

BOXMAN

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FRANK (V.O.)
They'll tell you I took what wasn't
mine. The truth is, I took more.

EXT. A PALACE IN EGYPT - DAY (1500 B.C.)

An EGYPTIAN SLAVE sneaks up to a copper box, with the world's first lock. He reveals a wooden key --

FRANK (V.O.)
My predecessors, my colleagues,
they just want what's inside.

He inserts the key, but it won't fit. He carves away a flaw and tries again --

INSIDE THE LOCK: The key slides past the world's first locking pins, moving away one by one until --

CLICK -- The box opens. The Slave swipes the jewels inside.

INT. AN ESTATE IN ROME - DAY (250 B.C.)

A ROMAN SLAVE sneaks up to a chest with a warded lock: A crude metal brick with a key-hole.

FRANK (V.O.)
Men should be what they seem. And
what reason is there, but want?

He takes out a rod and a kitchen fork and jams them into --

INSIDE THE LOCK: Tiny grooves and wards are pushed up by the rod, letting the fork turn the chamber all the way until --

CLICK -- The chest opens. The Slave swipes the gold inside.

INT. THE FORBIDDEN KINGDOM PALACE IN CHINA - NIGHT (600 A.D.)

A PRINCESS sleeps. A SERVANT sneaks up beside her bed to a jewelry box with a combination padlock: three wheels with various Chinese characters. She spins the wheels --

FRANK (V.O.)
That's fair. For three thousand
years, the want was all there was.

INSIDE THE LOCK: The wheels are lined up to make a gap for the sliding bolt to fall. It drops in with a --

CLICK -- The box opens. The Servant swipes the ring inside.

INT. A WORKSHOP IN LONDON, ENGLAND - DAY (1778 A.D.)

JOSEPH BRAMAH (30) puts the final touches on the Bramah safety lock: a metal cylinder with a series of tumblers.

FRANK (V.O.)

Until Joseph Bramah changed the game.

Bramah motions for a watching LOCKSMITH to try it out.

The locksmith attempts to pick the lock, but he can't do it.

FRANK (V.O.)

Bramah invented the greatest lock ever made. For the first time in history, you locked something up, it stayed locked up.

INSIDE THE LOCK: The key isn't connected to the bolt, rather, it rotates an internal chamber that is unlike any of the previous locks. The lock-pick tool jiggles and tugs, useless.

The Locksmith gives up. Bramah beams with pride.

FRANK (V.O.)

No breaks-ins, no weaknesses, no exceptions. We called it "perfect security". Now, finally, the owners of the world could sleep soundly.

EXT. BRAMAH LOCKSMITH CO. - DAY

A CROWD has formed on the street outside Bramah's workshop.

A HUNDRED MEN line up as Bramah holds court at his window.

FRANK (V.O.)

Unfortunately for the bourgeoisie, perfect security wouldn't last. It could've lasted longer. Hell, we might of even kept perfect security to this day, had this brilliant man not done such a stupid thing...

In Bramah's window we find THE LOCK, with a SIGN:

**THE ARTIST WHO CAN OPEN THIS
LOCK SHALL RECEIVE 200 GUINEAS.**

A MAN approaches the lock and tries to pick it. Nothing.

He steps aside and the next MAN approaches...

FRANK (V.O.)
 Bramah displayed his new lock for
 all to see, challenging every
 locksmith, lock-pick, and petty
 thief in England to open it.

This MAN fails, too. We see MAN after MAN make the attempt.

FRANK (V.O.)
 It was a public spectacle. The King
 was keeping tabs on it. They even
 offered an imprisoned burglar his
 freedom if he could unlock it.

A BURGLAR desperately tries to pick the lock. He fails.

FRANK (V.O.)
 Like the sword in the stone, many
 tried, but none were found worthy.

22 YEARS LATER (1800 A.D.)

JOSEPH BRAMAH (now 45, greying) and his two SONS (12 & 14)
 stand in the same place. THE LINEUP OF MEN is still there,
 albeit shorter. MAN after MAN fails to pick the lock.

FRANK (V.O.)
 And on it went...

44 YEARS LATER (1822 A.D.)

JOSEPH BRAMAH (now 67, held up by a cane) with his two ADULT
 SONS (34 and 36) next to him. The line is now just A FEW
 DOZEN MEN, mostly degenerates.

FRANK (V.O.)
 The lock sat there for decades...

73 YEARS LATER (1851 A.D.)

Bramah's ELDERLY SONS (now 63 and 65) stand outside the shop.
 The line is pitiful, just a few PETTY THIEVES and TOURISTS.

FRANK (V.O.)
 Even outliving it's creator, who
 died secure in the belief that his
 lock would never be broken.

WE FIND ONE MAN in the line, standing out from the rest:

A. C. HOBBS (38, fine clothes, well-groomed; A gentleman).

FRANK (V.O.)

But Bramah's pride would be his end. This was 1850. To steal was a hanging offense. Only the starving and desperate did it.

HOBBS, now at the front of the line, studies the lock.

FRANK (V.O.)

But now, drawn to this challenge, educated minds were obsessing over unlocking a lock. Without realizing it, Bramah put it up there with math and poetry. To break in was now a worthy endeavor of mankind.

Hobbs approaches the lock. He feels it... Inspects it... He takes out a small pad and pencil and writes down notes.

FRANK (V.O.)

It took 73 years for such a man to arrive. An American locksmith named Alfred C. Hobbs came to London to accept Bramah's challenge...

Hobbs takes out two tools and inserts them into the keyhole.

He moves them back and forth. Precisely. Methodically.

LATER THAT NIGHT --

Hobbs is still going. A CROWD has gathered to watch.

FRANK (V.O.)

On that day, the sons of Joseph Bramah witnessed Alfred Hobbs end their father's legacy. They witnessed the end of perfect security on Earth.

CLICK. Hobbs freezes. The crowd hushes. Hobbs turns the lock and pulls the door open.

THE CROWD ERUPTS IN APPLAUSE. The Bramah Brothers go pale. One of them faints.

FRANK (V.O.)

And with that swing of a door, the eternal race between lock-maker and lock-breaker was back on. And the truth of my life was unlocked.

Hobbs looks inside the crude strong-box and grins --

It's empty.

WE GO INSIDE, opening a Russian-dolls-set of future locks --

A SAFE: A small steel square, it unlocks, opens, and inside --

FRANK (V.O.)

The truth that separates one thief
in a million.

A STRONG-ROOM: A 14 inch huge steel door. And inside that --

FRANK (V.O.)

The thief who wants more than
what's inside.

A VAULT: A circular steel door with a wheel & dial. And it's opened, and inside, we find the awe-struck faces of --

FRANK (V.O.)

The one who understands, that when
you bewilder the maker of the thing
you unmade...

The BRAHMA BROTHERS... AND THE LONDON CROWD... The looks on their faces. Not angry. Something else. Something more.

FRANK (V.O.)

When you leave them so shocked that
they skip right past angry, when
they're more interested in how it
was done than who done it...

A. C. HOBBS, bowing to them, smiling --

FRANK (V.O.)

Right then, in that moment --

SMASH CUT TO:

THE FACE OF FRANK PIERSON. Our narrator. 50-something with full hair and a cheery old mischief; That boomer "let me tell you" smile that just *knows* you're gonna love what's next:

FRANK

You're not a thief anymore.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

What are you?

Frank, salivating, about to answer, when TWO LOUD BUZZES --

P.A. SYSTEM (O.S.)

Time's up, visitation's over.

And we're in --

INT. OTISVILLE FEDERAL PRISON - VISITATION - DAY

A TEENAGE GIRL waits for her answer, phone at her ear, separated by plexiglass from FRANK, who's now deflated --

FRANK

... I'm sorry, honey. I can't now.

GIRL

What do you mean you can't? You've been building up to it since Egypt!

FRANK

The momentum is ruined.

GIRL

Daddy, please! Come on!

FRANK

Next time. It'll be worth it, I promise. Listen, like we practiced --

They hang up and they each put an ear and a hand up to the glass, matching each other, listening -- *As if it's a vault.*

Frank's mouth moves -- we don't hear what he says...

But his daughter can. She smiles.

Until she's PULLED AWAY by an obscured WOMAN --

WOMAN (O.S.)

Come on honey. Time to go.

(then, To Frank)

Helluva coincidence, huh Frank?

You're not a thief, yet here you are, right where they put em'.

She takes Frank's daughter away, disappearing into a stream of visitors. Frank is pulled up by a GUARD as he stewes in her words. No longer a wise narrator, he's just a sad, old man. A failed thief, shoved through a door that locks closed.

BLACK.

SUPER:

12 YEARS LATER

PURE STEEL. A circular door with a spoked handle and two combination dials. A 10 by 12 by 15 fuck-you to anything in front of it. This is **THE BOX.**

WE FLOAT across the marble cavern where this beast sleeps... Until the THUDDING fades into TICKING... as we CONTINUE UP a set of stairs, TICK, TICK, TICK-ing up into --

INT. NEW YORK FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN - 9:54 A.M.

Marble. Glass. Gold. Natural light streams inside this cathedral to capitalism. Seven EMPLOYEES and a dozen CUSTOMERS go about their business under the watchful gaze of BILL (57, bald, manicured), strolling in his ironed suit.

Bill checks his Rolex: **9:54**. The second hand **TICKS**.

Bill approaches CAROL (48, regal, pant-suit) at her desk across from VICTOR (49) who signs forms in his three-piece suit and a \$200 haircut. Bill shakes Victor's hand. **TOCK**.

PETE (41) rumpled security guard uniform, watches from the door while CRAIG (34) in his freshly ironed uniform, patrols the bank like it's his paintball course. **TICK**.

DEEPAK (56, thick mustache) whispers in HINDI with his daughter ANJULIE (27), waiting behind LASZLO (48, paint-stains), cashing a cheque with NANCY (54) the teller. **TOCK**.

ERIN (25) crop top and leggings, stands in the next line over, on her phone, while MARK (32, vegan, patchy beard) glances at her ass. Ahead of them, at the front of the line --

Stands ARMEN (?). Suit and tie, with an N95 mask and Ray-bans obscuring his face -- he could be 20 or 40. **TICK**.

Armen checks his watch: **9:55**. **TOCK**.

He looks at the TELLER ahead: LISA (40), a little too much makeup, hands cash to SONYA (25, backpack, MIT sweater) who counts it. Lisa waits, forcing a smile until Sonya pockets the money and goes. **TICK**.

ON ARMEN -- it's his turn. But he doesn't move. **TOCK**.

Lisa waits as Armen checks his watch again: **9:56**. **TICK**.

LISA
I can help you here...

Armen sends a quick TEXT. Then he approaches Lisa. **TOCK**.

EXT. NEW YORK FEDERAL BANK - 9:57 A.M.

A black town car idles, parked at the curb across the street.

SIMEON (34) and SHAR (28), dressed as businessmen, get out. Dark suits. Dark Ray-Bans. Dark intentions. They put their N95 masks on, covering their faces as they move briskly.

MERV (38) stays behind the wheel, head on a swivel.

INT. NEW YORK FEDERAL BANK - 9:57 A.M.

WITH ARMEN and LISA --

LISA

Good morning. How can I help you?

Armen says nothing as he brings up his briefcase and opens it on her counter. Inside is a modem-like device.

Lisa waits as he adjusts knobs and the device HUMS TO LIFE.

METERS AWAY -- ON ERIN'S PHONE

The wifi and cell signal bars disappear.

ERIN

Babe? Hello? Ugh. What the f--

AT THE OTHER TELLER'S STATION

NANCY

Frozen... That's weird.

She clicks her mouse in vain.

BACK ON LISA AND ARMEN

Armen looks past Lisa now. As the **clock strikes** --

LISA

... Sir?

9:58. Armen slips Lisa a legal-sized paper from his case.

She reads... And freezes.

AT AN UNMANNED DESK, AT THE SAME MOMENT

Lisa, on one of nine monitors with separate security feeds.

Suddenly, they all shut off.

ON THE ENTRANCE

Simeon and Shar march through the bank's double doors.

FROM UNDER LISA'S DESK

The silent alarm button, untouched by Lisa as she gets up --

AT THE COUNTER

Armen watches as she moves to NANCY next door and WHISPERS.

Nancy looks to Armen and understands. She gets up.

AT THE ENTRANCE

Simeon removes a brace and secures it to the door.

PETE sees this and reacts too late as --

Shar chloroforms him with a rag and drops him to the floor, silently putting him down as --

He and Simeon are already assembling automatic rifles.

CRAIG springs into action, going for his side-arm --

But ARMEN already has a Glock 9mm pistol at his neck --

ARMEN

Relax. Let go...

CRAIG goes limp, letting Armen safety-chord his hands behind his back as Simeon and Shar pass them. Simeon tosses three small black objects across the bank--

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Chaos. Smoke. Screams.

SIMEON

GET ON THE FUCKING GROUND!

SHAR

DOWN! NOW!

ARMEN

DON'T FUCKING MOVE!

Armen jumps up on the counter, scanning the entire floor with his modified AR-15. Everyone cowers.

Simeon grabs Bill and Carol and shoves them to the stairs --

SIMEON

You two, with me!

He prods them down the marble steps as ARMEN shouts:

ARMEN

My friends, what is life but the passage of time? Count to one hundred, and this will all be over.

THE LOWER LEVEL

Simeon, Bill and Carol descend and cross the cavern to --

The vault door.

BACK IN THE LOBBY

Everyone is prone on the ground as Shar's AR15 scans --

ARMEN
(into Radio)
Fifty three... fifty four...

IN THE LOWER LEVEL

Simeon motions Carol and Bill to the two dials on the vault.

SIMEON
Assume your positions, please.

Carol goes to the left dial and Bill to the right. The wait.

SIMEON, looking at his watch go from 9:59:58...59...10:00:00--

And we MOVE --

INSIDE THE VAULT DOOR

Past all the layers of STEEL to see, nestled near the back:

Three small identical CLOCKS HIT ZERO -- Releasing a small lever, and --

OUTSIDE WITH SIMEON, CAROL AND BILL

SIMEON (CONT'D)
Now.

Bill and Carol spin their dials. Carol stops-- she messed up.

CAROL
I'm sorry, I --

SIMEON
Carol Gale Jones, four three nine
fifty first street. Son, Connor,
senior, Franklin high. You get one
more chance, for Connor.

Carol nods. Now, in unison, Carol and Bill spin their DIALS --

INSIDE THE LOCK

One, two, three, four, and then five wheels are lined up,
allowing the heavy steel tumblers to fall in the gap --

BACK TO BILL AND CAROL

Bill reaches for the handle, praying silently, and it SPINS --

THUD -- All the TICKING and THUDDING and CLICKING of a thousand moving parts in a chain reaction falling into place.

Bill and Carol pull open the fifty-ton steel door, slowly sliding along it's ball-bearing path to reveal --

THE VAULT

Stacks of plastic-wrapped bills sit in the center of the room, with walls of safety deposit boxes. All behind yet another locked steel inner gate that Bill quickly unlocks.

Simeon throws two duffel bags at Carol and Bill each.

SIMEON (CONT'D)

No tags. No plastic. Whoever comes
in second gets their skull cracked.

Carol and Bill look to each other. They both start packing.

UP IN THE BANK LOBBY

ARMEN

One hundred! Good! Now, listen up!
When I say go, you are going to
stand up, raise your hands, and
march down these stairs. Go!

Everyone gets up and goes to the stairs. Except LISA.

Shar KICKS her in the fetal position -- She SCREAMS.

Lisa looks up at him, then Armen, as if she's surprised.

SHAR

You special? Move!

She gets up and rushes to join the others, running down to --

THE LOWER LEVEL

They rush down the steps as Armen shepherds them towards --

THE VAULT

Where Carol and Bill pack the cash like their skulls depend on it. Carol finishes two seconds before Bill --

BILL

Wait! I'm done! I'm --

Simeon hefts his gun and CRACKS Bill in the skull.

Bill drops. Carol SCREAMS.

Simeon tosses two of the four huge bags out of the vault and hefts the other two and walks out, where he's now joined by Armen and the nineteen other employees and customers --

SIMEON

Get inside the vault!

No one moves. Simeon FIRES over their heads --

SCREAMS. Everyone rushes inside the vault with Carol.

ARMEN

Congratulations everyone, it's over. But once we're gone, we would prefer if you did not notify the authorities. Carol, set the time-lock to twelve hours please.

CAROL

What?

(He's serious)

No, you can't! If I do that then we can't get out until --

ARMEN

I'm aware. Set it.

Lisa breaks and rushes to Armen --

LISA

Hey! This was --

Armen SHOTS Lisa in the leg. She drops, SCREAMING.

Then he aims at Carol.

Carol moves to the door and Armen watches her wind the time lock -- three identical dials -- for twelve hours.

ARMEN

Thank you. Goodbye.

CAROL

WAIT --

Everyone SCREAMS in panic as the vault door closes on them --

It shuts with a THUD.

