The Badge

by

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INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

A long hallway; the lights are off, save one at the end of the hall. We sweep over a marble floor toward the light and:

INT. BREAK ROOM - SAME

A NIGHT WATCHMAN sits at a table. This is DEAN. He's 40 and slightly overweight; he eats a lunch from a brown paper bag. He finishes, stands up, and throws the bag away. He wipes his mouth and returns to the hall.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dean ambles casually down the long, dark hallway.

INT. BANK LOBBY - NIGHT

Dean enters the main lobby of a BANK BRANCH. The lobby is completely empty; they're closed up for the night. Dean gives the place a quick look and continues on his rounds.

INT. BANK VAULT - NIGHT

Dean reaches the VAULT. There sits the VAULT GUARD. He doesn't look up from his crossword puzzle.

INT. OFFICES - NIGHT

Dean walks down a row of offices and gives each a quick look.

EXT. OFFICES - SAME

Our POV switches to outside the window. As Dean crosses the office floor, our view moves with him. Someone is watching.

INT. BACK BAY - LATER

Dean walks to the back entrance. There sits the REAR GUARD, a large woman who plays a small video game. She looks up at him. They nod to each other. She looks back down.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Dean walks down the hallway. It's silent, until --

A small noise. A scratching. Barely anything.

Dean stops and listens. He hears it again. He sighs, annoyed, and heads after it.

INT. OFFICES - NIGHT

Another bay of offices. Dean looks around -- still, as before. He shrugs and heads back the other direction. As he nears the door --

BOOM! An EXPLOSION. The building shakes. Dean is thrown to the ground. Cubicle walls fall. Papers fly everywhere.

Then ANOTHER EXPLOSION, this one farther away. Dean's breath quickens, panicked. He speaks into his RADIO.

DEAN
One Two Seven Six to Switchboard,
we have an emergency!

He listens -- static.

BOOM! The building is rocked again. Dean listens to his radio -- someone speaks to him, but he can't make it out.

Dean hops up and holds the radio to his ear as he darts into the hall. Dust and shards of the ceiling rain down from above. He covers his head and stumbles down the hall.

INT. HALLWAY/LOBBY - SAME

Dean runs down the hallway, coughing. There's another FLASH, followed by EVEN MORE SMOKE AND DEBRIS. It's impossible to see through it clearly.

He reaches the LOBBY. It's quiet. He pauses and tries to catch his breath. Then: FOOTSTEPS.

Dean uncovers his head and looks through the smoke. He spots something in front of him; it approaches.

As the dust clears --

A MASKED GUNMAN.

He's dressed in tactical gear, with a KEVLAR BALLISTIC MASK over his face and an M4 CARBINE in hand.

Dean's eyes go wide. The Gunman raises his weapon --

CUT TO **BLACK.**

INT. PRYOR HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

ALEX PRYOR (34, fit) sleeps next to his wife, VALEN (30, pregnant). His phone alarm goes off. He slowly rises.

VALEN (MUFFLED)
Oh my god what time is it?

Pryor wipes his eyes. He rolls over and kisses her.

VALEN (CONT'D)
I am not having sex with you.

He laughs and rubs her back.

PRYOR
Gotta go take care of something.
Won't take long.

VALEN
Just go and let me sleep!

He tosses a pillow at her and gets up.

INT. PRYOR'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

As Pryor drives, he flips through a FILE FOLDER. His eyes dart back and forth as he quickly reads pages.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - EARLY MORNING

A narrow street in Venice, California. You can see the ocean from here. It's early.

On the street: a small, gutted LOFT APARTMENT BUILDING. Rusted scaffolding runs up the side; it looks vacant.

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - SAME

An Indian man, DINESH (30s), opens the door to reveal a man, MANJEEV (40s), and a woman, TRUDI (30s). Manjeev holds a DUFFEL BAG. Trudi carries a small BACKPACK.

DINESH
Were you followed?

MANJEEV
Just show us what you have.

Dinesh looks nervous; he turns and motions to follow.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Down the block, a WHITE CONSTRUCTION VAN sits idle.

INT. VAN - SAME

An FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN. AGENTS sit at monitors. In the center is SPECIAL AGENT-IN-CHARGE KENNETH NELSON (50s). He watches a monitor with RUNCO, a lab tech (30s).

ON THE MONITOR: Dinesh approaches a REFRIGERATOR.

NELSON
Here we go.

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE - SAME

WARDEN (30, cocky) stands with his back pinned against the outer wall of the building, ready to go.

NELSON (ON RADIO)
Stand By.

WARDEN
We still waiting on Princess?

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME

The back door to the van opens. Pryor climbs in with the file folder. Nelson nods to him.

RUNCO
He's here at his new post *inside* the van.

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE - SAME

WARDEN
Make sure to let him know how well we've been doing and that we totally didn't need him here.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME

Pryor smiles as he checks out the camera footage.

INT. APARTMENT - SAME

Dinesh pulls a large roller-bag from the fridge; he hefts it onto an old table, opens it, and removes a blanket of medical X-ray shielding. Inside: a METAL CANNISTER.

DINESH
Three point seven kilograms, weapons grade.

Trudi looks closely at the cannister.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME

Nelson sits up intently. Pryor taps the van's mic.

PRYOR (INTO RADIO)
Get them to show you the money.

INT. APARTMENT - SAME

DINESH
Let me see the money.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME

They watch as Manjeev hoists the duffel bag onto a counter top. He unzips it. Inside: CASH.

Runco whistles.

NELSON
Two and a half mil for a coffee can filled with insulation.

PRYOR
Dinesh is one hell of a salesman.

JOHNSON (OVER RADIO)
Please.

INT. UNKNOWN - SAME

JOHNSON (30, all lip) crouches in an area we can't quite see.

JOHNSON (INTO RADIO)
I could've gotten three.

INT. APARTMENT - SAME

Dinesh reaches for the duffel bag. Manjeev puts up his hand.

MANJEEV
Not until we get confirmation.

They turn to the warhead. Dinesh sweats, nervous.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME

The agents watch Trudi take out a GEIGER COUNTER.

RUNCO
It'll be pretty obvious it's not real when that needle doesn't move.

NELSON (INTO RADIO)
Get ready to go in.

PRYOR
Not yet.

NELSON
What?

Pryor remains focused on the monitor.

PRYOR
They'll have to check with him before they do it.

INT. UNKNOWN - SAME

Johnson grows tense.

JOHNSON
We can't leave him in there.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME

PRYOR
These two have never closed a deal on their own - even with Makkawy gone, they're still mid-level at best. It's not their money.

INT. UNKNOWN - SAME

JOHNSON
How the hell do you know that? You've been on this case for five minutes.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME

PRYOR
Just wait - they'll make a call.

Pryor looks to Nelson. Nelson thinks a moment.

NELSON
All right, Pryor. It's your show. You've got thirty seconds.

INT. APARTMENT - SAME

Trudi turns on the Geiger Counter. Dinesh looks worried. Manjeev pulls out a CELL PHONE and dials.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME

PRYOR
He's calling - log the number.

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE - SAME

Warden grips his gun as he listens. But then --

RUNCO (OVER RADIO)
Wait a second, guys--

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME

On Nelson's monitor: an ESCALADE pulls up to the building.

NELSON
We've got an SUV out front.

EXT. FRONT OF BUILDING - SAME

Out of the SUV steps NIKOLAI MARAGOS. Clearly in charge, he walks to the building flanked by two SECURITY GUARDS.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME

RUNCO
It's Maragos.

They watch Dinesh slowly back away from the table. Trudi holds the Geiger Counter up to the cannister - no movement.

INT. LOBBY - SAME

As they enter the building, Maragos nods to one of his men, who keys a command into a HOT-RODDED SMARTPHONE.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME

Monitors go to FUZZ and radios SQUELCH. Runco jumps up.

RUNCO
They're jamming comms!

INT. APARTMENT - SAME

Dinesh's earpiece lets out a SQUELCH. He winces in pain and covers his ear. Manjeev turns; he draws his gun.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME

Pryor grabs the mic and shouts --

PRYOR
Go! Everybody, go!

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE - SAME

Through the static, Warden barely hears Pryor's order. He rips out his earpiece and bursts through the back door.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME

Pryor nervously watches as Manjeev puts the gun to Dinesh's head. He fidgets in his seat. Then, in a split second --

Pryor gets up and darts out of the van. Nelson watches him go. Runco looks to Nelson, who shrugs.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Pryor sprints to the front of the building. He draws his Bureau-issue SIG P229 as he pushes into the lobby.

INT. BACK STAIRWELL - SAME

Warden sprints up the stairs from BELOW, as Johnson leaps down from his perch: ATOP THE STAIRWELL, two stories up. He kicks through the apartment door.

INT. APARTMENT - SAME

Manjeev grabs Dinesh and pulls him against the wall, out of sight from the door. Trudi tries to run, but Johnson bursts in and TACKLES her. She swings at him; he grabs her hair and puts his gun to the back of her head.

JOHNSON
This one's real. Settle down.

He pushes her head to the floor and cuffs her.

INT. BUILDING - SAME

Manjeev pulls Dinesh into the stairwell. He spots Warden and FIRES wildly - Warden dives into another apartment for cover.

Manjeev bolts down the stairs with Dinesh; he fires again. Warden ducks, then jumps up and chases after him.

INT. BUILDING - LOBBY - SAME

Pryor kicks through the door to the lobby. One of Maragos' Guards is there - he swats at Pryor's gun arm. Pryor spins, grabs him by the head, and KNEES HIM IN THE FACE. He throws him down and looks up just as the elevator doors close.

The elevator is going DOWN. Pryor thinks fast - he smashes a FIRE EXTINGUISHER through a window and jumps out onto the decrepit scaffolding. Behind him, AGENTS storm the lobby.

EXT. BUILDING - SAME

Pryor looks down -- Maragos RUNS from a storm basement.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - SAME

Manjeev shoves Dinesh into the trunk of a car. He jumps behind the wheel and speeds for the gate -- when four FBI SEDANS screech to a halt in front of him. He's surrounded.

EXT. BUILDING - SAME

Pryor hits the ground and rolls. He chases after Maragos.

EXT. BOARDWALK - SAME

Maragos cuts onto the boardwalk. He shoves PEDESTRIANS and topples SOUVENIR DISPLAYS. Pryor runs after him.

INT. CAFE - SAME

Maragos runs through a cafe; the staff DIVES out of the way.

Pryor follows into a BAKERY in back. Maragos turns and FIRES. Pryor dives behind a STEEL OVEN. Rounds DENT the steel as Pryor scrambles across the floor.

Pryor spots Maragos through an empty bread rack. He aims. For the next half-second, he's got a perfectly clear shot --

But he doesn't take it. Instead, he stands up and steps out into the open.

PRYOR
Drop your weapon!

Maragos stops. He faces Pryor. Pryor takes another step toward him. A beat as Pryor and Maragos lock eyes.

Then: CLICK! From behind, Maragos' other Security Guard aims a cocked revolver at Pryor. Maragos smiles.

MARAGOS
I always have a backup plan.

Pryor stands firm. The Guard takes a step forward --

Suddenly, the doors BURST open on every side. DOZENS of SWAT OPERATORS rush in and surround them.

PRYOR
So do I.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Warden opens the trunk of the car. Dinesh gasps for breath.

DINESH
What the hell took you so long?

WARDEN
Blame your new boss.

DINESH
This is bullshit! Why don't you learn a fucking language? I push my Fiji trip back a week for--

Warden slams the trunk. He tosses the keys on the ground.

WARDEN
Enjoy your vacation.

EXT. STREET/INT. SUV - LATER

Pryor approaches a black SUV. Nelson leans against it.

NELSON
Pretty ballsy, risking an agent's life like that.

PRYOR
Dinesh? He's fine.

NELSON
I was talking about yours.

Nelson opens the door and they crawl inside.

NELSON (CONT'D)
Our friend Nikolai is already blabbing - throwing out names we've been after for a year. Nice work.

A tap on the window. Pryor rolls it down. It's Johnson.

JOHNSON
How about a ride? I think I deserve it, after heroically subduing that target.

NELSON
You tackled a girl.

Johnson faces Pryor.

JOHNSON
Surely with you in charge, my hard work won't go unnoticed.

PRYOR
Remember at my bachelor party when you stole my wallet and phone and ditched me in Eagle Rock?

JOHNSON
Let's be fair: that was hilarious.

PRYOR
You're in for a world of pain.

He rolls up the window. The car moves. Pryor turns to Nelson.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
You're telling me you're not going to miss this?

NELSON
You and the dipshit twins mouthing off all the time? Wait till you see the photos of my new digs in Washington. And by the way, I'm taking that painting above the desk - you can buy your own decorations.

Pryor pulls out his BLACKBERRY and types.

NELSON (CONT'D)
I'd love to shoot the man who invented that crap.

PRYOR
Just texting my wife.

Nelson smiles.

NELSON
They get tired of wondering whether you're coming home; that's why I watch from the van.

PRYOR
I tried staying home last Saturday - she had to keep coming up with chores so I'd have something to do.

He puts the Blackberry away. Nelson sighs.

NELSON
Watch yourself with this job. Don't let it take over your life. It'll let you down.

Pryor nods. Nelson's phone RINGS. He takes it out.

PRYOR
Oh, so it's okay when you do it?

Nelson hands the phone to Pryor.

NELSON
I am officially a bureaucrat. You answer these calls now.

Pryor answers the phone.

PRYOR
Special Agent-In-Charge Alex Pryor.

Nelson smirks at the mention of Pryor's new title. Pryor listens a beat. He motions to the driver.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
Pull over.

CUT TO:

EST. FIRST UNION BANK - DAY

A mid-Wilshire bank in the middle of a city block. POLICE CARS and FORENSIC TRUCKS fill the street.

Several FBI vehicles drive up to the bank. They pass an old TOYOTA CAMRY parked on the street.

Out front, Pryor exits his SUV and heads into the bank.

BACK DOWN THE STREET, in the Camry, a MAN sits up in the driver's seat. He has a LAPTOP next to him.

INT. FIRST UNION BANK - SAME

Pryor enters the lobby. AGENTS work the scene and gather evidence. BLOOD STAINS cover the floor. Johnson approaches.

JOHNSON
Hell of a day to take over.

Johnson leads Pryor through the bank. As they go, we see the entire lobby is CHARRED from an explosion.

They join Warden and Runco, along with ELLIOT (30s, F), and KWON (late 20s, M).

RUNCO
We've only got a few seconds before the security cameras cut out, but I was able to get this--

He hands Pryor a PICTURE of the Gunman - pixelated, but clear enough to make out the body armor, rifle, and ballistic mask.

PRYOR
Jesus.

ELLIOT
These guys didn't leave anything to chance. We're pretty sure they used C-4 on that side entrance.

She points; Pryor carefully eyes the entrance.

Suddenly, in slow motion, A SEMI-TRANSPARENT EXPLOSION silently blows through the door; we are seeing **PRYOR'S SIMULATION** of how things played out.

TRANSPARENT SMOKE and DEBRIS fill the lobby. A GUNMAN steps through; he, too, is SEMI-TRANSPARENT, almost like a GHOST. He aims and FIRES --

KWON
They took out the first guard--

He points behind them, where we see DEAN, bewildered, collapse and fall to where his CHARRED CORPSE has settled.

KWON (CONT'D)
Then made straight for the vault.

The Gunman runs past Dean. TWO MORE GUNMEN follow.

ELLIOT
Video shows three suspects...

Pryor scans the room. SPARKS illuminate a FOURTH SEMI-TRANSPARENT GUNMAN as he stalks through the entrance.

PRYOR
Four. Somebody had to cut that camera feed.

Pryor walks around the lobby, deep in concentration. On a counter nearby, a CELL PHONE sits idle. We focus on it.

Pryor takes a deep breath; all GHOST ELEMENTS evaporate. He turns to Elliot and Kwon.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
What'd they take?

KWON
Cash. We're waiting on the count, but it's probably a lot - this is a high-traffic branch.

Elliot smirks.

ELLIOT
The mayor called; I went ahead and handled it.

Johnson makes a faux-impressed face at her.

INT. CAMRY - SAME

Inside the Camry, the MAN sits next to his laptop. He presses the volume button. AUDIO FROM INSIDE THE BANK fills the car. He listens intently.

INT. LOBBY - SAME

KWON
We're working on ballistics.

PRYOR
Don't bother. Call O'Grady at ATF - we already know everyone who buys these guns. Find out who sells 'em.

Kwon dutifully exits. Pryor turns to Warden and Johnson.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
Okay: you two now do all the stuff I used to do.

JOHNSON
Complain a lot?

WARDEN
You want us to get an employee list? Security personnel?

PRYOR
Someone else can do that. I want you two focused what only a couple of incredibly capable FBI agents would notice.

JOHNSON
Which is?

Pryor stops. He gestures to the BLACK RESIDUE all over the walls. Suddenly, one of the GHOST-GUNMAN reappears in the center of the room; he carefully rigs EXPLOSIVE CHARGES.

PRYOR
This? Makes no sense. One guy would've had to spend the whole time in here rigging explosives.

INT. CAMRY - SAME

The Man smirks as he listens to Pryor. He nods.

INT. BANK - SAME

PRYOR
Why bother? There's no prints - you're wearing gloves...

Something catches his eye. He steps over to the CELL PHONE on the counter and picks it up.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
Whose phone is this?

INT. CAMRY - SAME

The man sits up. For a tense moment, he listens to the silence as Pryor holds the phone; not a sound is made.

INT. BANK - SAME

Pryor tosses the phone to Johnson.

PRYOR
Figure out who that belongs to.

