

THE NEGOTIATOR

by

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BLACK SCREEN

SOUNDS in the black. POLICE RADIOS CRACKLE with VOICES laced with urgency. THE deafening ROAR AND CHATTER of COPTER BLADES bleeds. The BLACK SCREEN RECEDES and a COPTER, POLICE ISSUE, banks in front of us.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO -- DAY

Utter chaos. The SOUNDS weren't accurate testimony to the pandemonium. Two POLICE COPTERS and rubbernecking T.V. News COPTERS jockey for air position in the hot and sun-drenched summer sky. They hover above a sea of ONLOOKERS gathered at the base of a building. A phalanx of COPS cavort in front of a POLICE TACTICAL COMMAND POST set up in a store.

A HOSTAGE BARRICADE TEAM (HBT) UNIT lines an APARTMENT BUILDING FIRE ESCAPE and ROOF. SNIPERS' eyes are riveted to their high-powered rifle sights. Tired faces burn under the dappled sunlight. They target an apartment in a PARALLEL building. Like a firing squad on the edge of violence.

CUT TO:

A YOUNG MAN and OLD WOMAN bound and gagged to a heater in an old, ratty apartment. Both wall-eyed with fear. The CUBS play on the T.V. in front of them. We MOVE out of the room, coming upon the bloody remains of a MAN lying dead on the hallway floor.

OMAR (O.S.)

I told you before -- I want that cunt up here. Now -- or I'm gonna do the girl. I'll blow her brains out. The only way to stop it is by giving me that cunt. The girl for the cunt. It's a simple trade.

Move from the dead man, along the floor, to a YOUNG GIRL'S FACE. SHOTGUN pressed up against it. Blood, from a cut, gathers around the barrel. She blinks. She's alive. But the eyes -- emotionless. The paralyzed stare of one who's felt too much.

DANNY (O.S.)

I'm trying, Omar. I'm trying. Let's just relax a minute.

And we pan up the SHOTGUN, settling on OMAR: 45, with facial mileage beyond that. His hair a matted mess. Eyes bloodshot and raw and distant. A bottle of RUM lies on the floor. He's obviously at the end of a sodden, drunken jag.

OMAR

What the fuck's taking so long?

He's HOLLERING at his door, slightly ajar, only the chain holding it closed. On the other side is...

INT. APARTMENT HOUSE HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

...DANNY ROMAN. Anywhere from 35 to 45, an old school Chicago cop. He wears his past like a scar -- and some past that's been. In the hall, behind Danny, 20 COPS in FLAK jackets wait to move in. Flanking him is NATHAN ROENICK, a pleasant cop with a body like a prize fighter -- and a female cop in full gear, JANICE BORG.

Danny holds a kwik-view mirror -- a small mirror at the end of a metal stick -- to see into the apartment. In the mirror, Danny can see THE GUN against the girl's head. Danny speaks through the crack in the door. He's calm and collected, his voice is street, yet precise, soft, smooth and amiable. Eyes neutral -- like a snake's:

DANNY

I'm doing the best I can here, Omar.
Trying to get you what you need.

Omar's paces, runs his hands through his hair. Grimacing, contorting in inner pain. On the edge of VIOLENCE. He suddenly presses the gun roughly against the girl's forehead. Finger ready in the trigger position:

OMAR

NO. NO. NO. I don't need nothing else! I want her. I'm not going to hurt her, man. I just want her to see me blow my brains out. I want that on her conscience. Get her, or I'll take her daughter. I'll really show her what loss is!

DANNY

Omar, you don't want to do that. Don't want to give her the satisfaction...

As Omar rants, we see Nathan speaking on the RADIO to command. A beat. Nathan turns to Danny. Urgently, cutting Danny off:

NATHAN

Danny, Danny. Beck thinks you lost him. Wants to come in through the windows with unit one.

And we quickly see that when Danny's talking to his fellow cops, he's not calm. His eyes aren't neutral -- they blaze. Hyper-adrenalized passion behind them. The calm demeanor an act, a play for the HT. There's heavy anger underneath.

DANNY

No. Goddamn it. He'll get a shot off. Tell them to give me more time to talk. -- I have to get that son of a bitch to take the gun off the girl's head.

Danny's thinking, Omar's hollering. Nathan raises his radio.

NATHAN

Tactical -- negotiating team requests more time up here. Hold off penetration.

INT. HBT COMMAND, STOREFRONT

Three men: INSPECTOR FRANK SHAW, older, magisterial; COMMANDER ANDREW BECK, rough-hewn, steely-eyed; and SERGEANT TONRAY, fastidiously neat. All stand in front of a bank of MONITORS that display OMAR at various ANGLES -- most from a ceiling POV. Beck watches the MONITORS closely as Omar presses the gun viciously against the girl's face:

BECK (into radio)

Negative. -- Snipers and tactical, unit one. Alert. On standby. We're going in.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPES

FOUR young hot shit TAC OFFICERS, -- HELLMAN, ALDRICH, ALLEN and ARGENTO, move onto fire escapes outside Omar's window. Two men hold battering rams, pumped and ready to go in.

INT. HALLWAY

Nathan is back on the radio as Danny negotiates with Omar:

DANNY

Omar. Omar. Listen to me now!

OMAR

Do you know what she did to me? She been fucking everyone behind my back.

NATHAN

Danny, Beck's coming in. Can't hold them off.

DANNY

No, goddamn it. Get me one second, Nathan. -- OMAR! Talk to me, Omar! Talk to me!

Suddenly, Danny starts removing his holster and his gun.

OMAR (O.S.)

I want her up here. Now! Now GODDAMN IT! She took everything from me.

NATHAN (on radio)

Negotiator needs time. Do not take action.

DANNY

Omar, listen to me. I'm coming in there!

Nathan stops mid-sentence. Lowers the radio. To Danny:

NATHAN

What did you just say?

DANNY

I'm going in.

NATHAN
(adamant)

No, you're not. -- You can't enter the kill zone. Don't pull this cowboy shit with me again, Danny. You'll give him a target. Our team loses objectivity if you're inside. Keep talking...

DANNY
(decisive)

...I will. Inside. -- I'm going in. I have to get the gun off the girl's head. -- Make sure Beck knows. -- Do we have any shots inside?

JANICE
South Bathroom window. But he's nowhere near it.

DANNY
Get Eagle and Palermo over to that window. Tell them to wait for my signal. -- Let me see his sheet, Janice.

Janice hands him a sheet of paper. We see words SCRIBBLED in two columns: LIKES. DISLIKES. Under LIKES -- CUBS, CIGARS, SINATRA. Under DISLIKES -- WHITE SOX, TAXES, CHINESE FOOD, PERRY COMO. We also see the word MARINES scribbled underneath. We HEAR:

NATHAN (radio)
Hold off Tac Team. Negotiator is entering Kill Zone.

INT. COMMAND

Beck receives the message on his radio:

BECK
What? -- Jesus Christ! What the fuck is that maniac doing? Hold off Unit One. On standby. Negotiator entering Kill Zone.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE

THE TAC TEAM, ready to ram the window and breach, receives word from Beck. They hand signal to each other to hold position as they exchange disappointed, angry looks.

INT. APARTMENT

Danny puts his empty hands through crack in the door. Omar reacts:

OMAR (O.S.)
What the fuck, man? Stay fuckin' back. Just stay back! Get the fuck back.

DANNY

I'm coming in. I'm unarmed. Understood?
Now, here it is. My superiors will allow
me to make the trade. But I gotta see that
it's safe inside. That you haven't hurt
the other hostages, O.K.? -- If
everything's all right, I'll take the girl
and send your wife in. Whattaya say?

A beat. Then:

OMAR

Nice and slow. You come in. Get a look
around. Then I get my wife.

Omar takes the gun off the girl, unlocking the door. Danny
heedlessly enters, hands high, gun thrust quickly in his
face. Behind Danny, Nathan is on the radio:

NATHAN

Sniper team one, move to south side
vantage point. Wait for Danny's signal.

EXT. ROOF -- CONTINUOUS

Two young men in full gear and HBT JACKETS, EAGLE HENDERSHOT
and DOM PALERMO, snipers, run down the fire escape.

INT. APARTMENT

As Omar locks the door behind Danny, keeping the gun pinned
to Danny's head as he does so:

OMAR

Move real slow. Lock the door behind you!
This ain't between me and you, man, but
I'll take you out just the same.

Danny's unflagging, still calm, collected, amiable:

DANNY

I finally get to see you, Omar. And you
get to see me. Now, relax yourself. You're
going to get what you want. I have no
weapons. I'm unarmed. Check.

Omar searches Danny for a gun. As he does so, Danny peers
around. Sees the dead man. The young girl lying catatonic.
Danny's eyes find the BATHROOM in the back of the apartment.
Looks away quickly. He eyes the girl. Cool as ice:

DANNY

Gina O.K.? Maybe we should get her a drink
or something. Wash that blood off her
face.

OMAR

She's just fine.

DANNY

Just making sure everyone's O.K. -- I need to see the boy and his grandmother. You bring me to them. Put the gun to my head, give me the grand tour so I can go get your wife. Then we can all go home.

INT. COMMAND

Beck, Shaw and Tonray watch the screens that display Danny, gun in his face, talking to Omar.

BECK

Sick son of a bitch is going to get himself killed.

EXT. ANOTHER ROOF

Quiet until the roof DOOR bursts open and EAGLE and PALERMO emerge, running with purpose and haste. Approaching two other SNIPERS sitting on that roof.

EAGLE

Up boys. You're off. -- We're on.

Eagle and Palermo take position.

INT. APARTMENT -- DANNY AND OMAR

Omar now has the shotgun to the back of Danny's head. They move slowly through the apartment as Danny's eyes roam, searching:

OMAR

Not one sudden move. Not one. I swear to Christ I'll take your head right off.

His eyes find THE OLD WOMAN and BOY bound in a back bedroom. He sees the CUBS GAME on the T.V. Incongruously, FANS CHEER a four-bagger by Sandberg. Danny catches the boy's eyes:

DANNY

I bet you'd rather be at that game, wouldn't you, son?

The boy nods. Eyes pleading with Danny. Help us.

OMAR

Come on. You saw them.

DANNY

Great day for the Cubs -- looks like they got the lead.

Omar moves Danny, pushing him back toward the hall.

OMAR

You seen everything mother fucker. You seen it all. Now let's do this.

DANNY

We're doing it, Omar. -- It's just a shame, though. Perfect day for a game. All things being equal, I'd rather be sitting behind the vines.

Omar, caught off guard by the casual conversation, thinks about it. Then:

OMAR

It's too fuckin' hot.

DANNY

Not with a cold beer. And I bet there's a breeze in the bleachers. -- Hey, kid, can you see Wrigley from those windows?

OMAR

Wrigley's on the other side. You can see it from the back rooms.

Danny already knew that. He turns back to Omar:

DANNY

I gotta see those rooms before I go, Omar.

OMAR

Ain't nothin' there. Just the bathroom and the kid's room.

DANNY

I gotta check it. Make sure no one's hurt back there.

Danny starts toward the back rooms, not waiting for Omar, just going on casually. Omar eyes him, debating what to do.

DANNY

Christ, I ain't missed a Cubs' game since I left the Marines. Even when I'm at work, I got the radio on.

Interested in the conversation now, Omar's thrown off guard. He follows Danny toward the first room in the back, the BATHROOM, picking up the conversation:

OMAR

You were in?

DANNY

Did one tour in '68.

OMAR

Well, Semper Fi, mother fucker. I did two tours '65 and '66.

As Omar speaks, they reach the bathroom. Danny starts inside. Gets his first glimpse of a SMALL WINDOW, high over the toilet, as he gives the timeless Marine reply:

DANNY

Hoo-fuckin'-Raa, Omar. Hoo-Raa. -- Mind if I see if I can see Wrigley from here?

Omar shrugs, starting into the bathroom behind Danny:

OMAR

Don't meet many Marines these days. Everybody joins the fuckin' Navy. -- See, nothing there, Sarge. Nothing. Now, we make the trade.

EXT. ROOF

Eagle's and Palermo's eyes are pinned to high-powered rifle sights -- targeting that bathroom window across the way:

POV -- SIGHTS

They have a clear view into the small bathroom. They see Danny entering.

COMMAND -- BECK, SHAW and TONRAY

Watching monitors as Danny disappears into the bathroom:

SHAW

Lost view. No cameras in bathroom. He's by himself now.

INT. BATHROOM

As Danny steps further in, Omar follows, holding the gun to his back. Danny puts one hand to his chest, visible only from the window. He raises ONE FINGER, displaying it for:

EXT. ROOF -- EAGLE AND PALERMO

EAGLE

I got the HT.

PALERMO

I got Danny. -- We got a one count.

PALERMO'S POV THROUGH SIGHTS

On Danny's face. He raises the second finger -- TWO.

INT. THE BATHROOM

As Danny keeps Omar's attention away from the window:

DANNY

You know how they separate the men from the boys in the Navy?

OMAR

No, man.

DANNY

With a fucking crow bar.

Omar actually laughs as he unconsciously lowers the gun for a second, distracted. Danny raises a third finger -- THREE -- and it all happens very fast. -- A surge of movement. Danny suddenly pushes away from Omar, out of view from the window, leaving Omar exposed. Omar reacts, goes to raise his weapon:

WHAM! CRASH! Glass shatters as TWO SHOTS RING OUT. Danny falls reflexively backwards SHOWERED in glass. Omar's hit twice, his body SLAMMED backward by the impact.

But his gun is coming up for Danny. Danny grabs its barrel, twisting it from Omar's grasp. And all at the same time:

VARIOUS ANGLES

Of the TAC TEAM. A storm of TAC OFFICERS pour through windows, fire escapes, ceiling vents. Nathan is the first of THE SWARM inside. Running straight for Danny. Danny now holds the shotgun in the injured Omar's FACE. That raging intensity boiling in his eye. Adrenal rush getting the best of him. Nathan approaches, takes the gun from him. Pulling Danny away as we:

CUT TO:

A TELEVISION -- A REPORTER broadcasts from the scene.

REPORTER (on TV)

After ten hours, Hostage Negotiator Danny Roman risked his own life and disarmed the hostage taker single-handedly. To the Grandmother, girl and boy he saved, he is truly the man of the hour. Danny Roman had this to say about the ordeal:

We see Danny on the small screen, footage obviously taken right after he came out of the building:

DANNY (on TV)

...It was a team effort, really. All I did was talk to the guy. I...

Danny is drowned out by WHOOPS and CATCALLS from:

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

All the HBT TEAM members are here -- a place where COPS hang out. All familiar faces. Snipers EAGLE, PALERMO and intel officer JANICE BORG are in the middle of a serious DART GAME. Young TAC GUYS sit with BECK, chugging beers. All watch Danny on the screen, half toasting, half mocking him.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE BAR -- NIGHT

Danny follows Inspector Shaw out of a car, complaining:

DANNY

Inspector, I appreciate the offer, but I haven't been home in almost two days.

SHAW

Just one drink. On me. You deserve to relax after all your work under those hot lights and in front of all those cameras.

DANNY

Do I have a choice?

Shaw just smiles, shaking his head and moving into:

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

The room grows still as we HEAR:

EAGLE

Yo. Shut up. Here he comes.

Everyone quiets down. The front door of the bar opens, revealing DANNY. All the cops in the bar start CHEERING, WHISTLING wildly. Danny, shocked, notices a sign over the bar that reads: 'HAPPY FIFTIETH'.

OFFICERS

Where were you, Roman? Ya crazy bastard. Giving another interview? Helluva job today, Roman. Great job, Sergeant.

He accepts the praise and jokes with a pleasant smile as CHING. CHING. CHING. -- INSPECTOR SHAW stands on a CHAIR, waving everyone quiet as he taps his glass with a spoon:

SHAW

Everyone calm down. Quiet. Hey, Roman, shut up before I shoot you. Let someone else talk for a change.

Some laughter. As it tapers off:

SHAW

I want to congratulate our entire HBT team on another successful negotiation.

CHEERS with that.

SHAW

And I want to toast Mr. Danny Roman, for once again scaring the shit out of all of us by breaking every goddamn rule in the book, entering the kill zone unarmed. -- I should send you in for a psych evaluation but -- once again -- it paid off. Not only can this man talk the pants off a nun, but he'll do whatever it takes to get the bad guy, even if it means putting himself at risk.

(raising his glass)

To Danny Roman and our entire HBT unit -- today was our fiftieth negotiation as a team...

(CONT'D)

SHAW (CONT'D)

...I know we're always looking for any reason to have a party but this is a great reason. The next round of drinks is on Roman! SALUDE!

Everyone raises a mug, CLICKING glasses. Danny starts waving his arms, quieting the crowd once again:

DANNY

Hold on. I have something to add...

EAGLE

No. No. Don't let 'em talk. We won't be able to shut him up.

They all throw pretzels at Danny. He laughs. Shrugs it off. Continues toward the Inspector. As he moves through the crowd some men pat him on the back. He passes JANICE, EAGLE AND PALERMO at the dartboard:

DANNY

Don't tell me my two snipers are playing darts. So goddamn predictable.

EAGLE

Good job today, Sarge.

DANNY

You guys did the hard part.

JANICE

Sarge, you really in the Marines?

DANNY

I was in the army and I hate the Cubs.

They all smile. He continues on and sees some of the TAC TEAM, including Hellman, Allen, Argento and Aldrich, sitting with their Commander, ANDREW BECK.

ALLEN

You keep pulling these crazy stunts, Sergeant, we'll have no job to do.

BECK

One day, Danny, we're gonna get in there before you, and steal your spotlight.

DANNY

Next one's all yours, I promise.

Danny gets through the crowd. Finds the Inspector:

DANNY

Just one drink, huh? Son of a bitch.

They share a laugh when we see Nathan Roenick entering the bar in the b.g. Forging a path through the crowd to Danny. His expression tells us he's not as festive as everyone else:

DANNY

Nate, siddown.

NATHAN

(deferring to Shaw)

Inspector, I don't want to break up the party, but -- Danny, could I speak to you for a moment?

Danny sees the seriousness of Nathan's expression and takes his cue from it, turning to the Inspector.

DANNY

Excuse me, Frank.

EXT. BAR -- NIGHT

Nathan walks out. Danny follows Nathan, curiosity growing.

DANNY

Nate, what is this? More surprises?

NATHAN

No. -- Sorry to break up the fun. But I have a problem. And I want you to be straight with me. -- I was approached by someone recently. Let's call this person an informant. This person found out about something that, well, -- he -- shouldn't have. Had to do with the Health and Welfare funds. He says he heard someone's finagling with the money. Money's missing, Danny, a lot of money. He claims he knows who took it.

DANNY

Do I know this informant?

NATHAN

I'm not going to say who it is, he's only on the job 2 years. He's scared shitless.

DANNY

O.K. fine. -- Why didn't he go to IAB with this? Why bother you?

NATHAN

Here's the best part. Claims that he heard the Rat Squad's involved. Heard Niebaum's name mentioned and doesn't know what to do. He was at the academy when I taught there, so he trusts me. -- I started looking into it. I wanted to talk to you before things got too far. -- I mean you're new on the Health and Welfare Board, Danny. I figured maybe you would've, you know, maybe heard something.

Danny understands the implication.

DANNY

I haven't heard anything. I'm still trying to figure out what being on the board means. -- But if someone's stealing from us, I want you to find out who and keep me up to date on what's going on. -- Now, come on and have a drink.

Nathan hesitates, then nods. They head back to the bar.

EXT. DANNY'S HOME -- NIGHT

A car pulls in front of a small, very lived in home. The porch needs paint and the lawn needs a cut. Danny steps out.

INT. HOME -- NIGHT

No lights on. Just the T.V. KAREN ROMAN lies on the couch sleeping, her young son JEREMY by her side. Danny enters. Smiles at the image of his wife and son. He kisses his wife lightly on the cheek. Carefully picks his son up, carrying him to his bedroom. Jeremy wakes up, groggy.

JEREMY

Dad. I don't want to go to bed.

DANNY

No. No. It's past your bed time. Time to sleep. We'll talk in the morning.

(lays him down, mock serious tone)
Goodnight, Officer Jeremy.

JEREMY

(smiling, saluting)
Goodnight, Sergeant Daddy.

Danny smiles. Kisses his son on the cheek. Turns to leave. Runs into Karen, waiting in the doorway. Eyeing him.

KAREN

I saw you on T.V. today... You keep pulling stunts like that and all I'll have left of you are the video highlights. Personally, I'd rather have you here to tuck Jeremy in.

He doesn't want to get into it. All he says is:

DANNY

You shouldn't watch T.V. at work. Besides, don't you want me to tuck you in too?

He kisses her on the cheek. Just then, the stillness of the night is interrupted by a STEADY and LOUD BEEP-BEEP-BEEP.

KAREN

I think I'm going to have to take you hostage if I want to keep you here.

Danny grabs his beeper off his belt, distracted.

This all frustrates the hell out of Karen but she's used to it. Danny presses the beeper so that a light illuminates the message scrolling across: MEET AT PIER 86. NATE.

DANNY

Something's up. I'm sorry, hon.

EXT. PIER 86 -- NIGHT

A blue Ford sits alone. Nathan Roenick is behind the wheel, waiting. He looks at his beeper as if to double check. It reads: MEET AT PIER 86. DANNY. There's a KNOCK on his window. He looks up, startled. Lowers the window, and amiably:

NATHAN

Hey, I was just beeped by Danny. What are you doing here?

There's a burst of LIGHT as a muzzle FLASH blinds us. We're DEAFENED by the GUNSHOT. Covered in a spray of blood. Nathan Roenick convulses violently, then suddenly slumps. Lifeless.

A FIGURE moves quickly away, throwing his gun into a nearby dumpster. He moves to a CAR up the street. It pulls away. We stay on Nathan. Several beats. All is quiet.

Another CAR approaches. DANNY ROMAN pulls up slowly alongside the blue Ford. His eyes catch sight of:

NATHAN. Head slumped back. Dead. Danny's face falls, wall-eyed with shock and panic as he throws open his door. Then SCREECH! He's blinded by the HEADLIGHTS of a POLICE CRUISER that skids to a stop in front his car. He HEARS:

POLICE (O.S.)

Freeze! Hands in the air. Police! Get out!
Hands high! NOW! Now goddamn it!

Danny's shaking his head in confusion, bewildered, as he slowly opens his car door, stepping out into the brilliant light, hands high in the air.

FADE OUT

A single VOICE rings out in the black:

VOICE

The evidence is clear. We have a man who
had motive. Money and fear...

FADE IN

INT. COURTROOM -- DAY

DANNY ROMAN sits at the defense table next to his lawyer, JOHN MOREWITZ. Danny stares blankly ahead, torment etched in his face. The wear and tear of the last few months heavy on his expression. Directly behind Danny, his wife, Karen. The rest of the court filled with men from the HBT TEAM -- SHAW, BECK, ALDRICH, HELLMAN, ARGENTO, ALLEN, EAGLE, PALERMO, BORG.

They watch the A.D.A., giving closing arguments:

A.D.A.

...Danny Roman was afraid that his crime, stealing from the board he was just elected to -- would be revealed. He had access to the murder weapon and it was easy for him to kill Nathan -- Nathan trusted him. -- All Roman's claims of conspiracy have gone unfounded. There was no informant. Internal Affairs was not involved. All that is just smoke screen invented by Roman. We also learned that although his fellow officers were shocked and surprised by this crime, they always felt that Danny Roman has always been erratic, and unpredictable. They never knew what he would do next. -- There is no reasonable doubt here. Danny Roman was found at the scene of the crime. He killed Nathan Roenick in cold blood.

Danny seems almost too calm, shocked beyond feeling. But there, we see it -- in his eyes, that feverish anger we saw earlier brewing within. He turns to see Karen, who is crying, but also catches sight of his men. -- Their eyes glow with conflicting emotions. Sympathy. Confusion. Outrage. Danny turns away, pained, anger building, as we hear MURMURING ripples of unrest spread through the courtroom.

INT. LAW OFFICES -- DAY

Quiet. Morewitz and Danny sit alone:

MOREWITZ

To be honest, I think as soon as the jury reconvenes tomorrow, they'll have a decision. It won't take long with the evidence they have. There's nothing else I can do. I am truly sorry.

(a moment)

I'm only going to say this once -- if you know anything -- I might be able to do something. I can talk to the judge.

DANNY

(resolute)

I don't know anything.

MOREWITZ

If that's your answer, it's out of my hands. You'd best get affairs in order.

EXT. PORCH, DANNY'S HOME -- AFTERNOON

In the square frame of his porch, Danny Roman sits alone in his wicker chair. He stares out at the night, small and altogether alone. A beat. He stands, enters his home.

INT. HOME -- AFTERNOON

Danny walks down the hallway. MEDALS and PHOTOS of HIMSELF with FELLOW COPS line the walls. He doesn't look at them. He hears LOW VOICES. He slows at his son's bedroom door. Peers in. Sees Karen and Jeremy sitting on his son's bed. Eyes hold on them, engraving that image in his memory. He HEARS:

JEREMY

But you told me he didn't do anything wrong.

