

LEVERAGE

"Pilot"

Written by

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**TEASER**

FADE IN:

**1 INT. PERSONNEL OFFICE - MORNING**

**1**

Your basic glass box. We're on ED HELM, middle-aged, middle manager type. He's looking at a resume. Whistles, impressed.

ED

Let's see ... Nathan Ford. Chief of global security and risk management for I.Y.S. Insurance for ten years. Specialized in art theft recovery. And you have a master's degree in statistics.

\*

The unseen applicant says nothing. Ed leans in.

ED (CONT'D)

Tell me, Mr. Ford. What do you think you can bring to Hardware World?

\*

REVEAL NATHAN FORD, 40. Good-looking, still sharp despite the layers of insomnia and hangover damage he's accumulating as fast as he can. Behind him is the hustle of the warehouse floor. Nate squints against the fluorescent lights. Shakes out an aspirin from a travel bottle.

NATE

Sorry. Headache.

He dry-swallows the aspirin.

ED

Sir, are you drunk?

NATE

No.

(beat)

No.

Before Ed can respond, FIRE ALARMS BLARE. Nate winces.

NATE (CONT'D)

Oh perfect.

Ed rises, looks towards an EMPLOYEE KITCHEN billowing smoke.

ED

It's Sandy with her microwave popcorn again.

NATE

(without looking)

It's not a fire. You're being robbed.

ED

Beg pardon?

Nate stumbles to the doorway. Leans on the file cabinet while he fires up his cell phone. The alarm is killing him.

NATE

Saw the bank truck pull in. Big store like this, that's the only time in a week all the cash is in one place. Odds of an accidental fire occurring on the same day is roughly one in seventy-five thousand.

Ed stares.

PHONE (V.O.)

911, what is your emergency?

NATE

(into phone)

Hi, the big hardware store on Elm's being robbed. Send people with guns.

Nate flips Ed the phone. Rests his head on the file cabinet. Ed has to shout over the alarm.

ED

Well, sir, I think I've seen enough.  
You are --

Nate opens the top file cabinet drawer. Throws up in it.

CUT TO:

**2 INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - LATER****2**

Lovely view of the city streets. It's still a hotel bar at ten AM. Nate settles in with his baggage. The bartender serves him ORANGE JUICE.

BARTENDER

I checked, airport shuttle's in fifteen minutes.

Nate waits until the Bartender's clear. He empties a mini-bar bottle into the OJ. A CHYRON types, tickity-tick, across the bottom left corner: **"Nathan Ford. Insurance investigator."**

DUBENICH (O.S.)

Didn't get the job, huh?

VICTOR DUBENICH, 40's, sits down. Got the smile same place he got the suit. Nate never makes eye contact.

DUBENICH (CONT'D)

I read about you. When you found that stolen Monte in Florence. Saved your insurance company twenty-five million ...

Nate ignores him, drinks.

DUBENICH (CONT'D)

... million dollars. That identity theft case, you recovered fifteen million dollars --

NATE

(to Bartender)  
Get another?

DUBENICH

Saved that insurance company millions of dollars, but when you needed them ... what they did to your family --

NATE

You know the part of this conversation where I just punch you in the neck nine, ten times? We're coming up on that mighty fast.

DUBENICH

Want a job?

NATE

Whaddya got?

DUBENICH

What do you know about airplane design?

NATE

I could give it a shot. I'd need a pencil. Maybe one of those little rulers.

DUBENICH

Somebody has stolen my airplane designs.

NATE

You want me to find them.

DUBENICH

No. I know where they are.

(beat)

I want you to steal them back.

FADE OUT:

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

**3 EXT. PIERSON BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - DAY 3**

Overhead shot of the Pierson building.

**4 EXT. STREET - DAY 4**

LOW SHOT tracking different people's feet approaching each other.

PULL UP to reveal the CREW from behind. We don't see their faces.

Nate turns to face us and walks away as the crew, with their backs to us, walk into the Pierson building.

**5 INT. EMPTY OFFICE - 30TH FLOOR - NIGHT 5**

Equipment and dry-wall show this set of offices is under construction, empty.

Nate is setting up a COMMAND POST in the dark. A single table, a laptop, etc. He glances through the windows, across the way to a similar ALL-GLASS HIGH-RISE. The sign at the base of the building reads "PIERSON AVIONICS."

*(Funky fast BASS-LINE underneath all the following. We're having fun here, people.)*

NATE (V.O.)

You're sure Pierson stole your designs.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH --

**6 INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - A DAY EARLIER 6**

Nate and Dubenich still where we left them. Dubenich has photos of planes, and one of a BRANSON-LIKE executive.

DUBENICH

One of my engineers went missing with our files. A week later Pierson --  
(off photo)  
-- announced an identical project.  
Come on.

NATE

Stealing the plans back, it's a stupid risk. Lot of other ways --

DUBENICH

I have a shareholders meeting end of this month. I've spent five years and a hundred million in R&D, if I don't have something to show them, I'm dead.

(then)

I'm serious about this. Look at the people I already hired.

Dubenich hands Nate some files.

DUBENICH (CONT'D)

You recognize the names?

NATE

Hell, I chased all of them, one time or another.

(beat)

... you got Parker?

DUBENICH

Is there someone better?

NATE

No, but Parker is insane.

DUBENICH

That's why I need you.

NATE

I'm not a thief.

DUBENICH

I have thieves. What I need is one honest man to watch them.

**7 INT. EMPTY OFFICE - NIGHT**

**7**

Nate's setting up a tiny PROJECTOR aimed at the wall next to him ...

**8 INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - BAR AREA - ONE DAY EARLIER - CONTINUED**

**8**

The BARTENDER puts down another round. Dubenich ignores his drink, so Nate takes it.

\*

DUBENICH

You in?

Nate starts away.

NATE

It's not going to work. These people you hired, they all have the same rep. They work alone.

(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)

Always work alone. No exceptions.  
They're not going to team up for  
you.

\*  
\*

DUBEBICH

They will for three hundred thousand  
dollars. Each. You get twice that  
for running it.

(off Nate)

Completely off the books. I'm  
desperate here.

(final push)

That's just the salary. Bonus is,  
Pierson is insured by your old bosses  
at I.Y.S Insurance. Fifty million  
dollar intellectual property policy.

\*

Nate stops.

DUBENICH

How badly do you want to screw the  
insurance company that let your son  
die?

**9 INT. EMPTY OFFICE - NIGHT**

**9**

Nate snaps on his laptop. Paces.

NATE

Clear comms.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH:

**10 EXT. PIERSON ROOF - NIGHT - CONT.**

**10**

ZOOM IN to the roof of the immense Pierson Office Tower to  
find Nate's "crew."

HARDISON is young, thick-shouldered, looks like he should be  
playing pro ball. He's fiddling with a tiny screwdriver and  
a soft ear-bud.

**CHYRON: "Alec Hardison. Internet and Computer Fraud"**

\*

HARDISON

Hold on, hold on, this equipment's  
total VH-1.

(off looks)

Best of 80's. I got something nicer.

NATE (V.O.)

No surprises.

HARDISON  
I've been doing this since high school. I'm Captain Discipline.

SMASH TO:

11 INT. FOUR STAR HOTEL CORRIDOR - YEARS AGO - FLASHBACK 11

Security Guards run down an expensive HOTEL CORRIDOR with the CONCIERGE. As they reach the Penthouse:

CONCIERGE  
They came straight from the airport and up to their room.

GUARD ONE  
So you never actually saw any of them --

CONCIERGE  
But, but the credit card numbers checked out!

GUARD ONE  
(at the door)  
Break it down.

CONCIERGE  
The Rolling Stones said they are NOT to be disturbed!

BOOM. The door's kicked in. Inside is a 15 year old Hardison, with a two liter bottle of delicious ND SODA, expensive gifts, and three PRETTY GIRLS dressed in the different costumes of Princess Leia. Pillow fighting. With light sabers.

\*  
\*  
\*

GUARD ONE  
Does that look like Mick Jagger?

YOUNG HARDISON  
... gor blimey. Get out of 'ere!

SMASH TO:

12 BACK TO ROOF 12

Hardison tosses one of the earbuds to ELIOT. Eliot is coiled, precise. Gold wire-rim glasses.

CHYRON: "Eliot Spencer. Retrieval Specialist."

Eliot slides the incredibly tiny bud into his ear.

HARDISON  
Bone-conduction earpiece/mic. Works off the vibration in your jaw.



Hardison whispers, way below hearing.

ON ELIOT,

as we hear Hardison's voice loud and clear, if a little tinny.

HARDISON (CONT'D)  
-- and you can hear everything.

ELIOT  
You're not as useless as you look.

HARDISON  
I don't even know what you do.

On Eliot as we:

SMASH TO:

13     **INT. BELGRADE SLUM BAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**     13

*Eliot approaches a DEALER at a corner table, surrounded by THUGS. Eliot is drinking coffee from a mug.*

ELIOT  
*I'm here to collect the merchandise.*

*As Eliot BLOWS across the coffee to cool it, the Thugs CHARGE --*

14     **EXT. SLUM BAR - NIGHT**     14

*An insane number of GUNFIRE FLASHES erupt inside the bar.*

15     **INT. SLUM BAR - NIGHT**     15

*The Dealer is standing now. Eliot is holding the Dealer's crotch in one hand, still got the coffee in the other. The Thugs are all ... gone.*

*The Dealer tosses an autographed 1890's BASEBALL CARD, in plastic, onto the table. Eliot ignores him. Blows across his coffee to cool it.*

\*

SMASH TO:

16     **BACK TO ROOF**     16

PARKER (O.S.)  
Can I have one?

