

PAWN

Original Screenplay by

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BLACK SCREEN AND TITLES:

THE DINER
11:27 P.M.

1 EXT. NIGHT. DINER. 1

A neon sign reading "HOME SPOT" flickers in the grimy heart of an American city whose good days are long gone. The diner's windows are lit, a few patrons are visible in the booths behind them, and a sign near the door flashes "ALWAYS OPEN."

The big parking lot at the flank of the building holds only a few cars, most of them looking careworn. We see an Oldsmobile Cutlass whose glory days are gone, and it appears to have been carelessly parked, but there's also a late-model silver LEXUS coupe parked in a privileged spot just a few steps from the front door.

Beside a black-and-white police cruiser stands a uniformed cop, who takes a last drag on his cigarette, then drops it and crushes it out with the sole of his shoe.

2 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS 2

Tonight is apparently like a thousand others at the HOME SPOT. Five PATRONS at scattered tables are having late-night dinners, early breakfasts, or are simply escaping solitude on a lonely summer night.

A WAITRESS circles with coffee. A lone WOMAN, nursing a cup, sits at the long counter. Above her, the hands on a grease-and dust-caked CLOCK reads 11:27 p.m.

A BELL tied to the door JINGLES as uniformed POLICE OFFICER WILL PIRELLI enters. His dark hair is slicked back when he removes his cap, and his graying temples and weary demeanor make appear to be in his FORTIES.

WILL heads to a stool at the counter that is probably the only one he ever chooses, sets his cap upside down on the counter, rubs his eyes, then glances at CHARLIE, the OLDER MAN in an apron behind the counter whose untrimmed goatee and bad teeth punctuate an otherwise appealing face.

Prominently positioned near the spot where WILL sits is a CHESS BOARD--with a game in progress--underneath a large, clear plastic CAKE COVER.

WILL
(exhausted)
Hey, Charlie.

CHARLIE
Whatcha say, Will?

WILL
Slow night?

CHARLIE
(trying to catch WILL's
eye)
Got busy 'bout . . . ten minutes
ago.

WILL wipes his forehead with a napkin and doesn't notice that CHARLIE is trying to catch his attention.

WILL
Hot enough for you?

CHARLIE
Radio said ninety-seven today.

CHARLIE hands WILL a glass of water.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Long day?

WILL drinks.

WILL
Long fucking enough.
(beat)
What is it about THE heat that
makes douche bags break laws?

CHARLIE
(uneasily)
Must be . . .

CHARLIE stares at Will, and now WILL see something on his friend's face that is unusual.

WILL
You gonna get me something?

CHARLIE
Yeah . . . sure. Whatcha want? I
still got apple pie.

WILL
No. Just coffee, if it hasn't been
sitting since morning.
(his voice trails away)
And that pie, sure.

WILL notices that CHARLIE'S right hand has been SCRATCHED recently and something that looks like BLOOD is caked on his FINGERNAILS and KNUCKLES.

CHARLIE
Brewed a fresh pot when I got busy
here a minute ago.

WILL glances querulously back at CHARLIE because the place isn't busy--and to try to understand why his old friend seems odd tonight.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(increasingly pre-
occupied)
Yeah, yeah. Let me get that pie.

CHARLIE turns toward a shelf near the window that opens into the kitchen.

WILL gulps down his water, then spits an ice cube into his hand and begins to rub it over his face and neck. He uses his napkin to dry himself, then crumbles the napkin and launches it toward an open trash can behind the counter.

As he does, he notices for the first time the woman who sits near the opposite end of the counter. And curiously, he sees that the ice-cream that sat atop her berry pie has completely melted and now surrounds the uneaten pie in a milky pool.

AARON, a busboy with greasy hair, bad skin and the nervous tics of an alley-cat passes nearby by with a tray containing four glasses of water.

AARON
(awkwardly)
Hi, Will.

WILL
Hey.

CHARLIE uses a spatula to lift a piece of pie onto a plate, then turns back to the counter and sets it in front of WILL.

As WILL begins to eat, he catches something on the radio that he wants to hear

WILL (CONT'D)
Can you turn that up, Charlie?

CHARLIE
Sure.

Charlie reaches for the radio perched above the serving window and turns up the volume.

VOICE ON RADIO
 . . . for at least three more days,
 then by the weekend we're going to
 get a bit of a break, but the heat
 looks like it will be back by the
 first of . . .

WILL continues to eat his pie.

CHARLIE
 (beat)
 Get you more coffee?

WILL
 I didn't get the first cup,
 Charlie.

CHARLIE
 (flustered)
 Yeah, right.
 (beat)
 How's that pie?

WILL
 (keeping his eyes on the
 screen)
 Tastes just as good as it did last
 night.
 (nodding toward the radio)
 Can I listen to this?

CHARLIE
 Yeah. Sure.

AARON's FOOT catches a chair as he moves across the room, he
 STUMBLES, and his tray and the glasses of water CRASH to the
 floor.

AARON
 Shit!

WILL
 Smooth move Ex-Lax.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
 Goddamn it, Aaron.

Aaron is embarrassed as he grabs a towel and begins to clean
 up the mess he's made.

The CONVERSATIONS of the DINER'S patrons have been unusually
 quiet till now, but AARON's theatrics have silenced them
 entirely for a moment.

As WILL inconspicuously scans the diner, he sees that PEOPLE are BARELY EATING their food, and they glance often and uneasily toward the counter, despite their efforts to appear nonchalant.

In a booth nearby, BEADS OF SWEAT drip from the brow of a man in thin white T-shirt. In another booth, a CIGARETTE dangling a LONG ASH hangs from the lips of a teenager who ought to be far more engrossed by the girl who sits across from him. Something isn't right about this, and WILL is growing concerned.

WILL's eyes momentarily connect with BONNIE, a blonde, chubby faced waitress with a bulging belly. She looks like she's been crying.

Something's wrong here, WILL's face now appears to suggest.

As the weather report on the radio ends, we hear music. It's Percy Faith and his orchestra playing the "Theme From A Summer Place"--a song from the sixties that couldn't be more incongruous in this place on this night.

WILL
Charlie? That coffee?

CHARLIE fetches the pot and a clean cup.

He walks toward WILL, holds out the pot, but doesn't pour. He looks at WILL as if trying to find words.

CHARLIE
Cream and sugar?

WILL
What?

CHARLIE
You need cream and sugar?

They stare into each other's eyes. CHARLIE knows WILL doesn't use cream and sugar. What the hell is going on here?

A slow boom down reveals a man in sunglasses wearing a gray jump-suit, who is crouched behind the counter. The man holds a sawed-off, double-barreled SHOTGUN and it's aimed at Charlie's crotch.

The camera booms back up.

WILL, who can't see the man, remains silent. He holds out his cup and looks puzzlingly at CHARLIE.

And finally--WILL understands. He nods toward the chess board under the cake cover.

It's a signal CHARLIE understands, and he nods subtly at WILL. Everyone in the diner is in peril. Somebody's got to DO SOMETHING--and do it now.

As the two find a way to communicate at last, CHARLIE STEPS BACK and EMPTIES the pot of STEAMING COFFEE onto the gunman's FACE. The crouching man writhes in instant, unbearable pain. CHARLIE grabs the SHOTGUN from his grasp.

As a SECOND GUNMAN, with a pistol in his hand--also wearing a gray jumpsuit--rises from a table at the rear of the diner, PATRONS scream and dive for cover. The SECOND GUNMAN begins to shoot indiscriminately and first one, then a second patron falls to the floor--DEAD.

WILL has leaped off his stool, and pulled his revolver from his its holster. He spins toward the rear of the diner and with a single shot, fires a bullet into the SECOND GUNMAN's forehead.

A THIRD GUNMAN lunges out of the MEN'S ROOM, with a 45 Cal. in each hand. A bullet hits CHARLIE in the abdomen, but doesn't knock him from his feet.

Despite his bloody injury, CHARLIE levels two quick blasts from the shotgun and sends the THIRD GUNMAN reeling backward against the bathroom door.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Will!

CHARLIE whirls, sees the GUNMAN with the SCALDED FACE, who's about to lunge at him, then BOOM! CHARLIE fires a DECAPITATING shot. BLOOD SPLATTERS onto CHARLIE's face and his apron now looks like a butcher's.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Will!

SMASH CUT TO:

3 REALITY - CONTINUOUS

3

Will stirs from his momentary fantasy.

CHARLIE

Will . . . ?

WILL

. . . Yeah?
 (Will shakes his head slightly,
 hoping Charlie will NOT go for his
 gun, which is under the counter)

CHARLIE

Time for a move or two?

WILL

Yea, sure. I've got time for a
 move. But I got to pee first. Pour
 me another cup, I'll be right back.

CHARLIE pours coffee into WILL's cup as the camera pans down,
 revealing the GUNMAN still crouched beneath the counter,
 still aiming the shotgun at Charlie's crotch.

SMASH CUT TO:

4 INT. HOSPITAL. - DAY 4

The camera follows a MIDDLE-AGED MAN in wire-rimmed glasses
 and wearing a DARK TAILORED SUIT as he walks down a quiet
 hospital corridor.

He reaches the door of a HOSPITAL ROOM, stops, then turns to
 see whether anyone sees him, before he enters, satisfied that
 he hasn't been observed.

5 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. -- CONTINUOUS 5

An INJURED MAN lies in a hospital bed. His face is
 silhouetted by glaring light streaming in through Venetian
 blinds. Thin tubes snake into his nostrils, and an IV line
 is pinned to his arm.

MAN IN THE SUIT

How you doing, kid?

The INJURED MAN can speak, but his voice is just a whisper
 above the steady hum of the several machines at the head of
 the bed that may be keeping him alive.

INJURED MAN

Been better.

The MAN IN THE SUIT looks impassively at the INJURED MAN.

INJURED MAN (CONT'D)
 (coughs)
 Doctors say it's serious, but I'll
 be OK.

The MAN IN THE SUIT stands quietly, observing the wounded man's bandaged face.

MAN IN THE SUIT
 Pretty tough night down there. You
 were there from the beginning,
 right?

INJURED MAN
 (nodding yes)
 Everybody else OK?

MAN IN THE SUIT
 I'm investigating what went down,
 and I need to know everything you
 saw.

11:17 P.M.

6 INT. DINER. - NIGHT

6

It's after eleven at the HOME SPOT and scattered diners are focused on food and conversation when three GUNMEN wearing sunglasses and gray industrial JUMP-SUITS burst through the door. DERRICK, apparently the leader, sweeps a sawed-off shotgun around the room and takes sudden command.

DERRICK
 (in a lower-class British
 accent)
 Everybody on the fuckin' ground!
 Now!

PANICKED customers dive for the floor.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
 Listen up, people! This is gonna
 be bloody simple. Everybody stay
 down. No fuckin' heroes. You with
 me?

The GUNMAN DERRICK motions to CHARLIE with his weapon.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
 OK, Gramps. Exactly like I tell
 you or I blow you onto that fucking
 wall!

7 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. 7

MAN IN THE SUIT

Have there ever been problems at
the diner before?

INJURED MAN

Not that I know of. It's just, you
know, it's just a place where
people come in for a quick bite.
That and to have somebody call them
by their name and ask how they're
doing.

MAN IN THE SUIT

(agreeing)
Like it's home.

BLACK SCREEN AND TITLE:

THE PROBLEM

8 INT. DINER. THREE DAYS AGO. DAY 8

The HOME SPOT is packed with customers having lunch.

AMANDA DAVENPORT, in her TWENTIES, lower middle class and
very PREGNANT. She sits alone in a booth, vacantly eyeing a
menu and absently twirling a lock of her brown hair in her
fingers.

Her husband NICK, in his TWENTIES as well, is nervous as he
slides into the booth across from her. He's good-looking--and
charming in that inveterate bad-boy kind of way. He reaches
across the table to take her hand, but she pulls it away.

NICK

(awkwardly)
Hi, baby. You look great. You do.
And . . . you're . . . the baby
must be almost . . .

AMANDA

(icily)
Not that you care.

She reaches into her purse for lipstick and a small mirror.
NICK is silent as repaints her lips bright red, uncertain of
what to say.

NICK

I'm home aren't I?

AMANDA

(slamming the mirror on
the table to punctuate
her words)

Jesus H. Christ, Nick. You think
I'm gonna take you back just 'cause
you tell me you won't pull any more
shit?

NICK

I got here as soon as I could. I
took a bus and here I am. I love
you, baby.

(beat)

And now we're gonna be a family.

AMANDA

(she's practiced these
words)

I'll let you see him. You can try
to be a dad to him if you want to.
But you and me are done, Nick.

NICK is crushed. He run his fingers through his hair and
struggles to find words that will change her mind.

BONNIE, a WAITRESS who's PREGNANT as well, arrives with a
glass of water for NICK.

NICK

Thanks, Bonnie. How you doing?

BONNIE

Average. It's nice to have you back
Nick.

(realizing she's arrived
at an awkward moment)

You guys need a minute?

NICK

(to Amanda)

Thanks Bonnie, it's good to be
back. (Nick smiles at Amanda)
Know what you want, Babe?

The PHONE RINGS in the background as BONNIE waits for their
orders.

BONNIE

(shouting to Charlie)

Charlie! Can you get that? I got
customers.

(to Amanda)

I remember my first baby,

(MORE)

BONNIE (CONT'D)
(rubs her big stomach)
This is number three. Do you know
if it's a boy or a girl?

AMANDA
Boy.

NICK
(to BONNIE)
Can you give us another minute,
Bonnie?.

BONNIE
(embarrassed)
Sure. 'Course.

NICK tries again to take AMANDA's hand, but she pulls it
away.

NICK
I know I fucked up. Bad. I know I
did. But I was just trying to get
us some money to buy us some time.
(looking up at her)
You know how broke we were, baby.

AMANDA
I know I can do better, is all I
know.

NICK
(pleading)
Remember everything we planned? We
can still do it. Nothing's changed.
I've met some people and I can make
some sweet money. We can be great
together again.

AMANDA
(softening a bit)
We can't put us back up on the
wall, Nick. We're broke in a
million pieces. You'll be fine. And
I'm going to start hair-dressing
school and my friend Sheila's got a
salon. My mom's gonna keep the baby
while I'm in class.

AMANDA cups her big belly with her palms.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
I'm gonna be a good mom to this
kid. And I'm gonna make a frickin'
life for myself.
(MORE)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(beat)

I don't want to hurt you. But you
and me . . .

She shakes her head.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

You can stay the night. On the
couch. But that's it, Nick.

Her offer at least is something he can hang some hope on, and
NICK brightens a bit.

NICK

First, let's get some lunch. You
hungry, baby? Is there special food
you need to eat?

NICK looks toward the counter to try to catch BONNIE's eye
again. He pays particular attention when he sees CHARLIE take
AARON behind the counter, lean close to his ear, and give him
very clear instructions about something.

AARON asks a quick question, but CHARLIE shakes his head, no.
NICK continues to watch as AARON removes his apron and
hustles out the diner's front door.

As AARON leaves, CHARLIE catches the eye of an older BALD
MAN, seated at the counter. The man is dressed in an
expensive SILK SHIRT and slacks and wears a gold bracelet. A
diamond stud punctuates an ear lobe. CHARLIE nods to him, as
if to say, "the kid's on it."