Silence.

Simeon spins the handle. CLICKING and HISSING as it locks.

Simeon and Armen grab the duffels and jog upstairs to --

THE LOBBY

Where Shar keeps a lookout on the front-door. He turns to see Armen and Simeon with the bags. Armen throws him one --

ARMEN
(into radio)
Clear?

MERV (RADIO)
Clear.

ARMEN
One by one.

Shar takes off the door brace and walks out with a bag --

EXT. BANK - 10:03 AM

New York's newest millionaire marches outside, just another finance guy with an over-stuffed gym bag.

Simeon exits the bank and follows twenty paces behind.

Merv reaches a hand and opens the back door and Shar throws his duffel in and gets in the back.

Simeon arrives a moment later and does the same.

TWENTY PACES BEHIND

Armen walks out of the bank, descends the bank steps and waits to cross the street.

But there's no cars... so he takes a step onto the road.

Then he stops.

Something is off.

UNKNOWN POV

THROUGH A RIFLE SCOPE, we watch Merv, behind the wheel, waiting...

ANOTHER POV, ON ARMEN

RADIO (O.S.)
Wait until they're all in the car.

BEHIND COVER

We find A SWAT TRUCK hidden around the corner...

LT. MARKO and a SWAT TEAM fanned out, scopes and rifles peeking through windows. Silent. Still.

MARKO
Say again, hold until he gets in
the car. Watch your crossfire...

ON ARMEN

Alert -- A deer at the watering hole.

ACROSS THE STREET, IN THE CAR

Merv, Shar and Simeon are high on victory --

SHAR
Fuck's he waiting for? There's no
cars!

And SIMEON, beginning to realize --

SIMEON
No cars... at ten in the morning?

ON MARKO AND SWAT

Holding... until they HEAR --

An NYPD SQUAD CAR PULLING UP --

MARKO
(into radio)
Hold the black and white! STOP!

ARMEN sees a GLINT of BLUE and RED light --

And now: the DOZENS of rifles and 9mms poking out from cover.

ARMEN
ZASADA!!!
(Subtitled: **AMBUSH**)

Armen FIRES HIS AR-15 at them, SHATTERING WINDOWS --

MARKO
Green light!

A HEADSHOT KILLS MERV.

Simeon and Shar get out of the car, FIRING --

THEY'RE BOTH HIT multiple times as their doors open --

SIMEON is killed outright. SHAR hits the ground, wounded.

ARMEN FIRES WILDLY as he BACKTRACKS towards the bank --

MARKO (CONT'D)
Don't let him back in the bank!

FORTY GUNS OPEN FIRE on Armen --

A HAIL OF BULLETS engulf him as he climbs the steps --

Until he's torn apart like Sonny Corleone on the causeway.

He collapses down the steps as bullets obliterate the bag and send bills flying everywhere in a bloody cash confetti.

Marko raises a hand. The guns fall silent.

Marko and the SWAT TEAM rush into the street and up the steps past the corpses, into --

INT. BANK - 10:06AM

MARKO leads the SWAT TEAM inside, scanning the emptiness --

MARKO
Clear.

They fan out. Shouts of "CLEAR" echo between them.

They proceed down into --

THE LOWER LEVEL

Empty. They approach the closed vault door.

Marko sees a bit of BLOOD on the floor. A bullet casing...

MARKO (CONT'D)
Anyone got eyes on civilians?

VOICES ON RADIO
Negative... No sir... It's empty...

Marko looks up at the vault door, eerily silent.

INT. VAULT - 10:07AM

Chaos. Nineteen goldfish in a bowl.

Laszlo and Victor BANG ON THE DOOR. Deepak and Mark try in vain to call and text. Sonya keeps away from the fray at the back of the vault, sitting by herself, covering her ears as Erin CRIES and YELLS --

ERIN

Help us! Let us out of here!!!

Meters away, Lisa SCREAMS in pain, her leg bleeding profusely as Nancy comforts her and Carol tears off her stockings and ties it around Lisa's leg as a tourniquet --

LISA

FUCK! DON'T TOUCH IT!

CAROL

I have to stop the bleeding!

Anjulie rushes in and takes over. Deepak yells in Hindi --

DEEPAK

Beti! Aap kar rahe hain!

ANJULIE

No, higher, here. Keep it raised.
(*In Hindi, Subtitled*)
There's no better option, Dad!

LISA

Who the fuck are you!?

ANJULIE

I'm an oncology intern at
Presbyterian. Just relax --

Nancy throws up --

ANJULIE (CONT'D)

Get her out of here!
(to Lisa)
Breath regularly. This will hurt --

Carol pulls Nancy away, directing her VOMIT elsewhere as Anjulie PUSHES on the wound and ties the stockings tight. Lisa SCREAMS. Nancy HEAVES. Erin CRIES.

All while Pete, Mark and Victor push and pull on the door --

MARK

Pull it!

VICTOR

It opens out you idiot!

PETE

Move aside, let me try it!

Pete pulls a LEVER with "EMERGENCY" above --

PETE (CONT'D)

It's a fucking emergency! Why won't
it work?!

VICTOR
I'll do it! Move!

Victor pulls the lever. Now Mark. Nothing but dick-measuring.

CAROL
You're wasting your time! It won't work!

VICTOR
How do you fucking know?!

CAROL
Because I work here!

MARK
So get the fucking door open!

Everyone is SCREAMING or CRYING or HEAVING or PUSHING --

CAROL
I can't! None of us can. There's nothing to do but wait, okay?!

But no one's listening. The CHAOS continues, and Carol looks down at the unconscious Bill on the floor --

INT. NEW YORK FBI FIELD OFFICE - 10:12 AM

A LIPSTICK MARK on a latte. It's brought to a pair of lips so that they overlap with the mark precisely. Over this we hear--

DONNA (PHONE)
He's talking about the car now.

HOLLIS (O.S.)
We're not talking about the car.

A SUDOKU PUZZLE in progress. A ballpoint pen makes a perfectly neat 7 to finish a box.

DONNA (PHONE)
You said that about the condo.

HOLLIS (O.S.)
He was only talking about the condo so we could talk about the car.

DONNA (PHONE)
You don't even drive it, Kay. You work in Manhattan. The priority is custody, which means condo. Work with me here.

AN OFFICE PHONE -- Lighting up with other calls.

Through the glass door, a SECRETARY motions urgently --

Reveal KAY HOLLIS (46), OCD personified. "Perfect", but not in a beautiful or moral sense, everything is just in order.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Kay? Pick somewhere to lose.

HOLLIS (O.S.)
I'm losing five fifty an hour,
Donna. Go win me the rest.
(Changing lines)
Bank robbery...

She's suddenly engaged. She stops the sudoku.

EXT. BANK - 10:19 AM (EXACTLY SIX MINUTES LATER)

The street is a chaotic mess of POLICE and FIRST RESPONDERS swarming. A MOBILE COMMAND CENTER -- The NYPD's version of a coach bus, pulls in, joining the circus of FIRE TRUCKS, AMBULANCES, and POLICE CARS. We find Marko, directing it all--

MARKO
Get that vehicle back, keep the
street clear! Hey hold it --

He stops an SUV pulling in, then sees the federal plates --

Hollis and Agent LEE BROWN (48, Rock Hudson) hop out and Marko bee-lines to Brown, assuming --

MARKO (CONT'D)
Lieutenant Marko, first on scene.

Brown motions him to Hollis. Marko realizes his mistake --

MARKO (CONT'D)
Excuse me, Ma'am --

HOLLIS
Special Agents Hollis, Brown. From
the top, lieutenant.

They walk and talk as Marko leads Hollis through the scene: BODIES and CASH and BULLET CASINGS and LAB TECHS and CSI --

MARKO
We got the call at 9:56 with a
brief description, four perps
coming in strong --

HOLLIS
Silent alarm?

MARKO
SOS line, I'm guessing a hostage--

HOLLIS
(to Brown)
Let's get a trace on the source.

MARKO
-- We set up a silent perimeter and waited for them to exit the bank. They came out at 10:03, we almost had them in the car but a black and white broke cover. They engaged us and we took 'em down. Three killed, one critical in the ECU.

HOLLIS
And your people?

MARKO
Two wounded, but stable.

HOLLIS
Civilians?

He hesitates, as they continue into --

INT. BANK - 10:21AM

Marko escorts Hollis and Brown through the empty lobby --

MARKO
We swept the place twice and found no one. We're working on the video feed. I have men on the roof, men in the sewers, men in the vents, but at this point, the only square footage we haven't covered is --

HOLLIS
The vault.

On Marko, impressed. They continue down into --

LOWER LEVEL

And they bee-line for the vault door where FORENSICS work. Hollis bends down behind a TECH getting a blood sample. She sees the holes in the ceiling and the casings on the ground. She looks to Marko --

MARKO

It wasn't us.

Hollis turns back to the vault door. She takes out her phone.

HOLLIS

I'm gonna need the whole unit here.

INT. VARENICHNAYA RESTAURANT - 10:34AM

Spices in glass jars, stripped paint, a hundred years of history and black and white pictures on the walls.

A woman's WAILING echoes throughout the dining room...

Past the bar, with Ouzo and Vodka and glasses everywhere...

Where half a dozen RUSSIAN MEN, clad in leather, ink, and designer clothes, are watching TELEVISION --

T.V. REPORTER

...know that at least four armed men attempted to rob the bank this morning, and three were killed...

The SOBBING WOMAN (60s) is comforted by VITALY VOLOTOVICH (60s), who emits nothing more than a thousand yard stare.

We see a thief's star tattoo on his hand as he takes another shot of Vodka, watching the TV REPORTER...

EXT. BANK - 10:36AM

Behind the same TV REPORTER at the police tape, we see --

Hollis and Marko exiting the bank into the street as more and more CARS and POLICE are arriving every minute. DET. BERG (51) and CAPT. FORTINO (58) approach Hollis --

DETECTIVE BERG

Larry Berg, detective. This is --

CAPT. FORTINO

Captain Al Fortino, yeah, look, I got an officer at Mt. Sinai, so if it's a question of jurisdiction --

HOLLIS

There's no question, you don't have any. The bank is federal property, but we welcome your assistance. And you have something on your tie.

As he looks down to see the stain, Hollis turns to the two BLACK SEDANS pulling up. Several FBI AGENTS pile out, led by PETE DOYLE (45), RITA LOPEZ (39), and JEFF QUAN (42).

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

We have an unknown amount of hostages locked inside the vault. Perps took down video so NYPD is working on the uplink. In the meantime, Jeff, get on the door and tell me what we're working with.

Agent Quan rushes into the bank with two large pelican cases.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Agent Doyle, Detective Berg. You're on the two-eleven. Start with the surviving gunman once he's out of surgery and I mean the moment that prick is conscious. Marko, brief them, please.

Marko takes Berg and Doyle away through the crime scene.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Lopez, you're on the bank. I want blueprints, bypasses, manufacturer. Assuming it's a lockout, I want the manager and assistant, call their homes, spouses, kids -- Expedite warrants and go top to bottom --

A COP bursts out of the MCC and YELLS --

COP

We got the feed!

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - 10:38AM

Comms gear and surveillance equipment manned by SERGEANTS KIM (36) and SOSA (43) as Hollis, Fortino and Brown walk in. On their screens, we see security footage from inside the bank just before the robbery. Until 9:58 -- it goes black.

SERGEANT SOSA

Whoa. We're dark.

SERGEANT KIM

Infrared? Obstruction?

HOLLIS

Simultaneous. They cut in. Anyone get a count?

As he rewinds back to the footage before it went dark --

SERGEANT SOSA
I got nineteen civilians.

CAPT. FORTINO
You think they're all in the vault?

But Hollis is already on the way out. He goes after her --

INT. VAULT FLOOR - 10:41AM

Agent Quan removes a tool from his pelican case that looks like a stethoscope. He attaches it to several parts of the door, listening, like a doctor would on your back.

Hollis and Fortino come up behind him. Quan looks up to Hollis, shaking his head.

HOLLIS
Quiet! Hold the work!

The room full of Forensics and Cops freeze. Silence.

ON AGENT QUAN, listening... faintly, we hear --

TICKING.

AGENT QUAN
Time-lock.

Hollis checks her watch. Fortino clocks her concern --

CAPT. FORTINO
What does that mean?

HOLLIS
I need to know how big that vault is.

WE GO INTO THE DOOR

Past layers of metal and glass and gears and levers...

Past the TICKING TIME-LOCK, and we come out the back into --

INT. VAULT - 10:43AM

Where Carol hovers near the time-lock, trying to ignore the SCREAMING and PANIC and CHAOS continuing around her.

She looks at the time dials like you'd triple-check a pregnancy test. Or a cancer diagnosis. Nancy hovers nearby --

NANCY

You really set it to twelve?

Carol nods, guilt-ridden. Mark overhears --

NANCY (CONT'D)

Jesus.

MARK

What does that mean?

Carol says nothing. But her face says it all. People turn --

VICTOR

What? Come on, tell us!

LASZLO

We have a right to know. We're all
in the same boat here, yeah?

Carol can't say it. So Lisa, lips blue, skin pale, sweating
and shaking, weakly offers --

LISA

It means we're... not getting out
of here for twelve hours...

MARK

Alright, twelve hours, not the end
of the world... Right?

Sonya puts it together first, and almost more to herself --

SONYA

We're gonna fucking suffocate.

PANIC. Erin cries. Laszlo BANGS on the walls like an idiot.
Victor and Deepak try their cells again. Nancy would throw up
if there was anything left in her stomach. Only SONYA and
CAROL seem somewhat stable --

CAROL

The police will get us out by then.

DEEPAK

Don't they have some safety measure
for this?!

CAROL

There's an air vent. But --

No one can hear her over a dozen VOICES and SCREAMING --

MARK

Shut the fuck up! Let her talk!

Carol's authority now accepted, everyone quiets --

CAROL

The air vent... it's rated for two people, not nineteen.

A sudden, horrified silence. All eyes are on Carol:

VICTOR

How much time do we have?

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - 10:49AM

Hollis addresses FORTINO, KIM, and other COPS and AGENTS --

HOLLIS

Based on the square footage and the rate of refresh on the air vent, we're looking at roughly six hours and fifty five minutes before the CO2 level in the vault becomes fatal. They were sealed in at approximately ten oh two --

Reveal McCray, on Zoom -- and we intercut with --

INT. FBI BUILDING CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

A dozen senior FBI AGENTS with McCray --

MCCRAY

In other words if that vault isn't opened by end of business we have nineteen dead bodies inside.

Hollis nods. EXPLETIVES and MURMURS ripple through the rooms.

MCCRAY (CONT'D)

How do we get the combination?

HOLLIS

We don't. Only the manager and assistant know their combos, both of whom are, presumably, inside.

MCCRAY

I want teams at their houses, I want warrants, their families --

HOLLIS

I already have Lopez on it, but Steven, sharing or recording their combinations in any way is against protocol. They'd be fired, sued --

SENIOR AGENT

What, they never break protocol?

HOLLIS

Do we? Bill Browder, fifty seven. Carol Jones, forty eight. Every morning at ten AM Bill and Carol make the same three numbers on that door. Monday to Friday, for the last twenty two and fourteen years, respectively. They don't get sick days, they don't have replacements, when they retire or die, Osler resets their combo --

CAPT. FORTINO

So we reset the combo --

HOLLIS

Which you can only do when the door is open. Besides, the time lock overrides the combination lock. It's a totally separate locking mechanism. This would be a lot easier if everyone stopped trying to out-think a century of engineering in fifteen minutes.

MCCRAY

So what do we do, Kay?

HOLLIS

There's only one option: We force entry. We either core the walls, or we break the locks on the door. As for the former, this is Daniel Zhao, chief city engineer.

ZHAO (60s), references the vault on a set of blueprints --

ZHAO

We have over sixteen feet of reinforced concrete surrounding the vault walls. It's built into the foundation, so we'd be damaging the structural integrity of the whole building with a coring operation.

MCCRAY

So if we can't core our way in --

HOLLIS

We have to attack the highest class vault door on Earth.

CAPT. FORTINO
Christ, you say that like it's
already failed.

HOLLIS
Because it has. There's no way to
open it in our time frame.

CAPT. FORTINO
So what, we don't even try?! The
fuck are we talking for?! Throw
everything we have on that door
right now!

SENIOR AGENT
What about the roof? We come in
from the ground floor?

ZHAO
No, there's a load-bearing column --

An AGENT pops in --

FBI AGENT
I have the manufacturer.

McCray nods, and as they join the video call, we INTERCUT --

INT. OSLER INC. HEAD OFFICE - 10:52AM

HENRY OSLER JR. (74, Marlboro man) with a room full of
LAWYERS around a boardroom table --

OSLER
Good morning. I've just been made
aware of this thing.

MCCRAY
Mr. Osler. Steve McCray, FBI. Is
there any kind of work around or
fail safe available here?

