

NERVE AND SINEW

By Bill Anthony Lawrence

FADE IN:

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

A hulking man stands in front of the basement window of a brownstone rowhouse, repurposed for commercial use.

Behind him -- four thugs pry the basement window open.

Up above, over the front door, sits a sign that reads:

*'RUSSIAN BATHS AND HEALTH CLUB.
EAST VILLAGE, NYC'*

Melting icicles hang from the door frame. The top of the Empire State Building stands visible in the distance.

INT. RUSSIAN BATH HOUSE - DAY

BASEMENT LEVEL - INSIDE A SMALL RUSSIAN SAUNA ROOM

BOGDAN, man, early 30s, ripped, sits alone on a wooden bench.

OUTSIDE THE RUSSIAN SAUNA ROOM

The pack of four thugs crouches through the basement window. They approach the door to the sauna.

ANATOLY "TOLY" REZNIKOV

man, late 20s, body language suggesting he's their leader, adjusts a temperature dial.

He nods to one of the thugs, who places a 2"x4" between the sauna door frame and handle, making egress impossible.

TOLY
Wait til he passes out.

LATER - INSIDE THE SAUNA ROOM

Bogdan gasps for air in what's now an inferno of a room. He races to the other side, ducks his head in a water pail.

Relief for a moment. Just enough to glance through the sauna door's tiny window to see -- Toly's menacing smile.

Bogdan falls to the ground, his skin sears on the stove-like sauna floor. He passes out.

OUTSIDE THE SAUNA ROOM

Toly's men drag the unconscious Bogdan out of the sauna, plop him on the tile like a dead fish.

TOLY (CONT'D)

I want the Dementyevs to know what happened here ... Tie him up, then toss him in the cold pool. Let's get him awake for this.

He pauses a moment, looks across the room.

TOLY (CONT'D)

But keep it quiet --

He points to a poster on the staircase wall. On the poster -- the image of a chiseled man. Caption:

*'ROY SPENCE, JR. LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT
CHAMPION. UFC. 2008'*

TOLY (CONT'D)

-- let's keep him out of this.

A thug creeps up the staircase, passes similar posters. Stands guard, behind a closed door.

PAST THAT CLOSED DOOR - THE FIRST FLOOR

KATRINA, early 20s, bored, reads a magazine at the register.

A digital clock on the wall indicates the time: 6:45 AM.

Across from her, BORIS, late 60s, Russian immigrant, works the makeshift cafeteria.

BORIS

How about you finally try some of my Borscht?

KATRINA

Gross.

She resumes reading *US Weekly*.

BORIS

Where's Roy? He's not Russian, but he respects the food.

KATRINA

Check his office, dipshit.

Boris comes out from behind the counter. Calmly approaches Katrina -- RIPS the *US weekly* from her hands.

He shoves it down his pants, rubs it around. Hands it back to her. She knocks it away, disgusted.

Boris grins. Shuffles over to an office door -- knocks on it.

INSIDE THE OFFICE sits

ROY SPENCE, JR.

mid 30s, the man from the posters, still fit, but recent circumstances have taken their toll on body and soul.

Noticeably absent from his walls are any UFC posters from his glory years. Instead, they're plastered with pictures of --

-- a little girl.

Roy ignores the knocks. He stares at his computer screen. Scrolls through a Lexis-Nexis search of public records.

Results pop up for: *'Tatiana Spence, 7, female'*

Another knock. Louder. Roy breaks his concentration, smiles.

ROY

Your persistence can mean only one thing: you've got food for me. Am I right, Boris?

Boris enters, holds forth the cup of Borscht. Roy looks up, nods. Gives a small grin of thanks. Digs in.

ROY (CONT'D)

That's some good stuff, my friend. What do you put in it? I just can't get enough.

BORIS

Family secret.

ROY

Always took you for an orphan.

The two share a laugh. Boris turns serious.

BORIS

Any leads?

ROY

Ivan had something. Didn't pan out.

Boris comforts him --

BORIS

It's a good strategy. You must keep
at it.

ROY

It's been almost two years now.
Time's running out. You know how
this works ...

JUST THEN -- half-muffled screams from the basement level.
Roy rises, rushes to the staircase door.

He tries to push it open but meets with resistance -- Toly's
thug pushes on the other side trying to keep it shut.

Roy LAUNCHES into the door.

BASEMENT LEVEL

The thug tumbles down the staircase. Toly and the other thugs
turn around, nervous.

Roy marches down. Bogdan thrashes in the pool, his hands tied
behind his back and a muzzle on his face, only half-secured.

TOLY

Mr. Spence ... my apologies. We
were trying to keep this quiet.

Toly stares at his men, angry.

ROY

What are you doing, Toly?

Bogdan leaps up in the pool, yells --

BOGDAN

You gotta help me, Roy.

TOLY

This is a private dispute, Mr.
Spence. I did not want to involve
you at all.

Roy eyes Bogdan, expressionless.

ROY

I'd wager Bogdan has a lot of
private disputes ... none of them
concern me. Do what you will. But
not in my club. Out of here. All of
you. Now.

TOLY
Of course, Mr. Spence.

The thugs drag Bogdan from the pool.

BOGDAN
No. Roy! You gotta help me. Marat
won't --

A thug knocks him over the head, renders him unconscious. The thugs proceed up the stairs, carry Bodgan.

Toly moves to join them, just as --

-- Roy GRABS his arm. Stops Toly dead in his tracks.

ROY
This is a neutral club.

He squeezes Toly's forearm harder. Toly's forearm is massive, but it may as well be a small worm in Roy's hand.

ROY (CONT'D)
This doesn't happen here again.

Toly stares him down, his eyes betray none of what must be intense pain.

TOLY
Understood ... Roy.

Roy loosens his grip. Toly rips his arm away. He rolls his sleeve down, past -- a TATTOO OF TWO STARS on his forearm.

INT. RUSSIAN BATH HOUSE - ROY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Roy slumps over at his desk, his computer screen still pulled up to a Lexis-Nexis search.

The clock on the bottom right of the screen reads: 8:45 PM.

A knock at the door rouses him. Then another. Half-awake --

ROY
What is it, Boris?

More knocks. Roy, now fully awake, marches to answer. He opens it and peers out into total darkness.

He can't see as his eyes struggle to adjust. Just then -- ZAAAP! A taser pulses through his neck.

Roy drops to the floor.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Roy lays in the back of a van, unconscious with his hands tied behind his back. The van races through city streets.

LATER

The van cruises down the Belt Parkway. Roy awakens, sees the Verrazano Bridge in the distance. Eventually they arrive at --

EXT. HARDWARE STORE - NIGHT

The van pulls through a tall fence gate. Stops in front of a closed, empty store. Front sign reads:

DEMENTYEV HARDWARE

Two masked-men haul the tied-up Roy from the back of the van. Drag him to the entrance.

INT. DEMENTYEV HARDWARE - CONTINUOUS

They proceed to the power tools aisle. Electric saws and drills line the shelves. Intimidating.

The masked-men set Roy down on his knees. From around the corner arrives --

MARAT DEMENTYEV

early 50s. If not for the setting and circumstances, he could be an accountant.

He nods to the masked-men, who proceed to untie Roy. As the last bit of rope comes undone --

-- Roy SWEEPS one thug's leg, while CHOPPING the windpipe of the other -- A HARD elbow to the ribcage of the one thug -- a SHARP finger jab to the eye of the other.

In a flash, both thugs lay on the ground, writhing in pain.

Marat hasn't budged, calm as ever with several armed men by his side. Roy wipes away some blood, addresses Marat.

ROY

You know, I'd have come willingly.
I just enrolled in the Citi bike
share program ... could have used
the exercise.

Marat smiles. Points to his men on the ground.

MARAT

Impressive. Where was that earlier today?

ROY

I don't really like to fight.

MARAT

You're funny, Roy. It's always good to have a sense of humor.

He motions to the corner.

Two thugs drag Bogdan out from the shadows. Marat shines a flashlight at two stumps where Bogdan's hands used to be.

MARAT (CONT'D)

Especially in dark moments.

Marat stares at Roy, waits patiently. Roy blinks first --

ROY

I run a neutral club, Marat. I'm not sticking my neck out for anyone. Especially a scumbag like Bogdan. He's got your guys dealing near P.S. 64.

Marat turns, eyes Bogdan. Bogdan squirms.

MARAT

So we've learned ... we'll deal with that.

He nods at the thugs, a silent order to drag Bogdan away.

MARAT (CONT'D)

But there are more pressing issues. Bogdan may be a scumbag, as you say, but he was a physical specimen and had certain skills that proved very useful to my operation. Your inaction today cost me those skills.

Marat eyes Roy up and down.

MARAT (CONT'D)

So, I need a replacement. And you have quite a resume: former special forces. Honorably discharged. Entered the UFC. Rose to light heavyweight champion.

Roy obviously sees where this is going, won't have it --

ROY

Like I said. I'm neutral. I don't
get involved in these turf wars.

A thug slams a pistol into Roy's head.

MARAT

Does the threat of imminent death
factor into your decision-making?

Roy, unfazed --

ROY

No.

A tense moment, but --

MARAT

Ha. I like you. You have skills,
and where I come from, smart men
don't waste people with skills.
They utilize them. Death is
irrelevant for you. Fine. But
perhaps I can motivate you with
something else.

Marat hands Roy a photo. Roy flips it over -- it's the same
girl from the photos in his office, just slightly older.

Roy stares at the picture. Pain and relief flood his brain at
the same time. Memories. A wave of emotions.

MARAT (CONT'D)

Yes, I did my research. Why would a
semi-famous American fighter spend
all his money on a rundown bath
house frequented by mobsters? Hmmm?
That bitch-whore Russian wife of
yours ran off to the Russian
underworld with your little girl.
And you thought: 'maybe one of
these scumbags that come into my
club could have some information.'

Roy is lost in the picture, only half-listens to Marat.

MARAT (CONT'D)

And, hey, you were right. One of
those scumbags does have
information: me.

Roy snaps out of it, anger consumes him, lunges at Marat --

ROY
Where is she?

Before he can inflict harm, two TEC-9s are at his head.

MARAT
I am going to propose a transaction. You take Bogdan's place in my operation tomorrow, and I will give you the information on your daughter.

Roy looks down, pockets the photo. Raises his head, nods in affirmance to Marat.

MARAT (CONT'D)
Good. Come on. Let's discuss.

A couple of aisles over -- BAM! A gunshot rings out. Then a thud to the floor. Goodbye Bogdan.

EXT. DEMENTYEV HARDWARE - NIGHT

THE OUTDOOR GARDEN CENTER

Marat sits across a picnic bench from Roy in the cold night air. Various lawn-care products surround them.

A thug starts up a wood-chipper in the distance.

MARAT
A bounty's been placed on an FBI informant in the Montross Apartment Building.

ROY
High-end. I had a friend who used to do security there.

MARAT
You get this two-faced rich fuck, I collect the bounty, and you find your daughter.

ROY
And the rich fuck?

MARAT
What do you care? You get your daughter. And what do I care? The bounty is significant. I get it, I can buy out those pesky Reznikovs.

Roy looks at him, surprised.

ROY

Toly doesn't seem like a mergers
and acquisitions type of guy.

MARAT

Toly's a hothead, yes, but his
father can be a reasonable
businessman. And besides, like you,
I don't like violence.

Thugs feed Bogdan's body into the wood chipper.

ROY

Got any other information for me?

MARAT

Guy's in the penthouse suite.

Marat points at Roy's shirt pocket where the picture of his
daughter rests.

MARAT (CONT'D)

Keep the picture. It may help you
visualize success tomorrow.

EXT. MONTROSS APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A magnificent glass skyscraper apartment building rises on
the edge of Manhattan's East River.

INT. MONTROSS APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

THE LOBBY

A crew of maintenance workers mills about. Well-appointed
tenants turn their noses, raise their eyebrows at them.

SUPERINTENDANT, man early 40s, approaches, yells at the
maintenance workers, upset --

SUPERINTENDANT

I told you to use the service
entrance. Come on.

EXT. MONTROSS APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The maintenance workers follow Superintendent as he leads
them outside and around the side of the building.

They wheel heavy equipment in SEVERAL LARGE CASES.

SUPERINTENDANT
You're late. Hurry up.

MAINTENANCE MAN, early 40s, huge, with the hands of a woodsman, pipes up --

MAINTENANCE MAN
Moving as fast as we can, boss.

INT. MONTROSS - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

They make their way into a semi-dark basement. Temporary utility lights hang by wires overhead.

SUPERINTENDANT
We're here. Can you finally start doing what I'm paying you for?

Maintenance Man grins.

MAINTENANCE MAN
Of course. Time is money, right?

A NOISE down a dark hallway startles everyone.

Superintendent points his flashlight down the hall. The light illuminates the face of --

VLAD

man, Russian immigrant, early 20s. Wears a uniform similar to Maintenance Man's.

MAINTENANCE MAN (CONT'D)
(to Superintendent)
Don't be alarmed, boss. Just one of my guys.

Vlad TRIPS over a cord, plunges the basement into total darkness.

PFFT. PFFT. Muffled gun shots go off.

THUD -- a body falls.

Vlad plugs the cord back in. The lights return, revealing --

-- Superintendent dead, bullet wounds between his eyes.

Vlad joins Maintenance Man and his crew as they open their equipment cases and unload --

-- massive quantities of C-4 explosive. The men line the walls with it.

Maintenance Man rolls up his shirt sleeve, which reveals --
-- the same TWO-STAR TATTOO Toly was sporting.

INT. MONTROSS - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

SPECIAL AGENT SANDRA PACKARD

early 30s, impossibly fit -- exudes the type of confidence only earned from difficult experience -- addresses --

KHAMAD UMAROV

late 40s, Russian businessman, corpulent, flashy.

SANDRA

Big day tomorrow. Get your rest.

KHAMAD

You get me that money, I'll do whatever the hell you want.

Sandra smirks, closes the door. Proceeds down the hallway, raises her wrist-mic to her mouth.

SANDRA

Barney's secure. Hopefully no visit from Betty. Or Wilma.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - NYC - SAME TIME

Florescent lights, computer monitors, agents bustling. On the receiving end of Sandra's communication, sits --

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE BILL HOLLOWAY

late 40s, stern. Not quite old enough to be a law enforcement dinosaur, but acts like one.

HOLLOWAY

You run through your protocols?

INT. MONTROSS - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Sandra raises her wrist-mic, proceeds to an elevator.

SANDRA

Ten years working together, and you still ask me questions like that?

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)

Ten years working together, and you still give me answers like that?

SANDRA

You're right. I'm sorry, sir. I didn't run through my protocols; I sprinted through them.

