

BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY

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Current Revision by
Daniel Pyne (June 17, 2005)

IN BLACK:

CHATTER

a symphony of data -- spoken, written, faxed, emailed, encrypted, transmitted.

Barometer of our national panic --

AS:

INT. SCHIPHOL AIRPORT, AMSTERDAM (FIXED SECURITY CAMS)

A MAN with a SUITCASE lunges from a security queue, SMASHES through a glass partition, pursued by SOLDIERS --

-- GUNSHOT -- blood blooms on his back, he stumbles forward, skidding across the tile in a long red streak, the suitcase BURSTS OPEN, and EUROS spray out like confetti --

EXT. BEACH STREET - BIZERTE, TUNISIA (STREAMING VIDEO)

A jittery TOURIST in a flowered shirt (BEYA) flags a cab -- when it pulls to the curb A MAN steps out of the crowd and SHOVES Beya into the back seat -- the car RACES away --

EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT (STREAMING VIDEO)

-- Beya, HOOD OVER HIS HEAD, hustled by suits into an unmarked jet helicopter --

EXT. MANHATTAN - WESTSIDE RIVERFRONT - DUSK

Sunset glints off the buildings. Pier 88 EXPLODES in a fireball. Scary.

Sirens WAIL.

GO:

INT. DARKENED VIEWING ROOM - FEDERAL BLDG. - NEW YORK CITY

reveal Special Agent JOE MULLEN -- handsome intelligence, and calm, sad eyes -- federal and local law enforcement, packed in around a conference table, staring at him.

JOE

What we do know? NSA has isolated a credible terrorist threat. Port of New York. Half a dozen packages in transit. A window of fourteen days that we've pissed down to six.

A burly man with a buzzcut and an American flag pin on his lapel, DARYL KUTTER, scrawls 'Possible Targets' on a blackboard: "Empire State Building, Wall Street, UN, Statue of Liberty, tunnels, bridges, chemical plants, JFK, ConEd power grid, tankers, Yankee Stadium, NYSE ..."

JOE
It's time to move on Borelli.

KUTTER
Maybe it's a false positive. Al Queda,
jerking our chain.

JOE
Or maybe it's not.
(beat)
Fleet Week starts Wednesday. We've
wasted eight days -- full-court press,
orange alert, Federal and local manpower -
- we're still arguing over scraps of
chatter that we have had from the getgo.
We are nowhere.

KUTTER
It's on your head if Borelli goes bad.

JOE
The chatter has spiked and died, Kutter.
(ice)
This goes bad, it's on all our heads.

TIGHT - A STACK OF PHOTOGRAPHS

Crime photos of gangland killings: a DEAD MAN spilled
halfway out of a BMW front seat, side of the car riddled
with bullet holes.

NICK (V.O.)
That'd be, what '88, '89? Pete Ruggiero.
U.S. Attorney had him on a racketeering
thing, of course he offers to flip. On
me and some other individuals. Misuse of
Union Pension funds and whatnot.

Another BODY, not far from the car.

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

NICK
That'd be the lawyer. Who advised the
Rug to rat out his friends.

At an empty table in an empty room, NICK BORELLI sits across
from Joe. Flipping through the crime photos like a guy with
his high school yearbook. Almost wistful.

JOE
Lucky break for you.

NICK
At the time. But. '94? Luck takes a
different turn. Jimmy Strolla did what
(MORE)

NICK (cont'd)
he did, Attorney General of New York did
what he did, I took the fall, here I am.

Nick is easy and good-looking, wears his prison jumpsuit
like choice, not an obligation. He was one of those
charismatic young Teflon Mafia dons who made a splash before
things got out of hand and he was put away.

JOE
Still bitter about Jimmy Strolla?

NICK
(shrugs)
Ambition. In his place, I might of done
the same. Hard to say.

INT. PRISON SURVEILLANCE MONITORING STATION - SAME TIME

Kutter watches a wide angle of the interview room:

JOE (VIDEO)
Word out in the world is that Borelli
still runs things -- on the docks, with
the union -- from right here inside.

Nick leans back in his chair and smiles, Cheshire cat.

NICK (VIDEO)
Yeah? How could I be doing that without
you boys knowing?

JOE (VIDEO)
(dry)
I dunno. What a conundrum.

Nick laughs.

RESUME - INTERVIEW ROOM

NEXT PHOTO: guy floating in a swimming pool.

JOE
I guess this was where you got lucky
again, Summer of 1990.

NICK
So, you just here to chat, or --

JOE
-- there's this possibility that your
conviction was tainted by perjury.

Beat.

NICK
Okay.

JOE
A cop lied. Could mean the search
warrant was bad. All the evidence
resulting would be tainted.

Beat.

NICK
That's the whole case against me, that
search.

JOE
Yes it is. No doubt, this development,
should it happen, would be your ticket
out of jail.

NEXT PHOTO: two guys spill over the side of an aluminum
fishing boat, Sheepshead Bay.

NICK
That was '90.
(then)
What would it cost me, I wonder. This
ticket.

NEXT PHOTO: an SUV, totalled, nose down in a drainage ditch,
bullet holes in the tailgate and back window shattered.
Just the legs and feet of the victim visible in muddy water.

NICK
'91. These things go in cycles.

JOE
We've got a kind of a situation we'd like
your help with, Mr. Borelli.

Now Joe looks up at him.

JOE
We have good intel of a possible
terrorist attack on the Eastern seaboard.
Something nasty arriving in the next few
days. Odds are it'll come through the
Port Authority, and be facilitated,
through customs and whatnot, by people
you know --

NICK
-- No. No way.

JOE
-- whether these people, your people,
actually realize they're helping the
enemy or not.

NICK

No. Listen to me. It doesn't work like that. We're not stupid. Before everything, we're Americans.

JOE

Oh.

Joe pushes a few more photographs across the table. Nick frowns at the top PHOTO: the charred remains of the pier.

JOE

Like, I guess, the other day, when some American burned down pier 88 for, I dunno, the pure patriotism of it all, not the insurance?

Nick says nothing.

NEXT PHOTO: A massacre on a European subway platform, BODIES everywhere, a train car shot to hell --

NICK

This one I don't --

JOE

Bogota commuters caught in the crossfire between police and FARC insurgents, who got their Kalishnikovs from some mobsters down near Naples. You ever do business with them?

An icy beat.

NICK

I'd have to think back.

JOE

I believe your lieutenant, Frank Bruno, is from Naples, on his mom's side, no?

ANOTHER PHOTO: Overturned charred carcass of a vehicle, on a narrow, mountain road. Book bags and lunch pails scattered. Sheets cover the tiny victims. Rescue workers in tears.

JOE

American-made RPG's are all the rage in the Baltics. Wonder where they get 'em?

Nick is quiet. ANOTHER PHOTO: Three BODIES on the side of a road in the desert, middle-of-nowhere, belly down. Heads separate.

JOE

Ethnic cleansing. These things go in, you know, cycles.

(then)

Since you've been in prison, Nick? The

(MORF)

JOE (cont'd)
 landscape has changed -- the line between
 your guys and these guys --

NICK
 (talks over him)
 Yeah, yeah, I get it. I get it.

Silence.

NICK
 Use a fuckhead to catch a fuckhead.

Joe waits.

NICK
 What government genius came up with this
 brilliant fucking plan?

JOE
 Me.

NICK
 (sighs)
 What's the target?

Joe puts his briefcase on the table, and takes out a thick
 pile of documents, photos, reports. Spreads them in front
 of Nick, as:

JOE
 Take your pick.

TIGHT: satellite photographs: INDIAN POINT nuclear reactor.
 KENNEDY AIRPORT. OIL TANKERS and CARGO SHIPS. The STATUE OF
 LIBERTY.

TIGHT: digital photo composites: THE NEW JERSEY CHEMICAL
 COMPLEX -- a hundred storage facilities centered in a
 potential target population of over 12 million people --

JOE
 Every three hours this country collects
 enough information -- chatter -- to fill
 the Library of Congress.

TIGHT: INFRARED PHOTOGRAPHS of MANHATTAN ISLAND. Wild
 colors indicating heat sources, a throbbing, pulsing, living
 organism -- sonographic images of the HUDSON RIVER showing
 topography beneath the water, detailed elevations, blurred
 vessels moving through a digitized ether --

JOE
 And we don't know shit.

TIGHT: BLUEPRINTS of U.S. Naval Vessels, all views exploded,
 with notations in CYRILLIC --

JOE
But right before 9/11, the chatter died.
Madrid, Bali, school thing in Beslan,
embassy in Riyadh -- the chatter spikes,
then dies, then disaster happens.

A long beat. Nick studies the material in front of him like
a man choosing from paint samples.

NICK
Quiet, now?

JOE
Oh yeah.

NICK
How can you be so sure, you let me out to
catch your terrorists, I won't just turn
rabbit and run away? Given my lawless
nature.

JOE
I trust you. What I've heard, from my
sources, is Nick Borelli's word is gold.

NICK
(noncommittal)
Used to be.

JOE
(stubborn)
Give me your word, you can walk out of
here. Right now.

INT. NICK'S PRISON CELL - LATER

He's delivered, walks in. The door SLIDES SHUT. He's got
some creature comforts, but it's pretty bleak. Few personal
items, but a number of books and magazines.

For a moment, we think he's turned Joe down.

Then the door SLIDES OPEN again, and a GUARD comes in with
empty cardboard boxes:

GUARD
Got you something to put your stuff in,
Mr. Borelli.

INT. PRISONER RELEASE AREA - LATER

Nick collects his belongings: a watch, a belt, a wallet with
an expired New York driver's license.

INT. JOE'S FEDERAL SEDAN - DUSK

Crawling in rush-hour traffic. Manhattan skyline looms
outside of Nick's window, his boxes are in back.

JOE
How it's going to work is simple: we have about two days to show results.

NICK
What is this, an Impala?

JOE
You've been released pending review of certain compromised testimony in your conviction. Depending upon how things turns out, you'll stay a free man, or be back in jail in time for Friday fish.

NICK
I got a friend in fleet sales could get you Town Cars for what you probably paid for these.

JOE
Not my area.

NICK
Still.

A car pulls up alongside, in the slow lane. TWO MEN, young and old, look over at Nick blankly.

JOE
First item. There was a tugboat stolen from Redhook, Coast Guard thinks --

NICK
(laughs)
A tugboat? Somebody stole a fucking tug?

The car beside them swerves down an off-ramp --

JOE
-- Coast guard thinks it could be weaponized and --

NICK
No. Parts. Gotta be. I mean, where're you gonna hide a tug? Not like you can paint it and change the plates. Jesus.
(then)
I'm hungry. You hungry?

INT. TRINI'S 24-HOUR DINER - NIGHT

THROUGH THE WINDOW: Joe's Impala pulls in, Nick and Joe get out. Halfway to the front door Nick stops, and slowly turns in a circle, taking in ... everything.

They walk inside -- a JAMAICAN WOMAN behind the cash register does a take when she sees Nick --

CASHIER
Oh my God oh my God --

NICK
They haven't shut this dive
down, yet?

CASHIER
ALEX! Alex, come out here,
look who walked in --

NICK
(to Joe)
I helped their kid out of a scrape a
while back.

A HUGE COOK emerges from the kitchen, wipes his hand on his apron and shakes both Nick's hands, tongue-tied.

COOK
Mr. Borelli. What up.

NICK
(shrugs, smiling)
I'm in, I'm out. System's a fickle
bitch, Edgar. But I haven't eaten in,
like, forever.

Gesturing to a booth --

CASHIER
That we can fix.

NICK
This is my lawyer, Joe --

JOE
-- Joe Mullen.

NICK
(to Joe)
I want to clean up.
(off Joe's wary look)
C'mon. Where'm I gonna go?

Joe nods, slides into the booth, as Nick heads back toward the rest rooms --

HALLWAY - FOLLOWING NICK

-- goes right past the MENS' ROOM door, to a rear exit --

EXT. TRINI'S DINER - BACK ALLEY

where the two guys from the passing car are waiting. The older man, BABE MALDINI, overweight and slow moving, grabs Nick in a bear hug --

NICK
(smiling)
Hey, hey easy -- I'll smell like your
fucking cologne --

The younger man, college kid, KENNY, hangs back, shy.

BABE
'Member my nephew, Kenny?

NICK
Center field.

KENNY
When I was twelve.

-- they hurry across an EMPTY lot cluttered with old sofas
and car parts --

BABE
(proud)
Fordham Law, now.

KENNY
Nights. Tuition's a bitch.

-- to the back steps of a decrepit two-story building --

KENNY
Anything you got for me, Mr. Borelli, I'd
appreciate it.

Nick shoots Babe a dubious look -- an ELEVATED SUBWAY TRAIN
rumbles past --

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING

Babe leads the way as Nick climbs one flight of broken
stairs. Peeling plaster and junkie trash --

NICK
(to Babe)
You tell everybody about the sit-down?

BABE
Everybody that matters.

INT. UPPER ROOM

Empty except for a chair with a MAN tied to it.

NICK
Hey Jimmy Strolla. What a surprise.

He crosses and starts to rip the duct tape off JIMMY
STROLLA'S mouth -- then stops.

NICK
I take this tape off, you're gonna
probably insult me, am I right? Tell me
to fuck myself, hurt my feelings and so
on, the whole thing's gonna go south from
there. I don't know.

Babe hands Nick a gun with a silencer. Jimmy's eyes get bigger.

NICK

You put me in prison, Jimbo. You ratted me out, but -- lotta time I've had to think about it -- and, see, I happen to know it wasn't your idea. Jimmy Strolla is not capable of that big an idea, it had to be somebody else, pulling your strings.

Jimmy's eyes dart around, scared. Nick crouches in front of him, brings the gun up.

NICK

You're gonna tell me who it was, okay?

A long beat. Jimmy nods.

A TRAIN rolling past on the el tracks outside. Nick RIPS the tape off -- Jimmy SPITS at him:

NICK

Aww --

JIMMY

FUCK YOU, BORELLI --
FRANKIE'S GONNA --

The DEAFENING RATTLE OF THE TRAIN drowns the rest out -- but it makes no difference because Nick reels back, raises the gun, aims, and SHOOTS JIMMY IN THE HEAD.

The chair is blown backward. Blood dusts the wall.

NICK

Shit. Dammit. I lost my temper.

KENNY

He's leaking.

Blood pools around Jimmy Strolla's head. Babe and Kenny attend to the body -- Nick puts the gun down and walks out.

NICK

I lost my temper.

EXT. TRINI'S DINER - BACK ALLEY

Nick comes through the weeds, to the back door --

INT. TRINI'S DINER - JOE

Looks up from a menu as Nick slides into the booth.

NICK

Forget the menu. I'll order: Jerk
Chicken, dirty rice, dumplings --

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - SAME TIME

Another TRAIN rumbles past. Kenny tugs at a stuck window, then climbs up on a desk and KICKS OUT the glass. Babe drags Jimmy Strolla's body over -- they lift it together -- and HEAVE HIM OUT THE WINDOW --

THEIR P.O.V. - THE BODY

thumps down on the roof of the moving train, and it rolls away, taking Jimmy with it.

TIGHT - A SURVEILLANCE PHOTOGRAPH

of a waterfront area. CLOSE on a small, windowless building: MALAY SUN TRADING, LTD.

JOE (V.O.)
CIA makes this group of Indonesians for a possible terrorist support cell. Third-party brokers.

CLOSER: MEN going in and out of the front door.

JOE (V.O.)
Treasury has traced payments from Malay Sun to charities fronting for terrorist factions in Indonesia, Pakistan and the Sudan. The occasional cargo coming in from Amsterdam. They've gotta know something, but even under the Pat Act we can't to touch them.

CLOSER: HEAD SHOTS of Indonesian men, young, nondescript.

NICK (V.O.)
You guys go crazy with the pictures, huh?

INT. DINER - NICK AND JOE

The table piled with food. Nick picks up the head shots and studies them.

NICK
You think they know about the six packages?

Joe shrugs.

NICK
I'm gonna want to use my own people.

JOE
Okay. Just so they don't burn down another pier.
(off Nick's blank look)
88. Somebody torched it. Remember?
(MORF)

JOE (cont'd)
(nothing from Nick)
Nevermind.

NICK
(mouth full)
That all?

JOE
Talk, listen, watch the docks. Be
creative. Concentrate on hiccups in the
day-to-day routine. You look at
everything, you'll see nothing. So.
Whatever doesn't feel right.

Nick puts the photos down, and serves up another dumpling.

NICK
Ten years, nothing's going to feel right.

JOE
Hypervigilance. Even better.

NICK
I don't believe you even used that word.

JOE
(the food)
This is good.

NICK
The best.

Beat.

NICK
So tell me, Mullen. Where's Uncle Sam
gonna put me up while I'm in his employ?
I used to partial to the Plaza, back, you
know, in my salad days. But.

Joe just stares at him.

EXT. QUIET FOREST HILLS NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Joe's car pulls into the driveway.

INT. FOREST HILLS SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Bigger than it looked. And almost empty.

JOE
This place was a RICO seizure, about six
months back. We have use of it.

He closes the door behind Nick, flicks on lights revealing a
big room stripped of fixtures and furniture, the carpet half-
pulled up and the oak floor patched with plywood. A card
table and chair near the vacant fireplace.

NICK
Nice digs. Very homey. Do the
decorating yourself?

JOE
(the floor patches)
They were looking for drugs.

NICK
No kidding. You sleep here?

JOE
Time being.

Nick stares at him.

NICK
I had you figured for a married man.
Wife and kids and a kitten.

JOE
Sit down.

Nick finds another folding chair, puts his box on the floor,
sits. Joe rummages through the clutter on the card table,
finds what looks like a dayglow cat-collar in a shrink-wrap
package, a pair of pliers, and a mobile phone.

JOE
Cell phone. Know how to use one?

NICK
(sarcasm:)
No.

Joe rips open the plastic package and removes the collar.

NICK
You got a midget dog?

JOE
It's a tracking device. For your ankle.

NICK
I thought you trusted me.

JOE
I do. It's just in case.

NICK
In case? Of what?

JOE
In case I'm wrong.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

A bare room with a mattress. Pillow and blankets neatly piled on one end. Nick puts his box down and sits, his pants hike up, revealing the yellow tracking device.

He rubs his face, and gazes emptily into the room.

INT. JOE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight leaks through curtainless windows. Joe's asleep, Nick is rummaging through his papers -- finds:

TIGHT - A WALLET

Joe's federal i.d., N.Y. driver's license with a Brooklyn address, some credit cards ... a professional SNAPSHOT of A PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN in a business suit, smiling out at us ...

RESUME - NICK

Joe stirs. Nick puts the wallet back. Considers the gun on the counter for a long time ... then silently glides out.

FADE TO BLACK.

DAY ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. WATERFRONT - MALAY SUN TRADING - SUNRISE

Street deserted, in front of the warehouse.

An angry EXPLOSION rips the building apart, blowing glass and masonry halfway down the street, and setting off every car alarm in a five block vicinity.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAWN

Joe wakes up, groggy, in a rat's nest of blankets on another mattress in another otherwise barren room. He slept in his clothes.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - DAWN

Joe discovers that Nick is gone. The blanket, still folded, hasn't been touched. But Nick's box of stuff is still here. And the dayglow surveillance bracelet that Nick has cut off his ankle. Joe doesn't seem surprised.

