

THE TARGET

by

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Film Roman

First Draft

PITCH BLACK. We hear something. Getting closer. The CRUNCH of footsteps on gravel. Fast. Animal speed. A light strobes the darkness, revealing...

INT. SUBWAY TRACKS - UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - DAY

A flash of an eye. The animal. A man. YOUNG, piercing EYES. Amped up on adrenaline. Speeding through DARKNESS.

In his wake, two SHADOWS give chase. TRANSIT COPS. Moving slow, panting. A COP FIRES a warning shot. The bullet PING PANGS off catwalks overhead.

The man hears the gunshot. And SMILES. Loving the action. He swerves around a corner, into--

INT. SUBWAY TRACK - 1/9 LINE - DAY

An endless stretch of straightaway track. Metal gears HISS in the closing distance. The man's eyes narrow. And he RUNS FASTER. The cops round the corner, but SLAM to stops.

TRANSIT COP 1
It's a suicide run.

Gears GRIND closer, closer. And then we see...the 1/9 TRAIN TURN THE CORNER. A metal monster. Bearing down. The headlights are blinding, lighting the man cleanly:

He is scruffy, scarred, electric, gorgeous. And not a little insane. Ladies and gentlemen, ROBBY CONNOR.

The train BLASTS its horn. Churning closer, closer. A steel blur. And Connor simply...picks up the pace. PLAYING CHICKEN WITH THIS SPEEDING TRAIN. ON A COLLISION COURSE.

Fifty yards, forty, thirty. And SNAP! His eyes close. Twenty yards. Ten. Horn blasting. Light blinding. NO EXIT. NO ESCAPE. Yards turn to feet, inches, and suddenly...

CONNOR JUMPS. UP UP UP. A gymnast's leap. OVER THE TRAIN. In mid-air, he GRABS the catwalk overhead, pulling himself up, swiveling into pipes, inches above the speeding train.

As the train flies by, Connor's hair blows wild. His eyes wide. Alive. In the eye of the hurricane.

The train passes. Connor savors the adrenal aftertaste. And darkens. The thrill is gone. Ten seconds of glory.

He drops to the tracks, dismounting gracefully. And rounds a corner, kicking through a hidden maintenance wall into--

INT. CONSTRUCTION TUNNEL - DAY

Dark. A whisper.

CONNOR
Honey, I'm home.

SHADOW
I hate meeting here. We're not fifteen
anymore, Connie.

The Shadow steps into light. Meet ZEKE MEADOWS. He and Connor almost look like brothers - Zeke being the older, darker soul. The black hole to Connor's supernova.

ZEKE
You got company?
(off Connor's smile)
What'd you do now?

CONNOR
I jumped a train.

Zeke shakes his head, reading the pun. As they barrel into the darkness, we SMASH INTO--

EXT. GRACIE MANSION - NIGHT

A flashbulb POPS! A sea of PAPARAZZI flank a parade of stars and socialites on the red carpet. White formal, red gowns, for this is the annual FIRE AND ICE BALL.

And nobody is icier than...JACK MADDUX. In his forties, he seems older. The hands are manicured, but the eyes have lived. Each line on his face could tell a story.

He glides down the red carpet. Flashbulbs POP around him, but he never blinks. In total control. He enters--

INT. GRACE MANSION - NIGHT

Maddux moves to the metal detector, emptying his pockets for the GUARD. No keys, no wallet. Just a hotel card and cash.

GUARD
No wallet? No keys?

MADDUX
Nothing to carry, nothing to lose.

And he is gone, slipping into--

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Kilimanjaro. The peak of old and new money. Maddux moves through asses and elbows, leaving WOMEN whispering in his wake. His eyes clocking, hunting, until he sees his target...

ALEXANDER MASON, sixties, CEO, pressing flesh on the go like a politician. He beelines directly to Maddux.

MASON

Mr. Maddux. Good work on that last deal.
These days, we need all the help we can get.

MADDUX

You can rely on me, sir-

But Mason is already gone. The procession continues. And Jack sees...JOHN PALMER. A fifties family man, and lifetime player in these major leagues. He nods back toward a bar.

INT. BALLROOM - BAR - NIGHT

By the time Maddux hits the bar, Palmer is there with fine wine in hand. He holds out glass and napkin.

PALMER

Corton Charlemagne. The best for the best.

They CLINK, sip. Maddux softens with Palmer. Old friends.

MADDUX

I saw Suzanne on route. I swear that
woman looks twenty-one.

Palmer smiles across the room to SUZANNE, his trophy wife.

PALMER

Give her a couple more years, she'll look
eighteen... You know, she keeps asking
when you're gonna get hitched.

Maddux glances away. A touch awkward.

MADDUX

I got a girl.

PALMER

Yeah, sure, we all do. But when are you
gonna get yourself a woman?

Maddux smiles, appreciating Palmer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADDUX

What do I need with a woman? You run me ragged enough.

Palmer smiles back. Takes a deep sip.

PALMER

Speaking of which, I've got an invitation for you. Intimate dinner party, off Park.

Maddux loses his smile. His eyes drop to his drink.

MADDUX

When?

A beat. Palmer shifts slightly, moving them out of earshot.

PALMER

Now. Run's till midnight.

Maddux narrows his eyes, wheels turning. Conflicted.

MADDUX

I'm in my whites, Palmer.

PALMER

So get em dirty, and send us the bill. Come on, Jack. You getting old on me?

MADDUX

Yes, I am. And unlike your wife, I'd like to keep it that way.

Palmer smiles. He nods toward Mason, who raises a glass.

PALMER

God is watching, my friend. You in or out?

Maddux looks around this world - refined, polished. He wants in. He drops a quiet nod. Palmer smiles.

PALMER

Enjoy the party, Jack.

Palmer heads off. Jack looks into his glass again. And we SEE WHAT HE SEES: a piece of PAPER printed with MICROFILM BLUEPRINTS, hidden between his napkin and glass.

In one seamless move, Jack slips the film into his pocket. And leaves his drink on the bar. The waterford crystal...

DISSOLVES TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A dirty tumbler of tequila in--

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Rest assured, there is no happy hour here. Connor SLAMS back his tequila. And exhales big. Everything is big with Connor.

He sits with Zeke and four young HOODS (LEON, MARCO, DIAMOND, MACK). Leather jackets. Dirty fingernails. Cool hustlers.

LEON

...it's a tumbler in Far Rocks. Clean,
five figures. Schematics, boards...

Connor looks bored. Distracted. TAP TAP TAPPING fingers.
He sneaks peeks over his crew's shoulders, toward the bar.

MARCO

And we got a couple long-term parkers at
the airport. Professional...

DIAMOND

Plus that inside run. Bonds, policies-

CONNOR

Come on come on come on. You're serving
up candy here.

The crew swap sideways glances. Those were the best offers.
Zeke leans forward, the second-in-command.

ZEKE

Connie, these are solid runs. What do
you want?

Connor sneaks another peek at the bar, then focuses up.

CONNOR

If I wanted solid, clean, professional
cash, I'd work in a bank. But I'm not a
banker, I'm not a businessman, and what I
want is bigger, better, louder...I want..

He's staring at the bar again. And now we see why:
MOLLY O'CONNOR. The world's most beautiful bartender.
Tough, cool, with crown-of-thorn tattoos.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

...a dare...something...impossible-

ZEKE

Like her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Connor is snapped to attention. He plays dumb.

ZEKE

What? You been clocking her for damn near a year. You want a dare, flash? I dare you to make a move.

For the first time, Connor looks...vulnerable. He shakes it off. Back on bullet-time. Explaining fast:

CONNOR

If I ante up, then it's one-and-out. You know I ain't got the bones for otherwise. So I figure, the only way to make it last with this girl is to never start up. Only way to keep her is to never have her.

The crew sit speechless. Zeke smiles. He knows his friend.

ZEKE

After all these years, you are still the only motherfucker I know who can make himself dizzy while sitting still.

As the crew laughs, an INDIAN BOY glides by the booth, whispering to Mack. Mack nods, addressing the table.

MACK

There's a party, under the Triboro.

Connor goes cold. The word triggers a chill.

CONNOR

That's Darius and-

DIAMOND

And there'll be scores galore on the floor. It's the best place to cop a run.

All eyes on Connor. He knocks back his shot. They're in. And moving. Out through clouds of smoke. Connor grabs a last glance at Molly, as music ASSAULTS us, PUNCHING INTO--

INT. CRASH LANDING - NIGHT

A BASS THUMP shakes seats and loosens teeth. Strobelit flashes of writhing, raving bodies. Dark, drugged, dangerous.

In a sea of sweaty leather and latex, Connor dances with FIVE GIRLS. Spinning, lunging, dripping sweat. A man on fire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All around the club, his crew works the crowd. Slapping hands, trading whispers, looking for action.

A makeshift BAR stacks five rows deep. In the throes, Zeke nurses a hard drink. He lays low, eyes clocking, until...

He's suddenly GRABBED by a massive fist. Attached to behemoth ATILLA. Zeke smiles darkly.

ZEKE

I was just on my way over.

Atilla rips Zeke through the chaos to...an ELEVATED TABLE. Beautiful creatures flank their young emperor:

DARIUS STONE. Bald head, granite skin. Street-level Caesar. He motions for Zeke to sit. The creatures clear the way.

Zeke sits, nervous. Darius chews a huge cigar, ash dangling dangerously, as he looks out at the dancefloor. At Connor.

DARIUS

Your boy's in top form tonight.

Zeke nods. Tight. Sweating. He reaches to wipe away his sweat, and Darius hands him a napkin. On instinct. Darius makes people sweat. Zeke watches the cigar in Darius' hand.

DARIUS

My dad died of lung cancer. They opened him up, snapshot his lungs. The fucken things were blacker'n ash.

(long, luxurious puff)

Why do we do the things we know'll kill us in the end...? Because they feel good.

Zeke understands, reading between the lines.

ZEKE

I'll get you the cash. I'll fill my book-

DARIUS

No you won't. I took a look at your book. You go double-up to catch up, and you ride out streaks. You know what that means? It means you're a loser, Zeke. You keep betting, and the only thing you'll fill is your own grave. So...

(puff, dramatic pause)

I got an offer for you. One shot deal. Clear the slate. A highline score that'd make Houdini blink... For your boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A glance toward Connor. A hard, heavy beat.

ZEKE

I told you, he won't go for it. He won't take runs for you. He's clean-

Darius puts his hand on Zeke's hand. Dripping menace.

DARIUS

You're not listening, Z. I'm betting on you now. And, unlike you, I cover my bets. All the way to the grave.

INT. CRASH LANDING - PRIVATE BOOTH - NIGHT

Blood-red vinyl booth. Connor and crew.

CONNOR

You're telling me the house is bone-dry? There's not a single score-

MARCO

Nothing independent. Darius got the streets locked down. All deals.

DIAMOND

Con, if we take one of his-

Connor flips fast. Talks fast.

CONNOR

If we take one of his scores, then we belong to him, like everything else downtown. No. There's gotta be something else.

A beat. The crew looks tired, helpless. Zeke twists and turns inside...then whispers:

ZEKE

I got something. Highline.

Connor smells a hitch.

CONNOR

But...

ZEKE

I want it. I need this run, Con.

The crew tightens. Sensing a showdown.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNOR

I love you like a brother, Z. But this is my crew. You set em up, I knock em down.

Zeke burns - big brother bullied by little. Quiet.

ZEKE

When I ran crews-

CONNOR

A penny could buy a loaf of bread. Come on, come on, now lay the table, brother.

Zeke's eyes narrow. Burning inside. He leans in. And begins.

EXT. PARK AVENUE - NIGHT

Deafening silence. Shhh. Listen to the money sleep. We enter--

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

The DOORMAN hits a BUZZER...for Maddux. As he does, Jack's eyes move fast, checking surveillance screens at the desk. The screens click new feeds on a THREE SECOND LOOP.

Jack's eyes ZOOM IN on a feed marked SECURITY ENTRY. As the feed clicks, Jack TAPS his digital watch, starting a timer.

DOORMAN

I'm afraid he's not home, sir.

MADDUX

That's okay, son. I'll be back.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Maddux steps fast to the SERVICE GATE. As his hands extend, a thin PICK slides out of his cuff. POP. Lock open.

INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

Maddux uses a telescoping mirror to peer around the corner and see: the hall leads to a service elevator with a surveillance cam over the doors.

Maddux checks his watch. The timer counts in THREES. He paces his breath. A sprinter's prep. 1 2 3. 1 2 and--

INT. BUILDING FRONT DESK - SURVEILLANCE SCREENS - NIGHT

The service elevator FEED switches to another feed. And--

INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Maddux SPRINTS DOWN THE HALL. LEAPING ONTO the elevator doors. Flat, invisible to the camera. His watch hits three.

INT. BUILDING FRONT DESK - SURVEILLANCE SCREENS

The service elevator FEED returns. But the hall is empty.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR SHAFT - SECONDS LATER

Dark. Maddux climbs the service ladder. His teeth grit, fingers tighten. He's human. Slow going. He hits a SERVICE PLATFORM. Pries open the doors with a mini-jack. Enters--

INT. LAVISH APARTMENT - VARIOUS - NIGHT

Maddux is all business, moving through shadows, straight to a DOOR. He stops. Checks his cuffs: the BLUEPRINTS lead here. The target room. He picks the lock, and sweeps into--

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Maddux straps on glasses to see... THE FLOOR IS CRISSCROSSED with LASERS. A storm of moving beams. He simply... steps into the storm. Slow, deliberate. Pure focus.

Sliding, stepping, ducking, twisting. All perfect angles, adjustments. Smooth, controlled.

Think of it like this: where Connor is sexual, Maddux is sensual. He takes his time. And before you know it, he's...

Hit the target. Standing at a Van Gogh self-portrait. Mad eyes, crooked mouth. Jack grabs the frame...

PULLING IT OFF THE WALL. It swings on a hinge, revealing a WALL SAFE. The real target. A high-tech padlock. Maddux pulls out a jeweler's loop. Holds it to his eye to see...

A MICROSCOPIC POV of the keypad. He flashes a phosphor light at the pad, to see FINGERPRINTS. He pulls out a small device that runs combos of the fingerprinted numbers. And CLICK. The safe hisses open, revealing...

Stacks of cash. Diamond sleeves. But Maddux pushes through all this, to a SIGNED MEMO. From Alexander Mason.

INT. LAVISH APARTMENT - HALL - NIGHT

The door to the office opens. Maddux slips out. He moves fast, but suddenly STOPS. Because he hears FOOTSTEPS. Light. Fast. Closer, closer.

The footsteps gain ground. Maddux swerves around a corner, but SCREECHES TO A STOP, facing the source of the steps...

A DOBERMAN. Teeth dripping saliva. Hungry for flesh. Maddux stays perfectly still. Under breath, he whispers:

MADDUX

No fear.

The dog circles Maddux, smelling him for fear. But Maddux is cool, solid. The dog tilts its head, confused.

MADDUX

It's a long story, boy.

Maddux simply, slowly WALKS OUT. Patting the dog as he goes.

EXT. BUILDING - STREET - NIGHT

Maddux rounds a corner. Exhaling. Breathing heavy. A hint of fear, relief in his eyes. DING DONG takes us to...

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT BUILDING - HALL - NIGHT

A MESSENGER stands at the door, which opens on JOHN PALMER.

MESSENGER

Special delivery. For John Palmer.

Palmer takes the box. Opens the package, revealing...the STOLEN MEMO. And...A PAIR OF DIRTY DANCING GLOVES.

EXT. PIERRE HOTEL - NIGHT

Maddux strides past DOORMEN, who nod, smile, as he enters.

INT. PIERRE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Old money splendor. Oak, marble. Maddux beelines to the bathroom. Washes his hands. Looks at his face in the mirror. A few new lines from tonight's festivities.

He hits the bar. Pouring a deep glass of old scotch. He downs the glass. Hears a KNOCK on the door.

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FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Room service.

He straightens himself, fixing his tie. And opens the door for... A VISION. ELIZABETH MANN. Beautiful, sexy, radiant. But under the soft skin, hard lining. She enters. Sees the open scotch bottle, the glass in Jack's hand.

ELIZABETH
One of those nights.

He nods softly. She takes the tumbler out of his hand. And slides into a kiss. Hard, strong. And not exactly passionate. Jack keeps his eyes open. No real trust.

Elizabeth kisses his neck, devouring him. She rips open his shirt. Kissing his chest. Maddux grimaces, in pain.

She goes gentle. Running her fingers down his sore shoulders. Kissing his raw hands. Softly taking off his clothes as she slips out of hers. And the sex is...

Mechanical, physical. Rolling into orgasm, as we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Twisted sheets. Elizabeth kisses Jack's hands, whispering:

ELIZABETH
You wanna talk about it?
(a beat, struggling)
Jack, you ever, you ever feel like...

She's faltering. She looks into his eyes...to find him fast asleep. She smiles at herself. Watching him sleep for a beat. And we can see in her smile...real emotion.

She softly kisses his eyes. Slides out of bed. Slips into her dress. And grabs a hotel envelope...full of cash.

Like Maddux, Elizabeth is a highline pro. As she walks out, clicking the door shut...Jack's eyes SNAP OPEN. Wide awake.

INT. CONNOR'S LOFT - NIGHT

Connor watches his big screen TV. He is moved to TEARS by... a video of Evil Knieval jumping the Grand Canyon. Jump. Rewind. Jump. Rewind. Until...

INT. CONNOR'S LOFT - LATER

A good look at this massive industrial space. No furniture. Just endless gear, gadgets, workshops, chopshops. And posters of Evil Knieval, Bruce Lee, Steve McQueen, Houdini.

Connor hits his shop. Cracks his knuckles, ready for action. He drops a CD into play. And a BLAST of RAP slams into--

INT. PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maddux LUNGES awake, as if ripped from dreams by the music. He wipes his sweaty face. Flips a light. And FREEZES.

Because a MAN sits across the room. MILES DOLLAR. With ragged clothes and crooked fingers, he is way out of his element.

MILES

Relax, Jack. I'm not gonna rob you...
Though now that I'm here...

MADDUX

Miles, it's been too long for games.

Miles darkens. Sad, pensive.

MILES

Yeah, it's been too long...I thought you
should know: Jimmy Horowitz, Jimmy Fingers
from the old crew, died on Tuesday.

Maddux does not bat an eyelash. Ice cold. One question:

MADDUX

He die on the job?

MILES

Stomach cancer. We're getting old, Jack.
Funeral's downtown, at Sim's, on Sunday.
I figured Jimmy'd want you there. I mean
our past is-

MADDUX

The past. And I'm sorry, Miles, but
that's another life now... A life that's
already dead to me.