*PARKER swings into view, upside down, hanging by her knees from some pipes where she's rigging cables. She's slender, a cat-burglar's build, oozing all sorts of sexuality. But there's a dorkiness, an awkwardness.*

HARDISON  
(smitten)  
Take the whole box.

ELIOT  
What are you going to do when she  
finds out you live with your mom?

HARDISON  
It's the Age of the Geek, man. We  
run the world.

ELIOT  
You keep telling yourself that.

On Parker, checking her cables. The CHYRON begins to type:

**"Parker. Security circum --"**

The cursor stops. Backs up and retypes.

**"Parker. Infiltration and alter --"**

Cursor stops. Backs up and retypes.

**"Parker. Thief."**

SMASH TO:

17 **INT. RUNDOWN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK** 17

A DRUNK DAD backhands a crying WHITE TRASH MOM. He holds a FLOPPY STUFFED BUNNY in his other hand. Points at a stern-faced EIGHT-YEAR-OLD PARKER.

DRUNK DAD  
You thought I wouldn't find this?  
You don't get your Bunny until you  
DO WHAT I SAY!

\*

Drunk Dad puts the Bunny up on a high CLOSET SHELF.

\*

DRUNK DAD (CONT'D)  
So you either learn to be a good  
girl ...  
(mocking)  
... or I guess be a better thief.

Young Parker nods.

18 **EXT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - NIGHT** 18

STATIC SHOT of the House front. Young Parker walks out the front door. A beat later, the windows BLOW OUT. Young Parker doesn't react to the flames and noise. She simply skips away. As she does, she lifts her Bunny into view.

\*

*Gives the Bunny a hug.*

\*

SMASH TO:

19 BACK TO ROOF

19

PARKER

Last time I used this rig? Paris in 2003.

ELIOT

(off earbud)

Is this safe?

NATE

(to Parker)

Wait. The Caravaggio? You stole that? Dammit. I knew it.

HARDISON

Completely safe. Just, if you experience nausea, weakness on the right side, or ... stroke or ... strokiness ...

ELIOT

(staring at Hardison)

You are precisely why I work alone.

NATE

Now go on my mark and not before. You hear me, Parker, no freelancing --

ELIOT

Relax, we all know what we're doing.

NATE

(flat)

We are going in five, four --

HARDISON

He doesn't want to be our pal.

ELIOT

Mm.

NATE

We're on the count. Five. Four --

Parker suddenly RUNS past Hardison and Eliot.

ELIOT

She's gone.

NATE

Sonuvabitch --

Parker runs right off the roof. Sixty stories up. As she falls, she throws a little wave.

**20 EXT. PIERSON BUILDING - SIDE - NIGHT**

**20**

Parker commando-runs down the sheer glass side of the building. Eliot and Hardison watch. Eliot smacks Hardison's shoulder, "c'mon". Hardison nods -- then waits for Eliot to look away before rubbing the spot. Ouch.

ON NATE

watching Parker through binoculars.

PARKER

stops, reverses. She's braced against a glass window with forty stories below her. She checks a little GREEN LIGHT in the corner of the massive windowpane.

PARKER

Vibration detectors are on.

NATE

No cutting. Use the binary.

Parker produces what looks like a tube of toothpaste. She inscribes a small CIRCLE on the window. She flips the tube, produces paste from the other end, tracing over the original circle. Instantly the glass starts to SMOKE and MELT. Parker attaches a suction holder to the center of the circle.

**21 EXT. PIERSON ROOF - CONT.**

**21**

Eliot and Hardison remove a grate. They lower themselves as we hear the WHIRR of MASSIVE HYDRAULIC GEARS.

**22 EXT. PIERSON WINDOW - CONT.**

**22**

Parker eases the circle of glass into the office. Checks the light -- still green. With impossible grace she bends and slides through the opening.

**23 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONT.**

**23**

Eliot and Hardison hunker down on top of an elevator.

**24 INT. PIERSON OFFICE/SUPPLY CLOSET - CONT.**

**24**

Parker crosses to a SUPPLY CLOSET. Inside is some DRYWALLING. She POPS a collapsible pry and cranks back a sheet. Reveals a large JUNCTION BOX. Same smooth motion, she uses an ELECTRIC SCREWDRIVER to zip off the casing screws.

**25 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONT. 25**

HARDISON

You know, any time you want to WHOA!

The elevator car lurches down and out of view.

**26 INT. SUPPLY CLOSET - CONT. 26**

Parker's assembled a full EM COMM suite from components about the size of a big Palm phone. She's hacked into a clearly marked "SECURITY JUNCTION."

PARKER

Boys are on their way.

NATE

Security?

Parker checks the feed on the MOVING CAMERA INSIDE the Security Booth, so she can monitor the Guards.

PARKER

They don't see a thing.

**27 INT. PIERSON SECURITY CENTER - CONT. 27**

SECURITY GUARDS in suitcoats chat and laugh as they watch a really impressive set of displays and monitors. CLOSE ON the ELEVATOR DISPLAY, which shows all the elevators "LOCKED/STATIONARY". But CUT TO --

**28 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONT. 28**

-- the bottom of the elevator as it DESCENDS past us to show Eliot and Hardison riding the top.

**29 INT. COMMAND POST - CONT. 29**

Nate's watching the matching feed Parker's sent him. Frowns.

NATE

Got any chatter on their frequency?

PARKER (V.O.)

No, why?

Nate pulls up a duty roster.

NATE

Eight on the duty roster. Only four in the guard station.

**30 INT. SUPPLY CLOSET - CONT. 30**

Parker squints at her feed. The camera VIEW is both BLURRY and MOVING.

PARKER

I can't even tell how many guys are  
in the room. How can you tell who's  
who --

NATE (V.O.)

Haircuts. Count the haircuts.

PARKER

... I would've missed that ...

NATE (V.O.)

What?

PARKER

Nothing.

31 INT. CORRIDOR - CONT.

31

Hardison and Eliot are silent-running from the open elevator.

ELIOT

Problem?

Hardison runs up to a secured door with a mag-lock. The  
door's marked "RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT - PHASE 3". Eliot  
throws him a CARD-HACKER.

NATE

Maybe. Run the cameras.

ON PARKER

flipping through security feeds.

BACK TO

Hardison runs the hacker on the KEYBOARD, waiting.

HARDISON

A ten digit password? I salute you,  
sir.

ON PARKER

seeing on-camera four GUARDS coming up to a security DOOR.

PARKER

Got them. They're doing their walk-  
through an hour early! Why the --

ON NATE

he points to a SCREEN in the Security Room. It shows  
BASKETBALL instead of camera feeds --

NATE

Playoffs.  
(impatient)  
Tonight's game five, they're doing  
their rounds early so they can watch  
the playoffs. Where are they?

ON PARKER

PARKER

They're at the stairwell!

ON THE FOUR GUARDS

as they come through the security door, see the open elevator.  
One reaches for his walkie-talkie, the others draw weapons --

NATE

Squelch him.

Parker hits a button on her comms. A SQUEEE sounds --

ON THE SECURITY STATION

As the Guards react to the SQUEEE from their speakers. They  
look to each other, shrug.

ON NATE

He hits a key, and the mini-projector throws a full FLOOR  
SCHEMATIC onto the wall next to him. He adjusts strategy in  
an instant.

NATE (CONT'D)

Eliot, clear zone. Use Hardison for  
the bait.

HARDISON

Bait? Hold on --

ON THE GUARDS

rushing forward, frustrated they can't call for backup.

HARDISON

turns at the sound of rushing feet. The door is still five  
digits off opening.

And Eliot is gone.

Hardison checks the mag-lock. Three digits left. He grabs  
his equipment bag, starts to run --

The Guards round the corner, guns up. Hardison raises his  
hands as they advance.

Eliot steps from the shadows, behind the guards. He throws the first punch.

Hardison drops his bag. It falls ...

Eliot's all elbows and wrist-throws. CHAKKA-CHAKK as he ejects the gun clips while he beats the hell out of the Guards, moving on to the next even while the first is in mid-air. In a blur he pins the last Guard against the wall as he snags the weapon away. Head-butts him.

... and Hardison's bag hits the floor. Hardison stares at Eliot, standing over four unconscious men.

ELIOT

That's what I do.

The mag-lock DINGS.

**32 INT. R&D OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

**32**

Hardison is at a computer, working. Eliot has zip-tied the Guards together. Keeps an eye on the door.

Hardison produces a thumb-drive. Slots it in.

ON THE COMPUTER

as Hardison's software over-rides the computer's O.S. He flips through files.

HARDISON

Got all the designs, and all the backups. We're leaving the cupboard bare.

NATE

Drop the spike.

On the screen, files transfer over to Hardison's thumb drive. Hardison hits another button. Eliot REACTS as every computer in the room FLARES and goes dark.

ELIOT

Gave them a virus?

Hardison's already moving past him.

HARDISON

Dude, more than one virus. They're suicidal crack addicts with a wet cough. It's gonna be six months before you can even turn these on without crashing the whole building.



**33 INT. SUPPLY CLOSET - CONT.****33**

Parker's working the security comms.

PARKER

Okay, problem. Those guards you ganked, they reset all the alarms on the roof, and all the floors above us. We can't go up.

