

A M O N G

T H I E V E S

by
Danny Katz

DannyKatzWrites@gmail.com

INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

BILL, 50s, hides something sinister behind his pinned eyes, sits in the front passenger seat, germ mask on his face, beanie on his head.

BILL
P & D. Go time.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

PETER, 30s, lanky and awkward, hops out of the van.

DARYL, 30s, Napoleonic in stature and attitude, follows him.

They wear black masks, coveralls, and thick gloves. *Real thick*. Thick enough to handle two home-made SPIKE STRIPS.

Peter drags his strip across the street, North to South, hides behind a postal service mailbox. Daryl drags his strip across the street, East to West, ducks beside trash bags.

INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

Bill waits for Peter and Daryl to get in place, then--

BILL
Perimeter's set. C, AD - you're on.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

ANDRE, 40s, all business, exits the van, holds a duffle bag.

CELESTE, 20s, Monster Energy personified, follows him out.

Bandanas over faces, purple latex gloves on hands, baseball caps on. Celeste removes a lock pick kit from her pocket, picks the lock on the storefront security gate...POP.

She pulls the gate up. Andre removes a heavy-duty circular glass cutter from the duffle bag, CARVES A LARGE HOLE INTO THE WINDOW of the jewelry store. He holds his breath, removes the piece of glass with a suction cup...no alarm...not yet, anyway. Celeste and Andre step in through the hole.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Andre uses the glass cutter to create small windows in the partitions, behind which expensive jewelry is kept.

They snatch up all the product, bag it in the duffle.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE JEWELRY STORE - SAME TIME

Andre and Celeste lug the duffle back to the van. Peter and Daryl gather their spike strips, jump in.

The van pulls away--immediately hits a red light, stops.

INT. WHITE VAN - SAME TIME

CHARLIE, 40s, nerdy, panicky, sunglasses on, head down.

CHARLIE
You'd think one time, these damn
traffic lights would cooperate.

BILL
Just be cool, no big deal.

CHARLIE
Easy for you to say, you gotta mask
on.

BILL
Keep your head down. All you have to
do.

The van lights up in a green glow. Charlie accelerates.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE 2ND FLOOR JEWELRY STORE - SAME TIME

The van comes to a halt outside a four story building.

The backdoors swing open. Peter and Daryl hustle out, drag their spike strips into place.

INT. WHITE VAN - SAME TIME

Bill turns, addresses the crew.

BILL
Perimeter's set. Gym Rat, you ready to
make something of yourself?

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE 2ND FLOOR JEWELRY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

JACK, 20s, blond, heroic shoulders, hops out the van, pantyhose over his face, chalk on his hands. A LONG ROPE is wrapped around his waist with two suction cups dangling off, TIED AT THE ROPE'S END is Andre's GLASS CUTTER.

Jack SCALES THE BUILDING'S FACADE, like a mountain climber.

INT. WHITE VAN - SAME TIME

The gang watches through the windshield as Jack climbs to the second floor of the building.

CELESTE

I don't know if he's ready. AD or I should'a done this.

BILL

Neither of you could make the climb.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE 2ND FLOOR JEWELRY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack reaches the second floor, attaches one of the SUCTION CUPS to the top of the window, feeds the rope through it, so he can HANG IN THE AIR, HANDS-FREE. He pulls the glass cutter up to himself from the sidewalk, attaches it to the other suction cup.

Dangling from a rope, two stories above the concrete, Jack carves a large hole into the window of the jewelry store. He operates the tool like a novice, but eventually removes a glass circle, without setting off the security alarm.

He turns back toward the van to give a thumbs up--the UPPER SUCTION CUP POPS OFF THE WINDOW...Jack falls.

INT. MID AIR - DAY

ETHAN, adrenaline junky, late-20s, falls through the air.

Why the fuck is he falling so *slowly*? Has time and space been altered? He can see things so...clearly. A SINGLE BEAD OF SWEAT that flies off his nose. The way each strand of hair moves on his arm. The space between his fingers, the lines on his palm--

ETHAN

Fuck.

INT. THE CLIMBING GYM - SAME TIME

A gravity-fueled collision with a padded mat snaps Ethan back to reality. Large facility, several climbing walls.

STAFF MEMBER, 40s, looks on in horror.

STAFF MEMBER

Jesus Ethan. You gotta use a harness. You crazy? That's like 60 feet.

Ethan gasps for air.

ETHAN
Relax, relax. Just had the wind
knocked outta me, is all.

He picks himself up.

STAFF MEMBER
You dropped a...that a poker chip?

Staff Member points at A LARGE COIN, left behind on the mat.
Ethan scoops it up.

ETHAN
Thanks.

He tosses the chip up in the air.

INT. BACK ROOM OF CHURCH - DAY

The 30 Days Sobriety Chip lands in Ethan's palm, as he pushes
through the massive church doors. The hinges SCREECH.

GROUP OF PEOPLE turn, look. Circle of fold-out chairs.

Some familiar faces, a few nods as Ethan finds his seat.
Charlie, the overweight, nerdy driver from the opening heist.
Peter's there, too. So is Celeste.

ARCHIE, 18, skittish, desperate in the eyes.

JAY, early 40s, cigarette rests behind his ear.

JAY
I guess I just feel like, I already
lost everything, anyway. So what's
even the point of staying sober?

Bill, the 50 y.o. heist ringleader--

BILL
And what do you do, usually, when you
feel this way?

JAY
Well, I try like hell not to break
down, start sniffing sharpies.

Earns a chuckle from the group.

BILL

Humor helps. We all need a way of dealing with that anxiety. That feeling you get, the one where you abandon any pretense of will-power, of self control, right before you do something you know you shouldn't. Like, suck your neighbor's dick for a gram of blow.

Bill stares at Celeste as he says this. She nods.

BILL (CONTINUED)

Or swallow all the opiates you were fronted, instead of selling 'em like you were supposed to. Then taking out a second mortgage on your home, just so some asshole with a neck tattoo doesn't bust down your door, break your knee cap in front of your kid.

Bill glares at Charlie. Charlie nods.

ETHAN

Wrap it up, Billy Shakespeare. You're making everybody glum.

BILL

Fuck you very much. Ethan here, his thing is climbing. Climbs every day.

ETHAN

I go to this gym. Neighborhood place, I highly recommend it.

BILL

Hush up, no one wants to touch your dick at the climbing gym. Look, the bottom line is this, if all you see when you look in the mirror, is an addict. And everyone else, *society*, sees addicts as a burden, then that's exactly what you are. A burden.

Jay listens to Bill with a skeptical look on his face.

BILL

It's the transitive property.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The N.A. group files out, down the church steps. Blinders on, Ethan darts for the street--he's stopped.

The youngster, Archie, taps him on the shoulder.

ARCHIE

Hey, Ethan?

Ethan considers ignoring him, soldiering on, but--

ETHAN

Fuck-uh, yeah?

ARCHIE

You think maybe I can come with you?
To the climbing gym?

ETHAN

Oh. Uhh, its really only for members.

ARCHIE

Didn't you say--

ETHAN

It's the place on 85th and 1st, next
to Starbucks. You should check it out
sometime. See you around.

He's half way gone before he finishes the sentence.

INT. ETHAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Apartment's tiny. On Ethan's desk, a PIGGY BANK.

He picks it up, holds it. Puts it back down, pulls on his running shoes, headphones in, he's out the door.

EXT. SIDEWALK/STREET - NIGHT

Ethan jogs through the streets of Yorkville, a quaint, densely populated neighborhood on the Upper East Side of New York City, where small-town quirk and familiarity clashes with its urban environment.

Shiny skyscrapers stand tall next to shabbier red brick buildings, act as canopy to the townhouses and brownstones down below. Extreme wealth crammed in next to halfway-homes and affordable housing, hidden comfortably in the shadows of industrial excess.

EXT. EAST RIVER - NIGHT

Drenched in sweat, Ethan's jog comes to an end. He receives a text from DAD.

The message reads: LUNCH TOMORROW?

EXT. BURGER SPOT - DAY

Text from Ethan, it reads: ALMOST THERE.

DAD, 60s, reading glasses, uses iPhone like an old man.

Ethan approaches from up the block. They embrace.

INT. BURGER SPOT - DAY

Each about halfway done with their burger.

ETHAN

Why's it so sucky?

DAD

They lure you in with the potential of these high commission deals. It's a mirage. I'm essentially working for minimum wage, when you count out all the hours. It just sucks.

ETHAN

That's lame.

DAD

It's obnoxious is was it is.

ETHAN

You don't sell nanny-cams, do you? That'd be like, working for the enemy.

DAD

So, you're blaming the nanny-cams now?

ETHAN

Just a joke, just a joke.

DAD

I didn't realize we were ready to joke about it.

Ethan sips his water, avoids eye contact.

ETHAN

So, you think you're gonna quit?

DAD

Certainly not. Bank just denied my request to refinance the mortgage. What's our favorite cliché?

ETHAN

About the beggars and the choosers?

Dad takes a big bite of his burger.

ETHAN

Well, what does that mean? You guys gonna lose the apartment?

Dad checks his watch, hands his credit card to a WAITRESS.

DAD

No, no. We're fine.

ETHAN

There's this one guy, I see at my N.A. meetings. He's a financial advisor--

DAD

Don't worry about it, Ethan.

ETHAN

How am I not gonna worry about it?

DAD

One of these days, I'll learn to stop oversharing with you.

ETHAN

You can probably apply for like a, some kind of loan-forgiveness program.

DAD

I'm handling it, really.

ETHAN

Alright.

Waitress reappears.

WAITRESS

Sorry sir, your credit card was actually declined.

Dad fishes another card out from his wallet.

DAD

Do me a favor and run it again, but
split it with this one, please.

ETHAN

Want me to get this one?

DAD

No, no. Don't worry, it'll go through.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

Ethan paces.

Why the fuck is his heart beating so loud? And he's sweating,
what the fuck is he sweating so much for? He twirls the
cowlick at the back of his head, loops the hair around his
finger, over and over. He steps to the edge of the platform,
looks left. Looks right...

He backs up, all the way back, against the wall.

ETHAN

Fuck.

He fucking goes for it. Full sprint.

Leaps from the platform. Lands on the subway tracks.

INT. TRACKS, SUBWAY - MOMENTS LATER

He jumps the third rail.

Jumps the divider to the other side, toward the platform for
the train running the opposite way. Said train rumbles on.

Ethan makes it to the last track, illuminated in the
headlights of the on-coming train, he leaps, grabs onto the
edge of the platform, hoists himself up, just before the
subway blasts through the station, comes to a halt.

INT. OPPOSITE SUBWAY PLATFORM - MOMENTS LATER

Ethan huffs, puffs, struts victoriously over to the stairs.

He climbs up out the subway steps, shoulders up, back
straight. *Anything is possible.*

INT. ETHAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Slumped shoulders, hunched back. Adrenaline high has worn off. Ethan drops his phone, wallet, keys to the floor. He melts down into the carpet.

Why's his heart beating so fucking loud? He looks over at the desk--the PIGGY BANK. He crawls for it.

Picks it up, grips it, raises it, about to smash it--

INT. BACK ROOM OF CHURCH - DAY

N.A. meeting. Bill, Ethan, Jay, Archie, plus some new faces.

BILL

And? Did you smash it?

ETHAN

No.

BILL

What'd you do?

ETHAN

I put it back, called you.

BILL

Why?

ETHAN

I saw my 30 Days chip, on the desk.

BILL

And?

ETHAN

And I wanna be sober.

BILL

You did well. You had a tough moment, so you called me. You did well.

ETHAN

Just feels like it's all tough moments, lately.

Jay perks up at that--it sounds familiar to him. *He can relate.* He opens his mouth to speak, to agree, to tell Ethan he's not alone, but--

ETHAN (CONTINUED)

My parents...they're just so disappointed. I told them I got this internship. Just so they think I'm doing *something*.

BILL

That's sort of pathetic.

ETHAN

I know.

Jay shoots Bill a skeptical glance.

BILL

Reminds me of a guy I know, used to go out everyday, tell his wife he had job interviews.

ETHAN

What was he really doing?

BILL

Sucking dick for Oxy, maybe, I can't remember--

JAY

Point is, lying can lead to backsliding. Right?

Bill turns, acts surprised by Jay's presence.

BILL

No, that wasn't my point.

He swings his head back around, eyes on Ethan.

BILL (CONTINUED)

My point is, festering in your own failures and personal demons will only turn you pathetic, weak. Yeah, you let your parents down. But guess what? You're genetically programmed to make the same mistakes they did. You're only human. You have to quit festering, Ethan. You have to *make something* of yourself.

Ethan's finally out of witty comebacks. He just sits there, eye's wider than a fucking owl. Jesus Christ would somebody break this silence--

JAY
That sounds like some tough-love bull
crap, to me. Ethan, you don't have to
make something of yourself. Just stick
to the steps. You have a sponsor?

ETHAN
Who are you, again?

EXT. FRONT STEPS, CHURCH - NIGHT

As Ethan exits the church, Archie taps his shoulder.

ARCHIE
Hey uh, E-Ethan?

ETHAN
Yeah?

ARCHIE
I'm Archie--

ETHAN
I know.

ARCHIE
I was-I was, I guess I need a...like a
sponsor? And I--

ETHAN
Let me save you some stutters, kid. I
can barely keep my own head on
straight, I'd be a miserable fuck of a
sponsor. Try that guy Jay, maybe.

Ethan continues on, gets flagged down again. Bill this time.