Miles looks around the room. At the view. Quietly.

MILES

Yeah, I guess that's about right. Which
makes me a ghost, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He gets up to go. More disappointed than angry. He stops at the door. Turns back to Jack. Slow, quiet, forceful.

MILES

Maddie, this new life, up here, all this flash, you oughta know it's not yours neither. I don't care ten, twenny years...

He holds up a hotel glass with paper top.

MILES

You use this, they clean it out for the next mark. You're day-to-day up here. Hired help. And the first day you trip, hard, you'll come falling back home. So think on that, next time you piss on your past.

He turns to go. Maddux is torn.

MADDUX

Miles.

Miles turns, with an ounce of hope.

MADDUX

How'd you find me?

Miles give a look, insulted. He shakes his head. And splits.

EXT. PENTHOUSE - BALCONY - NIGHT

Maddux steps out. The park and city shimmer below. In his eyes, nothing. But he slowly wraps his hand around the railing...so tight that his knuckles go WHITE.

This is as much emotion as he allows himself. EVER. The city twinkles its millions of lights, as we...

FADE OUT.

REPORTER (VO)

...it was just over nine months ago...

EXT. NEW YORK FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

SUNDAY REPORT. NY1 REPORTER stands on the steps.

REPORTER

...that the Buddy Bug hit the world.

STOCK NEWS FOOTAGE. Offices in chaos. Rows of computers blank, dead. TV PRODUCTION ROOMS awry. "PLEASE STAND BY."

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REPORTER (V.O.)

As you may remember, the only digital server left standing was...

A flash of POWERNET LOGO on a computer screen.

REPORTER

Powernet, whose safeguards survived intact. Sending their stock soaring...

FOOTAGE: FLOOR of the STOCK MARKET. Blistering trade. Standing over the mayhem are two young guns, smug twentysomethings JOSH and SAMUEL SPECTOR.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Making instant billionaires of founders Josh and Samuel Spector...

FOOTAGE: a dated INTERVIEW SPLICE with the Spectors.

SAMUEL SPECTOR

In this new world, you need power-

JOSH SPECTOR

And security is power.

FOOTAGE OF COURTHOUSE STEPS. Swarms of press. Vultures.

REPORTER (V.O.)

But the SEC and FBI's investigation of the virus led them to believe that Powernet and Mason Securities (who managed the stock) may have been responsible for the virus themselves.

And now we see: the press is buzzing around Josh and Samuel Spector, and Alexander MASON (Jack's CEO).

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - PRESS ROOM - DAY

The FBI BRANCH DIRECTOR steps away from the podium. For... SPECIAL AGENT LEN TALBOT. Forties. A warrior with sharp creases. And fast, flitting eyes. A con's eyes.

TALBOT

I have closed fifty-six of fifty-six cases here at the Bureau, and I have never been so proud of an investigation, nor so confident of its swift and just rewards.

EXT. NEW YORK FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

The Reporter wraps up her story.

REPORTER

So come tomorrow morning, some of the city's heavyweights will be weighing in behind me, with billions of dollars at-

SUDDENLY SHE GOES SILENT. Muted. PULL BACK to reveal...

INT. MASON SECURITIES - CEO OFFICE - DAY

The King's Quarters. Alexander Mason sits in his throne. TV remote in hand. He flips off the tube. And turns to...

MADDUX. Sitting tense. With three SUITS perched behind him.

MASON

Jack. Tell me. When you do what you do, are you ever afraid of getting caught?

Maddux glances over his shoulder. Uncomfortable.

MADDUX

Sooner or later, everybody gets caught.

MASON

But you continue to do it.

A beat. Maddux does not have an easy explanation.

MADDUX

It's like...living and dying. You know you're going to die. But you continue to live, right?

Mason gives a cryptic smile, and leans forward.

MASON

I got caught, Jack... The FBI has that virus on a disc, a disc that cannot be duplicated or downloaded. And bright and early tomorrow morning, they will boot up that disc and bring down everything I have sweat and bled to build.

A heavy beat. Maddux is on edge. He knows the next line:

MASON

I want you to steal that disc from the FBI by nine AM tomorrow morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A long beat. There it is. He said it.

MADDUX

I'm sorry, sir. But that's impossible. I can't hit a federal target with no advance.

MASON

Are you sure?

Maddux nods slowly, worried by something in Mason's tone. Mason motions to the men behind Maddux. One MAN approaches, pulling out...an envelope. Mason slides the envelope to Jack.

Jack slowly opens the envelope. He pulls out photos. Long-lens infrared shots of last night's heist.

MASON

We have like files, dating back six years. I know you've been to prison. Two felony stays in your twenties. Which means one more fall would put you away for the rest of your natural life.

Maddux drops the photos. Gutpunched. A question in his eyes. He opens his mouth, but no words escape.

MASON

One thing I learned forty-six-years of business: when you're cutting a deal, make sure the other guy's got as much to lose as you do. Simple math now: I go to jail, so do you. I get my smoking gun, so do you.

Maddux looks around the room, searching for some anchor. His eyes stop on...the bar. A glass with paper top. "You're day to day up here. Hired help." Maddux gives a cold smile.

MASON

Twenty-three-hours-forty-one minutes-five-seconds and counting. Tick tock, tick tock, Jack. Get to work now.

Mason's men help Maddux to his feet. Escorting him out.

MASON

Oh, and Jack, we both better hope you were wrong: not everybody gets caught.

Jack looks back at Mason, who BLURS OUT OF FOCUS. We PUSH PAST HIM, OUT THE WINDOW, into--

EXT. SKYLINE - DAY

Epic. A shadow slashes across the blazing sun, darting around skyscrapers. As we get closer to this shadow, we see it is...

CONNOR. On a makeshift hang-glider. The wings are short, so the ride is fast. A rollercoaster of hairpin turns.

Then suddenly Connor PULLS A CORD. WHHPT! His wings flip vertical, so he freefalls. LANDING with a THUD! On a roof. Rolling, standing, moving, lunging into--

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

Connor drops into the shaft, attached to a climber's harness. He rappels down, landing on a MOVING ELEVATOR CAR. UP UP UP. A footplant. And dismount. HE LEAPS ACROSS THE NEXT SHAFT.

LANDING ON THE NEXT ELEVATOR CAR. DESCENDING NOW. He checks the numbers on the shaft wall. And then suddenly, simply...

STEPS OFF THE ELEVATOR CAR. Onto a service platform. He pulls out electric wrench. And hits the air vent.

INT. AIR VENTS - DAY

Horizontal air chutes. Long, steel. Connor surfaces, smiling.

He reaches into his pack, and pulls out a SKATEBOARD. He shimmies into the vents, laying down on the skateboard like a surfboard. He paddles, WHEELING FORWARD, snaking through.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

A ceiling grill retracts. And Connor drops down (a la Mission Impossible) hooked to a cord. A few inches. And he stops. Dangling upside-down. He calmly pulls out...

A pack of cigarettes. A lighter. And starts smoking. One puff. Two. Exhaling upward, blowing smoke at...

THE FIRE DETECTOR. A beat. And the alarm BLARES TO LIFE! WHOOP WHOOPING as Connor drops to the floor. He unhooks, and beelines fast to the door. Peeking out at--

A LARGE OFFICE SPACE. Ready to lease. As alarms BLARE, Connor sees...THREE SECURITY GUARDS with tasers.

They nod toward a CORNER OFFICE. GUARD1 checks the office. And Connor smiles. His target. He rolls on a black mask.

INT. OFFICE FLOOR - DAY

The Guards split up. We follow GUARD2, who turns a corner.

No sign of Connor. But...we see UP ON THE CEILING...Connor is wedged into a crevice like a master mountain-climber. He drops. Lands silently. Taps Guard2 on the back.

The Guard spins. And Connor moves lightning-fast. RIPPING off the Guard's cuffs. DODGING a taser lunge. And SWEEPING his feet, CUFFING the Guard's wrist to ankle. Hog-tied.

And Connor is gone. Dropping onto his skateboard. Jamming.

GUARD2

HE'S ON THE FLOOR! HALL SEVEN!

As Connor skates, the Guards give chase. Connor SWERVES into a large SECRETARIAL POOL full of EMPTY CUBICLES. He speed-weaves through the maze. The Guards split up to trap him.

Connor SCREECHES around a corner. And sees Guard1 INCOMING! Behind Connor, Guard3 BEARS DOWN! Connor is trapped. Skating straight at Guard1, who LEAPS with taser extended.

But Connor DUCKS, DROPPING TO THE GROUND, sliding on his board like a luger, SLIPPING BETWEEN GUARD1'S LEGS. Then...

In one brilliant move, Connor SPINS, GRABS Guard1 from behind, and HEAVES him into Guard3. Their tasers out!

The Guards collide. TASER TO TASER. SHOCKING each other. FALLING to the floor. In a flash, Connor grabs their cuffs. Cuffing their feet to desks. And he's moving moving moving.

Using Guard1's keys to open the door to--

INT. CORNER OFFICE - DAY

Connor whips out a can of BABY POWDER. Puffs a cloud. And sees the dust settle on LASER BEAMS, crisscrossing the floor.

CONNOR

(a la Indiana Jones)

Snakes. I hate snakes.

He whips out a grappling gun. FIRES into the ceiling. The bullet is a cable-attached projectile which OPENS in mid-air into a five-pronged hook. CRUNCH! Chomping into the ceiling.

He hooks the cable to a clip on his belt. HUMS the theme to Indiana Jones. And SWIIIIIIIIIIINGS on the cable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In mid-air, he FIRES his grapple-gun at the far wall. CRUNCH! CLICK! He's hooked to the wall and ceiling now. He REELS IN THE WALL CABLE, levitating straight to...

A SMALL SAFE. He grabs the safe, and finds it...

CONNOR

Open...?

Easy. Too easy. He reaches into the safe, which is...empty. Save for a scrap of paper. Connor pulls it out. Reads:

CONGRATULATIONS. TURN AROUND.

Connor hears footsteps. He looks over his shoulder at...

THREE MEN in suits. Young, twenties. Two of them we recognize as JOSH and SAMUEL SPECTOR (founders of Pownet). The other man is clearly the ENFORCER, pure muscle.

Joshua clicks a remote at the ceiling. The fire alarm dies. The Enforcer pulls out chairs, and opens a wet bar.

JOSH SPECTOR

Cigar?

Connor holds steady. On his toes. And on point.

JOSH SPECTOR

Sit, sit. You're the guest of honor.

SAMUEL SPECTOR

Have something to drink, at least.

Connor looks at the bar. He needs a drink right about now.

CONNOR

Double whiskey, straight up.

Connor slowly sits down. His eyes moving, clocking.

JOSH SPECTOR

You must have a thousand questions-

CONNOR

Only one you can answer. What the fuck is this?

The Enforcer hands Connor his drink.

SAMUEL SPECTOR

It was a test. And you just passed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNOR
So what do I win?

JOSH SPECTOR
A job. A heist. Working for us.

Connor knocks back his whiskey with one sip.

CONNOR
Well that's swell, Wink. But the thing is: I don't work for bosses, I don't lift for suits, I don't like practical jokes, and nobody, nobody, uses the word "heist" in the real world. So...

He's up and heading out.

SAMUEL SPECTOR
You haven't asked us what we're offering.

Connor turns, sensing something in the tone.

CONNOR
What are you offering?

A heavy beat. Connor can tell this is going south.

SAMUEL SPECTOR
We're offering you...your life... In your whiskey, there were six milligrams of sodium penthorade, conjoined with various chemicals...

JOSH SPECTOR
Designed to destroy your red blood cells. In minutes, you'll feel your nerves malfunction. In hours, your muscles...

SAMUEL SPECTOR
And inside of days...you'll be dead.

A chill runs down Connor's spine. But he shakes it off.

CONNOR
I told you I don't like practical jokes.
Connor turns to go. The Enforcer blocks the door.

JOSH SPECTOR
Let him go. He'll be back.

INT. OFFICE FLOOR - DAY

Connor strides straight to the elevator. He raises his hand to press the button and STOPS.

HE FEELS SOMETHING IN HIS ARM. HIS HAND. HIS FINGERS. A strange sensation. He balls his hand into a fist. Squeezes hard. Shaking. Pins and needles. His eyes narrow. Scared.

INT. CORNER OFFICE - DAY

The Sectors puff cigars. Connor lunges in, running fast and furious. The Enforcer grabs him, as he kicks and claws.

CONNOR
WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO TO ME!?!

Josh pulls out a platinum pill box. Tosses it to Connor. Connor snatches it out of the air. Opens it. Sees the pills.

SAMUEL SPECTOR
Take one every hour. It's not the cure, but it's enough to get you through the night. And that's how long you've got-

CONNOR
TO DO WHAT?!

JOSH SPECTOR
Steal a computer disc. Get the disc, you get your life.

Connor downs a pill. And realizes this nightmare is real. He slowly looks up, resigned to his fate.

CONNOR
Where's this disc?

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A dark monolith. Sunlight dies here. FBI sedans SCREECH UP. Doors snap open. FBI AGENTS march in unison, behind their leader Len Talbot, who tosses dialogue over his shoulder.

TALBOT
They'll both send their best, full breach, barrels blazing.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - VARIOUS - DAY

The brigade continues, streaming through traffic. Talbot's second-in-command is young, raw VINCENT BROWN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT BROWN

Why "both," sir? I mean, if they worked together on the-

TALBOT

Worked together on a scam that slammed into Federal Court. "Trust" is a four-letter-word right about now.

At a SECURITY CHECKPOINT, they flash their passes, heading through metal-detectors and massive security measures.

TALBOT

Besides, the name of the game on Wall Street is leverage. They want dirt on their enemies, and quicksand on their partners. Mark my words, they'll come with a one-two punch. So rip off your safety, ease a round into the chamber, and don't wait for the bell to fire first.

DING! The elevator opens. Talbot hits an UNMARKED BUTTON. His THUMBPRINT is SCANNED. And they rise.

JOSH SPECTOR (O.S.)

The elevator won't operate without authorized fingerprint ID. And for the target floor...

The elevator stops. Talbot and team step out. Talbot moves to a wall, where his retina are scanned.

SAMUEL SPECTOR (O.S.)

...retinal scans. Plus...

As the elevator drops behind them, the image--

DISSOLVES TO:

INT. CORNER OFFICE - DAY

A bank of computers. Schematics on screens. The Sectors flank Connor, walking him through the virtual building.

JOSH SPECTOR

...any manual override trips the alarm.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

In the wall, a red light PULSES. The pulse streaks down the wall, through a web of cables, firewalls, and pipes into...

INT. FBI SECURITY/SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

Walls are covered with screens. TWENTY SECURITY AGENTS cover stations, filled with plasma readouts, live feeds, rotating graphics, grids and schematics. Basically, God's POV.

The pulse erupts into FLASHING RED LETTERS: SECURITY BREACH.

INT. CORNER OFFICE - DAY

The Sectors smile. They seem to be enjoying this.

CONNOR

And the cameras-

JOSH SPECTOR

On their own frequency. The only way to get inside that system is to get inside that system.

INT. FBI SECURITY/SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

A surveillance screen suddenly fills with STATIC. The LEAD SECURITY AGENT grabs a phone. Stabs a number.

LEAD AGENT

Service.

We enter the small holes of the mouthpiece, racing into circuits, the netherworld of phone lines, speeding to...

INT. UNDERGROUND SERVICE TUNNEL - DAY

The line is hitched to a digital MD player. High-tech audio spectrum filters. A voice activates. A familiar voice.

MADDUX (O.S.)

Tech support.

INT. FBI SECURITY/SURVEILLANCE ROOM - TIMECUT

The door opens, revealing...MADDUX, in technician uniform. A SECURITY AGENT leads him back into...

INT. FBI SECURITY/SURVEILLANCE ROOM - TECH CLOSET - DAY

Maddux gets to work. His hands move fast, looping wire. Out of his cuff, we see a small black device (a "SPIDER"), which hooks behind a main line. He checks a receiver for the feed.

INT. FBI SECURITY/SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

The static screen CLEARS. Operational. The Lead Agent nods his thanks. Maddux nods back, gracious. Graceful. And gone.

INT. CORNER OFFICE - DAY

CONNOR

Let's say I get past the checks, the
cams, the shaft, the walls. Then what?

SAMUEL SPECTOR

Then things get hairy.

INT. FBI STRONGHOLD - TARGET FLOOR - DAY

Talbot and team walk across this CROWDED office complex.

JOSH SPECTOR (O.S.)

Twenty to thirty agents, all sharps.
Trained for trauma, strapped for Saigon.

A gauntlet. Talbot reaches a vault door, where two more
GUARDS stand watch. God's Gatekeepers. Monsters.

SAMUEL SPECTOR (O.S.)

Bypass the guards, you hit the target
room. The doors work on a ten-digit
random code changed on the hour.

Talbot punches the code from a KEY worn around his neck.
Gears HISS, as the doors open. Talbot enters--

INT. SAFE ROOM - DAY S

Talbot beelines past titanium walls, shockproof doors.

JOSH SPECTOR (O.S.)

And this is ground zero. Where the Feds
stashed Oswald's gun and Hoover's dress.
Get here, and you can write a bestseller
about it.

Talbot opens the SAFE. In the center: a pedestal on a
balance scale. A DISCMAN sits on top. Talbot slips the disc
into its new home. Then shuts the doors. CUTTING TO BLACK.

CONNOR (O.S.)

So basically, this is pure and simple...

MADDUX (O.S.)

Suicide.

INT. MADDUX PENTHOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

Maddux stands over a blueprint to the FBI Building.

MADDUX

I've been inside. And maybe, with a month's lead, detail schematics, graphic boards, test runs, maybe then I got a one-in-a-million shot at pulling this off.

Across the map, Palmer sits tense.

MADDUX

I need a call here, Palmer. I need a stay of execution.

PALMER

Jack, they're not gonna take my call on this. There's a reason I'm last to know.
(a hard beat, quietly)
You could run.

MADDUX

I run, and it'll never be done. I've been there, living day-to-day, hiding out. That's a convict's life.

Palmer reads Jack's fear. He feels equally helpless.

MADDUX

You know, for the first time ever... I feel old. I haven't hit fifty, but suddenly the end feels closer than the beginning.

Palmer takes a good, hard look. And smiles softly.

PALMER

Well then maybe this is just what you need. There's nothing like a dance with death to make you feel more alive.

Maddux considers. Dark enough to rain.

MADDUX

I guess that all depends.

PALMER

On what?

MADDUX

On who's leading.

