

GREEN REVISIONS: 04/04/06
YELLOW REVISIONS: 03/24/06
PINK REVISIONS: 03/23/06

SMITH

Pilot

Written by
John Wells

Directed by
Christopher Chulack

JOHN WELLS PRODUCTIONS
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Pilot

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SMITH

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03/23/06	PINK PAGES	SETS, 24, 30, 30A, 31, 32
03/24/06	YELLOW PAGES	31
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SMITH

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CAST LIST

BOBBY

HOPE

TOM

JOE

JEFF

ANNIE

CHARLIE

SHAWN

DODD

LOWRY

STEVE DAWBER

*

JERRY SAWYER *

MACY

LAUPER

SECURITY GUARD

2ND GUARD

3RD GUARD

JASON

EMILY

KAREN

CINDY

SINGER (V.O.)

DANCER

2ND DANCER

3RD DANCER

SURFER

2ND SURFER

STEWARDESS (O.S.)

PRISON GUARD

PRISONERS (O.S.)

RECEPTIONIST

JULIE

DMV CLERK

MAN

ANOTHER STEWARDESS (O.S.)

KERWIN

NANCY SCIALFA

COP

SMITH

Pilot

SET LIST

INTERIORS

MANHOLE

ESCALADE *

TANNER MUSEUM

Lobby

Workroom

Sculpture Galley

Old Masters Gallery

Bathroom

Hallway

Grand Staircase

BOBBY'S HOUSE

Master Bedroom

Kitchen

Front Room

Jason's Bedroom

SAWYER PAPER PRODUCTS *

Reception

Row of Offices

Bobby's Office

*

Warehouse Floor *

VEGAS CASINO

Casino Floor *

Backstage

Dressing Room

ALOHA AIRLINES 767

HIGH-DESERT PRISON

BOBBY'S CAR

BOBBY'S 2ND APARTMENT

Main Area

Bedroom

INTERIORS - cont'd

DAWBER FAMILY DENTISTRY

RESTAURANT

Banquet Room

Bar

JULIE'S APARTMENT

Bedroom

Kitchen

Living Room

DEPARTMENT OF MOTOR VEHICLES

JG'S CLASSIC CUSTOMS *

*

737 AIRPLANE

SMALL BEACHHOUSE

INSTITUTIONAL RECEPTION AREA

DELIVERY TRUCK *

SMITH

Pilot

SET LIST - Cont'd

EXTERIORS

PITTSBURGH RIVER - NIGHT

CITY SQUARE (TANNER MUSEUM) -
TWILIGHT

CITY STREET (MANHOLE) - TWILIGHT

CITY STREET (BY RIVER) - TWILIGHT

ALLEY (BEHIND MUSEUM) - TWILIGHT

SIDEWALK/ANOTHER ALLEY - TWILIGHT

MUSEUM STEPS/FRONT ENTRANCE -
TWILIGHT

STREET/SIDEWALK (POLICE KIOSK) -
TWILIGHT

BOBBY'S HOUSE - MORNING

SAWYER PAPER PRODUCTS - DAY

HAWAIIAN BEACH/DIRT ROAD - DAY

HIGH-DESERT PRISON - DAY

PARKING GARAGE ROOF (CENTURY
CITY) - NIGHT

SUBURBAN STREET (BOBBY'S CAR) -
MORNING

BOBBY'S 2ND APARTMENT - MORNING

EXTERIORS - cont'd

TANNER MUSEUM - DAY

RESTAURANT/ALLEY - NIGHT

JG'S CLASSIC CUSTOMS - DAY

CALIFORNIA BEACH - SUNSET

TANNER MUSEUM/LOADING DOCK - DUSK

PITTSBURGH RIVER/SMALL PIER -
DUSK

RIVERBANK (FACTORY) - DUSK

LAX CARGO AREA - NIGHT

BOBBY'S HOUSE - DAWN

STREET (TANNER MUSEUM) - DAY *

PITTSBURGH RIVER - DAY *

SMITH

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

On SCREAMING. Panic, chaos and the ROAR of big twin Merc 525 outboard engines. We're on a MAN's masked face, CLOSE. Banging UP AND DOWN unsteadily as we fly along --

1 A RIVER - NIGHT

1

On a 38' Cigarette Top Gun speed boat SKIPPING over the wind-whipped water in the middle of a busy city. Traffic clogs the streets on both sides of the river. Brightly lit office buildings tower above them.

Police lights strobe atop patrol cars that are in high speed pursuit along the riverside roadways. SIRENS barely audible above the THUNDERING engine noise.

The MAN reaches up, pulls off his mask to reveal: BOBBY. Forties, darkly handsome, hard. He's staring down at something at his feet, something that's screaming.

And bloody. Around Bobby three others, wearing masks, carrying assault weapons. A fourth man is at the wheel of the boat, looking back.

DRIVER

How bad?

Bobby kneels to the man screaming on the deck, clamps a gloved hand over the writhing man's mouth. Pulls up the man's shirt to FIND: a sucking chest wound pumping dark, arterial blood. Bobby looks up to the other men, shit.

When suddenly... BOOM! On the banks of the river behind them, a huge FIREBALL explodes up into the dark sky, blocking the police cars' progress. Off Bobby, the river wind whipping his hair, the massive fireball behind him --

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON BOBBY'S FACE

Only now, it's quiet around him. Or at least, the chaos of the boat is gone. Replaced with the ordinary sounds of a city at dusk. Buses pass, pedestrians, a few car horns. Pigeons scoot across the darkening sky above as WE PULL BACK and AROUND to find Bobby's standing in --

2 A CITY SQUARE - TWILIGHT 2

In front of a stately edifice near the river's edge. Statuary in the broad courtyard. Worn marble stairs lead up to brass doors that form the entrance to the --

TANNER MUSEUM

Banners hang from the ornate facade announcing the latest exhibition of 20th Century American Watercolorists. Bobby looks to his left, then his right. Expertly tailored grey suit, Hugo Boss overcoat, gloves, briefcase. What, or who, is he looking for? On screen:

Thirty Minutes Earlier

Appears and then disappears as a nondescript five-ton rental truck pulls up to the curb. A handsome, athletic, Hispanic man behind the wheel. This is JOE. He nods at Bobby, pulls away. Bobby speaks quietly into his wrist, an earpiece discreetly tucked into an ear.

BOBBY

We're a go.

3 CITY STREET - TWILIGHT 3

A telephone van parked over a manhole. Safety gate, orange hazard cones. The driver's door opens, a compact young man in hard hat exits. This is SHAWN. Opens the back, digs out a tool belt. Drops down into --

THE MANHOLE

A work light already hangs from a tangle of conduit above. Moves through the dank tunnel to a phone company sub-panel. Opens it to REVEAL: a mass of wires as --

SHAWN

One in place.

4 CITY STREETS - TWILIGHT 4

An overnight delivery truck pulls into a "No Parking" bus zone next to the river. Hazard blinkers POP on. A man hops out, delivery jacket, gloves, thirty, handsome. This is TOM. *

TOM

Two in place. *

5 THE RUMBLE 5

Of a powerful engine as an Escalade slides slowly into view, creeping along a different alley. Black, lots of chrome, tinted windows. We GLIDE up the grill and across the hood to REVEAL a young man behind the wheel. Blonde, handsome, dangerous. This is JEFF. *

The car comes to a quiet stop, engine idling. Jeff unzips a black duffle on the seat. Digs out an XM8 assault rifle, grabs a mag, SNAPS it into the breech --

JEFF
Three in place.

6 THE CITY SQUARE - TWILIGHT 6

Bobby watches the museum's front doors while waiting at a busy corner bus stop. Across the street: a community policing kiosk. One cop outside, talking to a tourist, a second one visible inside, on the phone.

The far door of the museum opens: a uniformed security guard appears. Fifteen other security guards in blazers exit, laughing, saying good night. The uniformed guard locks the door behind him. Bobby turns to his wrist:

BOBBY
Four? ...You there Four?

7 A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE 7 *

Walks quickly down a busy sidewalk, harried. Suede knee boots, short skirt, leather overcoat, gloves. A vision in high fashion and seething sexuality. This is ANNIE.

BOBBY (VO)
Four... you in position?

Men stop to stare, can't help themselves. She speaks into her sleeve as she turns the corner, ducks into --

ANNIE
Sorry, got held up, almost there.

AN ALLEY

Wet, dumpsters, garbage. Where the hell is she going?

8 IN THE MANHOLE 8

A tangle of alligator clips and wires run from the panel to a small console. Shawn clicks at the keyboard.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN
One is on line...

9 ALLEY - TWILIGHT 9

Annie drops into the shadows of the alley. Throws her purse on top of a dumpster. Dumps out a small Glock and a Taser, opens her compact. A vile of dark liquid, pours it on her lip, nose, one knee. Blood.

BOBBY (VO)
Four... are you in position...?

ANNIE
Yeah...yeah...I'm here.

10 THE CITY SQUARE 10

Bobby stares off, Christ. Where the hell's she been.

BOBBY
You set?

11 BACK IN THE ALLEY 11

She takes off an earring, pours blood on the piercing. Grabs her blouse with both hands and RIPS --

ANNIE
...Four set.

12 THE CITY SQUARE 12

Bobby exhales. Takes one final look around, then:

BOBBY
Okay, let's do it.

13 THE RENTAL TRUCK - TWILIGHT 13

Joe at the wheel in the alley behind the museum. Reverse lights BLINK on as he backs it into the loading dock.

As soon as there's room, Jeff rolls by in the Escalade. Parks just out of sight of the security cameras. *

14 MUSEUM LOBBY 14

At the security desk, two uniformed guards watch the video feed of Joe's truck backing up to the dock.

SECURITY GUARD
What's this idiot doing?

15

ALLEY - TWILIGHT

15

The now bloodied and dishevelled Annie makes her way out of the alley, turns into the street and starts SCREAMING.

ANNIE

Oh god...help me...!

Pedestrians stop, stare at the hysterical, semi-naked woman. REVEAL: she's only a half a block away from the --

COMMUNITY POLICING KIOSK

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Please... He grabbed me and...

Falls to her knees pitifully as the cops rush to her aid, all of it watched from across the street by --

BOBBY

He turns quickly for the museum steps. Shawn arrives from one direction, Tom from the other. No one notices them, drawn instead to the chaos across the street.

The men move fast. Pull on Mardi Gras masks as they approach the doors and --

16

IN THE ALLEY BEHIND THE MUSEUM - TWILIGHT

16

The rhythmic BEEPING of the reversing truck stops. A Guard arrives, can't see around the truck to the driver.