BILL
You have to put this internship
charade behind you. Come work for me.

ETHAN
At the moving company?

BILL
What? Like that's beneath you?

ETHAN
Not at all. Please, I will literally
do anything, short of sucking a male
cock, to start earning.

BILL
Female cock still on the table,
though?

ETHAN
Hey, I'll try anything once.

BILL
That's the spirit. You know where my
store front is?

ETHAN
Like there's a small business in the
'Ville, that I'm unfamiliar with.

BILL
That's right, I forgot, you're a real
man of the people. Meet me at
midnight.

ETHAN
Why so late?

BILL
You have to know one rule if you're
gonna come work for me.

Ethan raises an eyebrow.

BILL (CONTINUED)
No fucking questions, *ever*.

ETHAN
Fair enough.

BILL
And that kid, Archie? Sponsor him.
Might do you both some good.

ETHAN
Always with the helping other people,
crap. We get it Bill, you're the last
Saint of Yorkville.

BILL
Who the hell is we?

ETHAN
The People.

Ethan pops his headphones in, flips Bill the bird, walks off.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ETHAN'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ethan enters. Dad's on the couch, documents scattered about.

ETHAN
How goes it, Pops?

DAD
It goes round, son. It goes round.
Didn't know you'd be stopping by.

ETHAN
Left some laundry here yesterday. What
you got there?

DAD
List of target addresses around
Yorkville. Potential sales.

Ethan studies the documents.

ETHAN
Townhouses and brownstones?

DAD
The like.

ETHAN
Any update on that mortgage stuff?

DAD
Meeting a guy tomorrow.

ETHAN
Well that's vague.

Dad shrugs, looks defeated.

ETHAN (CONTINUED)
Dog been out?

DAD
No, gonna walk him now.

Dad gets up, leaves the room.

ETHAN
I'll do it.

DAD (O.S.)
Okay. I'll fold your laundry, then.

ETHAN
You're a mensch.

Ethan **snaps pictures** on his phone **of his dad's sales list**.

EXT. SIDEWALK, ROW OF TOWNHOUSES - NIGHT

Ethan walks the DOG. Slow walk, old dog. Leash in his left hand, phone in his right. He studies the snapshot of his father's sales targets--the list of addresses.

It reads: 301, 303, 305, 307, 309...

Ethan looks up, studies the corresponding numbers on the front of each townhouse. Studies the neighboring walk-up building, the brownstones across the street. Eyes glued--until the dog yanks him out of it, deems their pace too leisurely, even for him. Ethan looks at the dog.

ETHAN
Fuck am I even thinking, Rover?

The dog stops, squats, shits.

EXT. DISCOUNT BILL'S MOVING COMPANY - NIGHT

Ethan avoids a pile of dog shit, approaches BILL'S STOREFRONT. The store's safety gate is pulled down three quarters of the way so there's room to crawl under.

Ethan pulls his phone out, checks the time. 12:03AM.

He looks around, no one on the street. He drops to the ground, rolls under the safety gate--

INT. BLACK SUV - SAME TIME

Bill sits in the driver's seat. Daryl in shotgun. They watch Ethan roll under the safety gate.

BILL
You see that? Instincts.

DARYL
But can we trust him? Feels too quick.
Like we're rushing it.

Bill honks twice, flashes his brights. Ethan emerges from the storefront, climbs into the car, sits in the middle of the backseat, waits for the silence to break.

DARYL
Here's the deal, kid--

ETHAN
I'm 27 years old, pal.

DARYL
Your point?

ETHAN
I'm not a fucking kid.

BILL
Okay, Mr. 27-Year-Old. You want to be
talked to as an adult, here's the rub.

Bill adjusts the rearview mirror, looks Ethan in the eyes.

BILL (CONTINUED)
Fourth floor of that building, there.
Red brick, with the fire escape?

ETHAN
I see it.

BILL
Apartment's owned by the step-father
of a young woman in our crew.
Beautiful girl, intelligent girl,
intuitive--you'll love her.

DARYL
If he ever meets her.

BILL
Name's Macy, she's like a niece to me.
Her prick of a step-dad won't let her
come to meetings anymore.

ETHAN
I'm sorry to hear that--

DARYL
Your sympathy gets us nowhere.

BILL
Relax, D. We're about to ask him a
favor, you're jumping down his throat.

ETHAN
A favor?

BILL

Macy's been trying to emancipate herself for years. Long before she joined our crew.

ETHAN

How old is she?

DARYL

Don't be asking Bill questions, man--

BILL

Relax, D. She's in her early twenties.

ETHAN

So, she doesn't need to be *emancipated*. What's the issue?

BILL

When Macy's father died, he left all he had to her in a safe deposit box. Step-dad manages the bank her father used.

DARYL

We think he targeted her mother romantically, in order to get close enough to Macy--

ETHAN

Close enough to do what?

BILL

He claims to have a Master Key, can open up every single safe deposit box in the bank. Tells Macy, he gets one whiff of her trying to claim her rightful inheritance, he'll take it all. Instead, he dishes it out to her in little bits, like an allowance.

ETHAN

Sounds made up. Like a scare tactic.

BILL

That's what we thought, smart guy. And that's where you come in.

ETHAN

I don't follow.

BILL

Our guy, AD. Handyman. Used to install Safe Rooms for a security company.

DARYL

That was before he joined the crew, became a small business owner.

BILL

Really made something of himself.

ETHAN

Cute story. How's it relate to us, parked outside a bank manager's building, half past midnight?

DARYL

AD helped install the Safe Room up in Macy's Step Dad's place. So we know, for a fact, it only has one weak spot.

BILL

The Safe Room has a window. In the event they need to lock themselves in, can't run outta oxygen. Plus, why the fuck would anyone ever scale a building, to get into a Safe Room, that almost nobody knows exists?

ETHAN

You want me to climb up there? That's like...four fucking stories.

DARYL

Told you he wouldn't do it.

BILL

He didn't say he wouldn't do it.

ETHAN

Not exactly what I thought you meant, when you said you had work for me.

BILL

Consider it a trial run. This crew requires a certain level of trust.

Bill turns all the way around, looks right at Ethan.

BILL

Scale the building, break the window.

DARYL
Safe Room's soundproof, by design. No
one in the apartment'll hear.

BILL
Plug this code into the safe, take a
picture of the Master Key to confirm
its existence, get the hell out.

Bill hands Ethan a SLIP OF PAPER with a numbered code on it.

ETHAN
I shouldn't take the key?

BILL
You take it, he might realize before
Macy gets a chance to make her play.

ETHAN
Bill, this is insane.

BILL
Any more insane than stealing pills
and petty cash from your neighbor's
apartments?

ETHAN
Look where that landed me.

BILL
You have skills, E. There's nothing
worse in life than a wasted skillset.
Make something of yourself.

Ethan gets out of the car.

EXT. RED BRICK BUILDING ON CORNER - SAME TIME

Ethan studies the facade of the red brick building. He twirls
the cowlick at the back of his head, loops the hair around
his finger. He looks left, looks right--coast is clear.

He climbs up onto a railing-divider, beneath which a
staircase leads down to a sub-level. He balances.

A fall to the sub-level could kill him, maim him at least. He
climbs from the divider to the awning of the neighboring
building.

INT. BLACK SUV - SAME TIME

Bill & Daryl watch in awe, as Ethan climbs from one building to the next, spider-monkeys his way onto the fire escape.

DARYL
No fucking way.

BILL
Told you. He's the one.

EXT. FOURTH FLOOR FIRE ESCAPE - MOMENTS LATER

Ethan climbs up to the fourth and final level. He steps up onto the railing, scales the ledge of the building, over toward a WINDOW, six feet from the platform.

Ethan shimmies across the ledge, gets to the window, tries to open it--IT WON'T BUDGE. Fuck.

He tries again to open it, harder this time, elbow grease...it works, the glass slides up. He climbs inside.

INT. SAFE ROOM, BANK MANAGER'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The Safe Room is bare in amenities--army style rations, a couple supply boxes, and of course, the safe.

Ethan twists the lock to match the digits on the slip of paper. The lock clicks. The door swings open. He rifles through folders and files, pulls out a large, round KEY, on a long sliver chain--BINGO. He snaps pictures on his phone.

INT. BLACK SUV - MOMENTS LATER

A POLICE CRUISER pulls up next to the car. Just for a moment. It passes on by, slows to a stop at the red light. Daryl stares straight ahead, tunnel vision, until the red glow turns green, the police cruiser strolls on. Sigh of relief.

Bill and Daryl watch Ethan emerge from the window.

BILL
Here's the tricky part.

DARYL
No way he makes it back to that platform.

BILL
Can't you have a little faith?

DARYL
Had a little faith in our last
climber, didn't I?

BILL
I didn't know any better, I'd swear
you were challenging me, D.

Lump in his throat, Daryl swallows hard.

DARYL
Bill, I--

BILL
Look.

They watch Ethan hang from the window by just his arms--

EXT. FOURTH FLOOR FIRE ESCAPE - SAME TIME

--Ethan flattens his feet against the building, LAUNCHES
HIMSELF TWO YARDS THROUGH THE AIR, four fucking stories above
the ground, just barely grabs onto the fire escape.

DARYL (O.S.)
Holy shit.

Ethan repels down, gets to the second floor, jumps to the
closed dumpster beneath.

INT. BLACK SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Ethan climbs into the backseat of the car.

ETHAN
I took a pic, it's real. I got it.

They drive off, navigate traffic, obey the rules of the road.

DARYL
Hate to admit it, I'm impressed.

ETHAN
Where we going now?

BILL
Let's get rid of this car. It's time
you met the crew.

ETHAN
Wait, whose car is this?

INT. BIG TIME ARCADE - NIGHT

Retro arcade games, colorful lights...a pre-teen's paradise.

MACY, 20s, free-spirit, too intelligent to hang with a crew like this, but alas, here she is. She races Celeste in a NASCAR arcade game. Celeste cheats, cover's Macy's eyes.

MACY

Cheater! Cheater! You bitch.

Peter and Andre play Pop-a-Shot, Charlie idles nearby.

CHARLIE

Where's Bill at, anyway?

ANDRE

Don't be so concerned, Chuck.

PETER

Bill's right where he needs to be.

CELESTE

Always is.

CHARLIE

Just think it's kinda funny, he likes to know where we are all hours of the day. Won't keep *us* in the loop though.

CELESTE

You gotta strange sense of humor, Chuck, you think that's *funny*.

Celeste loses the racing game to Macy.

MACY

I believe the saying is, *cheaters never prosper*.

ANDRE

Nah, she just ain't cheating right.

Bill enters, flanked by Daryl and Ethan. Daps and cheers from all. Peter hands Daryl a beer, who passes it to Ethan.

ETHAN

Uh, I'm in recovery.

He tries to hand the beer back. They laugh.

PETER
So's everyone else.

DARYL
It's non-alcoholic, relax. This is the crew. Gawky motherfucker is P. C's the one with the metal shit in her face.

CELESTE
Fuck you, D.

BILL
This is my main man, E. I know you'll all make him feel at home.

PETER
Hey new guy.

CELESTE
Sup E? AD is the one kicking ass in Pop-a-Shot over there. We call Fat Charlie here, Chuck.

CHARLIE
We met a few times.

ETHAN
Yeah?

CHARLIE
You go to meetings at the church on 83rd street, right?

ETHAN
Oh right, right, right.

PETER
E, this is M. She was our last newbie.

ETHAN
M?

MACY
Macy.

She sticks her hand out for a shake. He takes it, leans in.

ETHAN
(whispers)
Ethan. Although, I think we're supposed to use our code names.

She laughs.

MACY
Wanna play some Mortal Kombat?

ETHAN
Oh, hell yeah.

Everyone splinters off into arcade games, odd-man-out Chuck has no one to play with. Bill nods at Daryl, who follows him up a staircase.

ETHAN
What goes on up there?

Macy shrugs.

MACY
Just Bill's office, I think.

ETHAN
Does Bill own this arcade?

CELESTE
We all do.

ETHAN
Like a co-op?

INT. SECOND FLOOR OFFICE, BIG TIME ARCADE - NIGHT

Bill sits behind his desk, Daryl stands.

BILL
I need you to fall in line on this.

DARYL
Don't I always?

BILL
You do. This'll be different, though.

DARYL
Cause you're rushing.

BILL
He's a thief *and* a climber. We've got a timeline to keep, do we not?

Daryl nods.

BILL (CONTINUED)
It's gonna seem like I'm playing
favorites. Just let it go.

Daryl looks down at his feet.

DARYL
Alright.

BILL
You have to stay on point here, D. We
move these jewels, we hit the train,
we're good as gold for the final job.

DARYL
Hey, when am I not on point?

INT. BIG TIME ARCADE - NIGHT

Charlie sits alone at the racing game. Andre and Peter sit
atop the air hockey table, their crotches block each goal.
Their version of air hockey involves knocking the puck into
their opponent's nuts. Daryl and Celeste play Pop-a-Shot.

Ethan and Macy sit on the Skee-Ball machine, she looks over
his shoulder, laughs as he swipes left or right on Tinder.

MACY
What the hell was wrong with her?

ETHAN
I'dno, her cheeks looked puffy.

MACY
Puffy cheeks? Is that something guys
look at?

Mortified, Macy feels her cheeks.

ETHAN
Not like that, not like that. Just
sometimes things pop out--

CELESTE
Hold the phone, nothing better be
popping out over here. Bill's got
strict rules about commingling within
the crew.

