

BLIND MAN'S BLUFF

Written by

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EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

SUPER: England, 1982

Autumn. A strong wind whips leaves around the courtyard. PAMELA (20s) pain rips through her body, as she grips the railing, moving to the door.

Her second hand clothes cover her pregnant belly. Another contraction. She carries on, into the building.

INT. HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Beads of sweat freckle her anguished face as she pushes -- in labor. The DOCTOR (30s) encourages, ready.

DR. HEATHROW
Come on -- a little bit further...
That's it!

Pamela grits her teeth, pushes harder, through the pain. The NURSE (20s) holds her hand tight.

NURSE
You're doing great. Come on girl!
Almost there!

Pam pushes with everything she has left. She SCREAMS out! Then... a soft CRY, then another. Two babies, in chorus.

The Doctor clips the umbilical chord, clears their nasal passages, rinses, and examines. He places them, side by side.

The Nurse measures height, weight and head's circumference, jots numbers down. Pamela waits, anxious, fearful. They're placed in her arms.

NURSE (CONT'D)
(quietly, to herself)
Length, fifty and fifty-three
centimeters. Weight... Same...
Looks good.

Resting on her chest, she softens. Pam smiles, then cries softly... Not tears of joy, but regret.

INT. HOSPITAL, NURSERY WINDOW - LATER

Pamela peers through the window. Her twin sons, in an incubator. She touches the glass, wistfully. They squirm, peacefully fade to rest. Sleep.

A DOOR CREAKS open, down the hallway. Pamela turns.

DR. HEATHROW
Pamela... we'll see you now.

INT. DOCTOR HEATHROW'S OFFICE - DAY

Pamela sits across from the Doctor and BETTY (30s) a clerical but not heartless adoption agent. Pamela reads the legal document in front of her. She looks up, unsure.

BETTY
By signing you relinquish your
legal rights and responsibilities
as their biological parent... You
understand?

Pamela nods, Betty hands her a pen. She hesitates.

DR. HEATHROW
There's no one else?... No father?

PAMELA
No... There's no one.

Flooded with emotions, she wipes tears away.

PAMELA (CONT'D)
How would I raise them? I don't
have anything, no home --

She's overcome, and the Doctor moves to comfort her. He puts his arm around her, steadying.

BETTY
It's not easy... even when you're
sure. This might be the best
thing... for you, and for them.

With new resolve, Pamela takes a deep breath, she signs. Betty accepts the signed document, hands her a pamphlet.

INT. NURSERY - DAY

PUSH IN, CLOSE. Twin babies, side-by-side. CLOSER.

PAMELA (O.S.)
Where will they go? Will they be
ok?... They'll be ok, right?

BETTY (O.S.)
Yes. Rest assured. You've given
them a world of opportunity.
They're going to be fine...

One baby CRIES, joined by the other. CLOSER. They CRY LOUDER.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

Southern California. Palm trees, nice and not so nice neighborhoods. Traffic. A VAN makes it's way through.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Van door slides open. Trays of MEALS on TRAYS slide in and out. They're wrapped in cellophane, pre-made.

- KNOCKS on doors. Older people, the infirmed. Delivered.

- In and out and back to driving. Quick.

The delivery man is JULIAN KNOX (30s), smart, handsome. He smiles cordially as he delivers the meals to folks in need.

Driving again. Serious, all business. Until the next door. There's a darkness to him, which he hides. In and out, more meals.

I/E. ELDERLY MAN'S HOME - DAY

Julian's leaving the ELDER'S (90s) home, smiles graciously.

ELDERLY MAN
Bye now, thanks again.

JULIAN
You got it. See ya next time.

Julian descends the stairs, types on his phone. Send. *Text-exchange appears on the SCREEN.*

SUPER: Julian: I'm running 30 late.

(Response) Louis: Dude. We had a deal.

Julian puts the phone away, gets in the van and drives.

EXT. PAROLE BUILDING - DAY

Establishing. Julian walks into frame, into the building.

INT. PAROLE BUILDING, LOUIS'S OFFICE - DAY

LOUIS (60s) extravagant, slightly effeminate, sits at his desk. Julian enters.