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)

Fuck with me all you want, agent. Just remember, this was your call. Marco recommended biting the bullet and relocating. He made some strong points ... And he didn't give me shit.

SANDRA

We have a chance to uncover the source and finally end these threats. We have to take it.

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)

It's your show.

SANDRA

I understand the situation, sir. I'll own it.

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)

Agent, I need to know your head's in the right place. If things with Marty are affecting your --

SANDRA

I said I'll own it.

INT. SANDRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A one-bedroom apartment. Sparse. Sandra plops her mail on the kitchen table. It lands on top of legal papers captioned:

'Family Court. Notice of Divorce'

Sandra opens a stand-alone freezer. It's filled with nothing but -- bags and bags of ice.

LATER

A workout DVD plays on her flat screen TV. Sandra finishes the last few grueling moves -- a series of push-ups.

Sandra takes a moment. Then hits play on the DVD player. She starts the workout all over again.

Intense, precise moves. She could give the trainer on the DVD a run for his money.

Her body drips, her face glistens -- tough to tell if from sweat or tears.

She picks up the pace, intensity level at 11. And then -- a smile forms on her face.

Sandra slows down, stops the DVD. Catches her breath, laughs a little.

Runs over to the kitchen table, signs the divorce papers like she was escaping an undertow.

She cools down, slips out of her workout clothes. Enters the bathroom.

Her cell phone buzzes. She answers, listens.

SANDRA

Yes, Marty, I got the papers ...
signed, sealed and soon-to-be-
delivered. I'm not yours.

She plunges into the bath tub, which is FILLED with ice. Sandra stares ahead, unfazed. May as well be in tepid water.

INT. ROBOTAYA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

An authentic Japanese restaurant in Manhattan's East Village.

Chefs work behind the counter. Shout orders in Japanese.

Roy sits at the counter with --

LEON HOLMESDALE ("HOLMESDALE")

-- mid 40s, also a former MMA fighter, huge, but doughy, hasn't kept up with his workouts.

They're the only two non-Japanese people in the restaurant.

HOLMESDALE

What are we doing here? We don't understand a damn thing.

ROY

And they don't understand us.

Holmesdale looks at him, skeptical. Roy points to the bottle of sake in front of him.

ROY (CONT'D)

Just drink.

LATER

Multiple sake bottles sit in front of them, but the two men can hold their liquor.

HOLMESDALE

... it was some serious shit when I was there. We're talking biometric palm print scanners, virtual fencing, thermal imaging, cameras, security detail, a steel-reinforced panic room. Fuck, you'll be lucky if you get past the goddam doorman.

ROY

Any weaknesses you can remember?

HOLMESDALE

Yeah, but you're not gonna like it. Garbage chute. Leads right up the building into each backroom kitchen. Fuckers can't be bothered to leave their apartments to take out the trash. If you can fit, you can climb up and through.

Holmesdale takes a sip from his sake.

HOLMESDALE (CONT'D)

Gotta make it before nine, though. That's when the laser alarm system arms. All up and down the chute.

Holmesdale takes a moment, studies Roy's face --

HOLMESDALE (CONT'D)

So ... what are you doing anyway?

ROY

Just a little retrieval job.

HOLMESDALE
The informant?

Roy gives him a look, like 'how'd you know?'

HOLMESDALE (CONT'D)
Heard about it on some odd jobs
here and there. Everyone's buzzing
about the bounty. Roy, this is some
serious shit. You should think
about this.

ROY
You know I'm not a thinking man.

HOLMESDALE
You need help? Could use a little
extra money. The pension's not
exactly cutting it.

ROY
I fought for that pension.

HOLMESDALE
Yeah. For your generation. Left us
old fucks behind.

ROY
I did what I could.

HOLMESDALE
Come on. These things tend to go
smoother with two people.

ROY
I work alone.

Holmesdale examines Roy, switches gear.

HOLMESDALE
I hate to ask --

ROY
Then don't. If you truly hate to
ask, then don't. Or at least stop
using such a stupid idiom.

HOLMESDALE
This is about Tat, isn't it?

Roy stares ahead, a stone statue. Holmesdale shrugs --

HOLMESDALE (CONT'D)
This whole 'go it alone' thing ...
how's that working out for you,
Roy?

Roy turns, stares at Holmesdale. A tense moment. But then
Holmesdale raises his sake glass.

HOLMESDALE (CONT'D)
Well, thanks for dinner, chuckles.

He looks down at his completely uneaten snapper. Smiles --

HOLMESDALE (CONT'D)
See you in another couple of
months. If you need something else.

Holmesdale downs his sake, rises and leaves.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Holmesdale climbs stairs, reaches the fifth floor of a five-
floor walk-up.

Peers down the hall at his apartment door. Sees -- yellow
tape holding up a piece of paper on the door.

He marches up to it, reads the title: "*Notice of Eviction*"

He tears it from the door, just as it swings open. LITTLE
GIRL, 6, his daughter greets him --

LITTLE GIRL
Daddy!

He rushes to crumple the piece of paper. But she sees it.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)
What's that?

He uncrumples it, but makes sure she can't see the title.
Pretends to read it seriously.

HOLMESDALE
It says here ... none of your
beeswax.

Little Girl laughs.

HOLMESDALE (CONT'D)
Go fetch us some ice cream from the
freezer.

As she runs off, he pulls out his smartphone, goes to Google, pulls up an image of --

-- the Montross apartment building.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Sandra drives in an unmarked Lincoln Town Car. She passes a sign reading:

'STEWART INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT'

A small airport about 60 miles north of NYC.

IN THE CAR -- she watches through terminal windows --

INT. AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

-- as Khamad takes a bag from a security porter.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sandra observes, scans around.

SANDRA
We're good. Checkpoint in fifteen.

INT. AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Khamad nods. Proceeds out of the terminal with the bag.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sandra watches him exit. She lingers on the terminal windows.

INT. UNKNOWN - SAME TIME

POV: anonymous binoculars scan the area and abruptly freeze on -- Sandra's face.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A small two-bedroom apartment above the Russian Bath House.

Roy walks past his bedroom -- a disheveled mess of a room. Opens the door to the other bedroom --

-- a pristine room furnished for a little girl. Walls painted pink. Toys. Dolls. Everything neat, waiting to be used again.

Roy takes it all in. Lost in thought for a moment, but he shakes out of it and heads to his bedroom closet --

-- where he grabs his Sig Pro 2022 from a safe. Removes the clip. It's empty. He leaves it that way.

He jams plasti-cuffs in his pocket. Takes out a surgical mask. Latex gloves.

Glances out his window. Catches the setting sun.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Roy marches down the sidewalk, takes in the surroundings.

Above him: the Montross apartment building.

He tosses a homeless man a couple of coins in a cup.

Glances around, sees what he's been looking for: a delivery guy pulling up on his bike.

Roy pulls out the picture of his daughter. Stares at it a moment. Makes peace with what he's about to do --

-- as the delivery guy pulls into the entrance to the Montross, Roy TRIPS into the homeless man.

Bills and coins spring from the cup, fly to the sidewalk.

The delivery guy leaps off his bike, bends down to help the homeless man collect the money.

In the distraction, Roy SWIPES the delivery box. He reaches in his pocket, pulls out a fifty dollar bill.

Looks at the receipt: \$186.47. At the top of the receipt, the name of the restaurant: *NOBU*

ROY

Fuck me.

Roy places the fifty on the bike anyway. Watches delivery guy help the homeless man collect the fallen change.

ROY (CONT'D)

Sorry, buddy. I'll make it up to you.

INT. MONTROSS - LOBBY - NIGHT

Roy approaches the lobby attendant, shows him the delivery order and the receipt's apartment number.

The doorman picks up the intercom. Doorman listens, is satisfied, waves Roy on his way.

Roy proceeds to --

THE ELEVATOR BANK

He moves to ditch the sushi, but thinks better of it. Reaches in, grabs a few pieces, eats them.

ROY
I've had better.

He tosses the rest, bolts around the corner. Pulls out a hand-drawn map, studies it.

He passes through a utility door into a maze-like storage area. Consults the map, continues down a dark hallway into --

EXT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

-- an open-air loading dock area. He waits. Then sees it -- a bag of trash tumbling through a chute. His access point.

Roy storms over to the chute, leaps up.

EXT. EAST RIVER - NIGHT

FIVE BLACK COMBAT RUBBER RAIDING RAFTS silently motor up the East River. Inside each raft: ten masked operatives.

INT. GARBAGE CHUTE - NIGHT

Roy inches up the tight chute. Takes a moment. Gags. Reaches in his pocket, secures the surgical mask around his face.

He takes out a small flashlight. Spots a spray-painted construction scrawl on the wall marking the floor in the interior of the shaft -- 15. Only 15 more to go.

A NOISE from overhead. Getting closer. Closer. Then BAM. A giant bag of trash EXPLODES on Roy.

He loses his footing, tumbles, but catches himself.

Nasty garbage water covers him. Takes out the flashlight.
He's at floor 10 now after the tumble. He resumes his climb.

LATER

Roy inches along. Takes out his flashlight -- he's here. The
30th floor. Checks his watch: 8:55 PM.

He takes a moment. Braces with his feet, rests his arms.

EXT. EAST RIVER - NIGHT

THE FIVE COMBAT RAFTS pull up to the base of the Montross.

INSIDE THE BOATS -- all kinds of weaponry. Grenades. Machine
guns. Rocket launchers.

INT. MONTROSS - NIGHT

BOTTOM OF THE GARBAGE CHUTE

Holmesdale arrives. Stalks around. Looks up the chute, sees
the faint glow of Roy's flashlight 30 floors up. Smiles.

INT. MONTROSS - PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Roy pushes the garbage chute hatch open. Peers through. In
the distance, he sees down the hall to --

THE FRONT DOOR, where --

-- Sandra hands a gym bag to Khamad.

SANDRA

It's all there. You earned it
today.

Khamad peers inside, sees wads of cash, all hundreds.

KHAMAD

Good to your word. I like working
with you. You don't fuck around
like some of the others.

BACK IN KITCHEN

Roy inches the hatch open more. Looks at his watch: 8:59:12.
Watches. Listens.

ROY

Come on. Come on.

FRONT DOOR

SANDRA
We move tomorrow. Oh-five-hundred.

KHAMAD
Understood.

KITCHEN

Roy hears the front door slam shut. He looks at his watch:
8:59:48. Can't wait any longer.

Roy PULLS out of the chute. FALLS to the floor, JUST AS --
SENSOR BEAMS crisscross up and down the chute.

IN THE FOYER

Khamad turns, heads toward the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Roy hears Khamad's heavy footsteps marching toward him. Roy
races behind a massive pantry.

Khamad enters. Heads for the pantry. Roy is toast, BUT --

-- there's A RING at the door. Khamad races to the fridge,
grabs a bottle of champagne and heads out to --

THE FRONT DOOR

-- to greet MARLA, an upscale escort.

KITCHEN

Roy hears the pop of the champagne bottle. Exhales.

LATER

The penthouse has fallen dark. Roy slips a black ski-mask
over his head, puts on rubber gloves. Grips his Sig-Pro 2022.

He tip-toes through the apartment, makes his way down a
hallway. Pauses. Hears pleasurable moans of a woman.

He listens closer at the door. Grins.

ROY
Make it fast, buddy.

The moans die down. Roy gently pushes the door open. Sees two
figures collapsed on the bed in post-coital bliss.

Roy tip-toes in, grabs his empty Sig Pro 2022. Another quiet step toward Khamad and success and THEN --

-- CLICK-CLICK -- the familiar sound of a cocked pistol.

SANDRA

Freeze.

Before Roy can react, Sandra's got her pistol jammed into his skull. She raises her wrist-mic.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

We have breach. We have breach.
Lock down the perimeter.

Roy stands frozen, ski mask still on. Khamad pops up --

KHAMAD

Son of a bitch --

SANDRA

You couldn't lay off?

KHAMAD

But you said this was part --

Sandra shoots him a look of death. There's some sort of understanding here.

KHAMAD (CONT'D)

Right. I'm sorry.

Marla leaps from the bed, grabs her clothes --

MARLA

I'm gonna have to charge extra for
this.

SANDRA

Get her out of here.

Khamad puts on a robe, escorts Marla to the front door.

INT. MONTROSS - HALLWAY

Marla exits, heads for the elevator bank.

Two FBI agents secure the front door to Khamad's apartment, stand guard, weapons drawn.

INT. KHAMAD'S APARTMENT

Sandra cuffs Roy, reads him his rights. Gets on wrist-mic.

SANDRA
Faith restored?

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)
Bring him in and consider me born
again.

Sandra smiles. Turns Roy around and pulls off his ski-mask,
immediately recognizes him, much to her surprise.

SANDRA
Roy Spence Junior?

ROY
Great. A fan.

SANDRA
Former fan. You cost me a lot of
money your last fight.

She lifts her wrist-mic --

SANDRA (CONT'D)
You're not going to believe this --

BOOM! BOOM! The building shakes.

EXT. MONTROSS APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The fifty or so masked, armed operatives race from their
raiding rafts.

They STORM up to the Montross from the East River, scale the
walls like Army Rangers.

Operatives chuck grenades -- BOOM! BOOM! The grenades EXPLODE
just outside the apartment lobby.

A masked operative kneels and steadies himself. Balances --

-- an M72 ROCKET LAUNCHER on his shoulder.

Sets up position and FIRES. Launches a missile. BOOM! A
massive explosion on the 8th floor.

RAT-TAT-TAT

Rapid fire from multiple MP5 submachine guns fills the
otherwise calm night air.

Tenants and passersby scramble. Shrieks, screams, mayhem.
Masked operatives rush into the building.

INT. KHAMAD'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

BOOM!

Sandra hurries to finish securing the handcuffs on Roy, races over to the large window in Khamad's bedroom.

Peers down -- sees a massive fireball emanating 22 floors below. Pulls up her wrist-mic --

SANDRA
What's happening?

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)
You tell me. This is your show,
remember?

Sandra storms up to Roy. Pulls him over, slams his head against the window. Forces him to look down.

SANDRA
What is this?

ROY
I don't know. I work alone.

BOOM! BOOM! The building shakes again. Khamad storms in, flashes Sandra a panicked look.

SANDRA
Just stay calm.

She marches Roy out of the room. Across the hall and past a hidden entrance into --

A PANIC ROOM

Four walls. No way out. Sandra shoves Roy in. Bolts the door behind her. Raises her wrist-mic.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Perp is secure. Activating fail-safe. Agents arm at entrance. We're a go for lockdown.

THROUGHOUT THE APARTMENT

intense security measures take effect:

-- the front door seals with a massive steel cover.

-- metal shades descend on the large glass windows.