9 INT. AMANDA'S HOME. LIVING ROOM. MORNING.

9

NICK, in briefs and a T-shirt, lies on a tattered sofa, a
white sheet covering his legs. AMANDA enters and hands him a
coffee cup.

AMANDA

Did you sleep?

NICK

(sleepily)

I dreamed about us and the baby and
this great life we lead.

AMANDA gives him a thin smile.

AMANDA

Yeah, no doubt. But you're out of
here today, Nicky. No funny
business.

She sits on the coffee-table near him, a cup in her hand as well. She wears a plush robe that's pulled tight across her big belly.

NICK

Scout's honor. But I'm not giving up. I love you, baby.

He sits up to say something important.

NICK (CONT'D)

If I was you, I'd be suspicious of me, too. But I promise you're gonna see a whole new me starting now. My fuck-up days are done. I'm gonna make good money--shit, great money--and we're gonna be a real family.

AMANDA reaches for NICK's forearm.

AMANDA

Course I still care about you.

(beat)

But I can't live with you, Nick. It's scarey alone, but I'll meet somebody someday. You will, too.

NICK

(wounded)

You got somebody already?

AMANDA

(smiling a little)

Looking like this? You think I could--

NICK

I think you look beautiful, baby. I really do.

AMANDA stands and tussles NICK's hair as she moves toward the kitchen.

BLACK SCREEN AND TITLE:

11:12 P.M.

10 INT. DINER. LATE NIGHT.

10

The camera open on a slice of APPLE PIE from which just a single bite has been taken, then tilts up to:

NICK sitting in a booth at the HOME SPOT, staring vacantly down the pie.

His brother PATRICK waves at him from outside the window, then enters the quiet diner.

PATRICK, a bit older than NICK, certainly better off than his brother is at the moment, leans to give his brother a quick hug, then sits across from him. The two men resemble each other, but PATRICK wears an air of success that NICK simply can't put on.

PATRICK
You OK? Looks like you survived.

NICK
It wasn't exactly a picnic. I just did what I had to do.

PATRICK leans across the table toward his brother.

PATRICK
You made me look bad today. I'm trying to help you get back on your feet and--

NICK
Don't start.

PATRICK
How do you just not show up for an interview, Nick?

NICK
Amanda agreed to see me. I hadn't seen her since . . . I had to try to get her to change her mind.

PATRICK
So, you just blow off a job possibility.

NICK
She's my fuckin' wife, Patrick.
(beat)
while I was locked up, I may have worked out a really good gig.

PATRICK doesn't want to hear about it, and ignores the comment.

PATRICK
I can't keep bailing you out. When are you going to take some basic responsibility for your life?

They talk over each other as they continue to argue, trying to keep their voices quiet, but failing.

NICK
I don't want to hear this.

PATRICK
That's the whole fucking problem.

NICK
This big brother shit is just--

PATRICK
I'm just trying to help you see that--

NICK
I don't need you all over my ass like you're dad reincarnated.

PATRICK
It's time to stop blaming other people for shit that's gone wrong in your life.

NICK
(dismissively)
Fuck.

PATRICK
It's the truth, Nicky.

NICK
Look. I didn't want to call you about this. I just didn't have any where else to...
(beat)
You know what? Forget it. I don't know what I was thinking.

PATRICK stares at his brother, and his face softens before he pulls an ENVELOPE from his back pocket and lays it on the table between them. "NICK" has been written on the envelope with a Sharpie.

NICK says nothing before he opens the envelope and finds a couple of hundred dollar bills and few twenties. NICK studies the money for a moment before he looks up.

PATRICK
Take it.

NICK
Jesus, Pat, I don't want your help
if it fucking makes you crazy.

PATRICK
I'm your brother, man.

PATRICK looks over NICK's shoulder and sees AARON clearing
the dishes from an adjoining booth.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Hey, maybe Charlie'd give you a
job. You two could play chess all
day and night.

NICK
I'm working on something. Something
good. I'll be back on my feet real
soon. And Amanda and I are going to
get back together before the baby
comes.

PATRICK
(sympathetically)
That's not what she told me, bro.
(beat)

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I better scoot. I've got some
depositions to read.

NICK
Are you still investigating those
crooked cops?

PATRICK
(smiling ironically)
Who ever heard of a crooked cop?

NICK
You going to get 'em?

PATRICK
(wrinkling his nose)
I'd tell you we're going bring some
boys down, yeah, if I could tell
you. Which I can't.

PATRICK's phone vibrates.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Be careful, Nick. I mean it. And
listen. You know I've pulled some
shit in my time, too. OK?

The two brothers rise and hug, and PATRICK extends the hug to be sure NICK knows he's still in his brother's corner.

PATRICK makes his way out of the HOME SPOT and into the night.

NICK moves toward the MEN'S ROOM, passing the counter where CHARLIE is closing out the bill for a couple of kids in Goth regalia who for whom the night, no doubt is just beginning.

A WOMAN who's just come in is seated at the COUNTER reading a menu. A few stools down, a middle-aged BALD MAN, who can afford to frequent fancier establishments, sits in front of a cup of coffee.

The BALD MAN reaches into his pocket for his ringing phone-- Rosemary Clooney singing "Come Onna My House."

BALD MAN
 (gruffly to AARON, as
 AARON he might work for
 him)
 Gimme another cup. Then sweep
 behind the counter.

AARON quickly complies, and the BALD MAN waits for AARON to walk away before he answers the call.

11 INT. DINER. THE MEN'S ROOM. -- CONTINUOUS 11

Nick stands at a urinal, then goes to the sink and washes his hands. He runs his wet fingers through his hair, smoothing it back. He looks deeply into the mirror and he doesn't like what he sees.

12 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. PRESENT. 12

INJURED MAN
 . . . Charlie's place.

MAN IN THE SUIT
 You like Charlie?

INJURED MAN
 He's a gruff son of bitch. But
 everybody likes him.

MAN IN THE SUIT
 You ever notice anything unusual
 going on?

INJURED MAN

Like what?

MAN IN THE SUIT

Like you wouldn't expect in an all-night diner.

13 INT. DINER. - NIGHT 13

PANICKED customers dive for the floor.

DERRICK

Listen up, people! This is gonna be bloody simple. Everybody stay down. No fuckin' heroes. You with me?

The GUNMAN DERRICK motions to CHARLIE with his weapon.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

OK, Gramps. Exactly like I tell you or I blow you onto that fucking wall!

14 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. 14

INJURED MAN

Charlie's real particular about how things are handled there.

MAN IN THE SUIT

How so?

BLACK SCREEN AND TITLE:

12:17 A.M.

15 EXT. NIGHT. ABOVE THE HOME SPOT. 15

From a vantage point inside a police helicopter, we see the diner surrounded by squad cars.

16 EXT. NIGHT. COMMAND POST. 16

Across the street from the HOME SPOT, dozens of police supervisors, uniformed cops and SWAT personnel are on the scene.

A POLICE RV has been moved onto the sidewalk in front of an abandoned copy shop.

Uniformed cops surround the MOBILE COMMAND POST that is lit by BRIGHT LIGHTS mounted on heavy tripods and powered by portable generators.

A NEWS VAN arrives and its crew begins to set up a live broadcast.

LT. BOONE, a veteran cop in his early fifties, is apparently in charge. His face shows the wear and tear of too many nights like this one over too many years. Conferring with him are a SWAT CAPTAIN and one of his UNIFORMED OFFICERS.

The POLICE CHOPPER overhead makes it difficult to hear their conversation.

17 INT. SUV. -- NIGHT

17

A beefy man drives a large white SUV. Beside him in the passenger seat is the MAN IN THE SUIT, who we have seen at the hospital. The vehicle's rear-view mirror reveals AMANDA in the backseat.

She apprehensively watches the streets pass by as the SUV barrels toward its destination. She holds her belly, as if to protect her unborn child from the bumpy ride.

AMANDA
(calling nervously up to
the front seat)
You sure he's OK?

MAN IN THE SUIT
We'll be there soon.

BLACK SCREEN AND TITLE:

THE COPS

EXT. NIGHT. COMMAND POST.

LT. BOONE
(barking an order to a
uniformed cop)
Keep your barricades at least three
blocks away. Nobody gets in unless
I clear it.

LT. BOONE (CONT'D)
(to the SWAT captain)
Is the negotiator here yet?

A brown sedan pulls up next to the mobile command post.

LT. BOONE (CONT'D)
This looks like him now.

The department's chief HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR JEFF PORTER, a man in his FORTIES with short hair that's already gray, gets out of the vehicle, a paper coffee cup in his hand. He makes his way through the crowd of cops as BOONE, the SWAT CAPTAIN, and the UNIFORMED OFFICER greet him.

LT. BOONE (CONT'D)
Welcome to the party.

PORTER
Boone.

LT. BOONE
You probably had plans to sleep tonight.

PORTER
(wearily)
Part of the job description.

The two men shake hands.

PORTER (CONT'D)
How are you, Jim?

SWAT CAPTAIN
Good to see you.

PORTER shakes the other men's hands, then rubs his nose with his left shirt-sleeve.

PORTER
What's the situation?

LT. BOONE
Perimeter's secure. The snipers are in position, front and rear.

PORTER
Any visibility?

SWAT CAPTAIN
Nothing. They've got all the window blinds closed.

PORTER
What's going on inside?

LT. BOONE
Don't know much. But we've definitely got hostages.

PORTER

How many?

LT. BOONE

Don't know the numbers. Perp says he's got a lot.

PORTER

You've spoken with him? Who made the contact?

LT. BOONE

I called the diner phone. Waitress, name Bonnie Petrowski, answered. Pretty scared. One of the perps was telling her what to say.

PORTER

Which was . . . ?

LT. BOONE

I asked her if anybody was injured. She said everyone was fine, but I don't think so. When we got the call, somebody definitely reported gunshots. The perp wasn't happy, I could tell that. And according to her, he says he won't hesitate to take some people out.

PORTER

And he's got a partner?

LT. BOONE

Seem to be at least two gunmen. The squad car in front is issued to Will Pirelli. Know him? Twenty-year cop. Good guy. Divorced, grown kids.

PORTER

Have you heard from him?

LT. BOONE

(shaking his head)

I'm worried.

(beat)

We got a call from somebody inside-- in the men's room. Said he's Nicholas Davenport. We ID'd him. Just spent for months in county--a bogus check charge.

PORTER
You think he's involved?

LT. BOONE
I have a solid informant that
confirms he is involved, if not
running the whole job.

PORTER shakes his head as another UNIFORMED COP approaches
and hands the NEGOTIATOR a two-way radio.

In addition to the noise from the chopper, now there's
constant backscatter on the radio.

UNIFORMED OFFICER
(motioning across the
street)
We ran the plates on the Cutlass.
It's stolen.

PORTER sees an old light-blue OLDSMOBILE CUTLASS parked with
its right wheels on the curb near the front door of the
diner.

PORTER
All right. I make every call from
now on. That clear?

LT. BOONE
(nods)
What's your plan?

PORTER
Start talking.
(beat)
You got a land line set up for me?

BOONE motions toward the command post.

LT. BOONE
You've got a secure line. They
can't hang up in there. And you
can work inside the RV or out
front, your call.

PORTER heads to the command post, but BOONE stays where he
is.

PORTER
(turning back)
You coming?

LT. BOONE
 (waving him on)
 One second. I've got to check
 something at the precinct.

BOONE waits for PORTER to get out of hearing distance, then takes his cell phone from his coat and dials a number by pressing a single key.

We watch the conversation via tight intercuts.

MAN IN THE SUIT
 Talk to me.

THE MAN IN SUIT talks from the passenger seat of a speeding SUV.

LT. BOONE is talking to the MAN IN THE SUIT we've seen at the HOSPITAL.

LT. BOONE
 The negotiator's here and he's
 getting on a land line to talk to
 the perps.

MAN IN THE SUIT
 Who is in there? And what's this
 Davenport's involvement?

LT. BOONE
 He's definitely one of them.
 Probably the one who set it up. He
 needs to have a very bad night.

MAN IN THE SUIT
 I care about one thing. Make sure
 you handle this . . .
 (pauses)
 correctly.

18 INT. COMMAND POST. -- NIGHT

18

Porter enters the brightly lit RV and greets SERGEANT ECHOLS.

PORTER
 I'm Jeff Porter. Negotiator.

SERGEANT ECHOLS
 Echols. Good to meet you.

The two men shake hands, and Echols hands Porter a headset with large, padded ear-pieces.

PORTER
Anything special with this?

SERGEANT ECHOLS
Just talk. The system'll
automatically start recording.

PORTER
Thanks.

PORTER clears his throat and sits on the edge of the RV's
only desk.

19 INT. DINER. - NIGHT 19

The PHONE RINGS, then rings again. One of the three GUNMEN
motions to BONNIE to answer the phone.

DERRICK
Sweet as you please, luv. Nothing
funny.

BONNIE nervously lifts the receiver.

BONNIE
(on phone)
Hello?

PORTER (O.S.)
Is this Bonnie?

20 INT. COMMAND POST. -- CONTINUOUS 20

BONNIE (O.S.)
Yeah.

PORTER
(on phone)
Are you OK, Bonnie?
(beat)
Bonnie, this is Jeff Porter. I
work for the police department.
This phone is a direct line to me
now, whenever you pick it up.

21 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS 21

PORTER (O.S.)
And I need to talk to whoever's in
charge in there.

BONNIE
 (to DERRICK)
 He said the phone goes straight to
 him.

PORTER (O.S.)
 Bonnie, you there?

BONNIE
 (on phone)
 Yes.

PORTER (O.S.)
 I need to talk to whoever's in
 charge.

BONNIE
 (to DERRICK)
 He wants to talk to whoever's in
 charge.

DERRICK shakes his head, no.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
 (on phone)
 He doesn't want to talk.

PORTER (O.S.)
 Tell him I can't get them what they
 want unless whoever's in charge
 talks to me.

BONNIE
 (cupping the mouth-piece
 in her hand)
 He can't give you what you want
 unless you talk to him.

DERRICK takes the phone.

DERRICK
 (on phone)
 Yeah?

PORTER (O.S.)
 I'm Jeff Porter. You can call me
 Jeff. How're you doing in there?
 (beat)
 What's your name?

DERRICK
 (on phone)
 Puddin'-tame, for fuck's sake.

PORTER (O.S.)
Is that what you want me to call
you?

DERRICK
(feigning an American
accent)
Hey, Jeff. Listen up. If we don't
get complete cooperation from all
you out there, we're gonna start
shooting people in here. And when
we shoot 'em, they're gonna be
dead.

PATRONS in the diner react fearfully to the statement.

22 INT. COMMAND POST. -- CONTINUOUS

22

PORTER
(on phone)
We understand each other. Who am I
talking to?

LT. BOONE enters the RV, stands behind Porter, and listens.

PORTER (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Give me a name--something to call
you.

DERRICK (O.S.)
(adopting a lame John
Wayne accent)
Well, Pilgrim, you can call me
John.....John Wayne.

PORTER
(catching BOONE's eye as
if say, "Uh, oh.")
Look . . . John. I want to give
you what you want, so nobody gets
hurt. Let me be clear about that.
I'm going to try to help you out.

DERRICK (O.S.)
(in his own Brisith accent
again)
Yeah, well, what's that they say
about actions speaking louder, know
what I mean?

In the background, PORTER hears a MAN moaning in PAIN.

PORTER
 (on phone)
 Is someone injured in there, John?

