

JOSIAH'S CANON

by

Jeff King

Revisions by

Allan Scott

Jeff King

Chris Reese

Current revisions by

Brian Koppelman & David Levien

TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX
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Los Angeles, CA 90035

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REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONER OF THE

LAND OFFICE

TO THE

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY

IN

THE

YEAR 1900

FADE IN:

EXT. NATIONAL BANK OF ZURICH - DAY - TV NEWS FOOTAGE

Surrounded by police cars, scurrying Swiss cops, and ambulances with flashing lights, a distinguished Swiss banker, ERNST MUELLER, speaks to the PRESS. He is slightly out of breath, and there are blood stains on his shirt.

The TV news super reads ZURICH, SWITZERLAND.

ERNST MUELLER

The attempted robbery was a failure. Not a franc was taken. The bank lost nothing.

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - DAY

CU: ERIC. Mid-20s, downtown hip, artist of the con.

ERIC

Hundred million sound like nothing to you? 'Cause that is what we walked out of there with.

EXT. NATIONAL BANK OF ZURICH - DAY - TV NEWS FOOTAGE

Behind Mueller, the Police lead dazed customers to safety.

ERNST MUELLER

Our customers are safe. Their assets are secure. And the would-be bank robbers are dead. They're all dead.

INT. CIA INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

FBI Agent BENNY WALL--black, good-looking, early 30s--is hooked up to a polygraph. His arm is in a sling, bruises on his face.

BENNY

Yeah, 'cept the dead guys? They weren't the bank robbers.

EXT. NATIONAL BANK OF ZURICH - DAY - TV NEWS FOOTAGE

Mueller responds to a question.

ERNST MUELLER

There were no Americans among them.

INT. CIA INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

BENNY

His whole team was American.

The POLYGRAPH OPERATOR nods to the Interrogator. Truth.

INTERROGATOR

Then he's alive.

Benny shakes his head no.

POLYGRAPH OPERATOR

Answer with words, please.

BENNY

He's not.

The Operator shoots the Interrogator a non-committal shrug.

INTERROGATOR

I need full sentences, Agent Wall.
Is Doyle alive?

BENNY

No.

INTERROGATOR (O.S.)

(getting testy)
Full sentence, please.

Benny looks him dead in the eye, and speaks deliberately.

BENNY

Doyle...is dead.

The Polygraph Operator nods to the Interrogator. Truth.

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - DAY

Eric is speaking to MICHAEL BRAND, whose pale features are illuminated by a single lamp in this spare room.

ERIC

His name was Doyle.

BRAND

"Doyle."

ERIC

They contacted us after Washington.

BRAND

Doyle's a Catholic name. Why'd they hire a Catholic? Why not use the Israelis? Who's better at this sort of thing than them?

ERIC

Doyle was.

BRAND

Tell me about Washington.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

A crystal-clear, cherry blossom day. A man walks confidently through crowds of picture-snapping tourists. DOYLE. He is strong-framed, wearing a moustache and an overcoat over an Italian suit, carrying an expensive leather briefcase.

He stops at a traffic light and looks at his watch. The light changes, but he doesn't cross yet. He just stands there. It's not yet time to move.

INT. CAPITAL SAVINGS AND LOAN - DAY

MAGGIE

Mr. Hester?

The overweight bank manager, ARNOLD HESTER, looks up from a CUSTOMER seated across the desk from him, and smiles.

MR. HESTER

I'll be with you as soon as I finish with this gentleman.

MAGGIE, a stylish, red-haired young businesswoman, and ANGEL, an early-30s Hispanic-American master safe-cracker, wearing a neatly-trimmed beard and an Armani suit, stand before him. Maggie smiles as she takes out a credit-card sized DIGITAL CAMERA.

MAGGIE

You live at 432 Spalding Drive, Bethesda. Your wife's name is Amy, your son's name is Cody. The kitchen door has a faulty lock.

She she shows him the CAMERA SCREEN as she continues, so he can see that it holds photos of him and his family. When the Customer speaks, we see he is ERIC.

ERIC

Move your foot away from the alarm
if you ever want to see them again.

Hester blanches.

ERIC

Move your foot, pal, and they'll be
fine.

Hester slowly moves his foot away from the pedal. Maggie
shows Mr. Hester a badge.

MAGGIE

If anyone asks, we're FDIC
Examiners. Now I'd like you to
lead us to the vault. This'll just
take a minute.

Hester rises unsteadily. Eric holds his chair out for him.

MAGGIE

Don't look around, just look at us.

ERIC

You can do this.

Angel, Maggie and Mr. Hester walk toward the vault. Eric
stays at the desk, picks up the guest phone and dials.

Doyle enters the bank. Maggie takes Mr. Hester's arm.

MAGGIE

You're doing fine. Your family's
going to be okay. Now I want you
to meet a friend. Smile, shake his
hand. You're glad to see him.

Perfectly timed, Doyle joins them walking across the bank
floor. Hester forces a smile.

MAGGIE

He's doing well.

Doyle shakes Mr. Hester's hand.

DOYLE

You know, we think of a hero as a
man of action, don't we? A man who
takes risks.

Hester, dry-mouthed, doesn't respond.

DOYLE

Problem is: those men of action, they die. But in this case you'll be a hero by doing absolutely nothing, except what I tell you to do.

Hester nods.

DOYLE

Good. Now you're going to walk us past the guard. He'll be busy on the phone. All you'll say to him is "Good morning, Armando." Nothing more. Alright?

As they continue their walk across the lobby, Maggie scrolls through pics on the camera to show Mr. Hester more photos.

MAGGIE

This is Armando and his boyfriend at the supermarket. His name is Neil. He's home right now, and the doorbell is about to ring.

DOYLE

Think of Neil as one more life you're saving this morning.

Doyle pulls a memo from his briefcase and hands it to Hester, Maggie begins a non-stop monologue about banking regulations.

MAGGIE

This is the new Federal Reserve policy revision on amortization and cross-collateralization...

They approach the counter just as the phone rings by the Guard's seat. The Guard, ARMANDO, picks it up.

GUARD

Hello?

ANGLE ON: MR. HESTER'S DESK. Eric on the phone, speaking with an indeterminable accent.

ANGLE ON: THE GUARD'S DESK.

ARMANDO

I'm sorry, what?

We hear GIBBERISH coming through the phone. Maggie, meanwhile, has kept up her prattle to Hester.

MAGGIE

So your FDIC filings were
incomplete for that fiscal year...

And Armando can't hear the phone.

ARMANDO

More slowly - I don't understand.

MR. HESTER

Good morning, Armando.

Armando, his attention focused on the phone, buzzes them
through. They enter a corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR TO THE VAULT - DAY

As soon as they enter the corridor, Maggie's speech stops and
she takes back the memo from Hester.

Doyle sniffs the air - he smells something.

They have reached the Security Office.

DOYLE

Get them to buzz us in.

Hester hits the button and croaks into the squawk box.

HESTER

It's Mr. Hester.

The door buzzes open.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Hester and the group enter. One GUARD sits at the console.

DOYLE

Hi. FDIC, Security Division.

He reaches out to shake the Guard's hand. As the Guard
extends his right hand, he notices that Doyle is wearing a
skin-tight rubber glove.

It's too late. Doyle grabs the Guard's hand, snaps handcuffs
on it, spins him around and cuffs the other hand behind him.

Angel, also gloved, quickly puts tape across the Guard's
mouth and eyes, and pushes him down to the floor.

He hooks a pair of ankle cuffs through the handcuffs, leaving
him hog-tied and helpless.

Doyle has grabbed the Guard's gun and keys, and unlocks the closet door. Angel drags the Guard into the closet.

ANGEL

Someone will be in to get you in less than five minutes. Just lay still.

He closes the door behind him.

Maggie, also gloved, has climbed atop a desk and withdrawn three videotapes from three recorders.

Other than Angel's brief reassurance to the Guard, not a word has been spoken, not a gesture wasted.

INT. CORRIDOR TO THE VAULT - DAY

Doyle, Maggie, Angel and Hester emerge from the Security Office. Hester turns right. Doyle stops and points him in the other direction. Hester reluctantly walks to the left.

Doyle sniffs the air again - what's that smell? - and then speaks quietly into a lapel mic.

DOYLE

How's Armando doing?

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Eric is sitting at Hester's desk, looking casual, reading a magazine. Eric speaks quietly into his sleeve.

ERIC

He's good and bored.

INT. CORRIDOR TO THE VAULT - DAY

A long shot of the group walking towards us. In the foreground we see what they cannot see: an INFRA-RED SENSOR recessed in the wall.

The group is closer now. In a few seconds they will trip the beam.

Doyle looks questioningly at Mr. Hester.

DOYLE

You wearing perfume?

HESTER

What?

DOYLE
You smell like a French hooker.

HESTER
(flustered)
I'm...I'm not wearing perfume.

Doyle winks at him, then looks at Maggie.

MAGGIE
Aw, you noticed.

Doyle gives Hester a look.

DOYLE
Who wears perfume to a bank robbery?

CLOSER ON HESTER as they walk. He's trying to be cool, but his eyes dart down toward the invisible beam, and then quickly to Doyle to see if anyone knows what he knows.

Doyle seems unconcerned.

INT. CORRIDOR TO THE VAULT - DAY

The group is just about to pass through the beam when Doyle stops Hester.

DOYLE
What happens to heroes?

Hester looks guilty and scared.

HESTER
They die?

DOYLE
Right. I know more about your security than you do, Mr. Hester.

Terrified, Hester reaches inside his pocket and withdraws an access card. Doyle inserts the card into a slot in the wall--sees a small light turn green--and they go to the vault.

Hester wipes his face. He doesn't look at all well.

Angel removes a notebook computer from the briefcase, takes out an electronic probe, plugs one end into the computer and attaches several suction cups from the other end to the vault's combination lock. He turns the lock incrementally.

The computer screen graphic is flat. Then there's a BLIP.

ANGEL
First combo down.

INT. GUARD'S CLOSET - DAY

The Guard is awkwardly trying to maneuver himself into a more upright position. He finally manages to get into a kind of squat, and starts rubbing his face against the wall to try to find the door.

INT. OUTSIDE THE VAULT - DAY

Angel keeps working the combination. Doyle watches carefully. Maggie checks her watch.

ANGEL
It's looking for clusters now.

MAGGIE
Four minutes.

ANGEL
No problem.

MR. HESTER
Oh God. Oh God.

MAGGIE
Pray silently.

DOYLE
And let me know if you get a response.

INT. GUARD'S CLOSET - DAY

The Guard has found the door and throws himself at it. He's big, but it doesn't budge, and he's back on his ass.

INT. OUTSIDE THE VAULT - DAY

The BLIPS are coming more rapidly now, but Doyle becomes aware of a new sound: Mr. Hester's labored breathing.

DOYLE
Breathe in through your nose, out through your mouth.

ANGEL
Cute.

DOYLE
What.

ANGEL
There's an inversion.

DOYLE
Problem?

ANGEL
Nope.

MAGGIE
Three minutes thirty.

ANGEL
Two more sets.

INT. GUARD'S CLOSET - DAY

The Guard keeps throwing his large bulk at the door, over and over, like a crazed man.

INT. OUTSIDE THE VAULT - DAY

BLIP. CLICK. WHIRR. Success. The vault door opens.

Mr. Hester lets out a moan. Maggie and Angel rush inside, and Doyle pulls Mr. Hester in with him.

INT. VAULT - DAY

It's a bank robber's dream: large denominations of cash piled high. Maggie flashes Doyle a beautiful smile. Doyle smiles back, then motions for her to get to work.

Doyle oversees Maggie and Angel hurriedly filling their briefcases with cash. Then he notices Mr. Hester holding his left arm in pain.

DOYLE
What.

Hester melts to the floor, writhing in pain, then goes still.

Doyle is on him, feeling for his pulse, putting his ear against the man's chest to hear a heartbeat.

Maggie and Angel stop what they're doing.

DOYLE
Don't stop! Keep going!

They jump back to their rapid loot-gathering.

ANGEL
This is bad.

Doyle thumps several times on Hester's chest, then stops to listen. Hearing nothing, he resumes the CPR.

INT. GUARD'S CLOSET - DAY

The Guard hurls himself over and over against the door.

He might be nuts, but on the other side of the locked door we begin to see the wood around the lock starting to splinter.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Eric has checked his watch and frowns. Without moving his lips, he speaks near his sleeve.

ERIC
It's post time.

INT. VAULT - DAY

MAGGIE
(into her mic)
Get the car. We're coming out.
(to Doyle)
Ten seconds.

Doyle keeps thumping on Hester's chest.

DOYLE
Go!

Maggie wants to stay, but Angel pulls her out. Doyle keeps pounding. He stops. Hester's eyelids flutter open.

DOYLE
Lie still. Or you'll be that hero.

He grabs his bag and is about to hurry out, but stops, looks around and sees a phone on the wall. His conscience gets the best of him - he dials 911. And he gets a recording.

INT. GUARD'S CLOSET - DAY

The guard throws himself at the door one more time, and the weakened doorknob flies off into the room. The door opens.

INT. VAULT - DAY

Doyle waits on the line. And waits. Hester's eyes are fluttering. Then, finally:

DOYLE

This is an emergency...

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

The Guard lies on the floor, panting heavily through his nose. He is still hog-tied and blindfolded, but he starts slithering his way toward the desk. Behind the desk, on the floor...is an alarm pedal.

EXT. CAPITAL SAVINGS AND LOAN - DAY

Maggie exits. Moments later, Angel goes through the revolving doors, pulling off his neatly trimmed beard in one motion as he joins Maggie at the curb. They toss their briefcases into Eric's car. Maggie also tosses in the Digital Camera full of surveillance photos. Eric drives off. Angel walks off in one direction, and Maggie in the other.

Angel reaches the corner just as a bus stops. He climbs on.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

The Guard finds the alarm pedal and hits it, but nothing happens. Then we see what he did not: its wire has been CUT.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - LADIES' ROOM - DAY

Maggie pulls off the red wig, revealing short hair, steps out to the tracks, and boards a train just before it pulls out.

EXT. CAPITAL SAVINGS AND LOAN - DAY

An AMBULANCE is parked in front. Some BANK EMPLOYEES are coming outside, confused and concerned, looking around.

EXT. CAPITAL SAVINGS AND LOAN - DAY

We hear SIRENS and see police cars screeching up.

Across the street is a Catholic Church.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

We can hear the sirens outside echoing in here, as we move towards a confessional booth.

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - DAY

DOYLE

Forgive me father, for I have sinned.

An OLD PRIEST listens. On the other side, we see Doyle.

DOYLE
I took some things that weren't mine.

PRIEST
What did you take?

DOYLE
Money.

And now we see that Doyle is using the privacy of the confessional to take off his disguise.

PRIEST
Have you done this before?

DOYLE
Yes, I have.

PRIEST
Do you need the money?

DOYLE
Yes, we all need money. That's not why I do it.

PRIEST
Then why do you?

Doyle stops at the penetrating question. He peers intently through the screen.

ANGLE ON: The Priest's eyes are unseeing, HE IS BLIND.

DOYLE
I can't answer that.

PRIEST
You must live a better life, my son. You've lost yourself. Only through God can you know who you are.

He goes back to finishing his change of appearance.

DOYLE
Father, the Church is my salvation, but in all my life I've never let anyone know who I am.

The Priest frowns, and thinks about that for a moment.

PRIEST

Why?

