

R A N S O M

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OPEN

A GLIDING AERIAL PAN of nocturnal New York, the city of the "haves"; a world of power, privilege and grace.

A SLOW FLOAT towards a residential tower, the balconied aerie exuding a burnished golden light through its floor to ceiling windows; there's a party going on, 40-50 people talking, drinking. Someone gestures, makes a brief announcement which results in a mass movement towards the speaker who in turn bends over a TV.

INT. LIVING ROOM

CLOSE ON a cassette being popped into a VCR.

STAY ON TV as the screen comes to life.

WE SEE A MAN (TOM MULLEN, early 40s) seated on a folding chair against a bare backdrop, talking to the CAMERA. Mullen is casually but impeccably dressed. His manner is informal as if he's saying what he says off the top of his head. The camera-style is jaggedly informal too; as if reinforcing Mullen's naturalness and candidness; lots of jump-cuts to signify a shift in topic.

TOM MULLEN (ON TV)

The Navy taught me to fly in 1969 ...

VO

(from the audience)

Go, Tom!

A librarian-style "Ssh!" from the guests.

The screen flashes a 1969 photo of Tom in pilot gear standing alongside a jet fighter, then back to:

TOM (contd)

I ... I came from fairly humble stock in upstate New York, and, to be honest? I had never even been in an airplane before the Navy. Well, I wound up flying 28 combat missions ...

(jump-cut)

in 1971, I put everything I owned into starting a charter service ...

Screen flashes to Tom and some other man, in jeans and leather jackets, standing in front of two commuter planes. Tom wears some kind of beat-up cowboy hat.

REVERSE ANGLE

The party crowd watching the tape; Tom, his wife KATE, and his guests bathed in the TV reflections, then back to:

TOM

We only had two six-seaters but man,
(laughing)
we'd go anywhere ... we were like the
Gypsy cabs of the sky ...

(jump-cut)

In '79 I started Pilgrim ... we only
flew to four cities but I think people
picked up on my, my joy in flying. I
guess that's where I got the slogan
"Pilgrim Airlines: A Natural High."

REVERSE ANGLE

WE SEE an eleven year old BOY on some stairs leading to a second floor. This is TOM JR. (T.J.) He's got some kind of video-blimp contraption in his lap as he watches his dad on TV WE HOLD on his face as we hear:

TOM (VO)

In 1982 we started flying to London, '83
the continent, '85 South America, '88
Asia, and now ...

RETURN TO THE SCREEN

TOM

Now

(laughing)
we're looking into moon-landings, but
we're still pretty small ... Hey ... I
used to know all my customers by name
... but I never wanted to be the
biggest, just the best.

(jump-cut)

It's been, it's been an interesting
journey, life ... In many ways I'm not
the same guy I was back in '71. Well,
none of us are, I guess ...

(jump-cut)

The most important thing to me these
days? Family. Mine, yours ... One of
the great things about an airline, we
help bring families together ... we
shrink the globe ... And that makes me
feel good ...

(jump-cut)

1971 ... Man, I had the devil in me back
then ... But today?

He looks down at himself; clean-cut, conservative, mature.

TOM (contd)

People change ...

Then from behind his chair he produces the same gonzo cowboy hat he wore in 1971, puts it on his head, rises.

TOM (contd)

Sort of ...

He walks off the set. WE SEE the empty chair, then hear an announcer:

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Pilgrim Airlines ... Down to Earth ...
In the Skies ...

The tape ends to applause.

TOM

(rises and faces his
audience)

Thank you. Thank you.

VOICE (OS)

When's it air?

TOM

Starts Sunday, all three networks.

TOM'S POV

His son on the stairs. The kid gives him thumbs up.

ANGLE - THE PARTY - 15 MINUTES LATER

The room suddenly goes dark.

Tom, his hand on the light switch, raps on the pantry door and a huge cake is rolled out into the party room, the birthday candles giving off a golden glow.

Tom leads everyone in a chorus of "Happy Birthday."

Kate feigns astonished surprise.

CLOSE ON the cake. It's a marzipan recreation of Central Park.

Everyone is gathered round, "oohing," etc.

Kate gestures to T.J. on the stairs to come help blow out the candles.

T.J. waves her off; he's cool where he is.

TOM
Mister Mayor ... Why don't you help her
out? You've got more wind than anyone.

Big laugh.

Kate and the Mayor blow out the candles.

Kate shakes her fist at Tom.

Tom takes her in a sweeping tango embrace and kisses her,
drawing lots of whoops and hollers.

TOM (contd)
(still holding her)
Hey, somebody pull down a shade or
something ...

FLASHCUT

to a grimy window somewheres in a cramped room.

Tattooed hands use gaffers tape to secure cardboard over the
pane as we hear:

TOM (VO)
I don't want anyone thinking we're
flaunting it ...

ANGLE - THE PARTY - 15 MINUTES LATER

Kate talks to an elderly dapper couple.

KATE
... twelve free concerts, one a month
... so far we've got commitments from
Jessye Norman, Tina Turner, Paul Simon
and Snoop Doggy Dogg.

ANGLE

Tom is talking to a MAN his age (ED SNOW), trying to get him
on board with Pilgrim.

TOM
Ed, please, a man of your talents?
You're drowning in red tape over there.

JERRY
(defensive, shaky)
I'm serving the public.

TOM

You call that serving the public? When was the last time you dealt with an ordinary citizen of this city face to face ... You want to serve the public you come with me. I have two thousand employees and each one has my home phone number.

TOM'S POV

He sees DAVID TORRES; thirtyish, Hispanic; Tom's right hand man. There's some kind of telepathic signal between them.

ANGLE - THE STAIRS

T.J. is explaining his blimp to the Mayor.

T.J.

The real ones have fourteen propellers, I only have four and their computer link is a lot more sophisticated but ...

MAYOR

Jesus ... what's the range on this thing?

T.J.

A hundred yards, more or less ...

MAYOR

You should win that science fair walking away, huh?

T.J.

(sullen)

My mom says I can't compete because she's one of the judges.

MAYOR

Yeah, well, it's kind of her job, T.J.

T.J.

Can't you give her a mayoral pardon or something?

ANGLE

TOM

(talking to a LAWYER)

So we're putting together a proposal to upgrade the Central Park Children's Zoo.

LAWYER

Who's "we"?

TOM

Me ... Pilgrim ... you ...

LAWYER

(laughing)

Me?

TOM

Sure ... a gift to the children of New York City ... because when you think about it, you know, "what's it all about," cash, power, climbing the ladder, love, war, endgame, whatever ...

FLASHCUT

to that cramped bedroom, all windows blocked out.

A ratty foam mattress is tossed on bed springs.

A handcuff is locked to the bedpost.

TOM (VO)

The bottom line is, children are everything.

ANGLE - KATE'S POV

T.J. gestures to her: put me to bed.

ANGLE

David Torres talks to Ed Snow.

DAVID

Ed? Let me ... Tom ... Tom has way too much respect and regard for you to ever be this blunt, but ... Let me just ask you ... Do you plan on being a seventy-five thousand dollar a year schmuck all your life?

INT. T.J.'S BEDROOM

The kid is in bed. Kate is in the process of switching on half a dozen different tinted lava lamps around the room; an elaborate night light ritual.

T.J.

Can you stay with me a bit?

CLOSE ON Kate turning on the last lamp.

FLASHCUT

to rough hands involved in some elaborate wiring operation. Whoever is doing this stops, lights a cigarette, revealing the lower half of his face, the flame reflected doubly in a pair of glasses.

INT. PARTY

Tom holding court.

TOM

OK ... the zoo upgrade ... you know what that's about? Me, you, everybody in this room ... We've all been fortunate enough to become players in the greatest city on earth ...

FLASHCUT

to an arrest on the street, two hard asses wrestled to the sidewalk by two cops and a middle aged detective; the scene bathed in the revolving light of a patrol car.

TOM (VO)

Maybe the greatest city in the history of civilization.

One of the arrested, belly down, tries to head-buck the detective who's trying to cuff him. The detective puts a knee in his back, grabs his hair and slams his face into the cement.

WE SEE a van roll by the scene. The side and rear windows are blocked out by cardboard, like the bedroom earlier.

TOM (VO, contd)

... And you have to give something back ...

INT. T.J.'S BEDROOM - SAME

Tom enters. Kate rubbing T.J.'s back.

TOM

You better start doing the door ...

Kate kisses T.J., heads downstairs.

T.J.

Dad? Could you stay with me?

Tom takes Kate's place but there's something a little more antsy in his ministrations. He wants to be downstairs.

TOM

T.J.? I think we should start letting you try to go to sleep on your own again, huh? You think you're game for that?

T.J.

(almost asleep)

OK ... Just stay with me tonight ...

ANGLE - THE LIVING ROOM

Party's over. Tom and Kate at the window, half a dozen bartenders, caterers and maids straightening up behind them.

Tom takes Kate's hand, looks her in the eye.

TOM

Come on.

They walk through the spacious digs to a grand door; stop; give each other a lingering look, then enter.

Rather than a boudoir, WE SEE a library. They stand before a half-finished floor-to-ceiling plaster fresco, a construction scaffold marking the line of progress. The plaster work is bold, swirling, expressionistic.

On another finished wall are framed magazine covers; all featuring Tom; his "Wall of Fame."

Tom and Kate reach for each other's hands again as they eye the fresco.

TOM (contd)

So Kate ... what do you think, are we there yet?

INT. LIBRARY - NEXT MORNING (SATURDAY)

Kate is in the exact same spot as the night before, although she's now dressed in jeans and a turtleneck.

There are three plasterers at work.

KATE

Tone that area down over there ... It's starting to look a little psychedelic.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - SAME

T.J., sporting a T-shirt emblazoned "Dalton Phys. Ed.", is watching Rugrats on the big TV, sitting at his father's desk, his video-blimp at his side. He distractedly plays

with a remote control security apparatus laying atop the desk.

TOM
 (also wearing a Dalton
 T-shirt, on the phone to
 David Torres)
 Two hundred thousand? The guy was
 making seventy-five, what the hell did
 you say to him last night?
 (beat)
 Offer him one twenty-five, draw the line
 at one fifty ... see ya.

Tom hangs up, looks out the window.

TOM'S POV

WE SEE Central Park, some kind of fair/festival coming
 together; banners, a reviewing stand.

TOM
 Kate! Let's go! T.J. Turn it off ...

T.J.
 (Saturday lazy)
 It's almost over ...

Tom turns off the TV for him as Kate comes through the
 doors.

T.J. (contd)
 Da-ad!

TOM
 We're gonna be late.

T.J.
 So what, I can't even compete.

TOM
 Hey, that's the price you pay ... Kate,
 you ready?

T.J.
 Price I pay for what? What did I
 do? ...

INT. ELEVATOR BANKS

Tom, Kate and T.J. waiting. The elevator opens disgorging
 two cops.

COP #1
 Everything OK?

TOM

(startled)
Yeah. What's up?

COP #2

Somebody triggered the silent alarm.

Tom and Kate look at each other, at T.J.

T.J.

(wincing)
Sorry ... it was an accident ...

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - 20 MINUTES LATER

Directly across from their East 80s-on-Fifth apartment house.

Under a fluttering banner announcing "WELCOME TO N.Y.C. JUNIOR INVENTORS FESTIVAL," dozens of kids mill about showing off various inventions; remote control dinosaurs, bicycles linked up to bulbs that light when you peddle talking robots, a chicken that can beat you at tic tac toe via conditioned pecking at a lightboard, etc.

Among the parents WE SEE Tom shaking hands, waving, enjoying his high visibility, David Torres at his side.

ANGLE

T.J., filling the Mylar blimp from a small helium cannister; a few curious kids wandering over.

ANGLE

WE SEE a MAN in his twenties; grizzly bear big, bearded, looking like a biker/hippy, his eyes behind shades. He's lounging against the inner wall of the park reading the Daily News.

As he brings his cigarette to his mouth WE SEE the tattoos on his hands. We recognize them. This is CUBBY.

ANGLE

Kate on the judges stand chatting with the other judges, some city functionaries, neighbors.

ANGLE

T.J. ready to launch his blimp. A friend, NELSON, also wearing a "Dalton Phys. Ed." T-shirt, comes over trailed by a remote control dinosaur.

NELSON

Look ... I fixed it.

T.J.

Wow.

QUICK CUT

to Tom, overhearing T.J.'s sullen tone; turning to him.

The blimp takes off, up up and away. T.J. holds the controls which are linked up to a watchman, the screen a monitor for the video camera under the balloon.

Kids, parents, flock to him; it's a show stopper.

ANGLE

KATE

(on stage with microphone)
Welcome to the First New York City
Junior Inventors Festival!

(applause)

We have fifty-four young inventors
competing today, representing twenty-two
schools in the Greater New York area.

KATE'S POV

From the reviewing stand she eyes T.J. and the crowd he's drawn. The blimp circles the arena. She also sees Cubby but he doesn't register with her.

KATE

The judges are Dr. Linda Taffel,
principal of the Bronx High School of
Science ... Dr. Jane Cherry, Chairman of
the physics department at Stuyvesant
High School ...

ANGLE

WE SEE another shady character, a MAN in his thirties; lean but physically menacing; a middle weight with prison eyes. This is CLARK, Cubby's brother.

KATE (OS)

... and the third judge, I regret to say, is myself, Kate Mullen, Events Chair for the 125th Anniversary of Central Park and former teacher of biology at Evander Childs High School.

ANGLE

Tom eyeing T.J. while talking to some parents. Tom being photographed, reflexively smiling ...

KATE (OS)

First prize will be a five thousand dollar scholarship.

TOM

A celebrity boxing tournament ... do you have any idea how much money we could raise for the school? Hey, I'm willing.

KATE (OS)

Second prize is a one thousand dollar scholarship ...

ANGLE

The van we saw the night before with the boarded windows; sort of double-parked on the transverse bordering the grounds of the competition.

The DRIVER wears thick glasses, has huge steroid--sized muscles. He eyes the blimp as it circles the grounds, then lights a cigarette. We recognize him as the cigarette smoking wire-man from the night before. This is REED.

KATE (OS)

And third prize is a life-time pass to the Hayden Planetarium ... so let the games begin!

ANGLE

T.J. manning the controls.

NELSON

Teej. You think I have a chance to win?

T.J. casts a jaded eye at Nelson's dinosaur, scans whatever inventions fall before his eyes.

T.J.

(acidic)

Unfortunately, yes ...

Nelson doesn't know how to take this left-handed compliment, but Tom does.

He takes his son by the bicep and walks him backwards.

TOM
 (leaning down to be eye to
 eye)
 I want you to get out of that head
 you're in, right now ...

T.J.
 Well, how would you feel? Look at this
 stuff ... a light-bulb pecking chicken,
 an overgrown erector set with eyes, a
 talking double helix, "Hi! I'm Randy's
 DNA!" It's not fair, Dad, I worked
 really hard.

TOM
 And you did an amazing job. But we
talked about this, T.J. Life's not all
 about winning or losing.

T.J.
What!
 (mimicking his dad's
 commercial)
 "I never wanted to be the biggest just
 the best ... Pilgrim Airlines, Down to
 Earth, In the Skies."

Tom is busted, red faced, not sure how to play this. For
 lack of anything else he falls back on parental bluster.

He takes T.J. by the bicep again and walks him backwards to
 a tree.

TOM
 I think you need a cool down period, my
 friend.

ANGLE - KATE'S POV

Before her, there's a three ring demonstration of
 inventions.

In the distance she sees Tom and T.J. arguing at the tree.

ANGLE - THE TREE

TOM
 (guilty)
 Just ... there's a big difference
 between pride in achievement and in
 always having to be number one ...

T.J. looks away, nobody's fool.

TOM (contd)
(shaky, embarrassed)
You think about that ...

ANGLE

Cubby folding his newspaper.

ANGLE - T.J.'S MONITOR

WE SEE the judges stage, the demonstrations, WE SEE Cubby walking through the crowd, WE SEE the van, Nelson, the Central Park South skyline; the world in black and white.

ANGLE

Tom pressing the flesh, David at his side like a shadow.
T.J. is by the tree; his penalty box.

ANGLE - KATE'S POV

Three more invention demos before the judges.

ANGLE

CLOSE ON the van moving off ..

ANGLE

The video blimp sailing out of its arc.

ANGLE

Tom shaking hands, waving ...

ANGLE - KATE'S POV

Noticing the blimp is kind of out there.

She catches Tom's eye, tilts her chin skyward.

ANGLE

Tom watches the blimp leave the party.

He looks to the tree. T.J.'s gone.

He looks to his wife on the stand: where the hell is T.J.?

TOM

(casual)
T.J.?
(building)
T.J.?

He starts to move through the crowd, having to stop and shake a hand here, slap a back there, gradually picking up speed, eyeing the blimp just now leaving the park, eyeing his wife, trapped on the stage.

TOM (contd)

(more fear)

T.J.?

(to an acquaintance)

Hey, how are you ... T.J.?

KATE'S POV

Tom spin-walking through the crowd then head out of the park following the blimp as it floats across 5th Avenue.

JUDGE

Kate?

KATE

What?

JUDGE

Score?

A kid awaits expectantly. Kate didn't watch the demonstration.

EXT. 5TH AVENUE

Tom weaving through the traffic eyeing the blimp which is now across 5th and heading towards Madison.

TOM (bellowing)

T.J.!

HE runs after the blimp, one eye on the street.

ANGLE - THE BLIMP

serenely smashing into a building on the corner of 85th Street and Madison.

The camera, propellers, gondola; everything beneath the Mylar falling to Earth, the balloon itself taking off, free of its baggage.

TOM'S POV

Watching the electronic rain clatter to the pavement.

ANGLE - 5TH AVENUE

Tom running from around the corner to his building.

TOM
Charlie ... T.J. come in?

DOORMAN
Not that I saw.

ANGLE - CENTRAL PARK

The winners up on the stand, waving in triumph.

Kate gives a wave, a handshake, races off the stand.

The crowd starts to exit, streaming around her like rapids around a boulder.

Kate struggles to move deeper into the park, trying to find her son in the sea of kids.

ANGLE - 85TH AND 5TH AVENUE

Tom jogging back to the park entrance which is still streaming people.

He catches Kate coming out.

They stare at each other; fucked.

INT. MULLEN LIVING ROOM - 45 MINUTES LATER

Tom and Kate sit/pace/sit. With them is JACK HALLORAN, Deputy Inspector for the borough of Manhattan, the third or fourth ranked cop in the city. Both Kate and Tom know how to press buttons.

Halloran is in civilian dress, sport jacket and sport shirt.

HALLORAN
Look, Kate, you said it yourself, the kid was pissed. Tom here read him the riot act so he went to a friend's house to sulk ...

EXT/INT. ANONYMOUS FRONT DOOR BUSTING OPEN - SAME

WE SEE in jagged jostled images Cubby and Clark holding T.J. between them and bum-rushing him through a beat-up house, hustling him through a progression of rooms.

TOM
No ... We called all his friends.

HALLORAN
Well, maybe he took a powder because he's embarrassed about this happening.