He points to the charred ceiling.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
But more importantly, explain why this was worth doing. I want to know what they used and how.

JOHNSON
And where will we find you?

PRYOR
I'm gonna go find out who sold it to 'em.

Pryor turns to the exit.

INT. CAMRY - SAME

The Man in the Camry closes the laptop, puts the car in gear, and drives away.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Pryor enters an interrogation room and sits across from Nikolai Maragos. Maragos gives him an annoyed look.

MARAGOS
I already told you everything.

PRYOR
About this morning, you did. Now I want to know about explosives used in a bank robbery.

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

Pryor takes a relaxed breath and locks eyes with Maragos.

PRYOR
I know you don't - you've been a glorified chauffeur for the past eight years working for the world's laziest arms dealer. Then when your boss goes down, your first big deal is to try and buy some uranium from my old roommate. But you know who *could* get this sort of thing. So help.

Maragos is speechless, surprised by Pryor's expertise. Pryor leans in.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
Who's more important than you and sells this stuff?

Pryor slides a photo across the desk. It shows the charred bank lobby. Maragos takes a careful look.

MARAGOS
This is a custom job. See how high up it goes without collapsing the structure? You're looking at a pyrophoric agent on top of Semtex or C4.

PRYOR
Which means?

MARAGOS
You can't just buy that. You'd need someone who knows how to rig it.

Pryor gets up and walks out without a word.

MARAGOS (CONT'D)
This gonna get me a TV in my cell?

INT. COFNERENCE ROOM - DAY

Pryor walks into the conference room. Kwon, Elliot, Runco, Johnson, and Warden wait. Pryor plops down a mess of files, printouts, and a couple books. He sits down, his eyes tired.

PRYOR
Guns?

KWON
Waiting.

WARDEN
We got the info on the blast: Maragos is right. They used C4 charges to disperse a bunch of triethylaluminum.

ELLIOT
It's all spread out so evenly - whoever did it must have experience with it; probably former military.

Pryor pulls out some printouts and looks over them.

JOHNSON
I have a question no one's asking.

He waits - no one says anything. He holds up the lobby photo.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Okay, since you asked: this is super expensive and dangerous and serves no purpose - so why do it?

ELLIOT
You think they want to distract us?

WARDEN
If you want to throw us off the scent, you get us chasing someone else - but nobody we know is capable of this, and we're the only ones who test for this stuff.

Pryor sits up; he gets it.

PRYOR
Hold on. You guys didn't talk to LAPD about the explosives.

JOHNSON
You said not to bother.

PRYOR
That's right. Because we would take over any case where there's firepower like this. So all the connected case histories would be in *our* files.

He throws his hands up in realization and sits back. Everyone sits in silence for a beat.

JOHNSON
Okay, we get it: you're smart, we're dumb. What is it?

PRYOR
What if they know that? What if they know that we'll take over the case when they blow the bank like that? The only reason to do it is if they *want* us to have the case instead of LAPD.
(beat)
They did it on purpose. To get us to focus on the explosives and ignore everything else.

WARDEN
You're saying the guys who robbed this bank wanted us to take over? Why would they ever want the FBI on this instead of the LAPD?

ELLIOT
Because someone at LAPD might recognize them.

Pryor thinks; he remembers something.

PRYOR
We need to talk to Landry Wheeler at Robbery Homicide.

WARDEN
He's not there anymore.

JOHNSON
I heard they have him working at the shooting range.
(beat)
Fitting.

Pryor gets up and walks out.

WARDEN
Always nice to know you get his full attention.

Kwon turns to Elliot.

KWON
Who's the guy he wants to talk to?

ELLIOT
Landry Wheeler. He was our main liaison at LAPD for cases like this before he got demoted.

KWON
What'd he do?

JOHNSON
He shot a guy.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

BANG BANG BANG! .45 slugs RIP through a paper silhouette.

LANDRY WHEELER (50s) lowers an old COLT SERIES 80. He's built and stern, his posture a sign of military service. He turns and walks over to Pryor, who sits nearby.

PRYOR
This is what you do all day?

WHEELER
It's not exciting, but I'm a better shot than I've been in years.

PRYOR
Don't you get a pension from the Army? Why don't you just retire?

WHEELER
And do what?

Pryor shrugs. Wheeler looks him over.

WHEELER (CONT'D)
I'm guessing you didn't come here to shoot.

PRYOR
There was a case you were working on for a couple years - a string of robberies?

Wheeler looks irritated.

WHEELER
There was, but I'm off it now.

He turns back to the shooting lane and reloads.

PRYOR
Who's working it?

WHEELER
No one. That investigation is suspended indefinitely.

Pryor gives him a look.

WHEELER (CONT'D)
We may have done some surveillance that wasn't exactly legal.

Wheeler takes his stance in the shooting lane.

PRYOR
You still think your leads are solid?

WHEELER
I doubt I'll get the opportunity to find out; it seems my ideas conflict with those of the department.

PRYOR
Well... what if I pulled you onto a task force?

Wheeler stops what he's doing.

WHEELER
Why?

PRYOR
We had a bank robbery where three people died. They set off a ton of explosives on the way out. Doesn't seem like anyone I know, but...
(beat)
There were four guys, possibly former military, cut all the alarms
(MORE)

PRYOR (CONT'D)
and took the place in a few minutes. Ring any bells?

Wheeler nods, his face serious.

WHEELER
I'll get my stuff.

INT. DETAIL ROOM - DAY

Pryor and Wheeler sit over a thick, dog-eared file.

WHEELER
It started two years ago. Small robberies - retail operations, jewelry stores. Always the same.

Wheeler shows Pryor photos of several crime scenes; they lack the carnage of the one we saw.

WHEELER (CONT'D)
They come in at night, through the back, and cut the alarms. Four guys. Quick, no mess - always places with no night security. Never left a trace. Like ghosts.

PRYOR
Except today we had three bodies.

Wheeler removes another photo - one with two DEAD BODIES.

WHEELER
Eight months ago; clerk at a jewelry store on Santa Monica snuck in with her boyfriend late at night. They stumbled into our guys.

Pryor looks intently at the photograph.

WHEELER (CONT'D)
They've been quiet since. Never even on the same *block* together.
(beat)
They waited to see what would happen - but even with the two bodies, we had nothing. There was a lot of pressure to find something... we entered some dwellings without proper warrants. Didn't get anything.

Pryor thinks hard.

PRYOR
It's close, but not quite. What makes me think these guys pulled our job?

WHEELER
Just take a look at it without the bodies. This was tactical - they sweep in and out in a matter of minutes, direct and careful. They've got experience.

PRYOR
And they knew you were on to them, so they made sure the case came to us instead.

WHEELER
These guys are good. They've all got military backgrounds. They know who I am and how close I was.

The door opens. Kwon leans in.

KWON
ATF pieced together some round fragments - .223 green tips; a military favorite.

PRYOR
Thanks.

Kwon exits. Pryor turns to Wheeler.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
All right. Who are they?

INT./EXT. PRYOR'S CAR/STREET - DAY

Pryor and Wheeler idle in Pryor's car near the fashion district downtown. They look through binoculars while Kwon, in the backseat, operates a camera with a telephoto lens.

They focus on a MAN in his early 40s as he crosses the street. He has sharp features, dark eyes, and moves with precision - like Wheeler, he's clearly a soldier.

Wheeler holds up a photo of the man in dress greens in front of an American flag, a typical Army file photo.

WHEELER
Victor Nunez. Platoon Sergeant, 3rd Ranger Batallion. Combat tours in Iraq, Afghanistan, Libya, Somalia, Bosnia. Kept going back for more. Guy's a born soldier.

PRYOR
What's he doing here?

WHEELER
A few of his guys went down for one of those prisoner abuse scandals. Nunez stayed clean, but they
(MORE)

WHEELER (CONT'D)
basically cut him loose after that. He’s got plenty of reason to be angry at a whole lot of people.

Pryor stares through the binoculars. Nunez walks through the crowd, trying to blend in; people get out of his way.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

We see a CONSTRUCTION WORKER, late 20s, with blonde hair and a square jaw. Again, Kwon snaps pictures.

WHEELER
Max Page. Three tours in EOD.

PRYOR
What’s that?

WHEELER
Explosive Ordinance Disposal. Took apart bombs. That’s your demo guy.

PRYOR
Spending too much money to be a construction worker?

Wheeler shakes his head.

WHEELER
Guy has the crappiest apartment I’ve ever seen.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The guys watch a garage payment booth. Inside sits RYAN REID - early 30s, burly, and intimidating. Wheeler holds up a picture of Reid in fatigues, holding an SR-25 SNIPER RIFLE.

WHEELER
This is Ryan Reid.

PRYOR
Sniper?

Wheeler nods.

WHEELER
Story is, he was so good, there was a bounty on him in Fallujah.

Pryor moves to put the car in gear. Wheeler holds up one last photo, a blurry black-and-white of a man crossing a street.

WHEELER (CONT’D)
One more: Kellan Meloy.

PRYOR
This the best picture you got?

WHEELER
Only one we could find; this man has no record. The official story is he was a translator in Special Forces, which really means black ops, guerilla warfare, assassinations - you name it; parts of the world where we're not officially involved. There's even a rumor he spent time in a Pakistani prison.

PRYOR
Hell of a resume.

WHEELER
I asked around - people know who Meloy is. Word is he liked what he was doing a little too much, started ignoring orders and doing things on his own. Someone like that's more dangerous than the guys shooting at you.

Pryor takes the file from Wheeler and flips through it.

PRYOR
You can prove they know each other?

WHEELER
Meloy and Nunez definitely do. In Meloy's only *official* tour, Nunez was his platoon Sergeant.

Pryor muses on this. Wheeler shifts in his seat.

WHEELER (CONT'D)
Look: when do bank robberies happen?

PRYOR
When?

WHEELER
When the bank is *open*. Because you need someone to get into the vault and get the money for you. To rob a bank at night, you'd have to have the training to take out the alarms, the weaponry to take on the security, and the firepower to get through a vault yourself - and do it fast. You ever seen it?

Pryor shakes his head. Wheeler taps the pictures.

WHEELER (CONT'D)
These guys could do it. And they'll do it again.

Pryor takes one last look at the photos.

PRYOR
All right.
(To Kwon)
Get teams on them - and one on this Meloy's last listed address. If they go within a mile of each other, I want to know about it.

Kwon gets on his phone as the car pulls away.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Pryor and Wheeler sit in a booth. An awkward silence as both men mull things over. Pryor looks deep in thought.

PRYOR
You couldn't get a tail on them?

WHEELER
Couple times. Not a peep. Then as soon as we backed off, they were at it again. They knew.

PRYOR
You've got no hard evidence - how are you so sure it's them?

Wheeler looks very serious.

WHEELER
You got this case today; I was on it day and night for two years. No civilian could have done this - hell, you and I couldn't have done this. It's them; I just can't prove it.
(beat)
I was so close; they got the best of me, turned me into a laughing stock working at the shooting range. Now it's just sitting there. If I don't finish this, no one will.

PRYOR
You married?

Wheeler shakes his head.

WHEELER
You?

Pryor nods.

PRYOR
My wife - Valen - she's three months pregnant with our first.

WHEELER
She must be happy now that you're the boss - not in the line of fire too often.

PRYOR
I haven't been the boss very long.

WHEELER
You know you look like you're about twelve years old to me.

They chuckle.

WHEELER (CONT'D)
Well, you earned it - you're the only guy who ever answered my calls at two in the morning.

Pryor gives a slight smile; he's easy to read.

PRYOR
Yeah, that might have to stop when the baby comes.

WHEELER
I'd ask you for your secret, but I'm guessing I'm too old for it to do me any good.

PRYOR
No secret: I believe in this job. You follow the rules and do things right, you'll always know where you stand.

Wheeler eyes Pryor inquisitively.

WHEELER
You've never had to shoot anyone, have you?

PRYOR
Couple close calls; that's it. When the federal boys surround the house, they tend to go quietly. Besides, a suspect's no good to us if he's dead.

Wheeler grows quiet. Pryor looks at him seriously.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
What happened at that raid?

WHEELER
You know.

PRYOR
I'm asking for your version.

Wheeler nods. He stares off, remembering.

WHEELER
It was at this warehouse in South Central - human trafficking, the most disgusting shit I've ever seen - they had these girls chained together in this tiny room. Upstairs there was a guy at a desk, like nothing was going on - just sitting there, talking on the phone. Made me think of how much time I've spent chasing these heartless assholes, so smug, half the time they walk on a technicality... He made like he was reaching for a gun, so...
(beat)
Thank God there actually was a gun in the desk, or they'd have had my badge.

Wheeler looks up and sees Pryor watching him.

WHEELER (CONT'D)
I'm not saying it's always right, but I doubt anyone wept for that fucker.

PRYOR
But with him dead, you never found out who was running the whole thing - they probably set up someplace else a day later.

WHEELER
Yeah, but that prick sure as hell never hurt anybody again. You can't argue with results.

PRYOR
I can.
(beat)
I'm just an extension of the badge. The law applies to me too. Right is still right.

Wheeler goes silent; both think for a tense moment. Pryor changes the subject.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
What about our guys? They were so careful - now they start killing?

Wheeler shrugs.

WHEELER
First one was an accident; but then they got to watch us run around like fools when we couldn't catch them. Should have quit then, but they get to thinking they're smarter than we are, and they can't help themselves. That's how we always get these burglars: they just can't stay away.

Pryor nods.

PRYOR
The allure is too much. I never met a drug smuggler who thought he had enough money.

Wheeler looks down at his coffee cup; he's lost in the past. Pryor looks at him quizzically.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
Say you finally get them: then what?

Wheeler chews his lip.

WHEELER
I don't know. All I know is, they're going down, and I'm gonna be the one to put them away. I don't care what it takes.

EST. PRYOR HOUSE - NIGHT

Pryor's house, a modest home in Santa Monica.

INT. PRYOR HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pryor sneaks in quietly. Valen sleeps in their bed. He slowly undresses.

VALEN
Did you eat?

PRYOR
(Whisper)
Yeah, go back to sleep.

He crawls into bed with her.

VALEN
(Half-awake)
I was totally waiting up for you.

PRYOR
Sure you were.

He gives her a kiss on the cheek and settles into bed.

VALEN
I only see you in bed.

PRYOR
You're the one who said that's all I'm good for.

VALEN
Can we sleep in tomorrow?

PRYOR
Whatever you want.

He puts his arms around her. The room is quiet as they fall asleep.

INT. PRYOR'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Pryor's phone rings. He wakes up, groggy. He answers.

PRYOR
Pryor.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FBI OFFICE - LOBBY

A SECURITY GUARD is on the other end.

SECURITY GUARD
Sorry to bother you, sir - this is Jackson at the front desk. I have a Detective Wheeler here who says he's part of the First Union Bank Robbery task force? He's not in the system.

PRYOR
What time is it?

Wheeler stands patiently next to the security desk.

SECURITY GUARD
It's 6:00, sir... he says he's here to work.

Pryor looks over at Valen. She glances up, mad to be awake.

PRYOR (INTO PHONE)
Okay. Let him work.

He gives the phone a look as he hangs up. He tosses it on the dresser, lays back, and closes his eyes.

INT. DETAIL ROOM - SUNSET

Elliot and Kwon sit across from Pryor, who looks through new surveillance photos. Wheeler hovers off to the side.

PRYOR
I don't need a bunch of photos of these guys going to work. What about phones?

ELLIOT
They don't have 'em.

PRYOR
Do we have a twenty on Meloy?

KWON
Still looking. Last listed address is from a year ago.

PRYOR
So where the hell is he?

They all look sheepish. Pryor sits back.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
It's been four days, and these guys haven't gone anywhere near each other. This isn't making us look good. Is there anything here that justifies round-the-clock surveillance?

They're silent for a moment. Pryor looks up at Wheeler, who chews his lip. Pryor sighs.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
Keep the alerts up, make sure everyone knows their faces. Kwon, you guys are still on the money. Everyone else is off. Get 'em back with their teams.

Kwon nods. He and Elliot exit. Elliot whispers to Kwon.

ELLIOT
Why is he keeping that guy around?

Pryor pretends he didn't hear. Wheeler gets up to go.

PRYOR
Sorry.

WHEELER
You've got other cases - doesn't make sense to waste all your resources on this.

PRYOR
We'll make headway.

Wheeler looks despondent.

WHEELER
They've been outsmarting me for two years - I don't know why I thought this time would be any different.

PRYOR
Don't go anywhere - you're still on this.

Wheeler nods and exits. Pryor tosses the folder, frustrated.

INT. BANK VAULT - NIGHT

A cavernous vault lined with rows of SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES.

We hear FOOTSTEPS - and find HENRY, a security guard in a suit - and underneath, a Kevlar vest. He crosses the vault and stops in front of an elevator, the only way in or out.

He uses his KEYCARD to open the door, then steps into the elevator and uses the same keycard to ascend to the lobby.

INT. BANK LOBBY - NIGHT

Henry exits into a lobby adorned with expensive art. He crosses to a COMMAND POST just out of view of the entrance.

INT. COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

Inside is MILES, another guard. He sits behind a bank of monitors. A SHOTGUN rests on a rack off to the side.

HENRY
Twelve fifteen.

Miles leans over and types the check-in into a computer. Then --

A noise. It's faint, quiet -- as if someone were gently scratching glass.

Henry and Miles share a look.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Henry and Miles slip around the corner to the lobby. They glance around -- nothing.

Into the lobby walks CAROL, a building manager in a business suit with a walkie-talkie. They look to one another.

CAROL
Did you guys--

BOOM! The building shakes. A glass wall SHATTERS.