IN THE CORRIDOR

as Eliot and Hardison react to Nate at his post.

ELIOT

Each man for himself, then.

HARDISON

Go ahead, I'm the one with the merchandise.

PARKER

(smug)

I'm the one with an exit.

ON NATE

NATE

And I'm the one with a plan.

(harsh)

I know you children don't play well with others, but I need you to hold it together for precisely seven more minutes. Now, hit the elevator, head down. We're going to use The Burn Scam.

\*

**34 INT. ELEVATOR****34**

As Eliot and Hardison reach the elevator:

HARDISON

Going to Plan B.

NATE

Technically it's Plan ... G.

Eliot and Hardison are in the elevator. They hit the DOOR CLOSE. As they descend, they begin to change out of their break-in gear.

**35 INT. CORRIDOR / INT. COMMAND POST****35**

Parker reaches the elevator. It stops. She gets on with Eliot and Hardison, who are now in suits, tying their ties. Eliot passes her a bag. She makes a spinning motion with her hand. Eliot and Hardison turn around.

HARDISON

How many plans do you have? Is there,  
like, a Plan "M"?

ON NATE

packing up his equipment.

NATE

Yes. But you're dead in Plan M.

BACK TO ELIOT AND HARDISON

ELIOT

I like Plan M.

**36 INT. PIERSON FRONT LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER 36**

A lone LOBBY GUARD notices the elevator descending. He crosses to the door.

**37 INT. ELEVATOR 37**

Eliot SNAPS out two CANADIAN CRUTCHES and LEG BRACES. He bends to put them on Parker's legs. Parker, in a business skirt-suit, waits while Hardison applies LATEX to one side of her face.

**38 INT. PIERSON FRONT LOBBY 38**

The LOBBY GUARD raises his walkie-talkie as the elevator arrives. The door opens.

Eliot, Hardison and Parker are all dressed like business drones, working late. Parker is horribly disfigured with BURN SCARS, walking on two canes. The Lobby Guard stares.

Eliot gets in his face.

ELIOT

Nice, stare a little more?

LOBBY GUARD

(looking away)

Sorry, I --

PARKER

Tom, it's okay.

HARDISON

No, it's not.

PARKER

(weepy)

I understand --

ELIOT

Look what you did. Feel good about that?

LOBBY GUARD

Sorry, I just -- let me help you with the door.

The Lobby Guard crosses to the front doors, unlocks them. He studiously avoids looking at Parker. At any of them.

HARDISON

Thanks.

LOBBY GUARD

Again, sorry, sorry.

**39 EXT. PIERSON BUILDING**

**39**

A PRIVATE CAR pulls up. Nate, dresses in a suit, gets out and opens the door. He loads up the crew while the Lobby Guard relocks the front of the door.

A second later, they drive off.

DISSOLVE TO:

**40 EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT - LATER**

**40**

The car's parked on a hill with a beautiful view of the city. While Hardison futzes with a laptop Nate, Eliot and Parker change back into casual clothes and pack their gear into bags.

NATE

No, take all night.

HARDISON

Shh. I've got a couple unsecured wi-fi networks, but crappy bandwidth. There we go.

ON THE LAPTOP

the files are "SENT". Nate, Eliot and Parker shoulder their bags, prepare to disappear. Hardison hesitates.

NATE

Money's on deposit. It'll clear tomorrow, straight into your bank accounts.

HARDISON

Did anyone else notice how hard we rocked?

ELIOT

Yeah, well, one show only. No encores.

PARKER

Already forgot your names.

Hardison offers Nate his hand.

HARDISON

It was cool being on the same side --

NATE

We're not on the same side. I'm not a thief.

PARKER

You are now.

As Nate walks away:

PARKER (CONT'D)

Come on, Nathan. Tell the truth. Didn't you have a little bit of fun playing the black king instead of the white king? Just this once?

ON NATE

not turning around, but ... he smiles. Swallows it.

HIGH SHOT

to show them all walking away from each other in four separate directions. Four solo artists. Not looking back.

FADE OUT:

## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

41 INT. UPSCALE HOTEL ROOM - MORNING 41

Great view, better sheets. Nate's asleep. Frankly, he doesn't look any healthier. His phone RINGS. Nate answers.

DUBENICH (V.O.)  
YOU SCREWED ME!

42 INT. DUBENICH OFFICE - MORNING - CONT. 42

Dubenich is in a high-tech, high-cost skyscraper office. He lowers his voice when some passing co-workers stare.

DUBENICH  
The designs never got to me.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

NATE  
I watched them go out.

DUBENICH  
I don't know what you saw, or what you think you saw. I received nothing.

NATE  
I told you, you couldn't trust them.

DUBENICH  
It wasn't my job to trust them.  
That's what you were there for.  
(beat)  
I'm freezing the payment. All of your payments.

NATE  
I'm coming over there right now.  
We'll straighten this out.

DUBENICH  
Not here.  
(beat)  
My company has an old aircraft testing facility outside the city. I'll text you the address. One hour.

Dubenich hangs up. Nate swears, slams the phone down.

DISSOLVE TO:

**43 EXT. AIRPLANE FACILITY - ESTABLISHING - DAY 43**

A combination machining/testing facility out in the dry hills. Closed down ever since they went to computer simulation for airplane design.

**44 INT. FACILITY - DAY 44**

Nate picks his way through the old pipes and machinery. Hears voices.

He rounds the corner to find Hardison pointing a nine-mil at Eliot. Eliot is pissed, but not about the gun.

HARDISON

You did it! When we were heading down in the elevator --

ELIOT

Yeah, that makes ANY sense. You had the files every second --

NATE

Hey.

Hardison jerks the gun to Nate, then back to Eliot.

ELIOT

Was it you? You're the only one ever played both sides.

NATE

You seem pretty relaxed for a guy with a gun pointed at him.

ELIOT

(without looking)  
Safety's on.

HARDISON

Like I'm going to fall for that.

NATE

(glimpses at gun)  
No, he's right, safety's on.

Hardison tilts the gun, looks. Nate SNAPS it out of his hand.

NATE (CONT'D)

Give me that.  
(to Eliot)  
You armed?

ELIOT

I don't like guns.

Nate spins, points the gun at Parker as she enters. She already has her Baretta out.

PARKER

My money is not in my account. That makes me cry inside. In my special angry place.

Eliot, Hardison, and Parker all start yelling at each other.

PUSH IN ON NATE,

as he watches. Gears spinning.

He FIRES, once, into the air. The others stare.

NATE

Would you come here to get paid?

All answer "No."

HARDISON

Hell, no, transfer the funds. Global economy, man.

NATE

Would you agree to a meeting --

ELIOT

Gig's done man. It's a walkaway. Never supposed to see you again.

NATE

Only reason you're all here, is because you're not getting paid and you're pissed off.

They nod.

NATE (CONT'D)

Matter of fact, the only way to get all of us in the same place, at the same time, is to tell us we're not getting paid.

It takes a second.

ELIOT

Oh shit.

They run.

ON NATE AND THE OTHERS

as they hurdle pipes, wreckage. Hardison stumbles, Nate pulls him up.

Eliot gets to the big EXTERIOR DOORS first. He pulls them open. Parker gets halfway through --

That, of course, is when the hangar EXPLODES.

DISSOLVE TO:

**45 INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY WARD - ROOM 1 - DAY 45**

Nate snaps awake with a CRY. He realizes he's lying in an exam room, handcuffed to the gurney. Sitting in a nearby chair, Eliot waves. He's also handcuffed.

ELIOT

You don't like hospitals.

NATE

... not my favorite place.

PARKER (V.O.)

About time.

Nate double-takes. Where the hell is she -- he leans over to an old style VENT in the wall.

**46 INT. ROOM 2 46**

Parker's pacing, playing with undone handcuffs. Hardison is still handcuffed to a chair, waiting for her to undo him. Gestures, "a little help?" She ignores him.

PARKER

Cops and firemen got there just when we were waking up.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH

**47 INT. ROOM 1 47**

NATE

Where are we?

HARDISON

County hospital. These are local cops, responded to the explosion.

NATE

We been processed?

Eliot raises his hand, shows his fingertips. Nate looks at his own. Ink-stained.

NATE (CONT'D)

Great.

ELIOT

Faxed our prints to the state police.



HARDISON

Once the staties run us, we're screwed.

PARKER

How long?

NATE

Thirty, thirty-five minutes depending on the software --

ELIOT

Printed us twenty minutes ago.

It hits them. Hard.

ELIOT (CONT'D)

So unless we get out of here in the next ten minutes, we're all going to jail for our many sins.

Eliot stares at Nate. Nate weighs it.

ELIOT (CONT'D)

I can take these cops.

PARKER

Don't you dare, you kill anybody, you screw up my getaway --

HARDISON

I'm still handcuffed, and I have no way out of --

Nate lets them argue for a moment, just like back in the warehouse.

NATE

Parker, I need a phone.  
(the others stop)  
We get out together.

ELIOT

That was one time only.

NATE

Here's your problem. You all know what you can do. But I'm the only one who knows what all of you can do. It gives me the edge. It gives me the plan.

FLASH between Eliot, Parker, and Hardison considering this.

PARKER

I don't trust these guys.

NATE

You don't have to. You trust me?

Another beat. Eliot grins.

ELIOT

Course I do. You're an honest man.

NATE

Parker. Phone.

BACK TO PARKER

PARKER

This is going to suck.

