

THE BROKER

Written by

Justin Piasecki

Paradigm
8942 Wilshire Boulevard
Beverly Hills, CA 90211
Tel: 310-288-8000
Fax: 310-288-2000

Zero Gravity Management
Jeff Belkin
646.662.0829
jeff@zerogravitymanagement.com

INT. EAST SIDE DINER - NIGHT

Late-night clientele at the counter. A lower-middle-class street out the windows. Staring out at it an unshaven man in a booth, alone. Nothing on the table but a coke. Paper wrapper tip still on the straw. The man's name is WHITACRE.

A Burberry coat outside catches his eye. A man in his 60s, too groomed for this neighborhood, looking lost. Finally his eyes connect with Whitacre's.

The man enters the diner, sits in the booth. His name is GETTY. They watch each other a moment.

GETTY

I don't remember you.

WHITACRE

Does it matter?

GETTY

No, I suppose not.

He smirks sadly as he looks off toward a waitress -

WHITACRE

Whitacre. MJI development lab.
Seven years, until you bought us.
Tried not to ask questions after
that... should have tried harder.

Getty turns back at this.

On Whitacre's face now: his left eye with a subconjunctival hemorrhage (bloody retina). The hand next to his coke: three fingers bandaged together.

Getty absorbs this, looks away again, eyes wandering.

GETTY

I often don't recognize this world
anymore. I remember when 'pharmacy'
used to mean a place on the corner.
Now it's patent wars, generic
knockoffs slitting each others
throats to squeeze blood from a
policy. The things we've been made
to do to survive... I started this
company with very little, but
everything I had. And I am proud of-

WHITACRE

...proud.

Getty's sermon falls silent as Whitacre places a black document tube on the table. A glimpse at the label:

"GETTY PHARMACEUTICALS/MJI DIVISION DIAGNOSTIC No.117425"

A look. Whatever's inside is nothing to be proud of. It sits there, waiting to be claimed.

Getty eventually reaches for it.

GETTY

You believe I'm some stone-hearted prick for all this. Okay. But you are making the smart decision here. It's easier for-

Whitacre's FIST comes down on the tube, pinning it to the table. He's trembling, a mix of boiling rage and exhaustion.

Cognizant of some hell Getty won't understand. Finally:

WHITACRE

If anything happens to me, to my family, there are arrangements. If the calls don't stop, or the cars don't leave, there are arrangements. If I feel I'm being followed, if I'm even fucking *suspicious*, this will go to every newspaper, network and government agency in the English speaking world. I'll make sure copies get...

Whitacre's voice FADES as we suddenly begin to DRIFT AWAY from their table. We've heard this speech before. Instead we float down the counter toward a MAN listening at the end.

40s, greying temples, the etiquette of a library veteran keeping quiet and to himself. This is TOM NAMATH.

He pays his tab and rises.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Commuters swaying in silence, Tom blended in with the rest.

EXT. LENOX HILL POST OFFICE - NIGHT

One of the older brick stations dotting the Upper East Side.

Tom exits onto the street, a black document tube under his arm, similar to the one Whitacre brought Getty.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A penthouse loft at the top of a fourth floor walk-up. Industrial. Lived in. A decent record collection. A work bench with a soldering lamp in the corner. An obscure device with a keyboard but no screen. We'll see this later.

A brick fireplace fills the living room wall - a remnant of a different time. He's been here for years.

Tom sits in the corner addressing an envelope to someplace in VENEZUELA. Next to him on the bench are two pre-addressed post cards, messages already written in.

One: "Weather's been beautiful" The other: "Got rained out"

Tom slides them both inside the envelope and seals it shut.

EXT. CHELSEA NEIGHBORHOOD - DIFFERENT DAY

Still raining. Tom stands across the street from a luxury apartment building, eyeing a set of windows on the 5th floor.

They're dark. No activity inside.

EXT. LENOX HILL POST OFFICE - LATER

Flipping through a stack of mail as he walks out. Con Edison bill, election flyers, junk mail... no postcard.

INT. COPY STORE - NIGHT

The only customer this late.

Tom stands over the copier. We recognize the document tube on the counter beside him, now open and empty.

Another copy spits into the tray. A glimpse at the Xerox's touch screen as it ticks down: 21 of 50

As the high beams of the copy machine wash across his face...

YOKUM (V.O.)
Insurance. It's an 800 billion
dollar a year industry.

INT. CHELSEA NEIGHBORHOOD - ANOTHER DAY

Sunny now. Tom once again standing across the street. We see the furniture has been moved out, a sign now hanging from the fire escape: "2 Bedroom Available - Call 212 Management"

YOKUM (V.O.)

Worried your house is going to burn down? You can get a policy. Call a broker.

EXT. LENOX HILL POST OFFICE - ANOTHER DAY

Flipping through another stack of mail. Tom spots a card peeking out. He turns it over. Just a dental office reminder.

YOKUM (V.O.)

Your horse, your kid's teeth, your pop star's ass, your entire company. Bad luck comes after it, call a broker.

Tom slips it into the trash.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A record playing in the corner. The table has been pushed aside, making room for the grid of manila envelopes now laid across the floor.

Tom wears a pair of rubber nitrile gloves, methodically packing each envelope with a copy as we catch glimpses of the addresses on their front:

The Wall Street Journal, CNBC, The Times of India, Al Jazeera

YOKUM (V.O.)

But what if bad luck comes after you. See something you shouldn't? Take something you wish you hadn't? Get cold feet before you blow a whistle or blackmail someone out of your league, and now you're jumpin' at shadows you wish to God were just your imagination.

INT. MID-MANHATTAN PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

Tom sits at a computer. We see "NEW YORK DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH" at the top of the screen. And beneath it:

PUBLIC DEATH RECORDS

An endless column of names and dates. As he scrolls through..

YOKUM (V.O.)

That's a different type of policy.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - ANOTHER DAY

It's snowing. A large duffel bag sits on the table, manila envelopes now neatly packed inside.

Tom stands at a window overlooking 2nd avenue. His mind looks busy, calculating.

YOKUM (V.O.)

One they can't come after. One that can protect the only leverage you have left. One that's going to still be alive to come through if those shadows don't stop at the door.

INT. LENOX HILL POST OFFICE, LOBBY - DAY

CUSTOMERS wrapped for winter, lined up at the service windows. POSTAL WORKERS keeping up in the back.

Tom moves through the crowd, duffel slung over his shoulder. He walks past the windows, turns a corner.

CORRIDOR

A wall of P.O. boxes. Miniature windows built into each brass door. Tom approaches, peers into one of them. Empty.

On Tom. A beat. He starts back toward the lobby...

FLIT FLIT FLIT FLIT

Sounds of paper hitting glass. Tom turns as empty P.O. BOX windows start filling with mail.

The silhouette of a snow-covered USPS WINTER JACKET on the other side. A late delivery, held up by the weather.

CLOSE ON Box 121 as a postcard slides inside.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

HIS DESK -

One of the postcards from earlier has been sent back to him, Venezuelan postage in the corner: "Weather's been beautiful"

The duffel sits open and empty, the fireplace lit behind it.

TOM stands next to the mantel, feeding the last of the manila envelopes into the flames. Watching it burn...

EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

Floating over a car as it heads out of the city.

INT. TOM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The black document tube laid across the back seat.

Tom at the wheel, staring out as he ventures further and further away from civilization.

YOKUM (V.O.)
You wanna protect your houseboat?
Call State Farm.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - NIGHT

Late. Quiet. Hundreds of identical units in the middle of nowhere. Tom's car parked in front of the only one lit up.

STORAGE UNIT

A series of shelves housing fireproof safes, file cabinets, and cannisters. Some decades old. Meticulously arranged. A mix between a library card catalogue and a catacomb.

The walls have been retrofitted with insulation. A control panel monitoring temperature, humidity, barometric pressure.

Tom files away the contents of the document tube into a steel drawer, locking it shut with a circular key.

YOKUM (V.O.)
You're afraid a guy is gonna kill
you? You call this guy.

Tom steps outside, and pulls the unit door shut.

BLACK.

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

A card face down on the desk, a phone number written on the back. After a moment a hand reaches in for it. UP TO:

KAREN GRANT. 40s, VP dress code, betraying no emotions. Except her hand is shaking.

An attorney, YOKUM, watching her as she studies the card.

KAREN
He's with your firm?

YOKUM

I've never met him. Or her. That's kind of the point. Consider it a referral.

KAREN

I don't need a referral, I need a lawyer-

YOKUM

Someone left a bullet in my son's lunch box yesterday.

Karen grows silent. Yokum reaches down, quietly sets an accordion folder on his desk, slides it back to her.

YOKUM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

She looks back down at the business card, flips it over. A GLIMPSE at the front:

SHAW AND MOREL LLP

Dennis Yokum

Arbitration & Mediation Attorney

KAREN

Your referral, how did you find them?

Yokum sits, choosing his words.

YOKUM

Arbitration is an inherently conflict-driven practice. I was in a difficult position. Someone gave me a number.

KAREN

And they've helped other clients of yours?

YOKUM

Some. The one's we couldn't.

On Karen, skeptical. Yokum sees it.

YOKUM (CONT'D)

A pharmaceutical chemist, two UN translators and a New Jersey Supreme Court judge.

(off her look, affirming)
Call that number, see if he takes your case.

She turns it back over, staring at the number.

KAREN
What will he ask me?

YOKUM
Nothing. It's a messaging service.
It's a little *3 Days of the Condor*,
I know. You leave him a message and
he calls you back. Or...he doesn't.

INT. BASEMENT, CHURCH OF SAINT CATHERINE - NIGHT

Tom sitting quietly at a folding table. Twenty others seated around the room, coffee cups and winter jackets. An AA group, all listening to a MODERATOR somewhere off screen.

MODERATOR (O.S.)
...for last week. Caesar has extra
literature if anyone needs it.
(paper shuffling)
Okay, let's open up the last few
for sharing. Who's our timer?

Tom doesn't offer. A hand goes up down the row.

MODERATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Rebecca, thank you. And who's got
something to talk about?

Tom, remaining silent. His usual answer. The silence hangs into awkwardness. Finally a hand goes up in the bg --

MODERATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Yes, Amy. Five minutes, go ahead.

EXT. CHURCH OF SAINT CATHERINE - NIGHT

Members filing out onto the sidewalk. Tom is flagged down by another man, VANN. We'll meet him later. They exchange a few words before Tom continues on his way.

EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE - NIGHT

Floating over Tom's car again.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT/BAR - NIGHT

Suburban New Jersey. The parking lot too full for a town this size. Tom pulls in.

INT. TOM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tom turns off the engine but stays inside. We see he's changed into a suit, watching the restaurant entrance.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT/BAR - NIGHT

A FUNERAL RECEPTION, rented out for the night. 40 people, all black suits and dresses. Taking advantage of the open bar.

Photos on an easel in the corner. Spanning the life of a WOMAN in her 80s.

A group of men gathered near the bar. One notices Tom entering, looking lost. This is RAY, a few years younger and a slight resemblance. He breaks off.

RAY
You got here...

TOM
Hey Ray.

They skip the handshake, embrace.

RAY
I wasn't sure you got all the details, I left it on your answering service thing-

TOM
Yeah I got it all, thanks.

Ray nervously motions to the spread around them.

RAY
I hope this is okay. The pictures, I would have done the funeral you know but mom just kept sayin'-

TOM
You did good, don't worry. This is good. How's Nancy doing?

RAY
Better than me. She's here somewhere...

They look around the room a moment.

TOM
Lot of people. Forgot she knew so many. She would have liked this.

Ray just nods, grabs Tom again. Emotional, a little drunk.

ACROSS THE ROOM

THE TWO MEN Ray was talking to watch them.

MAN 1
Who's Ray talking to?

MAN 2
That's his cousin Tommy.

MAN 1
Cousin Tommy?

MAN 2
Yeah, think he lived with Ray when
they were kids. Mom died early.

MAN 1
What's he do?

MAN 2
(waving for another drink)
I dunno. Shipping insurance or
something.

WITH TOM

Alone now, standing in front of the photo display.

CLOSE ON: A younger photo of Ray's mom, something from 1970s,
with another woman her age. Identical smiles. Sisters.

We may not realize it yet, but the other woman is TOM'S
MOTHER.

NANCY (O.S.)
I helped him put it together.

Tom turns to find a long-haired teenager, a high-school
hoodie thrown on over a black funeral skirt. This is NANCY,
Ray's daughter. She motions to the photo of the two sisters.

NANCY (CONT'D)
They looked alike huh?

A beat. Tom just nods.

NANCY (CONT'D)
When I was going through them all,
you know how I could tell grandma
and your mom apart?

TOM
How's that?

NANCY
Grandma was always the one with the cigarette.

They both smile at this. Tom nods at her hoodie - a cartoon Husky beneath the lettering.

TOM
Huskies huh. When I was there it was the Mammoths.

NANCY
Well, guess it was time for a change. Mammoths are extinct.

At Tom, a tease. Tom shrugs, defensive, eyes wandering...

TOM
Oh I don't know, there could still be one or two of us still hanging around we just didn't notice.

He stops, nods toward the corner behind her. She looks -

A thick man at the bar, one of the mourners. Long hair, mangy beard. Nancy turns back, stifles a laugh. Tom grins, something familiar here.

TOM (CONT'D)
So how is it going. School.

NANCY
Good. I graduate next month.
(off Tom's surprise)
I guess it's been a while huh?

A sad silence. Tom's gaze drifts to the bar. And then -

NANCY (CONT'D)
Why don't you come?

TOM
You want me to come by?

NANCY
No I want you to like, come see it.
Plus I'm having a graduation party after. You could bring someone if you want. That girl you brought to dad's-
(Tom winces slightly)
(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)
Or just you. Maybe finally settle
the reigning gin rummy champion of
New Jersey.

Tom gives her a look. She smiles back.

NANCY (CONT'D)
So you'll come?

A beat.

TOM
Okay, yeah.

NANCY
Good, it's just at the high school.
Hey what's your address?
(pulling out her phone)
I'll send you the invite.

Tom balks a little.

TOM
...you can just, leave me a
message.

EXT. RECORD SHOP - LATE NIGHT

Watching Tom alone inside, flipping through the racks. He starts strolling down the aisle, a zen look on his face. We get the sense he spends a lot of nights here.

EXT. 2ND AVENUE - DAY

Tom walks groceries toward his apartment building. He digs out his keys, starts to unlock the door, slows...

TWO MEN on the corner, pointing up at his building. Generic looking, grey raincoats and slacks.

If they notice Tom, they don't appear interested.

Tom lowers his head, disappears inside.

PRELAP: the short tones of an international call. Straight to the machine. We recognize the caller's voice as Whitacre's.

WHITACRE (RECORDING)
I wasn't sure if this number would
still be working.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tom, headphone in his ear, listening to the message while he watches the two men from the window. Something feels off.

WHITACRE (RECORDING) (CONT'D)

I waited like you said, but I made it. I'm guessing you got the post card so you knew that already.

(pause)

I know you and I are finished with this thing. I'm not sure why I'm calling. Not even sure you still listen, you may not even get this. I guess I just wanted to thank you.

Tom listens, motionless.

WHITACRE (CONT'D)

It's strange down here. I know this was the plan, all of it. But -

(silence again, then)

I can't help but keep asking myself, what I did...am I a coward?

The message ends. Tom, a little troubled by this last part.

He goes to check the window again when suddenly a NEW message begins to play. We recognize the female voice.

KAREN (RECORDING)

...Yes I was given this number.

There weren't many instructions. My name is --

She halts. Nervous. We get the sense she might hang up. Then -

KAREN (CONT'D)

My name is Karen Grant and I am in possession of something that does not belong to me.

Tom turns back to the window. The two men are gone. He rises, starting toward his desk, listening as he gets to work.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK RESERVOIR - DAY

Karen jogging. Soft outlines of RUNNERS behind her. They could be other joggers. They could be keeping up.