Henry dives on Carol to protect her. As he does --

PFFT! PFFT! PFFT! Miles is shot three times. He stumbles back and collapses.

Henry pulls Carol around the corner, into the Command Post.

INT. COMMAND POST - SAME

She screams when she sees Miles. Henry spots the gunshot wounds and puts his hand over Carol's eyes.

HENRY
Stay down!

BOOM! Another explosion RATTLES the building.

Henry grabs the shotgun and FIRES blindly over the desk. He peeks around the corner. Something skitters towards him: a small, black CANNISTER.

Before Henry can react -- a bright FLASH blankets the whole room in a blinding light.

INT. UPSTAIRS OFFICE - NIGHT

A room full of desks where three BANK EMPLOYEES work late.

They all react to an EXPLOSION. The entire room is thrown from side to side. Desks topple. A man runs to the door --

BOOM! It blasts off its hinges and knocks him to the ground.

A WOMAN crawls behind an overturned desk. We stay on her as she crouches and hides. She whimpers and shivers, terrified.

We hear gunshots. Shaking, the woman pulls a CELL PHONE from her purse and dials.

Voices ARGUE behind her as she holds the phone to her ear.

WOMAN
(Whisper)
Hello?

Suddenly the desk is YANKED away. Two MASKED MEN pull her out of frame. She screams --

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - DAY

Pryor enters lobby; FBI FORENSIC TECHS work the scene. He ducks under crime-scene tape as Warden and Johnson approach.

WARDEN
We're counting four shooters.

PRYOR
They match?

Johnson nods.

JOHNSON
Identical. They cut the alarms, took out everyone inside, and cooked any DNA on the way out. It's exactly the same.

Pryor rounds the corner and sees the bodies of Carol and Henry. Wheeler approaches; he's been here a while.

PRYOR
Three hours after we pull the tail?

WHEELER
The security in here is outrageous. They had to have been planning this for weeks to do it so clean - the downstairs, at least.

Pryor turns to Warden and Johnson. Warden looks to the floor.

JOHNSON
There's an office upstairs.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The office we saw during the robbery. Desks and papers are strewn about everywhere. Among the mess: three CELL PHONES.

JOHNSON
Three people were working late. Branch manager says they hardly ever do that.

As Pryor surveys the scene, we see a GHOST GUNMAN storm into the room and fire. Two WORKERS are hit and fall where their bodies lie on the ground.

PRYOR
Where's the third?

WARDEN
Westwood Medical. She's in a coma.

Warden ushers him toward the elevator.

WARDEN (CONT'D)
It's not like last time. They took the vault, but... it's weird.

INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

They exit the elevator and walk into the open VAULT. Inside: a HUGE bank of safety-deposit boxes, all open.

JOHNSON
They didn't touch anything else - there's cash upstairs, but they left it alone.

WARDEN
We're already on the boxes - there's a master list; we'll go through 'em one by one.

Pryor puts on a pair of gloves and looks over the room. Johnson turns to Warden and Wheeler.

JOHNSON
It does make sense.

WHEELER
What does?

JOHNSON
Killing everybody. I mean, from a practical standpoint. That's how bank robbers get caught - they take too long; do everything they can to avoid using their guns because that crosses the line into murder.

WHEELER
This way, no witnesses; no one slowing you down.

WARDEN
Yeah, you just have to be okay with murdering people.

Johnson and Wheeler nod morosely.

Pryor surveys the deposit boxes. Each is open and empty -- except for ONE, directly in the center, which remains closed.

JOHNSON
We don't have info on that one yet. Don't know why they left it alone.

Pryor stares.

PRYOR
It's mine.

Everyone looks shocked.

WARDEN
What?

Pryor runs his finger along the wall of boxes. He stops on the closed one and taps the number. He faces the team.

PRYOR
This is my safety deposit box.

A moment of silence. Pryor turns and flips open every deposit box, one by one, until he finds what he's looking for: a CELL PHONE. He pulls it out and hands it to Warden.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
Get every cell phone out of this building and check 'em for bugs.

He turns and walks to the elevator, serious.

INT. PRYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Warden, Johnson, Wheeler, and Elliot stand in front of Pryor. Runco dumps a plastic bag of cell phones onto the desk.

PRYOR
Were they hardwired?

ELLIOT
They don't need to be.

RUNCO
We can tap into the mic on a cell phone remotely - don't have to touch it.

PRYOR
Could they?

Warden shrugs.

JOHNSON
That's not what we're showing you.

He grabs one of the phones and pulls up the contact list. He shows it to Pryor:

"Kellan Meloy; Victor Nunez; Max Page; Ryan Reid."

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
All of 'em.

Pryor picks up an iPhone and checks the address book - sure enough, all four names, and corresponding addresses.

PRYOR
Why would they do this?

WARDEN
They know we're eventually going to bring them in here - this way they get to decide when we do it.

Pryor thinks for a moment.

PRYOR
Well... let's give them what they want. Bring 'em in.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

FBI agents cuff Max Page and put him in the back of a car.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Ryan Reid. Same deal.

EXT. NUNEZ HOUSE - DAY

Nunez goes quietly as he's cuffed and shoved into the car.

EXT. OLD HOUSE - DAY

The car pulls up to an old house. Elliot and Kwon exit.

On the porch stands KELLAN MELOY. He leans against a pillar with a cocky smirk. As he hops off the porch, we get a closer look: it's the MAN who listened from the car at the first crime scene; he stares at Elliot and Kwon. He looks them both over, then turns his back and offers his hands to Elliot. She cuffs him.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY

Pryor looks through the window of the interrogation room. He moves for the door. Johnson puts up his hand.

JOHNSON
You know you can't go in there.

Pryor glares.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
If it were me, you'd pull me off the case and you know it.

Pryor reluctantly nods. He and Wheeler head behind the two-way mirror.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Warden and Johnson sit across from Ryan Reid.

WARDEN
Where were you last night?

REID
At home. I went to bed early.

WARDEN
Why is your name in this phone?

He holds up one of the phones. Reid shrugs.

REID
Don't know; maybe you put it there.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Warden and Johnson face Max Page.

JOHNSON
You think we don't already know? You've got one chance to save your own ass, because believe me, your buddies are all ready to let you take the fall.

Page doesn't even blink.

PAGE
I've got nothing to tell you.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Warden and Johnson square off with Nunez.

JOHNSON
I'm actually really impressed - according to your friends, you set up this whole thing.

Nunez stares at the desk. Unlike the rest, he seems nervous.

NUNEZ
Save your breath; I know how this works.

WARDEN
Oh, we know.

JOHNSON
Like we said, we've heard plenty about you today.

NUNEZ
You don't know shit.

Nunez swallows hard. Warden and Johnson share a look. They pull back.

JOHNSON
This isn't who you are; you know that. You fucked up. People died. But you can decide when it ends.

Pryor watches Nunez. He looks like he's considering.

WARDEN
You tell the truth, maybe you walk away from this. See your family again. You got a family?

Nunez sniffles. He looks up. His voice is dry.

NUNEZ
I'm not telling you anything.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Warden and Johnson look exhausted. Kellan Meloy relaxes with an arrogant smile, like he can't wait for this to begin.

WARDEN
You haven't been listed at that address for more than a year.

MELOY
I figured you'd look for me there.

Johnson and Warden stare at him; they don't like this guy.

JOHNSON
And why would you think that?

Meloy shrugs.

MELOY
Well, that's how it works, doesn't it? You guys can't solve a case, so you go looking for someone to blame it on? Never mind that there's no evidence--

WARDEN
Shut the fuck up and just answer the question.

Meloy laughs. He looks directly at the two-way mirror.

MELOY
Anything you say, sir. I wouldn't want to make you mad - after all, you guys have the power to do whatever you want, don't you?

Johnson squeezes the life out of the pen in his hand.

WARDEN
We found five dead bodies this morning - you find that funny?

MELOY
Only five? Huh...

Behind the mirror, Pryor and Wheeler share a worried look.

JOHNSON
Why don't you start talking before this gets a whole lot worse.

Meloy leans back. He takes a deep breath and stretches.

MELOY
I really do admire you guys. I'm sure the citizens of Los Angeles feel very safe with professionals like you in charge. I know I do.

He leans forward and stares with unmoving eyes.

MELOY (CONT'D)
After all, the FBI wouldn't get careless, arrest the wrong people, blast someone for no reason. You guys don't make mistakes.

His voice carries a vague threat that everyone can feel. Warden and Johnson fidget nervously. Wheeler turns to Kwon.

WHEELER
Get him out of there.

Kwon looks to Pryor.

WHEELER (CONT'D)
They more they hear what we know, the worse off we are.

Pryor bites his lip.

PRYOR
Let 'em go.

Kwon nods and exits. Wheeler wipes his face with his hands.

Pryor looks through the glass as Meloy is cuffed and led to the door. Meloy smiles and looks right at him.

INT. PRYOR HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Pryor and Valen relax on the couch in front of the TV. They watch *Hostel*. Pryor stares vacantly, his mind somewhere else.

She nudges him. He smiles.

PRYOR
Hey.

He puts his arm around her.

VALEN
Where'd you go?

PRYOR
Nowhere, just... some stuff came home with me today.

VALEN
Anything I should be worried about?

Pryor thinks. He looks at her.

PRYOR
No.

They return their attention to the movie.

Pryor's phone rings; he looks at it with disgust and answers.

PRYOR (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Yeah?

JOHNSON (OVER PHONE)
We got a hit on the deposit boxes.

Pryor sighs and hangs up. Valen lets him have his arm back.

PRYOR
You could watch the girly one while I'm gone.

Valen pulls a blanket around herself and settles in.

VALEN
Hell no. This guy's about to get his shit rocked.

He kisses her and gets up to leave. She turns up the volume.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - EVENING

The whole gang is in the briefing room. Pryor enters.

PRYOR
Talk.

ELLIOT
Diamond necklace, sold to a pawn shop in West Covina.

She shows Pryor a picture.

PRYOR
Looks expensive.

WARDEN
Pawnbroker reported the seller, locals picked him up.

ELLIOT
He bought it off a drug dealer named Tino Berry - runs a crew that sells street-level coke in East LA.

She hands Pryor a file photo.

KWON
Narcotics has a file. They've been sitting on them until there's a line to the supplier. These guys are small time - they're nobodies.

ELLIOT
But we've got a house in Boyle Heights. LAPD's got eyes on 'em.

Pryor thinks for a moment.

PRYOR
All right. Wake up a judge and get us an invitation.

The team scrambles out of the room. Pryor turns to Warden.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
We think they're our guys?

WARDEN
Berry has two cousins that were kicked out of the Marines. Four months ago one got nabbed running guns to Mexico - big ones.

Pryor nods. Warden leaves. Pryor turns to Wheeler.

PRYOR
And what do you think?

Wheeler takes a deep breath.

WHEELER
I don't think they could have pulled all those robberies, but if I'm not mistaken, that's a house full of drug dealers. So why don't we bust in there and find out.

Pryor nods, serious. His face tells us this is beyond a normal case for him.

PRYOR
Get a vest; you'll ride with me.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Two FBI SEDANS speed down the highway.

INT. ELLIOT'S CAR - NIGHT

Elliot drives. Warden sits next to her. In the back, Johnson loads a SHOTGUN. All wear BODY ARMOR.

INT. PRYOR'S CAR - NIGHT

An AGENT drives. Next to him, Pryor's on the phone. Wheeler sits in the back, with Kwon next to him.

PRYOR
Yes sir; I'll give you first report soon as we know what we have.

He hangs up. In the back, Wheeler takes out his Colt. Kwon nervously adjusts his vest.

WHEELER
This your first one of these?

Kwon laughs nervously.

KWON
I came up in wire fraud. We don't see a lot of action like this.

Wheeler nods. He ejects the magazine and checks the slide.

WHEELER
Here's a little tip: whoever you're rolling up on? They're the ones who have to get away; you don't have to go anywhere. Just keep calm and wait 'til they give up or screw up.

Kwon takes a deep breath. Wheeler slides the mag back in.

WHEELER (CONT'D)
And remember: we take these out to prove we have 'em. He lets you see his - it's about to go off.

Kwon nods. Wheeler lets the slide snap forward.

EST. TINO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A run-down two-story house.

INT. TINO'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

AL and MARK sit at a kitchen table. In front of them: a big BAG OF COCAINE. They divide it up, weigh it, and put it into smaller bags. They're big and dress hard, but can't be more than 21 years old; both seem pretty high. Al sneaks a bump.

MARK
You sneak too much of that shit!

Al pulls out his gun and mimes aiming it.

AL
Please! I could hit a fly when I'm on this shit.

INT./EXT. PRYOR'S CAR - SAME

Parked in an alley behind the house. Pryor checks his watch. He keys his radio.

PRYOR
Sit tight for SWAT.

INT. ELLIOT'S CAR - SAME

Down the block, we can see the house through the windshield, and on the other side of the street: an LAPD UNMARKED.

INT. TINO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

TINO sits and watches a Laker game. He finishes a beer and sets it on the table among a pile of empties. He stands up and, with an exaggerated motion, puts his gun in his pants.

As he stumbles to the kitchen, we see that he's a lot younger and less intimidating than the file photo would suggest.

INT. TINO'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Tino heads into the kitchen and notices his giggling buddies.

TINO
What the fuck are you guys doing? Haven't you seen the way they do it on TV? You gotta be wearing gloves and shit - otherwise they can find your prints on the bag!

AL
Like the cops give a shit if Mexicans do coke.

TINO
Yo, gimme a little bit of that.

He leans down and snorts some of the cocaine.

TINO (CONT'D)
This is how it's done, man - I'm telling you. Someday we're gonna be the big dogs in this town.

MARK
Maybe then we can get someone to do this bagging shit for us.

BAM! A noise from outside. The guys turn and look.

INT. ELLIOT'S CAR - SAME

The team looks out the window at the LAPD car. The cops get out and LOUDLY SLAM THEIR DOORS, then move toward the house.

JOHNSON
What the fuck are they doing?

INT. PRYOR'S CAR - SAME

Pryor's team sees it, too.

PRYOR (INTO RADIO)
God dammit, they're supposed to wait - who's talking to them?

WHEELER
They're gonna see us coming!

PRYOR (INTO RADIO)
We can't wait for SWAT - go now!

EXT. TINO'S HOUSE - FRONT - SAME

Johnson, Warden, and Elliot bail out of their car and move on the house, weapons drawn. Behind them, a SWAT van roars down the street. An LAPD HELICOPTER flies in overhead.

INT. TINO'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Tino and his boys see all of this.

MARK
There's like a hundred cops!

Tino pulls out his gun and sniffles.

TINO
Fuck that. I'm not going down without a fight!

They take positions with superficial bravado.

EXT. TINO'S HOUSE - FRONT - SAME

Warden and Johnson sweep toward the front door. Behind them, SWAT OPERATORS bail out of the van, but our guys are out in front, without cover.

Suddenly: GUNSHOTS from inside. Bullets shatter the windows. The agents dart across the yard, exposed.

A round THUDS into Warden's vest. Another shatters his collarbone. He collapses.

Johnson grabs him and drags him to the side of the house. Elliot crouches beneath the window.

EXT. PRYOR'S CAR - SAME

Pryor, Wheeler, and Kwon hear the shots. Kwon takes a deep breath and moves toward the back door. Wheeler follows.

An LAPD CAPTAIN exits a squad car. Pryor approaches him.

PRYOR
We got three on the first floor firing on federal agents - get your men in there to cover!

He looks back to Wheeler and Kwon, but they're already far ahead of him. He turns back to the Captain.

EXT. TINO'S HOUSE - FRONT - SAME

Johnson hovers over Warden. Warden gurgles and gasps.

JOHNSON
We got you, we got you...

He pulls out his radio.

JOHNSON (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)
Agent down! Get an ambulance! Now!

He looks back to his friend. Warden motions for him to go on.

Johnson and Elliot look to one another. Johnson readies his shotgun. They wait until the shots die down, then --

Johnson turns and BLASTS THROUGH THE WINDOW WITH THE SHOTGUN.

INT. TINO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

BUCKSHOT peppers the room. Tino and Mark hit the deck. As they do --

EXT. TINO'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - SAME

Elliot leaps up and FIRES INTO THE WINDOW. Mark is hit. Tino sprints from the room. Elliot and Johnson move to the door.

INT. TINO'S HOUSE - BACK DOOR - SAME

The back door is kicked off its hinges -- Wheeler and Kwon burst in, weapons drawn. They move toward the kitchen, where Al shoves the bag of coke into a backpack.

KWON
FBI! Drop the gun!

Al turns and FIRES. Wheeler dives into a LAUNDRY ROOM.

Kwon steps forward and aims. He takes a deep breath and sweeps through the trigger --

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! Al drops to the floor. Kwon stares at him, wide-eyed.

Wheeler emerges from the laundry room, grabs Kwon's arm, and pushes him further into the house.

More GUNSHOTS echo from the other side of the house. Then FOOTSTEPS going up the stairs - Tino is still loose.

Kwon and Wheeler give chase as Johnson and Elliot burst through the front door.

INT. TINO'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Johnson and Elliot rush up the stairs. Johnson covers as Elliot checks the first room.

ELLIOT
Clear!

Johnson sweeps past her to the next door as Kwon and Wheeler run up the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Johnson sweeps the room.

JOHNSON
Clear--

RATATAT! Rounds TEAR through the wall. Johnson hits the deck as sheetrock and plaster fly all over the place.

Johnson rolls back into the HALLWAY and looks through the third door --

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Where Tino fires a MAC-10 through the wall. He waves the gun wildly, spreading bullets all over.