No answer. Doyle is gone.

PRIEST

My son?

Outside the confessional, Doyle stops at the font to dip his fingers in holy water, blesses himself, and leaves.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Agent Benny Wall strides purposefully down the corridor. A half-step behind him is DAN BARTHOLOMEW, forty-something, lanky. Dan wears a dark suit, but Benny has been caught on his day-off. He's wearing baggy shorts and a backwards baseball cap.

DAN

(reading from a file)
Cleveland, St. Louis, Denver,
Seattle, same everything. Three
men, one woman, digital camera,
very friendly, very smooth, very
good at opening vaults and then
disappearing.

BENNY

So convincing they don't even need
to actually take hostages.

DAN

Maybe we should release that to the
press, so next time bank security
doesn't roll over.

BENNY

Put that message out, watch how
quick they do start taking
hostages.

They've reached the emergency room nurse's station.

DAN

Excuse me, we're looking for an
Arnold Hester? He's a patient.

- NURSE

Are you family?

BENNY
(referring to Dan)
He's my father.

NURSE
I meant the patient.

Dan shows the nurse his ID.

DAN
FBI. We need to talk to him.

The Nurse looks the casually-attired Benny up and down.

NURSE
He's FBI?

DAN
We've relaxed the dress code.

INT. ICU ROOM - DAY

Mr. Hester is hooked up to an array of equipment. Dan interviews Mr. Hester as Benny flips through the file.

MR. HESTER
They threatened my family. She had
our pictures in a little camera.

DAN
What kind of camera?

MR. HESTER
A miniature one. Digital.

BENNY
The guy in charge. Did you like
him?

DAN
Did he like him?

BENNY
Trying to figure out what type of
personality we're dealing with--

DAN
Benny, the guy gave him a heart
attack, for Christ's sake.

BENNY
(to Mr. Hester)
Did you like him?

MR. HESTER

He gave me CPR. He called 911. He saved my life. So, yeah, I guess.

DAN

Happy?

Benny shrugs. They head for the door. Benny turns.

BENNY

Did you say he made the 911 call?

Hester nods. Benny and Dan get it: breakthrough.

EXT. PIER - MARYLAND SHORE - DUSK

An isolated building that used to house a crab fishing operation.

A Trawler is tied to a sagging pier.

Parked in front are a Ducati motorcycle, a sedan, and a sports car.

INT. BUILDING - DUSK

The place shows evidence of it's former use--fishing nets, crates, crab pots.

Doyle, Maggie, Angel, and Eric are around a table filled with MONEY in four equal stacks.

Angel punches keys on a calculator.

ANGEL

One Million, Eight Hundred Sixty Five Thousand, Three Hundred and Fifty.

Angel punches more keys. Eric speaks before Angel does.

ERIC

Divided by four, equals Four Hundred Sixty Six Thousand, Three Hundred Thirty Eight Dollars...and Fifty Cents.

ANGEL

Each.

ERIC

Slamming.

Angel raises a soda can in toast to Doyle.

ANGEL

Once again, thank you brother.

Doyle shakes his head modestly.

DOYLE

We've done well today...

ANGEL

But you don't want to see us for three months.

Laughter.

DOYLE

That's right. No big deposits, no sudden purchases--

ANGEL

Damn, I gotta return my Bentley.

More laughter. Everyone fills a bag with their money, shakes hands, exchange hugs.

DOYLE

Always remember: if things don't change, they stay as they are. Now go as you came.

He points at Angel who starts heading for the door.

DOYLE

And go fast.

Angel zips his leather jacket, exits.

Doyle points to Eric who takes his bag, and goes for the door, as the motorcycle drives off.

Eric casts a glance back as he shuts the door behind him.

Doyle closes his bag. Maggie finishes packing her money, looks up at him.

DOYLE

You...

He points and moves closer to her.

DOYLE

Stay a moment.

MAGGIE

Sure.

DOYLE

You off on the usual holiday?

MAGGIE

Yep. Rent my little island off St. Bart's. Four weeks. Lie in the sand and sip cold gin while the reggae plays. You?

Doyle shrugs.

DOYLE

This. That.

MAGGIE

Plan the next job?

He moves even closer to her.

DOYLE

I didn't want to mention this in front of the others...

Her eyes shine at the intimacy of the moment.

DOYLE

...but your research failed us.

She's taken aback at the shift.

MAGGIE

What?

DOYLE

The man had a heart attack.

MAGGIE

If I knew when people were gonna have heart attacks, I wouldn't be in this line of work--

DOYLE

He had a Med-Alert bracelet. He was on blood thinners.

Maggie is momentarily speechless.

MAGGIE

I missed it. I'm sorry.

DOYLE

And your perfume was distinctive.
It could be remembered, traced.

She accepts it, shoulders her bag, turns to go.

DOYLE

But it was delightful.

She stops.

MAGGIE

I'm glad you liked it...You know,
I'm gonna be all alone on my
island.

He picks up his bag, moves toward her.

DOYLE

Sounds like you want some company.

MAGGIE

I wouldn't kick it out of the
hammock.

Their eyes are locked. Doyle reins in his emotions.

DOYLE

Then I hope you find it.

Doyle moves past her towards the door, the cost of the
decision clear on his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIER - DUSK

A small speed boat pulls out from behind the trawler. Doyle
stands at the wheel, wind in his face.

ANGLE ON: Maggie, in the doorway, watches him go. She heads
toward the sports car.

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - DAY

Present day. Brand questioning Eric.

ERIC

...He never looked back.

BRAND

You admired that. You admired him.

ERIC

Yes.

BRAND

Because of the money?

ERIC

The skills.

Brand hits the play button on a VCR, and we see Ernst Mueller in a TV interview in his bank during normal business.

MUELLER

Look. The attempted robbery was less than 16 hours ago. And yet we are here, everything is normal, our assets are perfectly safe.

Indeed, behind him, customers are going about their business.

MUELLER

The men who tried this were imbeciles. They thought mere guns could get them what they wanted.

Freeze-frame.

ERIC

Mueller's a professional liar.

Brand waits for more,

BRAND

Still, if you want me to accept your version--

ERIC

We never used guns.

BRAND

No?

ERIC

Doyle said: only cops and amateurs need guns. We were neither.

BRAND

So instead your approach was: know all about the other guy.

ERIC

And make sure the other guy knows nothing about you.

INT. FBI OFFICES - AUDIO-VISUAL LAB - NIGHT

Benny, Dan and WALLY PATOKA, over-weight lab tech. Wally hits a button on a tape machine and we hear:

DOYLE'S VOICE

I'm calling from Capitol Savings on Eye Street. A man just collapsed in the vault. His name is Arnold Hester. Bring a defibrillator.

BENNY

So that's him.

WALLY PATOKA

What do you hear?

BENNY

He's cool.

DAN

You working a man crush?

Benny doesn't take the bait.

BENNY

He's robbing a bank, there's a guy flopping around on the floor like a tuna, and he's not breaking a sweat. The man's an icebox.

WALLY PATOKA

Yeah yeah yeah, but where's he from?

BENNY

(deadpan)

Japan.

Dan and Wally just look at him.

BENNY

It's obvious he's Scottish.

WALLY PATOKA

Yeah, that's the top soil. But listen...

Wally hits another button.

WALLY PATOKA

If you isolate syllables, you can pick up a regional diphthong.

DOYLE'S VOICE

Hester. Hester. Defibrillator.

WALLY PATOKA

That's his current home town talking, and he's lived there a long time.

DAN

And where's that?

WALLY PATOKA

The voice always gives it away.

BENNY

Do I have to beat this out of you?

Wally does his best Old Blue Eyes.

WALLY PATOKA

"Start spreading the news..."

BENNY

What borough? C'mon gimme a neighborhood.

Wally hits the button and watches the words spike on the oscilloscope.

DOYLE'S VOICE

...in the vault...

WALLY PATOKA

Push me, I'd say Brooklyn.

EXT. BROOKLYN, N.Y. - TWO MONTHS LATER - DAY

Working-class neighborhood, tree-lined. A bodega is on the corner. Black kids play stickball in the street.

Down the block walks Doyle, carrying two bags of groceries.

He reaches his. Just outside the front door, is an old man in a wheelchair, MR. FELD, and his Jamaican nurse, SKEE.

DOYLE

Good morning.

The old man smiles at Doyle, and speaks with a Jewish accent.

MR. FELD

Yes, yes, good morning. Thank you.
(to Skee)
Who is this?

SKEE

It's Mr. Doyle, from upstairs. You remember him.

Mr. Feld smiles, but he clearly doesn't remember.

DOYLE

Your applesauce.

Doyle pulls some small jars of strained baby applesauce from his bag and hands them to Skee. The old man smiles.

MR. FELD

Thank you. It's nice to meet you.

TELEPHOTO LENS P.O.V. of the scene. Someone is watching Doyle with a very high-powered lens. There are cross-hairs in the middle of the lens. He's about to be shot. And then we hear a CLICK and the shot freezes.

Another CLICK and another freeze. Doyle is being photographed.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

Doyle gets in the elevator.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

We hear the whine of the elevator coming up, as a UNIFORMED POLICEMAN approaches an apartment door. The name on the buzzer label is "Doyle". The Policeman buzzes.

Down the hall, we hear the elevator getting closer.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Doyle hums to himself, shifts the grocery bags to get out his keys, and as the elevator doors open, he exits.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Doyle exits the elevator and stops for half a beat as he sees the Policeman at his door.

POLICEMAN

Mr. Doyle.

Doyle continues walking toward the cop at his door.

DOYLE

Yeah.

POLICEMAN

The wife forgot. Sorry.

The cop hands Doyle a check. Doyle manages to get it with one of his grocery-holding hands.

POLICEMAN

I tell her the 15th, don't forget.
So she forgets.

DOYLE

No problem.

Between the grocery bags, the check and his keys, he's having a hard time opening his door.

POLICEMAN

Here, lemme get that.

DOYLE

Thanks.

The cop opens the door for him. As Doyle enters:

POLICEMAN

Also, the hot water pressure's pretty low.

DOYLE

I'll have Cappy check it out.

POLICEMAN

Thanks.

DOYLE

Yep.

Doyle closes the door behind him.

INT. DOYLE'S APARTMENT - TELEPHOTO VIEW THROUGH THE WINDOW

Doyle walks through the living room, and into the kitchen. A phone is ringing but it's not the telephone in plain view.

Doyle digs into a cabinet and pulls out a ringing cordless.

EXT. PIER 83 - LATER

Doyle stands by the rail of a New York Water Taxi, a large passenger boat painted like a checker cab, as it pulls out into the Hudson.

OTHER PASSENGERS mill around on the deck.

Eric, wearing a dark overcoat, drifts down the rail and stops nearby.

DOYLE

You're supposed to be in the wind,
for another month at least. Why
the meet?

Eric glances around for privacy.

ERIC

I came out for the only good
reason. 'Goodbye Money.'

DOYLE

I come up with the jobs. You help
me do them.

ERIC

I know. But--

DOYLE

How much?

Eric glances around again.

ERIC

For the team, over fifty million.

Doyle takes this in.

DOYLE

That many zeroes will bring high
heat.

ERIC

Not this money.

DOYLE

No?

ERIC

This money doesn't exist.

This gets Doyle's attention.

ERIC

That's what my contact said.

DOYLE

Who is your 'contact?'

ERIC

This guy, 'Handsome' Kevin, who organized things for me in L.A. before I was with you. He says there's an Israeli looking for a first class crew.

DOYLE

When someone else does the leg work, you pay the price.

Doyle can't help himself, he's interested.

DOYLE

Do you trust him?

Eric shrugs.

ERIC

For fifty million I trust him enough to bring it to you. Take the meeting, Doyle, you can always say no.

Doyle looks out over the water.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE - DAY

A MAN, in a TUXEDO, whose face we will not see, is being wired with a hidden microphone and recorder.

Two AGENTS brief him.

1ST AGENT

It's a very sensitive mic, so don't think you have to get too close to him.

2ND AGENT

Stand please, pull down your pants.

1ST AGENT

Try and get him to mention details.

2ND AGENT

I'm putting this recorder - see how tiny it is? - in the crotch.

(MORE)

2ND AGENT (CONT'D)
He won't find it unless he gets
fresh with you.

1ST AGENT
Remember: details.

As the agents continue their work, we CUT TO:

EXT. THE PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT

Eric, wearing a tuxedo, steps out of a cab in front of the hotel, and joins other FORMALLY-DRESSED PEOPLE making their way inside. But first they must pass through a phalanx of POLICEMEN, escorting them through a PROTEST DEMONSTRATION.

The protestors are middle-Eastern, and the signs they carry are pro-Palestinian and anti-Zionist.

As he walks in, a pre-lapped voice is heard.

SPEAKER (O.S.)
...The crimes of the Nazi's did not
end in 1945. Their atrocities are
still being carried out to this
day, only with pen and ledger
instead of machine gun and gas
pellet...

INT. PLAZA HOTEL BALLROOM - SAME

Doyle, dressed in a black suit, stands at the back of a ballroom.

The black-tied audience is eating their dinner while listening to BERNARD STRELL, late-60s, wearing a yarmulke.

BERNARD STRELL
...in Switzerland, whose banks
financed the Nazi war machine.

ANGLE ON: The screen behind him. It plays documentary-style images of the Holocaust intercut with staid Zurich banks.

BERNARD STRELL
Hitler built the gas chambers, but
without the funding from the Swiss
banks, they couldn't have.

Stacks of DEAD BODIES in concentration camps, piles of GOLD FILLINGS, pyramids of GOLD BARS, the formidable facades of SWISS BANKS.

BERNARD STRELL
Credit Suisse. Bank of
Switzerland. All of them are
guilty.

Doyle sees Eric enter across the room. They lock eyes.

BERNARD STRELL
The National Bank of Zurich. Owned
by the Muellers. They were the
worst and they have the most.
Ernst Mueller speaks for all the
banks.

ON SCREEN: White-haired Ernst Mueller speaks from a dais.

MUELLER
The Mueller family has owned and
operated this bank for generations.
We stake our reputation when we say
we are not withholding money that
belongs to Holocaust survivors.
All we ask is what any bank would:
proof that you hold an account, and
that you deposited money in it.

REPORTER
Isn't it true you could open your
records and clear this matter?

MUELLER
The proper authorities have
examined our records. The fact is:
no evidence of these accounts
exists, because these accounts do
not exist.

Mueller leaves the dais.

JUMP CUT: Handheld of Mueller being followed down a hallway.

REPORTER
Why not open your records to the
press?

Impatient, Mueller turns.

MUELLER
I'm finished talking if your camera
is on.

The IMAGE lowers to Mueller's feet.

REPORTER
There. It's off.

But then the image tilts up and catches Mueller's face.

MUELLER
What is your name?

REPORTER
Steve Shapiro, Reuters News
Service.

A knowing look passes Mueller's face.

MUELLER
Shapiro. Of course. It never
stops with you fucking Jews.

Mueller turns and walks away without another word.

The AUDIENCE in the ballroom GASPS. Doyle watches it all
with an unreadable expression.

BERNARD STRELL
This is what we're dealing with...

ANGLE ON: A man at the other end of the ballroom. ADAM BAR-
LEV. Fifties, smooth, a formidable demeanor.

With a tilt of his head Eric indicates they should meet
outside the banquet room, in a side lobby. And he walks off.

Doyle and Eric again make eye contact. Doyle removes his
pocket square from his jacket and leaves the room.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - SIDE LOBBY - NIGHT

Bar-Lev emerges and spots Eric, hanging by the bar. He
approaches.