Halloran gestures to the collected debris of the blimp.

HALLORAN (contd)

Kid's got a lot of pride you say ...
maybe he's ... you know ...

FLASHCUT

- 1) T.J. hoisted onto that ratty mattress under the cardboard covered window. There's a silver patch of gaffers tape over each eye, a larger strip over his mouth.
- 2) The handcuff on the bedpost is clamped onto T.J.'s bare ankle, another pair on his wrists.
- 3) A radio over his bed is turned on loud.

SHAKY MALE VOICE

Where's that camera ...

INT. MULLEN LIVING ROOM

HALLORAN

All's I'm saying is, Kate, that he's a feisty, independent little New York kid, and nobody knows how to bust a parents chops better than a boy like that,
(grinning)
believe me, I know ...

FLASHCUT

- 4) Hands clutching T.J.'s mouth, pouring a reddish liquid down his throat, making him gag and splutter.
- 5) The brothers quickly exiting the room. Slam!
- 6) T.J. alone, whimpering under the radio-jabber.

INT. MULLEN LIVING ROOM

CLOSE ON video footage from the blimp.

WE SEE a shaky aerial of the park, SEE T.J. by the tree holding the monitor, waving to himself, the blimp moving in a slow arc away from him; now over the judges stand; WE SEE Kate, Cubby, Tom talking to David Torres, waving at well-wishers.

HALLORAN

Look, I'll reach out, get some people to start searching the park if you want, but ...

KATE
(frightened, holding it in)
Yeah, OK, good. Do that.

ANGLE - THE TAPE

The blimp has made a complete arc, returning to T.J.'s tree, but this time there's no T.J.

Kate holds her temples.

INT. KIDNAP HOUSE - SAME

Living room. Tatty plaid couches, a stack of TV's.

Cubby and Clark smash into each other chest to chest, sort of a full-body high five.

CUBBY
(low, tremulous)
Fuckin' Clark, man ...

ANGLE - KIDNAP HOUSE DINETTE

Cramped, formica and vinyl.

A woman, MARIS, stands over the sink and lights a cigarette with trembling fingers.

She's mid-thirties, wiry, tough, quick gestures and blazing eyes.

Reed enters, all thick glasses and biceps, towering over her, reaching for a bottle of vodka, pouring himself a shot.

Maris snatches the bottle away, upends it into the sink.

REED
Sorry ... Forgot ...

Reed walks out of dinette area, slips a flask from his hip pocket, takes a slug ...

REED (contd)
(low)
Bitch ...

INT. MULLEN LIVING ROOM

CLOSE ON video playing.

The footage now shows Tom racing after the blimp on 85th. Suddenly the image shudders then breaks up as the blimp crashes into the building.

The housekeeper, FATIMA, comes into the room with the mail, drops it on the coffee table before them, silently retreats.

HALLORAN

(a little more soberly)

OK, look ... the worst thing you could
do right now is panic ...

CLOSE ON Tom looking down at the stack of mail. Right on top is a plain 8x10 manila folder, no postage, the words "OPEN ME" printed boldly by broad-tipped marker.

HALLORAN

(re: the envelope)

Tom ... maybe you shouldn't ...

Tom spills out the contents: T.J.'s Watchman monitor and another video.

TOM

Jesus!

Kate reaches for the Watchman, knocks a porcelain dish off the table, reaches to save it, then mid-thrust changes her mind, goes for the Watchman again, changes her mind, winds up reaching for nothing, just crossing her arms on her chest, then passing a trembling hand through her hair.

Tom picks up the tape but Halloran reaches out.

HALLORAN

Wait up, let me run it for prints.

TOM

(pops T.J.'s video out,
puts this one in)

Are you kidding me?

The video comes to life; it's a grainy close up of T.J. trussed on the cot.

Kate lets loose with a warbling hoot of terror.

TOM (contd)

(tremulous)

Jesus, God ...

On the video, a hand thrusts a copy of that day's Daily News into the frame to verify the date and then an electronically altered voice cuts through the grainy static.

ROBOTIC VO

Here we go ... I have your son. I will
kill him if you do not cooperate with my
(MORE)

ROBOTIC VO (contd)
 instructions exactly. Do not involve
 the police or the FBI any further. Tell
 them to leave immediately or I will kill
 him. Do not inform the media or I will
 kill him. I want two million dollars in
 fifties and hundreds. No consecutive
 serial numbers. No new bills. No
 marked bills. The money will fit into
 two model #6007 Samsonite hard shell
 suitcases. No tracking devices in the
 money or the cases or I will kill him.
 You have forty-eight hours to get the
 money. I will contact you.

The tape goes dead. The living room is enveloped by a
 stunned silence finally broken by Halloran who ejects the
 tape, gingerly sliding it back into the manila envelope.

HALLORAN
 Okay, let me get rolling on this ...
 (to Fatima)
 Excuse me, miss? Who gave you this?

FATIMA
 It's the mail.

HALLORAN
 Who sorts the mail ...

TOM
 (in shock)
 He said no police.

KATE
 (in shock)
 T.J. I want him right now.

TOM
 Kate.

KATE
 Why did you leave him?! How could you
leave him! How could you!

Kate springs up and takes a swing at him. He deflects the
 blow with a raised forearm then grabs her.

KATE (contd)
 (in shock)
 I can't breathe ...

She jack-knives at the waist, catches herself on the corner
 of the coffee table. Her legs stammer.

TOM

(ignoring Halloran, ashen)
Katie. I swear ... He's OK ... I know
it. I feel it. He's a tough kid, T.J.

KATE

Tough? He sleeps with six nightlights,
have you ever noticed that?

Halloran picks up a phone, starts to call in to his people.

HALLORAN

Yeah, this is Deputy Inspector ...

Tom reaches out and cuts off the call.

TOM

He said no police ...

HALLORAN

Look, they all say that. You can't
handle this by yourselves, no way.
And I can't help you unless you let me
get the help you need.

KATE

OK. Do it.

TOM

No ... We have to believe him. We just
can't take the chance. We'll pay and
it'll be over.

HALLORAN

Listen to me. You people ... you're top
shelf in this city. High visibility.
That makes this a red ball, all hands on
deck. Do you understand what I'm
saying? You get the best on this ...

KATE

The FBI? I want the FBI.

TOM

Jesus Christ ... just let me pay the bastard.

HALLORAN

Whoa, Kate, we don't need the FBI.

KATE

I want the FBI on this too.

TOM

Where the hell ... what kind of suitcases? ... I have to see the tape again, I can't remember the suitcases.

HALLORAN

Kate, Kate, first of all, the FBI, legally they can't come in on this unless it goes across state lines, OK? Number two ... how can I say this ...

Tom tears open the manila envelope, puts the video back on, his hands over his mouth. He's crying.

HALLORAN (contd)

Number two ... Kate, with this Central Park Chairlady thing ... right now you're part of the city administration.

(beat)

How do you think it's going to look, you know, politically ...

TOM

(turning from the video,
tear-streaked, furious)

He's not a Japanese import. He's our son!

Halloran, having stepped on his dick, raises his hands in a gesture of retreat.

INT. KIDNAP HOUSE - 3 HOURS LATER

Darkened bathroom.

T.J., eyes patched, hands cuffed, is standing over the toilet trying to pee. Cubby is leaning against the wall.

CUBBY

It's right in front of you ... let 'er rip.

INT. T.J.'S CAPTIVITY ROOM

Cubby helping him into the cot. The radio is still blaring.

Cubby takes his foot to re-attach the handcuff.

CLOSE ON T.J.'s ankle -- red and chafed.

Cubby winces. He takes T.J.'s sock off his free foot and pulls it over the bound foot sock to make a thicker cushion against the cuff.

T.J.
 (chattering, weepy)
 I want my parents.

CUBBY
 (pouring more reddish
 liquid into a little
 medicine cup)
 Drink this ... you'll feel better.
 (T.J. does)
 You gotta hang tough, my man, I'm
 telling you ... in a few days? ... just
 think how you're gonna kick ass at show
 and tell ...

Cubby coughs; tight, skull-wracking; flu-like ...

CUBBY (contd)
 Oh ... Jesus ...

He takes a slug of whatever it is he's giving T.J.

EXT. CHILDREN'S ZOO CAFE - 2 HOURS LATER

The zoo is temporarily shut down, desolate, the absence of
 children deeply felt.

Tom and Kate sit next to each other at the only occupied
 table, Halloran and the NYPD Chief of Detectives LEIBERMAN
 on one side of them; FBI Special Agent in Charge WALLACE and
 Special Agent HAWKINS on the other side.

The Mullens listen to the following conversation as if
 watching a tennis match; all four cops really playing to the
 parents, although they address each other.

S.A.C. WALLACE
 (speaking carefully)
 Look, we understand we have no
 jurisdiction here as yet ... but given
 the parents want us to help? We'd be
 more than happy to act as advisors.

HALLORAN
 (speaking carefully)
 Great ... If it looks like we need you
 we'll call you.

S.A.C. WALLACE
 (one eye on the Mullens)
 And, you know, as always, we're ready to
 put everything we have at your disposal;
 the technology, the manpower, the
 specialists, we can put it together
 in a blink ... you know how we do ...

HALLORAN

(with suppressed anger)
Yeah, we know how you do ... and we'll
certainly keep that in mind.

Halloran nods to Leiberman and the two men rise, trying to
end this sit-down.

AGENT HAWKINS

(not budging, speaking
directly to Tom and Kate)
I have to say, my fear is, if we don't
get in on this right from the git-go?
If it does eventually turn into an
interstate situation I don't want to
have to waste a lot of time playing
catch-up, myself.

LEIBERMAN

(barely controlled)
If it turns Federal you'll be the first
to know.

TOM

(touching Kate to rise)
Would you excuse us for a minute?
Just ...

Tom takes Kate by the hand, walks her out of earshot to the
empty animal cages.

The four cops glare at each other.

LEIBERMAN

If this wasn't the Mullens you wouldn't
even be sitting here.

WALLACE

Would you?

HALLORAN

It's not up to them. This is ours ...

HAWKINS

Well, if it does eventually go Federal?
Try not to screw it up for us too much
beforehand, OK?

LEIBERMAN

Fuck you.

ANGLE

Tom is in a froth, pacing, Kate nuts too.

TOM
What do you think ...

KATE
Tell them ...

Tom and Kate return.

TOM
I got a call about T.J.

HALLORAN
What?

TOM
Guy called.

HALLORAN
(suspicious)
When ...

TOM
Hour ago ... says for me to check into a
motel tomorrow night.

HALLORAN
Why didn't you say ...

TOM
Because I thought I wanted to handle
this myself ...

HAWKINS
Motel where ...

TOM
Jersey. Jersey City.

Halloran looks at Tom with pure hatred.

The Feds look down at the table, try not to gloat.

EXT. MULLEN APARTMENT HOUSE - 2 HOURS LATER

Workers file in to finish up the plastering job.

DOORMAN
You guys want to use the service entrance?
I tell you this every time ...

They head out, go around the corner.

INT. MULLEN APARTMENT - VESTIBULE

Fatima lets them in.

It's Lonnie Hawkins with three other agents in tow.
Tom and Kate stare.

HAWKINS
(extending his hand)
We meet again ... Lonnie Hawkins ...
This is Jack Sickler
(a bearded, bearish man)
Kimba Wood, and Paul Rhodes.

Rhodes looks stunningly like Tom.

RHODES
(shaking hands with Tom, like
shaking hands through a mirror)
Hey ...

SICKLER
(shaking hands)
Hey ...

KIMBA
(dragging utility box)
How are you, sir ...

Tom can't take his eyes off Paul Rhodes.

HAWKINS
He's the closest thing we could find ...

TOM
Jesus ...

HAWKINS
Look, I'm not allowed to advise you on
this, but if you do decide to pay ...

TOM
(gesturing to two cash-
stuffed suitcases)
Done ...

HAWKINS
(blinking; whoa ...)
Rhodes can make the drop for you.

TOM
I'm doing it.

RHODES
In case you change your mind, I'm here.

KIMBA
Where's your phone panel, Mrs. Mullen?

KATE

I have no idea.

Rhodes, Sickler and Wood branch out over the apartment.

Tom steers Hawkins through the apartment.

TOM

Let me ask you something ... This guy's got enough brains to snatch my son right under my nose and all he's asking for is two million dollars? Doesn't he know what I'm worth?

HAWKINS

No, he's being smart, OK. He's keeping it nice and easy for you. He knows you got it, knows you probably won't have any trouble coughing it up. Besides, that's probably all he needs.

ANGLE

They enter the living room where David stands with a thickly built man in a blazer.

TOM

This is David Torres, my chief aide, and this is Bob Stone, head of security.

HAWKINS

(extends a hand, sizing
both men up)
Lonnie Hawkins ...

DAVID

Tom? ... I should cover for you at the ...

Tom just nods for him to go.

TOM

(manic shift)
We got a little head start going here ... Bob's been in touch with the Executive Director of the National Center for Exploited and Missing Children, we're sending some people down to do some research ... We've got a Lexus compilation going back to 1985 trying to put together some kind of breakdown of kidnapping patterns; you know, MO's, durations, negotiating tactics, basically what worked, what didn't ... and ... what else, yeah ...

CLOSE ON Hawkins taking in the slightly demented industry behind Tom's activities as we continue to hear ...

TOM (contd)

(reaching for a thick folder)

From the little I could absorb in the last few hours, it seems like odds are, the kidnapper's someone on the inside, someone ...

(with difficulty)
someone we know ... so ...

Tom hands Hawkins a folded stack of printout.

TOM (contd)

That's everyone who's ever worked for me: presently, formerly, fired, retired, promoted, transferred, deceased ... kicked upstairs, kicked out the door, etcetera etcetera etcetera ...

HAWKINS

(once again absorbing Tom's somewhat manic state)

This is extremely helpful ... but ... can I make a suggestion?

BOB STONE

(uncomfortable, exiting)

Excuse me ...

HAWKINS

I think you would serve yourself best by kind of, hanging loose right now, you know just, sit tight, so we can ...

TOM

Hang loose, sit tight. Which one?

KATE

Tom ... let him ...

Hawkins quickly picks up Kate's less-panicked tone.

TOM

Look, I'm grateful for your being here but no way I'm not going to be part of this. Now is that going to be a problem for you? Because if it is ...

HAWKINS

(smiling, a handler of
people)

Hey! I hear you. I'd be the same way.
No problem at all.

He makes quick eye-contact with Kate; telepathic communion;
are you going to help me with your husband?

HAWKINS (contd)

Now, this motel meet ...

TOM

(looking away)

It's cancelled.

Hawkins doesn't push it. He knew it was bullshit just to
get them in.

TOM

So what's the game plan here ...

HAWKINS

Game plan's a waiting game. Guy calls,
we're off to the races. We want him on
the phone as often as possible, and for
as long as possible.

(beat)

I'm assuming you're going to want to be
the primary on our end ...

Tom nods his assent.

HAWKINS (contd)

Well, we'll work up a phone strategy for
you and if we're lucky on the trace
we'll get a location. Also, if we're
lucky, the guy'll screw up, give us
some clues as to who he is, where he is,
but basically, what happens is we give
him what he wants, and hopefully, in
return he gives us what we want ... your
son ...

KATE

(distraught)

Hopefully?

HAWKINS

(not a bullshitter)

Hopefully ...

Sickler enters the kitchen examining phone jacks, trying to
figure out where the in-house command post should be.

TOM

How many kidnappings have you people worked before ...

HAWKINS

Ten over the last five years.

KATE

Ten? That's it?

HAWKINS

Look, let me throw some numbers at you ... there's twenty thousand kidnappings in this country a year ... If you take away all the custodial kidnappings, the sexual, the drug related, you're down to a thousand. That's one thousand purely ransom-oriented, mercenary abductions. And out of that one thousand, do you know how many are children?

(beat)

Twenty ... Twenty in the entire country per year ... and that number is shrinking ... and it's shrinking because of us ...

Jack Sickler slides through the group again.

KATE

So ... the ten .. did you get them back?

HAWKINS

(after a beat)

Seven.

TOM

The three, what went wrong?

HAWKINS

Life ... the X-factor ...

TOM

(gut-sick)

The X-factor. You ever work a job with children?

HAWKINS

(hesitating)

No ...

KATE

Why us?

HAWKINS

You ever read about yourself in the papers? You're money.

TOM

He. Him. Maybe it's a her. Maybe it's a goddamn brigade ...

HAWKINS

Kidnapping's usually a team thing but what you often have is one brain running a bunch of bodies ... You know, one dominant individual and a crew of flunkies.

TOM

One dominant individual?

Rhodes, Tom's double, enters the room with a tape recorder. Tom does another double-take; chaos threatens.

TOM (contd)

No ... I'm a dominant individual ... this is something else ...

Kate takes his hand to calm him down. Fleeting eye contact with Hawkins.

Suddenly the phone rings, freezing everybody.

Tom grabs for it but Hawkins clamps a hand on his over the receiver.

HAWKINS

(bellowing)

ARE WE SET ...

SICKLER

(yanks open a door down the hall)

No!

The phone rings, rings ...

HAWKINS

(hissing)

Shit ...

Tom is terrified, his hand trapped under Hawkins'.

HAWKINS (contd)

(speed rapping, his eyes
burning into Tom's)

Any demands that come up ... just agree.
Let him know he's in charge. Let him

(MORE)

HAWKINS (contd)

know that your only priority is getting your boy back. OK? Now, you got to buy us some time. Ask to speak to your son. Ask for a sign he's alive, try to get some information. Say he's got allergies, some medical condition, what kind of weather's he in, is he indoors, outdoors ... OK?

(bellowing to Sickler)

ARE WE SET?!

In the BG, Sickler yanks open the door to the dining room to check on Rhodes.

SICKLER
(yelling)

Go!

HAWKINS
(nose to nose)
Calm and clear, okay?

Tom doesn't answer. He's got stage fright.

HAWKINS (contd)
I said ... Okay?

TOM
Yeah ... yes ...

INT. NYNEX SWITCHING STATION - SAME

Two agents: SAM and DEWEY, and two NYNEX TECHNICIANS hover over a computer screen with a grid of the U.S. They're plugged into Hawkins and no doubt a hundred other agents. A light blinks on the screen next to the Mullens' name and address. Instant trace. The map macros to Flushing, Queens. A green light blinks on the location of the caller.

AGENT DEWEY

Bingo.

INT. TOM'S LIBRARY - SAME

Tom puts the receiver to his ear.

TOM
Hello.

BRENDA
Tom. Sorry but I forgot to tell you, T.J.'s got a 8:30 at the dentist Monday morning.

TOM
 (exhaling his anxiety)
 Cancel it.

He hangs up. Looks at his hand. It's trembling.

TOM (contd)
 False alarm ...

AGENT (VO)
 Brenda Chance ... 41-08 Utopia Parkway.

TOM
 My secretary.

HAWKINS
 We know ...

The whole room seems to sag with a combination of relief and despair.

KATE
 (dry swallow, great effort)
 Is my son dead?