-- emergency lighting illuminates --

THE LIVING ROOM

-- where Sandra presses a button and the entertainment unit transforms into a massive control module that comes alive with multiple monitors and communication systems.

Sandra arms Khamad with a bullet-proof vest. Khamad looks at her, nervous.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

It's out of an abundance of
caution. Whatever this is ... they
aren't getting in here.

INT. MONTROSS - LOBBY - NIGHT

The last of the armed, masked operatives race into the lobby.

RAT-TAT-TAT

They shred innocent residents with their assault rifles.

Dead bodies litter the ground. Smoke and broken glass everywhere.

Through the lobby windows, operatives watch as --

-- several police cruisers SCREECH up to the entrance.

A masked mercenary drops to his knee, steadies the rocket launcher. FIRES.

BOOM! BOOM! The police cruisers are no more.

A group of mercenaries takes over the lobby.

Other operatives assemble around the lead mercenary, who speaks with a familiar voice --

TOLY

Sweep the penthouse first. Take out
the primary exit.

Several operatives nod in affirmance, storm away with an industrial metal-cutting power saw.

Toly turns to another group of operatives, points to an electric pulley hoist and a small, modified ski lift gondola.

TOLY (CONT'D)

Cut the elevator. Then climb with that. We'll have them surrounded.

The operatives rush away, wheel the pulley hoist and gondola.

Toly turns to Maintenance Man.

TOLY (CONT'D)

Pops said 15th floor for the agent.
We get her, we get what we need ...
And we show that old fuck we made the right call.

He mounts a GoPro HERO3 camera on Maintenance Man's shoulder.

TOLY (CONT'D)

Record everything. Move.

INT. KHAMAD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

THE CONTROL MODULE - MONITOR TO MONITOR

Sandra watches the armed operatives work their way around the building. Fire their assault rifles. Terrorize residents.

IN THE PANIC ROOM

Roy paces, kicks the wall. Frustrated. Kicks over a desk.

He thinks a moment. Runs across the room, then storms back to the front, launches off the desk, tries to wedge into the ceiling and wall above the entrance. Falls. Tries again.

INT. MONTROSS - LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

MOTHER, 40, wears maid's clothes, turn to view --

-- A TV MOUNTED IN THE WALL

She watches a 'Breaking News' report showing the carnage.
Mother yells --

MOTHER

Where are you? Get out here now!

DAUGHTER, 8, crawls out from --

-- a hole in a concrete wall behind a long row of washing machines.

DAUGHTER

I was just playing in the tunnels.
You said I could.

BOOM! BOOM! They hear and feel the explosions throughout the building. Daughter trembles, races to Mother.

MOTHER

We have to get to Mr. Hodder.

Mother grabs Daughter, storms out of the laundry room into --

INT. MONTROSS - STAIRWELL

-- a stairwell. They race up several flights, hear operatives marching up the stairs behind them.

Mother lifts Daughter onto her back. She climbs the stairs. Operatives march up, just a few floors below them.

Mother pants, doesn't look well. Finally, they bust into --

INT. HALLWAY

-- the 15th floor hallway. Mother takes a second, breathes. Daughter panics, runs up to a door, bangs at it.

DAUGHTER

Mister Hodder! Help! Please!

MR. HODDER, early 30s, opens his door.

MR. HODDER

Come on. Get in.

Mother and Daughter race in, just as -- operatives march into the hallway from the stairwell. They set up position.

DING! Out of an elevator step Toly and Maintenance Man.

INT. MR. HODDER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mr. Hodder leads Mother and Daughter to his couch.

ON THE TV: continued news coverage of the siege.

Mother and Daughter, stare ahead. Mother is pale.

MR. HODDER

I thought you left for the night.

Mother points to Daughter.

MOTHER

I had to pick her up from my
sister's. Came back to finish your
laundry.

MR. HODDER

Oh, god. You didn't have to do
that.

She breathes hard, sweats, looks terrible.

MR. HODDER (CONT'D)

Are you ok?

MOTHER

I don't feel so good.

He studies her, grows concerned.

MR. HODDER

I think you need a doctor.

BANG! They hear a gunshot in the hallway. SHOUTING is --

TOLY (O.S.)

A federal agent frequents this
floor. Until she comes out, we will
search each apartment one by one.
And people will die.

INT. MONTROSS - 15TH FLOOR HALLWAY

Toly waits. Silence. No doors opening.

TOLY

Ok. Then we're accepting volunteers
for our first lesson in motivation.

INT. MR. HODDER'S APARTMENT

Mr. Hodder stares at the door, looks back at Mother in
obvious pain, knows he has to act.

MR. HODDER

I don't know what he's talking
about, but we have to get you out
of here.

MOTHER

No. Don't go out there.

MR. HODDER
Don't worry. I'll buy them off.

Off their nervous looks --

MR. HODDER (CONT'D)
I'm in finance, it's what I do.

He points down the hallway to the bedroom --

MR. HODDER (CONT'D)
Head in there. Anything bad
happens, don't come out. No one
knows you're here.

Mother and Daughter hesitate, but comply with Mr. Hodder's
plan. He watches as they scamper into --

THE BEDROOM

-- where Mother and Daughter huddle into a large closet.

Mr. Hodder opens his front door, addresses Toly and his men --

MR. HODDER (CONT'D)
Gentlemen, let's make a deal. I'm
on the board here. I'll get some
folks together ... we'll get you
what you want. You'll leave happy.

Toly looks over at Maintenance Man, grins --

TOLY
He'll do.

Maintenance Man marches over and shoves Mr. Hodder back into
his apartment.

THE LIVING ROOM

Maintenance Man hauls Mr. Hodder to the center of the living
room. Mr. Hodder resists, struggles a bit --

MR. HODDER
Guys, just hear me out.

MAINTENANCE MAN
Kneel.

MR. HODDER
Look, in my experience, two sides
can always reach a deal.

Maintenance Man presses his TEC-9 into Mr. Hodder's skull.

MAINTENANCE MAN
Kneel. Now.

Mr. Hodder reluctantly complies.

Toly grabs a large tactical backpack, removes a small MACHETE, stands behind Mr. Hodder.

Maintenance Man takes position in front of Mr. Hodder, his GoPro HERO mounted camera focused and recording everything.

Toly states the following for the camera -- **all in ARABIC** --

TOLY
We are soldiers of the Chechen Republic of Ichkeria and sincere brothers and sisters of Al Qaeda in the Arabian Peninsula. Our groups share a vision -- a world where arrogant superpowers are unable to oppress Islamic peoples. We have invaded American soil and will take more lives in our ongoing conflict. We have no objective today other than to kill Americans.

Maintenance Man snickers, then turns and focuses his camera out the window onto the swarming police cars below.

TOLY (CONT'D)
Make no mistake. This is real, and it's happening right now.

Maintenance Man turns his camera back, records the following:

Toly SAWS into Mr. Hodder's neck with the machete. Mr. Hodder lets out a BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM.

Toly continues sawing. Rough cuts.

Screams and then silence as Toly at last holds Mr. Hodder's decapitated head in his hand and raises it to the camera.

TOLY (CONT'D)
More will die like this tonight. But not all have to. We have rigged the building with explosives.

The GoPro camera cuts to an image of -- massive quantities of C-4 lining the walls of the basement.

TOLY (CONT'D)

*You leave us to our business, we
will depart one way or another in
one hour and only some will die.
You interfere, we will trigger the
explosives and all will die.*

Maintenance Man stops recording, takes the camera and uploads the video to *YouTube* via laptop.

Mr. Hodder's head lays in a pool of blood in the corner.

IN THE BEDROOM CLOSET

Mother and Daughter do their best to stay unnoticed.

INT. VARIOUS HOUSEHOLDS - NIGHT

Social media and news reports explode with links to the *YouTube* video and images of Mr. Hodder's beheading.

INT. MONTROSS - KHAMAD'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Sandra watches --

A GIANT FLAT-SCREEN TV

-- her mouth agape, as an NBC News report details the events and shows graphic clips of Mr. Hodder's beheading.

She raises her wrist-mic, communicates with Holloway.

SANDRA

Are you seeing this?

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)

I'm sending in Marco to clean up your mess.

SANDRA

Negative. That'll expose a seam.

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)

I'd say some seams have been exposed already.

SANDRA

Sir, if we escalate, they'll know something's up. We stay small and consistent, the greyhound keeps chasing the rabbit.

Silence.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Sir?

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)

You've got a way with words. I'll give you that. Tactical escort will be there in five.

SANDRA

Perimeter's sealed. We'll use the interior elevator. Have the escort team there.

She GRABS Khamad, RUSHES him across the living room to a large painted door, which opens to reveal --

A SECRET ELEVATOR

Sandra presses a button to call it up, but the button doesn't light up. She presses again. Nothing. Power's out.

She glances back at one of the monitors, sees --

-- several of Toly's operatives securing the motorized pulley to the elevator cable and climbing into the small gondola.

They quietly ascend the elevator cable.

Sandra raises her wrist-mic --

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Bilco, Tran. Need cover, coming out the front.

Nothing.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Come in.

INT. MONTROSS - HALLWAY

Two agents lay dead on the ground. Several of Toly's operatives stand over their dead bodies.

BUZZ. They go to work on the steel-covered front door with the industrial metal-cutting power saw.

Marla lays in a pool of blood by the elevator bank.

INT. KHAMAD'S PENTHOUSE SUITE

Sandra watches the monitors, sees the gondola getting closer. They're surrounded. No way out.

She pauses. Remains cool. Stares down the hallway at --

-- the closed panic room. Sprints toward it.

INSIDE THE PANIC ROOM

Sandra busts in. Sees no sign of Roy. Looks around when --

-- Roy DROPS down from the ceiling, locks Sandra in a chokehold with his legs. They fall to the ground.

BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM

Khamad watches on the monitors as the gondola inches up. He hears the power saw BUZZING through the front door.

IN THE PANIC ROOM

Sandra and Roy struggle. Roy able to suffocate her with his legs. She collapses. Roy releases her, sprints away, BUT --

-- Khamad appears in the door frame, points Roy's confiscated Sig Pro 2022 at him. With false confidence --

KHAMAD

Freeze.

Roy smiles, marches right at Khamad. Khamad panics.

KHAMAD (CONT'D)

I said freeze.

Roy almost there. Khamad pulls the trigger, about to faint.

ROY

It's empty. I wasn't actually going to shoot you, asshole.

Sandra recovers, stumbles to her feet, cocks her pistol.

SANDRA

This one's loaded.

Roy turns, defeated once again. Eyes Sandra.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

I need your help.

ROY
You just read me my rights.

SANDRA
The people attacking this building;
they're coming here.

She points to Khamad.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
They're coming for him, just like
you were. And they have numbers.
I've followed your career, Roy.
From what I've seen, you seem like
a good man. I don't know how you
got caught up in this, but I'm
guessing the bounty's playing a
pretty big part.

Roy eyes her, surprised.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Yes, I know about the bounty. I'm
FBI, Roy. If you know about the
bounty, don't you think we do?

Roy considers a moment, nods for her to continue --

SANDRA (CONT'D)
I know you've had training. Special
forces. Same as me. We can get him
out of here, if we work together.

ROY
So we get him out, you're a hero
and I go to jail. Not seeing a
whole lot of upside for Roy Spence
Junior here.

SANDRA
Think a second, Roy. Really think
about your options right now. Don't
you think it might be in your best
interest to curry a little favor
with the federal agent who just
detained you?

Roy examines Sandra, impressed.

ROY
Calm reasoning under intense combat-
like pressure. That sure as hell
isn't just your FBI training.
(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

You said special forces. What was your focus?

SANDRA

Like I said. Same as you.
Unconventional warfare.

Roy pauses, touches his shirt pocket where the picture of his daughter resides.

ROY

Well you have my automatic and unquestioned respect. So I have to be up front with you. We get out,
(points to Khamad)
I'm doing everything I can to take him with me.

SANDRA

I'll take my chances.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

Toly's operatives ascend the elevator cable in the gondola.

They pass a spray-painted construction scrawl on the wall --
25. Almost there.

INT. KHAMAD'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Sandra uncuffs Roy. He rushes to the living room. Observes the row of monitors. Sandra races up, just behind him --

SANDRA

They're coming in the front and they're coming up our only other escape route ...

It dawns on her --

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Wait, how did you get in here?

Roy nods toward the kitchen.

ROY

Garbage chute.

He eyes Sandra, then Khamad. Evaluates his massive gut.

ROY (CONT'D)
It's tight.
(points to Sandra)
You'd be fine, but I don't think
our super-sized friend here is
gonna fit.

Roy scans around for options. Circles the room. Something catches his eye. A mini grand piano in the corner.

ROY (CONT'D)
Come on.

Roy runs over, starts pushing the piano toward the elevator doors. Sandra and Khamad rush to help him.

Roy peers down the elevator shaft, sees the steel gondola, just three floors below.

They all push the piano through the elevator doors. BUT, it jams, doesn't quite fit.

ROY (CONT'D)
Take out the legs.

Roy kicks at a piano leg. Then again. Snaps it in half. Sandra and Khamad do the same to the others.

They push, push, push ... finally get it through and
THEN DROP SMASH!

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

The piano tumbles and SLAMS into the gondola. The impact --
-- JOLTS the gondola loose from the cable and it plummets
down the shaft -- 27 stories -- until
-- BAM! It lands in a crumpled mess.

INT. KHAMAD'S PENTHOUSE SUITE

Roy takes a breath, looks at the monitors, SEES --
-- operatives making their way through the front door with
the industrial metal-cutting power saw.
He looks over at Khamad, incredulous --

ROY
Christ, who is this guy?

HOLLOWAY (V.O.)
Our C-I's been working with us for
years.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - NYC - NIGHT

Holloway leads a briefing session for a team of agents.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)
Sympathetic to the West. Built a
vast informant network based on
ties to Ichkeria.

A junior agent pipes up --

AGENT
Ichkeria's Russia's problem.

HOLLOWAY
Yes, but it maintains close ties to
AQAP. They have a shared mission
and a shared ideology. Getting to
AQAP through Ichkeria's back-door
was instrumental. The information
we've been able to obtain has been
connected to foiling every major
plot in the last decade --
Najibullah Zazi, who came close to
bombing the New York City subway
system; Hesham Hadayet, who opened
fire on the El-Al ticket counter at
the Los Angeles airport; and Faisal
Shahzad, the failed Times Square
bomber.

Holloway points to a TV across the room, showing news footage
of the attack.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)
This attack ... we're dealing with
a different animal here.

Holloway turns to his team, somber.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)
We have our work cut out for us,
but no matter what else happens
tonight, we prevent the C-I from
falling into their hands. One way
or another.

INT. MONTROSS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Roy leaps into the center of the elevator shaft, climbs down the cable, reaches the next floor.

