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Written by

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Inspired by a True Story

First Draft
November 2, 2012

Langley Park Pictures
Jason Alisharan Productions

DENNIS (O.S.)
You're gonna want to pay attention,
'cause the devil is in the details.

INT. ST. JEROME'S BAR - LOWER EAST SIDE, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

A quintessential hole-in-the-wall, half filled on a Sunday.

A DRINK GLASS, scotch, neat, rests alone on the bar as a
SECOND GLASS slides beside it. Seemingly identical.

DENNIS (O.S.)
The fact they look the same is
meaningless.

PAN UP

To meet a WOMAN we'll call STACEY (30), beautiful, yes, but
also intelligent. Independent. A true force of nature.

STACEY
I don't know what I'm looking for.

DENNIS (O.S.)
Close your eyes.

After trying both, Stacey re-opens to see

DENNIS DAVISON (30s)

Confident and assured, Dennis is smart enough to know what he
knows and inscrutable enough not to care what you think.

STACEY
They seem the same... that's not
good, is it?

DENNIS
This is a single malt Brora, aged 30
years to go down smooth. Whereas
the Macallan's a 12 year blend that
oughta burn. I'm Dennis, by the
way.

STACEY
Stacey.

DENNIS
You just moved here...

STACEY
How'd you --?

DENNIS

You're alone on a Sunday night and pretty enough you don't need to be.

STACEY

Maybe I want to be alone.

DENNIS

We've already established you're not much of a drinker. But good listener, reflective. I'm going with Social worker --

STACEY

Psychologist. Close. You know all about me, but --

DENNIS

I'll bet you tell people you moved here for work, but there's more to it. You recently cut your hair only your head moves like it remembers when it was longer. Your blouse still has the store-bought creases. Then there's the drink, which has to be an ex's. Someone who never got you anymore than you "got" why he'd drink that horse piss. Only here you are, ordering it because as much as you know you deserve better, you miss the stability and comfort he provided.

STACEY

Hang on --

DENNIS

I'm way off base?

STACEY

For your information -- I'm not doing this.

Stacey gathers her things to leave --

DENNIS

We both know you didn't come here to recruit for a book club. But before you throw that drink in my face, ask yourself, are you angry because I'm right or because you're not sure if you're worthy of being with someone who actually gets you.

She stares in stunned silence, before breaking into a laugh.

STACEY

You don't really think this is going
to work, do you?

Dennis waits, unmoved. Beat. Stacey grabs the scotch, only instead of throwing it, she downs it --

INT. DENNIS' BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

-- Stacey and Dennis fall onto the bed. Throes of passion. Insta-chemistry. *Dennis couldn't have planned it better...*

FADE OUT.

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FADE IN ON A MIRROR

As steam's wiped off. Staring into his own eyes is a man we'll call NOAH HAYES. The TATTOO of a TWO-HEADED SERPENT runs up his back to his neck. Noah lathers his face, eyes locked on his reflection. Dipping his blade in water, he begins. Tearing away at his BEARD. Pulling back, we find ourselves in --

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - SOUTH BRONX - PRE-DAWN

The clutter and decay of city life seep in. Yet, oddly, hanging from the back of the bathroom door is a \$6,000 cashmere Brioni suit. Wrapped in plastic, the price tag still affixed.

Turning his razor, Noah runs back over from the bottom to the top. Until it's perfect. Absolutely perfect.

CHYRON: MONDAY

EXT. THE DALTON SCHOOL - E. 89TH STREET - MORNING

Dressed in the Brioni suit, Noah stands with his wife, ANGELA and daughter, SERENA (7) outside this elite preparatory academy. Angela's a dark-eyed brunette with a Tri-State fury. As they stop, Noah revisits his father-daughter tradition, reciting Dr. Seuss's "Oh, the Places You'll Go!":

NOAH

"Congratulations, today is your day!
You're off to great places..."

SERENA ANGELA
 Dad, stop. Mom! Noah.

NOAH (CONT'D)
 Since when are you too old for Dr.
 Seuss?

SERENA
 Since forever.

Noah marvels as Serena hurries off to see her FRIENDS.

NOAH
 She's all grown up.

Noah turns to Angela for a response, only she refuses eye contact. Instead, she heads back to the car without him --

INT. DENNIS' BEDROOM - APARTMENT - LOWER EAST SIDE - MORNING

Dennis rolls over to see Stacey getting dressed --

DENNIS
 Can I call you?

STACEY
 Sure. Sure.

Stacey scribbles on the back of a receipt from her purse, before exiting. After the front door closes, Dennis examines it. Something's not right. Grabbing his phone, he dials --

VOICEMAIL (PRE-LAP)
*Hello and welcome to Fisk-It
 Plumbers automated help line --*

DENNIS
 Awesome.

EXT. KILLIAN'S AUTO BODY & REPAIR - SOUTH BRONX - MORNING

Noah parks. He rounds the side, stopping just long enough to KICK OUT one of his SUV's tail lights.

INT. KILLIAN'S AUTO BODY & REPAIR - CONTINUOUS

Wholly out of place in his Brioni suit, Noah passes automobile elementals -- bodies, engines, etc. -- all branded with the CHECKERED CAB logo. He makes a beeline for the back office where four men await: HENNESSEY, JENKINS, WELLS and the shop owner, KILLIAN.

The prison tats alone suggest that these aren't choir boys. The older Hennessey towers over the chiseled Jenkins and the youthful, if meek, Wells.

WELLS
-- look at you --

HENNESSEY
-- Jesus Christ --

NOAH
(re: clean shaven)
Thought I'd clean up for a change.

KILLIAN
You look like you're twelve.

Noah offers a collegial chuckle as he points to a DUFFEL BAG--

NOAH
Is that it?

Wells nods, unzipping to expose a dozen wrapped packets of C4 plastique explosives and two guns.

JENKINS
It's all clean.

NOAH
I could give a shit if it's clean,
tell me it works.

JENKINS
It works. Cutie. It works.

INT. DENNIS' APARTMENT - DAY

TIGHT ON STACEY'S PHONE NUMBER... as Dennis flips over the receipt for STARVING STUDENT MOVERS and their number.

He begins to dial before he catches himself and tossing it in the trash as his PHONE rings --

DENNIS
Davison.

EXT. CITY STREETS - SOUTH BRONX - MORNING

The serpents' eyes peer over Noah's shirt collar as he speeds along. Just then, FLASHING LIGHTS appear, SIRENS. Noah notes the police car in his rearview before pulling over.

Turning to the duffel beside him, Noah considers his options. In that moment, *his demeanor shifts*. *Gone is the calculating criminal and in his place is someone far more benign.*

SECONDS LATER... the LEAD OFFICER stands at Noah's window.

OFFICER
License and registration.

NOAH
Absolutely, Officer. If you don't mind me asking, what did I do?

OFFICER
You're not from around here, are you? My partner and I sit under that awning every day, picking people like you off. It's rare we hit a trifecta. Speeding, running a red, and with a busted tail light.

NOAH
I don't know what to say.

OFFICER
Nothing to say. Our cams'll show you running the red, our gun has you doing 50 in a 35, and that tail light speaks for itself. Sit tight.

As the Officer heads toward the squad car, Noah glares back through his REARVIEW at the Second Officer.

MOMENTS LATER... Noah tosses the ticket beside him and heads off. After he leaves, the officers back up into their makeshift car port, covered by an awning and enclosed on three sides. No sooner do they settle in, then there's

A KNOCK

On the drivers side window. The officers turn to see

NOAH

Impossibly standing outside the car. Gun in hand. Before the officers can react, Noah FIRES --

EXT. YALE CLUB - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Dennis heads toward the gray stone exterior of this old money oasis as PARAMEDICS cart out BODIES on gurneys. Ventilators support GUN-SHOT VICTIMS. Moving toward the center, he runs head long into Stacey, a badge clipped to her blouse. Dennis stops in disbelief.

STACEY
Wait, what are you --?

DENNIS

I had a pipe burst. I thought you might know a good plumber.

STACEY

I may have mixed up a number --

DENNIS

(motioning to her BADGE)

And your name? You mix that up too? Dr. Lindsay Ruiz.

STACEY/LINDSAY

Hang on, you can't be here --
(Dennis flashes his badge)
Oh, fuck me.

DENNIS

Roberts order a psych consult?

LINDSAY

Asian male, apparently alone, walked in and opened fire. Five dead so far.

TREVOR (O.S.)

Davison!

-- Dennis turns to see the baby-faced DETECTIVE TREVOR ROBERTS, late 20s, waving him over. Trevor's that kid brother constantly trying to appear as if he's in control, even when he's not.

Flanked by UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS, their discussion is directed at VI, a Vietnamese woman. Attractive, petite.

VI

I filed a restraining order, but my ex kept calling. When he found out I was seeing someone, he went crazy--

OFFICER

The man you're dating is inside?

VI

Please. My ex-husband will kill him.

Trevor and Dennis step away from Vi.

DENNIS

How long you give him?

TREVOR
We're waiting on SWAT.

DENNIS
I thought we were five down...

TREVOR
Give or take.

DENNIS
Then why no clock?

TREVOR
I've got things under control --

DENNIS
Clearly.

TREVOR
We've got snipers on all roofs. The
entrances and exits surrounded.

DENNIS
The world's safe from the dude
inside there killing people. What
happens if the Lieutenant gets here
before SWAT?

TREVOR
Wait, he's coming?

DENNIS
He's gonna want to see what you're
doing for the folks actually in the
line of fire.

Trevor looks at the entrance, unable to conceal his concern.

TREVOR
I'm not going in alone.

INT. YALE CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Gun in hand, Trevor and Dennis round the FRONT DESK to reveal
a SECURITY CAMERA panel.

ON THE MONITORS... Dennis looks over floor after floor of
emptiness, until he spots a lone MAN (NGUYEN) hammering into
a metal fire door. Even in grainy black and white, Nguyen
seems crazed. Seeing the floor number --

DENNIS

TREVOR
 What you said back there about
 Lieutenant Fenner...?

DENNIS
 Yeah, he's not coming.

Trevor stops; fuck --

DENNIS (CONT'D)
 You can walk out if you want.
 You'll just have to explain to
 everyone --

TREVOR
 Dennis, if we're going to do this:
 this is my show.

DENNIS
 Okay.

TREVOR
 My. Show.

DENNIS
 Your show.

INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Dennis & Trevor climb flight after flight --

INT. SIXTEENTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Exiting the stairwell, Dennis surveys the area before
 focusing on the dark wood foyer that leads into a BALLROOM.
 Dennis continues, spotting a BODY splayed out. Custom white
 button-down. Bloodstained monogrammed cuff. No pulse.

THE BOYFRIEND (O.S.)
 I'll do anything. You want money.

INT. MAIN BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dennis and Trevor enter as THE BOYFRIEND is dragged across by
 his hair. Clutching the older man's scalp is a VIETNAMESE
 MAN, DON NGUYEN, with a semi-automatic in his other hand.

THE BOYFRIEND
 Please, I have kids --

TREVOR
Come on, Sir, put it down.

NGUYEN
You first.
(Trevor drops his gun)
And him --

TREVOR
Dennis. Dennis.

Dennis drops his gun.

NGUYEN
In Hanoi, I was a computer engineer.
Here, I drive a cab to provide for
her and this is how she repays me?

TREVOR
It sucks, I know. But it doesn't
have to be like this. Just put it
down.

Nguyen opens his jacket to reveal EXPLOSIVES strapped to him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Jesus.

DENNIS
Look, I get wanting to kill the new
guy. But you and I both know you
don't want to die. The problem is
if you give yourself up now, you're
gonna look pathetic. Frankly, I
don't see a way out of this unless --

Trevor turns to Dennis; what the fuck are you doing?

DENNIS (CONT'D)
You go on and show her you're a man
of your word --

TREVOR
Dennis, what are you doing!?

Tears in his eyes, Nguyen looks down at the detonator.
Considering Dennis' words. In that instant, he hesitates --

Dennis reaches behind his back and pulls out a *SECOND GUN*,
firing into Nguyen's shoulder. The man's arm goes limp as he
falls back. Dennis takes a step toward Nguyen --

DENNIS
You're welcome.

EXT. YALE CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Dennis exits as PARAMEDICS hustle inside, Trevor following --

TREVOR
Davison! I was crystal clear --

DENNIS
It was your show. Good work...

TREVOR
Fuck you. You're writing this up!

CUT TO:

ROLL CREDIT SEQUENCE; as Noah walks the streets of NYC, engaging in every day life. Examining fruit. Window shopping. Only as we view it, we're not just capturing Noah, but the various lenses through which we see this City. The Traffic cams. Surveillance. ATM cameras. Thousands upon thousands of angles --

INT. NYPD'S CAMERA CENTER - LONG ISLAND CITY - CONTINUOUS

With over 3000 cameras in New York City, there is no place to hide. TECHNICIANS watch around the clock as CARS speed across screens. Locking in on a license plate, they order a traffic stop with the click of a button.

Elsewhere, a MAN crosses the street as a FACIAL RECOGNITION ALARM goes off. Immediately, a mug shot appears beside the image. Technicians radio it in --

END CREDIT SEQUENCE

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY

Inside the NYPD's Robbery-Homicide bullpen, Dennis sits at his Dell, with a half-finished arrest report in front of him. LIEUTENANT DOUG FENNER sits across from him, waiting. In his 60s, Fenner's loyal. Tough. Fair.

Dennis looks over. It's a game of chicken, until --

DENNIS
It was Roberts' call. He nailed it.

FENNER
Then why are you filling out his arrest report?

Dennis laughs. Caught.

FENNER (CONT'D)

Go home.

