

THE FINAL SCORE

Written by

Will Hettinger

Inspired by True Events

Kaplan Perrone

INT. BANK OF AMERICA. LOS ANGELES. NIGHT.

Closed. A **MANAGER** and **ARMED GUARD** inside. Off a white VAN pulling into the parking lot, the MANAGER unlocks the door --

A four man CLEANING CREW, in DUST MASKS, exits the van, waving friendly hellos as they approach.

GUARD

You're a little early. What's with the masks?

CLEANER 1

Gonna clean this place out. Here--

As he offers them masks -- a misdirect -- with jarring speed--

The crew ATTACKS the Guard with collapsible batons; zip ties him, facing the wall. Cleaner 1 points a GUN at the Manager--

CLEANER 1 (CONT'D)

Open the fuckin' drawers.

At gunpoint, the terrified Manager opens the drawers.

The other three Cleaners empty the cash -- riffling each bundle, deftly removing dye packs and tracers --

They load cash into duffel bags, escort the Manager to the front door, stuffing dye packs into the Manager's arms.

CLEANER 1 (CONT'D)

Walk out the door, turn left and run as fast as you can. Now!

The Manager, arms full of dye packs, sprints across the parking lot. The Cleaners jump in the van and peel out.

GAMEN (V.O.)

The first commandment in solving a crime is to start with the obvious. *If you hear galloping hooves? Look for horses, not zebras.* That's called Sutton's law, after the legendary bank robber Willie Sutton.

At distance, the dye packs explode -- ENGULFING the Manager in a massive AEROSOL of red smoke, dye and tear gas.

EXT./ESTAB. BURBANK/GLENDALE, CA. NIGHT

A CITY BUS rumbles through the industrial part of The Valley.

GAMEN (V.O.)

The story goes when they asked him
why he robbed banks, Sutton said
"Cuz that's where the money is."

A **TWEAKER** waits at a bus stop. The bus blows right past him.

GAMEN (V.O.)

Except: To the day he died, Sutton
swore he never said that. If you
believe him, what he really said
was that the money's just chips.

The bus slows, approaching a row of nondescript buildings --
including an ELECTRONICS STORE. Across the street, a Strip
Club. ARMENIAN MOBSTERS outside.

GAMEN (V.O.)

The real reason was because when he
was robbing a bank, that's when he
was really, truly alive. Of course,
people prefer the obvious answer.
It's scary to consider that some
people live for the moment when the
guns are out and the vault is open.
But I believe Sutton. It's about
being alive.

INT. BUS. SAME.

Close on: **ROBERT GAMEN**, 50's, with a dedicated skin care
routine. His eyes are like two way mirrors -- They offer
nothing. As he pulls a SKI MASK down over his face...

GAMEN (V.O.)

To stop is to die. That's the law.

FILM TITLE: THE FINAL SCORE

From up front, the uniformed driver, **TONY** (56) calls out--

TONY
200 yards.

Gamen turns to the only passengers: Three other MEN, all in
SKI MASKS and tactical gear, by the rear door.

GAMEN

Remember: smooth, steady, stealth --

-- But in HAND SIGNALS: 3,2 -- they all TURN OFF their
RADIOS, plug into DIFFERENT RADIOS. Weird. On the new radios--

GAMEN (CONT'D)
Ok. Let's go hunt.

The group: thumbs up. Someone RACKS a SHOTGUN. Tony slows to 3 mph; opens the REAR DOOR of the bus.

The crew HUSTLES out in a smooth militant stalk, up a thin ALLEY, the bus providing concealment without ever stopping.

If the Mobsters outside the strip club are watching -- and they should be -- all they see is a city bus driving by.

BEHIND THE ELECTRONICS STORE

MACK picks the door's lock with a SNAP GUN. Gamen and the other two (**PEARL** and **SPEC**, we'll meet them all) keep watch. *Click.* The door unlocks. Gamen produces a FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

INT. ELECTRONICS WAREHOUSE. SAME.

From the dark -- a menacing GROWL. Gamen scans with his headlamp...just in time to see a PITBULL charging him.

He sprays CO2 at the dog -- like pepper spray but harmless. The dog stops. A few more sprays -- the dog runs to a closet. Gamen shuts the door, trapping it inside.

In headlamp light it's clear: This is not a corporate store. Most of this shit is probably stolen. Armenian flags hang.

The men circle a backpack from which they pull out tiny AUDIO SURVEILLANCE MICROPHONES - each the size of a dime.

THE UPSTAIRS OFFICE is dingy, with full ashtrays. Spec takes out a LAPTOP; connects it to the computer.

Gamen attaches a tiny mic to a lighting FIXTURE.

On Spec-- typing furiously until the store computer's screen appears on his laptop. He's hacked in.

He pulls up the SECURITY FOOTAGE from the store's cameras. There are cameras recording almost every inch of this place.

On the wall -- a SECURITY CAMERA with a little GLOWING GREEN DOT. Spec waves, sees himself on his screen.

He scrolls back through the footage, to the team's entrance -- headlamps, dog, CO2. Deletes it. He opens the system's MENU --

He clicks RESTART. A WALL CAMERA'S little GLOWING GREEN DOT goes out then comes back blinking ORANGE.

SPEC
Cameras out. We've got 90 seconds.

GAMEN
(testing a hidden mic)
Test test test?

As Gamen speaks, sound waves appear on Spec's screen.

SPEC
Perfect.
(into a radio)
Mack, talk for me?

As Spec checks audio, Gamen opens a cigar box on the desk. It's full of *BANDED MONEY*, in \$1000 bundles.

Moments later, **BACK DOWNSTAIRS** Gamen and Spec find the other two at the door, ready to go.

SPEC (CONT'D)
10 seconds.

GAMEN
You guys go. I'm right behind you.

Gamen frees the stunned dog from the closet; runs out of the store just before the blinking dot on the camera turns GREEN.

THE BUS is just up the street. Tony drives past a bus stop; passing the same Tweaker again as he clicks his radio --

TONY
About 15 seconds out.

In **THE ALLEY** the headlights of the bus appear. At three mph, the rear door opens and they climb in --

The Mobsters across the street are none the wiser as the bus turns a corner. The bus never stopped.

INSIDE THE BUS the team is huddled. Quiet for a block. Then--

GAMEN
Gentlemen. Perfection.

Tony turns on the lights, honks the horn. The others yell at him to "Drive!", but he pulls over and dances up the aisle.

TONY
I been in this shitbox getting car sick while you guys were having fun! I want to touch the magic!

As he reaches them, a CLAMOR -- the Tweaker, *furious and breathless*, pulls open the front door and climbs in the bus.

TWEAKER
...blew by me twice! What the fu--

He sees the other passengers: 4 dudes with masks and guns. Tony pulls a PISTOL and aims at the Tweaker.

TONY
 Freeze! Don't you fucking move!

GAMEN
 Tony. Tony. Hey! Put. It. Down.

Gamen pulls up his mask, gently grabs Tony's gun, then offers the Tweaker two things. First, a \$1000 in BANDED CASH.

GAMEN (CONT'D)
 Call a cab. Forget all about this.

The other thing, which drives home his point: A Badge. FBI.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM. FBI FIELD OFFICE. LATER THAT NIGHT

Special Agent Robert Gamen charms a dark room full of FBI STAFF with easy, earned charisma. The perpetual winning QB.

Behind him: surveillance photos on a cork board -- the structure of the Armenian mob. Off a photo --

GAMEN
 We've been on these shitbags for decades. Now we're finally inside. This is Avi Petrosyan. CFO of the Armenian mafia. Washes their money, allocates capital, even architects their bank burglaries. His place is our place now. After tonight, if he so much as cumms on cotton, we'll hear it. How about that? Another win for Tac Ops.

Cheers for the elite Tactical Operations Unit, now unmasked:

Mack, 30, a former football star. **Pearl**, 35, huge, dipping a heroic dose of Copenhagen. **Spec**, 45, a fastidious and bent hacker. And **Tony**, 56, The spirit is willing, but...

From the back of the room, Assistant Senior Agent in Charge **KATIE MARTIN**, 30's, eyes Gamen suspiciously.

INT. HALLWAY. MOMENTS LATER.

Gamen backslaps his way to the hall, where Katie is waiting.
As they walk --

KATIE
How many cameras did they have?

GAMEN
(As: *I hate you.*)
ASAC Martin. Glad to see you here.

KATIE
(As: *I hate you back.*)
Special Agent Gamen, glad you're
home safe. How many cameras?

GAMEN
A dozen? Now, they belong to us.

KATIE
When I meet with the Deputy AG
later her first question is gonna
be why we lost comms?

GAMEN
Really? Cuz I heard while we were
out bugging the largest Armenian
crime syndicate in the country,
those bank robbing cleaners hit
again. You don't think she'll ask
about them?

She looks like she might punch him. Instead --

KATIE
Why did your radios go dead?

GAMEN
Must've shit the bed. You know how
things go in the field. Or at least
you can *imagine*.

KATIE
Any incidents inside or on the bus?

GAMEN
None. Since you're here, Tony's
birthday is coming up.

KATIE
I know. In three months he'll be
57. Mandatory retirement age.

GAMEN

He's given the bureau 33 years. Do me a favor and write him an extension. Don't give him KMA time.

KATIE

It's the government's decision.

GAMEN

You're allowed to extend him. It's a crucial case.

KATIE

I don't know if he's crucial to it.

GAMEN

He's been with me since day one. He's crucial, trust me.

KATIE

Trust you. For all I know he screwed up and almost got killed tonight, and I'd be the one calling his family. Which I don't ever want to do. As I'm sure you can imagine.

(at her door)

I don't know how you worked with my predecessor, but that's over now.

She steps inside her OFFICE.

GAMEN

Can I speak freely?

KATIE

It's 4 am. You sure you want to?

GAMEN

Louis Freeh would've approved this before I even asked.

KATIE

Louis Freeh was a doorkicker who destroyed the Bureau's reputation.

GAMEN

I give a fuck about a reputation.

KATIE

I'll keep that in mind next year when it's time to consider your extension.

That hurts. He recovers, flashing a slow, predatory smile.

GAMEN
 I'll say one thing about Freeh.
 Even when he was in charge? He
 always fucking hated management.

Katie rolls her eyes as he leaves. Alone, she turns to a CHART covering the wall: Open investigations under her ambit.

The centerpiece is the Armenian mafia. Timelines, photos -- The bureau has been after them for years.

Next to it: The Cleaners. An open investigation. No progress.

BRIANA (PRELAP)
 What're you doing about these guys?

INT. DEPUTY ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE. DAY.

Katie sits across from Deputy AG **BRIANA SORCI**, 40, who's got the LA TIMES in front of her: The Cleaners on the front page.

KATIE
 Bank Robbery is investigating.

BRIANA
 Katie, front page news is really bad for us. Especially you.

KATIE
 They don't know about the progress we're making on other fronts. The Armenians? If I'm in the captain's chair when they go down? Fuck the paper. I'll make it to Washington. I'll run DOJ.

BRIANA
 Why'd you lose comms last night?

KATIE
 Same reason as always. SA Gamen. He's gonna start another Waco and it's gonna blow back on me.

BRIANA
 So fire him. Use SWAT instead.

KATIE
 SWAT's a hammer. Tac Ops is a whole toolbox. And he's a hero to half of these guys. I'll lose the office if I fire him for anything short of... I don't know. A felony? I'm fucked.

BRIANA

How long til he ages out?

KATIE

Almost a year. Long enough to
destroy me. I've worked too hard to
get taken down now by this animal.
I need to control him till then.

BRIANA

No. You need to control Tac Ops.

KATIE

Same difference.

A beat while Briana considers this, then auditions a thought.

BRIANA

Is it? Do you know how to trap a
raccoon? It's weird. You put a
shiny object at the end of a tube.

INT. KATIE MARTIN'S OFFICE. INTERCUT. NON LINEAR

Katie clicks through a desktop folder: TAC OPS APPLICANTS.
Personnel File Photos: smirking hard asses. Gamen wannabes.

BRIANA (V.O.)

The raccoon reaches into the tube
and grabs the shiny thing. But the
tube's too narrow: the raccoon's
hand fits in but can't get out, not
while it's holding that worthless
shiny thing. Traps itself because
it can't let go.

She sighs, closes the last file.

BRIANA (V.O.)

You need to find a shiny object.

INT. BULLPEN CUBICLE. FBI HEADQUARTERS. EVENING. WEEKS LATER.

Close on: **ANDY WALSH**, 30's, tight jawed, on headphones,
translating/ transcribing audio from Urdu to English.

Rewind. Urdu. Type. Rewind. Urdu. Type. Rew--**thumpthumpthump**.

A TECH, chatting nearby, absentmindedly drums on the ledge of
Andy's cube. For most people, a mild annoyance, but--

Each tap echoes in Andy's head. Unbearable. Actionable. He almost gets up. Instead, he CRANKS his headphones.

In his ears: blaring Urdu restoring his focus. The Drummer clears out on the approach of Special Agent **PAUL REA**, 50's.

PAUL
I'm heading out. You should, too.

ANDY
I will. I'm just double checking translations a contractor sent in.

PAUL
Double checking?

ANDY
Sometimes they make mistakes.

PAUL
How far are you into it?

ANDY
About 95%.

PAUL
Have you found any mistakes?

ANDY
Not yet but I'm not done.

PAUL
Andy. Don't stay all night. Please?

Others in the bullpen are packing up, laughing, making plans. They see Andy, but don't bother to invite him.

He cranks the Urdu again-- returns to his pointless work with a focus generally reserved for the bomb squad.

INT. ANDY'S CUBICLE. FBI FIELD OFFICE. LATER THAT NIGHT

11 pm. He's the only one there. His phone buzzes: LIZ.

ANDY (INTO PHONE)
Hey. What are you up to?

INT. WALSH HOME. NIGHT. INTERCUT

His wife, LIZ, 30's, absentmindedly strolls the house.

LIZ (INTO PHONE)

Having a glass of wine. Grading
essays and buying school supplies.
Crazy Friday night.

ANDY

You're drinking while you work?

LIZ

I taught the Call of the Wild all
day and did two hours of tutoring.
I might fuck around and do heroin.

ANDY

These parents can't afford their
own school supplies?

LIZ

Most of them can't. What these kids
really need are tablets--

ANDY

Liz, we cannot afford to buy--

LIZ

Relax, I'm just putting them on the
Wishlist. When are you coming home?

ANDY

I just have a bit more to do.

By photos and decor, we might think she lives alone. Until
she looks in the **GARAGE**, converted into a bachelor apartment.
Spartan workout gear. Some clothes and a slept in COT.

LIZ

Remember what Dr. Connally said:
Does it need to be done? Does it
need to be done by you? Does it
need to be done by you right now?

He should go home. But.

ANDY

I love you. Don't wait up.

They hang up. Back to work.

EXT. GAS STATION. LOS ANGELES. LATER THAT NIGHT.

Andy fills his SUV. Our first full look at him. The kind of
guy you might not notice. And that's by his own design.

As the numbers tick upwards-- he hears footsteps behind him in the distance. Two sets. Coming closer. Without turning--

He discreetly adjusts a mirror, revealing 2 MEN (**BIG** and **SKINNY**) approaching fast from behind. Big has a GUN. Shit.

On Andy: More foreboding than afraid. He casually returns the gas pump, opens his door, and steps behind it-- a barrier.

He looks at his empty hands-- *Opens and closes them*. Part self soothing, part nervous tic.

BIG
Yo! Money, keys, phone! Now!

Big is aiming from 10 yards out. Skinny circles the SUV, surrounding Andy, who's pulse has not raised.

ANDY
Ok. I'm reaching for them.

On the other side of the door, unseen by Big or Skinny, Andy slowly reaches towards his waist, where he has--

A concealed Sig Sauer P226. Loaded. One in the pipe.

But he reaches right past it, grabs his wallet and keys, hands them through the lowered car window to Big.

BIG
Phone, Bitch!

Skinny rounds the hood. Andy quickly ticking through options, his hand hovering near his gun, approaching a precipice--

ANDY
I need the phone to get home.

Big pulls back the hammer, Skinny coming up behind Andy--

ANDY (CONT'D)
Don't. Do. This.

They're eyeball to eyeball. Tick. Tick. Tick.

BIG
(to Skinny)
Fuck it! Get in the car! Let's go!

They jump in and peel out. Andy's hand relaxes. He breathes purposefully. Inhale. Exhale. Inhale. Closing his eyes--

INT. CONVERTED GARAGE. WALSH HOUSE. THE NEXT MORNING.

On the cot, Andy hasn't slept. Nearby, we notice MILITARY MEDALS in a shadowbox display. Liz enters with coffee.

LIZ
Mornin'. What time'd you get home?

ANDY
Late. Can we talk for a minute?

He takes her hand. There is so much love between these two, but the joy and playfulness has been replaced by worry.

LIZ
I didn't see your truck outside?

ANDY
That's what I wanted to tell you...

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE. LATER THAT DAY.

Andy, eyes down, and Liz sit across from **DR. CONNELLY** (70's).

LIZ
He didn't wake me up! He could've been killed and he doesn't tell me!

DR. CONNELLY
How do you feel?

LIZ
Terrible. This fucking sucks.

ANDY
It's not that bad.

LIZ
Really? How many emergency egress points do we have in our house?

ANDY
...Seven.