HAWKINS
 (great intensity)
 Don't ever think that ...

INT. T.J.'S CAPTIVITY ROOM

Cubby is hand feeling T.J. segments of a Kit-Kat bar. T.J. seems dopey and sluggish.

CUBBY
 Why can't you starve in the desert? ...
 (beat)
 Because of all the sand-which-is there ...

T.J. doesn't respond.

Cubby sneezes.

A hand drops on Cubby's shoulder.

He looks up to see Maris glaring down at him.

ANGLE - KIDNAP HOUSE - KITCHEN - 15 MINUTES LATER

All the kidnappers stand around eating Chinese take-out.

MARIS
 I mean why don't you just give him your
 goddamn name and social security number
 while you're at it ...

CUBBY

I'm telling the kid a joke, what's the big deal?

(sneezes, clutches his head)

Christ ... ow.

CLARK

(defending his brother)

Maris, why don't you lighten up a little ...

REED

Yeah ... cultivate a little humanity ...

MARIS

Cultivate ...

Maris holding her chopsticks like a knife, slowly walks over to Reed, the look in her eyes, as if she's contemplating what a lovely ashtray the top half of his skull would make, has the big weight lifter, and in fact the two brothers, squirming.

She holds Reed's eye for a double beat, then:

MARIS (contd)

(calm, deadly)

One time warning ... be nice to me ...

Then after another beat, she picks up her take-out and drifts out of the room, leaving all the men looking off, avoiding each other's eyes.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

CLOSE ON a polygraph machine inking out its oscillating lines across Tom's desk.

POLYGRAPHER (VO)

(monotone)

Is it true your name is Thomas
Mullen ...

Tom seated across the room, strapped across the head and chest; a pulse-wire capped to one finger.

TOM

Yes ...

The POLYGRAPHER, a nondescript Fed staring at his read-out.

POLYGRAPHER

Is it true that your name is Katherine
Mullen ...

Kate, wired in place.

KATE
Katherine Fox Mullen.

POLYGRAPHER (OS)
Just answer yes or no.

KATE
Yes.

The polygraph read-out -- steady.

ANGLE

Lonnie Hawkins in a corner of the room, out of the sightlines of Tom and Kate.

CLOSE ON the read-out steady as we hear:

POLYGRAPHER (OS)
Is it true you're wearing a white blouse ...

KATE (OS)
Yes.

ANGLE

Tom, wired-up, as we hear:

POLYGRAPHER (OS)
Do you know where your son is ...

TOM
(suffering, angry)
No ...

ANGLE

POLYGRAPHER
(concentrating on the read-out)
Do you know where your son is ...

ANGLE

KATE
(tears running)
No ...
(to Lonnie, in the shadows)
Happy?

ANGLE

Hawkins is approached by Tom.

TOM

The X-factor ... what is it ...

HAWKINS

What?

TOM

You said you lost three to the X-factor
... what went wrong ... didn't they pay?

HAWKINS

Everybody pays.

TOM

So ...

HAWKINS

So different things ... people panic ...
there's miscommunication ... mistakes
... I don't think it's good to dwell ...

TOM

Mistakes ... Who's mistakes ... yours?

HAWKINS

We do it by the book.

TOM

The book huh? Seven out of ten.

HAWKINS

I can't control the world.

TOM

You know what I don't understand? Why
would this guy, these people, ever give
me back my son no matter what I do ...
Pay, don't pay, comply, tell him to go
fuck himself ... kid's a witness any way
you cut it ... your script, another
script, it's all bullshit ... it's all
seven out of ten

(beat)

I need one out of one.

Hawkins waits until he's left, turns to Kate.

HAWKINS

(quiet, intense)

You want to see your son again? You
help me with him.

EXT. WORKING CLASS QUEENS NEIGHBORHOOD - SAME

Two-family homes and small stores.

PICK UP Cubby in the van as it rolls to a stop behind an LTD Crown Victoria parked in front of a deli.

INT. DELI

Detective JIMMY SHAKER, the same guy that we saw making the night-time arrest on the sidewalk, stands by the self-serve coffee station, pouring himself a jumbo black.

We can hear the police dispatcher over his hand-held radio which rests next to the Sweet n' Low.

Cubby enters from the street.

DELI-MAN

Jimmy, you want lettuce?

JIMMY

(heading for the counter)

Just tomato.

Jimmy comes alongside Cubby at the counter. His face narrows; a cop smelling a skell.

Cubby is aware of Jimmy's scrutiny but tries to ignore him.

CUBBY

(to the deli-man)

You have any of those Post Cereal Ten-Packs? You know, the variety packs?

The deli-man hands Jimmy his wrapped sandwich, starts ringing him up.

DELI-MAN

Here you go, James ... Post Ten-Packs?
Try the Shop-rite.

Cubby sneezes and coughs simultaneously, clutches his head.

CUBBY

Jesus ... How about Tylenol, you know
those liquid three caps? ... Jesus ...

DELI-MAN

Best bet's the Rite-Aid.

CUBBY

Yeah? Awright ...

He leaves.

DELI-MAN

(after him)

Sorry ...

Jimmy pays and follows Cubby outside the deli.

Standing in the doorway, he gives Cubby a thousand yard stare which Cubby feels but refuses to confront.

Cubby nervously gets into the van and drives off.

Jimmy saunters over to the LTD Crown Victoria, follows the van with his eyes for a beat before getting in.

INT. KIDNAP HOUSE - SAME

Cubby enters, carrying two shopping bags.

MARIS

We gotta feed him, worry about him
escaping, getting sick ...

CLARK

Number one, that's not your call.
Number two, what if we need him; what if
the guy wants proof he's still alive?

MARIS

Bullshit ... he'll pay either way.

CUBBY

What are you talking about?

CLARK

(eyeing bags)
Captain Crunch ... I said Raisin Bran.

CUBBY

Relax, I got that too ... the other's
for the kid.

MARIS

For the kid ...

Maris steps up, fishes two videos sticking out of the other
bag, Ren and Stimpy, Vol. I & II.

MARIS (contd)

And this ... for the kid too, right?
What is he, your pet?

REED

(slightly drunk)
He's wearing blindfolds, you asshole.

Cubby carefully puts down his bags then shoves Reed in the chest sending him flying across the room.

CUBBY

So he'll listen to the movies.

MARIS

He doesn't get it, does he ...

CLARK

(with difficulty)

Cubby ... with the videos and shit? ...
you just might be making beds in a
burning house. You follow me?

CUBBY

I was told the kid wouldn't be hurt.

CLARK

Cubby ...

CUBBY

Kid's in a cocoon. He can't identify
anybody ... what the hell can he tell
them?

MARIS

C'mere ...

She beckons Cubby to follow.

INT. BEDROOM

MARIS

(indicating the foot of
the bed)

Stand there.

She walks behind T.J., raises his head and quickly removes
the tape from his eyes.

T.J.'S POV

Cubby standing there, head to toe; caught on the blurry
camera of T.J.'s feverish mind.

Maris replaces the tape patches.

MARIS

(imitating Cubby)

The kid's in a cocoon ...

She walks out.

EXT. HOUSE

Cubby exits in a funk.

As Cubby walks up the street WE SEE Jimmy Shaker in his LTD Crown Victoria rolling towards then past him.

ANGLE

Jimmy in the car; eyeing Cubby through his rear view ...

INT. TOM'S LIBRARY - 1 HOUR LATER

CLOSE ON the video, creeping frame by frame. WE SEE Cubby again ...

PULL BACK TO SEE Hawkins and Tom watching.

In the BG a table is skylined with documents acquired by Tom's people; Bob Stone and two others sorting paper.

HAWKINS

Do you know there's three people living in this building with prison records?

TOM

For what?

HAWKINS

Embezzlement, Stock Fraud, Income Tax Evasion.

TOM

... If you want to make an omelette, you have to break some eggs.

HAWKINS

If you want to make an omelette ...
Who's not in here ...
(the enemy list)
Think ...

TOM

That's it ...

HAWKINS

(suddenly harsher)
I said think.

TOM

I said that's it ...

Suddenly Hawkins pops the video, replaces it with Tom's commercial, fast forwarding it to the shot of him and

another pilot standing in front of the two six-seaters in 1971; he holds the frame.

HAWKINS

You even put him in your commercial.

TOM

(blanching)

Ernie ... he's dead.

HAWKINS

Yeah, I know ... he died in a jail in Guatemala ... Guns in, antiquities out. If you want to make an omelette ... How to finance an airline ...

TOM

What would you have liked me to do, walk into the police station and say "arrest me too"?

HAWKINS

I don't pass judgement. I just need you to be thorough.

TOM

Look, I support his whole family. I sent his kids to college.

(beat)

How did you ...

HAWKINS

If we're doing heavy background checks on your neighbors, can you imagine what we're doing on you?

TOM

Ernie ...

HAWKINS

Anybody else? Any ... relationships? discrete or ...

TOM

Why do I feel like I'm the criminal?

(beat)

Not for a while ... years ... there's a lot of temptation out there ... I'm not made of steel ... but not for years.

Hawkins slides a paper across the coffee table.

TOM (contd)

What ...

HAWKINS

Names ...

TOM

(squirming)

I said it's been years ...

Hawkins waits.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Kate is sitting with Kimba, the FBI agent, at a small table.

Kimba has a beer, Kate a glass of wine.

KATE

(red eyed from crying)

Do you have any kids?

KIMBA

Not yet. Me and Jeff want to get our sea legs first. We just got married last year.

KATE

Is he an FBI agent too?

KIMBA

(laughing)

Jeff? He's a minister.

KATE

(smiling, wiping her cheeks)

I was a school teacher for eleven years. Nursery, elementary, high school. I had kids coming out of my ears. Then I left for a job running recreation programs for the Department of Parks? ... You know, so I was involved with every playground, every zoo, every swimming pool in the five boroughs ... kids kids kids. But when I decided to have one of my own? I've had four miscarriages ... The doctor said ... So, T.J.? he wasn't supposed to be ... He was my miracle boy, you know?

Kimba just listens, nodding ...

Kate takes a beat to get a grip on herself.

KATE (contd)

Tom and I ... were very ambitious people
... and sometimes? We forget who we are
... and ...

(crying again)

T.J. has to pay for that ...

Kimba looks as if she's about to release some platitude, but then she stops herself; just nods in sympathy. Then ...

KIMBA

Look ... I hate to have to ask this but
... we need as thorough a history of ...

KATE

(cutting her off)

John Kendrick ... he's a doctor at the
American Hospital in Paris ... We had a
thing went on for about a month, four
years ago when Tom and I were having a
bad time of it ...

She watches Kimba writing this down.

KATE (contd)

I assume you're going to be discrete.

KIMBA

Tom doesn't have to know.

KATE

Tom knows all about it ... I was
concerned about Jack ... he's got a
family too.

(beat)

I was wondering when this would come
up ...

(beat)

You want to hear something amazing about
Tom? ... A man in his position ... with
his looks, personality ... He's never so
much as glanced at another woman since
the day we were married ... can you
believe that?

INT. HALLWAY

A lost soul, Kate is wandering the house, wiping her tears,
looking for Tom.

She comes to the grand doors of the library, opens up to see
Tom, covered with plaster and paint, standing across the
room from the unfinished fresco and hurling sticky balls of
pigmented plaster at the wall, as if he decided to finish
the job himself in his own lunatic way.

His "Wall of Fame" lies in ruins; broken glass and smeared with paint.

TOM

(not looking at her,
flinging another plaster
bomb)

So, Katie ... are we there yet?

KATE

Tom ... stop.

TOM

You know you tell yourself, you lie to yourself that you're doing it for your family ... you're doing it for the security ... the future ... all this ... this King of the Mountain bullshit ... all this ...

(flinging)

Maybe, maybe I should just buy a local TV station ... run a 24-hour infomercial about myself ... really get under the public's skin ... no pissing around with three minute spots.

KATE

I said stop.

TOM

You know what my mother used to say? If God hates your guts He grants you your deepest wish.

KATE

(gives him a shove)

Quit it ... it doesn't help. You want forgiveness for something? Whatever it is, you're forgiven, okay? And that's the end of it. Leave it here.

OS we hear the ringing of a distant phone.

TOM

(helpless)

Kate ... I keep seeing him on that bed like that, I can't get that out of my head. Where is he right now? What are they gonna do to him? Do you think he's okay?

Hear the faint ringing ...

KATE
(helpless too; softly)
Tom, stop ...

Suddenly Hawkins bursts into the room.

HAWKINS
(bugging)
Are you people deaf?

CLOSE ON the phone off the hook, knocked askew by Tom's chaos-making.

HAWKINS
(shoves Tom forward)
Go!

Tom sprints down the hall with Hawkins close behind. Rhodes flies out of the guest bath. Collision. Tom rams his knee into a credenza. Excruciating pain.

Hawkins and Rhodes drag Tom up.

ANGLE - SICKLER

With a cordless phone. Tosses it into the hallway to Hawkins who hands it to Tom.

HAWKINS
(yanking on his own headsets)
Okay.

TOM
Hello? ... Hello? Who is it?

Kate comes screeching up.

INT. NYNEX

Agents Dewey, Sam and technicians hover over the computers. Something is terribly wrong. A computer goes dark.

ANGLE

TOM
Fuck ... They hung up ... Jesus ...

The phone rings again. He looks to Hawkins. Picks up.

TOM
Hello?

KIDNAPPER (VO)
(distorted, sounds like the
computer voice on the disk)
Mr. Mullen?

Tom looks to Hawkins. Hawkins nods, "it's him." Tom grabs
Kate's hand. An older, slightly disheveled MAN enters,
whips on headphones.

TOM
Yeah ... Yes.

KIDNAPPER (VO)
Are you good to go?

TOM
Am I what?

KIDNAPPER (VO)
Get in your car and drive. L.I.E.
eastbound. Alone.

TOM
(stage fright)
No ...

There's dead silence again.

TOM'S POV

The cash-laden suitcases at the ready.

TOM
I ... I don't have the money yet.

KIDNAPPER (VO)
Don't you fuck with me.

TOM
My son ... I want to talk to him.

KIDNAPPER (VO)
He's all tied up right now ... come
alone ...

TOM
Whoa! Wait ... I have to tell you ...
T.J. ... he's got asthma ... it's very
serious.

KIDNAPPER (VO)
So what's the weather like? Damp?
Rainy? Is he in a cellar? On a
mountaintop? How's the linguist doing
with my accent?

ANGLE

Everyone turns to the older disheveled man who shrugs helplessly regarding the electronically altered voice.

TOM

How will I get my son back?

KIDNAPPER (VO)

By paying me.

(beat)

He'll call you.

TOM

No, wait ... I need some sign ...

KIDNAPPER (VO)

Come alone.

TOM

(blurting out)

You're not getting the money. No way ...

There's a beat of disorienting silence from the kidnapper.

KIDNAPPER (VO)

What?

That "what" mirrors the feelings and faces of those assembled around Tom.

TOM

(stammering, folding)

Unless ... unless I hear my son's voice ...

KIDNAPPER (VO)

Eastbound ... L.I.E. ... alone.

The phone clicks off. Tom stares at it.

INT. KIDNAP HOUSE

CLOSE ON a hand folding up a cellular phone.

WE TRACK up from the hand to SEE the chief of this operation, Jimmy Shaker, the detective.

The others look to Jimmy breathlessly.

Jimmy looks to Reed, who's behind some kind of electronic scrambler.

Reed gives him thumbs up.

JIMMY

(grinning)

It's on ...

They explode in panic/joy.

Maris and Jimmy embrace. They're lovers.

INT. MULLEN HOUSE

Tom still gripping the phone.

LINGUIST

Good to go. It's a military expression,
Marines. Other than that ...

No one is paying attention to the linguist.

KATE

What did he say? What did he say? Is
T.J. okay?

Tom can't answer right away.

Hawkins speaks softly to Dewey and Sam at the phone co

TOM

Did you get him?

HAWKINS

Computer crashed.

KATE

Is T.J. okay?

TOM

(dazed)

I don't know.

KATE

(angry, scared)

Why did you say he won't get the
money ...

TOM

(flustered, hedging)

That's what I was supposed to say,
right?

Wrong. Hawkins stares at him, as do all the others.

TOM (contd)

I have to drive. He wants me to get in
the car and drive.

KATE

I'll come.

TOM

No. No one comes.

Kate walks off, retrieves the suitcases, drops them before Tom, studying him.

Tom can't meet her eyes, doesn't know why he balked on paying like that ...

INT. KIDNAP HOUSE

Cubby and Clark stare at each other -- from a foot apart.

Jimmy stands between them, a hand on each of their necks, kneading the tension out of their muscles ... Jimmy's boys.

INT. T.J.'S CAPTIVITY ROOM

Cubby sneaks inside, moves quickly to T.J., lowers the ever-loud radio then whispers in his ear ...

CUBBY

It's almost over, my man. Then I'm gonna get you out of here, I promise.

Cubby turns the radio back up and exits.

EXT. ALLEY-LIKE DRIVEWAY RUNNING ALONGSIDE THE KIDNAP HOUSE

Clark sits behind the wheel of a nondescript van.

Cubby rides an ATV (All Terrain Vehicle) up some fat planks into the open rear. And as Clark drives off Cubby closes the van-doors behind him.

INT. APARTMENT HOUSE UNDERGROUND GARAGE

Tom, Sickler, Hawkins, Kimba and Kate. Tom climbs into a Jag. Rhodes tosses the suitcases in the back seat.

HAWKINS

We wired it for sound. Just yell.
We'll be there.

TOM

That's what I'm afraid of.

Sickler jacks a shell into a shotgun and starts to climb into the trunk.

TOM (contd)

Hey! What does it take?

Sickler holds up his hands. You're the boss. Shuts the trunk.

Kate leans in the window, kisses him.

KATE

Get him back ...

Tom rolls out.

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL PARKWAY - TWILIGHT

The Jag idles by, caught in rush hour.

INT. JAG

The Jag jerks. Tom notices the fuel gauge. Bone dry. Frantically signals, weaves and pushes through two lanes of traffic. Barely makes an off ramp. People honk furiously. He nicks a guard rail. The car dies.

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE OFF RAMP

The Jag coasts into a Merit station.

INT. JAG

The ATTENDANT comes to the window for money. Tom reaches into his coat. No wallet. Feels for it in other pockets. Looks in the console. Looks up at the attendant.

ATTENDANT

Twenty-one fifty ...

TOM

I must've left my wallet at home. Here, take my watch.

ATTENDANT

No way ...

His car phone rings. Starts the car. Floors it. Nearly hits another car. The attendant stands there yelling, "Hey." A pickup truck pulls up next to the attendant and whatever the driver shows him quiets him down. FBI.

INT. JAG

Bouncing over a curb. Phone rings. Tom clips it.

INT. KIDNAP HOUSE

JIMMY

Where you at ...

145

TOM (VO)

Just past Shea Stadium.

JIMMY

Good. Long Island Expressway. Take exit 29. At the stop light there's a Deli King right across the service road. Take the suitcases into the bathroom, transfer the money into the two backpacks you'll find behind the toilet.