The gun jams. Johnson leaps up as Elliot runs into frame. They fire simultaneously, hitting Tino repeatedly.

He drops. They stare at him. Johnson sniffles and wipes his nose. Kwon and Wheeler appear behind them. Johnson turns and heads back down the hall.

The three remaining each give Tino's body a different look: Elliot - stolid, like a pro, noting the scene; Kwon - overwhelmed, like he expected it to look differently; and Wheeler - like he's a little disappointed.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - LATER

FBI and LAPD cars fill the street. AGENTS and SWAT OPERATORS mill about while FORENSIC TECHS map out the gunfight. Two AMBULANCES idle off to the side. Warden is loaded into one of them on a stretcher.

Johnson stands nearby. Pryor approaches him.

PRYOR
You've done enough. Go home.

Johnson looks like he doesn't want to go.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
You shouldn't have had to go in like that. I don't feel good about it either, but it is what it is.

Johnson looks into Pryor's eyes - he relents. Johnson nods and walks away.

Pryor watches ATTENDANTS load two BODIES into the CORONER'S VAN. Kwon and Elliot walk up to him.

ELLIOT
More jewelry from the list upstairs, but nothing else.

PRYOR
What about guns?

KWON
Still looking.

Pryor sighs.

PRYOR
Okay. That's it. Get some sleep.

As they separate, Pryor is approached by the CHIEF OF POLICE. Pryor sees Wheeler, who stands near the house.

Wheeler glances around, then locks eyes with Kwon. Kwon bites his lip, wrought with emotion. Wheeler just shrugs.

INT. PRYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Pryor sits behind his desk, on the phone.

PRYOR (INTO PHONE)
Yes, sir. He's recovering - took two, but should be able to return to duty; that's all he wants.

Wheeler enters the office. Pryor waves him in.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
I appreciate it; thank you.

He hangs up the phone.

WHEELER
I hear we got some good news.

PRYOR
They found the other brother - wrecked his pickup outside Palm Desert. He's dead, but he had enough weaponry in the backseat to start a revolution. We're still waiting for official confirmation from ATF - but it looks good.

The phone lights up again. Elliot leans in the door.

ELLIOT
Mayor.

PRYOR
Can you have him hold?

ELLIOT
I'm not your goddamn secretary.

Wheeler smiles.

WHEELER
Well, if this is the end... I appreciate your keeping me on.

Pryor reaches for the phone.

PRYOR
Of course.
(Answering)
Hello?

Wheeler turns and walks to the door. Kwon stands in the doorway. He looks distraught.

KWON
Something's happened.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - DUSK

The team stands at the base of the pier, near the beach. A HUGE FIRE blazes. At their feet, hundreds of papers flutter in the breeze. Pryor picks up one -- a stock certificate. As they approach, they see: a huge BONFIRE of papers.

WHEELER
Jesus fucking Christ.

PRYOR
Do we know what this is?

Elliot's face is drained.

ELLIOT
It's all from the deposit boxes.

Pryor looks down to the area underneath the pier, where HOMELESS PEOPLE gather.

PRYOR
I suppose nobody saw anything? Get statements from everyone, I don't care who.

He looks at the blaze sternly.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
And put out the goddamn fire.

Elliot waves in the fire department. Pryor turns around.

Wheeler, Johnson and Kwon stand together. Johnson shakes his head and walks away. Kwon looks despondent. Wheeler heaves a visible sigh. None meet Pryor's gaze as he marches past.

INT. PRYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Pryor sits behind his desk. It's quiet - everyone's gone for the night. He drinks from a bottle of Canadian Club.

Wheeler enters. He pulls a chair to the side of the desk and swigs from a flask. He offers it to Pryor; they trade. They drink in silence. Each man has things weighing on him.

PRYOR
So: they sell off some stuff to a bunch of low-level gangsters for less than it's worth, get us thinking we've got them, and then
(MORE)

PRYOR (CONT'D)
dump *everything* we could've traced, leave it all on fire, and... what?

WHEELER
Payback for thinking we could get 'em that easily. This is a game to them; why just steal when they can rub it in our faces?

Pryor looks like this answer doesn't satisfy him.

PRYOR
Those kids? They had *maybe* enough coke in there for an arrest - the kind of thing where we'd get one good name and turn them loose.

WHEELER
Well, they shot at us.

PRYOR
Yes they did; they are dumb, and dead, and we are dumb too, but we have more people with more guns, so they lose.
(beat)
I swear to god, Meloy fucking knew. He said it right to our faces. What do they want?

WHEELER
They want to show you how good they are. Like when you try to fight your old man; we just got decked. And now they're out there - they could just disappear.

PRYOR
Well that's why what we did isn't what you fucking do. You keep them alive and get the information because the guy out there is more dangerous than the guy you have.

WHEELER
I don't give a shit. I want the guy who's shooting people.

Pryor looks at Wheeler with the seriousness of his authority.

PRYOR
Don't let your judgment get clouded. It's not about what you want. They got to us and we screwed up; fine, but where I come from, you take it on the chin and you keep working; doing what's right isn't easy.
(beat)
(MORE)

PRYOR (CONT'D)
These guys aren't stupid. There has to be a way in with them...

Wheeler shakes his head, irritated.

WHEELER
What do you think you're going to do - flip 'em? They *hate* you - you realize that? Because you have everything they don't. Look at this place: you're the man on top, while they're hiding somewhere. They won't quit because they want to prove that you can't stop 'em. You can try to bring 'em in all you want - but what, Nunez is going to talk? Meloy's going to squeal on somebody? Only one thing stops guys like this, and someone's got to be willing to live with doing it.

Pryor sets his drink down. He sits up and takes a moment to prepare his words.

PRYOR
You know, I've been thinking about that conversation we had, that story you told me. I've got a story too. When I was in narcotics, I worked with a guy named Garrett Mitchell. Great agent, hell of a guy. He had a girlfriend who was murdered by a drug gang in New Mexico.

As he says this, Pryor pulls out his wallet.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
We tracked 'em to a garage in the middle of nowhere. During the raid, one of the guys starts to run. So Garrett, still obviously thinking about his girlfriend, guns him down even though we probably could have just picked him up.

Pryor looks at something in the wallet.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
Turns out he was a DEA informant, would have walked away clean the next day. He was our link to the kingpin, who wasn't there. Cartel decides to tie up the loose ends, has the guy's girlfriend killed. They had a kid, too.

Pryor holds up a picture of a young girl.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
Her name was Kate; only rule I've ever broken was stealing this from the evidence room.
(beat)
There are no shortcuts when you're trying to keep people safe. They also have to be safe from you.

Pryor puts the picture back in his wallet.

WHEELER
What happened to the other guy?

PRYOR
Mitchell? He got promoted - he's running for Congress this year.

Wheeler nods. He stands up.

WHEELER
Well - I'm gonna go look over that list from the bonfire.

Pryor watches Wheeler as he goes. He calls after him.

PRYOR
I'm going home.

CUT TO:

INT. REID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ryan Reid sits in front of a TV. The room is cluttered and messy. On a table in front of him: a CD case, on which are several lines of COCAINE. He does a line and sits back.

INT. WHEELER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wheeler sits in his kitchen. His Colt is on the table, field stripped. He runs a cleaning brush through the barrel. Around him, the walls are COVERED with photos and documents from the case. His obsession is clear.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Max Page drinks in a crowded bar. A bunch of young MARINES in ROTC shirts try to shove their way past. One bumps his elbow.

PAGE
(Wasted)
Watch it, dick!

MARINE
What the fuck you just say?

Page shoves him. Another guy takes a swing at Page. He swings back. A BOUNCER runs in, grabs Page, and drags him outside.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Warden lies in his hospital bed. Johnson sits next to him. Johnson stands up; they clasp hands, and Johnson leaves.

INT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Victor Nunez exits a Metro stop in the Valley. He rounds a corner and walks up to a PAYPHONE. He checks over each shoulder, sees no one there, puts a quarter in, and dials.

On the other end: the voice of a child - a young BOY.

YOUNG BOY (ON PHONE)
Hi Uncle Victor!

His face lights up.

NUNEZ
Hey! You knew it was me?

YOUNG GIRL
Mom said I could answer the phone when you call!

NUNEZ
Well you did a great job...

He continues to talk, a smile on his face.

INT. ELLIOT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Elliot eats alone, a sea of work papers on the table.

INT. KWON HOUSE - NIGHT

Kwon does dishes with his MOTHER and several SIBLINGS.

INT. VACANT BUILDING - NIGHT

Empty and dilapidated. A small fire burns in an old oil drum. Kellan Meloy sits against a wall. In front of him: several BRICKS OF CASH and a HANDGUN.

He has an old shoebox in his lap. He flips through several trinkets and old photos of himself. He stares off into space.

Then Meloy pulls out: NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS. From all the robberies, including the most recent. He smiles.

Meloy picks up a brick of cash and TOSSES IT INTO THE FIRE. Magnetic strips flare as flames eat through the paper.

Reveal: the whole drum is full of burned cash.

INT. PRYOR LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pryor sleeps. Outside - a noise. He starts awake. He reaches for his gun, then stops. He looks around. He's in his own living room, a folder on his lap. He rubs his eyes, puts the folder down, and walks upstairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMER'S MARKET - DAY

An open-air market in Koreatown. Victor Nunez strolls among produce stands. A hundred yards away, Elliot and several FBI AGENTS watch him through telephoto lenses.

On the other side of the market, Kellan Meloy appears. He glides through the market with a carefree smile.

ELLIOT
Try to video their hands in case they pass anything.

An agent points a directional mic as others adjust cameras.

Meloy approaches Nunez at a fruit stand.

MELOY
You cannot get good canteloupe out here, but the pineapple is fantastic.

Meloy picks up a container and waves it at the PROPRIETOR.

MELOY (CONT'D)
Three for a small one?

PROPRIETOR
Four.

MELOY
Fuck that.

He throws the container down. He and Nunez slowly move away from the stand.

NUNEZ
Why are we doing this here?

Meloy grins.

MELOY
Worried somebody's gonna see?

He gestures. They know they're being watched.

NUNEZ
I told you to stop this shit - taunting the feds? This isn't a game.

MELOY
Don't worry so much. It'll be all the more fun when we disappear.

NUNEZ
You've crossed a line that's going to make that a lot harder.

Meloy stops; his smile fades.

MELOY
It's a little late for that; and now they're looking right at you, so how about we tie up some of those loose ends? We both know who made a mistake, but lucky for you, you've got a caring buddy who found out about it.

Nunez swallows hard.

NUNEZ
I'll take care of it.

Meloy looks Nunez right in the eyes.

MELOY
I certainly would appreciate it. And I'm sure Tyler would, too.

NUNEZ
I said I'll take care of it.

They stand for a moment in silence. Elliot and the team quietly watch and snap pictures. Meloy smiles big.

MELOY
I don't know why you can't just enjoy this - look around! They're all here for me and you - and we're ten steps ahead of 'em.

He turns and walks away. Nunez turns in the other direction.

ELLIOT (INTO RADIO)
Stay on them. Meloy's heading into the garage - pick him up!

The agents scramble. Kwon approaches, on the phone. Elliot turns to him and shakes her head.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
What in the *fuck*.

KWON
That ain't all. That witness in the coma? She just woke up.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Johnson and Elliot sit next to the hospital bed of the WOMAN from the second bank robbery. She's bandaged and woozy. This is RACHEL BURTON.

RACHEL
I was trying to call the police... I couldn't hear what they were saying... it was all so loud...

ELLIOT
What were they doing while this was going on?

RACHEL
They were arguing... two of the men were snapping back and forth at each other... I don't know anything they said. I'm sorry.

JOHNSON
It's okay - we're almost done.
(beat)
These men - if you heard their voices again, do you think you could identify them? If we could play you a recording of some voices, could you tell us which ones they are?

Rachel doesn't flinch.

RACHEL
Yes.

ELLIOT
You're sure?

RACHEL
I'll never forget what they sounded like. Not as long as I live.

EXT. HALLWAY - SAME

Pryor watches through the window. He turns back down the hall. Kwon and Wheeler wait for him.

PRYOR
I want her in protective custody downtown. Get the clearance: we're shutting down the freeway.

Kwon types on his blackberry. Johnson and Elliot join them.

ELLIOT
Did you see the stuff from today? They're meeting in public...

Pryor thinks on it. He shakes his head.

PRYOR
They're fucking with us. The witness is the priority. Someone's still on Meloy?

Kwon looks sheepish.

KWON
They lost him in a parking garage.

PRYOR
God dammit! How?
(beat)
Get the rest of 'em in custody. We find them before they can find her.

Kwon hurries away. Pryor turns to Wheeler and Johnson.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
I want every available body - FBI, LAPD, the works. We're not taking any chances this time.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

A dirty apartment. The door is KICKED IN. Elliot storms in with several AGENTS behind her.

ELLIOT
FBI! Victor Nunez - come out with your hands up!

They search the apartment - it's empty.

Elliot goes into the tiny bedroom. She looks on the other side of the bed - the window is open. They look down--

A tiered ROOF, one floor below the window. It leads right up to the roof of the building next door - an easy escape route.

INT. REID'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Agents storm Ryan Reid's apartment. Again, it's empty.

INT. PAGE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

A third apartment. Johnson follows the agents in and looks around. Again, nothing inside. He flips up the mattress in frustration and shakes his head. They're gone.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

A mostly-deserted garage. A few cars sit in long-term spots.

Out from behind an SUV crawls MELOY. He's clearly been there a while. He picks up a Gatorade bottle FULL OF URINE and pours it out on the ground. He stretches and walks away.

INT. A/V ROOM - DAY

Pryor sits at a small station with Runco. They listen to the audio from Nunez and Meloy at the open-air market.

PRYOR
What's it sound like to you?

RUNCO
Like he's scared of him.

Pryor nods.

RUNCO (CONT'D)
He says that name... Tyler...

PRYOR
We're looking for who it is.

Kwon turns from another station nearby.

KWON
I looked back over all the tapes from both bank robberies.

PRYOR
And?

Kwon walks over with a printed still.

KWON
Meloy, Page, and Reid are all at least 5'10 - Nunez is only 5'6.

He shows them a still of three masked men with guns.

KWON (CONT'D)
We've only got the lobby from the second robbery, but in all the footage, all three suspects are the same size. There's never a shorter guy there. Nunez must be the one in back cutting the alarms.

Pryor looks intently.

PRYOR
Nunez hasn't shot anyone.

The door opens. Elliot enters.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
You find me a Tyler?

ELLIOT
It's his nephew. Lives with the mom in Tennessee.

PRYOR
That's it.

Pryor stands up - he's thinking fast. He turns around, barely able to control himself.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
He's making him do it. On that audio? It's perfect.

ELLIOT
What?

PRYOR
Nunez didn't want to kill anyone; he just wanted to rob jewelry stores. When they shoot people, he's not even there! You saw his face when he was in here - he wants to come clean! Meloy knows about the nephew, and he's using it to keep Nunez in it with him.

Pryor thinks.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
He's our guy - we bring him in, we can flip him. He wants out; we'll give it to him. Just find him. And get our people in Nashville to find the sister.

ELLIOT
And the witness transport?

Pryor looks at his watch.

PRYOR
Let's go.

INT. HOSPITAL PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Full of LAPD squad cars, FBI sedans, and SWAT SUVs. AGENTS check weapons and strap on body armor. Pryor stands with the SWAT COMMANDER, who indicates the route on a large map.

SWAT COMMANDER
All the on-ramps are blocked on the 405 south of the 101, and the 10 is clear from the beach to downtown. And when we get off, it's just two blocks before we go underground.

Pryor looks up at Elliot.

PRYOR
Anything from the surveil teams?

She shakes her head. Pryor turns to the SWAT Commander.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
We're on the road in five.

INT. BUILDING - DAY

A filthy, run-down building. It looks like an abandoned office space. We sweep over the room. A table and chairs sit in the center, but little else, until we pan over...

Where Page and Reid stand, in full mil-spec gear. We see them like this for the first time, with their faces exposed.

Around them is a CACHE OF WEAPONRY.

Meloy enters, silent. He looks at the two of them and nods.

A series of shots:

--Page loads MAGAZINES.

--Reid tinkers with the scope of a BARRETT 98B SNIPER RIFLE.

--Meloy straps on BODY ARMOR.

--Page slides BRICKS OF C4 into paper bags.

--Reid loads 40mm grenades into an M32 GRENADE LAUNCHER.

--Meloy locks an ammo belt into an Mk 46 LIGHT MACHINE GUN.

INT. HOSPITAL PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Elliot leads Rachel to an unmarked SUV. She opens the door and Rachel ducks inside. Pryor stands nearby, on the phone.

PRYOR (INTO PHONE)
I'm sorry - I know, but this is different. I have to stay with the team on this one. I'll call you when we're done.
(beat)
I'll be fine. I love you.

Pryor hangs up. Elliot nods to him, then climbs into the SUV. Pryor motions to everyone else. They move to their vehicles.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Reid and Page load more hardware and ammunition into an armored FORD EXCURSION. Near them, Meloy leans against a pillar. He holds out his ballistic mask and examines it.

He smiles.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Police lights flash as the FBI CONVOY reaches the street. Motorcycle units block traffic while sedans and patrol cars surround three identical unmarked SUVs.

INT. WHEELER'S CAR - SAME

The lead car; Wheeler drives. Pryor sits next to him. He carefully scans their surroundings and keys his radio.

PRYOR (INTO RADIO)
This is 27-01. Radio check on Tactical 2.

Agents radio back in sequence: 27-02, 27-03, and so on...

INT. WITNESS SUV - SAME

Elliot sits in the back with Rachel, who closes her eyes and takes measured breaths.