ERIC
Is your man ready?

BAR-LEV
He will meet us upstairs in a few
minutes. And yours?

ERIC
You'll be meeting him somewhere
else.

Bar-Lev darkens.

BAR-LEV

Why? Everything's arranged here.

ERIC

It just got re-arranged. Be at the southwest corner of 118th and Lex in 25 minutes.

BAR-LEV

That's not enough time--

ERIC

In 26 minutes he won't be there.

Exit Eric.

EXT. LEXINGTON & 118TH STREET - NIGHT

Bar-Lev and ANOTHER MAN look out of place on this Harlem street corner.

As they enter a subway station, the other man is revealed: Bernard Strell, the speaker from the Plaza.

BERNARD STRELL

I don't like this.

BAR-LEV

Don't be so nervous, Bernard.

They go down the stairs.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

They wait anxiously on the mostly empty platform.

BERNARD STRELL

What now?

A train pulls up. The doors open. Doyle leans out.

DOYLE

Get on.

They board just as the doors close.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Bar-Lev and Strell stagger to keep their balance as the train pulls out. They look around. There is no one else on the car.

Doyle takes a seat. Bar-Lev and Strell sit near him.

Doyle says nothing. The train rumbles along in the darkness, the lights flickering on and off.

BAR-LEV

I'm Adam Bar-Lev. This is Bernard Strell.

They wait for Doyle to introduce himself, but he doesn't. Bar-Lev nods to Strell.

DOYLE

I saw your presentation. Why does any of this concern me?

Strell, impassioned, continues.

BERNARD STRELL

Because it concerns vast sums of money. On the eve of the war, Jews across Europe were looking for any means of escape.

Doyle crosses his arms.

BAR-LEV

So we moved our wealth into Swiss banks. Hundreds of millions of dollars. We believed that if we could save our money, we could use it to save our lives.

Doyle's face is a mask, devoid of emotion.

BAR-LEV

The Swiss claimed they were neutral, but it was a con. They kept the Jews out, and if the Swiss banks hadn't kept the Nazis afloat, the war would have ended two years sooner.

Strell's anger breaks through.

STRELL

The Nazi's looted everything from us--even the gold from our teeth--and shipped it to Swiss banks.

BAR-LEV

Sixty years later, they've never paid us back a cent.

DOYLE
You say "us" like you were there.

BAR-LEV
I was three and a half when I was
sent to Buchenwald.

Strell glances to Bar-Lev. Doyle notices. Strell continues.

BERNARD STRELL
And I was thirteen when we were
taken to Dachau. My father died in
the gas chamber. Along with my
mother and my sister. After giving
me handwritten notes of his
deposits in Swiss banks.

DOYLE
Take 'em to court.

BERNARD STRELL
When we do, they say they'll
settle. But they don't pay, and
the denials start again. They
demand to see death certificates--
but who would've signed them,
Hitler?

BAR-LEV
It's a shell game. There are no
more options. We need you to get
into one of these banks and bring
back our money.

STRELL
We will dispense whatever you get
to the families whose claims have
been denied.

Doyle shakes his head.

BAR-LEV
We're not asking you to do it for
free. Twenty percent goes to you.

DOYLE
And you?

Bar-Lev smiles. Touche.

BAR-LEV

And twenty percent for me. I have expended considerable time and effort to get specs on one particular bank.

DOYLE

And which one is that?

Strell watches as Bar-Lev WHISPERS the answer into Doyle's ear.

BAR-LEV

I can give you the layout, the security system design, the vault. Time is of the essence.

The train slows, pulls into a station. Doyle stands.

DOYLE

Not interested.

Strell stands, less steady on his feet.

BERNARD STRELL

After what you've just heard? Are you not a righteous man, Mr. Doyle?

DOYLE

You're the one asking me to steal. Good night.

The doors open and Doyle exits.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Bar-Lev and Strell are on the Lower East Side and the street is abandoned.

STRELL

You said that he would be moved by my appeal. That I could get to him.

BAR-LEV

I was wrong. But you don't need to concern yourself with that.

Bar-Lev WIPES HIS BROW.

BAR-LEV

I am sure it will all work out as it should.

Before he even finishes, a man with a POCK-MARKED FACE, comes out of the darkness and STABS Strell in the stomach. He rips the knife across Strell's belly, and RUNS.

Strell falls, his tuxedo shirt blooming red. Bar-Lev looks down at him for a moment, moves quickly into the night.

INT. FBI OFFICES - DAY

Dan and Benny, carrying an accordion file, reach an office whose door reads "Mr. Barton / Regional Director".

Benny straightens his tie, Dan knocks and they enter.

INT. GERALD BARTON'S OFFICE - DAY

GERALD BARTON sits behind his desk.

DAN

Sir.

They see Wally Patoka sitting opposite Barton.

BARTON

Agent Wall, Agent Bartholomew--

BENNY

No, no, we're Dan and Benny. When you start with 'Agent' it's bad news--

BARTON

Meet Hank Drivick and David Greene...

Dan and Benny turn towards two men they hadn't seen in the back of the room. HANK DRIVICK is forties, wears a dark suit. DAVID GREENE is bearded, younger, dressed casually. And we recognize them as the two agents who wired the tuxedo clad man with a hidden mic and tape recorder.

BARTON

...CIA.

BENNY

Like I said, bad news.

Drivick plays through.

DRIVICK

Three nights ago, a man was murdered downtown.

DAN
Murder's local. What does that
have to do with us?

DRIVICK
There's a national security
dimension. And it involves one of
your cases.

DAN
Which one?

DRIVICK
A subject named Doyle.

DAN
Who's that?

BARTON
Your bank robber. Baker-8907.

DAN
His name's "Doyle"?

DRIVICK
That's what they called him.

BENNY
No. No way. Our guy gave CPR to a
man he was robbing. He's not a
murderer.

DRIVICK
We have a voice match.

DAN
On who?

DRIVICK
Your guy made a 911 call during
that DC job, yes, yes?

Dan nods. This is troubling. Benny turns to Wally.

BENNY
You gave him our stuff?

Wally shrugs, helplessly.

WALLY PATOKA
The computer found the link. It's
automatic--

DRIVICK

Last week we taped your man in a conversation with the victim within minutes of the murder.

DAN

Who was the victim?

Greene shows a photograph: Bernard Strell lying dead on the street.

GREENE

Bernard Strell. He was wearing a wire for us.

DRIVICK

We think your guy did him. We're gonna need your files.

Benny appeals to Barton.

BENNY

CIA can't operate inside the U.S.

DRIVICK

So tell mommy and we won't get dessert.

Exasperated, Greene speaks for the first time.

GREENE

Fellas, we can't spend our whole day waiting, so just give us what we want and we'll get out of your way, okay?

BARTON

The Director called personally.

Benny hands the file to Drivick roughly.

BENNY

(to Wally)

Thanks for the heads-up, Wally.

Benny and Dan exit. As they go through the door, Benny turns to the CIA guys.

BENNY

Nice work on those WMDs in Iraq.
Solid.

EXT. BATTERY PARK - DAY

Old Mr. Feld sits on a bench with his back to the water, watching children play in the park. Doyle approaches.

DOYLE

Hey, Skee.

Skee looks up and turns to Mr. Feld.

SKEE

It's Mr. Doyle, your neighbor.

DOYLE

I'd like to talk to him.

Skee gets up.

SKEE

Get him to talk about old times.
Sometimes he remembers those.

Skee walks off, and Doyle sits beside Mr. Feld.

TELEPHOTO POV

We cannot hear what Doyle is saying, because we now see them from afar - through the telephoto lens with cross-hairs.

Feld stretches his arm out and rests it on the top of the bench. The camera zooms in tight...revealing the NUMBERS tattooed on the old man's arm.

CLICK. Freeze.

ANGLE ON: Doyle. A BURST OF SUN glints across his face. He REACTS, gets up and walks away.

INT. WALLY PATOKA'S LAB - DAY

Wally is setting up a tape machine. Benny and Dan, still stewing, enter.

BENNY

You know we're not talking to you.

DAN

What'd you drag us down here for?

Wally hits Play.

DAVID GREENE'S VOICE
*Fellas, we can't spend our whole
day waiting, so just give us what
we want and we'll get out of your
way, okay?*

He hits stop.

DAN
You bugged Barton's office?

WALLY PATOKA
Don't be ridiculous.
(beat)
I was wearing it.

DAN
You wore a -- are you nuts?

WALLY PATOKA
Old habit. Listen again:

He plays it again, this time at quarter-speed.

DAVID GREENE'S VOICE
We canst pend our whole day --

BENNY
"Canst pend"?

DAN
The hell are you guys hearing?

WALLY PATOKA
It's called phoneme movement.
Gives us David Greene's first
language.

DAN
Not English?

WALLY PATOKA
Hebrew.

Benny and Dan, puzzled, look to one another.

INT. DOYLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Doyle's desk is stacked with thick, plain-covered manuals on
bank vaults and security systems.

He sits there, struggles with a decision. The pencil he is
turning in his fingers snaps.

INT. MAGGIE'S LOFT - DAY

The Blues plays on her stereo. The doorbell rings.

Maggie crosses through the room and opens the door. And is stunned to see Doyle. He walks right past her into the room without saying a word.

MAGGIE

Uh, come on in.

He goes over to her photography set-up.

MAGGIE

How'd you know where I live?

DOYLE

How'd you know where I live?

That stops her. He goes through photos on her table.

MAGGIE

You mind? That stuff's personal.

DOYLE

Sure is.

They are surveillance photos of him. Inside his apartment, outside his building, in the park. Leaving a church.

He turns to her. She's busted, but defiant.

MAGGIE

You spotted me in the park.

DOYLE

You forgot your own advice: never shoot into the sun. It glints off the lens.

MAGGIE

Worth the risk. You look good backlit.

DOYLE

Burn 'em.

MAGGIE

I like the one where you smile.

Suddenly, Doyle sweeps the stuff off her table. The violence of the outburst stuns her. She's never seen him like this.

MAGGIE

Hey. You knew I was obsessive when you hired me. It's why you hired me--

DOYLE

Yes. About the jobs--

MAGGIE

When something interests me, I can't let it go. I need to know all about it. That's how I make sense of the world. By filling in the blanks.

DOYLE

Well that's what I need to be, a blank.

MAGGIE

It's not fair. You know all about me--

DOYLE

That's why it works.

She grows emotional.

MAGGIE

I still have no idea who you are.

DOYLE

You been making money and getting away with it, haven't you?

MAGGIE

Yeah.

DOYLE

That's all you need to know. Keep it professional.

MAGGIE

I am a professional. You have me on the team because I get the info. And I'm the best at it. That's who I am. Like it or leave it.

DOYLE

If I want my picture taken, I'll tell you. Until then, never do it again.

MAGGIE

Fine.

DOYLE

Good.

She gets up and moves close to him, kissing distance.

MAGGIE

I do think about you though, in ways I shouldn't. Do you ever find yourself thinking about me late at night when you know you shouldn't?

Doyle may feel transparent, but he hides the answer.

DOYLE

Tomorrow, 3pm. The Crane Creek Vineyard.

He starts to leave.

MAGGIE

Did you hear a word I said? I see how you look at me.

DOYLE

I just invited you to a rendezvous in a secluded location, didn't I?

MAGGIE

Yeah, for a meeting with the team.

DOYLE

Are you sure?

He exits.

EXT. MAGGIE'S LOFT - DAY

Doyle leaves, exhales, runs his hand over his head. It's our first unguarded glimpse of Doyle. It's clear she's getting to him.

EXT. CRANE CREEK VINEYARD - DAY

Establishing. The place has been given up, the vines untended, around an abandoned main house. The team's vehicles are stashed in an unpainted barn.

INT. CRANE CREEK CELLAR STAIRS - DAY

A long stairway.

The door opens, revealing Maggie dressed to slay in a skirt and low-cut sweater. She takes a breath and walks down the stairs.

INT. CRANE CREEK CELLAR - DAY

She enters...

ANGEL

Hey, Mags. Wow. Look at you.

Doyle, Angel, and Eric, are there. Empty casks and bottle racks line the cellar. Rolled up blueprints wait on a table. Other than Maggie, everyone is dressed casually, even carelessly.

ERIC

Alright, Maggie. Very nice.

MAGGIE

Thank you.

She enters, feeling foolish, and shoots Doyle a quick look.

ERIC

You got a date or something?

MAGGIE

Just doing my part for team morale.

ERIC

Well, it's working.

DOYLE

Maggie, you're late.

Doyle starts unrolling the blueprints.

ERIC

Is this the job I put you on?

DOYLE

No, that was a bust.

Eric accepts this.

ANGEL

Which bank?

DOYLE

It's an office building. There's a shared vault. Diamond dealers from Antwerp will be using it.

ANGEL

All that ice in one vault, what is it?

DOYLE

A Spichal-Wesson T-450.

This means nothing to anyone but Angel, who puts his head in his hands.

ANGEL

Hijo de puta.

DOYLE

That's right.

ANGEL

Boss, I've only heard about the Spichals. I don't know anybody who's ever even tried.

DOYLE

Then we'll be the first.

ANGEL

Not me.

ERIC

Are you saying you're out?

ANGEL

I ain't doing this.

They all look at Doyle, who returns the stare.

ANGEL

Sorry.

Angel starts to leave.

ERIC

What the hell's going on?

DOYLE

It has a ten-digit random combination changed hourly. You can't drill, because there's magnetic sensors between us and the mechanism--

Angel stops.

ANGEL

Tell them about the explosives.

They look to Doyle who doesn't answer.

ANGEL

Spichals are wired with explosives.
I make a mistake, we all die.
Probably raze the building.

DOYLE

So we probe--

MAGGIE

Is this haul worth it?

DOYLE

A suitcase full of diamonds is
worth as much as six suitcases full
of cash.

Eric starts to get on board.

DOYLE

And that's when the dollar's
strong.

ERIC

That's a "yes."

Angel drifts over to the bed, starts thumbing through plans.
He's interested now.

ANGEL

We'd have to get behind the
housing.

Doyle leans in, looks over his shoulder.

DOYLE

What about acid?

ANGEL

If we could keep it to the edge of
the plate screws.

DOYLE

And if we could?

ANGEL

I don't know. Maybe.

Maggie and Eric exchange a look.

MAGGIE

How much closer to home?

Doyle looks up.

DOYLE

Hm?

MAGGIE

You said the job was "closer to home." Where is it?

DOYLE

47th Street.

The team is stunned.

EXT. 47TH STREET - DAY

The center of the diamond trade. The street is lined with jewelry stores. PEDESTRIANS are thick on the sidewalk, many dressed in HASIDIC garb.

A MAN in a black suit, carrying a square briefcase, enters an unassuming office tower.

INT. LOBBY - SAME

The Man shows a driver's license to SECURITY GUARDS, who let him through.

He moves toward an elevator that is loading with PEOPLE. A WOMAN in a fur coat cuts the man off and jumps in.

MAN

After you.

The woman snaps her gum. Under her loud gold sunglasses we can see she is Maggie.

MAGGIE

Thanks, mister.

The Man, with thick sideburns and black-plastic framed glasses, is Doyle.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

You're gonna want to look at this picture, Mrs. Davies.

INT. OLYMPIAN JEWELERS SHOWROOM - DAY

Olympian is a wholesale/retail concern where DIAMOND BROKERS, and WEALTHY CUSTOMERS buy and sell loose stones.