MACY
Yeah, keep it in your pants, E. Jeez.

ETHAN
Psht, it's so in my pants, I may as well be wearing a chastity belt.

MACY
Oh, please. I bet you send dick pics to all these girls.

ETHAN
See for yourself, not a dick pic in sight.

He offers up his phone. Macy takes it, goes through his pics.

MACY
This your handsome pup?

ETHAN
Family dog, yeah.

MACY
Damn, you take a lot of pics of him.

ETHAN
I go back home every other day pretty much. Don't want him to forget about me, ya know?

MACY
And what's this?

She stops on the picture of Ethan's Dad's sales targets.

ETHAN
Oh, nothing interesting.

MACY
Interesting enough to snap photos of.

Celeste sneaks over, snatches the phone.

CELESTE
What do we have here?

ETHAN
It's just my dad's sales targets. He's trying to sell home security systems.

MACY
And you took a picture of the addresses?

ETHAN
I guess I did, yeah.

CELESTE
When he wasn't looking?

ETHAN
I don't know why I did it. Wanted to
check 'em out, I guess.

MACY
Did you?

ETHAN
I walked by with my dog. Just to have
a look.

Bill and Daryl reappear at the bottoms of the stairs.

BILL
What's E saying?

ETHAN
Nothing, really.

DARYL
No secrets in this crew, man.

ETHAN
Uhhh--

CELESTE
E's dad sells home security.

ETHAN
It's not exactly going well.

CELESTE
He stole a list of his sales targets.

ETHAN
I wouldn't say stole--

BILL
No kidding, E?

CELESTE
He even checked the addresses out.

ANDRE
Like he's plotting something.

ETHAN
Well, I wouldn't say plotting.

BILL
Very entrepreneurial of you.

ETHAN
What...What are we even talking about here?

ANDRE
Breaking and entering. At least, that's usually the next step. After you case a joint.

ETHAN
No, it's-it wasn't like that. I was just thinking about my dad.

CELESTE
That's how I started--except for my mom. My dad's hospital bills, the funeral...put my mom in a hole.

ETHAN
Started what?

BILL
You took care of her. Didn't you, C?

CELESTE
Thanks to you. And everyone else here.

BILL
All we did was remind you about your own agency. C's a builder. She made something of herself. What are you, E?

ETHAN
Right now I feel like a letter in a can of alphabet soup.

BILL
There's that signature wit. You have to quit deflecting. Tell us about your father.

ETHAN
What about him?

BILL
What about him, E?

ETHAN
He's a good dad. The best.

He looks down at his feet. When he looks back up, all members of this bizarre co-op have him circled.

BILL
What's so great about him?

ETHAN
I...I have one kidney. Born this way. It's not a big deal. But, when my grandpa died, his kidneys failed. I asked my dad, why didn't you give one of yours to Grandpa? He told me, I'm saving it for you.

MACY
Oh my god.

ETHAN
It just hurts to see him struggle. He's a proud guy. Gave me everything.

MACY
That's why you're thinking about breaking into those houses?

ETHAN
What am I gonna do? Scare homeowners into buying security systems--

EXT. OUTSIDE ROW OF TOWNHOUSES - NIGHT

--Ethan emerges from a mini-van, bandana over his face, approaches a SIX-STORY RED BRICK WALK-UP which borders the FIRST TOWNHOUSE of the row.

He twirls the cowlick at the back of his head, loops the hair around his finger.

Ethan hoists himself onto the building's trash bins, climbs the fire escape ladder, spider-monkeys to the ledge of the fourth floor, scales the red brick toward the townhouses.

A WOMAN smokes a cigarette out her window, studies Ethan. Her indifference is a thing of beauty. Ethan climbs from the building's ledge to the roof of the first townhouse.

EXT. ROOFTOP, TOWNHOUSE 1 - MOMENTS LATER

Ethan lands safely on the roof. Badass parkour shit. The adrenaline rush cools. BUT ONLY FOR A MOMENT. He hears something. Chatter? He walks across the roof, toward a wall.

Smoke clouds and LAUGHTER should have clued him in. He rounds the corner, stumbles upon a GROUP OF TEENS, four or five of them, couple girls, couple guys--he takes cover.

TEEN 1 (O.S.)
Wait...I think I just saw something.

TEEN 2 (O.S.)
What kinda something?

TEEN 1 (O.S.)
Like, a person.

TEEN 3 (O.S.)
Should we call 9-1-1?

TEEN 2 (O.S.)
My parents'll find out we're up here.

TEEN 3 (O.S.)
Let's just go over there, all of us,
and beat their ass.

TEEN 2 (O.S.)
What if they have a gun?

Ethan bolts--runs for the roof of the next house.

TEEN 3 (O.S.)
Holy shit!

Ethan leaps the short barrier between rooftops, lands on the second townhouse, trips, tumbles onto his ass.

EXT. ROOFTOP, TOWNHOUSE 2 - SAME TIME

Ethan stops to catch his breath--oh fuck, now he's directly in the sightline of the stoner teens! He's back up on his feet, takes off, full sprint, goes for the third townhouse.

EXT. ROOFTOP, TOWNHOUSE 3 - MOMENTS LATER

He lands. Fucking amateur--still in their direct line of sight. Mad dash to the next rooftop, then the fifth, then the roof of the sixth townhouse, then the last one...

EXT. ROOFTOP, TOWNHOUSE 7 - MOMENTS LATER

...he looks back at the teens, at least one of them has gone down stairs, maybe some are filming on smart phones.

ETHAN

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

He looks around, no where left to go. He looks down--a tiny excuse for a balcony, more like a spot for flowerpots. Beneath that, maybe ten feet before the concrete. *Maybe more.*

He looks back--fuck all, more people on the roofs now. Fuck.

ETHAN

Fuck.

He jumps. More like, steps down. Falls, really. Tries to land on the flowerpot balcony--overshoots it of course. Reaches out, grabs for it, wraps his fingers around the metal railing--it rips right off the side of the building.

Shit. *This again.* Falling in **slow motion**. What's with this? And why's that window curtain look so lovely, stirring slowly in the breeze--

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF TOWNHOUSE 7 - MOMENTS LATER

--nothing's more trustworthy than gravity. Ethan collides with concrete. Time goes back to normal.

MASKED FIGURES lift him off the ground as he fades in and out of consciousness.

INT. POTENTIAL CUSTOMER'S BROWNSTONE, 2ND FLOOR - DAY

NASIR, 50s, leads Ethan's Dad through a beautiful three-story, unfurnished brownstone.

DAD

Basically, you're going to want alarms anywhere a burglar might consider a point of entry.

NASIR

I see.

DAD

Like these windows, here? They're huge, almost inviting.

Dad jots notes down on his clipboard, they continue the tour.

DAD

We'll wire up the intercom so that you can communicate floor-to-floor. You know, with guests, family, workers.

NASIR

I see.

Dad shows Nasir the clip board.

DAD

The price range you're looking at.

NASIR

Okay, well that's cheaper than the last guy I had here. So that's good.

DAD

Good.

Dad takes a smart-tablet from his bag, presses some buttons.

DAD

You know, it looks like you're not getting an internet connection here. Let's try downstairs.

NASIR

Actually we have not had the WiFi people come yet.

DAD

So you don't have an internet connection in this house?

NASIR

No.

DAD

But you need one to get the security systems running.

NASIR

Yes, well this is just preliminary conversation.

DAD

Mr. Nasir, that's not what you said over the phone--

NASIR

Anyway, thank you for coming. When we have the internet up and running I will be sure to call you again.

Dad runs his hand over his bald head in frustration.

INT. POTENTIAL CUSTOMER'S BROWNSTONE, 1ST FLOOR - DAY

Nasir sees Dad out, closes the front door. He approaches a cabinet, opens it--reveals an unplugged Wifi Modem.

He plugs it in.

EXT. OUTSIDE NASIR'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

Dad takes a deep breath, rips the page of notes from his note pad, crumples it up, tosses it in the gutter.

DAD

Damnit.

EXT. SIDEWALK, STREETS OF YORKVILLE - DAY

Jay wears his work Uniform--it looks vaguely police-related, almost like a cop's Halloween costume. He strolls the sidewalk like a zombie. If there's a meaning to life, Jay hasn't found it. Not even close.

A PUNK KID comes riding right toward him on a bike. Jay stops, squares his stance, puts a hand up.

JAY

Hey, no bike riding on the sidewalk--

PUNK KID

Eat my ass, bitch!

The punk kid loops around Jay, rides off. The sirens of a nearby police car light up. Jay stares at it. It speeds off, sirens blaring. Jay's eyes follow it until it's out of sight.

INT. KNICKKNACK STORE - DAY

Celeste browses a store filled with worthless crap your Grandmother might stack on her shelves. Little statues, mini candles, figurines--it's like a hoarders paradise.

As a CUSTOMER approaches the checkout counter, the CLERK becomes distracted, Celeste knocks a whole shelf's worth of knickknacks into her satchel, walks out of the store calmly.

INT. GRACIE'S DINER, BOOTH - DAY

LYLE, 40s, tacky suit with a name tag, vanilla as they come.

Across from him, MACY'S MOTHER, 40s. Macy sits next to her. They eat breakfast, swill coffee, enjoy each other's company.

An ALARM GOES OFF. Macy's Mother pulls her phone out, clicks off the alarm, digs into her purse, takes out a prescription pill bottle, swallows one pill. Lyle pays it no mind. Macy's discomfort is all over her face. Lyle checks his watch.

LYLE

Oh man, where did the morning go? I
have to get to the bank.

He rises, takes out some cash, puts it on the table, leaves.

INT. ETHAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ethan wakes up, belly-down on the couch, ice pack on his bruised back. He reaches out for his cell.

ETHAN

Ahhhh.

Snags it--calendar notification flashes across the screen:
"GET TO A MEETING, WORK THE STEPS, TRUST THE PROCESS"

He puts his phone down, continues to lay there.

INT. ELECTRONICS REPAIR STORE - DAY

CHESTER (40's), greasy blob of a man, stained white shirt, sits opposite Dad.

CHESTER

What I need you to understand is, this
isn't a bank.

DAD

I understand--

CHESTER

See, I'm not sure you do. Plenty a
guys, they come in here, I tell 'em
how it is, they say to me--*I*
understand. People always say they
understand. What I'm telling you, is
you don't, else you wouldn't be here
in the first place.

DAD
I'm in a jam--

CHESTER
Well that much is obvious. Guys come in here, they're in a jam. If they weren't, they wouldn't come in.

DAD
An associate told me, I need a loan in a pinch, you're the man to see.

CHESTER
You were told right. You were. I'm just trying to get my point across is all.

DAD
You're not a bank. Point taken. Now, can you help me?

CHESTER
Help you? No. I can't help you.

Dad deflates.

CHESTER (CONTINUED)
What I *can* do, I can grant you your loan.

EXT. BASEMENT-LEVEL OFFICE - DAY

A gold plaque on a black door reads:

YORKVILLE SECURITY COMPANY

Jay approaches, coffee in hand.

INT. HEADQUARTERS, YORKVILLE SECURITY COMPANY - MOMENTS LATER

Jay pushes through the heavy door, pinches his coffee cup too tight, burns his hand with the overflow of hot java.

JAY
Ah, ah, snap.

He navigates the shabby, narrow office space, finds a counter for the coffee, shakes off his hand.

BUCK, 50s, huge forehead, sloppy suit, slaps Jay on the back as he picks the coffee back up--another spill.

BUCK
Careful there. Might burn yourself.

JAY
How's it going, Buck?

BUCK
Busy morning, actually.

JAY
Catch a case?

BUCK
Not since I retired from the department. Had to fax a bunch of papers back and forth with the local precinct. Ya know Jerry? The new guy? He was doing late night patrol last week, came across a *dead body*.

JAY
No kidding?

BUCK
Not 'til you hear how the guy got dead.

JAY
Humor me.

BUCK
Fell from the second story of a building, landed on a big, circular piece of glass.

JERRY, 50s, big guy with a baby face, exits the BOSS' office. He's spooked, heads right for the bathroom.

Jay finally goes for his first sip of coffee--

BUCK
Was apparently a part of some elaborate jewelry store heist.

Jay stops in his tracks, the cup never reaches his mouth.

JAY
Hold this for me.

INT. BOSS' OFFICE, YORKVILLE SECURITY COMPANY - DAY

BOSS, 60s, takes a swig of coffee.

BOSS

What'aya mean, who's on the case?
Nobody's on the case. The police are
on the case.

JAY

One of our own comes across a dead
body, and we just do nothing?

BOSS

We didn't do nothing. We called the
police. That's *the* thing. The only
thing. Literally. Patrol the
neighborhood, call the police.

JAY

Sounds like a whole lot a nothing.

BOSS

Do I need to remind you how you got
here? Don't go meddling in a murder
investigation--

JAY

They're calling it murder?

INT. HEAD QUARTERS, YORKVILLE SECURITY COMPANY - DAY

Back at his desk, Jay's on the phone. On his computer screen,
the home page for the local police precinct. He whispers--

JAY (ON PHONE)

Patch me through to the Chief of
Detectives...this is his brother.

INT. HALLWAY/FRONT DOOR OF ETHAN'S PARENTS' APT. - DAY

Ethan exits the elevator, dog on leash. He opens the front
door to his parent's place, hears his MOM and Dad yapping.

MOM (O.S.)

Maybe you should just quit, right now.

DAD (O.S.)