She cuffs herself back to the gurney. Sticks her finger down her throat. As she GAGS --

CUT TO:

**48 INT. ROOM 2 - MINUTES LATER**

**48**

Nice young DOCTOR RANJI and a NURSE ease Parker back into the bed. A POLICEMAN, county lifer, pot-bellied, watches Hardison. Dr. RANJI checks Parker's pupils with a light.

DR. RANJI

The nausea could mean a concussion.  
If you feel any more effects, or  
blurred vision, tell the policeman  
right away.

Parker nods, queasy. The Doctor and Nurse leave. The Policeman handcuffs her to the gurney and steps out.

The instant he's gone, Parker picks the cuffs in a flash. Crosses and uncuffs Hardison.

She pulls out all the items she pickpocketed -- Dr. Ranji's car keys, his hospital ID, and both Ranji's and Nurse's CELL PHONES. Hardison grabs an IPHONE gleefully. Parker crosses to the vent, cracks it open --

**49 INT. ROOM 1**

**49**

-- and passes the phone to Nate. Nate takes the phone, replaces the vent.

NATE

Trick is to give people what they expect.

(off Eliot)

Waiting for a call, aren't they?

50 INT. ROOM 2 50

Hardison takes a PHOTO of himself with the Iphone.

51 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER 51

A NURSE approaches the lead POLICEMAN.

NURSE

There's an outside call for you.

The POLICEMAN picks up the HOUSE PHONE.

POLICEMAN

This is Deputy Burns.

ELIOT (V.O.)

This is Detective Lieutenant Carden,  
Illinois State Police. We got those  
prints you sent us.

\*  
\*

POLICEMAN

Sir.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH

52 INT. ROOM 1 - CONT. 52

Eliot's on the stolen cell.

ELIOT

They set off a bunch of red flags.  
I've got somebody from the FBI on  
the phone for you from Washington.

Eliot passes the phone back to Nate.

NATE

Deputy Burns, this is Deputy Director  
Macomber, is our man all right?

POLICEMAN

I'm sorry, I don't --

NATE

Deputy. One of the suspects you  
have is ours. He's been in deep  
cover for three years.

POLICEMAN

(dropping his voice)  
Seriously?

NATE

You should be getting a fax right  
now confirming what I'm telling you --

ON HARDISON

as we see he's constructed a fake DOCUMENT online, pastes in the PHOTO he just took, and faxes it from the website UNI-FAX. (NOTE: Yes, you can do this. Spiffy, eh?)

BACK TO THE POLICEMAN

as a Nurse runs up with the fax.

POLICEMAN

Holy ...

NATE

Most of this is classified, but I need to be able to trust you. Can I do that? Can the FBI rely on you?

The Policeman visibly straightens. Squares his shoulders.

53 INT. ROOM 2 - MOMENTS LATER

53

The Policeman is in Hardison's room, uncuffing him. Other local cops peer through the doorway.

\*

\*

POLICEMAN

I am so sorry, we had no idea.

HARDISON

That's why it's called undercover.

POLICEMAN

Then your boss called --

IN ROOM 1

NATE

(to himself)

Say the name, reinforce it with the name.

BACK TO

HARDISON

... Deputy Director Macomber?

POLICEMAN

Yes. Is there anything we can do?

Hardison puts on his best Jack Bauer. Slaps the Deputy manfully on the shoulder.

54 EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT

54

The Policeman tosses Hardison the keys to a CRUISER while Nate, Eliot and Parker, handcuffed, are crammed into the back. Hardison is clearly enjoying this.

Hardison salutes. The local police salute back. Hardison gets into the car, drives OFF SCREEN.

A long moment as the police watch them disappear. Another. The Nurse arrives.

NURSE

There's a call for you. The State Police.

DISSOLVE TO:

**55 EXT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - DAY 55**

A gorgeous downtown building, the sort of place young dot-com geniuses lived during the fat years.

**56 INT. HARDISON'S PENTHOUSE - DAY 56**

Nate, Eliot, Parker and Hardison enter. Hardison heads straight for his computer.

HARDISON

Four first class-tickets to anywhere but here, coming up.

PARKER

Whose place is this?

Hardison flips on the lights. The place is high-tech and stylish, big LCD screens on one side, floor-to-ceiling view of the skyline through the other.

HARDISON

Mine.  
(off Eliot)  
Mom's not in right now.

Nate's with Parker at the windows.

ELIOT

I am going to beat Dubenich so bad people who look like him bleed.

PARKER

You won't get within a hundred yards. He knows your face, he knows all our faces --

ELIOT

He tried to kill us.

PARKER

More important, he didn't pay us.

ELIOT

(pause)

How is that more important?

PARKER

That I take personally.

ELIOT

There's something wrong with you.

HARDISON

Heads up.

Hardison streams search-engine results over to his big LCD.  
UP POPS an image DUBENICH, info on Bering Aerospace.

HARDISON (CONT'D)

Ninety percent of Dubenich's story  
is true. Works for Bering Aerospace,  
big rival of Pierson. But look what  
my webcrawler coughed up.

ON SCREEN

appears our Branson-like EXEC, PIERSON. The subtitle on the  
CNN feed identifies him as "STEVE PIERSON - CEO PIERSON  
AVIONICS."

PIERSON (V.O.)

... lost research we've been working  
on for five years. Our servers have  
been sabotaged. We will pursue these  
perpetrators to the full extent ...

NATE

Could be a cover story.

A directory tree comes up on the screen.

HARDISON

Here's the log of last night's rip.  
Internal file stamps on the project.  
2003, 2004 way way down in the code...  
no reason to fake those, man.

ELIOT

We weren't stealing the plans back.

PARKER

We were just stealing them.

HARDISON

Why would Dubenich lie to us?

NATE

You're thieves.

(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)

(off them)

If he hired you for a straight-up  
crime, you'd know he was bad guy.  
Like you. You'd be suspicious.

\*  
\*

Nate considers Dubenich on the screen. Like a chessmaster  
watching film of his opponent.

NATE (CONT'D)

This way, you just saw another dumb  
civilian in over his head. So you  
didn't see the double-cross coming.

\*

PARKER

Why didn't you see it coming?

NATE

Because I'm not a crook.

ELIOT

I guess that was the problem.

Hardison's printer RIFFS. He hands out documents.

HARDISON

Four flights, Paris, London, Rome  
and Sao Paulo, matching the ID's you  
gave me --

NATE

You're running.

ELIOT

Got a better idea?

NATE

No ...

(off Dubenich)

... you're running. That was a high  
risk play. Your balls are tied to  
the stock price like a cinder block.  
That shareholder's meeting coming up

\*  
\*  
\*

...

(over shoulder)

We can't give him any time to cool  
down.

Realization crosses Eliot's face.

ELIOT

You want to run a game on him.

\*

NATE

How do you think I got most of my  
stolen merchandise back?

\*

(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)

(then)

He's greedy, and he thinks he's smart.  
Best kind of mark.

PARKER

He does think he got rid of us.

HARDISON

Element of surprise.

ELIOT

What's in it for me?

NATE

Payback. And if it goes right, a  
lot of money.

PARKER

What's in it for me?

NATE

A lot of money. And if it goes right,  
payback. Hardison?

HARDISON

I was just gonna send a thousand  
porno magazines to his office, but  
hells yeah, let's kick him up.

ELIOT

What's in it for you?

Nate finally looks right at them.

NATE

He used my son.

Beat. Eliot nods. Parker nods. Hardison just throws a  
delighted double thumbs-up. Nate's already moving.

NATE (CONT'D)

Well then, let's go get Sophie.

He's already out the door as the others pull on their coats.

HARDISON

What the hell's a Sophie?

DISSOLVE TO:

57 EXT. COMMUNITY THEATER - ESTABLISHING - LATER - EVENING

57

A decent community theater in a little urban neighborhood.  
"MACBETH" is on the marquee.



**58 INT. THEATER - CONT.****58**

A coughing, shifting crowd watches LADY MACBETH. We hear her murdering the "unsex me" well before we see her.

SOPHIE (O.S.)  
... that end on mortal thoughts,  
UNSEX ME HERE!

REVEAL SOPHIE,

late 30's, dark eyes and lips you find yourself staring at while she's talking. Where Parker's a stilleto, Sophie's all curves and mist, currently laced into a period corset and over-acting magnificently.

**CHYRON: "Sophie Devereaux. Grifter."**

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
And fill me from the crown to the  
toe top-full Of direst cruelty!  
make thick my blood; Stop up the  
access and passage to remorse --

Sophie is miming the stopping up of her "passage." Mercifully we CUT TO:

NATE, ELIOT, PARKER AND HARDISON,

standing in the back of the theater. Nate watches, pleased. Eliot, Parker and Hardison watch, agape. Finally:

HARDISON  
But she's ... very awful.

PARKER  
Is she injured? In the head? Is  
this one of those special theaters?

ELIOT  
Seriously. She is the worst actress  
I've ever seen.

NATE  
This is not her stage.

Nate crosses out. Parker and Hardison follow. Eliot waits behind to see what she does with "Come to my woman's breasts, and take my milk for gall." He regrets the decision.

**59 EXT. THEATER - EVENING - LATER****59**

Sophie emerges from the side door of the theater, fumbling in her purse for her car keys. Up the block, Nate and the others close on her.

ELIOT

No. I vote no.

NATE

Parker said it: Dubenich knows us.  
We need a fresh face.

They catch up with Sophie.

NATE (CONT'D)

I thought you were great!

Sophie stops. Grins before she turns.