2ND GUARD

Hey...no deliveries after four!

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRUCK

Joe climbs out, passes Jeff, who's headed for the unseen Guard in a hurry, something metal in his hand.

THE GUARD

Sees Joe's back disappearing into the alley, is confused.

2ND GUARD (CONT'D)

Hey buddy! You can't park here -

Comes around the truck to find: Jeff. Jeff's hand comes up fast, delivering 50,000 volts of TASER into the unsuspecting guard's neck as --

17 OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM 17

Bobby, Tom and Shawn reach the door. Bobby swipes a security card through the reader and they're into --

18 THE MUSEUM LOBBY 18

At the security desk, the Guard stares at the video feed of the dock, a man in a Mardi Gras mask appears from around the back of the rental truck, cocking an assault rifle, heading for the loading dock door as --

SECURITY GUARD

...Oh crap...

Three men in masks hurdle across the lobby, big guns sweeping out from under overcoats.

TOM

Freeze asshole!

Shawn is up and over the desk fast, SLAMS the Guard back against the wall. A gun suddenly in the Guard's face.

BOBBY

How many still in the building?

The Guard doesn't answer, is too stunned.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

How many!

GUARD

...three...

Shawn's already duct-taping the Guard's hands, feet, mouth. Rodeo cowboys take longer roping steers. Pulls the guard's pistol from his belt, tosses it to Bobby as Tom watches the security feeds. Sees Jeff enter the loading dock door on one, come down a hallway on another. On a third, a security guard, checking a gallery.

TOM

Got one in the sculpture gallery.

Shawn and Bobby rush across the lobby, heading for the winding ornate staircase. Bobby speaks into his wrist.

BOBBY

We've got one guard on four, no location on the other.

Tom pulls the hog-tied Guard through a door and into --

(CONTINUED)

A UTILITARIAN WORKROOM

Some lockers. A desk. Another row of security monitors. Below each, a video recorder. Tom goes to the first, hits EJECT. Grabs the tape, tosses it into his duffle. Moves on to the next, hits EJECT as --

*

19 JEFF 19

Moves into the sculpture gallery cautiously. At the opposite end of the huge room an unsuspecting guard turns off lights, locks doors. Jeff slings his automatic weapon over his shoulder, pulls out a pistol as --

*

20 IN AN OLD MASTERS GALLERY 20

Shawn and Bobby bypass one exquisite painting, then another. Know what they're looking for: a young woman in Renaissance garb, yellowing sunlight. Bobby takes a side, Shawn the other, pull it off the wall. As they do, a wire detaches from the back. An alarm SHRIEKS as --

21 IN THE MANHOLE 21

Shawn's computer hanging from the conduit BLINKS to life. A digital phone number begins to dial...6..2..7... then... STOPS. Is DELETED, replaced by "...CLEAR" as --

22 IN THE LOBBY 22

An ALARM SOUNDS at the Guard's console. Tom reaches down to the keyboard. Punches a few keys and...quiet.

23 IN THE OLD MASTER'S GALLERY 23

The painting is face down on the floor as Bobby pulls out a sling blade, SNAPS it open. Expertly cuts the canvas from the frame. Shawn pulls a tube from his duffle.

BOBBY

How we doing on that bogey?

24 IN THE SCULPTURE GALLERY 24

Duct-tape wraps quickly around the Guard's mouth, feet.

*

JEFF

Got one. Other's still missing.

*

*

The guard stares at Jeff's forearm beside his face, a swath of Jeff's skin visible. On the exposed forearm, a distinctive tattoo of a snarling cat.

*

*

*

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (CONT'D)

What the hell you lookin' at? *

Punches the guard in the face. *

25 IN THE OLD MASTER'S GALLERY 25

Bobby carefully rolls the canvas, slides it into Shawn's tube as Shawn moves to a second painting.

26 IN THE LOBBY 26

A SECOND ALARM goes off, echoing in the cavernous, stone lobby. Tom types... it stops. He scans the other monitors, searching. Nothing, empty halls, rooms.

TOM

Where the hell are you...?

27 BATHROOM 27

Empty. Then a FLUSH. The missing security guard comes out of a stall, moves to the sinks, zips up his fly.

28 OUT ON THE STREET - TWILIGHT 28

Annie sits by the kiosk, weeping, one cop trying to comfort her as the other calls for an ambulance. She surreptitiously sneaks a look across to the museum as --

29 IN THE ALLEY BEHIND THE MUSEUM 29

Joe sits in the Escalade. Waiting. Listening. *

30 IN THE OLD MASTERS GALLERY 30

Shawn rolls the second painting, places it into the tube as Bobby begins to slice a third from it's frame.

3RD GUARD

Nobody move!

The thieves look to each other unhappily, shit. Well, at least now they know where the missing guard is.

31 IN THE LOBBY 31

On the monitor -- the guard, gun out.

TOM

Son of a bitch...

Tom takes off for the stairs. Into his sleeve:

(CONTINUED)

TOM (CONT'D)
Third floor...!

32 IN A MUSEUM HALLWAY 32

Jeff's sprinting, smashes through a door as --

33 ON THE MUSEUM GRAND STAIRCASE 33

Tom rushes up the stairs. Two, three at a time.

34 IN THE OLD MASTER'S GALLERY 34

The Guard tries to hold the gun on them while pulling his walkie from his belt. He's very nervous.

3RD GUARD
(into walkie)
Dave, I've got intruders on three.
...Dave... Dave you there...?

It slowly dawns on him that he may be the only one left. Shawn slowly, carefully, slides his right hand around to his back. A pistol, in a rear belt holster.

3RD GUARD (CONT'D)
Hey, stop moving!

BOBBY
Calm down, buddy. We're fine here,
nobody wants to shoot anybody.

At the far end of the gallery, Jeff appears unseen behind the guard, rifle up. But doesn't want to shoot, too much noise. Advances stealthily toward the three --

3RD GUARD
Get your damn hands up!

SHAWN
I'm cool man...I'm cool...

But Shawn still doesn't raise his hands. As Shawn's fingers grip the handle of the pistol, Jeff gets closer, his hand tightening around the trigger of his rifle as --

35 ON THE MUSEUM'S GRAND STAIRCASE 35

Tom nears the third floor landing and suddenly --

A single GUNSHOT rings through the marbled silence. Followed by a rapid BURST and now more GUNSHOTS. ECHOING off the marble, shattering the quiet. Shit!

(CONTINUED)

Off Tom, disappearing into the rooms above, we GLIDE BACK
into the beautiful, empty grand staircase and --

SMASH CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

ON DARKNESS

After a moment, a CLICK. Coltrane, smooth and smart flowing from a bedside CD player/alarm clock in --

36 BOBBY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

36

Mottled light and rumpled sheets. He's asleep. A shape beside him stirs, wakes.

Three Weeks Earlier

Appears and disappears on the screen as the shape sits up, out of focus. He reaches across, grabs her gently.

BOBBY

...Hey, where you going?

She turns to him, smiles. Tousled blonde hair, silk nightgown, beautiful, sexy, thirties. This is HOPE.

HOPE

Thought you were still asleep.

He pulls her closer. She kisses him, tempted.

HOPE (CONT'D)

Can't.

Their faces only inches apart, both smiling, enjoying the intimacy. This is a familiar routine with them.

Bobby and Hope

Appears, then disappears from screen.

BOBBY

It won't take long. *

HOPE

That's what I'm afraid of.

BOBBY

It'll be a fabulous few minutes.

She smiles, kisses him one more time, her hand drifting beneath the sheets to make sure he remembers her all day. Then starts to go. But Bobby pulls her back gently.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I never said it was going to be a
fabulous few minutes for me.

And with that, he disappears down BELOW FRAME. She
laughs, settles back into the pillows, closes her eyes.
Oh... Off Hope, god she loves this man, we --

BOBBY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Suburban, sleek, nothing fancy, but in very good taste.
Hope's at the sink, business suit, heels. Bobby steps
in, shirt and tie. Goes for the coffee.

BOBBY

I gotta go to St. Louis again end of
the week.

HOPE

Just one night?

There's something in her tone, we're not quite sure what.
Doubt? Annoyance? He nods, skates past it.

BOBBY

Wednesday, maybe Thursday.

Two kids at the table. JASON is the older, twelve.
EMILY's seven. Her mother's daughter. Bobby tries to
escape Hope's suspicion by feigning interest in Jason's
homework.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

What're you working on?

HOPE

Math, he was supposed to do it last
night. Stayed up watching skate
videos instead.

JASON

I'm almost done.

HOPE

We've got to take the television out
of his room.

JASON

...Mom...

BOBBY

Gotta do your homework, buddy.

*

(CONTINUED)

This scene is oddly normal, in such sharp contrast with what we saw of Bobby earlier as to seem surreal.

EMILY
Wanna see, Daddy?

A drawing, pretty good. A horse and a small blob.

BOBBY
Wow, great honey. What's that?

EMILY
Our dog.

Bobby and Hope share a look.

HOPE
We're not getting a dog, Emily.
(claps her hands)
Okay, here we go.

As they gather backpacks, briefcases and coffees we --

EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - MORNING

A nondescript housing development somewhere in Southern California. Santa Clarita or Orange County. Identical houses with small yards. Too new for mature trees, a big mega-mall must be somewhere nearby.

Bobby goes for his Ford. The kids pile into a minivan. Hope kisses Bobby a final time.

HOPE
Try and stay out of trouble.

It's her standard goodbye, and she means it.

BOBBY
Always.

Off her look, he climbs in, turns over the key as --

EXT. SAWYER PAPER PRODUCTS - DAY

Rows of low slung identical new industrial buildings. The kind of business parks that inevitably sprout up in the wake of every expanding Western suburb. Bobby pulls his Ford into the parking lot, finds a spot in a row of similarly bland sedans. Climbs out, heads into --

39A INT. SAWYER PAPER PRODUCTS WAREHOUSE FLOOR - DAY 39A *

Bobby walks along the two story tall stacks of paper products, passes a forklift loading boxes, it's warning light flashing yellow as it backs up. *

40 INT. SAWYER PAPER PRODUCTS - DAY 40 *

Walks past a display of paper products mounted on the reception wall like trophies. Movie theater cups, popcorn cups, fast food cups, burger wrappers. All under a sign proudly announcing "Sawyer Paper Products". *

Bobby nods to the receptionist, heads through a sea of carrels for a bland office in the middle of a row of bland offices. His name in the small aluminum holder mounted by the door "Robert Stevens Midwest Sales"

Desk, small couch, bookshelf without much in it. Finds a FedEx and mail on the desk. Goes for the FedEx.

