

MASTERPIECE

PILOT episode

an original teleplay by

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FADE IN:

SUPER: 2003 US INVASION OF IRAQ

EXT. BAGDAD - THE NATIONAL MUSEUM - DAY

MEN break into the museum through a back door.

INT. NATIONAL MUSEUM - DAY

They run past display cases and stop at one.

CLOSE ON: A 6" by 5" brown baked clay tablet. The irregular shaped fragment has two columns of four dozen lines in cuneiform script.

The placard below the artifact reads, "GILGAMESH DREAM TABLET, Number 11, Neo-Assyrian C. 2100-1200 BC"

The men smash the case, grab the tablet, and run away.

EXT. MANHATTAN - 34 1/2 EAST 12TH STREET - DAY

Cars line the busy street. Scaffolding covers the sidewalk in front of a four story faded red brick building. A green and white shield with POLICE ATHLETIC LEAGUE and PAL is above a revolving glass entry door.

INT. MANHATTAN - CRIME PREVENTION DIVISION - DAY

A sign on the wall reads, "NYC CRIME PREVENTION DIVISION"

The room is full of detectives at computer desks, a flurry of activity. Keyboards CLICK. Phones RING. TV'S BLARE.

One TV display shows a weather reporter with a map of the Caribbean, pointing to islands west of Africa.

WEATHER REPORTER

A storm is forming off Africa. It
may become a tropical depression
before nightfall.

A fat balding DEPUTY CHIEF, (40's), unshaven, loosened tie, paces as he speaks into a cell phone.

DEPUTY CHIEF

Detective Ferrara, I can't hear you.

INT. ITALIAN BAKERY - DAY

CUSTOMERS stand in front of a colorful display case, filled with pastries.

SUSAN FERRARA (30), holds a coffee in one hand and a cannoli in the other. A rumpled suit covers her muscular body. A camera sticks out of her pocket. Her short thick ebony hair is rumpled and she looks tired.

She puts the cannoli on top of the coffee and answers her cell phone.

DEPUTY CHIEF (V.O.)
So where's your report?

Susan argues back.

SUSAN
A lady had her bag swiped in front
of Angelo's. I'm leaving now.

She walks through the glass doors and onto the street.

EXT. GRAND STREET - DAY

Taxis HONK. The noise of a jackhammer is ear-splitting.

SUSAN
I'm looking for a cab.

Susan hangs up and takes a bite out of the cannoli.

SUSAN
I watch some guy all night and then
he sends me on a purse snatch.

She gulps coffee, takes another bite, then looks at her watch.

SUSAN
I'm on overtime.

She finishes the cannoli, tosses the cup into a garbage can, and heads down the street.

She walks down the block looking into windows, then stops in front of a red brick building on the corner with street level dark gray columns and trim.

INT. NYC RUG COMPANY - DAY

Susan walks through the corner double doors.

A uniformed GUARD, early 20's, peers at her.

GUARD
Do you have an appointment?

Susan shakes her head no.

SUSAN
Just browsing.

The man nods and gestures inside.

GUARD
Take your time.

SUSAN
I plan to.

Susan inspects colorful patterned oriental carpets displayed on the walls. She wanders through stacks of rugs, some chest high, as she heads toward the back of the store.

Suddenly, a loud voice booms from an open door.

Susan ducks then creeps toward the East Indian accented voice.

MAN (O.S.)
Christie's believes the story that
it was bought in London in 1959.

Susan puts her hand over her mouth to stifle a gasp then edges closer.

MAN (O.S.)
Our friends in Iraq cherry-picked a
fine Sumerian tablet. It's now in
the Christie's catalogue. We'll
make over six hundred K.

Susan steps closer, then whirls around as a SALESMAN taps her on the shoulder.

SALESMAN
Find anything?

SUSAN
Yes.

SALESMAN
Show me.

Susan walks towards the front of the store and points to the first rug that she saw.

SUSAN
I like this one but I want my wife
to see it. You know how wives are.
They make all the decisions.

The man chuckles.

SALESMAN

I get grilled if I buy something new. She's gotta see it first.

SUSAN

Yeah. I'll be back.

Susan walks out.

EXT. MULBERRY STREET - DAY

Susan runs down Mulberry to Broome and hails a cab.

She tells the driver:

SUSAN

Get me uptown as fast as possible.

INT. MANHATTAN - CRIME PREVENTION DIVISION - DAY

Susan argues with her Deputy Chief.

SUSAN

The art is stolen.

DEPUTY CHIEF

From Christie's? Are you nuts?

SUSAN

I heard the man on the phone. A guy in Iraq is stealing antiques and selling them here.

DEPUTY CHIEF

No tablets, no bodies, no proof.

SUSAN

The biggest story of my life.

DEPUTY CHIEF

Is dead.

He shoves a clipboard into Susan's hands.

DEPUTY CHIEF

Be a real detective for a change. Finish the report on the stolen purse, then get some sleep.

Susan salutes then heads for her desk.

On the way she stops to look at a TV screen.

WEATHER REPORTER

A tropical depression has formed off the coast of western Africa.

The second reporter chimes in.

SECOND WEATHER REPORTER

Many of the worst hurricanes in history started as thunderstorms over Africa, then moved west.

WEATHER REPORTER

It's unusual to get such a formation in early summer.

SECOND WEATHER REPORTER

It's been a slow season but that can quickly change.

INT. SUSAN'S HOME - OFFICE - NIGHT

Moonlight spotlights a desk and filing cabinets. Susan types on a computer.

Her wife, JANE, short blonde, (30), walks in.

JANE

Progress?

SUSAN

That's a loaded question.

She rubs her eyes.

SUSAN

Theft in the Middle East is rampant. It's been that way for years. And the pieces get over here too easily.

Jane rubs her shoulders then kisses her neck.

JANE

You can't save the world, baby.

SUSAN

I get sent on purse snatches but million dollar scams are going on.

JANE

You do a great job. You help people.

Susan reads.

SUSAN

In 1936, Iraq enacted the Antiquities Law, which bars the export of antiquities.

She clicks on the next page.

SUSAN

After the Gulf War in 1991, thousands of artifacts were stolen from the National Museum In Bagdad.

Susan pivots around to face Jane.

SUSAN

I will prove that the tablet was stolen. And I will put those thieves in jail.

EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER - DAY

Rockefeller Center is an imposing grey stone office tower in midtown, featuring a grand limestone and bronze exterior with a post-industrial steel and glass canopy. Flags fly above the entry brass and glass doors.

Susan strides into the building.

INT. CHRISTIE'S - RECEPTION - DAY

Susan walks to the reception desk where a smiling employee greets her.

CHRISTIES EMPLOYEE

Welcome to Christie's. Do you have an appointment?

SUSAN

Yes. I'm Detective Ferrara. I called your director this morning.

Susan flashes her NYPD badge. The clerk stops smiling.

CHRISTIES EMPLOYEE

Follow me please.

She turns, heels clicking on the marble floor. Susan follows. They cross the well-lit atrium and enter a darker corridor.

The clerk stops at the end of the hall and knocks on a door, marked "DIRECTOR", then opens it. Susan steps through.

INT. CHRISTIE'S - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The spacious modern office has three large rooms. A sofa, two arm chairs, and a coffee table are in the front room and a large teak office table with eight chairs is in the back. A room in the back holds a partner's desk and filing cabinets.

A tall thin woman, MARIE GILBERT, (45), stands by the sofa. She speaks with a French accent.

