

EMPIRE

by

Ben Ripley

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The Mark Gordon Company

Dark screen. No sound.

Then, down in a corner, in small, ragged lettering:

Empire

EXT. LEXINGTON AVENUE - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Bright, loud city. A MOTORCADE blasts through traffic. Police escort. Lead car's a big Lincoln. Behind it, a black, gleaming Cadillac Escalade SUV. Like some visiting head of state.

INT. CONDO - HOBOKEN - DAY

New Jersey. A world away. A cramped one-bedroom in a drab part of town. Cheap second-hand furnishings. TV playing.

TELEVISION

News footage of THAT MOTORCADE as it arrives at a FEDERAL COURTHOUSE. A CROWD OF ONLOOKERS out there to meet it --

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

... After a grueling 42 days, the trial of Nathan Boscov is reaching its culmination, with closing arguments set to begin this morning at Federal District Court in lower Manhattan...

KYLE BREUNER reclined on a couch. Takes a drag on a cigarette. He's 30. Freshly-showered. Half-dressed in a white T-shirt and slacks. Faded military tattoo on his upper arm. And a small, healed-over shrapnel scar on his cheek. Not bad, as wounds go.

JULIE

(bustling in)

Why aren't you dressed?

JULIE, Kyle's wife, is 27. Brave, anxious, good-hearted.

KYLE

I still got time.

(the TV)

They're talking about him.

JULIE

Kyle, you'll miss the ferry.

KYLE

There'll be another. They run all day, you know.

JULIE

Why are you acting like this?

KYLE

Like what?

JULIE

You can't show up late. If you show up late and they don't hire you, then what?

KYLE

They'll hire me.

JULIE

And if they don't?

KYLE

Then I don't do the job.

JULIE

Have you changed your mind?

Kyle silent. Withdrawn. Staring at the TV as if he could wish himself away.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Kyle, we need this. Especially now.

KYLE

What's so special about now?

Julie hesitates. Pulls back.

JULIE

We need this. That's all. You may not like it, but it's an opportunity.

KYLE

And I'm doing it. I'll get on the ferry. I'll get hired. It'll all work out.

(almost pleading)

It's just -- talking about it -- for me -- doesn't make it better, Julie.

He cares for her, but this is as far as he can go. Julie backing off. Wishing she knew how to connect with him.

EXT. FEDERAL DISTRICT COURT - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

THAT MOTORCADE arriving, met by a sidewalk mob. JOURNALISTS, CAMERAMEN, PROTESTORS, ON-LOOKERS, POLICE. The usual media circus of satellite news vans, barricades, bullhorns.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
... the enigmatic Mr. Boscov --
regarded by some as a visionary
entrepreneur and others as a
ruthless capitalist -- made
billions in bio-technology before
facing criminal charges in
connection with the deaths of 178
patients in hospitals across the
country...

EXT. FERRY BOAT - HUDSON RIVER - DAY

Churning its way to the Midtown Ferry Terminal. Kyle out here on the windy deck. Shirt, tie, tan suit. Uncomfortable in these clothes.

He's digging out a pack of cigarettes when he stops. Feels something else in his pocket. Discovers a bottle of PRESCRIPTION PILLS.

Surprised. Holding the bottle there. Resentful. Like someone's placed the bottle there.

He crams the bottle back in his pocket. Lights up a smoke. Bracing himself for the looming towers of Manhattan.

INT. COURTROOM - FEDERAL DISTRICT COURT - NEW YORK - DAY

Packed. Every seat filled. And practically every eye on --

NATHAN BOSCOV

He sits at the defense table. Immaculate. An elite presence bracketed by LAWYERS. Boscov is fifty. He is a rock star, existing at the nexus of hi-tech, global finance and rugged individualism. He wears his success without much concern, like he could leave it all behind if something more interesting came along. The JURORS, twelve average, anonymous faces, even now can't stop studying him.

Assistant U.S. Attorney THEA SIMON is delivering her closing argument to the jury.

SIMON

We've been through a lot together these 42 days. I want to thank all of you. Nathan Boscov has mounted an unprecedented effort to muddy the facts of this case. But that's what money buys. It buys millionaire legal teams. Endless motions to delay or dismiss charges. Expert witnesses flown in. Private security in Mr. Boscov's home, so he can live in luxury during his trial.

Boscov's good natured smile. Writes a note to his lawyer -- "She's having a good day."

SIMON (CONT'D)

The artificial blood he developed was indeed miraculous. But it also killed people. Nathan Boscov knew that. He saw the research and he hid that research. He shipped his product. And now that the FDA has pulled it off the market, the only blood left is the blood on his hands. The blood of almost two hundred people. Diabetics. Surgery patients. Wounded soldiers. Mothers, fathers, husbands, wives. Children. All poisoned in the name of profit. Here he sits. There rests the blame. What if it was your family? (going in for the kill)
What are you going to do about it?

INT. HALLWAY - FEDERAL DISTRICT COURT - DAY

Swirling with lawyers, witnesses, jurors, clerks, security. The daily grind of justice. Cutting through it all is FRANK ROMAN, 60, private security contractor, ex-cop, no-nonsense, a burnished eagle.

FRANK

Where's Garcia?

Two of his employees following. TOWERS, fifties, taciturn, African American. And HIBBERT, a tough, bald fireplug of a man. All three in dark suits.

All exude a career lawman's belief in his own abilities, as well as the fatalism that those abilities will go unappreciated.

TOWERS

Garcia's at lunch.

FRANK

Get him back here. I want him
ready out front.

(into a cell phone)

Conroy? Yeah, they're in closing.
How's traffic moving on Sixth? I
don't want Park this time of day.

And now Frank's passing someone. KYLE. Who gets off the
bench where he's been waiting --

KYLE

Frank?

Frank not seeing him -- still on his phone --

FRANK

-- jury's getting the case tonight
or tomorrow --

KYLE

Are you Frank Roman?

FRANK

(into the phone)

-- hang on --

(to Kyle)

Can I help you?

KYLE

I'm Kyle Breuner.

FRANK

Good for you.

KYLE

I'm here about the position.

FRANK

What position?

KYLE

The guard job.

FRANK

What are you talking about?

KYLE

Lady at your office called me. Dee something or other. Said you were short a man on the overnight shift.

Frank turns to Hibbert for an explanation -- one more annoyance in his day --

HIBBERT

Monty's out sick.

FRANK

What about Granville? What about Nelson?

HIBBERT

I don't know. Talk to Dee.

FRANK

(back to Kyle)

Where'd you come from? I never met you before.

KYLE

It's through the Veterans Placement Network.

FRANK

Never heard of it.

KYLE

It's a jobs program for returning service members.

FRANK

(into phone)

Conroy, make sure there's gas in the Escalade, huh? The guys last night, they never fill it. Drives me crazy. I almost ran out of gas last week on the Tappan Zee Bridge.

Frank moving again. Texting on his phone. Kyle left standing there. Put off. But then --

FRANK (CONT'D)

What did you say your name was?

KYLE

Kyle.

FRANK

For your information, Kyle, it's not a "guard job." We're private security consultants. Men on my details have ten, twenty years experience with U.S. Marshals or metropolitan police forces. You fit any of those categories?

KYLE

No, sir.

FRANK

You even have security experience?

KYLE

My Marine unit guarded a port refinery in Basra for most of 2006. Kinda funny cause they trained me as an electronics engineer.

FRANK

Yeah, that's hilarious.

(to Towers)

What about Hopkins?

TOWERS

He's on the Lambert thing out in the Hamptons.

KYLE

I also did security for a few VIP visits in the Green Zone.

FRANK

I don't know. Lot of guys coming back from over there, they're over-cranked. Are you over-cranked?

KYLE

Am I what?

FRANK

Do you anger easily? Are you unstable? Are you unfulfilled?

KYLE

I'm fine.

FRANK

I don't need fine. I need rock solid professionals. With no attitude problems.

KYLE

I just want a job.

FRANK

It's not a job. It's a fill-in.
It's twelve hours. I'm never gonna
hire you full time.

KYLE

I'll take whatever you have.

Kyle hating this. Hates seeming desperate. Frank looks him over. Sees the hardship in Kyle's face. And the pride.

FRANK

Hibbert, get him squared away.
(to Kyle)
Hang back. Watch and listen. Do
not fuck this up. Client's Nathan
Boskov, but you already knew that.

INT. COURTROOM - NEW YORK STATE SUPREME COURT - DAY

ELEANOR PRINN, 55, a chilly senior partner at one of New York's most prestigious law firms, delivers her closing argument with meticulous precision.

PRINN

Nathan Boskov was eleven when he
watched his father die. The family
couldn't afford medical care.

Boskov quiet there. Simple.

PRINN (CONT'D)

He put himself through medical
school. Went on to pioneer several
breakthrough drugs and devices,
including a new type of artificial
blood that saved tens of thousands
of lives. Yes, Mr. Boskov grew
wealthy from HemaCore's success.
But when a few patients began to
die, Mr. Boskov voluntarily pulled
HemaCore from the market. He
cooperated with every
investigation. Authorized payments
for victims. His own board
stripped him of his job in
response.

Boskov reflecting on that. No malice.

PRINN (CONT'D)

And finally this accusation that he intentionally sold a dangerous product. But after weeks of rabid attacks, the government has failed to produce any evidence that Mr. Boscov knew the artificial blood was harmful. Therefore you must, as his sworn jurors, give him his freedom back.

She's done. No applause. A chair creaks in the silence.

EXT. FEDERAL DISTRICT COURT - DAY

A huge crowd milling behind police barricades.

INT. ENTRY VESTIBULE - FEDERAL DISTRICT COURT - DAY

GARCIA, another one of Frank's men, big and burly, posted at the front doors and sizing up the crowd. Kyle and Hibbert over at the metal detectors.

GARCIA

Gotta be a hundred people out there.

HIBBERT

It's the last day of the trial. They want to get a few more licks in.

KYLE

So he's paying us to make sure he doesn't go anywhere. How's that work?

GARCIA

Just like it says. He signs our checks, we take away his freedom. Only way he makes bail. It's legal and it pays good and you'd better be pleasant and polite to him and everybody around him. Not that you're gonna talk to him.

HIBBERT

It's like an egg. Don't break it.

GARCIA

Right now all you gotta have in your head is us getting Mr. Boscov safely across thirty feet of sidewalk and into the Caddy without some asshole spitting on him.

HIBBERT

Lot of spit out there.

KYLE

Why bring him out front? There's a secure loading dock underground.

GARCIA

Loading dock's for convicts. Mr. Boscov is an upstanding member of the community. And your suit's the wrong color. Should be dark. You look conspicuous.

HIBBERT

He looks like the ice cream man.

GARCIA

(hands Kyle a RADIO)

Channel four. Turn it down once we're in the car. Now here in the courthouse, we hang back cause the marshals have charge of Boscov. Outside, it's shared custody driving him back to his apartment. We get there, we take over. We live with him 24-7. We guarantee he's either at home or here in court. Guy goes nowhere else, ever.

A DEPUTY returning both of their GUNS in plastic buckets.

HIBBERT

Jesus. Let me see?

(hefting Kyle's gun)

Sig-5? What are you, a commando?

Hibbert tucks his own trusty 38 into his shoulder holster. All their RADIOS crackle --

FRANK (V.O.)

Heads up, everybody. Mr. Boscov's ready to move.

HIBBERT

Button your jacket.

And they're straightening ties, securing holsters, sunglasses, prepping the whole look. Kyle taking his cues from them, doing what they do, wants to get this right.

INT. COURTROOM - FEDERAL DISTRICT COURT - DAY

The JUDGE now giving instructions to the jury.

JUDGE

Ladies and gentlemen, this case now goes to you. Mr. Boscov is charged with 178 counts of felony manslaughter and criminal negligence. These are serious charges. They will require careful deliberation. Take as long as you need to render your verdict.

EXT. FEDERAL DISTRICT COURT - DAY

Sudden scramble -- shouts -- cameras FLASHING as --

Boscov emerges from court. He's applauded, ogled, jeered at, bombarded by microphones and shouted questions --

THE GUARDS form a protective ring around him. Hibbert leading the way, carving a path through the media gauntlet.

Next Frank and Garcia flanking Boscov like a Secret Service body men. No cuffs, no manhandling. They're all gentlemen.

Next comes BOOKMAN, an African American U.S. Marshal. Then Prinn, followed by her two JUNIOR ATTORNEYS (ELSIE and ALBERT). And then a lesser gaggle of COURT SPOKESMEN, COPS, CITY OFFICIALS. And way back at the end of the line -- KYLE.

Hibbert has the door open to the CADILLAC ESCALADE SUV. Frank escorts Boscov inside. Well-choreographed maneuvers.

The TOWN CAR waiting behind the SUV. A chase vehicle. A blue-eyed guard named CONROY at the wheel. Elsie, Albert and Garcia climb inside this one. It's all a well-oiled machine.

But then there's Kyle -- alone -- bewildered out here until --

HIBBERT

(inside the SUV)

Get in, dipshit.

INT. ESCALADE - DAY

Towers at the wheel. Hibbert shotgun. Boscov and Prinn in the comfy seats. Kyle wedged in the far back with Frank and Bookman.

KYLE'S POV - PEOPLE THRONGING THE SIDEWALK

Everyone out there churning around. Some still shouting at Boscov as police try to maintain order.

Kyle scanning the crowd. It's not his job but some well-honed soldier's instinct guiding his attention to --

A MAN WITH DREADLOCKS. White man. 30's. Filthy blond hair. Very tan -- homeless maybe -- and yet built like he goes to a gym. And he's just standing there, weird little smile, watching the motorcade leave.

Kyle stuck on this guy, taking note, but now they're in traffic, leaving the crowd all behind.

And it's quiet suddenly. Seven of them in the car. Phones coming out. Settling in.

BOOKMAN

How's it going?

Bookman there texting. Doesn't look up. Kyle wondering if this greeting is addressed to him.

And Boscov stretching out, a long day at the office --

BOSCOV

Well that was flattering. Not only have they had my ass on a spit for two months, they let that light-weight assistant prosecutor close. Is it my imagination or is she cross-eyed?

Boscov a man of deep world experience. He's met ten thousand people. There's education in his voice. And a trace of a rural upbringing, some place harsh and cold. Wyoming, maybe.

PRINN

They've never had a case. The lead prosecutor doesn't want to be anywhere near this, so he left it to the junior.

(on her cell phone)

It's Eleanor. We're headed back. It's quarter to five, there won't be a verdict tonight.

Bosco watching the traffic. In a reflective mood.

BOSCOV
That last line of hers to the jury.
"What are you going to do about
it?" We should've used that line.

Sudden lurch -- a MOTORCYCLE veering past -- Towers HONKS --
Kyle startled. Grabs hold of the seat. Coiled.

BOOKMAN
Easy, man.

Kyle swallows. Sweating. Cooped up back here.

BOOKMAN (CONT'D)
(concerned)
Hey, you okay?

KYLE
Yeah, fine.

Kyle sits back. Trying to hide the tension.

BOSCOV
What's the sentence if they convict
me?

PRINN
They're not going to convict.

BOSCOV
Come on. How many years?

PRINN
All 178 counts? I don't know.
Forty, forty five years.

BOSCOV
Forty five years?
(laughing)
Shit! You all don't mind if I
leave the country instead, do you?