JOE

Game on.

EXT. L.I.R.R. TRAIN PLATFORM - MORNING

Packed with commuters shuffling forward as the train groans in. Nick comes off as they get on. Heads for the street.

EXT. MANHASSET, LONG ISLAND - MORNING

THROUGH THE WINDOW: a WOMAN and her HUSBAND are eating breakfast. Phone ringing -- once, twice. She moves to pick it up, and it stops.

They look at each other blankly. The phone rings again -- only once.

The husband smiles, shakes his head, says something. But the woman's expression has changed. She's a million miles away. Off her turn, to look right toward the window --

EXT. COE ARBORETUM - ESTATE ROADS

Same woman -- CATHERINE, ten years younger than Nick -- walking down a wooded path. Stops when she sees Nick under a crumbling stone bridge up ahead, digging for something in the footing.

She watches him for a moment -- Catherine's beautiful, in a way that's no longer important to her. Hesitates; thinks about turning around. But knows that sooner or later she's got to face what's in front of her.

EXT. COE BRIDGE

Nick has nearly excavated his treasure: a garbage bag, well hidden under the soil and stone.

CATHERINE

Look what got out.

Nick turns his head to glance at her. Pretends it's no big deal:

NICK

Yeah. Tell the imposter to pack up, Nick's back.

CATHERINE

Somebody give you a file in a cake?

NICK

-- You gonna help me here?

CATHERINE

No. What do you want, Nick. Why'd you call?

He kicks at the rubble, clearing it --

NICK
Why didn't you come get this before?
It's over 200 grand, Catherine.

CATHERINE
Gee. I dunno. Could it relate to the
fact it doesn't belong to you? Or that
it's marked.

Beat. He straightens up.

NICK
I taught you how to clean it up.
(then)
Look, it's what's owed me. It's what's
owed us both, for what happened.

CATHERINE
What happened was: you were a criminal,
you got caught, and I grew up. And thank
God you were shooting blanks all those
sweaty times you swore you loved me, or
we'd have kids to whom you could pass
down the clown gene.

NICK
(numb)
What are you talking about, blanks?

CATHERINE
I've got a baby back at home, Nicky. And
another one on the way.

Nick is rocked by this, and she knows it. All the doors he
spent ten years staring at, slamming shut.

NICK
I didn't just claim I loved you.

CATHERINE
What'd you think, you'd get out, get the
money and ... buy me back?

He did.

NICK
No.

CATHERINE
Yeah, well.

Nick's new cell phone goes off. The 'Godfather' theme.
Nick looks at it, doesn't answer -- in fact, turns it off
and shoves it back in his pocket.

CATHERINE
(new subject:)
Truthfully -- how'd you fool them into
letting you out of jail?

NICK
A cop lied. Conviction vacated.

She just stares at him, waiting. Nick smiles -- it's a
great smile.

NICK
You've still got the best bullshit meter
in the universe.

CATHERINE
I don't know. I fell for you, didn't I?

NICK
Government has come to me on this certain
Homeland Security situation. I help
them, they help me.

CATHERINE
Seriously.

Nick starts digging again.

CATHERINE
You're working for the Feds?

NICK
More like I'm working the Feds, but.

CATHERINE
(wary)
What does that mean?

NICK
It means --

The garbage bag comes loose and Nick drags it out of the
hole. It's breached: one end gnawed through.

NICK
Shit.

He opens the bag, pulls out a shrink-wrapped brick of MOLDY
CASH that CRUMBLES and sifts through his fingers like
oatmeal.

CATHERINE
Easy come, easy go.

Another one: same result. Nick looks at Catherine, blank.

EXT. WATERFRONT - MALAY SUN TRADING - DAY

Fire trucks tend the smoldering ruins of the buildings. Joe stands on the perimeter, where Kutter finds him.

KUTTER
Where's your mobster?

JOE
Visiting friends.

KUTTER
Hookers are not expensible, my friend.

JOE
You talking from experience?

KUTTER
(looks at the ruins)
Christ, Joe, this is not what -- didn't you tell him, didn't you emphasize that these were intel assets not operatives?

JOE
I did, yeah.

KUTTER
He hasn't been out twelve hours, already we've got bodies.

JOE
Maybe it wasn't him.

KUTTER
Uh-huh. I want to talk to him. I want to meet the secret weapon.

Off Joe --

INT. VOLVO STATION WAGON - MOVING

Catherine drives. Nick glances back at the empty toddler car seat, assessing her life:

NICK
What's he like?

CATHERINE
Who?

Nick waits; it's obvious who.

CATHERINE
He's nice. Plays golf and drives the speed limit. Orthodontist.

Nick stifles a laugh.

NICK
You hate golf.

CATHERINE
I like that he plays. The only thing you know what to do with a four iron is cave somebody's head in. Go ahead, laugh. I don't care. I'm over you.

Silence. They pull into a drop-off lane for the Manhasset train platform.

NICK
Somebody in my family betrayed me. Whoever did, is gonna pay. That's where I'm going with this, just so you know. Whoever set me up.

CATHERINE
And the Federal thing?

NICK
It's what I gotta do, you know, to be able to do what I gotta do.

Catherine rolls her eyes, pulls to the curb and stops.

CATHERINE
You should hear yourself sometime. You should get one of those little tape recorders and listen to yourself.

Nick gets out, turns to say something back through the door, but --

EXT. CATHERINE'S CAR - MANHASSET STATION - CONTINUOUS

COP CARS are suddenly on either side of them --

COP
Yo Nickie B. What's shaking, man?

-- COPS already out and moving swiftly toward Nick, who instinctively goes slack as they grab him and spin him and SLAM him over the hood of Catherine's car.

COP	ANOTHER COP
Bet you thought ditchin' that ankle bracelet would be the ticket.	Sorry ma'am.

Nick's head is looking right at Catherine as they cuff him. And still looking as they yank him away --

INT. EMPTY ROOM - DAY

Nick sits, hands still cuffed, slumped in a chair, waiting with one of the cops who grabbed him.

NICK
 (to the cop)
 You guys still getting paid in crullers?

The DOOR OPENS and Joe walks in, trailing Kutter.

NICK
 How'd you --

JOE
 (from a notepad)
 MTA surveillance had you on
 the 7:14 to Manhasset. 7:59
 Catherine Adams, the former
 Catherine Borelli, received
 your phone call -- met you
 at Coe Ar --

NICK
 You tapped her phone?

KUTTER
 We tap everyone's phone.

JOE
 Why is he in handcuffs?

COP
 We thought --

JOE
 Take them off.
 (then, at Nick)
 Nick Borelli, Daryl Kutter,
 National Security Agency.

Kutter puts out his hand to shake, but the Cop hasn't quite
 freed up Nick's yet.

NICK
 How you doing?

KUTTER
 I don't know, Mr. Borelli. I don't know.
 Did three of my primary intel assets get
 whacked this morning?

Nick looks to Joe for a translation.

JOE
 Somebody blew up Malay Trading.

NICK
 Yeah. Me.

Silence. Kutter stares at him, hard, seething. Nick milks
 it, then --

NICK
 I wanted to, you know, get their
 attention. But.
 (long beat)
 I didn't kill them.

(MORF)

NICK (cont'd)
 (innocent:)
 Was I supposed to?

A HUGE DOOR

slides open, spilling light into the shadows of --

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

-- Nick leads Joe and Kutter through the narrow opening, then SLIDES the door shut again.

NICK
 See, while you drones were getting your FDA-approved eight hours sleep, I've been working like a stepchild, here, getting acquainted with my Indonesian brothers and whatnot.

(then)
 They're all from different islands, did you know that? Don't even speak the same language. One's from East Timor, the other two from Banda Aceh, place got slammed by the tsunami and stiffed by international aid on account of their politics.

They walk past rows and rows of NEW CARS parked and waiting redistribution. A BAY where five VANS are getting painted with PRIMER, by minimum wagers, under the watchful eye of plump broker EDDIE BAYLESS.

JUMP TO:

A COMPUTER SCREEN

with FOUR VIDEO FEEDS streaming on them, split screen, showing THREE INDONESIAN MEN in cell-like seclusion, and an empty room with a table and chairs.

NICK (O.S.)
 Little dude with the birthmark -- his name's Budi -- swears all they're doing is shipping plus-size women's lingerie. His cousin by marriage -- with the fat ass? Nothing. Thinks he's in a Bollywood spy movie.

We are --

INT. BACK OF THE WAREHOUSE - DAY

Babe in a folding chair, watching the laptop monitor, and eating crullers with his Starbuck's latte.

NICK
 (pointing)
 But Mr. Shave-head here -- Santoso -- my
 (MORF)

NICK (cont'd)
 money's on him. Got a family in East
 Orange --

BABE
 Coupla little kids and a wife who works
 for Wal-Mart.

NICK
 -- he's scared pissless. Whatever they
 know, we'll get from my man Santoso.

Kutter shoots a look at Joe, as:

BABE
 If these are actual terrorists, my left
 nut is the Hope diamond.

One of the newly-primed VANS wheels past, and rolls onto a
 huge FREIGHT ELEVATOR. Bayless hand-operates, engines WHIR,
 the van vanishes up to a second level, as:

NICK
 (to Joe)
 You know Babe?

JOE
 I've seen pictures.

BABE
 Surveillance cameras don't do a handsome
 man justice. Not to mention add, like,
 ten pounds.

NICK
 (gesturing, for Babe:)
 Say hello to Daryl the Fed.

BABE
 Glad to meet you.

KUTTER
 (staring at the
 monitor)
 What the hell is this?

NICK
 It's what we're doing.
 (at Joe)
 Is he retarded?

Kenny bangs in the back door on a bike, carrying a paper
 sack of sandwiches.

KENNY
 Whoever ordered the turkey-swiss on rye,
 they ran out. I went with sourdough, I
 hope it's okay.

KUTTER
 (to Joe)
 This is bullshit is what it is. This is
 amateur hour.

He stalks away. Nick looks at Joe --

JOE
He's impatient.

NICK
Huh.

BABE
Whoawhoawhoa --

ON THE MONITORS:

Kutter has entered the cell with the three men, and he's hauling two of them up on their feet at gunpoint -- distant sound of his SHOUTING, then GO:

INT. WAREHOUSE 'DETENTION CELL' - SAME TIME

Kutter has a terrified SANTOSO by the front of the shirt and he's yanking him out the door, shouting at BUDI to follow them -- his compact Federal-issue 9mm flicking back and forth, insistent:

KUTTER
MOVE! LET'S GO!

CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Nick and Joe arriving as Kutter shoves the Indonesian man toward the freight elevator --

NICK
What are you doing?

KUTTER
Just saving you some time, Borelli.

He shoves Santoso sprawling onto the concrete floor in front of the elevator gate --

KUTTER
These are fringe players. In the War. Insignificant, except that now you've tipped our hand, you fucked up, so we need to squeeze out of them what we can and move on.

Kutter manually opens the door to expose the gaping cavity --
the LIFT IS DESCENDING, empty --

KUTTER
(looks at Budi)
Simple question, my friends: which one of you is dying this morning?

-- Kutter plants his foot on Santoso's back and SHOVES HIS HEAD into the path of the lift --

NICK
(to Joe)
Is he for real?

JOE
Kutter --

-- Kutter JAMS HIS PALM against the fat red emergency STOP BUTTON and the lift JERKS to a halt, maybe a foot above Santoso's petrified face. An ALARM RATTLES SHRILLY, AS:

BAYLESS (O.S.)
(from the lift)
-- the fuck?

KUTTER
Talk to me.

Bayless comes to the edge of the lift and looks down, then up at Nick. Santoso says nothing. Kutter glances to Budi.

KUTTER
Pay close attention.

He hits the green DOWN button -- the ALARM STOPS, the elevator DROPS -- Santoso SCREAMS -- Bayless LEAPS backward -- Kutter presses STOP again and the elevator comes to rest pinning Santoso's head against the edge of the floor. His body arcs up, trying to relieve the pressure. The ALARM DRONES ON --

-- Budi's eyes stream tears --

KUTTER
(at Nick)
These people do not respond to civilized discourse. You need to provide the proper motivation.

JOE
Kutter --

KUTTER
(to Budi)
You know what we want. You can save your friend --
(at Santoso)
-- Or he can save himself.

SANTOSO
Please.

Budi starts forward --

BUDI
Yes. Yes, okay --

Kutter smiles, smug, looks to Nick as if to say: see? And then watches unprepared as Budi lunges forward and JAMS HIS BOUND HANDS AGAINST THE DOWN BUTTON --

-- the ELEVATOR DROPS, killing Santoso --

AT THE MONITOR - BABE - SAME TIME

ice. Unaffected --

RESUME - ELEVATOR

Joe grabs Budi and yanks him away -- Kutter is motionless, stunned by the disaster he's precipitated. Bayless is o.s., throwing up --

NICK

steps to Kutter.

NICK

You asshole.

SWINGS and SMASHES his fist into Kutter's nose, breaking it -
- Kutter goes down, and out. It takes both Joe and Kenny to pull Nick away from Kutter --

JOE

-- What the hell are you doing? You can't just cold-cock a federal agent!

NICK

You don't get information from a dead guy.

Kutter, hands and knees, spitting blood.

KUTTER

I'm gonna -- I'm gonna --

JOE

Sit down.

NICK

I have no problem with killing. It's your timing that sucks.

KUTTER

Yeah. Like they were ever going to talk to you.

Beat.

NICK

(to Kenny)

Show him.

AT THE MONITOR - MOMENTS LATER

Kutter propped up in the chair, blotting the blood on his lips as Kenny executes a few keystrokes, brings up a fuzzy surveillance screen of Santoso's interrogation by Nick, taped earlier:

NICK (VIDEO)
Think about it. Who gets hurt, if you
don't come clean with me?

Silence. Santoso looks down at his hands.

NICK (VIDEO)
Your family. Your little ones.

Silence.

NICK (VIDEO)
I'm not the government. You tell me what
you know, I swear, I give you my word, I
will protect you, I will protect your
family.

(beat)
Look at me.

(beat)

Look at me, Santoso.

(when he looks up)
I'm not the government. I don't have a
hard-on for you, or your politics. I
just care about what you know.

SANTOSO (VIDEO)
I don't know anything.

NICK (VIDEO)
Okay.

Silence.

SANTOSO (VIDEO)
I'm a businessman, people I do business
with, they ask me for money, what am I
supposed to say?

NICK (VIDEO)
You do what you gotta do. I know.

SANTOSO (VIDEO)
They ask me to take pictures -- and if I
email them to a place that tomorrow
doesn't exist -- now I can make my quota.
You get it? This is how it is.

ON KUTTER

blinks. Reacting: Nick's way was working.

NICK (VIDEO)
I understand.

Nick and Joe, right behind him.

NICK
 (low, for Kutter:) You see how it works? Make your enemy your friend. Cuz friends talk. Usually about pussy. But sooner, rather than later? It'll be baseball and business.

NICK (VIDEO)
 Pictures of what?

SANTOSO (VIDEO)
 ... Even if I tell you, you won't know what you are seeing --

TIGHT - MONITOR

Santoso sweating, talking:

SANTOSO (VIDEO)
 -- it's all to the sewing of seeds of death on American soil.

NICK (VIDEO)
 I'm not sure I understand. What is?

SANTOSO (VIDEO)
 There is a special man they hired to do this thing.

NICK (VIDEO)
 Mercenary?

SANTOSO (VIDEO)
 I don't know.
 (beat)
 They call him the center of the six petalled rose.

NICK (VIDEO)
 (frowns)
 Who's 'they?'

SANTOSO (VIDEO)
 -- And tonight he is getting money.
 That's why they ask me, for the pictures.

PULL BACK:

INT. CONVERTED SCHOOL (DHS HQ) - FACULTY LOUNGE - DAY

The HOMELAND SECURITY Deputy Secretary and a few MINIONS clustered around Kenny's laptop. Joe. Kutter, his nose all taped up, eyes black-and-blue.

NICK (VIDEO)
 Special man have a name?

SANTOSO (VIDEO)
 I do not know it. Just --

NICK (VIDEO)
-- the deal with the rose?

SANTOSO (VIDEO)
Yes. Six circles will fit around a seventh, of the same diameter, dividing the circumference into six equal parts, and the radius of a circle exactly divides the circumference into six parts, giving a six petalled rose.

THROUGH A WINDOW-WALL: Nick is sitting outside the room, waiting. Not allowed to be part of this.

HS OFFICIAL NICK (VIDEO)
What does that mean? Pictures of what?

Mr. Santoso NICK (VIDEO) ...

SANTOSO (VIDEO)
Circles within circles.

Silence.

HS OFFICIAL
Goddammit, how did we lose this asset,
Mr. Kutter?

JOE
We can't control everything.

Kutter studies Joe, surprised that he didn't burn him.

HS OFFICIAL
Six packages, coming through in pieces.
And the special man assembles it here.

MINION
Sounds like a dirty bomb.

Kutter rolls his eyes.

HS OFFICIAL
Let's get a NEST team to start harbor
flyovers and step up container spot
checking of Redhook, Howland, and
Elizabeth, looking for trace radiation.

JOE
I want to give Borelli more leash.

Pause. Everybody looks nervously out into the waiting room, where Nick looks back at them blankly.

HS OFFICIAL
-- No.

JOE
Look what he just did with Santoso. Sir,
you've made it crystal clear that it's my
head on the block here, why can't I --

HS OFFICIAL
(end of discussion)
No.

MINION
20,000 containers pass through New York
harbor every day. How do you find a
needle in that haystack?

KUTTER
You lock down the farm.

SANTOSO (VIDEO)
-- Queens.
(beat)
I took many pictures of a street corner
in Queens.

CRASH:

EXT. INTERSECTION - JAMAICA AVENUE, QUEENS - DUSK

Joe, Nick, and a few other FEDS scan the four corners,
frowning. 99 cent discount store, a tire disposal lot, a
check cashing business and a boarded-up bodega. The
L.I.R.R. RUMBLES overhead, rush hour traffic heaves through
in surges.

JOE
This can't be right.

NICK
(bored)
I gotta get to my meeting.

JOE
Yeah yeah. Soon as we --

NICK
Not "we". I.
(off Joe)
I can't take a suit to a sit-down.
Jesus. How's that gonna look, Big Nick
and his government babysit --

JOE
-- Okay.

Joe turns to the intersection again, frowning.

NICK
"Okay?"

JOE
We'll get you a cab. What.

NICK
No argument, no conditions, you're just gonna let me go, like that.

JOE
You make a good point.

NICK
Still.

JOE
What.

NICK
Give me the courtesy and respect to at least consider the possibility I'm gonna fuck you over.

Joe stares at him. A CAB wheels around the corner, Nick whistles and it pulls to the curb.

NICK
You got some serious issues with trust, Mullen.

He gets in the cab and it roars away.

STREET CORNER - JOE - MOMENTS LATER

giving instructions to his field agents:

JOE
Okay, I want each team to canvas a block in each direction --
(assigning them:)
North, south, east, and you guys, you're west. Talk to the people, neighbors, business --

AGENT
What are we looking for?

