

MAN ON A LEDGE

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1630 Stewart Street, Suite 120
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September 27, 2010

FADE IN:

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - EARLY MORNING

A bus stops, doors opening with a pneumatic HISS. A man exits and starts down the street.

NICK CASSIDY is 35, with a determined gaze, strong and lean, clean shaven, wearing a rumpled suit. He could be a stockbroker or in sales; he has that tired but intense look.

EXT. BRISTOL HOTEL - ESTABLISHING

Nick checks his watch, 6:23, then heads for the canopied entrance of this two tower, twenty-five story hotel in the heart of the city.

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

A SLEEPY BELLHOP, 65, feeble, probably allowed to keep his job out of pity, sees Nick coming and opens the door wide. Nick nods, unsmiling as he enters.

Several GUESTS sit in the plush marble lobby, reading the morning paper, sipping coffee. Nick heads for the front desk.

The HOTEL MANAGER, 50 prepares for the morning crush.

MANAGER
Good morning, sir.

NICK
Morning. Last name's Walker.

MANAGER
Yes, Mr. Walker. Room 2105, East Tower. Great view.

He types a couple of codes into his computer.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
We also have a larger unit available on the east side I can offer to you at the same price.

Nick shakes his head.

NICK
I'll stick with the view.

MANAGER
Of course.

He signals for the bellhop.

INT. ROOM 2105 - DAY

The bellhop enters, followed by Nick.

It's a good-sized room with a set of large windows. The bellhop opens the curtains and adjusts the lights.

NICK

What's your best Champagne?

BELLHOP

Bollinger '97, Vieille Vignes. The finest. Anything else, *Sir*?

INT. ROOM 2105 - DAY

Nick relaxes, champagne in a bucket, uncorked, a half eaten filet mignon, a plate of caviar. It's an over-the-top four-star breakfast.

He pulls at a lobster tail, dips it in melted butter.

INT. ROOM 2105 - BATHROOM - DAY

Splashing water on his face, Nick takes a moment, staring himself down in the mirror. Thinking? Psyching himself up? Hard to tell, but it's intense.

INT. ROOM 2105 - DAY

Nick walks in from the bathroom with a hand towel and goes to work methodically wiping down everything he's touched: the card-key, table, chair, utensils.

Moving to the desk, he methodically writes three lines.

Leaving the note, he walks to the windows. The view is spectacular.

EXT. ROOM 2105 - CONTINUOUS

High above the street. Nick stands framed head to toe in a window, looking out at the city for a long beat.

He opens the window.

Nick looks to his left: a narrow ledge a few feet away. A ribbon of decorative masonry runs to the ledge and beyond.

Several floors above, two grinning gargoyles perch on the edge of the roof.

Nick steps out, edging over to the ledge.

The wind tousles his hair. He sucks in the cool morning.

Leaning slightly forward, he looks down, taking in the stomach-tightening, ball-cinching view of the street 21 floors below.

Nick teeters twenty-one floors above certain death, poised to jump.

Far below, a WOMAN SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

WHACK! Nick, a prison inmate, bearded and unkempt, throws a hard elbow square into ANOTHER PRISONER'S face...

...sending a METAL SHANK chattering across concrete.

A SECOND PRISONER grabs Nick from behind in a choke-hold as a THIRD PRISONER delivers gut-wrenching blows.

Nick rocks his body, flipping the second guy off his back, into a rack of weights.

CRACK! The first guy clobbers Nick with a weight bar SNAPPING his arm and knocking him down. He closes in for the kill, but Nick kicks him in the balls.

SUPERED TITLE: **SING SING CORRECTIONAL FACILITY, NEW YORK**

ALARMS SOUND. SIX PRISON GUARDS grab riot gear, helmets, shields, and batons.

The third guy kicks Nick in the side, flipping him over, but...

WHAM: Nick rises, swinging a dumbbell, catching him in the face...

...but the first guy hits Nick from behind, dropping him again and the others surround him, kicking and stomping.

The guards race in, shoving onlookers out of the way...

...but the only thing to see is Nick lying unconscious in a pool of blood.

INT. NICK'S CELL - NIGHT

Nick sits alone on his bed. He's got a cast on one arm, head bandaged, ugly bruises and swelling everywhere.

He stares out at nothing: a million miles from freedom.

INT. PRISON - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

A female PRISON PSYCHIATRIST, 50, cold and detached, sits across from Nick, thumbing his file.

Nick leans back in his chair, uninterested. He's still in the cast, but his wounds have healed a bit.

PSYCHIATRIST
So your final appeal has been
denied, Mr. Cassidy.
(beat)
You're out of legal options.

Nick stares off blankly, trying to quell his emotion.

PSYCHIATRIST (CONT'D)
Not many men, let alone ex-cops,
can handle a sixty year sentence.
(beat)
That's why I'm here.

She watches him.

NICK
Maybe I'm one of the ones who can't
handle it.

PSYCHIATRIST
This is good. Recognizing you've
lost hope. It's the first step
toward healing.

Despair creeps across Nick's face.

PSYCHIATRIST (CONT'D)
Have you ever considered hurting
yourself, Nick?

He just stares at her.

INT. NICK'S CELL - DAY

Nick reads: "Manhattan Block by Block: A History of Architecture." There's a hand-drawn ARCHITECTURAL DIAGRAM of his own on his bed. Anything to pass the time.

An INMATE arrives outside Nick's cell with a cart of books. Nick returns two books along with a pack of smokes in exchange for two more books.

INMATE
Pace yourself, man. You gonna run
outta shit to read.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Nick steps out into the harsh light of the prison yard.

The group that nearly killed him before stands across the way, eyeing Nick as a guard shoves him forward.

INT. PRISON - VISITATION ROOM - DAY

PRISON GUARDS keep watch. PRISONERS speak to LOVED ONES across long steel tables.

Nick waits at a table, hands cuffed in front of him, playing with a RUBIK'S CUBE. His cast is off now, but he's got a fresh black eye and bruises. He looks up.

MIKE CAVANAUGH, 30s, sharply dressed in a suit and tie approaches to greet him.

MIKE
Hey, Cas'.

Nick takes in Mike's attire as he sits down.

NICK
Missed you, Mikey. Been awhile.

MIKE
Yeah, well. Getting married...

Nick smiles bitterly.

NICK
I expect everyone else to dry up
and blow away. Not you.

Mike looks away.

NICK (CONT'D)
Hey. Look at me. It's not right I
hear from someone else you made
detective.

Mike gets it.

MIKE

Yeah.

NICK

Congratulations.

They both smile.

MIKE

How you holding up?

Nick looks across the table. Shrugs. *Been better.*

MIKE (CONT'D)

(serious)

Your brother called me.

Nick sets down the cube.

NICK

He ask for money? I heard they
lost the house.

MIKE

Your dad is dying.

There it is, hard and ugly. Nick looks away, choked up.

NICK

How long?

Mike shrugs. Not long.

MIKE

I'll talk to the warden, make sure
you get a day on the outside with
no hassle.

Nick smiles grimly. He picks up the Rubik's Cube, turning it
mindlessly.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Nick jogs along the razor wire fence, head down, keeping to
himself, burning through a rigorous routine.

He turns a corner, a PRISON GUARD stands in his path.

Nick stops, staring at the guy. He knows what's coming.

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK - FREEWAY - DAY

A PRISONER TRANSPORT VEHICLE moves with light traffic along the picturesque, two-lane highway.

INT. PRISON TRANSPORT VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

A PRISON GUARD is behind the wheel, a racked shotgun within reach.

In the cage behind him is another GUARD, opposite Nick.

Nick sits, handcuffed to a steel rail, wearing his prison blues, watching the world outside slide past.

PRISON GUARD #2
Beautiful day.

EXT. CEDAR LAWN CEMETERY - SUNSET

Set between train tracks and a highway, there's no rolling hills or shady trees here: just brown grass and fumes.

Nick stands, hands cuffed before him, next to his brother, JOEY CASSIDY, 30, clean-shaven, a touch brainy with a youthful charm.

Neither wants to be here. And neither wants to be standing next to the other.

JOEY'S GIRLFRIEND, ANGIE, 24, holds Joey close, quiet and supportive. Later we'll get to know her as an ass-kicking, take-no-shit New York firecracker: down to earth and charming but emotional, the kind of woman you don't want to cross.

Mike's there with his WIFE, looking slick compared to the rumpled older generation of MOURNERS who watch as FATHER LEO, 60, wraps it up.

FATHER LEO
...and when a good soul is taken
from us, it can be hard to find
reason to believe. But, having
faith in God's promise -

Father Leo looks to Nick; his words are for him...

FATHER LEO (CONT'D)
- and faith in yourself - is your
one true ally.

Father Leo turns to bless FRANK CASSIDY'S CASKET hovering over the hole.

FATHER LEO (CONT'D)
May God bless you, Frank Cassidy;
you are truly free. Amen.

A brief round of Amens.

Less than twenty feet away, the prison transport vehicle idles. Both prison guards stand at the ready.

Nick and Joey say good-bye to his father's friends. Not allowed physical contact, Nick is scrutinized by the guards. The moment's surreal.

NICK
Thanks... Thank you....

Mike waits his turn, then approaches.

MIKE
Cass. Sorry, man.

Nick nods.

JOEY
Thanks for coming, Mikey.

JANICE, Mike's wife, conservatively dressed, but gorgeous gives him a smile.

JANICE
It's nice to meet you, Nick. I've heard so much.

Mike hangs back with Nick as Janice moves on.

NICK
You finally got a woman with all her teeth.

Mike grins.

MIKE
Anyway I can help, you guys let me know.

He leans in, respecting the rules but too close for the guards' liking.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I'll be there. Okay?

Nick nods. Mike pats Joey on the shoulder as he walks away.

Angie steps in and gives Nick a peck on the cheek.

PRISON GUARD
No contact!

NICK
I'm glad it's the pretty girl who
broke the rules.

Angie smiles.

NICK (CONT'D)
You got the time?

ANGIE
(checks her phone)
Five twenty.

She kisses Joey and heads back to her car, leaving the
brothers alone at the casket.

Nick stares out, watching Mike and the other guests pulling
out of the parking lot and heading back to their lives.

A TRAIN WHISTLE sounds in the distance and Nick glances at
the tracks with obvious displeasure.

NICK
This the best you could do? View
of the goddamned tracks?

The prison guards perk up at his tone.

JOEY
(disgusted)
You killed him the day you went to
prison.

Nick smiles bitterly.

NICK
Cause I left him with a goddammed
screw-up.

Joey burns with rage.

JOEY
My life ended the day you went
down. College: gone. All I did is
earn for your defense and dad's
medical.

NICK
Yeah well, apparently not enough.

Joey explodes, swinging hard, hitting him in the face.

Hands cuffed together, Nick clubs Joey across the jaw.

Joey retaliates with a hard left-hook, knocking Nick down, then jumps on him throwing more punches.

JOEY
This is all your fault.

Nick manages to hit Joey again, slamming him to one side.

The guards jump in, pulling them apart. Nick's dragged away, his hands still cuffed.

Joey lunges for him again, but the second guard blocks him.

PRISON GUARD #2
Walk away!

Joey looks after Nick, still pissed, spits, and walks off.

Nick stops struggling, taking a final look at his father's casket. The guard shoves him toward the truck.

PRISON GUARD #1
You're done. Let's go.

As Nick reaches the truck, he glances up the tracks as the train WHISTLE sounds again...

...then turns, swinging one arm over the guard, jamming a BALLPOINT PEN against his neck and backing against the truck for protection.

The second guard draws and aims, but he doesn't have a shot.

PRISON GUARD #2
Drop it!

Nick's pen is already digging deep, drawing blood...

NICK
Stay back, Donnie.
(to his hostage)
Unlock 'em.

PRISON GUARD #2
(into radio)
This is three twelve, prisoner
escape in progress at Cedar Lawn!
He's got my partner, I need backup!

With shaking hands, guard #1 unlocks the cuffs...

...and Nick instantly pulls his Glock 22, putting it to his head.

NICK
Drop it! NOW!

PRISON GUARD #2
Take it easy, Cassidy.

He drops his weapon and raises his hands.

Joey watches from a distance as Nick pushes the guards into the truck.

INT. PRISON TRANSPORT VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Nick quickly cuffs the guards to the rail.

PRISON GUARD #1
You won't get far.

NICK
I don't plan to.

EXT. CEDAR LAWN CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Joey runs up as Nick hurries out of the truck.

JOEY
The hell are you doing?

Nick levels the Glock at his brother's head.

NICK
Keys.

The guards watch as he pushes Joey towards the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SUNSET

Joey stands helpless as his brother unlocks his 4x4.

JOEY
You sure about this? There's no
going back.

He glances at the far end of the cemetery where two police cars enter, then back over at the APPROACHING TRAIN.

NICK
Yeah.

Jumping in the truck, Nick peels out.

Joey stands there staring after him as the two police cruisers blow past him.

INT./EXT. JOEY'S TRUCK - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Nick floors it, flying through the cemetery, eyeing the train and the cops.

Breaking through a chain-link fence, he maneuvers the truck up the berm and across the tracks...

...as the train roars past, WHISTLE BLARING...

...cutting off the cruisers.

EXT. EMPTY ROAD - SUNSET - ESTABLISHING

Nick's truck flies down the road.

I/E. JOEY'S TRUCK - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

One hand on the wheel, he goes through the glove-box. Coming up with a flip-blade knife, he cuts off his GPS ANKLE-BRACELET and tosses it out the window.

Zippping open Joey's gym bag on the front seat, he rifles through it, gunning the truck faster.

In the distance, far behind him, the lights of police pursuit rise.

Nick eyes them drawing closer, then turns off on a side road, blowing past a sign that reads "NO OUTLET."

EXT. WASTEWATER TREATMENT PLANT - ESTABLISHING

This massive plant sprawls across hundred of acres: a maze of pipes and tanks.

EXT. WASTEWATER TREATMENT PLANT - SUNSET

The 4x4 sits abandoned, as police cars pour in surrounding it, SCREECHING to a stop.

Cops step out, guns ready. Nick could have gone any number of ways.

COP
(into radio)
Set a perimeter. He can't have
gone far.

BOOM DOWN to REVEAL that he's standing on a manhole.

EXT. WOODED HILLSIDE - ACCESS DOORWAY - NIGHT

This concrete-framed gated steel door set into this wooded hillside swings open and Nick emerges. Pulling on a coat from Joey's gym bag, he disappears into the night.

BOOM UP to REVEAL a sea of blue and red flashing lights at the treatment plant a mile away.

I/E. MIKE'S SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

Mike drives, Manhattan's skyscrapers visible up ahead. The freeway back into the city is thick with traffic.

Janice touches up her make-up as Mike's phone RINGS.

MIKE
(into phone)
Cavanaugh.

INTERCUT - INT. SMALL UPSTATE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

JOEY
It's Joey. Nick's escaped.