Not before I get my next paycheck,
measly as it may be.

Ethan takes the dog's leash off, let's it enter the apartment while he remains silent in the doorway.

MOM (O.S.)

Can you ask for a new manager. Maybe at the next meeting?

DAD (O.S.)

They're gonna fire me before then, if I don't get my numbers up.

Ethan closes the door, leaves.

INT. BIG TIME ARCADE - DAY

Ethan opens the door, bursts in, heads for the stairs.

MACY

Hey Ethan.

He flies right by Macy, twirls the cowlick in his hair.

INT. SECOND FLOOR OFFICE, BIG TIME ARCADE - MOMENTS LATER

Bill and Daryl study a set of blueprints. Ethan enters.

DARYL

Ever heard a knocking?

BILL

Where the fuck you been, E?

ETHAN

I-I had some stuff to take care of--

BILL

Haven't seen you at a meeting in days.

ETHAN

I had stuff to take care of--

BILL

You weren't answering your phone. Communication is the most important aspect of trust. No communication, no trust. It's the transitive property.

DARYL

When Bill calls, you answer.

ETHAN
I didn't realize you had such
separation anxiety.

DARYL
That smart fucking mouth a yours is
gonna get your nose broke one of these
days.

BILL
Can you give us room please, D?

Daryl's jaw drops, then his head. He shuffles out.

BILL
How's your back, by the way?

ETHAN
Just bruised a bit, I got lucky.

BILL
What you got, is skill.

ETHAN
Well, it wasn't enough.

BILL
This shit takes time. You have to be
patient.

ETHAN
My dad's gonna get canned, Bill.

BILL
This crew is going to help your dad.
But first thing's first--you've got
unpaid dues.

ETHAN
You know I don't have any money.

BILL
Earning your keep around here isn't
about cash. Every single person in
this crew has earned their way.

ETHAN
You know I'm good for it, Bill.
Whatever it is, I'll do it. Just tell
me.

INT. YORKVILLE'S NUMBER ONE BANK - DAY

Ethan enters the enormous bank, with the sky-high ceilings and the giant glass walls.

BILL (V.O.)
You're going to enter Yorkville's
Number One Bank, approach the bank
manager--

ETHAN (V.O.)
I know that place, it's like an
architect's wet dream. I'll suit up,
so I seem more legit.

In the blink of an eye, Ethan's attire transforms into a well-tailored suit, loafers, briefcase.

BILL (V.O.)
Now you're thinking. You have to tell
the bank manager you're looking for a
place to open a safe deposit box.

He approaches the bank manager--it's Lyle, Macy's stepdad.

ETHAN
I'm thinking about opening a safe
deposit box.

LYLE
Fantastic, just follow me please.

Ethan follows Lyle up a spiral glass staircase.

BILL (V.O.)
The safe deposit vault room is
suspended in glass, above the first
floor. You have to pay attention to
security--guards, sensors, cameras.

INT. SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A small box of a room, SUSPENDED UP OVER THE FIRST FLOOR OF
THE BANK, incased in opaque glass.

BILL (V.O.)
You have to get him to use that Master
Key, confirm he really wears it around
his neck throughout the day.

Ethan studies the room, notices Lyle's top button is undone.

ETHAN
Seems top notch. Is there a system in place, in case I lose my key?

LYLE
Of course. We keep a back up. We've got a locksmith on call, as well.

Ethan drops his briefcase, papers spill all over the floor.

Lyle bends over to help Ethan--the MASTER KEY SLIDES OUT HIS SHIRT, dangles from a silver chain around his neck.

ETHAN
Say, how long would it take if I wanted to set up a box, *right now*?

INT. BILL'S CAR - DAY

Bill studies the cuticles on his right hand. He lets out a bored sigh. Ethan emerges from the bank, cuts across the street, climbs into the front passenger seat.

BILL
What took so long?

ETHAN
Bank Manager was yapping my ear off.

BILL
You have to stay focused, E. You wanna make something of yourself?

ETHAN
Hey coach, I handled it--didn't I?

BILL
You tell me. Guards inside the bank?

ETHAN
One. Don't think he had a gun, though.

BILL
Don't *think*? Or *didn't have*?

ETHAN
Didn't have. No sensors either, from what I saw. Manager definitely wears that key around his neck. Now, can we hit a few more of my dad's sales targets tonight--

BILL

You have to stop with these questions,
E. That's just not how this works.

Ethan looks away.

BILL

Alright. Tell you what. The way I see
it, you want in the crew, you have to
do three good deeds.

ETHAN

Like I'm Eddie fucking McDowd?

BILL

I don't know who that is, but you've
given us two solid deeds. One more,
you're in, we help your dad. Alright?

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

ALAN, 50s, prideful, condescending, sits in the barber's
chair, draped in a smock. He sees an incoming familiar face.

SAL THE BARBER cuts his hair.

ALAN

Give me a minute, would ya Sal?

Sal stops the cut. Jay enters, claims the other chair.

JAY

Alan.

ALAN

Jay, you look good.

JAY

Thanks Al, good to see you.

ALAN

So, how well'd you know the dead
thief? Botched jewelry store job--

JAY

I didn't say I knew him, I don't.

ALAN

I just assumed...he was in N.A., maybe
you two were in the same meetings.

JAY
Dead guy was in N.A.?

ALAN
I thought you knew.

JAY
Not everyone in the program knows each other, Alan.

ALAN
Sure...but then why do you care so much about a random robbery gone wrong? *You* called *me*.

JAY
I don't care, I'm just curious.

ALAN
You missed mom's birthday, you cock.

JAY
Who are you kidding? She didn't want me there.

ALAN
Yeah well, maybe I did.

JAY
I'm sorry, okay? It's not personal.

ALAN
That's how it feels when you get cut outta someone's life. Feels personal.

JAY
Guy on my squad found the dead thief.

ALAN
Let's get one thing straight, Jay. You don't have a *squad*. You're part of a private security company, hired by bored, privileged housewives. You're a security guard.

JAY
I'm glad you're not being an asshole about it. It's only my life.

Alan lets out a dramatic sigh.

ALAN
Dead Thief's name was Jack Fields.
Attended Narcotics Anonymous meetings
around the neighborhood.

JAY
Anything notable?

ALAN
Kid was a gymnast. Took home a silver
medal in the Olympics.

Jay opens his mouth, loses the words.

ALAN (CONTINUED)
Well? What are you thinking?

JAY
Nothing.

ALAN
Nothing?

JAY
Nope.

Jay pops up from the chair.

ALAN
Well, okay.

JAY
Keep me appraised?

ALAN
Someone's got to.

Jay leaves. The barber returns, continues the haircut.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Dad brushes loose hairs off the dog.

They continue their leisurely evening stroll.

Menacing shadows morph on the concrete in front of Dad.

He peers over both shoulders, unsure if he's being followed.

INT. SUSHI BAR - NIGHT

SUSHI CHEF behind the counter, cuts perfect slices of salmon.
Macy sits in front of a plate with several sushi rolls.
Ethan's plate has an assortment of nigiri.

ETHAN

Thanks for coming out with me. I was gonna just eat here alone. Always feel a bit awkward about it, though.

MACY

Really? I love eating alone.

ETHAN

Who loves eating alone?

MACY

This bish right here.

ETHAN

What do you like about it?

MACY

Well, if you're gonna do it, you *have* to have a book to read, or a podcast to listen to.

ETHAN

But then you don't wanna sit there with two headphones in, so you got one earbud in, one hanging off--

MACY

And you're wondering, why the fuck you don't just stick the other ear bud in, you're dining alone for Christ's sake?

Ethan opens his mouth to speak, loses the words.

MACY

What?

ETHAN

You seem...cool. I guess I mean, I understand why Bill's so fond of you.

MACY

Oh, *fond of me*? You kinda talk like a dork, you know that?

ETHAN

This is not the first time that's been brought to my attention.

MACY

First time by a pretty girl, though?

ETHAN

What, is one gonna come over here and say it to me?

He pretends to look around for a pretty girl.

They laugh, she throws a crumpled napkin at him.

ETHAN

How do you feel about the arcade?

MACY

How do I feel about the arcade? Or how do I feel about the *people inside* the arcade?

ETHAN

Shit, you kinda sounded like Bill there. The people inside.

MACY

It's nice, ya know? Like, to have. But, I don't know, I guess it's hard to see the storm, when you're standing in the center.

ETHAN

Shit, Macy. Did you just say something profound?

MACY

Not profound, no. Self aware, perhaps.

ETHAN

Can I ask you, what kinda shit you were getting into? Before N.A.?

MACY

Pills, powder. Usual bullshit. You?

ETHAN

Little a that. Little weed, little Roxi...then a lotta Roxis.

MACY

That'll do it to you. At least we're not dead, right? You ever have a friend O.D. on you?

ETHAN

Yeah, once. You?

MACY

Twice. One died. The other lived, got sober, relapsed...then killed herself.

ETHAN

Wow, some cheery dinner time chitchat.

MACY

Good thing we're eating light. What about you? Your O.D., they die?

He nods.

ETHAN

I picked up a few blues. There was a great slate of NBA games on. Me and my buddy used to get high, do live bets. I'm shit at math, but he loved that stuff. I got to his house, threw the pills on the table, went to take a piss. I come back, he's on the floor.

MACY

Damn. Your best friend?

ETHAN

After I called 9-1-1, I bagged up the rest of the tainted pills. I still have them, sitting in this piggy bank, on my desk.

MACY

What? Why?

ETHAN

I don't know. As a reminder, I guess.

MACY

That's crazy, you should flush that shit down the toilet. It's like a ticking time bomb, holding onto that.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The leash is tied around a tree.

The dog sits, watches Dad take the BEATING OF A LIFE TIME.

Chester stands beside the dog, as his TWO GOONS pummel Dad with their fists and feet.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE MACY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Ethan and Macy walk side-by-side up the block. They aren't holding hands, but every few moments their fingers touch.

MACY

You didn't have to walk me home.

ETHAN

And you didn't have to come to dinner with me tonight.

MACY

Just...I'm not gonna sleep with you.

ETHAN

I'm not gonna sleep with *you*, actually.

MACY

Oh, is that right?

He nods, smiles.

MACY

That's me on the corner.

ETHAN

Losing my religion...

MACY

What?

ETHAN

I'm just being a dork. Nice building.

MACY

My stepdad's got most the top floor.

ETHAN

Sounds roomy.

MACY
Only in a literal sense. Thanks for
dinner, E.

ETHAN
Hey thanks for being a friend, M.

Ethan watches her disappear into the building. He crosses the
street, plants his ass on a stoop, takes his cell out.

ETHAN (ON PHONE)
It's me, I did it...I'm across the
street now...no, nothing
suspicious...no, she didn't...this
doesn't feel right...feels dirty.

INT. SECOND FLOOR OFFICE, BIG TIME ARCADE - SAME TIME

Bill sits at his desk, talks into the phone, grinning.

BILL (ON PHONE)
Macy was there to support you, when
you claimed your agency the other
night. Now you don't wanna help her?

EXT. STOOP, ACROSS THE STREET FROM MACY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Ethan gesticulates with one hand.

ETHAN (ON PHONE)
Hey, I'm here, aren't I?

He hangs up--his cell immediately rings again.

ETHAN (ON PHONE)
Hey--I can't really talk...what? What
happened?...I'm coming.

INT. BACK ROOM OF CHURCH - NIGHT

N.A. meeting. Jay sits amongst a circle of blurred faces.

EACH MEMBER of the group speaks, Jay hears nothing. It's like
his ears are stuck in a permanent state of Tinnitus.

RANDOM N.A. MEMBER 1
Jay, you got anything you'd like to
share?

He heard that. Can't shake the fog though.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Jay navigates the fog, leaves the liquor store with a bottle of rum tucked under his arm.

DEALER approaches.

DEALER

Jay, my man. Haven't seen you in like,
a year? How you been?

Jay takes cash out, presses it to Dealer's chest.

DEALER

Oh, I see how it is. Bet.

He hands Jay an 8-ball of coke, walks away shaking his head.

DEALER

Fucking addicts.

INT. JAY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

When the fog clears, Jay's a moment from railing a line of blow, diving into a fifth of rum...but his phone rings.

JAY (ON PHONE)

Hello?

ALAN (O.S.)

It's me. I'm at a crime scene. 77th
and York, how quick can you get here?

JAY (ON PHONE)

What? What are you on about?

ALAN (O.S.)

Jay-Jay, are you alright?

JAY (ON PHONE)

I'm perfectly fine, you just caught me
off guard. What's up?

ALAN (O.S.)

I'm at a murder scene. Guy was shot
five times, getting into his car.

JAY (ON PHONE)

What are you telling me for?

EXT. CRIME SCENE, CAR PARKED ON STREET - SAME TIME

Alan studies the dead body in the driver's seat. IT'S PETER, FROM BILL'S CREW. He's a pale, bloody, lump of flesh. His death was violent and unceremonious.

ALAN (ON PHONE)
DB's name is Peter Mancheli. Next of kin informed us that he was--

JAY (O.S.)
In Narcotics Anonymous.

INT. JAY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - SAME TIME

He stands up.

JAY (ON PHONE)
Gimme twenty minutes.

Jay hangs up, dumps the drugs and alcohol down the toilet.

JAY
Not today.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Dad lay on a hospital bed, IV in one arm, cast on the other, bruises on his face, brace around his neck.

Ethan hovers.

ETHAN
I'm here, pop. I'm here.

He takes Dad's hand. Dad squeezes back.