JOE
Individuals who look like they don't belong here.

AGENT
-- Like us?

A TRAIN rumbles past on the L.I.R.R. elevated track --

STREET CORNER - JOE - STILL LATER

A couple of his guys over in the tire lot, talking to the foreman there. Another one at the doorway of the bodega with a young woman.

The NEON LIGHTS of the CHECK CASHING PLACE flicker on.

GO:

EXT. NARROW STREET - CONEY ISLAND - DUSK - SAME TIME

Nick steps out of a cab, and into a local spaghetti dive --

INT. GARGIULO'S RESTAURANT - DUSK

-- where Babe is waiting in a knot of slumming ad execs and yuppies jockeying for the tiny front room tables under a giant octopus on the ceiling.

BABE

Where've you been? You're late.

NICK

I'm on federal time.

BABE

Yeah? What kinda time is that?

NICK

Whatever the clock says don't matter.

Babe pushes through and into --

A PRIVATE DINING ROOM

-- where four of Nick's old lieutenants are waiting with their requisite posse of posers and muscle: sharp, dapper FRANK BRUNO (mid thirties), laconic TERRY REITANO (pushing fifty), ever-smiling MORGAN (HALF-HALF) MURPHY --

-- and the ancient JELLO MYSHKIN, on the screen of a portable LAPTOP COMPUTER, looking lost:

MYSHKIN

(faint, streaming:)

Is it on? Is it on?

Ad-lib greetings for Nick, bear hugs, shout-outs, totally pro-forma; nobody here really wanted Nick to get out, and he knows it.

Nick stares at the laptop containing Myshkin, atop which one of his guys is trying to position the webcam.

GUY

Mr. Myshkin regrets he can't be here in person. His mom's sick. Miami.

JELLO

(static)
How ya doin, Nick?

NICK

Jello's mom's still alive?

The principals sit around the table, their people against the wall, bored. Nick stays standing, taking command.

NICK

I'm out, I'm back, fuck you.

Uneasy chuckling.

NICK

And whatever you skimmed, grafted, lifted or otherwise took from me while I was doing time and not selling you out -- Terry, Murphy -- it's yours, and we're good, we're alright.

Camera WHIRLS around him, and we feel the eyes other men constantly flickering to Frank Bruno, as if to key off his reaction. Which Nick begins to register, as:

NICK

I made a deal with the Feds. Maybe you heard about it. The way things hit the street, nowadays, you know.

(shrugs)

They got this terrorist thing, something very fucked up. Like September 11, maybe. So far it's just a threat.

(lets this settle)

But unless you are somehow involved in the problem, the empty suits don't give a shit, and there will be no exposure for any of you.

(then, irritated)

Frankie, you got something to say?

FRANKIE

What?

NICK

Everybody's looking at you like you fucked my sister. And I don't even have a sister.

Uneasy silence.

FRANKIE

Things are ...

Beat.

NICK
Things are what.

FRANKIE
I'm sorry. You've been chased, Nick.
You're out. We took a vote, cut your
operation up four ways and --

NICK
-- A vote.

FRANKIE
A vote, yes.

NICK
Like you were the fucking United States
of America.

FRANKIE
(smiles)
Yeah. But without the political
corruption eating it from the inside out.

JELLO
(from the laptop)
We didn't see no reason to break your
heart while you were inside, Nicky. Babe
was just, you know --

NICK
(eyes on Frankie)
What gave you the impression my heart
could be so easily broken?

FRANKIE
Let's not make it a thing.

NICK MURPHY
No. No. no. no, lemme, if Everybody just thought --
you don't mind. Make it a
thing. You fucking babbo.

NICK
-- Not everybody. No.
(looks at Frankie)
You. Right? You thought.

Frankie leans back. He's calm; he's in control.

FRANKIE
I hear Jimmy Strolla got lost on his way
home last night.

NICK
Is that right? Jimmy never needed a map
before.

FRANKIE
Things change. That's the point I am
trying to make.

NICK
(to the room)
None of you'd be sitting here if I hadn't
backed you in the days after Mr. G and
then Chin got busted, the whole
administration in lockup and everything
was up for grabs ...

FRANKIE
(softly)
And we appreciate that, Nicky. We really
do. But. Evolution, you know. Natural
selection.

NICK
My good luck. I'm having a sit-down with
Mister Wizard. So okay, it's a jungle
thing, Frank. And what else.

FRANKIE
That's all of it.

Nick glares at Babe.

NICK
Unreal. What the *fuck* is this?

FRANKIE
This --

He swings a GUN up aimed at Nick's head --

FRANKIE
-- is the end, my friend.

Frankie OPENS FIRE at Nick -- BAM BAM BAM --

NICK
throws himself backward over a chair. Grabbing the gun from
under the coat of the big guy behind him and FIRES BACK,
WILDLY --

MURPHY
rising -- hit in shoulder, spins, YELLING, into the arms of
his DRIVER --

THE GLASS WALLS OF THE PRIVATE ROOM

shatter -- revealing the RESTAURANT PATRONS, screaming,
ducking for cover --

BABE crashes into Nick, driving him to the floor as bullets SPLINTER the wall behind him.

FRANKIE'S GUYS

grab him and hustle him out. Bedlam -- a crazy fire-fight where nobody aims and anyone hit just has bad luck --

NICK

scrambles up and gives chase --

A WAITER

shot in the neck, hand pressed to his wound as blood pumps through his fingers --

-- blinking. Pale. Shock and surprise --

ON THE FLOOR - MYSHKIN'S LAPTOP

toppled sideways -- he looks freaked.

MYSHKIN

Awww shit -- shit --

EXT. GARGIULO'S - NIGHT

Frankie and his guys JAM him into the back of a black FORD EXPEDITION, then turn as

NICK

comes out of the restaurant -- ducking as GUNFIRE from Frankie's guys rakes the front of the building -- Nick runs into the street and FIRES at Frankie's fleeing Expedition -- SQUEAL OF TIRES, he turns --

MURPHY'S CADILLAC

swerves away from the curb and rockets toward him --

NICK

throws himself out of the way, across the hood of a car parked across the street. SIRENS, approaching.

A WHITE MERCEDES

comes out of an alley, stops -- KENNY at the wheel, Babe beside him -- the door opening --

BABE

C'mon.

Nick gets in. The Mercedes roars away.

IN FRONT OF THE RESTAURANT - THE WAITER

face down, just off the curb, blood pooling in the gutter --

GO:

EXT. JAMAICA AVE. STREET CORNER - NIGHT - JOE

Watching one of his men leap back as a SPEEDING CAR dogs a yellow light and blows HONKING through the intersection.

A BRINKS TRUCK rumbles to the curb in front of the Check Cashing place -- Joe's guy crossing, shrugging, indicating with opens hands that he's come up with nothing. Joe looks at his watch, ready to call this off.

The BRINKS GUARDS get out of their truck -- move to the back door and unlock it --

POP.

One of the GUARDS spins in a halo of pink -- shot in the head -- Joe looks left -- up -- a SHOOTER on the opposite roof BLOWS AWAY a second Brinks guard as he comes out the back door --

JOE

It's a robbery.

-- A CREW of THREE GUNMEN appears from nowhere -- A BLACK CAR skids up blocking the truck --

-- Joe pulling his gun, screaming to his agents:

JOE

ROBBERY!

He FIRES up at the rooftop, but the shooter ducks away -- RUNS into the intersection and starts FIRING at the brinks ROBBERS -- who FIRE BACK, pinned down --

TRAFFIC

SNARLS to a halt. A DELIVERY TRUCK t-bones a CAB.

THE BLACK GETAWAY CAR

tries to make a break, but another FBI AGENT shoots the WINDSHIELD out, and KILLS the driver.

WIDE - THE STREET CORNER

Two of the robbers lie dead in the street. A THIRD ROBBER grabs a bag of Brinks cash and RUNS through traffic and under the El -- Joe sees him and gives chase --

EXT. UNDER THE L.I.R.R. - RUNNING WITH JOE

dodging through stalled cars -- then diving away from
GUNFIRE from the fleeing Robber -- turns, hears --

A POLICE CAR

responding to the robbery call, bearing down on him -- Joe
barely rolls out of the way -- and when he gets back up,
he's lost his man --

EXT. UNDER THE L.I.R.R. - JOE

running, looking for the robber. Nothing.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - THE BRINKS ROBBER

slowing, looking back over his shoulder for Joe. Tucking
the bag of cash under his coat. Breathing hard. Finds space
between two buildings, ducks into it --

IN THE WALKWAY - BETWEEN THE BUILDINGS

a MAN, halfway down. The Robber slows, hand in his pocket,
on his gun. Then he recognizes the man in the darkness:
from the rooftop, the shooter. Dark hair, intense blue
eyes.

This is ERRO.

The Robber half-smiles, relieved. Starts to say something,
but Erro pulls a gun from under his coat and SHOTS HIM.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - JOE

still looking for the guy who got away. Runs past the gap
between the buildings.

Stops, comes back.

IN THE WALKWAY

The body of the Robber. No sign of the money. No sign of
the shooter. Joe rolls the Robber over --

JOE

Hang on -- hang on -- I'll get --

-- but the guy just grins weirdly, nodding, and:

ROBBER

Our ghosts? Will devour you.

He dies. Joe sags against the wall, exhausted.

FADE TO BLACK.

DAY TWO

FADE IN:

A STACK OF NEW YORK POST NEWSPAPERS

smacks the pavement. Headline screams:

MOB WAR!

Big gory picture of the dead waiter on the street.

EXT. SIDEWALK NEWS STAND - DAWN

A shivering NEWS GUY cuts the bundle open and hands one to a customer.

Erro.

He folds the paper under his arm, and crosses the street as the News Guy starts to rack the tabloids.

ACROSS THE STREET: IN A ROW OF STORES

A small appliance repair shop: ALLIED ELECTRONICS. Erro unlocks the door and disappears inside. After a moment, a light GLOWS, way in back.

EXT. STREET CORNER - QUEENS

Still cordoned off, and overrun with cops, Feds, and SID techs. Joe getting chewed out by the Homeland Security Deputy, who waves the mob-frenzied Post.

KUTTER (V.O.)

Big boss tell you to shut Borelli down?

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL

Joe and Kutter climb the steep stairs:

JOE

He expressed his opinion on the matter,
yeah.

They reach a landing, and duck under police tape to enter an apartment with the door busted off its hinges --

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

FBI techs are scouring the place.

KUTTER

-- Joe?

JOE

What?

KUTTER
You will pull the plug?

JOE
Yeah yeah. Good as done.

INT. ALLIED ELECTRONICS - SAME TIME

A tiny shop crammed with appliances awaiting repair. At the workbench in back, Erro is soldering a circuit board of a remote control unit. A toy HUMMER is on the bench nearby, flipped and exposing the circuitry on its belly.

THE N.Y. POST is open to the personals. Erro has circled one that says simply:

God is a good worker, but loves to be helped.

Eldorado92632@aol.com.

The monitor of a computer glows blue, off to one side. Smoke curls from the solder.

KUTTER (V.O.)
The Brinks robbers were a local crew --

INT. APARTMENT - SAME TIME

KUTTER
-- rented this place six months ago,
always paid cash.

Agents piling discoveries on a cleared kitchen table in front of Kutter and Joe: PASSPORTS, HANDGUNS, a Brinks DELIVERY SCHEDULE print-out, detailed HARBOR MAPS, 3-D SATELLITE SCANS OF THE HUDSON RIVER ...

KUTTER
Two of them are gang-bangers, M-13 out of East Boston, criminal records as long as your leg. A third was illegal -- we think he's an FMLN narco-terrorist who bribed his way here from El Salvador about a six weeks ago -- INS had flagged him last year living in Texas, but --

JOE
Guy on the roof?

KUTTER
Was an excellent shot. Lucky he didn't aim at you. Two bullets, two bullseyes, left the gun behind, no prints.

JOE
The 'special man.'
(then)
(MORF)

JOE (cont'd)
 What were they doing, knocking off an armored car?

KUTTER
 Fund-raising.
 (off Joe's frown)
 Ever since we impounded most of the world's free funding for terrorist operations, the bad guys have been going primitive to raise money for their projects. Banks, museums, diamond dealers, drugs and contraband.

JOE
 (thinks)
 He's gonna be short.

KUTTER
 Who?

JOE
 Our special guy. There was a hundred and twenty grand on that truck, he only got thirty of it.

Kutter stares at him.

JOE
 Whatever he's buying, he's short. Which means he's improvising. Which means we've got a chance now.

INT. ALLIED ELECTRONICS - SAME TIME

Now Erro is remote-driving the little toy Hummer around the shop, weaving in and out of the clutter. The computer on the counter tracks the intricate path on its screen --

-- then a TONE plays and a WINDOW pops up -- instant messaging -- Erro flips a switch and puts the control down.

THE TOY HUMMER

begins to repeat the course, on its own.

AT THE WORKBENCH

A quick exchange of onscreen chatroom messages, in Spanish. With a buddy name: Eldorado92632. A phone number --

Erro takes a cell phone from a drawer filled with cell phones, dials the number, his call connects:

ERRO
 (Spanish/Basque,
 subtitled:)
 My financing fell through.

He listens.

THE TOY HUMMER

moving flawlessly through the clutter, retracing its route.

ERRO (O.S.)

It's only a problem if you wish it to be.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

A customer with a VCR tucked under her arm, KNOCKING, insistent.

AT THE WORKBENCH - ERRO

waves her away.

ERRO

(on the phone)

No, I understand. But, well. There will be some collateral damage, that's all.

The customer knocks again. Erro covers the phone:

ERRO

We're closed. I'm sorry. We're closed.

The woman flips him off and walks away.

ERRO

(on the phone)

Yes. Same schedule.

He hangs up.

THE TOY HUMMER

starts another circuit of the store.

WORKBENCH - ERRO

pops the battery off the back of the phone. Removes the SIM card and crushes it with a pair of pliers.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Nick sits watching Bayless MASK the side of one of his fleet of now shiny beige vans, with lettering and a logo we can't yet make out: A L L I ...

BAYLESS

The fuck are they worried about? Dirty bombs. You know what: dirty bombs are the non-event of the year. The blast? It's good, for a very very short area around the bomb, but also lazy, and will take the path of least resistance, which is up and away from you. Fragments?

(MORF)

BAYLESS (cont'd)

Lose speed and power at an amazing rate. 99% of the whole fragment danger period will last one or two seconds -- just 'cause you're near, don't mean you'll be hurt. And the "Dirty" part? It takes long term exposure to mosta this stuff to have it harm you even twenty years from now. Run away! Take a shower! And even if you're close when it goes off?, you are still more likely to be killed by a drunk driver than a dirty fucking bomb.

(then)

You hear somebody stole a tug?

NICK

What?

BAYLESS

Yeah. Broad daylight. This is the kinda thing's been going on pretty much since you went in. Nobody's driving the bus.

NICK

Who torched pier 88?

BAYLESS

That wasn't us. Whoever says it was us is lying.

The BIG DOORS trigger, rise -- Nick tenses -- but it's just Kenny driving Babe's white Mercedes --

NICK

Maybe Frankie stole the tug.

BAYLESS

No. Even Frankie don't do tugs.

-- Babe spilling out as soon as the car pulls in. The DOORS already squeezing shut --

BABE

You shot his sister's brother-in-law.

NICK

It's because that shitty piece I picked up couldn't hit water with a paddle.

BABE

They had to put a pig artery in the guy's leg to save it.

NICK

My condolences to the pig.

BABE

You gotta get out of here, Nicky. I'll give you some money, go to Florida. Maybe six, seven months from now we can --

NICK
He tried to kill me.

BABE
You popped Jimmy Strolla, his friend
since seventh grade.

NICK
BECAUSE THEY WERE IN IT TOGETHER! FUCK
them! Frankie's the traitor. They took
TEN YEARS from me, Babe -- they took my
wife, my crew -- they took my future --
(dark)
-- and my best friend didn't have the
courage to just tell me straight.

BABE
Hey. You were getting your cut, weren't
you? I mean ...

A long beat. Nick, slow boil, says nothing. Then:

BABE
It was physics -- like Frankie says. You
have a vacuum, somebody's gonna fill it.
Else the Russians and yakuza fucks are
running the terminals --

NICK
-- You didn't tell me.

A long beat. Babe can't look at him.

NICK
(at Bayless)
Who can we count on?

BAYLESS
Okay, well -- Babe --
(hesitates)
-- Kenny. Me, yeah, I guess.
(embarrassed beat)
Maybe Tommy and Hats. Oh -- oh -- and
the Ramirez brothers, who you did that
nice thing for, back in the day --

But that's all. An awkward, pregnant pause.

BABE
Miami's nice, Nick. Lotsa Cuban gash.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Their search complete, the Feds have everything on the
table, literally --

JOE
What are these?

A collection of pictures: SUBWAY STATIONS, BUS TERMINALS, AIRPORT LOUNGES. Lockers and seating areas.

KUTTER
Drowning in information, thirsting for knowledge ...

Unfurling Kinko-copy blueprints for a ship --

KUTTER
Trawler?

JOE
Tug.

Electrical and mechanical schematics. Joe re-examines at the Hudson River scans --

JOE
Depth charts for the river, detailed harbor maps ... boat blueprints.

Kutter has a sheaf of photographs from an big envelope -- Navy vessels, the satellite photos of the ships at sea, with Cyrillic writing -- one of them is the USS Harrison --

KUTTER
Russian satellite pix of our Navy. Good to know the global economy is working.

THE PHOTOGRAPH COMES TO LIFE and we are --

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

A FLEET of U.S. Naval vessels plows through heaving seas.

INT. USS HARRISON - BELOW DECKS

FLOATING through a warren of corridors hard on the heels of a CIVILIAN. He uses the i.d. badge looped around his neck to open a computer-secured hatch. SEE the words CIVILIAN CONTRACTOR and his embossed photograph --

INT. SECURITY LOCK - CONTINUOUS

-- once inside, he closes the outer door before the inner door will operate. Then passes --

INT. BRIG AREA

where a MARINE GUARD checks him. DOWN A LONG CORRIDOR, the suggestion of some isolation cells. Through another doorway guarded by another MARINE --

INT. ISOLATION CELL

alone in semi-darkness, a Tunisian detainee, BEYA, grey jumpsuit, pale and tired, uses his fingernail to tap out a pattern on the cold steel wall --

INT. CORRIDOR BETWEEN THE CELLS

A TAPPING response echoes through the metal from another prisoner --

INT. LISTENING ROOM

The Civilian Contractor with another CIVILIAN, they have headphones and monitors, and are listening to the percussive taps --

CIVILIAN 1

What're they talking about now?

Beat.

CIVILIAN 2

Sex.

A THIRD SET OF TAPS starts up -- then another -- the TAPPING builds from cell to cell, intense, overlapping, spooky.

The contractor rips off his headphones, frustrated. Rubs his eyes, looks at the clock.

CIVILIAN 2

Shit.

RESUME - APARTMENT

As before.

KUTTER

So we're talking bomb? Maybe on a tug, maybe not? And an unknown target -- ship, bridge, pier ...