Louis points at the clock, feigning exasperation.

LOUIS
Well?...

JULIAN
What?

LOUIS
You have to check in -- on time!
(points to clock)
On time. That's the rule.

LOUIS (CONT'D) JULIAN
 I don't make them up, but you I'm all the way across town.
 have to! Fuck, Julian -- It fucks up my route.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
 Look, I can *bend* the rules. Not
 break them.

JULIAN
 What do you want me to do?!... *How*
can I be two places at once?

LOUIS
 I don't fuckin' know...
 (fucking with him)
 Make two of you... Get a double.

Louis rises, we see he's wearing a VELVET CAPE.

JULIAN
 What the fuck are you wearing?

Louis takes it off, hangs it with other stage "outfits".

LOUIS
 (becoming excited)
 It's for the play. Got any smokes?
 Come on.

Louis exits the office, leading Julian out of the room.

INT. PAROLE OFFICE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They continue down the hallway.

LOUIS
 You got my email, right? You're
 coming?

JULIAN
 I don't know. It thought we weren't
 supposed to -- you know, be
 fraternizing.

LOUIS
 A Midsummer Night's Dream. Bring
 Rebecca. She'll love it.

JULIAN
 You've never met her.

On the way out the door, he continues.

LOUIS
 Doesn't matter. It's gonna be
 (singing)
 -- *amazing!* I did all the costumes.
 They're fabulous.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING, ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

They smoke. Louis's really savoring the cigarette.

LOUIS
(exhales)
God, that's so good.

JULIAN
I thought you quit.

LOUIS
I did. Well, I'm not *buying* them
anymore, so basically... How's
things going? Really.

JULIAN
Fine...

LOUIS
You sure? 'Cause... I dunno, you
seem down.

Julian looks out over the city, becomes introspective.

JULIAN
It just wonder, is this it?... All
there is? You work. Day in day out
and one day -- you die.

LOUIS
Look, it's not as exciting as
robbing banks, granted. But, it's a
hell of a lot better than a six-by-
nine, buddy... You're right. Life
can be boring; fuck, sometimes it's
shitty!... That's life, man.

JULIAN
I don't know...

LOUIS
And, when you don't got much of it
left, you're gonna want more...

JULIAN
How do you know?

LOUIS
I don't! Nobody knows shit, and if
they tell ya they do -- they're
full of it. It's just what I think.
What I believe...

JULIAN
Louis, why do you care, man? I
mean, I'm just some parolee.

LOUIS
No. You're different. Most of these
guys, they get pulled back in.
(MORE)

LOUIS (CONT'D)
 You can make it out. You're smart.
 I don't want to see you throw it
 all away... So don't fuck it up,
 alright?... Alright?!

Jules perks up a bit, half-smiles.

JULIAN
 Alright.

LOUIS
 You stayin' clean? Goin' to any
 meetings?

JULIAN
 No. But -- I'm clean.

LOUIS
 You're not getting any *urges*, are
 you? How bout the gambling?

JULIAN
 I'm good, Louis. Hey, I gotta get
 goin'. I still got a couple
 deliveries.

LOUIS
 Ok...
 (Julian backs away)
 Hey, lemme get a couple of those
 for the road.

Julian returns, puts the pack on the ledge.

JULIAN
 Here. Keep em.

LOUIS
 No, no, no... I quit.

Julian walks away, and Louis calls after.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
 Hey, you're doing good... You need
 anything, call me!

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

JACK AMBROSE (40s) smart, driven. MARIA MARTINEZ (40s) no-
 bullshit, fiery. They eat burritos, slurp on soda. Jack
 watches Lucky's, a strip club/sports bar across the street.

JACK
 You see that place?

MARIA
 The titty-bar?... Why, you thinkin'
 bout gettin' a lap-dance?

JACK
It's a front. Owned by Vincent Deluca.

MARIA
I've heard the name, but...

She shakes her head, doesn't mean much. He fills her in.