They're all laughing. Bosco finally notices Kyle. This
unfamiliar face.

Kyle hesitates. Should he say something? Bosco just winks.
Doesn't matter. Kyle just another guy on his payroll.

EXT. BOSCOV'S APARTMENT BUILDING - UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

Magnificent. Fifteen-story limestone castle just opposite the Central Park Reservoir. Bold architecture. A riot of balconies and carvings. Serious wealth.

The SUV and TOWN CAR turning onto 92nd Street. As a gate to the underground parking level opens.

INT./EXT. ESCALADE - DAY

Dark now as they drive down into the motorcourt. Hand-polished luxury vehicles sit in the shadows. VALETS at a drop-off area lit by brass wall sconces. Classical music on speakers. Everything spotless and elegant.

Towers stuck here behind a congestion of cars.

TOWERS

Look at this. Everybody in the building's down here.

A HOT GIRL in an Audi has just picked up her car and is attempting a 10-point turn to get out of here.

HIBBERT

Any day now, sweetie.
(to Towers)
Get closer. Get around her.

Engines all idling. Fumes. Everybody restless to get out. Valets darting around attending to it all.

Kyle hunkered down. Clammy from the drive. Just wants out of this vehicle.

BOOKMAN

I get carsick, too.

Bookman picking up on Kyle's distress but Kyle just smiles tightly -- doesn't want Bookman's attention --

Kyle turning now -- his window -- movement -- a flash of something -- someone -- and it looked like DREADLOCK GUY --

KYLE

What...?

Impossible. Kyle looks. The man has vanished.

Towers HONKS at the Audi. Edges forward.

FRANK
 (directing Towers)
 Just get over there...

HIBBERT
 No, just back up.

And now a PANEL TRUCK pulls in behind them -- some repair vehicle -- boxing them in --

And Kyle -- once more reacting -- turning this way and that --

TOWERS
 -- look at this -- dude's right on my --
 (the panel truck's headlights flashing him)
 -- don't be flashing me, man! --
 you move! --

Suddenly all their radios go to LOUD STATIC -- Kyle jumps -- twitchy -- heart pounding -- he's starting to freak out back here --

FRANK
 Okay, people. Let's go.
 (into his radio)
 Conroy, we're getting out.
 (static)
 Conroy?

And the valet opening the doors -- and now the REPAIRMEN in the panel truck behind them -- they're getting out --

KYLE
 Frank?

HIBBERT
 Okay, Mr. Boscov.

KYLE
Frank.

Everyone stops. Prinn and Boscov looking back at him.

BOSCOV
 Everything okay?

Frank leans in to Kyle. In a low, tight voice --

FRANK
 Yes, Kyle?

KYLE
I'm sorry -- it just -- this
doesn't seem right --

FRANK
-- what are you? --

KYLE
-- we're pinned here between the
cars. And the radios aren't
working. And that guy out there --

He's pointing -- a MAN IN A SUIT -- at the valet pick up -- a
BULGE in his coat --

KYLE (CONT'D)
He's carrying a concealed weapon.

FRANK
(smoothly taking control)
It's okay. That's one of our men.
Okay? I'll explain this to you.
And the girl in that Audi up there
lives in the building. We know
her. We know everybody. And our
radios don't always work
underground.

Frank staring at him. Hard, warning eyes. *Do not turn this
into a spectacle.*

PRINN
Can we get out please?

FRANK
Yup. Let's go.

Moment's passed -- Kyle backing off -- valets opening doors --
Prinn and Hibbert sliding out -- now Frank turning to help
Bosco out --

The next part happens very quickly --

FLASH -- a blur -- it's DREADLOCK MAN -- springing out from
somewhere -- running at Bosco --

KYLE
Look out!

Kyle lunging -- yanking Bosco back inside --

KYLE (CONT'D)
(to Towers)
-- go! -- go! --

TOWERS

-- what? --

KYLE

-- fucking drive! --

New side to Kyle -- decisive -- intense -- it works -- TOWERS
FLOORS THE ESCALADE --

Valets scatter -- shouts -- chaos -- Boscov pinned across the
seats -- Kyle lying on him like a Secret Service agent -- the
Escalade weaving between cars -- smacks a pole --

EXT. 92ND STREET - DAY

THE ESCALADE barreling up out of the garage --

INT. ESCALADE - DAY

Towers bombing down the street -- their radios suddenly BACK
ON -- VERY LOUD -- CRAZY WITH VOICES --

TOWERS

-- what is it? -- what is it? --

KYLE

-- he's back there -- the guy --
the dreadlocks! --

BOSCOV

-- get off me! --

KYLE

-- it's okay --

FRANK (V.O.)

(over radio)

-- Towers -- Towers! -- come in! --

TOWERS

(in the radio)

-- in the garage! -- man in the
garage! --

And Towers squealing around a corner now as --

EXT. 92ND STREET - DAY

Frank runs out here -- crisis mode -- Hibbert behind him --
gun drawn --

FRANK
 (pushing Hibbert back
 towards the garage)
 -- no! -- go back -- get him! --

And the TOWN CAR skidding up out of the ramp -- Frank waving
 Conroy off down the street --

FRANK (CONT'D)
 -- go -- the Escalade! -- the
 Escalade! --

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

The Escalade skids to a stop outside the building's formal
 front entrance.

KYLE (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 Everyone's okay. We're out front.

INT. ESCALADE - DAY

Bosco shoving Kyle off him -- outraged --

BOSCOV
What the hell's wrong with you?

TOWERS
 (into radio)
 We're secure --

FRANK (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 Towers, stay there, we're coming up
 to you.

Towers turning on Kyle -- angry --

TOWERS
 What the fuck, man?

Kyle crouched there. Heart pounding. And Frank running up
 and the Town Car arriving and the sinking feeling of a huge
 mishap.

INT. BOSCOV'S APARTMENT - DAY

Twelve floors up. Huge windows with head on views of Central
 Park. A calming beat as we take in the residence of an
 eclectic cowboy billionaire. Coffered ceilings.

Heavy masonry. Big furniture. Lighting that automatically adjusts to time of day. Flat-screen TVs next to antiques. Bronze Remingtons thrown together with Warhols. Slide guitars and crystal highball glasses. A framed letter of Benjamin Franklin's.

Settled on top of this -- uneasily -- is a pervasive security presence. An entire room has been converted into a hi-tech command center. Frank's guards strolling throughout the house. They drink bottled water. Murmur into cell phone calls or scan their screens for messages. There's little real work other than maintain a presence.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - DAY

A PERSONAL PHYSICIAN cleans a scrape on Boscov's wrist. Prinn hovers. Angry mother hen.

BOSCOV

I can do this. I have been to medical school.

PHYSICIAN

Good news is it's a deep laceration. No need for stitches.

PRINN

When I get through with these people...

BOSCOV

Forget it, Eleanor. I've got bigger things to worry about.

PRINN

(to the physicians)

Make sure you draw some blood.

BOSCOV

What the hell for?

PRINN

Who knows what scraped you down there? You could have tetanus.

The physician accustomed to the whims of rich people. He gets out some empty vials to do the blood draw.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Frank, Hibbert and Towers stand around the center island. Grim looks. Bookman walks in to update them.

BOOKMAN

Everyone in the motorcourt's fine.
Nobody was hit. Just some banged
up fenders. You write a few
checks, that's hopefully the end of
it. Could've been a lot worse.

FRANK

I don't suppose anybody saw
Dreadlock Man?

HIBBERT

Guy doesn't exist.

REVEAL -- Kyle here. Relegated to a chair. Like a problem
child. The center of dislike.

TOWERS

What was I supposed to do?

(Kyle)

This guy's screaming "go, go, he's
got a gun."

KYLE

I never said he had a gun.

FRANK

I knew it. I fucking knew it. And
you were sweating bullets in the
motorcade, too, weren't you?

KYLE

Something happened in that garage.

FRANK

You did convoys in Iraq, now you
can't even get in a goddamn car.

(throwing up his hands)

I swear, this generation and their
PTSD shit. I spent twelve
nightmare months in a jungle in
Vietnam. You hear me whining about
it?

BOOKMAN

You're positive you saw an
assailant?

Silence. Kyle hesitates.

KYLE

Something was wrong. Maybe the guy
wasn't trying to hurt him. Maybe
he was trying to break him out.

FRANK
Thanks for the insight.

KYLE
It's possible, right?

HIBBERT
Can I shoot this guy, Frank?

FRANK
That's enough. Everybody. Towers,
you did okay. Put it behind you.
Go home, see your family.

Towers glares at Kyle as he walks out.

HIBBERT
You're an embarrassment.

FRANK
Hibbert, find something to do.
(his phone ringing now)

Hibbert mutters an insult under his breath and leaves.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Stay put, Kyle.
(answering his phone)
Dee. Do me a favor, you got the
staffing chart out...?

Frank exits. Kyle quiet now. Gloomy. Knows he's blown it.
Just Bookman in here with him now.

BOOKMAN
You certainly made an impression.

KYLE
I know what I saw. And these
guards should be paid by the court,
not Boscov.

BOOKMAN
Court couldn't afford what this
costs.

KYLE
Guy's on trial and gets to live in
a palace. He's a flight risk.
Should be in jail.

BOOKMAN
Is that your problem?
(lowers his voice)
(MORE)

BOOKMAN (CONT'D)

Look, I was over there in 2004. I was in Ramadi and it was awful. And coming back, nobody knows what you've been through. But you'll find your way out of this. And don't worry about Boscov. This place is jail. Legally he's still in custody. He can't leave, can't be alone. It sucks for him.

(hands Kyle his business card)

That's my cell, anything else happens up here.

KYLE

(regret)

I told my wife it was all going to be fine.

BOOKMAN

Remember, it's hard on her, too. Trying to pick up where you left off.

KYLE

You know if the marshals are hiring right now?

BOOKMAN

They cut staff twenty percent last month.

(turns back as he leaves)

So you know, everything in here's being recorded.

Bookman leaves. Kyle looks up to see a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Prinn and Frank. Door shut. Showdown.

PRINN

He could've killed somebody.

FRANK

He came highly recommended.

PRINN

I want him gone.

FRANK

It's not that easy.

PRINN

Excuse me?

FRANK

It's a manpower issue.

PRINN

He's not working here. Work the overnight? Are you insane?

FRANK

It's only one night. Court says we need two on the overnight and I literally got no one else to plug in right now.

PRINN

What about you? Why don't you do it?

FRANK

I got other jobs to supervise, that's why. Now Marquez is coming in. He's my best guy. He's solid. Give me till morning, I'll have a new guy, new staff, Kyle's gone forever.

Prinn not happy at all. But might have to live with it.

INT. KITCHEN

Kyle slouched in the chair. A WALL INTERCOM buzzes.

BOSCOV (V.O.)

I'll take a water out here, please.

Kyle wondering who that was meant for. No one else here.

EXT. PATIO - DAY

Huge outdoor space. Ivy-covered walls. Sleek fountains. Several groupings of furniture. Fire pits. A forest of Norwegian spruce trees in pots.

Kyle emerging out here through French doors. Looks around uncertainly. Carries a bottled water.

BoscoV over at a railing overlooking a massive panorama of the Fifth Avenue canyon.

KYLE
You wanted some water?

Boscov ignoring him. Kyle awkward here.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Mr. Boscov, about the garage...
(fumbling)
I mean, whatever did or didn't
happen down there, I'm sorry if --

BOSCOV
Here, have a look.

Boscov steps back -- he's been looking through a TELESCOPE.

BOSCOV (CONT'D)
Come on. Check it out.

Kyle hesitates. Goes to look through the telescope.

KYLE'S POV

An apartment several blocks away. A STRIPPER framed prominently in a window. Removing her clothes.

BOSCOV (CONT'D)
Neat, huh? I got 'em working in
shifts. Just like you guys.
(nudges him away)
Don't tell Prinn. Sometimes I
wonder if she's a lawyer or a nun
in convent.

A MAID coming out here. Silver tray with a bottle of sparkling water, chilled glass, lime wedge, ceramic dish with heated snacks, cloth napkin. That's what he means by water.

BOSCOV (CONT'D)
I once had dinner out here with
Alicia Keys. Not bad for growing
up on food stamps.
(pouring water as the maid
withdraws)
So you think I was trying to escape
down there, is that it?

Sudden shift. Kyle on the spot.

KYLE
I don't know.

BOSCOV

Don't you think I could do better?
If I made up my mind to run, you
think I wouldn't succeed? I'd have
you all machine gunned, burn your
bodies, burn down the entire
building probably. Then slip out
of the city inside a delivery truck
and hop on my jet to the Cayman
Islands.

Now the smile. Strong as sunlight.

BOSCOV (CONT'D)

But I happen to have faith in our
justice system. I even turned down
their plea deal. I won't do time
for something I didn't do. Won't
apologize for it either. Nor
should you. You saw something in
that garage. Right or wrong, you
committed. I like that. Makes me
want to know your name.

Prinn walking out here now --

BOSCOV (CONT'D)

We were just getting acquainted out
here.

PRINN

Jury's back at eight tomorrow. A
verdict could come any time after
that.

Boscov nods. A sleepless night ahead.

BOSCOV

See you at 7:30 then.

Prinn now turning to Kyle. Icy reserve.

PRINN

We agreed you'll remain in the
surveillance room tonight. Your
partner guard will respond to
anything that comes up. Are we
clear on that?

Kyle holding himself back. Their animosity right there.

KYLE

Yes, ma'am.

EXT. BOSCOV'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Boscov's legal team dispersing. Elsie into a taxi. Albert on foot. Prinn whisked away in a chauffeured Mercedes.

INT. MOTORCOURT - EVENING

All is quiet. A valet polishes a Bentley.

CAMERA FINDS

Frank. Inspecting the banged-up Escalade. Each dent and scrape is an affront to his perfectionism.

CONROY
(walking up)
Look, I'll stay. Do the overnight.

FRANK
No, it's okay. Marquez'll keep it
all buttoned up for the night.
(rueful)
Fucking mess down here, though.
Lucky nobody got hurt.

CONROY
What do you think? You think that
kid was right, something really
went down here?

FRANK
Why? Makes no sense. Boscov's not
stupid. Why would he run, night
before the verdict?

CONROY
Word is they'll acquit him.

FRANK
Who knows? You never know. Other
hand, if they convict, it's good
for us. Book a few more months
here before they ship him off.

EXT. BOSCOV'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Frank driving the town car out of the motorcourt. Pulls up to a red light on 92nd.

Someone crossing the street. It's DREADLOCK GUY. Just another borderline character in New York.

Frank deep in thought. Doesn't spot him. The light turns green and he drives off.

INT. BUILDING ELEVATOR - EVENING

Riding up is MARQUEZ. Late twenties. Dark suit. Dark, European good looks. Eye glasses. Messenger bag. Formal and serious. Not much like the other guards.

INT. ENTRY FOYER - BOSCOV'S APARTMENT - EVENING

A closed-circuit screen shows Marquez outside the front door. Hibbert enters a code on a keypad and a high-security electronic deadbolt releases.

HIBBERT
(opening the door)
Marquez. What up?

MARQUEZ
Que-tal, Hibbertto?

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

QUICK CLOSE-UPS of Marquez's opening rituals --

-- A graduate-level economics textbook placed on the table. Pens, pencils, calculator.

