

MELTDOWN

by
craig houchin

Meltdown_TableRead_2017

Craig Houchin
craighouchin@me.com
818.331.0615

Manager: Joel Millner, Larchmont Literary Agency
jm@larchmontlit.com
323.856.3070

©2014

WGA # 1726194

EXT. WALL STREET - NIGHT

THE AMERICAN FLAG looms over us. Four stories tall and a hundred feet wide, it stretches like a shield across the entire face of the NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

Spotlights light it up like a carnival. And in the street below, ARMORED MEN with rifles stand guard.

Over this, we hear a woman's voice. Ragged. Defeated.

ANGELA SNYDER (OFF CAMERA)
It's not fair.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

ON A COMPUTER SCREEN a YouTube video plays NEWS FOOTAGE of ANGELA SNYDER and HER HUSBAND, white, middle-aged, middle-American, being evicted from their home.

SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES stand guard while MOVERS carry the couple's furniture and belongings from the house. Angela watches them dismantle her life -- and she crumbles.

ANGELA SNYDER
It's just not fair.

The news video zooms in on her anguish and she looks up. Right into the lens. RIGHT AT US. -- And the video stops, freezing Angela's face in this naked moment of shame and hopelessness.

A HAND IN A BLACK LATEX GLOVE clicks a computer mouse...

A BLANK PAGE feeds into an INK-JET PRINTER and...

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN - ANGELA'S EYES pierce into ours as we listen to the printhead sweep back and forth across the page.

THE FINISHED PHOTO drops into the printer tray and the BLACK GLOVED HANDS lift it out...

INT. DICK FELL'S PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

...and lay it on the polished wood floor of the living room. THE PHOTO is a close-up of Angela's face, frozen in anguish. Next to it, we see the edge of another photo, peeking in from the left of frame, giving us the impression that Angela's photo is only a part of some larger, unseen arrangement.

Her photo lies askew until a BLACK GLOVED FINGER tenderly taps the edge to square it up neatly. And then...

INT. DICK FELL'S PENTHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

THE SOLES OF DICK'S SHOES KICK US IN THE FACE as we follow him being dragged down the hall by a man wearing white disposable painter's coveralls, a white balaclava over his nose and mouth, and BLACK LATEX GLOVES.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

THE BLACK GLOVED MAN (DAVID HART) drops Dick, pins him with his knee, and ties his wrists and ankles with DUCT TAPE. He then pulls him up onto his knees, and we finally meet --

DICK FELL. 50s. Furious. A thrashing shark in a \$6,000 suit.

DICK FELL

YOU FUCKING FUCK! Do you know who I am!?

DAVID ignores Dick, tears off a strip of duct tape and reaches with it toward Dick's mouth, but Dick snarls and bites and drives him back. He tries again -- and again Dick drives him off.

David steps back from this stalemate and Dick laughs at him.

DICK FELL

You fucking amateur! You stupid fucking amateur. You thought you could just come in here and rob me!? Take from me!?

DAVID wads the tape and walks away, and Dick cranes his neck to follow him, but can't see what David is doing behind him.

DICK FELL

Is that it? Are you through? Are you fucking quitting!? You piece of shit!

And while Dick taunts him, DAVID picks up A RUGER .22-CALIBER TARGET PISTOL WITH A SUPPRESSOR and returns to face Dick.

DICK FELL

You are one stupid fuck. You know that? You have no clue what you're doing, do you? You are dead! You hear me? You are fucking dead! I am gonna, personally, rip your fucking heart out of your fucking chest and fucking...

WHACK! DAVID interrupts Dick with the butt of his pistol -- and then pulls him back up from the floor and we see the gash in his forehead and the glaze in his eyes - but he is quiet.

DAVID speaks now and we hear an easy Southern drawl.

DAVID

My turn to talk now, Dick.

He bends down behind Dick's ear, and looks out at the grid of FIFTY INK-JET PRINTED PHOTOS displayed on the floor.

THE PHOTOS are of faces, like Angela Snyder's, that have been screen-grabbed from YouTube and news outlets. Each face tells a story of heartbreak, anger or despair. Many of them are looking into the camera, so that almost all fifty faces are looking right back at us.

DAVID

So. See anyone you recognize?

Dick glares straight ahead, refusing to look at the photos.

DAVID

No? Nobody? Oh, well. It was a long-shot. I didn't really think you'd know any of them. You should, though. 'Cause they sure know you.

He grips Dick by the jaw and forces him to face the photos, and we WHIP PAN to the photo of ANGELA SNYDER.

DAVID

There. Top row. Far right. That's Angela Snyder. She and her husband had a nice little house in Ardmore, Oklahoma -- until YOU stole it from them.

He forces Dick to face another photo. A BLACK MAN, 30s.

DAVID

Third row, middle. His name is Dwayne Thomas. He lived in Meridian, Mississippi. You stole his house, too. Only poor ol' Dwayne didn't take it so well, Dick. He shot himself. I think it's fair to say that blood's on you.

And now another photo. A LATINO-AMERICAN SOLDIER.

DAVID

There. See that young soldier in the corner? That's Private First Class, Robert Santo, United States Army. And you are gonna love this one, Dick. He was in Afghanistan when you took his house. I mean, Jes-us, Dick. Here he was off fighting a war for your profit and amusement, and you kick his wife and kids out of their house.

(he shakes his head with mock admiration)

Now that, Dicky-boy, is some honest-to-god. COLD. BLOODED. SHIT. There has got to be some kind of Banker-of-the-Year prize for that one.

DAVID stands up now, and his mocking tone turns cold.

DAVID

Look at them, Dick. Look at the people you lied to. The people you cheated. The people you murdered.

Dick refuses. He just glares straight ahead.

CHK-CHK! David yanks back the pistol slide, chambers a round, and shoves the barrel against the back of Dick's head, forcing him to face the photos.

DAVID

Look. At. Them. They've been waiting a long time for you, Dick. Do you have anything to say to them?

Dick glares at the photos -- and chooses his final words.

FELL

Fuck you. Fuck them and fuck...

POP-POP-POP! Three bullets punch through the back of Dick's skull and HIS FACE hits the floor, and then...

Nothing. No sound. No movement. Like a lightning rod waiting to be struck, David waits... to feel... something. But there is nothing. Only the familiar emptiness.

He sags and lets the pistol hang at his side, and then he peels back the balaclava and we see his BLONDE BEARDED FACE. 30s. Ordinary. Unremarkable.

His attention turns to the blood that is now spreading out across the photos. He watches it bleed across the photo of a BLONDE BEARDED MAN - obscuring the face just before we get a chance to see it. It could be a photo of him, but now we can't be sure.

And now the blood turns toward him, and he just waits for it... watching it ooze closer and closer and closer...

INT. ELEVATED SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

DAVID - now dressed in jeans, boots, warm gloves, and a faded Carhartt jacket over a Giants hoody - sits with a duffle bag next to him, staring at the floor.

The car is nearly empty, just a few late-shift workers on their way home. Across from him, A YOUNG BLACK WOMAN, 20s, wearing a nurse's uniform, sits with her 5-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER cuddled next to her. The young mother nods off.

The Young Girl watches David until her attention makes him look up, and then she playfully hides her face.

David smiles and turns away, but watches her from the corner of his eye and when she peeks at him again -- he spins to her with a grin. She giggles and buries her face in her mother's coat, and the tired woman puts an arm around her.

YOUNG MOTHER

Be still.

But then the young mother notices David looking at them and sits up. Alert. Cautious.

David understands, and lowers his eyes back to the floor.

EXT. QUEENS NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

DAVID trudges past narrow, two-story houses. It's trash day and garbage cans and bags sit on the curb. RATS scurry from a chewed-open trash bag as he passes.

EXT. DAVID HART'S HOUSE - NIGHT

DAVID climbs the steps to the front door -- and we see the BANK NOTICE taped there:

BANK OF NORTH AMERICA -- NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE

He pulls it down as if it were just another pizza delivery flyer, collects his mail from the box, and enters the house.

INT. DAVID HART'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DAVID shuffles down the dark hallway into the KITCHEN, turns on a light and drops the mail and bank notice onto a pile of prior notices and unopened mail on the kitchen table. ON THE ENVELOPES we see the name DAVID HART.

David pulls off his warm gloves and still wears the black latex gloves underneath.

He takes a glass from the window sill above the sink, fills it at the tap, and drinks long and slow.

And when he lowers the glass -- he finds his own DARK REFLECTION looking back at him from the window over the sink. He stares at it until we... MATCH CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - WITNESS INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

AN UNCOMFORTABLY TIGHT CLOSE-UP ON THE SCOWLING FACE OF NYPD DETECTIVE, MIKE MALLOY, 40s. He sits with his back to the wall, harshly judging the man sitting across from him.

OFFICER TRAVIS SEGER, 20s, black, a rookie. He can't hold Malloy's crushing glare and looks away.

ASSISTANT D.A. SHEPARD, 30s, stands between them at the head of a small conference table. He notes Malloy's hostile glare.

SHEPARD

Don't mind Detective Malloy. Just tell me what you saw.

SEGER

Yes, sir. Well. Like I was saying...

EXT. FLASHBACK - CITY STREET - DAY

[These flashbacks are SILENT. The dialogue from the Courthouse interview are all we hear.]

SEGER and MALLOY chase MARVIN LELAND, black, 30s.

SEGER (V.O.)

...we, Detective Malloy and myself, were in foot pursuit of the suspect...

SHEPARD (V.O.)

Marvin Leland?

SEGER (V.O.)
 Yes, sir - Mr. Leland - and I was
 calling for backup...

SEGER calls into his shoulder mic, as MARVIN narrowly dodges a car and runs into a wooded section of CENTRAL PARK.

SEGER'S RUNNING POV sees Marvin dodging in and out of view amongst the trees.

SEGER (V.O.)
 ...We chased him into the trees and
 that's when I heard Detective
 Malloy shout "GUN."

MALLOY shouts "Gun!" just as Seger says the word in V.O.

INT. COURTHOUSE - WITNESS INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Shepard interrupts.

SHEPARD
 How far behind you was Detective
 Malloy?

SEGER
 Maybe twenty, thirty feet.

SHEPARD
 And how far ahead of you was Mr.
 Leland?

SEGER
 About the same, I guess.

SHEPARD
 So when you heard Detective Malloy
 shout "gun" he was nearly fifty to
 sixty feet away from Mr. Leland,
 and running through the trees?

SEGER
 Yes, sir. That seems about right.

SHEPARD
 But you didn't see the gun.

SEGER
 Well... No, sir. Not then, but...

Shepard glances skeptically at Malloy.

SHEPARD
All right. Go on.

EXT. FLASHBACK - CENTRAL PARK - DAY

We pick up where we left off: MALLOY, running, shouts "Gun!" just as Seger says the word in V.O.

SEGER (V.O.)
Yes, sir. So -- Detective Malloy
shouted "GUN" and I took cover
behind a tree...

SEGER ducks behind a tree and draws his pistol -- just as MALLOY blows past him at full speed. SEGER turns, sees MALLOY bend to the ground, scoop something up, and keep running.

SEGER (V.O.)
...That's when he ran past me and I
saw him pick something up off the
ground....

INT. COURTHOUSE - WITNESS INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

SHEPARD
Something? You didn't see what?

SEGER'S eyes flick to MALLOY.

SEGER
Well... It... It was the gun.

SHEPARD
All right. Then what?

EXT. FLASHBACK - CENTRAL PARK - DAY

THROUGH THE TREES, Marvin sees the lights of a POLICE CAR flashing toward him.

SEGER (V.O.)
We continued chasing the suspect
toward West Drive where a cruiser
was able to cut him off.

THE POLICE CAR lunges onto the lawn. MARVIN skids and falls and TWO COPS leap out with guns drawn.

When SEGER catches up, he sees MARVIN in cuffs and MALLOY holding out his hand to the two cops, showing them something.

SEGER (V.O.)
They had him in cuffs by the time I
caught up. And that's when...

Malloy turns to Seger and WE SEE THE GUN in his hand.

SEGER (V.O.)
...Detective Malloy showed me the
gun he picked up.

INT. COURTHOUSE - WITNESS INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Shepard studies Seger. Then Malloy.

SHEPARD
Is that it?

SEGER
Yes, sir.

SHEPARD
Then I have just one more question
for you. It's the one the defense
is going to ask. So I need to know
now. Are you prepared to testify,
under oath, that you saw Marvin
Leland drop, from his hand, the gun
that Detective Malloy picked up?

SEGER glances at Malloy, and then at Shepard. He's fucked
either way... so he goes with the truth.

SEGER
No, sir. I didn't see that.

SHEPARD
Did you see Detective Malloy drop
that gun?

SEGER looks at Shepard and answers honestly.

SEGER
No sir. I didn't see that either.

SHEPARD
All right then. We're done.

SEGER avoids Malloy's glare and walks out. Shepard gathers
his papers and heads for the door.

MALLOY
That's it? You're letting him go?

SHEPARD

What am I supposed to hold him on? You arrested an alleged drug dealer, but you found no drugs. You endangered his life by chasing him through traffic. And then you tried to plant a gun on him. We'll be lucky if he doesn't sue us. And if I could prove you dropped that gun, I'd nail you to the fucking floor for it. But I can't. You can thank your friend Seger for that. So, yeah, Marvin Leland gets to walk. And so do you - for now. See you around, Detective.

Shepard walks out.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

MALLOY strides out of the courthouse, his cell phone to his ear, his eyes searching for Seger.

MALLOY

(into the phone)

Yeah. I'm on my way.

He hangs up. Spots Seger on the steps below and closes in.

MALLOY

HEY!

Seger turns and Malloy gets right in his face.

MALLOY

What the fuck was that!?

SEGER

What?

MALLOY

You didn't back me up!

SEGER

I told what I saw.

MALLOY

And you let a cop-killer walk!

SEGER

What...?

MALLOY

Marvin Leland killed a cop. One of mine! I can't prove it - but I know he fuckin' did it. And I could'a put him away with this gun charge, if you'd just backed me up!

SEGER

You never said...

MALLOY

I shouldn't have to! You're a cop!

SEGER

I-I told what I saw. I told the truth.

MALLOY

Fuck the truth! I'm here to do one thing - nail bad guys like Marvin Leland any way I can. You get that, or get the fuck out of my way.

Malloy pushes past Seger, leaving him clearly rattled.

EXT. FELL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

THE DOORMAN stands on the curb, looking up the street at the crossing avenue where hundreds of PROTESTORS march noisily but peacefully toward Wall Street.

A MEGAPHONE VOICE leads a chant: "What do we want?" THE CROWD responds: "Justice!" -- "What do we want?" -- "Justice!"

MALLOY strides up to the building and enters without even a glance toward the doorman or the protestors.

INT. FELL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Elevator doors open and MALLOY steps into a hallway full of COPS. One stops him and Malloy waves his ID.

INT. DICK FELL'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

Malloy enters, spots the heel drag marks on the floor and follows them down the hall into...

THE LIVING ROOM

Where a small army of DETECTIVES and FORENSIC TECHS swarm the room, inspecting, photographing tagging and bagging.

Malloy is impressed by the turnout. He looks down at Fell's body -- and at the photos on the floor. Faces of anger, despair, and hopelessness look back at him.

He squats beside Fell and notes THE HOLE in the back of his skull. HIS FACE flattened against the floor. HIS LEFT EYE blown out.

He stands up behind Fell and adjusts his position until he feels that he is standing in the exact spot where the killer stood. He then makes a "gun" with his thumb and index finger, sights it at Dick's head, and drops his thumb. Pop.

ACROSS THE ROOM, a detective sees Malloy and walks to him with a big grin. This is Malloy's partner, BUDDY.

BUDDY
Morning, Sunshine.

Malloy ignores the greeting, which he knows is just meant to tweak him, and glances around the room.

MALLOY
This is quite a party. Who's got lead?

Buddy nods toward a pair of younger detectives across the room, ERIC WALSH and NED TILLY, 30s.

BUDDY
Glimmer Twins.

MALLOY
Good. We got enough on our plate.
(he nods to the body)
So who's the very important dead guy?

BUDDY
That is Dick Fell. The - former - CEO of the Bank of North America.

MALLOY
No shit.

BUDDY
Small caliber to the back of the head. Execution style. One of the slugs took out his left eye.
(he shrugs)
That's why all the mess.

Malloy ponders the name.

MALLOY

Isn't he the guy they used to call
the Foreclosure King?

A FORENSIC TECH collecting bullet casings on the floor speaks
up with contempt.

FORENSIC TECH

That's him.

Malloy and Buddy turn to the tech and he seems hesitant to
say more, but then lets the venom flow.

FORENSIC TECH

My brother was a cop in Atlanta. He
got laid-off and this prick took
his house.

(he nods at the photos)

I bet he took theirs, too. One of
them must have finally gotten
pissed-off enough to do something
about it.

Malloy and Buddy glance at each other - it's a good theory.