DENNIS

I'm fine.

FENNER

That's great, but you discharged
your weapon. You'll need to be
cleared before you can go back out --

PRE-LAP; a KNOCK on the door --

INT. POLICE STATION - LINDSAY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Lindsay looks up as Dennis stands in the doorway. He
confirms that Fenner's watching across the bullpen --

DENNIS

I need you to clear me to go back
out.

LINDSAY

You're joking.

DENNIS

No one knows about last night --

LINDSAY

It's unethical for me to counsel
someone I'm involved with.

DENNIS

"Involved with" --

LINDSAY

Past tense.

DENNIS

Did I mention you look nice? You
have sort of a glow --

LINDSAY

I know you heard me, Detective.

EXT. HIGH RISE OFFICE BUILDING - MIDTOWN - DAY

A stone's throw from Grand Central, the Bank of America
Building on 335 Madison Ave stands as a monument to
capitalism.

INT. BANK OF AMERICA BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Welcome to Corporate America, Thanksgiving week. No one works, they kibbitz; revisiting Sunday's NFL match ups, surrounded by seasonal decor; arms extend over a cubicle wall, coffee mugs in hand.

There's the DEN MOTHER, offering a plate of homemade pumpkin bread muffins. Every office has one. Just like they all have the BALDING FORTYSOMETHING who can't say no. The man selects, bites. Only instead of smiling, he grimaces. And he's not alone --

-- an odor's blown in, leaving everyone searching for a culprit. Even the Empty Nester is suddenly concerned her baked goods may be not-so-fresh.

A YOUNG MOTHER checks a trash can as a CO-WORKER covers her mouth and runs toward the BOSS' office. The BOSS hardly has to leave his cushy confines to catch wind of it.

INT. SECOND FLOOR LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

EMPLOYEES head out as FOUR MEN in HAZMAT SUITS enter --

INT. SECOND FLOOR OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Immediately, the men go to work. CUBICLES are dismantled, DESKS moved. All of which barricade the front door as a CHEMICAL WAND is waved across the carpet.

As it BEEPS, the MEN mark the sensitive areas with CHALK.

Moments later, A JIGSAW cuts into the floor. The men tear away debris, exposing FOUR HOLES, each TWO FEET IN DIAMETER. Peering inside, they find a remote controlled vehicle, carrying the CHEMICAL AGENT responsible for burning through the concrete cross beams.

SPRAYING AEROSOL CANNISTERS into each hole, the men neutralize the smell before taking off their gloves and masks. It's Hennessey, Jenkins, Wells, and Noah, the crew we met in the auto body shop.

A LOCK BOX is opened to reveal the C4-mounted explosives. Each man lines THEIR RESPECTIVE HOLES with explosives. As they step back, the men clamp bungee cords onto their belts, locking the other end onto ceiling beams overhead. Masks go back on and...

-- BOOM; THE EXPLOSIVES fire off and we --

CUT TO:

CEILING FRAGMENTS

Crashing down on us. To REVEAL we're in --

INT. BANK OF AMERICA BUILDING - FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

SECURITY GUARDS look up as Hennessey drops down between them. He hammers both with the butt of his gun, before locking the front doors.

ACROSS THE WAY... Jenkins lands behind several BANK EXECUTIVES. Nearby Wells drops down by the teller windows, seemingly unaware of the BRAVE TELLER that hits the SILENT ALARM:

WELLS	JENKINS
On the floor. Now!!!	Get down! Get the fuck down!

Within seconds, rule has been established. Noah lifts his mask to the top of his head:

NOAH
Ladies and Gentlemen, Thanksgiving
is a few short days away. I imagine
being alive is at the top of your
lists of things to be thankful for.
I recommend you act accordingly.

INT. POLICE STATION - DISPATCH OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The second the alarm goes off, they're on the horn --

DISPATCH
All units in the vicinity of 44th
and Madison, we have a 211 in
progress --

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS

LIGHTS flicker blue and red as POLICE CARS descend.

INT. BANK OF AMERICA - CONTINUOUS

AT THE SECURITY SERVER... Noah pulls a JUMP DRIVE from his pocket and slides it into the back.

As his fingers fly across the keyboard, we see computer code race across the screen, followed by schematics. And then -- security camera outputs.

Noah identifies the cameras in the back of the bank and shuts them off.

NOAH

We're in.

OUTSIDE THE VAULT ROOM... Wells hears Noah's message as the VAULT DOORS UNLOCK.

ELSEWHERE... Jenkins moves to Hennessey, joining in guard-duty --

DOWN IN THE VAULT... Wells approaches the stacks of CASH, bound and shrink-wrapped, immediately shoveling them into a DUFFEL.

Noah enters, running his gloved finger across the stacks before he smiles, marveling at his good fortune. Without a moment's hesitation, he raises his hand to his head and plucks a hair. He examines it briefly, before sending it off with a blow --

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Fenner stands at one end of the bullpen --

FENNER (O.S.)

Davison! Did Ruiz clear you?

DENNIS

(lying)

Yeah.

FENNER

211 in progress. 44th & Madison.

EXT. STREETS OUTSIDE THE BANK - DAY

POLICE CARS block the streets around the bank --

EXT. BANK OF AMERICA - DAY

SHARPSHOOTERS lock off. As Dennis arrives, he's briefed by a Uniformed Officer (PRATT) --

PRATT
We've got reports of shots fired and
an explosion. As yet, no visual --

DENNIS
Get me a line in.

As Pratt heads off, Dennis turns to see Trevor approaching.

TREVOR
Your show, right?

DENNIS
As long as we're clear.

PRATT
Detective, it's him.

DENNIS
(into the phone)
This is Detective Davison of the
NYPD.

INTERCUT TO:

INT. BANK OF AMERICA - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TIGHT ON SAFE DEPOSIT BOX #1131... as Noah, cell phone wedged
against his shoulder, crowsbars the metal box open --

NOAH
Thank God.

DENNIS
Everything alright in there?

NOAH
For the moment. But we could be
here a while. It might be smart to
consider dinner.

DENNIS
What like pizza, deli?

NOAH
Maybe something without gluten.

Dennis chuckles. Playing along:

DENNIS

There's a Portuguese place around the corner, but if you're expecting me to put in a delivery order, we may be getting ahead of ourselves.

NOAH

Actually I always feel like delivery's a waste. Maybe you send someone to pick it up?

DENNIS

Let's back up for a second. Who am I talking to?

NOAH

Call me Noah.

DENNIS

OK, Noah, what are we looking at?

NOAH

\$50 million, more or less. I figure if you know what I am after, I won't have to kill anyone to get it. But, Detective: I have 43 hostages. I've got C4 strapped to all entry points. Your men so much as consider storming the bank, I can promise mass casualties...

DENNIS

So how do we get everyone home safely?

NOAH

I need three helicopters with clearance to JFK and a fully fueled 757 standing by. Now Detective: the hostages will be with me the entire time. If anything goes awry, guess who dies first?

DENNIS

You may want to rethink that.

NOAH

Is that going to be too difficult?

DENNIS

I can get assurances up and down the line, but the minute you get to JFK, I don't have jurisdiction.

(MORE)

DENNIS (CONT'D)

If it were me, I wouldn't give some glorified security guard the chance to be a hero.

NOAH

What would you suggest?

DENNIS

Be smart; order multiple cars. Buses. Keep us guessing.

NOAH

Why would someone in your position tell me this?

DENNIS

To save lives.

NOAH

I hope that's all it is. You haven't mentioned the FBI once when this falls under their purview.

DENNIS

You want to talk to the FBI, I can --

NOAH

You don't have to downplay your enthusiasm, Detective. I like talking to you. From here on out, how about we agree that you'll be "my guy?"

DENNIS

If that's what you want.

NOAH

This isn't just about what I want, Detective. This is about "us." We're in this together now. So why don't you see what you can do for us?

CLICK. Dennis hesitates before turning back to the others --

DENNIS

Let's get rolling.

TIME CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER... several PLAIN-CLOTHED OFFICERS stand nearby, reporting back to Dennis:

PLAIN-CLOTHED OFFICER
 -- spoke to City Hall, we can get
 the choppers, but they'd prefer we
 find an alternative --

PLAIN-CLOTHED OFFICER #2
 JFK said they can provide a plane
 and a closed off runway. The only
 thing they won't do --

DENNIS
 -- is let us run point. What else?

PLAIN-CLOTHED OFFICER #3
 When he mentioned \$50 mill, he
 wasn't far off. The B of A is a
 feeder bank for distributing new
 bills.

PLAIN-CLOTHED OFFICER
 Are we really going to pull the
 trigger on this?

DENNIS
 Not until we know he's gonna deal.

INTERCUT:

INT. BANK OF AMERICA - SECONDS LATER

Noah heads toward the vault as the office phone rings:

NOAH
 Yes.

DENNIS
 Before we go any further --

NOAH
 Hang on.

Dennis waits, awkwardly. Looking around; what the fuck?

NOAH (CONT'D)
 You were saying...

DENNIS
 Typically in these negotiations,
 it's my job to find a way to
 connect. We can be friends or we
 can go at it. But for me to help
 you, I gotta believe talking to you
 is worthwhile.

NOAH

Detective, you mentioned Portuguese earlier, I assume you've tried Linguiça sausage. Here's a little known fact: you know what separates a good Linguiça from an extraordinary one? It's actually not the meat. It's vinegar.

DENNIS

Your point.

NOAH

You are the vinegar. You decide which way things go. Now have you conferred with the necessary parties about my demands?

DENNIS

Give me a hostage and I'll --

NOAH

"See what you can do?" Detective, I thought we were clear that you're not in control here. You keep this up and you're gonna get people killed.

DENNIS

Hang on --

NOAH

No, you hang on. You want to save lives then take a good look around and get a mental picture of this moment, 'cause today is going to beat that swagger out of you. Now I want to trust you, Detective, but can I?

DENNIS

Of course.

ON NOAH

As he aims his gun --

NOAH

Next time sound more convincing.

And fires --

BACK OUTSIDE

Everyone is frozen in horror.

TIGHT ON NOAH

As he FIRES AGAIN. And AGAIN.

ON DENNIS

Looking on in stunned silence; *what did I just do?*

Only before there's time to consider it -- BOOM -- THE
WINDOWS BLOW OUT.

ON DENNIS

As he watches in horror as glass sprays across the concrete.

SECONDS LATER... PEOPLE pour out of the bank. Hysterical.
Immediately, SWAT takes over. Some cover the innocent, while
OTHERS race inside. Dennis following --

POLICE	DENNIS
Get down! On the ground --	Get these people out of here!

INT. BANK OF AMERICA - CONTINUOUS

Dennis enters and spots the ropes hanging from the ceiling.
Debris scattered across the floor. And then the bodies.
Jesus. More than one, lying lifeless on the ground...

As he takes it all in, SWAT clears rooms. One after another.
Room after room. Down into the vaults. Finally declaring:

SWAT TEAM LEADER
-- building's clear --

ON DENNIS... as he looks out, trying to figure out, where the
hell did they go? Dennis lifts his radio:

DENNIS
I want everyone rounded up. No one
leaves without my say so.

Out of the corner of his eye, Dennis sees a piece of a
SECURITY CAMERA on the ground. Tracking up, he sees a blown-
out stand where the camera used to reside. Flipping a
UNIFORMED OFFICER --

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Find where these output.

THE SECURITY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER... as a printer spits out a
screen capture. The Officer hands it to Dennis.

Dennis examines the photo: With Hennessey and Jenkins keeping the hostages at bay, Dennis locks in on Noah talking on his cell phone, standing center stage.

UNIFORMED OFFICER
Want me to run this out to Pratt?

TREVOR
Send another copy to the Cam Center.

UNIFORMED OFFICER
(to Dennis)
Detective?

DENNIS
Do it.

INT. NYPD CAMERA CENTER - SECONDS LATER

ON ONE MONITOR... Noah stares at us, while on a SEPARATE SCREEN, facial recognition software surveys EVERY FACE SEEN ON EVERY CAMERA within five blocks of the bank. Each flashes before our eyes, until it locks in on Noah's face --

INT. BANK OF AMERICA - CONTINUOUS

Dennis' cell phone rings --

DENNIS
(to Trevor)
Got him. Two blocks out: 44th & 5th.

EXT. BANK OF AMERICA - CONTINUOUS

Dennis races out, Trevor a step behind --

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

SIRENS, FLASHING LIGHTS... BLACK-AND-WHITE cars follow until Dennis sees Noah running up on the sidewalk -- blowing past a man in a trench coat, bumping a young woman with a stroller.

Dennis slams on the brakes, as he throws open the car door--

DENNIS
Out of the way! Get out of the way!

RACING ON FOOT INTO AN INTERSECTION AS THE LIGHTS CHANGE --

Cars jut out causing Dennis to lose Noah in the crowds. The world spinning around him; *where is he? Where did he go?* Making his way across the street, Dennis searches through

A SEA OF HUMANITY

With every second, the desperation all the more apparent; *he's disappeared.* Dennis' eyes darting across until he spots a man -- some 30 yards away -- racing into an APARTMENT BUILDING: *It's him. It's Noah.*

As Dennis spots him, we CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER... SWAT races up stairs of nearby buildings, blowing through rooftop doors of --

THE APARTMENT BUILDING... while OFFICERS block cross traffic. SECURING ENTRANCES. EXITS.

SWAT TEAM LEADER
-- awaiting your "go."

Dennis turns to the wall-length glass face of the building, when he sees Noah's reflection, exiting the Hotel across the street.

DENNIS
What the --

Instead of giving the order, Dennis takes off, leaving Trevor and the others to ask themselves, what happened.