-- A plastic container of food tucked inside a mini-refrigerator.

-- Classical music streams on some speakers.

REVEAL THE REST OF THE ROOM

The security detail's command post. Very high tech. Laptops, routers and cabling. Radios in charging cradles. Screens display surveillance of all areas of the apartment.

And finally, Marquez and Kyle staring at one another. Marquez speaks precise English with a Madrid accent.

MARQUEZ
Nice suit.
(beat)
Come with me.

INT. ENTRY FOYER - NIGHT

The FRONT ENTRY DOOR stands open. Just beyond is the elevator lobby.

MARQUEZ

The original doors have all been replaced with steel fire doors with reinforced sheet plating.

(shuts the door)

We have a magnetic seal which is smoke-proof and tear-gas proof.

He keys a CODE into a KEYPAD. The sound of rotating metal cylinders engaging an industrial lock.

MARQUEZ (CONT'D)

The security system generates a new locking code every two hours.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Their tour continuing. Kyle inspects a window. Taps on the glass. It makes a deadened, synthetic sound.

MARQUEZ

That's ballistic polycarbonate. Bullet-proof. The technicians did a good job on these.

KYLE

Who you trying to keep out?

MARQUEZ

It's not to keep out. It's to keep in.

INT. VENTILATION DUCT - NIGHT

The screen pops off. Marquez and Kyle peering into the long, narrow passageway.

MARQUEZ

Mr. Boscov's shoulders measure thirty-nine centimeters in width, meaning it is impossible for him to fit in here. Nevertheless...

He clicks on a UV FLASHLIGHT -- revealing a network of BLUE SENSOR BEAMS cross-crossing the shaft.

KYLE
I get it. He's not going anywhere.

MARQUEZ
We're not done.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marquez yanks open a drawer. Nothing but empty slots.

MARQUEZ
All knives have been removed.
Scissors, razor blades, letter
openers, anything sharp.
(he's walking through the
kitchen now)
There is the wine room. Pantry.
Chef's office. The pizza oven sets
off the smoke alarm, but I assume
you won't be using it.

Bosco passes by in the hall, sweatpants, slippers, busy
reading a document.

BOSCOV
Hey, Marquez. How's school going?

MARQUEZ
Good evening, Mr. Bosco. School
is going well. Midterms on Friday.

Marquez waits until Bosco is out of earshot.

MARQUEZ (CONT'D)
Do not initiate conversation with
the client. Do not get in Mr.
Bosco's way.

CUT TO:

A COMPUTER SCREEN

A SCHEMATIC FLOORPLAN coming up. Intricately-detailed
graphic renderings of the entire apartment.

MARQUEZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There are eighteen rooms,
comprising 9,211 square feet.

And we are...

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

On the screen, all window and door outlines pulse with real-time sensor updates.

MARQUEZ

The outdoor patio has a motion detector. In addition --

He keys a command -- a RADAR ARM sweeps the rooms --

MARQUEZ (CONT'D)

-- we periodically scan for cellular signals. Mr. Boscov is not allowed the use of a mobile phone.

Marquez turns to another set of screens showing stacked SURVEILLANCE CAMERA VIEWS.

MARQUEZ (CONT'D)

There are microphones and surveillance cameras in every room, as well as in all stairwells, alleys and sidewalk outside. Every hour I walk around and I check everything. Every door lock, every window.

Marquez pulls out a thick binder.

MARQUEZ (CONT'D)

Now then. Visitors. Unless they're on this approved list, they do not get in here. You, me and Mr. Boscov are the only occupants overnight here. As for phone calls, we've cut him back from twelve lines to one. Mr. Boscov's free to place and receive calls, but we see the numbers and we're allowed to monitor his conversations. No one calls this time of night, with the exception being Mr. Boscov's psychologist.

KYLE

He talks to a psychologist?

Silence. Marquez is bland, clinical.

MARQUEZ

Home confinement can be taxing.

KYLE

He seems pretty content, actually.

MARQUEZ

Mr. Boscov is a model client.
Every day shaved, showered, dressed
and productive. It's unusual.
These types of successful people
are used to having control. When
they're deprived of it, they become
irritable. Eventually they lash
out at us.

Marquez goes to his chair. Taking out his homework.

MARQUEZ (CONT'D)

I hope you brought something to do.

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE - NIGHT

Midtown towers glitter in the New York night.

EXT. BOSCOV'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Fifth Avenue quieting down. The residential neighborhood
settling in for the night.

INT. STUDY - BOSCOV'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marquez on patrol. Looks in here briefly. Just a desk light
on. The room empty and still.

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Kyle alone in here while Marquez patrols. On his phone.

JULIE (V.O.)

I thought you'd call earlier.

KYLE

I know. It was crazy for a while.
But it's fine.

JULIE (V.O.)

So it's okay? What's it like?

KYLE

Up here? You can't even imagine a
place like this. And all I do is
sit here.

Kyle staring out at the immensity of city lights.

JULIE (V.O.)
It won't always be like this.

KYLE
What if it is?

JULIE (V.O.)
It's a means to an end. What
you're doing right now. That's it.
Our family is all that matters.

KYLE
You talk like there's more than
just you and me.

JULIE (V.O.)
There'll be at least one more.

KYLE
What do you mean? You don't
mean...

JULIE (V.O.)
I'm four weeks. Maybe five. The
doctor wasn't sure.

KYLE
What?

JULIE (V.O.)
I wanted to tell you this morning,
before you left. With all this, I
didn't know how.
(long pause)
You okay?

KYLE
Yeah, no, I'm... I'm great.
(dazed, laughing)
I'm just trying to get it through
my head...

JULIE (V.O.)
You'll be a great dad.

Kyle staggered. Shuts his eyes. Everything just realigned.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - NIGHT

An icy wind whips down the avenue, rattling the awnings and
the landscaped greenery of the apartment buildings.

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Marquez back in here. He's doing homework. Econ problem set. Kyle restless. Excited. Checks his phone.

MARQUEZ
I'm telling you, you won't make it
through the night like that.

KYLE
What should I be doing?

MARQUEZ
Read a book. Write a letter. This
is the job. Nothing happens.

KYLE
You got kids, Marquez?

The INTERCOM comes on --

BOSCOV (O.S.)
You guys still awake?

MARQUEZ
(getting up)
Stay here. I'll see what he wants.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marquez comes in to find Boscov opening a bottle of wine.

BOSCOV
They only produce twenty cases a
year of this Burgundy.
(calling out)
Kyle, get in here!

Boscov starts pouring out three glasses.

MARQUEZ
I'm sorry, Mr. Boscov, but we can't
drink on duty.

BOSCOV
How about a little sympathy? It
might be my last night of freedom.
(he's bringing food out of
the pantry)
What else we got here? Nuts.
Dried figs. Chocolate bars.

Kyle coming in now.

MARQUEZ
 (to Kyle)
 Let's go. Back to the office.

BOSCOV
 Come on! I've got Kobe beef
 hotdogs I've never tried. From now
 on, I'm gonna live like there's no
 tomorrow. I've got the last three
 Superbowls on DVR.

MARQUEZ
 You'd be better off getting some
 sleep.

BOSCOV
 You think Thomas Moore slept the
 night before he was beheaded?

MARQUEZ
 Who's cutting your head off?

BOSCOV
 Fine. Go away, Marquez. Kyle can
 keep me company.

MARQUEZ
 Ms. Prinn said specifically Kyle
 must stay in the office.

BOSCOV
 Do you work for Ms. Prinn? No.
 You work for Frank. And Frank
 works for me. Everybody works for
 me. That's the flow of power here.
 It starts with me and radiates out.

KYLE
 It's okay, Marquez. Go on.

Marquez hesitant to leave Kyle in here with Boscov.
 Reluctantly walks out.

BOSCOV
 Marquez is a good guy. He's
 getting his MBA at Columbia.
 (drains the rest of his
 glass)
 What about you? What's your life
 plan?

KYLE
 Guess I don't have one.

BOSCOV

You'd better. You've got a growing family to support.

KYLE

Sorry?

BOSCOV

What?

KYLE

I never told you I had a family.

BOSCOV

What's wrong with you? You got a wedding ring on. I assumed you had kids or want kids or whatever. Who cares? I'm making conversation.

KYLE

I should get back to Marquez.

BOSCOV

Yeah, I'm sure you two have a lot to talk about.

KYLE

You might want to just get some sleep.

BOSCOV

You might want to go fuck yourself.
(hastily)

Wait. I'm sorry. Please. I don't mean to insult you. I'm not myself. I'm freaked out. I'm going to prison tomorrow.

KYLE

Tomorrow?

BOSCOV

I had a family once. Got married at nineteen. I wore Converse sneakers to the ceremony. I wasn't a very serious person back then.

(a lost world)

How about some Cuban cigars? We'll fire up the hot tub. Have some girls sent up. You like Croatian girls?

KYLE

Hang on. Even if they find you guilty, you're still on bail, you still got appeals.

BOSCOV

Go read my bail agreement. They find me guilty, I'm remanded to jail to await sentencing. Even if they deadlock, I go back in custody.

KYLE

But you have faith in the system.

BoscoV bristles. Discouraging the familiarity Kyle starting to address him with. Then throws up his hands.

BOSCOV

I'm screwed. Those jurors look at me, someone rich, successful, everything they're not. I must be guilty of something. I took up eight weeks out of their life, they slept through my defense, now they're going to stick it to me. My ass is headed back to jail tomorrow. Then on to a federal correctional facility in Kentucky, where I'll put on a white jumpsuit and clean gum off cafeteria trays. I don't want pity from you. Just conversation.

BoscoV pulls out a bottle of PILLS. One by one shaking them out onto the counter.

KYLE

My wife is pregnant actually. She just told me tonight. I'm kinda freaked out myself.

BOSCOV

You'll be fine. You love her?

KYLE

Yeah. Sure. I don't know her so well, actually. It all happened fast. A year ago I'd just gotten out of the Marines. Pissed off a lot. No direction. Didn't want to be around people. I took my little nephew ice skating one day, this rink in Queens.

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

I'm out there, never skated before,
I'm falling down, cursing. This
woman skates up. Turned out she's
an instructor. She starts telling
me everything I'm doing wrong. I
say something obnoxious back and
she skates off, disappears, no idea
where.

(rueful)

I went back to that goddamn rink
every day for the next five days
before I found her again.

Bosco with the pills in his mouth. About to swallow them.
Speaking through his teeth --

BOSCOV

That's touching.

KYLE

You gonna take all those?

BOSCOV

Need 'em to sleep. Price of
infamy.

Bosco downs the pills with the wine. A sigh of contentment.

BOSCOV (CONT'D)

Twenty minutes, then I'm dead to
the world. I believe I have time
for a quick swim.

INT. SPA - NIGHT

Reflections from underwater lights dance on tiled walls.
Bosco swims in his private LAP POOL. Strong, knifing
strokes. He reaches a wall. Kyle standing up here. Uneasy.

KYLE

That Ambien's going to kick in
soon. You pass out in there, I'm
not gonna rescue you.

BOSCOV

Why not? Can't you swim?
(Kyle doesn't answer)
Here, I'll teach you.

KYLE

I know how to swim.

BOSCOV

Let me teach you something. Some useful skill. Before I pass out. What can I teach you in nine minutes?

Kyle not understanding. Boscov treading water there. His mood deteriorating.

BOSCOV (CONT'D)

I'm going away for a long time, Kyle. I never had a son. I got no one to show anything to.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Boscov in slippers and a robe. Kyle holding a FISHING POLE as Boscov demonstrates tying a knot with some fishing line. His voice slurs as the Ambien takes hold.

BOSCOV

... you paying attention?... barrel knot's a good, basic knot... just cross these two pieces here... make an "x"...

He wobbles. Kyle helps him down into a chair.

BOSCOV (CONT'D)

Who are we kidding? You're never going to use this knot.

KYLE

Sure I am. Tie my shoes with it.

BOSCOV

You're not really like a son. You're like a stupid younger brother.

Boscov bleary and listless. Spots a WRISTWATCH on his desk.

BOSCOV (CONT'D)

Here.

(offers it)

Take it.

KYLE

That's your watch. I'm not taking that.

BOSCOV
 It's my father's, actually. Shitty
 little ten dollar Omega. Only
 thing he could afford.
 (quiet)
 Only thing of his I have.

He slumps back. Kyle replaces the watch on the desk.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sleek and luxuriant. A Matisse over the bed. A scale model
 of a new football stadium in a glass case. Some glamorous
 investment. Financial News pages strewn around.

MARQUEZ (O.S.)
 Easy now. That's it. A few more
 steps.

Kyle and Marquez helping a lethargic Boscov in here.

BOSCOV
 ... you're good people... so
 helpful...

MARQUEZ
 (to Kyle)
 He went swimming?

KYLE
 (shrugs)
 It's his show, right?

MARQUEZ
 He might've overdosed. Maybe we
 should get him in the shower.

BOSCOV
 No! No shower!
 (pulls away, collapses in
 bed)
 Kyle.

KYLE
 Yeah?

BOSCOV
 Take the damn watch.

Boscov fading out. Out cold.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kyle walking down the hallway with Marquez.

MARQUEZ

He's never done anything like this before.

Kyle pulls out Boscov's bottle of pills.

KYLE

We should check his medicine cabinet for more of these.

MARQUEZ

We're not his doctor.

KYLE

Why's he all alone in this place?
Where's his family?

MARQUEZ

We're his family. I read somewhere
he had children with a Greek
princess --

BLAM! A door bangs open -- Boscov storming out here --

BOSCOV

Give them back! You took my pills!

Boscov grabs Kyle -- slams him against the wall -- eyes blazing --

MARQUEZ

Mr. Boscov, calm down...

KYLE

It's okay, Marquez.

Boscov tightens his grip on Kyle -- incensed --

BOSCOV

It's not okay.

(in his face)

This is my house. I've been
patient. I've overlooked things.
Not just your bullshit gaffe in the
parking garage but going back
months. You guys -- you stink up
my bathrooms. Scuff my furniture.
You spend entire shifts talking on
your cell phones and I have to
listen to it.

(MORE)

BOSCOV (CONT'D)

Some of you are overweight. You eat disgusting food. You read my mail, annoy my staff, charge a fortune for doing nothing and have the audacity to be familiar with me. You all seem to think because we're in the same house I give a shit about you.

MARQUEZ

Mr. Boscov, please --

BOSCOV

And don't stare at my artwork! You people don't understand art! I sign your checks, I could replace you tomorrow. So from now on, I'm the one giving orders. Order number one -- very simple -- don't talk to me. Order number two -- stay up there in the office where you belong. Both of you. And number three, give me back my fucking sleeping pills.

KYLE

No.

WHAM! Boscov knees Kyle in the groin -- Kyle goes down --

MARQUEZ

Hey! Hey!
(hauling Boscov off Kyle)
Go! -- over there! -- now!

Boscov shoves Marquez away -- stalks back to his room --

BOSCOV

Get out of my house!

The door slams shut. And Kyle down on one knee. Eyes shut. Panting. Disbelief.

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

All is quiet. Kyle sprawled on a sofa. Marquez making a log entry on a computer.

MARQUEZ

"11:10 p.m. Client struck Mr. Breuner in the genital area and returned to bedroom."

KYLE

I thought you said nothing happens on these jobs.