Joey nervously paces the waiting room.

MIKE
What?

JOEY
Jacked the guards, took my Mustang.

Mike looks like he just got gut-punched.

MIKE
Jesus.

JOEY
They'll kill him, Mike.

MIKE
I got a guy with the Staties.
Don't worry. I'll find him.

JOEY

Thanks.

Still stunned, Mike places the phone back on the dashboard.

JANICE

Everything okay?

He smiles.

MIKE

Sure baby. Nothing I can't take care of.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL STRIP - ROUTE 15 - NIGHT

Nick, now on foot, less his prison jacket, cuts across the street lined with closed CAR DEALERSHIPS.

EXT. SELF-STORAGE - NIGHT

Nick hops the chain-link fence of the single-story storage facility.

In a pool of sodium vapor light, he spins the combination lock on a medium sized unit and lifts the roll-door.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

Nick shuts the door, then pulls the chain on a utility light.

His eyes scan his worldly possessions. FURNITURE. LUGGAGE. LABELED MOVING BOXES. His old life.

Nick's got a suitcase open, shaving off his goatee and scruff. He wipes his face.

Taking a pair of scissors, Nick goes to work on his hair, cutting over the ears and off the collar.

Digging to the bottom of an old coffee can of loose pennies, Nick pulls out a money clip of crisp cash.

Nick pulls a suit from a wardrobe box. He quickly changes: pants, shirt, a cheap Timex 1440 digital sports watch.

He pauses to look at a faded FRAMED PHOTO of his DAD, JOEY and HIMSELF on a fishing trip. It's from years ago: weathered fishing hats, vests: the three of them smiling.

Nick slips the 4x6 from the frame, pockets it.

EXT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT BUILDING - BAY RIDGE - NIGHT -
ESTABLISHING

INT. LYDIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The alarm clock reads 4:45 beside the prescription sleep meds and a half-drunk glass of wine on the night stand.

LYDIA ANDERSON lies in bed staring at the ceiling.

She's 30s. Beautiful. And tired.

Rolling over she finds herself nose to nose with a large GERMAN SHEPARD, ENZO, who wags at her, concerned.

LYDIA

Hey.

Enzo puts his head on her.

She rubs his face, then gets up, pops a couple aspirin, pulls on some old-school sweats and a hoodie.

Putting in her ear-buds, she dials up her MUSIC and cranks out a set of chin-ups.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - EARLY MORNING

Lydia jogs with Enzo across the bridge, glancing at a small SHRINE of candles and flowers someone set up on the footpath as she heads into the city.

EXT. MANHATTAN - EARLY MORNING

Lydia runs through Manhattan as it begins to wake in the pre-dawn light.

It's a time in the city no one ever sees: quiet, beautiful, empty and calm. A rare moment before the insanity of eight million people begins again.

She runs fast, driven, chasing away the demons of the night with sweat and discipline.

She looks good, tough, as she pounds it out.

I/E. COMMUTER BUS - EARLY MORNING

Transformed, Nick rides into the city with the early-shift of working stiffs.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - EARLY MORNING

The bus stops, doors opening with a pneumatic HISS. Nick steps onto Fifth Ave.

This is where we opened.

Nick walks up Fifth Avenue, enjoying the quiet of the city at this hour, buildings glowing in the morning light.

He pauses to check out his reflection in a store window: straightens his tie, tugs on his cuffs.

Nick turns onto 47th street, the heart of the Diamond District. Virtually every sign and storefront here is a diamond or jewelry business.

Nick stops walking and looks up at the Bristol Hotel...

...and the ledge 21 floors above the street.

EXT. ROOM 2105 - DAY

Nick stands on the ledge as before, poised to jump, eyeing the street far below.

A WOMAN SCREAMS.

EXT. 47TH STREET - DIAMOND DISTRICT - DAY

A COP runs up the street towards the Bristol, looking up.

INT. MIDTOWN NORTH PRECINCT - DAY

A DESK SERGEANT relays commands over the radio.

DESK SERGEANT
Shut down the block.

EXT. LEDGE - DAY

Nick looks down. A DOZEN PEOPLE have assembled at the corner, pointing up at him.

EXT. 47TH STREET - DAY

A NYPD SQUAD CAR pulls up. TWO COPS get out, looking up at Nick on the distant ledge.

COP
Jesus.

A FIRE TRUCK pulls onto the scene. The swelling crowd parts, allowing it to park.

INT. ROOM 2105 - DAY

The bellhop unlocks the door, allowing two COPS to enter. The lead cop pokes his head outside the window.

EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

The cop, nervous, sees Nick standing on the ledge, ten feet away, contemplating the abyss.

COP
Mr. Walker? Hang tight, okay?
Help is on the way.

Nick just stares down at the street.

EXT. 47TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

A SECOND FIRE TRUCK, a POLICE TRUCK and half a dozen SQUAD CARS pull up.

OFFICERS unload "POLICE: DO NOT CROSS" BARRICADES, slamming them into place, one after another. Four go up at either end of the block.

The street is closed. Onlookers are corralled down both ends of the block, out of harm's way.

EXT. BRISTOL HOTEL - DAY

DETECTIVE NATHAN MARCUS, 45, exits an unmarked car glancing up as he talks on the phone, heading to the Bristol. He's a competent, intense, get-it-done kind of guy, who's always in control and doesn't suffer fools.

MARCUS
I want mobile command here pronto.
Keep the street locked up tight and
get me some crowd control. This is
a going to be a zoo.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Marcus and the manager cross to the elevators where...

DETECTIVE BOB DOUGHERTY waits. He's 40, brash, and self-confident.

DOUGHERTY
Hey boss. All this shit on my nose
and still waiting on that
promotion.

They enter the elevator. The hotel manager presses "21."

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

MARCUS
Let's get this done. I'm supposed
to see my kids today.

DOUGHERTY
Might have to push the whack-job
yourself.

MARCUS
(to Manager)
We'll need the doorman, bellhop,
room service - anyone who had
contact.
(to Dougherty)
I want SWAT on deck.
(to Manager)
And the credit card that paid for
the room.

MANAGER
Yes sir.

The elevator stops. The doors slide open.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Everyone moves fast down the hall.

DOUGHERTY
(into radio)
Bauer, roll off your mama. We've
got a jumper on 47th. The Bristol.
Load up the dogs.

INT. ROOM 2105 - CONTINUOUS

Marcus holds up a hand, staying the manager at the propped-open door as he and Dougherty enter.

Marcus heads for the window, noting Nick's breakfast spread on the table.

MARCUS
Last Supper?

DOUGHERTY
Not a good sign.

EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

Marcus pokes his head outside. He glances down 21 gut-wrenching stories: Jesus. He looks over at Nick eight feet away on the ledge.

MARCUS
Sir?

But Nick doesn't look over.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
I want to introduce you to a good man here; someone who can help.

Dougherty naturally takes Marcus' spot at the window, relaxed and friendly.

DOUGHERTY
Mr. Walker? My names Bob.

NICK
I want a woman.

Dougherty pauses. This is a new one.

DOUGHERTY
Come inside, I'll get you whatever you like. Blonde? Brunette?

NICK
Officer Anderson. If she isn't here in 30 minutes, I'm jumping.

INT. ROOM 2105 - CONTINUOUS

Dougherty walks from the window. Marcus is staring at the paper on the desk.

DOUGHERTY
Ready for this? He wants Anderson. Says he's going over if he doesn't get her.

Marcus thinks it over. He points to the note on the desk.

MARCUS
"I will exit this world just like I entered - innocent. I'm going home."

DOUGHERTY
To the nut-house if he's lucky.

A beat.

MARCUS
Call Anderson.

DOUGHERTY
Seriously?

MARCUS
You'll back her up.

DOUGHERTY
Sure. Why not? Everyone loves a
good train wreck.

INT. LYDIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lydia shuts off the shower and exits the bathroom in a robe
with wet hair: stunning without a bit of make-up or polish.

The place is simple, but nicely decorated. A woman who lives
alone.

There are family pictures: parents, brothers, many of them
cops.

She gives Enzo a treat and pours herself a cup of coffee as
the phone RINGS.

LYDIA
Anderson.

DOUGHERTY (V.O.)
It's Dougherty.

Lydia is instantly alert, but cautious.

LYDIA
Hey, what's up?

DOUGHERTY (V.O.)
You're up.

This is the last thing she expected.

LYDIA
I'm not on the rotation.

DOUGHERTY (V.O.)
No shit. The Bristol on 47th
street. *Right now.*

CLICK. The line goes dead.

She stands there, slightly lost, not sure what to do.

LYDIA

Crap.

EXT. LEDGE - DAY

Nick checks his watch.

THE CROWD BELOW continues to grow. Cops clear a path allowing a TACTICAL MOBILE COMMAND CENTER truck to roll in.

EXT. 47TH STREET - DAY

Marcus crosses from the Bristol to the mobile command center.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Two POLICE TECHS sit before a huge array of communications equipment and video monitors as Marcus walks in.

POLICE TECH #1

We've got links with SWAT and traffic control.

MARCUS

Get cameras up. Where's my crime scene unit?

POLICE TECH #2

Almost here.

MARCUS

Anything on Jack Walker?

POLICE TECH #1

We've got 56 of 'em in the city. Nothing yet on the card. Fire Chief wants a word.

EXT. 47TH STREET - DAY

ELENA OTERO MORALES, 40, with smoldering good looks, eyes the gathering crowd then looks up to Nick on the ledge.

Her CAMERAMAN frames them up.

ELENA MORALES

Let's burn one.

CAMERAMAN

In 3... 2... 1...

ELENA MORALES

Unlucky in love? Victim of the
Stock Market? A young man
contemplates death. This is Elena
Otero Morales reporting live from
midtown...

EXT. LEDGE / 47TH STREET - DAY

Nick watches ANOTHER FIRE TRUCK pull up. SIX FIREFIGHTERS
jump to it, hauling an INFLATABLE PAD.

One hits a switch; the emergency airbag begins to inflate.
20' x 20' x 8'.

From this height it's not much bigger than a postage stamp.

EXT. 47TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

The firefighters beside the inflatable pad look up at Nick, a
tiny speck twenty floors up.

FIREFIGHTER #1

Helluva a drop.

FIREFIGHTER #2

This ain't gonna help.

Cops push back the gathering crowd of construction workers,
businesspeople, homeless, students: a cross-section of the
entire city. A HEAVYSET BEARDED GUY is annoyed.

BEARDED GUY

Don't shove me, man.

Behind him, Lydia steps out of a cab.

She looks up 21 floors at Nick. It's a hard, internal
moment, seeing him, knowing that she's about to become
responsible for this man's unraveling life.

MARCUS (O.S.)

Hey.

She turns. He's right there with the Fire Chief.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You all right?

LYDIA

Does it matter?

MARCUS
Just do your best.

Putting on her game face, she heads in.

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - LOBBY

Stopped by the officer controlling the front door, she presents her badge.

LYDIA
Anderson.

At the announcement of her name it's like a hush ripples out, silence falling across the OFFICERS and EMERGENCY WORKERS filling the lobby.

Head up, ignoring the dozens of pairs of eyes on her, Lydia crosses to the elevators, shoes CLIPPING loudly in the silence.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Hitting 21, she turns: *every person in the room is staring at her* as the doors roll closed.

Alone, she sighs.

INT. ROOM 2105 - CONTINUOUS

Dougherty and a uniformed cop keep an eye on Nick.

MARCUS (V.O.)
Anderson's on her way up.

DOUGHERTY
Enter the Grim Reaper.

INT. 21ST FLOOR CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Dougherty waits outside the room as she heads up the hall.

DOUGHERTY
He asked for you. By name.

She considers this.

LYDIA
What's the scene?

DOUGHERTY
Suicide note. Name's Jack Walker.
We haven't made him yet. He's not
talking except to say he's going
off in...
(checks watch)
...one minute.

She turns off the ringer on her cell and enters the room.

INT. ROOM 2105 - CONTINUOUS

Lydia stops, taking in the scene: food, note, made beds,
empty luggage rack.

LYDIA
Did he ask for help?

DOUGHERTY
No.

LYDIA
Drunk?

DOUGHERTY
Don't know.

LYDIA
Attitude?

DOUGHERTY
Not talking.

Looking out the window, she studies Nick from behind:
posture, stance, attitude.

EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

Nick checks his watch. 8:41 AM.

EXT. 47TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

A line of REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS stand against the blue
barricades shooting Nick and getting street interviews...

OLD GUY IN SUIT
I think it's amazing that this
doesn't happen every day. I hope
he doesn't jump, but you know, I
get it. I bet his boss is a dick.

ANGRY WOMAN

Anybody who causes traffic like
this should be shot the hell off
the building.

Elena Morales and her cameraman study Nick.

ELENA MORALES

He jumps soon, we'll make evening
news in London.

CAMERAMAN

I'm giving him an hour.

ELENA MORALES

I'll take the under.

CAMERAMAN

Twenty bucks?

She smiles. It's on.

I/E. ROOM 2105 / LEDGE - DAY

Two CSI TECHS dust for prints as Dougherty looks on.

Lydia eyes the remains of Nick's breakfast, then glances at
the techs working.

LYDIA

You process this yet?

CSI TECH

Yeah.

She helps herself to some fries. Taking a breath, she
psyches herself up, then sets her cell phone by the TV and
moves to the window and leans out.

LYDIA

Jack? I'm officer Lydia Anderson.
I understand you asked for me.

For the first time, Nick turns. She stands there: quiet, non-
threatening, attractive.

NICK

Did you know part of Asia Minor was
once called Lydia?

LYDIA

Do we know each other?

He shakes his head. She settles comfortably onto the window
frame.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
What brings us out here today?

NICK
Aside from the view?

She smiles. But then he steps forward, standing rigid, toes just off the lip of the ledge.

LYDIA
This gazing into the abyss stuff is never a good idea.

NICK
Today is the day everything changes. One way or another.

He pins her with an unwavering gaze, bringing every fiber of his soul to bear.

NICK (CONT'D)
I am prepared to die. It's very important to me you understand.

She nods.

NICK (CONT'D)
Tell me.

LYDIA
I understand.

NICK
That's all for now.

He turns away, expecting her to go. She doesn't.

LYDIA
Why me?

Nick doesn't answer.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Is it because I'm a woman?

NICK
It's because you were with that jumper on the bridge last month and he died with the whole world watching.

This cuts right to her core: she's stunned, frozen into silence.

Retreating from the window she finds Dougherty smiling at her.

DOUGHERTY
Excellent work. Very impressive.

LYDIA
Clear the room.

DOUGHERTY
Now hold on...

LYDIA
My scene. My room. I want space.
Now.

Dougherty stares at her as the techs file out.

DOUGHERTY
This is on you.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

All the screens are now up showing a long-lensed view of Nick, plus wider views of the crowd, the street, and the Bristol, plus some TV feeds.