As Dennis sprints closer, Noah turns and sees the man charging. A fight-or-flight instinct takes over as Noah attempts to evade. Only it's too late. Dennis pounces, taking him down --

NOAH
What are you doing?

DENNIS
You're under arrest.

NOAH
-- I haven't done anything!?

DENNIS
Next time sound more convincing.

INT. BANK OF AMERICA - AN HOUR LATER

The POLICE have taken over. Yet as Dennis walks through, he can't help but focus on the bodies laid out amid the broken glass and debris.

TREVOR (O.S.)
 How'd they blow those holes without
 the ceiling coming down?

Following Trevor's gaze, Dennis considers the point when:

PRATT (O.S.)
 Detective.

HEADING TOWARD THE VAULT... Dennis and Trevor follow Pratt--

PRATT (CONT'D)
 We've gone through half the place
 and we still can't find a single
 print.

DENNIS
 They had to have left something.

PRATT
 They left things, alright. Their
 DNA is everywhere. It'll take days
 to go through. And then there's
 this --

CUT TO:

THE VAULT... cash still all there --

PRATT (CONT'D)
 -- not one dollar missing.

Trevor sees WELLS lying dead further inside --

TREVOR
 What's the deal with this guy?

PRATT
 You have no idea.

INT. BANK - SECURITY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

ON SCREEN... customers lie on the floor. And then there's
 Noah, talking on the phone, with both Hennessey and Jenkins
 in frame. Hanging up, Noah immediately shoots Hennessey and
 Jenkins.

TREVOR
 He shot all his guys --?

No sooner do the bodies fall than Noah hits a DETONATOR,
 blowing out THE WINDOWS...

PRATT

That's not even the craziest part --

ON SCREEN... we see prior to the police's arrival as Noah sticks his JUMP DRIVE into the back of the security computer--

PRATT (CONT'D)

See that jump drive? That's how he got past the security system. He used it to get into the vault. Even had access to the camera system.

TREVOR

So...?

PRATT

So why did he leave the cameras on?

DENNIS

He wanted us to watch.

(to Pratt)

Do we know what he was after?

INT. BANK - SAFE DEPOSIT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

TIGHT ON... one empty box, with divots in the wall from where Noah had crow-barred open the box.

PRATT

Belongs to Carlton & Company.
Bank's contacting them now...

Dennis hardly gets to process, when his cell phone rings --

DENNIS

Davison.

INT. CITY HALL - HOUR LATER

It's chaos. REPORTERS swarm. Fenner and Dennis walk and talk past the security check point, flashing badges --

FENNER

Suspect's name is Noah Hayes. He's a structural engineer at Lockheed Martin. The guy's clean. Got a wife. One kid. I brought Petrocelli up to speed. She's got a few questions.

Fenner goes silent. Dennis looks over.

DENNIS
(re: Fenner's expression)
I'm fine.

FENNER
You don't look --

DENNIS
Maybe I'm not thrilled about being
called into the D.A.'s office --

INT. GINA PETROCELLI'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

TIGHT ON GINA PETROCELLI, the DISTRICT ATTORNEY, sitting
behind the desk. Across from Fenner and Dennis --

GINA
We've got DNA up the ass, security
cameras, a few dozen eye witnesses,
and a boatload of physical evidence.

DENNIS
There's a "but" coming.

GINA
Our perp called Larry Kleiner.
Kleiner just got that Congressman
off for soliciting young boys in a
public bathroom and he's going to
have a field day with you --

DENNIS
Me?

GINA
You advised them on how to escape!
You referred to airport police as
glorified security guards... How do
you think that'll play to a jury?

DENNIS
Put me on the stand, let's find out!

GINA
Great idea. And maybe you explain
how you let the guy run *right past*
you.

INT. CITY HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Throwing open the door, Dennis storms out. Fenner just
behind.

DENNIS
Give me a fucking break.

FENNER
All she's saying is --

DENNIS
I know what she's saying, except I
got the guy, remember!?

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Noah's wife, ANGELA HAYES, standing with her daughter,
Serena, screaming at OFFICERS.

ANGELA
-- you think my husband did *WHAT!*?!

ON DENNIS

Watching Angela, her emotions running high as Trevor
approaches.

TREVOR (O.S.)
Explain that, huh? Great family,
great job. Doesn't make sense.

SPLIT SCREEN:

INT. POLICE STATION - BOOKING

Noah's mug shot is taken. His prints.

Sans the money clip, Breitling watch, etc, he's led into a
holding cell, *staring back through the bars at us.*

TREVOR
Better come up with something quick,
'cause the FBI, DHS, and Treasury
are here waiting on some answers.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Filled past capacity. FBI. DHS. TREASURY AGENTS and more.
Front and center is EMELIA PARSONS, from TREASURY. Standing
against a wall, Dennis listens intently --

EMELIA
-- as many of you know we have a
suspect in custody. That's the good
news.

(MORE)

EMELIA (CONT'D)

The bad news is that despite our perp's awareness of the \$50 million in cash reserves, he has taken something far more valuable.

ON A SMART BOARD... behind her, Emelia shows us images of the evidence taken from the bank. Most notably, the safe deposit box #1131.

EMELIA (CONT'D)

Box 1131 belongs to Carlton & Company. While not a household name, Carlton & Company has had the exclusive right to manufacture all of the paper that U.S. Currency is printed on for the last 225 years. They are the only ones who know the exact ingredients that make the paper unique. They are required by law to keep a second copy of that recipe off the premises. This is what was taken. Had the police arrested the suspect on the premise instead of allowing him to run right by, perhaps this would've been recovered.

Dennis looks down. Anonymous, but guilty nonetheless.

EMELIA (CONT'D)

We're not talking about millions here, this is potentially a multi-billion dollar fiasco. We don't know if the plan was to produce counterfeit currency or sell the formula to an enemy. Either of which has the potential to cripple our economy.

INT. BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

Dennis stands in place as the world speeds past in a blur --

FADE OUT.

CHYRON: TUESDAY

EXT. BANK OF AMERICA - FLASHBACK - DAY

TIGHT ON DENNIS... phone to his ear --

NOAH (V.O.)
Take a mental picture of this moment
 'cause today is going to beat that
 swagger out of you --

INT. DENNIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dennis lies awake. Alone in bed. Looking at the clock:
 3:26.

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - PRE-DAWN

Dennis enters to find the Bullpen already alive, with
 OFFICERS going about their day.

Dennis examines the bulletin boards that have been set up
 with crime scene photos of the bank... screen captures from
 the surveillance footage, with Noah's face staring right into
 the camera. Right back at Dennis.

A young detective (CONNORS) adds documents to the board --

DENNIS
 What is that?

CONNORS
 Discovery from Noah Hayes'
 apartment.

DENNIS
 So he's been charged?

CONNORS
 They're still waiting on the labs.

DENNIS
They?

Dennis looks over to

THE CONFERENCE ROOM

Filled with FBI agents, led by AGENT JEREMY BROCKMAN... only
 as Dennis surveys the meeting, he notices TREVOR in the back
 of the room. Seeing Trevor, Dennis' expression sours --

INT. BULLPEN/FENNER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Dennis follows Fenner across the bullpen --

FENNER
FBI's running point.

DENNIS
Then what's Roberts doing in there?

FENNER
He's the Department's liaison.

DENNIS
This is about letting him run past
me, isn't it?

Dennis stares Fenner down. Beat.

FENNER
Get yourself cleared, *for real this
time*, Dennis. I'll see what I can
do.

INT. LINDSAY'S OFFICE - HOURS LATER

Entering for the day, Lindsay slams the door behind her.
Immediately, Dennis re-opens it --

LINDSAY
No. No way. After you told Fenner
I cleared you yesterday?

DENNIS
I may have overstepped.

LINDSAY
Ya think?

DENNIS
C'mon. It was one night.

LINDSAY
Sit down.

Dennis looks out the window -- across the bullpen -- to the
conference room, where discussions continue between the FBI,
Trevor, et al... as Lindsay turns on a recording device.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
November 27, 2013. Detective First
Grade, Dennis Davison. For the
record, please state your name.

DENNIS
Dennis Davison.

LINDSAY

There are other psychologists here.
Why do you think it's a good idea
that I'm the one evaluating you?

DENNIS

We had a connection last night. I
thought it'd be fun.

Lindsay shuts off the recorder.

LINDSAY

Detective, you realize that any
connection we've had privately
compromises the viability of any
clinical work, don't you?

DENNIS

I understood half of what you just
said.

LINDSAY

This isn't some bar where you can
control the conversation. You want
me to clear you, Dennis, you
actually have to talk to me.

Beat.

DENNIS

It feels like I can be right a whole
lot, but the one time I'm not--

LINDSAY

All is lost.

Lindsay can't help herself. She feels for him --

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Consider yourself cleared. But,
Dennis. This is it.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER... as Dennis leaves Lindsay's office. He
notices Noah's wife, ANGELA, sitting along the far wall. Her
daughter, Serena, sleeping beside her on the bench.

CONNORS (O.S.)

Detective --

Connors approaches, lab results in hand.

CONNORS (CONT'D)

Noah Hayes may not have been in the bank. Apparently, the DNA we found inside matched someone already in our system--

ON THE LAB RESULTS

As Dennis scans down to the NAME LINE: JORDAN HAYES.

CONNORS (CONT'D)

-- his twin brother, Jordan.

TIGHT ON A MUG SHOT... of Jordan Hayes. Jordan's a mirror image of his brother, save for the tattoo that runs from the base of his neck down, and a hair style that's fittingly more rugged, less refined --

[NOTE: for simplicity's sake, all prior scenes had been written from Noah's perspective, when it could've been either brother.]

INT. BANK OF AMERICA - FLASHBACK

From the posture and demeanor, the man leading the robbery isn't the educated-Noah, but the physically brooding Jordan --

MOMENTS LATER... *it's Jordan, not Noah shooting his accomplices. This is a man who knows how to use a gun --*

EXT. CITY STREETS - FLASHBACK

-- racing away from the bank, it's Jordan, not Noah --

BACK TO THE SCENE:

DENNIS

How's that possible?

CONNORS

Identical twins have identical DNA.
Different fingerprints, but --

DENNIS

-- no prints were found on the scene.

(studying the mug shots)
Who else knows about this?

CONNORS

No one. Yet.

DENNIS

Pull both Jordan and Noah Hayes' phone records. I want to know if there's a link between them and the three accomplices. And Connors, not a word.

INT. NYPD'S COMMAND CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Dennis enters, approaching a Technician (PHIL).

DENNIS

Phil, I need a favor.

Handing Phil the mug shots of the brothers, Dennis waits as Phil does a double-take.

INT. FENNER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Fenner doesn't look up as Dennis storms in, docs in hand.

DENNIS

You've got the wrong guy.

Dennis holds up the mug shots of both NOAH and **JORDAN** HAYES.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Noah Hayes is a Harvard educated structural engineer working at Lockheed Martin. His brother, Jordan, is an ex-con who runs deliveries for a messenger service. The Feds ID'ed the other three guys in the bank. None of which have a link to Noah. But you wanna guess who did a stretch in Folsom with all three?

As Fenner's eyes compare the two men:

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Gets better: this footage was pulled off the NYPD camera feeds --

Handing an image of Noah, in a suit and tie, briefcase in hand, heading into the Lockheed Martin building --

DENNIS (CONT'D)

That's Noah yesterday. This is Jordan at the same time --

On a second screen capture, we see Jordan in a motorcycle messenger uniform, with a helmet in hand.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Only check out Jordan, two days ago.

A third pic. This time, Jordan has a beard.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Why shave off that beard unless --

FENNER
-- he wanted to look like his
brother.

EXT. SMALL APARTMENT - SOUTH BRONX - DAWN

POLICE CARS arrive as Dennis and Trevor get out of their car--

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dennis and Trevor hurry up the five story walk-up.

ARRIVING AT THE FIFTH FLOOR... Trevor heads to the far end, looking out at the fire escape as Dennis knocks.

DENNIS
NYPD.

He knocks again. Waits. Dennis looks right, then left. Fuck it; he steps back to kick in the door when it opens.

Standing before him is JORDAN HAYES, NOAH'S IDENTICAL TWIN BROTHER. His demeanor's different from his brother's -- looser, more carefree. If Noah's the technical one, Jordan's the artist.

As both Dennis and Trevor take aim, Jordan raises his hands.

JORDAN
What took you so long?

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Dennis and Trevor lead Jordan to the booking desk --

DENNIS
When he's through booking, put them in separate rooms. They are not to see each other, talk to each other. Breathe near each other --

-- stepping in their way is the LEAD FBI AGENT, JEREMY BROCKMAN:

BROCKMAN

Since when are you calling the shots?

DENNIS

By all means, stick to interrogating the wrong guy.

(Brockman starts, only)

We have 36 hours left to charge one before both go free. I think we've earned our shot.

And with that, Dennis heads toward the interrogation rooms --

KLEINER (O.S.)

Oh, Detective. You weren't actually thinking of conferring with my client without me, were you?

DENNIS

I was thinking about it.

KLEINER

Please, make my job easier.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dennis and Kleiner both enter to find Noah waiting alone. He looks up, there's a tear in his eye. He's terrified.

DENNIS

Mr. Hayes, my name is Detective Davison. By law you have the right to have an attorney present. He's going to tell you that you don't have to answer my questions. And I'm going to tell you, we have you dead to rights --

KLEINER

Detective, stop trying to prejudice--

DENNIS

He can choose not to answer.