SOPHIE

My only fan.

She pivots. Hugs him, after a beat. Affection, maybe more,  
but genuine friendship. \*

HARDISON

You guys been friends for a long  
time?

Nate and Sophie lock eyes.

SMASH TO:

60 **INT. HOTEL ROOM - PARIS**

60

*Nate kicks in the door. Sophie has a collection of PAINTINGS she's stripping from frames. She SHOOTs him, twice in the shoulder. As he goes down and she bolts for the window, Nate SHOOTs her in the hip.*

SOPHIE

Oh you SON OF A --

SMASH TO:

61 **BACK TO STREET**

61

Sophie grins again.

SOPHIE

I'm a citizen now, honest.

NATE

I'm not.

Sophie's wary. Kind of delighted, but wary.

SOPHIE

You're playing my side?  
(he nods)  
Knew you had it in you.

NATE

You in?

SOPHIE

Wouldn't miss this.

NATE

All right. Let's go break the law.

Just one more time.

FADE OUT:

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

**62 EXT. BERING AEROSPACE OFFICE - DAYS LATER - MORNING****62**

Dubenich is buying a newspaper and coffee from a corner stand. JENKINS, gawky, intense, catches up with him. As they shove past the others:

DUBENICH

Jenkins. Plans are safe?

JENKINS

All on one non-networked computer bolted to the floor of my lab. What if somebody finds out?

DUBENICH

Not going to happen.

They reach the outside of the Bering Offices, a larger tower with a lower ROOFTOP GARDEN PATIO just ten stories up.

JENKINS

The people you hired --

DUBENICH

Won't tell anyone, anything.

JENKINS

How can you be sure?

DUBENICH

(to Jenkins)

Engineer.

(to himself)

Executive. You crunch numbers. I handle budgets, I handle management, I handle problems.

Dubenich pauses at the metal detectors to enter the building, fishes for his keys and cell phone.

DUBENICH (CONT'D)

I have done my job. You do yours.

A FLASH as this pose is frozen as a PHOTO --

**63 INT. HARDISON'S PENTHOUSE****63**

The photo joins others on Hardison's big LCD. The crew treats this like movie night -- beer, popcorn -- as Hardison runs the display.

HARDISON

Victor Dubenich, Executive Vice-President in charge of New Technology Development at Bering Aerospace. Rich daddy, trust fund, Yale MBA, blah blah blah.

\*

NATE

Victor. When's the last time you met a "Victor"?

ELIOT

Vietnam. Town called Ban Houei Xai.

SOPHIE

Chinese border.

ELIOT

Odd thing for you to know.

SOPHIE

Odd place for you to be.

HARDISON

Bering has the usual big fat government contracts, some Department of Defense research. Very classified.

\*

\*

PARKER

Can we use that?

HARDISON

I don't think so. Dubenich is in charge of their commercial airline business.

NATE

I know when you sent those designs to Dubenich, you weren't supposed to keep any copies.

HARDISON

I promised, and that would be wrong.

NATE

Show me your copies.

Hardison pops airplane designs up on the screen.

ELIOT

It's ... annnnn airplane.

NATE

It's a short-haul domestic airliner. Little one hour trips, fastest growing segment of the industry.

(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)  
(off plans)  
Fuel efficient, all new tech. Nice.

They stare at Nate. He shrugs.

NATE (CONT'D)  
I chased a guy who was stealing  
airliners out of Moscow. You pick  
up things.

HARDISON  
You pick up a lot of things.

Hardison juxtaposes a picture of Pierson with the picture of  
Dubenich.

HARDISON (CONT'D)  
Bering and Pierson were head to head  
for five years to grab the lead in  
an industry worth ... worth ...  
eleventy billion dollars. What?  
Like I know. But, a lot.

PARKER  
Pierson got there first. Dubenich  
took the shortcut.

NATE  
He's got a rival. A rival that pisses  
him off so much he hired us to steal  
his research. Good. We can use  
that.

SOPHIE  
What are you thinking, Nate?

NATE  
I'm thinking ... we need some  
Nigerians.  
(pause)  
Yes. Nigerians will do nicely.

Nate exits. Sophie sighs.

SOPHIE  
He hasn't changed a bit.

DISSOLVE TO:

64 INT. DUBENICH OFFICE - DAYS LATER - MORNING

64

Dubenich arrives outside his glass-walled office. His  
ASSISTANT is at her desk. Sophie, in a business suit, sits  
just outside his locked inner office.

ASSISTANT  
Your nine o'clock is here.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH

**65 INT. HARDISON'S PENTHOUSE - CONT. 65**

Where Nate and Hardison monitor the conversation.

HARDISON  
Oh God, here it comes, the mountain  
of suck --

CUT TO:

**66 EXT. BERING BUILDING 66**

Where Eliot, dressed in Dockers and a button-down, passes through security with a bag of TOOLS.

ELIOT  
If she screws this up --

BACK TO:

**67 INT. DUBENICH OFFICE - CONT. 67**

When Sophie speaks she has a flawless, flat African accent.

SOPHIE  
Mr. Dubenich. Anna Gunstott. African  
Commercial Transport and Trade  
Initiative.

DUBENICH  
Victor Dubenich.  
(off card)  
You government?

Dubenich unlocks his office. Places his briefcase next to his desk while he looks at Sophie's card.

SOPHIE  
Private business consortium. We're  
looking to encourage infrastructure  
development and economic renewal.

\*  
\*

DUBENICH  
And in English, you doooo --

SOPHIE  
(grins)  
Create jobs in Africa, keep the graft  
and stealing manageable.

\*

Dubenich smiles back. Damn, she is charming.

ON NATE AND HARDISON

HARDISON

But she's not awful.

Nate smiles. Kind of sad. Because it is the tragedy of Sophie's life.

NATE

This is her stage. Sophie Deveraux is the best actress you've ever seen ... but only when she's breaking the law.

BACK TO OFFICE

DUBENICH

Not really any way I can help you.

SOPHIE

(off Assistant)

Let's talk somewhere a little less crowded.

Dubenich leads Sophie out of the office. He double-locks his inner office door.

NATE

Now.

Hardison hits a button on his computer, where another computer's desktop is in a window.

The computer on Dubenich's Assistant's desk DIES. She swears, picks up her phone and dials.

CUT TO:

68 INT. CONDUIT - CONT.

68

Where Parker is jammed between floors at Bering, rewiring phone lines. A light flickers on her mini-line box. She thumbs her headset.

PARKER

Hello, I.T.

(beat)

Have you tried turning it on and off again?

ON NATE AND HARDISON

HARDISON

I told her to say that.

(Nate glares)

It's a computer thing.



ON PARKER

PARKER

We've got someone on your floor  
already.

ON THE ASSISTANT

hanging up. A moment later Eliot comes in.

ELIOT

Hello, I.T.

69 EXT. ROOFTOP GARDEN PATIO - MINUTES LATER - DAY

69

One of the modern "green spaces" on new high-rises. Dubenich leads Sophie to the rail overlooking the city.

SOPHIE

I have a group of investors who want  
to start an airline for short-haul  
flights in Africa.

DUBENICH

Out of Johannesburg?

ON NATE AND HARDISON

DUBENICH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

-- of Johannesburg?

NATE

He's testing you. You want  
Bloemfontaine --

BACK TO SOPHIE

SOPHIE

No, get away from the hubs, revitalize  
the regional airports. In South  
Africa, Bloemfontaine, for example.  
But really, we're focused on Nigeria.

\*

DUBENICH

Lagos Airport's runways are a mess.

SOPHIE

I believe new airplanes will make  
people feel comfortable while we  
repair old runways.

\*

Dubenich considers her. The tone goes flirty/serious.

DUBENICH

Who said anything about new airplanes?

SOPHIE

Mm-hm. Both you and your lead engineer are scheduled to speak at your shareholder's meeting.

\*  
\*  
\*

DUBENICH

Well, don't you know my business ...

\*

SOPHIE

(dead dry)

I find you fascinating.

He chuckles. She gives him the eyes.

CUT TO:

**70 INT. HARDISON'S PENTHOUSE**

**70**

Nate shifts his weight. Something about Sophie flirting ... unsettles him.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH

**71 INT. DUBENICH OFFICE - CONT.**

**71**

Where Eliot has the Assistant's computer open and is rebooting it. He's too close to her, but she doesn't mind.

ELIOT

There you go. Now let's just reboot.

ON NATE AND HARDISON

HARDISON

Shouldn't I be playing the computer guy?

NATE

I need you to actually be the computer guy.

ON ELIOT

ASSISTANT

You're strong for a computer guy.

ELIOT

... I work out so I can dress up like a Klingon on the weekends. For the conventions. *Baghk-lah.*

ON NATE AND HARDISON

HARDISON

Oh hey, not cool!  
(over Nate)  
Not cool!

BACK TO

Eliot throws a look into the office, through the glass walls. Parker descends from the ceiling vent, drops behind Dubenich's desk. Eliot turns, places his hand atop the Assistant's hand to guide her on the mouse. She blushes.

ELIOT

Here's how you reset your network connection.

ON PARKER

as she pops Dubenich's briefcase. She throws a file reader onto his laptop. As it strips his hard drive, she plants a BUG under his desk. She searches for more info, gliding from cover to cover.

72      **EXT. ROOFTOP GARDEN PATIO - CONT.**

72

Dubenich is trying to wrap it up with Sophie, despite his attraction to her.

DUBENICH

Ms. Gunstott --

SOPHIE

Anna.