KAREN

No, honey, he didn't. -- Some people think he did. But no matter what you hear, don't believe it, because we know that he would never do what they say.

His son nods. Trying to understand. Danny fights a wealth of emotion. Karen struggles to continue:

KAREN

And because people think he did something wrong he might have to go away for awhile. And it could be any day now that he'd have to leave. So we have to be ready. O.K.?

And the thought is just too much. Danny sees his family sitting there, crumbling. His eyes brim with tears, twitching to hold them back. He pulls himself away. Disappearing into another room. Closing the door behind him:

INT. DEN -- CONTINUOUS

Danny Roman paces back and forth, running his fingers through his hair methodically. He collapses on a chair, crippled by circumstance, emotions flitting across his face -- that anger we've seen before -- even more intensified, muddled together with fear and sadness. It's all getting the best of him. On his wall, he sees his GUN CABINET.

KAREN (O.S.)

Danny. Danny are you O.K.?

He doesn't answer, he just shakes his head 'no'.

EXT. CHICAGO CITY STREET -- DAY

SNOWDRIFTS from a recent storm line the busy street. Harsh Chicago winds buffet heavily-clothed PEDESTRIANS. Danny's CAR pulls onto the busy street. Parks in a "No Parking" zone. A beat. The door of the car opens. Danny steps out.

And despite the cold weather, Danny wears only a light sweatshirt. He looks up at a 10 story OFFICE BUILDING in front of him. He takes a breath of icy air before he finally moves across the street, purpose in his stride.

INT. BUILDING -- DAY

Elevator doors OPEN. Danny Roman exits on the 7th floor opposite GLASS DOORS labeled: INTERNAL AFFAIRS BUREAU. He checks the hall. Just an EXIT sign at the end of the hallway. No other offices. He steps through the glass doors. Into:

INT. IAB OFFICES -- DAY

A large open office, desks strewn about, partitions in place. TEN MEN and WOMEN in drab suits wander about -- IAB OFFICERS, COPS who check up on COPS. In the back, a private OFFICE -- on the door: NIEBAUM. Danny starts toward it, passing a SECRETARY sitting at the front desk:

SECRETARY

Sir, excuse me, sir.

Danny pays no attention. IAB OFFICER WESTERLY, tall, a business-type in a suit and tie, sees Danny and approaches, watching him suspiciously.

WESTERLY

Danny. Danny Roman.

Danny reluctantly looks at him, but doesn't stop.

DANNY

Westerly. I'm here to see Niebaum. He knows I'm coming.

WESTERLY

I'll walk you back then.

Danny eyes him nervously. IAB officers inspect Danny as he and Westerly reach the back office. Westerly knocks. Steps in without an answer. DEPUTY INSPECTOR NIEBAUM sits at his desk, as his SECRETARY, MAGGIE, pours a cup of coffee. RUDY, a runt of a MAN with beady eyes, sits in front of Niebaum. Westerly alerts Niebaum with a dubious eye gesture:

WESTERLY

Danny Roman is here to see you, sir.

Before Niebaum can answer, Danny steps in, tension in every muscle. He closes the door definitively. Westerly moves to stop Danny, but Niebaum nods. Relax.

NIEBAUM

You know you shouldn't be here, Danny.

DANNY

But you know why I'm here, don't you? We're going to have a Q and A, Niebaum. Just you and me. No lawyers, no judge. And I don't want to hear the same recycled bullshit I heard in that fucking courtroom. -- Nathan told me you were involved. I want to know what you know.

Niebaum's icy stare holds. He looks at Westerly. A beat then:

NIEBAUM

I should have you thrown out of here right now. -- But I'll say this one time and one time only. Then I expect you to leave. -- Nathan made a mistake. I had nothing do to with any of it.

DANNY

No. You're doing a lot of talking, Niebaum, but once again, you're saying nothing. -- I'm going to ask you again, and I'll keep asking you 'til I get the right answer.

NIEBAUM

You'd be smart to leave, Danny. I understand you're hurt. I understand this is a hard time for you and your family, but you need to understand there's nothing I can do. O.K? -- This conversation is now over. Lieutenant Westerly --

Danny's YELLING now, his voice rises to a wild crescendo:

DANNY

No. Don't you dismiss me like that! I won't have you treat me like some criminal. This is my life here, and I'm not leaving until I get some answers.

Niebaum nods to Westerly. Westerly goes for his sidearm. But Danny reacts quickly, violently, pushing Westerly against the wall, grabbing the gun away. Maggie, the secretary, SCREAMS. Westerly FALLS. Niebaum holds his stern stance, unflinching:

NIEBAUM

Everyone calm down. Danny, for chrissakes. Have you lost your mind?

Danny's face reddens as he waves the GUN back and forth.

DANNY

Are you listening now? Do I have your attention now? Good. 'Cause, goddamn it, if this is what I have to do to get you to talk to me, then this is what I'll do. I've listened to your bullshit long enough.

NIEBAUM

Put the gun down, Danny. Don't make things worse for yourself than they already are.

Breathing heavy now, lungs rising and falling like a bellows, Danny's eyes sweep back and forth. With febrile intensity:

DANNY

How can it get any worse?

NIEBAUM

There are 10 cops right outside that door. Now, put that goddamn gun down. You used to be a police officer, for chrissakes!

DANNY

Used to be? Now what am I? Now what am I? -- Huh, Niebaum? Who killed Nathan? Who stole the money? Who are you protecting?

NIEBAUM

I'm not protecting anyone.

Danny swings the gun on the secretary. She HOWLS in terror.

DANNY

How 'bout her? Will you tell me now? What do I have to do, Niebaum?

NIEBAUM

Oh, you sorry son of a bitch. Look at you! You killed a man and you're going away. And you can't handle that. You can put the gun to my head and I still won't be able to tell you a goddamn thing!

That's what Danny does. Thrusts his gun in Niebaum's face. A frozen beat. They lock eyes.

DANNY

Talk to me, Niebaum. Don't make me do this. Talk to me now and I'll just leave.

NIEBAUM

Nathan made a mistake. How can I make you understand that?

Eye to eye. Neither breaking. Danny nods, resigned:

DANNY

Is that your answer?

Niebaum nods. Yes. A beat. Then:

DANNY

Fine. Then we'll wait. Goddamn it. We'll do it your way. You don't want to talk...then we'll just wait 'til you do. I know what Nathan told me and I have all the time in the world. It's your choice now, Niebaum. -- Because I am not going to jail today.

And the way he says it sends a chill up Niebaum's spine.

INT. THE OUTER OFFICES OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS -- MOMENTS LATER

Having heard the commotion with the back office, some OFFICERS have gathered together outside the office. They stand tense as the door to Niebaum's office opens slowly.

Niebaum steps into the door frame. Danny's pistol firmly planted against his skull. Danny stops Niebaum, still inside Niebaum's office, and ANNOUNCES:

DANNY

Listen up! This office is now closed! You can all go home early!

OFFICERS turn to look, the closest one, a CAPTAIN, YELLS:

CAPTAIN

GUN!

CLICK! CRACK! Chairs go over backward as COPS go for GUNS, taking aim on Danny. Danny doesn't flinch. He waits for the Mexican stand-off to settle:

DANNY

Lower your guns.

NIEBAUM

Do what he says. We don't want any heroes.

Young OFFICER LOACH stands by the doors. Loach turns slowly. Ready to spring. Danny watches the Officers slowly lower their guns. As Danny is distracted:

LOACH reaches inside his open jacket for a 9MM PISTOL. His hand touches the pistol. Suddenly, he whirls, making his move, and BAM! Danny fires first! Cops drop to the ground, YELLING. Loach looks at his shoulder, dusted with:

GLASS from the two inch SAFETY GLASS behind him, now imbedded with a bullet. Loach looks up, swallowing, as Danny aims directly at his head now.

DANNY

I'll assume you wear a vest. The next one will be a little higher. So drop the gun before somebody gets hurt. Now. Slowly.

Loach follows orders.

DANNY

Good, very good, nice and simple. Pick it up by the barrel and get all their guns the same way. Handcuffs. Keys. Everything. Then march right out of here. I don't want anyone to think they're a cowboy here.

Loach picks up gun and handcuffs from each officer. Danny watches him closely, as a lather of sweat builds on his brow, eyes darting about, muscles tensing. -- It's begun.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- DAY

The typical hustle and bustle. In the middle of it all, we find Sergeant Farley racing through, throwing open the door to tactical commander Andrew Beck's office.

FARLEY

We got a situation. Unknown HT, but early word is -- you're not going to believe this -- Danny Roman. Took Deputy Inspector Niebaum hostage at IAB Headquarters.

BECK

Mother fucker. You kidding me?

Farley shakes his head -- NO.

BECK

Call Frank Shaw, he'll want to be in charge of this. Get the team MOVING.

INT. BUILDING, STAIRCASE

A surge of movement. A SEA OF CHEAP SHOES hits the stairs. Pull back to see those IAB officers hauling ass down those stairs. -- On top of the stairs DANNY holds Niebaum with his gun as he secures the STAIRCASE DOOR with HANDCUFFS. He turns, marches Niebaum back toward his own office.

DANNY

You could have made this easy, Niebaum. All you had to do was talk. You're making me do this. -- I have no other choice.

NIEBAUM

Danny, do you have any idea what you're doing? Stop this before it starts. For your own sake.

DANNY

I can't stop now, Niebaum. I'm at the point of no return. The light just turned yellow, I'm going too fast to slow down -- I gotta go right through and I can't worry about what's coming the other way.

Niebaum just looks at him like he's lost his mind.

INT. IAB OUTER OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Danny enters, pushing Niebaum through the outer office, toward the back office.

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Danny's eyes dart about frantically as he cuffs Niebaum to the radiator: Maggie, Rudy, and Westerly are already secured with handcuffs. They are subdued, afraid. Staring at Danny:

DANNY

Everybody just relax, we're moving now. The tough part's over.

MAGGIE

Please. We all have families, too.

DANNY
You'll be fine... What's your name?

MAGGIE
...Maggie.

DANNY
Maggie. Just do as I tell you. -- Believe me, more people have been killed crossing the street in Chicago than have been hurt in hostage situations. You'll be fine. I know these situations better than anyone.

Danny glances over to the windows, looking down at the street 7 stories below. A beat. He LOCKS the WINDOWS. Closes the BLINDS on each. Rudy, the scrawny man, shifts uncomfortably, watching Danny as he goes to Niebaum's desk, rifling through, finding a GUN, a roll of DUCT TAPE, and A POLICE RADIO.

RUDY
Look. Hostage-man. I ain't got nothin' to do with this. I'm no cop. Why don't you let me out?

DANNY
I know who you are. I arrested you ten years ago on a drug bust. Your name's Rudy something. You're a canary for the rat squad now.

RUDY
Mother fucker. Holy shit. I remember you. You were a clean cut boy in blue last time I saw you. You were the blue fucking knight. What happened? Shit. We're on the same team now. You can let me go.

Danny ignores Rudy as he HEARS it: A distant SIREN.

DANNY
They're here.

EXT. THE IAB BUILDING -- SAME TIME

A SYMPHONY Of SIRENS. Blue and red lights reflect off skyscraper's windows. A PHALANX of POLICE cars block traffic. A roadblock closes the street in front of the IAB building.

An EMERGENCY SERVICES TRUCK is about to slam the roadblock -- But jumps the curb and rides the sidewalk around it. POLICE abandon their cars to usher confused CITIZENS off the street.

TACTICAL TEAM COPS -- men we've seen before -- with M-16's, Kevlar body armor, concussion grenades, and tear gas move out, loading weapons. RESOUNDING CLICKS of ammo slammed home. It has a rhythm all its own. Ominously offensive.

A TEAM of RAPELLERS pull out ropes and puts on mountain climbing HARNESES, clipping carabineers onto their vests. Several move to the building, ready to scale this monolith.

A HELICOPTER hovers above the IAB building. RAPELLERS dangle like spiders from a web, taking positions on the roof.

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

Danny's been drawn to the window by the sirens. He stands there, like a statue, frozen in a strange tableau as he stares out at the ground below, where a sea of BLUE and WHITE coagulates, and then begins to spread.

DANNY

I wonder if you're partners have arrived?

NIEBAUM

What?

DANNY

Your partners, Niebaum. The guilty ones. -
- They'll come. -- And right now he, she,
or they, are scared shitless that I'll
find out the truth from you. They'll try
to come in here to stop me. They'll try to
kill me. And if they can't get me -- you.

Niebaum just looks at him. Danny picks up the police band RADIO that sits on Niebaum's desk. Turns up the volume. ANDREW BECK'S VOICE comes clearly, urgently, mid-sentence:

BECK (O.S., RADIO)

...Clear a three block radius and start
evac. Clear all floors. Room by room
sweep. Let's keep him on 7. 7 is our
active perimeter. No one goes past IAB.
Hot floor is 7. -- Cut the trunk lines and
elevators on floor 1 now.

Danny starts moving without a word, grabbing the pistol.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE

Heavy deployment. SNIPERS snap LASER SIGHTS into place on their rifles. Tac Commander BECK shouts orders to his TEAM:

BECK

Palermo, Hendershot and Green -- roof one,
west side. Aldrich, Kelly and Giammarino,
get your asses inside. Secure the elevator
shafts. Hellman, take Unit One and clear
the staircases. Set up shop on the
staircase right outside 7.

As he shouts, Argento, Hellman and Allen head up to the IAB building, as THE CONTAINMENT TEAM locks and loads 12 gauge shotguns. MEN move in WAVES into the building. Small armies taking shape and fanning out in skirmish lines.

BECK

We'll set up camp right here.

He indicates an OFFICE BUILDING across the way from the IAB building as THE INTELLIGENCE TEAM breaks out video monitors, mini-satellite dishes, electronic stethoscopes, and fiber optic cameras. They start moving toward COMMAND. Behind them we see a CAR arrive. INSPECTOR FRANK SHAW steps out. Approaches Beck:

SHAW

Is it him?

BECK

We don't know for sure yet.

SERIES OF QUICK SLAMMING SHOTS:

--WHOOSH! A SEA of scared OFFICE WORKERS are huddled down the stairs and out the front door by TAC TEAM MEMBERS. Other TAC TEAM MEMBERS file through, carrying tools -- ballistic barrier blankets, door entry rams, kwik-view mirrors, and spotting scopes. They hit the stairs.

--Tac Team Members with TOOL BOXES hit the MAINTENANCE ROOM in the basement of the building. Hauling blueprints, they start cutting wires and setting up shop.

--On the ROOF of a building a DOOR SWINGS OPEN. Eagle, Palermo, and several other SNIPERS emerge, taking position on the roof across the way from IAB:

INT. IAB -- HOT FLOOR 7

OPEN ELEVATORS. Electrical wall panel wiring ripped out. DOORS jammed open with a chair. DANNY stands on the steel RAIL which goes around the inside of the elevator, putting duct tape around the edges of THE TRAP DOOR on the ceiling of the elevator. He jumps down, and moves out to the STAIRCASE door. Tapes the SMALL window on the door, blacking it out.

INT. A HIGH RISE OFFICE/HBT COMMAND POST -- DAY

OFFICERS lay down wire. Set up phones. Six VIDEO MONITORS are set out on a desk. MEN with HEADPHONES sort out audio devices. This is the HOSTAGE BARRICADE TEAM COMMAND CENTER. The humming hub of activity. Inspector Shaw stands with Beck conversing. Intel officer FARLEY, healthy paunch, a bulldog face, turns to them, with dramatic emphasis:

FARLEY

Gentlemen, we just got confirmation from IAB Officer Loach. The HT is Danny Roman. He is armed and very dangerous. He's already shot at an IAB Officer. Says he's not leaving 'til he gets the truth from Niebaum. -- Goddamn, this is getting stranger by the minute.

A moment of stunned silence. Shaw and Beck exchange a glance. Everyone's expression reveals the power of this revelation.

BECK
We got ourselves a rabid dog, boys.

INT. IAB OFFICES

Danny moves with nerveless absorption, locking down. His eyes dart about, taking keen inventory. He gathers handcuffs, guns, and CANDY BARS, anything he can from the IAB desks, stuffing them all into a paper bag. He looks up, finding VENT GRATINGS on the ceilings. He stops in his tracks.

INT. HALLWAY -- BELOW

Aldrich and Kelly, holding TOOLS and WIRING, hit the elevator button. Preparing to lock it down. It doesn't move. They look up and see that it's on FLOOR 7. Aldrich raises his radio:

ALDRICH
Sir. Elevator locked down on floor 7.

INT. HBT COMMAND

Chaotic inside, jammed with cops talking about Danny. We find Beck in the middle of it all with Shaw.

BECK (to Shaw)
He locked down the elevators on his floor.

SHAW
He's taking control of the environment.
He's trying to cut us off. He's knows we can't play against him unless we have information and access, and right now we're not getting either.
(Shaw takes charge)
Let's change that. -- Intel -- I want visuals and audio set up from 8. Right now we're blind and deaf and he's seeing 20-20. I don't like that. -- Farley, you're up as negotiator.

BECK
Nobody's going to be able to talk that man down. He knows every trick in the book.

SHAW
We have to try. Just find out what he wants. -- More importantly, we need to know what he's doing in there. -- And contact the team. They should know what they're up against. But keep them in check, make sure they don't take matters into their own hands. We know how some of the men feel about him. -- Tonray, let's get Karen Roman down here. See if we can establish a psych profile and then maybe we can see what set him off.

CUT TO:

A VENT GRATING

Taped shut. PAN along the ceiling. Passing another VENT covered and secured with tape. Then, we come upon DANNY standing on a chair, taping yet another vent shut. He finishes, jumps off his chair. As Danny moves, he HEARS:

BECK (O.S., RADIO)
This is your tactical commander. The ID of
the HT has been verified.

Danny doesn't stop to listen.

INT. IAB BUILDING STAIRWELL -- DAY

Scared EVACUEES line the staircase as ALLEN, HELLMAN and ARGENTO herd them through the door.

HELLMAN
Move it! Keep movin'. Consider it a bonus
day. Go home early. Just keep moving...

Suddenly, bleeding over the HELLMAN'S RADIO:

BECK (O.S., RADIO, CONT'D)
...The HT is Danny Roman.

Hellman stops a moment. Looks at Allen:

HELLMAN
Did he just say Danny Roman?

INT. IAB BUILDING -- ELEVATOR SHAFT

TAC COPS, ALDRICH, KELLY and GIAMMARINO move in the shaft. Listening, they exchange curious glances:

BECK (O.S., RADIO, CONT'D)
...Perpetrator is an expert marksman, an
expert in explosives and tactics. All
fields of fire are to be kept clear...

ALDRICH
Holy Shit!

BECK (O.S., RADIO, CONT'D)
...Play this clean and by the numbers.
Let's keep to our task. He is not on our
team anymore. He is a cop killer and now a
hostage taker...

EXT. A ROOFTOP

Hendershot and Palermo have sniper rifles trained on the IAB windows. Breath comes in an icy fog. Eagle pulls the ski mask he wears off of his mouth to talk.

EAGLE
I don't believe this.

PALERMO
(enraged, vengeful)
Let's take that mother out.

BECK (O.S., RADIO, CONT'D)
...And we will deal with him that way. He
is aware of our rules of entry and
engagement, so maintain your vigilance.

INT. HBT COMMAND

Beck lowers his radio. Looks at Farley, who's holding a phone
to his ear. We HEAR endless RINGING through SPEAKERS that
broadcast through the room:

BECK

Any luck?

FARLEY

Nothing. He won't answer.

SHAW

I need to see what he's doing up there,
gentlemen or he'll have the upper hand. --
When will we have eyes?

FARLEY

One minute. We're almost in.

INT. IAB BUILDING/8th FLOOR OFFICES -- MINUTES LATER

INTELLIGENCE TEAM TECHS crouch in front of an air vent,
feeding a Fiber-Optic Camera through the vent. A small
monitor shows its progress through the ducts. It dead ends.
A grainy wall, with lines every 3 inches, directly in front:

TECH ONE

He's got the vents covered with tape.

TECH TWO

Send the snake in. Get us a hole.

TECH ONE pulls out a long hard steel wire. -- A metal SNAKE.

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

Danny enters in a BURST. THE PHONE rings incessantly off the
HOOK. RING. RING. He pays it no heed. The hostages look at
him, warily, but Danny's distracted, taking strange inventory
of the ceiling, the corners. Every nook and cranny.

WESTERLY

Danny... Are you feeling O.K.? -- Danny?

Suddenly, Danny whirls toward a tape-covered vent. A
SCRATCHING NOISE comes from within.

INT. THE HBT COMMAND POST

WINGTIP SHOES. Two sets. Spit shined. PAN up from the shoes
to see TWO MEN in SUITS. Walking into command as if they own
the place. Beck sees them, turning from the radio:

BECK

Farley, get the rubbernecks out of here.

AGENT GREY and AGENT MORAN move past Farley toward Beck, looking around. Grey puts out a hand that Beck ignores.

GREY
Special Agent Grey. -- And Moran. Federal Negotiators -- FBI. As you know, due to the conspiracy charges related to the Health and Welfare case, Danny Roman is under our jurisdiction.

SHAW
He's one of our own. We'll deal with him.

GREY
Fine with us. This is an in-house problem. Your problem. We're here in case your team can't handle the situation.

Beck goes to respond, when:

FARLEY (O.S.)
Commander Beck -- we got a visual!

Beck turns to the MONITORS as they go from STATIC to black and white pictures:

INTEL COP
O.K., we're live here at the Rosemont Horizon in Chicago! We got him. Camera two -- and four! Goddamn... It is fucking Danny Roman! Let's get a closeup.

Danny's face LOOMS on the monitor. He's looking right into the lens. Smiles. Then -- SNAP! The monitor goes to STATIC.

BECK
Son of a bitch!

FARLEY
Go to camera two.

Beck turns to two -- on it DANNY'S looking for more cameras:

BECK
There he is. How many hostages...?

SHAW
Three from this angle.

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

Danny quickly turns, scanning. Sees it. In the corner: another FIBER OPTIC CAMERA. He strides to it.

INT. HBT COMMAND -- MONITOR

DANNY'S FACE in the camera. Danny WINKS at his men. Shaw and Beck know what's coming as Danny's hand comes into FOCUS:

FARLEY
He spotted us again.

INT. EIGHTH FLOOR OFFICES

AN INTEL TEAM MEMBER sits with several DEVICES sending out SNAKES -- Then, the FIBER OPTIC wire is suddenly yanked out of the Intel Tech's HAND. He tries to grab it but:

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

As Danny pulls. The wire comes out, CRACKING like a whip!

INT. HBT COMMAND POST

Another monitor goes to STATIC.

FARLEY

He got five of six. We only got one in the outer office.

Intel Cop points to a screen displaying the OUTER OFFICE.

SHAW

One? -- I want to see in that room. Not some empty room. One is useless.

FARLEY

We don't have any more cameras, sir.

BECK

Audio?

INTEL COP

He's got them all but one. Listen.

The Intel Cop turns up the VOLUME on an AUDIO RECEIVER:

DANNY (O.S., RECEIVER)

Sgt. Farley? Commander Beck? -- Is that you? Are you blind yet? But not deaf, I'm sure. -- How's this sound?

Then: A HARSH SCREAM. The Cop rips off his headset as the SOUND goes to STATIC.

GREY (O.S.)

Son of a bitch is playing with you guys.

Beck glares at Grey angrily. Shaw gets his breath:

SHAW

O.K. everyone relax. Let's get status reports from each team.

INT. IAB BUILDING -- STAIRCASE

Hellman, Allen, Argento and several other Tac Team Members line the staircase right outside FLOOR 7. Hellman eyes the door, sees the WINDOW covered with tape -- no way to look in:

HELLMAN (into radio)

He's got 7 locked down tight, sir. Tape on the door glass. We can't see anything.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

In the shaft are TAC TEAM COPS, Kelly and Aldrich, looking at the elevators from various floors.

ALDRICH (into radio)
Elevators, same status. Locked here on 7
and the access door is sticking. Don't
know what's holding it.

EXT. THE ROOF

Palermo and Eagle lie on the roof as Palermo answers BECK:

PALERMO (into radio)
We have nothing, sir. He taped the blinds
shut. Windows appear to be locked and
taped. Can't see inside at all.

INT. HBT COMMAND

BECK
Lockdown's complete. We contained him.

SHAW
We didn't contain him. He contained
himself. We have nothing to use against
him. -- O.K. Try the phone again. Let's
establish contact. See what the hell he
wants from us.

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

The PHONE RINGS, Danny picks it up and puts it to Rudy's ear.

DANNY
Talk.

RUDY
...Hello?

Hesitantly, fear in his tone, Rudy relays the information.

RUDY
Yeah. Rudy. I'm Rudy. I don't know nothing
so don't shoot me if you're aiming at him.
I'm no cop. I'm a fucking canary caught in
the wrong cage. -- Me, Niebaum, Westerly,
and Maggie... Yeah, the secretary.