KAREN

Mr. Sawyer is looking for you. *

His secretary, middle-aged. Bobby doesn't answer, just keeps working on the FedEx.

KAREN (CONT'D)

He said it was important.

Bobby looks up, sees an older man waiting impatiently in a large corner office. Bobby ignores him.

BOBBY

Tell him I'll be there in a minute.

(Karen lingers/unsure)

It's alright Karen, he can wait.

Bobby closes the door to his office, sits at his desk. Pulls a thick bundle of papers from the FedEx. Unfolds them. Bueprints. Building specs. Schematics. Bobby smiles. Pulls a cell phone out of the locked drawer of his desk. We watch him scroll through his address book, then punch in a text message --

..."6 Tuesday B." Hits send.

SNAPS the phone SHUT. Pries open the back, PULLS out the memory card. Turns to the shredder beside his waste basket ON. Drops the card in. As it's DEVoured, cocktail CHATTER intrudes. A lounge band playing SLY and the NOISE of a casino floor somewhere nearby. We're in --

41

A VEGAS CASINO

41 *

CLOSE on a credit card, being handed over to --

CINDY

You guys wanna run a tab?

A cocktail waitress in an unbelievably skimpy dress. We hear the guy off camera answer "yeah", but mostly we're interested in that credit card as CINDY (twenties, great body, bad skin) carries us through the lounge and into --

The back. Time clocks and a bus station. She leans out of the way, unseen. Pulls a Blackberry from her apron. Runs the card through the scanner of the PDI.

ON THE SCREEN, a man's name, an account number. Slips it back into her apron as another waitress approaches.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Hey Suzie, can you start this guy's tab on six, I gotta hit the head.

FOLLOW Cindy down the hallway, out another door as --

SINGER (VO)

Sway me now!

*

42

THE RIO BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

42

We're IN THE WINGS, watching an overstuffed Frank Sinatra clone finish belting out Sway --

*

*

Around him girls in impossibly tall feathered headdresses (and not much else) teeter on candy colored stilettos as the APPLAUSE begins, the dancers head for us, big smiles until they hit the wings. Then immediately start chattering, bitching, out of breath.

*

*

DANCER

It's a two bedroom, got a pool, clubhouse, laundry...

We let the first dancer pass...then a second.

2ND DANCER

So I come home, the sitters got him watching *Jurassic Park*, he's three.

Okay, not that one either. Who are we waiting for? A dancer comes toward us, huge headdress, spangled thong.

(CONTINUED)

3RD DANCER
Hey Annie, you drive today?

It is Annie, we didn't recognize her at first.

Annie

Appears and disappears from screen as WE STAY WITH HER
and she makes her way to a staircase at the back.

ANNIE
Again? I told you not to buy
American.

They head down the stairs toward the dressing room.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Mercedes, Lexus, BMW, Jag.

3RD DANCER
Nice if you can afford it.

2ND DANCER
Nice if you can get someone else to
buy it for you.

It's a little pointed. Annie ignores her.

ANNIE
Can't tonight, Barb. I've got
somebody waiting.

The dancers grin, shake their heads as they enter --

43 A HUGE DRESSING ROOM 43

Dancers in all sorts of undress. More chaotic than sexy.

3RD DANCER
Who this time, the Brit?

Annie smiles, doesn't answer. It's a game with them.

DANCER
Mr. Boston Banker?

2ND DANCER
No, no. Mr. Cabo for the weekend on
my Gulfstream, what's his name?

Annie just grins, likes this. Her notoriety.

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE

It's somebody new.

Arrives at her dressing spot to find the cocktail waitress, Cindy, waiting for her.

CINDY

Got a sec?

Annie pulls off her headdress, shakes out long blonde hair as Cindy surreptitiously hands over the Blackberry, not that anybody's watching in the chaos.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Ten like we said, all high-rollers.

Annie pulls an envelope out of her drawer. Sees her cell phone in the drawer, flashing a message. Tosses the envelope to Cindy. Cindy opens it, counts.

ANNIE

Don't snort it all in one place.

Opens her cell phone. Scrawls through text messages.

CINDY

There's only five hundred in here.

ANNIE

Yep, fifty a pop.

CINDY

You said a hundred.

ANNIE

Six of your last "high rollers" capped out at ten grand credit limits. This bunch does any better we'll revisit the price.

(Cindy's staring)

Don't like it, give the money back.

Cindy considers her for a beat, fuck. Goes. Annie watches her go, then turns back to her cellphone.

2ND DANCER

Hey Annie, ask this one's if he's got a friend. I need a new microwave --

*

On her phone, a message, "6 Tuesday B." Off Annie's smile, the sounds of SURF intrude. Waves CRASHING onto --

44

A BEACH

44

Beautiful, deserted, tropical. A lone surfer hangs out on the distant swell, waiting for the right inside wave. It's a perfect day, and he's the only one out.

A wave builds, he paddles, drops down into a beautiful Hawaiian six. Rides it perfectly. Bails at the water's edge, picks up his board. Blonde, surf trunks, rash guard. Starts for the sand. It's Jeff.

SURFER

Yo, bro...whatcha doing here?

Two big Hawaiians, long hair, Polynesian tats. Boards. Jeff smiles, waves the Shaka sign.

JEFF

It's wild out there. Sweet.

SURFER

You can't be here.

JEFF

How's that?

2ND SURFER

It's private.

Jeff's smiling, being personable, friendly.

JEFF

Really? I didn't see any signs.

SURFER

Don't need no signs.

JEFF

Did I cross private property or something?

2ND SURFER

You don't belong here.

JEFF

If I didn't cross private property and the ocean's free, I don't --

The first Surfer steps toward Jeff menacingly. Jeff backs up in a hurry, acquiescing.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (CONT'D)

Whoa...whoa... I don't want any
trouble. I'm gone alright? Aloha.

And he is, moves past them fast. They stare after him,
but we continue with Jeff back up onto --

A DESERTED DIRT ROAD

And a parked rental Jeep. Jeff slides his board into the
back, pulls on sunglasses. Reaches into a duffle bag as
he begins to WHISTLE. A catchy Hawaiian Luau song he
probably heard on the Musak back at the Hyatt Tiki bar.

Pulls a piece of gun black metal from the duffle, then
another. Screws the second into the first. SNAPS a
wooden handle onto the back. Empties out an ammo box,
SHOVES one into the breech. Grabs a few extra.

Notices his cell phone BLINKING. Checks. Finds the same
cryptic invitation Annie got, "6 Tuesday B."

Tosses the phone back into the Jeep, starts for the
beach, still WHISTLING his tune. Comes down onto the
sand to FIND: the two big Hawaiians waxing their boards
at the water's edge, their backs to him.

He stops, pushes up the sight, checks. Realigns it, aims
...in no hurry. Realizes he's got his sunglasses on,
pushes them up onto his forehead and then...BANG! The
first Hawaiian FLIES forward into the surf, did we just
see his head explode?

The second Hawaiian looks up as Jeff ejects the spent
cartridge, inserts a second into the breech. Now half-
humming, HALF-SINGING to himself. The second Hawaiian is
running for his life out into the surf.

Jeff aims and FIRES! The man FLIES forward into the
surf. And now it's QUIET again but for the ocean. One
body's at the surf's edge, each new wave pushing it up
onto the sand, then sucking it back out.

The other floats ten yards further away, bloody human
flotsam bobbing on the break. Jeff nods, pleased with
his marksmanship, reaches into the sand, picks up the
spent shell casing. Starts back for his jeep, still
WHISTLING as --

Jeff

Appears then disappears and the tune he's whistling turns
into Muzak. WE'RE DRIFTING down the aisle of --

45 AN ALOHA AIRLINES 767 - DAY 45

Discover Jeff, Hawaiian shirt, sunglasses, flips, I-pod.
A colorful Hawaiian dress MOVES INTO FRAME with a tray.

STEWARDESS (OS)
Mai Tai, sir?

Jeff smiles, pulls out one ear plug, takes a drink.

STEWARDESS (OS) (CONT'D)
Good vacation, sir?

JEFF
Excellent. Mahalo.

Off Jeff, content behind his shades, as WE'RE OVERWHELMED
by the cacophony of mainline noise inside --

*
*

46 OMITTED 46 *

47 INT. A FORBIDDING HIGH-DESERT PRISON 47 *

Modern. Steel and poured stone. YELLING, hollow. The
men are on lock down as a Guard with a clipboard makes
his way along the varnished concrete. Stops. Calls --

PRISON GUARD
C one-one-eight.

A loud BUZZ and the door slides open with a heavy CLANK
to REVEAL a 6x8 cell. Aluminum sink, toilet, small desk
and a stainless steel plank for a bed. A man's on the
bed, arm slung over his face, apparently asleep.

PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)
You ready?

Tom stirs, looks over to the Guard.

TOM
Gee, I was hoping to stay a little
longer, what with the free food and
inmate dating service and all.

The Guard just smirks. Tom stands, still in prison
dungarees, grabs his box. Starts out into the corridor.

Tom

Appears and disappears from the screen as he walks along
the corridor listening to the HOOTS and calls. Hands
reach out. Unseen faces YELL as he passes.

(CONTINUED)

PRISONER (OS)
Get some for me, huh Tom?

PRISONER ONE (OS)
Cigarettes man, give me
your cigarettes!

PRISONER TWO (OS)
We're not done, you know
that don't you British
bitch! We're not done...!

PRISONER THREE (OS)
A steak man, a big damn
steak, first thing you get
out...

But Tom's smiling. Keeps walking and now we're --

Razor barb and towering walls. He steps out into the blinding daylight. Now dressed in Vivienne Westwood, Boss, Patrick Cox. Digs a pair of wrap around Gucci shades out of a pocket. Slides them on. Looks, finds:

Jeff. Waiting for him out in the parking lot. Leaning against the hood of a red Corvette. *

TOM
Nice car. Yours?

JEFF
It is now.

TOM
You couldn't steal something a little
less flashy?

JEFF
You don't like?

TOM
I'm on parole, man.

JEFF
Could always walk back to LA.

A beat...and then Tom RUSHES Jeff, tackles him HARD. They KICK and SLAP each other, roll around in the dust. LAUGHING. An elderly couple skirt them on the sidewalk.

TOM
...Sorry...He's a little out of hand,
needed a bit of discipline.

Jeff gets the best of Tom, ends up on top, SLAPPING his face. A Guard looks down impassively from the tower.

JEFF

Uncle...

(Tom's still fighting)

...uncle, you bastard...