OSLER
I'm afraid not. Around here we say,
"a fail-safe means a failed safe".
Any workaround is exploitable, and
we build these puppies to be
impregnable. Normally I can take
some pride in that fact.

CAPT. FORTINO
Why don't we just cover the door in
C4 and blow it off the damn hinges?

OSLER

Son, you know the only thing that was left standing at Hiroshima? An Osler safe. Didn't even make a dent.

LAWYER

For the record, the air vent is rated for two, as required by law. Tragic as this is, it is no fault of Osler's product --

OSLER

Never mind that. Me and my people are at your disposal. I'm putting my head of engineering on our company plane. She'll be at JFK in three hours. We've rated the door to withstand nine hours of forced entry. She'll try to bring that down but that's all we can do. Unfortunately our vaults don't know the difference between cops and robbers.

Hollis stiffens at this.

MCCRAY

Thank you, Mr. Osler.

OSLER

God bless you all.

His feed is cut and Osler disappears. We barely notice Hollis, looking something up on her I-pad with Agent Brown.

MCCRAY

We can't wait three hours. What about private sector?

FBI AGENT

We have a list of pro safe crackers that the banks use for lockouts. One's in Europe, one's in Canada, four are on the west coast, one's in Texas. The closest is in Boston. We're tracking him down now but even when we do that's two hours.

MCCRAY

Christ, the travel time is killing us. Even if they could pull it off.
(to the room)
People, if there was ever a time to think outside the box...

The pun sits amongst their collective dread. McCray sees Hollis, still working on her I-pad with Brown --

MCCRAY (CONT'D)
 Kay? You got something?

Hollis stops. She looks up, debating... Everyone waiting...

HOLLIS
 Sir, what we need is someone who is already under the purview of federal government. Someone we can transport here within the hour. Someone who has extensive experience with forced entry on class three bank vaults in a high pressure environment.

MCCRAY
 And where the hell is this someone?

EXT. OTISVILLE FEDERAL PRISON - 10:55AM

A silent fortress. GUARDS on towers. A loud BUZZER pre-laps --

INT. D-WING - 10:56AM

Cell doors slide open on FRANK, twelve years older and grayer than our opening. He looks up from his book, Kafka's *Amerika*.

GUARD (O.S.)
 Pierson, on your feet.

INT. ADMIN WING - WARDEN'S OFFICE - 11:01AM

Frank, handcuffed, is brought in where he sees WARDEN JAMES COLLIER (60, buzz-cut, pastel suit) on a zoom call.

WARDEN COLLIER
 Here he is now.
 (to Frank)
 Frank! Come have a seat.

FRANK
 The suspense is killing me, Jim.

WARDEN COLLIER
 We're good here.

He motions the GUARDS away and gives up the seat to Frank. Frank smoothly swipes a paper-clip off the desk as he sits. He sees Hollis, McCray, and SUE BIRMAN (58) on a Zoom call.

SUE BIRMAN

Mr. Pierson, I'm Sue Birman, the attorney general for New York. This is Special Agent Kay Hollis and Special Agent in charge Steven McCray of the FBI --

FRANK

No shit. This how people talk now?

SUE BIRMAN

Mr. Pierson, this is an extremely time sensitive matter. Lives are at stake. If you cooperate, we may be prepared to facilitate your immediate release.

FRANK

Pardon me?!

SUE BIRMAN

I said, if you --

Frank LAUGHS. Even Collier chuckles. Sue realizes his pun.

FRANK

I'm sorry, you set me up. Okay, big deal, rush job, here we go. Hit me.

Sue looks at Hollis and McCray... Reluctantly, Hollis nods.

HOLLIS

Mr. Pierson --

FRANK

Call me Frank, hon.

HOLLIS

Mr. Pierson, according to your file, you broke into an Osler M-series class three back in 2005.

Frank says nothing.

SUE BIRMAN

I'm invalidating anything on this call from being used as evidence.

FRANK

I didn't hear a question.

HOLLIS

I want to know how long it took you.

FRANK

Four hours and eight minutes from set up to swing.

HOLLIS

It was rated for twice that. How?

FRANK

You ask Penn and Teller where the rabbit went? Come on, honey.

Sue SLAMS the table --

SUE BIRMAN

Mr. Pierson! You will address us with respect or we will --

FRANK

How long do they have?

She stops. Everyone's stunned silent...

FRANK (CONT'D)

What? It's not unprecedented. Usually a kid or some tired teller at the end of the day. You either wait out the time-lock, bypass, or force entry. If you could bypass with the manufacturer you wouldn't be here. If it wasn't class 3 airtight and time-locked you wouldn't be here. And if you had any option other than me, you wouldn't be here. So, Special Agent, Ms. Attorney General, with all due respect, I ask again: how long do they fucking have?

HOLLIS

Five hours and fifty six minutes.

Frank whistles. He looks at the clock.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Can it be done?

FRANK

Where's the box?

HOLLIS

Downtown Manhattan.

FRANK

What's the model?

HOLLIS

Osler's Pace-Setter. We believe nineteen people are locked inside, with a fully-wound time-clock.

FRANK

Is there a priest locked in with them?

HOLLIS

Can it be done?

FRANK

Anything made by man can be broken by him... But it's gonna be tighter than a Mormon on prom night.

Birman waits for Hollis, considering. Reluctantly, she nods.

SUE BIRMAN

Mr. Pierson, are you willing to assist the FBI in exchange for an immediate release and commutation --

FRANK

Full pardon, full immunity, even for anything that goes down today.

SUE BIRMAN

Hold on, I'm not giving you a blanket get-out-of-jail-free card --

FRANK

Of course you are! I'm getting out of jail, and I'll be free. And once you've sent it to my lawyer for review, call Dave Lazzarone. Two Z's. He should be in Queens this time of year. He'll get started on my tools. It's the travel and prep that's gonna kill us here so we'd better get going.

SUE BIRMAN

If I even begin to consider this, it's conditional upon you getting that door open in time.

FRANK

I only charge for a job done. But it goes both ways. If the door opens in time, with or without me, I'm free. Otherwise, you could just steal my entry method and fuck me.

SUE BIRMAN

Believe me, Mr. Pierson, I wouldn't dream of fucking you.

FRANK

Hey, let me clean up a bit before you judge.

SUE BIRMAN

Warden, I'll expedite the paperwork. You can begin processing him immediately --

And with that, Frank's handcuffs CLICK OPEN --

FRANK

Allow me.

Frank raises his now-free hands, and the straightened paper-clip. Warden Collier sits up, alert --

FRANK (CONT'D)

How do you plan on getting me into the city in the middle of the day?

Frank hears the sound of ROTORS -- He looks to see an FBI helicopter touching down outside. And as the call ends --

SUE BIRMAN

Goodbye, Mr. Pierson.

INT. MCC - SAME

We're with Hollis now, with McCray and Sue Birman on zoom.

SUE BIRMAN

That was fun. He better be worth it because I'm giving a hell of a lot of lee-way on this deal and if this goes south, believe me, it's not coming back on my office, Steven.

Her line ends abruptly -- Just McCray and Hollis now --

MCCRAY

In other words, this is on us, Kay. I hope you're sure about this guy.

INT. PRISONER PROCESSING - 11:08AM

A GUARD escorts Frank into a small room and waits as Frank changes out of a prison jumpsuit into his 90's era clothes.

HOLLIS (V.O.)

He's the only box-man we have in the system who's beaten an Osler. He's beaten Diebold, he's beaten Van Kroft, he's beaten integrated alarm systems from here to Antwerp.

CUT TO FRANK, cleaned up -- Combing his hair in a mirror. Now in blue jeans, a leather jacket, a faded collared shirt, and a silk tie. He ditches the tie.

HOLLIS (V.O.)

He works clean. He drills, he burns, he manipulates when he can. He's never used violence, he's never triggered an alarm.

AT A PROCESSING WINDOW -- Frank gets back his personal items: A leather wallet, a worn pack of Lucky Strikes, a wedding ring, and a very expensive looking Omega watch --

MCCRAY (V.O.)

So how'd he go down for armed robbery and man two?

HOLLIS (V.O.)

Back in oh six he broke into the private vault of the international diamond exchange. Forty eight million in untraceable ice.

Frank holds the watch to his ear -- TICK, TICK, TICK. He grins, slips it on, and heads out.

EXT. OTISVILLE FEDERAL PRISON - 11:19AM

Frank, looking like a whole new man, strolls out of the gates towards the CHOPPER, shaking hands with GUARDS along the way.

HOLLIS (V.O.)

Got away clean. But a week later, we picked him up with two bullets in his back. We got the whole thing wrapped in a bow from a C.I.

TWO FEDERAL AGENTS lead Frank onto the chopper.

HOLLIS (V.O.)

He took the rap for the whole thing, and we never got his collaborators, or the stolen ice.

The CHOPPER takes off. Frank looks out the window, pensive...

BACK ON MCCRAY & HOLLIS IN THE MCC --

MCCRAY

Just keep him on a tight leash, Kay.
His only purpose is opening that door.

HOLLIS

Yes sir.

INT. MT. SINAI GENERAL HOSPITAL - 11:28AM

CLOSE ON -- The same thieve's star tattoo we saw on Vitaly...

...On the arm of Shar, lying in a gurney, unconscious.

PULL BACK, OUTSIDE HIS ROOM, to find Agent Doyle on the phone. We see Detective Berg arguing with a DOCTOR nearby --

AGENT DOYLE

Shar Saretsky. File goes back to oh
nine. Assault, solicitation,
manslaughter. He's tied to the
Odessa Brighton Beach mob. And get
this, one of the deceased is Armen
Volotovich. Son of Vitaly.

INT. MCC - 11:29AM (INTERCUT)

Hollis is watching a BANK REP and two AGENTS count money --

HOLLIS

No shit. Since when do the Brighton
Russians strong arm two-elevens?

AGENT DOYLE

You said they beat the alarm? Maybe
they owned someone on the inside?
Someone paying back a debt?

HOLLIS

It's all speculation until he wakes
up. So wake him up Pete, before the
high priced lawyer arrives from a
very pissed off Vitaly Volotovich.

She hangs up and looks to the bank rep.

BANK REP

Eight point four million and
change. They picked the right day.
First and third Fridays, we're
loaded with payroll deposits.

AGENT BROWN
Fits the inside man theory.

HOLLIS
The inside man will wait. Our box
man lands in five, and I want road
closures from here to battery park.

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE - 11:52AM

The CHOPPER soars over the Hudson.

FRANK in a window -- a lion released back into the wild...

EXT. HELIPAD OFF BATTERY PARK- 11:55AM

FEDERAL AGENTS and COPS wait as the chopper touches down.

Frank hops off, saluting and waving to everyone like he's the president. They usher him into an SUV and pull out in a police escorted motorcade.

INT/EXT. SUV - DRIVING - 11:58AM

SIRENS WAIL. Frank and three AGENTS watch New York speed by.

GORD (SPEAKERPHONE)
Frank! It's Gord Yurovitz!

Frank startles -- He looks to the source: A speakerphone --

FRANK
Gord?! You almost gave me a stroke!

GORD (SPEAKERPHONE)
Listen, I had to make a red line or
two but as long as that door opens
in time, you're a free man. I'm
sending it back, ready to sign.
This is a sweetheart deal, Frank!
Don't fuck it up!

FRANK
Where's the best steak south of 2nd?

EXT. BANK - 12:05AM

Hollis awaits the MOTORCADE pulling onto the scene.

Frank steps out, flanked by FBI AGENTS and US MARSHALLS.

HOLLIS
Mr. Pierson. Special Agent Hollis.

FRANK
Right, from the thing. Look, seeing as time is a factor, you mind if we do first names here?

HOLLIS
...Kay.

FRANK
Kay. Hi. Where's my deal?

HOLLIS
There's no deal until you convince me you can open that door.

FRANK
Well then. I suppose you'd better introduce me to her.
(Off her stare)
The box, Kay.

INT. BANK - LOWER LEVEL - 12:07AM

Frank is led to the vault, where two dozen PEOPLE wait -- COPS, FBI AGENTS, FIREMEN, various CITY OFFICIALS.

Frank floats past them, bee-lining right for the vault door.

FRANK
Oh my, she's beautiful...

He runs his hands along the steel: the dials, the handle, inspecting it like you would a new car. This is his Ferrari. His white whale. He reverses this thing.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Double dial, triple locked. She's what, ten by ten, forty deep? Fifty tons, easy. I'm guessing a hard plate of four inches, maybe six. Reinforced impervium-- Osler's own blend of steel, ball bearings, and god knows what. She's gonna chew up everything but diamond carbide bits... Do we have specs?

Hollis motions him to a desk with the vault blueprints on it.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Ah. Yes. Alright... Fuck... Hmm...

Frank studies the specs. Everyone waits... And waits... And...

FRANK (CONT'D)

Okay.

HOLLIS

Okay, what?

FRANK

I know my method.

STEELE (O.S.)

And what would that be?

Frank startles -- He turns to VALERIE STEELE (39) on Zoom.

FRANK

Jesus, again with this thing?!

Next to Steele on screen, Hollis stands with Mr. Zhao, CAPTAIN RICHARDS (48, Burly) and SAM DONOVAN (51, golf dad).

HOLLIS

Ms. Steele is Osler's head of engineering. This is Captain Richards of the Fire Department, Mr. Zhao, chief city engineer, and Sam Donovan, a private locksmith.

FRANK

What, you want me to audition here?

HOLLIS

That's exactly what I want you to do, Frank.

FRANK

Okay. After my deal is signed.

HOLLIS

You want to go back to Otisville?

Frank offers up his hands to be cuffed.

STEELE

With all due respect, we've rated the door for nine hours. I don't see how he can force entry in five.

SAM DONOVAN

That's right. There's only one way to do this. You drill a line to each lock, then the re-lockers. This guy can't change that.

FRANK

Better get started then. Seeing as you'll be four hours too late.

Hollis stares at him... Frank stares back...

HOLLIS

You're really gonna throw away your shot at freedom?

FRANK

You're really gonna throw away nineteen lives?

A long beat...

Neither budges. The room waits in silence...

Finally, Hollis motions to Agent Brown. He brings the deal. Hollis signs. Frank signs. They stamp it, notarize it, and scan it. Hollis dials her phone, on speaker--

GORD (SPEAKERPHONE)

Beauty! I just got it, Frank. All good. Let's do dinner this weekend.

FRANK

I'll be out of town, Pal.

Hollis hangs up. Frank smiles, a weight off his shoulders.

He turns back to the vault and points out two spots --

FRANK (CONT'D)

Drill point one. Drill point two. We got two separate locking mechanisms, that means two separate attacks. The time lock, then the combination lock. The first two thirds of the way to each will be identical. First, the hard plate. That's a burn job, we're gonna torch in at nine thousand degrees --

As Frank explains this, we **VISUALIZE IT** --

OUTSIDE THE DOOR -- Frank wields an acetylene torch -- A jousting lance of fire at nine thousand degrees -- **BURNING** through steel like it's butter.

BACK TO SCENE: Captain Richards and the firemen flip out:

RICHARDS

No way. You'll burn them all alive--

IN THE DOOR -- The torch BURNS THROUGH and sends MOLTEN SPARKS and FIRE into the vault, HOSTAGES SCREAM AND BURN.

STEELE

He won't even get that far. There's heat resistant polymers every four inches.

IN THE DOOR -- The torch FIZZLES OUT on contact with a heat-resistant polymer layer.

FRANK

Calm down. I'm only burning four inches here. It'll shave two hours off the attack. Once we're past the hard plate, then I switch to RPMs.

ON THE DOOR -- Two massive industrial DRILLS are attached to a custom-built rig that Frank controls. They both drill into the burned holes, deeper through the body of the vault door.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'll be using a custom dual-drill rig to synchronize the bits as we go all the way to the air gap.

STEELE

And what about the re-locker panes? You break that tempered glass and you'll trigger the re-lockers.

IN THE DOOR -- The drill bit eats through metal, goes into an AIR GAP, and then CRACKS A GLASS PANE -- releasing a spring that shoots two RE-LOCKER BOLTS into place.

FRANK

Lady, I was doing this while you were still inside a condom waiting to break. All it takes in both cases is a hole five sixteenths of an inch big. I use a diamond carbide bit heated to 100 degrees and crucially, I throttle down to about 20 RPMS. That buys me about 90 seconds after penetration before the tempered glass breaks.

ON A DRILL -- Frank uses a blow-torch to heat a diamond carbide drill bit before he drills it into --

IN THE DOOR -- It PIERCES the glass without breaking it --

STEELE

That... can't be possible.

FRANK

(to the room)

Vault engineers are like Catholic fathers. They think their baby will stay pure forever.

Now, with that 90 seconds I'll need to manually de-couple the springs here to disable the re-lockers.