Susan enters and shakes her hand.

SUSAN

I'm Detective Ferrara of the NYPD.

MARIE GILBERT

I am pleased to meet you. Let's sit.

She gestures to the chairs and they each take a seat opposing each other, separated by the coffee table.

SUSAN

Miss Gilbert, I am very concerned about the authenticity of the Sumerian clay tablet for sale at Asia Week.

MARIE GILBERT

Detective Ferrara, there is nothing to worry about. A reputable dealer in London owned the piece.

Susan interrupts.

SUSAN

Are you sure?

MARIE GILBERT

Christie's uses a very thorough process to verify the items we sell.

SUSAN

I'm sure the tablet is the eleventh in the epic story of Gilgamesh, but I don't think it was owned by the dealer in London.

Miss Gilbert leans forward.

MARIE GILBERT

You are questioning our research?

She stands up.

MARIE GILBERT

We were founded in 1766 and are the world's leading art auction house.

Susan stands up.

SUSAN

Thousands of artifacts were stolen from museums and other sites in Iraq after both the 1991 Gulf War and the US invasion in 2003. You could have one in this building.

Miss Gilbert walks to the door.

MARIE GILBERT

I will not continue this conversation. If you have specific charges, give them to me in writing.

She opens the door. Susan walks out out of her office, out of the building, then hails a cab.

INT. MANHATTAN - CRIME PREVENTION DIVISION - DAY

Susan walks past a TV headline, "New Tropical Storm" and into the office of the Deputy Chief.

SUSAN

Chief, I need to talk to you.

The man finishes writing and looks up.

DEPUTY CHIEF

Good report. Crime is rampant in this city.

She sits down.

SUSAN

I'm convinced Christie's is gonna sell a stolen antique from Iraq.

The Chief taps his pen on the desk.

DEPUTY CHIEF

I hope this is a joke.

SUSAN

Art theft happens all the time. It's million dollar fraud. And the auction houses want to keep it quiet.

The Chief leans forward.

DEPUTY CHIEF
These are dangerous allegations.

SUSAN
The stolen art is here, in the city.

Her boss interrupts.

DEPUTY CHIEF
Where? I don't have the time or
funds to investigate your hunches.

He stands up.

DEPUTY CHIEF
If you want to peruse this crazy
story, do it on your free time.
Now, go find Jones. We just got a
call about a missing teenager.

Susan stands.

SUSAN
Yes, sir.

She walks out of the office past a blaring TV.

TV REPORTER
Small craft warnings are posted for
the Leeward Islands, from the U.S.
Virgin Islands south to Guadeloupe.

Susan walks over to her partner's desk.

SUSAN
Bill, got a missing teen?

BILL JONES, an African-American, 30's, in a suit, looks up.

BILL
Missing 48 hours, from a good family.
Let's head across town.

They walk out of the office.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Bill drives a white Ford. At a traffic light, Susan faces
him.

SUSAN
I found out about the theft of a
three thousand year old clay tablet.

Bill turns toward her.

BILL

What?

SUSAN

I heard this guy talking on a phone in a rug shop. An antique tablet is going into the Asia week auction.

BILL

Asia week?

SUSAN

It's where art galleries and auction houses sell antiques. Last year a thousand year old Buddha sold for three hundred thousand dollars.

BILL

That's big money.

SUSAN

The story is, it was bought in 1959.

BILL

So?

SUSAN

That's the coverup. It gives the auction house a fake background and then they can sell it.

Bill pulls the car into an underground parking garage and takes a ticket from the entry machine. He slowly drives the car forward while looking for a parking place.

SUSAN

The tablet is the eleventh tablet in a series. It's the Babylonian account of the Flood.

BILL

Like in the Bible?

Susan nods.

BILL

You gotta do something.

SUSAN

I tried, but Christie's won't tell me anything.

Bill pulls the car into a parking spot and kills the motor.

BILL
You've talked to Christie's?

Susan nods.

BILL
Without authorization?

Susan looks down.

BILL
You could be in so much trouble.
You better hope this goes nowhere.

SUSAN
Do I ignore what I heard?

BILL
I don't know. You have to be careful.
You don't want to lose your job.

He opens his door.

BILL
Let's get this report finished.

Susan opens her door.

SUSAN
Grab a beer later?

BILL
Definitely.

EXT. SILVER SPRING, MD. - NATIONAL WEATHER SERVICE - DAY

The one story grey concrete block building has a "NATIONAL WEATHER SERVICE" sign and NOAA logo on the front. On the left is a six story tower, topped with a white ball. On the right is a two story similar building with an antenna in each corner and another white ball in the center.

INT. NATIONAL WEATHER SERVICE - OFFICE - DAY

KAY STEEN, the Assistant Administrator for Weather Services, and GEORGE ADAMS, Deputy Assistant Administrator, (30's), in business attire, stand in front of a large LED screen.

George points at a red spiral with orange, green, and yellow bands around it.

GEORGE
There is the latest NASA feed.

KAY

Nine eighty two millibars and dropping. It's heading straight for Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands.

GEORGE

And bigger every minute.

KAY

I'm calling Washington.

INT. NASA BUILDING (WASHINGTON, D.C.) - AUDITORIUM - DAY

A large screen displays a spiral of red and green, marked "TROPICAL STORM ADELLE". Dots mark the track from western Africa toward the Virgin Islands, then a path curving northward.

THE PRESIDENT, stoic, tall man, (54), gray hair, and the short balding VICE PRESIDENT, (50), stand next to Kay Steen and George Adams.

The President confers with MIKE EDWARDS, head of NASA, thin, balding, (45), rumpled suit, and his assistant, ROBERT KIRK, (35), a geek with glasses and a clipboard.

MIKE

Mr. President, our models show a track to the north.

ROBERT

However, it could deviate west.

PRESIDENT

When and where will it hit?

MIKE

The models show an East Coast landfall within a week, possibly earlier.

The President addresses Kay.

PRESIDENT

I need to know your forecast.

KAY

Mr. President, I agree. The storm will become a hurricane within twenty-four hours then track north. The US Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico will get gale force winds but will escape the brunt of the storm.

The President turns back to Mike.

PRESIDENT

Get the plane up. I want an updated reading. There's not gonna be another Katrina on my watch.

MIKE

Yes, sir. It will leave Rosie Roads within the hour.

The President turns to the Vice President.

PRESIDENT

Alert the military, NSA, FEMA, and CDC. And whoever else I missed.

VICE PRESIDENT

Yes, sir.

The President turns and exits the room.

VICE PRESIDENT

God help us.

INT. MANHATTAN - THE BLACK KITTY BAR - NIGHT

Bill and Susan sit on bar stools, beers in front of them.

SUSAN

The Chief says I've gotta do this on my own.

BILL

You told him?

SUSAN

Yeah, but not about going to Christie's.

BILL

You better pray to baby Jesus that nothing happens. Your ass is on the line.

SUSAN

I know. I figure if the Christie's chick didn't call right after I left, then she's not gonna call at all.

She gulps her beer.

BILL

Keep your fingers crossed.

SUSAN

The Chief says no evidence, no case.

BILL

He's right.

Bill smacks the counter.

BILL

So why didn't that lady rat you out?

SUSAN

Maybe some of the art is really stolen. It's her big secret.

BILL

Damn, what a story.

BILL

I just thought of something. I met a lady on the Major Case Squad last year. I've got her card. I'll call her tomorrow.