Tom sees an opening. Brings his KNEE UP into Jeff's groin, HARD. Jeff crumples off, in real pain. Tom sits up, leans against the car, breathless.

TOM

Got a cigarette?

But Jeff's groaning, balled up. Tom leans over, digs a pack out of Jeff's breast pocket, takes out a smoke.

TOM (CONT'D)

Light?

Jeff props himself up next to Tom, still in pain. Tom reaches across, finds a lighter in the same pocket.

TOM (CONT'D)

Really, you couldn't boost a Honda?

(and)

We living somewhere now or are you back to finding the prettiest girl left at last call?

Jeff doesn't answer, tries to readjust his sore groin.

TOM (CONT'D)

What happened to all the money from the bank thing?

JEFF

...Blew it.

TOM

All of it?

JEFF

(shrugs/yeah)

There's a job coming together.

TOM

A real job or one of your "we get nicked for sure" bits of genius?

JEFF

Bobby.

That gets Tom's attention. Bobby's serious action.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (CONT'D)

Meet's tonight. 'Course, you probably shouldn't go, being on parole and all...

Tom thinks for a beat. Shit, he just got out. Takes a drag off the cigarette, hands it to Jeff. Then, finally, GRINS. As the ROAR of overhead jets takes us to --

*
*

49 EXT. NIGHT - THE ROOF OF A PARKING GARAGE 49

Slick with rain, the skyscrapers of Century City in the distance. Bobby leans against the railing, waiting as a CAR PULLS UP and out onto the roof of the parking lot.

Black, lots of custom chrome, a '57 Chevy CK series, 350 trans, tricked out wheels and rims. It pulls to a stop, the doors open. Joe and Shawn climb out.

And right behind them, the Corvette ROARS up onto the roof. SQUEALS and fishtails to a halt. Jeff and Tom get out. Greet the other men, bear hugs and smiles. These are men who like each other and don't see each other often enough. Bobby smiles to Tom.

BOBBY

Welcome back.

Tom looks around at the gathered group.

TOM

This it?

He's a little disappointed, trying not to show it. Jeff shakes his head, not again. Bobby nods to the ramp as --

A final pair of headlights sweep up onto the roof. A Jaguar XK convertible, Nevada plates. Sleek, sensuous. The door opens. First one, then a second stiletto heel appears beneath it. Annie emerges from the shadows:

ANNIE

Gentlemen.
(and then)
Tom.

Tom's staring at her, hate? Love? Hard to say.

TOM

Anne.

Jeff smiles, shakes his head. Bobby just observes.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

What's the job?

Bobby pulls out his FedEx pouch. Spreads plans out on the hood of his Ford. Hands Shawn a flashlight.

BOBBY

The Tanner.

ANNIE

In Pittsburgh?

Wow. Everyone takes a moment. Then:

BOBBY

A Delacroix, Tinteretto and a Rembrandt. *

ANNIE

Who're we supposed to sell Rembrandts and Delacroixs to, they'll be too hot to unload, no fence will touch 'em. *

The men look among themselves, she's still green.

JEFF

Don't need a fence.

BOBBY

This is a commission job. Buyer already picked out what he wants, we just have to go get 'em for him.

Okay. Sounds kinda crazy, but --

ANNIE

How much?

BOBBY

Two million. Half up front, half on delivery. Usual split.

One by one, they nod their agreement. Okay. With that, Bobby leans in to the plans, starts to lay it out:

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Annie, we're gonna need IDs for travel and rental vehicles. Jeff and Tom, firepower. Clean and disposable.

As WE PULL BACK SLOWLY across the roof, Bobby continues to lay out the logistics.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Shawn, we've got an Avionca 5000 security system hard wired into the phone main out at the street. *

SHAWN

We gonna have schematics?

BOBBY

Already got 'em. Joe, vehicles. At least three, maybe four...

Five men and Annie, staring at the flash lit plans on the hood of a car, Century City sparkling behind them as we -- *

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

50 INT. BOBBY'S BEDROOM - MORNING 50

Bobby pulls a few things from his closet as Hope finishes dressing for work, watches him.

BOBBY

I should be home in time for dinner tomorrow.

HOPE

Denver you said?

BOBBY

...St. Louis.

They're trying to remain casual, but it's a bit of an interrogation and they both know it.

HOPE

I thought Sawyer was going to cut back on your travel. *

BOBBY

It's the job, sweetheart.

She watches him pack one shirt, one suit, a shaving kit. The right things for an overnight business trip.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Can you get by Nordstrom's, I think that's where they're registered. *

HOPE

We really have to go on Saturday?
(off Bobby's look)
You don't think it's a bad idea for you to be hanging around her? *

BOBBY

We go for the ceremony, eat some chicken and split.

One pair of socks, underwear. All the right moves.

HOPE

Where are you staying in St. Louis?

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

Not sure yet. I'll call tonight
before the kids go to bed.

Snaps his overnight shut. He grabs his overcoat, leans
in and kisses her. Starts out, she calls after him.

HOPE

Bobby?
(a beat/then)
Have a safe flight.

He smiles, goes. Off Hope, worried --

51 EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - MORNING 51

Bobby throws his bag in the trunk, climbs in.

52 INT/EXT. BOBBY'S CAR - MORNING 52

Drives down his suburban street. Signals and turns onto
a main drag. Goes a couple of blocks, signals and turns
into a bland apartment complex. Drives around back,
pulls into an open garage under the building --

53 INT. BOBBY'S SECOND APARTMENT - MORNING 53

Keys JANGLE in the lock. Bobby steps into a small one
bedroom, wall-to-wall carpet, not a stick of furniture.

In the bedroom, a bed and mattress with no sheets, a
dresser. He goes to the dresser, pulls out his wallet,
his keys, takes off his cheap watch and wedding ring.

Opens the top drawer. Inside, a line of rings, watches.
SNAPS a Tag Hauer watch onto his wrist.

Goes to the closet, slides open the door to REVEAL:

A row of expensive shirts, suits, shoes and... a large
safe. Leans down, enters the combination. Opens it.

Inside: neatly stacked bundles of cash. Pulls out a
stack of bills, slips them into his jacket pocket.

The second shelf is guns. 9mms mostly, but also smaller
Barrettas and stacks of ammo. Doesn't take one.

The third shelf is wallets. He selects one, checks the
driver's license inside. Texas. "Brad Bowen" and
Bobby's picture. A few credit cards as --

54 EXT. BOBBY'S SECOND APARTMENT - MORNING 54

Bobby makes his way to his Ford sedan, opens the trunk. Removes his suitcase, heads across the alley for another bank of garages. Hits a remote, a door opens to REVEAL:

A beautiful Aston Martin, tinted windows, chrome rims. Bobby opens up the passenger side, shoves in his suitcase. Gets behind the wheel, inserts the key. *

The engine RUMBLES to life, he backs out, and as he pulls away the sound of high speed DRILLING, *Beatles Muzak* and business PHONES take us to --

55 INT. DAWBER FAMILY DENTISTRY - DAY 55

A busy dental practice. Modern equipment, pastel colors and Hope, carrying patient files from her office to the reception area. Passes open dental cubicles and x-ray rooms, a working dental hygienist. Drops the patient files into the RECEPTIONIST's in box. Patients visible in the waiting room beyond the counter.

HOPE

Sheila Lane's gotta cancel tomorrow morning. Can you call her to reschedule?

Sees someone out in the waiting room, waves.

RECEPTIONIST

He's looking for you.

HOPE

Not that hard to find.

RECEPTIONIST

He's in his office.

Is her eyebrow a little raised? Hope doesn't take the bait, starts off.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Ten bucks says he asks you again.

But she doesn't respond. An door at the end of the hall. Hope KNOCKS, stands in the open doorway, doesn't go in.

HOPE

You're looking for me, Steve?

STEVE DAWBER, DDS. Forty, short sleeve blue scrub top, handsome, a weekend athlete who takes care of himself.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

We have an ETA on the ultrasound?

HOPE

I talked to them again this morning
and they promised it would be back by
the end of the week.

STEVE

Isn't that what they said last week?

HOPE

Pretty much.

Steve's trying to nonchalantly look through papers.

STEVE

Come on in, sit.

HOPE

Ah...I've got a pile of insurance
billings to process and Ellie Piers is
waiting for you in the lobby.

Hope clings to the open doorway for safety.

STEVE

Wanna grab a drink later?

HOPE

Oh, sorry...I can't, I got the kids on
my own tonight.

STEVE

Bob still travelling so much?

HOPE

No, not so much.
(and/carefully)
Bobby and I are doing fine now.

Did something happen between these two? The atmosphere
is strained, we can't be sure exactly why.

HOPE (CONT'D)

How are your kids doing?

STEVE

Good, I get them this weekend.

HOPE

You getting settled into your new
place okay?

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

Yeah. ...Thanks.

This is uncomfortable for both of them. Finally:

HOPE

Don't keep Ellie waiting too long.

Hope turns, disappears back into the hall. Off Steve, already missing her, TRAFFIC INTRUDES. We're outside --

56

EXT. THE TANNER MUSEUM - DAY

56

Bright Pittsburgh sunlight illuminates the imposing limestone facade. Bobby, Joe and Tom stand in front of the museum. Hold brochures as if they're tourists.

TOM

Daytime security is heavy. Four guards on each floor, four in the lobby, two at the loading dock.

JOE

Guns?

A gaggle of schoolchildren rush past them, heading inside. Running, laughing.

TOM

The four in the lobby and the two at the dock.

BOBBY

What happens when they close?

56A

INT. TANNER MUSEUM LOBBY - DAY

56A

*

The men walk through the lobby exhibits.

*

TOM

The blazer boys split and four armed guards stay all night. But our big problem is the police kiosk out front.

*

56B

EXT. TANNER MUSEUM - DAY

56B

*

Tom nods to the police kiosk across the street. Two uniformed cops in their little shelter.

*

TOM

Two cops from ten to eight. Helping tourists, keeping the traffic moving.

*

(CONTINUED)

56B

CONTINUED:

56B

JOE

So we go at night?

Bobby's considering things. Observing.

56C

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE TANNER MUSEUM - DAY

56C

*

The men walk across the street in a crosswalk, heavy traffic moving down both sides of the busy boulevard.

*

*

BOBBY

*

By 7:00 it's a ghost town down here. We've got a precinct less than six blocks away. Something goes wrong, response time will be in seconds. We go during rush hour, it'll keep them tied up trying to get here.

*

*

*

*

*

*

56D

INT. MASTERS' GALLERY - DAY

56D

They walk through the gallery of beautiful paintings.