IN THE DOOR -- Microscopic tools release these springs and the drill continues, SMASHING the glass which now breaks harmlessly and continues into METAL --

FRANK (CONT'D)

I gotta do that one more time, then make it through another few inches, and I'm at the locking mechanism. Then it's just a matter of releasing the stem, without jamming the lock.

DONOVAN

How do you plan on doing that?

IN THE DOOR -- a fiber optic cable looks in to the locking mechanism, and a micro-tool slips inside. **But it touches** the electrified edge -- SNAPPING a RE-LOCKER into place.

FRANK

Carefully.

(then)

After the time lock is released, I release the lock on each dial, and--

IN THE DOOR -- The tumblers fall, the lock is opened, and --

OUTSIDE THE DOOR -- Frank spins the handle, pulls the door open, and the HOSTAGES pour out, hugging and kissing Frank.

BACK TO REALITY -- Frank faces Hollis and his judges.

FRANK (CONT'D)

The fat lady swings. Any questions?

Donovan, Steele, Zhao -- The whole room is stunned silent.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Good! Now, my tools. Where's Dave?

HOLLIS

He's twenty minutes out.

FRANK

Perfect, enough time for lunch. How's that place across the street?

Frank starts towards the stairs.

HOLLIS
We'll order in, Frank.

Frank ignores her and proceeds past her to the exit --
The COPS, MARSHALS and FBI AGENTS close ranks, blocking him.

FRANK
We're waiting on my tools. I'm
about to be under a hundred pounds
of pressure for the next five and a
half hours. I could use a steak.

HOLLIS
Fine. You can eat your steak here.

Frank strolls back to Hollis. Agent BROWN steps forward --
Hollis motions him off, and Frank comes close. Real close.

FRANK
I'm gonna say this quietly so you
can save face here, but the moment
you signed that deal you gave away
all your leverage over me. Me, who
you were smart enough to bring here.
Me, the only person who can open
this door and save the twenty tax
payers inside. Me, who doesn't eat a
steak out of fucking styrofoam. Now,
shall we get lunch, Kay?

They're eye to eye... Everyone waiting...

HOLLIS
Get us a table at Cipriani's.

Frank smiles, spins on his heel and strolls off. Hollis and a
retinue of cops and FBI agents rush to keep up with him --

Until Frank stops suddenly --

FRANK
Shit! I almost forgot!

He jogs back to the vault, grabs the handle, and spins --

THUD -- it doesn't move. Because it's locked, of course.

FRANK (CONT'D)
First rule of the business. Always
give her a try.

Frank strolls back to the stairs.

Hollis takes a deep breath.

INT. VAULT - 12:14PM

Everyone sits on the floor. They've moved on into a tired, depressed acceptance. Erin sits in a puddle of her own pee. Lisa in her blood. Nancy in her vomit, next to Carol --

CAROL

He knew my name, Nance. They knew everything. My address. My son.

NANCY

They got what they wanted...

Sonya pats Erin like she's her drunk friend at a party --

SONYA

Don't worry, we're all gonna piss ourselves in here eventually.

Victor looks to Lisa across from him, pale, lying there.

VICTOR

How you doing?

LISA

How's it look like I'm doing?

VICTOR

Fair enough...

(then)

This was what?

LISA

What?

VICTOR

"This was"... That's what you said to him, before he shot you. Almost like, you two had spoken before.

Everyone looks to Lisa, recalling the moment...

LISA

I don't know what you're talking about.

MARK

Maybe "this wasn't"? As in, this wasn't what we agreed?

Lisa looks to Carol for help... Carol glares back at her.

LISA
You're all insane.

NANCY
This isn't helpful right now.

SONYA
If she was working with them they
wouldn't have shot her.

CRAIG
That could be exactly why they shot
her. Tie up a loose end. Mob shit.

VICTOR
We may die in here, I'd at least
like to know who's responsible...

Lisa's eyes dart around her, seeing everyone looking at her.

She begins to SHAKE... Her breathing gets FASTER...

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Oh here we go...

Then she VOMITS. Erin SCREAMS. It's for real --

Anjulie rushes over beside her --

ANJULIE
She's going into shock!
(grabbing Lisa)
Lisa! Lisa, breathe, look at me!

Anjulie lifts her head. Lisa is GASPING for air --

ERIN
Oh my god, no.

NANCY
Lisa! Jesus...

Lisa SHAKES uncontrollably in Anjulie's arms...

And then she goes still.

Anjulie feels her pulse...

She starts to cry, quietly. Deepak comes and grabs her.

DEEPAK
(Hindi, subtitled)
You did what you could, *Beti*... You
did good...

Laszlo takes off his jacket and lays it over Lisa.

A long silence...

BILL

WAIT!!!

BILL SHOOTS UP -- Scaring the SHIT out of everyone --

BILL (CONT'D)

What did... Where...

He looks around, rubbing his head, getting his bearings.

BILL (CONT'D)

Oh shit... Oh god... Oh no...

MARK

Welcome to the party, pal.

CAROL

Bill, sit down. You're concussed.

Bill sees Carol's face, and the time-lock set on the door.

BILL

Oh Jesus. Okay, everyone stay calm.
We just need to wait, that's all we
can do. The authorities will handle
it. Everything is gonna be oka--

And then he sees Lisa's pale, bloody corpse under the jacket.

He sits down and shuts up.

INT. CIPRIANI'S - 12:18AM

Wall St. SUITS. Face-lift WIVES. And half a dozen FBI AGENTS surrounding a table, where Frank and Hollis sit. Frank cuts into a filet mignon. That first bite --

FRANK

I've waited fifteen years for this.

Frank savors it as Hollis busily types on her phone.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Look at all of you, on these things.

HOLLIS

I'm co-ordinating two dozen federal agents, three hundred cops, and the US Marshalls. I'm liaising with the mayor's office, the governor, and two congressman. Now will you please finish your meal so we can get to work --

FRANK
Mind if I see it?

Hollis locks her phone and reluctantly hands it over.

Frank examines it, running up against the password screen --

FRANK (CONT'D)
Ah. Now this I understand.

Hollis watches Frank press the screen, unconcerned...

Until he unlocks it. He sees her background photo of a BOY (7), smiling. And a few notifications --

FRANK (CONT'D)
Handsome kid.

HOLLIS
Give me that! How did you unlock --

FRANK
Who's "Lying asshole"? You missed his call. Four of them, actually --

HOLLIS
Frank! Give it back! Now!

Frank hands it back to her, surprised at her sudden angst.

FRANK
This is where everything is now, huh? The locks, the keys, the passwords, the privacy... All on a screen. I feel depressed, suddenly.

HOLLIS
What, progress shouldn't leave bank robbers behind?

FRANK
I'm not a bank robber.

HOLLIS
Really?

FRANK
People don't rob banks, banks rob people. People borrow from banks at interest, they buy things, and government gets a tax. The government insures the banks, and the banks fuck the government. Look around us, Kay. Who's robbing who?

HOLLIS

Tell that to your colleagues who shot up a city block this morning.

FRANK

Those men are not my colleagues. They're barbarians. Cheaters. I don't cheat.

HOLLIS

No, you just borrow.

FRANK

Who built the great wall of China? The Chinese, or the Huns?

HOLLIS

What the hell are you talking about?

FRANK

You think that's his daughter?

Frank points across the dining room to A WALL ST. GUY (57, steak) with a gorgeous younger WOMAN (23, avocado salad).

HOLLIS

Frank, please. Finish your food --

FRANK

I'm chewing. Daughter or escort?

Hollis looks. The Man SNAPS for a WAITER, loudly BERATING her over the wine, while the WOMAN is on her phone. The WAITER rushes off, scolded --

HOLLIS

That's not his daughter.

Frank nods in agreement and gets up from the table.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Where are you going?! Frank!

Heads turn, as Hollis, FBI agents and Marshalls follow FRANK across the restaurant to their table --

FRANK

Excuse me. Hi. Frank Pierson.

The WOMAN gives him a once over, amused --

WOMAN

Cassandra. I love your jacket. Vintage.

FRANK
 Thank you, Cassandra.
 (to Wall St Guy)
 And...

WALL ST. GUY
 Terry. What the hell is this, pal?

HOLLIS
 Frank, what are you doing? We don't
 have time --

Frank points to Terry's watch --

FRANK
 Precisely. I've noticed no one wears
 watches anymore, except in here? You
 always had the land, the gold, and
 the means of production, but now it
 seems time itself belongs to you
 people. What's that, Rolex? Cartier?

TERRY
 Patek Philippe.

FRANK
 Swiss! I've hated the Swiss since
 forty five, Terry. I prefer Omega.

Frank shows off his classic gold Omega. Terry's eyes shine.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 I stole this from Paul Newman's
 deposit box in eighty six. You can
 look it up. I was just pardoned for
 that crime, among others. That
 makes it free and clear. Right Kay?

HOLLIS
 Frank --

FRANK
 Yes or no? The man needs to know.

HOLLIS
 Sure, it's yours. What does --

FRANK
 Now I'm guessing a guy with a Patek
 Phillipe isn't shy about carrying
 cash. What do you got on you, Terry?

TERRY
 Enough.

FRANK

Enough? How's this: I'll bet you the cash in your wallet against my Omega that I can empty that bottle of wine before you can empty your glass.

TERRY

That's almost a full bottle. I have two sips here. What's the catch?

FRANK

No catch. Just rules. You can't touch your glass until I touch the bottle. I can't touch the glass, and you can't touch the bottle.

Terry hesitates, looking for the out...

FRANK (CONT'D)

Terry, we're surrounded by cops, how am I gonna fuck you?

TERRY

On the table.

Frank takes off his watch and puts it down. Terry takes out his wallet and puts down a few thousand dollars in cash.

FRANK

Wow. You gonna be able to cover the bill when that's gone?

TERRY

Asshole, I spend twice that on --

Frank grabs the wine and BOTTLES Terry in the head --
SHATTERING him in wine and glass.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Christ!!!

HOLLIS

Frank!!!

FRANK

Empty.

Frank takes the cash, puts his watch back on, and then leans in and whispers in Cassandra's ear --

She looks at the cash. Then she gets up and follows Frank away as WAITERS and the MANAGER rush in to the chaos.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm going to help Cassandra clean up. Excuse us a moment.

HOLLIS
Frank! MANAGER
 What the hell is this?!

FRANK
 Don't worry Kay, at my age I won't
 be long.

They stroll to the bathrooms, arm in arm.

TERRY
 You're just gonna let him walk?! Do
 you know who the fuck I am!?

The AGENTS look to Hollis -- But she's overwhelmed.

EXT. CIPRIANI'S - 12:21PM

Hollis bursts out of the restaurant and speeds for her SUV.

AGENT BROWN
 McCray wants an update.
 (she ignores him)
 Kay? You alright?

She slams the door, hiding herself behind tinted windows.

INT. SUV - 12:24PM

Hollis breathes heavily. A panic attack. Affirmations.

HOLLIS
 You are in control.
 You are in control.
You are in control.

Her phone BUZZES. "Lying Asshole". She answers --

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
 I told you not to call me... No...
 I can't... I'm --
 (yelling)
 I'M AT FUCKING WORK! FIGURE IT THE
 FUCK OUT, ALLAN!

She hangs up. She dabs sweat off her forehead in the mirror.

EXT. BANK - 12:31AM

Frank strolls towards the bank like Jordan strolling into the Garden, flanked as always by US MARSHALLS. They pass a gaggle of PRESS behind police tape. Frank stops for them --

REPORTERS

Sir! Who are you? Can you comment?!
Can you tell us what's going on in
the bank?! What are you doing here?

FRANK

I'm here to save the day! Frank
Pierson. Humble servant of the
proletariat, not the bank, which
imprisons all of us under the guise
of interest rates, fine print and --

The FBI AGENTS grab Frank and whisk him away from the press.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Jesus! Alright, alright --

They shove him in front of a steaming-mad Hollis --

HOLLIS

Let's get this straight. You don't
talk to the press, you don't leave
my sight, and you don't ever pull
something like that again. If you
think you're gonna run roughshod
over me because your deal is
signed, you've got another thing
coming. I realize you're not used
to people who look like me running
things, but I've put away dozens of
assholes like you and so help me if
you so much as call me "hon" again
I'll walk your ass back to D-wing
myself and personally ensure the
whole prison knows you're a federal
collaborator. The only holes
getting drilled will be your --

FRANK

I apologize.

Hollis stops, caught off guard by his sincerity.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I was rude. I was ill-mannered. I
was downright reckless. Forgive me.
I'm not trying to buck your
authority here, Kay. You gotta
understand I've been inside
fourteen years. I had needs. I'm
fed, I'm quenched, I'm motivated.
Now, with your permission, I'm
going to walk into that bank and
bust that box open.

DAVE
COPY THAT! HOW BIG IS YOUR HOLE?!

FRANK
FIVE SIXTEENTHS OF AN INCH!

DAVE
NO, HOW BIG IS YOUR HOLE AFTER
FOURTEEN YEARS IN THE CAN?!

Dave laughs hysterically. Frank, no longer the biggest asshole here, turns to the assembled COPS and FBI AGENTS --

FRANK
Alright, you and you, you're about Dave's height, you're gonna help hold the torch steady. Fire department, I need one of you on each side with an extinguisher. Let's shut these alarms off and get anything flammable out of here. I want work lights here, here and here, aimed on the door. Let's get a tarp set up all along here. Anyone who doesn't have a task, I want you gone. I need all the literal fucking oxygen in the room, okay?

He CLAPS -- But no one moves. They all look to Hollis...

Frank and Hollis share a look. An understanding.

HOLLIS
You heard the man.

And EVERYONE springs into action.

Dave hits a **RADIO** -- MILES DAVIS on MAX VOLUME.

-- A tarp is unrolled on the marble outside the door.

-- Tools and equipment are unpacked and organized.

-- Work lights and generators are set up, key-lighting the work-area with more wattage than a 1940's film set.

-- Several COPS help Dave assemble the pieces of the torch, a twenty foot spear of metallic tubing.

-- Frank tapes the blueprints to the door and measures two points: One in the center of the two dials in the middle of the door, the other two feet away, closer to the handle.

He measures again and again, triple checking, as --

SILENCE. He turns to see everyone is done, waiting on him.

The space has transformed from a bank to a construction site.

Hollis, Dave, the agents, cops and firemen all wait, watching Frank measure for the fifth time.

Finally, he marks two points on the door.

FRANK

Okay. We got our holes. From this moment on, no one touches this door but me. Let's suit up.

Frank, Dave, and the chosen AGENT and two COPS put on safety boots, gloves and body shields, looking somewhere between welders and a hazmat crew.

FRANK (CONT'D)

WE GOOD!?

Dave spins the nozzle on an industrial oxygen tank and tests it. A little FLAME sputters.

DAVE

WE'RE COOKING!

FRANK

FIRE TEAM?

The FIREMEN give a thumbs up. Frank dons his helmet.

FRANK (CONT'D)

LIGHT HER UP!

Dave lights the torch, and visors come down as --

SPARKS FLY -- a star-bright, fire-spouting nozzle.

It looks like a stream of fireworks shooting into the door. In unison, Frank, Dave and the COPS bring the lance forward --

FRANK (CONT'D)

STEADY! STRAIGHT ON ME!

They struggle to keep it level on the drill-point --

FRANK (CONT'D)

SLOW IT DOWN! LEVEL OUT!

The torch hits the mark and the steel SIZZLES on contact.

Sparks fly. Smoke billows. Sporadic FIRES erupt and the FIREMEN spray their extinguishers in targeted bursts.

The steel is MELTING like butter at 9000 degrees Fahrenheit.

INSIDE THE DOOR --

The white-hot torch penetrating millimeters...

Now centimeters... poking through... Until it's two inches deep...

And three... and four... and --

The spark FIZZLES OUT, hitting a green WALL of heat resistant polymer. The white fire goes dark.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR --

FRANK (CONT'D)

CUT IT!

Dave turns off the oxygen and they pull the torch out.

Firemen spray. A FAN blows smoke away. Frank approaches the door and takes off his helmet. He looks into the hole.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Alright, we're through the hard plate on the time lock hole.

A few claps and whistles.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Let's filter this air, reset the torch, and then we go again on the combo hole.

The FANS WHIR and the air begins to clear...

Hollis watches, pleased. Until an AGENT comes and whispers --

She rushes out.

EXT. BANK - 1:06PM

Hollis steps out to see CONSTRUCTION equipment pulling up -- Caterpillars, dump trucks, and a huge-ass coring drill. We also see a big CROWD now forming at the edges of the police tape, more reporters, news vans -- the word is out.

HOLLIS

What the hell is this?

MCRAE (O.S.)

This is plan B.

She turns, surprised to see McCray there in person.

HOLLIS
Steven? I don't understand, we're
underway. He's working on the door--

MCCRAY
And this incident at Cipriani's?
Half of wall street is up in arms.
I got congressmen calling me. Your
boy assaulted a major donor.

HOLLIS
He's not my -- He's under control.

MCCRAY
Uh huh.