LIZ
Cool. What's my principal's name?
(he doesn't know)
That's not OK with me. We don't go out, we don't have sex, you're gonna have a heart attack--

ANDY
It was no big deal--

DR. CONNELLY

We don't decide what triggers us,
but if we ignore it, it comes out
sideways. That's why you need to
share--

ANDY

Share? You think you want this?

DR. CONNELLY

I want to know what you want.
Because you are in trouble. What
you've been doing is not working.

ANDY

I want a normal life. When do I get
better already? I've been listening
to you for a year. Changed my diet,
got a desk job... Enough.

DR. CONNELLY

Integration takes daily effort.
Remember the two wolves inside us?
Fear and faith? When you don't
share your fears, the fear wolf
eats them and gets stronger. Will
you finally share what you're
afraid of? Can you try?

After a long beat of deciding, solely because he loves Liz--

ANDY

For years, I lived on a bullet
train. 24/7. 365. Full speed.

EXT. REMOTE VILLAGE IN A STEEP VALLEY. NIGHT. 2018. MEMORY

Suddenly, we're in the *green tint* of Night Operation Goggles:
The POV of an Air Force STS Squad Leader.

Reveal: Andy, as the leader of a FOUR MAN TEAM, covertly
stalking towards a **HOUSE**, CARBINE at low ready.

ANDY (V.O.)

Every night. *Every night.* For
years. Until it felt like home.

INT. DECREPIT OLD HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER.

They silently clear the front rooms, down a short hall to
three **BEDROOMS**. In the **FIRST**, many CHILDREN are sleeping.

ANDY (V.O.)

Then I jumped off. And the train
kept going. And I'm living in the
dust it kicked up.

In the **SECOND**, a MAN (18) is asleep. This is the target. With amazing speed-- Andy *snatches* him from the bed--

EXT. HILL AT THE EDGE OF TOWN. LATER

The team climbs with the PRISONER. Andy looks back: an OLD MAN, the prisoner's father, running after them with a RIFLE.

The Old Man shoots in the dark -- misses. CHILDREN emerge from the house, watching. The Old Man fires again--

ANDY (V.O.)

I can't see, I can't breathe. I
just live in dust.

Misses closer, sighting in on the team atop the hill, now lit by the moon. He aims again-- low probability, but not zero...

Team almost cresting hill to safety, Old Man shooting, Andy looks at his Carbine. A horrible decision to make...

EXT. HALLWAY. FBI HEADQUARTERS. DAY.

ECU: Andy's face. Reveal: He's in a chair outside an office.

ANDY (V.O.)

And I'm afraid it's what I deserve.

A SECRETARY sends him inside...

INT. KATIE MARTIN'S OFFICE. MOMENTS LATER.

Katie Martin is at her desk when Andy enters. She's ranks above him, but polite and human.

KATIE

Have a seat, SA Walsh. I don't think we've formally done a one on one? I'm Katie Martin, Assistant Special Agent in Charge, Criminal Investigative Division. Six months in and I'm still not sure how to fit that on a business card.

ANDY

You'll get new ones soon, I'm sure.

He means it as a compliment and that's how she takes it.

KATIE
So I have something for you.

She slides an envelope across the desk. He looks inside: his keys and wallet. He smiles, embarrassed. Teasing him--

KATIE (CONT'D)
LAPD was thrilled to solve a crime
we didn't even know happened. Thank
God your wife called them.
(re: his file on her desk)
You speak Spanish, Pashto, Urdu.
Armenian. Served 12 years in the
Air Force. Do you miss it?

ANDY
I don't know.

KATIE
You must've liked it?

ANDY
(maybe lying)
...It was the best job I ever had.

KATIE
Then why'd you separate?

EXT. MAKESHIFT INTERROGATION ROOM. STAGING BASE. NON LINEAR

Andy, outside smoking, hollow eyed. As a SOLDIER comes out, a glimpse of the PRISONER inside, unharmed but terrified--

SOLDIER
You got the wrong guy.

ANDY
That's who they told us to --

SOLDIER
They told you wrong. Go back out.

The Soldier goes. Andy can hear the Prisoner whimpering. Suddenly it's all too real. He's here: the edge of a turning point. Filthy hands start to open and close.

EXT. HILL AT THE EDGE OF TOWN. LATER. NON LINEAR

In the Valley, the OLD MAN is dead. A father acting on higher instincts, shot dead by Andy acting on bad intelligence.

INT. KATIE MARTIN'S OFFICE. MOMENTS LATER.

With practiced cool, Andy deploys the reply he always uses--

ANDY
Just felt like the right time.

KATIE
I worked with some of you 24th STS ninjas when I was in the Navy. I always wondered why you'd join the Air Force only to end up in the one part of it that fights on the ground. What kind of guy does that?

ANDY
A guy who takes circuitous paths.

In one beat, this goes from chat to interrogation.

KATIE
Or doesn't know who he really is.

ANDY
Is that a question?

KATIE
The question is -- you're 16 months out from a Tier 1 Unit, and you're riding a desk? What the fuck? Are you a sleeper cell? Head case?

ANDY
Neither. I just like where I am.

KATIE
Michael Jordan liked baseball but that's not where he belonged. Have you heard of Tactical Operations?

ANDY
Special Agent Gamen's unit?

INT. HALLWAY. FBI HEADQUARTERS. EVENING. NON LINEAR

Gamen moves down the hall like he owns the building, giving a "You're killing me" woof to a SECRETARY before he enters...

TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS. A testosterone soaked enclave in FBI HQ. Case files. Surveillance photos. Gear all over the place.

Mack and Pearl play cards. Tony perks up, hungrily --

TONY
Any word yet on the extension?

Gamen looks him in the eyes, smiles, calmly and ably lies --

GAMEN
She said she's thinking about it.

INT. KATIE MARTIN'S OFFICE. DAY.

Katie sill working on Andy, expecting excitement.

KATIE
It's my unit. And I have a spot
opening up.

ANDY
That's... not for me. I'm sorry.

KATIE
Of course it is. You're just shaken
up --

ANDY
I'm really not.

KATIE
Then that proves my point. I have
an office full of people who
could've killed those guys. Or at
least would've tried to. But you
didn't. Because you have control.

INT. TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS. MOMENTS LATER. NON LINEAR

Gamen turns from Tony to Spec, who's at a monitor showing
surveillance video from the electronics store.

GAMEN
Tell me good news, Spec?

SPEC
Nothing. It's a dry hole. I think
whoever turned you onto this place
was lying.

Gamen turns to a mugshot of **ROMAN AKHAVAN** (70's) posted above
other Armenian mobsters, making it plain he's the boss.

GAMEN
Somebody lied to the FBI? Isn't
there a penalty for that?

INT. KATIE MARTIN'S OFFICE. DAY

Katie holds Andy's file, as though threatening him with it.

KATIE

I know who you are. You're capable
of a lot more than typing Urdu for
the next 25 years.

A glimmer of recognition in Andy. She's right. But.

ANDY

No, thank you. I'm not interested.

KATIE

What if I just assigned you?

Andy is dead serious.

ANDY

I think I'd get another job.

Katie unexpectedly smiles; maybe easing off, maybe not sold.

EXT. OUTDOOR BAR. CHATEAU MARMONT. LATER.

Gamen, now flashing smiles at passing HOT GIRLS, drinks with
DAVID, 20's, Armenian, a nervous Confidential Informant.

DAVID

I don't like meeting you in public.
This freaks me out, Bro. Seriously.

GAMEN

(couldn't give a shit)
Well, seriously, you told me I'd
get Akhavan calling Petrosyan on
the wire. It's been a month. All I
got is Petrosyan selling fucking
stereos, my man.

DAVID

Bro, he's not working, you know?
There's no fucking work going on.

GAMEN

Some people are working. What do
you know about these Bank of
America jobs? *The Cleaners*?

DAVID

Nothing. Why? They made your list?

GAMEN

List? It's a food chain. When I eat it means Bank Robbery and four other divisions have failed. Who are they?

DAVID

I don't know. They're not our guys. They're stepping on our dicks, Bro. Fucking assholes make the papers, churn up LAPD, it's bad.

GAMEN

Buddy, I'm not paying to hear your problems. I like you, but, if you got nothing for me...

At the bar, Gamen spots **MARIA**, 24, stunning. They know each other. A long smile. He tosses David \$100, starts to stand...

DAVID

Sorry to do this but, my kid's birthday is coming up...

Gamen, maybe smirking at the balls on this guy, offers another hundred. As David, nodding gratitude, reaches for it--

With SUDDEN VIOLENCE, Gamen snatches his wrist, BENDS it back against itself. David yelps, fingertips touching his forearm.

GAMEN

Don't scream or you'll be attacking an FBI agent. Don't scream.
 (over David's whimpering)
Oh now he can fucking listen. Are you gonna start listening for me?
(whimper that means "Yes")
I want Roman Akhavan. I don't want everything. I just want Akhavan.

Gamen drops the money on the table. Composing himself --

GAMEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Happy birthday to your kid. Get him a bounce house.

Gamen tosses him a third bill, downs his drink, and goes... ACROSS THE ROOM to the bar, where he sidles up to Maria.

GAMEN (CONT'D)

I've got guns older than you.

MARIA

Oh yeah? Do they still shoot?

INT. BEDROOM. GAMEN'S CONDOMINIUM. NIGHT

Sleek, almost creepy. Gamen and Maria fucking theatrically. They finish: He's heaving. She's waiting for something. Then--

GAMEN

A job well done is its own reward.

She laughs. *Still on the clock.* He points to his wallet across the room as he lights an Armenian cigar.

GAMEN (CONT'D)

Your boyfriend fuck you like that?

MARIA

Only you, Daddy.

GAMEN

That's the problem with young guys.
No stamina. But who wants to fuck
an old guy for a long time, right?

MARIA

Wow. You do not look 56.

She's looking at his driver's license. He shrugs faux modestly, puffs his cigar. She counts from his wallet. Then --

MARIA (CONT'D)

I didn't know you were the World's
Best Daddy. Congrats.

GAMEN

What?

She's teasing, holds up a small PAPER BADGE from his wallet. Yellowed and brittle from age: "World's Best Daddy."

GAMEN (CONT'D)

(suddenly dangerous)

Put that shit down.

Startled, she does. Gamen recovers, summoning charm.

GAMEN (CONT'D)

And get your ass over here.

Both returning to character, she slinks back to bed.

INT. GAMEN'S BATHROOM. LATER THAT NIGHT.

Gamen inspects his hairline, musses it to his liking. Flexes. Still got it, right? All just to go back to sleep, alone.

INT. DINING ROOM. WALSH HOUSE. NIGHT.

Liz and Andy eat dinner.

LIZ

Thank God she got the truck back.
Perks of a government job.

Floating this, maybe a sliver of him hopes she'll be for it --

ANDY

Kind of a weird thing happened
also, while I was talking to her.
She offered me a spot on Tactical
Operations. The Tac Ops Unit.

LIZ

What would that mean?

ANDY

A promotion. More money, which
never hurts.

LIZ

No, what kind of work do they do?

ANDY

Investigations, surveillance,
clandestine entries.

LIZ

So basically what you did overseas?

ANDY

Probably not as intense. But, yeah,
it's stuff I'm good at. But like I
said, it's not nearly as intense.
Kind of a middle ground?

LIZ

That seems -- no. That seems like a
big step back. No way.

ANDY

Yeah... That's what I said.

He pushes food around his plate, something unmooring inside.

INT. CONVERTED GARAGE. WALSH HOUSE. LATER THAT NIGHT.

Andy sits on the cot. Restless. Debating. Impulsively, he crosses to the LIVING ROOM, where Liz is watching a movie.

ANDY

I think I'm gonna go for a drive.

LIZ

Want some company?

ANDY

Nah, you're good. You're good.

LIZ

You ok?

ANDY

Yeah. I might just go for a drive.

Knowing the wall has already gone up, Liz emits a deep sigh.

INT. ANDY'S CAR ON THE ROAD. WEST LA. LATER

Andy drives, scanning the area -- searching for something. At pace, he parks. Gets out.

Reveal: Andy at the same **GAS STATION** where he was robbed. Not filling up. Waiting. Restless. Hoping for Big and Skinny.

Checks the side view mirror, seeing only himself -- Almost a refraction of Gamen in the bathroom --

He hears footsteps behind him in the distance. Turns: Just a random JUNKIE across the street. His shoulders sag. Big and Skinny aren't coming. It's a dumb plan, but genuine--

He'll wait all night. Inviting something he doesn't fully understand, but must be reckoned with all the same.

PreLap: Running footsteps.

EXT. BANK PARKING LOT. NIGHT. WEEKS LATER.

A WOMAN'S stocking feet sprint across pavement. Reveal: she's crying. And her arms are full of cash.

FOOSH -- the money explodes in a cloud of dye packs, smoke and tear gas. Behind her, The Cleaners' van squeals away.

INT. KATIE MARTIN'S OFFICE. MOMENTS LATER.

Ding. Katie checks her phone. Then throws it across the room.

KATIE

Fuck.

INT. BACKROOM OFFICE. SMOKE SHOP. MOMENTS LATER.

Wood panels. Polystyrene ceiling. On a cheap desk, a POLICE SCANNER crackles: 211A. *Bank of America. Robbery.*

Seated at the desk, in a fine suit reveal **ROMAN AKHAVAN**. He turns off the scanner and looks to the man nearby --

SARKUS TARJERIAN, 40's, his muscle and spokesman. Double knit golf shirt, always smiling. Huge. In subtitled Armenian...

SARKUS

Doesn't look like these guys are going away, does it? Maybe we need to reorganize?

Roman nods impassively.

MOMENTS LATER, they emerge from the backroom into the **MAIN ROOM** of the Smoke Shop. Hip hop plays from speakers.

Some tough looking GANGSTERS -- who Roman ignores as he walks straight through and exits -- look up from their Domino game.

SARKUS (CONT'D)
(to one of the Gangsters)
I need you to call somebody for me.

Among the Gangsters, all hanging on Sarkus' words -- REVEAL: David the informant, his sprained wrist braced.

INT. LOBBY. FBI HEADQUARTERS. MORNING.

Andy checks in: *Mornin', gun check, badge swipe.* In line for metal detectors-- Someone BUMPS his shoulder as they pass.

GAMEN
(without stopping)
Sorry, Pal.

It's Gamen, on a FLIP PHONE. He cuts the entire line.

Stuck among the rule abiding stiffness, Andy watches him: a man in control of his whole solar system.

INT. ELEVATOR. MOMENTS LATER.

Gamen's on the phone with DAVID.

GAMEN
You calling with more problems?

EXT. STREET. SAME. INTERCUT.

David stalks down the street smoking.

DAVID
Petrosyan is hosting a meeting at
his shop tonight. A big one.

The door opens. A MAN tries to enter, but Gamen BADGES him out and holds DOOR CLOSE. The elevator takes him up alone.

GAMEN
Announcing a sale on boomboxes?

DAVID
No, Bro. Big. Sarkus is coming.

Gamen jabs his floor's button, as if to make the lift faster.

EXT. HALLWAY. FBI HEADQUARTERS. MOMENTS LATER.

Gamen exits the lift adrenalized, immediately bumps into a herd of SUITS heading towards a CONFERENCE ROOM.

OLD AGENT IN A SUIT
C'mon. She wants all hands on deck.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

His wheels are still spinning as Katie holds court. Photos of BANKS and VICTIMS and HEADLINES play on a SLIDESHOW.

KATIE
Their MO is simple: wait until bank branches are closed, pose as a cleaning crew, subdue the guard, empty the drawers. Sort out dye packed cash. The dye packs are attached to a magnetic base.

On screen: A metal DISK in a drawer. The dye pack base.

KATIE (CONT'D)
If the packs and the base get too far apart they detonate. They put the packs on an employee, as a getaway diversion. Their last victim was asthmatic. She nearly aspirated in the parking lot. Bank robbery becomes attempted murder.

Gamen disinterested, the slideshow now showing HEADLINES --

KATIE (CONT'D)

There's a lot of pressure to close this, so as of *right now* I'm suspending all other long term investigations indefinitely --

Amidst the murmur of the room, on Gamen: *Fuck.*

KATIE (CONT'D)

And directing all efforts at The Cleaners. I want strategy pitches today and updates as they come. And I want these guys now.

Grunts of *espirit de corps*. Gamen stares at Katie who's in front of a slide of a headline. A *plan forming quickly*.

LATER, as the meeting ends, he sidles up to Katie alone.

GAMEN

ASAC? Sorry you're going it.

KATIE

What am I going through?

GAMEN

Hey, you mentioned pressure. I just want you to know I'm with you.

KATIE

I expect you will be.

On Gamen: maybe sheepish. Seems to be trying to mend fences. He tenderly pats her elbow, throwing her off guard. Then --

KATIE (CONT'D)

Thank you. I appreciate it.

At the perfect time, Gamen shoots his shot.

GAMEN

I've never sat in your seat. But I've seen a lot of people sit in it. I know how it works. I can help you. If you want my help.

KATIE

How's that?

GAMEN

The Cleaners are a situation.

He indicates a newspaper HEADLINE on the slide show.

GAMEN (CONT'D)

That is an actual problem. You need a win. I can give you an easy one. Let us close the wire tonight. Easy surveil and arrest on Petrosyan.

INT. TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS. LATER. NON LINEAR

Gamen briefs his team -- indicating the mugshot chart.