DERRICK doesn't respond.

PORTER (CONT'D)
 Look, if you've got someone who's injured, let him come out. Then we can do business. There are a lot of cops out here who'd like to do this a different way. But I'm in charge, so make my night easy and let me help you.

23 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS

23

DERRICK
 (on phone)
 We do got one that's injured. Maybe I'll let him come out to show you what a reasonable fella I am.

PORTER (O.S.)
 OK. I'll send in two paramedics with a stretcher. Is that OK?

DERRICK
 (on phone, and suddenly angry)
 No! We'll bring him out. Nobody comes in. Not a soul comes in here! Got it, Jeffie?

PORTER (O.S.)
 All right.

DERRICK slams the phone into its cradle, then is lost in thought for a moment.

24 INT. COMMAND POST -- CONTINUOUS

24

PORTER lifts off his headset and rubs his palms over his face.

PORTER
 (to Lt. Boone)
 They're going to send out somebody who's hurt. Make sure there's a wide area around that door.
 (ordering)
 Back an ambulance up about twenty feet away. Not too close.
 (MORE)

PORTER (CONT'D)
Paramedics stay inside it till my
order.

LT. BOONE
You sure you need an ambulance?

PORTER
I'm going have one there if I need
it.

LT. BOONE glares at PORTER.

PORTER (CONT'D)
Whoever they're sending out is
alive, so maybe we can learn
something.

LT. BOONE nods, but he's not happy.

25 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS 25

DERRICK huddles with the other TWO GUNMEN to try to determine
how they'll proceed.

DENNY
Hey . . .
(Gesturing to heavy set OLDER
WOMAN)
. . . this old bird has been
complaining about chest pains.
Let's dump her.

Derrick eyes the OLDER WOMAN breathing fast and looking a
little pale.

DERRICK
Fine!

BLACK SCREEN AND TITLE:

12:36 A.M.

26 EXT. DINER. COMMAND POST -- CONTINUOUS 26

From the COMMAND POST, we see in the near distance that the
main DOOR to the HOME SPOT is opening. The right arm of a
middle-aged heavy set OLDER WOMAN is draped around NICK'S
neck and the two move haltingly into the bright spotlights
trained on the door.

Uniformed officers and SWAT personnel release the safeties on
their WEAPONS and aim them at NICK'S CHEST, and the AMBULANCE
BEEPS as it backs into the position PORTER has ordered.

NICK and the heavy set OLDER WOMAN move about ten feet away from the diner's door, then NICK lifts the heavy set OLDER WOMAN's arm from his neck and eases her to the GROUND. Her terrible PAIN is etched on her face.

From a distance, CAMERAMEN and still PHOTOGRAPHERS record the grizzly scene as PORTER calls out on a BULLHORN--

PORTER

Is anybody else inside hurt? Just tell me that. We've got to know if people in there are OK.

(beat)

Talk to me, man.

PORTER (CONT'D)

Is anyone else wounded or needs attention?

NICK turns to go back inside, but pauses momentarily to reply to PORTER's question. He looks at PORTER, desperately wanting to tell him the truth, but he can't.

NICK

I can't talk to you right now.

NICK DISAPPEARS inside the DINER as PARAMEDICS rush to the heavy set OLDER WOMAN, lift her onto a wheeled gurney and move her toward the ambulance. As they prepare to slide the gurney into the vehicle, LT. BOONE approaches.

LT. BOONE

(rushed)

Can you tell me how many are inside? How many Hostages are there? Did you see....(Boone Is cut off

PARAMEDIC

We've got to get her out of here, stat.

LT. BOONE leans close to the heavy set OLDER WOMAN to question her. But the woman's face BLANCHES, her EYES GO BLANK, and LT. BOONE is finally concerned.

LT. BOONE

(turning)

Hey!

PARAMEDIC

Out of the way, sir. Now!

LT. BOONE pulls back as two other PARAMEDICS join the FRANTIC effort to RESUSCITATE the heavy set OLDER WOMAN, locking the gurney inside the ambulance, reaching for defibrillator paddles, pressing them to the woman's chest as one of them shouts--

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)

Clear!

As the medics attend to the heavy set OLDER WOMAN, LT. BOONE and PORTER confer in the pool of light cast by the spotlights and the bright interior of the ambulance.

PORTER

Is she going to make it?

LT. BOONE

Looks like she's in bad shape. No telling what else is going down in there. We've got to move in.

PORTER

I'm not putting anybody else in more danger than they're already in.

LT. BOONE

There's a cop in there who may be next.

PORTER

(disdainfully)

I know what the situation is, Lieutenant.

LT. BOONE

Pirelli's my--

PORTER

This is my operation, Boone. And we're a long way from Rambo time.

(beat, then thinking out loud)

We need to know more about Davenport.

LT. BOONE

He's definitely one of them.

PORTER
 Or he volunteered to get her out.
 (staring at the diner, his
 voice trailing away)
 Goddamn it . . .

27 INT. HOSPITAL. -- DAY 27

MAN IN THE SUIT
 So, did you recognize a lot of
 regulars?

INJURED MAN
 It's a diner. Yeah.

MAN IN THE SUIT
 Was it a regular crowd last night?

INJURED MAN
 Sure. You know.

BLACK SCREEN AND TITLE:

11:21 P.M.

DISSOLVE TO
 TITLE:

THE JOB

28 EXT. DINER. -- NIGHT 28

A beat-up blue OLDSMOBILE Cutlass that might have been junked
 by now is parked across the street from the HOME SPOT. Three
 men sit inside.

29 INT. OLDSMOBILE. -- CONTINUOUS 29

Close-up on DERRICK'S grimy hands and dirty, tooth-bitten
 fingernails as he loads a magazine into a nickel-plated
 PISTOL.

DERRICK sits in the driver's seat and BILLY holds the butt of
 a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN between his thighs. If DERRICK is
 impetuous, unpredictable and always wary--which he is--BILLY,
 who's boyish and wears his hair in spikes, is as naturally as
 COOL as the other side of the pillow. The third GUNMAN,
 DENNY, skinny as a straw, is in the back seat FIDGETING
 nervously. Each of the three men wears a gray jumpsuit.

BILLY
 (lower-class British
 accent)
 All right, lads.
 (taking a deep breath)
 Showtime.

Each man puts on sunglasses.

DERRICK jams the car into GEAR, floors the ACCELERATOR drives the short distance to the diner's front door, the car's right TIRES jumping onto the curb as the OLDSMOBILE slams to a stop. The three ARMED MEN leap from the car and RUSH INSIDE.

30 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS

30

Three GUNMEN burst through the door. DERRICK, now wielding the shotgun, sweeps it around the room and takes sudden command.

DERRICK
 Everybody on the fuckin' ground!
 Now!

PANICKED customers dive for the floor.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
 Listen up, people! This is gonna
 be bloody simple. Everybody stay
 down. No fuckin' heroes. You with
 me?

DERRICK motions to CHARLIE with his weapon.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
 OK, Gramps. Exactly like I tell
 you or I blow you onto that fucking
 grill!

DENNY, the THIRD GUNMAN, quickly closes the blinds of the four windows along the street.

DERRICK looms above the terrified customers, aiming a cocked nine-millimeter handgun at one man's head, then another's.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
 Lemme see your fuckin' hands! All
 of you wankers.

DENNY
 (also British)
 Stay down! Don't bleedin' think
 about gettin' up!

BILLY
 (to CHARLIE and BONNIE
 behind the counter)
 You! Get out from behind there!
 Now!

CHARLIE and BONNIE move from behind the counter and SIT DOWN on the floor between the counter stools and the nearby tables.

BILLY (CONT'D)
 (to Bonnie)
 Move it!
 (to Charlie)
 You stay put, old man!

DENNY rushes into the kitchen.

31 INT. DINER. KITCHEN. -- CONTINUOUS 31

He GRABS the COOK by the neck of this apron and drags him into the dining area.

32 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS 32

DENNY pulls the stumbling COOK around the end of the counter and forces him to the floor near BONNIE and CHARLIE.

BILLY sees a heavy set OLDER WOMAN trying to CRAWL into a space between a booth and the wall, and rushes to her, DRAGGING her into the open by her HAIR.

BILLY
 Come on, dearie. That's a good
 girl.

DERRICK walks up to the woman, who's still on the floor, points his gun right in her face waving the gun left to right indicating "No, no, no" with a smirk on his face. The woman is pale with terror. The other patrons are shocked--and now even more afraid.

DERRICK leaps up onto the counter to get a better view of everyone on the floor, and tosses a canvas sack to DENNY.

BILLY (CONT'D)
 All right everybody. Quick and
 painless like. Mobiles, wallets,
 watches go into the bag provided by
 my associate here.

DENNY moves among the patrons, collecting their valuables, and dropping them into the sack.

33 INT. DINER. THE MEN'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 33

NICK is studying his face in the RESTROOM MIRROR--trying in vain hope to turn himself into someone else--when

BAM! NICK hears a loud noise out in the DINING ROOM and SMASH CUT to--

34 INT. DINER. 34

DERRICK

Three very important rules, people.
If you follow these rules, nobody gets dead. Number 1. Do not be a hero, or you will regret if for the rest of your dead life. Number 2. Follow directions. Just like in grammar school. If I say stand on your head, then you fuckin' stand on your heads. Last but not least, no fucking heroes! Got it?

DERRICK hops off of the counter and motions DENNY to the door.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Keep a watch out for us, Denny.

35 EXT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS 35

From across the street, we see that no one is approaching and the night is quiet--for the moment.

DENNY, the THIRD GUNMAN, stands watch at the door.

36 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS 36

BILLY collects the last of everyone's VALUABLES. The BALD MAN who was seated at the counter is SURPRISINGLY UNDISTURBED to find himself in the midst of a chaotic armed robbery. Although he's complied and is lying on the floor with the others, and he's rather nonchalant about dropping his phone and wallet into DERRICK's bag.

CHARLIE remains on the floor beside BONNIE, the waitress, but now BILLY jerks his head up by the back of his collar and demands--

DERRICK

Get the fuck up! Let's get that safe open.

CHARLIE
 (stumbling to his feet)
 The register's open. Take it all,
 you punk.

DERRICK gives CHARLIE a sudden hard slap to the face. The blow spins him, and he and the BALD MAN come eye-to-eye for a moment. The BALD MAN very subtly shrugs his shoulders, as if to say, "show him the safe."

DERRICK
 Don't insult me, fuck face!
 Where's the safe?

CHARLIE doesn't answer.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
 You want to get hit again, Gramps?
 Where . . . is . . . the . . .
 fuckin' . . . safe?
 (beat, icily)
 Show me. Or die.

CHARLIE's face registers real anger.

CHARLIE
 (motioning with his head
 toward the back)
 It's in the office, you little
 fuck.

DERRICK pushes CHARLIE in the direction of the office and he lunges forward.

37 INT. DINER. OFFICE. -- CONTINUOUS

37

CHARLIE goes to the small safe positioned beside a hideously cluttered desk, kneels, turns the dial, and quickly opens the door.

DERRICK reaches over CHARLIE's shoulder and removes the few contents--a few hundred dollar bills, an empty banking bag containing a few rolls of coins, and a couple of payroll sheets.

DERRICK
 What the fuck is this? You know
 what I want. Not this safe, dumb
 ass. The safe.

CHARLIE
 I don't know what you're talking--

CHARLIE is interrupted in mid-sentence by the BUTT of DERRICK's shotgun ramming into his gut. He doubles over and struggles to catch his breath. DERRICK steps back and points the short barrel of the SHOTGUN at CHARLIE's FACE.

DERRICK

That hurt?

(beat)

I bet it does. But, if I have to ask you to open the real safe again, you won't have to worry about pain anymore, motherfucker.

CHARLIE goes the wall, removes a framed and signed photograph of BILL CLINTON, and behind it is the door to a small safe.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

There's a good boy. Now, open it!

CHARLIE

(turning)

I can't open it.

DERRICK re-aims the shotgun to punctuate his demand.

DERRICK

I'm not fucking with you, man!
Open the goddamn safe!

CHARLIE

(petrified)

I can't. Honest. It's on a time lock. It doesn't open till midnight.

38 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS

38

BILLY

(hurriedly to DENNY, who's positioned at the door)
Cover these assholes a second, mate.

39 INT. DINER. OFFICE. -- CONTINUOUS

39

BILLY pushes CHARLIE out of his way to see for himself, studying the SAFE as best he can while he still trains the SHOTGUN on CHARLIE.

DERRICK

(furious)

Fuck!

BILLY
 (entering the office, his
 pistol leading the way)
 You get it?
 (beat)
 What the fuck's going on back here?

DERRICK
 Safe's on a fuckin' time lock.

BILLY
 Jesus Christ. You're kiddin' me.

DERRICK
 (outraged)
 A fucking time lock. Gramps says
 midnight before it will open,
 combination or not.

BILLY
 He's lying!

CHARLIE
 It's true. I swear it.

BILLY pulls DERRICK aside, careful to keep the SHOTGUN aimed
 at CHARLIE'S chest. Things are starting to get very
 complicated.

BILLY
 I believe him. Says right on it
 that it's a time safe.
 (looking at his watch)
 That's like thirty minutes. Jesus
 fuckin' . . .

DERRICK
 We ain't got a choice. Let's have
 a bleeding bite to eat.

BILLY
 You fucking crazy?

DERRICK
 I'm not leaving without emptying
 that safe. Don't know about you,
 mate.

BILLY
 What if somebody comes in?

DERRICK
 Like who?

BILLY
Like customers, dipshit.

DERRICK
(offended)
Fuck the bleedin' fuckin'
customers.
(beat)
Everybody makes nice for thirty
fuckin' minutes, we open the safe,
happy ending.

BILLY
This ain't in and out, like you
promised. I got a family. I'm not
going down for some--

DERRICK
Then get the fuck out of here and
stop crying like a queer. Me and
Denny is happy to have your share.

CHARLIE watches the two gunmen argue, he knows they're not
going to decide to simply be on their way.

BILLY
Thirty minutes.
(beat)
I'll wait thirty minutes.
(turning to CHARLIE and
admonishing him)
And if that safe doesn't open at
midnight, motherfucker, you go
night-night like forever.

DERRICK moves toward the office DOOR, then turns back.

DERRICK
(derisively)
Remind me to buy you some tampons
when we get out of here.
(beat, under his breath)
You pussy.

40 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS

40

BILLY motions to CHARLIE and the two men follow DERRICK out
of the office. DERRICK stops near the counter to make an
ANNOUNCEMENT.

DERRICK

(to patrons)

All right everybody. There's been a slight change in plans.

He moves among the people still lying on the floor.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

It's appears we're going to be here a bit longer than, shall we say, anticipated.

(clearing his throat)

In the event that we have company in the next few minutes, I expect everyone to be on their best behavior.

(to CHARLIE)

For you, Pops, that means business as usual.

(to everyone else)

And to all you nice friendly folks, it means back to dinner, back to coffee, and everything's happy like a Sunday lunch. Which it will be, as long as nobody goes all Bruce Willis on us.

(beat)

Understand? I want happy and I want stellar fuckin' performances.

(corrects himself)

No. I want Oscar-worthy performances from you fucks. If anybody's a bad actor, then they're going to die. Is that clear?

(beat, then clapping his hands)

Fantastic. Now, nice and slow. Everyone get up and go right back where you were eatin'. Get up!