MARQUEZ

I told you. Sooner or later they all melt down. I'm surprised he lasted this long.

KYLE

Should we call somebody?

MARQUEZ

Let him sleep it off.
(looks at a surveillance screen)
His bedroom's dark. He shut off the light.

KYLE

I wonder if he really took those Ambien.

MARQUEZ

What do you mean?

KYLE

The guy was passed out. One minute later he's charging me like a bull?

MARQUEZ

It's a reaction. Adrenaline. The man's terrified.

KYLE

You think they'll convict him?

MARQUEZ

Most of them get convicted these days. Times are hard. It's the mood of the people. Why don't you get some air? Go walk around the block. Shake it off.

Kyle with something else on his mind. Picks up one of the walkie-talkies.

KYLE

These Motorolas -- we used ones like this in the Marines. They've got a spread frequency distribution. It's almost impossible for them to lose signal.
(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)
Definitely not in a sublevel
parking garage.
(Marquez with a blank
stare)
Somebody was jamming our radios
down there. In case you're
interested.

Marquez silent. Expression hardening. Takes the walkie-talkie back and very definitively drops it in the charger.

EXT. NEW YORK SKYLINE - NIGHT

Late night. Fog hovers, glowing diffusely from spotlights on the buildings.

EXT. SERVICE ALLEY - NIGHT

Behind Boscov's building. The motorized ALLEY GATE suddenly comes to life, trundling open to admit a A DELIVERY TRUCK.

It parks. Engine off. Just sits there. No one gets out. It's too dark to see into the cab.

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Marquez by himself. Trying to focus on his economics book but can't concentrate.

ON A SCREEN -- A surveillance camera shows Kyle moving through the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kyle on patrol. Checks the windows. The locks on the French doors.

INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kyle checks the back door. Like the front door, there's a KEYPAD there to release the lock.

A TRASH CHUTE also back here. The security company has been everywhere -- even this little chute has been closed off, the one-by-two foot swinging door sealed with a PADLOCK. Kyle testing it. Doesn't budge.

INT. SERVER ROOM - NIGHT

Kyle surrounded by computer servers, system towers and fiber optics. All of this running the apartment's security, entertainment, communications and climate control systems.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Kyle replaces the fallen fishing pole in a corner. Sizes up this tycoon's war room. The oversized globe. The newspapers crisply fanned out on a side table. The carved wood desk. Atop it, a six-screen array, sound muted, CNBC, Bloomberg terminals bubbling with stock tickers.

Now a wall of photos. Boscov with the Dalai Lama. Boscov and some giddy VIPS ringing the bell at the New York Stock Exchange. Boscov with a gorgeous, bikini-clad woman on a sailboat, backlit by a Caribbean sunset.

But Kyle pausing now because he's heard something.

There. A muffled CLANK. Followed by a SCRAPE.

Kyle hesitates. Can't at all place this.

Clunk. Thump. Scrape.

It's closer now. And coming from outside.

Kyle pushes aside heavy curtains. Can't see a thing beyond his reflection.

He snaps off the lamp. Back at the window. Waiting in the dark. Nerves tingling. Face pressed to the glass when --

A MAN SWINGS DOWN IN FRONT OF THE WINDOW

Kyle stumbling back -- utter shock! --

The man hanging there -- some kind of harness --

Kyle frozen there -- what the hell is this? --

Outside -- the man -- he sprays something on the window. Then -- SCRAPE -- wipes it clean with a rubber blade.

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Marquez into his radio -- lecturing Kyle like he's an idiot --

MARQUEZ
They're called window washers.

KYLE (V.O.)
It's midnight, Marquez.

MARQUEZ
They work 24 hours. You know how
many windows there are in New York?

INT. GYM - NIGHT

Kyle wandering through a home gym big enough for ten people to work out in. Cardio equipment. Racks of weights. Everything gleaming and polished. Towels and water bottles set out expectantly.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Floor to ceiling shelving. Well organized archives. Kyle looking around. Pure snooping. He lifts the lid off a document box. Finds stacks of glossy, shrink-wrapped brochures. He puts it back. Snaps off the overhead light.

And we hear it now. Another sound. This one's different. This one's a MURMURING.

Kyle listening. Following the noise down to a file cabinet. A wall. An an AIR VENT. Kyle crouched there. Listening.

The murmur is BOSCOV'S VOICE.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kyle walking in the direction he thinks the voice could be coming from. Glancing in dark rooms.

He rounds a corner. Creeps right up to the closed door of Boscov's bedroom. Listening there. Barely breathing.

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Kyle back in here. Marquez eating his dinner.

KYLE
Well it sounded like a phone call.

MARQUEZ
Maybe he was talking in his sleep.

KYLE
It was a conversation. And I heard him say 3:30.

MARQUEZ

3:30.

KYLE

Yeah, like something was going to happen then. At 3:30 this morning.

MARQUEZ

Kyle...

KYLE

I'm telling you what I heard.

Marquez punches up a screen. Call data.

MARQUEZ

His last call was almost five hours ago. To his lawyer.

KYLE

If he used a cell phone, it wouldn't show up there.

MARQUEZ

He's not allowed a cell phone. And we do electron sweeps --

KYLE

I know -- I know -- you got this thing locked tight but --

MARQUEZ

The doors are locked. Our client is safe in bed. Just like every night for five months. The only thing different here is you.

KYLE

Were you just there? He attacked me. Excuse me if I don't think everything's hunky-dory around here. And what about the truck?

MARQUEZ

What truck?

KYLE

It's down in the service alley. Just sitting there.

Kyle takes a pair of BINOCULARS and goes to the window.

KYLE (CONT'D)
 It's been there almost an hour.
 And that's a refrigerated truck.
 (hands the binoculars to
 Marquez)
 Refrigerated trucks don't just sit
 with their engines off.

MARQUEZ
 Maybe it's empty.

KYLE
 Well what's it doing there? Where
 are the valets? Who let it in?

MARQUEZ
 Are you for real?

Marquez baffled by Kyle. Who goes for his coat.

MARQUEZ (CONT'D)
 What are you doing?

KYLE
 I'm going to check it out.

MARQUEZ
 No, you're supposed to stay --

KYLE
 I don't care, Marquez. I'm going.

MARQUEZ
 (quickly)
 Are you on any prescription
 medication?

KYLE
 What?

MARQUEZ
 Answer my question.

KYLE
 Am I on medication?

MARQUEZ
 Are you?

Kyle pausing there. Can't believe this.

KYLE
 Some.

MARQUEZ
(mildly surprised)
You're on drugs?

KYLE
I'm not "on drugs." It's a low
dose of Xanax.

MARQUEZ
For PTSD?

KYLE
I don't have PTSD. You think
they'd let me carry a gun if I did?

MARQUEZ
Isn't every American armed?

KYLE
It takes the edge off. That's all.
But go ahead and write me off as
crazy if that's easier for you.

BEEP. The computers. A screen blinking.

KYLE (CONT'D)
What is it?

MARQUEZ
Nothing. Minor malfunction.

KYLE
With what? The alarm?

MARQUEZ
The alarm's fine. It's just a
camera down.

KYLE
What do you mean -- down?

On screen, one of the camera feeds has gone to static.

MARQUEZ
Might be the network. Might be a
hardware problem. It happens now
and then.

KYLE
Which camera is it?

MARQUEZ
 Number six. Downstairs.
 (grudgingly)
 The service alley.

That does it. Kyle slips on his coat.

INT. UPSTAIRS LOBBY - NIGHT

Kyle stepping out here. Pulls the door shut. Waits until he hears the ELECTRONIC DEADBOLT RE-ENGAGE.

The foyer a silent still life. The neighboring apartment door also closed. Kyle summons the elevator.

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Marquez straining to look down at the alley. But it's a steep angle. Difficult to see much.

He's annoyed. All this studying he has to do. He watches Kyle on a security monitor crossing through the parking garage downstairs.

EXT. SERVICE ALLEY - NIGHT

A cold courtyard behind the building. Dumpsters. Elevated receiving dock. Everything locked up and secure.

Kyle inspecting that DELIVERY TRUCK. It's a nondescript, banged-up delivery van but he's oddly fixated by it.

He circles it now. Noting the license plate. The peeling paint. The vague logo buried under graffiti.

He tries opening the van's rear delivery door. Locked.

Now he's dialing a number on his phone. As it connects, he steps up on the running board. Flashlight surveying the empty cab. Couple fast food cups. Clipboard. Nothing.

MARQUEZ (V.O.)
 (recorded voice)
Hola. Soy Marquez. Deja tu mensaje.

KYLE
 (into phone)
 Marquez, it's Kyle. I'm down here and there's no sign of the driver. What do you think?
 (MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

Maybe we should have this thing
towed. I'm gonna try to find a
valet.

He hangs up. Steps down again. Looks around. Flashlight
finding --

A SURVEILLANCE CAMERA

High on the wall. The one covering the service alley. The
one that's off-line.

Kyle clicks off his flashlight. Maybe this is just a waste
of time.

INT. MOTORCOURT - NIGHT

Kyle walking back through here. The place is utterly
deserted. Valet stand's empty. Office light off.

Now Kyle heading in a new direction. Through a screen of
potted ficus trees to arrive at a small DUMPSTER AREA.

Everything neat and orderly. There's a tower of empty
recycling containers. Newspapers stacked and bound with
twine. And a DUMPSTER.

Kyle hesitates. Then climbs up the side of the dumpster.
It's awkward and dirty, but soon he's peering down into it.
Nothing much there.

Then he looks up. In the ceiling is a CHUTE OPENING for all
the building's trash to come sliding out.

Kyle just staring at that chute opening. Thinking to
himself.

INT. ENTRY FOYER - NIGHT

Kyle heading back inside. Marquez following him.

MARQUEZ

What happened? Where were you?

KYLE

Your phone's off.

MARQUEZ

No, it isn't.

(Kyle disappearing down
the hall)

Where are you going?

INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kyle has gone straight to the TRASH CHUTE. Finds its swinging metal door PADLOCKED. Marquez coming in.

KYLE
Open this.

MARQUEZ
Why?

Kyle just looks at him expectantly. Marquez mutters something in Spanish, pulls out a key and removes the padlock.

Kyle swings open the chute. Flashlight shining down into blackness.

KYLE
How big is this?

MARQUEZ
I don't know.

KYLE
You measured all the air ducts, why not this?

MARQUEZ
I have no idea.

KYLE
There's no sensors in here either.

MARQUEZ
It's just a trash chute.

KYLE
Marquez, the chute goes straight down to the dumpster. Twenty yards away there's a truck waiting...

Marquez walking away. Had enough.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marquez coming in. Kyle following him.

KYLE
... And the one camera that would record all this has been shut off...

MARQUEZ

Uh huh.

KYLE

Come on, man, listen to me.

MARQUEZ

No. I won't listen to you. This is crazy. Boscov's not escaping down a trash chute! Now get back into the goddamn office and shut up until morning.

Marquez gathering up some empty TAKE-OUT CONTAINERS sitting there on the counter. The remnants of a gourmet meal.

KYLE

What's all this?

(Marquez ignoring him)

What are you doing? Where'd those containers come from?

MARQUEZ

It's Mr. Boscov's dinner. He ordered it from Daniel Boulud. It's all approved. He eats in his room, then brings the containers out here for disposal.

KYLE

When were these brought up?

MARQUEZ

(pleading for mercy)

Kyle...

KYLE

Who brought dinner? I never opened the door for anybody. Did you?

MARQUEZ

No.

KYLE

Well how'd it get here? Magic?

MARQUEZ

The maid brought it.

KYLE

The maid.

MARQUEZ

Mr. Boscov's maid. Carla. It was around 9:30. You were on patrol. I handled it.

KYLE

But the visitor log's empty. I checked. No one came up.

MARQUEZ

The maid doesn't go in the log.

KYLE

I thought everyone who comes up goes in the log.

MARQUEZ

The maid is different. She brings his dinner every night. She comes up, hands the bag to me and leaves!

KYLE

Who else besides the maid doesn't go in the log?

MARQUEZ

Are you hearing yourself? You're driving me crazy right now!

KYLE

Who else isn't in the log?

BOSCOV (O.S.)

No one else. Just her.

BOSCOV comes in. Pajamas. Slippers.

BOSCOV (CONT'D)

Sorry for roughing you up earlier, Kyle. I owed you that for the parking garage. Had to even the score.

Boscov pouring a glass of milk. Calm and pleasant. Marquez lingering there, take-out containers in his hands, trying to regain his composure. Kyle zeroed in on Boscov.

KYLE

How many pills you need to get to sleep?

BOSCOV

Maybe some of your Xanax would work better.

KYLE

How do you know about Xanex?

MARQUEZ

Kyle, that's enough.

KYLE

No, wait. That was a private conversation between me and Marquez. How could you possibly --

MARQUEZ

Kyle.

(finally decides)

That's it. Get your things and go. I'm sending you home.

BOSCOV

I don't know, Marquez, he's entertaining to have around.

KYLE

You can't send me home. There's supposed to be two of us.

MARQUEZ

I'll take the consequences.

KYLE

Only Frank can fire me. Matter of fact, let's call him. Let's tell Frank about the shit that's gone down tonight.

MARQUEZ

Nothing has happened tonight.

(to Boscov)

I apologize for him.

KYLE

Marquez, the guy kneed me in the balls!

MARQUEZ

(pointing at the door)

Go! Get out of here!

BOSCOV

I'm going to bed. Great job, guys. First rate.

Marquez ignoring him. Embarrassed. Infuriated. Gathering up the dirty take-out containers --

INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Marquez coming in with the take out containers. Ready to drop the containers down the trash chute when --

MARQUEZ
-- hey! --

Kyle here -- snatches away the containers --

MARQUEZ (CONT'D)
What is wrong with you?

Kyle feverishly inspecting the take-out containers --

MARQUEZ (CONT'D)
Kyle, stop this! Get out of here!

Everything stops. Goes quiet. Kyle holding a take out container. Taped to its underside is a STACK OF \$100 BILLS.

Marquez stunned. Speechless. Just staring at the money.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bosco on the couch. Arms crossed. An uneasy interview taking place. Marquez massively uncomfortable.

BOSCOV
I have no idea how that money got there.
(looks at Kyle)
Ask him.

MARQUEZ
Please, Mr. Bosco. If you'd just clear this up you can return to your bedroom.

BOSCOV
There's nothing to clear up! I had my dinner, brought the containers into the kitchen just like always.

KYLE
We need to call Frank.

BOSCOV
You put that money there, Kyle.
God only knows why.

KYLE

Marquez, stop being his employee
for two seconds and listen to me.

Marquez trying to think. Trying to slow everything down.
Both of them appealing to him as referee.

MARQUEZ

Okay. We'll call Frank.

BOSCOV

Wait.

They stop. Look at him. Boscov hating both of them.

BOSCOV (CONT'D)

The money's for the doorman.

KYLE

You always send the doormen a
thousand dollars through the trash
chute?

BOSCOV

He procures things for me.

KYLE

"Procures things"?

BOSCOV

Certain people on my guest list.

MARQUEZ

You mean prostitutes.

BOSCOV

No, Jehovah's witnesses. Look, I'm
stuck up here. I'm not a saint. I
have to take my pleasures where I
can.

KYLE

Just like the stripper in the
window?

MARQUEZ

Stripper?