INT. ZEKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

A whirlwind of crushed cigarettes and racing forms. Connor pounds through the mess, SMASHING into Zeke.

CONNOR
WHERE'D YOU COP THIS SCORE?!

INT. ZEKE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Mid-conversation. Tense, quiet. Connor paces tight, caged.

ZEKE
Go to Lenox Hill, get your stomach pumped-

CONNOR
It's not my stomach. It's in my blood.
It's in me, Z. I can feel it in my veins.

Zeke looks hard at Connor, who bobs, paces, amped.

ZEKE
You sure it's the drug in there?
(a beat, quiet, close)
I mean, this is what you wanted, isn't
it? Bigger, better, louder...? That's
adrenaline in your blood.

Connor looks up, smelling some truth. Zeke taps Connor's arm. A tattoo of Evil Knieval.

ZEKE
This is your Grand Canyon, brother.

Evil's face DISSOLVES TO--

INT. CONNOR'S LOFT - DAY

Evil on a poster. Connor passes the poster, grabs a CD, SLAMS it into the player, and spins to MAX. PUNCHING US with Wu Tang Clan. "Killers on the Prowl." The beat shifts into--

INT. PENTHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

Beethoven WHISPERS from the boombox. MERGING WITH THE WU. Maddux check diagrams, blueprints. He draws lines with an architect's care - perfect, straight, meticulous.

INT. CONNOR'S LOFT -

Connor is wild, loose, slapping together equipment. He slices material, loops bungee-cords, works gears and pulleys.

INT. PENTHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

Maddux watches a bank of mini-screens, which all show FOOTAGE from FBI HQ. With a remote, he flips through images.

He finds the image for the VAULT ROOM. Empty. He taps keys. FREEZES the image. And runs a program that...

WALKS A DIGITAL GRAPH FIGURE through the room. A shadow test pattern. The figure runs rates-and-routes from door to vault.

INT. CONNOR'S LOFT - DAY

Connor watches Evil jump the Canyon. He eats dinner. A supersize coke and ten twinkies. A ritual before big games.

INT/EXT. MADDUX PENTHOUSE - BALCONY - DUSK

Maddux sits, staring at the city's lights, eating filet mignon. He makes perfect slices. Everything is precise.

INT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL - DUSK

Connor POPS a dirty locker, pulling out a bag.

INT. PIERRE HOTEL - SECURITY VAULTS - DUSK

Maddux cracks open a safety box. He pulls out a black toolbag. Unbuttons his shirt. And straps the bag around his midsection. He unzips a pouch on the bag. Pulls out...

Latex strips. He brushes the strips onto his fingertips. They dissolve onto his skin, BLOCKING HIS FINGERPRINTS.

INT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL - BATHROOMS - DUSK

In a stall, Connor wraps sports-tape around his fingers. BLOCKING the prints. Makeshift, messy.

EXT. PIERRE HOTEL - NIGHT

Maddux exits, climbing into a Lincoln Towncar.

MADDUX

We're going to Wall Street.

DRIVER

You going to work at this hour?

Maddux nods softly. Yes. He is going to work.

EXT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL - NIGHT

Connor exits. He hops onto his skateboard, weaving into the night. We slowly PULL BACK BACK BACK to a super HIGH ANGLE POV. Streets and lights blur.

TALBOT (O.S.)
So many lights. So many shadows...

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - TARGET FLOOR - NIGHT

Talbot stares out the window. Agent Brown hangs close.

AGENT BROWN
Nightshift's in position, sir.

Talbot nods, without taking his eyes off the city. A beat.

TALBOT
You know, my first bust was my old man.
I was fifteen. He was clocking a bank
score. And I called it in.
(a beat, explaining)
Point is...in every light, every
shadow...there's a suspect.

Talbot looks back at the city. A long, lonely beat.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Bumper-to-bumper traffic. In a flash of headlights, we see.. Maddux. Wearing DWP uniform. Weaving through traffic, straight to...an open MANHOLE. He climbs down into--

INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT

Maddux flashes his light at two ConEd WORKERS.

MADDUX
Whattaya got goin?

His voice, posture, gestures match his uniform. Transformed.

WORKER #1
Power grid's down. Did City send you?

Maddux nods. They go back to work, as he heads away. Disappearing round a corner into...

STEAM TUNNELS. Nozzles spit BOILING STEAM on a continuous cycle. Maddux looks at the nozzles, timing their rate in his head. One two three, one two three. And he moves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fast. Smooth. Timing his paces perfectly. Blasts of steam get close, singing his uniform. He keeps his focus, but his eyes are scared. Clouds of steam waft up through grates to...

EXT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - STREET LEVEL - NIGHT

Looming high over the street is the familiar FBI HQ. SCREECH! Connor's skateboard SKIDS up to the scene. He stares up at the high-rise. Smiling. Pure mischief.

INT. MAINTENANCE TUNNEL - NIGHT

A grill shifts. Maddux emerges, wearing combat black - a shadow. He steps into hurricane winds, blown by...

A MASSIVE SPINNING FAN at the end of the tunnel. Huge, metal blades. A deadly obstacle. Maddux loads a flare-gun. Aims. And FIRES AT THE FAN. The flare STREAKS between speeding blades, SLAMMING into...a dark metal wall.

The flare EXPLODES into smoke. A mushroom cloud. The fans blow the smoke up through this dark ELEVATOR SHAFT... which we recognize as the FBI MAIN SHAFT. As smoke roils up...

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - TARGET FLOOR - NIGHT

FIRE ALARMS BLARE! EMERGENCY LIGHTS FLASH. Talbot goes on point. Hustling across the floor.

TALBOT

Hold post till we get a twenty on the fire.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - SECURITY/SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT

The Lead Agent barks orders.

LEAD AGENT

Go to fire procedure. Open the vents.
Spin down the fans. Clear that smoke.

INT. FBI ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

The massive blades of the fan SLOW DOWN, so they can spin in the opposite direction (blowing out the smoke). As they GRIND SLOWER AND SLOWER, Maddux CLIMBS THROUGH THE BLADES.

He grabs hold of the elevator cable. Rope-climbing up. Below him, SLAM! FBI AGENTS flood the shaft. BLINDED by the smoke.

Maddux keeps climbing. All around him, VENTS SLIDE AND SWIVEL OPEN. So the shaft is full of OPEN portals.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - SECURITY/SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT
Doors SLAM OPEN. Talbot looks at the screens.

TALBOT
What's standard op for a fire?

LEAD AGENT
Open all vents, reverse the main fans,
flush out the fire.

Talbot realizes what is going on. He looks at the screens.

TALBOT
Turn off the alarm. Shut down the vents-

LEAD AGENT
But if there's a fire-

TALBOT
Then I'll take the flames. SHUT IT DOWN!
HE'S INSIDE!

INT. VENT SYSTEM - NIGHT

WE SPEED THROUGH THE CHUTES, with vents open all the way to... Maddux. Slithering through the system. Suddenly, he hears a CLUNK echo behind him. He looks back and sees...

VENTS ARE CLOSING. METAL PANELS DROP DOWN. Like sliding doors. Closer, closer. Maddux double-times, crouch-running full blast toward a shaft of light.

He works on the shaft bolts. Fast fast fast. Down the tunnel, VENTS DROP, SNAPPING SHUT! Closer closer. He sweats, hands shaking. And POP!

The grid comes loose. Maddux squeezes through the opening, dropping away just as BANG! The last vent shuts overhead.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Maddux lands with a THUD! In a toilet stall. He starts to move, but hears A DOOR OPEN. An AGENT enters. Maddux holds his breath. And pulls out a small VID-SCREEN. Scrolling through surveillance shots of the floor. He hits a button.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - SECURITY/SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT

Inside a closet, THE SPIDER GOES GREEN. Alive. Outside.... a SCREEN turns to STATIC. Talbot freezes. It's on his floor.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

We hear Talbot on the Agent's RADIO.

TALBOT (ON RADIO)
Agent Brody, run a check on cam sixteen.

Agent Brody walks out.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - SECURITY/SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT

The static clears. Talbot sees Brody checking the camera.

TALBOT
Thank you, Brody.

AGENT BRODY (ON SCREEN)
But...sir... I didn't do anything yet.

A beat. Talbot spins in place. Sensing, knowing....

TALBOT
He's inside the system.

As if he needed more proof, suddenly ALL TARGET FLOOR MONITORS CUT TO STATIC. PANIC TIME.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - TARGET FLOOR - NIGHT

Agents swarm. In the midst of their search, we see a SHADOW. Maddux. If you blink, you missed him.

An AGENT turns the corner. And suddenly, Maddux emerges. Walking perfectly silently RIGHT BEHIND THE AGENT. The Agent turns. And MADDUX TURNS WITH HIM. An incredible feat of grace and timing. Maddux is this man's shadow.

They round a corner. And Maddux slips away. Hiding behind a maze of cubicles. Staring out at...

THE VAULT DOOR. The GUARDS. Maddux pulls out binoculars.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - SECURITY/SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT

Talbot is panicking. TECHIES scramble to fix the static.

TALBOT
Any eyes on him? Then where the hell is he?! He's here. I know it.

Suddenly, the SCREENS COME BACK TO LIFE. A wall full of surveillance feeds. And the Lead Agent goes white.

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CONTINUED:

LEAD AGENT

I think I know where he is.

All eyes go to... THE SURVEILLANCE FEED FROM THE VAULT ROOM. MADDUX IS INSIDE. His shadow. Following the exact path of his test program. Zig-zagging directly to the vault.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - TARGET FLOOR - SECONDS LATER

Talbot runs out of the elevator, sprinting toward the vault.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - SECURITY/SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT

Techies watch the SHADOW at the vault. And notice...

TECHIE

He's not moving. He's just standing there. It's like he's...waiting.

We look closer. And notice...THE SHADOW IS NOT MADDUX.

INT. PENTHOUSE - WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Jack's computers WHIR. On screen: his SIMULATION runs. The virtual reality Maddux. THE SHADOW ON SCREEN IS HIS PROGRAM.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - TARGET FLOOR - NIGHT

Talbot lunges past his guards. To the vault door. He punches the code. Rips open the door, charges gun-first into--

INT. VAULT ROOM - NIGHT

But...the room is EMPTY. Talbot streams to the vault. Punches numbers. It opens, and he sees...

THE DISCMAN IS...intact. The disc inside. Safe and sound. He slowly shuts the discman.

TALBOT

Get back in position.

Talbot shuts the vault door with his KEYCODE. As we see his hands punch numbers, we PULL BACK BACK BACK TO MADDUX'S BINOCULAR POV. A CLEAR SHOT OF THE KEYCODE!

Talbot heads away. Checking the floor. Maddux whips out another flare. Rip, pull, toss. He straps on a high-tech breathing device. No smoke. This flare is gaseous.

The Guards look at each other. Smelling something strange.

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CONTINUED:

GUARD1

Was that you?

Their knees go weak. Buckling. Falling. Maddux appears.

MADDUX

It was me.

He punches the keycode. Pulls open the door. Entering--

INT. VAULT ROOM - NIGHT

Maddux leaves a SCRAMBLER on the door. And checks his vidscreen. Rolling taped footage of Talbot at the vault. He doubleclick ZOOMS into Talbot's fingers. The code.

Maddux punches the combo. And the wall opens, revealing... the discman. He reaches out carefully to take the discman off its precious perch. As his fingers get closer, closer...

He hears a RUMBLE overhead. Looks up. Strange. A beat and...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM! The ceiling EXPLODES. In a shower of plaster and lathe, Maddux falls hard to the floor. He sees a FIGURE FLYING DOWN. Hooked to a cord.

ROBBY CONNOR. The kid steps on Jack's wrist, pinning his hand to the ground. He reaches down for the discman.

CONNOR

I believe that belongs to me.

INT. TARGET FLOOR - VAULT DOORS - NIGHT

Talbot coughs, with his shirt up over his nose and mouth. He tries to key the door. But the digits keep scrambling.

INT. VAULT ROOM - NIGHT

Connor pockets the discman. But Maddux rumbles to life. He leaps at Connor, GRABS HOLD, but the kid SNAPS BACK. He has his CORD ON REMOTE CONTROL, so the cord YANKS him up.

Connor FLIES, with the cord LIFTING HIM OFF THE GROUND. He has control of the wires. And he's a big Bruce Lee fan. So he SOARS, KICKING SLASHING Jack in dizzying whirls. He drops a final knee to a shoulder. THUD! Jack is down and out.

And the cord retracts. Fast. RIPPING Connor up through the ceiling, up up up to... THE NEXT FLOOR.

FLYING BACK BACK BACK. And finally THROUGH A WINDOW OUT TO--

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The cord hauls Connor up the face of the building.

EXT. TARGET FLOOR - NIGHT

Agents stream up to Talbot.

AGENT BROWN
Surveillance has him on the roof.

INT. VAULT ROOM - NIGHT

Maddux checks his vidscreen. Which is cracked, dead. He labors to the door. Dazed. And blind to what awaits him.

INT. TARGET FLOOR - NIGHT

Maddux slips out. His legs are weak. He BUMPS a desk. A quiet THUD. Not quiet enough.

TWO AGENTS see him. Pull guns. And Maddux runs, with every ounce of strength left in his body. BULLETS BLAST behind him. He rounds corners, pushing hard, slamming into--

INT. SERVICE STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Maddux lunges down steps. Landing with hard THUDS. His legs killing. Leaping and lunging on pure heart and adrenaline. The doors above him fly open, spitting out SIX AGENTS.

Jack's eyes flit wild. On the move, he rips a FIRE EXTINGUISHER off a wall. Pulls the pin.

And SPRAYS THE STAIRS with FOAM for two whole flights.

When the Agents hit these steps, they SLIP and SLIDE ON THE FOAM. SLAM! TEN FLOORS DOWN, Maddux kicks a door into--

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE FLOOR - NIGHT

Empty. Save for an old JANITOR, who does not hear Maddux coming. Maddux grits his teeth, hating what he has to do, as he SWINGS DOWN on the CUT TO:

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - ROOF - NIGHT

The emergency access door SLAMS off its hinges. Talbot and Agents flood the roof, guns out, hammers cocked. They see...

On the edge of the roof... Connor is perched with his back to them. His toes dangle hundreds of feet above the streets.

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Talbot motions to move in, slowly. Converging from all sides.

TALBOT

There's two ways to get down there.
Let's do it the easy way, huh?

We see Connor's face. A smile. Reveling in the action.

CONNOR

I hate the easy way.

And he STEPS OFF THE ROOF. FREEFALLING. A perfect swan dive. Suddenly, his backpack BLOSSOMS into a black parachute.

The AGENTS OPEN FIRE. Connor swerves in the air, dodging the rain of bullets, HOWLING IN DELIGHT. He sails down, hitting the street running. Leaving Talbot with his mouth open.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

Fire drill. Maddux stands in line. He wears JANITOR'S UNIFORM. GUARDS check IDs. Maddux stops for his check.

GUARD1

"Vladimir Gorchenko"?

MADDUX

(flawless Russian accent)
This is me. Is there fire?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Maddux elbows through the crowd. He reaches a clearing. He spins in place, looking out at the night, searching for signs. But chaos swirls everywhere. And the kid is GONE.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - VAULT ROOM - NIGHT

Talbot opens the vault, to find it...EMPTY. Agent Brown fields a call. Extends the phone to Talbot. A heavy beat.

TALBOT

Mr. Director. No, sir. False alarm.
We're all set here...No, we don't need
backup. Okay. Goodnight now.

He turns off the phone. Looks at Brown, who stands speechless, confused. Talbot explains the lie:

TALBOT

If we call this in, then they saddle the
cavalry, and it's out of our hands.

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CONTINUED:

AGENT BROWN
Yes, but sir, procedure-

TALBOT
Only works in drills and training. I'm
not going down without a fight. Now...

Talbot checks his watch. And like Connor and Maddux...

TALBOT
We've got 11 hours, 42 minutes, till
tomorrow morning... To get that disc.

His eyes burn bright. Thief's eyes. His father's son.

INT. CONNOR'S LOFT - NIGHT

Connor breezes in, strutting. As he slips off his backpack,
he flips on the stereo via remote. TEN SPEAKERS BLAZE to
life with James Brown's "I FEEL GOOD."

As JB croons, Connor does a victory dance. And sings along.

CONNOR
So good, so good-

SUDDENLY, THE DARKNESS MOVES! WHAM! A two-by-four SLAMS
Connor, DROPPING him to the ground. The disc rolls away.

MADDUX
(finishing the lyric, monotone)
...because I've got you.

Maddux plucks the disc off the floor. Connor tries to stand,
but he's seeing stars. Maddux steps over Connor.

CONNOR
How...did...you...?

Maddux pulls out a wallet. CONNOR'S WALLET. He stole it back
when they wrestling. He drops it onto Connor's chest.

MADDUX
First rule: never let a stranger close
enough to shake your hand.

Maddux heads out. As he does, he hits the stereo remote,
turning off the music.

MADDUX
And never, never celebrate till the deal
is done.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT BUILDING - HALL

DING DONG. The front door opens. Palmer sees Maddux on his doorstep. Maddux looks worse for wear. Tangled hair, wrinkled clothes, specks of blood on his shirt.

INT. PALMER'S LIBRARY - NIGHT

Palmer is flushed, relieved for Maddux, who nurses a scotch.

PALMER

I'll call the company, square the deal-

MADDUX

No. No deal. Not on their terms.

Palmer sobers. Looking at Maddux, as if for the first time.

PALMER

Uh. Jack. As your friend, allow me to advise you: you're in no position to negotiate.

MADDUX

Actually, I'm in perfect position. I'm negotiating with a man who's got as much to lose as I do.

Mason's words. Palmer senses the world shifting.

PALMER

This doesn't sound like you, Jack. You're a contract player-

MADDUX

Well, John, I guess I'm not feeling a lotta confidence in the company tonight.

PALMER

Fair enough. What do I say?

Maddux downs his drink with a single swallow.

MADDUX

Simple deal. I keep the disc. As insurance. So long as the photos stay low, so does the disc. But something, anything, happens to me, and I Will and Testament that disc straight to the FBI.

Palmer smiles, impressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PALMER

And I thought I was the contractor. I'll call it in now.

He leaves the room. Maddux pours another scotch. Sits. Rolls his neck. CRACK. When he comes full circle, he sees...

A LITTLE GIRL. GRETCHEN. Five-years-old, in pink nightie, staring at Jack.

MADDUX

Hi, Gretchen. Shouldn't you be asleep?

She points to his shirt.

GRETCHEN

What's that on your shirt, Uncle Jack?