AWKWARDLY, FEARFULLY, the customers rise and begin to move back to their BOOTHS and TABLES. The lone WOMAN who was seated at the counter returns to her stool, her face as white as the NAPKIN with which she now pats her face.

CHARLIE, BONNIE, and AARON move behind the counter, and DENNY pushes the COOK toward them as well.

DERRICK picks up a MENU, as if to demonstrate that this is just a late-night diner in which ALL IS WELL.

41 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS

41

DERRICK

And good news, you wankers.
Everybody gets a free dessert.

BILLY notices that BONNIE has begun to sob. He reads her name tag.

BILLY

(surprisingly gentle)
Bonnie, is it? If you're crying and people come in, Bonnie, then they're gonna think something's wrong here. And you don't want anyone to get hurt, do you?

BILLY wipes tears from her cheek with his thumb.

BONNIE

(sobbing)
No.

BILLY

That's right. We don't
(smiles)
So, think of something happy--like kittens or rainbows or whatever will turn that fuckin' frown upside down.

He PAINTS A SMILE on Bonnie's FACE with his index finger.

DENNY looks out the window and sees a police squad car pulling into the adjacent parking lot. He ducks out of view.

DENNY

(turning to his comrades,
shouting)
Hey, we got trouble!

BILLY

What?

DENNY

Fuckin' cop.

BILLY

You gotta be shittin' me. How many?

DENNY

One, looks like.

DERRICK
 (agitated)
 What's he doing?

DENNY
 He's standin' outside his cruiser,
 finishin' a fag.

DERRICK
 (angrily to Charlie)
 What the fuck is he doing here?

CHARLIE
 Cops come in here all the time.
 It's a diner.

DENNY repeatedly peers through blinds, trying not to be seen by the POLICEMAN outside.

DENNY
 (afraid)
 We totally gotta get out of here.

DERRICK
 I don't give a fuck about no bloody
 cop. I'll kill the bastard.

BILLY
 You just be cool!

DERRICK
 (to Charlie)
 You get him outta here as quick as
 you can. You play this straight,
 he lives, you live. Got me?
 (to BILLY)
 Take that cook and get in the
 fuckin' kitchen!

BILLY silently complies, and the COOK is eager to cooperate.

DENNY
 Where you want me?

DERRICK studies the scene for a moment and eyes the hallway that leads to the bathroom.

DERRICK
 Bathroom hallway. Out of sight.

DENNY nods and does as he's told. DERRICK moves behind the COUNTER and announces--

DERRICK (CONT'D)
 (to everyone)
 Remember. If anyone gets stupid, I
 get real cross.

BLACK SCREEN AND TITLE:

THE LEVERAGE

42 TELEVISION SCREEN. 42

VIDEO IMAGES of a NEWS ANCHOR in coat and tie ad-libbing as
 he speaks into the camera.

TV ANCHOR
 A hostage situation has apparently
 developed at a popular diner west
 of downtown. There are an unknown
 number of hostages being held, but
 it's believed that at least one
 policeman is among them. Let's go
 live to the scene where Action
 News's Jean Glover has more.

43 EXT. COMMAND POST -- CONTINUOUS 43

REPORTER
 Yes, Jason. Things are still very
 sketchy here in the 1700 block of
 Sheridan. I'm standing near a
 police command post and hostage
 negotiators are on the scene.
 Apparently several gunmen stormed
 the . . .
 (checking notes)
 Home Spot Diner a little while ago.
 A police cruiser is parked in an
 adjacent lot and the uniformed
 officer assigned to that unit is
 unaccounted for at the moment.

44 INT. AMANDA'S HOME. - NIGHT 44

The camera pulls out to reveal Nick and Amanda's living room,
 where Amanda, wearing her terry-cloth robe, is watching the
 special report with her mother.

REPORTER (V.O.)
 Again, very sketchy information,
 but police desperately attempting
 to get more--

We see television footage of NICK helping AARON out of the diner--and AMANDA jumps to her feet in shock.

AMANDA

Oh my god! Nick was just there to talk to Patrick. I have to get down there!

MOM

You can't go down there. Not in your condition.

AMANDA rushes to closet near the front door, grabs a RAIN COAT and hurriedly wraps it around her robe.

MOTHER

Are you safe to drive?

AMANDA'S mother searches her purse for her CAR KEYS and give them to her daughter. AMANDA rushes to the door, opens it, and is greeted by TWO WELL-DRESSED MEN in suits, one of whom is the MAN IN THE SUIT we've seen interrogating the INJURED MAN at the HOSPITAL. The second man has a big protruding belly and is much older.

MAN IN THE SUIT

Mrs. Davenport?

AMANDA

(agitated)
Yes?

MAN IN THE SUIT

I'm sorry to bother you this evening. But there's something that concerns your husband.

AMANDA

I just saw on TV. What's going--?

MAN IN THE SUIT

I'm going to have to ask you to come with us.

BLACK SCREEN AND TITLE:

11:27 P.M.

45 INT. DINER. OPENING SCENE.

45

This time, we watch from the GUNMEN's POVs.

DERRICK hides under the COUNTER training the SHOTGUN on CHARLIE. We stay with him as the BELL attached to the front door jingles and OFFICER WILL PIRELLI enters.

WILL (O.S.)
(exhausted)
Hey, Charlie.

CHARLIE
Whatcha say, Will?

WILL (O.S.)

Slow night?

CHARLIE
Got busy 'bout . . . ten minutes ago.

46 BILLY'S POV: FROM THE KITCHEN.

46

BILLY can glimpse WILL and CHARLIE through the serving window.

WILL
Hot enough for you?

CHARLIE
TV said ninety-seven today.

CHARLIE hands WILL a glass of water.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Long day?

WILL drinks.

WILL
Long fucking enough.
(beat)
What is it about heat that makes bad guys go bat shit?

CHARLIE
(uneasily)
Must be . . .

47 DENNY'S POV: THE HALLWAY THAT LEADS TO THE RESTROOMS.

47

The gunman DENNY can't see CHARLIE and WILL from where he's positioned, but he hears them clearly.

WILL (O.S.)
You gonna get me something?

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Yeah . . . sure. Whatcha want? I
still got apple pie.

WILL (O.S.)
No. Just coffee, if it hasn't been
sitting since morning.
(his voice trails away)
And that pie, sure.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Brewed a fresh pot when I got busy
here a minute ago.

CHARLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(increasingly pre-
occupied)
Yeah, yeah. Let me get that pie.

48

DERRICK'S POV: BENEATH THE COUNTER.

48

DERRICK sees AARON's feet move toward the seating area.

AARON (O.S.)
(awkwardly)
Hey, Will.

WILL (O.S.)
Hey.

From DERRICK's POV, we see only CHARLIE's lower half as lifts
a piece of pie from its tin and sets a malls plate in front
of WILL.

WILL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You turn that up, Charlie?

CHARLIE
Sure.

DENNY's POV: THE HALLWAY.

DENNY watches as CHARLIE turns up the VOLUME on the RADIO.

VOICE ON RADIO
. . . for at least three more days,
then by the weekend we're going to
get a bit of a break, but the heat
looks like it will be back by the
first of . . .

CHARLIE

(beat)

Get you more coffee?

WILL

I didn't get the first cup,
Charlie.

CHARLIE

(flustered)

Yeah, right.

(beat)

How's that pie?

WILL

(keeping his eyes on the
screen)

Tastes just as good as it did last
night.

(nodding toward the
television)

Can I listen to this?

CHARLIE

Yeah. Sure.

BILLY'S POV: The kitchen.

As he moves across the room, AARON's foot catches a chair leg, he STUMBLES, and his tray and its glasses of water CRASH to the floor.

AARON

Shit!

WILL

Smooth move Ex-Lax.

CHARLIE

Goddamn it, Aaron.

Aaron nervously grabs a towel and begins to clean up the mess he's made. On his knees, he sees DERRICK beneath the counter, who shoots him an icy stare.

DERRICK'S POV: BENEATH THE COUNTER

WILL (O.S.)

Charlie? That coffee?

CHARLIE fetches the pot and a clean cup.

He walks toward WILL, holds out the pot, but doesn't pour.

CHARLIE
Cream and sugar?

WILL (O.S.)
What?

CHARLIE
You need cream and sugar?

49 BILLY'S POV: THE KITCHEN.

49

BILLY
(under his breath)
Son of a bitch.

CHARLIE
Will . . .?

WILL
Yeah?

CHARLIE
Time for a move or two?

WILL
Yea, sure. I've got time.

Will sips. Then nods toward the chess board that sits on the counter under a clear cake cover.

WILL (CONT'D)
But I got to pee first. Pour me another cup, I'll be right back.

50 DENNY'S POV: THE HALLWAY.

50

DENNY hears WILL and hurriedly moves down the HALLWAY and around a corner as WILL WALKS in his direction.

51 INT. DINER. THE MEN'S ROOM. -- CONTINUOUS

51

WILL enters, immediately takes his cell phone from his belt, and dials. He doesn't see NICK standing in a toilet stall whose door is open.

WILL
(whispering)
Boone, something's fucked up here. I'm in the can. They came way early. That Brit fuck is freelancing this.

We watch his conversation with LT. BOONE, who's seated in a squad car parked in a dark nearby street, in a series of quick intercuts.

LT. BOONE
(disgusted)
The fuck. What's he up to?

WILL
I don't know. But from what Charlie indicated, there is more than one person in here.

WILL hears a sound, SPINS as he reaches for his REVOLVER, and aims it at NICK.

WILL (CONT'D)
(in a loud and angry
whisper)
Freeze!

NICK
(frantic)
Don't shoot! I'm cool. There's some guys out there robbing this place!

WILL
No shit.
(suspicious)
Who the hell are you?

NICK
Nick Davenport. I'm a customer. I was in here when they broke in.

WILL
Did you call 911?

NICK
Yeah.

WILL
(into his phone)
You here that? There's a customer in the can, name Nick Davenport, who called 911. He heard everything I said to you.

LT. BOONE
Jesus.

WILL
I'll call you back.

WILL moves to NICK, spins him around, pushes him against a wall and SEARCHES him. He doesn't have a GUN.

NICK
I'm not one of them. I know the
owner. I just came in to pee.

WILL
Keep your hands where I can see
them!

Will takes NICK'S CELL PHONE out of his pocket and puts it in his own. Then he grabs NICK'S WALLET and flips it open.

WILL (CONT'D)
(sarcastically))
I'll keep your phone if you don't
mind. Now just stay calm.

OFF SCREEN, the sound of a dish breaking. WILL freezes.

52 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS 52

The CAMERA is close on a BROKEN PLATE on the FLOOR near the counter. DERRICK glares at BONNIE, who's TERRIFIED of what he now might do in response to her clumsiness.

53 INT. DINER. BATHROOM. -- CONTINUOUS 53

WILL
(ordering)
You stay right fucking here!

WILL hands NICK his wallet, turns and moves toward the restroom door. As he opens it, he is suddenly face-to-face with the barrel of a nickel-plated pistol.

A SUDDEN CRACK, and a GUNSHOT HITS WILL IN THE FOREHEAD. His HEAD EXPLODES as blood and brains fly into NICK'S FACE.

WILL'S crumpled BODY falls to the FLOOR.

DERRICK stares at WILL'S BODY for a moment, then his eyes shift to NICK.

DERRICK
(lightly)
Sorry about that.

NICK is so close that he's spattered with blood and brain. His face registers his horror in the instant before DERRICK takes a single step, drives the butt of his pistol into Nick's temple and

54 THE SCREEN GOES BLACK 54
As we HEAR NICK's body crumple to the restroom floor.

55 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. 55
MAN IN THE SUIT standing at the foot of the bed.

MAN IN THE SUIT
You remember what time it started
to go down?

INJURED MAN
Must have been about 11:30. Yeah,
right about then.

56 INT. DINER. OFFICE. 56
DERRICK removes the brown ledger from the wall safe. He
opens and examines it.

57 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. 57

MAN IN THE SUIT
What happened to old lady?

INJURED MAN
(agitated)
What do you mean?

MAN IN THE SUIT
The woman they let go earlier.

INJURED MAN
I don't know . . .
(pausing, in pain))
I don't feel so good. Can we talk
later?

BLACK SCREEN AND TITLE:

11:55 P.M.

58 INT. DINER. 58
AARON has been dragged into the hallway near the counter, and
he writhes on the floor in pain.

The diner's PATRONS remain in their SEATS. The single woman,
ELLA, is still at the counter.

She and everyone else are visibly shaken--PETRIFIED--except the BALD MAN, a few stools down at the counter, who continues to be STRANGELY AT EASE. Near his feet, NICK, still UNCONSCIOUS, has been dragged from the restroom and lies on the FLOOR.

BILLY
(to DERRICK, angry)
What the shit is wrong with you?

DERRICK
(remaining calm as he
gulps a piece of pie with
his fingers)
You heard Gramps tip off the cop.

BILLY
What?

DERRICK
That cream and sugar shit. Get
smart, Billy, me boy. He was on to
us, so I fucking shot him.
(beat)
So what?

BILLY
(knocking the pie out of
DERRICK's hand)
Fuck the pie! How did we get from
agreeing we wouldn't hurt nobody to
killing a fuckin' cop?

The patron's are TERRIFIED and their faces reflect it.
They're not sure they will SURVIVE.

DERRICK
You ain't listenin' to me. The cop
was on to us. And we ain't been
getting the real picture about this
place, neither.

BILLY
You're a mental case, you fuck.

DERRICK
And you're a fucking asshole, mate.

BILLY goes to DENNY, who's holding the dead OFFICER'S RADIO.

BILLY
Hear anything on the radio?

DENNY
Huh?

BILLY
The radio. Hear anything about us?

DENNY
(puzzled)
Ain't sure how it works.

BILLY
You're a fucking idiot, my friend.

DENNY is insulted and responds to BILLY by impulsively throwing the radio against the wall--and the blow silences it. It's broken.

DERRICK
Fucking dipshit!

BILLY
Maybe the cop didn't make a call.

DENNY
(whispering to BILLY)
I got a real bad feeling here, man.
I don't care about the safe. We
need to end this. Now.

DERRICK
(hearing from a few feet
away)
What a pussy you turned out to be.

BILLY
Go fuck yourself!

The two men get in each other's faces.

DERRICK
(pushing BILLY with the
palm of his right hand)
Are you gonna bloody back that up
or just continue this rubbish?

BILLY
(dismissing him)
Fuck . . .
(beat)

BILLY further deflates the tension with DERRICK by going to NICK, bending over him, and SEARCHING his pockets, where he finds a wallet. He finds NICK's driver's license and reads it.

BILLY (CONT'D)
 So, what's your story . . .
 (pausing as he looks at
 the I.D.))
 Nicholas Davenport?

He flips to a photograph of AMANDA.

BILLY (CONT'D)
 (seeing Amanda's photo)
 Who's this pretty thing?

NICK
 (stirring)
 What . . . where . . . ?

BILLY
 Wake up, man. We need you here.
 Sorry about Derrick's temper.

NICK
 (realizing where he is and
 what has happened)
 I'm cool. Just don't--

BILLY
 (pointing to the photo)
 Who is she?

NICK
 My wife.

BILLY
 You call anybody while you were in
 the can?

NICK
 (remembering WILL took his
 phone)
 I don't have one.