INTERCUT TO:

INT. VIEWING BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Lindsay and Trevor stand behind the FBI agents, watching:

NOAH

No. I want to. What if I'd been at work when you arrested me? Do you know how humiliating that'd be?

DENNIS

You're a structural engineer, aren't you?

NOAH

Yes.

DENNIS

So you'd know where to set the explosives to prevent a total collapse of the ceiling.

KLEINER

Don't answer --

NOAH

Except I didn't.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

It's just a coincidence you were two blocks from the bank at the time of the robbery?

NOAH

Look, I know if I were sitting where you are, I'd probably think --

DENNIS

That you're lying?

KLEINER

Detective!

NOAH

I had a meeting at the Hyatt.

DENNIS

A meeting.

NOAH

Are you married, Detective?

DENNIS

Divorced.

NOAH

Let's just say it was the sort of meeting I'd prefer we never publicly explore. Check it out. I've never broken a law.

DENNIS

You're just cheating on your wife.

Noah glares back, stung. Beat.

NOAH

Detective, this isn't the first time this has happened to me. The day I get my license, I'm going 30 in a 25, when I get pulled over. Only I don't get a ticket. I get arrested, 'cause the night before my brother stole a car.

DENNIS

Why didn't you tell us you had twin when we arrested you?

NOAH

I couldn't imagine him pulling something like this off. He's not that bright --

DENNIS

But you are.

CUT TO:

JORDAN'S INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jordan sits back, not at all affected by his surroundings.

JORDAN

He's blaming me? I've been clean for years --

DENNIS

Then why'd you shave?

JORDAN

You think I did it to look like him?

DENNIS

What should I think?

JORDAN

That I'm being set up.
 (Dennis chuckles)
 Fuck you! You think 'cause I went
 to Folsom, you know me?

DENNIS

Pal, four guys take over the Bank of
 America in mid-town and one of them
 looks just like you...

JORDAN

And him.

DENNIS

You expect me to believe he broke
 into that bank with three guys *you*
went to prison with?

JORDAN

You think this is the first time
 someone's confused us!? Growing up,
 if one of us got in trouble, our
 mother would take a belt to both of
 us to make sure she got the right
 one.

DENNIS

Something tells me that's not what
 this is.

JORDAN

If you have it all figured out, then
 what the fuck am I doing here?

INT. BULLPEN - SECONDS LATER

Dennis exits, catching sight of Trevor, speaking with
 Brockman and two SECRET SERVICE AGENTS.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT 1

Even with the currency paper,
 Counterfeiting's not so easy --

SECRET SERVICE AGENT 2

-- you still need the ink --

ON TREVOR

As he catches sight of Dennis. Stopping the conversation --

DENNIS

What's going on?

TREVOR

We found an email on Jordan's hard drive regarding a \$5 million deal to happen by Friday.

DENNIS

For --?

TREVOR

Most likely, the formula.

DENNIS

No way he could've done this alone. Jordan would've needed his brother's expertise --

TREVOR

You think it was both of them?

(beat)

Forgetting the fact that there was only one in the bank... you heard them: they hate each other.

DENNIS

Assuming we buy that.

Trevor hands Dennis a

SCREEN GRAB

Of a Blonde woman. Dark sunglasses. Hair partially covered with a scarf. Walking down a hotel hallway, *her right hand toying with a bracelet on her left wrist* --

TREVOR

That was taken outside Noah's hotel room minutes before the robbery... From the look of it, Noah may be telling the truth about the affair.

Just then, we hear COMMOTION from the hallway, where --

JORDAN

Breaks free of the officers and charges Noah. The two men tumble to the ground as Noah fights back, head butting Jordan in the nose --

JORDAN

You trying to pin this on me!?

NOAH

Get him fucking off me!

OFFICERS sweep in, en masse. Pulling the two men apart.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELLS - MOMENTS LATER

THE METAL GRATE slides open as Noah's shoved in, with a DOZEN others. He tries to mask his fear amid the cries of "MEAT, MEAT!" Noah looks out through the bars, past THREE MASSIVE HOLDING CELLS and HUNDREDS OF MEN to spot --

JORDAN

His two-headed serpent tattoo staring back at us. Jordan wipes the blood from his lip before approaching the adjoining cell where

A SHAVED HEAD MAN

Greets him. Without a word, Jordan nods to Shaved Head.

MOMENTS LATER... Shaved Head crosses his holding cell before approaching the far end. Through the bars, the Shaved Head's fist passes something to a wildly bearded --

BEHEMOTH.

CUT TO:

A WOODEN PLANK

That constitutes a bed, as the BEHEMOTH douses the plank in lighter fluid and sets it ablaze.

ALARM BELLS sound off. GUARDS race in as inmates clamor at the gates.

It's chaos as the Guards use billy clubs in an attempt to force the men inside of Noah's cell into a single file line for evacuation.

Meanwhile, the second cell's metal door opens and the guards struggle to contain the inmates.

ON SHAVED HEAD

As he locks eyes with the Behemoth... so that as second cell's line is escorted out, Shaved Head attacks Behemoth. Behemoth responds in kind, the two of them intent on punishing each other.

Others join the BATTLE ROYALE as the guards struggle to contain the situation.

ON NOAH

Retreating into his cell, terrified. He doesn't know what to do or where to go. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees

JORDAN

Entering his cell. Before Noah can react, Jordan retrieves a SHIV from his belt and stabs Noah in the gut.

As Noah falls to the ground, Jordan slips back into the throngs, and we

SMASH CUT TO:

I/E. HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE - LATER

Dennis races inside --

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER

Dennis finds TWO UNIFORMS standing outside Noah's door --

DENNIS

How is he?

OFFICER

He's stable. He's lost a fair amount of blood, but --

Just then the door to Noah's hospital room opens and Angela steps out, wiping the tears from her eyes as she goes.

DENNIS

(flashing his badge)

Mrs. Hayes, Detective Davison. Mind if I ask you a few questions?

ANGELA

Not right now --

DENNIS

It'll just take a sec. If you think he's innocent, why not help him out?

ANGELA

Let me ask you something, do you think he's innocent?

DENNIS

What I think doesn't matter. Fact is only one of them was in the bank. Which one do you think it was?

ANGELA

Detective, we both know I have spousal privilege.

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I can't be forced to testify against my husband, so I don't have to answer any of your questions --

DENNIS

So it was him...

ANGELA

If that's what you think.

And with that, she's gone --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dennis enters to find Noah in the hospital bed.

DENNIS

How you feeling?

NOAH

I'll probably need a few days before I get back on my bike.

DENNIS

Say the word and we lock him up for this.

NOAH

Except I've got a family to consider and the second he makes bail, he's coming for me.

DENNIS

You're okay with him getting away with it --

NOAH

What "I'm okay with" and reality are two different things. Growing up, he nearly flunked out of school every year and I'd have to take his finals, so that our mother wouldn't beat us both.

DENNIS

Then let this time be different. What's that saying... "Those who fail to learn from history are doomed to repeat it."

NOAH

(re: the author)
Santayana.

DENNIS

If you help us, it can stay between us. Just give me something; who does he associate with, who does he talk to?

NOAH

We never talk, so -- no, wait. There's one. He owned this body shop out in the South Bronx --

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

TIGHT ON THE MUG SHOT OF THOMAS KILLIAN... in Trevor's hand as he approaches Dennis; one look and we should remember Killian as the fifth man in the opening Auto body shop scene--

TREVOR

Thomas Killian.
(showing a screen capture)
Not only did he do a stretch in Folsom with Jordan, the NYPD cameras caught him a half mile from the bank yesterday.

DENNIS

You drive.

EXT. CITY STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Trevor drives. Dennis works the on-board computer.

TREVOR

What are you looking up --?

Dennis turns the screen to reveal MUG SHOTS of the brothers' teenage crime, side by side. The only difference, slight indentations on Jordan's nose where his glasses used to sit.

DENNIS

Jordan's stretch in Folsom stemmed from a GTA when he was 18.

Dennis toggles the screen to reveal an EYE WITNESS SKETCH of the perp --

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Eyewitnesses claimed a man fitting his description stole a car in a darkened parking lot. Only instead of picking up Jordan, police initially grabbed Noah--

TREVOR
Just like this time.

DENNIS
Except notice anything different?

As Trevor toggles between the two mug shots, Dennis points to the bottom of the page. JORDAN'S VISION: 20/40.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Jordan wore glasses.

Trevor toggles over to the Eye witness sketch --

TREVOR
The eye witness sketch doesn't include glasses.

DENNIS
No. Starting to feel an awful lot like deja vu.

I/E. KILLIAN'S AUTO BODY & REPAIR - SOUTH BRONX - DAY

Both men get out of the car, heading inside where things began the day before. Flashing BADGES as they approach.

DENNIS
We're looking for Thomas Killian.

The Cashier motions toward --

KILLIAN

As he PAINTS a CAR. However just as Dennis and Trevor see him at the far end, Killian takes off, running out the back --

EXT. KILLIAN'S AUTO BODY & REPAIR - ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Killian sprints off with our guys following. At the far end, Trevor and Dennis spot a YELLOW CAB ACCELERATING into traffic.

Dennis races toward their own car. Trevor rounding the side.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Dennis hits the gas, attempting to make up the distance. Steam rolling ahead, Dennis enters an intersection. His eyes locked in on his prey. From the passenger seat, Trevor flips on the LIGHTS. SIRENS. Radios back --

TREVOR
 Unit 347 in pursuit of a yellow cab
 license number 23 DELTA ECHO BRAVO --

As Dispatch continues, Trevor looks up to see a SEMI TRUCK heading to their left, blocking the middle of the road, as the cars in front of it have yet to move forward.

Trevor looks over at Dennis. Back to the truck. There's no escaping it. Yet, Dennis isn't slowing.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 Dennis. Dennis?!

-- Dennis steers around the truck before punching the gas once more just as

THE TRAFFIC LIGHT

Turns RED up ahead.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 Oh, Christ --

Trevor braces himself as Dennis flies through, narrowly missing vehicles coming in BOTH DIRECTIONS.

As Dennis rounds a turn, Trevor spots a ON-STAR STICKER on the back of Killian's cab and he reaches for his phone. As he dials, Killian takes his car up onto

THE CROSS BRONX EXPRESSWAY

Plowing through and around the stop-and-go traffic --

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 (into the phone)
 This is Detective Roberts, Badge
 #71251, in pursuit of a yellow cab
 license number 23 DELTA ECHO BRAVO.

DENNIS
 What are you doing?

Trevor hangs up, pointing up ahead as --

The Taxi loses speed. Killian hammers the gas, only nothing happens. Killian swerves, cutting off other vehicles --

As Dennis closes the gap, there isn't time to react --

-- BAM --

Dennis plows into the cab, triggering Killian's AIR BAGS. Dennis' head hits the steering wheel. He grimaces before turning to see Killian's car smashed. He throws open his door to find Trevor standing over Killian. Gun in hand.

TREVOR

All NYC cabs have On-Star.

Instead of responding, Dennis picks up Killian and throws him against the car --

DENNIS

What the hell are you running from?

KILLIAN

It's all over the goddamn news that the other four are dead or in jail.

DENNIS

Four...?

KILLIAN

Hennessey, Wells, Jenkins and Hayes.

DENNIS

Which Hayes?

KILLIAN

Which...?

TREVOR

Which twin --

KILLIAN

Jordan has a twin?

Trevor turns to Dennis; Killian just fingered Jordan.

KILLIAN (CONT'D)

Look, I was just supposed to pick 'em up out back. That's it. We were gonna divide the money and go. Only they never came out.

TREVOR

And the formula? What were you planning to do with that?

KILLIAN

What formula?

Trevor looks at Dennis; he didn't know --

DENNIS
Where was this all going to go down?

KILLIAN
J had an apartment, a couple blocks
from the bank.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - 44TH & 5TH - MOMENTS LATER

The same building the police surrounded after the robbery
(across from the Hyatt). Dennis parks. As he gets out, we
realize Killian's still in back, hands cuffed behind him.

TREVOR
(re: Killian)
Are we leaving him in there?

Instead of answering, Dennis hits the KEY FOB. Locking it
before looking across to the hotel --

EXT. HYATT HOTEL - FLASHBACK - YESTERDAY

Noah exits, his eyes almost secretly spying Dennis --

BACK TO THE PRESENT:

DENNIS
I saw him, yesterday. Running in
here, then coming out over there.

TREVOR
Is it possible that you were wrong?

Dennis shakes his head; no.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BASEMENT LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

As the BUILDING MANAGER leads Dennis & Trevor down the hall,
he flips through an oversized key ring. The only light
coming from a FLICKERING HALLWAY BULB --

BUILDING MANAGER
Paid on time. No noise. No fuss.

INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

It's empty. No furniture, nothing. As Dennis & Trevor
explore:

TREVOR

Did you see Killian's face when you asked about Jordan's brother? Didn't look like he was lying...

DENNIS

Probably wasn't.

TREVOR

So then, the guys in bank were being used to get the formula and once they got it --

DENNIS

-- they were disposable.

TREVOR

Then why leave Killian alive?

Beat. As Trevor bumps into the side of a doorway --

DENNIS

You alright?

TREVOR

My contacts are dry, I can't see shit.

DENNIS

Wait. What'd you say?

TREVOR

-- I wish I had my glasses. With that light flickering, it's hard to see.

DENNIS

Wouldn't it be near impossible for Jordan and his 20/40 vision to steal a car in a darkened parking lot?

TREVOR

Not if he had his glasses.

DENNIS

Except the eyewitness' sketch didn't include glasses.

TREVOR

You think Jordan took the fall for Noah?

ON TREVOR

As he pushes through the bathroom door. Poorly aged linoleum runs the length of the floor up to an unkept bathtub.