JOE

Keep us tied up too.

BOBBY

Annie'll have to take care of the cops
out front.

Bobby starts walking. Joe and Tom follow casually,
taking in the sights, stop to take the occasional photo.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You and Annie going to have any
trouble working together again?

TOM

...No.

It's not too convincing.

AND NOW FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE IN THE GALLERY

BOBBY

Wasn't her fault, you getting caught
you know.

TOM

...Yeah, I'm good.

Bobby stares at him, wants to make sure he believes him.

TOM (CONT'D)

Really. It's cool.

JOE

What about the alarm?

56E

EXT. THE RIVER - DAY

56E

They make their way along the broad boulevard that runs
parallel to the river. Three lanes of traffic each way,
and lots of it. They cross to the river side as --

TOM

The land line runs from the guard
console in the lobby to a subterranean
main on Forbes.

JOE

We're gonna need a phone truck.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

No problem.

Bobby leans on a railing overlooking the river, stares down at the passing water. Joe's focused on the crowded boulevard behind them. Trucks, cars, buses.

*

JOE

We get stuck in this traffic and we're dead. Cops will be able to walk faster than we'll be able to drive.

*

*

BOBBY

Who said anything about driving?

TOM

We gonna sprout wings and fly?

Bobby smiles, looks down to the water. Tour boats ply the wide river, a garbage barge.

BOBBY

They teach you how to drive a boat in the Navy, Joe?

Off Joe's grin, a CACOPHONY of coins, we're back in --

57

THE VEGAS CASINO

57

Cindy heads for the blackjack tables, sees a woman, back to her, playing a hand.

CINDY

Drink, ma'am?

ANNIE

Belvedere up with a twist.

Is surprised to find it's Annie. Isn't happy about it.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

How's business?

CINDY

Crappy. What are you doing back here, heard you split for LA again?

ANNIE

Fight's coming in next month, should pick up.

Cindy doesn't answer. They eye each other, a dance. Annie wins her hand, places another bet.

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Interested in making some cash to tide
you over 'til then?

Cindy stares at Annie with distaste.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Two hundred a pop this time, if you
bring me what I need.

CINDY

How the hell am I supposed to know
what their credit limit is? What, I
should ask them for a bank statement
with their drink order?

ANNIE

Don't need high rollers this time.

CINDY

...No?
(Annie shakes "no")
Okay. Then who?

ANNIE

People who look like me.
(and)
A lot like me.

Off Annie, Motown, played badly. We're now in a --

RESTAURANT BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

Band up front, table cloths, flowers and rental chairs.
The wedding party's in formal wear but everybody else is
in expensive cocktail dresses and tailored suits. *

Bobby picks his way through the crowd on the dance floor,
juggling four drinks. Passes Jeff dancing with a
bridesmaid. Not too pretty, but she'll do. Bobby
smiles, shakes his head. FINDS Hope at a table near the
back. Joe's there along with an attractive young black
woman balancing a toddler on her lap, MACY.

BOBBY

You see Jeff working that bridesmaid?

HOPE

Should I go warn her?

Jeff leans in to the woman, smiles charmingly, she can't
figure out how she got so lucky. Maybe, it's the dress.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

She looks over twenty-one.

Bobby distributes the drinks. The table is littered with the remains of catered dinner. *

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Where're the kids?

Hope points out onto the floor where a group of kids are dancing wildly to their own drummer. Bobby smiles, sits. *

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Who's the girl Jason's dancing with, she's cute? *

HOPE

She's ten. Can we leave now? *

BOBBY

Kids are having fun.

(off her look)

We haven't said hello to Charlie yet. *

She's staring him down. Okay, he knows that look. Takes a deep tug off his drink, stands. Offers his hand.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Come on, we say congratulations and leave... Okay?

HOPE

No thanks.

BOBBY

Come on, Hope -- *

He takes a beat, knows his wife, she ain't coming. Takes another big drink, leans down and kisses her.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I want a dance before we go. *

HOPE

Maybe...

But she's smiling. Watches Bobby go, concerned. Joe has the toddler in his lap, bouncing him, playing.

JOE

Hey you... handsome...

The kid smiles at Joe, Joe grins at Macy.

(CONTINUED)

JOE (CONT'D)

He's looking more and more like Shawn every day. You look like your daddy, you poor little bastard...

*
*
*

But Macy isn't really watching, she's scanning the room.

MACY

You see where Shawn went?

JOE

Head I think, he'll be back.

But Macy isn't convinced, is she worried? Angry? Both? Joe watches her with concern as --

59 ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM 59

Bobby approaches the wedding party's table. Most chairs are empty, people out on the dance floor. But one woman remains, sixties. Charismatic, beautiful, dangerous. This is CHARLIE. Sees Bobby approaching, smiles broadly.

*
*

BOBBY

Congratulations. Jamie looked incredible, pretty as her mother.

CHARLIE

Three down, two to go. Five daughters, God was definitely punishing me for something.

Sees Hope at the table in the back, avoiding her look.

*

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hope still doesn't like me?

BOBBY

Should she?

But Bobby's smiling. Charlie returns the smile now.

CHARLIE

How's work treating you?

BOBBY

Sawyer's a prick.

*

CHARLIE

You need me to go see him again?

BOBBY

No. It'll be alright.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
How was Pittsburgh? *

BOBBY
Good. We're going to need a couple
more things. I'll get you a list.

CHARLIE
You planning on taking Shawn?

BOBBY
He's a good kid, great with the
electronics. Joe brought him in.

CHARLIE
Word on the street is he's into
Jackson pretty heavy. *

Bobby's eyes narrow, he doesn't answer.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
As much as thirty large.

But Bobby's not talking. Finally:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
So, what else are you gonna need?

60 IN THE BAR

60

Joe enters, looking for Shawn, finds him down at the end
of the bar watching college football on TV.

SHAWN
Oh, come on...!

Shawn's frustrated, unhappy with the game.

JOE
What're you doing in here? *

SHAWN
Penn State, man. Spread's six and
they're going for a field goal?

JOE
Macy's looking for you. *

SHAWN
They're on the five yard line...

JOE
I can hang with the baby -- *

(CONTINUED)

They kick the field goal. Shawn explodes.

SHAWN
Son of a bitch! Son of a --

Joe swings Shawn's stool around so Shawn's facing him.

JOE
Hey, your wife is sitting in there by herself fighting off the strays and wondering where her husband is.

Shawn looks off toward the banquet hall, shit.

SHAWN
Somebody's hitting on her?

JOE
Everybody's hitting on her. Hell you stay in here another couple of minutes, I'm gonna hit on her.

Shawn stands to go, digs for money for the bar tab. Joe sees Tom arriving from the lobby.

JOE (CONT'D)
You just getting here?

TOM
Had to hang around waiting for permission to come.

JOE
Permission from who?

Tom lifts a pants' leg to REVEAL: a transponder bracelet.

TOM
Went in for my parole appointment, bastard slapped this bitch on. *

Shawn and Joe laugh, smile.

TOM (CONT'D)
It's not funny. It's gonna be kind of a problem, don't you think?

JOE
That gonna be a problem, Shawn?

Shawn just smiles, gets his change from the bartender, starts back for the banquet hall, is met by an unhappy Bobby arriving with Jeff.

(CONTINUED)

60

60

BOBBY

Where the hell do you think you're going? Outside, everybody.

61

BACK INSIDE THE BANQUET HALL

61

Hope looks around, no Bobby, checks her watch. Turns to find Macy in much the same state. Takes a deep breath.

HOPE

Hey, can I hold him?

Macy nods, sure. Hope takes the baby.

HOPE (CONT'D)

What do you say, Ryan? Your mom and I are still pretty hot, think we should grab a couple of young groomsmen, take 'em home and show 'em what two sexy married women can do?

*
*

Off Macy's smile, the sound of CARS PASSING and we're --

62

IN AN ALLEY OUTSIDE THE BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

62

BANG! Shawn is SLAMMED hard up against a dumpster.

BOBBY

How much do you owe?

Bobby's in Shawn's face. Hard, unhappy.

SHAWN

Honest, Bobby. I don't--

BOBBY

Jackson, Art Jackson? Big mean bastard over in Pico Rivera?

SHAWN

...I just got behind on a couple of games... I'll catch up...

BOBBY

How much?

Shawn hesitates a second too long before answering. Bobby SLAMS him again, even HARDER.

SHAWN

...twenty grand...

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

What do you figure he's gonna think when you waltz in there in a couple weeks and pay him off with our job all over the news? Think he maybe puts two and two together, calls in a few favors with the Feds?

SHAWN

I wasn't gonna pay it off all at once, maybe a month or --

BOBBY

Damn right you're not gonna pay it off all at once! You're gonna pay five hundred a week, every week --

SHAWN

I pay it off weekly the vig --

BOBBY

I don't give a damn about the interest! Five a week!

Shawn pauses, then nods. Bobby SLAMS him one final time, then lets him go. Turns to the group unhappily.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Anybody else got something they want to share with me?

Even if they did, they wouldn't be doing it now.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

We go a week from Wednesday. That's it.

(they start to go)

...Joe.

Joe hangs back. After the rest have disappeared inside:

JOE

Shawn's cool, I'll make sure of everything from now on.

But Bobby isn't letting him off that easy, bores in:

BOBBY

You brought him in. Anything else, anything at all? He's your mess. You'll clean it up.

(CONTINUED)

Joe nods, goes. Off Bobby, outside in the alley we --

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

63 BOBBY'S SAWYER PAPER PRODUCTS OFFICE - DAY 63 *

Bobby's on the phone, door to his office closed.

BOBBY

December one's no problem. We just
need the camera ready art at least
four weeks in advance --

He sees Sawyer, his boss, across the way in his office,
watching Bobby. Screwing up his courage. After a
moment, he starts across the bullpen, heading this way. *

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You bet...

There's a KNOCK at his door and Sawyer enters. Bobby
motions that it'll just be a second. *

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Right...you too.

Bobby hangs up, as Sawyer closes the door behind him.
He's sweating bullets, very nervous and agitated. *

BOBBY (CONT'D)

GMT Cinemas need a million deluxe
jumbo concession cups by December 1st.
Getting us a purchase order this
afternoon. *

Sawyer doesn't want to talk about cups. *

JERRY

Look, when I agreed to hire you I knew
you weren't experienced --

BOBBY

Yeah, and I appreciate that --

JERRY

A favor's a favor and I was happy to
do it. But I don't know if --

Bobby's smiling at Sawyer, enjoying his discomfort. *

JERRY (CONT'D)

...I can't do this. I don't even know
where you are half the time...