SUSAN

Thanks. Guess I better head home.

She drains her glass.

BILL

Me too.

They both get off their stools and head out the door. They pass a TV in the bar, showing a weather reporter.

TV REPORTER

Tropical Storm Adelle is forecast to brush Puerto Rico and head north. It could soon become a hurricane and threaten the East coast.

EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - NIGHT

A line of jets wait on the taxiway. One jet takes off.

EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - CARGO FACILITY - NIGHT

Pallets stream in and out of the three story hanger doors.

INT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - CARGO FACILITY - NIGHT

The hanger is filled with twenty foot tall open storage bins, each enclosed with chain link fence.

At the back of the hanger, two MEN look down at their clipboards. BOBBY FRAZIO, pudgy Italian, (20's), dark curly hair, looks up and points to a compartment marked "7 B".

BOBBY

It think it's in there.

ANTHONY MORELLI, another Italian, thinner, same age, similar hair, looks up, then shakes her head no.

ANTHONY

That's the wrong bin. We need 7 A.

He points to the next bin. They both walk up to it. The bin has a door with an electronic lock. Anthony keys in a code and the door opens.

ANTHONY

Piece of cake.

The men walk into the bin. There is a handcart inside the door which Bobby grabs and pulls behind him.

BOBBY

We gotta hurry. The super's gonna be back at ten.

He lets go of the cart and reads his watch.

BOBBY

It's nine-fifty now.

Anthony looks at cargo tags on the big wooden boxes.

ANTHONY

Look for nine-four-seven-six-five.

Both men grab tags and look at numbers on each crate. Bobby looks at one then looks up.

BOBBY

Found it.

He starts to drag it out but it's too heavy.

BOBBY

Bring me that cart.

Anthony wheels the hand cart over and both men shove the flat bottom metal plate under the crate. Bobby pushes the cart and Anthony holds the crate as they wheel the crate out of the bin. They stop after they get the crate out.

Anthony shuts the door and keys in another code.

ANTHONY

We're covered.

The two men wheel the crate toward a back door. When they reach the door, Bobby keys in a code and they go through it.

EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

The men arrive on the loading dock and see a panel van with an open back door. The DRIVER waves. Anthony and Bobby wheel the crate over to the van, they lift and secure it in the back, then they walk away as the van leaves.

INT. MANHATTAN - CRIME PREVENTION DIVISION - DAY

Susan takes a folder from her boss.

SUSAN
Another robbery?

DEPUTY CHIEF
LaGuardia cargo. An antique painting.
I figured you can handle it because
of your new interest in art.

SUSAN
Ha, ha. OK, I'll get on this.

She walks out and sits down at her desk. She looks at the file then types while looking at her computer monitor.

SUSAN
Got the fingerprints. Johnny Rizzo.

She gets up, walks over to Bill's desk, and taps him on the shoulder.

SUSAN
Let's get lunch in Brooklyn today.

EXT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - DAY

The tall building is in a rundown area.

Susan and Bill enter and stop in the hall. Susan looks at the mailboxes on the wall.

SUSAN
Rizzo. 4D.

The elevator has an out-of-order sign on it so the team head up the stairs. On the fourth floor they walk to the apartment and knock on the door.

RIZZO (30's), a burly unshaven man, opens the door. Susan steps forward and wedges her foot in the door.

SUSAN

Hi. I'm Detective Susan Ferrara.
We need to ask you a few questions.

Rizzo throws his hands up and walks into his living room.
He turns back.

RIZZO

You get five minutes.

Susan faces him.

SUSAN

Your fingerprints were on a piece of
cargo that was stolen.

RIZZO

My job is to move cargo.

He points to the door.

RIZZO

Arrest me or get out.

Susan and Bill look at each other, turn, and walk out.

Rizzo follows them, slams his door, then gets out his cell
phone. He dials it then speaks.

RIZZO

Boss, a detective just left here.
Asked me about the painting.
(listens)
Name was Ferrara.

He looks out of the window.

RIZZO

They're leaving in a white Ford.
You can catch them.

He hangs up then opens a drawer.

CLOSE ON A GUN.

RIZZO

She found the wrong man.

EXT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Bill drives. Next to him, Susan types on a laptop.

BILL

How about pastrami?

SUSAN

Had that yesterday. How about
splitting a pie?

BILL

That'll work. We're not far from
Luigi's.

SUSAN

Let me type up these notes.

As she types, a blue sedan follows them.

INT. BLUE SEDAN - DAY

The mob boss, VINCENT MARINO, (40), tall dark and dangerous,
sits next to his DRIVER, (35), short, pudgy Italian.

Marino gets his gun from the glove compartment and holds it
on his knee.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET

The gap between the cars closes. The patrol car stops at a
light with the sedan behind it.

VINCENT MARINO

Get on the left. I gotta see her.

When the light changes, the sedan moves to the left lane and
passes the patrol car,

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Marino sees Susan in the right seat.

VINCENT MARINO

Damn. I can't hit her. Slow down
then force them into a telephone
pole.

He points to a wooden pole in the next block. The driver
complies. The sedan matches the patrol car's speed. As the
pole gets closer, Marino shouts.

VINCENT MARINO

NOW.

The sedan driver turns the steering wheel. The car rams the
patrol car, bashing the front panel on the driver's side.
The patrol car spins. It faces oncoming traffic while sliding
toward the sidewalk.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Susan screams as the car heads for a telephone pole.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

The door behind Susan is crushed inward by the sedan.

Susan and Bill are jerked around and the airbags go off.

The patrol car stops and the engine starts to steam.

Smoke billows upward. The car siren goes off.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Susan slowly sits up and holds her forehead. She looks at Bill who is unconscious. Blood streams from a gash on his forehead. His left arm looks broken.

SUSAN

Oh my God.

She shakes him but he is still.

She gets out her phone and dials.

SUSAN

Detective Ferrara here. Ten-fifty-four. Patrol car accident.

(pause)

Yes, my patrol car was hit. Send an ambulance and fire trucks to Mill and Columbia ASAP.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

People look in the patrol car.

Susan slowly opens her door and is helped out by a bystander.

A patrol car arrives followed by a fire truck and an ambulance.

A policeman helps Susan to the ambulance where her head is bandaged.

She walks back to the patrol car and watches Bill, who is put on a gurney and then into the ambulance. It drives off, sirens flashing.

Susan turns to a policeman.

SUSAN

I need to file a report on this then
I need a ride home.

INT. SUSAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jane brings an ice pack to Susan who puts it on her bandaged forehead then lies on the sofa.

SUSAN

So what's the other news today?

JANE

Well, the mayor's going to the
Christie's auction next week. I
wish we could go to a fancy party
like that.

SUSAN

I've heard rumors about him, that
he's on the take.

JANE

But he's so classy.

SUSAN

Maybe all isn't what it seems.

INT. CHRISTIE'S AUCTION - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Champagne flows after the auction ends. A few patrons mingle near the doors.

The mayor, JOHN ANDREWS (50's), tall, thin, cleft chin, meets Marie Gilbert. He kisses her hand.

JOHN ANDREWS

Charmed.

Marie blushes.

JOHN ANDREWS

It was a successful auction tonight?

She nods.

John takes her arm.

JOHN ANDREWS

I need to talk to you in private.

He steers her to a nearby door and opens it. They enter.

INT. BALLROOM - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

After shutting the door, he grabs her and kisses her.

