

White Collar

By

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"WHITE COLLAR"

IN BLACK:

We hear the SNICK SNICK of scissors.

FADE IN:

INT. WE DON'T KNOW WHERE - CLOSE ON

A MAN'S HEAVILY BEARDED FACE. Just his face. Eyes deep and intelligent, but with a slight desperation and resolve.

SNICK SNICK SNICK.

He keeps the scissors moving. Rough-trimming the beard. Rushing but not panicking. Revealing more of his face.

CLOSE ON:

Toilet Bowl -- as clumps of hair fall into the water.

CLOSE ON:

The Man. The beard is roughly trimmed short. We're beginning to see the face underneath. It's an exceptional face.

He holds up a shard of mirror with taped edges and a disposable razor and goes to work on the remaining stubble.

EXTREMELY CLOSE ON:

The razor as the man cleans it in the water on the back of the toilet tank.

WIDER:

Reveal we're in a bathroom stall. The man is seated backward on the toilet, his back to us. He's wearing the orange jumpsuit of a federal prisoner.

The lid of the tank is off. He finishes with the razor. Splashes water from the tank on his face.

CLOSE ON:

The mirror. The image in it steadies on his face. This is NEAL CAFFREY. Another time, another place, he might give Cary Grant a run for his money. He is a man at whom you will look twice.

WIDER:

Neal reaches deep into the tank and pulls out two ziplock bags.

One contains a pair of brown dress shoes, another holds a package from the Quartermaster Uniform Supply company.

From somewhere a SHIFT-CHANGE BELL begins to ring.

INT. VICTORVILLE FEDERAL PRISON - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A crowded, noisy corridor as GUARDS herd a sea of JUMPSUITED INMATES toward the yard.

Neal steps from the restroom door marked, "STAFF ONLY." He's exchanged his orange jumpsuit for the dress shoes and brown uniform of a PRISON GUARD. He pulls on a guard's cap and merges into the crowd.

He exudes a certain self-made authority that discourages eye contact. He walks toward the entrance along a line of prisoners being herded the same direction. No one gives him a second look.

Neal veers away from the line, steps between a pair of armed guards at the cellblock door. They're too busy watching inmates to notice him as he steps past them through the door and into --

INT. PRISON VISITATION AREA - SAME

Neal passes the glass partitions, the desperate men talking to friends and family.

A CONVICT glances at Neal as he passes. A double take. The prisoner flashes the slightest ghost of a smile, raps twice on the wooden phone shelf, then continues talking to his girl.

Neal approaches a heavy steel security door flanked by a pair of guards armed with M-16 rifles. Neal nods amiably. They nod back as he steps between them and swipes a homemade card through a card reader. Its light flashing red to green and Neal's face betrays the slightest relief as the locking bolts CLICK OPEN. He's through the door into--

INT. PRISON EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE LOBBY - SAME

Neal crosses the thirty paces of dirty white tile, pushes through the double doors and like that he is--

EXT. PRISON - SAME

Outside the prison. He moves toward a maintenance truck at the back of the parking lot and gets in.

INT. MAINTENANCE TRUCK - SAME

Neal pops the ignition package and hotwires the truck. The engine BELCHES to life. He opens the ashtray and fishes out a trio of wadded dollar bills. The slightest flicker of a smile. Things are looking up.

He drops the stick in gear and drives, smoking and belching, out of the parking lot.

EXT. SALVATION ARMY - DAY

A thrift store in a rundown part of town. The old truck is parked at the curb.

INT. SALVATION ARMY - SAME

Neal tries on a selection of cheap windbreakers that always seem to populate the back racks of thrift stores. He pulls on a bright yellow jacket, examines himself in the mirror, models for the CLERK.

NEAL

Not bad.

CLERK

Five bucks.

Neal flashes a dazzling smile.

NEAL

I'll give you three.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING - DAY

CLOSE ON a sign: "AIRPORT PARKING - WEEKLY-MONTHLY-LONG TERM"

We MOVE DOWN to reveal Neal in the yellow windbreaker over his brown pants and shoes, looking to the world like the other valets.

He surveys his options, then walks purposely toward a RICH MAN pulling a suitor out of the back seat of a BENTLEY CONTINENTAL CONVERTIBLE. The Rich Man barely glances at Neal as he tosses him the keys.

RICH MAN

Take care of her. I'll be back next month.

The Rich Man slips a hundred into Neal's pocket and Neal flashes him that same dazzling smile.

It's a smile you can trust.

EXT. HIGHWAY - THE BENTLEY CONVERTIBLE - DAY

MUSIC pumps from the Bentley's Alpine speakers. Neal cruises with the top down, soaking in the California sunshine. The yellow jacket goes flying out the back.

Over this shot of beautiful freedom we SUPER the words:

NEAL CAFFREY

A pause, then more words appear:

AKA CHARLES FAIRWEATHER
AKA GEORGE DANVARY
AKA SEAN CASSADY
AKA NICHOLAS HALDEN

The names keep coming up as we--

CUT TO:

INT. BANK VAULT - DAY

We are in a high-end bank. No, this is not Cal-Fed, as evidenced by the elegant safe deposit boxes and their distinctive Bauer Swiss brass door plates. Each box opens with three small numeric dials instead of a key.

An FBI TECHNICIAN works on the first tumbler, rotating it gently, seeking the slightest change in resistance.

Watching from the vault door is AGENT PETER STOKES. Peter is good at his job, and projects a basic decency absent in most federal agents. Peering in behind him are his team of younger FBI AGENTS and the anxious bank manager.

The Technician pauses, having felt something.

TECHNICIAN

Drop. Sixty.

He advances to the second dial and rotates it.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Drop. One.

Now the third dial.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Drop. Four.

Something familiar about this sequence. Peter tries to put his finger on it...

PETER
(to himself)
Six - Zero - One - Four...

The Technician flexes his hand, prepares to open the door--

PETER (CONT'D)
WAIT!

Either the command doesn't process or the Technician has stunningly slow reflexes because he ignores Peter and cranks open the latch --

BANG! The mini-concussion blows off The door, throwing the Technician back and reducing the box's contents to a maelstrom of thin filaments that flame and burn out, momentarily turning the vault into a fiery snow globe.

Peter puts his tie to his mouth, breathes through it as he plunges into the smoking vault.

INT. BANK FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Peter drags out the Technician, a comet-tail of burnt filaments in his wake. The man is shaken and singed, but otherwise healthy.

TECHNICIAN
What happened?

PETER
I said wait. You didn't wait.
(angrily)
Ten-thousand man hours to get this close to the Dutchman and you blow up my evidence.

The other Agents stand in stunned silence. Finally one of them asks what they're all wondering--

AGENT
How did you know it was going to do that?

PETER
Look at your badges.

The agents all look at their ID badges. Simultaneous head nods as they put it together.

AGENT

Oh... 601 4th street. FBI
headquarters.

PETER

Yeah. It's only on every piece of
paper we have.

AGENT

I guess he knew we were coming.

PETER

You think so, Copernicus?
(plucks an ash thread
from his jacket)
Somebody want to tell me what this
is? Anybody?

The younger agents avoid his glare as he tries in vain to
brush the drifted filaments off his jacket.

PETER (CONT'D)

Nobody knows? Great. Where's Diana?
(more blank looks)
Nobody knows that either?

AGENT

She's on a call.

PETER

Get her in here.
(to group)
Look at you. How many of you went to
Harvard?

Most of the hands go up.

PETER (CONT'D)

Don't raise your hands.

Junior Agent DIANA LANCING - 26, unconscious of the fact
that she's a knockout - runs in. She pauses briefly at the
sight of her boss covered in soot, but before she can speak--

PETER (CONT'D)

There you are. Look at this mess--

The expression on her face stops him.

PETER (CONT'D)

What?

DIANA

Neal Caffrey escaped.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Peter and Diana move fast toward a group of FBI vehicles. She helps brush off his clothes.

PETER

Doesn't make any sense. Are they sure?

DIANA

That he escaped? Yeah. He walked out the front door dressed as a Guard.

Is there a flicker of amusement in Peter's eyes? They reach the lead Suburban as an agent pulls a FAX from the machine on the center console and hands it to Diana. She glances at it, passes it to Peter.

PETER

What's this?

DIANA

Temporary reassignment order, U.S. Marshals requested you. Director Thompson asked for you personally.

Peter looks up at the THRUM of rotors announcing the arrival of a helicopter.

PETER

Me? Why does he want me?

DIANA

Probably because you're the only one who ever caught him.

As the helicopter lands, Peter shakes his head at all this as we SUPER:

PETER STOKES, FBI, WHITE COLLAR CRIME UNIT, SAN DIEGO.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON - DAY

The helicopter sets down on the grass lawn of the prison. Peter ducks out and starts toward--

DIRECTOR THOMPSON, 50, affable. He greets Peter with a quick handshake and ushers him toward the prison entrance.

THOMPSON

Agent Stokes. I'm Thompson, U.S. Marshals.

PETER
Thanks for the ride.

THOMPSON
We're not wasting time. You'll agree
we have an unusual situation here.

PETER
Why would a guy with a one-seventy
IQ run with four months left on a
five-year sentence?

THOMPSON
That's what we're wondering.

PETER
It's not because he's stupid.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - SAME

Thompson leads Peter down a corridor toward a group of suits -
Thompson's Marshals and some prison staff who shuffle about
nervously. Thompson pauses for only one introduction--

THOMPSON
Warden Haskley, this is Agent Stokes,
FBI.

WARDEN HASKLEY, a paunchy bureaucrat, offers his hand. Peter
shakes it.

PETER
So you're the guy who dropped the
ball.

WARDEN HASKLEY
You, of all people, should know what
Neal Caffrey is capable of.

PETER
I know I spent three years of my
life chasing him and you let him
walk out the front door.

THOMPSON
Gentlemen, might I remind you, Caffrey
has a four hour head start.

Thompson leads the contingent down the corridor. To Peter--

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
You reviewed the surveillance footage
of the escape during the flight?

Peter nods as they turn a corner and move into--

INT. ANOTHER PRISON CORRIDOR - SAME

Lots of noise as Inmates jeer the feds.

PETER

So Caffrey came out of the E-block
staff bathroom dressed as a guard.

(Thompson nods)

Where did he get the uniform?

THOMPSON

Uniform supply company on the
internet.

PETER

He use a credit card?

Thompson shoots Haskley an irritated look.

WARDEN HASKLEY

My wife's American Express.

Peter can't restrain a smile.

THOMPSON

We're tracing the number in case he
uses it again.

PETER

He won't.