Tearing the shower curtain back, Trevor stops at the sight of the Noah's unzipped duffel on the bathtub floor.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Davison.

A second later, Dennis joins Trevor. With his pen, Trevor lifts the side of the duffel's zipper to reveal the C4 wrappers are all that remain inside.

Just then, Dennis spots a series of footsteps heading toward

THE WALK-IN CLOSET

Dennis throws the door open, his eyes dropping down to see

A HUGE HOLE

In the floor, with a rope hanging down. Taking a book of matches from his pocket, Dennis lights one and shines it over the hole. The hole leads down to the SEWAGE TUNNEL.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

We should call someone.

DENNIS

Uh huh.

Only instead of reaching for his phone, Dennis lowers himself down. Beat. Trevor follows...

INT. SEWAGE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Dennis looks out -- darkness. Suddenly, a small light clicks on as Trevor angles a key chain flashlight along their path.

RATS scurry by as the men head on. Neither knows what to expect until at the far end, Trevor sees a ROPE LADDER leading up. He turns to Dennis; should we? Dennis nods and Trevor begins climbing. At the top, he opens a door to --

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Trevor looks around. Sees the INDUSTRIAL WASHERS & DRYERS. The wide open spaces. And then the HYATT TOWELS folded in neat piles; *this is the Hyatt Hotel's laundry room.*

TREVOR

What the --

DENNIS
It coulda been either of 'em.

SPLIT SCREEN:

I/E. BANK OF AMERICA - FLASHBACK

The put together Noah, tucks the formula into his breast pocket before shooting his accomplices --

DENNIS
Noah robs the bank and --

INT. TUNNEL - FLASHBACK

-- Noah sprints across --

DENNIS
-- uses the tunnel to get back here.

I/E. BANK OF AMERICA - FLASHBACK

The more brutish Jordan shoots Hennessey --

TREVOR
Or it's Jordan.

EXT. HYATT - FLASHBACK

Noah waits for Jordan to race into the apartment building before he heads out -- Seconds later, Dennis tackles him --

DENNIS
In which case, Noah's a decoy.

WIPE ALL BUT THE PRESENT:

DENNIS (CONT'D)
We need forensics to tell us which one was down here.

Trevor pulls out his phone. Only as he does, Dennis sees something burrowed down in the hole.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Let me have that flashlight.

TREVOR
(handing it over)
This is Detective Roberts --

INT. SEWAGE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Dennis drops back down to take a second look at something lying in a heap by the foot of the ladder. Using his pen, he lifts up the item... it's the hazmat suit from the bank.

DENNIS

Trevor.

UP ABOVE... Trevor peers down at the hazmat suit. Only, no sooner does Dennis show it then he sees a WIRE attached to the back of it --

With the flashlight, Dennis follows the wire to a METAL BOX. From behind the box, he hears a slow PURR of a computer booting up. GAS FIZZES; *it's a TRAP.*

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

-- as he hears A SPARK IGNITE, Dennis begins climbing.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Trevor! We gotta go. Now!!

Stumbling to his feet, Dennis sprints toward the door. Trevor following. Throwing it open, the two men race up the stairs --

INT. HYATT HOTEL - LOBBY - SECONDS LATER

Throwing open the emergency stairwell door, they head into the lobby, running toward the front door just as --

INT. SEWAGE SYSTEM - CONTINUOUS

BOOM; the tunnel EXPLODES. FLAMES engulfing --

I/E. HYATT HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Dennis and Trevor are blown back by the blast. Looking back just as the intersection implodes. Cars uproot, people are tossed to the ground.

TREVOR

Fuck! All the evidence...

DENNIS

Get Noah back to the station.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

TIGHT ON DENNIS... as he storms ahead. Trevor a step behind. As he heads down the hallway toward the interrogation rooms

KLEINER

Begins following. Only, Dennis starts to close the door --

KLEINER

Detective, you close that door and anything said is --

-- Dennis slams it behind him.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dennis storms over, shoving the table directly into the seated Noah. Noah's sent flying backward --

DENNIS

We found *your tunnel*.

Noah winces from table being driven into his shiv wound --

DENNIS (CONT'D)

You've been working together the whole fucking time.

ON NOAH

Looking up at Dennis. In that moment, a smile emerges. *Gone is the engi-nerd Noah, in his place is someone far more devious.*

NOAH

Congratulations, Detective. I knew you had it in you.

DENNIS

You're not getting away with this --

NOAH

By my count you've got 12 hours to convince a grand jury of what each of us did specifically... or we both walk.

INTERCUT:

JORDAN'S INTERROGATION ROOM

Dennis enters. Jordan reads his frustration --

JORDAN
He's good, isn't he? Or --

Motioning to his neck; the tattoo is gone --

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Is it me?

DENNIS
Is that supposed to be funny?

JORDAN
No, funny is what happens when you line up 43 hostages and ask for a positive identification.

NOAH'S INTERROGATION ROOM

NOAH
You've got DNA inside the bank, but that's not going to help. Eye-witnesses, no. Security footage, useless. Hell, you don't even know how one of us got past you.

JORDAN'S INTERROGATION ROOM

JORDAN
What were we doing? Selling the formula?

NOAH'S INTERROGATION ROOM

NOAH
Making our own currency?

JORDAN'S INTERROGATION ROOM

JORDAN
Maybe both?

NOAH'S INTERROGATION ROOM

NOAH
Wasn't it Santayana who said, "Those that fail to learn from history are doomed to repeat it?"

JORDAN'S INTERROGATION ROOM

JORDAN
The day after I got my license, I get pulled over, only instead of a ticket they throw me in jail --

One look at Dennis and he knows where this is going.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

-- 'cause they thought I was him.

NOAH'S INTERROGATION ROOM

NOAH

By the way, are you free Thursday?
I'm hosting Thanksgiving and my
brother makes a mean turkey.

DENNIS

You've got a wife. A kid. A good
job. Why are you doing this?

NOAH

I don't see the world like you. I
don't see things being about him or
me. I see us.

DENNIS

So you steal a car and he --

NOAH

-- did what was necessary for us.

DENNIS

Easy for you to say. He goes to
jail, you go to Harvard --

NOAH

Except if you asked him, the worst
part wasn't being locked up, it was
being alone. Without someone who
understood him. Or had his back.
But it's clear you don't have the
first clue why either of us would
sacrifice, so by all means, keep
grasping at straws...

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dennis throws cold water on his face. Staring at the mirror
with that look of a man drowning. Christ.

INT. BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

Entering, Dennis spots a group of AGENTS gathered up near the
bulletin board. Trevor, Fenner among them. Dennis
approaches.

DENNIS
Where's Kleiner?

TREVOR
Filing a report on you.

Dennis sits down beside Trevor. Glancing down at

TRAFFIC CAMERA FOOTAGE

From the Traffic stop of Noah, early Monday morning. As
Dennis picks it up --

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Yesterday, a car registered to Noah
Hayes was pulled over by two
uniforms, five hours before the
robbery. Neither officer has
reported in since.

Stumped, Dennis looks up to the conversation between Fenner
and various Law enforcement agents --

SECRET SERVICE AGENT 1
Why would they risk counterfeiting?

FENNER
What does that mean, risk --

SECRET SERVICE AGENT 2
It's nearly impossible to pass off
all that currency without getting
caught.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT 1
They would've been smarter just to
take what they could've carried out--

DENNIS
What about that Friday deal for the
currency formula?

SECRET SERVICE AGENT 2
(skeptical)
For \$5 mill?

This silences the group.

BROCKMAN
They're just gonna stall till we
have to let 'em both go...

DENNIS
What do you want me to do?

BROCKMAN

Sit tight. You've had your shot.
We can take it from here.

Dennis' eyes dart over to Fenner, who offers nothing.

Just then, Dennis's phone CHIMES; one new text message. He looks down, it's Lindsay -- **GOT A MINUTE?**

He looks across the bullpen, to see Lindsay at her desk. She opens her office door, before returning to her chair --

INT. LINDSAY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Dennis stops in the doorway.

LINDSAY

C'mon in.

DENNIS

I'm fine.

LINDSAY

You're getting killed in there --

DENNIS

And what, you've got tips?

LINDSAY

The thing with twins is that while they might look the same, they're two entirely different people. But in order to see that, you've got to put them at ease. Stop pushing so hard and try a different approach.

DENNIS

This is a joke, right? You're telling me how to interrogate witnesses?!

LINDSAY

If you don't think you're pressing, then keep doing what you're doing. Really. It's been fun.

INT. BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

Dennis sits at his desk. Trevor looks up --

TREVOR

You alright?

Amid the clutter on his desk, Dennis finds the SCREEN GRAB from the hotel of the Blonde woman.

DENNIS

We ever ID that woman from the hotel?

TREVOR

You mean the blonde, 25-35 years of age, between 5' 3" and 5' 7"...?

Dennis tosses the photo back before looks back at Lindsay's office. Fuck. Deep breath, and he surveys the area --

Trevor at his desk across, working.

Elsewhere, Dennis catches a

FLASH OF LIGHT

As Noah's wife, Angela fiddles with her platinum bracelet as she sits on a bench against the wall --

Connors approaches with take-out menus:

CONNORS

We're ordering dinner, you want in?

Dennis looks over as Trevor begins to peruse the options -- Chinese, Mexican, Greek... and then Portuguese.

An idea dawns. Dennis grabs the menus --

DENNIS

Hang on a sec --

INT. NOAH'S INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dennis returns, interrupting FBI Agent 1's interrogation --

DENNIS

(to the Agent)

Excuse me --

(to Noah)

It's going to be a while --

SPLIT SCREEN:

INT. JORDAN'S INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS

FBI Agent 2 looks on as Dennis interrupts here as well.

DENNIS
 -- so we're going to order in some
 food. You want any...

Jordan looks on, suspicious --

DENNIS (CONT'D)
 Deli? Pizza?

NOAH JORDAN
 I'm allergic to wheat. I try to avoid gluten.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
 What about Portuguese?

NOAH JORDAN
 What about it? I'm not hungry --

DENNIS (CONT'D)
 There's a place not far from here.

JORDAN NOAH
 Sure. Fine.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
 What'll you have?

As they peruse the menu --

JORDAN NOAH
 Linguiça. I'll have their sausage.

Dennis stops. It didn't work. Beat.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
 Okay. Great. They usually deliver
 within the hour --

JORDAN
 Wait, you're not picking it up?

DENNIS
 No, why...?

JORDAN
 It makes a difference.

INT. VIEWING BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Trevor sits up --

BACK TO DENNIS... as he turns. Beat.

DENNIS

What does?

JORDAN

Delivery. It's never as good.

Jordan looks up. Sees Dennis smile and for the first time, fear cuts across Jordan's face.

IN NOAH'S INTERROGATION ROOM

Noah's smile remains as Dennis returns.

DENNIS

How much time do we have before we have to let you go?

NOAH

Four hours.

Noah senses a change in Dennis. Beat.

DENNIS

Your brother really screwed the pooch. Saying things only the guy in the bank could've known. So unless you guess his one request inside the bank, we're going to charge him as the one inside.

NOAH

You're bluffing.

DENNIS

Then tell me what'd he ask for... and keep in mind, if you guess wrong, I'll be charging you as an accessory.

Noah's expression drops. Game. Set. Match. Dennis.

INT. FENNER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dennis throws open the door to find Fenner and Brockman --

DENNIS

Call Gina. I got Jordan in the bank, Noah as an accomplice.

(to Brockman)

Nice work taking over. Really. Good stuff.

INT. LINDSAY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Dennis knocks. She looks up. Waits.

DENNIS
Let me buy you a drink.

LINDSAY
(playfully innocent)
Why?

DENNIS
Someone has to make sure you're not
drinking that horse piss.

LINDSAY
Thanks but you wouldn't believe how
much paperwork they're throwing at
me.

DENNIS
It's one drink.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DENNIS' APARTMENT - LATER

The front door bursts open as they explode inside. There's
that chemistry again --

DENNIS
Couch or bed?

Lindsay doesn't answer, instead she throws Dennis down onto
the floor. Ripping at his belt as they fall out of frame --

TIME CUT TO:

POST COITAL... Lindsay lies awake beside Dennis on the floor.

LINDSAY
What is that look?

DENNIS
The other morning, you were all
about trying to slip out of here --

LINDSAY
-- you want to know if this time
will be different?
(beat)
Why is it so important that I stay?

DENNIS

It's not.

LINDSAY

Bullshit.

He's silent.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

You love knowing everything there is to know about me, but getting anything out of you is like pulling teeth. Tell you what, give me an hour of honest answers and I'll be here in the morning...

DENNIS

Ask away.

LINDSAY

What happened to you?

DENNIS

You're really gonna stay?

LINDSAY

You're really gonna talk?

As the question hangs in the air, we

FADE OUT.

CHYRON: WEDNESDAY

INT. DENNIS' BEDROOM - DAY

Dennis wakes. He looks over. The bed's empty. His head drops in regret.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The MEDIA fill the courthouse steps --

INT. COURTHOUSE - SECURITY CHECK POINT - CONTINUOUS

Dennis approaches, flashing his badge and bypassing security:

KLEINER (O.S.)

Once again, Detective Davison acting like the rules don't apply to him.

Dennis turns to see Kleiner behind him, in his socks, as his belt, shoes, and cell are run through the x-ray machine.

DENNIS

(to the Security)

You'll want to cavity-search this guy.

KLEINER

(chuckles)

By the way, after yesterday's little stunt, my firm's taking Jordan on a contingency basis. We figure when it comes time to sue for damages, it'll double our haul. See you inside.