MARCUS
(on phone)
I don't give a damn what stores he owns. The street stays locked up until I say so. I don't want this limp prick falling on someone's head.

I/E. ROOM 2105 / LEDGE - DAY

Lydia takes a seat on the window again, watching Nick standing with his eyes closed.

Sensing something, he opens his eyes, sees her, and stops.

NICK
My father died.

LYDIA
I'm sorry. That can be incredibly hard.

NICK
You have family?

LYDIA
Parents. Three brothers.

NICK
What's your dog's name?

She looks at him in surprise, then down, taking a couple strands of dog-hair off her coat.

LYDIA
Enzo.

NICK
With three brothers, how do you end up a cop?

LYDIA
They're cops too. I was the rebel who got a degree and went into private practice.

NICK
Leather couch, matching chair, Miro lithograph?

She smiles.

LYDIA
Chagall. It was dull as hell. Now I'm here.

NICK
Any regrets?

LYDIA
Always.

NICK
Me too.

Nick pauses, keeping his emotions in check.

NICK (CONT'D)
You have a lot of friends on the force?

LYDIA
Enough.

NICK
Not that many I bet. No women in the Boy's Club.

LYDIA
You got something against cops?

EXT. WOODED HILLSIDE - ACCESS DOORWAY - DAY - CLOSE ON

Mike. Showered and sharply dressed, he's all energy as he paces while keeping an eye on the scene behind him where Nick escaped from the wastewater treatment plant.

Officers put up police tape and detectives scour the area.

MIKE
(into phone)
Nothing at JFK? How about the
border?

One of the detectives looks at Mike and shakes his head.
Mike gives him a nod of acknowledgement.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(lowers his voice)
Tom, I want you to reach out to
everyone we know. Let's keep this
internal. I want to find him
first. Run everything you get
through me.

INT. 21ST FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

Dougherty and the techs are standing in the hall when suddenly the room door opens. Dougherty straightens up as she gets in his face.

LYDIA
(pointing)
I'm primary. You're secondary.
You're here to support me. Can you
do your job or do you need to go?

Dougherty looks her over icily as the Techs watch stunned, waiting to see what's going to happen.

DOUGHERTY
I'll do my job.

She turns and walks back into the room, leaving the door open behind her.

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - ENGLANDER'S OFFICE - DAY

CATHERINE ENGLANDER, 50, pressed and quaffed, wears a perfectly tailored business suit and looks like a million bucks (or in her case 80 million.) Standing at a wall safe, she straps on a gold Breguet Classique 3137 then grabs a massive emerald bracelet.

An ASSISTANT appears in the background with a well-dressed 40-year-old Connecticut WASP.

ASSISTANT

Mr. Henry is here, ma'am.

Englander closes the safe and walks through her massive open office in the 22nd floor of the Bristol, where architectural models of different developments are laid out on tables.

ENGLANDER

What do you want, Ted?

The man smiles nervously at her approach.

TED

I couldn't do it...

(beat)

I've dealt with the planning
commission, but the councilman...
it's too much of a risk for me.

Ted sets a Cartier box on Englander's desk. She stares at it.

ENGLANDER

The hell is that?

TED

It's a gift... I'm sorry.

Englander opens the box, looks at the Pasha watch, and *hurls it against the wall... WHAM!*

ENGLANDER

I don't need a fucking watch, Ted!
I need you to do the job you agreed
to do!

TED

Catherine...

ENGLANDER

The *job* that by *not doing* you are
fucking me and my partners in a way
that cannot be unfucked by some
pathetic token gesture in a red box
which does absolutely goddamned
nothing but make you feel better!

TED

I...

ENGLANDER
Tell me it's done.

TED
Please...

ENGLANDER
TELL ME IT'S DONE!

TED
(breaking)
Sure. It's done.

Englander smiles coldly.

ENGLANDER
Thanks for the watch.

She watches Ted turn and leave as her assistant appears.

ASSISTANT
We've had to push the presentation
thirty minutes: there's a jumper on
the building and they closed 47th.

Englander checks the time on her Breguet, exasperated.

ENGLANDER
Why can't people just shoot
themselves in the head?
(beat)
Go push him off.

The assistant freezes, unsure what to do.

ASSISTANT
The police are supervising the
situation, ma'am.

She grins.

ENGLANDER
You'd do it? I love that.
(beat)
Get out of here. You disgust me.

EXT. 47TH STREET - DAY

Cops keep a close eye on the crowd.

COP
Move back, people.

Elena Morales is off to one side with her cameraman, rerunning footage on the portable MONITOR.

A LONG SHOT of Nick, way up on the ledge. At this raking angle, he's hard to see.

ELENA MORALES

New York's waking up. They need to see this guy up close.

CAMERAMAN

What better to go with your morning coffee than some fruitcake?

On the monitor, he catches a glimpse of Lydia in the window.

CAMERAMAN (CONT'D)

Hey! Is that what's-her-face from the Brooklyn Bridge?

She smiles.

ELENA MORALES

God loves me.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

The bellhop is here, talking to Marcus.

BELLHOP

He gave me a hundred dollar tip on a two-forty tab. Imagine that?

POLICE TECH

Two hundred forty bucks for breakfast?

MARCUS

It is the most important meal of the day.

(beat)

Anything else unusual?

BELLHOP

He's got those honest eyes. You can tell a lot about a man by his eyes.

Marcus glances at the TELEVISION FEED, which now has a closer view of Nick taken from another building, but it's still difficult to see him clearly.

Marcus's radio crackles and we...

INTERCUT - INT. ROOM 2105 - DAY

DOUGHERTY
Get this. Techs didn't find a
single print up here.

MARCUS
What?

DOUGHERTY
He wiped everything down.

Marcus taps his finger, stressed. This isn't adding up.

MARCUS
Tell Anderson.

INT./EXT. LEDGE - DAY

Dougherty hands Lydia a note.

She reads it and leans into the room, speaking quietly.

LYDIA
This guy's got a history. Get some
people on mug shots. Check the
boroughs. He's not Manhattan. Not
with those shoes.

As he nods and moves off, she glances over at Nick who's
staring off across the street.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Why don't you want us to know who
you are?

This jolts him out of whatever he's thinking about.

NICK
I can't talk to you about that yet.

LYDIA
But you will.

NICK
If I get the chance.

Nick moves to the lip of the ledge, looking down, feeling
what it's going to be like to go over.

On the street below, the crowd CHEERS.

EXT. 47TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

The bearded guy watches, rapt.

BEARDED GUY

Oh no...

EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

Lydia watches Nick balanced exactly on the brink; the thinnest hair away from death. She speaks calmly but emotionally: connecting, controlling.

LYDIA

Don't do this. I care what happens to you.

Nick smiles, running with the fantasy.

NICK

What if you really did? Wouldn't that be amazing?

LYDIA

I do.

NICK

I need someone I can count on. I'm hoping that could be you. Odds are this is my last hurrah.

LYDIA

It doesn't have to be that way. It's your choice.

NICK

Maybe. But it might be yours.

Eyeing him, she pulls out a pack of cigarettes. Shaking one out, she lights it, takes a drag and looks over, offering...

Nick glances at his watch, smiles.

NICK (CONT'D)

No thanks.

DOUGHERTY (O.S.)

Anderson! You might want to take a look at this.

INT. ROOM 2105 - CONTINUOUS

Ducking inside, Lydia finds Dougherty watching the NEWS REPORT of her infamous Brooklyn Bridge negotiation on the hotel TELEVISION.

RECORDED FILE FOOTAGE. High on the Brooklyn Bridge, a 14 YEAR OLD, illuminated by helicopter spotlights, threatens to jump to his death...

LYDIA tries to talk the boy down.

ELENA MORALES (V.O.)

You may recognize the negotiating officer today as Lydia Anderson - from last month's tragic incident on the Brooklyn Bridge...

The boy heads in towards Lydia, as though he's coming down, then stops, looks her in the eye, turns away and jumps.

People SCREAM.

A C.U. of Lydia FILLS THE FRAME, eyes wide in horror...

DOUGHERTY

He had to pick a celebrity.

LYDIA

I hate that bitch.

EXT. 46TH & 5TH AVENUE - DAY

Joey and Angie hurry out of a cab in this mass of snarled traffic from the street closure one block up.

JOEY

We're here, we're here, we're here.
Don't freak out.

And we REVEAL he's talking into a radio with...

INTERCUT - EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

...Nick talking into a LAPEL PIN doubling as RADIO TRANSMITTER, so small, it went unnoticed.

And inside Nick's ear, a TINY RECEIVER.

NICK

You're late!

JOEY

Traffic was hell. Midtown's totally grid-locked.

NICK

Yeah. And you're the one person in Manhattan who knew it would be!

JOEY
Bro, it was totally Angie. Girls,
you know?

WHAP. She hits him.

ANGIE
Not true, Nick!

INTERCUT - INT. ACCESS BUILDING - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Joey and Angie head into a building, striding through the
foyer.

NICK
Overnight timelocks go down in two
minutes.

JOEY
Relax. Everything's in place.

NICK
Everything but you.

JOEY
(aside, to Angie)
He's big and good looking, but kind
of high strung. Used to puke
before games.

Joey and Angie step into an elevator...

INT. ACCESS BUILDING - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

...and hit the button for the top floor.

Angie takes the walkie from Joey as they ride up.

ANGIE
(into comm)
How you doing way up there?

NICK (V.O.)
I ever tell you us Cassidys are
afraid of heights?

ANGIE
Seriously?

NICK (V.O.)
Don't worry about me. Just tell
Joey to relax. I can see his leg
shaking from here.

Joey stops bouncing his leg, caught without even being seen.
Angie smiles.

DING. The elevator reaches the top floor and Joey leads the
way out.

EXT. 47TH STREET - DAY

ELENA MORALES stands in front of the ever-growing crowd.

ELENA MORALES
Five years ago, someone in this
country committed suicide every
twenty minutes. Today, with the
economic downturn, it's every
seventeen minutes. That's eighty
people a day; thirty thousand a
year. But rarely does it unfold in
such a *spectacular* fashion...

EXT. ACCESS BUILDING - ROOF - DAY

Joey takes a ladder lying on the roof, puts it up against the
taller building next to it, and leads the way up.

JOEY
Hey, you see me?

EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

Nick plays with his Rubik's Cube, looking across the street
at an eighteen story building. "ENGLANDER JEWELRY EXCHANGE."

Secured to the roof is a BLUE CONSTRUCTION TARP: "24-Hour
Roof Repair."

And just beyond it is Joey, peeking over the back of the
roof.

NICK
Don't worry, everyone's looking at
me.

He watches as Joey, then Angie climb onto the roof, and duck
underneath the blue tarp.

EXT. JEWELRY EXCHANGE - ROOF - UNDER TARP - CONTINUOUS

Crouching under the tarp, Joey and Angie pull on headsets, throat mics, and gloves.

Two black duffel bags and assorted gear are already here, stacked up and ready to go.

Angie touches up her lipstick. Joey stares at her, incredulous.

ANGIE

What?

EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

Nick checks his watch.

NICK

Five seconds...

EXT. JEWELRY EXCHANGE - CONTINUOUS

Automated steel-gates behind the front doors slide open. Through the glass doors, a small foyer and a SIGN: "ENGLANDER JEWELERS, 15TH FLOOR".

Another layer of metal gates on the street side remains chained shut, two heavy-duty locks around the door handles.

INT. ELECTRICAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TIGHT ON the computerized central alarm-system. Numbers jump and dance. A light blinks twice with a piercing BEEP. Lights go green. The first layer of security, deactivated.

EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

NICK

Night locks should be deactivated.

JOEY (V.O.)

And your brother's in place, right on schedule. Imagine that.

Nick thinks it over.

NICK

What you said before, about your life... I'm sorry.

Joey smiles at this.

JOEY
That's okay. I really enjoyed
punching you in the face.

EXT. JEWELRY EXCHANGE - ROOF - UNDER TARP - CONTINUOUS

Joey studies a web page printout for a beat, looks at where the concrete roof has been drilled and several small charges are placed in a circle.

Joey screws two wires to a small plastic box and slides a mattress over the charges.

ANGIE
This gonna work?

JOEY
Tell you in a sec.

Angie looks at Joey. His leg's shaking again.

ANGIE
I'm scared too.

JOEY
I'm just worried about you. I have
to do this: it's family, but you...

She puts a finger on his lips.

ANGIE
Hey. I love you.

Joey smiles.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
Besides you'd probably screw this
up without me.

His smile dies.

JOEY
Nobody's screwing anything up.

ANGIE
Because I got your back.

She kisses him and they bunker down, sliding in ear protection.

JOEY
It's your show, bro.

EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

Nick looks down at the crowd. Nodding to himself, as if he's counting... Lydia cranes for a better look at him.

NICK
A thousand people with nothing
better to do. Can't disappoint
them.

Lydia looks down.

LYDIA
Damn good estimate.

NICK
Three, two, one...

Nick steps off...

LYDIA
Jesus. DON'T!

...but jerks back at the last second, tottering on the
brink...

A LOUD COLLECTIVE ROAR rips across the crowd...

EXT. JEWELRY EXCHANGE - ROOF - UNDER TARP - CONTINUOUS

...as Joey presses the button on the electrical detonator.

WHUMP. A muted explosion, further muted by the ROARING
CROWD. Dust and debris fill the narrow confines. Joey and
Angie cover their faces, coughing.

EXT. 47TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

A cop turns toward the sound, but everyone's staring at the
ledge.

The cop can't help but look up, too.

EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

Nick catches himself, recovers, and backs up against the wall
with relief: *that was more realistic than he'd planned.*

Across the street a small cloud of dust floats from under a
corner of the blue construction tarp.

Lydia's a wreck, trying to let go of the panic of almost
losing another one.

LYDIA
Jack... Take a breath... You okay?

NICK
I've never felt more alive.

She shakes her head, at a loss.

LYDIA
Do me a favor. Embrace *that* for a moment.

EXT. JEWELRY EXCHANGE - ROOF - UNDER TARP - CONTINUOUS

Joey waves at the dust. The canvas tarp undulates gently above his head.

Angie climbs higher on the roof arriving at a newly blasted hole. She unrolls a rope ladder, hooking it on a pipe and lowering it into the darkness.

Joey shoulders a heavy duffel bag and leads the way down.

INT. JEWELRY EXCHANGE - ELEVATOR SHAFT ACCESS ROOM - DAY

Angie descends the ladder with a smaller bag, joining Joey in this dust-filled room.

Joey shines a flashlight revealing they're at the top of an ELEVATOR SHAFT.

The top of the elevator is visible three stories below.

JOEY
(into radio)
We're in.

EXT. LEDGE - DAY

Nick looks over at Lydia.

NICK
Maybe I will have that cigarette now.

Feeling her pockets, she comes up with the pack and shakes out the last one.

LYDIA
Last one. Mind if we share?