McCray, less than convinced, leads Hollis into --

INT. MCC - 1:08PM

Where we find ZHAO and FORTINO, plus STEELE on Zoom.

MCCRAY
The press has a hold of this now.
The mayor is losing his mind. And
your box man is chewing through his
leash. The director wants a backup
plan that we can control directly.

Hollis turns to Zhao, surprised.

HOLLIS
I thought you said it was unsafe?

ZHAO
It's not ideal, but with adequate
preparation, we can, um, mitigate
the structural damage, and, uh --

Zhao looks to McCray, unsure. He's been pressured into this.

HOLLIS
Steven, leaning on him won't keep
that building from collapsing.

MCCRAY
That's not your problem. You just
handle the door. And your boy.

HOLLIS
He's working. We made the deal --

MCCRAY

His deal is the door. If the door opens, he's free. If the door stays closed, and we core through the walls... he's shit out of luck.

HOLLIS

You're gonna destroy a building just to screw him?

MCCRAY

I'm making sure he can't screw us. The AG, the mayor, the governor -- we have a lot of eyeballs on us Kay. You didn't really expect us to put the lives of nineteen people in the hands of a convicted felon, did you?

Hollis is stunned silent.

MCCRAY (CONT'D)

If he gets the door open, great. If not, we have a backup. And we can say we didn't expect a criminal to do our job for us. You should be thanking me. I'm giving you an out, here. After all, this guy was your idea.

Hollis understands -- She's on the line. She turns to Zhao --

HOLLIS

How long until structural integrity is compromised?

ZHAO

Two, maybe three hours tops.

HOLLIS

That's not enough time. It's either door, or core. You need to pick an option, Steven.

McCray comes close to Hollis, sotto --

MCCRAY

Kay, you need to start accepting that those hostages were dead the moment that door closed. I'm covering my ass, and protecting the bureau. I suggest you start thinking of the same. For your own sake.

Hollis is speechless.

INT. BANK LOBBY - 1:16PM

Hollis, shaken, passes an AGENT and a few COPS --

HOLLIS

No one without a badge goes in or
out of here without my say so --

Her phone RINGS -- "Donna" -- Hollis answers:

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

I'm not repeating myself, Donna. Do
your god damned job!

She hangs up and marches into --

INT. VAULT FLOOR - 1:19PM

Hollis runs into FRANK, on his way out. She stops him --

HOLLIS

Where do you think you're going?

FRANK

We're done the burn, I'm stepping
out for a breather while Dave and
the firemen clean up and then I'll
start drilling.

HOLLIS

No leaving the bank, Frank. You
lost that privilege.

FRANK

Kay, my lungs aren't what they used
to be. I need some fresh air --

HOLLIS

There's oxygen canisters here.

Frank looks past her, suspicious, but unable to see outside.

FRANK

Is there something you're not
telling me?

HOLLIS

There's many things I'm not telling
you. What I am telling you is to
stay here until the job's done.

FRANK

You don't tell an artist how to paint.

HOLLIS
So you're an artist now?

FRANK
Why not?

HOLLIS
An artist makes things. You break
into them.

FRANK
What was Michelangelo but a breaker
of stone? Art is what you take
away. That vault? That's my block
of stone.

HOLLIS
Your arrogance is truly stunning.

FRANK
When this day is done, and you look
upon my work, you'll se--

Frank COUGHS from the smoke, stopping him.

Hollis considers him, looking like the old man he is.

It's not a tactic, he's exhausted.

HOLLIS
Someone get DaVinci here a bottle
of water.

An AGENT brings a bottle. Frank takes a big gulp, a big
breath, then goes back to work:

FRANK
DAVE, SWITCH IT UP!

DAVE tunes the radio to Zeppelin's "When the Levee Breaks"

-- Frank and Dave piece together parts from a dozen pelican
cases, making two identical, industrial REYNOLDS DRILLS.

-- Frank and Dave build the rig -- a massive hydraulic system
with two adjustable arms, with each "hand" clamping hold of a
Reynolds industrial drill.

-- Frank opens another pelican case full of diamond-carbide
bits. He attaches a bit to each drill-head and lines up both
drills over the holes they burnt with the torch.

-- Frank dons his goggles and gives Dave a thumbs up. Dave
hits the power. The motors RUMBLE. The drill bits SPIN.

Frank goes behind the rig and slowly applies pressure, brings both spinning drills onto the vault door.

Steel shavings FLY --

INSIDE THE DOOR

The bits punch through the heat-resistant polymer with ease and move onto hardened steel.

They chew millimeter by millimeter, eating into the metal like worms into an apple.

WE GO DEEPER into the hole, past the drill bits, seeing all the steel and layers we have to go through...

Until we're past it all into --

INT. VAULT - 1:44PM

Where the hostages sit, sweltering in hot, muggy air.

We don't hear drilling in here. Just breathing.

Every. Single. BREATH.

And we continue past everyone, to the back of the vault...

Into thick re-enforced concrete...

And layers of Earth... And rusted piping...

And we hear DRILLING again --

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - 1:45PM

Where we're DRILLING again, but from the other direction.

As a CORING CREW of a DOZEN MEN with huge EXCAVATOR EQUIPMENT and CORING DRILLS pound through the sewer pipes and into the concrete outer walls, moving towards the vault beyond.

Zhao nervously overlooking it all. And overlooking *him* --

WE find two CAMERAS -- feeding back to...

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - 1:46PM

Where we see their POV, as Sergeants Kim and Sosa track the depth of the penetration. On one side, Frank on the door. On the other, the coring crew. Like a race. All under the CLOCK:

3:14:24...3:14:23... 3:14:22....

Hollis watches it all. Agent BROWN comes in --

AGENT BROWN

We sourced the nine one one call to a burner phone, but we can't find it anywhere in the bank.

HOLLIS

So someone has it in that vault.

They look at the pre-robbery footage of the bank, and the PHOTOS of the staff on a cork-board --

Bill, Carol, Lisa, Nancy, Craig, Pete, and another two TELLERS. We see another dozen grainy PROFILE PICS we can't ID -- with questions marks. They don't know who anyone else is.

A cell phone RINGS. Hollis answers --

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Give me something, Pete.

INTERCUT WITH --

INT. HOSPITAL - 1:47PM

Agent DOYLE with DET. BERG and a now awake, groggy SHAR...

DOYLE

They had someone on staff at the bank, but he doesn't know who.

HOLLIS

Is that who put them onto it?

DOYLE

He says he doesn't know, and I believe him. Armen, Vitaly's son, he was popping his cherry on this. He got everything, the specs, the alarms, the intel, wrapped in a bow from this-- he calls her *SaltyChicka*.

Shar KICKS and SCREAMS from his gurney, enraged --

SHAR

Saltychikhaa! Zlaya zhenshchina!
(**Subtitle: Evil woman**)

DOYLE

You hear that?

HOLLIS

If this inside woman planned it,
how'd she wind up in the box?
Unless they double crossed her?

DOYLE

He says she double crossed them. He
blames her for the ambush.

HOLLIS

I want background checks on the
staff. Starting with the women.

She hangs up and looks at the employee files, their PICTURES--

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Who would have the balls to double
cross Vitaly Volotovich?

CLOSE ON: The smiling headshots of Carol, Nancy, and Lisa.

INT. HOSPITAL IDENTIFICATION ROOM - 1:51PM

Vitaly and his WIFE crying over the bullet-ridden body of
ARMEN. He is nearly unrecognizable. The wife is BAWLING.

PASHA (38), a pock-marked suit without a soul, comes and
shows Vitaly an IPAD, playing the newscast --

REPORTER (ON I-PAD)

Sources tell us that after the
botched robbery, the hostages were
left locked inside the state of the
art vault. We're still waiting on
confirmation of how many people
were in the bank, but we know the
employees at minimum, are inside...

Flash to headshots of Carol, Nancy, Bill, Pete, Craig... And
Lisa. Pasha says something in RUSSIAN and points to them...

Vitaly's eyes burn at the screen, as...

REPORTER (ON I-PAD) (CONT'D)

...still unsure who is responsible.
I spoke to this man, moments ago:

FRANK (ON I-PAD)

I'm here to save the day! Frank
Pierson, humble servant of the
proletariat...

Vitaly sees FRANK, smiling on television.

INT. BANK LOBBY - 1:58PM

Hollis and Brown stroll in, looking around the scene...

HOLLIS

They do everything right. They kill video, kill the alarms, they're in and out in four minutes flat, but they let a hostage get off a 911? If not for that, they get away clean.

On Hollis, looking up... at a security camera. Realizing.

INT. MCC - 2:02PM

Hollis barges inside --

HOLLIS

Bring up the bank video. Go to 9:56:42, right when we got the 911. And get me the recording.

SGT. KIM brings up the footage. Hollis and Brown see the bank before the chaos, people going about their business...

SGT. SOSA plays the 911 call -- we hear:

FEMALE WHISPERS

There's men with automatic weapons at Federal savings and loan...

ON SCREEN: Mark, Laszlo and Anjulie hold phones, but the only person we can see clearly on her phone... is Erin.

SGT. SOSA

(pointing to Erin)

It sounds like the mouth is right up to the phone. It has to be her.

AGENT BROWN

What if someone has airpods? The phone wouldn't need to be close --

HOLLIS

Nothing's happening.

(off their looks)

It's early. They haven't killed video yet. Whoever called it in knew it was gonna happen.

ON SCREEN: Push in on ARMEN, still in line...

And ERIN, meters away in the next line, on the phone...

INT. VAULT - 2:07PM

ON ERIN -- On her phone, typing weakly. She looks awful.
Everyone does. Nineteen sickly, sweating, pale waifs.

MARK

You... never... give up... do you?

ERIN

Don't talk... Less... air...

They all struggle just to BREATHE. In... Out... In... Out...

LASZLO

What's... happening...

ANJULIE

Too much CO2... fatigue onset...
rapid breathing... Dizziness...
reduced vision... until we won't be
able to stay conscious... and then...

Silence... In... Out...

Jordan stands up and immediately falls over, going limp --

ANJULIE (CONT'D)

Don't... exert yourself...

Jordan weakly crawls over to Carol...

JORDAN

I want to... get into my deposit
box... That's why... I was here
today... I was gonna... propose.

CAROL

You can propose... when we... get
out of here.

JORDAN

When they find us... I want her to
have the ring... I don't have a
will, I don't know... where it will
go... Please?

Carol looks to Bill. He tosses her his keys.

CAROL

Which... box?

JORDAN

One... ninety two.

WE GO INTO THE VAULT DOOR

Past layers of STEEL, IMPERVIUM and GLASS, then the air gap --

To see the DRILL BITS, drilling away, approaching --

The air gap, just millimeters away...

Beyond that, the thin pane of tempered glass...

The bits PUNCH THROUGH into the air gap --

INT. VAULT FLOOR - 2:22PM

Frank FALLS FORWARD -- No longer anything to push against --

FRANK

CUT IT!

Dave PULLS the plugs, the drills stop, just as Frank rushes forward to listen on his stethoscope --

IN THE DOOR

The DRILL BIT rests JUST in front of the GLASS, touching --

It makes a sleight imprint. Millimeters away from breaking.

BACK OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Frank listens... Silence.

He relaxes. He pulls the drills off the door and slides in his fiber-optic scope and sees --

FRANK (CONT'D)

Alright. We're at the re-locker panes. Let's get the rigs off and --

Frank stops, horrified --

FRANK (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch...

Frank looks around in a panic, but he can't find --

FRANK (CONT'D)

Kay?! Someone get Hollis! And bring up the vault lady! Get her fucking face on the fucking thing!

An FBI agent goes to the Zoom chat and pings her. After a moment, Valerie Steele appears on screen --

FRANK (CONT'D)
You back-stabbing corporate whore!

STEELE
Excuse me?!

FRANK
What the fuck are you trying to pull, lady?!

DAVE
WHAT'S UP, FRANK?!

FRANK
LOOK AT THE FUCKING RE-LOCKERS!

Dave looks at the scope and sees the problem.

DAVE
CHRIST! NO WAY YOU REACH BOTH.

FRANK
NO SHIT! THEY FUCKED US! THE SPECS ARE WRONG!

STEELE
The specs are fine! You must have placed your holes wrong.

Hollis rushes in as AGENTS and MARSHALLS surround Frank --

FRANK
My holes?! My holes are -- I'm gonna break this damned thing --

HOLLIS
Frank!

Frank picks up the laptop and SMASHES it against the wall. The screen breaks, ending the call. Tense COPS hover --

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
Frank! Calm down, talk to me!

FRANK
She fucked us! Osler fucked us! The specs are all wrong. You see?
(he shows her)
The re-lockers. I need to reach these and disable them before the glass breaks, right?

HOLLIS
So what's the issue?

FRANK

The issue is they're not where they're supposed to be. Look.

He takes Hollis to the fiber-optic scope, and she sees --

INSIDE THE DOOR: The re-lockers -- so close, yet so far.

HOLLIS

So you can't reach them?

FRANK

Sure I can, if I wasn't on the clock. But once I punch through the glass, I have a minute and a half, tops, before it breaks. If I don't hit the re-lockers before that happens, they release, and we have two new locks. That puts us four hours past deadline.

HOLLIS

(to Brown)

Get Osler on the line! Now!

FRANK

What does that matter?! They can't fix it any more than we can!

HOLLIS

Why would they do this?

FRANK

Wake the fuck up, Kay! They're a corporation! Think of the headlines. FBI fails to unlock Osler vault, nineteen die. Tragic. Unless you're a potential depositor. Now you know even the government can't crack this vault.

HOLLIS

That doesn't matter now. We need a solution, not a manifesto. There must be some alternative here...

Frank paces, shaken, confidence gone. Everyone waits, looking at him to lead.

Frank crouches down at the vault door...

He rests his head on the steel, listening, thinking...

Hollis comes closer, just the two of them...

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
Don't freeze up on me now, Frank.

Frank's head lifts suddenly --

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
What?

FRANK
DAVE! YOU GOT EXTRA SCOPES AT OUR
DIAMETER?

DAVE
YEAH, WHY?

FRANK
IF WE GOT A THERMOSETTING EPOXY
RESIN, COULD A PUMP WORK IN TIME?!

DAVE
THEORETICALLY, BUT HOLY SHIT FRANK!

As Frank gets to work pulling the drills out and prepping --

FRANK
I need two more empty canisters and
a thermosetting prepolymer. A shit
ton! Forty, fifty liters!

Hollis motions to Brown who runs out with two AGENTS, already
calling for it on the RADIO as they double time it --

HOLLIS
Talk to me, Frank. What's going on?

FRANK
If we can't disable the re-lockers,
we can freeze them up. I'm gonna
fill the entire air gap with enough
epoxy that they won't be able to
move. It'll harden like concrete,
so once the glass breaks --

HOLLIS
They can't re-lock on you.

Frank nods, getting the tubes ready to pump it in the holes.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
Will it harden in time?

FRANK
That's the catch. I don't know.
But it's all I got, Kay...

Frank stops, and looks at her. Waiting for her permission.

Hollis considers him, unsure, stripped of his bluster...

HOLLIS

I can't believe I'm saying this,
but I felt better about things when
you were an arrogant prick.

(then)

Do it.

FRANK

LET'S PREP A PUMP.

Dave doesn't bother with music. This is pure stress.

THEY GET TO WORK:

-- Frank rigs fresh drill bits and readies a blow-torch.

-- Dave rigs up the pumps and attaches the fiber optic scopes as make-shift hoses.

-- Brown and the Agents return with industrial-sized carts of the polymers. Dave and Frank transfer it into the canisters.

Frank takes a moment to himself. Then he turns to the room --

FRANK (CONT'D)

The next hundred seconds are
crucial. No one move, no one speak,
no one fucking breathe. Got it?

They still have trouble obeying him, so --

HOLLIS

GOT IT?!

A hundred "Got it's" and "Yes's" fill the room.

FRANK

YOU GOOD?

Dave nods. Ready with the pump --

Frank uses the blow-torch to heat up a fresh diamond carbide bit and attaches it to the drill.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Okay, here we go.

He powers up the drill and 1/2 speed, rotating the bit --

And slowly -- Slooowwwly -- Pushes it into the hole --

INSIDE THE DOOR

The red-hot drill bit moves through the drilled hole until it hits the GLASS...

And DRILLS through it -- The GLASS shakes...

FRANK

Sweating, feeling, holding steady...

INSIDE THE DOOR

The bit PUNCHES THROUGH the glass --

A clean hole, the glass doesn't break.

But it starts to CRACK --

FRANK

He quickly pulls the drill back out of the hole.

FRANK (CONT'D)
NINETY SECONDS! COUNT IT DOWN!

Hollis sets a ninety second TIMER on her phone.

FRANK (CONT'D)
HOSE!

He grabs the hose from Dave and threads it into the hole...

INSIDE THE DOOR

The scope, now a makeshift hose, threads like a snake into the air gap -- Where the GLASS PANE is CRACKING in a spiderweb...