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As Dennis sits, Dennis sees Angela across the aisle, toying with her bracelet. Light reflecting off of the bracelet.

Seeing Dennis, she tries to avoid him until:

ANGELA

You think you have it all figured out, but you have no idea --

DENNIS

Lady, I'm not the one you're mad at.

ANGELA

My husband wasn't having an affair.

DENNIS

You can vouch for his whereabouts?

Before she can respond, the door opens. Noah is led in. His eyes darting to Angela. Her expression seals off.

Hands and feet shackled, Noah shuffles across. Seconds later, GUARDS escort Jordan in.

As they uncuff each man, Dennis watches as Jordan looks over his brother. A fleeting look from Noah, before both turn to Dennis. Like boxers before a fight, both sides glaring --

BAILIFF (O.S.)

All rise.

As JUDGE HALPERN enters, Trevor slides in next to Dennis --

JUDGE HALPERN

You may be seated. The purpose of this grand jury is to determine if charges can be brought by the State of New York against Jordan and Noah Hayes in connection with the armed robbery of the Bank of America on November 26th of this year and the murder of their alleged accomplices.

GINA

Your Honor, in one of the defendant's effects, there was a reference to a potential deal in two days time for the stolen property. In order for the state to prevent such a deal, we request that both remain in custody.

JUDGE HALPERN

Duly noted.

KLEINER

Before we begin, Your Honor, my clients wish to address the court.

GINA

Your Honor, as it is our contention that these two were acting together, we ask that the co-defendant be removed prior to any testimony.

JUDGE HALPERN

By all means. Mr. Hayes.

TWO OFFICERS OF THE COURT escort Noah out. His eyes looking over to Jordan, who nods back as if to suggest, "I'll be fine." Once he's gone, the BAILIFF approaches Jordan:

BAILIFF

Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God?

JORDAN

I do. I want to confess: on the afternoon of November 26th. I entered Bank of America. I shot three men. I stole the formula for currency paper.

The courtroom BUZZES --

TIME CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER... Noah's brought back into the courtroom, heading toward the witness stand as Jordan's escorted out. The Bailiff approaches, setting a bible before him:

BAILIFF

Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God?

NOAH

I do. Your Honor, at approximately 2:38PM, I entered Bank of America. I shot three men. I stole the formula for currency paper --

DENNIS

What?!

The room goes crazy, whispers about:

JUDGE HALPERN

Order! Order --

TIME CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER:

GINA

Mr. Hayes, you are still under oath. The police picked you up at the Hyatt. But prior, you claim you were in the bank.

NOAH

That's correct.

GINA

So you would have first hand knowledge of any conversation with Detective Davison?

NOAH

There were two conversations, actually. The first began with a discussion of food delivery options, followed by a list of my demands.

GINA

And how did he respond?

NOAH

He suggested I was going about things all wrong. If I wanted to get away, I should listen to him.

(MORE)

NOAH (CONT'D)

Frankly, I thought the whole thing seemed odd; he never mentioned the FBI and my understanding is that bank robberies fall under their purview.

Dennis' jaw locks as he glares at Noah --

TIME CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER... as Jordan takes the stand again.

GINA

Mr. Hayes, you testified that you were inside the bank on November 26th. Would you please share with the court the contents of your conversation with Detective Davison--

JORDAN

Which part? The food delivery discussion or Detective Davison's character flaws?

As murmurs overwhelm --

JUDGE HALPERN (PRE-LAP)

Bullshit!

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

The door's slammed shut. Kleiner, Gina and their ASSOCIATES flanking, face Judge Halpern.

GINA

They both confessed, why can't we charge them both -- !

JUDGE HALPERN

Because it's against the law to charge two people for a crime only one committed!

ASSISTANT D.A.

What about perjury? One of them is lying.

JUDGE HALPERN

Which one is that!?

(to Gina)

Counselor, you brought this mess into my court room, clean it up.

(MORE)

JUDGE HALPERN (CONT'D)

Decide who you're charging and accept the fact that a jury may be as confused as I am. But I've gotta tell you if a jury find them not guilty, you won't be able to try them again.

GINA

There's still obstruction of justice and conspiracy --

JUDGE HALPERN

There is. But if that's it, I'll be hard pressed to deny bail.

INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

Dennis and Trevor pace as Gina enters, ghostly pale.

GINA

We can't hold them --

TREVOR

What!? We know they did it.

GINA

We know one of them did. Until we know who was where, we're out of time --

Out of the corner of his eye, Dennis sees

ANGELA HAYES

Speaking on her cell phone at the far end of the hall, with her right hand adjusting the bracelet on her left wrist --

FLASH CUT TO:

A SCREEN GRAB

From the Hotel Security of the Blonde woman. Dark sunglasses. Hair partially covered with a scarf. Walking down a hotel hallway, her right hand toying with a bracelet on her wrist --

BACK TO:

Dennis

As it hits him --

DENNIS
No, we're not.

Gina barely turns before we --

CUT TO:

INT COURT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Gina stands.

GINA
Your Honor, before we begin, the
State would like to call one final
witness.

Kleiner turns. Noah looks over to Jordan.

JUDGE HALPERN
Go ahead.

GINA
The State calls Angela Hayes --

Kleiner steps up from the defense table, leaving Noah &
Jordan.

KLEINER
Objection. Your Honor, Ms. Hayes
has spousal privilege. She cannot
be required to testify against her
husband --

GINA
Your Honor, surveillance footage
definitively shows only one of them
was in the bank at the time of the
robbery. The other was at the
hotel. Now if Ms. Hayes can testify
that her husband was at the hotel at
the time of the robbery... then by
process of elimination, that puts
Jordan Hayes in the bank.

KLEINER
There's no way Ms. Hayes can know
where her husband was unless --

Gina holds the screen grab of the blonde woman in the hotel --

GINA
-- she was at the hotel with him.

JUDGE HALPERN
I'll allow it.

TIME CUT TO:

ANGELA

Seated at the witness stand.

GINA
Mrs. Hayes, how long have you been
married?

ANGELA
Nine years.

GINA
Mrs. Hayes, where were you on the
afternoon of the November 26th?

ANGELA
At the Hyatt Hotel.

GINA
And to be clear, this is you, behind
the glasses and scarf... is it not?

ON THE SCREEN GRAB

Of the Blonde woman, with the scarf and sunglasses --

ANGELA
It is.

GINA
So you were at the hotel at the time
of the robbery?

ANGELA
Yes.

GINA
Please tell the court which one of
these men were you with at the time.

ANGELA
Neither.

GINA
I'm sorry?

ANGELA
I wasn't with either of them.

GINA

Then who were you with?

Angela looks over to Noah. Her lip quivers.

ANGELA

(tears in her eyes)

Someone else...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

The door explodes open as Angela hurries out, Dennis just behind her --

DENNIS

What the fuck was that?

ANGELA

Get away from me --

Angela hits the "DOWN" button on the elevator.

DENNIS

You expect me to believe you were the one having the affair --?

ANGELA

I don't care what you believe.

DENNIS

They set this up, didn't they?

ANGELA

Why won't you leave me alone --

She hammers the elevator button --

DENNIS

How much is he paying you?

ANGELA

You think this is about money?

(beat)

Ever since Jordan got out of prison, its like I became invisible. At a certain point I couldn't take it anymore. I didn't think he knew... But when I opened that hotel room door... there he was.

DENNIS
You just lied under oath --

ANGELA
He threatened to take my daughter
from me. What was I supposed to do?

The elevator doors open and Angela steps inside. Leaving
Dennis completely alone.

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Judge Halpern addresses the courtroom:

JUDGE HALPERN
I find the brazen nature with which
the defense has approached this
hearing reprehensible.
Nevertheless, I'm bound by the law
and am therefore accepting the
District Attorney's recommendation
to proceed with charges of
obstruction of justice and
conspiracy. I'm setting bail at the
maximum, \$500,000 each. Make no
mistake, Gentlemen, should the
District Attorney's office uncover
further evidence, we will try you
both for murder and armed robbery at
a later date. This is far from
over.

The GAVEL bangs; Noah smiles at his brother --

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - MOMENTS LATER

Dennis heads down. At the bottom, a LIMOUSINE pulls up. The
rear window lowers as Noah leans out. Jordan beside him.

NOAH
Detective, we were just heading out
to celebrate. Hop in.
(Dennis ignores)
Don't be bitter.

DENNIS
We still got you on obstruction.

JORDAN
Good luck with that.

NOAH

C'mon --

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Dennis climbs in across from Noah & Jordan. Once the door closes, they pull out into traffic.

NOAH

Drink?

Dennis declines. Noah pours two glasses. Hands one to Jordan.

DENNIS

At the bank, when you put me on hold, you conferenced him in, didn't you?

JORDAN

Since when is three-way calling a crime?

NOAH

Tell me, Detective: How many different law enforcement agencies are working on this right now? NYPD, FBI.

JORDAN

Treasury.

DENNIS

DHS.

NOAH

That's it?

DENNIS

You sound disappointed.

NOAH

What do you think they're doing right now? Running down possible buyers for that formula...?

JORDAN

Preparing for a potential influx of counterfeit currency.

DENNIS

What should they be doing?

JORDAN

Nothing.

NOAH

Not as long as you're involved.

DENNIS

Me?

JORDAN

You're still our guy, aren't you?

NOAH

There must have been hell to pay for letting one of us run past you. That seems unfair. Amid all the chaos, how could you have remained attune to every last detail?

DENNIS

Your point.

NOAH

That while everyone has moved on to Friday... I bet no one has stopped to re-examine how deserving you are of their grief.

INT. POLICE STATION - DENNIS' DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Dennis storms to his desk. Trevor watches as Dennis grabs a stack of DVDs and heads off --

INT. POLICE STATION - TECHNOLOGY BAY - LATER

Sliding a DVD into the computer, Dennis watches as --

ON SCREEN... The security-cam footage showcases the normal flow of bank activity, until the CEILING blows.

TREVOR (O.S.)

They wanted us to see his face.

Dennis never so much as turns to acknowledge Trevor. Instead, Dennis remains focused on those final frames as "Noah" shoots the others before taking off --

TREVOR (CONT'D)

He even took off his mask to make sure we saw it.

Dennis stops. Rewinds. ZOOMS IN.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
What are you looking at?

DENNIS
Him.

TREVOR
Didn't he run out with the others?

DENNIS
Did he?

ON SCREEN

Terrified faces race out the front in SLOW-MOTION. One after another. Then again --

TREVOR
Where did he go?

DENNIS
Remember how we thought it was strange that they left the cameras on. This is why.

TREVOR
They wanted us to see everything except how they got out.

Trevor REWINDS once more to the beginning of the exodus. Only instead of focusing on the people, he ZOOMS IN ON --

A FRAMED FAMILY PHOTO

Sitting atop one of the bank executive's desks. ZOOMING in on it. Trevor pushes in closer and we see in the reflection of the glass frame, when THE IMAGE TEMPORARILY WHITES OUT.

DENNIS
What was that?

TREVOR
The camera was adjusting to the light.

DENNIS
Yeah, but what light?

FADE OUT.

CHYRON: THURSDAY

DENNIS (PRE-LAP)
He didn't run past us...

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - SOUTH BRONX - FLASHBACK

From the beginning, we watch the police officer approach the side of Noah's car --

DENNIS
At 8:22 Monday morning, Unit 413
pulled Noah Hayes over on a moving
violation.

MOMENTS LATER... the POLICE CAR returns to its hiding place, when Jordan steps out of the shadows --

DENNIS (CONT'D)
-- only that unit never reported
back after its shift.

Jordan aims. Fires -- as he drives off, we WIPE BACK TO SCENE:

INT. FENNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dennis and Trevor sit across from Fenner --

DENNIS
Now check this out: this was from
right after the hostages ran out.

Dennis hands Fenner a photo, with an image of a police car leaving the back of the bank and on the top of the car is the label: Unit 413.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
He had that car waiting, so while
everyone was running at us, he took
the elevator to the parking garage
and drove out.

Dennis shows a blow-up of the police car leaving the bank:

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Look, whichever one drove that car
wasn't wearing gloves. If we get
those prints, we can prove which one
was inside the bank --

FENNER
That's a big if.

TREVOR
Maybe not.

DENNIS
Unit 413's transponder had been off-
line since Monday. Only it's back
on.

FENNER
Where?

SMASH CUT TO:

A POLICE HELICOPTER

Shining light down onto --

EXT. POLICE MOTOR POOL - PRE-DAWN

The chopper's spotlight exposes the lines of POLICE VEHICLES
parked here as Dennis, Fenner, Trevor & SCORES OF OTHERS
arrive.

In Trevor's hand, a GPS TRACKING device leads them down a
row. Passing countless vehicles before stopping at a POLICE
CAR: Unit 872.

DENNIS
Gimme a black light.

ON A BLACK LIGHT

As it's run across the side of the vehicle, to reveal a
recent paint job designed to conceal the car's true number:
4-1-3.

DENNIS

Peers into the car. Spotting a hard bound book propped up
against the driver's side seat back.

TREVOR
What is it?
(reading)
"Reason in Common Sense." By George
Santayana.

DENNIS
Get everyone back.

TIME CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER... BOMB-SNIFFING DOGS are lead across the concrete.

Dennis watches as the BOMB SQUAD leads the dogs along the rows of cars before the animals stop at Unit 413 and begin barking loudly.

ON THE TRUNK OF POLICE CAR

As Bomb Squad experts open it, revealing the entire trunk is filled with C4.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Christ.

BOMB SQUAD LEADER
...you see a detonator anywhere?

BOMB SQUADER
There's gotta be something.