BILLY thumbs through the envelope NICK's brother PATRICK has given him.

NICK (CONT'D)
 That's my money.

BILLY
 And this is called a robbery,
 douche bag.
 (beat)
 Now, what's your deal? What are
 you doing here with an envelope
 full of money when you ought to be
 home with your wife?
 (MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)

And why the fuck don't you have a cell phone like every other motherfucker in the world?

NICK

It's a loan from my brother. He's helping me get back on my feet. I met him here just before you guys showed up. I hang out here. Charlie'll tell you.

BILLY

(bemused)

A loan from your brother.

DENNY

Can we hurry this the fuck up?

DERRICK moves toward CHARLIE, his SHOTGUN leading the way, and motions with it toward the back.

DERRICK

Let's go, Gramps.

(pointing at AARON)

You, too. Take him into the kitchen, Billy, and keep an eye on him while Gramps and I confer in the office.

AARON

I got nothin' do with this.

DERRICK

Move!

The four move toward the back. BILLY follows Aaron toward the kitchen, his pistol aimed at AARON's back. DERRICK herds CHARLIE into the adjacent office, its door open to the cluttered kitchen, with help of the shotgun's barrel.

CHARLIE catches AARON's eye and seems to implore him for help.

BLACK SCREEN AND TITLE:

THE SAFE

59

INT. DINER. OFFICE. -- CONTINUOUS

59

DERRICK, whose shotgun is aimed at CHARLIE's back, stands at the office door as CHARLIE moves across the small room toward the photograph of BILL CLINTON and the safe it hides.

CHARLIE folds open the hinged frame to reveal the SAFE and DIALS its combination. We hear the spinning cylinders of the lock then a loud CLICK! as the cylinders align and the safe opens.

As CHARLIE begin to open the safe's door, the diner's PHONE RINGS LOUDLY at the front of the diner.

60 INT. DINER. KITCHEN. -- CONTINUOUS 60

As the phone continues to ring, BILLY spins his head nervously toward phone by the front register. AARON, too, is rattled by the ringing phone.

61 INT. DINER. OFFICE. -- CONTINUOUS 61

The loud phone also distracts DERRICK. He turns his head out the office door looking at BILLY and AARON in the kitchen.

Then CLICK! DERRICK hears the hammer of a pistol being pulled and spins his head to see CHARLIE pulling the hammer back on a nasty looking REVOLVER from the safe.

DERRICK lunges toward CHARLIE and the shot CHARLIE fires misses DERRICK and is buried the wall near the door.

62 INT. DINER. KITCHEN. -- CONTINUOUS 62

Alarmed by the gunshot, BILLY rushes toward the office door, and as he does, AARON grabs a knife from the butcher block and attempts to bury its blade in BILLY's back.

63 INT. DINER. OFFICE. -- CONTINUOUS 63

DERRICK lunges to try to move out of CHARLIE's line of fire. As he does, he rakes the butt of his shotgun across CHARLIE's desk, sending a lamp crashing to the floor at CHARLIE's feet and dramatically dimming in the light in the small office.

CHARLIE FIRES AGAIN, but the LAMP has distracted him and EVERYTHING is suddenly CHAOS.

64 INT. DINER. KITCHEN. -- CONTINUOUS 64

A millisecond before AARON can bury the knife in BILLY's chest, he is HIT by CHARLIE's errant BULLET. He slumps to the floor, bleeding profusely.

65 INT. DINER. OFFICE. -- CONTINUOUS 65

In the dim light, the shotgun blast DERRICK fires at point blank range chops CHARLIE to pieces.

We hear screams from the dining room, and as BILLY rushes into the office, he and DERRICK exchange worried glances-- this has gotten real complicated, and very deadly, all of a sudden.

66 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS 66

DENNY jumps onto the counter and POINTS his PISTOL wildly around the room.

DENNY

Everybody out on the floor, now!

Get the fuck out here!

(ordering people out from
under tables)

Out! Get out in the open!

67 INT. DINER. OFFICE. -- CONTINUOUS 67

BILLY leans down to look at CHARLIE, lying motionless on the floor.

BILLY

(panicking)

Jesus, he's mince!

DERRICK

(looking down at Charlie's
body)

Stupid fuck.

The phone has continued to ring, but it finally stops.

DERRICK picks up the SHOTGUN and looks inside the SAFE.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

He removes stacks of money from the safe.

68 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS 68

DENNY, now as panicked as the patrons, tries to maintain control as he stands on the counter-top.

69 INT. DINER. OFFICE. -- CONTINUOUS

69

BILLY stashes lots of cash into a gym bag.

BILLY
We fucking hit the jackpot, mate.
(laughing eerily)
Look at all these beautiful fuckin'
dollars. They ain't pounds
sterling, mind you, but they'll
spend.

DERRICK spots something else in the SAFE, and pulls out the brown leather LEDGER. He opens it, thumbs its pages, and smiles wickedly. BILLY grabs it from him.

BILLY (CONT'D)
(taking his own look)
Is this it?

DERRICK
No doubt.

He looks at Charlie's body, back at the ledger, and snatches it possessively from BILLY's hands.

BILLY
Hey, what's that Derrick?

DERRICK
Nothing you need to concern
yourself with.

DERRICK stuffs the LEDGER in his JUMP SUIT and zips it back up.

BILLY
What are you fuckin' doing?

DERRICK
Don't you worry your pretty head
about it.

BILLY
What's going on? You fuckin' swore
this would be simple as shit. Said
we'd be in, out and on a plane to
Heathrow by morning. Said it'd be
so fast we wouldn't need worry
about anyone remembering our bloody
faces.

DERRICK
If you shut the fuck up, we'll be
on a plane before morning.
(MORE)

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Who cares if these wankers have
seen our faces? We're eatin'
Cornish pasties down at the local
by tomorrow night.

70 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS

70

DENNY

(yelling into the back)
Come on, you wankers! Let's go!

NICK, now alert, is lying on the floor with the others. He
and the BALD MAN make eye contact. They know each other--or
at least have seen each other over the years.

DERRICK rushes into the dining room just as FLASHING LIGHTS
are visible through the DRAWN BLINDS. It's the cops.

DENNY (CONT'D)

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

DENNY jumps from the counter and crouches in front of a
booth, below the level of the windows. DERRICK crouches
behind the counter, near BONNIE.

The PHONE near the cash register RINGS again and DERRICK
rushes toward it.

DERRICK

(to Bonnie)
Answer it!

BONNIE picks up the phone.

BONNIE

(terrified)
Hello?
(listens, then speaks to
DERRICK)
It's the police.

DERRICK

You talk.

BONNIE

I can't.

DERRICK

Talk!

BONNIE

(beat)
Bonnie . . . Petrowski . . .
Waitress.

(MORE)

BONNIE (CONT'D)
 (listens, then covers the
 phone with her palm)
 He wants to know if everyone's OK.

DERRICK nods, yes.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
 (into the phone)
 Yes.
 (beat, covering phone)
 He wants to know how many people
 are here.

Now DERRICK has another thought. He snatches the PHONE from BONNIE's hand and hangs it up.

DERRICK
 That's enough for now, luv.

BILLY
 (very agitated)
 What are you doing? This is
 getting crazy. I didn't sign up for
 any of this. How are we gonna get--

DERRICK
 I've got it covered, Billy boy.
 You just follow me.

71 EXT. COMMAND POST.

71

Outside the police RV, LT. BOONE approaches PORTER and the SWAT CAPTAIN.

LT. BOONE
 We've got plain-clothes on the way
 to Davenport's house to pick up his
 wife.
 (beat)
 And this is interesting. The guy's
 brother is Patrick Davenport.

PORTER
 Who?

LT. BOONE
 (disdainfully)
 Assistant D.A.

SWAT CAPTAIN
 You're kidding me. He's supposed
 to be a decent guy.

PORTER

Let's hope he is. Get him down here.

A CAMERAMAN films a TELEVISION REPORTER who stands nearby.

T.V. REPORTER

. . . right, Jason, officers are warding off the entire area and I can't confirm this, but we've heard a report that they are about to evacuate a several-block radius around the diner.

(looks at his notes)

As we've reported, it's still unclear exactly how many gunmen are inside the diner and how many hostages they-- . . .

BLACK SCREEN AND TITLE:

THE NEGOTIATOR

72 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS

72

The BALD MAN, sitting in a booth near the spot where NICK sits on the floor, reaches into a water glass, takes a few cubes of ice, wraps them in his HANDKERCHIEF and hands it to NICK.

BALD MAN

Put this on your cheek, kid.

NICK

(puzzled)

How come you're so calm?

BALD MAN

Learned a long time ago that things are just what they are.

The diner's PHONE RINGS again. DERRICK looks around the room, pauses, then focuses his attention on NICK.

DERRICK

(inspired)

Yeah. Mr. Nicky. You're quite the talented guy, aren't you?

DERRICK lifts NICK by the back of his collar.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

(to Nick)

Up. Up!

NICK stumbles to his feet, and DERRICK pushes him onto a stool near the PHONE.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

(to Nick)

Now. You're going to get on the phone and tell these wankers that you're coming out with a specific list of demands. Tell him if they don't cooperate, you're gonna start killing people. Beginning with the cop.

NICK looks at him DISBELIEVINGLY.

NICK

I'm supposed to act like I'm one of you?

DERRICK

You catch on fast. You're our negotiator, Nick Davenport. Now get on the phone and make it convincing.

NICK

No.

DERRICK

(incensed)

No?

NICK

I won't do it.

DERRICK violently grabs BONNIE and rubs the barrel of his PISTOL across her MOUTH.

DERRICK

(to Bonnie)

Have you ever had anything this big and this black explode in your mouth?

Now he forces the barrel between her lips. Bonnie sobs uncontrollably and struggles to breathe.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

(to Nick)

Hey, Nicky boy. You think this wench swallows? Shall we find out?

BONNIE GAGS as he drives the GUN further in her MOUTH and purposefully fingers the trigger.

BILLY
 (to DERRICK)
 What are you doing?

DERRICK
 (ignoring BILLY)
 Now, pick up the phone!

NICK is motionless for a moment, but finally he picks up the phone.

NICK
 (his eyes trained on
 DERRICK)
 It's just ringing.

DERRICK
 Shut up and wait. They'll answer.

73 INT. COMMAND POST. -- CONTINUOUS 73

The phone rings.

PORTER
 Who am I speaking to?

74 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS 74

NICK
 (attempting to speak
 calmly)
 We've . . . we've got some demands
 for you. Specific demands that
 require everybody to stay cool.
 The robbers want--

DERRICK explodes.

DERRICK
 The robbers! That's not the
 fucking script!

He SMASHES the PHONE with the butt of his REVOLVER, then lands a glancing blow to NICK's cheek. Still outraged, he YANKS the phone cord out of its jack and HEAVES the remains of the phone across the room.

DERRICK fumes, trying to determine how to proceed, and everyone is silent until we hear a voice from a bullhorn outside.

PORTER (O.S.)

John, who ever called got disconnected and now the calls are going straight to voice mail. We need some way to communicate with you if we're going to help you. Can we bring you a radio?

NICK

(looking at DERRICK as he massages his cheek)
What now?

DERRICK

Yeah. Yeah, let's get the radio. We'll need it later anyway.

DERRICK has hatched a sudden plan.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

OK, this is simple. You want to be a hero, do you? Well, then you go out, get his radio, and tell that wanker that we need a SUV to take us to the airport. We get the SUV, he gets four hostages.

(beat)

Tell him you want a jet and a crew waiting at the airport. Once we're on the plane, he'll get three more. The rest will be traveling with us.

(beat)

And hear me, Nicky. Hear me, you fuck. You get cute out there, or say something stupid again, and . .

.

(tossing his head toward BONNIE)

. . . this preggers hottie dies.

Nick nods, glances at BONNIE as if to assure her that she'll be OK, then moves to the front door.

BILLY

(confidentially to DERRICK)

SUV and a fuckin' plane? Are you out of your mind? You think this is the movies or some shit? Everything'll be bugged and GPS-ed up the ass. It's a fuckin' stupid idea.

DERRICK
It'll buy us time, mate.

BILLY
For what?

DERRICK
Plan B. What's really going to go down. You didn't think I'd bring you wankers on this job without a better plan, did you?

BILLY
What plan?

DERRICK
Patient.
(watching NICK exit)
For now, we just let 'em negotiate with Nicky and focus on our little airport trip. It'll keep 'em preoccupied.

75 EXT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS

75

NICK slowly emerges from the door of the diner. PORTER has approached the door and is standing in the street thirty feet away. A BULLHORN hangs from one hand and he carries a police RADIO in the other.

PORTER
I'm not armed.
(beat)
I'm Porter.

NICK
Neither am I.

PORTER
Is your name John?

NICK
My name's Nick Davenport. I'm not one of the robbers. I was in here when they came in.

LT. BOONE approaches, and he's agitated by what's he's just overheard.

LT. BOONE
Bullshit.
(to Porter)
(MORE)

LT. BOONE (CONT'D)

This guy just got out of the county lock-up. Probably planned this while he was butt-fucking some other upstanding citizens. Don't buy his bullshit, Porter.

PORTER

(angrily to LT. BOONE)
Back off, Boone. Calm your ass down and stay out of my way.
(softer, to NICK)
Everybody OK inside?

NICK

(calling to LT. BOONE)
You're wrong. I just met by brother here for coffee.
Charlie'll tell you.

PORTER

I need to know that everyone's OK.

NICK

They want me to give you their demands.

LT. BOONE

You mean your demands!

PORTER

What demands?

NICK scans the periphery. There are COPS EVERYWHERE. PORTER moves a bit closer. NICK looks at PORTER in a way he hopes conveys the truth that he's a HOSTAGE. But BOONE is determined to convince PORTER otherwise.

NICK

They want a SUV to take us to the airport. When they get the SUV, you get four hostages. Make sure it's got tinted windows.

(beat)

They want a jet waiting at the airport. When they're on the jet, you get three more. The rest go with them.

PORTER

OK. Let me see what I can do.

NICK

That SUV better show up quick. These guys are real wack jobs.

LT. BOONE
 Jesus, Porter. He's in the thick
 of this!

PORTER
 (aggravated)
 And he's gonna get the SUV.
 (beat, holding the radio
 out in his right hand for
 NICK)
 Will you catch this when I toss it?

76 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS 76
 DERRICK watches PORTER and NICK from a window near the door.

DERRICK
 (under his breath)
 Good lad. Take his radio and get
 the fuck back in here.

77 EXT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS 77
 With the RADIO in hand, Nick turns to go back inside.

PORTER
 (calling out)
 John. Be smart, OK?
 NICK stops for a moment, looks over his shoulder,
 stares at PORTER, then goes in.

78 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS 78
 DERRICK rushes to NICK and grabs him by the collar.

DERRICK
 What'd you say to him?

NICK
 Exactly what you told me to.

DERRICK
 You telling the truth?

NICK
 Yeah.

Derrick looks long and hard into Nick's eyes

DERRICK
 That's a good lad, Nicky.
 (flashing his eyes to
 BILLY and DENNY)
 You two guard these wankers for a
 minute. I got to go piss.

DERRICK walks to toward the men's room, where WILL's body
 still lies.

79

EXT. COMMAND POST. -- CONTINUOUS

79

NICK's brother PATRICK arrives, escorted by a uniformed
 officer. LT. BOONE recognizes him--the two men have met
 before and clearly are not buddies. They perfunctorily shake
 hands.