They turn a corner and reach--

INT. NEAL'S CELL - SAME

The door is open and the cell's contents are spread across the floor. Even in disarray it's clear that Neal had connections and taste. There are framed paintings for the walls - good ones that you'd see in a museum - fresh linens for the bed. Slippers. A small library. The overall feeling is that of a small bungalow.

The only indication it's a cell is a line of neatly drawn pencil lines. One for every day Neal's been here -- lots and lots of lines.

PETER

How did he get a key card to open
the visitor's room door?

Thomas motions to a boom box on the bed.

THOMPSON

We think he re-stripped a utility card using the record head in that tape player.

Peter nods, impressed. He looks at the rest of Neal's escape paraphernalia spread out on the bed -- The wet ziplocks, a brochure for LONG TERM AIRPORT PARKING, a truck repair manual...

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

He walked out the front door and hotwired a maintenance truck in the parking lot.

Peter opens the truck repair manual, flips through the pages.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

We found the truck abandoned near the airport.

Peter looks at the LONGTERM PARKING BROCHURE with its happy valets in brown pants and yellow jackets. He ponders this, trying to fit the pieces together.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Stations have roadblocks and checkpoints set up on all major roads. His description is on the wire. We've stepped up airport security in case he tries to get out that way.

Peter is only half-listening as he studies the remaining items.

PETER

We're not going to catch Caffrey with roadblocks and wanted posters.

He stares down at the last items: a disposable razor, scissors and a shard of mirror.

PETER (CONT'D)

What's this?

WARDEN HASKLEY

He shaved his beard just before the escape.

This pauses Peter.

PETER

Neal doesn't have a beard.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON SECURITY OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Long walls of control boards and monitors. Peter, Thompson, Warden Haskley and their men stand by as a technician pulls up a date-stamped photograph of Neal exiting his cell. He has a full beard.

WARDEN HASKLEY

The inmates are photographed each morning as they exit their cells.

Peter shakes his head as he looks at the hairy-face on the monitor.

PETER

I hardly recognize him.

THOMPSON

I think that's the idea.

PETER

This morning?
(technician nods)
Run the series backward.

Each picture is replaced by the one taken the previous day. It's like a flip-book as we watch Neal's beard ungrow.

The beard gets thinner and thinner -- now only scruff -- now five o'clock shadow - then it's gone.

PETER (CONT'D)

Stop.

The technician stops on the photo of clean-shaven Neal. Peter checks the date-stamp: 01-05-2008

PETER (CONT'D)

January fifth. I want to know everything that happened on that day.

INT. PRISON SECURITY OFFICE - LATER

Everyone is working. Thompson and his Marshals are questioning inmates in the adjacent rooms while the prison staff pore over records and security tapes.

Warden Haskley searches a pile of disciplinary logs while Peter sorts through a pile of Neal's mail.

Thompson comes in.

THOMPSON
How's it going in here?

Peter holds up a post-card.

PETER
He may have won a cruise.

Peter drops the mail. Picks up a visitors log and looks through it. To Thompson--

PETER (CONT'D)
How about your side?

THOMPSON
We've interviewed about twenty inmates. Nobody was threatening him.

PETER
He wasn't scared into an escape?

THOMPSON
No. They loved the guy.
(to Warden)
Nothing strange that day? No prison car wash or bake sale?

WARDEN HASKLEY
No. Nothing unusual.

PETER
He had a visitor.

That stops everyone. Peter slides the visitors log across the table to Thompson. On January fifth, hand-written across from Neal's name is the name of his visitor: KATE MOREAU.

THOMPSON
Kate Moreau. Know her?

Peter is unable to suppress a grin.

PETER
Yeah. I do.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - MINUTES LATER

CLOSE ON A MONITOR - Surveillance footage of the visitor's room from a high angle. Neal is one of three inmates visible. Seated across the glass from him is a slight young woman of exceptional natural beauty. KATE MOREAU. She talks to Neal on the prison phone but the playback is silent.

PETER
No audio?

The Warden shakes his head.

ON THE MONITOR - Neal is speaking emphatically but Kate shakes her head sadly.

Peter watches as Thompson flips through the visitors log behind him.

THOMPSON

She visited every week like clockwork.

Neal puts his hand on the glass. Kate draws back.

PETER

She's not thrilled about this trip.

Then Kate seems to get angry. She stands and says something definitive to Neal.

THOMPSON

What did she say there?

The technician rewinds the tape and replays the section. Thompson turns to one of his people.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

How fast can we get a lip reader in here?

PETER

I'll save you the trouble.

(off the video)

Adios Neal. It's been real.

Sure enough, Kate gets up and exits. Neal looks after her.

PETER (CONT'D)

Does she come back the next week?

Thompson flips to the end of the book.

THOMPSON

She never comes back.

The corners of Peter's mouth twitch upwards. He's got him.

PETER

Okay guys... let's find Kate Moreau.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MISSION DISTRICT - DAY

A late-model Ford pulls into the parking stall of a cheap downtown apartment. The door opens and Peter steps out.

There are a few other cars parked in the stalls. He walks to one covered with a weather-beaten tarp. He lifts the cover, revealing a Bentley emblem. He smiles to himself, throws a look toward a third story window that's open.

INT. CHEAP APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

WE COME OFF THE SAME THIRD STORY WINDOW to reveal Neal, sitting on the floor. His earlier enthusiasm is gone. He looks burned out. GO WIDE TO reveal bare walls. No furniture. Nothing.

From behind him--

PETER (O.S.)

It's been awhile.

Neal turns to see Peter standing in the door. Peter's lapel is open, his shoulder-holster just visible.

NEAL

Yeah. Five years, give or take.

PETER

You carrying?

NEAL

You know I don't like guns.

Neal opens his jacket to reveal he's clean. Peter takes a few steps into the room.

PETER

They ask me what makes a guy like you pull a bone-headed escape with four months to go.

NEAL

I guess you figured it out.

PETER

Kate says adios to you at the prison, then gets busy with her disappearing act. Her trail ends here. But you already know that.

NEAL

I missed her by two days.

Peter nods. He knows.

PETER

Still. Took you a month and a half to escape a supermax. Damn impressive.

Peter's radio SQUELCHES. He takes it out of his jacket and keys the mic.

PETER (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Code two.

Neal throws a half-hearted look at the open window. Peter shakes his head.

NEAL
Surrounded?
(Peter nods)
How many?

PETER
Including my agents and the Marshals?
All of them I think.

Neal sighs, resigned.

PETER (CONT'D)
Women.

Neal offers a weary smile as we hear CARS SCREECHING IN outside. The cavalry has arrived. Peter crouches down next to him. Nothing left but the wait.

PETER (CONT'D)
They're going to give you another
five years for this.

NEAL
I don't care.

Peter cuts him a sympathetic look. Neal tries to ignore the sounds from the street. He glances at Peter's jacket.

NEAL (CONT'D)
That's the suit you were wearing the
last time you arrested me.

Peter shrugs. It's possible.

PETER
Classics never go out of style.

They both chuckle. Neal picks one of the burnt filaments from the bank vault off Peter's shoulder.

NEAL
Do you know what this is?

PETER
No idea.
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

It's from the case I'm supposed to be working on - before I got yanked off to find you. Keep it. I've got plenty.

Down below, the entrance door BANGS OPEN. The sound of BOOTS SCRAMBLING UP STAIRS. Neal looks closely at the thread. He's gone oddly calm.

NEAL

Think you'll catch him?

PETER

Don't know. He's good. Maybe as good as you.

Neal smiles as an idea takes shape.

NEAL

What's it worth if I tell you what this is?

Peter is thrown by the question - huh?

NEAL (CONT'D)

Is it worth a meeting?

PETER

What are you talking about?

NEAL

If I tell you what this is - right now - will you agree to meet me at the Victorville prison in one week?

Noise in the hallway - AGENTS SCRAMBLING and WEAPONS BEING COCKED.

NEAL (CONT'D)

Just a meeting.

Peter thinks about it - what's he got to lose?

PETER

Okay. But only if you're right.

NEAL

It's a security fiber for the new Canadian hundred dollar bill.

At that moment the door BURSTS open. FBI agents and U.S. Marshals flood the apartment screaming orders at Neal but we don't get to watch because we--

TIME TRANSITION TO:

INT. FBI HALLWAY - ONE WEEK LATER

Peter walks away from a coffee machine, doing his best to snap the lid on a styrofoam cup. He looks up as Diana comes toward him carrying a lab report.

DIANA

I've said it before. You are amazing.
Spooky amazing.

PETER

It happens so often you'll have to
be more specific.

She thrusts the lab report over. He trades her for his cup of coffee.

DIANA

That stuff from the bank vault. You
were right. Security fibers for the
new Canadian hundred.

PETER

Son of a bitch.

INT. PRISON INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Peter sits across a small table from Neal, now back in his orange jumpsuit. Neal holds a thick folder. TWO GUARDS stand behind him with rifles.

PETER

How did you know?

NEAL

Come on, Peter. I'm not in here for
nothing.

PETER

So I agreed to a meeting. We're
meeting. Now what?

NEAL

I know why you call him the Dutchman.

Peter is thrown - how does he know this?

NEAL (CONT'D)

Like the ship - the flying Dutchman -
he disappears whenever you get close.

PETER

How do you know anything about the
Dutchman?

NEAL

When you were after me you knew everything about my life. You don't think I knew yours? Did you get the birthday cards?

PETER

Yes. Thanks for the cookies.

NEAL

You've been after the Dutchman almost as long as you were after me. I'll help you catch him.

PETER

Really? How does that work. You want to be prison pen-pals?

Neal slides over his folder.

NEAL

You have the power to get me out of here. There's case law, precedent. I can be released into your custody--

PETER

This is good. But you're right. I do know you. And I know the second you're on the street you'll take off after Kate again.

NEAL

I'm not going to run.

Peter smirks. Yeah, right.

NEAL (CONT'D)

GPS tracking anklet. The new ones are tamper proof. Nobody has ever skipped on one.

(shoves over paperwork)

Three years ago the FBI pulled this guy out of the supermax in Colorado. He was a rock climber. They used him to assist on a kidnapping in the Rockies.

PETER

Maybe you should have taken up mountain climbing instead of art forgery.

NEAL

Will you think about it?

Peter pushes the paperwork back and stands.

PETER
Sorry Neal. Nice try.

INT. NEAL'S CELL - NIGHT

The same cell, but most of his nice things are gone. Neal is lying on his bed with the light on, staring at the wall.

A GUARD passes.

GUARD
Neal, you gotta turn that off.