KAREN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...something that could prove very damaging to my employers.

(MORE)

KAREN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
W-we intended to bring this to
authorities, go public, but...

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Karen rides, glances at her phone, pretending not to notice:
A MAN AND WOMAN down the car, fellow runners, eyes down.

KAREN (V.O.)
My lawyer has a family. We were
being followed. I'm still being,
intimidated. I'm afraid.

INT. KAREN'S CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

3:00 AM. Every light on.

KAREN (V.O.)
I can't go through with this
anymore.

An exec's budget. Hotel sterile. Newly installed dead bolts
on the door. Her office in boxes against the wall. A block of
kitchen knives next to an empty bed, one missing.

KAREN (V.O.)
I'm ready to give it back but once
I do, now that I know, they'll have
no reason to stop coming after me.
I was told you might be able to act
as a liaison. To help return it
with some... protections.

Karen sleeps on the couch, a muted TV left on for company.

KAREN (V.O.)
And I don't know how this works but
whatever it is - I'll pay it.
(dead air)
I'll be at this line all night.

ANGLE ON

A cell phone on the table as it LIGHTS UP, starts ringing.
Karen stirs, instantly grabs for it through the fog of sleep.

KAREN (ON PHONE)
Yes hello.

Dead silence. Bordering on eerie. Then --

VOICE (RECORDING)
Congratulations, you have been
approved for a student loan debt
forgiveness plan from --

She hangs up. Her face falls.

MOMENTS LATER

Karen at the window, looking down at the street. Cars parked
for the night. A darkened late model UTILITY VAN amongst them-

INT. CENTRAL PARK RESERVOIR - DAY

It's raining. Karen running HARD this time, pounding forward.

INT. KAREN'S CONDOMINIUM - DAY

Steam from the other room the only sign of life.

A phone on the counter begins to ring. Karen runs in, soaked.

KAREN
Hello?

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
Hello. This is relay operator 2217.

On Karen, unsure she heard right.

KAREN
I'm sorry?

OPERATOR
A person is calling through the
relay service. Have you received a
relay call before?

KAREN
...I don't think so.

OPERATOR
The person who has called you is
deaf or hard of hearing. The caller
will type their conversation and
I'll read it to you. When it's your
turn to speak, I'll type everything
heard. Please speak directly to the
caller, and say "go ahead" when
you're ready for a response. One
moment for your call to begin.

We hear typing on the other end.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)
(reading, unemotional)
I'm returning your call. I am going
to ask you some questions, please
only speak to answer these
questions. Do not volunteer any
additional information. Do you
understand?

On Karen, this is surreal.

KAREN
Yes I understand.

More typing. A beat.

OPERATOR
(as herself)
...if finished please respond with-

KAREN
I'm sorry, go ahead.

Another beat.

OPERATOR
You are Karen Elizabeth Grant. Your
social security number is 336-75-
1966. Is that correct?

KAREN
Yes... go ahead.

OPERATOR
You are a senior project director
for Synth-AG Research Institutes,
employer tax ID 94-2951340 based in
Bethesda Maryland. Is that correct?

KAREN
Yes. Go ahead.

OPERATOR
What is the nature of the item that
does not belong to you?

KAREN
It's a redacted FDA proposal for a
protein-based tobacco substitute we
were developing. Go ahead.

OPERATOR

Why was it redacted?

KAREN

It included an early case study with symptoms consistent with other carcinogens. Essentially our synthetic strain was still causing the natural harmful effects. Go ahead.

OPERATOR

Why do they want it now?

KAREN

Our company is on the verge of a 400 million dollar acquisition by Philip Morris. Namely for the promise of the protein-strain. The publication of that case would endanger the deal, and with nine years of R&D invested, Synth-AG likely wouldn't recover. Go ahead.

OPERATOR

Why did you take it?

KAREN

If it wasn't published, the product could go to market. I felt a responsibility for that. I still do, I just -- there's a...

(cutting herself off)

I'm sorry. Go ahead.

A pause.

OPERATOR

And why did you call me?

Karen sits with this a moment.

KAREN

I have no one else to trust.

(beat)

Does this mean you'll help me?

Go ahead.

Typing. And then, silence.

OPERATOR

And your caller has hung up. Thank you for using the relay service.

Have a wonderful day.

The line goes dead. On Karen.

EXT. TRIBECA STREET - DAY

The utility van.

INT. UTILITY VAN - DAY

ANGLE ON

A LAPTOP SCREEN: "**Incoming Line ISP 104.193.19.59/ROUTING...**"

A retrofitted 16 passenger - a surveillance rack and work bench. Urban. Professional. Two TECHNICIANS hovering over a laptop as a directory scrolls.

An ADDRESS appears: **339 East Ave, Livingston, New York**

EXT. CALL CENTER, UPSTATE NEW YORK - EVENING

Brick, functional. Satellite dishes on the roof.

INT. CALL CENTER, UPSTATE NEW YORK - EVENING

The man and woman we saw behind Karen on the subway, now fresh pressed in attorney-stiff overcoats. Early forties, posture and haircuts of former military. HOBBS and ROSETTI.

A sprawling cubical landscape behind them. They sit watching a CALL CENTER SUPERVISOR page through an ancient department manual, taking her time. On the night shift for a reason.

Eventually she finds her page. Begins to read...

SUPERVISOR

The Americans with Disabilities Act of 1990 section 225 prohibits relay operators from disclosing the content of any relayed conversation and from keeping records of the content of any such conversation beyond the duration of the call.

She leans back. Hobbs and Rosetti exchange a look.

HOBBS

We can get a warrant.

The supervisor just stares. Creaks forward. Starts paging through again. Finally...

SUPERVISOR

Relay conversations will be protected by exclusionary rules preventing the revelation of such conversations and their fruit in criminal proceedings, thus giving the ADA confidentiality provision its greatest effect.

She closes the book, stares over her glasses.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Even if you got a warrant, there'd be nothing to search. We don't keep records of our logs, where they're going to or where they're coming from. We direct over 79,000 calls a day. You think I know where your damn number is?

On Hobbs and Rosetti. They've lost here.

INT. TOM'S BUILDING, STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Tom descends the stairs. We hear noises behind the staircase. A maintenance man, wrangling the trash cans out to the street. 30s, Puerto Rican. This is LUIS.

Tom gets the door for him.

LUIS

Oh, thank you Mr. Namath. How we doin' tonight?

TOM

Fine.

LUIS

Marcia and I meant to thank you for the holiday tip. Very generous.

Tom nods, lets him pass.

OUTSIDE

Tom starts on his way. Doubles back -

TOM

Hey Luis. Have you noticed anyone lately? Sort of hanging around outside the building?

Luis thinks to himself, shakes his head.

LUIS

No I don't think so. But they only
got me here a couple hours Tuesdays
and Fridays now for the trash.

Tom thinks, nods casually.

TOM

Well, have a good night.

He starts off down the sidewalk.

LUIS

You too Mr. N.
(then, calling out)
You want me to report it or
something?

Tom just waves.

INT. WEST VILLAGE DINER - NIGHT

A knock-off of the diner from the opening. Simple.
Unremarkable. On a corner.

Tom sits with VANN, the man from his AA group. Queens born, a talker, mindful of his shirt and tie while he wolfs down corned beef hash.

VANN

...tow truck pulls it out, he knows
the car, I know the car. Owner was
the goddamn chief of police.
Pissin' himself, couldn't even put
on his shoes.

Tom's eyes wander, but not bored - like he's mapping the room. The windows. The exits.

VANN (CONT'D)

I could have been that guy. I was
that guy. Look at him now, eighteen
years in - done.
(he snaps, staring off)
I used to bowl with that guy...

Vann sees Tom, now attentive, listening. No comments.

VANN (CONT'D)

I like how you asked *me* to be *your*
sponsor, I end up fucking pouring
out everything to *you*.

(MORE)

VANN (CONT'D)
Make me feel better. What's shitty
in your world?

Tom shrugs. Nods at his plate.

VANN (CONT'D)
Hey you wanted the change. Nothing
wrong with the food at that place
on 2nd.

TOM
I like trying new places.

VANN
Well, happy I could oblige your
wanderlust.

A waitress floats past with the check. As VANN digs out a few
bills we catch a glimpse of a badge.

VANN (CONT'D)
My turn. You want anything else?

TOM
Nah I gotta go to work.

Vann smirks as he watches Tom collect his coat.

VANN
Work. You need a real day job.

TOM
Yeah what's a real day job?

VANN
One where you don't wear shorts.

A weekly dig. Tom just pats him on the shoulder as he exits.

INT. KAREN'S CONDOMINIUM - DAY

A PHONE on the table. Silent.

Karen back at the window. Trance-like, watching the utility
van. It hasn't moved. A BUZZER breaks her out of it.

Another buzz. Someone's downstairs.

THE INTERCOM

KAREN
Who is it?

She presses the two-way button, listening. Tries again.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Who is it?

Dead air and static. Then --

VOICE (OVER INTERCOM)
Package.

INT. LOBBY, KAREN'S BUILDING - DAY

Karen steps out of the elevators. A double set of glass doors lead out to the street, light flooding in. No one's there.

Karen walks closer, cautious. She peers out: Pedestrians. The back of a POSTAL WORKER as they continue down the block.

Something at her feet.

INT. KAREN'S CONDOMINIUM - DAY

Looking down on a box. A little beat up. No return address.

Karen, hesitant. She gingerly begins to cut it open, lifts out a BACKPACK. She digs further in. Nothing else.

She turns over the backpack, checks the pockets, finds:

- Two ACCORDION PORTFOLIOS: An empty manila envelope in one
- A stack of CURRENCY STRAPS in the other, generic. "\$1,000" printed on their labels. His fee.
- A CELL PHONE, older model Motorola. A dial pad. A charger with it.
- An ENVELOPE, sealed. Instructions. And finally...

A PLANE TICKET in her name - **PIT to ATL...**

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA - EARLY MORNING

Over a TRAIN as it cuts through the Pennsylvania countryside.

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN CAR - SAME

Karen sitting against the window, industrial landscapes blurring past. The backpack in the seat beside her.

A DINING CAR ATTENDANT and cart roll into frame.

ATTENDANT
Coffee ma'am?

KAREN
No, thank you.

The attendant smiles, moves on. We STAY WITH HER, offering the same along the way. Several rows ahead...

ATTENDANT
Coffee ma'am? Sir?

They decline. As she moves past we reveal HOBBS and ROSETTI, another pair of New England commuters enjoying the quiet car.

EXT. PITTSBURGH INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Glass and concrete hubs. Hundreds flowing in and out, cars and shuttles crawling along the curb.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL, SECURITY LINE - DAY

Karen unloads through security, backpack in the tray, arms raised toward the scanner. As she steps through...

ROSETTI back behind the TSA entrance, watching Karen disappear toward her gate.

INT. UTILITY VAN - DAY

Hobbs and the two technicians, MOSLEY and KUAN. A KNOCK as the van door slides open, Rosetti climbing in.

ROSETTI
No one else. She went through.

Eyes turning to HOBBS. Quietly he reaches into his jacket, starts unarming himself. A nod toward Rosetti and Mosley. They follow suit. A pile on the workbench starting to form:

Latex gloves...syringe case...P380 pistol...taser...zip ties

INT. SHOPPING CORRIDOR, PITTSBURGH AIRPORT - DAY

Posh travel stores and kiosks. Karen heads toward her gate, backpack on, flowing with the rest of the crowd.

INT. LUGGAGE STORE, PITTSBURGH AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

As Karen passes by outside...

TOM

Browsing a wall of roll-aways. He pulls a black carry-on off the rack, glances at the empty ID tag - gives it a once-over.

REGISTER

Tom sets the carry-on on the counter. The cashier scans it.

CASHIER

Total comes to 119.82. Anything else today?

TOM

Just the bag, thanks.

Tom sets out a few bills, glances out at the terminal while he waits for his change. Then --

TOM (CONT'D)

Actually, any way I could borrow a pen?

INT. CONCOURSE, PITTSBURGH AIRPORT - DAY

Tom takes a seat against the wall at a bank of pay phones, the new bag beside him. From behind he looks like everyone else. But in front of him -

He unearths the keyboard device we saw on his workbench.

This is a TTY machine (or "teletype"). Something between a laptop and an early model pager. A full keyboard underneath a scrolling green LCD display, an acoustic phone cradle beside a call indicator light.

This device is real, store bought and for the deaf, possibly with a few home-made alterations.

Tom plugs his own phone into the device. We see the LCD screen LIGHT UP, powering on. Then, scrolling across:

"...HELLO, THIS IS OPERATOR 627... HOW MAY I CONNECT YOUR CALL?...GO AHEAD..."

INT. GATE, PITTSBURGH AIRPORT - DAY

Karen waits, nervous.

A loud unfamiliar ring. She jumps, realizes it's the older Motorola phone she's been sent. She answers.

KAREN (ON PHONE)
Hello?
(a pause)
Yes, I've gotten one before...
thank you, I'll hold.

She waits. The call connects.

KAREN (CONT'D)
I'm at my gate. I think we're about
to board. When I land what do we-
well where should I go? Go ahead.

She listens, a panic growing.

KAREN (CONT'D)
I don't understand, they're both
packed, like you said. How will we-

She scans the area around her.

KAREN (CONT'D)
...I-I'm listening. Go ahead.

INT. TSA ENTRANCE, PITTSBURGH AIRPORT - DAY

Rosetti and Mosley clearing security. Gathering their things-

MOSLEY
(under his breath)
Turned TSA into their personal
bouncer. Never seen that.

ROSETTI
Tie your fucking shoe.

He looks down, kneels. Hobbs already ahead, buying a paper.
All slowing as...

SERVICE AGENT (OVER PA)
Passenger Karen Grant, please
return to the lost property counter
in Terminal D. Passenger Karen
Grant, lost property counter in
Terminal D.

On Hobbs.

FROM AFAR: Momentarily conferring with the others. They separate, Hobbs heading in another direction.

INT. PROPERTY COUNTER, PITTSBURGH AIRPORT - DAY

At the dead end of a corridor, away from the foot-traffic. Hobbs seated on a nearby bench, newspaper out. Waiting.

A SERVICE AGENT types behind the property counter. Innocuous.

Hobbs careens his head toward the concourse. Only travelers criss-crossing back and forth. Every direction but his.

SERVICE AGENT (O.S.)
Sir. May I help you with anything?

Hobbs turns back, the agent now looking up from her monitor. He's been here a while. He puts on a smile.

HOBBS
Just, staying out of the zoo.

He motions toward the concourse. The agent nods politely, returns to her screen. Hobbs flashes another look down the hall, settles back in.

Then -

GATE AGENT (OVER PA)
Passenger Karen Grant, please
report to Gate B17. Passenger Karen
Grant, Gate B17. Thank you.

Hobbs, thrown. What the hell is happening. As he rises...

ANGLE ON

The agent, watching him go. We DRIFT DOWN behind the counter:

The black carry-on Tom purchased.

INT. GATE - PITTSBURGH AIRPORT - DAY

The tail end of a PASSENGER LINE filing onto the jet bridge. As they disappear inside we see MOSLEY, waiting on an ever thinning bench, nervous.

He spots Hobbs coming down the terminal, intercepts him.

HOBBS
(low)
Where is she?

MOSLEY

Never got on, I don't know. That's why they're paging her, they're about to close the doors.

They stand there, eyes darting, minds running.

GATE AGENT (OVER PA)

Last call for flight 8317. All rows, all passengers.

The remaining seats emptying out. Hobbs, watching. And then-

He stops, face falling. He realizes what's happening.

MOSLEY

Should we circle back? If he's following her he's got to be somewhere in the-

HOBBS

He wasn't following her.