DUBENICH

Anna, if we do announce a new product, you can order as many as you like.

SOPHIE

We also want to build them.

(off Dubenich)

More jobs. Build them in Africa, fly them in Africa, sell the rest around the world.

DUBENICH

You have the manufacturing facilities?

SOPHIE

We could easily raise the money to build the facilities ... if we knew we were getting the contracts.

DUBENICH

No way to know that.

SOPHIE

Head of Development, you decide what bids for manufacturing are approved. This could be very, very good for both of us.

A beat. Tempted, tempted ...

DUBENICH  
I don't think I can help you.

ON NATE AND HARDISON

HARDISON  
Nice try.

NATE  
Wait for it.

BACK TO SOPHIE AND DUBENICH

SOPHIE  
I understand. I'll go to Pierson.

DUBENICH  
(heh)  
I don't think they're going to be able to help you.

SOPHIE  
They have a reputation for long term investment, you don't. They're innovators. It's probably a better fit.

Dubenich considers. Still flirty:

DUBENICH  
Just to be clear, I am completely aware you're trying to manipulate me.

SOPHIE  
I should hope so.  
(smiles)  
Hundreds of millions of dollars in contracts, and a lot of good press. All at your door.

FLASH between Sophie, Nate, back to Dubenich.

DUBENICH  
I'll take the meeting.

SOPHIE  
My office will call. Day after tomorrow?

DUBENICH  
I look forward to doing business with you.

ON NATE AND HARDISON

NATE

Girl can con you right to your face.  
That's talent.

**73 INT. DUBENICH OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

**73**

Eliot throws a final wink to the Assistant. As he leaves he looks back into Dubenich's office. Parker's disappearing back into the ceiling.

A second after Eliot's gone, Dubenich enters.

DUBENICH

Who was that?

ASSISTANT

I.T. My computer crashed.

Dubenich shrugs. Unlocks his door and enters his inner office. He picks up his phone to make a call.

ANGLED from UNDER HIS DESK, we see a tiny TRANSMITTER under the desk blinks.

CUT TO:

**74 EXT. BERING AEROSPACE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER - DAY**

**74**

As Sophie walks away, Parker falls into place.

PARKER

How do you do that?

SOPHIE

Come on. I know your rep. You must have done the wink and shimmy before.

On Parker as we

SMASH TO:

**75 INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT**

**75**

A *BUSINESSMAN* sits at the bar, drinking. Parker enters, *glammed up in a cocktail dress and heels*. She sees the *briefcase*.

Parker crosses the bar -- *stumbling once in the heels and quickly catching herself*. She *sidles up to the Businessman*.

PARKER

Buy me a drink?

BUSINESSMAN

You got it.

*He brushes her hip with his fingers. Instantly she reaches down and BREAKS his middle finger.*

*The Businessman SCREAMS and falls.*

PARKER

*Dammit! Sorry! My bad -- oh the hell with it.*

*Parker grabs the briefcase and runs. She stumbles on the heels again.*

SMASH TO:

76 BACK TO STREET

76

PARKER

*I'm not a people person.*

FADE OUT:

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

**77 INT. HARDISON'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 77**

Hardison calls over Nate.

HARDISON

Got all his financials off his hard drive, all his passwords.

(off monitor)

We've got some noise.

**78 INT. DUBENICH OFFICE - NIGHT - CONT. 78**

Dubenich enters with Jenkins.

JENKINS

No. We can't risk showing anybody the plans --

DUBENICH

Not the whole plans, just a brief of what you'd need in place to manufacture the plane.

Jenkins hesitates. Dubenich just stares him down.

**79 INT. HARDISON'S PENTHOUSE - CONT. 79\***

Nate crosses back to the POOL TABLE where he and Eliot are battling it out. Eliot offers him a beer. Nate hesitates, turns it down. \*

ELIOT

You look better. Than when we started.

NATE

Yeah.

ELIOT

That bothers you.

NATE

This isn't supposed to feel ...

ELIOT

Good? Not hard to figure out. Dubenich ripped you off. He cheated by stealing from that other company. Your good guy brain sees him as a bad guy, so your conscience is clear. And you're back in the game.

A beat. Eliot drinks.

ELIOT (CONT'D)

Sorry about your kid.

NATE

(shutting down)

You don't know what happened.

ELIOT

Everybody knows. Guy like you goes  
off the street, lot of people notice.  
Was a bad story, too.

(beat)

How'd the insurance company justify  
it? Not paying for his treatment.

SMASH TO:

**80 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM**

**80**

*An eight-year-old boy, JACK, codes out in his hospital bed.  
The room's total chaos, doctors, nurses, paddles and syringes.*

*Nate just stands against the far wall. Watches his son  
struggle. And lose. And die. Nate slumps to the floor.  
The life support machine FLATLINES --*

SMASH TO:

**81 BACK TO BALCONY**

**81**

NATE

They claimed it was experimental.

Nate decides, after that, to take the beer. Eliot notices.

ELIOT

Should have kept one of those Monets  
you found, fence that --

NATE

We're not friends, Eliot.

ELIOT

(shrugs)

Yes, because you have so many.

Nate nods. Okay. Good point. They take a drink, watch the  
city lights come up.

DISSOLVE TO:

**82 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

**82**

Dubenich arrives in a chauffeured town car. He considers the  
building, heads in.

FIND NATE



on the street, watching.

NATE  
He's on site.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH

**83 INT. TRADE INITIATIVE OFFICE 83**

Several "Nigerians" are talking, heading into the CONFERENCE ROOM. Sophie turns, touches her ear.

SOPHIE  
(soft)  
Not ready.

BACK TO NATE

NATE  
You don't meet him, he goes to the directory for the office number --

**84 INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - CONT. 84**

Dubenich crosses the lobby, heading for the ELECTRONIC BUILDING TENANTS DIRECTORY.

**85 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING 85**

Hardison, with headphones on, running the comms through his phone, catches up with Nate.

NATE  
We're not in the building directory.

**86 INT. OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR - 10TH FLOOR - CONT. 86**

Eliot is unscrewing an OFFICE SIGN from next to DOUBLE DOORS.

ELIOT  
Why aren't we in the directory?

BACK TO HARDISON

HARDISON  
I don't know, because they're fake  
offices --

BACK TO ELIOT

as Sophie emerges from the office. She crosses to the ELEVATOR, punches the call button.

**87 INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY****87**

The elevators are crammed with slow-moving JAPANESE TOURISTS, holding the doors open.

BACK TO:

**88 INT. OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR****88**

Sophie punches the elevator call button repeatedly. Parker pokes her head out of the EMERGENCY FIRE STAIRS DOOR right next to them.

SOPHIE

No elevatooooorr ...

BACK TO NATE

as, through the office building windows, he sees Dubenich almost to the Directory.

NATE

I'll distract him. Parker you have  
ten seconds to get Sophie down to  
the lobby!

PARKER

grabs Sophie, pulls her through the door.

PARKER

Roger that.

NATE AND HARDISON

jogging now. Nate extends a collapsible BATON.

Nate SMASHES the driver's side window of a parked car. Its ALARM goes off.

DUBENICH

and everyone else in the lobby twitches, but it's not enough, not in a city this size --

**89 INT. STAIRWELL - CONT.****89**

FAST CUTS

as Parker straps Sophie into a ZIP HARNESS.

SOPHIE

I don't --

Parker grabs her legs, SWINGS Sophie into the big central gap all stairwells have.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

AHHHH!

90      **EXT. OFFICE BUILDING**      90

As Nate runs along smashing EVERY WINDOW along that block.  
Now four, five, six CAR ALARMS BLARE.

91      **INT. STAIRWELL**      91

Sophie SCREAMS as she and Parker zip-drop ten stories.

92      **INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY**      92

Dubenich, along with everyone else, is now at the window,  
staring at all the blaring, honking, beeping cars. Finally  
he turns back toward the Directory.

As Dubenich crosses, Sophie emerges from the stairwell.  
She's a little off-balance, rattled. She pats her hair into  
place, intercepts him.

SOPHIE

We have offices on the tenth floor.

They enter the elevator. On the cross:

DUBENICH

You're -- you have a glow.

SOPHIE

Just excited.

93      **INT. ELEVATOR**      93

As they rise:

SOPHIE

One thing. The gentlemen bringing  
you this opportunity to work with  
their government, they'll expect  
some ... compensation.

\*

Dubenich sighs. World-weary tone, but it's for show, for  
Sophie.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Not a bribe, of course.

\*

\*

DUBENICH

A ... finder's fee.

\*

\*

SOPHIE

Exactly.

DUBENICH

How big?

SOPHIE

They are bringing you hundreds of millions --

DUBENICH

I get it. We have ... discretionary funds. We've done it before.

SOPHIE

Good.

DUBENICH

(teasing)

I thought your job was to eliminate graft and stealing.

SOPHIE

No, my job is to keep it manageable.

**94 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - 10TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONT. 94**

Eliot finishes replacing the OFFICE SIGN on the wall next to double doors. The sign reads: "African Commercial Transport and Trade Initiative -- ANNA GUNSTOTT, DIRECTOR".

Eliot ducks out of sight as Sophie and Dubenich arrive. They enter the office.

**95 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM 95**

Five men who are apparently AFRICAN BUSINESSMEN, led by the very proper BABATUNDE, stand up from the conference table and greet Dubenich.

BABATUNDE

Mister Dubenich. We are honored by your presence.