Marie is indignant. She slaps him.

JOHN ANDREWS
You'll regret that.

He rubs his cheek as she hurries out.

INT. MANHATTAN - OFFICE OF THE MAYOR - DAY

The mayor barks orders to his tall male AIDE, 30's.

JOHN ANDREWS
Get me all the bank records on that
Christies broad.

AIDE
Yes, sir. And the reporters are
here.

He opens the door.

SEVERAL REPORTERS walk in and shout questions.

REPORTER ONE
Gale force winds are pounding Puerto
Rico and the storm is heading north.

REPORTER TWO
Are you ignoring the hurricane?
What if it hits the city?

REPORTER ONE
When will you issue evacuation orders?

REPORTER THREE
What about the fire and police
response?

EXT. SUSAN'S HOME - A DAY LATER

Marino and several henchmen wait in a black sedan in front
of the house.

Jane drives into the driveway with two toddlers, a boy and a
girl, in the back seat. She opens the garage door, drives in
and, as the garage door is closing, the men stop it. They
muscle her and the kids into the house.

INT. SUSAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The men grab each child and go up the stairs.

INT. SUSAN'S HOME - UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

They push them into a bathroom and wedge a chair under the door knob.

INT. SUSAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jane sobs on the sofa. Marino and his men cluster around her.

Marino slaps her, then gets out a knife. He drags the point across her neck.

VINCENT MARINO

Tell me what she knows and I'll leave the kids alone.

JANE

Who?

VINCENT MARINO

Your pretty wife. Tell me about the rug store and everything else.

He lets her go and starts to climb the steps as his men walk back down.

JANE

No. STOP. I'll tell you.

He walks back to her and points his knife at her.

JANE

Susan overheard the rug store owner. The clay tablet was stolen from a museum in Iraq.

Marino puts his knife away and turns to his men.

VINCENT MARINO

Tie her hands.

He walks into the kitchen as the men bind her hands.

INT. SUSAN'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Marino writes a ransom note and leaves it on the table.

EXT. SUSAN'S HOME - DAY

They men push Jane into their car and drive off.

INT. OFFICE OF THE MAYOR - DAY

The aide walks in and speaks to the mayor at his desk.

AIDE

The storm will be here within a week.
And here's the report.

He hands a folder to the mayor and walks out.

Andrews opens it and pulls out a paper. He points at items.

JOHN ANDREWS

Hmm. Here's a payment from an art
gallery. And a check made out to a
nursing home. And last month too.

He picks up the phone.

JOHN ANDREWS

Get me the director of Christies.

He flips papers as he talks.

JOHN ANDREWS

Miss Gilbert. I know that an art
gallery has paid you every month and
that you send a check to a nursing
home the same day.

INT. CHRISTIE'S - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Marie Gilbert gasps into a phone.

MARIE GILBERT

How do you know this?

INTERCUT MAYORS OFFICE AND DIRECTORS OFFICE.

JOHN ANDREWS

I have friends all over the city.

MARIE GILBERT

I'm paying my mother's nursing home
bill because she can't afford it.

She starts crying.

MARIE GILBERT

Please don't do anything.

JOHN ANDREWS

I'll stay quiet after you give me
part of that gallery check.

Marie is silent.

JOHN ANDREWS

It's not nice to take bribes.

MARIE GILBERT
OK, OK. I'll pay you.

Marie bites her lip and unhappily shakes her head.

JOHN ANDREWS
Now that we understand each other,
let's have dinner to celebrate.

END INTERCUT.

EXT. SUSAN'S HOME - NIGHT

Susan drives into the driveway, hits the remote control, and the door opens. She drives into the garage.

INT. SUSAN'S HOME - GARAGE - NIGHT

Susan parks next to Jane's car. She gets out and walks into the kitchen.

INT. SUSAN'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The wall clock reads seven-thirty PM.

Susan spots the note on the table and reads it without touching it.

SUSAN
Oh my God. They've got Jane.

She walks out of the kitchen.

INT. SUSAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Muffled cries come from upstairs.

Susan runs up the steps.

INT. SUSAN'S HOME - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

She removes the chair, opens the bathroom door, and two teary kids fall into her arms.

SUSAN
It's OK, Mommy's here.

INT. SUSAN'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The wall clock reads eight PM, thirty minutes later.

Uniformed POLICE dust the note and the kitchen table for prints.

Susan talks to DETECTIVE JONES, thin African American, (30's).

SUSAN

Thank God the kids are OK. They're asleep upstairs.

DETECTIVE JONES

Eat something. We'll run these asap. I'll call you in an hour.

He pats her shoulder.

DETECTIVE JONES

Don't worry. They're not gonna hurt her. She's their bargaining chip.

Susan glumly nods.

DETECTIVE JONES

And, I've got some good news. Bill's out of the hospital. He'll be back, good as new, in a week.

Susan grins.

SUSAN

I needed to hear that.

Jones waves and walks out followed by the rest of the officers.

Susan plus out her phone and dials.

SUSAN

Mary. I know this is last minute. Can the kids stay with you tonight?

MONTAGE:

Susan puts clothes in two kids backpacks.

Puts the kids in her car.

Drives to Mary's house.

Rings the bell.

Mary opens it and the kids go in.

END MONTAGE.

INT. MANHATTAN - CRIME PREVENTION DIVISION - NIGHT

Susan walks into the room and meets Detective Jones.

SUSAN

Any news?

DETECTIVE JONES
Just came in. Take a look.

He sits behind a computer monitor and pints at the screen.

CLOSE ON: The screen shows a photo of an Italian man with dark hair, Vincent Marino.

DETECTIVE JONES
Marino's got a long rap sheet.

Susan types on her phone.

SUSAN
The address pings a warehouse.

DETECTIVE JONES
It's time to find your wife.

Susan grins.

SUSAN
I agree.

EXT. BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Four black SUV's pull in back of the building.

Susan and Jones climb out of one and retrieve their M16 guns and gear from the trunk.

Four other officers do the same. All wear all black: helmets, gear, clothes, and masks.

Susan motions for silence and points to the loading dock.

One man snakes a cable under the door.

Susan watches the camera feed. She sees Jane tied to a chair, guarded by two men. Vincent Marino and his driver are across the floor in a windowed side office on the left.

Susan taps his shoulder and the officer pulls the cable out.

She points at two detectives and they move over to a back door to the right of the loading dock.

She points at the other two officers and they move around the left side of the building.

Susan motions to Jones and they both move to the back door on the left of the loading dock.

Susan whispers into her microphone on her flak vest.

SUSAN

Three, two, one, NOW.

Susan and Jones kick the door in.

The other officers do the same.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A gun battle starts. Jane starts screaming.

One man standing next to Jane falls to the floor. The other runs behind her then hides behind a forklift.

The two detectives outside the office window shoot inside and kill the driver, next to Marino.

Marino dashes away from the window and shelters behind a column. He fires his gun at the window, then sprays Susan and Jones, who duck back outside.

Marino runs over to Susan and puts a gun at her head.

VINCENT MARINO

Do you want her to die? Put your guns down.

He points his gun at the detective who has crawled in and is standing in the office.

VINCENT MARINO

You, put it down.

The man complies.

Marino points his gun at the other officers.

VINCENT MARINO

All the guns down now.

Vincent moves in back of Jane and adjusts his gun to point at her back.

Jane sobs.

JANE

No. Please let me go. Please.

Marino stares at Susan.