MALLOY then turns to the wall behind him and sees something
that brings a dark smile to his lips: a message, spray-
painted in red:

TOO BIG TO JAIL - NOT TO KILL

BUDDY

(chuckles)

Thought you'd like that.

MALLOY

Yeah. He seems like my kinda guy.

Buddy laughs, and then - from across the room - another
DETECTIVE waves him over and he walks away, still chuckling.

MALLOY turns back to the message on the wall - and then to
the photos on the floor. Every face looks back at him --
demanding justice.

INT. MALLOY'S CAR - DAY

MALLOY sits behind the wheel, his eyes focused on someone
across the street. [*On his car radio we hear sound-bites of
President Obama defending drone strikes. "...This is a
targeted, focused effort at people who are on a list..."*]

MALLOY watches ZEUS, a black man, late-20s, standing outside a pharmacy. A YOUNG BLACK BOY walks past Zeus, slips CASH into his hand, and keeps walking. Zeus then nods to another boy up the block, DANNY, 12, who runs to an idling car, hands something through the window and the car drives off.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

MALLOY steps out of his car and crosses the street. ZEUS sees him coming, and nods to Danny to take off.

MALLOY
Hello, Zeus.

ZEUS says nothing and just turns to the wall and assumes the familiar spread-eagle stance. Pedestrians continue on with hardly a glance. Just another Stop-and-Frisk.

MALLOY cuffs him, pats him down and finds CASH and a snub-nosed .357. He pockets both, and drags Zeus across the street to his car.

DANNY stops to look back, and watches Malloy put Zeus into the backseat.

INT./EXT. MALLOY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

MALLOY steers the car away from the curb and after a few blocks, turns north onto Harlem River Drive.

ZEUS
Where you going?

MALLOY ignores him and accelerates, faster and faster.

ZEUS
What are you doing, man!?

MALLOY jerks the wheel hard to the right and ZEUS' HEAD smacks against the window... MALLOY'S CAR fishtails into a dirt lot under the RFK Bridge and... HE STOMPS THE BRAKES, and Zeus' face slams into the back of Malloy's seat.

MALLOY gets out, drags ZEUS from the backseat and shoves him up against the car.

MALLOY
What the fuck happened with Marvin!?

ZEUS
What?

MALLOY

I busted him and he had nothing on him. No drugs. No guns. Nothing. I had to fucking let him go!

ZEUS

I don't know, man. Maybe it was his day off.

MALLOY

Don't fuck with me!

ZEUS

I'm not fucking with you!

MALLOY

You told me he was the guy.

ZEUS

He is.

MALLOY

Then I want him. And YOU gotta give him to me!

Zeus matches Malloy's furious glare, but then backs down. He's in Malloy's world -- for now.

ZEUS

Being your bitch is gettin' real old, man. When am I gonna be through with you?

MALLOY

Give me Marvin. Then we'll talk. That's the deal you made.

Zeus hates that deal, but he's trapped.

ZEUS

Can I go now?

MALLOY

Turn around.

Malloy unlocks the cuffs and Zeus holds out his hand, silently demanding his money and gun.

Malloy takes the .357 from his coat pocket. Looks at it. Weighs it in his hand -- and hands it to Zeus.

ZEUS

My money?

MALLOY

That's mine. You owe me for fucking me on Marvin.

ZEUS

How am I supposed to make a living, if you keep taking it all?

MALLOY

Not my problem.

Zeus bites off his angry response and turns to go -- but Malloy stops him.

MALLOY

Hey. I warned you about using those kids. Cut 'em loose, or I'll have to quit looking the other way.

ZEUS

Like you fuckin' care, man. If you want me to do your dirty work, you gotta let me do mine. That's the deal YOU made.

ZEUS walks away... and MALLOY can only watch.

INT. MARCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MARCY, a young black woman, mid-20s, stares into the dark. We hear a soft knock at her door, but she doesn't respond... A second knock...

AND SHE OPENS THE DOOR to Malloy's face, his perpetual scowl now softened with a clumsy tenderness.

Marcy recognizes him, but doesn't invite him in. And then, from the darkness behind her, a WAKING BABY CRIES.

MARCY

I gotta get Jada.

She walks away, leaving the door open. MALLOY steps inside, finds a lamp on the small table by the door and turns it on. The table is lined with family photos.

MALLOY sees light coming from the bedroom and walks toward it, and as he crosses the lamp table we see THE PHOTOS:

A WEDDING PHOTO of Marcy and TYLER. A BABY PORTRAIT of their 1-year-old girl. A POLICE ACADEMY GRADUATION PHOTO of TYLER MARSHALL, Malloy's murdered cop.

IN THE BEDROOM

Malloy finds Marcy sitting in the glow of a night-light, nursing her baby. He stops in the doorway.

MARCY

You don't need to keep coming here.
There's nothing you can do.

MALLOY doesn't want to believe that. He wants to give her something -- but all he has to offer is revenge.

MALLOY

I will get him, Marcy. I will make
him pay. I promise.

MARCY

What are you going to do? Arrest
him? Kill him? Is that it? Are you
gonna kill him for me? And then
what? What's that gonna do for me?
Or for my baby? You're gonna do
just what you want to. So don't say
you're doing it for me - 'cause
you're not.

She turns back to her baby, leaving MALLOY to stand alone in the doorway. He walks away.

AT THE FRONT DOOR he stops, reaches into his coat pocket and lays the CASH he took from Zeus on the table next to the photos -- and then closes the door behind him.

INT. MALLOY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MALLOY enters the dark apartment and finds his father, FRANCIS, 70s, stretched out in a ratty old recliner in front of the TV. The sound is off.

The old man's eyes are closed and he wears a nasal oxygen tube. In the ashen-blue glow of the TV, he looks dead -- until we get closer and hear his raspy breathing.

Malloy touches his father's shoulder.

MALLOY

Dad.

Francis awakens, confused and irritated, and Malloy helps him out of his chair, grabs his rolling oxygen tank and walks him down the hall.

IN THE BATHROOM

Malloy helps his father to the toilet.

FRANCIS

I can do it.

Malloy backs out, pulls the door closed and waits.

IN THE BEDROOM

Malloy helps Francis to the bed, and then watches him convulse with a fit of wracking coughs that slowly subside.

MALLOY

Okay?

Francis nods. He hates his condition, hates being mothered by his son.

MALLOY

Did you eat?

Francis nods.

MALLOY

What'd you have?

FRANCIS

I ate!

Malloy lets it go.

MALLOY

All right. G'night.

He walks out and closes the door.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Malloy spreads a sheet and a blanket on the couch to make his bed, and then he sits and stares wearily into nothing.

INT. DAVID'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

DAVID packs his duffle bag: COVERALLS. SPRAY PAINT. A MANILA ENVELOPE with the name MERCER on it. DUCT TAPE. PISTOL.

He sweeps the bag off the table and WE PAN WITH HIM as he walks past a wall adorned with a single row of seven photos. We catch only a glimpse of the photos as he passes, but we can see that all of them are of white, middle-aged businessmen in their 50s and 60s.

David continues walking -- but WE STOP ON THE PHOTO OF A SCOWLING MAN taped to the wall next to a photo of DICK FELL. The photo is labeled: #2 Mercer.

WE STAY ON MERCER'S PHOTO as we listen to David's feet climb to the top of the basement stairs -- and then the lights go out on Mercer's photo.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - LONG ISLAND - NIGHT

A helicopter lands and TIM MERCER steps out, looking just like his photo, pissed-off and scowling. He talks into a cheap flip phone as he walks.

MERCER

It went fine. They're snooping around but they don't have anything. I'll take care of it.
(he listens, irritated)
Well tell him to get the twist out of his fucking panties! I said I'm handling it!

He hangs up, opens the back of the phone, pulls out the SIM card and throws it across the tarmac.

Waiting for him next to the hangar is a Maserati Sport with the top down. The temperature is in the 30s, but he drops into the open cockpit anyway, and roars out through the private exit.

EXT. LONG ISLAND BACK ROADS - NIGHT

MERCER'S MASERATI bombs down the quiet country lanes at menacingly high-speed. He swings wide through the curves and lunges into the straight-aways, angrily driving as though he were the only one on the road.

EXT. MERCER ESTATE - NIGHT

Iron gates open automatically and Mercer's Maserati drives through. At the house, he turns toward the six-car garage. An automatic door rolls up, and the Maserati slides in.

INT./EXT. MERCER'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

MERCER frowns at the FIFTY PHOTOS taped to his garage wall. He parks but keeps the engine running and the headlights on.

IN THE DRIVER'S SIDE MIRROR, we see what Mercer does not. DAVID, in white coveralls, moves up the side of the Maserati.

There is no speech this time. He simply puts the gun to Mercer's head, delivers THREE QUICK SHOTS and Mercer slumps against the wheel.

David leans across Mercer's body and presses the garage door remote on the visor.

OUTSIDE

The garage door lowers, the headlights go out and the garage goes dark -- just as the door touches the ground.

EXT. MERCER ESTATE - DAY

MALLOY parks his car on the shoulder and gets out, scowling at the circus in front of him.

NEWS VANS block the road and CAMERAMEN and REPORTERS jostle with the local cops for access.

MALLOY shoves his way to the main gate where an overwhelmed LOCAL COP stops him. Malloy shows ID and the cop waves him through.

INT. MERCER'S GARAGE - DAY

COPS, DETECTIVES and FORENSIC TECHS crowd the garage. MALLOY enters and quietly studies the scene.

He moves to the Maserati and WE WATCH HIS REFLECTION IN THE DRIVER'S SIDE MIRROR move up the side of the car. He crouches, aims with his index finger - and drops his thumb.

He looks up from Mercer to the photos on the wall. American soldiers. Afghanis. Indians. Mexicans. Men. Women. Children.

He turns to the spray-painted message:

JUSTICE NOW! DO YOUR JOB OR I WILL

BUDDY pokes his head into the garage and calls to him.

Malloy turns, and can see in Buddy's humorless face that something is up, and follows him outside.

EXT. MERCER'S GARAGE - DAY

MALLOY finds Buddy standing with four men: their Lieutenant, DEAN COLLINS, the Glimmer Twins, ERIC WALSH and NED TILLY, and a new guy -- a young, buttoned-up detective, 30s, stiff and stand-offish. His name is WILL MANETTI.

COLLINS nods to Malloy and dives in.

COLLINS

Mike. This is Will Manetti. He's a Special Detective with the Counter-Terrorism Bureau. So you guys all know the deal. In the past 24-hours we've had two very high-profile bank CEOs murdered. Since these guys ran two of the country's largest banks, the Terrorism Bureau believes their murders could be part of some terrorist attack against our financial system.

Malloy scoffs quietly -- and Will notes it.

COLLINS

So they are taking lead on this. Detective Manetti's running the investigation. But Fell was killed in the financial district. That's our turf, so we're gonna stay involved. Eric, you and Mike are gonna work with Detective Manetti. Ned and Buddy will stay on your division case loads until you get back. And that needs to be quick. There are a lot of powerful people with their eyes on this. They don't want to see any more dead bankers. If you have any questions -- see Manetti.

He walks away, leaving the four men in awkward silence.

BUDDY

Okay, then. You guys have fun.

BUDDY and Ned walk away -- and MALLOY turns to Will and extends his hand.

MALLOY

We weren't really introduced. Mike Malloy.

WILL
Will Manetti.

MALLOY
I knew a Detective named Manetti.
Ed Manetti. Any relation?

Will stiffens.

WILL
Yeah. He was my father.

MALLOY
I thought so. I trained under Ed
for a couple of years when I was
coming up. He talked about a kid.
You must have been, what, maybe
thirteen, fourteen then?

Will says nothing, so Malloy drops it.

MALLOY
Yeah. Well anyway, I learned a lot
from your dad. He was a good cop.

WILL
Yeah. I suppose that's why he died
in prison. Excuse me.

Malloy watches Will walk into the garage. He doesn't like him.

INT. MALLOY'S CAR - NIGHT

Malloy looks through binoculars at FOUR BLACK MEN standing in front of an apartment building, laughing, shooting the shit. One of them looks up at someone approaching, and MALLOY pans to -- MARVIN LELAND. The man he and Seger chased.

MARVIN carries a small bag of groceries and greets the men as he walks up the front steps.

MALLOY watches THEIR HANDS touch, looking for anything illicit passing between them. And then, MARVIN enters the building and is gone.

MALLOY lowers his binoculars -- but his hunter's eyes remain focused on the door, pursuing Marvin even beyond sight.

INT. NYPD COUNTER-TERRORISM BUREAU - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Modern, clean and new. The room is a rectangle with a long table in the center. Each end wall and one long wall are papered with the ink-jet photos collected from the Fell and Mercer crime scenes. The other long wall is all glass and looks out onto a large open room with banks of surveillance monitors, computers, and personnel. All state of the art.

DETECTIVES, men and women, including MALLOY and WALSH, find chairs and settle in around the table. WILL enters with DETECTIVE TONY REYNOSO, 30s. Reynoso carries a stack of bound report folders and begins to pass them out.

WILL

Good morning. The file that Detective Reynoso is passing out is a case status report that is up-to-date as of one A.M. this morning. It contains everything we currently know about the victims and the crime scenes. We'll hit the highlights in this briefing, but the details are in here. So read it. -- Both victims were shot in the back of the head, at close range, with three .22 caliber bullets. Each time the casings were left behind but they don't tell us anything. You can buy a box of 500 at any Wal-Mart in the country. The shells aren't micro-stamped and there are no finger prints. And, so far, no matches in the ATF's Ballistic ID Network.

He nods to SHERYL FERGUSON, 30s.

WILL

Sheryl Ferguson is our Lead Research Analyst. She and her team have been reviewing all of the available security footage from both crime scenes as well as beginning to ID these photographs.

He indicates the three walls papered with photos. One end wall is labeled FELL. The other end is labeled MERCER, and the long wall is divided into columns: FELL KNOWN. MERCER KNOWN. BLOODSTAINED.

WILL

Right now, these photos are the only leads we have.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

So we'll be focusing on identifying and locating every one of these people. Sheryl.

Sheryl stands.

SHERYL

I'll begin with what we know about the security footage. We're still not sure how the killer got into Fell's building and into his apartment. But there were cleaning crews, maintenance crews and various deliveries to the building all weekend long. He could have come in with any one of them. There is a list of vendors in the report for you guys to start checking out. We do, however, believe we know how he got out of the building.

She directs their attention to the FLAT SCREEN MONITOR: Elevator surveillance footage shows a man entering the elevator, wearing a long coat, a Jack Abramoff-style Fedora, carrying a duffle bag, and wrestling to close an open umbrella, which he raises between him and the camera.

SHERYL

We believe this is our killer, leaving Fell's apartment around two AM. This charade with the umbrella continues all the way to the parking garage.

Sheryl scrolls the video forward to an EXTERIOR SECURITY CAMERA POV: A CAR rolls out of the garage.

SHERYL

This is Fell's car. He kept it in the garage, but nobody ever saw him drive it. He always took limos.

We now see a sequence of SECURITY CAMERA ANGLES from different street corners in Lower Manhattan. Each time FELL'S CAR rolls through frame the video cuts to a new camera angle until the car enters the Holland tunnel.

SHERYL

Cameras tracked him all the way to the Holland Tunnel. We have over three-thousand cameras in lower Manhattan. Unfortunately, not so many in New Jersey.

We see FELL'S CAR exit the Tunnel in New Jersey and drive out of frame. Sheryl stops the playback.

SHERYL

We lost him within a mile of the tunnel. He used neighborhood side-streets and eventually abandoned the car. -- This is all we have from Mercer's house.

ON THE MONITOR - A view of the driveway approaching Mercer's house. The Maserati turns toward the garage. The door rolls up and the car enters, leaving our field of view. A moment later, the door rolls down and the lights go out.

SHERYL

That's it. Mercer never came out. We're still gathering video from neighborhood security cameras and traffic cameras in the area. We'll let you know if anything else turns up. -- As for the photos, we collected one-hundred of them. Fifty from each crime scene. They were all printed with an inkjet printer, on standard photo paper. So far, it looks like all of the images have been lifted from on-line media sources and still frames grabbed from video. Since we started yesterday morning, we've been able to identify these six from Fell's apartment, and these nine from Mercer's garage.

She points to the blood-stained photos, seven of them, including that photo of THE BLONDE BEARDED MAN.

SHERYL

These are copies of the blood-stained photos from Fell's apartment. The originals are in the lab being cleaned, hopefully enough for us to make an ID.

She moves to the FELL KNOWN photos.

SHERYL

Of the photos we've identified so far from Fell's apartment, all of them have been victims of eviction proceedings that were either covered by the press or videotaped by amateurs and posted on-line.

She moves to the MERCER KNOWN photos.

SHERYL

The people we've identified from Mercer's garage are all deceased. American soldiers killed in Afghanistan. Mexican Nationals murdered by drug cartels. Indian Bombing victims.