Mosley, still not getting it, looking for answers. But Hobbs just stares forward, fuming, impotent. It's too late.

They're being exposed.

TOM

Observing from the across the terminal, taking stock of Hobbs, the man he followed here, now beside Mosley.

The only two remaining at the gate.

HOBBS

HOBBS (CONT'D)

We're made. Both of us. Let's go.

As they walk off...

GATE AGENT (OVER PA)

...Final call. Passenger Karen Grant, please report to Gate B17...

EXT. PITTSBURGH INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Making their way down the crowded arrivals sidewalk, the van in the distance ahead. Hobbs' finger goes to his ear, a call coming through. Answering.

HOBBS

Yeah.

ROSETTI (OVER PHONE)

I've got her.

INT. TERMINAL, PITTSBURGH AIRPORT - AT THAT MOMENT

Rosetti, leaning against the wall, headphones in.

HOBBS (OVER PHONE)

How's it look?

ROSETTI

She's passing it off now.

HOBBS

So you've got him?

A beat. She looks away...

ROSETTI

No.

REVERSE TO:

PITTSBURGH AIRPORT POST OFFICE

A full service USPS within the terminal.

Karen stands at the register inside, two white boxes on the counter beside her. Similar sizes to the accordion portfolios we saw earlier.

WITH KAREN

As the clerk takes the second box off the scale.

CLERK

Does either box contain anything fragile, liquid, perishable, or potentially hazardous including lithium batteries and perfume?

KAREN

No.

CLERK

Would you like to add any package insurance or signature confirmation today?

KAREN

No.

CLERK

Both going priority mail first class, 1-3 business days. You can insert your card.

Karen pays as the clerk momentarily disappears behind the counter with the boxes.

ROSETTI, watching this from afar.

Karen takes her receipt from the clerk, discarding it as she nervously heads for the exit, disappearing down the terminal.

MOMENTS LATER

Rosetti wanders inside. She grabs a blank package slip, pretends to fill it out. A glance over the counter...

The boxes are gone.

A beat. She turns to leave, throwing the slip away on her way out... and stops. A piece of paper, sitting on top.

GLIMPSES of its print:

Two parcels... costs... weights... tracking numbers...

Karen's receipt.

INT. AIRPORT TRAM CAR - DAY

Tom rides between concourses. Another face in the crowd, on his way to the parking lot.

The tram makes a stop, a team of girls volleyball players, Nancy's age, all cramming on. Tom makes room.

The tram pulls away again, the girls drowning everything out. Tom closes his eyes... suddenly snaps them open again.

EXT. NEW JERSEY HIGH SCHOOL - DUSK

Tom's car screeching to a halt at the curb. Tom slams the door behind him, hustling across the front lawn.

AHEAD

Lights on in the gymnasium, offering some hope.

As Tom closes in a JANITOR exits the gym door, offering a glimpse of what's inside. An empty stage. Folding chairs being put away. A few graduation caps left behind.

Tom slows. It's over.

INT. BASEMENT, CHURCH OF SAINT CATHERINE - NIGHT

An AA meeting in progress. Tom at his usual spot. The timer going off as one member finishes. Another hand goes up --

It's VANN. As he starts SOUND FADES...

PRELAP: Karen's voice.

KAREN (V.O.)
So, how does this work?

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tom sitting down at his workbench, pulling the TTY keyboard forward.

TOM (V.O.)
There are rules.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. KAREN'S CONDOMINIUM - DAY

Karen, just a silhouette at the window. The clunky outline of the Motorola. (note: she will use this phone moving forward)

TOM (V.O.)
There's going to be an order to
this.

As Tom types we see his words scroll across the display, but we'll start to hear each of their voices as if they're having the conversation directly.

TOM (V.O.)
Everybody follows it, we'll finish.
Each side has obligations. Don't
worry about theirs. Follow yours,
you'll be okay.

Karen stares down at the street.

TOM (V.O.)
You use the phone I gave you. Do
not contact them. Do not respond if
they contact you, and they will.
They'll try to scare you, they'll
try and make a deal. But pay
attention, there is no other deal.
(MORE)

TOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(then)

You're going to meet them exactly once to make the return. I will tell you both where and when. It will be open, it will be public, it will be short.

KAREN (V.O.)

And you'll be there.

Hopeful. Tom pauses at this, resumes typing.

TOM (V.O.)

You and I will never meet. Let me be clear, I am not a body guard. I'm a broker. Follow the steps, you're going to be protected. But if you do anything to put yourself in danger, I will not come back for you. I will walk away.

On Karen, absorbing this.

KAREN (V.O.)

...I understand.

At home, reading her hesitation.

TOM (V.O.)

You need to be sure you want to do this. I'm not here for your morality, I'm here for your safety. If at the last second your conscience gets a second wind and you want to go public, or do some version of the right thing, you're on your own.

KAREN (V.O.)

No. I'm done running.

TOM (V.O.)

They're not done chasing.

KAREN (V.O.)

But you're involved now. They'll know that, why would they try anything?

Beat.

TOM (V.O.)

They'll try.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Darkened office space. Could be anywhere. Karen's POST OFFICE RECEIPT projected against the wall:

Parcel	Parcel
3.57 oz.	2 lb. 2.9 Oz.
ZONE-4	ZONE-8
SCOTTSDALE AZ 85259	DAVENPORT IA 52801
TRACKING# 9114 58...	TRACKING# 0311 27...

HOBBS (O.S.)
So the guy uses airport security.

Hobbs talks to the screen, his questions at himself as much as the room. Rosetti, Mosley and Kuan staring behind him.

HOBBS (CONT'D)
He could have done the same at JFK, LaGuardia, Newark. Why go all the way to Pittsburgh?

MOSLEY
(offering)
That's where he's operating from.

ROSETTI
Then why have her send these halfway across the country?

No answer. Then, reading:

KUAN (O.S.)
Since 2001 the TSA has closed or relocated over 113 airport branches of the United States Post Office. The only remaining full-service post office inside security...

Kuan stops reading, turns his laptop around.

KUAN (CONT'D)
Pittsburgh International airport.

Hobbs rubs his face. He hasn't slept.

HOBBS
Okay, two packages. Why split them up?

ROSETTI
Decoy? Second party?

MOSLEY

Tracking confirmed they're both
going to P.O. boxes. Both due to
arrive in two days.

Back at the projection.

ROSETTI

First one's the money.

KUAN

...adds up. FDA report is 211
pages, standard letter, that's 2
pounds. With packaging... that's
Davenport. Like she said,
Scottsdale's the money.

MOSLEY

So which one is he going after
first?

The room falls quiet, no one willing to venture a guess. This
guy is an anomaly. Finally Hobbs turns from the projection,
throws them all a look.

EXT. POST OFFICE, SCOTTSDALE ARIZONA - MORNING

Harsh sunlight. Mosley shields his eyes as he exits, digging
out a phone as he heads toward a rental car in the lot.

He waits while it rings, leans on the hood - yanks his hand
back, the metal already baking. As the other end answers -

MOSLEY (ON PHONE)

Yeah I got nothing. Box is still
empty, tailed anyone picking up.
Either we're missing something or
it never showed. Any luck there?

INT. ANOTHER RENTAL CAR - AT THAT MOMENT

Rosetti listening. She hangs up without answering. Just sits
there, troubled, annoyed. She climbs out.

EXT. POST OFFICE, DAVENPORT IOWA - CONTINUOUS

RISING as she heads inside, the patchwork quilt of FARMLAND
in the distance.

INT. POST OFFICE, DAVENPORT IOWA - CONTINUOUS
Vacant. No one at the counter. This is a small operation.
Rosetti clocks one of the PO box windows for the hundredth time. Still empty.

An elderly USPS employee emerges from the back. Rosetti throws on a smile, starts toward him.

ROSETTI
Hi there.

ELDERLY USPS
Good afternoon. How are we today?

ROSETTI
Well, my friend asked me to pick up his mail for him, and I noticed he hasn't been receiving anything the last few days. He's expecting a package... is there any way it's being held in the back?

ELDERLY USPS
Well if it was, you'd still have a package slip in the box.

ROSETTI
(smiles, playful)
No way it's hiding somewhere? I can come back with the tracking number, if that's helpful.

ELDERLY USPS
I'm sorry ma'am. I was just back there, everything left is going out with a carrier this afternoon.

On Rosetti, resigned.

ROSETTI
I'll let him know. Thanks anyway.

ELDERLY USPS
Yes ma'am.

She turns to leave, the facade dropping as she goes. She pushes through the doors --

ELDERLY USPS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Did they recently move?

ROSETTI
I'm sorry?

ELDERLY USPS
Did they move recently? If they did, whatever address it was originally sent to, they could have put a forwarding address on file, once it arrives it'll get rerouted to the new one, may take an extra couple days.

He shrugs, hoping to be helpful. Through her teeth --

ROSETTI
Mail forwarding...could be. And any limits to where you'll forward to?

ELDERLY USPS
No ma'am we'll pass it along to, well just about anywhere.

He smiles.

EXT. LENOX HILL POST OFFICE, NEW YORK - AFTERNOON

Tom exits onto the street, two familiar white boxes under his arm.

EXT. 2ND AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

As he rounds the corner. Stops.

ACROSS THE STREET

His apartment building. Three FIGURES talking on the roof. One in a GREY RAINCOAT we saw earlier on the curb. Broad daylight but too far away to see much else.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, BACKSIDE - AFTERNOON

Looking into Tom's apartment through the rear window, framed by the fire escape. The soft taps of rubber on metal.

Tom ascends up the fire escape into frame, about to continue upwards when he pauses. The calculating stare we saw earlier.

He finds a KEY RING on his belt, quietly but quickly unlocks his own window and slips inside his apartment.

From our angle his next moves are a mystery, but moments later he reappears, continuing upward toward the roof.

AT THE TOP

Just under the edge, crouched against the wall. He listens: Wind, car horns, the glockenspiel of the city. He peers over-

THE ROOF

It's deserted. Vents, the chimneys below, the staircase access door. Lifeless.

TOM

For the first time looking thrown himself. As he starts down, we now see the glint of a HAND GUN tucked behind his shirt.

PRELAP: A phone ringing...

INT. UTILITY VAN - AFTERNOON

A CELL PHONE on the seat, the screen lighting up:

INCOMING CALL

**7-1-1
Unknown**

Hobbs and Kuan at the work bench. Hobbs stares at the screen, flashes it to Kuan - who shakes his head - doesn't know what to make of it either. Hobbs sets it to speaker, answers.

HOBBS
Hello.

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
Hello. This is relay operator 5338.
Have you received a relay call
before?

Hobbs and Kuan, eyes up. It's him.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - AT THAT MOMENT

The white boxes opened on the table. Tom at his desk, one of the accordion portfolios beside him. He waits.

A green signal light appears on the TTY machine. "Call Connected". He starts typing. We hear the operator's voice...

OPERATOR (V.O.) (OVER PHONE)
Page nine.

INTERCUT WITH:

Hobbs and Kuan. The operator continues -

OPERATOR (CONT'D)
These studies consisted of data from 4800 individuals with research priorities in developing biomarkers for the "reduced-harm" tobacco alternative protein subunits.

(a beat)

Page 74. 2nd paragraph.

Hobbs and Kuan. What the fuck is this?

OPERATOR (CONT'D)
Protein subunits suggested that NRT enhances cognition on chromosome 15 that encode during withdrawal...

Kuan, picking up on it. He reaches for his laptop. Starts transcribing as the operator reads...

OPERATOR (CONT'D)
...but may not affect neural circuits associated with nicotine addiction.

TOM

The redacted FDA REPORT open beside him. He flips through, selects another section, begins copying off the page.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)
Top of page 138. Variations found tobacco-consistent changes at...

Tom pauses. Sees his is LCD screen flickering in and out. He frowns, taps it. It returns to normal. He resumes typing.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)
...26 sites on the epigenome. This pattern may contribute to medical consequences over the long term.

KUAN highlights his passage, searches. Matches it to a PDF on his laptop. He turns the screen to Hobbs:

Side by side, to the letter. He's giving them excerpts.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)

Addendum, last paragraph. This type of misclassification calls into evidence significant changes in inflammatory markers that link protein subunits to the equivalent toxic impacts of nicotine exposure.

Silence. Long. It appears Tom is finished.

HOBBS (ON PHONE)

What do you want? Go ahead.

OPERATOR

You've been following my client.
Stop.

HOBBS

She violated a non-disclosure agreement. She stole intellectual property, she's harboring proprietary research. I was hired by the owner of that research. We're not in the wrong here. She took something she shouldn't have. Go ahead.

OPERATOR

And now you know I have it too.

A beat. Letting it sink in.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)

Here's how this works. We're going to walk the situation back. No more threats, no publication. No more surveillance, no further copies. Once I'm satisfied with both parties, I'll facilitate the return of the original.

HOBBS

And why would you do that, help facilitate? Go ahead.

OPERATOR

Because you're going to hire me to. I work for both parties. I have no more allegiance to her than I do you.

HOBBS

And how much will that cost, your... impartiality? Go ahead.

OPERATOR

This is an insurance policy on your 400 million dollar acquisition. I'm a broker. Brokers get one percent.

Kuan, eyes growing as he does the math. Hobbs doesn't flinch.

HOBBS

What assurances do we have that you'll do what you say you will? Go ahead.

OPERATOR

Get a pen.

Hobbs scrambles, finds one. Kuan's fingers hover over the laptop keyboard, both ready.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)

6187628943. 4241233234. 8323237234.

(a beat)

Those are the numbers of a union official, a three-star general, and a former editor and chief of the Wall Street Journal. They'll only confirm my services, but those references should suffice.

HOBBS

Okay. And if they do, then the money. Your fee, how do we meet? Go ahead.

OPERATOR

We don't.

(and then)

You're going to need some stamps.

On Hobbs and Kuan. Of course.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)

And another thing...

(then, direct)

Get a new parking spot.

EXT. TRIBECA STREET - LATER

The van slowly pulls away from the curb.

INT. KAREN'S CONDOMINIUM - AT THAT MOMENT

The same as she watches them drive away.

KAREN (INTO PHONE)
They're leaving. Go ahead.

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
This next part is going to take
some time. If you see them again,
if you see anything, tell me.

KAREN
And how do I do that? You're not
exactly an easy person to get a
hold of. Go ahead.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - SAME

Typing.

TOM (V.O.)
That first number you called,
you're going to use it every night
to leave a message. Just a word. If
everything is alright you'll say
"alright." If something is wrong,
you're going to say "weather."

KAREN
All right is two words, not one.

Tom, reading the response. Not expecting that.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Go ahead.

On Tom. Can't help but smirk a little. Debating something.

TOM (V.O.)
Ever listen to The Who?

KAREN
(thrown by the question)
The band? No not really. Go ahead.

TOM (V.O.)
Their first album, 1965, side 2.
Check it out.

On Karen, confused, a little intrigued.

KAREN
I will.
(then, spontaneous)
(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)
Is this, what we're doing, is this
your only job? Go ahead.

Surprising even herself. Dead air on the other end. He
doesn't hang up, but as the silence lingers she realizes what
he's saying: her asking is a break in protocol.

KAREN (CONT'D)
(humbled)
Tomorrow evening then. Go ahead.

TOM (V.O.)
Tomorrow evening.

A beat.

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
The caller has left the line. Thank
you for using the relay service.

SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ANGLE FROM INSIDE THE FLOOR:

As Tom lifts up a panel in the wood.

A metal footlocker underneath, a built-in combo lock on the
front. Tom dials in the combination, lifts the lid. Inside:

The circular KEYS from the storage unit. And the HAND GUN we
saw earlier, resting in the foam. Tom sets Karen's report in
beside it, grabs the panel, and closes us back inside.

EXT. KAREN'S BUILDING - NEXT DAY

Karen stands just outside the doors, timid. Eye's surveying.
No strangers hovering. No white vans. She starts walking.