(to Danny)
It's Farley. He wants to talk to you.

DANNY
I'll only talk to Christopher Sabian.

RUDY
He'll only talk to... Christopher Sabian.
(back to Danny)
They said they'd like to talk to you.

DANNY
(deadly serious)
Tell them they got 15 minutes to get
Sabian here or you die. -- I don't want to
hear from anyone else but Chris. Let's see
how serious they're taking me.

Rudy's voice catches in his throat:

RUDY
They said they heard you.

DANNY
Good, now hang up the phone.

INT. COMMAND

Farley's left holding a dead line. Everyone's silent until:

FARLEY
He's really doing this. He's lost his
mind.

SHAW
Do you think he's capable of hurting
someone up there?

BECK
He's done it before.

GREY
A hostage taker who won't talk is the
most dangerous.

BECK
(responding to Grey)
There's a couple of chairs with your
names on 'em back there. They're the ones
that say F-B-I. Fucking Bozos and Idiots.

Farley picks another phone:

FARLEY
Get me Sabian. Christopher Sabian.
(to Beck)
Who the hell is Sabian anyway?

BECK
Negotiator from the South Side. He trained
under Danny about ten years ago when he
first started.
(looks at Shaw)
I don't know why the hell he wants him
down here.

Shaw shrugs. Doesn't know either.

FARLEY
Sabian's not answering his phone.

SHAW

Send a car for him. -- We got ourselves a game of beat the clock. HT's testing us -- wants to see if we take him seriously. I don't want to fail the exam. -- Farley get back on line -- try to talk to him. FBI's right -- HT who won't talk is the most dangerous. Let's get him talking, make him forget about that deadline.

Farley goes back for the phone.

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

Quiet. Everything's calming down now. Hostages stare at Danny as Danny peers around, absorbing what he's created here. No turning back now, he knows that. He's taken the ultimate risk. As we look at him, we can't tell if he's completely out of his mind or in complete control. A quiet beat. Then the PHONE starts RINGING once again. Danny picks it up this time. INTERCUT Danny and Farley over the PHONE through the following. (Note -- Danny's voice comes over the speakers in Command so that everyone can hear.)

DANNY

Didn't I tell you I don't want to talk to anyone but Sabian?

FARLEY

Danny. It's Farley. -- I want talk about this. What you're doing here. -- Danny, this is serious.

DANNY

You're goddamn right this is serious. -- So why aren't you taking me seriously? This is not a game. I told you I don't want to talk to anyone but Chris Sabian. Why don't you listen?

FARLEY

Danny, we are taking you seriously. I just want to talk to you.

DANNY

You want to talk me down, Farley? Is that it? You think you can talk ME down?

FARLEY

Danny, this is not the way to go about this. You can't win...

Danny paces back and forth now. Pent-up energy drives him:

DANNY

Trying to make me realize the futility of my actions? You reading out of the negotiator's handbook now? -- It won't work, Farley.

FARLEY

Danny. Tell me what you need.

Danny smirks at Farley's persistence:

DANNY

You don't give up, do you, Farley? O.K. You want to talk to me? We'll talk. We have some time to waste before Chris arrives. Let's go. -- 'What do I want?' -- How about this? Can I see a priest?

FARLEY

No. You can't see a priest, Danny.

DANNY

Good. You shouldn't let me see the priest. That's good. A priest is associated with death. You don't want me thinking about death in such a volatile state, do you? Good. At least you remembered that -- but you told me NO. You can't say NO, Farley. That's unacceptable in a hostage situation. Didn't I ever tell you that?

FARLEY

Danny, relax.

DANNY

Oh, I'm relaxed, I'm very fucking relaxed. -- But let me give you some advice. Don't ever say NO to a HT. It's in the manual. Now, will you tell me NO again?

FARLEY

No, I...

Playing now, moving back forth, almost enjoying it:

DANNY

Ehh. Wrong again! Jesus Christ! There you go. How many times I gotta tell you? You can't say no. Eliminate NO from your vocabulary, Farley. Never use no or don't or won't or can't or not. Use delaying dialogue: Let me see what I can do, I'll work on it, let me check it out. -- No closes off options. The only option it leaves is shooting somebody. Understand?

Farley sweats. Afraid to say a word. Knowing he must speak.

FARLEY

Yes.

DANNY

Good. Yes. Yes is good. Because if you use the word, if you say NO again, I'll kill someone. I swear to Christ. So, let's practice. -- I'd like a priest...

FARLEY

I'm n--

(faltering over the word)

Let's talk rather than play this game.

DANNY

You wanted to talk to me. We're talking, Farley. -- Could you get me a priest?

FARLEY

I'll see what I can do.

DANNY

Oh, you're learning now. Farley, I want a machine gun, so I can blow everyone away.

FARLEY

Let me look into that.

Beck, Shaw, and the FBI Agents stare at Farley. All hung and hypnotized now as the dialogue goes fast and furiously.

DANNY

Good, Farley. You're doing good. -- Farley, did you ever cheat on your wife?

FARLEY

Na...

DANNY

Watch yourself. I'll shoot someone. So, did you ever cheat on your wife? Answer!

FARLEY

I'll look into it. Danny, please...

DANNY

Interesting. -- Did you ever fuck a chicken, Farley?

Cops behind Farley LAUGH. Shaw throws them a noxious look.

FARLEY

Jesus, Danny. This is getting us n--

Farley almost says "nowhere", falters.

FARLEY

I just want to talk.

DANNY

We're talking now. Did you or did you not ever fuck a chicken?

FARLEY

I'd have to look into that.

DANNY

Jesus. Learn something new everyday. Nothing against chicken-fuckers but I didn't know about you, Farley.

Some men in command suppress the need to laugh at that.

FARLEY

Danny, this is unproductive.

DANNY

Oh, unproductive. You're right, it is. --
Tell me a joke. A good talker would tell
me a joke now. Relieve tension.

FARLEY

I have to get back to you on that.

DANNY

That's O.K., Farley, I have one. It's a
minimalist joke. You ever hear a
minimalist joke? Are you ready for one? --
Knock. You want another one? Here it is --
see if you get it -- two guys walk into a
bar.

Farley eyes BECK and SHAW, neither laughing.

DANNY

Do you get it? I don't hear you laughing.

FARLEY

No. I don't.

DANNY

NO? Did you just say NO? You just cost
someone their life, Farley. Game over!

FARLEY

Danny! Danny!

BAM! A SINGLE GUN SHOT rings out from the BUILDING,
reverberating over the speakers. The growing CROWD outside
collectively tenses. In COMMAND -- gut fear freezes all the
COPS. All eyes on Farley now. Farley's face goes pallid:

FARLEY

Jesus Christ, DANNY!!!

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

We PAN the room, over the frightened expressions of the
hostages: MAGGIE (weeping), RUDY, WESTERLY, and NIEBAUM, all
unharmd, just looking at:

DANNY ROMAN. Holding the smoking gun. Pointing skyward. Dead
serious now. The game is obviously over:

DANNY

(yelling)

That was your last warning. You can't talk
me down. I know the rules of negotiating.
I advise you to start taking me seriously
and listening to what I say...

(CONT'D)

DANNY CONT'D)

...Do you HEAR me? The only person I want to talk to is Christopher Sabian. Don't try contacting me again. The clock is ticking, gentlemen. You've got 11 minutes to get Sabian down here or someone will really die.

FARLEY

How do we know you didn't hurt anyone?

Danny holds up the radio to Rudy's mouth:

RUDY

We're O.K. Just don't be saying "NO" no more, motherfucker.

DANNY hangs up the phone.

INT. HBT COMMAND

Stark faces focus on Beck and Grey. Farley holds the phone in his hand, DIAL TONE sounding over SPEAKERS.

BECK

What did I tell you? Can't talk to him. -
- We got a madman on our hands, fellas.

Farley holds out the phone:

FARLEY

Someone else want to try?

No one steps forward. Suddenly, there's SCREECHING sounds outside. A surge of movement in the growing CROWD.

OFFICER (O.S.)

Press is here.

Shaw looks out the window. Eyes several NEWS VANS parking behind the police barricades and setting up shop.

SHAW

Shit.

BECK

What do we do now?

SHAW

Nothing we can do. We'll wait on Sabian.

EXT. BACKYARD -- DAY

POV through a VIDEO CAMERA -- of a sled being dragged through the freshly fallen snow with a TWO YEAR OLD GIRL barely hanging on. She's GIGGLING as she's pulled in circles.

THE camera PANS the yard capturing OTHER CHILDREN and TWO WOMEN. Then the CAMERA focuses in on the MAN pulling the sled. The man is tall, slender, clean cut. He is CHRIS SABIAN. A reserved intensity in his face. His eyes are big,

his most prominent feature revealing a keen sensibility within. He resembles his yard -- clean, trimmed, together.

VOICE (O.S., joking)
Chris, hey daddy, say something about
your daughter's new sled? Say something
about her first sled ride.

Chris sights the camera, and by his look, he obviously doesn't feel at home in front of it, smiling awkwardly, quickly waving it away.

CHRIS
Get the hell outta here with that thing.

VOICE (O.S.)
That's nice, Chris. When you're daughter
gets old enough she'll watch this tape and
that's what she'll see you saying.

Chris just waves him off when the camera starts to PAN away again. On the PAN back something catches the cameraman's eye. The PAN stops. Retraces, finding two UNIFORMED COPS standing at the entrance to the backyard. -- OUR POV goes black.

GENE MARSHALL, the cameraman, holds the camera at his side.

GENE
Chris. Company.

Chris spots the COPS standing at the gate. The others also see the cops. There's a HUSH followed by a collective MOAN and some "NOT NOW'S". Chris approaches the cops. Starts talking. Gene calls out:

GENE
Chris. Are we on?

CHRIS
No. -- It's just me.

EXT. IAB BUILDING -- DAY

A HUGE CROWD has formed now behind police barricades. Just an early sign of how big a spectacle this will all become.

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

Quiet. The hostages sit alone. No Danny in sight.

NIEBAUM
Everyone relax. The men outside will get
us out of here as soon as they can. Don't
say anything that will set him off.

MAGGIE
Especially 'no'.

NIEBAUM
Westerly, how's your head?

Westerly just nods. Rudy turns to Niebaum:

RUDY

Look, I don't know nothing about nothing.
But if you know anything you best be
opening your mouth and get us the fuck
outta here. That bastard's crazy.

NIEBAUM

I don't know anything, Rudy -- so keep
quiet. You keep talking, you're going to
get yourself killed.

RUDY

Don't tell me to be quiet. You ain't in
charge anymore. That mother fucker is.

NIEBAUM

I don't think you--

RUDY

--I don't give a shit what you think.
'Cause you ain't a cop no more. You just
a hostage like me now. So don't be
assuming some kind of high and mighty
attitude.

MAGGIE

Shut up. He'll hear you.

WESTERLY

Here he comes...

Everyone quiets down. Danny enters carrying a 13 inch T.V.
set. He plugs it in. Sees Rudy and Niebaum eyeing each other:

DANNY

Did I miss something here? -- You kids
better play nice or I'm gonna have to
punish somebody.

Danny turns on the T.V. Each channel has different REPORTERS
outside the building. One channel shows a MUG SHOT of RUDY.

RUDY

Oh shit. That's me. Motherfucking T.V.
I'm famous. Hope my Mom's is watching.

Niebaum eyes Rudy angrily. Danny switches the channel.
Various SHOTS of the ARMY of COPS outside -- SNIPERS. TAC
TEAMS LINING every roof.

NIEBAUM

What do we do now, Danny?

DANNY

We wait for Chris.

NIEBAUM

Do you think he'll make a difference, Danny? These men outside think you killed a cop. You're making yourself a target. Chris can't help here, Danny. He won't be able to stop them from taking a shot at you. He won't be able to change what they think.

Danny stares at the T.V. screen. At the shots of SNIPERS and TAC teams across the way. All GUNS aimed toward the window at which he stands. He turns to look silently at Niebaum for a long moment. Considering his words. Then, he looks past him, at something: THE POLICE RADIO sitting on the desk.

INT. COMMAND -- DAY

AN OFFICER carries in supplies: Coffee, Donuts, Bagels, Danishes. Beck turns to Shaw, whose eyes are on his watch:

BECK

They got Sabian. But he's 15 minutes away.

SHAW

We only have 10. -- This is already turning into a press nightmare, Andrew. Accused cop-killer who happens to be an ex-cop taking hostages. They'll eat it up. We're going to have to make a statement. Tell them how we're handling it.

BECK

There's only one way to handle it. We send a team in to end this thing. Now, before he has a chance to kill another cop.

SHAW

I don't want this to get personal, Andy.

BECK

It's not personal, sir. It's practical. Nobody can talk him down, and we can't play this by the book. He knows the book. All I'm saying is that we get a plan together to end it. Before it even starts.

Shaw takes a deep breath, concentrating:

SHAW

I can't authorize tactical action unless I have more information. He cut us off. We have nothing. I don't want to lose cops because we're pissed off at the HT. -- Do what you have to, get information, but I want minimal risk to the hostages and the HT if we try anything.

Beck nods, unable to hide his aggression. He turns to two TAC TEAM members, standing aside:

BECK

Prendergrass, Ramirez. Get me blueprints
We need to find a way inside.

The two men exit as a DELIVERY MAN, carrying DONUTS and
COFFEE, enters. He's swarmed by the COPS inside when we HEAR:

DANNY (O.S., RADIO)

PUT THOSE FUCKING DONUTS DOWN.

Everyone stops. Shaw and Beck exchange a glance as Danny's
VOICE spews over their RADIOS. Over EVERYONE'S RADIO in
command. Some raise the volume as Danny he goes on:

DANNY (O.S., RADIO)

Welcome, once again, to another
installment of the Danny Roman Show. Yeah,
I'm talking to you guys. And I don't want
to be interrupted. I want everyone's full
attention, so stop buttering your bagels
and listen up.

BECK

It's him. What the hell is he doing?

SHAW

Mr. Tonray -- tape this. I want an
evaluation when he's done.

Tonray holds up his pencil as if to say "already on it."

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

Danny paces back and forth now in the office talking into the
radio. Hostage's eyes track his movements:

DANNY

The show's format has been altered
slightly -- there's been a small casting
change. Danny Roman will now be playing
the part of Hostage Taker. I know this may
be shocking to some of our viewers and
fellow cast members, who are used to him
playing Hostage Negotiator, but you'll
soon see how effective he is in his new
role.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- DAY

The line of snipers, EAGLE, PALERMO and some others. Even
here, we can HEAR Danny's VOICE rise -- high above the city
through each radio -- his charismatic VOICE seeps over like
an ominous breeze:

DANNY (O.S., RADIO)

Before we get started, I'd like to
congratulate you guys on the containment
and lockdown -- under five minutes. Bravo,
gentlemen.

EXT. STREET -- POLICE BARRICADE LINE

UNIFORMED OFFICERS line the barricades, holding the crowd of pedestrians and MEDIA back. Here, too, Danny's VOICE rises from RADIOS. The crowd starts to quiet down as MEDIA PERSONNEL rush to the front of the crowd to HEAR DANNY'S VOICE SPEWING over the radios of these COPS:

DANNY (O.S., RADIO)
Pat yourself on the back, Andy. I just have one constructive criticism.

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

Danny paces like a caged lion back and forth in the room.

DANNY (into radio)
You forgot men on the eastern perimeter.

INT. HBT COMMAND

Farley looks outside. Turns to Beck. Smirks:

FARLEY
He's right.

BECK
Fuck you, Farley.

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

DANNY
Now, you guys are all probably wondering what the hell I'm doing here. I don't want to ruin anything, but at the end of tonight's show there's going to be a big surprise. In this, our season finale, we're going to find out the truth about who took the money and who killed Nathan.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- EAGLE AND PALERMO

Breath coming in frosty gasps. Held in thrall by Danny.

DANNY (O.S., RADIO)
Because it wasn't me. I'm not a murderer.

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

A beat. Danny stands still now. Serious:

DANNY
I didn't do what they say. -- I didn't betray you guys, somebody betrayed all of us. They took everything away from me. They took you. They took my wife, my family, my life. They forced me to do this. I want you guys to understand that I had no other choice. I had to come in here to get my life back.

INT. HBT COMMAND

Danny holds his audience. All react:

SHAW
Goddamn it. He's lost it.

SERGEANT TONRAY, head of HBT psychological evaluation, sits alone at the console of SPEAKERS, COMPUTERS and MONITORS. Writing as Danny's speaks. But now, he's stopped. He's just listening. Nodding his head -- a revelation:

TONRAY
He's may or may not have lost it -- but he still knows what he's doing.

SHAW
What's that mean, Tonray?

Tonray turns toward the questioning faces, impressed:

TONRAY
I don't think this is just a plea. He's trying to get the boys to Stockholm. Trying to re-establish an emotional bond so they side with him. -- So they'll think twice about taking him out. -- I'd get the team to change frequencies. Our men shouldn't hear him speak. It might affect their performance.

BECK (to a Tac Officer)
You, get word out to our team that we're switching to frequency three. Now!

The officer runs out.

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

Niebaum and the other hostages stare on in silence as Danny goes on addressing the troops:

DANNY
That's what this is all about. Getting my life back. Getting the truth. -- And this is where I'm going to do that. Because this is my courtroom now. I'm the judge and jury. 'Cause what happened in that other courtroom was bullshit. -- And I objected but nobody was listening. Well, now you have to listen. And I object again.

He starts ranting now, an indistinguishable tidal ROAR of rage as formidable as any weapon's discharge. The hostages peer at him, terrified:

DANNY

Do you hear me? I object to having my life taken from me! I object to being accused of something I didn't do! -- And I'm putting Inspector Niebaum on the stand and this time I'm not gonna allow any bullshit. This court won't be adjourned until we find out who really committed these crimes. And it could be anyone. Beck. Shaw. Farley. Even you, Tonray. 'Cause the one thing we know for sure is that it wasn't me.

INT. COMMAND

Beck, Farley, Shaw, Tonray. All the men he singled out exchanging glances with each other as we go to:

EXT. ROOFTOP

Palermo and Eagle listen across the way. Exchanging glances, expressions revealing how strange this all is.

EAGLE

This is crazy.

PALERMO

Bullshit's what it is. He killed Nathan. I don't want to hear him cry now.

Eagle just looks at Palermo as another OFFICER approaches:

OFFICER

Men, Beck wants us on channel three.

Eagle nods. The officer leaves.

EAGLE

Screw that. -- Palermo -- you put yours on three just in case we get any commands. Mine's on two. I don't want to miss this.

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

Danny checks his watch as he winds down, wrapping it up:

DANNY

So, as you can see, we have a lot of stuff to sort through, gentlemen. It's going to be a long show, so I hope you brought your ass cushions. -- Before I sign off I have to warn you about a couple things -- the person or persons who killed Nathan are frightened. Frightened that Niebaum might know something. So they're going to try to end this. They're going to ask you to take the one shot even when there is no threat from me...

(CONT'D)

DANNY (CONT'D)

...Question everything. -- Another warning
-- I know the rules of entry and
engagement and I'm willing to do anything
to find the truth. So don't push me. -- I
hope you take me seriously. I'll show you
how serious I am if I don't see Chris
Sabian in 2 minutes.

VARIOUS SHOTS -- Reactions of Eagle, Palermo, Kelly, Aldrich,
Allen. REPORTERS eating it alive:

INT. HBT COMMAND

Shaw and Beck just look at each other after the speech.

BECK

I think he actually believes that shit
he's slinging.

SHAW

It doesn't matter what he believes.
Tonray's right. If he keeps pissing in our
ears he'll have everyone else believing
he's innocent within an hour.

Shaw checks his watch.

SHAW

Now, where the hell is Sabian?

EXT. TRAFFIC -- DAY

Traffic on the highway. A POLICE CAR skids on the snowy
shoulder. Its sirens WAIL, "get outta the way".

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

WHOOSH! CHRIS SABIAN holds on in the backseat as the car
slews back and forth through traffic. He's obviously just
been downloaded info on Danny.

CHRIS

I don't believe it.

COP ONE

Believe it. He snapped.

Chris HOLSTERS his GUN as the CAR SLEWS between two cars,
just missing a pole.

CHRIS

How long?

COP TWO

We only have...

(checks his watch)
about two minutes left...

Chris shakes his head, "we're not going to make it."

The patrol car screams through a red light. Two cars coming through their respective GREENS slam into each other on the icy pavement, missing them.

INT. COMMAND

Beck checks his watch. Looks at Shaw, who's peering out the window at the street in front of command:

SHAW

He's not going to make it. I'm going to try to contact him.

(into radio)

Danny this is Frank, we need more time...

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

Danny sits on the desk, strangely calm, as SHAW's voice bleeds over the radio.

SHAW (O.S., RADIO)

...for Chris to get here.

Danny pays no attention. He just looks at Rudy:

RUDY

No man. Don't look at me, man. Why me?

NIEBAUM

Shut up, Rudy!

RUDY

(desperate)

Give them more time, dude. What the fuck's the problem? What'd your parents beat you when you were a kid or somethin'? Don't take it out on me...

INT. PATROL CAR

The car comes to a screeching HALT in dense TRAFFIC.

COP ONE

Shit. Only one minute. -- We're only a couple of block away.

Chris re-evaluates. A beat. He opens the door:

COP TWO

Where the hell are you going?

Chris is off. He's running through Traffic now. He cuts left. Jumps over the hood of a car. The Driver HOLLERS. He doesn't listen. He moves onward. There ahead, he sees it. COP CARS. A HUGE CROWD FORMING on a corner behind police barricades. He beelines for it:

CHRIS

Negotiator coming through. LOOK OUT!

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

Danny checks his watch. Raises his gun. Maggie SCREAMS.

RUDY

Fuck man. Hold on. Just hold on.

Danny cocks his gun and for the first time we can't tell how far Danny will go, his face a mask of reserved intensity:

EXT. THE STREET

Chris hauls ass, panting hard as he hits the crowd:

CHRIS

Out of the way!

He's tossing people aside. He reaches the open street between command and the IAB building.

CHRIS

Stop the clock. I'm here!

INT. HBT COMMAND

Shaw raises his radio:

SHAW

He's here, Danny. He's here. He made it.
He made it! Stop the clock!

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

Danny lowers the gun.

DANNY

They're taking me seriously. Very good.

Rudy just stares at the gun in complete terror. He sighs, deeply relieved. He turns to Niebaum:

RUDY

Jesus H. Christ. If you know something,
Niebaum, you better tell this lover
because I can't take it anymore.

INT. HBT COMMAND

Chris strides into command, his brow glistening. He takes everything in, quick inventory, getting the layout, all business. He pulls out a pad and pen as he sees Shaw and Beck. Ice cold professional:

CHRIS

Inspector. Commander. -- Fill me in. Have
you established contact yet? Do you know
why he asked for me?

BECK

We were hoping you could answer that.

CHRIS
Haven't spoken to him in years.

SHAW
Well, he'll only talk to you. Ate Farley alive when he tried. Fired off a round. No demands yet.

CHRIS
How many in the Kill Zone?

BECK
We think four. His perimeter is floor 7. But we can't see inside at all. He's gone completely barricade.

CHRIS
What'd you expect? He's sharp. He knows the play. -- Intel?

FARLEY
You know him, Chris. You worked with him. He was a maniac on the job. Strictly cowboy shit. But damn good at what he did. Expert marksman, devoted family man. Likes the Sox, Bears, and the track.

Chris writes this all down: COP, NEGOTIATOR, KAREN, JEREMY, RISK-TAKER. SOX. BEARS. He adds: GAMBLER, HORSES.

FARLEY
We're bringing Karen down here ASAP to see if anything happened at home.

CHRIS
As soon as she arrives, get her statement and send her on her way. She'll bring too much emotion to the scene. Send her home. If something goes down, she'll scream like a banshee. We can't have that. -- Psych evaluation. Who's on that?

Tonray steps forward:

TONRAY
Fits the profile. Suicidal. Guilt-ridden. Delusional. Says Niebaum has information that can clear him. He may in fact actually think he's innocent, or he may think holding Niebaum hostage will instill doubt about his guilt before he goes out. Get his men to question his guilt. It's a risk, but that's Danny. There's a chance he'll hurt someone, forcing us to take the one shot -- we've seen it before. Suicide by police. If we do end up killing him, he's attained what he wants -- martyrdom.

Chris takes that in. Beck GRUMBLES:

BECK

I say we give him what he wants. I don't know what you're thinking, Sabian -- but I think I can get a plan together to take him out if we move quick enough. Take him out before he kills another cop.

Chris stares at Beck for a long moment. Nodding his head. Assessing. Considering his words. Then, in a calm, controlled VOICE, he addresses the entire room:

CHRIS

O.K. Let me have everyone's attention. I was once part of this team, so I know how you guys work. But I do things different. I don't want you confused, so I'll lay it out -- I am now in charge. I have command that supersedes all rank. I call the shots. Not the Tac Commander. I am now the Tac Commander and Scene Commander. All decisions, one shots, green lights, penetrations, breaches, coffee breaks, tea breaks and trips to the shitter go through me. Nothing happens unless I say so, and no order is valid unless I give it. I take suggestions but I don't take shit. Understand...?