SUSAN

Ok, I'm putting it down.

As she lowers the M16 with her left hand, it shields a small revolver taped to the right side of it.

Susan grasps the revolver with her right hand, tears it away, drops the M16, and fires at Marino.

He falls, clutching his chest. A crimson stain spreads across his shirt and blood pools on the floor.

Susan runs to Jane, pulls a knife from a scabard on her calf, and cuts the ropes around Jane's wrists.

Jane leaps from the chair and throws her arms around Susan.

A MAN, dark haired Italian, (30's), hides behind the forklift then climbs in it, starts it, and drives it towards Jane.

Susan pushes Jane away and fires at the driver. He slumps in the seat and the machine crashes into a side wall.

The last THUG, another dark haired Italian, (20's), raises his hands and is quickly cuffed by an officer.

Susan helps Jane to her feet. They embrace.

SUSAN

I thought I'd lost you.

Jane brushes tears away.

JANE

I knew you'd find me. How are the kids?

SUSAN

Sleeping at Mary's.

Jones stands nearby, watching the reunion.

SUSAN

Would you take Jane home?

Jones nods.

DETECTIVE JONES

Of course.

Susan gives Jane a quick hug.

SUSAN

I'll see you in a few hours. Bye.

Jane and Jones walk away.

Susan turns to another officer.

SUSAN

I need fingerprints and forensics.
And the morgue.

She walks over to the office, puts on gloves, opens a filing cabinet, rifles through folders, then pulls one out.

CLOSE ON: an invoice from NYC Rug Company.

An officer holding a clipboard walks into the office.

OFFICER

You need to see this.

Susan puts down the folder and follows him.

The officer walks over to a stack of wooden crates. He points to the one stamped nine-four-seven-six-five.

OFFICER

It's the stolen painting.

He points to other crates.

OFFICER

These must contain stolen antiques
too. Their numbers are on the list.

She nods.

SUSAN

Good find. Let me finish the files
then we can head out.

Susan walks back to the office and opens the folder. She looks at each paper as she stacks them.

SUSAN

Rug shop. Rug shop. Rug shop.

She scans a note in the folder.

CLOSE ON: a small paper with a handwritten list: nails,
fertilizer, clock, wire, soldering iron.

Susan looks up.

SUSAN

This is a list of materials to make
a bomb.

She grabs the folder and runs out of the office.

Susan gets in her car and calls Jones on the radio.

SUSAN
Is Jane home yet?

DETECTIVE JONES
I just dropped her off. She's a little shaky. I told her to have a glass of wine and a slice and go to bed.

SUSAN
Thanks. Something's come up. I'll be another hour.

DETECTIVE JONES
What is it?

SUSAN
I found a list of bomb making materials in the file cabinet.

DETECTIVE JONES
Damn. I thought we were finished for the night.

SUSAN
You are. Go home. I'm gonna get this to HQ and then catch a few winks. We can work on it in the morning.

INT. NYC RUG COMPANY - DAY

Susan and Jones face an angry store owner who sits behind his desk, hands crossed.

SUSAN
This was in your safe.

She holds the bomb list up then slams it down on the desk.

DETECTIVE JONES
Your fingerprints were on it.

The detectives stare at the sullen owner.

SUSAN
Answer us.

SHOP OWNER
I know my rights. I want my lawyer.

Susan and Jones stare at each other then turn back to the shop owner.

SUSAN
So you know nothing about this list?

She shoves it in his face then drops it.

The man says nothing.

SUSAN

Cuff him.

Jones goes behind the shop owner, hauls him to his feet, and cuffs him.

DETECTIVE JONES

You have the right to remain silent.

SHOP OWNER

And I am.

DETECTIVE JONES

Anything you say can be held against you.

Susan walks out of his office followed by Jones and the shop owner.

INT. MANHATTAN - CRIME PREVENTION DIVISION - DAY

A TV shows the storm hitting Jacksonville. Trees block flooded streets. Roofs blow off houses. People huddle in shelters.

Susan calls Jane.

SUSAN

The storm will be here in two days.
I want you to evacuate. The winds
are over one hundred miles an hour.

INT. SUSAN'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Jane is making sandwiches.

JANE

But it could die out.

INTERCUT SUSAN AND JANE.

SUSAN

Yes and hell can freeze over. The
safest, I repeat, safest thing is
for you to drive to Elizabeth's house
in Allentown with the kids.

JANE

All the way to Pennsylvania?

SUSAN
Yes. It's inland. We've made the trip in two hours before.

JANE
But the traffic is terrible now.

SUSAN
Because every one is leaving. Start packing. Bring a cooler with drinks and snacks.

JANE
What about you?

SUSAN
You know I have to stay. I'll be in a very secure concrete building. Go pack. Call me when you're on the road. Love you.

Susan hangs up.

END INTERCUT.

She stares at the TV for a minute. The palms are bent at a ninety degree angle. An intrepid weatherman is bent in the same angle trying to stand upright in the pounding rain.

Susan stands up and calls to Jones.

SUSAN
I'm going to Christie's. Back in an hour.

INT. CHRISTIE'S - RECEPTION - DAY

Susan shoves her badge in the receptionist's face then breezes past her.

SUSAN
I'll be in the Director's office. She's expecting me.

Susan stomps into the office and slams the door.

INT. CHRISTIE'S - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Marie Gilbert looks surprised. Susan towers over her desk.

SUSAN
Surprised to see me?

Gilbert opens her mouth but Susan cuts her off.

SUSAN

I'm talking. You're not.

Susan sits down.

SUSAN

We found the stolen painting.

Gilbert gasps.

SUSAN

And there were other stolen antiques,
all to go in your auctions.

Gilbert gulps and looks at her feet.

SUSAN

You are going to tell me about the
stolen art. So talk.

Gilbert sobs as she talks.

MARIE GILBERT

It started when my mother fell and
broke her ankle. It never healed
right so she couldn't walk well.

She blows her nose.

MARIE GILBERT

I wanted to care for her but I had
three young children and a job and a
husband so we had to put her in a
nursing home.

Susan drums her fingers on her chair arm.

MARIE GILBERT

It is a really nice place. She can't
afford it so we pay four thousand a
month for her, which we can't afford.

She gets another tissue and dabs her eyes.

MARIE GILBERT

A man had pestered me for years,
said he had Sumerian antiques. I
ignored him because I knew they must
be stolen but I called him last year.

Marie sobs.

MARIE GILBERT

I had to help my mom so I accepted the fake provenance. I sold an urn. Two thousand BC. I made eight thousand dollars profit after paying him and the auction commission.

Susan bites her lip.

MARIE GILBERT

I knew it was wrong but it was so easy. I sold an artifact about every two months. All the money went to the nursing home. Until recently.

SUSAN

What happened?

MARIE GILBERT

The mayor found out.

SUSAN

What?

Susan leans forward.

MARIE GILBERT

He attacked me at the auction. I slapped him. The next week he called me and said he wanted money from the sales.

SUSAN

He knows you're selling at the auctions?

MARIE GILBERT

He knows my mother is in a nursing home and that I get money from an art gallery to pay her bill. I haven't told him anything else.

SUSAN

Did he threaten you?

MARIE GILBERT

Yes. He took me to dinner after he called me. He said that I needed to sleep with him or he would let the entire city know and I would lose my job.

SUSAN

Have you?

MARIE GILBERT

Not yet. I keep putting him off but he's intimidating. He even said he would tell my mother that I was a crook.