WILL

Mercer was CEO of United Global Bank, which is currently under a Federal investigation for criminal money laundering. According to the allegations, UGB has been laundering billions of dollars for Mexican drug cartels, third world dictators, arms dealers, and terrorist groups, such as al-Qaeda, Boko Haram and others. The investigation has been getting some press lately, so we believe these photographs may be an attempt by the killer to lay blame for these deaths on the bank.

REYNOSO

Sounds like we're after somebody with a grudge against the banks.

DETECTIVE ALEX MILLS, 30s, Asian-American, ex-Marine, jokes.

MILLS

That narrows it down to just about everybody on the planet.

Malloy and a few others chuckle. Will looks sharply at Mills.

WILL

Detective Mills. We are investigating acts of terrorism. This is not a joke.

MILLS

Yes, sir.

WALSH

What about the protestors? Our killer could be one of them.

FBI AGENT ALEXANDER, female, 40s, speaks up.

AGENT ALEXANDER

We've had agents undercover with the protestors since they started. So far, none of them have picked up anything about the murders. If it is a protestor, it looks like he's acting alone, and not carrying out any official directive from the leadership.

REYNOSO

Are we going to shut them down?

WILL

Not yet. The Mayor's being extremely sensitive to media charges of blocking free speech and protecting the rich. So, for now, we'll just have to keep an eye on them and work around them. -- Moving forward, Sheryl and her team will continue filling this wall with known identities. Detectives Mills, Reynoso, and Walsh, will start setting up interviews with those we already know. NYPD will handle all interviews within the tri-state area. FBI will cover the rest of the country. You can liaise with Agent Alexander. I want status reports tonight, in this room, 8 P.M. Thank you.

Everyone leaves except Malloy. He has not been given an assignment, so he simply leans back in his chair and waits. Will gathers his papers and photos, and then looks up.

WILL

Detective Malloy. You're with me.

He then strides out of the room and MALLOY just watches him go, and then stands and saunters after him.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

WILL'S CAR pulls to the curb and he and Malloy get out and walk to the end of the block where they are stopped by POLICE BARRICADES and a densely-packed river of marching PROTESTORS.

THE MARCHERS are energized and vocal and not quite as peaceful as the last time we saw them. They seem to have split into two factions.

Half chant "JUSTICE NOW!" and carry signs reading:
OCCUPY JUSTICE -- PROSECUTE THE BANKS -- JUSTICE FOR ALL!

The other half, some wearing Guy Fawkes masks shout "YOU'RE NEXT!" and carry signs reading:
REVOLUTION! -- NO JUSTICE, NO PEACE! -- YOU'RE NEXT!

WILL and MALLOY cross the flow of marchers and turn down the next street, toward Fell's apartment building.

As they turn the corner, Malloy looks back and sees A MALE PROTESTER angrily chanting "You're Next!" and holding a NEW YORK POST front page over his head. The headline reads:

WALL STREET VIGILANTE BAGS TWO BANKERS!

MALLOY

(smirks)

Looks like our boy's got a fan club.

WILL

That's not helpful.

MALLOY

No. But you gotta love the Post.

As WILL and MALLOY turn away, a FEMALE PROTESTOR, carrying a JUSTICE sign, rips the newspaper out of the male protestor's hands and they start shoving one another. Other protestors choose sides and cheer on the brewing fight.

INT. DICK FELL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR

WILL and MALLOY stand in the rising elevator. Neither speaks. When the doors open, both men start forward -- but Will is a step quicker, so Malloy has to hitch his stride and let Will walk out first.

INT. DICK FELL'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

WILL and MALLOY enter and Will pauses to orient himself with a stack of crime scene photos. MALLOY pushes past him and starts lecturing.

MALLOY

So here's what happened. The killer met Fell, here, just inside the door, knocked him down, and dragged him down the hall...

Malloy leads Will down the hall, pretending to drag an imaginary Dick Fell behind him.

MALLOY

...into the living room where he had already staged the photos, here. And painted that catchy message on the wall.

Both men turn to the spray-painted message.

TOO BIG TO JAIL - NOT TO KILL

Malloy lingers on it a moment, and then resumes his lecture.

MALLOY

He then put Fell on his knees. Here. In front of his victims...

Will looks up at Malloy's choice of the word "victims."

Malloy takes the killer's stance - his finger-gun pointed at the imaginary Fell's head - and drops his thumb.

MALLOY

...and executed him. Three to the back of the head. Just like Mercer.

His lecture concluded, he turns to Will.

WILL

Yesterday, you seemed skeptical about calling this killer a terrorist. Why?

MALLOY

Because it's bullshit. You're only calling him a terrorist because of WHO HE KILLED. If he'd killed some cab driver, or a school teacher, or even a cop - you wouldn't be here. Every killer has his reasons. And that's all this guy is -- just another killer. And Fell and Mercer are just another couple of victims. I've got a stack of them on my desk. I just never had a small army like this to help me out with any of those.

WILL

So if he's not a terrorist, who is he? What's he after?

MALLOY

Maybe just a pissed-off citizen
looking for a little Justice.

Will looks at the message on the wall.

WILL

Or revenge.

MALLOY

What's the difference?

Will looks at Malloy with a long, measuring gaze.

WILL

That's a viable theory. Prove it.
In the meantime, I'll form my own.

He turns away and resumes his own analysis of the scene.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

DAVID, wearing thin gloves, pushes a shopping cart and picks up the usual bachelor fare: Cereal. Soup. Frozen dinners. He compares prices and always takes the cheapest.

IN THE HOUSEWARES AISLE, he notices the money-saving two-pack of duct tape, considers it - and drops it into his cart.

IN THE CHECK-OUT LINE, David waits behind a WOMAN looking through her coupons while the CASHIER scans her items.

The cashier scans the NEW YORK POST and jokes about the headline: **WALL STREET VIGILANTE BAGS 2 BANKERS**

CASHIER

Now there's somebody with the right
idea.

SHOPPING WOMAN

He can bag 'em all as far as I'm
concerned.

They laugh, until the Woman notices David looking at them and she is suddenly embarrassed. She starts to explain but DAVID turns away shyly and busies himself with loading his items onto the conveyor belt -- so the Woman just wraps up her business and leaves.

David keeps his head down to avoid the cashier -- and to hide the very amused and flattered smile spreading on his lips.

INT. HOUSE - TULSA, OKLAHOMA - DAY

ANGELA SNYDER, 50s, sits on the couch across from the two agents. A small video camera records the interview. She looks at the photo of herself that was left on Fell's floor.

ANGELA

That was a shitty day.

She sets the photograph on the table and pushes it away.

AGENT COLE

Yes, ma'am. I'm sure it was. And I'm sorry to have to bring it up, but we're just trying to follow up any lead we can.

ANGELA

That was over four years ago. We moved in here with our daughter and her husband right after that. Dan was already sick and -- Well, that was the only reason we had that second mortgage. Didn't help any.

AGENT COLE

When did your husband pass?

ANGELA

It'll be two years this April.

AGENT COLE

I'm sorry. -- But since then, or even since you first lost your home, has anyone contacted you about any of this?

ANGELA

Just you. Look. Mr. Cole. I don't have anything to help you. And even if I did, I'm not sure I'd want to.

AGENT COLE

Why is that?

Angela gathers her thoughts, and her simmering anger.

ANGELA

I'm a Christian, Mr. Cole. That means I'm supposed to believe in forgiveness. But after what they did to my husband and me, I don't have any. And, God help me, I don't know if I ever will.

INTERVIEW SEQUENCE

The interviews are videotaped, the FBI Agents are different in every city, and the name of each city appears on screen.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - MESA, ARIZONA - DAY

A FEMALE FBI AGENT knocks on the door -- and then opens her notebook to a photo from Fell's floor: ARTHUR DEAN.

THE FRONT DOOR opens and WE TILT UP to ARTHUR DEAN'S puzzled face and the agents show their IDs.

FEMALE FBI AGENT

Mr. Dean. We'd like to ask you a few questions, please.

INT. HOUSE - WOODLAWN, MARYLAND - DAY

A BLACK WOMAN (60s) talks to TWO FBI AGENTS.

WOODLAWN WOMAN

I tried. I tried for three years to stay in my house. I had to file the same paperwork four different times, because they kept losing it. I made every payment I could. I did everything they asked me to...

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY - DAY

NYPD Detectives Walsh and Reynoso sit with a HUSBAND and WIFE in a quiet corner of a Family Homeless Shelter. We hear children playing in the background.

CAMDEN WIFE

It's been hard -- on the kids.

CAMDEN HUSBAND

We've been here about three-months.

CAMDEN WIFE

Before that, we lived in our car.

CAMDEN HUSBAND

(defensive)

And before that we had a house!

(to Walsh and Reynoso)

I work. I have a job. It just...

He trails off into silence.

INT. NYPD COUNTER-TERRORISM BUREAU - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

An ANALYST enters the conference room with a photo in her hands and pins it to the FELL KNOWN wall. A sticker on the photo reads: Albert Rockwell, Martinsburg, West Virginia.

EXT. APARTMENT DOOR - MARTINSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA - DAY

ALBERT ROCKWELL, 40s, refuses to let TWO FBI AGENTS inside.

ALBERT ROCKWELL

Yeah, there's a problem. I see you working real hard to catch this guy, but I didn't see you do shit about the sons-of-bitches that was stealing everybody's houses. Where were you then? Huh? How come people like me are always at the goddamned bottom of the list?

ALBERT slams the door in the Agent's stunned faces.

EXT. FAST FOOD STAND - PARADISE, NEVADA - DAY

A WOMAN, 30s, wearing a fast-food uniform and smoking a cigarette, sits with TWO FBI AGENTS on the dining patio.

NEVADA WOMAN

I don't know why my picture was there, but I'm not sorry about it. He can kill 'em all and I won't shed a tear.

INT. HOUSE - MERIDIAN, MISSISSIPPI - DAY

A young black woman, late 20s, hangs her head in grief. Her name is SHEA THOMAS and we'll meet her again later.

Her emotion is so raw that the FBI AGENTS have to look away. AN AGENT reaches to turn off the camera and -- THROUGH THE VIDEO LENS we see the grieving woman for just a brief moment before THE SCREEN GOES BLACK.

INT. NYPD COUNTER-TERRORISM OFFICE - LAB - NIGHT

A LAB TECH switches on a BRIGHT WORK LIGHT -- lays a blood-stained photo under it -- and begins to carefully dab the blood stain with a solvent.

INT. FT. BLISS - MESS HALL - DAY

ROBERT SANTO, 20s, the Latino soldier from Fell's floor, sits in an empty mess hall with TWO FBI AGENTS.

ROBERT SANTO

I was on convoy when she first called. So it was like two days before I could call her back. When I finally did, she was hysterical. Crying. Freakin' out. I didn't know what to do. I mean, hell, I was 8000-miles away in the middle of a war zone, you know. I never woulda thought something like that could happen. Not here.

INT. APARTMENT - JAMAICA, NEW YORK - DAY

A MAN sitting across from Will and Malloy, hangs his head.

JAMAICA MAN

In the end -- they just wore me down. They won.

MALLOY feels the man's defeat and his face tightens with anger. WILL notices but says nothing.

EXT. SUSAN MALLOY'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

AT THE FRONT DOOR, we hear laughter inside -- and then MALLOY'S FIST knocks.

SEAN, 16, Malloy's son, opens the door, sharing a laugh with someone behind him. But as soon as he sees Malloy, his laughter stops and he walks away. Malloy barks after him.

MALLOY

Sean. Sean!

But before he can step further into the house, SUSAN MALLOY, his ex-wife, stiff-arms him back onto the porch and pulls the door closed behind her.

SUSAN

What are you doing here? You can't just show up like this. You're supposed to call first.

But Malloy is not listening. His eyes are piercing the wall after Sean.

SUSAN
Mike. -- Mike!

MALLOY
He needs to talk to me.

SUSAN
Well, this isn't the way to do it.

MALLOY
You can't keep him from me!

SUSAN
I'm not! You're doing that all by
yourself!

That stings. Malloy steps back and they both take a breath.

SUSAN
Mike. Just -- Just back off a
little. Okay? You can't force him.

Malloy turns away to crush down his anger -- but now he sees
the truck in the driveway -- ROB'S PLUMBING written on the
side, and that's a good enough reason to keep fighting.

MALLOY
So is he living here now?

SUSAN
Come on, Mike. Don't start.

MALLOY
Is he?

SUSAN
That's none of your business.

MALLOY
It's my house! My family!

SUSAN
No, Mike! It's not! Not anymore.
You gave it up, remember?

MALLOY
I'm not the one who left!

SUSAN
You pushed me out! Me and Sean!
Because of this! Everything's a
fight with you! That's why Sean
won't talk to you. He's tired of
fighting. And so am I.

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

So just - You know what? I'm through. Okay. We're not married anymore, so I don't have to fight with you anymore. Call next time!

She goes inside and slams the door. Malloy raises his fist to punch it but stops, just barely, and storms off to his car.

AT THE WINDOW, SEAN pulls back the curtain to watch his father walk away.

INT. DAVID'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

A PHOTO emerges, line by line, from the printer. OFF CAMERA we hear a local newscast streaming from his computer.

DAVID - wearing his black latex gloves - stands at a work table with FIVE MANILA ENVELOPES laid out in front of him, each one labeled with a name: AVERY. GOLDFEIN. EMERSON. BLUNT. O'NEIL. He puts a photo in one, and then the next, and then the next. It's an assembly line.

As he works, he glances at the newscast on his computer.

FEMALE ANCHOR

Violence erupted on Wall Street today as protestors and police clashed for the first time since the demonstrations began more than a week ago...

THE VIDEO pans to A FLAMING EFFIGY of a banker. PROTESTORS chant "You're Next" and raise signs for the WALL STREET VIGILANTE.

DAVID watches, fascinated and flattered.

AND THEN THE PRINTER abruptly stops -- and David turns to see a streaky, half-finished photo spit out into the tray.

He drops the defective print into a trash bag filled with other reject prints and a pile of empty ink cartridges.

ON THE NEWSCAST - PROTESTORS taunt the COPS, and the cops respond with pepper spray and choke holds.

FEMALE ANCHOR (V.O.)

Dozens of protestors were arrested as the Police worked to disperse the crowd and force the marchers back to Battery Park.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - SAME TIME

JIM BLUNT, 50s, silver-haired, handsome, smiles impishly as he looks out at his audience.

BLUNT

Despite what you hear in the media
and from some in Washington ... WE
are not evil.

He pauses for laughter from two-hundred of New York City's wealthiest bankers, hedge fund managers and politicians.

BLUNT

As I look around this room tonight,
I don't see one evil person. I see
honest, compassionate people.
People who are smart. People who
work hard. People who have earned
their success. -- But I also know
that every one of you, myself
included, believe yourselves to be
extremely fortunate. This great
country offered us opportunity, and
we seized it. We made the most of
it. But that opportunity to be
successful was a gift. And tonight
is our opportunity to repay that
gift. They call us *the one-percent*.
It's meant to be an insult. But I
see it as a privilege. It is a
privilege to be able to help
others. It is a privilege to make a
difference. And it is a great
privilege for me to be among this
one-percent. You have enormous
hearts - and enormous checkbooks to
match! So open those checkbooks.
Open your hearts, and let's do some
good for the children of New York
City!

Blunt basks in the hearty applause -- and we CUT TO...

LATER -- Dance music booms. Alcohol flows. And Blunt moves through the room, smiling and shaking hands. He runs into the MAYOR.

MAYOR

Wonderful party, Jim. As usual.

BLUNT

Thank you, Mayor. And thank you for
your donation.

MAYOR

You're very welcome. -- Thank you
for yours.

Blunt smiles and leans close.

BLUNT

So tell me, how long do you plan to
let these protestors clutter up my
doorstep?

The Mayor smiles in return, and gives a judicious answer.

MAYOR

Well -- This is America, Jim.
People have the right to protest.

BLUNT

Yes. Of course they do.

They both put on smiles, clasp hands and turn to the
photographer following Blunt. Flash.

INT. DAVID'S BASEMENT - SAME TIME

A new photo drops into the tray and David slips it into an
envelope. ON THE COMPUTER: The Female Anchor reports.

FEMALE ANCHOR

...So once again, European and
Asian central banks are being faced
with the dilemma to inject millions
more into their economies and risk
inflation, or do nothing and hope.

The MALE ANCHOR picks up the next story.

MALE ANCHOR

In other financial news, Federal
banking regulators announced today
that they are widening their
investigation into the UGB money-
laundering scandal...

DAVID turns to the TV with interest.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - SAME TIME

BLUNT poses for a photo with a 70-year-old MAN and his 20-
something girlfriend. FLASH! -- and then MARTIN FOLEY, 50s,
Blunt's attorney, steps up behind him and whispers into his
ear. Blunt frowns.

INT. HOTEL - SERVICE HALLWAY - NIGHT

FOLEY and BLUNT enter the hallway, where a couple of BUSBOYS are on break.

FOLEY

Clear out.