He turns his gaze on Beck, his obvious opposition.

BECK

No. I don't. We don't work it like that.

SHAW

Chris. Hold on. Our chain of command is simple -- as negotiator you can be countermanded by myself as Scene Commander and Beck as Tac Commander.

CHRIS

I am sorry, sir, and with all due respect -- the chain of command has changed as of now. Both your positions have now become purely passive. This is my show. I'm the MC. I don't work any other way. Danny Roman requested me, and he's going to get me. Otherwise we'll be stepping all over each other's feet. -- Unless of course, you'd prefer to talk to him?

Shaw and Beck exchange a glance. Shaw reluctantly nods.

SHAW

See what he wants, Chris. It's your show. For now.

FARLEY

Just don't say 'no' to him, Chris.

Chris smiles. Eyes Beck. Knows he'll be a problem.

Beck eyes him back, hates this guy already. Chris surveys the rest of the room, establishing his control over the men.

CHRIS

I want the heat shut off inside. Gradually turn up the AC over the next hour. Not enough for them to notice. Let's not make it comfortable for them.

BECK

He'll expect it.

CHRIS

He'd expect no less, and maybe he'll give us a hostage to get it back. Where's the phone?

Chris approaches the phone as Farley holds it up for him. As he walks, he sprays some BINACA in his mouth. The men eye this newcomer appraisingly. Beck steps away, disgusted, as we see those two TAC COPS -- Prendergrass and Ramirez -- re-enter command, finding Beck. They hand him a set of blueprints to the building. Beck steps into the back of command, lies them down on a table as:

CHRIS picks up the phone. We hear it RING through the SPEAKERS that are set up to broadcast to all officers in the room. Then, a DEFINITIVE CLICK. -- INTERCUT the following between Chris and Danny:

CHRIS

Danny. Chris Sabian here.

DANNY

Christopher. It's been awhile.

CHRIS

Yes, it has, Danny.

DANNY

I'm happy you're here. We can get started now. -- Sorry we had to see each other under such trying circumstances.

CHRIS

I have seen you do some crazy things, Danny, but this takes the cake.

DANNY

You're probably wondering what the hell I'm doing up here. And why I picked you.

CHRIS

I read the papers, Danny. I think I know why you're up there. -- But I have no idea why you'd want me out here.

DANNY

You'll find out soon enough. -- You still using that Binaca?

Chris smiles as the men watch him with increasing curiosity.

CHRIS

Yes, I am.

DANNY

You're gonna need it. -- How was your ride over?

Danny sits on the edge of the desk, calmly.

CHRIS

Thanks to you it was very exciting. You made me break a sweat, Danny. Haven't done any running in years. I'm still a little out of breath.

DANNY

Well, I figured you needed some excitement in your life. Some exercise too. -- So how's it been on the south side? I hear you've been doing pretty well there.

Chris is calm, collected. Unlike Farley, a man in control, reading over his notes:

CHRIS

Been doing O.K. I don't get the press coverage you get, but that's O.K. with me. -- How's the baby, Danny? How's Jeremy?

DANNY

He's not a baby no more. Seven years old.

CHRIS

You bring him to the track yet?

Danny LAUGHS. The other officers watch as this casual conversation unfolds. Two old acquaintances, catching up:

DANNY

Karen won't allow it. -- How 'bout you? You still playing the ponies?

CHRIS

Occasionally. I like the trotters now.

DANNY

At least you took something from all those years with me. -- Still bettin' on the favorites?

CHRIS

I can only bring myself to bet on the sure thing. Two to one odds is as far as I'll go. Beyond that it's a crapshoot.

DANNY

I hit big last week on Prancer Dancer. Old horse. Thirty five to one. Long shot.

CHRIS

You got lucky.

DANNY

Not really. To the untrained eye it'd seem like a risk, but when you look at the details, no way. I knew the horse's history. Studied his charts. The risk wasn't as big as it looked on paper.

A beat. Then:

CHRIS

Is that what this is, Danny?

Danny hesitates for a brief second, then nods to himself.

DANNY

Yeah, you could say that. From the outside it must look like I'm out of my mind. Odds on me might be forty to one, fifty to one at best from where you stand. But I have everything under control here. Who knows the arena better? -- I'd bet on me.

CHRIS

I wouldn't. The odds are much worse than you think. You know more than anyone that this is a no-win situation for the HT.

DANNY

Yeah, but not when the HT is me.

CHRIS

Good point. -- You do have these guys out here running in circles. They're not used to such an adversary. -- But we both know how volatile these situations are. Doesn't matter how much you know. There are variables. It doesn't help when you have 100 cops outside who aren't holding you in very high regard.

Danny smirks:

DANNY

Are you trying to talk me down, Chris?
Trying to make me see what I'm up against?

CHRIS

I wouldn't try any cheap tricks on you, Danny. Just stating the obvious.

DANNY

I know the obvious.

CHRIS

I bet you do. -- So, Danny, are you injured? Is anyone injured inside? Do you need any first aid up there? What's next?

DANNY

Are we done with the small talk already, Chris?

CHRIS

I could talk all day, Danny. We have a lot of catching up to do. I just thought you'd like to get what you need and go home.

DANNY

You're right. -- Well, let's get to it then. Let's start negotiating. First my demands. One -- I want my badge brought down here. They took it from me. -- Two, if I die, I want an inspector's funeral.

CHRIS

Nobody's going to die here, Danny.

DANNY

I hope you're right. -- Three, I want the informant found. I don't know how, but that's not my concern anymore. Four -- I want the real murderer found. Of course, if you find Nathan's killer, then cancel three. If neither of these is found in eight hours, I'll begin killing hostages. -- And I have two more demands. One -- I want to speak to you, face to face, Chris. And I'll give you my last demand when you come upstairs. When you hear it, I think you'll know why you're here. -- I like visitors, so don't take too long.

CLICK. Danny hangs up.

CHRIS

Danny. -- Danny.

No response. Chris lowers the phone. All eyes on him.

SHAW

What does he want you up there for, Chris? Why couldn't he tell you on the phone what else he wanted?

CHRIS

He's paranoid, I guess. I don't know. That's what I'm gonna go find out. -- Let's get his badge down here in the meantime. I'm going up. Now that we have his demands, I'll see if I can get him to start dealing.

SHAW

Try to get a look around, Chris. See what's up there. And maybe we should get a wire on you. He took out all our listening devices.

CHRIS

No way. He'll look for a wire.

Shaw nods. O.K. Beck eyes Chris from the b.g. as Chris takes off his gun. Lies it down before he starts out. Then, O.S.:

OFFICER (O.S.)

Wife's here.

Chris stops as Karen Roman comes into command, escorted by TWO COPS. She's emotionally distraught. Shaw approaches:

KAREN

Oh, God. How is he? Has he hurt anyone? I can't believe he did this.

SHAW

Karen, calm down. We're trying to get him out. He'll be fine.

KAREN

Who's talking to him?

SHAW (O.S.)

He requested Christopher Sabian.

She can't hide her surprise. Her eyes go to Chris. She's obviously wary of him, unsure of what his presence means. Straining to maintain control, she confronts Chris:

KAREN

I know what you think of him. But I'm asking you for my sake, for my family's sake. Please...

CHRIS

Karen, I'll get him and the hostages out of there. Uninjured. But you can't stay here. Mr. Tonray will take you back to the police car. They'll have someone drive you back home.

KAREN

No, goddamn it. Don't you dismiss me like that, Chris. That's my husband up there, for chrissakes!

CHRIS

(calmly, logically)

Karen, your presence will not help Danny. You bring tension and emotion to a scene that already has too much of both. Please, for Danny, go with Mr. Tonray, give him a statement and then go home. I'm sure Jeremy would like to have you there. I promise that we'll call if anything happens.

A beat. She relents. Nodding. Chris quickly gestures to Tonray, who takes Karen by the arm.

Chris watches her go, then he starts out of command. Behind him, we see Beck approaching Shaw:

BECK
Inspector, I want to show you something.

He indicates the blueprints of the building as we go to:

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

Danny uncuffs Rudy:

DANNY
You're coming with me Rudy.

RUDY
No, man. Not me again. I'm
hyperventilating. Leave me alone. I got
the asthma. I'm a fucking hardcore
asthmatic. You can't be putting me in bad
situations. You gotta let me go. I got a
bad, lethal condition. I got diabetes,
too. Man, I need my insulin. Come on, man.

He pulls Rudy up, ignoring him. Puts the handcuffs back on.

EXT. STREET

Chris dodges as REPORTERS shout questions to him. He doesn't answer. His stare holds on the IAB building in front of him.

INT. IAB BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

Chris enters. Goes straight to the stairs, passing TAC TEAM COPS who line the staircase all the way up to 7. He reaches the staircase door. Pushes the door; handcuffs dangle from the handle. As he moves forward, his hands high, he sees:

DANNY ROMAN standing behind the glass doors of the IAB, hair a mess, eyes bloodshot. He holds a gun to Rudy's head. Chris can't help but pause, chilled. A beat. He looks at Rudy.

CHRIS
Are you O.K.?

RUDY
No, I'm not fucking O.K. I got a gun to my
fucking head. Do something.

DANNY
Shut up -- nobody wants to hear anything
outta you, Rudy.
(to Chris)
Thanks for coming up. -- You shut off the
heat already.

CHRIS
Yes, I did.

Danny smirks.

DANNY

You better get a look around so you can report back to Beck and Shaw.

CHRIS

I am.

DANNY

Strange sight, isn't it? Me on this side.

CHRIS

Yes, it is. Didn't think the next time I'd see you would be like this. -- Reminds me of the training scenarios you used to make us run. You played the part of the Hostage Taker well, back then.

DANNY

Maybe that's what I'm doing now. Playing the part.

CHRIS

Why would you do that?

DANNY

So I can get what I need. What I came here for. People will only take a lunatic seriously. We both know that.

CHRIS

I don't know, Danny. It doesn't look like you're playing a part from where I stand.

DANNY

I called you up here because I wanted to tell you face to face that I'm not crazy. -- Maybe I am, I don't know -- if wanting to prove my innocence makes me insane -- then I'm a raving lunatic. -- Because that's why I'm here, Chris. I'm here to prove my innocence. I know what you probably think, just like all the rest but I'm a innocent man.

CHRIS

Danny, I'm not going to lie to you -- your innocence is not my concern here. My concern is to get you and those people out of there safely. -- Now, how are we going to do that?

DANNY

That's fair, Chris. -- You'll get what you want. We'll all walk out of here. But not right now. I need some time.

CHRIS

Time.

DANNY

Time is my last demand.

Chris waits for the rest:

DANNY

Niebaum knows what happened with the Health and Welfare Fund. But I need time to get that information out of him. Time for him to realize how much danger he's in, not only from me, but from the people who are afraid he'll open up. Time for him to feel the pressure of the situation. -- The problem is that the men outside don't want to give me any time -- they want to end this as soon as possible, for various reasons. They probably suggested coming in already to you. -- But I need time.

Chris absorbs that. Smirks, a knowing smirk.

CHRIS

Now I know why you wanted me here.

Danny nods.

DANNY

Just hold off the men outside who want to come in here -- get me the time I need and we'll both get what we want. It's a fair deal, Chris.

Chris nods, goes to reply but his eyes are suddenly distracted by something behind Danny, way back in Niebaum's office. He sees movement. His eyes twitch, reflexively going that way. He sees a SHADOW outside the WINDOW. Danny sees the subtle change in his expression when -- THUMP. A SOUND bleeds from the back office. Danny reacts swiftly:

DANNY

What did I tell you? They're already coming in!

Danny's moving, urgently, locking the door between them, before Chris can even move. Chris turns, hits the stairs quickly. Raises his radio:

CHRIS

What the hell is going on, Beck? I lost contact. He's going back into the office!

MAGGIE, RUDY, NIEBAUM, AND WESTERLY

Watch as a RAPELLER wedges the WINDOW open with a tool that resembles a CAR JIMMY. He's already raised the window, pushing his body through the blinds. Over the RADIO:

BECK (O.S., RADIO)

He's coming back. Either get in there or pull out. Pull out now!

He doesn't pay attention, as he's almost entirely in. The hostages watch on in hopeful anticipation.

EXT. A ROOF -- ACROSS THE WAY

EAGLE and PALERMO watch the rapellers closely. From here we can see the whole setup -- two WINDOWS are open on the 8th floor, where TAC TEAM MEMBERS have lowered two RAPELLERS with ropes and harnesses onto the ledge outside Niebaum's office. Rapeller One has wedged himself inside, while RAPELLER TWO is outside an adjacent window; trying to penetrate:

EAGLE

I can't believe they're going in already.
They ain't even talked yet.

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

We TRACK Danny as he runs. Full bore. Dragging a terrified Rudy. He enters Niebaum's office in a wild burst, sees Rapeller One. Everything happens fast. Maggie SCREAMS. Niebaum YELLS "NO". Danny throws Rudy to the ground. Raises his gun. Yells like the cop that he is:

DANNY

Freeze, goddamn it!

Rapeller One looks up, frozen like a deer in headlights when WHAM! A THUNDEROUS CRASH resounds as the adjacent window explodes in a HAIL of GLASS. RAPELLER TWO emerges through the flying glass in a BURST. Danny spins, but the RAPELLER comes in BLAZING. Triggering three SHOTS amidst the hysteria:

Danny falls backward, hit. He rises, dizzy and bleeding from a shoulder wound. He grabs MAGGIE. Pulling her in front of him. Maggie SCREAMS. Rapeller Two gets a firm foothold inside, circling Danny. Rapeller One moves with his partner:

Danny, shielding himself with Maggie, leans against the wall, unaware that he's right next to the open WINDOW.

RAPELLER TWO stops. Gun trained on Danny, looking for the clear shot. They face off, a stalemate:

RAPELLER TWO

Put the gun down!

DANNY

Put your gun down, Tommy!

They HOLLER as this is intercut by VARIOUS SHOTS:

EXT. THE STREET BELOW

The crowd watches on, staring upward in morbid curiosity. Reporters broadcast: "Somebody is firing..." "In a failed attempt to rescue hostages..." "It's called a penetration entry, Steve. Shots have been fired..."

INT. IAB BUILDING

Chris hears the shots, races out of the building.

INT. HBT COMMAND

Reactions from everyone. Farley demands intel from RADIOS:

FARLEY

Who's firing? -- Can anyone see Roman?
What's going on inside there?

Beck grabs a radio, YELLING:

BECK (into radio)

Sniper team -- look for the one shot. Look
for the one shot through the windows. You
have a green light! That's a go. Green
light!

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

Danny's tense. Still facing off with the Rapeller. He doesn't notice that he's stepped in the line of fire -- to the side of the now OPEN WINDOW.

DANNY

Put the goddamn gun down, Tommy. Put it
down now!

INT. HBT COMMAND

BECK (radio)

Can anyone see inside?

EXT. THE ROOFTOP -- ACROSS THE WAY

Palermo, eye to his scope, trains his rifle. A beat. Then:

PALERMO

I have the target acquired, sir. Perp is
in my sights.

EAGLE

You got him? You got Danny?

Palermo sits at a sharp angle to Niebaum's window. And from PALERMO'S POV -- THROUGH SCOPE -- the side of Danny's face is visible as the blinds blow open. A sharp angle, but Danny's in the crosshairs.

CLICK! Palermo's HAND triggers something. A humming WHIRR resounds -- the rifle emits a RED LASER beam. LASER SIGHTING takes aim on DANNY -- red DOT on his temple. A kill shot.

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

Rapeller Two still holds his gun on Danny. Maggie whimpers. Rapeller Two doesn't flinch, but then sees it: THE RED LASER DOT. Resting on Danny's temple. Disappearing and reappearing as the blinds move in the wind. Rapeller Two breathes deeply.

His decision made. He lowers his weapon, trusting the sniper.

DANNY

Kick it here. Then the concussion grenades
and gas.

He pushes the gun across the floor with his foot. Danny still
doesn't see the RED LASER LIGHT targeting him:

EXT. THE ROOFTOP

PALERMO'S trigger finger -- the finger cut free of his gloves
-- goes white, bearing down. He takes a breath. Holds it.

BECK (O.S., RADIO)

GREEN LIGHT. TAKE THE SUBJECT OUT!

Palermo goes to pull. His finger throbs on the trigger. He
sees -- DANNY'S FACE. Slowly, Palermo releases his finger,
refocuses, then tries again. He goes to pull. But can't.
Blood rushes back into his finger. Eagle just watches.
Absorbed:

BECK (O.S., RADIO)

Repeat command. Take the subject out
before he moves position.

Palermo refocuses. Sets his eyes on the scope again.

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

The two Rapellers watch the LASER SIGHT. Waiting. Maggie
catches sight of the RED DOT on the blinds as they blow --
and then it's GONE. Danny steps toward the Rapellers and the
pile of weapons, again invisible from the exterior.

INT. HBT COMMAND POST

Hushed silence. Waiting. The monitor screens black, just the
one screen displaying the empty outer room. Audio -- flat.

BECK

PALERMO? TAKE THE SUBJECT OUT! What the
hell is going on up there, gentlemen?

An excruciatingly long moment of waiting. Until:

PALERMO (O.S., RADIO)

Sir. I would like to be relieved of duty.

Tonray listens to this, calmly appraising the situation:

TONRAY

Looks like Danny's goddamn speech worked.

SLAM! -- Chris crashes through the doors in a burst:

CHRIS

What the hell are you doing, Beck? Why'd
you go in?

Shaw immediately steps in front of Chris, holding him off as Beck raises his radio to deal with what he just heard.

BECK
Repeat last transmission. Clarify,
Palermo.

EXT. THE ROOFTOP

Palermo takes a deep breath. His resolve growing. Green stares. Eagle breathes a deep sigh of relief. Envious of Palermo's courage as he goes on.

PALERMO (into radio)
I'm sorry, sir. But I can't shoot, sir.

Other snipers nearby turn, eyes leaving scopes.

VARIOUS ANGLES. OTHER ROOFS. ELEVATOR SHAFTS. We see men exchanging glances. Astounded as they hear that transmission.

INT. HBT COMMAND POST

BECK
Report to command now, son.

The two FBI AGENTS, Moran and Grey, step forward moving close to Beck, listening to every word. Ready to step in. In the b.g. Shaw tries to calm Chris down.

BECK
Keep your distance, boys. We're fine here.

EXT. THE ROOFTOP

Palermo stands, exchanges a look with a shocked Eagle before walking toward the door on the roof.

INT. IAB BUILDING

Danny's lungs rise and fall like a bellows as he secures both rapellers. Danny's drunk on adrenaline, shirt red from blood. Blood stains running across his face. He's hyper, predatory, frightening to behold as his eyes dart about frantically.

DANNY
What did I tell you, Niebaum? They came
in. Either for you or for me.

NIEBAUM
They shot you, Danny. Not me. I told you.
They don't want me. I know nothing.

The hostages eye Danny suspiciously as MAGGIE'S CRIES add steady background noise.

INT. HBT COMMAND

Quiet shock after the scene. Everyone starts to move again. Chris, livid, face flushed with rage, pushes past Shaw to confront Beck:

CHRIS

You couldn't wait, could you? Right behind my back. You openly disobeyed my order. Who authorized it? Who authorized that goddamn breach?

BECK

Get out of my face. We decided to go in before you got here.

CHRIS

And once I got here all previous orders and decisions were invalid. -- Didn't you hear me, Commander? Everything goes through me. First. Which part of that don't you understand?

Chris is RAGING now, eyes boring through the men in the room individually as he attacks them as a group:

CHRIS

If anyone. Anyone undermines my position again -- I'll walk right out of here and you can explain to the HT why the one person he's willing to talk to is gone.

SHAW

Chris, I think you're over-reacting. Commander Beck saw an opportunity and--

But Shaw can't even finish as Chris whirls on him, confident and assured in his anger.

CHRIS

That sniper stockholmed, not because of Danny, -- but because Commander Beck, against my orders, attempted a breach as I was talking to the perpetrator. -- There was no immediate threat. No reason to go in. Those cops out there know that. So does the press.

Beck glares defensively at Chris. Angry now.

BECK

That's bullshit. We had a chance and we took it.

SHAW

It was my call, Sabian. You had him distracted. We took a chance to secure the room, because we don't think this man can be talked down. It didn't work. I'll take responsibility.

CHRIS

Are you going to take responsibility when he kills a hostage? Let me make myself clear here -- I am not Danny Roman...

(CONT'D)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

...I don't force action. -- I develop a rapport with the HT. Establish trust in order to get him to deal. Tactical resolution to a hostage situation is the last resort. In the midst of negotiating it can only damage my relationship with him and then he'll stop dealing.

BECK

Now I know why he wanted you here. -- To hold his sweaty little hand.

CHRIS

I'm here to get that man and those people out of there safely -- and I'm going to do that by talking to him and getting him to deal. And if I can't, we're going to just sit back and wait for him to break. We're going to take our time. Even if that takes all day and all night. If you don't like that -- leave. I don't need personal feelings getting in the way of better judgement. -- They'll undermine procedure. Procedure that has allowed me to maintain a zero casualty rate for 10 years.

BECK

What do you want? A fucking medal?

Beck and Chris trade glares as we suddenly HEAR:

DANNY (O.S., RADIO)

Beck! -- It didn't work, Beck. Do you hear me? I'm alive! And I hope everyone out there saw that. I know the press is listening to this. They tried to kill me. Does everyone hear that? You guys down there with the cameras -- did you get that? All I asked for is some time and they tried to take me out!

EXT. THE STREET

The cameras are still pinned on that window as -- THE CROWD CHEERS WILDLY. DANNY'S VOICE RISES over the radios and out the window:

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

Danny HOLLERS into the radio:

DANNY

What did I tell you, Chris? Nobody wants the fucking truth! You all saw it!

INT. HBT COMMAND

Everyone is listening to Danny now as Chris pulls himself away from Beck and Shaw, going for his radio:

CHRIS

Danny. Danny, this is Chris. We need to talk. To calm things down. I want to explain what happened. They weren't sent to harm you.

DANNY (O.S., RADIO)

What were they doing? Washing the goddamn windows?

EXT. STREET

The CROWD collectively LAUGHS, enjoying this now.

CHRIS (O.S., RADIO)

They were just trying to get the hostages. Trying to secure the room.

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

Danny stands, hair blown back by the wind, SCREAMING:

DANNY

That's just what they're telling you. -- I'm getting too close, aren't I? They want to kill me just like they killed Nathan. We both got too close! -- You want to see me dead -- do it in front of everyone. Here's your chance! Here I am!

In a bold, defiant move, Danny stands in front of the blown out window, holding his hands out in a Christ-like pose. He's caught in a maelstrom of SNOW and WIND, seemingly mad as a loon, screaming with unworldly fervor at the crowd below.

DANNY

Look at me! Take your best shot. Show everyone how you're gonna do it. Just like you did Nathan!

Suddenly RED LASER DOTS riddle his entire body.

EXT. ROOF -- THE SNIPERS

Hold laser sights on him, but make no move, listening to his DIATRIBE ringing through the air. Unsure of how to react.

EXT. STREET --

THE CROWD sights him, HOLLERS madly in a bughouse frenzy. Waving to him, shouting "JUMP", "Go for it, Danny! We're on your side!" Reporters aim cameras high. Eating it up.

INT. IAB

DANNY

Take your best shot, fellas. Here I am. Assassinate me. Take me out. This is what you want -- isn't it, Beck? You want my blood -- here it is! Take my blood!

Danny puts his hand to his BLOODY WOUND, holding his bloody hands out now.

EXT. THE CROWD

The undulating crowd responds to the crazed figure above with a resounding CHEER.

INT. HBT COMMAND

From here the crowd can be seen enjoying this. Like some one man stage show on Broadway. Beck, Tonray, Farley and Shaw listen on intently as Chris tries to stop the show. INTERCUT Danny and Chris:

CHRIS

Danny, calm down, calm down. Nobody was trying to kill you.

DANNY

Really? Well, I don't buy it, 'cause I'm the one with the bullet in me. -- And now what am I supposed to do about it? You put me in a bad place. I'm going to have to kill someone so you start taking me seriously.

CHRIS

We're taking you seriously. You don't want to hurt anyone. I have things in control down here now. Just like I said I would. From now on you get what you wanted -- time.

DANNY

They won't listen to you, Chris. So I'll just have to show them why they should. It's time to start throwing people out these windows. Here comes the first one.

Danny moves away from the window. Eyeing the hostages. All sweating nervously. Squirming, fearing that they will be singled out. Rudy closes his eyes. But Danny moves passed him. Gesturing to Rapeller One. Putting the gun to his head, lifting him up. Danny, seethingly silent, eyes passionately frenzied, pulls Rapeller One away from the others:

NIEBAUM

Danny, you don't want to do this.