NEAL
One more minute Bobby?

GUARD
One minute.

NEAL
Is it midnight yet?

GUARD
Yeah. It's midnight.

He gives Neal a sympathetic look. Moves on.

Neal walks to the wall he's been staring at. We've seen it - covered with the neatly drawn pencil lines. One for every day he's been here. One thousand eight hundred and twenty four lines all together.

He pulls out a pencil stub and adds a final line. He steps back, taking in the enormity of what he's been through. A sudden burst of anger. He slashes a big X through all of it.

He gets control of himself and steps over to an unmarked wall.

He scratches a single line. Day one of the next five years. He turns off the light, plunging us into DARKNESS.

INT. STOKE'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A nice two-story suburban home. Peter can't sleep. He sits at the kitchen table going through the Dutchman's file. A big GERMAN SHEPHERD lies on the floor beside him.

DEBBIE - Peter's wife, a beautiful woman in her early thirties - descends the stairs in a sheer robe that definitely makes us look twice. But Peter is preoccupied. She comes up from behind and slips her arms around him.

DEBBIE
Coming to bed tonight?

PETER
Yeah.

Debbie turns him around in the chair. She leans in and kisses him softly. Their lips linger for a long moment. She opens her eyes. It's not happening for him.

DEBBIE
What's wrong?

PETER
(something)
Nothing.

DEBBIE
Don't tell me it's Neal Caffrey. I had to compete with him for three years.

PETER
He'd be out today.

She sighs, lays her head on his shoulder.

DEBBIE
You're considering his offer?

Peter shrugs noncommittally.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
If you weren't then you'd be in bed with me.
(taps Dutchman folder)
Can he help you catch him?

PETER
Neal's smart.
(kisses her forehead)
You know how much I like smart.

DEBBIE
Is he as brilliant as those ivy-league coeds they throw at you?

Peter smiles at the old joke.

PETER
He's almost as brilliant as the woman I married.

DEBBIE
Then what's the problem?

PETER

This is not the way it's supposed to happen. You get caught. You do your time.

DEBBIE

As of this moment he's served the time you put him in for.

Peter nods slowly as that sinks in.

PETER

I don't trust him. There's more to it than a lost love. Some side angle he's playing.

DEBBIE

He escapes, knowing you'll catch him so he can trick you in to letting him out again?

PETER

It's a working theory. I haven't had time to refine it.

Debbie is unable to suppress a small grin.

DEBBIE

Is it so hard to believe a man would do that for the woman he loves? You've done some pretty stupid things for love.

PETER

Hanging off an over pass with a guitar, that's one thing. He bought himself another five years in Victorville! For what?

DEBBIE

For what?

(looks at him seriously)

So if you were Neal, you wouldn't have run for me?

Peter opens his mouth then closes it - what is he supposed to say to that?

INT. PRISON INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

An armed guard ushers Neal into the room. Peter sits at the small table. Neal is happy to see him but tries to downplay it as he takes a seat. Peter stares at him for a long beat.

PETER

Here's the deal. You're being released into the custody of the San Diego FBI, under my supervision. This is a temporary situation.

NEAL

When I help you catch him we make it permanent?

PETER

Help me catch the Dutchman, we talk about it.

Neal tries to control his excitement.

PETER (CONT'D)

You will wear a detention tracking anklet. You will follow the rules. Do not associate with known felons. Do not break the law. You so much as jaywalk you're back in. And if you run and I catch you, which you know I will because I'm 2-and-0, you're not back for five, you're back for good.

Neal is grinning and nodding. It all sounds great.

PETER (CONT'D)

I know when you're on the outside you're going to be tempted to look for Kate. Don't.

NEAL

Not even Facebook?

Peter shoots him a look, irritated.

PETER

I'm giving you a real opportunity here. There comes a point when you have to move on. And I would say that unless you enjoy showering with large men, you've reached that point.

Neal really seems to think this over.

NEAL

You're right, Peter. This is going to be a clean start.

PETER

(still dubious)
Any questions?

NEAL

Just one. Why did you agree to this?

PETER

The way I see it, you've already served the time I put you in for. You're more useful to me out than rotting in here.

(beat)

And my wife thinks you're romantic.

EXT. PRISON FRONT GATE - AFTERNOON

A great metal gate opens revealing Neal, standing alone. He is wearing a nicely tailored suit. Peter waits outside, leaning against his car.

PETER

That's the suit you were wearing the first time I arrested you.

NEAL

Somebody told me a classic never goes out of style.

PETER

They were wrong.

INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

Peter drives. He shoots an annoyed glance at Neal; his foot on the dash, itching his calf under his newly acquired tracking anklet.

PETER

It's like a wedding ring. Annoying at first but you'll get used to it. And it symbolizes our inseparable bond.

NEAL

And your wife says I'm the romantic?

Neal looks out the window. They are passing through a bleak neighborhood.

NEAL (CONT'D)

Where are we going?

Peter gives him a sympathetic look.

INT. EXTENDED STAY DELUXE - DAY

Peter stands at the door of a tiny, rundown apartment. Neal enters, takes in the sagging ceiling, the broken air conditioner, the strange stains on the walls and carpet.

NEAL

Do I have to stay here?

PETER

It cost seven hundred a month to house you in Victorville, so that's what you get out here. For the money, this is as good as it gets. You find something better, take it.

NEAL

What about clothes? I'm wearing my entire wardrobe.

PETER

You like thrift stores. There's one on the end of the block.

It's obvious Neal is not thrilled by this arrangement.

PETER (CONT'D)

What's with the frown? This is what you wanted. This is not prison. That ankle bracelet is set up so you can go anywhere within two miles of this place. You want clothes? Skip a few meals, buy a shirt.

Peter hands him a file on the Dutchman.

PETER (CONT'D)

Here's your homework.

(circles with hand)

Remember, two miles. I'll see you at seven a.m.

Peter leaves. Neal stares out the window at his new life.

INT. THRIFT STORE - DAY

Neal sorts through the slim pickings on the racks; cheap polyester slacks, T-shirts with faded beer slogans. He glances up as the entrance bell RINGS and a well-maintained elderly woman (JUNE) enters. She carries a box of clothes to the counter and smiles at the CLERK.

JUNE

I'd like to donate these. They
belonged to my late husband.

The CLERK merely grunts as he unceremoniously sorts the
clothes into piles on the counter. Neal's eyes widen as the
man pulls out a slim-lapelled dinner jacket. He steps over
and rescues the blazer from the pile.

NEAL

Your husband had taste.
(checks the label)
This is a Devore.

JUNE

Yes. Byron knew his clothes.

Neal holds the jacket up to his chest.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Oh, that looks nice. If I took it in
a bit it would be perfect.

NEAL

Yes it would.

JUNE

I was hoping someone might appreciate
these. I've got a closet full of his
clothes.

NEAL

A closet?

JUNE

Actually it's the old guest house,
but I've used it for storage for
years.

Neal allows himself a grin as he takes another jacket off
the pile. June looks at it fondly.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Byron wore that one when we'd go
dancing at the Blue Note down the
block.

(frowns)

Of course the neighborhood was much
nicer then.

NEAL

You live nearby?

JUNE

Oh yes. Not far at all.

Neal flashes his most charming smile.

INT. EXTENDED STAY DELUXE - MORNING

Peter walks down the hallway. He's about to knock on Neal's door when he sees a folded note taped under the peep-hole. Neal has written: I HAVE MOVED 1.6 MILES.

Peter tears it off the door. There's an address written on the back. He curses under his breath.

EXT. NICE STREET - MINUTES LATER

Peter pulls up in his car, parks. We're ON HIM as he stares in disbelief.

PETER

You've got to be kidding me.

The CAMERA turns around to reveal--

A VICTORIAN MANSION - neatly tended but showing its age. Peter walks to the gate and presses the buzzer. June answers.

JUNE (V.O.)

Hello?

PETER

I'm looking for Neal Caffrey.

The BUZZER sounds and the gate CLICKS open.

EXT. MANSION POOL AREA - SAME

Peter comes in through an ivy-covered archway. His mouth drops as he takes in--

A statue of a half-naked Water nymph, in a classical pose, pours an infinite stream from her water jar into a grecian pool where Neal swims laps. He sees Peter, pulls himself out and towels off. Other than the tracking anklet, it's like something from a Cary Grant movie.

NEAL

You're early.

PETER

We got a lead on Snow White.

(off Neal's look)

Do your homework last night?

NEAL

Snow White is the phrase you decoded from a suspected Dutchman communique to Mexico city.

Peter nods. Very good Kwai Chang. Neal hurriedly dries off as Peter looks around.

PETER

So what's all this?

NEAL

It's nicer than the other place.

PETER

(tightly)

Yeah. Mansion. Pool. I don't think the extended stay had a water nymph.

Peter looks at him - Care to explain?

NEAL

I was at the thrift store, like you suggested, and June...

Neal waves to June as she steps out the back door with her pomeranian.

NEAL (CONT'D)

... was donating her late husbands clothes. We hit it off and she had this guest house she wasn't using--

Peter grows increasingly agitated as Neal continues--

NEAL (CONT'D)

You said if I found a nicer place for the same money I should take it.

PETER

I did say that. All this for seven hundred?

NEAL

Yep, but I help out around the place.

PETER

Sure. Feed the dog--

NEAL

Wash the car. Watch her granddaughter from time to time.

PETER

She's got you babysitting?

Neal shrugs as if to say, "what can I do?" That's when CINDY, a beautiful 22-year-old comes out of the guest house in a bikini carrying a towel.

CINDY

Hi.

Peter can't help but stare as she dives in the pool.

PETER

The granddaughter?

NEAL

She's an art student.

PETER

Unbelievable. Get dressed.

Neal goes into the house as June comes out with lemonade. Peter grudgingly takes a glass, watches Cindy swim perfect laps. Everything in Neal's world seems to shimmer. He sips the drink.

PETER (CONT'D)

Even the lemonade is perfect.

(to June)

That's not jewelry on his leg you know. He's a felon.

JUNE

So was Byron.

EXT. MANSION POOL AREA - MINUTES LATER

Peter sits uncomfortably on a lounge chair watching Cindy swimming laps. She stops, her eyes going to--

NEAL - As he steps out in Byron's suit, 1950's rat pack slick. He shoots a fedora onto his head with a clever hand roll.

Peter grins, finally something going his way.

PETER

You look like a cartoon.

NEAL

This is classic rat pack.

PETER

Okay Dino.

INT. PETER'S CAR - LATER

Peter drives. Neal rolls the fedora onto his head, cuts the brim.

