

JIGSAW

"Yellow"

Written by

Eric Garcia

3-26-19 draft

Scott Free

Automatik

YELLOW. The color fills the screen, our entire world. Joined by a low RUMBLE. As if the hue itself is shaking our ears.

The rumble grows to a ROAR -- the yellow BURSTING TO life as the front of the Q-LINE TRAIN blasting out of a tunnel --

Accompanied by the shrieking saxophone and percussive beats of BUSKERS playing on the Union Square Metro platform. Their music becomes our music, taking us on this energetic ride.

HANNAH NGUYEN, 33, confident but harried, hustles down the stairs, tossing the band a buck as she slips into the subway car. Over it all, the comforting brogue of ROGER SILLIS:

ROGER (V.O.)

This is the story of a relationship.

And for a bit, we're going to bounce back and forth, *between what feels like **two separate timelines***. The train enters a tunnel, plunging us into DARKNESS, emerging into:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Someone's on a computer, pulling up a corporate structure.

ROGER (V.O.)

A story of trust. Loyalty. Faith.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

Hannah's on her commute, squeezed in tight. Head-down in Isabel Allende's *House Of The Spirits*.

ROGER (V.O.)

Every relationship has two sides.

INT. CAFE - DAY

In a booth, ON a laptop. Social media pages flitting by. The face of a young woman -- her name's KATE.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

Hannah goes to exit the train, accidentally crashing into KATE SOTO, 29. Hannah's book falls; Kate picks it up for her.

ROGER (V.O.)

On one side, you have something that needs protection.

EXT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - DAY

That same vague figure, now sitting on the steps of the Met. Sketching a picture of the solid building across 5th Avenue. A very small plaque tells us it's IDB Private Bank and Trust.

ROGER (V.O.)
On the other, an offer of sanctuary.

INT. 14TH STREET / UNION STATION PLATFORM - ANOTHER DAY

Hannah jogs down the station steps, past the same band, tossing them the day's dollar. Jumping onto the train --

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Where Kate's sitting. They recognize each other. And smile.

ROGER (V.O.)
 Yes, I can watch over you. Yes, I
 will keep you secure.

INT. WORKROOM - NIGHT

Hands spread out blueprints, marked up with colored pencils.

EXT. 79TH STREET STATION - DAY

Hannah and Kate walking out of the subway, laughing. A burgeoning friendship.

ROGER (V.O.)
 Security. It's what any strong
 relationship is based on.

INT. WORKROOM - NIGHT

Tweezers, fitting a minuscule black dot into place. Hard to know what it is, but it's taking some precision.

ROGER (V.O.)
The word itself comes from Latin.

Pulling back, it looks to be nestled inside the letter O.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The two women eat out together. The connection going deeper.

ROGER (V.O.)
Securus. It means 'free from care.'

EXT. IDB BANK AND TRUST - NIGHT

A figure glides through shadows and up to the doorway of IDB Bank. A pick and vibrating tumbler inserted into the lock.

ROGER
Free from care.

INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kate opens the door to find Hannah, bottle of wine in one hand -- and a new copy of *House of the Spirits* in the other.

INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kate and Hannah sit on the sofa, laughing, drinking, a nearly-empty bottle of wine on the table.

ROGER (V.O.)
How many of us can truly say we have
that in our lives?

INT. IDB BANK - NIGHT

The figure moves with precision through the empty hallways.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Kate, in her work outfit, coming into her office. Waving to people. Purse on her arm, copy of *House of the Spirits* in it.

ROGER (V.O.)
Of course, once you have it, you may
think it's yours forever.

INT. VESTIBULE - IDB BANK - NIGHT

Arriving at the end of a hall. A door with a keycard lock.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Kate reaches into her purse to grab something -- but it's missing, whatever it is. She looks up --

She's at the keycard door. Here at IDB Bank. Where she works.

ROGER (V.O.)
But every relationship needs to be
nurtured.

INT. VESTIBULE - IDB BANK - NIGHT

The figure waves a keycard in front of the reader; the light turns green. The keycard is Kate's photo ID. The door opens --

And Hannah steps through.

ROGER (V.O.)
Watched over at every step.

INT. KATE'S DESK - IDB BANK - DAY

Kate's escorted to her desk, thanking the guard for letting her in. She puts the book on her desk as she sits down.

ROGER (V.O.)

The moment you take it for granted...

INT. VAULT DOOR - IDB BANK - NIGHT

Hannah kneels by a VAULT DOOR. A laptop computer on the floor. Attaching it to wires stripped from the vault keypad.

She fires up a video on her phone --

ROGER (V.O.)

Poof.

INT. KATE'S DESK - IDB BANK - DAY

Moving PAST Kate as she types in her password into the computer, toward the copy of *House of the Spirits* --

PUSHING IN on the letter O in *House* -- and the minuscule black dot embedded in the binding. It's reflective. A lens.

Capturing Kate's keystrokes.

ROGER (V.O.)

It goes up like so much smoke.

INT. VAULT DOOR - IDB BANK - NIGHT

As the video shows the close-up slo-motion video of Kate's fingers typing her password, captured by the hidden camera, Hannah replicates it on her own computer. She's in.

ROGER (V.O.)

This is the story of a relationship.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Kate leaves work for the day. Taps Hannah's number on her cell phone. It immediately goes to voicemail. Hm.

ROGER (V.O.)

Loyalty. Faith. Protection.

INT. VAULT DOOR - IDB BANK - NIGHT

Hannah pulls up biometric scan/data for Kate Soto. There it is -- finger and retinal prints, attached to her file--

She clicks a button: UPLOAD NEW DATA. A scanner attached to the computer lights up, and Hannah puts her eye to it, thumb on the pad -- as her own retina and fingerprint scans in.

ROGER (V.O.)
Betrayal. Treachery. Abandonment.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Kate getting on the train. Dejected, confused.

INT. VAULT DOOR - IDB BANK - NIGHT

Hannah closes the laptop, stands, and places her chin on the vault-door retinal-scanning system. The laser reads her eye.

The screen lights up with a log: Kate Soto, 1:43am, access. And the vault door swings open.

ROGER
Two sides...

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

Kate's reading when the train doors open. She looks up --

But where it should be Hannah, it's just some an OLD DUDE. The subway doors close -- on Kate and Hannah's relationship.

ROGER (V.O.)
Working as one.

EXT. IDB PRIVATE BANK AND TRUST - NIGHT

Hannah exits the building hauling a heavy case in each hand. Strolling confidently down the street and into the night.

ROGER (V.O.)
Until, one day... they're not.

CUT TO:

THE CASES

thumping down onto a table and being popped open -- with GOLD BARS inside. About 180 pounds of them, all told.

HANNAH (V.O.)
Took as much as I could carry. If I were stronger, you'd be poorer.

INT. IBD - BANK OFFICE - DAY

Hannah stands proudly over the bags, flanked by ROGER SILLIS, 65, the voice we've heard. White collar on his shirt but blue collar in his heart, wearing his \$4,000 suit like a weapon --

And CARLOS SUJO, 40s, Colombian by birth and intense by design, Roger's right-hand man and full-time fixer.

They stand across from an IBD BANKER, who is, frankly, stunned at the stolen loot in front of him.

ROGER

That's about 3 million, give or take. My associate took it from your vault nine days ago. Did you even know it was gone?

IBD BANKER

-- no, I -- I don't think we did --

ROGER

You asked me to evaluate your system, and I have found it... wanting.

IBD BANKER

...clearly. What do you recommend?

ROGER

We can help you upgrade your facility. Pick through your employees and weed out the weak. But your best bet -- your only real bet -- is to entrust your assets to the impenetrable system I've built and perfected over the last decade. Because loyalty is worthless. Faith is dead. At the end of the day, it will always come down to you versus the people who want what you have.

Roger looks right at the banker -- but also, right AT US. His grin is charming, self-assured, and deeply aggressive.

ROGER (CONT'D)

And the only thing that matters is: can you manipulate them... better than they manipulate you?

As Roger SNAPS closed the cases of gold bars, it all goes:

BLACK

J I G S A W

FADE BACK IN ON:

EXT. PAP AUTO REPAIR - JERSEY CITY - DUSK

An auto garage with a 10-foot razor-wire-topped fence, in an industrial area sporting a great view of the NYC skyline.

LEO (V.O.)

No charge on the radiator.

INT. PAP AUTO REPAIR - JERSEY CITY - DUSK

LEO PAP, 67, finishes up with a CUSTOMER here in his shop. Leo's glory days may be behind him, but he's sharp upstairs, and still the coolest uncle you never had.

LEO

Just bring it back at 85,000 so we can get the brake pads on.

CUSTOMER

You're the best, Leo.

LEO

Ain't gonna argue with you on that. Tell Melissa I said hi.

He lets the customer out and locks up behind him. There sure are an awful lot of locks on that door for an auto shop.

INT. BACK ROOM - PAP AUTO REPAIR - DUSK

This efficient, spartan little room functions as a bedroom for Leo -- the repair shop doubles as his home. Just a small desk, along with a Murphy bed in the corner.

As he enters, Leo flips on the TV -- to the Weather Channel -- and lifts the Murphy up and into the wall. He kneels to the floor where it had been and PRIES UP a flooboard.

A SMALL SAFE is cemented into the ground. Leo spins the old-school dial into a 5-number combo and pops it open. Inside:

A HANDGUN. Some manila FOLDERS --

And BLUEPRINTS. Leo closes the safe, replaces the board, and spreads the blueprints over the desk as he takes a seat, leaning over them like an academic absorbed in his studies.

55 Water Street reads the title at the top. He's made different colored marks for air, water, electric. Looking for flaws, ways inside. His hand, holding a pencil, shakes a bit.

Leo stares at the list of abbreviations he's printed on the bottom: B&E / Supp / Sec / Frg / Wheel / In

Next to Supp he just writes a pair of initials: **SL**

WEATHER CHANNEL (V.O.)
 ...sea surface temperatures nearly
 seven degrees above average, which is
 why we're seeing these storms.

EXT. ASTORIA, QUEENS - DOCKS - NIGHT

Quiet and deserted here at the docks. A single car IDLES, lights off, amid the shipping containers. A radio announcer, too muffled to understand, filters through the air.

INT. STAN'S CAR - NIGHT

STAN LOOMIS, 43, a wiry bundle of nervous energy, picks at a bento box with lacquered chopsticks as he waits in his car.

TERRY GROSS (V.O.)
 ...and we're talking with my guest
 Franklin Foer about the rise of
 kleptocracy in America...