JACK
If there was one guy I could take off the street, it's him. He's a third generation gangster. His grandfather and father worked in precious stones, diamonds mostly. Stolen of course. He's expanded to drugs, gambling, prostitution -- any and everything that's lucrative.

MARIA
And illegal.

Jack finishes lunch, crumples it up in a bag.

JACK
That's right... Maria, if had five minutes alone with this guy; I'd beat him to death with my bare hands.

MARIA
Jesus, Jack...

JACK
But, I'm a cop... Before your time, we brought in this girl. Night worker, sweet girl. Didn't deserve what he did to her.

MARIA
What happened?

JACK
We booked her, solicitation. Somebody wanted to lean on her, and she was scared. So, she talked.

SERIES OF SHOTS: Quick succession. GIRL booked, Interrogation room. She's scared, prompted; and caves. She talks (MOS)

MARIA
And?...

JACK
Word got out. We didn't even make the bust, was some delivery -- coke, oxy, fentanyl. Maybe, somebody saw her leave the station. I don't fuckin' know... he's got a network, eyes.

Jack drifts with the memory, then looks at Maria.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Photos SNAPPED, quick. Outside the dumpster, police tape. Crime-scene PHOTOS. Body found. Jack angered, helpless.

JACK (CONT'D)
They got to her. Tortured her,
cigarette burns. Face all cut up.
We found her body in a dumpster,
three days later.

Back to SCENE.

Jack shakes his head at the memory. He starts the engine.

MARIA
I'm sorry.

JACK
I should be the one apologizing...

MARIA
You'll get him.

JACK
He's slippery, Maria. Always once
removed.

Jack drives off, passes the ESCALADE just pulled up. WE STAY.

I/E. LUCKY'S STRIP CLUB AND SPORTS BAR - CONTINUOUS

VINCENT DELUCA pops out of the back, he walks past the bouncer. He spins a KEY on a CHAIN pulled from the pocket of his expensive suit; an affectation. A habit.

INSIDE. Deluca's POV: The KEY SPINS, as we walk through the dimly lit strip club. TVs show live sporting events, Dancers strut about looking for patrons. Bartenders pour drinks, and ALL show him respect.

Deluca makes his way to his back Booth, and holds court.

Two henchmen hover near enough, (*we'll get to them*).

Deluca sees CLIFF (50s) black, a bookie, across the room. He beckons him over. Cliff leans down, as Deluca whispers.

DELUCA
There's a fight tomorrow. I have
some information... We'll talk.

Cliff nods, recedes from Deluca's area. He passes his two henchmen, who hover near... *we'll get to them*.

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

A Record spins - classical music, wires lead to a computer and hands working, a keyboard and braille machine. WIDER, the unpacked apartment, boxes scatters.

Kitchen, A Tea kettle on, fire alight, beneath.

EXT. STREET/BEN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Julian pops out of the van, slides it open - finds Ben's cellophane-wrapped meal. He checks the name, bounds up the stairs. He KNOCKS, and waits. Beat.

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

The hands search for sunglasses. Rising, we pass his WALKING CANE and land on **BEN COLE (30s), Julian's twin brother and doppelgänger.**

Now standing, he negotiates his way to the door.

I/E. BEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Julian is about to knock again, when the door opens.

BEN
Hello?... Is someone there?

Julian stares at his brother, shocked, and in disbelief. His eyes narrow. He looks closer... Ben senses someone.

BEN (CONT'D)
Hello.

Ben speaks with an Australian accent. His demeanor is softer. Where Julian is dark, Ben is light.

JULIAN
Are you Ben Cole?... You ordered a meal service?

BEN
I did. Thank you. Come in.

Ben enters, moves slowly, still finding his bearings. Julian follows, intrigued. He scans the unpacked place, but can't take his eyes off this familiar stranger.

BEN (CONT'D)
On the counter's fine.

Julian sets the meal down. The kettle beings to WHISTLE.

BEN (CONT'D)
Would you like a cup of tea. I'm making one for myself.

JULIAN
Ok.

Ben feels for the stove, turns it off.

BEN
I didn't catch your name. You know mine...

JULIAN
Right... Julian.

