

GOLD DUST WOMAN

Written by

Josh Baizer

INT. OLD TOWN BAR - MANHATTAN - AFTERNOON

ROY ORBISON ECHOES over the nearly empty, musty, dark bar. It's the definition of 'old school'.

We move down the scarred mahogany bar top, past a century of sports memorabilia and an ANCIENT BARTENDER to -

INT. BACK ROOM - OLD TOWN BAR - CONTINUOUS

TWO MEN have lunch in an antique booth.

The older has his back to the wall. BARNEY 'POP' CONLAN, SR. (mid-70s, muscular). He's fought hard for everything he has.

Across from him is his son, BARNEY JR. (early 40s). Larger, but softer. He's fought hard to maintain his tan.

THE NEXT BOOTH OVER - The guard dog, TIMMY CULLEN (late 40s, huge, boxer's nose). He reads the New York Post with one eye - the other fixed on the door.

They eat in silence. Junior pauses to watch his dad, agitated. Waiting on an answer to a question we just missed.

Every move Senior makes is considered, calm. Like a coiled snake. Not once does he make eye contact with his son.

JUNIOR

Dad... so what do you think?

Senior grunts, takes another sip. BELCHES.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

We get a card room or two going in Brooklyn. We might actually start pulling a real profit...

Senior's face darkens... Timmy glances over, like a dog sensing his master's mood.

Senior continues to eat through clenched teeth, grunts again.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Lots of bored hipsters looking to blow off steam. Easily bump our profits up a quarter mil a month -

Senior's knife SCRAPES the plate. His blood rising.

CONLAN, SR.

Brooklyn ain't our territory.

Junior smirks. Further enraging his father.

JUNIOR

I know. That's why I reached out to Jimmy C. He's interested in a deal. Sixty, forty split.

Senior glares at him as he takes a gulp of his beer.

CONLAN, SR.

You went around me to an outsider... and then asked for permission as an afterthought.

JUNIOR

Come on. You've known Jimmy for thirty years -

CONLAN, SR.

I still run this fucking business. And I say things are running fine the way they are.

JUNIOR

No. We gotta find ways to expand this fucking business if you don't want to run it into the ground.

Timmy looks askance at father and son as -

Senior BOILS OVER - SLAMS the table with his fist - trembles with rage. The Bartender glance over cautiously.

CONLAN, SR.

Do not stir the fucking pot for a few extra bucks.

A beat as he tries to calm himself -

CONLAN, SR. (CONT'D)

Jimmy's a friend, but you don't know him like I do. In a few months, he'll want more than forty and when we can't tell him no, how you think that's gonna make us look? Huh? Fucking genius.

JUNIOR

I'm trying to keep us above water, Pop. It ain't a few extra bucks... we're missing out on millions and surviving off crumbs. Why the hell'd you send me to b-school anyway - ?

CONLAN, SR.

Just leave this shit to me. Do not go around me -

JUNIOR

The books are a mess, you've got 30-year-old open debts worth at least two mil. Between that, the online gambling and the Indian casinos we're bleeding to death.

Senior COUGHS. KEEPS COUGHING. His face TURNING PURPLE.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

We need to organize our books and expand or there won't be much left for me or your grandkids.

Timmy appears with a glass of water, hands it to Senior. He knocks it to the floor, enraged. The glass SHATTERS.

He angrily points at his son as he rises out of his seat - his eyes go wide as he clutches at his left arm.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Dad... ?

Senior freezes, his face a rictus of pain and shock. HE STAGGERS OUT OF THE BOOTH, TRIPS OVER A CHAIR... FALLS TO THE FLOOR... AND IMPALES HIS NECK ON THE BROKEN GLASS. DEAD.

INT. LIVING ROOM - BARNEY SR.'S HOME - BRONX - AFTERNOON

Senior's cold dead face stares up from a coffin.

His wake is in progress. Mostly ELDERLY MOURNERS in their Sunday best drinking and mingling around his humble, understated/working class living room.

ACROSS THE ROOM - Junior stands beside a table piled high with food, surveying the crowd. His WIFE - ANN (30s, attractive) is dutifully beside him, playing host as -

AN OLD WOMAN approaches Junior with the aid of a walker.

OLD WOMAN

Your father. He was a good man.

Junior barely registers her presence, much to Ann's chagrin. She looks to Junior, willing him to acknowledge the woman.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

He really cared about his community-

Junior's TWIN BOYS (11, chubby & ferrel) appear at the buffet beside them, aggressively shoveling COOKIES into their maws.

The old woman is appalled as she watches Ann manage both situations. Junior is completely distracted.

ANN

(to the woman)

Thank you... Jack, Bobby. Put those down, dammit.

Ann nudges Junior. He finally half-heartedly acknowledges the woman as he NOTICES SOMETHING OF INTEREST ACROSS THE ROOM.

JUNIOR

Great. Thanks.

The offended woman begins to shuffle away as Junior turns to Timmy... lingering behind them, eating.

Junior motions Timmy over, whispers in his ear.

ACROSS THE ROOM

AN OLD MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR - HIRAM GREY (70s, weathered). Oxygen tubes snake from his nose to a tank - which doesn't stop him from enjoying a Marlboro and a scotch.

He's having an animated conversation with TWO OLDTIMERS...

HIRAM

... so I say, 'How do you feel about sex?' She says, 'I like it infrequently.'

He looks around dramatically, wide-eyed. Storyteller mode. His friends are already giggling like kids.

HIRAM (CONT'D)

So I say... I say... 'Is that one word or two?' -

They all ROAR WITH LAUGHTER - which abruptly ends as Timmy spins him towards Junior. Hiram can only hang on, confused... as he sees Junior, eyeing him with a predatory smile.

INT. THE THIRD RAIL - WOODLAWN, BRONX - EVENING

A huge, raucous Irish pub in the heart of the last remaining purely Irish stronghold in NYC.

A MURAL BEHIND THE BAR: *Hardhat wearing miners dig a tunnel under the Empire State Building. Their work lit by a subway train behind them.*

AT THE BAR - A FEW YOUNG, MUSCLEBOUND, OFF-DUTY NYPD RECRUITS in NYPD t-shirts and 'high n' tight' military-style haircuts jockey for space. They vie for the attention of A LONE FEMALE BARTENDER - STEVIE GREY (early 30s, an old soul just this side of an existential crisis).

She ignores them, instead points to a GREY-HAIRED GUY STUCK BEHIND THE CROWD.

STEVIE

Pete! Jameson comin' up.

A FEW OF THE YOUNG COPS GROAN as PETE wades towards the bar.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Relax, you'll get your load on.

Stevie pours. A ROOKIE COP (early 20s) glares at Pete.

ROOKIE COP

What's with the special treatment?

An OLDER COP chimes in.

OLDER COP

Relax. It's a Sandhogs bar. We're second class citizens.

OFF DUTY ROOKIE COP

What the fuck is a 'Sandhog'?

Stevie points to the mural w/out looking as she serves Pete.

STEVIE

You risk your life digging tunnels
800-feet under this shithole city,
you get to the front of the line.

She looks expectantly at the Off Duty Rookie Cop.

ROOKIE COP

Finally. Two Long Islands...

Something catches Stevie's eye over his shoulder. Her look turns menacing as she moves around the bar, into the crowd -

ROOKIE COP (CONT'D)

Jesus, what the fuck now?

She could care less as she stalks towards a MIDDLE-AGED COP WITH A QUESTIONABLE MUSTACHE in a bad detective's suit. He leans against a wall, putting his best moves on a COLLEGE-AGED GIRL IN YOGA PANTS.

STEVIE

DANNY.

Danny doesn't hear her, keeps close-talking with the girl... who begins to grow concerned as she clocks Stevie's approach.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

DETECTIVE DICKHEAD.

Danny finally turns.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Three months back child support and you've got the stones to come here.

DANNY

I can drink where I please.

She eyes Yoga Pants -

STEVIE

He also sticks his dick where he pleases.

Yoga Pants quietly slips away into the crowd.

DANNY

Thanks, Stevie.

STEVIE

Seriously though. You've got some fucking nerve. The money's one thing, but you missed Alex's game. You know how excited he was for you to be there.

Danny holds up a hand in surrender.

DANNY

I fucked up. I'm sorry. What do you want from me?

STEVIE

To at least pretend to care and tell him that yourself. He was in tears.

Danny actually softens a bit, takes this in.

DANNY

Shit.

STEVIE

In a few years he's gonna be a teenage asshole who wants nothing to do with you, so maybe put in the time now?

DANNY

You're right. I'll make more of an effort. You happy?

STEVIE

Great. Now where the hell is the child support?

He reaches into a pocket, holds up a folded check...

DANNY

Sorry it's late, things are tight -

Stevie happily takes it, then turns suspicious.

STEVIE

Too easy. What do you want?

Danny takes some mock offense...

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Come on. Losing tips by the second.

DANNY

I can't watch Alex on the seventh. Gotta work.

STEVIE

Bullshit. What did I just say?

DANNY

Stevie, it's work -

STEVIE

Real job or dirty job? Cuz I know those rich assholes aren't opening their casino of perversion the morning of the fucking marathon.

Danny tries to quiet her down.

DANNY

Stevie... will you please... The department's all hands on deck for race security. Even Detectives.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

Which means after I do the damn race that morning, I gotta go fill in and babysit those idiots on the casino skeleton crew for the afternoon. That day's shot.

STEVIE

You know the bars are packed during the marathon. I need the cash. Especially with you ducking checks.

DANNY

Extra shifts, mean more money.

Stevie's boiling.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Come on, take the day off. Take him to watch.

STEVIE

You see my name on the sign outside?

DANNY

Just leave him with your Dad.

STEVIE

He'd be better off with coyotes.

Danny shrugs, moves to leave - used to getting his way.

DANNY

Well, figure it out. Gotta go.

She unfolds the check -

STEVIE

This is only two payments.

Danny smiles rakishly, shrugs.

DANNY

Can't squeeze blood from a stone.

She watches him leave.

STEVIE

ASSHOLE.

EXT. WOODLAWN, BRONX - LATE NIGHT

Rain falls over a line of modest yet impeccably maintained two-story row houses, tightly packed in side-by-side.

EXT. HIRAM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Stevie shakes out her umbrella as she climbs the stoop of the lone eyesore on the block.

We can HEAR THE SOUNDS OF FLEETWOOD MAC'S 'TUSK' BLARING FROM INSIDE. She shakes her head in frustration -

INT. LIVING ROOM - STEVIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Chaotic and LOUD. The FLEETWOOD MAC BLASTS FROM AN OLD 8-TRACK STEREO. It competes with OCEAN'S 11 on the TV.

The remains of McDonald's on the stained coffee table.

STEVIE

Great... DAD? ALEX?

She mutes the tv... Dials 'Tusk' down.

ON THE WALL - she passes an OLD PHOTO OF A MUD-COVERED SANDHOG IN HIS 50s in mining gear. A cigarette hangs from his mouth as he holds up a BUNDLE OF DYNAMITE with a smile.

ANOTHER PHOTO of the SAME GUY, OLDER NOW - with A GUY in his 20s, BOTH IN HARDHATS. The resemblance is uncanny. Both are in a dark tunnel - in front of a MASSIVE TUNNELING MACHINE.

She HEARS A BOY'S GIGGLING, follows it to...

INT. DEN - HIRAM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

An old school, wood paneled room. The walls are covered in SANDHOG MEMORABILIA. Battle-scarred hardhats hang on pegs... an antique dynamite blasting plunger on a shelf...

Hiram is in his wheelchair. Large glass of whiskey in one hand, cigarette hanging out of his mouth. He's the older guy from the photo on the wall & the old guy we met at the wake.

ALEX (9) is huddled in front of him looking at a GLASS JAR in Hiram's free hand. He's wearing a BASEBALL JERSEY.

ALEX

Whoa.

STEVIE
'Whoa' what?

Hiram makes an unsuccessful attempt to hide the jar.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Jesus, Dad -

HIRAM
He's old enough.

ALEX
Yeah, I'm old enough.

STEVIE
How about when you're climbing into
bed with me because of nightmares.

She grabs the jar from Hiram... A SEVERED BIG TOE IS FLOATING
IN FORMALDEHYDE.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Gave me nightmares as a kid.

HIRAM
He wanted to know the story about
the good luck charm.

Hiram drunkenly pulls a necklace from his sweat-stained shirt
- A SMALL TARNISHED MEDALLION HANGS OFF THE CHAIN - A SAINT.

HIRAM (CONT'D)
(to Alex)
Saint Barbara. Patron Saint of
Miners.

ALEX
Whoa.

HIRAM
Was wearin' her during that cave-
in. I was lucky I only lost a toe.
Some other guys...

He shrugs and crosses himself as Stevie glances around.

STEVIE
Where's Liz?

HIRAM
I told her to go home.

ALEX
We wanted a boys night.

She sighs at the whiskey. Checks the time.

STEVIE
Christ. Alex, it's after midnight.
Time to hit the hay.

He sulks.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
How was baseball practice?

ALEX
It was fine.

STEVIE
Fine? That's it?

Alex shrugs. Sullen.

ALEX
I want to see Grandpa's toe again.

STEVIE
No more toe. No more 'whoa'.

He sulks but complies. As he departs...

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Don't forget your teeth.

As he leaves... she turns to Hiram.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Since when is practice 'fine'?

HIRAM
Since his dad doesn't appear to
give a shit.

Stevie changes the subject - hefts the jar.

STEVIE
What the hell are you thinking?

HIRAM
At his age, I was hangin' out with
your grandpa in the Hoghouse.

STEVIE
You were also smoking, drinking and
screwing.

She tosses the embalmed reliquary back to him. He drunkenly
sings to 'Dreams', now blasting on the 8-track.

HIRAM

... Thunder only happens when it's
rainin'... players only love you
when they're playin'...

(beat)

Come on, you used to love singin'
this with me.

She shakes her head.

HIRAM (CONT'D)

It was no accident you were born a
girl. I willed it. I even bet on
it... 'a grand my second is a girl.
And I'm namin' her Stevie.'

STEVIE

Still don't know how Mom let that
fly. Stevie Nicks and Lindsey
Buckingham were lovers. You
remember the shit we got in
school...

HIRAM

Made you tough. Fuck... I thought
you'd be the first lady Sandhog.
You had a knack for the demo.
Remember when I'd sneak you onto
the site? You learned exactly where
to place those explosives...

He drunkenly laughs...

STEVIE

... sure, only after your ten year
old daughter nearly turned the East
Village into a mound of rubble.

He LAUGHS EVEN LOUDER as Stevie rolls her eyes. Takes this as
her cue to leave -

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Dad of the year. Fun times. Don't
forget to head to bed, I don't want
him seeing you passed out in the
morning.

Hiram grabs her hand. He suddenly looks near tears.

HIRAM

I've told you the story about this
necklace, right?

STEVIE
About five-hundred times...

HIRAM
That cave-in was hell on earth.
Second Avenue line.

STEVIE
Again, I've heard this story -

HIRAM
I bet you never heard that Pop
Conlan was one of the guys I pulled
from under that collapsed crane.

She narrows her eyes.

HIRAM (CONT'D)
...It was before he was a boss.
Convinced him he wasn't cut out for
the underground.

Stevie's trying to figure out where this is going

HIRAM (CONT'D)
When your Mom passed... I wasn't in
the best shape.

STEVIE
How could I forget?

Hiram looks away, ashamed.

HIRAM
More than the drinking... I was
gambling. A lot. One morning I was
still on a bender from the night
before... walked into one of those
backroom casinos. One of those
speakeasies on Katonah...
(beat)
I woke up hugging a toilet in back
two days later. Found out I gambled
everything away. Her life
insurance. One-hundred-fifty grand.

Stevie takes a seat, stunned. He gulps more whiskey, still
can't meet Stevie's eyes - which are filled with disbelief.

HIRAM (CONT'D)
Luckily, Pop owned that dive. When
he found out what'd happened... he
didn't forget how I saved his ass.

STEVIE
So, he forgave the debt...

HIRAM
Better. He let me walk with my
money but hung onto the marker.
Froze it and the vig on the
condition that I never step into a
casino again.

She glares at him. Pained.

HIRAM (CONT'D)
I never placed a bet again.

Stevie reacts. Shock and dismay at this family secret.

HIRAM (CONT'D)
Pop Conlan died yesterday. Now his
asshole son wants to make an
example out of me and everyone else
Pop took pity on.

Stevie's eyes narrow as Hiram drains the rest of his whiskey.

HIRAM (CONT'D)
Always hated that spoiled fucker.
Especially after Lindsey -

STEVIE
Fucking focus.

Hiram finally blurts it out.

HIRAM
He unfroze the debt and the vig.

Stevie's face is full of rage.

HIRAM (CONT'D)
This was thirty years ago. I was
scared. Had no idea how to take
care of you kids -

STEVIE
What do we owe?

HIRAM
This is on me -

She pragmatically appraises him and his wheelchair.

STEVIE
How. Much. Do. We. Owe?

EXT. O'MALLEY'S HARDWARE - WOODLAWN - LATER

A LARGE MAN puffs on a huge cigar under the store awning as he shelters from the rain. AN EARPIECE in his ear.

He watches impassively as Stevie trudges up the sidewalk to him. She's drenched - looks homeless.

LARGE MAN
This ain't a shelter -

STEVIE
I need to speak with Junior.

She looks up to a SECURITY CAMERA above the door - it's red light blinking as it focuses on her.

LARGE MAN
He don't want to speak with you -

She gets in his face - violent as a woman on her last nerve.

STEVIE
You Stay Puft fat fuck
motherfucker. Let me the fuck in.

He's legitimately frightened and hurt, near tears -

LARGE MAN
Please lady. Just doin' my job. No
need to get so personal -

He pauses mid-stream as he hears something in his ear. THE DOOR BUZZES... he pulls it open and lets her in. Relieved to be done with her as she shoots him one last crazy glare.

INT. O'MALLEY'S HARDWARE - CONTINUOUS

She steps into the old-school shop. Dusty shelves covered in piles of home-improvement merchandise. It's a junk maze.

A BOUNCER reads a book as he sits on a stool near the back door marked 'EMPLOYEES ONLY'.

He nods her through the door.

INT. UNDERGROUND CASINO - CONTINUOUS

Stevie steps into what would've been the warehouse space for the store... now a highly illegal casino operation.

MEN AND WOMEN pack the SLOTS, POKER MACHINES & CARD TABLES. A FEW PEOPLE obsess over HORSE RACING on big screen TV's.

ANOTHER BOUNCER stands in front of a door marked 'OFFICE'.

INT. OFFICE - JUNIOR'S CASINO - MOMENTS LATER

CASINO SOUNDS bleed into the room as she stands in front of a desk. Behind her, Timmy stands imposingly by the door.

STEVIE

Please accept my condolences. But ten points a week on 150k from thirty years ago? He's 70 and on his last legs.

REVEAL - Junior is seated across from her, leaning back in his expensive Herman Miller chair. Lazily checks his phone.