DUBENICH

The honor is mine. To get in on the ground floor of something like this, it's a wonderful opportunity ...

CUT TO:

**96 EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER 96**

Parker arrives on the street to find Nate and Hardison, listening to a feed from the conference room.

NATE

Nice job on the zip line.

PARKER

I was totally sure she was going to break a leg. Not bad for her first time.

NATE

Shh. She's closing it up.

**97 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONT.****97**

There's a MAP of Africa, documents on the table. The "Nigerians" study Dubenich's files.

BABATUNDE

Yes. We can definitely repurpose the factories. I think we will be able to do a lot of business together.

DUBENICH

I hope so.

SOPHIE

About the ... other matter.

Everyone's careful. Studied casualness.

BABATUNDE

Of course.

Babatunde passes Sophie an envelope. She passes it to Dubenich. He peers inside, like checking his hole cards. There's a piece of paper with just "\$1,000,000" typed on it. Nothing else.

SOPHIE

Is that agreeable?

DUBENICH

I think we can work something out.

Babatunde and Sophie exchange glances. Nod. Dubenich pockets the envelope.

**98 INT. 10TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - LATER****98**

Dubenich, Sophie and the "African Businessmen" are leaving. Dubenich holds Sophie back.

DUBENICH

When do they want it?

SOPHIE

As soon as possible.

DUBENICH

Reception for the shareholders tomorrow. Have your people come, meet some suits. Make it seem legit.

("yes")

Very least, I'll have part of it by then, good faith.

SOPHIE

Perfect.

DUBENICH

Buy you a drink afterwards.

SOPHIE

Buy me two. I'm not easy.

Sophie smiles. Dubenich follows them out.

**99 EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER - DAY****99**

Dubenich drives off. Nate comes up on Sophie.

NATE

We got him?

SOPHIE

We own him.

Eliot catches up with them. Parker and Hardison fall into step. The crew together.

NATE

Come on. Busy day tomorrow.

SOPHIE

This is going to work?

NATE

Guarantee it.

DISSOLVE TO:

**100 INT. DUBENICH OFFICE - NIGHT****100**

All the lights are off. Dubenich and Jenkins arrive.

JENKINS

Are you insane? You're risking everything, you already took a chance stealing the plans, now this? This is --

Dubenich motions for him to be quiet. He leads Jenkins into his glass-walled office.

Still in the dark, Dubenich has Jenkins crouch down. Dubenich flashes a PENLIGHT under his table. Points to the transmitter. He knows.

Jenkins starts to speak. Dubenich covers his mouth, leads him back outside the door. They whisper.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

What is that?

DUBENICH

Transmitter. They're listening to everything I say.

JENKINS

Who?

Dubenich produces SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of Sophie and Nate on the street, after the meeting.

DUBENICH

I checked -- there is no office for the African Commercial Trade Initiative in this city.

Dubenich picks up the phone. He starts dialing.

DUBENICH (CONT'D)

They think they're hustling me. But I know exactly what they're up to. And tomorrow, we put an end to it.

(into phone)

Hello, FBI?

FADE OUT:

**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN:

**101 EXT. ROOFTOP GARDEN PATIO - MORNING 101**

Dubenich's Assistant is making sure everything's ready, while Dubenich re-ties his tie. Jenkins arrives.

DUBENICH

Double check the Power Point presentation. Make sure we can go straight from the conference room to lunch out here --

As the Assistant crosses out, Jenkins arrives.

DUBENICH (CONT'D)

Ready?

JENKINS

You sure you know what they're doing.

DUBENICH

They're pissed, I get it. They wanted to make me pay. If they disappear with the bribe money, I have to explain where it went ... it's nice. They were just too clever for their own good. Opportunity like this the same week as the shareholder's meeting. The fake office, the bug. Cash bribes, Nigerians.

(off Jenkins)

Like the emails that scam people, the Nigerian bank fraud letters? Come on.

(back to)

They think I'm some trust-fund baby they can lead around like a a dog. They're going to see how wrong they are.

Dubenich winks. Jenkins leaves, still unsure.

CUT TO:

**102 MUSICAL MONTAGE 102**

Building, low tension as:

**102A -- AT HARDISON'S PENTHOUSE, NATE AND THE OTHERS FINISH THEIR 102A  
PREP. PULL ON JACKETS, TIES. ELIOT HANDS OUT IDENTICAL  
BLUE WINDBREAKERS, CURRENTLY FOLDED UP.**



- 102B -- IN A LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM, DUBENICH IS EXPLAINING THE DESIGNS TO VARIOUS MILLIONAIRE SHAREHOLDERS. 102B
- 102C -- ON THE STREET PARKER, ELIOT AND HARDISON HEAD FOR THE GIG. NATE AND SOPHIE EXCHANGE ONE LAST LOOK. THERE'S A MOMENT, A KINK IN HIS CONFIDENCE. SHE TOUCHES HIS ARM, SQUEEZES HIS HAND. HE SQUEEZES BACK WITHOUT REALIZING. TURNS AND GOES WITHOUT ACKNOWLEDGING. 102C
- 102D -- OUTSIDE THE BERING BUILDING, SECURITY GUARDS STUDY PHOTOS OF NATE, PARKER, HARDISON. WAITING. 102D
- 102E -- BABATUNDE AND ONE OF THE OTHER "NIGERIANS" RIDE IN THE BACK OF A TOWN CAR. THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER. REVEAL THREE SUCH CARS TRANSPORTING THEM TO THE MEET. 102E
- 102F -- IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM, JENKINS IS FINISHING UP HIS END OF THE PRESENTATION. THE SHAREHOLDERS ARE APPLAUDING. AS DUBENICH STANDS NEXT TO HIM, EVEN JENKINS SEEMS RELAXED. 102F
- 102G -- THE "NIGERIAN'S" TOWN CARS PULL UP. SOPHIE GETS OUT. 102G
- 102H -- ON THE ROOFTOP GARDEN, DUBENICH IS IN THE MIDDLE OF A LOVE-FEST. CHAMPAGNE AND SHRIMP, LOTS OF HANDSHAKES. HE LOOKS OVER THE EDGE AND SEES SOPHIE MEET THE "NIGERIANS" ON THE STREET. HE NODS TO HIS SECURITY. 102H

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

- 103 EXT. ROOFTOP GARDEN PATIO - MINUTES LATER 103

A SHAREHOLDER is congratulating Dubenich.

SHAREHOLDER

Good day for you.

DUBENICH

Good day for all of us. Stock's up fifteen points on the announcement.

The Shareholder crosses off to spread the joyous news. Sophie pushes her way through the crowd.

SOPHIE

Aren't you the cat that ate the canary.

DUBENICH

It shows?

SOPHIE

Horrible poker face.

Dubenich gestures to the "Nigerians" chatting up execs.

DUBENICH

We should get this other thing done.

SOPHIE

... now? You got the whole payment?

DUBENICH

Lock it in so we can move forward.

We announce their deal tomorrow,  
make even more headlines.

(she hesitates)

Let's go to a conference room. Away  
from ... all this.

Sophie nods. She crosses to the "Nigerians." A brief conversation, and Babatunde nods. They move inside.

**104 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MINUTES LATER - DAY**

**104**

The beautiful conference room with floor-to-ceiling windows. Dubenich leads, with Sophie and the "Nigerians" bringing up the rear. As Sophie drops to the back of the room, Babatunde clears his throat.

BABATUNDE

I assume we all understand the terms  
of this agreement.

DUBENICH

Exactly.

Dubenich hits the PHONE BUZZER. FBI AGENTS flood in.

AGENTS

FBI! Don't move!

Dubenich has a moment of SMUGNESS as the Agents swing in toward the Nigerians ... walk right past and take Dubenich by the arm.

DUBENICH

No, wait, wait, you don't understand --

The lead AGENT, HIGGINS, flashes his badge. To Babatunde:

HIGGINS

FBI. Are you all right, sir?

BABATUNDE

Yes.

Dubenich actually chuckles.

DUBENICH

Oh, no, no, they're the criminals.  
I spoke to Special Agent Higgins,  
he'll clear this all up.

HIGGINS

I'm Special Agent Higgins. Victor Dubenich, you're under arrest for attempting to bribe these Nigerian government officials.

DUBENICH

They're not really Nigerians!

BABATUNDE

Of course we are.

Thud. Dubenich turns. Babatunde presents his official Nigerian diplomatic passport.

DUBENICH

No.

BABATUNDE

Your woman knew that when she contacted us.

DUBENICH

... Anna Gunstott worked for you.

BABATUNDE

Ridiculous. She contacted us last week, on your behalf.

NIGERIAN BUSINESSMAN

She told us she worked directly for you.

SMASH TO:

105 INT. OFFICE - DAYS AGO

105

*Sophie exchanges business cards with Babatunde and his men.*

SOPHIE

*Anna Gunstott. I'm from Bering Aerospace, specifically under Victor Dubenich.*

106 INT. DUBENICH OFFICE

106

*Sophie shakes Dubenich's hand.*

SOPHIE

*Mr. Dubenich. Anna Gunstott. African Commercial Transport and Trade Initiative.*

SMASH TO:

**107 BACK TO CONFERENCE ROOM****107**

Dubenich looks around. Sophie's gone.

DUBENICH

I met her at your office.

BABATUNDE

We don't have an office in this city.

DUBENICH

Exactly!

BABATUNDE

We met her at your other office.