JOE

(remembering)

Our ghosts will devour you.

KUTTER

What?

JOE

Ghosts. Something one of the robbers said.

KUTTER

Probably some Byzantine allusion to, I dunno, the martyrs of the crusades or

(MORF)

KUTTER (cont'd)
some shit.
(beat, frustrated)
We know it's in six packages, coming
through the harbor -- this should not be
that difficult.

JOE
The terrorists only have to get lucky
once. We have to get lucky every day.

Joe studies the pictures of the subway and bus terminals.

JOE
Unless we're reading this all wrong.

KUTTER
You gotta ride Borelli harder.

JOE
I thought I was pulling the plug.

Kutter glares; Joe turns away. A computer TECH is off to
one side, working to hack into a cheap Gateway computer that
is filled with documents that appear to be gibberish.

JOE
Anything?

TECH
Fiercely encrypted.

KUTTER
Put everybody you've got on this, Jerry.
Don't mess around.

Joe's already moved on to some other documents --

JOE
Cargo manifests, shipping orders ...?
(the letterhead:)
Malay Trading.

KUTTER
The place Borelli blew up?

TECH
Those are all three, four months old.

JOE
Not this one.

KUTTER
(reads)
420 Korean-made microwaves.

They trade blank looks. Huh?

KUTTER
Is 420 a multiple of six?

EXT. POND - CENTRAL PARK - DAY

The MODEL BOAT GEEKS are all here with their vessels. Erro, sitting off to one side, has his remote and controls one of the boats. Zig-zagging through the water.

FRANKIE BRUNO

appears, conspicuous from his BODYGUARDS who take up positions among the geeks as Frankie circles the pond and finally sits down heavily beside ... Erro.

FRANKIE

Let's do this quick. I'm in a situation.

Erro presses the AUTOPILOT switch, reaches into his pocket and pulls out an envelope thick with cash.

FRANKIE

How's that work?

Erro's BOAT is powering straight-line across the pond, other vessels veering out of the way as it goes.

ERRO

The boat has a sensor that will change its course to prevent collisions. But ... I've found that if you proceed with purpose, people will usually just get out of your way.

FRANKIE

That's tight.

(then, the envelope:)

Doesn't feel like a hundred twenty large.

ERRO

You'll get the other ninety on delivery.

FRANKIE

That wasn't our agreement.

Beat. Erro holds his hand out, to take the money back.

FRANKIE

Just playin' with you. I'm cool. But, you try to short me on the back side --? There will be consequences.

Erro nods.

ERRO

That's right.

Frankie pockets the envelope, gets up and walks off, sucking the bodyguards into his wake.

EXT. BAYLESS AUTO BROKERS - WAREHOUSE - DAY

Joe's federal car parked in front of the big door, which rolls partially open to reveal Bayless, blinking in the bright light.

JOE
Nick around?

BAYLESS
Haven't seen him.

Beat. Joe looks past the fat man, into the empty space where Babe's Mercedes was parked. The five beige vans are lined up, their sides masked and painted. Hard to tell what's on them until the tape is peeled away.

BAYLESS
Whyan'cha lojack his ankle thing?

A beat.

JOE
(dry)
Gee. I didn't think of that.

Joe gets back in his car, and drives away.

INT. FOREST HILLS SAFE HOUSE - DUSK

Joe enters, tired. No Nick. Looks at his watch. Frustrated. Walks to the card table desk he's set up, neatly arranged piles of reports, intel.

Nick's cell phone is placed neatly in the center, like a message: see ya.

Joe EXPLODES in anger, sweeps everything off the table --

JOE
GODDAMMMIT!!

-- KICKS the table and it collapses. Picks up the chair and throws it halfway across the room.

Silence. Out of which comes the RINGING of a cell phone. Nick's. Joe finds it, flips it open:

NICK (O.S.)
(on the phone)
Hey, I thought only suck-up Wall Street yuppies lived in the Heights.

EXT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - NIGHT

The federal Impala pulls up and double-parks in front of a brownstone. The CAR behind HONKS angrily as Joe gets out.

He looks blankly back at the driver, then pulls out his Badge and flashes it.

The Car hurries away, and Joe goes up the steps.

INT. BROWNSTONE - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

The door to the upstairs flat is open, and soft jazz leaks out. Joe enters --

INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Warm light, immaculately clean. Nick is waiting, center of the room.

NICK
Gotta be her music, huh?

JOE
Get out.

NICK
(looking around)
Her music, her clothes, her stuff. But
no her.

He indicates a collection of framed photographs on the bookshelf: Joe and the pretty woman. Wedding pictures, vacations, family.

NICK
You've got a shrine, is what's going on
here.

Joe pulls his gun and points it at Nick's head.

JOE
Get out of my house.

NICK
(unintimidated)
I just want to know who I'm working with.

JOE
You're not working with anybody.

NICK
What?

JOE
They've instructed me to shut you down.
Yesterday's Coney Island stunt makes you
an instant liability -- a p.r. nightmare -
- I'm supposed to pull the plug.

Beat.

NICK
Kill me?

Beat.

NICK
(defiant)
Go ahead.

Joe won't. Can't.

NICK
Is that what you think, I'm a liability?

JOE
(softly, sad:)
I think you have no right to be in my house.

He lowers the gun and walks out.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Nick following Joe out to the car, all attitude:

NICK
Look. Yesterday was no big deal. Couple guys trying to make a play for my shop, we had a disagreement, tempers flared.

Joe turns, stares at him.

JOE
Somebody died.

NICK
What is it our President says?
"Diplomacy only works if you back it up with a credible threat of force?"

Joe rolls his eyes, throws open the door of his fedmobile --

NICK
Speaking of which, I could use a little help in the credible threat department.

JOE
Get in the car.

NICK
Look, I'm not gonna be any use to you until I get this thing with my people straightened out. So.

JOE
Get in the car.

Nick does, and Joe SLAMS the door shut --

EXT. UNDER THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Joe's car parked, the doors open. Wall Street gleams, across the river, and the traffic of two bridges and the Queens Expressway pumps like blood through the arteries of the New York beast --

JOE

There's nothing more sorrowful than a Jets fan.

He puts his briefcase down on the hood of the car and opens it. Nick stares out at Manhattan.

JOE

I had a Vinnie Testaverde bobblehead, my wife kept it on her desk -- to remind her, she said, of how unhinged I got on Sundays in the fall.

NICK

She take it with her?

JOE

(softly)

Oh yeah.

(then)

This task force, this whole thing. Reminds me of Jets fans. Fourth quarter in the Meadowlands, November sleet, shirts off, big green J-E-T-S painted on our frozen bellies, and the game goes in circles, everybody chasing their tails because we have no clue what we're doing.

(beat)

But you stick with it, because you said you would.

(beat)

It's all you have.

Joe finds the cargo manifest and hands it to Nick.

JOE

We need to know who on your end is handling this shipment.

NICK

Everything with the Jets goes back to Namath selling pantyhose.

Joe stares at him hard, until Nick looks down at the documents.

NICK

Microwaves. Somebody going to blow up the West Side with a minimart burrito?

JOE
You can knock off the smartass mobster
bit any time, Nick, it's lame.

NICK
That's what my ex-wife says.

Beat. Joe waits.

NICK
-- but, fine, in the meantime? I still
got the other problem --

Nick makes a gun with his thumb and forefinger, and waggles
it, looking his question at Joe, stubborn.

JOE
(nods)
Okay.

He closes his briefcase. Starts to get back in the car.

EXT. ROOSEVELT AVENUE, QUEENS - GUN HEAVEN - NIGHT

Dark storefront with bars over the window-displays.

ACROSS THE STREET - JOE'S CAR

rolls to the curb and he and Nick look across at the gun
store.

NICK
So what happens to you, they figure out
you didn't pull the plug?

Joe shrugs.

NICK
Yeah.

Silence.

NICK
Your wife is dead, isn't she.

JOE
I don't know.

Babe's white Mercedes cruises past, followed by a LOCKSMITH
TRUCK... the caravan slows, turns down an alley beside the
store and disappears around back.

JOE
ATF's going to raid this place day after
tomorrow. Take what you need, but leave
enough for the bust.

NICK
Just like that.

JOE
Just like that.

A PANEL TRUCK pulls down the alley and alongside the Mercedes.

POP of a .22 and a street light goes OUT behind the store.

NICK
Touch of the dramatic.

Nick gets out ...

JOE
What would life be without it?

... Joe makes a u-turn and drives back down the street. Nick stands and watches, thinking ... then starts across the street.

INT. GUN HEAVEN - BACK ROOM

A LOCKSMITH with a BLOWTORCH cuts through the interior gate separating the most valuable merchandise.

SHEA
(adding it up)
... \$1700 per on the Armalites, must be a hundred here. Three dozen H and Ks ... say six dozen autoloaders. Winchesters. M85s.

CLANK. The gate swings open. Fence DANNY SHEA waves his THREE HELPERS inside --

SHEA
Plus ammunition, .30 caliber, 9 mm and so on. Like, oh, hundred fifty grand clear in this, Mr. B., your share. Welcome back.

An awkward beat --

NICK
(at Kenny)
Just what we need. Snatch and go.

SHEA
What?

KENNY
I thought it was cash and carry. I called Mr. Shea to, you know, save some time.

NICK
You thought wrong.

Nothing more. Shea staring at Nick. Wanting to know what the fuck, but protocol says he can't ask.

NICK
Anybody been talking to you about microwaves, Danny?

SHEA
Why?

NICK
No reason.

SHEA
Frankie Bruno maybe, he might have something, in a couple of days.

NICK
Oh.

SHEA
Not a high-profit item on my end -- don't get me caught in the crossfire, Mr. B.

NICK
Battery. Blast. Discharge. Hail. Salvo. Storm.

(beat)
You got your crossfire options.

Danny waves his Helpers out. This deal is a dead-end.

NICK
A couple of days, you said.

SHEA
Could be.
(then)
Lookit this. AR-15s. Man, these guys have no regard for the law.

Off Nick, lost in this new piece of info about Frankie ...

NICK
(uh-huh, the law:)
Can't have that.

INT. CONVERTED SCHOOL (DHS HQ) - DARKENED ROOM - SLIDE SHOW

Naval ships. Official photographs, and the Russian satellite surveillance from the suspect apartment:

JOE
(narrating)
The ships in the suspects' surveillance
(MORF)

JOE (cont'd)
 stills are vessels due in for Fleet Week.
 Evidence consistent with our threat
 assessment: harbor, public forum,
 symbolic targets. Commander Anderson?

His audience is a smaller version of the local and federal
 law enforcement we've seen before -- the ones with the
 higher security clearance. And now some Navy personnel:

CMDR. ANDERSON
 Our destroyers and frigates, USS Barry,
 Mahan, De Wert, and Shamal all carry
 combat-level ordnance, but the USS Arthur
 is a nuclear-class vessel, and we think
 most likely the primary target of any
 potential attack.

MAYOR'S REP.
 Should we talk about scaling down Fleet
 Week? Or changing arrival times --

CMDR. ANDERSON
 No sir. Atlantic command wishes to
 proceed as planned.

MAYOR'S REP.
 (worried)
 But if the parade of ships exposes them
 to --

CMDR. ANDERSON
 With due respect, sir, these are
 warships. We'd rather be the target, and
 take necessary precautions, than let the
 bad guys default to a secondary, probably
 civilian target that will be much more
 difficult to identify and defend.

No argument with this. A HAND touches Joe's shoulder --
 Kutter. Low:

KUTTER
 Why is Borelli not back in his cell?

ANOTHER SLIDE: a list of names. The Tech Guy who was
 heading up the de-encryption team stands up:

TECH GUY
 Among the encrypted items we've recovered
 from the suspects' computer files is this
 list of names.

JOE
 (to Kutter, low:)
 I can't extract him yet. Without
 compromising some other assets.

TECH GUY

Some flag positive: known terrorists.
Most of those, however, are confirmed
killed by D.O.D. in covert operations
overseas ...

Kutter stares hard at Joe.

TECH GUY

... Two are not known to be operative on
U.S. soil, a third man --

ANOTHER SLIDE: passport photograph of XAVIER MAESTU.

TECH GUY

-- Xavier Maestu -- is in-country. He's
Basque, exiled ten years ago, legal
immigrant, but with a family history of
ETA separatist ties. The Maylay Sun
suspects talked of a special man, which
could be a Mercenary, or a sleeper agent
spearheading the operation. Someone like
Maestu.

KUTTER

(to Joe)

Your ass is in the blender, Joseph.

JOE

Yeah, well, just so yours is covered,
right?

Joe moves away from Kutter to walk back up front, as:

NYPD OFFICIAL

If all those names on the list are dead,
shouldn't we assume the operation has
been seriously compromised?

JOE

It only took one McVeigh to orchestrate
Oklahoma City.

(looks at Kutter)

We can't assume anything.

FADE TO BLACK.

DAY THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. REDHOOK CONTAINER TERMINAL - DAWN

80 acres of prime Brooklyn waterfront, like a black-and-
white frieze in the grey gloom before sunrise.

Once a major port, now struggling to stave off condos and gentrification. A single cocoa ship from South America is berthed in the Atlantic Basin pier, unloading its cargo.

GATTUSO

Five years, this place'll be Starbucks and yuppy lofts.

Nick walks with MICHAEL GATTUSO, a dock foreman. They go back some, and Marty likes Nick --

NICK

I smell chocolate.

GATTUSO

Cocoa. This is what I'm saying, from twenty back in your day, we're down to maybe three, four percent volume since you got popped, and mostly it's cocoa, which don't exactly lend itself to the five finger discount, and it all gets more complicated, and expensive, and with Federale's doing their obligatory spot inspections all it's done is opened the doors and everybody's in it now, which is probably why nobody's particularly in a mood to share.

NICK

You oughta take a breath sometimes, Mike. Your lips get blue.

GATTUSO

I heard about that thing happened at Gargiulos the other night.

NICK

Frank got frisky.

GATTUSO

Yeah, well, he's afraid you come back to carve up his steak, an' it's not a Peter Lugar porterhouse any more, Nick, it's like a little four ounce ladies fillet.

They stop.

NICK

Frankie's got something going tonight?

GATTUSO

Matter of fact. Staten Island. Nickle-dime thing.

Nick considers this.

GATTUSO
It ain't worth it, Nick. You guys are
squabbling over crumbs.

NICK
It's the principle, Mike. It's the
principle of the thing.

EXT. L.I.R.R. TRAIN PLATFORM - MORNING

Chilly. Commuters hurry to a waiting train. Nick, Yankees
cap pulled down low on his head, at a pay phone, carefully
turned away from the SECURITY CAMERA mounted on a pillar not
far away --

EXT. MANHASSET, LONG ISLAND - MORNING

THROUGH THE WINDOW: the phone starting to ring as Catherine,
BABY in her arms, kisses her HUSBAND goodbye and he goes out
the back door ...

... she turns to the phone, but it STOPS.

She stares at it.

EXT. REDHOOK BOATYARD - BROOKLYN - MORNING

XAVIER MAESTU, 35, turns from his work to watch Joe's
federal sedan cruise into the lot and park in front of the
office. Joe climbs out, shows his I.D. to the boatyard
OWNER, talks for a minute.

The Owner points Xavier's way.

Xavier puts down his equipment, thinking about running.

But the Owner is gesturing him over, even as Joe and the
Owner walk toward him.

JOE
Mr. Maestu? Joe Mullen. Transportation
Safety Administration.

OWNER -
They're looking for somebody maybe did
some freelance work on a tug.

XAVIER
No, I just work here.

OWNER
Anything with an engine, he can fix.

Joe shows some pictures of the robbery suspects.

XAVIER
I don't know them.

JOE
 Okay.
 (friendly)
 That a Mexican accent?

XAVIER
 Basque.

JOE
 From Spain.

XAVIER
 Basque Country. Yes.

JOE
 How long?

XAVIER
 Eight years.

JOE
 Look, it's not against the law for you to
 do outside work on your own time. I'm
 not here to bust you for that.

XAVIER
 Yes, okay, but I don't do the outside
 work. Okay? I'm happy here.
 (to his boss)
 You want me to finish those valve guides?

OWNER
 Start with the diesel.
 (to Joe)
 We done?

EXT. REDHOOK BOATYARD - LATER

LONG SHOT of Xavier, working on a drydocked trawler.
 REVERSE: Joe in his car, on the street, watching. Takes a
 sip of coffee. Patient.

EXT. COE ARBORETUM - ESTATE ROADS

Catherine hurries down the wooded path to the crumbling
 stone bridge ... where there's no one waiting.

UNDER THE BRIDGE - CATHERINE

Now what? Hugs her arms to her body, turns slowly, looking,
 then startled when:

NICK (O.S.)
 (behind her)
 I had to be sure you came alone.

She whirls on him. SWINGS and CUFFS him HARD across the
 side of the head.

CATHERINE
Asshole. I've always been the only one
you can trust.

Nick shrugs.

NICK
The world's on its head.

CATHERINE
Whenever you're in it, Nick. And only
when you're in it.

She moves again, but this time with different intentions --
shoving him up against the stone foundation and pressing her
body against him and kissing him so hard Nick has to come up
for air --

EXT. REDHOOK BOATYARD - DAY

Xavier eases a boatyard PICKUP TRUCK out of the lot and onto
the road. Safely back, Joe starts his sedan and follows it.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Joe follows Xavier in traffic heading out across the narrow
Rockaway Islet.

EXT. ROCKAWAY PIER - DAY

Xavier's truck pulls to where a man sits waiting, looking
back at the city. It's Erro. He doesn't even stand up for
Xavier --

XAVIER
(Basque, subtitled:)
I told you to stay away from me!

ERRO
My friend, forgive me, but --

XAVIER
I am not your friend. I had two choices
when you showed up: do your bidding, or
run like hell. I did what you wanted,
you got your boat. Okay? Please.

(Basque:)
I am just trying to make a life in this
country. I don't want trouble.

ERRO
No, no. You made yourself perfectly
clear to me, Xavier. I never --

XAVIER
Then why do policemen come to my place of
work and ask me questions? Why?

FREEZE FRAME

Erro's reaction.

RESUME - PIER

XAVIER

(Basque:)

I want no part of your madness.

ERRO

I know. I'm sorry.

(Basque:)

I am so sorry.

SERIES OF STILLS

Erro and Xavier. DIGITAL zoom.

Half-hidden behind Xavier, Erro turns, looks right into the lens of the still camera --

EXT. SIDE STREET - ROCKAWAY - DAY

Joe tucks his camera away and ducks down behind the car he was using as cover. A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY: Xavier is yelling at Erro, now, but Joe doesn't see any of this, and can't possibly hear it. His surveillance is strictly visual.

THREE LITTLE KIDS stand on their front stoop, staring back at him curiously.

By the time he rises, and looks to the pier again, Xavier is back in his truck and barreling up the street.

EXT. PIER - ERRO

climbs down into a black and white skiff, casts off and heads north toward Jamaica Bay.

SERIES OF STILLS

Erro, as he departs. Blurry, half-profile. Never getting a clear view of him --

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Joe watches the skiff until he can't see it any more.