Then, from elsewhere: MUSIC. Soft but getting closer. Stan puts down his late-night snack and peers around --

HEADLIGHTS turn the corner, accompanied by AFRO-CUBAN music. A truck slows to a stop. FLASHES its lights. Time to do this.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

Stan approaches just as the TRUCK DRIVER opens his cab door, the MUSIC spilling out, loud as hell. Coming around back --

BANDAGES on his hands as he pulls up the rolling door. Inside: a solid wall of boxes, packed into the truck. The driver grabs one edge, Stan grabs another. They PULL --

As an entire FALSE FRONT pops loose -- the boxes were fake. Now the music is DEAFENING. Stan peers into the truck --

There's a six-foot high cage inside. Looks... empty?

STAN
 I don't see it.

DRIVER
 Fucker's in there. Don't get close.

Stan leans in a bit further. Has to yell over the music.

STAN
YOU WANNA TURN DOWN THE TUNES?

DRIVER
IT DROWNS OUT THE NOISE!

STAN
WHAT NOISE?

EXT. QUEENS - JACKSON HEIGHTS - MORNING

An almost idyllic morning on the city streets. Then: A MASSIVE CROAK rips the air, like the loudest frog ever.

BARBARA (V.O.)
Your parrot shit in the kitchen!

INT. STAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

BARBARA LOOMIS, 41, Stan's wife of far too many years -- flash-fried hair, Lularoe leggings -- is hot on Stan's heels as he picks his way through the cramped apartment hall.

STAN
It's not a parrot, Barbara, it's an Ariel Toucan. Fifty in the world.

BARBARA
So why's it gotta be in the kitchen?
I've got my leggings party at six.

Stan heads through the KITCHEN, past boxes stacked waist-high -- where A TOUCAN perches in its 6-foot cage, poop on the floor. Stan wipes it up as the toucan CROAKS. It's brutal.

STAN
I'm trading the bird to a guy in Williamsburg tomorrow for a bottle of Cheval Blanc 1947 St-Emilion, which I'm gonna swap for the Lotus from *The Spy Who Loved Me* from a dentist on 82nd and West End. That's why.

Stan picks his way through the living room, passing by his 75-YEAR-OLD MOTHER -- who's also named Barbara -- in an easy chair. We're gonna call her MA for now. As he walks past:

MA
I got the eye doctor at three.

BARBARA
What the hell's a Lotus?

STAN
 I know, Ma, I'll take you.
 (to Barbara)
 It's a car. You're killing me.

MA
 Last time we were late.

He's out the door. WE FOLLOW as he heads down the hall and downstairs to the apartment lobby. But the voices carry:

BARBARA (O.S.)
 Whattaya need a car?

MA (O.S.)
 Doctor don't like when I'm late!

STAN
 (yelling back)
 It's for a friend! You'll be on time!

He's in the first-floor apartment vestibule, where he enters:

INT. MEAT HOOK - CONTINUOUS

Flipping on lights as he enters THE MEAT HOOK, his small but well-stocked butcher shop. Stan takes a lot of pride in it.

Yet even in here, Barbara and Ma's nagging still FILTERS DOWN from upstairs. Stan pulls on an apron, grabs a heavy steak --

And drops it in a CHURNING meat grinder. He flips on a BUTCHER SAW and starts to slice through some heavy bone.

Together, the cacophony drowns out his wife and mother -- and finally, Stan relaxes. Eyes close. He's in his happy place.

AN HOUR LATER

Stan's in his element, working with customers. Tons of energy, packing and tossing cuts of sirloin, leg of lamb.

STAN
 Cook that brisket fat-side up, Mrs. Feld. Okay, who's next? Mr. Rossi, Mr. Rossi! Always kind and never bossy. I got that little item we talked about.

Stan pulls a package from a fridge under the counter: A WHEEL OF CHEESE -- the surface wriggling with live larvae. Yes, it's a thing. MR. ROSSI, thrilled, slips him \$300.

STAN (CONT'D)

Casu Marzu. To each his own. You need anything else -- horse meat, fresh ginseng -- I'm your guy.

LEO (O.S.)

How 'bout a Sikorsky helicopter?

Leo is at the counter, casual as day. Stan suppresses a grin.

STAN

Depends how many Norwegian girls you wanna fit inside.

LEO

Hell of a weekend.

STAN

The parts I can remember, yeah.

INT. WALK-IN MEAT LOCKER - DAY

Stan closes the door of the walk-in -- it's 36 degrees. Leo's freezing, but Stan, always fidgeting, seems fine. The place is filled with racks of steaks, hanging pigs, the works.

LEO

You could hide a body in here.

STAN

Hasn't come up. So what's the score?

LEO

Why's it gotta be a score? Maybe I came by for a ribeye.

Stan gives Leo the ol' side-eye. He knows better.

LEO (CONT'D)

Okay, but hear me out --

STAN

I'm retired from the big game. I mean, you need a couple supplies here and there, no problem. Other than that, I'm out. And trust me, I'd love nothing more than to mix it up with you and bow out of the epic shitshow that is currently my life, but I'm gonna have to respectfully decline.

For a moment, Leo seems to understand. Then, casually:

LEO

One point two billion. Dollars.

Stan, for the first time, shuts up. He just kinda... blinks.

LEO (CONT'D)

Give or take.

A long moment. And then another. This is gonna take a bit.

EXT. STREET - JACKSON HEIGHTS - DAY

Leo's laying it all out for a skeptical Stan as they walk.

STAN

So the vault's underground?

LEO

The top level sits about thirty feet under. And it goes down three more levels after that. The building it's housed in has 24/7 security, and the hallway leading to the vault door is covered at all times by two armed guards with military training.

STAN

Fun. This sounds fun.

LEO

It gets better. The vault is Class III with 28-inch walls and a custom Hamilton door with a 4-hour rating.

STAN

Can you drill it?

LEO

(you cannot)

Cobalt plating. And copper, so torches are out, too. Plus seismic meters, which eliminates blasting. That's all just appetizer.

STAN

Bring on the main.

LEO

If you do get in, you have to contend with biometric scanners and cognition readers laid into an uninterruptible power supply, linked directly to external security teams who are armed, willing, and deeply eager to use deadly force.

STAN

I'm waiting for the punchline.

LEO
Dominique and Enrique.

STAN
...the arson twins?

LEO
No, that's Don and Ricky. Christ, I forgot about them. No, these are hurricanes. In the Atlantic --

STAN
Oh yeah, I saw that. Out near Africa. So, what, they provide cover?

LEO
They provide *opportunity*.
(off Stan's confusion)
Okay. 2012, Hurricane Sandy --

STAN
Breezy Point, man. My cousin Sal lost everything.

LEO
Plus, it floods half the bank vaults in Manhattan. Anything printed on paper ends up worthless. Cash, securities. Loss estimates in the billions. So the banks make a big stink about proofing their vaults, but memories are short and there's always some new crisis. Flash-forward, here come these two storms racing down the Atlantic. And everyone starts getting itchy.

STAN
They don't have the vaults ready.

LEO
Some do, some don't. Those who don't, they make deals with those who do. Everybody's in the same club... except the Triplets.

STAN
The... triplets?

CUT TO:

THE BACK OF A MERCEDES MAYBACH

Lounging in the rear seat is a 36-year-old Russian PLAYBOY. Phone in one hand, SUPERMODEL on his arm.

LEO (V.O.)
 Geddy Usmanov, largest shareholder of
 VTB, Russia's top private bank. He's
 also Putin's nephew. Or cousin.
 Nobody really asks.

The Maybach stops. Usmanov gets out -- and into a Lamborghini
 waiting for him with another SUPERMODEL inside. He peels out.

CUT TO:

A SWISS GENTLEMAN, 40S,

impeccably but casually dressed, walking down a hallway,
 giving design orders in German, French, and Italian --

LEO (V.O.)
 Stefan Thiele. Swiss CEO of Banque
 Bonhôte, which was started by his
 great-great-great-grandfather in
 1898. They may still have Nazi gold
 on the books. Who's to say?

-- as a horde of DESIGNERS trot after, jotting things down.

CUT TO:

A BOARDROOM

where a regal WOMAN, 65, sits at the head of a table of old
 white men. They all look to her, even as others are speaking.

LEO (V.O.)
 And Suzanne Grosvenor, lead banker at
 Duncan-Welsh. Word is, the Queen has
 her on speed dial.

And indeed a call comes in as Suzanne's phone buzzes. The
 Caller ID reads *Elizabeth*. Suzanne hits DECLINE.

RETURN TO:

EXT. QUEENS - STREET - DAY

LEO
 The Triplets make decisions in
 tandem, and between them, they
 control about 170 billion dollars.
 Most of those assets are in Europe,
 but some are here in the States --
 including all their unsecured bearer
 bonds.

STAN
 ...the *Die Hard* thing?

LEO

(grudgingly)

Yeah, the *Die Hard* thing. Sorta. See, with unsecured bonds, there's no way to track 'em -- whoever holds them owns them -- which is why people used to use 'em for all sorts of illegal shit. So in 1982, the government steps in and says *no mas*. All new bonds gotta be registered. But: the pre-'82 bonds stranded out in the wild can still be cashed in. And that's what the Triplets have. One-point-two billion dollars worth.

Stan's starting to see it come together now.

STAN

...but what they don't have is a vault to keep 'em in.

LEO

As it stands, they're scattered in holding cells all around the city. But soon as the storms get close --

STAN

They're gonna transfer all the bonds to the big vault downtown --

LEO

(bingo)

...which is owned by a man who's made it his mission to become the Great Protector of the banking industry. He's staked his entire career on having guaranteed this vault to be weatherproof, shockproof -- and thiefproof.

(beat)

And about four weeks from now, we're gonna break in and take him for everything he's got.

Stan gets it now. But one more thing:

STAN

So who's the mark?

CUT TO:

ROGER SILLIS

as he steps out of a Town Car in front of 55 Water Street -- a massive 75-story tower erupting out of Lower Manhattan.

Hundreds of workers stream in and out. Roger heads inside --

INT. 55 WATER LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Moving through with a smile, greeting GUARDS by name. He enters an elevator and scans his card. The DOORS CLOSE --

INT. SLS LOGISTICS - CONTINUOUS

-- AND OPEN BACK UP as Roger strides into the expansive lobby of his financial security firm, SLS Logistics.

A 30-foot abstract expressionist piece rests above the desk -- manned by attractive RECEPTIONISTS who greet him as he heads for a hallway, walking past:

A HUGE METAL DOOR with two ARMED GUARDS on either side. WE HOLD on that door for just a moment, lingering --

-- and then catch up to Roger, as he enters:

INT. OFFICE AREA - SLS LOGISTICS - CONTINUOUS

An open-area bullpen filled with EMPLOYEES at their desks. As Roger walks, he's joined by Carlos Sujo, walking alongside. Carlos, as usual, says nothing, but keeps by Roger's side.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SLS LOGISTICS - CONTINUOUS

All of SLS Logistic's key EMPLOYEES are in here. Hannah is among them, sitting next to ANDREW COVINGTON, 45, the EVP of her division, and RAJIV REDDY, 33, her cocky co-worker.