PETER

Will you stop with the hat? I'm trying to drive.

NEAL

You're upset.

Peter cuts him a look - is it obvious?

NEAL (CONT'D)

You tell me which rule I broke and I will walk back to prison myself.

Peter doesn't have an answer for that. They ride in silence. Then Neal says under his breath--

NEAL (CONT'D)

Sour grapes.

PETER

No, this is not sour grapes. I work hard. I do my job well. And I don't have a freakin' pool with a water nymph and a twenty-two year old art student swimming in it.

NEAL

(genuinely)

Why not?

PETER

Why not? Because I'm not supposed to. The amount of work I do equals certain things in the real world, not half-naked statues.

NEAL

You're really hung up on the nymph.

PETER

The mansion, the pool, the clothes... these are the something-for-nothing schemes that lead to the frauds that get you locked up.

Neal broods on that for a moment.

NEAL

(under his breath)

I still say sour grapes.

EXT. U.S. CUSTOMS - MEXICAN BORDER - DAY

Neal and Peter walk toward the seizure area where custom agents are searching vehicles. Diana comes out of the Customs building and starts toward them. Neal gives her an appreciative look.

PETER

(quietly to Neal)

Diana is my junior agent. She handles all my research. She's very good at it and she can do better than you.

Neal shrugs his innocence as Diana reaches them.

DIANA

You must be Caffrey.

He nods and just looks at her. Is she going to be flustered? No. She's amused.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Dig the hat.

Peter busts a grin, effectively killing the moment.

PETER

What have we got?

Diana hands him a folder.

DIANA

NIC flagged this guy, Tony Field, crossing the border two hours ago.

Peter leafs through the information.

PETER

Is Customs playing nice?

DIANA

The usual chest pounding about him being in their custody, not ours.

PETER

Fine. Less paperwork for me.

NEAL

Who's NIC?

DIANA

NIC is short for Network Information Consolidation. Our data mining software. It constantly scans the internet, including all state and federal databases, looking for data links. In this case we put out the partial code we broke, 'Snow White traveling' and 'Mexico.' This morning it found Snow White.

(points)

That's us over there.

She gestures toward a holding area where agents pore over a lime green, '57 Bel Air. They start to walk.

NEAL

Lime green on a '57 Bel Air?

PETER

I already don't like this guy.

They reach the car. Diana, Peter and Neal look into the Bel Air's open trunk. Inside is an open shipping box crammed full of a hundred, age-yellowed copies of a foreign children's book. Peter lifts one out and reads the title.

PETER (CONT'D)

Blancanieves y Los Siete Poquito Hombres.

NEAL

Snow White and her seven little men.

The three of them share a look.

PETER

(dubious)

Books?

(to Diana)

What do we know about this Tony guy?

DIANA

He says he's a rare book dealer.

PETER

Anything wrong with his paperwork?

DIANA

No. He brought the same books over on three previous trips. Nothing illegal about it. He declared them each time.

(then)

NIC's not always right.

Peter hands the book over to Neal.

PETER

Do you think we're wasting our time?

NEAL

They're not limited runs or special editions. I doubt they're worth much.

PETER

So why bring so many over the border?

Neal nods. His thought exactly. It's thin but it's something. Peter hands Diana another copy of the book.

PETER (CONT'D)

See if he's right.

Diana starts toward the building. Peter grabs a passing CUSTOMS OFFICIAL and badges him.

PETER (CONT'D)

I want to talk to Tony Field, the man you have in custody.

The Customs Official flashes a pleased look at Peter's acknowledgment of their jurisdictional authority.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL

Certainly.

Diana stops at the building door, calls back to Peter--

DIANA

Hey boss, I'm grabbing some coffee. Want some?

PETER

Anything but decaf.

Neal flashes his sexiest smile, guaranteed to melt hearts.

NEAL

Diana. Two lumps in mine, please.

DIANA

Neal. Coffee machine is right inside. You can't miss it.

She turns away without a second look. A lesser man might fold. Neal grins, enjoying the challenge. He catches Peter's eye roll.

PETER

You're out of your league.

NEAL

Harmless flirting. It's like a dance.

PETER

There is no dance. You're not exactly her first choice in partner.

It takes Neal just a moment to catch the implication.

NEAL

She digs the hat.

PETER

Trust me, she'd rather be wearing the hat.

Peter exits to talk to Tony, leaving Neal to consider that.

INT. CUSTOMS INTERROGATION ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Peter sits in the tiny, windowless room across from a small, fidgety man with glasses - TONY FIELD. Unlike the interrogation rooms we're used to, no one on the outside can see what's happening in here.

Peter thumbs through one of the books. He flashes Tony his best dumb-guy grin.

TONY

As I've told the others. My business is the sale of rare books.

PETER

How rare could it be? You've got six hundred of these.

TONY

It's worth a lot to certain buyers.

PETER

Even in Spanish?

TONY

(a tight smile)
Folklore of the virginaly pure white queen dates back centuries in many cultures--

PETER

You mean like that Russian guy... Alexander Pushkin... and his 1833 poem, 'The Tale of the White Princess and the Seven Knights?'

Tony falters. Maybe Peter isn't a dumb guy after all. But he's saved from further questions as the heavy door swings open and a Customs Agent leads in a tall man in a nice suit (GAINS).

GAINS

Agent, would you mind not speaking to my client?

PETER

You're his lawyer?

Gains offers a malevolent smile. Peter stands to go - and he catches the slightest flash of confusion on Tony's face.

INT. CUSTOMS BUILDING - LATER

Neal watches Diana who's talking flirtatiously with an attractive female Customs agent. Peter approaches, seething. Neal gestures toward Diana and the girl.

NEAL

No dance?

PETER

Not for you.

NEAL

I thought the FBI had a policy.

PETER

That's the military. We don't ask. We don't care. Where's that Customs Official?

Neal points vaguely toward some offices as Diana breaks off her conversation with the woman and comes over.

DIANA

Neal was right. The books aren't worth anything. You can pick them up for a few bucks on eBay.

Peter frowns at this, but he's managed to attract the attention of the Customs Official who hurries over.

PETER

Why didn't you tell me the guy lawyered up? The second he calls a lawyer we can't speak to him.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL

He never made a call to anyone.

PETER

Then how did his lawyer know he was here?

The Customs Official's mouth opens and closes in confusion as a terrible realization hits Peter.

INT. CUSTOMS INTERROGATION ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The Customs Official yanks open the door, followed by Peter and a cadre of Customs Agents. Tony lays slumped, face-down on the table, a hypodermic needle hanging out of his neck.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL

I need a paramedic in here now!

He steps to the body and checks the neck for a pulse - nothing. Peter throws up his hands in frustration.

PETER

Nobody frisked the lawyer? What kind of security do you people have down here?

He turns and sees Neal and Diana standing in the hallway. The morning just got interesting.

EXT. CUSTOMS AREA - DAY

Neal watches Peter pace in front of the Bel Air's open trunk.

PETER

We've got a dead book dealer. A killer lawyer, and a trunk full of worthless books.

He tosses a book to Neal.

PETER (CONT'D)

As a reformed professional forger yourself, what's the Dutchman's interest in these?

Neal examines the book, feeling the texture of the paper. He opens the cover and reads. Then a corner of his mouth twitches upward--

NEAL

Published, 1944 in Madrid.

Neal slices the blank page from the front of the book.

NEAL (CONT'D)

This is what he's after.

PETER

The top sheet?

NEAL

It's more than that. This is a piece of 1944 Spanish press parchment.

PETER

(gets it)

He wants to counterfeit something originally printed on this type of paper?

NEAL

That's what I would do.

Peter paces as he thinks about that.

PETER

We stopped this shipment. But Tony made three more. Two blank pages per book is six hundred sheets. That's a lot of something.

NEAL

The question is, what?

Peter stops pacing.

PETER

I bet our dead book dealer knew.

EXT. TONY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A shabby, beach-adjacent complex. Neal and Peter walk through the courtyard where a trio of stunningly sexy but equally low-rent GIRLS sunbathe. They giggle and wave at Neal. He tips his hat to them.

NEAL

Ladies.

More giggling. Peter shakes his head.

PETER

Does everything come this easy to you?

NEAL

I've seen women check you out.

PETER

None that were born since Reagan was in office.

They reach Tony's door. A faded paper sign is taped in the corner that reads: RARE BOOKS & FOLIOS

PETER (CONT'D)

Not exactly a high-end business.

Peter tries the knob. The door opens far enough to reveal a busted jamb.

NEAL

I think someone beat us to it.

Peter opens the door all the way to reveal a cramped apartment that has been thoroughly ransacked. From behind them--

GIRL (O.S.)

Did Tony get in trouble?

They turn. One of the sunbathers has ventured off her towel as she tries to peek into the room and smile at Neal at the same time.

NEAL

You were friends with him?

GIRL

(shrugs)

He was nice. Did something happen because there were guys here earlier and they took a bunch of his stuff?

PETER

Great neighborhood watch.

(to Girl)

What did they look like?

GIRL

(shrugs again)

Just guys. They tried getting into Tony's garage too, but the Super chased them off.

Neal and Peter share a look.

EXT. TONY'S GARAGE - MINUTES LATER

CLOSE ON A PADLOCK as the SUPER opens it and pulls up the gate. Neal and Peter step in. The place is a cluttered mess of books. Books everywhere.

PETER

Guy wasn't kidding. He liked books.

Peter kneels and starts sorting through the old papers littering the floor.

He inspects several faded receipts - nothing interesting.

Neal kicks an ancient Subway punch card.

NEAL

The man died one foot-long short of
a free club.

PETER

No one said life was fair.

Peter tosses aside old to-do lists, an expired butter coupon,
then he lifts up a small square of paper--

PETER (CONT'D)

Here we go... a shuttle parking pass
for the Federal Archive building.

NEAL

The Archives? I bet there's a lot of
old paper there.

INT. NATIONAL ARCHIVES - DAY

The National Archive building in downtown San Diego. Neal
and Peter talk to the head archivist, VINCENT, 50's,
befuddled, wearing a corduroy jacket patched at the elbows.

Peter shows him Tony's photo from the passport.

VINCENT

Yes. I remember him. Odd little man.
He came in here several months ago
to see the Spanish Victory Bond.

Peter and Neal share a look.

NEAL

Victory bond?

PETER

We're gonna need to see the Victory
Bond.

INT. NATIONAL ARCHIVES STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Vincent leads them down a long corridors of archival cabinets.

VINCENT

He took several photographs of it.
Said he was going to write a book.
It's a shame he's dead. The bond
does have a fascinating history.