The Busboys leave -- Foley holds up his smart-phone and he and Blunt watch the same streaming newscast that David is watching.

MALE ANCHOR

...The bank, which has operations in more than 30 countries, has been under close regulatory scrutiny for the past three months. And now that investigation is expected to include UGB's parent company, The Silverman Cox Group, and a number of its top executives, including CEO, Jim Blunt...

A PHOTO of Blunt appears on screen -- and Blunt turns to Foley with a deadly scowl.

INT. DAVID'S BASEMENT - SAME TIME

David studies Blunt's photo on the screen.

MALE ANCHOR

...Investigators are expected to begin their questioning later this week.

BLUNT's photo wipes off and DAVID turns thoughtfully to...

THE PHOTO OF BLUNT on his wall, #6 in the row of CEOs.

INT. SILVERMAN COX - BLUNT'S OFFICE - DAY

JIM BLUNT stands at his office window, looking down on the MARCHERS in the street, 40-stories below.

BLUNT

It's just not fair. Three days ago I raised over four-million dollars for fucking charity. And today I'm being questioned by Federal regulators over some bullshit. Which story do you think is going to get the most press?

FOLEY answers without looking up from the text on his phone.

FOLEY
Not the one you want.

Blunt scowls and turns back to the window.

FOLEY
It's time.

BLUNT and FOLEY walk out of Blunt's office, and are met by TWO SECURITY GUARDS in lumpy suits - due the bulletproof vests and weapons they wear under their jackets. THE GUARDS escort Blunt and Foley into a private elevator.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator doors open and the four men walk to a waiting limousine. Blunt and Foley get in back. GUARD #1 drives, and GUARD #2 takes the front passenger seat.

EXT. SILVERMAN COX - STREET - DAY

THE SILVERMAN COX BUILDING sits on a corner, its front doors facing a main avenue that is now filled with marching PROTESTORS. COPS AND BARRICADES block off the side streets along the marchers' path.

ACROSS THE AVENUE FROM SILVERMAN COX - A MAN in a long coat and wide-brimmed hat stands against the wall.

IT'S DAVID. And beneath the brim of his hat, his eyes are on THE SILVERMAN COX PARKING GARAGE EXIT -- on the side street, just behind the police barricade.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - SAME TIME

THE LIMO stops at the exit door and the door begins to rise.

EXT. SILVERMAN COX - SAME TIME

DAVID sees the garage door begin to roll up and he ducks under the barricade and joins the marchers.

HIS HANDS come out of his coat pockets, each holding a plastic water bottle filled with green liquid, electrical wire wrapped around their caps.

He drops the bottles. ONE rolls to the curb and THE OTHER gets kicked along the street by some marchers.

A PROTESTOR raises his camera phone above his head and PANS the crowd -- and THROUGH HIS CAMERA PHONE we see the FACES OF PEOPLE marching around him. DAVID crosses through frame, his face hidden by the brim of his hat, and...

DAVID drops TWO MORE BOTTLES onto the street.

INT. BLUNT'S LIMO

The garage door is now half-way up. Foley looks at his phone.

FOLEY
They're ready for us.

Blunt grunts.

EXT. SILVERMAN COX - STREET - CONTINUOUS

DAVID cuts across the marchers toward the closed-off side street. A COP sees him coming and squares off to stop him.

OVER THE COP'S SHOULDER, DAVID sees the garage door rising and then...

BOOM! -- the first water bottle explodes with a BLINDING FLASH AND SMOKE. Not a shrapnel explosion, just a loud, smoky diversion. A homemade flash-bang.

BOOM! The second bottle explodes!

THE PROTESTOR'S CAMERA PHONE swings wildly, catching TERRIFIED FACES rushing through the smoke.

BOOM! BOOM! -- The last two bottles explode!

DAVID is swept up by the fleeing crowd and THE COP in front of him is overrun.

FROM A HIGH-ANGLE TRAFFIC CAMERA we see the intersection enveloped in green smoke and PROTESTOR'S running up the side street, away from the explosions.

DAVID cuts through the stream of fleeing people and flattens his back against the SILVERMAN COX building.

INTERCUT - BLUNT'S LIMO AND THE STREET

IN BLUNT'S LIMO

We see the GARAGE DOOR reach the top, and the limo move up the ramp...

ON THE STREET

THROUGH A SECURITY CAMERA mounted above the exit, we see the passenger side of the limo emerge from the garage and...

IN THE LIMO

GUARD #1 reacts, as a MAN runs across their path... Three more people run past... And then a STREAM OF PANICKED PEOPLE fills the street in front of them and...

ON THE STREET

DAVID pulls a balaclava up over his mouth and nose and...

THROUGH THE SECURITY CAMERA we watch him step in front of the limo and raise his pistol. The hat brim hides his face.

IN THE LIMO

BLUNT SEES A MASKED MAN aim a pistol right at him -- and fire six shots -- the windshield fractures but nothing penetrates the bullet-proof glass.

GUARD #2

Back! Back! Back! Back!

THE LIMO reverses down the ramp at high-speed and....

ON THE STREET

DAVID tears open a manila envelope, scatters the fifty photos, and steps into the fleeing crowd.

INT. SILVERMAN COX - BLUNT'S OFFICE - DAY

BLUNT stands at the window looking down at the now empty street. The ice in his bourbon rattles nervously against the glass as he raises it to his lips.

IN THE ROOM BEHIND HIM - WILL stands with his note pad and pen. Foley sits on the couch, reading texts, and MALLOY moves around the room, looking at BLUNT'S WALL OF PHOTOS.

In all of them, Blunt poses with politicians, celebrities and dignitaries at various charity events. There are so many, it looks like it must be a full-time job.

WILL

What about death threats? Have you received any?

Blunt doesn't respond, so Will turns to Foley.

FOLEY

Yes. We get them fairly regularly.
We pass them on to the FBI.

WILL

Do you keep copies? Could I see
them?

FOLEY

We scan them. I'll send you a file.
They go back to 2008.
(he shrugs)
There are a lot of them.

Blunt stares at the empty street and speaks with contempt.

BLUNT

Every one of those people down
there today want me dead.

Malloy turns to him.

MALLOY

Why?

BLUNT

Because I'm rich -- and they're
not.

INT. SILVERMAN COX - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

MALLOY stands at the front of the limo, looking through the
shattered windshield into the backseat where...

WILL'S FACE suddenly appears, looking back at him.

WILL

That's a nice grouping.

MALLOY

Yeah. If it hadn't been for the
armored glass, he'd be three for
three.

Will gets out of the backseat and walks up the driver side,
as Malloy moves down the passenger side. They circle the car
as they speak - always on opposite sides.

WILL

You sound disappointed.

MALLOY

Just keeping score.

WILL now looks through the windshield into the backseat.

WILL

He was crazy to try this with a twenty-two.

MALLOY

He's just using what he has. Besides an AK wouldn't have gone through that glass.

WILL

Exactly. So why try? I mean, look at this hit. In public. On a street with thousands of people. The homemade flash-bangs. The precision timing. And then he uses a small-caliber handgun that would barely be lethal through normal glass. It's like... It's like he went through all this planning and all this risk without ever thinking that the car might be armored. It just doesn't fit.

MALLOY

He was forced to change his game. Fell and Mercer were easy. Nobody was looking for him. After Mercer, everybody amped up their security.

Malloy is now back where he began, looking at the bullet-shattered windshield with -- disappointment.

MALLOY

The fact that he made it this far... just shows how committed he is. But now, any banker still in town is gonna be on lock-down. He'll never get this close again. I think he's done.

WILL

Maybe. But he missed. If you missed, would you quit?

Malloy fixes Will with a steady gaze - but says nothing.

INT. MALLOY'S CAR - NIGHT

MALLOY watches Marvin's building. It's late. The streets are empty. He's been here for hours -- and then MARVIN rushes out the front door, and heads up the street.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

MALLOY hustles out of the car and follows Marvin. At the corner, he peeks, and sees Marvin climb the steps of an apartment building midway down the block. TWO TEENAGE BOYS guard the entrance, but Marvin just shoves his way past.

MALLOY hurries down the opposite sidewalk and crouches behind a parked car, across from the building Marvin entered.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

MARVIN pounds on a door -- and ANOTHER TEENAGE BOY answers.

TEENAGE BOY
What the fuck, man!

Marvin pushes past the kid into the living room. It's dark and smoky and filled with young gangster-wannabes, ranging in ages from 11 to 17. Rap music blares and mixes with the staccato machine gun fire and explosions of a Call-Of-Duty-type video game being played by two young kids.

ZEUS looks up when Marvin enters and they exchange a hostile glare - but Marvin is on a mission and keeps moving.

MARVIN
Danny! Danny!

Marvin goes into the kitchen and finds Danny, the boy we saw working with Zeus. He's joking and sharing a joint with some other boys when Marvin grabs him and drags him out.

ZEUS is standing by the door when Marvin drags Danny out of the kitchen.

ZEUS
Where you goin' with my man?

MARVIN
He's not your man. He's my son! And I want you to stay away from him!

ZEUS
Your boy's made his choice.
(he turns to Danny)
Haven't you?

Danny glances at Marvin, and then Zeus -- torn between them.

ZEUS
Go on. I'll catch you later.

MARVIN

Just leave us alone.

He pushes through the crowd of little gangsters and drags Danny out of the apartment.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

MALLOY sees Marvin drag Danny down the front steps and back up the block; he follows them to the corner, and then watches Marvin drag Danny into their building. -- He doesn't know what to make of it.

INT. NYPD COUNTER-TERRORISM OFFICE - DAY

In a darkened computer room, COMPUTER TECHS stare at their screens, searching images. THE LAB TECH we saw cleaning a blood-stained photo delivers a folder to one of them.

LAB TECH

Here. These are as clean as I can get them. They're all yours now.

The COMPUTER TECH glances through the folder with a sour face. More work. He pulls out a photo, lays it on a scanner and...

ON HIS COMPUTER SCREEN, the scanned image appears. It's the BLONDE BEARDED MAN from Fell's floor. The blood stain is much lighter, but the face is still unidentifiable.

The Tech clicks his mouse and a grid overlay appears on the photo and begins precisely measuring every bump and curve of the photo's shape.

INT. NYPD COUNTER-TERRORISM OFFICE - NIGHT

MALLOY'S HAGGARD FACE is lit only by the glow from his computer screen. For hours now, he's been watching FBI interviews from all over the country, watching victim after victim in an unrelenting parade of anger and despair.

Will enters the cubicle, looking just as fatigued as Malloy.

WILL

I haven't found a thing. How about you?

Malloy pauses the movie he's watching, and the frame freezes on a MAN'S ANGRY FACE. Malloy stares at it.

MALLOY

Plenty. Just nothing you're looking for.

Will frowns at Malloy's "nothing you're looking for," but let's it go.

WILL

I'm going home. You should too.

MALLOY

In a while.

WILL

You're no good to me burned out.

Malloy turns away and restarts the video he was watching. So Will walks away.

On his computer the ANGRY MAN continues.

ANGRY MAN

...everything from me! My house. My family. And nobody gives a shit! They just keep getting away with it. Over and over. Why? Why won't somebody do something?

The clip ends and Malloy stares at the dark screen.

INT. MALLOY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Malloy enters and is surprised to find the apartment completely dark. No lights. No TV. He turns on a lamp and sees his father sitting in his chair, his head hung down.

FRANCIS

I'm sorry.

Malloy goes to him -- and the smell stops him. His father has shit himself.

FRANCIS

I'm fuckin' fallin' apart, Mikey. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

MALLOY

It's okay. Don't worry about it. We'll get you cleaned up.

Malloy helps him out of the chair and supports him all the way down the hall into the bathroom.

INT. MALLOY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Malloy stands at the window with a portable phone to his ear, waiting for his call to connect. He glances back at his father's closed door.

VA SOCIAL WORKER (OFF CAMERA)
Veterans Health Services.

MALLOY
(quietly)
Yeah, I'm calling for Francis Malloy. He's on the waiting list for home assistance. It's Malloy. Francis William.

VA SOCIAL WORKER (OFF CAMERA)
One moment.

We hear key strokes over the phone.

VA SOCIAL WORKER (OFF CAMERA)
Francis William Malloy? In Queens?

MALLOY
That's right.

VA SOCIAL WORKER (OFF CAMERA)
He's moved up, but he's still on the wait list.

MALLOY
He's been on that list for eight goddamned months! He can't wait any more! He needs help now! I... I can't take care of him. Not like he needs.

IN THE BEDROOM

Francis listens, ashamed of the burden he has become.

BACK TO MALLOY

VA SOCIAL WORKER
I'm sorry, sir, but everyone on this list needs help. Have you tried a VA nursing facility?

MALLOY
He's on that fucking list, too.

VA SOCIAL WORKER
Well then, sir, I'm sorry...

MALLOY

It's not right, goddammit! It's not fair! You fucking people owe him. You owe him! You...!

Dial tone.

MALLOY

Goddam...!

He stifles his outburst and hammers the phone against the soft back of his father's chair until his rage is spent.

IN THE BEDROOM

Malloy enters and stands by the bed.

MALLOY

Dad. Dad. -- I gotta go. I'm gonna get somebody to come by this afternoon, okay? And I'll try and come home early. You need anything?

Francis shakes his head -- and Malloy starts to walk away but is stopped by his father's hand.

He holds just two of Malloy's fingers in a feeble grip. He doesn't look at him, he doesn't try to say anything. He just holds his son's hand for a long, quiet moment.

INT. MALLOY'S CAR - DAY

Malloy dials a number as he drives.

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - SAME TIME

SUSAN (Malloy's ex-wife) answers the phone.

SUSAN

Susan Malloy.

MALLOY

It's me.

SUSAN

I'm busy. What do you want?

MALLOY

I need a favor. Can you check in on Dad for me this afternoon? He's...
(he goes silent)
Can you?

Susan now regrets her brusque tone.

SUSAN

Yeah. I get off at four. I'll stop
by on my way home.

MALLOY

Thanks. -- And Su...
(he wants to say more but
all he can manage is...)
Thanks.

INT. MALLOY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Francis lies in bed. His breathing is rough and shallow and we can hear the *whish* of oxygen in his nasal tube.

His shaky hand reaches out for the knob on the oxygen tank and he twists it - until we hear the *whish* of oxygen stop.

And then he lies back, pulls off his nasal tube and drops it on the floor -- and then he breathes. In and out. In and out. Every breath more shallow and more difficult than the last.

And he slowly suffocates.

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - DAY

A MAN and WIFE, 30s, sit on their couch, facing WILL and MALLOY. We are at the end of their interview.

BROOKLYN WOMAN

And just like that, eight years of
working and saving was just - gone.

BROOKLYN MAN

What I still don't understand is,
why somebody isn't in jail for any
of this. I mean, it's not like it's
a big secret. We all know what they
did and who did it.

(he looks at Will)

So why isn't someone in jail.

(he looks at Malloy)

How is that justice?

MALLOY can't help but answer bitterly.

MALLOY

It's not.

And Will turns to him with a sharp look.

EXT. BROOKLYN COUPLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

MALLOY walks down the front steps and Will barks after him.

WILL

Detective Malloy! I think it would be best, if you kept your personal feelings out of this investigation.

MALLOY

Why!? So I can be like you and not give a shit!? You've seen these people. You know what these fucking guys have been getting away with!

WILL

I'm not here to investigate banks.

MALLOY

Well maybe we should be!

WILL

But we're not! This is a murder investigation. Don't make it personal.

MALLOY

It's always personal! All of it! Your father knew that! That's the cop he was!

WILL

And he died in prison for it! He threw away everything! And he died alone! In a cage!

Will's outburst surprises them both into glaring silence. And then Malloy's phone rings. He answers -- and his face falls into shock.

INT. MALLOY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MALLOY staggers into the apartment, followed by Will.

Through the bedroom door, he can see two ambulance attendants and a stretcher. And then SUSAN walks out of the bedroom, sees Malloy -- and holds him.

WILL turns away, deeply troubled by his own rising emotions.

EXT. LITTLE BAY PARK - NIGHT

MALLOY and BUDDY sit on the rocky shoreline, drinking beer and looking out across the black water of the East River. Malloy is silent, and Buddy respects that. He only speaks when he sees Malloy start to slip too far away. Like now.

BUDDY

So -- how are things with the boy
wonder?

Malloy smiles slightly and Buddy is glad to see it, even if it only lasts a moment.

MALLOY

He's all right. A little wound up.
But he's all right.

BUDDY

Walsh said you knew his old man.

MALLOY

Yeah. I did. He was my first
assignment right after I made
detective. I spent two years with
him.

(he pauses thoughtfully)

He was a good cop.

BUDDY

So... what happened?

Malloy goes silent and stares into the dark water for so long that Buddy begins to regret asking.