GAMEN

We're hunting. Target of Opportunity is Avi Petrosyan.

Grumbles and confusion from the team.

PEARL

Aren't we cutting bait early?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. MOMENTS LATER. NON LINEAR

Throughout, Gamen is inspecting Katie, hanging on reactions.

GAMEN

Maybe Petrosyan even flips. Either way, tomorrow's headline is the Bureau getting a win. Then, I will catch The Cleaners for you.

KATIE

For the Bureau.

GAMEN

No. For you.

A beat in which Katie seems to be considering Gamen's offer.

INT. TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS. LATER. NON LINEAR

Gamen leans in sharing the truth with his team --

GAMEN

We're not cutting bait. We're catching a big one.

His hand drifts from Petrosyan's mugshot up the chain to Sarkus' mugshot, just below Akhavan's --

GAMEN (CONT'D)

Sarkus Tarjerian's gonna be there. That's our High Value Target.

Ad libs: "Fuck yeah." Except for Mack who sighs noticeably.

MACK

This is a big swing, Boss. This motherfucker rolls with an army.

GAMEN

First they came for the men. But Mack did not speak out. Because Mack was not a man.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. MOMENTS LATER. NON LINEAR

Katie is smiling slightly. Taking pains to not offend --

KATIE

What do you want out of this?

GAMEN

I want to be the cop who catches Al Capone and I don't want to have to retire before I get him. I got nine months until I'm on the iceberg. But you can change that. *If I catch The Cleaners, I want an extension until I bring down Roman Akhavan.*

No flinching. Those are the terms. Then...

KATIE

What about Tony's extension?

INT. TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS. LATER. NON LINEAR

Mack is still protesting, though he knows it's in vain.

MACK

Shouldn't we at least clue in SWAT?

GAMEN

No. This is special. This is gonna be Tony's last ride.

(to stunned Tony)

She's not going for the extension, Pal. I'm sorry. I fought like hell.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. MOMENTS LATER. NON LINEAR

Katie, surrounded by bad press on screens...

KATIE
You got a deal.

Gamen nods, believably tamps his joy as he leaves. The instant he's gone her smile disappears. *Nobody's fool.*

INT. ANDY'S CUBICLE. EVENING.

Andy clocks Paul Rea approaching holding a **BALLISTIC VEST**.

PAUL
A small op needs live translation.
Nobody else speaks Armenian.

Andy opens and closes his empty hand a few times.

INT. COMMAND CENTER WITH VIDEO FEED. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON a text message: Safe word = Showers. Spec discreetly reads it, as Katie addresses the assembled TEAM.

KATIE
Ok. The target is Avi Petrosyan.

We See quick NON LINEAR flashes of the operation forming.

In the **ELECTRONICS STORE**, GANGSTERS mill about, **PETROSYAN** among them.

In a nondescript **SURVEILANCE VAN**, Tac Ops is in body armor.

KATIE (V.O.)
Tac Ops team will have eyes on from a mobile unit, prepared for any issues, though none are expected.

In a **SEDAN**, Andy and Paul Rea wait, civilian jackets concealing ballistic vests.

KATIE (V.O.)
We'll have live translation installed near Tac Ops.

Back in the **COMMAND CENTER**, Katie finishes.

KATIE (V.O.)
Low level unsuspecting bad guys. In and out. Smart. Smooth. And Safe.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN. LATER THAT NIGHT.

On a monitor: The PITBULL (LULU) eats a steak.

KATIE (V.O.)
It's 11 pm. Ready to take em?

GAMEN
Let's just see if they say anything
we can use first.

KATIE (V.O.)
What're they saying?

In the SEDAN, Andy on headphones, watches an iPad video feed.

ANDY
They're still waiting for somebody.
Like "Get ready." "He'll be here."

KATIE
Who are they waiting for?

Then -- in FRONT OF THE ELECTRONICS STORE, an Audi pulls up.
Sarkus gets out with three GANGSTERS.

In THE VAN, Gamen smiles at a monitor, plays it cool, as a
Gangster deferentially unlocks the front door.

KATIE (V.O.)
What the fuck? What the fuck is
Sarkus Tarjerian doing here?

GAMEN
No big guns on Sarkus or his crew.

KATIE (V.O.)
That we can see. What's he saying?

In the SHOWROOM, Sarkus greets Petrosyan warmly, sends the
dog upstairs. Speaks in Armenian, with no subtitles.

ANDY
He's friendly but his tone is
weird. Like they work for him but
something's wrong.

Sarkus remains smiling, but gestures wildly.

ANDY (CONT'D)
He wants to replace them with...
American maids. Because they're not
making money. What's the problem?

Sarkus pulls a knife, points at one of Petrosyan's men.

ANDY (CONT'D)
He says he's looking for leadership. New leadership. Oh no--

Sarkus slits Petrosyan's throat. On Radios: "Oh shit."

In **THE VAN**, Tony, Mack and Pearl all on tilt, weapons ready.

TONY
 What's she gonna do? Fire me?

Gamen nods, feverishly types on his flip phone--

In the **COMMAND CENTER** Spec gets a text from Gamen: Showers.
 He hits a button on his computer. All the monitors go dark.

KATIE
 Where are my cameras?!? Scramble
 SWAT! Tac Ops: stand down. Hello?!?

But she's too late: Tac Ops is already out of the **VAN**.

In the **SEDAN**, Andy's iPad shows nothing. Paul screams into his radio: "We're dark here! Repeat: We're dark here!"

Andy sees: the Tac Ops team leave the van, run past, turn up an alley. They're going in. Andy's hands chug like pistons.

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE. SAME.

As Sarkus speaks: A **FLASHBANG** sails into the room. **BABOOM**. Tac Ops follows it in, guns leveled. "FBI!" "On the ground!"

At midrange gunpoint, the startled gangsters gingerly comply in a haze of smoke and tinny echo.

The team advances, hyped, Tony bullying with his Carbine. The gangsters slowly lower themselves. "Get down!"

GAMEN
 Sarkus Tarjerian! Hey! Where is--

Sarkus spins from behind a **PILLAR**. **BANG**. Shoots Tony in the gut. Gamen turns, sees Tony drop--

And it all goes off. Sarkus opens up with his pistol as the others pull guns, seek cover and start shooting on the FBI.

Every one of these guys is armed -- one with an **UZI**. Pearl shoots, winging him, sending a spray of wild bullets --

One of which ricochets into Mack's leg. Hobbling, he finishes off the Uzi Gangster while scrambling for cover.

Pearl and Gamen take out 2 more from distance -- until the Uzi is recovered and turned on them-- **BRAPPP** -- Sending them lunging, safe but barely, behind a counter.

Tony, prone, firing his Carbine is hit again -- the leg.

8 remaining Gangsters fan out, triangulating Pearl, Mack and Gamen, pinning them behind a counter with relentless fire --

Debris raining. Gunfire deafening. The back door 10 feet and certain death away. Gangsters advancing. A matter of time--

And then, *a bell jingles, as the FRONT door opens and Andy unleashes surgical hell with his Sig Sauer.*

Shoots a gangster-- headshot-- moves, shoots two more before the others even realize that the dynamic has fucking changed.

BAPBAP. He drops the Uzi shooter with two to the face, picks up the dead man's gun.

Andy moves like water, flowing and crashing -- dropping two more -- evening the odds and then some until--

He disappears behind a counter. A break. Gun smoke and report heavy in the air. From cover --

SARKUS (O.C.)
(*You are all dead!*)
Duk' bolord merrats yek'!

From somewhere unseen, Andy replies with certainty--

ANDY (O.C.)
(*No. You are dead.*)
Voch'. Du merrats yes.

Gruesome quiet. Then -- gurgling. Gamen peeks out --

Tony is a sitting duck, flat on his back in the middle of the room. Gamen steels himself, steps out to grab him--

It's a trap. On his first step towards Tony, Sarkus and the last two Gangsters emerge, take aim -- **BRAPP** --

Headshots. The gangsters drop dead. Andy steps out from behind them, lowers the smoking Uzi.

I/E. ELECTRONICS STORE. AFTERMATH

Lights and sirens. Techs plant tiny evidence tents. Lulu is brought out from the office. Katie stands with Gamen.

KATIE
I would've preferred an arrest --

GAMEN
Well, the odds are good but sometimes the goods are odd.

Off Tony, conscious, being loaded into an ambulance.

KATIE
You gonna go after The Cleaners shorthanded?

He smiles, indicates the assembled MEDIA.

GAMEN
I'll handle that. You go get your flowers, Boss.

INT. VACANT OFFICE. FBI HEADQUARTERS. EVENING.

Dark office. Paul consoles Andy, who has FORMS before him.

PAUL
You can leave this for tomorrow?

ANDY
It's ok, I got it.

Paul squeezes Andy's shoulder, leaves. Andy studies his own hands: filthy, but rock steady. He turns back to the forms...

Sensing a presence, he looks up. Gamen is in the doorway, vulpine. After a beat, he sits down and spreads out.

GAMEN
Do you know what my team does?

Andy does, but he shrugs convincingly. *You tell me.*

ANDY
I dunno. I thought you guys were supposed to be covert.

GAMEN
You don't know the half of it. Yet.
Do you want to know?

Gamen smiles, produces a bottle of liquor.

ANDY

They told me not to drink tonight.
They said I'm processing a lot.

GAMEN

They know how you're feeling? You can cry if you want, but you don't have to fake it on my account.

Andy exhales, takes a drink from the bottle. Gamen smiles.

GAMEN (CONT'D)

I have a spot opening up. Why didn't you apply?

Andy shrugs, keeping his cards close.

GAMEN (CONT'D)

Buying me a drink first? Now you've seen it.

ANDY

How's the guy who got shot?

GAMEN

Tony? He'll make it. If you can't die doing what you love, spending your KMA time in the hospital isn't a bad second option. So. Where'd you learn to kick doors?

ANDY

Iraq and Afghanistan.

GAMEN

I went to Iraq once. In 1991.

ANDY

How was that?

GAMEN

Short. Raised a lot of questions.

ANDY

(he knows)

Like what questions?

Gamen is probing towards something Andy thought was hidden.

GAMEN

"What do I do now?" "Am I irredeemably fucked?" Because I love America. But if they needed me to stay and keep doing what I was doing? No problem. The paradox of living. Feeling so alive you forget you're alive. But then? Coming back? *Shit.* Do you sleep?

ANDY

Sleep is the cousin of death.

GAMEN

No. Waiting is. Especially when you don't know what you're waiting for. Why are you here?

ANDY

I work here.

GAMEN

Don't be dumb. A guy like you, working in cunni-Linguistics. It makes me sad. Are you confusing the Bureau for the Wit Sec program? Hiding out?

ANDY

What would I be hiding out from?

GAMEN

I don't know, Man. Must be something scary. If you're ever gonna take it on, you might not want to do it alone. Or... you can just keep waiting. And stay dead.

ANDY

I'd have to discuss it with my wife.

GAMEN

Better to ask forgiveness than permission. Besides, it feels like permission is what I'm offering here. Right?

Andy, dissected, averts his eyes. Seeing this, Gamen grins.

GAMEN (CONT'D)

Don't worry. If you run with the linguists, you'll learn to talk.

(MORE)

GAMEN (CONT'D)
But if you run with the wolves,
you're gonna learn to howl.

INT. BEDROOM. WALSH HOME. NIGHT.

Andy enters. As he quietly undresses, Liz stirs from sleep --

LIZ
You're very late. How was it?
Boring?

He considers telling her. Instead --

ANDY
...Yup.

LIZ
That's good. We like boring.

She falls back asleep. Andy pats her gently.

INT. KATIE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Katie's at her desk. Gamen barges in, tosses her a newspaper (*FBI SLAYS GANGSTER BOSSES*). She looks past him...

GAMEN
I just wanted to give you this.

To the doorway, where ANDY waits. He's with Gamen now. A beat of inscrutable eye contact between the two.

GAMEN (CONT'D)
I can't stay. Me and my team gotta
go catch some bad guys for you.

KATIE
(still looking at Andy)
Go get 'em.

INT. TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS. SAME

Gamen briefs his team -- Andy now among them. We hear him over a non linear sequence of rapid investigation.

GAMEN
Most bank robbers steal less than a grand, cuffed in less than an hour. These guys are not most bank robbers, but they will be cuffed.
(MORE)

GAMEN (CONT'D)

Everyone else is worried about who they are. Let's show 'em who the fuck we are.

INT. BANK OF AMERICA OFFICES. LATER. NON LINEAR

Andy watches Pearl take EMPLOYEE LOGS, Mack talk to a Guard.

INT. TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS. LATER. NON LINEAR

He looks over Spec's shoulder. On Spec's screen: PINS of Bank of America locations. Spex types PROGRAM CODE--

Colored vector lines appear, linking pin to pin in different combinations. A series of webs, each framing an EPICENTER-- He clicks an epicenter. A list of known BANK ROBBERS pops up.

EXT. GARAGE. NIGHT. NON LINEAR

Mack and Pearl pull a tarp off a VAN. One look. They're already leaving by the time Andy realizes it's not the van.

INT. JUNKIE'S APARTMENT. LOS ANGELES. DAY.

Gamen has **BEN**, a thrashing Junkie, by the neck, holding his face under a running faucet. Improvised water boarding.

GAMEN

In five seconds I'll give you one breath to tell me who's washing the Cleaners' money. 5. 4...

Reveal: Andy on edge nearby. 3.2.

BEN

I don't know! I don't wash money!

Ben is pleading. On Andy: convinced this guy's telling the truth. But as Gamen forces Ben's head back under water --

Ben instinctively glances at a DRAWER. Andy notices, finds bundled HUNDREDS inside. Awed, Andy shows them to Gamen.

GAMEN

Where'd you get that? Stripping copper pipe outta bandos?

BEN

I don't work with The Cleaners!
Nobody does! I swear to God. I'd
give 'em up. You know I would!

Gamen forces Ben's head back towards the faucet. Inches away--

GAMEN

Do you believe him?

ANDY

Yeah.

GAMEN

But you kinda believed him when he
was lying before, didn't you?

Andy stammers, Ben thrashes, Gamen just stares until -- Gamen laughs. Lets go of Ben, who falls to the floor gasping.

INT. GAMEN'S CAR. DAY. LATER.

"Still Fly" by Big Tymers blares. Andy strains to be heard over the music...

ANDY

Maybe these guys are using the
Vancouver model?

GAMEN

(laughs)

The what?

ANDY

Washing their cash in casinos?

GAMEN

Casinos report that shit. *The
Vancouver Model.* What'd you do?
Read a book?

ANDY

...Yes.

GAMEN

School's out, Champ. I'll tell you
what I want you to know. Unless
you're nursing another theory?

Andy shrugs, defiant but losing steam.

ANDY

Maybe an inside man at the banks?

GAMEN

Strike two. I don't care if it's Fort Knox, anyone finds out you got an "inside man?" Every gangster in the world'll come running. You know why these guys'll get caught? These guys are alphas. But they have to rely on other people. The FBI will catch a bottom feeder slipping, or management giving dumb fucking orders. It's a rigged game. We don't win, they just lose. That's the real crime.

ANDY

Sounds like you're sad about that?

GAMEN

We have a chance to take on real alphas. See how we stack up. But 99% of the Bureau would rather tilt the table and act like they won. Pre dawn raids or some pussy shit. They don't have the balls to actually beat them at their own game. They just... read books.

Gamen CRANKS the radio, raps along. On Andy: mind fucked.

INT./EXT. MONTAGE OF INVESTIGATION.

Andy in various situations. Banks. Dark bars. Sitting in the car, as Gamen talks to a Source. Always second banana. The strain of wanting to contribute setting in.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE. DAY.

Pin drop quiet. Andy and Liz across from Dr. Connally.

DR. CONNELLY

So how are we doing?

INT. KITCHEN. WALSH HOUSE. NIGHT. NON LINEAR

Andy and Liz at the kitchen table with their respective homework in front of them. Lightness returning between them.

LIZ

What're you working on?

ANDY

Reading wire transcripts, studying
robbery stats. Being the weak link.

LIZ

The weak link in what?

Whoops. He searches for a plausible cover.

ANDY

I'm helping Tactical Operations,
with a translation. They're the top
of the food chain.

LIZ

Kim Fernandez the bio teacher says
dung beetles are really the top of
the food chain. They eat shit.

Andy laughs. First time we've seen that.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE. DAY. SAME

Liz considers Dr. Connelly's question.

LIZ

Something feels different. I don't
know what. But I know he's trying.

INT. KITCHEN. WALSH HOUSE. NIGHT. NON LINEAR

Liz playfully takes Andy's papers, examining them.

LIZ

60% clearance rate? That seems
good. Here's something about Carl
Gugasian, *Mr. Friday Night*, who
robbed like 50 banks in 30 years,
wearing a Freddie Kreuger mask.
Jesus. This is grim. What're the
transcripts?

ANDY

They're Armenian. That's why I'm on
'em. Nobody else speaks Armenian.

LIZ

At the LA FBI? *Bullllshit*. I think
they Huck Finned you into doing
extra work.

Andy playfully changes the subject by grabbing her essays.

LIZ (CONT'D)
 You wanna read essays about
 The Great Gatsby? Go nuts.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE. DAY. SAME.

Dr. Connally leans in.

DR. CONNELLY
 What's different, Andy?