Ben fumbles for the cups, and accoutrements.

BEN
Cream, sugar?

JULIAN
Please. Both.

BEN
That's how I take it, too.

JULIAN
Do you want any help?

BEN
That's all right... Julian means "youthful" in Greek.

Julian looks at him, still in disbelief. He's fascinated.
Tell him?

JULIAN
I didn't know.

BEN
Of course, the great Roman Emperor Julian the Apostate, who ruled in the 4th century, was a divisive character

JULIAN
Why? What did he do?

Ben makes his way, pours slowly, adds the tea bags. He presents the cream and sugar. He talks, Julian watches.

Ben turns off the hot water, fumbles for the mugs and tea bags. Then he adeptly pours out their cups of tea.

BEN
He was great warrior and his reign which marked the turning point in the history the Roman Empire. He wasn't a fan of Christianity, you see -- and his attempts to revive paganism ultimately failed, but his legacy continues... There you are.

Ben slides Julian's cup slightly nearer to him.

JULIAN
Thank you.

BEN
Careful, it's hot.

JULIAN
Where did you learn all that?

BEN
Extra time on my hands. Where I
can't see with my eyes, I can still
explore the world through stories.

JULIAN
You just move in?

BEN
(smiling)
You can tell... how about you? Tell
me something about yourself,
Julian.

JULIAN
What do you want to know?

The conversation trails off (MOS), but Julian continues to
watch Ben, captivated. He studies him, silently...

JULIAN (V.O.)
I'm telling you --

REBECCA (V.O.)
(not believing)
Couldn't he look a lot like you.
Maybe, same heritage --

JULIAN (V.O.)
I know what I look like. No. He's
me, but --

They converse, and we see but don't hear them. It's light.
Friendly, but without sound.

Then, Julian sets his tea down, and exits. Ben retreats back
to his COMPUTER set-up, reading BRAILLE. The record spins.

Exterior. Exiting. Julian descends the stairs; he looks back
up. Intrigued, a twinkle in his eye. He smiles.

REBECCA (V.O.)
(amused, teasing)
Well, you certainly had a more
interesting day than I did.

JULIAN (V.O.)
I told you how I was adopted, and
had a twin brother.

REBECCA (V.O.)
You never looked for him...

INT. JULIAN AND REBECCA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

Julian and Rebecca lie in bed, curled up, faces close. The conversation continues.

JULIAN
No.

REBECCA
Why not?... And now, he's blind,
and lives in El Segundo...
(laughing)
Sounds like a country song.

JULIAN
I'm serious.

She sits up, he then props himself with a pillow.

REBECCA
So, what did he say when you told
him? That you're his brother...

JULIAN
...I didn't.

REBECCA
Why?

JULIAN
Well, it's not exactly something
you just blurt out. I didn't know
how.

REBECCA
Kind of a big omission, if it is,
actually...

JULIAN
I will... I invited him for dinner.

REBECCA
What? Really?

JULIAN
He just moved here, doesn't know
anybody.

REBECCA
When?

JULIAN
Tomorrow.

REBECCA
I'm can't tell if you're being
serious or not...

She studies him, unsure if it's true.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Bird, (30s) impulsive, and not the sharpest tool in the box, but loyal. He steps out of prison, the door shuts and barbed-wire jerks closed. He lights a smoke, slings his belongings over his shoulder, and huffs it down the road. He's free.

I/E. WORK VAN - DAY

Driving. Julian can't help steal glances at Ben.

BEN
Is everything ok?

JULIAN
Yeah, why?...

BEN
Sometimes I get the feeling I'm
being watched.

They drive further, then Julian pulls over, kills the engine.

BEN (CONT'D)
Are we here?

JULIAN
Quick stop. C'mon.

Julian pops his door, helps Ben get out.

EXT. CLEARING, WITH VIEW - MOMENTS LATER

A peaceful spot, sitting on a bench. Ocean in the background.

JULIAN
Before we go in and meet my
girlfriend, meet Rebecca. I think I
-- I need to tell you something.

BEN
...Is everything alright?

