - 2:42 PM

Dalton picks up the phone.

DALTON

What?

MILLER (O.S.)

Your plane's ready.

DALTON

(a beat)

Is that a fact?

INT. MCC - SAME

MILLER

But I need something from you first. I need to come in there and make sure that the hostages are all OK.

DALTON (O.S.)

Sounds like a plan. Come on in.

We hear Dalton hang up. Miller looks startled.

MILLER

What just happened?

EXT. TO INT. BANK - 3:00 AM

We are behind Miller at the closed door of the bank. It opens and we follow him inside. A voice calls out.

STEVE-0 (O.S.)

Stop.

Miller stands still. From behind, Steve-0 steps to Miller with an M-16 in his right hand, frisking Miller with the left. Once finished, Steve-0 pushes Miller forward slightly, and motions towards the rear of the bank.

STEVE-0 (CONT'D)

Go.

Miller walks towards the rear, past some cubicles. Once he passes, Dalton steps into the frame behind him.

DALTON

Down the stairs.

Miller stops at the stairs, takes a deep breath and descends.

INT. BANK DOWNSTAIRS TO MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS - 3:02 AM

Dalton follows Miller down the hall. We follow behind them. Miller approaches an open door.

DALTON

Take a quick look in there.

Miller stops and looks into the room. He reacts with some surprise, but stops himself. Dalton pushes him forward. Dalton passes the open door and we see into the room. Five rows of five people, in white outfits, on the floor like Muslims in prayer, heads down, backs to us, silent. Miller and Dalton continue down the hall. Miller pauses in front of another open door and looks in while Dalton waits.

MILLER

Are there any others?

DALTON

There might be one or two who didn't work or play well with others.

MILLER

I have to see them.

DALTON

Sorry, tour's over.

MILLER

Nothing happens til I see them. Nothing.

DALTON

Fine. Gum?

MILLER

What?

Dalton opens gum for himself and offers Miller a stick.

DALTON

Would you like some gum?

MILLER

No. Thanks.

Dalton leads Miller to another door, which he unlocks with a key and opens. Miller looks in and sees two men and two women in white suits, but their faces are not covered. Their mouths are gagged. The men are Peter Hammond and Steve. The women are Stevie and someone we do not recognize. As soon as they see Miller, they begin to scream through their gags.

MILLER (CONT'D)

It's OK. We'll have you all out of here soon. I promise.

Dalton is closing the door as Miller is speaking.

DALTON

OK? Tour's over.

Dalton motions Miller upstairs, and follows him up.

MILLER

Now, why don't we talk.

DALTON

Nothing to talk about. You need to..

MILLER

Oh, I think there is.

Miller reaches the main floor, and stops.

MILLER (CONT'D)

What were you planning on doing if I actually got you a plane and pilots?

Dalton reaches the main floor, and stops.

DALTON

Excuse me?

MILLER

You don't want a plane. You never did. Who ever heard of bank robbers getting a plane and escaping with fifty hostages?

(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)

You saw Dog Day Afternoon. "Attica!  
Attica! Attica!"

Dalton smirks.

DALTON

Go on.

MILLER

You're stalling me. Why? You having a  
hard time getting into the safe?

DALTON

Perhaps.

MILLER

There's two ways out of this, y'know. You  
give up, or the hard boys cut the power,  
hit you with the tear gas, and come in  
strong through the glass. I assume you  
know that. They'd prefer to do it at  
night. You bring gas masks, night vision?

DALTON

Maybe.

MILLER

I'm this close to ordering it.

DALTON

The hell you are.

MILLER

I beg your pardon?

DALTON

Let's cut the crap. First, OK, no plane.  
Big deal. Second, you don't order an  
assault when no hostages have been killed  
and there's no immediate threat. Third,  
if it ends that way, whatever happens,  
you don't get to be the hero. So you  
wanna bullshit me, try harder.

MILLER

My ass is covered, sport. But I wouldn't  
get too comfortable here if I were you.

DALTON

No? Cable guy's coming on Wednesday.

MILLER

Why don't you just walk out that door?

DALTON

Oh, I will. When I'm good and ready.

MILLER

Can I get you to do that today?

Dalton tilts his head forward and to the left, eyes fixed on Miller. This gesture tells Miller that's not likely.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Didn't think so.

DALTON

Any other proposals?

MILLER

Please. Don't say "proposal".

DALTON

Sorry?

MILLER

Nothing.

DALTON

No. What were you saying?

MILLER

My girlfriend wants a proposal.

DALTON

So what's the problem? You think you're too young to get married?

MILLER

Too poor. Maybe I should rob a bank.

DALTON

You love each other?

MILLER

Yeah.

DALTON

Then money shouldn't really matter.

MILLER

Thanks, bank robber.

DALTON

I'm just saying money can't buy love.

Miller puts his palm to his chest and speaks sarcastically.



MILLER

Thank you. I've learned so much. Why don't we forget about this "dangerous hostage situation" and go get a drink.

DALTON

Thanks, but I'm trying to stay away from bars, if you know what I mean.

Miller starts to walk towards Dalton.

MILLER

Well, if you change your mind...  
It's a standing offer.

Miller goes to shake Dalton's hand. Dalton puts his hand out. Miller kicks him in the groin and punches him in the face as he doubles over. Dalton swings around, away from Miller. Miller takes Dalton down to the ground in a headlock, from behind, and struggles to remove his mask and see his face. ECU on their faces. Dalton resists and covers his face.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Listen to me, scumbag. We can crack wise all day long, but when it's over, you just remember that I'm the law and you're a fucking number. It's either a celiblock or a grave. Prison whites or a toe tag. Make up your mind. Tick tock tick -

The tip of Steve's M-16 comes to rest on Miller's cheek.

STEVE

You done?

Miller releases Dalton, and the two men stand up.

MILLER

Yeah. Done.

Dalton straightens himself up.

DALTON

Buses, Kojak. Parked outside before four o'clock. Or else I crank up the meat grinder. You think I'm bluffing? You roll the dice and see what happens.

EXT. BANK ENTRANCE - 3:05 AM

Miller exits the bank and gestures to Mitchell a hidden thumbs up and a smug grin. He approaches Mitchell.

MILLER

I've got him right where I want him.

MITCHELL

Where's that?

MILLER

Right behind me with my pants around my ankles. But it's a start.

INT. BANK - MAIN FLOOR - 3:05 AM

STEVE

He got the drop on you.

DALTON

He's smarter than your average bear.  
Still, he won't get another chance.

VARIOUS SHOTS - NO AUDIO - MUSIC - 3:10 AM

Garbage is being collected. The fish market is open.

We hear Dalton's narration continue:

DALTON (V.O.)

I wasn't depending upon the police to be morons. That would've been naive. But I expected to be able to move faster than they could think. If they started to catch on, I'd have to make sure they couldn't catch up.

INT. BANK - BASEMENT - 3:15 AM

The crew have a heated discussion in a room downstairs.

DALTON

It's not a problem.

STEVE-O

Fuck that. He's onto you.

STEVIE

I heard every word, Steven. He knows something's up. If you don't put some fear into this guy.

(a beat)

I don't know.