ETHAN (CONTINUED)
What the hell happened? Who did this?
Where's mom?

DAD
Your uncle came and picked her up,
they went up state.

ETHAN
What? Why? Why isn't she here--

DAD
Cause I don't know if she'll be safe
at home.

ETHAN

Dad, what are you talking about? Tell me what's going on.

DAD

If I missed another payment, bank would have taken the apartment.

ETHAN

I don't understand, what did you do?

Dad's eyes close. Ethan finds his father's jacket on the back of a chair, pulls out Dad's cell.

INT. DARYL'S CAR - NIGHT

Ethan studies a text conversation on Dad's cell:

"I have the rest of your money."

"I'm glad we got you feeling motivated. Meet at my shop."

"Where?"

"Same place as before, corner of 82nd and 3rd."

Daryl in the driver's seat, Bill in shotgun, Ethan in the back.

DARYL

You sure this the spot?

ETHAN

Just said to meet at his shop, 82nd and 3rd. Figure if I ask anymore questions, he'll know something's up.

BILL

This is the place. Electronics repair store. I know this guy.

ETHAN

You do?

BILL

I do. Guy's name is Chester. We've got history.

ETHAN

How do you know him?

DARYL
Enough with the questions, kid. We
doing this?

BILL
Just me and E. Keep the engine
running.

DARYL
I gotta miss out on the fun?

BILL
Just stay focused on tomorrow, D. And
keep the engine running.

EXT. ELECTRONICS REPAIR STORE - NIGHT

Bill emerges from Daryl's car, aluminum baseball bat in hand.
Ethan follows him out.

ETHAN
What's the plan? Oh, shit--

Bill smashes the glass door of the shop, steps inside through
shattered glass.

INT. ELECTRONICS REPAIR STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Ethan follows Bill in. Chester runs out from the back.

CHESTER
What the hell?

Chester makes a mad dash for the checkout counter.

Bill leaps up and over the counter, swings the bat at
Chester's hands as the grubby loan shark grabs for his
pistol. The gun goes flying.

BILL
Grab it, E!

ETHAN
Wh-what?

BILL
The gun, grab the fucking gun.

Chester tries to run. Bill swings the bat, knocks his feet
out from under him--loan shark hits the floor with a THUD.

CHESTER
Please, please, don't!

Bill forces the fat end of the bat into Chester's mouth.

BILL
Bet you thought you'd never see me
again.

Ethan picks the pistol up, walks over to Bill's side.

BILL
This man took your father's agency. He
preys on the neighborhood. A parasite.
What are you gonna do about it?

ETHAN
I-I-I'm not...

BILL
Make something of yourself, E. *Do it.*

Ethan caresses the pistol.

BILL (CONTINUED)
Do it, E. Pull the hammer back, turn
this sloppy piece of shit into
nothing. *Make something of yourself.*

Ethan holds the pistol with two hands, aims the barrel at
Chester's forehead.

ETHAN
Ahhhhhh!

He drops his hands.

ETHAN
I can't, I can't. I can't do it.

Bill pulls the end of the bat out of Chester's mouth.

BILL
You're lucky I'm here for *him* and not
myself. I would'a shot you in the
dick, watched you bleed to death.

ETHAN
Let's go, please. Let's get out of
here.

BILL

Run along, E. Get back to Macy's building. We gotta big day tomorrow. Don't worry, you'll have another chance to make something of yourself.

ETHAN

What are you gonna do?

BILL

I'm gonna explain to Chester, here, that your father's not to be fucked with. He's off limits. Now, go.

Ethan runs out of the shop.

EXT. STOOP, ACROSS THE STREET FROM MACY'S BUILDING - DAY

Ethan sleeps, face in palm, elbow on knee. *Coffee fumes?* Coffee fumes. His eyes pop open like a cartoon character.

Celeste stands in front of him, a cup of Joe in each hand.

CELESTE

You look like shit. You been crying?

ETHAN

Long night.

She hands him a cup.

ETHAN

Celeste, you're my savior.

CELESTE

C. Only my parents call me Celeste.

ETHAN

Sorry, I'm tryna get in the habit.

CELESTE

Try harder. It's rubbing people the wrong way. Put this on.

She hands him a bag. He looks inside.

ETHAN

This is what we're wearing?

CELESTE

Under your clothes.

ETHAN
Hey, C. I don't know if I can do this.

CELESTE
A little late for that.

ETHAN
I don't even know the plan--

CELESTE
You know exactly what you need to
know. Just do as you've been told.

She walks off. A DRUM BEAT KICKS IN.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM, UNION SQUARE STATION - DAY

Union Square Subway Station, bustling as usual. Police, commuters, the homeless--a culture unto itself.

The DRUM BEAT comes from a CIRCLE OF DRUMMERS, each clad in a GREEN-MAN UNITARD, with Old West cowboy attire on top.

A bunch of green cowboys, beating drums for money. Odd sure, but this is New York City.

EXT. STOOP, ACROSS THE STREET FROM MACY'S BUILDING - DAY

Lyle exits the lobby.

ETHAN
Fucking A.

Ethan twirls the cowlick at the back of his head, loops the hair around his finger. He hops off the stoop, follows Lyle.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Lyle cuts across the street, against traffic. Ethan dodges cars, tries not to lose him. Lyle heads for Union Square.

Ethan sees the entrance to the subway, up ahead. He types a text message to Bill: GO TIME.

INT. SUBWAY STATION, UNION SQUARE - DAY

Lyle gets through the turnstile on one, easy swipe. Ethan's metro-card gives him problems. These faulty fucking card readers. He swipes again, no. One more time, nothing. Jesus fucking--fourth times a charm. Ethan dances his way through foot traffic, down the stairs to the platform.

INT. PLATFORM, SUBWAY STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Ethan PULLS HIS MASK ON, reveals that he too, wears a Green-Man unitard. He spots Bill and crew, hiding in plain sight, down the platform, beating drums.

A 6 train arrives, Lyle waits to board. Ethan blows into the WHISTLE that hangs from his neck, commands the crew's attention. Bill drops a cowboy hat on Ethan's head. Ethan follows Lyle onto the 6 train.

Bill and Daryl board the train, one car to the right.

Andre and Celeste board the train, one car to the left.

INT. MIDDLE CAR, 6 TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

Ethan watches Lyle from the distance. His Goddamn HEARTBEAT. Does everyone hear it? Like a microphone's in his chest.

PASSENGERS stare as if he'll start break-dancing any moment.

YOUNG GIRL takes a dollar from her MOTHER, hands it to Ethan.

INT. LEFT CAR, 6 TRAIN - SAME TIME

Andre's back is to the door, so no one sees as he reaches for the Dirty Harry-style pistol tucked in his back waistband.

Celeste wears a Native American-inspired poncho over her Green-Man suit. It's offensive, no doubt. But it's quite effective at concealing her sawed-off shotgun.

INT. M.T.A. CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

Charlie, the nerd who keeps popping up at N.A. meetings and hangouts with the crew, sits in a half-cubicle.

The large office has two dozen other half-cubicles, with a bunch of people dressed just like Charlie--short sleeve button downs, khaki pants.

Charlie's sweating.

Let's be real, look at this schlub, he's a sweater. But this is different. *This is nerves.* The text comes in, from Bill. The one that reads: GO TIME.

Charlie swallows hard, types into his keypad--

INT. RIGHT CAR, 6 TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

THE 6 TRAIN COMES TO A HALT BETWEEN STATIONS. Just blackness outside the train windows. Nothing to do but wait...

...unless you happen to be stuck in a train car with two 10 gallon hat-wearing, Green-Man cowboys, with two seriously huge pistols.

DARYL
GET YOUR MOTHER-FUCKING HANDS UP!
Phones and wallets, let's go!

No one is sure if they should take this seriously.

PASSENGER 1, over-the-ear headphones on, man-spreading across multiple subway seats, laughs at Bill and Daryl.

PASSENGER 1
This a motherfuckin' joke, yo?

Daryl pistol-whips the guy. Blood gushes from his face, splashes the other subway riders.

Passenger 2 forks over her phone and wallet.

PASSENGER 2
Oh my god!

Most passengers follow suit. Bill makes his way down the train car, moves the barrel of his pistol from face to face.

INT. LEFT CAR, 6 TRAIN - SAME TIME

Andre goes person to person, collects valuables, stuffs them into a satchel hanging from his neck. He comes up on a passenger who won't remove his hands from his jacket pockets.

ANDRE
C'mon G, what you got for me?

G is a PLAIN CLOTHES COP.

UNDERCOVER COP
Here's what I got for you, pal.

Undercover Cop's jacket pocket EXPLODES, as he pulls the trigger on his revolver, puts a bullet in Andre's belly.

SCREAMS FROM THE OTHER PASSENGERS.

Plain Clothes Cop swings his revolver around toward Celeste. It's too late. The sawed-off shotgun BARKS, leaves her poncho in tatters, leaves the brains of the Plain Clothes Cop splattered across the window of the train car.

INT. MIDDLE CAR, 6 TRAIN - SAME TIME

GUNSHOTS from one car down, make Lyle rise from his seat. The middle car erupts with nervous chatter.

PASSENGER 3
Was that...gun shots?

PASSENGER 4
Probably just some punks, popping the caps off plastic bottles.

Ethan puts a hand to his chest. Shit, anxiety attack? *Now???*

ETHAN
Shit, shit, shit--

INT. RIGHT CAR, 6 TRAIN - SAME TIME

Gunshots from two cars over steal Bill's attention.

BILL
Shit.

DARYL
The hell was that?

INT. MIDDLE CAR, 6 TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

Celeste enters the middle car, sawed-off shotgun in one hand, propping up Andre with the other who limps along, holds his bloody belly.

Lyle cowers behind other passengers.

CELESTE
Phones and wallets, let's go. Put 'em in.

Bill and Daryl enter the middle car from the other end.

BILL
Get the door.

Daryl pries open the train doors.

Bill approaches Lyle, who sees him coming and tries to run. Nowhere to go, Celeste pops up behind him.

Bill puts the barrel of his pistol to Lyle's temple.

BILL
You're coming with us.

LYLE
Like hell I am.

Bill pulls the hammer back on his pistol, it makes a loud, intimidating CLICK. Lyle goes pale in the face.

BILL
Are you familiar with the transitive property?

Bill moves the barrel of the pistol over to the forehead of the next passenger, the Mother of the Young Girl.

LYLE
Alright, okay! I'll go.

Celeste leads him through the train doors, down onto the tracks. Bill hops off next. Ethan helps a wounded Andre off the train. Daryl turns to the passengers.

DARYL
Everybody sit tight.

He jumps off. They disappear into the blackness.

INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Bill's crew emerges from the blackness. Lyle marches in front of Daryl, who pokes his gun into the hostage's back. The walls are covered in graffiti, remnants of squatters homes scattered about. Andre looks terrible.

ETHAN
We never said anything about hostages.
We could've just taken the key.

BILL
And then what?

ETHAN
I don't know, it's not my plan.

DARYL
Exactly. It's not your plan. Zip it,
kid.

BILL
We take the key and let him go, he has
the locks changed before we hit the
bank.

LYLE
Just let me go, I won't change them, I
won't--please, please!

He drops to his knees, clasps his hands together.

ETHAN
So what's the plan, then? Gonna bound
and gag him down here? Cops'll search
the tunnels. And what about Macy?

LYLE
Macy? What did you do to my--

BANG. Lead collides with skull at a hundred miles per hour.
Lyle collapses, *hole in head*. Daryl holds the smoking gun.

ETHAN
What the fuck!?

Ethan goes limp, drops Andre to the ground. Daryl takes the
MASTER KEY from the neck of Lyle's body.

DARYL
You just couldn't keep your fucking
mouth shut?

ETHAN
You killed him.

BILL
You killed him, E. Transitive
property. Everyone strip, now.

Everybody strips down to their undies. Celeste helps Andre.
The Green-Man suits and cowboy attire are tossed into a trash
can, set ablaze. A duffle bag is pulled out from a dark
corner, fresh clothes are handed out. Andre winces as Celeste
and Ethan dress him.

ETHAN
Where are we?

BILL
East 18th Street subway station.
Abandoned over 60 years ago.

They follow the tracks uptown. Ethan and Daryl drag Lyle's corpse along. Faint light from a train starts to look not so faint. Vibrations all around. It closes in.

DARYL
Here. Put him down.

They drop Lyle's body. Daryl straightens it out, tucks the limbs neatly inside the rails of the track.

ETHAN
What are we doing?

DARYL
You better move.

Daryl walks over to the wall, next to Bill, Celeste and Andre. The train gets closer, closer, closer--

CELESTE
Shit, E. Move.

Ethan darts to the wall. The train arrives, rips through the corpse like roadkill fed through a wood chipper. The body of Bank Manager Lyle practically evaporates into red myst. The train disappears down the tunnel. The gang follows the tracks to an active station, climbs up onto the platform.

EXT. STOOP OF SMALL BUILDING - DAY

Jay jots some notes down in his notepad.

An OLD LADY complains at him from her doorway.

OLD LADY
Soon as I go to bed, they let their
animals pee all over my Wildflowers,
my Hydrangeas--

JAY
Ma'am, there's nothing we can do about
dogs going number one on your flowers.
It's technically public property.

OLD LADY
That's what the police said.

JAY
You already called the police?

OLD LADY
Of course. They told me to call you people.

JAY
They meant that as a joke, ma'am. I'm sorry, there's nothing I can do.