JULIAN
Yeah. Everything's fine. But, my
job -- delivering meals... That was
given to me by my parole officer. I
got outta prison, not too long ago.

BEN
I see... What crime did you commit?

JULIAN
I robbed a bank, or attempted to,
to be more accurate. And I got
caught.

BEN
Sounds exciting.

JULIAN
Not the getting caught part.

BEN
'Suppose not... Is that what you
wanted to tell me, because I feel
like there's more.

JULIAN
There is... and this is going to
seem far fetched, but... When I
opened the door yesterday, your
door -- I swear. It was like I was
looking in the mirror.

BEN
Is this a joke? Because, I don't
find it very funny, Julian.

JULIAN
No. I'm not fucking with you. You
were adopted, right? I was too.
And, told a similar story. If you
could see me, you --

BEN
I don't appreciate this.
(rising, turning stern)
Please take me home.

Julian stands.

JULIAN
Look, man...you're my brother. It
sounds crazy, but -- we're twins.

BEN
(walking away)
I want to go home.

JULIAN
You were born June 23rd, 1984.
Seven-o-four PM.

BEN
(stops to retort)
You could have looked that up. Seen
my ID. Found out, somehow.

JULIAN
Ben, I'm telling you the truth.

Ben shakes his head, disbelieving. He unfolds his cane, to
walk further, alone.

BEN
Is this something you do? Invite
blind people for dinner, strangers.
Tell them stories.

JULIAN
I'm not lying to you.

BEN
I'll find my way back.

Julian goes to stop him. He touches Ben's arm, who becomes fearful; he's vulnerable.

BEN (CONT'D)
I just want to go home.

JULIAN
I get it. I'm sure I'd be skeptical too. But, we look...
(beat, hand on shoulder)
You can feel stuff, right? Like, faces -- with your hands? Just let me... I'll prove it to you.

Julian gently guides Ben's hand. Ben's reticent at first, then touches Julian's face. Slowly, then more exploratory.

He begins to believe him, smiles slightly.

He pulls, and Julian let's out a yelp.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Ouch! Jesus. Take it easy.

Ben chuckles, pulls his hand away. Beat. He goes back, then stops. He thinks, beat.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
We were born on the same day, the same time, in the same town. We look identical. We're brothers, Ben.

BEN
Incredible. I wasn't expecting this...

JULIAN
Me either. Come on, you hungry?

Julian leads. They walk back to the Van.

INT. JULIAN AND REBECCA'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Julian lets Ben enter first. Rebecca cooks, multi-tasking. She stirs, puts on an oven mitt takes a tray out of the oven.

At first glance, and with a once-over; she thinks Julian is playing with her. Amused, she asks.

REBECCA
Like the get-up.

BEN
Sorry?

REBECCA
Where's your brother? Let me guess--

Just then, Julian pops in behind Ben. Rebecca, surprised -- gasps and drops the tray she's holding. BANG. It hits the ground, startling Ben.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Oh my God... I'm sorry, I --

Julian laughs, enters with raised eyebrows.

BEN
That was pretty much my reaction too.

Her eyes POP and she mouths "oh my god", stoops down to pick up the tray as Julian guides Ben inside.

REBECCA
You look -- I mean it's...

BEN
Hard to wrap your head around? I'm still processing too --

REBECCA
Not if you're seeing what I'm seeing -- I'm sorry, that came out wrong.

BEN
That's ok. You must be Rebecca? I'm Ben.

Ben extends his hand, Rebecca takes it.

REBECCA
Nice to meet you, Ben.

Julian takes Ben's coat, then leads him to be seated.

BEN
The pleasure is mine.

Rebecca recovers, still eyeing him.

REBECCA
Can I get you something to drink?
Dinner's almost ready.

Ben feels his way to his seat. Julian helps Rebecca in the kitchen, with raises his eyebrows, as if to say, *see, you believe me now.*

BEN
I'll have whatever you're having.

LATER.

Seated for dinner. Rebecca pours WINE for Ben, then herself. Ben (audibly) notices; Julian cracks a soda.

BEN (CONT'D)
It smells delicious.