He nods and she lights it and drags.

Standing up, she braces herself against the window frame, stretching out...

...as Nick leans across the ledge with a careful lunge and takes it.

THE CROWD BELOW "oohs" and "aahs."

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Everyone down there *wants* to see you jump. That's why they watch. But they don't care about you. I do. Just tell me what you're thinking.

Nick watches her, takes a drag.

NICK

I was thinking how it must have felt after that kid on the bridge; having everyone turn on you. Cops are so superstitious. That was your third straight loss. I bet they ran from you like the plague. Nick-names. Jokes. How when they suspended you, everyone you thought was your friend was actually relieved.

She keeps it in check, cold and even.

LYDIA

You're a clever guy.

NICK

I was also thinking how you never quit. A year ago you did 68 hours straight in that hostage negotiation down on Fulton.

LYDIA

Yeah. No shower. Got everyone out.

NICK

That's right.

LYDIA

(re: cigarette)

You mind?

Nick glances to his watch, 8:54 AM, then stretches, handing it back to her.

INT. ROOM 2105 - CONTINUOUS

Lydia abandons her post at the window.

DOUGHERTY
Don't leave him alone.

LYDIA
He's for real, but he's not ready
to jump.

Dougherty looks through the window, doubtful. Nick's still precariously perched.

DOUGHERTY
Since when do you smoke?

Lydia hands the CSI Tech the cigarette.

LYDIA
See if you can get a partial.

EXT. MIDTOWN NORTH POLICE PRECINCT - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Mike pulls into a choice spot on 54th Street parks, exits, and bounds up the steps.

INT. MIDTOWN NORTH POLICE PRECINCT - FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

He hurries in, calling out to the desk sergeant on the way.

MIKE
What's the scoop, Hernandez?

DESK SERGEANT
Crackhead with a gun had the 4-6
uptown shut down for an hour.
Jumper on 47th. Mugging just up
the block...

Mike stops cold.

MIKE
Where on 47th?

DESK SERGEANT
Bristol Hotel.

Mike charges past bursting into...

INT. MIDTOWN NORTH POLICE PRECINCT - DUTY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The busy duty room where COPS and DETECTIVES are gathered around a TELEVISION.

ELENA MORALES (V.O.)
For a moment it looked certain that
he would jump, but he pulled back
at the last instant.

COP #1
Mike, you seen this screwball?

Mike hurries over, checking out the news footage.

COP #2
Bet it's a woman, drove him up
there.

COP #1
It's money. Women jump for love.
Men jump for money. Frickin
economy.

ELENA MORALES (V.O.)
With four city blocks now closed,
there's a Code Red travel advisory
for midtown. But we've yet to get
a name for the man on the ledge.

INSERT: LONG LENS VIDEO SHOT OF NICK.

Most people wouldn't be able to tell who it is, but Mike has
no doubt.

MIKE
(sotto)
Christ.

He glances at the other cops: they have no idea.

He breaks into motion, hitting the exit, leaving the desk
sergeant staring after him.

EXT. LEDGE - DAY

Nick reaches in his back pocket and pulls out the 4x6 PHOTO
of him, Joey and his father on their fishing trip that he
took from his storage unit.

Suddenly a NEWS HELICOPTER roars into view, banking towards
the ledge. A belly mounted HIGH-DEF CAMERA focuses on Nick.

Nick covers up as the chopper ROARS closer. Pissed, Lydia grabs her walkie.

LYDIA

Get that chopper out of here before
I shoot out its goddammed rotor!

Nick braces himself against the wall, the wind kicking up furiously, yanking the photo of his dad from his hand and sending it fluttering towards the street below.

The helicopter circles back, when a...

...POLICE HELICOPTER flies in, barking ORDERS over a loudspeaker, sending the news helicopter on its way.

Nick holds on tight as the winds swirl violently around him.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

Ropes secured, Joey rappels down the shaft. He's good, smooth, landing with a quiet thud atop the elevator.

JOEY

Impressed?

ANGIE

I'm sending the bags.

She lowers the first duffel, tied to a rope. The equipment inside clanks and bangs. The second duffel follows.

Now it's Angie's turn. She clips in to the rope, looks down nervously.

JOEY

C'mon, babe. You got it.

ANGIE

This is some crazy shit.

She slowly commits to the rope, then starts repelling smoothly, heading down, Joey watching.

Five feet about the elevator she SHRIEKS, dropping abruptly, landing hard, almost going over the side.

Joey grabs her, pulling her back.

JOEY

Jesus, what happened?

ANGIE

A huge frickin spider landed on me.

He looks at her evenly.

JOEY
Baby. I love you so much. And
there is nothing I won't do for
you. But you can not be crazy
today. Okay.

ANGIE
Okay.

A beat.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
Um, Joey?

She points near his shirt pocket.

JOEY
Aaaaah! Christ!

He swats at himself trying to brush the spider off.

Angie starts to say something...

JOEY (CONT'D)
Don't. Just don't.

EXT. LEDGE - DAY

Nick's feet remain firmly planted just a few inches from the edge, the slightest lapse in focus equals a twenty-one story drop to his death.

LYDIA
What was that photo?

NICK
My dad.

LYDIA
Sorry.

NICK
Don't be. He's loving every minute
of this.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

Joey pops the elevator's top hatch and slowly peers into the blackness.

Upside-down, he sees a SECURITY CAMERA.

Reaching in, he quickly covers the camera lens with a BLACK LENS CAP.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Joey lowers himself through the hatch into the elevator, landing softly.

The lights flicker on as the motion sensor activates.

INT. FIRST LINE SECURITY - CONTINUOUS

A high-end security operation. Two thousand square feet of technical equipment monitoring several stores in the Diamond District. The place is alive with SECURITY PERSONNEL.

A SECURITY GUARD, SAM CHO, 30, sits in front of a large bank of security monitors.

We see numerous angles inside Englander's, however the monitors for ELEVATORS 1 through 4 remain all black...

...although there's a little light at the edge of #2.

Cho gives the monitor a tap.

Nothing happens, but he doesn't seem worried.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Angie hands Joey the duffles, then drops down through the hatch.

She opens the "OTIS ELEVATOR" CONTROL PANEL on the wall revealing a KEY PAD.

JOEY

Five, one, six, something... hold on.

He digs in his pocket for a scrap of paper.

Angie punches a code into the KEY PAD.

ANGIE

Five, one, six, double two, star.

Joey's surprised.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Otis override. You'd sit trapped for hours in the Bronx if you didn't know that.

He just smiles and shakes his head.

Angie pushes "15" and the elevator descends.

EXT. 47TH STREET - DAY

The street's still blocked off, with crowds at either end.
All the businesses remain closed.

COP
(into bullhorn)
47th Street between 5th and 6th is
closed indefinitely. Cross town
detour use 49th.

EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

Nick stares out like he's concentrating intently.

LYDIA
Maybe it's time you told me what's
really going on here.

JOEY (V.O.)
Just arrived, fifteenth floor.

He looks to the crowd below. People sit on cars, hang from
lampposts. Some have folding chairs.

NICK
Look at that crowd.

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Joey and Angie cautiously peek out of the elevator into the
well-appointed reception area.

They carefully hug the wall. Joey steals a glance around the
corner, spotting a SECURITY CAMERA covering the room.

Angie pulls a skateboard out of the duffle-bag.

Joey unrolls a seven foot long sheet of cardboard with a
marbled pattern painted on it.

Joey lies on the skateboard as Angie unfolds the cardboard
onto his back, making sure it's perfectly flat.

*It's been painted to exactly match the marble flooring and as
the CAMERA MOVES from PROFILE to LOOKING DOWN on him, it's
almost magical as he disappears.*

ANGIE
Looks good.

JOEY
Launch.

She gives him a gentle push and he glides smoothly into the room.

INT. FIRST LINE SECURITY - CONTINUOUS

On one of Cho's monitors WE SEE Joey move through a SECURITY CAMERA FRAME... *but it's just the slightest ripple as he blends into the floor, almost invisible.*

Cho's working on a Twinkie, glued to a TELEVISION with another "man on a ledge" update from Elena Morales.

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - RECEPTION AREA/HALLWAY TURN - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Joey, stands at this 90 degree turn in the corridor, flush against the wall beneath two security cameras that are pointed down each hallway.

He holds a point-and-shoot camera above his head near one security camera, duplicating its view and - CLICK - takes the picture.

A tiny inkjet printer prints the photo.

Joey hangs the photo - in a wire frame - in front of one of the cameras.

JOEY
Okay. Clear.

Angie peeks around the corner.

ANGIE
How can you be sure that looks right on the monitors?

Joey steps in front of the camera and breaks into a terrible and embarrassing happy dance.

JOEY
Because the alarms aren't ringing.

Angie averts her eyes in shame.

ANGIE
Oh god, please stop.

INT. FIRST LINE SECURITY - DAY

Cho goes for his second Twinkie. The reception area camera displays just the empty hallway.

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - MAIN HALLWAY - DAY

Moving past the cameras, Joey and Angie cautiously make their way down the main corridor. Joey raises a hand, stopping.

JOEY

Hold on. What's that?

Halfway down the hall is a DEVICE mounted on the high ceiling.

Joey pulls out a small pair of binoculars and studies it.

ANGIE

Let me see.

She takes the binoculars from him and peers at the device.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Back up. Back up. It's an infrared sensor.

She pulls him back.

JOEY

It is? How do you know that?

ANGIE

(lying)

I just... read about it somewhere.

Joey gives her a look.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Do we have to talk about this now?

JOEY

That depends on what we're talking about.

ANGIE

Okay, look, when I was in high school, I used to sometimes - you know - break into houses.

Joey stares at her, stunned.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Really expensive houses. But then I got caught and I stopped.

JOEY
You were a thief?

ANGIE
No! Mostly I just watched cable
and tried on clothes.
(beat)
Unless the clothes fit.

JOEY
Jesus Christ, Angie! The whole
point of stealing this diamond is
that we're *NOT* criminals! You know
how this could look?

ANGIE
Don't yell at me! You probably
would've set that thing off!

Joey's steamed, but he decides to let it go for now.

JOEY
Nick, we got something wasn't here
three weeks ago. Little black bulb
thing on the ceiling.

EXT. LEDGE - DAY

Nick listens, trying to see it in his head, but Lydia's
talking to him...

LYDIA
If this wasn't going on, if you
could be anywhere, what would you
be doing?

JOEY (V.O.)
Angie thinks it's a heat sensor.

NICK
(to Joey and Lydia)
I'm thinking.
(to Lydia)
Maybe we'd be having coffee.

LYDIA
Come on. You can do better than
that. Something to really live
for.

He looks over at her.

NICK
Scratch coffee. We'd have a four
star dinner and a couple great
bottles of wine.

LYDIA
That's a little better.

JOEY (V.O.)
Talk to me, Nick. Not the girl.
(sotto)
Is she hot?

O.S. We HEAR Angie SMACK him.

JOEY (V.O.)
Ow!

NICK
(to Joey and Lydia)
Oh yeah.

LYDIA
What else?

Nick, thinking, remains quiet.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Jack?

JOEY (V.O.)
Yo Nick? Nicholas? Nicky? Hey,
numbnuts.

LYDIA
What is it?

Still nothing.

NICK
Sometimes I freeze up.

JOEY (V.O.)
Okay. How do I do that?

LYDIA
Freeze up?

NICK
It's like all my hopes are
extinguished.

JOEY (V.O.)
Extinguished.

NICK
It's like all the oxygen just got
sucked out of the room and I just
got sprayed with CO2.

LYDIA
That sounds like a horrible
feeling.

ANGIE (V.O.)
Fire extinguisher! CO2 fire
extinguisher!

NICK
Yes.

JOEY (V.O.)
Copy that.

NICK
But then sometimes I know
everything's going to be okay. You
just have to keep moving, because
time is running out for all of us.

JOEY (V.O.)
I hear you, lover-boy. Just take
it easy with the poetry there.
It's a little gay.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Joey pulls a CO2 fire extinguisher off the wall.

He fires a long blast at the sensor, approaching quickly,
Angie directly behind him, carrying the bags.

Closing in, Joey hoses it down, frosting the sensor up with
ice condensing on it as they hurry past.

EXT. SELF-STORAGE - DAY

Mike glances left, glances right, then cuts the lock off
Nick's storage unit with bolt cutters.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - DAY

Pulling on latex gloves, Mike looks around, noting Nick's
shaving stuff and prison clothes.

Rifling through the place, he finds a stack of papers Nick left: mechanical drawings of a building, electrical schematics.

MIKE

The hell are you up to, partner?

Mike pulls open boxes of "TRIAL PREP" and "WORK RECORDS" flipping through, looking at Police schedules, work rotation, Internal Affairs letters...

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Police Tech #1 tears off a printout and hands it to Marcus.

POLICE TECH #1

Got a hit on Anderson's print.

Marcus studies the paper, stunned.

MARCUS

I'll be damned.

INT. ROOM 2105 - DAY

Lydia stands with Dougherty away from the windows.

MARCUS (V.O.)

Your boyfriend's an escaped convict. Nick Cassidy. Was doing hard time in Sing Sing.

Lydia is more pissed than surprised.

LYDIA

The cop from Midtown North, who stole the thirty-million dollar diamond from Catherine Englander.

DOUGHERTY

I *knew* I recognized him.

LYDIA

Englander *owns* this hotel. Her offices are here.

MARCUS (V.O.)

And her Jewelry Exchange is directly across the street.

LYDIA
Get his police file over here. I
want a line on family. And have
someone to toss his cell ASAP.

DOUGHERTY
(on the suicide note)
"I will exit... like I entered.
Innocent."

LYDIA
He wants us to think he didn't do
it.

DOUGHERTY
Good luck with that.

LYDIA
What escaped felon returns to the
scene of the crime?

DOUGHERTY
Suicidal ones.

LYDIA
Who'd he ride with?

MARCUS (V.O.)
Mike Cavanaugh.

I/E. STORAGE UNIT - DAY

Mike pours gasoline over the contents of the unit strewn
across the floor, pausing to answer his RINGING cell.

MIKE
Cavanaugh.

He listens for a moment, then takes a breath, prepping his
performance.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Jesus. I can't believe it. How's
he doing?

INTERCUT - INT. ROOM 2105 - CONTINUOUS

LYDIA
He's talking, but he's playing it
very cool. Like this is all some
sort of game.

Mike considers this, worried.

MIKE
(hesitates)
He always insisted he was innocent.

LYDIA
You believe that?

MIKE
Look, he was my partner for eight years. I stood by him... but, you know...

She absorbs this, watching Nick, considering.

LYDIA
Is he a jumper?

MIKE
He's got nothing to lose. I'm on my way now.

Hanging up, he throws a match, walking away as an inferno ERUPTS behind him, framing him in flames.

INT. FIRST LINE SECURITY - DAY

Studying the monitors, Cho picks up the phone.