EXT. CITY BLOCK - DAY

The Excursion pulls to a stop at a red light.

Page drives. He cracks open the driver's side door and drops a fast food bag next to the curb.

The light changes. The SUV rolls away.

INT./EXT. CONVOY VEHICLES - DAY

Agents and police sit alert. SWAT operators look through binoculars. Everyone's got a hand near a weapon.

JOHNSON rides in the rear car. He looks out the window cautiously.

As they approach the freeway, we see the tires pass a fast-food bag on the ground.

INT. EXCURSION - DAY

The Excursion rounds a corner. It stops.

Page, Reid, and Meloy ready their weapons. Safeties come off. They pull on their masks and step out.

INT./EXT. CONVOY VEHICLES - DAY

PRYOR scans the buildings as they pull onto the 405 on-ramp at Santa Monica.

In the rear, JOHNSON looks out the back window. Behind him, the roadblocks are re-formed.

PRYOR watches as they approach the 10 East on-ramp. They merge and round the ramp, headed East.

ELLIOT heaves a sigh of relief.

Street signs pass: Overland, National, La Cienega. For a moment, everything is calm. Then:

DISPATCHER (OVER RADIO)
All units: 211 in progress at 1896 Century Park West. Suspects heavily armed, shots fired --

PRYOR turns and looks out the window -- we see the tall buildings of Century City, on the other side of a sea of traffic created by the freeway closure.

WHEELER
Christ.

PRYOR
They’re using the roadblock.

Pryor keys his radio.

PRYOR (INTO RADIO) (CONT’D)
27-05, PD stays with you. No matter what, you keep moving. Kwon, Johnson, and SWAT: you’re on the bank.

He turns to Wheeler.

PRYOR (CONT’D)
Let’s go!

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The convoy splits - LAPD cars stay with the three SUVs while FBI sedans and SWAT trucks head for the ramp at Crenshaw. Wheeler honks to get the roadblock out of their way.

INT. WHEELER’S CAR - SAME

They descend the ramp and see: a sea of traffic.

PRYOR (INTO RADIO)
27 sequence: follow us up Crenshaw and we'll hook left on Pico!

Wheeler flips on the siren and tries to maneuver through stopped cars. Pryor's radio crackles.

SURVEILLANCE AGENT (OVER RADIO)
27-01, this is Surveil 12-12. I've got Victor Nunez on foot headed West on 6th at Normandie.

Wheeler turns to Pryor.

WHEELER
They're already on the move?

PRYOR (INTO RADIO)
What about the others?

SURVEILLANCE AGENT (OVER RADIO)
Just Nunez - I repeat, just Nunez.

WHEELER
They split up...

PRYOR (INTO RADIO)
12-12, we're going to link up with you and head him off. Kwon, get to the bank - and have aerial canvas everything West of the 5.

KWON (OVER RADIO)
Copy that.

WHEELER
We'll get that son of a bitch...

INT./EXT. WHEELER'S CAR - DAY

Wheeler cuts down alleys, blasts over speed bumps, and careens around corners. He narrowly avoids a stopped car and hooks back out onto a main street.

SURVEILLANCE AGENT (OVER RADIO)
This is 12-12. Nunez is moving West on 5th at Western.

PRYOR (INTO RADIO)
Is he armed?

Wheeler makes another quick turn.

SURVEILLANCE AGENT (OVER RADIO)
We're too far to see. Shit, he just cut back the other way.

PRYOR (INTO RADIO)
We're getting behind him on Western. Stay put in case he doubles back.

Wheeler pulls out onto another main street, but stops short - this one's completely jammed.

SURVEILLANCE AGENT (OVER RADIO)
He's headed right to you, 27-01. Other side of 5th and Oxford.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Pryor spots Nunez.

PRYOR
That's him!

Nunez is half a block away, darting across an EMPTY LOT.

Wheeler can't get through traffic. He speeds UP ONTO THE SIDEWALK and careens up onto a LEDGE in front of an apartment building. The car jerks to a stop.

WHEELER
Dammit!

Pryor bails out and draws his Sig. Nunez is still in view, but won't be in a few more seconds.

PRYOR
Victor Nunez - freeze!

Down the block, Nunez turns and sees Pryor.

His face is conflicted -- then he swallows and RUNS.

From the car, Wheeler sees Pryor take aim.

WHEELER
Drop him!

PRYOR (INTO RADIO)
Give me confirmation of Nunez at the robbery!

Wheeler jumps out of the car and shouts over the hood.

WHEELER
Take the fucking shot!

PRYOR (INTO RADIO)
Do we have confirmation!?

WHEELER
You're gonna let him get away! Your guys can't tail shit! Take the shot, god dammit!

Pryor still has Nunez in his sights. The radio cackles.

SURVEILLANCE AGENT (OVER RADIO)
Negative, 27-01.

Pryor lowers his gun. Wheeler goes for his Colt, but Nunez disappears around a building on the other side of the lot.

WHEELER
God fucking dammit...

PRYOR (INTO RADIO)
12-12, stay on him - he just turned down Wilton.

The radio cackles again.

KWON (OVER RADIO)
Boss? Do you copy?

PRYOR (INTO RADIO)
Yeah?

KWON
(Out of breath)
211 still in progress.

PRYOR
What?

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - SAME

LAPD and SWAT operators rush past Kwon as he speaks.

KWON
We just got on scene. Robbery is still in progress. They're still *inside!*

EXT. STREET - SAME

Pryor takes this in.

PRYOR
We're on our way.

Pryor turns to get back in the car. Wheeler glares at him.

WHEELER
You just let that fucking bank robber--

PRYOR
He's not even *at* the robbery! This is not about *you*, you got that?
(INTO RADIO)
All available units: stay on Nunez and bring him in. Whatever you have to do, just get him.

Pryor gets in the car and looks up at Wheeler. Wheeler glares silently. Pryor stands back up.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
Get in the car. We're going to the *bank robbery* that's happening right now!

Wheeler angrily climbs back inside.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Kwon looks on as two SWAT SUVs roll forward. Half a dozen SWAT operators follow behind each SUV on foot.

KWON (INTO RADIO)
SWAT's moving in.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - SAME

A thin alley behind a building, littered with trash.

An LAPD Cruiser BLASTS past on a nearby street and continues on. Once it does --

Nunez rises from behind a crate. He goes to a nearby dumpster and reaches behind it until he finds something - and pulls out a LARGE CASE. He carries it into the building.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - SAME

Through a large window, Meloy calmly watches the SWAT teams approach. He nods to Page, who holds a remote in his hand. Page hits a switch --

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - SAME

CHARGES DETONATE around the front entrance of the bank. The doors fly off. Glass SHATTERS. Kwon and the team watch, shocked.

FIGURES move through the smoke. SWAT operators take aim -- until they see HOSTAGES run out of the building.

SWAT OPERATOR
Hold your fire!

The hostages flood into the street. Agents run to their aid. As Kwon assists an ELDERLY WOMAN, he turns to see another FIGURE step out through the smoke.

It's Meloy, with his Mk 46. He takes aim.

KWON
Everybody down!

Agents and officers pull hostages to safety.

Meloy FIRES.

Rounds RIP through cars, SHATTER windows, SHRED tires --

INT. WITNESS SUV - SAME

The gunshots create deafening interference over the radio. Elliot takes out her earpiece and eyes the road, nervous.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - SAME

Casings clatter off the asphalt as Meloy pauses to reload.

Behind a car, Kwon wheels around to fire, when -- BOOM! A nearby car EXPLODES -- then another!

ON THE ROOF, Reid aims the M32. He fires another grenade --

BACK AT STREET LEVEL, another car explodes. Now there's a smoldering gap in the police perimeter.

Meloy locks in a fresh belt and resumes fire. As he does, tires SQUEAL. Page shoots out of the bank's garage in the Excursion.

He screeches to a halt in front of Meloy, who hops in. They peel out - and SMASH right through the hole in the perimeter.

ON THE ROOF, Reid fires again, then takes off in a sprint for the other side of the building. He reloads as he runs.

AT STREET LEVEL, Half the police give chase; Kwon forms up the other half to storm the bank.

INT. HIGH RISE - TOP FLOOR - SAME

Nunez kicks through a rotting door and enters an empty room. He crosses to a window with a clear view of DOWNTOWN. He carefully lays down his case and opens it. Inside: a disassembled NEMESIS ARMS .308 SNIPER RIFLE.

Nunez looks at it with pained eyes; he takes a deep breath and reaches down to assemble the rifle.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The Excursion swerves through traffic and cuts around the block, now headed to the other side of the bank. Two police cars follow close behind; one edges up. Meloy leans out and FIRES - the car swerves into oncoming traffic and CRASHES.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - ROOF - DAY

Reid reaches the other side of the roof, which borders a different street. He quickly knots a COIL OF ROPE around a guardrail, then runs it through a RAPPELING HARNESS. Without looking, he leaps off of the building and rappels down the side, to --

STREET LEVEL. He hits the ground just as the Excursion screeches around the corner. It speeds toward him.

Reid pauses. He shoulders the grenade launcher and aims behind the Excursion.

A cop car turns the corner. Reid FIRES; the car EXPLODES. Reid climbs into the Excursion as it speeds away.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Kwon leads SWAT operators into the lobby.

INT. WITNESS SUV - DAY

Elliot sits alert as the SUV takes the exit for DOWNTOWN.

INT. EXCURSION - DAY

Page drives. All still wear their masks, alarmingly calm. More police cars cut in behind them.

Meloy gets a TEXT. He signals Page, who makes a sharp turn.

INT. JOHNSON'S CAR - SAME

Johnson is at the very rear of the pursuit.

JOHNSON (INTO RADIO)
Suspects headed West on Santa Monica. They're making a run for the freeway.

INT. WHEELER'S CAR - SAME

PRYOR (INTO RADIO)
All units: converge on the 405 on-ramps!

EXT. VARIOUS HIGHWAY ON-RAMPS - DAY

Police cars screech to a halt in front of the on-ramps. OFFICERS hear sirens in the distance. They jump out of their cars and take aim with pistols and shotguns.

A few blocks away, the Excursion shoots down Santa Monica, straight for them.

INT. / EXT. EXCURSION/STREET - SAME

Page spots the blocked on-ramp. He steps on the gas.

The Excursion hurdles forward -- and shoots right PAST the on-ramp, under the overpass. Confused officers watch it go.

We see the Excursion pass by one of the FAST FOOD BAGS --

Meloy nods to Page, who again presses a remote--

EXT. 405 OVERPASS - SAME

ON one of the discarded fast food bags -- a light BLINKS. Quick shots of SEVERAL MORE, scattered all over the highway.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - SAME

Kwon and his men alert to the sound of a BEEP.

KWON
Everyone out!

EXT. 405 OVERPASS - SAME

The bags EXPLODE. GIANT EXPLOSIONS shoot across all lanes.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - SAME

CHARGES DETONATE inside the bank. Kwon pulls a SWAT operator into the fireproof VAULT as flames BLAST through the hallway.

INT. WITNESS SUV / EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - SAME

Through the windshield of the witness SUV, we see EXPLOSIONS engulf the road. Suddenly our view is ROCKED as the SUV TUMBLES.

INT. HIGH RISE - SAME

THROUGH HIS SCOPE, Nunez watches the SUVs flip and tumble. Injured agents crawl out from them, helpless and terrified.

Nunez sweats and takes panicked breaths, overwhelmed by guilt. He watches Elliot struggle to pull Rachel out of the burning SUV.

Trembling, Nunez takes his finger off the trigger. He raises his head and watches through the window, anguished. He looks about, unsure of what to do. He sets the rifle in his lap, his eyes worried.

EXT. 405 OVERPASS - SAME

Back at the 405: the explosion CRACKS THE CONCRETE OF THE OVERPASS. It COLLAPSES onto the street below--

INT. JOHNSON'S CAR - SAME

Directly in front of Johnson.

JOHNSON
Shit!

Johnson swerves, but too slowly. He loses control and FLIPS. We stay with him as the car tumbles through the debris.

EXT. STREET - SAME

More police cars crash into a massive pile-up. Johnson crawls out of his car. He struggles to his feet.

JOHNSON (INTO RADIO)
They brought down the whole freeway over Santa Monica! We're cut off!

INT./EXT. EXCURSION - DAY

On the other side of the freeway -- Page slows to a stop. In front of him, traffic on Santa Monica is completely stopped. Overhead, a HELICOPTER flies.

INT. WHEELER'S CAR - SAME

Wheeler swerves between lanes.

PRYOR (INTO RADIO)
Does anyone have a visual?

HELICOPTER PILOT (OVER RADIO)
This is 8-Aerial 40. I've got the SUV stopped on Santa Monica.

PRYOR (INTO RADIO)
Get whoever you can over there! We're staying on Wilshire - we'll try to cut them off.

EXT. 405 OVERPASS - SAME

Johnson sprints up the embankment with several officers. They jump the barrier and run alongside the massive crater, which spans the entire width of the freeway.

EXT. WILSHIRE - SAME

Wheeler speeds under the Wilshire overpass and tries to work his way through traffic, but there's nowhere to go.

WHEELER
Shit!

He pulls the car up onto the shoulder and drives. He wails on the horn as cars slowly pull to the side. The radio crackles.

JOHNSON (OVER RADIO)
We've got the SUV!

Pryor's eyes go wide.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Can you hear me?

PRYOR (INTO RADIO)
Yeah - I hear you! What happened?

EXT. STREET - SAME

Johnson stands next to the SUV. It's filled with smoke -- a charge has been detonated inside.

JOHNSON (INTO RADIO)
It's empty. They're gone.

He looks around - nothing. Johnson shakes his head.

BANG! An officer drops. Johnson ducks.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
We're taking fire!

FURTHER DOWN THE STREET

Reid, Page, and Meloy emerge from the smoke. Reid aims his Barrett. Page carries a GAS CAN. Meloy hefts his Mk 46.

Reid and Meloy FIRE --

Johnson and the police take cover and return fire.

WHEELER and PRYOR reach Federal and cut south. They race to Santa Monica and slam on the brakes -- cars are stopped, bumper-to-bumper. People run screaming from the road. Wheeler and Pryor jump out and run into the fray.

PAGE walks between cars. He leans in the window of a Civic driven by a young couple. They scream as he douses the backseat in gasoline, ignoring them like they aren't there. They run from the car as he sets it ablaze; it goes up in flames. He repeats the process with several other empty cars.

JOHNSON continues to fire. Another cop falls.

JOHNSON (INTO RADIO)
We're pinned down! There's no cover!

PAGE sets the gas can down and twists the pins of two HAND GRENADES. He rolls one beneath a row of empty cars and hurls the other at the sidewalk in front of an office building.

KABOOM! Gas tanks EXPLODE, windows SMASH, nearby trees IGNITE. The flames shoot toward Johnson and the police.

PRYOR AND WHEELER dart between cars. Wheeler spots Meloy and fires. Meloy turns and fires back.

Terrified MOTORISTS jump from their cars and take cover. Pryor pulls them down and points where to run. He and Wheeler cover each other as they advance, but motorists fill the lanes; it's impossible to get a shot.

PAGE lights more car fires. Black smoke covers the jammed street -- now a battlefield.

Page, Reid, and Meloy pull back and converge, their backs to a large building, half-way down the block between Pryor & Wheeler and Johnson. They turn and fire in all directions.

PRYOR grabs more fleeing people and urges them toward safety. Wheeler continues to advance.

Then: REID shoulders his M32. He FIRES. A grenade sails across the street and hits an idling POSTAL TRUCK. It EXPLODES -- the truck flips up into the air.

PRYOR and WHEELER duck -- the truck lands on top of two cars, right next to them. They roll away as another EXPLOSION rocks the area. Pryor loses his radio.

The street is engulfed in smoke. Wheeler coughs as smoke fills his lungs. He and Pryor zig-zag through the chaos.

AHEAD: Page and Reid vanish into the smoke near an intersection. Meloy is a few paces behind them. Pryor spots him and moves toward him. Wheeler follows.

Meloy stands and watches them struggle between the cars. He calmly drops something before he disappears into the smoke. As Pryor clears the traffic, he spots what Meloy dropped:

Another BRICK OF C4. Pryor dives for cover.

KABOOM! The explosion upends stopped cars and topples a stoplight. Pryor and Wheeler are thrown backward.

The dust clears. Pryor coughs and stumbles to his feet. Wheeler lies a few yards away. Pryor helps him up.

They look around: fires burn, smoke swirls -- but Page, Reid, and Meloy are gone.

Pryor runs to a nearby OFFICER and grabs his RADIO.

PRYOR (INTO RADIO)
This is Special Agent Alex Pryor!
8-Aerial 40, I need a visual!

HELICOPTER PILOT (OVER RADIO)
Negative...

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME

From the chopper's POV, we see the road is covered in smoke. People run everywhere. It's impossible to see anything.

HELICOPTER PILOT (INTO RADIO)
I've got nothing from up here.

As the helicopter turns, we can see more smoke in other parts of the city from the fast-food bags -- the bank, the freeway... and in the distance, *downtown*.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Pryor looks around at the destruction.

PRYOR (INTO RADIO)
Give me an update at the bank.

Pryor waits. Nothing.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
Kwon, give me--

KWON (OVER RADIO)
There's nothing here, sir.

INT. VAULT - SAME

Kwon, burned and bruised, steadies himself against the wall.

KWON (CONT'D)
They blew the whole thing.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Pryor displays his agony. The radio crackles--

ELLIOT (OVER RADIO)
Sir, can you hear me?

PRYOR (INTO RADIO)
Yeah.