He holds on with one arm while prying open the elevator doors on the floor below with the other. Roy shouts back up.

ROY
Come on. It's clear.

Sandra looks down, hesitant.

ROY (CONT'D)
Hey, trusting me was your plan.
Remember?

BUZZ! The industrial power saw at the front door makes progress. Toly's operatives nearly break through.

Khamad looks to Sandra for direction.

SANDRA
Go. Go.

Khamad lunges for the cable, inches down. Roy helps him through the doors below and into the 29th floor hallway.

Sandra looks down, breathes, leaps onto the cable. Closes the elevator doors behind her just as --

-- the front door collapses from the power saw and the operatives storm in.

An operative hears the elevator door clank. He rushes up, pries it open. Looks down at the crumpled gondola and sees --

-- the open 29th floor elevator doors.

OPERATIVE
29th floor. Move.

INT. MONTROSS - HALLWAY

Roy, Sandra and Khamad scan around the 29th floor hallway for options. Sandra raises her wrist-mic.

SANDRA
Status?

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)
Tac team is almost there.

SANDRA

We've been flushed. Brill and Tran are down. Castle is breached. We're on the move in the building.

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)

Christ. Sandra, they've got the building completely covered.

SANDRA

I just need a little time.

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)

You don't do well with a little time, agent. You have twenty minutes. SWAT storms after that.

SANDRA

They'll blow the building.

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)

That outcome has been deemed acceptable.

Sandra thinks a moment, interrupted by --

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

Where's the initial perp?

Sandra pauses. Looks at Roy. Considers.

SANDRA

Panic room. Had to leave him.

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)

A complete clusterfuck. I knew I should have taken you off. We'll --

SANDRA

Sir. We're getting out of here. Sticking with the plan remains a viable and advisable course of action. Just give me a hard twenty. Can you do that?

Silence.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Sir?

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)

You've got twenty. But understand,
your future at the Bureau rests
solely on the outcome of these next
twenty minutes.

Sandra lowers her wrist-mic. Roy looks at her. Realizes she
covered for him. Roy approaches her.

ROY

Still in the panic room?

SANDRA

I never told them who you are. I'm
giving you a chance to right your
ship. We get out of here, I take
Khamad. You don't interfere, you
walk away. I'll say you got out in
the attack. Never got a chance to I-
D you.

ROY

That's horseshit, and you know it.

SANDRA

Roy. I really need you to think
right now. You won't get more than
three blocks before I have half the
FBI surrounding you. You need the
bounty that bad?

Roy feels his shirt pocket and the picture of his daughter.

ROY

Yes.

The tense moment interrupted by --

-- FOOTSTEPS marching down the stairwell -- operatives on
their way.

Sandra starts pounding on doors.

ROY (CONT'D)

You're wasting your time.

SANDRA

Just start knocking.

ROY

No one's going to help us. They're
looking out for themselves.

SANDRA
Wouldn't you help?

ROY
I'd be moving heavy furniture in
front of my door right about now.

Sandra shakes her head.

SANDRA
Must've been great to be in the
foxhole with you ... Someone will
help.

ROY
You're pretty naive for a federal
agent.

Sandra frantically knocks on doors. Nothing.

SANDRA
Help! We got locked out.

Roy grabs a fire extinguisher, prepares for combat. The
marching steps get closer and closer and THEN --

-- an odd, elderly man, CARL, mid 70s opens his door.

CARL
Come. Come.

Roy looks over. Can't believe it.

Sandra grabs Khamad. Storms into the apartment. Roy ditches
the fire extinguisher, joins them.

Armed operatives MARCH into the hallway. Stalk around.

INT. CARL'S APARTMENT

Filthy. Stacks of newspapers and magazines from floor to
ceiling. Papers and tchochkes everywhere. It's like a maze.

Carl appears to be a hoarder. He wobbles on crutches.

Khamad looks around --

KHAMAD
This ... is an interesting motif.

SANDRA
Quiet. Lock the door.

ROY

No. Wait.

Roy rushes up to the door, bangs on it.

INT. HALLWAY

Operatives hear the knock at Carl's door, carefully proceed toward it, weapons drawn.

INT. CARL'S APARTMENT

Roy shuts off the lights.

SANDRA

What are you doing?

Roy points to a massive stack of newspapers and magazines.

ROY

Get behind a column.

Sandra understands. They all crouch behind the massive stacks, JUST AS --

WHAM! Operatives bust the door open, RIP it off its hinges.

Four operatives creep into the apartment. Take in the stench and the columns. Roy signals.

Roy and Sandra topple their respective columns. They SLAM down on the operatives.

Roy and Sandra pounce on them. Fast. Professional. They knock them cold before they know what's happened.

CARL

My stacks.

Roy and Sandra collect weapons from the unconscious operatives. Sandra tosses Khamad an MP-5 submachine gun.

KHAMAD

This was not part of the deal.

SANDRA

You think any of this was part of the deal?

Roy ties up the operatives. Notices boxes of dry ice laying around the stacks. Gives Carl a look.

CARL
Traps the bed bugs.

KHAMAD
Son of a bitch. You were the one
who brought those fuckers in.

SANDRA
Focus. We need a way out. Fast.

ROY
Elevators are out, and I'd wager
the stairwells are filthy with
these guys. Even if we manage to
get down, the lobby's probably
sealed off. We're going to have to
get creative.

Carl wobbles over on his crutches.

CARL
I can help.

Everyone looks at him, like 'yeah right'. But Carl calmly
points to his knee.

CARL (CONT'D)
Been doing P-T for my knee. Injured
it a couple of months ago. One of
those stacks fell over. I was
adding something. See they're
organized by time, and --

ROY
My friend, I think we'd all really
appreciate it if you could get to
the point.

CARL
There's a gym on the second floor.
Where I do the P-T. There's a
special cargo entrance for the big
gym equipment. When it's closed,
it's just a wall. No windows. Doubt
these guys know about it. Get
there, you can get out.

KHAMAD
Fine. But how? We still need to get
to the second floor.

CRSSCH, CRSSCH -- one of the unconscious operatives comm
devices goes off. Roy eyes him and the dry ice.

ROY

I may have some ideas.

Roy scoops dry ice into some plastic bottles.

He hoists an unconscious operative -- VITALY -- over his shoulder. Heads toward the door. Sandra and Khamad follow.

CARL

Wait. You have to take me with you.

He points to his front door, shattered and off its hinges --

CARL (CONT'D)

They'll find these guys and that's
it for me ... I saw the news.
Someone's missing a head a few
floors below.

Roy eyes Carl's crutches. Turns to Sandra.

ROY

What do we have? Ten minutes now?

Sandra nods. Roy turns back to Carl, points to his knee.

ROY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but we don't have --

SANDRA

He helped us. We help him.

ROY

No. He can hide in a closet.

SANDRA

We're not leaving him here to die.

ROY

Remember your training. We have to
prioritize. We aren't making it out
in time with him hobbling.

SANDRA

That training was a set of
guidelines. Sometimes you have to
improvise.

Sandra looks over at a coffee table, forms an idea --

SANDRA (CONT'D)

And he won't be hobbling.

INT. MONTROSS - STAIRWELL

Roy marches the now-conscious Vitaly through the stairwell, gun pointed at his head.

Sandra and Khamad walk behind them, along with --

-- Carl.

They slide him down the stairs on the coffee table. Roy looks back at them. Shakes his head. Addresses Sandra.

ROY
He's your responsibility, Mother
Theresa.

SANDRA
I don't think anyone thought he was
yours, Captain Dickhead.

Carl smirks. Roy brushes them off, pushes Vitaly.

ROY
Alright. Now.

Vitaly reluctantly raises his comm-link --

VITALY
I have them cornered on twenty-nine
but need help.

TOLY (O.S.)
What do you think this is? The make-
a-wish foundation? Work with your
team. What am I paying you pussies
for?

Roy fires several shots from his MP-5 submachine gun into the air. Roy implores Vitaly to speak again --

VITALY
The rest of the team is down, Toly.
I'm taking heavy fire. Reactivate
the elevators.

TOLY (O.S.)
You fucking morons.

BAM! BAM! Roy fires more shots into the air.

VITALY
They have numbers. Reactivate the
elevators now.

Silence. Roy fires more shots.

TOLY (O.S.)
 Reactivated. Help is on the way.
 But you fuck this up, Vitaly,
 there's only one way you're leaving
 the building tonight.

Vitaly lowers his comm-link. Roy turns to him.

ROY
 Toly, huh? I should have guessed
 ... well thanks for your help. You
 were very convincing.

FWAP! Roy knocks Vitaly cold with a crushing fist to his jaw.

He swipes the Vitaly's comm-link, doesn't notice that the GPS
 location system is turned -- 'ON'.

ROY (CONT'D)
 Let's move.

Sandra and Khamad pick up the coffee table with Carl and
 follow Roy down a flight to the 28th floor.

Sandra raises her wrist-mic --

SANDRA
 Sir. We're close. I need ten.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - SAME TIME

Holloway looks at a monitor showing tactical team status.

HOLLOWAY
 Negative. Tac team is almost there.
 You have five minutes, agent.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Four black Lenco BearCat counter attack SWAT trucks rumble
 down 34th Street in Midtown Manhattan.

INT. TRUCKS - NIGHT

Truck to truck -- federal agents, armed to the teeth, check
 their weapons and gear. Prepare to re-take the Montross.

INT. MONTROSS - 29TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

DING! Elevator doors open. Toly's operatives tip-toe out.

OPERATIVE

Vitaly? Come in.

They inch down the hallway, spot Carl's apartment -- the door busted open off its hinges. Approach it cautiously.

INT. MONTROSS - 28TH FLOOR HALLWAY

Roy, Sandra, Khamad and Carl scurry to the elevator bank a floor below, hop into a waiting elevator car.

INT. ELEVATOR CAR

They descend. Breathe for a moment. Khamad drops his end of Carl's makeshift sled. Frustrated.

KHAMAD

I refuse to carry this man any longer. This hoarder that brought bed bugs to my penthouse.

CARL

I'm not a hoarder, asshole. Those stacks were my wife's belongings. She died a couple months ago. I'm organizing them for storage.

Khamad turns away in shame.

CARL (CONT'D)

And the bed bugs came from you. The tracking dogs traced the infestation to your walls. I didn't want to embarrass you, so I didn't say anything. Asshole.

Khamad can't respond, the shame overwhelms him. He simply bends down and picks his end of the sled back up.

Roy turns to Sandra. They share a grin over the smackdown Khamad just received.

INT. CARL'S APARTMENT

Six bottles of water, nails and dry ice lay strategically placed throughout the apartment. They appear to be bubbling.

The operatives inch inside, AR-15s drawn.

INT. MR. HODDER'S APARTMENT

Toly grows frustrated, checks in with his operatives.

TOLY
What's happening?

Through the comm-link, he hears -- BAM! BAM! BAM!

INT. CARL'S APARTMENT

The dry ice bombs GO OFF. BAM! BAM! Nails and shrapnel fly.
The operatives hit the deck. Take nails to the face and legs.

INT. MR. HODDER'S APARTMENT

Toly listens to the chaos through his comm-link --

OPERATIVE (O.S.)
Ambush!

Toly turns to Maintenance Man.

TOLY
Contain this. And bring Vitaly to
me. His brain seems a bit
defective.

He eyes his machete.

TOLY (CONT'D)
I think he needs some corrective
surgery.

Maintenance Man arms himself, but stops and stares at
communication diagnostics on a laptop.

The screen shows -- numerous small yellow dots moving around
different floor plans in the building -- the operatives' GPS
tracking in their comm devices.

Maintenance Man points at the screen --

MAINTENANCE MAN
Vitaly isn't where he said he was.

INT. ELEVATOR CAR

The light for the fourth floor illuminates and then --

GRRRT! The elevator grinds to a stop.

Roy lunges at the door, pries it open. Sees just a concrete wall. They're stuck.

Roy leaps up, wedges himself into the corner. He pops out the hatch in the ceiling. Pulls himself through and into --

THE ELEVATOR SHAFT

Roy scans around. The entrance to the fourth floor is about eight feet up. Pops his head back into --

THE ELEVATOR CAR

ROY

We have to climb.

He looks at Carl.

ROY (CONT'D)

How's your arm strength? They help you with that in P-T, too?

CARL

Just go.

SANDRA

No. They'll kill him just for the hell of it. We have to take him.

ROY

Christ, do you always stick your neck out for people like this?

SANDRA

For people that stick their necks out for me? Damn right I do.

INT. MONTROSS - VARIOUS STAIRWELLS

Toly's operatives race down the stairs to the fourth floor.

EXT. MONTROSS - NIGHT

FBI SWAT officers bolt out of their Lenco BearCat trucks.

They set their M4 carbines, prepare to storm the building -- mere minutes away from possibly triggering its destruction.

INT. MONTROSS - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Roy and Sandra stuck in a staredown, Roy's head popping in from the elevator car ceiling --

ROY

We should have left him. He's in more danger now. People think they're doing the right thing but they end up causing more harm.

SANDRA

If we left him, he'd already be dead ... there has to be another way. They'll think we're going to the fourth floor anyway. They get there first, we're sitting ducks.

She thinks a second. Stares at Roy's MP-5 submachine gun.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Shoot the cable.

ROY

What?

SANDRA

Shoot out the elevator cable. Let the car drop. The emergency brake should come on by the second floor.

ROY

And if it doesn't?

SANDRA

I guess we're fucked, Roy. I guess we're fucked.

IN THE ELEVATOR SHAFT

Roy aims his MP5 -- UNLOADS on the cable. It shreds.

The elevator car destabilizes. Roy pauses a moment. Braces himself on the roof of the car.

FIRES! The last shred of cable tears away. The elevator car free-falls, but the brake quickly kicks in.

Screeching, sliding and then -- HALT.

Roy jumps down through the ceiling hatch. He rushes to the door, pries it open.

The elevator car rests half-way to the second floor. There's just enough space to fit a person through. Good enough.

UP THE ELEVATOR SHAFT - 4TH FLOOR

Toly's operatives pry the shaft doors open, peer down and see the elevator car stopped near the second floor.

OPERATIVE
Second floor. Move.

Several operatives storm away.

ELEVATOR CAR

Roy pushes Khamad out. Sandra and Roy climb out next. They reach back into the elevator car, struggle to help Carl out.

INT. MONTROSS - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

THUNDEROUS footsteps pound from around the corner --

-- as Roy and Sandra haul Carl through the elevator door. Carl points to the end of the hallway at a large glass door.

CARL
There. That's the gym.

Roy sees the first sign of operatives coming around the corner. He turns to Khamad.

ROY
You go first. Move.