TOM (VO)

Then what ...

Jimmy hangs up. Looks to Reed behind his phone line scrambler. Reed is too busy to look up. Jimmy looks to Maris, chain-smoking, wired.

INT. NYNEX SWITCHING STATION

Computer. The cellular triangulation trace is successful. SEE a grid laid over the map. Three lines emanate from cellular towers intersecting a moving point over Suffolk County. An agent taps a key. Macro up a 3-D graphic of the location. SEE buildings, the expressway. A green cursor blinks and moves along it. The phone number comes up within the cursor.

AGENT DEWEY

We got him. We got him ... Sayonara, asshole. 563-7896.

AGENT SAM

That's Mullen's. I want asshole's.

AGENT DEWEY

What do you mean? That's it. That's what's showing.

AGENT SAM

How can that be?

TECHNICIAN

(incredulous)
He's able to throw off the triangulation to the receiver not the sender.

AGENT SAM

Can you do that?

INT. KIDNAP HOUSE

CLOSE ON Reed at his console, finally relaxing, beaming, giving Jimmy a double thumbs up, as we hear:

TECHNICIAN (VO)

He just did.

INT. DINING ROOM

Hawkins listens in to the agents at NYNEX and Tom. He looks up at Sickler who is also plugged in. SEE infrared view of Tom's car and the highway ahead of him.

HAWKINS

Rhodes. Get link analysis with Quantico. I want to see every hacker and communications psycho with a prior dumped into the profile.

EXT. DELI KING ON SERVICE ROAD AT EXIT 29

Tom parks, exits car with the suitcases.

INT. DELI KING

Tom heads back past the deli counter to the cramped john.

INT. BATHROOM

There's two backpacks folded behind the base of the toilet.

The space is so cramped he can barely maneuver the two hard shell suitcases to transfer the funds.

He pulls out the backpacks. There's a note:

"LEAVE THE JAG. TAKE BACKPACKS W/\$ TWO BLOCKS
TO CORNER OF UTOPIA/HARDING. BLACK BUICK REGAL
KEY UNDER FLOOR MAT L.I.E. EAST."

INT. DELI KING

Tom exits bathroom with backpacks. He's soaked with sweat. One of the deli-men waiting for next gives him a dirty look.

EXT. UTOPIA/HARDING EXPRESSWAY

Tom sees the Buick. Gets in. There's a walkie-talkie laying on the passenger seat.

EXT. REAR OF DELI KING

Old deli-man exits the bathroom and heads out the rear entrance into the parking lot to examine the suitcases he found. All is silent. Then suddenly the parking lot erupts with armed FBI agents.

The deli-man almost has a coronary.

EXT. UTOPIA/HARDING

Tom pulls out, heads for the L.I.E.

ANGLE

Jimmy parked in his LTD Crown Victoria watches as Tom drives by. Jimmy waits until a few more cars pass then he pulls out picking up a walkie-talkie as he trails Tom.

(Note: The walkie-talkie is piggy-backed to a voice distortion apparatus that turns Jimmy's voice into a robotic monotone over the air.)

EXT/INT. TOM'S CAR

JIMMY (OS)

(robotic over walkie-talkie)

Pick me up, asshole ...

Tom jumps, does as he's told.

JIMMY (OS, contd)

(robotic)

I hate it when the Feds hang a wire.
You can't even have a decent
conversation, know what I mean?

TOM

(into walkie-talkie)

Now what?

JIMMY (OS)

(robotic)

Exit 70 to the Montauk Highway.

EXT/INT. JIMMY'S CAR - L.I.E.

Jimmy talking to Tom over the walkie-talkie.

WE CAN SEE Tom, two lanes over and 50 yards ahead.

JIMMY

(normal voice)

So how you holding up? Rough, huh?
These are the times that try men's
souls. Try men's souls. I saw your new
TV commercial this morning. Pretty good
... pretty damn good, but let me ask you
... do you have a frequent flyer's
program? Because if you do, after this
is all over? I just might take a
Pilgrim flight the hell out of here ...

EXT. OLD MONTAUK HIGHWAY - SAME

The van is parked on the shoulder of a narrow road flanked on either side by moonstruck gleaming sand dunes. The ocean can be heard.

The ATV emerges from the van, comes down the planks. Cubby circles the van, comes to a stop by Clark.

CUBBY

I got butterflies up the yin-yang ...

CLARK

Cubby, let me do it ... you're sick ...

CUBBY

Jimmy said me.

CLARK

Fuck Jimmy.

CUBBY

Last time you were on one of these? You wound up in traction ... you just be waiting for me, okay?

CLARK

I don't know, Cubby ...

CUBBY

And Clark? Nobody touches the kid ...

CLARK

(after a beat)

Sure ...

(taking out cigs, looking
at the moon)

Nice night, huh?

EXT. L.I.E. - SAME

WE SEE Tom's car pass Exit 66 getting close to the turnoff.

EXT/INT. TOM'S CAR

JIMMY (OS)

(robotic, on the walkie-
talkie)

You ever see that movie The Time Machine? ... It's the world of the future, right? There's only two kinds of people, the Morlocks and the Eloi, okay?

EXT/INT. JIMMY'S CAR - SAME

JIMMY (contd)

(normal voice)

The Elooi live on the land, they're all blonde, wear togas and shit, eat grapes and food like that. The women all look like Suzanne Pleshette or Tuesday Weld back in the day, right? The men are like, I don't know if they're fags, but they look like they couldn't get a hard-on between them, okay? But it's like the Garden of Eden. Basically, everybody just lays around and listens to harp music.

INT. MULLEN APARTMENT

Kate, Hawkins, et al. sweating it out.

JIMMY (VO, contd)

(robotic)

Now, the Morlocks, they live underground, don't even see the sun, big, strong, hairy, ugly motherfuckers like you wouldn't wish on an ape. They're down there with all this machinery doing all the labor, making sure the Elooi have enough food and togas. A real case of the highs versus the lows.

INT. KIDNAP HOUSE

Maris and Reed sweating it out. Maris enters T.J.'s room.

The kid stiffens with alertness. Maris regards him with homicidal eyes as we hear:

JIMMY (VO, contd)

(robotic)

And it's a great deal if you're an Elooi, right? Except for one thing ... Every once in a while a Morlock comes up to the surface and snatches him a Elooi. And they don't eat grapes, the Morlocks. They're cannibals. They eat Elooi.

EXT. OLD MONTAUK HIGHWAY - SAME

Cubby and Clark embrace by the van. Cubby rolls off into the dunes, Clark heading down the paved road as we hear ...

JIMMY (VO, contd)

(robotic)

And when that happens, all the other
Elois freak for about thirty seconds ...
but then they go back to the free concert
in the park, like nothing happened.

EXT/INT. TOM'S CAR ON MONTAUK HIGHWAY - SAME

Tom driving as we hear ...

JIMMY (VO, contd)

(over walkie-talkie, robotic)

And so, when I think about The Time
Machine, it kind of reminds me of New
York City ... See, you're an Eloi ...
you and all your friends ... New York
the financial capital, the culture
capital blah blah ... but every once in
a while one of you gets snatched by a
Morlock and then you all shiver and cry
for a while, but then you go on like
nothing happened ... that's the price
you pay ... What a city, what a world.
Well, see you at the Whitney, see you at
the Four Seasons, see you at the Met,
see you, see you, see you ...

EXT/INT. JIMMY'S CAR

JIMMY (contd)

(normal voice, into walkie-
talkie)

So ... does this make me a Morlock? I don't
like to think of myself that way, but ...
I guess it does, I guess it does ...

EXT/INT. TOM'S CAR

JIMMY (VO, contd)

(robotic)

Okay, here we go ... about a mile ahead
the road splits. Take the left fork
onto the Old Montauk Highway ... once
you're on, I want you to drive nice and
slow ... ten miles per hour max ...

TOM

When do I get my son back?

JIMMY (VO)

(robotic)

First things first ... Good luck to ya,
laddie ...

EXT. HIGHWAY - 5 MINUTES LATER

A heavy fog has rolled in. Night. WE SEE the fork in the highway. WE SEE Tom go left, and after a beat WE SEE Jimmy go on straight, his shepherding job done.

EXT. THE NARROW ONE LANE OLD MONTAUK HIGHWAY

Fog and night. Ghost dunes crowd the road.

WE SEE Tom's Buick from a distance, the lone car, creeping, creeping through the dark.

TOM'S POV

Ghost mist, ghost dunes, rolling by at ten miles an hour.

INT. CAR

Tom; eyes straining, face frosted with sweat.

Tom sees a car approaching at a crawl in his rear-view mirror. He grips a tire iron from under the seat.

The other car slowly glides by. The driver is a woman. There's a kid in the passenger seat. The car disappears into the mist ahead.

Tom continues his crawl.

EXT. CUBBY SEEN THROUGH BINOCULARS ON HIS ATV

... alongside a walking dune, between the ocean and the road.

Binoculars shift to the highway, CATCH THE BUICK creeping along.

Then REVERSE ANGLE TO SEE Clark, standing atop the van with the binoculars, tracking the play.

The planks are in place for the ATV to roll back up inside.

INT. BUICK

Tom floating through mist, creeping forward.

INT. MULLEN LIVING ROOM

Hawkins is on the phone to someone. Kate and the other agents are sweating it out.

INT. BUICK

Tom driving at a crawl.

Suddenly the ATV bursts through the brush and fog on the side of the road, cutting off the creeping Buick.

CUBBY

(screaming)

Stop the car! Stop the fucking car and
toss out the keys!! Do it!

Tom tosses the car keys into the scrub. Cubby hauls out the backpacks, hooks them on the handlebars and roars back into the brush, tearing off through the sand towards the ocean.

Tom jumps out of the car to chase after him, but it's useless; his feet sinking into the sand as the ATV takes the dunes like they were moon-washed moguls.

ANGLE

Clark tracking his brother through the binoculars.

CLARK

Go Cubby! Go! Go!

ANGLE

The ATV barrelling, climbing a dune overlooking the ocean ...

And suddenly being confronted with a thundering helicopter which appears as if rising from the moonlit Atlantic, ascending to challenge him like a monster from the deep, flooding him in light.

And from the copter, three SWATS rappel from ropes, all of them aiming laser-sighted weapons at Cubby, who spins out in panic, goes sprawling on the sand.

TOM'S POV

From a dune fifty yards behind the action, Tom watches as the SWATS hit the sand.

Cubby reaches for his pistol and fires ...

CLOSE ON one of the SWATS, his shoulder spurting blood, reflexively returning fire ...

CLOSE ON

TOM

(screaming)

No!

CLOSE ON

CLARK

(screaming)

No!

CLOSE ON Cubby shot in the throat, sinking to his knees.

CLOSE ON

WOUNDED SWAT

(knowing he fucked up)

Shit!

ANGLE

Tom, scrambling down the dune, reaching Cubby at the same time as the copter lands, getting to him before the SWATs; Tom sliding to his knees, getting his hands on Cubby who is covered in blood; grabbing him by the jacket ...

TOM

Where is he! Where's my son!

Cubby is too busy pumping out life-blood to answer; Tom bellowing in his face:

TOM (contd)

Where's my son!

Suddenly Tom is yanked backwards off the guy by the SWATs, who desperately try to administer CPR, staunch the blood.

ANGLE

Tom, on his ass, covered in blood, watching the SWATs work on the guy, seeing others work on the wounded SWAT.

Suddenly he senses a stillness; a relaxing in the circle of shoulders around the rider. The guy is dead.

TOM

Where's my son!

The SWATs turn to him, mute, defeated.

Tom leaps to his feet, in fury rushing the SWATs.

TOM (contd)

(to the SWATs)

How am I gonna find him now, huh?

ANGLE

Clark, helpless, pounding the side of the van with his fist.

ANGLE - CUBBY, DEAD

His leather gloves being ripped off. One of the SWATS is rolling his fingertips; making prints right on the spot.

ANGLE

Tom staggers wild-eyed, rushing clumps of SWATS, in shock.

TOM

You fucking killed my son!

The SWATS absorb Tom's rush, restrain him, their faces edged with defeat ... He's right ...

One of the SWATS takes Tom over to the body.

SWAT

You know him?

Tom nods no.

ANGLE - CLARK'S VAN

Tearing off, the planks just dropping to the road, the rear doors banging wildly ...

EXT. MULLEN APARTMENT HOUSE - 1 HOUR LATER

CLOSE ON Jag being driven into the garage.

PAN UP TO SEE the driver is an FBI agent.

ANGLE

The Buick following behind coming into the garage, being driven by another agent.

Tom is in the back seat between two agents.

ANGLE

CLOSE ON rear door of Jag being opened, the two backpacks being carried toward the elevator.

CLOSE ON the backpacks, now spattered with blood.

GO WIDE TO SEE the agent carrying the backpacks out of the elevator approach the front door.

We start hearing, from inside the apartment, the sound of breaking glass, Kate's voice raw and enraged.

KATE (OS)

Don't you touch me!

INT. MULLEN APARTMENT

Kate is crazed, her face red and grief-stricken. Agents try to approach her but she fends them off.

The floor is littered with glass, porcelain, anything she was able to get her hands on.

ANGLE

Hawkins opening the apartment door, exchanging looks with the returning agents.

Sees Tom coming up to the door, locking eyes with Tom.

Tom walking right up and without preamble clipping Hawkins on the jaw.

Hawkins reflexively takes him down; has him face-down on the floor in the blink of an eye, but just as quickly relents; helping him to his feet.

INT. KIDNAP HOUSE - SAME

Clark comes exploding through the front door, Jimmy standing there, Clark bulling him out of the way, grabbing a knife on a table, marching back to T.J.'s room, kicking in that door, T.J. jerking up in startlement, Clark raising the knife. Jimmy coming up behind him, and disarming him, taking him down much like Hawkins did to Tom.

INT. MULLEN LIVING ROOM - 15 MINUTES LATER

ANGLE

Tom and Kate freaking, Kimba and Rhodes trying to manage them. Hawkins is on the phone fighting with his supervisor.

TOM

(overlap)

This is the X-factor, right?

KIMBA

(overlap)

Just calm down, the guy on the walkie-talkie couldn't have been the guy in the dunes.

HAWKINS

(into the phone, overlap)

Take it up with the SWAT commander.

(beat)

Take it ... I can't be in two places at once ... I can't ...

The supervisor has hung up.

TOM

(to Hawkins)

We do it by the book, right?

RHODES

Got to be at least one other guy ... got to be ... walkie-talkie's got a one-mile range. Guy'd have to pace you in a car for two hours then jump out, hop on an ATV and cut you off at the pass.

KATE

I want my son alive, you hot dog son of a bitch!

HAWKINS

(loudly)

Hey!

(gets everyone's attention)

Now look ... here's what we know. The body ... name's Cubby Barnes ... served two terms for burglary. We got a hold of his visitors log from prison, we got his residential phone records since he's been out, and we're talking to his neighbors seeing who he's been running with. OK? Now ... What Paul said ... has to be at least one other guy ... the Morlock man, OK? Has to be. OK?

RHODES

We might even know who the Morlock man is. Cubby has this brother, Clark. They're supposed to be like Frick and Frack ... Nobody can find him right now, so ...

Tom grabs Kate's hand.

HAWKINS

So, we just got to do our homework here and maybe we can get lucky, come up with some other player ... maybe Clark, maybe somebody else.

(beat)

But other than that ...

(nods to the phone)

We just got to hope it's gonna ring again.

TOM

(heavily)

How's the shot SWAT ...

HAWKINS

He's gonna be okay ... and I tell you
nobody feels as bad about this as him.

KATE

(still livid, walking out)
You want to bet?

INT. KITCHEN

Kate walks in to be alone. Fatima is there looking stunned, immobile. Kate's eyes go from Fatima's face to the screen of the portable TV on the counter.

On the screen is a newscaster; SONDRA CLARK is giving a report in front of the Mullens' building.

SONDRA CLARK (ON TV)

We don't know yet whether the FBI is
involved, John, but I've been told the
Mullens are sequestered at this time and
are not about to give out a statement.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Kate comes flying in from the kitchen.

Everyone is standing by the window looking down at ...

A massive media encampment set up across Fifth Avenue.

Sat trucks, reporters, video shooters; an entire ant farm
wracked with manic energy, the ants scurrying back and forth
across the avenue, the entire electronic village growing by
the minute. The phone starts ringing off the hook.

Tom and Kate look to Hawkins.

HAWKINS

(flushed, overwhelmed)
It happens ...

INT. KIDNAP HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Clark is in a tear-streaked, red-faced rage. He sits on the
couch, his hands balled into fists.

Jimmy sits on a coffee table facing him. Jimmy has his
hands on his shoulders, his knees locking Clark's knees,
boxing him in; an old interrogation move for cops.

Reed and Maris keep their distance across the room.

JIMMY

Listen to me, listen to me, are you listening to me? Your brother went into this, head up, eyes open and he went out like a warrior, okay? Nobody talked him into nothing ... he was his own man ...

CLARK

His own man? He was a fuckin' puppy and you know it.

JIMMY

He was hard as a nut. Just like you. Why do you think I reached out for you on this to begin with? Remember that time we had you two in the basement of the six three?

Jimmy holds out one of his hands, turns it in the light showing off permanent swellings on the knuckles.

JIMMY (contd)

Never did heal right ...

CLARK

(smirking)

You should have used something other than your hands.

JIMMY

I still don't know who was behind that furrier job, do I ...

CLARK

You're stroking me ...

JIMMY

I'm just saying what is ...

(beat)

Now, here's the lick. Your brother, is dead. Incontrovertible, okay? ... So, what do you want to do about that. Walk away from the job? You want to fold the tent and vanish?

(to all)

People ... we've swam three quarters across the English Channel and we discover we're tired ... So what do we do, swim back?

REED

(sniggering)

Swim back ...

Reed turns on the TV. There's Sondra Clark.

REED (contd)

Jesus ...

SONDRA CLARK

We're still awaiting an identification on the dead kidnapper; my sources tell me this information should be in our hands within the hour ...

JIMMY

God dammit!

MARIS

You know what the kids call this? ... "More Drama." You know, like, "Aw Shit, man, more drama. Best stay indoors today," you ever hear that? "More drama ... "

JIMMY

(to Reed)

Turn that fucking thing off ...

(to Maris)

Baby, go check on the kid.

Maris balks.

JIMMY (contd)

Please ...

She grudgingly moves off.

JIMMY (contd)

(to Clark)

Think about it ... was it all in vain?

REED

Plus, now everybody's cut's a little fatter ...

Clark grabs an ashtray and wings it at Reed's head, barely missing, the heavy glass exploding against the wall.

JIMMY

(to Reed)

Stick to the phones, okay?

INT. T.J.'S CAPTIVITY ROOM

T.J. senses Maris' presence, thinks it's Cubby.

T.J.

(hoarse)

Can I have a chocolate bar?

MARIS

Chocolate bar, huh? The party's over,
you little bastard ...

INT. MULLEN APARTMENT - 8:00 P.M.