INT. RECORD STORE - DAY

A dying shop, hanging onto the past. Karen walks the aisles,
finds the band she's looking for. She flips through, pulling
an album out: **THE WHO - MY GENERATION**

She turns it over, smirks.

Side B - first track: "**The Kids are Alright**".

EXT. STREET - LATER

Tom waits against a building, dials into his service.

KAREN (RECORDING)
All right.

He tucks his headphone away, checking for cars as he starts across the street toward...

EXT. LENOX HILL POST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Nodding at a passing POSTAL WORKER as he jogs up the steps.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK RESERVOIR - ANOTHER DAY

Karen runs.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - LATER

Riding back. She looks down the car. No Hobbs. No Rosetti. No shadows in sight. She breathes in, lets her eyes close.

INT. HELL'S KITCHEN DINER - ANOTHER DAY

Another unremarkable dive. Tom once again listening to Vann as his eyes case the room. A buzz in his pocket. He slides his phone out, clocks the screen: New Messages (1).

EXT. 2ND AVENUE - LATER

Tom walks toward his building, headphones in.

KAREN (RECORDING)
All right.

Ahead: LUIS at the curb, dragging two empty trash cans back inside. Tom jogs ahead, grabs a third and follows him in.

INT. KAREN'S CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

Phone to her ear. Staring out as she did in the beginning -

Cars parked for the night. Normal cars. Family cars. The utility van no where in sight.

The machine on the other end beeps.

KAREN (ON PHONE)
...all right.

EXT. TRIBECA STREET - AT THAT MOMENT

Down the block, a view into Karen's apartment from here. She hangs up in the window, draws the curtains. A beat.

A FIGURE on the street moves for the first time. Someone we didn't see until now. Someone that's been in frame the entire time.

As they walk through a streetlight we see it's TOM, tucking his headphone back into his jacket. Done for the night.

PRELAP - A doorbell ringing.

INT. NEW JERSEY HOME - DAY

Ray opens the door, finds Tom on the stoop, waves him in.

RAY
Sorry to call you out here, I just
didn't realize she'd held on to so
much goddamn stuff...

Continuing inside, a suburban home. Half the place in boxes. What's left out looks aged, 60s, cigarette smoke still in the wallpaper. As they thread through...

RAY (CONT'D)
When I got to the basement and
realized some of it was your mom's,
well I didn't want to toss anything
ya know? Figured you'd want to go
through, see if there's anything
you want to hold onto.

TOM
I'll take a look. We can probably
just donate it.
(then)
Did Nancy get my call? After
graduation.

RAY
She did, yeah.
(an awkward silence)
Sorry Tommy. She's out back but,
I'd let her be. She'll get over
it... anyway, stuff's downstairs.

INT. BASEMENT, NEW JERSEY HOME - DAY

Years of storage. A dusty PIANO against the wall. Tom kneels beside a box, emptying it out: a Rutgers University sweater, physics text books, an old boy scout handbook, probably his. A brief moment with each before discarding into a bag.

He pauses. A RECORD ALBUM in the bottom. The hint of a grin.

Tom lifts it out. **THE WHO - TOMMY**, double LP. He opens it.

PAPER falling out. A town newspaper clipping. A picture of TOM'S MOM on the page. "In Memoriam." She was young.

CAMERA catches glimpses of the column beneath it - "**vehicle found**" "**survived by son Thomas**" "**sister Carol and nephew...**"

He softly places it back inside, closes the album.

EXT. NEW JERSEY HOME - DAY

Tom walks toward his car at the curb, his mom's record under his arm. He fishes out is keys...

A SOUND somewhere - gears grinding, the choke of an engine trying to start.

EXT. ALLEY DRIVEWAY, NEW JERSEY HOME - DAY

A grey CHEVY CORSICA in the carport.

INSIDE

NANCY unsuccessfully shifting the gears, cursing under her breath. A YouTube video playing on her phone: "How to drive stick shift" She restarts the video, glances over...

Tom, watching through the passenger window. He climbs inside.

TOM

I think I saw a bike in the
basement.

(getting nothing back)
This grandma's?

NANCY

She left it to me.

A beat. Tom casually reaches over, releases the emergency break for her. Winks. Nancy tries not to smile behind a curtain of hair, gives up.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Dad said I could take it to Purdue,
but don't try driving it by myself
yet. He was going to get a friend
from work to teach me but he's
been, you know, distracted.

TOM

...you're going to Purdue.

NANCY

Yeah.

Tom, hadn't realized. They fall back into silence.

TOM

I'm sorry I wasn't there for your
graduation. I don't mean to miss
things like that.

NANCY

Then why do you?

No answer.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Grandma said you used to come back
a lot more. Then you stopped. Said
something happened with your job.

(then)

Whatever happened, I wish it
hadn't.

Tom, that library quiet look. Then -

TOM

When do you leave?

NANCY

End of the month. I've got some
advanced classes I'm trying to test
out of before the semester starts.

TOM

...what if I came with.

NANCY

You're offering to drive me?

TOM

No. You drive. But I'll be there in
case your other driving instructor
here runs out of battery.

She eyes him, already burned once. But then she nods. Tom nods back. Deal. He pops open the door, pauses.

TOM (CONT'D)
Car starts in neutral. Didn't hear
it from me.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - LATER

Tom's car pulls up to the storage unit we saw in the beginning.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - CONTINUOUS

As he rolls up the door. He's got the record under his arm, heading for one of the safes. He counts off keys on a ring, dozens, finds the right one and opens the door. Inside:

Some photographs. Programs from a first communion, child-scrawled cards marked "Goddaughter." And CASH. Stacks of it. We get the sense this safe is for him.

He makes space and slides the record in, about to lock it away -- but he PAUSES, holding the door.

The record, laying there inside. On Tom.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

His record shelf. **TOMMY** now sitting with the rest.

We hear the tone of a phone ringing. Tom puts groceries away in the kitchen, his speakerphone on, calling into his service.

AUTOMATED VOICE (OVER PHONE)
Inbox 482.

A beep, then --

KAREN (RECORDING)
...All right.

Routine. Tom goes to hang up - waits. Faint background noise on the other end. Breathing. He checks the message duration: timer still running. Then --

KAREN (CONT'D)
I don't know how to picture you.
When you listen to these.

Slightly slurred. Liquid pouring into glass. She's drunk.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Are you married? Are you lonely? Do
you do this from some bunker? Maybe
you're a twelve year old. I wonder
if you ever listen this far in...

Glass clinking again.

KAREN (CONT'D)
I bought that album. All this
reminds me, well you remind me of
this song. I can't remember the
name, or who sings it. Just the...
melody I guess.

She begins to hum. Soft, dreamy. Familiar. Tom closes his eyes, letting her voice drift over him.

She finishes.

KAREN (CONT'D)
My son used to sing that one...
maybe that's why I forgot it.

Dead air. The message ends.

EXT. TRIBECA STREET - DAY

Karen returning for the day. She turns into her building.

INT. LOBBY, KAREN'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Pausing inside the doors. A package at her feet. She picks it up. Thin, no return address. She tears away the corner...

Shrink wrapped. A record logo underneath.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tom's phone lighting up. "New Messages (1)" on the screen.

Tom sits at his desk. He's got protective goggles on, a soldering iron smoking in his hand. The TTY machine is partially disassembled, soldering a new screen to the board.

He glances at the phone, dials in from memory, dials in a pin, sets it to speaker.

AUTOMATED VOICE (OVER PHONE)
Inbox 482.

A beep, then -- nothing. Silence.

Tom sets the iron back in the stand, listening. A faint knocking in the background. Or maybe it's a footfall.

Worried now, he reaches for the phone...

Then: MUSIC. The melody of a mid 70s keyboard as a song begins to play. The hi-fi crackles of a record needle.

Tom smiles. She got his gift.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. KAREN'S CONDOMINIUM - EARLIER

An **ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA** record spinning on her player. Karen drinking beside it, holding her phone out next to it as the lyrics kick in...

RECORD

Hello, how are you? /
Have you been all right through all
those lonely, lonely, lonely,
lonely nights? That's what I'd say,
I'd tell you everything /
If you'd pick up that telephone...

ELO's **Telephone Line** continues to play as she sits back.

RECORD (CONT'D)

Blue days, black nights, doo wah
doo wahhahhaha...

TOM

Sitting back himself as the song reaches the chorus, we realize it's the melody she was humming earlier. The song she was trying to remember.

RECORD (CONT'D)

I look into the sky (the love you
need ain't gonna see you through) /
And I wonder why (the little things
you planned ain't comin' true) /

He closes his eyes, listens. Almost as if she's there in the room with him.

RECORD (CONT'D)

Oh, oh telephone line, give me some
time, I'm living in twilight...

MUSIC FADES as we cut to...

INT. HARLEM DINER - DAY

Tom eating, smiling to himself. He looks up, finds Vann across from him, a look.

TOM

What?

VANN

You're looking well.

Tom shrugs. Plays innocent.

TOM

Work is going... well.

VANN

Good on you. Me, I get a corporate laundering case with an AD wants me to search the ceilings of every partner in a seven story firm. Seven stories of ceilings. You know what's in a ceiling? Rat shit.

TOM

Maybe it's time to retire.

VANN

(thinks on it)

Nah, what else am I going to do.
Get a second job?

TOM

That could work.

VANN

You? Early retirement?

TOM

Maybe I like my job.

VANN

No shit. No office, fresh air, get a tan like yours, I would too. Maybe I'll stop by one day, grab an application.

Tom, amused. He considers a response, just keeps eating.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

File folders covering the table. Kuan, Rosetti and Mosley camped out, laptops and stale take out, pouring through.

Hobbs enters.

HOBBS

Union chief checks out. Never even met the broker. Said he was contacted through the relay switchboard like everyone else.

MOSELY

(sorting folders)

Switchboards, message services, money through the goddamn pony express. Guy's technology is from the dark ages.

He glances up, finds Hobbs staring at him.

HOBBS

Do you know where he is? Got an e-mail with an IP address we can trace? A cell phone? A bank transfer?

(Mosely, silent)

Those dark ages are why we're still fucking sitting here.

He moves on, eyes the mess of files on the table.

HOBBS (CONT'D)

What's this?

KUAN

No hits in New York, we had to expand. Every extortion, blackmail and whistleblower case filed in the tri-state courts. This guys gotta have made a mistake somewhere.

ROSETTI

Or maybe the clients made the mistake and he walked.

KUAN

Either way, early days, one of these goes south, maybe someone knows a name.

Hobbs picks up a file, reads the brief, trades it for another, another. He starts reading aloud.

HOBBS

'05 Air Force auditor exposes a two billion Lockheed overspend to Congress, case dismissed.

(he flips to another)

'96 Machinist foreman - sues GE for factory safety violations, settled.

(another)

'78 Reactor technician, vehicular manslaughter suit after agreeing to testify to the US Atomic Energy Commission -

He slams them down.

HOBBS (CONT'D)

1978!? C'mon guys, get serious. The guy isn't in his goddamn 80s.

ROSETTI

Well what do you want Paul? You said it yourself, we don't have a face, we don't have a phone, we've got *nothing*. So where else do you want us to look?

Hobbs starts to answer, realizes he doesn't have one. Rosetti evens her voice.

ROSETTI (CONT'D)

Maybe it's time to call this in.

EXT. 125TH STREET METRO NORTH PLATFORM - NIGHT

Tom waits for his train. A buzz on his phone. He smiles, dials in. Surprised when it isn't Karen's voice, but a man's.

MALE VOICE (RECORDING)

Your phone still works. I'm glad.

It sounds distant, gravely. But a voice we know. WHITACRE.

WHITACRE (RECORDING) (CONT'D)

Nice to speak English again, even if it's to a machine. I've been down here almost three months now.

(dead air, then)

I thought I saw someone.

EXT. GUACARA, VENEZUELA - DAY

A market. Whitacre steps out of a bodega, beard grown out now. He looks both ways, but neither matter. He's drifting.

INT. BUS, VENEZUELA - DAY

Goats, knotted yarns dangling from windows. Whitacre's the only white man. He looks down the bus, reacts to something.

WHITACRE (V.O.)

Like they were following me.
Happens more and more. Even if I
don't see it, it feels like it.

The bus pulls over for a stop. Whitacre disembarks.

EXT. PARK, VENEZUELA - DAY

Walking now.

WHITACRE (V.O.)

I found an American medical journal down here. Well, Canadian. Study found over seventy brands of tainted supplements on the US market. Getty Pharmaceuticals makes nine of them. One of them was mine. They sent 2,300 people to the emergency room. I helped do that.

A family across the park, kids tossing crumbs for the birds.

WHITACRE (V.O.)

I missed my niece's baptism.

INT. APARTMENT, VENEZUELA - NIGHT

One room, spartan but clean. Whitacre lies in bed. Eyes open. A faint scratching on the roof. Imagined? We don't know.

WHITACRE (V.O.)

I'm scared all the time. You might be the only other one who understands that. The people you help, to protect ourselves, the ones we love, how lonely that can feel. We have to uninvolves ourselves from the world.

MOMENTS LATER

Walking out.

EXT. STREETS, VENEZUELA - NIGHT

Vice hours. Shadows from neon, steam from food vendors. Whitacre pays one, trades for some corn Hallacas.

WHITACRE (V.O.)

I'm not changing my mind. I know
it's too late for that. And even if
I did, I know you can't. Your work
survives on your... impartiality.

As he waits for his change he spots a few silhouettes
lingering down the street. They weren't there a second ago.

ANGLE ON

The Hallacas in the trash. Whitacre in a dead sprint down the
alley in the bg.

EXT. NEXT BLOCK, VENEZUELA - NIGHT

He emerges, slows his pace as he weaves into the crowd.
Sweating now, heading in no particular direction. Drifting.

WHITACRE (V.O.)

I just wonder, what's the point of
getting away, if the rest is like
this.

We lose him in the crowd.

EXT. KAREN'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Tom stands across the street. A light on up above.

INT. KAREN'S CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

Karen sleeps on the couch. The knife block is back on the
counter. Her phone begins to ring. She grabs for it, still
waking up.

KAREN

Yes?

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)

Hello. This is relay operator 4297.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Following a cable as it snakes from Tom's phone to the TTY machine, the panel now off and exposed from the soldering.

As Tom types we once again hear each of their voices as if they're having the conversation directly.

KAREN

I didn't check in. Shit I'm sorry,
I must have passed out. Did I miss
a call?

TOM

No.

KAREN

Is it news from them? Did they
agree to the exchange?

TOM

No. Not yet.

KAREN

Oh no. Something's wrong-

TOM

No. No...

(a beat)

I just wanted to... check on you.

Karen, surprised at this.

KAREN

Everything's okay.
(then, an instinct)
What about you?

On Tom. He's never been asked that before.

TOM

Fine.

A long silence. Karen, getting the sense she'll have to take the lead here.

KAREN

I meant to say thank you, for the
album. You know your music. Maybe
you're some... late night radio DJ.
That would explain the odd hours.

She smiles. He does too.

TOM

Someone I knew used to play piano.
She liked that one.

KAREN

And your messages, I guess you do
stick around to listen.
(a beat)
So are you?

TOM

Am I what?

KAREN

A twelve year old? Married?

TOM

No and... no.

KAREN

And what about lonely?

He waits, watching her words as they drift across his screen.

TOM

It can be.

KAREN

It's strange, talking to someone
who knows everything about you, and
you don't know the first thing
about them.

TOM

I don't know everything.

KAREN

What would you like to know?

TOM

You mentioned your son.

KAREN

...I think I'll keep that one to
myself.

(and then)

May I ask you a question?

TOM

Depends what it is.

KAREN

Think I'll ever hear your real
voice?