Vincent stops at a particular cabinet, pulls open a drawer and gently lifts out the bond. It's a beautiful thousand-dollar note with a two-tone image of a blue conquistador laid over a red field, encased in a protective sleeve.

Peter takes out the page that Neal cut from the book and holds it up against the bond. It's a perfect fit. Peter looks at Neal, openly impressed.

PETER

You're starting to earn your seven-hundred a month.

Vincent takes the bond to a viewing table and lays it out. Neal leans close to examine it.

NEAL

You said it had a fascinating history?

VINCENT

Yes. It was issued during the war--

NEAL

In 1944.

Vincent looks at him, pleasantly surprised.

VINCENT

Yes. The U.S. issued it to support the Spanish rebels in their fight against the Axis. Very few were ever redeemed. There's speculation that whole boxes were captured and many are still hidden away in the caves of Altamira.

(reverently)

This is the only surviving copy.

NEAL

Except it's a forgery.

This is met by a resounding silence. After a very long beat--

VINCENT

That's not possible.

PETER

Don't tell me Spain is spelled wrong.

NEAL

It's the ink. This is an iron-gal dye mixed to match the period colors. But it's not completely dry.

(sniffs it)

You can still smell the gum arabic.

Vincent gently takes the bond and smells it himself. His eyes come up, confused.

VINCENT

But this copy has been here since 1952.

NEAL

It's been here less than a week.

INT. PETER'S OFFICE - EVENING

Neal and Peter sit bleary-eyed.

NEAL

How long do lab results take?

PETER

Without a rush?... A lot longer than this.

(checks his watch)

Damn.

(off Neal's look)

I need to call home.

Neal stands to go but Peter waves him to sit as he dials.

INT. STOKE'S DINING ROOM - SAME

Debbie answers the RINGING phone.

DEBBIE

You lost track of time?

PETER (V.O.)

I hope you didn't make dinner.

DEBBIE

I'm smarter than that.

We PULL BACK TO REVEAL the table and two plates of food getting cold.

PETER (V.O.)

Forgive me?

DEBBIE

Always and forever.

She snaps her fingers and the German Shepherd obediently jumps into Peter's chair. She slides over the second plate and the dog begins to eat.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
How's Neal doing?

PETER (V.O.)
He met Diana.

DEBBIE
How did that go?

PETER (V.O.)
A woman who can resist his charms.
It's taking some getting used to.

DEBBIE
You boys have fun saving the world.

PETER (V.O.)
I'll see you soon.

DEBBIE
I know.

She hangs up. The dog looks up at her expectantly.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Chew your food.

He goes back to eating Peter's dessert.

INT. PETER'S OFFICE - SAME

Peter hangs up. He looks at the phone a moment, lost in his own thoughts, when it RINGS in his hand, startling him. He answers on speaker.

DIANA (V.O.)
Lab's back. Neal's right again. We used a timed ink identification test - the bond is six days old. We're lucky. Another week and we wouldn't be able to tell it from the real thing.

PETER
Thanks D.
(hangs up, to Neal)
Okay Einstein... within the last week someone got into the Archives, took out the original bond and put in a fake. Why?

Neal ponders this, then--

NEAL
Is the bond still negotiable?

PETER
It's a Zero Option so it never
expires.

NEAL
What's it worth?

PETER
A thousand dollar face value....
nine percent interest --

NEAL
Compounded.

PETER
For sixty-four years.

Peter starts a mental calculation. Neal saves him the trouble.

NEAL
Two-hundred and forty-eight thousand
dollars.

PETER
Not chump change. And he's got six
hundred sheets of the stuff.

NEAL
That's a hundred and fifty million.

Peter half-grins at the absurdity of the number.

PETER
He'd be a rich man if he could pass
them off. Still doesn't tell us why
he took out the real bond and put in
a forgery.

Neal furrows his brow a little, then--

NEAL
I think it does. If he claimed he
found boxes of the bonds, how would
they authenticate them?

PETER
(suddenly getting it)
They'd go to the Archives and compare
them to the original.

NEAL
Which he's already swapped-out with
one of his copies.

PETER
So of course they're going to match.

Neal and Peter look at each other - holy shit.

PETER (CONT'D)

This is good. Very good. If we know why he broke in--

NEAL

We need to figure out how.

INT. CITY HALL OF RECORDS - DAY

Peter and Neal stand across a counter from a dull-faced CLERK who is shaking his head slowly.

CLERK

You need form DL-15 to request security blueprints of any government building, including the Federal Archives.

PETER

I know the procedure.

CLERK

Excellent. Then you know how to fill out form-request-form 69-DASH-B...

PETER

That can take weeks.

The Clerk continues as if Peter hadn't spoken--

CLERK

... File one copy with the state, a duplicate copy with the federal Building Security Committee.

PETER

I'm FBI. I can get a warrant.

CLERK

Okay, but you still need form DL-15.

Neal is already bored with the conversation. He wanders down to the end of the hallway. Through a shipping window he spies a meek but attractive YOUNG WOMAN working in back. He walks to a drinking fountain, splashes some water on his face and ruffles his suit. He puts on his best distressed look and steps over to the window.

NEAL

Excuse me.

YOUNG WOMAN
(startled)
They can help you in front.

NEAL
I know, but I need you. I misplaced
an aluminum document tube and I'm
hoping it's back there.

She looks around her side of the window.

YOUNG WOMAN
I don't see anything.

Neal drops against the wall, breathes heavily.

NEAL
Damn. I was supposed to pick up a
set of blueprints for a meeting. I
took a call and I set the tube down
just for a minute. This is the second
time I screwed up.
(slaps his forehead)
Stupid. Stupid. Stupid.

YOUNG WOMAN
(quietly)
Calm down. I can make you another
copy.

Neal leans in to her, confidentially.

NEAL
You don't understand. It's security
blueprints for a federal building
and I don't have my DL-15 with me. I
could request another one, but you
know how long a 69-DASH-B takes to
process. They're going to fire me.

She reaches over the counter and squeezes his shoulder.

YOUNG WOMAN
It's okay. Which building is it?

INT. CITY HALL OF RECORDS - LATER

Peter is still arguing with the Clerk.

NEAL (O.S.)
Peter.

Peter turns. Neal is at the door holding a document tube.

NEAL (CONT'D)
I'll meet you in the car.

Peter steps over to him, says quietly--

PETER
Is that what I think it is?

NEAL
Probably. Unless you think it's a toaster. It's not a toaster.

PETER
What did I tell you, huh? What is the first rule?

NEAL
Don't talk about Fight Club?

PETER
(irritated)
Do I want to know how you got this?

Neal gestures toward the Clerk.

NEAL
Do you want to keep talking to him?

PETER
Consider this a warning.

They exit.

INT. NATIONAL ARCHIVES LOBBY - EVENING

Neal and Peter have the blueprints draped across a visitor's bench in the lobby.

NEAL
If I'm reading these right -- and I think I am -- it would probably be easier to break into the Pentagon than this building. Maybe it was an inside job.

PETER
(shakes his head)
The staff is given bimonthly polygraphs.

NEAL
Oh. Then I'm wrong. It is easier to break into the Pentagon than this building.

The guys sit, thinking.

NEAL (CONT'D)

We don't have any suspects.

PETER

We don't know if we have a crime.

INT. PETER'S CAR - NIGHT

Peter is driving Neal home.

NEAL

Big plans for the weekend?

PETER

The usual. Mow the lawn, catch the game.

NEAL

Really? What are you doing with Debbie?

PETER

(shrugs)

She likes to watch the Chargers.

NEAL

On your anniversary?

A beat. Peter slams the brakes. The car skids to a stop in the middle of the road. He pounds his head on the steering wheel.

NEAL (CONT'D)

I'm going to go out on a limb and say you forgot.

PETER

This is bad.

NEAL

You have a few days.

PETER

This is what happened last year. I promised to make up for it this time with something special. Not just the usual dinner and sex. She deserves to be blown away.

NEAL

Okay. What's she into?

PETER

We've been married for a decade. I don't know that kind of stuff anymore.

NEAL

She has a degree?

PETER

Brown. Liberal arts.

NEAL

No help there. Work?

PETER

She's an accountant. Lavine, Lofgren and Morris.

NEAL

She's a tough one.

(then)

How could you not know? You're a detective. When you were chasing me you knew my shoe size, what time I woke up--

PETER

That was work.

NEAL

You don't think a relationship is work?

Peter cuts him an icy glare.

PETER

Oh no. You do not get to lecture me on relationships. My wife didn't change her identity and flee the country to get away from me.

That hangs there. Neal is shocked speechless. Peter puts the car in gear and starts driving again.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean that.

NEAL

Yeah you did.

(then)

Did she really flee the country?

PETER

I don't know. I said that because it sounded... meaner.

NEAL

It was.

PETER

Got an image of her hooking-up with
a French guy?

NEAL

Several French guys. Thanks.

They ride in silence for a moment.

PETER

What am I going to do?

NEAL

You're a detective. Figure it out.

EXT. MANSION POOL AREA - NIGHT

The gate opens. Neal steps in, closing the gate behind him. The back yard is in near total darkness but he can make out a shadowy figure seated at the table at the far end of the pool.

He gropes for some kind of weapon - comes up with a badminton racket. It will have to do. He moves forward cautiously.

The figure strikes a match to light a cigarette, revealing the face of a burned-out beat philosopher with the mad look of Kerouac - this is MOZZIE.

NEAL

What the hell Mozzie? Are you afraid
of lights?

MOZZIE

The light is how they find you.

Neal turns on the pool halogens and takes a seat.

MOZZIE (CONT'D)

It's really you, man? You're not a
ghost?

NEAL

Not yet.

MOZZIE

Can I see it?

Neal tugs up the cuff on his pants, revealing the tracking anklet.

MOZZIE (CONT'D)

You flew too close to the sun my friend. They burned your wings.

NEAL

That's why I need your help. I have to find a guy who committed a break-in that may not have happened.

Mozzie ponders this.

MOZZIE

Existential criminality...

A thin smile as he takes a long drag off of his cigarette.

MOZZIE (CONT'D)

Dig it.

INT. STOKE'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Peter goes through Debbie's side of the book shelf. She yells in from the bedroom--

DEBBIE (O.S.)

Peter, the gardener wants another hundred for the new ficus. Will you talk to him?

Peter is not really paying attention as he searches the titles for clues to his wife's interests.

PETER

Sure, I'll leave a check.

Debbie steps in curiously. She's wearing a smart business suit. Peter doesn't notice her.