CLOSE ON TV screen. It's a scene from "The Time Machine."

GO WIDE TO SEE Tom watching it, studying it. He sits on the couch with Sickler and Rhodes who are eating sandwiches.

Tom gets up; WE TRACK him through the house as he passes Kimba in another room, thumbing through his bookshelves and eating a sandwich. The TV in that room is playing Tom's ubiquitous commercial. Tom looks at it with loathing, moves on ...

EXT/INT. TOM'S BALCONY

Tom looks down from his aerie to 5th Avenue below.

He has an aerial view of the media village on the park side.

Someone down there points up. He's been spotted. The ants scurry, reform below.

Glancing to his left he sees on the roof of an adjacent apartment house, some intrepid photographer firing away with a telephoto lens.

Tom could care less ...

INT. HALLWAYS

Tom walks by the dinette and he sees Hawkins with his back to him talking quietly over a cellular phone.

HAWKINS

(softly)

... Let me speak to her ... What are you doing up this late, Twerp? How was school? ... You did? ... See, I told you so ... Soon, honey. Very soon ... I miss you too ... I promise ... I love you, Alicia. Let me talk to Mommy again. Sleep tight.

(whispers)

Hi, baby. Give her a hug ... I don't care. Give her another one. Roberta, I'm so glad we're not rich ... I better go. Love you.

Hangs up. Senses a presence. Turns. Meets Tom's gaze.

HAWKINS (contd)

(flustered, ashamed)

Hey ... we're starting a full press
canvass tomorrow, your company, T.J.'s
school ... we got about a dozen of Cubby
Barnes' pals rounded up ... we got ...

Tom just walks off, leaving Hawkins mid-sentence.

HAWKINS (contd)

Shit ...

As Tom turns a corner, he bumps into Kate, who's also
wandering, feeling like a visitor in her own home.

TOM

Where are you going?

KATE

(dazed)

I don't know ...

ANGLE - T.J.'S ROOM

Kate and Tom enter holding hands looking for a sanctuary.

To their surprise, Fatima is in here, just sitting on the
edge of the bed, looking lost.

KATE

Fatima ...

FATIMA

My children are far away too ... but not
like this, not like this ...

(she takes a quick swipe at
her cheeks)

I'm sorry.

Fatima leaves the room.

ANGLE - MIDNIGHT

Tom and Kate spooning in the darkness. They're both wide
awake; silent.

INT. A BEDROOM SOMEWHERE - SAME

Jimmy and Maris lay in bed too; staring at the ceiling.

MARIS

It's going south ... I can feel it ...
Jimmy ... I can't go back to work ...
it's killing me that place.

(MORE)

MARIS (contd)

(beat)

Let's just do the kid and disappear.

JIMMY

Do you have any idea how many bodies I had to process in the last twenty years? How many homicides? And, I have come to the conclusion, that the greatest killer out there on the streets of New York, is impatience ... Most people are constitutionally incapable of laying back in the cut ... They're just gonna bust a move and roll, devil take the hindmost. And he does, believe me, because next thing they know is, they're layin' face down on the sidewalk with nobody to blame but themselves.

(beat)

Baby ... do you trust me?

MARIS

(after a beat)

Sure ...

JIMMY

Good. Because I'm telling you ... after twenty years on the street? It's time to get paid, and no way am I going to blow it, okay? Now ... close your eyes. Visualize ... Islamorada ... Charter license. Forty-foot twin-engine kick-ass Bertram. Positive is as Positive does. Sold American.

MARIS

That job is killing me, Jimmy ... one way or the other ... that's all I'm saying ...

INT. T.J.'S BEDROOM - 7:00 A.M.

Tom sits at T.J.'s desk. Stubble-faced. There's a stack of case histories in front of him. Tom is taking notes. Wheels turning. Poised to write. Scribbles something.

KATE

(waking up)

What are you doing?

TOM

Nothing. Writing.

He tears off the sheet, crumples it and tosses it at the waste basket. It misses. He leans down to pick it up.

Sees something under T.J.'s bed. Dropping to his knees, he retrieves a Playboy magazine. Still on his knees, he presents it to Kate with kind of a heartbroken grin.

TOM (contd)

How old is he again?

KATE

Oh man ...

INT. DALTON SCHOOL - 10:00 A.M.

The general administration room with a view into the principal's office.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

WE SEE the PRINCIPAL, T.J.'s HOMEROOM TEACHER, and an FBI Agent, CLAIR HOWE.

AGENT HOWE

(to teacher)

Did you ever seen him leave school with someone you didn't know?

TEACHER

Either his housekeeper or some other kid's housekeeper if he had a playdate with the other kid.

ANGLE - GENERAL ADMINISTRATION ROOM

Maris walks in with a sheaf of papers.

She sees the interview going on through the principal's open door.

ANGLE - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

AGENT HOWE

(showing Cubby's mug shot)

Did you ever see this man?

TEACHER

Nope.

MARIS

(knocks on the door)

Hi ...

PRINCIPAL

Maris ...

MARIS

(eyeing Cubby's mug shot)
Sorry to ... where do the test results
go?

Maris sneezes, her eyes redden.

PRINCIPAL

Bless you. Leave them in Elaine's box
... Maris? This is Claire Howe. She's
from the FBI.

MARIS

Maris Stassos ... hi.

PRINCIPAL

They're interviewing T.J.'s teachers ...

MARIS

Oh wow, yeah ...

AGENT HOWE

Did you know him?

MARIS

(shrugging)
I teach girls' phys. ed. ... Is he gonna
be okay?

AGENT

We hope so ...

MARIS

(exiting)
Good ... me too. So, okay, good luck.

PRINCIPAL

Take care of that cold. You get sick on
me this school falls apart.

MARIS

(smiling)
Okay, boss ...

She leaves.

AGENT HOWE

(to teacher, still holding
Cubby's mug shot)
Put a beard on him ... how about now ...

INT. MULLEN HOUSE - SAME

Hawkins walks the halls looking for Tom and Kate.

He hears arguing from behind T.J.'s door.

KATE (OS)

No ... we pay him ...

Hawkins knocks; the door creaks open.

INT. T.J.'S ROOM

Tom is sitting in the same chair as he was at 7 A.M. In addition to all his reports, he now has both of the blood-stained money-stuffed backpacks between his feet.

He holds a stack of bills in one hand.

Kate looks haggard; tired and frustrated.

Tom looks scared.

TOM

(to Hawkins)

I don't think I'm going to pay.

Hawkins says nothing.

TOM (contd)

Morlock Man gets the money we'll never see T.J. again ... if he's still alive to begin with ...

KATE

No ... we pay him.

Hawkins still keeps his peace.

TOM

I had to listen to this bastard for two hours driving out there. He didn't have to pace me like that ... It was stupid and risky. He had to know you guys were around, but he did it anyhow ... Why? Because he enjoyed it ... I know he did. And I also know, if he gets what he wants? My son is gone.

HAWKINS

I tell you everybody pays and we got back seven out of ten ... that's not good enough. You got a problem with that. Tell you the truth, so do I. But let me just ask you something ... What do you think the odds are, if you don't pay?

TOM

I don't like what I'm saying either ...
maybe ... I don't know ... I just ...

Kate gets up, walks out.

TOM (contd)

(choked up)

I just want my son back.

EXT. MULLEN APARTMENT BALCONY - SAME

Hawkins is on the cellular with his supervisor, Wallace.

HAWKINS

He's spinning out, talking about not
paying, I'm not sure how to neutralize
him. She's pretty good, but I don't
know how to play her just yet.

INT. MULLEN APARTMENT - SAME

Tom watches news reports on CNN in the living room; David
still sitting there, ignored.

ANGLE

Kate in kitchen watching CNN on the mini-TV. It seems that
they're no longer talking to each other.

Tom's commercial comes on. Kate turns off the TV.

INT. KIDNAP HOUSE - 3:30 P.M.

Reed and Clark silently drinking coffee, watching the same
TV news report. The mood is strained, indecisive.

Maris walks in from her day at school, coughing.

REED

This place looks like a pigsty ...

MARIS

So clean up, you lazy bastard. What are
you, waiting for me?

REED

What the hell do I look like to you ...

CLARK

I get my brother's share, no four-way
split.

MARIS

Bullshit ...
(she coughs again, clutches
her temples)
God ...

Jimmy enters, sizes up the vibes.

JIMMY

Give me the phone.

INT. MULLEN HOUSE - SAME

CLOSE ON the phone ringing in the living room. Tom's hand
snaps it up.

TOM

Mullen.

GO WIDE TO SEE Tom's in the room with Kate, Hawkins, etc.

JIMMY (VO)

(computer voice)
Got the money?

TOM

Yeah.

JIMMY (VO)

F.D.R. Drive down to the Williamsburg
Bridge exit.

TOM

No ... I know he's dead.

JIMMY (VO)

F.D.R. Drive ...

TOM

My son is dead ... so fuck you.

Tom hangs up.

HAWKINS

What are you crazy!

KATE

What did you do!

Tom is frozen in fear, his hand still gripping the receiver.
This bluff is terrifying. Tom closes his eyes in prayer.

TOM

(chanting)
Please, God, please, God, please,
God ...

INT. KIDNAP HOUSE

Boom! Door to T.J.'s room kicked open, T.J. jumping.

CLOSE ON Maris' hands roughly unlocking the ankle cuff,
yanking the kid to his feet.

INT. MULLEN HOUSE

Phone rings again. Tom gasps in relief.

INT. KIDNAP HOUSE

T.J. upright; cuffed, blindfolded, the receiver held to the
side of his head.

TOM (VO)

Mullen.

T.J.

(drugged, bewildered)

Dad?

Maris yanks T.J. off to his room again.

TOM (VO)

T.J.!

JIMMY

Williamsburg Bridge ... you owe me a life ...

Jimmy hangs up.

INT. MULLEN HOUSE

Tom still clutches the dead receiver.

TOM

T.J. ...

KATE

(quickly)

How'd he sound?

TOM

(struggling to control his
voice)

Good ... good ...

The agents exchange relieved glances.

Tom stands there paralyzed.

Kate walks out of the room, comes back in a double beat with the bloody backpacks; drops them heavily at Tom's feet, glaring at him, daring him to say ...

TOM

I can't ...

Hawkins crooks a come-hither finger at Tom, puts an arm around his shoulder and walks him back into T.J.'s room where he gestures to all the documents that have been collected since T.J. was taken.

HAWKINS

(coolly, calmly)

All this data you got here ... from all these agencies ... the statistics, the case histories, the behavioral studies ... is there one piece of paper in here that says to you "don't pay"?

Tom shrugs, but Hawkins' words rattle him.

Bob Stone comes in carrying a carton marked "NATIONAL CENTER FOR MISSING AND EXPLOITED CHILDREN."

Hawkins pops open the carton-top while the box is still in Bob's arms.

HAWKINS (contd)

You think there's anything in here that says "Tom, save your money"?

TOM

I thought you weren't allowed to advise me.

HAWKINS

I'm not. I'm just shooting the breeze. Alls I'm saying is, if I was a gambling man? I'd bet on the guy who pays, every time out of the gate.

TOM

How much money did you lose betting on the jobs where you got back a corpse?

HAWKINS

(you asked for this)

You asked me about the X-factor. Want to know all about it? OK ... Had a guy negotiated six days before he paid.

(MORE)

HAWKINS (contd)

We dug up his wife in the woods? She had been given a five-foot tube to breathe through to the surface ... An animal must've kicked a dirt clod in it, blocked it up. The coroner figured she had suffocated to death about twelve hours before we found out where she was. Kidnapper thought she was OK. When we got her out? Her eyes were protruding a full inch out of their sockets, OK?

You want to hear another one? A guy wouldn't pay, thought he was a hot shot negotiator, we start getting his business partners body parts in the mail ... fingers, an ear ... finally kidnapper got good and pissed ... sent us ...

TOM

OK! OK!

HAWKINS

You want to know about the X-factor? You're the X-factor. The thing about paying? It works more than not ... But there's no guarantee ... it just does ... now ... having said that? You go and do what the hell you want ...

Hawkins walks out of the room, muttering ...

HAWKINS (contd)

Ain't my damn kid ...

CLOSE ON Tom caving in ...

INT. GARAGE

Tom sits woodenly behind the wheel. Sickler tosses the suitcases in the trunk. Slams the lid.

EXT. DRIVEWAY OF KIDNAP HOUSE

Clark sitting in the van. Jimmy nods. The van rolls out.

EXT. MULLEN APARTMENT BUILDING

The media encampment.

Sat-trucks, video operators, three or four different newscasters delivering reports along that stretch of 5th Avenue, all using the apartment house as a backdrop.

There's beach chairs for the video shooters, take-out meals.

The Jaguar barrels out of the garage on the side street and suddenly it's all hands on deck; every shooter racing after it including a few camped out on the side street for just such a possibility.

The Jaguar makes it to Park Avenue before it's stopped by traffic and is immediately enveloped by cameras, reporters ...

CLOSE ON the driver -- it's Agent Rhodes; Tom's double.

FLASHCUT

to the garage. Tom flying out in his Jag, going the wrong way on the side street.

CLOSE ON one newshound, laying back, not fooled. He jumps in his car and follows Tom.

INT/EXT. TOM DRIVING

He sees the guy in his rear view. The guy has one hand on the wheel, one hand holding a camera out his driver's window photographing Tom in front of him.

Tom slams on his brakes, trapping the photographer between the van and a car behind.

The photographer sits there snapping away at Tom who gets out of his van and purposely walks back to him.

Tom produces a tire iron and without changing his expression shatters the front window of the guy's sedan.

He then calmly reaches in through the busted window, takes the photographer's keys out of the ignition, pockets them, gets back in his van and drives off, leaving a line of cars trapped on the side street behind the shaken cameraman.

EXT. VAN - 20 MINUTES LATER

Tom stuck in traffic on Delancey Street, the Williamsburg Bridge looming in the BG.

An appliance store curbside displays a pyramid of TVs in the window, all showing either news reports of the kidnapping or news-edited cuts of Tom's candid camera Pilgrim Airlines commercial. It seems one way or the other, Tom owns the airwaves this afternoon.

The car phone rings. Tom picks up.

JIMMY (VO)

Where are you now?

TOM
(eyeing the wordless news)
On Delancey.

JIMMY (VO)
Head up Houston, to Broadway.

Tom doesn't answer. He's staring at the TV pyramid as if he's never seen television before.

JIMMY (VO, contd)
You hear me?

There's a long silence, Tom transfixed by the televisions, his face slowly filling with epiphany.

JIMMY (VO, contd)
Mullen ...

TOM
No ...

JIMMY (VO)
What?

TOM
I said no. Change of plans. Watch
channel five in one hour. That's two
o'clock.

Silence from Jimmy.

TOM (contd)
Do you understand what I just said?

JIMMY (VO)
Now wait ...

Tom punches off his cell phone. It rings immediately. He looks at it, then chucks it out the window. Whatever he's done there's no turning back now. He peels out ...

INT. KIDNAP HOUSE - SAME

Jimmy thrown, phone still in hand, looks to Reed. Reed shrugs helplessly.

MARIS
What ...

INT. PHONE BOOTH ON A STREET CORNER

TOM
Put David on ... David, don't ask any questions. Listen carefully. I need you to arrange something for me ...

INT. MULLEN HOUSE - SAME

David hangs up, surrounded by Kate, FBI. He fights down a smile. He's just been re-hired.

INT. A WINDOWLESS GREEN ROOM

Tom sits alone. He stares up at a clock: 1:50. A television set is on in one corner. Sound off. The door opens. David Torres.

DAVID
They're ready. Anything else?

TOM
No ...
(beat)
Thank you.

They walk out of the room and down a colorless hallway through a stage door.

INT. TELEVISION NEWS SET

The local NEWS ANCHOR sits behind the upholstered desk. A STAGE MANAGER escorts Tom and David in. He signals up to the DIRECTOR in the booth. STAGEHANDS speak in hushed tones as they look at Tom.

INT. DIRECTOR'S BOOTH - SAME

The News Anchor's face is on the monitor. David stands next to MARVIN MANUS, the director. The clock reads 2:00.

MANUS
Stand by, camera three.

NEWS ANCHOR (VO)
... We ask all of you to please stay tuned for the following channel five exclusive breaking announcement regarding the Mullen kidnapping which has been our feature story since Monday morning. We will continue with our regularly scheduled programming immediately following the announcement. Please stand by.

MANUS
Camera three.

The monitor above their heads cuts to Tom sitting at the end of the anchor table. Tom, sweating under the lights.

Tom on all monitors now.

MANUS (contd)

(impatient)
Mr. Mullen, you're on.

Tom doesn't respond.

DAVID

Give him a second.

Bracing himself, Tom focuses down the barrel of the lens.

TOM

The whole world now knows that my son,
Thomas Junior, was kidnapped for ransom
three days ago.

He holds up a large photograph of T.J.

TOM (contd)

This is a recent photograph of him.

(pause)

And T.J. If you're watching this ... we
love you.

(hardens)

And this ... this is what waits for the
man who kidnapped him.

DAVID (VO)

(overlapping, urgent)

Now.

The CAMERA WIDENS TO REVEAL Tom sitting behind a two million
dollar mountain of cash.

MANUS

(to David)
This is gold.

CLOSE UP - TOM

TOM

(measured, cold)

This is your ransom ... Two million
dollars in used bills. Exactly as you
demanded. But this is as close as you
will ever get to it. You will never see
one dollar of this money because no
ransom will ever be paid for my son.

(MORE)

TOM (contd)

Not one dime. Not one penny. Instead I am offering this money as a reward on your head ... dead or alive. Congratulations ... you have just become a two million dollar lottery ticket, except the odds are much, much better. Who do you know who wouldn't turn you in for two million dollars? ...

INTERCUT AT WILL WITH VARIOUS FACES

- 1) Reed and Maris stunned in front of TV in kidnap house.
- 2) People in Circuit City watching on a wall of televisions.
- 3) People in an airport lobby.
- 4) Hanratty's, a neighborhood bar/steam table lunch joint. The regulars watching a wall-mounted TV behind the bar. WE SEE Jimmy, eating a sandwich.
- 5) Mullen house -- Kate, Hawkins, etc., all staring at the TV -- stunned.
- 6) T.J. lying in his captivity room -- oblivious.
- 7) Clark, standing in a storefront in Chinatown, smoking a cigarette, pacing, oblivious.

TOM (contd)

... Whose loyalty can stand up to this offer? Wherever you go, whatever you do, this money will be tracking you down ... for all time. And to ensure that it does ... to keep the interest alive, I'm going to run a full page ad of this reward in every major newspaper every Sunday for as long as it takes. But ... and here's your last chance ... if you return my son, alive and uninjured, I will withdraw the bounty and if your luck holds up you can simply disappear ... Understand -- you will never see this money. But you still have time to make the right move. If you don't ... God be with you, because no one else on earth will be.

BACK IN THE STUDIO

Silence.

OFF CAMERA TECH
(blurting out)
Jesus.