Bank exterior, empty street, flooded with artificial light.  
We hear Dalton's narration continue.

DALTON (V.O.)

Aside from a few bruises here and there, I didn't want anyone to get hurt. The theory is that the more strength you project, the more willingness you exhibit to resort to violence...

Pappas relaxes in the MCC.

DALTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...the less resistance you'll encounter, and thus, the smaller the chance of actual violence ensuing.

The closed door of the bank basement supply room, beyond which we hear the noise of men at work.

DALTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And it always helps to be unpredictable.

The Washington Street meat market is getting started.

EXT. STREET - 3:40 AM

(Handheld) Miller and Mitchell lean against a squad car eating sandwiches. Cokes sit on the hood. We see the bank entrance behind them, across the street. A radio plays Bob Marley's "No Woman, No Cry."

MITCHELL

Ballsy play, I gotta tell you.

MILLER

Not really. You push a little. You drag out a deadline by a few minutes. You get away with it, you push a little more the next time. Eventually you're in charge.

MITCHELL

Sounds like a plan. Hope it works.

MILLER

I gave him an excuse to blow my brains out in there. He didn't bite. He's not the type. Step back for a minute, Mitch. We know they planned all this. The tape, the cameras, the costumes. There's a game plan here. And it never included planes. He's up to something. It's not violence.

They pause for a beat to eat and listen to the music.

Music: No woman, no cry. No woman, no cry.

MILLER (CONT'D)

What's he trying to say?

MITCHELL

I'm not sure yet.

MILLER

No. I mean Bob Marley.

MITCHELL

No woman, no cry.

MILLER

But what does he mean? Is he telling this woman that she shouldn't cry?

MITCHELL

I think he's saying that if you've got no woman, you've got nothing. I think.

PAGLIANI, 45, male, Italian-American cop answers him.

PAGLIANI (O.S.)

He's saying that all women cry. That there's no woman that doesn't cry. You guys are detectives?

They contemplate this, like they've just learned something.

MILLER

(to MITCHELL)

What does it mean when a Jamaican calls somebody a "blood clot"?

MITCHELL

Means they don't like you and you should probably leave them alone.

As Pagliani speaks, we see the bank entrance opening. Mitchell sees it and gives Miller a quick shove.

MITCHELL

Showtime.

Miller turns and sees the door opening. They drop their food and run to the bank. We follow them (handheld), catching a shaky view of the door. Three OUTFITTED FORMS exit slowly.

MILLER

What the hell?

The Outfitted Forms stop in front of the bank. The one in the center has a white cotton sack over his head, down to his

chest. We are across the street from them behind Miller and Mitchell. The rear man pulls out a .357 revolver and points it two feet from the head of the man in the middle.

MILLER (CONT'D)

No!

BAM!

The gunman fires his weapon into the back of the head of the man in the middle. The front of the sack is stained red, his knees give out and he collapses to the floor.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Oh Fuck! Fuck!

The two remaining men quickly pick up the DEAD HOSTAGE and carry him back into the bank.

Miller grabs his forehead and massages it in frustration..

MILLER (CONT'D)

Why?! Man! Why the fuck would they do that? It doesn't make any sense!

We pull back as Miller looks into the sky.

INT. BEDROOM OF CAPTAIN CAPELLINI - 3:45 AM

Darkness. The phone rings. Capellini wakes up and answers it.

CAPELLINI

Yeah. Ah shit. Yeah. Thanks.

He hangs up, turns a light on and gets out of bed.

INT. MCC AND INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS - 3:50 AM

Miller and Dalton are speaking on the telephone. Miller is very upset at the turn of events. Dalton is naturally calm.

MILLER

What did you just do? Why in the world did you do that?

DALTON

We had a deal. You failed to deliver and I killed a hostage. As I promised.

MILLER

Are you kidding me? Are you out of your mind? You don't do that! You call me first! What are you trying to do?

Pappas and Mitchell motion urgently for Miller to regain his composure and calm the conversation down.

DALTON (O.S.)

You listen to me! I tell you how things go! I've got fifty more people in here. I can throw a body out every hour, for two of the longest days of your life.

MILLER

(takes a deep breath)

All right. All right. I apologize. OK? Let's just try to calm down.

DALTON

Don't tell me to calm down! I'm giving you two hours to get me two buses. Fuck me again and you get another corpse. I got a whole heard of cattle in here. Do what I say and they'll walk out. Fuck me and you get hamburger.

MILLER

Hey, c'mon. I wanna work with you. But you just made my job a lot harder.

DALTON

You bet I have. Your job is to fuck me around for as long as you can, until I'm ready to give up. But now your job is getting in the way of my plan.

MILLER

My job is to make sure that everyone in that bank gets out alive. Hopefully, that includes you and your gang, too.

DALTON

So we can spend the thirty years in jail. No. 5:45. Two buses. No bullshit.

MILLER

I don't understand.

DALTON

When it's over, you will.

Dalton hangs up.

MILLER

Oh fuck this.

Miller slams down the phone, exits the MCC and runs to the door of the bank. He bangs on the door until Dalton approaches.

MILLER (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

They face each other through the locked glass door.

DALTON

You mean beyond the obvious?

MILLER

That's exactly what I mean. This ain't no bank robbery.

Dalton takes out a pack of chewing gum. He takes one.

DALTON

Why do you say that? Gum?

Dalton offers a stick of gum through the door frame.

MILLER

Because you're too damn smart for that. That's why. You got every inch of this thing mapped out and everybody around you marching to the beat, including me. And I'm through buying into it. And no I don't want your fucking gum!

Miller swipes the gum down.

DALTON

You know, you're too smart to be a cop.

MILLER

Yeah, well we all make our choices in life. Don't we?

DALTON

That we do. Sometimes we do things we regret, and we have to live with it.

MILLER

I don't regret it.

DALTON

I wasn't thinking of you.

MILLER

No? Who were you thinking of?

DALTON

We are all the sum of the choices we make. And sometimes we choose the easy path, and do things we regret. And when you make a wrong choice, and do the wrong thing, you're stuck with it forever.

MILLER

Who did the wrong you're here to right?

DALTON

Oh, I'm not here to set anything right. I'm here to get rich.

MILLER

(getting impatient)

Bullshit. What is it? Who's the bad guy?

DALTON

Well, I'm just speaking hypothetically here, but if you do something truly immoral, that you know is wrong, well then, you're stuck with that thing for the rest of your life. And no matter how many years you spend trying to make amends, doing good deeds, it doesn't erase the evil. You know what I mean?

MILLER

Sure. You do something wrong you gotta pay the price. You gotta face justice. Why don't you tell me who they are and what they did, so I can make that happen.

DALTON

That's not what I'm saying. I'm saying that an evil deed is it's own punishment. You don't need to catch the guy and lock him up. He's got a blemish on his soul, and he's had to live with that his entire life. In or out of jail - that's just housekeeping. In the end, we are the sum of the things we do.

MILLER

That's really profound. By the way, have we met? I'm Detective Andrew Miller. NYPD. I'm a cop. I spend my life hunting down people who do wrong and putting them away so they can't keep doing it. And to discourage others doing it. I wish we could all live in this bullshit fantasy land of yours, but I've seen too much of

(MORE)



MILLER (CONT'D)

the fucked up shit that people do. So unless you wanna give me some specifics, I'm gonna have to disagree with you.