DEBBIE

Or he said I could work it off as a slave in his pleasure dungeon.

PETER

As long as he's done by Friday.

He feels her stare and looks up. Busted. He pulls out the book closest to his hand.

PETER (CONT'D)

Catcher in the Rye. Been meaning to read it again.

He picks up his jacket and walks her to the door.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'll call you at lunch.

She pulls him close and adjusts his tie.

DEBBIE

No. You'll lose track of time and forget.

Peter nods. She knows him well.

PETER

I'll see you at dinner?

DEBBIE

Let's shoot for that.

He loves her for this. He gives her a kiss and they exit.

EXT. MANSION GATE - MORNING

Peter presses the buzzer.

JUNE (V.O.)

Good morning Peter.

PETER

Morning June.

JUNE (V.O.)

Lovely day isn't it?

PETER

Yeah it's great. Can you buzz me in?

The BUZZER sounds, but before Peter can enter, Neal steps out dressed and ready to go.

NEAL

I know who did it.

PETER

You figured out how he broke into the Archives?

NEAL

I have no idea and I don't care. Do you remember the museum break-in three years ago in Landesmuseum?

PETER

Yeah. It was never solved.

NEAL

Not by you guys.

PETER
(bullshit)
But you know who did it.

NEAL
Curtis Hagen.

PETER
Never heard of him.

NEAL
Yeah, he's that good.

They start walking toward Peter's car.

NEAL (CONT'D)
You only know the guys who get caught.
You know the second best criminals.

PETER
What's that say about you?

NEAL
It says there's an exception to every
rule.

PETER
I caught you twice.

NEAL
I'm serious about this.

PETER
(looks at his watch)
Fine. Tell me about Hagen.

EXT. CANTER'S DELI - DAY

Neal and Peter sit at an outside table. Across the street is a large private art gallery. Neal pores over the menu while the waiter waits impatiently.

PETER
That's Hagen's gallery over there?

NEAL
Yeah. He has some superb pieces,
along with his own work... which is
actually pretty good.
(to waiter)
Is the ahi fresh or farmed?

The waiter shrugs. It's not clear if he speaks English.

NEAL (CONT'D)

Do you buy your scallops local?

(to Peter)

You can expense this, right?

Peter pulls the menu out of Neal's hand and gives it to the waiter.

PETER

Two coffees.

The waiter nods and exits. Peter turns to Neal.

PETER (CONT'D)

How do you make the link from brush jockey to master thief?

NEAL

There's a dozen rumors linking him to the Landesmuseum job.

PETER

Do these "rumors" happen to come from known felons?

NEAL

Not well known.

PETER

(exasperated)

Damn it Neal--

NEAL

Believe me Peter, Hagen is our guy.

PETER

(this conversation is over)

Interesting theory. We'll throw his name against a wall and see what sticks. Meanwhile--

NEAL

Meanwhile I'm going to look at some art.

Neal stands and starts walking across the street. Peter jumps up, throws some bills on the table and starts after him.

PETER

Get back here!

INT. HAGEN'S ART GALLERY - SAME

An eclectic mix of unusually good art, contemporary paintings by obscure young artists hang between Van Gogh's and Monte's.

Neal comes through the door, nods to the GALLERY STAFF and begins to browse. A beat later Peter comes in and, as casually as he can, moves up behind Neal.

PETER

Don't make a scene, just walk out.

NEAL

You're telling me an FBI agent can't appreciate some paintings?

Neal stops in front of a framed crayon doodle that appears to be a sunflower with a shifty smile.

PETER

Let's go before they try to sell us some of this crap.

NEAL

Crap? This is a masterpiece.

PETER

Sure. "Crayon Sunflower" by Pablo Picasso. Sold last year at Sotheby's for three-point-nine million. I hope that includes a magnet to stick it on the fridge.

Neal continues walking. He glances at a rear entrance lock.

NEAL

That's a Schlage Handpunch. Same biometric lock they have in the Archives.

PETER

The guy's got Rembrandt's. I hope he buys good locks.

Neal stops in front of a more modern piece.

NEAL

This is Hagen's. It's good.

From behind them--

HAGEN (O.S.)

I'm glad you like it.

They turn to see CURTIS HAGEN descending the staircase. From his European ponytail to his smile to his pant-cuffs, he is the perfect melding of businessman and artesté. He flashes a smile that doesn't touch his eyes.

HAGEN (CONT'D)

May I help you gentlemen?

PETER

Just looking around.

HAGEN

You "look around" at flea markets.
Not here.

PETER

That's fine because we were just
leaving.

Before they can move, Hagen turns on Neal.

HAGEN

Your face is familiar. Have I seen
it on the news? Perhaps a most wanted
web page?

Neal knows this guy has him pegged - he offers a hand.

NEAL

Neal Caffrey.

Hagen ignores it.

HAGEN

Forgive me for not shaking the hand
of an art thief.

NEAL

I was never arrested for art theft.

HAGEN

Not arrested, but as I recall you
are known as quite the Renaissance
criminal. Is it true you planted a
story about the theft of a Cezanne,
then sold forgeries to Japanese
billionaires who thought they were
buying the real thing?

NEAL

It's a good idea.

HAGEN

Yes it is. So you'll understand my
concern with you "looking around" my
gallery.

(MORE)

HAGEN (CONT'D)

(to Peter)

I believe they're having a street fair on the boardwalk. Plenty of soda bottle wind chimes I'm sure you'll enjoy more than my crayon sketches.

He gestures them toward the door.

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE THE GALLERY - MINUTES LATER

Neal and Peter stand outside the gallery. Peter is not happy.

PETER

Let's get this straight. I'm running this investigation. I don't follow you, you follow me. And the next time you have an idea, mull it over for awhile, then never mention it.

Peter looks toward a private parking lot next door to the gallery.

PETER (CONT'D)

I've got an idea.

Neal gets it, grins.

NEAL

Fifty-seven Bel Air?

PETER

(nods)

You follow me.

Neal holds up his hands in supplication. Peter leads them into the lot and over to the PARKING ATTENDANT.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hey buddy. I was walking by last week and I saw this lime green, fifty seven, Bel Air parked here.

The Parking Attendant scratches his chin.

PARKING ATTENDANT

Yeah, yeah, I know that car. Damn shame ain't it? Don't know what possesses some people.

Peter pulls a twenty out of his wallet.

PETER

Only thing green looks good on is one of these. I've been dying to get my hands on a '57. Who owns it?

The Attendant quickly pockets the bill.

PARKING ATTENDANT

Little dude, kind of weird. Don't know his name. He's in here a couple times a month.

PETER

Where does he go?

PARKING ATTENDANT

That art place next door. If I see him, want me to give him a message?

PETER

Tell him to get a better lawyer.

The guy is mildly confused by the remark as they walk away.

PETER (CONT'D)

Okay, you got me curious. Assuming Hagen is our guy, I hope he doesn't start poking around and figure out you're working with me.

NEAL

What if he does?

INT. PETER'S OFFICE - DAY

Diana slaps a printout on his desk.

DIANA

Hagen is leaving the country. He booked a flight through a private charter company in Barcelona for the 19th.

PETER

One week.

(glares at Neal)

This is what he does when he puts it together. He packs up the bonds and disappears.

DIANA

Or it's coincidence. Or he's traveling. The guy travels a lot.

PETER

(to Diana)

Get every available research agent on this. You know the best ones. Steal them if you have to. I want to know everything about this guy and I don't want to hear excuses. Anything gets in your way--

DIANA

Forge your signature? Always do.

She starts out. Peter stops her.

PETER

Do you have that other research?

She flashes a disapproving look.

DIANA

You mean your stalker file?

She slaps down a thick folder and exits. Peter spreads the contents out on his desk.

NEAL

Stalker file?

PETER

I need your help on this.

Neal picks up one of the documents. As he looks over the paper he smirks just a little.

NEAL

This is your wife's visa bill.

PETER

Yeah. I've got it all. Her eBay bids, video rentals, library books - thank you Patriot Act--

NEAL

You're stalking your own wife?

PETER

Want to compare notes?

Good point. Neal lets it go.

NEAL

Figure out what she likes?

PETER

It's right here in the summary.

He searches the pile, finds the page he's looking for.

PETER (CONT'D)
 (reading from list)
 Pottery making. Nancy Drew Mysteries.
 The Princess Bride. Oleander?

Peter shrugs. Neal shrugs back.

PETER (CONT'D)
 Harrison Ford. Old jazz. Anything
 Italian except olives. Ziggy comics--

NEAL
 Hang on. Old jazz?

PETER
 Yeah.
 (thinks about it,
 grins)
 She named our dog Satchmo.

NEAL
 Really old jazz. We can work with
 this.

INT. NEAL'S ROOM - NIGHT

A key turns in the lock and Neal opens the door. He steps into the dark room, tosses his keys onto a chair.

VOICE
 Ouch.

Neal slaps the light switch. The overhead comes on, revealing Mozzie, sitting in the chair with the keys in his lap.

NEAL
 Damn it Mozzie. You're like a chain
 smoking bat.

Neal walks around the room turning on all the lights. He drops into another chair and lets out a long breath.

NEAL (CONT'D)
 So?

Mozzie looks at him with a slow smile.

MOZZIE
 Apparently, when a tree falls in the
 forest it does make a sound.

NEAL
 You found something?
 (MORE)

NEAL (CONT'D)
 (Mozzie nods)
 Both of them?

He nods again. A beat as that sinks in. This is big.

NEAL (CONT'D)
 Start with Kate.

Mozzie reaches into an old nap sack and pulls out an 8x10. Is there the slightest trembling in Neal's hands as he takes the picture? It's a grainy security camera photo of Kate. She's looking off, as if startled by something, a haunted look on her face.

Neal's eyes jump to the top corner of the picture. Just visible is a MAN'S HAND - WEARING A DISTINCTIVE RING - TOUCHING KATE'S SHOULDER.

Neal stares at this, his face overcome with a haunted look of its own.

EXT. MANSION POOL AREA - MORNING

Peter is eating breakfast with Cindy by the pool. Peter takes a bite of pancakes, checks his watch.

PETER
 Where is he?

CINDY
 He was up late with his friend.

PETER
 What friend?

Cindy realizes she's said too much.

CINDY
 His after work friend.

Peter scowls as Neal comes out in a good mood.

NEAL
 Good morning.

PETER
 Morning. So why don't I get to meet your after work friend?

A weird beat. Neal shoots a look at Cindy. She stands and quickly exits. Neal looks back at Peter - busted.

NEAL
 I don't think he'd like to meet you.