Jack looks down, at specks of blood on the shirt. He looks up at her. Opens his mouth to answer, but nothing comes out. He just stares into her big blue eyes - so clear, so clean.

A strange, silent beat. They stare eye-to-eye. The door CLICKS open, and Gretchen scurries away, as Palmer enters.

PALMER

They went for it. You got yourself a deal... Except they have one counter.

This gets Jack's full attention.

PALMER

They need hard proof you have the disc. They want to see it. You draw up the meet. Anywhere, anytime.

MADDUX

Two hours. Times Square. Outside the Police Station. One man. If there are two, then the deal's dead.

Palmer nods, impressed. Maddux gets up to go.

PALMER

How's it feel, Jack?

Maddux turns. How's what feel?

PALMER

To be leading the dance?

Maddux darkens. This doesn't feel like the lead.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Connor sits with Zeke. Connor rolls a glass of ice across his bruised cheek. But he's manic, on fire. Mid-conversation:

CONNOR

...he's old, yeah, but he's good. He rolled me at the Fed, and I didn't feel a tickle. Then (and this is the highline move of moves) he leaves the cash in my wallet. Eight grand even, and there ain't a wrinkled bill in the bunch.

ZEKE

You wanna start a fanclub or you wanna take him down?

CONNOR

Fuck you. It's my life on the line here.

ZEKE

So I ask again: what'll it take to find him?

Connor leans back. Frustrated, helpless.

CONNOR

An act of god. A fucken miracle.

ZEKE

Well, now's not the best time to get religion.

CONNOR

That's about all I got right now. We don't have the eyes and ears for this.

A heavy beat. Zeke works up the nerve to say:

ZEKE

Maybe we don't, but...

Connor looks up. Locking eyes with Zeke. He knows immediately what Zeke is thinking. He tastes the name.

CONNOR

Darius... I say god, you say the devil.

ZEKE

Connie, in Hell's Kitchen, there ain't a whole hellofa lotta difference.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Connor runs the drink along his cheek, considering. The last cube melts. A bad omen. Suddenly, there is a new glass full of ice, dangling in front of his face.

CONNOR

I didn't order tha-

He sees...it is attached to Molly, the bartender.

MOLLY

On the house.

Starstruck, he takes it. She hands him a bar towel, to wrap the ice. He looks up at this angel. Speechless.

CONNOR

Thank you.

She nods, smiles. Part of the job. And she's gone. Connor watches her walk. He slowly turns back to Zeke. Resigned.

CONNOR

Let's do this and be done.

DRUMS POUND, and MUSIC RUMBLES on the...

CUT TO:

INT. CRASH LANDING - NIGHT

Bodies part. Zeke and Connor float through smoke toward...

DARIUS. He sees them coming. Locks eyes with Connor. Lion and lamb. Darius smiles. Gold teeth glimmer in the strobes.

DARIUS

Welcome to the party, y'all.

INT. MECHANIC GARAGE - NIGHT

Mountains of HARDWARE sit on tool trolleys. Darius and FIVE MONSTERS arm up, smoking, loading shotguns, glocks, semis, sharpening blades, picks, and other torture devices.

On the side, Connor stands sick to his stomach, with Zeke.

CONNOR

World War Three.

Darius smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARIUS

Exactly... YOU ASSHOLY ROLLERS READY TO RUMBLE?

The men ROAR. CLICKING clips into breaches. CHA-CHUKING shotguns. Darius whips out a 32. Hands it to Connor.

DARIUS

For protection.

CONNOR

From who?

Darius widens his smile. Connor takes the gun.

DARIUS

Lock and load, follow my lead.

They head for cars - cool, heavy machines. Fast and Furious musclecars. Zeke turns to Connor, who stands cold, frozen.

ZEKE

We ain't gonna get our hands dirty here.

Connor lifts his hand. Black with garage grease. He's already dirty. Headlights FLASH ON. Blinding.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

The THREE MUSCLECARS swerve to stops. Darius and crew swarm like SWAT, pounding into--

INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

Two THUGS man the door, while Darius leads two more monsters through the junk. Zeke and Connor bring up the rear.

As they go, Darius and boys grabs bats, hammers, blades.

Darius batter-rams through a steel door into--

INT. BACK ROOM BEDROOM - NIGHT

NED CECIL, a half-naked tattooed mass, is already loading his shotgun. Too slow. Darius flips the shotgun up, SLAMMING the butt into Ned's jaw. Dragging Ned across the floor.

A THUG tosses Darius the aluminum bat.

DARIUS

We're looking for word on a highline score, over the FBI-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NED

I don't-

SLAM! Darius SWINGS the bat into Ned's stomach, doubling him over. Connor flinches, tossing and turning.

DARIUS

Wrong answer. Now if you know anything at all about college baseball, you'll tell me what I want to hear. Because, brother, these bats were built for home runs.

The aluminum bat gleams. Darius pulls back Ned's head.

NED

Okay okay. I heard words. My man Roscoe Speed. He said FBI. All I know. I swear.

Darius smiles. SWINGS THE BAT. CRUNCH! Connor shudders.

INT. TUNNEL DANCE CLUB - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

Techno THUMPS from deeper bowels. CLUBKIDS push and pull in an endless line. Darius and army march past, straight to the entrance. Darius rolls through a METAL DETECTOR.

The machine WHOOP WHOOPS! BOUNCERS swarm. Darius opens his jacket. LINED WITH HEAVY ARTILLERY. A smile.

DARIUS

Who you gonna believe?

A HEAD BOUNCER approaches, recognizing Darius.

HEAD BOUNCER

Nothing inside.

INT. TUNNEL DANCE CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

A sea of sweaty, throbbing bodies. The crowd parts for Darius. His eyes are sharp, a predator in the field. He locks onto a speeding SHADOW. And the chase is on.

Darius, crew, Connor and Zeke spread out, working their way through the chaos. The Shadow slams out a back door into--

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

WHAM! A hard clothesline WHIPS him off his feet. He stares up at Darius disciples, manning the exit. We get a good look at ROSCOE SPEED, a clubkid with cranked eyeballs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSCOE SPEED
Ohshitwhateveritisohshit-

DARIUS
Shut up, Speed. The score. At the Fed.

Speed is on full throttle terror. Eyes bulging. BANG!
Darius FIRES! The bullet barely misses Speed's head. He
shudders hard. So does Connor, who fingers his own gun.

DARIUS
I want a highline pro, uptown, who's
taking trips south of Franklin. I want a
name, Speed...
(eyeing the gun in Connor's hand)
...or my man's gonna shoot you dead in
the head. Ain't that right, Con?

All eyes on Connor. He is frozen. Darius nods to his thugs,
who flank Connor, raising his gun to the back of Speed's
head. They force Connor's finger to the trigger.

DARIUS
Three seconds. Three...two...and...

Speed shuts his eyes. So does Connor. His finger trembles.
Time slows to a crawl. And....

ROSCOE SPEED
Ravidam Patel... Red dot Indian. He
knows the mark. Some highline old-timer.

Connor opens his eyes. "Old timer." They have a lead.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A WINDOW BREAKS O.S. An old Indian man, RAVIDAM, rumbles
awake. He grabs a tire-iron, heading downstairs into--

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Dark, closed. But Darius stands in the middle of an aisle,
smoking a cigarette, drinking a coke. He's been "shopping."

Ravidam pauses, and suddenly TWO GUNS tickle his temples.
Two Darius Thugs.

DARIUS
Nice shop you got here. You wanna keep
it that way, you're gonna answer a simple
question: who's the old-time thief who
moved on the FBI tonight?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAVIDAM
Are you FBI?

DARIUS
Do we look like FBI?

RAVIDAM
Then you go fuck yourself.

A beat of stunned silence. Then Darius and crew all laugh. Zeke and Connor hold rock steady. Nervous.

DARIUS
Whoa, brother. I seen Gandhi two times.
I'm all about peace. But don't push me now.

WE SEE a SHADOW behind Connor. A BOY (who we met at the Dive Bar earlier). Darius moves toward Ravidam, and--

Suddenly, the BOY leaps out with pistol in hand. Zeke trips him. Connor kicks away the gun. And Darius grabs the Boy. Holding a gun to his head. Spinning to Ravidam.

DARIUS
Like father, like son. Touching. Now I
ask once more. The old-timer's name.

The boy wriggles, helpless. Ravidam deflates, quietly.

RAVIDAM
You never catch him. He is a shadow. I
not see him five, ten years. He the best-

DARIUS
WHAT'S. HIS. NAME?!

RAVIDAM
He has many names. Many lives... But he
is always Jack. Before you were born, he
worked the Tabard, on Mulberry.

Darius smiles, nodding a polite "thank you." Then he PISTOL-WHIPS the Boy to the ground. A speck of blood hits Connor's cheek. Connor wipes clean. Looks at the blood.

As they all barrel out, Connor sees himself in a concave mirror. His face distorted. His eyes dark, his smile dead. A stranger. A beat of reckoning as we...

CUT HARD TO:

EXT. TABARD SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

A dusty dive in Little Italy. FLASHES of lights POP inside. MUZZLES blasting. Sounds of destruction hurl us into--

INT. TABARD SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

A hangout for faded, old thieves. Part headquarters, part retirement home. Old-timers hover in booths. They all wear the scars of the trade (missing fingers, jailhouse tattoos).

Up and down the floor, Darius and crew HIT HARD, SPLINTERING tables, SHATTERING the bar. Clouds of debris waft everywhere.

VOICE (O.S.)

Enough.

Through the dust clouds, Miles emerges. Jack's old friend.

MILES

This is not the way to do business.

DARIUS

The fuck you know about my business?

MILES

I am your business. And the way it works is this: you want something of mine, you gimme something of yours. You act like a man. And you respect the men who laid the tracks you're running on.

Darius nods. A good student.

DARIUS

Okay. Lemme be sure I got this straight.

He LUNGES. GRABBING Miles by the throat. Lifting him off the ground, choking the air out of him.

DARIUS

If you give me the name I want, then I give you the air I'm breathing. Is that right?

Miles is kicking, losing life. But his eyes are defiant. Ready to die a hero's death. Connor squirms. Suddenly...

VOICE (O.S.)

Jack Maddux.

An old-timer, FAT SAUL, steps forward. Shame-faced.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNOR

Where is he?

FAT SAUL

Uptown, he had a girl, a regular, at
Diamond One.

Darius lets go of Miles, who falls to the floor, wheezing.

DARIUS

And that's how I do business, on my streets.
Choke em till they cough up the score.

INT. DIAMOND ONE ESCORT SERVICE - OFFICES - NIGHT

A loft. Banks of high-tech consoles, computers. A multiplex
of sex. Darius, Connor, Zeke and crew stand with MONA KNOX,
former-callgirl turned CEO.

MONA KNOX

I know who you are. So let's save some
time here. This is what I got. She
hasn't worked here in over five years.

Her printer spits out a page. A name, address.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Middle-class, anonymous. A light flips on. Elizabeth rises
from bed. And Darius is on her fast. LANDING a RIGHT HOOK
that sends her airborne, SLAMMING into the wall. A ragdoll.

She looks up at Darius, Connor, crew. And spits blood.
Fearless, defiant. Darius pauses, surprised by her strength.

ELIZABETH

What? You think that's the first time
I've been hit in the face? You need to
get a better right, baby, if you want to
make a dent.

Darius pulls back for a knockout punch. But Connor gets in
the way. Close, quiet. A stay of execution.

CONNOR

Gimme two minutes here. Two minutes.
Two minutes and she's all yours. Please.

Darius drops his arm. Wipes Elizabeth's blood from his face.
And smiles. Deadly. Raising two fingers - two minutes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Connor shuts the door behind Darius and crew. He turns to Elizabeth. Takes a tissue off her dresser, handing it over.

CONNOR

Look. You don't know me. But you gotta trust me now. I don't want to see you get hurt. And those...men, out there, they're gonna hurt you something awful, if you don't tell me what I need to know: where do I find Jack Maddux?

Elizabeth registers the name. She looks hard at Connor. And smiles softly. Connor is unnerved by the smile.

CONNOR

What? Why are you smiling?

ELIZABETH

You remind me of him.

CONNOR

Lady, you don't know me.

Her smile widens. Quietly.

ELIZABETH

That's exactly what he'd say.

Connor checks his watch.

CONNOR

We got about a minute now. If that door opens, you're not walking out of here.

Elizabeth hands him her bloody tissue. She's ready.

ELIZABETH

So open the door, and let's get started.

Connor stares at her, confused by her courage.

CONNOR

I don't understand. This guy, he's just a john to you-

ELIZABETH

You're right. You don't understand.

A beat. Connor looks close, trying to read her. A KNOCK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door opens. Darius enters. Raising his fists. Brass knuckles glimmer on both hands. Elizabeth swallows hard. Connor turns his head away. Darius approaches, and...

A WHISTLE cuts through the air. All eyes go to...
ZEKE. In the doorway. Smiling. Envelopes of cash in hand.

CONNOR
(underwhelmed)
Cash, Zeke?

Zeke smiles. He flips the envelopes, revealing...all the envelopes are IDENTICAL. From the same hotel. THE PIERRE.

ZEKE
Cash money, brother. Straight flush.

Elizabeth's eyes show fear for the first time. For Maddux.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Aerial shot. We PULL BAAAAACK as the camera angle slowly drops. Keep PULLING BACK until we reveal that we are...

INSIDE A MOVING GLASS ELEVATOR. The Marriott Hotel, high above the Square. TOURISTS all videotape the "ride" down.

Among them, a familiar face. Hidden behind a camera... Jack Maddux. A cheesy tourist. His grainy POV ZOOMS INTO...

The POLICE STATION. A black sedan pulls up. A MAN in a suit gets out, with briefcase in hand.

Jack keeps ZOOMING...all the way to the Man's EAR, where we see an EARPIECE. Jack frowns slightly. A bad sign.

He ZOOMS OUT. SWISHPANS a two-block radius. ZOOMING into another black sedan, idling around a corner. ZOOM OUT, and PAN to...another black sedan down another block.

Jack smiles darkly, reading the trap. He lowers his camera.

CHEESY FEMALE TOURIST
Did ya get anything good?

MADDUX
Nope. All bad.

The elevator hits ground level. Doors open. All out. Bodies part on Broadway...and Jack is gone.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Maddux climbs out of a cab. His eyes are everywhere, looking for tails, checking shadows. He scopes every corner. Satisfied, he crosses the street.

For all his action, he is a man of precision, patience. He approaches his hotel. Flags FLAP, snapping like whips, menacing. He moves past a line of limos, into--

INT. THE PIERRE - PENTHOUSE FLOOR - NIGHT

DING! Elevator doors open. Maddux steps out fast. His eyes everywhere. He beelines to his door. Sweating.

He pulls his key. But his hand shakes. He balls his fist, taking the key in both hands, opening the door, entering--

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Jack flips on the lights. Empty, safe. He steps straight to the bar. He reaches for scotch, but sees that one of the glasses is MISSING A PAPER TOP. A beat. He LUNGES AWAY, but--

A pistol WHIPS DOWN through the air, KNOCKING him to the ground. Maddux looks up to see Connor standing over him.

CONNOR

(quiet, echoing JB)

I got you.

Connor whips out his butterfly knife, slicing open Jack's shirt. He finds the disc taped to the small of Jack's back. He rips it away. Whispering.

CONNOR

Never celebrate till the deal is done.

Connor stands, running the disc over his knuckles.

CONNOR

We're done here.

DARIUS

Not exactly.

Suddenly, Darius plucks the disc out of Connor's hand.

ZEKE

What the hell are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARIUS

Good business. This bad boy'll go for a row on the open market. Thanks for the run, son.

Connor lunges for it, but three GUNS are in his face fast.

CONNOR

We had a deal, Darius.

DARIUS

A "deal"? You live on the same streets I do, where the only real deal is do before you're done. And you been done, son.

He turns to go. Connor raises his gun. Cocks the hammer.

CONNOR

Don't...don't make me...

Darius turns slowly. Smiles. And walks toward Connor's gun.

DARIUS

Make you what...? See, I don't think you can pull that trigger. That's the thing about thieves. You don't like to get your hands dirty. Do you, Connor?

Darius raises the barrel to his heart. Smiling wide. Connor's finger slides on the trigger. He smiles back.

CONNOR

Actually. I do.

He PULLS THE TRIGGER. And...click. Again. Click. Click. Click.. The gun is empty.

Darius laughs. A dark, deep-throated laugh. Then in one savage, graceful move, he whips the gun out of Connor's hand and pistol-whips him to the floor. Connor lands next to Jack.

Darius splits. Connor grabs the bar, to lift himself up. The bar rolls. And Connor's eyes LOCK ON the bar. An idea sparks.

EXT. PENTHOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Darius and crew lumber down the vaulted marble hall. Smug, satisfied. They hear a CREAK. Turn around. And see...

The rolling bar ROLLING FAST toward them. Suddenly, Connor surfaces, running full speed behind the bar. The thugs raise guns, but Connor keeps low behind the bar. And then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The bar HITS, and Connor RISES. JUMPING onto the bar, using it for leverage. SPRINGING OVERHEAD. In mid-air, he KICKS DOWN at Darius, KNOCKING the disc out of his hand.

Connor hits the floor in a somersault, scooping up the disc. And landing on his feet. A perfect floor routine.

He swerves around the corner, as Darius and crew give chase. We HOLD on the hall, as Maddux steps out of his room. Faded, beaten, dazed. Slow, grunting, groaning in pain.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Connor is running straight into...a dead end. A window.

He KICKS THROUGH THE GLASS. Looking down TWENTY FLOORS. Flags flap in the breeze. He looks back to see Darius incoming. And Connor climbs out onto--

EXT. PIERRE HOTEL - NIGHT

A thin ledge. Flags flap ten floors down. And Connor... SMILES. The old twinkle in his eyes. Smelling mayhem.

CONNOR

Fuck the Grand Canyon.

He STEPS OFF THE LEDGE. SLIIIIIDING DOWN the convex roof! DROPPING TEN FLOORS. GRABBING HOLD of a flag. He slides down the thick canvas. Whips out his butterfly knife. SLICES the flag free. And uses it...

To HANG-GLIDE down to the street. Landing with a hard THUD. Right at the feet of the Doorman, who stares in awe at this kid who fell from the sky. No time for small talk.

Connor is up. And out. Crossing traffic, horns BLASTING.

Darius and crew barrel out of the hotel. They spot Connor and give chase. Maddux is ten steps behind them.

The crew leap into their double-parked muscle-cars. Maddux walks up the line of limos, to an empty, stretch white Rolls.