TOM

If everything goes well, no.
 (sensing disappointment)
 I call you, I meet you, you become
 the path they use to get to me. You
 won't mean to. You'll promise to be
 quiet, to be careful, but you know
 something now, a number, a face -
 and it's the only reason they'll
 need to hurt you. So take away
 their reason. That's why this
 works. Never meeting me, is the
 only thing that keeps you safe.

On Karen. Sad but understanding.

KAREN

May I ask you another question?
 (beat)
 Have you ever lost anyone?

TOM

...some people run. And sometimes,
 I have to walk away. The
 instructions, not everyone listens.

KAREN

So you have lost people.

A long pause.

TOM

Yes.

KAREN

I'm sorry.
 (and then)
 But I hope you know that thanks to
 you, I won't be.

On Tom, absorbing this. Then -

KAREN (CONT'D)

Good night.

Tom's end this time, for once not the one to end the conversation. The words scrolling across his screen:

"THE RECIPIENT HAS HUNG UP. THANK YOU FOR USING THE RELAY SERVICE. HAVE A WONDERFUL EVENING."

Tom leans back in his chair. After a moment he goes to the record player, flipping through until he pulls out **TOMMY**.

He queues it up, drops the needle, falling back in his chair. As the overture starts to play, Tom lets his eyes close.

FADE TO BLACK

Then... harsh buzzing. Loud. Violating.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Tom's eyes shoot open. He's fallen asleep in his chair. A drink on the work bench beside him.

Someone's buzzing downstairs.

INT. TOM'S BUILDING - MORNING

Tom peers into the hallway. A classic walk up, two apartments to each floor, his at the top.

No one in sight. He walks to the staircase, looking down.

HIS POV

The ground floor below. From this angle we can't see the front door, just a shadow cast across the tile. And then:

His neighbor's buzzer rings. Then a door on the third floor. The other door. The 2nd floor. Spiraling down. Surreal.

Tom backs away from the stairs -- retreats into his own apartment -- shuts the door.

INSIDE

Tom, pulse running. He takes stock of his breathing, locks his dead bolts. Then his eyes drift toward his work bench...

HIS PHONE - blinking. A message.

MOMENTS LATER

Tom dials in, waits...

AUTOMATED VOICE (OVER PHONE)
Inbox 482.

A click. Then -

HOBBS (RECORDING)
We accept your conditions. And your
price. The money's been sent. But
there's been a request.
(MORE)

HOBBS (RECORDING) (CONT'D)
(a beat)
It's non-negotiable.

EXT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL - DAY

Chaos. Commuters criss-crossing between taxis and home.

PRELAP - A phone ringing. A conversation from earlier playing-

INT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL - DAY

Tom hustling through the terminal, eyes darting. An adrenalized version of the diners - mapping doors, exits.

TOM (V.O.)
The report you gave me, it wasn't
the whole file, was it.

KAREN (V.O.)
What?

TOM (V.O.)
Section 43-B, the group 7 NRT
study. Do you have it?

Tom tries an electrical room door: locked - keeps moving...

KAREN (V.O.)
Well, yes-

TOM (V.O.)
They need it, all of it. Why would
you leave that out?

Tom walks to a pay phone wall, scans beneath it, moves on.

KAREN (V.O.)
Because the redaction was
conclusive. The rest was... not
nearly as relevant.

TOM (V.O.)
You said it yourself, there's a
400 million dollar acquisition on
the line here. You don't get to
decide what's relevant. They can't
risk any part of this in the wind.

Tom checks a utility hallway, dead end. Claimed by a wire
cart, newspapers and toiletries. Just a HOMELESS WOMAN
staying out of the crowd. A look from her. He walks out -

KAREN (V.O.)
So I'll send it to you like before.

TOM (V.O.)
That's not going to work. There's
an SEC filing deadline next week.
There's no time.

A beat.

KAREN (V.O.)
...I can bring it to you.

Tom pauses, sees something.

TOM (V.O.)
No, you're going to leave it for
me.

A HUDSON NEWS newsstand, neon lit in the center of the
terminal floor.

TOM (V.O.)
I'm going to give you instructions.
Very specific ones. Pay attention,
because we both need you to get
this right.

Tom heads for an escalator leading back up to the street.

TOM (V.O.)
There's a newsstand off the 8th
avenue entrance of Port
Authority...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL - NEXT DAY

Karen descends the escalator. Coming into view:

THE NEWSSTAND

But Karen drifts to a breakfast counter instead, orders
something, pays in cash. The cashier tongs a muffin into a
bag, hands it over with a coffee. Karen takes them over to
the cream and sugar, hovering over...

As she digs a MANILA FOLDER out of her purse. She folds it
once, twice, trashes the muffin and slides it inside the bag.

TERMINAL

Karen approaches the newsstand, a TELLER restocking magazines inside. A stand-alone rack on the corner, newspapers stacked on the shelves: **The New York Times, The Washington Post, The Chicago Tribune...**

Karen goes to it.

The camera is angled such that we see little, but when she rises the bag is gone and shes holding a paper in her hand. She steps up to the teller to pay. As she does...

HOBBS, ROSETTI AND MOSLEY

Watching as she takes her change and walks away. A nod from Hobbs sends Rosetti on her tail. Then, digging out his phone-

HOBBS
Watch the Tribunes.

They wait, watching commuters pluck up papers on their way to the trains. Finally a MAN takes one from the Tribune rack, goes to pay. No clear look but quiet looking. Grey temples.

Mosley sits up, looks at Hobbs. Still watching his phone. He looks back out at the man. Disappearing. Getting away...

Mosley rises.

FOLLOWING BEHIND THE MAN

Walking brisk down the terminal. Mosley catches up.

MOSLEY
Excuse me! Excuse me there -

The man turns. It's not Tom. But Mosley doesn't know that.

MOSLEY (CONT'D)
Sorry to bug you but my daughter
just won state last night, finals
were at MSG. Long shot but, I was
hoping I could check your sports
section, see if she made it.

The man grunts but lets Mosley fan through the paper, patting it down as he goes. He clocks the sports page, frowns.

MOSLEY (CONT'D)
Guess not. Thanks anyway.

He hands it back. The man disappears back into the fray.

NEWSSTAND

Hobbs still on his phone. REVERSE TO:

His screen: we see he's recording the newsstand, faces and profiles of customers coming through.

Mosley returns to the bench.

MOSLEY (CONT'D)
Wasn't him. Didn't run. Didn't try
to hide anything.

HOBBS
(not looking up)
So what's your plan, shake down
every person that buys a paper?

MOSLEY
What if that was our guy?

HOBBS
Who said our guy's a guy.

On Mosley, no answer. Hobbs nods at the newspaper rack.

HOBBS (CONT'D)
How many Tribunes do you see?

MOSLEY
...maybe twenty.

HOBBS
That's twenty faces down from the
eight million we were at this
morning. We'll get them. Unless you
want to scare them away first.
(Mosley, sheepish)
Go cover the other end.

Mosley rises, starts across the terminal. Hobbs taps his ear.

HOBBS (INTO EARPIECE) (CONT'D)
Any sign?

EXT. BRYANT PARK - AT THAT MOMENT

Rosetti on a bench, an eyeline on Karen across the park.

ROSETTI (INTO EARPIECE)
Nothing.
(she hesitates, then)
They've got no reason to show here.
(MORE)

ROSETTI (INTO EARPIECE) (CONT'D)
If she's made her drop we know
where they're going to be.

INT. PORT AUTHORITY TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

HOBBS (INTO EARPIECE)
Yeah that's what we said at the
airport... stay on her.

Hobbs perks as another commuter picks up a Tribune, a Hispanic woman (30s). Hobbs taps his phone, zooms in.

ACROSS THE TERMINAL

Mosley on his way to cover the opposite wall. He steps around a group of TRANSIT COPS, moves on. Moments later...

TOM

Passing by the same. He continues toward...

THE NEWSSTAND

Tom walks up to the rack, bends down for a Tribune. CLOSE ON his hand as he subtly flips to the bottom, slides the last one out of the stack.

HOBBS

Recording from afar, glimpses of Tom in profile as he gets in line. Unremarkable. Jeans, blue windbreaker, nothing setting him apart from the others but Hobbs watches just the same, mind running. A feeling here - like he might get up...

...the moment passes, another commuter grabbing the next Tribune. Hobbs moves the camera to the new mark.

Tom pays and walks away.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM, PORT AUTHORITY - DAY

Tom waits amongst the crowd, Tribune under his arm. A glow down the tunnel as the train pulls in. Tom steps aside to let passengers off, takes the moment to glance down at the paper, fingering through... stops.

PASSENGERS now cramming in. Tom steps away, opens the paper fully, racing through the pages. Reaches the end.

It's empty.

INT. FOOD COURT, PORT AUTHORITY TERMINAL - MOMENTS LATER

The TTY machine on the table, phone jacked in. The status light blinking "Call Connected." Tom types rapidly. Their conversation scrolling across its screen:

"...NO REPORT IN PAPER..."

He waits. After a moment Karen's response scrolls through.

"...IT HAS TO BE..."

Tom's jaw clenches. He impatiently types again.

"...PAPER IS EMPTY..."

"...IT CAN'T BE. I LEFT IT IN THE TRIBUNE, BOTTOM COPY,
2ND SHELF, LIKE YOU TOLD ME TO..."

A beat. Tom's face falls. His eyes close. A mind processing supreme trouble. He slowly puts his fingers back on the keys.

"...TRIBUNE IS ON 3RD SHELF..."

The machine stays quiet for the longest time. Finally -

"...I'M SORRY..."

Tom rises, eyes red. She continues:

"...WALK AWAY, PLEASE, I'LL COME BACK FOR IT. WE'LL ASK THEM
TO CHANGE THE DEAL..."

He types:

"...WE DON'T DO THIS NOW, THERE IS NO DEAL..."

Tom starts dismantling his set up as her last messages scroll through:

"...FUCK I'M SO SORRY...FUCK...WHAT ARE YOU..."

He slams the TTY keyboard shut.

INT. PORT AUTHORITY TERMINAL - DAY

Tom steps back into the crowded hall. The newsstand sits down the corridor. Tom keeps his distance, surveying the scene, any bodies not on the move:

An MTA employee on break... a mother wrangling two kids... a shoe shiner with an open chair... and A MAN'S LEG, just visible on a bench behind it. Tom drifts further over...

HOBBS coming into view. Tom scans further - finds Mosley leaning against the wall on the other side, the newspaper rack between them. On Tom.

He'll be seen again.

WITH HOBBS NOW

Moments later, phone in hand, skimming through the morning video, scrubbing for anything he's missed. He looks out toward the corridor - an instinct. That same surveying look.

In a way these two men are not all that unalike.

His view: flagging the same figures: The shoe shine - the metro employee - the mother... did we see Tom in there?

Suddenly - YELLING.

Hobbs turns back to the newsstand. The Teller now with the Homeless Woman we saw previously, arguing over something on the counter. She pours out her change, shoveling it at him.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Here, here, and get my goddamn lottery ticket too.

TELLER

I told you, same thing last week. Put something back, it ain't enough.

Hobbs turns away, eyes back on the crowd. Then - a CRASH

A tray of lighters knocked over. The Teller glares, turns around to grab the phone. The woman uses the moment to grab her things off the counter and retreat, *pushing over the rack of newspapers* on her way.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Cocksucker!

Fifty papers scattering across the floor. Hobbs EXPLODES to his feet. Mosely sees it too.

The woman scurries off as the Teller curses, emerging to collect the mess. Tribunes with Posts, Times on top Journals. An impossible game of Three-card Monte.

Hobbs and Mosley - eyes darting between the papers, alert for hands dipping down, the crowd flowing past, chaotic, too many faces to clock...

And then, Hobbs stops. His head snaps back down the hall.

INT. UTILITY HALLWAY, PORT AUTHORITY TERMINAL - DAY

The dead-end Tom found earlier. The homeless woman bent over her cart, packrating something away.

HOBBS (O.S.)
What'd you do with the paper.

Hobbs standing in the corridor. She glares at him, cautious.

HOBBS (CONT'D)
I'm not here to bust you.
(then)
Where's the paper?

HOMELESS WOMAN
Wiped my fuckin' ass with it.

Hobbs steps closer. She spins, territorial.

HOMELESS WOMAN (CONT'D)
Get out! My spot! Get out!

Hobbs steps back, but now sees the fold of cash she's trying to conceal in her hand. Fresh bills. Slowly, he reaches into his pocket, opens his wallet, counts out his own money.

He holds it out.

HOBBS
I just want to know, what did he look like. What was he wearing?

She stares at it. He brings it closer.

HOBBS (CONT'D)
And which way did he go.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM, PORT AUTHORITY - DAY

Hobbs steps onto the platform. Three hundred feet of faces stretching along the station, waiting. Hobbs starts walking.

As he threads through the air begins to kick up, a train approaching. Hobbs picks up speed.

Bodies start shuffling into his path, preparing to board. He shoves forward, eyes darting, the train pulling up alongside him now. In thirty seconds this crowd will double.

He's only halfway.

Train brakes drown out the next moments as he peers down the remaining platform, head craning, desperate for something -

And then he sees it. A blue windbreaker near the far end.

It's Tom.

As soon as he's spotted he's lost, the platform flooded as passengers disembark. Hobbs straining, five cars away.

SUBWAY PA SYSTEM
Stand clear of the closing doors.

He takes a final look, then slips onto the train.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN, 9TH CAR - DAY

A discarded Washington Post hits the seat.

SUBWAY PA SYSTEM
...This is an uptown express A
train. The next stop will be 59th
street, Columbus circle...

Tom hangs onto the rail, a glimpse of the manila folder as it disappears inside his shirt. A beat.

Dark rings under his eyes. He hasn't slept. The same drained look after the airport. He lets his eyes close.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - 6TH CAR

As Hobbs enters from the adjoining car. We hear the roar of the exposed passageway behind him, thin handrails the only barrier between the tracks below.

Hobbs makes his way through the car, continues into --

7TH CAR

Moving forward, methodic, careful not to draw attention. Then-
A JERK as the train starts to slow.

SUBWAY PA SYSTEM
This is 59th street, Columbus
circle.

EXT. 59TH STREET STATION - CONTINUOUS

The train pulls to a stop. The doors release. Hobbs sets a foot on the platform, eyes focused down the length of the train - passengers getting on and off.

The wave thins, the last few stragglers jumping off.

No Tom. Hobbs steps back inside.

As the train pulls away, Hobbs continues forward into...

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - 8TH CAR

Less people here, nearing the back of the train. He clears it visually, presses forward... goes still.

THE CAR AHEAD

Through the door's porthole window. TOM at the far end.

Hobbs, masking any reaction. He reaches up for the hand rail, lets his arm block his face. Moving very slowly now he starts side-stepping toward the door. A glance at Tom.

No movement. Unaware. In fact it appears his eyes are closed.

Hobbs steps over someone's bag, near the passageway door now -

BLACK MAN (O.S.)
Excuse me sir.

Hobbs looks up. Finds an older BLACK MAN looking at him, three friends behind him.

BLACK MAN (CONT'D)
You know what time it is?

HOBBS
(trying to move on)
Don't know, sorry.

A look. Hobbs follows his eyeline up: Hobbs' wrist watch exposed on his wrist. A pained smile. He checks it.

HOBBS (CONT'D)
It's 2:11.

BLACK MAN
Nope! It's...

His three friends step forward.

ALL TOGETHER
DOO-WOP TIME!

Hobbs freezes as right there they launch into an a-cappella rendition of "Under the Boardwalk." Snapping, stomping, scattered riders clapping along. LOUD.

Hobbs' head snaps toward the door.

THE CAR AHEAD

Tom now alert. Looking right at him.

The singers start walking the rows, passing the hat, blocking their view. Hobbs abandons all stealth, charges for the door.

He pushes a passenger aside, throws open the door.

9TH CAR

Passengers looking up as Hobbs barrels in - eyes roaming.