SECURITY GUARDS, inside a bullet-proof glass booth, allow entry and exit.

Eric, well-dressed, sits across from an attractive SALESGIRL.

Maggie and Doyle, now playing a married couple, stand over a desk. Glittering stones are displayed on a suede pillow.

Maggie shows Mrs. Davies the digital camera.

MAGGIE

You're gonna want to breathe normally...

MRS. DAVIES, mid-40s, professional, glances at the camera and goes PALE.

MAGGIE

You're gonna want to do exactly as we say...

Maggie scrolls another picture on the screen.

MAGGIE

And your son Perry, who should be at Riverdale School right now but isn't, will be there before recess.

ANGLE ON: The Door. Angel, wearing a JANITOR UNIFORM and pushing a custodial cart, is trying to enter, but the Guards won't let him. There is a language barrier.

SECURITY GUARD

We have no maintenance scheduled.

ANGEL

Si, maintenance.

The Security Guard talks louder and slower.

SECURITY GUARD

We don't have you down for--

BACK AT THE DESK:

DOYLE

(whispers to Mrs. Davies)
Let the janitor through.
(MORE)

DOYLE (CONT'D)

You called for him. You spilled
coffee in the back.

Mrs. Davies nods, yells over to the Security Guard.

MRS. DAVIES

I called for him, Benjamin. There
was a spill. I'll escort him back.

BUZZ. Angel's through.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VAULT ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Acid eats away at the edge of a plate screw on the great
vault door.

Doyle finishes tying up Mrs. Davies, who is blindfolded and
gagged.

Maggie watch as Angel works. A screw is removed, a hole
uncovered. He gingerly inserts a wire-thin probe from his
computer.

It's the fifth one. He is sweating.

MAGGIE

(whispers)

Two minutes.

We see nothing on Angel's computer screen. He slides the
probe ever so slowly, further into the vault door. And then,
the screen comes to life: SPICHAL-WESSON T-450, ON-LINE FOR
DIAGNOSTIC ASSISTANCE. A menu of options follows.

ANGEL

Okay. We're talking.

He hits a key and a complicated schematic appears.

INT. OLYMPIAN JEWELERS SHOWROOM

Eric is showing the Salesgirl a diamond.

ERIC

So yeah, it's a family heirloom. I
wanted to get it appraised before I
give it to my fiance.

She's slightly disappointed.

SALESGIRL

Oh, so you're engaged?

Eric flashes a smile.

ERIC

When I find the right girl I will be.

She smiles back.

SALESGIRL

Let me check it for you.

She turns and starts looking over the diamond with a loop.

Eric steps away and whispers into his sleeve mic.

ERIC

Shit, shift change is here early.

ANGLE ON: Two NEW SECURITY GUARDS have shown up, and are talking to the other ones.

INT. VAULT ROOM - DAY

MAGGIE

I hope you're close. New guard shift is arriving. They check the vault.

ANGEL

Believe me, you do not want me to rush this.

Doyle leans over Angel's shoulder to see a schematic of wires, levers, and mechanisms inside the vault door.

DOYLE

What's that gap in the corner?

ANGEL

Might be just big enough to get through.

DOYLE

Or do they want us to think that?

Angel changes the display. Infra-red. The corner they were just looking at changes color.

ANGEL

There's something else there.

MAGGIE

We're not going to make it.

DOYLE
Relax. What is it?

ANGEL
I'm betting plastique.

He hits a key and we see on his screen the unmistakable signs of a computer crash.

ANGEL
Shit!

MAGGIE
What.

ANGEL
The vault's anti-virus software crashed my computer.

MAGGIE
Must've been going after the porn on your hard drive.

DOYLE
Let it reboot.

MAGGIE
Are you nuts?

DOYLE
How much time?

MAGGIE
More than we have.

DOYLE
Tell Eric to give us some smoke.
Let it reboot.

They watch the screen.

INT. OLYMPIAN JEWELERS SHOWROOM

Eric hears Maggie through the earpiece.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
We're gonna need a minute.

Eric whispers into his sleeve-mic.

ERIC
I'll give 'em some 'Finch.' Two,
three minutes tops.

The Salesgirl turns back around, ready to continue. Eric smiles and steps toward her.

SALESGIRL

I'm afraid the news isn't so hot...

INT. VAULT ROOM

The desktop reappears, so Angel tries to get back to work, but the cursor is still spinning, and won't function.

ANGEL

Come on, come on...

INT. OLYMPIAN JEWELERS SHOWROOM

ANGLE ON: The two New Guards finish chatting with the other Guards, who head toward the exit.

Eric and the Salesgirl are into it, Eric PLAYING THE ROLE of disgruntled customer.

ERIC

What the hell's an occlusion? That thing's a good three, four carats. It's worth a lot more than six grand.

The Salesgirl is no longer enchanted with Eric, who is really turning it up.

SALESGIRL

Sir, if you don't like the appraisal take your stone someplace else--

ERIC

So I can have some other scumbag jeweler try and take me off?

Other Patrons are now looking on.

SALESGIRL

Is it time for me to get security?

ERIC

It's time for you to stop jerking me around. If you're gonna get security, you better get a lot of 'em.

INT. VAULT ROOM

Maggie hears this last over her earpiece.

MAGGIE

Thing's turning into a bag of nails
out there.

Angel, with a second computer, searches for numbers.

ANGEL

I found the phase scatter.

MAGGIE

We have to go. Now!

DOYLE

How much more time do you need?

ANGEL

Jesus, I don't know. So many
shadow clusters...

Angel is typing away furiously. Trying things, failing,
trying more.

MAGGIE

Are you listening to me? They're
coming in now!

ANGEL

It's an impedance loop.
Sonofabitch.

DOYLE

How much time do you need?

MAGGIE

Stop. Let's go!

INT. OLYMPIAN JEWELERS SHOWROOM

Eric sees the new Security Guards walking towards him. He
turns to the Salesgirl.

ERIC

You buzz them, Pancake?

The Salesgirl nods.

ERIC

Fine. Bring it on.

Eric gives the code.

ERIC
I'm mad as hell...

INT. VAULT ROOM

DOYLE
How much time would it take?

ANGEL
Can't tell till I see where it goes.

MAGGIE
C'mon, he's 'mad as hell.'

DOYLE
How much time?

MAGGIE
We have to get out of here!

Doyle waits silently. Angel keeps working.

ANGEL
I got it! I need 3 minutes.

DOYLE
And then you're in for sure?

ANGEL
Yeah.

DOYLE
Hit save. Pack up. Let's go.

ANGEL
What?

DOYLE
Move!

Angel is momentarily confused, but quickly hits Save, then disconnects his probes from the vault door.

Doyle and Maggie exit, while Angel packs his stuff into the janitorial wares.

INT. OLYMPIAN JEWELERS SHOWROOM

They emerge into the showroom to see the two Guards wrestling Eric towards the door.

ERIC

That stone's as pure as my mother
was on her wedding night.

GUARD

Okay, pal, take your stone and just
walk away. It's either that or the
cops.

The Salesgirl notices Doyle and Maggie leaving.

SALESGIRL

Weren't you with Mrs. Davies?

Doyle doesn't break stride.

DOYLE

She had to take a call.

Eric puts up just enough resistance to lose, as the two
Guards maneuver him out the front door.

ERIC

I'm taking my business elsewhere.

The Salesgirl looks to the vault room in time to see Angel
wheel out with his cart.

SALESGIRL

Hey, what were you doing in there?

Angel answers in broken English.

ANGEL

Clean the spill. All clean.

He exits as she heads to the vault room...

INT. VAULT ROOM

...And sees Mrs. Davies tied up, the molested vault.

SALESGIRL

Someone hit the alarm!

The two Guards who just escorted Eric out run into the room.

SALESGIRL

Stop those people!

The alarm sounds.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

GUARDS are manning the building lobby. One is on the phone.

GUARD ON PHONE

A woman in a fur coat. Husband's
in a suit.

As PEOPLE file out of the building, no one fits that description.

A PAIR OF BEARDED HASIDIC MEN, then an ORTHODOX WOMAN wearing a SHEITL, exit. Under the clothes are Eric, Maggie, and Doyle.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - DAY

Angel, riding alone, puts his computers into a backpack. He puts on an overcoat, hiding the janitor clothes.

EXT. 47TH STREET - DAY

Police cars are already arriving.

The team disperses, heading different directions.

ON MAGGIE

She's walking casually down the street. She hears the sirens, but she doesn't hurry. She looks perfectly calm. The sirens are getting nearer, but she's still acting like a normal pedestrian, and that's when she sees it.

In her right hand, she is still carrying the digital camera.

MAGGIE

Shit.

INT. SERVICE ENTRANCE - DAY

Angel, still alone and looking good, is close to daylight. He hits the doors to the outside...

EXT. SERVICE ENTRANCE - DAY

But standing there is ONE SECURITY GUARD and the HEAD JANITOR.

ONE SECURITY GUARD

Hold it, sir.

Now Angel has no trace of an accent, he is a businessman in a rush.

ANGEL

What is it? I'm late for an appointment.

The Head Janitor sees Angel's pant legs, the same as he's wearing. He opens Angel's coat, but Angel SHOVES him to the ground and BOLTS.

The One Security Guard reacts.

HEAD JANITOR

He don't work for me--

The Guard pulls his gun.

ONE SECURITY GUARD

Stop.

He FIRES. Angel is HIT in the shoulder, and spins to the ground.

He's up in a flash, running between BYSTANDERS, and turning the corner.

EXT. 6TH AVENUE & 47TH STREET - DAY

Angel makes it around the corner. A YELLOW CAB is there. He dives in.

INT. CAB - DAY

Angel slides low into the seat.

ANGEL

Drive...

The cab joins the flow of traffic.

ANGEL

(through gritted teeth)

People say you can't get a cab in this city.

The Driver looks up into the rearview. IT IS ERIC. He peels off his beard.

ERIC

You alright?

Angel, growing pale, shock setting in, doesn't answer.

INT. OLYMPIAN JEWELERS SHOWROOM - DAY

It's crawling with investigators. Benny and Danny walk through with Gerald Barton.

BARTON
Doyle again?

Dan nods.

DAN
Couple of mistakes this time.
Security guard says he hit one of
'em.

They've arrived at the vault room...

INT. VAULT ROOM - DAY

They enter.

DAN
And they didn't get anything. They
couldn't crack the vault.

BENNY
Here's the weird part: they
finally do New York. But they
don't pick a bank. They pick the
toughest vault in the world.

He points at the Spichal-Wesson logo.

DAN
Why would they do that?

BARTON
Because they thought they could?

BENNY
Or they were afraid they couldn't.

The other two stare at Benny.

INT. METAL FABRICATION SHOP - DAY

A large space full of half-finished metal installations.

Doyle, Eric, and Maggie are back in their street clothes, failure and concern heavy in the air.

Maggie washes her face in a utility sink. Doyle and Eric stuff the disguises into a garbage bag.

MAGGIE

When time's called, we leave.

DOYLE

We didn't get caught. Angel will survive. What's the problem?

Maggie doesn't answer.

ERIC

Problem is we've never come this close before. I called 'mad as hell.' That's the total back-up-chute ripcord out-phrase.

DOYLE

We're all here, aren't we?

MAGGIE

Barely. Without any diamonds.

DOYLE

I didn't expect to get any. This was step one.

The team falls silent because entering from the adjoining Foreman's Office are Angel, a bandage on his shoulder, shirt draped open, helped by a stubbly, sweaty looking DOCTOR.

The Doctor hands Angel several bags of IV fluid.

DOCTOR

Run through them all within the next twenty-four hours and rest.

Angel nods. The Doctor shoulders a backpack.

DOYLE

Thanks, Peter.

Doyle hands the Doctor a thick ENVELOPE.

DOCTOR

Always happy to be on call, sorry I had to earn my money this time.

No one speaks until the Doctor leaves through a heavy rolling door.

MAGGIE

It was a test run.

They all look to her, then to Doyle.

DOYLE

I had to find out if we could break the Spichal. The National Bank of Zurich has that same vault.

ANGEL

And?

DOYLE

And we're gonna take that bank. I've got a man who can deliver us the specs.

Doyle looks around, hoping he's inspired them. But it's the opposite.

MAGGIE

I'm not sold. You walked me in there today with a patch over one eye.

ERIC

Me too.

Doyle looks to Angel, who sits back gingerly on a stack of wooden pallets.

ANGEL

I got shot, man.

Doyle becomes impassioned.

DOYLE

We're thieves, damnit. We take that which belongs to another and make it our own. And that's a risky endeavor. But it's offset by rewards. This time the reward is so great, it makes the risk worth it. I won't tell you that doing this--succeeding against these odds--will make you better people. But it will make you rich for the rest of your lives.

There is a silent moment. Angel begins to speak.

ANGEL

Where I'm from, Argentina, it's horse country. And when they go to breed a mare, you know it can get kinda violent, hooves flying and all.

(MORE)

ANGEL (CONT'D)

They don't want to risk the stud horse. So they bring in a different stallion--they call him the *retajo*--to get her ready, see?

MAGGIE

Horse foreplay?

Angel shrugs.

ANGEL

But just before he gets to stick it in, they drag him out of there kicking and snorting. Then they bring in the stud horse for all the fun. That's what I feel like. The damn *retajo*. I was just about to stick it into that safe, and I got pulled out.

Doyle smiles, pats Angel on the leg.

MAGGIE

We're gonna take a bank with a vault we couldn't get into today?

DOYLE

We know how. Don't we, Angel. We just have to do it faster.

Angel thinks. All eyes on him.

ANGEL

If we can break down the schematic so I could get the syringe closer, maybe...yeah.

ERIC

"Maybe"...or "yeah"?

ANGEL

(thinks, then:)

Yeah.

ERIC

Count me in then.

Doyle nods. Unzips a bag and pulls out folders for each of them.

DOYLE

This is the target. You all know your jobs.

He turns to Eric.

DOYLE

Once Maggie gets the research together she'll let you know who you'll need to be.

Doyle rolls open the door for them.

DOYLE

As you came.

Eric helps Angel up and they exit. Once they're gone, Maggie moves to go.

As she reaches the doorway, Doyle slams the door SHUT with a loud thud.

Maggie, annoyed, turns to him.

MAGGIE

What? I didn't wear any perfume today--

DOYLE

I know. I missed it.

MAGGIE

Huh?

For the first time Doyle's guard is down. He seems vulnerable.

DOYLE

I said I missed it. You were right. I do think about you.

He hesitates, this harder for him than the confessional. He moves closer to her.

DOYLE

In ways that I shouldn't.

Maggie puts her hands on Doyle's face. He lets her.

MAGGIE

Show me. Right now.

He kisses her. She kisses him back. They continue. It is as passionate as it is tender.

INT. FBI OFFICES - DAY

Dan hangs up the phone.

DAN

Johannesburg, Zurich, Melbourne,
Tokyo and Hong Kong have Spichals.
If it was a practice run, one of
those cities will be next.

BENNY

What about domestic?

DAN

Just the Apple.

BENNY

It doesn't fit the pattern, they've
never worked overseas.

DAN

Pattern don't fit.

Benny is troubled. Wally Patoka enters, wearing a white lab
coat over wildly-striped pants.

WALLY PATOKA

Who's your best friend?

INT. FBI AUDIO-VISUAL LAB - DAY

Wally plays a videotape. It's a wall-mounted security
camera's POV of an office building lobby. After ten seconds
he stops it.