Roger enters, Carlos behind, getting right into it:

ROGER

I've ordered Level 4 background checks on all key employees. If you have any objections, feel free to bring it up with Mr. Sujo.

Carlos glares at the group. Nobody's bringing anything up.

ROGER (CONT'D)

In case it isn't clear, securing the Triplet's assets is now our #1 priority. Service other clients, yes, but the Triplets are Joe Football. We tame them, and the rest of the class falls in line. We screw it up, and we're good as done.

(to Andrew)

I want your team handling audits of all security protocols. Leave no stone unturned.

ANDREW

We've already started, sir.

ROGER

(to all)

We will also be issuing new passwords and swapping out all keycards and RF bricks on a frequent but random basis. If anything seems amiss, you come to me, directly and immediately. This storm presents a binary situation -- either we rise or we fall.

INT. SLS LOGISTICS - SECURITY BULLPEN - DAY

Andrew's flanked by Hannah and Rajiv as they move quickly back toward the bullpen -- an open-space floorplan with rows of desks, manned by hardworking EMPLOYEES.

ANDREW

Hannah, you start with application vulnerability assessments. Rajiv, get a team to handle source code review.

HANNAH

Most of the apps are locked down. I could implement more firewalls --

ANDREW

One thing at a time.

Andrew's off, as Hannah sits at her computer. A small WEDDING PHOTO is all that adorns her desk -- Hannah and her husband DANIEL, smiling. She gets to work. Focused, intense.

STAN (V.O.)

It's still impossible. Maybe if we had help on the inside. *Maybe.*

LEO (V.O.)

Let's assume I've got that covered.

EXT. PARK - QUEENS

Leo and Stan on a park bench. Stan slices up summer sausage -- eating a piece, tossing another to the pigeons. Repeats.

STAN

You got a way in?

LEO

You just concentrate on sourcing out the gear.

STAN
None of it comes cheap --

LEO
Seed money's not an issue.

STAN
Could run a few hundred k.

LEO
(conversation's over)
Like I said.

Stan backs off. And yet, something's still bugging him.

STAN
Not for nothing, but... you got your shop, you got a good life. Not like you ever cared about cars or yachts or whatever. So why risk it?

LEO
You're confused by a billion dollars?

STAN
No, but... You want a change, sell the shop. Play bocce down on Miami Beach. Save the whales, I dunno.

LEO
Never much liked Miami.

Stan gets it -- back off. He can only push so far.

STAN
Okay, but we still gotta crew up. And most of the guys we know ain't even in the game any more.

LEO
Way I see it, all we need is you, me, a driver, a forger, security, B&E.

STAN
Lean and clean. You think six is enough?

LEO
More than six is just showing off. What about Teddy Peppers for B&E?

STAN
Got busted back in November. Zabo?

LEO
He's a little intense for this.
There's Whiskey Joe --

STAN
Stage four liver cancer.

LEO
Shit. Gav Bentley?

STAN
Found God.

LEO
The bastard.

They sit in silence, feeding the pigeons. Stan's about to talk -- then stops. Opens his mouth -- closes it. Finally:

STAN
There is one other option...

At first Leo doesn't understand -- and then fully realizes what Stan is proposing. Does he really want to do that?

Stan, now that it's out of his mouth, isn't so sure either.

CUT TO:

BOB GOODWIN, 45,

standing in a POLICE LINEUP OF THE USUAL SUSPECTS. Bob glares out at the one-way glass, half-smirk. He's the kind of guy who thinks his own capacity for violence is amusing.

BEHIND THE GLASS

two PHILADELPHIA POLICE DETECTIVES work with MS. DANDRIDGE, a witness with coke-bottle glasses and a mane of red hair.

MS. DANDRIDGE
They're all quite... *greasy*.

DETECTIVE #2
If you could just pick the one you saw running out of the depot.

MS. DANDRIDGE
It's so hard to choose... Though he did have a very distinctive voice.

DETECTIVE #1
You heard him talk?

MS. DANDRIDGE

Oh, yes. I believe he said -- and excuse my French -- *I'm such a goddamned idiot*. Could you perhaps instruct the gentlemen to say that?

The detectives share a look -- *sure, why not?*

DETECTIVE #2

(into an intercom)

We're gonna have you all say *I'm such a goddamned idiot*. Number one?

NUMBER ONE

...I'm such a goddamned... idiot?

Mrs. Dandridge shakes her head. Not him. We move on --

NUMBER TWO

I'm such an idiot. Goddamned idiot.

MRS. DANDRIDGE

Definitely not.

We PAN to Bob -- who couldn't look more pissed.

DETECTIVE #1

C'mon, number three. Today.

BOB

I'm such a goddamned idiot.

MRS. DANDRIDGE

That was a little fast, wasn't it?

DETECTIVE #2

Again, number three. Slower.

BOB

I'm such... a goddamned idiot, this is fucking ridiculous --

MRS. DANDRIDGE

May I?

She steps in front of the intercom and by the time the detectives realize she's taken over, it's too late.

MRS. DANDRIDGE (CONT'D)

Number three, I'd really love to hear you *sell* the idiocy. I need to hear that you understand how incredibly, irretrievably stupid you were for trying to rob a shipping depot in broad daylight, that you should have

(MORE)

MRS. DANDRIDGE (CONT'D)
 listened to anyone who might have
 tried to stop you, and that you now
 recognize your ineptitude in a deep,
 meaningful, and significant way.

Bob stares daggers at the mirror in front of him. Mrs.
 Dandridge doesn't budge.

MRS. DANDRIDGE (CONT'D)
 Can you do that for me, number three?

BOB
 (after a long beat)
 I. Am Such. A. Goddamned. Idiot.

The detectives look to Ms. Dandridge, who's nodding -- and:

MRS. DANDRIDGE
 Definitely not him. Number four?

Bob steps back. Relieved, but mainly pissed off.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - DAY

Bob, a free man, walks down the street -- when, from a side
 street, he's met by Mrs. Dandridge, who walks alongside him.

BOB
 The depot guard was supposed to be
 off-duty. I'm not an idiot.

MS. DANDRIDGE
 You're welcome.

She PULLS OFF her wig and glasses -- revealing a tight crop
 of hair and a laid-back air that belies a coiled knot within.
 JUDY GOODWIN, 37, is Bob's reluctant, erstwhile savior.

BOB
 Next time, just tell the cops you
 don't recognize anybody.

JUDY
Next time, I'll be sitting on my ass
 at home swiping left on your collect
 calls from county.

Bob grabs Judy by the waist, pulling her roughly into him.

BOB
 C'mon, babe, you'd be lost without
 me. All alone, pining for your man.

JUDY
Pining for you. Alright --

He plants a messy kiss on her lips. She resists -- then accepts and sinks in. Not the first time. Won't be the last.

INT. DINER - DAY

Bob heads towards the back as Judy calls out to a WAITRESS.

JUDY
Table twelve okay, Kate?

Judy follows Bob -- and then slows, shuffling to a halt... Because Stan is standing at the end of the counter.

STAN
Hi.

JUDY
...hi.

Judy's caught halfway between a smile and a lump in her throat as Stan comes toward her -- and kisses her cheek.

STAN
You look great.

JUDY
Uh, you -- yeah, you too.

STAN
Well. We're both looking great, then.

A nervous titter between them -- *is this middle school?* -- when A HAND slaps down on Stan's shoulder, firm and hard.

BOB
Now this is a surprise. Look who it is, babe. It's our old buddy, Stan.

Bob is practically on top of him. Stan stiffens.

STAN
Hi, Bob.

BOB
Did you know our pal Stan would be here, darling?

STAN
She didn't know, man --

JUDY
I had no idea --

BOB (CONT'D)
Because I thought we discussed that you would stay in New York. It's just *such a fun surprise* to see you here in Philly. In my town.

JUDY

What... are you doing here, Stan?

Stan nods over toward a back booth, where Leo's sitting.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Do I know him?

STAN

No. But you'll want to.

Before Stan can stop him, Bob's already heading toward Leo.

STAN (CONT'D)

Sure, I guess you can come, too...

INT. BACK BOOTH - DINER - DAY

Stan and Leo are shoulder-to-shoulder on one side of the booth, Bob and Judy on the other. Leo's across from Judy, showing her a notebook with some rudimentary sketches.

LEO

Way I figure it, we'll need 3 burns.

JUDY

What kind of release?

LEO

Vault's underground, so... it's minimal. Gas for the guards.

BOB

What's her split?

STAN

That's for the lady to ask.

JUDY

"The lady" can handle herself.

STAN

I didn't mean --

LEO

Even steven, across the board.

BOB

And what about Bob?

STAN

What about Bob?

KATE stops by to take their orders, and they press pause:

LEO
Yeah, I'll take a cheeseburger.

JUDY
Just the usual, thanks.

STAN
Quick question: the pork chop. Is it
grass-fed? Or Niman Ranch? I prefer --

LEO
He'll have a burger.

Bob just points to his coffee -- that's all for him.

STAN
You're not eating?

BOB
I don't eat lunch.

LEO
Whaddaya mean you don't eat lunch?

BOB
One meal a day, friend. Keeps me
sharp. Focused.
(winking at Stan)
Rockets up the testosterone.

LEO
Today's meal is now fucking lunch.
You're making me nervous.
(to waitress)
Burgers all around.

Kate looks to Bob, who shrugs -- *sure* -- and she heads off.

BOB
We're a package deal, me and the
wifey here. But you're in luck. Safes
are my thing. Tell 'em, babe.

JUDY
...he is very good.

Leo looks to Stan. Doesn't want to admit it, but: *yeah*.

BOB
And that's two shares. One for her,
one for me. None of this community
property bullshit.

LEO
Do your job, you'll get your cut.

JUDY

What about seed cash? I'll need gear.

BOB

There's a credit card skim I can put together. Get us an easy 50K --

JUDY

Not now, okay?

BOB

You're telling me these gentlemen don't wanna hear a foolproof plan?

LEO

I got upfront costs handled.

BOB

Mr. Moneybags over here.

LEO

You got a problem with me?

BOB

I dunno. You're old as fuck -- no offense -- and it sounds like you been out of the racket for a while. You talk a big game, but how do we know you can pull any of this off?

A beat -- and Leo turns away from Bob. He focuses on Judy:

LEO

You've got a choice. Stay here in Philly, pulling jobs below your skill set, bailing this idiot outta jail --

BOB

Never convicted.
(off Judy's look)
Rarely.

LEO

-- or take a long shot at something that puts you on top for good.

Judy gets it. She does. But she's got concerns:

JUDY

I respect what you're trying to pull off. I do. But I don't see the win. Very least, they'll have pressure plates, heat sensors, audio meters --

LEO
 -- and ten other things we haven't
 thought of. Yeah, it's a fucking
 nightmare.