Tom is gone. Hobbs composes himself, stares ahead. Only one car left. He starts toward the door...

A SLIVER OF BLUE outside the glass.

Tom's jacket sleeve between cars, barely visible in the tight space beside the door. Lying in wait.

Hobbs dips to the same side, obscuring his approach. He stops just before the door, leans against the wall between them. Slowly, he reaches into his belt, quietly pulls out

THE P380 PISTOL - held inside his jacket out of view. His free hand reaches for the door handle. A silent count...

He throws it open.

PASSAGEWAY

The roar of the train. Hobbs' gun instantly out and aimed at -

Tom's jacket, tied onto the handrail, empty.

Hobbs' eyes leap toward the last car, finds --

TOM

Inside, staring at him. His hand on a red handle attached to the ceiling. A sign on the wall beside it.

Tom yanks it down.

METAL ON METAL as the EMERGENCY BREAKS ENGAGE.

Passengers thrown to the floor. In the window Hobbs vanishes from sight. Bags falling, bodies tripping, sliding forward.

Tom braces himself against the wall - heavy compression breaks firing outside as the train scrapes to a halt. Tom's eyes never leave the empty passageway window...

A final JERK. Moaning, cursing, riders getting to their knees HOBBS reappears, a gash in his head but still hanging on. The two men lock eyes. The cloak and dagger is over.

Tom throws open the last door, and leaps.

Hobbs, about to run in after him -- sees the crowded aisle -- leaps over his handrail instead.

EXT. SUBWAY TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS

Cavernous. Rail beams and soot with no promise of light.

Hobbs hits the ground, gun in hand. He sees Tom ahead, disappearing from the fading light of the train. Too dark.

Hobbs holsters and starts after him.

TOM

Breathing hard. The solitary. We get the sense he knows he's running for his life.

HOBBS

Sprinting forward. The veteran. Blood from his gash beading with his sweat.

THE TUNNEL

The two silhouettes pounding through. A rasping coming from Tom's chest telling us it's everything he's got.

A second set of foot-falls joining his. Two metronomes, one ticking faster... faster...

Hobbs tackles him.

They wrestle in a cloud of soot, covering their hands, faces, in mouths. A CRACK - the TTY machine breaking. The flash of a zip tie coming out. Tom - giving a feral fight but Hobbs reels back, hammers down a blow that sends him limp.

Hobbs puts a knee on his chest, keeps the gun on him while he secures the zip tie around his wrists - cinches it tight.

VOICES down the tunnel. Flashlight beams wandering their way.

HOBBS

Stay back!

They press forward, not hearing or not listening. Hobbs sees Tom coming around beneath him. He shouts again.

HOBBS (CONT'D)
I said stay back!

They continue closer. Tom's eyes fluttering open now. Hobbs points the gun in the air -- fires twice -- shots echoing -

The lights down the tunnel FLINCH. Hobbs checks back over his shoulder, watching to make sure they retreat. They do.

Turning back --

TOM'S HANDS fly up, still bound together, grab Hobbs' grip around the pistol, and squeeze. A FLASH OF LIGHT -- FIRING a shot directly next to Hobbs' ear. SOUND DROPS -

Hobbs' hands to his ears, the gun dropping, his mouth open in some silent scream.

His tilted view as Tom is up and running, wrists together, the glow of the next station in the distance.

Hobbs gropes for his gun, half buried somewhere in the filth, his world still ringing. New lights appearing behind him now. They'll be here soon.

He sees a second train coming on the downtown track. Deaf, bloody, Hobbs abandons his search and stumbles across the tracks, disappearing behind the train as it missiles through the underworld.

CUT TO:

BLACK. Silence. Then from the void comes the sound of a phone ringing. It continues over:

INT. KAREN'S CONDOMINIUM - DAY

Karen paces against the window, curtains pulled. The tone of the message machine again.

KAREN (INTO PHONE)
(frantic)
It's still me. I haven't heard from
you. I don't- I don't know where
else to try. I just want to know
you're okay.

She hangs up. Sits.

POP WIDE TO:

The apartment: The tops of file boxes ripped off. Empty bottles covering counters. Disorder everywhere. Karen looks fixedly at something across the room.

The RECORD PLAYER: the album he sent still on the platter.

Suddenly the phone rings. She snaps it up.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Yes hello.

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
Hello. This is relay operator 858-

KAREN
Yes I'm ready to be connected.
Please patch them through.

A beat. Light clicks on the line.

OPERATOR
Your call is now connected.

KAREN
(anxious)
Thank God, what happened over
there? Did you get it? Were they
there? Are you all right? Go ahead.

She waits. Nothing.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Are... are you there? Go ahead.

More dead air.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Hello?

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - AT THAT MOMENT

Silent as we pan across the room. Clothes on the floor,
barely recognizable, crusted in black silt.

A bowl, a bloody cloth inside, a box cutter...

His mobile TTY machine on the desk. Powered on but cracked,
missing a few keys, the LCD screen spider-webbed. And:

The manila folder... ripped and bent to hell, but there.

Tom sits at his desk, back to us. Nothing but an undershirt letting us see the bandages around his forearms, wrists. He finally raises his hands to the machine, types slow.

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
I have it.

(note: we're back to the Operator reading Tom's words, no longer hearing the intimate effect of a direct conversation.)

INTERCUT WITH:

KAREN
...I'm sorry. Did anything happen to you? Go ahead.

OPERATOR
I'm setting the exchange for three days from now. Until then you'll call each day, once, and leave a message.

KAREN
You're scaring me. Are you okay? Go ahead.

OPERATOR
You'll say "all right", or you'll say "weather." Do you understand?

KAREN
Goddamnit are you listening to me!?

OPERATOR
And you'll follow instructions.
Because this time, I will walk away.
(a beat)
Do you understand?

A shiver through Karen. Wounded, ashamed. Whatever they had, it's now gone.

KAREN
Yes... go ahead.

OPERATOR
Three days. I'll tell you the time and place.
(then)
We will not speak again.

On Karen.

SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. LENOX HILL POST OFFICE, CORRIDOR - DAY

The wall of P.O. boxes. Tom appears from around the corner, a dark bruise on his face. He looks in on box on 121.

A package slip inside.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

ANGLE FROM INSIDE THE FLOOR:

As Tom unearths the footlocker. He unlocks the lid, Karen's new pages now in with the rest.

He's sets a saran-wrapped brick of cash inside beside them. Then another. Another...

INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Karen with the motorola to her ear.

KAREN
All right.

She inhales, about to say more...

Decides against it. She ends the call.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tom's phone lighting up. "New Messages (1)" on the screen.

Tom holds the soldering iron at his desk, the battered TTY machine laid out before him, piecing it back together.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS DINER - DAY

Tom at the counter, notebook out, watching the front door.

People piling up, waiting to be seated. This hostess runs behind. No clean exit. No good. Tom finishes his coffee.

INT. KAREN'S CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

Karen listens to the record in the dark.

EXT. LITTLE ITALY DINER - DAY

Tom walks the perimeter, peers into the alley behind. Options. He opens the door and heads inside.

INT. BASEMENT, CHURCH OF SAINT CATHERINE - NIGHT

A meeting in session.

MODERATOR (O.S.)
And does anyone have something
they'd like to talk about?

A few hands in the air. Vann looks over at Tom - head down, drawing out something in the notebook.

EXT. 2ND AVENUE - NIGHT

Tom walks up the block, pauses. Ahead:

Luis outside his building, leaning over a sedan parked at the curb. We can't see who's inside but after a moment the sleeve of the grey raincoat emerges - hands Luis a business card.

Luis takes it, then shakes his head, apologetic, hands it back. They exchange a few last words - the sedan pulls away.

On Tom.

END SERIES

INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Large and sterile. Corporate looking.

Hobbs stands at the sink, replacing the bandage on his ear. As he pulls it away we see a DIVOT now missing from the rim of the cartilage. The bullet was close.

He cleans it, tapes a new swab over the wound.

KUAN enters in the mirror behind him, holds a phone out. Hobbs looks at the screen.

CALLER UNKNOWN
7-1-1

00:41

The call timer already ticking away.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hobbs sets the phone in the middle of the table. Rosetti, Mosley and Kuan gathered around, listening.

HOBBS
(voice raised, on speaker)
I'm here. Go ahead.

A beat.

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
What network do you watch?

On Hobbs, knows what he's doing.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)
I've got forty copies, violation flagged, source-cited and ready to go. I'll make it very easy for them to make the six o'clock broadcast.

HOBBS
(measured)
We thought she was a flight risk.
Go ahead.

OPERATOR
You were told to stop following.

HOBBS
She was at a bus station, with the file - what else were we supposed to assum-

OPERATOR
The Nolita Diner. 156 Mott Street.
Two PM Tuesday. She'll have the originals with her.

The room exchanges looks.

HOBBS
That's the day before the SEC filing. That's cutting it a little close. Go ahead.

OPERATOR
Yes, I am.
(and, then)
Before, you were fucking with her.
Now you're fucking with me.

Uncertain looks all around.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)
The caller has left the line. Thank
you for using the relay service.

The line goes dead. Hobbs, staring forward. REVERSE TO:

Blown up images of Tom on the wall, stills taken from the cell video. Grainy, but still the ghost of a face.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tom switches off the machine, adrenaline running. His phone screen lights up as he disconnects it - "New Messages (2)"

He rubs his eyes, annoyed. Probably Karen trying too hard. He dials in.

AUTOMATED VOICE (OVER PHONE)
Inbox 482.

A beep.

KAREN (RECORDING)
All ri-

Tom hits a button, cutting her off.

AUTOMATED VOICE
Deleted. Next Message.

A beat. And then: the sound of birds. Wind. Maybe water.

MALE VOICE (RECORDING)
(raised over the wind)
I won't keep doing this to you.

Whitacre.

WHITACRE
I called the hospital, one of those
emergency rooms in the article.
They wouldn't tell me much but, I
checked the obituaries of the towns
they were in. I found two of the
names. Our clients. Our...patients.
And who knows how many I didn't
find...how many are still coming.
(a pause)
These fucking secrets...

Silence. The wind.

WHITACRE (CONT'D)
It wasn't worth it. I get that now.
I was just a coward.
(a beat)
You won't hear from me again. I
promise... but thank you.

We hear a scrape, as if the phone is being set on the ground.

Steps, trailing off, and then --

Nothing. Back to the birds and the wind. Tom waits, finally checks the call. The timer hits 3 minutes, ends. The limit.

INT. MID-MANHATTAN PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

Tom sits at a computer. We see a regional Venezuelan news site pulled up. He clicks through, guessworking the links by the picture. Then, a caption tucked away on the side bar:

"Turista Americano Encontrado Muerto"

He clicks. As it loads we stay on his face. Hardened at first, but as he reads on something starts to give, a swelling breaking through from deep inside.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Tom drinks.

INT. BASEMENT, CHURCH OF SAINT CATHERINE - NIGHT

Another meeting in session. Tom quiet in his seat, Vann listening down the row. A cell phone stop watch chimes.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
That's time.

The group claps as the speaker sits back, finished.

MODERATOR (O.S.)
Okay, we're almost at an hour,
remember no meeting on Monday
because of the holiday. Let's go
ahead and say our closing affir-

Tom raises his hand. Silence. People around the room exchanging looks. He keeps it up, stubborn, eyes eventually drifting up to the moderator. Bloodshot. Asking.

MODERATOR (CONT'D)
...why don't we do one more. Becca
would you get the time again?
(back to him)
Go ahead Tom.

Trying to figure out how to start.

TOM
The last person who really knew
anything about me died last month.

He drifts back into silence, staring ahead at nothing in particular. Then:

TOM (CONT'D)
I keep secrets from people. Some
are embarrassing. Some are
expensive. Some are dangerous. I
knew someone, when I was a kid.
She was, really pretty. She liked
The Who. And she liked science, she
worked on these big nuclear
reactors out in Jersey.
(then)
But she was keeping this secret.
She wanted to tell someone about it-
she tried to tell someone about it,
the right people but - a car hit
her before she could.
(then)
The secret was about somebody else.
And sometimes I wonder, if she'd
kept it, if she had someone to keep
it with, maybe there would have
been no car.
(then)
I used to think that was better,
for people not to know all the ugly
things, going on out there in the
dark. But I don't know anymore...
Maybe we're all just cowards.

Eyes glazed, talking to himself as much as anyone. The room sits still. Vann watches him, awestruck, waiting.

But he says nothing more. He's done now.

Finally the electronic chime goes off.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
That's time.

INT. TOM'S BUILDING, STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Watching from above as Tom climbs the stairs. His steps are slow, leaden. The journey to the top a long one.

Tom rounds the third floor, starts up the last flight.

Stops.

A pair of legs, standing outside his door. The rest is obscured by the railing, but we can see the fringe of a grey raincoat, hanging at his side.

Absolute silence. The man, knowing he's been seen. Tom, knowing he's been heard...

The man steps forward.

Tom SPINS AROUND, barreling down the staircase. We hear the pounding of steps behind him as the stranger chases after.

STRANGER (O.S.)
Mr. Namath!

But Tom's sprinting the hall, starting down the next flight-

STRANGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Thomas Namath! I'm with the
building management. Frank Lucchesi
let me in!

Tom, about to round the banister, stops. Absorbing this.

We hear the man continue down, finally stepping into sight, out of breath. Sixties, ordinary looking, a dress shirt and tie under his coat.

STRANGER (CONT'D)
Mr. Namath, sorry to bother you
like this.
(offers his hand)
I'm Harold Caul.

Tom doesn't take it, eyes still drifting toward the door. Caul gives up, steps forward, reaching into his jacket --

CAUL
Well again sorry to bother you in
the evening like this but...

He pauses, sees Tom tensing. Caul slows down, unearths an envelope.

CAUL (CONT'D)

...we're required to serve these directly to the tenant. Like I said I work for the building's management company.

TOM

Frank Lucchesi owns this building. He's owned it for forty years.

Caul starts opening the envelope...

CAUL

Mr. Lucchesi sold this property and the one next door to the Siren Management group late last year.

...pulls out a stack of papers, offers them to Tom.

TOM

What is it?

CAUL

Notice of termination, for your lease.

TOM

An eviction notice.

CAUL

Not as aggressive as that but, yes an intent to vacate in the coming months. We'll be tearing down the two buildings in order to develop something newer on the site.

Tom takes the papers, adrenaline still pumping. He starts scanning the pages. Caul straightens out his clothes.

CAUL (CONT'D)

We were hoping to schedule a time at your convenience but, you've got no phone number on file, no e-mail. We left notices in your mailbox downstairs, tried your buzzer...

Tom ignores him, continues to read. Caul watches.

CAUL (CONT'D)

You'll notice a settlement agreement in there, compensating you for the rest of your lease, any relocation costs-

TOM
Leave.

Caul grows quiet.

CAUL
I recognize for long residing
tenants this won't be an easy
transition-

TOM
I'm not going anywhere.
(cold)
I'll get a lawyer on this, bleed
out your development funds, your
permits, your contractors. I'll
organize. I'll incorporate. This
will be tied up in court for years;
housing, civil, appeals, until
Siren Management or whoever hired
you goes bone fucking dry. Because,
Mr. Caul, I'm very thorough. And
I've got nothing but time.
(then)
Now leave.

Caul stares back at him. But not angry, or afraid. His look
is almost sympathetic. Sad for the man.

He says nothing else, awkwardly passing Tom in the narrow
hallway as he continues down toward the front door. After a
moment we hear it close as he exits below.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Dark. Tom lets himself in, doesn't bother with the lights.

He lowers himself onto the couch, in a daze, looks around his
place. The few things on the shelves. The silence.

He looks lost.

FADE OUT.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The city in motion. The rapid fire voices of news radio tuned
in as pedestrians flock the streets.