MALLOY

It was a couple of years after I
transferred to Manhattan. I hadn't
seen Ed for about a year. I only
heard about it after it hit the
news. It was a missing kid. A girl,
maybe six or seven. She'd been gone
almost a week. The parents were
outta their minds. The whole
neighborhood was going crazy.
Putting up flyers, going door-to-
door. Ed had been on it night and
day since the beginning. They'd
pulled in more than a dozen
suspects, but could never make
anything stick. -- But there was
this one guy. A neighbor. Ed just
kept coming back to him. Had a
feeling about him.

(MORE)

MALLOY (CONT'D)

But he couldn't prove anything. So, one night, he picks the guy up. Takes him out to the old boat yard. And starts in on him. He kept at it all night. But the guy never broke. Never confessed.

Buddy turns away, weighed down by the story.

MALLOY

The next day, somebody in the neighborhood reported a smell. They thought it was a gas leak or something. Some beat cop checked it out -- and found the girl's body in a trash can. She'd been dead since the first day.

BUDDY

Aw, Jesus.

MALLOY

When Ed heard, he knew he had to bring the guy in. He was pretty beat up, so Ed took him to a hospital -- then turned himself in.

BUDDY

Well at least he got the fucker.

Malloy's gaze falters.

MALLOY

They pulled DNA from the girl's body -- and matched it -- to some parolee who had just gotten released. Ed had the wrong guy. -- I went to his trial. He looked... Thin. Old. He didn't try to defend himself. He just pled guilty and let them put him away.

BUDDY

Mike. I'm sorry. I didn't...

He stops, unable to say more. Malloy stares into the water.

MALLOY

But you know? If he'd been right. Nobody would'a given a shit about what he did to that guy. He'd have been a fucking hero.

Somewhere in the city a siren wails....

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

...And screams past Will's windows before fading away.

WILL sits in the dark. Drink in hand. Staring. Thinking. But not about the case. This is something personal.

EXT. DAVID HART'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's late. DAVID carries a trash bag to the curb and is surprised by a NEIGHBOR, doing the same late-night chore.

NEIGHBOR

Dave? Hey. Haven't seen you for awhile.

DAVID instantly turns away and hurries back into the house, leaving his neighbor perplexed by the odd behavior.

INT. WILL'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Will drives. Malloy looks out his window. They are silent, each lost in his own thoughts.

MALLOY

Why are you here?

WILL

What do you mean?

MALLOY

I mean, why are you a cop?

Will seems bothered by the question and doesn't answer.

MALLOY

I've seen your file. You earned a full academic scholarship to Columbia Law. Graduated with honors. You could've had your pick of any law firm in the city. A corner office. Blow-job lunches. So why the fuck are you a cop?

WILL

What does it matter?

MALLOY

I just want to know what you're trying to prove.

WILL

I'm not trying to prove anything.
 (he recites a sarcastic
 textbook answer)
 I just want to serve my community
 and do good.

Malloy laughs at the "fuck you" response.

MALLOY

Yeah. Me too.
 (he turns away)
 But who are we doing good for? Guys
 like Fell and Mercer? Or the people
 they fucked over?

WILL

Both.

MALLOY

Equal justice for all, huh?

WILL

That's right.

Malloy looks out his window.

MALLOY

That's a nice idea, Will. I just
 don't think it works that way.
 Sooner or later, you gotta pick a
 side.

INT. DAVID'S BASEMENT - SAME DAY

The room is empty. THE COMPUTER SCREEN is dark. THE PRINTER
 is off.

ON THE WORK BENCH, FOUR MANILA ENVELOPES lay in a row, each
 one thick with photos and labeled with a name: Avery.
 Goldfein. Emerson. O'Neil. And next to the envelopes...

DAVID'S DUFFLE BAG sits open and waiting. Laid out beside it
 are FOUR PACKAGES of white coveralls. FOUR CANS of red spray
 paint. FOUR ROLLS OF DUCT TAPE. A BOX OF BLACK LATEX GLOVES.
 A BOX OF BULLETS. HIS RUGER .22 PISTOL.

ON THE WALL - THE SEVEN CEOs stare out at the empty room.

INT. DAVID'S KITCHEN - SAME TIME

IN THE MICROWAVE a frozen pasta dinner spins, as DAVID, wearing his black latex gloves, work clothes and a Giants hoody, holds a fork and waits.

EXT. DAVID HART'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

As we stand across the street, looking at David's house -- WILL'S CAR rolls to a stop in front of us. WILL opens his notebook and checks the address.

WILL
This is it.

INT. DAVID HART'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

DING! David opens the microwave, pulls out the scalding pasta and tosses it onto the counter.

EXT. DAVID HART'S HOUSE

Will and Malloy get out of the car and walk across the street toward David's house. Will glances over the information sheet on David Hart and reads the highlights out loud.

WILL
David James Hart. 34... Painting contractor... Recently divorced... Home in foreclosure with Bank of North America... He sounds like all the others.

As Will reads, Malloy trails behind and notices a rat-chewed trash bag on the curb -- AND INSIDE THE BAG...

HE SEES THOSE REJECT PRINTS AND EMPTY INK CARTRIDGES. He knows instantly what this could mean and glances at Will -- but Will hasn't noticed.

They climb the steps and Will knocks on the door.

INTERCUT -- INT./EXT. DAVID HART'S HOUSE

IN THE KITCHEN - David turns sharply at the knock and peeks down the hallway to the front door where he sees the shadows of TWO MEN on the front door curtains. One of the shadows knocks again.

ON THE PORCH - Malloy tries to move Will along.

MALLOY

Doesn't look like he's home. He must be one of the lucky ones who still has a job. Let's go.

Malloy walks down the steps. Will opens his notebook.

WILL

He's got a cell number.

MALLOY

Call him from the car.

Will ignores Malloy and punches in a number.

IN THE KITCHEN - David now sees only one shadow and HIS EYES shift to the open basement door... to his GUN.

ON THE PORCH - Will listens to his phone.

WILL

Straight to voicemail.

MALLOY

That's it, then. Let's go.

IN THE KITCHEN - David starts to make his move for the basement door -- but sees the shadows leaving.

ON THE PORCH - Will walks down the steps, checking his watch.

WILL

I guess we could kill some time and try back later.

Malloy keeps moving toward the car.

MALLOY

Don't bother. I live out here. I'll stop by on my way home tonight and...

He stops. Will is no longer behind him. Malloy turns and sees WILL looking into the trash bag at the PRINTS AND INK CARTRIDGES. Their eyes meet.

WILL

I'm calling for a warrant.

He pushes past Malloy, dialing his phone -- but Malloy has a different agenda.

MALLOY

I'll check the back.

Will spins around to protest -- but Malloy is already jogging down the driveway.

WILL

Malloy!

(then into his phone)

Yes. This is Detective Will
Manetti...

IN THE HOUSE - David sees Malloy jog past the windows. His eyes flick to the basement door and he moves for it -- just as Malloy's shadow falls on the back door curtains.

ON THE BACK PORCH - Malloy draws his gun and checks the knob. Locked. He hesitates only a moment -- and then breaks the glass, twists the knob, and...

IN THE KITCHEN - His eyes and gun sweep the room. He sees the microwave pasta - steam rising - and tightens his grip on the pistol...

IN THE DARK - David crouches, listening.

IN THE HALLWAY - Malloy sweeps his gun across the dining room and back to the hallway. Ahead of him, he sees TWO DOORS. The near one is closed. The further one, the basement door, is ajar. He focuses on the open door and moves toward it.

MALLOY

David. My partner is calling for
back up right now. We're gonna have
an army of cops here in about five
minutes. We don't have much time.

IN THE DARK - David listens.

IN THE HALLWAY - Malloy zeros in on the basement door.

MALLOY

I know what you're doing, David. I
understand. I know the people in
your photos. I've met them. You and
I want the same thing. We both want
Justice.

IN THE DARK - David is not sure where this is going.

IN THE HALLWAY - Malloy edges closer.

MALLOY

You gotta trust me, David. I want
to help you.

MALLOY'S FINGER slides from the side of the gun to the trigger - as he crosses the CLOSED CLOSET DOOR and...

IN THE DARK - David sees Malloy's shadow under the door and...

IN THE HALLWAY - DAVID throws open the closet door, knocking Malloy to the floor. His gun FIRES!

OUTSIDE - Will, still on the phone, reacts to the gun shot, draws his pistol and runs toward the front door, shouting into his phone.

WILL

Shots fired! Shots fired! Send units now!

IN THE HALLWAY - David runs out the back door, as Malloy scrambles to his feet and chases after him.

ON THE FRONT PORCH - Will finds the door locked. He jams his pistol against the DOOR BOLT -- Blasts it away -- Kicks it open and sees Malloy run out the back.

WE CHASE WILL down the hallway and out the back door, just in time to see MALLOY drop over the back fence.

WILL CLIMBS the fence and sees -- MALLOY chasing DAVID across an active subway yard, twenty tracks wide. A TRAIN passes behind Malloy and wipes him from view.

WILL LOOKS LEFT and sees a vehicle bridge over the train yard. He drops off the fence, and runs down the driveway.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - DAY

DAVID spots a slow-moving train leaving the yard ahead of him. If he doesn't beat it, it'll cut him off, so he pours on the speed. MALLOY sees the same thing and tries to keep up.

EXT. DAVID HART'S HOUSE

WILL runs across the street to his car -- Jumps in -- U-Turns over the sidewalk -- and speeds toward the overpass.

INT. MOVING SUBWAY TRAIN

OVER THE MOTORMAN'S SHOULDER, we see David leap across the tracks, the train missing him only by inches.

EXT. TRAIN YARD

THE SAME TRAIN cuts Malloy off and he slides to a stop, and then runs toward the end of the train.

INT./EXT. WILL'S CAR - MOVING

WILL speeds -- and THE INTERSECTION comes up fast. Cars cross. WILL lays on the horn -- jerks the wheel right -- and HIS CAR slides sideways into the intersection -- and then lunges onto the overpass.

EXT. TRAIN YARD

THE LAST TRAIN CAR clears and Malloy runs around the end -- spots David and chases after him.

INT. WILL'S CAR - MOVING

ON THE OVERPASS - Will glances right -- and sees David and Malloy, two tiny figures, running across the tracks.

EXT. TRAIN YARD

David comes to a parked train and scrambles under.

EXT./INT. WILL'S CAR - MOVING

WILL'S CAR speeds down the overpass. HE spots an alley next to the tracks -- turns into it -- and slams on the brakes!

WORKERS drop their vegetable crates and jump aside. A PRODUCE TRUCK blocks the alley. WILL throws the car into reverse.

EXT. TRAIN YARD

MALLOY dives under the parked train and slams his knee into the rail. ON THE OTHER SIDE - he crawls out, wincing, his pant leg torn. He spots David and limps after him.

EXT./INT. WILL'S CAR - MOVING

WILL drives along the main street that parallels the tracks, searching for a break in the row of shops and warehouses where he can get through to the tracks.

EXT. TRAIN YARD

DAVID reaches a 12-foot-high chain-link fence, topped with razor wire. He leaps -- climbs -- and rolls over the top. BUT his hoody snags.

MALLOY sees DAVID caught in the wire and closes in.

INT. MUFFLER SHOP

WILL'S CAR skids through the bay-door and is instantly surrounded by SHOUTING ARMENIAN MECHANICS.

EXT. RAZOR WIRE FENCE

David struggles to tear himself free, shredding his clothing. MALLOY is 30-feet away. 20-feet. 10-feet. He raises his gun.

MALLOY

David!

But DAVID just keeps struggling. MALLOY steps closer. Aims.

MALLOY

David!

DAVID looks at Malloy's gun aimed point-blank at his chest -- and he hangs limply on the fence.

MALLOY

It's over, David.....

MALLOY holds his aim on David's heart -- but he has no idea what comes next. He is a man divided. Torn between duty and justice. And then -- he picks a side -- and lowers his gun.

MALLOY

You're done. You made them pay. But now it's over. Do you understand? You don't need to die for this. They've taken enough. They don't get to take anymore. So just walk away -- and stay away.

DAVID studies MALLOY'S face, waiting for the punch line or the bullet -- but Malloy simply turns and walks away.

DAVID hangs on the fence - stunned - but only for a moment.

He tears himself free, falls to the ground, and then stands and looks back at MALLOY - still limping away. And then, torn and confused, he too limps away.

INT./EXT. MUFFLER SHOP

WILL breaks free from the Armenians and runs out the back door into the alley.

He picks a direction and starts running -- and then he sees MALLOY across the tracks and stops, puzzled -- until he spots the torn clothing on the barbed wire.

THE SHOUTING ARMENIANS catch up, but WILL ignores them and looks across the tracks at Malloy walking away.

INT. DAVID HART'S HOUSE - DAY

POV - HAND-HELD VIDEO CAMERA: We enter the back door and -- TILT down to the broken window glass -- TILT up to the kitchen table piled with bank notices and unopened mail and -- PAN to the kitchen counter and the now cold microwave pasta.

DETECTIVE MILLS is behind the camera, carefully documenting everything. He moves into the dining room and...

THE VIDEO POV finds Malloy sitting in a chair, his pant leg rolled up, a MEDIC cleaning the cut on his knee.

MILLS moves past -- but we stay on Malloy, and can see in his focused stare at the floor that he is deeply troubled -- not at all certain about what he has just done.

INT. DAVID'S BASEMENT - SAME TIME

Will walks down the steps. The room is abuzz with activity. Work-lights. FORENSIC TECHS. Camera flashes.

WILL walks around the room noting the computer and printer. The neat row of labeled manila envelopes. The duffle bag and the neatly laid out coveralls, tape, spray paint and pistol. A CAMERA FLASH records the tidy display.

WILL sees WALSH looking at the wall of CEOs, and joins him, sighing like a man who has to concede victory to a rival.

WILL

Looks like Malloy was right. An angry citizen with a grudge.

WALSH

Who watches a lot of fucking TV.

WILL

What do you mean?

Walsh nods to the wall of CEO photos.

WALSH

This. You only see this kinda shit on TV. I never saw a killer who kept a To-Do list.

(he looks around the room)

But -- I guess I should be happy about it. He's sure done everything he could to make our job easy. Now all we gotta do is find him.

Walsh walks away and WILL turns back to the wall, thinking.

INT./EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

THE NIGHT CLERK sits behind bullet-proof glass, watching TV. He doesn't see and doesn't care, when A CAR enters the lot behind him and parks.

DAVID gets out of the car with a DUFFLE BAG and enters a ground floor room.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

Silent. Empty. COPS in black armor stand guard -- OVER THE PROTESTORS IN BATTERY PARK -- AROUND EVERY BANK -- AT EVERY INTERSECTION -- AND AROUND THE FLAG-DRAPED STOCK EXCHANGE.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

WILL stands alone. In the distance, he watches Malloy, a PRIEST, Susan, Sean, Buddy and a couple of AGING VETS stand beside an open grave. The service ends and everyone starts walking back to their cars -- everyone but Malloy.

Will watches Malloy stand alone at the grave, and his thoughts turn to another funeral, for another father, and to the memories and emotions he thought he'd buried long ago.

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

WILL sits in his living room, staring. He's had a few drinks, and has another in his hand. Then, as if reaching some decision, he drains his glass and crosses the room.

He reaches up high into a closet, brings down a sealed CARDBOARD BOX, and carries it back to his chair. He sits with it for a moment -- and then opens it -- and we see...

A STACK OF UNOPENED LETTERS, bound with a rubber band. Will lifts them out and the rotted band breaks and the letters scatter. He gathers them, one by one, and we see that they are all addressed to HIM, and the return address is:

Ed Manetti - Prisoner ID: 47-B-84-662
CLINTON CORRECTIONAL FACILITY

He lays the letters aside. Still unopened.

HE LIFTS OUT A PHOTO of his father as a bright, young, newly-minted police officer. He then finds a photo of Ed, from some family event years later. This ED is older, darker.

WILL looks from one photo to the other, absorbing the life-story they tell.

And lastly, we see a PHOTO OF WILL AND ED together. The ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD WILL, all skinny arms and legs, poses in his football uniform with his father beside him, smiling proudly.

INT. MINI-MARKET - NIGHT

A typical neighborhood bodega. Cramped and densely-packed with a little bit of everything.

AN HISPANIC WOMAN and MAN, 40s, the shop owners, are closing out the register.

A SMALL TV on the counter behind them plays a Spanish language news report about drug cartel murders in a small Mexican town. The report is in Spanish but the video tells us all we need to know: *Dead bodies covered with blood-stained sheets. Families wailing. A Police captain shrugs helplessly.*

THE WOMAN hands the cash to her HUSBAND and he goes through a door into...

THE BACK OFFICE - He kneels at a safe and spins the combination. On a security monitor above his head, we see the front door open and...

IN THE STORE - The Woman looks up to see ZEUS come through the door -- and put his snub-nosed .357 in her face.

ZEUS

Empty it!

IN THE OFFICE - Her husband looks up at the SECURITY MONITOR and sees a black man threatening his wife with a gun. He grabs his own gun and...

IN THE STORE - The office door swings open. Zeus turns. The Woman ducks. Zeus fires and misses.