ELLIOT (OVER RADIO)
We've lost the witness.

Everyone stops. Pryor looks shell-shocked.

PRYOR (INTO RADIO)
What?

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Elliot stands, out-of-breath, amid a sea of LAPD. Behind her: the SUV, flipped over.

ELLIOT (INTO RADIO)
We hit an explosion - I don't know, in some trash on the road. We flipped. I got her out, but... she got hit right away. She's dead.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Pryor leans against the car, dazed.

EXT. SUV - SAME

Johnson stands and listens to this as he looks over the SUV. He opens the rear -- nothing. He kicks the SUV in a rage.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Pryor's face has fallen.

KWON (OVER RADIO)
Sir?

PRYOR (INTO RADIO)
Yeah.

INT. VAULT - SAME

Kwon stands in the middle of the vault. He takes a few steps to reveal: PILES OF CASH.

KWON (INTO RADIO)
The money - it's all here. They didn't even touch it. They blew up the bank and didn't steal a thing.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Pryor lowers his radio and stares off into space. Around him: destruction.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

ON the Mk 46 as it's dropped into the trunk of a sedan. Meloy closes the lid. He wears an LAPD UNIFORM.

He approaches the driver's window - Page and Reid are inside.

MELOY
Now you boys be careful out there. There's criminals afoot.

He smiles.

As the sedan pulls away, Page reaches through the window and fastens a POLICE LIGHT to the roof. They turn onto the street and blend in with the cop cars that race to the scene.

Meloy turns and walks off down the block. He whistles.

INT. PRYOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dimly lit. The TV flickers - Valen watches a NEWS REPORT of the shootout. Her eyes are red. She's exhausted and on edge.

The front door opens. She turns to see Pryor slowly step inside. She jumps to her feet and runs to him.

They look at each other. Pryor sees the concern in her eyes. He pulls her close and wraps his arms around her.

As they pull each other close, Pryor watches images of the destruction flicker in the background.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The team sits quietly as Kwon addresses the room. All look exhausted, covered in scratches and bruises.

KWON
The entire structure of the building is on the verge of collapse. Would've taken the whole time just to set it up. They never planned on taking any money.

RUNCO
Maybe they got scared and ran...

JOHNSON
You know goddamn well that's not what happened.

PRYOR
What about the witness?

Elliot turns away.

RUNCO
We got the diagnostics - with the type of ammo and the distance... we're talking about a superior marksman. Nobody in this room could have made that shot.

Wheeler slams down his papers in disgust. He stands up.

WHEELER
We fucking had him.

Johnson stares daggers at him.

JOHNSON
If you'd stayed with the convoy, we could have covered her during the move. We fell for the distraction because of your fucking hunch.

WHEELER
It was Nunez who shot her and you know it.

JOHNSON
All I know is you were nowhere near her when she was shot - or the *war zone* at that bank.

Wheeler grits his teeth.

WHEELER
You guys keep talking.

He storms out. The other agents look at one another. There's a long silence; no one is sure what to do.

Pryor takes a deep breath.

PRYOR
Look, we all know what happened; we lost today. But we're still the FBI and we have a job to do. So ignore whatever else you hear about this and get to work; until someone relieves us of duty, we're still working this thing.

He stands up and swiftly walks out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Wheeler heads for the elevator. Pryor catches up with him.

PRYOR
Hey!

Wheeler tries to leave. Pryor grabs his shoulder.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
Where do you think you're going?

Wheeler pushes Pryor's arm away.

WHEELER
He shot that woman.

PRYOR
He was our only chance at breaking this thing. I made a call.

WHEELER
You *made up* that he's human because it makes you feel better. They're going to keep doing this until someone stops them, and you aren't up to the job.

PRYOR
And what did you do in the two years you had this?

Wheeler snorts.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
They beat you and you can't handle it because you've got nothing else. Maybe if you'd done your job right, your boss wouldn't be dumping you on me to get rid of you.

Wheeler grits his teeth.

WHEELER
I'm not just going to stand around and let this happen.

PRYOR
You work for--

Wheeler shoves his index finger into Pryor's chest.

WHEELER
This is on you! *You* had a shot on him - and *you* didn't take it, and now our only witness is dead.

PRYOR
Yeah, and if I just killed everyone who might commit a crime, there'd be no criminals left; is that it? Having a badge does not mean you choose who lives and dies. We do our jobs here, and if you can't
(MORE)

PRYOR (CONT'D)
handle it, then you can go back to the shooting range any time.

WHEELER
You don't have a clue what your fucking job is. You want to play boy scout and pretend you get to decide how the world is? We're all better off without them alive. You do whatever you want; I'm going to do what it takes.

PRYOR
What is that supposed to mean?

Wheeler breathes heavily.

WHEELER
If I get a shot, I'm pulling the trigger. This is going to end.

Pryor stares with intensity. Wheeler stares back at him.

PRYOR
You're no better than they are.

WHEELER
That's what I've been trying to tell you.

Wheeler gets in the elevator. The doors close.

Pryor turns around. A few feet away, Kwon waits. Pryor approaches Kwon.

PRYOR
Detective Wheeler is to be taken off the case. Tell the LAPD Commissioner that we're reassigning him back to them. And if you see him walking around at one of our scenes, you cuff him - understood?

Kwon nods.

Pryor heads back across the office floor. He passes Elliot and Johnson, who saw the whole thing. They look at him with deference. Johnson glares angrily at the elevators.

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

--HEAVILY ARMED POLICE patrol the streets.

--NEWS COPTERS display the damage to the entire city - the destroyed overpass, wrecked freeways, buildings, etc.

--TALKING HEADS comment on NEWS FOOTAGE of the destruction.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

INT. HIDEOUT - DAY

We're in the hideout we saw earlier. The four criminals sit and watch the news footage. Reid and Page smile with pride. Nunez gets up, disgusted.

NUNEZ
What the fuck is wrong with you guys?

Meloy gives him a mocking look.

NUNEZ (CONT'D)
You blew that bank and half the city to shit and walked out with nothing. What the hell was the point?

Meloy defers to Reid and Page.

PAGE
Now they're running scared.

NUNEZ
They're looking for us everywhere now. You want to go away for the rest of your life?

Meloy stands up; he smiles.

MELOY
Calm down. They can't get at us. We're miles ahead of 'em; this is where we win.

Nunez looks to Reid and Page, who stare at him silently.

NUNEZ
This was supposed to be about getting what we're owed. We said we were going to take what was ours.

MELOY
And we did. Now we're gonna take more - who's gonna stop us?

Nunez takes a step forward - firm, but timid.

NUNEZ
Do you not get that this is real? Those are real people that are dead now. You think if you show them not to mess with you, they'll just go away? They're the cops - they won't stop until it's over; you can't win this. When is it going to be enough?

MELOY
Never.

Nunez looks Meloy up and down. Meloy's eyes are bright, like a child's.

NUNEZ
I don't know what happened to you.

MELOY
What happened to me? What the fuck happened to you? I mean - I'm sorry, but what else are we gonna do? Go crawl away somewhere alone while you go back to your life? Fuck that. We're doing something important here.

NUNEZ
No we're not - we're stealing money. Get over yourself.

MELOY
They're gonna see what happens when they take us on. Open your eyes! We're in this together - it's us versus them!

NUNEZ
No it's not. I am not a part of anything. Don't think for a second that I'm gonna go down for you.

In an instant, Meloy turns terrifyingly angry.

MELOY
You don't want to be taking their side in this.

Nunez looks over at Reid and Page - they stare at him like he's the crazy one.

NUNEZ
I'm sorry that you've got nothing else, but this isn't who I am. I still plan on walking away from this.

Meloy looks confused.

MELOY
Why the fuck would you want to do that?

Meloy turns away; Nunez looks very afraid. The Talking Heads chatter on in the background:

ANCHOR
...and a private grant from First National Bank has offered a hundred
(MORE)

ANCHOR (CONT'D)
thousand dollar reward for information that leads to an arrest in the case.

MATCH TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

Pryor watches the news with Elliot. He sighs.

PRYOR
What about the sister?

ELLIOT
They have her and the nephew at a safe house in Ohio. She says he calls once a week, always from a payphone. She has no idea why we'd want to know about him.

PRYOR
How many payphones still exist in this town?

ELLIOT
He sticks to three - all in the Valley, walking-distance to the Metro.

Pryor stands up; he looks exhausted.

PRYOR
Get someone on those payphones at all times, and make sure they're ready with the sister for when he calls. It's the best we have.

INT. PRYOR'S HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Pryor sits in his office at home in front of a sea of case documents. The door opens - Valen is there.

VALEN
I need to talk to you.

He stands up and walks to her.

VALEN (CONT'D)
Our safety deposit box was accessed in your investigation?

Pryor starts to speak, then stops, unsure of what to say.

VALEN (CONT'D)
Do they know who we are?

He nods sadly. Valen takes a step back.

VALEN (CONT'D)
How could you not tell me?

PRYOR
I'm sorry - I've just been so wrapped up in this case--

VALEN
That's not an excuse.

He just stands there; he knows she's right.

VALEN (CONT'D)
I have always supported you in your work, Alex. But you've never put our family at risk. You can't endanger us for your career.

PRYOR
I have to stop them, Valen.

Pryor looks away for a moment. As he turns back at her, for the first time, his demeanor breaks and we see pain.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
I don't want our little girl to have to grow up afraid of people like this.

She looks him in the eyes with sympathy.

VALEN
I know that you want to protect people - that's why I love you - but there's always going to be something. These people will always exist - you can't make the world a safe place.

Pryor listens, but doesn't hear.

PRYOR
This is different. I have to handle this myself - they need me.

VALEN
I need you.

Pryor takes a deep breath. He looks back at his desk.

VALEN (CONT'D)
Don't put me in a position where I can't trust you.

PRYOR
Please, just let me work. I can handle this.

She lets him go; from her expression, it's obvious she's not sure he can.

EXT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Nunez steps out of the Metro in a hoodie, his face obscured. He walks down the block to the payphone.

A block away, an FBI SEDAN. An AGENT squints; he's not sure.

Nunez picks up the phone and dials --

INT. FBI SAFE HOUSE - SAME

A cell phone rings. Nunez's sister, ANGIE, sits with several FBI AGENTS. She looks to the oldest; he nods. She answers.

ANGIE
Hello?

EXT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD - SAME

NUNEZ
Hey, Angie. It's me.

ANGIE
Victor? Where are you?

NUNEZ
Look, I'm sorry I haven't--

CLICK! Nunez stops at a noise. He turns around --

Landry Wheeler stands down the block, his Colt raised.

They lock eyes; Wheeler has deadly focus. He steps forward --

Nunez DIVES around the payphone --

BANG! Wheeler shoots. He wings Nunez.

Nunez crouches behind the payhphone. Wheeler fires again - the slug dings the payphone.

Wheeler walks forward to fire a third time --

SCREECH! The sound of a car nearby. Wheeler looks up momentarily. Nunez seizes the opening - he sprints into the darkness and darts around a corner.

Wheeler gives chase. Up ahead, a car pulls in front of him from around the corner. A MAN jumps out; he SHOUTS - an echo lost in darkness.

Wheeler sees the outline of a GUN. He raises his Colt --

BANG! A shot is fired.

Wheeler falls to his knees. He's hit. He collapses, dead.

Into frame walks the shooter: Kwon, next to the FBI surveillance car.

Kwon's face contorts in shock.

SIRENS. Another FBI Sedan pulls into frame. Agents exit and run to Wheeler's body.

AGENT
Shit...

Kwon steps forward and sees the body.

AGENT (CONT'D)
He was gonna fucking shoot you. Didn't he hear us?

Kwon just stares. Behind him, Elliot pulls Nunez to the car.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Pryor approaches Johnson and Elliot, who wait for him.

PRYOR
Did he survive?

Elliot shakes her head. Pryor's eyes drop.

JOHNSON
He pointed a gun at a federal agent; Kwon had no choice. We're just lucky he didn't kill the suspect first.

Pryor looks into the interrogation room. Kwon sits there. Pryor opens the door and enters. He sits down.

They sit for a moment as Pryor gathers up what to say.

PRYOR
You didn't do anything wrong, you got that?

Kwon looks despondent.

KWON
Yeah.

PRYOR
I would have made the same call. And I would have told you to make the same call.

Kwon nods distantly. Pryor sits for a moment. He's not sure what to say.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
I know it's hard. I can't imagine. But if it'd been anyone else, they'd probably be dead right now, so I'm glad it was you, and that you had the guts to do what you did. Take a couple days, and then I want you back here, because you're a hell of an agent. Okay?

Kwon nods.

KWON
Okay.

Pryor tries to keep his composure. Things keep getting worse.

CUT TO:

MORE NEWS FOOTAGE:

A headline reads: "Police Officer Killed"

ANCHOR
Landry Wheeler, who had been working with the FBI on the bank robberies, was shot and killed tonight while pursuing a suspect...

The news report shows a picture of Nunez.

REVEAL:

INT. HIDEOUT - DAY

Meloy watches the news report. His face contorts. He stands up, breathing heavily.

For a second, he seems pathetic and vulnerable - then his eyes narrow and he boils over with rage. He kicks the table in front of him so hard it topples and shatters.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Victor Nunez sits silently in the interrogation room. The door opens. Pryor enters and sits across from him.

A long moment as they look each other over.

PRYOR
It's time to talk, Victor.

Nunez just stares.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
You're not walking out of here this time. You had a stolen handgun, and when we trace that money in your wallet to the robberies, we'll be able to put you away for a long time.

Nunez sits still.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
I'm offering you the chance to get out someday, *if* you cooperate.

NUNEZ
I'm not giving you anything.

PRYOR
You really think that guy's your friend? After he threatened your family?

NUNEZ
You don't know me.

Pryor grows angry.

PRYOR
No, I don't. But a cop died so that you could be sitting here. The one thing keeping you alive right now is that I think you're not like the rest of them, and that maybe you have the sense to stop this before anyone else gets killed.

Nunez sits still. He says nothing.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
Was I right about you? Or are you as bad as he is?

Nunez thinks a moment.

NUNEZ
He's past the edge.

PRYOR
Then help me get him.

Nunez stares Pryor in the eyes.

NUNEZ
This isn't going to work out how you want it to. I'm not putting the knife in for you.

Pryor stares at Nunez; it's clear this won't go anywhere.

PRYOR
Are you really stupid enough to think that protecting these guys is worth spending your life in prison?

Pryor stands up.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
Think about it while you're in there tonight. Because as soon as we catch up to them - and we will - the offer goes away. This'll be your new home.

Nunez stares straight ahead. Pryor exits.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - SAME

Pryor continues across the office floor; all eyes are on him.

Pryor reaches his office. As he walks inside, the phone rings. Pryor picks it up and hurls it against the wall.

From the hall, Elliot and Johnson watch, concerned.

INT. GROVE FARMER'S MARKET - DAY

Pryor and Valen walk among the various stands at the Grove Farmer's Market. It's a peaceful weekend day. They order some food, then sit at a table and quietly sip their drinks.

VALEN
I'm gonna run to the bathroom.

PRYOR
You want me to go with you?

VALEN
No, save the table.

She grabs her purse and leaves. Pryor looks down at his Blackberry for a few seconds. When he looks up--

Kellan Meloy sits across from him.

MELOY
Hey there, Agent Pryor.

Pryor stares him dead in the eyes; this is the first time they've seen one another face-to-face.

MELOY (CONT'D)
What's scarier - seeing me here, or the fact that you don't know where she is right now?

Pryor moves to get up. Meloy holds up his hand.

MELOY (CONT'D)
Uh, uh, uh. We're going to talk.

Pryor freezes. He sits back down.

MELOY (CONT'D)
She's fine, don't worry - this is about you and me, anyway.

Pryor doesn't say a word.

MELOY (CONT'D)
You feel that? That's fear. You were never afraid of me before, were you? Because I was never after anything that belonged to you.

Pryor swallows hard, his eyes intense.

PRYOR
What do you want?

MELOY
Are you going to promise to give it to me, as long as I turn my back on my friends?

Pryor doesn't flinch; his eyes canvass his surroundings.

PRYOR
Not very smart, showing your face in public.

MELOY
Like you're going to do anything - with all these people here? Who knows what I might do. No, chances are I'm going to get away while you're trying to find your beautiful wife. By the way, how did the sonogram go on Thursday?

PRYOR
You son of a--

Meloy shushes him.

MELOY
Indoor voice. See how easy it is to get you riled up? Just mention the baby. Imagine what you're capable of.

PRYOR
Don't think for a second that you're going to get in my head.

They sit in silence for a moment. Pryor scans the crowd - he doesn't see Valen; he doesn't see anyone. He's terrified to move. Meloy grins.

MELOY
Will catching me be worth it if she dies? See, I can get to you way easier than you can get to me, because I'll go to the lengths you're terrified of. So since you aren't man enough to take me on, I suggest you stay out of my way.

PRYOR
You're a psychopath.

Meloy scowls.

MELOY
Why, because I dare to question your authority?

Pryor struggles to contain himself.

PRYOR
You lay a hand on her, I swear to God, you evil fuck--

MELOY
Now we're talking. What? What are you gonna do?
(beat)
I want you to remember how you feel right now; all the terrible things you're thinking of doing to me to protect the people *you* love - then maybe you'll understand what *I'm* willing to do to *you*.

PRYOR
I'm not like you.

MELOY
That's what you think. The world is gonna see what you're all about. Their valiant protector. Not so easy when you don't have people doing your dirty work for you, huh?

Pryor looks Meloy up and down.

PRYOR
You really think you're important, don't you? As if the rest of the world actually cares who you are. This is not some tale of oppression, and I am not some evil agent of--

MELOY
Yes you are. You just don't know it yet.