DALTON

Your girlfriend says that the Watergate Burglars shot JFK. Go after them.

MILLER

Very funny. Come on. Give me a clue at least. You know, Hansel and Gretel? Leave me a trail of breadcrumbs.

A beat.

DALTON

So if there's nothing else...

MILLER

Oh, but there is, smart guy. A bunch of armed men outside. Bullet-proof vests, automatic weapons, concussion grenades. You gotta convince me that these people in here aren't gonna get blown up.

Dalton backs away. His expression says "we're done here."

MILLER (CONT'D)

(louder)

Christ. You watch fucking TV. Doesn't PBS have a news show? Think!

Miller turns toward us and sees something disappointing.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Oh, now what?

CUT TO:

INT. CAPELLINI'S CAR - PARKED - 4:15 AM

Capellini is hastily dressed and still half asleep.

CAPELLINI

Sorry, Miller. I did what I could for you, but if you have to go down on this one, I can't go with you.

MILLER

Meaning what?

CAPELLINI

Meaning Pappas has to handle it now.

MILLER

Is that a tactical decision, or a political one?

CAPELLINI

What's the difference?

MILLER

Captain, Please. Not now. I'm finally onto this guy. And not like this. They all think I'm a thief. If I go down now... You're the one guy who trusted me.

Capellini makes a face that says "Well, not exactly."

CAPELLINI

Listen, Miller. You're a good cop. I need more guys like you. I know how hard it is, all this cash all over the place.

MILLER

What? You think I took it?

CAPELLINI

Hey, a little drug money falls of the table once in a while and a few cops get to put their kids through college, maybe take a vacation. I ain't got a problem with that. Long as they don't get caught, they might even make Captain one day.

Eye contact. Miller gets this not so subtle admission.

MILLER

Sooner than you know. But I didn't do it.

CAPELLINI

Not saying you did. The money'll turn up. But now I gotta hand this over to Pappas.

INT. MCC - 4:25 AM

Capellini, Pappas, Mitchell, Hernandez and others are discussing how to respond. Miller is silent.

PAPPAS

It's a tactical nightmare.

CAPELLINI

I know.

PAPPAS

Lemme tell you why. First, we gotta get in. There's one door, and if they're waiting, they'll pick us off like fuckin' soda cans. Then we gotta get all the way across the floor to the stairs. Then we gotta get down the stairs. If they're waiting at the bottom of the stairs they'll pick us off like soda cans. If we make it that far, we still can't tell the cowboys from the injuns until they shoot at us. Even if the place isn't rigged with explosives, it's a bloodbath.

CAPELLINI

So what are our options?

PAPPAS

Our best hope is to separate them from the hostages. If we can get two or three upstairs and take them out...

CAPELLINI

Kill 'em?

PAPPAS

Well, if it's three we can open fire, and hope that it just leaves one downstairs, and we can take him on or talk him out. But if we only get two upstairs, and we still have to take on two downstairs, then I'd rather preserve the surprise.

MITCHELL

What if there's more than four of them?

PAPPAS

That's what's so nuts about it. Anybody in a white suit could be a perp.

A beat.

HERNANDEZ

Maybe we should dress our guys up like a bunch of painters.

Everyone looks up, realizing that Hernandez just came up with THE PLAN. Pappas raises his eyebrows, inhales through his nose, holds it, and exhales. Now he has to carry it out.

FADE INTO:

## INT. INTERROGATION ROOMS

Interview 5: Miriam

MIRIAM

The door opened and everyone else was already in the hall. There was smoke and explosions. People were yelling, "Get out of here," and running and pushing to get to the stairs.

MITCHELL

What did you do?

MIRIAM

I was knocked down, but someone picked me up and helped me get up the stairs.

MILLER

Do you know who that someone was?

MIRIAM

No, but I want to thank them.

MITCHELL

(to Miller)

I don't think she'll get that chance.

INT. MCC - 4:45 AM

Pappas, Hernandez and nine other members of the SWAT team are crowded around a table looking at a diagram of the bank.

HERNANDEZ

We're trying to come up with outfits like theirs, but if they don't show up in time, we'll swap into theirs when we take them down. That limits us to three, max, plus the one we took off of the employee. Either way, Rickey and Washington are on the east side corner, Jesus and Mark on the west, close as you can get, but don't push it. Soon as they come out you'll fire rubber bullets. Head shots, let's put their lights out. First go for the gunman in the rear, then the front guy. If it's a new setup this time, take 'em all down. U apologize to the taxpayer. If we miss, go right to sharpshooters. Chuck, Arty, Ty, Porcario, you'll get maybe two seconds to know that it's your turn. Don't wait for my call, just go. Anyone that looks bad that isn't laying  
(MORE)

HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)

on the floor after round one, you take it down. Go for the legs. Then we all run for the door. Get them all down and out of those outfits. Whatever happens, no one gets back inside.

CHUCK

What if there's already someone inside, behind the doors, who doesn't come out?

HERNANDEZ

Yeah, that's what's really worrying me. Then we have no choice. We hit 'em with the concussion grenades and everyone piles in. Anyone sees a bad guy behind the doors, speak up. Then I'll call it.

JESUS

So, it's a Kansas City Squeeze, with a reverse ice cream party. Just say so.

Some nervous laughter.

HERNANDEZ

Listen up.

INT. MCC - 4:59 AM

Miller and Mitchell are watching monitors showing various views of the bank entrance and listening to radio traffic of Pappas' crew. The digital clock passes 5:00:00 AM. Other officers are also monitoring their stations.

MILLER

Forty-five minutes.

A beat.

MITCHELL

Man, this sucks.

Another beat. They whisper the rest.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

If this goes down wrong, they'll dump this whole mess in your lap, y'know.

MILLER

I'm making First Grade.

MITCHELL

What?

MILLER

Things are not all that they appear.

MITCHELL

What the fuck does that mean?

Miller turns and tries to shake Mitchell's hand.

MILLER

Detective First Grade Andrew Miller.

MITCHELL

Are you fucking kidding me?

MILLER

Thank the Mayor and our mystery guest.

MITCHELL

You sold out?

MILLER

What choice did I have? Never make First Grade? Worked too hard to let that happen.

Mitchell accepts this and shakes Miller's outstretched hand.

MITCHELL

What a day.

INT. DINER - 5:10 PM

Capellini exits the bathroom. He's still trying to wake up. He heads behind the counter to the coffee-maker. No carafe.

CAPELLINI

Oh, come on. Where the fuck -

White is seated in a booth. She's got the pot of coffee.

WHITE

Sorry. I've got it.

CAPELLINI

Oh.

WHITE

Have a seat, Captain. I'll buy you a cup.

EXT. STREET - 5:15 AM

SWAT officers in various positions aim guns at the bank.

INT. MCC - 5:45 AM

Miller and Mitchell sit silently. The digital clock passes 5:45:00 a.m. A few beats pass, and nothing happens.

MILLER

I need some air.