THE HUSBAND fires, hitting Zeus in the neck. ZEUS staggers back and fires wildly. THE HUSBAND fires again, hitting Zeus in the arm, and in the chest.

ZEUS falls to the floor, twitching and gurgling -- and then he goes still.

THE HUSBAND steps around the counter and kicks the .357 aside, and then he looks back at his wife, crouched in the corner. She nods, wide-eyed, but okay.

AND ON THE BLOOD-SPLATTERED TV SCREEN above her head the news report continues. *GRIEVING PEOPLE hold photos of their dead relatives -- ANGRY PEOPLE shout at ineffectual police and -- ARMED PEOPLE patrol their streets in open pick-ups, bristling with rifles.*

ZEUS stares at the ceiling as his blood slowly fans out across the floor, staining everything it touches.

INT. NYPD COUNTER-TERRORISM BUREAU - DAY

Detective Mills sits at a computer screen, intently studying the security footage from the Silverman Cox parking garage. Will and Reynoso enter.

WILL

You have something?

MILLS

I think so. I've been watching this security video, and there's just something about the way this guy moves.

WILL

What do you mean?

MILLS

You're just gonna have to see it. Here.

Mills gives Will his seat in front of the monitor and restarts the clip.

IN THE VIDEO, DAVID flattens against the wall, pulls his gun and holds it to his chest. MILLS pauses the VIDEO.

MILLS

See how he's holding his gun.
That's a standard Ready Position. I
was taught that in the Marines and
again at the Academy. Now watch the
way he moves into firing position.

IN THE VIDEO, DAVID steps in front of the limo and fires.

MILLS (V.O.)

See how smooth he is. No rush. No
hesitation. No jerkiness. He's
completely at ease. And look at his
stance.

THE VIDEO STOPS on David squared off against the limo. Arms
extended. Knees bent. Head down.

MILLS

It's textbook. But here's where it
gets interesting. This is the front
windshield of the limo.

Mills holds up a photo of the bullet-shattered windshield.

MILLS

I compared the impact points in
this photo with his movements in
the video and I found something.
Watch it again.

THE VIDEO starts again, now in SLO-MO. Mills narrates.

MILLS

So there he goes. He aims. And
fires two shots. He pans left, and
fires two shots. And then he pans
back to the center, and fires four
more shots.

THE VIDEO STOPS on a still frame of David aiming at the limo.
MILLS holds up the photo.

MILLS

Now look at this. He put his first
two shots right here...

He points to the shattered glass in front of the driver.

MILLS

...Right in the driver's face. Then
he panned left, all the way across
the windshield...

His finger moves left across the photo, and taps the bullet fractures in front of the passenger.

MILLS

...and put his next two shots in the other guard's face. Then he turned back to the center...

His finger taps the center of the shattered windshield.

MILLS

...and put his last four shots right here. Right into Blunt. He took out the guards first, and then concentrated on his primary target.

WILL

So what does that mean?

MILLS

It means this guy's been trained.

WILL

What do you mean "trained?"

MILLS

I mean tactical assault training. Like I had in the Marines.

WILL

There's nothing in Hart's file about military training.

REYNOSO

Could be civilian. There are plenty of ex-military guys out there selling this kind of stuff.

MILLS

Could be. But I doubt it. You don't learn that kind of composure in some weekend warrior class. That only comes from experience. I don't have an explanation for it. All I can tell you is - the guy in that video - he's been trained to do what he did. And he's had experience doing it.

Will turns from Mills to the still frame of David firing into the windshield.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

ON THE UGLY FLORAL BEDSPREAD - DAVID'S DUFFLE BAG lands with a heavy bounce. HIS HANDS, now for the first time without the black latex gloves, open the bag and we see -- weapons.

DAVID lifts a BERETTA 9mm from the bag and WE FOLLOW IT up his shirtless body to eye-level, as he checks the chamber.

AND WE SEE THE NEW DAVID: Clean-shaven. Black, freshly-dyed hair. His stomach, chest and arms are covered with cuts from the razor-wire -- but that's not what gets our attention.

This guy is ripped. He's far more muscular and fit than we ever imagined under his dumpy clothing. He looks like an athlete in top form.

DAVID slaps in a clip. Chambers a round, and swings the pistol to HIS REFLECTION in the mirrored wall...

AND INSTANTLY HE FLASHES TO MALLOY'S GUN aimed at his chest -- MALLOY'S EYES piercing into his.

The memory disturbs him. Puzzles him. He lowers the Beretta, and his eyes stare after a thought: Why did he let me go?

INT. NYPD COUNTER-TERRORISM BUREAU - NIGHT

FROM THE BULLPEN AREA we look through the glass wall into the CONFERENCE ROOM. Will, Mills, Walsh, and Reynoso are seated at the table, reviewing evidence.

OVER THIS - WE HEAR the audio track from an FBI interview.

FBI AGENT (OFF CAMERA)
Please state your name, your age,
and the city you live in.

A WOMAN'S VOICE responds -- AND WE BEGIN TO PAN THE ROOM...

SHEA THOMAS (OFF CAMERA)
My name is Shea Thomas. I'm 29. And
I live in Meridian, Mississippi.

WE HEAR THE AUDIO fast-forward -- AND WE CONTINUE PANNING until we come to...

MALLOY. He sits alone in a dark cubicle, lit only by the ashen-blue glow of his computer screen. He stops the fast-forward and hits PLAY.

IN THE VIDEO, A YOUNG BLACK WOMAN, SHEA THOMAS, sits with her head hung down.

We remember her from the FBI interview we saw earlier. She's the widow of Dwayne Thomas, the man on Fell's floor who shot himself.

WE HEAR THE AGENT'S voice again, more strident this time.

FBI AGENT (OFF CAMERA)
Ma'am. I understand your frustration. And I am sorry about your husband, but...

Shea's head snaps up. Her face twisted with anger.

SHEA THOMAS
Your "sorry" means nothing to me! They killed my husband. They need to pay for that. I'm the one who needs justice.

And then she directly challenges each agent. First one, and then the other.

SHEA THOMAS
Are YOU gonna do that for me!? Are YOU gonna give me that!?

And now she breaks down and this is the part of her interview that we saw before. A moment later, the screen goes black.

MALLOY scrolls the clip back and plays the last part again.

SHEA THOMAS
I'm the one who needs justice. Are YOU gonna do that for me? Are YOU gonna give me that?

Malloy stops the clip, freezing Shea's image. And we now see what we might have missed before. For just an instant, right before she hangs her head -- she looks into the camera -- and her desperate, challenging eyes reach out to Malloy.

INT. POLICE STATION SQUAD ROOM - SAME TIME

A DETECTIVE walks out, as Buddy walks in, wiping his hands with a paper towel.

BUDDY
Fuckin' toilet.

DETECTIVE
Oh hey, you're still here. I just put a message on your desk. Someone from the 28th called.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Said they had a gun used in a robbery up there that matches some case you and Mike are working on. The number's on your desk. Have fun with the toilet.

BUDDY

Yeah. Yeah.

Buddy tosses the paper towel and picks up the message.

INT. NYPD COUNTER-TERRORISM BUREAU - SAME TIME

WILL, MILLS, WALSH, and REYNOSO are in the conference room, reviewing evidence. They are tired and bleary-eyed.

THE SEVEN CEO PHOTOS are pinned to the wall, in sequence, just as they were in David's basement. Only now the photos are covered with Post-it notes that provide more information about each man. WILL rubs his hands over his face.

WILL

Okay... What haven't we looked at?

MILLS

I don't know. I don't even know anymore what I have looked at.

WILL walks to the wall and reads Post-It notes.

WILL

If we can just figure out why he chose these guys, we might...

He trails off, frustrated.

MILLS

Maybe there is no connection. Maybe he just pulled them out of his ass, completely random.

WILL

No. There has to be some connection.

WALSH

Well, we know Hart's house was in foreclosure with Bank of North America, so that could explain Fell. As for the UGB guys...

MILLS

Hell. I'm pissed-off at that mess. If that whole thing turns out to be even half as bad as it looks like it's going to, I'd line up for a piece of those guys myself.

WALSH

(laughs)

So just good old outrage puts Mercer and Avery on the list, huh?

MILLS

Why not?

WILL

Okay. So what about Emerson, Blunt and O'Neil?

REYNOSO

Well back up a second. What about Avery? He's not a CEO. Every one of those other guys is. So why is he on the list? And why would Hart be after two guys from the same bank?

Will reads the notes on Avery's photo.

WILL

Avery is... Head of International Investment at UGB.

MILLS

That'd put him in the right place to manage illegal foreign accounts.

WALSH

And Blunt is CEO of UGB's holding company. That could tie him with Mercer and Avery.

WILL

All right. Let's say that is a connection. That gives us three targets, Mercer, Avery and Blunt, who are possibly connected, and four others who -- what? Why are they on the list?

MILLS

They must have done something to piss Hart off.

REYNOSO

Or maybe you're right about them being random. -- What if those other guys are just on the list to muddy the water?

MILLS

(cocks his head jokingly)
Que?

REYNOSO

I mean - just for another way to look at it - what if all this was really just about UGB? And Hart was only after Mercer and Avery? Fell and everybody else could be on the list just to draw attention away from that.

WILL

Muddy the water.

REYNOSO

(shrugs)
Maybe.

Will tries to follow that thought, but he's just too tired. He glances around the room.

WILL

Where the hell's Malloy? He should be here for this.

MILLS

Last I saw, he was watching interviews.

WILL

Jesus. Him and those interviews.

He walks out of the room and heads toward...

THE CUBICLES

WILL

Mike! C'mon. Enough with the interviews. We need...

THE CUBICLE IS EMPTY. Will frowns -- and then he notices Malloy's computer screen and steps closer.

THE SCREEN is filled with stacked rows of tiny video windows. Each one, frozen on a FACE of rage, fear, grief.

The tiled arrangement looks exactly like the arrangement of photos that David left at the crime scenes. And every one of them looks out at Malloy's empty chair. Demanding justice.

INT. MALLOY'S CAR - NIGHT

MALLOY'S EYES are fixed on Marvin's building. IN HIS LAP he holds something wrapped in cloth. His cell phone buzzes. The caller ID reads: Buddy. Malloy shuts it off.

And then he gets out of the car, but we remain, and through the windshield, we watch him slowly climb the front steps and enter Marvin's building.

INT. MARVIN'S APARTMENT BUILDNG - NIGHT

Malloy walks up the stairwell to the second floor and we follow him to a door. He checks the hallway in both directions -- draws his gun and holds it behind his leg.

INT. MARVIN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Marvin stands at the stove frying FOUR hamburger patties in a skillet. He's at a crucial moment in the cooking when --

HE HEARS A KNOCK. He stays focused on the skillet.

MARVIN

Use your key!

Another knock. Annoyed, Marvin shuts off the stove, goes to the door and looks through the peep-hole. A BADGE.

MARVIN

C'mon man. Ya'll were just here.

He unbolts the door and -- MALLOY explodes through.

MALLOY

Against the wall!

Malloy kicks the door closed as Marvin assumes the position, spread eagle against the wall. Malloy frisks him.

MALLOY

On the couch! Sit!

Marvin sits and looks up at Malloy -- and doesn't like what he sees.

Malloy is jumpy. His eyes dart crazily. And he won't look Marvin in the eyes. That's what scares him most.

MARVIN

Where are the other cops?

MALLOY

There are no others. Just me.

MALLOY reaches into his coat pocket and brings out that thing wrapped in cloth. He shakes it loose -- and a .38 REVOLVER thuds onto the floor between them.

Malloy nods to the gun on the floor.

MALLOY

Pick it up.

Marvin looks at the GUN on the floor -- at the GUN in Malloy's hand -- and at the madness in Malloy's eyes.

MALLOY

Pick it up.

Marvin shakes his head.

MALLOY

Pick it up!

MARVIN

I didn't do anything.

MALLOY

You killed a cop!

MARVIN

No!

MALLOY

My cop!

MARVIN

I didn't!

MALLOY

Pick it up!

MARVIN

I didn't kill anybody!

MALLOY

Pick it up!

Malloy thrusts his pistol into Marvin's face.

MALLOY

Pick it up!

A SOUND BEHIND HIM -- Malloy spins and aims at...

MARVIN'S WIFE and TWO BOYS coming through the door. The woman screams and Marvin leaps up.

MARVIN

No!

And Malloy spins back to him -- and Marvin's wife screams again...

And Malloy swings his gun back to her and she shields her children -- and that's when we see DANNY. He recognizes Malloy as the cop who arrested Zeus.

Marvin reaches out slowly to Malloy, pleading softly.

MARVIN

Please. Please don't hurt them.

Malloy turns to him and, in Marvin's pleading, terrified eyes, he sees himself - a killer - and it stops him.

He steps back -- everyone holds their breath -- and then Malloy rushes out of the apartment, pushing through the crowd of neighbors gathered in the hallway.

Marvin wraps his wife and young son in his arms -- but Danny steps aside, picks up the .38 from the floor and tucks it under his shirt - his hateful eyes chasing after Malloy.

INT. MALLOY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Malloy sits in the dark. Staring. The house phone rings... the MACHINE picks up and we hear Buddy's voice.

BUDDY (OFF-CAMERA)

Mike? You there? Mike? Jesus. Where the hell are you? I wanted to tell you in person, but fuck it. I can't find you. -- We got Tyler's killer.

Malloy blinks, confused. They got Marvin?

BUDDY (OFF-CAMERA)

Some asshole named ZEUS got himself killed in a hold-up. He had a .357 on him, and it matches. This guy Zeus killed Tyler. The shop owner dropped him. So -- there you go.

(MORE)

BUDDY (OFF-CAMERA) (CONT'D)
Justice done. Anyway, I figured you
could use some good news. Call me.

The machine beeps -- and Malloy stares into the void that has just cracked open before him.

EXT. BOWLING GREEN PARK - DAY

The statue of the CHARGING BULL crouches behind a security fence, guarded by COPS with automatic rifles.

DAVID, dark-haired and clean shaven, sits on a park bench. He wears earbuds and holds his phone in his lap, but he's not listening to anything. It's just a show.

His eyes are focused on the protestors across the street in Battery Park. Their chant for "JUSTICE!" echoes across the plaza toward him.

A MAN sits down next to David and opens The New York Post and we see the front page headline: WALL STREET VIGILANTE STILL AT LARGE. And underneath that -- the photo of the BLONDE BEARDED MAN with the caption: DAVID HART.

Only... the man in the photo IS NOT David Hart. The basic shape and outline of the photo matches the blood-stained photo that we have been seeing all along, but now that we see the unblemished image -- it is not David, or at least not the David we know.

THE MAN with the paper chuckles and WE TILT UP to see Martin Foley, Blunt's attorney.

FOLEY
You know, The Wall Street Journal
calls you a terrorist. The Post,
however, seems to take a more...
populist view of you.

David watches the Protestors and says nothing. Foley bites into a sandwich and looks at the paper, pretending to be just another suit on a lunch break.

FOLEY
That stunt with the limo was
unexpected. A little notice would
have been nice.

DAVID
It had to look real.

FOLEY

Oh it looked real, all right. You owe Blunt a new pair of pants.

David smiles, but keeps his eyes on the protestors.

DAVID

It worked. He didn't have to testify.

FOLEY

No. We dodged that bullet. For now anyway. That's why we need you to finish this. Now. No more decoys. Just do the last target and we'll call it even. You can keep the rest of the money.

DAVID turns away from the protestors, feeling cheapened by this mention of money.

In the distance, PROTESTORS begin chanting "YOU'RE NEXT!" and Foley turns to them.

FOLEY

Looks like you've developed quite a fan club.

DAVID

Yeah. It's nice to be appreciated.

Foley looks sideways at David.

FOLEY

I believe we've just given you seven-million-dollars worth of appreciation.

Foley and David exchange a silent look -- each wondering if they are still on the same team.

FOLEY

Just finish it.

DAVID

I'll finish it.

Foley walks away, leaving his trash behind. David gathers it and throws it away, as he strolls toward the protestors.

He stops across the street and watches them -- admiring their anger, their passion, the raw power of their belief. He closes his eyes and lets their voices wash over him, through him -- filling his emptiness.

INT. NYPD COUNTER-TERRORISM BUREAU - DAY

THAT UNFAMILIAR PHOTO OF DAVID HART that we just saw on the front page of The Post is pinned to the wall. WILL taps it...

WILL

Our manhunt has now gone public. We released this photo to the press this morning. This guy's not going to be able to move now without being seen by someone. So it's just a matter of time now before we have him. FBI is taking lead on the manhunt.

WILL notices MALLOY ENTER and sit at the back of the room. He looks like he hasn't shaved or slept for about three days.

MILLS

So where does that leave us?

WILL

Guard duty. We're going to keep tabs on Hart's remaining targets, just in case he's crazy enough to make a play for one of them.