Susan sits back in her chair.

SUSAN

This is a lot to consider. Thank you for telling me.

Marie sobs.

Susan stands up.

SUSAN

I'll be in touch. There may be a way out of this mess. Stay safe during this storm.

MARIE GILBERT

I'm staying here. I have to guard the art. There could be looting if the power goes out.

SUSAN

I'll send a few of our finest to help.

MARIE GILBERT

Thank you.

Susan walks out.

INT. MANHATTAN - CRIME PREVENTION DIVISION - DAY

The TV shows that the hurricane is off the Outer Banks. Huge waves slam into houses and one floats away. The ocean covers the only road into the town.

Susan looks at bank records from the rug store. She motions to Jones.

SUSAN

Hey look at this.

He walks over. She points at one item on the paper.

SUSAN

Here's a payment to Pakistani Imports Inc. for fifty-nine hundred dollars.

He looks at the paper.

DETECTIVE JONES

And there are two purchases from
sports stores and pawn shops.

SUSAN

And we know what's sold there.

They both hurry out of the room.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

The wind blows trash and leaves across the road. The dark
sky is ominous. Not many cars are on the road.

The duo pull up to a pawn shop and hurry inside.

INT. ABC PAWN - DAY

They walk to the counter. The owner greets them.

PAWN SHOP OWNER

Good day. It's a blustery one.

SUSAN

Yes it is.

She shows her badge.

SUSAN

We're here to find out about the
purchase by someone from NYC Rug
Company.

PAWN SHOP OWNER

I can't give out that information.

Detective Jones places his badge on the counter.

DETECTIVE JONES

The men who bought the gun or guns
from you are going to commit a crime.
If you don't tell us then you will
be an accessory.

SUSAN

You will go to jail for many years.

PAWN SHOP OWNER

OK, OK.

He gets out a big ledger and looks up the name.

PAWN SHOP OWNER

NYC Rug Company bought six hand guns
two months ago.

DETECTIVE JONES
And what else?

PAWN SHOP OWNER
A dozen knives. Boxes of ammo.

SUSAN
What else?

The owner nervously rubs his hands together.
He stammers.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
Three semi-automatics. He wanted more but that was all I had.

Susan and Jones look at each other.

SUSAN
The sports store is next.

They walk out.

INT. SPORTSWORLD STORE - DAY

The clerk reads from his computer monitor.

CLERK
They bought ten semi-automatics and two boxes of ammo for each gun and a lot of camo gear. Outfits for at least a dozen men.

Susan and Jones face each other.

SUSAN
Back to HQ.

INT. MANHATTAN - CRIME PREVENTION DIVISION - DAY

Susan gets on the phone.

INT. MANHATTAN - FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

The office has a few souls working into the evening. One female AGENT (30's) picks up the phone.

FBI AGENT
FBI, Manhattan office.

SUSAN
This is Detective Susan Ferrara of the NYC Crime Prevention Division.

FBI AGENT
How can I assist you?

SUSAN
We are following a lead on a rug company, called NYC RUG Company. They have bought over a dozen semi-automatics and other guns and ammo. Any info on them?

FBI AGENT
Give me a minute.

She types into her computer.

FBI AGENT
Yes. There are links to Pakistani terrorists at the rug company.

SUSAN
Terrorists?

FBI AGENT
If you find any concrete proof of threats or criminal activity, call me asap.

SUSAN
Thanks. I will.

She hangs up and yells over to Detective Jones.

SUSAN
We need to go back to the rug store.

INT. NYC RUG COMPANY - NIGHT

Susan and Jones rush in, pushing aside the guard. They run to the back of the store and into the office. The store owner stands in protest.

RUG SHOP OWNER
What are you doing here? I am about to close.

DETECTIVE JONES
Close permanently.

He shows his badge as does Susan.

SUSAN
What are you planning?

DETECTIVE JONES
Why did you buy the guns?

The owner protests.

RUG SHOP OWNER
I don't know what you are talking
about.

Susan slaps him across the cheek.

SUSAN
I don't like being lied to.

DETECTIVE JONES
We talked to the pawn shop.

SUSAN
And Sportsworld.

DETECTIVE JONES
We know about the guns.

The owner crosses his arms.

RUG SHOP OWNER
You have the wrong store.

DETECTIVE JONES
No we don't.

He slaps one hand cuff on him and cuffs the other to his
desk drawer handle.

The owner pulls but the drawer stays in place.

RUG SHOP OWNER
You can't do this.

SUSAN
We just did. Back in a few.

They walk into the store, lock the front doors, handcuff the
guard, put on gloves, and start searching.

Jones finds several guns inside a cardboard cylinder inside
a rolled up carpet.

DETECTIVE JONES
Look what I found.

Susan walks over to inspect the find.

SUSAN
I bet that's the tip of the iceberg.
Let's keep looking.

She looks inside more rolls and finds more guns.

Susan walks back to the office.

RUG SHOP OWNER
Please let me go.

She ignores him and opens filing cabinets on the wall opposite from his desk. After looking in several files, Susan finds photos of the UN building.

She calls to Jones.

SUSAN
Jones, come in here.

He walks in and she hands the file to him.

They both look through other files and find lists of Middle Eastern names, addresses, and phone numbers.

Susan shows the lists to the shop owner.

SUSAN
Why is a photo of the UN in your
file? Who are these names on your
list?

The shop owner says nothing.

SUSAN
Take him downtown.

Jones removes the cuff on the drawer and places it on the man's wrist behind his back.

Susan gets on the phone.

SUSAN
Dispatch I've got a list of names
and addresses. I need officers to
visit each address.
(pause)
OK, tomorrow.

She hangs up and faces Jones.

SUSAN
The winds have picked up. We have
to transport this guy and the guard
ourselves then head home. And we
won't get any reports back until
tomorrow.

DETECTIVE JONES
I hope that's not too late.

SUSAN

Me too.

INT. MANHATTAN - CRIME PREVENTION DIVISION - DAY

Hurricane winds pummel the empty streets.

A TV screen shows the storm's path:

TV REPORTER

The governor has declared a state of emergency. No one should be on the streets. The risk of death is high.

Susan faces her boss.

SUSAN

I need a team ready yesterday. I know the terrorists are attacking the UN today because no officers will be there. They know the diplomats spent the night inside.

DEPUTY CHIEF

The perfect crime. OK, I'm ordering a team. Be downstairs in ten. Good luck.

Susan salutes and walks away.

She sits at her desk and calls Jane.

SUSAN

Hi. How are you?

INT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - DAY

Jane sits on the sofa. The two toddlers play at her feet.

JANE

We're fine. Liz is cooking dinner. How are you?

INTERCUT SUSAN AND JANE.

SUSAN

I'm fine. Waiting in a big building for everything to blow over.

Jane giggles.

JANE

And I've been worrying about you.

SUSAN
I've gotta get some paperwork done.
I'll call you tonight.

JANE
OK. Love you.

SUSAN
I love you too. Bye.

Susan hangs up.

END INTERCUT.

Susan opens a drawer, finds a folder marked "WILL", and places it on her desk. She picks up a framed photo of Jane and the kids, opens the back, and takes out the photo. She pockets it then rises.

She walks to the stairs and down two flights to the parking garage.

INT. POLICE PARKING GARAGE - DAY

There are six panel trucks full of SWAT team members in gear, all in their 20's, fit, ready to fight.

One man hands a helmet and vest to Susan who puts them on, then gets in the front seat of the lead van.