MAGGIE

Please, don't...

RAPELLER ONE

Come on, Danny. Don't do this, man.

CHRIS (RADIO)

Danny! It's my game now. They're not coming in. That was the first and last.

DANNY

Chris, I am sorry. This has nothing to do with you. This is for them. The men who want me dead. It's time to show you how serious I am!

Danny roughly drags Rapeller One up by the handcuffs. Rapeller One is murmuring, "Don't, don't Danny". Danny grabs the duct tape. Covers his mouth. He raises his radio, cutting off Chris who is still trying to make contact:

DANNY

Are you listening? I'm letting you know that one of the son of a bitches you sent to kill me is about to DIE now. This is just a message. Each time you try to come in -- this will happen.

Danny's pushes Rapeller One roughly forward toward a closet. That rage boiling. How far will he take it? We can't tell anymore. Hostages try to see, craning their heads back but can't as Danny throws the Rapeller in the closet.

INT. HBT COMMAND

Deathly silent, until Shaw speaks.

SHAW

He's going to kill a hostage.

CHRIS

Danny, listen to me. Don't prove to everyone that you're capable of murder.

INT. IAB -- DANNY

Chris's VOICE spews over the radio. Danny pays no attention to him. Danny holds his gun in the Rapeller's face. Rapeller's eyes plead. No. A beat. Chris's VOICE rises. "Don't, Danny". Danny doesn't even blink. He FIRES TWICE.

THE HOSTAGES' SCREAM MADLY. Danny, snake-eyed, closes the closet door shut.

COMMAND

THE HOSTAGES SCREAMS echo over Danny's still open radio. Scared voices through the screams -- "JESUS CHRIST, HE SHOT HIM! OH MY GOD! NO!"

A shocked silence. Chris looks at Beck, who just lowers his eyes, defeated. Palermo steps into the b.g. shaking his head, feeling the remorse of his actions.

DANNY (O.S., flat, deadly)

You just got a man killed. I advise you not to come in again.

Chris lowers his radio, the conversation is over. He turns to Beck and Shaw, and flatly:

CHRIS

Do I have it now? Full command? -- To
clean up your mess?

All Shaw can do is nod.

EXT. STREET

The crowd outside is HUSHED. Reporters YELL into cameras --
"Danny Roman has just shot a hostage!" The festive atmosphere
suddenly gone.

EXT. STAIRCASE -- DAY

Unit One Tac leader HELLMAN walks past floor 7. Passing the
troops as he reaches 8. The troops are quiet after one of
their own was just killed. He crosses into 8's hallway
finding men standing outside an ACCESS PANEL that leads to
the elevator shaft. He reaches the men. Nods hello. Then
sticks his head into the shaft, finding Aldrich.

HELLMAN

-- Saddle up. Beck wants to see you.
Conference room.

Aldrich nods. Starts up the shaft.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Hellman, and fellow Tac Team members, Allen and Argento,
stand in the back of the room speaking quietly when the door
opens. They all turn to ALDRICH as he steps inside:

ALDRICH

What's up? What's the what?

HELLMAN

Close the door.

He obliges. Joins the group. Conspiratorial:

HELLMAN

I found out about this Sabian asshole. --
Word around the fucking campfire is that
the last time he saw tactical action was
when he was Danny's second. He's a soft-
liner. Guy's got a hard-on for talkin'.
Reason he and Danny split is that Danny
ordered a one shot and killed the HT. But
some hostage got shot up pretty bad also.
Sabian freaked out and told a newspaper
guy that Danny didn't need to take the
shot. Made Danny look like a gung-ho
maniac.

ARGENTO

Guy'll never order a one shot. That's why
Roman asked for him.

HELLMAN

He's put a stop to all tactical action. And Beck'll have to listen to him after what Danny just did. Beck can jerk off now, but can't blow his load. This thing can linger on indefinitely.

ARGENTO

How much does Niebaum really know?

HELLMAN

I don't know. He was paid off that means he's knows something, and I don't like that.

ALLEN

Niebaum hasn't said anything so far, what makes you think he'll start singing?

HELLMAN

You put anyone in a room with a maniac waving a gun in your face long enough, you'll admit that you order your underwear from the Victoria Secret's Spring Catalogue. He'll talk.

ALDRICH

Then we got no choice, we have to cut off the source. Or Roman.

ALLEN

Jesus Christ, haven't we done enough already?

HELLMAN

We've done enough to put us all in fucking jail for the rest of our lives if any of it gets out.

ARGENTO

There's no way in there, Hellman. He's locked up tight.

HELLMAN

There is a way. I been researching...

He looks up, and they all follow his eyes as we go to:

INT. IAB BUILDING

Aftermath. Silence and fright. Maggie SOBS, spasmodic gasps of fear verging on hysteria. Danny stands, near the closet, closing the door where Rapeller One lies.

MAGGIE

I have to get out. I have to get out of here. Please. Inspector Niebaum, you have to tell him something. Why can't you help him? Tell him what he wants.

Danny turns away from the closet, seemingly shocked by his own violence. Tense but quiet. Looks at Maggie:

DANNY

Come on now, you're hyperventilating. Deep breaths. Relax. -- I won't hurt you.

NIEBAUM

Just calm down. Just calm down, Maggie.

DANNY

See what you're doing here, Niebaum? Do you see what you're doing here?

NIEBAUM

I'm not doing anything. You're doing it. You didn't have to kill that man.

DANNY

I wouldn't have had to have to kill that man if you just spoke up. -- I'll get you some water, Maggie. Alright?

MAGGIE

I have to get out. I want to go home.

Danny crosses over to the water cooler, when we HEAR:

MAGGIE (O.S.)

There are files.

Danny stops. Looks back at Maggie.

MAGGIE

I copy all his files, just in case he loses something. He told me to destroy them, but I got nervous -- I copy everything. I saw one recently with that man's name. Nathan Roenick's name on them. I don't know if they're anything. Maybe they'll help you.

Danny looks at Niebaum. Niebaum's face betrays nothing.

DANNY

Show me them, Maggie.

INT. HBT COMMAND

Chris stands near the COFFEE URN set up in a corner. Palermo approaches the coffee. Catches Chris's eye:

PALERMO

Chris.

CHRIS

Palermo.

A beat then:

PALERMO

You know all along, during the trial I was convinced he did it. I couldn't believe it, but I was convinced. But as I was sitting up there today, I don't know, it just hit me, what happens if Danny's telling the fucking truth?

CHRIS

You don't have to explain yourself to me.

PALERMO

Nobody said, 'what if he is innocent?' And I'm thinking, maybe he's not that crazy. Maybe he's just desperate. Hell, I might do the same thing if I was in his position. -- So I don't take the shot. But if I do take the shot, then Johnson'd still be alive. -- I don't know what the fuck I was thinking.

Chris just looks at him for a moment, weighing his words:

CHRIS

Stop kicking yourself in the ass. It's not worth it. You stockholmed, it happens to the best of us. -- Just remember, we're not here to retry this case. Guilty or innocent, what he's doing is wrong.

Palermo nods. Chris walks away, back to the phone set-up.

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

FILES are spread out on a desk. Danny intently stares at one file, pulled from the pile. He throws it in Niebaum's lap:

THE OPEN FILE lists phone numbers with corresponding dates.

DANNY

What is this? -- What does it mean? You were following Nathan. You tapped his phones. You were looking for the informant. You lied, Niebaum.

Niebaum looks away, knowing what it says. Dismissing it.

NIEBAUM

Danny, we check up on other cops. It's that simple. We found out Nathan was snooping around the Health and Welfare Fund accounts and we looked into it. The taps were illegal, but they served a purpose. That's why it never came out. We do it all the time. That's the only crime I'm guilty of. -- There's nothing on them, Danny. Nothing. Some pay phones, some calls to other cops. Check the numbers yourself. You'll see.

DANNY

I can't. You know I can't call them.
Outside lines have been cut.

Danny's thinking now. He looks at the phone.

INT. COMMAND

Chris sits by the PHONE, smoking a Lucky Strike.

SHAW

Excuse me, Chris, could we have a word?

Chris approaches Shaw who is now standing with Beck, Hellman, and several other officers. Beck glares moodily at Chris.

SHAW

This is Officer Hellman, a member of our Tac Team. He's been studying the blueprints with Commander Beck. They'd like to suggest something.

BECK

You did say that you take suggestions.

Chris nods, willing to listen.

BECK

Hellman thinks we can get a team in a vent system right above floor 7.

CHRIS

Ho. Ho. Ho. Why are we having this conversation?

HELLMAN

It's not like that. Not at all. -- We won't initiate any action, we'll just be in place in case anything does happen.

BECK

It's a precautionary measure. We can position a team of about six men in some connecting conduits right above Roman's position. He's cut us off so well that if he went berserk and started offing all the hostages we wouldn't be able to penetrate the Kill Zone for minutes. What we're saying here is that we can have a team in place and waiting, sitting ready to breach his perimeter in matter of seconds.

HELLMAN

The way I figure it, we can go in strong if we have to -- six to eight seconds from bang to bullets.

Chris still isn't convinced:

BECK

Look, Sabian, we have a concern that he may kill another one of our men -- now that might not mean much to you but it means a hell of a lot to us. If he snaps, we should be prepared. That's all we're saying. -- After what just happened, I'm not going to take any chances.

SHAW

We didn't have to come to you with this. We could have just done it. We're trying to work with you here. -- We want this.

The PHONE begins to RING in the b.g. Chris reluctantly relents as he starts moving for the phone:

CHRIS

They do not move, no matter what the HT does, even if he sets the building on fire, without express authorization from me. Understand this time?

They nod. Hellman and Beck exit command as Chris picks up the phone. Danny's voice comes through the SPEAKERS, bringing the room to silence.

DANNY (SPEAKERS)

What took you so long, Chris? Am I boring you guys down there? I can make this much more exciting if you want me to.

CHRIS

That's O.K. Danny, I don't get out much, this is exciting enough for me.

DANNY (SPEAKERS)

Chris, I need to talk to you. This phone thing is way too impersonal. Come on up.

CLICK. Danny hangs up and Chris is left with a dead line. He hangs it up slowly. Shaw eyes him.

SHAW

You think it's safe to go up there now?

CHRIS

You want to tell him no? Maybe he's ready to deal.

Chris heads for the door.

INT. IAB OFFICE

Danny approaches Rudy. Starts uncuffing him:

RUDY

No, man! Not me again! This is unfair man. This is just fucking unfair...

(CONT'D)

RUDY (CONT'D)

...There's a bunch of people in this room. Why you always singling me out? Why you always picking on me? Who am I? Fucking Charlie Brown? Let's take turns being the main hostage and shit.

DANNY

I like you the most, Rudy. Now come on.

INT. IAB BUILDING, 8th FLOOR -- DAY

Beck has gathered a TACTICAL team of SEVEN MEN, including Hellman, Aldrich, Allen and Argento, in an 8th FLOOR office. Beck holds PLANS to the building on a desk. Indicating VENTS AND HEATING DUCTS:

BECK

We got word to set up camp in the heat and vent system right above his perimeter. Team One will make their way in through the heating ducts, coming in from -- here.

Beck refers to a plan of the building on a desk.

BECK

Team Two will go in through the elevator shaft. There's a system of heating ducts above the dropped ceiling of the 7th floor. -- We wait for word before any action. So let's not get trigger happy in there, fellas. -- If it comes to it, we'll use concussion grenades to distract him, then we'll take the room.

Beck eyes up his team, assessing them:

BECK

I don't want anyone freezing like Palermo did. I won't hold it against anyone if you feel you won't be able to take the shot on Roman, but speak up now.

A beat. Then Argento slowly steps forward:

BECK

O.K. Fine. Stay out here and maintain your position. Let's move out, gentlemen.

They start forward. Hellman stays a moment with Argento:

HELLMAN

Get inside command. Keep an eye out.

Argento nods. The men move out.

INT. IAB HALLWAY -- MINUTES LATER

Chris peers through the glass doors. Danny stands inside, looking out at Chris, holding a GUN to RUDY'S HEAD.

CHRIS
(to Rudy)

How you doing?

RUDY
Much better, much fucking better. I'm
starting to get used to this gun pressed
against my skull.

Chris nods sympathetically, turns back to Danny. It's not the casual conversation it was earlier.

CHRIS
Danny. You didn't have to do it. You came
here to prove you're not a murderer. What
you did doesn't help your case.

DANNY
I had to do. You weren't taking me
seriously enough.

CHRIS
I was taking you seriously. I had nothing
to do with that incursion.

DANNY
I know that. I did it for the others.
(a long beat)
I want you to see something, Chris.

Danny moves aside. Chris is confused until Danny nods toward:

THE CLOSET DOOR

Partially open. Inside is Rapeller One. His eyes meet
Chris's. He's alive. Above his head are two bullet holes.
Chris can't hide his relief and shock.

DANNY
Beck won't try to come in now that they
believe I'm willing to kill. -- But what
do you say we keep that between us? It
makes both our lives easier.

CHRIS
Why are you telling me this?

DANNY
I need your help. I found files in
Niebaum's office. Phone records. Taps on
Nathan's phone. I think I may be able to
find out something about the informant
Nathan was speaking to through one of
these numbers.

That stops Chris. He tries to remain non-committal.

DANNY

This proves Niebaum lied in court. That means something to me. -- Now, I can't call out of here. You cut all my lines. -- All I'm asking for is for you to check these numbers. But no one else can know you have these or they'll get to the informant before me. Understood?

And then:

CHRIS

What are you going to give me?

Danny can't help but smirk.

DANNY

None of this means anything to you, does it?

CHRIS

I'm just trying to get those people out of there, Danny.

DANNY

That's fair. So we're negotiating now.

Chris nods. Cool as ice.

DANNY

You get me these numbers and I'll give you a hostage -- the other guy who came in after me.

CHRIS

For the numbers -- I get one hostage and one gun, fully loaded.

DANNY

You get one hostage and one gun, but I get food, blankets, and the information.

CHRIS

That gun comes fully loaded.

Danny smiles.

DANNY

You drive a hard bargain.

CHRIS

Call me Monte Hall.

Danny hands Chris the files.

INT. HBT COMMAND -- MINUTES LATER

Chris strides in, energy in his step.

CHRIS
Farley. I need a dozen blankets. Good blankets. Wool. And some food. Burger King. He's starting to deal.

Chris sees Palermo still hovering by the coffee urn. Approaches. Confidentially:

CHRIS
You want to do something for me?

PALERMO
Yeah. What's up?

CHRIS
Roman found these upstairs. Phone taps. Find out where every one of those phones are and who they belong to. I want details. Who their girlfriends are, where they work. The whole thing. I want to know what all this means. You might need help. Get someone you trust.

PALERMO
I'm sorry, sir. I can't help Roman.

CHRIS
You wouldn't be helping Roman, you'd be helping me. It's probably a bunch of nowhere bullshit. But it'll get some hostages out.

Palermo shakes his head. No. Chris moves closer:

CHRIS
He didn't kill that man, Palermo. That Rapeller's sitting bound in a closet alive and well. I just saw him.

An upwelling ripple of relief washes across Palermo's face.

CHRIS
He did it so Beck and his men wouldn't try to come in. -- Keep this between you and me. Beck finds out, he tries to go and someone really gets killed.

He hands Palermo the files. Palermo looks at them. Hopeful:

PALERMO
You know these numbers prove Niebaum lied in court.

Chris looks at him:

PALERMO
I know. Doesn't mean anything. We're not here to retry this case.

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE

In the b.g., a TELEVISION on Niebaum's shelf plays the LOCAL NEWS updating the situation every moment.

Danny, stands aside, away from the window, watching as a gust of wind kicks up, RATTLING the blinds. Danny's breath forms a foggy halo around his head as he stands like a crazed prophet. He finally turns, considering the cold.

DANNY

Come on, we have to move to the outer office. It's getting cold in here.

RUDY

Oh, man, I was just getting comfortable.

DANNY

I have food and blankets coming. Let's get comfortable in the other room.

RUDY

Yo man, I have to go to the bathroom. You gonna have to uncuff me. 'Less you want to hold it for me.

DANNY

Anybody else have to go?

All nod yes.

DANNY

We'll take care of that now. Let's go.

The hostages move, Maggie in the rear. She's still shaking uncontrollably in fear, unable to look Danny in the eye. Danny sees her look, on the verge of a breakdown. He stops her by the closet door as the rest go into the other room. Rudy slows, watching the two of them.

Danny gestures toward the closet. He slowly cracks the closet door, displaying for Maggie: Rapeller One, alive. Rudy steps back, getting a full view. Danny puts his hand over his mouth, indicating that this is between them. But Rudy can't control himself. Quiet excitement:

RUDY

Fuck, man, I knew you didn't do it.

MAGGIE

Why--?

RUDY

Motherfucker just trying to scare them bastards outside. You a fuckin' trip. Maybe you are an innocent man. I'm starting to believe.

Danny quiets them with a hand gesture then starts moving them along with the rest of the group. They exit the back office.

Behind them, the sun begins to set in a smooth arc, escorting in the night.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

INT. HOME -- DUSK

The SOUNDS of CHILDREN. Karen Roman sits in the kitchen of her home. The wear and worry of the day evident. Out of the corner of her eyes she sees JEREMY playing with his GRANDMOTHER in the living room. She watches a small screen T.V. with the volume LOW, so Jeremy can't hear:

REPORTER

We've been here for four hours now and since the release of one tactical team officer in exchange for food and blankets, there have been no new developments.

Behind her, her mother walks in quietly. As Karen sees her, her eyes brim with tears:

KAREN

I can't leave him alone up there. I have to be there for him.

GRANDMOTHER

Go. I'll be here.

Karen bolts out of the chair as if released from a prison sentence.

EXT. STREET -- DUSK

Only some crepuscular light before night falls. Weatherheads release more flurries. Despite the weather, the crowd has grown larger. People eat hot dogs, pretzels. They're diverted and enjoying it all. Enfilades of SEARCHLIGHTS play over the IAB building.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT

Food wrappers line a table. A T.V. BLARES updates of the situation O.S. The outer office has been modified. PARTITIONS have been moved, forming a small concealed area of the room.

THE PARTITIONED AREA. Screened from the doors are the hostages sitting on the floor, covered in blankets. The TV is on out here now. And even though we're in the outer office, away from the blown out window, this room looks cold in the soft light of a desk lamp. We HEAR Rudy singing O.S.:

RUDY (O.S.)

Oh, Danny-boy, the pipes, the pipes are
fucking calling baby...

(he stops singing)

Man, Danny-boy, you should ask for a DC-
Fucking-10 outta here...

(CONT'D)

RUDY (O.S., CONT'D)

...A 'copter to the airport and we'll all take a trip to Aruba or some tropical joint. Maybe even the Bahamas. Yeah, it's better in the Bahamas. Hey, Niebaum, ain't that a good idea?

NIEBAUM (O.S.)

Be quiet, Rudy.

We find Rudy huddled with the HOSTAGES along the wall, wrapped tightly in woolen blankets. Maggie shivers, trying to sleep against Westerly. Niebaum sits apart, cold, lips blue, staring blankly into space. Rudy gnaws on a Whopper as he goes on:

RUDY

And Danny, next time you get food, get that gourmet shit they got down the street at that place I can't pronounce. Le fucking something. Not this Burger King Whopper bullshit. It clogs the arteries.

We find Danny, standing tall amongst the hostages. A blanket wrapped around his shoulders, blood streaked on his face, he looks like a warrior painted for battle. Westerly looks up, his voice LOW and HOARSE.

WESTERLY

Why aren't they doing anything? We're freezing to death up here. Why can't they at least turn the heat up?

Maggie shifts, uncomfortable, half conscious.

MAGGIE

I don't understand what's taking so long.
What are we waiting for?

Danny checks his watch completely unaware that above him:

INT. IAB BUILDING -- A VENT SHAFT

Aldrich slowly pulls himself around a corner, pushing his weapons before him, wearing a RADIO HEADSET.

INT. IAB BUILDING -- ANOTHER VENT SHAFT

Hellman and Allen move cautiously and quietly through the vents, periodically looking out a grating to check progress. They hold ELECTRONIC STETHOSCOPES and wear NIGHT VISION goggles, goggles that pick up the tiniest fraction of emitted light and magnify that light to illuminate the claustrophobic conduit a HAZY GREEN.

EXT. A ROOFTOP

Sniper Green emerges from the door to the roof, brushing powdered sugar off his uniform. He approaches ANOTHER SNIPER sitting in Eagle's spot.

GREEN

You're up. I'm warm... Coffee's stale. New batch of bagels just came in, though.

Green moves back into his position as the second sniper rolls over, GROANING, blowing on his cold hands.

EXT. THE STREET -- NIGHT FALL

A PATROL CAR sits at the curb in front of HBT command, turret lights revolving lazily. Eagle stands to the side of the car, while through the back window we see TWO SILHOUETTES.

INT. THE FOYER OF THE HBT COMMAND BUILDING

Argento lights a cigarette, watching the street. Eyes on that patrol car:

THE PATROL CAR'S WINDOW is rolled down. Chris leans out and waves Eagle over to the car, saying something we cannot hear. The other figure is still obscured in shadows.

INT. HBT COMMAND

Quiet here also. Farley sits in front of the bank of MONITORS and PHONE EQUIPMENT, watching Danny and the hostages in the outer office now (on the one camera Danny did not see). Shaw stands in the b.g. with Tonray.

SHAW

What the hell is Sabian doing out there?

TONRAY

No idea. Hendershot brought the guy in forty-five minutes ago and they've been chatting since.

SHAW

He should get in here and start chatting with that lunatic up there. He hasn't made contact with Roman in an hour. It's a stalemate. No progress.

EAGLE HENDERSHOT

Suddenly steps through the door. Argento steps right behind him now, crushing out his cigarette.

EAGLE

Farley, Inspector, Chris says to get Danny on the line. -- He says he found the informant Danny's been talking about.

Stillpoint. Everyone turns, agape.

EXT. THE STREET

The informant, CALE WANGRO, young and wiry, steps out of the patrol car. Chris escorts him toward command. Cops on barricade watch on curiously, talking amongst themselves as the news of who he is spreads like wildfire.

INT. HBT COMMAND

Deathly silent. All eyes on the door as Cale Wangro steps inside with Chris.

SHAW

What the hell is going on here, Chris?

Chris ignores him. Moves to the phones. No one in the room can take their eyes off Wangro. Their stares become palpable as Wangro feels the weight of them. Chris sits by the phone, Eagle sits Wangro down next to Chris. Chris raises the phone:

INT. OUTER OFFICE OF IAB

The PHONE begins to RING. Danny moves to it. INTERCUT:

DANNY

Where have you been?

CHRIS

I been doing some investigating.

DANNY

Have you gotten what I asked for?

CHRIS (O.S.)

I think I've done one better, Danny. -- I found him. The informant.

Chris's words are greeted with silent stares. Officers in the room begin to look at one another suspiciously -- at Wangro.

DANNY

Who is it?

CHRIS

His name is Cale Wangro.

All time stops. Danny's eyes light up, hopeful yet wary.

DANNY

How'd you find him?

CHRIS

Called some of the numbers Nathan dialed most often. -- Bluffed each person that I talked to. Accused each one of being the informant. Said we had evidence. Cale bit. -- He does paperwork for the fund. It makes sense, he could've known what was going on all along.

ARGENTO stands by the doors, a lather of sweat starts building on his forehead.

CHRIS

He was afraid to come forward after Nathan was killed. He says he was afraid they'd kill him too. This conspiracy runs deep, Danny.

There's a long moment of silence, then Danny's voice comes, almost hollow. Worn out, abated:

DANNY
What does he know, Chris?

CHRIS
He says he knows who was involved. He knows enough to re-open your case.

DANNY
Who was it?

CHRIS
Look, Danny. I can't talk over the air. It's going to implicate too many people. This is going to be tricky. I want the FBI to hear his statement as well as the press. I want you to hear it, too, but I can't do it over the air.

There's a deep unease in HBT command, a feeling of a traitor in their midst.

ARGENTO has lit up yet another cigarette. He's backing up slowly now. Inconspicuously moving toward the exit.

INT. IAB OFFICE

Danny stands, paces, thinking, caught up in the moment.

DANNY
I want you to get my wife down here. -- To hear this. I need some time to get myself together. I'll contact you in a few minutes.

Danny lowers the phone, relief has burst a damn of emotion. The hostages have heard most of the conversation:

MAGGIE
They found the informant. Is it over?

Danny bends to unlock Maggie's handcuffs. He looks at Niebaum:

DANNY
Yes. They found the informant. -- Now I don't need you anymore, Niebaum. He knows everything. Who was involved. Who took the money. -- You should have said something earlier, Inspector, it might have helped your defense.

Niebaum starts to shift nervously in his seat.

INT. THE VENTS

Hellman and Allen creep forward, night vision gear in place, hearing Danny's voice ECHO hollowly through the aluminum and the earpieces of their ELECTRONIC STETHOSCOPES. Allen turns

back toward Hellman, tension etched into his face.