ACROSS THE ROOM - THREE OF HIS GUYS (A MOTLEY CREW OF IRISH THUGS) are seated on couches, looking just as bored.

She leans on the desk, prompting Timmy to inch forward -

STEVIE (CONT'D)

You know very well that he's not gonna raise one dime. You're making me pay for this idiotic mistake he made when I was a toddler. At this rate, it's going to take me my entire life to pay this off.

A long beat as she catches her breath, waits for a response as she wipes her wet hair from her eyes.

A TEXT DINGS on Junior's phone. He smirks before responding. CLICK-CLICK is all we hear over the AMBIENT CASINO SOUNDS. He sends his text with a WHOOSH - looks back to Stevie.

JUNIOR

Your son... Alex, right?

Stevie nods, confused.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Alex'll probably be paying me for the rest of his life, too.

She's wide-eyed with barely contained fury.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
 We're all paying for the sins of
 our fathers... I guess you're just
literally paying for yours.

He LAUGHS... his guys join in.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
 Dad's sin was weakness. People
 took advantage. People like Hiram -

STEVIE
 Hiram saved your father's life. It
 wasn't worth a hundred and fifty
 thousand dollars?

JUNIOR
 If I let you off now, I look as
 weak as Dad was.
 (beat)
 Look, back in the day, he was the
 Big Bad Wolf... then he got soft.
 Business went down the tubes. Now I
 gotta send a message to the
 deadbeats and get some capital back
 on the books. Sadly, your dad's
 part of a larger message that we're
 no longer to be fucked with. An
 example for the greater good.

STEVIE
 Whose greater good?

JUNIOR
 Mine. Economy's garbage, even for
 us criminals.

STEVIE
 You can't make us pay -

JUNIOR
 I can and you will.

Timmy CRACKS HIS NECK.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
 Just be happy I'm honoring Pop's
 memory and starting the vig now and
 not tacking on 30 years.

STEVIE
 So generous... It's not enough
 Lindsey got locked up for life
 because of you and that meat stick.

She motions to Timmy.

JUNIOR
Your brother knew what he was into.
So did your dad.

Stevie knows it's now useless... suddenly comes to a realization.

STEVIE
This is like that time on the
playground when we were kids, isn't
it?

JUNIOR
Excuse me?

STEVIE
Oh come on, Junior. Don't pretend
you don't remember.

She looks to his guys.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
When you fell off the swings and
shit your pants in front of
everyone... ?

Junior stares at her, wide-eyed - trying to play it off...

STEVIE (CONT'D)
And then you were more of an
asshole than usual for a few weeks
until you thought we all were
afraid of you again?

His guys trade looks, suppress smiles.

JUNIOR
No idea what you're talking about.

Clearly, he does. She smiles sadistically.

STEVIE
You know... Hiram's real sin was
saving your dad's life. The world
could've surely done without
another Conlan being born.

Timmy and the rest of his guys look stunned. Junior
twitches... before going back to his phone.

She savors his reaction.

JUNIOR

This time next week, you'll be in the hole for 165. Time literally is money.

She nods to herself, moves to leave.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Call that ex of yours... Maybe he can pocket a couple hundred grand from those billionaires' got him on a leash.

She turns one last time, her turn to be stung.

STEVIE

You know, your dad wasn't weak. He just knew how to take care of his own.

She finally goes to the door.

TIMMY

Say 'hi' to your brother for me.

STEVIE

I'm sure you'll see him yourself some day soon.

With that, she's out the door and back into the casino.

INT. HIRAM'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Stevie enters, completely drenched and exhausted.

Hiram's asleep, SNORING in front of the TV. Nearly empty whiskey bottle on the table.

Stevie collapses on the couch beside him... takes a swig as she looks to the TV: Clooney and Pitt trading cool-guy snark in another OCEAN'S MOVIE.

She takes another swig as she watches... growing more focused on the movie by the second. Her eyes show a growing spark.

INT. STEVIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Stevie frantically looks through her closet - tossing books to the floor, searching for something.

INT. ALEX'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Stevie drunkenly tiptoes into the room, careful not to wake her sleeping son. She looks through his desk, retrieves a set of colorful markers... a lined notebook...

INT. STEVIE'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING

The sun's just rising as we find Stevie sprawled across her bed. She furiously writes/sketches in the notebook with her son's markers. A woman possessed.

EXT. NY PUBLIC LIBRARY MAIN BRANCH - MANHATTAN - MORNING

The iconic edifice on 5th Ave & 42nd Street. She passes the lion sculptures as she heads up the steps.

INT. NY PUBLIC LIBRARY MAIN BRANCH - MOMENTS LATER

Morning light streams through vaulted windows, illuminating the stately interior. PEOPLE quietly work at dimly lit desks.

She clutches her notebook as she heads towards - 'The Division of Art & Architecture'

INT. DIVISION OF ART & ARCHITECTURE - LATER

A HELPFUL LIBRARIAN brings her a massive book labeled '1920 - 1930'. She places it down in front of Stevie, who opens it.

CLOSE ON THE BOOK - Filled with architectural diagrams... she flips to 'WILLIAMSBURGH SAVINGS BANK TOWER - 1927'.

Stevie's eyes light up.

EXT. SING-SING CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - NEW YORK - MORNING

The imposing maximum security prison on the Hudson River.

INT. VISITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stevie sits at a glass-enclosed cubicle. She looks like shit. Exhausted, nervously clutching her dog-eared notebook.

A LOUD BUZZ... then the sound of an IRON GATE SLIDING OPEN.

LINDSEY GREY (mid-30s, lean & tired) skeptically strides into view. Stops at the glass. Pauses as he sees Stevie. We realize he's the younger 'Hog from the photo on Hiram's wall.

She avoids his gaze as he takes a seat on the other side of the glass. She grabs the phone... But he pauses. Preferring to eye her smugly for a long beat.

She awkwardly rolls her eyes, prompting him to finally pick up... but he refuses to speak. Continues to smirk.

STEVIE
(filtered)
Hey.

He stays silent.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Come on, Lindsey.

He looks at her skeptically.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
What do you want? An apology?

LINDSEY
You haven't visited me once in five years. I know Dad ain't dead.

STEVIE
Pop Conlan passed.

LINDSEY
I heard. And that Dad's into Junior for 150.

STEVIE
(perplexed)
Word travels fast.

Lindsey nods a couple cubicles over to a LARGE SKINHEAD sporting a WOODY WOODPECKER-ESQUE TATTOO.

LINDSEY
I'm good with the Peckerwoods. Aryans like to gossip. They're also tight with Junior.

Stevie absorbs this.

STEVIE
Racists and assholes do tend to stick together...

LINDSEY
 You both treat me like a pariah.
 Now you show up cuz you're in
 trouble? Fuck both of you.

STEVIE
 You know why you're a pariah.

They stare at each other... unresolved business.

LINDSEY
 I make 50 cents an hour in the wood-
 shop, will that make a dent?

Stevie tries to keep her voice down.

STEVIE
 (sheepish)
 I want you to help me...

LINDSEY
 I can't hear you -

STEVIE
 (low)
 ... Help me plan a robbery.

She holds up her notebook - opens it to show SCRIBBLED PLANS.

Lindsey turns beet red in a panic - covers the mouth piece of
 the phone as he glances nervously to the GUARDS... stares
 daggers at Stevie as he finally picks up the phone - LAUGHS.

LINDSEY
 Always such a comedian...

He GLARES - MOUTHS 'SHUT UP' as he indicates the phone... and
 A BOOTH AT THE END OF THE ROW - A FEW GUARDS sit inside, all
 wearing headphones. Listening to visitation conversations.

STEVIE
 This is important.

LINDSEY
 (low)
 You want to end up in here with me?

STEVIE
 We are fucked. By spring we're
 gonna owe half a million -

LINDSEY
 Sis -

STEVIE
 You want this hanging over Alex
 too? He'll end up in here too.

Lindsey looks to the BOOTH, THE GUARDS LISTENING.

LINDSEY
 Don't be a stranger -

He moves to hang up... Stevie musters her voice -

STEVIE
 (sheepish/awkward)
 Meeso... Teeteetee.

Lindsey freezes... before pulling the phone back to his ear.

LINDSEY
 Are you fucking kidding me?

STEVIE
 Meeso. La tee so' ray, La' lala
 soso ray tee somee la so.

LINDSEY
 (low)
 I haven't spoken this pidgin
 gibberish since we were kids... I
 can barely understand you...

Lindsey instinctively looks to the Guards. Before offering
 his own sheepish, rusty response...

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
 Teeso... teeso sotee tee teeteefa?

NEARBY PRISONERS eye him strangely. He smiles back awkwardly.

STEVIE
 Lasoso Tee Lala.

He stares at her wide-eyed, nearly drops the phone.

LINDSEY
 Are you fucking crazy or did I not
 understand that last part?

She stares him in the eye as she reveals the last bit.

STEVIE
 ... Sofa ray sososo.

He shakes his head 'NO'. She matches with an emphatic 'YES'.

He holds the phone to his ear, closes his eyes in frustration.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
With our without your help... I got
no choice but to try.

He shakes his head at her... leading to a VERY LONG STARING
CONTEST. She's refusing to budge one bit.

A LOUD CLICK - then the VOICE OF A GUARD interrupts.

GUARD (O.S.)
(via phone)
One minute remaining.

He shakes his head one last time before -

LINDSEY
Go find Joe Coyle. He's got
experience with this type of shit.

Her face falls at the mention of Joe.

STEVIE
Nonononono. No fucking way -

LINDSEY
He owes me... and it's the only way
you won't get killed.

With that, he hangs up. SALUTES HER and heads back to his
cell. Stevie's left holding the phone.

EXT. MULBERRY STREET - LITTLE ITALY, MANHATTAN - AFTERNOON

The Feast of San Gennaro is in full swing. Packed with
TOURISTS AND LOCALS consuming all things 'Italian'.

Stevie meanders through the crowd, looking for... *something*.

EXT. ITALIAN BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

Her eyes widen as she spots an UNSHAVEN, DRUNKEN MAN IN AN
INFLATABLE CANNOLI COSTUME. He roams unsteadily in front of
the bakery, handing out coupons -

AN ASSHOLE KID knocks the coupons from his hand... punches
him in his inflated leg.

WALKING CANNOLI
FUCKING CHRIST.

The kid scampers off as Mr. Cannoli limps in pain. FESTIVAL GOERS eye him warily, give him a wide berth.

He looks up, surprised to find Stevie watching him... He offers an embarrassed smile.

INT. MILANO'S BAR - MANHATTAN - LATER

A dark, narrow dive.

Stevie grabs a couple beers from the BORED BARTENDER... and steps over an OLD DOG asleep on the floor beside its master - an OLD BARFLY - also asleep, on the bar top.

IN THE EMPTY BACK ROOM - JOE COYLE (mid-30s), is still in his deflated, dirty cannoli costume. He's got the weary look of an unlucky man who's been on the hustle for way too long.

He watches her appreciatively, drunkenly grins.

She sips in awkward silence for a moment... as he drinks half of his in one gulp.

STEVIE

... how've you been, Joe?

Joe indicates the deflated costume. She suddenly BLURTS OUT A LAUGH. Quickly covers her mouth.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Shit. Sorry.

But she can't stop laughing. Joe nods to himself.

JOE

It's fine. I'm used to it.

He produces a FLASK... unscrews it and dumps some whiskey into his beer, refilling it.

She's somewhat impressed.

STEVIE

How long's it been? Ten years - ?

JOE

Twelve. Sorry about you and Danny.

STEVIE

(defensive)

Is that real or a jab?

JOE

Jesus, you're prickly. Legit sorry.
No one should go through that.

STEVIE

That was harsh of me. Can't blame
me though, with our history.

JOE

Okay. Maybe a little jab. You
dumped me for that ass-hat.

STEVIE

It was bad...

Joe gulps his drink uncomfortably, awkwardly switches gears.

JOE

Why are we here?

STEVIE

Lindsey told me you could help me
with something.

Joe eyes her skeptically.

JOE

This have anything to do with your
dad being in deep shit?

STEVIE

How the fuck does everyone know?

JOE

Junior's gotten the word out. Your
dad's an example. A few others too.
(beat)
Don't know if my current career
gave it away, but I'm flat broke.
Can't really loan you much -

STEVIE

Don't want your money, just need
your help. I'm gonna rob the
Williamsburgh Casino.

Joe chokes on his beer. CAN'T STOP LAUGHING.

JOE

'Straight Edge Stevie' wants to rip
off scary oligarchs?

STEVIE

'Straight Edge Stevie'?

Joe

Come on. You can't find a penny on the street without searching for its owner.

She opens her notebook, shows him scribbled plans that we can't quite make out... Joe takes a beat to look them over.

JOE (CONT'D)

Holy shit. You're serious.

Despite his reluctance, he's impressed. Joe seriously thinks on it a beat... then gently closes her notebook.

JOE (CONT'D)

You ain't Jesse James.

STEVIE

My brother told me you had experience with this stuff.

Joe looks away.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

... I get it. The Walking Cannoli gig is pretty demanding.

JOE

I do have experience in this stuff. I'd just like to be alive for the Candy Cane gig in a couple months.

STEVIE

You have another way to find two-hundred grand? Please share.

Joe sighs.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

In a year it'll be over a million. There's no place me or my son can hide from this.

Joe downs the dregs of his drink, wishing he were elsewhere.

JOE

You know who these guys are, right? This isn't some stockroom poker game you're raiding... this is a private casino, a private club whose members are some of the richest assholes in the world. They blow millions on a hand of Hold 'Em for a buzz...

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

how hard do you think their
dicks'll get when they get to hire
an army of Israeli mercs to track
down a few amateur thieves and
string 'em up by their pink parts?

(beat)

Cool off and find another way...
better in debt than in the ground.

STEVIE

I know exactly who they are.
Danny's given me an earful.

(beat)

You owe Lindsey. If he hadn't taken
the fall, you'd both be in prison -

JOE

Neither of us should be in cells.

STEVIE

Right. Cuz you're both innocent.

Joe smiles. Trying to defuse.

JOE

Look. I won't lie. I think I'd be
better off in there with him -

STEVIE

Right.

JOE

You think I like doing sketchy shit
for spare change? All I ever knew
was bein' a 'Hog. I loved it. Now
the union won't touch me with a ten
foot pole.

STEVIE

Poor Joey. You know who else isn't
working the tunnels anymore? The
kid you helped kill. He was a
fellow 'Hog -

JOE

Maybe that moron shouldn'tve gotten
deep in debt to Junior. You think
we had a say in how that went down?

STEVIE

Did you think moonlighting as
muscle for that asshole was gonna
be conflict free? Give me a break -

JOE

Tell me what you'd do if he ordered you to deliver a deadbeat for a tune-up? A hundred k or a hundred bucks, it's all the same to Junior.

(beat)

That psycho Timmy wasn't supposed to kill him.

STEVIE

Of course.

JOE

Don't pretend we had an option. Christ. He's after you for a 30-year-old debt. What do you think he'd done to us if we didn't deliver that kid?

Stevie bites her tongue.

JOE (CONT'D)

I owe Lindsey. But I can't help you commit suicide.

Stevie absorbs this for a moment.

STEVIE

Alright. You put yourselves at risk because you got stuck in a bad situation... and you wanted to save us from blowback. My brother sacrificed himself for us all.

Joe nods.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Then what's different about what I'm proposing here?

Joe leans back in his stool, assessing her.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

If we succeed, I pay off Junior with plenty to spare. And you're filthy rich...

JOE

Can't spend money when you're sleepin' with the fishies.

She eyes his drunken, unshaven state... his filthy costume.

She thinks for a moment, emotional.

STEVIE

Maybe you don't get it because
you're not accountable to anyone
but yourself.

JOE

Excuse me?

STEVIE

I sell my life by the hour for
spare change so that drunks can
abuse me and manhandle me. I don't
do it for the moldy bar snacks and
free drinks. I do it for that kid.
Because I pray that if I can tread
water just long enough that some
tiny miracle will appear and show
me a way to help him step up a
wrung and have a better life. One
that doesn't involve shoveling muck
in a tunnel or handing out parking
tickets until retirement. I would
die for my kid to break that cycle.
(beat)
Joe, this opportunity is a miracle.
Could be yours too.

He meets her eyes for the longest beat, then -

JOE

I need to take a piss.

He trudges to the bathroom. THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT. A MUFFLED
SCREAM. THUDS as Joe PUNCHES AND KICKS WALLS. A TOILET FLUSH.

He reappears. Takes a seat.

JOE (CONT'D)

Fine.

She pounds the table in victory. Joe regards her
determination. He thinks for a long moment.

JOE (CONT'D)

We need a crew that's crazy enough.
Someone good with tech. Eyes on the
inside. Security, staff, layout.
And someone to crack the vault.

He thinks for a long beat.

JOE (CONT'D)

I know a guy.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Under the garish lights & screens... PROTESTERS clash with A LINE OF NYPD OFFICERS IN RIOT GEAR.

BOTTLES AND INSULTS are met by TEARGAS AND PEPPER SPRAY.

JOE (V.O.)
 Good with tech. Might do something
 as suicidal as this.

Everyone gradually stops fighting as they're distracted by something overhead...

ANGLES ON THE TIMES SQUARE VIDEO SCREENS - All showing THE INFAMOUS, 'LOST' DONALD TRUMP 'PEE TAPE'. EL PRESIDENTE EN FLAGRANTE - FAT and NAKED as he stands in a hotel suite... GIVING A TRIUMPHANT GOLDEN SHOWER to THREE NAKED MODEL-ESQUE RUSSIAN WOMEN laying in a huge bed.

JOE (V.O.)
 Silent Seb.

STEVIE (V.O.)
 Silent Seb?

Some cops and protesters turn in disgust, most can't help but laugh. The protest forgotten.

JOE (V.O.)
 Yeah. He doesn't talk much.

FROM HIGH ABOVE - the video continues on every screen from subway entrances to interactive maps - looping the action.

JOE (V.O.)
 Like you... he's got strong
 principles. And he's crazy.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

We're watching from the perspective of SEB (50-ish). He's homeless looking. Pale, with a graying beard, long stringy hair. Looks like he hasn't seen the sun in months... An ancient, sweat-stained Mets hat perched atop his head.

He periodically glances up from a LAPTOP SCREEN SPLIT BETWEEN CODE... AND THE VIDEO RUNNING ON EVERY SCREEN BELOW.

JOE (V.O.)
 Thinks he's Banksy or something.

Seb grins like a little kid.

STEVIE (V.O.)
And the safecracker?

INT. MCBRIDE'S WAREHOUSE - BROOKLYN - CONTINUOUS

It feels like we're in a hipster bunker. Combination Doc Brown's lab and Warhol's factory.

JOE (V.O.)
Don't know a safecracker.

STACKS OF SCRAP METAL and MACHINE PARTS dot an open space periodically lit by FLASHES OF LIGHT... pan to find -

SPARKS FLY FROM A WELDING TORCH wielded by a WOMAN IN A WELDING MASK -

JOE (V.O.)
But I know McBride. An artist.
Works in metal. Good with a torch.