NEWS (V.O.)
...WCBS New York, money and weather
together this afternoon.
(MORE)

NEWS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Financial markets reopening today,
DOW down twelve points, S&P holding
at 2600.

EXT. MOTT STREET - DAY

The narrower streets and shops of little italy.

NEWS (V.O.)
...temperatures staying the mid
50s, slight chance of showers
moving into the evening. Looking at
the rest of the week...

EXT. BAR - DAY

On a COKE as the bartender sets it down, wrapper tip still on
the straw. Up to:

Tom. His bruise has gone down. He's picked a stool next to
the window, his phone set out on the counter. He peers out:

ACROSS THE STREET

A clean view of the Nolita diner. A few faces in the booths
running along its windows. None of them Karen.

Tom presses his phone. 1:45 pm. Still early.

He sits back, pretends to watch the TV over the bar.

EXT. BAR - LATER

On the bar TV. Playing a new game now. New people sitting
next to him. Tom's not watching.

ACROSS THE STREET

Nobody in the booths. Tom checks his phone again: 2:25 now.

BARTENDER (O.S.)
Get you a refill?

Tom turns back, his coke down to the ice. A look back out the
window, mind running. He digs out his wallet.

TOM
No.

EXT. KAREN'S BUILDING - DAY

Tom stands in a doorway across the street, watching the windows of Karen's apartment. Still. No activity inside.

He pulls out his phone, scrolls through: New Messages (0)

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

Tom riding. Troubled now, scenarios running. He gets something out of his wallet. Looks like a business card from behind.

He stares down at it, debating.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

Tom emerges from the station, above ground now. The green blur of Central Park in the background. A chime goes off in his pocket, getting a signal again. He checks it.

New Message (1)

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Quieter here. Tom, anxious, fingers flying as he dials in.

AUTOMATED VOICE (OVER PHONE)
Inbox 482.

He finds a bench, goes still, listening. Finally:

KAREN (RECORDING)
I know I should have called. You
don't have to worry, I'm okay.

He lets out a breath at the sound of her voice. She's alive.

Then:

KAREN (CONT'D)
They know who you are. Where you
live, your birthday, your family.
They told me they'd go after you,
after them.
(and then)
They told me your name. James
Keaton.

On Tom. Frozen, confused.

KAREN (CONT'D)

At Port Authority they said they
chased you, got your wallet. Almost
got you....

Tom's face falls, starting to realize what's happening here.
Karen continues.

KAREN (CONT'D)

...and it would have been because
of me. Why didn't you tell me...
(faster now)

You were right. You gave me
instructions, I put you in danger,
it would have been my fault. Well I
won't let that happen to you.

(a beat)

They said if I met them at their
location and brought the rest of
the files, they'd leave you alone,
leave both of us alone...

Tom, already pulling out his TTY, booting it up.

KAREN (CONT'D)

It's at Lincoln Center, it's
public, like you said it should be.
I wasn't supposed to tell you but,
you said that we wouldn't speak
again and I needed to warn you...
and to thank you. Goodbye James.

Tom plugs his phone into the machine, eyes glued to the call
indicator light.

INT. LOBBY, LINCOLN CENTER - DAY

Karen slides her phone into her pocket as a SECURITY GUARD
goes through her bag, a glimpse of the report inside. A sign
on the table beside them reads:

"As A Courtesy To Others, Please Silence Your Cell Phones."

She waits, watching the next row over as another guard
removes a Nikon camera from a man's bag, hands it back to
him, points to a coat check outside security.

The guard slides Karen's bag back to her.

GUARD

Enjoy the show.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK RESEVOIR - DAY

Words scrolling across the machine's screen:

"....NOT RESPONDING AT THIS TIME. THE USER IS NOT RESPONDING
AT THIS TIME...."

Tom curses under his breath, starts to pace. He looks back down at the screen, a message waiting:

"WOULD YOU LIKE TO LEAVE A MESSAGE?"

He jumps back on the keyboard, typing frantically. Over this:

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Do not go to the meet. They are
lying to you. That is not my name,
they know...

INT. ATRIUM, LINCOLN CENTER - DAY

As Karen walks through the crowd, oblivious. Tom's voice taking over now:

TOM (V.O.)
...nothing. I told you they'd try
to make another deal, this is it.
It's a trap. The files aren't the
rest of the evidence. You are.

Karen continues into -

INT. THE CONCERT HALL, LINCOLN CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Expansive. Historic. The three-tiered mezzanines of a thousand seats wrapping the orchestra stage.

TOM (V.O.)
I can't follow you. I told you I'd
need to walk away. I can't protect
you anymore.
(and then)
Please. Get out.

Karen checks her tickets, and starts down the aisle.

INT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Tom stares down at the screen.

"MESSAGE SENT. CALL NOW DISCONNECTED. THANK YOU FOR USING THE RELAY SERVICE. HAVE A WONDERFUL EVENING."

He doesn't move for the longest time. Then, calmly, he unplugs his phone, folds the keyboard, and rises.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK RESEVOIR - DUSK

Tom walks along the water, sun disappearing to the West. There is no urgency to his steps, a ghost.

A GROUP OF RUNNERS suddenly swarming past him. He steps off to the side, waiting as they pass. The last of them clear...

But Tom stays, in a trance, staring across the water. More than just calculating now. He's searching for what he is.

...Tom begins walking back the way he came.

The slow build of Ravel's *Pavane Pour Une Infante Défunte* rising in the distance.

Tom's walk quickens, turns to a run.

EXT. PLAZA, LINCOLN CENTER - DUSK

"THE MUSIC OF RAVEL" displayed across the plaza. CONCERT GOERS drifting past the fountain, dressed for the evening.

Tom crosses the street into frame.

BOX OFFICE WINDOW

Tom makes his way to it, slows his breath.

TOM
Show me what you've got left.

INT. LOBBY, LINCOLN CENTER - DUSK

Tom waits in line. The last people now filing in behind him. He steps forward, raises his arms to let a security guard with a wand metal detector screen him.

A beep.

Tom opens his jacket, shows him his cell phone, his keys, the folded TTY machine. The guard clocks the machine.

GUARD

No laptops or recording devices
allowed inside sir.

TOM

It's not a laptop.

GUARD

I'm sorry sir, you'll have to check
it. The counter can be found just p-

TOM

It's an assisted calling device.
It's for the deaf. It's not a
laptop.

GUARD

Then why's it got a keyboard?

Tom, flustered now.

TOM

Because it's --

GUARD

Look, check it or miss the show, we
got people waiting behind you.

People starting to look. The guard waves up the next person
in line. Tom stands aside, thrown now, out of options.

PRELAP: Piano music RISING. Fast, chaotic...

Tom starts toward the coat check.

INT. CONCERT HALL, LINCOLN CENTER - LATER

Dark. A thousand silhouettes listening as the piano continues
on stage. The conductor sweating, the orchestra chasing,
trying to keep up.

AUDIENCE

Karen watches, her bag beneath her, an empty seat beside her.

IN THE BALCONY

Tom, two tiers away, watching her from above.

He suddenly loses his view as the orchestra finishes,
audience members beginning to stand, applauding.

The orchestra clears the stage as the house lights come up, "INTERMISSION" fading up on the screen above them.

People rising for the bathrooms, the cocktail counter, a smoke outside. Above, the echo of a Ravel track starts playing over the PA system. Tom empties into the aisles with the rest, hoping to get an eyeline.

He finds Karen again. Still in her seat. And now...

HOBBS walking down her aisle. He takes the seat beside her.

They speak, heads forward, their words a mystery this far away. Hobbs remains a moment, then rises, now holding Karen's bag...

...and walks away. Tom takes in the scene. Karen in her seat, safe. Hobbs departing. Is it over?

Tom heads toward the curtains.

INT. ATRIUM, LINCOLN CENTER - NIGHT

A landing from the balcony level with a view. Tom steps out of the theatre, following Hobbs from above.

ATRIUM FLOOR

Hundreds talking, stretching their legs, a line at the bar. Hobbs weaves his way across the floor, finds a quiet place.

He opens the bag, fingers through its contents. Satisfied he closes it up, starts toward the exit...

But he doesn't, instead drifting to the wall near the doors where MOSLEY waits with two others. A man and woman he's never seen before, but we recognize KUAN and ROSETTI.

Tom, seeing this, on alert now.

KUAN has his hand on an empty wheelchair, listening as Hobbs confers with them. They break up, the three heading back inside the theatre, each moving toward a separate door.

Hobbs remains by the entrance.

Tom rushes back toward the theatre.

INT. CONCERT HALL, LINCOLN CENTER - NIGHT

RAVEL still playing above, haunting from the rafters.

Tom runs to the banister.

BELOW

Karen, still in her seat. Mosley, Kuan and Rosetti stationing themselves in the wings, but going no further.

Something's coming.

Tom's eyes darting around the hall, the ushers, the exits, searching for a way to warn her. He digs into his pocket, pulls out his phone. A beat.

He begins to dial.

KAREN

A small glow in her jacket, her phone screen blinking on. But she sees and hears nothing.

TOM

Phone to his ear. Hearing --

KAREN (OVER PHONE) (VOICEMAIL)
You've reached Karen Grant, I'm
unable to take your call at the mo-

He hangs up, tries again. Desperate now.

Suddenly, CHIMES above. The lights dimming in and out.

Intermission is coming to an end. The crowd starts trickling back in. Tom clocks KUAN at the top of the aisle as his hand suddenly goes to his ear. A radio.

Mosley and Rosetti, hands raised, on the same channel.

Tom watching. The theatre filling now, people in motion.

They begin to move in. Their approach blending in as people shuffle back to their seats. Kuan remains with the wheelchair, unfolding the leg mounts. Tom, panicking now.

A last look at Karen, oblivious to it all.

INT. STAIRWELL, LINCOLN CENTER - NIGHT

The door slams open. Tom barrels inside, goes to the wall. An emergency exit map for the building, a red box beneath it. He scans the map, finds what he's looking for, then --

CRASH -- he breaks the glass on the alarm box -- PULLS.

INT. CONCERT HALL, LINCOLN CENTER - NIGHT

The room plunges into darkness, house lights switching to strobes as the FIRE ALARM begins to pulse over the PA.

INT. ATRIUM, LINCOLN CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The same. People stalling in their tracks, eyes to the ceiling. HOBBS, a look on his face, realizing what's next.

The exodus begins.

INT. CONCERT HALL, LINCOLN CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Mosley and Rosetti finding themselves suddenly fighting the current. Kuan pressed against the door, now in everyone's way...

INT. ATRIUM, LINCOLN CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The flow reversing, colliding as inbound guests 180 toward the doors. HOBBS, trying futilely to cover the exits. Doesn't see --

TOM

Emerging from the stairwell. He moves along the wall, against the grain of the stampede. He skirts behind the now abandoned cocktail counter, emerges, ducks into the theatre.

INT. CONCERT HALL, LINCOLN CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Lights still strobing, causing the scene to disappear, bodies and faces reappearing seconds later and feet ahead.

Karen inches forward as her row exits.

Lights OFF, Lights ON.

The aisle ahead: MOSLEY, waiting, letting Karen come to him.

Lights OFF, Lights ON.

Behind her: ROSETTI entering her row on the other side, squeezing past evacuees, closing in.

Lights OFF, Lights ON.

Mosley's hand, a syringe at the ready, scanning the aisle around him. A sea flowing out, the backs of heads...

Lights OFF, Lights ON.

And then, Tom's FACE. Eyes burning as he STABS something into Mosley. Mosley's eyes go wide, hand dropping, A WINE CORKSCREW from the bar now sticking out of his leg.

Karen's mouth opens as she sees the man in front of her buckle to his knees. Tom takes his head, slams it against the seat, knocking him out. He looks up at Karen.

Their eyes meet.

Karen, terrified, turns to run the other way. Tom grabs her by the shoulders, yells something, but he's drowned out by the siren. Karen struggles against his grip. He yells again.

TOM
-aren, it's me. All right? It's me.

Something in his voice. She looks down, the syringe next to Mosley's hand. Tom looks past her, sees ROSETTI fighting toward them.

TOM (CONT'D)
We have to go.

EXT. SIDE STREET, LINCOLN CENTER - NIGHT

Backstage crew spilling out onto the street. Tom and Karen filing out with the rest, heads down as fire trucks pull up around the corner.

DOWN THE STREET

Tom tows Karen away from the chaos, pulls her into a doorway, clocks the direction they came from.

KAREN
That man, was he-

TOM
In two blocks there's an M11 bus.
You're going to take it to Penn
Station-

KAREN
Wait, where are you going? I'll go
with you.

TOM
No. We need you away from here,
now. Don't go back to your place-

KAREN
Let me come with you.

Tom ignores her, eyes glued down the street.

TOM
At Penn you're going to get on New Jersey transit, use cash-

KAREN
James please-

TOM
(reaching to her, direct)
My name's not James. They lied.
Everything they said was a lie.

She suddenly goes still. He follows her eyeline, sees there's blood on his hands. He lowers them.

A city bus comes into view up the street, waiting at the light. He motions toward it.

TOM (CONT'D)
Don't tell me where you're going.
Don't stop for anything.

Karen starts toward it, still in shock. She stops.

KAREN
When will I talk to you again?

On Tom. He can't give her an answer. He doesn't know.

TOM
The phone I gave you, you still have it?
(she checks, nods yes)
I'll find you.

With that she runs toward the bus. Tom waits in the doorway, watching until she's made it inside. It pulls away.

Tom shoves his hands in his coat, starts walking. Faster. Eyes red. A fire getting ready to burn.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hands sliding the floor panel aside. He opens the footlocker:

Karen's report inside. Keys, hand gun, money all laying beside it. We see now this doubles as a sort of go-bag.

Tom takes the gun, ejects the magazine, examines a hole on the side, brass at the bottom. It's full. Ready if needed.

He sets it back inside, grabs the report, and shuts the lid.

INT. COPY STORE - NIGHT

Tom stands over the copier as he did in the beginning, high beams washing across his face, rubber nitrile gloves on his hands, watching Karen's report feed through the machine.

Another copy hits the tray. As Tom checks its pages we see lines he's circled, underlined, notes in the margin:

"SEC Violation Form D... CGMP/FDA Ingredient/Adulterated..."

Their evidence. Tom finishes, places it in a duffel bag on the table, several copies already inside.

A glimpse at the Xerox's touch screen: 06 of 40

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Tom marches down the street, the duffel weighing on his shoulder.

EXT. 2ND AVENUE - NIGHT

He turns the corner, heading for his building. A figure in the background notices as he passes, starts to follow. Then --

MALE
(calling out)
Mr. N!

Tom glances over his shoulder, LUIS running up behind him.

LUIS
Hey Mr. Namath, sorry to bother you-

TOM
(keeps walking)
I can't talk right now Luis.

LUIS
Okay, it's just, you asked me the other day if I'd noticed anything outside the building, and, well I noticed something.

Tom stops. Listening now, waiting for more.

LUIS (CONT'D)

Thought it might be one of the contractors, this van, people kept getting in and out. Van eventually drove off, but I was getting the cans out back - there's the van again, parked like a block away.

Tom goes cold.

LUIS (CONT'D)

I was gonna call management or some-

TOM

When?

LUIS

What do you mean?

TOM

(direct now)

When you saw this. How along ago was it?

Luis stares at him, confused.

LUIS

It's still here.

Tom, absorbing this.

EXT. EAST 68TH STREET - NIGHT

Around the corner. Tom stares from a distance, alone now.

The white utility van sitting down the street, silent at the curb.

Tom quietly crosses, getting an angle on the back of his building now. His windows at the top: Dark. No sign of life.

Tom doesn't move, instead clocking the traffic light down the block. Red. Cars idling at the intersection.

He waits.

The light turns green. Cars starting to move, turning, headlights beaming. Tom looks back up at his windows...

SILHOUETTES revealed as headlights wash over his apartment, their outlines cascading across his ceiling.