Khamad sprints down the hallway. Roy looks at the hobbled Carl. Looks at Sandra. Shakes his head.

ROY (CONT'D)
You owe me one.

In one swoop, he LIFTS Carl and places him on his back. The group sprints down the hallway.

Sandra turns, lays down cover fire.

The operatives stop, hold their positions. Return fire. Chaos. Bullets whizzing everywhere in the hallway.

GYM DOOR

Roy and crew reach the gym. Next to the glass door: a card-swiping mechanism for access.

Roy sets Carl down.

ROY (CONT'D)
Please tell me you have your card.

Carl reaches into his pocket. Hands Roy his swipe card. Roy's relieved for a moment.

THEN -- everyone sees it -- Carl's hand covered in BLOOD.

KHAMAD
Shit!

Roy shakes his head, swipes the card. Pulls Carl up and --

INT. MONTROSS - GYM

-- into the gym. Khamad and Sandra race in after them, SLAM the glass door shut behind them.

Sandra descends on Carl. Rips his shirt open, revealing a massive wound to his back.

Roy races across the room, grabs several gym towels. Rushes to Carl, stanches the bleeding.

But this wound is severe. Roy turns to Sandra, sees she's devastated. For the first time, he offers some sympathy --

ROY
This isn't on you ... you were
doing the right thing. The stupid
thing, but the right thing.

Roy tends to Carl's wound, but Carl turns sickly pale.

EXT. MONTROSS - NIGHT

The FBI SWAT team makes its final preparations for the counter-attack. An officer communicates with Holloway.

SWAT OFFICER
We're a go. Strike-point at the
lobby. Confirm.

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)
Three minutes.

INT. MONTROSS - GYM

Carl coughs up blood.

Toly's operatives shoot at the glass door. Carl rises slightly. Points across the room, around a corner wall, to --
-- a beige wall. A seam runs down the middle. It's the only wall not covered in a mirror or lined with weight racks.

CARL
There. That's the access panel.
Open it and you're good.

Sandra holds Carl's bloody hand --

SANDRA
I'm so sorry.

CARL
Captain Dickhead's right.

Roy smirks.

CARL (CONT'D)
It's not your fault.

Carl turns to Roy, eyes his submachine gun.

CARL (CONT'D)
Give me your gun. I'll lay down
some cover.

ROY
You know what you're doing?

CARL
I did three tours in 'Nam.
Just give me the damn thing.

Roy eyes Khamad. Looks over to Sandra.

ROY
So, we get out of here, I'm
unarmed, you make off with him.
(points at Khamad)
I don't think so.

SANDRA
You're crazy.

ROY
Really? Then you give him your gun.

An intense stand-off interrupted by --

-- BAM! BAM! Operatives fire shots at the glass door.

RAT-TAT-TAT. Roy calmly returns fire, backs them off, his expression and bullets saying: *'give me a second'*.

Sandra stares Roy down. Then caves. Hands Carl her AR-15.

Roy props Carl up on a weight bench. Carl's pale as a ghost, struggles to breathe, but aims the assault rifle.

JUST OUTSIDE THE GYM

An operative checks in with Toly on his comm-link.

OPERATIVE

They're surrounded in the gym.
Second floor.

TOLY (O.S.)

Take the agent alive.

INSIDE THE GYM

Roy pushes Khamad toward the cargo panel. Sandra follows. Roy wedges his hands into the crease, but it won't budge.

He runs up to a weight bench. Removes the 45-lbs plates from a bench press bar.

Roy wedges the bar into the seam. Sandra, Roy and Khamad push it with all of their might. The panel door finally budes.

CENTER OF GYM

BAM! BAM! Carl fires the assault rifle at the operatives.

GLASS DOOR ENTRANCE

RAT TAT TAT. Operatives fire back. Another bullet catches Carl in the shoulder. He falls over.

AT THE PANEL DOOR

Roy, Sandra and Khamad PUSH on the bench press bar again. WOOSH! They finally pry the panel wall open, revealing --

-- a back courtyard at the Montross and the calm night air.

EXT. MONTROSS - NIGHT

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BUILDING

A frenzy of cops, FBI agents, SWAT team officers, reporters. Helicopters circling overhead. Spotlights.

INT. MONTROSS - GYM

But in the courtyard, it's eerily peaceful. No operatives. No other activity. Escape is just a two-story jump away.

CENTER OF GYM

BAM! BAM! Carl struggles to breathe, but manages to get off another round of the assault rifle. Is met with same. Bullets shred Carl. He slumps over.

AT THE PANEL DOOR

Roy ties several jump ropes together, forms a makeshift rope. Secures it to a massive dumbbell bench.

ROY
I'm going first. Then you.
(points to Khamad)
Then you.
(points to Sandra)

SANDRA
Whatever. Just go.

BACK AT GYM ENTRANCE

Operatives creep in, flash their lights across the room. See only weights and benches. Can't yet see --

-- AROUND THE CORNER WALL --

-- as Roy climbs down the makeshift rope out of the building. Khamad follows him down. Sandra goes last.

Operatives creep around the corner. See the open panel door.

CENTER OF GYM

Carl, in a last gasp, FIRES off a round. STOPS the operatives in their tracks.

EXT. MONTROSS COURTYARD - NIGHT

Sandra climbs down the rope, almost to the ground. Roy rushes up, grabs the end of the rope and --

-- shakes Sandra off. She falls to the ground.

Roy stands over her, assault rifle at her head. Secures Khamad in his incredibly strong grip.

ROY

It's been a lot of fun, but this is
where we part ways.

Sandra looks up. There's nothing she can do, crumpled on the
ground, automatic weapon pointed in her face. She pleads --

SANDRA

Roy. Trust me. You're not going to
get what you want from this.

Roy stands firm, eyes Sandra, resolute. He scans around --

ACROSS THE COURTYARD

-- sees -- an open gate to an esplanade at the East River's
edge. Turns to Khamad.

ROY

Hope you can hold your breath.

Roy backs away from Sandra slowly, Khamad firmly in his grip.

He glances down at his shirt pocket, sees the top of the
picture of his daughter. Faces Sandra again --

ROY (CONT'D)

You were wrong. Back in the
penthouse. This isn't about the
bounty ... I'm sorry.

Sandra watches them run toward the water. She looks up,
watches Toly's operatives storm to the open panel door, just
two floors up.

She leans close against the building, watches the operatives
scan around and prepare to descend.

Sandra raises her wrist-mic to her mouth, SHOUTS so the
operatives can hear her --

SANDRA

The rabbit is out. Repeat. The
rabbit is out.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT

Holloway grabs his comm device, communicates with the FBI
SWAT officers outside the Montross.

HOLLOWAY

He's out. Call off the counter.
Repeat. Call it.

(MORE)

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Go with Agent Packard's plan. For now. Give the line some slack and let these fuckers expose themselves before reeling them in.

EXT. MONTROSS - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

FBI SWAT teams stand down. Officers scramble to take up different positions around the building.

INT. MONTROSS - GYM - NIGHT

Toly's pursuing operatives peer out at Roy and Khamad in the distance at the esplanade.

One operative raises the scope on his rifle, peers through.

SCOPE POV: Roy and Khamad in the cross-hairs.

The operative gets on his comm-link --

OPERATIVE

It's not her.

TOLY (O.S.)

What?

OPERATIVE

Two men. She's not with them.

TOLY (O.S.)

Where is she?

DOWN BELOW - IN THE COURTYARD

Sandra looks up. Watches the operatives peer out through the open panel door. Talks to herself, nervous --

SANDRA

Come on. Bite, goddamit.

EXT. MONTROSS - ESPLANADE - NIGHT

Roy scans around, sees police and FBI agents circling the perimeter of the building in the distance.

IN THE EAST RIVER

Police boats motor closer to the building.

Roy and Khamad make it to the gate leading to the esplanade.

Roy turns back a moment -- watches -- Sandra rush back into the Montross, busting through a side service door.

Roy STOPS. Khamad shuffles in his grip.

ROY
Hold on, sport.

Roy watches --

AT THE OPEN PANEL DOOR

-- as Toly's operatives peer down and watch Sandra disappear into the building through the first floor service door.

INT. MONTROSS - GYM

OPERATIVE
She came back in.

TOLY (O.S.)
Find her. Your continued existence
depends on it.

EXT. MONTROSS - ESPLANADE - NIGHT

Roy watches Toly's operatives bolt away from the panel door and back into the building in search of Sandra.

Roy SLAMS Khamad to the ground.

ROY
Why aren't they chasing us?

Roy presses his assault rifle into Khamad's head.

ROY (CONT'D)
Talk.

KHAMAD
Idiot. You're not going to shoot
me. You may as well get a bullhorn
and shout where we are.

ROY
You're pretty smart.

Roy MARCHES Khamad to the river's edge, DUNKS his head underwater. Holds it there. Seconds pass.

THEN hauls it back up. Khamad inhales, coughs.

ROY (CONT'D)
Talk, professor.

Silence. Roy submerges him again. Pulls him back up. Khamad pants. Sees police boats approaching. Nods toward them.

KHAMAD
I just need ... to wait for them.

Roy sees the boats approach to take positions in the water.

ROY
See, I thought you were smart. I was special forces. Trained to hold my breath underwater for more than four minutes. How about you?

Khamad stares at him.

ROY (CONT'D)
Yeah, probably not that long. Well, we're going in the water now.

He points to the police boats

ROY (CONT'D)
We're gonna swim far south of them.

Roy points to the Williamsburgh Bridge in the distance.

ROY (CONT'D)
A little underwater constitutional, if you will. I feel pretty good about it. How about you?

Khamad can't take it anymore.

KHAMAD
Ok, stop. Stop. I'm not the informant ... I'm a decoy.

ROY
What? Who's the informant?

KHAMAD
I don't know. Only Sandra --

Roy moves to put Khamad back in the water --

KHAMAD (CONT'D)
Please! No. No! That's all I know.

Roy accepts this as the truth, chuckles to himself --

ROY
She was setting this up the whole
time ... I don't know whether I
want to kill her or marry her.

AROUND THE PERIMETER OF THE BUILDING

Flashlights and dogs circle. Getting closer and closer.
Police boats motor up. Roy has to act.

KHAMAD
Look, you let me go, you still have
a chance.

He points to silhouettes of FBI agents in the distance.

KHAMAD (CONT'D)
Don't you get it? They don't know
you're here. Let me go, and go
hide.

Dogs bark. Time's running out.

ROY
Do you know who I am?

KHAMAD
What? No.

Roy stares him down, levels his rifle, intimidates Khamad.

KHAMAD (CONT'D)
I don't. I swear.

Agents and dogs circle closer. It's now or never for Roy.

ROY
Go. Go.

Roy helps Khamad up. Khamad sprints away.

Roy crouches down, ducks into the shadows, heads back toward
the building and the service entrance Sandra busted through.

Khamad reaches in his pocket, triggers a tracking device.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT

Holloway watches a blink on a monitor. Realizes what it is --

HOLLOWAY

Rabbit activated location status.
Courtyard lawn. Center. Let's see
what we get in the trawl.

EXT. MONTROSS COURTYARD - NIGHT

A black helicopter shines a spotlight on Khamad running in the center of the courtyard. Teams of FBI agents descend.

OFF TO THE SIDE, BEHIND A BENCH

Roy crouches down, waits for the activity to stop and for the agents to retrieve Khamad.

CENTER OF COURTYARD

Khamad frantically points toward Roy's position. The helicopter spotlight traces from Khamad to --

ROY

Motherfucker.

He's caught. FROM THE HELICOPTER, A BULLHORN --

BULLHORN

Freeze. Stay where you are.

Agents close in on him. Roy's fucked.

JUST THEN -- the side door BUSTS open, revealing --

-- Holmesdale, who takes aim and shoots out the spotlight on the helicopter. He calls out to Roy --

HOLMESDALE

Come on.

Holmesdale waves Roy on. Roy DASHES for the door, LEAPS through it. Holmesdale slams it shut behind them.

INT. MONTROSS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Holmesdale and Roy storm away from the door. Holmesdale leads them down a side passageway.

EXT. MONTROSS - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Federal Agents recover Khamad, take him to a secure area.

AGENT

Bait secure. Nothing on the hook.

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)

Where the fuck is Sandra?

AGENT

No sign of her.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT

Holloway pulls up Sandra's comm device on a touch screen.

HOLLOWAY

This is a courtesy call, agent.
Your show's over. Where are you?

SANDRA (O.S.)

I'm in the building. I can help.

HOLLOWAY

Did you hear what I said? You take
any further action ... I'll have no
choice but to recommend
disciplinary action.

SANDRA (O.S.)

I'm not leaving her to die. Not
after what she's done for us.

INT. MONTROSS - APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sandra lowers her wrist-mic. She stands in an apartment
across from --

-- a beautiful RUSSIAN WOMAN. This is the real informant,
OKSANA, mid-30s.

SANDRA

We have to get you out of here.
They didn't fall for it.

OKSANA

They don't know where I am. Why
don't we stay here? Lay low. Let
the FBI end this.

SANDRA

Because they're going to end it. We
just may not like how they do it.

Sandra scans the room.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
 Get the go-bag. Any identifying
 docs. Everything in one place. Like
 we talked about.

Oksana scurries to do as told. Sandra checks her ammunition.
 Peeks through the peep hole in the door.

INT. MONTROSS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Holmesdale leads Roy through the maze-like hallways of the
 Montross' basement level. The two of them running, shouting --

ROY
 What the hell are you doing here?

HOLMESDALE
 I had to do it, man. Figured I'd
 wait for you at the trash chute.
 Offer my help once you got the
 informant out. You'd have to cut me
 in on the action. Split the bounty,
 you know. Then all this shit went
 down. Was about to make a run for
 it when I saw your sorry ass trying
 to dodge bullets.

They keep running through the hallways, past a storage unit.

Several large wooden crates catch Roy's eye -- they're
 labeled: 'MUMM NAPA' CHAMPAGNE.

Holmesdale stops running, takes a moment to breathe --

HOLMESDALE (CONT'D)
 We're in some serious shit, man.

ROY
 You don't say.

Holmesdale points across the passageway at a utility door.

ROY (CONT'D)
 Where are we going?

HOLMESDALE
 Come on. I know this place like the
 back of my hand. I'll show you what
 we're up against.

They proceed through the door into a stairwell and -- climb
 stairs, eventually arriving at --

INT. MONTROSS LOBBY

-- a door leading to the unguarded second floor interior balcony overlooking the expansive lobby.

They inch onto the balcony, peer out from behind the railing. See operatives swarming in the lobby one floor below --

HOLMESDALE

The place is completely surrounded.
And these motherfuckers are
beheading poor fools. I say we lay
low. Shit has to end sometime.