Liz squeezes Andy's hand.

ANDY
 Just trying to get better.

INT. KITCHEN. WALSH HOUSE. NIGHT. NON LINEAR

Andy sorts through a few essays before him.

ANDY
 How do you read all of these? Don't
 all these kids say the same thing?

LIZ
 Depends who's talking. There's so
 many ways to say the same thing.

A beat. Something clicks in his head. He rifles through the transcript, finds what he's looking for--

INT. TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS. MORNING.

Andy addresses the team, holding TRANSCRIPTS.

ANDY
 I read it last night with my wife.
 It's from the night we got Sarkus.
Gitem amerikats'i havak'ararneri--
I know American maids who can do
the work. But Sarkus didn't mean
maids. He meant Cleaners. Maybe the
Armenians are looking for The
Cleaners, too. Or maybe they
already found them.

The team looks at Gamen, expecting cynicism. Instead --

GAMEN
 Good work, Andy.

ANDY
Should we tell ASAC?

PEARL
Why don't you let him worry about
running things, Big Mouth.

Andy fumes, looks for Gamen to intercede. He does not.

INT. KATIE'S OFFICE. FBI HEADQUARTERS. DAY.

Katie is alone studying something: Gamen's personnel file.
Then, his phone records.

Two texts pop out. Safe word = Showers. Then: Showers.

She pulls up an INCIDENT REPORT: the Petrosyan OP. Compares the time of "COMMS LOST" against the texts.

She leans back in her chair. Looks at the chart of open investigations on her wall. The Cleaners. 7 banks. No progress. She chews her lip.

INT. GAMEN'S CAR. PARKED. GLENDALE. DAY.

Gamen and Andy wait. Outkast plays. A KID rides by on a bike.

GAMEN
My son had a bike like that.

ANDY
You have a son?

GAMEN
Um. I did.

Gamen smiles, bashful. A painful subject. Just then, David climbs in the back seat, resetting energy. He ignores Andy.

DAVID
Since Sarkus is gone things are
different. Now when Akhavan needs
to talk, he texts those guys...

ZEKE and SEVAK, gangsters, in front of an APARTMENT COMPLEX.

DAVID (CONT'D)
They come to apartment 4G and call
him on a burner phone that stays in
the apartment. Be careful though.
Everyone is out for blood.
Especially from the FBI.

Off Andy's confusion --

GAMEN

Somebody killed about a dozen of
David's friends last month at a
stereo shop.

DAVID

You know anything about that, Bro?

ANDY

I know it was an operation, not one
guy. And if it was one guy, you
might not want to go looking for
him. Or maybe he'll canoe your
fuckin' head, too.

Gamen, chuckling at Andy, hands David some CASH.

GAMEN

Enough. Go buy those guys lunch.
And gimme your phone.

I/E. APARTMENT COMPLEX. GLENDALE. LATER.

David shows Zeke and Sevak the money. They leave together.
Once they're gone, Gamen and Andy approach.

INT. THE ELEVATOR. MOMENTS LATER.

The door almost closes on Andy as they enter, motion sensors
apparently not working. Gamen stabs the button for floor 4.

GAMEN

Ever run sources overseas?

ANDY

I didn't buy 'em lunch.

GAMEN

What'd you do?

ANDY

Grab two guys in the middle of the
night. Take one outta the room,
fire a gun. *We just shot your
friend. If you ever want to leave
this room...*

GAMEN

Jesus Christ.

ANDY
 I'll be happy if I never stand over
 another bed.

THE HALL

Stepping out of the elevator, Gamen hands Andy David's phone.

GAMEN
 Facetime yourself.
 (off Andy's confusion)
 I don't have a smart phone.
 Facetime yourself. Hurry up.

Andy Facetimes himself on David's phone. Once connected--
 Gamen covertly sets David's phone atop a posted EXIT SIGN.

Andy's screen: a view of the elevator. Improvised SECURITY CAM. At 4G. Gamen picks the lock with a SNAP GUN, into...

THE STUDIO APARTMENT

On a table: the BURNER PHONE. Gamen swiftly removes the SIM CARD, connects it to an iPad: copying the contents.

GAMEN (CONT'D)
 We can Get Akhavan's phone off
 this, get the whole enterprise.

Andy, stunned by Gamen's technical proficiency--

ANDY
 ...But you can't use a smart phone?

Gamen chortles, watching the file copy in progress.

GAMEN
 I can. I just don't.

ANDY
 Why not?

Gamen looks him over, studying his reaction throughout.

GAMEN
 I'm a sex addict, Andy. If I get an iPhone I'll be too tempted to watch porn. Or find the girl who smiled when she poured my coffee and stare at her Instagram until I end up feeling lonely and rejected by someone I've never actually met. Compulsively self revealing and a secret agent. Go figure, right?

Gamen is impenitent, as though showing a big scar without explaining the wound. He returns the SIM card to the burner.

INT. HALLWAY AND ELEVATOR. MOMENTS LATER.

Gamen re-locks the door, retrieves David's iPhone, stabs the elevator button, gets in and exhales, all before he notices-- Andy averting his eyes awkwardly.

GAMEN
No, don't be weird now. You're only
as sick as your secrets.

Andy, maybe leaning into permission, maybe feeling like he owes something: *Since we're opening up...*

ANDY
I'm thinking about getting botox.

GAMEN
(scrutinizing Andy's face)
I don't think you need it yet.

ANDY
No, It's supposed to help with
headaches. I get bad headaches. My
wife has been reading up on it.

After a beat, both uneasy with true intimacy...

GAMEN
Slowest fucking elevator.

Mercifully, the doors open --

David, Zeke and Sevak are right there. Waiting to get in. David sees his phone in Gamen's hand. Gamen nods.

Oblivious, the Gangsters climb in as Gamen and Andy climb out, bumping, doors pinching--

Gamen intentionally bumps David-- *subtly returning his phone.* But Sevak, perceiving aggression-- *shoves Gamen--*

SEVAK
Watch your fucking step, Man.

Sending him ungracefully stumbling into the lobby. Andy, seeing this, restrains Gamen from responding.

The Armenians taunt Gamen, who seethes, violated. Andy's playing peacemaker, but his hands are chugging.

Gamen unmistakably reaches for a concealed GUN, but Andy stops him before he gets near it. Doors closing behind him--

ANDY
It's all good. Let it go. I got it.

Then-- Andy dives in the elevator, throwing guided missile punches at Sevak's face. The doors close--

INSIDE THE ELEVATOR

Andy strikes Sevak's soft tissue with bone. Wild shots and blowback catching Zeke and David -- disgusting violence.

Eating an elbow, Zeke chokes Andy from behind. Andy kicks his feet off the wall, both of them now pancaking David, who desperately hits the closest button: FLOOR THREE.

On the **SECOND FLOOR** Gamen busts out from the stairwell. The elevator is past it.

INSIDE Andy in Zeke's choke, kicks rising Sevak, grabs for Zeke, who holds fast, choking him out, David under them.

Andy's vitality dims, losing air. Zeke wrenches harder--

The elevator doors OPEN, sending them all crashing, unwieldy and hard, out into the **HALL**--

Gamen there, breathless, gun drawn -- bracing the gangsters. He grabs Andy and they're gone.

INT. GAMEN'S CAR DRIVING ON THE ROAD. LATER.

Both men catch their breath over "Right Thurr" by Chingy.

GAMEN
What the hell was that?

ANDY
You were going for a gun! That was me... controlling the situation.

Gamen considers this. Then laughs very hard.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Better than a shootout. There's a time to go to guns. That wasn't it.

Gamen keeps laughing, as though Andy is a shiny new toy.

GAMEN
So you went to Berzerker instead.

ANDY

Well, I'm not gonna let them
disrespect you like that. Obviously
I'm gonna have your back.

Gamen's laughing subsides, almost embarrassingly touched.

GAMEN

Thank you.

Andy mumbles something like "*Don't mention it.*"

GAMEN (CONT'D)

So. Botox, huh?

ANDY

...Fuck off.

Gamen laughs, but before the walls go back up entirely--

GAMEN

You don't have to explain anything.
You're on my team, Kid.

He turns up Chingy, but the sentiment hangs on Andy.

INT. TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS. DAY.

Next to a MAP of Bank of America locations and when they're due for cleaning...

Akhavan's phone records blown up on Spec's screen. He is matching names to the numbers. Progress.

INT. PRIVATE CORRIDOR. FBI HEADQUARTERS. DAY. NON LINEAR

Gamen stands across from Katie, still the good soldier.

KATIE

Any updates on The Cleaners?

GAMEN

Just lots of activity. Feels like progress but, tough to say.

INT. KATIE MARTIN'S OFFICE. DAY. NON LINEAR

Andy stands across from Katie's desk, having just answered the same question probably the exact same way.

KATIE

Tell me more about the activity.

ANDY

We're investigating. Trying to
crack this case.

KATIE

Tell me things I couldn't have
guessed without asking. Anything
out of pocket?

ANDY

(deciding right then)

Nothing.

She sighs disappointment that he mistakes for relief.

INT. PRIVATE CORRIDOR. FBI HEADQUARTERS. DAY. NON LINEAR

Gamen still with Katie, maybe feigning frustration.

GAMEN

These guys are good.

KATIE

It's been three months since
they've done anything. Think they
stopped?

GAMEN

No. If I had to guess, I'd say
they're reorganizing.

INT. KATIE MARTIN'S OFFICE. MOMENTS LATER. NON LINEAR

Katie gently downshifts to the real point at hand.

KATIE

How're you finding SA Gamen?

ANDY

What about him?

KATIE

You've been with him for months.
What's your impression?

ANDY

...He's a different dude.

His reaction is muted but not without awe, giving her pause.

KATIE

Well, remember that I'm the one responsible for putting you here. So from now on, whenever you work, you'll wear this--

She hands him a TYR TACTICAL BALISTIC VEST.

KATIE (CONT'D)

So I can sleep knowing you're safe.

Andy nods, taking it, heavier than it looks.

INT. PRIVATE CORRIDOR. FBI HEADQUARTERS. DAY. NON LINEAR

Katie studies Gamen. As if she knows he's lying.

KATIE

They haven't left a print, a witness. I'm gonna need arrests, soon. I've gotta reopen the other investigations at some point.

Katie finishes her coffee.

GAMEN

We still have a deal, right?

KATIE

We have a deal. But it won't last forever. Can you give me anything?

GAMEN

I can promise I won't take forever.

EXT. GAMEN'S CAR PARKED. GLENDALE HILLS. SUNSET.

Cam'Ron plays. Andy and Gamen are on a high road, Gamen looking down at a palatial mansion through BINOCULARS.

Andy checks the time on his phone.

ANDY

How long are we gonna stay here?

GAMEN

What're you, the kinda guy who fucks for time? Enjoy the process.

Gamen's POV: ROMAN AKHAVAN sits on his backyard terrace with several GANGSTERS, David among them.

ANDY

We're just gonna watch him on the
off chance he calls somebody?

GAMEN

Got an overdue book or something?

ANDY

I've got dinner with my wife.

GAMEN

Your *current* wife.

Andy flashes a look of anger that Gamen does not see.

GAMEN (CONT'D)

What's your wife's name?

ANDY

Elizabeth. She's a teacher. She
just got tenure. We're celebrating.

GAMEN

You been together a while?

ANDY

Since college.

GAMEN

God love you. I'm sure Special Ops
divorce rate is high. FBI is 70%.

ANDY

The job is tough.

GAMEN

It's the only thing that isn't.
I've come to realize that you can
either do a thousand things with
one person, or the same thing with
a thousand people. I'm wired for
the latter. But I'm good at it.

ANDY

You and your wife split up because
you were dicking around?

GAMEN

No. Dicking around came much later.

ANDY

Yeah right.

He turns to Andy, dead serious, asserting rank.

GAMEN
Watch your mouth.
(back to Akhavan)
Look at him. Enjoy that sunshine.
Tick tock, bitch.

ANDY
What's this?

Below them on the hill: A GLENDALE COP inspects the cars outside Akhavan's house.

Gamen texts David: "Move cars inside gate now." Down the hill, David spreads the word. Off Andy's confusion --

GAMEN
What if he runs those plates and catches a warrant? I'm not letting the cops near this. This is ours.

INT. LOBBY. FBI HEADQUARTERS. LATER.

Gamen and Andy cut the line for the metal detectors, and enter the ELEVATOR. Gamen hits the button for 11.

GAMEN
What time's your dinner?

ANDY
It's not until 8, but I wanted to go to the bank.

GAMEN
You don't bank in the Credit Union?

ANDY
It's closed.

Gamen chortles, hits the button for 6.

INT. 6TH FLOOR HALLWAY. FEDERAL BUILDING. MOMENTS LATER.

Andy and Gamen approach the closed Federal Credit Union. Gamen pounds on the bank's locked door.

ANDY
It's closed. I told you.

GAMEN
That's our money in there.

A security guard, **LEONARD**, appears inside, mouths "Closed." Gamen BADGES him. Leonard unlocks the door. Cracks it.

GAMEN (CONT'D)
Official business.

Gamen peacocks in, Andy incredulous.

ANDY
You just badged your way into a closed bank.

GAMEN
More roast beef, know what I mean?

ANDY
I don't think I do.

As Andy uses the ATM:

GAMEN
Roast Beef? The badge?!? Back in the day, one of our guys ordered a sandwich from a deli and they served him ...an insult. One paper thin slice of meat. So he badges the waterhead behind the counter, 'I'm an FBI Agent. Give me more roast beef.' Motherfucker from the deli calls the bureau to complain. And J. Edgar Hoover, couch sniffer, fires the agent. For what? Asking for what he deserved?

I/E. FANCY RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

Andy palms a \$20 to a Valet, buzzing as he and Liz approach a fancy restaurant, way beyond their normal price range.

LIZ
Did you just give him \$20?

ANDY
We're celebrating! You're getting what you deserve and we're about to break a bank robbery case...

LIZ
Who's we?

ANDY
...Tactical Operations. I'm still doing translations for them.

LIZ
You like working with these guys.

Andy, probing, maybe an opportunity to come clean--

ANDY
Yeah. What do you think about that?

LIZ
I'm glad you're happy, but most
importantly, you're safe.

They **ENTER**, approach a snooty HOST.

HOST
Evening. Reservation?

LIZ
We missed it. He got held up.

HOST
I'm sorry, we're totally full.

LIZ
Shit. I told you.

Liz is ready to go. But. After a beat, Andy BADGES the host.

ANDY
I'm sure you can find something.

INT. KITCHEN. LATER

Amidst the bustle, Andy and Liz, seated at a makeshift Chef's Table in the kitchen, both giddy on transgression.

LIZ
I cannot believe this. This is the
first date we've had in... This
might as well be our first date.

She frowns playfully.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Unfortunately for you, I don't kiss
on the first date.

ANDY
We'll see. Things are changing.

INT. BEDROOM. WALSH HOME. NIGHT.

Liz and Andy kissing in bed. She's indecisive.

ANDY

What?

LIZ

I'm trying to decide.

ANDY

What are you trying to decide?

LIZ

If I missed you and I'm glad you're back. Or if you're someone else entirely I like a whole lot more.

ANDY

Then clear your schedule.

LIZ

What're we doing?

ANDY

Either making up for lost time or getting to know each other.

He climbs on top of her.

INT. GAMEN'S CONDO. NIGHT

Gamen texts Maria, the escort. No response. No read receipts. Been texting for hours. He texts Andy. "Bored at dinner yet?"

Later, he runs on a treadmill, reading Akhavan's case file.

INT. BEDROOM. MORNING.

Andy and Liz, wrapped up, are awoken by Andy's buzzing phone.

ANDY (INTO PHONE)
...Hello?

GAMEN

I'm picking you up in 10 minutes.

ANDY
I was supposed to--

Gamen has already hung up. Off his face:

LIZ

So I guess we're not spending the weekend together? Baby steps.

He grabs his TACTICAL VEST.

INT. TAC OPS VAN. LATER.

Nelly blares. Jarring. Spec drives while Gamen briefs Andy.

GAMEN

Akhavan made a call last night and Spec ran it down.
(cutting, small)
He doesn't take nights off.

On Andy: What the hell does that mean?

GAMEN (CONT'D)

Akhavan controls fences, money washers, everyone needed for robbery aftercare. But recently he started talking to a new guy. Jeremy Harvey. Priors for B&E and Armed Robbery. And their conversations occur before and right after The Cleaners strike.

Spec gives Andy a criminal file of **JEREMY HARVEY** (40).

ANDY

Quiet for the last 8 years. Maybe he changed.

GAMEN

Nobody changes. He was locked up in Wasco for the last 6. And while he was inside, know what his cousin was doing? Climbing the ladder in operations for Bank of America.

ANDY

Where did you get a warrant?

GAMEN

From your mom last night. We're not arresting him. We're bugging him.

INT. TAC OPS VAN. PARKED ON THE STREET. BURBANK. LATER.

Spec prepares tiny microphones. Andy and Gamen change into CITY INSPECTOR UNIFORMS; Andy's stretches over his vest.

INT. VARIOUS. APARTMENT COMPLEX. MOMENTS LATER.

They enter, surprising a SECURITY GAURD. Gamen hands him a CARD: *City Inspectors Office*.

Shock Cut: Spec, in the van, answers his cellphone.

SPEC
City Inspector's Office?