GO:

EXT. BROAD CHANNEL ISLAND - DAY

A mile long and four blocks wide. Narrow streets, houses on canals and stilts. Erro's skiff parallels the waterfront, stops at a boathouse at the end of Broad Channel pier.

INT. BOATHOUSE - DAY

Erro comes inside, closes and locks the door. Camera SPINS around him, REVEALING:

A TUG BOAT

that barely fits under the tin roof of the boathouse. Partially concealed by TRANSLUCENT PLASTIC forming makeshift tents inside which a couple men in coveralls and breathing masks are SPRAY-PAINTING the DECK and HULL, eliminating all the old markings ... preparing for new ones.

INT. TUG - PILOT HOUSE

where the WIRE GUTS of the controls are spilled out, and Erro resumes working on adding CIRCUIT BOARDS he's made.

GO:

EXT. COE ARBORETUM - UNDER THE BRIDGE

Nick sits on a soft shoulder of thick grass; Catherine is struggling to put her jeans back on, back turned toward him.

Nick reaches out, to steady her, but she twists away --

CATHERINE

I promised myself I wouldn't cry.

-- and she's up on her feet, buttoning the jeans. Cheeks wet and red.

CATHERINE

Where are my shoes?

NICK

Catherine, I didn't --

CATHERINE

(sharp)

I know. You just take what you can get.

NICK

What does that mean?

CATHERINE

Look at your life. I wasn't kidding when I said it. Look at your life, add it up. Dead people, broken lives. Broken hearts. Empty promises and alot of stealing other peoples' stuff.

She finds one of her shoes, then the other. Nick gets up.

CATHERINE

Well, I'm happy we had this little sport fuck because, I needed to know if I missed you and -- and good news, Nick -- I don't. Okay? Sorry, I don't. So.

She's lying. Nick knows it. He reaches out -- she flinches -- but he just wants to get the leaves out of her hair.

NICK

Maybe you should take a trip. Go away with the kids and the dentist, coupla weeks -- I'll either have my life back or I'll be --

CATHERINE

-- You'll be gone ... either way.

Nick's looking past her -- she turns --

JOE

standing on the pathway, hands shoved in his pockets.

JOE

Hi.

CATHERINE

Hi.

NICK

(for Catherine)
This is my Fed. Joe.
(for Nick)
This is --

JOE

I know.

CATHERINE

It's not what you think.

She starts back up the path, passing him. Joe looks at Nick, who just shrugs, and hurries to catch up with her.

EXT. COE ARBORATUM - STREET - DAY

Nick at Catherine's car. She hugs him, sad, then gets in and drives away. Nick comes back to where Joe is waiting, in his Federal sedan.

NICK

I found your microwaves.

JOE

Yeah, I figured that's what you were doing out here with your ex-wife. Checking on the microwaves.

Nick climbs in the car --

NICK
(stays on point:)
They're due tonight, out at Howland.
Frankie Bruno's gig.

Beat.

JOE
Your friend, Frank Bruno.

NICK
I think we should steal it, see what he's
up to.

JOE
No, I'll just get Customs to --

NICK
Fuck it up?

JOE
Nick --

NICK
No, no. Go ahead, send the Cargo Monkeys
in -- or better yet, get a bullhorn and
broadcast how somebody inside is feeding
you information about off-book
activities. All my sources? Will
disappear. We do not have time to fuck
around with this, Joe.

Joe stares at him.

NICK
If we steal it ... anybody asking'll
think that's just me messing with
Frankie.

Another beat, then Joe puts the car in gear and cuts into
traffic --

JOE
Good idea.

THROUGH BINOCULARS: A HUGE RED-AND-WHITE CONTAINER

swings off a Norwegian vessel, twisting slightly. Cyrillic
writing on the sides. It settles onto the back of a SEMI --

EXT. HOWLAND-HOOK MARINE TERMINAL - DUSK

Port of New Jersey. Vast, dwarfing Redhook. Ships berthed.
Cranes and forklifts make an intricate ballet. Giant
conveyer belts carry containers through CAT-scans. CUSTOMS
INSPECTORS match bar codes with hand-held computers, Port

Authority OFFICIALS are everywhere, COPS with contraband-sniffing DOGS.

BEYOND A PERIMETER FENCE - KENNY

watching the yard with binoculars, from his bike:

FOLLOWING the red and white container as it bypasses a backlog of cargo waiting security-check. Goes down a long, narrow aisle, and into --

A WAREHOUSE

where some of Frankie's CREW is waiting. They strip the Cyrillic skins off the sides of the container ... and replace them with local graphics, BRIGHT YELLOW --

GO:

INT. ONE-ROOM APARTMENT - ROCKAWAY - DUSK

Xavier is packing a suitcase and a duffle bag. Moving quickly, only a hint of panic. The door BUZZES and he freezes.

Looking around for a weapon. Chooses an aluminum softball bat propped in the corner. Checks the security peep hole:

THROUGH THE SECURITY LENS: HALLWAY IN FRONT OF THE DOOR

Erro hands at his sides, waiting.

INT. APARTMENT - XAVIER

unlocks the deadbolts and opens the door ---

ERRO

has a silenced gun out, aimed directly at Xavier's forehead -
- pulls the trigger -- A MIST OF BLOOD halos Xavier's head and he drops to the floor.

Erro steps in and kicks the door shut.

GO:

TIGHT - A PHOTOGRAPH OF ERRO

one of the digital pictures Joe took, shimmering on a COMPUTER SCREEN as A RAPID SERIES OF MUG SHOTS flutters, superimposed, over the Erro's face, like flip book animation. Looking for a match.

KUTTER (V.O.)

Guy you saw at the boathouse isn't in any of the databases.

Beat. We are:

INT. CONVERTED SCHOOL - TECH ROOM (HS HQ) - NIGHT

Kutter, on his cell phone, hovers over the shoulder of the Tech Guy, who's running a facial profile program to try and i.d. Erro.

KUTTER
(on the phone)
He's a dead end. We're gonna move on Maestu.

INTERCUT - JOE'S SEDAN/CONVERTED SCHOOL

Joe on his phone, Nick beside him, staring out across the street at a tiny local park.

JOE
Okay.

KUTTER
What.

JOE
Seems sketchy is all.

KUTTER
Maestu has a cousin in Spanish prison -- another relative died when Franco purged ETA in the 60s --

JOE
Still, Maestu himself? Clean.

KUTTER
We got maybe thirty hours left to get a handle on this mess. I'm gonna grab Maestu and shake him and see what falls out.

(beat)
Borelli out?

Joe looks at Nick.

JOE
Yeah. Clean.

He hangs up.

INT. JOE'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

JOE
We're gonna stiff the wrong guy.

Nick watches the street. A big black SUV pulls to the curb, and three guys get out -- GENE (who we recognize from Gargiulo's as one of Frankie's crew, and two big THUGS). The SUV's warning lights flick on and off.

NICK

Happens all the time that you got the right moves but the wrong target. Doesn't matter. If you got the moves, make 'em. When the dust settles, see who's standing.

Beat.

NICK

Kinda like with wives. And marriage.

JOE

Seems to me like you had the right target and the wrong moves.

NICK

Fair enough.
(fishing:)
You?

Joe's not taking the bait.

JOE

But what if the "wrong guy" is left lying there, and he can't get up.

NICK

What'd you want Joe? Me to paint you a pretty picture?

JOE

(dry)
I want microwaves. Or isn't that what we're doing here?

NICK

That's just the beginning of what we're doing.

Nick checks his watch, gets out and starts to cross the street.

INT. MINI-MARKET - KENNY

Paying for a carton of milk and a bag of cookies. Looks up at the clock on the wall --

EXT. HOWLAND TERMINAL - LOT GATE - DUSK

Gene goes into the kiosk at the gate, schmoozing with the GATE GUARD. This is not something that hasn't happened before.

After a moment, they shake hands, and the guard gets into a golf cart and wheels away back across the lot.

EXT. MINI-MARKET - KENNY

takes a swig of milk, wipes his mouth, and pours the rest out into a trash can next to where he's parked his bicycle. He pulls some old socks from his back pack and stuffs them into the carton.

Flicks out a knife and starts to saw a hole in one side --

EXT. HOWLAND TERMINAL - LOT GATE

Gene turns, frowning, watches Nick jog across the street to the kiosk --

NICK

Hey Gene. Get your boss on the phone, I want to talk to him.

Gene stares at Joe, in the car.

GENE

Who's that?

NICK

My Fed.

Gene doesn't know what to do. He looks to his idiot crew.

NICK

If you can't remember the number, ask one of your guys to drop trou, we'll check the tattoo on his ass.

INT. JOE'S SEDAN - SAME TIME

Joe watches Gene dial his call. Nick looks across the street at him, blankly. Smiles.

EXT. FURTHER INSIDE THE TERMINAL - SAME TIME

The yellow truck is waved through another SECURITY check, and powers off toward the distant lot gates ...

EXT. HOWLAND - LOT GATE KIOSK - NIGHT

Gene hands his cell phone to Nick --

NICK

(on phone)

Frank? Missing any trucks?

INTERCUT: SOUTH BAY - STATEN ISLAND - NIGHT

Empty PARKING LOT of an unfinished SHOPPING MALL. Frankie's trademark Ford Expedition parked near a couple of waiting U-haul trucks. He's got a headset for his phone:

FRANKIE
(on phone)
What?

NICK
Truck. Any of various heavy motor
vehicles designed for carrying or pulling
loads.

Beat.

FRANKIE
What the fuck do you think you're doing?

No answer.

FRANKIE
(smug)
No sound comin' from your end.

NICK
Listen to this. This is the sound of me
throwing Gene's cell phone half a block.

ACROSS THE STREET - JOE'S CAR

Joe watches as Nick hurls the cell phone as far as he can.
It shatters on the pavement.

Kenny's coming weaving toward them on his bike, no hands,
college dork with his backpack, milk and cookies.

EXT. SOUTH BAY PARKING LOT - FRANKIE

Hears only static on his phone.

FRANKIE
Dammit.

THROUGH A RIFLE SCOPE - SAME

Crosshairs find Frankie's head as he begins to dial
something on his phone --

EXT. ROOFTOP OF THE MALL - NIGHT

Erro slips his eye away from his rifle scope and watches
Frankie pace irritably in front of the Expedition. In no
rush to shoot.

EXT. HOWLAND - LOT GATE - NIGHT

Gene staring, stunned, at the remains of his cell phone.
Then back at Nick as something in his pocket starts to HUM.

GENE
Jesus H. Christ, Nick.

He pulls out another phone, flips it open --

NICK
Gene, you got phones coming out of every
orifice.

GENE
Blackberry.

TIGHT - BLACKBERRY SCREEN

A text message: kill him

GENE

looks up --

BEHIND HIM - SIMULTANEOUS

The yellow truck hisses up to the exit. The DRIVER hops out.

ON THE BIKE

Kenny has come level with the kiosk. Mouth full of cookie.
Gene's two big guys barely give him a second look, but it's
enough of a distraction --

GENE

puts his Blackberry into his pocket --

GENE
Well, Nick, I *think* --

And stops in his tracks. Because Nick already has a gun out
and aimed at Gene's head.

NICK
Well, let's put an end to *that*.

THE BODYGUARDS

react, but Kenny SKIDS to a hockey-stop -- pulls the trigger
on the .22 he holds through the hole in the milk carton. BOP
BOP BOP. Drops both men where they stand.

THE DRIVER OF THE TRUCK

Leaps out behind Kenny --

DRIVER
I didn't see that!

NICK

Sees the movement, whirls -- realizes this is just a driver, unarmed -- the old Nick would have fired without thinking, the new one lets his gun drop to his side, as the driver flops to the ground and buries his head in his arms.

DRIVER

I didn't see it!

Nick looks away --

ACROSS THE STREET - JOE

Watching with horror as Gene pulls at his gun --

JOE

Shit. Nick!

GENE

-- never gets his gun out -- BAM - a bullet rips through him and knocks him down, dead.

NICK

turned back in time to see Gene get popped. Looks to Kenny first -- realizes the shot couldn't have come from him. Turns. SEES:

JOE

just coming up from his best Quantico shooting stance --

THE TRUCK

Kenny hops into the cab, guns the engine, GEARS GRIND, and it lurches forward --

NICK

I'm losing my edge.

JOE (O.S.)

GET IN.

-- throws open the door of his car for Nick -- Nick slides in and he accelerates away, following the truck ...

... leaving three mobsters crumpled by the little kiosk, the warning lights of the Expedition FLASHING, FLASHING ...

INT. JOE'S CAR - TRAVELLING

Joe is freaked --

JOE

I don't believe what just happened.

NICK

You know how to work one of these?

He studies the Blackberry.

JOE

How'd you know I'd back you up?

NICK

(looks up at him)
I didn't.

EXT. SOUTH BAY PARKING LOT - FRANKIE

pacing and raging:

FRANKIE

Where the FUCK is my truck?!

Another guy (VINCE) on a cell phone:

VINCE

I can't raise anybody.

EXT. ROOFTOP - MALL - ERRO

Just watches, patient. Curiouser and curiouser ... but he can wait to tie up this loose end.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

The yellow truck parked and idling; Bayless has brought three of his BEIGE VANS and the RAMIREZ BROTHERS and a couple other men move MICROWAVE BOXES from the back of the truck into the backs of the vans.

Joe is parked next to Babe's Mercedes. His door is open, but he just sits, half-in, half-out.

BABE

What do you want to do with the rest of this shit?

Nick glances into the cargo container, packed full of other shipments, then goes back to the mysteries of Blackberry --

NICK

You take it. A gift, from St. Nick.

BABE

It's just, I don't like leaving easy money on the table.

Kenny slices one of the microwave boxes, and Nick rips it open: a MICROWAVE OVEN. The next one is open -- same.

NICK
What is this?

KENNY
Korean microwaves. Like it
says.

JOE
(behind him)
I go out on a line for you.
I protect you. And you make
me witness -- no,
participate -- in a mob hit?

NICK
(whirls on him)
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?! I thought this
would lead to something -- it's the cargo
you asked about -- it was worth the shot.
(then:)
You think I don't know what happens to me
when you decide I'm not 'useful'
anymore?!

Silence. Everybody staring. Babe, hurrying the Ramirez
bros to take the remaining cargo from the truck, checks his
watch:

JOE
You disappear. Monthly nut, new identity
-- it's all in place. That's what
happens to you.

NICK
What are you talking about?

JOE
I gave you my word.

NICK
Oh, man --

BABE
Nicky, we should --

NICK
Yeah, go.

And EVERYONE MOVES -- doors slammed shut, Bayless and his
guys to the vans, Kenny and the Ramirez brothers to the cab
of the truck, Babe to his Mercedes --

-- leaving just Nick and Joe.

NICK
Listen to me. All that stuff about Nick
Borelli, and his word, and what a stand-
up guy he is -- it's bullshit. I ... do
what I do or whatever, you understand me?
-- what the fuck is wrong with you?

Beat.

JOE

Nothing.

Nick walks away. Comes back. Points right at Joe.

NICK

I don't owe you anything. We had a deal.

He gets in Babe's car and they roar away. Leaving Joe alone in the lot.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Federal agents SWARM a corridor -- BURST INTO --

INT. XAVIER MAESTU'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

-- there's nobody here. Kutter moves through quickly, and almost misses the faint mist of red on the wall.

He draws his finger through it. Slowly dawning on him that it's blood.

INT. BABE'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

Nick with the Blackberry --

NICK

Hey -- okay I got it --
(starts to type:)
L-O-O --

EXT. SOUTH BAY PARKING LOT - FRANKIE - SIMULTANEOUS

PUSH IN HARD as he stares intently at the message scrolling on the screen of his PDA -- we don't even need to see it, because Frankie reads it aloud:

FRANKIE

-- Look up?

He does --

FRANKIE'S P.O.V. - THE STREET

The Yellow Truck comes blowing past them, followed by Babe's Mercedes -- swerving onto the Staten Island Expressway on-ramp --

FRANKIE

his scream drowned out by the ROAR of the semi -- sprinting to his Expedition --

EXT. ROOFTOP - MALL - ERRO

Watches as Frankie's SUV fishtails out of the parking lot. He starts to pack up his gun, wondering: what was that all about?

EXT. STATEN ISLAND EXPRESSWAY ON RAMP - NIGHT

The yellow truck rumbles through sparse midnight traffic, followed closely by Babe's Mercedes.

The bait has done its job -- Frankie's SUV swerves across two lanes, 100 yards behind the truck ... followed closely by a SEDAN carrying more of Frankie's crew ...

INT. BABE'S MERCEDES

Babe sees all this in his rear-view.

BABE
Here we go.

NICK
Who's driving?

BABE
Looks like Vince.

NICK
Jesus. Frank lets Vince drive?

BABE
You don't know the half of it, with Frankie.

Babe puts the hammer down --

EXT. EXPRESSWAY - HALF A MILE UPROAD

Babe swings out and accelerates past the yellow truck, onto the curve of approach to the VERRAZANO BRIDGE. Nick, in the car, and Tom Ramirez, in the truck, trade looks.

FURTHER BACK

Frankie's Expedition tries to follow --

VERRAZANO BRIDGE - THE YELLOW TRUCK

swerves into its path. The SUV skids, braking, falls back.

THE SEDAN

powers forward on the other side. Someone OPENS FIRE from with a SHOTGUN from the back seat.

YELLOW TRUCK - CAB

Kenny and Ricky Ramirez duck as the window explodes in pebbles. Kenny FIRES BACK. Gene cranks the wheel

WIDE - VERRAZANO BRIDGE

The yellow truck snakes back and forth, blocking the SUV, SQUEEZING the Sedan between itself and the guard rail. SPARKS and metal screaming.

FRANKIE'S SUV

swerving in pursuit --

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

Joe's car hasn't moved. PUSH IN on him, waiting, thinking. Expressionless. He lets his head drop to the steering wheel. Sound of the bridge pursuit PRELAPS and FADES UP --

INT. BABE'S MERCEDES

A sign warns of Brooklyn exits. Nick watching the truck and its pursuit in the mirror on his side of the car.

NICK
(to no one, really)
Okay. Now --

INT. YELLOW TRUCK CAB - T. RAMIREZ

cranks the wheel the other way, pumps the brake --

EXT. VERRAZANO BRIDGE - BROOKLYN SIDE - NIGHT

The Yellow Truck jackknifes and drifts, sideways, tires smoking -- nearly tips, but Ramirez knows what he's doing --

THE BATTERED SEDAN

rides its brakes -- too late -- SLAMS into the back of the truck's trailer and SPINS into the struts

FRANKIE'S SUV

has better luck -- swerves, spins and stops. Traffic behind slowing and swerving -- blocking any hope of escape. HORNS and near-collisions.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRUCK - BABE'S MERCEDES

Skids to a stop, and REVERSES backwards --

WIDER - THE BRIDGE - SAME TIME

Kenny and the Ramirez brothers emerge and OPEN FIRE on Frankie's car, an all-out ambush. WINDOWS and TIRES blown out -- Frankie's driver and bodyguard try to return fire, but get cut down.

The mooks from the sedan stumble out into the crossfire.

BABE'S CAR

Nick gets out and waits, listening.