ALLEN

Did you just hear what he said?

HELLMAN

Move forward, find a vent. Let's cut through. We have to be able to see in that room now.

INT. THE OFFICE

As Rudy exults:

RUDY

Yeah, motherfucker! We're free as birds. It was almost too easy.

Maggie yelps with joy. Westerly nods his head, relieved. Then, Danny's eyes turn on Rudy, considering his last statement for a long moment. He turns to: NIEBAUM. Staring silently off, tense, fidgeting uneasily:

Danny SNAPS Maggie's handcuffs closed again. He stares off a long moment, pensive. Then suddenly he strides across the room and picks up that phone again.

RUDY

Come on, Danny. Let us go. It's over, man. We're out!

Danny's not listening, his face a stone cold mask as it RINGS once again. We hear a CLICK on the line and:

DANNY

Put Nathan's informant on, Chris. Put Wangro on. I want to speak to him.

INT. HBT COMMAND

Chris holds the phone, the center of attention. INTERCUT Danny, Chris and Cale on SPEAKERS and PHONES:

CHRIS

Danny, I don't want this stuff broadcast so everyone can hear.

DANNY

I want to speak to him, Chris. Now. I don't care who hears it. Just put him on.

He's resolute. Intractable. Chris hesitates, then:

CHRIS

I'll put him on.

Danny hears the TENTATIVE VOICE of:

CALE

Danny.

DANNY

You're a brave man coming down here, Cale.
Why now? What took you so long?

CALE

Chris found me. And until now, I thought
that you were involved. That you were the
only one who got caught. I was scared --
after what happened to Nathan. But now --
well, I guess I shouldn't have let this go
on so long. I'm sorry, Danny.

Cale looks to Chris. Chris nods. Inspector Shaw watches
closely from behind, approaching Chris:

SHAW

What's going on here, Chris?

Chris waves him off. Waiting for Danny to speak. ARGENTO is
still moving toward the exit in the b.g.

DANNY

So, here's the big question, Cale. -- Who
was involved? Who's responsible? I want
names.

CALE

(with obvious nervous tension)

Danny, don't make me do this. I can't name
names like this. Not in front of everyone
here. It's not right.

DANNY

(insistent)

Don't tell me what's right. Who, Cale? Who
was responsible?

Danny's pacing. Thinking. He stops at a desk, thinking back.
He quickly writes down: IAB INVOLVED? HOW DID YOU KNOW
NATHAN? ON JOB 2 YEARS?

INT. VENTS -- HELLMAN AND ALLEN

Allen's still listening through an ELECTRONIC STETHOSCOPE.
Hellman's moving forward, searching for a vent:

INT. HBT COMMAND -- INTERCUT CALE AND DANNY

A long moment of hesitation on Cale's part. Then, slowly:

DANNY

Come on Cale, tell me, who was involved?

CALE

Everybody, Danny. Damn well near
everybody. Everybody you know. The upper
brass. Men in charge of the funds.

Danny's still pacing. Still thinking. Behind him, Niebaum
sweats. He tries to shake the sweat out of his eyes, his
hands still bound behind him:

DANNY

Why not go to IAB with this? Why not come speak to Niebaum? It's his job to check up on other cops. Isn't it?

CALE

Niebaum was being paid off to keep quiet. So I didn't know where the hell to turn.

Danny nods. Remembering Nathan's words.

DANNY

Niebaum was completely involved. -- Thank you, Cale.

Danny looks at Niebaum as he repeats Cale's words, eyes boring into him. Niebaum's eye's go wide with panic, like a deer caught in headlights. The other hostages, Westerly, Maggie and Rudy, all hold on Niebaum with accusatory stares.

DANNY

You picked Nathan. Why?

CALE

I knew Nathan from the academy. He taught me there.

Danny nods. Right answer. He crosses that question off the sheet. Goes to the last question:

DANNY

How long you been on the job, Cale?

Pause. No answer. Danny waits, eyeing Niebaum. Sees the lather of nervous sweat building on the Inspector's brow.

CALE looks to Chris. Chris just stares back:

CALE

Few years, Danny.

DANNY

How many is a few, Cale?

Danny waits for the answer, eyes still holding on Niebaum, as Niebaum fidgets guiltily in his chair under Danny's look.

CALE

About four, Danny.

Danny's expression congeals in anger, in disappointment. Wrong answer. An obvious bluff. He circles 'ON THE JOB 2 YEARS' on his list. He goes to respond with anger when his eyes catch Niebaum, who is wall-eyed with obvious fear and worry. Danny takes a moment. Mind racing. He then tries:

DANNY

O.K. No one else knew that. Good. So you're the real thing. -- Now tell me more about the conversations you heard about Inspector Niebaum.

Cale pauses, confused by that question. Looks to Chris, who's looking down at old NEWSPAPER ARTICLES scattered on the desk in front of him. HEADLINES -- ROMAN CLAIMS THERE WAS AN INFORMANT? WHERE IS ROMAN'S INFORMANT? A red pen marks each article. Chris looks up at Cale, shrugging.

CALE

I don't know what you mean, Danny.

But Danny goes on anyway, playing his own bluff now against Niebaum:

DANNY

So Niebaum was the one who found out
Nathan started an investigation.

Everyone is command exchanges a confused look. Chris smirks, realizing:

CHRIS

I think we been made, Cale. He just turned
the tables.

And it's working. Niebaum is staring at Danny. Tormented by the conversation. Danny stares back as the second-hand interrogation goes on:

DANNY

Did Niebaum inform the others of Nathan's
investigation?

CALE

I don't know, Danny.

As Cale answers, Danny moves closer to Niebaum:

DANNY

He did... Then Niebaum's a fucking
murderer, isn't he?

Niebaum's shaking his head now. Fighting something inside.

DANNY

Cale, did you...

And then, suddenly, cutting Danny off:

NIEBAUM

For chrissakes. -- I didn't know they were
going to kill Nathan.

All time stops. Everyone looks at Niebaum. It worked.

INT. THE VENTS -- HELLMAN AND ALLEN

HEARING Niebaum's statement. Exchanges a look of dread with Allen. Oh shit. Niebaum's broken. Hellman hand signals to Allen. I'm moving ahead. Allen follows.

INT. IAB OFFICES

Desperate now:

NIEBAUM

I'm telling you no matter what anyone says, I had no idea that Nathan was going to be killed.

DANNY

Put Chris back on the phone, Cale.

Danny turns his back on the hostages.

INT. HBT COMMAND

Cale hands the phone to Chris, shrugging his shoulders regretfully. Behind them, Argento has stopped his trek to the door:

CHRIS

Danny...

DANNY

Nice bluff. You almost had me. But you didn't have all the information. Not everything's in the papers, Chris.

Chris drops the papers he holds.

CHRIS

You would've done the same thing, Danny.

DANNY

That's correct. And that's why I'm not going to penalize you for trying. Just get those things I asked you for. You owe me one now. -- And thank you, Chris. You just did me a big favor.

Click. The line goes dead. Argento's entire body slumps in relief. Chris hangs up the phone, confused by Danny's reaction.

SHAW

What the hell was that all about, Chris?

CHRIS

I bluffed, Shaw. It didn't work out.

PALERMO

Hey, Chris, look at this.

He turns to the SCREENS where he sees:

INT. IAB OFFICE

DANNY approaching Niebaum. Niebaum fidgets, like a man being cross examined on the stand:

DANNY

Talk to me, Niebaum. I have the informant now. You heard that, right? So I don't need you anymore. I could kill you next. -- But if you talk, maybe...

NIEBAUM

I had nothing to do with Nathan's murder. I want everyone to know that before this all comes out.

INT. VENT SHAFT

Hellman has found a VENT GRATING. He carefully cuts away at the tape covering the vent -- as the TAPE breaks, light spills into the shaft from the office, HELLMAN removes his NIGHT VISION GOGGLES, getting his first look into IAB. He can barely see Danny about fifteen feet away from him.

DANNY

Above him, yards away, he doesn't see the tape being removed from the vent.

DANNY

Talk to me, Niebaum. That man downstairs is about to give up evidence to the FBI. I'll put a good word in for you if you talk with me first.

NIEBAUM

I didn't kill Nathan. I wanted nothing to do with that. I was just supposed to look the other way.

INT. THE VENTS

Hellman has most of the tape removed from the vent. Now has full view of Niebaum. He raises his gun:

INT. HBT COMMAND

Chris watches the monitor, utterly intrigued. It's obvious something important is being said from Danny's reaction.

CHRIS

What the hell is going on up there?

INT. A VENT SHAFT

Hellman slowly aims his gun through the vent grating, taking aim at Niebaum and Danny below:

INT. THE IAB OFFICE -- DANNY

DANNY

Who were the other guys, Niebaum?

Niebaum closes his eyes slowly, swallows hard, his throat sore from the cold. Then:

NIEBAUM

I don--

THWIIIP! A single shot RINGS OUT! Hitting the partition right behind Niebaum.

INT. HBT COMMAND

As it registers on Chris, Farley and Eagle's faces what has just happened.

CHRIS

What the hell? -- Who's firing? Who's firing up there?

INT. IAB OFFICES

The other hostages stare for a confused moment. SMACK! Another bullet lodges in the wall next to Danny's head as he drops and rolls, taking quick cover. He pulls Niebaum with him, trying to protect him. FIRING at a vent as he moves.

INT. A VENT -- BECK

Another corridor, away from Allen and Hellman, Beck hears the GUNFIRE. Reacts:

BECK (into radio)

Shots fired! He's firing on my men! Kill the lights! Initiate full breach!

INT. COMMAND

Chris reacts. Looking to Shaw. He raises the radio:

CHRIS

What the hell is going on up there? Withdraw. -- Pull back your goddamn team, Beck. Pull 'em back now!

INT. IAB OFFICES

WHAM! The room suddenly goes dark. Completely black now. Maggie screams. The room lit only by Danny's flashlight and the exterior SPOTLIGHTS sweeping the building.

Danny is on the move. He pulls Niebaum behind a partition. Danny then moves back out, shining his flashlight across the ceiling, looking for something. He finds on a VENT grating. He pulls a chair up. RIPS the GRATE away. Winces as he hurts his wounded shoulder.

INT. THE VENT

POV of a Aldrich's NIGHT VISION. That greenish tint as a BRIGHT LIGHT sweeps past suddenly. Danny's flashlight.

DANNY'S POV

As he shines the FLASHLIGHT on a soul-wrenching image. -- Aldrich in night goggles. He's utterly blinded by the

flashlight, its brightness magnified by his night vision. Aldrich yells in agony, retinas burned by the burst of light. Despite this, he's pulling his trigger, FIRING blindly.

Danny pulls back out of sight. Reaches down. Pulls a TEAR GAS GRENADE pin and drops the GRENADE in the shaft. He drops back as all hell breaks loose in the BLACK.

THE VENT -- TEAR GAS GRENADE

Fills the vent with gas. SHOTS RING OUT from within the cloud. The shots light the room below STROBOSCOPICALLY. DANNY stays low, behind a partition -- seeing:

BRIGHT FLASHES OF LIGHT -- GUN SHOTS

Fired from other vents. He hugs the wall as he moves, staying out of the line of fire. SMASH! One of those SHOTS has taken out a window! MORE SHOTS ring out. HOSTAGES SCREAM.

ANOTHER VENT

Danny stands to one side of it, out of view, and rips off its grate. He quickly tosses a CONCUSSION GRENADE inside.

INSIDE THE VENT

Beck sees the concussion grenade through his NIGHT VISION. He quickly tries to shuffle backward:

BECK (into radio)
Pull back. Pull back. Retreat. He's got
tear gas and concussion grenades!

INSIDE ANOTHER VENT

Allen retreats through the duct, moving out, HELLMAN stays put, firing wildly through his vent grating.

INT. HBT COMMAND

Stunned men focus on the ONE MONITOR that displays the outer office. They can barely see all the hostages lying low, covering their heads.

CHRIS (into Radio)
What's going on in there, Beck? What the
hell is going on?!

INT. IAB OFFICES

Danny moves behind a partition when: CRASH! -- the ceiling by the doors COLLAPSES. Aldrich falls through, quickly regaining his senses and taking cover. Tumble rolling behind the FRONT desk. The inner sanctum violated.

WHAM! Another part of the ceiling opens up. HELLMAN falls through -- right behind Danny now. Just feet away. He takes aim on Danny, ready to shoot when:

CRACK! -- Hellman is blindsided, KNEE-CAPPED by a kick. He goes down, falling, dropping his gun. Danny sees him as he goes down and FIRES toward him. Hellman is up, moving toward the door. Taking refuge behind the front desk with ALDRICH. We lose him in the dark. Danny turns to see:

MAGGIE. Smiling -- proud of her kick to Hellman's knees. Danny shines the light in her face. She nods to him. He nods back when GUN SHOTS ring out from the door. The BLACK room is lit stroboscopically from the PULSE fire BULLETS. Danny moves quickly, removing a CONCUSSION GRENADE from his belt.

A brief glimmer -- a reflection of a CONCUSSION GRENADE as it arcs toward the Aldrich and Hellman and: BOOM! CRASH! The grenade explodes in an INTENSE burst of WHITE LIGHT, sending out a vicious SHOCK WAVE. FILE CABINETS fly, their sheet metal construction SHREDDED. Pieces airborne like SHRAPNEL.

THE GLASS DOORS are obliterated, sending shards of glass like pins into:

ALDRICH AND HELLMAN

Who are knocked off their feet. Aldrich holds his leg, blossoming with blood. Hellman pulls him away, down the hall.

INT. HBT COMMAND

EVERYONE listens to Beck's STATIC COMMANDS on the radio like a broadcast from a distant war. Chris is by the MONITORS, watching flashes of LIGHT and BURSTS of CONCUSSION GRENADES.

BECK (O.S., RADIO)
Everyone! Get them all out of there. Now!
Complete withdrawal!

On AUDIO are SCREAMS from the TAC COPS O.S. Chris, Eagle, Inspector Shaw, and Farley watch the monitor intently.

EAGLE
C'mon, Danny. Where the hell are you?

MORE SHOTS are fired O.S. Suddenly, everything quiets down and DANNY appears on the monitor -- moving toward the hostages again. Chris breathes deep, silently relieved.

INT. 7th FLOOR HALLWAY

Hellman helps a limping Aldrich down the hallway. Toward the exit door.

HELLMAN
It's over. We got 'em.

INT. IAB OFFICE -- VENT

Beck and the other TAC TEAM MEMBERS move back in the smoke-filled conduit. They move farther out, retreating, as all starts to calm.

COMMAND

All the men are staring at the monitor, trying to discern whatever is going on in the black. The GUNFIRE has subsided.

CHRIS

Somebody get the goddamn lights back on in there.

Chris, furious, moves to the door.

INT. IAB OFFICES

The battle is done. Danny runs back behind the partition to Niebaum. Shines the light on Niebaum, sees that the Inspector's entire chest is now suffused with BLOOD.

DANNY

Jesus Christ. They shot him. Inspector, hold on, goddamn -- Hold on.

Suddenly the lights come on, and we get a clear glimpse of Niebaum -- bullet wound to the chest. He lies bleeding. Barely coherent now. Danny tries to stem the blood flow. His hand covered with blood:

DANNY

Come on, Inspector, hold on. That phone's gonna ring and they'll send somebody up here to get you. You're gonna be fine. Jesus Christ!

EXT. THE STREET

NEWS REPORTERS abound. MEDIA in a feeding frenzy: "What happened? -- What's going on?" And then, forcing his way through the midst of them, is CHRIS. Focused intently on getting across the street where:

BECK AND THE REST OF THE TEAM exit the building. Moving to an ambulance, the injured receiving medical attention. Chris finds Beck:

CHRIS

I'm gonna have your ass on this one, you son of bitch!

In the b.g. Beck's team gathers behind him, silently joined by Hellman, Allen, and the injured Aldrich. Behind Chris, we see a patrol car pull onto the scene. Palermo steps out, sighting Chris, walking toward him.

BECK

He shot at us. We returned fire. What the hell else did you expect is to do?

CHRIS

(interrupting)

Your men shot first, Beck.

BECK

My men did not shoot first.

CHRIS

It's on the tape, you lying son of a bitch. You can't get out of it this time.
-- I'm gonna have your job!

That sets Beck over the edge. -- He grabs for Chris -- BAM! Chris takes a glancing blow to the cheek, stunned. Chris steps back, then charges in ready to go at it as other COPS run to break it up. The CAMERAS get it all. Chris is pulled off by Palermo who drags him away. Chris catches his breath as they walk back to command:

PALERMO

Calm down. Calm down. -- I got the traces on the phone numbers you wanted.

He hands Chris a list. Chris examines it when Eagle steps out of command. With urgency:

EAGLE

Chris, you may want to see this.

Chris and Palermo move forward, haste in their strides:

INT. HBT COMMAND -- MONITORS

The monitor displays a clear view of the now lit room. All officers are standing around the screen which shows Danny sitting over the body of Niebaum. Chris enters with Palermo.

EAGLE

He's shot. Niebaum's been shot.

INT. IAB OFFICES

Niebaum coughs up blood. Convulsing now. Shaking in demented paroxysms of movement. His eyes shine with the last brief spark of life -- then finally close. Danny HOLLERS:

DANNY

You killed him!

Danny begins pounding Niebaum's chest. Pounding it hard and desperately. Flailing fists spray Niebaum's blood about the room, and Danny's face is wreathed in a wretched red mask.

Maggie and the other hostages look on, mortified. Danny slowly stops, sitting back, giving up.

INT. HBT COMMAND

The men stare at the monitor, watching Danny try to resuscitate the man. Everyone reacts with disbelief:

FARLEY

He's dead. No doubt about that. Somebody took a one shot on Niebaum.

FBI Agent Moran steps to the forefront:

MORAN

What kind of show are you running here,
Inspector?

SHAW

It was an accident. Everybody calm down.

Silence overtakes the room. Men crowd closer with morbid
curiosity. Chris raises his radio:

CHRIS

Danny. I'm coming up there. We have to
talk.

He moves toward the door.

CHRIS

I'm going up there to calm him down before
he does something.

INT. IAB OFFICES -- MOMENTS LATER

Eerie calm. Danny now holds a quiet Rudy at gunpoint,
dragging him toward the now broken glass doors, as Chris
opens the staircase door. Chris approaches Danny with his
hands high.

RUDY

I swear, don't be asking me how I'm doing
or I'll kill somebody, O.K.?

Chris ignores Rudy, making eye contact with Danny.

DANNY

I didn't kill that man, Chris. They did.
He was telling me what happened. He was
confessing and then he was shot.

CHRIS

It was an accident.

DANNY

You believe that?

Chris doesn't answer. Still trying hard to remain objective:

DANNY

I hope you have the taps. That's all I
have left.

CHRIS

Yes, I do. -- What do I get for them?

DANNY

Jesus. You're still playing?

CHRIS

My job is still to get those hostages and
you out of here. Safely. I want one.

DANNY

Not this time. You owe me one after that bluff with Wangro.

Chris can only nod -- O.K. He hands Danny the sheet of numbers and corresponding names. Danny looks at them. Then, unable to hold back his interest any longer:

CHRIS

Palermo said every one on the list is a cop. It could be anyone.

Danny looks at him:

DANNY

I know you may not want to, but you're starting to believe me, Chris.

CHRIS

That doesn't matter. If I get the informant, you come out. -- Deal?

Danny nods. Eyes then scan the list: TONRAY, ALLEN, CARVER, GREEN, EDWARDS, FARLEY, all the way down to NELSON, SHAW, BORG and YOUNGER. There are hundreds of calls, all mixed up. He's obviously not seeing what he wants.

DANNY

Nathan said he was young. -- And these are all old cops. Some young ones but no one with just two years.

Chris realizes how Danny knew about the bluff now. He grabs part of the list, ready to help. Reading names.

CHRIS

So that's how you knew it was a bluff. -- Did Nathan say anything else?

DANNY

No.

CHRIS

I know this one. Janice Borg. She was at my precinct before she joined your team. She's got about two years on the job. She's a good cop.

Danny shakes his head in defeat.

DANNY

-- She's a woman.

CHRIS

I can see that. -- She's two years on the force. -- There's about ten phone calls to her on this list alone.

DANNY

I have her here a bunch of times too.

Danny looks up, confused. It's not making sense. Then:

DANNY

Son of a bitch. Nathan had to say he. If he said she it would've been too easy for me to figure out who he was talking about. He was protecting her. -- Where is she? -- She should be right outside with you. Running intel.

CHRIS

Not here.

DANNY

I need you to do something, Chris. I need you to see if it's her. -- Remember what you said you did with Cale? How you said you got him to come forward...

On Chris's face, being drawn in:

EXT. THE STREET -- LATER

The CROWD is HUSHED for some reason, staring at the IAB building. We follow their gazes to MEDICS, rolling out the body of Niebaum on a stretcher. The circus atmosphere suddenly gone. Silent, somber faces gaze as Chris emerges behind PARAMEDICS as they put the body in an ambulance. Chris finally turns away, moving with purpose toward HBT command.

SHAW

What's going on up there?

CHRIS

I've got him calm... I made him realize that without Niebaum he can't get the information he needs. I think he may be ready to come out soon. Let's just give him some time to relax, get himself together.

Shaw nods. Chris approaches Farley:

CHRIS

Farley, Janice Borg. She part of your team?

Farley nods.

CHRIS

Where is she today?

FARLEY

Called in sick. Why?

CHRIS

She used to be in my precinct. Just wondering how she's doing. -- Excuse me a minute, I have to call my wife. Get me if anything's up.

Chris walks to a phone in the back of the office. Behind him, we see Argento watching suspiciously. Moving gingerly as Chris starts dialing the phone. We HEAR it ringing then, INTERCUT:

VOICE

Hello.

CHRIS

Janice Borg. Chris Sabian.

JANICE

Chris.

CHRIS

You watching T.V., Janice?

JANICE

Of course. Sorry I'm missing it.

CHRIS

Janice, I'm on an outside line. No one can hear me. I'm going to say something now, so just listen carefully. -- We have evidence that you were Nathan's informant.

No response. Then:

JANICE

What the hell are you talking about, Chris?

CHRIS

Janice, I've got phone logs. Transcripts of conversations you had with Nathan. IAB tapped his phone. Niebaum didn't give you up because he didn't want to get you killed too. So he kept his evidence here. If you came forward at any time you might've been in danger. -- So it's good you didn't, but you can't hide any longer. We know it's you. We'll protect you now.

A long beat. Then:

JANICE

Oh, God. Oh, God, Chris, I was scared. I was terrified. I didn't know what to do.

Chris face betrays everything. He doesn't see Argento behind him, slowly walking away.

EXT. HBT COMMAND

Argento exits command, walking toward the POLICE BARRICADES and disappearing into the crowd behind them. Behind Argento, Chris exits command, waving Eagle and Palermo over to him. They begin conversing as we go to:

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Danny sits on the floor, tense with anticipation, waiting for the phone to ring. Hostages watch T.V. in the b.g. The phone suddenly RINGS. Danny picks it up:

DANNY

We on speakers?

CHRIS

No. -- She was the one, Danny.

Danny tries to suppress his excitement:

DANNY

What did she say?

CHRIS

She wouldn't speak over the phone. -- Eagle and Palermo are bringing her down to your precinct. She'll make a statement there. She says she has enough information to re-open your case.

DANNY

If this isn't a bluff, Chris, and she comes forward, then you'll get what you want. I'll be walking out of here.

CHRIS

No bluff this time. This is for real.

INT. JANICE BORG'S HOME - NIGHT

The TV NEWS has live coverage of the hostage scene playing in the b.g. Janice Borg stands in front of the T.V., watching nervously. The DOORBELL RINGS. Janice strides down the hall impatiently. She pulls open the door. Revealing:

ARGENTO

How you feeling, Janice?

INT. HBT COMMAND

Chris stares out the window, at the IAB building across the way, as he speaks to Danny on the phone. Once again, the speakers are off. In the b.g. Shaw talks to the two FBI Agents, Moran and Grey. INTERCUT Danny and Chris:

DANNY

What's the odds on me now, Chris? How's this old horse doing?

CHRIS

Started off slim to none. Getting better by the minute.

DANNY

You have to admit the risk was worth it.

CHRIS

This time. Yes. -- Sometimes, most of the time, it's not.

Danny knows what he is referring to.

DANNY

That hostage is fine and living well not far from here.

CHRIS

Two inches lower and she's not living at all.

DANNY

And if I waited -- what happens?

CHRIS

She might've walked out of there without a scratch.

DANNY

And she might not have.

CHRIS

Two schools of thought, that's all.

DANNY

I don't think so. You just haven't been put in a situation where you're forced to take the risk. You haven't seen an HT take out a hostage.

CHRIS

Tonight I did.

DANNY

You thought you did. -- I lost a hostage -- ten years ago, as I waited hours for the HT to walk out. I had the chance to go in early, to end it but I didn't. After that, I decided I ain't gonna lose another one as I sit there and wait. Even if it means putting myself and the hostages at some risk. I don't have the patience anymore.