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

Out selling cups. Isn't that what you
want me to do?

Bobby's still smiling, but has gone dead calm.

JERRY

I can't be...I can't have the company
involved in anything, okay?

Bobby doesn't answer, stares at him for an unnerving
beat. Somehow Sawyer finds the courage to continue: *

JERRY (CONT'D)

I want to offer you three months
severance and six months of medical
coverage for you and your family...

BOBBY

You firing me, Jerry?

JERRY

...I think it would be better...

BOBBY

You don't want to talk to Charlie
about this first?

JERRY

Don't threaten me.

Bobby stares Sawyer down, then: *

BOBBY

Nobody's threatening you, Jerry.

Sawyer takes a moment, then storms out of Bobby's office,
leaving the door open as he does. Bobby watches him head
back for his corner office. Off Bobby's smile -- *

JULIE (OS)

...hey...hey...wakey...wakey...

Jeff is asleep in a very feminine bed in a very feminine
bedroom. Lace pillow shams, white comforter, frilly
curtains. A woman's hand gently shakes his shoulder.

JULIE (OS)

Hey...it's time to get up.

(CONTINUED)

Jeff opens one eye, looks around. Where the hell is he? Focuses to find: the bridesmaid he was dancing with at the wedding last night smiling down at him.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Good morning.

JEFF
...hey...what time is it?

JULIE
Almost nine. I have to go to work.

She's dressed for work in an office somewhere, secretary? Paralegal? She's not unattractive, but's a little frumpy and overweight. He could do better and she knows it.

JEFF
I'll get my stuff and go.

JULIE
No, that's okay. I made you breakfast, it's in the microwave. Just close the door behind you and make sure the cat doesn't get out.

She smiles, it's awkward. Wants to kiss him, then does. But just a little peck. Stands, starts out. Stops.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Will I ever see you again?

JEFF
How about tonight?

That's not what she was expecting. She grins, bounds back to the bed, kisses him again. This time with much more confidence. And goes.

65 IN THE KITCHEN

65

Jeff opens the microwave: an omelet, bacon, hash browns. Not bad. Hits the "Minute Plus" button. Looks around, wearing her robe. Photos of friends and her cat on the fridge, self-help dieting articles cut from Women's mags.

*
*
*

66 IN THE LIVING ROOM

66

He examines an heirloom silver tea service in the dining room (sterling), stereo system (nice), her wide-screen plasma set (even nicer). Fingers her bridesmaid's dress still hanging over the back of the sofa where he took it off of her. Smiles at the memory. DING!

67

BACK IN THE BEDROOM

67

PLOPS down on the bed again happily with his plate of food and a fork. Finds the remote on the bedside table, turns the TV on. The cat glares at him from her perch in the sunlight on the end of the bed.

Jeff stares the cat down for a moment, then SWEEPS her off the bed with a quick swipe of his leg. She FLIES off, YELPING. HISSES at him from offscreen somewhere down on the floor. Jeff settles into the pillows, making himself at home as we now find ourselves in the --

68

DEPARTMENT OF MOTOR VEHICLES - DAY

68

Institutional tile and long lines that snake back from the bored civil servants who man the licensing stations. People wait, irritated to be here. Others line the counters along the wall, filling out paperwork.

WE TRACK ALONG a long line of heads, moving CLOSER AND CLOSER to the front. Blondes, a cowboy hat, balding heads, elderly and teenagers until we FIND:

A woman at the front of the line. Peasant blouse, low rider jeans, dangling earrings, sunglasses. *

DMV CLERK

Next...

The woman steps to the counter. Pulls off her sunglasses to REVEAL: Annie. Smiles her dazzling smile.

ANNIE

Hi...

The middle-aged CLERK looks up. Balding, flabby. His endless day maybe just got a little bit better.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I lost my license. Is it hard to get a new one?

She's embarrassed, contrite, charming.

DMV CLERK

Name?

ANNIE

Chandler. Mary Sue Chandler.
58769 Alta Drive.

(watches him type)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Is there any way I could get a new one today? They won't even let me cash a check at Safeway...

She's laying it on thick but he doesn't care, loves it.

DMV CLERK

We might be able to do something...

Off her appreciative smile we find ourselves in --

INT/EXT. JG'S CLASSIC CUSTOMS - DAY

Outside it's cinder block and razor barb in the shadow of USC County. But inside, it's motorhead heaven. Eight bays of chrome, grey primer and ten drawer mechanic toolboxes. A '49 Ford, a '50 Chevy hardtop and a '59 Ranchero are in various stages of being rebuilt.

We're FOLLOWING Joe through the din of body work. A paunchy business man with a bad plug job tags behind --

JOE

I'm not painting flames onto a 1950 Mercury Coupe. I don't care how much you're gonna pay me...

MAN

Walker says you're the only --

JOE

No. Okay? You already painted it purple. It's a crime, alright? It should be illegal for you to even own that car...

(calling ahead)

Oye Jamie, saca a este idiota de aquí, antes de que le de un golpe en la cabeza.

A guy with a hairnet and overalls steps out, intercepts the man. Joe keeps going, pushes into --

The office. Small, walls covered in customizing books and fan photos of cars they've done or admire. A work bench at the back overflows with electronic gear, half-cannibalized computers, diagnostic equipment, and Shawn.

JOE (CONT'D)

Bastard buys a cherry Merc Coupe, paints it the color of Barney, now he wants flames.

(CONTINUED)

Shawn's buried in what he's building, barely looks up.
Joe finds a porno magazine spread out on his work space.

JOE (CONT'D)

What's this?

(tosses it at Shawn)

My mom comes in here, you know?

SHAWN

Hey, come on. *

Joe leans over Shawn: a circuit board, a frame, several leads, a receiver, a coiled cobra sticker on top of the small plastic cover. A moment, and --

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Insert a pound of plastique, hit the remote and...boom...

MACY

You ready?

It's Shawn's wife, Macy, standing in the office door.

SHAWN

Where's Ryan?

MACY

In the car. Come on, I don't want to leave him for long.

SHAWN

I gotta get my stuff out back.

Shawn disappears out into the bay. There's a beat. Joe smiles at Macy. She's trying to figure out how to ask.

MACY

How deep is he in this time?

JOE

(feigning innocence)

What?

MACY

Come on, Joe. How much? I know he's gambling again.

JOE

(lying for his friend)

Not much, couple of football games.

(CONTINUED)

She turns, looks out into the bay. Pissed, disappointed. Joe knows her well enough not to say anything. Finally:

MACY

I should have never married him.

JOE

He loves you, Mace, you know he loves you.

She looks directly at him, simply:

MACY

I should have married you.

She means it. And for the first time, we get it. She's in love with Joe, not Shawn. Quietly:

JOE

I never asked you.

MACY

Yeah well, that was the problem, wasn't it?

SHAWN

You ready?

Shawn's at the door, pulling on his coat.

MACY

Yeah.

But she says it to Joe. Then follows Shawn out the bay and into the parking lot beyond. Joe steps into the office door, watching them go. Macy turns, takes one last, meaningful look back as we hear MUSIC, PIANO. Beautiful, soulful. And we're in --

70

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

70

Hope comes in the front door, lugging some work for home, her purse and coat. Surprised to hear the piano. Drops her stuff on the kitchen table, follows the music into --

The family room. A baby grand sits in the corner by the big screen TV and the tangle of Nintendo cords. It's Bobby. Shirt, tie, no jacket. His sleeves rolled up. An unlit cigarette hangs from the corner of his mouth. His back's to her, he doesn't see her.

Where or When, Rogers and Hart. And he's good, very good. She leans against the door frame, enjoying.

(CONTINUED)

Smiles. He finishes, let's the SUSTAIN hold in the quiet afternoon silence of the empty house.

HOPE

Beautiful...
(he turns/surprised)
What're you doing home?

BOBBY

I've got the plane in the morning,
figured I'd come home, pack.

He starts to stand. She motions him to stay.

HOPE

No. Keep playing, I miss it.

Joins him on the bench. He starts fooling around with another song, maybe some Ellington. The cigarette:

HOPE (CONT'D)

Thought you quit?

BOBBY

Cigarettes and jazz. Just go
together, what can I say?

She listens for a long moment, enthralled.

HOPE

You should find a couple guys, book
some gigs again.

He looks at her sadly, stops playing.

BOBBY

I need to go pack.

Stands, takes his suit jacket off the sounding board,
goes. Off Hope alone, we find ourselves --

71 ON A DESERTED BEACH - SUNSET

71

Tom sits below a closed life guard station watching waves
break at the water's edge. A big orange sun sets on the
western horizon beyond him. He's lost in thought.

JEFF

What're you doing down here?

Tom turns to see Jeff approaching down the sand.

(CONTINUED)

TOM
Where the hell've you been?

JEFF
Cat-sitting for a friend.

Jeff's cradling the bridesmaid's cat gently in his arms. Tom eyes the cat dubiously. Jeff looks behind them up to a row of small beach houses clinging to the tide line.

JEFF (CONT'D)
One of those our new place?

TOM
"Our" new place?

JEFF
...Nice...

TOM
No pets.

Jeff smiles. Looks off, then back to his friend.

JEFF
Don't do it again, man.

TOM
Don't do what?

JEFF
Just don't.

Tom looks off, doesn't answer. Jeff knows him too well.

JEFF (CONT'D)
We do the job and you two just go your separate ways until next time, okay?

Tom still doesn't answer. Finally stands, starts to go.

JEFF (CONT'D)
She's trouble. You know she is.

But Tom's on his way to the house, doesn't look back.

TOM
Come on, I need a drink.

Jeff stands, shit. Follow with his cat as --

73 INSIDE A 737 - DAY 73 *

Tom makes his way down the aisle, carrying an overnight bag. Passes Shawn in a window seat in row six. Joe on the aisle halfway down on the right. Jeff in his Hawaiian shirt and shades in 17D. SLIDES INTO 20C to find Annie in the window seat. She smiles at him.

He looks up to find an unhappy Jeff watching them. Tom shrugs, it wasn't his idea. Annie looks to Tom's ankle quizzically. He raises his pants' leg. No bracelet. She mouths "where" as --

74 INSIDE TOM'S SMALL RENTED BEACHHOUSE 74

We TRACK QUICKLY ACROSS the wood floor to FIND: the bridesmaid's cat on the sofa. Transmitter bracelet now firmly ensconced around it's neck. Back on --

75 THE PLANE 75

We DRIFT FORWARD to DISCOVER: Bobby, on the aisle in first. A stewardess moves to him, we see only her legs and skirt. Her face ABOVE FRAME.