OLD LADY
But *I* planted them! Did you write that down? They're *my* flowers.

Jay taps his pen to the notepad.

JAY
Yep, got it right here, ma'am.

The only note on his pad reads: KILL YOURSELF. His cell phone rings. He steps away, puts it to his ear.

JAY (ON PHONE)
Yeah?

ALAN (O.S.)
You see this train robbery?

INT. THE MORG, POLICE PRECINCT - SAME TIME

Alan watches a recording on loop from the POV of a train passenger during the Green-Man Heist.

JAY (O.S.)
Read about it, why?

ALAN (ON PHONE)
Check out the footage, when you can. I'd like your opinion.

JAY (O.S.)
Mine? Why's that?

Alan turns around, faces the large metal table, with CHARLIE'S DEAD BODY SPLAYED OUT ON IT. On a nearby tray, Charlie's valuables, including his ONE YEAR SOBRIETY CHIP.

ALAN (ON PHONE)
Cause I think you got a wolf in your henhouse.

EXT. VETERINARIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

A 'CLOSED' sign hangs in the glass door. Next to it, a bloody handprint.

Daryl appears in the glass door, sprays the bloody handprint with a Clorox spray bottle, wipes it away with a rag.

Moments later he emerges from the vet's office, followed by Ethan, Celeste, and Bill.

Daryl unlocks the car double parked in front of the vet's office. The gang approaches, but Ethan stops short.

ETHAN
I'm gonna break off.

They all stop in their tracks. Bill nods at Celeste.

BILL
D and I need to speak with our boy
here. Why don't you head out, seeing
as you can't be around for the next
part anyway.

Celeste salutes Bill, nods at Daryl, ignores Ethan's attempt at eye contact, walks off.

Bill puts a large, meaty hand around the back of Ethan's neck, steers him into the shotgun seat of Daryl's car.

INT. DARYL'S CAR - DAY

Daryl navigates traffic, refuses to look at Ethan.

ETHAN
Where are we going, Daryl?

DARYL
It's D.

Bill removes the leather belt from around his waste.

ETHAN
Let me out of the car, D. My pops is
in good standing now, he doesn't need
us anymore. I'm done, I'm out.

BILL WRAPS HIS BELT AROUND ETHAN'S NECK, STRANGLES HIM.

Daryl continues driving, cool and calm.

BILL

You have to know by now, E. There's no
out.

Ethan's face goes dark purple. He tries to speak--the words
can't escape...

Bill relinquishes his grasp on the belt.

Ethan sucks life back into his lungs.

ETHAN

Gaaaaahhhh--

BILL

Since you've joined the crew, we
taught you about agency. We helped you
save your dad. His career, sure. But
his life too.

ETHAN

You just killed a man--

BILL

We killed a man.

ETHAN

I know! I know we did. And it's all
fucked up. I'm gonna need years of
therapy from this shit--

DARYL

Therapy's for the weak.

BILL

You've got meetings, you've got the
crew. You don't need some crackpot
messing with your mind.

ETHAN

Little ironic, coming from you.

Daryl stomps on the breaks--Ethan's head flies forward, his
nose bashes into the glove box.

ETHAN

Ahhhh!

DARYL

What'd I tell you about that smart
mouth of yours?

Ethan holds his bloody nose.

BILL

You have to start listening, E.

ETHAN

I took Macy's temperature, I followed her home. I did the train...what the fuck else do you want from me?

BILL

What have I been saying this whole time? I want you to *make something of yourself*. Shit, he's really bleeding. You got a tissue, D?

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

The BROKER, Ed Harris-looking guy, hands Ethan a tissue.

BROKER

Used to get nosebleeds when I was a kid.

ETHAN

I'm not a kid.

BROKER

Didn't say you were.

BILL

You'll have to excuse E, here. He's a bit on edge today.

BROKER

Aren't we all? What do you got for me?

Daryl forks over a duffle bag.

The Broker puts it on his desk, opens it. The duffle's filled with stolen jewels from the opening heist.

BILL

Half a mil worth of gems in there, easy.

BROKER

Yeah, maybe on the open market. Best I can do is 250.

BILL
Don't fuck with me, now.

BROKER
Hey, you want to find another broker?
By all means...

Daryl takes a threatening step forward.

Bill puts a hand to Daryl's chest, stops him.

BILL
Two hundred fifty thousand. Fine.

The Broker opens a cabinet, pulls out a briefcase, hands it to Bill.

Daryl intercepts it.

DARYL
Want me to count it?

BILL
This cheap son of a bitch might be
lowballing us, but he doesn't have the
gaul to rip me off. Let's go.

Ethan checks the bloody tissue.

INT. HALLWAY TO ELEVATOR, LAWYERS OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Ethan tosses the tissue into a trash can.

Daryl hits the call button for the elevator.

DARYL
Two hundred fifty K? How you gonna let
him get away with that?

BILL
You know me better than that. Where do
you think he holds the stolen goods,
before he sells them off?

Daryl shrugs.

ETHAN
Safe deposit box. Yorkville's Number
One Bank.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

The gang heads for Daryl's car, parked out front of a MEN'S WEARHOUSE. In the window, mannequins with nice suits on.

Ethan's phone buzzes.

DARYL

How do you know the Broker uses the boxes at Yorkville's Number One?

Ethan answers his phone.

ETHAN (ON PHONE)

Hello?

BILL

Celeste fills in for his secretary, part time.

MEREDITH (O.S.)

Mr. Philips?

ETHAN (ON PHONE)

Who's calling?

MEREDITH (O.S.)

This is Meredith Stein, with the Yorkville Security Company.

ETHAN (ON PHONE)

Uhh, okay?

MEREDITH (O.S.)

Someone passed your resume along to me. I was hoping you might be able to come in tomorrow, for an interview?

Daryl and Bill climb into the car, Ethan walks a few steps away, whispers.

ETHAN (ON PHONE)

Like, for a job?

MEREDITH (O.S.)

Well, we aren't running the local paper...

Ethan stares at the Men's Wearhouse window, eyes the suits.

INT. HEAD QUARTERS, YORKVILLE SECURITY COMPANY - DAY

Ethan wears a brand new suit, sits in front of a desk.

MEREDITH, older lady, so happy at work, she might be a witch.
She smiles from the other side of the desk.

ETHAN

Sorry, who did you say passed along my
resume?

MEREDITH

Jay did, he said--

ETHAN

Jay?

MEREDITH

Jay Bender, one our security officers.
He said it'd be a personal favor to
him if we considered hiring you.

ETHAN

Well, I guess I have to thank Jay.

MEREDITH

You majored in copywriting in college?

ETHAN

That was my focus, yeah.

MEREDITH

You know anything about editing
content for websites?

ETHAN

A little, and anything I don't know, I
can google. I'm a quick learner.

MEREDITH

You'll pass a background check?

ETHAN

Of course.

MEREDITH

Alright, great. Let's--

ETHAN

Wait, wait, stop. I'm sorry. That was
a lie.

He rises.

ETHAN

I won't pass a background check. I've got some legal issues, I'm technically on probation. I should just go. I'm sorry I wasted your time.

She waives a hand, gestures him back down.

MEREDITH

Don't worry about it. Jay recommended you personally, so whatever you did, couldn't be that bad. You want the job, you got it.

ETHAN

Wait...simple as that?

MEREDITH

We are a wildly overfunded organization, son. And I'm in charge of day-to-day operations. So, yes. Simple as that.

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

Alan, back in the barber's chair, half his face covered in shaving cream. Jay enters, takes the open chair next to him.

JAY

Give us a minute, Sal?

The barber complies.

ALAN

You can't come find me at the precinct?

JAY

You know I can't. Weren't you just here?

ALAN

That was for my head, this is my face.

JAY

You're not pitching for the Yankees, Al.

ALAN
Is this what you came for? Give me
grief about how I spend my time and
money?

JAY
Somebody should.

Alan pulls a manila folder from under his barber smock. Jay
takes it, flips through.

The first picture in the folder is of Jack, the climber from
the opening heist, his corpse nearly sliced in half at the
waste. Jay flips to the next picture--Peter's dead body. The
third photo is Charlie's pale corpse at the morgue.

ALAN
Three DB's--two murders, and a botched
robbery. What's the connection?

JAY
Narcotics Anonymous.

ALAN
I was thinking, *you*. But sure.

JAY
Hey, screw you.

ALAN
Relax, I know you only kill people by
accident.

Jay rises, slaps the folder into Alan's chest, storms out.

EXT. OUTSIDE BARBER SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Alan rushes out, smock still on, shaving cream sliding down
his face.

ALAN
Hey, hey, hey, wait. Hang on, I'm
sorry. Wait a minute.

He grabs Jay's arm--Jay yanks it away, faces his brother.

JAY
You called *me*. You're gonna be a jack-
hole about it, I'm going home.

ALAN

Just wait a second, I'm sorry.
Alright? The Chief's son goes to N.A.
meetings.

JAY

Okay?

ALAN

He wants this solved, quietly.

JAY

As opposed to all the other triple
homicides?

ALAN

Who's being a jack-hole, now?

JAY

What's the Chief's kid's name?

ALAN

Don't remember his real name, goes by
Archie. Know him?

JAY

Just his face. He's quiet.

ALAN

One of the train bandits took a bullet
to the abdomen. Ran the DNA, no
matches. They killed a plainclothes
cop, Jay.

JAY

Check the hospitals? Emergency Rooms?

ALAN

Got squat. Contacted the FBI,
requested any knowledge they might
have on underground clinics. You know
how that goes, though. Bureaucrats.
All three vics attended meetings at
the local church. Same as you. Who's
pulling the strings?

JAY

If I knew that, I would've called you,
spared us this lovely get-together.

Jay turns to walk away.

ALAN
Wait, hold onto this. Maybe it'll
knock a few screws loose.

Jay snatches the manila folder, storms off.

ALAN
And watch the train robbery footage!

EXT. EAST RIVER PROMENADE - NIGHT

On a bench, Jay watches the recording of the train robbery,
now trending on Twitter.

He studies the manila folder. Flips through all the notes,
the violent images.

He reads the notes accompanying Jack's picture. A JOGGER
flies by, startles Jay--he flinches, drops the folder.

JAY
Crap.

Jay kneels down, gathers the folder's documents. His eyes
hone in on the words: FORMER OLYMPIC GYMNAST.

JAY
Crap!

INT. THE CLIMBING GYM - NIGHT

Ethan's halfway up the biggest wall of the facility. Once
again, he's got no harness on.

Jay stands at the base of the wall, looks up.

JAY
Hey, Ethan. You got a minute?

He looks down at Jay.

ETHAN
A whole minute? No. I'll tell ya what,
though. Time moves pretty slow up
here. If you can swing it.

Ethan continues to free-climb higher and higher up the wall.

Jay rolls his sleeves up, takes a deep breath, grabs onto a
peg, hoists himself up, climbs. He gets barely a quarter of
the way up the wall before his grip gives out.

He falls to the mat below, lands with a thud.

Ethan looks down at him with pity. Jay rolls off the mat, just before Ethan crashes down onto it.

ETHAN

Why'd you help me find a job? I didn't ask you to.

JAY

Felt like you needed a push in the right direction.

ETHAN

And what direction's that?

JAY

Whichever direction gets you furthest from Bill.

Jay offers a hand. Ethan ignores it, stands himself up.

ETHAN

What are you doing here? I'm not about to fuck an old man. Not even one who got me a job offer.

Jay's taken aback. His jaw hangs open...where are the words?

ETHAN (CONTINUED)

Relax. I'm kidding. I don't think I can take the job, though.

JAY

Why not?

ETHAN

Cause I already got one, sort of.

JAY

With Bill?

ETHAN

Maybe...why's it matter to you?

JAY

It doesn't. But it should matter to you. Here.

Jay thrusts the manila folder into Ethan's chest. He accepts it like a curious child.

ETHAN
What's this--oh no, holy shit.

He slaps it closed at the sight of the corpses, tries to hand it back. Jay won't take it. Ethan drops it to the floor.

JAY
Recognize any of them? You should.

ETHAN
What the hell is it with you?

JAY
You hear about that crazy 6 train robbery? Bunch of green cowboys?

Ethan starts climbing again.

ETHAN
Read about it online.

JAY
There was a passenger, she said the cowboys took a hostage.

ETHAN
So?

JAY
She said he went willingly. Not at first, though.

ETHAN
What's that gotta do with me?

JAY
She said one of the cowboys--the one she thought was in charge--said something about *transitive property*. Where have you heard that before?

ETHAN
I don't know, Jay. Eighth grade math?

JAY
Maybe at your fancy private school--

ETHAN
Fuck you.

JAY
I know it's Bill. I'm guessing he's
got you roped into this.

ETHAN
I don't know what you're on about.

JAY
They had a climber before you. They'll
probably have another, after. In
Bill's eyes, everyone's expendable.
Everyone's replaceable.

INT. DARYL'S CAR, OUTSIDE CLIMBING GYM - SAME TIME

Cell to his ear, Daryl watches through the large windows of
the climbing gym.

DARYL (ON PHONE)
You'll never guess who showed
up...when?...Consider it done.

INT. THE CLIMBING GYM - SAME TIME

Ethan hangs off the rock wall by one hand, looks down at Jay.

ETHAN
This is *my* place. You're ruining it.

Jay opens his mouth, desperate to get the last word
in...nothing materializes. He drops his head, walks out.

INT. DARYL'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Daryl spots Jay leave the gym, follows him from a distance.