MCBRIDE (20s). Asymmetrically shaved head. Tattoos up to her neck. A Brooklyn artist. She flips up her mask as she eyes her work with a maniacal gleam in her eye -

REVEAL - she's working on a ROBOT ON WHEELS. Only 3-foot-tall, BUT FRIGHTENING: CLAW-TIPPED ARMS, BLOODSHOT 'EYES'... and a mouth that could only be described as A FANGED VAGINA.

JOE (O.S.)
She's also fucking certifiable.

McBride grins with malice as she hits a button on a remote - SENDING FLAMES SHOOTING FROM THE 'MOUTH'.

EXT. JUNKYARD - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Nestled between stacks of derelict cars and auto parts. We find MAD MAX'S THUNDERDOME for Brooklyn counterculture. DRAMATIC OPERA BLARES as people watch from the metal lattice -

INT. ROBOT THUNDERDOME - CONTINUOUS

Homemade robots do battle: McBride's 'Vicious Vagina' is destroying a lesser bot -

ON THE SIDELINES - A GROUP OF M.I.T.-ESQUE TECH KIDS look near tears... as McBride SQUEALS in sadistic delight.

INT. MILANO'S BAR - DAY

STEVIE

How the fuck do you know artists?

JOE

Artists and thieves. Always hurting
for money. Met them working a
Christmas tree lot.

Stevie raises an eyebrow.

JOE (CONT'D)

Yeah. Fuck you.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. CHRISTMAS TREE LOT - BROOKLYN - AFTERNOON

Snow falls on a grocery store parking lot turned seasonal
Christmas tree lot.

McBride sells a tree to a YOUNG FAMILY as Seb affixes another
tree to a NERVOUS COUPLE'S parked car.

Joe is DRESSED AS A CHRISTMAS TREE - greeting customers.

MOMENTS LATER - they take a smoke break. All three stare off
in the same direction.

REVEAL - They're watching a bodega across the street...

EXT. BODEGA - CONTINUOUS

AN ARMORED CAR has pulled up nearby - GUARDS TRANSPORT A
HEAVY BAG OF CASH TO THE DOOR...

As they open the glass door - WE SEE AN ATM at the entrance.

EXT. CHRISTMAS TREE LOT - CONTINUOUS

MCBRIDE, SEB AND JOE trade a knowing look.

EXT. BODEGA - LATE NIGHT

SNOW FALLS on the empty street in front of the CLOSED BODEGA.

QUICK SHOTS:

- Seb executes some code on his laptop.

- A RED ALARM LIGHT above the glass door TURNS OFF.
- The glass door is SHATTERED by a crowbar.
- McBride in a balaclava as she steps over the glass and into the shop WITH A STEEL CHAIN. She wraps it around the ATM, cinches it tight.
- McBride hops into the back of a pickup, POUNDS THE ROOF.
- Joe is at the wheel of the truck, Seb in the passenger seat. Joe hits the gas.
- The pickup speeds down the street. McBride in back. THE ATM BOUNCES AND SKIDS BEHIND THEM, SPARKS FLY... BLENDING TO -

INT. MCBRIDE'S WAREHOUSE - LATER

... THE SPARKS are coming from a SMALL PLASMA TORCH wielded by a masked McBride as she cuts the ATM open.

Joe and Seb watch as the BRIGHT FLAME FILLS THE SCREEN -

END FLASHBACK:

INT. MILANO'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

JOE

Recruiting the Hogs is gonna take some doing though, seeing as me and your brother are persona non-grata -

STEVIE

I already have a crew in mind. They're working the nightshift on the extension tunnel right now.

JOE

Who?

STEVIE

Jim Charles' crew.

Joe stares at her with incomprehension.

JOE

You know he's the one who most wanted my head on a stake, right? He hates your brother even more than me. No way he'd do this.

Stevie checks the time... gathers her things to leave.

STEVIE
Only one way to find out.

JOE
Where are you going?

STEVIE
To talk to him before his shift.

She heads for the door. Joe reluctantly follows.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - LATER

Stevie and Joe stand at the door of the packed train, stare out the window at the Freedom Tower as they thunder over the Manhattan Bridge - crossing the East River to Brooklyn.

JOE
And if he thinks we're crazy and
turns us in to the cops or the
people we're planning to rob?

STEVIE
'Hogs have each other's backs. You
know, the code you two broke.

Joe sighs.

JOE
But we're not 'Hogs.

EXT. ATLANTIC TERMINAL - BROOKLYN - LATER

Brooklyn's main train station bustles with commuters.

Joe crosses the street. Stevie hangs back a moment,
captivated by the nearby Williamsburgh Bank Building.

EXT. SANDHOG WORKSITE - FT. GREENE, BROOKLYN - CONTINUOUS

A fenced in, muddy lot - pinned between the train station and
the Williamsburgh Bank Building, looming high overhead.

AT ONE END OF THE LOT - an ALUMINUM-SIDED 'MUCK HOUSE' -
housing ventilation pumps... and the mine elevator that
lowers workers hundreds of feet below ground to the dig.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE LOT -

EXT. HOGHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A double-wide trailer. Combination locker room and social club for the Sandhogs on site.

IN FRONT - a wooden deck with a few chairs and tables with umbrellas. Giving it the feel of a Florida trailer park.

DILLON (30s, West Indian & very large) lounges in nothing but his underwear and a pair of sunglasses. A beer in each hand as he soaks up the Autumnal sun. A few nasty scars on his arms and legs - a testament to the rough life of a Sandhog.

His serene smile turns upside down as he notes Joe and Stevie in the yard, heading towards the Hoghouse.

JOE
(to Stevie)
I'll handle this.

Dillon tracks Joe's progress as he mounts the steps to the Hoghouse, leaving Stevie below.

JOE (CONT'D)
Hey buddy -

DILLON
Where the fuck you goin'?

JOE
I got business inside.

Dillon stands, blocks Joe with his considerable girth.

JOE (CONT'D)
I'm Joe Coyle. Used to be a Hog -

DILLON
I know who you are.

Joe turns to look at Stevie, 'Told you so.'

JOE
I'm here to see Jim Charles -

DILLON
What the fuck for?

JOE
... that's private.

DILLON
Oh. A private conversation.

Joe nods uncomfortably.

DILLON (CONT'D)
I'll let Jim know you're here.

JOE
Appreciated.

Dillon makes a point of taking his beers and heads inside.

Joe looks to Stevie. She offers a tentative thumbs up.

A LONG AWKWARD BEAT... and then -

The Hoghouse door flies open. SIX WEST INDIAN MEN flow out onto the porch in various states of dress.

At the head of the group is JIM CHARLES (50s, intimidating), wearing nothing but a towel.

He stares Joe down, seems to never blink.

JOE (CONT'D)
Hey, Jim. Long time.

Jim says nothing.

JOE (CONT'D)
Could we go somewhere private - ?

Joe's caught off guard by a STREAM OF PISS SPLASHING ONTO HIS PANTS AND SHOES. REVEAL - Jim's whipped it out and is draining his main vein all over him.

Jim's guys watch, impassively. Stevie watches wide-eyed. Joe attempts to regain some dignity by just letting it happen.

Jim shakes off, heads back inside followed by his guys. Dillon retakes his seat and resumes drinking.

JOE (CONT'D)
Could've just said 'no'.

Dillon just watches him. Expressionless.

Joe calmly shakes out his pants as he rejoins Stevie.

JOE (CONT'D)
That went as expected.

She marches past him and up the steps.

DILLON
Hey -

She heads into the Hoghouse.

INT. HOGHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

WE MOVE WITH STEVIE - as she barrels past a CHECK-IN DESK where a HOGHOUSE STEWARD (70s - wizened, retired Hog) is engrossed in a crossword.

STEWARD

You can't be in here -

He nearly falls off his chair as we follow her into -

THE LOCKER ROOM - rows of lockers on either side of the double-wide. Benches run down the middle.

CHARLES' CREW dresses in front of the lockers, some naked. They react with surprise to the first woman in their sanctum.

Dillon enters behind her.

DILLON

Sorry, Jim...

CREW

(various)

Whoa... hey there...

AT THE END OF THE ROW - Jim Charles is naked, pulling on his underwear. He narrows his eyes as she approaches -

He ignores her, but looks to his guys.

JIM CHARLES

Figures Coyle would send his woman.

STEVIE

I ain't his woman. But you'll be happy to know my brother's Lindsey Grey.

JIM CHARLES

That's two strikes on you, darlin'.

She glances self-consciously at his crew. Turns back to Jim.

STEVIE

Name's Stevie, not darlin'.

JIM CHARLES

I know, darlin'.

He opens his locker to stash his towel -

JIM CHARLES (CONT'D)
 Only reason I haven't tossed you
 out yet is because your dad's a
 solid guy... despite your brother.
 But you're pushin' your luck.

He finishes dressing, grabs his helmet and goes to move
 around her - she blocks him.

STEVIE
 Then out of respect for Hiram, give
 me five in private. If you don't
 like what I say, I'll leave you be.

Jim tries to move around her again - she blocks him again.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
 It's a once in a lifetime
 opportunity.

Jim looks to his guys.

JIM CHARLES
 'Once in a lifetime'. Wow, fellas.

He decides to humor her.

JIM CHARLES (CONT'D)
 You got two minutes.

She looks around the hoghouse... All his guys watching them.

JIM CHARLES (CONT'D)
 Anything you can say to me, you can
 say to them. We got no secrets.

She looks unsure... then to the Steward at his desk.

JIM CHARLES (CONT'D)
 Old Billy's deaf. Clock's tickin'.

She looks around the unfamiliar surroundings.

STEVIE
 When I was growing up, I'd watch
 Dad go to work every day before
 dawn. Knew he spent hours in places
 like this... always wondered what
 it looked like.
 (beat)
 It's a shithole, to be honest.

Jim's guys suppress a chuckle. Jim remains stone-faced.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Dad worked twelve hours a day. Six days a week for almost fifty years... he was one of the lucky few who never had to find some side job between gigs. Firefighting or driving a cab.

(beat)

He made decent money. Enough to raise a family, not enough to save. Had a decent pension to look forward to, maybe even enough for a mortgage on a decent condo in Florida one day... but that was before that crooked union accountant spent the pension fund on horses and vacations.

Jim and his guys nod in empathy.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

But, here's the thing... even if he was able to get his hands on his retirement money... wouldn't really matter much anyway, cuz it all would've gone to his medical bills. He's got silicosis, like a lot of you guys are looking forward to. So he's got what, five years left to live? Optimistically?

She looks around the room, sees understanding in their eyes.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

So, he works half a fucking century on subway lines and water tunnels meant to make New Yorkers' lives better, even though most of them have no idea what the fuck a Sandhog is. And what's he got to show for it? An early death and a shitload of debt to leave for his family to clean up.

(beat)

That is the story of the union.

JIM

You're telling us shit we already know, darlin' -

STEVIE

Just setting the table, Jim. I know you've got three kids in high school. All good students.

(MORE)

STEVIE (CONT'D)

All deserve a solid college education. How you gonna swing that while taking care of your parents?

She looks from him to his guys.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

You've all got similar situations. But I've got a way for all of you to make more money than you've ever dreamed of. Just for doing your jobs for the next few weeks.

A long, loaded beat... before -

JIM CHARLES

This is about that shitload of money Hiram owes Conlan?

Stevie turns beet red.

JIM CHARLES (CONT'D)

This sounds like more of that easy money mob bullshit that got your brother thrown in prison.

Jim walks around her. His guys follow.

STEVIE

Your shares would be just over eight million. Each.

DILLON

Say what?

Jim's guys stop on a dime... he's lost them to Stevie.

STEVIE

No guns. No violence. All you'd do is dig and go home. That's it.

She holds up her notebook of plans.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

If you're interested. Meet me at The Third Rail tomorrow morning. If not. No hard feelings. I'll just expect that the Sandhog code extends to me as well, despite Joe and Lindsey's bullshit. This stays between us.

She walks straight through them towards the door. As she leaves, Jim's guys look to each other. Then to Jim.

INT. THE THIRD RAIL - EARLY MORNING

Lights are off and chairs are stacked around the closed pub.
WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF VIOLENT PUKING and PACMAN.

AT THE BAR - Stevie leans on the bartenders' side of the mahogany, a BLANK BOARD ON A PRESENTATION EASEL BEHIND HER. She checks the time - tries to tune out the RETCHING SOUNDS.

STEVIE

Joe tells me you're an artist.
What's your... uh... ?

ACROSS FROM HER - McBride leans against the bar, bored.

REVEAL, she's burning match after match from a matchbook... a pile of other burnt out matchbooks in front of her...

MCBRIDE

My uh, medium? Uh. Metal.

McBride rolls her eyes. Stevie suppresses the urge to slap McBride's nose ring off her dainty nostril.

STEVIE

Of course. Right.

ACROSS THE ROOM - Seb (in Mets hat) is busy at an OLD SCHOOL, STAND UP PACMAN MACHINE... BUTTON MASHING AWAY.

MCBRIDE

The central core of my work is
vaginal iconography as represented
by robotic creatures.

Stevie suppresses a reflexive laugh.

MCBRIDE (CONT'D)

Transforming male perceptions of
feminine inferiority into a
visceral fear of female genitalia.

ANOTHER ROUND OF RETCHING ECHOES. Stevie checks the time.

CLOSE ON SEB'S GAME as he loses his last life... WITH A PRACTICED HAND, HE TAPS IN A RAPID SERIES OF BUTTON PUSHES AND JOYSTICK MOVES... he suddenly has 100 NEW CREDITS.

MCBRIDE (CONT'D)

What I'm saying is that women have
no need for the male of the species
or their genitalia.

On cue - Joe emerges from the men's room. Shuffles into the room, wiping his mouth with his sleeve.

STEVIE
I couldn't agree more.

JOE
Huh?

STEVIE
Rough night?

JOE
And morning.

As Joe passes she catches a whiff -

STEVIE
Didn't change your pants after seeing Jim, huh?

JOE
Drinks got in the way.

MCBRIDE
Can we get to it? As much as I'm lovin' this hang, I got plans.

STEVIE
Got a shift at the pumpkin patch?

Joe gives her a look of warning.

MCBRIDE
Huh?

A KNOCK.

Stevie heads to the door, pulls back a shade to see outside... and visibly relaxes. She opens the door -

REVEALING Jim Charles. He nods a greeting and steps in.

She moves to shut the door behind him, but it's blocked by a MUDDY WORK BOOT.

She opens the door again - AND THE REST OF JIM'S DIGGERS ENTER. McBride looks on in confusion.

Stevie shuts and locks the door behind them as Jim and his guys glare at Joe.

DILLON

Eight million reasons to bury the hatchet.

MCBRIDE

Wait. What?

We hear the SAD SOUND OF A PACMAN DEATH.

REVEAL - This has also gotten Seb's attention. He's turned around, now watching Stevie expectantly.

Jim takes a seat as far from Joe as possible.

STEVIE

(relieved)

Thanks for coming. Everyone.

She's greeted by underwhelmed silence.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

... okay...

She turns to the easel, flips the board over...

REVEALING the 1920's-era architectural diagram for the basement of the Williamsburgh Bank Building - THE FORTRESS-LIKE VAULT in the center of it all.

Everyone reacts.

JIM CHARLES

You're fucking crazy.

MCBRIDE

What?

JIM CHARLES

She wants to steal from some billionaire psychopaths who have little regard for human life.

McBride's first shocked... and then excited.

MCBRIDE

Oooh... interesting.

STEVIE

Yes. We're stealing from very scary people who won't hesitate to feed us to a wood-chipper if they catch us. But it's not as bad as it looks.

JIM CHARLES

What's worse is she plans on robbing a bank vault... owned by these psychopaths.

McBride's in heaven.

MCBRIDE

This is getting better and better.

A faint smile even grows on Seb's impassive face... but the Hogs look less than impressed.

JOE

Just hear her out. You guys don't like it, you're welcome to leave.

Dillon trades a look with the guys, who convey the same sentiment to Jim. 'Let's hear 'em out.'

STEVIE

As some of you know, the building was a bank until the 70's. These days, the top half is luxury condos... the former bank is still there, but what many people don't know is it's now controlled by a private social club.

Jim's already shaking his head.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

This isn't some shitty card room in the back of a bodega. This is controlled by a group of billionaires who've turned it into a very exclusive, high-end, illegal casino and pleasure palace.

We suddenly move into the architectural diagram behind her... into the room labeled 'ROTUNDA'.

BLEND TO:

INT. CASINO - WILLIAMSBURGH BANK BUILDING - NIGHT

We are looking up at a stately, beautifully ornate, art deco-style domed ceiling.

We rotate to reveal that we're a hundred feet above PURE, OVER THE TOP, NON-STATELY DEBAUCHERY.

STRANGELY DRESSED PERFORMERS and SERVERS maneuver between HUNDREDS OF WELL-HEELED PEOPLE DRUNKENLY WHO STAGGER between CASINO GAMES...

...our view is briefly obscured as NUDE ACROBATS SWING PAST, men and women wrapped in lengths of colorful fabric - in the middle of an 'aerial silk' performance.

It feels like we're in a less dusty version of Burning Man.

We move down to the casino floor, weaving between EXOTIC ANIMALS ON LEASHES, UBER-WEALTHY CLUB MEMBERS, THEIR BODYGUARDS and HIGH END PROSTITUTES...

STEVIE (V.O.)

Bored Russian oligarchs, Saudi princes, idiot sons of American billionaires - the 'masters of the universe' we all know and hate... all of them dropping millions nightly...

WE FOLLOW A VERY DRUNK, RUSSIAN-LOOKING OLIGARCH (60s) and TWO SCANTILY-CLAD YOUNG GIRLS hanging off his arms... Closely followed by TWO FRIGHTENING BODYGUARDS.

STEVIE (V.O.)

And doing anything else they feel like. Mostly freaky, debaucherous, *Eyes Wide Shut* shit.

The Oligarch reaches a CLOSED DOOR...

The door opens to admit him and his entourage... BRIEFLY REVEALING AN ORGY IN PROGRESS - before the door SLAMS SHUT.

BACK TO:

INT. THE THIRD RAIL - MORNING

MCBRIDE

I've never seen the movie...

JOE

It's... interesting.

McBride raises an eyebrow as Stevie shushes them with a hand.

STEVIE

Of course, they keep all of the casino cash reserves in the old vault in the basement...

Stevie points to the vault diagram.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

On an average morning, there's at least a hundred million in there.

JOE

Enough to cover any of the insane bets the hated 1% may decide to lay down.

Seb slowly lowers himself into a seat. He and McBride are practically salivating.

Jim's guys can't help but smile. Jim remains stone-faced.

MCBRIDE

And how do you know all this?

STEVIE

My ex works security.

JIM CHARLES

Don't forget to mention that your ex is a dirty cop.