FRANK

Pushing it deep enough and --

FRANK (CONT'D)
PUMP IT!!!

Dave PUMPS and we hear the liquid HISS through the hose --

HOLLIS
Sixty seconds!

INSIDE THE DOOR

The hydrogen peroxide pours into the air gap and expands...

It slowly fills the space in the air gap, on both sides of the GLASS, CRACKING, a spider-web spreading, BARELY HOLDING --

FRANK

Holding it, hearing the glass CRACKING...

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
Thirty seconds!

The HISSING slows down. The canister getting low.

FRANK
KEEP PUMPING! MORE PRESSURE!

Dave swaps out the canister for a new one and PUMPS --

The HISSING speeds up.

INSIDE THE DOOR

The air gap fills with this expanding liquid, quickly becoming a solid...

The cracked glass at breaking point.

The RE-LOCKERS, on a hair-pin, a spring ready to snap...

FRANK

Using a stethoscope up to the door, listening --

HOLLIS
Fifteen seconds!

Epoxy pours out of the drill hole like a jelly doughnut --

FRANK
FULL UP! PLUG IT!

He pulls the hose out now, pouring liquid all through the first hole and expanding out through the door.

He and Dave each PLUG A HOLE -- keeping it all inside. They push up against the door, keeping pressure on the plugs.

HOLLIS
Five seconds!

And Frank listens on the door stethoscope...

INSIDE THE DOOR

The epoxy has totally filled the space.

And the glass is CRACKING and CRACKLING and FINALLY --
IT SHATTERS -- Breaking apart...

FRANK, LISTENING

He hears it SHATTERING...

Hollis's phone BEEPS -- The room goes SILENT...

Frank's ear on the door. Fifty people holding their breath...

INSIDE THE DOOR

The RE-LOCKER SPRINGS RELEASE --

But nothing happens... **No snap.**

Because they have nowhere to move. They're surrounded by the hardened epoxy resin, keeping them in place.

FRANK, LISTENING

... Silence.

Frank exhales. He gives Dave a thumbs up.

FRANK

We're good.

The room breathes a collective sigh of relief.

Dave slaps Frank on the back. A few CHEERS and celebrations.

Even Hollis smiles. A real, human smile.

HOLLIS

Well done, Frank.

They're almost going to hug. Almost.

But then Frank stops -- He holds up a hand --

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Quiet!

Everyone stops. The room goes silent again. Frank brings his stethoscope back to the door, listening...

CLOSE ON HIS EAR -- He hears... ever so slightly...

A RUMBLE -- It's VIBRATING.

Frank turns to Hollis, **betrayal in his eyes.**

FRANK
You're... coring?

Hollis, caught, hesitating --

HOLLIS
Frank --

FRANK
This whole time? You're coring the walls? And you didn't tell me?

HOLLIS
Just hold on, let me explain --

The nearby COPS, AGENTS and MARSHALLS see him closing on her.

FRANK
Do you have any god damn idea how dangerous this is?! We could have blown the whole method --

They come closer, anticipating...

HOLLIS
Frank it's not my call, I didn't --

One COP in particular closes in on Frank...

FRANK
Not your call?! You're fucking the whole thing! You're killing us! You're killing them!

HOLLIS
No, Frank, please just listen to --

Hollis stops suddenly, drawing her gun --

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
FRANK!

Frank turns, raising a hand --

AS THE COP FIRES, hitting FRANK in the left hand --

Hollis SHOOTS THE COP --

The whole room goes nuts, guns drawn, converging --

Dave tackles the "COP", PINNING him down --

But Hollis sees him closer now -- He has no badge, no insignia, just a uniform. An ill-fitting uniform.

Frank, wounded, grabs his DRILL and brings it down on the COP, DRILLING INCHES AWAY --

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
Hold your fire!

FRANK COPS
What the fuck, Kay?! Drop the drill! Drop it!

HOLLIS
I don't know! Frank, just hold on!

Brown and two dozen other guns are pointed at Frank --

COPS AGENTS
Get off him, now! Put down the drill, Frank!

DAVE
WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?!

AGENT BROWN
Kay?!

It's CHAOS.

Frank has the DRILL inches away from the screaming "COP" --

Hollis rips his uniform off to see thieve's star tattoos.

HOLLIS
HE'S NOT A COP! HOLD YOUR FIRE!

FRANK
WHO IS HE?! HUH?! WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?!

The Imposter says nothing.

Frank brings the DRILL close, SPINNING at 9000 RPMs half an inch from his shoulder.

AGENT BROWN
Kay!

FRANK
Someone better fucking answer me!?

HOLLIS
Frank! Lee, Hold! Everybody HOLD!

The cops wait, guns drawn, Hollis between them and Frank --

FRANK
WHO SENT YOU?!

He SPITS up at Frank. Hollis sees Frank, knowing --

HOLLIS

FRANK!

And Frank DRILLS INTO HIS SHOULDER --

Blood SPRAYS everywhere as he SCREAMS:

RUSSIAN IMPOSTER

VITALY!!!

Frank drops the drill and backs off, wincing in pain.

Agent Brown and the cops swarm the Imposter, cuffing him.

HOLLIS

Frank, are you alright? Let me --

FRANK

Fuck you.

PARAMEDICS rush in and instinctively go for the imposter --

HOLLIS

No! Hey! Over here. He's priority!

The paramedics pivot and prioritize Frank, rushing him upstairs as Frank SCREAMS back at Hollis --

FRANK

I'm done, Kay! I'm fucking done!

Hollis stands at the door amidst the CHAOS and still-screaming IMPOSTER...

INT. VAULT - 3:14PM

Almost all of the safety deposit boxes have been opened.

Sonya and Carol move fast -- They have it down to a science.

They've reached the last few boxes --

Where Victor sits. Staring them down.

CAROL

Are you gonna let us in there?

Victor says nothing.

JORDAN

Move your ass, man.

VICTOR
Fuck you. This is my box.

MARK
Are you fucking serious, buddy?!

BILL
Calm, everybody calm... Breathe.

LASZLO
We'd like to!

VICTOR
You can't force me to open it. This is my property. It belongs to me!

ERIN
Okay, sure, but the air in there belongs to all of us.

Victor won't budge. Jordan gets up. So does Laszlo.

JORDAN
You can move, or we can move you.

VICTOR
(to Pete and Craig)
Hey! Security! Do your job!

Pete and Craig don't give a shit.

Victor still doesn't move.

Laszlo and Jordan grab him by the neck and pull him up --

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Alright! Alright! Fuck.

Victor puts his key in. Carol puts in hers. The box opens --

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Back off, let me take it.

He empties the box, hiding the contents in his pocket.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
There. Happy?! Fucking communists --

CAROL
Quiet!

They all stop and listen, hearing, even feeling...

The sleight VIBRATIONS coming from the back of the vault.

HOLLIS

Frank even if I filed for an arrest warrant right now, by the time it's approved, and we bring him in --

FRANK

Who said anything about an arrest? Just give me his number.

HOLLIS

You want Vitaly Volotovich's phone number?

Frank nods. Hollis makes a phone call.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Hey... I need a favor.

INT. SUV - DRIVING - 3:24PM

Vitaly, Pasha and his lawyer BORIS (56) in the car.

A PHONE RINGS... Boris Answers...

BORIS

Da... Hello...

(A beat. Then, to Vitaly,
in Russian)

... He says he's Frank Pierson. He says... you missed.

Vitaly grabs the phone, listening --

Nothing but the sound of both men's breath...

FRANK (PHONE)

They tell me your son was killed today. I heard that a Russian soul lingers for days where it died. But here I stand, and I see no souls...

The line goes DEAD... And Vitaly goes red.

VITALY

(In Russian, Subtitled)

Broadway and Pine. Now.

The Driver makes a quick TURN.

EXT. BANK - AMBULANCE - 3:29PM

Frank hands Hollis back her phone. Then he gets up and moves.

HOLLIS
What was that?

Hollis and a retinue of AGENTS and MARSHALLS follow Frank...

FRANK
Bait.

INT. BANK - LOWER LEVEL - VAULT - 3:36PM

Dave waits by the door.

The COPS, FIREMEN, and AGENTS all stand around watching as --

Frank walks back in with Hollis and the Marshalls.

He stops, looking everyone over.

FRANK
Anyone else gonna shoot me?

Silence.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Good. FRESH BITS!

Dave swaps new drill bits as Frank comes over and POWERS UP --

Frank levels off the drills and brings both on the holes, now filled with epoxy resin. They cut into the holes with ease --

Epoxy resin shavings fall to the floor under the drill...

INSIDE THE DOOR --

The DRILL BITS pass their original point of the air gap...

They move on past the epoxy resin to cut through steel.

BACK WITH FRANK --

The trickle of shavings -- now steel -- drop more slowly...

CLOSE ON the pile of SHAVINGS...

FADE TO:

A much bigger PILE...

PAN UP TO Frank. A CLANG as he feels the BITS hit something --

FRANK (CONT'D)
CUT IT!

Dave cuts the power and the drills go still.

Frank pulls the rig off the door and he threads in his fiber-optic scope to see --

ON HIS SCOPE: Three TICKING CLOCKS in their chamber, connected to a lever spring. The time-lock.

Frank pulls out his scope and inserts his microscopic tools.

INSIDE THE DOOR

The tools lift a lever, disengaging the mechanism, and --

INT. VAULT - 3:55PM

A CLICKING SOUND. Everyone turns.

Carol rushes over to the time-clock.

She turns to Sonya. Sonya comes and joins her, listening.

Another CLICKING SOUND --

Sonya puts her ear up to the internal locking chamber...

She fiddles with the TIMELOCK settings -- CLICKING --

CAROL

What are you doing?

Sonya smiles. Carol sees, it's not doing anything, because --

SONYA

Listen...

Carol comes up to the time lock and listens. Nothing.

CAROL

It's stopped. They disabled it...

Everyone looks hopeful. Meanwhile, the back wall VIBRATES --

MARK

I don't understand... why are they coming from both ends?

Sonya puts her head back to the door, listening.

INT. BANK - LOWER LEVEL - 3:57PM

On FRANK, listening at the door.

He smiles at what he hears.

He threads his tool out and walks away from the door. He looks to Dave, points to his watch, then slices his neck.

DAVE
NICE WORK!

Hollis, waiting for an update as Frank walks past her.

FRANK
The time-lock is down.

HOLLIS
That's it?

FRANK
What do you want, fireworks?

Frank just keeps walking to the steps --

HOLLIS
Frank? Hold on. Where are you going?

Agent Brown steps in his way, but Frank doesn't stop --

FRANK
We going dancing, big guy?

Frank PLOWS into him. They TUSSLE. The MARSHALLS rush in --

HOLLIS
Lee! Let him go!

Agent Brown lets Frank pass. Hollis rushes after him...

EXT. BANK - 3:59PM

Frank walks out and sits down on the top of the steps, where Armen was shot. Hollis comes out, seeing him there...

HOLLIS
What are you doing?

FRANK
What are you doing? First you try to fuck me by coring the walls, invalidating our deal on a technicality. Not that it'll even fucking work. Then you get me shot--

HOLLIS
Frank, we're down to the wire here--

FRANK
Five minutes, Kay. Relax.

Hollis waits there, alone with Frank, on the steps. Below them, on the street, a hundred COPS and AGENTS watching...

HOLLIS
Five minutes.

She sits down next to him...

FRANK
Who's lying asshole?

HOLLIS
Four minutes fifty seconds.

FRANK
Alright.

A beat. Hollis's phone RINGS. She quickly silences it, but --

FRANK (CONT'D)
Speak of the devil... An ex, of course... the kid's dad, maybe?

Hollis grimaces. Bingo.

HOLLIS
Four minutes thirty two seconds.

FRANK
I got no one else to talk to, y'know.

HOLLIS
That's not my problem.

They sit there in silence... Suddenly --

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
He used me to leverage a transfer to Washington. He said he was going to stay in the New York office, but I was just a career move for him.

FRANK
Hold on, he was under you? Rank wise, I mean.

Hollis scoffs.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Shit. Things really have changed. The balls on this guy.

HOLLIS

Now he wants half my money and...
And my car. There's no way he gets
custody, so it's his way of...

FRANK

Winning?

Hollis says nothing.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You want my advice?

Hollis snorts, amused at that.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What, you read my file and you
think you know me?

HOLLIS

I read your empty visitor logs.
When's the last time you saw your
daughter?

Frank says nothing. That stung. And Hollis regrets it.

FRANK

She's my first stop, once this is
over. If I can get through to her...
Her mother kept her far away from me.

HOLLIS

Afraid she'd turn out like you?

FRANK

No. She was always smarter than me.

HOLLIS

I can believe that.

FRANK

She'd steal things from me. My
watch, my keys -- she took my whole
wardrobe once. Seven suits. What
does an eight year old do with a
set of suits?

HOLLIS

Where does she even hide them?

FRANK

Under her mattress. Took me days.

He winces in pain, adjusting his bandage...

FRANK (CONT'D)

One day, her mother gave me an ultimatum. Get out, or they go. So I did one last job. A cliché, I know. But it wasn't for the nest egg. I had that and more...

HOLLIS

Why do it, then?

Frank can't answer.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

That was the Osler job...

(He nods)

What happened, Frank?

Frank says nothing, pained by more than his hand.

Suddenly, A COMMOTION down the street --

Frank and Hollis see COPS swarming an SUV at the police tape.

And out of the SUV steps Boris, Pasha, and --

Vitaly.

Vitaly scans the scene, looking for...

Frank. They make eye contact...

FRANK

Let him through.

HOLLIS

Absolutely not.

FRANK

I just want to talk to him.

HOLLIS

For what possible reason? Do you have any idea who you're dealing with?

FRANK

We both want this guy off the streets, don't we? I have three and a half minutes left. You told me you'd give him to me --

HOLLIS

I told you I'd give you his number. I told you we'd deal with him, and we will. But not here, not now --

FRANK

Only one of us has lied to the
other today. Trust me, Kay. Please.

Hollis hesitates... She turns to Agent BROWN.

HOLLIS

Let them through.

Brown moves down to the POLICE blocking Vitaly and his men.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Wait inside, Frank.

Frank doesn't move, staring at Vitaly like a dog at a bone.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Now.

Reluctantly, Frank walks into the bank. The MARSHALLS follow.

The POLICE frisk Vitaly's men, taking a pistol off of Pasha.

Then, the police let them pass, and Vitaly, Pasha and Boris,
flanked by Agent BROWN and a dozen COPS, approach Hollis at
the top of the bank steps, and beneath them, Vitaly sees...

The blood stained on the steps where his son was killed. He
stares at it, eyes red...

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

You're here under your own will.
Anything you say or do can be used
against you in a court of law...

Vitaly looks up at Hollis... Then to Boris...

BORIS

My client understands.

With that, Hollis leads Vitaly and his men into --

INT. BANK LOBBY - 4:04PM

Where Frank waits across the Lobby, flanked by US Marshalls.

Vitaly and his men stop at the other end.

Hollis, Brown, Marko, and a dozen AGENTS and COPS flank them
in a wide semi circle...

HOLLIS

You have two minutes, Frank.

Vitaly and Frank are locked in a silent stare...

FRANK

You have something to say to me?

Vitaly is steaming, as Boris tries to keep him back --

BORIS

(Russian, subtitled)

Boss, please, say nothing.

FRANK

I'm right here, Vitaly! Act! Speak!

But Vitaly says nothing... So Frank MARCHES up to him...

FRANK (CONT'D)

No? Okay.

Frank PULLS A GUN and aims at Vitaly --

Instantly, the Marshalls, Cops, and agents DRAW on Frank --

HOLLIS

Frank! Put it down!

(to Brown)

Where'd the hell did he get a gun?!

Agent Brown, going for his weapon -- Realizes it isn't there--

FLASH TO --

As Frank is TUSSLING with Agent Brown...

Frank LIFTS Agent Brown's service weapon from his holster --

BACK TO SCENE --

Frank aims at Vitaly, five feet away --

FRANK

Fifteen years. Fifteen years Vitaly!

ON HOLLIS, realizing...

HOLLIS

... It was him?

FRANK

And I didn't talk! Not one word!

(points to Hollis)

Look! You see her face? They have no idea today is the second time you tried to kill me!

Vitaly sees Hollis -- Hollis sees Frank -- Understanding.

HOLLIS

Frank put down the weapon or you go
back to prison!

Frank, finger hovering over the trigger... AND SUDDENLY --
He lets go... The gun spins, handle out, offering it to --
Vitaly. An arm's length away. He looks at the gun...

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Frank!? What are you doing?!

FRANK

Leave it to a Russian to fuck up a
bank job, huh? Stalin fucked up in
Tbilisi, and your son makes the
same mistake in Manhattan! Didn't
you teach him? You only bring out
the guns after the job, to rob the
men who did the real work.