YELLOW TRUCK - CAB

Kenny sees Frankie trying to make a run --

FRANKIE'S CAR

He's hit as he tries to get out -- glass flying everywhere -- falls -- the TIRES blow out. Bodies all around him.

Then silence. He's still alive. SIRENS, growing louder --

OTHER SIDE OF THE TRUCK

Kenny and the Ramirez brothers hurry to Babe's car, tossing their weapons over the side of the bridge. They pile in the back, and Babe drives unhurriedly away ...

... DOWN an offramp to the Shore Parkway ... and disappears.

INT. BAYLESS'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

CRACKLE of a police scanner. The Ramirez brothers sit in the front seat of their King Cab pickup monitoring to the cop talk. Babe paces, and Kenny studies Tort law at the table, while Nick sits among the stacked boxes of microwaves and other loot recently disgorged from the vans. Bayless studies the front fender of the closest one.

BAYLESS

Is this a scratch?

BABE

You know what bugs me?

NICK

Why Frankie's client would pay top dollar to bring some discount Korean ray ovens in country? Yeah, it's illogical.

BABE

No -- Nick Borelli giving away, what, two, two-fifty worth of swag --

From the King Cab:

RAMIREZ
Frankie lives.

This news settles gloomily down on them, while:

BABE
(continuing)
Old Nick never woulda done it. But this
fucking New Nick --

NICK
Shut up.

Bayless rubs the mark on the fender of the van, obsessive:

BAYLESS
Goddammit, it's scratched. I gotta
deliver these tomorrow.

RAMIREZ
(translating the scanner
squawk:)
Flesh wounds.
(beat)
He ain't talkin' to the cops. Claims it
was ... drive-by hijacking or something.

KENNY
I'm sorry, Nick. I thought we got him.

Nick looks over at him, blankly.

NICK
Where's the cargo manifest for this
Korean junk?

EXT. VERRAZANO BRIDGE - NIGHT

The crime scene of the yellow truck and shootout has been
CORDONED OFF with crime scene tape and a dozen police cars.
TRAFFIC creeps around it.

OFF TO ONE SIDE, Kutter is under siege from the Homeland
Security brass:

HS OFFICIAL
Where the hell is Mullen?

KUTTER,
Sir --

HS OFFICIAL
Forget the dirty bomb, Borelli is a
walking talking Improvised Explosive
Device.

KUTTER

-- sir, I re-ran the John Doe that Joe Mullen photographed meeting with our Basque suspect.

He pulls a rolled up, folded report out of his coat pocket. Erro's face clipped to it -- hands it to the HS Official.

KUTTER

Interpol thinks it's Gabriel Erro. Basque. A former ETA a gun-for-hire. Implicated in no fewer than seven bombings over the past five years: Kabul, Jakarta, Paris, Beirut. Rumor is he's every insurgent group's go-to guy.

(beat)

Nobody's photographed him in ten years, nobody's seen him for six months --

HS OFFICIAL

(gets it:)

And now, suddenly, he's in Jamaica Bay. Right before Fleet Week.

KUTTER

So maybe Mullen was right to leave Borelli out there.

HS OFFICIAL

Maybe. And maybe now it's your responsibility to make him go away.

EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lights in the upstairs windows. Movement. Glimpses of Catherine carrying LITTLE GIRL. Her husband. Domestic bliss.

A peaceful quiet in the whole neighborhood. Crickets.

ACROSS THE STREET - JOE'S CAR

Joe watches from the darkness. Lost in thought.

INT. FOREST HILLS SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Nick comes in, finds Joe's table and chair folded up, a box of Joe's stuff packed and ready to move out. On the top of the box is the bobblehead Testaverde.

No Joe.

Nick opens the chair and sits, exhausted. He reaches into his coat pocket and takes out a folded cargo manifest ... unfolds it, and stares at it.

FADE TO BLACK.

DAY FOUR

FADE IN:

A STACK OF NEW YORK POST NEWSPAPERS

smacks the pavement. Headline screams:

GUNFIGHT ON THE VERRAZANO!

Pictures of the bullet-pocked vehicles on the bridge. WATER
drips drips drips next to it --

EXT. SIDEWALK NEWS STAND - DAWN

The NEWS GUY cuts the bundle, hands one to

ERRO

He's got a couple huge bags of second-hand clothing. The
Newsie folds the paper and sticks it under Erro's arm.

ERRO

Thanks.

INT. ALLIED ELECTRONICS - DAWN

Erro walks through the darkened shop, into a

BACK ROOM

where he puts the bags on the floor next to an open shipping
crate that contains a FIRE SUIT and assorted accessories.

A GIANT MAP OF NEW YORK HARBOR AND THE HUDSON RIVER

which is tacked out on a four-by-eight piece of plywood
supported by boxes. It's a mosaic of surveillance photos
we've seen before -- from the terrorists apartment stash,
from the Homeland Security intel ..

ERRO - MOMENTS LATER

swings his laptop on the table, brings up a screen that is
identical to the huge map, except overlaid with a DIGITAL
GRID that spreads like a web across the waterways.

Erro takes a wooden block covered with chips and circuits
and places it on the map.

The CURSOR FLASHES, on his computer, same place.

As he slowly moves the block of wood --

THE COMPUTER

plots a course through the narrows and up the Hudson on the digital grid --

KNOCKING, INSISTENT

FRONT DOOR - NICK

peers into the dark shop. Erro appears out of the back room, and tries to wave him off: we're closed. But Nick pulls the microwave manifest out of his pocket, spreads it flat against the window and waits.

Erro comes out to the door, opens it --

NICK
Hi. I think I've got something that belongs to you.

A pregnant pause, as Erro studies Nick carefully.

NICK
Microwaves. Allied Electronics?

ERRO
I've only worked here a short time. My boss is away.

NICK
Oh.
(beat)
You know Frank Bruno?

ERRO
(shrugs)
How could I?

NICK
Well. I guess he must've mislaid the ray ovens .. and I found them, and just, you know, wanted to make sure they got delivered.

Beat.

ERRO
Like that.

NICK
Pretty much.

ERRO
And what should I tell my employer you want in return for doing this?

NICK
Nada. Nothing.

ERRO
Nothing.

NICK
It's a favor. That I do for you.
(then)
And then ... maybe your boss, he doesn't
go to Mr. Bruno next time he needs
something like this taken care of. As a
favor to me. You know. I would hope
that he'd make that decision. But.

Beat. Erro can't shake the logic of this. It tracks.

ERRO
Who are you?

NICK
I am not a friend of Frank's.

Beat.

ERRO
How soon can you get us the cargo?

EXT. MANHATTAN CONSTRUCTION SITE - MORNING

Joe peers through chain link fence at BULLDOZERS and
construction workers busy at an enormous project ... which
we slowly come to realize is where the World Trade Center
used to be.

He moves down the sidewalk ... the chain-link ends, replaced
by a

HIGH PLYWOOD CONSTRUCTION FENCE

with viewing holes cut into it ... and on which someone has
hand painted, in alphabetical order, THE NAMES of all the
VICTIMS of the World Trade Center attack, 9/11/2001. Others
have added snapshots, i.d. badges, wedding rings, flowers,
memorials for loved ones.

JOE

traces his fingers through the names, which stretch almost
the full length of the block. Among the M's he squats down
and finds the one he's been looking for:

ELIZABETH MULLEN

He stares at it.

His cell phone rings. And rings. And rings. He doesn't answer. Lost in his thoughts.

EXT. SHEEPSHEAD BAY - BOATYARD - DAY

SWOOP down through the flashing lights of patrol cars, past the distraught boatyard Owner, and into --

A REPAIR AREA

where a CSI team works over the crumpled body of Xavier Maestu.

FIND Kutter, nearby, looking out at the harbor, and listening to Joe's cell phone voice mail finally pick up.

EXT. ST. ANN'S CHURCH - BROOKLYN - DAY

Nick climbs the steps.

INT. ST. ANN'S CHURCH - BROOKLYN

Nick enters and stops. It's quiet. The place is deserted. He glances down the aisle at the altar. As if looking for answers he never found there.

Takes the SET OF KEYS in them and drops them into a DONATIONS box near the door.

EXT. ST. ANN'S CHURCH - BROOKLYN

Nick comes down the steps and gets into a Japanese beater. Kenny puts the car in gear and it rattles away.

DOWN THE STREET - A MAN ON A BIKE

We saw him with Erro in Broad Channel. He swerves across the street, jumps the curb, peddles up to the front steps of the church, hops off and disappears inside ...

... emerging moments later with the keys Nick left. He rides up the street to

A U-HAUL TRUCK

Unlocks the back, rolls the door up high enough to slide his bicycle in. We SEE the MICROWAVE BOXES stacked neatly inside before the door rolls closed again.

The Man gets in the cab. The engine starts right up. The truck pulls away.

AFTER A MOMENT: KENNY'S BEATER

comes around the block, turns ... and cautiously follows.

EXT. CROSS-BAY EXPRESSWAY - OVERHEAD

The u-haul rolls the long bridge across the vast JAMAICA WETLANDS, heading for Broad Channel Island.

EXT. BROAD CHANNEL PIER - DAY

The u-haul pulls through doors of the boathouse. The door closes.

KENNY'S CAR

turns off and disappears down a sidestreet ...

... only to reappear moments later and park, with a clear view of the boathouse.

PUSH IN - ON NICK

thinking.

NICK
What kinda law you like?

KENNY
Contracts.

NICK
Sounds dull.

KENNY
Depends on the consequences of a breach.

Nick looks at him.

NICK
What?

INT. BROAD CHANNEL BOATHOUSE - SAME TIME

Erro and his crew are unpacking the microwaves. Pulling them out of the boxes and tossing the units themselves carelessly into a growing pile on one side of the cramped building ... and saving the STYROFOAM PACKING MATERIAL.

RESUME - KENNY'S CAR

Kenny mid-discourse:

KENNY
... for example, there are a lot of ways to destroy a man that don't involve killing him. I figure, if I'm gonna take this business -- your business -- into the new century it's gonna require an additional skill set or two. Whatwith global competition, Russians, Chinese --

NICK

Shut up.

KENNY

-- the whole narcoterror consortium from
Bogota to Kabul --

NICK

-- Shut up.

He gets out of the car.

NICK

You're what, twenty-one, twenty-two?
Find a girl, fall in love, fuck your
brains out, make a family. Make a life,
Kenny. Jesus.

He slams the door shut.

KENNY

(numb)

I thought I was.

NICK

You think I'd be in this fucking game if
I could do anything else? Go. Get out
of here. Don't be an asshole.

Kenny starts the car. Waits.

KENNY

When my dad died -- got killed -- doing
that thing for Little Sal ... they sent
me to a shrink to, you know, learn how to
grieve or some nonsense. Well, shrink
tells me I need to choose somebody to be
my role model ... like, who represents
all the things I aspire to be.

He stares at Nick: it's you.

NICK

He meant Derek Jeter, you moron! Or
Trump or somebody. Goddammit!

Nick spins and walks away, rattled, flipping open the cell
phone Joe gave him, dialing ... Kenny grins to himself,
faintly, and puts the car in gear --

INT. BROAD CHANNEL BOATHOUSE - DAY

Erro's impatiently stirring broken pieces of styrofoam into
one of three drums filled with formaldehyde and heated by
propane burners. Everybody's wearing breathing masks; a
couple of the men carefully break GEL PACKS out of some of
the styrofoam. A CHEMIST takes the packs and carefully

mixes them into the liquid in the drums. It takes on a cloudy color.

CHEMIST

(for Erro)

Three to one oxygel to pyrolean. 110 degrees, 30 minutes per ten pounds.

ERRO

You can't do it faster?

CHEMIST

Relax. We'll make it.

ALONG THE FAR WALL

there is a huge, builder's surplus PROPANE OVEN: one of Erro's men pulls wide flat pans, like OVERSIZED BAKING SHEETS, from racks in the oven and lines them up across the deck beneath the newly-repainted tug.

BOW OF THE TUG

Another man is carefully placing small pads of C-4 EXPLOSIVE on the outside of the hull, fixing steel pressure plates over them, and wiring these together in a grid.

EXT. VACANT MIDDLE SCHOOL (HS HQ) - DAY

Parking lot filled with federal sedans, and a couple police cruisers. Nothing to indicate this is the field headquarters of Homeland Security.

JOE'S CAR

pulls into the lot. Locks his car and heads for the side door.

CATHERINE (O.S.)

Agent Mullen?

Joe turns. Catherine is waiting for him, just outside the chain link fence of the parking lot --

EXT. BROAD CHANNEL ISLAND PIER - DAY

Nick on a bench on the boardwalk, with a partial view of the boathouse.

INT. BOATHOUSE - SAME TIME

The Chemist is slowly pouring the formaldehyde solution into the giant baking pans. Erro and his men carefully slide the full pans into the oven racks.

INT. CATHERINE'S STATION WAGON - EXPRESSWAY

Catherine driving. Joe is quiet.

CATHERINE

Tell me the truth. You gonna put Nick back inside once this is finished?

JOE

Did he ask you to ask me that?

CATHERINE

No.

JOE

What difference does it make?

CATHERINE

To me?

JOE

Okay.

CATHERINE

If he's back inside, at least I'll know he'll stay alive.

JOE

That's important to you?

CATHERINE

Life is important to me.

JOE

And all the lives Nick erased?

Beat.

JOE

You're still in love with him.

CATHERINE

I love him. But I can't be with him. Can you understand how that works?

Beat.

JOE

Yeah.

EXT. BROAD CHANNEL ISLAND - DAY

Catherine's car comes down the street. Nick steps out suddenly and flags them down.

EXT. BROAD CHANNEL BOATHOUSE - LONG SHOT

The closed front door of the building.

NICK (V.O.)
Doors closed, nobody's come out, nobody
else has come in.

TIGHT - A PHOTOGRAPH OF ERRO

One of Joe's surveillance pictures.

JOE (V.O.)
This guy? You're sure?

EXT. BROAD CHANNEL - STREET - DAY

Joe and Nick, casual, next to Catherine's car. Two guys talking. The pier, and the boathouse, fifty yards down-island.

NICK
Yeah, that's him.

The A train rushes past in the distance, on elevated tracks.

NICK
Working out of a Brooklyn shop, Allied
Electronics. I don't think Frankie has a
clue the shit he stepped into.

JOE
Why didn't you call me before?

NICK
I didn't want to put you on the spot.
You know. In case it was nothing.
(then)
This is our guy, Joe. Call in the
cavalry, we'll take him down.

Joe takes his phone out, starts dialing, but --

JOE
(to Nick)
You're leaving.

NICK
What are you talking about?

JOE
You can't be here, Nick.

NICK
You gonna do this yourself?

JOE
No. And if you're still here, when my
support shows up?

Joe doesn't need to elaborate.

JOE

(his call connects:)

It's Mullen. Get me Kutter.

(covers the phone)

In the car, there's papers: new i.d., passport, some money, travel voucher, a contact name in Arizona. Like I said.

(off Nick)

It's a program, a kind of witness protection for federal whistle-blowers, not even we'll know where you are.

NICK

It's that bad?

JOE

You had a firefight on the Verrazano bridge. Shut it down for six hours. What do you think?

NICK

MTA guys must be happy. All the overtime and whatnot.

JOE

Go to the airport. Get a hotel room. Lay low. Your flight leaves in the morning.

(into the phone)

Kutter. I found the Basque. Erro. Yes. I had my phone turned off. Broad Channel Island. At the pier. I don't know. I don't know. Kutter -- Kutter -- we'll need back-up. Plus air and water.

(beat, looks at Nick)

No ... Borelli's dead. Yeah. I don't know. Frank Bruno, probably.

(glances at his watch)

Okay. Yeah, I'll hold.

Nick and Joe stare at each other blankly. Then Nick nods, turns, gets into the car. No good-bye. Looks straight ahead, not at Joe, as Catherine pulls away from the curb.

INT. BROAD CHANNEL BOATHOUSE - DAY

Erro watches the chemist pour the formaldehyde solution into the baking pans. Then he helps carefully slide them into the oven racks.

INT. CATHERINE'S CAR - DAY

Driving back toward Brooklyn.

Nick empties out the envelope Joe has left for him. Passport, drivers' license, credit cards, cash, travel vouchers. Just like he promised. Nick stares out at the road.

EXT. BROAD CHANNEL ISLAND - DAY

A sedan pulls up and Kutter gets out. Walks casually to where Joe is waiting. The car pulls away.

JOE
(gesturing)
We should clear out a perimeter, quietly.
Get shore patrol to monitor the bayside.
I don't know how many individuals are
inside.

KUTTER
I got some thermal scanners coming.

JOE
Also --

KUTTER
You're not in charge here.

Beat.

JOE
No, right.

KUTTER
But your input is appreciated.

He looks out at the boathouse.

KUTTER
I'm thinking we should quietly clear a
perimeter, and get shore patrol to watch
the bayside.

INT. BROAD CHANNEL BOATHOUSE - SAME TIME

Erro squats and helps the Chemist peel a huge sheet of solidified liquid from a baking pan -- it flexes like A GIANT PANEL OF FOAM. They carry it to the scaffolding, where the other men carefully lift it and position it and affix it to the sides of the bow -- over the explosive compression plates -- like the protective bumper of any working tug.

Then they go back to the ovens, remove a second tray and repeat the process again.

An AIR COMPRESSOR fires up --

EXT. BROAD CHANNEL ISLAND - FROM A HELICOPTER:

SWOOPING over the narrow community ... FINDING just the HINT of the web of law enforcement beginning to squeeze the Boathouse at the end of the pier. OVER THE BOATHOUSE:

STILL FRAMES

Montage of the fly-by. Details of the building --

THE HELICOPTER

keeps going, as if to JFK airport ... out over the water ... where a few skiffs have taken up position facing the doors of the boathouse. FEDERAL AGENTS with fishing poles, catching nothing ...

TIGHT - MONITOR SCREEN

blurred smears of heat sources moving around inside the boathouse.

KUTTER (V.O.)

How many?

INT. COTTAGE (FIELD COMMAND CENTER) - LATER - DAY

The Feds have taken over somebody's house. Cell phones, laptops, surveillance monitors. Joe's become mostly a spectator to the proceedings.

JOE

Shouldn't we move while we still have the light?

KUTTER

We should, but we can't.

JOE

Why?

Kutter just looks at him. OUTSIDE: a limo pulls up, and the Homeland Security Deputy steps out, cell-phone to his ear --

INT. BROAD CHANNEL BOATHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Mist thick from the air-compressed paint gun putting the finishing touches on the re-padded bow of the tug. Aging it with streaks of rust and salt.

Other men cleaning up.

Erro takes his mask off, goes outside --

EXT. BOATHOUSE - ERRO

lights a cigarette, squints in the bright sun. Something glints down the street, disappears.

A NEWS TRUCK

rumbles toward the pier, turns off.

ERRO

frowns. Nothing unusual on the streets, or pier, yet ...

... he stares hard at the long shadows cast by the afternoon sun. SEES what he thinks is the shadow cast by the news truck, parked just out of his sight. SEES a reflection in the windows of a building down the street -- and FIGURES, moving across the open spaces.

But nothing on the street. Nothing.

PUSH IN HARD on Erro's face. Showing just the barest traces of a new awareness ...