WALLY

We checked the security cameras
from nearby buildings.

*They can just make out some pedestrians outside and then the
arriving police cars.*

WALLY

See these legs? Nice set of legs.

*We follow a woman's legs walking left to right. Because of
the angle of the camera we cannot see above her waist.*

WALLY

Oops, she turned around.

The woman indeed has just reversed direction.

WALLY

I wonder what made her turn and walk the other way.

On cue, several POLICE CARS drive past her.

WALLY

Maybe those cops. Hey, looks like her shoe is too tight.

On cue, she stops and leans against a sidewalk trash receptacle to adjust one shoe. Then she walks off.

He freezes the tape.

BENNY

She dumped something. Can we iso what it is?

Wally rewinds the tape a few seconds and we see that before she reached the trash receptacle to "adjust her shoe", there was something in her right hand. A small ITEM.

DAN

Niiiiice.

EXT. 47TH STREET - DAY

Dan and Benny speed up in their unmarked car and race to the trash receptacle. They peer inside.

DAN

Not here.

Benny looks around and calls to a HOMELESS GUY sitting on the street.

BENNY

Hey! What time did they pick up the trash here?

The Homeless Guy is clearly not with it.

HOMELESS GUY

Are you from The Discovery Channel?

BENNY

Yes.

HOMELESS GUY

4 o'clock. Maybe quarter after.

He races to the car.

EXT. LANDFILL - NIGHT

What looks like the now defunct Staten Island Fresh Kills dump lit by headlights and portable spotlights, dozens of FBI AGENTS and UNIFORMED POLICE, search by hand through enormous mounds of garbage alongside BOY SCOUTS, EXPLORER SCOUTS, and thousands of seagulls.

Benny and Dan are still wearing their suits, and boy do they look disgusting. From several mounds away they hear a shout.

UNIFORMED COP

I got something here!

Benny and Dan begin a stumbling run across rotting garbage.

INT. FBI OFFICES - LAB - DAY

Benny and Dan, still wearing the garbage-stenched suits, enter the lab.

Wally brings them the camera, passing it to them the long way across a table.

WALLY PATOKA

Excuse me for not getting too close. There's no prints. Whoever handled it wiped it.

BENNY

Serial number?

WALLY PATOKA

Sanded off.

DAN

Anything unusual?

WALLY PATOKA

(shakes head no)

No digital signature either.

BENNY

You got anything for me?

WALLY PATOKA

Bar of soap?

INT. DAN AND BENNY'S OFFICE - DAY

They're scrolling through the photos with MR. MANDLEBAUM, the sixty year old owner of Olympian Jewelers.

MR. MANDLEBAUM
That's Sheila Davies...her
family...
(next photo is the
Salesgirl)
Shanesha, she's a salesgirl, and
her sister...
(next photo)
Security guard...Benjamin...
(next photos)
Sheldon, my son-in-law, with my
grandchildren...

He has come to the end of the photos. A black screen
appears. Unfamiliar with the camera, he keeps pushing the
scroll button, and another image flickers up.

MR. MANDLEBAUM
...and this one I don't know.

Benny and Dan look at the photo

BENNY
What do you mean, you don't know?

MR. MALLOY
I've never seen him before.

BENNY
Maybe he's related to one of your
guards?

MR. MANDLEBAUM
It's a small business. Close knit.
Like a family. This man is not
connected to my company.

Benny and Dan take a closer look.

It's a surveillance PHOTO OF DOYLE on the front steps of his
apartment building. He's smiling.

INT. FBI LAB - DAY

The photo appears blown-up on an enormous screen. Wally
works the computer while eating; Dan and Benny watch.

DAN
We need to figure out where that
was taken.

BENNY

No street signs, no addresses, no awnings with phone numbers.

WALLY PATOKA

If it was any bigger, it'd bite you.

Wally is pointing to a blurred bus in the foreground.

BENNY

The bus.

DAN

The bus.

Wally punches some commands into a keyboard, and a rectangle forms around the blurry bus section. He enlarges it. He types some more, and it gets a little sharper, he continues.

Finally, Wally turns to Benny and Dan with a proud smile.

WALLY PATOKA

The B-25. That's a Brooklyn bus.

EXT. BROOKLYN - MORNING

The B-25 BUS rolls through the Projects in Brooklyn. Right behind it is an unmarked car carrying Benny and Dan.

INT. DAN AND BENNY'S CAR - DAY

They are looking out the window at the passing scenery, comparing it to the photograph of Doyle they each have in their hands.

INT. BEDROOM

The curtains are drawn, so it is dark, as Doyle and Maggie make love.

He looks over her shoulder. She tries to adjust, wanting to look into his eyes. He looks past her again.

She grabs his face, pulls it in front of her.

MAGGIE

Where are you?

DOYLE

I'm sorry, I...

She gives him a likely excuse.

MAGGIE

Is it the job?

He takes it.

DOYLE

Yes, I think it's the job.

MAGGIE

Then we'll talk about the job.

He pulls away. She pulls him back toward her, keeps making love to him.

MAGGIE

Don't stop. Swiss banks. Most secure in the world. Eighteen years, nine robberies. None successful.

DOYLE

Uh huh.

MAGGIE

Two have never been hit. Credit Suisse, and guess who?

DOYLE

Our bank.

MAGGIE

Both are heavily guarded and are believed to use "natural defenses" as the ultimate protection.

DOYLE

What natural defenses?

MAGGIE

The National Bank sits right against the lake. You'd have to go underwater to drill in, and then you'd just flood the place.

He looks into her eyes, truly with her now.

DOYLE

That's enough talk for now.

EXT. BROOKLYN - DAY

The B-25 bus turns into downtown Brooklyn.

INT. BATHROOM

Now they're in the shower, kissing and caressing. We hear snippets of the conversation they've been having all night.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

At the Cantonal Bank, the oldest vaults were buried deep below ground near methane springs. In 1963 four men attacked it with explosives--

DOYLE (V.O.)

Mistake--

MAGGIE (V.O.)

And blew themselves to pieces. Along with the money.

DOYLE (V.O.)

It's the Swiss way. They'd rather let the money burn than allow someone steal it.

He pulls her down.

EXT. BROOKLYN - DAY

The B-25 bus turns into a nicer, more residential neighborhood. Doyle's neighborhood.

INT. DAN AND BENNY'S CAR - DAY

Benny cranes to look down a side street.

BENNY

Go back go back go back.

Dan makes a U-turn and stops at the corner. Benny points.

BENNY

There.

EXT. DOYLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Dan and Benny show their photograph to the JANITOR.

JANITOR

Apartment 3F.

BENNY

What's his name?

JANITOR
That's Mr. Doyle.

Benny and Dan race into the building.

INT. DOYLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Dan and Benny run through the lobby. They climb the stairs, two at a time.

They sprint the hallway, draw their guns. They ring Doyle's bell.

CLOSE ON DOOR: From the other side of the door we hear APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS.

DOYLE (O.S.)
Just a second...

We hear the fumbling of locks, and then the door opens, revealing Doyle, wearing a bathrobe.

DOYLE
Come on in.

The shot widens and now we see a SWISS MAID wheel a room service cart into this hotel room. Outside, we see Zurich by night.

SWISS MAID
Your dinner, sir.

Maggie emerges from the bathroom in her robe, and now we realize this is the room in which he and Maggie had been together.

The maid sets up the cart, Doyle tips her.

DOYLE
Danke.

She leaves.

EXT. DOYLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Benny and Dan talking to the janitor.

JANITOR
I don't know where he is. I keeps to myself.

DAN

How about friends? Did he have any friends in the building? Was he close to anyone?

JANITOR

Nah. Just the old man. Nobody else.

INT. MR. FELD'S APARTMENT - DAY

Benny and Dan are talking to Mr. Feld and Skee.

MR. FELD

Doyle? I don't...do I know a Doyle?

SKEE

Yeah yeah yeah. Nice man upstairs?

MR. FELD

Is that my doctor?

SKEE

(softly, to Dan)

He has dementia. Mr. Doyle brings Mr. Feld groceries sometimes. He's a good neighbor. Nice man.

BENNY

Do you know what Mr. Doyle does for a living?

SKEE

He's the landlord. He owns the building.

MR. FELD

I was a tailor. 1417 8th Avenue, I made suits. Beautiful suits.

DAN

What else can you tell us about him?

Occasionally Mr. Feld interrupts softly, as if talking to himself, but his senile ramblings are ignored.

SKEE

I thought maybe he was a writer, something like that.

BENNY

Why do you say that?

SKEE

He stayed home most the time. I figured he worked at home.

FELD

I was a hard worker. They made me sew.

DAN

When he goes out, what time does he usually come home?

SKEE

Oh, he's not out. He's gone.

BENNY

What do you mean?

SKEE

He said it was a business trip. He came by yesterday to say goodbye to Mr. Feld. He's gone.

MR. FELD

I took a trip once.

DAN

Do you know where he went?

MR. FELD

I didn't like it.

SKEE

No sir.

DAN

Did he mention any of these places? Johannesburg, Hong Kong, Melbourne, Zurich, or Tokyo.

Skee thinks.

MR. FELD

Zurich is in Switzerland, which is in Europe. They don't let you in. They send you away.

SKEE

I'm sorry. He didn't mention any of those places.

DAN
Okay. Thanks.

They exit hurriedly.

EXT. ZURICH - DAY

MONTAGE:

In the city center, all the signs are in German. A TRAFFIC COP yells at a motorist. It sounds harsh and guttural.

--Eric takes a tourist photo of Maggie, but he's really shooting the BANK behind her.

--Angel at a chemist, buying supplies.

--Doyle going through maps at City Hall of Records.

--Eric watches a pretty TELLER walk from the bank to a cafe.

--Maggie interviews an OLD WOMAN in a small village.

--Eric enters the cafe, pretends to trip and fall. As the Teller helps him up they trade a smile.

--Angel works the vault schematics on his computer.

--Now Eric sits at a table with the Teller.

--An empty indoor pool. A slight ripple under the surface makes a full two lengths.

BENNY (O.S.)
Our Mr. Doyle doesn't seem to
exist.

--Doyle comes up out of the water, breathing hard.

INT. FBI OFFICES - DAY

Benny is rushing in to find Dan hanging up the phone, his desk piled high with papers.

BENNY
The building's not even in his
name.

DAN
Lemme guess. It's owned by an off-
shore holding company.

BENNY

The Caymans. How'd you know that?

DAN

Mr. Feld doesn't seem to exist either. No immigration record, no Social Security number, not on welfare, and guess what? His apartment's owned by an off-shore holding company.

BENNY

Caymans also?

DAN

Bahamas.

BENNY

What about the nurse?

DAN

Paid by a payroll service by a trust. Trust is funded by a--

BENNY

Bahamas?

DAN

Belize.

BENNY

What the hell's going on here?

EXT. NATIONAL BANK OF ZURICH - DAY

An imposing, impregnable-looking edifice, built right next to a lake.

INT. NATIONAL BANK OF ZURICH - DAY

Maggie is talking with a BANK OFFICER #1. He smiles at her, obviously finding her attractive.

BANK OFFICER #1

How can we help you?

MAGGIE

(British accent)

I need to open an account and a safe deposit box.

BANK OFFICER #1

With pleasure, Madame. Your name?

INT. NATIONAL BANK OF ZURICH - DAY

Angel, in Arabic garb, talking to BANK OFFICER #2.

ANGEL
Ahmed bin Hassan.

They walk down a hall toward Safety Deposit Box Rooms, and Angel catches a GLIMPSE of THE VAULT.

BANK OFFICER #2
And what will you be depositing
with us, Mr. Hassan?

INT. NATIONAL BANK OF ZURICH - DAY

Eric, looking like an Armani-clad drug dealer.

ERIC
Cash.

Eric pretends to make a wrong turn as they head for the Safe Deposit Boxes, turns down a hallway toward DOUBLE DOORS.

BANK OFFICER #3
This way, sir.

Eric corrects his course.

INT. NATIONAL BANK OF ZURICH - DAY

Doyle, looking every part the businessman, speaking with Ernst Mueller.

DOYLE
(in German)
Just one, please. Large.

ERNST MUELLER
(in German)
Your German is excellent.

DOYLE
(in German)
Thank you. So's yours.

Mueller laughs, but his eyes do not smile. He hands Doyle a key, then leads him to a counter. Behind the counter are the GUARDS and TELLERS, all protected by bullet-proof glass.

Doyle watches Mueller insert his security card into a laser scanner. When it's read, the door opens.

Mueller and Doyle go through this door, and then another. Then into the elevator and down one floor to the Upper Basement.

INT. UPPER BASEMENT - DAY

Another GUARD stands there. He nods to Mueller, eyes Doyle. Doyle shows the Guard his key. The Guard opens a thick metal door, through which Mueller and Doyle enter.

INT. PRIVATE SAFE DEPOSIT ROOM - DAY

Mueller and Doyle insert their keys into a door and open it. It is like a small closet filled with drawers.

ERNST MUELLER

(in German)

Take your time. The guard will see you out.

DOYLE

(in German)

Thank you. Herr Mueller.

Mueller exits. Doyle cracks the door and looks out. Seeing no one there, he produces his own miniature camera and photographs the area.

EXT. DOYLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - BROOKLYN - DAY

Benny is talking to Mr. Feld, who suns himself on the front steps.

BENNY

Well, I was in the neighborhood, so I just wanted to stop and say hi. Nice to see you again, Mr. Feld.

He reaches out his hand to shake. Mr. Feld extends his, and Benny notices a number tattooed on the old man's arm.

BENNY

Goodbye.

MR. FELD

Goodbye.

As Benny walks away, he pulls a small note pad from his pocket and writes down the number. 381162.

EXT. SIMON WEISENTHAL CENTER - DAY

Establishing.

INT. WEISENTHAL CENTER - DAY

Benny walks quickly down a corridor.

BENNY (V.O.)

He's living under an assumed name.
He's so out of it he probably
doesn't even know his real name.
But he's our only link to a man who
has robbed 7 banks in the last 3
1/2 years. And you may be the only
way we can find him.

INT. RESEARCH ROOM - DAY

And now we see who Benny's talking to: Michael Brand - Eric's
interrogator

BRAND

Agent Wall, the problem isn't
technical, it's moral.

BENNY

I'm looking for a criminal.

BRAND

Sixty years ago, the man whose
number you have, was branded like
an animal. Reduced to a number.
For whatever reasons, he changed
his name and shed that identity
forever. I won't push it back onto
him again. I'm sorry, no.

INT. DOYLE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Bank blueprints are pinned to the wall. On the table is a
crude, cardboard scale model of the bank.

The team goes over the details, but the strain of the task is
showing on them--they look exhausted, eyes red-rimmed.

MAGGIE

According to the plans from Bar-
Lev, and what we've seen, the lobby
is here... In the bedrock, is the
lower basement for the original
vaults, used for archives. But the
Safe Deposit room and all the money
is in the Main Vault. In the upper
basement...here. The truck bay is
connected by this hallway.

Eric nods.

ERIC

Locked double doors at the end of it.

ANGEL

The elevator seems to be the only access to the basement levels. Mueller used a key before he hit the call button. My guess is you hit the call button without the key, an alarm goes off.

DOYLE

The map shows emergency stairs.

ANGEL

(shakes head no)

I took an intentional wrong turn past them. They're sealed.

DOYLE

So who's got the keys for the elevator?