Danny waits for a reply, but meets only silence.

DANNY

Chris?

Nothing still. Then:

VOICE (O.S.)

Danny Roman. This is Agent Moran of the Federal Bureau of Investigations. -- We'll be talking to you from here on out.

INT. HBT COMMAND

Moran holds the phone now. Chris stands behind him, next to Agent Grey and Frank Shaw. Moran reaches over and flicks the SPEAKERS back on. INTERCUT:

CHRIS

What the hell is going on here?

DANNY

Put Chris back on the phone. He's the only one I'm talking too. He'll tell you. We have the informant now. She can tell you everything.

MORAN

Mr. Sabian has been taken off the case, Danny.

DANNY

No. Ask Chris. This thing is going to be over soon. The informant we've been speaking about is coming forward. We've found her. Her name is Janice Borg. She's going to explain everything.

MORAN

Janice Borg is dead, Danny. Officers Hendershot and Palermo found her in her apartment with a self-inflicted gunshot wound to the head.

Chris's face falls. A long frozen moment until:

DANNY

What the hell are you talking about?

MORAN

She killed herself.

CLICK. Danny has hung up. Frustrated, Moran picks up the phone again. We hear it RING through the speakers.

CHRIS

Let me keep talking to him. I know what's going on. Janice Borg was the informant. Nathan's informant. He's not lying.

Shaw steps forward.

SHAW

He's stockholming. -- Why else would he believe this now? Is that why you sent those men to Janice's house, Chris? Because he told you she was the informant and you believed it?

Chris turns on Shaw. His eyes narrow suspiciously as he glances around the room full of cops. There's Farley and Tonray and Aldrich and Hellman and fifteen others that could be in on it.

CHRIS

I spoke to her.

There is a brief moment of silence. Hellman's eyes narrow on Chris, trying to discern what he may know. Grey doesn't care.

GREY

Sorry, son. That's not our problem. That's not our concern. We're taking over. -- We're not here to retry this case. You should know that.

His own words earlier. Chris doesn't move:

GREY

Look -- I'll explain it once: Due to the deaths of Deputy Inspector Niebaum and the obvious breakdown in command that has left the tactical team ineffective, the seeming disregard for the well-being of the hostages, and the implications of widespread corruption within your department, the FBI has decided it cannot let the situation continue as it has. We're asking you to leave, Mr. Sabian. We no longer need your services. The FBI is now in charge and will do just what you should've done. -- Get that man out of there. That's it.

Chris knows he has no recourse. TWO OTHER FBI AGENTS appear, taking him by the arms to escort him out.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

As Chris is removed from the building, REPORTERS call out, shouting QUESTIONS. He pays them no heed.

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE -- DANNY

The phone RINGS behind him. He ignores it. Stands alone now. His face that desperate mask once again.

INT. HBT COMMAND

FBI Agent Moran holds the ringing phone:

MORAN

Not answering. I'm going to try the radio.
(raises radio)
Danny, we're not negotiating anymore. We want you to walk out of there.

INT. NIEBAUM'S OFFICE -- DANNY

Just sitting among the hostages now. Staring gauntly off into nothing. The hostages look at him. Moran's voice bleeds over the radio now:

MAGGIE

Danny, Danny, are you O.K.?

MORAN (RADIO)
Danny, your so-called informant is dead.
Niebaum is dead. It's over, there's no
one who can help you now but us.

EXT. THE STREET

Chris led down the street, away from command, by FBI agents.

CHRIS
I get the point. I'm out. Now leave me the
hell alone.

They stop walking. Watch him as he continues on. After a beat, they turn back toward command as Chris disappears into the crowd. But something's up. Chris's eyes scan the street, then focus on the doors to the IAB building. He starts away from the crowd, back toward IAB building. At first walking slowly and then breaking into a dash toward the front doors:

EXT. THE STREET

The crowd takes notice of Chris, staring in wonder as he dashes into the building. Chris raises his radio:

CHRIS
Danny. Danny. I'M COMING UP!

INT. HBT COMMAND

Agent Grey sees Chris through the window:

GREY
Where the hell?
(into radio)
Somebody get that son of a bitch before he
gets upstairs.

INT. IAB OFFICES

Danny looks up as he hears the RADIO crackle.

CHRIS (O.S., RADIO)
...coming up, I'm coming up!

Danny's on his feet, headed for the door.

INT. IAB BUILDING -- CHRIS

COPS try to step in front of Chris. He pushes through. Hits the stairs with full force. TWO COPS on the stairs hold their guns on him as he approaches.

COP
-- STOP!

CHRIS
Shoot me!

He continues on. The cops don't shoot. Below them TWO FBI MEN enter, ready to take care of the job themselves.

INT. IAB BUILDING, STAIRS -- CHRIS

Reaches the 7th floor. Turns off. Going down that hallway once again. He sees Danny standing at the doors, waiting.

DANNY

What the hell's going on out there, Chris?
Somebody had Janice killed.

CHRIS

I know. -- Forget that. Answer me this.
What if Janice Borg had evidence?

DANNY

She didn't.

CHRIS

Only we know that. Nobody else knows that
she didn't leave some evidence behind.
Nobody knows what she told me.

Danny's thinking now. Getting it:

DANNY

If they thought she'd left something,
they'd go for it.

CHRIS

They'd do anything to get it before
everyone else.

Danny understands the implication. A bluff:

DANNY

We have to go get that evidence, Chris.

CHRIS

First we have to get you out of here.

DANNY

The only way the FBI will let me out of
here is in a body bag.

Chris smiles. Now they're getting somewhere.

CHRIS

Not a bad idea.

DANNY

I thought you weren't concerned with my
innocence, Chris?

Chris just looks at him as we hear FEET on the:

THE STAIRS -- TWO FBI MEN

Hauling ass past the 6th. Revealing their guns as they reach the 7th. Stopping at the door there. Not walking on the hot floor. They peer down the hallway, and spot Chris, standing outside the IAB OFFICES. Danny is hidden inside. They target Chris from where they stand:

FBI
Freeze! Move out of there, now.

Chris turns. Sees them:

CHRIS
Take it easy, guys -- no harm done.

Chris turns back to Danny, exchanges one long look as Danny fades back into the office. Chris walks back to the FBI, holding his hands up as we go to:

INT. HBT COMMAND -- LATER

Grey and Moran stand with Chris, interrogating. In the b.g. is Farley, Tonray, and Argento -- apparently returned and talking to Shaw:

GREY
What the hell was that all about?

CHRIS
The deadline he gave is almost up. I think he's suicidal and I think you assholes are going to push him to that point.

MORAN
Well that isn't your problem anymore. Understood? -- Any more shit out of you and I'll have you locked up faster than you can blink.

FARLEY (O.S.)
(interrupting)
We got movement. He's on camera.

Everyone turns, brings their attention to:

THE VIDEO MONITOR, displaying Danny Roman -- from behind -- stepping into frame. From this high back angle, we can see that he's loading his weapon, facing his hostages who are O.S.

CHRIS
Goddamn it. -- Let me talk to him. Let me talk to him.

Then, over the radio:

DANNY'S VOICE (over radio)
...my fundamental duty is to serve mankind, to safeguard lives and property; To protect the innocent against deception; the weak against oppression; the peaceful against violence or disorder; and to be honest in thought and deed in both my personal and official life.

SHAW
Christ. He's reciting the Police Oath.

DANNY'S VOICE (over radio)
I am not going to jail today.

CHRIS
He snapped. Do something, Moran. Send the men in.

MORAN (into radio)
Danny, listen to me here...

On the SCREEN, Danny raises his gun toward the HOSTAGES.

CHRIS
Jesus Christ. He's gone. We backed him into a corner.

TONRAY
Chris is right. He sees no way out. He'll take 'em all with him. He's going to shoot the hostages so that we shoot him. Suicide by Police.

BECK
I say we go in! He wants us to kill him. Send the men in now before he forces us to!

CHRIS
For the first time, I agree.

And then, right in front of their eyes, Danny Roman fires his GUN. There's A SCREAM O.S.! A collective gasp in command. All eyes on Moran. He raises the radio:

MORAN
Move in! Move in! Full BREACH! Send in the tear gas and move in behind. We are moving! SHOOT ON SIGHT!

Suddenly, it happens. Everyone is on the move, a full force BREACH happens before our eyes:

VARIOUS SHOTS

THE CONTAINMENT TEAM -- BLASTS the HALLWAY with GAS. Moves through the HAIL of SMOKE. ELEVATOR SHAFT -- As Tac Cops assault the trap doors, dropping through. STAIRS -- As Cops pound up in full formation, guns out. TEAR GAS MEN in front of the line. Wearing gas masks. RAPELLERS -- Sail over the side of the building. Heading for the 7th floor. SNIPERS -- Shoot TEAR GAS from NEARBY roofs through the broken window. HELICOPTERS -- Hovering like vultures, snipers hang out the side. Look for shots. The idea behind the breach is simple -- to create enough chaos to distract the HT from shooting himself or another hostage. It is always the last resort.

ON THE STREET -- CATCH TEAM MEMBERS and PARAMEDICS rush inside the BUILDING, waiting for hostages. MEDIA reports the sudden events -- CAMERAS aimed high. -- Catching the SMOKE wafting out of the IAB offices. It's chaos now.

INT. HBT COMMAND

Chris Sabian stands calmly amidst it all. Watching those MONITORS -- where we see the form of Danny Roman now engulfed in the cloud of TEAR GAS. We lose sight of him. Chris finally pulls himself away. Moves to the front door.

INT. IAB OFFICES -- TAC TEAM MEN

HAND SIGNAL to move into the office. They surge through the smoke. Through the shattered doors. Into:

THE OUTER OFFICE. Engulfed in SMOKE and FIRE set off by the tear gas. Fires grow and rage skyward, devouring the BLINDS on the window and spreading across rugs. SCREAMS resound. Faceless TAC TEAM members search through the smoke. Vision reduced to a concussive series of blurry strobe-like images of motion and fire.

WOOOOSH! SPRINKLERS start spitting water. A DOWNPOUR. A TAC TEAM MEMBER finds MAGGIE. Another finds RUDY.

A GAS-MASKED TEAM MEMBER finds the body of WESTERLY, with a bloody SHOULDER WOUND, lying face down in his suit and tie. He lifts him quickly -- slips a gas mask over his face. Pulls him toward the door:

TAC TEAM MEMBER
Catch team. Injured hostage. We have
Westerly. Bullet wound. Moving out. This
man needs medical attention!

Through the haze we Aldrich striding through, searching desperately. Other members scour the area, looking for Danny:

MEMBER
No sign of HT. No sign of Roman. We've
got all hostages. No Roman.

ALLEN tosses furniture aside, searching. Finally he moves to the closet, ripping the door open. Inside, he finds:

RAPELLER ONE. Alive and choking on the tear gas. A TAC TEAM MEMBER steps up beside Allen.

TAC MEMBER
Holy shit!
(into radio)
Commander Beck. We have a hostage,
presumed dead, still alive. I repeat --
Johnson is alive and unharmed. He didn't
kill him, sir.

THE OUTER OFFICE

Grows louder, drowning out the TAC Team Member. It's like a tropical storm with the volume of water sprayed down, BLACK RAIN with FIRE the only light. FLAMES still grow. The FIRE's eating up the room, crackling tendrils of FLAME trying to grab everyone. One TAC member is suddenly engulfed in FLAME. He's thrown down by the others, smothering him. And then,

through the NOISE of FIRE and SHOUTING, one VOICE rings out:

VOICE (O.S.)

I got 'em!

Everyone moves. A TAC TEAM MEMBER leans over the BODY of Danny Roman, in his sweat shirt and jeans, lying face down, writhing in demented paroxysm of movement, obviously choking on smoke. TEN MEN surge upon him, aiming their RIFLES at him.

TAC TEAM MEMBER

Turn over. Slowly. Let me see your hands, goddamn it! Let me see them!

He doesn't turn. A team member moves in, pushes him face up with a foot, cautiously. TAC TEAM MEMBERS' fingers tighten on their triggers. Then, suddenly -- they lower their guns as we HEAR one MAN exclaim under his mask:

MEMBER

What the hell?

He sees WESTERLY dressed in Danny's sweatshirt and jeans. Lying with his mouth taped. Staring up at the men.

STAIRCASE -- TAC TEAM MEMBER

Carrying Westerly, "The Hostage in the Suit" to safety. They hit the bottom. Quickly check the area. No men. No smoke nor fire. "Westerly" stands tall. Without help. They remove their masks, revealing themselves as EAGLE and -- DANNY ROMAN.

DANNY

Thank you, Eagle.

EAGLE

We should keep moving. There's a loading dock out back. This way.

INT. IAB OFFICES

Men weave between the FIRE and WATER and SMOKE. Two men drag Westerly out. Aldrich and Allen move toward Hellman, all three men aware that Danny has disappeared and they must find him. A TEAM LEADER raises his radio:

LEADER

Commander. Catch team has retrieved all hostages. But Roman is gone, sir.

BECK (O.S., RADIO)

What? Say again.

INT. FIRST FLOOR -- IAB BUILDING

Danny and Eagle move through a boiler room. TWO TAC TEAM MEMBERS stand ten yards ahead -- sealing off any exit. Danny and Eagle proceed with caution.

EXT. IAB BUILDING

RUDY exits, escorted to a PARAMEDIC. He looks at the CROWD. Smiles and WAVES. The CROWD responds with a collective CHEER. Rudy revels in it. Smiling for the camera as REPORTERS call out: "HOW WAS IT INSIDE? WHAT WAS IT LIKE?" Behind Rudy, Westerly and Maggie are brought out.

CUT TO:

Two TAC TEAM MEMBERS handcuffed to the railing in the boiler room. Stripped of all weapons and radios. They look ahead at the BACK DOOR, swinging in the breeze. Through it, we find:

EXT. A LOADING DOCK

Danny and Eagle, standing outside. Looking for something in the back alley as they hear on the RADIO:

BECK (RADIO)

I want men on every floor. Check the elevator shaft. Check every closet.

TWO PATROL CARS turn the corner, without any lights on. SCREECH to a halt. Danny runs to the first one, ripping open the door -- jumps in the front seat. Eagle races to the other vehicle, driven by Palermo:

INT. CAR

Danny faces Chris as they pull away. Beyond words. Chris hits the gas. They take off through the streets behind the building. Still unnoticed.

EXT. IAB BUILDING -- FRONT

As TAC TEAM members pour out, FIRE FIGHTERS rush in with hoses and equipment. Beck and Shaw stand at the entrance, still receiving word:

VOICE (RADIO)

Sir, this is Hansen from team five. We have something.

BECK

Talk to me, son.

INT. IAB BUILDING

TAC Team Members have stumbled upon those TWO COPS, handcuffed at the back entrance. One Tac Cop is on the RADIO:

TAC COP

Sir, we found two men handcuffed at the back entrance. Guys here say there were Tac Members helping Roman out. Said they got into patrol cars and took off.

EXT. IAB BUILDING -- BECK

BECK

He's gone mobile. -- Sabian. Where the fuck is Sabian?

SHAW

Stop any patrol car leaving this scene. Let's get 'copters up. -- And I want to talk to those hostages, see if they know anything.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Away from the scene. -- Under a torrent of snow, two POLICE CARS cruise through downtown Chicago.

INT. POLICE CAR

A COPTER sweeps above them, saturating them in a beam of white search light. They've been spotted. Danny and Chris exchange a look, then:

CHRIS

Hold on.

Chris hits the gas. They're off. Palermo and Eagle behind them, keeping pace. They spin on the snow-covered streets. Chris drives with nerveless absorption. Danny holds onto the dash with a white-knuckled grip. Behind them:

THE PATROL CAR that gives chase tries to keep pace. And it's a strange view: POLICE CAR chasing POLICE CAR with no one else in front. We hear a RADIO:

COP (RADIO)

Headed South on State Street, approaching Culton. Driving, well -- a white Taurus. They're in a patrol car. Let's not take any ill-advised shots. Perps look just like all of us.

WHOOSH! Two PATROL CARS join the chase at the tail end. The HELICOPTER continues the chase. From up here all one can see is A SEA OF COP CARS -- A sea of revolving lights and sirens -- it's hard to tell who is who on the snow-white streets of downtown Chicago as we go to:

EXT. IAB BUILDING

As paramedics, firefighters, and TAC TEAM MEMBERS clean up the mess. And there, on the ambulance, we find Rudy speaking to Beck, Grey, Shaw, Hellman, Argento, and other officers:

RUDY

I heard everything them motherfuckers were talking about. They said they were going to that Sabian's parents' house on the lake or something. Danny would hole up there for a couple of days until everything calmed down.

BECK

Let's find out where the Sabians live and
get a team down there.

CUT TO:

TIRES screeching and skidding over wet snow. The lead PATROL CAR -- Danny's car, skids around an icy bend, followed by FIVE PATROL CARS NOW. Helicopter's searchlight sweeping over them.

INT. DANNY'S CAR

Chris, blinded by the thick pellets of snow scouring the windshield and the blinding SEARCHLIGHT, fights to see. He swerves -- avoids a pole, careens off a parked car. Regains momentum. Danny buckles up, when:

ANOTHER PATROL CAR SCREAMS off a side street toward Danny's car. Chris swerves viciously. But the car SKIDS on ICE. Ramming into them violently. As they separate, pulling onto a wide thoroughfare, that PATROL CAR has the lead. The HELICOPTER'S BEAM goes back and forth, trying to find the right car.

INT. HELICOPTER

The PILOT looks down as he flies:

PILOT

Where is he? Goddamn. Which one is he? We
lost him. I don't know who the fuck's
chasing who down there.

EXT. IAB BUILDING

Rudy is still holding court on the back of that ambulance.

RUDY

They said after that they was goin' for
some evidence this girl cop left. She
told Sabian about it. I heard Sabian tell
Danny it was in one of them lockers at
Union Station. That's what he said. Said
it told who the real murderer was. Who
stole the money. I don't know what that
was all about. He's going to lay low for
a while until he can go back and get it.

Beck and Shaw exchange a glance.

INT. THE COPTER

Cutting a sinuous path through snowy sky, and still has the 8 cars below in sight. The convoy of POLICE CARS tears ass through the city. As we ride with the helicopter, we suddenly lose sight of the cars under:

AN EL TRAIN shuttling through the heart of Chicago. The CARS slew carelessly between steel beams under the El, nearly wrecking from turn to turn.

THE HELICOPTER above tries to follow the chase. But it's cut off by the El.

INT. DANNY'S CAR -- NIGHT

Danny spins around as Chris drives, checking the area. Sees the line of cars following behind:

DANNY

Jesus Christ, they have the whole goddamn force out here.

Behind: Palermo trails with another car right alongside. The cars churning high speed, fishtailing on the snow-covered pavement. Palermo and the other cop car side by side, each car pushing the other:

Danny looks forward again to see the LEAD PATROL CAR turn on a dime, skidding to a halt in front of them. Trying for a road block. Chris reacts. Cuts the wheel. Just missing a steel girder -- barely avoiding the car as he hops a curb. He hits a patch of ice, loses control, broadsiding a parked car. -- Debris showers the vehicle, cracking the windshield in a SPIDER WEB pattern of glass. Danny holds on with a white-knuckled grip. Looking behind him where:

PALERMO and THE OTHER CAR are still side by side. Fighting for position. ALL OTHER CARS close behind. THEN: twenty yards in front of the other CAR:

A SNOW DRIFT. Snow piled high on the right side of the street. THE CAR tries to slow, but PALERMO slows with him, pacing him now, and WHAM! The CAR hits the SNOW DRIFT viciously. Snow SPRAYING over the vehicles like a VOLCANO as the vehicle is embedded in the drift. Palermo takes off -- leading. No one on the tail.

OTHER CARS skid and swerve to avoid the accident. The DRIVER of the car in the drift pushes snow aside and climbs out the window, POINTING -- TO THE CORNER -- as Palermo's car disappears around a bend.

DRIVER

They went right! Right!

And they're off. Trying to get traction. They make the right following the car down another side street that comes to a:

DEAD END. THE LEAD CAR SKIDS to a halt, narrowly missing full wreckage at the dead end. Three police cars SCREECH to a stop behind it. OFFICERS RUSH OUT. Drawing weapons and taking aim:

COP

Come out. -- Slowly! Let me see hands!

The car doors open, two men step out. The helicopter sweeps above, bringing its spotlight on PALERMO, and EAGLE:

EAGLE

Wrong fucking guys, assholes. We're on your side.

Eagle can't help but smile at the confused faces.

EXT. ADAMS STREET -- NIGHT

Danny and Chris turn down Adams Street. No one following. A LOW CHOP-CHOP of a HELICOPTER can be heard in the near distance.

EXT. THE AIR -- A HELICOPTER

THE PILOT'S spotted Danny's car.

PILOT

We have a visual on Roman and Sabian.
They're on Adams downtown. About two
blocks East of Union Station.

INT. A CAR

KAREN ROMAN drives. She turns a corner onto the:

STREET OUTSIDE IAB

Ambulances are pulling away. COPS are disbursing what's left of the crowd. Karen pulls over, jumping out to confront an OFFICER.

OFFICER

...Keep it moving, Ma'am. You can get a
better view on the news --

KAREN

But my husband was--

But she's interrupted by A CALL over the Officer's radio:

RADIO

Sir, we have new information on Roman's
location. He's been spotted outside Union
Station and is possibly on foot.

The Officer listens briefly, then turns back to Karen -- but she's already in the car -- taking off as we:

CUT TO:

AN ELDERLY WOMAN moving hastily through her hallway as the BANGING on her front door rises to a crescendo. She reaches the door, opens it, revealing:

TEN COPS in the ready position. Pointing rifles in her face. Her face goes pallid:

COP

We're looking for your son, ma'am.

She stares, speechless, when we HEAR over the COP'S radio:

RADIO DISPATCHER

Roman and Sabian's position has been confirmed at Union Station. All cars are to proceed to Union Station. Suspects are armed and dangerous. Standing orders until countermanded are to seal off the station and do not enter until tactical team is in place. Do not fire unless fired upon.

The cop just smiles awkwardly at the woman. Lowering his gun.

INT. UNION STATION CONCOURSE - NIGHT

A grand train station built at the height of luxury rail travel, reminiscent of New York's Grand Central Terminal. Despite the hour, the station is bustling with PEOPLE, the CROWDS thick and continually moving on both the PROMENADE and it's balconies overlooking the main CONCOURSE. From the vantage point of the promenade we get:

A BINOCULAR'S POV

Of the concourse and the lockers. A sweeping, methodical search of the entire floor. It sweeps up a staircase on the opposite side, all the way up, then suddenly jerking back down to rest on:

HELLMAN -- BINOCULAR POV

It holds there a second, moving back to the floor toward a newsstand where ARGENTO stands, scanning the crowd. It holds on Argento, then moves on, toward the balcony across to find:

ALDRICH AND ALLEN, also searching the crowds by the lockers.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Hellman, Argento, Aldrich, and Allen.
That's all I can find.

And we see, in the shadows of a pillar on the PROMENADE -- DANNY and CHRIS, cautiously scoping out the scene. Danny sees Hellman below, eyes him:

DANNY

Doesn't make sense. Can't be just them. Those little pieces of shit couldn't get their hands on the funds. They had no access. -- They had to have a connection to the cash.

CHRIS

I think they're waiting for you.

Danny takes the binoculars from Chris, pinpointing each man briefly, then takes a deep resigned breath. Looks at Chris:

DANNY

I'll play it out.

Chris hands Danny a small tape recorder. Danny slips it in his pocket.

DANNY

I'm gonna to push them hard, but no matter what, don't let them take me out of here.

CHRIS

What if they don't bite?

DANNY

Then we play the bluff out, wait for everyone to arrive and force their hand. -
- Go along with whatever I do.

Chris nods, and Danny disappears into the crowd. Chris lifts the binoculars, scanning the floor until he can finally spot:

DANNY

Moving steadily with the crowd as he approaches a locker, keeping an eye on the faces in the crowd. Danny reaches under his shirt and pulls out an envelope. He unlocks:

A LOCKER. Places the envelope inside quickly. He steps back. LOCKS it. THE CROWD around him covers his movements even as they jostle each other. A beat. Then, suddenly, Danny is thrown up against the locker. Face in metal, he HEARS:

VOICE (O.S.)

Where's the evidence, Danny?

Danny turns and barely sees:

DANNY

Hellman.

Danny looks out, beyond Hellman. Sees Allen, Aldrich and Argento all in place. Waiting in the wings. Some PEOPLE have caught on to the drama by the lockers but Allen is waving his badge around trying to move them away.

HELLMAN

We're here to arrest you.

DANNY

So arrest me.

HELLMAN

We spoke to Rudy, we know there's evidence. We'd like to take it in. Have it looked at. Where's is it?

DANNY

There is no evidence. I don't know what the hell you're talking about.

He forces Danny into the locker.