PETER

I could so easily pull down this nice world you have here.

NEAL

We're in a time crunch. You said to find out everything we could.

PETER

Those instructions were for FBI agents, not people wanted by FBI agents.

NEAL

Has the FBI found anything?

PETER

No. Hagen is impressive as hell. Holdings all over the world, but so far no connection to the murder, the books, or the bonds.

Neal slides over a scrap of paper with an address.

NEAL

This is a warehouse on the docks. He owns it through a shell corporation out of Belize.

PETER

We didn't find this.

NEAL

I don't think you rely on rumor as much as my friend.

EXT. MARINA WAREHOUSE - DAY

A rusting hulk of a building with locked doors and dark windows. A portion of the warehouse extends over the water where a large boat is moored. Neal and Peter stand on the dock looking at it.

PETER

(unimpressed)
It's a warehouse.

Neal leads them closer.

NEAL

It's built over the dock so they can load that boat without a lot of eyes on them.

PETER

Just like half the warehouses in
this harbor.

NEAL

Check out the security.

Peter shoots a look at THREE MEN in street clothes who, at first glance, appear to be casual bystanders. The gun bulges under their jackets are the give-away.

PETER

Alright, so they've got themselves
some plain-wrap guards trying to
keep a low profile.

NEAL

They've got something in there they
want to keep secret.

PETER

I need more than that.

Neal doesn't react; he's listening intently. The slightest of smiles forms on his lips.

NEAL

Hear that? Kind of a rhythmic
thumping?

Peter listens - nothing but the sounds of a busy port. Neal holds up a finger - listen closer.

NEAL (CONT'D)

That's a printing press. Do you hear
the dragging sound between the thumps?
That's a slatter bar. New models
don't have those. It's an old press.

Peter strains to hear... okay, maybe something.

NEAL (CONT'D)

They're printing the bonds in there
right now. I can hear it, Peter.

Peter considers this, it's a long shot, but... he takes out his phone, dials.

PETER

Diana, I need some recording equipment
brought down to the docks immediately.

INT. FBI AUDIO LAB - LATER

Vast monitors and sound mixing equipment. Peter is working with a pair of audio technicians as Diana leads Neal in. He grins as he recognizes the sound they're processing - it's the noise from the warehouse. Most of the dock noise has been removed. What's left is a distinctly mechanical RHYTHMIC THUMPING. Peter turns to Neal, allows himself a smile.

PETER

You're good. It's a Heidelberg 12-27
Offset Press, first manufactured in
1942.

Neal can't help a smile of his own.

INT. PETER'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Neal sits on the couch while Peter paces thoughtfully in front of him.

PETER

I'm on board. Hagen is our guy. But
we still don't have enough for a
warrant.

NEAL

We know the bonds are there. Just
open the door.

Peter takes a book off a shelf and tosses it to Neal.

PETER

You should read this.

Neal looks at the cover: WARRANT LAW.

PETER (CONT'D)

All I've got is sound coming out of
a warehouse and no way to link it to
Hagen.

Peter stops pacing and locks eyes with Neal.

PETER (CONT'D)

I have to talk to your friend.

(Neal starts to protest)

I don't care what he's done. I don't
care how you know each other. I
promise this won't blow back on either
one of you.

NEAL

You don't understand, this guy does not trust the federal government. He hasn't bought stamps in fifteen years.

PETER

Do you trust me?

NEAL

(after a beat)

Yeah.

PETER

Then convince your friend to trust me. I have to know how he connected Hagen to the warehouse.

Neal nods, slowly convincing himself this could work.

NEAL

Okay. I'll bring him in.

(a beat)

And while we're on the subject of trust...

(a breath)

Actually, you might want to buy me a drink for this one.

INT. DOWNTOWN BAR - EVENING

Peter watches as Neal downs a double scotch and slaps the empty glass on the table.

NEAL

I'm going to need another one.

Peter motions for the waitress to bring another drink.

PETER

What's up?

NEAL

Remember when you told me not to look for Kate?

Peter holds up his hand again and yells to the waitress.

PETER

Make it two!

NEAL

My friend found more than just information on the Dutchman.

Neal pulls out the 8x10 that Mozzie gave him and lays it on the table. WE SHOULD NOTICE THAT NEAL HAS TRIMMED THE EDGE OF THE PHOTO - THE MAN'S HAND - WITH THE RING - IS NO LONGER VISIBLE.

PETER

(his anger palpable)
Damn it Neal. You're putting me in a tough spot here.

NEAL

These were taken four days ago at a Boulder ATM. She's going under the name Kate Perdue.

PETER

Clever.

NEAL

Because in French, Perdue means lost?
(Peter nods)
It makes you wonder, right? Is she lost to me?... or without me?...

PETER

Stop it.

NEAL

I just need a couple of days... after this Dutchman thing is over... a couple of days to go to Boulder. You can send an agent with me... you can come with me--

PETER

Stop it! How many times are you going to screw up your life for this girl? I hate to break this to you buddy, but she dumped you. With prejudice.
(stares at him hard)
Exactly what is your plan if you find her?

This catches Neal off guard.

NEAL

I... I know there's more to our story. She disappears into dust? No. That's not the end.

PETER

Come on Neal. We've all been there. It hurts.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

It hurts like somebody grabbed a fist full of your guts and twists them until you think you're going to die. But it gets easier. Every day it gets easier.

NEAL

Not if she's the one.

Peter slumps back in his seat. None of this is getting through.

NEAL (CONT'D)

I brought this to you. Doesn't that count for something?

PETER

(harshly)

No. We made a deal. I gave you something good here, and you're about to blow it.

He and Neal hold a stare. Neal looks away.

NEAL

You're right Peter. I'm letting her mess with my head again. I'm a smart guy. I should know when I've been dumped.

Neal slides the photo toward Peter.

NEAL (CONT'D)

Take it. I don't want to see it again.

OFF Peter - not completely sold.

INT. STOKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peter lays in bed next to Debbie. He stares at the clock - 2:00 AM. Debbie reaches over the covers and squeezes his hand.

PETER

He's going to run.

INT. STOKE'S LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Debbie looks at the picture of Kate at the ATM.

DEBBIE

He brought this to you. He trusts you.

PETER

No. There's more to it. Something bigger going on.

(beat)

Kate sticks with him for eleven years, then at the last minute she bails. I don't buy it. They're up to something.

DEBBIE

Have you considered she's the one playing Neal?

Peter hadn't. He laughs.

PETER

Neal's never a victim.

But he's not quite buying his own words. Debbie may be on to something.

INT. STOKES'S DINING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Peter sits at the table, the phone to his ear. We HEAR IT RINGING on the other end, then--

VOICE ON PHONE

Electronic monitoring compliance unit.

PETER

I need a location on detention tracking anklet ninety-three alpha. Neal Caffrey.

VOICE ON PHONE

One moment.

The CLACK of computer keys, then--

VOICE ON PHONE (CONT'D)

He's still in his inclusion zone. Same place he was an hour ago. Good-night Agent Stokes.

He hangs up.

PETER

He hasn't moved.

DEBBIE

I'll make us some coffee.

PETER

Go back to sleep.

DEBBIE

You first.

Peter smiles at her as she goes to the kitchen. How did he get this lucky?

EXT. MANSION GATE - MORNING

Peter presses the BUZZER.

PETER

Hi June, will you send him out?

JUNE (V.O.)

Peter? Neal's not here. I thought he was with you.

Peter whirls back toward his car, a sudden sickening sensation hitting him... pulling out his phone, dialing the number he called last night...

VOICE ON PHONE

Electronic monitoring compliance--

PETER

I need a location. Detention anklet ninety-three alpha.

Peter leans against his car - this can't be happening. A long, agonizing moment of nothing, then he looks up and relief floods over his face as he sees --

Neal, strolling up the street carrying a convenience store bag full of junk food. Peter snaps his phone closed.

PETER (CONT'D)

Where have you been?

Neal holds up a candybar from the bag.

NEAL

Mozzie likes Zagnuts when he's nervous.

PETER

Of course he does.

INT. FBI HALLWAY - DAY

Neal leads Mozzie down the long hallway. He's completely freaked out, anxiously chewing on a Zagnut bar.

MOZZIE

This is crazy! Frodo and Sam straight into Mordor. Belly of the beast.

NEAL

Relax, Moz.

MOZZIE

They caught you. I don't stand a chance.

NEAL

Did you bring an ID?

MOZZIE

I couldn't decide which one.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Neal leads Mozzie into the room where Peter, Diana and a few other agents are seated. A chair has been set in the middle of the room intended for Mozzie. He glances at the seat, then begins to wander the room instead.

NEAL

This is Mozzie.

Mozzie gives them a quick glance, then turns to stare at a painting of J. Edgar Hoover on the wall. He taps the glass.

PETER

Mozzie?

MOZZIE

I understood there'd be no last names.

Peter looks at Neal - huh? Then to Mozzie--

PETER

That's just a painting.

MOZZIE

Oh yeah? Then how many shots from the knoll, man? How many shots from the knoll?

PETER

None.

Mozzie turns to Neal.

MOZZIE

We can't even start from a primitive concept of honesty. This isn't going to work.

Neal gives him another candybar and whispers to him for a long moment. At last Mozzie calms down and sits. He eyes Peter as he peels off the Zagnut wrapper.

MOZZIE (CONT'D)

You're the guy who got him out. That's real human of you.

PETER

I try to be human as often as I can.

NEAL

Tell him how you linked Hagen to the warehouse.

MOZZIE

I just follow my footsteps, one at a time, trying to answer the little questions and staying away from the big ones.

The agents in the room look from one to another - what the hell?

PETER

Could you give us a bit more detail?

Mozzie takes a huge intake of breath, then lets the words go in a huge stream of consciousness.

MOZZIE

Okay, this is all whispers in the dark, you dig? It's calls to phones that don't ring. I wanted to know about Hagen so I sent pings into the ether and this anonymous IM drifts in from Belgium. They heard he went under an alias and a friend knew a guy whose brother wouldn't talk to me but directly, dig? But I get an anonymous piece of cryptic with one word - Pintor - not Pinto like the car but Pintor - which means the painter in spanish and what's Hagen... he's a brush man, right? So I think it's the alias and maybe it is but it's also a Guatemalan holding company, and guess what they're holding... a warehouse right here in river city.

(sits back smugly)

So there you go. All tied up in a nice neat bow.

Everyone exchanges looks. Is this a joke?

PETER

Do you have any actual evidence linking Hagen to the warehouse?

MOZZIE

Not as such. But I'm very intuitive.

PETER

So you... guessed?