ERIC

According to Marguerite, the sweet teller who thinks she's meeting my parents next week in Umbria...

Maggie and Angel look sympathetic over her plight.

ERIC

...only Mueller. She's never seen the lower basement, and doesn't know anyone who has.

MAGGIE

There's a 24-hour guard on duty in the Upper Basement level.

INT. NATIONAL BANK OF ZURICH - DAY

An ARMED GUARD stands on duty.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

According to the work schedule, it'll be Stephan Fourier. If he's sick that day, his backup...

We see another Armed Guard.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
...is Kurt Schmitz. I'll have
their personals ready by day after
tomorrow.

DOYLE (O.S.)
What about Mueller?

INT. DOYLE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Doyle paces.

MAGGIE
Nothing yet.

DOYLE
Unacceptable.

Maggie looks hurt. Angel and Eric exchange a quick, knowing
look.

MAGGIE
I can't find a Goddamn thing about
him I can use. It's almost like
there's been a wall put up sealing
off his past.

DOYLE
Scale it.
(to Angel)
How are supplies?

ANGEL
I can't buy the plastique without a
license.

DOYLE
Then make some.

ANGEL
It's not that easy.

DOYLE
Kids do it. Buy a chemistry set.

ANGEL
I need more time.

DOYLE
We go Monday.

ERIC
Are you nuts? We're not ready.

DOYLE
We have to go Monday.

ANGEL
I can't promise that. Why can't it
wait--

Doyle is intense.

DOYLE
Because it can't.

ERIC
What do we do if we don't find
anything on Mueller?

DOYLE
She'll find it.

Doyle steps out onto the balcony, slams the door behind him.

The team, beaten down, sick of it, look to another.

EXT. ZURICH HOTEL - DUSK

Doyle stands on the balcony, looking over the city, gripping
the rail in frustration. Eric joins him.

ERIC
What's the driver here? I mean
besides the bank.

DOYLE
Nothing. Just the last payday.

ERIC
What else?

DOYLE
Look--

ERIC
You've always levelled with me
before.

DOYLE
Yes.

ERIC
One of the reasons you hired me is
'cause I read people, get things
out of them.

DOYLE
So?

ERIC
So I don't think you and Maggie is
a good idea.

Doyle is clearly surprised Eric knows.

ERIC
I smelled lavender and she wasn't
even in the room yet. It's bad
news.

DOYLE
Not your business.

ERIC
It is if it affects this team. You
know what they do to bank robbers
around here?

Doyle doesn't respond.

ERIC
They don't arrest 'em, if they can
help it. They carry 'em out in
bags. The payday only matters if
we get out of there. The guy I
came to work for knew that.

This hits Doyle. Eric leaves him on the balcony, heads
inside. Doyle goes after him.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

DOYLE
Hold on--

Eric turns, near losing it, half does.

ERIC
This is bullshit. You know that?
Some jobs can't be done. This is
one of them. I don't know what the
fuck's going on with you, but I'm
not getting killed 'cause of it.
Don't count on me Monday.

Doyle looks from person to person.

DOYLE
You all feel that way?

Angel nods, Maggie too. Something shifts in Doyle.

INT. DOYLE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie wakes up to see Doyle is not in bed. He's sitting out on the balcony, the International Herald Tribune in his lap. She walks to him.

MAGGIE

Don't shut me out.

He shakes his head no. But that's all he does. She goes inside. Doyle looks down at the paper.

From the lights of the street we can see an article about a memorial service in Tel Aviv for a murdered American, a victim of New York street crime, a friend of Israel: Bernard Strell.

EXT. SWISS COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Doyle drives through a snow-covered mountain pass.

DOYLE (V.O. PHONE)

We've run into obstacles. The job's off.

INT. DOYLE'S CAR - DAY

Doyle takes his passport back from a BORDER GUARD and drives on. Into Germany.

BAR-LEV (V.O. PHONE)

I have information that will help you overcome those obstacles...

EXT. GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Doyle turns off the highway at a sign that says Schufferhausen.

BAR-LEV (V.O. PHONE)

But not over the phone...

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Doyle and Bar-Lev stand in a lovely meadow.

BAR-LEV

Quiet, isn't it? There are no birds. There was a camp here once. Schufferhausen. Not a very big one. Only a thousand or so died.

(MORE)

BAR-LEV (CONT'D)

Now, lovers come here to lie among the flowers and pollinate. But the birds have not returned. They know it's a dead place. You'll find cell phones don't even work here.

He looks around.

BAR-LEV

Yesterday you said you'd be ready. Today--

DOYLE

I won't risk losing my team. You can have your plans back.

BAR-LEV

Unacceptable. Too many are counting on you.

DOYLE

Really? Tell me about Buchenwald. What was it like?

BAR-LEV

Unimaginable.

DOYLE

And the train?

BAR-LEV

A nightmare. No food, no water, people suffocating--

Doyle and Bar-Lev glare at one another with knowing.

DOYLE

Buchenwald was inaccessible by train. Prisoners were taken by truck.

Bar-Lev is caught. He takes a breath, looks around, and then, oddly, smiles.

BAR-LEV

You're a clever man, Mr. Doyle. The very reason I hired you. And the reason that I'm afraid I cannot accept your offer to resign. You should know, the economics have changed. We are fifty-fifty partners now.

DOYLE

Now that Strell's gone.

Bar-Lev nods slightly.

BAR-LEV

He was a good man. But it was his time.

And that's when he sees the Pock Marked face who killed Strell emerge at the edge of the clearing with an automatic weapons aimed at him.

Doyle starts to walk away.

BAR-LEV

Angel is at the Chateau De Bois, room 16. Eric is in room 22. And your special friend, Maggie, well, she's booked into Room 156 at the Hotel Gastrecht. And as Mr. Strell learned, unlike you, I don't just show pictures. I have information that Mossad is closing in on me. This has to happen now.

This stops Doyle.

BAR-LEV

You'll do your job. Once you load the money into my trucks you're free to go.

DOYLE

My trucks. It's all arranged.

BAR-LEV

Not anymore. Don't worry, you'll still get your share. You will not deviate from the plan, or your friends will die. And so will the old man in New York.

Now Doyle turns. Bar-Lev closes the distance between them.

BAR-LEV

Yes, I know about him. Don't look for help, Mr. Doyle. No one can help you.

Bar-Lev walks past Doyle, and he and his gunman recede into the woods, leaving Doyle there alone.

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

Benny hustles down a corridor where he intercepts Dan.

BENNY

We got the old man.

Dan hurries alongside Benny on the way to Barton's office, as Benny reads aloud a fax as fast as he can.

BENNY

381162. The name isn't Feld, it's Rosenfeld. Josiah. Born 2/17/19, imprisoned 9/12/43 at Bergen-Belsen, liberated 4/24/45 by U.S. troops.

DAN

I thought they wouldn't give this to you.

BENNY

It's amazing what a call from the Director of the FBI can do--

DAN

The Director called them?

BENNY

Uh, technically no, but they think he did. Listen: emigrated to America 1948. Wife and daughters died in the camps. But they had a son. Daniel.

EXT. TOURIST BOAT - DAY

Doyle stands alone at the rail looking out on Lake Geneva. He starts talking, to whom it cannot yet be seen.

DOYLE

All of you must disappear. You know how.

Reveal that the team is there a small distance away. He turns and faces them.

ERIC

What about you?

DOYLE

I'm doing the job.

They react.

ERIC

Alone?

ANGEL

How you gonna do that?

Doyle shrugs.

DOYLE

The old fashioned way.

MAGGIE

With guns? You'll die.

DOYLE

If I do there won't be any reason
for him to kill my father.

Now they really react.

ERIC

Your father? You said you had no
family.

Doyle doesn't answer.

MAGGIE

The old man...

Doyle nods, goes back.

DOYLE

He survived Belsen. The only one
in my family who did. None of them
had to die there. We were almost
free.

EXT. SWISS BORDER - FLASHBACK

SUPER: 1943. SWISS-GERMAN BORDER.

A snow-covered mountain border checkpoint. The action plays
from a child's POV.

A three year old boy, DOYLE, (really named DANIEL) stands in
the snow. His FAMILY--his father JOSIAH, then a young man,
his MOTHER, a pretty young woman, and his two slightly older
SISTERS--waits on line as SWISS GUARDS check documents.

A few PEOPLE are allowed to cross into Switzerland.

It is the family's turn and they step up. Doyle's Father hands over the passports, along with a thick wad of MARKS.

The Border Guard makes the money disappear inside his coat, reviews the passports.

He looks to his SUPERIOR inside a guard house drinking coffee. The Superior shakes his head.

The Border Guard hands the passports back.

The Father reaches down into his shoe, pulls out more CURRENCY. Hands it to the Guard, who TAKES IT.

FATHER

I have no more.

ANGLE ON: Young Doyle's face as he watches his father refused.

The Guard steps back, racks the bolt on his machine gun. The Family reacts in fear, the Mother shields the daughters.

BORDER GUARD

Go back to where you came from. Or there's your other choice.

The Guard points to a barbed-wired enclosure holding imprisoned JEWISH REFUGEES, wearing yellow cloth stars. GUARDS separate FAMILIES into different groups.

Doyle's Father leans down, takes his hand.

FATHER

We're going back.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The mother kneads bread dough. Young Doyle is on the floor playing with a ball of dough.

The sound of the front door BURSTING OPEN.

YOUNG DOYLE'S POV: Commotion--rapid feet, anxious voices--swirling shapes. Doyle is carried out the back door...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

...And into the woods in his Father's arms.

Branches whip by, breathing is heavy, snow crunches under foot. They reach a clearing.

Herky-jerky images of a stone church, a TALL PRIEST in a long black robe. The boy stares at a large crucifix.

Doyle's father is distraught as he speaks to his child.

FATHER

Never tell anyone who you are. You are not a Jew. You are Catholic.

YOUNG DOYLE

(desperate)

Daddy!

FATHER

(insistent)

No! I am not your father. Listen to me. You do not have a father.

YOUNG DOYLE

(screaming)

Daddy!

Then we hear MEN'S VOICES from off-screen and the sound of BOOTS. Father's face looms large and close to the boy's.

FATHER

Never - never tell anyone who you are.

The image blurs as the child is whisked away by the Priest.

DOYLE (O.S.)

The Nazi's took my family that night.

EXT. TOURIST BOAT - DAY

A bitter wind comes off the lake. Doyle's eyes are haunted, he is spent.

DOYLE

The priests smuggled me out. I was hidden in churches and monasteries, until they got me to a Catholic orphanage in Scotland where I was raised.

INT. FBI OFFICES - DAY

Benny summarizes as fast as he can as they hurry toward Barton's door, organizing computer print outs as he goes.

BENNY

The father went looking after the war. Church had been bombed. Kid was gone. Presumed dead. Father ended up immigrating to the U.S. Doyle was an adult before they found each other.

Benny and Dan enter Barton's office.

EXT. TOURIST BOAT - DAY

Doyle is drained by the memories. Opposite him, the team is rocked by what they've heard.

There is silence for a moment. Then Maggie walks to him, puts a hand on his shoulder. Doyle looks up at her.

MAGGIE

I'm staying.

Doyle shakes his head. His words come as almost a mumble.

DOYLE

You don't have to--

She looks to the rest of the team. They move to him. No more words are needed.

INT. GERALD BARTON'S OFFICE - DAY

They're briefing Barton, barely able to get the words out they're spewing them so fast.

BENNY

He's going to Zurich, after the Holocaust accounts--

DAN

Swiss banks, Nazi gold. Has to be Zurich--

BENNY

National Bank of Zurich is cash heavy on Mondays.

He holds up the computer print out.

BENNY

And that's where he's gonna be.
I'll bet my job on it.

GERALD BARTON
That's exactly what you're betting.

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - NIGHT

Establishing.

INT. JFK, SWISS AIR TERMINAL - NIGHT

Benny lugs a carry-on bag toward his gate--the plane is boarding for Switzerland--when he is flanked by FOUR SUNGLASS-WEARING CIA AGENTS.

CIA AGENT
Change in your travel plans, Agent Wall.

BENNY
I don't have to go anywhere with you.

Another CIA AGENT holds up a cell phone.

2ND CIA AGENT
Your boss says different.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Benny is led inside where Drivick and Greene await him.

Greene produces a blown-up photograph. Bar-Lev.

GREENE
Do you recognize this man?

BENNY
No. I'm gonna miss my flight.

GREENE
He's an Israeli citizen and a Zionist. Earlier this year he became associated with...
(changes photos)
...Bernard Strell.

BENNY
The dead guy.

GREENE
Doyle was discussing a job with them moments before Strell was murdered--

BENNY

Doyle's never used violence.

GREENE

Maybe you should tell us why you try to protect him.

BENNY

And maybe you should tell us where you're really from. My partner says Tel Aviv, I say Jerusalem. You're Mossad.

Interesting looks all around the room. Greene smiles.

GREENE

You're a good detective--

BENNY

Special Agent--

GREENE

But you don't know dick about this case--

DRIVICK

For instance, you might be interested to know that Mr. Doyle is planning the robbery of a Swiss Bank.

BENNY

I'm not on my way to Vegas.

Benny holds up his Switzerland boarding pass.

DRIVICK

Good luck finding him.

BENNY

I know where he'll be.

DRIVICK

Bullshit, you don't even know which bank.

BENNY

(fast and proud)
National Bank of Zurich.

There is silence. And then smiles.

GREENE

Thank you.

Benny realizes he's given it away.

BENNY

Damn.

DRIVICK

We'll take it from here.

BENNY

Uh uh. It's my duty to contact Interpol, alert the bank in Zurich--

DRIVICK

You'll do nothing of the kind. If you notify Zurich, they'll beef up security and Doyle will disappear. It's our operation now, and your duty is to keep your goddamn mouth shut.

BENNY

I'll pursue my suspect wherever--

GREENE

I don't give a damn about your suspect!

BENNY

You want my collar!

GREENE

I want Bar-Lev!

Greene is pointing to Bar-Lev's photo. Benny smiles at the mention of this name.

BENNY

"Bar-Lev". Thank you.

INT. DAN BARTHOLOMEW'S HOME - NIGHT

Dan is in bed with his wife. Asleep. The phone RINGS.

DAN

Yeah.

BENNY'S VOICE

We were right, CIA and Mossad, And they also want the guy who hired Doyle. Some radical Zionist named Bar-Lev.

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - NIGHT

David Greene boards a private plane for Zurich.

INT. DAN'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Dan at the computer, speaks into the phone.

DAN

(off-screen, reading)

Bar-Lev, Adam. Arms dealer. Clients include North Korea, Abu Sayaaaf, both sides in Sudan... Jesus, he's no Zionist.

INT. JFK AIRPORT - LUFTHANSA TERMINAL - DAY

Benny on a cell phone, humps towards his new flight.

BENNY

Why's Doyle working for a scumbag like this?

DAN (O.S.)

Because he doesn't know.

BENNY

He knows or he doesn't. Don't matter to me. I'm not letting the CIA catch my criminal.

Benny arrives at the gate.

INT. MOVING CAR - NIGHT

David Greene and THREE MEN--obviously soldiers, but in mufti--drive from the Zurich Airport towards town.

1ST SOLDIER

What's acceptable collateral?

GREENE

Try to avoid civilians. Try to take Bar-Lev and his men alive. If they resist, take them out.

2ND SOLDIER
And the Americans?

GREENE
Whatever happens, happens.

EXT. ZURICH - DAWN - MONTAGE

The city awakens.