ROY

No. We're getting the informant.
This thing is sloppy. Just like
your bout with Ramirez in '99.

Holmesdale smiles.

ROY (CONT'D)

We just need to pick our spot.

INT. MR. HODDER'S APARTMENT

Toly paces around the living room, frustrated. Turns to Maintenance Man.

TOLY

We need to flush her out. Any more
delays and Pops will pull the
trigger on us.

Toly thinks, stares out a window.

Maintenance Man studies the laptop, views live shots of the lobby.

Something catches his eye -- the intercom system behind the front desk. He glances around, sees a corresponding intercom unit in the apartment by the door.

MAINTENANCE MAN

I have an idea.

IN THE BEDROOM CLOSET

Mother and Daughter lay still as possible. But Mother looks even worse now. Daughter wipes the sweat from her forehead.

INT. MONTROSS LOBBY

An operative grabs the intercom. Raises a hand to his ear to listen on his comm device, repeats what he hears --

OPERATIVE
Good evening.

INT. MONTROSS - VARIOUS APARTMENTS

Tenants listen to their intercoms -- as the operative repeats Toly's words --

OPERATIVE (O.S.)
There is a federal agent in the building. Agent Packard, I hope you're listening.

INT. OKSANA'S APARTMENT

Sandra and Oksana listen to the intercom in horror.

INT. MONTROSS LOBBY

The operative continues --

OPERATIVE
Until you report to the lobby, we will separate someone's head from their body every five minutes. I trust you've seen what we can do. We start now.

INT. MONTROSS - HALLWAYS

Operatives march down a hallway, BUST into an apartment. Tenants shriek.

An operative grabs a woman, pushes her to her knees.

INT. MONTROSS - OKSANA'S APARTMENT

Sandra peers out the peep hole. Toly's operatives aren't on this floor. Yet.

SANDRA
We can't let this happen. I'm going down there.

OKSANA

What?

SANDRA

I can't let more people die because I miscalculated. And this will buy us time. The longer this takes, the likelier they are to make a mistake. Get to the safe room on 16. And stay there. I'm telling the tac team to come back in.

OKSANA

These guys will blow the building.

SANDRA

No, they won't. The people behind this ... they know you're still here. And they want you alive. Otherwise they'd have triggered that C-4 long ago.

OKSANA

It's too risky ... I can't lose you.

SANDRA

You won't. I promise.

Oksana looks at her, a mix of skeptical and terrified.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

They might torture me, but they aren't going to kill me ... It's our only play. Holloway's itching for results. He's going to send the tac team back in anyway. If I tell him I cut the C-4, he'll be more aggressive. And this bullshit will be over sooner.

Oksana looks at her, caresses her hand, accepts the plan.

Sandra raises her wrist-mic. Fakes being out of breath --

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Holloway. Are you watching the feed?

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)

Yes, and that better be all you're doing.

SANDRA
I'm turning myself in to them.

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)
I told you to stand down. That was an order. I don't want to do it, but you're looking at jail time if you disobey, agent.

SANDRA
Bill. I cut the C-4.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - NYC - NIGHT

Holloway lowers his comm device, stares ahead, processes what Sandra just told him.

Another agent, MARCO, early 30s, imposing, approaches him.

MARCO
Just say the word and we'll start the clean-up.

Holloway contemplates a moment.

HOLLOWAY
Get your team ready. No traces.

Marco nods. Holloway gets back on his comm-link.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)
Marco will meet you in the lobby.

SANDRA (O.S.)
Just get Oks out.

INT. MONTROSS LOBBY - NIGHT

Toly's operative repeats his words into the intercom system --

OPERATIVE
We've given you several minutes, Agent Packard. You leave us no choice. To everyone listening now, please turn to intra-building channel three.

INT. MONTROSS - APARTMENT

The tenant kneels in front of a camera. An operative steadies a machete under her neck. The tenant sweats.

The operative moves to start the beheading, JUST AS --

INT. MONTROSS LOBBY

-- Sandra marches into the lobby, her hands behind her head.

INT. MR. HODDER'S APARTMENT

Toly and Maintenance Man watch Sandra surrender on the laptop. Toly smiles, gets on his comm-link --

TOLY
Secure her. Make it fast. Looks
like someone gets to keep her head.

INT. MONTROSS - APARTMENT

The tenant on her knees falls forward from fear, but is otherwise ok as the machete-wielding operative races out with several other operatives to the lobby.

EXT. MONTROSS - NIGHT

Marco and his elite team prepare to infiltrate the lobby. They arm themselves, set up positions.

INT. MONTROSS LOBBY

BALCONY LEVEL

Roy and Holmesdale watch as --

LOBBY LEVEL

-- Toly's operatives move to handcuff Sandra. They push her toward the elevator bank when --

BOOM, BOOM! Shock charges explode in the lobby. Gun fire erupts.

Marco and his team blast in. A battle for the lobby commences.

Gunfire, smoke, chaos. Marco's team uses overwhelming force.

INT. MR. HODDER'S APARTMENT

Toly and Maintenance Man stare at the laptop, watch the FBI SWAT team take over the lobby.

TOLY

Fuck. Fuck. The fuck is going on?

Toly gets on his comm device --

TOLY (CONT'D)

Take positions on the third floor.
Prepare the firewall.

INT. MONTROSS LOBBY

Marco's team surrounds Sandra's captors. Subdues them.

Toly's remaining operatives retreat into the stairwells.

In the chaos -- Vlad -- hides behind a massive lobby couch.
Undetected. For now.

Marco approaches Sandra.

MARCO

Holloway would like a few words
with you.

SANDRA

Just get Oks out. We can still
salvage the network.

MARCO

Salvage is over. This is clean-up.

SANDRA

No ... you can't do that to her.
She's done so much for us.

MARCO

You forced Holloway's hand.
Everything's too exposed.

Sandra stares Marco down, but it's all she can do. Marco
turns to two team members --

MARCO (CONT'D)

Take her in ... Leave the cuffs on.

BALCONY LEVEL

Roy watches as two Federal SWAT agents move to escort Sandra out of the lobby. Turns to Holmesdale.

ROY

We have to get her.

HOLMESDALE

You see those vests? They say FBI.
As in that's a Fucking Bullshit
Idea.

ROY

No her. No informant. No bounty.

Roy scans around for options. Above him, set into the wall --
-- sits a massive FISH TANK, huge in scale, opulent.
Appropriate for this luxury building.

Roy thinks a moment -- in his mind: the crates and crates of
bottles of Mumm Napa Champagne. An idea forms --

ROY (CONT'D)

I said we had to pick a spot. This
is it.

Holmesdale and Roy disappear into the back hallways.

MOMENTS LATER

Federal agents push Sandra toward the lobby entrance when --

SECOND FLOOR BALCONY

-- POP! POP! POP! -- champagne bottles EXPLODE in the fish
tank. Cracks form in the glass.

LOBBY

Roy and Holmesdale wait around the corner out of view from
Marco's men as --

-- POP! POP! POP! -- more bottles EXPLODE, slam into the fish
tank and then CRASH. The fish tank SHATTERS.

FWOOSH! Water, fish and glass rain down in the lobby. Federal
agents fall to the ground. Total chaos.

Roy and Holmesdale RUSH the agents holding Sandra, DROP them
with blinding speed and crushing technique.

Agents scramble. Fish flop on the ground.

Roy and Holmesdale bolt with Sandra to the back hallways.

Marco and his team stumble to recover, allowing --

-- Vlad a chance to bolt from behind the couch and rush into the back hallways just after Roy and crew.

INT. MONTROSS - BACK HALLWAYS

Vlad calms, sees Roy, Sandra and Holmesdale in the distance. He gets on his comm-link --

VLAD

It's him.

TOLY (O.S.)

Ok, we're still in the game. Follow that motherfucker. Let me know when you get past three. Things are about to get a little hot in here.

INT. MR. HODDER'S APARTMENT

Toly lowers his comm device. Turns to Maintenance Man.

TOLY

Don't just stand there. Get the torches. Vlad saw them. It's only a matter of time. We get the agent, we get the informant. We get out through the tunnels. And we show Pops how the new generation does things.

THE BEDROOM CLOSET

Mother sweats, concentrates on staying conscious.

Daughter hears the conversation just outside the bedroom. She tenses up, presses her ear to the wall, hears --

THE HALLWAY

MAINTENANCE MAN

And the rest of the team?

TOLY

Fuck do you care? They're Chechen jihadis. They actually believe in this shit. Let 'em burn on the third floor or let the Feds take them. Either way, we buy time.

Maintenance Man smiles at Toly, lights a torch --

MAINTENANCE MAN

I got the looks, but I guess you
got the smarts ... let's dial it up
a few degrees.

Toly and Maintenance Man pack their gear, grab several
assault rifles. And cans of gasoline.

IN THE BEDROOM CLOSET

Mother and Daughter hear the apartment door slam shut. They
wait. Silence. Mother sweats, collapses against the wall.

Daughter moves to run out and get help. Mother holds her
back, but Daughter manages to wrest free.

INT. MONTROSS - BACK HALLWAYS

Roy, Holmesdale and Sandra race through the maze-like back
hallways. Sandra yells at Roy --

SANDRA

What the hell are you doing?

ROY

Improvising.

Sandra slows, doesn't hear anyone on their tail. She shouts
back to Roy, stops him in his tracks --

SANDRA

So Khamad folded? Weak bitch. Roy,
I'm not taking you to the C-I.

ROY

You played me pretty good. But you
didn't have a checkmate. You made
your move too early. Way I see it,
you don't have much of a choice.
You and your Federal buddies are on
the outs. And Toly and his band of
shitheads are still in here
somewhere.

Sandra seethes, hands still cuffed behind her back. Roy
points to Holmesdale --

ROY (CONT'D)

So you can either try to incapacitate two former MMA fighters with your hands cuffed, or we can all play nice for a few moments and then let the cards fall where they may.

Sandra stares ahead, stone-faced.

ROY (CONT'D)

I need you to really think right now, agent.

SANDRA

Your arguments suffer from the same weakness your fighting did: overconfidence. You want this as badly as I do. And that isn't happening without my cooperation. So here we are again. I need you, and you need me.

She turns around, shakes her cuffed hands.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

I'll take you there ... if you break these cuffs. Give a gal a fighting chance.

Roy turns to Holmesdale.

ROY

You still agile, old man?

HOLMESDALE

Agile enough to beat the shit out of you.

Roy gives Holmesdale a look. Turns to Sandra.

ROY

Give me a floor first.

SANDRA

Sixteen.

Roy turns to Holmesdale.

ROY

Can you get us there?

HOLMESDALE

Please. Like I said, this place and
the back of my hand.
Indistinguishable.

Roy takes out his pistol. Sandra lays her hands down on a concrete slab.

ROY

Overconfidence my ass.

Bam! The shot rips through the cuff chains.

The three of them run off, Holmesdale leads the way.

AROUND THE CORNER

Vlad approaches, undetected. Tracks them.

INT. MONTROSS - THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY

Toly's operatives set up positions, douse the carpets and walls with gasoline.

Toly and Maintenance Man join them. Pour gas everywhere. Toly holds court -- all in Arabic.

TOLY

*This is your line. In the name of
your faith, defend it!*

With that, he strikes a match. The hallway now an inferno. The Chechen jihadis brace themselves for intense battle.

Toly and Maintenance Man disappear into a stairwell.

INT. MONTROSS - LOBBY

Marco and his team gather themselves. Assess the situation. Marco gets on his comm-link.

MARCO

We had an event, sir. She's
somewhere in the building.

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)

Christ. Is anyone able to do their
job today?

MARCO

Sir, she's in the building. We will find her and her friend. And we will scrub the place clean.

An agent rushes up to Marco, updates him.

EXT. MONTROSS - NIGHT

A massive fire rages on the third floor. Windows shatter as smoke plumes emanate.

INT. MONTROSS - LOBBY

Marco looks on as smoke pours out of the building. Gets on his comm-link --

MARCO

Sir. Call the F-D-N-Y, please.

INT. MONTROSS - 16TH FLOOR HALLWAY

Sandra, Roy and Holmesdale bust through a door into the 16th floor hallway. Fire sprinklers rain down.

HOLMESDALE

That can't be good.

ROY

Seems about par for the course.

Roy turns to Sandra.

ROY (CONT'D)

Alright, where is she?

SANDRA

This is your last chance. When we go in, I need you to understand that the full weight of U.S. Law enforcement will be after you.

ROY

You're funny. Still making threats. We heard everything. You're going to jail and they're going to kill her. There's only one play for you: take your chances with us two dumb fucks.

He's right. Sandra slumps against the wall. Takes a moment. Then nods at an apartment door.

Roy and Holmesdale bust it down.

INT. 16TH FLOOR APARTMENT

Oksana shrieks at the sight of Roy and Holmesdale but calms when she sees --

-- Sandra walk through the door frame.

SANDRA
Try to stay calm, Oks.

Sandra turns to Roy.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
There's a lot at play here, Roy. I know you think you've figured it out, but you've only just started peeling the onion. You can still walk away.

ROY
I plan to.

He points to Oksana.

ROY (CONT'D)
With her.

HOLMESDALE
Come on. Let's move.

He points at Sandra --

HOLMESDALE (CONT'D)
She's a liability. End her.

Roy looks at Holmesdale, surprised at his suggestion.

ROY
End her? Who are you? We just need to keep her occupied for a little while.

Roy takes out the plasti-cuffs from his pocket. Tosses Holmesdale his pistol.

ROY (CONT'D)
Keep them honest.

Holmesdale takes the pistol, watches as Roy secures the plasti-cuffs around Sandra's and Oksana's hands.

ROY (CONT'D)
Now, let's use your knowledge of
this place and get the fuck out --

He turns to face Holmesdale only to see -- Holmesdale aiming his pistol AT HIM. Roy shakes his head.

ROY (CONT'D)
Why?

HOLMESDALE
Toly got to me ... just after we
talked. Circumstances, you know.
You should have cut me in from the
start.

ROY
You know this isn't about the
money, asshole.

HOLMESDALE
It is for me.

Holmesdale slides a pair of plasti-cuffs to Roy.

HOLMESDALE (CONT'D)
Put those on.

Holmesdale takes out a comm device, raises it to his mouth --

HOLMESDALE (CONT'D)
16-D. We're a go.

Roy stares Holmesdale down. Holmesdale glares back, growls --

HOLMESDALE (CONT'D)
Put on the cuffs. Now.

An icy, brief stand-off, but then Roy complies, secures the plasti-cuffs around his wrists.

Oksana squirms. Sandra shuffles over to comfort her.

Roy yells at Holmesdale --

ROY
You were always jealous of the new
generation. The money.