REBECCA
Thank you.

BEN
No wine for you, Julian?

JULIAN
I don't drink, anymore... More for
you guys.

BEN
Well, I'm certainly not driving.

Rebecca smiles dishes Brussel Sprouts onto her plate, offers.

REBECCA
Ben, would you like Brussel
sprouts?

BEN
No, thank you.

REBECCA
Julian doesn't like them either.
(beat, looking at Ben)
I have to admit, it's taking a
moment to get over how much you
look alike.

BEN
I'm acclimating too. It *is* strange,
to think.

REBECCA
So, what do you do Ben? What
brought you out here?

BEN
I'm a transcriber. I translate
things. I don't have much family,
wanted a change of pace -- so, here
I am.

He smiles, she grows curious.

REBECCA
What sort of things do you
translate?

BEN
Anything. Books, magazine articles,
textbooks, literary works.
(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

I also run IT for various
companies, remotely of course.

JULIAN

You're good with computers?

BEN

I know my way around, ok...
And you, Rebecca?

REBECCA

I work with kids, 5 and 6 year
olds. At a school, just a couple
miles away.

They eat in silence, and Ben seems to enjoy the meal.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Do you cook much?

BEN

A few things. I hear my TV dinners
are amazing.

She laughs, warming to him.

BEN (CONT'D)

I never really learned. I order out
mostly. But, I make good nachos.

Jules and Rebecca share an amused glance between themselves.
Ben starts telling a story.

BEN (CONT'D)

Two men are dressed as pilots when
they enter a plane, one has a
seeing eye dog, and the other has a
white cane. Both wear dark glasses.
As they make their way up the aisle
the passengers start glancing
around, a bit alarmed, but no one
says anything, or does anything,
then the plane starts to move.
Faster and faster down the runway,
the people in the window seat start
to realize they are headed straight
for the lake at the end of the
runway, and they are just picking
up speed, heading straight for it,
the passengers start to scream,
then the plane lifts off, and sails
smoothly over the lake, upwards.

Jules and Rebecca look at each other.

BEN (CONT'D)

The one pilot turns to the other
and says, you know Bob, one of
these days they're gonna scream too
late, and we're all gonna die.

Jules and Rebecca laugh, Ben smiles, any residual tension now evaporated. Rebecca tops off their wine. She looks at Ben, surprised by him. Beat.

I/E. JULIAN AND REBECCA'S APARTMENT, PATIO - LATER

The ice is broken, Rebecca tidies up inside. Julian and Ben sit on chairs and talk as the sun dips on the horizon.

BEN
Can I ask you something?... How did you get into -- robbing banks?

JULIAN
I didn't plan on being criminal.

BEN
No, I suppose not.

JULIAN
The world I grew up in, the people I know -- they weren't good, Ben. It was survival, in some ways. You had to prove yourself.

BEN
And if you didn't?

JULIAN
Then you didn't make it out. I didn't choose it, but... I didn't say 'no' either...

BEN
Hmmm, I see.

JULIAN
I guess what I'm saying is, it's not something I'm proud of -- but, I take responsibility... I did, after all, do it... Now, I'm just trying to move on with my life.

BEN
The world will ask you who you are, and if you don't know, the world will tell you - Carl Jung.

A KNOCK is heard from outside. Julian heads inside.

LIVING ROOM.

Rebecca stops tidying up. Julian approaches the door.

REBECCA
Are you expecting anyone?

Julian shakes his head. Moves, closer. Listens. Beat.

JULIAN
Who is it?...

BIRD (O.S.)
It's the police. We've got the
building surrounded.

Julian relaxes, this is a voice he recognizes; half-smiles.

JULIAN
Bird.

BIRD
Come out with your hands up!

Julian unlocks the door and swings it open. Bird flicks away his smoke, a big grin pasted on his face. They hug.

BIRD (CONT'D)
What, you forget to pick me up?

JULIAN
I'm sorry, I must have -- sorry.

Rebecca arrives, sees Bird and deflates. She's begrudgingly polite.

BIRD
Hi, Rebecca... *Hi, Bird.*

REBECCA
Hi Bird...