Vitaly looks like he's going to explode. The COPS, AGENTS and
MARSHALLS all aiming between him and Frank -- Unsure --

FRANK (CONT'D)

You saw the blood outside? Your
blood! Your son! Last of your name!

Vitaly is losing his mind... A bomb ready to blow...

BORIS

(Russian, subtitled)

Vitaly! Please! We'll get him later!

Vitaly ignores him, looking at the gun in front of him...

AGENT BROWN

MARKO

Kay?

Agent Hollis?!

HOLLIS

Frank! Enough! Step back!

FRANK

Grandson of a communist, son of a
criminal, shot dead on a monument
to American capital! How poetic!
Almost like it was engineered!

HOLLIS FREEZES, suddenly horrified --

Frank holds up his bloody, bandaged hand --

Vitaly bubbling with rage, eyes burning at Frank...

FRANK (CONT'D)
You see that? That's your son's
blood on my hands.

Hollis, too stunned to react --

Vitaly, too furious to think --

FRANK (CONT'D)
To Armen Volotovich!

Frank SPITS in Vitaly's face. And before the saliva even
lands on his cheek --

Vitaly, in a blind rage, goes for the gun --

	COPS		HOLLIS
GUN!		NO!	

The AGENTS, MARSHALLS, and COPS ALL OPEN FIRE --

- - - - - **AND A HUNDRED BULLETS FLY** - - - - -

They hit VITALY before he gets a shot off.

Bullets rip through him as BORIS and PASHA drop for cover.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
HOLD! HOLD YOUR FIRE!!

Everyone stops, guns still --

Frank stands over Vitaly, lying dead in a pool of blood.

Boris and Pasha are dragged away by the nearest COPS, shocked
and SCREAMING in Russian.

Frank checks his watch, and looks up at Hollis:

FRANK
That's five minutes.

Hollis can only stare at him in shock.

MCCRAY, FORTINO, and a dozen AGENTS and COPS rush in, having
heard the shots. MCCRAY surveys the scene, aghast...

MCCRAY
Jesus Christ, Kay...

HOLLIS
Steven, I can explain --

MCCRAY
 Marshalls, take Mr. Pierson into
 custody.
 (to Fortino)
 Captain, this is your crime scene.

As the Marshalls put Frank in handcuffs --

FRANK
 I can still open the door, Kay --

HOLLIS
 This whole time... You planned it?

FRANK
 Don't be ridiculous. I said what I
 needed to say to get him to draw.
 Let me go back in, I'm almost done--

MCCRAY
 The only place you're going is back
 to Otisville.

The Marshalls take Frank out of the bank.

HOLLIS
 Steven, please, let me --

MCCRAY
 You're relieved.

He turns and goes, disgusted with her. Brown and the FBI
 AGENTS won't even look at her as they follow him out, leaving
 Hollis alone with FORTINO and the COPS policing the scene...

INT. SUV - 4:24PM

Hollis sits in the front seat, a wreck.

Her phone RINGS... And RINGS... Finally, she ANSWERS IT...

LYING ASSHOLE (PHONE)
 Hello? Hello?! Kay?

HOLLIS
 Yes...

LYING ASSHOLE (PHONE)
 Where the fuck have you been? Jason
 was waiting two hours for you. He's
 crying his god damn eyes out here.

Hollis says nothing, looking at herself in the mirror...

LYING ASSHOLE (PHONE) (CONT'D)

I call your lawyer to find out
where the fuck you are she tells me
you're strong arming me on the car
now? The car that I need to pick up
our son when you can't even bother
to let me know you're late at work?

HOLLIS

Can I speak to him, please?

LYING ASSHOLE (PHONE)

Fuck you, Kay.

He hangs up. She sits there in silence.

MCCRAY (PRE-LAP)

As of this moment, Agent Hollis is
no longer in command...

INT. MCC - 4:33PM

We see the CLOCK counting down: Twenty four minutes left.

Hollis sits in the back as McCray and Zhao brief Captain
Fortino, Agent Brown, and the assembled COPS and AGENTS. We
see the MAYOR, TWO CONGRESSMAN and the GOVERNOR on ZOOM --

MCCRAY

We are no longer attempting to open
the vault door. We are all in on
plan B. The coring crew has drilled
through the southwest foundation
and is now drilling the vault wall.

INTERCUT WITH --

INT. BANK - LOWER LEVEL - 4:34PM

Police and FBI clear out of the visibly VIBRATING building.

MCCRAY (V.O.)

The entire bank is now unsafe to
enter. I want one last sweep and a
perimeter sealed off. Mr. Zhao --

IN THE MCC, Zhao references the blueprints and vault --

ZHAO

Structural integrity will be
decreasing with every minute we
expand our coring hole.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - 4:35PM

The DRILLS of the CORING CREW are beyond the sewer walls, through the foundation of the bank, and coring through the VAULT, slowly grinding the steel --

ZHAO (V.O.)

We're re-enforcing a tunnel to get the hostages out, but our priority is a breakthrough large enough for even a small air-hose to get in.

A STEEL PIPE / SHAFT (like a horizontal mining tunnel) is re-enforced along the five foot wide hole around the drills from the sewer to the vault.

INT. MCC - 4:36PM

THE MAYOR

What's your ETA here?

Zhao looks to McCray.

THE MAYOR (CONT'D)

Don't look at him, look at me. You work for this city. We have twenty one minutes left. How fucking long until you get them out of there?

ZHAO

We uh... we estimate breakthrough in fifty to sixty minutes.

THE MAYOR

So over half an hour past our clock.

Silence. Zhao and McCray look down...

THE GOVERNOR

What a god-damned disaster.

MCCRAY

Let's hope the clock is wrong.

The meeting disperses and everyone does their thing.

Hollis scurries up to Steven, tail between her legs.

HOLLIS

Sir?

MCCRAY

What is it?

HOLLIS

As much as I hate to admit it, the door is still the best option. I saw him break the time lock, he's most of the way there on the combination lock, if we just --

MCCRAY

I've lost confidence in your man. And frankly, I've lost confidence in you.

HOLLIS

But Steven, the time it takes to --

MCCRAY

Kay. It's over.

He walks away... Hollis, disgraced and alone, shuffles out...

INT. VAULT - 4:38PM

The whole vault VIBRATES.

Chests are heaving. Heads can't stay upright. Dizziness. Nausea. Tinnitus RINGING in the ears.

Erin still keeps trying her phone.

Nancy cries softly.

Sonya rocks back and forth, hugging her back-pack.

Laszlo, Bill and Craig are swaying, their big bodies struggling to stay upright...

BILL

They're coming... They're coming...

Jordan holds his ring, looking into the diamond...

Carol is up against the far wall, feeling the VIBRATING...

CAROL

Just... hold on...

Anjolie weakly stands up and lifts DEEPAK up with her.

ANJULIE

Stand, Papa... Stand...

(to the room)

Everyone... stand up... the air... easier... Breathe...

People struggle to stand, to the oxygen still in the room...

People WOBBLE and FALL as they stand, HEAVING air...

The LIGHTS FLICKER...

EXT. SEWER TUNNEL - 4:40PM

The CORING DRILL Cuts into layers of WIRING -- SPARKS FLY --

INT. THE VAULT - 4:40PM

And it goes DARK. We HEAR WHEEZING and PANICKING...

EXT. BANK - 4:41PM

Hollis, taking a deep breath, looking at her phone timer --

Seventeen minutes left.

She looks across the street from the bank:

A POLICE VAN.

INT. POLICE VAN - 4:43PM

Frank sits, head down, hands cuffed behind his back.

The DOOR opens and HOLLIS hops inside. She sits across from Frank. A long beat.

HOLLIS

How'd you unlock my phone at
Cipriani's, Frank?

FRANK

You never ask where the bunny went,
Kay. It ruins the magic.

HOLLIS

That's what this is to you? Magic?
Some performance art piece to
justify your existence? Prove to
yourself you're not like the rest
of the washed up felons in D wing?
There's nineteen people suffocating
to death as we speak because of
you, Frank. This isn't a game to
them. It's not a game to their
families waiting out there...

FRANK

I lied. I needed him to draw, Kay.

HOLLIS

I trusted you. I stood up for you.
I'll probably lose my career over it.

FRANK

You really think I planned this all
from prison? How would that work?
You've seen my visitor list. No one
in over a decade...

HOLLIS

So you use a cell. A burner.
They're easier to get in there than
cigarettes.

WE SEE IT --

FRANK, in prison, talking on a burner phone, **INTERCUT WITH --**

LISA, at her home... DAVE at his home...

BACK TO HOLLIS and FRANK

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

You get to this bank employee, this
Saltychikka --

Frank smirks, shaking his head.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Qui Bono? Who else but you? You're
the only man who's broken an Osler,
you knew that. You knew we knew
that. So you set it up so an Osler
gets locked, here, in New York,
close to Otisville. You have this
inside woman recruit the son of your
enemy, have her sell him out...

WE SEE -- LISA, meeting with ARMEN at the restaurant. She
Gives him the bank blueprints and everything he needs --

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

I spoke to the agent in charge,
Frank. The informant who gave you
up in oh five? Victor Kelburg. A
black market diamond dealer with
ties to organized crime. And big
surprise, he has a registered
safety deposit box in that vault,
full of dirty stones, no doubt.

WE SEE -- Victor with Carol, waiting to access his box.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Tell me it wasn't Victor who was your fence for the diamond exchange job. Tell me it wasn't Vitaly who left you for dead. Tell me the two of them didn't keep your stolen ice? Look me in the eye, Frank, and tell me...

But Frank can't look at her. He just sits there, silent.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Uh huh. And now Victor and Vitaly's son, both just happened to be here today? How could it all line up like that, Frank? How could it all be that perfect?!

Frank smiles to himself, proud.

FRANK

It is... isn't it? Perfect.

HOLLIS

And all for what? Revenge?

FRANK

You said it yourself. I'm just a thief. A bank robber. I never was good at the people part. The violence. That's what burned me on the Osler job, that's why I couldn't do everything you're saying. I was never smart enough for this, Kay.

HOLLIS

I don't believe you.

FRANK

It doesn't matter if you believe me. All that matters is whether you believe I can open that door in time.

Hollis looks at him like she could kill him...

HOLLIS

Can you get that door open in fifteen minutes?

Frank says nothing.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Yes or no, Frank?

Frank looks up at her --

FRANK

Yes.

Hollis considers him a long beat...

Finally, she produces a key --

HOLLIS

Turn around.

FRANK

Allow me.

Frank CLICKS open his cuffs, revealing the pin from his watch. He puts it back in place in his Omega.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What's your plan for getting me back in the bank?

Hollis knocks on the door. It opens, revealing --

Agent Brown.

He places a high-vis vest, hard-hat, and goggles inside. Frank looks at it, understanding...

EXT. BANK - 4:46PM

Frank (now dressed as a construction worker) and Hollis move across the street towards the bank.

COPS and CONSTRUCTION workers and CITY ENGINEERS swarm all over, evacuating. VEHICLES are leaving the street.

FORTINO (O.S.)

(Megaphone)

The area is now unsafe, all personelle are instructed to move behind the new perimeter cordon...

We hear this REPEATING as everyone moves... Chaos...

HOLLIS

Side entrance, alleyway. Hurry.

They move into an alleyway adjacent, towards a service entrance, past another CORDON.

CREW CHIEF

Hey! You two! Stop!

Frank and Hollis stop at the door. A husky CREW CHIEF in a high vis vest comes up behind them --

HOLLIS
(flashing her badge)
It's alright, FBI.

CREW CHIEF
It's not alright. No one gets in here. I'm on strict orders --
(noticing Frank)
Who you with, pal? You're not city?

HOLLIS
Turn around and walk away.

CREW CHIEF
Bullshit, lady. This is my scene --
(Into his radio)
I need someone in the southwest alley, I got two --

Frank DECKS him. He goes down, unconscious.

HOLLIS
Jesus, Frank!

FRANK
We're on the clock.

Hollis opens the service door and they rush into --

INT. BANK - 4:47PM

The whole place VIBRATES like there's an earthquake.

FRANK
Christ. I may be an asshole, but my method doesn't bring down the whole building!

They rush through the corridors into --

INT. LOWER LEVEL - 4:48PM

They dash to the vault door, where all Frank's tools and equipment are left as we saw them. Frank runs power to the drill and sets up the magnetic rig. Hollis stands there --

FRANK
You gonna make yourself useful? Get me a fresh bit.

Hollis rummages through the various pelican cases --

FRANK (CONT'D)
The medium one on your left.
(as he works)
What's the model?

HOLLIS
What?

Hollis hands him the bit and he readies the drill.

FRANK
The car. Your ex. What's the model?

HOLLIS
1970 Oldsmobile 442 convertible.

Frank turns to her, like he's seeing her for the first time.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
What?

FRANK
That's a helluva car.

HOLLIS
I know it is, Frank.

Frank DRILLS into the combination hole. Hollis watches steel shavings fly. She checks her watch nervously. Nine minutes.

INT. MCC - 4:49PM

McCray, Zhao, Fortino and the Mayor watch anxiously on various FEEDS.

ON A SCREEN, we see the CORING CREW punch through the vault wall with excruciating slowness...

ON THE WALL, the TIMER counts down... eight minutes left...

COP (RADIO)
I got a problem here...

FORTINO
Go ahead?

COP (RADIO)
The construction crew chief was knocked out behind the south entrance. He said two people were trying to get inside the bank...

McCray, realizing. Looking around --

MCCRAY
Where the hell is Hollis?

SERGEANT KIM
Uh, take a look...

McCray comes to look at his screen --

They see Hollis and Frank, working on the door.

MCCRAY
Jesus, Kay.

INT. BANK - VAULT LEVEL - 4:50PM

Frank drills. Shavings fly... and then, Hollis sees --
DUST falling. She looks up to see the ceiling is SHAKING...

HOLLIS
Seven minutes, Frank!

Frank keeps PUSHING, until the drill bit CLANGS metal --

FRANK
I'm through!

He pulls the drill out and gets the rig off the door --

FRANK (CONT'D)
Fiber optics! The small case at the
end! Bring it here!

He puts down the drill and blows debris out of the hole.

Hollis hands him the pelican case of fiber optics.

He opens it, takes out his scope, and threads it in the hole--

FRANK (CONT'D)
Okay... I'm at the lock...

HOLLIS
How much longer?

FRANK
Don't fucking ask me that again!

He inserts his manipulation tools in the hole.

The whole building SHAKES around them. The WINDOWS break.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - 4:52PM

The CORING CREW machines are inside the foundation, destroying it as they widen their hole in the concrete...

The lead drill is CORING the bank wall itself, shaking...

INT. VAULT FLOOR - 4:53PM

Frank delicately maneuvers his tools in the hole --

But they keep SHAKING loose.

On his FIBER OPTIC scope we see the locking mechanism, but Frank's tool can't lift it because it keeps slipping out.

FRANK

Shit!

HOLLIS

What's wrong?!

FRANK

This is surgery! I need stillness!

Frank is trying and failing to reach the locking mechanism...

Suddenly, a CHUNK OF THE CEILING falls --

And CRASHES feet away from Hollis --

HOLLIS

Jesus!

Hollis hides it bravely, but Frank can see she wants out.

FRANK

Go.

HOLLIS

What?!

FRANK

I don't need you here.

HOLLIS

No way, Frank.

FRANK

Don't be a fucking idiot, Kay! Go!

HOLLIS

Just get the damn door open!

FRANK

I'm trying! I'm right there! But this is a matter of millimeters, and I can't move the stem while the whole vault is vibrating!

Hollis looks at her timer: Four minutes...

And her background. Her son...

HOLLIS

Come with me. You tried...

FRANK

I got four more minutes.

Hollis sees him, working desperately, trying to finesse his tool to hit the locking mechanism...

RUBBLE falls, SMASHING all around them...

She's scared. They both are.

FRANK (CONT'D)

It's alright. Go. Please.

Hollis backs away... hesitating... pleading with her eyes...

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm not going back to Otisville.

HOLLIS

I'm sorry, Frank.

FRANK

Don't be.

(then)

And Kay? Give him the fucking car.

They hold there... One last moment between them.

Frank turns back to the vault door.

Hollis turns and runs, RUBBLE falling around her...

INT. BANK LOBBY - 4:55PM

She runs through the empty lobby, debris and dust falling everywhere -- The ceiling is caving in.

She rushes out, to the front door --

But the door doesn't move. It's LOCKED from outside.

HOLLIS
OPEN THE DOOR! HELP!

Hollis BANGS on the door, but the pad-lock won't budge.

She looks back to the service door, but RUBBLE FALLS and blocks her path.

She BANGS on the glass, but it won't break.

She grabs a piece of CEILING on the ground and SMASHES the glass. She crawls out of the glass out to --

EXT. BANK - 4:56PM

Hollis, covered in dust and debris, crawls out, scraping and cutting herself on broken glass.