ANGLE

The gallery of cameramen and stagehands. Gawking. Tom ignores them, gets up and walks off camera.

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET CORNER

Clark. Cellular phone in his jacket rings.

CLARK
(into phone)
Yeah, what's up ...

INT. HANRATTY'S LUNCHEONETTE - AGAIN

Wall-mounted TV cutting to a commercial.

The counter erupting into chatter, laughing ...

JIMMY
Whoa! The balls on him! Did you hear that?

COP
Our luck, we'll be exempt ...

COP #2
Guy thinks he's the Ayatollah ...

JIMMY
(softly)
Unbelievable ...
(rising, laying down a few dollars)
Okay, fellas ...

COP #1
Mister Jimmy, you coming to Donelly's retirement racket tonight?

JIMMY
Open bar?

COP
Nobody'd show if it wasn't ...

JIMMY
I hear that ...

COP #2
Two million ... guy's got drama, huh?

Jimmy saunters out with his hand-held radio.

INT. MULLEN LIVING ROOM

The mindless commercial we saw at Hanratty's yammers on the TV. Kate is frozen in disbelief in front of it.

EXT. TV STUDIO - 20 MINUTES LATER

Tom and David exit into a waiting crowd; Tom showered with a mixture of support and anger.

VOICES

(mixed -- simultaneous)

Give 'em hell!

Fatwa!

Showboating son of a bitch!

My man Tom!

How could you do that!

Tom fending off all voices with a raised palm as he hustles to his car except for the last zinger.

VOICE

Hey, that's even better than the commercial. Plus it's free, right?

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - SAME

Hawkins is having an emergency face to face with his supervisor, Wallace.

Wallace is livid; pacing in front of Hawkins like a madman.

WALLACE

You're a goddamn disgrace, you know that?

HAWKINS

Chief, I couldn't stop him.

WALLACE

This P.T. Barnum shit ... he's playing you like a tune ... you better tighten it up over there or I'll have you replaced in 24 hours, you hear me?

HAWKINS

I'll take care of it.

WALLACE

You get him to withdraw that reward or you're gone. This is nothing short of sheer unmitigated humiliation.

HAWKINS

(mortified)
I said I'd take care of it.

WALLACE

One way or the other, I'll deal with you later.

Wallace marches off to his waiting sedan leaving Hawkins standing there.

Wallace peels out.

INT. KIDNAP HOUSE

Jimmy blows in.

Reed sits alone in the living room, ripped on vodka, pouring himself another.

Jimmy stalks back to T.J.'s room, then blows back into the living room.

JIMMY

Where'd they take the kid?

REED

You know ... the place we said. Want a drink?

INT. MULLEN LIVING ROOM

Tom enters. Kate sits in a chair looking at the TV. It's been off since Tom's broadcast.

KATE

(ice)
I can't look at you.

TOM

I had to do this.

KATE

I had to do this.

TOM

Kate, please.

KATE

What's the matter, the commercial's not enough air-time for you?

This last comment hits both of them as below the belt.

She knows it; and it makes her back off for a beat.

TOM

Kate, please ... I'm scared to death.
But I know ... if I give him the money
he'll kill T.J. I know it ...

KATE

I don't know it!

Tom, desperate for her understanding, drops to his knees in front of her, the better to look up in her face, her eyes, and begins speed-rapping his case.

TOM

Look at it from his point of view ...
you think you're smart. You've got it
pegged. You've thought of everything
... But you're an ignorant dreamer.
And then out of left field, the one
thing you never dreamed of happens ...

EXT. WOODED AREA

Anonymous, a small dirt road just wide enough for a car.

As Tom continues his rap to Kate in VO, WE SEE the following drama played out under his words.

T.J. lays bound and blindfolded on the ground.

Clark is furiously digging a grave; Maris smoking,
pacing ...

Jimmy comes roaring up to the spot, jumps out of the car,
starts arguing with Clark in the grave.

TOM (VO)

No ransom. No money. No profit.
Nothing what-so-ever to gain. Your
grandiose dreams evaporate ... and once
that sinks in, you realize that if you
hurt the boy you'll be the most hunted
man on Earth. Because you've got this
guy, this boy's father who's willing to
risk his son's life to get you. He's
got the power and he's willing to use
it. God knows what he can do. And
you're still sitting there with two
bucks in your pocket while Dad calls in
the FBI, the CIA and the Pentagon for
all you know.

Clark won't stop digging. Jimmy turns to Maris, the arguing
continues ...

Clark yells something from the grave that turns Jimmy's head.

Maris pulls her gun out of her coat, walks over to T.J.

Jimmy rushes her, cracks her across the face. The gun goes flying, as does Maris.

TOM (VO, contd)

If I were him I'd be so scared of T.J.
stubbing his toe I'd hire a limousine to
bring him back ...

End of VO.

Jimmy hoists T.J. like a sack of wheat across his shoulder, turns to Clark and Maris.

JIMMY

I said ... not yet..

Jimmy and Maris lock eyes. There's terminal hate in her face. Blood trickles from the corner of her mouth.

Jimmy stands rooted in place, halted for a beat by what he knows is the end for him and Maris.

Then he moves to his car with T.J. ... takes off.

INT. MULLEN HOUSE

Tom and Kate.

KATE

Take it back. Tell him you were wrong.

TOM

(scared, hanging tough)

No ... I can't ...

(gripping her knees)

Kate ... there's no other way ... none ...

(searching her eyes)

Kate ... it's me... you know me ...

CLOSE ON Kate: torn, temporarily won over. She'll back him up ... for now.

INT. DINING ROOM

Hawkins, Sickler, Kimba and Rhodes. Tom opens the door.

RHODES

Was it the bridge traffic?

KIMBA

This works out maybe you can get your own talk show.

Tom ignores the jibes.

Hawkins, still rocked by Wallace's ass-chewing, by his own devastated sense of professionalism can't even bring himself to open his mouth. With a great effort at self-control, Hawkins crooks a finger, beckoning Tom to follow him.

INT. REAR STAIRWELL OUTSIDE MULLEN APARTMENT

Tom sits on a step, his head hanging, exhausted.

Hawkins takes the step below him. He's cadged a bottle of Scotch and two tumblers; pours two stiff ones.

HAWKINS

I never told you this, but whenever I get the choice?, I always fly Pilgrim. You know why? You got those personal flip-up cassette players. I mean other airlines have them too but your video library has five different John Wayne movies. Five. That's enough to get me from here to Katmandu.

TOM

(drained)
Down to Earth, In the Skies ...

HAWKINS

(very controlled, even)
Listen to me ... I know where you're coming from with this thing you just pulled. In all honesty? If he had grabbed my kid? I'd spend the rest of my life hunting him down and when I found him? I'd cut his fucking head off with a dull knife ...

(beat)
But before I'd do that? If I had the money? I'd pay him, get my kid back home.

(beat)
I think what you did is wrong. I think it puts your child at greater risk ...

(beat)
This is what I want you to do. Withdraw the reward. Pay the bastard. I do believe you will get your son back. And when you do? We will get this guy. Now ... if God forbid, your son doesn't ...

(MORE)

HAWKINS (contd)

(can't finish)

I swear to you I will work on nothing else. If I have to? I will take a leave of absence from the FBI, you can hire me as a security consultant or some damn thing and I will keep on this as long as I'm physically able ...

TOM

(twisting, tormented)

Lonnie, please ...

HAWKINS

(more desperate)

Tom ... you said dead or alive ... if somebody kills this guy, comes to you for the reward money? We come back here and arrest you for Homicide. Whatever the mitigating circumstances, you just paid to have someone iced. You go to jail.

TOM

Jail ... Don't you think this isn't jail right here?

He turns to leave again.

HAWKINS

(last desperate shot)

Tom ... if you know the right people, there are ways to get this guy taken care of, where it doesn't come back to you ...

Basically, Hawkins just said he could have Jimmy killed. He has just revealed a darker more terrifying aspect of himself to Tom; more evidence of how sinister and treacherous this world can be.

Or maybe he's running a con ...

Tom stares into Hawkins' unblinking eyes like staring into an earth-blasted pit.

As if hypnotized, Tom walks back to the steps, picks up his tumbler of Scotch and drains it in one gulp. He starts to say something, stops, walks ...

INT. KITCHEN - 2 HOURS LATER

Kate stares out the window. Hawkins, still furious, angling to push some buttons leans against the wall.

HAWKINS

Care for an update?

KATE

Sure.

HAWKINS

Well, in the last two hours since your husband's "appeal"? so far we've got something like three thousand sightings of your son in all fifty states, Guam, South America, where he's been kidnapped by a drug cartel, half of Europe, and in Jakarta, Indonesia.

We got twenty-seven people turning in themselves for the reward, wives turning in ex-husbands, husbands turning in ex-wives, an army of psychics, a few extra-terrestrial finger-pointers and oh yeah, some lady in Green Bay, Wisconsin called saying your son was snatched by the ghost of Bruno Hauptmann ... And every time one of these whack jobs calls, that's one less agent looking for your son.

I know my job and I do it very well, but I am telling you ... I have never been confronted with such an unbelievable act of sabotage by a parent towards the recovery of their child as what your husband pulled off here today.

Now you get him to withdraw that money or I swear we're pulling up stakes and you two can fend for yourselves.

KATE

(pleading)

Look, ever since I've known him he's been a tightrope walker, and he's brilliant at it. He gets what he wants. Always. When I first met him he didn't have ten dollars to his name. Do you know how he made the money to start Pilgrim?

HAWKINS

(yes he does, but ...)

Tell me.

KATE

There was a civil war going on in Guatemala in the early seventies, okay? No one could get in or out of the country ... Tom and his partner flew in medical supplies from Mexico. Night time landings, no lights, for close to a solid year. His partner was shot down and killed by government troops.

HAWKINS

Shot down and killed ...

KATE

Yes. And Tom continued to fly in supplies for six months after that. Solo.

HAWKINS

Medical supplies, right?

KATE

And to this day Tom still supports his partner's entire family.

HAWKINS

The guy who was shot down and killed ...

KATE

Yes ...

Hawkins turns and slowly closes the door, shutting us out.

HAWKINS (OS)

Medical supplies ...

EXT. KIDNAP HOUSE - EVENING

Loud music emanates. An OLD LADY is banging on the door yelling for some quiet and consideration.

A patrol car rolls up, the TWO UNIFORMS exiting.

Jimmy's LTD Crown Victoria rolls up right behind.

Jimmy jumps out, cuts off the two younger cops.

JIMMY

I got it, fellas, resume patrol ...

The cops shrug, roll out.

CLOSE ON Jimmy's finger on the buzzer: he winks reassuringly at the old lady.

The door finally opens.

WE SEE Clark, and Maris behind him. Clark is in boxer shorts, Maris in a slip. It's fairly obvious they've been partying; big sexual overtones.

JIMMY

(swallows his anger --
flashing his shield)

You want to keep it down? People got to sleep ...

Clark and Maris throw him heavy "fuck you" stares. Maris wraps an arm over Clark's naked shoulder.

CLARK

(finally)
Sure, no problem ...

He closes the door in Jimmy's face.

OLD LADY

They're like animals in there.

Jimmy doesn't answer. His face is clouded with ominous tidings.

INT. MULLEN HOUSE

CLOSE ON Hawkins drinking coffee.

Suddenly Tom comes flying at him from nowhere, the coffee leaping out of the cup, Tom and Hawkins going down in a tumble. Tom is pried off Hawkins by the other agents.

TOM

How dare you tell her that!

HAWKINS

Hey! I don't work for you, I don't work for your wife and I don't work for your goddamn marriage! I work for your son and I don't give a shit if you get divorced tomorrow if it will help me get him back alive tonight. Now, you don't like that?

(Hawkins thrusts out his
cellular phone)

You call 26 Federal Plaza, 566-8822, you ask for Special Agent in charge Martin Wallace and you tell him you want me replaced.

Tom wrenches his arms free, stares at the phone but doesn't reach for it.

There's a beat where Hawkins stands there with the offered phone until it's clear Tom isn't making any calls.

HAWKINS

(calmer)
You got nobody backing you up on this anymore. Please ... Withdraw the reward.

TOM

(hesitating, sick)
No ...

He leaves the room. Hawkins sags.

INT. MULLEN APARTMENT - 9 P.M.

The doorbell rings.

Fatima gets the door, with an agent alongside her.

It's Nelson, T.J.'s friend.

The agent walks away.

Nelson reaches up to bring Fatima's ear down to his mouth. He whispers something, backs away. Fatima closes the door.

INT. HALLWAY - 5 MINUTES LATER

Nelson stands there alone. Kate walks out of the apartment.

KATE

(to an agent)
I just want a smoke ...

Kate walks to Nelson.

KATE (contd)

(speaks low)
Hey Nelson ... what's up?

Nelson hands Kate a fold-out flyer for a church: St. Martin in the Fields.

NELSON

A man called me this morning, told me it was in our mailbox and that I should make sure to give it to you.

KATE

What for?

CLOSE ON flyer -- innocuous.

NELSON

Please don't show it to the police or anything, okay?

(he starts tearing up)

He said ...

(he can't finish)

KATE

(alarmed)

What ... what did he say ...

NELSON

(starting to cry)

He said if I gave it to anybody but you he was going to kill T.J.

CLOSE ON Kate -- shock.

CLOSE ON back of pamphlet -- someone has scrawled "COME ALONE" in pencil ...

NELSON (contd)

(sobbing)

Please, Mrs. Mullen. I don't want T.J. hurt ...

EXT. KIDNAP STREET - 1:30 A.M.

Jimmy rolls up in his LTD Crown Victoria.

INT. KIDNAP HOUSE

Jimmy enters.

The place is a pigsty; evidence of drinking; half-trashed living room, Reed passed out on the couch.

WALK WITH Jimmy to master bedroom entrance.

Maris and Clark are passed out on the bed together.

Jimmy takes a knife from his pocket, pops the blade.

He steps into the bedroom then stops himself; retreats to the hallway.

WE WALK WITH Jimmy to T.J.'s room.

Jimmy quietly opens the door.

T.J. laying there, bound but alive to the new presence.

With the blade out, Jimmy moves to the bed.

INT. MULLEN LIBRARY - 12:30 A.M.

Tom tossing and turning on a couch, tortured sleep.

INT. APARTMENT DOOR - 12:30 A.M.

WE SEE Fatima bundled up, leaving the house.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - 12:35 A.M.

Fatima exits. Most of the media village is shut down for the night but a few shooters spot her leaving the building.

REPORTER(S)

Fatima, how's it going up there ... How they holding up ...

Fatima waves them off, walks faster.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - 12:45 A.M.

Downtown train rolls in.

INT. SUBWAY CAR

People half asleep under the morgue-like fluorescence. Fatima still enshrouded, holding ...

CLOSE ON church flyer.

It's Kate ...

EXT. ST. MARTIN IN THE FIELDS CHURCH - BROWNSVILLE, BROOKLYN
- 2:00 A.M.

It stands alone in some cratered urban moonscape of dereliction and despair: "In The Fields" indeed ...

Kate in her shroud hoves into view ...

INT. CHURCH

Deserted; the moonlight filtering through the stained-glass windows the only illumination ...

Kate walks tentatively down the center aisle, her footsteps sounding hollow.

Kate turns in a circle, looks at her watch: 2:00.

KATE

Hello?

Silence.

Kate gingerly takes a seat in the front pew, exhales her tension.

ANGLE

Kate in the pew, hunched over elbows to knees, looks at her watch: 2:15.

ANGLE

Kate in the pew, her arms outstretched along the backrest.

CLOSE ON her watch: 2:30.

CLOSE ON Kate, her hands masking her face, rubbing her eyes. Suddenly there's a whispery presence in the pew behind her.

VOICE (OS)

Hey ...

Kate turns and gets smashed in the face, the beginning blow of a savage beating, the attacker working her over so quickly and efficiently that Kate can't even catch her breath.

It's too dark. We can't make out a face.

He hurls Kate down on the floor of the center aisle.

Kate on her back, helpless. He straddles her chest, holds her head, cheek pressed to the floor; dips his lips to her ear.

ATTACKER

This was supposed to be easy. He's fucking with my world.

KATE

Please ...

ATTACKER

Know this ... I am a bad bad man and if I am made to suffer, can you imagine the land of hurt in which your son resides ...

Kate freaks, manages to slash at his face with one free hand.

She's quickly repinned.

ATTACKER (contd)

The reward ... tell him to take it back ...

(MORE)

ATTACKER (contd)
 (seizing her jaw hard
 enough to make her cry
 out)
 and I want my money!

He lets up on her face enough for her to slowly straighten her head, at which point he delivers one final blow, rendering her unconscious.

The attacker rises then stoops over Kate purposefully wrapping some kind of cloth around her head.

He walks off, his footsteps ringing through the church.

INT. MULLEN HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

CLOSE ON the bloody cloth laying next to a clear plastic evidence bag. It's a Dalton gym shirt ... T.J.'s ...

GO WIDE TO SEE Tom, Hawkins, Kate ...

Kate's face is a mess.

Hawkins watches as Tom carefully folds his son's T-shirt on his desk. He makes a slight mistake and refolds it from scratch. His hands tremble.

Kate stands woodenly some distance from the desk.

HAWKINS
 (bagging the shirt,
 to Kate)
 The blood could be yours ... don't
 panic, okay?

Kate doesn't respond.

Tom touches her and she reacts as if he's a poisonous snake.

Undaunted, Tom takes her by the hand, walks her out of the room.

INT. BATHROOM

Kate sits impassively as Tom ministers to her facial wounds.

Tom touches an abrasion on her cheekbone; three diagonal lines in the circumference of a dime. It's the imprint of a heavy ring.

TOM
 (teary, murderous)
 Bastard ...

Kate flinches as he probes this wound.

Tom gently cleans her face for a beat then steps back.

Kate won't even look at him.

TOM

(hoarsely)

... I want to talk to you.

He closes the door.

WE HOLD ON said door. Silence for a beat, then:

KATE (OS)

What are you, insane?

TOM (OS)

Hear me out ...

KATE (OS)

No! No, goddamn it!

The door is flung open, Tom marching out in one direction, Kate in a panic, first trying to physically contain him, then running off in the other direction.

KATE

(to Hawkins, or whoever)

Somebody please!

Hawkins comes running.

KATE (contd)

Stop him!

EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE

Tom steps out alone.

ANGLE - THE PRESS

It takes them a minute to realize Tom is standing there; then it's a mad stampede.

Tom waits until they're all assembled in a horse shoe, waits until they quiet down, focus, ignite ...

INT. KIDNAP HOUSE - SAME

CLOSE ON TV. WE SEE Tom, apartment house in the BG.

TOM (ON TV)

I'm raising the reward by two million dollars.

Somebody hurls something heavy at the screen which explodes.

REVERSE ANGLE

Jimmy standing there, seething, bugged out; Clark, Reed and Maris sullen, hung over.

EXT. MULLEN HOUSE

Tom turns and walks. The press is on him all the way to the door. Tom enters the building.