--A cart sprays water onto the street.

--A flower-seller prepares her stall.

--An ancient clock strikes 6am.

--A hand inserts a clip into an AK-47.

Ernst Mueller steps into a waiting limousine.

INT. ZURICH CITY LIBRARY - MORNING

Maggie is scrolling rapidly through microfilm. Searching frantically for something. Checking her watch. Sweating.

She stops. Her eyes grow wide.

INT. ZURICH AIRPORT - MORNING

Benny is one of many passengers streaming off the plane from New York City. He pushes his way through the crowd.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - MORNING

Adam Bar-Lev and his three Bodyguards leave the farmhouse, loading their weapons into a van.

INT. ANGEL'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

He's mixing chemicals in the bathtub. A beaker slips through his sweaty hands and breaks. He curses under his breath, and starts over.

EXT. NATIONAL BANK OF ZURICH - MORNING

ARMED GUARDS open the bank just as Ernst Mueller enters.

INT. NATIONAL BANK OF ZURICH - SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

More Guards chit-chat as they are issued their weapons and ammunition, and then walk off to their posts.

INT. DOYLE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The team sits in silence, looking at each other. Maggie rushes in.

MAGGIE

I got the wife. I don't have a picture, but she's got a routine. She's due at her exercise class at 10 o'clock.

DOYLE

It's better with a picture.

MAGGIE

I have an idea about that too. And here's why it was so hard to get Mueller's past.

She hands Doyle a photo print-out.

ANGLE ON: The print-out. A picture of a YOUNG MUELLER, arrogant, smiling, in his HITLER YOUTH UNIFORM.

Doyle's eyes burn into the picture.

EXT. DOYLE'S HOTEL - DAY

Doyle and his team leave the hotel, each carrying a briefcase.

INT. BAR-LEV'S VAN - DAY

Bar-Lev's men are driving, their weapons at the ready. It stops. Bar-Lev looks out the one-way glass.

BAR-LEV'S POV: The National Bank of Zurich.

INT. GREENE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

GREENE'S POV: The Bank from a 2nd story window.

Greene's men are deployed in this crummy hotel room, an array of weapons and Kevlar vests at the ready.

EXT SIDE STREET - DAY

Maggie walks down the street, carrying a briefcase. FAST PAN to the other end of the street: Doyle, also carrying a briefcase, walks toward the bank. He enters.

INT. NATIONAL BANK OF ZURICH - DAY

There's an ARMED GUARD by the door, an ARMED GUARD by the tellers' counter, and an ARMED GUARD at the entrance to the hallway.

We see an ARMED GUARD outside Ernst Mueller's office, an ARMED GUARD in the cash-counting room, an ARMED GUARD by the Vault, and SEVERAL ARMED GUARDS in the Security Office.

INT. ZURICH AIRPORT - DAY

A frustrated Benny is at the end of a very long Customs line.

INT. NATIONAL BANK OF ZURICH - DAY

Mueller walks Doyle across the lobby to the Guard. Doyle shows the Guard his key and is allowed to pass.

INT. SAFE DEPOSIT BOX ROOM

Maggie is ushered in and left there by the Bank Officer.

INT. BAR-LEV'S VAN

Bar-Lev checks his watch. His guards check their weapons.

INT. SAFE DEPOSIT ROOM - DAY

Angel is in there too, as Doyle and Mueller enter.

Doyle inserts his key into the door of his safe room, then Mueller produces and inserts the bank's key. The door unlocks and Mueller withdraws it. He turns to go, and that's when he sees he is surrounded.

Mueller turns to Doyle and speaks in German.

MUELLER

What is this?

DOYLE

Time to settle old debts, Herr Mueller.

MAGGIE

You live at 34 Ringlestrasse. Your wife's name is Rosamund. Where do you think she is right now?

There is anger and fury in Mueller's eyes.

DOYLE

Do exactly as we say and she won't be harmed.

Mueller looks from Maggie to the others. Then, an ugly, choking LAUGH gurgles from his throat.

MUELLER

You think this is a threat? You know nothing.

MAGGIE

We know she's a former model, she's young and beautiful, has straight blonde hair, and really nice tits. We think you'd like to keep her.

MUELLER

You idiot, she's fucking her trainer. Shoot her. Do what you want. You save me an expensive divorce.

The team is frozen. They have no idea what to do now.

MAGGIE

Perhaps you won't be so comfortable with us revealing your standing in the Nazi party then.

She shows the picture of him as a young man. Mueller looks at it, almost wistful.

MUELLER

Yes, that would be quite difficult in the current political climate. But in the end, I'd be forgiven. And after all, I'm proud of the work I did for the cause.

Mueller smiles and starts to walk away.

MAGGIE

You sonofabitch...

She grabs him, and shoves him hard against the wall.

MAGGIE

Your grandsons Peter and Volker are supposed to be at school this morning...they're not.

Mueller blanches.

MAGGIE

You do exactly as we say, or you'll be receiving little pieces of those boys in the mail every day for the next year.

Mueller stops cold. Defeated, he turns as Doyle pushes him towards the door.

Maggie breathes a deep sigh of relief.

INT. GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Mueller walks with the team to the elevator. Ernst pulls out the key. Doyle inserts it into the hole and turns it. The elevator doors open, and they all enter.

INT. UPPER BASEMENT - DAY

The elevator doors open and the team marches toward the vault, ad-libbing casually with Mueller.

The guard stationed outside the vault, STEPHAN FOURIER, looks up and smiles. Mueller, nervous and sweating, stops before Fourier and recites the lines he has been told to say.

ERNST MUELLER

(in German)

Good morning, Stephan.

And then he freezes. Anger and defiance combine and grip his throat. No sound emerges. Fourier frowns, looks at the group, and makes a quick decision.

He pulls his gun.

FOURIER

Do not anyone move.

DOYLE

Herr Fourier, your wife--

MAGGIE

--Gretchen--

DOYLE

--Gretchen and the baby are safe right now. Only you can keep it that way.

Fourier looks at Mueller, who is trembling in fear.

ERNST MUELLER
(in German)
Give them the gun. Please.

Fourier thinks a bit, studies the desperation in Mueller's eyes.

MAGGIE
Please, Stephan...for the baby.

Fourier hands Doyle the gun.

DOYLE
Thank you.

INT. BAR-LEV'S VAN - DAY

Bar-Lev and his Bodyguards wait. They watch as TWO ARMORED CARS pull into a truck bay.

The DRIVERS glance toward Bar-Lev, who nods at them.

INT. VAULT ROOM - DAY

The team is now at the door to the vault, Angel attaching the probes from the computer. He gets the last one in place and the screen comes to life.

It's the Diagnostic Screen. Angel's jaw drops.

ANGEL
No...

DOYLE
What.

ANGEL
We're fuckenzied.

Angel points to the screen. It's in German. Doyle pushes his way in, reads the screen, and translates.

DOYLE
"Welcome to the Spichal-Wesson T-450, currently on-line for diagnostic assistance. Your options are ..."

ANGEL
Okay okay, I know the options.

Angel starts typing in numbers.

Maggie looks at her watch.

MAGGIE
Three twenty-five.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Benny is in a taxi, caught in a hellacious traffic jam at the airport. There's a lot of HONKING and very little moving. And he is extremely frustrated.

INT. VAULT ROOM - DAY

Angel taps the final instructions into the computer.

ANGEL
Disarmed. Go.

Doyle starts drilling into the vault door. Very slowly.

MAGGIE
As usual, it falls to me to suggest
you might want to go a little
faster.

DOYLE
There's enough explosives in there
to take off both my hands and half
your face.

MAGGIE
Take your time.

Doyle nods as he continues to drill.

INT. BAR-LEV'S VAN - DAY

His bodyguards are checking their weapons. Bar-Lev's fingers start to tap impatiently. He looks at his watch.

INT. VAULT ROOM - DAY

Starting tight on a watch and then widening to reveal:

MAGGIE
Two fifty.

Doyle stops drilling and steps aside so Angel can syringe the liquid into the tiny hole Doyle has drilled. They all take a step back and watch the little puff of smoke. Angel already has the gloves on and reaches for the handle. Then he stops.

DOYLE

What.

Angel is staring at the computer screen.

ANGEL

What if I missed something?

DOYLE

We'll never know it.

Angel stares harder at the monitor.

MAGGIE

Two forty. Commit time.

ANGEL

What the hell.

Angel turns the handle. Everyone holds their breath.

It turns. It's unlocked. And now the final part - Angel slowly cracks the door open. It's fine. They breathe with relief and smile broadly as Angel opens the door the whole way.

VAULT GUARD

(in German)

Stop! Stay right there! Hands up!

There is a guard stationed inside the vault, and he's got a gun on Doyle and his team. Everyone stands there, frozen.

DOYLE

Damn, I wish I knew your name.

The Guard is 22 years old and scared.

VAULT GUARD

(in German)

Move away from the door, slowly.

Suddenly, Maggie grabs Mueller, and puts a knife against his throat.

MAGGIE

Drop the gun now or I'll cut him.

The Guard aims his gun at Maggie, but he is unsure. So Angel takes the gun they'd lifted from Fourier, and holds it to Fourier's head.

DOYLE
Do you know what "a losing hand"
means?

The Vault Guard shakes his head no.

DOYLE
It means you can't win here.

The Vault Guard still hesitates. Angel steps up.

ANGEL
How about this: you shoot her, we
kill you motherfuckers.

The Vault Guard lowers the gun.

ANGEL
Universal language.

Angel waves the unarmed guards to the side of the vault.
Maggie and Doyle open large briefcases from which they unfold
large reinforced nylon bags, and they start filling them with
neatly wrapped bundles of cash - in very large denominations.
They are taking huge amounts of money.

INT. BAR-LEV'S VAN - DAY

Bar-Lev checks his watch.

BAR-LEV (O.S.)
He'll be coming out any minute now.

INT. VAULT - DAY

Angel cuffs the Vault Guard's hands to the leg of his desk.
He then cuffs Fourier's hand to Mueller's hand, through a
pipe.

Doyle, satisfied that everything is secured in the vault,
calls to Eric on his lapel mic.

DOYLE
How's it looking?

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

ERIC
Clear.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE VAULT - DAY

Doyle rushes out of the vault, following Maggie and Angel down the corridor to the elevator. Among them, they have six large bags of money.

MAGGIE

Going down?

DOYLE

It'd be tough explaining all this in the lobby.

Maggie hits the button for the sub-basement.

INT. VAULT - DAY

The Guards and Mueller are all handcuffed. Mueller is straining to stretch as far as his free arm can toward the Vault Guard's desk. But he's constrained by the pipe that his and Fourier's arms are cuffed to, and he cannot reach.

He signals for the young Vault Guard to lean his back into the heavy desk to which he is cuffed.

MUELLER

(in German)

Push the desk back toward me.

The young Vault Guard starts to push, but the desk is very heavy and moves only inches closer.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - DAY

Doyle, Angel and Maggie carry their Santa-sized cash bags through the old, subterranean part of the bank - vaulted rooms and recesses on either side, crammed with office furniture, old bank signs, etc.

Doyle appears to be looking for something in particular.

INT. BAR-LEV'S VAN - DAY

Bar-Lev checks his watch and frowns.

BAR-LEV

It's past time. It's taking too long.

BAR-LEV'S POV: A BANK GUARD and a MAINTENANCE MAN step out of the bank into the truck bay lighting cigarettes.

BAR-LEV

This shouldn't be a problem. They
have the right credentials.

The Bank Guard glances at the armored cars, a concerned look
on his face. He crosses to the one of the Drivers.

EXT. TRUCK BAY - DAY

The Bank Guard taps on the window, which the Driver opens.

BANK GUARD

(in German, subtitled)
Where's Jergen?

DRIVER

(in German, subtitled)
Sick today. Here.

The Driver shows his identification.

BANK GUARD

(in German, subtitled)
Very good. But he's my cousin and
he was strong as an ox when we had
coffee this morning.

GUNSHOTS bark. The Bank Guard goes down. The Driver jumps
out. The horrified Maintenance Man runs for the door.

More SHOTS. He's HIT, but he makes it inside, the door
shutting behind him.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - DAY

Maggie and Angel near the entrance to a large tunnel. Just
before they reach it, there is another storage room. Doyle
consults the plans. They enter it and stop at an old vault
door.

DOYLE

You got two minutes.

Angel gets to work on the door.

INT. BAR-LEV'S VAN - DAY

Bar-Lev's mood has darkened.

BAR-LEV

If he makes it to the alarm, we have two hundred twenty seconds until the police are at the front door.

He looks at his watch and starts to get out of the van.

BODYGUARD

Where are you going?

He turns ominously to his Bodyguards.

BAR-LEV

Doyle changed the plan. I'm going in.

INT. GREENE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

One of Greene's men is looking out the window.

1ST SOLDIER

David!

Greene rushes to the window and looks out.

GREENE'S POV: Bar-Lev and his Bodyguards, in overcoats, move toward the front door of the bank.

EXT. BANK - DAY

One Bodyguard stops Bar-Lev.

BODYGUARD

You can't go in. That's why you have them. You can't spend the money if you're dead.

BAR-LEV

I'm not the one dying today.

He continues on.

INT. BANK CORRIDOR - DAY

The Maintenance Man drags himself down the hall. He leaves a blood trail behind him.

INT. GREENE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

GREENE

(in Hebrew, to himself)
What the hell is he doing?

He immediately gets on his walkie-talkie.

GREENE

(in Hebrew)

Bar-Lev's going in. Let's move.

INT. MAIN VAULT - DAY

The Vault Guard has managed to push his desk far enough so that Mueller can just reach it with his uncuffed hand.

He opens the drawer and rummages through it. He finds a pocket knife.

FOURIER

Can you pick the lock with that?

ERNST MUELLER

Give me your hand.

Fourier offers him his free hand. Mueller grabs it with his cuffed hand, and holds on with a grip of steel. Then, with his free hand, he opens the pocket knife.

Fourier's eyes widen in terror.

FOURIER

No!

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Eric looks across the room and sees Bar-Lev and his men entering. He immediately sinks back behind a pillar so they won't see him, and whispers into his sleeve mic.

ERIC

Bad news just walked in.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - DAY

Angel is working on the old vault door.

DOYLE

Shit.

(to Angel)

Decision time. Yes or no?

INT. INNER OFFICE - DAY

The Maintenance Man drags himself toward an alarm button. He reaches for it, but falls JUST SHORT. He goes STILL.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Bar-Lev walks towards the elevator hallway. He sees the arrow indicator is all the way at the bottom. The sub-basement.

And then he notices Green and his Men enter the lobby. His Bodyguards subtly unbutton their overcoats. Underneath, in slings, are automatic weapons.

BODYGUARD

Look!

The Bodyguard nods towards the elevator. The arrow indicator is coming up.

Bar-Lev takes a few steps back. The arrow indicator passes the 1st basement level.

Bank Guards notice the end of a gun barrel sticking out from under the bottom of one of Bar-Lev's Bodyguards' overcoats. He nudges another Guard and draws his weapon.

The elevator doors open. Ernst Mueller staggers out, one wrist still hand-cuffed, his shirt covered with blood.

A FEMALE EMPLOYEE sees him and SCREAMS at the sight.

ERNST MUELLER

Hit the alarm!

One Bank Guard draws his weapon and aims it at one of Bar-Lev's Bodyguards.

BANK GUARD

(in German)

Don't move.