Judy sits back in the booth. He's made her point for her.

LEO (CONT'D)
 There's no easy way in -- and the
 hard way is likely to get us caught
 or killed.

STAN
 Hell of a sales job, Leo.

LEO
 But ask yourself how I know the
 things I know. How I figured out what
 I already figured out. Or why I
 hauled my ass down to a diner in
 Philly just to talk to you?

BOB
 Cause you're fucking crazy?

But Judy's picked up on something.

JUDY
 ...or you've already got eyes inside.

Leo just shrugs and takes a sip of his coffee.

CUT TO:

INT. SLS LOGISTICS - HANNAH'S DESK

Hannah's at her desk, running through an analysis -- when she
 stops short. Eyes narrowing as she reads the screen.

HANNAH
 Hey, Andrew?

Hannah keeps her voice low as he comes over to her computer.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 Take a look at that. Right there.
 It's weird, right...?

Andrew's eyes scan her screen -- as his expression shifts
 from confusion... to concern.

INT. ROGER SILLIS' OFFICE

Roger's office has no commanding view -- being thirty feet underground -- but what it lacks in windows it makes up for in mid-century finishings and impeccable design.

HANNAH

I think someone punched through our firewall.

Roger's focused on his screen. Hannah hovering behind him on one side, Andrew on the other. Sujo nearby, as always.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

They adjusted an app-suite whitelist to give them access. Smart, actually.

ROGER

What were they after?

HANNAH

There's no way to know just yet.

ANDREW

Could be a hacker. It could even be the Triplets testing our system.

HANNAH

I've shuttered the ports and I've set alerts in case they try again.

ROGER

Find out who it is. I don't like being fucked with.

HANNAH

Yes, sir. We'll figure it out.

ROGER

Keep me informed. No hour's too late.

Sujo opens the office door -- and Andrew and Hannah head out. Roger watching them go. Thinking.

ROGER (CONT'D)

We have eyes on the security team?

SUJO

We don't. We can.

Roger nods: *do it.*

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - COFFEE CART - DAY

Hannah and Andrew are on line at the cart outside 55 Water.

ANDREW

That was a good catch. Roger was impressed.

HANNAH

He's hard to read.

ANDREW

I've been here eight years, I still don't know what he's thinking half the time. But he trusts you.

Hannah takes that as a win. A beat -- building her courage --

HANNAH

So... the junior VP position --

ANDREW

We haven't made a decision yet.

HANNAH

No pressure --

ANDREW

It's you or Rajiv. Roger doesn't make choices lightly. But he knows how valuable you are. He doesn't want you working for anyone else.

HANNAH

I want to be here. I do. But I have to think about my career.

BARISTA

Decaf Americano for Hannah?

Hannah grabs her drink. Smiles at Andrew as she sips.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Did you tell him you want the job?

INT. BEDROOM - HANNAH AND DANIEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hannah's getting changed out of work clothes, talking to her husband, DANIEL NGUYEN, 34, who's changing into SCRUBS. They're on opposite ends of work shifts.

HANNAH

He's well aware.

DANIEL

And about the headhunters who keep calling?

HANNAH
That's not how I want to play it. And
I'm sure they know. Roger knows
everything.

Daniel laughs -- he's heard all about the great Roger.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Oh, you might get a call -- they're
doing more background checks.

DANIEL
So I shouldn't tell them about your
history as a criminal mastermind?

HANNAH
(laughing)
If you mean the Hot Topic Incident:
it was a t-shirt and I was twelve.

DANIEL
And you're still unrepentant.

-- which is when LIZ NGUYEN, 19, shuffles into the bedroom in
her bra. Daniel's younger sister is an aspiring DJ crashing
on their sofa, and currently rifling through Hannah's hamper.

LIZ
Where's that pink top I really like?

HANNAH
My pink top you really like?

LIZ
I'm going to King's with Corrie.

DANIEL
Bring us back some garlic knots.

Liz finds a blue top. Smells it -- eh-h-h -- slips it on--

LIZ
No can do. Showtek's playing Stone
Pony tonight so we're gonna Via from
dinner. Drink responsibly.

-- and then she's out. A beat -- and the front door SLAMS.

HANNAH
What are we on, month eight?

DANIEL
As soon as she saves up --

HANNAH
How? Dinner's not free. Concerts
aren't free.

DANIEL
She's nineteen, cut her some slack.
You remember nineteen?

HANNAH
Uh, yeah. I had two jobs and went to
school full-time.

By now, they're done changing. Moving out of the bedroom and
through the small apartment, toward the front door.

DANIEL
Maybe we should look at the place in
Murray Hill. It's three bedrooms --

HANNAH
Or we can ask your sister to move
out. That's a lot cheaper.

DANIEL
We're going to need more space soon,
anyway...

A beat as they have a quiet moment.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
You feeling alright?

HANNAH
I'm good. Everything's good.

DANIEL
Gonna take you at your word.

Hannah's phone BUZZES with a text. She glances at it --

Want to go to church?

And then stares a bit longer. Long enough for:

DANIEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Everything okay?

She slips the phone back into her pocket.

HANNAH
...it's Andrew. More work.

DANIEL
Don't tire yourself. No unnecessary --

HANNAH
-- stress. I know. I remember.

DANIEL
I'm covering for Kevin, so I won't be
home 'til noon. Peanuts.

HANNAH
Peanuts.

A kiss, and he's out the door. Hannah watches for a moment --
Then returns to her phone. That text. **Want to go to church?**

CUT TO:

THE ANGEL BETHESDA

bronze wings spread high over Central Park. Looking down at:

HANNAH

who stares back up. Like they're locking eyes.

EXT. BETHESDA FOUNTAIN - CENTRAL PARK - DUSK

There are other PEOPLE here -- lots, in fact, as it's the end
of a beautiful day -- but Hannah's focus is Bethesda. The
fountain ripples, water cascading, and Hannah can just... be.

A FIGURE steps up next to her. We can feel the shadow. So can
Hannah. She doesn't speak. Not for a bit, at least. Finally:

HANNAH
It's been a while.

LEO
I wanted to give you some space.

HANNAH
I forgot how *calm* it is here.

LEO
...how've you been?

HANNAH
Work, play, life. Same old. You?

LEO
Same old. Daniel?

HANNAH
Busy, as always.

LEO
And... your parents?

HANNAH
Mom got a new hip. Dad dotes on her.
They're coming in next week.

LEO
Give 'em my best.

Hannah's look says: *that'll never happen*. Leo glances around at the crowd.

LEO (CONT'D)
We should walk.

They begin an unurried amble around the terrace.

LEO (CONT'D)
Sure you weren't followed?

HANNAH
Ehhh, 90%...
(off his look)
I'm screwing with you. 100%.

LEO
Hey, old habits die hard.

Nearby, a GUY takes a SELFIE of himself and his girlfriend. Leo actively avoids getting in the shot. They walk on.

LEO (CONT'D)
Listen, I might... go away. For a bit. In a month or so.

HANNAH
Are you alright?

LEO
Yeah, yeah -- just. Take a little break. Clear my head.

HANNAH
You're taking your meds?

LEO
Of course. It's not that. It's -- look, it might not even happen.

HANNAH
You're being weirdly mysterious.

LEO
 (laughing)
 I guess I am. Taking a page out of
 your book.

HANNAH
 I'm not mysterious!

LEO
 Really? What'd you do at work today,
 Hannah?

Okay, he caught her, but --

HANNAH
 That doesn't count. You know I can't
 talk about that.

LEO
 You can. You just don't want to.

HANNAH
 We sign NDAs, loyalty oaths --

LEO
 So it's a cult.

HANNAH
 No... although, sorta? Roger's the
 real deal.

LEO
 Guy like that seems difficult to work
 with. From what I've heard.

HANNAH
 He expects everyone to go full-time,
 all the time. But he does it, too. So
 if that's what it takes...

Leo takes a moment. As if he just can't fathom it all.

LEO
 They at least treating you right?

HANNAH
 ...the people are nice. The work's
 challenging, it's sort of like...
 putting together puzzles? In a way?

LEO
 In your wheelhouse.

HANNAH
 ...yeah. I guess, yeah.

LEO

...but?

He's not wrong. A slight hesitation on her part, then:

HANNAH

I'm waiting to get bumped. Junior VP.

LEO

Hey hey. Fancy.

HANNAH

It's not the title. The money's better, and god knows we could use it. It's more like...

(beat)

I'm pretty restricted in what they let me do just as an analyst.

LEO

So what do you want to do?

HANNAH

I don't know. Implement new systems? Create something useful. Run a team.

(voice lower)

There's even areas of the building I can't get into unless I'm a VP.

(she's said too much)

Whatever. It'll be what it'll be.

LEO

Well. Lemme know the second you get the job. And if there's anything I can do to help...

Hannah smiles at Leo's sweet but futile offer.

LEO (CONT'D)

I'm proud of you. Everything you've been able to accomplish.

HANNAH

...thank you.

LEO

Just don't forget about the little people when you're in charge... of whatever it is you're not allowed to talk about.

HANNAH

Promise.

They walk on through the park, as the sun SETS --

And the lights of nighttime NYC pop to life. The sidewalks still pumping with life, the streets still packed with cars. Energy and movement as we speed through the night -- and

DISSOLVE TO:

A DACHSHUND

trotting down a trash-strewn alleyway in Brooklyn as the sun RISES BACK UP over the city. He sniffs hard at garbage bags. Then, behind him --

ANOTHER DACHSHUND -- then ANOTHER -- and suddenly there are FIVE of the long-and-low, prowling the alley like the cutest biker gang ever. They BARK -- diving into a garbage bag! --

Two of them emerging from the scuffle with DYING RATS clamped between their teeth. A high-pitched WHISTLE -- as the dogs suddenly all run back straight to their owner --

Dropping the dead rats at A PAIR OF LOUBOUTIN HEELED BOOTS. Panning up a perfectly-tailored pants suit, worn by:

AVA MERCER, 55, styled, sleek -- and yet has no qualms about picking up the dead rats and dropping them in a Barney's NYC bag with a couple others. Very little phases Ava. Like, ever.

LEO (O.S.)

I never understood why they don't eat the rats.

Leo's at the end of the alley. Ava seems unsurprised.

AVA

That's not what they were bred for.

LEO

So they're just straight-up killers.

AVA

Why fight nature?

She snaps her fingers and the dogs heel, panting adorably. Blood dripping off their teeth.

EXT. STREET - BROOKLYN - DAY

Ava moves quickly -- *New York quickly* -- dogs trotting along behind. Leo pacing to keep up.

AVA

I've got to be in court at ten. You should tag along. See what the justice system is like when you're not the one wearing cuffs.