Miller stands and exits.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MCC - CONTINUOUS

Miller finds Collins watching the bank, alone.

MILLER

So. Tell me about that fourteen-year-old who pointed a gun at you.

COLLINS

Now?

MILLER

Yeah. Please.

COLLINS

Last year up in the three-three. I'm breaking up a fight about a block from the high school. This jungle bunny's getting his clock cleaned by two P.R.'s.

MILLER

Do me a favor and tone down the color commentary. OK, Sergeant?

COLLINS

So I break it up. Turn around and this kid's pointing a .22 at my chest.

MILLER

Holy shit. Which kid was it?

COLLINS

Another kid. Hispanic. Out of nowhere.

MILLER

What did you do then?

COLLINS

(with attitude)

What did I do then? I'll tell you what I did then. I got shot in the fucking chest. That's what I did then.

MILLER

What?

COLLINS

Yeah. So you'll pardon my racial bias, Detective, but I'd rather end up an old bigot than a handsome young corpse.

MILLER

I guess you earned that. Get hurt bad?

COLLINS

I had my vest on. Cracked a rib.

MILLER

We get the kid?

COLLINS

Yeah. Little moron had to go brag to his friends. He's out in two years.

MILLER

Then what?

COLLINS

You mean am I gonna go looking for him? I thought about it. I think I wanna look him in the eye first.

MILLER

Maybe you'll set him straight. Take him to ballgames.

COLLINS

Who the fuck are you, Gandhi? No disrespect, sir, but I'm just trying to keep them away from us. If it were up to me, Giuliani'd be Mayor for life. You need to do more, that's your business. Let's just get those people out of that bank.

MILLER

Amen.

COLLINS

And I'll try to watch what I say. You never know who's listening.

A beat, while this last comment starts Miller thinking.



MILLER  
(disbelief)  
No. Mitch!

Miller runs into the MCC

MILLER (CONT'D)  
Mitch! He knew we were bugging him.

MITCHELL  
Yeah. We know that.

MILLER  
If he's that smart..

Miller grabs the desk drawer, sitting on a table in the MCC, and quickly inspects it. Then tries to rip it apart. It's metal, and only bends slightly. Then he bangs it on the floor several times until it begins to come apart. As he speaks, he rips it apart, exposing a false bottom an inch above the real bottom. Inside, it's rigged with electronics and a nine-volt battery. Miller pulls the battery away.

MILLER (CONT'D)  
Shit! Shit! You fucking.. He bugged us! He  
fucking bugged us!

Everyone has a "holy shit" look on his face.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Stevie has heard all of this in her EARPIECE. We hear Miller yelling through her earpiece. She bites her lip.

STEVIE  
Shit.  
(shouting)  
Steven!

EXT. STREET - 5:55 AM

Several views of the bank entrance, including live, gun-sight, and video monitor. Switch to a live street-level view of the entire bank façade. The interior goes black.

MILLER (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)  
Pappas! Don't make a move!

PAPPAS (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)  
What?

MILLER (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)  
It's all fucked up! Keep your men back!

PAPPAS

What are you talking about?

MILLER

They heard everything we said in the MCC.

PAPPAS

Huh?

MILLER

The drawer. The fucking drawer with the demand! It had a goddamn transmitter in it. They heard every word in the van!

A series of minor flashes from deep within the bank, which we see but just barely hear. Then police radio traffic.

HERNANDEZ (O.S.)

I've got some explosions in there.

PAPPAS (O.S.)

Yeah, I'm seeing it. Gunfire?

HERNANDEZ (O.S.)

Didn't sound like it. More like charges.  
Everyone get ready for anything.

The front door glass is shattered by a CHAIR thrown out onto the sidewalk. Thick white smoke emerges. A figure in the WHITE OUTFIT stumbles out, followed by another. An unknown SWAT fires a rubber bullet and hits one in the stomach. A second one is fired and hits the other in the back. The first one falls to his knees, while the second only stumbles. More figures in white outfits emerge from the bank.

PAPPAS (O.S.)

Cease fire! Cease fire!

More exit the bank. Some are unmasked. Others remove their masks and mouthguards as they reach the street.

VOICE ON RADIO

(shouting)

What the fuck?

SECOND VOICE ON RADIO

(shouting)

Somebody call it.

PAPPAS

(shouting into radio)

Alright. Move in. Get 'em away from the door and down to the ground A-SAP and

(MORE)

PAPPAS (CONT'D)

frisk 'em. Don't take any chances. We don't know who's who. Secure anyone who comes out and then we go in.

SWAT officers move into the scene, ordering people to the ground. Many drop to the ground while several are confused and must be forced down. Uniformed officers join in. All are frisked and none are found to be carrying weapons.

INT. MCC - 5:57 AM

Miller and Mitchell watch the chaos on monitors.

MILLER

Come on.

They all get up and run outside.

EXT. STREET TO INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS - 5:58 AM

Pappas, Miller, and Mitchell come on the scene. People have stopped streaming out of the bank and are all lying on the ground surrounded by police officers with guns drawn.

PAPPAS

Hernandez!

Hernandez is nearby with his M-16 drawn.

HERNANDEZ

Right here!

PAPPAS

Get your men and get in there A-SAP.

HERNANDEZ

On it.

(louder, to his team)

Everybody on the door right now!

The SWAT team assembles at the bank entrance, exchanges a few words, and files into the bank. We follow them into a dark and smoke-filled scene lit only by their flashlights and the floodlights from across the street. They fan out around the main floor and search for people. They find none.

SWAT 1

Clear!

SWAT 2

Clear!

SWAT 3

Clear over here!

SWAT 4

Clear!

HERNANDEZ

On the main stairs!

Hernandez and the other SWATs converge on the top of the stairs. Hernandez leads them down.

EXT. STREET - 5:59 AM

Miller, Mitchell, and Pappas are approaching the street and sidewalk where all of the figures in white outfits are lying down, with uniformed officers over them, guns drawn. Pappas is talking to Hernandez on his radio.

HERNANDEZ (O.S.)

Main floor's clear. Nobody home. We're going downstairs.

PAPPAS

Roger that.

Miller is approached by Berk and BOROVA, 54, a swarthy man in a cheap brown suit and a mustache.

BERK

Detective. Sir. This is...

MILLER

(angrily)

Who the hell is this now?

BERK

Sir, this is Mr. Ramiz Borova. He's the Albanian Consul General.

MILLER

What? Oh. Jesus. I'm sorry. Excuse me.

Miller walks away from them. Then stops and turns back.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Who's Enver Hoexa?

BOROVA

He liberated my country from the Nazis.

MILLER

Where is he now?

BOROVA

Buried in his mausoleum in Tirana.

MILLER

That's right. You can go now.  
(to himself, with amazement)  
I am learning so much today.

INT. BANK DOWNSTAIRS - 6:00 AM

The SWAT team is in the hallway, carefully checking each room. There is less smoke than there was upstairs. A SWAT pauses to inspect a spent SMOKE BOMB on the floor, still emitting some smoke. He pokes it with his M-16's barrel.

Each time they find no one, someone calls out.

SWAT 1

Clear!

SWAT 2

Clear!

The last door they reach is the supply room.