She gets to her feet and stumbles down the steps away from the bank as the roof COLLAPSES --

Agent Brown and two COPS rush in to pull her away.

The bank is now a big pile of rubble. A huge cloud of dust and smoke fills the frame.

BLACK.

INT. MCC - 5:38PM

CLOSE ON THE CLOCK: **TIME + 41:32**

Hollis sits there, covered in dust and caked blood.

The mood is dark. Everyone knows they're way too late.

The COPS, Fortino, the MAYOR, The FBI, MCCRAY... everyone is plodding on, but failure is in the air.

ENGINEER (RADIO)
Coring crew to MCC. We have
breakthrough...

ON SCREEN: A body-cam on the engineer's helmet, seeing the small hole made in the vault walls... Getting bigger...

ENGINEER (RADIO) (CONT'D)
We're pumping in oxygen now...
(Off radio)
Re-enforce that mast! Get the other
rig out! Expand the hole to three
feet and tie off!

We still can't see much. The Mayor is losing it.

THE MAYOR

Can they see in there or not? Tell us something!

SERGEANT KIM

Coring crew, what's the status of the hostages? Can you see anyone?

ENGINEER (RADIO)

Negative, stand by...

(a beat)

The pump is in there, I can't get a camera in too...

MCCRAY

Prioritize the oxygen.

SERGEANT KIM

Copy, keep pumping oh two in there. We're standing by for visual.

Everyone waits. It's pure stress.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - 5:52PM

The CORING TUNNEL is widened and re-enforced with braces, leading from the sewer tunnel to the Vault wall

The DRILL RIGS on the wall are running, making a series of HOLES next to each other to make one BIG HOLE...

But we can't see into the vault...

The Oxygen pump running inside...

EXT. MCC - 5:54PM

The sun is falling. Construction CREWS are removing rubble.

PRESS and CIVILIANS wait nearby at the police cordon.

Hollis leans against the MCC, a wreck.

She takes out her phone and DIALS -- "LYING ASSHOLE" --

LYING ASSHOLE (PHONE)

Yeah?

HOLLIS

You can have the car, Allan.

A beat. His voice softens, surprised:

ALLAN (PHONE)
... Are you okay?

HOLLIS
I don't know yet. Just... don't let
him see the news tonight.

ALLAN (PHONE)
A little late for that.

HOLLIS
What?

ALLAN
Look past the cordon.

Hollis, suddenly aware of her appearance, moves to cover.

She crouches between a SWAT van and a squad car...

And then she peeks down the street --

To see ALLAN (48) and a BOY (7) sitting in her Oldsmobile.

HOLLIS
Jesus, Allan.

ALLAN
We were worried, and you've been
MIA, so...

Hollis looks like she's gonna break down...

ALLAN (CONT'D)
Kay? Can you speak to him?

HOLLIS
... Yes.

Hollis waits there, as he gives the phone to the BOY --

VOICE
Hi Mom.

HOLLIS
Hi honey.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - 6:02

The DRILLS and PUMPS are bringing Oxygen in and dust and debris OUT. The NOISE is too loud to hear anything...

Move in on the face of the DRILL OPERATOR --

A burly old union lifer, as he strains to see...

His eyes widen.

INT. MCC - 6:03PM

Everyone huddles around the screen, waiting...

ENGINEER (RADIO)
Coring crew to MCC...

Hollis comes back inside, hearing on her radio...

SERGEANT KIM
Come in, coring crew?

Everyone's holding their breath...

SERGEANT KIM (CONT'D)
Coring crew?! Do you read?!

ENGINEER (RADIO)
One's alive!

CHEERS erupt. Hollis can't believe it.

SERGEANT KIM
A hostage? Confirm, coring crew?

ENGINEER (RADIO)
Confirmed, one hostage. Wait...

We HEAR VOICES YELLING... MACHINES MOVING... THEN --

ENGINEER (RADIO (CONT'D))
Make that several hostages --

CELEBRATIONS. Fortino, McCray, the Mayor, all reacting --

ON SCREEN: A helmet camera POV sees inside the now enlarged hole -- As we hear YELLING and DRILLING and PUMPING...

And we see Erin, COUGHING, woozy, but alive...

And Deepak... and Nancy... and Laszlo... and Mark... and one by one we see --

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - 6:05PM

The hostages, crowding near the HOLE, almost 2' by 2' now --

DOCTOR

Honestly? They can't. These people should have all been dead an hour ago. But I'll take it.

He continues helping the hostages, overseeing the medics.

Hollis moves back to the vault, she can't see anything --

They're still getting the last people out. Jordan comes out, holding his ring. And finally, behind him --

Carol emerges from the hole. Followed by A CONSTRUCTION WORKER and a PARAMEDIC holding Lisa's corpse...

Hollis rushes to see Lisa, and Hollis sees her name tag:

Lisa. Teller.

ENGINEER

That's it! That's all of them!

Carol WOBBLER -- Hollis grabs her, holding her steady --

CAROL

Leftttttus... whyee left us...

Paramedics get an oxygen mask on her.

HOLLIS

Who left you?

(Nothing)

No one's leaving you, you're okay.

They take her away, fluttering in and out of consciousness...

Leaving Hollis wondering. She goes to the ENGINEER --

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Can I get in there?

She's already moving past him, not waiting --

ENGINEER

Hold on, it's pretty tight! Take a mask for the debris --

She ignores him, climbing through the cored-out tunnel into --

INT. VAULT - 6:14PM

The stench hits her. Piss and blood and sweat and vomit. Dust and debris. She COUGHS, moving in deeper...

She sees all the deposit boxes opened. Cash strewn everywhere. It looks almost like the place was robbed. And then she sees, in the corner --

An air canister.

The size of a forearm. Compressed oxygen.

She looks to the vault door. Closed.

HOLLIS
(hits radio)
Hollis to MCC... Steven? Lee?

Nothing but static. No signal in here.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
Hey!

She grabs the air canister, slowly HISSING air...

The ENGINEER comes through the tunnel and into the vault.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
Is this yours?

ENGINEER
No way. That's medical grade.

HOLLIS
Don't touch anything. I want it dusted for prints. This is a crime scene. Keep your men out of here.

The Engineer goes back out the tunnel. Muttering to himself:

ENGINEER
Christ, we pull out eighteen people. Not even a thank you...

Hollis looks in the deposit boxes:

Heirlooms. Jewelry. Documents. All still there...

She looks for one box specifically --

HOLLIS
One oh four... One oh four...

Victor's box. Empty.

The only empty box.

She turns to leave --

And then she stops. Her eyes fixed on the vault door...

She moves towards it slowly... she can't believe it...

It's open a crack.

She pushes against it --

It moves a bit and STOPS, blocked by debris.

But the locks are all disengaged. He fucking did it.

Hollis dashes out and crawls back into the cored-out tunnel.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - 6:16PM

Hollis runs to the Engineer, grabbing him --

HOLLIS

Were you counting the dead body?

ENGINEER

Jesus, relax --

HOLLIS

You said eighteen people. Eighteen people not counting the dead body, right?

ENGINEER

I counted her too. Eighteen total. Seventeen alive.

Hollis runs out of the sewer.

EXT. BANK - 6:19PM

Hollis runs through the chaos -- Dust and debris still everywhere from the building collapse.

She finds Agent Brown --

HOLLIS

Where are they?!

AGENT BROWN

Field tent set up around the corner, on Broadway.

HOLLIS

Is there a body in the rubble? Have they found anything?

AGENT BROWN
No, not yet, but they're still --

HOLLIS
Get my iPad from the MCC and get
the bank rep! Meet me there!

Hollis runs off -- leaving Agent Brown confused.

INT. FIELD TENT - 6:22PM

Doctors and paramedics attend to the hostages, all with oxygen masks on and IV drips in...

Hollis rushes inside. She's counting them, trying to see, when McCray approaches with the Mayor and Fortino --

MCCRAY
Kay, look, despite what I said --

HOLLIS
There's only seventeen.

CAPT. FORTINO
What?

HOLLIS
There's only seventeen people here.

MCCRAY
We lost one, unfortunately. A
teller. But all things considered --

HOLLIS
No. Nineteen people were inside.

CAPT. FORTINO
So we counted wrong?

Hollis shows him the oxygen canister --

MCCRAY
What is that?

HOLLIS
That's how they lasted this long.

MCCRAY
How'd it get in the vault?

HOLLIS
The same way one of the hostages
got out.

Agent Brown and the BANK REP show up, bee-lining to Hollis.

Hollis takes the IPAD and looks at the grainy photos of the customers they had from the security footage...

She clocks ERIN from the bank footage, making the call --

Hollis goes to a barely conscious Erin and searches her. She finds her PHONE and checks her CALL HISTORY. She finds 9:56 --

And she dials... Erin's eyes flutter... a MALE VOICE answers--

MALE VOICE

Babe? Are you okay? Erin?! Hello?!

HOLLIS

She's fine.

MALE VOICE

Wait, who is --

Hollis hangs up, thinking... She moves back to the BANK REP --

HOLLIS

That woman, is she an employee?

She points to CAROL --

BANK REP

That's Carol, our assistant manager.

Hollis bee-lines for Carol, eyes fluttering...

HOLLIS

Carol? Carol Hi... I'm Kay... I'm with the FBI. Can you hear me?

Carol nods weakly. A doctor buds in --

DOCTOR

These people need rest --

HOLLIS

(Ignoring him)
Carol, you said someone left you...
Down there... What did you mean?

CAROL

(weakly)
Leftuusss.... The door...

HOLLIS

Someone opened the door?

Carol nods...

HOLLIS (CONT'D)
What did he do? Did he take anything?

CAROL
Her... Son...

HOLLIS
Who's son? Who is her? Who's missing?

Hollis brings up her I-pad, showing the pictures of all the bank employees, all here, minus Lisa...

Carol shakes her head. She looks around at everyone else, all the employees, the customers, everyone we saw in the vault...

Except --

CAROL
Sonya.

Hollis keeps scrolling her I-PAD, all of her files and tabs and everything she looked at today, and --

FRANK'S FILE --

The one she first looked up to find him at Otisville.

His mugshot... His criminal record...

But she doesn't care about that, she's looking for --

FAMILY. She clicks...

Daughter...

Sonya Pierson.

MCCRAY
Kay, city crews are saying there's no body in the rubble...

Hollis ignores him, looking up "SONYA PIERSON"...

She finds a photo of her and shows the I-PAD to Carol --

We see what she sees -- The same SONYA.

Carol nods her head weakly.

HOLLIS
She was in the vault?

Carol nods. Hollis looks like she's seen a ghost...

HOLLIS (V.O.)
Who else, Frank? How else could it
be so perfect?

BACK TO HOLLIS AND FRANK, IN THE TRAILER --

FRANK
It is isn't it... Perfect?

And that smile... Not arrogance... pride.

A father's pride.

BACK FURTHER -- FRANK AT THE VAULT --

He breaks the time-lock and LISTENS at the door --

He TAPS the lever... again and again...

TAP TAP... TAP... TAP... It was MORSE CODE --

SUBTITLE:

SONYA.

IN THE VAULT, THE SAME TIME --

Sonya, HEARING IT... She goes up to the door... LISTENING...

Sonya and Frank each put their ears and hands up to the door.

They match each other, listening through -- *Just like* --

OUR OPENING SCENE

A younger FRANK and a TEENAGE SONYA, up to the plexiglass at
prisoner visitation, whispering...

MATCH TO SONYA AND FRANK

But instead of plexiglass, it's the vault door in between
them. Hearing each other TAPPING...

Sonya smiles... CLICKING the time-lock... CLICK... CLICK...

SUBTITLE: (CONT'D)

DAD.

FRANK OUTSIDE THE VAULT

Frank smiles, hearing the TAPS. That's why he was smiling.

ON HOLLIS, IN THE TENT, REALIZING...

McCray, Brown, Fortino and everyone waiting...

MCCRAY

Kay? What is it? What's wrong?

Hollis brings up her IPAD and scrolls back looking at the footage in the bank, before it cut out, and we see a grainy, barely recognizable version of --

BACK TO THAT MORNING, IN THE BANK --

SONYA, waiting in line, seeing ARMEN enter the bank...

She's got air-pods in, on her phone, waiting, like everyone else. Except unlike everyone else --

She dials 911.

DISPATCH (PHONE)

Nine one one, emergency response?

Sonya WHISPERS, feigning panic --

SONYA

I need to report a bank robbery...

She shoots a look to LISA, acting normal, because Armen hasn't even gotten to her yet...

Lisa has no idea who Sonya is...

AGENT DOYLE (V.O.)

They had someone on staff, but he doesn't know who...

INT. SONYA'S APARTMENT -- DAYS EARLIER

Sonya at a desk, covered with files, photos, specs -- the whole robbery and plan laid out, all the dots connected...

She makes a masked CALL --

SONYA

(voice scrambled)

Everything's ready, your advance has been deposited...

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - SAME

Lisa, on the phone, as she checks on her computer:

An offshore bank account with a new deposit of \$250,000.

Her dead-beat HUSBAND watching basketball in the next-room, screaming at the TV with the desperation of a gambler.

INT. VARENICHNAYA RESTAURANT - DAYS EARLIER

The same HUSBAND, now nervous, head down, meets with ARMEN.

Lisa is next to him, wearing the pants. She gives Armen an envelope with blueprints, layouts, photos -- Everything.

DOYLE (V.O.)

He got everything, the specs, the alarms, the intel, wrapped in a bow from this-- he calls her *Saltychikha*.

We see SHAR and SIMEON watching from the next table over.

DOYLE IN THE HOSPITAL WITH SHAR --

SHAR

Saltychikhaa! Zlaya zhenshchina!
(*Subtitle: Evil woman*)

IN THE BANK, THE ROBBERY --

Sonya, wearing her knapsack, is forced into the vault along with all the other hostages...

HOLLIS (V.O.)

This inside woman plans it, then she winds up in the box? Why?

The door is SEALED SHUT... Everyone panics but her...

She just sits on the floor, near the back...

And no one notices as she unzips her bag...

And twists the nozzle of an oxygen canister...

ON HOLLIS, IN THE TENT --

The same canister that Hollis is holding, nearly empty...

MCCRAY

Kay? I don't understand...

They turn to A COMMOTION across the tent -- VICTOR, woozy --

DOCTOR

Easy, Easy pal!

VICTOR is losing his shit, standing, feeling his jacket...

VICTOR

It's gone... Gone... No... Where...

Hollis sees him, barely able to speak... fainting...

HOLLIS (V.O.)

And all for what? Revenge?

INT. PRISON VISITATION - DAY (12 YEARS EARLIER)

13-year old SONYA, being pulled away from FRANK... Hating this. Hating that he's there.

FRANK (V.O.)

I'm just a thief. A bank robber. I was never smart enough for this, Kay.

INT. BANK - 4:58PM

Frank, working on the door as the bank crumbles all around him, and finally --

HIS TOOL HITS THE LOCK--

THUD -- All the TICKING and THUDDING and CLICKING of a thousand moving parts in a chain reaction falling into place--

He PULLS the door open...

INSIDE THE VAULT --

A CRACK OF LIGHT enters the darkness... Revealing Frank.

Sonya runs into his arms.

FRANK (V.O.)

She was always smarter than me...
She understands...

As RUBBLE falls everywhere. They can't all get out...

Frank and Sonya go, and they close the door quickly... open enough to get air... as rubble quickly BLOCKS it --

FRANK (V.O.)

... That when you bewilder the
maker of the thing you unmade...

-- **IN THE VAULT, AMIDST THE RUBBLE,** VALERIE STEELE, arriving at the scene, looking at the open vault door, baffled...

SONYA (V.O.)

When you leave them so shocked that
they skip right past angry...

-- **IN THE TENT**, Hollis, McCray, Fortino, The Mayor -- all in shock. On Victor, passing out, his empty hand falling from his empty jacket...

SONYA (V.O.)

When they're more interested in how
it was done than who done it...

-- **OUTSIDE THE BANK**, Frank and Sonya rushing out the bank and away from the southwest entrance, hand in hand --

SONYA (V.O.)

Right then... in that moment --

EARLIER, IN THE VAULT --

Sonya and Carol opening Victor's deposit box and Victor, we see now, quickly shoving the DIAMONDS into his pocket...

IN THE TENT --

On Hollis -- So AWED by it that she doesn't even register --
ALLAN, who's running in with urgency --

FRANK (V.O.)

You're not a thief anymore.

INT. PRISONER VISITATION - DAY

13-year-old Sonya, plexiglass between her and Frank --

13-YEAR-OLD SONYA

What are you?

INT. HOLLIS'S OLDSMOBILE - DRIVING ON THE FREEWAY - SUNSET

THE DIAMONDS. Now in the hands of...

Sonya, sitting shotgun. Frank at the wheel. Top town. The two of them, together, hair blowing in the wind as they speed away, putting New York, and everything else, behind them.

FRANK (V.O.)

Whatever you want.

FADE OUT.