Stevie nods with an exhausted sigh.

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO - WILLIAMSBURGH BANK BUILDING - NIGHT

We flash back to the big night at the casino - still focused on that now closed door... until TWO HUGE THUGS (40s) WITH THAT 'OFF-DUTY-COP' VIBE brusquely rush past us, frogmarching a SCARED WAITER between them -

JIM CHARLES (V.O.)

And that the place is protected by other dirty cops from the local precinct.

We follow them through a SERVICE DOOR and into -

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The Thug Cops and Scared Waiter move past tactfully blind KITCHEN STAFF - and join DANNY and an OLDER, WELL-MANICURED MAN. THE BOSS (50s).

JIM CHARLES (V.O.)
 So, you're not just robbing a bank
 owned by the ruthless billionaires
 who won't take kindly to being
 ripped off...

RAPID SHOTS AS:

- The Thug Cops hang the SCARED WAITER by his ankles.
- Danny shakes his head in sympathy as \$10,000 CHIPS FALL FROM THE WAITER'S POCKETS.

JIM CHARLES (V.O.)
 ... you're also robbing their dirty
 cops who are on the payroll of
 these ruthless billionaires.

- The Boss picks up the chips and nods to the Thug Cops.
- The Waiter SCREAMS IN FEAR as he's dragged towards a GORE-COVERED BUTCHER'S BLOCK.
- His right hand is stretched over the block by Thug Cop#1 as Thug Cop#2 hefts a BUTCHER KNIFE.
- Danny winces in revulsion as the KNIFE COMES DOWN -

CUT TO:

INT. THE THIRD RAIL - MORNING

MCBRIDE
 Sounds like the mob.

JIM CHARLES
 No. Even the mob is scared of these
 people.

MCBRIDE
 What more could a girl ask for?

Jim shoots her a disturbed look.

JOE
 But there is one day of the year
 when all the dirty moonlighting
 cops can't watch the money.
 (beat)
 Marathon Day.

STEVIE

As big as the NYPD is, they don't have enough bodies on a regular shift to cover the marathon route. So everyone from lowly traffic cops to hotshot homicide detectives are forced to stand guard on street corners all morning.

JIM

Okay. Which means until the day shift rolls in, there's gonna be nothing but bare bones security.

(beat)

But you realize where that bank building is, right?

MCBRIDE

Please. Mansplain.

JIM CHARLES

It's right on the marathon route. You're gonna have an entire precinct and SWAT snipers outside as soon as they know what's up.

STEVIE

Which is where all of you come in. You and your crew will dig a smaller shaft off the main dig site that you're already working on. One that will lead us right to the bank's basement wall.

JIM CHARLES

That could take months -

Joe picks up ANOTHER OLD BLUEPRINT - and places it on the easel. It's a rendering of a SMALL TUNNEL BRANCHING OFF A LARGER ONE labeled 'LIRR EXTENSION PROJECT'.

STEVIE

Back when they built the bank, they dug a tunnel from the Atlantic Terminal next door to the basement. It was a more secure way to transport cash deliveries from Federal Reserve trains.

(beat)

They closed it off in the 70's... but it intersects with the work you guys are already doing on the LIRR.

Dillon looks at Stevie with newfound respect.

JOE

All you have to do is clear the loose debris from that old tunnel. Shouldn't take you guys more than a week and a half.

STEVIE

Which is good because the marathon is in two weeks.

She looks to Seb.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

At 10:45, we'll be at the basement wall. Seb will cut off the alarms, cameras, phones so the guards can't call out when we breach.

She looks to McBride.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Once inside, McBride will have twenty minutes to cut into the vault. We'll then grab the cash and leave from where we came.

JOE

But we'll have no more than twenty minutes in there.

JIM CHARLES

Why?

STEVIE

The day shift arrives at 11. But by then, we'll be making our way back to the street.

JIM CHARLES

And what happens when the day shift sees we ripped them off? They ain't gonna shrug their shoulders and say 'oh well'.

Stevie nods, irked by Jim's negativity.

JIM CHARLES (CONT'D)

They're gonna be all over the area. Working with the cops on their payroll and their own private security to find us. You know this.

JOE

The building's around mile eight of the race. The first huge wave of runners will roll in about 10:30 and will completely fill up the area for at least an hour. Between the chaos of the runners and the cheering fans, that's a lot to disappear into.

McBride's a lock... even Seb is openly smiling.

STEVIE

Any other questions?

Everyone looks to Jim Charles who raises his hand.

JIM CHARLES

That bank tunnel... that's long as a football field. It's only loose rock... but it'll still take at least a week and a half with a crew of three or four in place...?

He looks to Dillon, who nods in confirmation.

JIM CHARLES (CONT'D)

But we won't even have that many to work on that tunnel.

MCBRIDE

Why's that?

JIM CHARLES

Because we need to reserve guys for the real work or we'll have city engineers pokin' around.

MCBRIDE

Then get more guys.

Jim and his guys share an amused look.

DILLON

That's risky. You start pulling guys off other crews, people start asking questions.

Everyone's silent for a beat. The plan falling apart already -

JOE

Then put me on your crew.

JIM CHARLES

Excuse me?

JOE

I know how to handle myself.

Stevie looks between them.

STEVIE

I mean... he was a Hog.

Jim looks to his guys. They all glare at Joe.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. TUNNEL WORKSITE - BROOKLYN - MORNING

A MASSIVE, ROCK-HEWN CAVERN DEEP UNDER THE CITY ABOVE.

A GROUP OF MUDDY, EXHAUSTED SANDHOGS at the end of their shift waits in front of the gates to -

A MINE ELEVATOR - which reaches rock bottom accompanied by AN ALARM BELL and a FLASHING RED LIGHT.

THE ELEVATOR OPENS - revealing Jim Charles and the six men who make up his crew... as well as Joe taking up the rear.

STEVIE (V.O.)

You guys are gonna have to start digging asap to make the day.

As Jim and his guys head to the dig, all nod to the departing 'Hogs. A few double-take at the sight of Joe, the pariah.

INT. BANK TUNNEL - LATER

Jim Charles and four of his guys work on the subway tunnel - ground water falls from the rocky ceiling as they USE SCALING RODS to dislodge LARGE ROCKS OVERHEAD... that fall to the mud. Jim drives a small caterpillar, scooping up the rocks.

Jim tracks a GROUP OF CITY ENGINEERS IN HARDHATS watching their progress... He nervously glances past them, further down the tunnel to JOE, slyly ROLLING A WHEELBARROW into -

INT. BANK TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Joe rolls the wheelbarrow into the secondary dig, where Dillon and ANOTHER CREW MEMBER are using JACKHAMMERS.

Joe begins to fill the barrow with rocks, clearing the space.

Dillon stops him... points to TWO SPLATTERED, PLASTIC BUCKETS IN THE CORNER, FLIES BUZZING AROUND THEM. Marked in chalk above them: '#1' & 'Joe'.

DILLON
Clear those first, bitch.

INT. THE THIRD RAIL - MORNING

Stevie looks to McBride.

STEVIE
You're sure you'll be able to cut
into that vault?

McBride unleashes a signature eye-roll.

MCBRIDE
Please...

EXT. CONDEMNED BUILDING - BROOKLYN - DAY

'No Trespassing - Danger' signs plaster the CHAIN LINK FENCE outside of a crumbling facade set for demolition.

McBride hops the fence... heads towards a BOARDED-UP WINDOW. She pulls a CROWBAR from her backpack, wrenches a board free.

INT. BANK LOBBY - CONDEMNED BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

McBride enters the window into WHAT WAS ONCE AN ORNATE BANK LOBBY. Now filled with trash and debris.

She heads down rickety stairs to -

INT. BANK VAULT - CONDEMNED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

A formidable, grimy old vault. Its 22-ton door sealed shut.

McBride retrieves a piece of paper from a pocket. Unfolds it to reveal A COPY OF STEVIE'S VAULT BLUEPRINTS... The brand 'Diebold' prominent, followed by a MODEL NUMBER.

McBride looks to the vault door, rubs dirt from it, REVEALING 'DIEBOLD' in bold letters & A MATCHING MODEL NUMBER.

MOMENTS LATER -

McBride wears her welding mask as she tries to cut into the door with a SMALL PLASMA CUTTER... it barely makes a dent.

EXT. WILLIAMSBURGH BANK BUILDING - BROOKLYN - MORNING

Angle on the building's SERVICE ENTRANCE.

STEVIE (V.O.)

Seb... you've got the toughest gig.
You'll be our eyes inside. Security
guards. Alarms, phones... anything
that needs to be disabled.

ACROSS THE STREET - Parked in front of the Sandhogs worksite is SEB'S GRAFITTI-COVERED WHITE PANEL VAN.

INT. SEB'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Seb's POV from the front seat of his van. He looks to his computer in his lap...

CLOSE ON THE LAPTOP SCREEN - he's on an 'All Clean' corporate website. Pulls up password protected access... uses a password breaking app to gain access.

STEVIE (V.O.)

But these guys are paranoid as
fuck. Danny's told me they don't
even trust cleaning crews...

ON THE SCREEN - Seb pulls up an EMPLOYEE DATABASE... the CURRENT SHIFT AT THE CASINO beside PICTURE ID'S.

STEVIE (V.O.)

They only use people from a company
they own.

ACROSS THE STREET - SIX CLEANING STAFF emerge, their shifts over. All wear a uniform with the same 'All Clean' logo.

Seb watches as they all wave farewell. Two of them pair up and head off, another three do the same -

Seb watches the LONER...

BACK ON SEB'S LAPTOP SCREEN - He's found a FACEBOOK PAGE matching the loner: LEV DOBROVSKY.

QUICK SHOTS:

- Lev's status as SINGLE.

- Lev at a baseball game with a LITTLE BOY, HIS SON.
- Lev's hacked email account: AN ANGRY NOTE FROM HIS EX-WIFE, snippets of words - '... DEADBEAT... LAWYERS...'
- A snapshot of Lev's EMPTY BANK ACCOUNTS... LATE PAYMENT ON credit card statements...
- A DATING APP PHOTO of Lev posing 'sexy' in his TESLA... one source of his money problems.
- INSTAGRAM PHOTOS of Lev being obnoxious at various clubs...

BACK ON SEB - he wrinkles his nose in disgust. It's apparent that Lev is a deadbeat douchebag.

INT. BANK VAULT - CONDEMNED BUILDING - NIGHT

McBride's small plasma cutter is cast aside...

LARGER SPARKS FLY from a LARGER PLASMA CUTTER as she tries again to crack the vault door. Not much more of a dent.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - QUEENS - DAWN

Lev's polished Tesla is parked in front of the building - ORANGE TRAFFIC CONES PROTECTING IT FROM OTHER PARKED CARS.

Lev emerges from the building dressed in his white 'All Clean' uniform, on his way to work.

He checks the car for scratches and dents.

INT. SEB'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Seb's parked across the street in his van. He watches Lev hop in his Tesla and pull away.

Seb looks to his laptop on the seat beside him.

A PANEL OF CODE shares screen space with a LIVE CAMERA FEED FROM INSIDE LEV'S CAR... and A GOOGLE MAP tracking the Tesla.

Seb watches the camera feed as Lev BOBS HIS HEAD TO SOME BAD CLUB MUSIC. No clue as to what he's about to be put through.

Seb HITS THE RETURN KEY - EXECUTING HIS CODE.

INT. LEV'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The BAD CLUB MUSIC switches to DEATH METAL.

Shocked, Lev almost rear ends a car as he tries to change the station. Nada. Frantically pushes every button. NOTHING.

He's horrified as his TESLA ACCELERATES ON ITS OWN... the STEERING WHEEL CHANGING LANES ON ITS OWN.

He stomps on the brake pedal. NOTHING. He dials 911 on his cell phone - BUSY SIGNAL...

As the METAL GETS LOUDER... HE PULLS BESIDE A CITY BUS. Passengers at the windows. Lev tries to roll down the window to call for help. NADA. Lev POUNDS ON HIS WINDOW, SCREAMS -

LEV
HELP!!!

INSIDE THE BUS - An ELDERLY WOMAN and a HOMELESS MAN blankly watch Lev SILENTLY SCREAM from his Tesla...

THE TESLA CHANGES LANES AND MAKES A TURN AWAY FROM THEM.

INT. SEB'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Seb's still parked, focuses on his laptop... the feed shows Lev inside his Tesla, having a complete meltdown.

Seb looks to the Google Map tracking Lev's car as THE BLIP heads out of the city...

EXT. SERVICE ENTRANCE - WILLIAMSBURGH BANK BUILDING - MORNING

LEV'S FIVE COWORKERS are filing into the building as an ALL CLEAN SUPERVISOR SCANS THEIR ID BADGES.

They turn in surprise as Seb approaches, dressed in his own 'All Clean' uniform, ID BADGE hanging from his neck: 'BOB DOBALINA'.

He awkwardly waves to his 'coworkers'.

SEB
Lev called in sick.

The Supervisor SCANS HIS ID - which checks out.

INT. CASINO - WILLIAMSBURGH BANK BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

An ornate, brass & marble, turn-of-the-century bank lobby with soaring vaulted ceilings... which is now a luxurious casino. The crown jewel of the mob's gambling empire.

Seb empties a trash can beside a CRAPS TABLE... takes note of THE BRAND AND MODEL OF A DIGITAL ALARM KEYPAD ON THE WALL.

He glances up to SECURITY CAMERAS... PAINTED, HARDWIRED CABLES LEAD FROM THE CAMERAS AND INTO THE WALLS.

He quickly averts his gaze as A COUPLE OTHER OFF-DUTY COPS WHEEL A MONEY CART PAST.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM - LATER

A well-appointed room that feels like a private apartment... that's been trashed by Zeppelin circa '75.

Seb empties ashtrays and dumps empty bottles into his rolling trash can as -

He eyes S&M HOOKS AND CHAINS hanging from the wall behind the bed... A MIRROR ON THE CEILING... USED CONDOMS ON THE FLOOR.

IN A CORNER - HE SPOTS A BARELY PERCEPTIBLE CAMERA CABLE LEADING FROM THE MIRRORED CEILING...

INT. VAULT ROOM - LATER

A SECURITY OFFICE takes up a corner. ACROSS THE ROOM IS THE VAULT - its sealed 22-ton door gleaming and intimidating.

MORE SECURITY CAMERAS TRACK SEB as he rolls his trashcan towards the empty Security Office.

HE NOTES A SERIES OF FAMILIAR CABLES LEADING FROM THE WALL AND INTO THE VAULT ITSELF.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - A MOMENT LATER

Seb enters the office, NOTES THAT THE DOOR IS ARMORED... AND SECURED BY AN ELECTRIC LOCK.

TWO NIGHTSHIFT GUARDS are glued to their seats, monitoring camera feed on a GRID OF CAMERA FEEDS DISPLAYED ON A SCREEN.

SECURITY GUARD #1 (O.S.)
... Stanton's injured. Again. Can
you fucking believe it?

Seb lingers behind them, notes the feed and the phone system.

SECURITY GUARD #1 (CONT'D)
Why I bother to care I don't know.

A loaded beat.

SECURITY GUARD #2
Well, there's always the Mets.

As they both laugh -

Seb rudely leans down towards between them to get to a trash can under their desk...

HE NOISILY SHAKES IT OUT INTO HIS CAN... BANG, BANG, BANG -

The Guards look to one another, 'who the fuck is this guy?'

He leans between them once more, replaces the trashcan.

ANGLE UNDER THE DESK - as he seamlessly REVEALS A SMALL, CREDIT CARD-LIKE WHITE PLASTIC RECTANGLE FROM HIS SLEEVE ... AND AFFIXES IT TO THE UNDERSIDE OF THE DESK.

Seb reappears from under the desk - Tips his Mets cap to them as he leaves... but not before noting the time: 10:30 AM.

EXT. SERVICE ENTRANCE - WILLIAMSBURGH BANK BUILDING - LATER

Seb, the Cleaning Supervisor and the rest of the Cleaners leave for the day... As a GROUP OF NEW SECURITY GUARDS PASS THEM, APPROACHING THE BUILDING.

CLEANING SUPERVISOR
Thought you had the day off?

SECURITY GUARD #1
Not when the wife wants to lounge
in Miami for Christmas.

Seb notes the time: 11:00 AM.

INT. BANK VAULT - CONDEMNED BUILDING - NIGHT

An EVEN LARGER PLASMA CUTTER cast aside. THE ROOM GLOWS WITH INSANELY BRIGHT LIGHT... as we find McBride is now using a THERMAL LANCE to try and cut through the vault.

The giant cutting tool is like something out of sci-fi film. Wires & hoses lead from a battery and oxygen canister to a LONG LANCE-LIKE ROD in her hands -

A GLOWING, SUPERHEATED FLAME SPRAYS FROM THE TIP OF THE LANCE... MELTING THROUGH THE VAULT DOOR LIKE MOLTEN BUTTER.

McBride can't help a sadistic smile beneath the welding mask. It's fucking working. Thank god.

McBride sets the lance aside, approaches the massive door... but her face falls as she swings it open - TO REVEAL THE INTERIOR OF THE VAULT IS BLACKENED AND DESTROYED...

She picks up what was once an old stack of paperwork - it crumbles into fine black ash.

MCBRIDE

Fuck.

INT. THE THIRD RAIL - LATE NIGHT

The bar is emptying out after a busy night. A FEW BARFLIES remain as Stevie cleans up... she looks up and freezes -

REVEAL - Timmy stands directly across the room with HIS THREE THUGS. He stares at her before lifting his wrist into view... TAPS HIS WATCH. TICK... TICK... TICK.

Stevie can't tear her eyes from Timmy as he slowly forms a menacing smile - leaves with his stooges.

Blinded by rage, Stevie angrily follows them out -

EXT. THE THIRD RAIL - CONTINUOUS

They blow her a kiss as they hop in a waiting SUV and leave.

STEVIE

(sotto)

Motherfuckers...

EXT. STEVIE'S HOUSE - WOODLAWN, BRONX - LATER

Stevie's exhausted as she cautiously heads towards her porch. She hears LAUGHING inside. Hiram... and a woman.

INT. LIVING ROOM - STEVIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Stevie enters, finds Hiram and McBride sharing a drink and a cigarette on the couch - FLEETWOOD MAC BLASTING.

Strangely, Seb's standing over the tv... he's got the cable box open, performing surgery with a screwdriver...

MCBRIDE

Stevie.

Hiram raises his glass to Stevie.

HIRAM

We're discussing vaginas.

She glares at McBride.

Stevie

How do you know where I live?

MCBRIDE

Google. Heard of it?

Seb nods 'hello' before getting back to his cable box.

STEVIE

Don't mess with that -

HIRAM

He's givin' us free cable. Relax.

Stevie glares as Hiram laughs, pours McBride more whiskey.

STEVIE

Would you please give us a sec?

HIRAM

See, what'd I tell you?

Hiram winks. She winks back... even Seb smirks. Stevie catches it as her father wheels himself out of the room.