SWAT 3

This is the last door.

They open the door and peer in. It looks the same as when we first saw it. There's no one in there.

SWAT 4

Clear!

HERNANDEZ

(into mike to PAPPAS)  
All clear down here.

PAPPAS

Make sure you're sure.

HERNANDEZ

I'll keep looking, but I think they're up there with you. So be very careful.

PAPPAS

Yeah, Mom. I will.  
(to Miller and Mitchell)  
All clear. Let's go have a look.

MILLER

What about the dead hostage?

PAPPAS

(into mike to HERNANDEZ)  
What about the stiff?

HERNANDEZ (O.S.)

Negative.

PAPPAS

(into mike)

Well, he ain't here. So you musta missed something.

HERNANDEZ (O.S.)

Maybe, but I'm pretty sure there's no one moving around down here but us. Can you get the lights back on?

PAPPAS

(into mike)

Yeah. Coming down.

(to MCC)

Get the power back on.

(to Miller and Mitchell)

C'mon. We gotta see this.

INT. BANK - SAFE ROOM - 6:05 AM

Lights on. Miller, Mitchell and Pappas enter the safe room and find Hernandez, staring at something they can't see yet.

HERNANDEZ

Maybe they forgot to look in here?

A TON OF MONEY, neatly stacked and banded, on the shelves.

MITCHELL

If this wasn't weird enough already.

MILLER

(to HERNANDEZ)

Have your guys searched everywhere?

HERNANDEZ

Still looking. No bad guys, no booby traps, no escape tunnels, no damage.

MITCHELL

And nothing missing.

A beat, while they all contemplate this.

MILLER

Great. We'll just put out an APB on David Fucking Copperfield!

HERNANDEZ

I'm not telling you your business,  
Detective, but unless they swam out  
through the toilets, whoever did this is  
upstairs sucking pavement.

A voice calls out from another room.

PORCARIO (O.S.)

Detectives!

Miller and Mitchell exit, finding Collins in the hallway.

MILLER

Collins. There's a ton of money sitting  
on the shelves in there. Grab a uniform  
and do a quick count for me. Then stand  
by and make sure nobody gets tempted.

COLLINS

Yes, Sir.

Miller grabs Collins' arm as they walk past each other.

MILLER

Be subtle about it.

Miller and Mitchell enter an office. Porcario is holding one  
of the Crew's M-16's, standing over two more M-16's.

PORCARIO

You're not gonna like this one at all.

He tosses the M-16 to Miller, who reacts. He catches it, and  
realizes that it is much lighter than it should be.

MILLER

You've gotta be fucking kidding me!

He hands it over to Mitchell with one hand, by the end of the  
barrel, showing us how light it is.

MILLER (CONT'D)

It's fake. No guns. That's just great.

Pappas enters carrying the red-stained hood with tubing  
inside, worn in the fake hostage killing.

PAPPAS

You're gonna love this.

MITCHELL

Look what we found.

Mitchell tosses the fake M-16 to Pappas, who reacts as Miller did before. He motions to the M-16's on the floor.

PAPPAS

Those, too?

MILLER

Yup. What's that?

PAPPAS

Well, we can stop looking for the dead body. They faked it. Watch.

Pappas puts the hood on and squeezes the ball at the bottom of the tube. The hood blows forwards and "blood" stains it.

MITCHELL

I thought they didn't kill anyone.

MILLER

What are you talking about?

MITCHELL

It didn't make any sense. He kept talking about throwing bodies out. Then he goes and kills a hostage, and they drag the body back in. It didn't add up.

PAPPAS

That's why he used a revolver. A pistol would've ejected a cartridge. We'd have known it was a blank.

Miller's cell phone rings.

MITCHELL

Now we know why.

MILLER

We gotta find that gun. Porcario, you find a bathroom down here?

PORCARIO

Across the hall, on the right.

Miller exits. Mitchell and Pappas follow. Miller reaches the bathroom door, stops, turns to them.

MILLER

Do you guys mind?



MITCHELL

Oh, sorry. Listen Andy, what about all the people in custody upstairs?

MILLER

What else? Nobody goes home till we hear everyone's story.

Miller enters the bathroom.

EXT. BANK ENTRANCE - SUNRISE

Shots of police moving Hostages onto a bus. The Hostages are all unmasked. Among them we clearly see Stevie, Steve and Steve-0. Dalton is not there. The Hostages are disheveled, exhausted, but relieved. A few are crying.

FADE INTO:

INT. PRECINCT INTERROGATION ROOM - UNKNOWN

Interview 2: Seth.

SETH

They were very well organized. I mean they knew exactly what they were doing. They never lost control. They scared the crap out of us from the first second, then they calmed down and said that if we did what they told us, we'd all be fine. And you believed 'em. Know what I mean? You knew that if you fucked with them, that they'd kill you, but if you didn't, then they wouldn't harm you.

MILLER

Can you identify any of them for us?

SETH

I really wish I could. It was three guys and a girl. One guy did almost all of the talking. They were all pretty much average height and weight. The main guy seemed like he was... sort of preppy, y'know? I mean he had a big vocabulary. He didn't talk like a criminal.

MITCHELL

Could you pick him out from the photos?

SETH

No. Unless you wanna dress everyone up again and have 'em yell at me.

MILLER

What about the other three?

SETH

I doubt it.

Interview 5: Miriam

MIRIAM

I was scared to death that I might be sexually abused. You hear all kinds of stories about these mischagoyim.

Miller is speechless.

Interview 1: Paul

Paul laughs.

MITCHELL

This ain't no joke.

PAUL

Yeah, it is. You're just not in on it.

MITCHELL

Time's running out to cut a deal.

PAUL

C'mon. I watched NYPD Blue for, what, six years, until it got silly. You think I don't know what you're doing? Your partner's watching us from behind that mirror, and in a minute he's gonna walk in here and say, "Too late, Pablo, your boys gave you up."

CUT TO:

INT. ADJACENT ROOM - UNKNOWN

View of same room from behind a one way mirror. Miller watches the interview.

PAUL

(slowly, with emphasis)  
It wasn't me. I was cashing a check.

INT. CAPELLINI'S OFFICE - DAY

Miller and Mitchell are seated at Capellini's desk.

MILLER

It's a mess, Captain. I mean, they thought this one out, soup to nuts.

CAPELLINI

So lay it out for me.

MILLER

(deep breath)

We photographed everyone who came out of the bank. We questioned them and showed them the photos. Most of them couldn't point a finger at anyone. We asked them who they could recognize as not being one of the bad guys. Just about anyone we considered a possible suspect, there were always two or three others who ruled them out. I don't have a single suspect that I could begin to make a case against. And even if I did, what for? They still didn't steal anything or hurt anyone. It's like the whole thing never happened.

CAPELLINI

Still nothing missing?

MILLER

The bank called everyone with a safe deposit box. A few never turned up. Out of the ones who did, one woman made a fuss about her mother's antique jewelry being gone. Mitchell told her politely that he thought she was full of shit and she changed her mind. If anybody lost anything, they're not telling us.

CAPELLINI

What about prints?

MILLER

There's prints all over the place. So what? All they show is that these people were there. Not that they did anything.