INT. APARTMENT

CLOSE ON Kate who leans against a wall, her face a fist, holding herself, boiling and rocking, eyes to the ground.

Tom enters the apartment, passes Hawkins who stares at him with an oddly neutral look.

Tom ignores Hawkins, hovers over Kate.

TOM

(begging)
See this through my eyes ...

Kate raises a clenched hand, rests it on Tom's chest, looks off, seething, blinking back tears.

KATE

(anger, bafflement)
Who are you ...

TOM

(shaken)
I'm who I have to be ... Kate ...
(choking up)
I want him back so bad ...

Kate taps his chest with her fist, over and over; a gesture mixing anger and helplessness; blind faith and despair.

She still won't look him in the eyes.

ANGLE

TOM

(to Hawkins)
Look ... I'm sorry ... if you want to pack it in ...

HAWKINS

(shrugging)
Hey ... I'm all out of ass ...

TOM

What?

HAWKINS

For them to chew on ... I'm bust ...
fresh out of ass ...

TOM

If it's any help I'll talk to Wallace,
I'll tell ...

HAWKINS

(cutting him off)
The funny thing is ... it's starting to
get real interesting around here ...

TOM

(desperate for validation)
You think so?

MONTAGE - FROM WEDNESDAY NOON TO MIDNIGHT

TIME PASSAGE by way of sun's shifting angles.

Tom leaning over his balustrade staring out over Central
Park, the media camp.

Hawkins pacing, the rest of the agents playing cards,
wandering restlessly.

Kate keeping her own vigil. She and Tom are not making eye
contact.

THE ABOVE INTERCUT WITH PARALLEL (IN) ACTIVITY AT THE KIDNAP
HOUSE

- 1) Maris, sick with Cubby's flu, carelessly feeding T.J.
whose hand sports a filthy bandage.
- 2) Reed in a stupor, drinking and watching "I Dream of
"Jeannie" on the TV.
- 3) The kitchen of kidnap house -- a tower of filthy dishes.
Clark opens refrigerator -- empty.
- 4) Jimmy in his LTD, cruising the neighborhood, doing his
own kind of automotive pacing; passing the house over
and over.

EXT. THE BALCONY - NEXT DAY - 7:00 A.M.

Tom out there, like a sentinel.

From inside, we hear the telephone -- two rings. Three rings. He looks up to see Hawkins appear at the doors wearing his head phones. He tosses Tom the phone.

HAWKINS

Answer it.

TOM

(into phone)
Hello?

INT. KIDNAP HOUSE - SAME

Jimmy on the phone, T.J. next to him held upright by Clark.

JIMMY

Want to talk to your son?

TOM (OS)

Yes. Of course.

The phone is pressed to T.J.'s jawline.

T.J.

(hoarse, drugged)
Daddy?

INT. MULLEN HOUSE

TOM

T.J. ...

JIMMY (VO)

That's enough.

TOM

No. No. Let me talk to him.

JIMMY (VO)

You just did. You've got one more chance to change your mind. Now ...

Tom looks at Hawkins. Hawkins looks hopeful.

JIMMY (VO, contd)

I said now...

TOM

(quietly after a long beat)
No. Bullshit. You're not gonna touch him. You can't be that stupid ... do you have any idea who you're dealing with?

Alarmed, Hawkins grabs Tom's arm. Tom shakes him off. Tom is half-mad with frustration.

TOM (contd)

(seething)

I don't get my son back in the next 24 hours I will dedicate my life to tracking you down. I'll set up a permanent flying squad of the best manhunters in the country. 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, 365 days a year ... I'll have your head on a fucking pike, you hear me? Fuck you and your two million dollars. I won't pay two cents! Do you understand?

INT. KIDNAP HOUSE

Jimmy on the phone, livid, pacing the floor like a crazed tiger. T.J. is held there by Clark. The two others look as alarmed as the FBI; shit going haywire now.

Jimmy has a gun in his hand now, scratching his head with it ...

JIMMY

I should have killed her. Nobody talks to me ...

TOM (VO)

(cutting him off)

Let me ask you ... is it dark where you're calling from? You got the shades drawn? Kind of like a cellar, right? A cave? I don't get my son back, you best get used to it ... you best get used to creeping in the dark for the rest of your days.

JIMMY

I'll fuckin' kill him right now I swear.

INT. MULLEN HOUSE

TOM

You kill him you kill yourself, you motherfucker! Give me back my son!

JIMMY (VO)

(robotic, screechy)

You want him?

INT. KIDNAP HOUSE

CLOSE ON Jimmy -- crazed, raising gun.

T.J., offscreen, screams ...

T.J. (OS)

Daddy!

INT. MULLEN HOUSE

FBI, Tom, all wearing headphones, react to the explosion of gunfire going off in their temples.

Tom reels off the phone, holding his ear. Teeters.

HAWKINS

Jesus!

Tom drops the phone on the ground.

EXT. KIDNAP HOUSE

The door bursts open and Jimmy staggers out into the daylight, the gun still in his hand.

JIMMY

I'll fucking kill you!

Walking like a drunk, cursing, muttering, he climbs into his LTD, takes off.

INT. MULLEN HOUSE

The agents stand horrified, speechless. Tom, wall-eyed, blindly scans the room.

TOM

It's a bluff. Listen to me. That was his last card. It's a bluff. We don't have any proof, okay? Wait till there's proof ...

(dazed beat)

I have to talk to Kate.

They all watch as Tom turns to the stairs like a blind man; utterly in shock.

TOM (contd)

I have to talk to Kate ...

HAWKINS' POV

He watches Tom pull himself up by the banister, hand over hand. Step at a time. He trips on a riser. Falls to his

knees and finally breaks. Hawkins takes the stairs four at a time. The dam has broken. Tom's grief pours out in jagged sobs. Hawkins holds him awkwardly; in shock himself.

INT. KIDNAP HOUSE

SLOW PAN of Maris, Reed and Clark in various postures of flinch and self preservation. They're in shock, crouching, hands up, covering ears.

The PAN takes in a bullet crater in a bare wall, then stops on T.J. standing there trembling, unblinking, the bullet crater about three inches to the left of his head.

This boat is sinking fast ...

INT. T.J.'S ROOM - NEXT DAY

David, Tom and some lawyers.

Tom stands at the window, looks down on ...

EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE

Kate, in shades, face set in cement, ignoring the yammering press, slipping into a waiting car and taking off.

INT. T.J.'S ROOM

Tom in the window, watching Kate leave.

DAVID

You should have let her in on it.

TOM

If I did it would be on her head too now.

DAVID

She could have stopped you.

Tom briefly stares at him: no, she couldn't have stopped him.

TOM

(turning back to the room,
addressing the lawyers)

As far as the reward money goes ... I want you to create a trust. We'll work out the details later, but if after ten years we don't get T.J.'s killer I want it rolled into the next kidnapping case. David, will you be the trustee on this?

David nods.

TOM (contd)

At the shareholders' meeting next month David will announce my resignation. I'm recommending to the board that he be appointed CEO immediately. I think it would be prudent for you to distance my name from Pilgrim. In fact I think you should come up with a new name for the airline.

He sits back in his chair. The men wait for something else but nothing comes. They gather their things, file out ...

INT. KIDNAP LIVING ROOM - SAME

Clark, Maris and Reed in a panic-stricken cluster.

CLARK

(in a heated whisper as if
Jimmy can hear)

I'm gone.

REED

What do we do about the kid?

CLARK

That's his problem, I'm out of here ...

MARIS

No.

CLARK

No what ...

MARIS

You can't just cut out like that.

CLARK

Why not?

MARIS

Because he'll track you down and kill you ...

Reed and Clark are silent.

Maris puts her gun on a filthy coffee table before them.

MARIS (contd)

You want to spend the rest of your life
with Jimmy Shaker on your trail?

The message is to kill Jimmy. Clark stares at the gun, at Maris, at the gun ...

MARIS (contd)

(ice-cold)
Is you man or is you mouse?

CLARK

(after a long beat)
I'll take my chances ...

EXT. CENTRAL PARK, LOCATION OF THE JUNIOR INVENTORS
COMPETITION - 1 HOUR LATER

WE SEE A crowd of gawkers close around someone or something.
We can't see what's drawing their interest but they're
buzzing; calling out for others to come see this ...

CROWD'S POV

WE SEE Tom, the object of their attention.

TOM

(to crowd)
Was anybody here, eleven, eleven-ten
A.M. last Saturday?
(holding up Polaroid)
I'm looking for anybody who would have
seen this boy ...

People take snapshots of Tom.

ANGLE - THE MEDIA CAMP

One of the reporters at the entrance to the park lets loose
with a sharp whistle that has everyone scrambling.

ANGLE - PARK

TOM (contd)

(loud, slow)
We know he was abducted by this man ...

Tom holds up a mugshot of Cubby Barnes.

TOM (contd)

What we need to find out is if anybody saw...

BG cameramen deploy running pell-mell from the trucks to
film Tom's performance.

TOM (contd)

... this man, and if so, if anybody
noticed if this man was with anyone else
... if there was a second person or a
third person ...

The first cameramen bust through the crowd, start shooting.

A hand reaches through the gawkers and yanks Tom away.
CLOSE ON the cameramen.

VOICES

Hey!

They charge after Tom and meet with a wall of FBI agents.

ANGLE

Hawkins, hustling Tom into a sedan, saving him from further humiliation. Tom goes floppy.

The car takes off.

CLOSE ON picture of T.J., dropped on the grass.

EXT. DRIVEWAY OF THE KIDNAP HOUSE - 1 HOUR LATER

SEEN THROUGH BINOCULARS -- Reed and Clark moving back and forth from the house to the van, packing belongings, computer equipment, etc.

REVERSE ANGLE

WE SEE Jimmy parked down the block on a cross-street out of their sight.

Jimmy drops the binocs and starts pacing, in a froth of indecision.

JIMMY

God! God!

He reaches into the LTD, takes out his radio.

JIMMY (contd)

South 44 to base ...

Before the dispatcher can answer, Jimmy kills the transmission, starts his crazed pacing again.

JIMMY (contd)

Oh man ... oh Jesus ...

He takes another look through the binoculars then.

JIMMY (contd)

Here we go ... here we go ...

(on radio)

South 44 to base ...

DISPATCHER

South 44. Go.

JIMMY

I'm at 115-30 Horace Harding Parkway in the one thirteen precinct. I have several armed men in the house, possible hostage situation. I need back up forthwith. Make this a borough wide 10-13, over ...

EXT. UTOPIA PARKWAY - QUEENS

A squad car blips its siren for a second as it runs a red light. A car goes sideways to avoid it. Another squad car careens out of an alley and follows.

EXT. JIMMY SHAKER/KIDNAP STREET

Jimmy quickly striding across to the kidnap house.

He has his gun out, hanging down against the back of one leg out of sight.

INT/EXT. VAN

Reed and Clark ready to roll.

Clark turns on the ignition then sees Jimmy walking up the driveway.

The hung-down hand behind the leg tells Clark all he needs to know.

Jimmy holds up his detective shield with his free hand.

JIMMY

(quaking voice)

Police! Get out of the car!

REED

Go!

Clark floors the accelerator trying to mow Jimmy down.

CLARK'S POV

WE SEE Jimmy fire at us, shattering the windshield.

Clark dies at the wheel, the car still rolling, Reed in a panic, trapped on the passenger side, Jimmy calmly keeping pace with the car, walking alongside until Reed flings open the door and Jimmy shoots him point blank in the heart propelling him back into his seat.

Jimmy takes a second gun from behind his back, pumps two rounds into the ground then leans into the car and puts the just fired gun in Reed's dead hand.

Sweating profusely Jimmy backs out of the car.

We hear a gunshot; Jimmy is spun around by a bullet entering his shoulder.

He faces Maris at the side door holding her gun and there's a long frozen moment of eye contact between them; an assessment of how it is, and then they both simultaneously fire, Jimmy shooting her dead.

He stands there paralyzed by what he just did.

We hear the first encroaching sirens. They jar Jimmy into action.

Bleeding from the shoulder wound, Jimmy heads up the steps.

CLOSE ON Maris -- dead at Jimmy's feet.

REVERSE TO SEE Jimmy looking down at her with torment.

Jimmy cuts into the house as the first squad car screeches up, the first ambulance ...

INT. HOUSE

TRACK Jimmy, bleeding, still holding the gun, as he makes his way to T.J.'s room.

He kicks open the door. T.J. is laying there sightless ...

EXT. EAST RIVER HELIPORT

Tom and Hawkins wait for a chopper as it descends onto the tarmac.

Kate screeches up in the same car that carried her off from the apartment. She flies out of the rear door. All three pile in soon as the helicopter touches down.

INT. KIDNAP HOUSE

SWAT units bust in. WE FOLLOW their frantic search through the rooms until they come to T.J.'s.

The door is ajar. They push it wide open, cock their weapons ...

REVERSE

Jimmy on his knees before the bound boy; a comforting hand on T.J.'s chest.

JIMMY
(to the SWATs)
I think he's okay ...

Jimmy keels over, faints.

EXT. STREET

Confusion. Cops everywhere. Crowd developing. A coroner's van pulls up in front of the house. A news chopper materializes above the roofs.

MATCH CUT - INT. CHOPPER

Kate and Tom sit stiffly next to each other.

CLOSE ON Tom's hand -- tentatively sliding towards hers, then retreating before contact.

INT/EXT. DEATH CAR

Clark and Reed being photographed by Crime Scene detectives.

KATE'S POV - FROM CHOPPER

A little league game. Then the street with a carpet of flashing red lights.

EXT. STREET

Tom, Kate and Hawkins exiting the chopper, running through the crowd, past cop cars. The van. Hawkins talks to a cop on the run. He runs interference for Tom and Kate up to the house. Then Kate freezes. The coroner's van. Tom is already up the stairs pushing through the cops.

KATE
(screams)
Tom!

Sees her beside the coroner's van. Starts to go to her but then keeps going up into the house.

INT. KIDNAP HOUSE

Tom and Hawkins walking through medical and police chaos.

HAWKINS
(ahead)
Tom! Here!

Jimmy is wheeled out on a gurney past Tom.

Tom tries to push his way past all the cops and medics.

TOM
I'm the father! I'm the father!

A medic steps aside to reveal T.J. lying on the cot ashen, eyes closed. Another medic is just snapping off a blood pressure tourniquet. Tom drops to the floor.

TOM (contd)
T.J. T.J. It's Daddy. It's Daddy.

T.J. opens his eyes. The light blinds him. His father's presence doesn't register. Tom looks up at a medic.

TOM (contd)
Is he alright? Can I pick him up? Can I hold him?

MEDIC
He's pretty good. Except for a cut on his hand ... a little groggy from whatever they gave him but he's fine.

Tom scoops him up. Kate comes flying in. They both clutch at him with inarticulate tenderness and joy.

T.J.
Take me home, okay?
(sobbing)
Take me home.

EXT. HOUSE/CRIME SCENE

Tom exits the house alone. One of the cops points to Jimmy who at present is being gurneyed into an ambulance.

Tom heads over.

JIMMY'S POV

Tom standing over him, offering his hand.

TOM
(voice breaking, whispery)
Thank you ...

REVERSE

Jimmy laying there holding Tom's hand, his brain a cauldron of rages and fears, trying to pull this off now ...

JIMMY
(smiling modestly)
Whatever ...

HAWKINS

Just quick ...

Hawkins steers Tom to the van. Tom looks at Clark, draws a blank; at Reed, draws a blank.

Hawkins then takes him to Maris at the side door. Tom is unsure.

TOM

Get my wife.

Tom waits; sees Jimmy by the ambulance. Jimmy is looking over at Maris too. Jimmy hangs his head.

Kate is brought over. She looks at Maris.

KATE

(with recognition)

Oh God ...

ANGLE

Tom carries T.J. down the center of the street. Kate keeps a hand on her son. Hawkins parts the crowd.

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

T.J. sits up in a hospital gown. Surrounding him are Tom and Kate who seem very aware of each other but haven't really made eye contact yet, and an FBI-affiliated therapist who is gently interviewing T.J.

T.J.

... They kept giving me stuff that made me want to sleep ... you know, like cold medicine?

THERAPIST

Did you hear any names? Did anybody address anybody by their name?

Hawkins comes in, gestures for Tom to come into the hallway.

T.J.

I don't know ... they had this radio on in my room real loud ... I couldn't ...

(beat; exhausted)

... Could we stop for now?

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE T.J.'S ROOM

Tom faces Hawkins.

HAWKINS

We're still waiting for all the paper, but one's Clark Barnes, he's brother to the body in the dunes, did time for armed robbery. The other guy's a Howard Reed, did time for computer fraud, phone scams, rigged taxi meters, a real Mister Wizard and the woman, well ... right now you know as much as us. Where she came to hook up with the Barnes Brothers and this other mope ... we're still digging around on her, but ...

Hawkins trails off. There's an awkward silence.

TOM

Oh happy day, huh?

HAWKINS

(nodding)

Oh happy day.

Each man stands there intoxicated with victory despite the friction, frustration and dismay they have visited upon each other over the last number of days ...

Tom impulsively embraces Hawkins in gratitude, in apology.

TOM

I'm sorry ... I was just so ...

HAWKINS

Hey ... like the song says, you did it your way ... Nothing sorry about it.

Hawkins turns to leave.

TOM

Hey, Lonnie? ... Tell that cop Shaker to give me a call soon as he's up to it ... We have an account to settle ...

INT. T.J.'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Kate lies next to T.J. She strokes his head. Tom sits on the floor with his back to the bed holding T.J.'s hand. T.J. seems to be asleep. Tom reaches over to the lamp and turns it off. Darkness for two beats.

T.J.

(panic-stricken)

Turn the light on! Turn the light on!

Tom finds the switch again. T.J. clings to his mother. Tom grabs T.J.'s hand. T.J. pulls him in closer, don't ever leave me ...

INT. HAWKINS'- OFFICE - NY FBI HEADQUARTERS - SAME

Jimmy sits in a chair, his shoulder tightly wrapped. Hawkins sits with his feet up on the desk. Sickler hands Jimmy a sandwich off a tray he carries in from the hall. There's also a bottle of Scotch and four used glasses. Paul Rhodes sits on the window sill.

JIMMY

Nah ... I had my eye on that house for a while. I wasn't sure or nothing but whatever it says in the book? ... You work the job as long as me, everybody's guilty until proven innocent ... anyways, I figured if the kid was in there, they were getting ready to kill him. They'd been taking stuff out earlier, bags, computer gear ... but now they were moving really fast. Panic-speed. And, at first I was just gonna wait for back-up but something told me ... I don't know, I just found myself walking in ... next thing I know, I'm there, like, in the driveway? Jesus, the one guy starts blasting away, the other goes to run me over, so, I mean ... I did what I had to do ...

SICKLER

How about the woman?

JIMMY

Oh man, I just got spun around by the bullet, you know? I didn't know it was a woman until after ...

(beat)

That one's gonna stay with me forever ...

SICKLER

How long you been a cop, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Twenty-one years two months and twelve days. I'm putting in my papers tomorrow morning o-nine hundred hours, world without end, amen.