He picks the lock. Slides inside, under the dash, to hotwire the ride. He struggles. The wires spark, shocking him.

MADDUX

Damnnit. How the hell did I do this...

A flash of past lives. The stickup kid. And the motor HUMS.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Connor sprints down the sidewalk, weaving through foot traffic. He hears the RUMBLE of engines. And sees..

The muscle-cars tearing through the streets. Connor's eyes are everywhere, searching for outs.

The hot rods are gaining. Connor's eyes narrow on...

A KID. A Streetpunk doing tricks on... A SKATEBOARD. Connor runs at him, pushing him off the board, and dropping into a FULL OLLY. He kicks fast, swerving into heavy TRAFFIC.

Connor HITCHES A RIDE on a cab, holding tight to the rear bumper, ducking low on the board to keep out of sight, swerving wildly around bumps and potholes at 20, 30 m.p.h.

He looks back and spots the muscle-cars. And a strange sight: a stretch ROLLS swerving wildly through traffic. Jack Maddux at the wheel.

THE CHASE IS DEFINITELY ON.

Connor's cab slows to a stop at a red light. Connor looks back, seeing Darius, crew, and Maddux speeding toward him.

He lets go of the cab, SLINGSHOTTING through the red light. Cars HONK, SCREECH! He slaloms through the blur of traffic.

Darius and boys punch the gas, SMASHING through cars. Maddux SLICES around the street chaos, using empty SIDEWALKS.

Connor hitches onto another car. He keeps low. And SWINGS FROM CAR TO CAR, maneuvering through traffic. Darius and crew bear down. Connor looks back, swallowing hard as...

THUGS lean out of hot rods, GUNS TRAINED. Connor looks ahead. AND SMILES. He climbs down on his board, to lay on his stomach. Inches above street-level.

We see the world from his POV. Wheels, potholes, legs. At 30, 40 m.p.h. Darius and crew speed closer, converging from two sides. Just as they get Connor in their sights...

Connor's car SLAMS ITS BRAKES, WHIPPING him forward. Darius and crew SPEED past the car, but suddenly--

THEY SLAM THEIR BRAKES! Because they see what Connor saw: a BIG RIG TRUCK is pulling out. They swerve to stops, as...

Connor SPEEDS UNDER THE RIG. SLICING BETWEEN MASSIVE WHEELS.

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CONTINUED:

Darius and crew are trapped on the other side, WAITING.
Darius spots Maddux in his rear-view. He yells to his wing.

DARIUS

White Rolls! Take him out!

A nod from the Thugs. As Darius jams forward, his wingmen hang back. Maddux pulls ahead, and they HIT HIM FAST. SLAMMING into him, RATTLING the Rolls. OPENING FIRE!

Maddux stays low, as BULLETS stream overhead. He swerves into-
INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Maddux cocks his rearview, checking his trail. Three thugs in the rod, two hanging out windows, FIRING FAST.

Maddux stays calm. Cool as can be.

He simply tightens his seatbelt. And FLOORS THE GAS.
The rod chases. Faster, faster, fastest. And suddenly--

MADDUX SLAMS HIS BRAKES. SKIDDING WILDLY TO A STOP.
SHOCKING the thugs, who do not have time to brake. So they...

DRIVE EIGHTY MILES-PER-HOUR INTO THE BACK OF THE LIMO.
Blinding, ear-shattering IMPACT! The Gunmen are tossed through the air, SLAMMING into alley walls.

And they are the lucky ones. The DRIVER is trapped in a car that CRUSHES INTO the Rolls. The muscle car is a smashed can. A tangle of mangled chrome.

Maddux rises from his seat. Airbagged. Unscathed. He checks his rearview, and sees a HOT ROD and DAZED DRIVER in his backseat. He pulls away, driving a slightly SHORTER CAR now.

He hears COP SIRENS. And follows the noise to...

A BRIGADE OF NYPD cruisers hot on the heels of.. Darius.
SMASHING through traffic. Chasing Connor.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - VARIOUS - NIGHT

Agent Brown SPRINTS through empty halls. He SLAMS through a security check, pounding down a door to--

INT. FBI MONITORING ROOM - NIGHT

A high-tech chamber of audio/visual feeds. Brown rushes to Talbot, who rises. Ready to roll. He straps on his holster.

EXT. STREET - VARIOUS - NIGHT

Connor and Darius lead an array of cops through the city. Maddux hangs back behind the line of cruisers, straining to keep an eye on Connor, who...

SLIDES FROM CAR TO CAR. A champion luger. Reveling in the ride of his life. But he looks ahead and sees:

TRAFFIC PARTS LIKE THE RED SEA. The street is emptying out (no more cars for hitching rides). And Connor sees WHY:

THREE SEDANS speed the WRONG WAY UP THIS ONE-WAY AVENUE! SIRENS swirling. Talbot and team. A moving roadblock. HEAD-ON to Connor, Darius, and cops.

Feds ahead. Cops behind. Darius CRANKS up the gas, eyes blazing. Maddux SWERVES around the cops, SPARKING on a sidewalk, DROPPING to the street, giving chase, so...

Maddux trails Darius, who trails Connor who... lets go of his car. SLINGSHOTTING toward the incoming Feds. Closer, closer.

A game of head-on chicken.

Seconds from impact, two FBI sedans SWERVE AWAY. But Talbot holds steady. Bearing down. His men shut their eyes.

So does Connor. Who STREAKS straight at the oncoming car. With Darius and Maddux hot on his trail. Closer, closer.

THIS IS DEMOLITION DERBY TIME.

At IMPACT, Connor GLIDES RIGHT UNDER TALBOT'S CAR. The chassis speeds overhead. Inches from his nose. Connor SHRIEKS IN ECSTASY. The ultimate speed run.

A millisecond later, Darius and Jack's cars SPLIT IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS. Sliding around Talbot. SKIMMING THE SIDES OF HIS CAR. Sparks fly. Metal cries. And Darius and Jack shoot by.

The street clears. Talbot and team are slowed, turning around. Connor starts to flag. Darius is on him fast. His Thugs FIRE! Bullets skid off the street all around Connor.

Darius gets closer, closer. RUNNING STRAIGHT INTO CONNOR, who stays low, HOLDING TIGHT TO THE FRONT BUMPER.

Darius smiles. And FLOORS IT. Faster, faster. Connor cannot handle the speed. His board SPARKS. Tracks CRACKING.

Connor gets on his back. And slides UNDER THE HOT-ROD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His hands BURN on the steaming chassis. He claws his way to the OIL GASKET. With all his strength, he twists the gasket. And... OIL STARTS TO FLOW OUT OF THE CAR.

The car quickly COUGHS, SPUTTERS, BACKFIRES. And dies a loud death. GRINDING gears to a stop. Connor lets go...

Flying away, swerving around a corner. Cop cars SWARM on the hot-rod. Darius and thugs leap out, sprinting away.

Connor turns a corner, and looks back at the action. Smiling. Safe. Rolling. Victorious. He spins forward, and sees...

A SHOCK FLASH! A CAR STARES HIM IN THE FACE. Maddux. Incoming. Crash course. This is it. Split-seconds to impact.

THE WORLD GOES TO SLOWED MOTION.

Connor shuts his eyes. Maddux speeds closer... closer... closer...and...finally...TAPS HIS BRAKES. He's not a killer.

Connor slides past the Rolls, with MILLIMETERS TO SPARE. He rises fast, grabbing hold of a truck, banging toward the--

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Maddux chases the truck. And suddenly a SPOTLIGHT paints the limo. An NYPD chopper circles, with SHARPSHOOTER dangling.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Talbot and brigade speed through the streets. Talbot's cellphone rings. He snaps it open, one-handing the wheel. He relays the call, punching digits.

TALBOT

They're on the bridge. Patch me through to PD, City and Brooklyn. We'll get em in a run-down.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - TRANSIT STATION - NIGHT

A few METRO and TRANSIT COPS sit drinking coffee. All of a sudden, their RADIOS SQUAWK IN UNISON.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Connor's truck slows. Cars are lined up at toll booths. He looks back, and sees Maddux gaining ground. Connor looks forward again.

And BOOM. He swallows hard, because...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRANSIT AND METRO COPS are waiting on the other side of the booths. A TOTAL AND COMPLETE ROADBLOCK.

Maddux sees the dead end. He checks his rearview, and sees a BLAZE OF LIGHTS BEHIND. Cops, Feds. Talbot leads the charge.

Connor and Maddux are trapped. Cops ahead and more behind.

Connor hops off his board, gives it a KISS, "thank you."

Maddux rolls out, looking for Connor in this maze of shifting, steaming traffic.

Connor hides behind a car. He dips into his pocket, pulling his kevlar rope from the FBI score. He tightens a winch hook. His eyes flit fast. Adrenaline screaming.

He takes a breath. And RUNS OUT across the toll lines. Maddux sees him. Connor hits the edge of the bridge, and...

LEAPS UP. HOOKING ONTO THE SIDE OF THE BRIDGE with his rope, SLIDING DOWN THE RAILING to the lower level.

Maddux follows. Fast, frantic. He climbs up. And looks down to see THE RIVER HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW. He grabs tight to the railing, sweating hard, dizzy, truly terrified.

Wind whips at him. He climbs down slow, awkward, scared. Looks up and sees...

Talbot. With gun trained. Eye contact.

Maddux freezes. Tired, desperate, helpless. He sees in Talbot's eyes...HESITATION. And Maddux knows... Talbot CANNOT PULL THE TRIGGER.

Jack LETS GO, DROPPING HARD TO--

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT

Maddux HITS the concrete. Connor is already sprinting hard across speeding traffic to the other side. Cars HONK, slicing past him. Jack gets to his feet.

He PAUSES to check the blinding traffic. And FREEZES. His patience, his precision, his perfect planning...

Are USELESS here. He stands helpless. His head got in the way of his body. Connor looks back. Smiles. Screams out.

CONNOR

LESSON ONE: NEVER STOP TO THINK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He waves goodbye. And LEAPS OFF THE BRIDGE. The kevlar cord is hooked to his belt, like a bungee. The cord goes taut. Connor dangles fifty feet above sea level.

He SNAPS off the cord. And DROPS, jack-knifing down, splashlanding in the river. Up on the bridge...

Maddux starts to head back toward the city. His thumb out.

Above him, on the top level, Talbot barks orders.

TALBOT

Get me a roadblock on the lower-

TRANSIT COP

We got all units up here.

Talbot checks his watch. He drifts to the edge of the bridge, staring out at the city. Helpless. So many lights...

A hard KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK tosses us into--

INT. PALMER APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door opens. Palmer stares at a beaten, bedraggled Maddux.

PALMER

Jack.

Maddux senses something in Palmer's tone. His clothes.

MADDUX

You're still dressed.

PALMER

It's a big night. I couldn't sleep.

A beat. Awkward.

MADDUX

Aren't you going to invite me in?

INT. PALMER APARTMENT - OFFICE - NIGHT

Palmer lets Maddux into another lavish room. Palmer speaks soft, quiet, but with real urgency.

PALMER

What the hell happened out there? The company called. They said you never showed. Three hours, Jack. They're foaming at the mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADDUX

They're foaming? Look at me!

Palmer's eyes soften, feeling sorry for his friend.

PALMER

What do you want, what do you need?

Maddux relaxes. He sits down, exhausted. Head spinning.

MADDUX

I want, I need...out. Solid papers,
plastic, passport. I want a commercial
direct by dawn.

(accepting fate)

It's over.

Palmer gets close. Too close. Almost threatening.

PALMER

Jack. Oh, Jack. You have no idea.
We're friends, so let me be clear and
simple, for your own good: walking is
not an option. The clock's ticking and-

MADDUX

What? What did you say?

Maddux recognized Mason's line. He looks at the side door to
the library (where they met before).

MADDUX

Palmer. Who's in the library?

Palmer pauses. And Maddux is up, pushing past him, into--

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Mason sits with EXECUTIVES, all smoking cigars. Maddux
stands staring at them. In shock. And he understands now:

Palmer is one of them. He turns to Palmer. Quietly.

MADDUX

We're "friends," huh?

Palmer opens his mouth, but has no answer.

MASON

You're an employee, Mr. Maddux. So do
your job.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Palmer's eyes hit the floor. So do Jack's. He sees that he TRACKED DIRT ACROSS THE FLOOR. He looks at Mason. His gleaming cuff-links, perfect tie. A world away right now.

MADDUX
(under breath)
I'm hired help.

INT. PALMER APARTMENT - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

Palmer catches up with Maddux.

PALMER
Jack, Jack...it's just business. Nothing personal.

Maddux can barely look at him.

MADDUX
It never was, was it? Personal.

Maddux heads out. A weary soldier.

PALMER
What's the move? Where are you going?

Maddux pauses. He knows where he's going. He's known in his bones since the night began. With quiet resolution.

MADDUX
I'm going...to get personal. This is a street war. So I'm going back to the streets.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Cars fly by...THE TABARD. Maddux pauses on the threshold. Memories flooding back. With a hard swallow, he enters--

INT. TABARD SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

Old thieves work the wreckage. As Maddux steps in, the room goes still, silent. The men all stare. A hard, long beat.

MILES
The Ghost of Christmas Past. You lost, old man? The opera's uptown.

Maddux gets close, quiet.

MADDUX
Can I talk to you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Miles motions, go ahead.

MADDUX
Somewhere private.

MILES
No such thing. We're family here.

Maddux looks at the old, familiar faces. Quiet, soft.

MADDUX
If this is how it's got to play out, then
let's get started. I need your help.

MILES
What? I didn't hear you.

Maddux realizes it is going to be even harder than he
imagined. He repeats himself, louder.

MADDUX
I need your help, Miles.

MILES
I'm an old man. I still can't hear you.

Miles is taking some pleasure in humiliating Jack.

MADDUX
I said, I NEED YOUR HELP NOW.
(a beat, quiet)
We used to be family too, Miles.

MILES
In "another life," right Jack? A life
that's "already dead." So go haunt
somebody else. We have work to do.

Maddux looks around the room, seeing that the men are against
him. He feels entirely alone for the first time in his life.
He drops his head. And shuffles for the door.

On route, he sees a framed photo on the ground. He picks it
up, brushing off the debris, revealing a picture from twenty
years ago of Maddux, Miles, and crew. Maddux smiles sadly.

MADDUX
1985. Platinum score. I took the
tumble, Miles. Five long in Leavenworth
so you could watch your boy become a man.
You think about that, you think long and
hard, next time you piss on your past.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hangs the picture back on the shattered wall. All eyes on Miles, who tosses and turns. Just as Jack hits the exit...

MILES

Jack.

INT. TABARD SOCIAL CLUB - BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

A ramshackle den of old desks, pulse telephones. The men set up shop. Maddux hangs back with Miles.

MADDUX

This kid could be anywhere.

Miles smiles a knowing smile. An old-school pro.

MILES

So we'll hit everywhere.

Spools of old, black phone wires twist and turn into the old phones, where the old thieves work their magic. We enter a mouthpiece, hurtling through circuits, darkness...

MILES (O.S.)

We got the eyes and ears of the city.

The line loops into RAPID FIRE IMAGES:

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

An old BELLHOP snaps up a flashing phone.

MILES (O.S.)

The ladies and gentlemen who never sleep.
The silent majority. Uptown...

INT. SRO DIVE - EAST RIVER DOCKS - NIGHT

The fat, ancient MANAGER sits behind a cage. Grabs a phone.

MILES (O.S.)

...downtown...

INT. SUBWAY TOLL BOOTH - NIGHT

A wrinkled TOKEN OPERATOR checks his surveillance screens.

MILES (O.S.)

....from subways and sewers...

ROLL ACROSS the screens. The city's underbelly. To...

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

An old, Black SECURITY GUARD opens his cellphone.

MILES (O.S.)
...to skyscrapers.

WHIP PAN THROUGH FASTER AND FASTER IMAGES:

INT. DOCK LOADING DECK - NIGHT

An old, Russian DOCKHAND mans a utility phone.

INT/EXT. MOVING CAB - NIGHT

An old INDIAN CABBIE grabs his radio.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

The DESK SERGEANT picks up his phone. Swivels to the side.

INT. TABARD SOCIAL CLUB - BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

Miles stands with Maddux.

MILES
We got favors up and down town that go
back three generations. The kids today,
they're all about fear. They forgot the
most powerful tool in the box is always
and only...friendship.

RAPID FIRE MONTAGE of old-school FRIENDS:

BELLHOP
My kid loved the car, Charlie.

SECURITY GUARD
I'm looking for a DVD player.

INDIAN CABBIE
I hear word from Ravidam.

FASTER, FASTER, FASTER. SPLITTING THE SCREEN INTO A SEA OF
FRAMES. FAMILY, FRIENDS. From every corner of the city.

INT. TABARD SOCIAL CLUB - BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

Miles picks up a phone, dialing the number for RAVIDAM PATEL.

INT. RAVIDAM'S GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Ravidam and Son nurse their wounds, using supplies from their shop. Ravidam answers the phone. His eyes narrow, smiling.

RAVIDAM

I've been waiting for this call.
(passing the phone to his son)
This man is a friend.

INT. TABARD SOCIAL CLUB - BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

Miles listens. Scribbles down: DARIUS STONE. CRASH LANDING.

And ANOTHER PHONE dangles in...

INT. LEAVENWORTH PRISON - PRISONER'S BOOTH - NIGHT

An OLD PRISONER takes the phone from a GUARD.

TALBOT'S VOICE (ON PHONE)

This is Agent Len Talbot of the FBI.
(a beat, silence)
I need your...expert advice. If you're
hot with a score in hand, where do you go
to make the drop?

The Old Prisoner sits down. Tired.

OLD PRISONER

Somewhere public. Lotsa outs. At this
hour? Grand Central or Times Square.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Talbot scribbles GRAND CENTRAL, TIMES SQUARE for Agent Brown.

TALBOT

Two-man teams.

Agent Brown nods, heading away. Talbot looks at his phone.
The call should be over, but....

OLD PRISONER (ON PHONE)

You know that already, Lenny... You
needed to hear my voice...?
(a beat, no answer)
Take care yourself, son, you hear?

TALBOT

You too, dad.

INT. LEAVENWORTH PRISON - NIGHT

CLICK. Talbot's father listens to the other end. The dial tone. Not wanting to hang up. A beat. He smiles softly.

INT. MOVING CAR - NIGHT

Maddux sits with Miles in this old, beat-up Caddie.

MILES

Feels like our first score all over again... Your hands sweaty?

They both smile, memories flooding back.

MILES

I thought you were gonna pass out, that first run. Hands so sweaty, you couldn't open a door. You remember?