Pryor snorts.

PRYOR
You've got some bullshit story in your head, like you're this hero--

MELOY
Oh, and you don't? What do you think about when you think about catching me - the parade they're going to throw you? That's the only reason you don't shoot me right now: because that's not what heroes do. We'll see where your precious integrity is when I come after you.

Meloy scratches the table like an angry teenager.

MELOY (CONT'D)
You have the right to do whatever you want - harass me and my friends, *kill people* - and everyone just lets you - why, because you've got a fucking badge in your pocket? Without that, it's just me and you, and you will lose. I will break you down; you're going to hurt.

He looks off into space, angry.

PRYOR
You called out the wrong guy. You're going down, and I'm going to be the one to put you away.

MELOY
I've heard that one before. What did you do to that guy, again?

Pryor grits his teeth. Meloy looks him in the eyes.

MELOY (CONT'D)
I'm extending you a courtesy - you let this end nicely, and maybe I'll leave you alone. If not, I'll show you just as much mercy as you'd show me.

They sit for a moment. The crowd mills about them. It's a tense scene. Meloy smiles; he leans forward and whispers.

MELOY (CONT'D)
Look at them... they have no idea how afraid of you they should be.

Meloy leans back. Pryor's eyes dart around. Meloy doesn't blink. He smiles a smile of pure power.

A loud **BANG!**

Pryor turns as the crowd reacts in shock.

He turns back -- Meloy is gone.

Pryor DARTS through the crowd, looking, searching --

PRYOR
Valen!

He runs outside. In the parking lot --

SMOKE. He runs for it.

A white Ford Focus has EXPLODED. Smoke billows from it. Pryor pushes through the crowd.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
FBI!

The crowd parts. He sees the car -- no one in it.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
Is anyone hurt?

He shows the assembled masses his badge. With his jacket open, they can see his gun. They shake their heads.

Pryor looks around frantically. At the back of the crowd --

He sees Valen. She appears fine. He runs to her.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
What happened?

VALEN
What? Nothing - they closed the bathroom; I had to go into Nordstrom's - what's going on?

PRYOR
We have to go.

VALEN
What's wrong?

PRYOR
We have to go -- *now*.

He tugs on her arm and they quickly move toward the parking garage. Pryor looks around as they go, terrified.

INT. CAFE - DAY

PATRONS crowd around a small TV. ON SCREEN: A NEWS ANCHOR speaks with grave concern.

ANCHOR
…KTLA received the file this afternoon, with strict orders to air it on tonight's broadcast. It
(MORE)

ANCHOR (CONT'D)
is our understanding that several other news outlets have received copies of the file with similar instructions, and we have received word from the LAPD to go ahead and play it for you now in case anyone can provide any information regarding its source. We want to warn you that the message is... unsettling.

The Anchor pauses. He signals off camera to roll the tape.

A MAN's DISTORTED VOICE.

VOICE
Hello. This is a message from the people you are all so scared of. What happened the other day was just a demonstration. The police and the FBI can't protect you.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

--A FAMILY watches the broadcast in their HOME.

VOICE (CONT'D)
We can do this again, at any time, anywhere...

--A WOMAN listens to the broadcast in her CAR.

VOICE (CONT'D)
And we will, again and again and again...

--BEAT COPS crowd around a TV in a small STATION.

VOICE (CONT'D)
But we'll cut you a deal: instead of taking whatever we want and killing whoever gets in our way, how about you just give it to us?

--KWON and RUNCO listen to the tape at the FBI office.

VOICE (CONT'D)
We will provide the details of how much we want and how you'll deliver it. If you do, we won't need to steal it from you. If you don't... we'll pick which of you deserve to get robbed the most, and then we'll take whatever we want from you...

The tape stops.

--VARIOUS STREETS, normally busy - now empty. It's unimaginably quiet.

INT. PRYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Elliot knocks on the door to Pryor's office.

ELLIOT
Sir?

PRYOR
Yeah?

She enters - Pryor's desk is awash in papers. All the lights on the phone are blinking.

ELLIOT
I've been on the phone for three hours. I've talked to every military liaison I could find - they have no more info on Meloy. He's got no family, there's no travel records, nothing.

Pryor tosses his pen down. Elliot looks at the floor.

PRYOR
For Christ's sake! Someone has to know something! These guys are so good at what they do that we've got nothing on them! Who *is* Meloy? There has to be a way to get at this guy!

Elliot looks up. She's upset.

ELLIOT
Sir... what happened with the witness... I'm sorry. I was in charge of the detail...

She trails off. Pryor looks at her sympathetically. He gives it a moment before he speaks.

PRYOR
Don't ever apologize to me again. You got that?

She nods.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
You're the senior agent on this team for a reason. Remember that.

Johnson appears at the door.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
Don't give up on those leads.

She leaves. Pryor waves Johnson in.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
Can you close the door?

Johnson sits as Elliot closes the door behind her.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
I don't suppose Nunez has anything new to say.

Johnson shakes his head.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
God dammit.

Pryor wipes his face with his hands; he doesn't look good. Johnson takes a deep breath.

JOHNSON
Have you thought about the fact that maybe Nunez isn't talking because he doesn't have to? We don't have a federal case. At best, they can use the gun and the money to put him away for a few years. If we don't find the others, he doesn't have to talk.

Pryor takes a deep breath. His voice is strained.

PRYOR
Well one of my guys had to shoot a police officer to get that asshole, so I don't know, but I don't think I can look Kwon in the eye and tell him it was all for nothing. I'm trying everything I can think of, but this just won't end.

Johnson nods.

JOHNSON
I know there's a lot of pressure on you, but...

He stops. Pryor looks exhausted, close to tears.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Look: you're my boss now, but you're still my friend. This is getting to a really bad place.

Pryor exhales, upset.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
It's not all on you. We should never have listened to Wheeler, he fucked everything up. You're better than that. Maybe... I don't know, you should delegate some of this stuff...

Pryor's eyes finally meet Johnson's.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
You always told me that when you can't let yourself fail, you've gone too far.

Pryor sits back up. Nothing sank in.

PRYOR
I've got a lot of work to do.

Johnson nods sadly. He gets up and leaves. Pryor goes back to his papers. His office resembles Wheeler's old apartment.

A QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS --

--News footage: "Angelenos Concerned About Safety"

--Private security GUARDS patrol wealthy neighborhoods.

--PEOPLE in East L.A. put barbed-wire around their windows.

EXT. PRYOR HOUSE - DAY

A Station Wagon is parked in the driveway. The back is full of stuff. VALEN'S PARENTS sit up front. Pryor puts a final box in the back and closes it. Valen stands next to the car.

VALEN
How long do I have to stay away from my husband?

PRYOR
Until I know it's safe.

VALEN
And when is that going to be?

Pryor glances away; he can hardly bear to look at her.

PRYOR
I'm sorry - I let it get this far. I thought I could take it, but…
(beat)
I'm the only one who can stop this.

VALEN
Why? Why does it have to be you? You've done everything - why do you have to be the one to slap the handcuffs on? What does that prove?

Pryor's voice becomes dry.

PRYOR
I let people die.

VALEN
Catching them won't change that.

They stand for a moment in silence. Valen stiffens.

VALEN (CONT'D)
I don't want you to call me until this is really over.

Pryor nods sadly.

PRYOR
I'm sorry.

She kisses him and gets into the car. Valen's father starts the engine and they pull away.

CUT TO:

NEWS FOOTAGE: "QUESTIONS OF FBI LEADERSHIP."

Footage of Wheeler's death, the robberies, photos of the dead drug dealers, and a picture of Pryor, along with talking heads who call for his resignation.

REVEAL:

INT. PRYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Pryor sits at his cluttered desk. It's late. There isn't another sound - everyone else has gone home.

Pryor swigs from a bottle of liquor, his eyes bloodshot. He looks out the 17th story window at the flickering lights of traffic down below. It's dark and quiet; he's alone.

EXT. PRYOR'S HOUSE - MORNING

Pryor pulls into his driveway and walks to the door. He stops at the doorstep - a PACKAGE is on the ground. He picks it up - it simply reads "Alex Pryor".

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Pryor and Johnson stand as Runco sits at the table. In front of him is an iPHONE in a clear plastic evidence bag. Pryor is disheveled - he doesn't look good.

MAYOR JIM HAYS enters with the POLICE COMMISSIONER and two AIDES. Behind the Mayor: NELSON, who nods to Pryor.

PRYOR
Mayor Hays--

The Mayor waves him off.

MAYOR HAYS
You’re sure this is real?

PRYOR
We’ve been looking into it all morning - the phone was taken from one of the hostages at the bank.

MAYOR HAYS
Let’s hear it.

Runco, who wears gloves, carefully removes the iPhone and plays a recording:

A DISTORTED VOICE.

VOICE
You’ll deliver fifty million in cash to Pier 17 of the San Pedro Harbor by 4PM tomorrow. You’ll find further instructions when you get there.

The recording stops.

MAYOR HAYS
You’re watching the pier?

JOHNSON
Yeah, but there’s nothing to report. By “further instructions” they mean that once we get there, they’ll change the location.

The Mayor sighs. He turns to his aides.

MAYOR HAYS
We’ll pull whatever we can out of the treasury. We'll need a wire from Sacramento for the rest.

Pryor looks disgusted.

PRYOR
You’re not gonna pay them! What, you think they’ll take the money and just go away?

The Mayor turns back to him, annoyed.

MAYOR HAYS
This is out of your hands now.

PRYOR
With all due respect, sir: I saw this guy, face-to-face. They’re not going anywhere near that pier.

MAYOR HAYS
You've let this city fall apart. People are afraid to go outside - they're afraid of each other. If these men want money, we'll give it to them, because that's what the people want. This has to end.

INT. HALL - DAY

Pryor exits to the hall. Nelson talks with the Mayor. The Mayor and his aides turn to leave. Pryor approaches Nelson.

PRYOR
You're not seriously going to let them hand over that money.

NELSON
We don't have a choice. This is what Washington wants.

PRYOR
There's no way they're gonna show up there--

Nelson puts up his hand.

NELSON
It's happening. Just get some rest - I want you with us.

He walks away. Pryor looks bewildered.

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Nunez sits on his bed. The cell door opens. Pryor enters.

PRYOR
Stand up.

Nunez stands.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
This is your last chance. You tell me where to find them.

NUNEZ
I don't have to talk to you. From what I understand, you're not in charge anymore.

Pryor grabs him and slams him against the wall, furious.

PRYOR
I'm not fucking around with you.

Nunez stares at Pryor. He calmly walks back to his bed.

NUNEZ
You can't offer me anything.

PRYOR
I don't have to - how long do you think you'll last out there, with every cop in this city knowing your name? Or if that doesn't scare you: how about I get every cop in town to leave you alone? You think your friends are going to trust you once they get wind that you talked? Who are you more afraid of - me, or them?

Nunez looks at the floor. Pryor stares at him, hard.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
We have your sister in protective custody. With Tyler. They're safe. You can see them again - we can protect them.

Nunez looks Pryor in the eyes.

NUNEZ
You can't protect *anyone*.

He sits back down.

PRYOR
All right - I gave you a chance, but now that's over. You better appreciate these bars - they're the only thing keeping you safe.

Pryor turns to leave.

NUNEZ
San Pedro's awfully far to drive during rush hour.

Pryor turns back. They lock eyes.

Pryor turns and walks out the door.

EXT. SAN PEDRO DOCKS - DAY

LAPD SWAT, DETECTIVES, and OFFICERS swarm the harbor.

INT. FBI GARAGE - DAY

A concrete parking structure full of FBI vehicles. Elliot climbs into a car with Kwon. Johnson gets into another.

Pryor finishes loading an M4. He reluctantly climbs into his car and pulls out.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Nelson sits with the Mayor. An AGENT mans a large monitor.

AGENT
The satellite should be coming up.

A satellite view of the pier appears.

INT. PRYOR'S CAR - DAY

Pryor drives at the rear of the FBI convoy. He looks around at the nearly empty streets. He shakes his head - this isn't right. He peels away down a side street.

EXT. SAN PEDRO DOCKS - DAY

The SWAT COMMANDER gives instructions to personnel.

INT. PRYOR'S CAR/INT. JOHNSON'S CAR - SAME

Pryor calls Johnson.

JOHNSON
Yessir.

PRYOR
I want you guys to hold back.

JOHNSON
What?

PRYOR
Don't go down there. Something's going to happen during the drop - I want you here for it.

JOHNSON
And what does Nelson have to say?

PRYOR
He doesn't. I'm asking you to trust me on this one. I need you.

Johnson thinks.

INT. ELLIOT'S CAR - SAME

Elliot sits next to Kwon, who drives. FOX, another young agent, sits in the back. Elliot's cell rings.

ELLIOT
Yeah?

JOHNSON
Find a reason to turn around.

ELLIOT
What?

JOHNSON
Pryor wants us in the city -
otherwise we're leaving it blind.

ELLIOT
That's not our call.

JOHNSON
The Senior Officer has the
discretion to put us on patrol.

ELLIOT
You're not the Senior Officer.

JOHNSON
You are, dummy. So order us to
patrol Mid-city during the drop.
Make the call.

He hangs up. Elliot sits a moment. She turns to Kwon.

ELLIOT
We're turning around.

INT. VAN - DAY

In the back of a van, Meloy watches the pier on an iPAD that shows several camera POVs of the docks. He wears full battle gear. Reid sits in front, similarly equipped.

The sliding door is yanked open. Page climbs in. He wears a DWP jumpsuit and baseball cap. He removes both, revealing full combat gear underneath.

Page gives Meloy a nod. Meloy smiles. Reid starts the engine and pulls forward.

EXT. PRYOR'S CAR/STREET - DAY

Pryor drives, the M4 next to him on the passenger seat. He turns down Olympic and looks intently at every car he passes.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

The Mayor looks at the clock. The phone rings. An Agent answers. He nods to Nelson, who turns to the Mayor.

NELSON
This is it.

The Mayor nods to the Agent, who puts the phone on speaker.

MAYOR
Hello? This is Mayor James Hays. To whom am I speaking?

We hear a CLICK, as if someone has started a recording -- and another distorted VOICE.

VOICE
Container B-X-4-6-9-2.

The recording clicks off and the line goes dead.

EXT. SAN PEDRO DOCKS - DAY

SWAT OPERATORS stop in front of a container that sits on its own, doors ajar, several yards from the rest. They shine their weapon lights inside and spot instructions spray painted on the floor.

SWAT OPERATOR
Got writing on the floor. It says: “Money goes here. Don’t forget to lock the--”

Static cuts in.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

On the screen, the satellite signal jitters for a second.

NELSON
What was that?

AGENT
Nothing, it's on our end. Please say again, R60-David.

SWAT OPERATOR (OVER RADIO)
Don't forget to lock the door...

INT. PRYOR'S CAR - SAME

Pryor listens.

SWAT OPERATOR (OVER RADIO)
...it’s dangerous out there.

Pryor’s cell rings. He answers.

PRYOR
Yeah?

JOHNSON (OVER PHONE)
DWP just reported seventeen identical power surges in the same two-mile radius, like you'd see after a small earthquake.

PRYOR
And?

JOHNSON (OVER PHONE)
Did you feel an earthquake?

Pryor sits up.

PRYOR
Where?

EXT. SAN PEDRO DOCKS - DAY

SWAT operators neatly stack fifty plastic-wrapped blocks of cash inside the container. They file out and close the door.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

They watch SWAT back away from the container. Police units slowly withdraw from the scene.

INT. PRYOR'S CAR - DAY

Pryor drives. His radio crackles.

KWON (OVER RADIO)
What are we looking for, sir?

PRYOR (INTO RADIO)
Anything with an alarm. They'd mess with the power to reset emergency systems.

EXT. STREET - SAME

We see SEVERAL FBI SEDANS and SUVs criss-crossing West LA streets. They're ready.

EXT. SAN PEDRO DOCKS - SAME

From various vantage points, SWAT operators and police keep an eye on the container. They have it completely surrounded.

SWAT COMMANDER (INTO RADIO)
We have a full perimeter on the container. No sign of suspects.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Everyone waits silently, tense.

INT. VAN - DAY

Reid pulls to a stop. Meloy rolls his neck; he nods to Page.

MELOY
Shall we?

Page raises a DETONATOR and depresses the switch --

EXT. SAN PEDRO DOCKS - SAME

BOOM! The cargo container explodes.

Chunks of shrapnel and debris slam into cop cars, containers, and several officers. Burning money floats through the air.

More EXPLOSIONS rock the area. LAPD officers dive for cover.

SWAT COMMANDER
We have explosions - they blew it!
The money - everything!

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Nelson goes pale. All are in shock.

INT. VAN - SAME

Page unsafeties his M4. Reid shoulders his M32. Meloy yanks open the sliding door to reveal:

THE LOS ANGELES FEDERAL BUILDING.

They pull on their masks and step out of the van.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - SAME

GUARDS spot the three heavily armed men approach the main entrance. They go for their sidearms.

A GUARD at a security desk hits an alarm - it does nothing.

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - SAME

Reid fires three grenades. They THUD into the front of the building and EXPLODE. Window glass implodes - the guards are caught in the blast.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

The room shakes. Lights flicker.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - DAY

Full of wounded and debris. An injured guard stumbles to his feet -- and is shot three times.

Reid, Page, and Meloy come into view through the smoke. They are completely and utterly terrifying.

INT. PRYOR'S CAR - DAY

An AGENT comes in on the radio.

AGENT (OVER RADIO)
Shots fired at H-Q! Three men from an unmarked van opened fire!

PRYOR
Christ...

Pryor keys his radio.

PRYOR (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)
All units respond! They're going for Nunez!

INT. ELLIOT'S CAR - DAY

Kwon floors the gas.

EXT. VARIOUS CITY STREETS - DAY

FBI SEDANS speed through traffic.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Meloy saunters along with his Mk 46. Reid follows behind him, firing grenades down hallways, almost at random. Page splits off and heads to the other side of the main lobby.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

SCREAMS are heard as people panic. Nelson turns to an Agent.

NELSON
How many people do we have left in the building?

AGENT
Maybe two dozen.

NELSON
You stay with the Mayor. Everyone else comes with me.

He draws his gun.

INT. PRYOR'S CAR - SAME

Pryor speeds through traffic. He talks on his CELL PHONE.

PRYOR
Runco! Are you in the lab?!
They're -- can you hear me?
They're trying to get to Nunez!
Tell them not to leave him in the--

The sound of an EXPLOSION. The call is disconnected.

INT. ELLIOT'S CAR - DAY

Kwon drives. In the mirror, he notices Fox fidget with his body armor.

KWON
Fox, you good?

FOX
Yeah... fine.

KWON
You just keep calm, okay? Let them be the ones to make mistakes.
You'll be fine.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

The door explodes -- Reid kicks through the debris. Meloy follows him down several flights of stairs.

Up above, AGENTS burst through a door. They spot Meloy and Reid -- both sides open fire.

Meloy overwhelms the Agents with his Mk 46. Two Agents fall. The rest keep firing.

From below, Reid takes aim with his M32. He fires a grenade--

KABOOM! The shooting stops. Debris rains down on Meloy and Reid as they continue down the stairs.

INT. HOLDING PEN - CORRIDOR - SAME

Nelson, GUARDS, and several AGENTS stand at the ready in a corridor that runs along a row of SOLITARY CELLS; we can see Nunez in one of them.

An Agent pulls a steel door shut and clamps a heavy deadbolt - now the corridor is cut off from the rest of the building.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Meloy and Reid step out of the stairwell and walk down the hall, right past the door to the holding pen.

INT. HOLDING PEN - CORRIDOR - SAME

Everyone waits. They take aim at the door--

Nothing. Nelson looks at Nunez, who waits with resignation.

NELSON
You're not going anywhere.

BOOM! The back wall of Nunez' cell collapses in on itself. Nunez shields himself from the debris.

MELOY steps into the cell. He pulls Nunez up and pushes him through the smoldering hole in the wall.

Nelson FIRES - but the bullets ricochet off the DOOR to the solitary cell.

NELSON (CONT'D)
Get it open!

An AGENT runs to a panel and pulls a switch to open the door.

Meloy tosses a grenade through the door just as it opens.

Nelson's eyes go wide.

NELSON (CONT'D)
Everybody down!

He flips a steel desk on its side and pulls an AGENT behind it with him.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

As Meloy steps back into the hall: BOOM! The grenade detonates, sending debris out after him.

INT. PRYOR'S CAR - DAY

Pryor screeches to a halt in front of the Federal Building. Behind him, more sedans screech into place.

Pryor jumps out with his M4. Elliot, Kwon, Fox, and several AGENTS await his orders.

Pryor pushes teams toward the building.

PRYOR
Get in there and lock off the exits!

Pryor turns to Elliot.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
Basement 2! The holding cells!

Elliot leads her team away as Pryor turns to Johnson.

JOHNSON
They've already got him.

PRYOR
We need a perimeter. Take a team around back! They'll ditch the van - be on the lookout for any other vehicle approaching!
(beat)
What else would they do before they try to escape...

As Johnson orders agents around back, something dawns on Pryor. He grabs Johnson.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
Come on!

They sprint toward the building.

INT. HALLWAYS - SAME

Page sprints down various hallways. He makes turns and barrels through doors, carefully watching an iPAD that displays BUILDING BLUEPRINTS.

He stops in front of a wall. He drops the iPad, unzips a DUFFEL BAG, and begins to affix EXPLOSIVES to the wall.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Nunez follows Reid to the elevators. Reid tosses him GLOVES and a heavy-duty RAPPELLING ASCENDER, then pries open the elevator doors.

Meloy catches up to them. He pulls off his mask, revealing a big smile. His eyes are wide with excitement.

MELOY
Didn't see that coming, did they?

He slaps Nunez on the back.

Reid clips his own ascender onto the elevator cable and pulls himself up. Meloy gestures after him.

MELOY (CONT'D)
After you - unless you want to go back and finish them off!

Nunez takes a long look at Meloy, then turns to the shaft - he's got no choice. He clips in and climbs.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Page finishes with the explosives. He hits a detonator--

BOOM! Like in the holding pen, the wall collapses in on itself. Page steps through the smoldering gap, into the:

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - SAME

Page is now in the heart of the EVIDENCE LOCKUP. He walks past several thin rows of shelves containing evidence, all carefully labeled. Page reads the shelves as he walks. He takes a turn--

Just as Pryor, Johnson, and several more Agents appear at the other end of the hall. They OPEN FIRE.

Page's vest catches most of the lead. He retreats through the collapsed wall. Pryor and Johnson chase after him.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

As Page stumbles into the lobby, a side door is KICKED IN. Elliot, Fox, Kwon, and the other Agents storm in behind him.

Page dives behind a desk and FIRES WILDLY. Immediately, the agents take cover and return fire.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Meloy, Reid, and Nunez round a corner, headed to the lobby. Meloy hands Nunez a HANDGUN. They hear the shots and break into a sprint.

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - SAME

Pryor and Johnson hear, as well. They run faster.

INT. LOBBY - AS BEFORE

Meloy, Nunez, and Reid reach the lobby. Page is pinned down behind a desk in the center, trading fire with Elliot, Kwon, and Fox.

Page sees Meloy and Reid. He jumps to his feet and runs.

Pryor, Johnson, and their backup run in from the direction Page came from, opposite Meloy and Nunez.

Everyone FIRES. Lead FLIES.

Kwon stands up and fires - he catches Page in the neck. Page collapses in the middle of the room.

Meloy's face contorts. He walks right out into the open and fires at the agents, who dive out of the way.

Kwon falls, hit. Pryor pulls him behind a pillar and checks his pulse - he's dead.

Pryor grits his teeth. He looks around the side of the pillar and spots Meloy, still out in the open.

Pryor jumps out to fire, but Reid and Meloy are faster; he dives back behind the pillar as rounds strike it.

Reid runs out to Page and drags him toward the hallway. Agents FIRE - rounds thud into Page; Reid is hit in the leg.

MELOY
Ryan!

Reid crawls behind the desk. Elliot FIRES at Meloy.

Meloy darts back behind the corner with Nunez. He peeks back around the side - he can see Reid pinned down behind the desk, but he's too far to help.

Pryor looks around the pillar. He sees Meloy and Nunez on the other side of the room. Pryor leaps up and heads back into the HALLWAY - he's going to try to go around.

Reid breathes hard. He stares at his friend - Page is dead.

Elliot's team advances.

Reid looks and sees, a few yards away: Page's DETONATOR, on the ground, next to the duffel bag of explosives.

Reid looks at Meloy and shakes his head.

MELOY (CONT'D)
No, no, no!

Meloy's face falls; the excitement is gone, and fear is taking its place.

Reid leaps up on his good leg and fires as he limps for the detonator.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Pryor runs down a hallway. He makes several turns, pushing open doors and moving as fast as he can.

INT. LOBBY - SAME

Elliot steps forward and FIRES. Reid falls.

He lands a few feet from the detonator. He shivers. With his last bit of strength, he reaches for it --

Meloy grabs Nunez and pushes him back down the hallway.

MELOY
Go!

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Pryor turns a corner. Down the hall, he sees a set of doors slam shut, as if someone just ran through. He runs faster --

INT. LOBBY - SAME

REID hits the detonator. KABOOM!

Agents duck - the explosion ROCKS the lobby.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Pryor loses his footing - he SLAMS onto the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - A MINUTE LATER

The explosion destroyed the lobby - debris lies everywhere.

Agents struggle to their feet and survey the damage. Elliot picks shards of glass out of her arm. Fox stands over Kwon.

Pryor stumbles in from the hall, where Nunez and Meloy had been. He eyes the scene. He looks to the team, out of breath.

PRYOR
Where’d they fucking go?

The team looks to one another. They have no idea.

Johnson enters from the hall. He looks at Pryor the same way Pryor looked at him after the raid on the gang house.

JOHNSON
We got their body armor and some of their weapons down the hall... we’re doing a sweep of the building...

A beat as this sinks in --

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
No vehicles - they couldn't have gone far.

Pryor's face contorts; something is coming over him. The agents all look to him - he's in charge.

ELLIOT
What should we do?

Pryor looks distant; his mind is elsewhere.

JOHNSON
Sir?

Pryor looks up.

PRYOR
Set up a perimeter... block the roads.

He takes out his CELL PHONE and dials. He grows tense as the line continues to ring.

A BUILDING SECURITY GUARD runs over.

SECURITY GUARD
Agent Pryor--

Pryor puts up his hand.

Valen answers in a panic.

VALEN (OVER PHONE)
Alex? Oh, thank god!

PRYOR
I need you to get in the car and start driving.

VALEN
I'm watching the news--

PRYOR
Did you hear what I said? Go! Now!

VALEN
What's going on?

Pryor paces, nervous.

SECURITY GUARD
Agent Pryor - please, we need to get everyone out; this whole place could collapse. Get everyone out of the garage, too.

Pryor nods and gestures to Johnson to handle it.

VALEN
Alex? Where are you?

He stops; something catches his eye.

He kneels down over Reid and tugs at his charred body armor. He pulls it to the side enough to see the dark jacket Reid has on underneath.

Pryor sees what the armor had hidden from view: in bright yellow print, the letters "**FBI**".

PRYOR
Just get in the car and drive. Don't stop until I call you. I love you.

VALEN
Wait, what's--

Pryor drops the phone. He darts out of the building.

Johnson watches him go - he turns to Elliot.

JOHNSON
What's going on?

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Meloy leads Nunez to a a white FBI VAN. Without his gear, we can see Meloy is wearing the same kind of FBI WINDBREAKER that Reid had on. Now Nunez wears one, too.

Meloy gestures to the van.

MELOY
Not bad, eh?

Meloy opens the back and tosses in his Mk 46.

MELOY (CONT'D)
Boy, I'd hate to be the guy who has to explain how they let us get away with--

As he turns around --

Nunez has the gun pointed right in his face.

Meloy is shocked.

MELOY (CONT'D)
Victor, what--

NUNEZ
You knew this had to end.

MELOY
But... we're fucking... we're almost out of here! We made it! You and me!

NUNEZ
It was never you and me. I told you: I want out.

Nunez holds the gun steady. Meloy is frantic, in disbelief.

MELOY
We fucking busted you out of here!

NUNEZ
I couldn't trust anybody else to do it, so I'm ending it myself.

Meloy grows angry, realizing what's happening. He shakes, his eyes wide.

MELOY
Victor... we came *back* for you!

NUNEZ
We would have all ended up dead. You were never gonna stop. Now it's over.

Meloy's face falls. His eyes grow hardened. His world is collapsing.

MELOY
You can't do this to me. You, fucking--

BAM! Nunez shoots him. He falls.

Nunez tucks the gun into his jacket. He looks around - no one there. He closes the back door of the van, turns, and walks toward the driver's door.

As Nunez approaches the door --

BOOM!

A bullet flies into frame and hits him in the forehead.

Blood splatters on the van behind him. Nunez falls.

His body smacks the ground, dead.

Into frame walks Alex Pryor. Smoke rises from his gun.

He stands over Nunez. His face shows no emotion.

Behind him, a slew of AGENTS run in, including Johnson and Elliot. They see Pryor and stop.

Pryor turns to face them. They look at him, unsure of what to do.

Pryor walks around the back of the van and sees Meloy.

He drops the smoking gun to the ground. He turns to Johnson and Elliot and keeps his hands in view.

He walks toward them. Other AGENTS run past him to the body.

Pryor walks past Johnson and Elliot. He doesn't look back.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Pryor sits behind a table in an interrogation room. He looks exhausted, as if he's been here all day.

Kenneth Nelson enters. He sits across from Pryor.

NELSON
Long day?

PRYOR
Yeah.

Nelson looks him over.

NELSON
You never got any decorations, did you?

PRYOR
What?

NELSON
Decorations. For your office.

Pryor stares at him, confused. He shakes his head.

PRYOR
No.

NELSON
You should. It puts people at ease when they meet with you.

Pryor doesn't react; Nelson's expression fades.

NELSON (CONT'D)
Why don't you tell me what happened?

Pryor shakes his head, searching for words.

PRYOR
I just couldn't take it. I wanted to get that guy so badly... and his friend beat me to it.
(MORE)

PRYOR (CONT'D)
(beat)
I just thought about Nunez being out there... and my family...
(beat)
I couldn’t live with the idea that I couldn’t stop them.

He looks Nelson in the eyes.

PRYOR (CONT’D)
I shot him so I could be the one to end it.

Nelson nods. He takes a moment.

NELSON
Look, I could easily defer this to someone else, but I’m doing it myself; I’ve read the report.

He takes a deep breath.

NELSON (CONT’D)
It is the opinion of your senior officer and of the Federal Bureau of Investigation that you made the decision to engage a dangerous target, that you acted swiftly in the line of duty, and that the choices you made today eliminated a threat to the security of this city and our nation as a whole.

Pryor bites his lip.

NELSON (CONT’D)
And, since there were no witnesses, and the footage from the garage is missing...

Pryor’s face falls.

NELSON (CONT’D)
We’re ruling this a clean shoot.

Pryor looks destroyed - he’s broken.

NELSON (CONT’D)
They’re gonna want to give you a promotion, and the Mayor will present you with an award.

PRYOR
And if I refuse?

Nelson shakes his head.

NELSON
Whatever you want to prove -- don't. You let them tell this
(MORE)

NELSON (CONT'D)
however they're going to tell it. You go and get your medal and then you come back to work.

Pryor stares at Nelson with defeated eyes.

PRYOR
I thought FBI agents weren't allowed to abuse their power.

Nelson looks at his friend with compassion.

NELSON
I warned you about making this job your life. There aren't any victories here.
(beat)
Go home.

Pryor looks at Nelson, tired. His eyes search far beyond for something they will never find. Pryor nods; he's giving in.

A QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS:

--News reports: "ASSAULT ON FBI FOILED."

--Over Pryor's face on the news: "FBI HERO GUNS DOWN MURDERER."

--Stores open in the morning.

--Parents drop their kids off at school.

--Security forces continue to patrol a wealthy neighborhood.

--The streets around FBI HQ are cleaned of debris.

--LAPD Officers leave for their morning patrols.

INT. CITY HALL - CEREMONY - DAY

A small MEDAL CEREMONY. The Mayor speaks at a podium as cameras flash. Pryor stands behind him. Next to him is Warden, in a neck brace with his arm in a sling. Compared to Pryor, Warden now seems innocent and young.

Pryor steps forward. The Mayor puts a LARGE MEDAL around his neck. Pryor nods. The assembled FBI agents and staff politely applaud.

Pryor looks out over them. His eyes settle on Johnson and Elliot in the first row. As he locks eyes with them, the sadness in their faces reveals something different from the rest of those present: disappointment.

PRYOR (V.O.)
You're doing it wrong--

INT. PRYOR HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Pryor and Valen stand over a saucepan full of chocolate. She dips a strawberry in and pulls it out.

PRYOR
You have to twist it so it doesn't drip off the end.

He shows her.

VALEN
How do you know this?

PRYOR
Every real man knows how to make chocolate covered strawberries.

VALEN
It makes me nervous how turned on I am by this.

She kisses him.

VALEN (CONT'D)
Did you pick up tissue paper?

PRYOR
Yup...

He hustles down the hall, to:

INT. PRYOR HOUSE - PRYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Pryor enters his office. His phone rings. He answers.

PRYOR
Hey Miss Moneypenney.

INTERCUT: Warden, at the FBI office. He sits behind a desk on the office floor, his arm still in a sling.

WARDEN
Blow me. What are you doing?

PRYOR
I'm making baby shower party favors.

WARDEN
You're a loser.

PRYOR
What do you have for me?

WARDEN
Everything from the warehouse this morning has been counted and logged
(MORE)

WARDEN (CONT'D)
- enough coke to make this a boring weekend in Hollywood.

Pryor slides open desk drawers and rifles through them.

PRYOR
How about our friend?

WARDEN
Omar? He says his uncle is the Kingpin's right-hand man and he is *dying* to tell us about it. Johnson and Elliot are about to go in there - you want them to hold up?

Behind Warden, Johnson and Elliot stand in front of the door to the interrogation room and consult a file.

PRYOR
Nah, they can handle it.

WARDEN
I've also got a run-down of everything we seized if you want to go over it.

PRYOR
Um... yeah...

Pryor resumes going through drawers. He reaches for one with a key attached to it and absent-mindedly pulls it out --

Inside: Pryor's FBI BADGE and his GUN.

Pryor stops. He looks at the badge and gun, side by side.

PRYOR (CONT'D)
You know what? Let's wait. It'll still be there in the morning.

WARDEN
Works for me; it's cocktail hour.

PRYOR
God help the women of Los Angeles.

Pryor hangs up. He spots a PLASTIC BAG next to a bookcase. He picks it up and pulls out a packet of TISSUE PAPER.

Pryor turns to leave. He stops again and looks down at the badge and gun.

He shuts the drawer, locks it, and sets the key on the desk.

Pryor crosses the room, turns out the light, and exits. He closes the door behind him.

END.