... He drops his cigarette, crushes it, and goes back inside.

EXT. AIRPORT MOTEL - DUSK

A JUMBO JET floats down, thundering, past the parallel neon highlights of the lobby where, through glass windows, we see Nick at the check-in desk.

Catherine hangs back, arms folded.

Nick turns away, folding his paperwork. They look at each other. He says something.

Beat. She nods: okay.

INT. COTTAGE (FIELD COMMAND CENTER) - DUSK

The Homeland Deputy is making his presence felt; a NEWS CREW unspooling cable and readying their equipment just outside the open door --

KUTTER

Larry, we need to move and engage while we still have some light.

The assistant brings her boss an FBI-emblazoned FLAK JACKET.

HS OFFICIAL

Yes.

(but:)

At my command. I want to just give the media time to --

KUTTER

Right.

SURVEILLANCE TECH (O.S.)

Hey --

-- the guy monitoring the thermal scan points to his screen, where the heat smears aren't moving anymore, and ...

SURVEILLANCE TECH
-- they're fading.

-- Joe bursts for the door, Kutter right behind him, the HS Official still trying to fix his flak jacket --

EXT. BROAD CHANNEL ISLAND - DUSK

RUNNING CLOSE behind Joe and Kutter as they sprint toward the boathouse at the end of the pier --

A SWAT TEAM

already ahead of them, flat against the side of the building.

ROOFTOP SNIPERS

aiming down, providing cover.

HELICOPTERS

DIVE in from overhead and hover, thundering --

AT THE DOOR - SWAT GUNMEN

take up positions, CRASH inside --

INT. BOATHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- to find Erro's team dead -- EXECUTED -- a scattering of tools and equipment, and the stolen tug, rocking gently in its mooring.

WITH JOE

as he comes in behind the assault team. Gun at his side. Eyes taking in the bodies -- then moving to the tug --

INT. THE TUG

checking the cabin, down below -- nothing.

IN THE DARK WATER AROUND THE BOAT

Agents shine lights that pierce the murky seawater -- to find a moonscape of mossy green rock, debris, and shadows.

THE REAR DOOR

ROLLS open, revealing SHORE PATROL SKIFFS with sharpshooters and more assault teams. All dressed up and noplaced to go.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - SAME TIME

where the T.V. CREW has set up and the HS Official is in the glare, looking calm:

HS OFFICIAL
... acted on very credible evidence of a
terrorist threat, but we believe we've
contained the problem and averted ...

INT. BOATHOUSE - JOE

very still now, as people swirl around him.

MATCH TO:

A BLURRED REFLECTION ON GLASS: NICK AND CATHERINE

In each other's arms, dancing. To no music at all.

NICK
What kind of music you think they got in
fucking Arizona anyway?

CATHERINE
Indian chants mostly.

Nick laughs, breaks away from her.

NICK
It's not funny.

And their reflection scatters as we PAN AWAY:

INT. AIRPORT HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Nick sits on the edge of the bed. PLANES smear, huge,
through the window behind him, like an endless rear-
projection loop.

CATHERINE
Consider yourself lucky. Getting out.

NICK
Oh. To what kind of a life? Living
under a rock.

CATHERINE
No offense Nick, but life, as you do it,
doesn't exactly lend itself to broad
daylight.

NICK
Like, what do I tell the women of
whatever shithole I'm going to, fucking
Tucson, for Chrissakes. Which is maybe
1000 degrees. Hi, my name is Joe Blow. It
sure is fucking hot here. But I'm okay
with that because of all the Indian
chants and, you know, the happy pill they
give you pro-bono when you join the
witness protection program. Would you
like to go out with me sometime?

She smiles in spite of herself.

NICK
You're gonna miss me.

CATHERINE
I'll be lonely for you. Sort of the way I
felt when we were together.

NICK
Bullshit. You're in love with me. You've
been in love with me since, face it, like
forever.

CATHERINE
Face this: I am not in love with you now.

NICK
So you say.

CATHERINE
Yes. I do. Say.

NICK
People don't always say what they mean
though. Which, sorry to break the news.
Is a known fact.

CATHERINE
And that has no irony, actually, coming
from you, the world's biggest liar.

Silence. She sits down next to him.

NICK
I never get over you. That's the truth.
She looks at him sadly.

CATHERINE
The bad news is that we've gone from
facts to truth.

NICK
What's the good news?

CATHERINE
The good news is all those hearts in
Tucson, waiting to be broken.

GO:

EXT. JAMAICA WETLANDS - NIGHT

The last trace of sunset trailing off behind the low skyline
of Brooklyn. A SWIMMER comes gasping out of the water in

the high weeds -- spits out a breathing apparatus and crawls up, exhausted onto drier land.

It's Erro.

In the distance he can see the jittery pulse of emergency vehicle lights at the pier. HELICOPTERS float overhead like mechanical dragonflies.

Shivering, Erro shrugs off a drypack, pulls clothing from it and begins to change out of his soaked clothes. His torso is lean, surprisingly muscular, marked with scars of previous campaigns.

He's in no hurry. As if this was all part of the plan.

GO:

TIGHT - NEWS COVERAGE OF THE BOATHOUSE (VIDEO)

A REPORTER does stand-up with the waning excitement of the assault behind him. He's talking, but we don't hear him. A title crawl at the bottom of the screen says:

LIVE: TASK FORCE THWARTS FLEET WEEK TERROR PLOT

MORE FOOTAGE: Body bags. The giant ovens. Weapons seized. The HS Official proclaiming victory.

REVERSE: NICK (HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT)

Nick lies on his side, on the bed, staring at the t.v.

NICK

And this fed saved my ass. The fucker.
And I didn't even know it needed saving.
And he's ... decent too. Which is
confusing, if you're used to the way
things are in the world.

Catherine lies behind him, spooning, her arms around his neck. Nick pulls her hands down over his heart. They have their clothes on. Not a prelude to anything except goodbye.

NICK

I don't get it. I don't get him. What's
his fucking agenda?

CATHERINE

What if he doesn't have one?

(then)

Some people think they can do anything,
Nick. It's because they've seen too many
action movies.

(thinks)

They don't understand that you don't
bounce off concrete, -- or that the air
is actually empty and you can't walk on
it ... they're like children. They make

(MORF)

CATHERINE (cont'd)
promises and keep them. They don't
realize the nature of things.

NICK
You did. Even as a kid, you did.

CATHERINE
Yeah. But I had you.

She closes her eyes and makes the world go away for now.

CATHERINE
That's how I learned the way gravity
works.

EXT. NIGHT SKY OVER BROOKLYN - FLARES

streak and fall, lighting the water over Jamaica Bay as
BOATS search the water with crisscrossing SPOT LIGHTS.

EXT. ALLIED ELECTRONICS - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

FLOAT THROUGH the aftermath of a police siege.

INT. ALLIED ELECTRONICS - NIGHT

FIND Joe in back, with the maps and equipment Erro has left
behind. Hundreds of photographs are tacked to the walls ...

... Naval ships, oil tankers, the Jersey chemical complex,
nuclear power plants, Croton reservoirs, United Nations
building, bridges, tunnels, infrastructures ...

... but principally of the naval destroyer USS Arthur. Some
stark interior details: corridors, compartments. A
stairwell. A scuba equipment room.

And several snapshots of a pier. Pier 88. Before and after
it burned.

EXT. MANHATTAN - HARBORS - NIGHT

beautiful and spooky. Waiting.

FADE TO BLACK.

DAY ZERO

FADE IN:

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAWN

The magnificent USS ARTHUR, a nuclear-class destroyer,
knives through calm seas tinted white gold by the sunrise --
CURL AROUND THE USS ARTHUR AND REVEAL:

A FULL ESCORT OF NAVY SHIPS

keeping pace with the destroyer, in formation. Including the combat support ship USS HARRISON.

IN THE DISTANCE - THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD

And the sawtooth skyline of Manhattan, pillowed in by a low cover of fog ...

QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS - MANHATTAN

Cops with roadblocks, redirecting traffic away from the river -- bridges and tunnels shutting down, parts of the West Side highway eerily empty --

-- in short, all the makings of a full-on New York City metro-transit cluster-fuck --

INT. CONVERTED SCHOOL (HS HQ) - COMMAND CENTER - DAWN

Map of the harbor, HUGE, covering an entire wall of what was once a cafeteria. VOICES overlapping like trip-hop. Tech Agents at work stations monitor the incredibly intricate security matrix that has descended on the harbor -- National Guard, FBI, NYPD and State Patrol -- hundreds of remote cameras along the waterfront streaming pictures of fog-shrouded streets, checkpoints, secured piers. VOICES, overlapping, calm and professional --

IN A CORNER - JOE

Dead tired, nursing coffee. Played out.

KUTTER

You can go home anytime, Mullen. We've got this under control.

JOE

I want to stick around until the Arthur makes berth and we secure it.

CUT TO:

EXT. JAMAICA BAY/BROAD CHANNEL ISLAND - DAWN

Fog. A ghostly paradise.

BROAD CHANNEL PIER

A secure perimeter of law enforcement vehicles attended by sleepy sentries ...

INT. BOATHOUSE

the tug. Sound of a touch-tone dialing --

EXT. PAY PHONE - ERRO

Waits for his call to connect --

INTERCUT - PILOT HOUSE OF THE TUG

PUSHING IN on the helm controls ... a LAPTOP COMPUTER tucked under the dials ... GLOWS as it responds to Erro's call, and turns on. WE --

DIVE RIGHT INTO THE COMPUTER

see the guts of it -- circuits and chips ... the translucent LCD screen UPSIDE DOWN AND BACKWARDS -- but a familiar GRID appears -- the MAP OF NEW YORK HARBOR, and

ERRO'S FINGERS

play across the touch-tone pad on the phone --

THE TUG

blinks to life. The ENGINE rumbles on.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - SAME TIME

The sentries on the perimeter too sleepy and too far away to register anything.

INT. BOATHOUSE - THE TUG

GENTLY backs away from its moorings -- PRESSES UP AGAINST THE DOOR and SPLINTERS through it ...

... out into open water, controlled, automatic, just like the toy boat in Central Park ...

... and disappears in the fog as the OPENING piano CHORDS of NEW YORK, NEW YORK begin to play and --

GO:

INT. FRANKIE BRUNO'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Frankie's eyes blinking open as he hears music playing -- "New York, New York." In his house. Frowns. Rolls out of bed, stiff -- his robe come open to reveal the bandages covering side of his chest.

His wife rolls over, a lump under the comforter.

INT. HALLWAY - FRANKIE'S HOUSE

He pads down the hallway in slippers. The music growing louder as he gets to the door of his study --

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

There's nobody in here, but the bookshelf stereo is on, and some lounge singer is wailing the famous refrain.

Frankie scowls, starts into the room, and --

BABE

JAMS a gun against the back of his neck. SHOVES him down --

BABE

You shoot Nick, Nick shoots you. And yet,
and yet. Everybody's still breathing.
Begging the question: what the fuck.

FRANKIE

Babe --

BABE

Thing is, see. I can't sit around and
wait forever for you two to get your shit
together. I got business.

Babe's hand doesn't even shake: gun placed just so against
the base of Frankie's skull.

FRANKIE

Listen to me, Babe: me and Nick, we're
gonna make peace, Babe -- we'll --

BABE

Fuck peace.

Shoots him.

BABE

You two are in my way now.

CRASH:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING - SAME TIME

Nick's eyes blink open --

CRASH:

INT. FRANKIE'S STUDY - AS BEFORE

Babe makes the sign of the cross. Leaves the gun by
Frankie's hand ...

BABE

Truly, the world of professional crime is
goin' to hell in a fuckin' hand basket.

And walks out casually ... passing Kenny, who stands guard in the doorway, numb --

BABE
(to the record player)
And it's Top Of The heap. Not tappatha.

CRASH:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Nick's staring. For a moment, he's disoriented. The muffled RUMBLE of a jet landing, the limbo of a generic airport hotel room.

Catherine on the other side of the bed, sitting, smoking, watching him.

CATHERINE
You probably don't watch "Guiding Light".
Much.

NICK
What? Me? No. Is it a self-help thing?

CATHERINE
Sort of. Nick?
(beat)
I'm getting in the shower. I don't want to say goodbye. So please don't be here when I get out.

She kisses him lightly, then stands up.

CATHERINE
Juanita, on "Guiding Light" -- the maid who got pregnant by the rich kid -- lost her baby, and then, well, her mind. She jumped from the balcony of the Nautilus gym that the rich people never use. Or did she? Juanita has in fact, only faked her own death. And yesterday we discover that the baby didn't die either. The rich people took it, and hid it from Juanita. And the rich kid, who doesn't even love her and supposedly moved to France? Stayed. Couldn't leave because ... because he couldn't let it go.
(stubs out her cigarette)
Which, I dunno, somehow reminds me of you. In a good way.

NICK
(lost)
Could be he's just stupid.

One more kiss, sad.

CATHERINE

(nods)

Could be.

(then)

Stayed behind to find out what really happened to the baby he never wanted for a woman he thinks is dead?

(beat, shrugs)

You would know.

Beat. Nick, staring right through her.

NICK

What the fuck are you talking about?

CATHERINE

It's one thing to lie to me. It's another to lie to yourself.

Beat. She goes into the bathroom with:

CATHERINE

I won't be long.

CLOSER: NICK

His mind whirring.

He gets up. Goes to the bathroom door. Hears water running.

Hesitates.

INT. THE BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Catherine leans back against the door, fully dressed. Letting the water of the shower run. Waiting it out.

A long beat. She exhales, sad.

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM

Nick's gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER BAY - MORNING

A huge SAILING SHIP veers out of the fog lifting from Governor's Island, creaking and tacking ... AMERICAN FLAGS draped from the yard-arms, SAILORS in period costume --

A HELICOPTER

floats past -- rises --

INT. HELICOPTER - JOE

looks down on a bay filled with boats --

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR - MORNING

The fog burning quickly off now, by a bright sun in a brilliant blue sky. And BOATS everywhere, to greet the arriving Navy ships.

Joe's CHOPPER banks and zooms over the empty Verrazano bridge, as WORKERS UNFURL a fifty-yard long BANNER that flutters open to proclaim:

WELCOME HOME, HEROES! NEW YORK LOVES ITS NAVY!

And just in time, because:

STEAMING UPRIVER - THE NAVY FLEET

USS Arthur in the lead. CREW on the deck in dress whites. Coast Guard cutters keeping the civilian craft at a safe distance. The cargo ship U.S.S. Harrison provide massive flanking cover.

Tugs swarm the steel warships to shepherd them into port.

FURTHER BACK - THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

stands sentry. No sign of Erro's black tug, because --

EXT. EAST RIVER A BLACK TUG

chugs along, already under the Triboro bridge. Into the Harlem River. Other vessels irritably tacking out of its way ... but if anyone looked closely they would see ...

... there's no one at the helm.

INT. CONVERTED SCHOOL (HS HQ) - COMMAND CENTER

Kutter stares at a plasma screen that tracks every vessel in New York Harbor. Watching one particularly persistent blip move from the Harlem River and curl onto the Hudson --

KUTTER
(to a technician)
What's this one?

INT. HELICOPTER - JOE

-- his cell phone has spilled from his pocket onto the seat, along with spare change and a crumpled receipt. The PHONE LIGHTS UP, ringing ... but Joe can't hear it over the roar of the chopper.

EXT. EXPRESSWAY - SAME TIME

Total gridlock.

INT. CAB - NICK

stalled in traffic, cell phone to his ear -- listening to the other end of his call ring and ring ... picked up finally by an automatic message service for Joe Mullen.

EXT. MANHATTAN WESTSIDE - FLYING LOW - ALONG THE WATERFRONT

Flutter of images: gridlock, National Guard units, every NYC cop with a pension, small crowds waving American flags, and the endless silver glint of temporary barriers at every landing.

INT. HELICOPTER - JOE

watching the Navy fleet out the window, as they approach their berths --

RESUME - CAB - NICK

At the tone:

NICK
(into his phone)
What is the fucking point of having a
mobile fucking phone if nobody can ever
fucking reach you on it?! Fuckhead.

He snaps his phone shut --

EXT. HARLEM RIVER - BLACK TUG

A SPEEDBOAT swerves out of its way, the driver SCREAMING at it because he had right-of-way. Of course, the Tug couldn't care less ... or care at all ...

EXT./INT. HELICOPTER - PIER 81 - SAME TIME

as the chopper slows and pivots ... Joe can see the blackened remains of the torched Pier 88 just upriver ...

EXT. PIER 88 - CLOSER

PAN DOWN from the charred timber of the pier ... to shadows of the crusted support piles underneath ... where a BLACK AND WHITE SKIFF waits at a platform, rocking on the waves. And where:

ERRO

is pulling on a NYFD fire suit, watching the helicopter land on the downriver pier.

At his feet, just peeking out from under heavy canvas: the BUNDLES OF USED CLOTHING and a BRACE of 9MM AUTOMATICS in a watertight plastic bag.

EXT. PIER 81 - JOE'S. P.O.V. (FROM HELICOPTER)

Lines of people move slowly through security checkpoints, family and friends of the crew of the USS Arthur, which is throwing out lines and settling into berth.

A NAVY BAND strikes up, Anchors Aweigh. The CROWD CHEERING. SAILORS wave from the deck. Shore patrol and Coast Guard cutters churn the river into muddy foam.

EXT. UNDER THE PIER - IN THE SKIFF - ERRO

Calm. Waiting. His eyes closed.

INT. CONVERTED SCHOOL (HS HQ) - COMMAND CENTER

Kutter watches the black tug's blip head south. Then:

KUTTER
(pointing)
I want that vessel turned around.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - BLACK TUG

powering straightline downriver toward where the Arthur is docking, and where tugs are nudging the USS Harrison past.

COAST GUARD CUTTERS

are suddenly on either side of it -- a HELICOPTER swooping down and circling. BLARE of a ship-to-ship P.A. telling the tug to turn back --

INT. HELICOPTER - JOE

can see the confrontation on the water. The black tug. On his radio --

JOE
Kutter --

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - BLACK TUG

not responding to the warnings.

A CUTTER swerves in front of it, crew leveling a DECK GUN at the pilot-house of the tug, preparing to fire if it doesn't stop --

INT. CONVERTED SCHOOL (HS HQ) - COMMAND CENTER

A hush falling over the room -- everyone's eyes on the map of the harbor --

KUTTER
Any means necessary. Do it.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - BLACK TUG

It veers hard right, and the Cutter overshoots it --

TIGHT - REMOTE COMPUTER SCREEN

On the translucent GRID of the Hudson waterway, SEE the flashing FINAL TARGET --

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - WIDE

the Coast Guard crew pivots and FIRES the deck gun and OBLITERATES THE TUG'S PILOT HOUSE --

-- it EXPLODES in a fireball, debris scattering --

EXT. ERRO'S SKIFF - SIMULTANEOUS

SHOOTS OUT from under the burned-out pier, unnoticed -- streaks through the falling debris --

-- Erro locks the wheel and LEAPS INTO THE WATER --

INT. HELICOPTER - JOE - SIMULTANEOUS

SEES the skiff -- aiming itself right at the USS HARRISON --

JOE
-- no no -- shit -- The Harrison is the target. The Harrison --

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - SIMULTANEOUS

-- and the SKIFF goes RIGHT INTO THE SIDE OF THE USS HARRISON -- Erro's target all along, the tug was a decoy -- the skiff's nose nudges the hull midship -- pressure plates compress -- detonators ignite and --

THE SKIFF EXPLODES TEARING A HUGE, RAGGED HOLE in the side of THE HARRISON at the waterline.