LT. BOONE
 Davenport.

PATRICK
 Boone.
 (beat)
 What's the situation?

LT. BOONE
 Looks like your brother's up to his
 eyeballs in an armed robbery. And
 we've got reports of a gunshot.

PATRICK
 You know as well as I do what this
 place is.

LT. BOONE
 (glaring)
 All I know is that it's a diner
 getting robbed. And they've got
 hostages.

PATRICK offers BOONE a cold stare in return.

PATRICK
 My brother hangs out here. We grew
 up near here. Used to come here
 with our dad.

LT. BOONE
 (wants to talk about
 something else)
 This internal affairs investigation
 your office is part of--it's
 bullshit.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

LT. BOONE (CONT'D)
 Some good cops are gonna get hurt.
 Tell the D.A. to back the fuck off.

PATRICK
 (a bit sarcastically)
 If they're good cops, they've got
 nothing to worry about.
 (beat)
 And can you stay focused for half a
 minute on getting my brother and
 the others out of there?

LT. BOONE fumes. He's had enough of Patrick Davenport for tonight. He motions with his head toward the command RV.

LT. BOONE
 Our negotiator, Porter, wants to
 talk to you.

The camera stays on LT. BOONE's face as Patrick turns to go, silently muttering "fuck you" as he does.

Black screen and title:

THE DEAL

80 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY. -- NIGHT 80

In a dank and barren apartment-complex HALLWAY, TWO MEN in POLICE UNIFORMS smash open an apartment door with a small battering ram as LT. BOONE watches.

81 INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT. -- CONTINUOUS 81

DERRICK, who sits on a filthy, threadbare couch, is STUNNED and TERRIFIED as the THREE MEN enter. He vainly tries to bolt for the kitchen, but the cops' PISTOLS are already in his face. DERRICK freezes and one of them lifts him by the collar with one hand and lands a blow to his cheek with the other. The COP pins him to the WALL, slugs him in the gut, and DERRICK buckles in pain.

LT. BOONE
 (to his partner)
 That's enough. He and I need to
 talk.

The COP who has roughed DERRICK up throws him back onto the couch, and LT. BOONE LOOMS above him.

DERRICK

(coughing)

What the fuck, mate? I thought a man's home was his fuckin' castle.

LT. BOONE

What are you crying about? This is just a friendly visit. Unless you want it to go another way.

DERRICK

(sarcastically)

How'd I know you'd come find me?

LT. BOONE

Because you're a fucking criminal.

(beat)

And you've got two options, you limey asshole. One, I'll frame you for murder and you can go to jail till Jesus comes.

(beat, knocking empty beer bottles off the coffee table with his shoe)

Or two, you can do a little work for me. If you do it without fucking up, you live a happy life back in merry old England.

DERRICK

(thinking quickly)

What kind of work?

LT. BOONE

I need you to do what you are good at, and no, not being the scumbag that you are, but rather a little heist job. You just need to get a little brown book with some names in it for me. No big thing.

DERRICK

Must be an important book.

LT. BOONE

Let's just say it's my diary. You know, who I've been kissing and who's kissed me.

DERRICK

I make any money?

LT. BOONE likes the question and he offers DERRICK a thin smile.

He KNOCKS another bottle and an ash-try from the coffee table, wipes it with his HANDKERCHIEF and sits down to talk.

82 EXT. CITY STREETS. -- NIGHT 82

The MAN IN THE SUIT's black ESCALADE cruises empty city streets, lit intermittently by pale street lamps.

83 INT. SUV. -- CONTINUOUS 83

AMANDA remains alone in the vehicle's back seat, and her anxiety has mounted. She leans forward and speaks to the MAN IN THE SUIT in the passenger's seat.

AMANDA

This isn't the way to the diner.
Why aren't you taking me to my
husband?

MAN IN THE SUIT

It's a very dangerous situation
down there, ma'am. Just relax.

They arrive at a several-story OFFICE BUILDING with only a few lights on in scattered windows. The hot summer night has grown windy, as if a thunderstorm is approaching, and the two men lead AMANDA inside.

84 INT. OFFICE BUILDING. -- CONTINUOUS 84

The three make their way through rows of office cubicles at which, clearly, no one has worked in a long time.

AMANDA

What is this place?

MAN IN THE SUIT

Just come with us.

85 EXT. SUBURBAN HOME -- NIGHT. 85

Two POLICE DETECTIVES step out of a dark sedan and walk up the steps of NICK and AMANDA'S house. They knock, and AMANDA'S MOTHER opens the door.

MOTHER

Yes?

DETECTIVE

Sorry to bother you. I'm Detective
O'Reilly. This is Detective Creedy.

MOM
Can I help you?

DETECTIVE
We need to talk to Mrs. Davenport.

MOM
Some of your guys already came and
got her.

DETECTIVE
What?

MOM
About fifteen minutes ago. What's
going on?

The detectives are very surprised by what they've heard and
look at each other to try to make sense of it.

86 EXT. DINER. COMMAND POST -- CONTINUOUS 86

Porter's cell phone rings, and he quickly answers.

PORTER
(on phone)
Porter.

87 EXT. NICK'S HOUSE. -- CONTINUOUS 87

The two DETECTIVES stand on the DRIVEWAY outside Nick's home.

DETECTIVE
(on phone)
Yeah, O'Reily here. We're at
Davenport's house and just spoke
with a neighbor. He says some cops
picked her up about twenty minutes
go.

88 EXT. DINER. COMMAND POST -- CONTINUOUS 88

PORTER
(on phone)
What do you mean?

LT.BOONE observes PORTER, trying to hear the other end of the
conversation.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
 We have no idea who picked her up.
 We checked all the precincts, and
 whoever did, they weren't cops.

PORTER brusquely hangs up the phone.

PORTER
 (shouting into the RV)
 Get me the precinct watch
 commander! Now!

LT. BOONE
 What's going on?

PORTER
 A couple of guys pretending to be
 cops picked up Davenport's wife.
 (beat)
 They weren't our guys.

UNIFORMED OFFICER
 (hands Porter a phone)
 Watch commander, sir.

LT. BOONE steps away to answer his ringing phone.

LT. BOONE
 (on phone)
 Boone.

89

INT. OFFICE BUILDING. OBSERVATION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

89

MAN IN THE SUIT
 (on the phone)
 You got an update for me?

LT. BOONE
 A couple of detectives went to the
 wife's house to bring her down
 here, but she wasn't home. Guess
 she was already picked up, but they
 weren't our guys.

MAN IN THE SUIT
 No need to worry about her, she is
 with me. Just make sure you wrap
 up that situation very soon. I
 don't care what happens to anybody
 in there. Bottom line--nobody gets
 away. Am I making myself clear?

90 INT. DINER. - NIGHT

90

DERRICK is deep in thought as he stands with his back to the camera, his SHOTGUN in his hands.

The terrified hostages are now exhausted as well. No longer on the floor, they sit in a small knot at tables, booths and the counter where the GUNMEN can watch them closely. The COOK'S head rests on his hands on a table-top. ELLA stands by the counter, fanning herself with a menu.

The BALD MAN smokes near the jukebox, BONNIE stands near NICK behind the counter. BILLY sits on the FLOOR with his back against a wall, holding his pistol in both hands. DENNY paces nervously, and DERRICK eyes him with exasperation from the stool where he commands the scene.

BONNIE
 (whispering to NICK, and
 attempting to be light)
 Pregnant and hostage.

NICK
 What?

BONNIE
 This was not something I needed in
 my life.
 (beat)
 Thank you for being brave.

NICK
 I'm scared shitless.

BONNIE
 You could've surrendered out there
 and been fine.
 (beat)
 I'll make sure they know the truth
 . . . if we . . .
 (tears)

NICK
 We're going to be OK.

BONNIE nods.

ELLA, the single woman who initially sat at the counter, timidly calls to DERRICK.

ELLA
 I really have to go to the
 restroom. Would that be OK?

DERRICK
 (sniggering)
 One of us will have to help you,
 won't we, luv?
 (beat, to DENNY)
 Take this luvvie to piss, and get
 back here quick.

DENNY dutifully leaves his post, grabs ELLA by the arm and marches her toward the rear of the diner. They reach the DOOR of the MEN'S ROOM and he elbows it open.

DENNY
 (motioning her inside)
 This one'll work.

ELLA is uncertain. She pauses for a moment, then decides a men's room toilet is acceptable.

91 INT. DINER. THE MEN'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 91

As ELLA enter the restroom, we see only her face's reaction as she discovers WILL's body sprawled on the floor, his head destroyed by the single bullet fired by DERRICK.

ELLA jams her fist to her mouth in HORROR and STIFLES a scream.

92 INT. OFFICE BUILDING. OFFICE - NIGHT 92

AMANDA is sitting in a chair in a sparsely furnished room, her back to the door. She faces a large L-shaped desk, behind which sits the MAN IN THE SUIT. AMANDA nervously plays with her HAIR.

AMANDA
 Where's the other cops? Why aren't
 we at a police station?

MAN IN THE SUIT
 This heat is murder, isn't it? Can
 we get you water?
 (he nods at THE SECOND
 MAN, who exits)

The MAN IN THE SUIT looks silently at AMANDA before he continues. He begins to rock in his chair.

MAN IN THE SUIT (CONT'D)
 So, Amanda. Can I call you Amanda?
 How long have you been married?

AMANDA

Almost two years.

MAN IN SUIT

Good for you. The best thing tonight is for you and I to be honest with each other. Honesty's the best policy, don't they say? I want you to tell me about these men your husband's working with?

AMANDA

I don't know about any men.

MAN IN THE SUIT

I'm still not used to nights like these. Back home, our summer nights are cool and sweet.

The door opens, and the second man enters with a large bottle of water and two cups.

MAN IN SUIT

Would you like some?

Amanda shakes her head, no. The MAN IN THE SUIT opens the bottle and begins pouring himself a glass. She watches. A long uncomfortable silence follows. Then finally, she has to say something.

AMANDA

Nick just went to meet his brother. That's the frickin' truth. I swear.

MAN IN THE SUIT

When did he decide to get involved?

AMANDA

He didn't decide nothin'.

MAN IN THE SUIT

Tonight is not a good indication of that.

AMANDA

He did a stupid thing with the check. But he served his time. Now he wants to try to make it work with us. Be a decent father.

MAN IN THE SUIT

(consolingly)

Do you have your phone?

AMANDA

Yes.

MAN IN THE SUIT

Dial this number.

He waits for her to reach into her purse for her phone. Then the MAN IN THE SUIT puts a piece of paper down in front of her with a phone number on it.

. AMANDA nervously dials, then pulls at her hair as she waits for the call to go through.

93 INT. DINER. - NIGHT

93

We hear a phone ringing somewhere in the back, and its tone is distinct from the diner-phone's ring, which we've heard before.

DERRICK

What the fuck is that?

BONNIE

Charlie's private line--in his office.

DERRICK

Go answer it!

BONNIE hesitates for a moment before complying, and DERRICK follows her down the hallway.

94 INT. DINER. OFFICE.

94

BONNIE reacts in horror to the sight of CHARLIE's body, destroyed by a shotgun blast. But DERRICK pushes her toward the phone.

She reaches for the phone on CHARLIE's desk and turns fearfully to face DERRICK.

BONNIE

(on phone)

Hello.

(beat)

Who?

(beat, to DERRICK)

It's Nick's wife.

DERRICK considers this news.

BILLY
 (entering)
 Bloody hell! Don't let him talk to
 his fuckin' wife!

DERRICK
 (glaring at BILLY)
 They think he's runnin' the fuckin'
 show, mate. They want to use her
 to talk him out. But let's you and
 me and Denny use her instead.

DERRICK motions to NICK, who goes to the phone and puts the
 receiver to his ear.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
 (before NICK can speak)
 Be smart, Nicky boy. It's your
 wife.

DERRICK leans his head close to NICK's so he can hear AMANDA.

NICK
 (on phone)
 Amanda?

AMANDA (O.S.)
 (crying)
 Are you OK?

95 INT. OFFICE BUILDING. OBSERVATION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 95

AMANDA
 (on phone)
 What's going on, Nick?

NICK (O.S.)
 It's all right, babe. Everything's
 going to be OK.

AMANDA
 (on phone, desperately)
 Jesus, Nick. I'm gonna have a baby
 any second, and now this. I don't
 know what to do. Everything to do
 with you just gets more fucked up.

96 INT. DINER. OFFICE. -- CONTINUOUS 96

Satisfied that NICK is really speaking to his wife, DERRICK
 takes a step away.

NICK
 (on phone)
 I'm sorry.

AMANDA (O.S.)
 I want you to be OK, but I also
 want to be rid of shit like this.
 Jesus.

NICK
 (on phone)
 This, this tonight, it's not my
 fault.

AMANDA (O.S.)
 Nothin's ever your fault, is it?

NICK tears up and DERRICK makes a sad face to mock him.

NICK
 (on phone, defeated)
 No. Sometimes it is.

BLACK SCREEN AND TITLE:

1:38 A.M.

97 INT. OFFICE BUILDING. OBSERVATION ROOM. -- CONTINUOUS 97

AMANDA breaks down. The MAN IN THE SUIT reaches across the desk for her phone.

MAN IN THE SUIT
 Let me talk to him for second.

The MAN IN THE SUIT takes the PHONE from her hand, presses it to his ear and WALKS OUT of the room as his partner re-enters to keep an eye on her.

98 INT. OFFICE BUILDING. HALLWAY. -- CONTINUOUS 98

At the far end of a long hall, a man in a gray shirt and trousers operates a floor buffer, its motor only a distant drone. In the foreground, the MAN IN THE SUIT stands with one hand on his hip as he speaks into AMANDA's phone.

MAN IN THE SUIT
 (on phone)
 Nick?
 (trying to be persuasive)
 You have a lovely wife, my friend.
 And you're about to have a
 beautiful baby.
 (MORE)

MAN IN THE SUIT (CONT'D)

This is going to end badly for everybody unless you quickly make it right.

(pacing as he speaks)

Listen to me. You are to leave that diner as you found it. Then, you and your friends are going to walk out the front door with your hands up. You do those two things and your wife and kid will be able to visit you in prison.

(beat)

If you try to play this your way, you're not going to have a wife or a kid.

(beat)

Do I make myself clear, Nick?

(looking at his watch)

It's 1:45 right now. I'm going to give you thirty minutes. Let's say 2:15. By 2:15, you walk out with everything as it was. Or you lose your wife, your baby, everything.

99 INT. DINER. OFFICE. -- CONTINUOUS

99

NICK glances at a digital clock on Charlie's desk. It reads 1:45.

The the MAN IN THE SUIT hangs up.

NICK

(for DERRICK's benefit)

I love you, too, honey.

DERRICK

You're not playing the game my way Nicky boy.

NICK

Who has my wife?

DERRICK

The police, asshole. Who else?

NICK

Are you sure?

DERRICK looks at him as if he's insane.

From where NICK is standing in CHARLIE'S office, he can see through the kitchen and the food-service window into the diner. He sees THE BALD MAN and suddenly realizes who has his wife.

Like the dream sequence near the beginning of the film, we now watch in slow motion and with sudden high-speed moves as NICK imagines grabbing for DERRICK's pistol, then elbowing him in the face. DERRICK fires his weapon into the ceiling as NICK, who has a firm grasp of DERRICK's wrist, tries to wrest it away. NICK knees DERRICK in the groin, DERRICK drops to the ground, releasing his gun into NICK'S hands.