HOLMESDALE
I got a daughter, too, Roy. Money
pays for shit.

ROY
Talk to the union.

HOLMESDALE
Fuck you.

BOOM! The front door crashes open. Vlad BUSTS through,
followed shortly by Toly and Maintenance Man.

Holmesdale points to Oksana --

HOLMESDALE (CONT'D)
She's all set.

TOLY
Nice work.

Toly turns to Roy.

TOLY (CONT'D)
Thought you were neutral. Picked a
hell of a time to get involved,
huh, Roy?

He turns to Maintenance Man, points to Roy and Sandra.

TOLY (CONT'D)
Make it quick.

HOLMESDALE
Hey. We agreed Roy goes with me.

TOLY
Things have changed.

HOLMESDALE
You can't do that.

TOLY
Come again?

Toly examines a tablet computer screen. Points to the screen,
nods to Holmesdale.

TOLY (CONT'D)
This is the route, correct?

HOLMESDALE
Yeah, man, like we talked about. I
held up my end, now hold up yours.

TOLY
Anyone else know about this?

HOLMESDALE
I, uh --

TOLY
Answer me.

HOLMESDALE
No, man, of course not.

Toly nods to Maintenance Man.

PFFT! PFFT! Maintenance Man deposits two slugs in Holmesdale's head. Holmesdale falls to the ground, dead.

EXT. MONTROSS - NIGHT

A swarm of fire trucks storm up to the building. Water hoses flood the third floor.

INT. 16TH FLOOR APARTMENT

Toly hears the sirens. Swipes the tablet, views a live feed of firemen going to work. Toly approaches Maintenance Man.

TOLY
We're gonna need some time.

He swipes the tablet screen again to show the route.

TOLY (CONT'D)
Record that.

Maintenance Man does as instructed, focuses his GoPro camera on the tablet as Toly scrolls down through the route.

TOLY (CONT'D)
Make another clip.

Toly points at Roy and Sandra.

TOLY (CONT'D)
Take them to the bathroom. Strip them.

He pulls out a small power saw from his tactical backpack --

TOLY (CONT'D)

Make it memorable. A federal agent being dismembered should give the Feds something to chew on while we get a head start.

Toly descends on the petrified Oksana, secures DUCT TAPE over her mouth -- RUSHES with Oksana out of the apartment.

Vlad and Maintenance Man stay behind, GRAB the cuffed Roy and Sandra, march them down the hallway to --

THE BATHROOM

Roy and Sandra stand naked in the shower. Maintenance Man positions the GoPro camera. Vlad plugs in the power saw.

INT. MONTROSS - THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY

Federal agents trade bullets with Toly's Chechen mercenaries.

Powerful water pierces the smoke and flames. The fire calms.

A federal agent takes advantage of the clearing. Secures a powerful shock charge to the hallway wall. Sets it and storms away. Other agents brace themselves.

INT. 16TH FLOOR APARTMENT

Vlad moves to saw into Roy's leg when --

BOOM! The building shakes as the shock charge goes off on the third floor. A moment of surprise --

-- and that's all Roy and Sandra need as --

-- they SPRING into action -- Roy sweeps Vlad's legs, Sandra head-butts Maintenance Man.

His GoPro camera smashes into the shower tile, SHATTERS.

Vlad tries to recover but Roy pins his knee into Vlad's neck, suffocates him with professional efficiency.

Maintenance Man launches to his feet, hammers away at Roy's back, but Roy barely flinches as he chokes Vlad.

Sandra wedges her cuffed elbow around Maintenance Man's neck, squeezes hard as possible.

Maintenance Man fights it, but it's no use.

In mere moments --

-- Vlad and Maintenance Man lay on the bathroom floor, dead.

Roy and Sandra breathe a moment, take stock.

Sandra crawls out of the shower, kicks open a drawer, rummages with her nose.

Finds toenail clippers. Turns around, grabs them with her hands behind her back. She faces Roy --

SANDRA

I can't believe I have to rely on you again. Here. Take this.

She hands him the toenail clippers --

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Cut through mine, and I'll cut through yours.

ROY

You're kidding, right? Either cut through mine first or fuck off.

SANDRA

Fine. I'll look for another option.

Roy takes a moment, examines the frantic Sandra.

ROY

What are you doing? Why are you so desperate? What the hell do you care if it's clean-up or rescue? This should just be a job for you.

Sandra stops, freezes, stares at Roy.

ROY (CONT'D)

But it isn't, right? Not just a job? She means something to you.

The words -- a punch to the gut, Sandra is unable to respond.

ROY (CONT'D)

All the deception. The manipulation. You were fighting to protect something important to you ... you're together.

SANDRA

Her ex-husband was a strategic relationship liaison between Ichkeria and AQAP. Not the nicest guy in the world. He used to beat her. She escaped. Made it here. We told the world she was dead. We worked together, got close. Things happened.

ROY

That's a beautiful story, but I'm a little focused on how it affects me at the moment. You set me up. Khamad would move on. I'd go to jail and in all the chaos, you'd escape with your little lady and maybe catch some bad guys in the process.

SANDRA

These bounty threats wouldn't stop. I had to take a chance to end them. Get her -- get us -- some peace of mind. I was doing what I had to do.

Roy shakes his head.

ROY

Always comes back to number one.

Sandra notices Roy's shirt on the floor. The picture of his daughter hangs out of the front pocket.

SANDRA

Who's that?

ROY

Don't worry about it.

SANDRA

No, no I remember reading about this. It's your daughter. She went missing. Your wife took her.

Sandra pauses, thinks --

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Personal for you, too, huh? You get the bounty, then you get your daughter. That about right, Roy?

Roy looks at her, relents --

ROY

She's been gone nearly two years. I don't find her soon --

SANDRA

Yeah, I know how it works. Did a stint in one of our Russian outposts.

Sandra takes stock, two naked bodies and souls. They share an understanding nod of their pain.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

You know, my dad, he could be an asshole. Just like you.

Roy smirks, half-chuckles.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

But he generally got the big picture shit right. I kept getting in trouble at school. Fights. Stealing. Rebelling against ... I don't even know. But I kept getting in trouble. And he took me aside one day, and he said: you keep doing what you're doing, you'll keep getting what you're getting. Dumb S-O-B probably didn't realize how profound that was, but it was damn good advice.

Roy stares at her. Her attempt to help falls on deaf ears.

Sandra dismisses him, goes back to work, looks for other options to cut through her cuffs.

Roy glances out the bathroom door, sees in the living room --

-- Holmesdale dead on the ground in a pool of blood. Roy takes a moment, breathes --

-- THEN LEAPS up. Sandra flinches, TURNS and guards herself.

Roy moves in and --

-- snatches the nail clippers from her hand. Goes to work on her plasti-cuffs. Breaks her free.

She turns around, examines the naked, vulnerable Roy.

It's Sandra's move now. This is her chance to eliminate at least one pest. BUT --

-- she cuts through Roy's plasti-cuffs.

They face each other.

ROY

We find her ... I'm not making any promises.

SANDRA

Neither am I.

Roy and Sandra race to put on their clothes, ready to chase after Toly, BUT they notice --

-- the GoPro camera shattered on the floor.

ROY

Don't think we'll figure out where they're going on that thing anytime soon. Got any other ideas?

Sandra looks at the shattered camera, picks it up. Tinkers with it, but it's no use. The thing is destroyed.

Roy takes the camera from Sandra, examines it.

ROY (CONT'D)

Sick fucks. Recording everything.

SANDRA

Yeah ... recorded everything.

Sandra thinks a moment, GRABS Roy --

SANDRA (CONT'D)

We have to get back to the penthouse.

ROY

What are you talking about?

Roy looks at her, confused.

SANDRA

Our security feed. We've got cameras throughout the building. It might have caught where they went.

ROY

Sonofabitch, let's move.

INT. MONTROSS - HALLWAY

Roy and Sandra BUST out of Apartment 16-D. They race into --

INT. MONTROSS - STAIRWELL

-- a stairwell. They barrel up a flight of stairs, where they're greeted by -- Daughter, crying.

DAUGHTER

Please. My mommy.

Sandra looks at Roy. Sandra's eyes say 'we have to help'. Roy's incredulous --

ROY

Are you kidding me? We don't have time.

Sandra glares at Roy, turns to Daughter.

SANDRA

What's wrong?

DAUGHTER

I don't know. She's sweating and can't breathe good.

SANDRA

Where is she?

DAUGHTER

Mr. Hodder's apartment.

SANDRA

Where is that, dear?

DAUGHTER

Just down these steps.

SANDRA

There?

Sandra points to the door to the 15th floor --

DAUGHTER

Yes, please help.

Sandra turns back to Roy. He sighs, exasperated.

ROY

Ok, ok. Let's make it fast.

Sandra and Roy race with Daughter down the stairs, bolt toward the 15th floor door.

INT. MONTROSS - PENTHOUSE SUITE

Marco and a few of his men march through Khamad's penthouse.

They gather identifying documents, destroy surveillance equipment.

Marco stands before the massive control module, views the chaos on the third floor on one monitor.

Something catches his eye on another monitor. He gets on his comm-link.

MARCO
I have a visual.

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)
You're a go. All means authorized.

Marco reaches into his tactical backpack, removes --
-- a syringe, fills it with liquid from a vile.

INT. MONTROSS - LAUNDRY ROOM

Toly marches Oksana past a row of washing machines, gun jammed into her back.

They hear muffled gunshots a few floors below. But it's otherwise quiet here.

OKSANA
Where am I going?

TOLY
I'm just a courier, darling. I
don't know your final destination.

OKSANA
The place is surrounded. It would
take a miracle to get out of here,
and you don't seem like much of a
miracle worker.

TOLY
I may look stupid, but I assure you
we're getting out of here just
fine.

He points across the room at a washing machine that's slightly askew. Behind it --

-- the hole in the wall Daughter crawled out from earlier.

The escape route plays out --

INT. MONTROSS - TUNNELS

-- through that hole, into a dark, dusty tunnel system. Old 'Fallout Shelter' signs line the walls.

Through those tunnels, into --

INT. SUBWAY STATION

-- an abandoned subway station, where a train sled rests on tracks. Down the tracks a few miles to --

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE

-- an old fallout shelter underneath the Brooklyn Bridge, and finally through a door --

EXT. EAST RIVER - NIGHT

-- emerging into the cold night air and a yet to be inflated raft on the narrow shore of the East River.

INT. MR. HODDER'S APARTMENT

Roy, Sandra and Daughter bust into Mr. Hodder's apartment. Sandra spots --

-- Mr. Hodder's decapitated head in the corner of the living room, shields Daughter from seeing it.

IN THE BEDROOM

Mother lays in the closet, clutches her chest. Struggles to breathe. Passes out just as -- Sandra opens the closet door, drops to Mother's side. Turns to Roy.

SANDRA

See if you can find some Aspirin in the bathroom.

Roy runs out of the room.

Sandra gets to work. Chest compressions. One, two, three. Another. One, two, three. Another, THEN --

WOOOSH. Mother leaps up, INHALES. But then dozes again. Sandra checks Mother's pulse. Smiles. Sandra props her up, tries to keep her awake.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Ma'am. Ma'am!

Mother rouses.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
It's ok. Your pulse is fine. It's not your heart. I think it's just a panic attack.

Roy rushes in, hands Sandra a bottle of Aspirin.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
I'm going to give you Aspirin now. Ma'am! I need you to swallow what I'm about to give you.

Sandra takes the Aspirin, crushes it up in a glass of water. Helps Mother sip it. She turns to Daughter.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Your mommy should be ok. Can you do me a favor? I need you to keep her awake. Can you do that for me?

Daughter shakes her head 'yes'.

ROY
All good?

Sandra nods.

ROY (CONT'D)
Good, let's move.

Sandra and Roy head for the door.

DAUGHTER
Where are you going?

SANDRA
We have to help someone else.

DAUGHTER
Are you the good guys?

Sandra looks at Roy, turns back to Daughter --

SANDRA
We're trying to be.

Roy sprints out of the room.

Sandra lingers a moment, checks on Mother one last time and then follows Roy out.

Roy opens the front door, shouts back to Sandra --

ROY
Come on!

Sandra rushes from around the corner, just as --

-- Marco appears in the door frame and --

-- FWACK -- knocks Roy cold with a metal baton to the head.

Roy crumples to the ground.

Marco marches in, another Federal agent -- CALLAHAN, mid-30s -- right behind him.

Callahan trains his assault rifle on Sandra. Regards the unconscious Roy in the corner.

MARCO
That was a nice set-up you had there in the penthouse. Top of the line equipment. Camera on every floor. Led me right to you.

SANDRA
There's still time, Marco. We can use those monitors to find her.

MARCO
Probably not. Let's just say that equipment isn't exactly working anymore.

INT. MONTROSS - PENTHOUSE SUITE

The penthouse is in shambles, all equipment removed or destroyed.

INT. MR. HODDER'S APARTMENT

Marco inches closer to Sandra.

MARCO

We're in full-on clean-up mode now.
No evidence of the operation. I'm
afraid that includes you.

Silence. Tense. Sandra calculates her next move.

Marco draws the syringe from his pocket, proceeds toward Sandra.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Just relax, and you'll wake up in a
nice federal detention center for a
final debriefing.

As Marco moves closer to Sandra, Roy awakens. Sees the circumstances and remains quiet, waits for a chance.

Marco restrains Sandra, prepares the needle, just as --

-- Daughter runs out from around the corner, Mother right behind her, both unaware of the situation.

MOTHER

I said stop.

Callahan hears the commotion, turns to fire, when --

ROY

No!

Roy LEAPS up, tackles Callahan before he can get off a round.

Roy applies a rear chokehold on Callahan. Callahan fires indiscriminately.

Mother and Daughter scream, drop to the ground for cover.

Marco stays calm, focuses. He injects some of the needle into Sandra's neck and --

-- draws his P99 sidearm. FIRES at Roy.

Roy flings Callahan in front of him for cover. Forces Marco to stop shooting.

Marco hesitates a moment and --

-- Sandra SPIN-TURNS him and CHOP -- incapacitates him with a crushing blow to his windpipe.

Marco gasps for air.

Sandra removes the needle from her neck and --

-- PLUNGES it into Marco's neck. Injects the lion's share of the liquid into him.

Callahan finally passes out from the Roy's chokehold, falls to the ground, unconscious.

Marco flails, UNLOADS his P99 --

-- SHREDS Roy's now-exposed leg. Roy crumples to the ground.

Marco grapples with Sandra, but the liquid from the syringe takes effect.

Marco slows and then collapses to the ground, completely incapacitated.

Most of the liquid from the syringe went into Marco, but Sandra stumbles from what she was administered.

