ICE

by
Aaron Pope & Jim Cirile

Kathy Muraviov
The Muraviov Company
818.425.5165/323.375.9400
Kathy@TheMuraviovCo.com

FADE IN:

EXT. HENNEPIN AVENUE - SOUTH MINNEAPOLIS - NIGHT

CRACK HO solicits as cars roll past, hip-hop thumpin’.

SUPER: EIGHT YEARS AGO

INT. BENSON CHECK CASHERS - IN THE CAGE

Alarm panel LEDs scythe the dark.

FAINT WHIRRING. Fine trail of dust falls, and we follow it up THROUGH THE CEILING to:

INT. SHITHOLE APARTMENT (CONTINUOUS)

HARMON ”HARM” DAVIS (20s)

Slicing through floorboards with a cermet-tipped cold saw. Bandanna mask, backwards Cardinals cap. Intense. Troubled.

GRAY POLANSKI (40s), balaclava mask, hard eyes, aiming his .45 ACP at an IMPOVERISHED FAMILY -- MOM, DAD, and DAUGHTERS (12 & 7) -- cowering in their PJs.

MICK POLANSKI (30s), meth and Marlboros diet, ties and gags the family with D.T. hands. Looks to Gray for approval.

Gray nods, smiles at Mick. Then kicks Harm -- “Hurry up.”

Harm clicks off the saw and beckons. With difficulty, he and Mick pry out a 2-foot square section of flooring. Set it down with barely a thud. Harm exhales.

INT. BENSON CHECK CASHERS - THE CAGE

Lowering in from the ceiling on a curved fiberglass pole: a 2-foot concave piece of Plexiglas backed by sound blanket.

SHITHOLE APARTMENT

Harm puppeteers the device in front of the sound and motion sensor in the upper corner of the cage. Mick holds it while Harm locks it with clamps and exhales.

HARM
(whispers)
Good to go.

THE CAGE - A MINUTE LATER

A collapsible ladder leads to the hole in the ceiling. Safecracking gear alongside: rack-mounted oscilloscope, acetylene torch, and a laptop displaying safe blueprints.

Two safes -- one a hulking, ancient, 6’ Mosler; the other half its size, new and mighty.

While Mick suits up in hi-tech goggles and headphones, Harm spies a handwritten note taped on the big safe:

“EMPLOYEES: PLEASE KEEP ALL MONEY IN <u>THIS</u> SAFE -- MGMT.”

Harm chuckles, then signals, “It’s the small one.” Gray and Mick volley skeptical looks.

Harm reconnoiters. Finding a Post-it on the manager’s monitor, he smiles. Shooing Mick aside, he dials the digits on the Post-it. The safe opens right up.

STACKS OF CASH

Piled inside. Gray shakes his head. Son of a bitch.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND CHECK CASHER - NIGHT

Masks off, Harm, Mick and Gray stride from the store rolling their gear -- and their loot -- on luggage carriers.

MICK
That’s what I’m talkin’ about! Two hundred fi’ty Gs!

GRAY
Be cool, little bro.

MICK
Gray, I was just --

GRAY
Get that van open ASAP. Davis, keep an eye out.

Mick unlocks their van, heaves the side door open. Harm checks his watch.

GRAY
(loading gear)
You got somewhere to be, Davis? Clock in. No telling when some idiot...

GRRRRR. DUDE WITH A PIT BULL (on a leash) at the edge of the alley. Dog does not like the smell of Harm, Mick and --

GRAY
...shit.

The beast nearly rips Dude's arm out as he lunges at the three, BARKING UP A STORM. Mick gulps, cowers.

HARM
(sheepish)
I didn't see him.

GRAY
(to Dude)
Yo, shut that dog the fuck up.

DUDE
Excuse me? What did you just say?

PASSERSBY paying attention now. Dog barking even louder. Before Gray can bark back, Harm grabs him, urging:

HARM
Forget it, man. *Let's go.*

Gray squelches his anger, motions the three along.

DUDE
Yeah, that's what I thought you said, cock-smoker.

GRAY

Freezes. Harm shoots him an urgent look -- *don't*. Mick shaking in his pants --

BLAM BLAM BLAM! Gray fires. Missing the dog completely but hitting the dude in the side --

DUDE
Aaah! Son of a...!

As Dude spirals to the pavement, the pit lunges at Harm and Gray. Harm dives just in time, slamming into Gray --

Which knocks him directly into the path of the dog. CHOMP. Right through his right hand and wrist.

Mick scrambles to pull the dog off Gray just as Gray fires -- KABOOM! -- <u>right through both the dog and Mick</u> --

Horror on both Gray and Mick's faces. Mick eats concrete.

GRAY
Mick!

HARM

Help Gray or bolt? Shit!

GRAY

Wrist spurting blood, he whirls to Harm --

GRAY
Grab the shit! Come on!

Gray makes it two steps before Dude -- who must be at least a brown belt -- knocks his legs out from under him and commences kicking the shit out of Gray --

DUDE
Fuckin' kill you! Motherfucker!

Harm tries to yank the guy off Gray only to get a knee to his face -- CRACK! Nose broken, seeing stars, Harm staggers --

SIRENS. Flashing red lights. Harm blindly scrabbles for his gear, books it for the truck --

Abruptly, he's SLAMMED against the hood of the truck by a large AFRICAN-AMERICAN OFFICER, his arms yanked roughly behind his back as he swirls into unconsciousness...

FADE OUT.

INT. ON-TIME DELIVERY (OTD) WAREHOUSE - DAY

A forklift raises a pallet of boxes, BEEPS in reverse, turns toward a closed metal rolling door. The driver: HARM (now 30s.) Goose-down vest, five o'clock shadow and hard hat.

SUPER: THE PRESENT

Harm lifts his collar up to his ears, readying himself.

HARM
Brace for impact.

CO-WORKER rolls up the door. A wall of cold howls in.

Harm drives the forklift onto the loading dock, transfers the boxes into a waiting 18-wheeler.

Harm glances at a nearby bank's electronic display: **FEB 12... 7 degrees**... **Happy Valentine's Day!** Harm shudders.

INT. MINNESOTA DAPO OFFICE - DAY

DAPO (Dept. of Parole Operations) shield on the wall. 50 parolees meet with their P.O.'s.

Harm sits across a desk from MS. LOPEZ (30s), hard as nails, who scans his paperwork.

On her desk: freshly delivered ~~dozen~~ long-stem reds in a lovely display with a little card that says "Happy Valentine's Day, baby. Love You -- Miguel."

On the wall behind her: a motivational poster. An African-American man, all smiles, raising an infant above his head. Caption: "Fatherhood." Harm stares at it, far away.

LOPEZ
Earth to Harm. I asked you a question. You gonna apply for the management program or not?

Harm snaps back, shrugs with disinterest.

LOPEZ
Oh, so you're one of them, huh? One of those guys so spun out because he lost everything before going inside, he won't take on anything on the outside. Afraid to lose what you got so you want nothing. Didn't peg you for that guy, but I guess I was wrong.
(nodding at the parolees in the waiting room)
52 percent of them will be back in the can this time next year. That's you, right?

Harm finally looks her in the eye, shaken.

HARM
No, ma'am.

LOPEZ
See, you... *got* a little boy sweet as saccharine. *Got* a gal who waited damn-near a decade for you. *Got* a job. Well, *I* got you a job. But you're gonna need a better one, you wanna keep those other things. And if those things aren't worth your commitment, then you are not worth my time.

She holds him with her gaze for a long beat before finally signing off on his paperwork. Without looking up, she motions, “we’re done.” Harm slowly stands, starts away --

HARM
Um... Ms. Lopez?
(off her cross look)
Thank you.

Only after he’s gone does she allow a tiny hint of a smile.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS STREET - LATER (NIGHT)

Snow flutters down as the giant drifts that define Minnesota in the winter turn four lanes into two.

Harm and his crappy old pickup wait at a stoplight as an electronic billboard blares,

“Take your Sweetheart to see the Fireheart! World’s Rarest Diamond now at Genevieve Jewelers Feb. 11, 12 & 13 Only.”

INT. HARM’S PICKUP

Harm glances up at the sign, then at the light as it turns green. He hits the gas, rumbles forward. And pumps the brakes as he sees a PRIUS spinning out on snow up ahead.

HARM
Good for the environment... useless in a Minnesota winter.

Harm smirks, cranes his neck to the side. No one coming the other way. He spins the wheel to the left, starts to go around. Then --

Stops. Re-thinks the maneuver. Spins the wheel back to the right and eases on the gas.

STREET

The pickup comes up behind the Prius, gently tapping the bumper.

INT. HARM’S PICKUP

Harm jostles as he makes impact, then slowly presses down farther on the gas.

STREET

The Prius sputters forward.

INT. PRIUS

Inside, a WORN-OUT MIDDLE-AGED SECRETARY looks up into the rearview and gives Harm a befuddled ‘thank you’ nod before turning down a side street. Harm waves back, then notices something --

A SEABIRD

Winging across the sky. Harm double-takes. No frickin’ way. When he looks back, the bird is gone. He shakes his head, drives on.

EXT. HARM AND LUCY’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lower middle class, but freshly painted and well-kept. Fresh dusting of snow on the postage stamp-size yard. Harm’s shitty old pickup rumbles into the driveway.

INT. HARM AND LUCY’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LUCY HILL (30s), firebrand Ojibwa in nurse’s scrubs, kneels across a coffee table from --

SAM (9), half-Ojibwa, half... well, Harm. Fighting his way through homework. Fractions.

LUCY
If you multiply the denominator by the...

Wind howls as Harm steps inside, shuts the door quickly.

HARM
Downright balmy out there. I just saw...

He points skyward, then reconsiders, shakes his head.

Lucy saunters over, gives him a big kiss. Harm smiles ear to ear at her. Happy.

HARM
(to Sam)
‘Sup, kiddo?

Sam half waves, doesn't look up. Harm shoots a wistful look to Lucy, who issues a little sigh.

LUCY
Sam.

HARM
It's okay, hon.

Harm plops down on the couch, looks to Sam.

HARM
Ah. The dread math homework. I never was too good with fractions, but if you want I could --

SAM
Mom's helping me, dude.

...he says, never even looking at Harm. Harm and Lucy exchange a look before Lucy sits down next to him.

LUCY
Okay, 5/16ths...

Harm backs away. Absently looks through the mail on the counter, where he notices a...

POSTCARD FROM GAMES PLANET VIDEO GAME STORE

"Bring this card February 13 between 1 and 3 PM and receive a free video game!"

Harm nods. Not a bad deal.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harm, troubled, sits on the bed absently playing a blues lead on a beat-up sunburst Strat.

Local news on TV in the BG: Lower-thirds banner under a weather gal screams: "BLIZZARD-POCALYPSE!"

HARM
"Blizzard-pocalypse?" Seriously?

Lucy steps into the bedroom, smoking hot in a Minnesota Vikings baby doll.

Head low, Harm puts the axe on its stand.

LUCY
He just needs more time.

HARM
He calls me “dude.” Not Dad. Dude.

LUCY
You were gone most of his life, Harm.

Harm nods, sullen. Lucy sits next to him.

LUCY
How about something you guys can do together? A bonding thing.

HARM
Took him fishing. He hated it. Took him to the BMX show. He played cell phone games the entire time. I’m just...

LUCY
What?

HARM
(barely)
He deserves better than me. And he knows it.

Lucy exhales, kneads Harm’s neck. Before she can reply --

HARM
Saw the craziest thing today. A bird. A seabird. In the sky. Lost, maybe.

LUCY
That’s not possible.

HARM
(shrugs)
Sometimes I wish... I dunno, I could just take off, you know.
(off her look)
Not like that. Not from you. But, like, like I’ve got shackles. You know? And, like, everyone can see those shackles. And they know what it means.

She shakes her head.

LUCY
There is a little boy out there who loves you very much. Don’t pull back, baby. Keep going. He’ll see you.

Harm nods, coming around a bit, and kisses her.

HARM
(realizing)
We did get a coupon for a free video game in the mail.

LUCY
Saw that, did you?

...she says, knowing damn well he did. Since she left it for him to see.

LUCY
Take him to the mall, get the game. You can get me long-stemmed chocolate strawberries while you're there.

HARM
(playfully)
Oh, man! How did you -- thanks for ruining your Valentine's present. Now I need to think of something else.

As she wraps around him:

LUCY
I like Peeps.

HARM
Isn't that Easter?

LUCY
Gummy brains then.

HARM
Halloween...

Whispering into his ear:

LUCY
I'm sure you'll think of something that my heart *really* desires.

She looks right in his eyes. Harm gets the message. Shit. He exhales, looks away.

LUCY
What?

HARM
You know, it's just... I...

Pained, he can’t find words. Lucy tamps down a sigh, sits down beside him and clasps his hands.

LUCY
I know. Wasn’t trying to push. Okay? I love you.

Harm still looks sullen. Lucy climbs atop him, lowers bra straps playfully. This brings him around quick. They kiss passionately. Then, looking right into her eyes:

HARM
Never leaving you again.

LUCY
Damn right.

EXT. KENPO KARATE STUDIO - DAY

Light snow drifts past the trophy-encrusted storefront.

KIDS (O.S.)
Kiya!

INT. KARATE STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Harm, in flannel and steel-toe boots, sits in the bleachers with the other parents, watching KIDS practice spin-kicks.

SAM
Kiya!

Harm smiles at his little green belt.

LATER

Class over, the kids flock to their parents.

HARM
Hey, buddy. Great job today...

But Sam trudges right past and out the door without even looking at him. Harm, wounded, picks himself up and follows.

EXT. SOUTH MINNEAPOLIS - DAY

Harm’s pickup drives on icy streets as flurries swirl.

INT. HARM’S PICKUP TRUCK

Harm, in black leather driving gloves, drums along to a thumpin’ grunge rock tune on the radio.

Sam sits beside him, playing with game cards in a shoebox.

After a bit too much uncomfortable silence:

HARM
So I thought we’d make a little stop on the way home.

He hands Sam the Games Planet postcard.

HARM
I’m thinking a little Mega-Monstrosaur Battle Arena deathmatch. You and me. What do you say?

Harm’s expecting the kid to light up. Instead:

SAM
Whatever, dude.

Harm grits his teeth. Great.

DEEJAY (V.O.)
Hold onto your butts, folks, ‘cause this one’s gonna be a doozy. Yeah, yeah, we’re tough Minnesota folk... heard it all before. But word is this baby’s the Blizzard-pocalypse.

Harm rolls his eyes. All he sees is flurries...

EXT. DANDRIDGE MALL - DAY

Banner reads: “**BRING YOUR SWEETHEART TO SEE THE FIREHEART**! World’s Rarest Diamond, February 11th - 13th.”

Harm’s pickup slides into a slushy parking space.

INT. MALL - FIRST LEVEL

Gaudy fountain with many a wish-carrying penny in its water.

A 30-FOOT SEQUINED ‘FIERY’ HEART

Hangs above, with a banner reading: “SEE THE FIREHEART AT GENEVIEVE JEWELERS Feb. 12 & 13!” Two guards walk past:

SHAYNA ALVAREZ (20s), tats and short hair, ex-military;

and MUTT TAYLOR (60s), grizzled ex-cop, chrome dome with ice-white ‘stache.

MUTT
(re: the fiery heart prop)
A week’s publicity and a million years in the landfill.

Shayna nods. Glances up at Genevieve Jewelers on the second level. Carefully arranged concrete planters control the line. Video screens blare: “<u>See The Fireheart!</u> <u>World’s Rarest Diamond.</u> <u>Valued at $40 MILLION</u>!”

SHAYNA
Can’t be out of here soon enough for me. Paint a fuckin’ target on our backs, why don’t ya?

MUTT
You kiss your mama with that mouth?

Moving off them, we come to the Games Planet store...

INT. GAMES PLANET

PIERCED CASHIER and NERD CHICK MANAGER puzzle over Harm’s free game postcard. Harm has a copy of “Mega-Monstrosaur Battle Arena” in hand. Sam looks on, concerned.

NERD CHICK MANAGER
Yeah, I’m really, really sorry. I promise you I’ll contact the main office first thing Monday. But... this is fake.

Sam rolls his eyes. He starts out the door.
Harm withers. Price tag: $49.95. Feels his wallet. Shit.

HARM
Sam -- um -- wait. Hold up.
(to cashier)
Um, I’ll take it.

Sam keeps going. Harm quickly fishes out a credit card.

EXT. MALL/SECOND LEVEL

Harm exits the store, glances around.

HARM
Sam?

He doesn’t see Sam, but the Vegas-bright Fireheart display commands attention. 100 people queued up, security flanking. Did Sam go over there to see?

ANDREA EL KHALIL (30s), ice-cold stare and gorgeous Middle-Eastern looks in a pricey pant-suit and earpiece, cautions a couple of rambunctious TEENS with her zapper wand.

HARM
Sam? Sam!

Concern escalating, Harm powers through the crowd --

HARM
Sam! Sam!
(to Guard)
Did you see a little boy? Nine years old?
(to anyone and everyone)
Nine-year-old kid? He was right here!

Andrea El Khalil races over.

ANDREA
Sir, I’m Andrea El Khalil, Director of Operations for the Fireheart tour.

HARM
My son. Uh, 9 years old. He was right here 30 seconds ago.

ANDREA
We’ll have mall security review the footage.
(into her walkie)
This is Andrea El Khalil, need playback from cam 6 and 15, last 10 minutes or so.

SHAYNA ON WALKIE-T (O.S.)
Roger that, stand by.

Harm nods a panicky thanks, then:

HARM
SAM!

He turns, forges through thickets of people --

HARM
SAM! Where are you?

INT. SECURITY OFFICE

Buff, douchey mall cop BORIS (20s) pulls up the video footage playback. Shayna waits by the door for him while Mutt dons his hat and cinches his belt and comes along.

On the security monitors, from multiple angles: Harm running around, yelling.

MUTT
Mind the store, Boris.

INT. FOOD COURT

Possessed, Harm muscles through crowds, knocking over Valentine's shoppers.

HARM
SAM!

He stops, eyeing --

THE SUB SHOP

Where he sees a KID buying a foot-long. Harm scurries that way...

HARM
Sam, you scared the life out of me!

But when the kid turns, it's not Sam.

Harm spins the other direction --

AND SLAMS DIRECTLY INTO SOMEONE.

He tumbles backwards, back hitting a table, butt hitting the floor. He grimaces, looks up to see --

A HAND EXTENDED TOWARD HIM. He is helped to his feet by:

CONNIE TOLLIVER (24), feisty and red-lipped, attractive with punk edge, all in black. Slight Scottish accent.

CONNIE
Seem to have taken a wee spill there.

He notices Connie has stuffed something in his hand. Paper. Curious, he unfolds it. Harm's eyes bulge as he reads:

"We have Sam.

We will kill him unless you steal the Fireheart Diamond and deliver it to us by midnight at the red fishing shack on Lake Magda.

One whiff of cops and we saw his head off.

Your pal..."

HARM
...Gray.
(beat)
You tell that prick...

Harm looks up from the note -- Connie's gone.
He balls the note in his fist, pissed.

HARM
SHIT!!!

Mutt, Shayna and the MALL SECURITY FORCE surround him.

MUTT
Sir? You okay?

Reeling, Harm scans the faces of the team... then the looky-loos gathering quickly.

SHAYNA
Sir? Did you lose someone?

HARM
Yeah. No! No, I'm... I'm sorry... my mistake. My mistake. Um, he's with my girlfriend. Everything's cool. Sorry. Sorry.

He hastens away, leaving Mutt scratching his shaved head.

SHAYNA
Party's over, people. Escaped mental patient. Nothing to see here.

MUTT
Write it up.

Shayna nods with irritation.

INT. VAN - DAY

Connie hops in to the passenger seat, leans over to kiss --

GRAY (now 50), in the driver’s seat, chomping gum.

GRAY
Smooth?

CONNIE
Silky.
(beat)
I almost feel bad for him.

GRAY
Don’t.

Gray starts the van and pulls out.

CONNIE
He rat you out or something?

GRAY
Could’ve. Would’ve saved him years. But no, he kept his mouth shut. Damn noble of him, matter of fact.

CONNIE
Then --

GRAY
Mr. Harmon Davis may be the best breaker-inner on the continent. Alarm systems. Safes... Genius.

CONNIE
(still confused)
Was he there when...

She nods toward Gray’s mauled right paw, wrist ravaged, three fingers missing.

CONNIE
...your hand --

GRAY
I could give a fuck about my hand. I lost my brother that day.

Awkward silence. Abruptly, Gray is all smiles.

GRAY
Soon, baby, we'll buy that island you wanted in the Philippines with the white sand beach...

CONNIE
(delighted)
Tikling.

GRAY
With the fuckin' sand flies and huge-ass Palawan scorpions... we'll deal... And I set up my studio and paint frickin' water lilies like Monet.
(Scottish accent)
Life o' Riley, me wee Scots lassie.
(then)
"Revenge is profitable." -- Edward Gibbon.

CONNIE
Mmm. And what about Harm Davis?

GRAY
(dismissive)
What about him?

Muffled GRUNTING from the back of the van --

Sam, bound and gagged and blindfolded. BAEZA (30s), prison tats creeping up from his parka neckline, sits beside him. Jabs his piece menacingly to Sam's temple.

BAEZA
Muzzle it, half-pint!

Connie shoots Baeza an angry look, climbs into the back next to Sam.

CONNIE
There there. It'll all be over soon enough, I promise. And so long as your pop does what we want him to do, there'll be no one getting hurt, aye?

Tears soak Sam's blindfold as he shakes in his seat...

INT. MALL - ACCESS CORRIDOR BY THE BATHROOMS

Harm slouches against a wall, anguished. As a HEAVYSET WOMAN rolls by in an electric cart giving him the stink-eye, Harm digs through his wallet.

Prom photo of him and Lucy, from 100 years ago...

And then, a printout of a picture of baby Sam with “I miss you, daddy!” hand-written in a sticker thought balloon.

His phone RINGS. Harm checks the ID: “LUCY”.

He grimaces, doesn’t know what to do. Lets it ring and ring... but finally answers.

HARM
(falsely chipper)
Hey, hon.

LUCY (O.S.)
Got my strawberries?

HARM
Funny.

INT. LUCY’S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lucy, behind the wheel of her aging Chevy Cavalier, driving through spitting snow to work, phone on speaker.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

LUCY
Wasn’t a joke. You guys doing okay?

Awkward silence. Then --

HARM
Oh. Good, good. Good.

Beat.

LUCY
Okay, then.

HARM
Um... Luce. Let me ask you a question. Hypothetically.

LUCY
O-kay...

Harm then ambles back out to...

FOOD COURT - RAILING

On the third level overlooking the entire mall.

HARM
A guy does something bad but does it for the right reasons... is it really bad?

LUCY
This one of those “Is it right to steal a loaf of bread to feed your family?” type of questions?

Harm looks down below, sees Genevieve Jewelers and the crowd.

HARM
Something like that.

LUCY
You planning on stealing some bread?

HARM
(laughing it off)
What? No, don’t be silly.

LUCY
‘Cause I could eat.

HARM
Funny. No, I was just -- never mind. Just... the shackles thing.

MAN ON P.A. (O.S.)
Hi folks, just a quick reminder that this is your last chance to see the Fireheart Diamond. Tomorrow it’s off to its next stop -- Chicago. The biggest, most expensive diamond in history, right here at Dandridge Mall.

HARM
Um, listen, gotta go, baby, but... we might be a little late getting back. This bonding thing. It’s really working out.

Harm hangs up.

Lucy hits the END button, pulls into the clinic where she works, thrown a bit, but smiling.

AT THE MALL

Harm sags against the food court railing, glances over at Genevieve. Considering.

Just then, two uniformed COPS saunter past. Then he notices:

-- Uniformed security out front of Genevieve, with more making rounds.

-- Couple COPS on the first level as well.

-- And then there's the PLAINCLOTHES OFFICERS. Everywhere he looks, he sees people talking into their collars.

-- Plus Andrea El Khalil, lording over the entire process.

Shit. There is no chance. Harm deflates.

EXT. DANDRIDGE MALL - DAY

Anguished, Harm sits in his truck, head against the wheel as snow piles up on the windshield.

Finally, he flips open his crappy old phone. Dials 3 digits.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
911. What is your emergency?

Harm hesitates.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Hello? Is anyone there?

HARM
It's my kid. He's... I'd like to report a kidnapping.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Yes, sir, I'm sorry to hear that. When did this happen?

HARM
(choking up)
Just a little while ago. He's...

Harm hesitates, then blurts out:

HARM
They're gonna kill him, first sign of cops.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Please hold on, sir. Transferring you to the detective division.

Harm exhales, looks back at the mall. The sound of the wind reverberating in his ears. Weight of the world on him now.

FEMALE DETECTIVE (O.S.)
This is Detective Sanders. Can I have your name, please?

Harm glances out at the 3-story high Fireheart banner above the mall entrance, holding fast against the harsh winds.

HARM
(to himself)
They’re gonna kill him...

FEMALE DETECTIVE (O.S.)
Sir?

Harm doesn’t respond. The voice on the phone... means nothing to him now. He’s in his own head. Growing more and more determined.

He’s gonna have to do this himself.

CLICK. Harm closes the phone, jams it in his pocket.

EXT. PARKING LOT - HARM’S TRUCK

Harm climbs out, SLAMS that goddamn door.
Biting winds assault him, but he doesn’t flinch.

INT. DANDRIDGE MALL - LATER

Harm rides to the top of the escalators, looking down on the mall. As he steps off, he has a perfect view of Genevieve Jewelers, the exits, everything.

Scanning the stores nearby: Electronics Hut. Bitchin’ Kitchen. SportsShop. Emotion Pictures movie store, on the right side of Genevieve.

And... the security office. Checks his watch. 11:43 AM.

HARM
All right, Gray, you miserable son of a bitch.

HARM

Building in intensity...

HARM
It’s on.

INT. CORRIDOR IN FRONT OF SECURITY OFFICE - LATER

Harm approaches. Shayna inside, toiling away at paperwork.

HARM
Hi. Me again. Um, you have any applications?

Shayna stares at him -- *the kook from a few minutes ago.*

SHAYNA
Do you have any experience with security or law enforcement?

HARM
Oh, yeah.

Skeptically, she finds a 6-part form in a drawer and hands it over. Harm sits right in front of her, at her desk.

He scoots as close into her personal space as possible and sets about filling out the form.

Irritated, she glares at him. He flashes her a creepy smile, repulsing her.

SHAYNA
Excuse me.

With that, she leaves. Harm shrugs, keeps filling out the form for three long beats. And then --

He’s up like a whirlwind. Rifling her drawers... in-box... documents on a clipboard...

Ah! He finds a memo to Dandridge Mall Security from Genevieve Security:

“Please note: transport protocol of the Fireheart at 0000 hours sharp on February 14.

HARM
Two-hour window.
(sarcastic)
No problem.

He scrams just as Mutt returns, looking over Harm skeptically as they squeeze past each other.

INT. MALL - OUTSIDE GENEVIEVE JEWELERS

Harm queues in the Fireheart line. Chomps a hot pretzel wrapped in wax paper by way of disguise. Notices:

THE ANNUNCIATOR BOX

Mounted outside the store. If an alarm sounds, the entire concrete food court will become an enormous loudspeaker.

A GUARD waves him in.

INT. GENEVIEVE JEWELERS - CONTINUOUS

Harm at his geekiest and most wide-eyed. Using the pretzel wrapper for cover, he snaps flip phone pix:

-- PIR (Passive Infrared) sensors mounted in the top corners to detect body temperature and motion.

-- ULTRASONIC SENSOR disguised as a wall outlet.

-- ALARM FOIL encircling the thick Plexi display case.

-- THE THERMOSTAT. RUBBER MATS surrounding the base.

-- A KEYPAD -- combination locking mechanism.

-- DROP CEILING and acoustical tile above. That’s good. CAMERAS set into it, not so much.

-- Conspicuous UNIFORM GUARDS -- four, total -- and almost as conspicuous PLAINCLOTHES GUARDS (two).

Harm moves in on the display case.

-- LASER SENSORS on either side of the diamond.

-- Case-within-a-case construction: the Fireheart is housed within a smaller plexiglass case within the larger display case. That inner case sits on a pressure plate.

As Harm snaps pix -- A FEMALE HAND snags his wrist. Harm spins to see Andrea, pointing to a “No Photos” sign:

ANDREA
I’m sorry, sir. We must insist.

Harm sheepishly pockets the cell phone and motors on out of the store...

INT. MALL - ACCESS CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Harm studies the cell phone pictures as he follows the concrete corridor around the back of the jewelers.

Heavy steel doors marked with store names and keypad locks.

Bathrooms, machines, water fountains... and a PAYPHONE.

CELL PHONE PICTURE

Shows the alarm company decal on the display case.

Harm smiles and picks up the phone. Drops in a couple of quarters.

HARM
Hi, this is Carl Anderson with Express Security. We're getting a flashing red on Fireheart zone 7.

INT. MALL - BENCH OUTSIDE GENEVIEVE JEWELERS

Harm surreptitiously sketches the jewelry store floor plan on his pad showing all the entrances, display cases, back room and of course the Fireheart display.

TWO OF MINNEAPOLIS' FINEST confer with Andrea El Khalil and two of her team outside the store. Heads are scratched. The cops shrug and leave.

HARM
Or was it Zone 6?

Harm regards the goings-on with a wry smile.

HIS PAD

Below the floor plan, he's scribbled a list:

Proximity. Foil. Magnetic sensor. Pressure pad. IFR/Heat. Local. Motion. Laser/Photoelectric. Locks.

HARM
Let's shop.

INT. ELECTRONICS HUT - A MINUTE LATER

Harm carries a couple of laser pointers, an electronic stud finder and a Snoopy scratch pad. He grabs alligator clips, then heads for the --

CHECK-OUT COUNTER

Where a mulleted ELECTRONICS HUT SALESMAN rings him up.

HARM
Got any long, nonconductive tongs and UV powder?

ELECTRONICS HUT SALESMAN
Sorry, man.

As the Salesman rings it all up, Harm swipes his pen.

, then turns back to his pad. He puts check marks next to “MOTION” and “LASER/PHOTOELECTRIC.”

INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR - BEHIND THE STORES

Harm scopes out the heavy-duty keypad locks on the back doors. Bites his lip. Heads for the ATMs...

A BLUES RIFF sounds... Harm’s ring tone. He checks the display: “Number blocked.”

HARM
(into cell)
Who’s this?

GRAY (O.S.)
Clock’s ticking, Harmon. Tick, tick, tick...

HARM
Let me talk to my son.

GRAY (O.S.)
...tock, tock, tock.

HARM
What do you want?

GRAY (O.S.)
A progress report, asshole.

HARM
Progress? There is no progress. In case you haven’t realized, it’s broad fucking daylight. This heist is impossib --

GRAY (O.S.)
Listen to you. This from the man who studied with the great Ellis Clarkson? He'd be ashamed.

HARM
No, he'd be dead, 'cause that's what he is.

INT. ICE FISHING SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Cramped, but not without its amenities. A gas generator powers a TV, upon which Baeza watches a staticy hockey pre-game show, guarding Sam, tied-up on the sofa.

Gray at an easel, sketching a semi-nude Connie, wrapped in a blanket, with charcoal. He's frightfully good. He jumps up.

GRAY
Listen to me, fuckwad!

Connie motions: *calm down, mind your blood pressure.*
Gray takes a breath and is suddenly the picture of placidity.

GRAY
Think it through, Davis. I said midnight. That means you can either filch the ice while the store is open or wait 'til it's on the move.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

HARM
Oh, sure, armored cars with shotguns and police escort in a snowstorm. Nice options.

GRAY
Tomorrow that rock goes back into the vault for good. This is our only shot at it. Either you have that Fireheart to me by midnight or they'll be pulling your kid's icy headless corpse out of a lake. How's that for options?

Gray clicks off, and we only hear a snippet of:

HARM (O.S.)
Gray, you son of...!

Gray radiates charm:

GRAY
My beautiful. Beautiful girl. Most lovely thing I've ever seen.

He motions, "more skin." Connie swoons, blushes and obliges. Gray sketches furiously, charcoal dust flying, as Sam WHIMPERS in the background.

INT. THE MALL FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Harm, boiling, PUNCHES the ATM.

Shayna hears the noise, spins that direction. Cranes her neck to see --

The shape of Harm's body, tucked back in a corner. Can't make out the features.

She starts that direction, pulling her walkie-talkie to her mouth when --

THE FRONT DOORS

Open and a BLAST OF ICY WIND AND SNOW billows in.

Shayna scrunches against the cold as the doors flail wildly, taken by the rising winds, slamming and opening, slamming and opening.

MUTT

Sprints toward the entrance and together, they heave the doors closed. Whew.

SHAYNA
It's a fuckin' shitstorm out there.

Mutt sighs at her language, looks around at the sparse crowds, the MAINTENANCE WORKERS putting down rubber runners and mopping muddy slush.

MUTT
This keeps up, we're gonna have to close.

Visible through the glass door: TEENS in a FORD F-150 doing donuts on the ice. Mutt rolls his eyes. As they walk back to the security office:

SHAYNA
Fine with me. Go home, crank the heat to a million, geek out on some nice, romantic... action flicks.

MUTT
What, no date?

SHAYNA
Men.
(scoffs)
My last so-called boyfriend, was four months before I found out he was married with a two-year-old daughter.

MUTT
We’re not all --

SHAYNA
Yes, you are. All of you.

MUTT
You got issues, you know that?

INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR - PAY PHONE

Harm digs for change, drops in a few dimes and dials.

HARM
Hi, this is Carl Anderson with Express Security. Yeah, we’re getting that flashing red again. Yeah, zone 7. I know. But gotta check it, just to be safe...

INT. RIDLEY’S DEPARTMENT STORE

The entrance is decorated with oversized mylar heart balloons in a grand display. Harm stands at the balloon/giftwrap counter.

GIFTWRAP SALESWOMAN
And you *don’t* want them inflated?

Harm shakes his head, smiles. The skeptical SALESWOMAN hands over a big pile of uninflated balloons. Harm throws them in his wagon, continues on.

INT. RIDLEY’S - TOOLS DEPT.

Harm at the register, buying supplies. Tools, coveralls, saw, wire, duct tape, a tripod, and more... quite a collection.

RIDLEY’S CLERK eyes him skeptically.

HARM
Building a ski jump for my kid. Future Olympian.

RIDLEY'S CLERK
This card is declined, sir. Would you like to apply for a Ridley's card? Fifteen percent off on everything you buy today.

HARM
Oh, hell yes.

INT. MEN’S ROOM - HANDICAPPED STALL

Harm finishes duct-taping together a homemade bodysuit made out of cut-up giant Mylar heart balloons. He folds it and stows it with his other things.

He dons the Dickies and a tool belt, which he loads with pliers, wrenches, flashlight and so forth. Baseball cap completes the look.

Meet Inconspicuous Maintenance Guy.

He stuffs his jeans with packaging materials, puts them in the boots, then positions them in front of the toilet so anyone peeking in from underneath will think they see legs.

He locks the stall, and leaving his stuff behind, slides out underneath the door -- startling an OLD MAN washing up.

HARM
Door’s jammed.

OLD MAN
So?
(re: his maintenance garb)
Fix it.

Right. Harm turns, pretends to work on the stall door. Checks his watch: 1:32 PM. Finally the old man shuffles out.

HARM’S PAD. He ticks off PRESSURE PAD, FOIL, IFR/HEAT, LOCKS.

INT. MALL - NEAR GENEVIEVE JEWELERS

Harm, in maintenance threads, scoots past a pile of cops and security gathered out front.

ANDREA
There is no short in Zone 7!

COP
All due respect, ma’am, I beg to differ.

Harm continues into...

INT. BITCHIN’ KITCHEN

Harm examines a long pair of plastic salad tongs.

HARM’S SCRATCH PAD -- He ticks off PROXIMITY.

INT. EMOTION PICTURES MOVIE STORE - LATER

Harm absently thumbs through Blu-Rays, but he’s really focused on...

THE ALARM PANEL AND MOTION DETECTORS

Harm smiles, shuffles out from behind the row of Blu-rays, and -- WHAM! -- collides with TREVOR (15), babyfaced but clever and shifty.

A BLU-RAY falls out from under his shirt.

Trevor catches it quickly, stuffs it right back in. Looks up to see Harm staring him in the eye.

Trevor, panicked, glances at the store employees, the exit, trying to figure out what to do.

HARM
You know there’s an electronic strip in there.

Trevor sizes up Harm, decides he’s cool. He shows a little Zippo-sized metallic object in his palm.

TREVOR
Neodymium magnet.

Harm’s eyes flare open.

HARM
I’ll buy it off you right now.

TREVOR
What?

HARM
How much did you pay for it, twenty bucks? Uh... here, I got...

HARM(cont'd)
(looking through his wallet, sighing)
I’ve got eighteen bucks.

TREVOR
Eighteen bucks more’n I paid for it. Meet me by the fountain in fifteen.

Harm watches as Trevor sidles past and boosts another movie.

EMPLOYEE AREA

Harm moves through into the back section of the movie store. Feels around on the common wall shared with Genevieve.

Whips out the stud finder. Reading METAL everywhere as he waves the thing over the wall.

HARM
Steel plating?

Harm grimaces. This is not good.

MOVIE WORLD GIRL (O.S.)
Sir? What are you doing?

Caught by surprise, Harm checks out the cute 20-year-old MOVIE WORLD GIRL in the store uniform.

HARM
Engineering consultant for Genevieve Jewelers. Checking on the structural integrity of the common wall. You know, a thief could drill right through this. Can you get the manager?

MOVIE WORLD GIRL
Oh. Okay, uh... wait here.

As soon as she’s gone, Harm hustles through the back door into the --

ACCESS CORRIDOR

He drops the last of his change into the pay phone.

HARM
Yeah, Carl Anderson from Express Security. I don’t know what’s going on, but now the whole panel’s flashing. I know. Crazy.

INT. ANOTHER BATHROOM

Harm relieves himself at a urinal, scanning the drop ceiling as he does so. A JANITOR mops the floor. SUPPLY CLOSET door is open.

As soon as the janitor is gone, Harm unscrews the lock plate, opens the door, unlocks it, and slips inside.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET

Small, no windows. A MAINTENANCE CART sits before industrial shelving packed with paper towels, cleaning supplies and massive cans of cherry-scented Absorb-All.

HARM
Hello.

Harm scales the shelves, pushes up on the drop ceiling, shines his flashlight inside. About 20 feet away, he sees

A CINDER BLOCK WALL

Dead end. Harm curses silently.

CRACK! The shelving gives way under his feet. Next thing he knows, he’s on the floor under a pile of supplies.

HARM
Ow.

INT. MALL - THIRD FLOOR

Harm stares out at the enormous Fireheart prop, anguished. He rubs his temples in silent agony.

HARM
Think, man, think. Gotta be a way in.

INT. WALK-IN CLINIC - EXAM ROOM - DAY

Lucy finishes giving a brave 7-year-old GIRL an injection. The girl’s MOM looks on.

LUCY
You handled that better than a lot of grown-ups.

The girl motions Lucy to lean close. Whispers:

GIRL
Secretly, I was scared.

Lucy smiles at the girl, applies a Hello Kitty bandage.

Outside the window, the weather is getting worse -- far worse. WHAM! A wind gust rattles the room.

LUCY
You guys better get home. We're closing early today.

ON LUCY, worried about her own family...

INT. CLINIC - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

CLINIC WORKERS in various stages of clocking out. Away from them, down a corridor, Lucy dials her phone with growing frustration. No answer.

LUCY
Pick up, dammit.

INT. THE MALL - THIRD FLOOR

Harm, right where we left him. Staring at his phone in a panic. He looks to the skies as if for advice. As soon as his phone stops ringing, he texts back:

IN A MOVIE. TALK SOON. LOVE, H.

He presses send, closes his phone with no small amount of anguish. Lying to Lucy on top of everything else. And about their son.

As bad as his situation is, this just made it even worse. Harm winces under the weight of the emotions.

Finally, he rubs his eyes, takes a deep breath and focuses on the task at hand. Stares at the ceiling...

HARM
(to himself)
Take me all night to cut through even if I had the right saw. And goddamn cinder block walls. Shit!
(sighs)

Right then, two COEDS, ready to shop, enter and pass Harm, shaking snow and unzipping their parkas.

COED 1
They really should close the mall. It’s scary bad outside.

COED 2
I know, right? Dangerous.

They cruise into a boutique, daddy’s credit cards in hand.

Lightbulb. Harm’s eyes go wide.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - A MINUTE LATER

Shayna deals with an agitated caller while Boris looks on.

HARM ON PHONE (O.S.)
No, I don’t think you understand. That Jeep slid on the ice and hit my stroller. It’s a miracle my little girl wasn’t hurt. You guys better lawyer up! There’s no excuse for you to be open in this weather! No excuse! You hear me?

Shayna holds the phone from her ear.

SHAYNA
Yes, sir. I’m writing it up now. You have our sincerest --

CLICK. Shayna exhales big.

BORIS
Intense. What do we do?

SHAYNA
Escalate it, of course. C.Y.A.

She starts dialing.

INT. MALL - THE FOUNTAIN

Harm walks away from a pay phone bank, approaches Trevor.

TREVOR
Seriously, what do you need it for?

Harm slaps money into his hand and takes the magnet from him.

HARM
The hell do you care?

TREVOR
Whatevs.

Trevor slinks off. Harm glances back at the pay phones down the hall.

HARM
Hey, amigo. How about doing me a solid?

TREVOR
Trevor. My name is Trevor. What?

HARM
I need your voice.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Shayna and Boris fill out forms. Phone RINGS.

BORIS
Security, this is Boris.

TREVOR ON PHONE (O.S.)
A truck just slid on the ice and smashed into my car. I'm in the parking lot outside Ridley's... I need help!

Boris covers the receiver, whispers urgently:

BORIS
Okay, this is getting crazy. We gotta shut down.

Shayna sighs, nods, picks up the other line.

BORIS
OK, uh, ma'am, sit tight, on our way.

Boris skedaddles out the door.

INT. MALL - PAY PHONE BANK

Trevor, at the pay phones, spots Boris stepping out of the security office and frowns.

TREVOR
"Ma'am"?

He wipes fingerprints off the receiver and scuttles around the corner, out of sight.

INT. GENEVIEVE JEWELERS - DAY

Andrea stands behind the counter, phone in hand.

ANDREA
Understood.

She hangs up, turns to her NUMBER 2:

ANDREA
They’re shutting down early. We’ve been told to lock up tight. Then I come back at twenty three hundred to oversee the move.

NUMBER 2
But you’re not comfortable with that.

Andrea shakes her head.

INT. FOOD COURT

Harm sketches diagrams on his Electronics Hut scratch pad.

SHAYNA (V.O.)
(over mall P.A.)
Attention, Dandridge Mall shoppers, due to inclement weather, the mall will be closing at three PM today.

Harm nods. Can’t quite bring himself to smile, but at least it’s progress.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Shayna finishes the announcement.

SHAYNA
It is 1:45 now, so the mall will be officially closed in 75 minutes.

She releases the button on the microphone, turns away. Then, sourly, turns back and keys the mic again.

SHAYNA
Have a great Valentine’s Day.

INT. HARM'S BATHROOM STALL

Harm duct-tapes the serving platter onto the tripod, then collapses it and lays it atop the maintenance cart.

OUTSIDE THE STALL

A GUY IN A WHEELCHAIR waits impatiently. Finally:

GUY IN WHEELCHAIR
You gonna be in there all day?

EXT. BATHROOM

Harm pushes the fully loaded cart out the door, whistling as he sails right past Shayna and Mutt.

Harm checks his watch. 2:40. Almost time.

INT. SPORTSHOP - DAY

Harm scours the store, frequently checking his watch.

Harm considers: A PAINTBALL RIFLE, a TASER, PEPPER SPRAY, and even NUNCHUCKS. And then he sees it:

THE BLOWGUN

5-foot gunmetal tube ringed by three quivers of .625 Caliber 5-inch steel darts, plus a sight and a carry strap. Bad-ass.

Harm snatches it up, considering...

INT. APPLE STORE - A MINUTE LATER

Harm Googles "Knock-out drops."

HARM
"Another more commonly available substance used on arrows and darts is *curare.* A skeletal-muscle relaxant used in anesthesia and certain skin-toning procedures..."

He looks across the mall first floor to...

INT. BEAUTY-U DAY SPA - A MINUTE LATER

At the front counter, Harm scans the flyers while scoping the place out. Standees advertise "*Instant face-lift*!"

Gorgeous but overly made up BEAUTY-U ASSOCIATE (20s,) helping out a HARRIED YOUNG MOM, turns to Harm with a smile:

BEAUTY-U ASSOCIATE
Be right with you, sir.

Harm waves, no problem. As soon as her back is turned, he scoots past the spa rooms and into the...

BACK OFFICE

Where he finds a display case containing Botox, Juvederm and so forth. He goes to open the door -- locked! But then he notices a wiggle in the sliding glass door. So he shimmies it out of its groove and sets it aside.

With a quick look back, he palms several bottles of God-knows what, then steals on outta there...

INT. SPORTSHOP - A MINUTE LATER

Harm pays for the blowgun with his charge card.
Breathes a sigh of relief as the charge goes though.

SHAYNA (O.S.)
Ladies and gentlemen. Dandridge Mall will be closing in five minutes.

INT. GENEVIEVE JEWELERS - DAY

A YOUNG COUPLE clutch matching necklaces as Andrea paces behind them, eyes never leaving the diamond display case for more than a few seconds at a time.

YOUNG MAN
Just not sure about this size.

ANDREA
Time’s up. We’re closing. Leave.

She ushers the stunned young couple out.
GENEVIEVE SALESMAN whirls on Andrea:

SALESMAN
I was about to make a sale.

ANDREA
(not sorry at all)
I am very sorry about that.
(to Number Two)
Commence lockdown protocols.

Andrea’s NUMBER TWO -- a sharply dressed Asian man (40s) with a shaved head, nods, gestures to the team to begin their checks. Salesman glowers.

INT. BATHROOM - HARM’S STALL - A MINUTE LATER

Harm scans the bottles he pilfered. The first three -- useless. Damn it. Finally, the last one.

HARM
“Ipecac concentrate.” What the hell? “Caution: For use as an emetic only. Severe abdominal cramping, light-headedness or fainting may occur.”

He opens it, sniffs. Putrid.

He hears the door open. The janitor returns, pushing his cart towards the supply closet. Thinking fast, Harm dips a blowgun dart into the bottle inside the box, jams it into the blowgun. Just as the janitor is upon the door --

Harm bursts from the stall, snaps the blowgun up and PFFT!

JANITOR
Agh! Hey, what the...

Three seconds later, the guy is Kermit green. Harm cringes as the janitor doubles over and hurls.

HARM
Whoa. Let me give you a hand, pal.

Harm drags the guy into the closet, snags HIS KEYS. He tries about seven keys until he finds the right one, but does manage to lock the guy inside.

THE JANITOR’S SICKLY GREEN FACE

Appears briefly in the doorway window before he collapses from view, the sounds of RETCHING accompanying.

HARM

Cringes, unsure of just how atrocious that last move was. He commences dipping all the darts into the nasty stuff...

Reloads the quivers...

Whips the blowgun over his shoulder into standby position.

SHAYNA (O.S.)
Ladies and gentlemen, Dandridge Mall is now closed.

INT. DANDRIDGE MALL - UPPER LEVEL

Shoppers head for the exits. Harm pushes the maintenance cart along, making a show of mopping as he goes.

Looking up, he notices

HUGE BRONZE SEABIRDS

Roy Butler's wonderful sculpture, like the ones at Tampa Airport, suspended above the food court.

Harm grits his teeth, shakes his head and pushes on.

He pauses underneath the Genevieve ALARM ANNUNCIATOR BOX and unfolds a maintenance step ladder. He jams a can of spray styrofoam into the grilles and WHOOSH, gives it a good 3-second burst.

INT. ACCESS HALLWAY

Harm continues mopping as two Genevieve plainclothes employees exit out the back door.

He leaves the cart just down the hall from the door and ticks off "LOCAL" on his pad as he walks away.

Then: his phone RINGS.

HARM
(into phone)
I'm working on it.

GRAY (O.S.)
How?

HARM
You want details?

GRAY (O.S.)
I want assurances.

Harm grouses -- man, he hates this bastard -- but then exhales and nods.

HARM
Fine.

CENTER COURT - CONTINUOUS

Trevor bounds across the mall, passing the jewelry store and tugging on his pants to keep pilfered Blu-rays from falling out. But to no avail --

THREE BLU-RAYS hit the ground.

Trevor gasps, looks around in a panic, gathers them up --

MUTT AND SHAYNA

Coming his direction...

HARM (V.O.)
First, a distraction...

HARM, surreptitiously watching from a railing, turns off and pockets his cell, then dashes off --

INT. GENEVIEVE JEWELERS - DAY

Andrea sets the alarm on the Fireheart display as Salesman plods over to the entrance and pulls down a steel gate.

Number Two finishes his security checklist, hands her a clipboard to sign.

Salesman walks over to the other grate. As he pulls it down, his eyes are drawn to --

CENTER COURT

Where a commotion is caused by Mutt and Shayna chasing after Trevor, a Blu-ray clattering to the ground as he runs.

MUTT
Freeze!

SHAYNA
C’mon, kid, don’t make me take your narrow ass down!

SALESMAN

Laughs at the show, pulls down the gate, and never notices --

HARM

-- <u>doing a perfect baseball slide across the floor</u>!

HARM (V.O.)
...then I’m gonna waltz right in.

CLANG -- the gate slams down, just barely missing Harm, who performs a perfect “pop-up,” bounds over the display cases and drops down behind them a millisecond before --

ANDREA

-- turns and looks that direction. Salesman steps in front of the display cases.

ANDREA
We buttoned up?

SALESMAN
Tight as a duck’s ass.

BEHIND THE DISPLAY CASES

Harm tucks tight to the ground and pulls on his ski mask. He glances up at --

SECURITY MONITORS

Showing every angle of the store. He’s visible in one.

He watches on a monitor as Andrea and Salesman make their way toward the back room. Salesman goes first. Andrea and Number 2 follow.

Harm starts to rise back up when --

Andrea pops back into the room.

Harm ducks back down.

Andrea marches over to the display, double-checks the alarm keypad.

SALESMAN (O.S.)
You comin’?

Andrea flips him off, walks back toward the door, and disappears into the --

BACK ROOM

-- where security monitors showing the same footage line the wall above a safe.

Against the other wall, a heavily fortified door leading to the service corridor.

ON THE MONITORS

Harm, all too visible, huddled down and ready to strike. He looks straight up into camera, obviously aware.

ANDREA

Turns in the direction of the monitor but --

Salesman’s HEAVY SKI GLOVES plop down on top of the safe, blocking the view of Harm.

SALESMAN
Been a pleasure working with you.

She shoots him a withering look.

Salesman pulls a massive down coat over his suit, puts on his gloves and skull cap, and digs around for his keys.

Andrea dons an overcoat and follows him to the back door.

MONITORS

Harm, still waiting, listening...

INT. MALL - FIRST FLOOR - ESCALATORS - DAY

Shayna is on Trevor’s heels as he bolts for the escalators. Mutt draws his taser.

MUTT
You gonna make me fire this, kid? Force me to fill out an incident report?

Trevor jumps onto the up escalator.
Shayna gets there one step behind.
Trevor sprints upward. Mutt clambers behind them both.

They’re almost to the second floor when Shayna reaches out, about to grab Trevor by the scruff of his neck but --

-- <u>He leaps over the side</u>, dropping 15 feet to the floor.

SHAYNA
Shit!

INT. GENEVIEVE - BACK DOOR

Salesman enters the code into the alarm panel, ushers Andrea out.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP... The 30-second alarm countdown.

HARM

Waits for the sound of CLICKING LOCKS and then --
He springs up. He crouch/races into next room, finds...

STORE

...the THERMOSTAT, and cranks it to the max.

HARM
27... 26... 25...

He vaults back over to the...

ULTRASONIC SENSOR

In the wall outlet. Out comes the spray styro -- WHOOSH. Three seconds and the thing is a beehive.

Harm rockets back the way he came --

HARM
21... 20... 19...

INT. GENEVIEVE JEWELERS - REAR DOOR

Harm yanks off his ski mask, takes a deep breath. Gambling that Andrea and the Salesman did not stop to chat outside, he flings open the door, emerging into the --

ACCESS HALLWAY

Coast is clear. Harm whips his ski mask into the door jamb to prevent the door from closing, then races for his cart, 30 feet away, near the bathroom.

HARM
15... 14... 13...

With a great RUMBLE, Harm propels that cart back towards the Genevieve back door --

INT. MALL - ESCALATORS - CONTINUOUS

Andrea and Number 2 hear it, exchange querulous looks --

INT. GENEVIEVE JEWELERS - BACK ROOM

Harm gets the cart inside, dons his ski mask, kicks the door shut and snatches the silver platter/tripod gadget off the cart --

HARM
10... 9... 8...

And he launches for the

MICROWAVE SENSOR

Mounted in the upper left corner of the room, unfolding the tripod as he goes...

HARM
6... 5...

He telescopes the tripod to full length...

HARM
4... 3...

Set up! But then --

THE SERVING PLATTER SAGS.

The duct tape buckles, and the platter slips about 4 inches, now facing an awkward direction --

HARM
2... 1...

Nothing he can do but gulp -- and run for cover!

HARM
Zero!

He launches towards the back room, flying like a bird right past the Fireheart display --

And hits the ground like a mortar, rolls and comes up in a squat in the Genevieve back room, just as the BEEPING becomes rapid-fire, then one long, continuous tone --

ALARM PANEL flashes red. Alarm LEDS light across the room.

HARM
Jesus.

Then: <u>bright white light</u> scythes the darkness...

EXT. GENEVIEVE JEWELERS - CONTINUOUS

From outside the front gates, Andrea looks on as Number 2 sweeps a flashlight from right to left over the store.

Harm recedes further into cover, but: the goddamn platter! Obvious as all hell. He mouths “Shit!” and looks around, preparing to abort and make a fast getaway --

THE FLASHLIGHT BEAM

Slowly moves over the store, comes to rest on the Fireheart display case... then keeps going left, towards the corner --

Harm gathering his things, edging back to his cart -- he takes a deep breath as

THE FLASHLIGHT BEAM

Comes within five feet of the platter... four... three...

HARM

White-knuckles the cart, preparing to use it as a battering ram, cold sweat rivulets on his face --

THE BEAM

Clicks off.

GRAY (V.O.)
And once you’re inside?

INT. MALL - OUTSIDE GENEVIEVE JEWELERS

Number 2 shrugs, stows the flashlight as Andrea looks back with a hint of irritation.

NUMBER 2
Come on. I’ll buy you a snow cone.

ANDREA
Not funny.

They move off, but she continues to look back at the store even as they leave...

INT. GENEVIEVE JEWELERS - BACK ROOM

Harm practically falls over in relief. Wipes sweat, takes a deep breath, then: back to the job at hand. He commences laying out his tools.

HARM (V.O.)
First thing: take out the microwave. Motion sensor. No way to jumper that, but you can block it. It can't see through metal. So I made this... thing.

As he says this, the SERVING DISH slips another half inch or so. Harm grimaces, but dares not touch it. He wipes copious amounts of sweat. Getting hot in here.

GRAY (V.O.)
They won't hear you?

HARM (V.O.)
Ultrasound is easy. Spray insulation does the trick. Thing is, gotta foam up the annunciator *before* the system is armed.

OUTSIDE GENEVIEVE JEWELERS

The foamed-up alarm box rings and rings, barely audible over the music and escalator thrum.

INT. GENEVIEVE JEWELERS - CONTINUOUS

Harm dons his crazy, homemade Mylar suit.

GRAY (V.O.)
Cameras?

HARM (V.O.)
Local only. Not monitored.

GRAY (V.O.)
What about, uh, body heat?

HARM (V.O.)
Passive infrared. Yeah. Gonna have to make myself invisible.

Harm now looks like a low-rent Martian from a third grade play. He shines his flashlight towards the

THERMOSTAT

86 degrees...

TIME CUT TO:

THERMOSTAT - LATER

98 degrees.

Harm, crunched down in the door jamb, sweating like a fiend, clicks off his flashlight and bounces to his feet.

Checks his watch. 5:19 PM.

Wiping sweat once more, he pushes his cart ever-so-gingerly into the room...

STORE

Harm crosses the floor, keeping an eye on the alarm LEDs --

CLANG!!! He trips over a table leg. Almost tumbles, but catches himself. Looks around in a panic --

AN LED flashes RED. Shit! He freezes -- waiting --

EXT. GENEVIEVE JEWELERS - ANNUNCIATOR BOX - CONTINUOUS

The alarm box, dried styro extruding from the vents, emits a pathetic warble.

INT. ALARM MONITORING CENTER - CONTINUOUS

ALARM CENTER WORKER calls over her SUPERVISOR.

ALARM CENTER WORKER
Genevieve again.

SUPERVISOR
Okay, this is getting ridiculous. Four falses today. Just kill it.

Alarm Center Worker shrugs, types on her keyboard...

INT. GENEVIEVE JEWELERS - STORE - CONTINUOUS

Harm, frozen, not knowing what to do. And then: the LED turns green again. Harm smiles big.

THE FIREHEART DISPLAY CASE

Harm comes up to it, stopping just shy of the pressure mats. Cracks knuckles and gets to work.

AEROBICS PLATFORM

Goes right over the pressure plate mat. Harm stands on it.

HARM (V.O.)
A simple platform for the pressure mats.

GRAY (V.O.)
What about the lock on the case?

FOIL

A thin strip of silver surrounding the plexiglass case. Harm peels off a long strip of duct-tape...

HARM (V.O.)
Don’t want to deal with that.

MINUTES LATER

The case is now covered in a scaffolding of duct tape, with a arm-hole-sized “window” in the center.

Out comes the saw. Harm plugs it in, fires it up -- double-checking the LEDs to make sure the noise didn’t set anything off. The thing is water-cooled and quiet, but not silent.

Harm cuts an arm-sized hole in the outer case...

INT. MALL - NEAR SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Shayna hauls back a fidgety Trevor in plastic cuffs.

TREVOR
I have receipts for every one of those!

SHAYNA
Why’d you run then?

TREVOR
Training for the marathon.

She shoots him an annoyed look, when suddenly she cocks her head. The faintest WHIRRING SOUND gets her attention.

TREVOR
You’re actually vaguely hot, you know? Consider a little cougardelic action?

She shoots him a disgusted look, opens the door to the

SECURITY OFFICE

And finds Mutt and Boris shooting the shit.

MUTT
(re: Trevor)
Ah. Our little miscreant.

SHAYNA
Heard something. Up by Genevieve.

MUTT
Boris, go check it out.

Boris heads out. Shayna turns back to Trevor with a scowl.

SHAYNA
“Vaguely” hot? I am *damn* hot.

Trevor shrugs, “eh.” Shayna bites her lip, keeps up the veneer, but it’s hard not to take that personally.

She yanks Trevor roughly down into a chair.

INT. HARM AND LUCY’S HOUSE - DAY

Lucy, home from work but unsettled, looks out the window, hoping to see Harm’s truck pull in. Instead, the window pane is suddenly hammered by high icy winds. Startled, she jumps back.

She grabs up her phone, dials. Ring... ring...

LUCY
Damn it, Harm. Where the hell are you guys?

She clicks off, bites her lip, worried.

INT. GENEVIEVE JEWELERS - DAY

Harm, in his Mylar suit, dripping sweat, gingerly removes the plexiglass circle with gloved hands.

GRAY (V.O.)
What about the inner case?

HARM (V.O.)
We gotta go through every X and O in the playbook here?

GRAY (V.O.)
Consider it down payment on your son’s head. Plus I am, as always, eager to learn from the master.

HARM (V.O.)
(biting the words)
Laser photoelectric eye and another pressure plate. The idea is, anyone breaking in will think they’re in the clear once they breach the outer case.

Harm takes out the laser pointers -- to which he has attached stands made of wire and duct tape -- and turns them on.

Using the salad tongs to reach into the outer case, he positions the lasers on either side of the *inner* case, each pointing right back at its sensor -- so there are now two laser beams hitting each receiver.

GRAY (V.O.)
So they’ll just reach in and grab the inner case with the diamond and set off the alarm. Slick.

With both laser pointers positioned, he reaches in and waves his hand directly in front of the photoelectric optics, breaking the beams. He looks at the alarm panel: green LEDS.

Harm fishes around on the cart and comes up with:

TREVOR’S MAGNET

He takes it in the tongs, reaches into the case and holds the magnet up to the recessed contact switch embedded in the inner display case --

It POPS OPEN.

Beaming, Harm retracts the magnet, then again with the tongs, slowly pulls out

THE FIREHEART DIAMOND

A moment to admire it. Almost as big as his fist. A droplet of sweat jettisons off his forehead and splashes on it.

Time to go. He grabs his cart, throwing the platform back on it, and edges back towards the back room door...

Makes it inside just as the platter gives out and falls.

BACK ROOM

Harm closes the door to the main store area, rips off his Mylar suit, and doubles over, gasping and pouring sweat.

A MINUTE LATER

Harm, back in Dickies and mask, packed up and ready to go.

BACK DOOR

Harm jumpers the wires on the magnetic contact switch on the back door. Once that's bypassed, he opens the door --

Surprising Boris, who stands there in the doorway, reaching for the handle!

Harm whips the blowgun up and PFFT! Nails him in the neck.

BORIS
Agh! Motherfu...

And he doubles over, barfing his brains out. Walkie clatters to the ground.

INT. GENEVIEVE JEWELERS - BACK ROOM

Harm drags Boris back into Genevieve, heaves him into the employee bathroom. Boris barely makes it to the bowl.

Harm grabs paper towels and wipes sweat one last time, then wads it up and chucks it into the garbage pail. He doesn't notice it bounce out...

Harm wires the bathroom door shut from the outside with his wire spool. Sees Boris' walkie... might be useful.

EXT. FISHING SHACK - DAY

The setting sun silhouettes the rows of abandoned ice fishing shacks, most brown covered in a foot of white.

One is just red enough it shows between patches of white. All around, Blizzard-pocalypse seethes.

INT. FISHING SHACK - DAY

Baeza, in wife-beater, cuts an apple with a pocket knife, chomping slices straight from the blade and cheering loudly as he watches a Minnesota Wild game.

Connie and Gray talk quietly at the table. Gray takes his blood pressure with a Omron automatic BP monitor. Behind them, Sam, hands bound, appears to be all cried out.

CONNIE
No, sugar. It's not that I doubt ya... Just better safe than sorry. My sis knows a fella in Edinburgh --

GRAY
(sarcastic)
Your dear old sis in Edinburgh? Do you understand what we're dealing with here? This isn't just ice... it's *famous* ice. Not many guys can fence a ware that no one can show publicly. And your sis... she sure as shit can't do it.

CONNIE
So then, who can?

GRAY
I can count on my mangled hand the guys with the connex to the billionaires who might have an interest in such a... collectible. There are five of them.

He stops, grins, milks the moment before:

GRAY
And I know four of them. So you can let li'l sis stand down and I'll handle it from here, understand?

The sleeve deflates. 148 over 110. Shit. She squeezes his hand empathetically.

CONNIE
Storm's getting awful, and I'd rather not get trapped in a bloody walk-in freezer for God knows how long.

Gray jingles a promotional "SEE THE FIREHEART" keychain.

GRAY
Now you know how I feel, five years holed up in Aberdeen. Don't worry, sweetie. Arctic Cat outside? Seats two.

ON BAEZA -- odd man out and too stupid to realize it. Connie smiles, cuddles up next to Gray, nibbling his ear. Across the room, Sam rustles, GROANS.

CONNIE
Hey. How about we let him play some video games? I mean, I feel bad for him.

GRAY
That kid’s old man --

CONNIE
Is nicking the diamond for us. And based on my surveillance, I’d say the lad doesn’t care much for him. So you two have something in common.

Gray grunts, pleased by that. Then:

GRAY
(to Baeza)
Let the kid play Rockbox.

Connie smiles. Baeza growls, stomps across the room and bundles up under a thick Vikings stadium blanket.

BAEZA
We’re fuckin’ losing again anyway.

Gray smiles, continues reading his book: “Monet’s Garden.” Taking in a painting, he shakes his head and exhales at the staggering beauty of the piece, intently studying the brush strokes.

Connie turns on the Rockbox system, joins Sam on the sofa. She snips his zip-tie handcuffs, hands him a joystick.

CONNIE
Now then. Ah -- *CarnEvil 9.* Know this game?

Sam nods.

GRAY

Watching his girlfriend and the kid on the sofa, puts the book down. Feels his anger rising. Fists clenching.

He forces calm. Closes his eyes, opens his palms, meditative. Relax.....

SAM (O.S.)
Ki-YA!!!

CONNIE (O.S.)
Aghh!

Gray's eyes snap open to see Sam's pulverizing spin kick to Connie's face! She doubles over, bleeding profusely --

And now the kid is rushing at him with the BAEZA'S POCKET KNIFE -- Gray jumps up, throws up an arm to block just as Sam brings down the knife --

GRAY'S BAD HAND

The knife impales it --

GRAY
Motherfucker!!!!

THE KEYS

Sam grabs them off the table, books it out the door --

GRAY
Someone grab that little shit!

Baeza throws off the blanket, scrambles to action --

EXT. FROZEN LAKE - SECONDS LATER

Panicky Sam on the Arctic Cat looks for the ignition. He finally finds it, between his legs. It starts with a ROAR, and Sam hangs on as the snowmobile rumbles forward --

Suddenly, Baeza charges out at full gallop, gut flapping under his wife-beater. Sam guns it, but Baeza leaps --

Grabs a handful of Sam's collar and tackles him off the bike. The snowmobile races into a tree. CRUNCH.

Baeza sits on Sam, struggling face down in the snow.

CONNIE AND GRAY

Stand in the doorway bleeding. Connie's nose smashed. Gray's wounded hand crammed under his arm.

GRAY
Ballsy move, kid. You're a regular chip off the old block, you know that?

Sam almost smiles. Gray raises a DESERT EAGLE .44 with his other hand, levels it at Sam.

GRAY
That wasn’t a fucking compliment.

CONNIE
Gray, no!

SAM

Crying as he sees the enormous gun pointing at him...

GRAY

Fuming, wincing, twitching. Connie tugs at him emphatically.

Then: Gray lowers the gun, motions for Baeza to drag the kid back inside.

Teeth chattering, Baeza complies.

GRAY
Videogame privileges are hereby suspended.

EXT. MALL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Nearly empty as the snow piles up.

INT. MALL - CENTER COURT - DAY

Quiet as can be. Muzak has been cut off, storefronts gated, customers gone. Escalators still moving, however.

A hand pushes the red shut-off button. The escalators stop.

SHAYNA

Walks away, scanning storefronts. She keys her walkie.

SHAYNA
Boris, got anything?

After a beat:

HARM (O.S.)
Nothin’ yet.

She chews on that. Something’s not right. She walks past --

THE ACCESS HALLWAY

Soon as she’s gone, Harm’s face appears in the window glass.

His attention then turns to the main exit doors, downstairs and across center court from him.

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out the diamond. Takes a look at it, then plants it back in his pocket again.

HIS CART

Full of evidence. Gotta get rid of it. He shoves it down the access hallway, towards the maintenance elevator...

INT. MALL BASEMENT - INCINERATOR ROOM

Harm tries keys until it opens. He shoves the cart in, closes the door.

INT. MALL BASEMENT - A MINUTE LATER

Now free of his gear, Harm approaches the emergency exit -- it’s alarmed. His gloved hands hover over the bar --

Can’t chance it. He doubles back.

INT. CENTER COURT

Harm sprints out of the access hallway, under the giant sequined heart, en route to the doors on the other side --

IN FRONT OF GENEVIEVE JEWELERS

Shayna shines her flashlight at the display... where the diamond is missing.

SHAYNA
Holy fucking shit!
(into walkie)
The diamond’s gone! The goddamn diamond’s gone!

CENTER COURT FRONT DOORS

Harm charges across the floor, almost to the exit when --

ALARMS SHRIEK. GATES ROLL DOWN.

He spins, trapped, looks down the length of the mall toward a far exit, where gates clang into place.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE

Mutt works the control panel, setting alarms remotely and operating security gates.

MUTT
(into mic)
Boris? ‘The hell are you? Boris!

TREVOR

Sitting there in his plastic cuffs, figures now might be a good time to just sidle right on out of there...

INT. CENTER COURT

Shayna sprints across the mall in a frenzy. Doesn’t see --

HARM

Charging up the unmoving escalator.

SECOND FLOOR

Harm heads for the access door, hand instinctively covering his pocket and the diamond inside as he runs.

He gets to the door, tries to push it open...
It doesn’t budge. Snow has jammed it shut.

HARM
Son of a bitch...

He twirls, charges toward the access corridor.

EXT. ICY STREETS - NIGHT

Almost no one on the road. Just a handful of stranded cars.

A Mercedes GL550 SUV, with chains, crunches confidently along on the treacherous surface.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Andrea drives. Cell phone RINGS; she grabs it instantly.

ANDREA
What happened?

Suddenly, she jams on brakes, fishtails into a crazy J-turn.

ANDREA
Get MPD on the horn. I need a two-mile perimeter and scrimmage lines... NOW!

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Andrea's Mercedes skids to a crooked stop. Pulling in behind it, a Jeep Blazer with the Express Mall Security logo.

Andrea climbs out, pulling her collar up tight as wind whips at her face.

The Blazer opens up as Number Two and two UNIFORMED SECURITY GUARDS climb out. They walk around to the back, open it up, and bring out TWO GERMAN SHEPHERDS.

INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Harm falls back against the wall, spent.

DISTANT BARKING. But getting closer. Harm hoofs it...

INT. MALL - SECOND FLOOR

The search is on. Shayna scans through storefronts. Across the way, a K-9 officer lets his dog sniff and search.

ANDREA (O.S.)
How the hell did this happen?!

Shayna stops, looks over the railing.

DOWN BELOW

Andrea El Khalil stands in front of Genevieve Jewelers, gate now raised, jabbing an accusatory finger into Mutt's chest.

ANDREA
Goddamn clown show in this place.

MUTT
Ya know, cursing's rather unbecoming of a lady.

UPSTAIRS

Shayna can't help but laugh when she hears that.

BORIS (O.S.)
Ohhhhh...

SHAYNA
The hell is that?

INT. GENEVIEVE EMPLOYEE BATHROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Shayna kicks open the door, finds Boris in a pool of sick.

SHAYNA
Oh, Jesus!

And then she sees: HARM'S WADDED-UP PAPER TOWELS.

SHAYNA
(into walkie)
Need K-9s on the pronto.

INT. FIRST FLOOR SERVICE CORRIDOR

Harm arrives at the elevator marked "PARKING."
Hits the buttons repeatedly.

But then: urgent BARKING. The dogs have picked up the scent. Harm mouths "Shit!," heads the other direction, toward a door marked EXIT. But as he pushes on it...

TREVOR (O.S.)
It's no use, man. Whole place is sealed up tight.

Harm spins to see Trevor skulking in the shadows nearby. Somehow he's gotten his plastic cuffs off.

TREVOR
So you really did it, huh? You boosted that rock. No way am I taking the fall as an accomplice, by the by. Hungry?

Trevor pulls a messy foot-long Philly steak sandwich from his coat and offers it.

HARM
Where did you get that?

TREVOR
Used to work at BoffoBurger. Buncha knuckle-dragging dropouts.

Harm regards Trevor dubiously.

TREVOR
What? Hey, man, I am a straight-A student. I read, like, three books a week. I just finished “Remembrances of Things Past.” You ever read that? Proust was messed up.

HARM
I don’t even know what that is.

TREVOR
They never changed the alarm code. So I fired up the grill and made me a triple Philly with pepper jack.

Harm shrugs, accepts half the sandwich. Takes a bite.

TREVOR
Let me see it.

Harm holds up the diamond.

TREVOR
They really kidnap your kid for this? That’s messed up, man. Materialism, what horseshit.

Harm’s face goes grim, steeped in thoughts of Sam. Awkward silence as they eat for a beat. BARKING in the distance growing louder.

HARM
How do we get out of here?

TREVOR
Wait till morning? Everything is locked down, dude. Hence, the sustenance. Wait. Did you try the east side fire stairs?

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Mutt scans through surveillance camera footage while Andrea talks on her cell phone.

ANDREA
I need to speak to Sergeant Stinson immediately.

MUTT
Clever son of a bitch.

Andrea turns, looks over Mutt's shoulder at surveillance footage of ski-masked Harm breaking into the display.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS POLICE DEPARTMENT 4TH PRECINCT - NIGHT

An austere building barely visible through the blizzard.

ANDREA (O.S.)
We're going to need manpower down here, Sergeant.

INT. SERGEANT STINSON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

SGT. STINSON is the guy who arrested Harm a decade ago. The surveillance footage is on his monitor.

Stinson turns toward the phone, annoyed.

STINSON
I've got two units on their way. But we got our hands full dealing with this damn storm.

ANDREA (O.S.)
Your excuses are unacceptable.

She hangs up. Stinson stares at his phone, incredulous.

INT. MALL - FIRST FLOOR SERVICE CORRIDOR

German shepherds drag their handlers along, on the scent. Shayna follows, hand on her holstered .45 ACP.

The dogs stop mid-way down, alerting to a ladies room door. Shayna draws her weapon. K-9 handlers tense up. She surges forward, kicks the door open --

SHAYNA
FREEZE!!!

INT. LADIES ROOM - CONTINUOUS

No one there. Just a pile of discarded Philly steak remnants.

DOWN THE HALLWAY

Trevor and Harm at the east side fire stairs, hearing Shayna yelling.

HARM
What are you waiting for?

TREVOR
Go. I'll stall 'em. Take this.

Trevor struggles to pull a key off his keyring. Not so easy.

HARM
What about --

TREVOR
Dude, I'll be fine. Remember this number: 7726. Boffoburger alarm code. In case you need to... argh, damn it!

He jumps up and down on the keyring, finally smashing it to pieces, and hands over the key.

TREVOR
I'd haul ass right about now, I was you.

Harm nods gratefully as the door SLAMS SHUT and Shayna, the guards, and the barking dogs converge on him --

SHAYNA
(gun at the ready)
Hands in the air! Turn around slowly!

Trevor complies, turning around. Shayna practically growls at the sight of him.

INT. SERGEANT STINSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Stinson does paperwork on his computer. Doom n' gloom weather report on the flat screen.

METEOROLOGIST
...fastest accumulation of snow in recorded history. Chicago, Minneapolis, and much of Wisconsin are facing snow totals of over thirty six inches. A quarter million people are without power in Chicago...

DETECTIVE LIZ SANDERS (30s), hefty but agile and no-nonsense, enters.

DETECTIVE LIZ (O.S.)
Guess what our ‘usual suspects’ search came up with.

A file folder with a mug shot of Harm clipped to it lands in front of him.

DETECTIVE LIZ
Harmon Bailey Davis. Spent seven years in Lino Lakes for Grand Theft, and over 400 bucks this afternoon at the mall on an odd assemblage of crap that *could* be reimagined as burglary tools.

Stinson suddenly taps the picture.

STINSON
I know this fella. Hell, I arrested his ass.

He climbs off the desk, pulls a heavy brown coat.

STINSON
Liz, get your galoshes on.

INT. MALL - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Teams of security sweep the Dandridge Mall. Andrea, her Number Two and Boris follow right behind the dogs and their handlers, hot on the scent.

Shayna drags Trevor back towards the security office.

TREVOR
No, seriously. You *are* somewhat attractive, in a certain light.

Outside the office, Mutt confers with FOUR MPD UNIFORMS. Spying all this:

INT. BOFFOBURGER - CONTINUOUS

Harm. Hiding behind the counter as the BARKING gets louder. Suddenly, a FLASHLIGHT sweeps the premises. Harm ducks.

HANDLER (O.S.)
He’s in here.

ANDREA (O.S.)
Open it up! You, around the back.

KEYS JANGLE as Boris steps forward to unlock the gate...

Harm bolts from cover into --

INT. BOFFOBURGER KITCHEN

He stacks 5 cases of canned soda on the stainless steel counter and jumps onto it, pushing up an acoustical panel.

Harm hauls himself upwards into the ceiling, kicking over the cases as he goes.

INT. BOFFOBURGER - CONTINUOUS

The security contingent opens the front door and charges in. Dogs ALERTING up a storm. But... no one’s here.

Andrea waves everyone into...

INT. BOFFOBURGER - KITCHEN

A couple soda cases knocked over, but otherwise... nothing.

BORIS
Aw. The little doggie-woggies wanted a burger. Ain’t that precious.

HANDLER
Our dogs do not alert to burgers. He’s here.

But the dogs are confused, yapping at the wall and *ceiling*...

INT. DROP CEILING - CONTINUOUS

Harm ever so carefully moves within the drop ceiling. He can only step on the rails, which are held up by flimsy wire --

HARM’S FOOT

Cascades through the ceiling -- next thing Harm knows, he’s halfway through. Scrabbles desperately to climb back up...

HARM
Shit!

But as he does so, an entire section of drop ceiling caves in, and he crashes down into...

INT. SPORTSHOP

...in a rain of metal struts and acoustical tile.

INT. BOFFOBURGER - CONTINUOUS

Everyone turns toward the noise --

ANDREA
Go!

INT. SPORTSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Winded, Harm staggers to his feet.

BROKEN WALKIE-TALKIE

Falls off his belt loop in pieces.

Then: he sees the ALARM SENSOR flashing red.

HARM
Oh --

The word “crap” is buried by the DEAFENING ALARM.

Harm looks out into the mall. Sportshop doesn’t have a roll-down metal gate, just glass walls surrounding the entire storefront. Through it, he sees, charging his way:

ANDREA EL KHALIL AND THE SECURITY SQUAD

Andrea holds a Beretta Bobcat .25 ACP in ready position.

HARM

Searching for escape. Zeroes in on

a $4,000 MONGOOSE TEOCALI MEGA BMX BIKE

AT THE FRONT OF SPORTSHOP

Shayna and her guard take one side, Mutt and his guy the other. Boris unlocks the door, then --

They fan out into the rows while Andrea moves between cash registers, eyes darting about, gun still in hand.

Something catches her eye. Something *airborne* --

A GOLF BALL whizzes past, pings across the floor.

As all eyes are drawn to the distraction --

HARM COMES BARRELING THROUGH ON THE MOUNTAIN BIKE!

BLAM-BLAM! Shots ring out --

Harm locks up the brakes, skids into a display of basketballs, which come down in a bouncy avalanche.

BLAM-BLAM! More shots. Balls explode right and left. Harm pedals fast and furious toward the entrance as the guards close in on both sides --

Directly ahead -- Andrea El Khalil, aiming right at him.

She’s just about to squeeze the trigger when Harm rides up an inclined weight bench, using it like a ramp --

And launches onto the checkout counter right beside Andrea. She spins, FIRES, bullets sparking off the wall beside Harm as he and his mountain bike...

INT. MALL - OUTSIDE SPORTSHOP

...<u>EXPLODE through the plate glass</u>.

Covered in cuts, Harm almost wipes out, but somehow rights the BMX and pedals away.

ANDREA
Damn it!

INT. MALL - SECOND FLOOR

Harm biking at full speed down the length of the mall. Behind him...

The security detail sprints out of the sporting good store, fanning out across the mall.

ANDREA
Head him off at The Gap!

Mutt and Shayna pursue Harm on one side while the K-9 officers rush to the other side of the balcony to give chase.

Andrea heads to the escalators, bounding three steps at a time toward the third floor in hopes of finding a better vantage.

HARM’S POV

Cops and security everywhere. No choice.

HARM
Forgive me, guys.

Out comes the blowgun. PFFT! PFFT! He takes down two MPD cops as he whizzes past.

ANOTHER COP hoofs it down the escalator -- PFFT! Nailed in the hand, he tumbles, throwing up as he crash-lands.

K-9s racing at him, off leash. Harm reloading fast, he spins and lets loose. PFFT! Dog #1 munches parquet.

He fires at Dog #2 -- and MISSES.

Harm frantically reloads -- the shepherd LEAPS at him --

PFFT! Harm tags him in the chest.
The dog hits hard, moaning and retching --

BLAM! Gunshot from Andrea, hauling ass towards him --

ANDREA
Freeze!

Next thing she knows, there is a 4” steel prong with a red tip sticking out of her neck. She rips it out, furious. Fights the effects hard. Face turns sallow. Eyes glassy. But she still struggles to aim...

Harm blazes away on the BMX --

ANDREA EL KHALIL’S POV

She has him in her sights -- but her sights are wavering. She snaps back to focus -- fighting, fighting --

Fuck! Her knees buckle; she falls, clutching her abdomen.

SHAYNA (O.S.)
Hey, shitbird, end of the line!

AT THE FAR END OF THE MALL

The security guards close in on Harm in front of the Gap.

MUTT
Nowhere to go. Drop the weapon and put your hands up.

Harm skids to a stop, spins around again, faces down his four gun-toting pursuers.

HARM
Look, I know you think I did something wrong here today... and I did... but not for the reason you think.

MUTT
You'll have plenty of time to explain to the police, assuming you didn't kill them.

The cop from the escalator groans and heaves.

SHAYNA
They're okay... I think.

HARM
Look, my kid -- they kidnapped my kid! Time's running out!

MUTT
Last warning. Drop the weapon and lay the bike down.

Harm thinks about it a second. Can't give up. Not yet. So he pedals hard --

HARM
You asked for it.

-- and lays the bike down, sliding on his side, with the bike still between his legs --

CRASH -- He plows into the security group, sending Shayna and the two K-9 guards to the ground in a heap. Mutt sprawls out of the way just in time --

Harm slides on through, popping back up, still on the bike, pedaling in a hurry as DOG 1 recovers and gives chase, BARKING UP A STORM.

SHAYNA
YOU DICK!

She gets to one knee, fires --

BLAM! -- the shot taking out the bike's back tire.

Harm is launched headfirst --

He crashes ass-over-teakettle and comes up by the glass elevator, rattled. He punches the UP button, then is startled to see Andrea, incredibly, closing in on him.

He raises the blowgun -- now useless, courtesy of a crimp.

ANDREA

Still swooning, sallow and pouring sweat, draws a bead --

Harm FLINGS the blowgun at her! He only grazes her, but it's enough to make her SHOT go wild --

DING! Glass elevator arrives. Harm dives inside, pummeling the "close" button repeatedly.

The doors slam shut as Andrea lunges. She rages against the glass. Then stops just as Harm disappears from view, the two locking eyes.

She sees the pain and guilt in his expression. It registers on her as curious and gives her pause for about a nanosecond.

INSIDE THE ELEVATOR

Harm catches his breath as the elevator rises to the third floor, looks through the glass to see --

ANDREA EL KHALIL, aiming --

HARM
Crap!

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!!! He ducks as the glass walls DISINTEGRATE --

THIRD LEVEL

Harm surges out, leaving behind the bike, which he jams into the elevator doors.

ANDREA (O.S.)
Escalators!

Harm hears the rush of activity as the guards and cops race at him from every direction. He looks around, desperate for a way out --

EXT. MALL - NIGHT

Blizzard-pocalypse winds heft a VW bug off the ground and send it careening across the mall parking lot --

INT. MALL

WHAM!!! VW totals the THIRD LEVEL MALL DOORS, spraying glass and buckling steel. Ice-white winds swirl inside --

HARM

A massive chasm -- an enormous 3-story gap between the side of the mall he's on and the other side with the smashed doors -- separates him from escape.

COP (O.S.)
MOVE AND YOU'RE DEAD!

Security forces close in.
Harm takes off in a dead sprint towards the railing...
SHOTS ring out --

HE LEAPS!

Andrea surges toward the railing, watching in shock as --

HARM

Flies through the air --

Momentarily joining the brass seabirds --

And alights atop the giant, spangly Fireheart prop! It sways like a pendulum, and Harm hangs on for dear life as it swings forward, then back...

THE SUPPORT TRUSS holding the prop Fireheart buckles --

MUTT AND SHAYNA'S HANDS reach for Harm, catching his pants leg, but they can't hold on as it swings back in the other direction --

CLANK! <u>The truss caves further</u> and the Fireheart prop suddenly drops five feet --

HARM

Watches as <u>the real Fireheart, in his pocket, shakes loose</u> --

HARM
NO!

Andrea looks on in horror as the diamond takes flight --

Spiraling through the air, falling three stories to the tile floor below --

Where it SHATTERS.

HARM

His jaw drops.

SHAYNA AND MUTT

Gasp.

THE GUARDS AND COPS

Dumbfounded. Did what they think just happened just happen?

SHAYNA
Diamonds don't shatter.

CREEEEEAK - BOOM! The support strut gives out. Harm jumps, grabbing a guy line --

THE FIREHEART PROP FALLS THREE STORIES, EXPLODING IN A MIASMA OF GLASS AND SEQUINS --

HARM

Dangling from the guy wire, stuck in the air and staring at the mess down below. His heart sinking. Deflated. He looks down, sees --

Andrea, walking down and moving through the field of glass below, taking it all in. Then looking back up at him. Pissed.

ANDREA
Do you know what you just did?!

Harm thinks about it, nods. Yeah, he knows. He just lost any hope of saving his son.

Andrea raises her weapon, aims at Harm.

ANDREA
Can't hold on up there forever. Time's gonna come, you're gonna have to get down, get what's coming to you. And that time... is now.

She aims for the wire above his head, about to fire... Harm, scrambling for survival, starts swaying back-and-forth...

BLAM! The shot rings out as the guy wire loops toward the balcony on the other side. It splits the wire, as Harm --

Leaps to the far-side third floor balcony.

WHAM! He slams against the outside edge of the railing, then falls over it to safety on the other side.

Harm staggers through frosty winds towards the busted doors --

ANDREA
(to security contingent)
If that sonofabitch gets away it’s on every one of your heads!

SHAYNA

Snarls, runs -- but not towards the busted doors like everyone else. She heads *the opposite way*...

EXT. MALL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Harm squeezes out the smashed door, around the crunched VW, pummeled all the while by icy high winds.

WHITEOUT. Snow a foot and a half deep.
MUFFLED SOUNDS of pursuers coming in fast behind him.

Harm jams an “additional parking on roof” sign between the VW and the busted door frame to slow his pursuers.

That’s when he sees the F-150 with the JOYRIDING TEENS skid through the lot -- CLUNK. They hit a police car.

FLATTOP TEEN
Uh-oh.

HARM
Wait!

Harm trudges through the snow, leaving enormous prints in his wake.

FLATTOP TEEN sees Harm approaching and freaks, tries to floor it; tires spew snow, but the truck doesn’t go.

Harm comes up on the F-150, looks back at his footprints.

HARM
I need a ride!

FLATTOP TEEN
Where to?

HARM
There.

Harm points to the staircase at the far corner of the lot. Flattop Teen gives Harm a very strange look.

EXT. MALL - PARKING LOT - MINUTE LATER

Andrea and Mutt make it outside first. A COP falls in right behind them.

ANDREA'S POV: deep footprints in the snow, which disappear, replaced by tire tracks, which continue out of the lot and away.

MUTT
(into radio)
Suspect has left the premises. We need a two-mile perimeter around the mall. Two-ton pickup, based on the tracks.

Seething, Andrea kicks the VW.

EXT. MALL STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Open air but at least a little protected from the weather, Harm descends the staircase, checking his phone.

18 missed calls and texts from Lucy. He winces. He scrolls through the texts, balking at the very last one:

THAT DOES IT. I'M DRIVING TO THE MALL IN TEN MINUTES IF I DON'T HEAR BACK FROM YOU.

Shit! He checks his watch. No choice. He dials.

HARM
Honey, it's me.

LUCY (O.S.)
Harm! Jesus, I was worried sick! Where the hell are you two --

HARM
I... I gotta tell you something. And please just hear me out 'cause I'm trying to do the right thing, but --

LUCY (O.S.)
What? What's going on?

Harm agonizes for a beat --

LUCY (O.S.)
Harm!

HARM
(blurting it out)
Gray Polanski kidnapped Sam.

LUCY (O.S.)
WHAT?!

HARM
(rambling)
He wanted me to snatch a diamond at the mall. I tried, but it broke and --

LUCY (O.S.)
Oh my God! Oh my God! I -- I'm coming over there. I'm calling the cops right now!

HARM
No! No, listen to me very carefully, okay? Stay put. You cannot call the police. They will put a bullet in his head if they even smell a cop.

Sobbing from the other end.

HARM
Lucy! Did you hear me?

Behind Harm, a figure moves behind a pillar...

INT. HARM AND LUCY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lucy on her knees, a sobbing wreck.

INTERCUTS AS NEEDED

LUCY
I -- I don't care. I'm calling the cops! I don't...

She doubles over, agonized. Harm can't find words either.

HARM
I'm so sorry, honey. I am so sorry. I tried. I tried to get it. I was so close.

LUCY
Sam!!!!

HARM
I know, baby. I know. I... look, it's not over, okay? I'm -- I still have a shot. I can...

But he's shooting blanks and he knows it.

HARM
I'll get him back, okay? I promise. I'll get our boy back.

SHAYNA (O.S.)
Hang up the phone, turn toward me with your hands above your head.

Harm turns, sees Shayna stepping out from behind a pillar, leveling her gun.

LUCY (O.S.)
Harm? Harm!

HARM
I gotta go, honey. I love you.

Harm slowly closes the phone and raises his hands.

INT. HARM AND LUCY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Lucy, beside herself, into the phone:

LUCY
Don't you hang up on me!

DING-DONG. Without even thinking, Lucy flings open the front door... to find SGT. STINSON and DET. LIZ on her stoop.

STINSON
Lucille Hill? We need to talk.

LUCY

Face frozen in fright.

INT. MALL UNDERGROUND PARKING LEVEL

Shayna is about to key her mic. But, confused, she reconsiders. Circles Harm carefully.

SHAYNA
So you were serious. About your kid.

Harm nods.

SHAYNA
Who’s got him?

A MINUTE LATER

Harm, hands still up. Shayna, gun still raised. But clearly, moved.

HARM
And that’s it. Midnight.

SHAYNA
They’re gonna kill the both of you. He gets the ice, you take the fall.

MUTT (O.S.)
Shayna, what’s your 20?

Shayna exhales. Takes a good hard look at Harm.

SHAYNA
You know, gotta be a reason El Khalil chased that paste.

HARM
(suddenly rejuvenated)
Like she thought it was real, too...

MUTT (O.S.)
Shayna, come back, over.

Shayna nods deliberately. Suddenly Harm understands.

HARM
That means the Fireheart *can’t be in the store safe.* She’d know. And if it’s not in the safe...

SHAYNA
But it has to be *on the premises* for them to advertise it’s here...

Harm looks around. In the far corner of the lot, idling:

THE EXPRESS SECURITY ARMORED CAR

HARM
Son of a bitch.

MUTT (O.S.)
Shayna!

Shayna keys her walkie.

SHAYNA
Roger, sorry, slipped on the ice. I’m okay. Lower parking level secure. Heading in, over.
(to Harm)
This conversation never happened.

She gestures with her gun.

SHAYNA
Go get him.

A moment between them. Harm nods emphatically.

HARM
Hey... Happy Valentine’s Day.

For the first time, Shayna smiles. A gorgeous smile, lighting the night. Then: she spins and leaves.

HARM

Sights his prey, checks his watch.

INT. MALL - UNDERGROUND PARKING LEVEL

Harm creeps spider-like up to the armored car, staying in its blind spots.

He notices a SEDAN right alongside it, engine running. Magnetic EXPRESS sign on the door. TWO OFF-DUTY COPS inside, reading the paper.

Harm crouches, thinking. Searches for tools. Only a few cars down here... and a fire hose case. Hmm.

Tries a few car doors. Locked. Locked. Open.

He digs around inside an old Toyota, comes up with a lighter and a pile of cardboard boxes, newspapers and magazines...

EXT. ARMORED CAR

Harm tucks and rolls, comes up alongside the armored car. Staying out of sight of the driver, who is busy texting, Harm jams the flammables under the front bumper and lights it up.

INT. ARMORED CAR

DRIVER looks up from his phone curiously and gasps when he sees FLAMES roaring up from under the hood!

DRIVER
Shit! We're on fire!

He makes for the door at the rear, but is grabbed by his ASSOCIATE, in the back --

ASSOCIATE
We ain't supposed to get out for nothing.

DRIVER
You wanna burn to death for fifteen bucks an hour, be my guest!

Driver pushes past. Associate looks back at the fire...

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LEVEL

Driver jumps out the rear door, followed by Associate.

In the sedan, OFF-DUTY COP 1 looks up from his paper, taps his partner.

OFF-DUTY COP 1
Hey. What the hell?

They scramble out of their vehicle as --

Harm comes running, fire hose unspooling behind him --

HARM
Stand back!

He lets loose with the fire hose -- BLASSH!!! 400 PSI of water -- *but not at the fire*. He aims at the GUARDS --

They're pummelled with bitterly cold water.
Off-Duty Cop 2 gets off a single shot before the gun's knocked from his hand and...

Both cops go tumbling backwards over the railing!

OFF-DUTY COP 1 (O.S.)
AAAGGHHH!!!

THUMP... Silence.

Harm bounds to the railing, looks over. Sees --

DOWN BELOW

The two cops, half-buried in snow, groaning but still moving.

HARM

Turns back, spots the gun on the ground. He stuffs it in his waistband and scrambles into the armored car --

INT. ARMORED CAR - REAR

Harm finds the lockbox. No time for subtlety. He SHOOTS the lock three times, wincing from the noise. Opens the lockbox and there it is.

THE REAL FIREHEART.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Associate's long gone, but Driver stops by the staircase, turns back, sees Harm climbing out of the vehicle and stuffing the diamond into his pocket.

DRIVER
Who the hell are you?

Harm looks up, sees DRIVER suddenly coming his way, so he grabs the fire hose and blasts at his feet.

Driver slips on instant ice, goes down hard, as Harm hastens away into the night and the churning blizzard...

ANDREA (O.S.)
Mobile One, report. Mobile one?

EXT. ICY STREET OUTSIDE THE MALL - NIGHT

Harm hoofs it, but even with the extra coat and his ski mask pulled down tight, he is freezing, and it is a trudge.

Checks his watch: 9:27.

HARM
Crap!

His cell phone RINGS. He digs in, checks the ID.

HARM
(into phone)
Not the best time.

GRAY (O.S.)
(from phone)
Funny that you think I'm worried about inconveniencing you.

INT. ICE FISHING SHACK - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Gray talks to Harm on speaker. A light sweat on his forehead; he may be febrile or in shock.

Connie, nose bandaged, presses a wet compress to Gray’s forehead.

GRAY
Scanner’s going crazy. Sounds like you actually pulled it off. Incredible. Do share.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

HARM
Put Sam on NOW.

GRAY
In due time. Now, please, the details.

HARM
Damn it, Gray, I swear I’ll throw this diamond into the fuckin’ river!

GRAY
So you have it?

HARM
Yes. Yes, I have the damn thing.

GRAY
Good. Now get your ass in gear. I’m liking this kid less and less. Tick. Tick. Tick. Tock. Tock...

CLICK. Harm hangs up with ferocity.

But no time to seethe. He spots more MPD vehicles as well as Hennepin County Sheriffs skidding into the mall.

Meanwhile, Andrea jumps into her Mercedes SUV, her crew into Express Security Blazers.

VEHICLE LIGHTS moving all around him. He’s got maybe half a minute. And good luck trying to run in this weather.

CONSTRUCTION SITE

The new wing of the mall being built. Smaller construction vehicles snowed over, but one vehicle too big to be buried...

A CRAWLER CRANE

Massive, with tank-like tracks and a 100' crane arm overhead.

Harm takes off that direction, SLIDING DOWN an icy embankment, and bounding up on the ginormous tracks --

INT. CRAWLER CRANE

Harm slams the door shut, shivering as he looks at the controls. A grin spreads across his face.

HARM
Just like the forklift at work.

He turns the ignition, the crane RUMBLING TO LIFE, and throws it into gear.

EXT. STREET JUST BEYOND MALL - MOMENTS LATER

Minneapolis PD forms a roadblock. Lights flashing, officers with weapons drawn, shielded by open doors.

INT. STINSON'S BLAZER

Stinson sits behind the wheel, with Lucy in the back.

LUCY
I don't know what it is you think I can do.

STINSON
You're the one person who might be able to talk sense into Harmon Davis.
(shakes his head)
Why the hell would he do this?

Lucy bites her lip and keeps quiet.

INT. CRAWLER CRANE

Harm cranks the heat, starts to warm up. His hand taps his pant pocket, feeling the shape of the diamond.

HARM
Still there?

BLAM! -- A shot from behind him. It impacts on the side of the vehicle, the SPARK flashing past Harm's window.

Harm turns, looks at Andrea hanging out her window, weapon in hand.

He squats down low and punches the gas -- barely speeds up.

HARM
Okay. Time to get creative...

He eyes the roadblock ahead, then goes for the crane controls.

EXT. STREET JUST BEYOND MALL

Sergeant Stinson stands in front of his Blazer, staring in disbelief as the crane approaches.

STINSON
What’re you gonna do now, Harmon Davis?

BLAM, CLANK -- more shots from Andrea.
Stinson barks to a DEPUTY:

STINSON
Get that crazy woman on the line and make her hold her damn fire!

The Deputy doesn’t respond. His eyes bulge. Stinson sees the terror, then turns to see what he’s looking at --

It’s the crane arm, swinging directly toward them, the giant metal hook on its end arcing outward --

STINSON
Jiminy Christmas!!!

Stinson dives out of the way -- Officers scramble for cover -- And the hook swings directly --

INTO AN MPD BLAZER!

Smashing out a window, picking the vehicle up by its door frame and whipping it into the air --

DETECTIVE LIZ

In the driver’s seat, yelps and bails out, tumbling 15 feet into a snowbank below.

INT. CRAWLER CRANE

Harm looks as shocked as the deputies at what he’s doing as he swings the crane arm around, the Blazer connected to it.

HARM
Deeper and deeper...

INT. ANDREA’S MERCEDES

Andrea looks on in shock herself as the vehicle whips around toward her --

ANDREA
Fuck. Me.

She yanks the wheel, swerves --

And her windshield goes completely white as she SLAMS into a snow drift. BLAM! -- airbags expand, saving her skull.

EXT. STREET JUST BEYOND MALL

The hooked vehicle pendulums over Andrea’s wrecked car, swinging back toward the roadblock...

CRASH -- knocking into a cruiser and sending it spinning into another, barely missing Stinson as the two lambada down a shallow ravine.

INT. STINSON’S BLAZER

Lucy stares through the window, in shock. A wash of emotions running through her.

LUCY
Harm, stop it! Stop!!!

EXT. STREET

The crawler crane rumbles down the road, the roadblock behind it completely destroyed.

Andrea scrambles out of her Mercedes, bounding into the road to watch it go.

ANDREA
This guy is out of control!

She whips out her piece -- but Stinson slaps her wrist, sending the SHOT blasting into the air above.

STINSON
He's out of control?!
(beat)
Stand down, ma'am. That is a direct order!

Andrea fumes. Standoff. She finally holsters her piece.

STINSON
(into his mic)
Don't just sit around on your but ts! Little bit of snow. Move out, now, now, now!

Stinson marches up to his Blazer and climbs in. Then points a finger at Lucy.

STINSON
Your boyfriend's going away for a long, long time, Ms. Hill.

Lucy cries into her hands, shakes her head.

Stinson exhales in a pique, JAMS that key into the ignition and PEELS OUT in an enormous swath of snow spray.

The other vehicles fall in line behind him with difficulty.

With a mighty YELL, Andrea rips away her deflated steering wheel airbag and jumps behind the wheel. Starts the SUV with a ROAR.

Spinning tires spit snow on weary deputies as they push Andrea's big Mercedes SUV out onto the road. She GUNS IT and catches up with Stinson.

INT. CRAWLER CRANE - NIGHT

Harm breathes a sigh of relief as he blasts the heater and rumbles down the road at 15 MPH. Glancing into the --

SIDE MIRRORS

The police vehicles are useless in this weather, compared to the crane. A moment of relief.

He cuts the lights and takes the crane *off-road.*

EXT. SNOWDRIFT - NIGHT

Det. Liz stands atop a packed snowdrift, teeth chattering as she watches the crane in the distance. She keys her mic:

DETECTIVE LIZ
Should we call for an air mobile unit, sir?

INT. STINSON'S BLAZER

Stinson considers it for a second, then shakes his head as he looks at the dangerous conditions out his window.

STINSON
(into mic)
That's a negative.
(under his breath)
Nothing's flying in this.

EXT. FIELD

The crawler crane ambles through giant snow drifts, spitting powder in its slow-moving wake, the pursuing cops getting buried in drifts far behind.

HARM
Where the hell am I going?

INT. MALL - CENTER COURT

Shayna sits on the edge of the fountain, lost in thought; glass and sequins litter the entire space. Mutt walks over, plops down beside her.

MUTT
You all right?

Shayna thinks about it a second. And smiles.

SHAYNA
Yeah. I'm good.

She gets up, wanders through the detritus.

SHAYNA
You know, Mutt... maybe there are a couple decent guys left out there.

MUTT
You’re on crack. Come on. We gotta clean this shit up.

Her smile fades quickly.

EXT. FIELD

The crawler crane maneuvers slowly but powerfully across the icy field.

In the distance, Stinson and Andrea El Khalil fishtail and fall further and further behind.

INT. CRAWLER CRANE

Practically a white-out, so Harm never sees that he’s driving right into a fence.

CRASH!!! Boards fly against the windshield as --

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

-- the crawler crane plows through a fence with a “NO ACCESS” sign on the gate.

INT. CRAWLER CRANE - CONTINUOUS

Harm looks up, and once the boards are gone, the field of vision is almost all white again.

EXT. FIELD

The pursuing vehicles slide on ice wildly. Even with chains and that huge 5.5 liter, 32-valve V8, Andrea’s vehicle finds it tough sledding, literally...

INT. ANDREA’S MERCEDES

Andrea white-knuckles the wheel as she slides.

ANDREA
AAAGGHHH!!!

The vehicle goes into a full-spin, the view through the windshield rotating around until --

Stinson’s vehicle becomes clear, just inches ahead. Andrea is bathed in red brake lights as...

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

...CRUNCH. Impact. Andrea’s vehicle hits Stinson’s, sending the Sergeant’s Blazer --

Deep into a snow bank. Buried.

INT. BLAZER

Snow covering all windows, it’s dark and still inside. After a second, Stinson turns on the interior light, illuminating himself and --

LUCY

In the backseat, eyes closed tight, hands clutching the seatbelt for dear life.

Stinson nods to her reassuringly.

STINSON
You okay back there?

Lucy nods. Eyes a cut on Stinson’s forehead, blood seeping down the side of his face.

LUCY
You should let me take a look at that.

STINSON
(waving it off)
Looks like Harmon Davis may have given us the slip. Hope you’re proud.

LUCY
He has a good reason for what he’s doing.
(quickly)
He must have.

Stinson grunts, throws the Blazer into reverse, keys his mic.

STINSON
This is Sergeant Charles Stinson. We need some plows and tow trucks a-sap.

BZZZT -- A cell phone vibrates. Lucy surreptitiously whips out her smartphone.

“Baby, need yr help. Can u pull up some maps? Need 2 get 2 Lake Magda ASAP.”

With eyes on Stinson, who’s preoccupied with making a report on his radio, Lucy texts back:

“Give me landmarks.”

INT. CRAWLER CRANE

Harm, reading the text while driving.

HARM
(to himself)
Don’t try this at home, kids.

Looking around, he can’t see a damn thing. Abruptly, the crane careers through a chicken wire fence and winds up on a stretch of back road. Billboard advertises a Denny’s 2 miles away at Benjamin Ave.

He texts back in a hurry.

INT. BLAZER

Lucy checks her latest text:

“Chestnut Rd., 2 miles from a Denny’s on Benjamin.”

Lucy quickly pulls up maps and best-guesses Harm’s location.

“Head towards that Denny’s. In 1.5 Miles you’ll cross the 13. Turn L and off-road it alongside the 13 for 30 miles.”

STINSON
The hell are you doing, Ms. Hill?

LUCY
Hmm? Oh! My son, he, uh, wants to know where I am.

STINSON
Your son, huh? Where’s he?

LUCY
M-My sister Anita’s.

Stinson’s eyes narrow.

STINSON
Hand me that phone.

Lucy panics. Fumbles to erase the texts --

STINSON
Now.

Lucy tremulously hands it to him -- but at the last second, opens the window and hurls it into a snow bank!

STINSON
Shit!

EXT. ROUTE 13 - NIGHT

Harm’s crawler crosses the 13, just like Lucy said.

HARM
Yes. Thank you, baby.

He cuts left and off-roads it.

HARM
Hang on, Sam.

EXT. SNOWY ROAD - NIGHT

Lucy, now in handcuffs, as Andrea and the contingent of miserable cops root through the snow for Lucy’s phone. Stinson: pissed to beat the band.

STINSON
Can you say “Accessory,” Ms. Hill?

ANDREA
Found it!

The cops gather round as Andrea attempts to start up the phone, but the Gorilla Glass has been King Konged. Toast.

Disgusted, Andrea flings the busted phone at Stinson.

STINSON
(to Lucy)
Where is he? Where’s he going?

Lucy turns away, defiant.

STINSON
Detective, arrest Ms. Hill.

Detective Liz steps forward to do just that.

EXT. CORNFIELD - LATER

The crawler crane continues its arduous trek, snow pelting its windshield relentlessly.

INT. CRAWLER CRANE

Harm, behind the wheel, focused. Glove box open, road maps opened on the passenger seat. Checks his watch. 10:47.

Reaches forward, wipes away condensation on the windshield with his palm. A second later... it’s foggy again.

RING. Harm checks his phone, sees: Unknown number. He answers with vehemence:

HARM
Damn it, Gray --

STINSON (O.S.)
Harmon Davis, this is Sergeant Charles Stinson, MPD. We’ve placed your girlfriend under arrest.

Harm pales.

INT. BLAZER - CONTINUOUS

Stinson has his phone on speaker as the Blazer idles. Detective Liz sits beside him. Lucy sits cuffed in the back.

Andrea El Khalil leans in the window to Stinson.

ANDREA
He was heading due north. He has to get on either the 65 or the 13 or he’s going to drive right into the lakes.

Stinson nods at her, starts the Blazer and pulls out. The other vehicles follow his lead.

STINSON
Are you *there,* Mr. Davis?

INTERCUTS AS NEEDED

HARM
No.

STINSON
You’re really mucking things up, kid.

HARM
I’m trying to *save* my kid, okay?

Save his kid? Detective Liz cocks her head in realization. She pulls up data on her phone.

Stinson catches Lucy in the back -- sobbing. Like, grieving mother-sobbing.

STINSON
The hell are you talking about, Davis?

DETECTIVE LIZ
(to Stinson)
I took a nine-one-oner earlier from a man claiming his son was kidnapped.
(shows her phone)
It was Davis.

But before Stinson can process the information --

LUCY
Harm --

HARM
Lucy. Shit. I’m so sorry. I -- I wasn’t there for you. Or Sam. I --

LUCY
Harm!

HARM
And now I got you into this, and --

LUCY
Harm, shut up! I love you. Now...
(firm)
Go. Get. Our. Son.

HARM

Completely snow-blind, just barely glimpses THE BUILDING dead ahead -- he gasps, cuts the wheel, but no chance --

INT. YAMAGO DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

Snowmobiles and 4-wheel ATVs dot the darkened show floor.

The crawler crane SMASHES THROUGH THE WALL, coming to a jagged, abrupt stop amidst concrete, rebar and smashed recreational vehicles. The crane arm crashes down. Wrecked.

Bloodied and dazed, Harm clambers from the cab. Clanging ALARM in his ears.

Manna from heaven: a room full of fucking snowmobiles.

INT/EXT. YAMAGO DEALERSHIP - MINUTES LATER

Now dressed head to toe in heavy-duty black leather suit and goggles, Harm revs his bad-ass new Yamago snowmobile.

It rocket-sleds off into the night, spitting a contrail of snow in its wake.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The pursuit crew has gotten stuck but good.

Cops dig Stinson’s Blazer out of a drift and throw rock salt under the tires. A TOW TRUCK drives up.

Andrea guns her Mercedes, but tires spin uselessly on ice, despite chains.

The mood is glum. They’ve lost the scent and know it.

Stinson opens his Blazer door, roots in his glovebox for flashlight batteries.

LUCY
You... you have kids, Sergeant?

He looks at her -- not with anger. Conflict on his face.

Beat.

STINSON
Hell yeah, I got kids. Two girls. Sage and Katarina.

LUCY
Beautiful names.

Stinson nods, bites his lip. They share a long look.

Shit, man, focus. He looks to the sky...

And grabs up the police radio.

STINSON
This is Sergeant Stinson. We got an urgent situation. Any chance of air support?

AIR UNIT CONTROLLER (O.S.)
Uh, that's a negative, sir. Weather conditions are prohibitive. We'll keep you apprised of viability as conditions change.

Andrea yanks the mic out of Stinson's hand, grips it toward her chapping lips.

ANDREA
(into mic)
Who am I speaking to?

AIR UNIT CONTROLLER (O.S.)
MPD Air Unit Controller Peter Sales. Who the hell is this?

ANDREA
Andrea El Khalil. Chief of Ops, Genevieve Jewelers. I have tactical command on this resource recovery mission, and --

STINSON
Like hell you do --

ANDREA
(ignoring him)
-- I am commanding you to put a chopper in the air.

AIR UNIT CONTROLLER (O.S.)
Ma'am, just as I told the Sergeant --

ANDREA
It is my understanding that the Staties recently acquired an NH-90 with the best de-icing tech available. So get off your lazy ass and get us that damn bird before this hits the morning papers and I publicly blame YOU for our suspect getting away.

A quiet moment. Then...

AIR UNIT CONTROLLER (O.S.)
Filing the requisition now, ma'am.

Andrea hands the mic back to Stinson with a look that says, “not in charge, huh?” Stinson growls.

ANDREA
You do this your way. I’ll do it mine.

EXT. MAGDA LAKE - NIGHT

Harm pauses at a sign reading LAKE MAGDA. Yes!

He steers his snowmobile off the road and gets air before he WHAMS down onto the ice. Harm full-throttles it. Squinting against GUSTS OF WIND AND SNOW but never slowing down.

And never noticing the DANGER: THIN ICE signs.

HARM

Jumps a little snowdrift -- lands on the other side, almost looking like he’s kind of enjoying it.

CRREEEEAAAKKK... cracks spiderweb the ice behind him from the impact of the landing.

At first, Harm doesn’t notice. But with every yard the snowmobile moves forward, the ice cracks grow, chasing him, pursuing, catching up...

Ice plummets into the water behind him. Chunks drop off to the sides. The lake is collapsing around him.

Harm realizes, sees --

A FISSURE

Opening up in front of him. Certain doom.

He whips the handlebars to the left to avoid it. The snowmobile topples over sideways... and Harm goes skidding across ice.

He comes to a stop, eyes closed, and when he opens them up again, he takes a second to press the ice below him.

Realizing it’s holding, he sighs in relief. Until he sees THE UPENDED SNOWMOBILE CAREENING TOWARDS HIM.

Harm pushes upward, jumps straight up into the air, the snowmobile twirling beneath him...

THUD! He comes back down, hard, struggles to catch his breath.

He turns, grabs the snowmobile and struggles to get it upright. With great effort, he finally does so, jumping back behind the handlebars and surging forward again.

WHIRRING from behind him cuts against the howling wind. Harm looks back to see --

THE NH-90 HELICOPTER

An imposing piece of military hardware rising over the lake.

HARM
Oh, crap.

He wrenches the throttle back, speeds up.
But the helicopter’s moving toward him even faster.

None other than Andrea El Khalil dangles out the side door, headset over her head, megaphone in hand --

ANDREA
Time’s up, Davis. Stand down.

HARM
Didn’t come this far just to give up now.

Harm yanks the handlebars to the left. The chopper follows.

Now Harm cuts right, zigzags across ice. The chopper counters again.

Andrea signals to CHOPPER PILOT and the helicopter surges forward. Lower now. Right on Harm’s ass.

He pulls back on the throttle. Speedometer needle redlines. The chopper matches pace.

Getting closer, closer. Harm braves a look back, sees --

BLADES

Chopping air behind him. Not even above him anymore, just feet off the ice. And getting ever closer.

ANDREA
Park the vehicle NOW. This is your last warning.

Harm sees a drift up ahead, hunkers down, aims right for it.

30 yards away. 20. 10. He hits the drift, flies upward...

THUNK -- slamming back down on ice on the other side, having gained a little distance from the chopper.

He looks back, grinning, only to see --

HELICOPTER BLADES CHOPPING ICE.

Ice flies. Water sprays. And the chopper loses control. Dropping like a stone...

CRASH! Slamming into ice, rupturing a massive hole. Sinking in a hurry.

Harm looks off into the distance. Up ahead...

ICE FISHING SHACKS

Just little black dots against white. But still, his destination. And one of them, painted red.

Behind him...

THE CHOPPER

Disappearing into frigid waters.

HARM

Makes a split-second decision. Kills the engine on the snowmobile. Bounds toward the sinking chopper.

Slips on the ice, slamming to his chest, but extending an arm toward the rupturing ice hole...

Andrea’s hand grips his. Harm pulls with all his might.

HARM
Wow, you’re --

ANDREA
Do *not* say heavy!

HARM
I was gonna say determined.

Harm looks past her, sees that Andrea’s other hand is clutching the PILOT’S. A human chain.

SWOOSH... The helicopter sinks, watery suction in its wake pulling hard on the three-person chain.

HARM

Cannot give up. Will not. He gives it his all and --

Andrea scrabbles, and she gasps, but finally -- her knees make purchase on ice. She pulls in turn and finally, Chopper Pilot too makes it to safety as...

The helicopter disappears.

The trio breathes a slow sigh of relief. And then --

ANDREA
(to Harm)
Davis?

HARM
Yeah?

ANDREA
Hand over the diamond.

HARM
(shaking his head)
Wish I could.

And with that, Harm hoofs across ice as Andrea gives chase. Chopper Pilot doesn’t bother.

Andrea almost has Harm in her grasp when Harm leaps onto the snowmobile, fires it up...

And leaves her in the proverbial dust, her EPITHETS drowned out by the roar of the engine...

EXT. ICE FISHING VILLAGE

Harm’s snowmobile whizzes up, comes to a stop.

Harm climbs off, fights through howling winds, stomping across snow and ice toward the red shack.

INT. ICE FISHING SHACK

Connie looks out through binoculars.

CONNIE
Absolutely superhuman. Gray? I believe your accomplice is here.

Gray, hand bandaged, fever sheen on his forehead, laughs roundly, gets a pound from Baeza and then kisses, twirls and dips Connie.

GRAY
And you doubted me.

CONNIE
I never. But we have to get you to a doctor, Gray.

GRAY
(waves her off)
“For every moment of triumph, for every instance of beauty, many souls must be trampled.” -- Hunter S. Thompson.
(calls out)
Set the table. Company’s here.

EXT. ICE FISHING SHACK

Harm, looking like a walking snowman, feels the shape of the diamond in his pocket before grabbing the door and storming into the...

INT. ICE FISHING SHACK

...where he sees Sam, very much alive, bound and gagged by the fire. Connie sits beside him, Gray looming just feet away, gun in hand.

HARM
Sam! You okay? Did they hurt you?

Sam cries out through his gag.

CLICK-CLACK... a shotgun is racked. Harm turns to see Baeza standing behind him, weapon in hand, fire in his eyes.

GRAY
I believe you have a little merchandise for us?

Harm’s hands go to his pocket. Then, he stops, looks at Sam, reconsiders.

HARM
Give me Sam first.

GRAY
You have no say here. The ice first. Then the brat.

HARM
What’s to guarantee you’ll give him to me?

Gray walks around in front of Connie and Sam, eyes Harm.

GRAY
Absolutely nothing.

Borderline delirious, Gray presses his gun to Sam’s forehead.

GRAY
Hurts to lose a loved one, huh?

HARM
Take that gun off of my son.

GRAY
Maybe I need to refresh your memory.

He cocks the gun. Sam shudders, terrified. Harm inches forward.

HARM
I’ll give you the diamond! Just... just lower your gun.

GRAY
Nah, don’t think I will. Think I’ll show you what loss really feels like -- while the buckshot Baeza puts in your gut rots you from the inside. See, that’s me working on some next-level shit right there. Pain from the inside, both physical and emotional. And while you bleed out, I’ll just reach in and take that little diamond right outta your hands.

He grins, presses the weapon harder against Sam’s head. Harm’s eyes bounce around, unsure.

Connie eases toward Gray, speaks in hushed tones.

CONNIE
Sugar, let’s just get what we came for and go. Remember what the doctor said about drama.

Gray, sweating and in shock from his hand injury, looks to her admonishingly.

HARM
Sam, it’s going to be all right. I promise you.

Sam, bawling now.

HARM
Sam! Just look at me. Look at me!

Sam takes his eyes off the gun, looks to Harm. Harm nods reassuringly.

HARM
I’m not going to let them hurt you.
I promise.
(to Gray)
Okay. Okay. Here it is.

He reaches into his pocket.
Baeza inches forward with his shotgun.

BOOM! A blast rings out...

Harm’s eyes go to Sam first -- he’s okay. Then to Gray, spinning toward the door.

Harm twirls, sees -- Baeza, slumping against the wall, crimson blood from his chest wound staining ice below.

The door to the shack -- a massive hole blasted through it -- clatters in the wind, revealing --

SERGEANT STINSON

Standing on the other side, gun in hand. With several of his men backing him up.

STINSON
Drop your weapon! You are surrounded!

GRAY
Motherfucker!

Gray returns fire. Stinson and his men flatten --

HARM

Surges forward, takes Sam’s hand --

CONNIE

Steps into his path, draws her own gun. End of the line.

And then... she nods covertly, *“Get out of here!”*

No time to be stunned, Harm yanks his boy through the door as BULLETS WHIZ PAST --

EXT. ICE FISHING VILLAGE

Harm scrambles out the door, Sam in tow, bounding past Sergeant Stinson, who is firing off shots at Gray, now huddled in the ice shack doorway.

STINSON
Where in blue blazes do you think you're going?!

Harm doesn't answer. Not in words. But his eyes say it all as he fixes his stare on --

LUCY

Seated in the front seat of the tow-truck. Eyes welling with tears as she sees Harm and Sam.

HARM

Needing to move faster than Sam can run, scoops the kid up in his arms, wrapping him in a hug against his chest as he runs. He pulls off Sam's gag.

Sam squeezes him tight, melts Harm's heart as he says:

SAM
I love you, *Dad*.

HARM
(fighting back tears)
Love you too, son.

The moment of a lifetime but no time to enjoy it. They scramble toward the tow-truck, while behind them...

INT. ICE FISHING SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Bullet holes riddle the shack, splinters flying, wood particles flittering through the air as Connie comes up behind Gray, who goes empty and has to reload.

GRAY
Cover me!

CONNIE
Gray, baby, we've no chance. We -- we gotta surrender!

HER HAND

Covers his gun hand, pushes it down. She nods.

STINSON (O.S.)
There is no way out. Put down your weapons and walk out with your hands on your heads.

She looks in Gray's eyes imploringly.

CONNIE
I'm only 24. I thought this was going to be a-a lark, an adventure. I don't want to die! *Please.*

GRAY
You gotta be fucking kidding me.

CONNIE
I'm sorry, Gray, do what ya want. But I... I can't do this.

She stands. He nods. Then: BLAM. Shoots her point blank. She tumbles backwards. Gray grabs her gun and resumes fire.

GRAY
Sorry, baby doll.

EXT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Lucy and Detective Liz climb out of the tow-truck. Lucy kneels, still-cuffed arms outstretched as Harm puts down Sam, who runs to her.

SAM
MOM!

She beams -- but then, her smile fades when she sees Harm heading back toward the firefight.

LUCY
Harm? Harm, what are you doing?!

HARM
(to himself more than her)
If I walk away with this...
(fingering the diamond)
...I'm guilty again.

Harm starts toward Stinson, speeding up with each step.

HARM
Sergeant! I want to turn this over to you!

Lucy holds Sam as best she can, stares at Harm in disbelief over their son’s shoulders.

LUCY
Harm, stop!

BLAM, BLAM! Shots splinter ice in front of his feet. He doesn’t stop. Cracks spiderweb around his every step.

WIND PICKS UP. SNOW BILLOWS SIDEWAYS. Impossible to see anything other than SPORADIC FLASHES OF GUNFIRE.

Harm follows the gunfire, Stinson’s image slowly materializing against white as Harm pulls out the diamond.

HARM
Take it.

GRAY (O.S.)
I believe I will.

Harm stops in his tracks, the black of a gun barrel seemingly appearing out of nowhere and pressing against his temple.

GRAY

Who clutches the gun against him with one hand, reaches for the diamond with his bandaged one.

Harm squeezes his hand closed, pulls it away.

GRAY
I’ll spill your brains all over this lake.

CCRREEAAKKK... Ice splinters around their feet. Water seeps up through the crack, pooling at their heels.

HARM
No, Gray. I don’t think you will.

STINSON (O.S.)
What say we all talk about this back at the station?

Harm nods towards...

STINSON

Materializing out of the whiteness, his weapon pointed directly at Gray’s forehead. Standoff.

GRAY
Sergeant, this don’t concern you.

STINSON
I beg to differ.

Harm squeezes the diamond tight.

HARM
Sergeant, I need to make a deal with you. Right now.

GRAY
You deal with me!

HARM
I hand over this diamond, you clear me of all charges.

GRAY
Do that and you won't be found till this lake thaws come April and you bob to the top like a fishing float.

HARM
Do we have a deal, Sergeant?

STINSON
Son, you're on the hook for a whole mess of crimes today. You know that, right?

Harm rears back like a pitcher, ready to toss the diamond.

HARM
Do. We. Have. A. Deal?

ANDREA (O.S.)
Take the deal!

Harm turns, sees a distant shape that may or may not be Andrea, plodding toward them.

CREEAAKK... ice failing. Only Harm seems to notice.

ANDREA
Take it!!!

STINSON
Much as I'd like to tell that ballbreaker where to go, she's right. I'll take it. Hand over the diamond.

Harm looks Stinson in the eye. Stinson nods, seals the deal.

Harm passes the diamond over to him...

And Gray whips his gun toward the Sergeant...

BOOM! Shot in the shoulder, Stinson flails backwards --

The diamond flies from his grip...

And Andrea dives for it, skids across ice, scooping it up. She gets to her knees as --

CLICK -- Gray's gun, now against the back of her head.

GRAY
You and me now, lady.

HARM
No. It was always you... and me. You suckered me into this life. And every time I tried to get away, you'd pull another string.

GRAY
Emotional manipulation. Exploiting your insecurities. Whatever. You're a weak, pathetic little shit... to be exploited.

HARM
Every step of the way, ruining my life. Like a -- a goddamn anchor weighing down every step.

Gray smiles.

GRAY
Say goodbye to the nice lady.

HARM
Thing about anchors, Gray? They sink.

Harm STOMPS ICE beside Gray's feet...

CRACK -- it tumbles downward and Gray goes with it. SPLASH! Plummeting into frigid waters.

HARM dives, yanking Andrea away, flinging her with adrenaline might into the safety zone --

Gray holds on for dear life, grabbing for purchase, trying to pull himself up. Never looking back to see --

ICE CRUMBLING BEHIND HIM. 50 square feet of iced-over lake SPLASHING DOWNWARD.

And moving toward them all in a hurry.

STINSON
GO!!!

But Harm and Andrea share a look. Same look they had at the elevators. A connection.

Without a word spoken, they each grab one of Stinson’s hands and yank him forward, dragging him full speed, no looking back as --

Ice chunks crash, spit up water, real estate disappearing in split-seconds.

Gray pushes up to his knees, out of the water long enough to grab his gun and aim. He squeezes the trigger as --

WHOOSH... the ice gives out beneath him. The SHOT GOES WILD.

Gray is swallowed up by the frigid lake.

INT. TOW TRUCK

Detective Liz pushes Lucy and Sam into the truck, throws it into drive. Punches the gas...

EXT. LAKE

The tow truck kicks up snow, skids and slides sideways. Harm and Andrea drag Stinson toward the tow-truck as cracking ice chases them.

INT. TOW TRUCK

Lucy peers through the back window, takes a hard look at the bleeding Stinson. Then, down to her handcuffs.

LUCY
He needs treatment immediately.

Det. Liz doesn’t miss a beat, gripping the steering wheel with one hand, unlocking Lucy’s cuffs with the other.

EXT. LAKE

The truck kicks up snow as Harm and Andrea throw Stinson onto the back. They jump on after him as Lucy throws open the back window and starts to climb through.

HARM
Go, go, go!!!

The tow truck finds purchase and lurches forward, making it to land and bounding over a snow drift as the entire sheet of ice collapses into water behind them, a massive explosion of water and snow shooting upward.

Stinson and Andrea stare in disbelief. Harm doesn't.

His eyes are fixed on Lucy, leaning halfway through the window and going to work on Stinson's wounds. She gives Harm a relieved nod and he then looks past her at Sam.

Who watches both his parents with pride. Harm smiles, exhales, and collapses, spent, as the tow truck disappears into the horizon.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

ON A DIAMOND

A little one. Far cry from the massive gem Harm once stole.

But this quaint little diamond looks quite nice in a simple but elegant setting on Lucy's finger. PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

INT. SMALL CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

In the midst of a small, simple wedding ceremony.

Lucy, looking drop-dead gorgeous in a white dress. Harm, smiling back at her in a rented tux. And Sam, a year older now, proudly standing next to Harm as his best man.

Shayna -- looking radiant in a bridesmaid's dress.

MINISTER
I now pronounce you... man and wife.
You may kiss the bride.

Harm gives Lucy the kiss of a lifetime. In the pews:

Mutt, Ms. Lopez (Harm's PO) and Sergeant Stinson applaud, all trying to hide the dampness in their eyes.

Shayna cuddles with Boris, clearly her new boyfriend.

Behind them, Andrea El Khalil looks on, cold and unfeeling. She checks her iPhone surreptitiously, then lays it down on the seat next to her.

SWOOP -- then it’s gone. Pilfered by...

TREVOR

Seated behind Andrea in khakis and a button-down. He flips through apps, pleased.

EXT. SKIES OVER PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Sun reflects against endless ocean as an airliner soars.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(pre-lap)
Aloha and welcome to Honolulu International Airport...

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Harm and Lucy de-plane into the terminal, hand-in-hand, a happy couple on their honeymoon.

LUCY
How do you feel, honey?

Overhead, a seabird glides majestically past without a care in the world.

HARM
I feel... I feel free.

Overwhelmed, choked up, he grins ear to ear. She kisses him.

INT. SWANK HAWAIIAN HOTEL - DAY

Harm and Sam stand at the check-in desk. A CONCIERGE punches their information into the computer.

CONCIERGE
I’m sure you’ll enjoy your visit, Mr. and Mrs. Davis. In fact, you’ve come at quite an interesting time. If you’ll turn toward the center lobby, you’ll see we have on loan the incredible Black Star Diamond, with an estimated value of...

His voice trails off as Harm turns away, picks up their luggage, and heads for the door.

Lucy laughs incredulously.

LUCY
Where are you going?

HARM
Next hotel down, hon. Next hotel down...

She bounds after him, the newlyweds disappearing into a wash of beautiful bright light on the other side of the door...

SMASH TO BLACK.