At that moment, BILLY comes into the doorway from the kitchen, firing his weapon. NICK drops low to the ground; he fires back, but misses BILLY. One of BILLY'S bullets hits BONNIE in the shoulder, spinning her around and dropping her to the ground.

SMASH CUT TO:

100 REALITY - CONTINUOUS 100

NICK--who now realizes that if he tries anything, someone innocent will get hurt--surrenders to the moment.

DERRICK
 (lightly slapping NICK on
 the face))
 Nicky Boy, you're starting to loose
 it. You need to keep your shit
 together or somebody innocent is
 going to get hurt.

101 INT. OFFICE BUILDING. OBSERVATION ROOM. -- CONTINUOUS 101

AMANDA is increasingly worried. The SECOND SUITED MAN lights a cigarette, inhales, then exhales melodramatically.

THE MAN IN THE SUIT enters the room. Amanda looks at the SECOND SUITED MAN and his cigarette disdainfully and he reluctantly puts it out. Instead of smoking, he opens a small bag of nuts out and begins to crack individual nuts open, offering AMANDA a look as if to say, "Better?"

AMANDA
 What's going on?

As the MAN IN THE SUIT circles around to the opposite side of the table, he faces AMANDA.

MAN IN THE SUIT

Let me guess.
(touching his forehead)

You're having a boy.

AMANDA

Yes.

MAN IN SUIT

Knew it. I had four sisters. You learn these things.

(pouring her a glass of water)

When you carry a baby low--like you--it's a boy. Your husband, he's happy it's a boy I bet.

AMANDA

I just--

HE silences her by lifting his hand.

MAN IN THE SUIT

I didn't get to have children, I'm sorry to say. I lead a very quiet life. Gives me time to think about things.

I have this clock in my home that always helps me think. It's a piece of Ormolu, golden, French, 1800s. Beautiful piece. But, you know what they call it, what they call these clocks?

AMANDA suddenly jumps as the SECOND SUITED MAN cracks a nut shell.

Family death clocks. A death clock. It's got two pudgy cherubs holding it, all kinds of flowers, very Louis the Fourteenth. Everything plated with gold.

This was back when they used mercury to plate the gold to the brass. The poor schmucks didn't know any better. Once the clock was plated and perfect, they'd heat it to burn off the mercury and they'd fill the room with poison gas.

(MORE)

MAN IN THE SUIT (CONT'D)

Their hands, their clothes, their lungs. It was a disaster.

Everyone who made these beautiful clocks died. The clock-makers, their apprentices, children under foot, their whole families dead.

(mouthing the words)

All dead.

Imagine a man mastering a craft that he hopes will provide for his family, only to destroy everyone he loves. And kill himself, too.

It's pitiful to think about.

(lighting a cigarette and taking a long drag)

So, alone, I sit and stare at my clock. It keeps perfect time, beautiful chime. I wish you could hear it. But here we are, dripping in this heat, talking about time.

(beat)

Do you think that clock maker had any idea he was killing himself and his family?

(smiling as he exhales)

I think about these things.

AMANDA

(sobbing now)

Nick's a good guy. I'm not in love with him any more, but I don't want him to get hurt. I want my baby to have a dad.

THE MAN IN THE SUIT gives AMANDA a thin smile.

102 INT. DINER. -- MOMENTS LATER

102

DENNY walks towards the rear of the diner.

DERRICK

Where you think you're goin'?

DENNY

You can take a leak, and I can't?

DERRICK

Be quick, for fuck's sake.

103 EXT. COMMAND POST. -- CONTINUOUS

103

Porter and Patrick are outside the RV, standing at a table containing COFFEE and WATER DISPENSERS and cardboard trays filled with donuts. Each man holds a cup of coffee in his hand.

PORTER

I told you, I'm not going to rush this.

PATRICK

(worried)

Make sure you don't.

PORTER

(exhausted)

Nobody wants this to end well more than I do.

PATRICK

The regular P.D. doesn't know this,
(pausing)
but my office was informed by the D.E.A. that there is an undercover agent in there.

PORTER

(surprised, and alarmed)

What? Who is it?

PATRICK

(shrugs)

Don't know. They won't tell me. They're afraid of a leak to the mob. No doubt the mobsters are trying to figure that out, too.

104 INT. DINER. HALLWAY. -- CONTINUOUS

104

Before DENNY can reach the men's room, he sees something move outside an alley window. He crouches, and moves uncertainly toward it, then sees two SWAT personnel stealthily making their way to the BACK DOOR.

DENNY fires a sudden SHOT at the WINDOW.

O.S., several hostages SCREAM.

105 EXT. COMMAND POST. -- CONTINUOUS 105

At the sound of the gunshot, PORTER, PATRICK and everyone nearby suddenly turn toward the diner in alarm.

106 INT. DINER. HALLWAY. -- CONTINUOUS 106

DENNY
(screaming)
Get the fuck back, motherfuckers!

He turns and rushes back to the dining area.

DENNY (CONT'D)
(breathlessly)
The cops are trying to come in
through the back door!

107 EXT. DINER. ALLEY. -- CONTINUOUS 107

The two SWAT personnel scramble away out of the bright lights trained on the rear of the diner and into the darkness of the alley.

108 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS 108

DERRICK
(to NICK, outraged)
Get on the radio! Tell 'em for
that little trick you're going kill
people! Now!

109 EXT. COMMAND POST. -- CONTINUOUS 109

PORTER
(ordering PATRICK)
Get inside the RV. Now!

PATRICK
(protesting)
I'm an officer of the court.

PORTER
And you're this guy's brother.
Now!

PATRICK does as he's told, and PORTER lifts his RADIO to his mouth.

110 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS

110

DERRICK
(To NICK) Get on the fucking radio!

NICK goes to the counter where the radio lies and picks it up.

PORTER (O.S.)
John?—What's going on in there?

NICK
(on radio)
What the hell is going on out
there?

PORTER (O.S.)
What do you mean?

NICK
(on radio)
You've got cops trying to come in
through the back. People are going
to get killed in here!

PORTER (O.S.)
No! We don't. Absolutely not.
Hold on, John. We do not!

NICK
(on radio, wildly)
Who the hell's in charge out there?

PORTER (O.S.)
(now calmly)
I'm in charge.

NICK
(on radio, frantic)
Cops are coming in the back and you
don't know about it, for Christ's
sake?

PORTER (O.S.)
I'm going to find out what
happened!

NICK
(on radio)
I want that SUV.

NICK slams the RADIO down and rifles his eyes at the CLOCK.
He has TWENTY MINUTES.

111 EXT. DINER. COMMAND POST-- CONTINUOUS

111

LT. BOONE approaches PORTER.

PORTER
(angrily)
What the hell was that shot?

RADIO NETWORK
(over static)
The shot came from inside, sir.

PORTER
My guy inside said cops tried to
come in through the back? What's
going on?

LT. BOONE
(defiantly)
I ordered them in.

PORTER
(incredulously)
You what?

LT. BOONE
I ordered them in, goddamnit.

PORTER moves nose-to-nose with LT. BOONE.

PORTER
(livid)
You stupid son of a bitch! I want
you out of--

LT. BOONE
Get off my face! There's a cop
in there, for Christ's sake. We
haven't heard from him for hours
and--

PORTER
I'm in charge here!

LT. BOONE
Then act like it! We should've
been in there a long time ago.

PORTER
You're letting your emotions get in
the way here.

LT. BOONE
 You're goddamn right. One of my
 guys is in there! Maybe if you
 tried giving a shit . . .

PORTER
 Your concern for that officer is
 putting many lives in danger.
 (calming)
 I want to get everybody out.

LT. BOONE
 (still incensed)
I want to get everyone out!

Porter grabs his radio.

PORTER
 (on radio)
 Stand down! All personnel. I
 repeat, stand down!

112 INT. DINER. -- MOMENTS LATER 112

Around the dining room, the faces of the hostages
 increasingly express tension, exhaustion, and hopelessness.
 NICK, sitting alone in a booth.

113 EXT. DINER. COMMAND POST. -- CONTINUOUS 113

The FRAME is filled with the faces of the cops who are trying
 to manage the crisis. They, too, are etched with tension,
 but this is also the work they're paid to do.

LT. BOONE sighs, silently expressing his WORRY about how to
 get CHARLIE'S LEDGER before it gets into the FED's hands.

PORTER stares solemnly at the front door, then pats his face
 with his handkerchief.

A black Ford EXPEDITION slowly pulls onto the block, escorted
 by uniformed officers who walk beside it. Other cops clear
 police personnel and members of the media from the vehicle's
 path to the front door of the diner.

BLACK SCREEN and TITLE:

2:36 A.M.

114 INT. DINER. 114

DENNY moves to a nearby WINDOW and peers out.

DENNY
 (calling out)
 SUV's here.

The radio crackles with Porter's voice.

PORTER (O.S.)
 John. Can you answer, John?

DERRICK
 (to Nick)
 Talk to him!

DERRICK moves to the booth where NICK sits and eyes him across the table.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
 Tell him you're gonna go out and
 check the SUV and make sure there's
 no surprises.

NICK picks up the RADIO and puts it to his ear.

NICK
 (on radio)
 Yes?

PORTER (O.S.)
 Here's the SUV. It's ready. Now,
 you owe me four hostages, John.

NICK
 (on radio)
 Before we give you hostages, I'm
 going to check it. I'm coming out,
 and we've got rules, you and me.
 If I get hit by a sniper, two
 innocent people in here die.

NICK hangs up.

BALD MAN
 (to DERRICK)
 I've got a Lexus in the parking
 lot. Take it.

DERRICK
 What?

The BALD MAN tosses DERRICK the keys.

DERRICK gives the bald man a quizzical look. Why is he being so generous? Then he hooks BONNIE'S NECK in his arm, puts his pistol to her head, and turns toward NICK.

NICK
 All right, Nicky boy. Check it
 fast and get right back here!
 We'll be waiting for you, won't we,
 Bonnie?

NICK moves to the FRONT DOOR, pauses a moment, then
 cautiously WALKS OUT.

115 EXT. DINER. COMMAND POST -- CONTINUOUS 115

LT. BOONE stands alone and speaks into his cell phone.

LT. BOONE
 (on phone, confidentially)
 Hear me very fucking clearly on
 this. The assholes who pulled this
 cannot walk out of that diner.

116 EXT. DINER. ALLEY. -- CONTINUOUS 116

The same two SWAT guys with Boone at Derrick's apartment
 stand near the BACK DOOR of the DINER. One speaks into a
 cell phone.

SWAT OFFICER
 (on phone)
 Understood.
 (beat)
 What about Davenport?

117 EXT. DINER. COMMAND POST -- CONTINUOUS 117

LT. BOONE
 (on phone)
 Same order. I want to clean this
 whole thing up now! No fucking
 excuses.

From LT. BOONE's POV, we watch as NICK slides inside and
 checks the Expedition thoroughly.

BLACK SCREEN AND TITLE:

THE GETAWAY

118 EXT. DINER. COMMAND POST -- CONTINUOUS 118

PORTER
 (on radio)
 We've got directions for you on the
 dashboard to a secure gate at the
 airport where they will wave you
 through.
 (beat)
 But we can still do this another
 way.

119 EXT. A ROOFTOP ACROSS THE STREET. -- CONTINUOUS 119

A SNIPER'S POV.

Through the cross hairs of the sniper's scope, we can see
 Nick step out of the SUV and look at Porter, who has walked
 within twenty feet of the vehicle.

SNIPER
 (on radio)
 I've got a clear shot, captain.

SWAT CAPTAIN (O.S.)
 (on radio)
 Wait for my signal!

120 EXT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS 120

PORTER
 (dropping his bullhorn to
 his side and calling out
 to NICK)
 Is everybody still OK in there?

NICK
 The jet?

PORTER
 There's a short delay, but it
 should be ready by the time you get
 to the airport.

NICK
 How long?

PORTER
 It'll be ready to fly in no more
 than an hour.

NICK
 We need to go now!

PORTER

I got nowhere for you to go, John.
The jet's not there yet. It's on
its way, but it's not there yet.

NICK

Bullshit!

NICK glances around and sees cops EVERYWHERE. He spots the
SNIPER on the building across the street--and TWO MORE on
BUILDINGS at its flanks.

PORTER

(reassuring)

We're going get you out of here.

NICK begins to PACE, then GLARES at PORTER.

NICK

Who's got my wife?

PORTER

Look, Nick . . .

NICK

Answer me! Where's my wife?

121 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS 121

Standing near the door, DERRICK tries to overhear NICK's
conversation. BILLY watches NERVOUSLY through the Venetian
blinds.

BILLY

What the fuck is he doing?

DERRICK looks through a crack in the door. His face evidence
his concern--and he's also pissed.

122 EXT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS 122

PORTER

She's fine. She's safe with us.

NICK

(irate)

You're lying!

PORTER

I'm not, John. She's fine.

NICK
Don't fucking lie to me! You don't
have my wife, do you?

PORTER
(confessing)
We don't know precisely where she
is. Somebody picked her up. We
sent some guys to your house, but
she'd already left with somebody
else.

NICK
(disbelieving)
Jesus fucking Christ.

123 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS 123

DERRICK
(nervously)
Get the hell back in here!

124 EXT. DINER. 124

NICK stands directly in front of PORTER. He glances at the
sniper again.

PORTER
(Porter advances to within a few
feet of NICK)
Please!

NICK
You lied to me, man. Fuck you.

NICK turns and moves toward the diner's front door.

PORTER
John . . . uh . . . Nick Wait!

125 EXT. DINER. SNIPER'S POSITION -- CONTINUOUS 125

We watch NICK through a SNIPER'S SCOPE.

LT. BOONE (O.S.)
(into the sniper's headset)
OK. Take him out.

We watch through the scope as PORTER--shocked by what he
hears--moves into the SNIPER'S LINE OF SIGHT.

The scope suddenly JERKS to the right as we hear an ECHOING RIFLE SHOT, one that HITS NICK in the right shoulder instead of square in the back, AS the sniper had intended. NICK'S BODY REACTS VIOLENTLY, then falls backward onto the sidewalk.

BLACK SCREEN AND TITLE:

2:13 A.M.

126 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS 126

EVERYONE in the diner--HOSTAGES and GUNMEN alike--is STUNNED by NICK's shooting.

BONNIE
(anguished, sobbing)
Oh my God!

BILLY
Bloody fuck!

The diner's LIGHTS GO OUT, an emergency light box on the wall clicks on, and the interior is now EERILY LIT only by its two dim bulbs and the police FLOOD LAMPS aimed at the diner's shuttered windows.

A second RIFLE SHOT shatters the GLASS in the diner's front door.

Everyone PANICS, and now the scene is utter CHAOS. DERRICK scrambles to the KITCHEN.

A STUN GRENADE flies through the glassless front-door and as it DETONATES, there is BLINDING FLASH of light and a DEAFENING NOISE. Smoke begins to fill the dining area.

127 INT. DINER. KITCHEN. -- CONTINUOUS 127

BILLY, too, rushes into the kitchen, where DERRICK appears uncertain what to do next. The two duck down reflexively.

BILLY
(terrified)
So, what's your fucking Plan B?