SUSAN
Move out.

The vans leave the parking garage.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

The vans are buffered by pelting rain and high winds.

Debris flies into the sides of the vans.

Skyscraper windows shatter and glass shards fall onto the street.

The van swerves to miss a trash can rolling down the street, then a tree falls, narrowly missing it.

INT. POLICE VAN - DAY

Leaves and trash hit the windshield. The wipers can't keep pace with the driving rain.

Susan silently hangs onto a grip above her window, grimacing.

A plywood sheet flies past and she instinctively ducks.

SUSAN

Damn.

EXT. EAST 42ND STREET STREET - DAY

The van approaches the UN Plaza complex.

There are 4 buildings: the 39 story rectangular Secretariat tower, the General Assembly building, the Library, and a Conference Area.

The General Assembly Building is a sloping structure with concave sides, 380 feet long and 160 feet wide, topped with a shallow dome. The north end, opening onto a landscaped plaza, is the main public entrance to the Headquarters complex. A Second floor hallway connects the Conference Building with the General Assembly Building.

INT. POLICE VAN - DAY

Susan picks up her radio and keys the mike to talk to all the team members.

SUSAN

You know what to do.

She drops the mike as the van stops in front of the General Assembly building.

Susan and her men open their doors but can barely stand upright. They struggle to open the back gates and then to pick up their gear and guns.

EXT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING - PLAZA - DAY

They duck as they cross the plaza, running towards the main doors to the General Assembly Building.

Flying debris hits one man and he is knocked unconscious. Another officer drags him behind as he runs.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING - FOYER - DAY

The officers pass through entry doors in the tall glass wall.

Beyond the lobby to the right is the small Meditation Room.

There are 4 interior ledges, each for a floor. Ramps zig zag up to the second floor. There are sets of 2 elevators and stairs in the front and in the back of the hall, on opposite sides of the building.

Susan's men spread out. Some enter the meditation room. Some follow Susan up the ramp to the second floor.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING - HALL FLOOR - DAY

Suspended from the ceiling above the stair landing connecting the lobby with the second-floor ceremonial entrance to the General Assembly Hall is a Foucault Pendulum, a two hundred pound gold-plated sphere, twelve inches in diameter, held by a stainless steel wire suspended from the ceiling, seventy-five feet above the floor of the lobby and over a raised metal ring, six feet in diameter.

It swings back and forth as the armed officers pass underneath.

At the top of the stairs, Susan finds wounded and dead UN guards. She keys her radio.

SUSAN

Eleven-forty-one. We need ambulances
to the General Assembly Building.

She kneels next to one woman.

SUSAN

Who shot you?

WOUNDED GUARD

They ran through the metal detectors
shooting everybody. We shot back
but they got us.

SUSAN

Medics are on their way.

WOUNDED GUARD

The delegates are in the Assembly
Hall now. Help them.

She falls back, clutching her chest.

BAM, BAM. Shots can be heard from behind the Hall doors.

Officers come out of the empty Meditation room, go up in each elevator, and search the floors as they surround the Hall.

PING, PING. Shots come from terrorists on the 3rd and 4th floors.

Susan leads a team up to the 4rd floor balcony.

They breach the doors, throw flash bangs inside, then duck.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING - 4TH FLOOR BALCONY - DAY

The fourth floor balcony overlooks the Hall, which can seat eighteen hundred. At 165 ft long by 115 ft wide, it is the largest room in the complex. The ceiling is seventy-five feet high and surmounted by a shallow dome ringed by recessed light fixtures.

At the front of the chamber is the rostrum containing the green marble desk for the President of the General Assembly and matching lectern. Behind the rostrum is the UN emblem on a gold background.

Flanking the rostrum is a paneled semi-circular wall that tapers as it nears the ceiling and surrounds the front portion of the chamber. In front of the paneled walls are seating areas for guests and within the wall are windows which allow interpreters to watch the proceedings as they work.

BOOM, BOOM. The flash bangs go off, stunning four terrorists. The officers shoot the terrorists. One lives but is wounded.

Susan grabs him, shoves her gun into her neck.

SUSAN

How many of your men are down there?

WOUNDED TERRORIST

Too many.

She head butts him with her gun and he falls back, unconscious.

Susan rises, looks down upon the Hall.

PING, PING. Shots fly near her from the 3rd floor balcony.

Susan ducks and sprints back to the doors, motioning for her men to follow.

Susan and the team speed down to the 3rd floor balcony.
PING, PING.

They hear gunshots through the doors.

They kick the doors open, guns firing. BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR BALCONY - DAY

Six terrorists lie dead on the balcony floor.

Susan approaches the ledge, crouching, then peers over it.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

A dozen terrorists with guns surround one hundred cowering hostages in the middle of the Hall.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR BALCONY - DAY

Susan creeps back to her team.

SUSAN

There are a dozen terrorists and about a hundred hostages. Too risky to shoot from here. I need ideas.

TEAM MEMBER 1

We get tranquilizer darts.

TEAM MEMBER 2

We get the hostage team in here.

TEAM MEMBER 3

We smoke em out.

Susan points at Team Member 3.

SUSAN

BINGO! Get the smoke bombs asap.

The man rushes down the stairs, past the swinging pendulum, and out the entry doors.

EXT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING - PLAZA - DAY

He runs toward the police vans, ducking flying debris, opens the doors to one van, and climbs in.

Seconds later, he hurries out of the van carrying a backpack. A dozen steps into his run for the doors, he gets hit by flying debris, and goes down.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR BALCONY - DAY

Susan watches in horror as her officer falls in the middle of the plaza.

She points at Team Member 2, a female officer.

SUSAN

Get him in and bring me those smoke bombs.

The officer dashes down the stairs and runs outside.

EXT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING - PLAZA - DAY

She drags the wounded officer to safety.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR BALCONY - DAY

Susan runs down the stairs to the second floor, her team close behind her.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING - HALL FLOOR - DAY

Team Member 2 gives the backpack to Susan who opens it and passes out smoke bombs to five officers.

Susan points to two officers.

SUSAN

Take the fourth floor.

They rush up the stairs.

She points to two more officers.

SUSAN

Take the third floor.

They rush up the stairs.

Susan points to Team Member 2.

SUSAN

Follow me.

She opens the backpack and takes out tubing and two canisters. She connects tubing to each smoke bomb then hands one to the officer. They push the ends of the tubing under the Hall doors.

Susan talks on her mike:

SUSAN

On my mark. One, two, three. Go.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR BALCONY - DAY

The two officers throw the smoke bombs towards the terrorists in the center of the Hall.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING - 4TH FLOOR BALCONY - DAY

The two officers throw the smoke bombs towards the terrorists in the center of the Hall.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING - HALL FLOOR - DAY

Susan turns on the gas and it flows through the tubing.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING - ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY

The terrorists are surprised as smoke fills the room.

They panic and shoot at the doors. PING, PING, PING.

INTERCUT ASSEMBLY HALL and HALL FLOOR.

Susan and Team Member 2 rush away from the doors as bullets come flying through.

They stand on either side of the doors.

In the Hall, a fight has broken out as the hostages fight with the terrorists.

One terrorist shoots a hostage who falls to the floor.

The fighting stops as everyone is engulfed in smoke.

Many cough. Some fall to the ground.

Two terrorists grab hostages.

One yells at the other terrorists.