They laugh quietly. A beat. Memories sinking in.

MADDUX

You promised me, it'd get easier.

MILES

Yeah. I lied.

Their smiles slowly fade.

MILES

It only gets harder. My hands got the shakes. My knees ache on rainy days. And the world's getting faster and faster.

MADDUX

So why don't you step down? Retire?

MILES

Why don't you?

A beat. They both know without saying.

MILES

We're not civilians, Jack... Somewhere along the way, you forgot that.

Miles slows the car, as they reach the neon flashing--

EXT. CRASH LANDING - NIGHT

Three old CADDIES double-park outside the den of iniquity. And this tough, old crew barrel out, heading for--

INT. CRASH LANDING - ENTRY HALL - NIGHT

Maddux, Miles, and crew pass CLUBKIDS, who look up from their drugs and piercings to stare at these relics.

CLUBKID

Somebody's dad is pissed.

INT. CRASH LANDING - CLUB - NIGHT

The old crew is SMASHED in the collective face by ear-splitting TECHNO. Miles addresses his troops, with a smile.

MILES

Take out your teeth, and let's mingle.

As they dip into the chaos, we CUT HARD TO:

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Connor surfaces from underground. He heads for the Powernet Building, to deliver the goods. He walks fast, tossing glances over his shoulder. Edgy. On point. Suddenly...

His CELLPHONE RINGS. He flinches, startled. Snaps open the phone. Sees CALLER ID: ZEKE CELL. He punches TALK.

CONNOR

Z?

VOICE (ON PHONE)

Guess again.

Connor stops dead in his tracks, recognizing the voice.

INT. CRASH LANDING - OFFICE - NIGHT

A dark cave with one-way windows over the club. Darius holds Zeke's phone, while Zeke sits scared, surrounded.

DARIUS

You wanted a deal. You got one: Zeke's life for the disc. Grand Central. One hour. If you're not there with the disc, then your boy is dead. And his blood's on your hands. Are we clear?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat. Silence. Darius SHOUTS!

DARIUS
ARE WE CLEAR?!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Connor swallows hard, stunned. Whispering.

CONNOR
One hour.

Click. Connor stands, listening to the dial tone. The phone chimes, "if you'd like to place a call..."

Connor coughs. Hard. Looks at his hands - specks of blood from the cough. He pops open his pills, downing one of the LAST FIVE. The coughing stops. He looks up at...

The Powernet Building. His finish line. He checks his watch. A few specks of blood on his hands. "Blood on his hands." Frustrated, lost, he slowly turns his back, and heads away.

INT. CRASH LANDING - DANCEFLOOR - NIGHT

Bodies writhe. Maddux slices through the crowd. Girls and Boys watch him move, their hands all over him. This is like hacking through a jungle. He looks up and sees...

Darius, Zeke, and crew hustle down an exposed staircase.

INT. CRASH LANDING - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Headlights burn on a HOT ROD, rumbling into the streets. A few car-lengths back...Maddux, Miles, and crew in Caddies.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT

4:30AM. The GIANT CLOCK counts down. Connor stands at the entrance-landing, checking the station, which swirls with early Monday morning COMMUTERS. He paces. A caged animal.

He heads out. Stops. Turns. Frustrated. Confused.

CONNOR
(under breath)
Stop, stop. Think. Think now, Connie.

The station. His eyes flit fast. Benches, clock, lockers, phones, clock, lockers. His eyes dial in on the lockers. And we see a tiny CURL on his lips. The beginning of...a smile.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT

Connor stands at a payphone. He hits three numbers: 911.

CONNOR

Yes, I'll hold...Yes, hello. I thought you'd like to know...there is a bomb in locker 23, Grand Central Station.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

A crime lab works on Jack's stretch Rolls, dusting. Talbot's phone rings. He hears:

AGENT BROWN (ON PHONE)

We got something going at Grand Central.

Talbot smiles softly. His father knows best. And he's off.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT

Connor beelines to Darius. They meet in the middle of foot traffic, with strangers swirling around.

CONNOR

Where's Zeke?

Darius looks over his shoulder, and nods. On a landing, a Thug holds Zeke tight.

DARIUS

Where's the disc?

Connor opens his hand, to reveal a key. LOCKER 23.

DARIUS

Zeke walks when I have the disc in hand.

Connor nods. Fair deal. Darius heads to the lockers, as Connor hangs back. He looks around, seeing the THUGS stationed on every corner. We PUSH INTO...

A Thug. Foot traffic swarms around him. Suddenly, a STRANGER BUMPS HIM. In one seamless move, this Stranger lifts the Thug's gun, cocks the hammer, and points it at his back. And we recognize the stranger as...Miles.

Fast, all over the station, the OLD-TIMERS use the cover of the crowd to PICKPOCKET the Young Thugs, and use their guns against them. Connor sees it happen, recognizing the moves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNOR
(under breath)
Never let a stranger close...

He sees Darius BUMPED BRILLIANTLY...by Jack Maddux. Jack moves so fast, smooth and subtle, that Darius does not even notice. But we do. And Connor does.

And Jack has the key to the locker. Darius is stopped in mid-stride by an OLD BEGGAR. An old face from the Tabard. Fat Saul. Darius pushes past him, but Jack has a lead.

He hits the locker. Pops it open. Grabs the disc. Smiles wide. And spins, straight into--

FIVE TRANSIT COPS WITH GUNS OUT, FACING HIM.

TRANSIT COP
HANDS UP! I want all ten fingers!

The crowd GASPS, panics. Darius dips into the chaos. Connor disappears into the swarm. And Maddux drops his smile.

Talbot and team push through the station, reaching Maddux. Talbot grabs the disc. Looks at it, closely. A beat. And he grabs a head-bopping, walkmaned TEENAGER from the crowd.

TALBOT
FBI. I need your discman. Now.

TEENAGER
Cool.

Talbot fires up the disc. And HEARS something...that makes his eyes darken. He takes off the headphones, and we HEAR:

A SONG. Kool and the Gang's "CELEBRATION." Maddux gives a tiny smile. He can't help but be impressed.

From clear across the station, Connor sees the smile. And grins to himself. A subtle beat of connection.

MADDUX
I want to negotiate.

TALBOT
Negotiate with what? We've got you, and you've got nothing.

MADDUX
I've got the kid... He's here.
Celebrating. Right now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TALBOT

How do you know?

With meaning, conviction:

MADDUX

I know him.

Talbot looks at Maddux. Realizing that the old pro is deadly serious. Talbot turns to his men.

TALBOT

Spread out. And find him.

Connor sees the troops scatter. He drops his smile.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - VARIOUS - NIGHT

Connor moves fast, trying to keep himself inconspicuous. TRANSIT COPS man the exits. So Connor swerves back to a hallway full of OPEN TUNNELS. Train platforms.

Connor weaves through the crowd, looking for an out. And he sees one: the subway line for the 1/9. His favorite.

He lunges into the tunnel, onto the platform. Runs up the side of the train. Hops down onto the tracks.

The CONDUCTOR flashes his brights. Grabs his radio.

CONDUCTOR

We have a runner on the tracks. This is the northbound one-niner.

INT. TRAIN TUNNEL TRACKS - NIGHT

Dark, empty. Connor huffs and puffs down the line. Tunnels branch off in every direction. Behind him, tracks FILL WITH TRANSIT COPS and FBI AGENTS. Flashlights strobing, guns out.

A beam of light hits Connor. And the shadows OPEN FIRE. Bullets ECHO through the tunnel, sparking off tracks and beams. Connor leaps away from the barrage, dropping down to--

A LOWER TRACK. Hitting hard. THUD! He gathers his feet.

But he's staring into the blinding light of...

AN INCOMING TRAIN. The HORN BLASTS! And Connor JUMPS!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grabbing hold of the catwalk overhead. Pulling himself up fast. Pushing his face into the hissing pipes. Higher, higher. The train SKIMS him, SHEARING OFF a layer of cotton.

His eyes shut tight, scared. This is NOT A GAME anymore.

The train passes. Connor looks back, seeing the world upside-down. Transit Cops drop onto tracks.

Walking right below Connor. He holds tight. Not a breath.

They stop DIRECTLY BELOW HIM. A moment of pure tension. They look down the empty tunnel. Then start to go. But...

Connor COUGHS.

The flashlights HIT him. A deer in headlights. Connor drops, and somersaults on the tracks, as BULLETS tear up his trail.

Cops chase Connor through the tunnel. More shadows behind.

TRAINS SLASH, BULLETS FLY, AS CONNOR RUNS THROUGH THIS MAZE.

He stops at a crossroads. Checks the walls. Zeroes in on the 1/9 track. His specialty. He sprints down the line, turning a corner, to see...

HIS HIDEOUT. The hidden door to that secret room. Two-hundred yards to salvation. But the walls RATTLE...

Because a TRAIN IS INCOMING.

Connor realizes he is trapped now. Cops behind, and train ahead. He looks at the door.

AND FLAT-OUT RUNS LIKE THE WIND. RACING THE INCOMING TRAIN TO THE DOOR. Faster, faster, fastest. A blur of motion.

Just before he SLAMS INTO THE TRAIN, he KICKS the door, LEAPING into the room, and the train SCREAMS past.

Up the tunnel, transit cops backtrack to avoid the train. As soon as it clears, they flash their lights down...this EMPTY tunnel. No sign of Connor. So they move on.

But one shadow hangs back. Thinking.

INT. MAINTENANCE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Pitch dark. Connor coughs wildly. Wheezing. Slowly, he catches his breath. Inhale, exhale. Safe. Then suddenly--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A match strikes. A cigar flares. Lighting the face of...Darius. Gun hanging by his side. Standing with Zeke.

DARIUS

We been waiting for you.

Connor senses something in Zeke's body language. NO FEAR. And Connor realizes, quietly...

CONNOR

You steered him here.

Zeke is silent.

CONNOR

How long? How long, Zeke?

Zeke slowly looks Connor in the eyes. A lifetime of second place in his glare, savoring the words:

ZEKE

From the go.

Connor sinks. The words hit hard.

CONNOR

You set me up from the go...?

ZEKE

This was my shot, Connie. I'm sick of laying the table, brother.

Connor shakes his head, dazed, suffering.

CONNOR

This is my life. My life on the line.

Zeke hardens.

ZEKE

I know the feeling, Connie. I told you I needed this run... And you laughed. You laughed, man. We been running splits since we were six... and I'm sick of you laughing.

DARIUS

He ain't laughing now.

Zeke gets close to Connor. Frisking his lifelong friend for the disc. Connor holds cold, still, quiet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNOR

Yes I am. I'm laughing at you, Z. For the first time. Cause you got no idea what you're doing.

Zeke RIPS open Connor's shirt. And finds the disc taped to his heart. He rips it off.

ZEKE

I got a good idea what this rates on the street.

Connor shakes his head. Sad, resigned. Quiet.

CONNOR

You're not gonna see the street again.

Zeke hands the disc to Darius.

DARIUS

Thank you, Zeke. Now we're even.
Consider your book...closed.

In a lightning move, Darius turns his gun on Zeke. And PULLS THE TRIGGER. BANG! BANG! BANG! Three shots to the chest. Zeke falls back, eyes wide in shock. Dead.

Connor shuts his eyes hard, as the gunshots echo. Darius turns to Connor, with a deadly smile.

DARIUS

Save me a seat by the fire, kid.

He cocks his hammer. Connor stares hard. Ready to die. Darius raises the gun, smiles, and...

BANG! BANG! BANG! Gunshots flash. Smoke rolls.

Connor slowly opens his eyes to see...

He is alive. Darius is shot dead. And...

Talbot steps out of the tunnel. His gun still smoking.

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - ALLEY - NIGHT

FBI Agents lead Connor, now wearing ankle and wrist cuffs. An Agent pulls him HARD, tugging on the chains. Talbot approaches. Connor braces.

CONNOR

You wanna ride me now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Talbot is sober, quiet.

TALBOT

No. I'm done with you. And I want you to know, I didn't want this. Any of this.

He motions toward the mouth of the alley, where two BODYBAGS wheel into coroner's cars. Connor goes cold.

TALBOT

I just wanted the disc. We all wanted the same thing.

Agents pull open the back of a black, high-tech PADDYWAGON.

CONNOR

"We all..."?

The doors swing open, revealing Maddux. Wearing the same wraparound ankle-and-wrist shackles.

INT. PADDYWAGON - NIGHT

Connor and Maddux sit on metal benches, facing each other. Both wearing the wraparound cuffs. Caged animals.

The back doors SHUT HARD with a CLANG. A series of LOCKS CLICKS. Manual and electric. The paddy is pure titanium alloy. A high-tech moving master-safe. A long beat passes.

CONNOR

You told him. You told him I was still in the station, didn't you?

Maddux is exhausted. He just wants some peace and quiet.

MADDUX

You were celebrating, kid.

CONNOR

You fucking loser. You lost. You lost and you ratted me out like some-

Maddux is cool, but hard, cutting.

MADDUX

We both lost, kid. And if you can't see that now, here...then you're an even bigger loser than I thought.

Connor opens his mouth, but nothing escapes. No comebacks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They both catch their breath. Sitting back, realizing that their lives are over. Another long beat.

CONNOR

Jack... Tell me something... Why didn't you take the money?

Jack's brow furrows. What money?

CONNOR

Off my wallet. There was eight grand even. Why didn't you lift it?

A beat. Maddux answers quietly.

MADDUX

Wasn't the target.

CONNOR

But it was cash. At the end of the day, that is the target, right?

Maddux sits, contemplating this long day, long night.

CONNOR

At the end of the day, Jack-

MADDUX

At the end of the day, kid...there is no target.

CONNOR

And what the hell's that mean?

Maddux looks at Connor, seeing himself in the kid.

MADDUX

How do you feel when you pocket a score?
The second the target hits your hand?

(a beat)

You feel empty. Hungry all over again.
And that's why you keep running,
stealing. Because you keep hoping one
day it'll be big enough, bad enough, loud
enough. One day, you'll hit the Last
Target... And then you realize, sitting
in the back of a paddywagon on the way to
the end of your life...there is no
target. There's just the run.

Connor nods, understanding. A beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNOR

Yeah. But... what else is there?

Maddux opens his mouth, but pauses. Thinks.

MADDUX

I don't know. I honestly don't know.

CONNOR

Yeah, me neither.

Connor smiles softly. A beat of connection. Jack rests his head against the cold steel wall. He shuts his eyes hard.

CONNOR

It was some run though, huh?

MADDUX

Except for the ending.

CONNOR

Yeah. There's that.

They smile softly together. The truck rolls on. Connor looks at Maddux, who sits peaceful.

CONNOR

You know, you got some hands for a man your age. Most old-timers I know, they can barely pick their own pocket.

MADDUX

Well, I wish I had another set right about now.

CONNOR

Yeah, me too.

Connor looks at his cuffs. Then glances up at Maddux, who SUDDENLY sits dead serious, EYES OPEN, STARING AT CONNOR. No words. But Connor knows what he's thinking. A beat.

And they sloooooooooowly lean in, toward each other.

MADDUX

In my left pocket. There's a pen.

Connor leans further forward. His cuffed hands can reach Jack's pocket. He fumbles around, pulling out a ballpoint.

MADDUX

Now hand it to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Connor starts to hand it over. Then STOPS.

CONNOR

Whoa now. How do I know you're gonna spring me?

MADDUX

Don't think so much, junior. Remember what you said, lesson one-

CONNOR

And remember what you said: never let a stranger close enough to-

MADDUX

We're not strangers.

Not good enough. Maddux nods toward the front of the wagon. A metal wall separates them from the Feds.

MADDUX

And if I make a left turn, you can rally the troops up there.

Connor considers. And hands over the pen. Maddux gets to work. His hands moving faster than ever before. Intricate, complex moves. In a few seconds, he STRIPS the pen. And uses its spring to POP the lock on his ankle cuffs.

Another swift move, and his wrists are free. He pauses.

CONNOR

We go together, Jack, or not at all.

A beat. Eye contact. And Maddux moves...to Connor. They swivel to the high-tech secured door. Both ready to work.

CONNOR

I got it.

MADDUX

I got it, kid.

Connor burns a beat. Then..

CONNOR

How about this: you work the digital locks, I take the manual?

A nod. They work together, awkwardly. Not used to partners.

EXT. PADDYWAGON - NIGHT

The truck pounds through city streets, heading downtown. Stopping at a red light. The back door SNAPS OPEN.

Connor and Maddux roll out.

Connor hits the ground running, making a mad dash across traffic, ducking into an alley. Maddux is slower, smoother. He weaves around cars, stepping into a steam cloud.

A few seconds is all it takes. For the men to DISAPPEAR.

INT. PENTHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

MOVING with Maddux down the hall. He slows, seeing his door slightly open. He goes on point, creeping into--

INT. MADDUX PENTHOUSE - DAWN

He tiptoes across the floor. He hears a CREAK from the BEDROOM. He gets closer. Cracks open the door, and sees...

ELIZABETH. Crying quietly on the edge of the bed.

Maddux is confused. Still on point, he pushes the door open. Elizabeth flinches. Then lunges toward him.

ELIZABETH

Jack!

He holds cold.

ELIZABETH

Jack, you're okay! You're alive. I thought they-

MADDUX

What are you going here?

She touches his face, but he GRABS her wrists. HARD.

MADDUX

Answer the question. What are you doing here? Who sent you?

Elizabeth drops her hands. Reading his tone.

ELIZABETH

Nobody. Don't do this, Jack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADDUX

Then be straight. What's your angle?
You're crying tears over me? A john? You
like this with all your other-

Elizabeth cracks, spitting out the truth.

ELIZABETH

There are no others.

A beat of shock. She said it. Then quietly.

ELIZABETH

Not for over five years now.

Maddux goes cold. Fear on his face. He turns away.

MADDUX

You're lying.

ELIZABETH

You know I'm not.

Maddux is reeling. His body and mind throbbing from days and
nights of chaos. He struggles. Trying to make sense.

MADDUX

So why didn't you...say something-

ELIZABETH

I did. Every time.

She gets close, but he pulls away.

ELIZABETH

I took your money. Because I knew that's
what you wanted. To keep things clean,
cold, professional... But it's been
personal. For me. And for you. Look me
in the eyes and tell me I'm lying.

Maddux still struggles. He needs a simple, safe answer, so:

MADDUX

Who sent you?

ELIZABETH

(disappointed)

Oh Jack.

She knows him too well. She reach out to his face, but he
pushes her hands away. And turns his back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADDUX

I think you should go now. Go... I said
GO.