Stevie suddenly realizes that Alex is asleep on the floor behind the coffee table.

STEVIE

... what the hell...?

But Hiram's already gone.

She looks back to McBride, who's clearly drunk... and Seb, who's bein' Seb.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing here?

She giggles as she drinks more. The TV suddenly goes haywire in Seb's hands... the screen like modern art.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Seriously. What are you doing here?

McBRIDE
We've got a problem.

Off Stevie's reaction.

EXT. PINE BARRENS - NEW JERSEY - DAWN

The sun rises over a forest in the middle of nowhere Jersey.

A BEAUTIFUL DOE forages for breakfast... Her ears twitch as she hears a disturbance in the natural order. She glances up at something - and bolts.

REVEAL - Lev's Tesla parked in a clearing... DEATH METAL REVERBERATES FROM INSIDE.

INT. LEV'S TESLA - CONTINUOUS

IN THE BACK SEAT - Lev's curled in a fetal position. Shivering in his soiled uniform - TWITCHING TO THE MUSIC, STILL AT TOP VOLUME.

The music suddenly stops as the car silently starts up.

Lev opens his bloodshot eyes in disbelief as the Tesla makes a u-turn and heads out of the clearing, onto a dirt road.

VOICE ASSISTANT
(cheerfully)
Heading home.

LEV CRIES IN RELIEF.

EXT. SANDHOG WORKSITE - DAWN

The end of the night shift. The Muck House doors swing open, and Jim's diggers and Joe file into the muddy yard.

As they head towards the Hog House, exhausted and dirty, they slow as they see Stevie, Seb and McBride on the porch.

INT. HOG HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jim and the diggers sit in front of their lockers. He stares at McBride in exhausted incomprehension. His hearing half-gone from hours of heavy machinery.

JIM CHARLES
The fuck you just say?

McBride looks nervously to Billy the Steward, trying to read his newspaper up front... but glancing at Seb, annoyed... because Seb's taken the sports section for himself.

MCBRIDE
 (light whisper)
 I can't crack the vault.

Jim motions to Billy.

JIM CHARLES
 Why the fuck are you whispering?
 Old Billy's deaf.

McBride sighs impatiently. Practically screams her reply.

MCBRIDE
 I fucking can't fucking get into
 the fucking vault. More accurately.
 I can fucking get in, but the
 fucking cash won't fucking survive.

DILLON
 What do you mean?

MCBRIDE
 The most badass cutting tool you
 can use is a thermal lance.

Before anyone can react, she reaches into her bag - RETRIEVES
 A STACK OF DESTROYED PAPER FROM THE VAULT EXPERIMENT.

MCBRIDE (CONT'D)
 This is what a thermal lance does
 to everything inside of a vault.

JOE
 Fuck.

MCBRIDE
 They really did build shit well
 back in ancient times.

Everyone deflates. Dillon dejectedly grabs his phone.

JIM CHARLES
 This shit's over then.

JOE
 Not necessarily -

JIM CHARLES
 Not necessarily?

Joe stands. Pacing, deep in thought. He passes Stevie who wrinkles her nose in disgust as she looks to his boots.

JOE

What?

STEVIE

You been digging in a toilet?

JOE

Would you please let me finish my thought?

Stevie nods, moves far away from Joe.

JOE (CONT'D)

We just need to properly crack it.

JIM CHARLES

I'm sure a guy like you knows plenty of safecrackers. But good luck finding one who knows how to crack a hundred year old bank vault-

JOE

A guy like me?

JIM CHARLES

You know what you are, Joe.

JOE

No. What am I?

Joe and Jim rush towards one another, ready to rumble. Dillon puts his large body in between them.

JOE (CONT'D)

It ain't punishment enough that you assholes make me haul your shit and piss, but I gotta hear this -

JIM CHARLES

A mountain of shit wouldn't get you straight with us.

MCBRIDE

(unimpressed)

Yay. Testosterone.

DILLON

SHUT UP.

Dillon grabs them each by the shirt, shoves them halfway to their respective ends of the locker room.

He holds up his phone.

DILLON (CONT'D)
I GOT AN IDEA.

He commands everyone's attention. No one makes a peep.

DILLON (CONT'D)
Everyone. Wiki Earl Sledd Junior.

Everyone digs into pockets, retrieve their smartphones... and react as they reach the page.

STEVIE
Whoa.

JOE
Roller hockey king of Wisconsin?

DILLON
Click the one related to the bank.

JOE
Oh...
(beat)
OH.

MCBRIDE
This guy's still alive?

JIM CHARLES
So? What about him?

Dillon shrugs.

DILLON
Maybe he can help.

JIM LAUGHS.

Only Stevie seems to be taking Dillon completely seriously. Jim and Joe notice, don't like it one bit.

JIM
No.

EXT. ADIRONDACK CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - AFTERNOON

Seb's van pulls up to the entrance of the medium security prison. The bucolic setting provides a stark contrast.

INT. VISITING ROOM - ADIRONDACK - MOMENT LATER

ELDERLY and INFIRM PRISONERS visit with family and friends at individual tables. It's got an informal, cafeteria feel.

WE FIND STEVIE, SEB, JOE AND MCBRIDE seated at their own table. Waiting.

McBride eyes everyone like they're fascinating specimens. Seb eyes A WALL OF VENDING MACHINES, goes to take a look -

Joe tries his best to smooth out the wrinkles on his dirty shirt... YAWNS. He's hurting after the night shift.

STEVIE

You didn't have to come.

JOE

Seein' as I'm the only adult at this table... Yes, I did.

Stevie eyes a tear in his shirt - from Dillon's intervention.

STEVIE

My pre-teen's more of an adult.

McBride SNORTS derisively as Stevie eyes A TRUSTEE PUSHING A WHEELCHAIR ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE IRON BARS.

JOE

If you had any idea how those guys have been treating me -

STEVIE

Shut up. He's coming.

Joe sighs in frustration as the twosome approaches.

A HUGE TRUSTEE (40s, black) pushes a WIRY, BLACK MAN (80s) in a wheelchair to the table. EARL SLEDD, JR. in the flesh.

The Trustee quietly leaves - Stevie takes note of ANOTHER TRUSTEE assisting an ELDERLY WHITE PRISONER nearby. CLOSE ON THE TRUSTEE'S PROMINENT PECKERWOODS TATTOO.

Earl's sunken into his wheelchair. MUMBLES TO HIMSELF - seems to barely register their presence behind THICK GLASSES.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Good morning, Mr. Sledd.

EARL

Mornin' to you, Donna.

Stevie and McBride trade a look - 'Donna?'.

STEVIE

My friends and I are researching a book on the history of the Williamsburgh Bank Building.

Earl smiles at them with the innocence of dementia.

EARL

We don't have a bank here.

He looks at all of them sweetly. Like a kindly grandfather.

Seb reappears... ARMS LADEN WITH SNACKS. Most likely stolen.

Earl eyes the bounty with interest. Grabs a CANDY BAR, tears it open with VIOLENTLY SHAKING HANDS.

STEVIE

You are Earl Sledd Junior, right?

Earl takes a huge bite of the candy bar.

EARL

(mouth full)

Maybe. I hope so...

He LAUGHS at his own joke. Frail and coughing. Joe and Seb exchange a worried look.

STEVIE

Great.

Stevie smiles like a preschool teacher. Speaks slowly.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

We'd like to ask you about... 1975.

EARL

Oh. 1975? A wonderful year. I believe I got the clap that year.

He smiles wide.

Stevie blinks. Unprepared for that detail.

STEVIE

Interesting.

EARL

What about 1975?

STEVIE
Oh. Well... you -

JOE
(impatient)
You robbed a bank in 1975.

Stevie shoots him a warning glance.

Earl seems momentarily confused. Nods to himself.

EARL
... I believe so... Yes.

STEVIE
Great. More specifically... you
cracked the vault at the bank.

EARL
Mmmhmmmm.

He smiles. Seemingly barely there.

STEVIE
We'd -

JOE
We'd love to know how you did it.

Earl blankly stares at him.

MCBRIDE
For our research.

Earl nods with another smile.

EARL
Oh, sure.

He leans towards them, conspiratorially... they all join him.

EARL (CONT'D)
First thing you gotta do... is...

He looks around, eyes the GUARDS - before turning back to them in all seriousness.

Stevie even puts her notebook on the table, ready to take dictation.

EARL (CONT'D)
You'll need to... take out my
wrinkly walnuts and gently massage
them.

Stevie, McBride and Joe trade a deer-in-the-headlights look.

Seb suddenly BURSTS OUT LAUGHING.

EARL (CONT'D)

Why the fuck would I tell you shit?
Trying to take advantage of an old
man. Fuck you.

(beat)

You want to know about '75? I'll
tell you about '75. I was at the
peak of my skills. Spent years
cracking every kind of vault before
that and opened more than a few
since... but cracking that one was
like gettin' to the top of Everest.

(beat)

They said it couldn't be done. Took
me ten minutes. Best feeling I'd
ever had... like hittin' a home run
at Ebbets Field and Yankee Stadium
in the same day.

Earl's lost in a reverie...

EARL (CONT'D)

I could practically hear the waves
on that Cuban beach. My lady and I
were gonna defect to Castro.

He comes crashing down.

EARL (CONT'D)

We were in the wind, invisible,
man... But that asshole Phil...
worst wheelman ever. He rear-ends a
detective's car on the Manhattan
Bridge. Wikipedia tell you that?

Everyone shakes their heads.

EARL (CONT'D)

Well, I want in.

Joe and Stevie trade a mock-perplexed look.

JOE

'In'? Excuse me?

EARL

You think I'm stupid.

STEVIE

Not at all -

EARL

Wasn't a question. That was a statement. No tips, no pointers, no tutorials. If anyone is gonna crack that vault again, it's gonna be me or you're shit out of luck. And I'm sure the NYPD would be interested. Maybe I could finagle a new flatscreen for my cell.

STEVIE

Jesus, relax -

EARL

One last thing. You idiots come up with your exit strategy?

MCBRIDE

Exit strategy?

EARL

Even I know who owns that vault nowadays. So what're you gonna do when those rich guys send those ex-military gunslingers they keep on payroll to track you down? Cuz they are gonna track you idiots down. Sure as Satan loves a bbq. And they will start pullin' you apart, piece by piece.

They all share a look... this wrinkle wasn't anticipated.

EARL (CONT'D)

Amateurs.

He shakes his head with derision.

EARL (CONT'D)

When you realize you need me, you know where I am.

JOE

You mean behind bars?

Earl holds up a withered hand, SIGNALS THE ORDERLY -

INT. SEB'S VAN - MOMENTS LATER

The gang rides in exhausted silence. Seb at the wheel.

MCBRIDE

He's right. They'll kill us all.
How did you not think about that?

Joe passes the buck -

JOE

It was Stevie's plan.

STEVIE

You were the expert on this stuff.
Don't lay it on me.

A long beat of silence. Then -

SEB

I have an idea.

They turn to Seb. Shocked by the sound of his voice.

SEB (CONT'D)

I know how to keep them from coming
after us.

A long beat before Stevie pipes up.

STEVIE

... do tell?

Seb vaguely points to the roof of the van.

SEB

They're always listening. Best not
say now...

They all look to the roof, now paranoid as well.

MCBRIDE

... who?

Seb puts a warning finger to his lips.

McBride looks disturbed.

MCBRIDE (CONT'D)

...okay...

(beat)

Doesn't really matter anyway
though, right? A jailed
octogenarian is the only way to
open the vault. So that ain't
happening.

Stevie doesn't seem so convinced.

JOE
What now, for chrissakes?

INT. OFFICE - JUNIOR'S CASINO - AFTERNOON

Junior's behind his desk, a stunned look on his face as he stares at the contents of Stevie's notebook.

He looks to Timmy and his guys, all equally stunned.

REVEAL - Joe and Stevie are seated across his desk.

JUNIOR
You're fucking insane.

He SCREAMS IN LAUGHTER - looks to his guys, who join in.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
You're really doing this?

STEVIE
As we speak.

JUNIOR
I think you missed your calling,
Stevie. I don't know whether to be
afraid for you or of you.

JOE
Oh. I'm with you on that one.

JUNIOR
How and why would I even do this?

STEVIE
How? You basically control the
Irish Peckerwood Skinheads in every
New York State prison. Why? Because
you're having money problems and
would love about fifty-million
dollars to expand your business...
right? Open up your own high end
spots... maybe even go legit...

Junior can't help a smile as Joe turns to her, pissed off.

JOE
That's half the fucking take...

JUNIOR
Your take is zero if I'm not
involved. Asshole.

STEVIE

Do we have a deal or not?

Junior considers it for a long beat.

JUNIOR

Deal. But you're also gonna give me what your Dad owes.

STEVIE

Petty and expected.

JUNIOR

Timmy and my guys are also joining in. To supervise.

Joe reflexively shakes his head.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

If do you manage to skip out with my share, you'll have to deal with me and the those crazy assholes. You stay honest, I'll at least try to protect you if they find you. Cuz they probably will.

JOE

Like you protected me and Lindsey?

Stevie shoots him a glare. 'Not now.'

JUNIOR

You're lucky I didn't put you both in the ground to keep you quiet.

He stares at Joe with dead, shark's eyes.

STEVIE

How much will said protection cost?

JUNIOR

Another ten points.

Stevie glares at Junior.

STEVIE

Fine. But no guns.

(looks to Timmy)

I know how excited Lurch can get.

Junior exchanges a look with Timmy. Shrugs.

JUNIOR

Sure.

EXT. O'MALLEY'S HARDWARE - MOMENTS LATER

McBride and Seb wait across the street from the underground casino.

Joe and Stevie exit and approach.

STEVIE

He's in.

She and Joe look miserable.

MCBRIDE

Isn't this happy news?

JOE

Only if you're cool with losing half your share.

McBride's ready to punch someone. Seb takes it in stride.

MCBRIDE

Excuse me?

STEVIE

That's what he's charging.

MCBRIDE

What a prick.

JOE

Yep.

MCBRIDE

Bullshit. We don't need that guy -

STEVIE

You can't crack the vault. So, yes. We do. And if you still want what's left of your share, you're gonna have to prove yourself useful in another way.

McBride doesn't like where this is going...

INT. EARL'S CELL - ADIRONDACK CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - MORNING

Earl's cell door is open. He LISTENS TO CLASSICAL MUSIC... WORKS HIS NYT CROSSWORD WITH A PEN.

He HEARS FOOTSTEPS - looks up, surprised to see THREE ENORMOUS ARYANS WITH SHAVED HEADS standing in his doorway. Their PECKERWOOD & SWASTIKA TATTOOS prominent.

He lowers the paper, but raises the ballpoint threateningly.

EARL

Come get it, motherfuckers.

A REDWOOD-LIKE ARYAN steps into the room, looms over Earl, who defiantly mad dogs him... Until Redwood places an envelope on his bed. Leaves with his buddies.

Earl cautiously opens the envelope - A FEW PACKETS OF ALKA SELTZER TUMBLE OUT OF THE ENVELOPE as he retrieves a note.

INT. REC ROOM - ADIRONDACK CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - NIGHT

Earl's PLAYING MONOPOLY with OTHER ELDERLY BLACK INMATES.

Earl rolls the die, sends his WHEELBARROW TO Community Chest. He flips the card, REVEALS A 'GET OUT OF JAIL FREE' CARD.

EARL

Well... well... well!

He waves the card to a nearby GUARD.

EARL (CONT'D)

My, man! This work in here?

His buddies LAUGH as he CHECKS THE WALL CLOCK - 7:15.

EARL (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get a soda.

He looks to ONE OF HIS OPPONENTS, AN ANCIENT LOOKING INMATE WITH VIOLENT HAND TREMORS - HE'S ABOUT TO ROLL THE DICE.

EARL (CONT'D)

Keep the dice on the board,
Shivers. None of us can pick 'em
off the floor if you miss again...

With that, he wheels off.

AT THE SODA MACHINE - A MOMENT LATER

Earl pulls a Coke from the machine tray. He checks the vicinity before... PLACING THE ALKA SELTZER TABLETS IN HIS MOUTH... THEN CRACKS THE COKE and GUZZLES IT ALL.

BACK AT THE MONOPOLY TABLE - Shivers THROWS THE DICE... which skitter off the board and onto the floor, just as -

GUARD
(into radio)
10-53! REC ROOM CELL BLOCK C!

The Guard rushes to EARL who's fallen out of his wheelchair. He CLUTCHES HIS LEFT ARM, FOAMS AT THE MOUTH -

MORE GUARDS RUSH IN, followed by THE ARYANS FROM EARL'S CELL - ALL ARE TRUSTEES. They roll a GURNEY into the room.

GUARD (CONT'D)
I think he's havin' a heart attack.

A MALE NURSE takes Earl's vitals as the Aryan Trustees roll him onto the gurney.

EMT
Sir... can you hear me?

Earl continues to moan and foam.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - LATER

The three Aryan Trustees hover over the nervous Male Nurse as he finishes his paperwork.

A COUGH draws their attention to AN OCCUPIED BODY BAG on the gurney. There's some movement in the zipped bag.

MALE NURSE
(low)
Would you shut him up?

Earl's voice emanates from the closed body bag.

EARL
Gonna have a heart attack for real
if you don't get me out of here.

A DOOR OPENING AND LOUD FOOTSTEPS announce the arrival of the PRISON DOCTOR (60s, rumples). A cigarette hangs from his mouth as he drunkenly grabs the paperwork from his nurse.

He barely glances at the bodybag before quickly signing the papers and handing them back to the nurse and leaving.

They all wait for his footsteps to recede... followed by a distant door opening and closing.

Two of the Aryans quickly grab either side of Earl's gurney and wheel him out. The third grabs his wheelchair.

The Male Nurse blocks their exit.

MALE NURSE

(anxious)

This clears me with Junior, right?

They push straight through him, ignoring the question.

INT. LOADING BAY - A MOMENT LATER

A PRIVATE AMBULANCE - BACK DOORS OPEN. The Aryans appear at the bumper with body-bagged Earl... they toss him and his folded wheelchair in back and slam the door.

EARL (O.S.)

Fuck.

The Ambulance peels off into the night.

EXT. MCBRIDE'S WAREHOUSE - LATER

DEATH METAL BLARES as WELDING SPARKS FLY. McBride takes out her frustration on one of her fanged vaginal bots... As the orgy from *Eyes Wide Shut* is projected on a wall.

BANGING ON THE DOOR wakes her from her angry trance. She drops her gear. Answers the door...

TIMMY'S THREE THUGS stand behind Earl in his chair.

THUG #1

See you both bright and early.

They turn and leave. Earl smiles.

EARL

Hey baby.

She's less than overjoyed. Turns back inside. He follows... and sees her works of art, scattered throughout.

EARL (CONT'D)

I love your use of color.

He sees the film projection... raises an eyebrow.

INT. ALEX'S ROOM - STEVIE'S HOUSE - LATER

Stevie sits at the end of Alex's bed - helping him with his math homework.