STEWARDESS (OS)

Can I get you anything, Mr. Bowen?

BOBBY

Brad, please. Call me Brad... Crown Royal rocks.

She goes. Bobby leans back, closes his eyes.

KERWIN

Business or heading home?

The man next to him in the window seat. What?

KERWIN (CONT'D)

Pittsburgh. You going for business or heading home? *

BOBBY

Business, all business...

FADE OUT.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON BOBBY'S FACE

And the sounds of a city at dusk. Buses, pedestrians, car horns. Pigeons scoot across the darkening sky above as WE PULL BACK and AROUND to find Bobby standing in --

76 A CITY SQUARE - TWILIGHT 76

In front of the Tanner. WE'RE BACK WHERE WE STARTED. Bobby looks to his left, then his right. The rental truck pulls up to the curb. Joe at the wheel, nods to Bobby, pulls away. Bobby speaks quietly into his wrist.

BOBBY

We're a go.

77 CITY STREET - TWILIGHT 77

A telephone van parked over a manhole. Safety gate, orange hazard cones. Shawn drops down the manhole as --

78 CITY STREETS - TWILIGHT 78

Tom's delivery truck pulls into the "No Parking". Hazard blinkers POP on. He hops out in his delivery jacket. *

Leans back into the cab, CLICKS a switch on the compact box we recognize from Shawn's workbench. An LED blinks green. He grabs a random delivery box, starts briskly down the sidewalk as -- *

TOM

Two in place.

79 THE ESCALADE 79 *

We GLIDE up the grill and hood to find Jeff behind the wheel. He unzips the duffle. Digs out the assault rifle, grabs a mag, SNAPS it into the breech --

JEFF

Three in place.

80 ON A BUSY SIDEWALK 80

Annie makes her way toward the alley. Suede knee boots, short skirt, leather overcoat, gloves, purse.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY
Dorothy...?

A woman, Annie's age. Smiling at her up ahead on the sidewalk. Annie recognizes her, shit. Keeps walking.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Dorothy Collins? It's Nancy, Nancy Scialfa. From Blessed Heart.

Annie slow, feigns confusion.

ANNIE
I'm sorry...?

NANCY
Oh my god, I haven't seen you since graduation. How are your Mom and Dad? Are they still in Shadyside?

81 THE CITY SQUARE - TWILIGHT 81

The door of the museum opens: and the stream of blazered security guards exit. Bobby speaks into his wrist:

BOBBY
Four? ...You there Four?

82 BACK ON THE SIDEWALK 82

Annie smiles sweetly, trapped by Nancy on the sidewalk.

NANCY
Nancy. From across the street on Beachwood, don't you remember me?

Over Annie's earpiece we can hear a MUFFLED --

BOBBY (VO)
Four...are you in position?

NANCY
You look great, I love you as a blonde. How's your brother? *

ANNIE
I'm sorry, you must have me confused with someone else.

Annie pushes past Nancy, hurrying off down the sidewalk, leaving the confused woman in her wake --

83 IN THE CITY SQUARE 83

Bobby stares across the street, past the police kiosk.
Where the hell is she?

BOBBY

Four, can you read me...?

84 IN THE ALLEY - TWILIGHT 84

Annie dumps out her small Glock, a Taser, opens her vile
of blood. Hears Bobby, insistent on the walkie.

BOBBY (VO)

Four... are you in position?

ANNIE

Yeah...yeah...I'm here.

BOBBY (VO)

Are you set?

Grabs her blouse with both hands and RIPS --

ANNIE

...Four set.

85 IN THE CITY SQUARE 85

Bobby exhales. Takes one final look around, then:

BOBBY

Okay, let's do it.

Bobby starts up the steps, joined by Tom and Jeff --

LAUPER (VO)

Hope, come on back...

86 AN INSTITUTIONAL RECEPTION AREA - DAY 86

Hope looks up from where she's waiting in the molded
seats of the crappy lobby. DOC posters, scuffed tile. A
woman with a badge waits for her at the counter up front.
Thirties, black, tough. Her name's LAUPER.

Hope joins her, follows her back through the four foot
high modular cubicles, GI issues desks and chairs.

LAUPER

How've you been?

(CONTINUED)

HOPE

Good.

LAUPER

Job's still going alright?

HOPE

Yeah, great.

Lauper settles in behind a messy desk. Hope takes the chair beside her. Lauper runs down a checklist.

LAUPER

Kids are good? Your husband?

HOPE

Great. Everything's going great.

LAUPER

Staying straight?

HOPE

Yeah, absolutely.

LAUPER

Going to your NA meetings?

HOPE

Two a week.

Lauper checks a few more boxes, then leans back, smiles. It's possible Hope is one of her only success stories.

LAUPER

Glad to hear it. Only five more months left on your parole, it'd be a shame to screw it up now. *

HOPE

I couldn't agree more.

Lauper's good at this, can usually tell when she's getting bullshitted. But she believes her. Reaches into a drawer, pulls out a small, clear plastic bottle.

LAUPER

Good. Let's find a bathroom and prove it to the guys in the lab. *

Off the empty urine cup and Hope's forced smile we go --

87 BACK TO THE ALLEY IN PITTSBURGH

87 *

Annie jams all of her stuff back into her purse. Starts back for the sidewalk, is startled to find --

NANCY

I'm sorry I bothered you, you just looked so much like --

Nancy at the edge of the alley, having followed her. Now shocked by Annie's bloodied and dishevelled appearance.

NANCY (CONT'D)

My God, are you okay?

Annie looks across the street, shit. There's no time. YANKS Nancy by the hair back into the alley, FLINGS her to the ground. Pulls out the Taser, straddles Nancy and FIRES IT into her chest, point blank. Nancy wants to scream, but the JOLT stops her. Goes limp, out cold.

Jesus... Annie takes a deep breath. Stuffs the Taser back into her purse. SCREAMS.

ANNIE

Oh god...help me...!

Makes her way from the alley into the street. Passersby stop, stare at the hysterical, semi-naked woman.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Please... He grabbed me and...

As the cops from the policing kiosk rush to her aid --

88 IN THE MUSEUM LOBBY

88

At the security desk, the Guard looks up.

SECURITY GUARD

...Oh crap...

Three men in masks hurdle across the lobby, big guns sweeping out from under overcoats. Shawn is up and over the desk fast, SLAMS the Guard back against the wall. A gun suddenly appears in the Guard's face.

BOBBY

How many still in the building?
(what?)
How many!

(CONTINUED)

GUARD

...three...

Shawn duct-tapes the Guard's hands, feet, mouth. Pulls the guard's pistol from his belt, tosses it to Bobby. Tom watches the security feeds.

TOM

Got one in the sculpture gallery.

Shawn and Bobby rush across the lobby, heading for the winding ornate staircase as Bobby speaks into his wrist.

BOBBY

We've got one guard on four, no location on the other.

Tom pulls the hog-tied Guard through a door as --

89

JEFF

89

Moves into the sculpture gallery. At the opposite end of the room the unsuspecting guard turns off lights --

90

IN THE OLD MASTERS GALLERY

90

Shawn and Bobby pull the first painting off the wall.

91

IN THE LOBBY

91

The ALARM SOUNDS at the console. Tom punches a few keys and... it stops as we FIND OURSELVES MOVING through --

92

SAWYER PAPER PRODUCTS WAREHOUSE FLOOR

92

FOLLOWING CHARLIE. She passes warehouse workers, a forklift moving boxes. An imposing, heavily muscled bodyguard in an ill-fitting suit following her. Makes her way to Sawyer, interrupts Sawyer talking to one of his foreman on the warehouse floor. She doesn't say hello, just shoves her way in.

We watch a pantomime as Sawyer sees her, shocked. Turns to the worker, tells him to go. The worker hesitates, Sawyer assures him again and the worker goes. As Sawyer, clearly terrified, listens to the intimidating Charlie we FIND OURSELVES back --

93

IN THE OLD MASTER'S GALLERY

93

As Bobby expertly cuts the canvas from the frame. Shawn pulls a tube from his duffle.

(CONTINUED)

93

93

BOBBY
How we doing on that bogey?

JEFF (VO)
Got one. Other's still missing.

94 IN THE LOBBY

94

A SECOND ALARM goes off, echoing in the cavernous lobby. Tom types and it stops. He scans the other monitors, searching. Nothing, empty halls, rooms.

TOM
Where the hell are you...?

95 OUT ON THE STREET - TWILIGHT

95

Annie sits by the kiosk, weeping, one cop trying to comfort her as the other calls for an ambulance. She sneaks a look across to the museum as --

3RD GUARD (VO)
Nobody move!

96 IN THE OLD MASTERS GALLERY

96

The thieves look to each other unhappily, shit.

97 IN THE LOBBY

97

On the monitor -- the guard, gun out. Bobby and Shawn.

TOM
Son of a bitch...

Tom takes off for the stairs.

98 IN A MUSEUM HALLWAY

98

Jeff sprints, smashes through a door as --

99 IN THE OLD MASTER'S GALLERY

99

Shawn slowly, carefully, slides his right hand around to his back. A pistol, hidden in a rear belt holster.

3RD GUARD
Stop moving!

BOBBY
Calm down, buddy. We're fine here, nobody wants to shoot anybody.

(CONTINUED)

At the far end of the gallery, Jeff appears unseen behind the guard. Advances stealthily toward the three --

3RD GUARD
Get your damn hands up!

SHAWN
I'm cool man...I'm cool...

But Shawn doesn't raise his hands, his fingers grip the pistol handle. Jeff closes in, raising the rifle --

100 OUT ON THE SIDEWALK 100

IN THE FOREGROUND, Annie pretends to be too upset to answer the cops' questions. But behind her, IN DEEP BACKGROUND, a shape appears from the alley. Disoriented, blood trickling from her nose, Nancy. Staggering toward them, yet unseen by Annie or the two cops as --

101 IN THE OLD MASTERS GALLERY 101

Shawn's hand tightens around the pistol handle, ready to try and pull it. Bobby sees Jeff getting closer.

3RD GUARD
Hands! I want to see your hands!

Jeff is close enough now, aims. Bobby looks to Shawn, realizing he doesn't see Jeff coming, is going to draw --

102 ON THE MUSEUM'S GRAND STAIRCASE 102

Tom nears the landing. Taking two, three steps at once --

103 IN THE OLD MASTERS GALLERY 103

Jeff takes one final step and SQUEAK. A floorboard underfoot. The startled Guard LOOKS. Shawn swings his gun out. But the Guard sees him move and FIRES!