INT. HALLWAY. THIRD FLOOR. MOMENTS LATER.

They approach 327: end of the hall, next to a FIRE ESCAPE.

Andy climbs out onto the fire escape. From it, he can *almost* see through one of Harvey's windows.

INSIDE Gamen at Harvey's front door, hears Andy in his ear.

ANDY (V.O.)
Window's a hell of a reach.

Gamen knocks. Cups his ear to the door. He tries to attach a bug to the bottom of the door. Doesn't fit.

GAMEN
Waiting won't bring it closer.

ON THE FIRE ESCAPE Andy climbs over the railing, stretches perilously, trying to affix a mic to Harvey's window sill.

Through the window, Andy can see inside Harvey's entryway. And could be seen from inside just as easily.

INSIDE Gamen still peering under the door.

GAMEN (CONT'D)
What's the word?

ANDY
I'm doing this in broad daylight.

GAMEN
So hurry.

JEREMY HARVEY (O.S.)
What are you doing?

Gamen looks up. **JEREMY HARVEY**, big and capable, is coming down the hall, sweaty post workout. Gamen palms the mic.

GAMEN
 (urgent whisper to Andy)
 Shitcan it. Get down.

OUTSIDE Andy can almost reach the window. But still too far to plant the mic. Nothing under him but a three story drop--

ANDY
 I can get it.

GAMEN (V.O.)
 Forget it. Get back now!

INSIDE Harvey has closed the distance. Face to face.

GAMEN
 Checking ventilation code. Have you had problems?

HARVEY
 No.

Glances to the fire escape, no Andy. As a diversion--

GAMEN
 I didn't know this place had a gym.
 Bet there's a lot of tail in there?

Harvey opens the door. He's looking at Gamen--

HARVEY
 If you're done you can leave.

--but clear through the window behind him: Andy's extended hand, fumbling to plant the mic. Last second:

GAMEN
 Don't have to be an asshole.

HARVEY
 What?

Harvey turns back, the door blocking Andy from view.

GAMEN
 What if I showed up at your job and fucked with you? You want that?

Harvey shakes his head at Gamen. As he goes inside, Gamen glances over his shoulder. Through the window: Andy is gone.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE. DAY. NON LINEAR

Andy and Liz across from Dr. Connally.

LIZ

Work has been weird lately.

ANDY

They really need tablets. And her
principal is kind of a dick.

Dr. Connally makes a note, almost smug. Not unnoticed.

DR. CONNELLY

Have you felt supported, Liz?

LIZ

Yes.

ANDY

No, we're doing good. Might be time
to say "Thanks for everything."

DR. CONNELLY

As in terminate? Guys, we're far
from done. Is there a reason you
feel this way?

INT. HALLWAY. THIRD FLOOR. DAY.

No sign of Andy on the fire escape either. He's vanished.

GAMEN

(leaving)

Where are you? You okay?

OUTSIDE The mic is covertly planted, Harvey inside oblivious.
Reveal: Andy hanging from the window sill. He jumped. As he
swings back to the fire escape unseen...

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE. DAY. NON LINEAR

Andy smiles.

ANDY

I just feel really alive.

INT. BULLPEN. FBI HEADQUARTERS. DAY.

Andy crosses in his VEST. His former peers watch him with
respect. Someone worth noticing. He's made his bones.

INT. TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS. FBI. DAYS LATER.

Gamen briefs the team, Andy beaming with pride.

GAMEN

We got 'em! From the AV on Harvey's apartment we know The Cleaners next target is a B of A in Culver City.

I/E. VARIOUS LOCATIONS. NON LINEAR

HARVEY'S APARTMENT: Harvey talks on the phone, the tiny mic on his window sill, catching everything.

TOWING COMPANY LOT: Harvey and the other Cleaners lay PLASTIC SHEETS inside a WHITE VAN. After they leave--

GAMEN (V.O.)

We know they have a van ready.

Mack and Pearl scale the fence, BUG the van undetected.

GLENDALE HILLS: Roman Akhavan on his balcony. David is there.

GAMEN (V.O.)

We know that after the bank, they'll burn the van, drive to Akhavan's place, trade him their dirty cash for some he's already washed, in exchange for 20%.

Further up the hill, Gamen and Andy are perched, surveilling.

Back in **TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS:** Gamen smiles.

GAMEN

We know the full minority fucking report on this crime. Including that it's all gonna happen at precisely nine pm tomorrow night.

ANDY

Want to put a tail on them now?

INSIDE A BANK: we see The Cleaners approaching the door. MANAGER behind a desk. GUARD by the entrance.

GAMEN (V.O.)

Fuck that. We'll see em tomorrow. When they open that bank we're gonna be inside waiting. Find out who the real alphas are.

Reveal: the guard is Pearl. The manager Spec. Gamen, Mack, and Andy behind columns in shooting angles. An ambush.

The Cleaners enter. On the first MUZZLE FLASH--

In **TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS**: The team cheers, except for Andy. The others clear out. Andy approaches Gamen, who's packing.

ANDY

I didn't want to say this in front
of them--

GAMEN

Thanks, *I find safe spaces
meaningful.*

ANDY

You're not serious are you? An
ambush? We can't do this.

GAMEN

I can. Can you?

ANDY

But this is nuts. Shouldn't we tell
ASAC and bank robbery? We don't
even know what kind of guns they
have. We should call SWAT... Get a
team...

GAMEN

You have a team. And I'm the
leader. What'd you think this was?

ANDY

(minding his place)

Sir, someone could get killed. I
don't want to have to shoot someone
over insured cash.

GAMEN

It's not about the cash. I'm not
tilting the table. I'm gonna win.

ANDY

It's one thing to run into trouble,
it's another thing to start a
gunfight in the dark.

GAMEN

Well. We're doing the other thing.

Gamen leaves, not soliciting opinions. Alone, Andy grabs his things from a locker, SLAMS it shut.

INT. BATHROOM. FBI FIELD OFFICE. MOMENTS LATER.

Andy splashes water on his face. Suddenly, KATIE enters.

ANDY
ASAC?

KATIE
Saw you in the hall. You ok?
Anything you want to talk about?

He mumbles something like "I'm fine."

KATIE (CONT'D)
I know it's a stressful job. Before
I was management, I was a very good
agent. We're all Special Agents,
but I was actually special.

ANDY
... Ok.

KATIE
I like my job now more though. I
like looking after my guys.

She flicks him on his tactical vest. Andy nods.

KATIE (CONT'D)
So I'm available to talk.

ANDY
I'm good.

Now getting frustrated, working on him...

KATIE
Someday you'll move up the chain,
And when you do, you'll want every
link to be strong, but that's not
reality. And you gotta deal with
it: *You need the eggs.* Some people
lie. They come up with stupid
fucking schemes. And you can't
really stop 'em from scheming. *But*
if they go through with those
schemes? You make an example of
'em. Prosecute them. Bury them.
Because your responsibility is to
the chain. So... is there anything
you want to discuss?

INT. CONVERTED GARAGE. WALSH HOUSE. NIGHT.

Andy is talking on the phone, boiling over.

ANDY (INTO PHONE)
I think she knows everything!

INT. GAMEN'S HOUSE. SAME. INTERCUT.

Gamen is alone, BLUE LOVE ab stimulator strapped to his abs.

GAMEN (INTO PHONE)
Did you tell her?

ANDY
Of course not!

GAMEN
Then she knows exactly shit.

ANDY
She's gonna fire you for this.

GAMEN
Yeah, I can see it -- "FBI Catches
Bank Robbers Red Handed. Hero
Agents Fired. SA Walsh dies choking
on my fucking dick."

ANDY
This cannot happen!

Liz is at the door to the garage.

LIZ
Are you okay?

He closes the door, shutting Liz out.

ANDY (INTO PHONE)
You're talking about taking
unnecessary risks to--

GAMEN
Unnecessary? Unnecessary?

ANDY
Yes.

GAMEN
This is necessary. There are two
wolves inside us. One is Evil--

ANDY

Yeah, yeah, "the one that wins is
the one you feed."

GAMEN

No. It's the one you starve til it
gets hungry enough to eat the other
one alive. You wanna ignore the bad
wolf and end up crazy again or you
wanna let it out? It's not my
fault. It's Harvey's. That's how
this works.

Gamen enters the bedroom, where MARIA is waiting.

Andy, nearly hyperventilating, digs his palms into his eyes.

INT. BEDROOM. WALSH HOUSE. NIGHT. THAT NIGHT.

Andy and Liz in bed. He's still radiating. She's about to rub
prescription strength LYDOCAINE CREAM on his neck.

LIZ

Unless you're translating the...
Treaty of Kadesh you have to chill.

She rubs his neck. He flinches. Scares them both.

ANDY

Sorry. My head is killing me.

LIZ

What's going on?

ANDY

...Something bad is gonna happen.
Someone's gonna make a bad
decision, and... I can't stop them.
They're gonna lose everything.

LIZ

What if they change their mind?

ANDY

People don't change.

LIZ

You changed.

ANDY

I'm thinking that was a mistake.

INT. BEDROOM. WALSH HOME. NIGHT.

Andy is wide awake. A storm in his eyes. He gets up.

EXT. UNKNOWN SUBURBAN STREET. NIGHT

Andy, in black tactical gear, pulls a ski mask over his face. Sprints across the street, and his target comes into view:

Jeremy Harvey's apartment building.

EXT. CONDO. BURBANK. NIGHT.

He climbs the fire escape to the third floor. Climbs over the railing. TURNS OFF the audio bug. Slides open the window.

INT. CONDO. BURBANK. LATER.

Creeps down a hall, gently opens the door to the **BEDROOM**.

Jeremy Harvey is fast asleep. Such a motherfucker. The cause of so much stress. Andy stands over Jeremy's bed, spectral.

Opens and closes his hands. Reaches for something concealed.

INT. BEDROOM. MORNING.

Jeremy wakes up apparently fine, lumbers to the bathroom mirror and screams.

A **LINE** has been drawn across his throat in Magic Marker. A note on the counter:

Tonight Is Cancelled. Your Bank Robbery Career Is Over.

INT. BANK OF AMERICA. CULVER CITY. NIGHT.

As planned, Pearl and Spec are posed as a Manager and Guard. Gamen, Mack, and Andy wait, ready to ambush.

The clock on the wall: 8:58. 2 minutes. Tick, tick, tick...

GAMEN

When that door opens, we're cleared hot. Get ready. Won't be long.

Andy, feigning deference and anticipation, nods.

INT. BANK. LATER.

It's 10:45. Silence. Our guys are still waiting. Gamen is coming unglued in anticipation. Then--

MACK
Yo, what is happening?

GAMEN
Quiet. They'll be here.

Suddenly, HEADLIGHTS sweep the parking lot--

GAMEN (CONT'D)
Here we go.

On Andy-- It can't be. On Gamen-- it's game time. The team takes position. Ready for war. And then--

The headlights turn, just a car taking a short cut. Gamen kicks a trash can across the room.

GAMEN (CONT'D)
Fuck. Where are they? They have to be here. They have to!

MACK
What do you want to do? Call it?

Gamen stares into the distance. Until--

GAMEN
You guys go home. Andy, you're coming with me.

As they step into the **PARKING LOT**, Gamen stalking...

Reveal: KATIE MARTIN, who's been watching from her car **DOWN THE BLOCK**, radio in her lap. She would've let it happen.

I/E. ARMENIAN SMOKE SHOP. LATER.

David is playing cards. Gamen's car screeches up out front. He storms in, yanks David off his chair, Andy in tow.

The other **GANGSTERS** jump up, but Gamen pulls his **GLOCK**.

GAMEN
Please! Please take another step!

Gamen holds his gun on the gangsters as he exits with David.

INT. GAMEN'S CAR. ON THE ROAD. LATER.

Gamen speeds, on tilt. "Slow Motion" by Juvenile plays loud.

DAVID
Where are we going, Bro?

Gamen turns it up. David keeps asking, but Gamen ignores him. Andy watches Gamen, rapping along, full flight from reality.

EXT. LA RIVER BANK. NIGHT. LATER.

POW. Gamen uppercuts David, dropping him. Kicks him, sends him tumbling down a hill, to the river bank. To Andy --

GAMEN
Wait here.

Gamen stalks down to David, who's spitting blood. Kicks him --

GAMEN (CONT'D)
Why didn't they show?

DAVID
What?

GAMEN
(kicking him again)
Why didn't they show!??!

DAVID
I'm telling you, Bro, I don't know.

GAMEN
I think you're lying.

DAVID
I'm not lying, I swear on my kids!

GAMEN
I can't tell... But he can.

Gamen waves Andy over, whispers in David's ear.

GAMEN (CONT'D)
I've always wanted to see him do
this. This is gonna be fucking fun.

Andy heads down towards them.

GAMEN (CONT'D)
Remember. Don't fuck for time.

David is trembling. Gamen waits. But.

ANDY
I'm not gonna do it. He doesn't
know anything.

GAMEN
I'm giving you an order.

ANDY
I'm not doing it. There's no point.

A stare down. Then-- Gamen aims his gun at David's head.

DAVID
We're friends!

GAMEN
You think you mean anything to me?
I use you. Why didn't they show?

ANDY
SA Gamen.

GAMEN
Shut up. *Why?*

DAVID
I don't know!

Gamen holds on David. Then-- **BangBangBang** -- he fires just past him into the RIVER, until the clip is empty. His gun hangs limp in dysphoria. Andy stares at him.

EXT. GAMEN'S CAR PARKED. GLENDALE HILLS. LATER.

Andy and Gamen are parked above Akhavan's house. Quiet for the first time in Gamen's car.

GAMEN
You disobeyed a direct order.

ANDY
You ordered me to torture somebody.

GAMEN
I knew what I was doing.

On Andy: *Sure you did.* A flicker of adversarial intensity.

GAMEN (CONT'D)
You've read all the books. Why
didn't The Cleaners show?

ANDY

Shit. Maybe they have enough money.

GAMEN

Systemic bank robbery isn't about
money. Addiction. Narcissism.

Keeping the "weird-sex" bear
asleep. What you do while you *don't*
deal with the real thing. You *don't*
stop til someone takes it from you.

Gamen is, maybe, offering real insight into himself.

ANDY

I see. So since you were supposed
to be the hero, really somebody
took it from you? And even though
we stopped a bank robbery, which
is, in fact, our job, now the
world's gotta get turned over
because your dick got stepped on.

Gamen looks up. A little impressed. But.

GAMEN

How do you figure we stopped a
robbery?

ANDY

... Maybe they saw us loading in.

Gamen nods, accepting this.

GAMEN

So we should've sat on them. Like
you said.

Andy shrugs.

ANDY

Why don't we just take them the
right way?

GAMEN

I can't.

ANDY

We have enough to give 'em to bank
robbery -- or bring robbery in on --

GAMEN

I can't!

ANDY
Sure. It's gotta be us!

Gamen explodes.

GAMEN
 Fucking right it's gotta be us! I'm almost out of here and the only way she'll extend me is if I catch these guys! And I did catch 'em. I know I did!

Massive guilt rises in Andy.

GAMEN (CONT'D)
 Like I give a fuck about a bank robber. The money's all insured.
 (re: Akhavan)
 That motherfucker down there.
 That's who I'm after.

ANDY
 Is Akhavan a protected informant or something?

GAMEN
 No.

ANDY
 Then just squeeze the ones you've got. Even I know you could get him for conspiracy, you could make trafficking, make a RICO case.

GAMEN
 That's not enough.

ANDY
 When is it finally gonna be enough?

GAMEN
When he pays for what he did to my family. He took my wife and my son from me. Him and his people.

Andy stares at Gamen brokenly, the enormity of this setting in. Gamen looks at himself in the side view. Musses his hair.

GAMEN (CONT'D)
 I'm not getting him on tax evasion, I'm getting even. I'm putting a bullet in his teeth. And nothing is gonna stop me.

INT. KATIE MARTIN'S OFFICE. FBI. DAY.

Gamen is across from Katie. His usual smugness returned.

KATIE
So you've got a birthday coming up.

GAMEN
Surprise me. Something sexy.

KATIE
I was thinking about a gold watch.

Gamen sets his jaw, puffs up his chest.

GAMEN
I don't follow, ASAC.

KATIE
I think it might be time to turn
over what you have to bank robbery.

Gamen deflates. Katie, enjoying this, stays professional.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Retirement coming up. Give SA Rea
what you have, ease off the gas in
the home stretch.

GAMEN
... *We had a deal?*

KATIE
Yeah. For you to catch these guys.
You haven't reported any progress.
And The Cleaners have gone quiet.

GAMEN
But they're gonna hit again.

KATIE
Oh. Do you know when?

He's sure he does, but he won't say.

INT. KATIE MARTIN'S OFFICE. FBI. DAY. NON LINEAR

Andy stands across from Katie.

KATIE
SA Gamen is transitioning out of
Tac Ops before he retires.
Obviously we wish him well.

INT. KATIE MARTIN'S OFFICE. FBI. SAME. NON LINEAR

Gamen is gripping the chair tight.

GAMEN

You're dissolving my team?

KATIE

It is not your team. This is not my office. This is all the Bureau's. Tactical Operations is the Bureau's team. We're gonna reorganize.

INT. KATIE MARTIN'S OFFICE. FBI. DAY. NON LINEAR

Katie slides Andy some paperwork.

KATIE

It's a good unit under the right leadership. I'm assigning you.