They pass a dumpster. Ava tosses the bag in and keeps moving. Like a shark, she's always in forward motion.

LEO
I need help with some documents.

AVA
For the SLS hit?

Okay, Leo didn't expect that. How the hell did she know?

AVA (CONT'D)
Please. I saw the storms, I know how you think. Whose money's inside?

LEO
The Triplets.

AVA
Big game. You think that's wise?

LEO
Not much point robbing an empty vault.

Fair enough.

AVA
You've seen our girl?

LEO
Last night.

AVA
Did you tell her?

LEO
...timing didn't feel right. I'm laying the groundwork.

AVA
She'll need time. Don't fuck it up.

LEO
Thanks for the confidence. I don't see how it's your problem any more.

AVA
We need her on board if we want any shot at getting inside that place.

LEO
We?

They've come to the steps of a brownstone -- Ava's apartment.

AVA

I'll get you documents, set up fronts
and shell companies to launder the
take. But I want a full cut.

LEO

Docs and shells are flat fees. Cut's
reserved for boots on the ground --

AVA

-- which is where my security
services come in.

LEO

I was thinking of going another way.

A moment, as Ava stares Leo down, and vice-versa.

AVA

You want to see something cool?

(beat)

Yeah, you wanna see something cool.

INT. CLOSET - AVA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ava slides racks of designer clothes out of the way. Pressing
her fingers along the top of a high shelf. Searching.

Meantime, a dachshund has begun to hump Leo's leg. Furiously.
He pushes it away, and it jumps right back up.

LEO

A little help?

AVA

I prefer not to curb their instincts.

Leo shoots her a look, and Ava relents -- snapping her
fingers twice. The dog stops humping and slinks off --

CLUNK. She's found a recessed switch -- and the back wall of
the closet SEPARATES. She presses on it, and it swings open
into a hidden doorway. They walk through, into:

INT. AVA'S GUN CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

A militiaman's wet dream, and an ATF agent's worst nightmare.

AVA (CONT'D)

Welcome to the armory.

Guns of all stripe -- pistols, rifles, automatics -- adorn
every inch of this 10x20 room, each hung in its custom-made
space. Like an Apple Store of very questionable legality.

Leo reaches out to touch an S&W .44 Magnum --

AVA (CONT'D)

We look with our eyes, Leo.

LEO

How many of these are registered?

AVA

Under whose name?

Leo's impressed. A bit concerned, but impressed.

AVA (CONT'D)

I can supply Class I through III weapons. Preferably I'm the only one packing, but I can spot-train anyone with a pulse. I was at KBC Freeport, and ran point in Dayton --

LEO

I know what you're capable of.

Leo considers, for a moment.

AVA

And I've got a thirty-year-old IOU burning a hole in my pocket.

LEO

(beat)

...then we'd be square?

AVA

Then we'd be golden.

Leo looks around -- at the room, at Ava -- deciding --

LEO

How do you feel about Hoboken?

Off Ava's confusion -- as some DEATH METAL blasts in --

CUT TO:

A LEATHER PATCH OF "ANIMAL" FROM THE MUPPETS

on the back of a motorcyclist's jacket -- as his bike SHOOTs down the nighttime streets of Hoboken, NJ. He's got on a full helmet with mask -- we can't see him just yet --

But that's his DEATH METAL blaring through earbuds as he SWERVES back and forth between cars -- taking every opportunity to make some incredible -- and risky -- moves.

This guy may be a bit of a maniac -- but he can *drive*.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - BAR - HOBOKEN - NIGHT

The bike screeches to a stop, and the rider pulls off his helmet -- to reveal a mop of curly hair and a beard that makes SAMIR NAHAS, 26, look pretty much identical to Animal.

MANAGER

Samir! Get your ass inside!

SAMIR

Sorry, Levi. My pops needed me to fix his bathroom window --

MANAGER

I don't give a shit. Dean's on stage!

Samir runs up the back steps and inside --

INT. BACK ROOM - LOUNGE - NIGHT

-- pulling off his jacket, his pants, stumbling with the legs as he frantically undresses -- muffled sounds from nearby --

DEAN (V.O.)

...ladies and gentlemen, it's an honor to be with you tonight...

-- as he reaches into a locker for a new outfit. On his face: *he doesn't want to do this*. But he doesn't have a choice.

INT. STAGE - MY WAY LOUNGE - NIGHT

Stumbling onto the small stage in a Powder Blue Laurence Welk leisure suit. The rest of the MY WAY TRIO is already there, along with the DEAN MARTIN lookalike fronting the band.

DEAN

And here he is, folks, fresh off his engagement at the Hair Club For Men.

The audience laughs. Samir, red-faced, gives a deeply awkward wave -- then sits behind the drums. He's more comfortable back here. Picks up brushes and beats out a 4/4 --

DEAN (CONT'D)

(signing)

Just in time... my drummer made it,
just in time...

More laughter from the crowd. An OCTOGENARIAN -- there are lots out there -- shoots Samir a wink. This is his life.

INT. AT BAR - AN HOUR LATER

Samir's at the bar alone as the band takes a short break. The BARTENDER pops a tumbler down in front of him.

BARTENDER

Lady at the end.

Samir peers through the dark bar -- sees the Octogenarian. Ah. He raises his glass, hoping to avoid conversation --

But she moves away, revealing AVA, who raises her glass back. Samir is suddenly much more interested -- and heads over.

AVA

I didn't know if it was your style.

SAMIR

Yeah yeah, I love...
(he sniffs it)
...whiskey?

He cocks an eyebrow, Bond-like, takes a sip -- and has to do absolutely everything in his power not to gag. *Just* makes it.

AVA

(re: his hair, beard)

What's going on with all this, Samir?

SAMIR

Y'know, it's my look.

AVA

How's it working for you?

SAMIR

Depends. How's it working for you?

AVA

I'm going to stop you right there.
Flirting is not your forte.

He's about to come back, but she puts a finger on his lips.

AVA (CONT'D)

But Leo tells me driving is.

SAMIR

...Leo? Like -- Leo Leo?

Samir's taken aback. Looking in every direction, nervous.

AVA

He needs your help, Samir. So do I.

SAMIR

Then why isn't he here?
 (realizing)
 Is it the Hoboken thing?

AVA

What can I say? Man holds a grudge.

SAMIR

Leo's been real good to me. And you're... y'know, hot, in kind of a scary way? But I got a shitload of parking tickets, and there's like a bench warrant out? Or something?

AVA

The warrant's quashed. The tickets are paid. All you have to do is answer one question: *Can you drive?*

SAMIR

(*duh*)
 I grew up racing 450's at Dade City. Haven't lost since I was twelve --

AVA

What about cars? Four wheels.

SAMIR

Cars, trucks, ATVs, whatever.

AVA

How about a van?
 (off his nod)
 How about a van loaded down with a couple thousand extra pounds?

SAMIR

...yeah, I don't see why not.

AVA

How about a van loaded down with a couple thousand extra pounds, through the middle of a hurricane?

Samir laughs. Ava does not. Samir's laughter dies down.

SAMIR

Oh, you're... serious. Jesus, what the hell are you guys planning?

CUT TO:

LEO, STAN, JUDY, AND AVA

all staring up at something. In awe.

STAN

Well *that's* a clusterfuck.

REVERSE ON: the complicated BLUEPRINTS for SLS Logistics, Leo's scrawl on them, tacked to the wall here in:

INT. PAP AUTO REPAIR - AUTO BAY - JERSEY CITY - DAY

LEO

It's a challenge. But there's no such thing as an unbeatable vault.

JUDY

Forget the vault. It's the thirty obstacles around the vault.

AVA

And the three levels of protection before you even get close.

JUDY

With two doors per level, blast-rated to at least 20 bars.

STAN

And that's just on the structural blueprints. Who knows what Sillis built out inside?

Samir, in the background, is nosing around the garage, drumming on things with his hands. Making a racket.

LEO

Samir? Wanna take a breather, buddy?

AVA

How do we even know the blueprints are accurate?

LEO

I took 'em off the county clerk.

AVA

But if I'm Sillis, I file fake plans for this exact scenario.

They all agree -- that's a good point.

JUDY

I'd love a couple infrared scopes. Leupolds or ATNs.

STAN

I can backtrace systems he bought off the shelf, if we can get his purchase orders. Maybe in their tax prep?

BOB

Hey -- listen up --

They all look, as one, to Bob -- who's on his phone --

BOB (CONT'D)

My guy in Baltimore just told me about a buy-in poker game on K Street. Big money lobbyists. Hit em hard, I bet we can clear 50 grand.

Aaannd now they all look away from Bob.

BOB (CONT'D)

Fuck you guys, and... fuck you guys.

Bob sulks. The rest go back to planning.

EXT. 55 WATER STREET - DAY

It's lunchtime, and WORKERS head in and out of the massive building, lining up at nearby food TRUCKS, on their breaks.

Leo sits on a bench outside the front entrance, eating an empanada. If you didn't know better, you'd think he's just having lunch. But his eyes are moving, taking in everything --

And then, casual as day, Leo stretches, balls up his empanada wrapper, and heads through the crowd, toward the trash --

Accidentally BUMPING into someone who's heading back inside.

LEO

Sorry, man.

The guy turns -- it's Andrew, messenger bag on his shoulder -- and waves it off. No problem.

Andrew heads inside 55 Water. Leo watching him go.

INT. PAP AUTO REPAIR - JERSEY CITY - DAY

Samir's got half his body in the open hood of an old BLACK VAN. One hand drumming on the chassis, the other dipping into a bag of Cheetos he managed to find. Ava nearby.

AVA

What's the top end?

SAMIR
I can crank it to 120, but I wouldn't trust it. And the suspension's shit.

AVA
So what do we need?

SAMIR
...a new van?

INT. LEO'S CAR - DAY

Leo drives across the bridge, radio on. Flipping around --

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
-- on virtually the same projected path, it's unlikely that both storms will strike the mainland. And yet...

INT. BACK ROOM - AUTO BODY SHOP - DAY

Bob's back here snooping. Opening drawers, going through the desk. Inspecting a penguin-shaped mailbox leaned up in the corner. Looking at the Murphy bed. Thinking.

INT. LEO'S CAR - DAY

Leo drives along dense, tree-lined streets, passing a sign for the *Cherry Hill Public Library*. His face softens a bit.

INT. BATHROOM - AUTO BODY SHOP - DAY

Bob opens up Leo's medicine cabinet -- to find PILL BOTTLES gathered inside. A lot of them.

Bob pulls a few out, looking at the labels. *Interesting...*

INT. LEO'S CAR - DAY

Looking around at the homes here -- larger, manicured, peacefully suburban. JOGGERS are out, enjoying the sun. As he passes them, Leo turns his face to the side. Hiding it.