He turns to the CEO photos and points to each as he speaks.
[NOTE: ESU = Emergency Services Unit = NYPD's SWAT]

WILL

Right now, Roger Avery is holed-up on his Connecticut estate with a small army of private security. We're keeping ESU in the area, on standby. Terry Goldfein is in Europe, accompanied by his security, and Ed O'Neil is in Australia, with his security. That leaves only Emerson and Blunt who have decided to carry-on business as usual, guarded, of course, by their own...

Mills and Reynoso mockingly join Will in unison.

WILL & MILLS & REYNOSO

...private security.

WALSH

Jesus, every one of these guys has his own private army.

MILLS

It'd be hard for a SEAL team to get to any of these guys now -- forget a lone house painter.

WALSH

So, maybe Mike's right. Maybe Hart's done, and he's just on the run now.

WILL

Maybe. But until he's caught or killed, we can't take any chances.

The meeting breaks up and the room empties out. WILL stops MALLOY.

WILL

You look like shit. Where were you last night?

MALLOY turns away without answering, and WILL starts to react -- but checks himself.

WILL

Look. Mike. This investigation is over. It's just a manhunt now. You're done. Go home. Get some sleep. You look like you could use it.

Will walks out, leaving Malloy alone in the conference room.

Malloy looks at the photos on the walls, searching the faces for vindication. He has to believe he's done something right.

And then he sees the photo of David Hart -- and he doesn't recognize it. It's not the man he chased. Not the man he let go.

EXT. LITTLE BAY PARK - NIGHT

MALLOY'S FACE is dark, haggard, etched with guilt. He sits on the rocks, his eyes lost in the cold black water.

WE HEAR footsteps but Malloy doesn't react. And then we see someone cross behind him and sit down.

Malloy, too drained and numb to be surprised by anything now, looks up and sees...

DAVID - or at least the man he thought was David - sitting across from him, wearing black motorcycle leathers and holding a Beretta 9mm leveled at his chest.

DAVID
Hello, Mike.

Malloy just looks at him, unmoved, ready to die. David holds out his free hand.

DAVID
Your gun. With your thumb only,
please.

Malloy hooks his thumb through the trigger guard of his pistol, lifts it out of the holster and hands it to David.

DAVID
Thank you. Now drop your jacket
down around your elbows, and fold
your hands like you're prayin'.

Malloy does as he's told - and while doing so - adjusts his pant leg to cover the back-up gun in his ankle holster.

Malloy watches David hold the Beretta steady on his heart while his other hand deftly disassembles Malloy's pistol and tosses the parts into the water.

David then turns to Malloy with an expectant look, but Malloy just turns away without a word.

DAVID
Well, I gotta say, for a detective
you sure aren't very inquisitive.
Aren't you gonna ask me what I'm
doing here? Or why I bothered to
look you up tonight?

Malloy glances at him. Says nothing. And turns away again.

DAVID
(chuckles)
All right. I get it. You're angry.
But I know you're curious, too. So
I'm going to tell you anyway. I
came here to thank you.

Malloy flushes with anger.

DAVID

I know you don't want to hear that, because I'm supposed to be the bad guy and all, and you helped me, and now you're feeling guilty about it. But you shouldn't. When I was hanging up there on that fence and you had me in your sights, I figured I was dead - or worse - going to prison. I never - not in a million years - would've ever imagined you'd do what you did. But I'll tell you what, when you walked away and left me hanging there... Well, you really did a number on me. I just could not figure out what your angle was. And then I realized. You didn't have an angle. You let me go -- because you believed in me.

Malloy lowers his eyes, stung with regret and stupid shame.

DAVID

Or, at least, you believed in what you thought I was. You believed in David Hart. An angry man. Backed against the wall. Driven by injustice. -- Just like you.

David's eyes follow a thought out across the water -- but his Beretta never waivers.

DAVID

When I realized what you'd done. Why you did it -- I envied you. I envied your conviction. Your -- faith. I don't think there is anything more powerful in this world than a man's belief. A belief in something. Anything. A cause. A country. Justice. -- Revenge. It doesn't even matter. So long as that thing gets you out of bed every morning, drives you through the day, and haunts your sleep at night. That's what you want in life. And that's what I had lost. Until you left me hanging on that fence.

(a thought makes him smile)
You know, it's funny. People'll tell you they want to believe in something worth dying for.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

I used to think that. But not anymore. The things - and the people - that you're willing to die for - well, they just don't really give a shit. -- Besides, dying's easy. Any fool can do it. What people really want, but what they're afraid to say -- is they want to believe in something worth killing for. Now that's the belief that'll fill your emptiness. It really does make a difference, you know - believing in something - when you pull the trigger. Somehow, it just makes it all -- I don't know. Right.

His eyes return to the present, and to Malloy.

DAVID

Well look at me. I've been doin' all the talkin'. There must be somethin' you want to ask me.

MALLOY

Who are you?

DAVID

Well now, that is a fair question. But I hope you'll understand why I won't answer it. At least until we get to know each other a little better. Wanna try another one?

MALLOY

Did you kill David Hart?

David takes a breath, and seems truly regretful.

DAVID

Yes. I did. I'm not proud of it. But it was necessary.

MALLOY

So all of this has just been an act. So we'd pin the murders on some dead man we'll never find.

DAVID

You gotta admit -- it is a pretty good plan. You boys have David's picture plastered all over the world. And everybody's just waiting for him to pop up somewhere.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

But that's just never gonna happen.
That is gonna be mighty frustrating
for a lot of people.

MALLOY

You telling me all this kinda ruins
that plan, doesn't it?

DAVID

Maybe.

MALLOY

Are you gonna kill me?

David looks at Malloy, quietly thinking.

DAVID

I don't want to. And I don't think
I need to. You said it yourself. We
want the same thing. You and me are
on the same side.

MALLOY

I was wrong.

DAVID

No you weren't. You're just saying
that now because you're angry.
Because you think I duped you. But
it wasn't me. You believed exactly
what you wanted to. You still can.
We can keep this going, if you
want. Serve up a little Justice
together. You and me. Whaddya say?

MALLOY

And more innocent people die.

DAVID

Oh, c'mon! They're not innocent.
You know that. That's why you let
me go. They deserved to die, Mike.
And so does the one I'm gonna kill
tomorrow. After that, if you don't
want to, you won't ever have to see
me again. But you know my way is
the only Justice you're ever gonna
see. So you think about it. And who
knows, You might like the way
things turn out. I may surprise
you.

David stands and Malloy leans forward, closer to his ankle
gun.

DAVID

Well. I better get going. I have a big day tomorrow. And I suspect you do too. But before I go, why don't you toss that ankle piece out in the water for me. Our friendship is still kinda fresh, and I'd hate for you to be tempted to shoot me in the back. -- Thumb only.

Malloy hooks the gun with his thumb and tosses it into the water.

DAVID

Now, get in there with it.

Malloy stands, and steps into the river.

DAVID

Go on. All the way.

Malloy wades into the freezing river until the water is up to his chin. The bottom is slippery and he struggles against the weight of his clothes and his heavy coat.

DAVID

That's cold. I know. Your muscles are probably getting pretty numb about now. So when you get outta there, I suggest you get yourself to a nice warm place -- and you think about what I said. We could be a good team, you and me.

Malloy is getting weak and sinking. He starts a rhythm of going under almost completely and bouncing off the bottom to grasp a breath before going back under again. Sinking and bouncing. Sinking and bouncing.

DAVID

Well I better take off before you drown. Maybe I'll see you tomorrow. And maybe I won't. If I do, I sure hope we're not shootin' at each other.

David runs into the dark -- and Malloy staggers out of the freezing water and collapses on the shore. He tries to stand but can't. His muscles won't work. In the darkness, HE HEARS a motorcycle, and then SEES its red taillight drive away.

INT. WILL MANETTI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Will sits at his dining table with his father's now opened letters scattered around him. Their messages finally delivered after 17 years.

He scans a letter, letting his eyes shift here and there across the page. WORDS jump out at us: "sorry... explain... understand..."

His eyes stop and we see: "...give me the chance..."

He folds the letter over those words and packs everything back into the box. The last thing to go in is the photo of his father as a young police officer.

And then someone POUNDS on his door until he opens it...

IT'S MALLOY. His clothes are soaked and his face is haggard -- but determined.

CUT TO -- A SHORT TIME LATER...

WILL'S FACE is a hard mask of anger. Malloy has just told him everything.

WILL

I trusted you.

MALLOY

I know. And when this is over, you can arrest me. You can shoot me. You can do whatever you want. But right now -- I need your help to stop him.

WILL

How!? We can't guard every banker in the city.

MALLOY

We don't have to. Just the three on his list. Avery, Emerson and Blunt.

WILL

Do you seriously believe he's still going to go after one of those men? Why!? How!? Each one of them has a small army around him. They're just decoys. He's using you to throw us off -- again.

MALLOY

He could be. But I don't think so. Something's happened. Something's changed. I don't know what, but I think he's still after one of these guys, and I think it's personal for him.

Will scoffs.

WILL

Of course you do! It's always personal, right!?

MALLOY

I know I've been wrong. About a lot. -- About everything. But not now. Not about this.

Will's not having it.

MALLOY

Will, you don't have to trust me. The truth is -- this is all we've got. This is our only play. If he's after somebody else, we'd never stop him anyway. But if I'm right and he goes for one of these guys -- we can get him. So trust me. Don't trust me. I don't care. Just... Please. Give me the chance to make this right.

Those pleading words hit Will like a punch and he turns away, wrestling with regretful memories of another man who begged him for a second chance.

And then his eyes find his father's photo in the box.

INT./EXT. ROGER AVERY'S ESTATE - CONNECTICUT - DAY

ROGER AVERY - 50s, #3 on the CEO wall - stands at the picture window in his study, looking out across a vast lawn.

A RIFLE SCOPE POV pans the house and stops on Avery's face.

THE SNIPER -- an ESU OFFICER, lifts his eye from the scope and talks into his shoulder mic.

AT THE WINDOW, Avery lifts a crystal tumbler of scotch and sips -- just as WILL and an ESU OFFICER enter the room.

WILL

Mr. Avery. You need to stay away from the windows. We discussed this.

Will nods to the ESU officer who draws the curtains.

AVERY

I hate waiting. Waiting to be killed is even worse.

WILL

I understand this is inconvenient. But it would help us tremendously, if you and your security team would stay in the basement. As we agreed.

AVERY

I feel like I'm under siege.

Will is annoyed to have to state the obvious.

WILL

You are.

Avery sighs with great displeasure and walks out of the room, escorted by the ESU officer. Will dials his cell phone.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - DAY

REYNOSO and SIX ESU cops stand on the tarmac next to two blacked-out Suburbans. He watches a small jet lift off.

REYNOSO

All right. Let's go.

His phone rings and he answers it, as he and the ESU team climb into the Suburbans.

WILL

Are they gone?

REYNOSO

Wheels just left the ground. We're on our way downtown. I'll call you when we get there.

INT. CHARLES EMERSON'S HOUSE - DAY

MILLS talks on his cell phone as he moves through the house, checking doors and windows.

He stops to look up at a ridiculously ostentatious oil painting of a patriarch and his family. The man is CHARLES EMERSON, #5 on the CEO wall.

MILLS

Yeah, we're all set. I have four on the grounds. Two on the roof, and three in the house with me. Emerson and his family gone?

WILL

Just took off. I'm gonna check in with Walsh. I'll call you later.

MILLS

I'll be here.

He hangs up and cocks his head at the ridiculous painting, and then continues his rounds.

INT. SILVERMAN COX - EXECUTIVE SUITE - DAY

WALSH walks behind Blunt, Foley and Guards #1 and #2 from the limo attack. He's trying to talk to Blunt.

WALSH

I need to have men up here.

FOLEY

I understand that's what you want, but it's not necessary. We have security.

Walsh glances at the two security men.

WALSH

Yeah. They did a spectacular job last time.

BLUNT

Detective. I appreciate your concern, but this is my office, and I do not want riot police up here distracting my staff. Now, you're welcome to put as many men as you like in the lobby, but that's it.

Blunt and Foley enter Blunt's office and shut the door -- leaving Walsh with the two guards.

INT. CHARLES EMERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Malloy walks through the empty suite of offices, checking rooms. He enters a large executive office with a gold plaque on the door: CHARLES EMERSON, CEO.

He walks to the floor-to-ceiling windows and looks out at the spectacular view -- and then turns his eyes down to the protestors in the street, 30-stories below.

INT. SILVERMAN COX - EXECUTIVE FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Walsh steps into the hallway where SIX ESU OFFICERS and ONE UNIFORMED COP are waiting for him.

WALSH

We're not welcome. Back downstairs.

As they wait for the elevator, Walsh notices another uniformed cop at the end of the hall, checking the stairwell.

WALSH

Hey.

The cop turns. It's OFFICER SEGER, the rookie who angered Malloy by telling the truth. The cops get on the elevator, and Walsh pulls Seger aside.

WALSH

What's your name?

SEGER

Seger, sir.

WALSH

Well look, Seger. We're getting kicked out, but I want to keep eyes up here. Can you do that?

SEGER

Yes, sir.

WALSH

Good. Stay in the hall. Keep your eyes open and your radio on.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE IN CONNECTICUT - DAY

WE'RE MOVING WITH THE WHEELS OF A MOTORCYCLE. The pavement flashes beneath us. The wheels accelerate and the motorcycle pulls away. We never see the face of the black-clad rider.

INT. SILVERMAN COX - LOBBY - DAY

SIX heavily armed ESU cops take up positions around the lobby, establishing a perimeter and checking their weapons.

INT. SILVERMAN COX - SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

WE PAN a room full of surveillance monitors and building control systems. The nerve-center of the building. Walsh enters and a SECURITY GUARD turns to him. Walsh smiles.

WALSH

Detective Walsh. NYPD. I'm gonna hang out with you for awhile.

INT. CHARLES EMERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Malloy stands at the window, watching the protestors in the street. His phone rings.

MALLOY

Yeah.

WILL

Emerson and his family are gone. And Blunt and Avery are secure. How are things there?

MALLOY

Quiet. We sent Emerson's staff and the top two floors home.

WILL

I guess we're as ready as we're going to be. Now we just wait for whatever surprise this guy has for us.

Something Will just said seizes Malloy's attention and his eyes chase after some thought, as we hear Will's voice through Malloy's phone.

WILL (V.O.)

Mike? ... Mike?

MALLOY

I'll call you back.

And suddenly that thought becomes crystal clear -- and Malloy looks out the window at the Silverman Cox building, six blocks away.

INT. SILVERMAN COX - BLUNT'S OFFICE

Foley stands in front of the TV, watching live news coverage of the ANGRY PROTESTORS -- the same Angry Protesters that are marching past his building right now.

WE HEAR A TOILET FLUSH -- and Blunt steps out, zipping his pants. He glances at the TV and smiles at the mayhem.

ON THE TV - PROTESTORS shout and wave signs, many of them in favor of THE WALL STREET VIGILANTE.

BLUNT
(chuckles admiringly)
Wall Street Vigilante. Fucking
brilliant.

He goes to the window and looks down on those same protestors 40 stories below.

BLUNT
He's sure got them whipped up. The
mayor's going to have to crack down
now -- and we'll finally be rid of
these little cocksuckers. Anything
on Avery?

FOLEY
Not yet. We won't hear anything
until it's in the news.

Blunt goes to a green square of artificial turf and starts chipping golf balls toward a small basketball hoop mounted over a trash can. He swings and misses.

BLUNT
Shit.

FOLEY
I just got word that the Feds have,
officially, called off their
investigation -- at least until the
Vigilante is captured or killed.

BLUNT
Well that should buy us enough time
to clean up this mess.
(he swings and misses)
Shit.

FOLEY

They're working on it. We're not going to be able to make it go away, but we can keep Silverman Cox out of it -- and make sure it all points back to Mercer and Avery.

BLUNT

That's all we need. And this whole thing can die with them.

(he swings and misses)

Shit.

He glances up angrily at the protesters on the TV, as if they were somehow responsible for his shitty chip shot.

BLUNT

Turn that off.

Foley presses the remote -- and the ANGRY PROTESTORS disappear into black. And we CUT TO...

EXT. SILVERMAN COX - STREET - DAY

...The pulsing, angry heart of that crowd of PROTESTERS we just saw on Blunt's TV. All around us people shout and chant.

PROTESTERS

You're next! You're next!

A FEW BLOCKS AHEAD: Police in riot gear form a battle line. Behind them, mounted police sit anxiously in their saddles.

EXT. ROGER AVERY'S HOUSE - MAIN GATE - DAY

The motorcycle we saw earlier stops at the main gate. From multiple hidden vantage points, ESU officers watch the rider through rifle scopes - ready to fire.

INT. ROGER AVERY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

IN THE SECURITY ROOM: WILL, a SECURITY GUARD, and the ESU Commander watch THE RIDER on the intercom video camera. He wears a helmet with a dark visor.

ESU COMMANDER

That can't be him.

SECURITY GUARD

Should I answer him?