Another Bodyguard sweeps his automatic weapon out from under his overcoat and sprays the counter, sending everyone screaming and diving for cover.

The ALARM SOUNDS. The Loudest CLANGING you've ever heard.

Great STEEL BARS start to descend inside the front door.

EXT. NATIONAL BANK OF ZURICH - DAY

Benny is running headlong for the front door when he sees the steel bars about to seal off the entrance. He reaches the doorway with a half-second to spare, and slides to get underneath the bars before they impale him.

One bar hits his leg, and he spins just enough so it goes through his pants leg. All he can do is pull his leg so hard it rips the fabric, but he is inside the bank.

INT. NATIONAL BANK OF ZURICH - DAY

The lobby is madness. Bar-Lev's Bodyguards and Green's Men shooting at each other, while Bank Guards return fire.

Benny drops behind a desk, draws his gun and inserts a clip.

Civilians SCREAM and cower behind whatever they can use. No one can get out.

Eric is on the floor with other Civilians. He speaks into his sleeve mic.

ERIC

Bar-Lev's going for the elevator.
Get out of there. Now!

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - DAY

Angel is still working on the vault door.

ANGEL

We got the cash, man. Our business
is done here.

DOYLE

Open the vault. Mine has just
begun.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

The guards are out-gunned, but Benny shoots at Bar-Lev's men from his position, and consequently Bar-Lev's men are spraying their automatic fire in great circular motions around the lobby.

Windows shatter, counters are ripped apart, it's devastating.

Benny sees Bar-Lev running for the elevator, and rises a little to get a shot at him. One of Bar-Lev's bodyguards sees Benny and returns fire.

Benny ducks and crawls behind the counter to find Ernst Mueller and other bank employees. He shouts at them over the noise of the gunfire.

BENNY

Open the doors.

MUELLER

No!

BENNY

People can't get out.

MUELLER

We're being robbed! No one leaves.

BENNY

You're killing people, for Christ's sake!

But Ernst is resolute.

Bar-Lev and his Bodyguards make it into the elevator. Benny takes a bead and shoots, hitting one of the Bodyguards. Bar-Lev reaches down to get the man's gun, thus revealing himself, and Benny shoots again, but the doors are closing and his bullet bounces off the door.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - STORAGE ROOM

They can hear the muffled alarm from two stories above them as Angel continues to work on the lock to the old vault.

ANGEL

Almost in.

And now they hear the mechanical sound of an old elevator cranking up and coming down slowly.

ANGEL

I hate that sound.

He gets the vault lock open. But when they try to open the door, it's so rusted, it resists. They push and push, but it barely budes.

And then they hear the elevator come to a stop.

ANGEL

I really hate that sound.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - DAY

Bar-Lev and his surviving Bodyguards step out of the elevator and look around, just as three of Green's Men break through the sealed stairwell, guns blazing.

Bar-Lev and his Bodyguards return a withering hail of fire, taking out two of the three assailants.

One of Bar-Lev's Bodyguards is hit, and falls in the open doorway of the elevator.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

They still cannot get the door open, but with the sound of gunfire so close, Doyle turns to Angel and Maggie.

DOYLE

You know what to do. I need to get the records.

ANGEL

Records?

DOYLE

They're set for incineration.

MAGGIE

That's why we had to go today.

Doyle nods, shoves them both.

DOYLE

I'll be one minute behind you, now go!

Angel and Maggie run off with their sacks of money.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - BY THE ELEVATOR

Bar-Lev kills the last of Greene's Men and takes off with his one remaining Bodyguard down the hall toward the old vault, guns at the ready, looking into each storage area as they pass it.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Doyle gives the vault door one more shove, and it starts to creak open. Another shove and it opens. And we hear an enormous SOUND.

INSIDE THE WALL--A mechanism as ancient as the vault itself engages, caused by the opening of the door. A trigger has been cocked.

INT. OLD VAULT - DAY

Doyle enters. The vault door is weighted to close behind him, so he grabs a filing cabinet and shoves it into the doorway to keep the door open thus allowing light in.

He places PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE on the back of the vault door and walks into the cavernous stone room full of rows and rows of metal shelving units loaded with boxes.

This is an abandoned archive, tidily organized and labelled, but the layering of dust and cobwebs indicates that it has lain undisturbed for many years.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT HALLWAY

Bar-Lev and the Bodyguard check each storage area and then move on to the next one.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Agent Benny Wall, gun drawn, steps over the bodies of the guards Bar-Lev and his men had killed, and emerges into the sub-basement.

INT. OLD VAULT - DAY

We can just barely see Doyle's head poking above some shelves. He is looking for something.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Bar-Lev stops at the door to the storage room and looks in. No sign of Doyle. He is about to move on when he sees:

BAR-LEV'S POV: Through the partially-opened door of the old vault, Doyle is visible.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Stealthily, Bar-Lev and his Bodyguard make their way to the door of the old vault.

They look inside but cannot get a good angle on Doyle, and their entry is blocked by the filing cabinet propping the door open. So they slide silently over the filing cabinet and enter the vault.

INT. OLD VAULT - DAY

Bar-Lev motions for his bodyguard to move around the other side, to flank Doyle.

Bar-Lev is closing the distance between himself and Doyle. Another few feet and he'll have a clean shot.

He takes another step, and the old floorboard CREAKS.

Doyle's disappears behind file cabinets.

BAR-LEV

You shouldn't have fucked with me.

No response.

BAR-LEV

You have no chance. I am armed,
Mr. Doyle. And I know you are not--

BANG! Doyle SHOOTs at Bar-Lev, who scurries for cover.

DOYLE

When you disarm guards, you get to
keep the guns.

Bar-Lev quickly maneuvers around the side of an aisle.

A few aisles away, Doyle also moves around, trying to see in the dark. But the Bodyguard is still flanking him. Doyle will soon be trapped.

Bar-Lev noiselessly moves into position. He can just make out a small part of Doyle's back. The Bodyguard is also just about to get a clear shot at Doyle. Another step. More of Doyle is visible. One more and he has a clear shot.

Bar-Lev rises, takes aim, and--

BENNY

Behind you! Drop!

Bar-Lev fires just as Doyle drops to the floor and rolls away.

The Bodyguard squeezes off multiple rounds at Benny by the door of the vault, who drops behind the filing cabinet.

Benny pushes the filing cabinet into the room, using it as cover for his entrance. Its metal front is getting shot up, but it protects him and he manages to get far enough into the vault to dive behind a shelving unit.

As the vault door slowly starts to close, Benny shoots at Bar-Lev who moves to his side, shoots back.

BENNY

(calls to Doyle)
He's under the fan.

Everyone shoots. Benny takes out the bodyguard with one shot. And then, Benny is hit in the shoulder and goes down.

But Bar-Lev has exposed himself by shooting Benny, and Doyle now has a clear shot at Bar-Lev. He aims and fires. CLICK. Empty chamber.

Bar-Lev hears it and makes his move. Doyle runs for cover. Bar-Lev shoots, Doyle ducks and changes position. Bar-Lev is advancing, and Doyle finds himself in the corner.

Bar-Lev doesn't see the vault door closing. He stands and walks over to Doyle, who has nowhere to run.

BAR-LEV

Give me my money.

DOYLE

Fuck you, it's gone.

Just as Bar-Lev is on top of Doyle, the door closes. We hear the SOUND of a mechanism clicking into action, triggered by the door. Squealing, rusted metal.

Bar-Lev and Doyle look at the wall as a six-foot by six-foot TRAPDOOR high up on the wall groans open as old pulleys are released. A deep resounding BOOM.

And all the WATER in the world comes surging in.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Below the surface of the lake beside the bank, we see a large opening in a stone wall, and we see water gushing through it, into the bank's sub-basement.

INT. OLD VAULT - DAY

The flood of icy water knocks both men over, dislodging Bar-Lev's gun.

They fight like hell, grappling and falling, punching and kicking, all the time being pummelled by the incoming torrent.

The water level is rising rapidly - it's waist-high now - and the fighting is made even more difficult by the cabinets, chairs, and other debris buffeting against Doyle and Bar-Lev by the roiling waters.

Finally, Doyle grabs a shelf, swings it and connects with Bar-Lev's head. Bar-Lev crumbles.

Doyle wades through the water to find Benny, lying against a fallen file cabinet, with a bleeding hole in his stomach. He is barely conscious.

BENNY

FBI. You're under arrest.

Doyle pulls Benny atop the cabinet, to keep him above the rising water. He tears Benny's shirt, making a tourniquet type bandage for the wound.

DOYLE

Hold this tight. You'll be okay.

Doyle turns to the door, and tries to open it, but the rising water makes it impossible. He pulls with all his might, but cannot budge it. He gives it one more super-human effort, and it starts to open, when WHAM!

Bar-Lev is upon him, wrapping a cord around Doyle's neck. The door closes, they struggle, the water rises more, and Doyle takes a huge breath and pulls Bar-Lev under water.

The battle continues, but Bar-Lev wasn't prepared. Doyle continues to hold his breath while Bar-Lev keeps trying to choke him. And then Bar-Lev's breath runs out. Air bubbles burst from his mouth, and he tries to rise up to the surface, but Doyle is holding tight.

Bar-Lev struggles desperately, but Doyle won't let go. Bar-Lev's eyes bug out, and then the struggling ceases.

Doyle lets him go and pushes himself up to the surface.

He gasps for breath, and sees the water is rising closer to the ceiling. Benny, atop the cabinet, is almost submerged.

Doyle sucks in one last breath, and plunges below the rising water.

The camera takes in his POV, panning 360 degrees around the room, and by the time we complete this turn, the water is nearly at the ceiling, the camera is underwater, and all is still.

BRAND (O.S.)

You don't expect me to believe he's dead.

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - DAY

Michael Brand and Eric.

ERIC

Doyle is dead.

BRAND
I don't buy it.

ERIC
It's true.

BRAND
Where's the body?

ERIC
Hey, the Swiss don't even admit
there was a robbery. They're
swearing up and down nothing was
taken.

Eric looks to the corner of the room, where two duffle bags
sit.

ERIC
They lie.

Brand shakes his head.

BRAND
How did you get it out?

Eric rewinds the video and hits play.

We see Mueller being interviewed - one of the tapes we have
already seen - and behind him, customers fleeing the bank.

ANGLE ON: The tape. Freeze. Look closely at the
background. Eric, Angel and Maggie, EMPTY-HANDED, being
herded out of the bank along with the terrified customers.

BRAND
But you're not carrying the money.

ERIC
That's right.

BRAND
Where was it?

EXT. NATIONAL BANK OF ZURICH - DAY

SUPER: DAYS LATER

There is no sign of the earlier mayhem.

Among the calm customers entering the bank are: Eric, Angel
and Maggie, but not disguised as they had been.

INT. SAFE DEPOSIT ROOM

Customers at their safe deposit rooms. Among them: Eric, Angel and Maggie.

EXT. NATIONAL BANK OF ZURICH - DAY

Customers leaving, including Eric, Angel and Maggie carrying two large briefcases each.

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM

ERIC

What better place to keep our money
than a Swiss Bank?

BRAND

Incredible.

ERIC

That was Doyle.

Brand gestures toward the duffel bags.

BRAND

We can't accept it, you know.

ERIC

That's what he said you'd say.

BRAND

Without deposit records, the proof--
it's useless to us. We cannot
accept stolen money.

ERIC

You'd need the records.

BRAND

Yes.

ERIC

He said that too.

INT. OLD VAULT - DAY

The old vault is full of water, up to the ceiling. All is absolutely still for a few seconds.

Then Doyle reaches the plastique he set against the vault door. He pulls a detonating cord and swims furiously away from it.

He is just able to grab his large, nylon-reinforced bag with one hand, and Benny's belt buckle with the other, when BOOM! The vault door is blown open.

The water, and everything with it, goes flooding through the door. Doyle, Benny, the nylon bag, file cabinets, everything.

INT. TUNNEL LEADING FROM THE VAULT - DAY

Water flows like a river from the old vault into the corridor. The middle tunnel is sealed shut, so the flood carries Doyle, Benny and the nylon bag into a side tunnel.

The turbulence knocks them around like toy boats in a hurricane.

The tunnel seems endless, and every twist and turn sends Benny and Doyle knocking helplessly into the wall before being swept up by the fierce current and carried off further.

EXT. RIVER VALLEY - DAY

A grassy MEADOW, with a river running through it. A pipe spews runoff water into the river ten feet below.

Lots of water.

And then Doyle and Benny shoot out, tumbling into the water below. Doyle bobs up first, then Benny. Doyle grabs Benny and pulls him to the shore.

He checks Benny, who is weak but conscious, and then looks back at the water. The great nylon bag bobs up to the surface.

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - DAY

Eric places the nylon bag on the table before Michael.

A stream of papers and index cards pour out, scattering across the table. Numbers, dates, details, bank records, and finally, PHOTOGRAPHS. Faces of men and women on registration cards, and bank identity cards. Faces and numbers.

Brand touches the files, looks at the details, awed.

BRAND

Thank you.

ERIC

Don't thank me. We didn't do it for free.

BRAND
It's not about the money.

He puts his hands on the photos.

BRAND
It's about the truth. Eventually
the truth is always heard.

INT. CIA INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Benny is hooked up to a polygraph. The Interrogator is Drivick.

DRIVICK
You're going to have to tell us the
truth, sooner or later.

BENNY
I am telling you the truth.

GREENE
The Swiss say there were no
Americans there.

BENNY
Yeah, and they were neutral during
the war, too.

GREENE
You're saying Adam Bar-Lev is dead.

BENNY
Adam Bar-Lev is dead. I saw him
die.

Greene looks over at the Polygraph Operator, who nods.
Truth.

DRIVICK
And Doyle?

BENNY
Doyle is dead.

The Polygraph Operator nods. Truth.

EXT. ZURICH - SIDE OF THE RIVER - DAY

Doyle and Benny are soaked, exhausted, near drowned. Benny
is weak from loss of blood. They gasp more than talk.

BENNY
You have the right to remain
silent.

DOYLE
Take your own advice. You're not
arresting me today.

BENNY
Next time, then. Next job you
pull, I'll get you.

DOYLE
Won't be a next one. Sorry.

BENNY
I know your name. It's Rosenfeld.
Daniel Rosenfeld.

Doyle recognizes that it is, indeed, his name.

DOYLE
Yes, it is.

BENNY
Not a great name for a bank robber.

DOYLE
Another reason I'm quitting.

BENNY
Doyle. That was a great name.

DOYLE
Doyle is dead.

Benny looks at him closely.

INT. CIA INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

DRIVICK
How do you explain the fact there's
no body?

BENNY
I can't. I just know Doyle is
dead.

Drivick looks over at the Polygraph Operator, and he nods
again. Truth.

EXT. BATTERY PARK - DAY

Bright sun shines off the water.

Doyle and Maggie sit by the old man on his bench.

DOYLE

Do you remember Switzerland?

FELD

They turned us away.

DOYLE

No, we got in, pop. We finally got in.

FELD

Good. Good. Who are you?

DOYLE

I'm Daniel.

FELD

Daniel.

(to Maggie)

And who are you?

MAGGIE

I'm Maggie.

JOSIAH

You're not my wife.

MAGGIE

(laugh)

No. I'm Daniel's wife.

JOSIAH

My wife was someone else.

Josiah looks at Doyle.

JOSIAH

She had eyes just like his.

Doyle nods, Maggie takes his hand, and the old man looks to them and smiles.

FADE OUT.