BOMB SQUAD LEADER
What is that?

ON DENNIS

As he sees the Bomb Squad Leader pick up a SMALL JUMP DRIVE, the same one used earlier in the bank, from atop the C4.

DENNIS
Bag it.

Dennis flags a Uniformed officer --

DENNIS (CONT'D)
(to a Uniform)
Get this to Tech support. Tell Phil
I need to know what's on it asap.

The Uniform exits.

Just then Dennis' phone CHIMES. A new text message: **"Those that fail to learn from history, are DOOMED --"**

ON DENNIS

As he looks back at the row of Police cars.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Shit! Get back!

THE VEHICLES

On either side of Unit 413 explode, triggering twin blasts. Each with enough vigor to set off the C4 --

-- BOOM --

All at once, rows of POLICE CARS explode --

DENNIS

Is thrown back like a rag doll. From the ground, he sees that there's no one left standing.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Trevor! Trevor?

TIME CUT TO:

AN HOUR LATER... PARAMEDICS help the INJURED. EMERGENCY CREWS tend to the wreckage. Dennis stops when he sees Trevor, on his back. Dead.

Dennis walks a distance away before collapsing to the ground.

Only he won't let himself lose it. He won't. He can't. Exhaling, Dennis wipes his eyes.

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Dennis enters, heading for his desk. Seeing Dennis, Fenner exits his office --

FENNER
Dennis, I know you want to finish this, but go home. After all that you've been through, I don't have a choice but to place you on administrative leave.

Dennis brushes past Fenner as Phil approaches, Jordan's jump drive in hand --

DENNIS
Tell me you got something.

PHIL
Nada.

DENNIS
That's not possible.

PHIL
If there's something there... I
can't find it. I looked everywhere.

FENNER
Go home, Dennis.

INT. DENNIS' APARTMENT - DAY

Dennis lies on his bed. Staring at the ceiling.

PRE-LAP; an APARTMENT BUZZER --

EXT. BROWNSTONE - DAY

Dennis stands outside. Waiting.

LINDSAY (V.O.)
Hello...?

DENNIS
Fisk-It Plumbers.

LINDSAY (V.O.)
Dennis?

MOMENTS LATER... The door opens and Lindsay stands just
inside.

LINDSAY
What are you doing?

DENNIS
Your offer still good?

LINDSAY
My offer?

Dennis looks past Lindsay to see

A WOMAN

At the top of the stairs. A MAN just behind her. Dennis
begins to back away --

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
Dennis.

Only he's already down the steps.

ON DENNIS

Out on the sidewalk, alone. Surveying the area when he spots a bakery, with a "GLUTEN FREE" sign.

Suddenly, his expression shifts.

EXT. NOAH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - WEST 73RD - NIGHT

Angela lifts a trash can lid, tossing the remains of the day. Looking up, she sees Dennis, baker's box in his hand.

ANGELA

You've got to be kidding.

DENNIS

I was invited. What's your excuse?

INT. NOAH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - WEST 73RD - NIGHT

Dennis enters, baker's box in his hand. From the doorway, Dennis sees Noah & Jordan at the dinner table. Family all around. Only seeing Dennis, everything stops.

DENNIS

Pie?

TIME CUT TO:

AT THE TABLE... Jordan sits across from Dennis, his niece, Serena, is on his lap.

Noah enters.

NOAH

Sweetheart, give us a minute.

Serena hops off. Exits.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Bold move coming here alone...

DENNIS

Not if you count the half dozen guys watching outside.

JORDAN

What do you think they're thinking now?

DENNIS

Nothing good.

NOAH

Yet here you are.

DENNIS

I need to know why. Everything you've done until now has been precise, so carefully thought out. So why blow up our entire motor pool to destroy evidence?

NOAH

Detective, are you here to arrest us?

From the look on Dennis' face, he isn't.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Then I'm confused.

DENNIS

Today was never about the squad car. Was it?

(no response; beat)

There's only one way this ends.

JORDAN

Is that why you're here? To rattle cages...

DENNIS

I thought I'd offer you a chance to walk away. You've won and we both know that. But come tomorrow, you cross the line so much as an inch, I won't just take you down, I'll take you both out.

NOAH

I like you, Detective. But don't confuse personal affinity for anything more.

JORDAN

You keep forgetting. We can't be caught.

Dennis watches Jordan. Then Noah.

DENNIS

I'll figure it out... I've figured everything else out.

NOAH
Figuring it out won't matter.

FADE OUT.

CHYRON: FRIDAY

INT. DENNIS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dennis dresses. Holsters his gun. Ready.

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - MORNING

Black Friday, the year's busiest shopping day and the worst traffic day to boot. Even at dawn, BARGAIN HUNTERS overwhelm--

EXT. WEST 73RD STREET - MORNING

Dennis sits in his car, alone. The police radio on the dash.

UNIT 331 (OVER THE RADIO)
331, in position. Over.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Copy that, 331.

Noah exits his apartment, flags a CAB, and climbs in.

UNIT 331 (V.O.)
Suspect is heading southbound on
Riverside.

Dennis starts his engine as an UNMARKED SEDAN pulls out after the cab. Dennis follows both.

CUT TO:

ELSEWHERE

Jordan climbs onto his motorcycle. Starting her up. Across the street, A SECOND UNMARKED VEHICLE (338) idles. Watching--

UNIT 338
Dispatch, this is 338. Our guy's on the move and we're going to need air support with all this Black Friday traffic --

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Copy that, 338. Chopper 1, come in.

-- as Jordan pulls into traffic, pursuit begins. And trailing both Jordan and 338 is Connors.

EXT. CHOPPER 1 - HIGH OVERHEAD - CONTINUOUS

Inside NYPD's CHOPPER ONE, two PILOTS follow the action from high overhead --

CHOPPER 1 (V.O.)
-- we see him, Dispatch --
(away from the radio)
Along with a million other shoppers.

EXT. MESSENGER SERVICE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Oblivious to his pursuers, Jordan climbs off. Heading inside.

EXT. LOCKHEED - CONTINUOUS

Noah's cab pulls up in front. He pays. Exits. Dennis pulls into a spot down the street, watching as Noah heads into work. The POLICE TAIL passing him by.

UNIT 331
This is 331. I've got the suspect at 420 Lexington Ave, heading into the Lockheed building.

DISPATCH
Copy that, 331. Who's over there?

ANOTHER UNMARKED CAR watches from across the way.

UNIT 753
This is 753. We've got visual.

INT. CAMERA CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Fenner listens in, FBI agents by his side --

FENNER
Hang on, he can't be going to work right now --

TECHNICIAN
He's cleaning out his desk --?

FENNER

Find out.

As a Technician reaches for the phone, we CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - ON DENNIS - CONTINUOUS

Dennis sits in the drivers' seat, his eyes glued to the front of the Lockheed building, while he gnaws at his finger nails; *it's a waiting game*. Desperate for something to distract, Dennis turns on the radio to the drone of talk radio.

He jumps to a second channel. Then a third. Before finally shutting it off.

INT. NYPD'S CAMERA CENTER - DAY

An AIDE approaches Fenner --

AIDE

Noah's still employed. Co-workers saw him packing his things and he made a call to a messenger service --

A SECOND AIDE

-- his brother's a messenger --

Fenner looks at the monitor capturing the LOCKHEED BUILDING --

EXT. CITY STREETS - LUNCH HOUR

SHOPPERS and FOOT TRAFFIC overrun as Noah exits the building.

INTERCUT:

INT. CAMERA CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Fenner stands over the action --

UNIT 753 (V.O.)

This is Unit 753, we've got movement.

UNIT 338 (V.O.)

338, my guy's on the move as well.

BACK TO DENNIS

Starting his car. Maintaining his distance behind Unit 753 as Noah climbs into another cab.

SPLIT SCREEN:

EXT. CITY STREETS - ELSEWHERE - CONTINUOUS

Connors follows in his unmarked sedan. Keeping both Unit 338 as well as Jordan (on his motorcycle) in his line of sight.

ON DENNIS

As he watches Noah's CAB bullying its way across lanes of traffic while --

CONNORS

Eyes Jordan utilizing his motorcycle to slip in and out of traffic before turning a corner --

And then all at once, both halves of the split screen reflect the opposite sides of the same pursuit, until the brothers and their pursuers pass each other.

INT. CAMERA CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Fenner looks up --

TECHNICIAN

What just happened?

FENNER

They played us.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Across the street, both Unit 338 and Connors watch as Jordan climbs off his bike. Retrieving a package.

EXT. NOAH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Noah climbs out of the cab. He pays, then heads inside. As Dennis watches him, we hear --

CONNORS (V.O.)

Sir?

FENNER

What?

Connors hesitates. Guilt weighing before:

CONNORS (V.O.)
Silver Mustang.

As footage rewinds, Fenner sees what Connors saw: Dennis.

FENNER
(into the radio)
Dennis, I know you're listening. So
help me God, stay the fuck away --

-- Dennis looks off just as a MOTORCYCLE bursts out of the garage, the MOTORCYCLIST (Noah) wearing the exact same gear -- and helmet -- as Jordan. The Police Tail's caught off guard, scrambling to follow.

As they turn onto Park Ave, there's an even ruder awakening: the traffic sits at a standstill and the only vehicles that can navigate the Black Friday traffic are motorcycles.

POLICE OFFICER (OVER THE RADIO)
-- they're moving --

INT. CAMERA CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Fenner locks onto one screen as Noah gets away from his tail. Immediately, Fenner turns to another as Jordan speeds out of a second garage. Each dressed identically, each escaping his respective tail --

FENNER
Start splitting up the choppers.
Cameras too --
(to the Technicians)
You two stick with Noah. The rest
of you, focus on Jordan. Whatever
you do, do not lose them.

However, no sooner does Fenner give the order than both brothers seemingly pass ADDITIONAL MOTORCYCLE MESSENGERS --

Suddenly, there are four MOTORCYCLISTS to watch --

BACK TO:

DENNIS

As he sees a SECOND MOTORCYCLIST. *There are two of them.*

DENNIS
What the --

He looks from one to the other before following his gut and going after the one to his right. Angling his car onto the sidewalk, he fastens the FLASHING LIGHT TO THE TOP. PEDESTRIANS dive for cover as Dennis hits the gas --

However, as he rounds to a side street -- CONSTRUCTION -- forces him to slam on his brakes. *Goddamnit.* Throwing open the door, he can see the MOTORCYCLE heading off, just as A THIRD motorcyclist crosses up ahead. They're everywhere.

INT. CAMERA CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The TECHNICIANS are bombarded with cyclists to track --

TECHNICIAN
I've got six.

ANOTHER TECHNICIAN
Seven --

Fenner follows his technician's index finger toward a series of monitors, on which MOTORCYCLE MESSENGERS have poured out of three additional locations --

FENNER
What are those?

TECHNICIAN
More.

As Fenner looks on, disturbed, Lindsay enters.

BACK TO:

DENNIS

As he looks on, helpless; the Black Friday traffic in his way. Turning back to his radio, he hears he's not alone.

MULTIPLE VOICES (V.O.)
This is Unit 414, I've lost line of sight. I've got them, 414. Which one do you have? Which? Which suspect?

INT. CAMERA CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Fenner turns toward the Technician, Phil, (Dennis' friend) --

FENNER
Where are those cameras?

TECHNICIAN/PHIL

Gone.

FENNER

What do you mean, gone?!

TECHNICIAN/PHIL

Something tore through the grid. A virus.

INTERCUT:

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Dennis listening to the police radio as he drives --

DENNIS

(into radio)

It's them. Fenner. It's gotta be from that jump drive --

FENNER

Goddamnit, Dennis. Stay out of this!

Fenner looks toward the monitor --

INTERCUT:

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Where MOTORCYCLISTS head off the West Side Highway, angling up onto both levels of the George Washington Bridge...

CHOPPERS hover, confounded --

CHOPPER 1

Christ --

ANOTHER TECHNICIAN

-- who am I following?

OVER TO CONNORS

Following the MOTORCYCLIST on the lower level. All too aware of the OTHER MOTORCYCLIST speeding just overhead.

EXT. CITY STREETS - ELSEWHERE - CONTINUOUS

Dennis struggles to keep pace. From out his window, he can see the traffic lining up blocks deep. He HONKS, but no one cares.

He's got to do something. Radio in his hand, he climbs out of the car and takes off after the motorcyclist on foot. As he rounds a corner, he sees the motorcyclist turning into the

I/E. LINCOLN TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Dennis looks up; if the motorcyclist goes into the tunnel, the chopper will lose him. He has no choice but to sprint after. CARS slam on their brakes, HORNS blare as Dennis runs down, into the tunnel --

Try as he might, it's clear that he won't be able to make up the distance. It's too great. Slowing down, ready to accept defeat, he catches himself when he sees the MOTORCYCLIST stop a hundred yards ahead. Dennis turns; *what the hell is he doing?*

In that moment, the motorcyclist, cuts across one lane of traffic, heading up onto the walkway on his motorcycle --

-- before darting back the way he came.

Dennis sprints to the railing, when he sees a --

GRAY CIVIC

Speeding for him, slamming on its brakes as he raises his badge.

DENNIS

NYPD. Out of the car --

DRIVER

-- what --

DENNIS

Get out of the goddamn car!

Climbing in, Dennis turns the car around and SPEEDS DIRECTLY INTO TRAFFIC. Horns blare. Tires screech as he weaves back toward street level --

INT. CAMERA CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Fenner looks on at the MULTIPLE bike messengers on the various screens.

TECHNICIAN

We can start pulling them over...