CHO (V.O.)
First Line Security. This is Cho.

INTERCUT - INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

MARCUS
This is Detective Marcus from the circus over at the Bristol. You work for me today. I need you to open Catherine Englander's shop. *Right now.*

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - MAIN HALLWAY - DAY

Joey and Angie stand in front of an impenetrable, STEEL REINFORCED DOOR with a CODED COMPUTER-LOCK.

Joey's studying schematic diagrams of the building as Angie breaks down the bags, spreading their gear across the floor.

Joey traces his finger from an air-conditioning vent in the ceiling - protected by a dozen thick steel bars - down to a wall panel below.

JOEY
It's right... here.
(like a surgeon)
Saw.

Angie hands him a drywall hand saw, which he punches into the wall and quickly tears open a large hole exposing the vent.

EXT. LEDGE - DAY

Lydia reappears at the window.

LYDIA
Nick Cassidy, convicted felon.

Nick looks over.

NICK
Ahhh, so I've been made.

INTERCUT - INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - MAIN HALLWAY -
CONTINUOUS

Joey freezes, covered in drywall dust, massive mess everywhere.

JOEY
What? Now?

NICK
Your commander's probably sending a
team across the street to check on
things *right now*.

Angie looks at Joey in panic. They burst into action: Angie stuffs things back into bags, Joey starts cutting a piece of white paper the size of the panel he just tore into.

LYDIA
You having fun, jerking my chain?
You think you can manipulate me?

NICK
No. But I thought, maybe, when it
came to this moment, you of all
people might listen to what I have
to say.

LYDIA
Should I cue the violins?

Nick shoots her an angry glance.

NICK

Six years ago I took a moonlighting gig; "Escort Catherine Englander up to Chappaqua with the Monarch Diamond."

(beat)

Yesterday, I was doing sixty years for stealing that diamond. Today, I'm going to rewrite history. You're going to help me.

LYDIA

You're nuts.

NICK

You're a good cop, remember? You care.

LYDIA

You overestimate me.

NICK

I was set up.

LYDIA

Right. By Englander.

NICK

Yeah.

LYDIA

Bullshit. A diamond as big as The Ritz disappears. Two dead Russian mobsters. Your bullets.

(beat)

You should have played it smart and bolted, Nick. You could've been in Mexico sipping tequila on a beach.

NICK

Cracking the FBI's Most Wanted list isn't freedom.

LYDIA

And sitting on a ledge smiling for the TV cameras is?

Nick smiles at this.

NICK

No one's gonna shoot me with their grandmother watching.

Lydia considers. He's got a point.

LYDIA
Maybe you should tell me what your
plan is.

He gazes across the skyline.

NICK
Englander doesn't do anything
herself. She had help.
(beat)
I'm not going back to jail. Either
I prove my innocence. Or I jump.

Inside the room, Dougherty gestures for Lydia's attention.

DOUGHERTY
Marcus wants you downstairs to talk
about this.

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - LUXURIOUS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Four wealthy INVESTORS sit at the table, flipping through
copies of a PROSPECTUS.

Englander faces them, flashing her million dollar smile.

ENGLANDER
Gentlemen. Welcome.

All eyes on Catherine.

ENGLANDER (CONT'D)
The Bayside parcel. The chance to
raze a blighted neighborhood and
replace it with high-end condos,
shopping, restaurants. Its
proximity to the city makes this a
rare opportunity. The startup
costs are high, but we'll be
printing money in three years.

WEALTHY INVESTOR #1
We've looked at Bayside. There's
fierce local opposition, trouble
with the planning commission...

ENGLANDER
Imagine for a moment that those
obstacles were to disappear.

WEALTHY INVESTOR #1
Than I *imagine* I would be very
interested.

ENGLANDER
Let's just say they've come around
to seeing things our way.

A beat as this sinks in.

WEALTHY INVESTOR #2
You can guarantee that?

Englander smiles.

ENGLANDER
The deal's done. All you have to
do is decide if you're in or out.

The Investors are impressed.

Suddenly an ASSISTANT enters, WHISPERING in Englander's ear.

ASSISTANT
They've ID'd the jumper.

ENGLANDER
(annoyed)
So what?

ASSISTANT
It's Nick Cassidy.

Englander's stunned. Scared. Furious. But she keeps it
together, smiling for the investors.

ENGLANDER
Gentlemen, I'll give you a few
moments.

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - MAIN HALLWAY - DAY

Angie sprays the infra-red sensor with the CO2 again, and
puts the fire extinguisher away as Joey lugs their bags back
across the floor.

EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

Nick looks down, spotting Cho from First Line Security, his
partner and TWO COPS crossing toward the Jewelry Exchange.

NICK
Here they come. Party of four.

JOEY (V.O.)
We need more time!

NICK
Roger that.

Nick pulls two thick stacks of five dollar bills from his jacket. A couple grand.

EXT. 47TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

A cop lifts the wooden crossbar off one of the barricades, letting Cho's team through, onto the empty street.

EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

Nick tosses the money off the ledge. Hundreds of bills flutter through the air towards the empty street below.

EXT. 47TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

The crowd stares up at the fluttering bits of paper drifting down the street, unsure what they're seeing.

BEARDED GUY
What is that?

OLD LADY
Money. It's money!

A ROAR rises from the crowd. Police back up, raising their arms trying to contain everyone...

...but the CROWD rushes forward, knocking down barricades and spilling into the street in front of the hotel, trying desperately to catch the fluttering bills.

Cho and the cops get overrun, the crowd blocking their way into the Jewelry Exchange.

ELENA MORALES
I kinda love this guy!

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Two cops escort Englander inside the mobile command center.

ENGLANDER
Who's in charge?

Marcus turns, unflappable as always.

MARCUS
That would be me.

ENGLANDER

What is that sonofabitch doing up
on my building?

MARCUS

I don't know, Ms. Englander. But I
can assure you the situation is
under control.

ENGLANDER

Are you some sort of moron? Have
you looked outside?

Marcus looks her over icily.

MARCUS

Is there something specific I can
do for you?

ENGLANDER

I want access to my floor of the
Jewelry Exchange.

MARCUS

We're already working with First
Line.

ENGLANDER

I want that thief and murderer off
my building!

MARCUS

We have procedures.

ENGLANDER

He's a cop. He *knows* your
procedures! You're just letting
him stand there and create a
circus.

Marcus regards her calmly, but is done being pushed.

MARCUS

Cassidy isn't going anywhere except
back into custody or splat on 47th.

ENGLANDER

Wrap this up, or tomorrow you're
writing parking tickets on Staton
Island.

Englander exits, leaving Marcus staring coldly after her.

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - MAIN HALLWAY - DAY

Joey hoists Angie up and she pushes aside a ceiling panel.

JOEY
Come on baby, go go go!

She scrambles into the ceiling and Joey desperately starts handing up all their gear.

EXT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - DAY

Cho, his partner, and the cops have made it through the crowd and are at the gated door.

Cho opens the locks.

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - CEILING - DAY

Angie's in this narrow space, packed with wiring and air ducts. Joey hands the last of the gear up to her.

EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

Nick watches Cho and the cops enter the building.

NICK
They're inside.

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - GROUND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Cho crosses to the ALARM BOX and punches in a code.

His partner calls for the elevator. The doors open. Everyone heads inside.

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - CEILING - CONTINUOUS

Joey pulls himself up into the ceiling. Angie slides the panel back into place.

JOEY
(into comm)
We're clear.

A beat.

ANGIE
Christ.

JOEY

What?

She pulls the ceiling panel off again and jumps down.

ANGIE

The cameras!

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - MAIN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Angie barrels down the corridor.

She pulls the photos from in front of the two security cameras.

EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

Nick can see into ENGLANDER's reception on the fifteenth floor. The elevator doors slide open.

NICK

They're in reception.

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - RECEPTION AREA/HALLWAY TURN - DAY

Cho and the Cops walk down the hall.

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - MAIN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Angie runs down the hall, jumps.

Joey catches her wrists, pulling her up into the ceiling, her feet disappearing just as Cho and the cops round the corner.

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - CEILING - CONTINUOUS

Joey and Angie slide the panel back, then sit deathly still, hardly breathing as they HEAR the group pass beneath them.

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - MAIN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cho and the cops arrive at the large steel door. The paper covering the destroyed panel looks like clean smooth plaster.

There's just the tiniest bit of plaster dust on the floor.

CHO

(re: door)

This is where Englander entertains
the high-rollers.

Cho enters a long combination sequence into the KEYPAD.

The door CLICKS open with a HUM.

He pulls open the incredibly thick steel door...

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - MAIN SAFE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

This well appointed inner sanctum is impressive: wood floors, Persian carpets, Modernist paintings, a well stocked wet-bar, comfortable leather chairs and two felt-covered tables for handling jewels.

There's also an enormous steel vault along one wall.

Cho holds everyone at the door.

CHO

The floor's wired with seismic sensors. And over there we have light sensors and body heat sensors. And that's before you ever get to the vault.

COP

No one's getting into that beast.

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - MAIN HALLWAY - DAY

Cho dials his cellphone as his partner secures the door.

Overhead, ice on the heat sensor slowly melts. A couple drops of water have already landed at Cho's feet. No one notices.

A WATER DROPLET gathers, hangs precariously for a moment, building, ready to drop on Cho.

CHO

(into his cellphone)

Englander's is clear, Detective.

INTERCUT - INT. COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

MARCUS

Good. I don't need that bitch crawling any further up my ass.

The water droplet falls... just missing Cho.

EXT. 47TH STREET - DAY

The SWAT VAN pulls up next to the Command Center and a bunch of guys in tactical gear start unloading equipment. BAUER, the SWAT Commander heads for the command center.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Lydia is already here with Marcus as Bauer walks in.

MARCUS

Welcome to the show, Bauer.

BAUER

I understand this is a fugitive situation.

Marcus nods.

MARCUS

Where are we at?

LYDIA

I think he really believes that he's innocent.

MARCUS

Yeah? What's that make him?

LYDIA

Either an honest man or a sociopath.

MARCUS

He ain't an honest man. Can you get him off the dammed ledge?

She considers.

LYDIA

Yeah.

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - CEILING/MAIN HALLWAY - DAY

Joey bulls back the panel, peeks out, and drops to the ground.

JOEY

So other than being a thief, is there anything else you haven't told me.

WHAM! The big bag hits him in the face, hard.

She drops down beside him.

ANGIE

You know, you're really starting to chafe me. You don't want to know everything. Nobody does.

JOEY

Sure I do.

ANGIE

Boyfriends? Girlfriends? Best sex of my life?

Joey winces.

JOEY

Okay! Stop!

I/E. MIKE'S SUV - DRIVING - DAY

Mike drives like a madman through midtown. Traffic is a mess.

EXT. BRISTOL HOTEL - DAY

Long lens type shot of HOTEL GUESTS leaning out of the windows, craning for a view of Nick.

PAN OVER to see Nick, high up on the ledge.

EXT. 47TH STREET - DAY

People in the crowd stare up, rapt. A carnival atmosphere has taken hold.

STREET VENDORS are doing a brisk business in hotdogs and popcorn.

A SAXOPHONE PLAYER is playing on the corner.

OLD ORTHODOX JEW

He should think of his poor mother.

OLDER ORTHODOX JEW

That's probably why he's up there.

EXT. 47TH STREET - DAY

Nearby Elena Morales interviews a LATINO CONSTRUCTION WORKER in the crowd.

ELENA MORALES

Now that you know he's a fugitive,
does it change your opinion?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Yeah. This guy's my hero.

ELENA MORALES

Why's that?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Man always said he didn't do it.
Maybe he didn't. Anyway, vato's
got cojones, you know?

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - MAIN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Joey peels back the paper revealing the rough hole...

...and the exposed vent duct.

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - ENGLANDER'S OFFICE - DAY

Englander paces on her headset.

ENGLANDER

Because you're the goddammed Mayor,
that's why. I want you to get your
cops to scrape this turd off my
building!

MAYOR (V.O.)

Catherine, you're upset, but it's
not like they can just shoot him
off. Look, I'll call and apply
some pressure.

Englander angrily breaks the connection, and walks to her
bar, pouring a short one, and looking out the window...

...across the way at Nick on the ledge.

EXT. LEDGE - DAY

Nick watches Cho, Cho's partner and the two cops leave the
Exchange. Lydia reappears at the window.

NICK

I want you to get Anderson Cooper,
Chris Matthews, Elena Morales and
that moron from Fox up here taking
down my story as it actually
happened. The truth.

LYDIA
You know full well I can't do that.

NICK
Then maybe you better start
believing me.

LYDIA
Why should I?

NICK
Because today, you're on point too.
Today you get a another shot.

Lydia watches him, transfixed.

NICK (CONT'D)
Everything you think you know about
me is wrong.

LYDIA
Englander didn't steal her own
diamond.

NICK
When someone like her is suddenly
out of money, greed begets
corruption.

LYDIA
She parlayed her father's jewelry
business in to a real estate
empire. She's loaded.

NICK
Yeah, and after I drove her up to
Chappaqua she put a gun to my head.

LYDIA
No one believes that.

NICK
Not even my own lawyer.

LYDIA
So you didn't steal the Monarch,
cut it up and sell it to the
Russian Mob, even though they found
you with diamond chips in your
shirt?

NICK
It never left her hands; she'd
never part with it. She chased the
Monarch Diamond for half her life.
(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)
She's obsessed: it's the ultimate
symbol of her success.

LYDIA
So what did she have to gain?

NICK
She was broke. Lost nearly twenty
million with Lehman. And at least
another thirty in the real estate
bust.

(beat)
Two weeks after my conviction,
Lloyd's of London wired her a
thirty million dollar insurance
claim. And poof. She's back.

Lydia studies Nick's face, unflinching, stone sober.

LYDIA
Why put it on you? A beat cop from
Queens?

NICK
Now isn't *that* an interesting
question.

EXT. 47TH STREET - DAY

Mike arrives on scene, flashing his badge and crossing the
barricade.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Mike hurries in, stunned at the views on screen of Nick.
Marcus turns to face him.

MIKE
What's he asked for?

MARCUS
Nothing but media.

MIKE
He's talking?

MARCUS
Some. Anderson hasn't killed him
yet.

MIKE
Why her?

MARCUS
Don't know, but I'm getting a lot
of pressure to end this.

A uniformed COP enters with a blue folder.

COP
I've got some papers from his cell
in Sing Sing.

MARCUS
Take 'em up to Dougherty and
Anderson.

Mike glances at the papers.

MIKE
I'll take them.

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - MAIN HALLWAY - DAY

Joey finishes cutting into a metal AIR-CONDITIONING DUCT.

Angie has stripped down to her underwear and starts pulling
on a wetsuit.

Joey watches. She's smoking hot and she knows it. He knows
he should keep his mouth shut, but...

JOEY
So... what was the best sex of your
life?