Sandra takes labored breaths, evaluates the scene, stumbles a bit more.

She limps over to the hobbled Roy. Removes his belt to secure a makeshift tourniquet around his leg.

She drops the belt, her dexterity diminished.

ROY (CONT'D)

What was that? What'd he put in you?

SANDRA

Amidate. It's a neuromuscular blocking paralytic agent. We use it for difficult subjects when we have limited time.

ROY

Guess you're a difficult subject today ... you gonna be ok?

SANDRA

I don't know. It's strong, but I got it out fast.

Mother and Daughter get up slowly as the scrum dies down. Mother's confused. Points at Roy and Sandra.

MOTHER

Who are they?

DAUGHTER

They're the good guys.

Sandra and Roy overhear them, manage to smile through their pain. Mother grows serious, turns to Daughter.

MOTHER

They're the ones who helped us?

DAUGHTER

Yes, mommmy.

Mother approaches them.

MOTHER

Mi Dios! Thank you. Thank you. Are you ok?

ROY

We've had better days, ma'am.

Mother sees Roy's bloody leg, drops to his side, helps Sandra finish securing the makeshift tourniquet.

MOTHER

Stay here. It's safe now.

SANDRA

We can't. We have to help someone else. We have to find the bad guys.

Mother turns to Daughter.

MOTHER

Tell them what you know.

Daughter hesitates.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Go on. It's ok.

DAUGHTER

When we were hiding in the closet, I heard them talking about the tunnels.

ROY

The tunnels?

MOTHER

All the maids' kids play in them. Some old tunnels in the laundry room. Fifth floor. I think they're an abandoned escape route for the rich people here. From the cold war or something.

Sandra turns to Roy.

SANDRA
That has to be it.

She examines his badly injured leg.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
You got it in you?

ROY
I'm down to one good leg, and you
can barely keep your eyes open ...
Toly doesn't stand a chance.

Sandra manages a smile. Stumbles to her feet, helps Roy up, braces him against the wall.

Sandra looks over at the incapacitated Marco, runs over to him, rummages through his gear.

Grabs his P99 sidearm, checks the cartridge.

SANDRA
Out of ammo.

Sandra crawls over to the still-unconscious Callahan.

Roy grimaces as he slides over to Marco. Sandra doesn't see as --

-- Roy retrieves the syringe from Marco's neck. He reaches into Marco's pocket, pulls out a full vial of *Amidate*.

Sandra finishes securing plasti-cuffs around Callahan's wrists. Snares his assault rifle.

She turns woozy, COLLAPSES to the floor, gets back up slowly.

ROY
You sure you can do this?

SANDRA
No. We have to hurry. I don't how
much longer I can fight the
effects.

Sandra steadies Roy on her shoulder and the two of them limp out of the apartment.

INT. MONTROSS - LAUNDRY ROOM

Toly pushes Oksana toward the tunnel entrance behind the long row of washing machines.

A federal agent busts into the room, spots them.

AGENT

Hey. What are you doing?
Evacuation's through the lobby.

Toly doesn't hesitate with his ruse --

TOLY

Please, you must help us. Those men
... they're chasing us.

AGENT

Where?

Toly stops, points around the corner, at a row of dryers.

TOLY

Just back there.

The agent turns back to inspect.

Toly seizes the opening. PFFT. PFFT. Deposits two slugs in the agent's head. The agent drops to the ground.

Toly moves to continue toward the tunnel entrance when he hears -- the agent's comm-link.

He stops, listens --

AGENT (O.S.)

Marco's down. But he razed the
castle.

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)

Any sign of Sandra?

AGENT (O.S.)

Callahan said she's the one who
took him down. We believe she's
still in the building.

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)

Find her. But use caution. If she
took down Marco, she's acting like
a cornered animal.

Toly thinks a moment --

TOLY

So she got away. She might have the route. Persistent bitch.

He pulls Oksana closer.

TOLY (CONT'D)

Looks like you two will get one last chance to say goodbye.

OKSANA

No!

INT. MONTROSS - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Roy and Sandra limp down the stairs.

It's slow-going. Sandra stumbles here and there. Roy grimaces from the intense pain shooting through his leg.

They choke on residual smoke still trickling in from the third floor fire.

INT. MONTROSS - TUNNELS - NIGHT

Through the hole in the laundry room wall and now into --
-- the dark, dusty tunnel system.

Toly secures a muzzle around Oksana's face.

He reaches into his tactical backpack. Grabs some rope and --
-- the machete he used earlier to decapitate Mr. Hodder.

INT. MONTROSS - LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Sandra and Roy push through a gray door into the laundry room. In the distance they see --

-- the slightly askew washing machine. They rush up to the hole in the wall behind it, peer through.

To their surprise, they see --

-- Oksana standing down the dark tunnel. She's motionless. No sign of Toly.

Oksana stands petrified, her mouth muzzled.

Sandra and Roy crawl through the hole into the dark tunnel.

Sandra nods to Roy, who stays back, crouches in the shadows behind some old cargo boxes.

Sandra draws her assault rifle, inches toward Oksana.

SANDRA
Just stay calm, Oks.

JUST THEN -- a rope pulls taut. Sandra watches as it wraps around Oksana's neck and --

-- HOISTS her into the air, chokes the life out of her.

Sandra stumbles toward her as fast as she can in her current condition, struggles to lift Oksana up so she can breathe.

Sandra looks around -- still no sign of Toly. To the side, she spots -- the MACHETE.

Sandra drops her assault rifle. Grabs the machete and positions a cargo box close to Oksana.

She climbs, reaches Oksana. Oksana shakes her head violently, a beyond-worried look on her face.

Sandra struggles with the machete -- Oksana running out of oxygen. JUST THEN -- the rope cuts free.

Sandra grabs Oksana, they both fall to --

-- the ground -- where Oksana INHALES. Oksana breathes through her muzzled mouth. They calm a second but --

-- Toly appears, presses his Glock into Sandra's skull and kicks her assault rifle out of reach down the tunnel.

TOLY
Where's Roy?

He pulls back on the trigger to intimidate her when --

-- Roy tosses out a piece of loose concrete. The noise startles Toly, who turns to inspect.

Sandra seizes the moment --

-- CHOPS Toly's arm, sends his Glock flying to the opposite side of the tunnel.

She moves to inflict more harm, BUT her legs give out -- the *Amidate* takes greater effect.

Toly recovers. Marches up to Sandra, curious.

Looks at her on the ground. She squirms but can't get up.
Toly smiles and --

-- CRUNCH. Drop-kicks her head. Sandra's head SLAMS to the hard ground. She's out cold.

Oksana lets out a muffled scream.

Toly grabs Oksana, shoves her around, looks for his Glock in the dark tunnel. Calls out to Roy.

TOLY (CONT'D)
That you, Roy? What are you doing helping these guys? Huh? They're the Feds, man. Even if you get past me, your ass is going to jail.

Roy crouches behind a cargo box. Listens.

TOLY (CONT'D)
Think about it. You help me, we get out of here. I'll cut you in on the bounty. You don't owe Marat shit.

Toly just about to his Glock, when --

-- Roy SLAMS into him.

Oksana breaks free, rushes up to the unconscious Sandra.

Toly recovers, braces for more impact from the crushing former MMA fighter, but notices something's off.

He spots the tourniquet around Roy's leg. Toly smiles.

TOLY (CONT'D)
Today just isn't your day, huh, Roy?

Toly savors the moment --

TOLY (CONT'D)
I've always wanted to take a crack at big, bad Roy Spence Junior.

WITH THAT, Toly RUSHES Roy.

Roy lands an uppercut to Toly's jaw, BUT Toly jabs a sharp elbow into Roy's wounded leg.

Roy collapses to the ground in intense pain.

Toly shakes off the crushing uppercut. Struts up to Roy. Winds up and KICKS his head like a soccer ball.

Roy yelps in pain. Toly moves in for more --

-- but Roy GRABS Toly's ankle, pulls him to the ground.

Roy drags Toly's leg, inches him closer. Toly panics, grabs the piece of loose concrete Roy tossed out earlier.

Roy moves to apply a chokehold, BUT Toly JAMS the sharp concrete piece into Roy's injured leg.

Roy nearly passes out, pants from the pain.

Toly straddles him, pins him down with his knees, grabs the piece of concrete and SLAMS Roy's head.

Blood pours from Roy's mouth but he stays conscious.

TOLY (CONT'D)
You should have stayed neutral,
Roy. Of all the times to get
involved, you chose this one. Why?

Toly wraps his hands around Roy's neck, chokes him.

TOLY (CONT'D)
Huh, asshole?

Roy stays calm, stares Toly in the face.

Toly looks at him, unsure why Roy's so calm when --

-- Roy PLUNGES the syringe loaded with *Amidate* into Toly's leg.

TOLY (CONT'D)
The fuck?

Toly continues to choke Roy, but worry flashes across his face as the *Amidate* pulses through his bloodstream.

Toly's grip loosens. Roy manages to push Toly off. Pulls the syringe out with him.

ROY
Gotta pick a side sometime, right?

Toly squirms on the ground as the *Amidate* takes effect.

Last fits, AND THEN -- his body stiffens and he passes out.

Roy takes a moment. Wipes some blood from his face. Readjusts the makeshift tourniquet around his leg.

He looks back down the tunnel, sees --

-- Oksana kneeling over the still-unconscious Sandra.

Oksana looks back at him, terrified, unsure of his next move.
Calls out to him --

OKSANA

What are you going to do?

Roy looks down the other end of the tunnel, sees --

-- a now-unobstructed escape route. This is Roy's chance for complete victory.

Roy gets up, grips the syringe with a little bit of *Amidate* left in it. Limpes toward Oksana.

OKSANA (CONT'D)

No. Please, no!

INT. MONTROSS - NIGHT

Federal agents round up the last of Toly's Chechen operatives.

Paramedics wheel Marco out to a secure vehicle.

The chaos ends, things calm at the Montross. Tenants huddle with each other, their nightmare over.

INT. MONTROSS - LAUNDRY ROOM

A team of Federal agents enters the laundry room, recovers the agent Toly shot dead earlier.

One agent spots the hole behind one of the laundry machines.

Approaches, peers through. Sees -- Toly in the dark distance.

AGENT

I've got something.

DOWN THE TUNNEL

Toly struggles to move. Can't quite speak, LURCHES toward the Federal agents. The now-empty syringe sticks out of his neck.

ENTRANCE TO TUNNEL

Agents creep in. Level their weapons on Toly.

AGENT (CONT'D)

Freeze.

Toly INCHES forward.

AGENT (CONT'D)
I said freeze!

Toly stumbles toward them. Appears menacing in the dark.

BAM, BAM, BAM! Agents unload, shred Toly.

EXT. EAST RIVER - NIGHT

The narrow shore underneath the Brooklyn Bridge.

Roy emerges from a small door, set into the concrete landing at the base of one of the bridge's columns.

He turns back, helps Oksana exit. And then reaches back for --
-- Sandra.

Sandra hobbles onto the landing, still shaky from the *Amidate*, but the effects appear to be wearing off.

She grabs Oksana -- HUGS her as tight as she can.

Sandra composes herself, turns around, addresses Roy --

SANDRA
You had your chance.

ROY
I know.

SANDRA
You could have left me there.

ROY
I couldn't afford to lose a fan.
Don't have too many left.

Sandra smiles.

SANDRA
You finally stuck your neck out for someone.

ROY
Well, I did take a lot of blows to the head today.

Sandra laughs.

SANDRA
So. What now?

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT

Holloway watches news coverage of the night's events.

He collapses in his chair. Listens on his phone, takes a beating from whomever's on the other end.

HOLLOWAY
No, no sign of her, sir ... I know.
We will find her ... I suggest a
low profile. Far as anyone knows,
this was simply a terrorist attack.
Our involvement. Sandra's. It's off
the radar ... I agree, sir. We'll
keep it that way.

Holloway hangs up, addresses a group of agents.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)
We have a confused agent out there.
Doesn't have too many places to go.
We've tried the aggressive
approach. Didn't work. Let's take a
different tack and kill her with
kindness. No more headlines.

INT. DEMENTYEV HARDWARE - NIGHT

Marat stands in the power tool aisle, flanked by thugs.

He looks ahead, confused, disappointed. Roy stands in front of him -- ALONE.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A sedan motors along a highway through deep woods.

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

Sandra drives. Oksana lays down in the backseat, secure and covered by a blanket.

INT. DEMENTYEV HARDWARE - NIGHT

Marat questions Roy --

MARAT

So. You show up empty-handed?

Roy has no response, betrays no emotion.

MARAT (CONT'D)

You understand I can't provide you with the information on your daughter, right? I mean, you did not give me what I asked for. How can I give you compensation for services not rendered? That's not how you run a business.

Roy remains stone-faced --

ROY

That's about what I expected, Marat.

MARAT

But, hey, it would seem the Feds ended that shithead Toly, so not all bad. I guess I'll let you live.

ROY

Thanks.

MARAT

You've got to lighten up, Roy. I hear you're selling the club?

ROY

What do they say? If you keep doing what you're doing, you'll keep getting what you're getting. Figured it was time for a change.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Sandra drives, speaks with Holloway on a burner cell phone --

SANDRA

First perp was in the panic room, sir. Must've gotten out in the chaos. Never got a chance to I-D him ... Sir, I'm sorry. I put you in a terrible position. It won't happen again.

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)

I know, Sandra. A lot of mistakes were made, but there's nothing that can't be forgiven. We've set up a safe house. You and Oks will be secure. Relocation. New identity. Whole package. Just come in.

Sandra and Oksana motor through the deep woods. Turn onto a long, dark dirt road.

SANDRA

You misunderstood. It's not going to happen again because you'll never see us again. Goodbye, Bill.

Sandra ends the call, crushes the cell phone and tosses it out of the window.

They continue down the dark dirt road and emerge from the woods onto a proper highway --

-- a road sign marked in kilometers instead of miles reads: *Saskatchewan -- 619 km.*

INT. RUSSIAN BATH HOUSE - DAY

Boxes everywhere. Roy packs up his desk, pauses to look at a picture of his daughter before wrapping it in newspaper.

Boris brings him some borscht.

ROY

Thanks, Boris.

BORIS

This came.

Boris hands him an envelope. Roy flips it over, sees on the back: international stamping.

Roy TEARS it open. Sees child's handwriting. It's from his daughter.

He looks at the return address: *GROZNY, RUSSIA.*

EXT. ROOF TOP - SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY - SAME TIME

Sandra lays perched on a rooftop, steadies a pair of military binoculars.

BINOCULAR POV: she watches Roy read the letter, scramble to his computer to make travel arrangements.

She lowers the binoculars.

SANDRA
See you in Russia, Roy.

FADE OUT