ANDY

I don't think I'm prepared for --

KATIE

It's time to be who you really are.

INT. KATIE MARTIN'S OFFICE. FBI. SAME. NON LINEAR

Gamen, never out of the game, makes a last ditch attempt...

GAMEN

Can you give me a week?

KATIE

What's a week gonna do?

GAMEN

Just give me one week. Please.

KATIE

That what Louis Freeh would've done?

It could be light hearted teasing, but there's an edge.

KATIE (CONT'D)

I'll allow you a week. But then, for your last three months? What do you guys call that time again?

GAMEN
...KMA time.

KATIE
That's right. Kiss My Ass.

Katie smiles. She won.

INT. HALLWAY. FBI HEADQUARTERS. MOMENTS LATER.

Gamen exits her office to the hall. To everyone else, he's still the man. They don't know. He can't let them see.

INT. TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS. MOMENTS LATER.

Gamen enters, puffs up, seeing Spec in there alone. Spec points to SOUND WAVES on his computer screen.

SPEC
You need to see this.

GAMEN
Not now, buddy. I'm going home.

SPEC
But it's the audio we hid outside
Harvey's window. We lost it the
night before the B of A Op.

A spot on the screen: a RED ICON where the sound stops.

GAMEN
(grabbing his coat)
Happens. It fell off or broke.

SPEC
No.

Gamen exits, leaving Spec to finish the thought alone.

SPEC (CONT'D)
Someone turned it off.

INT. HALLWAY. FBI HEADQUARTERS. MOMENTS LATER.

Gamen, trying to hold it together until he gets out of the building, turns a corner -- as Andy exits Katie's office.

In a beat, Gamen knows. Andy's replacing him. He smirks, and gives mortified Andy an ironic salute -- *fuck you*.

EXT. OUTDOOR BAR. CHATEAU MARMONT. LATE NIGHT.

Gamen, vibrating with desperation, enters. He nods at two passing GIRLS, who ignore him. He's looking for --

Maria, who's crossing to the bar. She sees him, mouths 'Hi,' but there's something apologetic in her demeanor. Then--

She wraps her arm around a trust fund Hype Beast, **ZEN** (25).

As Maria pretends to enjoy Zen's company, out of nowhere... Gamen plants himself on Zen's other side. Ice cold. Maria notices, Zen doesn't. Gamen stares straight ahead until...

GAMEN

Let's go outside, where it's dark
and fight right now? Wanna do it?

ZEN

What the fuck?

GAMEN

Don't make a scene. Let's see how
you measure up. Wanna do it?

Maria desperately leads Gamen by the arm to a **CORNER**.

GAMEN (CONT'D)

Who is he?

MARIA

That is none of your business!
Robert, you and I *work together*,
basically. You didn't call me, you
can't just roll up expecting me. I
like you but I'm hustling.

GAMEN

Alright. Fine. Gimme the number of
three girls you work with.

MARIA

You're a fucking asshole.

GAMEN

Give me their numbers. You're not
special to me either.

Zen walks up, chest out.

GAMEN (CONT'D)

Nobody's talking to you.

ZEN
 (to Maria)
 Yo, what am I paying you for?

BAM. Gamen JABS Zen in the gut, grabs him, fishes out his ID.

GAMEN
 Yeah, you're from Malibu, Tupac.
 Keep your mouth shut.

Maria storms away, dialing a Lyft, Gamen following--

GAMEN (CONT'D)
 I'm the one who should be mad! Slow
 down, you're gonna twist an ankle.

MARIA
 Don't ever call me again, Psycho!

She's gone. Music thumps. Gamen fumes, humiliated.

INT. TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS. DAY.

Andy enters for the day. Nobody inside. He steps into the **HALLWAY**. Paul Rea is there, passing.

ANDY
 Where's my team?

PAUL
 They called out.

ANDY
 They didn't tell me?

PAUL
 Welcome to management.

INT. GAMEN'S CONDO. LIVING ROOM. DUSK.

If Axe Body Spray was a room. Sleek. Lots of black. The team - minus Andy -- is there, Gamen deep in his chair.

PEARL
 She's booting you?

GAMEN
 In a week. Unless I get results.

MACK
 Alright. Let's just go round up the Cleaners right now.

SPEC
If they're even still operating.

Reveal: TONY, who looks like he's been drinking on the sun since the day he retired.

TONY
If you're breathing you're operating. There's nothing after.

Pearl downs his drink.

PEARL
We should kill those motherfuckers.

He's serious. Nobody audibly dissents.

GAMEN
No, you don't want to do that.

PEARL
You got a better idea?

GAMEN
I might.

The others are rapt. "You tell us."/"Anything." Gamen nods.

GAMEN (CONT'D)
I know these guys. I know their moves, their plans. This shit is their oxygen, and they didn't show? So they're suffocating right now. They're not gonna last a week. They're gonna hit again. It's who they are.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE. DAY. NON LINEAR.

Gamen is with an EMPLOYEE, studying cleaning calendars.

GAMEN (V.O.)
There's a B of A on Vermont in Los Feliz getting cleaned tomorrow. That's their target.

I/E. VARIOUS. HARVEY'S CONDO BUILDING. DAY. NON LINEAR.

FROM A SEDAN Spec watches STATIC FUZZ on his laptop monitor.

IN THE LOBBY Pearl and Mack, in MAINTENANCE OUTFITS, install a CONDUIT CHIP on the back of a SECURITY CAMERA.

GAMEN (V.O.)
Harvey'll do everything like usual.

IN THE SEDAN, on Spec's screen-- the static fuzz replaced by *the security footage from the lobby camera*.

LATER, On Spec's screen: As Jeremy Harvey exits the building--

HARVEY'S HALLWAY: Mack and Gamen appear from the FIRE ESCAPE. Mack Snap Gun's open Harvey's door and they enter--

GAMEN (V.O.)
Except now he's rushing.

THE KITCHEN, where Mack sprinkles green EVIDENT POWDER on a cup. Then he sticks TAPE to the powder, peels it back.

A stolen latent FINGERPRINT appears on the tape, which he encases in a glass SLIDE.

THE BATHROOM: Gamen tweezes HAIRS from Harvey's comb.

GAMEN (V.O.)
He's gonna make a mistake.

INT. TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS. DAY. NON LINEAR.

The team watching, because this is a test, Spec sends a TEXT. A *different* phone in front of Spec rings. He answers.

Shock Cut: The Glendale Apartment. It's Zeke and Sevak, calling from Akhavan's burner phone.

Back in **Tac Ops Headquarters**: Spec answers. Thumbs up. They've hijacked Akhavan's phone.

INT. HARVEY'S CONDO. DAY. NON LINEAR.

Harvey reads a text from AKHAVAN: *Meet me tomorrow. 8 pm.* He texts back: *Where?*

MACK (V.O.)
What about Andy?

INT. TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS. DAY. NON LINEAR.

Andy works through a mountain of onboarding paperwork. Gamen approaches with a mess of papers, adding to the pile.

ANDY
Are we okay? You and me?

GAMEN
Of course, Son. Why?

Gamen winks, clapping him on the shoulder. Can't tell if Andy doesn't like it or doesn't buy it. Or both.

GAMEN (V.O.)
Andy's out. He's management now.

INT. VAN. NIGHT. NON LINEAR

PLASTIC SHEETS are laid inside a WHITE VAN.

GAMEN
This is ours.

EXT. PARKING LOT. NIGHT. NON LINEAR

Jeremy Harvey gets out of his car. The other three CLEANERS are there. They climb into a VAN.

INT. DARK SPACE. NON LINEAR.

Four sets of CLEANERS OUTFITS laid out.

GAMEN
We're gonna get what we're owed.

INT. CLEANING VAN. DRIVING. NIGHT. NON LINEAR

Jeremy Harvey drives them down a highway.

INT. DARK SPACE. NON LINEAR.

Next to the outfits, as though for inspection: Dust masks. Zip ties. Pepper spray. Collapsible batons. Guns.

GAMEN
We're gonna be inside that bank
tomorrow...

EXT. STREET. NIGHT. NON LINEAR.

Harvey parks. Looks at his destination. *Roman Akhavan's house.* Looks among the group: *What are we doing here?*

INT. DARK SPACE. NON LINEAR

We counter with The Cleaners, dressed and kitted, opening the door, stepping out into TWILIGHT. Heading towards the van.

GAMEN (V.O.)
... and we're finally gonna beat
them at their own game.

REVEAL: It's Gamen and the team. About to rob a bank. As The Cleaners. And frame them for it.

Gamen hands Spec GLASS SLIDES with HAIR and FINGERPRINTS.

Tony behind the wheel, our "Cleaners" climb in the back and we END our non-linear sequence as the van door SLAMS SHUT.

INT. TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS. LOS ANGELES. NIGHT.

Andy sifts through receipts. Paul Rea knock enters.

PAUL
I need your help with something.
It's probably pointless, but...

ANDY
I'm already dealing with enough
pointless stuff here. Sorry.

PAUL
C'mon. Don't make me give you an
order. Let's take a ride.

INT. PAUL'S CAR. DRIVING. NIGHT.

Paul drives. Andy would rather be anywhere else. His phone rings. Liz. He ignores her call. Paul notices this.

PAUL
Andy, you gotta be careful. Don't
make this your everything. It's
really important to keep the home
fires burning.

ANDY
I could be home right now if you
hadn't kidnapped me.

PAUL
Would you be home right now?

ANDY

What are we doing, Paul?

PAUL

So since SA Gamen turned over his notes on The Cleaners, I've been studying them. Just to be the grownup in the room. But I look at it as a linguist. And what is language? A pattern that forms a contract. Gamen speaks The Cleaners language. Fluently. He was right. They absolutely were going to hit.

On Andy, knowing this already.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I don't know why they didn't, but they will, like all of us, revert to their native tongue... to really ride out this metaphor.

ANDY

I think they're gone for good.

PAUL

Like I said, this may be pointless. But I might've found a little nuance in their language. A little trend. What are they hitting?

ANDY

Banks, Paul.

PAUL

Nope. Not just banks.

ANDY

Bank of America branch locations on nights that cleaning crews arrive.

PAUL

So close. Bank of America branch locations that all have something in common. Big parking lots.

He turns a corner on **Vermont Street**, points to a Bank of America up the block.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Like that one. And it's getting cleaned tonight.

Andy sighs. Knows Paul is wrong but can't say it. Paul parks in front of a TACO STAND up the block.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Let's give it an hour. Grab a burrito. My treat.

INT. VAN DRIVING ON THE ROAD. LATER.

Tony leans back, barks into the back of the van--

TONY
Coming up.

Gamen eyes the group. Not a flicker of hesitation. Masks on.

THE SEDAN

Suddenly-- The VAN passes them. Andy shakes to, Paul gags.

THE VAN

Pulls into the bank parking lot's front entrance. The men decamp, all in masks.

INT. BANK OF AMERICA. LOS FELIZ. SAME.

One TELLER. One GUARD, they look up from their phones. They can see The Cleaners decamping, carrying their gear.

THE SEDAN

Andy and Paul on tilt, too far away to see clearly.

PAUL
Is that them? Is that them?

INSIDE THE BANK

The Guard unlocks the door.

GAMEN
Evening.

THE SEDAN

Andy and Paul watch the Cleaners enter into the bank.

ANDY
Can't see shit.
(then)
Let's go!

INSIDE THE BANK

As the last Cleaner enters...

GUARD
Need ID real quick.

GAMEN
Makes sense. Here.

Gamen PEPPER SPRAYS him, Pearl and Mack attack with batons.

ON THE STREET

Paul and Andy discreetly hustle towards the bank, craning to see inside. Nothing. Still too far...

INSIDE THE BANK

Gamen points his gun at the Teller.

GAMEN
Just the drawers!

He watches the door, holding the Guard at gunpoint.

EDGE OF THE PARKING LOT

Andy and Paul peer over a pedestrian wall. Whispering--

ANDY
There's a driver in the van.

PAUL
I'm calling this in. We need help.

Andy advances behind the low wall, gun drawn, until he's 30 yards from a side view of the front door--

Paul calling the FBI, Andy calls Gamen...

INSIDE THE BANK

Gamen's phone rings. Sees it's Andy. Hits ignore.

Spec applies Harvey's STOLEN PRINTS to the cash drawers, sprinkles Harvey's HAIRS on the counter.

The Teller opens the drawers. Pearl and Mack empty the cash into duffels -- removing dye packs and tracers.

They stuff dye packed bills into the Teller's arms.

EDGE OF THE PARKING LOT

Andy can *almost* see the silhouette of the Teller in the doorway. Paul hurries up next to him. A nod of ascent.

Andy's hands pumping. Just as they're about to approach--

INSIDE THE BANK

The "Cleaners" cue up behind the Manager.

GAMEN

On my mark, walk out the door, turn left and run as fast as you can.

Gamen opens the door.

THE PARKING LOT

The Manager steps out, turns, arms full of dye packs, sprints across the parking lot -- directly at Andy and Paul.

ANDY

Freeze!

But the Teller has run too far -- the dye packs EXPLODE, blowback dye and tear gas envelop Andy and Paul.

The Cleaners pause, momentarily caught off guard, their two colleagues on the scene, dazed and dyed--

Pop. Pop. Pop. Paul fires blind at The Cleaners--

Who hit the pavement -- dropping duffel bags and gear.

GAMEN

Don't shoot.

BAP. Andy fires -- gritting through tear gas -- skips a shot off the parking lot inches from a Cleaner's face.

Skreee -- The van turns, headlights aimed at Paul and Andy, further blinding them.

Paul and Andy open up -- **BAPBAPBAP** -- but can't see a thing.

As the Cleaners move towards the van, the driver's door SWINGS OPEN, Tony takes cover behind it --

GAMEN (CONT'D)
No! No! No!

But Tony takes aim and fires. **BANG.**

Hits Paul in the upper chest. His body whiplashes hard -- TREMOR SHOTS ricochet off the parking lot.

Andy sees Paul hit. Stops for a beat. Transforms.

Into a fucking killer. Covered in red dye, he looks like an apparition from a nightmare. Roaring --

BAPBAPBAPBAP. Stalking towards the van while shooting. Empties his clip. Force ejects and reloads.

He's zeroing in, shots getting closer.

The Cleaners are forced to return fire, but he keeps coming, panning from target to target, forcing them into cover.

Andy aims at the driver's door window. **BAPBAP** --

He HITS Tony twice (hand, then chest), dropping him.

As Andy closes the distance, 30 yard, 25--

THWACK. From the other side of the headlights, a shot drills Andy right in the chest -- center mass of his ballistic vest.

Andy drops like a bag of dirt.

Three Cleaners load the van, throw Tony in the back.

A Cleaner climbs behind the wheel, another pours BLEACH into the puddle of Tony's blood that's forming in the parking lot.

Andy sits up. Squeezing into focus. Fires from the ground -- **BAPBAP** -- *Just misses* The Cleaner who shot him.

Gritting to a knee, then standing, Andy takes dead aim at the Driver through the windshield--

THWACK. He's hit again. Same spot. Center mass of his vest.

The last Cleaner jumps into the van and it peels out.

Andy wills himself to his feet takes aim, the van turning a corner. **BAPBAPBAP** into its' panel. The van's gone.

Stunned, he lumbers over to Paul, who's barely conscious. The horrified Teller is screaming. Sirens in the distance.

I/E. VAN DRIVING ON THE ROAD. MOMENTS LATER.

The van speeds along Los Feliz Blvd, heading East. Inside-- Chaos. The stink of blood and gunpowder.

Screaming: What the fuck happened? What the fuck went wrong?

Tony is wailing, Mack trying in vain to staunch his bleeding. And they're doing this by flashlight.

UPFRONT, Spec, barely holding back tears, shimmies out of his CLEANERS JUMPSUIT, the van careening with each move.

He turns left, shortcutting to Burbank through Griffith Park.

IN BACK, Tony's in shock, rasping.

MACK

We gotta take him to the hospital!

TONY

No way.

PEARL

That's prison! FBI? In prison?

MACK

He's gonna die!

Spec speeds past an unseen PARK RANGER SUV, who follows them.

SPEC

Are we changing the plan?

PEARL

The plan changed when he shot two of our own guys!

MACK

What were they doing there?

PEARL

We're dead. We're all dead.

TONY

I'll be fine. Just take me home. I fought off a home invasion.

GAMEN

You heard him. Stick to the plan.

MACK

What the fuck were they doing
there? Did they make us?

GAMEN

Will you man up?

WHOOP WHOOP. Lights and sirens. Sudden silence inside, except Tony's wheezing rattle.

SPEC

Mother... What the hell do I do?

GAMEN

Pull over.

He guides the van to the side of the road. Last look before they kill the flashlights: *blood everywhere*.

Mack peers through a blacked out rear window. A **RANGER** is walking towards them.

MACK

Park Ranger.

GAMEN

Keep him quiet. Lay low.

Gamen hurries out of his jumpsuit, climbs into shotgun.

GAMEN (CONT'D)

Pearl, if he looks in the back,
you're burning him down.

Pearl, crouched in the dark, aims over Spec's shoulder.

The Ranger at the rear bumper, Gamen turns on the STEREO, drowning out Tony's wheezing. Mack has Tony cradled.

The RANGER approaches Spec's window. Pearl has the Ranger sighted from the dark.

GAMEN (CONT'D)

Hey, Partner, FBI. We're working.