KYLE

Nevermind. You're lying anyway.

Boscov sizing up Kyle. Quiet, low voice.

BOSCOV

I'm going to remember you.

KYLE

What's the money really for?

BOSCOV

Whatever happens after this, you're going to hear from me.

KYLE

Who are you paying off down there?

BOSCOV

You have no life. You think you can understand mine?

KYLE

How many people are trying to get you out tonight?

BOSCOV

You're nothing. You're a bum. In two years, you're going to be homeless, begging for change on the corner, drinking yourself to death.

Marquez turning to Boscov. Surprised at his cruelty.

KYLE

I don't need this.
(walking out)
You want me gone, I'm gone.

MARQUEZ

Wait.

KYLE

You won't handle the situation, why should I?

MARQUEZ

wait -- just -- let me -- let's keep everything calm.

KYLE

I get it. This guy's your meal ticket. You're not going to turn him in.

MARQUEZ

Kyle, okay. I'll call Frank. But what do we have? Really? What can I tell him beyond this money?

KYLE

You want more? You've got a truck
in the alley. You've got a camera
not working. A secret phone call
where he tells someone 3:30.

(off his watch)

Which is twenty minutes from now.

MARQUEZ

What happens at 3:30, Mr. Boscov?

Boscov silent. No longer participating.

KYLE

Let's find the phone he was using.
We get that phone, we have proof
he's lying, proof of something he's
not allowed to have. Plus whatever
numbers he's been calling. That's
enough for Frank. We can stop
this, but we've got to start
dealing with this right now.

Kyle precise. Reasonable. Marquez looks almost ill. But
can't turn back.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

A search going on. Marquez gently slides open a drawer.

KYLE

You won't find it like that.

Kyle flings open an armoire. Starts tossing out Boscov's
dress shirts on the carpet. In the doorway, Boscov records
them with a VIDEO CAMERA.

BOSCOV

Hope you have a good lawyer.

Kyle yanks the sheets off the bed. Heaves up the mattress.

MARQUEZ

Don't destroy everything.

KYLE

See if this carpet comes up.

BOSCOV

(helpful)

Try the closet.

Okay. Kyle opening the closet. Pulling down boxes. Shoes, belts, sweaters tumbling off shelves.

MARQUEZ

Kyle...

KYLE

The carpet -- did you look?

More and more mess but no phone. Marquez surveying it with increasing doubt. And Boscov still taping the whole thing.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kyle pulling open drawers. Lifts the lid off the toilet. Then crouching under the sink cabinet.

MARQUEZ

Kyle, it isn't here.

(nervous, gathering up
stuff)

Look at this. We've got to put all
this back. Right now.

Kyle sits back. Shuts a cabinet door. Doesn't make sense.

KYLE

I thought he had a phone.

MARQUEZ

Why did I listen to you? I don't
need this. I lose this job, they
take away my visa.

Kyle getting up now. Goes to the SHOWER.

KYLE

He wouldn't take a shower...

MARQUEZ

Kyle, I will shoot you if you don't
start helping me put all this back.

But Kyle now in the shower -- opening a shampoo bottle --
clearing stuff away -- then down to inspect drain --

MARQUEZ (CONT'D)

KYLE!

Kyle motionless. Long beat. He finally stands up. He's
holding the grate that covered the drain. Duct taped to the
underside of the drain is a CELL PHONE.

Shocked silence. Marquez staring at it.

KYLE
Where'd he go?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kyle and Marquez striding back in here. The room's empty.

MARQUEZ
Mr. Boscov?

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

They're walking quickly down the corridor. Calling out --

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Looking in here. No one.

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

They come back in here. Scanning the screens.

MARQUEZ
He can't get out. He doesn't know
the codes.
(the screens)
Look -- sensors are fine.
Nothing's open.

KYLE
He could've had it rewired. The
guy's smart. He's desperate to get
out of here.

Marquez activates the home intercom system. His voice
booming throughout the house on the speakers --

MARQUEZ
Mr. Boscov? You need to tell us
where you are or I'm calling the
police and then it's all over.

INT. HOME SPA - NIGHT

The still surface of the lap pool.

MARQUEZ (V.O.)
They'll take you right back to
jail.

INT. GYM - NIGHT

Empty. Gleaming.

MARQUEZ (V.O.)
You want that?

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

They're waiting. No response.

MARQUEZ
Let's call Frank.

Marquez grabbing Frank's number off the binder when --

BEEP. Over the intercom --

BOSCOV (V.O.)
I'm in the guest room.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

They run in here. Kyle whacks his knee on the doorjamb.

BOSCOV
Look out, it's the rent-a-cops.

An armoire open. Boscov putting on a dress shirt.

MARQUEZ
What the hell? Why did you leave?

BOSCOV
I wanted to get dressed. You
idiots were in my room so I came in
here. At this point I think I'll
just stay awake.

MARQUEZ
No more games. We have your phone,
we're turning you in.

BOSCOV
(sees Kyle with it)
That phone? That's not mine.

MARQUEZ
 (to Kyle)
 Stay with him. I'll call Frank.

BOSCOV
 Finally, someone calling Frank.

KYLE
 (Bosco's phone)
 There's a message on here.

MARQUEZ
 Don't touch it. It's evidence.
 Give it to me.

But Kyle plays the message over the phone's speaker.

KYLE (V.O.)
 Marquez, it's Kyle. I'm down here
 and there's no sign of the driver.
 What do you think? Maybe we should
 have this thing towed. I'm gonna
 try to find a valet.

Weird silence.

KYLE (CONT'D)
 Marquez, is this your phone?

Marquez feels inside his jacket pocket. Nothing there. He's
 stunned.

MARQUEZ
 I have no idea how he got my phone.

KYLE
 Let me think.

He retreats to the doorway. Boscov calm. Putting on a tie.

MARQUEZ
 I'm telling you the truth. He took
 it. I wouldn't give him my phone
 to use.

BOSCOV
 (to Marquez, in perfect
 Spanish)
Él es inteligente.

MARQUEZ
 What?

BOSCOV
No confíes en él.

MARQUEZ
 What are you? -- Kyle, he's trying
 to make you suspicious of me --

BOSCOV
Simplemente haz tu trabajo.

MARQUEZ
Cállate - dejar de hablar español!
 Stop speaking!

Kyle backing away -- head spinning --

MARQUEZ (CONT'D)
 Look, I don't know what he's doing.
 He never spoke Spanish before.

KYLE
Shut up!

Trying to think. To make sense of this.

KYLE (CONT'D)
 Let's talk. You and me. In
 private.

Gesturing for Marquez to leave the room. Marquez heads out
 first. Kyle behind him -- suddenly grabs him --

MARQUEZ
Hey!

Marquez -- his wrist -- it's handcuffed! -- Kyle's handcuffed
 Marquez to the doorknob --

MARQUEZ (CONT'D)
What are you doing? Are you crazy?

Kyle into Marquez's jacket -- pulls out his GUN --

MARQUEZ (CONT'D)
Let me go! You crazy motherfucker!

Kyle fluid. Calm. Turns to Boscov.

KYLE
 Come with me.

Boscov frozen there. Stupefied. Then LAUGHS.

KYLE (CONT'D)
I said move.

Boskov just laughing harder. Slips on a TAN SUIT JACKET.

BOSCOV
You're kidding, right? All this?
(whips his hand out --
like he's drawing a gun)
BANG!

KYLE
Are you stupid?! You want to get
shot?

BOSCOV
I do. Someone just end this thing
for me!

Kyle grabs him -- pulls him out of the room --

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kyle marching Boskov down the hall --

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Then shoving Boskov into a chair --

KYLE
Stay there.

He scans the screens. The cameras. Bracing for more.
Uncharted waters now. No choice but to see it through.

BOSCOV
You want money? That it? Tell me
it's as simple as that.

KYLE
Don't talk.

Kyle opens that reference binder. Carries it to a small
EQUIPMENT SAFE installed in here.

BOSCOV
Take whatever you want, all the
good it's done me.

From the distant guest room -- Marquez CALLS OUT --

MARQUEZ (O.S.)
Kyle, what's going on?

Kyle reading a combination off a page in the binder.
Spinning the lock on the safe.

BOSCOV
He had it coming. You did the
right thing. You're sharp, Kyle.
Just like the parking garage.

Safe's open now. Kyle pulling out a MEDICAL KIT.

BOSCOV (CONT'D)
What's that?

KYLE
(unzipping the pouch)
I'm giving you an injection.

BOSCOV
Jesus.

KYLE
It's a sedative.

BOSCOV
Come on. Don't. I'll behave.

KYLE
I don't know what's coming, who you
got outside, and I don't want to
worry about you.

BOSCOV
Nobody's out there. You're taking
this too far.

Kyle loading that syringe. Tuning him out.

BOSCOV (CONT'D)
Okay. You're upset. Maybe I said
some things wrong. Lock me in a
room or something, just don't shoot
me full of drugs!

Kyle stares at the syringe. Sees the panic in Boscov's eyes.

KYLE
All right.
(Boscov sighs in relief)
But you fuck with me -- you're
going down.

BOSCOV
 Nobody's messing with you. You're
 superguard.

Kyle dials a number on the speaker phone. Agitated until it connects. It goes right to voice mail.

FRANK (V.O.)
 This is Frank Roman. Leave a
 message.

KYLE
 Frank -- Frank, it's Kyle Breuner.
 Call me back right away. There's a
 situation with Boscov. Call me
 back as soon as possible.

Hangs up. It's done. This whole crazy sequence of events.

BOSCOV
 Have you considered therapy?

Kyle at the windows. The screens. Checking it all.

BOSCOV (CONT'D)
 What if you've got this all wrong?
 You keep going down this path,
 somebody gets hurt...

KYLE
 Nobody's getting hurt. Only
 thing's gonna happen is you going
 back to jail.

BOSCOV
 I hope I make it back to jail.

Kyle notices a surveillance screen. The blood drains from his face.

KYLE
 Get up.

BOSCOV
 What?

New crisis. Kyle hauling Boscov up and back out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kyle pushing Boscov along -- back the way they came --

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

They come in here. Marquez is gone. And an empty pair of handcuffs attached to the door knob. Boscov laughs.

BOSCOV
Next time you cuff someone, make
sure you take away his keys.

KYLE
(calling)
Marquez?

Kyle -- gun out -- looks all around --

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kyle propelling Boscov through here. Like a human shield.

KYLE
(calling out)
Marquez! I called Frank! It's
over!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kyle hesitating in the doorway with Boscov.

KYLE
Go into the wine room.

BOSCOV
Just get the fuck out of my house.
Before Marquez shoots you.

Kyle swings open a glass door -- shoves Boscov inside the
WINE ROOM --

KYLE
You come out, I'll shoot you.

Closes the glass door. No lock. Looking around.

There. The TABLE. It's huge. Solid oak. Kyle starts
dragging the table awkwardly across the kitchen --

Table's massive and heavy. Kyle grunting from the effort.
As he looks around for Marquez. Paranoid. Expecting him to
jump out any second.

But it's done. Table's up against the door. Prevents it
from opening. Boscov penned in.

BOSCOV
It's all in your head, Kyle.

Boscov on the other side of the glass like an animal on display at a zoo.

BOSCOV (CONT'D)
You're confused. You're scared.

BEHIND KYLE

MARQUEZ. Sneaking up on Kyle. Silently.

Boscov sees Marquez coming. Works to distract Kyle.

BOSCOV (CONT'D)
But you have to believe me...
(Marquez almost on Kyle)
It's all... in... your head...

SUDDENLY

Marquez's PHONE -- it's on the counter -- IT RINGS -- Kyle turning --

Marquez -- springs at Kyle -- a TASER in his hand --

Kyle catches his wrist just in time -- the Taser an inch from his face -- Marquez straining like hell to zap him with it --

Odd silence -- they're locked there -- Marquez muscling the Taser closer -- half-inch away from Kyle now when --

Kyle releases his grip -- Marquez pitches forward -- Kyle trips him -- Marquez crashes to the floor --

Kyle -- the Taser -- he grabs it now --

MARQUEZ
-- wait! --

ZZZZZZZZZZT!

Kyle tasers Marquez -- 25,000 volts! -- Marquez screams! --

Kyle working fast. No pity. No hesitation. He grabs another pair of handcuffs from inside Marquez's jacket. Locks Marquez's wrist to a table leg. This time he confiscates the handcuff keys as well.

It's done. Marquez lying there. Moaning. A mess.

KYLE
Sorry, Marquez.

Kyle getting to his feet. Boscov watching him. Appalled.

Kyle grabs Marquez phone. Voice mail on its screen: "FRANK ROMAN." Kyle already dialing him back and --

INT. TOWN CAR - NIGHT

Frank speeding through Manhattan. Blazing uptown. Late night fury. Roused from sleep. Clothes thrown on. Hyper focused. Needs to understand this now.

FRANK
(into his phone)
Kyle, what's happening? Where's
Boscov?

KYLE (V.O.)
He's here. He's fine. He's trying
to get out. Marquez is in on this,
too, but I've got both of them in
custody.

Frank ready to kill someone. Manages to keep his voice even.

FRANK
Hang tight. Don't do anything
else. I'm ten minutes away.

Hangs up. Stabbing out another phone number as --

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Kyle takes a breath. The big apartment utterly still. His watch reads 3:30 on the nose. He grabs the binoculars.

POV - BINOCULARS

The alley below. That dingy delivery TRUCK still sitting there. No one visible.

INT. MOTORCOURT - BOSCOV'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Frank jumping out of the Town Car. Behind him the Escalade comes roaring up.

FRANK
(waving to Towers)
-- let's go! -- come on! --

Towers out of the Escalade -- they're sprinting for the elevators -- shoving aside the sleepy NIGHTSHIFT VALET --

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marquez cuffed to the table. Still incoherent. Kyle gently shifts Marquez to a more comfortable position. Glances over at Boscov. He's ready to talk to him.

KYLE

Last few weeks of my tour. They were short a man on patrol and I agreed to go out.

Boscov on the floor of the wine room. Imprisoned there.

KYLE (CONT'D)

We're on foot, it's hotter than shit and the sergeant spots some fertilizer drums sitting out in the middle of an alfalfa field. Me and two other guys get sent to have a look. We're walking out into this waist-high alfalfa and I'm getting this bad feeling. This voice in my head's telling me this is going to turn bad.

BOSCOV

What did you do?

KYLE

Nothing. Figured the infantry guys knew what they're doing. Halfway out there, the guy next to me's head explodes. It was a sniper shot. A piece of his skull comes flying out and fractures my wrist.
(pointed)

Now I'm down, I'm in the grass, wrist is all bloody, and I'm waiting for that sniper to take me out, too. All because I didn't say anything. And I said if I ever got out of this, I'd never, ever, ignore my instincts again.

Kyle's PHONE RINGS --

INT. UPSTAIRS LOBBY - NIGHT

Frank and Towers impatient at Boscov's front door.

FRANK
(on his phone)
Okay, Kyle. We're right outside.
Let us in.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kyle on his phone.

KYLE
Okay.

Hangs up. Surveys the crazy scene he's created here in the kitchen. All kinds of unease churning.

And he stays like that. Doesn't move. Just thinking.

INT. UPSTAIRS LOBBY - NIGHT

The seconds roll by. Towers bangs on the door.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

They can hear Towers knocking. Kyle hasn't moved.