SICKLER

Nothing like taking a bullet to make you rethink the job, huh?

JIMMY

Nah, well actually ...
(unbuttoning his shirt,
showing two older bullet
scars)
It's more like two's company ...
(touching his bandage)
... three's a crowd ...

The agents whistle appreciatively.

HAWKINS

You ever work kidnappings?

JIMMY

Nah. I'm a street cop. It's what I do best.

HAWKINS

So you knew the Barnes Brothers, huh?

JIMMY

Hey everybody in this precinct knew the Barnes Brothers ... Are you kidding me? Ask around.

(beat)

But let me tell you something. Even if I didn't know those guys? With the looks I was getting everytime I passed that house, you'd have to be Ray Charles not to know something was going down ...

SICKLER

Listen to this guy ... You know how many agents we had in the field on this one? The family had no idea, and now, after you did what you did? I personally would be embarrassed to tell them, right, Lonnie? How the hell did you know?

Jimmy shrugs, but there's something in his face though that registers an awareness that under the jocularly in this room, he's being somewhat interrogated.

JIMMY

(addressing the unstated)

Fellas ... the only thing I've ever been good at in my life ... marriage, children, money ... has been the Job ... And let me tell you, as an old fart of forty-seven? I'm retired as of tomorrow, but I'll never quit ...

An appreciative silence fills the room, a moment of grace ...

Hawkins raises his glass in a toast to those words.

They all throw back a shot.

RHODES

So what are you gonna do with all that money, Jimmy?

JIMMY

The reward? How much is it?

SICKLER

Four million.

JIMMY

Four ... oh Jesus.

(beat)

Well, there's my bar tab at Hanratty's ...

They all laugh including Jimmy.

He holds up his hand, points to how it's trembling.

JIMMY (contd)

Jesus, shoot me, stab me; four million dollars. Now you got me shaking ...

EXT. MULLEN APARTMENT HOUSE

The Mullens, home from the hospital, getting out of a sedan, fighting their way through the cameras into the building; David Torres and Bob Stone forging a wedge for them.

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - QUEENS

Jimmy is standing at his door saying goodbye to the tabloid journalist that was tipped off by Hanratty.

JIMMY

So when's this gonna run?

COLUMNIST

Tomorrow.

JIMMY

That's just great. I have a lot of respect for your column. You tell it like it is. It's an honor.

The columnist waves, gets in his car and drives off.

Jimmy watches him go, heads inside.

INT. JIMMY SHAKER'S HOUSE - 5 MINUTES LATER

Jimmy, packing as fast as he can with one hand.

Unlike the modest, affable guy he was in the FBI office, with the columnist, he's the calculating and dangerous killer again.

INT. MULLEN HOUSE - T.J.'S BEDROOM - 1 HOUR LATER

T.J. is watching TV. He's glassy and passive. His parents watch TV with him. They're worried, don't know how to deal with the psychic aftermath.

Kate rises, motions for Tom to follow her out the room.

T.J.

(alarmed)

Where you going ...

KATE

Right here, baby ... just out the door.

T.J.

Stay where I can see you, okay?

ANGLE

Tom and Kate in T.J.'s doorway.

KATE

Dr. Margolis is coming over tonight ... he can see us too ... any time.

TOM

Great.

KATE

(after a beat)

You were right. It worked ... You pulled it off.

TOM

Look ... Kate ... I'm sorry ... I just knew ... I can't explain ... I just --

KATE

Hey ... he's back ... that's all that counts, right?

TOM

What about us ...

KATE
(still a little cool)
We'll be good ... just give me a little
time, okay?

That's good enough for Tom.

He enters T.J.'s room, turns off the TV.

TOM
(takes his son's hand)
I have something to show you ...

EXT. JIMMY SHAKER'S HOUSE

Jimmy tossing suitcases in his car; his phone rings.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE

JIMMY
(on the phone)
Yeah ... no ... just one ... cancel the
other ticket ... my friend can't make it
... she got sick ... yeah ... one way
... one way ...

INT. MULLEN LIBRARY

Tom guides T.J. into the room.

There, in all its almost-fixed glory, stands the video blimp
back from the dead.

T.J.'s eyes come alive for the first time since his rescue.
He moves to the blimp as Tom and Kate watch.

T.J.
It still needs a lot of work ...

TOM
Well, get to it ...

Tom finally, furtively takes Kate's hand; they're both on
the verge of crying.

FATIMA
(enters)
Mister Shaker is coming up.

Tom and Kate look at each other.

The doorbell rings.

INT. THE FRONT DOOR

Tom opens, and is surprised to see Jimmy standing there.

JIMMY

(nervous, striving for
friendly)

Hey ... I'm sorry to just show up like
this, but ...

TOM

(recovering)

No problem ... glad to see you ...
Please, come in ...

WE TRACK Jimmy and Tom as they walk through the house.

TOM (contd)

How's the shoulder?

JIMMY

(eyeing all that Tom owns)

As long as I can stand on my own two
feet ...

TOM

I hear you.

They're at the door to the library.

TOM (contd)

I was waiting for you to call.

JIMMY

Yeah, I'm sorry I just popped over ...
it's just getting crazy by me, you know
the press and everything ... but you're
right ... I should have called, I should
have called ...

TOM

No ... no ... no ... it's fine, it's ...
(opening the door)

T.J.? Kate? Jimmy Shaker.

Jimmy freezes. He doesn't know how the kid is going to
react. Does T.J. remember his voice? Anything else? How
about Kate?

T.J. walks slowly up to him eye to eye.

Jimmy is panic-stricken.

T.J. stares at him for a beat then solemnly offers his hand.

T.J.

Thank you for saving my life.

Jimmy bursts out laughing, the relief coming off him in waves.

Tom smiles, not knowing what's so funny but taking pleasure in his happiness to meet T.J. Jimmy takes T.J.'s hand.

JIMMY

You're very welcome ...

CLOSE ON Kate -- smiling too; but off-balance, not sure what's throwing her.

KATE

Thank you so much ...

They shake hands; eye contact a heartbeat longer than usual.

JIMMY

(re: video blimp)

What the heck is that?

T.J.

It's a remote control video blimp.
I have to fix the propellers.

TOM

T.J., Mister Shaker and I have some business.

T.J.

Do you want me to get you when I finish?
You have to see this thing ...

JIMMY

Absolutely.

T.J.

I'll come and get you.

JIMMY

You got it.

Tom steers Jimmy towards his office. Jimmy looks at his watch.

JIMMY (contd)

Some kid ... how's he doing?

TOM

So far so good ... all things considered.

JIMMY
(getting antsy about time)
I hear you.

They enter the office.

ANGLE - THE DESK

Tom opens his check book, Jimmy sitting across the desk from him sweating.

JIMMY
You know, once again, I'm sorry about this but I got to get out of here ... I'm kind of like a private person, you know?

TOM
(waving it off)
Please ... James or Jimmy?

JIMMY
James. James'll do.

As Jimmy realizes that Tom doesn't have a clue; that he's going to get away with this after all, something almost reptilian, icy and hooded, comes over him, all fear vaporized.

JIMMY (contd)
Can I ask you a personal question?

TOM
Sure ...

JIMMY
(having to control a growing
rage at his own question)
Why didn't you pay the ransom?

Before Tom can answer, Kate enters the room.

TOM
Because I was dealing with scum. No contract would have been honored, so ... Funny thing is, I would have paid ten times as much if I had a sense they'd stick to the deal ...

JIMMY
(imploding)
Really ... huh ...

KATE
(tentative, hovering, as if
not sure what she's doing
there)
Mister Shaker? Can I get you something?
A drink?

Kate unconsciously touches that ring-inflicted wound on her face.

The gesture is not lost on Tom. He looks at Jimmy.

JIMMY
(studying Kate)
No, thank you ...

Tom looks down at Jimmy's hand; WE SEE the tan line of a removed ring with a wide band.

Tom looks up. Jimmy is watching him check out the missing ring. Eye contact; it's the hour of evil epiphany. Jimmy drums his fingers on the desk. Kate leaves the room. Tom knows. Jimmy knows Tom knows.

Tom calmly punches in some numbers on that security remote on his desk, looks Jimmy in the eye.

TOM
You're armed, I take it.

JIMMY
(calm too)
Oh, yeah ...

Tom quickly rips up the check in his hand. Jimmy lunges for it but it's too late.

The two men meet over the desk nose to nose, Jimmy gripping Tom's wrist, the uncashable check.

TOM
(rapidly)
Now ... if you kill me? There's no money for you. If you kill or harm anyone in this house there's no money for you.
(nods to the alarm panel)
Silent alarm. The cops'll be here in seven-eight minutes tops. If we leave right now, you and I, we can make it to the bank in the time it would take them to show up. Do you have an account I can wire the money to?

Jimmy nods.

TOM (contd)

I want you out of this house, I want my family out of harm's way. We'll just leave, right now ... Get it done.

JIMMY

If I let you live I'm fingered.

TOM

If you kill me, if you kill everyone in this house, you're fingered. How many times were you photographed coming into this building? How many reporters called out your name? Now, you can either be on the run with four million dollars or you can try it with whatever you got in your wallet right now. It's up to you.

JIMMY

You wire the money, then what? How do I get out of the city?

Suddenly T.J. enters the room.

T.J.

Mister Shaker! I got the blimp fixed. You want to see?

TOM

(panicked)

T.J.!

Jimmy lets go of Tom's wrist, hoists T.J. on his knee, furtively flashes his gun in a shoulder holster under his jacket to Tom.

JIMMY

(to T.J.)

Hang in for a sec, buddy.

(he stares at Tom as he kneads T.J.'s shoulder)

How do I get out of the city?

[At this point, both men strain for a casual tone, not wanting to freak out T.J. which would only make things chaotic when the need right now is to be lucid and focused.]

TOM

(casually freaked)

I'll fly you ... I'll fly you personally. I'll call ahead to Teterboro Airport to gas up, file a flight plan to anywhere you want.

(MORE)

TOM (contd)

Mexico, the Caribbean, you name it. You want to go to the Caribbean? Pick an island. I'm the pilot.

JIMMY

And then what? You know exactly where I am.

TOM

It'll take me three hours to refuel and file a return flight plan. In three hours you can be six islands away.

JIMMY

Three hours. What's to stop you from picking up a telephone the minute I'm out of sight?

TOM

Once we land you do with me what you will.

(beat)

I just want you out of this house and away from my family. You don't like what I'm proposing? Then you lay it out. I'll do anything you want except cut you a check in this room.

JIMMY

(re: T.J.)

I could snap his neck like a twig.

TOM

Then we both lose. You have maybe three minutes left. Call your shot.

CLOSE ON Jimmy, staring at Tom, his good arm clutching T.J. by the shoulder.

JIMMY

How far's the bank ...

TOM

Four blocks.

JIMMY

(thinking)

How do we get to Teterboro?

TOM

I'll drive us.

JIMMY

No ... we take a cab.

(beat)

Once we land? I'm gonna need a few thousand in hard cash to get where I want to go.

TOM

We'll get that too.

JIMMY

(fuming, thinking)

If you shake me out there on the street?
I got to him (T.J.) once, I can do it again.

Tom nods in understanding. A beat, then Jimmy relaxes his grip, pats the boy to leave.

ANGLE

Tom and Jimmy heading for the door, passing Kate.

TOM

Kate ... we're going down to the bank ...

KATE

Okay ...

TOM

Listen, T.J. was playing around on my desk again and I think he triggered the silent alarm so ... you know if they show, just apologize for me, okay?

KATE

Sure ...

INT. HALLWAY BY ELEVATOR BANK

Jimmy and Tom waiting.

JIMMY

(turns to him)

Hey ...

He knees Tom in the gut doubling him over, making him gasp ...

JIMMY (contd)

That's for Maris ...

EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE

Jimmy and Tom exit together; Jimmy slightly behind, Tom still wincing.

The minute they hit the street, the media camp, diminished somewhat since the recovery, descends, film rolling, tape recorders thrust forward.

REPORTERS

Jimmy, over here! Tom!

Jimmy looks knotty, flashes a tight smile, keeps Tom moving ...

REPORTERS

You guys headed for the bank?
Tom, how do you feel about this guy?

TOM

He's the man, what can I say?

Jimmy awkwardly waves, moves Tom forward.

When they're about a block from the house WE SEE in the BG two squad cars roll up in response to the alarm.

The media still dogs them every step of the way.

REPORTER #1

What are you gonna do with all that money, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Pay bills, what else?

The reporters laugh, Tom laughs, Jimmy keeps them moving.

JIMMY

Fellas, can we have a bit of privacy here? We'll be back in a few minutes, okay?

They cross the street, the reporters backing off, but the video shooters still documenting every step they take.

JIMMY

Call the airport ...

TOM

(takes out a cellular
phone)

Where we going?

JIMMY

Mexico. Islands are traps. Mexico City.

A WOMAN rushes up and laughing, egged on by girlfriends, throws her arms around Jimmy's neck.

WOMAN

I'll help you spend that money, baby!

Jimmy staggers back, eyes on Tom, semi-roughly removes himself from her embrace.

TOM

(on cellular)

David, call Teterboro, get me fueled for Mexico City ... I'll tell you later ...
I'll tell you later.

They walk another few yards and two kids recognize Jimmy; stop for his autograph.

Once again Tom has a beat to run.

JIMMY

(signing autographs, one
eye on Tom)

Lose me, lose your son ...

They walk on.

REPORTER #1

(again)

Jimmy, just a quick question.

JIMMY

(hotter)

Not now.

TOM

Why me ...

JIMMY

Because you're an Eloï. You live in a dream.

TOM

(waving, smiling)

Bullshit ... Why me, why my son ...

JIMMY

Eenie meenie miney mo, chief. After twenty years it was time to get paid, and you're all so goddamn easy ...

TOM

Maris ... it was her.

Unbeknownst to the both of them and peripherally visual to the audience, WE SEE Jack Sickler passing in the opposite direction.

JIMMY

Maris ... you know how I met her? Ten years ago I locked up her father for beating her mother half to death.

(beat)

She came out of nothing ... less than nothing.

They pass Paul Rhodes, looking in a shop window, his profile marginally visible to us.

JIMMY

Hard places make for hard people.

(beat)

We had a lot in common ...

(nods to a Morgan Guaranty Bank)

That's where we're going?

REPORTER #1

(yet again)

C'mon, Jimmy, give me a break.

JIMMY

(red hot)

I said back the fuck off!

(to Tom, as he discretely removes his gun, holds it inside his jacket)

When we get inside? If you fuck me I have nothing to lose and I will kill you.

As they approach the bank, a man by the exterior cash machine turns to face them.

It's Lonnie Hawkins. He takes a step towards them and a few things happen almost simultaneously:

- 1) Reporter #1 gets in Jimmy's face again: "Hey, c'mon, Jimmy ... "
- 2) Kimba, Rhodes, Sickler and other agents materialize and horseshoe them with shotguns.
- 3) Reporter #1, once Jimmy's eyes wander, holds a gun to his head.

REPORTER #1 (FBI AGENT)

Don't even fuckin breathe ...

- 4) Without hesitation Jimmy shoots the reporter/agent with the gun concealed under his jacket, blowing him backwards.

5) The gun goes under Tom's chin, Jimmy holding off the FBI.

JIMMY

This is no good right here. Lay them
(the shotguns)
down ...

Jimmy starts backing down the street taking Tom hostage.

Hawkins, hands up, no weapons, cautiously follows.

The reporter/agent moans on the ground, his life saved by his Kevlar vest.

TOM'S POV

He sees Kate being restrained by FBI agents. (Kate had called them the minute they left the apartment.)

HAWKINS

Jimmy ... it's over ... cut your losses.

TOM'S POV

From behind Hawkins he sees Kate break free of the agents and blindly rush towards Tom and Jimmy.

TOM

No!

Kate pushes past Hawkins ...

The gun goes from under Tom's chin in an arc, but before Jimmy can squeeze one off, Hawkins tackles Kate, smothers her with his body.

Tom tries to wrestle the gun away from Jimmy, but Jimmy cracks him across the temple, starts dragging him away from the cops again, the both of them crossing the street in a backwards shuffle until they're out of sight around the corner.

Quickly, before fleeing, Jimmy hisses in Tom's ear.

JIMMY

You'll see me again.

Jimmy belts Tom into a wall and makes his getaway.

TOM

(recovering, blinking into focus)
No ...

Tom takes off after Jimmy.

As Jimmy runs, there are FBI agents and NYPD cops parallel tracking him from block to block.

They can't shoot because Tom is in their sites too.

Tom reaches Jimmy and a savage fight between them ensues, Tom wailing away with all his suppressed terror and anger, Jimmy fighting for his freedom with desperate strength, but Tom's fury is the greater. Jimmy loses the gun, which skitters across the sidewalk, both men lunging, Tom reaching it first, drawing a bead on Jimmy, flat on his back, Tom straddling his chest, the gun in a double-handed grip, the muzzle directed towards Jimmy's face, all kinds of law enforcement closing in.

COPS/AGENTS

Tom! Easy!

TOM

(cocking the hammer, voice
trembling)

For six days I sat in my house tormented
by the possibilities of what you were
doing to my son. I saw him die a
thousand different deaths ...

Jimmy's reaction to this is to raise his head from the sidewalk and spit in Tom's face.

JIMMY

(bloody and hateful)

Do it!

Tom, tremulous and livid, looks as if he's going to squeeze one off.

COPS/AGENTS

(inching forward)

Easy, easy. Tom! It's over!

JIMMY

(bellowing)

Do it!

TOM

(trembling)

What you put us through ... my wife ...

JIMMY

You don't have the balls ...

Tom has a final moment of murderous desire then loses it, relents, the decision to let Jimmy live apparent in his body and face, a beat of mercy.

Hawkins in front, the cops move forward but before they can reach him, Jimmy exploits this physical slack in Tom, wrests the gun away, Tom seeing his death in Jimmy's eyes.

Then Jimmy lets loose with an animal roar of hate and frustration; at Tom, at the encroaching ring of law enforcement: no exit, no exit, and turning the gun on himself, pulls the trigger; the world freezing for the duration of the death-echo.

CLOSE ON Tom, blood-spattered (Jimmy's blood) in shock, free ...

ANGLE - BANK FRONT

Tom being escorted back from the death scene.

Kate and T.J. waiting by a sedan. David holding the door.

Tom eases into the car, falling across his family, embracing them, collapsing ... David closing the door.

INT/EXT. CAR

Driven by Hawkins; Sickler in the shotgun seat.

In the back seat Tom, T.J. and Kate clutching each other, the nightmare starting to subside.

TOM'S POV

They approach the building, the media camp rushing forward, cops, agents trying to hold them back.

VOICES

(in a frenzy)

Tom!

T.J.!

Kate!

REVERSE ANGLE

Looking into the rear seat of the car; at Tom, at his family, all holding each other.

Tom stares unblinkingly at the media hordes, then slowly disappears behind the rising tinted rear window which serves as a shield between the world of sensation and the family he holds dear.