TERRORIST LEADER

Grab them and follow me.

He pushes his hostage with his gun barrel and goes through back doors at the end of the Hall.

Six other terrorists grab hostages and follow their leader.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING - GA 200 RECEPTION SUITE - DAY

The smaller room is used as a reception suite and for conferences. The terrorists lock the door and point their guns at the hostages.

TERRORIST LEADER

If you move, you will die.

Susan and her officers storm into the main hall and shoot a dozen terrorists. PING, PING, PING, PING.

Several men try to escape but are captured.

One hostage points to the back door.

FREED HOSTAGE
They took people in there.

Susan nods.

She turns to Team Member 1.

SUSAN
Bring me sleeping gas and tubing.

The man rushes out, struggles through the high winds to the police van, opens the door, ducks flying debris, and brings back four canisters.

He gives the canisters to Susan.

Susan connects the tubing and pipes the gas into the Reception Suite.

Heads nod. Everyone in the room slowly falls asleep.

Susan and her team run into the Reception Suite and handcuff the terrorists.

The hostages are free. Jubilation ensues.

Susan looks at her officers.

SUSAN
But where is the bomb? I want
officers on each floor. NOW.

The officers scatter.

Susan takes the elevator to the fourth floor. She runs through the halls, past officers looking into cabinets and closets, then heads down the steps to the third floor.

She jogs around the third floor, hoping to catch something that the officers missed. She stops on the landing, gazes down, then runs down the steps.

When she reaches the hall floor, Susan stops and drinks from a fountain by the elevators. She pushes the elevator button and the doors open.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING - ELEVATOR - DAY

Inside the elevator, Susan pushes the "B2" button for the second, or lowest, basement.

When the doors open, she rushes out.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING - BASEMENT - DAY

The lights are dim. Some are out.

Susan turns on her flashlight. She keys her mike.

SUSAN
Anybody in the basement yet?

Silence.

She roams from room to room, flicking on lights, looking in closets and under desks, but finds nothing.

Susan opens a door to a utility room where she spots the water filtration units, the furnaces, and the air conditioning controls.

SUSAN
The bomb could easily be in here,
but where?

She keys her mike again.

SUSAN
Anyone in the basement?

Still silence.

Susan shines her flashlight under the big water tanks and behind the tall furnaces.

She opens the a/c panels and runs her fingers down the switches.

Susan takes a last look then walks out.

She jogs down the hall to the radio and TV studio and turns the knob. The door is locked. She bites her lip then moves on.

A few doors down, Susan finds a large communications room. She walks in and gazes at all the electric panels and thousands of switches to control the microphones for each delegate.

Susan looks at her watch and whispers to herself.

SUSAN
I've got to hurry.

She opens doors and looks under benches and chairs.

A small metal cabinet on wheels sits at an angle, like it had been pushed but not straightened in place.

Susan kneels beside it and puts her ear on the top. She hears, "tic, tic."

SUSAN
My God. That's it.

She keys her mike.

SUSAN
Anybody hear me? I found the bomb
in the basement comm room.

She slowly puts her hands on the cabinet. Then lifts it.

SUSAN
I can do this.

She walks out of the room and toward an exit sign down the hall. She nervously whistles. When she reaches the sign, she goes through glass double doors into a parking garage.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

She steps into the garage and looks around.

One of the walls is made of concrete blocks on the bottom and dirt for the rest of the wall, as if it hadn't been finished.

Susan picks up the cabinet and carries it over to the partial dirt wall. She slowly puts it down then runs back into the basement.

As she closes the door, the bomb explodes.

Susan flies into the air and down the hallway from the force of the bomb. She falls on the concrete floor and is still.

Sirens blare. The hall lights go on bright.

Susan lies on the floor unconscious. Her body and face bleed from cuts and her clothes are ripped.

Officers arrive and carry Susan upstairs.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING - FOYER - DAY

Medics rush in and lift Susan onto a stretcher and cover her with blankets.

EXT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING - PLAZA - DAY

The medics hurry the stretcher to the ambulance, ducking debris as they run through the fierce winds.

They load Susan into the back, shut the door, and tear away with sirens blaring.

SUPER: A WEEK LATER.

INT. MANHATTAN - CRIME PREVENTION DIVISION - DAY

Susan interrogates the mayor.

SUSAN
We know you bribed the Director of
Christies after you threatened her.

JOHN ANDREWS
I have no idea what you're talking
about.

SUSAN
Maybe this will refresh your mind.

She plays a tape recorder:

WAITER
Another bottle of cabernet?

JOHN ANDREWS
Yes please.

The waiter leaves.

MARIE GILBERT
Tell me again what you want?

JOHN ANDREWS
You, of course, my darling.

He kisses her neck.

JOHN ANDREWS
I want you in bed with me. And half
of the money that you get from the
art gallery each month.

He kisses her lips.

JOHN ANDREWS
You can pick the hotel for our love
nest.

MARIE GILBERT
How do I know you'll keep your word?

JOHN ANDREWS
Darling, just keep me happy.
(MORE)

JOHN ANDREWS (CONT'D)
That's what most of the politicians
in this city do. They give me a
little cash and I give them a few
favors. It all evens out.

The waiter arrives and pours a bit.

WAITER
Is that to your liking, sir?

The mayor takes a sip.

JOHN ANDREWS
Yes it is.

The waiter leaves.

JOHN ANDREWS
It is all to my liking.

He laughs.

JOHN ANDREWS
I love New York.

Susan stops the recording.

SUSAN
Want to reconsider?

JOHN ANDREWS
I want my attorney.

SUSAN
Cuff him.

Bill is the one to do the honors.

BILL
You have the right to be silent.

INT. CHRISTIE'S - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Susan shakes hands with Marie Gilbert.

SUSAN
Since you've agreed to probation, I
decided to give you some good news.

Marie smiles.

MARIE GILBERT
That would be great.

SUSAN

The National Museum in Bagdad has posted a reward for returning the tablet. Fifty thousand dollars. And it's going to you.

Marie puts her hand on her chest.

MARIE GILBERT

Me?

She sits down.

SUSAN

Yes. You turned in the name of the art gallery and we caught the thief. You get the money.

Marie blinks away tears.

MARIE GILBERT

Now I can pay for mother's nursing home.

She stands up and throws her arms around Susan.

MARIE GILBERT

Thank you so much.

Susan smiles.

SUSAN

Just another day at work.

Marie wipes her eyes.

MARIE GILBERT

I just remembered. I got a call from the Louvre last month. They also have a missing painting, a masterpiece, and need some help.

SUSAN

Now it's my turn to say, me?

MARIE GILBERT

You're a fantastic detective.

SUSAN

I'm flattered.

MARIE GILBERT

It's true. I'll text you all the details.

SUSAN
I know that the NYPD collaborates
with Interpol. I could get some
help from them too.

Marie smiles.

MARIE GILBERT
Now it's time to celebrate. The
gala's tonight so I have work to do.

SUSAN
See you soon.

She turns and walks out.

INT. CHRISTIE'S - RECEPTION - DAY

As she walks out, Susan puts her arms up and fist pumps in
celebration.

SUSAN
I did it.

INT. BAGDAD - THE NATIONAL MUSEUM - DAY

The Gilgamesh tablet is back on display at the museum.

INT. CHRISTIE'S AUCTION - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Susan in a cocktail dress and Jane in a long sequin gown
attend the Christie's auction.

They clink flutes with Marie.

THE END.