Shawn FLIES backwards, Jeff squeezes off a rapid BURST of automatic gunfire, spraying the Guard as --

104 OUT ON THE SIDEWALK 104

The cop helping Annie sees Nancy approaching behind her.

COP
Oh, man...

*

Just as the sounds of MUFFLED automatic weapon fire erupts from the museum. Both cops turn to look.

(CONTINUED)

COP (CONT'D)
What the hell was that?

But Annie is staring behind her at the stunned and still reeling Nancy. The first Cop runs out into the street.

COP (CONT'D)
Stay here, I'll go check.

Dodges traffic, already calling on his radio as another round of AUTOMATIC WEAPON FIRE comes from the museum --

105 IN THE OLD MASTERS GALLERY

105

Jeff moves to the guard, making sure. Rifle up, barrel still smoking. He's very dead. Tom rushes in.

TOM
Oh, crap...

Shawn's SCREAMING, writhing, in tremendous pain. Bobby moves to him quickly.

SHAWN
Oh damn...oh man...!

Tom stops, stares, frozen. Bobby takes charge.

BOBBY
Come on, help me.

Tom and Bobby pick Shawn up. Bobby takes him over his shoulder, fireman style. Barks orders to Jeff.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Get the paintings. Go...go...

Bobby's into the hall with the SCREAMING Shawn on his back. Tom gathers up Shawn's backpack. Into his wrist:

BOBBY (CONT'D)
We're coming out the back!

106 OUT ON THE SIDEWALK - DUSK

106

Everybody on the sidewalk has moved to the curb, staring across at the museum, including the second cop. Annie now all but forgotten. She stands. Walks to Nancy. Nancy may be dazed, but has enough of her wits about her to retreat unsteadily. As Annie gets to her, she helps Nancy sit down, props her against the building wall.

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE

Stay.

Annie stands, pulls her overcoat tight around her to cover her ripped clothes, pulls out a cloth, wipes blood from her face, melting back into the gathering crowd.

107 AT THE MUSEUM LOADING DOCK - DUSK 107

Jeff comes out first. Bobby quick on his heels, sweating, Shawn over his shoulder. Tom brings up the rear. Joe's waiting in the Escalade, doors already open. *

Multiple SIRENS build in the distance. Jeff gets in the front. Tom helps Bobby pour the GROANING Shawn into the back. Before the doors are closed, they ROAR out.

108 INSIDE THE ESCALADE 108 *

Joe stares into the rearview mirror.

JOE

What the hell happened?

Nobody answers. They FLY down the alley, take a left into another alley and SLAM into a parking structure. CAREEN down a ramp, and are suddenly beside the river.

SHOOTING along a narrow service road. Overpass and highway above. SLAM to a stop beside a --

109 SMALL PIER 109

Used by tourist boats in the summer, now empty. A speed boat with big twin Mercs is tied to pier. The men rush to it, Bobby and Tom carry Shawn, FLING themselves in as Joe gets behind the wheel. TURNS the engines OVER.

And they ROAR away from the dock and out onto the river. SKIPPING over the wind-whipped water. Traffic clogs the boulevards on both sides above of the river. Brightly lit office buildings tower over them.

Police lights STROBE atop the patrol cars in high speed pursuit along the riverside roadways.

JOE

How bad?

Bobby kneels to the SCREAMING Shawn. Pulls up his shirt to find a sucking chest wound pumping dark, arterial blood. Bobby looks to Joe, shit.

(CONTINUED)

109

At the back of the boat, Tom digs a remote from Shawn's pocket, extends the antenna, timing the police cars pursuing above. Waits, waits...then presses a button.

*

110 TOM'S DELIVERY TRUCK

110

*

Sits beside the boulevard in the "No Parking" zone. The stream of police patrol cars RAPIDLY APPROACHING.

111 INSIDE THE TRUCK

111

*

The LED light on Shawn's small box with the coiled cobra sticker BLINKS from green to RED. And...BOOM!

112 ON THE RIVER

112

A huge FIREBALL explodes up into the dark sky, blocking the police cars' progress. Off Bobby, the river wind whipping his hair, the massive fireball behind him --

113 ON THE RIVERBANK

113

In an industrial area of darkened warehouses and empty dry dock slips, the speed boat sits, moored in the shadows of a closed tanning factory.

The men strip off their clothes, masks, duffles and guns. Throw them into the bottom of the boat. Bobby takes the three tubes with the paintings from Shawn's backpack, places them carefully into the carved foam in a custom suitcase. Jeff rips open a small alcohol cleaning pad, uses it to RUB AWAY the temporary tattoo on his forearm he allowed the security guard to see. Joe kneels over Shawn's lifeless body, grieving for his friend.

*

BOBBY

Joe, we gotta go.
(Joe doesn't move)
Joe...

Joe touches his friend's face gently. Then stands, climbs out of the boat, leaving the body behind, pulling off his bloody dark jacket, shirt. Tosses them in. Heads for a white van parked above. Tom waits at the open door, Annie's at the wheel. Joe climbs in silently.

*

Bobby closes the suitcase. Jeff steps up beside him. Bobby nods and Jeff heads for the boat, tosses in a wrapped parcel the size of a loaf of bread.

*

*

Bobby and Jeff climb into the van and they drive away. On their FACES, somber, grief-stricken. Tom, Annie, Jeff, Joe, and finally... Bobby.

*

(CONTINUED)

And now suddenly, WE'RE OUTSIDE the van as it pulls away from the river, up and onto a road. WE PULL AWAY with it, higher, higher. Watching it disappear into the city.

And then quietly, almost silently, a POOMMM, from the boat, and it's enveloped in fire --

114 DAWBER FAMILY DENTISTRY - LATE AFTERNOON 114

Hope comes out of her office, heading for reception. Is surprised to find all of the exam rooms empty.

At the end of the hall. A group of employees are gathered around a TV. She joins them, curious --

HOPE
Did something happen?

STEVE
Big museum robbery back east.
(and)
Somebody stole a bunch of famous
paintings or something...

*
*

People start to drift away, back to work. But Hope is riveted, staring at the TV. Off her we're --

115 BACK INSIDE THE 737 - IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT 115

TRACKING SLOWLY DOWN the aisle again. It's late, the cabin dark. Most people are asleep, but not our people. Joe's at a window, lost. Jeff's a few rows down on the aisle, sullenly nursing a drink. Tom in a window even further down. Annie on the aisle across from him.

WE STOP ON ANNIE. She's staring at Tom, he doesn't realize it at first. Finally senses it, turns to meet her feral gaze. She smiles, a smile loaded with unspent adrenaline, hunger and the high of survival.

She stands, still holding his look and then walks down the aisle. WE WATCH HER as she takes her time, moving sensually toward the empty galley at the back of the plane. And then she disappears into the lavatory.

Tom takes a breath, ...Christ. Knows it's a mistake. Knows he's going to do it anyway. Turns, finds Jeff watching him. Stands anyway, follows Annie down the aisle, opens the lavatory door, disappears inside with her. Jeff watches him go, fighting the urge to try and stop him. Knows he couldn't anyway.

As the door CLOSES behind Tom and LOCKS -- WE CUT up to First Class, PUSHING IN ON BOBBY at a window.

(CONTINUED)

Staring out into the dark sky of 40,000 feet. Hard, unreadable. CLOSER AND CLOSER until we find ourselves in --

116 EXT. LAX CARGO AREA - NIGHT 116

Bobby leans against his Aston Martin in a huge open hanger. Cargo pallets stacked high. A Bentley pulls in, it's tires SQUEALING on the varnished concrete. *

The driver's door opens, her bodyguard gets out, opens the back door. Charlie gets out. Walks to Bobby. They eye each other carefully for a moment. *

Then Bobby reaches into the car, pulls out the suitcase. Hands it to Charlie. Charlie smiles, nods. Then:

CHARLIE
You ready for another job?

BOBBY
Three or four more and I'm out Charlie. I mean it. That's it. I've got the kids, Hope. I'm done.

CHARLIE
It's your crew.

BOBBY
Yeah, it is.

Charlie starts to climb back into her car. Out on the runway, a OSAKA AIR CARGO 747 rumbles by. *

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Japan? That where they're going?

Charlie smiles, doesn't answer --

CHARLIE
Give me a call when you're ready.

116A EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - DAWN 116A *

Bobby stands across the street, staring up at his house. Hesitates, then starts across. *

117 INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - DAWN 117

Keys JANGLE in the lock. Bobby comes in, dragging his overnight bag, his overcoat. Exhausted.

HOPE
How was your trip?

(CONTINUED)

Hope's sitting in the shadows of the living room, waiting for him. Has she been to bed, probably not?

BOBBY

Great, I closed the deal. What are you doing up so early.

HOPE

Couldn't sleep.

She's watching him, hard.

BOBBY

Kids aren't up yet?
(Hope shakes "no")
I'll go wake 'em, I missed 'em like crazy.

He kisses her on the cheek, it's all that's offered, goes. Off Hope, staring after him and then, the thing we least expect, a small smile as --

118 IN THE OLD MASTERS GALLERY - MORNING

118

It's swarming with police, Feds, evidence techs and photographers. The guard's body lies where it fell in a pool of blood, now covered with a sheet. Two people move through the crime scene with authority, wear FBI jackets. *

DODD

No doubt about it, we've got a professional crew --

DODD's balding, thirties. Little paunchy but it doesn't disguise his intelligence. LOWRY follows. She's black, couple years younger, no less professional or quick.

DODD (CONT'D)

Assault rifles, alarm over-ride, quick exit. Very clean.

LOWRY

Three guards hog-tied, one dead. They came in right after the day shift left and before the cleaning staff arrived.

Dodd stares down at the dead guard.

DODD

Other three see anything?

(CONTINUED)

LOWRY

Just a tattoo and some very big guns.
Rental truck out back was rented to
a...

(her notes)

Mary Sue Chandler. Denver address.
Same name was on the rental car down
by the river. *

DODD

It's gonna be fictitious.

(Lowry nods)

Okay. Let's open a file. We've got
one unknown "Smith".

LOWRY

Only one?

As they kneel down to examine the dead guard's body, we
PULL SLOWLY BACK through the organized chaos and --

DODD

He had help, but whoever planned this,
that's the one we want --

119 JASON'S BEDROOM - MORNING

119

CLOSE ON Bobby as he steps into the bedroom. Moves to
the bed quietly. Sits, looks down at his son.

Jason stirs, looks up, sees his father. Smiles.

JASON

Hey...

Bobby smiles back.

BOBBY

Hey...good morning, buddy...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END