ANGIE
You, baby.

JOEY
Yeah?

He can't decide if she's fucking with him or not.

ANGIE
Well, there was this one guy in
high school. He was older, and
so...

JOEY
Don't even mess with me.

Joey zips up her wetsuit. Angie pulls on a climbing harness
and peers into the tiny vent.

ANGIE
I won't fit in there.

Joey looks to his watch; time is of the essence.

JOEY
C'mon Angie. Just like we
practiced. Let's see if that
diamond's here.

She stops cold.

ANGIE
You said it was definitely here!

JOEY
It's here, okay. It has to be. If
I screw this up, Nick'll kill me.

ANGIE
Not if I kill you first.

JOEY
Be mad. But be mad in the vent.

EXT. LEDGE - DAY

Lydia has left her post. A uniformed cop keeps watch.

NICK
(to the cop)
Hey buddy. Could you do me a
solid? All this hoopla's got me
hungry.

INT. ROOM 2105 - CONTINUOUS

Lydia is pacing, listening to someone on her cellphone -
apparently getting more information about Nick's case.

LYDIA
(into phone)
Who else was on-duty... Was there a
record? Yeah?
(beat)
Okay. Thanks.

She hangs up and turns to Dougherty.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Are we sure nothing's happening
across the street?

DOUGHERTY

They just went over there.
Anyway, you can't steal something
twice. Especially not after it's
been diced up into a dozen pieces.

SLAM! Elena Morales bursts through the door with her cameraman in tow, a confused cop chasing after her, the camera light hitting Lydia in the face.

ELENA MORALES

Officer Anderson, how does Cassidy,
being a former NYPD officer, affect
this particular negotiation?

Lydia, pissed, controls her emotions for camera.

LYDIA

Bob, get rid of her.

ELENA MORALES

We've heard that Cassidy *chose* you.
That he has a death wish - care to
comment?

Dougherty and the cop shove Morales and her cameraman into the hallway.

DOUGHERTY

Move it, sweet cheeks.

MARCUS (V.O.)

Status, Anderson.

Lydia picks up her walkie.

LYDIA

I'm waiting him. He needs to think
he's achieving something.

INTERCUT - INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

MARCUS

You're supposed to control him, not
vice versa.

LYDIA

This isn't your typical jumper.

MARCUS

What, you think there's a chance he
didn't do it?

LYDIA

He's not trying to break the download record on youtube. Cassidy's inspired every reporter in the country to dig into his story.

MARCUS

And yours. Way to milk it.

She ignores this.

LYDIA

If he was actually set up by Englander, we've got a bigger problem. Whatever cop assigned Cassidy to the moonlighting gig was in on it.

MARCUS

If you're trying to make yourself even more despised within the department, I'd say you're really on to something.

Lydia doesn't back down.

LYDIA

Cassidy was giving information to Internal Affairs.

Marcus pauses. She has his attention.

MARCUS

What information?

LYDIA

It's classified, but that's plenty of motive for a cop to put the screws to him. And guess who his supervisor was at the time? Jack Walker. The same name he checked into the hotel under.

MARCUS

When isn't this bastard playing with us?

LYDIA

Walker and his car were pulled out of the Hudson six months after the diamond disappeared.

MARCUS
He had blood alcohol level of .23.
Stop while you're behind.

LYDIA
He also had ties to the Senator's
corruption case.

MARCUS
Alleged.

LYDIA
But his involvement is something IA
would've been investigating.
(beat)
Cassidy's not out on that ledge to
say good-bye.

MARCUS
Then what's he saying?

LYDIA
"Fuck you."

Marcus turns to Bauer, frustrated.

MARCUS
Let's get SWAT in position.
Quietly. I want to have some
options.

BAUER
Roger that.
(keys walkie)
Game time, gentlemen. To the roof
on the QT.

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - MENS' ROOM STALL - DAY

Mike has the blue folder of papers open and is furtively
flipping through them.

He pulls out a document, scanning it.

Bits are highlighted: "MIKE CAVANAUGH," "SENATOR RYAN
SECURITY DETAIL," a bunch of DATES.

Mike pulls the paper from the file, crumples it and tosses it
in the toilet, where another crumpled paper floats.

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - AIR DUCT - DAY

A long narrow tube. Dark. Cramped. Angie, in her hooded wetsuit, crawls along, scared, fighting claustrophobia with each movement.

She squirms toward a vent up ahead.

JOEY (V.O.)
Angie, you okay?

She ignores Joey, fuming. Finally reaching the vent, she peers down into...

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - MAIN SAFE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Englander's well-appointed private sanctum where she gets her first look at the enormous steel safe.

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

THE SWAT TEAM loads gear into the elevator as Elena Morales does a live feed in the middle of it all, flashing file photos of the Monarch Diamond.

ELENA MORALES
The Monarch Diamond was first owned by Charles II, the last King of the House of Hapsburg. And most recently by Catherine Englander. Catherine Englander who is here in her offices at the Bristol Hotel today.

EXT. 47TH STREET - DAY

The Bearded Guy addresses the crowd with a MEGAPHONE.

BEARDED GUY
This is what happens when a guy gets pushed too far! This is what happens when you take away everything a man has! When the only dignity a man can salvage... is death. It's the little guy who always takes the hit. There are no rich guys in prison. Nick Cassidy could be any of us!

The CROWD is getting more and more riled up.

Two COPS manning the barricade, nervously eye the mass of people.

BEAT COP #1
This could get ugly fast.

BEAT COP #2
You think he did it?

BEAT COP #1
Course he did it. I would've done it.

BEAT COP #2
Yeah, but what's he doing on the ledge?

BEAT COP #1
Well... maybe he didn't do it.

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - DAY

The SWAT team bursts out the roof access door and begins setting up.

INT. ROOM 2105 - DAY

Mike flashes his badge, entering the room. Dougherty gives him a nod.

DOUGHERTY
Welcome to the party, Cavanaugh.

MIKE
Got some papers from Sing Sing.

Lydia walks from the window, takes the blue file from Mike and gives it to Dougherty.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(to Lydia)
I want to talk to him.

LYDIA
No.

Mike's taken aback.

MIKE
Why not?

LYDIA
You ever moonlight for Englander?

MIKE
The hell does that have to do with
anything?

Mike tries to walk past her. She gets in front of him.

LYDIA
I said no.

MIKE
That's my friend out there.

Angry, he turns to Dougherty.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Dougherty? You wanna fix this?

Dougherty weighs it out.

DOUGHERTY
It's the lady's call, Mike.

Mike's furious... but then he tucks it away, turns, and walks out.

There's an uneasy beat.

LYDIA
Thanks.

DOUGHERTY
(cold)
You better know what you're doing.

Suddenly the bellhop appears in the door.

BELLHOP
Room service.

Lydia and Dougherty look at each other. Nope, wasn't either of them. They both look over at Nick out on the ledge laughing and joking with the uniformed cop.

EXT. LEDGE - DAY

The bellhop pokes his head out. Takes a look at Nick.

BELLHOP
How you doin, Kid?

Nick gives the old man a smile.

NICK
Make sure they tip you.

EXT. LEDGE - DAY

Nick munches on a cheeseburger and fries.

The crowd watches, rapt.

Nick raises a glass of water, toasting the crowd below.

They're loving it.

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - ENGLANDER'S OFFICE - DAY

Englander stands at her window, watching Nick eat his lunch on the east tower.

Nick looks over, gives her a big smile... then flips her off.

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - AIR DUCT - DAY

Angie ties a shoelace to the vent screen, pops it out, catches it with the lace and tapes it to the wall.

Stressed, she pokes her head out and spots the COMPUTERIZED KEY-PAD on the wall.

ANGIE
Nick, I'm in.

EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

Nick glances back through the window into the room, then turns back to face the Jewelry Exchange.

NICK
Rock and roll. Let's do this fast before that heat sensor catches up with you.

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - MAIN SAFE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angie clicks on a red LED head lamp and inches forward, slipping out of the vent...

...falling, before the rope catches her...

...jerking Joey forward.

JOEY
(sotto)
Light as a feather.

ANGIE
I heard that!

She maneuvers in front of the panel, flicks open a switchblade, and pops it revealing a tangle of electronics.

EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly Lydia appears at the window.

LYDIA
Neither you or I are going to prove
anything with you standing out
there.

ANGIE (V.O.)
Nick?

NICK
(to both)
Hold on a minute.

Nick takes a moment to wipe his mouth with the napkin.

LYDIA
The whole world knows who you are
now. They'll get you on The View.
Whoopie'll get you another shot
with the judge. There's nothing
left to achieve. It's time to come
in.

INTERCUT - INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - MAIN SAFE ROOM - DAY

Angie sweats it out, dangling from ropes.

ANGIE
Nick? Don't leave me hangin'!

NICK
You finally think you've got me
figured out.

Lydia shakes her head.

LYDIA

I thought I had that kid on the bridge figured out. I knew what he was going to do before he did. And then suddenly I didn't.

(beat)

It's a terrible feeling, not being able to trust your instincts.

INT. ROOM 2105 - CONTINUOUS

Dougherty has papers from the blue folder spread across the bed.

DOUGHERTY

Anderson, you'd better get in here!

She hurries over and he hands her two sheets.

DOUGHERTY (CONT'D)

He had bomb schematics in his cell.

She looks at the pages stunned, then back at Nick wondering if she's misjudged this situation.

LYDIA

Call it in.

EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

NICK

What do you see, Angie?

She looks at the electronics in the panel...

ANGIE

Mass of wires, four orange ladybugs, two silver cuff-links.

Nick closes his eyes, envisioning the layout.

NICK

Okay, the cuff-links are processors. We're going to short one out. Cut the red wire...

Under the red light they all look red.

ANGIE

They're all the red wire!

NICK
Well, pick the reddest.
(beat)
Joey, give your girl some support.

Joey strains on the rope.

JOEY
You're doing great, babe.

Angie sorts through the spaghetti of wires: half of them look almost identical. She makes a choice and...

ANGIE
Please God...

CLIP! Nothing happens.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
Done.

NICK
Great. Now bridge it to one of the
cuff-links. It might spark a
bit...

Angie touches it and gets a huge shock, jerking violently.

ANGIE
Ahhh!

Joey loses control of the rope...

JOEY
AAAH!

...dropping Angie. She hits the floor hard.

JOEY (CONT'D)
Angie?

ANGIE
What is wrong with you two?

Getting up, she sprays the light sensors with black spray paint.

Then reaching into the vent, pulls out a insulated kid's lunch-box, and tapes it over the heat sensor.

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - MAIN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Joey watches as the door swings wide revealing Angie, dishevelled, in the well-lit, disarmed room.

JOEY

It has to be me, right? That time
I took you upstate for the weekend.
You actually passed out...

ANGIE

I'm not speaking to you right now.

She starts stripping out of the suit.

EXT. 47TH STREET - DAY

The BOMB SQUAD VAN pulls up across from the hotel.

Four BOMB SQUAD GUYS pour out, unloading their gear.

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - 21ST FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

Mike paces, on his phone.

INTERCUT - INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

MIKE

This chick has gone *completely* off
the reservation! She wouldn't even
let me talk to him.

MARCUS

Take it easy, Cavanaugh.

MIKE

Pull her! Let me take over.

Marcus considers.

MARCUS

I think you should sit this one
out.

MIKE

No way...

MARCUS

Mike! You're done.

Furious, Mike ends the call.

EXT. BRISTOL HOTEL - ROOF - DAY

SWAT LEADER studies a TOP-VIEW of Nick on a small hand-held screen of a SNOOP CAM peeking over the edge of the roof.

Three SWAT officers are harnessed up, ready to go over the edge.

SWAT LEADER
(into radio)
We're in position.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Bauer looks at Marcus.

BAUER
On your word. Just need to clear
the negotiator for a clean exit.

INT. ROOM 2105 - DAY

Dougherty's on the radio.

DOUGHERTY
Stand by.
(to Lydia)
Clear the window. SWAT's a go.

Lydia can't believe it. She doesn't move an inch.

LYDIA
(into radio)
The hell is this, Marcus?

INTERCUT - INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

MARCUS
We're accelerating.

LYDIA
Goddammit. Who's going to read him
his Last Rites?

MARCUS
That's assuming our track record is
on par with yours.

Lydia feels it... she's getting shut-out of the Boys Club.

LYDIA

You do NOT fuck with me on my turf.
I need to draw him out on this bomb
threat! I do not cede control of
this situation!

MARCUS

This is a stall. He set it up.
He's playing you. He picked you
because you're in no condition to
do your job.

LYDIA

Who's pulling *your* strings? You do
not need to do this!

MARCUS

Don't make me relieve you.

LYDIA

Try it. I'll go to the press.

MARCUS

And end your career?

LYDIA

Been there, done that.

MARCUS

Dougherty, pull her out of there.

EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

Lydia leans out the window, meeting Nick's eyes, then
glancing up as SWAT commandos appear at the roofline.

...and before anyone can do anything...

...she steps out the window, across the gap, and onto the
ledge.

*200 feet below, the crowd goes crazy, cheering like a
rockstar just took the stage.*

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Marcus and Bauer watch it on their screens.

MARCUS

Jesus.

BAUER
Hold! Repeat no go, no go!

EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

Lydia presses against the wall, trying not to look down.

LYDIA
Well this is scary.

Dougherty stares through the window in shock, then starts shouting into a radio as Nick looks at her, stunned.

NICK
What are you doing?

LYDIA
Just a spur of the moment thing to save your life.

NICK
You're nuts!

LYDIA
That's real funny coming from you.

Nick breaks into a big grin.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
What?

NICK
You finally think I'm innocent.

LYDIA
I guess so.
(beat)
Just please tell me there's no bomb.

NICK
Course not. I just need ten more minutes.

LYDIA
What for?

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - MAIN SAFE ROOM - DAY

Joey's sweating hard, drilling a small hole in the safe's lock mechanism, finally breaking through.

JOEY
Okay. Thermos?

Angie steps in with heavy gloves, funnel, and a thermos full of LIQUID NITROGEN which she pours into the drill hole.

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - MAIN SAFE ROOM - DAY

The safe door is covered in frost as Angie pours the last of the liquid nitrogen into the hole.

ANGIE
Batter up.

Joey steps up to the plate with a sledge hammer.

Joey swings: WHAM! The combination lock shatters to bits.

JOEY
Moment of truth.

Angie spins the bolt retractor and the safe swings wide...

....REVEALING THE MOTHERLODE: trays of gemstones, piles of jewelry, and bars of gold. It's absolutely stunning.

Joey dives in, quickly riffling through the drawers of the safe, searching. Angie presses up against him.

ANGIE
I am so hot for you right now.

She reaches out for the goods; he lightly slaps her hand.

JOEY
We're only here for one thing.

ANGIE
And while that's true, I suddenly question our plan.

INTERCUT - EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

Nick turns the Rubik's Cube, giving Lydia a wink and...