Elizabeth slowly picks up her purse. She heads out. Pausing
on the doorstep.

ELIZABETH

You know, for a man who's made a life of
danger...you're a real coward.

She exits. Jack stands, struggling to hold onto his
emotions. He steps to his bar. Pours a shot of scotch. But
suddenly realizes his mistake. And...

INT. PENTHOUSE - HALL - NIGHT

Jack barrels out, hustling to the elevator as the doors
close. He SLAMS his arm between the doors, pushing into-

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Elizabeth stands alone. Her eyes rise to meet his. He
searches for the right words. A master without a move.

MADDUX

I'm...

ELIZABETH

I know what you are.

And she makes the move. Ripping him into a kiss. A kiss
that spins into--

INT. PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maddux and Elizabeth make love. Not like before, when they
were by-the-book. But with real passion, power, emotion.
Clawing off each other's clothes. Fierce, ferocious...

And tender. Lips kissing eyes, neck, shoulders. Sheets
billow around them like clouds, DISSOLVING TO:

DAWN CLOUDS BLOWING OVER THE EDGE OF SUNRISE...

EXT. DIVE BAR - DAWN

Connor stands at the front window, struggling to peer into
the dark, empty bar.

WOMAN'S VOICE

We're closed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Connor spins...to see bartender MOLLY. Off hours.

MOLLY

We shut down an hour back, at four. You looking for your friend?

CONNOR

No. I was looking for you.

MOLLY

Well, I'm back on tonight, so you can-

CONNOR

Tonight doesn't work so good for me. What are you doing right now?

She smiles at his bravado.

MOLLY

I'm coming off a ten hour shift. I'm going home to collapse.

CONNOR

Can I...can I walk you home?

Molly pauses. Eyeing him closely.

MOLLY

Are you dangerous?

CONNOR

Only to myself.

She smiles. Motions "you first." And they start walking.

EXT. STREETS - VARIOUS - DAWN

Connor and Molly stroll through the sleeping city.

MOLLY

Can I ask you, why, after nine months of steady staring without a word, why today, at dawn, you...?

CONNOR

I don't know. I guess I can't wait till tomorrow anymore.

She looks at him. His tone, his eyes, win her over.

MOLLY

Here. Let's go this way. It's nicer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She leads him now. He watches her, making her bashful in his gaze. As the city wakes around them, Molly leads him to--

A CORNER PARK. An oasis. Everything clean, clear, perfect.

CONNOR

It's beautiful.

MOLLY

No it's not. It's a dumpy little park.
But here, follow me...

Connor follows her to...a clearing full of ROSES. A perfectly manicured rose garden in the middle of the city.

MOLLY

There's an old crazy lady who's been
taken care of these for like fifty years.

Connor stares at the rich, vibrant colors. An oasis.

CONNOR

Why'd you bring me here?

MOLLY

This is where I come when the city gets...
too much for me. You looked like you
needed an out.

Connor smiles softly. She has no idea how right she is.

EXT. WEST VILLAGE - DAWN

Molly leads Connor down a row of crumbling brownstones. She slows to a stop, and turns, awkward, tentative.

MOLLY

You want to, come in, for breakfast?

Connor coughs. He sees on his hand - specks of blood.

MOLLY

You okay?

He nods, covering. He snaps open his pillbox, and sees there are only THREE PILLS LEFT. He pops one.

CONNOR

I'll take a raincheck on breakfast.

MOLLY

You sure?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNOR

Yeah. This has been...perfect. This is exactly how I wanted to...end it.

She looks at him, sensing something deeper.

MOLLY

Okay. I'll see you at the bar, right?

Connor nods, dying inside. An awkward beat. She scribbles down her number, and slips it into his coat. Getting close. Pecking him on the cheek. And hopping away, up her stairs.

Connor stands alone. Satisfied. The perfect ending.

INT. PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM - DAWN

Maddux packs his bags, as Elizabeth helps. There is a rhythm, a unity to their moves. Suddenly--

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. They freeze. Maddux motions "wait here."

INT. PENTHOUSE - FRONT HALL - DAWN

Maddux steps to the door and peeks through the keyhole. He exhales, opening the door for...Miles, who wastes no time.

MILES

We got a twenty on the disc.

His eyes shift away from Jack. Toward Elizabeth, standing in the bedroom door. Miles immediately regrets coming.

MILES

I'm sorry.

MADDUX

Don't be. Where is it?

Miles is quiet, awkward under Elizabeth's stare.

MILES

We got word from our man on the street--

EXT. CITY STREET - DAWN

A convoy of FBI sedans race through traffic. Passing a familiar INDIAN CABBIE. Their contact.

MILES (O.S.)

Three Fed sedans cruising east.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAWN

The old Desk Sergeant snaps up a phone.

MILES (O.S.)

And a desk jockey at the 11th Precinct.

INT. PENTHOUSE - FRONT HALL - DAWN

Miles is close.

MILES

Feds relieved a couple of beat cops. On the corner of 42nd and First.

Maddux goes very very cold very very fast.

MADDUX

That's...

Miles nods. Ominously.

MILES

Has to be. The hardest lockdown north of Langley.

EXT. UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS - DAWN

The massive monolith of the SECRETARIAT BUILDING looms over the EIGHTEEN ACRE COMPOUND. Standing like the City's Guardian on the edge of the East River.

MILES (O.S.)

UN Headquarters. Makes the Fed look like Open House at the PTA.

INT. PENTHOUSE - FRONT HALL - DAWN

Maddux swallows the hard news.

MILES

I figured you'd do the right thing and walk away. But I thought you should know.

Maddux turns around to Elizabeth, who steps away. He looks at Miles, who understands the situation.

MILES

I'll wait here.

INT. PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM - DAWN

Maddux enters. Elizabeth continues to pack for him.

MADDUX

You want me to walk, say the words.

Elizabeth cracks slightly, flustered.

ELIZABETH

Don't do that. Don't do that to me.

A beat. Maddux stares at her, searching for the right thing to say. An apology in his eyes. She meets his eyes.

ELIZABETH

You know, for the first time, you're looking at me like I'm the other woman.

(a beat)

No. No, I don't want you to "walk." I don't want to live with what-could-have-been. I want you whole, Jack. I want you to do what you have to do now.

Maddux moves toward her. But she holds cold, steady.

ELIZABETH

And then I want you to walk. With me. For good. And don't you ever look back.

INT. PENTHOUSE - OFFICE - DAWN

Maddux sits with Miles, staring at the UN BUILDING online.

MILES

75 floors. All internal. You got UN, Secret Service, and the fucking Army. In broad daylight. This is not a solo run.

Jack looks at Miles, who laughs.

MILES

Forget about it. I'm shot. I'm picking pockets in the park. You need a pro in his prime. You need a racer for this type of speed-run.

Maddux knows exactly what Miles is thinking. He darkens.

MILES

Jack, you know what's what. The one thing that could get you in-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADDUX

Is the one thing that could get me
killed.

Miles is solemn, earnest.

MILES

Jack. The most powerful tool in the box.

Is friendship. A beat. And a door opens in...

INT. CONNOR'S HALL - DAY

Maddux stands facing Connor.

MADDUX

...I need an extra set of hands.

Maddux takes a step forward, with a bag over his shoulder.

But Connor holds his ground. Not so fast.

CONNOR

What happens if we score the disc? Two
thieves, one target.

MADDUX

We'll jump off that bridge when we come
to it.

Connor is not entirely convinced.

MADDUX

I'm laying fifty-fifty odds, kid. If you
can find better, then roll that dice.

A beat. And Connor steps away from the door. The die is cast.
Maddux steps in. Then stops. Eyebrows raised, on point.

CONNOR

After you.

Maddux does not want to turn his back. No trust. A wry smile.

MADDUX

After you, kid.

The cat and mouse. They walk side-by-side into--

INT. CONNOR'S LOFT - DAY

Connor and Maddux pass the Wall of Fame. Maddux stares at Evil, Bruce, McQueen. And stops. Second-guessing himself.

MADDUX

We need to be clear from the jump here.
We go in silent, dark. Or we'll be going
out in bodybags.

CONNOR

But they'll know we came knocking, right?

Maddux tenses. This is exactly what he feared.

MADDUX

If you want to be a rock start, start a
band. But if you want to be a highline
thief, you better get used to shadows.

CONNOR

Maybe that's how you live-

MADDUX

That's how you stay living.

Connor smiles, the student pushing the teacher.

CONNOR

So riddle me this: if your way works so
well, what are you doing here? Because
last I checked, you came to me. So step
off the sermon, father. And let me do my
thing.

Connor heads off, leaving Maddux gritting his teeth. He
stares at Evil Knieval, brooding. WU TANG CLAN BLARES O.S.
Maddux shuts his eyes hard. And strides for--

INT. CONNOR'S LOFT - WORKSHOP - DAY

Connor rummages through a pit of extreme-sports gear and
gadgets. Maddux talks loud, over the blasting Wu.

MADDUX

Okay. Fifty-fifty means we do this my
way and your way. We do it together.
Hardware and software. Command and chaos.

CONNOR

Now you're talking sense.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADDUX

But I have to have one thing my way.

Maddux turns to the stereo. Hits the radio function. Spins the dial to CLASSICAL MUSIC. Beethoven. But he pauses. Thinking. Is this him? Not anymore. He keeps spinning to...

CLASSIC ROCK. The Rolling Stones. "Sympathy for the Devil." This is Jack Maddux now. Connor bobs his head to the beat.

CONNOR

I can dig this.

MADDUX

(dry)

I knew you could.

And the pounding pulse pushes us into--

EXT. UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Still glistening. A monument to global power. Eighteen acres, with CONSTRUCTION promising a bigger, better tomorrow.

MADDUX (O.S.)

Seventy-five-floors. Housing Afghanistan to Zimbabwe.

All the world's flags flap in line, as we push closer.

MADDUX (O.S.)

We'll be entering international territory. The UN is its own nation. With its own army...

EXT/INT. UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS - VARIOUS - DAY

UN TROOPS are everywhere. Carrying serious artillery.

MADDUX (O.S.)

...its own laws...

The UN SEAL looms large. Its doctrine chiseled in stone.

INT. UNITED NATIONS HIGH-TECH PRISON - DAY

Steel bars, roving cameras, fluorescent hum.

MADDUX (O.S.)

...and its own prison.

The room DISSOLVES TO...

INT. CONNOR'S LOFT - DAY

A rotating graphic grid of the prison on a LAPTOP SCREEN.
Maddux works his magic, on this detailed UN schematic.

CONNOR

A prison?

MADDUX

The lockup's legendary. It's where they
hold prisoners of war.

Connor is wide-eyed.

CONNOR

Awesome-

MADDUX

And it's our in. If I can get inside,
then I can get to this elevator here, the
one access route to the top floor.

The green graphic elevator DISSOLVES TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Empty. We SWIVEL AROUND to see that the car HAS NO CONTROLS.

MADDUX (O.S.)

The car is only controlled from that top
floor, where they house...

The elevator RUSHES up its shaft, doors opening in...

INT. VAULT FLOOR - DAY

A massive, domed floor. Lined with steel cages. It looks
like a futuristic bank. We get a quick glance at:

MADDUX (O.S.)

The vault.

INT. CONNOR'S LOFT - DAY

Maddux locks eyes with Connor.

MADDUX

I get there, I got a run at the target.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNOR

Uh, Jack. I'm hearing a whole lotta "I, I, I." And not a whole lotta ME. What do I do?

Maddux smiles. A plan brewing in his eyes. A master plan.

MADDUX

You do what you do best, kid. You make a mess.

INT. VAULT - DAY

Steel walls. Glass cases. Full of the world's bounty (crown jewels, diamonds, constitutions). And a glowing disc. Talbot shuts the glass door. Agent Brown enters, exhausted.

TALBOT

The men in position?

AGENT BROWN

They're exhausted, sir. They're barely standing.

TALBOT

But they're standing. For three more hours. And when it's done, we'll all sleep deeper than we've ever slept.

Agent Brown nods, tired.

AGENT BROWN

Until the next case.

Talbot smiles back. He knows who he is.

TALBOT

Until the next case. Yes.

INT. CONNOR'S LOFT - DAY

Maddux watches in disgust as...Connor eats ten twinkies. Connor looks up, twinkie in mouth, defensive.

CONNOR

What? It's my ritual.

MADDUX

You didn't have a lot of adult supervision, did you?

Connor bristles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNOR

Not till this morning, no Jack.

Connor keeps eating, turning away, self-conscious now.

CONNOR

You don't have a pre-game ritual?

MADDUX

Yeah. It's called planning.

Connor nods. And his nod turns into a snore, falling asleep. Now Maddux is annoyed, on the defensive.

MADDUX

Believe me, when you've got more than sixteen years of twinkies and pacman on the line, you'll want to know exactly what hell you're walking into.

Connor considers. Seriously, slowly.

CONNOR

Maybe. Or maybe part of being a thief is the not knowing. It's that rush you get right before you open the door. The feeling that...anything's possible.

Maddux looks at Connor. He has no comeback now. He knows the kid is right. Connor smiles.

CONNOR

Here. Have a twinkie, Jack. Live a little.

Slowly, Jack takes the twinkie. And the two men eat twinkies together. A long beat.

CONNOR

By the by, nobody plays PacMan anymore. And it's twenty-four, not sixteen.

A slow, swelling THUNDER rolls us into--

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Connor and Maddux sit side-by-side. Perfect opposites: Maddux in formal wear, Connor in extreme sports gear.

A beat. Connor coughs. He pops open his pillbox, revealing TWO PILLS left. He swallows one. Maddux looks concerned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADDUX

What is that? You sick?

Connor shakes his head. But he is pale. Clearly weaker. They both sit silent. Maddux checks his watch. 7:13.

CONNOR

This is it, isn't it?

Maddux looks at him. What?

CONNOR

"The Last Target."

Maddux considers. The subway car slows to a stop.

CONNOR

Forty-Second. Time to go to work, huh?

MADDUX

We're not going to work, son...
(slipping on black gloves)
We're going to war.

EXT. UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS - MAIN SQUARE - DAY

Maddux walks alone across this wide expanse. He loosens his tie. Pops open a mini-bottle of Jack Daniels, splashing his wrists, tossing the bottle into the UN fountain.

As we SWIVEL around him, we see he's headed for the towering Secretariat Building. He taps his earpiece. Hears.

CONNOR (O.S.)

You're not smiling Jack.

WE PULL BACK LIGHTNING-FAST TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Connor rises in the site elevator, looking out through binoculars. He speaks into a lapel mic.

CONNOR

If you can't have fun now, pops, then
you're in the wrong business.

EXT. UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Maddux slips his earpiece into a pocket. Staring up at the Secretariat. Man vs. Monument. With a swallow, he enters--

INT. SECRETARIAT BUILDING - DAY

Jack's stride shifts to...SLOPPY DRUNK. Falling toward the main entrance. A GUARD stops him.

UN GUARD

I'm sorry, sir. This is a restricted-

Maddux garbles, babbling in GERMAN. He tries to push past the Guard, who holds his ground. Two more GUARDS approach.

UN GUARD

Anybody speak...what is that?

UN GUARD #2

German. Let's sit him down.

They try to escort Maddux out, but he suddenly FLIPS OUT. Pushing them off. Drunk, belligerent. Screaming in German. The Guards get serious, hands on holsters.

And Maddux makes a BREAK. Hustling for the main hall. The Guards tackle him fast. Wrestling him to the floor.

UN GUARD #2

Nein, Kraut, nein.

As they roll, cuffing him, we see JACK'S HANDS SLIP INTO THE GUARD'S POCKET, grabbing keys.

INT. UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS - PRISON - DAY

Maddux is thrown into a cell. Bars SLAM shut.

UN GUARD

Let him cool his boots and dry off. I'll get an interpreter.

The Guards head away. A beat. And Maddux shifts his earpiece back into his ear. Pulling out the cuff-key he lifted.

MADDUX

I'm in.

INT. CONSTRUCTION CONTROL CAB - DAY

Connor sits in a CONTROL TOWER, jumpstarting an engine.

CONNOR

So am I.

He eyes the levers. And smiles. A kid with a new toy.

INT. UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS - PRISON - DAY

Maddux flips his shirt-cuffs, revealing a titanium PICKING DEVICE. He works on the lock. Precise, delicate.

INT. CONSTRUCTION CONTROL CAB - DAY

Connor is all fists. Punching buttons. Getting a feel for the gear. We don't know what it is yet, but trust me...it's big.

INT. UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS - PRISON - DAY

Maddux slips out of his cell. He speeds down the cellblock.

MADDUX

I'm in motion.

Maddux slips into an ELEVATOR CAR. NO PANEL, NO CONTROLS.

MADDUX

I'm in position. Make your entrance.
And kid...make it big.

EXT/INT. CONSTRUCTION CONTROL CAB - DAY

Connor works the gears. And we PULL BACK to reveal the cab is connected to a massive CRANE ARM, which swings, bearing a monstrous WRECKING BALL. The ultimate toy for Connor.

The ball dangles. Ready for action. But Connor PAUSES.

CONNOR

Jack.... How do I know I can trust you?

INT. UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS - ELEVATOR - DAY

GUARDS notice the empty cell. We SPEED DOWN THE HALLS to... Maddux. Sweating in the open elevator. He hears BOOTSTEPS.

MADDUX

Kid, I got company incoming.

BOOTSTEPS drop LOUDER. Maddux stands exposed. WHISPERING.

MADDUX

I got seconds here.

INTERCUT CONNOR AND JACK.

CONNOR

Tell me one thing, Jack. Why didn't you
take the money in my wallet?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Maddux sweats bullets.

MADDUX

What? What the hell are you doing?

CONNOR

Seeing if I can trust you. Truth, Jack.
Why didn't you take the cash?

BOOTSTEPS fall closer, closer. Seconds away.

MADDUX

I figured it was counterfeit.

CONNOR

I KNEW IT!

Connor flips a lever. And the cab SWIVELS. The crane SWINGS.
The wrecking ball SINGS through the air.

CONNOR

Knock knock.

Just as Guards round Jack's corner, the WRECKING BALL HITS
THE BUILDING FIFTY FLOORS UP! An earth-shattering, eye-
popping, knee-buckling EXPLOSION! GUTTING FIVE FLOORS!

The Guards hit the ground. Jack's elevator doors shut, as
EMERGENCY LIGHTS flash. By the time the Guards gather and
turn the corner...the hall is empty. The car is gone.

INT. UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS - VAULT - DAY

Talbot opens the vault doors, tossing commands over shoulder.

TALBOT

Nobody gets the disc without getting past
me. No mistakes this time.