She nervously, subconsciously bites her thumbnail to the quick - WINCES as she draws blood.

STEVIE
(sotto)
Ow.

He glances up from his work.

ALEX
What's wrong?

STEVIE
Don't worry about it... how's the subtraction going?

ALEX
It's too easy.

STEVIE
Good. I always hated math. Glad you take after your Dad.

Alex shrugs. Sullen.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
What's wrong with you?

ALEX
I didn't know he was good at math.

Stevie watches him, tears forming.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Are you nervous?

Stevie's taken aback.

STEVIE
No... why... ?

Alex shrugs again.

ALEX
Your fingers are bleeding.

Stevie hides her fingers. He appraises her with a concern beyond his years.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Seriously, though. What's wrong?

Stevie stares at him for a long beat. Admiring him. He puts his pencil down, adamant.

STEVIE

You ever have to do something
you're afraid of... even though you
know if it all works out, you'll be
happier than before?

Alex thinks on it a beat.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Like when you go to the doctor for
a shot... or the dentist?

ALEX

Or going to bat.

STEVIE

... sure, yeah.

ALEX

What do you have to do?

STEVIE

It's adult stuff. I can't really
say.

Alex suddenly lunges into her arms. Gives her a tight hug.

ALEX

It'll be alright. We'll get ice
cream after, or something.

The dam bursts and she starts to cry.

A LIGHT KNOCK - she turns to see Hiram at the door.

HIRAM

May I have a word?

He heads back down the hall with the aid of a cane.

She wipes her tears.

STEVIE

I'll be back in a minute. Keep
subtracting.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Stevie comes down the stairs. As usual, Fleetwood Mac on the
8-track competes with the TV. Tho, she's immediately focused
on the TV... which is tuned to the nightly news.

NEWSCASTER

(on TV)

... Final preparations are underway all around the city as everyone gears up for the marathon, set to begin tomorrow morning.

On TV - police erect barriers... SNIPERS on rooftops...

Stevie begins chewing on her other thumb - distracted.

HIRAM (O.S.)

In here, McQueen.

She turns to find her father in the den. He's holding up her notebook in one hand, a glass of whiskey in the other.

STEVIE

Shit.

INT. DEN - CONTINUOUS

She approaches as he throws the notebook on his desk.

STEVIE

What are you doing with that?

She moves to take it back... HE SLAMS HIS FIST DOWN ON IT WITH SURPRISING FORCE. Pinning it to the scarred desktop.

HIRAM

... I was down at Lonnergan's. In the middle of my second pint when I ran into Billy Middleton. He's a Hoghouse Steward these days... You know.

Stevie sighs to herself. Knows what's coming.

HIRAM (CONT'D)

That man's deaf as a doorknob now, but still gossips like a housewife. Told me you've been in to see Jim Charles on more than one occasion.

He searches her eyes.

HIRAM (CONT'D)

He said Joe Coyle was with you.

She remains silent as we HEAR THE MARATHON COVERAGE.

HIRAM (CONT'D)
Between that and those two kooks
who were here lookin' for you the
other night... Didn't smell right.

She snatches her notebook back from him.

HIRAM (CONT'D)
Don't do this. There's another way.

STEVIE
There isn't.

HIRAM
I know odds, Stevie -

STEVIE
And you haven't done much to help
those odds, have you.

Hiram pauses, stung.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
You need to trust me when I say I
have this.

He holds up an envelope - his name printed on the front.

HIRAM
Then what's with this?

He tosses the envelope to her.

HIRAM (CONT'D)
Leavin' instructions 'just in
case'... Danny of all people?
(beat)
I was that bad of a father to you?

Hiram takes a swig of his drink. Stevie raises an eyebrow.

He gets it. Self-consciously sets the drink down on his desk.

She can tell how hurt he is. He sits heavily in his
wheelchair, near tears.

STEVIE
To be honest, you both suck. Which
is why I've got no plans to die.

Fleetwood Mac's 'Dreams' comes on the 8-track -

STEVIE NICKS (O.S.)
 ... thunder only happens when it's
 rainin'... players only love you
 when they're playin...

Stevie sits beside Hiram, sings along with Ms. Nicks -

STEVIE
 ... say women, they will come and
 they will go... when the rain
 washes you clean, you'll know...

She nudges Hiram. He meets her eyes with pain in his own.

HIRAM
 Please. I beg you. Do not do this.
 There's always another way.

STEVIE
 I won't lie. I've been second-
 guessing myself all night.
 (beat)
 But we're already in too deep.
 Junior's even a part of it now.

Hiram's silently stunned. Shakes his head in disappointment.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
 The plan is a good one -

HIRAM
 You know, I always thought you were
 better than me and your brother.
 Unfortunately, Lindsey picked up my
 drinking. But he also picked up
 that gambling gene... always
 letting it all ride, believin' that
 the next hand was golden.
 (beat)
 It's never really turned out that
 way for any of us, has it?

He turns away from her. Wheels himself out of the room, away
 from Stevie

INT. BANK TUNNEL - SAME

We HEAR THE WHINE OF A DRILL as we track through the narrow
 tunnel. We end at -

THE BANK WALL - Joe is STANDING ON A PLATFORM MOUNTED WITH A
 LARGE 'JUMBO'DRILL.

He's finishing BORING A BEAUTIFUL, INTRICATE PATTERN OF HOLES IN THE WALL - EACH THE CIRCUMFERENCE OF A STICK OF DYNAMITE.

He steps down and off the platform, admires his work. He HEARS FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HIM.

Joe spins to find Jim appraising his work.

JIM CHARLES

Not bad...

Jim looks at the narrow tunnel... nods to himself as he sports the first hint of a smile we've seen so far.

JOE

But what?

JIM CHARLES

... But nothing. You do good work.

He reveals a BOTTLE OF WHISKEY AND TWO PLASTIC CUPS. Sets the cups on the platform, pours one for each of them.

Joe nods a thanks, clinks plastic with Jim and they both take a well-earned sip in silence. This is Jim's grudging respect.

Joe closes his eyes. TAKES IN THE SILENCE OF THE UNDERGROUND

JIM CHARLES (CONT'D)

You miss this shit.

JOE

Every day.

INT. STEVIE'S ROOM - DAWN

Stevie sits on her bed, fully dressed, staring into space. Her PHONE ALARM GOES OFF: 5 AM. She turns it off. She moves off the bed, opens her door -

Revealing her father's St. Barbara necklace hanging from the knob. A sticky note above it: 'Rock on, gold dust woman.'

INT. MCBRIDE'S WAREHOUSE - SAME

Half-asleep, McBride shuffles out of her room. PHONE in hand. She stops short as she looks to her 'living room'...

Earl's asleep on her couch - COMPLETELY NAKED... in the arms of a NAKED OLD WOMAN.

She DROPS HER PHONE IN SHOCK.

They both awaken -

EARL
Mornin'.

He looks to his companion.

EARL (CONT'D)
Hope you don't mind... Been a while
since I've seen my girl.

The woman waves to McBride, who looks ready to heave.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

EXT. FORT WADSWORTH - STATEN ISLAND - MORNING

The start of the marathon route under the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. The sun rises over the historic fort as -

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
Today is finally the day! The
fiftieth running of the New York
City Marathon.

THOUSANDS OF RUNNERS OF ALL AGES, SHAPES, SIZES AND PHYSICAL ABILITIES ARRIVE. They socialize as they stretch and hydrate.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
Starting in just four and a half
hours, the first wave of nearly
fifty-five-thousand participants
from around the globe -

EXT. STARTING LINE - VERRAZANO-NARROWS BRIDGE - LATER

A SIGNIFICANT POLICE PRESENCE AS -

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
- will begin the historic 26.2 mile
course through all five boroughs...
ending in Central Park.

MARATHON EMPLOYEES make final adjustments on the STARTING LINE... while THE FIRST WAVE OF PARA-MARATHONERS IN RACING WHEELCHAIRS look on from the line, raring to go.

The RACE MARSHALL looks to a LARGE DIGITAL CLOCK - 8:15. He raises the starter's gun and pulls the trigger WITH A CRACK -

Wheelchair athletes blast off the line and onto the bridge.

REVEAL - ELITE WOMEN AND MEN are waiting behind them...

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
Elite runners in the opening waves
compete for glory -

FURTHER BEHIND THEM - THOUSANDS OF OTHER RUNNERS line up in groups. MANY IN HALLOWEEN-THEMED COSTUMES...

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
- while the rest compete against
themselves to finish one of the
most challenging races on the
earth.

EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - TIMES SQUARE STATION - LATER

CLOSE ON AN INTERACTIVE SCREEN. THE CLOCK READS 8:55 AM.

ANGLE ON an arriving train. Its doors open to REVEAL THREE COPS IN BLACK TAC GEAR: HELMETS, MASKS and ASSAULT RIFLES. Each with a DUFFLE BAG. It's TIMMY AND TWO OF HIS THUGS.

TWO MORE COPS IN TAC GEAR step in and join. It's STEVIE AND JOE, both carry duffels as well.

With a CHIME, the DOORS CLOSE on them and the train departs.

EXT. STARTING LINE - VERRAZANO-NARROWS BRIDGE - LATER

The ELITE MENS' HEAT is lined up, their toes on the line.

The Race Marshal looks to the DIGITAL CLOCK: 9:15 AM... FIRES THE STARTER'S PISTOL. And they're off -

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - MANHATTAN BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Stevie and crew stay clustered at one end of the car.

AT THE OTHER END OF THEIR CAR - PATROL OFFICERS can be seen through the window in the next car.

Stevie and Joe tense up... Timmy catches her eye with a MALICIOUS WINK. She looks ready to puke, runs fingers over Hiram's St. Barbara medallion, now hanging from her neck.

EXT. STARTING LINE - VERRAZANO-NARROWS BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

BEHIND THE LINE - The final, MASSIVE WAVE OF RUNNERS stretches as far as the eye can see - many in goofy costumes. All nervously champ at the bit.

The Race Marshal holds his starter's pistol aloft, looks to the official clock... as it ticks to... 9:30. CRACK.

The horde is off and running - in front: A GROUP OF RUNNERS, ALL DRESSED AS THE STAY-PUFT MARSHMALLOW MAN.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - BROOKLYN - CONTINUOUS

The train arrives and the doors slide open... Stevie, Joe, Timmy and his guys emerge onto the platform... and into a GROWING CROWD OF MARATHON SPECTATORS heading upstairs.

The crowd thins out, revealing McBride in an NYPD tactical uniform. Beside her, A LARGE BLACK PELICAN CASE ON WHEELS.

EARL (O.S.)

Hey, baby.

Stevie kicks the case with her boot.

STEVIE

Shut up.

A TENSE MOMENT as they pass A GROUP OF COPS... who respectfully nod at Stevie and her crew.

Stevie looks to the ARRIVALS SCREEN above the track: 9:36 AM.

A MOMENT LATER -

The crowd has thinned out as Stevie and the rest of the team walk with purpose to the end of the platform. Nothing but the pitch black tunnels on both sides of the narrow platform.

Stevie puts an earpiece in - dials her phone. After a beat -

STEVIE (CONT'D)

(into earpiece)

We're almost to the tunnel.

BETWEEN THE TUNNELS - padlocked wooden doors that lead to a CONSTRUCTION PASSAGEWAY.

TWO CRUSTY FEMALE TRANSIT COPS (50s) sit on folding chairs in front of the door, guarding the entrance.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
 (sotto)
 Shit.

The women could give a shit about the approaching group.

TRANSIT COP #1
 You lost? Race is upstairs -

Stevie puts on an officious vibe -

STEVIE
 We're with S.O.D. Orders for a
 sweep of the worksite.

The Transit Cops instinctively puff up.

TRANSIT COP #2
 No one told us.

Stevie GROANS dramatically.

STEVIE
 Then someone screwed up. Just let
 us through and we'll call it a day -

TRANSIT COP #1
 No one goes through these doors
 until our Captain tells us.

STEVIE
 Look, I get it. It's chaos today.
 But it's not even ten yet... and
 we've got another hour or two of
 walking through ratty tunnels so
 the idiot brass downtown can feel
 like they've checked all the boxes.

The women look to one another, seem to soften a bit... before-

TIMMY
 Just open the fucking doors.

Stevie grimaces, knowing what's coming next from these women
 so used to dealing with assholes like him.

The Transit Cops share a knowing glance before #1 picks up
 her radio... while offering her most condescending smile.

TRANSIT COP #1
 I'll be calling this in. I know
 you're in a rush, shouldn't take
 more than twenty minutes, sweetie.

She winks at Timmy as she TOGGLES HER RADIO -

TRANSIT COP #1 (CONT'D)
 (into radio)
 Dispatch. Transit 673.

Nothing but CROSS-TALK.

Stevie and Joe watch in quiet horror as Timmy checks the empty platform, while his hand moves to his holstered pistol.

Stevie gently grabs his arm. He yanks it away from her, puts his hand around the pistol grip - his intentions are clear.

All while unnoticed by the transit cops -

DISPATCH
 (via radio)
 Transit 673. Dispatch, go ahead -

Before Transit Cop #1 can answer -

MULTIPLE ALARMS BEGIN TO BLARE - distracting the cops.

TRANSIT COP #2
 What the hell?

Transit Cop #2 looks down the platform as FLASHING LIGHTS and an EMERGENCY ANNOUNCEMENT further confuse the situation -

EMERGENCY RECORDING
 PLEASE EVACUATE THROUGH EMERGENCY
 EXITS IMMEDIATELY. THIS IS AN
 ANNOUNCEMENT FROM NEW YORK CITY
 EMERGENCY SERVICES...

Transit Cop #1 looks to Stevie and her group... torn between them and the alarms.

She finally UNLOCKS THE CONSTRUCTION GATES before heading down the platform with her partner to investigate -

TRANSIT COP #1
 (into radio)
 We've got multiple alarms on the
 Atlantic Q platform...

Stevie glares at Timmy - who simply grins as he removes his hand from his pistol. She sees his Thugs carry as well.

STEVIE
 We said no guns.

He hefts the submachine gun strapped to her shoulder.

TIMMY

Guns, guns we all have guns -

STEVIE

These are fake, asshole. Why'd you
bring the pistols?

Timmy shrugs as he forges through the construction doors followed by his two guys... Joe and McBride look to her, uncomfortable.

Stevie looks up to a NEARBY SECURITY CAMERA -

INT. SEB'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

We're suddenly watching Stevie through the lens of grainy security camera feed on a laptop resting on Seb's knees.

In a corner of the screen... WE CAN SEE THAT SEB'S HACKED THE MTA ALARM SYSTEM FOR THE STATION.

We can hear Stevie and the WAILING ALARMS through Seb's phone, resting on the dash.

STEVIE

(via speakerphone)

Thanks. See you on the other side.

He hangs up, watches the feed as she heads into the tunnel with Joe... and McBride, lugging the Pelican case behind her.

Seb brings up a VERIZON window next to the video feed and begins to hack into the phone system.

JUST OVER THE TOP OF HIS LAPTOP - THROUGH HIS WINDSHIELD... We see a POLICE BARRICADE AT THE END OF THE STREET and a STEADY STREAM OF MARATHONERS crossing the intersection.

WE MOVE OUT OF SEB'S VAN, to see that...

EXT. SANDHOGS WORKSITE - CONTINUOUS

Seb's van is parked beside the entrance gates to the worksite... Just behind A POLICE MOBILE COMMAND CENTER.

EXT. WILLIAMSBURGH BANK BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The CLEANING CREW (INCLUDING LEV) exits, post-shift. Lev looks a bit down. Like a guy who'd been held hostage in the wilderness by his Tesla.

We follow Lev as he crosses in front of the worksite -

EXT. STREET - BROOKLYN - CONTINUOUS

We leave Lev and MOVE INTO AN AERIAL SHOT - Get a glimpse of POLICE SNIPERS on top of the Williamsburgh Bank Building.

We TURN and move higher over the Sandhogs Worksite... see that the back fence of the muddy site abuts the -

EXT. MARATHON ROUTE - BROOKLYN - CONTINUOUS

We elevate over the middle of the marathon route...

And take in the magnitude of the race. THOUSANDS OF SPECTATORS line either side of the wide avenue. All of them CHEERING A SMATTERING OF THE FASTER RUNNERS ON.

WE ELEVATE EVEN HIGHER and see the MAGNITUDE OF THE MAIN HORDE OF RUNNERS, ONLY MINUTES FROM ARRIVAL.

WE MOVE OVER IT ALL... assaulted by the cacophony of MUSIC, CHEERING, TAMBORINES AND COWBELLS.

WE VEER OFF A BIT TOWARDS THE SIDEWALK... now over a BUSKER JAMMING ON A BANJO. She's standing on a -

SUBWAY GRATE - We DIVE DOWN through the grate into -

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Continue to move down past a SUBWAY TRAIN... down to the tracks, past a RAT CARRYING A SLICE OF PIZZA... through the sludge... and THROUGH A HUNDRED FEET OF MUD AND ROCK TO -

INT. TUNNEL WORKSITE - CONTINUOUS

WORKLIGHTS illuminate the muddy, jagged cavern we previously saw Jim Charles and his crew working on.

It's eerily quiet now - an off-day for the marathon - but still filled with the remnants of Sandhog equipment.

The group trudges through the mud... Timmy's two thugs, straining to carry McBride's Pelican case.

A LOUD WHISTLE gets their attention. Jim Charles and his men appear out of the darkness in hardhats and Sandhog gear.

JIM CHARLES
What took you so long?

Timmy's guys indicate the Pelican Case... gratefully lower it and open it up - REVEALING EARL IN A FETAL POSITION.

EARL
Why's it always coffins and boxes?
Could barely breathe.

Timmy's guys roughly pull him to his feet. Hand him a cane.
They follow Jim and the group to the -

EXT. BANK TUNNEL - TUNNEL WORKSITE - CONTINUOUS

SMALL MINE TRAIN waits on narrow gauge tracks just outside the rough opening: basic, roofless passenger cars with cramped seating for one... followed by tarp-covered 'muck' cars meant to carry dirt and rubble out of the tunnels.

McBride and Joe move to step in with their duffels. Stevie casually pulls Jim aside, whispers in his ear -

STEVIE
(low)
They're all armed.

Jim tenses up... as Timmy and his guys balk at the tight fit. Timmy looks at the BATTLE-SCARS AND DENTS all over the train.

TIMMY
The fuck is this... ?

JIM CHARLES
The only way in or out if you want
to get this done in time.

He eyes Timmy's gun as Stevie checks the time: 10:31.

STEVIE
We've got fifteen minutes.

Timmy still hesitates. Stevie moves to the train with McBride, Joe and Earl.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Fine. Just be sure to let Junior
know you missed out on fifty mil
because you're a bunch of pussies.

Timmy grits his teeth as he and his guys reluctantly move to their train cars with the empty duffels.

Timmy takes his seat, watches with frightened eyes as Joe and Stevie slouch down in their seats -

JIM CHARLES

You may want to duck a bit.
Ceiling's a bit low cuz of the
shortened dig time... don't want
you to get decapitated.