NICK
Talk to me Joey. Tell me what we've got.

Lydia stares at him as he for the first time does not hide the fact that he is talking to someone else.

LYDIA
You are talking to someone...

Joey systematically turns out every drawer in the safe, dumping them on the floor: riches of every sort, but no diamond.

He looks to Angie, who's stunned.

ANGIE
You said it would be here! What the hell are we going to do?

Joey looks lost. Then he sets his jaw.

JOEY
We keep going.

He hits his comm.

JOEY (CONT'D)
Nick, it's not here.

Nick's heart sinks.

NICK
It's gotta be. Look again.

JOEY
I'm sorry, Nick.

LYDIA
What's going on?

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Marcus studies Nick and Lydia on the ledge from one of SWAT's camera feeds.

BAUER
You want us to try to grab her too?

MARCUS
Christ no. We squiff this, it's gonna be all our asses.

EXT. 47TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly ALARMS ring out at the Jewelry Exchange. EVERYONE REACTS.

INT. FIRST LINE SECURITY - CONTINUOUS

CHO jumps up staring at his screens.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

POLICE TECH #2
We've got an alarm at Englander's!

MARCUS
Seal the building! No one gets
out!

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - ENGLANDER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Englander stares out at the Jewelry Exchange, the ALARM
audible from here. She runs out.

EXT. LEDGE - DAY

Nick stares out across the street.

NICK
No...

The Rubik's Cube slips from his grasp...

In SLOW MOTION, it tumbles through the air, falling twenty
one floors... and smashes to bits on 47th street.

LYDIA

...stares at Nick, stunned.

LYDIA
You're stealing the diamond.

Nick looks away.

NICK
It wasn't in the vault.

She realizes what this means.

LYDIA
I'm sorry.

Nick turns to her, desperate, his last chance...

NICK

Lydia, there's nothing wrong with your instincts. People do things you can't possibly account for. People die.

LYDIA

Nick...

NICK

And sometimes people just have bad luck. You've had bad luck. I've had bad luck. But you can still save me: as a police shrink, you can request IA files and find out who they were investigating. Who set me up.

Lydia looks across the street at the Jewelry Exchange: Cops have surrounded the building and are pouring in the front.

She looks back at Nick. A long moment between them.

NICK (CONT'D)

I need you to trust me.

After a beat, she nods.

INT. ROOM 2105 - DAY

Dougherty gives her a hand climbing back inside.

DOUGHERTY

You got some big balls. They're going to hang you by 'em, but Jesus they're big.

Lydia picks up her cell phone and walks out into the hall.

REVEAL Mike standing in the stairwell, watching her go.

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - MAIN HALLWAY - DAY

Englander strides up the hall with Cho and an array of security men and cops.

They note the cut panel and vent. Cho sees the ceiling panel askew where Joey and Angie hid earlier.

CHO
 (into walkie)
 They're in here somewhere. Maybe
 the ceiling.

MARCUS (V.O.)
 We're searching it floor by floor.

Englander opens the steel door revealing...

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - MAIN SAFE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...scattered tools and the cracked safe: wide open, jewels
 still in place.

Englander walks straight *past the safe* to the back of the
 room, swiping a magnetic card at a blank spot on the wall...

...and a secret panel slides open revealing a hidden safe and
 a retinal scanner which lights up.

Englander has her eye scanned, then punches in a long code
 and the secret vault CLICKS open.

Inside is a single red velvet bag.

ENGLANDER
 (sotto)
 Thank god.

She slips open the bag to check its contents and we glimpse
 something sparkling, the size of a golf ball.

She tucks it into her pocket and shuts the secret safe then
 turns to Cho and the cops.

ENGLANDER (CONT'D)
 Tear this place apart.

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - 21ST FLOOR CORRIDOR

Lydia stands at the end of the hallway, on her cell phone.

VOICE (V.O.)
 Internal Affairs.

LYDIA
 Detective Evans, please.
 (beat)
 Gordon, it's Lydia. I need your
 help.

Behind her, Mike walks into 2105.

INT. ROOM 2105 - CONTINUOUS

Dougherty looks up as Mike enters.

DOUGHERTY
What do you want, Cavanaugh?

Mike grabs him, propelling him out the door and slamming it behind him.

As a SHOUT PROTEST rises from outside, Mike flips the dead-bolt and the security hasp, then braces a chair under the door handle.

He calmly walks to the window, looking out at Nick.

MIKE
Hey, buddy. You going to jump here
or what?

Nick glances over, uneasily.

NICK
We alone here, Mike?

Mike smiles.

MIKE
This isn't exactly helping your
chances for parole.

NICK
My first chance at parole is in
2043.

EXT. JEWELRY EXCHANGE - STREET - DAY

Escorted by two cops, Englander exits the building and crosses the empty street towards the Bristol, nervously eyeing the rowdy crowds at the barricades and Nick on the ledge.

INT. 21ST FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lydia runs up. Dougherty's on the radio as the uniform cop kicks at the door.

LYDIA
What the hell?

DOUGHERTY
(into radio)
Cavanaugh just locked us out...

INTERCUT - INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Marcus listens in disbelief.

MARCUS
Get me Midtown North!
(into radio)
Get back in there and find out what
that sonofabitch is up to.

Checking the monitor, he zooms in on Mike, and checks the
SWAT snoop-cam.

I/E. ROOM 2105 - CONTINUOUS

MIKE
I want to help, Nick. I know you
think it was a cop who set you up.
But do you know? Do you have
proof?

Nick looks him over.

NICK
I'm working on it.

MIKE
Because if you take a fall before
it's all played out, you know
nothing's going to come to light.
It's all just going to go away like
it always does; brushed under the
carpet.

NICK
What do you suggest?

MIKE
Let me bring you in. I'll stand by
you, like I always have.

NICK
You come out here and bring me in.
See what it's like to live on the
edge.

MIKE
You're a son-of-a-bitch, Cas.

...and he steps up into the window frame.

Down below the CROWD ROARS.

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - 21ST FLOOR CORRIDOR

Dougherty and the Uniform throw their weight against the door: nothing.

LYDIA
Shoot the lock.

DOUGHERTY
What are you, crazy? Somebody
might get hurt.

LYDIA
Do it now!

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Marcus sees Mike standing in the window on a video monitor.

MARCUS
Oh hell no. No. No. No.
Bauer that's a GO for SWAT. Right
now, before he gets out there!

BAUER
(into radio)
Team leader, you are go for take
down.

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - CONTINUOUS

SWAT leader nods to three of his men on the edge.

SWAT LEADER
Take him.

EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

Mike steadies himself, adjusting to the height. Forcing a smile, he extends his hand to Nick.

MIKE
I'm here for you, Nick.

Nick looks from Mike's hand down 200 feet to the pavement...

...then checks out the Rolex Milgauss GV116400 on Mike's wrist.

NICK
Nice watch.

MIKE
Come on, Nick.

The moment draws out between them, thick with tension.

NICK
You set me up.

Mike looks at him, expression going hard and dark, then glances up at a *flicker of motion*.

Three SWAT team members ZIP down from above *in an upside-down rappel position*, looking for the catch.

Hanging onto the window, *Mike lunges for Nick*.

Nick reacts, exploding into action, turning, running, dodging the middle SWAT guy...

But SLAMS into the one on the end who grabs him...

...as Nick's momentum sends them both swinging thirty feet out away from the building on the SWAT guy's rope.

THE CROWD

...SCREAMS! People go nuts!

BEARDED GUY
Oh no! No! No!

ELENA MORALES
Yes! Yes! Yes!

INT. ROOM 2105 - CONTINUOUS

Mike strides toward the room door as BLAM BLAM BLAM the lock is shot to pieces.

EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

NICK

...pendulums back, slamming the SWAT guy into the side of the building, breaking free and continuing along the ledge wrapping the building.

SWAT GUYS

...pay out their ropes, running after Nick.

THE CROWD

...goes wild, the bearded guy charging through police barriers, backed by hundreds as they chase after Nick, running along the front of the building.

COPS ON THE STREET

...are overwhelmed as spectators charge past.

ELENA MORALES

...charges with her camera man.

NICK

...rounds the corner of the building *and sees two other SWAT guys above him.*

Dropping to his belly, Nick slides off the ledge, hanging from both hands, swinging once and letting go...

...landing on the ledge one floor down, scrabbling wildly not to fall off...

...as the first three SWAT GUYS round the corner to find that Nick has disappeared.

One floor below, NICK pushes open a window and *ducks into the hotel.*

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - 21ST FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Dougherty and Lydia kick in the broken door and are startled as Mike runs out, charging past them and up the hall, paralleling Nick's direction.

Lydia races to the window and looks out just in time to see the last SWAT guy disappear around the corner after Nick.

LYDIA

Dammit!

INT. ENGLANDER JEWELERS - MAIN SAFE ROOM - DAY

A DETECTIVE kneels down, examining something on the floor: a chemical HEAT PACK.

DETECTIVE #1
Look at this. Heat pack.

His PARTNER looks from the heat pack up to the heat sensor on the ceiling... the styrofoam cooler has been removed.

DETECTIVE #2
That's what tripped the sensor.

DETECTIVE #1
Why would they set off the alarm?

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - ENGLANDER'S OFFICES - DAY

Englander enters, locking the door behind her.

Opening a wall panel reveals the safe. She spins the combination lock... and freezes...

...listening to the TINKLE OF ICE behind her.

Englander turns to see *Joey swirling a glass of his scotch as Angie pours herself another at her office bar.*

ENGLANDER
Who the hell are you?

Joey sets down his drink.

JOEY
The brother. The one sitting behind Nick in court every day for five weeks?

ANGIE
Hand over the rock.

Englander smiles disdainfully.

ENGLANDER
What an adorable little chihuahua.
And it speaks English!

Joey and Angie exchange a look. Then Angie throws a punch, knocking her down.

Joey pats her down... *coming up with the MONARCH DIAMOND.*

It's stunning: impossibly large and glittery beyond belief.

He tosses it to Angie.

ANGIE
God it's huge!

JOEY
That's what she said.

Joey smiles down at Englander, handcuffing her to the desk and tossing her phone across the room.

JOEY (CONT'D)
Thanks for defeating those last three levels of security. Nick said you'd panic. He had you wired.

Englander watches him icily.

ENGLANDER
You're little people. You're as good as dead.

Angie blows her a kiss as they walk out.

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - 20TH FLOOR - HALL - DAY

Bursting out of a room, Nick runs all out up the hall, ducking into the stairwell.

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Three floors below, cops pour into the stairwell.

Nick charges up...

But coming down from the roof, BOOTED SWAT FEET POUND DOWN the stairs.

Nick ducks out onto 22.

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - 21ST FLOOR - ELEVATORS - DAY

Mike plugs an earpiece into his radio, following the chase.

The elevator opens, he hits 22, and draws his full-frame black .45.

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - 23RD FLOOR - HALL - DAY

Joey and Angie hold hands walking quickly up a hall as police run past them the other direction.

RUNNING COP
Stay in you rooms!

As the cops round a corner, Joey and Angie duck into a stairwell, hurrying down.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Marcus directs cops as Bauer directs SWAT, both men giving orders into radios as fast as they can.

MARCUS
Lock down floors twenty one through twenty four. Assemble personnel on twenty with guest lists. We'll sweep up, room to room...

BAUER
Everyone not in first squad, break teams of two, floor by floor, rolling cover...

Marcus's cell RINGS in the middle of this, and he snaps it up.

MARCUS
What?

He listens, going cold.

INTERCUT - INT. ENGLANDER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

REVEAL: it's Englander, talking to Marcus.

ENGLANDER
The brother and his girlfriend.
They have the diamond!

MARCUS
Christ.

ENGLANDER
They're in the goddammed hotel!

Marcus hangs up. Bauer looks at him.

MARCUS
Cassidy has a bomb trigger.

Bauer reacts.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Tell SWAT to take him out. Kill
shots.

Marcus heads for the door.

BAUER
Where are you going?

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - 20TH FLOOR - HALL - DAY

Lydia runs up the hallway, reaching for her RINGING phone.

LYDIA
Go.

INTERCUT - INT. NYPD IA OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

GORDON EVANS sits at his desk, surrounded by files.

EVANS
Nick Cassidy gave IA testimony
after he was approached by a member
of Senator Ryan's staff.

EXT. 47TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

Marcus walks towards the hotel, unsnapping his gun holster.

EVANS (V.O., CONT'D)
It kicked off an investigation
which eventually focused on three
officers: Jack Walker, Michael
Cavanaugh... and Nathan Marcus.

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - SERVICE KITCHEN - DAY

Nick runs through this service kitchen, as employees stare
after him in confusion. Bursting out the back, into the...

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - SERVICE KITCHEN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...hallway, Nick collides with the old bellhop spilling them
both to the ground.

BELLHOP
Slow down, Kid.

Nick pauses to help the old man back up, then runs off to the right as the sounds of SWAT rise behind him.

SWAT (O.S.)
DOWN! DOWN! DOWN!

The SWAT team bursts out of the door, covering the hall.

The bellhop points off to the left, the opposite direction Nick went.

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Joey and Angie walk through the lobby heading for the big glass front doors, seconds from freedom...

MARCUS (O.S.)
Joey Cassidy.

Marcus angles in on them, gun leveled.

ANGIE
There's been some mistake.

MARCUS
On your knees. Both of you! Hands
behind your heads!

JOEY
We didn't do anything!

As they kneel he moves behind them, patting them down.

He comes up empty. There is no diamond.

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - 22ND FLOOR - ELEVATOR FOYER - DAY

Nick works on the elevator doors, prying them open with the door of a fire extinguisher box...

...when the elevator next to him, suddenly DINGS and opens.

Two SWAT commandos step into the foyer...

...but Nick's disappeared, having rounded the corner into the hall.

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - 22ND FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Nick hurries up the hall knocking on doors, quietly but intensely, first door... second door... third door...

The SWAT commandos appear in the hall behind him...

...as the third door opens.

Nick dives into the room, knocking down a stunned
BUSINESSMAN...

...as bullets chew up the door frame around him.

IT'S ON!

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - ROOM 1 - CONTINUOUS

Charging through the suite, Nick hits the connecting door to
the next room, breaking through to...

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - ROOM 2 - CONTINUOUS

...a couple watches TV about Nick, as he charges through,
hitting the next door as SWAT pours into room 1.

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - ROOM 3 - CONTINUOUS

Bursting into this room, Nick collides with WOMAN, spilling
both of them to the ground as the shouts of pursuit rise.

SWAT (O.S.)
Down! Down! Down!

There's no connecting door here and Nick breaks for the
hallway...

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - 22ND FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

...which has two more SWAT commandos who open fire, rounds
flying past Nick, shattering the room's windows.

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - ROOM 3 - CONTINUOUS

Nick slams the door, cornered as SWAT closes in from both
directions. He runs past the terrified woman, through the
broken window and back out onto the ledge...