FENNER

For what? Everyone just stay on
'em. We need to stop that deal
before the formula ever changes
hands --

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Dennis follows the cyclist into oncoming traffic. Cars speed toward him, forcing Dennis back into his lane. And then the Motorcyclist pulls to the side of the road. Removes his helmet. It's not Noah... but someone else entirely.

DENNIS

Damnit!!

INT. CAMERA CENTER - CONTINUOUS

A THIRD TECHNICIAN hurries up to Fenner --

THIRD TECHNICIAN

Sir, you need to see this. We've
got an alert on the 800 block of
73rd street. It's Noah Hayes'
building.

FENNER

(into the radio)

All units within a twenty block
radius, suspects are heading toward
the 800 block of West 73rd.

EXT. CITY STREETS - ON DENNIS - CONTINUOUS

Dennis takes a HARD U-TURN, before hammering the gas --

EXT. NOAH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - WEST 73RD - CONTINUOUS

A DAPPER MAN in his 40s begins to climb the front steps to the brownstone. The front door opens and Angela greets him.

INTERCUT:

INT. CAMERA CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Fenner looks on to see the MAN greeting Angela on a monitor --

FENNER
 (pointing to the man)
 Get me an ID.

FIRST TECHNICIAN
 Sir --

The First Technician points to two different monitors where MOTORCYCLISTS steer around traffic --

FENNER
 (into the radio)
 This is it. All units stand by till
 we see that formula --

On the various screens, POLICE speed closer. OFFICERS fly from cars. Racing to access points. SWAT sprints up stairs.

Meanwhile ON SEPARATE SCREENS... TWO MOTORCYCLISTS draw near.

ON ANOTHER MONITOR

The DAPPER MAN heads out of the brownstone. A briefcase by his side. As Angela follows him out --

FENNER (CONT'D)
 C'mon, who am I looking at?

JUMP IN ON THE FOOTAGE

As it's rewound to lock in on the face of the Dapper man. Immediately, the program runs a FACIAL RECOGNITION SCAN... Red lines run across his face. Measuring, analyzing...

Until, we've got an ID:

AIDE
 -- name's Zander Young.
 Profession's listed as an estate attorney. No criminal record.
 Nothing on file.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Dennis guns it. Flying past a cab, he enters an intersection when he gets sideswiped by a SEQUOIA. His vehicle fishtails, spinning out into the middle of the intersection.

Catching his breath, he looks around. He's okay. Jesus --

INT. CAMERA CENTER - CONTINUOUS

ON SCREEN... Dennis' Honda Civic regains it's speed. Fenner sees the accident, sees the Civic heading off again --

FENNER
Who is that?

PHIL
Davison.

Fenner looks on as Dennis recklessly speeds through the streets--

FENNER
Christ.

EXT. CITY STREETS - ON DENNIS - CONTINUOUS

Dennis speeds on, his car barely holding it together. Up ahead, lights change, but he keeps going --

-- REFUSING TO YIELD --

HORNS blare. BRAKES SQUEAL. And yet, his outmatched vehicle narrowly hops the curb, bounding past as we HEAD BACK TO:

EXT. NOAH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

POLICE look on from multiple positions; rooftops, adjacent streets, alley ways as

AROUND THE CORNER... The TWO MESSENGERS converge, driving beside one another. *It's happening.*

TIGHT ON THE DAPPER MAN (ZANDER YOUNG)... as he sees the
MESSENGERS

Turning onto the block, approaching the brownstone --

POLICE waiting, waiting.

BACK TO FENNER

Watching. Breathless... this is it...

BACK TO 73RD STREET

As the Motorcyclists begin to slow.

ZANDER

Steps in their direction, when seemingly out of nowhere --

DENNIS SPEEDS ONTO THE BLOCK

His jaw tightening as he guns it, heading right for the first motorcyclist. Dennis stops right in front of the cyclist --

INT. CAMERA CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Fenner watches, incensed --

BACK TO DENNIS

As he throws open the car door and storms over to the messenger removes his helmet -- it's not one of the brothers.

POLICE CARS and FLASHING LIGHTS descend upon the scene as Dennis turns his attention toward the motorcyclist's pouch. It's empty.

Dennis storms over to the other. Tearing it open -- there's nothing here either. Just then, more than a DOZEN OFFICERS, with guns at the ready, sweep in.

POLICE

Get down!! Hands where we can see them --

DENNIS

I'm a cop --

Elsewhere, both Zander Young and Angela are stopped as Connors shows up.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

It's not here. The formula. It's not here.

Connors looks over toward Zander. Sees the briefcase. Immediately, he leaves Dennis for Zander --

CONNORS

(to Zander)

Open that.

-- terrified, the man complies. Only inside are a series of legal documents.

DENNIS

Where's the formula?

ZANDER

Formula? I was hired by a Mr. Hayes to move his assets into a trust for his daughter.

DENNIS

Where are they?

ANGELA

How should I know?

Dennis glares, furious as Connors confronts him --

DENNIS

Goddamnit!!

CONNORS

Fenner wants your badge and gun --

DENNIS

It doesn't make any sense.

CONNORS

Badge and gun.

Dennis acquiesces. Beat. Dennis takes a look around at the totality of the scene -- the officers. The onlookers.

He's lost.

Returning to what's left of the Civic, he shifts into gear. Pulls out.

His head lowered in the face of the ONLOOKERS, with their cell phone CAMERAS aimed at the action.

EXT. CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Dennis turns from 73rd. The traffic light turning Yellow in front of him... only he continues.

Noticing the TRAFFIC CAMERA just past...

FURTHER ON

He watches a YOUNG FATHER taking money from an ATM. Dennis' eye locked in on the SECURITY CAMERA... As it hits him.

Dennis grabs his cell phone and dials --

DISPATCH

Dispatch --

DENNIS
This is Detective Davison. Where
are we dark?

DISPATCH
Dark?

DENNIS
Where are the cameras out?

DISPATCH
From 41st & 8th west six blocks.

ON THE CIVIC'S GLOVE BOX

As Dennis tears through. Finding a map of the city crumpled
up inside.

Dennis' finger running over the map, Dennis finds the viewing
hole in Midtown.

Dennis stops -- the realization dawning on him.

DENNIS
Jesus.

SMASH CUT TO:

THE CIVIC

Pulling a wild U-turn, Dennis punches the accelerator. As he
drives, we --

FLASH BACK

Over the events of the past five days. From the bank to the
interrogation room; from the tunnel to the Thanksgiving
dinner table. IMAGE after IMAGE overwhelming him:

JORDAN (V.O.)
*So what were we doing? Selling the
formula?*

NOAH (V.O.)
Making our own currency?

CONNORS (V.O.)
*Identical twins have identical DNA.
Different fingerprints, but --*

DENNIS (V.O.)
--no prints were found on the scene.

DENNIS (V.O.)
I'll figure it out --

NOAH (V.O.)
Figuring it out won't matter.

DENNIS (V.O.)
OK, Noah, what are we looking at?

NOAH (V.O.)
\$50 million, more or less.

ON DENNIS

As he stares ahead, just outside --

EXT. BANK OF AMERICA BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Completely dark. Boarded up. Something stirs inside Dennis, hitting him like a flash. Immediately, he takes off into --

JORDAN (V.O.)
Give it time, you'll see.

INT. ADJACENT PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Deserted. Dennis parks. Getting out, he heads across --

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Dennis enters. Doors close behind him --

INT. BANK OF AMERICA - CONTINUOUS

Stepping out of the elevator, the main lobby is empty. Dark. Something is wrong. And then he sees

A POLICE OFFICER

Splayed out. Dead on the ground. Another one, not far afield. He checks pulses.

Weighing his options, Dennis stops. Beat. He exhales. Lets his shoulders drop, before picking up his cell and dialing.

LINDSAY (V.O.)
This is Ruiz.

DENNIS
Lindsay --

INTERCUT:

INT. LINDSAY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lindsay holds the phone as --

LINDSAY
Dennis?

DENNIS
I'm sorry. But I need you to listen
for a minute. Please...

Suddenly, Dennis stops in his tracks as he sees LIGHT coming from the vault area.

LINDSAY (V.O.)
Dennis?
(no response)
Dennis?!

Dennis lowers the phone as he makes his way down the stairs. Walking through darkness until he arrives outside the vault.

EXHALING DEEPLY, he sucks in air before spinning round.

It's empty.

The entire vault has been cleared out.

No money.

Nothing...

Save for a small packet, with a POST-IT note affixed, "FOR DETECTIVE DAVISON," to the Carlton & Company formula.

Dennis backs away and dials again. Waiting, until --

JORDAN (V.O.)
Hello?

DENNIS
I get it now. It's perfect.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Detective Davison.

DENNIS

Why mess with that formula, when you can take \$50 million and never go to prison --

JORDAN (V.O.)

Detective, I've got to hand it to you. You said you'd figure it out.

DENNIS

Only figuring it out won't matter. Even if we find your DNA, we'll never know when it was left. So the only way to stop you is to catch you in the act.

He waits, until --

CLICK. He turns to see not one, but two guns trained at him as both brothers glare back; it's over --

JORDAN

And you caught us.

DENNIS

Fantastic.

Dennis raises his hands in the air. Cell phone still in hand.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

You both talk about the sacrifices you've made for each other. Now I get to see it first hand --

NOAH

What are you talking about?

DENNIS

In about two minutes, the cops are coming through that door. So either one of you takes one for the team and lets the other make a run for it or you're both screwed.

Dennis sees Jordan's eyes dart over to Noah.

JORDAN

He's bluffing.

NOAH

If he's not?

JORDAN

Then go.

DENNIS

You're letting him walk again?

NOAH

Shut up.

DENNIS

You talk a good game but when push comes to shove, you're still counting on Jordan to take the fall.

ON NOAH

As he raises his weapon. Directly at Dennis' head.

NOAH

If I were you, I wouldn't worry about anyone else right now.

DENNIS

Go on, Noah, do it. Let killing me be the thing that trips you up.

NOAH

What are you talking about?

Dennis turns his cell phone around and we see that his phone is still connected to LINDSAY.

DENNIS

Since when is three-way calling a crime?

CONNORS (O.S.)

Freeze!!

Dennis exhales; thank God --

OVER TO CONNORS

As he charges in. Both Noah and Jordan turn and take aim --
-- affording Dennis a chance to grab his second gun.

ON JORDAN

As he sees Dennis take aim at Noah.

NOAH

Put it down.

Only, it's stand off. Noah aims at Connors. Connors at Jordan. Jordan at Dennis -- while Dennis has Noah in his sights.

DENNIS

You shoot me... what happens to him?
You're not in control anymore.

Noah hesitates. Looking over to Dennis. He switches. From Connors to Dennis --

JORDAN

Noah!

-- immediately, Jordan switches to Connors. All at once, both brothers open fire. Dennis dives out of the way as --

-- Jordan clips Connors. The brothers are entirely in sync. Pinning the men back as they begin to fall back.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Go --

ON NOAH

As he hits the elevator call button. Jordan spraying cover fire. There's no where for Dennis or Connors to go --

The doors open and immediately Noah hurries inside.

NOAH

C'mon --

Noah lays down cover fire, while Jordan joins him inside. As the doors close, Dennis grabs his gun --

DENNIS

Back door.

EXT. BANK OF AMERICA BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Dennis sprints out the front door, heading toward the parking garage --

POLICE CARS

En masse, speed onto the scene. LIGHTS flash. SIRENS blare.

AT THE PARKING GARAGE

Dennis races up the entry ramp just as --

AN ARMORED TRUCK

Barrels past, tearing off the gate. Jordan and Noah inside --

The BLACK-&-WHITES don't stand a chance as the ARMORED VEHICLE PLOWS through them. The car frames forcibly bend amid impact as

THE BROTHERS HEAD OFF --

Dennis fires. Only the vehicle's too big. Too strong --

It's got the head start they need --

Dennis races toward one of the damaged Black-&-Whites. The driver staggering out as Dennis climbs in --

UP AHEAD

The Armored vehicle maintains their distance --

ROLLING DOWN HIS WINDOW

Dennis continues to fire to no avail, until CLICK.

Dennis reloads. Only instead of aiming for them, he aims for the tires --

BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG --

Until, *WHOOOSSSHH!!* The truck's rear tires give way. Collapsing and the back of the vehicle skids wildly --

Hopping the curb and crashing into the building in front of it.

Dennis skids to a stop --

OVER TO JORDAN

As he reloads, climbing out. Noah follows his lead --

JORDAN

Noah, go!

Noah hesitates, unsure of whether to leave without his brother.

Only as Jordan looks past his brother, he spots OFFICERS taking aim. Jordan fires --

-- WINGING A COP. Sending him to the ground. Jordan charges forward, when --

BANG

Blood pooling throughout Jordan's abdomen. He falls to knees as Dennis fires again -- Jordan's down. Out --

OVER TO NOAH

As he sees this. He should leave now. But he can't. Not like this. Not without Jordan --

NOAH

No!!!!

Dennis turns toward Noah. Firing. Sending him to the ground.

Beside his brother.

Dennis looks down.

TIME CUT TO:

AN HOUR LATER... Police, Emergency Vehicles and the like fill the area as Lindsay spots PARAMEDICS tending to Dennis --

LINDSAY

What is that look?

DENNIS

I'm glad you're here.

LINDSAY

That's it?

DENNIS

What do you want me to say?

LINDSAY

Thank you? Couldn't have done it without you?

DENNIS

Doesn't sound like me.

LINDSAY

Doesn't make it any less true.

DENNIS

No, it doesn't.

With that, she looks back; *wait, did he just* --

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Savor it.

LINDSAY

Man, you're a piece of work.

As he kisses her, we --

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END