He pulls a REVOLVER out of the glovebox, checks to make sure
it's loaded.

EXT. SIDEWALK/STREETS - NIGHT

Failure, that familiar feeling. Jay meanders down the block,
shoulders slumped. He's halfway to the corner before he
notices the tail. Dark SUV.

He cuts across the street, head swivels--oh yeah, tail job.

Instincts take over, Jay moves his hand down to his hip--
crap. No gun. Hasn't been there in over a year, old habits
die hard, though. Next he goes for his cell. *Who to call?*

Is he just paranoid? He makes a break for it, down a one-way street. The SUV Driver would need a serious set of cojones, to follow him the wrong way down a one-way...damn, the SUV pulls a half U-turn, REVERSES DOWN THE ONE-WAY, at a controlled speed.

JAY

Crap.

Jay dials 9-1-1 into his cell, climbs atop a dumpster outside a walk-up building, PULLS THE LADDER of the fire escape down.

EXT. WALK-UP BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Daryl reverses to a stop, sees the ladder pulled down, exits the car.

He tucks the revolver into his back waistband, hoists himself up onto the dumpster, climbs up the ladder to the second floor's fire escape--

EXT. SECOND FLOOR FIRE ESCAPE - MOMENTS LATER

--Daryl takes his gun out, peers in through the window.

DARYL

Where the fuck are you hiding--

His search is INTERRUPTED by a POLICE CAR, lights flashing.

TWO COPS hop out, approach the walk-up, guns drawn.

COP 1

Police, freeze!

DARYL

Motherfucker.

Daryl lifts his revolver, aims it toward the--

INT. DUMPSTER - SAME TIME

Jay hides in the darkness of the closed dumpster beneath the fire escape, listens to the PARADE OF GUNFIRE...

The shooting stops.

One final THUD and the dumpster rattles.

EXT. BIG TIME ARCADE - NIGHT

For a city that never sleeps, the streets of Yorkville sure are quiet...

Ethan eyes the second story window, above the arcade.

The gears turn in his mind. He maps a path up the facade of the building, twirls the cowlick at the back of his head, loops the hair around his finger. *Go time.*

With a running start, Ethan launches himself several feet up, latches onto the building, grips a crease in the wall, morphs into a spider-monkey, dances up the brick.

INT. SECOND FLOOR OFFICE, BIG TIME ARCADE - MOMENTS LATER

From the outside, Ethan attempts to pull open the first window. Doesn't budge. He almost falls, steadies himself, shimmies down to the next window, peers in through the glass, sees that this one's locked as well. He keeps shimmying. Third window's unlocked. He pries it open, slithers inside.

Fucking A. *Parkour gangster.* But, what's he even looking for?

Proof? Proof of what? Could he possibly find something worse than what went down in that subway tunnel?

The drawers in Bill's desk yield nothing of interest--but wait, that bottom drawer, why's there so little storage space? Doesn't look right.

Ethan pulls a ruler from a mug of pencils, slides it down into the drawer, fiddles and twists until--Yes! The false bottom of the drawer pops up, reveals a secret compartment.

ETHAN

What the...

Several prescription pill bottles--opiates, opiates, opiates. Beneath that, a little black book.

Ethan flips through the book. Certain pages have headers, some are names, familiar and foreign. He lands on a page with the name CHARLIE etched at the top. Beneath that, the words M.T.A. CONTROL ROOM, written in bold, underlined.

He flips a few pages down to a header titled PASSWORDS.

Ethan opens the laptop on Bill's desk, punches one of the passwords from the little black book into the computer.

He's in.

His eyes are drawn to a desktop folder titled BLACKMAIL. Double clicks--it's filled with **audio files**. He plays one.

AUDIO FILE 1: PETER'S VOICE

My name's Peter, I'm a drug addict--

ETHAN

What the...

Ethan skims the dates, clicks a more recent audio file.

AUDIO FILE 2: JAY'S VOICE

I guess I just feel like, I already lost everything, anyway. So what's even the point of staying sober?

Ethan's jaw drops. He covers his mouth, clicks out of the blackmail folder, double clicks a folder labeled: BANK JOB.

Inside is a file labeled: MACY.

ETHAN

Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit--

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK--he almost jumps out of his skin.

Ethan slams the laptop shut, stumbles back, bumps into a framed photo on the wall, barely stops it from falling.

He drops the black book into the drawer with the pills, replaces the false bottom, puts the ruler back in the mug-- KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

ETHAN

Shit.

He hoists himself back up onto the window, looks down--it's only Macy, knocking on the locked front door of the arcade. Ethan closes the window, leaves Bill's office.

INT. BIG TIME ARCADE - NIGHT

Ethan unlocks the front door, let's Macy in.

MACY

Where is everyone?

ETHAN

No clue, you okay?

She's disheveled. Red cheeks, watery eyes.

MACY

I'm fine, it's...is Bill here?

ETHAN

He's not. What's the matter? Come, sit down.

They both take a seat on the air hockey table.

MACY

Ugh, I hate when I get like this.

She wipes her smudged eye makeup.

ETHAN

Everyone needs a good cry sometimes.

MACY

Bill says tears are for the weak.

ETHAN

Bill says a lot of things, Macy.

MACY

My step-dad's missing. Been a few days. My mom won't get out of bed. I don't know if she on something, or if she's just like, manic?

Lump in his throat, Ethan hops off the table.

ETHAN

Missing? I-I'm sure he'll turn up.

He looks away. When he turns back, she's crying harder.

ETHAN

Shit. I'm sorry, I wish I knew what to say.

MACY

It's not your fault. Ugh, it's just, my mom was a fucking mess before he came into our lives. I don't want her backsliding, you know?

ETHAN

I thought you hated your step-dad?

MACY
What? Why would you--

ETHAN
I thought he was keeping your
inheritance from you.

MACY
What the hell are you talking about,
Ethan?

ETHAN
Oh, shit.

He twirls the cowlick at the back of his head, loops the hair
around his finger.

MACY
What?

ETHAN
I...I need to go to a meeting. Do you
wanna go to a meeting?

Macy checks her watch.

MACY
If we walk slow, we'll get to the
church in time for the early morning
session.

ETHAN
Let's do it.

INT. BACK ROOM OF CHURCH - DAY

LESLIE, 40s, wears a power suit and it might be her whole
personality. Her large bifocals carry the power to magnify
both her disdain, and occasional sympathy for her fellow
addicts.

Jay's there too, plus some UNFAMILIAR FACES.

LESLIE
We've got a lot of new faces here
today. Would anyone like to introduce
themselves?

Ethan makes direct eye contact with Leslie--looks away quick
like *fuck*.

LESLIE

What about you? Something on your mind? First time at a meeting?

Ethan shakes his head. Leslie looks around the room--Macy avoids eye contact, Jay stares down at his own feet.

LESLIE

I was in a meeting yesterday and someone asked the room something that I thought was really insightful. I found that it helped everyone start to open up a bit. So I'm going to ask you all now...

Leslie stares right at Ethan.

LESLIE

What is your greatest accomplishment?

INT. UPSCALE STEAK HOUSE - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Ethan sits across the table from his Mom and Dad. Dad's patched up from the beating he took.

WAITER comes by, refills everyone's champagne glasses.

DAD

Not a bad way to celebrate, is it?

ETHAN

Nah, not too shabby, Pops.

MOM

We're proud of you.

Mom plants a kiss on Dad's cheek.

DAD

I hardly did anything. Got lucky is all. Sales is a fickle beast.

Ethan raises his champagne glass, they cheers.

INT. BACK ROOM OF CHURCH - DAY

Leslie waits for his response.

ETHAN

My greatest accomplishment? Uhh...I guess, maybe, getting sober?

LESLIE

It's not meant to be a trick question.

ETHAN

I know. I just feel guilty. The best thing I ever did, get back to a place most people never leave--

A RANDOM NA MEMBER cuts him off.

RANDOM N.A. MEMBER 1

That's a trap, thinking that way.

ETHAN

I know. But do you believe there are things that people do that are...irredeemable?

LESLIE

Some things, sure.

RANDOM N.A. MEMBER 1

Like, genocide.

Jay rolls his eyes. Ethan twirls the cowlick at the back of his head, loops the hair around his finger.

ETHAN

I mean like, things an actual individual might do.

JAY

You think you've done something you can't square?

ETHAN

Not something...*things*.

LESLIE

I think, at a certain point, it's important to try and decide what kind of person you want to be.

ETHAN

Now you sound like Bill.

RANDOM N.A. MEMBER 1

Who's Bill?

ETHAN

No one.

LESLIE
You're suffocating yourself with
secrets. Buried feelings rot
eventually.

Ethan continues to twirl his cowlick, stare off blankly.

ETHAN
A while back...a friend of mine
overdosed...I said I had to pee.

Macy's eyes find Ethan's.

LESLIE
I'm sorry?

ETHAN
I threw these...*sketchy pills* on his
desk, went to pee, came back...he was
dead. But I didn't have to pee.

His HEART BEAT--there it is again thumping like a bongo drum.

MACY
Ethan--

ETHAN
I'm sorry, I...

He's up, stumbles through the circle, cuts toward the door--

EXT. FRONT STEPS, CHURCH - DAY

Macy follows Ethan out onto the church steps.

Can she hear it? Can she hear his heart beating louder than a
fucking jet engine? Why's he so damn light-headed? Shit, when
was the last time he took a breath?

Ethan gasps--it doesn't help.

ETHAN
Shit.

MACY
You okay? You don't look so hot--

BAM! Something crashes down from the sky, hits the church
steps with an ungodly THUD.

Moisture hits Ethan's cheek. He wipes his face.

Oh fuck, is that blood? He looks down. It wasn't a *something* that crashed down out of the sky--it was a *someone*.

And it's not just any someone--it's fucking Archie.

MACY

Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my--

Macy stops screaming long enough to vomit.

INT. CUBICLE, HOME SECURITY SALES OFFICE - DAY

Dad vomits into a small trash bin, then goes back to packing all his belongings into the box on his desk.

TWO POLICE DETECTIVES stare at him, wait for the elevator.

Dad's got one arm in a sling, some slow-healing facial bruises, a brace around his neck.

DAD

Should've known. Too good to be true.
Too good to be real. *Shit*.

BART, Dad's cubicle-mate, enters with a box of pizza.

BART

Got an extra slice if you--woh, what's up? Doing some Spring cleaning?

DAD

Just plummeting to new milestones of mediocrity, Bart.

BART

Shit, man. You get canned?

DAD

That I did. And I'll be lucky if I'm not arrested in the coming weeks.

BART

What do you mean?

Dad picks the box up off his desk--it all falls to the floor.

DAD

God damnit.

BART

Here, lemme help you--

DAD
No, no, no. I got it.

Dad drops to his knees, gathers his office crap back up. Bart gets down on the carpet with him, helps re-box everything.

BART
You shouldn't be too ashamed to ask for help, man. I wouldn't have gotten this job if I hadn't asked my son to set up my LinkedIn page. Feel me?

Bart picks the box up, helps Dad stand upright.

DAD
It's been nice sharing a cubicle, Bart.

BART
Hey, thanks. And don't worry about this, I'm sure it'll all work out. You know I have some connects at a sales firm in Brooklyn. Want me to send them your resume?

DAD
I'd really like that. Thanks.

Dad walks toward the staircase, head down. He pins the box of crap to the wall, fishes his cell out, holds it to his ear.

DAD (ON PHONE)
Ethan?

EXT. SIDEWALK, OUTSIDE ETHAN'S BUILDING - DAY

Ethan, phone to ear, approaches the lobby.

ETHAN (ON PHONE)
Pops I can't really talk--

DAD (O.S.)
Anything you feel like sharing?

ETHAN (ON PHONE)
What do you mean?

DAD (O.S.)
Police showed up to my office to question me. Obviously, I was fired shortly thereafter.

Ethan drops the phone, nearly falls the fuck over.

INT. ETHAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Heart BEATING LOUDER than an orchestra, Ethan stumbles inside, drunk on regret and confusion. He twirls the cowlick at the back of his head, loops the hair around his finger--A PIECE OF HAIR RIPS RIGHT OFF HIS SCALP.

He collapses to the floor, his fucking chest--breath Ethan! He sees it...**the Piggy Bank**...mocking him from the desk. That smug pig nose. He crawls across the carpet...

...he reaches up, grabs the piggy bank, SMASHES IT.

He picks the tainted pills from the shattered porcelain, pulls open his desk drawer, pulls out an unopened syringe.

EXT. WALK-UP BUILDING - DAY

DARYL'S DEAD BODY is splayed out on the concrete, next to the dumpster. Alan stands, hands on hips, eyes wider than a fucking owl.

UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS tape off the crime scene, traffic on the one-way street is halted.

CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER snaps an obnoxious number of photos. The suns out, is the flash really necessary?

An EMT takes Jay's blood pressure as he sits at the edge of the ambulance.

JAY

I hid in a dumpster and called 9-1-1.
If my blood pressure's high, it's got
nothing to do with this.

EMT ignores him, continues to run tests. Alan tip-toes over.

ALAN

You good, Jay?

JAY

Fine, Alan. Was a long night. Would
really like to go home.

ALAN

Can you tell me what happened?

JAY
I gave your boys my statement.

ALAN
That's not what I mean. I mean, what
happened?

JAY
Before. You said, there was a wolf in
our henhouse. You weren't wrong.

ALAN
No?

JAY
No. I'm the wolf.