CAPELLINI

Alibis? Priors?

MILLER

Just about everybody. But even if their alibi is weak, another hostage identifies them as a good guy, so back to square one. There's an employee with some juvey stuff. One customer had an out of state

(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)

warrant for unpaid child support. Another one had a couple of priors, GTA mostly. Again, same problem. Plus he's an idiot.

CAPELLINI

Surveillance video?

MILLER

Useless. And you know about the guns. They covered everything. Almost.

CAPELLINI

Sounded like everything to me.

MILLER

We can't find the three-fifty-seven.

CAPELLINI

Minor detail. Even if you did there'd be no prints on it anyway. Right?

Capellini leans back in his chair and stretches his arms upward and back. His face says he's got nothing to say.

CAPELLINI (CONT'D)

Bury it.

MILLER

Bury it?

CAPELLINI

The fuck you expect me to say?

MILLER

Captain, this thing stinks to high hell. Somebody did something here.

CAPELLINI

You said it yourself, you got no robbery and no suspects. Nobody's breathing down my neck to come up with answers, so I'm not gonna breath down yours. Bury it.

MILLER

I wasn't expecting that.

CAPELLINI

I promise I'll come up with more crime for you guys to solve.

Mitchell and Miller stand to leave.

CAPELLINI (CONT'D)

Here's something you probably did expect.  
They found that missing cash.

MILLER

No shit.

CAPELLINI

Yup. Wanna know where it was?

MILLER

Was it in my bank account?

CAPELLINI

No.

MILLER

My garage?

CAPELLINI

No.

Miller starts to exit. Mitchell follows.

MILLER

My suitcase?

CAPELLINI

No.

They're out the door.

MILLER

Then, no. I don't.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Mitchell and Miller sit at a table full of papers. We see a typewritten list with numbers running down the left column. In a close up we see that the number 392 is missing from the sequence. Next to it we see old, worn index cards, numbered 390, 391, 393 and 394. Miller flips through them and reads a few items.

MITCHELL

Every one of your accusers, Man. I say we go after 'em all, Michael Corleone style.

MILLER

(disinterested)

Sure. Whatever.

MITCHELL

"Michael Corleone, do you renounce Satan?  
I renounce him." P-choo! P-choo!

MILLER

Pinstripe mayonnaise lying motherfucker!

MITCHELL

Who?

MILLER

Who else? Thurston Howell the 3rd. C'mon.

INT. OFFICE OF ARTHUR CASE - DAY

Case is meeting with two gentleman just like himself, FOWLER,  
59 and GARDNER, 67. Miller and Mitchell enter.

MILLER

Mr. Case.

Case rises to greet them and shake their hands.

CASE

Detective Miller. Detective Mitchell.  
Nice to see you. Please, sit.

They sit in the empty seats on either side of Case.

CASE (CONT'D)

Can I offer you gentlemen anything?

MILLER

No thanks.

MITCHELL

I'm good.

CASE

These are detectives Miller and Mitchell,  
who handled the situation at the bank  
last week. This is Erskine Gardner and  
Bill Fowler. Boys, when you hear the term  
"New York's Finest," this is who they're  
talking about.

FOWLER

Nice to meet you.

GARDNER

A pleasure.

CASE

You men keep the rest of us safe. And you make it look easy.

MILLER

Well thank you very much, sir.

CASE

Not at all.

MILLER

Know what the worst part of my job is?

CASE

Getting shot at, I would imagine.

MILLER

Close. Getting stabbed in the back. The hardest part is knowing that no matter how many hours you put in, and how many years, no matter how much of your heart and soul you put into the job, you barely make a difference. And the only real respect you ever get out of it is from other cops, because they know it's a thankless job. We call ourselves the thin blue line between the honest people and the scum, but the truth is, the scum are everywhere. And the good folk, they only notice us when we fuck up.

CASE

I know. Still, there must be a sense of satisfaction that comes with knowing that you're fighting the good fight, even if no one else knows it.

MILLER

But when it hits you that you're really just protecting a few very powerful white men from everyone else, that's a shitty day.

CASE

I'm sorry Detective. You've lost me.

MILLER

You and your family own roughly fourteen percent of Manhattan Trust.

CASE

Approximately.

MILLER

How many branches does the bank operate?

CASE

I couldn't say for sure.

MILLER

246. You see, when First Federal Deposit Corp. merged into Manhattan Trust, they combined their 92 branches with MT's 173. They closed a few they didn't need.

CASE

Of course.

MILLER

Now, First Federal had only been around for about twenty years at that time. It was created when the New York Loan Society was merged with Union Guaranty. You remember the New York Loan Society?

CASE

Yes I do.

MILLER

I thought you might. You started it in 1948. At 301 West 23rd Street.

Case's expression turns negative.

MILLER (CONT'D)

(sarcastically, mockingly)

Yeah. "Detective." They pay me to figure out stuff. Not much, of course, but then there's medical benefits and the pension. So, once you put together all the evidence, you rarely get the whole picture. So you look for something that stinks. And two things stink here...

CASE

I should've told you that. I apologize.

MILLER

Apologies don't interest me. Motivation interests me. What stinks here is this. I don't know what's missing from that bank. But I have someone who clearly had something to hide. Who shows up and says, "How can I help?" But doesn't bother to tell you that he built the building.



MITCHELL

You'd have thought he'd mention that.

Miller turns his attention to Mitchell, ignoring Case.

MILLER

Major oversight, wouldn't you say?

MITCHELL

So what's it mean?

MILLER

Not sure. Maybe he set this whole thing up. I just can't imagine why.

MITCHELL

Maybe he's nuts. Maybe it's just some sick rich guy thing. You know,  
(mocking serious rich  
businessman's voice)  
"I slashed all my prices and bankrupted my competition." "Oh yeah? Well, I robbed my own bank."

MILLER

(same voice)  
"I bought up every hospital on the East Coast. Then I poisoned the water supply."

They both laugh.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Seriously, Mitch. Why would this guy wanna rob his own bank?

MITCHELL

Beats me. Fucker's richer than Oprah.

CASE

All right, gentleman. I think that's about enough of this.

MILLER

Actually, we say when it's enough. So why didn't you mention that to us?

CASE

I suppose I just didn't think that it was relevant at the time.

MILLER

Is that so? And in hindsight, do you think that it may have been relevant?

CASE

No, frankly. I don't.

MILLER

A hostage situation in a bank ends with no violence, no suspects, no damage, and nothing missing. That's pretty strange. And you know what it says to me? That there's something about that bank that someone's not telling me. And you show up and forget to mention, "Oh, by the way, I built this bank fifty years ago."

MITCHELL

In law enforcement, we call that suspicious behavior.

CASE

Detective. I tried to help you, and..

MILLER

No, Mr. Case. You tried to fuck me!

CASE

(raises his voice in anger)  
Now you're out of line, Detective!

Miller stands up in a slightly threatening manner. Everyone reacts with some trepidation, but no one moves. He stands still for a moment. Mitchell stands.

MILLER

I don't know why yet, but you set it up.

CASE

(laughing)  
I did no such thing.

MILLER

I don't think you know the gunmen or any of the messy details. But you made the whole thing happen.