SMASH TO:

**108 INT. 10TH FLOOR CORRIDOR****108**

*A SIGN reads "BERING AEROSPACE - CONSULTING OFFICE / Victor Dubenich / Anna Gunstott." Sophie leads the Nigerians in past the sign. CUT TO:*

*Moments later, Eliot finishes FLIPPING the same sign to read "AFRICAN COMMERCIAL TRANSPORT AND TRADE" ... Sophie and Dubenich arrive, pass the sign and go inside.*

SMASH TO:

**109 EXT. ROOFTOP GARDEN PATIO - MOMENTS LATER - DAY****109**

Things are starting to unravel. People gawk over the side at the POLICE and FBI cars showing up. Dubenich rushes out here, Higgins and the rest of the FBI in tow. Dubenich is fighting it, trying to keep everything under control.

SHAREHOLDER

Victor, what's going on?

DUBENICH

I can explain.

HIGGINS

(to Babatunde)

Was anyone else here involved with the bribe?

SHAREHOLDER

Bribe?

DUBENICH

There was no bribe!

BABATUNDE

I handed this man an envelope containing a cashier's check for two hundred thousand dollars.

DUBENICH

No. No! You didn't hand me --

SMASH TO:

**110 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAYS AGO**

**110**

*Babatunde places the check inside an ENVELOPE just as Sophie and Dubenich arrive.*

*MINUTES LATER, Babatunde hands Sophie the Envelope. She SWITCHES envelopes, passes him the one with the bribe amount inside.*

SMASH TO:

**111 BACK TO ROOFTOP GARDEN**

**111**

As Dubenich rushes to the balcony to look at the FBI cars and the AGENTS swarming from them:

HIGGINS

This will look better if you didn't deposit the check. Do you have it?

DUBENICH

I never GOT IT!

FBI AGENT crosses to Higgins.

FBI AGENT

Sir, we've got people stripping the lab, seizing the files and computers.

SHAREHOLDER

What?

DUBENICH

You can't do that!

HIGGINS

This company has Defense Department contracts, with very strict rules about contact with foreign nationals.

(off Dubenich)

This is National Security. Patriot Act applies. I can take your underwear.

SHAREHOLDER

News crews. They're all here.

Dubenich stares down, hypnotized by the blue-windbreakers reading FBI moving ceaselessly back and forth through the front doors. Stripping his carcass.

CUT TO:

**112 INT. FILE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 112**

Chaos as Jenkins and OTHER ENGINEERS shred files and rip paperwork out of the cabinets.

FBI AGENTS rush in. Jenkins rushes to the window to throw out a bunch of files. They seize him just as he dumps a huge WASTE BASKET OF SHREDDED FILES out the window.

CUT TO:

**113 EXT. BERING BUILDING - STREET - CONTINUOUS 113**

PAN DOWN to find five specific Agents in windbreakers. SWING AROUND to show Nate, Parker, Eliot, Sophie and Hardison in the "FBI" windbreakers, carrying out computer equipment as the shredded files fall around them like a tickertape parade.

DISSOLVE TO:

**114 INT. COMMAND POST - LATER 114**

Back in the empty offices from which Nate ran the original heist. PIERSON waits here, looking at his own building. Nate enters.

PIERSON

I came alone.

NATE

I know. Thank you Mister Pierson.

Nate presents a bag of hard-drives. Doesn't hand them over quite yet.

NATE (CONT'D)

I understand your research was completely wiped out. Here's a complete copy, along with proof that they've been on Bering Aerospace computers. Got to be a couple lawsuits in that.

Nate waits.

PIERSON

I drop the investigation.

NATE

Seems fair. You got your property back.

PIERSON

Agreed. No charges, nothing on you  
or your people.

Nate hands him the bag. He turns to leave.

PIERSON (CONT'D)

You don't --  
(off Nate)  
-- you don't want money?

NATE

This particular project has a  
different revenue stream.

Nate's gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

**115 INT. DUBENICH OFFICE - LATER**

**115**

The FBI's still ransacking the place. Dubenich sits, broken, watching while a large-screen TV plays in the background with FOOTAGE of the raid running again and again. Dubenich flips the channel to CNN, only to see a STOCK CHART illustrating Bering's enormous sell-off.

TV ANCHOR (V.O.)

-- in a massive sell-off sparked by  
multiple federal investigations of  
Bering Aerospace, the stock plummeted  
thirty-three percent before trading  
was halted --

His phone rings. He looks to Higgins.

HIGGINS

Go ahead.

DUBENICH

(into phone)  
Hello?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH

**116 EXT. CITY AVENUE - CONT.**

**116**

Nate's on a cellphone. Eliot, Parker and Sophie wait behind him, checking their watches.

NATE

You should have just paid us.

DUBENICH

("not fair")  
But I found the transmitter.

NATE

You found the transmitter with the blinking light. We let you figure some of it out, and then just ... gave you what you were expecting.

\*  
\*

DUBENICH

I'm going to beat this.

NATE

You forgot about the bribe, didn't you?

DUBENICH

I didn't get any of the --

Across the room, two FBI AGENTS pull out his desk drawer and dump BRICKS of cash from it.

NATE

That's not all of it, of course. Sophie kept a little to buy a truly impressive number of shoes --

OFF PARKER

examining Sophie's shoes.

PARKER

I don't get it.

SOPHIE

There is something wrong with you.

ELIOT

That's what I said.

BACK TO NATE

NATE

The rest is in some offshore accounts in your name, just enough to keep the FBI busy.

DUBENICH

So what was this, this was all just revenge?

NATE

(cheerful)  
Oh no.

Hardison walks up as Nate asks this. Passes out envelopes.



NATE (CONT'D)

A big company's stock falls ten, fifteen percent in one day, and you know it's coming, you can sell short and make a lot of money. You know it's going to fall thirty percent, you can make shattering amounts of cash. Trick is waiting for something that'll hurt a company that hard in one day.

(beat)

See, we figured -- why wait?

Dubenich stares at the stock chart on CNN.

NATE (CONT'D)

We didn't need the FBI to take you to jail. We just needed them to show up and take boxes out of your office. All day long. In front of TV cameras. Scaring your investors.

(smiles)

You going to jail is just a bonus.

Dubenich moves to hang up.

NATE (CONT'D)

Oh, and Dubenich. You say anything about us to those Feds, next time ... we won't be so nice.

**117 INT. DUBENICH OFFICE**

**117**

Dubenich hangs up.

HIGGINS

Who was that?

DUBENICH

Nobody.

CUT TO:

**118 EXT. CITY AVENUE - DAY - CONT.**

**118**

Nate takes his envelope. They open the envelopes simultaneously. Look at their checks.

NATE

Job well d -- oh.

\*

SOPHIE

H-hh. How?

HARDISON

We had some overlap with the London stock market, valuation carried to NASDAQ -- never mind. I'm just very good.

PARKER

This is the score. The Score.

HARDISON

Age of the Geek, baby.

ELIOT

Somebody kiss him so I don't have to.

SOPHIE

We're out.

(off them)

We're out. This is retirement money. Go legit and buy an island money.

A long silence. Nate tucks the envelope in his jacket.

NATE

Pleasure working with you.

ELIOT

(beat)

One show only. No encores.

PARKER

... already forgot your names.

Hardison and Sophie nod. They all turn from each other.

HIGH SHOT

shows them walking away from each other, the exact same shot as in Act One. Five separate directions. Not looking back.

ON NATE

Hardison pops up next to him.

HARDISON

I have never had that cool a time on a job --

NATE

Hardison, gig's over, it's a walkaway.

HARDISON

-- and I just, I have focus issues, and you kept me right on --

Parker falls into step on the other side.

PARKER

I'm really good at one thing.

NATE

Parker.

PARKER

Only one thing, that's it. But you know other things, and, and I can't stop doing my one thing, can't retire --

Eliot arrives, catches up.

ELIOT

Here's what I'm thinking.

NATE

No.

ELIOT

How long before you fall apart again?

NATE

I'm touched.

ELIOT

No, no a guy like you can't be out of the game, that's why you were a wreck. You need the chase.

NATE

I'll manage.

Nate stops. Sophie's waiting in front of him. How did she get in front of him?

SOPHIE

You pick the jobs.

NATE

My job is helping people. I catch bad guys.

SOPHIE

So find some bad guys. Bad guys have money.

A long moment while Nate considers it.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(quiet)

Black king. White knight.

Nate throws her a sidelong glance. Cute. He looks back at Sophie. She smiles, waits.

DISSOLVE TO:

119 EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY 119

A lovely little colonial home in perfect American suburbia.

120 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONT. 120

ADAM AND MARY WALDMAN, a stolid middle-aged couple, sit on the couch. Sophie, dressed in a black business suit, sits on the end, holding Mary's hand. Pictures of a TEENAGE GIRL are all around them. \*

MARY \*

(crying) \*

I'm sorry.

SOPHIE

Please, take your time.

MARY \*

She was seventeen.

SOPHIE

I know.

MARY \*

They killed her. They said it was an accident, but that company killed her.

(Sophie nods)

I want them hurt.

ADAM

We can't pay you.

SOPHIE

We work on a separate revenue stream.

ADAM

I don't understand. The Judge said we couldn't appeal again. What are you going to do?

REVEAL Nate, Eliot, Parker, and Hardison, all in similar dark suits. Very corporate.

NATE

People like that, corporations like that -- they have all the money. They have all the power. They use it to make people like you go away. Right now, you're struggling under a great weight.

(beat)

We provide ... leverage.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW