

BANDIT

"Honor Amongst a Thief"

PILOT

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TEASER

EXT. MIAMI CITIGROUP BANK - MORNING

A BUILDING LOGO of Lady Justice. The blindfolded woman holds two scales, one to each side.

We PAN over... *MIAMI CITIGROUP BANK.*

INT. MIAMI CITIGROUP BANK / LOBBY - MORNING

The scene is undisturbed-- TELLERS, PEOPLE in lines, a SECURITY GUARD near the front door.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
But, I mean, seriously...

INT. MIAMI CITIGROUP BANK / VAULT - MORNING

A BANK CART WITH AN UNTOUCHED STACK OF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS ATOP IT, surrounded by a U-shape of safety deposit boxes.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
Besides the greats like Cameron or Scorsese, I think he's up there.

We PULL BACK through the vault, to TWO MEN at its far end.

One of them is the elderly banker, JERRY, loading STACKS OF CASH from one of the safety deposit boxes into a DUFFEL BAG.

Next to him the titular, charismatic, and criminally handsome bandit, ARTHUR (early 30's), leans against the boxes in a Val Kilmer Heat-style grey suit. No tie.

ARTHUR
The Thing, Halloween, They Live, Precinct Thirteen. I'm telling ya, Carpenter is one of the best.

JERRY
I- I just-- my heart, ever since it went bad, I like the lighter stuff. Never liked The Thing. Too gory.

Arthur nonchalantly lifts up a PISTOL from his waist.

ARTHUR
You're starting to make me question our new friendship here, Jer-bear.
(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

But, I think the last on my Mount
Rushmore would probably be--

Arthur notices Jerry stopped, simply staring at the cash.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Jer, I told you, these are owned by
one of the worst crime lords in
Miami. You're a smart guy, you know
who *Blanco Luciano* is, right?

JERRY

Y-yes, of course I do. I- Well,
we've never been robbed during my
shift before. I never expected them
to be like you. So... nice.

ARTHUR

We're both just people, Jer. And
never once have I stolen from
someone who doesn't deserve it. And
trust me, I used to steal stuff for
this guy- he *definitely* deserves
it. Stealing from people like
him... It-- it's kinda just my way
of justice in this unjust world.

(beat)

Like... magic. Things that are in
places they never should've been...

Arthur reaches up to behind Jerry's ear--

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Can just disappear from thin air...

Arthur pulls out a QUARTER, shows it to Jerry.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Like they never even existed.

HE SNAPS-- it disappears.

ROBBER #1 (O.S.)

Everyone get on the ground!

SCREAMS-- GUNSHOTS-- AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE BLASTS from the lobby.

ARTHUR

Oh, c'mon. Now? Really?

JERRY

What? What's happening?

Arthur crouches, pulls the old man down with him.

ARTHUR
Get down Jer-bear.

Arthur stands, creeps to the cracked vault door, peers out--

FOUR ROBBERS in the lobby-- AUTOMATIC RIFLES, BALLISTIC MASKS, VOICE-CHANGERS, ALL BLACK TACTICAL GEAR. The works.

TWO robbers climb over the teller desks as the LEAD aims on the laid down hostages, the LAST aimed at the SECURITY GUARD.

The guard on the ground, knee held-- a bloodied bullet wound.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Some real bad guys are here Jer.

INT. MIAMI CITIGROUP BANK / LOBBY - MORNING

Two of the robbers hold the hostages and guard at gunpoint as the other two dig into the teller drawers, clear the CASH.

ROBBER #1
We don't want the vault, or your lives. We want the drawers and to have a good morning. How's that?

INT. MIAMI CITIGROUP BANK / VAULT - MORNING

Arthur grabs his bag as he turns back to a seated Jerry.

ARTHUR
There any panic buttons back here?

JERRY
The- the vault key pad. Five stars will trigger our silent alarm.

Arthur looks between the vault and Jerry, huffs.

ARTHUR
Alright. They don't want the vault, so you stay here, stay hidden, and I'll hit the alarm on my way out.

JERRY
W-what will you do? Shoot them?

Arthur taps the gun against his head-- plastic.

ARTHUR
Water gun. Don't think I could even hold a real one, let alone use it.

JERRY
So how will you get out?

ARTHUR
My good looks, I guess. Good
robbin' ya, Jer.

INT. MIAMI CITIGROUP BANK / LOBBY - MORNING

The two robbers continue to open the teller drawers, dump them into their bags, move to the next, the next.

One of them spots it-- a BLINKING RED LIGHT BELOW THE DESK.

ROBBER #2
Motherf- They hit the panic button!

DISTANT SIRENS. LOTS OF THEM.

ROBBER #3
How?! Who did it?!

ROBBER #1
Doesn't matter!... Damn it.
Alright, hurry up! One minute!

INT. MIAMI CITIGROUP BANK / BACK DOOR - MORNING

Arthur twists, turns his LOCK-PICK in the back door-- *CLICK*.
Arthur presses the door open-- blasting sunlight. *No alarms*.
He peers outside-- SQUAD CARS FILL the front, *but he's clear*.
Arthur glances back to the vault, lifts his foot... stops.
He turns back--

Through the cracked vault door, Jerry lays on the floor, an ORANGE PILL BOTTLE before him, just out of reach.

ARTHUR
God da--

Arthur looks outside-- Cops fill the front of the bank, the back clear, *for now...*

Arthur looks back and forth, settles, closes his eyes, huffs.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Damn it.

INT. MIAMI CITIGROUP BANK / VAULT - MORNING

Arthur enters the vault to Jerry on the ground.

Arthur grabs the pill bottle, helps Jerry up to a seated position against the wall, hands him a pill.

Jerry takes it dry, BREATHES A GASP OF LIFE, GULPS.

ROBBER #1 (O.S.)
Let's go, let's go!

ARTHUR
Shoot, Jer look out--

Arthur presses Jerry against the wall, keeps him from view--

ROBBER #2 (O.S.)
What about the vault?

Their voice close, directly outside the cracked vault door--

The robber reaches in the vault... the lead pulls them back, the robber's turned head reveals their MAN-BUN.

ROBBER #1
No time, let's go. Driver's out
back. Gotta turn to ghosts quick--

The lead pushes them ahead, stands in the crack of the door.

Arthur spots it-- a TATTOO on their neck of a ROSE with 305 atop it.

The lead steps out of view, presses down the hall.

Arthur and Jerry hear the BACK DOOR OPEN, then-- GUNSHOTS-- TIRES SCREECH, MORE GUNSHOTS as the *tires fade away*.

After a moment, Arthur lifts his head, stands from jerry.

ARTHUR
Gotta go Jer-bear, you'll be okay?

JERRY
Yeah- yeah, I'll be alright.

Arthur grabs his bag, steps up to the vault door--

JERRY (CONT'D)
Hey. Kid.

Arthur turns.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Arthur nods, squeezes through the cracked vault door--

INT. MIAMI CITIGROUP BANK / LOBBY - MORNING

Arthur squeezes out the vault door with his duffel--

MAN (O.S.)

...think they all got away- FREEZE!

In front of Arthur are DOZENS OF OFFICERS, GUNS RAISED.

The suited, Rolex-wearing DETECTIVE NED CARREY (late 30's, African American), spears the charge. A ROUND SCAR on his neck. Ex-FBI, lead detective... Arthur's old best friend.

MAN / NED

Hands up! Put your hands up!

Ned looks at Arthur, tilts his head--

Arthur does the same.

NED

Arthur?

ARTHUR

Ned?

NED

(drops arms)

Oh, what the hell--

ARTHUR

Son of a b--

TITLE: **BANDIT**

CREDIT SEQUENCE

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. MIAMI - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The beach, cars, palm trees, pool clubs, the horizon--

INT. MIAMI POLICE DEPARTMENT / BOOKING - AFTERNOON

--ARTHUR'S HEAD smashes against a desk, breaking the horizon.

ARTHUR

Jeez, I normally get dinner first
before I'm thrown around like that.

He's pulled up, HANDCUFFS chained to his ANKLE-CUFFS. His
surrounding desks, sporadic OFFICERS, handcuffed CRIMINALS.

Arthur is pressed ahead by the big, bald, hot-head bully and
rule-snapping DETECTIVE WELLER (mid 30's), his arms squeezed
tight by his two-sizes-too-small short-sleeve button up.

WELLER

Ha, not funny, shut up.

ARTHUR

Hey, why's this place so empty--

The stunning, razor-edged DETECTIVE ALEXANDRA "ALEX" CORTEZ
(early 30's, Cuban) approaches, walks with them. Secretly
Internal Affairs, investigating the former, her partner.

CORTEZ

Use of Force Report gonna look
great this week, huh Weller?...

ARTHUR

You're even prettier. Nice to meet--

Arthur raises his hand until the cuffs snap against it--

WELLER

I told you to shut it, idiot.

INT. MIAMI POLICE DEPARTMENT / INTERROGATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Arthur sits at the table, Cortez cuffs his hands atop it.

CORTEZ

When do you want your call?

ARTHUR

Tonight? Around eight? We can
figure out reservations after?

Cortez stands upright, arms crossed, unamused.

CLACK-- Ned swings the door open, STACK OF FOLDERS in hand.

NED

Thank you, Detective Cortez. I'll
take it from here.

Cortez nods, walks out as Ned stands, looks at Arthur.

ARTHUR

Hey Neddy-bear. Nice watch.

(to himself)

A lot of bear nicknames today...

Ned takes the seat across from Arthur, a beat of silence.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Ow'shay ityay eenbay?

NED

What? Is that... is that Pig Latin?

What are we, ten? Get serious...

So, this morning. What did you see?

ARTHUR

Besides the inside of a bank and a
squad car? Not much. I asked how's
it been, by the way. If you cared.

Ned settles a beat, looks at Arthur, chews his cheek, sighs.

NED

It's been good. Barbara and I are
married. She's a surgeon, pregnant.

ARTHUR

Good for you. Got that done quick,
took what, only twenty years?

NED

Well, not that it's your business
but I wasn't really trying to get
her pregnant twenty years ago.

ARTHUR

Well, if I remember correctly--

NED

Nope. No, you don't... And I'd ask how you've been, but I know.

Ned smacks the folders down on the table, fans them out.

NED (CONT'D)

Arthur Robert McAllister... Before orchestrating this robbery today...

ARTHUR

Orchestrated?

Ned opens the first folder, looks over the page.

NED

There've been over twenty thefts in Miami tied to you. Before that, a decade in and out of jail. Different states, aliases, crimes. Millions stolen. And why? You like movies, what made you... *break bad*?

ARTHUR

Not a movie.

Ned smiles, opens another file, looks at it, then Arthur.

NED

From the beginning then. Grew up here in Miami. Star football player. Star student too. Went on to play ball at Columbia. Forensic psychology. Where... things went bad. And once more, how?

ARTHUR

Ned, you don't have to--

NED

What? All out of jokes? You dropped out. Caught for drugs, theft, endless other misdemeanors, then it all cranked up. And again. Why?

ARTHUR

Ned, stop please--

NED

Why? Your father was one of the best this department saw, for what?

Arthur blows up, slams his cuffs down.

ARTHUR

For what?! You're right, Ned. What happened when he died? Who was caught? No one... That version of justice he fought for, you fight for, it doesn't exist, Ned.

NED

And what you do is just? You're the same as every one you steal from-- a criminal. I was under his wing long enough to know your dad would be disgusted by you.

ARTHUR

Oh, Ned why don't you go fu--

WOMAN (O.S.)

Detective Carrey...

Ned turns to see CHIEF CHLOE MAINKIN (late 40's). The always on point, strong-headed and stronger willed divorced mother.

WOMAN / CHIEF MAINKIN

A word.

Arthur watches as Ned steps out, talks to the Chief--

Ned gets shocked, argues, gets defeated, he hangs his head. He lifts it, looks through at Arthur. Ned storms back in--

Ned UNCUFFS Arthur from the table, stands him up.

ARTHUR

Wait, where are we going?

INT. MPD / CHIEF'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Ned sits Arthur in front of the Chief's desk, stands behind.

CHIEF MAINKIN

Mr. McAllister. Nice to meet you.

ARTHUR

Thank you, Chief, finally a little common decency around this--

SMACK-- Chief sets her PISTOL in front of Arthur.

NED

Hey, Chief--

Chief raises her finger, Ned stops, shuts it. She looks from Ned to Arthur, to the gun, back to Arthur.

Arthur grabs a TISSUE from the Chief's desk, pinches the grip of the pistol with it, sets the gun in front of the Chief.

ARTHUR

Blegh.

Chief looks at Ned, then grabs her pistol, holsters it.

CHIEF MAINKIN

Why don't you use real guns?

ARTHUR

No need. People like me.

CHIEF MAINKIN

(laughs)

Cute. And you two? Your history?

ARTHUR

We were lovers once.

NED

Shut up. I was unfortunate enough to have this one glue to me in my formative years, Chief.

ARTHUR

We were besties since I was nine. Ned was twelve.

CHIEF MAINKIN

Understood. Thank you. I needed to understand how, how much of a conflict of interest this was.

ARTHUR

What... is?

CHIEF MAINKIN

Arthur, we know you weren't responsible for that crew today. Because, not only do we know you used to steal for Blanco, and were going after him today. But, we're fairly certain he boded for a bit heavier hitters this time around. Based on our knowledge, it's his guys- or girls- hitting the banks.

ARTHUR

Banks with his own cash in them?

CHIEF MAINKIN

Four banks, one link. And it's never been his cash taken. However, we've been unable to catch this crew... Until hopefully... now.

(beat)

Tell me, if this was a job interview, what would you show me?

NED

Chief, c'mon, really? You're gonna entertain this clown?

Raised finger. Chief shrugs, sits back, watches Arthur.

Arthur looks between the two, he laughs, digs in his pocket, tosses Ned's Rolex on the table.

NED (CONT'D)

What the hell--

Ned looks at his naked wrist, grabs his watch, puts it on.

Arthur shakes off the cuffs, they SMACK against the floor.

ARTHUR

Oh, and that... An old hobby I found... useful. Magic and theft go hand in hand, sleight of it too. Next, I haven't had time to truly know you Chief, but like I said, my real skill is people. I know them.

NED

Oh, God. Now you're some psychic?

ARTHUR

No, that would be... ridiculous. I'm just good with people. Mostly.

Small laugh from Chief. She squints at Arthur, leans back, crosses her hands.

CHIEF MAINKIN

Can I be frank, Mr. McAllister?... Due to the recent landscape, we've had to suffer some major budget cuts. Half my officers, detectives, all gone. And now, you...

Chief opens the FOLDER on her desk, scans, looks up.

CHIEF MAINKIN (CONT'D)

This didn't need scanning, but I just wanted to be sure, because for some reason, whether it be by your father's spirit or something else, you ended up at my desk. And besides having an oddly curated set of skills, I think you might have what we really want.

ARTHUR

What's that?

CHIEF MAINKIN

Tell me... What did you see today?

NED

Told you Chief, already tried.

Raised finger, again.

CHIEF MAINKIN

Arthur? You didn't see *anything*?
Nothing you recognized? Noticed?

Arthur stirs, chews his cheek-- He settles, shakes his head.

ARTHUR

No ma'am. Not a thing.

Chief Mainkin smiles, nods.

CHIEF MAINKIN

I don't know if your father would've fired me for doing this, or for not doing it, but I'm gonna go with my gut. Arthur, to once more be frank, we're desperate, so I'm gonna give you a chance... I'm going to give you two days. Two days to make a choice. You can either turn yourself in and spend the next forty-five to life in prison. Or, you can come back and tell us what you know, help us take down this crew, and Blanco Luciano.

ARTHUR

And you'll clear my record?

CHIEF MAINKIN

(laughs)

And we'll get this theft expunged from your record.

(MORE)

CHIEF MAINKIN (CONT'D)

Get your sentence down a degree.
Fifteen years- less than eight with
good behavior. Or... you could run.
Flee the country, and be on the run
for the rest of your life.

Arthur sits in his chair. His face pale, flat. He GULPS.

INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

TWO HANDFULS OF CLOTHES slam into DUFFEL BAGS on a COUCH--

AN ANKLE MONITOR on a leg--

Arthur fills his bags in his darkened apartment, wearing only
the monitor and his boxers. *Abs. V-line. Biceps.* His body
more muscular than what shows in a suit.

His surrounding his vast loft. Large windows reveal the
glittery Miami skyline to his side, the beach to his front.

A WOMAN'S HAND pinches Arthur's butt-- He spins, horrified--

Behind him is the cute, bubbly, a bit crazy, DELILAH (late
20's), in a short nightgown, Arthur's on and off again.

ARTHUR

Jesus, Del. Almost killed me.

DELILAH

I'm sorry your butt's just so cute!
When are you coming back to bed?

Arthur turns back to his bags, continues to pack.

ARTHUR

I-- I told you. I have to get out
of here... tonight.

DELILAH

And I told you, my brother said he
needed a day to take you... Are you
sure you wanna do this? I'm gonna
miss our little weekends...

Delilah reaches for his boxers, he strides to the window.

ARTHUR

Yes. Yes, I have to. No way I'm
going back behind bars...

Arthur stops, stares at the skyline, turns back.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You're sure he can get me out? And I can trust him?

DELILAH

(walks over)

Yes! Babe, he's my brother. I told you, they've done this before. And they're already leaving anyway.

ARTHUR

What did you say he does for work?

DELILAH

I don't know, but whatever it is, he's okay taking you too.

Arthur huffs, turns again, stares out the window.

ARTHUR

You said two hundred, right?

DELILAH

(hugs him from behind)

Yessir, two hundred thousand. But he won't be ready until tomorrow, and the cops gave you two days. So relax. Enjoy tomorrow. Indulge in everything. One last day, then go.

Arthur huffs again, turns around to Delilah.

ARTHUR

Okay. One day. That's it. And tomorrow night, I'm gone... So, what do I do tonight?

A beat. Delilah's hand reaches his stomach, moves down.

DELILAH

Indulge in me.

A beat. *Tension between them.*

They kiss, harder. He lifts her, presses her on the glass--

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

PRE-LAP: GUNSHOTS-- BANG! BANG!--

INT. MIAMI POLICE DEPARTMENT / SHOOTING RANGE - MORNING

--BANG! An ELEVENTH hole is punched out the back of a TARGET.

Ned stands in a stall, empty pistol raised, barrel smoking--

He hits the target retrieval button --JRRRRRT- CLACK--

He pulls down the target-- Eleven rounds. *Zero kill shots.*

He looks up at a row of photos-- MARKSMAN OF THE YEAR. The last three other officers, but prior, FIVE YEARS OF NED.

INT. MIAMI POLICE DEPARTMENT / BULLPEN - MORNING

The area is full of rows of desks, each having a computer and stacks of papers. DOZENS OF DETECTIVES. Suits, button ups. Half on phones, doing paperwork, others BSing, chatting.

Chief marches to her office, speaks to Cortez beside her.

CHIEF MAINKIN

--Alright, keep me updated with your progress.

Cortez gives a nod, paces into the distance.

Chief opens her door, but Ned approaches her.

NED

Hey, morning, Chief. Have a minute?

CHIEF MAINKIN

Ned, if you're gonna talk my ear off about Arthur, I don't--

NED

No- No, not at all.

INT. MPD / CHIEF'S OFFICE - MORNING

Ned and the Chief sit in her office, desk between them.

NED

-- And, I just don't think that using him is a good idea--

CHIEF MAINKIN

Ned! I told you if this was about Arthur I didn't want to hear it. It's my decision and it's final.

NED

I know Chief, I just-- I know Arthur, and I just can't see this possibly going well. Can you just, tell me why. I just, I don't see what the positive could be here.

CHIEF MAINKIN

(sighs)

Want the truth? Or the sugar?

Ned huffs, leans back in his chair.

NED

Never been a sweets man, Chief.

CHIEF MAINKIN

Ned, when you took that position at the bureau, it was big, and you took it on in stride. However, something happened that churned you out and spit you back here. That case? That kid? It's hindered you. Your ability to be the detective you can be. The leader you can be.

NED

Chief, I'm there, I promise--

CHIEF MAINKIN

You've been chasing this crew for over a year, and nothing--

NED

I know it's tied to Luciano--

CHIEF MAINKIN

That's guess work at best, purely circumstantial... So, I'm giving Arthur a chance for not only him, but for you. I don't know, but if this is what lights the fire, it's worth it to me. And hell, if this goes well, I may even think about bringing him on as a full time consultant. Keep my mentor's kid outta jail, and my protégé in line.

NED
Your, *protégé*?

Chief looks at him, a small, sly smile, she shrugs.

NED (CONT'D)
Chief you're barely a decade older.

CHIEF MAINKIN
And maybe after you have a nice career as an agent, a decade as police chief might not be a bad cap off. *But*, that road starts at catching this crew. And wrangling that ass of a magician-thief whatever the hell he calls himself.

NED
God, he is such an ass.

CHIEF MAINKIN
A charming one. But yeah.

The two laugh-- BUZZ- Ned's phone vibrates, he answers it.

NED
Hi! Hi hon, what's up?

His face slowly drops, he slouches.

NED (CONT'D)
--No, no I didn't forget at all.

Ned smacks his forehead with his palm.

NED (CONT'D)
--No, no I didn't just smack myself... Yes. Yes... Of course... Yes I'll pick up everything-- Okay-- Okay I love you hon, okay. Bye-bye.

Ned hangs up the phone, stands upright.

CHIEF MAINKIN
Forgot about date night?

NED
Again... Mind if I?--

CHIEF MAINKIN
Go. Get everything you need. Take the rest of the day too. Clear your head. An angry, pregnant wife... is a not so happy life.

BEGIN MONTAGE

EXT. MIAMI / VARIOUS - DAY

-- ARTHUR'S CAR - Arthur drives his yellow, 1994 Porsche 911 across a bridge, the gorgeous Miami ocean around him.

He lifts his phone to his ear.

ARTHUR

Hey... I'm uh- I'm in town for a little, was just wondering if you wanted to grab a bite or something tonight? Okay, I love you.

Arthur hangs up, looks ahead. Drives.

-- ART DECO DISTRICT - Arthur walks down the street: colorful buildings, ocean drive, palm trees, street magic, bikinis.

-- FOOD CART - He grabs a CUBAN SANDWICH, takes a bite.

-- BEACH - Arthur drops CASH in a STREET MAGICIAN's tip jar.

-- WATER - His feet near the water, his ankle monitor BLINKS.

He steps in-- THE MONITOR GOES OFF--

Arthur jumps back in fear-- THE ALARM STOPS.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Ah- Sorry. My bad! Got it, no ocean for Art. Mean limit, but I get it.

-- MOVIE THEATER - Arthur steps out, spots a TACO TRUCK.

END MONTAGE

EXT. TACO TRUCK - SUNSET

Arthur steps away from the truck with a PLATTER OF TACOS.

He grabs one of the tacos, lifts it to his mouth--

RING. RING. RING-- his phone goes off.

ARTHUR

Awe, son of a--

He drops the taco, grabs his phone, puts it to his ear.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Hi Ma!... Yeah I called-- For a little... Game? Tonight? In a half hour?... What time will it be over?
 (checks watch)
 Yeah. Yeah we can-- Okay, I love-- Okay mom, I love you.

Arthur hangs up the phone, puts it in his pocket.

He pulls up a taco again-- stops, looks at his watch, laughs to himself. He looks around, spots a HOMELESS MAN.

Arthur hands the man his tray as he paces into the distance.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM / PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ned walks with his wife, BARBARA (late 30's), trauma surgeon, ten weeks pregnant, takes no BS. His arm over her shoulder.

NED

Oceanside picnic, now a little nostalgia. Good or bad date night?

Barbara stops, Ned stops too. She kisses him.

BARBARA

Perfect. You did great.

Ned throws his arm back over Barbara, they turn, walk towards the MASSIVE FOOTBALL STADIUM full of THOUSANDS OF FANS.

NED

God. It didn't look like this back when we went here, did it?

BARBARA

No, boosters are making damn sure nostalgia factor is a near zero.

NED

I wish we were that rich-- Holy--

Ned stops, his face flat. He huffs, his hands on his hips.

NED (CONT'D)

Of course.

Walking up the stands to a seat is ARTHUR.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM / STANDS - NIGHT

Arthur sits down with TWO DRINKS next to his mother, CHRISTINE (early 70's), bushy dyed-brown hair, smart, lonely.

ARTHUR
(gives drink)
So where you get to go this time?

CHRISTINE
Kyoto, but only a day layover so I won't have much time to do anything but rest. Maybe eat some Ramen.

ARTHUR
Mom, I literally love your job, but I just wish you'd retire, relax.

CHRISTINE
Art, you know I'd be too bored without your dad. And don't go throwing wishes around or we'll get to you going back to school.

ARTHUR
Ma, I know, I just--

BARBARA (O.S.)
Artie!

BARBARA RIPS INTO FRAME, lifts and hugs Arthur.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
How have you been?!

CHRISTINE
Ned? Is that little Barbara Kersey?

BARBARA
Yes it is!... Barbara Carrey, now!

Ring flash-- SCREAMS, hugs, Ned and Arthur left to stand.

Barbara turns back to the group, her arm around Christine.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
We're gonna grab coco. I've had a craving for this, very specific crappy hot chocolate all week.

NED
Okay, Barbie. You want me to come?

BARBARA
No, you stay here.

Barbara looks at Ned, points at Arthur with her eyes as she turns around, walks away with Christine in arm.

NED
Funny seeing you here.

ARTHUR
So, "Barbie", huh?

NED
Eh, she still likes it. Trauma surgeon or not, she's still a girl.

Ned gestures to the bleachers, the two sit, watch the game--

NED (CONT'D)
See the Q.B? Number nine? Asher Walton Jr. Staying--

ARTHUR
In-state, baby! The UUUU!

All around, hundreds of attendees ECHO, do the same.

NED
So you're still keeping tabs huh?

ARTHUR
I try. Ever since the shoulder went I always kinda looked at it jaded. Took some time to enjoy watching.

NED
How do you think I feel?

ARTHUR
You? As far as I remember you quit during playoffs to do some show.

NED
First off, I left for one game, that you lost. And second, Phantom of the Opera is not just some show.

A beat, Ned laughs a bit, unbuttons his suit, leans back.

NED (CONT'D)
So, you thought about the offer?

ARTHUR
Ned. Come on.

Another beat, Ned looks at Arthur, both flat.

NED

So what? You're gonna run?

ARTHUR

I don't know what I'm gonna do.

NED

Why? Why push back this hard? Chief Mainkin, no matter how insane I think it is, is giving you a chance. A chance you should take.

ARTHUR

Yeah? You want me to be a cop?

NED

(laughs)

No... I do not. And it's not even being an officer, it's helping us. And Christ, if you got the chance for more, would that be so bad?

ARTHUR

I don't know, Ned, I--

NED

I know you're all Mr. Cool Guy, but being on the run for life isn't as cool as you think it is.

ARTHUR

Doesn't mean it's "cool" to be a cop either, Ned. Not now. It's not just me, everyone hates you guys.

NED

Then help us change that! You don't think I've had the same quarrel? Help us do something good! And not to harp on your movie thing, but c'mon, you're gonna tell me there's *nothing* cool there? The Bad Boys dual-wielding pistol jump?

ARTHUR

Dual-wielding pistols sounds like my double nightmare. And also, no. There are like, three good cop movies. Hot Fuzz, Die Hard, and you hit Bad Boys. Plus the sequel, duh.

NED

What?! That's total B-S. What about Training Day? The Departed?

ARTHUR

Okay fine, five... And Point Break.

NED

True Grit. Lethal Weapon. Robocop?

ARTHUR

I feel like that one doesn't count.

NED

Fine, what about Heat?

ARTHUR

That one definitely doesn't count.

NED

How?! That's one of the best police movies of all time! Pacino?!

ARTHUR

It's a heist movie! DeNiro? The Val Kilmer reload? It's a heist movie!

NED

Fine! Fine fine fine... It's both.

ARTHUR

Oh my God.

Arthur rolls his eyes, leans back as he laughs, a beat.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Alright, fine. There's like six and a half good cop movies.

That one gets a laugh. Ned breaks, reels it back.

NED

You're exhausting, you know that?

ARTHUR

I do my best. Oh, and Precinct Thirteen. Hey, I just talked about that today. I hope Jer's alright.

NED

Jerry? The banker?... He's perfect, medically cleared this morning.

Another beat. Ned squints at Arthur, analyzes.

NED (CONT'D)
 You really do care, don't you?...

Ned spots Barbara and Christine approaching from afar.

NED (CONT'D)
 What does your mom think you do?

ARTHUR
 (laughs)
 She- thinks I work for a traveling
 circus. Told her I did magic for
 money, which isn't a lie, but, it
 spiraled... now it's a circus.

NED
 So how long do you think you can
 keep that lie up?

ARTHUR
 As long as I need. Ever since my
 dad-- I just want my mom happy.

Another beat. Ned's eyes on him. More analysis.

NED
 Last question... the gun thing.

Arthur turns to him. Holds. Chews his cheek.

ARTHUR
 What do you think?

Another beat. Arthur's eyes pools, holding back tears.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 When... When they declared my dad's
 death a suicide- which Ned, I'll
 still never believe. Shot with his
 own service pistol... It made me
 hate guns just as much as it made
 me hate whoever really did it.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM / PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The CROWDS of fans, parents, students press through the lot
 as Arthur, Ned, Christine, and Barbara exchange goodbyes.

Christine and Barbara hug, Ned and Arthur stand awkward.

ARTHUR
 Ma, I'll meet you in the car, okay?

CHRISTINE

Of course, great seeing you, Ned.

Christine hugs Ned, walks to the car.

NED

Hey, about earlier, I'm sorry--

ARTHUR

Don't worry about it. Really.
Tonight was good.

Arthur leans over, hugs Barbara.

NED

So. Tomorrow. The big day, huh?

Arthur laughs, looks around, his hands in his pockets.

ARTHUR

I'll see you around Ned Carrey.
(nods)
You too, Barbie.

Arthur turns, walks into the distance.

BARBARA

So... how was the talk?

NED

Uh, well... It went- uh... God,
he's gonna run isn't he?

PRE-LAP: CLUB MUSIC. LOUD.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A CROWD CHEERS around Arthur as BOTTLE SERVICE ARRIVES--
glitz, glam, silver bottles, sparklers, all of it.

Arthur at the center in a ridiculous, silver-lined and
glitter-covered suit, a BOTTLE raised above his head.

ARTHUR

And tonight! Is our final night!
The grand conclusion of the epic
journey! THE GRAND FINALE!!!

THE CROWD ROARS as Arthur takes a drink from the bottle.

BEGIN MONTAGE

INT. NIGHT CLUB / VARIOUS - NIGHT

-- BAR - Arthur takes shots at the bar.

-- DANCE-FLOOR - Dances.

-- TABLE - Does card tricks for a BACHELORETTE PARTY. Turns WATER INTO WINE. They love it.

-- BATHROOM - Arthur stands squeezed, PACKED BETWEEN PEOPLE, LAUGHING, YELLING, SNORTING around him.

A HAND reaches a WHITE RESIDUE COVERED CREDIT CARD to him--

ARTHUR

No-- No not for me--

ANOTHER HAND reaches over with a JOINT, Arthur grabs it--

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Ooo- yeah I'll take that though...
Okay, fine you pulled my arm I'll
take the other one too.

Arthur reaches out with his other hand--

-- BAR - Arthur takes another shot. Another. Another.

END MONTAGE

INT. NIGHT CLUB / BAR - NIGHT

--SLAM!-- A SHOT GLASS SMACKS the bar.

Arthur turns from the bar, SCREAMS INTO THE CHEERING CROWD.

He turns back to the bar, exhausted, a little drunk, huffing.

ARTHUR

Woo! Another please, for all of us.

To each side of Arthur are his two criminal friends and confidants-- JEFF and KAYNE (both early 30's).

They talk LOUD, over the music.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Thank God there's clubs Blanco
doesn't run. Jeffie, Kayne, I'm
gonna miss you guys, you know that?
No clue who'll be my new friends.

JEFF

When are you leaving?

ARTHUR

Tonight, I think. Delilah is supposed to meet me here soon.

KAYNE

So where you think you're gonna go?

ARTHUR

Don't know yet.

JEFF

Dude you gotta go to like, Brazil. Hottest chicks. Guns, drugs--

KAYNE

Dog, no-- Japan or Dubai, hearts of culture right now. And crypto.

WOMAN (O.S.)

'Scuse me.

A WOMAN splits between Arthur and his friends.

Arthur steps aside, looks up to see the back of a woman. Black hair. A body-tight dress, accentuating every curve.

She turns-- DETECTIVE CORTEZ.

WOMAN / CORTEZ

Mind if I take this one?

Cortez grabs Arthur's shot, takes it, stares him down.

Arthur laughs, looks at the distance, then her, nervous.

ARTHUR

Detective...?

CORTEZ

Cortez... Bad memory, huh? No log if a woman doesn't reciprocate?

ARTHUR

No- no, it's just... You uh, you just look a little different without the pantsuit.

A beat, a little smile from Cortez, a little tension.

CORTEZ

Can I tell you something... Arthur?

She steps a little closer.

Arthur props himself up with his hand on the bar, flustered.

ARTHUR

Uh- um, if you wanted to.

Closer. Her hand meets his on the bar.

CORTEZ

I couldn't say anything then but...
the Chief told me about her offer.
And you should take it... Give us a
little more time to spend together.

ARTHUR

Uh-- I--

BARTENDER (O.S.)

Shaken, not stirred, ma'am.

A MARTINI is set on the bar, Cortez slips her hand away,
grabs the glass.

She walks away without another word, just a little look back.

Arthur stands mouth open as Jeff and Kayne slide into frame--

JEFF

Who was that?

KAYNE

Oh my God. *That* was a cop?

ARTHUR

Um... that was... Yeah I-- Oh God-
talk about timing.

Across the club, DELILAH enters with FOUR SUITED MEN.

INT. NIGHT CLUB / TABLE - NIGHT

Arthur steps up to the ropes of an EMPTY TABLE.

Delilah steps through the crowd, the four men with her. One
of them with their arm around her, kisses her on the cheek.

The leader steps up, Delilah's brother, CHRISTIAN (30's),
covered in tattoos, with a short beard.

Delilah slips out from her boyfriend's arms, RAKE (30's),
Christian's secondary. No tattoos, long hair in a man-bun.

DELILAH

Christian, this is my good friend
Arthur. Arthur, this is my brother.
The man who can get you out.

CHRISTIAN

And get that monitor off without a
beep. The man who can make anyone a
ghost real quick, right, boys?

Arthur tilts his head, *he's heard that phrase before.*

Christian laughs as he turns back to his crew--

Arthur looks, spots it-- THE TATTOO OF THE 305 OVERTOP THE
ROSE ON CHRISTIAN'S NECK. The same from the robbery.

Arthur starts to laugh, nearly hunching over.

ARTHUR

Oh I knew it. That's just perfect.

ROBBER #1 / CHRISTIAN

What?

ARTHUR

Nothing, nothing--

Arthur points to Christian's neck, reaches out his hand.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I- Can I see your neck tattoo?

Christian turns his head as he reaches out, shakes Arthur's
hand as he shows off his neck. *Yeah. Definitely the same.*

Christian turns to Arthur, Arthur immediately fakes a smile.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I love it! Miami represent!

Arthur's face falls, farther than flat.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. NIGHT CLUB / TABLE - NIGHT

Arthur stands before Delilah, Christian, and crew of three.

ARTHUR

Really, I love the rose-three-oh-five tattoo thing. Very... unique.

CHRISTIAN

(laughs)

Cute suit. Very... Glittery.

ARTHUR

So how are you gonna do it? Get me out? And get this thing off?

Arthur pulls up his pant leg, shows off his ankle monitor.

CHRISTIAN

Yo Del, go get us some drinks, yeah? Leave the boys to talk.

Delilah slips into the crowd, leaves the boys to stand.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Did she tell you our cost?

Arthur smiles, pulls out an ENVELOPE from his suit pocket.

ARTHUR

Quarter now. Rest before take off.

CHRISTIAN

Take off? Brother if we do take you, we ain't doing any taking off.

Christian snatches the envelope out of Arthur's hand.

He opens it, FIVE BOUND STACKS OF \$10,000 INSIDE.

He leans in, smells it, for a little too long. Pockets it.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Damn that's good... Yeah. Yeah we can get you out. And get that off. Del said you're like... a magician, can get outta anything. Why not take it off yourself?

ARTHUR

It's- not really about taking it off. More about the aftermath. So, When do we leave? Cops only gave me until tomorrow morning.

CHRISTIAN

Don't worry about the pigs, we have that figured out. And we leave tonight. Headed out in two hours.

ARTHUR

Oh-- yeah- I mean that- yeah I can work that, just give me a while to--

CHRISTIAN

Oh no, we're leaving now.

ARTHUR

Now?

CHRISTIAN

Yeah, headed straight from here to the docks. That an issue?

Arthur looks at the crew uneasy, their hands on pistols.

ARTHUR

No- no not an issue, per se. I just, my bags are back at my place. Delilah didn't really tell me specifically when we'd have to go.

Christian turns, thinks.

CHRISTIAN

Fine. Two hours to grab your stuff and get your ass to the marina.

ARTHUR

Which one?

CHRISTIAN

I'll let you know when it's time.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB / PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Arthur paces under a light near the back of the lot.

ARTHUR

Okay, yes, that's not wrong but... No- no- no, Arthur, this is not the time where you back out.

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Then what?-- I don't know? You tell me, you tell me the best solution please. So?...

(beat)

I don't know!

Arthur throws his arms up, hunches over, stands upright.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Alright, look. We got three options, we either go with these guys, just don't go with these guys, or you can call Ne--

Arthur PUKES, leans on the light pole, pukes, again.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB / PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

A hunched over Arthur leans on the light pole.

He lifts his head, wipes his mouth, winces. GROANS.

ARTHUR

Oh God, at least I'm sober now--

Arthur spots something, blinks, wipes his eyes, squints--

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Oh shiitake mushrooms.

ACROSS THE STREET Christian and his crew exit the club.

Arthur ducks behind his car. Pokes up his head.

The crew stands outside, lights CIGARETTES, talk, laugh.

They walk towards the lot, directly at Arthur.

Arthur YELPS as he ducks again.

As the crew nears the back of the lot, Arthur crouches around his car, avoiding them.

Arthur leans back against his car, listens in.

CHRISTIAN

--Yeah, well we can hit that before the warehouse. But can't drag too much ass 'cause we push off in two.

ARTHUR

Warehouse?

VROOM-- Arthur looks to see Christian in a BLACKED-OUT SUV.
 The three others step inside the SUV-- MUSIC BLASTS.
 The vehicle launches forwards, a cloud of dust hits Arthur.
 A beat, as the dust settles.
 Arthur lifts his head, stands, his eyes on the drifting SUV.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 Okay, definitely don't do what I
 think you're gonna do.

A beat. Arthur's eyes on the drifting car.
 His head tilts, a beat... He rips open the car door--

I/E. ARTHUR'S CAR / NIGHT CLUB PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Arthur gets inside-- VROOM-- starts the car.
 He stops, looks out the windshield, his hands on the wheel.

ARTHUR
 Don't do it.

A beat... Arthur rips the GEAR SHIFT back, speeds forwards.

INT. NED'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ned and Barbara sit on the couch in their gorgeous suburban home. All white couch, big kitchen in view, the TV paused, a WINE BOTTLE and NEAR-EMPTY GLASS on the coffee table.

Ned the tiniest bit tipsy, Barbara, of course, sober.

NED
 --And we were best friends then. I
 mean, years of us together.

BARBARA
 I know.

NED
 And, and when when I graduated, and
 he was in school, I was like- Okay,
 here we go. His dad knew I didn't
 have anyone, so he took me under
 his wing. I was still best friends
 with Arthur, we talked every day,
 he was supposed to come too!

BARBARA

I know.

NED

We were gonna be in the F.B.I together! Me and him! He wanted it too! But then... Barbie, when his dad died... I haven't heard from him since. I mean. You know--

BARBARA

I do.

NED

I just. I just don't know what to think. What to do. I mean, I'm just afraid everything will blow up.

Barbara looks at Ned, a small, knowing smile on her face.

BARBARA

You wanna know what I think?

NED

Oh no--

Ned grabs the glass, takes a drink.

NED (CONT'D)

No, no I don't wanna be drunk--

Ned sets the glass back down, slides it away.

A beat.

BARBARA

I think you're afraid. When you were at the F.B.I--

NED

Oh no, don't go Chief on me.

BARBARA

Well if she wasn't right then I wouldn't agree with her... I think the real reason you're *actually* afraid, is because Ned, that kid--

NED

Barbara. You don't need to tell me. I didn't take the shot. And I know that. And now...

(laughs)

(MORE)

NED (CONT'D)

Now I can't hit the target to save
my life. Let alone anyone else's.

I/E. ARTHUR'S CAR / WAREHOUSE PERIMETER - NIGHT

Arthur pulls his car to a stop, looks out the windshield--

The SUV parks directly in front of a BIG WAREHOUSE. The area
dingy, empty, lights everywhere on the building.

Arthur turns off the car, watches from a distance.

ARTHUR

Oh God, you know we shouldn't be
here right?... Look, you just--

Arthur turns to the seat next to him--

A DUFFEL BAG FULL OF CASH.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You just drive away. Get the call
in an hour, and take it. Go with
them, and forget this place...

(nods)

Yeah, and just forget this place.

The crew steps out of the car, GUNS ready.

Arthur ducks, looks over the dash--

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Oh, God... You definitely shouldn't
be here Arthur. Just-- don't follow
them. Just stay here. And drive
away. And either go to the docks,
or call Ned. Tell them everything,
maybe start a beautiful, life-long
relationship with Detective Cortez
where we get married, have three
kids-- Jesus-- I'm spiraling. Just--
Whatever you do- do not-- Agh.

They enter the warehouse.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Damn it.

Arthur opens his car door.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Arthur quietly sneaks up to the SUV parked outside the warehouse, looks inside-- empty.

ARTHUR
(whispers)
The hell are you doing, Arthur?

Arthur crouches, presses ahead to the warehouse--

He clings against the door, tries to open it-- locked.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Son of a--

He looks around, continues down to the corner of the warehouse, staying against the wall.

He presses to the side door, he tries it-- locked again.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Mother-- This is a sign!

Arthur settles a moment, stands upright, looks around.

He huffs, pulls out his LOCK-PICK KIT, removes the tools.

He puts them in the lock, twists, turns... nothing... more twists, more turns... CLICK--

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Yes!

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Arthur quietly presses open the side door to the warehouse--

The area a dingy hallway along the main warehouse room, TALKING can be heard in the distance.

Arthur looks around, quietly shuts the door behind him.

He creeps down the hall...

Arthur nears the end of the hall, the opening to the main warehouse before him.

Arthur clings against the wall, inches toward the opening...

The voice becomes more clear, a CUBAN ACCENT.

MAN (O.S.)
 -- And these?

Arthur peers out the opening into the storage area--

The crew of four men stand amongst A BOX TRUCK, PALLETS OF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, KILOS OF DRUGS...

CHRISTIAN
 Everything from the bank hits, plus the trap houses. So whatever you want. We can take them or leave everything but the main cargo. But I say we take it all.

Arthur clings back to the wall--

ARTHUR
 Oh-- Oh God- okay... Well, we know they weren't good guys. We can still go with them. This is okay... this is totally okay.

Arthur looks back out, scans the area, until he sees--

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 Blanco Luciano.

The bald ANTONIO "BLANCO" LUCIANO (50's, Cuban) stands in a white suit across the warehouse, faced away from the crew.

MAN / BLANCO
 Sure, if I wanted to lose ten percent of my stash in one bust. Eggs, mijo. Baskets. Plural.
 (turns to crew)
 No. Leave this, I'll get in a crew to take everything tomorrow. For now, just take the kids.

Arthur's eyes widen--

ARTHUR
 Kids?

Blanco walks into the distance, steps into a WHITE SUV.

The SUV drives out as the crew moves to the box truck.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 Oh no.

They slide up the back door of the truck, revealing a DOZEN CHILDREN, TEENAGERS, all tied up, sat down.

Arthur pulls from the entryway, clings back to the wall--

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 Oh-- Oh that. That's good. No
 that's totally great. Super
 great... Definitely not... like the
 worst thing ever...

One of the robbers climbs into the back of the truck, another
 slides the door down, climbs in the cab.

Arthur smacks his head against the wall repeatedly.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 Damn it. God. Kids? Seriously? They
 really had to make it this hard?

He closes his eyes. Smack. Smack. Smack.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 Come on Arthur. Think. Think. Th--

Arthur huffs, opens his eyes.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 Son of a bitch.

Christian and Rake head towards the front door.

ROBBER #2 / RAKE
 Imma go piss out back real quick.

Rake splits off from Christian, heads towards the hall.

CHRISTIAN
 Alright, just hurry it up. Gotta
 make sure we get to the docks, and
 get those kids ducked before we get
 that dumbass on board.

The robber steps through the opening, he looks around--

Nothing. Nothing out of the ordinary. *No Arthur.*

INT. NED'S HOUSE / DECK - NIGHT

Ned stands in the dark in a T-SHIRT and PAJAMA PANTS, peers
 out to the backyard. He turns, looks inside, the lights off.

Ned quietly moves the the GRILL, opens its cabinet, pulls out
 a BOX OF CIGARETTES, a LIGHTER.

He steps back to the rail, pulls out a cigarette, sparks it.

An inhale. Another-- SHLEEK- Ned turns-

The sliding door opens, Barbara steps out from it.

NED

Hey... what's up, hon?

Ned turns, about to drop the cigarette--

BARBARA

It's okay. I found them last week.
I'll stay over here.

Barbara closes the glass door, leans back against it.

Ned hesitates, pulls up the cigarette, takes a drag.

NED

Couldn't sleep?

BARBARA

Couldn't even try... Can we talk?

Ned nods, looks out at the back yard.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Ned. Earlier. What you said about
not being able to save anyone
anymore. Do you really think that?

NED

Barbie, it's late...

BARBARA

I know. It is way too late to have
your pregnant wife standing out in
the cold and not tell her what's
going on. Whatever is going on in
that big head of yours.

Ned laughs, turns back, looks out, leaned on the rails.

NED

I-- I don't know what I think...
Barbara, that day, we had been
looking for an active shooter. A
teenager who shot his mom,
kidnapped his sister from school.
Crossed state lines and went
federal. I was... fifteen cases in.

(laughs)

I was lighting a damn fire at that
place... He was on the run from us
all week, spot to spot.

(MORE)

NED (CONT'D)

It was just so damn close, every, single, time. Then I found him. Him and the little girl, at their aunts house. When I looked inside, Barbara, they were just watching TV together. I called it in, agents, officers, choppers, hostage rescuers, SWAT, everything... All in at once... They just... swarmed.

Ned takes another drag, flicks out the cigarette, hangs his head as he blows out the smoke.

He lifts his head, held back tears in his eyes.

NED (CONT'D)

I was able to hold them back. Me-- I was the one who wanted to talk to him. Because, Barb, I really thought I could do it... I knocked, tried to talk him down, but as soon as the door cracked there was a barrel of a gun on the other side of it... He was holding his sister hostage, she was in front of him, screaming, crying, petrified. A hundred spotlights all on them.

Barbara steps up, places her hand on Ned's shoulder.

NED (CONT'D)

It was all just screams. Yells. Lights. And I had a choice. A final, half second for me to make the right choice. And I didn't--

Ned feels the SCAR at the base of his neck--

NED (CONT'D)

After he fired, I was able to watch from the ground as he pulled his gun down, shot his sister too. And then he pulled the gun on them, and they shot him anyway.

Ned hangs his head, lurches over... He raises, straightens.

NED (CONT'D)

Barbie, I didn't take that shot-- and that little girl died because of it. And ever since then it's just... It's seeped into me. I can't hit a damn target for my life.

(MORE)

NED (CONT'D)

I can't breathe and it ain't 'cause of those damn things. Barbie-- I didn't take that shot... and now I don't think I ever can.

Barbara, tears streaming down her face, hugs him.

BARBARA

Awe, Neddy.

She pulls back, wipes her nose, looks at him.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

You've never been more wrong in your life.

She laughs, they laugh, both wipe their tears. SNIFFLES, SNORTS. Barbara leans on the rail next to him.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Ned... There have been a few times that I've seen people bleed out on that table. And every, single time I tell myself it was my fault. And... In a way, it always is. I'm the head surgeon in that room, I'm the brink, the last fail safe. And sometimes I have to take a step back, and realize that this person that was already declared dead before they hit my table, probably had some more factors contributing to their passing than me...

She turns to him.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Yeah. Ned, I'm not going to say nothing was your fault, because I wasn't there, and I wasn't on that porch. But what I know, is...

(points to his chest)

There's something in there. And you may think it's too big to do this job, but I think the opposite. You're a good man Ned Carrey. One who knows the right call to make even when the rest of the blue doesn't. Someone who doesn't pull the trigger too quick. I think you are not only the right man for the job, but one of the only right men for it. And especially...

(MORE)

BARBARA (CONT'D)

The perfect man to get that friend
of yours back. The perfect man to
flip him. And that, Mr. Ned Carrey,
is what I think. What I know.

Ned laughs, snuffles, wipes his face before his tears fall.

NED

Oh, God don't bring up that idiot,
I'll puke.

The two laugh again, Ned looks at Barbara, waves her in.

The two hug, Ned leans down, kisses her head.

BARBARA

He's your idiot.

NED

...Thank you, Barbie.

Ned laughs, pulls back, looks into the distance.

BARBARA

You still think he's gonna run?

NED

(sighs)
...I hope not.

I/E. ARTHUR'S CAR / MARINE STADIUM MARINA - NIGHT

Arthur parks in the NEARLY EMPTY PARKING LOT in front of the
MASSIVE set of abandoned, concrete stands on the water.

Less than a hundred yards away-- the MARINA. HALF-SUNKEN
BOATS, BROKEN DOWN PIERS, ENDLESS PALLET STACKS, FISHING
NETS, CRATES. Abandoned besides a SINGLE TRAWLER BOAT.

ARTHUR

Oh God, what the hell am I doing?

He looks out the windshield--

The box truck and SUV parked on the PORT in front of the
trawler at the edge of the water.

The FOUR ROBBERS step out from the trucks, meet with TWO
FISHERMEN standing on the port.

A beat, they split, the two fishermen back to the boat,
before one steps off with an ASSAULT RIFLE.

The armed fisherman and ONE ROBBER with another ASSAULT RIFLE set a perimeter, stand guard.

Christian stands, watches as Rake and the last robber move for the truck, open it--

The robber pulls the children out, hands them to Rake one by one... Each led into the trawler.

Christian turns back, then looks out into the distance--

Arthur ducks, looks up over the dash--

Christian looks another way, pulls his phone from his pocket, dials it, puts it to his ear... A beat...

Arthur looks over at the duffel. The stacks of cash inside.

--BUZZ. BUZZ. BUZZ. Arthur's phone BUZZES next to him.

He looks at it, gulps, picks it up, puts it to his ear.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Hello?

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)

It's time...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

Rake walks out from the boat, Christian and the other robbers between the trucks SMOKING, TALKING.

RAKE

Cargo's all loaded. How long we giving this guy?

Christian takes a drag, checks his phone.

CHRISTIAN

He's got twenty. After that we ghost, leave his ass to the pigs.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Jeez, that quick huh?

The entire group turns, DRAWS THEIR WEAPONS--

Arthur walks out through the pallets with TWO DUFFEL BAGS.

CHRISTIAN

Christ, you know you almost just got a whole mag to the chest, yeah?

ARTHUR

Nah... I trust you guys. So, we ready to get this show on the road? Or... water, I mean.

Arthur tosses the two duffels before them.

Christian rolls one of the bags back and forth with his foot.

He crouches, opens it-- STACKS OF BILLS MIXED INTO CLOTHES.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Seventy-five in each. Mixed with the clothes... For safer travel.

Christian stands up, stares at Arthur. Squints. A beat.

Christian nods to Rake.

Rake pulls a SMALL, BLACK DEVICE out from his pocket--

The two other robbers grab Arthur's arms, holding him--

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Hey! Hey! What are we doing here?!

Rake grabs Arthur's leg, reaches the device to his ankle--

He clamps it on the monitor, presses a button on the device.
AN LED SCREEN TURNS ON, GLOWS--

Rake taps the screen, again, again-- THE ANKLE MONITOR BEEPS--

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Hey! What the hell are you doing?

THE BEEPING SLOWLY QUIETS UNTIL-- NOTHING. SILENCE.

Rake hits another button on the device--

The ANKLE MONITOR UNCLASPS from Arthur's leg.

They release Arthur as Rake PUTS THE MONITOR IN HIS POCKET.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

What are you gonna do with that?

RAKE

It's still functional, just thinks
it's on you. Also turned that damn
beeper off... I'll take it to the
other side of the city. Hide it
somewhere nice and abandoned...
Give them piggies a little chase.

Arthur looks between the robbers. Gulps, licks his gums.

ARTHUR

Perfect! So, let's do this!

Arthur steps towards the boat, he stops, turns back.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Anyone wanna see a magic trick?

Arthur looks at the crew, nothing. Silence.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Okay- nevertheless, guys, before we
go, I just wanna thank you...

Arthur reaches his hand out to Christian... A beat...

Christian reaches out, shakes his hand.

ARTHUR SHAKES RAKE'S HAND... pats his arm as he does.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You guys are really saving me here.

Arthur steps up onto the BOAT, immediately moves to its far end, the farthest point facing out to the water.

He presses against the RAIL, lifts his arms--

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I'm the king of the world!

CHRISTIAN

What the hell are you doing? You want a hole in your back, or what?

Arthur turns around, comes back, whispers.

ARTHUR

Sorry! Sorry! Just excited.

Christian steps forward, attempts to step on the boat--

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Wait!

The crew stops, stares. A beat.

CHRISTIAN

What?

ARTHUR

You guys might hate me for this... but I forgot a bag in the car.

RAKE

Oh, Christ, let's just leave this--

ARTHUR

It's just a few blocks away! Just give me-- give me fifteen minutes. That's it. Look-- I still have that from the original time, right? And you can keep one of the bags here.

Christian checks the time. A beat. He looks up at Arthur.

CHRISTIAN

Fifteen. We prep tie off now.

ARTHUR

Thank you! Thank you! I promise!

Arthur leaps off the boat, back onto the port, grabs a bag.

CHRISTIAN
Fourteen and a half already.

ARTHUR
Thank you! Thank you!

Arthur runs into the distance between the pallets.

INT. MARINA / PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Arthur runs to the lot-- he turns-- slows to a walk.
He stops at the car, catches his breath, checks his watch.
He pops his TRUNK, reaches in, pulls out a final DUFFEL BAG.
He closes the trunk, looks around, checks the time--

ARTHUR
Come on... come on...

Arthur looks around again, his foot tapping.

EXT. MARINA / PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Arthur leans against his car door, looks down at his watch--
He looks around, the skyline, the water... A beat. He huffs.

ARTHUR
Alright, I guess we're doing this.

Arthur turns back, walks away from his car towards the docks--

NED
FREEZE! PUT YOUR HANDS UP--

Arthur turns to spot--

Ned, t-shirt and pajama pants, pistol aimed at him.

NED (CONT'D)
Drop the bags!

Arthur drops the bags, raises his hands, whispers.

ARTHUR
Ned! Keep your voice down!

Ned steps closer, gun still raised.

NED

Oh shut up, Arthur. I knew it. I knew you were gonna run. So what? Seriously? Today meant nothing? You couldn't even give it a try?

Arthur looks at the dock, to Ned, keeps to a whisper.

ARTHUR

Ednay! Ethay obbersray! Erehay!

NED

What? Arthur! Shut the hell up! You got your chance and you threw it away! Now you're done. After we put you in nine pairs of cuffs, I'm gonna watch you rot in-- Wait...

(lowers voice)

What did you just say? The... who? The-- robbers--

Ned's eyes widen, he holsters his pistol, closes the distance, whispers--

NED (CONT'D)

Arthur, what the hell are you talking about?

ARTHUR

The bank robbers, they're here.

NED

What? How do you know that?

A beat. Arthur holds, Ned looks at him.

ARTHUR

I-- A girl I see, she said her brother and his crew could get me out. And of course, her brother was one of them. And the crew... yeah.

NED

How do you- how do you know that?

ARTHUR

During the robbery I saw one of the robbers had a tattoo on their neck, a rose with three-oh-five on it. Same tattoo as him. And trust me.. there's been more signs after that.

NED

So, what? You are trying to leave?

ARTHUR

No-- no I-- I was gonna leave.
Yeah. But then, I followed them to
a warehouse... Where-- Blanco was
there. You're right, it's all tied
to him. I saw pallets of cash,
hundreds of kilos... And kids.

NED

What?

ARTHUR

They're trafficking kids, Ned.

A beat. Ned looks around, his hand on his gun.

NED

Where are they?

ARTHUR

Down at the docks. The crew plus
two more, all armed. I've got...
(checks watch)
Five minutes to be back there.
That's why I was speaking Pig
Latin. Didn't want them to hear.

DISTANT SIRENS, LOTS OF THEM.

Ned holds a beat, his eyes darting--

NED

Sonofabitich.

Ned runs back for his car, grabs his radio--

NED (CONT'D)

All units headed to the Marine
Stadium Docks-- Cut your sirens. I
repeat- cut your lights and
sirens... I've- I've got a hostage
situation. I need no sudden moves.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

Two robbers untie the boat as the others stand, smoking.

Christian checks his watch-- DISTANT SIRENS-- He looks up--

RAKE

You hear that?

THE SIRENS STOP. NOTHING. SILENCE.

RAKE (CONT'D)
Christian, I don't like this man...

EXT. MARINA / PARKING LOT - NIGHT

SQUAD CARS PARK AROUND Ned, OFFICERS, DETECTIVES STEP OUT. No lights, no noise beside cocked guns and strapped vests.

An officer hands Ned a BULLET PROOF VEST as the dozen officers and detectives surround him.

Ned straps the BULLET PROOF VEST on over his t-shirt.

NED
Alright, we've got a dozen kids in a trawler. Watch your sounds. We've got six perps, armed and dangerous. And less than five minutes before they press off. Any questions?... Let's save some kids then.

Ned unholsters his pistol, cocks it.

NED (CONT'D)
Two on me, the rest in two flanks.

Ned gestures to the group, then both ends of the dock.

The groups splits, half to one end, half to the other--

Ned turns to Arthur. He pulls out his cuffs, grabs Arthur's hand, cuffs it to a stack of pallets behind him.

He turns to the TWO OFFICERS WITH HIM.

NED (CONT'D)
Cuffs.

They hand him their cuffs. Ned cuffs Arthur's arm twice more.

ARTHUR
Seriously?

NED
Shut up. And don't try anything.

Ned turns, raises his pistol, presses dead ahead into the pallets, gun raised, the two officers to his sides.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

Rake opens the SUV's door, turns to the crew, uneasy.

RAKE

I'm outta here... How much more
time you giving this clown, man?

CHRISTIAN

None. Tie off. Now.

Christian turns, tosses his cigarette.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

Ned and the officers press through the pallets, weaving...

VROOM-- an engine starts in the distance...

They stop, a beat... They push ahead--

OPENING-- The officers step out, the box truck and SUV still
in front of the trawler. Rake inside the SUV.

Two robber's untie the boat as Christian steps onto it.

NED

M.P.D! Put your weapons down! Now!

The two armed robbers turn-- RAISE THEIR WEAPONS-- FIRE--

The FLANKING OFFICERS FIRE--

BOTH ROBBERS GO DOWN--

Rake reverses the SUV into THE OTHER FLANKING OFFICERS--

MORE GUNFIRE--

THE TIRES POP-- the SUV SLAMS into piles of pallets and
crates, tires caught in nets--

OFFICER

Get out of the car, now!

The officers swarm the SUV, drag Rake out the vehicle.

Ned and his two press forwards toward the box truck--

BANG! BANG!-- Ned and the officers duck behind pallets, look--

Christian aims at them from THE TRAWLER, one of the CHILDREN
held hostage, the boat pressing off, drifting outwards.

NED
 (stands)
Sonofabitch! Hold your fire! Hold
 your fire!

BANG!-- BANG!-- Ned ducks again... the boat drifting away...

EXT. TRAWLER - NIGHT

Christian stands on the trawler, gun to the child's head.

CHRISTIAN
 (at cabin)
 C'mon! Start this damn thing!

The two fishermen try to start the boat--

INTERCUT - MARINA / TRAWLER

Ned peers out the side of the stack, looks down his sights--

Christian holds the gun to the child's head, keeps them in front of him. *No shot. Especially not at this distance.*

BANG!-- BANG!-- Christian's shots pin the officers down.

Ned looks down his sights... a beat...

NED
 C'mon... C'mon just give me a shot.

Ned looks around-- the box truck.

Ned pulls back behind the pallets, a beat, he runs for it--

BANG! BANG!-- Ned slams into the truck, aims-- *still no good.*

NED (CONT'D)
 C'mon!

BANG!-- BANG!-- Two more shots put Ned back behind the truck.

Ned looks up at the sky. Closes his eyes.

NED (CONT'D)
 Just give me something. Anything.

He aims out again, looks at the boat, his eyes widen--

ARTHUR CLIMBS from the water into the BOAT, behind Christian.

NED (CONT'D)
 Arthur? What the--

A SOAKED Arthur quietly climbs over the rail--

He looks around, Christian at the other end of the boat--

Arthur spots a RIFLE-- A beat... He looks past it, to an OAR.

Christian reaches down, grabs the duffel bag with the same arm he holds the child hostage, puts the gun to their head--

CHRISTIAN

Both of you are staying right here.

Christian aims out as behind him, Arthur raises the oar--

Ned watches as Arthur comes up from behind Christian--

THE SOUND OF ROPE BURN AGAINST WOOD-- Christian looks down--

A COIL of ROPE, one end attached to the boat, the other rapidly unraveling into the water--

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

What the fu--

WHAM!-- The boat slams, THE LINE TIED TO THE DOCK--

Christian lurches back, spots Arthur, raises the gun--

THWACK!-- Arthur strikes Christian across the head, makes him turn, let go of the child--

IN SLOW MOTION-- Ned watches as Christian pulls up his pistol, aimed at the kid... A beat...

Ned raises his pistol, focuses, squints, FIRES--

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!-- ONE round through the duffel bag, BURSTING IT OPEN-- the next THREE into Christian's chest.

He falls, Arthur behind him, the child cowering, safe.

OFFICER

Freeze! Put your hands up!

Arthur drops the oar, raises his hands. A CONFETTI OF LOOSE BILLS sinks down to the water around him. A beat.

NED

Hold your fire! Hold your fire! He--
He's one of us! Hold your fire!

Ned looks out at the water to Arthur-- Arthur nods to him.

Ned nods back. The bills raining down between them.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

AMBULANCES, SQUAD CARS, RED AND BLUE LIGHTS fill the area.

OFFICERS put blankets, coats on the kids, walk them to the squad cars, sit others in ambulances.

THE TWO WOUNDED ROBBERS put in ambulances cuffed, driven off.

THE TWO FISHERMAN and RAKE put into squad cars.

Ned and Arthur sit on the back of an AMBULANCE. A BLANKET over Arthur's drying shoulders. His hair still wet.

A beat, silence as the two look out at the scene.

NED

That was a good move by the way.

Arthur turns to Ned.

NED (CONT'D)

Bringing the police here.

Arthur looks out at the scene again.

ARTHUR

No idea what you're talking about.

NED

You know why I was first here?... I had Chief give me access to your monitor from my laptop. Plus I only live a half mile away.

ARTHUR

And you came in your jammies.

Arthur laughs a bit. He leans back, a beat. He reaches in his pocket, removes the ankle monitor, hands it to Ned.

Arthur reaches in his pocket again, removes the three cuffs.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Sorry. These too.

Ned laughs, pockets the cuffs.

NED

Got it. Zip-ties next time.

ARTHUR

Those are even easier... Next time?

Ned shrugs.

NED
You tie the boat to the dock too?

ARTHUR
Might have.

Arthur laughs, settles, a beat, frowns.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Ned, when I saw those kids... I
knew I couldn't go. I had to give
up leaving. Couldn't let them
disappear...

NED
(laughs)
So your big achilles heel really is
just being a good person, huh?
Being honest? Honorable?

ARTHUR
Well yeah, that's kinda the whole
thing in my line of work. No honor
amongst thieves, right?

Ned laughs, leans back, looks out at the scene.

NED
Except here, I guess... Hey, that
cash in the water... that yours?

ARTHUR
(laughs)
Yeah. Unfortunately it is-- was.
The last of my stash. I split it
between bags so I could stall
without them leaving me.

NED
So there *was* another bag? Officers
said they couldn't find anything...

ARTHUR
No- no, it was uh... it was
vaporized. Blown out to sea.

NED
Mhm. I'm sure, Stanley Goodspeed.

Another beat. A small laugh. The two look out to the scene.
The vehicles and people start to clear out.

NED (CONT'D)

Arthur--

ARTHUR

I don't wanna go back to jail, Ned.

Ned turns to see tears in Arthur's eyes.

NED

(laughs)

Well, I was going to say, you might wanna change your line of work. Because the chief let me know we'd have a consultant job for you if this went well. And I'm pretty sure it did. If you want it, of course.

A beat.

ARTHUR

No jail?

NED

Not until you retire. Or get fired. Or run, or--

ARTHUR

(raises hand)

Okay.... Okay.

NED

Okay... Like, *okay*, okay?

ARTHUR

Okay. Like, *okay*, okay.

Arthur nods to Ned. A nod back. He looks out before them.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Not a bad start, then, right? Four outta four perps on my first case?

NED

Oh? Mr. Know-it-all isn't as smart as he thinks he is... The driver. Four, plus a driver.

Arthur tilts his head, squints, counts on his fingers--

ARTHUR

Son of a--

NED

Plus. That warehouse you mentioned?
Empty. No drugs, no money, nothing.

Arthur's eyes widen, horrified--

ARTHUR

Ned, I didn't lie I promise--

NED

Arthur, I know.

The two look back out at the scene, the water past it.

ARTHUR

You know what that means right?

NED

We probably have a mole.

ARTHUR

Yep... Well... Looks like we have
some work to do don't we?

A WOMAN'S HANDS RIP the blanket from Arthur's shoulders so
hard he slams his head back against the ambulance wall--

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Ow-- hey, what the--

Arthur looks up-- Detective Cortez, pantsuit, no amusement.

CORTEZ

Sorry. Real victims need this.
Thanks for the help by the way.
We've wanted these guys for a
while. I-- we- had to go to some...
pretty far means to get it done.
Get... *creative* with our tactics.

Cortez turns, walks away. Arthur left mouth open. Again.

Ned starts to laugh.

NED

What uh, what was... that--

ARTHUR

I-- I think I got honey potted?

Ned keeps laughing.

NED

I have no idea what that means and
I'm guessing I don't want to.

Arthur looks around in confusion.

ARTHUR

I-- I got conned. She conned me. I
think I got conned into helping you
guys. This is-- this is ridiculous.

Ned finally relaxes, breathes, lets out a sigh.

NED

Losing your conning radar and
starting a consultant job with the
police all in one day? Looks like
you really are starting to turn to
the other side. My side of justice.
Whether you like it or not.

Arthur laughs.

ARTHUR

Yeah, yeah you might be right.

Arthur looks out, his smile drops, he GULPS, frowns.

CUT TO BLACK.

CREDITS.

END OF ACT FOUR

END OF EPISODE