BOSCOV
This is the point where you let in
the help you've so urgently
summoned.

And yet Kyle doesn't move. Instead pulls out Bookman's BUSINESS CARD. Dialing the number.

BOSCOV (CONT'D)
Come on. Just let them in. It's
over.

Kyle blocking him out. As his call goes to voice mail --

BOOKMAN (V.O.)
(on his phone)
You've reached Agent Charles
Bookman, U.S. Marshals Service.
Leave a message.

KYLE
Bookman, it's Kyle Breuner. From
Bosco's detail. Look, I'm here
with Bosco and something's going
on. I don't know -- there might be
an escape attempt in progress.
(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)
I can't tell who's in on it or how
far it goes. Please, please call
me back.

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Kyle coming in. A surveillance screen shows Frank and Towers
out in the hall. Waiting on that door. And now his phone
ringing again. Kyle answers --

KYLE
(casual)
Hey, Frank.

FRANK (V.O.)
Door's not open, Kyle.

KYLE
Yeah, this unlock code's tricky.

FRANK (V.O.)
Code's right on your screen. Just
key it in.

Kyle pans the hallway surveillance camera down -- sees that
Frank has drawn his gun.

KYLE
(into phone)
Give me a minute.

Kyle hangs up. Bought himself another 20 seconds.

INT. UPSTAIRS LOBBY - NIGHT

Frank. The locked door. This is not adding up for him.

FRANK
Page Hibbert. Page everybody.
Whoever can get here.

TOWERS
How big a deal you want to make
this?

Frank puts his ear to the door. Unnerved by the stillness.

FRANK
The fuck is this guy doing?

INT. ENTRY FOYER - NIGHT

Kyle right there on the other side of the door. He's examining the alarm keypad. Making a quick study of it.

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Kyle back in here -- searching for something -- there -- a tool box -- digging through it -- frantic --

His phone RINGING AGAIN -- Kyle debates -- finally answers --

KYLE

I think there's a problem with the lock.

He's snatching up things -- screwdriver -- wire strippers -- gathering up this whole armload of gear --

INT. UPSTAIRS LOBBY - NIGHT

Towers receiving a text on his phone --

TOWERS

Hibbert's two blocks away. He's driving the truck, so he's got tools if we need it.

Frank covering his phone -- murmurs to Towers --

FRANK

Call the alarm company. Have them unlock it remotely.

INT. ENTRY FOYER - NIGHT

Kyle back at the alarm panel. Feverishly removing the panel's face plate. Some desperate gambit. Frank on the phone. Strained.

FRANK (V.O.)

Kyle, I gotta tell you, I don't think there's a problem with the lock.

Panel's off -- Kyle scanning all this exposed circuitry --

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

In fact, kinda looks like the problem's with you.

KYLE

Look, maybe it's better if I don't
let anybody else in.

Kyle working as fast as he can -- doing something with wire
stripper --

FRANK (V.O.)

You called me, Kyle. I'm here
because you said there was a
problem.

KYLE

I know, I know. I'm just -- I'm
trying to do the right thing here.

FRANK (V.O.)

You don't need to anymore because
you're fired. You hear me? I just
fired you. Now open the door.

KYLE

Not until the marshals get here.

FRANK (V.O.)

(cold, quiet)
You called the marshals?

INT. UPSTAIRS LOBBY - NIGHT

On Towers's speaker phone -- an alarm company TECHNICIAN --

TECHNICIAN (V.O.)

Okay. We reset the interior
password. If you enter your
administrator's code, the deadbolt
will release.

Towers entering a long code into the keypad. The alarm light
changes from red to green.

They're in. They rush the door -- BAM!

INT. ENTRY FOYER - NIGHT

The door stays closed.

INT. UPSTAIRS LOBBY - NIGHT

Towers struggling with the locked door --

TOWERS
What the hell?!

INT. ENTRY FOYER - NIGHT

REVEAL - THE ALARM PANEL - Kyle's spliced a length of power cable between two sections of the circuit board.

INT. UPSTAIRS LOBBY - NIGHT

TOWERS
He might've done something. Run
some kind of bypass.

Elevator opens. Here's Hibbert. Sweatshirt. Cargo pants. Ready to rumble. He's carrying a long, industrial TOOL BOX.

FRANK
(impatiently gesturing
Hibbert forward)
Set this up -- we'll drill it out --

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kyle with his gun out. Stomach churning. Completely isolated. Boscov looking on with pity.

BOSCOV
You're all twisted up, aren't you?

Kyle sweating. Heart racing. Needs to calm down. Pulls out his BOTTLE OF XANAX.

INT. UPSTAIRS LOBBY - NIGHT

Hibbert and Towers now assembling an INDUSTRIAL DRILL.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The drill's high-pitched WHINE as it starts tearing into the metal lock on the front door.

KYLE
Christ. They're taking down the
door.

BOSCOV
You blame them?

Kyle under siege. Dry-swallows two Xanax.

And now his PHONE RINGING --

EXT. BOOKMAN'S HOUSE - LONG ISLAND - NIGHT

It's Bookman. Hurrying down the front steps of his tidy Colonial out in Nassau County. On his phone.

BOOKMAN

Kyle, what's going on over there?
Where's Boscov?

INT. KITCHEN - BOSCOV'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

That DRILLING SOUND getting louder.

KYLE

Bookman!
(a savior)
He's okay. Look, Frank's breaking
down the door.

BOOKMAN (V.O.)

Frank? What's going on?

KYLE

(overwhelmed)
I don't know who to trust -- will
you talk to him?

BOOKMAN (V.O.)

I tried him. Frank's not answering
his phone. Listen -- sit tight.
You stay put, keep Boscov with you.
I'm on my way but it'll take twenty
five minutes. I called NYPD.
They'll be there in ten.

KYLE

I don't have ten minutes.

BOOKMAN (V.O.)

It's all you, Kyle. You gotta
handle this. Don't let him out of
your control.

INT. UPSTAIRS LOBBY - NIGHT

The lock's housing has been stripped away. Only thing left
is the titanium deadbolt. Hibbert fires up a BLOW TORCH.

INT. KITCHEN - BOSCOV'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kyle frozen there. Time running out.

BOSCOV

Who you doing this for? You're not
part of this. You're an hourly
shlump. Go home.

Kyle now going to the PIZZA OVEN. Switches it on. Then
drags the table away from the glass door --

KYLE

Let's go. Out of there.

INT. UPSTAIRS LOBBY - NIGHT

The blow torch rapidly cutting through the deadbolt --

INT. UPSTAIRS LOBBY - NIGHT

Lock's melted through. Towers readies a SWAT-style steel
BATTERING RAM. Frank and Towers with their guns out.

FRANK

Count of three. One... two...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

CRACK! A blow to the front door. The hinges buckle.

Kyle -- pure action -- pulls down Boscov's suit jacket over
his arms -- immobilizing him -- then the HANDCUFFS him --

INT. UPSTAIRS LOBBY - NIGHT

Towers -- the battering ram -- one more hard blow and --

BAM!! The front door FLIES OPEN --

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Blur of action -- Kyle running -- desperate -- driving Boscov
ahead of him at gunpoint --

INT. ENTRY FOYER - NIGHT

Frank -- Towers -- Hibbert -- they're racing in here and --

AN ALARM STARTS GOING OFF -- loud -- piercing --

The men reacting to the sound -- changing course --

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

THE PIZZA OVEN -- turned on full blast and THE KITCHEN SMOKE
ALARM GOING OFF IN HERE --

Frank and his men rumbling in -- freaked out -- off balance --
the stove -- the alarm -- what's going on? --

TOWERS

Marquez!

They're rushing over -- Marquez lying there chained-up --

INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kyle -- he's bought a few precious moments -- propelling
Boscov down this long corridor to --

THE BACK DOOR

He unlocks it -- pushes Boscov through the door --

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Towers reviving Marquez. Sudden quiet as Hibbert shuts off
the smoke detector.

INT. BACK DOOR LANDING -- NIGHT

Kyle hesitating here -- they're out -- he's taken Boscov out
of the apartment -- it's a point of no return --

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank hustling through here --

FRANK

(calling out)

Mr. Boscov?!

INT. SERVICE STAIRS - NIGHT

Kyle racing down the steps -- pushing Boscov ahead of him --

INT. SERVICE ALLEY - NIGHT

Frank spotting the open back door --

HIBBERT
Back door! Back door!

INT. SERVICE STAIRS - NIGHT

Kyle halfway down -- a few more flights to go when --

MOVEMENT -- below them -- IT'S CONROY! -- one flight down --
racing up the back stairs and --

THEY MEET --

CONROY
-- hey! -- hey! --

KYLE
-- back up! -- now! --

They're YELLING at each other -- nervous -- panic -- Conroy
cornering Kyle there -- gun in Kyle's face when --

SMACK!

Kyle with astonishing savagery nails Conroy in the head with
the blunt side of his gun and -- SLAM! -- finishes him with a
punch to the gut --

BOSCOV
-- Jesus Christ! --

KYLE
-- go! --

Conroy stunned -- sagging down -- Kyle shoves Boscov onward
down the steps --

INT. MOTORCOURT - NIGHT

Boom! A STAIRWAY DOOR explodes open -- Kyle and Boscov --
this crazy, breathless break-out --

KYLE
(pointing his gun)
Get back!

A VALET retreating -- Kyle at the valet stand -- like a
desperate criminal -- grabs CAR KEYS at random from the key
locker --

INT. SERVICE STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Hibbert in pursuit. Racing down the steps.

HIBBERT

-- aw, shit --

Incredulous -- outraged -- finding Conroy moaning and slumped there --

EXT. SIXTH AVENUE - NIGHT

Another TOWN CAR speeding uptown --

INT. TOWN CAR - NIGHT

GARCIA -- one of the guards from the morning courthouse shift -- he's driving fast -- on his phone --

GARCIA

-- coming up Sixth, crossing 81st --

INT. HOME OFFICE - BOSCOV'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frank on the phone -- operational urgency --

FRANK

-- get to that garage and block it!
-- just park on the ramp and block
the gate! --

INT. MOTORCOURT - NIGHT

Kyle sprinting -- dragging Boscov --

KYLE

Come on!

BOSCOV

You're fucking crazy!

Kyle trying buttons on car keys -- lights flash on a BENTLEY -
- some silver behemoth -- Kyle heaves open its back door --

KYLE

Get in!

Kyle jams him in the back -- slams the door -- sweeps the
area with his gun -- this insane abduction --

EXT. BOSCOV'S APARTMENT - FIFTH AVENUE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

An NYPD CRUISER pulls up outside the grand awning and --

INT. MOTORCOURT - NIGHT

Hibbert bursts in here from the stairwell as --

EXT. BOSCOV'S APARTMENT - 92ND STREET - NIGHT

THE BENTLEY tearing out on 92nd -- whipping a turn -- south onto Fifth Avenue just as --

FROM THE OTHER DIRECTION

CONROY'S TOWNCAR -- turning onto 92nd from Sixth -- just misses spotting the Bentley --

INT. BENTLEY - NIGHT

Kyle speeding -- whipping turns -- one after another -- losing himself in the dark, residential streets and --

BOSCOV

Look out!!!

A battered TOYOTA CELICA -- out of nowhere -- suddenly pulling in front of them -- Kyle slams on the breaks --

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Two stopped cars -- near-collision --

And something strange now happening --

Doors opening on the Toyota -- Kyle scrambling to get in --

And BOSCOV -- hands cuffed -- he's following, too! -- he and Kyle are ditching the Bentley and getting into the Toyota -- no fuss or hesitation because it's all been rehearsed --

INT. TOYOTA - NIGHT

Doors shut. The Toyota lurches down the block. And at the wheel is Julie, Kyle's wife!

JULIE

You okay?

KYLE

It's fine. Just go.

Julie breathless. Rigid with fear. Kyle beside her, grim and steady, eyes on the road.

BOSCOV

This is the little woman, huh?
Nice to meet you.

Grunts from the back as Boscov eases onto the back seat. Kyle shakes his head at Julie -- *don't talk to him.*

BOSCOV (CONT'D)

Your husband's crazy. You know that?

Kyle scanning his mirrors. The blocks rolling past. And then they hear it -- the WAIL of a POLICE SIREN.

BOSCOV (CONT'D)

I mean it. He's one crazy motherfucker.

JULIE

(the sirens)
They're chasing us.

KYLE

Not yet. That's four or five blocks away. You know where you're going?

JULIE

Of course I do!

The two of them unbearably tense. They've never done anything like this before.

BOSCOV

Can I get these cuffs off?

Kyle hassled. Tosses the handcuff keys back to Boscov.

BOSCOV (CONT'D)

I really thought you were gonna shoot me back there.
(laughing in relief)
I mean, you Tasered one guy, beat to shit another one...

KYLE

I got you out, didn't I?

BOSCOV

(to Julie)

You should've seen him -- he's yelling, pointing the gun, beating me up. You almost had me fooled with that PTSD angle. You have that all prepared?

Julie exchanges a tense look with Kyle.

KYLE

It was just the moment. I was trying to see where you wanted it to go.

BOSCOV

I was trying to see where you wanted it to go!

(as it all sinks in)

Where did we even find you?

KYLE

How's that?

BOSCOV

This whole thing. Getting someone into the guard rotation. I thought Prinn was crazy just thinking it up.

KYLE

It was arranged through third parties. I only met Prinn yesterday.

Boscov just shaking his head. Can't believe it worked.

BOSCOV

All those stories of yours. War stories, meeting your wife at the ice rink, now she's pregnant. Are you really that guy or just some upscale con artist?

KYLE

Look, you paid to get out, you're out. That's all you need to know.

BOSCOV

(to Julie)

Tell me the truth, honey. You really married to this guy, doing this for your kid's college fund?

(MORE)

BOSCOV (CONT'D)

Or maybe not. Maybe you're just in
this for your cut.

Julie's eyes dart to the rear view mirror. Flinches to
behold Boscov's grinning face.

KYLE

Just keep driving. Everything's
fine.

(to Boscov)

Doesn't matter who we are. In ten
minutes, you're never going to see
us again.

BOSCOV

That's what makes this time
together so precious! I want to
believe in you guys. My wish for
you both -- just be happy. Be
happy together. That's it. You'll
have a lot of money out of this,
but money won't make you happy.
Trust me on that.

ROOM - BOSCOV'S APARTMENT - PRE-DAWN

Aftermath. Overrun by COPS and US MARSHALS. Every light on.
DEPUTIES making notes. A FORENSIC TEAM bagging evidence.
Couple SWAT OFFICERS in body armor milling around. A POLICE
COMMANDER on his phone doing damage control. None of this
changes the single, stark fact that Boscov is gone.

INT. KITCHEN - PRE-DAWN

Frank, Hibbert, Towers and Marquez grimly sequestered in here
as Bookman and the POLICE COMMANDER question them.

COMMANDER

They found the Bentley eight blocks
away.

FRANK

They must've switched vehicles.

Frank still dazed. This unfolding nightmare.

COMMANDER

What makes you think all this
wasn't planned? Like an inside
job, made to look like something
else.

HIBBERT

What, you think we sprung him?

COMMANDER

Listen to me. That new guy -- Kyle Breuner -- who is he?

FRANK

He was a referral. It was my fault for not checking him out.