(pulling two guns)

Send a team to the blast site.

Four FEDS run to the private elevator. Hit the down button.

INT. PRIVATE ELEVATOR - DAY

The car starts to rise. Maddux smiles. His plan working.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Connor stands on a steel beam. He pulls out his grappling
gun. SHOOTS toward the Secretariat. The bullet OPENS into
its hook. Flying seventy, eighty feet to...CRUNCH!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It CHOMPS into the wrecking-ball wreckage.

Connor hooks the cable to a fixture. Tightens the carabiner to his belt. And LEAPS OUT. Rocketing across the cable. Flying on the line straight into the wrecked floor of--

INT. SECRETARIAT BUILDING - DAY

Connor spins, somersaults, and he's up. A beat to enjoy the view through the smashed walls. And DING! Elevators open. He's got company. The BRIGADE of Feds. Strapped.

Connor smiles. Sprints away, singing (a la "Breakfast Club").

CONNOR

I wanna be an Air Force Ranger. I want
to fly the skies so high...

The brigade gives chase, swerving through halls. They finally turn a corner, hitting--

INT. ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY

Empty. Silent. No sign of Connor in this breathtaking hall, lined with rows upon rows of ROMAN COLUMNS. Guards split up into two-by-two cover formation. Searching.

Suddenly, a Fed hears a SHHHPT overhead. A grapple cable flies. CRUNCH! Hits a pillar. And Connor swings on the cable. The Feds open fire. But Connor is a blur in flying motion.

He SWINGS from column to column, tightening and loosening his cable so he can fly like a trapeze artist.

Feds spin, FIRING. BULLETS eat up pillars, walls, ceilings.

Connor laughs wildly. His adrenaline doing cartwheels.

By the time Connor spins out of the room, the Feds are all dizzy, coated in debris, and aiming their guns at each other.

INT. VAULT FLOOR - DAY

The elevator doors CRACK open. Maddux pries them apart. He rolls low into the main chamber, which looks like a high-tech bank, with bulletproof glass booths for tellers.

Two FBI Agents patrol the empty booths. Maddux stays low, silent, weaving around the booths, inches below their sightline. Suddenly, he HITS a wall. A THUD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Agents track the sound. Maddux waits, laying low between bulletproof cages. As the Agents get closer, they hear...

His BREATHING. Heavy, labored. They smile. A bead of sweat rolls down his cheek, as he GROANS softly, body aching.

The Agents get closer, closer, silent. They motion ONE TWO and THREE! They leap into...SA BOOTH. And see...

A digital MD player. A Jack Maddux classic. His breath on the player. We see...he was breathing into his LAPEL MIC.

He SWINGS the door shut behind the Agents, jamming the lock. They bang on the walls. Trapped. They raise their guns...

MADDUX (VIA MD PLAYER)
I'm bulletproof, boys.

They grab their radios. Maddux runs to the VAULT DOOR, knowing it is about to OPEN with cavalry. It does.

And Maddux SLIPS beautifully AROUND THE AGENTS, SLAMMING the vault door shut behind him. A graceful move.

INT. VAULT HALL - DAY

Maddux pulls two FLARES. Snap, light, toss. The flares slide down the hall, spitting red smoke. All the way to... the last two FBI AGENTS (on the vault entry door).

Their cock their hammers. Slice through the smoke. And suddenly their knees go weak. They drop. And we see... Maddux emerge from the clouds, wearing his sleek gasmask.

Maddux reaches down to grab their guns, with the smoke clearing. As he pockets the guns, the smoke fades, and...

He hears...a CLICK.

A GUN BARREL KISSES HIS CHEEK. In the hands of Talbot.

TALBOT
It's over. It's all over.

Maddux shuts his eyes hard. He was not expecting this. Or was he? Talbot thumbs his radio.

TALBOT (INTO RADIO)
Give me backup on the vault, double-time.

Talbot looks at Maddux. Two pros. An awkward beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TALBOT

It's business. Don't take it personal.

Maddux smiles a tired, knowing smile.

MADDUX

One thing I learned tonight...
Everything's personal.

TALBOT

No. It's a job. I'm hired help. Just like you. We're all paid to cop the same thing. A little piece of plastic.

A beat. Maddux senses more. He knows more.

MADDUX

Then why'd you open that door? You knew I could never blast the vault. All you had to do was sit tight on the disc. But you wanted to make the bust. You wanted the rush. So you opened the door...

The sound of BOOTSTEPS, BACKUP, fills the hall.

MADDUX

...like I knew you would.

The footsteps approach.

VOICE (O.S.)

Backup's here, boss.

Down the hall, Talbot sees that his "backup" is...

CONNOR. Smiling.

Talbot moves fast to fire on Connor, but Maddux KNOCKS the gun away. It skitters down the hall...into Connor's hands.

Maddux strips the disc off Talbot.

MADDUX

You were right. We are the same. I knew your father in Leavenworth.

(a beat)

And you've got his eyes.

Talbot hardens. A final threat:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TALBOT

The UN's on standby. Fifty troops.
They'll be swarming. Getting out of here's
gonna be ten times harder than getting in.

CONNOR

(a la Butch and Sundance)

Good. For a minute there, I thought we
were in trouble.

INT. VAULT FLOOR - DAY

Connor and Maddux pass two Feds hog-tied (a Connor classic).
Maddux pries open the elevator doors.

CONNOR

Jack, you think he was bluffing, about
the troops?

MADDUX

(wry)

Yeah, I think he was bluffing.

They climb down into the shaft. Working their way down the
service ladder. A beat. A creak. And suddenly--

ELEVATOR MAINTENANCE DOORS OPEN ABOVE AND BELOW THEM. UN
GUARDS lean into the shaft, ARMED TO THE TEETH. Maddux and
Connor freeze. Up and down, they are covered.

CONNOR

Jack, I don't think he was bluffing.

A beat of terror. And then Connor COUGHS. And a trigger-
happy Guard PULLS HIS TRIGGER. The firefight is on.

Connor and Maddux leap across the shaft, dodging bullets. A
SHOTGUN blast BLOWS A HOLE IN THE WALL. Connor kicks the
hole, and slithers through. Maddux follows into--

INT. MAIN ELEVATOR SHAFTS - DAY

A COMPLEX OF EIGHT WIDE SHAFTS. EIGHT WIDE ELEVATORS.

An elevator rises. Connor and Maddux look down to see..

THE EMERGENCY HATCH CRACK OPEN. Revealing THREE UN GUARDS.
Guns up. And BLAZING. Bullets fly up the shaft.

Connor and Maddux SWING ON THE CABLE, LEAPING to the next
shaft.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But another CAR drops down. The FLOOR-HATCH slides open. And more GUARDS FIRE. ALL THE ELEVATOR CARS ARE NOW MOVING.

Doors, hatches, floors open. GUARDS FIRE from everywhere.

CARS SPEED by. BULLETS fly. Connor and Maddux LEAP from cable to cable, using the lines like vines in the jungle.

They HOP on one car, then DROP under another. IT'S A MOVING OBSTACLE COURSE. Connor is smooth, while Jack is struggling.

Connor LEAPS FROM MOVING CAR TO CAR, like stepping stones.

He makes one last INCREDIBLE IMPOSSIBLE JUMP, hitting the last cable, swinging wild, and using Talbot's gun to...

FIRE AT THE SHAFT. BLOWING plaster. KICKING through the wall. He turns back to Maddux, who hangs frozen on a cable.

CONNOR

COME ON!

Maddux looks down. Scared to make the final leap. Too far, too high. Elevators drop and rise, incoming from all sides.

CONNOR

You can do it. Trust me. Don't think.
Don't think. DO.

Maddux pauses, hanging on his cable. Bullets hit his shadow. An elevator car rises from below. A UN Guard has Maddux in the crosshairs. Hammer cocked. Trigger punched and....

Maddux LEAPS. OUT OUT OUT. With all his MIGHT...

Coming up AN INCH SHORT!

But a hand SNATCHES him out of the air. Maddux dangles at the end of... Connor's arm. Connor smiles.

CONNOR

Admit it. You're having fun now.

Connor pulls Maddux through the shattered wall into--

INT. OFFICE FLOOR - SECONDS LATER

Maddux and Connor stand at the edge of the world. Wreckage. Walls sheared open. The wrecking ball sits a floor down.

Connor drops out the window, climbing down to the floor below. Maddux follows, slowly. Wind whipping hard, fast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They stand at the wrecking ball, which is lodged into debris.

CONNOR
Gimme a hand here.

He starts to dig the ball out of the debris.

MADDUX
What are you doing?

CONNOR
Hitching a ride.

Maddux freezes. Connor smiles wide.

MADDUX
Oh no-

CONNOR
Oh yes. You only die once, Jack.

The wrecking ball is cleared. On the edge of the building.
The river rolls fifty floors down. Connor smiles. Jack reels.

The far elevator DINGS OPEN. Bootsteps.

CONNOR
All aboard the express.

Maddux swallows hard. He takes a step closer.

CONNOR
Don't forget to buckle up.

In one lightning-fast move, Connor hooks his carabiner clip
around Maddux and the ball's cable. He climbs aboard.

And TILTS the ball off its perch. A creak. A rattle. And...

Connor, Maddux, and wrecking ball DROP OFF THE EDGE OF THE
BUILDING. SWINGING ON THE CABLE. A meteoric arc. A sky-high
pendulum. THE RIDE OF A LIFETIME.

Maddux SCREAMS from fear, Connor SCREAMS from fun. The steel
cable swoops out. Miles high. Past the street. Past the
construction site. Into thick mist.

CONNOR
HOLD TIGHT NOW!

He UNCLIPS THE CARABINER. And they DROP. FREEFALLING
THROUGH THE MISTY MORNING. Falling forever. Until they...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIT! With a splash. Dropping twenty feet underwater in--

EXT. EAST RIVER - DAY

They BURST TO THE SURFACE, spitting up slop. Connor LAUGHS. Maddux wipes his face. Relieved, overwrought. Bobbing in the dark, swirling water.

INT/EXT. SECRETARIAT BUILDING - DAY

Feds and Guards stand at the edge of the wreckage. They see the wrecking ball swinging empty. And they stare out into the FOGGY NOTHING. Talbot is among them. Broken, gutpunched.

He heads away, slowly, alone. Agent Brown catches him.

AGENT BROWN

Sir, what should I tell the men?

TALBOT

Tell them to go home. Get outta their shoes. And get some sleep.

(a final surrender)

It's over. We lost.

He walks away. Defeated.

EXT. EAST RIVER - TRASH BARGE - DAY

Mountains of reeking, steaming garbage. Amidst the dunes...

A HAND. Reaching, climbing up into this floating trash heap. Connor. And Maddux. They gather their breath.

CONNOR

Not bad. For an old man.

MADDUX

Not so bad yourself, kid.

Connor nods softly, taking his first compliment.

CONNOR

You got it?

Maddux wearily pulls out the disc. A hard beat.

CONNOR

I guess it's time we jumped off that bridge, huh?

Maddux nods. There's a part of him ready to give it up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADDUX

Connor, I-

CONNOR

I say, we let god or fate or luck decide.

(pulling a coin)

Fifty-fifty, right? That's still the best odds in town.

Connor coughs. Maddux pats his back. Connor pops HIS LAST PILL. And gathers himself. His strength, his pride.

CONNOR

Call it in the air.

He flips the coin, which spins in SLOW MOTION. Days, nights, life and death comes down to this. In the dimmest background:

MADDUX

Heads.

And SLAP! The coin hits Connor's hand. He ever-so-slowly pulls back his cover-hand, revealing...

HEADS. Connor swallows the hard reality. Whispering:

CONNOR

You win.

MADDUX

Kid-

CONNOR

You got an hour plus till gametime. You should be good to go.

Maddux nods, respectful.

CONNOR

I'll be waiting for you. For the next round. On the other side.

Maddux smiles sadly. Connor coughs. Maddux fixes Connor's coat, buttoning him tight (like a dad with his son).

MADDUX

Listen. Don't be in such a hellfire rush to get where you're going all the time. Because sometimes...the going's better than the getting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Last lesson? Maddux leaps off the barge. Disappearing into the misty waters. Leaving Connor all alone.

As the barge floats on, the fog breaks. Sunlight washes down. Connor cranes up. The beams are blinding. Dawn flares like pure, peaceful death. He smiles sadly in the blaze.

He coughs. Pulls his jacket tighter. And feels something. In his inside pocket. He rips open the coat to find...

The disc.

A smile explodes on his face. A smile to rival the sun.

CONNOR

That son of a...

INT. POWERNET TEMP OFFICE - DAY

FAST. Connor slams into the room, sweaty. Knocks back the antidote. Takes a deep breath. Inhale, exhale. Solid.

JOSH SPECTOR

Welcome back to the land of the living.

Connor hands over the disc. They check the disc. Big smiles. A hoot even. The deal is done. Samuel Spector slips the disc into his pocket. Extends his hand.

SAMUEL SPECTOR

No hard feelings, right?

Connor shakes hands. A pro. Big smile.

CONNOR

Feelings got nothing to do with it.

The Sectors nod.

CONNOR

Nice doing business with you boys.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Sectors climb into a LIMO. Smug, smiling. Winners.

ACROSS THE STREET, Connor heads in the other direction. Also smug, smiling. Whispering to himself:

CONNOR

Never let a stranger close enough to shake your hand.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Josh Spector opens a titanium briefcase. Samuel reaches into his pocket for the disc but...

HIS POCKET IS EMPTY. He rifles through the pocket, panicking. Then FREEZES. Slowly pulling out...a piece of paper. The same scrap they left for Connor. One word: CONGRATULATIONS.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Connor feels the disc in his jacket pocket. Smiling.

CONNOR

And never, never celebrate till the deal is done.

He turns a corner. And disappears.

INT. PENTHOUSE - DAY

Elizabeth opens the front door, to see... Connor. Sweat-stained. Amped. He eyes the suitcases.

CONNOR

Where you going?

ELIZABETH

That's hardly any of your-

Maddux touches Elizabeth, disarming her.

MADDUX

We're going...to be gone.

Connor smiles. And pulls out the disc.

CONNOR

There's still...

(checking his watch)

Twenty-two minutes till court's open.

Maddux holds steady. Peaceful. Shaking his head.

MADDUX

I did what I wanted to do. I went out on top. A winner.

(opening the door)

But thank you, kid.

A beat. Connor turns to go, disappointed. He stops, quiet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNOR

You didn't win, Jack. Your boss won.
He's gonna walk. Free and easy. While
you're living in shadows. That's how you
wanna go out?

Maddux knows that Connor is right. They lock eyes. A beat.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

Boys... I have an idea.

They turn. And see her, serious.

EXT. NEW YORK FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

Flags flap. Reporters flock. We MOVE PAST the columns, UP
INTO a WINDOW...where Talbot stands, staring blankly.

INT. NEW YORK FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A door CREAKS open behind Talbot. Agent Brown enters.

TALBOT

Anything?

Brown shakes his head. Talbot already knew the answer.

AGENT BROWN

The Director and DA are waiting, sir.
Court's coming into session.

Talbot swallows hard. His perfect record, his career, over.

AGENT BROWN

You ready, sir?

TALBOT

No.

He checks his watch. 9:02. He has no choice. He heads out.

INT. NEW YORK FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - HALL - DAY

Talbot pauses at the doors. Deep breath. And he pushes into--

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - DAY

The GALLERY is overflowing. All eyes go to Talbot, who makes
the endless walk down the aisle.

Palmer sits in the audience. He drops a nod to Mason, who
sits with the Spectors at the Defense Table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Talbot drags his feet toward the DA. Yards, feet, inches away from the end of the aisle, the end of the carpet...

The End. Until...he hears a woman's voice.

VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me. I think you dropped this.

He turns. Sees Elizabeth. With envelope in hand. He takes the envelope. Feels the DISC. Confused, overwhelmed, alive.

TALBOT

Thank you.

Talbot hands the envelope straight to the Director, who rips it open, and passes the disc to the DA.

As the gallery leans forward, Elizabeth heads down the aisle. Palmer, Mason, and Spectors are shocked, crushed. Mason's eyes narrow, seeing something...on the envelope.

Familiar words: EVERYBODY GETS CAUGHT.

The FBI Director whispers to Talbot.

FBI BRANCH DIRECTOR

Any problems?

Talbot pauses. Holding back a sliver of a smile. He shakes his head. No problems. With that one, simple move, Maddux and Connor are OFF THE HOOK for the last 24 hours.

BAILIFF

Hear ye, hear ye, the United States
Federal Court is now in session...

EXT. NEW YORK FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

A blur of people. The city is buzzing on this Monday morning. In the thick of traffic, Connor and Maddux.

MADDUX

Goodbye, kid.

CONNOR

Till the next round, huh?

Maddux shakes his head.

MADDUX

Last lesson now: always know when your
time is up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNOR

You're out?

Maddux nods toward the courthouse steps, where ELIZABETH stands, smiling, beautiful in the morning sun.

MADDUX

I got caught.

Connor smiles.

MADDUX

And kid. You're off the clock now, so...
(searching for the right words)
...take your time out there... before it
takes you.

He puts out his hand for a shake. Connor smiles wider. No longer strangers. They shake. The torch being passed. Connor looks down, searching for the words.

CONNOR

Jack, I...

He looks up. But Maddux is already GONE. Connor sees a flash of Maddux and Elizabeth in the crowd. Bodies shift. And they disappear forever. A beat. Connor stands alone.

He steps to a payphone. Drops a quarter. Pulls out a scrap of paper, and punches digits.

CONNOR

Hi. Molly? It's Connor. From last night, this morning. I was wondering...
you still up for breakfast?
(a beat)
What time is it?

He looks down to check his watch. But THE WATCH IS GONE. Maddux swiped it. Connor laughs. The last swipe.

He looks out at the swarming streets. WE PULL BACK to see Jack down the block, handing the watch to a HOMELESS MAN.

As we continue to PULL BACK, we hear a roll of REPORTAGE:

NY1 REPORTER (O.S.)

Running down the day's top stories, the case against Powernet and Mason gets underway in...

Flip the dial, hearing...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VARIOUS REPORTERS (O.S.)

...the Grand Central Transit Authority
and Bomb Squad would not confirm the bomb
threat... Another jumper on the Brooklyn
Bridge leaves the Coast Guards dragging
the East River... A freak accident at the
United Nations. A construction site
wrecking-ball got loose, destroying five
floors of the Secretariat Building...

All OUR STORIES.

The voices mix and merge on this Monday morning, as we keep
PULLING BACK from the city of eight million stories, and
slowly, surely...

FADE OUT.