WILL

Yeah.

SECURITY GUARD

(into the intercom)

Can I help you?

MOTORCYCLE RIDER

I have a delivery for Roger Avery.

SECURITY GUARD

What is it?

The rider reaches into his jacket -- and Will shouts into his radio.

WILL

Take him! Take him!

EXT. ROGER AVERY'S ESTATE - FRONT GATE - SAME TIME

ESU officers swarm the Rider, force him to the ground, and surround him with pointed guns.

INT. SILVERMAN COX - SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Walsh answers his phone -- and we instantly hear the loud roar of the crowd coming through.

WALSH

Shit! Mike, is that you?

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

MALLOY fights through the crowd and he and Walsh shout into their phones to be heard over the din of the crowd.

MALLOY

Is Blunt there?

WALSH

What!?

MALLOY

Blunt! Is he there!?

WALSH

Yeah!

MALLOY

Keep him!

WALSH

What!?

MALLOY

Hold him! I'm on my way!

WALSH

Mike!?

Malloy fights through the crowd.

INT. ROGER AVERY'S HOUSE - DAY

SECURITY ROOM: Will talks on the video intercom with an ESU COP at the front gate.

ESU OFFICER

It's not him. He's a real messenger. All he had was a letter. No envelope. He said he was hired to deliver it right at 3:00 PM.

WILL

Bring it up.

INT. SILVERMAN COX - SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Walsh sees an indicator light on the elevator control panel light up. It's labeled: SCBC PRIVATE.

WALSH

What's that?

SECURITY GUARD

That's a private elevator from the garage to the executive suite. Only the Silverman Cox execs use it.

WALSH

Can we see who's in there?

SECURITY GUARD

No camera. It's a private elevator.

WALSH

Well can you tell who activated it?

SECURITY GUARD

Uh. Yeah. Just a second.

He punches keys on his keyboard.

SECURITY GUARD
It was activated by - Martin Foley.

WALSH
Foley? The lawyer? Can you stop it?

SECURITY GUARD
Yeah, but it only goes to the executive suite.

WALSH
Stop it!

INT. ROGER AVERY'S ESTATE - DAY

AT THE FRONT DOOR: Will, the ESU Commander and Roger Avery meet the officer with the letter. Will takes it and reads:

BANG! YOU'RE DEAD. COURTESY OF JIM BLUNT

Will turns to Avery for an explanation. AVERY is clearly angry - but not surprised. He says nothing, and simply storms away, followed by his private security.

INT. SILVERMAN COX - SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Walsh calls Seger on the radio.

WALSH
Seger.

SEGER
Go for Seger.

WALSH
Someone's coming up the private elevator. Check it out. It could be Hart.

SEGER
On my way.

INT. SILVERMAN COX - BLUNT'S OUTER OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Seger enters and the guards look up.

GUARD 1
You're not supposed to be here.

SEGER
 Someone's coming up the private
 elevator.

MOMENTS LATER -- AT THE PRIVATE ELEVATOR

Seeger and the Two Guards clear employees out of the area, and
 take shielded positions facing the doors.

SEGER
 (into his shoulder mic)
 We're in position. Send it up.

He crouches behind a desk. Aims. And waits. The doors open --
 and the elevator is empty.

SEGER
 (into his shoulder mic)
 It's empty.

INT. SILVERMAN COX - SECURITY OFFICE - SAME TIME

Walsh takes the news with a worried look.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Malloy shoves through the crowd. The violence is amping up.
 Fighting. Shouting. Vandalism. He answers his phone.

MALLOY
 Yeah!

Intercut with Will at Avery's estate.

WILL
 Mike! It's Blunt!

MALLOY
 What!?

WILL
 Blunt! He's behind all of it!

MALLOY
 I know! I'm on my way there now!

WILL
 But Mike! We still don't know the
 last target!

MALLOY
 It's Blunt!

WILL

What!?

MALLOY

It's Blunt! That's the surprise!

INT. SILVERMAN COX - EXECUTIVE FLOOR HALLWAY - SAME TIME

The stairwell door that Seger checked earlier opens -- and David peeks in. He wears his black motorcycle leathers and a black balaclava. He pulls back the balaclava, smiles at the empty hallway, and steps through the door - gun in hand.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

MALLOY is surrounded by violence. FOUR MASKED PROTESTORS hurl a mailbox through a BANK window. A PROTESTOR spray paints a BANK ATM. A FEMALE PROTESTER with a JUSTICE sign shouts at the madness around her.

FEMALE PROTESTOR

Stop! Stop! This is not who we are!

A MASKED MAN runs past the FEMALE PROTESTER - decks her with one punch - and keeps going. MALLOY body-checks the guy into a wall and turns to the downed woman but she has been swallowed by the crowd.

AT THE POLICE BATTLE LINE - AN INCIDENT COMMANDER raises a megaphone to his lips.

INCIDENT COMMANDER

You are ordered to disperse. This is an illegal assembly. You must disperse. This is your final warning.

The crowd responds with a hail of bottles and bricks.

RIOT COPS fire tear gas into the crowd. Gas shells rain onto the marchers - one hits a protestor in the head - and THE STREET is quickly enveloped in a cloud of gas.

MALLOY covers his face and pushes forward through the gas.

EXT. SILVERMAN COX BUILDING - DAY

THE BUILDING is under siege. Protestors beat on the glass doors. Malloy shoves to the front, raises his ID and pounds on the glass with them.

INT. SILVERMAN COX - LOBBY - DAY

The ESU officers stand ready to defend the building if the protestors break through. Behind them, Walsh scans the crowd, looking for Malloy.

INT. SILVERMAN COX - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The elevator doors open. Blunt's GUARD #2 pops his head around the corner for a quick look, and pulls back.

INSIDE THE ELEVATOR - he nods to Guard #1, and they sprint out of the elevator, take cover, and sweep the garage with the muzzles of their machine guns.

EXT. SILVERMAN COX BUILDING - FRONT DOORS - DAY

MALLOY SEES Walsh and raises his phone to call, but it's knocked from his hand. It's gone. If he bends down for it in this mosh pit, he'll never get up again.

INT. SILVERMAN COX - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Walsh spots Malloy, grabs a BUILDING SECURITY GUARD and TWO ESU officers, and they open the door and pull Malloy through.

MALLOY

Blunt!?

WALSH

He's upstairs.

Malloy heads to the elevator and Walsh waves the TWO ESU officers to follow them -- and then...

A NEW YORK POST VENDING MACHINE smashes through the front doors -- PROTESTORS pour through the gap -- and the TWO ESU officers run back to help their comrades.

Malloy and Walsh get into the elevator and see through the closing doors: the ESU team pull on gas masks, roll gas cannisters into the mob, and raise their weapons. A cloud of gas obscures the lobby and the elevator doors close.

INT. SILVERMAN COX - EXECUTIVE SUITE - SAME TIME

David pauses in the hallway outside the Executive Suite to pull his balaclava up over his mouth and nose -- and then he kicks the doors open and tosses in TWO MILITARY FLASH-BANGS... The explosions send panicked employees diving for cover.

IN BLUNT'S OFFICE: Blunt and Foley look up at the noise.

AT THE PRIVATE ELEVATOR: Seger turns with alarm and runs toward the explosions.

THE EXECUTIVE SUITE is filled with smoke. Screams. Panic. David steps through the doors and heads for Blunt's office.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME TIME

The elevator doors open to SMOKE and TERRIFIED SCREAMS, and Malloy and Walsh draw their guns and step into the mayhem.

INT. SILVERMAN COX - BLUNT'S OFFICE

David enters, pulling back his balaclava and Foley looks up with a flash of recognition just as David FIRES -- and Foley's head snaps back in a burst of red.

David turns his gun to Blunt -- and Seger bursts into the room behind him. David spins -- they fire simultaneously and David is hit and twists left -- and Seger goes down with two rounds, dead center in the chest.

DAVID
(winces)
Shit!

He grabs Blunt by the collar and shoves him toward the door, holding him like a shield.

DAVID
Move!

BLUNT
Who are you?

DAVID
You oughta know. You hired me.

AT THE DOOR, David stops, peeks over Blunt's shoulder at the private elevator, then checks the smoky room. No one. He shoves Blunt toward the elevator -- and then MALLOY and WALSH appear out of the smoke, aiming their guns.

MALLOY

David!

David ducks behind Blunt and fires, and Malloy and Walsh take cover.

David glances at the elevator, but that's no longer an option so he pulls Blunt into the stairwell and...

Malloy and Walsh go after him - but Malloy spots a body in a police uniform in Blunt's office and stops.

INT. SILVERMAN COX - STAIRWELL

David pushes Blunt DOWN the stairs, but then staggers and has to stop. He's breathing hard and sees blood aspirating, with each labored breath, from the hole in his chest.

Seeger's bullet pierced his lung. It's bad. He's dying and he knows it. He wags his head with disbelief -- and then sees Blunt looking at his wound with a smile. A small, nervous smile - but still a fucking smile.

He points his gun at Blunt's face.

DAVID

Up!

David now drives Blunt UP the stairs. His left arm hangs limp and BLOOD drips from his fingertips, leaving a bloody trail behind him.

INT. SILVERMAN COX - BLUNT'S OFFICE

MALLOY sees SEGER and kneels beside him. Walsh checks Foley.

WALSH

The lawyer's dead.

Malloy touches Seeger's chest. No blood. He tears open Seeger's shirt and sees TWO DEFORMED SLUGS lodged in his body armor.

He's ALIVE, just knocked unconscious by the concussion. Malloy sighs with relief -- then stands and turns to Walsh.

MALLOY

Stay with him.

And he goes after David.

INT. SILVERMAN COX - STAIRWELL

David shoves Blunt around a turn in the stairs and staggers against the wall, leaving a bloody smear.

TWO LANDINGS BELOW - Malloy enters the stairwell, gun ready. He starts down -- then spots the blood trail and runs up.

EXT. SILVERMAN COX - ROOF

AT THE ROOF DOOR, bullets blast away the lock and the door bangs open.

David shoves Blunt through -- and keeps right on shoving him straight toward the drop. BLUNT digs in his heels, but David has the momentum. Ten steps from the edge. Eight. Six...

MALLOY steps through the door and aims.

MALLOY

David!

David turns and ducks behind Blunt.

DAVID

Oh hey, Mike. I sure am glad it's you.

Blunt glances from David to Malloy with a worried look.

MALLOY

Drop it, David.

David sags and coughs blood, but keeps a firm grip on Blunt.

DAVID

This is not working out at all how I planned.

MALLOY

Drop the gun, David. You've got nowhere to go.

David looks over his shoulder at the crowd in the street.

DAVID

Oh, I don't know about that. Me and Blunt got people waiting on us. I sure would hate to disappoint them.

He pulls Blunt another step closer to the edge.

EXT. SILVERMAN COX - STREET - SAME TIME

THE TEAR GAS is thinning and the protestors are re-forming. A protestor's sign reads: BLOOD FOR JUSTICE!

PROTESTERS

You're Next! You're Next!

THE HORSE-MOUNTED POLICE form a battle line.

EXT. SILVERMAN COX - ROOF - SAME TIME

Malloy edges closer to David and Blunt.

MALLOY

Let him go, David.

DAVID

We gotta finish this, Mike. You know this is the only way. If we don't do it, he'll walk. Is that what you want?

MALLOY

No. -- But it's not my call.

DAVID

Since when!?

MALLOY

Drop the gun, David.

DAVID

Okay, look. I'll make it easy for you. I'll shoot him. Then you shoot me, and Justice'll be done. I bet they'll even make you a hero. They love heroes. Now that's the best deal you're gonna get outta this, Mike. Let's do it.

David steps back, aims at BLUNT'S head and...

MALLOY FIRES, hitting David in the chest. He staggers back and sits down on the edge of the roof, and Blunt dashes away.

BLUNT

Shoot him! Shoot him! Kill him!

David teeters on the edge, and Malloy steps forward, his gun on David -- his other hand reaching out.

MALLOY

David. Drop the gun and give me
your hand.

David looks up at Malloy. Then slowly, weakly begins raising
his gun.

BLUNT

Kill him! Shoot him!

MALLOY

David! Drop it! Drop it!

David lets the gun swing loose on his finger and offers it to
Malloy with a hoarse whisper.

DAVID

Just shoot the fucker.

The gun falls from his hand, his eyes roll up and he tilts
back...

Malloy lunges for David's hand -- but it's slick with blood,
and slips from his grasp -- and David falls over the edge.

EXT. SILVERMAN COX - STREET - SAME TIME

The mounted policeman are ready. The protesters shout. Smoke
swirls. The horses stamp. The commander raises his bullhorn.

INCIDENT COMMANDER

Advance!

The mounted police spur their horses and the excited animals
leap forward toward the protestors...

IN THE AIR ABOVE THEM -- FROM DAVID'S FALLING POV -- We watch
ant-sized horses charge against ant-sized people, as the
sidewalk rushes up fast.

AND ON THE STREET: The police horses crash into the crowd --
just as David slams into the sidewalk at 120-mph.

He explodes like a water balloon, and his blood splatters
onto the clothes and faces of the nearby protestors and cops,
and they all stop in their tracks. Bloodied, shocked and
horrified.

But in the street beyond -- the battle rages on.

EXT. SILVERMAN COX - ROOF

Malloy stands at the edge and looks down at his hand, stained with David's blood -- and then at David's gun at his feet.

Blunt watches warily as Malloy picks it up. He weighs it in his hand -- thinking. He looks at Blunt, the gun vaguely pointing in his direction. Blunt holds his breath and...

Malloy puts David's gun into his coat pocket, and then walks directly to Blunt and shoves him against the stairwell door.

BLUNT

What are you doing!?

MALLOY

I'm arresting you.

BLUNT

For what!?

MALLOY

Murder. Fraud. Theft. I've got a pretty fucking long list.

BLUNT

Are you out of your mind!?

MALLOY

Hands behind your back.

Blunt obeys, but fixes Malloy with a sneering glare.

BLUNT

Your friend was right, you know. You can parade me out of here in cuffs, if you want. But I'll have dinner at home tonight. And I'll never see the inside of a courtroom.

MALLOY

I know. But right now. This just feels fucking good.

Malloy clamps the cuffs down hard -- and Blunt winces.

AND WE CUT TO BLACK...

INT. COURTHOUSE - DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

...AND SLOWLY FADE UP ON THE THOUGHTFUL BUT ANNOYED FACE of the NEW YORK CITY DISTRICT ATTORNEY. He sits at his desk, looking at us like we just handed him a bag of shit.

MALLOY, WILL, ASST D.A. SHEPARD and LT. COLLINS sit across from him. Malloy has just confessed everything, and they are waiting for the D.A. to speak. He draws a deep breath and speaks with a measured tone.

D.A.

Detective Malloy. I don't know what you expect me to do with this story. As far as I'm concerned, it's over. The bad guy is dead, and the good guy won. To anyone that matters, you're a hero. We've already given you the medal to prove it. If you're concerned about Mr. Leland, don't be. He has been fairly compensated and his complaint has been expunged from the record. As for your relationship with Mr. Hart, or whatever his name is, that problem seems to have worked itself out as soon as he hit the sidewalk. So I don't see what this is about. If you have some lingering guilt over something you've done -- tell it to a Priest. If you're looking for punishment, you've come to the wrong place. I am not going to touch you. I am not going to arrest you. I am not going to try you. I am not going to slap your wrist with a ruler. You're a HERO, Detective Malloy. Nobody cares what you did to become one. They just want you to BE one. So, why don't you just go do that.

Shepard, Will and Collins look from the D.A. to Malloy, and then let their eyes drift to the floor. None of them knows whether this is right or wrong, or whether it even matters.

Malloy looks down at the medal in his hand. Sealed in glass. Untouchable.

EXT. HARVARD GRADUATION - DAY

A BRIGHT SPRING DAY. The DEAN OF HARVARD BUSINESS stands at the microphone on an outdoor stage, speaking to the next generation of business leaders.

DEAN OF BUSINESS

As you stand here today on the threshold of your lives and careers, I want to send you off with some words of wisdom from a very special guest. He's a Harvard Business graduate, Class of 1982, an international business leader, a philanthropist, and a man who has truly shown that he can make a difference in the world. You all know him, so please join me in welcoming a great American, Jim Blunt.

Blunt stands and shakes hands with the enthusiastic supporters seated around him - including ROGER AVERY, the man he tried to kill - and then he walks to the microphone and just stands there grinning, as the exuberant applause washes over him...

EXT. SUSAN MALLOY'S HOUSE - DAY

MALLOY and SUSAN stand at the curb, talking quietly. We're not close enough to hear what they say, but we can tell their words are forgiving and tender.

Susan leaves Malloy and goes into the house, and a moment later...

SEAN steps out onto the front porch. He glances back at his mother, standing in the doorway, and then turns to face Malloy. Cautious and uncertain.

And then -- father and son just stand like that, looking at one another across the yard. It's a start.

THE END