BOOKMAN

If he's some inside man, why'd he call me and Frank? Why not break him out nice and quiet, instead of calling the cavalry?

COMMANDER

Then why's he disappear, if he's legit? Why isn't he lighting up the phones right now trying to bring Boscov back into custody?

MARQUEZ

Because he's unstable. Look at the videos. Look what he did to me. To Conroy. He had a breakdown.

BOOKMAN

But the stolen phone? And the money? Wasn't Boscov planning something?

FRANK

That's just fucking great. My life's over.

Frank braced against the counter. Looking ill. This colossal mess.

BOOKMAN

It all leads to the same place. Boscov's now a fugitive. He's got money, a network of people and a head start. We'll get the two of their pictures circulating. Bridges, train stations, airports --
(Frank visibly pained)
What's wrong with you?

COMMANDER

Is it chest pain? You having a heart attack?

FRANK

Fuck you, Tom.
(short of breath now--)

COMMANDER

(to an assistant)
Get the paramedics back up here.
(to Bookman)
You don't find this guy in the next
couple hours, you ain't gonna.

INT. TOYOTA - PREDAWN

Amsterdam Avenue. Driving through Harlem now. Very little
traffic this early.

KYLE

I don't hear any more sirens.

Julie white knuckle tense as she drives. Almost there.

BOSCOV

How are you two planning on walking
away from this? I mean, you gotta
tell the police something.

KYLE

Don't worry about it. Not your
problem.

Julie eyeing Boscov in her rear view mirror again.

JULIE

Why run?

KYLE

Julie...

JULIE

No, I want to know. It doesn't
make sense. He doesn't even know
the verdict yet.

BOSCOV

Of course I know the verdict.
They're going to come in guilty.

KYLE

How could you know that?

BOSCOV
I bought one of the jurors.
(shrugs, like it's
completely normal)
Fucker told us yesterday the jury
was leaning to convict. I had to
move. I couldn't take the chance.
(gesturing ahead)
Make a left up here and you're home
free.

EXT. HARLEM WAREHOUSE - PREDAWN

The Toyota pulls up to forlorn brick warehouse on a street of
derelict structures and razor wire fencing.

INT. TOYOTA - PREDAWN

Kyle already out. Boscov hesitates a moment, wanting to
connect with Julie one last time.

BOSCOV
Have a good life, okay, Julie?

Boscov gets out. Kyle leans back in. Reassuring.

KYLE
Be right back.

Julie, very nervous, watches them go inside the warehouse.

INT. HARLEM WAREHOUSE - PREDAWN

Boscov and Kyle enter through a flimsy door. It's dark and
quiet in here.

BOSCOV
Well, I hope you two are about to
start a better life together. Just
be patient with each other.

As WORK LIGHTS come on. And we REVEAL two DELIVERY VANS
sitting in here, both brightly painted with slick telecom
logos. Their doors slide open. OPERATIVES emerging.

The warehouse suddenly crowded with people. And we recognize
some of them -- there's AUDI GIRL -- and DREADLOCK GUY -- and
one of the building VALETS -- all these peripheral background
characters reassembled here -- all part of Boscov's well-
oiled escape plan.

And finally Prinn, emerging from a slick PORSCHE CAYENNE SUV.

PRINN
I can't believe it.

BOSCOV
(pointing to Kyle)
Thank him. He's incredible.

KYLE
If I could just get my money, I'll
be out of here.

BOSCOV
You should've seen him, Eleanor.
Everything. It was -- I can't even
describe what he did.

Boscov cleans his face with as towel. Operatives standing by
with a change of clothes, water, coffee.

KYLE
Mr. Boscov, you're not the only one
on a clock here.

BOSCOV
One more second. Want to tell you
something. There's a resort out
there. On a small island in the
Mediterranean. And it has what has
to be the world's finest
concierges.

Boscov removing his shirt. Changing clothes.

BOSCOV (CONT'D)
These concierges, they're are all
these immaculate, middle-aged gay
men from Norway. Maybe it's some
kind of guild. Anyway, you ask
them for anything -- anything --
and they'll get it for you.
Cashmere sweater. Gumbo from New
Orleans. Thousand-dollar bottle of
Scotch. Or a woman. Any type.
Mid-twenties, dark hair, educated,
from Montreal, with perfect
breasts. Whatever you can imagine.
You want a fucking soccer field,
they'd make one for you. Point is,
I thought I'd seen everything money
could buy. But this, what you did,
it's more. It's a new life.

(MORE)

BOSCOV (CONT'D)
 (offers his hand)
 Thank you.

Humble. Simple. All they've been through. Kyle instinctively hesitates. Then shakes it, wanting just to be done with it.

BOSCOV (CONT'D)
 Your money's in the other room.

Boscov now refreshed. Reset. Turns to his other operatives. Long day of travel ahead.

Kyle now heading down a grimy corridor. A MAN waiting down there for him. It's DREADLOCK MAN -- the guy from the courthouse steps. And the one who darted at Kyle in the parking garage.

DEADLOCK MAN
 It's in here.

He gestures towards a shabby office. But Kyle turns back. Boscov still in the main area. Surrounded by attendants.

DREADLOCK MAN
 What are you waiting for?

Kyle breaks off -- smelling trouble -- quickly walking back out of the corridor -- now someone blocking his way --

VALET
 Where you going, bro?

Kyle shoves past him -- too late -- Dreadlock Man and Valet both GRAB HIM --

KYLE
 -- hey! -- hey! --

They hold him fast. It's all pre-arranged. AUDI GIRL now appears -- quickly snatches away Kyle's phone and gun.

KYLE (CONT'D)
 -- goddamn it, get off me! --

They're trying to drag him away -- but Kyle resisting -- thrashing around -- putting up a real fight --

KYLE (CONT'D)
 -- Boscov! -- Boscov! --

BOSCOV

Overhearing this, along with everyone else in the warehouse.

PRINN

We'll take it from here. Get in
the van.

But Kyle still shouting -- Boscov on edge -- breaks off what
he's doing -- comes over --

BOSCOV

Okay, calm down... quiet down...

Things settle down. Dreadlock Man and Valet with a grip on
Kyle. Audi Girl covering him with his own gun.

KYLE

Boscov, what the hell is --

BOSCOV

I can't let you go.
(stops Kyle cold)
I can't. I don't know what you
know, what you're going to do, I
can't take any chances.

Kyle stops struggling. Catching his breath. Disbelief.

KYLE

What, you're going to kill me?

BOSCOV

I wish it had a different ending.
This whole thing's --
(gesture of distaste)
-- screwed up. I'm sorry.

KYLE

My wife's waiting. If she doesn't
hear from me in two minutes, she's
calling the cops, telling them
exactly where you all are.

Prinn goes to a dusty window looking out on the street.

KYLE (CONT'D)

She's not out there anymore. I'm
not stupid.

BOSCOV

Let's see. Would she be parked
under an overpass at 130th and
Park, sitting there between a Dodge
Charger and a white garbage truck?

INT. TOYOTA - DAWN

Exactly as Boscov described. Julie waiting in her car, staring anxiously at her phone, agonizing every second.

INT. HARLEM WAREHOUSE - DAWN

Kyle's breath catches. Boscov flat. Calm.

BOSCOV

My people are all around her. She won't make any trouble.

(as that sinks in)

I've been watching you for months, Kyle. Had your phone tapped, cameras in your house. The one in Queens you can't pay the mortgage on.

(outrage)

Why the fuck did you two buy a place you couldn't afford? Country's a mess because of people like you. You thought you could come in here, do this one job, then go live clean. You don't walk away from this. I'm a motivated billionaire. And what are you, Kyle, at heart? You're nothing.

Kyle's PHONE RINGING. Boscov takes it from Audi Girl.

BOSCOV (CONT'D)

(answering it on speaker)

Hi Julie.

JULIE (V.O.)

Kyle? Are you okay?

KYLE

Julie, get out of there! Get out and call the police!

JULIE (V.O.)

(dread)

...I can't... they're here... they're outside... what do I do?

KYLE

Julie, just go -- go!

SOUNDS on the other end -- THUDS -- COMMOTION -- VOICES --

JULIE
...stop!... get away from me!...

KYLE
Julie!

GUNSHOTS!

Like sharp blasts of static over the phone's speaker --

KYLE (CONT'D)
JULIE!!!

Kyle howling in rage -- like a wounded animal -- Valet and Dreadlock man straining to hold him --

And the phone silent now. Boscov shocked. Speechless. This horrific act they've all listened to.

And Kyle just slumped there, numb, shattered, held up by Valet and Dreadlock Man. Prinn guiding Boscov away.

PRINN
Let's go. Time to go.

INSIDE ONE OF THE VANS

The engine starts up. Prinn joins Boscov in the bare, windowless cargo bay. Boscov badly shaken.

PRINN (CONT'D)
Nathan, we had no choice.
(sharply to the driver)
Let's get out of here!

Several other OPERATIVES piling in after them and --

EXT. HARLEM WAREHOUSE - DAWN

The van emerges from the warehouse and drives slowly off. Like it's just another commercial truck on its morning run.

INT. HARLEM WAREHOUSE - DAWN

Audi Girl slams shuts the heavy garage door. Just a few of them left in here. One last piece of business.

KYLE
-- fuck! -- get off! --

Kyle surges fiercely back to life -- heaving and bucking -- Valet and Dreadlock Man fighting to hold him.

DREADLOCK MAN
 (nervous, to Audi Girl)
 Any day now...

Audi Girl calmly picks up Kyle's gun. She's about to execute Kyle when --

VALET
 What the...?
 (noticing something)
 Shit...

They're looking down. Kyle's pant leg. URINE pooling there on the ground.

DREADLOCK MAN
 (laughs)
 -- look out -- we got a pisser! --

And that's all the opening Kyle needs --

KYLE HITS VALET WITH A SHATTERING HEADBUTT --

FAST ACTION -- Kyle frees an arm -- smashes Dreadlock Man's jaw --

A GUNSHOT -- Audi Girl -- Kyle's gun -- just missing him --

DREADLOCK MAN (CONT'D)
 -- hang on! -- hold up! --

BANG! -- another GUNSHOT -- Valet's HEAD EXPLODING --

But this shot from Kyle -- surprise! -- he's holding a 38 REVOLVER taken from an ANKLE HOLSTER --

DEAFENING GUNSHOTS -- AUDI GIRL emptying Kyle's Sig-5 --
 DREADLOCK MAN CAUGHT IN THE CROSSFIRE -- HE'S CUT DOWN BY HER WILD SHOTS --

Kyle dives -- rolling away -- kicks over a work light --

Audi Girl flings aside Kyle's gun. Darts for cover behind the delivery van.

Kyle crouched behind some equipment cases. Heart racing.

He slowly peers out. The warehouse a still-life. No sign of Audi Girl. Gun smoke hangs in the air. One VAN sitting there. PORSCHE CAYENNE next to it. And Dreadlock Man lying still on the ground. Dead. Or will be soon.

CLICKING SOUNDS now. Metallic. Ka-plink. Ka-plink.

DELIVERY VAN

Far side. Duffle bag open. It's Audi Girl back here loading SHELLS into a SHOTGUN.

KYLE

Moving now. Creeping out from cover.

AUDI GIRL

Slipping on a KEVLAR VEST. All this useful equipment in that duffle bag. Then --

AN ENGINE STARTS UP

AUDI GIRL looks out to see PORSCHE CAYENNE backing up -- being driven out of here and --

BOOM! -- AUDI GIRL in the open -- FIRING her shotgun -- the Porsche's windshield shattering --

BOOM! -- BOOM! -- she's demolishing the car and --

Thud. Porsche whumps to a stop against the garage door.

Audi Girl approaching. Gun leveled. The Porsche's cab is empty. She spins.

Kyle above her. Set up atop the delivery van.

BANG!

Kyle puts a bullet through her throat. She topples.

Kyle frozen up there in firing position. Covering the room.

Nothing moves down below. Three sprawled bodies. The Porsche idling there. This horrendous tableau.

And Kyle frozen up there. Eyes hard. In a dark place now.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WESTCHESTER COUNTY - MORNING

VARIOUS SHOTS of NATURE. Woods. Fields. Morning mist. Quiet country roads. Tranquility.

EXT. MANSION - MT. KISCO, NEW YORK - DAY

Country-English estate with mature woods, orchards, a driveway four miles long. A remote, well-tended hideaway.

INT. MANSION KITCHEN - DAY

Big, bright and sunny. Prinn on the phone. Feigning shock.

PRINN

What?... what do you mean he's not there?... Elsie, how could this have happened?

REVEAL -- Boscov. Right there. Staring apprehensively out the windows at the expansive view.

PRINN (CONT'D)

Look, don't panic. I'm going to get dressed, I'll be in. They find where he went, you hear anything, you call me.

She hangs up. Pleased.

PRINN (CONT'D)

How was I? Quite natural, I hope.

Three BLACK BAGS zipped up and waiting here. The usual fugitive-billionaire-travelling-light package. Boscov scans the woods outside. All this open space unnerves him.

BOSCOV

Fog should've burned off by now.

PRINN

That won't be an issue for them.

BOSCOV

(distracted)

What about you? You gonna make it out of this okay?

PRINN

There'll be a fuss, but it'll die down. No one else in my firm knows. I've been careful.

Boscov nodding. On edge but focusing solely on escape now. So close he can taste it.

BOSCOV

I'll miss you.

PRINN

Thank you, Nathan. You've been a tremendous client. And a dear friend.

(reflecting)

Truthfully, I'm thinking of retiring soon and moving out here full time --

BOSCOV

You sure we're alone out here?

PRINN

There's some workers at the stables, but that's miles from here. And the house staff doesn't come until noon.

BOSCOV

You said you had a dog around here.

PRINN

You mean Gunther?

BOSCOV

I don't give a shit what his name is. Where is he?

PRINN

He's outside somewhere. He's a dog. It's the country.

BOSCOV

Something's happened to him. He should be here.

PRINN

Nathan, everything's working out.

BOSCOV

Then where's the plane?

PRINN

These people are contractors. They're being paid millions of dollars, most of which they'll only get when you're safely out of the country. Believe me, they'll be here.

EXT. PIPER COMANCHE AIRPLANE - DAY

A single engine prop plane glides a few thousand feet above the Westchester countryside. It's a drug-running plane, equipped with extra fuel tanks, an ultra-quiet engine and radar-deflecting paint.

EXT. WEST SIDE HIGHWAY - NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

A big US Marshals COMMAND SERVICES VEHICLE rumbling along. Homeland Security-funded excess with armored windows and bullet-proof wheels and bristling antennas.

INT. COMMAND SERVICES VEHICLE - MORNING

Packed with equipment. STAFF with headsets. Monitors with live traffic camera feeds, bridge surveillance, helicopter views, blinking data maps of the metropolitan grid. Bookman quarterbacking here. Works the phone --

BOOKMAN

(into phone)

Forget Port Authority. Guy's not dicking around on some boat. He's gonna get out by air. Now we've got tail numbers on all his jets. You tell FAA, ATC, everybody at New York Center, any plane they're not a hundred percent sure of does not take off.

EXT. MEADOW - MORNING

Socked in with DENSE FOG. Can't even see the ground. Then --

THE PIPER COMANCHE AIRPLANE

Gliding down over the treetops -- a ghost -- whisper quiet -- then into the fog for a landing in the meadow.