DERRICK
This!

BANG! DERRICK perfunctorily lifts his revolver and fires a single shot into BILLY'S chest. BILLY's body crumples and blood quickly soaks his jump suit.

DERRICK tosses away the pistol and then quickly rips off his JUMP-SUIT. Beneath it, he's wearing WILL's bloody police shirt and trousers. DERRICK drops to the floor, and positions himself so it appears he's been injured.

128 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS 128

SWAT OFFICERS burst through diner's front door wearing GAS MASKS and pointing weapons with LASER SIGHTS.

SWAT OFFICER
(shouting)
Everyone on the floor! Don't move!
Hands! Lemme see your hands!

The HOSTAGES freeze, many of them covering their mouths with napkins and shirt-sleeves to combat the smoke.

129 INT. DINER. KITCHEN. -- CONTINUOUS 129

TWO more SWAT officers burst into the kitchen from the alley door. They shine a flashlight on BILLY's dead body.

DERRICK (O.S.)
(in an American accent)
He's dead.

A SWAT officer turns the light toward the voice and finds DERRICK, who is on the floor a few feet away, holding his side and grimacing in pain.

SWAT OFFICER 2
Are you OK?

DERRICK
I think so.

SWAT OFFICER 2
Can you get out on your own?

DERRICK
I'll be fine. The rest of them are
out there.
(motioning toward the
dining area)
Go! Go!

DERRICK, dressed like a cop, gets to his feet and hurries out the back door and into the alley.

130 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS 130

DENNY is CROUCHED behind a BOOTH near the back. As he moves to FIRE his pistol, he shouts . . .

DENNY
You're not fuckin' takin' me!

. . . as the team of SWAT officers RIP HIS BODY APART with an overwhelming volley of RIFLE SHOTS.

131 EXT. DINER. BACK ALLY -- CONTINUOUS 131

DERRICK looks down the long alley and sees police cars and dozens of cops. He heads the other direction and two more SWAT officers round a corner and rush toward him.

SWAT OFFICER 3
Are you all right?

DERRICK
I'll be OK. Get in there!

The OFFICERS rush past DERRICK and disappear into the diner's alley door.

DERRICK reaches the diner's PARKING LOT. He fumbles in his pocket for the BALD MAN's car keys. He presses the key fob and a nearby black LEXUS's headlights flash twice.

He runs to the car and . . .

132 INT. LEXUS. -- CONTINUOUS 132

. . . slides behind the steering wheel, pulls the brown ledger out from the waistband of his trousers and tosses it on the passenger's seat. He starts the car, and drives away. His breath is heavy and his head bobs as the car lurches onto the street and over pot-holes in the pavement.

DERRICK
(ecstatic that he's
escaped, pounding the
steering wheel with the
butt of his palm)
Mother fuck!

133 INT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS 133

The dining room is empty. The HOSTAGES are being led outside as LT. BOONE enters, wearing a GAS MASK.

He rushes to DENNY'S body and searches it. Finding nothing, he quickly moves to the OFFICE.

134 INT. DINER. OFFICE. -- CONTINUOUS 134

LT. BOONE sees the doors of both safes are open. Both safes are completely EMPTY, the MONEY and the LEDGER are GONE. He turns and rushes out of the office.

135 INT. DINER. KITCHEN. -- CONTINUOUS 135

LT. BOONE enters the kitchen, and examines BILLY'S body-- finding NOTHING.

LT. BOONE
(to himself)
Where is it? That stupid limey
fuck.

136 INT. OFFICE BUILDING. OBSERVATION ROOM. 136

AMANDA, who's beside herself--sweating now, and pulling her hair obsessively--continues to sit in the chair where she's been told simply to wait.

The MAN IN THE SUIT and his THUG glance at each other. partner checks his WATCH.

SECOND SUITED MAN
Is it time?

137 EXT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS 137

PORTER watches passively as the end of the stand-off unravels in CHAOS. Paramedics attend to hostages who are safely on the street.

NICK lies on a gurney positioned behind an ambulance.

LT. BOONE walks out of the diner--empty handed. He spots the BALD MAN, who is being debriefed by uniformed officers who flank him. BOONE approaches them.

LT. BOONE
(to the officers)
I'll finish this up.

LT. BOONE and the BALD MAN WALK away to converse PRIVATELY. They pass the gurney who which NICK lies unconscious. Paramedics hurry to get him into the ambulance.

LT. BOONE (CONT'D)
Fucking mess.

The BALD MAN glances at the hostages.

BALD MAN
Where's John Wayne? He's not out here.

LT. BOONE is alarmed and barks into his RADIO.

LT. BOONE
My men are hunting for him.
(into the radio)
Unit Three, do you copy?

VOICE ON RADIO
Go!

LT. BOONE
(on radio)
Who came out the back of the diner?
Over.

VOICE ON RADIO
The uniform who was hostage.
Nobody else. Over.

BALD MAN
(interjecting)
That wasn't a cop. They killed
your guy in the bathroom hours ago.

LT. BOONE
(on radio)
Do you have eyes on that individual
now? Over.

VOICE ON RADIO
Negative.

BALD MAN
He's probably driving my car.

LT. BOONE
(on radio)
Unit Three, find and apprehend the
man who came out the back. He's
wearing a police uniform and he's
armed and extremely dangerous.
Likely driving a late-model black
Lexus.

(to the BALD MAN)
(MORE)

LT. BOONE (CONT'D)

But Davenport's the one we care about. He's got the ledger. Your guy's got his wife, though, so we'll get to him.

BALD MAN

(panicking as he's reminded of AMANDA)

Give me your phone!

LT. BOONE hands his cell phone to the BALD MAN, then takes a single step away as he continues to try to piece the events together.

138 INT. OFFICE BUILDING. HALLWAY.

138

As the MAN IN THE SUIT is rising from his chair behind the desk and screwing a silencer onto the barrel of his pistol, his phone rings.

BALD MAN (O.S.)

(urgently)

It's me.

MAN IN THE SUIT

(on phone)

You OK?

BALD MAN (O.S.)

(on phone)

Yeah.

(beat)

Davenport wasn't a part of it.
Take her home.

The MAN IN THE SUIT sighs with relief and sets his revolver on the desk.

139 EXT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS

139

LT. BOONE

(on radio)

Unit One, have you checked the men's room? Over.

140 INT. DINER. THE MEN'S ROOM. -- CONTINUOUS

140

We see WILL's body sprawled on the restroom floor. A pool of blood surrounds his head, and he's wearing only his boxer shorts and a T-shirt.

VOICE ON RADIO
 Affirmative. We're in here now.
 One dead male on the bathroom
 floor. Gunshot wound to the head.
 Over.

LT. BOONE
 (on radio)
 What's he wearing? Over.

141 EXT. DINER. -- NIGHT 141

In the pandemonium, PATRICK has leapt out of the RV and rushed toward his brother, but OFFICERS hold him back.

NICK's gurney is being secured inside the ambulance.

Lt. BOONE and the BALD MAN stand at a distance and PATRICK sees them and glares.

PATRICK is LIVID as he makes a CONNECTION between the TWO MEN, one he hasn't made till now. He shakes his head in disgust.

142 INT. OFFICE BUILDING. HALLWAY. -- CONTINUOUS 142

The MAN IN THE SUIT snaps his phone closed and calmly walks into the observation room.

143 INT. OFFICE BUILDING. OBSERVATION ROOM. -- CONTINUOUS 143

MAN IN THE SUIT
 (as he enters)
 Mrs. Davenport.

AMANDA turns toward him apprehensively.

MAN IN THE SUIT (CONT'D)
 It's over. Time to go home.

AMANDA doesn't understand. It sounds like wonderful news, and it must be, but . . .

144 EXT. DINER. -- CONTINUOUS 144

The doors to the AMBULANCE close. Paramedics are still tending to the hostages as PORTER approaches them.

BONNIE
 (coughing, distraught)
 You shot a hostage. I know him.
 Nick was a hostage, for God's sake.

PORTER
 What?

BONNIE
 I'm the waitress. I know the guy.
 His name's Nick Davenport. He's a
 regular. He wasn't part of this.

PORTER turns to look in time to see the ambulance pull away.

145 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM.

145

The INJURED MAN stares uneasily at the MAN IN THE SUIT, who looks back at him impassively.

MAN IN THE SUIT
 Tell me about the errand you ran
 for Charlie yesterday afternoon.

INJURED MAN
 (surprised by the
 question)
 Uh, just had to get a message to
 somebody for him.

MAN IN THE SUIT
 This is important, kid. We know
 who you went to see.

INJURED MAN
 (nervously)
 Then what do you need from me?

MAN IN THE SUIT
 Who knew about the message?

The tension between them has risen dramatically, despite the few words they've exchanged.

INJURED MAN
 There's a dozen people at least who
 would have known about it.

MAN IN THE SUIT
 (lighting a cigarette)
 That's where you're wrong kid.

146 INT. DINER. -- DAY

146

We see NICK and AMANDA, seated in a booth, in the left of frame before the camera closes on CHARLIE and AARON behind the counter. CHARLIE leans close to his ear, and gives AARON very clear instructions.

CHARLIE

You remember who you made that delivery to last week?

AARON nods.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I need you to tell him it's on for the 12th. Very important. That's all you got to remember. It's on for the 12th.

AARON

You want me to call him?

CHARLIE

If I wanted you to call him I'd call him myself. Now, get over there, and tell him, and get back as quick as you can.

AARON removes his apron and hustles out the diner's front door.

147 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM.

147

MAN IN THE SUIT

A guy who's good about telling us what we need to know, said the feds got all excited about hearing that something was--what was it?--"on for the 12th."

INJURED MAN

So?

MAN IN THE SUIT

Well, nothing was on for the 12th, my friend.

The MAN IN THE SUIT reaches into his coat pocket.

MAN IN THE SUIT (CONT'D)

That was just . . . let's call it a test. We needed to be sure you were who we were afraid you were.

148 INT. DINER. DAY 148

FLASHBACK to NICK's POV at the diner as CHARLIE calls Aaron over. This time, the camera is close on CHARLIE as he whispers to AARON. Then AARON leaves the diner and CHARLIE nods to the BALD MAN, who reacts with approval.

149 HOSPITAL PRESENT - CONTINUOUS 149

THE INJURED MAN has nothing more to say and turns his head toward the window in resignation. A shaft of sunlight reveals that he is AARON.

150 EXT. HOSPITAL ROOM. 150

We see the side of a multi-storied hospital building. The camera closes on a fourth-story room with its mini-blinds partly open. O.S. we hear two quick pops from a pistol fitted with a silencer. Blood splatters the mini-blinds and begins to drip down the glass.

151 EXT. AMANDA'S HOUSE. 151

A Ford Focus is parked in the driveway of AMANDA's modest inner-city home.

152 INT. NICK'S HOME. NURSERY. - DAY 152

NICK is hanging wallpaper printed with colorful jungle animals. His face is SCRATCHED; he has a black eye and there is a small bandage on his jaw. He wears jeans and is shirtless. His left shoulder is bandaged and his injury clearly complicates his work. AMANDA watches--she can't be much help because she's even bigger than before.

There is a changing table in the NURSERY, a crib, a ROCKING CHAIR and stuffed animals are positioned everywhere.

NICK

What do you think?

AMANDA

Thank you for doing this. Makes me remember that you were kind of handy to have around sometimes.

NICK
 (stopping and turning to
 look at her)
 We can make it full time.

AMANDA
 I don't think--

NICK
 (interrupting)
 No. I know. I just . . . I can
 get over here in about ten minutes.
 Anytime you need anything.

The DOOR BELL RINGS. NICK moves toward the door of the
 nursery--he'll answer it--but he turns to AMANDA as he goes.

NICK (CONT'D)
 You promise?

153 INT. NICK'S HOME. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS. 153

NICK goes to the front door and opens it. It's the BALD MAN
 from the diner, dressed in silk slacks, a casual shirt and
 tasseled loafers.

NICK is a little taken aback.

BALD MAN
 How are you?
 (offering a slight smile)
 I remember you and brother from way
 back. You both played chess with
 Charlie.

Nick is surprised that the BALD MAN is being so friendly.

NICK
 I'm not any good. Charlie said
 it's because I don't know how to
 play my pawns.

The BALD MAN doesn't respond, and takes an envelope from his
 back pocket.

BALD MAN
 This is yours, I think.
 (hands him the envelope
 Patrick gave him)
 Plus a little extra something to
 help with the baby.

NICK opens the envelope, and can quickly see that it contains
 a lot more than the money PATRICK gave him.

NICK
 (surprised and
 appreciative)
 Thank you.

BALD MAN
 Let me know if you need some work
 sometime. You seem like a good
 kid.

NICK looks querulously at the BALD MAN. Does he really think
 NICK is eager to go into his line of work?

NICK
 I . . . I've got some other offers
 after this.

BALD MAN
 (nodding supportively)
 I'm sure you do, kid.

The BALD MAN turns to go.

NICK
 (calling out)
 Hey!

The BALD MAN stops and looks back.

NICK (CONT'D)
 What happened to the third guy?
 The one that got away.

BALD MAN
 (smiling thinly)
 Everything was resolved.

154 EXT. CHEAP MOTEL. -- NIGHT 154

A back-lit sign above a run-down two-story motel reads "DAYS
 REST MOTEL."

BLACK SCREEN AND TITLE:

THE PAWN

155 INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM. -- CONTINUOUS 155

This is the kind of motel room where clean sheets are too
 much to hope for, the mattress is four-inches thick and the
 lamp shades are darkened by decades of cigarette smoke.

The bathroom door is slightly ajar.

O.S. we hear water running in the bathroom sink. And O.S. we also hear an old JOHN WAYNE movie playing on television.

The water stops and the bathroom door opens. We see only the TORSO OF A MAN as he comes into the room.

UNIDENTIFIED MAN

The bottom line, my friend, is that you should have been a little smarter than your average limey fuck.

He puts on black-leather driving GLOVES and we follow his hands to the NIGHT STAND--where an empty pint of bourbon sits with a bit of cash, a motel key, and a condom wrapper. In an ashtray, a cigarette continues to burn.

Also on the nightstand is the BROWN LEDGER.

An arm hangs off the bed nearby, and we continue to hear the unmistakable voice of JOHN WAYNE in the background, taking command, as only he can, of a tough, wild-West situation.

The man lifts the LEDGER off the night-stand. The CAMERA pulls up to reveal the MAN IN THE SUIT as he walks past the bed toward the door.

MAN IN THE SUIT

(speaking calmly, icily to the body)

If you thought you picked the lesser of two evils, you fucked up. You should have called Boone!

(beat))

But I did appreciate getting the full picture on Boone. I'll give you that.

(beat)

Nobody likes being double crossed. Boone will certainly be hearing from me.

As he turns to leave, The MAN IN THE SUIT turns off the overhead light and now stands silhouetted in the doorway. He pauses and then leaves, closing the door behind him.

The camera pulls back more to reveal the true squalor of the room and DERRICK lying in bed. The camera slowly moves toward DERRICK, who is hemorrhaging blood from his mouth and from a gaping wound in his throat.

The camera pans left and slowly moves toward the television. The JOHN WAYNE movie is coming to its climax. The Duke confronts a bandit, calling him a miserable coward. The two exchange gunfire and the bandit dies in the Western dust. The image on the TV fades into the words "THE END."

FADE OUT.