...disappearing from sight just as SWAT bursts in from both
sides.

Leaning out the open window, MP5 ready, the lead officer just
catches a glimpse of Nick disappearing as he climbs up the
corner of the building.

LEAD OFFICER
He's back outside!

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - SERVICE KITCHEN - DAY

Angie stands handcuffed to a stove in this now deserted kitchen as...

CRACK! Marcus pistol whips Joey, who's cuffed to a pole, dropping him to his knees.

MARCUS
Where's the diamond, kid?

ANGIE
Leave him alone!

Joey regains his feet, smiling through the blood.

JOEY
You hit like a girl. Where are you from, Jersey?

Marcus throws a brutal right to Joey's gut, doubling him over, leaving him gasping for air.

Without missing a beat, Marcus fires up a stove burner and grabs Angie by the hair.

ANGIE
AAAAGH!

He forces Angie's face towards the flames.

MARCUS
I'm from the Bronx.

Joey wrenches at his cuffs.

ANGIE
No! Please!

JOEY
NO!

Marcus looks at him. He's not fucking around.

MARCUS
Last chance, kid.

EXT. BRISTOL HOTEL - CORNER CORNICE - DAY

Clinging to decorative masonry, Nick struggles, climbing up the corner of the building...

...as below him the CHEERS of the crowd drift up.

Dragging himself up to the 23rd floor ledge, Nick pauses for a second looking out at the world:

- The crowd below fills the street, gridlocking traffic.
- The building across the street littered with homemade banners proclaiming their support. "NICK CASSIDY" and "MAN ON A LEDGE."
- People on the opposite roof cheering for him.

NICK
(disbelief)
New York.

He glances up and continues his climb.

EXT. 47TH STREET - CORNER - CONTINUOUS

Two floors shy of the roof, Nick slips, people on the street GASPING...

BEARDED GUY
Please don't die, Nick Cassidy!

...but Nick catches himself, and continues.

Elena Morales reports.

ELENA MORALES
...and clearly the mood here has shifted. Nick Cassidy may be an escaped convict, but today he has provided one of the most heart stopping shows the city has ever seen and the crowd here, well, *they love him...*

INT. BRISTOL HOTEL - STAIRWELL - DAY

SWAT pounds up the stairs...

...followed by Lydia shouting into her radio.

LYDIA
You have to call off SWAT! *There*
is no bomb threat.

INTERCUT - INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

LYDIA (V.O.)
Trust me on this, Bauer.

Bauer watches a monitor where Nick reaches the top of the side of the hotel, clawing his way onto the roof.

BAUER
(into SWAT radio)
Confirmed, he is on the roof. Say
again, roof.
(into police radio)
This is nuts Anderson. I have
orders.

LYDIA
Then where's Marcus? Where's the
intel on the threat? Where's this
supposed trigger?

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - DAY

NICK

...moves from the edge, but shots ring out, sending him
diving behind an air-conditioning unit as...

SWAT

...moves in, fanning out firing, keeping him pinned.

NICK

...crawls into the gravel of the roof as the machinery around
him is shredded by rounds.

He moves right... but more fire pours in.

Ducking the other way almost gets him shot as well.

Bullets are landing around him like rain until...

NICK
OKAY! I GIVE UP!

LYDIA

...pushes the lead SWAT officer.

LYDIA

Hear that! Let him give up! He's
not armed!

MARCUS (O.S.)

Stand down. It's okay.

And we REVEAL him striding onto the scene, weapon out,
dragging Joey and Angie behind him...

...with *Englander* at his side.

Brushing past, he points at Lydia.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Arrest her for obstruction.

Lydia is grabbed buy a SWAT officer and quickly cuffed.

LYDIA

No!

MARCUS

And get her off my roof.

The officer drags her to the stairwell as SWAT moves in on
Nick.

SWAT LEADER

Hands! Show me hands!

NICK

...raises his hands, and slowly steps out.

80 feet in front him are SWAT and Marcus. Right behind him
is a 250 foot drop and the crowd below.

MARCUS

...moves beside the SWAT leader, talking softly.

MARCUS

There's intel he's placed a bomb,
so I need you to pull your men back
while I negotiate. Keep your team
in the stairwell unless I call for
them, and tell Bauer to clear the
choppers.

The SWAT leader nods as Marcus gestures at Angie.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
She goes with you.

As SWAT retreats, dragging Angie with them away from Joey, she flips out struggling wildly.

ANGIE
No! Joey! JOEY!

JOEY
Hey! Angie! Look at me. Right here baby.
(beat)
It's going to be okay. I promise.
You understand. I promise.

She calms down, nodding, and Marcus, Joey, and Englander watch as she's lead away, the truth settling out as they are left alone on the roof.

MARCUS
It's not going to be okay.

JOEY
I know.

NICK

...watches Englander and Marcus walk over, pulling Joey with them. Marcus stops short with Joey by the edge of the roof.

JOEY (CONT'D)
Sorry bro.

NICK
(to Marcus)
I'm going to fuck you up.

MARCUS
You're going to do what you're told, or your brother is going to jump off the roof.

EXT. 47TH STREET - CORNER - CONTINUOUS

Everyone watches, waiting to see what's going to happen.

From the street, people can see Nick on the brink and just a bit of Joey up there. No Marcus.

EXT. BRISTOL HOTEL - ROOF - DAY - CLOSE ON

MIKE...

...already on the roof, watching the action. Circling, keeping cover, approaching Nick's flank, he looks for a shot at Nick.

Englander walks up to Nick, staring him down.

ENGLANDER

Here's where we're at Mr. Cassidy: you're dead. But what your efforts have earned you is the opportunity to negotiate for the lives of your family.

(beat)

I understand you have something of mine. Tell me where the rock is or your brother dies right here.

Nick looks Marcus over.

NICK

You okay with this?

MARCUS

You never should have gone to IA, Cassidy. You earned what you got coming.

He pushes Joey to the brink.

NICK

Wait!

Nick reaches into his pocket...

JOEY

Nick, don't.

...and pulls out the Monarch Diamond. Englander reacts with surprise.

ENGLANDER

Impressive.

Nick tosses it to her.

ENGLANDER (CONT'D)

There are two kinds of people in this world, Mr. Cassidy...

She checks it with a loupe to confirm it's real.

ENGLANDER (CONT'D)
People who will do anything to get
what they want... and everyone
else.

She nods to Marcus.

ENGLANDER (CONT'D)
Clean it up.

Marcus turns to Nick as Englander walks off.

MARCUS
You have ten seconds to jump or I
throw your brother off the roof.

Joey starts struggling wildly, but Marcus lifts up his cuffs,
ripping up his shoulders, easily controlling him.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Eight seconds.

JOEY
Don't do it!

Nick looks over the edge.

JOEY (CONT'D)
Not like this, Nick.

MARCUS
Five seconds.

NICK
Give me your word he goes free.

MARCUS
I do. Easier to explain this way.

Nick steps to the edge.

NICK
I'm sorry, Joey.

He can't believe what he's about to do.

JOEY
No! Please!

MARCUS
Give the people what they want,
Nick. They've been waiting all
day!

NICK
I love you, Joey.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

High caliber rounds slam into Marcus's chest dropping him to the roof...

MARCUS

...rolls prone, saved by his vest, and unloads, firing a full magazine of 19 at...

MIKE

...diving for cover behind a ventilation stack.

JOEY AND NICK

...scramble for cover in opposite directions as the gunfight rages.

INT. ROOFTOP STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

The SWAT TEAM is packed into the stairwell, along with Lydia and Angie, reacting to the SHOTS.

SWAT LEADER taps two officers, who peek out onto the roof.

SWAT GUY
There's another detective out there.

LYDIA
Marcus is corrupt. That shooter is Detective Cavanaugh from Midtown North!

Still cuffed, she muscles her way up to him.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Look, I can negotiate this, but you have to trust me. Take these off and I can help you.

He thinks it over.

SWAT LEADER
(calling out)
Cavanaugh?

CAVANAUGH (O.S.)
Yeah?

The SWAT leader unlocks Lydia's cuffs...

...and she grabs his thigh-holstered pistol and goes bolting across the roof.

SWAT LEADER

Hey!

EXT. BRISTOL HOTEL - ROOF - DAY

Mike lies with his back against a vent, gut-shot, hands drenched in blood as Nick scrambles to his side.

NICK

Jesus...

MIKE

Yeah well. I always tell people that this is the kind of thing that happens when you shoot at cops.

NICK

(brave face)

It's only 9 mil. Figures with a pussy like Marcus, right?

(beat)

I thought you were gunning for me Mikey.

MIKE

I took fifty grand from a corrupt Senator to make some evidence disappear. But sell out my partner? What do you think I am, dirty?

Nick takes Mike's .45 from the gravel beside him.

NICK

Direct pressure. I'm going to kill that son of a bitch.

He gets up...

...but Marcus steps out behind him. He's got Nick dead to rights.

Nick sees the expression on Mike's face, knows what's coming.

Marcus's finger tightens on the trigger and...

LYDIA

Freeze!

Marcus glances at her. Then at Nick. And back at Lydia.

And he goes for it, throwing himself back as he whips the gun around firing... BANG!

His neck explodes in blood as Lydia drops him with one shot.

She stands frozen for a moment, jacked on adrenaline, looking at Marcus in shock...

...then lowers the gun and grabs her radio.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Officer down! Request immediate
medical assistance on the roof...

JOEY (O.S.)
Nick! NICK!

Following his voice, Nick runs to where his brother stands at the edge of the roof looking down.

As soon as Nick appears, a CHEER goes up from the crowd.

Joey points down where...

EXT. 47TH STREET - BRISTOL HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Englander walks up the street in front of her hotel, heading towards a waiting limo at the edge of the police barriers.

Hearing the crowd on the corner, she looks up to see Nick, 25 floors up, staring down at her.

Englander smiles wide.

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Nick watches Englander give him a wave... then flip *him* off and continue on her way.

JOEY
That's the end of our lives. It's
over.

He looks over, but his brother is no longer beside him: he's twenty feet back along the edge of the roof.

NICK
One way or another...

And Nick breaks into an all-out run.

BELOW

...the crowd goes wild realizing what's happening as he runs along the brink.

LYDIA

...steps out to see Nick streak past her.

LYDIA

No!

JOEY

...watches, paralysed as...

JOEY

NICK!

NICK

...leaps from the building...

...falling...

...250 feet through open air...

...and hits the airbag.

Firefighters scramble in.

Elena Morales and her camera man charge forward, running all out.

The bearded guy stands paralysed in shock as the crowd runs past, breaking around him like a river on a stone.

BEARDED GUY

Oh no...

INT. CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

Looking down on the action, watching the crowd run back towards the front of the hotel and the airbag...

...as NICK crawls free of the bag.

EXT. 47TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

Pushing past two firemen, Nick breaks onto the street to see Englander staring at him in utter shock.

There's nothing between them.

NICK
Hello Catherine.

Englander backs away, then runs, desperately charging for her limo.

Nick runs her down, with the entire crowd chasing behind him.

She yanks open the limo door, but Nick is on her.

Whipping around *she's got a gun in one hand, bringing it up...*

But Nick catches it, stripping it away.

ELENA MORALES

...and her cameraman run up, leading the crowd.

INSERT: POV VIDEO

...shaking wildly as they get there to see...

...*Nick pull the Monarch Diamond out of Englander's pocket.*

NICK
They're gonna love you in prison.

She looks at the camera in horror, realizing it's all on film.

ELENA MORALES
Nick Cassidy! Nick! What do you
have to say to the world?

He looks at the diamond in his hand, then into the camera.

NICK
I'm innocent.

RETURN TO SCENE...

...as the crowd rushes in, desperate to get close to Nick.

BEARDED GUY
I love you, man! I love you!

ENGLANDER

...is dragged off in cuffs.

INSERT: POV VIDEO

Elena Morales grabs Nick's arm, struggling to hang on as they are jockeyed around.

ELENA MORALES
This couldn't have been written!
New York has a new hero: cop
wrongly accused, leaping for his
life. Nick Cassidy: I apologize.
In fact, I want a date! This is
Elena Morales live for Eyewitness
News!

WHAM: A pack of cops tackles Nick. He goes down under the mob of blue uniforms, smiling and laughing.

INSERT - POV CHOPPER

...high above, looking down at the crazy chaotic mob out of control and we...

CUT TO:

INT. MANHATTAN DETENTION COMPLEX (THE TOMBS) - HALL - NIGHT

A heavy door BUZZES and Nick is released from jail, still wearing his suit from that morning as several cops slap his back and smile.

The hall is empty... except for Lydia.

LYDIA
You okay?

NICK
Yeah. Thanks. You?

LYDIA
Yeah.

They walk down the hall into...

INT. MANHATTAN DETENTION COMPLEX - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Lydia nods to the front where through the glass doors a mob of international press is assembled.

LYDIA
I thought maybe I'd walk you out
the side.

Cutting into a side hall, they walk in silence. Finally, Nick breaks a smile.

NICK
Now that I'm not on a ledge, you
run out of things to say to me?

She smiles back.

LYDIA
I was just thinking about taking
you up on that drink we talked
about.

NICK
Coffee.

LYDIA
What was right after the coffee?

NICK
Candle-lit dinner?

LYDIA
Sure. Since you ask.

He grins.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
So how on Earth did you get the
diamond?

EXT. MANHATTAN DETENTION COMPLEX - SOUTH SIDE - NIGHT

Exiting an unmarked door, they step into the crisp New York
night...

...where the BELLHOP stands waiting.

The old man pulls Nick into a huge hug.

NICK
Dad. I want you to meet my friend,
Officer Lydia Anderson.

Her jaw drops as FRANK CASSIDY extends a hand.

BELLHOP
Frank Cassidy.

LYDIA
Unbelievable.

Joey and Angie run up holding hands.

ANGIE
Sorry we're late, he got lost.

JOEY
Did not!

Nick pulls his brother into a huge hug.

When they break, Angie gives Nick a hug and a big kiss. *A little too big.*

JOEY (CONT'D)
Hey. Whoa. That's my brother there!

ANGIE
Come on Joey, he's a hero.

JOEY
There's not a mark on him! Look at me. *I'm* the hero.

ANGIE
Don't start with me, Joey Cassidy.

JOEY
(turning on Nick)
And you keep your mitts off my wife.

ANGIE
Girlfriend.

Joey drops to one knee, whipping out a massive diamond ring from Englander's safe.

Angie SQUEAKS in excitement.

JOEY
Angie will you marry me?

ANGIE
Hell yes!

She pulls him up and they kiss sloppily.

LYDIA
I'm just going to assume that's a family heirloom.

NICK
It is now.

FRANK CASSIDY
Come on, let's get a drink.

Nick slips his arm around Lydia and the five of them saunter
off into the New York night.

FADE OUT: *