INT. PAP AUTO REPAIR - JERSEY CITY

Judy's head-down at a table, drawing up a list as she scribbles down chemical equations. Stan approaching.

STAN
What'd you get on the last pop quiz?

She hands him the lengthy list. He scans it.

STAN (CONT'D)
That's a lot of nitro.

JUDY
I'd rather synthesize RDX, but I'd
need manitol hexanitrate.

STAN
I got a buddy at a medical supply.

JUDY
I'd also need a ton of benzene --

STAN
Whatever you want. The world's your
oyster.

Judy smiles. A small but noticeable moment between them.

ACROSS THE AUTO BAY

Bob's come out of the back room -- watching Stan and Judy
interact. Doesn't say a word, just watches.

INT. LEO'S CAR - DAY

Leo crests a hill, coming to his destination. Pulling off a
side road, fully knowing which way to go. Looking up --

And clearly not seeing what he expected. *Wait a second...*

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Piles of debris behind a chain-link fence -- the rubble from
what had once been a series of buildings. Leo stares.

A sign proclaims "*Coming Soon: Pinnacle Estates. Affordable
Housing From The Low 900s!*"

LEO
Excuse me!

A nearby CONSTRUCTION WORKER looks up.

LEO (CONT'D)
I thought there was a church here?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER
They sold out a couple months back.
Think it's up at a strip mall now.

Leo stands there, staring. Maybe there was once a church here
-- but now it's just rubble.

And in Leo's eyes, for the first time: *worry*.

INT. SLS LOGISTICS - SECURITY BULLPEN - DAY

Hannah's at her desk, staring at her computer. Really trying to suss something out --

When she notices Andrew walking by with Rajiv. Looking way too cozy with one another.

HANNAH

Andrew! Do you have a second?

She matches pace with them as they head through the office.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I'm looking at the breach, and I just noticed an irregular MAC address --

RAJIV

Obviously. From the device they used to download the information.

HANNAH

Well, yes, but -- it looks like the breach happened *locally*.

ANDREW

What do you mean?

HANNAH

I mean it looks like it happened here. In the office.

They've moved through the bullpen, into --

INT. SLS LOGISTICS - MAIN LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Where Andrew stops outside the hallway with two ARMED GUARDS.

ANDREW

You think it's someone who works at SLS?

RAJIV

It would have shown up in the logs. The bricks catalogue everything.

HANNAH

Maybe someone broke in...?

RAJIV

They broke into SLS and all they did was change whitelist data?

HANNAH

I don't know, Rajiv. Either way, I figure we should tell Roger.

They both look to Andrew, expecting him to rule --

ANDREW

I'm late for a meeting. Doublecheck your data and we'll talk later.

Andrew scans his keycard in and the door CLUNKS open.

He passes between the two guards, down the long hallway -- and, for just a moment, Hannah can see down the hall:

THE VAULT waiting at the far end. Huge, imposing, and locked up tight. She stares at it for a long moment...

And the hallway door closes on her and Rajiv. They're not allowed in.

RAJIV

Let me know if you run into trouble. I'm sure I could figure it out.

He walks off, and Hannah's left facing the emotionless security guards. She smiles. They do not.

EXT. PAP AUTO REPAIR - JERSEY CITY - DAY

Leo's at the door to his shop. A moment -- like he doesn't want to go inside. Silence, as he gathers himself. Then --

INT. PAP AUTO REPAIR - JERSEY CITY - CONTINUOUS

He enters into the chaos of Stan and Bob going at it.

STAN

-- that doesn't make any sense.

BOB

You're talking out your ass. Here, Grandpa's back, ask him.

STAN

Leo: Ketchup on hot dogs. Crime against nature, right?

They all look at Leo expectantly. He surveys the group -- and then just lets it out:

LEO

I don't have it.

STAN
...what?

LEO
The seed money. I don't have it.

STAN
On you?

LEO
At all. It's gone.

A moment as they take this in. The backlash swift:

AVA
You said it was covered --

LEO
I know what I said.

JUDY
We wouldn't have come in --

LEO
I know.

Stan, being Stan, tries to figure it out, make it work --

STAN
We can pare down the list. If we go bare-bones, I can get it close to three hundred.

LEO
Called every shark I know. I can't borrow anywhere near enough. And I'm underwater on the shop. So unless you've all got cash to burn...

Moving around the room, and clearly none of them have much in the way of actual assets. A moment as they all sink into it.

SAMIR
So we're gonna give up a billion dollars cause we can't raise a quick 300K?

Seems that way. *Just like that, the plan is off.*

Then, almost just tossed away, from the back:

BOB
...there's always Diamond Way.

As one, they slowly turn toward Bob. Suddenly curious.

BOB (CONT'D)

Oh, so now you assholes are all ears.

It's not like they've got much of a choice.

CUT TO:

A TEARDROP NECKLACE, SMOTHERED IN DIAMONDS

glittering in the sun.

BOB (V.O.)

Eighty percent of all diamonds
entering the States come in at 47th
Street between 5th and 6th avenue.

EXT. DIAMOND WAY - DAY

A single block of NYC real-estate, with 50 different diamond shops packed in at street level. Their display windows showing off bling that draws in anyone walking by.

BOB (V.O.)

They call it Diamond Way. Kicked off during World War Two when the Jews beat feet outta Amsterdam and brought the business up to midtown.

THE STREET has SHOPPERS, of course, but also store OWNERS:

BOB (V.O.)

These days, they're all either Russians, Hasidic, or Israelis.

They mill around in front of their stores, talking up shoppers, but mainly interacting with one another --

BOB (V.O.)

47th Street has more guns per capita than Somalia. And more motherfuckers who aren't scared to use em.

-- many with bulgets at the smalls of their backs.

BOB (V.O.)

Not to mention undercover security trying to front as tourists.

RANDOMS, dressed like shoppers -- if shoppers were jacked and wore blackout sunglasses.

LEO (V.O.)

And this plan -- it's low-profile?

EXT. 6TH AVENUE - KOREA-DAY FESTIVAL - DAY

A CROWD of people throngs the street, as the annual Korea Day Festival is in full swing. A parade snakes through the city, accompanied by MUSICIANS, DANCERS, costumed PERFORMERS.

BOB (V.O.)
Y'know, chief... sometimes you gotta
break a few eggs.

TEN BLOCKS FURTHER DOWN

Two city WORKERS set up barricades. But as we get closer, we find it's Stan and Bob, decked out in full D.O.T. gear.

STAN
Almost set up on 47th and 6th.

They've got miniature earpieces, in contact with:

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Samir's driving the BLACK VAN from Leo's shop. Also on com.

SAMIR
I'm on 44th. It's moving slow.

EXT. 47TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

Judy's got a big floppy hat obscuring her face -- the wealthy-woman-in-town-for-a-shopping-spreed look.

She carries Bergdorf Goodman bags and eats halal pita.

JUDY
Goddamn, this is good chicken.

STAN (V.O.)
It's the garlic sauce.

SAMIR (V.O.)
Potato flakes. Lebanese secret.

She pretends to ogle diamonds in the window, but she's using her cell phone to take surreptitious photos all around her --

SNAP: a man window shopping -- really an undercover GUARD.

JUDY
Red shirt. He's not even trying.

INT. BACK OF VAN - CONTINUOUS

Leo and Ava are crouched in back -- hard to tell what's surrounding them, but it's colorful as all hell. Leo's phone buzzes with the photo from Judy of the undercover guard --

JUDY (V.O.)
My man's 6'2", 240 and he's wearing sunglasses in the shade, c'mon.

LEO
Just keep picking 'em out.

EXT. 47TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

Judy casually strolls down the street, snapping more photos -- talking into the mic under her breath --

JUDY
Smile, babies. Flex those pecs.

SNAP -- another plainclothes guard -- SNAP -- another --

EXT. 47TH AND 6TH - CONTINUOUS

Bob and Stan are hauling the final barricade when:

COP
Hey! You can't put those here, we got a parade coming through!

A BEAT COP headed right for them. Stan's got this handled --

STAN
Morning, officer. We're blocking the street for the parade. See?

Stan pulls out a permit, hands it over. As the cop inspects, Bob stares him down, his jaw gridding.

INT. BACK OF VAN - CONTINUOUS

Leo's listening over the com, tense. Behind him, in the b.g., Ava's pulling something over her clothes.

EXT. 47TH AND 6TH - CONTINUOUS

The cop's really inspecting the sheet. Bob getting antsy.

BOB
Why you gotta fuck with us?

COP
I'm doing my job. Why don't you do yours?

EXT. 47TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

Judy can't believe it, listening to this -- *Christ, Bob* --

EXT. 47TH AND 6TH - CONTINUOUS

BOB

That's what I'm trying to do, ass--

STAN

We're cutting this real close, sir.

The Parade is bearing down on them. The cop staring at Bob.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Samir, listening in, holding his breath as he nears 6th --

EXT. 47TH AND 6TH - CONTINUOUS

A long beat -- Bob and the cop almost nose-to-nose --

COP

...yeah, alright. Get it done.

Stan, as friendly as possible, takes the paper back, as the cop leaves. Stan and Bob quickly move the last barricade --

STAN

Thanks to our forger on that one.

AVA (V.O.)

Oh, that's a real permit. Head of the DOT is a nice guy with bad habits.

And the Korean Day Parade is diverted right down 47th Street.

EXT. 6TH AVE/INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Samir pulls the van onto 6th Avenue, slowing at the corner. Bob and Stan jog up and JUMP into the back --

INT. BACK OF VAN - CONTINUOUS

-- coming face-to-face with Leo and Ava, half-dressed in colorful garb.

BOB

Love the new look on you.

LEO

Laugh it up. Yours is right there.

Bob and Stan stumble toward their own costumes. Bob reaches into his pocket and pulls on a GOLD GRASSHOPPER NECKLACE.

LEO (CONT'D)

No personal items. That's a rule.

BOB

And I don't do jobs without this
around my neck. That's my rule.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

SAMIR

It'll take me 4 minutes to get from
dropoff to pickup.

LEO (V.O.)

That's our time limit, then. Waiting
on Judy's mark.

EXT. 47TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

Judy finishes her pita, then pulls something from her bag and
BALLS IT UP in the foil. It all gets tossed in a TRASHCAN --

As the parade makes its way down 47th, Judy blending into the
crowd. She's got a wide view, directing the crew:

JUDY

Everybody on stage for the big dance.

THE VAN

pulls up at 47th and 6th, the door SLIDING OPEN --

As four "musicians" in full-length garb, their faces covered
by colorful *ganyeon* masks, emerge, carrying large INSTRUMENT
CASES. They blend seamlessly into the parade.

THE PARADE

is really picking up steam, the DRUMS intensifying (and
providing our music) --

The DIAMOND BROKERS outside their stores are surprised as the
parade comes through, so close -- but they're caught up in
it, too, some dancing along with the crowd --

JUDY (CONT'D)

Lets get our props set...