He and his guys reflexively duck lower in their seats. Earl slouches lower as well -

EARL

Coffins, boxes, kiddie trains...

INT. DRIVER'S SEAT - MINE TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Joe's in the driver's seat - STARTS IT UP WITH A DIESEL ROAR.

INT. PASSENGER CAR - MINE TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Timmy looks to Jim with wide eyes -

JIM CHARLES

You'll be fine, princess.

Jim POUNDS THE SIDE OF THE TRAIN - SIGNALLING JOE. THE TRAIN TAKES OFF -

EXT. MARATHON ROUTE - CONTINUOUS

The HORDE OF RUNNERS begin to converge on the BANK. While hundreds of feet below the street, moving in parallel...

INT. BANK TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

The mine train races along the narrow tunnel - moving perilously close to a LOW CEILING AND ROCK OUTCROPPINGS which WHIZZ past as they head deeper into the darkness.

McBride and Earl LAUGH LIKE THEY'RE WHITE KNUCKLING A ROLLERCOASTER FROM HELL.

The train GRINDS TO A HALT as a faint light is seen ahead. Everyone climbs out. Timmy peels his fingers from a handhold.

They all pull black balaclavas over their heads as Jim and Dillon lead them to -

THE BANK WALL

Illuminated by a couple of WORKLIGHTS - old, mud-streaked masonry revealed after 40-odd years.

It's dotted by JOE'S GEOMETRIC PATTERN... MULTI-COLORED WIRES lead away from each hole.

TIMMY

What's with the fancy pattern?

Timmy peers into a hole - plays with the wire leading out.

JOE

Blasting pattern. There's explosives in each hole.

Timmy jerks back from the hole as Stevie checks the time.

STEVIE

10:43.

Joe moves to a CONCRETE BARRIER set back near the train... Stevie, McBride and Earl follow suit. Timmy and his guys eagerly follow like scared puppies.

Joe hands everyone EARPLUGS.

INT. SEB'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Seb still has his laptop on his knees. HUMS TO HIMSELF as he TYPES IN A FEW MORE COMMANDS... hits EXECUTE.

INT. CASINO - WILLIAMSBURGH BANK BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

QUICK SHOTS OF SECURITY CAMERAS - ALL POWERING OFF.

INT. VAULT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The CAMERAS POWER OFF around the imposing vault as...

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - VAULT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

THE BLEARY-EYED SECURITY GUARDS drink coffee, slacking off -

SECURITY GUARD #1

... best fifty I ever spent. Her ass like a couple watermelons side by side.

Security Guard #2 grabs his belly.

SECURITY GUARD #2
Speaking of. Gotta hit the head.

SECURITY GUARD #1
Told you to avoid the menudo, man.

Security Guard #2 waves him off, rushes out the door and to the RESTROOM -

SECURITY GUARD #1 (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Longest shift of my fucking life -

He finally looks to THE BIG SCREEN MONITOR... nearly drops his coffee as he WATCHES EACH VIDEO FEED GO BLACK.

Picks up the desk-phone. Dead. As he grabs his cell phone...

ANGLE UNDER THE DESK - A RED LIGHT BLINKS on the device Seb had planted. A cellphone jammer.

He tosses his useless phone to the desk, moves to open the door - SEALED SHUT. The electronic lock frozen in place.

As he struggles with the door handle -

INT. BANK TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Stevie and the bank crew huddle behind the barrier beside Joe... who hands her the DETONATOR.

JOE
Do your thing.

Stevie touches Hiram's medallion once more... then...

STEVIE
Let's hope Seb did his thing.

She PUSHES THE BUTTON AND DUCKS along with everyone else.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Security Guard #2 is on the INDUSTRIAL TOILET, PLAYING A GAME ON HIS PHONE - NOISE CANCELLING EARBUDS IN HIS EARS. He DOES A PRE-EMPTIVE, LOUD FLUSH, as -

INT. BANK TUNNEL - SAME

ANGLE ON THE BANK WALL - THE GEOMETRIC PATTERN ERUPTS WITH SMALL, SEQUENTIAL DETONATIONS... POP-POP-POP-POP-POP-POP...

Timmy and his guys are on the verge of shitting themselves... McBride and Earl grin from ear to ear.

MORE POPS loosen the rock... And then - KA-BOOM. THE MAIN, DIRECTIONAL BLAST CAREFULLY SHEERS THE MASONRY AWAY... without taking down the building above.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Security Guard #1 reacts to the CONCUSSIVE BOOM.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Security Guard #2 looks up from his phone game, mildly confused. Looks into the toilet between his legs... looks to the toilet piping.

INT. VAULT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SMOKE WAFTS FROM A TRUCK-SIZED HOLE... debris crumbling down.

Stevie and crew pile in - balaclavas over their faces & duffel bags in-hand. McBride ushers Earl to the VAULT DOOR.

Earl stares at the gleaming, hundred-year-old monolith with reverential love.

EARL
(softly)
Hello again, baby.

McBride opens her duffel. RETRIEVES A SAFECRACKER'S KIT: BATTERY OPERATED DRILL, LONG DIAMOND BITS, A MAGNETIC MOUNT AND A BORESCOPE...

BANGING ERUPTS from the ARMORED SECURITY OFFICE DOOR. Security Guard #1 HAMMERING on it, trying to get out...

SECURITY GUARD #1 (O.S.)
YOU KNOW WHO YOU'RE FUCKING WITH?!

JOE
Fully aware, pal.

SECURITY GUARD #1 (O.S.)
YOU'RE FUCKING DEAD.

Suddenly -

THE BATHROOM DOOR OPENS - revealing Security Guard #2... completely clueless. WE CAN HEAR MUSIC SEEPING FROM THE NOISE CANCELLING EARBUDS STILL IN HIS EARS.

He calmly tucks in his shirt, still unaware. Finally looks up-

The ENTIRE CREW turns to stare at him. He stares back... reality seeping in.

THE BANGING CONTINUES...

SECURITY GUARD #1 (CONT'D)
FUCKING. DEAD. ALL OF YOU.

Security Guard #2 begins to reach down to his HOLSTERED GUN ON HIS UNBUCKLED BELT.

Stevie tries to calm him like a wild horse -

STEVIE
Buddy... just relax and we'll be out of here a minute.

But Guard #2 can't hear her over the music. He puts his hand on his gun -

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Come on. Don't do anything stupid -

TIMMY'S GUYS OPEN FIRE - BULLETS RICOCHET AROUND THE VAULT ROOM. Guard #2's hit in the shoulder as he dives back into the bathroom.

JOE
STOP.

They CONTINUE TO FIRE, UNLOADING ON THE CLOSED DOOR -

STEVIE
STOP, DAMMIT.

Timmy and his guys finally stop shooting.

As everyone tries to clear the ringing from their ears -

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Security Guard #2 cowers in a corner as WATER RAINS DOWN FROM THE SHATTERED TOILET AND SINK.

INT. VAULT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The BANGING FROM THE SECURITY OFFICE HAS FINALLY STOPPED.
Timmy takes the opportunity to goad the mouthy guard -

TIMMY
WHAT WERE YOU SAYING - ?

Stevie gets in his face.

STEVIE
WE SAID NO GUNS FOR A REASON -

TIMMY
AND I SAID 'FUCK THAT' CUZ I
THOUGHT THIS'D HAPPEN -

STEVIE
YOU COULD'VE KILLED US ALL -

TIMMY
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH. WHAT ABOUT YOUR
BOY LOCKING THESE ASSHOLES UP LIKE
HE WAS SUPPOSED TO?

Stevie stops short. Realizes they fucked up.

TIMMY (CONT'D)
Fucking amateurs.

EARL
(laughs)
Guy was taking a shit. No one can
ignore the call of nature.

... he then COUGHS LOUDLY.

McBride SEES BLOOD SPATTER ON THE VAULT DOOR... sees BLOOD
SOAKING EARL'S SIDE.

Earl slumps against the vault.

EARL (CONT'D)
Think I caught a ricochet.

MCBRIDE
Shit.

Stevie glares at Timmy. He could care less - not his problem.

TIMMY
Get it open and let's get the fuck
out of here.

Timmy nods his guys towards the bathroom.

TIMMY (CONT'D)
Keep an eye on him.

Joe tries to stabilize Earl.

JOE
This isn't good.

Stevie looks to the crimson blood pooling on the white linoleum below him. She looks to the safecracking kit.

EARL
I'm sorry.

Timmy ominously looms over them, gun in hand.

TIMMY
What's the problem?

Stevie nearly laughs as she indicates Earl's state.

STEVIE
You're kidding, right?

TIMMY
Clock's ticking.

Earl tries to grab the tools... can barely lift his left arm.

EARL
I'm sorry...

McBride grabs the tools.

MCBRIDE
I can do it. Just need your help.

Earl manages to smile.

EARL
Guess it's a tutorial after all.

Timmy looks more than skeptical.

TIMMY
Tellin' you now. If we leave
without any cash, all of you are
ten times more fucked than before.

Stevie waves him off, disgusted.

EXT. MARATHON ROUTE - BROOKLYN - CONTINUOUS

AT A POLICE BARRICADE - WE FIND DANNY IN HIS SUIT. Sipping a coffee as he eyes a FEMALE REPORTER (20s) doing a live shot.

A LIVE BAND PLAYS SALSA across the street.

She glances at him - he winks back. Mouths, 'Hi' as he does an embarrassing shimmy.

BEHIND THEM - A STAMPEDE OF RUNNERS converge. The time is nigh for Stevie and her crew to finish up.

INT. VAULT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

THE WHINING SOUND OF A DRILL as Timmy's guys keep watch on the bullet-riddled bathroom door.

AT THE VAULT DOOR -

McBride is just finishing drilling into the face of the vault - at a steep, 45-degree angle with the aid of the magnetic mount attached just above the locking mechanism...

Earl watches from the floor - painfully bleeding out.

Stevie tries to keep pressure on his bleeding wound as he struggles to stay focused and supervise. She checks the time: 10:56 AM.

EARL

Gently... gently...

McBride slowly removes the bit.

Timmy paces angrily nearby. Joe blocks him as he stalks towards them...

TIMMY

This is taking too long.

JOE

And whose fault is that?

He stalks closer, making McBride nervous.

MCBRIDE

Mind giving me some space, jackass?

TIMMY

You got a mouth.

EARL

If she's even a hair off, it'll trigger the relocker... That drops we're locked out for good. Actin' like a tough guy won't do shit...

Timmy wants to tear his head off, but knows better.

TIMMY

Hurry the fuck up.

EXT. MARATHON ROUTE - CONTINUOUS

THE MAIN BODY OF RUNNERS is now flowing past the bank...

INT. VAULT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe steadies a snake-like, fiberoptic BORESCOPE CAMERA inserted inside the freshly drilled hole...

... it leads to a TABLET-SIZED VIDEOSCREEN ON THE FLOOR BESIDE EARL. He watches the screen as McBride manipulates the COMBINATION DIAL. Sweat drips off her face.

REVEAL - Timmy looming just behind her.

EARL

Now, left... Slowly. Slowly.

McBride struggles to control her breathing as - WE HEAR AN UNCEREMONIOUS, SOFT CLICK.

Earl simply nods. Relieved.

TIMMY

What?

EARL

We're in.

Stevie approaches the SPINDLE WHEEL... TURNS IT...

WE HEAR CYLINDERS MOVING WITHIN THE 22-TON DOOR... SHE GENTLY TUGS - PULLING THE DOOR OPEN WITH HYDRAULIC EASE.

REVEALING - MULTIPLE, TOWERING STACKS OF CASH LINING THE WALLS OF THE STRONG ROOM.

INT. VAULT - A MOMENT LATER

A free for all as Timmy, Thug #2, Stevie, Joe and McBride REMOVE FOAM FILLING FROM THEIR DUFFELS... and replace it with COLD, HARD CASH.

Stevie slyly eyes - A CORNER SHELF - Where INNOCUOUS SERVER TOWER AND TWO STACKED HARD DRIVES rest... cables lead from the setup to a conduit leading out of the vault. The cables that Seb had clocked during his recon...

Stevie moves her duffel beside the hard drives, looks to Joe... who subtly nods -

JOE

Earl. How you doin'?

INT. VAULT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Earl sits, bleeding beside the open vault door.

EARL

Peachy.

Earl's definitely not 'peachy'.

Thug #1 keeps a gun on the bathroom door. He briefly glances over his shoulder to the open vault behind him.

INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Joe looks to Timmy - shakes his head, MUTTERS TO HIMSELF as he continues to grab cash.

TIMMY

What's the problem?

JOE

Nothin'.

Joe continues stuffing his duffel. Angrily spins back to him -

JOE (CONT'D)

Actually. You're my problem.

TIMMY

Not the time, little guy.

JOE

You piece of shit. Everywhere you go, you're like a cancer.

The tension is thick as the two men face off.

STEVIE

He's right. We need to go, the day shift's gonna be clocking in.

TIMMY

More than happy to continue this conversation topside.

JOE

Sure thing, buddy.

Stevie looks to the time: 11:02. Steps between them.

STEVIE

WE NEED TO GO.

He slyly glances over her shoulder -

ANGLE ON THE SERVERS... to see the HARD DRIVES ARE NOW GONE.

Joe reluctantly backs off...

JOE

Fuck it. Fine.

EXT. SERVICE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Danny, ANOTHER DETECTIVE and TWO DAY SHIFT GUARDS enter the bank building to start their shift.

INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Everyone zips their duffels. Heft them over their shoulders -

INT. CASINO - CONTINUOUS

Danny looks to the WALL MOUNTED ALARM KEY PAD - THE SCREEN IS BLANK AND POWERED-OFF...

Danny looks to the SECURITY CAMERAS - POWERED OFF.

DETECTIVE

What's up?

DANNY

Somethin' ain't right.

He hurries for the stairs, followed by the Detective and the Day Shift Guards.

INT. VAULT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stevie and the group head back through hole with their heavy duffels. Joe carries McBride's duffel as well as his own...

Bringing up the rear are McBride and Earl, the old guy's good arm draped over her shoulders.

INT. BANK TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone approaches the mine train with their duffels. McBride helps Earl back into his seat.

It's clear that no one's going to be able to fit in their seat with these cash-filled bags.

Joe moves to A MUCK CAR AT THE REAR OF THE TRAIN - lifts the lid and throws his two bags in. He motions to everyone to do the same. Timmy and his guys hesitate...

STEVIE

You can hang onto your bags...
which means you're either losing
your heads or losing the money. Or
you're walking back.

INT. VAULT ROOM - SAME

Danny, the Detective and the Day Shift Guards enter the room in disbelief: The open, blood-streaked vault door... the massive hole in the vault room wall...

He goes to the security office, the door handle won't budge.

THEY'RE STARTLED BY POUNDING FROM THE OTHER SIDE, Security Guard #1 shouts from within -

SECURITY GUARD #1 (O.S.)
GET ME THE FUCK OUT OF HERE.

The Day Shift Guards VIOLENTLY KICK THE DOOR OPEN as Danny and the Detective cautiously move to the hole in the wall.

BOTH SPIN, SURPRISED as the BATHROOM DOOR OPENS... SECURITY GUARD #2 EMERGES, LOOKING THOROUGHLY PISSED OFF AS HE FAVORS HIS BLOODY SHOULDER.

Everyone reacts to the SOUND OF THE DIESEL MINE TRAIN - REVING UP AND SPEEDING OFF -

INT. BANK TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Danny, the Detective and the Guards enter the tunnel.

SECURITY GUARD #2
 Motherfuckers were dressed as cops.
 Special Ops.

Danny processes this.

DANNY
 How many?

SECURITY GUARD #2
 Seven. Two women, five men. One of
 'em was an old guy.

DANNY
 Old?

SECURITY GUARD #2
 Old. Caught a ricochet I think.

Danny looks to the Detective.

DANNY
 You got your radio?

The Detective cautiously nods.

DANNY (CONT'D)
 See where this tunnel ends.

The Detective peers into the darkness... unsure.

DETECTIVE
 I don't know, Danny -

DANNY
 Buddy. You really want me to tell
 our employers you're afraid of the
 dark?

The Detective gets the message, starts down the tunnel, using
 his phone flashlight to trace the tracks.

Danny looks to Day Shift Guard #1 -

DANNY (CONT'D)
 Go with him.

Danny looks to the remaining security guards.

DANNY (CONT'D)
The rest of you with me.

They head back into the -

INT. VAULT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Danny tries to use his phone, but no signal.

SECURITY GUARD #1
They're jamming the cell phones.

DANNY
Then I guess we gotta get outside.

INT. BANK TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

The mine train speeds down the tracks back to the worksite.
Once again, everyone hangs on for dear life -

Joe drives the back up mine train engine, facing the correct
direction.

ON THE MUCK CAR - the lid bounces, whipped by the wind...
briefly revealing ALL THE CASH-FILLED DUFFELS.

WHILE BEHIND THEM, FURTHER UP THE TUNNEL -

The Detective and Day Shift Guard #1 are scared shitless,
navigating the narrow tunnel with the aid of a phone light...

INT. TUNNEL WORKSITE - MOMENTS LATER

The mine train SCREEEEECHES TO A STOP. Everyone gets out...
McBride and Stevie assist Earl.

AT THE REAR OF THE MINE TRAIN - Joe pops open the muck car
hatch, tosses the duffels to the muddy tunnel floor.

SOME OF JIM'S CREW begin to rapidly dismantle the train and
the narrow-gauge tracks.

JOE
How long to bring the ceiling down?

JIM
Should take a few minutes so to set
the charges...

OTHER HOGS gather EXPLOSIVES - prep to blow the bank tunnel.

Stevie looks to Timmy as he and his two thugs hoist ALL OF THE CASH-FILLED DUFFELS ON THEIR SHOULDERS. Stevie sighs.

STEVIE
Predictable.

All three pull their guns on her and the rest of the crew.

JIM
What the fuck - ?

Timmy shrugs.

TIMMY
.... Junior says thank you, from
the bottom of his heart.

As Stevie, McBride, Joe, Earl, Jim, Dillon and the rest of their Hogs look on helplessly... Timmy and his guys retreat through the tunnel, back towards the subway station.

Stevie SCREAMS after them, ABSOLUTELY LOSING HER SHIT -

STEVIE
And I say... FUCK YOU. YOU DIRTY,
THIEVING PIECES OF MOTHERFUCKING
SHITGODDAMMIT...

Joe makes a show of holding her back as her voice echoes in the cavern as they round a corner and disappear from view.

JIM
(quietly)
We clear?

Stevie takes one last look - nods.

STEVIE
That sounded good, right? Angry
enough?

Joe shakes his head.

Jim REACHES BEHIND A BOULDER - RETRIEVES A SUITCASE... TOSSES IT TO THE MUDDY FLOOR IN FRONT OF STEVIE.