He BADGES the Ranger. On the confused Ranger's face--

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK. MOMENTS LATER.

The Van drives away. Behind them... The Ranger gets in his car, never knowing how close he was.

EXT. ALLEY. BURBANK. NIGHT.

Gamen watches as the VAN BURNS. The others hurry to their cars. Tony, wrapped in plastic like a trauma blanket, climbs in with Pearl.

INT. JEREMY HARVEY'S CONDO. LATER.

Mack plants duffle bags of money and a gun in the bedroom.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. NIGHT.

Andy is examined. No visible wounds.

DOCTOR

You're a lucky man. Thank God for that thing.

He indicates Andy's shot up ballistic vest.

Later, Andy is alone. After a beat of hum, Katie enters.

KATIE

I'm sorry, Andy.

ANDY

I knew what I was signing up for.

KATIE

I never wanted this for you. I never wanted it to go like this.

ANDY

How's Paul?

KATIE

He's stable. His daughter is coming. I'm gonna sit with her.

ANDY

I'll go with you.

KATIE

It's my responsibility.

INT. TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS. LATER THAT NIGHT.

Gamen, on edge, sits with Mack, who's texting, and Spec. Pearl enters.

GAMEN
How's Tony?

PEARL
I broke a window. He's calling it
in as a burglary. When I left he
was making a drink.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. NIGHT. NON LINEAR

Katie is staring at Andy's shot up vest.

KATIE
You're gonna take two weeks off,
come back on desk duty. Finally
getting that desk.

INT. TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS. LATER THAT NIGHT.

Victory setting among them...

MACK
Techs are running the scene right
now. Rea's gonna make it. Holy
shit... We did it.

The group exhales, exchanges awed looks. Except for Gamen.

GAMEN
Almost.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. NIGHT. NON LINEAR

Leaving, Katie's phone dings. After reading a text...

KATIE
They got him. Prints and DNA on
scene for a guy with priors. They
just picked him up in Burbank with
cash and guns. Jeremy Harvey.

Shock flashes on Andy's face.

ANDY
I'll go talk to him right now.

KATIE
No, you're going home. Someone else
can do that.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. FBI HEADQUARTERS. NIGHT.

Jeremy Harvey is handcuffed to a table. Gamen enters, opaque.

GAMEN
Do you know who I am?

HARVEY
Lawyer. I did not do this.

Gamen sits high in his chair, spreading out.

GAMEN
I'm the guy who fucking beat you.
I'm the guy who wins and you lose.

HARVEY
I want my lawyer.

GAMEN
Relax. I only have one question.
Culver City. Why didn't you show?

HARVEY
What?

GAMEN
You want me in your corner. Why
didn't you come to Culver City?

Sensing the slightest opening.

GAMEN (CONT'D)
It's not a confession. There wasn't
a crime. Why didn't you show?

HARVEY
...What if somebody told me not to?

GAMEN
Akhavan?

HARVEY
I don't know who, and I don't know
why. All I know is -- what if I
woke up with a line across my neck?

GAMEN
A line?

HARVEY
A line across my neck.

GAMEN

Why would that stop you?

HARVEY

If someone snuck in your house. In the middle of the night. Drew a line across your fucking neck, and gave you an order to not go?

GAMEN

What order?

HARVEY

A note that said *Tonight is cancelled. Your career is over.* What if they did? Would you be scared if they were good enough to get in your house, stand over your bed, knew what you were gonna do--

Gamen is realizing it was Andy, but Harvey continues.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

--and told you not to do it? I think you'd probably listen to 'em.

Betrayal wraps every cell of Gamen's body.

GAMEN

Why did he do that?

Harvey starts to answer, but Gamen is talking to himself.

EXT. HALLWAY. MOMENTS LATER.

Gamen. Paranoid, guilty, frightened, gutted. Employees in the hallway, having never seen him like this, keep distance.

INT. SHOWER. HOSPITAL. MOMENTS LATER.

Dye and gas residue run off Andy into the drain.

INT. WALSH HOME. LATE THAT NIGHT.

Andy enters. Liz is waiting on the couch.

LIZ

How was it?

ANDY

It was fine. Sorry I'm late.

She shakes her head "No big deal." But it gives way to tears.

ANDY (CONT'D)
What?

LIZ
You were gonna lie to me. Like you've been lying all along. Katie Martin called me. She said "Your husband has been involved in a gun fight." I said why was he in a gun fight? He works behind a desk. That's what he's been telling me every night for a year. They say no, he's on tactical maneuvers. He's in charge of it. I say "No," because if that's true--

ANDY
I'm sorry.

LIZ
Why did you do this to me? All I've done was try to help you!

ANDY
It was so you wouldn't worry.

LIZ
I'm not talking about the job. You lied about every other thing since the moment I met you. This is who you are. Someone else entirely.

She goes to the bedroom. Doesn't slam the door. Past that.

INT. TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS. MOMENTS LATER.

The team is inside. Gamen enters, despondent. Misreading him--

MACK
Boss. We had to do this. The rest of the Bureau couldn't hit water if they fell out of a boat. This is a win. And the only people who matter, know it's a win. You deserve --

GAMEN
Andy is a rat.

It hangs in the air.

GAMEN (CONT'D)
 He's been spying for ASAC Martin
 the whole time.

MACK
 How do you know?

GAMEN
 He's a rat. Whatever you know, he
 knows. And if he hasn't told her
 yet, he's gonna.

SPEC
 That's our careers. Pensions. Every
 prosecution we supplied.

GAMEN
 It means prison. For us.

The enormity of this unfolds among them.

PEARL
 That fucking rat.

GAMEN
 This whole place. Don't even know
 how much they owe us.

Then--

SPEC
 Is there any way out of this?

Gamen looks around with contained hatred.

GAMEN
 If I can get us out... We gotta
 hurry. And we gotta burn the boats.
 If I get us out, there's no coming
 back.

INT. CONVERTED GARAGE. WALSH HOUSE. THE NEXT DAY.

Andy wakes up gasping from a nightmare. It's afternoon. He sits up on the cot, sees his lacerated vest.

Two BULLET HOLES have shredded a spiderweb of rips and tears across the fabric, exposing the dented plates inside.

He examines the rips, from the epicenter up the chest, to the torn FBI BADGE PATCH stitched on the shoulder.

It's hanging by a thread. He runs his finger over the PATCH.

Something small falls out, bounces off the ground and rolls. Maybe a bullet fragment? Nope. He picks it up.

It's an AUDIO SURVEILLANCE MICROPHONE.

Shock Cut: Katie Martin giving him the vest.

KATIE
Every time you go out, you'll wear
this.

Shock Cut: Katie confronting him in the bathroom at the FBI.

KATIE (CONT'D)
I know it, Andy.

Andy stares at the tiny recorder in his palm.

INT. ANDY'S CAR ON THE ROAD. LATER.

Andy drives, trembling with rage. He calls Gamen. No answer.

ANDY
Gamen, it's Andy. I need to talk to
you right now. She's been --

He stops suddenly. Looks at the phone, suspicious.

ANDY (CONT'D)
We gotta talk in person. I'm on my
way to turn in my badge. Call me.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS. AFTERNOON.

Andy enters, propelled by fury. He doesn't notice, but
there's a pall over everyone. Quiet chat, funereal vibes.

INT. KATIE MARTIN'S OFFICE. FBI. MOMENTS LATER.

Andy bursts in. The office is empty.

ANDY
Where is she?

ANALYST (PASSING)
She went to meet with the family.
We lost one of our guys last night.

ANDY
Paul Rea?

ANALYST

No. Tony Landis was shot to death
at home in Pasadena. A burglary.

The news cleaves Andy's rage. He tries calling Gamen again.
No answer. On autopilot, he heads to --

INT. TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS. MOMENTS LATER.

Throws open the door, startling Spec who's on a computer,
which he closes suddenly.

SPEC

What're you doing here?

ANDY

I'm so sorry, Man. About Tony.

Spec nods, concealing his rage.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Where's Gamen? Is he okay?

SPEC

He's not here, but I talked to him
this morning. He's... alright.

Andy calls Gamen. No answer. Then--

ANDY

Let me see your phone.

INT. GAMEN'S CONDO. SAME. INTERCUT

Gamen answers.

GAMEN (INTO PHONE)

What is it?

ANDY (INTO PHONE)

Gamen. It's Andy.

Gamen tightens, then recovers quickly.

GAMEN

Andy? Are you ok?

ANDY

Listen, I gotta tell you--

GAMEN

ASAC sent you home.

ANDY

I know. I'm sorry about Tony.

GAMEN

Yeah, well, at least he died alive.
Go home, Andy.

ANDY

I'm coming over. Gimme your address.

GAMEN

No! Go home.

ANDY

I'm coming over.

GAMEN

No. Go be with your wife. Let this go. Please.

Gamen hangs up, goes back to what he was doing: furiously packing a bag.

INT. ANDY'S PARKED CAR IN THE FBI LOT. MOMENTS LATER.

Andy sits behind the wheel, WAZE open on his phone.
Deliberating his next move: a referendum on his values.

His options: HOME. FBI. GAMEN HOME.

We notice his eyes are empty. He's in complete shock.

INT. TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS. NON LINEAR

Andy returns Spec's phone.

ANDY

What's Gamen's address?

SPEC

Didn't he just say to go home?

ANDY

What's his fucking address?

Andy shoves Spec and storms out.

INT. ANDY'S CAR ON THE ROAD. MOMENTS LATER.

As Andy drives, something inside is eating him alive.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM. FBI. NON LINEAR

Andy opens a personal database, searches Gamen. His file opens. Photos. Everything about him. His address.

His CV: A 30 year timeline of his work against the Armenian Mafia. His whole career.

Then, Andy's eyes go wide --

INT. ANDY'S CAR ON THE ROAD. MOMENTS LATER.

Andy is losing it. Punching the steering wheel.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM. FBI. NON LINEAR

In Gamen's file. Marital Status: Divorced. There's recent photos of his ex wife and son. Addresses. They're alive.

Gamen lied about them. It was all a lie.

INT. ANDY'S CAR ON THE ROAD. MOMENTS LATER.

He parks in front of his house. Trembling. Trying to compose himself.

INT. TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS. SAME.

A text from Gamen on Spec's phone: *Send it.* Spec gulps. Picks up his phone and dials.

INT. KATIE MARTIN'S OFFICE. FBI. MOMENTS LATER

ANALYSTS and TECHS sprint in, offering Katie the phone.

ANALYST
He'll only talk to whoever's in charge.

Skeptical and exhausted, she takes it.

KATIE
Hello?

A DISTORTED VOICE is on the other end.

VOICE (ON THE PHONE)
Is this the person in charge?

KATIE

Yes.

VOICE

I work at the Van Nuys airport. A private plane is leaving tonight. One of the people on it looks a lot like one of the people on your Most Wanted List...

Suddenly at attention, she glances at the list.

VOICE (CONT'D)

We're going to Mexico in two hours.

KATIE

Where are you calling from?

VOICE

I'm calling from the airport--

A TECH tracing the call gives a thumbs up. He's legit. But.

INT. TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS. SAME.

Spec is speaking into a VOICE DISTORTER...

SPEC

But I know where he is right now.

...while reading Zen's stolen license. An address in Malibu.

INT. WALSH HOME. EVENING.

Andy enters, barely holding it together. The house is quiet.

ANDY

Liz? Liz?

He walks to the closed bedroom door. Through the door --

ANDY (CONT'D)

Liz. I don't want this anymore. I want you and I want to get better and I want-- I need help. I need to get off the train... I didn't see it but now I see it. I am who you thought I was. I can be.

He twists the door handle. It's unlocked. He gently opens it.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Please!

Sticks his head in--

And is looking down the barrel of a *Kingwolfox 12 Gauge SHOTGUN*. David, the informant, has him dead to rights--

BOOMBOOMBOOM. Blasts obliterate the door and frame--

Millimeters from where Andy's face just was.

He's on the carpet, debris raining down, drawing his Sig Sauer and firing --**BAPBAPBAP**-- into the bedroom door.

In the **BEDROOM**, David, there with Zeke and Sevak, all return fire through the door.

A break in the shooting. Under echoes, they hear a door slam just outside the bedroom.

Kicking their way through what's left of the bedroom door--

They advance on the **BATHROOM**, David shoots -- **BOOM**. The door explodes. They burst in--

The bathroom is empty. But the window is *shattered*. As though Andy climbed out.

DAVID
(to Zeke, in Armenian)
Gna!

Zeke takes off running to the front door. David gets a sly idea-- angles the gun high, aiming downwards--

Fires through the curtain into the shower and tub. **BOOM**. Porcelain and tile explode. The curtain shredded.

But Andy isn't there.

David, reloading, and Sevak move through the house, back to back, covering each other. This isn't their first manhunt.

The hall closet. David stands aside, Sevak takes aim. David throws open the door. **POPPOP**. Sevak fires into the closet.

Empty. They enter the kitchen, sweeping the room. Empty. They turn to the living room.

Communicating with hand signals, they take positions on each of the room's two entrances: David in the kitchen, Sevak in the hall.

They're set up for an ambush in the living room. 3, 2, 1.

They spin from cover into the room, *firing wildly*. Glass and furniture and television explode. Windows shatter.

Gunfire report and aftermath in the air. But no Andy.

As David and Sevak turn to each other -- The lights go out. Total darkness.

In the **CONVERTED GARAGE**, Andy just turned off the BREAKER.

He reaches under his cot, opens a RUBBERMAID CONTAINER.

In the **LIVING ROOM**, Sevak is spinning wildly, aiming in the dark. David is sweating, panicked.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Zeke!

Andy's POV is green as he creeps out of the garage in Night Operation Goggles (NOGs).

In the **LIVING ROOM** David is trying to maneuver both the SHOTGUN and flashlight on his phone.

SEVAK
(*What the fuck do we do?*)
I'nc'h' anenk' menk'?

David gets the light working, lights up Sevak just as--

BAP. Sevak's head splatters.

David fires -- **BOOM**-- into the wall where Andy just was.

BOOM-- another, but Andy is gone running towards the kitchen.

David runs, sees Andy about to turn into the kitchen, aims-- **BOOM**. The corner of the hallway explodes.

David hears Andy let out a *blood curdling scream of pain*, sees his gun slide across the floor.

He smiles as he advances into the kitchen, gun at his cheek--

Andy is waiting -- not shot -- springing his trap. He plunges a KITCHEN KNIFE into David's leg and rips upwards.

BOOM. An errant shot destroys the oven.

Andy bounces David's head off the wall, but David bites him, swings the gun towards him.

Zeke returns through the **FRONT DOOR** -- almost slips on Sevak's body. Oh shit.

ZEKE
David?

He can hear fighting in the kitchen, but he's paralyzed. Then -- **BOOM** -- David's shotgun. Followed by gasping.

ZEKE (CONT'D)
(*Are you okay? What's going on?*)
David? Lav yes? Inch' e katarvum?

Then: from the kitchen, David responds in Armenian.

DAVID (O.C.)
(*In here. The hunt is over.*)
Yes lav yem. Vorsn avartvets'.

Zeke makes his way in the dark to the kitchen.

ZEKE
David?

Reveal: He hasn't been talking to David.

Andy, shotgun aimed with one hand, strangling David with the other, responds in Armenian.

ANDY (AS DAVID)
(*In here.*)
Yes lav yem.

Zeke steps into the kitchen.

ZEKE
(*I can't see.*)
Yes ch'em karogh tesnel.

ANDY
(*Look here.*)
Nayek' aystegh.

Zeke turns -- **BOOM**.

INT. CONVERTED GARAGE. WALSH HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER.

David is cuffed to the cot, knife still stuck in his leg.

ANDY
Wake up. Wake up. Where is my wife?

David spits an insult in Armenian. Andy, a live wire, grips the knife handle -- twists it. Racking pain.

ANDY (CONT'D)
You are already dead and this is purgatory. I will keep you here until you answer my questions. Where'd you take her?

DAVID
I didn't take her any--

Andy twists the knife. David screams.

ANDY
Where did your friends take her?

DAVID
...You killed my friends. I know it was you. You killed all of them.

ANDY
What the fuck did you just say?

David sneers pure hatred at Andy.

ANDY (CONT'D)
How do you know that? How do you--
(grabs the knife handle)
How do you know that?

DAVID
He told me.

On Andy: realizing what this means. Then--

ANDY
I'm gonna ask you once, and I will know if you're lying to me. Where is he?

DAVID
I don't know.

Andy wraps his hand around the knife handle.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I'm telling you the truth.

ANDY
I know you are.

With all his strength, Andy rips the knife through David's thigh.

INT. ANDY'S CAR ON THE ROAD. MOMENTS LATER.

Andy speeds out of the driveway. POLICE sirens approaching. On WAZE: his options: Gamen's house or FBI.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS. NIGHT.

Whirring activity, AGENTS and TECHS are loading out. As Katie is about to leave -- she bumps into Gamen, who's entering.

GAMEN

What's all this?

KATIE

We're grabbing one of our top 10.

GAMEN

First the Cleaners, now this. Look at you.

KATIE

C'mon. We're gonna need your help.

GAMEN

I don't think so. KMA time, right?

KATIE

Oh Jesus Christ, I'll extend you right now. Let's go!

GAMEN

Nah. I'll hold down the fort. Go get those headlines, Boss.