Jay rips his arm away from the EMT, walks off. Alan follows.

ALAN
Jay--Jay! Look, I'm...glad you're
okay. You are okay, right?

JAY
No worse off than before.

ALAN
This guy, Daryl, he the ringleader?

JAY
That'd be convenient, wouldn't it?

ALAN
What's that supposed to mean?

JAY
Means he's just the triggerman. And
I'm just a security guard, remember?

Jay fishes a cigarette out of his pocket, puts it to his
lips, can't find a lighter. Walks off.

EXT. STOOP, ACROSS THE STREET FROM MACY'S BUILDING - DAY

Ethan, back on the stoop, serious bags under his eyes. A town
car pulls up, Macy and her Mother climb out. Ethan sticks two
fingers in his mouth, wolf whistles--Macy takes note. She
ushers her mother into the lobby then jogs across the street
to Ethan.

MACY
What the hell happened to you,
yesterday? You disappeared on me. I
needed you.

ETHAN
I know, I'm sorry.

MACY
Just like a man to disappear when shit
gets tough.

ETHAN
Macy, look--

MACY
You look. I don't need another flake
in my life. My mom needs me. You and I
barely know each other. Just forget
it.

ETHAN
Your step-dad's dead.

MACY
What? Why would you say that? What the
fuck is the matter with you?

ETHAN
I hate myself for knowing, and I hate
myself for not telling you right away.

MACY
What are you talking about? You're a
fucking sicko, you know that?

ETHAN
I do. I know. But I'm telling you the
truth. Bill and Daryl, they killed
him. They're killing everyone.

She covers her ears, can't hear another word.

ETHAN
Listen, listen, listen to me. Macy.

He pulls her hands away from her ears. She screams.

MACY
He wouldn't do that, why would he do
that?

ETHAN
He's cleaning house.

She turns, walks back across the street. Ethan follows.

ETHAN
Just promise me, Macy. Promise me
you'll stay far away from Bill.

MACY
Leave me alone!

ETHAN
He's dangerous, just stay away from
him. Promise me--

A yellow taxi nearly runs Ethan over, creates enough space
between he and Macy, for her to scurry into the lobby.

INT. BIG TIME ARCADE - NIGHT

Bill holds court over the air hockey table. The roster's down
to him, Celeste, and Andre who sits in a wheelchair.

BILL
What'd the Vet say?

ANDRE
Told me to stay off my feet. Stitched
me up, gave me antibiotics. Says I
need surgery to remove the bullet.

BILL
Soon as this job's done, we'll fix you
up good. He give you any grief?

ANDRE
Loads. But I reminded him how bad it'd
be if the DEA were to find out about
his little ketamine side-hustle.

Bill pats him on the shoulder.

BILL
You'll be running your own crew in no
time. C, you get the van ready?

CELESTE
Parked two blocks down.

BILL
AD, you're the wheelman this time
around. Ethan's in the bank, with me.

CELESTE
And if he doesn't show?

BILL
He'll show.

ANDRE
But if he doesn't?

Ears burning, Ethan enters the arcade, confidant as ever.

ETHAN
Sorry I'm late, we did a thing at the
church for Archie.

CELESTE
You seen Macy?

ETHAN
Yeah. Wouldn't hold your breath,
though. She was there when he jumped.
She's all shook up.

ANDRE
Weren't you?

ETHAN
Weren't I, what?

ANDRE
There when he jumped.

ETHAN
Sure, but I don't shake easy.

Bill slaps his back.

BILL
My man. You good, E?

ETHAN
I'll be a lot better after tonight.

BILL
That's the spirit. You ready to make
something of yourself?

ETHAN
You have no idea. What's the plan?

INT. GETAWAY VAN - NIGHT

The red van pulls up outside Yorkville's Number One Bank, Andre in the driver's seat.

Celeste rides shotgun, clutches a pistol.

Bill and Ethan in the back.

BILL (V.O.)
AD behind the wheel, C's locked and loaded up front. No second chances on this one. That means, things go south, boys in blue happen upon us, C comes out blasting. No hesitation.

EXT. OUTSIDE YORKVILLE'S NUMBER ONE BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Ethan follows Bill out the van.

BILL (V.O.)
We carve ourselves an entrance.

Bill helps Ethan set the glass cutter up, they carve a hole in the bank window.

INT. YORKVILLE'S NUMBER ONE BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Ethan climbs the stairs to the glass box vault room SUSPENDED OVER THE BANK'S FIRST FLOOR. He uses the suction cups to SCALE THE OUTSIDE of the safe deposit room.

BILL (V.O.)
We're gonna set up a pulley-system, rope and suction cups, cut our way into the vault with the boxes.

Ethan uses the glass cutter to carve a hole in the side of the safe deposit room, climbs in, pulls Bill up.

INT. SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bill uses the MASTER KEY to unlock the boxes.

BILL (V.O.)
We empty the whole fucking room, everything. Repel down, head out. Like we were never even there.

INT. BIG TIME ARCADE - NIGHT

Bill's done reciting the plan.

BILL
Everyone got that?

CELESTE
Got it.

ANDRE
Got it.

BILL
AD, you bring what I asked for?

ANDRE
'Course.

Andre removes a pistol from his jacket pocket, Bill takes it.

BILL
C, take this.

Bill hands it off to Celeste, who caresses the cool steel.

BILL
You guys ready to teach this
neighborhood a lesson on agency?

ETHAN
Let's do it.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE YORKVILLE'S NUMBER ONE BANK - NIGHT

Van rolls to a stop. Celeste jumps out first--black jumpsuit, black mask.

She sets up the first SPIKE STRIP from street corner to street corner, just like the opening heist.

She jogs back to the van, grabs the second spike strip, sets it up on the opposite end of the block. Jogs back to the van.

Ethan and Bill jump out next, clad in U.S. Army jumpsuit fatigues, faces painted in matching camouflage.

They haul the glass cutter over to the large front window of the bank.

INT. VAN - SAME TIME

As Bill and Ethan work on the bank window, Celeste pulls a LONG HOSE from a box in the back of the van.

ANDRE
What's good back there?

CELESTE
Just setting up for a quick getaway.

EXT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Celeste hops out, feeds THE HOSE INTO THE EXHAUST PIPE of the van, funnels the other end back inside through a small hole in the floor.

She takes her new pistol out from her waistband, kneels on the concrete.

INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Andre's eyes flutter as the VAN FILLS UP WITH CARBON MONOXIDE. It's like his head's too heavy for his neck...

RING RING RING, RING RING RING, RING RING RING!

EXT. YORKVILLE'S NUMBER ONE BANK - SAME TIME

Bill and Ethan remove a circle of glass from the window--
SETTING OFF THE SECURITY ALARMS. RING RING RING, RING RING!

ETHAN
Fuck.

BILL
Don't panic, we're prepared for this.

INT. VAN - SAME TIME

The alarm lights a fire under Andre's ass. With every last ounce of energy he can muster, he fights off the long sleep, pulls the handle on the driver's side door, falls out--

EXT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

--Andre hits the concrete, vomits, sees the hose set-up.

ANDRE
What the?

INT. YORKVILLE'S NUMBER ONE BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Bill stands by the window, keeps look out. Ethan SCALES the large glass box of a vault room, suspended up over the first floor of the bank. He sets up the pulley-system, with the ropes and suction cups.

ETHAN

Ready.

Bill hustles over, ties the low end of the rope around the handle of the glass cutter. Ethan pulls it up.

BILL

Just like before, you got this.

Ethan struggles at first to set up the instrument.

BILL (CONTINUED)

C'mon, E. You fucking got this. Make something of yourself, *do it*.

He carves a hole into the side of the vault room, crawls in.

INT. SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT ROOM - NIGHT

Ethan uses the pulley-system to hoist Bill up and in.

Bill takes the MASTER KEY from around his neck, one by one opens all the SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE YORKVILLE'S NUMBER ONE BANK - SAME TIME

Andre catches his breath. He crawls around the van, pulls Celeste's legs out from under her. A struggle ensues.

As they roll around on the concrete, the first set of COP CARS arrive on scene, drive right over the spike strips, POP THEIR TIRES and fucking SUMMERSAULT.

The SECOND LINE OF COP CARS jam on their breaks just in time.

Celeste shakes off Andre long enough to grab her pistol, aim it at his face, pull the trigger--CLICK.

ANDRE

Blanks, bitch.

She pulls the trigger again--CLICK, nothing.

TWO POLICE OFFICERS step over the spike strips.

POLICE OFFICER 1
Drop the weapon!

INT. SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT ROOM - SAME TIME

His back to Ethan, Bill continues opening each of the hundreds of safe deposit boxes.

BILL
How we doing? Duffles filled?

Duffle are empty. Ethan removes a LOADED SYRINGE from his pocket. In a swift motion, he POKES THE NEEDLE into the back of Bill's head, just behind his ear, presses the plunger.

Bill jerks around like a cornered viper, spins and swings. It's fruitless. A moment later he's on the glass floor of the safe deposit vault, body jittering in a fit of convulsions.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE YORKVILLE'S NUMBER ONE BANK - NIGHT

Andre and Celeste lay on their bellies, hands cuffed behind their backs.

A SWAT TEAM marches into the bank.

INT. YORKVILLE'S NUMBER ONE BANK - NIGHT

The various SWAT members have de-masked, fanned out. Several POLICE UNITS are on scene.

On the first floor of the bank, Ethan lays on his belly, hands cuffed behind his back, EMPTY DUFFLE BAGS next to him. The police have set up a ladder beneath the vault room.

INT. SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT ROOM - SAME TIME

Alan stands in the corner of the room, hands on hips. All of the BOXES ARE CLOSED, appear to be untampered with.

DETECTIVE 1 puts two fingers to Bill's throat.

DETECTIVE 1
Pulse is faint, he ain't dead yet.

Alan chirps into his radio.

ALAN (INTO WALKIE)
Send in the EMTs. We're gonna need a gurney. And some strong fucking rope.

EXT. YORKVILLE'S NUMBER ONE BANK - NIGHT

Two UNIFORMED OFFICERS usher Ethan out the bank toward a squad car. Jay arrives on scene, hustles over.

JAY
Ethan, what happened. Are you okay?

ETHAN
I'm good, Jay. Don't worry.

Ethan's shoved into the back of the squad car. Jay leans in before the door closes.

JAY
Want me to call a lawyer?

ETHAN
Already did. Agreed to protect his assets in exchange for legal counsel. I *could* use a favor, though.

SUPER OVER BLACK: EIGHT MONTHS LATER

INT. BACK ROOM OF CHURCH - DAY

Ethan sits in an N.A. meeting. He has a MONITOR locked around his right ankle. He speaks to a room of ALL NEW FACES.

ETHAN
Look, there's no cheat code to this thing called addiction. All you can do is work the steps and accept that every single day you wake up is a blessing. And please, give me a call if you feel like you're wavering. That goes for every single one of you.

EXT. CHURCH STEPS - DAY

Jay smokes. The meeting funnels out. Ethan is last to leave.

ETHAN
Didn't wanna come inside?

JAY
I caught a few minutes of it. You're a natural. Wanted to give you this.

He forks over a business card. Ethan reads it aloud.

ETHAN

Bent Detective Agency. Poetic. Give me a few more of these, I'll hand them out around the church.

JAY

I'd appreciate that.

ETHAN

I'm glad you found your calling.

JAY

Thanks. I'm glad you're not in prison. What's the radius on this thing?

Jay taps his foot against Ethan's ankle monitor.

ETHAN

Home, church, grocery store.

JAY

Could be worse, right?

ETHAN

Shit, I *could* be in prison with Celeste and Andre.

JAY

You didn't hear? Andre died. Stomach infection. Celeste is trying to deal, not sure how bad the D.A. needs her testimony, though.

ETHAN

I never thanked you for putting a good word in, or for hooking my dad up.

JAY

Don't mention it. Glad I could help.

ETHAN

I never apologized, either. You warned me. I practically spat in your face.

JAY

All in the past, Ethan. Guys like us have to stick together. And hey, if I ever need someone with your particular set of skills--

INT. OFFICE OF YORKVILLE SECURITY COMPANY - DAY

Dad sits behind a desk, yaps into the phone.

DAD (ON PHONE)

That's right, you can now have a security guard stationed on your block for a reasonable price--hold that thought. That's my other line.

Dad clicks a button, changes lines.

DAD (ON PHONE)

Yorkville Security Company...Sorry, come again?

INT. YORKVILLE'S NUMBER ONE BANK - SAME TIME

ALBERT, expensive suit, thick framed glasses.

ALBERT (ON PHONE)

I'm the new GM at Yorkville's Number One Bank. We're asking everyone who keeps a safe deposit box with us to come in and confirm that nothing was stolen or tampered with.

DAD (O.S.)

Safe deposit?

ALBERT (ON PHONE)

We've got it on good authority that nothing was taken during the botched robbery several months back, just dotting our I's, ticking away at our client list one by one.

INT. OFFICE OF YORKVILLE SECURITY COMPANY - SAME TIME

Dad scratches his head.

DAD (ON PHONE)

This must be some sort of mistake, I never opened a safe deposit box with--

ALBERT (O.S.)

It's quite possible the box was opened on your behalf by a family member, or even written into a will. We have spare keys down here, if you'll just make your way...

INT. SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT ROOM - DAY

...Albert hands Dad a key, ushers him into the vault room, stands outside, waits. Dad reads the number on the key, finds the corresponding box, opens it.

DAD
Holy shit--

THE END.