Stevie unzips the case: IT'S FULL OF ODDLY-SHAPED CLOTHING.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - BARCLAY'S CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Timmy and his guys walk the platform from the direction of the CONSTRUCTION DOORS as a TRAIN ARRIVES.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

The doors open and they step on with their stuffed duffels -

One of Timmy's thugs drops his bag to the floor... and immediately regrets it - shrinks from Timmy's glare.

Timmy looks to the bag - realizes its ZIPPER IS PARTIALLY OPEN.

He checks the train for prying eyes as moves to zip the bag back up... AND FREEZES IN SHOCK -

INT. TUNNEL WORKSITE - SAME

Dillon moves to a SECONDARY MUCK CAR - flips open the lid, REVEALING MORE DUFFEL BAGS, IDENTICAL TO THE ONES TIMMY AND HIS GUYS PILFERED...

Dillon unzips one of the duffels, REVEALING THE CASINO CASH.

Everyone eyes the cash in awe as -

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - SAME

Timmy reaches into the duffel... comes up with A FISTFUL OF RACE TRACK BETTING SLIPS.

Panicked, he unzips another bag... MORE BETTING SLIPS.

The subway car's CHIME SOUNDS, the doors about to close -

As they begin to slide shut, Timmy FORCES THEM OPEN. His face is pure rage as he steps back onto the platform.

INT. TUNNEL WORKSITE - CONTINUOUS

We HEAR THE SOUNDS OF AIR COMPRESSORS in the background as -

TWO OTHER HOGS QUICKLY LOAD THE STACKS OF BILLS INTO VARIOUS BODY HARNESES AND MONEY BELTS...

EXT. WILLIAMSBURGH BANK BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Danny and Security Guards #1 & #2 and Day Shift Guard #2 emerge into absolute chaos. Danny's already on his phone -

DANNY
(into phone)
Yeah. All of it.

He listens with a pained look as he scans the street -
SUSPICIOUSLY EYEING EVERY COP HE SEES.

DANNY (CONT'D)
(into phone)
I'm on it.

He hangs up as Security Guard #2 scans the crowded scene,
nurses his bloody shoulder -

SECURITY GUARD #2
This is pointless. If they're
smart, they're halfway across the
city by now.

DANNY
Maybe, maybe not. Keep looking. I'm
gonna call in the cavalry.

Danny SEES SOME COPS standing in front of the NYPD MOBILE
COMMAND CENTER parked across the street...

He picks up his POLICE RADIO.

DANNY (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Dispatch. Detective 711. I've got a
10-10. Armed subjects dressed as
NYPD, in the vicinity of Flatbush
and Lafayette marathon route.

DANNY'S MOMENTARILY DISTRACTED BY THE SIGHT OF SEB AT HIS
VAN, PARKED IN FRONT OF THE NYPD MOBILE COMMAND CENTER -
Seb's dressed in ULTRA SHORT RUNNING SHORTS... pulling a
wheelchair from the rear of his white van.

Danny's RADIO CRACKLES as the POLICE DISPATCHER IMMEDIATELY
RESPONDS WITH AN ALERT TO ALL UNITS.

POLICE DISPATCHER
(via Danny's radio)
All units be advised, 10-10...

Danny watches as the LOITERING COPS outside the Mobile
Command Center perk up - begin their search for the suspects.

EXT. MARATHON ROUTE - SAME

IN THE MIDST OF THE RACE CHAOS - A PATROL COP lounges near a
barricade with a FEW OTHER COPS - THE BANK BUILDING PROMINENT
BEHIND HER... She listens intently to her radio...

She BRIEFLY CONFERS WITH THE OTHER COPS... they begin walking through the crowd with purpose, scanning faces.

EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - BARCLAY'S CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Timmy and his guys stalk down the platform, approach the unattended CONSTRUCTION DOORS... as -

FURTHER DOWN THE PLATFORM - A GROUP OF PATROL COPS receive the same radio call... immediately begin scanning the platform for the crew, but Timmy's already out of view.

INT. POLICE INTELLIGENCE CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The nerve center of NYPD surveillance. Desks upon desks of ANALYSTS scanning VIDEO FEEDS from all over the city.

A VIDEO ANALYST eyes a LARGE SCREEN. She switches her feed... which is now filled with POLICE VIDEO FEED FROM CAMERAS ALL AROUND THE ATLANTIC TERMINAL.

She types in a few commands... AND THE CAMERAS BEGIN USING AI TO HONE IN ON EVERY PERSON ON THE STREET IN A POLICE UNIFORM - WHICH IS A WHOLE HELL OF A LOT.

INT. TUNNEL WORKSITE - CONTINUOUS

NO SIGN OF STEVIE, JOE, MCBRIDE OR EARL.

JIM AND FOUR OF HIS REMAINING DIGGERS take cover behind the mine train, now backed onto tracks in the main tunnel -

DILLON finishes wiring DETONATOR CORD to the DETONATOR -

DILLON

We good?

Everyone nods... AND THEN THE SOUND OF TUMBLING ROCKS AND FOOTSTEPS FROM THE BANK TUNNEL...

A PHONE LIGHT cuts through the darkness. The Detective and Day Shift Guard #1, finally reaching the end of the tunnel.

Dillon, Jim and the rest of the crew trade looks. 'Shit.'

Both men eye the DETONATOR BOX - neither man willing to inflict a Sandhog's nightmarish death on these guys.

As the cell phone light and footsteps grow closer, we can now see their shapes coming out of the darkness.

The DETECTIVE'S VOICE ECHOES from the tunnel -

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
Thank fucking Christ. Almost out.

SUDDENLY - THE SOUNDS OF THREE PISTOLS CHAMBERING ROUNDS...

The Sandhogs all turn to see TIMMY AND HIS TWO GUYS - THEIR GUNS POINTED AT THEM.

TIMMY
What're you waiting for? Push the button.

Jim looks to them, fearless.

JIM CHARLES
I'm not killing anyone.

Timmy nods... keeps his gun on Jim as he moves to the DETONATOR BOX - UNCEREMONIOUSLY PUSHES THE BUTTON.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. The bank tunnel ceiling comes down IN AN EXPLOSION OF DUST AND DEBRIS as the tunnel is sealed once again. Burying the Detective and Guard alive.

Dust hangs in the air as Timmy puts his gun to Jim's head.

TIMMY
Where are they? Where's the money?

JIM CHARLES
No idea what you're talking about.

TIMMY
Think harder.

Jim doesn't flinch.

Timmy puts the gun to Dillon's head.

TIMMY (CONT'D)
How about you?

DILLON
No idea what you're talking about.

Timmy PISTOL WHIPS him across the face.

TIMMY
And now?

Dillon spits blood. Stares at him defiantly.

Timmy looks to the rest of the crew. They all stare back with the same defiance.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

I will put a bullet in each of your skulls. You morons and your fucking loyalty. Stevie and those idiots, they're not even Hogs...

JIM CHARLES

They sure are, motherfucker.

Timmy puts the gun to Jim's head once again, ABOUT TO PULL THE TRIGGER -

WHEN THE SUDDEN SOUND OF THE DESCENDING MINE ELEVATOR & ITS ARRIVAL ALARM ECHOES.

Timmy smiles at Jim.

INT. MINE ELEVATOR - A MOMENT LATER

ANOTHER MEMBER OF JIM'S CREW operates the industrial elevator. It reaches bottom, the operator pulls the gates open to the sight of -

Timmy and his guys... guns leveled at his head.

EXT. MARATHON ROUTE - CONTINUOUS

Pure madness as a CROWD OF RUNNERS flows past A MASSIVE MOB OF ROWDY SPECTATORS.

Seb pushes a wheelchair through the chaos, weaving in and out-

WE MOVE ABOVE IT ALL - See that he's moving along the back wall of the Sandhogs worksite... THE WILLIAMSBURGH BANK BUILDING LOOMING OVER THE SCENE.

INT. MINE ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON THE ELEVATOR OPERATOR'S TERRIFIED FACE as the elevator speeds upwards...

Timmy and his guys stand just behind him, Timmy's gun to the back of his head.

Timmy glances down to the elevator floor - DROPS OF EARL'S BLOOD...

EXT. MUCK HOUSE - SANDHOG WORKSITE - A MOMENT LATER

The Muck House door flies open. Timmy and his two guys stalk into the muddy yard. He eyes the ground like a bloodhound.

He momentarily loses the blood trail - glances to the main gates - SEES THE NYPD MOBILE COMMAND CENTER just outside.

He looks in the opposite direction - SEES RED SPOTS IN THE MUD, leading towards...

A WOODEN DOOR TO THE STREET - SWINGING IN THE BREEZE...

EXT. MARATHON ROUTE - A MOMENT LATER

Timmy and his guys step through the door and into the chaos. As Timmy looks for a blood trail, his guys nervously look to -

THE POLICE - scanning the crowd, clearly looking for them...

THUG #1

We got a problem -

TIMMY

Shut the fuck up.

Timmy's too rageful to give a fuck as he regains the scent: A BLOOD TRAIL LEADS INTO THE STREET, INTO THE MARATHON ROUTE.

He moves into the street, impeding a SEA OF RUNNERS, A FEW DRESSED AS PENGUINS. His thugs have no choice but to follow.

We move ahead of Timmy - rapidly tracking the blood trail for ourselves... moving between runners legs and feet...

UNTIL WE REACH A WHEELCHAIR WHEEL, A RIVULET OF BLOOD RUNNING ALONG THE SPINNING SPOKES...

We move from the wheel to the blood pool in the seat... to find EARL, dressed in an INFLATABLE CANNOLI COSTUME, wincing in pain as he's rolled over the rough pavement.

Pushing him along is SEB, also dressed in an INFLATABLE CANNOLI COSTUME. With him are -

Stevie, Joe and McBride - ALL DRESSED AS CANNOLI'S AS WELL.

They SLOWLY JOG, struggling to keep up with the runners flowing around them...

MCBRIDE

This is brutal. Cash is heavy.

She puts her hands to her chest, adjusts something below her costume... which BRIEFLY OUTLINES A HARNESS WITH MONEY-LIKE MOUNDS JUST UNDER THE NYLON COSTUME MATERIAL.

Paranoid, Stevie slaps her hand away -

Beside her, Joe looks green in the face -

STEVIE

Do not fucking puke. We gotta stay inconspicuous.

Joe looks at their costumes.

JOE

Wouldn't want to be conspicuous.

Stevie looks to Earl... THE MONEY BELT STRAPPED TO HIS CHEST, BEGINNING TO POKE THROUGH A SEAM IN HIS COSTUME.

As she reaches in to adjust the belt... SHE NOTICES THE STREAM OF BLOOD RUNNING DOWN THE SIDE OF THE CHAIR.

STEVIE

Earl. How you doing?

Earl doesn't respond... CLOSE ON HIS FACE - His eyes wide open, unblinking.

Panicked, Stevie looks behind to track the blood trail... AS A NEARBY RUNNER NOTICES THE BLOOD, CAUTIOUSLY BACKS OFF...

WE FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF BLOOD BACKWARDS -

A BLOCK BEHIND THEM -

Timmy and his guys move forward through the crowd - knocking runners out of the way as they go...

INT. POLICE SURVEILLANCE CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The video analyst is still scanning her marathon feed... the AI HOMES IN ON TIMMY AND HIS GUYS -

EXT. MARATHON ROUTE - CONTINUOUS

Danny and Security Guard #1 MOVE ALONG THE SIDEWALK... looking for suspicious characters.

DANNY'S RADIO CRACKLES -

POLICE DISPATCHER
 (via Danny's radio)
 Dispatch. Be advised, suspects are
 with the runners. Moving east on
 Lafayette from Flatbush.

As Danny listens, Security Guard #1 NOTICES TIMMY AND HIS
 GUYS CAUSING A RUCCUS within the runners.

Timmy's face suddenly comes into view... Guard #1 instantly
 recognizes him, calls out to Danny -

SECURITY GUARD #1
 ... there!

Danny recognizes Timmy and his guys - all armed.

DANNY
 (sotto)
 Timmy? What the fuck...

Danny immediately starts moving towards them -

IN THE STREET WITH TIMMY & HIS GUYS - Timmy keeps following
 the blood as runners note their guns, run away from them.

Timmy could give a shit as he sees... EARL'S BLOODY
 WHEELCHAIR, ONLY TWENTY FEET AHEAD.

Stevie and the group plow forward, exhausted and unaware -

TIMMY
 There!

Stevie and Joe turn in surprise, FROZEN AS TIMMY'S THUGS
 RAISE THEIR GUNS, READY TO FIRE -

DANNY (O.S.)
 PUT THE GUN DOWN! PUT IT DOWN!

SHRIEKING, FRIGHTENED RUNNERS SCATTER IN FEAR - CLEARING A
 WIDE SPACE AROUND THE GUNMEN WHO TURN TOWARDS DANNY -

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM... Danny takes TIMMY'S THUGS DOWN...

IN SLO-MO... He looks to Timmy's targets... suddenly
 RECOGNIZES SEB'S FACE from earlier, the WHEELCHAIR he'd been
 pulling from the back of his van. And beside Seb -

STEVIE, IN HER RIDICULOUS OUTFIT...

AND THEN WE'RE BACK TO REAL TIME AS ABSOLUTE CHAOS ERUPTS.

Danny double-takes, not believing his eyes as he loses Stevie and her crew in the craziness of fleeing runners and converging cops.

MORE COPS swarm in on Timmy, who immediately drops his gun, drops to his knees and thrusts his hands in the air.

Danny kneels down beside him. As he roughly cuffs him -

TIMMY

Hey, Danny.

Danny leans towards Timmy's ear.

DANNY

(whisper)

You probably don't need me to tell you to keep your mouth shut about this, right?

Timmy nods in defeat - still angrily staring down the street in Stevie's direction.

INT. VAULT ROOM - LATER

The place is packed with DOZENS OF HEAVIES, loitering outside the vault... inspecting the giant hole in the wall, the battered/bullet-riddled doors, the vault door, etc.

INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

A FEW MEN IN SUITS THAT BARELY DISGUISE AN EX-MILITARY BEARING stand at attention with great deference for THE BOSS (50s), who's quietly inspecting the pillaged NETWORK SERVER.

CLOSE as he retrieves a sealed envelope resting on top of the disconnected cables. He calmly slips the letter from the envelope and begins to silently read...

STEVIE (V.O.)

If you're reading this, it means we probably escaped with everything in here. I'll start by saying I know exactly who you all are.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. EARL'S VAULT - DAY

CLOSE ON A PAINTED PORTRAIT OF EARL hanging behind a bar... Pull back further to see a GRAND OPENING banner...

STEVIE (V.O.)

Within minutes of seeing this
you'll have your private security
and every dirty cop out on the
street, tracking us down.

FINALLY REVEAL - we're in a Cuban-themed bar called EARL'S
VAULT. Stevie supervises BARTENDERS as they mix tropical
cocktails for a CROWD OF CUSTOMERS.

STEVIE (V.O.)

So, I'll save you the trouble and
tell you my name is Stevie Grey.

Off to the side are Alex... and Hiram, who tries to share his
whiskey with his grandson, until Stevie yanks the glass away.

EXT. BURNING MAN - DAY

The hot, dusty playa... hosting a parade of DRUG ADDLED
BURNERS in all sorts of exotic costumes.

STEVIE (V.O.)

And though you're all truly
frightening, I'm not all that
afraid. The reason is because I
took everything in this vault...

Reveal - they're following A GIANT, FLAME-SPEWING ROBOT... IT
RESEMBLES A GARGANTUAN, FIRE-BREATHING VAGINA.

Happily perched atop the bot - McBride.

EXT. CITI FIELD - NIGHT

The CROWD ROARS as they watch a Mets game in full swing.

STEVIE (V.O.)

... including those hard drives and
all of that footage stored on them.
You're scary and powerful...

BEHIND HOME PLATE - A FOUL BALL is hit...

STEVIE (V.O.)

But are you scarier than a few
dozen pissed off billionaires and
politicians when they find you've
been collecting blackmail material
on them?

WE FOLLOW THE BALL as it SLICES BACK AND HIGH OVER THE CROWD... AND FLIES RIGHT INTO SEB'S OUTSTRETCHED HANDS.

The CROWD CHEERS as they show him on the JUMBOTRON - grinning ear to ear as he waves his ratty Mets cap in salute.

REVEAL - Seb's seated in his own LUXURY SUITE. A SERVER hands him a glass of champagne.

EXT. LUXURY YACHT - CARIBBEAN - DAY

Jim Charles smiles as he and his THREE SONS fish off the back of his impressive boat, anchored in the warm, pristine water.

NEARBY - WAIT STAFF serve a meal to his WIFE and PARENTS, lounging on the deck.

STEVIE (V.O.)

I've uploaded copies of the hard drives to a few different cloud services that me and my friends have access to.

REVEAL - A FEW OTHER YACHTS ARE ANCHORED NEARBY... We see Dillon and a few of the other guys from Jim's digging crew fishing off the backs of their own anchored yachts.

They all raise a toast from across the water.

EXT. SANDHOG WORKSITE - MANHATTAN - MORNING

A new, muddy HQ for a new Sandhogs project in the shadows of towering skyscrapers.

STEVIE (V.O.)

Unless you'd like this content to be shared with your powerful victims, you'll leave us alone. Sincerely, Stevie.

THE GATES OPEN as a 'Hog rolls in for work - DRIVING A VERY HIGH END FORD RAPTOR TRUCK. The shiny beast parks, the driver steps out... IT'S JOE COYLE. A Sandhog once again.

STEVIE (V.O.)

P.S. I know you've got to be pretty pissed off right now. And should you want to let off some steam...

Joe heads towards the Hoghouse, ready to work.

INT. JUNIOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Junior sits behind his desk, berates his REMAINING THREE MEN.

STEVIE (V.O.)
...you'll be interested to know
that Junior Conlan and his Bronx
crew were a big part of this job.

Junior's terrified as he HEARS GUNFIRE AND SCREAMS. He
REACHES INTO A DRAWER AND RETRIEVES A GUN... As his men
unsteadily stand and aim for the door -

STEVIE (V.O.)
Do with them as you'd like, I won't
be offended at all.

The door flies open - A BOUNCER STAGGERS IN - BLEEDING.

IN SLO MO - A DOZEN HEAVILY ARMED MEN CASUALLY STEP IN BEHIND
THE INJURED BOUNCER, SPRAY THE OFFICE WITH GUNFIRE...

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK - THE SOUNDS OF A PRISON GATE SLIDING OPEN.

INT. CELL BLOCK - SING-SING CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - MORNING

A LINE OF NEW PRISONERS carry their towels, blankets and
pillows on their way to their new cells.

As the men peel off. We recognize TIMMY among them.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - CELL BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

As Timmy crests a flight of stairs, he freezes in place - as
he sees a very pleased Lindsey, blocking his path.

Timmy smirks... UNTIL A DOZEN PECKERWOODS appear from
neighboring cells - Lindsey's backup.

LINDSEY
Hi, Timmy.

Off Timmy's reaction -

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END