CASE

Nonsense.

MILLER

You had some kinda job you needed done in there. I know nobody walked out of there with anything, but something happened. Then you sent in that fixer.

CASE

I assure you, Detective, you're way off the mark here.

MILLER

Right. So maybe you can clear up the matter of safe deposit box 392 for me.

(a beat)

See, I went over all the bank's safe deposit box records. At first glance it all seemed fine. But it turns out there's one box with no record at all. And I mean going back all the way to '48. So I'm thinking if anyone can answer that riddle, it would be the man who forgot to mention his involvement back then.

CASE

I'm afraid I can't think of anything that would be of any help to you, Detective.

Miller leans in towards Case and lowers his voice.

MILLER

You're very lucky nobody got killed.

Miller and Mitchell begin to exit.

MILLER (CONT'D)

(sincerely)

By the way. What you said about us being New York's Finest. Want you to know I appreciated that.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Miller exits the office of Judge Pasqua.

MILLER

Thanks again your honor. I'll come pick it up tomorrow.

The office door closes. Miller approaches the elevators and presses the down button. Madeleine White sits on a bench.

WHITE

What are you doing, Detective Miller?

MILLER

My job. Jesus Christ. Stay out of my way.

WHITE

All of a sudden your job's more important than your career? Or have you forgotten our arrangement?

White approaches Miller.

WHITE (CONT'D)

Let me tell you how this works. You...

Miller takes the PEN-SIZE DIGITAL RECORDER from his pocket.

MILLER

No. Let me tell you how this works. Press here to record.

(fumbling)

And here to play.

He presses play, and we hear their first conversation.

MILLER (v.o.) (CONT'D)

Well then, perhaps you should just tell the Mayor to raise my pay grade to the right level. Problem solved.

WHITE (v.o.)

Well, Detective, we can discuss that.

MILLER (v.o.)

I didn't mean it. I'm up for First Grade in a year or two. You wanna speed that along, I won't talk you out of it.

WHITE (v.o.)

There's also the matter of this hundred and forty thousand dollars that seems to have walked away from your Madrugada Check Cashing bust. The Mayor and I would like to be in your corner on that.

MILLER (v.o.)

In exchange for which you'll need me to do something unethical, I assume. Guys, I didn't take anyone's hundred and forty G's. Now I don't care whether or not anyone here believes me. I know it's true. And that's good enough for me.

MAYOR (v.o.)

I'm sorry Detective, but it's not as simple as all that.

MILLER (v.o.)

Then boil it down for me.

MAYOR (v.o.)

Give Ms. White whatever she needs, or  
your career's over.

Miller shuts off the recorder and puts it in his pocket.

MILLER

So go get cracking on my promotion, and  
I'll call you when I need you. Til then,  
stay the fuck out of my sight.

FADE OUT.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Miller exits Capellini's office. This is the end of their  
exchange from the beginning of the film, but the POV is from  
the squadroom, outside of Capellini's office.

CAPELLINI

Whoa! Don't get all fucking deep on me.  
Just go out there and fight crime.

MILLER

Look out, bad guys. Here I come.

CAPELLINI

And don't come back until the streets are  
safe again.

MILLER

(laughs)

Why is that so god damned funny?

INT. BANK - DAY

Workers are putting finishing touches on the bank interior.  
Employees and Customers inside the bank are going about their  
business as before. We hear a wash of ordinary noise, not  
focusing on anything in particular.

EXT. STREET - DAY

From inside a car, we see Miller and Mitchell enter the bank.

FADE INTO:

INT. UNIVERSITY CLUB - DAY

White approaches a table. Case sits alone, reading his paper.

WHITE

Arthur. Good afternoon.

CASE

Ah, Ms. White. Have a seat.

He motions White to sit. He folds his paper. White sits.

WHITE

Thank you. Please, call me Madeleine.

CASE

Detective Miller came by to see me a couple of days ago.

WHITE

What did he have to say?

CASE

Quite a lot. He's got it in his mind that I plotted to rob my own bank.

WHITE

The thought had occurred to me.

CASE

It's ridiculous.

WHITE

I know. For one thing, you wouldn't have needed me. And even if you did, you wouldn't have called me at the last minute. Plus, the man I met there wasn't working for anyone, least of all you.

CASE

He did manage to puzzle out that I hired you, although I didn't acknowledge it.

WHITE

He turned out to be quite sharp. But he and I came to a meeting of the minds.

CASE

I hope so.  
(a beat)  
So...

WHITE

So. I had a long talk with a man who seemed to know a lot about you.

CASE

What did he have to say about me?

WHITE

In a nutshell, that you got rich doing business with the Nazis during the Holocaust. He showed me an envelope which he said could be very harmful to you.

INT. BANK - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Miller and Mitchell are speaking with Peter Hammond.

MILLER

I've got a court order here to open one of your safe deposit boxes. Number 392.

HAMMOND

All right. Shall we?

MILLER

Thank you.

Miller starts to walk away. He bumps into a male customer who we see only from the rear, wearing a baseball cap, jeans, and a lightweight red zip-up Adidas slicker, with a knapsack on one shoulder, carrying the travel bag on the other arm.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

The man keeps walking and Miller never sees his face.

MAN

I'm sorry.

In the background we see the man continue toward the exit.

INT. UNIVERSITY CLUB - DAY

CASE

Tell me about the envelope.

WHITE

He kept it. But he's not going to do anything with it. It's insurance. I don't know where he or it is, but I told him if he made it out of the bank with it, we'd pay handsomely for it.

CASE

Did he? Get out of the bank with it?

WHITE

That's the big question. Isn't it? The police don't have any suspects, and I'm sure that Detective Miller would've shown you the envelope if he'd had it.

INT. SAFE DEPOSIT BOX ROOM - DAY

Miller and Mitchell watch as box 392 is drilled open.

INT. UNIVERSITY CLUB - DAY

CASE

But you and he have an understanding?

WHITE

I believe so. Somehow, he made it out of there with your envelope, and he seems happy to just hang onto it. If he tries to blackmail you one day, we'll pay him and you'll have it back.

(a beat)

So I guess that's it.

CASE

I suppose so.

WHITE

Bullshit.

CASE

I beg your pardon?

WHITE

He didn't go through all that just to stick your envelope under his mattress. They left the vault untouched, Arthur.

CASE

So?

WHITE

So he had to have walked out of that bank with more than that. And since there's nothing else missing from the bank, there had to be something else in that box worth more than your envelope.

(a beat)

You don't have to tell me. There's only one thing it could be, anyway.

CUT TO:



INT. DALTON'S CELL - UNKNOWN

A cell phone in a man's hand. It reads "8:59:50 AM, Tues, 05/18/02". Several seconds elapse on the display. It lights up to signal a call. Dalton answers but says nothing.

We hear a repeat of his narration from the beginning.

DALTON (V.O.)

My name is Dalton Russell. Pay strict attention to what I say, because I choose my words carefully, and I never repeat myself.

He is tearing items off of his wall, and collecting items from around him and placing them in a garbage bag.

DALTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I've told you my name. That's the 'who'. The 'where' would most readily be described as a prison cell. But there's a vast difference between being stuck in a tiny cell and being in prison. And I am not in prison. The 'what' is easy.

We catch glimpses of the opposite wall, to the left of him, where the rest of his cell, or the bars, would have been. It is constructed of the same chrome shelving material that was dismantled in the supply room, with plaster behind it, giving evidence of a hastily constructed façade.

DALTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Recently, I planned, and set in motion events to execute, the perfect bank robbery. That's also the 'when'. As for the 'why', beyond the obvious financial motivation, it's exceedingly simple:

He removes his drawstring pants and puts them in the bag.

DALTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Because I can. Which leaves us only with the 'how'. And therein, as the Bard would tell us, lies the rub.

Dalton folds up a deflated air mattress and a bed sheet.

INT. BANK BASEMENT SUPPLY ROOM - DAY

Flashback: Dalton, Stevie, and Steve viewing the supply room.

DALTON

Beautiful.

Flashback: Dalton instructing Steve in the supply room.

DALTON (CONT'D)

It's all gotta look the same when we put it back, so be very careful.

Flashback: Rear wall of the supply room, shelving removed.

Scenes of Steve constructing a false wall from dismantled metal shelving and tiles they brought in the boxes.

We see Steve and Dalton standing over a crude floor level coverable toilet that Steve has constructed from the hole in the ground. Steve is instructing Dalton on its use.

STEVE

Just unhinge it, do your business, pour some water down, then cover it up. Easy.

DALTON

What a shit hole. You rock.

Scenes of Dalton and his accomplices building a secret room in the rear of the supply room.

FLASHBACK: Dalton is removing the old envelope from the Safe Deposit Box. This time the shot continues, to reveal a large number of black velvet drawstring pouches underneath.

INT. UNIVERSITY CLUB - DAY

WHITE

Diamonds.

CASE

Of course.

INT. BANK BASEMENT - SAFE DEPOSIT BOX VAULT - DAY

Door 392 is drilled open. The box is removed. Hammond opens the lid to reveal two dozen chewing gum wrappers.

MILLER VOICE OVER

"You know, Hansel and Gretel? Leave me a trail of bread crumbs."

Miller smiles.

MILLER

Son of a bitch.

INT. DALTON'S CELL - UNKNOWN

Dalton opens one of many Black velvet bags to reveal a wealth of diamonds. He closes up the pouch, and drops it in a knapsack with 20 other similar velvet pouches.

INT. UNIVERSITY CLUB - DAY

CASE

I was young and ambitious. I saw a short path to success and I took it.

(a beat)

I sold my soul. I've been trying to buy it back for the last fifty years.

White stands.

CASE (CONT'D)

How did he find out?

WHITE

I have no idea. But whoever he was, he sure did his homework.

CASE

Can I trust that you'll keep what you've learned here in confidence? Despite whatever you may think...

WHITE

(interrupting)

Yes. Arthur, I'd love to tell you what a monster you are, but I've got to be back in the city by three to help Bin Laden's nephew buy a co-op on Park Avenue.

Case forces a chuckle. White's expression is serious.

CASE

If that were true, you wouldn't tell me.

WHITE

We're listing you as a reference.

FADE TO BLACK

DALTON (V.O.)

When I said that I planned the perfect bank robbery, I meant precisely that. The perfect bank robbery.

Flashbacks: The Crew builds a false rear wall in the supply room. We see them seal Dalton behind it. We flicker between

before and after shots of the supply room. It looks exactly the same, but three feet shorter in the after shot.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Bullet shots of van logo: "Perfect Painters - We - Never - Leave - Until - The - Job - Is - Done."

INT. CAR - DAY

We see the bank from inside a car parked across the street and down the block.

STEVE (O.S.)

I'll bet he smells like shit.

STEVIE (O.S.)

Yeah. Roll down the windows.

INT. DALTON'S CELL - UNKNOWN

Dalton checks his .357 revolver, slides it into the waistband of his jeans, drapes his T-shirt over it, and zips up his red Adidas slicker.

EXT. TO INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Steadicam enters the bank. People going about their business. We pass through the bank towards the stairs, float smoothly down the stairs and we round the corners until we approach the closed door to the supply room. We pass through the door and see the supply room interior, very dark. We float towards the floor-level shelf in the rear. The wall behind it is obscured by boxes, but some of the yellow-painted cinderblock wall, identical to the wall of Dalton's cell, is visible. As we get close to the boxes in front of the wall, we stop.

DALTON (V.O.)

So, what went wrong?

A section of the rear wall, 2.5 feet by 2.5 feet is pulled back into the interior of DALTON'S CELL. Dalton's face peers out, as well as his hand, holding a small metal flashlight.

DALTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Nothing.

He pushes the boxes off the shelf onto the floor. His head recedes. A dark knapsack and travel bag are tossed out. Dalton reappears, pushes them forward, then slides out through the hole. He replaces the missing wall section and

secures it in place with a small tube of superglue. He replaces the boxes which he had pushed aside.

INT. BANK BASEMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Now we are gliding down the basement hall, towards the stairs. We hear Steve's voice in Dalton's earpiece.

STEVE (O.S.)

Hang on, man.

INT. CAR - DAY

From the car, we see Miller and Mitchell enter the bank. We see Steve, Steve-O, Stevie, and CHAIM, sitting in the car.

STEVE

(into phone)

Oh shit! That cop, Miller, and his partner are walking into the bank.

DALTON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)

(whispering)

They coming for me?

STEVE

Can't say. It's just the two of them. They look relaxed.

INT. BANK - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Miller and Mitchell are speaking with Peter Hammond. This is the same scene but from a different angle, so we see Dalton.

MILLER

I've got a court order here to open one of your safe deposit boxes. Number 392.

HAMMOND

All right. Shall we?

MILLER

Thank you.

Miller starts to walk away. He bumps into Dalton, wearing sunglasses, a Knicks baseball cap, jeans, sneakers, and a light zip-up Nike slicker, with the knapsack on one shoulder, carrying the travel bag on the other arm.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Dalton keeps walking and Miller never sees his face.

DALTON

I'm sorry.

Dalton continues towards the exit.

WHITE (V.O.)

You're not going to tell me how you plan to get out. Are you?

He reaches the door, opens it, holds it open while a middle-aged woman walks in, then exits onto a sunny street.

FADE TO WHITE.

DALTON (V.O.)

I'm gonna walk right out the front door.

INT. APARTMENT OF DETECTIVE MILLER – BEDROOM – EVENING

Katrine is asleep on the bed, naked. Miller empties his pockets and places his badge, wallet, and gun on the dresser. We see Katrine in the dresser mirror. Miller takes his keys from his jacket's left hip pocket and puts them on the dresser.

He takes change from his jacket's right hip pocket but finds something else in his hand. A PERFECT TWO-CARAT DIAMOND.

MILLER

What the...

Flashback: Miller's POV. Dalton walking away from Miller, to the exit, after bumping into him in the bank.

MILLER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Why don't you just walk out that door?

Miller looks up at his reflection in the dresser mirror.

CUT TO BLACK.

DALTON (V.O.)

"Oh, I will. When I'm good and ready."

CREDITS