This doesn't stack with Katie, but she can only shake her head. She hurries out.

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS. NIGHT.

FBI cars, SWAT and HRT fly out of the lot, sirens blaring.

Mack and Pearl sprint into the Tac Ops Van, as though leading the charge. But as the herd departs at high speed --

They just wait. Oblivious cars pass them. Until the lot is almost entirely empty.

In the BACK of the van -- LIZ is tied up, bandana over her mouth.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS. SAME.

It's now quiet. All hands on deck elsewhere -- either en route or in closed offices, glued to monitors.

Gamen peruses the empty bullpen and hallways. A NIGHT JANITOR, is there, unsure of the scene. Gamen winks.

GAMEN
How are you?

And continues to **TAC OPS HEADQUARTERS**, where Spec is inside, working on a computer.

SPEC
Got a pilot and a flight plan outta John Wayne in three hours.

GAMEN
Atta boy. Mile high club here you come.

Mack and Pearl enter. The original team all together.

GAMEN (CONT'D)
Just to say: none of you have to go any further. You can say I pushed you here if you want to get out now. I'll understand. Speak up.

No hesitation. Nobody speaks.

GAMEN (CONT'D)
Then let's go hunt.

Grabbing TOOLBOXES, BAGS, and GUNS, they exit to...

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS. VARIOUS. SAME.

And continue down the hall, past the offices, through the bullpen, to the ELEVATORS. Hit the button.

Bell chimes. Doors open. They enter. Deep breaths. Then--
Gamen stabs a button. The doors close.

INT. 6TH FLOOR HALLWAY. FEDERAL BUILDING. MOMENTS LATER.

The Tac Ops team exits the elevator and approaches the closed and locked **FEDERAL CREDIT UNION**.

INT. FBI CAR DRIVING. MOMENTS LATER.

Katie drives in a high speed herd. An FBI OFFICER is delivering a remote briefing over the radio.

FBI OFFICER ON RADIO (V.O.)
...local PD is assembling. SWAT
will take point. The rest of you,
just smile and collect your medal.

On Katie: Something is wrong.

INT. ANDY'S CAR ON THE ROAD. MOMENTS LATER.

Andy is flooring it. While driving, he dials his phone.

INT. 6TH FLOOR HALLWAY. FEDERAL BUILDING. MOMENTS LATER.

Gamen pounds on the door.

After a beat, Leonard the security guard appears. Gamen flashes his BADGE, hanging on a chain around his neck.

Leonard mouths "Closed."

GAMEN
Open up.

Leonard shakes his head. "I can't."

GAMEN (CONT'D)
This is official business.

Leonard cracks the door.

LEONARD
I really can't let you--

Gamen juts his foot in the crack, a predatory move.

GAMEN
The same people who wouldn't want
us inside probably wouldn't want
you to have opened the door at all.
But you did.

Leonard's face falls.

GAMEN (CONT'D)
We're running a security test. Let
us do our job, and you can get back
to yours.

Leonard sighs, lets them in. Pearl leaves the door open behind them.

INT. CREDIT UNION. FBI HEADQUARTERS. SAME.

There's another guard inside -- **TROY**.

TROY

Yo, what the hell?

LEONARD

They're cool.

Gamen looks at his men, re: Troy. *No problem.* They stay in the shadows of the doorway.

GAMEN

Spec?

SPEC

Where are your monitors?

Behind a door. Leonard leads Spec and Mack over. Unlocks it.

INT. SECURITY CONSOLE. CONTINUOUS.

Spec sniffs sweat, opens his laptop and connects it to a monitor. Feigning extreme nonchalance, he clicks and codes.

On his screen: Security camera footage from inside the credit union. He's hacked in. He hits a button --

The screens go dark. In the bank. The lobby. The halls.

LEONARD

Oh, dude.

MACK

Relax. We're standing right here.

They reenter the **MAIN ROOM**, and rejoin the team.

TROY

What're y'all doing anyway?

GAMEN

Security test. Hey, our buddy passed away yesterday in the line.

LEONARD

Damn. Sorry to hear it.

GAMEN

Well, he has an ex wife who'd rob his grave, but she'll settle for his safety deposit box. I just want to confirm it's still here. Can you show me that? Do me that favor?

Leonard and Troy look at each other, growing wary.

INT. SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX LOCKER. MOMENTS LATER.

Leonard and Troy open the locker for Gamen and Pearl.

LEONARD

What number is it?

GAMEN

Here. Come here.

Gamen steps inside, Troy and Leonard follow. In a flash--

Gamen and Pearl draw their pistols, sandwiching the Guards at gunpoint.

GAMEN (CONT'D)

You're gonna be fine if you do what I say. Unbuckle your duty belts and let 'em fall.

They drop their belts, with radios and guns, on the ground.

GAMEN (CONT'D)

Unclip your keys. And let 'em drop.
(they do)

Now stepping around me to your right, line up against the back wall of this room.

Shepherded at gunpoint, the Guards move. Gamen grabs their belts and keys. *Locks them inside.*

INT. MAIN ROOM. FEDERAL CREDIT UNION. MOMENTS LATER.

Gamen and Pearl head to the VAULT DOOR. Mack is sizing it up.

MACK

Class 5A armory vault door. Locks federal specification 2937. Against covert entry this door's guaranteed to hold for 30 minutes.

SPEC
We have 20 minutes.

MACK
I'll only need 10.

Mack rubs his palms, opens his TOOLBOX.

GAMEN
Pearl, go downstairs. Start the van. And check in with David.

Pearl exits. Gamen and Spec begin robbing the drawers, riffling and sorting out dye packs and tracers.

INT. PARKING LOT. MOMENTS LATER.

Pearl crosses the parking lot, climbs into the Tac Ops Van. Liz is squirming in the back.

PEARL
You're okay, Hun. Almost home.

He starts the van. Takes out his phone and dials David. To his surprise, the phone rings quite nearby -- 20 feet away.

Where Andy is standing, vest on, position revealed. **BAPBAP**. He shoots Pearl from cover -- hitting him in the shoulder --

But Pearl floors the van, swerves directly at Andy --

Who can barely dive out of the way before -- *SMASH* -- the van pancakes into a parked car.

Andy skids across the pavement, rolls to a crouch, **BAPBAP**. Two through the driver's window.

He runs to the window -- driver's seat empty -- hears commotion in the back of the van, and the back door open.

He drops to his belly, taking aim as Pearl's feet appear at the back of the van. But just before he fires.

Liz's feet appear. Pearl has her clutched.

He circles the van, gun leveled, now seeing Pearl holding Liz at gunpoint. He freezes. Heaving, manic...

PEARL (CONT'D)
Really? Really? You're gonna shoot past her head? Fuck you. You did this. This is your fault.

Andy, out of options, lowers his gun.

PEARL (CONT'D)
Yeah. Yeah.

Then -- a RUMBLE as a car zooms into the lot behind them.

Pearl flinches, taking Liz off gunpoint.

BAPBAP. Andy shoots him in the face. He removes the bandana from Liz's mouth and holds her.

ANDY
I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry. Did they hurt you?

LIZ
No. I dunno.

As he unties her, the car's driver gets out: Katie Martin. She's guilty, but before she can say anything --

ANDY
Where is he?

KATIE
Inside.

ANDY
Bring her over to UCLA Medical.

Andy looks at the ELEVATORS.

LIZ
You can't leave me again. Please.
Please don't leave me again. You
don't have to do this! I know who
you are, this is not who you are!

But his hands are starting to chug.

KATIE
Where are you going?

Andy turns to the elevator --

ANDY
I have to kill a wolf.

INT. 6TH FLOOR. VARIOUS. FEDERAL CREDIT UNION. SAME.

In the **VAULT** Gamen and Mack are filling duffel bags of cash. They have a line of them for ready transport.

In the **MAIN ROOM**, Spec is watching security monitors. A digital map of the elevators shows movement.

In the **HALLWAY**, an elevator is coming up.

SPEC

Hey!

Gamen yells back from the vault.

GAMEN

What?

SPEC

There's an elevator stopped on 6.

They're almost finished.

GAMEN

Go check it out.

Spec gulps, slings his CARBINE to low ready, heads to the...

INT. HALLWAY. SAME.

20 feet from the closed elevator door. 10. He's at it.

SPEC (AT THE DOOR)

We're conducting a security
exercise. This floor is closed.

Nothing. A long beat of nothing. He takes a step back.

The elevator doors open. Spec aims for a chest shot.

From his angle, he can't see anyone inside. No movement.

The doors closing...

Andy's gun juts out at ground level--

BAPBAP. He hits Spec in the gut. Spec doubles over.

In the **VAULT**, Gamen and Mack drop their bags, sling their Carbines and sprint out.

The last thing Spec sees is Andy, walking towards him --
BAPBAP. Spec's head sends an arc of blood across the ceiling.

Andy puts another round --**BAP**-- into Spec's dead body as he passes it en route to the...

INT. CREDIT UNION MAIN ROOM. SAME.

Andy takes cover at the door, deep breath. Then--

He fires two shots -- **BAPBAP** -- as he dives into the room --

Mack lets out a spray -- **BRAPP** -- of bullets that rip the wall and just miss--

Andy as he scrambles behind a PILLAR.

Mack unloads on it-- paint chips and plaster explode into dust under a hail storm of bullets.

The instant Mack lets up, Andy moves again -- tailed by gunfire and aftermath--

Diving behind the Teller's counter. After a hellish echo...

MACK

Give it up, Dog. Toss your weapon
or I'm just gonna walk you down.

Behind the counter, Andy is crouched, scrambling for something in the drawers.

MACK (CONT'D)

Sig's no match for me and this rifle. Toss your weapon.

ANDY

Think about it, Mack. You wanna be tied to him forever? Two can keep a secret if one 'em is dead.

Andy's buying time. From his vantage point, he can see through the open door and down the hallway...

MACK

I am not fucking around. You have three seconds. One. Two.

ANDY

Okay. Here it comes.

From over the counter, something flies towards Mack--

A BUNDLE OF WRAPPED BILLS.

It lands at his feet. On Mack: *What the fuck?* But--

From the other side of the counter, Andy throws SOMETHING as hard as he can OUT the bank's door--

We follow the object's path as it flies down the hall--
 Until it hits the ground, skipping further--
 And we clock it: The metal BASE of a DYE PACK. Skip. Skip.
 Skip. And when it hits critical distance--
 The money at Mack's feet explodes in an aerosol of smoke, dye
 and Tear Gas. Andy pops up -- **BAPBAP**-- shoots Mack dead.

As Andy emerges from cover --

THWACK. He drops. Shot. Edge of the right abdomen, through
 and through, bleeding from the entry and exit wounds.

His pistol falls out of his hands, clatters across the floor.
 Gamen emerges, with a duffle of cash, PISTOL trained on Andy.

ANDY (CONT'D)
 My fucking house? My wife?

GAMEN
 Current wife.

Andy crawls for his gun, but Gamen kicks it away.

GAMEN (CONT'D)
 Hey. Relax. You're losing blood.

ANDY
 I'm gonna kill you...

GAMEN
 You would kill me, wouldn't you,
 you little rat?

ANDY
 I'm not a rat. They bugged me. I
 was trying to tell you. I had no
 idea.

Andy looks past Gamen.

GAMEN
 What?

ANDY
 I didn't know. They bugged my vest.

GAMEN
 Oh yeah? It's not just the obvious?
 That you want to fucking be me? You
 took everything from me. I treated
 you like a son.

ANDY

Like your son? Who fucking left
you. Just like your wife did.
Nobody ever took anything from you.
You gave it away. Real fucking
alpha shit, Boss.

Gamen pistol whips him.

GAMEN

You're not doing the exact same
thing? Look around, cocksucker.
Look where you chose to be. Is your
wife here? Or did you wanna win?

Andy, through blood, glares at Gamen.

GAMEN (CONT'D)

Yeah. I saved you. I was offering
you 30 years of being alive and you
spit in my --

In a FLASH -- Andy dives for the gun -- **THWACK**. Gamen shoots
inches from Andy's hand. He's pinned, bleeding.

GAMEN (CONT'D)

Impulse control, Son!

Gamen is almost enjoying the sport of it.

GAMEN (CONT'D)

You ok?

Andy, struggling hard, glances past Gamen once more.

ANDY

I'm alive.

GAMEN

That's what we've been going after
the whole time, right?

ANDY

But so are you... And you know it.

Gamen considers this, growing angrier as Andy dissects him.

ANDY (CONT'D)

It's ending. You put in everything
to win... it's not enough. You
still lost... Because when you walk
out of here, you're dead forever.
No matter how long you live. You're
a joke with nothing to show --

THWACK. Gamen fires into Andy's armor. Andy gasps for breath.

GAMEN
Are you done?

ANDY
You don't measure up...

Gamen kicks him in the head. Blood slicks across the floor.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Just a limp old joke.

Gamen snaps. Kicks him again, but--

Andy catches his boot, ankle picks Gamen to the ground, sending his gun skittering across the floor.

A wrestling match, gouging eyes and fish hooking -- the fight of both of their lives.

On top of Andy -- Gamen grabs Andy's nearby pistol, but Andy grabs Gamen's arm, holding it extended.

BAP. An errant shot. Both of their fingers on the trigger.

Andy weakening, Gamen tilts the gun barrel towards him.

In a last gasp, Andy slips his thumb inside the chain around Gamen's neck -- garrotes Gamen with his own badge.

Eyes bulging, losing air, Gamen jams his free hand into Andy's abdomen wound.

Andy winces, pulling harder and harder on Gamen's chain--

The extended pistol deadlocked between their two arms. Gamen's winning, his wrist tilting towards Andy.

BAP. *The ground an inch from Andy explodes.*

But Gamen -- millimeters from a shot at Andy's gut -- is turning blue, the chain biting into his neck.

Just before the barrel of the pistol aims at Andy--

The chain *SNAPS*. Whiplash. As their heads collide, smacking --

BAP.BAP. They both realize at once what just happened.

The pistol tight in Andy's hand. His finger on the trigger.

Fresh bullet wounds in Gamen's gut.

Gamen falls off of Andy. Both men bleeding and heaving, they stare at each other.

Andy climbs to his feet. Looks past Gamen again and we see what he's been looking at. The clock.

GAMEN

What?

DING. The elevator is coming up.

GAMEN (CONT'D)

What'd you call the fucking cops?

Andy throws him David's phone. Shakes his head no.

ANDY

Said there was an inside man at a bank. People came running.

Just before he exits, he drops the GUN and kicks it to Gamen.

GAMEN

What're you doing?

Andy runs to the STAIRCASE. As the door closes behind him--

The elevator stops at 6. The doors open. It's not the cops. It's not the FBI.

It's the Armenian Mob, a half dozen of them. Opening their coats. Revealing all of their guns. Led by Roman Akhavan.

A beat of confusion as Gamen and Akhavan see each other. Gamen almost smiles, realizing what this is.

As he draws the gun--

SMASH TO:

A HEART BEAT MONITOR. It's beeping steady. We're in...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. EVENING. WEEKS LATER.

Andy's in bed, tubes snaking out of his arms. Paul Rea is there, apparently recovered.

PAUL

You're sure you're finished?

ANDY

Positive.

He holds his rock steady hand. Maybe he really believes this.

PAUL

I'm ASAC now: I can promise you a desk.

Andy shakes his head. As Paul leaves--

PAUL (CONT'D)

One last thing. Our inventory is done and it seems like--

I/E. MIDDLE SCHOOL. DAY. NON LINEAR

A delivery truck unloads pallets of BOXES out front. Teachers and Staff are watching, surprised.

PAUL (V.O.)

Somehow, a bunch of cash from the vault got out of the building.

Liz sees it through the CLASSROOM window. Boxes keep coming.

PAUL (V.O.)

We'll track it down, but do you have any tips on where to look?

INT. CLASSROOM. LATER. NON LINEAR

The students open the boxes -- TABLETS. Enough for the whole school. The DRIVER is at Liz's door.

DRIVER

Liz Walsh? Need you to sign.

ANDY (V.O.)

Let me share something I've learned the hard way. Let it go.

When he hands her the form, she sees who sent them:

The Good Wolf.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY. DAYS LATER.

Andy looks up, pleasantly surprised by Liz entering. Hi.

LIZ

I've been trying to come--

ANDY

Liz, you don't owe me anything.

LIZ

I've been trying to come. I make it
as far as the hallway--

Moving some Jello off his tray.

LIZ (CONT'D)

But every time I'm about to turn
the corner and enter this room, I
just cannot decide...

She squeezes his hand.

ANDY

On what?

LIZ

If you're coming back. Or if you
really are someone else entirely?

ANDY

For now, can I be someone else?

Both melting, he kisses her hand, pulling her on top of him --

ANDY (CONT'D)

This might be risky.

LIZ

If anything goes wrong we're
already in the hospital. You okay?

ANDY

I'm alive.

They kiss passionately. They're in Reagan Hospital at UCLA. A high room with a view. Out the window, in the distance...

EXT./ESTAB. FBI HEADQUARTERS. FEDERAL BUILDING. SAME.

People stream in and out. Business as usual. Then: an ARMORED TRUCK rolls up. Stops at a red light.

Behind it, a Cleaning Van pulls up. Maybe sinister, maybe innocuous. We don't know.

The light changes. The Truck continues and the Van follows, no longer in frame when we...

SMASH TO BLACK.