HELLMAN

Give me the fucking evidence so we can walk out of here.

DANNY

Why? So you can destroy it? -- Because your names are on the list?

HELLMAN

Do you think I'm fucking stupid? -- What are you wired? -- Just tell me which locker it's in.

DANNY

I don't know what you're talking about.

Fed up. He jabs the gun in Danny's ribs:

HELLMAN

Son of bitch. Where the fuck is it?

DANNY

What are you gonna do? Kill me here? -- How'd you get your hands on the money, Hellman? And which one of you killed Nathan? Tell me.

HELLMAN

Is that the way it's gonna be? All right fuck it. -- You don't have to tell us here. We'll make you tell us in the car. Let's go.

Danny gets the implication. Hellman starts to drag him away when:

CHRIS emerges through the dense crowd. Gun high and aimed at HELLMAN. In return, Allen, Aldrich and Argento all take aim at Chris. The crowd around them quickly begins to disperse.

CHRIS

Relax, fellas. You're not going anywhere.

EXT. UNION STATION - SAME TIME

As an ARMY of POLICE CARS roar around every conceivable corner, converging on Union station. Cars SKID to a halt out front. REVOLVING LIGHTS stroboscopically illuminating the night. SIRENS at full volume. VOICES SHOUT. Car DOORS SLAM.

BECK

Seal it off!

Beck's TEAM rings the station. Like an army awaiting marching orders. SNIPERS ready. CONTAINMENT TEAM ready. MORE SIRENS approach. More cars are arriving. Then, at the doors:

TAC MEMBER

Sir, they've been spotted inside. By the lockers for the Northwest line.

BECK

All right -- move in. By the numbers.

INT. STATION -- BY THE LOCKERS

Chris and Danny face off with Hellman and his team:

HELLMAN

All we're doing is apprehending an escaped felon, Sabian. What the hell are you doing pointing a gun at police officers?

CHRIS

I'm not pointing my gun at a fellow officer, I'm pointing it a goddamn murderer. We know it's you.

HELLMAN

I don't know what you're talking about.

ALLEN

Put your fucking gun down, Sabian.

It's a stand-off as:

A world of SOUND invades. ECHOES of an INVASION FORCE. Far-off REVERBERATIONS in this GALLERY of SLAMMING DOORS and TRAMPING FEET. Suddenly:

THE BALCONY on the promenade above them is ringed with COPS - every weapon CLICK! SNAP! CRACK! LOCKED and LOADED, ready to explode into action and pointed down at the men on the concourse. The floor clears as the CROWD sees guns, SCREAMING and running for cover. And now:

THE CONCOURSE is almost deserted, the only men left standing, not fleeing, are seven cops, all on different sides of the law. BECK steps to the edge of the balcony, examining the scene below.

BECK

Put the gun down, Sabian.

Sabian doesn't respond. KACHUNK! Officers with shotguns draw down on him.

BECK

Sabian, lower your gun.

SABIAN

Respectfully, sir. I'm not moving. Not until Hellman and these other three are disarmed and explain their actions here.

Beck narrows his eyes on Hellman and the others holding guns on Chris and Danny. Hellman jumps in quickly with:

HELLMAN

Sir, I took a chance. I thought they would come here first. I was right. We were about to arrest Roman when Sabian drew on us.

Then:

DANNY

There's evidence in this locker, left here by Janice Borg. A list of all the men who were involved in taking money from the Health and Welfare Fund. Hellman and the others came here to destroy it. Chris came here with me to retrieve it, and I am not leaving here without it. I am not taking the chance that one of the guilty parties will tamper with it. With your permission, I'd like to get it from the locker.

Allen, Argento, Aldrich and Hellman all exchange a look. Hellman takes a step forward. Chris takes aim on him.

CHRIS

Don't you move.

Danny's hand goes to the locker.

BECK

Danny, you put your hand in that locker, I'm going to have you shot.

Danny's hand stops as we HEAR a CACOPHONY of RUNNING FEET, SLAMMING DOORS, and LOADING WEAPONS once more. Chris looks up toward Beck and smiles as we hear:

VOICE (O.S.)

There'll be no shooting, Beck.

THE PROMENADE

Above, where KA-CHUNK! Sawed-off shot guns are loaded up by the new team of COPS. Men we haven't seen before. -- They draw down on:

BECK'S TEAM, who responds by raising its weapons and WHIRLING around to see themselves surrounded by Tac Cops and Snipers led by:

GENE MARSHALL. Chris's partner from the SOUTH SIDE. We met him earlier at Chris's house. Chris nods gratefully to Gene. There's a moment of silence as everyone considers the situation:

TWO SMALL ARMIES facing off in urban warfare. We hear the BOOMING VOICE of GENE:

GENE

Commander Beck. Order your men to stand down. Now. So Danny can retrieve the evidence.

Beck moves forward, GROWLING out to his men:

BECK

Hold positions. Weapons ready.

On THE CONCOURSE Chris, Danny, Beck and his men all watch the tensely poised firepower mounted around them.

Then, above, we see Gene's face peer down.

GENE

We're waiting for orders, Chris.

Chris's eyes go curiously to:

THE PROMENADE

As Beck wades through his men like a five star General to go toe to toe with Gene.

BECK

What the hell do you think you're doing?

GENE

We're just here to insure that justice is served, Commander. -- You will not break protocol here. Not here.

Beck stares Gene down, but he never flinches. And there in the middle of Union Station:

THE CHICAGO POLICE FORCE

Has guns trained on one another. Fingers turn white on triggers as wide-eyed men stare down the barrels of guns held by fellow officers. The slightest movement might set off a round of gunfire. Then there's MOVEMENT in the middle of the men and we see:

AGENTS GREY AND MORAN followed closely by INSPECTOR FRANK SHAW, staring wide-eyed at the stalemate. Shaw steps forward, between the opposing factions. Walking between the menacing guns with stolid indifference.

As he passes, men on all sides relent slightly, fingers relaxing on triggers, tension seeming to abate as the Inspector takes charge.

SHAW

What the hell is going on here, Beck?

Beck goes to answer when we HEAR:

DANNY

Shaw, there is an envelope in here that will not be handed over to any Chicago Police Officers. -- I want you to send down the FBI. They're the only ones I trust with this envelope.

SHAW

I understand your hesitancy, Danny. I'll take the envelope myself. I assure you, it will not be tampered with. -- Then I want you and Sabian to turn yourselves in. Understood?

DANNY

No, sir. -- Inside this envelope is evidence that will show who stole the money from Health and Welfare and who, in turn, killed Nathan. No one touches it but the FBI.

There is A MURMUR from among the troops. Hellman, Argento, Aldrich and Allen exchange nervous glances. Looking up at the ring of armed men surrounding them. Looking toward cover -- there is none. They are trapped out in the open.

SHAW

We have guns on you, Roman. You don't have much of a choice. You'll surrender. Now.

DANNY

I just want to hand over the envelope to the FBI and then you can take me in. It's not unreasonable.

Hellman sweats now. Allen's eyes are searching for an escape.

SHAW

Danny, I advise you to raise your hands over your head and walk away from that locker right now.

DANNY

Not without the envelope.

Then:

MORAN

Enough. I'll take the envelope, Roman. I'm coming down.

Moran starts down the steps. Every eye in the house is on him. His steps RING out HOLLOWLY in the soundless chamber.

Aldrich sweats, eyes moving to Danny. Allen's hands tremble. Hellman sees their fear. It's starting to wear on him.

DANNY waits by the locker as Moran comes down the stairs. Still point. Men hold their breath. Hellman's eyes locked on the locker. You can hear a pin drop. Danny's eyes search men's faces as he waits, scanning for any sign -- betraying any uneasiness.

CHRIS watches Beck, and Shaw, and Farley -- trying to see any guilty fear in any of them. He scans further. Other faces. No sign. Nobody's biting. Shit. There is no movement.

Then he catches sight of something peripherally. He turns, scanning back -- he sees nothing. Only:

BECK AND FARLEY

And an empty spot at the edge of the balcony. Frank Shaw is gone. But there's a subtle movement at the edge of the promenade where:

A SERVICE DOOR

Leading to a maintenance corridor is opened by:

INSPECTOR SHAW

Slowly and quietly slipping through it. Chris reacts:

CHRIS

Danny. -- Shaw.

Danny turns, sees Shaw sneaking away. He bit.

DANNY

Shaw!

THE SERVICE DOOR suddenly SLAMS open and Shaw is through it like a running deer, kicking into a full-throttled run. All the cops on the scene see him now. Not quite understanding what's going on.

DANNY, without hesitation, starts after Shaw.

BECK'S TEAM draws a bead -- guns at the ready. Fingers on triggers but:

GENE

HOLD FIRE!

Almost simultaneously:

BECK

Hold fire! -- Lock down that hallway!

There's a moment of complete confusion as Danny chases after Frank Shaw until, all hell breaks loose, and every cop starts moving. Gene's southside team follows Danny and Shaw. Beck's team starts after them. And:

DANNY slams through the SERVICE DOOR to a maintenance hallway. Station WORKERS line the hallway. Shaw pushes through them, gun out, Danny following behind as Shaw disappears around another corner. Danny follows, turning the corner, seeing another door. He hits the door, SLAM! Through that door and into the darkness of:

THE TRAIN TUNNELS

Danny can barely see the several TRACKS laid across the grand tunnel. FOUR in all. All leading toward the station platform. Then BAM! BAM! GUNSHOTS.

TWO FLASHES OF LIGHT suddenly BLAST out from the recesses of the tunnel. TWO SHOTS fired in darkness that PING! Off the walls. Danny moves quickly for cover -- into the tunnel, now shrouded in darkness. The only light provided from the:

GRATES above. At street level. Letting in the light from the STREETLIGHTS. The light is irregular, only making the shadows deeper.

SHAW loses sight of Danny as he steps out of the doorframe, no longer backlit. Shaw's breathing heavy, eyes darting back and forth, trying to see imagined threats in the darkness. Then, upwelling SOUND, the RUMBLING of a TRAIN draws closer, on a track 20 yards away.

THE ENTRANCE DOOR

Is suddenly shadowed again as Chris, followed by the SILHOUETTES of Gene and the SOUTH-SIDE TAC COPS moving through in regimented formation, blocking the light, then becoming lost in the blackness. Chris surveys the scene:

CHRIS

Get men upstairs on the grates, Gene. You might be able to see him from there.

Gene nods. Grabs some men and goes back down the hallway.

INT. UNION STATION CONCOURSE

Beck, thrown by this turn of events, deploys his team into the hallways and down the tunnel in precise formation.

BECK

I want Roman and Shaw.

As he gives orders he sees:

HELLMAN, ALDRICH, ALLEN AND ARGENTO

Moving away from the mass of cops who enter in the tunnel.

BECK

Hellman. -- Get your team in line.

Hellman looks back at Beck. Then sees MORAN and GREY opening the locker. Turns away. Ignoring Beck -- moving off with his team. Reaching a corner and then -- taking off into a SPRINT, followed by his men. Beck, even more confused now, grabs two of his MEN and starts after them. Behind Beck:

MORAN AND GREY

Have the locker opened. Grey reaches in, finding the envelope. Opens it, revealing a blank sheet of paper. On his look as we go to:

INT. TUNNELS -- SHAW

Intense light. Shaw sees the LIGHTS of the TRAIN. The RUMBLING draws closer. Shaw starts moving down the tunnel, along the tracks, toward the train, we lose sight of him in the bright HEADLIGHT of the TRAIN. Behind him:

DANNY starts down the tunnels, after SHAW. Another SET of LIGHTS from another TRAIN beckons, coming down Danny's tunnel, and for one moment he sees the FIGURE of SHAW running on the parallel set of tracks. He raises his gun when:

THE LIGHTS from the train BLIND him completely.

He loses sight of Shaw. The sound of the TRAINS intensified here. It sounds like the foundations of the earth are crumbling. Behind Danny:

Chris moves quickly, catching sight of EAGLE and PALERMO racing down the tracks with other men from Beck's team, staying low. Chris points down the tunnel. Has to HOLLER over the sound of the trains:

CHRIS

It was Shaw. Down there. Danny followed.

Chris, Eagle, and Palermo start down the tunnel.

SHAW -- TUNNEL AHEAD

TWO TRAINS flank him, sending up BLUE ARCS of SPARKS from the tracks. He looks above his head toward the dim shafts of light through the grates and the feet of pedestrians above. Suddenly he stops, as the TRAINS pass him and he moves off the main tracks, into a shadowed, dark area on the side.

EXT. THE STREET - SAME TIME

As COPS emerge from below like an invading army -- sweeping the street clean of pedestrians and stopping traffic. The SOUTH SIDE LIEUTENANT -- Gene -- walks down the center of Adams as his men secure the perimeter, SCREAMING:

GENE

I want a man on every grate. Cut him off.

INT. STATION

WHAM! Hellman and crew forge a sinuous path through the station with Beck and his team hot on their heels. Hellman reaches the train platform, and turns as Beck's team POUNDS down the stairs to meet up with:

GUN FIRE blazing from Hellman and crew from their positions behind cement columns. Beck's team takes cover.

BECK

Goddamn. My own fucking cops are shooting at me!

INT. THE TUNNELS

THE THUNDEROUS ROAR OF A TRAIN. We find Danny, running, bathed in the glow of an oncoming TRAIN, gun moving back and forth as his eyes keenly survey the tracks. Continues on, sees nothing, crosses the tracks when WHAM! He's suddenly blindsided. He drops his weapon, falling INCHES from the STEEL WHEELS of the passing train.

Shaw is on him, thrusting a gun in his face. They're both YELLING, but we can't hear them over the DEAFENING ENGINES. LIGHT and SHADOWS cross Shaw's face. He looks up, seeing:

TAC TEAM BOOTS HAMMERING on the GRATES above. He pulls Danny up, gun to his head as -- a train sweeps down the tracks.

HEADLIGHTS shining bright upon them, LIGHTING them up and:

CHRIS, EAGLE AND PALERMO

See them, twenty yards ahead. Shaw dragging Danny, bathed in the glow of the train lights. Shaw reacts, sending three SHOTS their way, while:

EXT. THE STREET ABOVE

Tac Cops see Shaw -- spotlit by the headlight -- and take aim. A TAC COP peers down, then BAM! BAM! BAM! Shaw's shooting up at them and the Tac Cop rolls off the grates, dodging Shaw's bullets.

INT. THE TUNNELS BELOW

Chris, flanked by Eagle and Palermo, speckled with bluish light from streetlights above, continues down the main tunnel, catching sight of Shaw, he disappears into:

A NARROW SIDE TUNNEL. Pulling Danny with him, seeking refuge from the sound and fury of the huge metallic beasts and COPS behind him. He continues down the tunnel when he HEARS:

CHRIS

Shaw!

He turns, Danny shielding him, seeing:

CHRIS

His gun up, framed up against the GLARING lights of the station and other trains. Blue arcs of sparks backlight Chris. Chris sees Danny's face bloodied from the blow of the gun, but he's nodding his head, take the shot:

SHAW

Stay back!

CHRIS

Inspector, you know you can't win this one.

Shaw tightens his stranglehold on Danny as he backs up along the tracks, his eyes finding:

A HEAVY STEEL DOOR

Chris doesn't flinch, waiting for the open shot. Shaw reaches the door, backing up into it.

SHAW

I'm getting out of here.

He kicks the door open, pulling Danny in with him.

INT. THE PHYSICAL PLANT/ MACHINERY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A room filled with huge STEEL GENERATORS and BOILERS. STEAM vents out the sides, obscuring the darkened room further as

Shaw drags Danny into its recesses. The only light in the room comes intermittently through:

AN INDUSTRIAL EXHAUST FAN. Light shines through from an exterior source. Shaw ducks out of the light, between the mammoth machines and back into darkness, gun pressed to Danny's head the whole way.

CHRIS

Races to the door, cautiously peering around the doorframe as -- BAM! BAM! Two shots RICOCHET off the door.

Palermo and Eagle come racing as they hear the SHOTS fired. Chris waves to slow them down, explaining:

CHRIS

He's got Danny. Inside there.
(yelling to Shaw)
There's no way out of there.

SHAW (O.S.)

There's also no way in here. You come in here, I swear to Christ, I'll shoot him.

CHRIS

(to Eagle and Palermo)
Find someone who knows this room. Get maintenance. I want to know if there's any other way in there.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM

BULLETS FLY wildly. A salvo of pulsefire tears across the TRAIN PLATFORM as innocent BYSTANDERS race for cover. Beck's TAC TEAM exchanges shots with Hellman and his crew.

THUNDEROUS BURSTS ricochet between metal girders as passing trains drown out the sound of bullets.

ALLEN

Is under siege. Bullets tear into the cement around him, SHREDDING it to splinters and cutting up his face. Hellman and the others retreat, leaving him in a defenseless position. As TAC COPS move forward in cover formation on him, he throws down his weapon and stands, hands up, surrendering.

Hellman signals to his men to retreat as he turns to see:

MORE TAC MEN coming from behind. BULLETS FLY and Argento and Aldrich throw up their hands. But Hellman won't -- he runs -- only one place to go. The TRACKS. He leaps off the platform.

Beck follows, shooting wildly. TWO TRAINS bore down on Hellman, but we can't tell which tracks they occupy. Hellman SHOOTS as he runs backward, then stumbles, taking a hit in the shoulder from Beck's Heckler and Koch MP5. His foot hits:

The THIRD RAIL. It sends an arc of blue electricity through his BODY just as THE ONCOMING TRAIN SMASHES into him --

dragging him down the track.

INT. MACHINERY ROOM

Shaw's backed up into a corner, holding the gun to Danny's head. It's momentarily quiet.

DANNY

You'll lose, Shaw. -- You never should've chose me.

SHAW

Who else? You're the only one crazy enough to frame. Nobody knew what to expect from you. -- They all believed you were capable of it.

DANNY

And you had Hellman kill Nathan? How'd he get involved?

SHAW

Figure it out, Danny. -- I couldn't just take the money. I had to hide it. I used Hellman and the other guys accounts to filter the money through. Small disbursements over a period of time. I thought nobody would ever see it. I paid them a percentage. I even paid IAB off so they wouldn't check into anything.

INT. TUNNEL -- OUTSIDE MACHINE ROOM

Chris stands with Eagle, Palermo and a MAINTENANCE MAN holding blueprints the back room.

CHRIS

This is the only door in.

PALERMO

Where's that light coming from?

MAINTENANCE MAN

The street. Through a grating. There's an exhaust fan that draws the heat out through the grates on the street.

Chris tries to get a glimpse of the fan. Then he indicates PALERMO AND EAGLE. To the Maintenance Man:

CHRIS

Show these men where that grating is. -- I'm going in. I'll get him in front of the fan. Green light only on my signal.

Both men are off and running. Chris takes a deep breath and moves into the darkness. BULLETS RING OUT, strafing the door, and Chris dives behind a boiler, momentarily hidden:

CHRIS

I'm in, Shaw. You don't know where I am.

BAM! -- DING! A bullet hits the boiler, near Chris's head. Pretty close.

SHAW (O.S.)
I think I can guess. -- Don't come any closer. I will shoot him.

CHRIS
And then what are you going to do?

SHAW
I want you to get me a way out of here, Sabian.

Chris quickly moves closer -- in the direction of Shaw's voice. BAM! Shaw fires into darkness, trying to find Chris. Chris pauses behind some other machinery, eyeing the fan.

CHRIS
I don't know if I can do that, Inspector.

Chris catches sight of Shaw and Danny briefly as he moves through this maze of darkness and light between the machinery, playing cat and mouse. He follows the movement and listens as:

SHAW (O.S.)
If you don't -- I'll kill him.

CHRIS
And then you're dead for sure.

But now its hard to tell where any voice is coming from as they REVERBERATE off the MACHINES. And then the light changes, becoming slightly more shadowed. Chris glances at the exhaust fan, seeing SHADOWS behind it.

EXT. STREET -- A HOLLOW PIT

A concrete square box just below street level -- covered with a steel grating that is now ripped off. The pit's lit by a single streetlight above. The point where the exhaust fans spews out excess heat.

EAGLE AND PALERMO

Inside the pit, eye up the fan, warily. The FAN spins rapidly, menacingly. They can barely see through it into the machinery room.

PALERMO
We gotta stop it. We'll never get a shot off through that.

EAGLE
We stop it, we'll draw attention to ourselves. I can get the shot. Just let me do it.

PALERMO
You cover Chris. I'll get the HT.

EAGLE

I got better timing. I'll get it between the blades. You miss -- it'll hit the blade and he'll hear us.

Both men hesitate, drawing their rifles up and getting ready, slipping NIGHTSCOPES into place.

POV NIGHTSCOPES

Of the machinery room below, revealing the bright green of the boilers.

INT. MACHINERY ROOM

As Chris tries to figure out where Shaw is, knowing that he's been backed into the corner by the fan.

CHRIS

You can't see the door anymore, can you?

SHAW

With Danny, is huddled behind a huge generator. He is only about twenty feet from the exhaust fan. He peers out, but can't see the entrance to the room.

CHRIS

That means that Eagle and Palermo can get in. We've got you cornered, Shaw. And someone is gonna get a shot--

BAM! -- Now Shaw is taking shots toward Chris's voice in pure frustration. As Shaw takes the shot, Danny sees movement behind the fan. Hears Chris moving. Danny knows the play.

DANNY

Someone'll get the shot, Shaw. You're backed in a corner here.

CHRIS (O.S.)

You might as well give up...

Danny's eyes are locked on the fan, knowing they need the shot.

DANNY

You gotta circle around him. Can't let him back you up like this. -- Get out before he locks you down. I don't want to get caught up in a shooting match between you two.

Shaw's eyes dart around, looking for avenues of escape. He moves left, moving out and into:

POV NIGHTSCOPE

The crosshairs of Eagle's rifle.

EAGLE AND PALERMO. Eagle's sweating, unsure.

His finger white on the trigger.

EAGLE

I got him -- but it'll go right through
him. Into Danny.

Palermo pulls his rifle onto:

SHAW -- POV NIGHTSCOPE

Starting to move out of position. CHRIS is right in line with the fan, but has no shot. Danny's in the way. Chris mouths the words 'TAKE IT!' Frantically, but no shot comes. He lifts his pistol, trying to get a bead on Shaw.

DANNY

Knows their moving out of range. He nods his head to Chris. Take the shot. A beat. Chris screams:

CHRIS

TAKE IT!

EAGLE hesitates. -- The fan in front of him seems to slow. His knuckles go white. POV NIGHTSCOPE as Shaw starts to turn. Gun up and on Danny -- then BAM!

The ONE SHOT goes through the fan!

SHAW AND DANNY go down in a heap. Chris is running toward them, gun up and ready, neither of them move. Chris, pale and shaken, leans down. He rolls Shaw off Danny.

SHAW lies dead.

DANNY still hasn't moved. He's face down. Shaw's blood covers him. But there's an ENTRANCE WOUND in his back. Chris slowly turns him over. Danny just stares up at him.

CHRIS

Jesus, you're shot.

Chris calls out:

CHRIS

I need paramedics. Paramedics in here.

INT. UNION STATION TRAIN PLATFORM - LATER

A near silence of shock hovers over the entire scene. MEDICS take Danny up onto the platform from below, getting him onto a stretcher. Chris stands with Eagle and Palermo, watching worriedly. -- Pushing through the crowd is Karen, Danny's wife, rushing to his side. She finally made it.

Medics push Danny's stretcher through and FELLOW COPS grant him passage. He HEARS:

VOICE (O.S.)

Welcome back, Sergeant.

Danny turns and sees ANDREW BECK standing next to him, his face contrite and apologetic. Danny just meets his eyes, forgiving the man for doing his job. And then, we HEAR:

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)
Welcome back, Sarge.

And then another: "Welcome back, Sarge" as the men move in, gathering around as if looking for forgiveness. Forgiveness because they doubted him. Voices rise in an overlapping, discordant CHORUS:

VOICES
Welcome back, Sarge... Sergeant... Welcome
back... Good to have you back...

And Danny's moved, unable to control his emotions. Eyes well up. He looks at his wife. And she smiles through her tears. They roll on and Danny catches sight of:

CHRIS, EAGLE, AND PALERMO

Waiting, watching him worriedly.

PALERMO
You're gonna be all right, Sarge.

DANNY
You two better hope so.

Chris locks eye with Danny as they wheel him out. Danny sees the concern in his eye:

DANNY
I'm O.K. -- It was worth it.

Chris nods. One last look between Chris and Danny. Danny motions for the medics to go on. Chris walks along silently with him for a moment toward the ambulance, then:

CHRIS
Danny.

Danny looks to see Chris holding something in his hand. Something gleaming, covered with blood. Chris offers it to Danny. Danny accepts it. Looks down and sees his BADGE.

CHRIS
This is the one demand I didn't satisfy yet. Farley had it brought in just before the FBI took over.

Danny accepts it, wiping the blood off the numbers. Danny smiles at Chris and their looks hold until the doors of the ambulance close.

FADE OUT

THE END