As our CREW, in their costumes, begin to filter down the
length of the parade. Each moving past a corner of a FLOAT --

Where they place small grey TUBES -- just six inches tall,
the bases weighted down, pointing up at 45 degree angles. The
crew quickly filtering back into the crowd --

JUDY (CONT'D)

And places, everyone...

Each moving to A DIFFERENT STOREFRONT -- diamonds GLEAMING in the sparkle from the sun, reflecting off the parade --

From within the folds of their costumes, all four take out what look like metallic L-BRACKETS with raised circles on either end. They approach their separate storefronts --

SLAPPING the brackets onto the storefront doors. One side on the doorframe, one on the door itself. *Hm, weird...*

JUDY (CONT'D)

Pick your partners.

As the DRUMMING intensifies, the crew filters back onto the street -- moving into the crowd --

Each crewmember positioning themselves near a different UNDERCOVER SECURITY guy -- the ones Judy took photos of.

The drumbeats come harder as the parade now fully engulfs 47th street. Judy takes out her phone, as if she's going to take a photo of a necklace in a shop window --

And presses a button on her phone.

JUDY (CONT'D)

And 5, 6, 7, 8 --

BOOM! THE TUBES attached the float shoot out FIREWORKS. The crowd cheers as they BURST over their heads --

As PLUMES OF SMOKE stream out of the tubes. Some chemical reaction *that quickly begins to fill the entire street.*

OUR CREW

all acting as one, pull TASERS out of their robes and hit ALL FOUR UNDERCOVER GUARDS at once.

50,000 volts lash out and the guards drop, twitching.

THE TEAM immediately move toward their respective storefront window displays, whipping out GLASS-CUTTERS and SUCTION CUPS.

INSIDE THE SHOPS

the owners can't quite see what's going on. Just a thick plume of smoke that's obscuring the whole damn street.

OUR CREW

slices open their windows with precision, the diamond bits on their cutters drawing dinner-plate sized holes in the glass -- as the suction cups allow them to pull gently --

Smoke covering up their moves, the NOISE of the parade riding above the sound of cut glass. And just like that, they're in.

And our crew starts looting.

Grabbing as much as they can through the holes they've made. Pulling in handfuls of diamonds, necklaces, bracelets, tossing them into bags.

INSIDE ONE STORE

AN OLDER RUSSIAN man is trying to peer through the smoke. Starting to realize that this is... maybe not so normal. He puts his face up against the glass on his side --

As BOB'S FACE swims into view on the other side. They're both taken back for a moment, and then --

BOB

Clamps!

The Russian runs for the door as, across the street --

JUDY hits another button on her phone --

And the ELECTROMAGNETIC L-CLAMPS that they'd attached to the shop doors LOCK DOWN --

As the Russian SLAMS into the door -- but it doesn't give.

LEO, AT HIS DISPLAY

has every possible piece of jewelry shoved into his bag. From behind his mask, he speaks into his com:

LEO

I'm full up.

He places the glass circle back in place with his suction cup and sprays clear industrial LOCTITE GLUE on it. It's not perfect, but it'll last them long enough to get out clean.

Leo starts jogging through the smoke toward 5th street, picking his way through the crowd.

STAN (V.O.)

Done here, too.

There's Stan, putting his own glass back in place.

AVA

is still finishing up -- when she hears a commotion --

THREE HASIDIC SHOPKEEPERS run down the steps inside their store, coming from the office upstairs.

They've each got a gun in their hands.

AVA

We're burned. Everybody out.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Samir has just pulled up at the pickup point on 5th Street.

SAMIR

I'm in position.

EXT. 47TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

Judy's hustling now, too, keeping an eye on her team as she also heads toward 5th, her hat brim down low.

JUDY

We're on the way --
(realizing)
Where's Bob?

BOB is still arm-deep inside that window, going after his #1 target, the TEARDROP NECKLACE. Having to really reach back --

JUDY (V.O.)

Come on, we're done here!

BOB

-- I got this --

LEO (V.O.)

Bob, break off --

Bob pulls out the earpiece and tosses it to the ground. He's gonna get this damned thing.

JUDY has no choice but to break cover -- and run for her husband. She runs back up 47th, into the danger zone --

STAN sees her heading into trouble -- and runs after her.

LEO (V.O.)

Goddamn it --

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Samir's just hearing madness over the com. Traffic building --

SAMIR

Guys, I can't stay here forever --

EXT. 47TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

Stan gets to Judy first, pulling her back --

STAN

I got this -- go -- I got him --

-- and grabs Bob by his robe -- Bob grabbing him back --

BOB

Don't you ever touch me --

AS TWO YOUNG RUSSIAN MEN WITH GUNS

straight-up BLAST their way out of their own blocked doors and climb through the smashed glass. The gunshots ROCK the street -- and suddenly, there's panic.

The Russians are cut, bleeding, but they don't care. Looking down the street --

And seeing Bob, Stan, and Judy in the smashed-in storefront.

LEO, a hundred feet further down, can only watch in horror --

As one of the Russians raises his gun to fire at STAN, fully exposed and an easy target -- he's good as dead --

When the Russian's shoulder EXPLODES with blood. A split-second later, his partner's KNEE is shot out.

AVA

is fifty feet away, gun smoking. Those were perfect shots.

It acts like a surge of adrenaline, and suddenly the crew is all now running as one, straight down Diamond Way --

EXT. 5TH AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

A crush of traffic from behind -- SIRENS approaching. The crowd now panicking. POUNDING on the van -- ROCKING it --

SAMIR

Ahh, can you, uh, stop that, please?

EXT. 47TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

Where the downed GUARDS start to rise from their tased stupor. Getting to their feet, seeing the fleeing crew --

BULLETS start flying -- more windows EXPLODING -- as our group hits the ground, suddenly pinned down --

And Bob spins around -- with a gun of his own. FIRING back --

LEO

Who the fuck gave him a gun?

Shoppers hitting the ground, trying to stay clear, as bullets RICOCHET off buildings, bus stops --

Bob throwing caution to the wind as he lines up a shot --

And his collarbone ERUPTS in a wash of blood as a bullet SMASHES into it. His left arm drops, useless.

He's caught in the middle of the crossfire. Leo and the others hunkered down.

Ava pops out the magazine on her handgun to reload, as Leo calls out to Judy:

LEO (CONT'D)

Do it! Now!

Judy's got one more trick on that phone. Hits a button --

KABOOM! The TRASHCAN where she tossed out her Halal Chicken EXPLODES -- mostly sound and fury --

But Ava's hit by the shockwave, her magazine CLATTERING to the ground. But there's no time to grab it --

As the blast has distracted everyone just long enough for Leo to run in and grab Bob, dragging him out of the way -- Bob bleeding badly but able to stumble along --

As the crew races down 47th, to the corner at 5th street --

Samir isn't there.

STAN

That fucking Muppet.

Behind them, guards are pushing through the crowd.

LEO

This way --

Leo leads them down 5th, heading toward 46th and Madison. Only now they're no longer obscured by other parade-goers, their costumes making them stick out like sore thumbs --

TWO GUARDS

suddenly emerge from a side street, right in the crew's way -- they stumble to a stop, TRAPPED -- guards raising weapons --

THE VAN

ROARS out of nowhere and POWER-SLIDES between the crew and the guards, blocking them. The guards POUND on the van --

While Samir, acting dumb in the driver's seat, keeps pulling forward or backward, keeping in their way.

SAMIR

Sorry, what? It's hard -- to hear --

Eventually, the guards make it around the van --

But the crew has vanished into the streets of NYC. And by the time the guards turn around, the van is gone, too.

EXT. BUILDING - 45TH STREET - DAY

Leo hustles everyone into an unmarked door.

INT. STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Inside, a little vestibule -- and a padlocked chain barring a door. Ava doesn't waste time -- she SHOTS the chain --

The door beyond leading to a STEEL STAIRCASE twisting down into the darkness. Nobody's quite sure what to make of it --

But they stumble down anyway, pulling off their robes, tossing them over the side of the open stairwell --

The colorful fabric fluttering down through the dark.

INT. LIRR TERMINAL - GRAND CENTRAL STATION - DAY

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS are everywhere here in what will soon become the LIRR Terminal at Grand Central Station.

They pay little mind when five random people emerge from the stairwell -- one of them holding his shoulder, blood seeping out -- and head for the exits.

EXT. 42ND STREET - DAY

We watch as the escalator deposits our crew, one by one, onto the street -- each having just gone through their own shit --

As they pile into the VAN at the curb. The door SLAMS SHUT.

INT. BACK OF VAN - CONTINUOUS

As they all collapse to the floor, spent. Bob gritting his teeth as Judy holds his hand. They're all a mess.

But when Leo opens the bags, there's a lot of bling shining back up at them. That's damned hard to argue with.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - CONTINUOUS

The van pulls into the streets and blends into traffic.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HANNAH AND DANIEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hannah's washing dishes, Liz half-assedly drying them. The TV is on the news in the background.

LIZ

Berlin is the shit, though. The EDM scene? Insane. In-sane.

Hannah's barely paying attention, just nodding along.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

...on 47th street in midtown, where a brazen daytime weekend robbery has police looking for answers --

Hannah perks up -- turning toward the TV --

LIZ

Tuck thinks I could DJ there, easy --

HANNAH

Shush -- please. For a second --

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

-- are unsure how many were involved but security footage shows at least four armed assailants --

It's grainy and choppy, but there they are -- in full masks and costumes, amid the chaos of 47th Street.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

-- asking anyone who might have knowledge to come forward.

Hannah stares at the TV. Her eyes narrowed. Then:

DANIEL (O.S.)

You almost ready?

He's at the doorway, expectant. A bag in his hands.

CUT TO:

A GRAINY BLACK-AND-WHITE IMAGE, tough to make out.

HANNAH (V.O.)
We haven't worked out all the details
just yet...

The picture starts to come into focus, slowly --

HANNAH (V.O.)
...but I'm pretty sure when the time
comes, the plan'll fall into place.

-- forming in A SONOGRAM. Here in:

INT. OBSTETRICIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Hannah's on the table, with her OB/GYN running the paddle over what we can now see is the smallest of baby bumps. Her supportive husband DANIEL NGUYEN holds her hand.

OB/GYN
It's a little early to start worrying
about a birth plan --

DANIEL
She's a scheduler.

OB/GYN
Then you'll be happy to know
everything's looking great and on
schedule. Thumbs up all around.

Hannah stares up at the screen. The tiny heartbeat whirring.

OB/GYN (CONT'D)
How's maternity leave at your firm?

HANNAH
The policy's great. It's just kind of
bad timing? I haven't told them yet.
Haven't told anyone except my parents
really --

DANIEL
I'd shout it to the rooftops, but
Hannah's a little more reserved.