INT. HELICOPTER - JOE

BLOWN SIDEWAYS by the concussion -- the pilot fights to level the aircraft, spins in mid-air --

EXT. PIER 81 - SAME TIME

the panic of spectators and sailors -- the WAIL of a WARNING SIREN -- more SMOKE and FIERY DEBRIS falling everywhere --

INT. CAB - SAME TIME

The HORN of the cab BLARES as it cuts into a different lane. He dials his cell phone, stares idly at:

A POSTER ON THE BACK OF THE SEAT:

A BANK ad. Trumpets back at him: "It's not about money, it's about people."

INT. BABE'S MERCEDES - SAME TIME

First news reports of the Hudson River explosion, staccato in the b.g. as Babe answers his phone on the second ring.

BABE

What.

INTERCUT - CAB - NICK

The outside world a blur --

NICK

I may need some back up on that federal thing I'm doing.

BABE

Nicky, where you been? We're looking all over for you.

NICK

Babe, listen to me: you, Kenny, whoever -- pier 81 --

BABE

Hey, 81, that's where somebody just --

NICK

-- soon as you --

The cab dives into the Lincoln Tunnel, heading for Manhattan -- and the call cuts out --

INT. BABE'S MERCEDES

Static on the other end of Babe's phone call. He folds it.

Babe glances at the big man driving the car, then over his shoulder at Kenny, in the back seat, munching cookies.

Beat.

BABE

Nick and I gotta finish up.

He twists to look at Kenny, who just stares back at him, unreadable.

BABE

Okay?

On the radio: LIVE report from Pier 81.

BABE

(to the Driver)

Pull over.

(then, to Kenny)

I'm gonna drop you here, go study. Or something.

INT. CONVERTED SCHOOL (HS HQ) - COMMAND CENTER

Kutter, numb, as emergency systems go into overdrive around him. Plasma screens show HELICOPTER VISUALS of the burning, wounded USS Harrison, drifting at an awkward angle to the shore -- and the RESCUE VESSELS swarming it --

-- RESCUE PERSONNEL leap into the water and clamber up evacuation netting, oblivious to the extra man -- Erro -- who emerges from the dark water and joins them --

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - WIDE

Same, as PLUMES OF WATER begin to rainbow down on the fires shooting out of the hole in the Harrison. FIRE BOATS converging. A FIRE CREW deck of the Arthur. FIRE TRUCKS on the waterfront.

OTHER CRAFT swarms the ship to help evacuate a shaken but largely unhurt CREW --

EXT. HELICOPTER - JOE

Joe hangs from the struts, prepares to leap down and join other RESCUE PERSONNEL on the Harrison.

EXT. DECK OF THE USS HARRISON - DAY

Sailors helping casualties to rescue lines that have been hastily strung between the ship and shore -- SMOKE and the MIST from the water being poured on the fires cloaks everything --

DIVE:

INT. USS HARRISON - CORRIDORS

FIRE CREWS in flame-proof suits hustle to the site of the explosion -- giving way to SAILORS coming up from below --

FOLLOWING - ERRO

indistinguishable from the fire crews except in his route. He separates himself and heads down a stairway ---

INT. HARRISON - ANOTHER CORRIDOR

Erro comes through a bulkhead, nearly collides with a CIVILIAN with an I.D. badge looped around his neck --

CIVILIAN

Sorry --

The man squeezes past, but --

ERRO

Excuse me --

The civilian turns back, and Erro SHOTS him --

EXT. USS HARRISON - MAIN DECK - JOE

jumps from the chopper, and lands hard ... with the realization he has no clue what he might be looking for. Everything SPINS around him --

-- he BADGES a passing ensign --

JOE

I need to talk to your XO.

INT. CAB - NICK

Looks at his cell phone. No Service. Stares at the bank poster again. Tunnel lights flickering like strobes.

INT. BRIG AREA

where a MARINE GUARD opens the door for a FIREMAN -- Erro -- who turns and SHOTS HIM.

And then SHOTS another MARINE who hears the POP and fails to react fast enough. DOWN A LONG CORRIDOR: the isolation cells. Erro pulls keys off the downed Marine --

INT. USS HARRISON - BELOW DECKS

MOVING FAST BEHIND Joe and a NAVY OFFICER:

OFFICER

... 2,150 tons of ammunition; half a ton of frozen, chilled and dry food items --

JOE

What else?

OFFICER

We offloaded all the oil ...

JOE

Something bad guys would want to --

OFFICER
... 150 tons of U.S. Mail?

Joe stops, whirls on him:

JOE
This vessel was the target. There is a
reason why -- what else?

Beat.

OFFICER
Prisoners.

JOE
What?

OFFICER
Ghost prisoners. Off book. I cannot
disclose the nature of their detention
without approval from DOD --

JOE
(realizing:)
Not packages -- people.

INT. CAB - NICK - SIMULTANEOUS

The bank poster: "... it's about people."

NICK
(slow dawning)
People.

RESUME - USS HARRISON - JOE

OFFICER
Sir?

Joe turns, doubletimes down a stairwell --

JOE (O.S.)
SHOW ME!

INT. CAB - NICK

remembering:

NICK
Circles within circles, six petals of a
rose -- it's people --

INT. SIDE CORRIDOR

Thick with smoke -- through which Erro comes running, arm
across his face, leading his escapees -- and then, YAWNING
BEFORE HIM:

THE GAPING HOLE IN THE HULL

and the dark river below it.

Erro turns -- the door of the compartment directly in front of him has been BLOWN OPEN, revealing: SCUBA EQUIPMENT.

Just as he'd planned.

INT. USS HARRISON - ANOTHER CORRIDOR

at the end of which the civilian lies in a pool of blood.
Joe pulls his gun --

JOE

How many?

OFFICER

Six.

INT. SCUBA EQUIPMENT ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

The prisoners grab masks, tanks, fins -- and as soon as they're ready -- LEAP out the gaping hole in the corridor, into the river. And disappear.

INT. BRIG AREA - JOE

moving through, cautious. But Erro is gone. The detention cell doors are all open. Joe counts them:

JOE

... six. SHIT --

(turns)

You brought six fucking hard core terrorists to New York. With a military escort.

OFFICER

Look. Sir, we don't --

JOE

-- get on the horn, tell the DOD their dirty little secret is about to turn Manhattan into a war zone.

EXT. LINCOLN TUNNEL - NICK'S CAB

crawls out of the tunnel into the madness of a Manhattan traffic jam --

EXT. MAIN DECK OF THE USS HARRISON - JOE

Comes up out of the ship. The fire is out, but a choking black smoke still billows out of the belly of the Harrison. Its been partially secured at the pier -- gangplanks allowing access to more RESCUE PERSONNEL --

Joe scans the water, through the smoke. Every inch of waterfront is swarming with COPS and NATIONAL GUARD, and NAVY CREW thrown into emergency security service --

-- helicopters THUNDER overhead. Cutters cruise the river like swiftboats, guns swivelling -- panic rules --

-- but pier 88, burned out, is empty.

And a MAN in scuba gear is just pulling himself up onto a boarding platform between the pylons -- then turning to help another man up --

INT. CAB - NICK

Throws some cash at the driver --

NICK
Thanks. This is good --

EXT. CAB - EXPRESSWAY

The Cabbie screaming at him, cars HONKING and Nick slams the door shut and dodges through traffic --

SMOKE from the explosion at the piers starting to blow through the canyons of mid-town.

EXT. PIER 83 - JOE

comes sprinting down a gangplank, through the rescue equipment, and runs toward the burned-out pier.

EXT. PIER 88 - AMONG THE PYLONS

Erro and the SIX GHOST PRISONERS are on the platform, pulling on the second-hand civilian clothing and arming themselves with the 9mm automatics --

EXT. STREET - NICK

-- cops and roadblocks are everywhere ... except directly across from him. The burned remains of Pier 88. Useless.

And, parked conveniently in an empty lot adjacent --

THE FIVE BEIGE VANS

the ones Bayless was working on -- waiting. Their logos taking on a whole new meaning: CON EDISON, INDIAN POINT, ALLIED CHEMICAL, MEADOWLANDS CHLORINE LLC, JET BLUE ...

... air fresheners dangle from the mirrors.

... ignition key hidden on the front tire.

TIGHT: A BACK DOOR JACKED OPEN:

revealing to Nick the guns, ammunition, c-4 explosives, cables, wires, detonators, work clothes, security badges and whatnot. Mobile Terror Units. For newly liberated, world class insurgents.

Oh shit.

EXT. RIVERFRONT - JOE

sprinting toward pier 88.

EXT. PIER 88 - NICK

spins away from the vans, onto the scorched planks of the pier itself.

Someone is coming up from below, out where the water is.

It's Erro. He SEES Nick, and frowns.

NICK

realizing, belatedly, that he's unarmed.

POP

ERRO

twists, as bullets RIP the wood just behind him --

REVEAL - WIDER - THE PIER - JOE

Gun out -- he FIRES again, a bullet punches through Erro's shoulder -- ERRO FIRES BACK and Joe is lifted off his feet and knocked down. Swings around: Nick is gone.

The Ghost Prisoners coming up hard on Erro's heels -- Erro screaming "go go go" and they start to run toward the street. But --

NICK

steps out into them from the ruins -- swinging a big piece of 2x4 -- CLOCKS a Ghost Man, strips his 9 mm, turns -- SHOOTs one man -- SHOOTs another -- this is Nick's medium, close range, chaos -- he's completely calm --

ERRO

backtracks, looking for cover -- but bullets RIP INTO HIM, onetwothreefourfive, and he DROPS, dead --

JOE

Sitting up, ejecting a clip and shoving another one into his gun.

THE FOUR REMAINING GHOST PRISONERS

are running toward Manhattan. Nick takes aim, but --

A STREET COP

SHOOTS one of them, then turns his gun on Nick --

COP

Put the weapon DOWN.

JOE

up on his feet again, pale but steady, waving his badge -- the front of his shirt blown away to reveal a shredded kevlar vest.

JOE

FBI! FBI! HE'S WITH ME!

And he starts sprinting after the ghosts. Nick gives chase. The flustered cop gets on his two-way --

BEHIND THEM - ERRO

sprawled out, awkward. Terminated.

EXT. MANHATTAN - 50TH STREET

Joe and Nick chasing the ghosts through crowded streets. IN THE SMALL OF JOE'S BACK, Nick can see blood spreading from underneath the kevlar vest --

EXT. SUBWAY STATION

The three Ghost Prisoners fly down the steps --

INT. SUBWAY STATION - MAIN CONCOURSE

-- they leap over the turnstiles, race past the information booth -- to a bank of LOCKERS --

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - JOE AND NICK

fly down the steps --

INT. SUBWAY STATION - MAIN CONCOURSE

PUSHING HARD behind Joe and Nick as they reach the turnstiles -- it's Nick who looks toward the lockers -- one of the three Ghosts fiddling with a key --

-- a locker opens: automatic weapons -- a back-up cache --

JOE

FIRES --

THE GHOST PRISONER

whirls, hit -- bringing the automatic up and SPRAYING THE CONCOURSE WITH BULLETS as he loses balance --

THE INFORMATION BOOTH

explodes in a shower of glass

JOE

dives sideways --

NICK

throws himself forward, both hands on his gun -- FIRING before he even hits the ground --

THE WOUNDED GHOST

jerks twice, bounces back against the wall and folds --

THE SECOND GHOST

panicking, can't find the handle on his automatic -- Nick's gunfire RIPS through him -- he stumbles ten steps and sinks to the floor, already dead --

NEAR THE TURNSTILES - JOE

trying to get up, his legs all rubbery -- clawing his kevlar vest open to reveal that Erro's first shot pierced the body armor and punched an ragged hole through Joe's side -- he's been running on pure adrenaline --

JOE

... Nick?

TIME STRETCHES:

NICK

turns -- locks eyes with Joe, who starts to smile, pale, when, out of nowhere --

THE THIRD GHOST - BEYA

has a gun to Joe's head and uses him as a shield so Nick can't shoot --

-- drags Joe to the cover of the shattered information booth
... where he abruptly SHOTS JOE -- COLD BLOODED -- POINT
BLANK -- and flees down the tunnel to the trains --

NICK

he's so close he catches Joe before he falls --

-- suddenly there's blood everywhere -- and Nick is
helpless. The two men folding in on each other as Joe sinks
to the floor -- reaches up and grabs Nick by the shirt --

Joe's eyes empty out. He's dead. Nick looks up -- the last
ghost prisoner is gone --

RACING - WITH NICK

down the tunnel, shoving past exiting passengers, to --

THE SUBWAY PLATFORM

where the doors of a train are closing. Beya staring wildly
out as Nick comes sprinting toward him.

NICK

brings his gun up -- still running forward -- comes point
blank with the glass and the head of Beya as the train just
starts moving --

-- pulls the trigger --

CLICK.

The clip is empty.

Beya jerks back, anticipating a bullet that never comes.

Smiles. Waves a taunting goodbye.

The train accelerates out of the station. Red lights in the
darkness. Then darkness.

COPS

on the platform, out of breath.

NICK

drops the gun off the platform --

COP

You! You!

Nick turns --

COP
Who are you?

NICK
Nobody. I'm nobody.

He shows his empty hands, walks calmly away, never looking at them again.

INT. SUBWAY TERMINAL - MAIN CONCOURSE

MORE COPS clustered around Joe's body ... EMTs are done. Somebody puts their coat over Joe's face ...

The bodies of the fallen terrorists beneath the lockers.

Nick can't stop, can't even slow down, he's just part of the exiting crowd of rubberneckers being herded up the stairs by Transit Police.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Nick emerges -- the light stings his eyes. Smoke from the harbor creates a surreal haze that hangs over the street like a foreboding.

A car HONKING.

BABE'S MERCEDES

at the curb, back door open, a big guy in a Members' Only jacket standing next to it, staring at Nick. Babe in the front seat, waving him over, smiling -- something's not right about this picture, Nick senses it already.

BABE
Yo. Nick.

There's LAW ENFORCEMENT everywhere. Federal sedans arriving. Nick recognizes Kutter, and knows that if he doesn't go with Babe, the feds will take him back to prison.

He walks to the Mercedes.

BABE
We miss the show?

NICK
Yeah.

Nick gets in.

BABE
What a shame.

INT. BABE'S MERCEDES

driving.

Nick in the back, waiting for Babe to start in ... but no one says anything. The car is quiet, just the gentle creak of window glass against rubber seals. Groan of leather seats.

NICK

Note that nobody's talking.

Nothing.

Nick looks at the automatic locks on the doors. At the window switch. Tries it -- nothing.

NICK

Note that the child-proofing is on.

Nick looks at his hands. Empty, useless. He can't shake the image of Joe, dead, beyond his reach.

NICK

... which is a relief, because now, you know -- all the children are safe.

On the floor, under his feet, is Kenny's empty cookie bag.

Nick pushes it with his toe. It's got weight. Taps harder and the handle of Kenny's .22 peeks out.

BABE

Sorry I can't give you a pass, Nick.

(beat)

Maybe it would of gone different if you hadn't got sprung, but.

Nick looks up, at Babe's eyes, watching him in the rear view mirror. He knows what this is, now. A last ride.

NICK

You're a heartless fuck, Babe.

BABE

Nah. I'm a little birdie -- I see, you know, a window, I fly right through. You want to pick the place, or ...?

A long beat. Nick stares at Babe. His fingers drum against the side of his leg. The .22 in the cookie bag is directly below his hand.

NICK

Here's good.

BLACKOUT.

SIX MONTHS LATER

A DOOR OPENS

and a skittish, tired-looking YOUNG WOMAN in faux-zebra slippers peers out at:

EXT. QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD - MIDDLE AMERICA - DAY

Nick, sweating in a short-sleeve shirt and tie, sales kit at his feet, name embroidered on his pocket: Wayne.

NICK

Hi. Wayne Glasco, Victory Vacuums? Give me five minutes and I'll show you the future.

Beat. Nick smiles. Sincere.

WOMAN

Um --

INT. LIVING ROOM - THREE MINUTES LATER

Nick has his vacuum unpacked, parts all over the floor like a disemboweled Volkswagon. He throws a pile of dirt onto the carpet and tries to vacuum it up -- but he doesn't exactly know what he's doing --

NICK

-- and if you buy today we'll include our patented robo-maid automatic floor cleaning system, that dustmops any hard surface while you prop your feet up and watch Oprah. Go on. Sit down --

He picks up a small half-dome with swivel wheels and brushes -- the ROBO-MAID -- flips a switch and puts it on the hardwood floor where it starts caroming down the hallway, spinning and 'dusting.'

WOMAN

I love Oprah.

NICK -

Oh me too.

DOWN THE HALLWAY: another room, where the television is on, and a MAN is watching NASCAR. Nick can see some of his legs and shoulders. Top of his head.

NICK

This is the key to, you know, domestic, like, bliss. For 25 dollars.

WOMAN

A month?

NICK

All-in.

(off her doubtful look)

I'm one unit short of making my quota. I
eat the difference, yes, but let me be
honest: my bonus more than covers it.
It's a, you know, win-win situation.

WOMAN

(soft)

Lucky me.

NICK

Lucky us.

WOMAN

What's the catch?

NICK

This is one of those situations, hard as
it may be to accept, you know, in this
crazy world of comings and goings and
rapists and media corruption and married
lesbians and whatnot? -- where there is
no catch.

Beat.

WOMAN

I'll go get my purse.

She shuffles down another hallway toward the bedrooms.

NICK

watches her. Looks down to the television room. The man in
the chair has barely moved. Nick reaches down into his tool
kit for something --

FOLLOWING CLOSE - BEHIND NICK

as he glides toward the television room.

Whistling "America the Beautiful."

Nick raises a gun up from where he's held it close against
his side --

SWING AROUND:

REVEAL - BEYA - THE LAST GHOST TERRORIST

sitting in the big chair, watching the races. He's wearing
a workshirt, with the logo and words: PALO VERDE NUCLEAR
POWER PLANT over the pocket.

Nick is right behind him, gun out, aimed. For a moment, nobody moves.

NICK

Ten bucks says you know every word to that song.

Beya turning toward Nick, eyes coldly blank.

NICK

Whereas most Americans get lost right after "spacious skies". But. Don't get the wrong idea, me, I can go one way or another on the whole flag thing, you know? This is for Joe Mullen.

(beat)

He was a good friend of mine.

This Ghost has never heard of Joe Mullen.

NICK

Everybody's got somebody.

Beya starts to reach for something, but --

NICK

(shakes his head)

Unh-uh.

-- steps forward.

NICK

Five hundred and twenty eight fuckin' virgins, or whatever, I lose count.

(beat)

That's the good news.

Nick pulls the trigger.

BLACKOUT.