INT. PIPER COMANCHE AIRPLANE - MORNING

Zero visibility in the fog but that's okay because the instrumentation in here would rival a spy plane.

THREE CONTRACTORS strapped in. Focused, professional mercenaries on a tight time-table.

Their PILOT brings the light aircraft to a stop. Door popped open. The three contractors getting out. Moving fast. Hurrying towards a tree line and --

INT. MANSION KITCHEN - MORNING

Bosco checks his watch. Agitated.

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Edge of the trees. Fog-shrouded. Then -- a LASER SIGNAL BEAM flashes on, then off.

INT. MANSION KITCHEN - MORNING

Bosco excited. He's seen the signal.

PRINN
Right on time.

BOSCO
How's this gonna work?

PRINN
It's a half mile walk through the woods. Once you take off, it's 68 minutes to Nova Scotia. From there, a Learjet will take you the rest of the way.
(heads for a side door)
Stay here.

EXT. MANSION - MORNING

A side door opens and out steps Prinn. Not sure how this works, so she gives a little wave.

The trees. No further signal. Nothing moving.

The wind kicks up. Pulling her sweater close, Prinn starts across the expanse of lawn.

And now -- from the mist -- a FORM arises. A MAN steps out from the trees and approaches her.

Prinn stops. The figure coming closer.

AND NOW PRINN'S RUNNING BACK TO THE HOUSE -- flat out -- panic sprint to the door and --

INT. MANSION KITCHEN - MORNING

Prinn scrambles back in here --

BOSCOV
-- what? --

She goes to slam the door -- but it flies back open -- Prinn screams -- thrown back --

KYLE

In her kitchen. Raw. Stark. Incredible. There he is. No gear, no coat, nothing -- just the .38 in his hand.

BOSCOV (CONT'D)
Jesus. How did you get here?

Kyle moving on Prinn. Looming. Dangerous. She backs up.

KYLE
Give me your hands.

She hesitates. He threatens violence. Out come Prinn's hands. He's got FLEXCUFFS. He binds her hands and shoves her roughly into a chair.

BOSCOV
Easy, Kyle.

PRINN
(quickly)
Let's talk. We can work something out.

But she's falling. Kyle's kicked over her chair. She hits the floor with cry.

BOSCOV
Hey -- come on!
(to Prinn)
Eleanor? You okay?

She's stunned -- wind knocked out -- but she nods. Brave and loyal to the end.

Kyle in hell now -- looming on Boscov -- zeroed-in -- no going back -- pure, full-blown hate -- about to unleash tremendous violence --

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Those THREE CONTRACTORS on foot. Hurrying through the trees.

INT. MANSION KITCHEN - MORNING

Stand off. Kyle with the gun.

BOSCOV

Kyle, wait. I'm happy you're okay.

Kyle shoves Boscov against the counter -- hard --

BOSCOV (CONT'D)

Wait! I can fix this!

KYLE

You can't fix this. Not now. Only thing left is making you suffer.

BOSCOV

Stop and think. You shoot me, they'll come after you harder than they're coming after me.

KYLE

You think I care? You think I have any life left to go back to?

BOSCOV

Yes -- you can make a new one -- those bags there --

(gesturing)

That's millions of dollars. Take it all. You can build a new life with that, you can --

BLAM! -- massively loud! -- a VASE EXPLODING on the counter -- warning shot from Kyle's gun.

KYLE

Can you hear yourself? Can you even hear how screwed up you are?

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

The contractors pausing here. Alerted. WEAPONS out. Prinn's house visible through the trees. One scopes the house with binoculars. Another murmurs into a radio --

CONTRACTOR

Be advised, there's been a shot fired inside the house.

INT. MANSION KITCHEN - MORNING

Boscov kneeling before Kyle. Piteous. Beaten. Kyle standing over him. Centers the gun on Boscov's forehead.

KYLE
This is for Julie.

BOSCOV
I didn't know she was pregnant,
Kyle. Until last night. I swear.

KYLE
Of course you did. But you're a
motivated billionaire, so what's it
matter?

BOSCOV
She wasn't supposed to be hurt. I
told those people to leave her
alone. Something must've happened,
must've gone wrong. Kill an
innocent, unborn child? I'm not
going to have that on my soul.

KYLE
Why not? You already poisoned 178
people with artificial blood.

BOSCOV
Those people were different. That
was business.

EXT. MANSION - MORNING

The contractors emerging from the woods. Darting runs for
the house. A quick, efficient assault underway.

INT. MANSION KITCHEN - MORNING

Kyle puzzled. Boscov just beyond his gun sights, staring up
at him. Somber. Sincere.

KYLE
What do you mean business?

BOSCOV
Nothing. It's just not a fair
comparison.

KYLE
What the hell does that mean?

BOSCOV

We anticipated those 178 deaths.
We learned from them how to make
our product better. What I'm
saying now is --

KYLE

Wait a minute. You actually wanted
them to die?

BOSCOV

I accept losses. It's called
medical progress. Heart valves,
cancer drugs, weight loss pills --
people die all the time to advance
science. 178 dead for forty
thousand lives saved? That's
humane!

(Kyle appalled)

Kyle, end of the day, I'm a
business man. Not a killer. The
death of your child held no profit
for me.

Kyle looks past Boscov -- into the living room -- THERE THEY
ARE -- THE CONTRACTORS -- COMING IN -- WEAPONS DRAWN AND --

EXT. MANSION - MORNING

GLASS SHATTERS -- Kyle exploding out a picture window --
tumbles -- back up -- running for his life now --

INT. MANSION KITCHEN - MORNING

THE CONTRACTORS rushing in here --

PRINN

(gesturing after Kyle)
It's just him! That one!

EXT. MANSION - MORNING

Kyle thudding across gravel paths -- barrelling through into
some elaborate garden -- hedges -- tools -- wheelbarrow --

THE CONTRACTORS -- now outside -- behind him in pursuit --

KYLE -- sensing the type of professionals coming after him --
he's miscalculated -- this is now very bad --

THE CONTRACTORS -- swift and sure -- splitting up --

KYLE -- into the woods -- splashing through a creek -- TURNS
AND FIRES -- blind shots --

CONTRACTOR #1 -- smooth -- precise -- 100 yards away --
circling ahead of Kyle --

KYLE -- flitting through trees -- a hectic, pell-mell dash --

CONTRACTOR #1 -- the sounds of Kyle coming right for him --

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Kyle suddenly swerves out here -- last second detour --

BLAM! A shot from the woods -- missing him as --

A HUMVEE

Out of nowhere! --stopping right there -- gravel flying --

FBI AGENTS pouring out -- guns drawn on Kyle as --

OVERHEAD -- A HELICOPTER BLASTING OVER THE TREES --

VOICE (V.O.)
THIS IS THE FBI -- PUT DOWN YOUR
WEAPONS --

And Kyle now tackled -- smothered by agents --

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

The contractors scattering -- getting out --

EXT. MANSION - MORNING

Bosco -- no travel bags -- nothing -- an open field run for
the woods --

BOSCO
Wait!

But the contractor vanishes -- mission aborted -- everyone
for himself now --

INT. MANSION KITCHEN - MORNING

Prinn still here -- frozen in her own kitchen -- her world
collapsing -- outside A COLUMN OF FBI VEHICLES ARRIVING --

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Kyle apprehended -- slammed into the back of a Humvee as --

EXT. MEADOW - MORNING

THE PIPER COMANCHE PROP PLANE -- engine revved -- pilot's desperate -- plane's on a fast take-off roll when --

AN FBI VEHICLE

Big, armored SUBURBAN -- roaring out of the mist and --

BAM!

-- broad-sides the plane! -- the Piper flips over -- smashed -- sputters and spins out there. It's done.

EXT. MANSION - MORNING

Bosco at the edge of the woods. Stopped there. Taking it all in. The chopper. The vehicles. It's over.

FBI OFFICER

Down! On the ground! Now!

FBI in SWAT GEAR approaching. Armored. Guns. Helmets.

And Bosco raising his hands. Getting down on his knees to surrender. A faraway look. Calculating his next moves.

And the FBI AGENTS running up to secure him as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WEST SIDE HIGHWAY - NEW YORK - DAY

The FBI VEHICLE CONVOY heading back into the city. OVER THIS the improvised reporting of breaking news --

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

We're going to switch to our correspondent at the Metropolitan Correctional Center in Lower Manhattan...

EXT. METROPOLITAN CORRECTIONAL CENTER (MCC) - NEW YORK - DAY

The FBI convoy driving into the gated citadel of this federal jail in Lower Manhattan.

REPORTER (V.O.)
We now have confirmation that
Nathan Boscov was indeed recaptured
this morning.

EXT. ARRIVAL BAY - MCC - DAY

Big, cold, walled courtyard. DEPUTIES pull Kyle, Boscov and
Prinn from vehicles and transfer them into the complex.

REPORTER (V.O.)
It happened at approximately nine
a.m. when an elite FBI task force
found Boscov at the Westchester
estate of his lawyer, who is also
in custody.

INT. METROPOLITAN CORRECTIONAL CENTER - DAY

Boscov handcuffed. Led down a corridor, surrounded by FBI
SWAT OFFICERS from the raid.

REPORTER (V.O.)
This throws into confusion the
Boscov criminal trial, where jurors
are back in court, possibly with a
verdict already in hand.

INT. HOLDING CELL - MCC - DAY

Bars clang shut. A lock turns. The retreating footsteps of
the jailers echo and die away.

Boscov deposited in here. Clutching the bars. Alone and
desolate. Staring into the abyss.

His thoughts shifting now. Tactical instincts returning.
He'll beat this. He must.

Then -- a feeling -- he spins around --

KYLE THERE

Behind him. Same cell. Just sitting on a bench.

KYLE
Someone's got a sense of humor.
Putting us together.

Boscov incredulous. A surge of alarm, about to call for help
when --

KYLE (CONT'D)

There's no point. There's no one out there to hear you.

Kyle gets up to have a look through the bars. Something different about him now.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Don't worry. The guards will come back eventually.

Boskov settling now. Relying on his natural authority.

BOSCOV

You touch me, it'll just get worse. I'll make bail within the hour.

(beat)

And the surveillance tapes from my apartment show you kidnapping me. That's a narrative my lawyers can work with.

(needlessly taunting)

What about you? What's your way out?

KYLE

Amazing. All your skill and you don't see what happened. I thought you would've guessed by now.

BOSCOV

Guessed what?

Uneasy. Not enough energy to hide it. Kyle takes his time.

KYLE

How'd it come to this? All your intelligence. Wealth. The magazine covers. What happened? You're in a ten-by-thirteen-foot cell and you ain't getting out. Not today, not tomorrow, not ever.

BOSCOV

Guessed what? What is this? They offer you a deal -- but you need something from me first?

KYLE

Yesterday morning. You said you had faith in our justice system. Remember? You know what faith means? Means twelve jurors decide what happens to you.

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

Right or wrong, you got the same chance as everyone else.

(leaning in)

You should've taken that chance, Boscov. You should've had the faith to sit tight and stay in last night. If you'd have done that, had that kind of discipline, you'd be a free man this morning. Ironic, isn't it?

Kyle breaking off there. A cryptic oracle.

BOSCOV

What the hell are you getting at?

KYLE

(back at the bars)

You think those guards got lost coming back here?

BOSCOV

You piece of shit, what are you talking about "a free man"?

KYLE

Your jury. They were going to acquit you.

Boscov frowning. An involuntary twitch.

KYLE (CONT'D)

There was no guilty verdict. They played you. You were fed a load of shit, Boscov.

Boscov retrenching. Calm. Imperious.

BOSCOV

Nobody played me.

KYLE

You're not the smartest guy in the room. Not in this instance.

BOSCOV

You're lying. You're caught. And you're desperate for a deal and you're spinning theories --

KYLE

That juror you bought off? Your secret weapon? They knew. They got to that man.

Dead air now. Boscov staying strong. But the waters are rising.

BOSCOV
You don't know anything.

KYLE
Everything that juror told you was what they wanted you to hear.

BOSCOV
Who's they?

KYLE
And your big escape? They knew about that, too. They knew weeks ago.

BOSCOV
Who is they?

KYLE
They loved that escape plan of yours. They loved it so much they made you do it!

BOSCOV
You're not making any sense.

KYLE
They made you run!

BOSCOV
Tell it to someone else, asshole. You're not getting into my head.

KYLE
They where there! With you. Every moment of last night -- every single step of the way!

BOSCOV
That's impossible!

KYLE
Wanna bet?
(so enjoying this)
They were there because I was there.

BOSCOV
And who the hell are you?

KYLE
I'm a federal agent.

Just simple like that. Boscov not reacting.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Boscov, I work for the FBI.

Boscov blinks. Motions his lips.

Then rising up -- a torrent -- rejecting it --

BOSCOV
-- no way --
 (the very idea)
-- I found you -- I found you --

Kyle just shaking his head -- Boscov enraged --

BOSCOV (CONT'D)
-- we checked you out -- your
background -- the Marines --
everything -- your wife -- PTSD --
we bugged your apartment --

KYLE
It was a show. All for you.

Kyle reaching under his shirt. Pulls some tape and lifts out
a RECORDING DEVICE.

Boscov staring at the recorder like it's a bizarre object
from another planet. This fever dream he's in.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Of course, you just running
wouldn't win their case. But a
confession would.

BOSCOV
That's --
 (last ditch)
-- whatever evidence you think you
have, it's inadmissible. All of
it. Any new trial, the judge has
to exclude it.

KYLE
Except you were in federal custody.
You were under my supervision. And
evidence obtained while in custody
is admissible.

There it is. A simple thing. But it's fatal.

And now people arriving -- other side of the bars -- bunch of FEDERAL AGENTS. Among them is JULIE! She's alive and unhurt! Wears an FBI windbreaker. Kyle smiles to see her.

KYLE (CONT'D)
You had me worried back there.

JULIE / JESSICA
It's okay. I did all the shooting.

Julie -- real name Jessica -- gazes at Boscov as if he was some exhibit in a zoo.

JULIE / JESSICA (CONT'D)
They're filing more charges now.
Conspiracy. Fugitive flight.
Attempted murder. Good luck.

Boscov recoils. Like someone's thrown acid on him. And now the cell door opening as some DEPUTIES enter --

DEPUTY
Let's go, Boscov. Get you in-
processed.

Kyle steps out. He and Jessica embrace. Not man and wife, but two colleagues who care about each other.

And the deputies now locking heavy MANACLE CHAINS around Boscov's wrists and ankles.

BOSCOV
How did you know I'd confess?

Boscov hung up on that one thing. As if it holds the key to all the rest.

KYLE
I didn't.

Kyle walking out with Jessica. Gone for good.

Boscov left there. Numb. Beaten. And the deputies hauling him up now. Boscov shuffling along with them, hobbled and awkward in the leg irons, led off through another heavy door that leads even deeper into the depths.

Clang. They're gone, too. And we're left in this empty, silent cell.

EXT. METROPOLITAN CORRECTIONAL CENTER - NEW YORK

Kyle emerges into the full glare of a Manhattan day.
Showered. Refreshed. Change of clothes. Gun tucked away
into a holster under his jacket. He slips on some sunglasses
and starts down the crowded sidewalk.

In a moment he is lost from view.

FADE OUT.