MOZZIE

Yeah. And I'm right. I'm usually always right.

PETER

I think we're done here.

OFF Mozzie, slightly disappointed.

INT. FBI BUILDING - LATER

Neal and Peter walk out.

NEAL

I told you Mozzie was crazy.

PETER

I thought he did performance art or open mic nights. I didn't know he was up the river with Colonel Kurtz.

NEAL

What happens now?

PETER

I can't impound a computer or seize financial records or any of the normal things I'd do to get a warrant. God owe you any favors?

NEAL

Not since Amy Bowen in eighth grade.

PETER

Then by this time tomorrow I suspect Hagen will be out of here with the bonds and this all becomes Interpol's problem.

NEAL

What does that mean for me?

PETER

You've done some good work. I'll push hard to keep you out.

NEAL

But there's no guarantees.

PETER

I'll talk to the bureau chief. He knows some judges.

Neal shakes his head in frustration.

NEAL

We could walk into the warehouse. The bonds are right there.

PETER

That's why my job can be a lot harder than yours. Hang in there. It's not over yet.

This time OFF Neal - not completely sold.

INT. NEAL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Neal lays on his bed. The Warrant Law book is laid across his chest. He drums his finger on the cover, lost in thought.

A shaft of moonlight highlights Neal's anklet. He turns it, lets the light touch it. His expression hardens into resolve.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

The first hint of light in the sky. Silent streets. The garage door opens. It's Neal, opening it as quietly as he can. He gets into June's Jaguar, lets it roll down the driveway before starting it. The engine PURRS to life. He drives off, waiting until he's far down the street before turning on the lights.

INT. STOKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peter's phone RINGS. He fumbles it off the night stand and answers, groggy.

PETER

Yeah?

He listens, then sits up, suddenly awake.

PETER (CONT'D)

Damn.

Debbie wakes up.

DEBBIE

What's happening?

PETER
I shouldn't have trusted him.

EXT. THE DOCKS - MORNING

The Jaguar headlights carve a path down the Marina street which is just coming to life.

The car purrs to a stop and Neal steps out. And we follow him as he walks toward -- the WAREHOUSE.

INT. CAR - SAME

Peter drives like a madman, yelling into the speaker phone mounted on his dash.

PETER
I don't care! Wake everyone up.
(phone BEEPS)
Hang on, I've got another call.

He presses a button.

DIANA (V.O.)
Hey Peter. It's Diana. Not to add to your problems but the bosses want to know if we should call in the marshals.

PETER
No way, this is my mess.

EXT. DOCKS - SAME

Neal walks up to the locked door of the warehouse. He takes out a digital camera. And takes a flash picture of the warehouse door. He moves closer, takes another shot of the darkened upstairs window. The flash illuminates an angry face of a GUARD. Neal smiles to himself and keeps taking pictures.

FLASH - The light illuminates an angry face as the warehouse door is thrown open. This is one of the guards we saw earlier.

GUARD
What do you think you're doing?

NEAL
I'm taking a photography class at the annex and pictures of rusty sheet-metal are a sure-fire A.

Neal snaps another picture of the man as a SECOND GUARD appears behind him and takes hold of him by the arms. Neal doesn't struggle as the first guard takes the camera and starts looking through the pictures.

GUARD

He's casing the place.

He looks around to make sure there are no witnesses.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Get him inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

The Guards lead Neal through the warehouse. The presses have stopped but he sees boxes of the Victory Bonds printed and stored in crates. Also, piles of the Snow White books cast aside. He grins to himself. The guards lead him upstairs.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - SAME

They force Neal into a chair opposite an oak desk. It's a very nice office for such a shitty place. It's surrounded on four sides by clear glass walls.

A voice BOOMS from the other end of the warehouse--

HAGEN (O.S.)

Exactly what is happening in here?

The guards step out of the office as Hagen approaches like a charging bull. In his wake is GAINS, the killer lawyer.

Neal takes the moment to close the office door behind them and flip the lock. Now he's inside the office and they're locked out. Hagen turns on the Guards.

HAGEN (CONT'D)

Why did you bring him inside?

GUARD

He was taking pictures.

The Guard offers the camera. Hagen ignores it. He approaches the glass, appraising Neal coldly - what is he up to?

HAGEN

(to Gains)

Where is your gun?

Gains draws his pistol and aims it through the glass. Neal offers a sideways grin.

NEAL

This is two inch Lexan.

Neal and Hagen size each other up.

HAGEN

The keys are on their way.

Neal shrugs, sits down in the chair behind the desk and puts his feet up on the polished oak.

INT. PETER'S CAR - SAME

Peter turns onto the marina drive just as FOUR FBI ASSAULT VANS tear around the corner, veer past him heading for THE WAREHOUSE.

Peter can't help but smile as it dawns on him what Neal has done.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - SAME

Hagen stares daggers at Neal. A guard rushes up with a set of keys. Hagen takes them, and with a malicious grin he holds up the key to the door.

His grin falters as he HEARS the VANS SCREECHING IN outside.

HAGEN

What's that?

He steps over to a window and looks out. His eyes go wide. He whirls on Neal who stares at him with amusement through the glass. Neal tugs up his pant leg just enough to reveal the tracking anklet.

Hagen's face drops in a flash of insight.

HAGEN (CONT'D)

You are a particular kind of bastard.

Neal smiles - he's won.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

The vans ROAR to a stop, the doors swing out and dozens of agents leap out in body armor, guns up. They form a rough semicircle around the entrance.

Peter approaches his men with a broad grin.

PETER

Gentlemen, we have a fugitive hiding inside this building. Knock down those doors.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Hagen shouts orders to his men.

HAGEN

Lock the entrances! Move the bonds onto the boat!

GAINS

What about the presses?

HAGEN

No time. Just the bonds!

BAM! A battering ram slams the building from the outside. The walls shake. BAM! It pounds again and the door comes tumbling down.

Hagen and Gains have no time to react as agents explode into the room screaming, "Down! Everybody down!" Gun lights shaft through clouds of dust. Men drop.

In seconds it's over. Everyone is on the ground. Not a shot fired.

Peter comes in. He steps over to Hagen's familiar face, glaring up at him from the floor.

PETER

Remember me? I took your advice and went to that street fair and you know what? Those wind chimes were crap.

He picks up a bond off the loading pallet.

PETER (CONT'D)

Now this... this is quality work.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Peter approaches the office. A huge smile splits his face as he sees --

Neal. He's opened the door to the office and he leans casually against the desk, smoking one of Hagen's cigars.

PETER

This is what the law calls an exigent circumstance - it allows us to pursue a suspect onto private property without a warrant--

NEAL

-- And to seize any and all evidence discovered in plain view, regardless of its connection to the original crime.

Neal steps back, revealing a floor safe. He swings the door open with his foot. Inside, in plain view, is the original bond.

NEAL (CONT'D)

Oh look. It's the original victory bond.

PETER

You could have told me what you had planned.

NEAL

It was a last minute thing. I didn't want to wake you.

Neal and Peter grin at each other. Peter says nothing. There's nothing to say. Neal got the best of him. And he's damn glad he did.

FADE TO:

BLACK

Over this darkness we hear--

PETER (O.S.)

We're almost there.

EXT. MANSION POOL AREA - NIGHT

Peter leads Debbie down a dark path. We are too close to know where we are. Peter has a scarf over her eyes. Debbie is grinning like a teenager.

DEBBIE

Peter! I'm getting seasick.

PETER

Just a little further.

Peter stops. Unties the scarf.

PETER (CONT'D)

Open your eyes.

She does and the camera turns to REVEAL the mansion's back yard. It's been turned into a magical garden. Candles and lanterns hang everywhere.

DEBBIE

It's beautiful. Where are we?

PETER

Tonight, wherever you want to be.

The pool is covered with floating votive candles. Peter leads her along its edge to a table set up at the end.

DEBBIE

Do I smell oleander?

PETER

You like oleander candles, right?

DEBBIE

I love oleander candles.

They reach the table and Peter pulls out her chair. They sit. She takes his hand across the table, squeezes it giddily.

The house door opens and Neal comes out with ALFREDO, a middle-aged hispanic man in chef's whites.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Neal Caffrey. Why am I not surprised?

NEAL

This is Alfredo. He's a cook at Taco Bueno, but in his native Argentina he was a sou chef at the Michellene star rated La Pergola.

(looks at Debbie)

Tonight he's prepared dishes especially for you.

EXT. MANSION POOL AREA - LATER

The remains of a three course meal laid out before them. Peter and Debbie sit blissfully as Alfredo sets down dessert plates.

DEBBIE

Rice Crispies? You called my mom?

PETER

You said it before. I'll do some pretty crazy things for love.

Debbie turns as she hears the SOULFUL STRAINS of an alto clarinet. Seated at the far side of the pool is an elderly man in a Jazz suit. He nods amiably toward them as he plays Dave Brubeck's 'Take Five'.

PETER (CONT'D)

That's Muddywater Haywood. He used to sit in with some of the greats down at the Blue Note - which is exactly one point six miles from here.

Peter stands. Extends a hand to her. She takes it and he leads her onto the pool surround. They dance. Peter pulls her close. Tears glisten in her eyes.

DEBBIE

We haven't danced since our honeymoon.

PETER

We need to get out more.

DEBBIE

(whispers)

Thank you.

ON PETER as tears glisten in his own eyes.

EXT. MANSION POOL AREA - LATER

Peter and Neal sit in chairs outside the guest house. Peter watches, content, as Debbie talks with Muddywater. She's happy, laughing and glowing like a teenager.

Without a word, Peter reaches into his pocket and pulls out a leather ID wallet and hands it to Neal. Inside is Neal's picture and a card that reads: NEAL CAFFREY, FBI CONSULTANT.

PETER

Figured if we didn't give you this, you'd end up making one of your own.

NEAL

(touched)

I'm official?

PETER

Yeah. It's not going to be easy. How do you feel about working weekends?

NEAL

I'm all yours.

PETER

Good, because next Saturday I've got some follow-up work on a case in Boulder, thought I'd drag you along.

Neal just looks at him, not sure he heard correctly.

NEAL

Boulder?

PETER

Any problem with that?

NEAL

No. I just... why are you doing this?

Peter doesn't answer immediately. He looks over at his wife. She catches his eye and smiles and we see it... Peter gets the arrow straight through the heart all over again.

PETER

Because you're right. When she's the one you can never let go.

They sit in comfortable silence for a moment.

PETER (CONT'D)

By the way... I would have caught you.

OFF both of them grinning at that--

FADE OUT.

THE END