They're inside.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hobbs standing back from the window, silently watching the street below. He looks across the apartment.

Rosetti standing post at the back window. She sees Hobbs, shakes her head. They resume their watch.

And then, a hum in Hobbs' jacket. Rosetti, looking over. Hobbs wordlessly pulls the phone from his pocket. The screen:

212-206-0216

He answers, listening. Nothing on the other end.

HOBBS
Is this you?

More dead air. Finally, softly:

TOM (OVER PHONE)
Do you know what you've done?

Hobbs looks up, waving his finger, signaling-

TOM (CONT'D)
Don't bother. I'm at a pay phone
and I won't be here long.

HOBBS
...I think we can still come to a-

TOM
What was your plan?

EXT. CORNER, CHINA TOWN - CONTINUOUS

Tom stands at a pay phone, streets deserted around him.

TOM
That I wouldn't send it? That I was
bluffing? I get the money either
way now right, why risk seeing this
through and having some LLC bag man
chasing me down the rest of my
life. You guessed. You made a call.
Except that's not how this works.

(then)
See when the markets open tomorrow
you won't have lost me, you'll have
lost a company. And the people
playing that high up don't just
take the loss.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)
They find the guy that made the
wrong call. Are you getting it now?
You're not coming after me. They're
coming after you, *you fuck.*

Sneering these last words.

TOM (CONT'D)
I know where you are. It doesn't
matter. I've got what I need. And
you'll never find her.

...We hear rustling on the other end...

TOM (CONT'D)
Are you listening to me? She's
gone. And so am I.

Tom slams the phone back on the hook. Burning now.

A beat.

The payphone begins to ring beside him. He stares at it.
Metallic, violating. Screaming.

Tom hitches the duffel bag up on his shoulder and starts
walking away. The payphone calling after him...

He pulls out his own cell phone, begins scrolling through the
numbers.

Behind him the payphone calls out a last time, goes silent.

Tom keeps walking, finds Karen's number and dials. As it
rings he eyes the sky, faint light on the horizon. It'll be
dawn soon. Tom spots a cab in the distance, raises his arm.

Finally the other line answers. And then we hear:

HOBBS (OVER PHONE)
It's still me.

Tom goes cold. Icy calm on the other end.

HOBBS (CONT'D)
I'll get her for you.

The sound of rustling again. Then:

KAREN (OVER PHONE)
...I'm sorry.

Tom winces, hearing her voice with theirs. The world starts to echo. Scenarios all running at once, the things they shouldn't know, couldn't know. Racking his brain.

TOM

(then, steeling himself)

You're going to be okay. I'm going to figure this out. You tell them, you tell them I can take the FDA report to-

KAREN (OVER PHONE)

There is no FDA report.

A tone in her voice. Different now.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Everything in that report, my job, my apartment, my records. It was all for you.

The ground falling out.

Tom looks down at the duffel, the pounds of pages inside.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Synth-AG Institutes is a subsidiary of Getty Pharmaceuticals.

Hearing but not listening. Tom lets the duffel fall, sits down on the curb beside it. Moving very slowly now.

TOM

...this was about Jeff Whitacre.

KAREN

You brokered his deal. Returned his originals. But that left the last copy with you. And who are you? Maybe a guy with money problems, starts selling things off. Or legal problems, get yourself a plea bargain. Or maybe one day your conscience just gets that second wind, and you suddenly feel like doing some version of the right thing. In any case, we couldn't afford the risk. We needed you...

(then)

But you're very good. We only had one side of it the first time. We were hoping with both sides, we'd be able to find you in the middle.

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)
The airport, the mail, the second handoff. Very thorough. You only broke your rule once.

On Tom.

A FAST JARRING JUMP CUT -- NO SOUND

In the concert hall -- TOM watching from the balcony, his cell phone pressed to his face -- KAREN down below, phone vibrating in her pocket, feeling it but letting it ring --

Tom blinks. Back in the present.

That same phone now resting in his hand.

KAREN (CONT'D)
But then we knew where you'd be.
And where you'd been.

TOM
(empty)
I'll be gone before you get here.

KAREN
We're not coming. We don't need to.
You said it yourself, you know
where we are.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - AT THAT MOMENT

Karen standing in the middle of the room. Pushing toward her-

KAREN
Your real name. A photo. A letter.
You've got to have somebody. A
friend. Some family. We'll pull
your prints, find them that way.

And past her, floating toward the record player. The **TOMMY** album on the shelf. The newspaper obituary folded inside.

KAREN (CONT'D)
No one's left. All those clients,
moving on, leaving you to keep
their secrets for them. The only
person left to protect, is you...

TOM
Stop.

KAREN

...we'll find something in the
drawers. Something in the walls.
We'll find someone here. And then,
we'll go-

TOM

There's a lock box, in the floor.

A long silence. He's breaking.

TOM (CONT'D)

Combination is 4855. Inside you'll
find two keys. One is to a PO Box.
I have a backup. The other key is
to a storage unit where your files
are being kept. Leave it in PO Box
121 at the Lenox Hill Post Office
and walk away. I'll get your files,
they'll be back in the box by
tonight. Take them and we're done.

KAREN

Why don't we all go out to the
storage unit together.

TOM

No, this is the deal. Like you
said, you're not my only client.

(waiting)

Walk out, right now, and I'll give
you everything you want.

On Karen, weighing.

KAREN

I don't have to tell you what
happens if you fuck around on this.

TOM

You've seen my work. I don't have
the temperament to fuck around.

Tom hangs up, breathing hard, the facade dropping. He's
scared to death.

It's light out now, the runners and early workers starting to
emerge. Tom takes the phone, removes the battery, drops them
in the trash. His eyes land on the duffel on the ground.

He leaves it there, starts walking.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Karen lowers the phone, looks up at the others.

KAREN
Lenox Hill Post Office.

ROSETTI
(to Hobbs)
Won't open for a few hours.

Hobbs glances at his watch, plays it out in his head.

HOBBS
Leave Mosley here with the van.
(he starts out)
Let's go look at his exits. We'll
let him bring the key out, take him
then.

EXT. DRUG STORE - EARLY MORNING

Watching Tom inside as he buys a prepaid cell phone off the wall behind the register.

EXT. EAST RIVER - EARLY MORNING

The greyer side of Manhattan. The traffic vein of the FDR running the shore, Roosevelt Island floating in the distance.

Tom sits on a bench facing the water. The phone packaging mangled open beside him.

He's holding the phone, a number already dialed in. After a moment he hits "Call", waits as it rings. Eventually:

NANCY (RECORDING)
Hey this is Nancy. I'm not here but probably not far either so, leave a message and I'll talk to you soon.

The beep. Tom opens his mouth to say something. Nothing comes. He quietly lowers the phone, hangs up.

He looks back out at the water. It's quiet here.

The phone suddenly chirps. A call coming through. Tom stares at the screen, finally answers.

TOM (INTO PHONE)
Hello.

NANCY (OVER PHONE)
Yeah, sorry I just missed a call
but didn't recognize this number?

Background noise on the other end. Tom hesitates a moment.

TOM
Yeah. It's Tommy.

NANCY
What!? You got a phone? Holy shit!
(then, louder)
Well what's up!?

TOM
Just... calling to say hi. Can you
hear me okay?

NANCY
...Yeah, sorry. It's a little loud
for me here. We're at a volunteer
thing but it's wrapping up. I'll
call you back right after, k?

Tom stares off, a pained smile.

TOM
Maybe I can try you later.

NANCY
You sure? Well I'm around whenever
this afternoon. I think dad wanted
to ask you something about the car
anyway.

TOM
Okay.
(then)
Hey, Nancy. Tell your dad something
for me?

NANCY
Sure.

TOM
Tell him...
(searching for some words)
Just tell him I tried, to call.

A beat. Background noise getting louder, drowning her out.

NANCY
I'll tell him. I should get back
but congrats on the phone!
(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)
I'm glad you came out of hiding.
Welcome back Tommy.

The line goes quiet.

Tom stands, steps up to the railing. The water slapping the bricks below...

He starts walking North.

INT. LENOX HILL POST OFFICE, CORRIDOR - MORNING

CLOSE ON Box 121

As Hobbs unlocks the box, setting the storage unit key inside. He closes the door, the key sitting in the window, and walks out into...

LOBBY

A few people already in line. Postal Workers in the back. Hobbs takes in the space. The same darting eyes as Tom, mapping the exits. The heavy locked doors to the back, the caged art deco service windows...

And three sets of doors leading out to the sidewalk.

His only exits.

INT. UTILITY VAN - MORNING

Hobbs slides the door open.

Karen, Kuan and Rosetti in the back. Mosley in the driver's seat. A bandage on his leg. His face looks pale. Hobbs reads his condition, nods toward Kuan.

HOBBS
Give him your gun.

Mosley unclips, hands it to Kuan. Hobbs meets eyes with Karen, but gives no further instruction. She's staying here.

EXT. 2ND AVENUE - DAY

The sidewalks full now. Tom makes his way up the block.

EXT. LENOX HILL POST OFFICE - DAY

As Tom rounds the corner down the street. It's residential here, between the avenues. A few mail trucks. A few brownstones. Nothing out of order.

Tom starts up the post office steps, takes a last look, then goes inside.

We stay on the street.

...HOBBS, ROSETTI, AND KUAN all emerging. Invisible until now, crossing the road. The van appears down the block, pulls in silently behind a furniture truck, waiting.

Hobbs moves quickly to the door, glances through the glass.

INSIDE

Tom disappearing around the corner toward the PO boxes. Trapped.

HOBBS

Rolls away from the glass, motions to the others. Each stationing themselves beside the remaining two exits, out of view. Calm, casual...

CLOSE ON: Hands inside fabric, tightening around taser triggers, syringe handles, the pistol...

They wait.

Kuan's door opens. He tenses, watching... It's not Tom.

Another person exits Hobbs' door. A woman. Another through Kuan's, an older Asian man. Someone else going inside.

The van, idling. They wait.

LATER

The furniture truck has finished off-loading. Hobbs watching as they pack up. This is taking too long.

He peers inside again toward the PO boxes. No angle. No view. A look to the others. They shake their heads. No eyes either.

Hobbs puts his hand to his ear.

DOWN THE STREET

Karen steps out of the van, approaches. No look to the others as she passes them on the steps, disappearing inside.

INT. LENOX HILL POST OFFICE, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Humming now. The faces of New York gripping package slips, taping boxes, addressing envelopes. No sign of Tom.

Karen starts toward the PO boxes.

CORRIDOR

Abandoned. She walks further in, finds PO box 121, peers in:

The storage unit key still there, sitting inside the window.

On Karen, thrown. Another look down the corridor. She's still alone. She reaches for her phone, starts to dial.

And then, a sound.

A HAND slowly reaching into box 121... from the other side. She looks up through the glass...

Finds Tom looking back at her, in the blue work shirt of a POST OFFICE WORKER. Red stripes down the pockets. Eagle patch on the breast.

His day job.

Karen's mind catching up as she backs away. Tom just stays there, staring silently behind the broken collage of PO BOX windows between them. He slides the key into his pocket.

Karen realizes what's happening. She starts for the lobby...

INT. LENOX HILL POST OFFICE, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Hobbs, Rosetti and Kuan at the windows. Suddenly PATROLMEN appearing behind them, pressing them against the wall.

Blue and red flaring in from the street. Customers inside starting to notice. Karen enters the lobby, seeing it all.

They weren't trapping him. He was trapping them.

A man slips in around the officers at the door, fast, efficient. Coat and tie. It's Vann.

He scans the crowd, meets eyes with Karen. She stands there, defiant, impotent. No where to run.

He starts for her.

EXT. LENOX HILL POST OFFICE - LATER

Squad cars lining the front. Police moving up and down the stairs. Down the street --

Mosley being removed from the van. Limping. A forensic unit has the back doors open, flashlights waving inside.

TOM

Standing out of the way, watching it all.

His eyes fall on one of the squad cars. A head in the back. Almost by instinct HOBBS looks up in the window. The bandage on his ear. The fading bruise on Tom's face. Their game is over. Hobbs turns away.

DOWN THE STREET

Vann speaks with one of technicians at the curb. He breaks off, joining Tom on the steps.

VANN

Found two more unregistered firearms in the van, counterfeit agency papers, syringe cases contained some kind of neuromuscular-blocker. Techs still need to go through the laptop but... it was like you said.

Standing together, surveying the scene. Vann looks over.

VANN (CONT'D)

You want to tell me what's going on?

Tom doesn't answer immediately, watching the squad car pull away, lights off. Finally --

TOM

Let's go for a ride.

EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - DAY

Floating over a sedan as it heads out of the city.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Vann drives. Tom stares out the window. But not the calculating look this time. Lighter. Almost as if he's turned his mind off, just seeing the view.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - AFTERNOON

Vann pulls up to the gate.

IN THE CAR

Tom undoes his seat belt.

TOM
I'll be back.

He climbs out. Vann watches him punch a code in at the gate, disappearing inside. Vann waits a moment.

OUTSIDE

The door swings open, Vann starting to follow. A glance into the maze of units inside. Tom out of sight.

Vann pulls out his phone, starts typing. Slows...

Another look at the gate. Something stopping him. A feeling. A bond between men who have seen each other at their weakest.

He lowers the phone.

MOMENTS LATER

Tom reappears, the black document tube from Whitacre slung over his shoulder. He finds Vann leaning against the car, waiting. Tom unslings the tube, offering it to him.

TOM (CONT'D)
This is a copy of a chemical diagnostic for Getty Pharmaceuticals. It identifies nine illegal supplements within their product lines. And the internal memorandum approving their release to market.

Vann, absorbing this.

VANN
Why do you have it?

TOM
Because the man who was trying to do the right thing with it is dead.
(a beat)
And because this is what I do.

Meeting his eyes. Confiding. Vann takes it, looking down at the tube. Finally:

VANN

You know, when you called I thought it was because you were in some bar ready to have a seat.

(then)

But you didn't choose me because you needed a sponsor, did you.

Tom doesn't answer. He doesn't need to. Instead he digs out a set of storage unit keys, rotating them in his hand. Then...

TOM

If anything happens to me. To my family.

He holds the keys out to Vann.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - WEEKS LATER

Completely empty. Slowly drifting across the loft, the muted city out the window. Dust outlines of furniture now gone. The workbench. The TTY machine. The record player.

Bleached and naked.

PRELAP:

The leaves and birds of somewhere far from here.

EXT. GAS STATION, OHIO - DAY

A lone station off a rural road. Tom stands at the pump, refueling the grey Chevy Nancy had in the driveway. The boxes of a college freshmen pressing the windows inside.

Nancy emerges from the station, a bag of snacks and sodas dangling from her hand, eyes glued to her phone.

TOM

What'd your dad say?

No response. He realizes she's got headphones in. He motions to her ears. She pulls the headphones out...

...and reinserts two devices, a clear tube running behind each ear. HEARING AIDS. Her hair falling back down as she approaches...

TOM (CONT'D)

What'd your dad say?

NANCY
He's going to meet us Saturday at
the dorm. Here, smile:

She raises her phone, takes a photo.

NANCY (CONT'D)
He asked for proof of life. I told
him I mastered 5th gear halfway
through Pennsylvania.

Tom keeps his mouth shut. She sees it.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Shut up.

Tom grins, nods at the car.

TOM
You wanna switch?

NANCY
No, I got this.

TOM
Eating and driving stick, that's a
new level.

NANCY
I got this. Here you can DJ.

She hands him her phone, climbs into the driver's seat.

Tom scrolls through her music, pauses, finding something. The
hint of a smile. He opens his door.

As he climbs in the passenger side we hear a piano begin to
echo, the early chords of **THE WHO - I'M IN TUNE**.

We float over the Chevy, watching as it pulls away from the
station, changes gears with a jerk, and starts down the road.

THE END