OB/GYN
Well, it's about to get pretty hard
to cover up.

The doctor turns off the machine -- they're all done.

OB/GYN (CONT'D)

Have you discussed the genetic testing? We've got a few more weeks before the window closes.

DANIEL

We don't have a family history of anything. On either side.

HANNAH

Parkinson's.

DANIEL

Really? Since when?

HANNAH

...it's a cousin. Kind of removed.

OB/GYN

That's not something we check for. It doesn't really have a strong genetic component. Alright, well, think about it. Meantime, your blood pressure's a bit high. Try cutting back on stress. Yoga's good, prenatal Pilates. No unnecessary risks.

DANIEL

Of course not. That's not who she is.

Off Hannah, who does her best to smile along. Then, from somewhere: a GRUNT, a muffled SCREAM --

INT. PAP AUTO REPAIR - JERSEY CITY - DAY

-- as Bob's having the bullet dug out of his body by Ava. Biting down on a towel, Judy holding his hand, as Ava splashes on alcohol and fishes in his wound with pliers.

AVA

Hold still --

BOB

-- you -- fuckin hold -- still --

AVA

Vicodin.

Judy lifts a line of crushed powder -- Bob SNORTS -- as Ava digs further and -- CLINK! -- drops a bullet fragment onto the metal table, next to six others. Bob collapses.

AVA (CONT'D)

Just a few more...

Across the way, Leo's got the jewelry out of the bags, separating it into piles -- diamonds, gems, gold --

STAN

How we looking?

LEO

...guessing around six hundred.

STAN

I'll need cash for the van and the practice safes. Might be able to do some trading on the chemicals.

Samir leans in to watch Ava's half-surgery with awe.

SAMIR

Good thing you know how to do that...
how do you know how to do that?

AVA

(to Bob)

Can you move your left arm?

Bob tries -- and nearly passes out from pain.

AVA (CONT'D)

His collarbone's shattered.

JUDY

Maybe if you hadn't pulled a gun --

AVA

Then Stan would be dead.

STAN

Maybe if Bob hadn't been such a greedy bastard --

BOB

Dolla dolla bill y'aAAAAAGH --

Ava's digging in again. Stan smiles.

INT. BACK ROOM - PAP AUTO REPAIR - JERSEY CITY - LATER

Leo's at his desk with the blueprints as Ava comes in, wiping blood off her hands.

AVA

He'll live. He'll bitch about it, but he'll live.

LEO

Can he crack a safe with one arm?

AVA

The one-point-two billion dollar question.

Leo rolls up the blueprints. His hands are shaking. Ava notices -- but doesn't say anything about it.

AVA (CONT'D)

So: we've got the crew. We've got the cash. All we need is the inside play.

Leo nods. Shrugs. It's out of his hands.

INT. SLS LOGISTICS - DAY

Hannah's working at her desk, Rajiv at his, when a shadow falls over them.

SUJO

You two. Follow me.

Sujo starts walking. Rajiv is on it immediately. Hannah, nervous as hell, trots after. The promotion on the line.

HANNAH

Good luck.

Rajiv doesn't return the gesture, walking ahead of her.

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY

When Hannah and Rajiv enter, Roger's behind his desk. Andrew's in a chair nearby. Two empty chairs in front of Roger's desk. Rajiv and Hannah take those seats.

ROGER

Let's not beat around the bush.

Beat. He looks to Andrew: *go on*.

ANDREW

Rajiv, congratulations.

Instant grin from the young man. Hannah hides her own disappointment well.

HANNAH

Congratulations.

ANDREW

Rajiv, you'll still report to me.
Hannah, you'll now report to Rajiv.

Roger comes around the desk to shake Rajiv's hand -- then sits on the edge of his desk. Casual -- and yet imposing.

ROGER

Your first task as Junior VP is to tell me what you know about Rubber Duckies.

RAJIV

...the toy? Or the hacking tool?

(off Roger's look)

Right. It's an injectable keyboard. Usually planted on a USB drive.

ROGER

(to Hannah)

And you know what it's capable of?

HANNAH

...It automatically executes commands wherever it's plugged in.

ROGER

You may be surprised to learn, then, that a Rubber Ducky was used to pull proprietary data off our servers and deliver it to our competitors at SEI. It was a little tricky, but we managed to trace the IPv6 and cross-reference it with the MAC address you found earlier.

(to Hannah)

The source of the leak you located.

Hannah isn't sure where he's going with this.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Does that feel a little coincidental?

HANNAH

...sir?

ROGER

Anybody can buy a USB for a few dollars off Amazon, but only a thief -- or a security penetration expert -- would know how to program it.

HANNAH

...that's true, but --

ROGER

(focusing on Rajiv)

I'll ask our Junior VP. Do you find it interesting that Hannah -- who is

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)
a security penetration expert --
raised the red flag on a device that
she'd be in a position to program and
use? Keep in mind, you're now her
direct supervisor. Act accordingly.

RAJIV
...yes?

ROGER
Yes. And yet I've been told that when
she brought up her concerns, you were
dismissive. Which is... problematic.

RAJIV
Oh. No, I -- I felt that caution --

HANNAH
Sir, Rajiv couldn't have been
involved. I've been monitoring his
data usage and he's been nowhere near
the silo'ed sections.

Rajiv looks at Hannah in shock -- she's been monitoring him?
Carlos is now standing directly behind them.

ROGER
Oh, I'm aware. I've had Carlos
watching you both for the last week.

Now they're both on edge. Trapped between Roger and Carlos.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Fortunately, we put a poison pill
inside the data, so anyone who tried
to get it out would immediately get
backtraced as soon as they wired up.
From there, it was just a process of
tracing it back via packet sniffers
to the hacker's system -- and then
sending Carlos on an old-school
search of the suspect's office.

Roger and Carlos then turn, as one -- to Andrew.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Empty out your bag.

ANDREW is suddenly the focus of all attention in the room.

ANDREW
...what? I don't understand.

Carlos takes a step toward Andrew -- who doesn't want Carlos
helping out. He willingly comes forward --

ANDREW (CONT'D)

This is ridiculous.

-- emptying the contents of his bag onto Roger's desk --

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I don't even know what you expect --

There's nothing in there. Except then Carlos takes the bag, revealing a deeper-set pocket --

And pulls out the YELLOW USB DRIVE inside.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I don't know what the hell that is.

ROGER

Your desk has been packed and your belongings are in the lobby --

ANDREW

Wait -- hang on, this is crazy --

ROGER

Carlos will see you out.

ANDREW

Roger, I wouldn't -- I didn't --

ROGER

I recommend you reread the NDA you signed when you took the job.

ANDREW

I swear to you I didn't do this. Hannah, tell them. Rajiv?

Carlos grips Andrew by the arm. Hard.

ROGER

Tell people you quit to spend time with family. Say any other word to a single soul, and I'll turn you over to the FBI for corporate espionage and ruin the lives of everyone you've ever even looked at.

And Andrew -- still stunned -- has no choice but to get out of there. He stumbles out, Carlos escorting him --

And Roger flicks his hands at Rajiv: Go. He quickly leaves. Hannah right behind --

ROGER (CONT'D)

Hannah, a moment? Close the door.

Hannah nervously closes the door and heads back to Roger, who's suddenly casual again. As if nothing much happened.

ROGER (CONT'D)
You'll have quite a few new responsibilities now.

HANNAH
...I'm sorry? I thought -- didn't Rajiv get the job?

ROGER
He's the new Junior VP, yes. I need someone to fill Andrew's job. Do you want it?

Hannah's stunned. This is more than she could have hoped.

ROGER (CONT'D)
If you can't handle it --

HANNAH
No, sir -- I mean, yes. I can. I will. Thank you, sir.

ROGER
The pregnancy's not an issue. For me. Unless it is for you?

She's surprised again: *how did he know???*

HANNAH
...no. No, it won't affect anything.

And for the first time, we realize that he's got pictures of his wife and son all up around his office.

ROGER
Of course it will. Family affects everything. Just don't let it cloud your judgement.

HANNAH
...no, I won't. Thank you, sir.

ROGER
HR will start the papers. We've got a lot of work ahead of us.

INT. SLS LOGISTICS - DAY

Hannah, in a bit of a daze, leaves Roger's office and heads through the bullpen --

ROGER (V.O.)

It's like I tell our clients...

Watching everyone typing away, working hard --

At Andrew, being escorted out, box in his arms, near tears --

And at the two armed guards in the hallway, guarding that door. The one with the keycard entry.

She approaches, and, almost just as a test, scans her ID. There's no way it's already --

The light turns green. The door unlocks and slowly opens.

And at the end of the hall: The Vault.

INT. BATHROOM - PAP AUTO REPAIR - NIGHT

Leo pulls open the cabinet -- and starts taking out multiple pill bottles. Lining them up on the sink, one by one.

ROGER (V.O.)

Loyalty is worthless. Faith is dead.

Leo starts taking the pills, one by one. His phone BUZZES --

From Hannah: I got the job ;)

And despite himself -- all the things he keeps bottled up -- Leo lets out a WHOOP. Just one, echoing through the empty shop -- but it's enough.

INT. HANNAH AND DANIEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hannah's in the hall outside her kitchen, having sent the texts. A long beat as she's about to text something else --

Then stops. She places her cell on a counter and goes to join Daniel and Liz at the kitchen table.

EXT. PAP AUTO REPAIR - JERSEY CITY - DAY

From the back room, Leo watches his crew through the open door. Everyone getting what they need.

ROGER (V.O.)

At the end of the day...

STAN backs a truck up to the bay. Inside, GEAR he's sourced.

Handing it out to the CREW like Santa on Christmas as we MOVE THROUGH the garage, focusing on:

JUDY, *very carefully* opening jars of chemicals and powders...

ROGER (V.O.)

It will always come down to you...

While BOB, his left arm in a sling, crouches in front of a new Hech & Kochler 5-foot safe. Trying to practice one-armed safecracking. It's gonna take some work.

ROGER (V.O.)

Versus the people who want what you have.

SAMIR admires a gorgeous brand-new VAN -- and the nitro kit that he's about start installing in it...

ROGER (V.O.)

And the only thing that matters is:

AVA, amid new high-end PRINTERS for her forged documents, also checks out the SCOPE attached to a long-range RIFLE...

ROGER (V.O.)

Can you manipulate them...

On the TV in the back room, the Weather Channel shows the projected storm cone. Heading straight for the northeast.

Leo opens his desk drawer to grab his car keys --

And for a moment, we can see inside -- FOCUSING IN ON:

A blister pack of YELLOW USB DRIVES. Two remain. One is gone.

ROGER (V.O.)

...better than they manipulate you?

We HOLD on them for a beat --

And then Leo SLAMS the drawer closed.

BLACK

END OF EPISODE