Bird hugs her awkwardly, She shoots Julian a look, clearly doesn't approve. Her look communicates enough.

JULIAN
Come in.

REBECCA
We have a guest.

BIRD
Now you got two. It's a party!

Bird enters with a noticeable limp. Then, before they can say anything he sees Ben.

BIRD (CONT'D)
Ho-ly-fuck.

JULIAN
Bird, this is my brother, Ben. Ben,
meet Bird...

Bird approaches the dinner table, sticks his hand out. Ben rises, extends his hand -- not meeting Bird's extended hand.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
He's --

BEN
 I'm blind. It's ok.
 (Bird shakes Ben's hand)
 Nice to meet you, Bird.

BIRD
 Woah. Trip... I heard about you.
 Course, I didn't fully believe it.
 Fuck, here you are. Wow.

Bird laughs, and gawks. Julian changes the subject.

JULIAN
 How are you?

BIRD
 (still looking at Ben)
 I'm great. I'm out, so -- couldn't
 be better.

Bird inhales, breathes the free air.

BIRD (CONT'D)
 I'm staying up the street, that
 crappy Motel because *somebody*
 forgot to pick my ass up. All good.
 Looks like you already ate. Fuck
 it. I'm not hungry, anyway. C'mon
 Let's go celebrate!

Rebecca's look, like darts at Julian.

BIRD (CONT'D)
 We're free men!

REBECCA
 (to Julian)
 Can I talk to you for a second?

BIRD
 Uh-oh... Mom's not happy.

They walk into their bedroom.

BIRD (CONT'D)
 So, you're the brother.

BEN
 It appears so. How do you and
 Julian know each other?

BIRD
 Umm, well... I guess you could say
 we worked together.

INT. JULIAN AND REBECCA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca shuts the door, speaks directly, but *hushed*.

REBECCA
What the fuck, why didn't you tell
me --

JULIAN
I forgot.

REBECCA
You forgot?! Whatever. I don't want
him here. He needs to go. Leave.
Now. We're not doing this again.
I'm not starting this life --

JULIAN
I know. He just got out. Let me
walk him home, and come back.

REBECCA
You're going to leave?! Your
brother is here?! Your *new brother*.

JULIAN
I'll be right back. Ok?... We're ok.
Come on.

Julian brings her closer, kisses her forehead. She calms.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

They reemerge, Bird is making small talk to Ben.

BIRD
Why don't we take your brother out
with us.

JULIAN
We're not going out. I'll walk you
home, but -- Ben, do you want to
come with? --

REBECCA
No. Why don't I -- I'll take him
home. You guys go -- catch up...
That ok with you, Ben?

Ben nods, and smiles humbly and affably.

BEN
That's fine. Thank you for the
wonderful meal.

REBECCA
Nonsense, it was our pleasure.

BIRD
Next time.

BEN
Yes, next time.

JULIAN
I'll see you soon.

Julian places a hand on Ben's shoulder. Ben smiles. Julian pauses briefly, looks at Ben and Rebecca. They exit.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Julian and Bird walk down the street, Bird limps along.

JULIAN
I should have brought him home.

BIRD
Nah man, we should have taken him out. He looks *exactly*, like you --

JULIAN
Yeah, that's what twins are, Bird... Dumbass.

Julian laughs, Bird does too and shoves him playfully.

BIRD
Shut the fuck up. I know what twins are. Good to see you, bro. Good to be out...

Julian swings his arm around Bird's neck. Beat.

INT. REBECCA'S CAR - EVENING

Rebecca drives Ben. She too steals glances at him.

I/E. CAR/STREET - DAY

She shuts his door. Helps Ben, he takes her arm for guidance.

REBECCA
I'm sorry Julian left.

BEN
It's fine, really.

REBECCA
No, it's rude...

BEN
You're not a fan of Bird.

REBECCA
Was I that obvious?

BEN
No.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Still walking, Bird pulls out and takes SNORTS a KEY BUMP of COCAINE; then prepares another.

JULIAN
Jesus what are you trying to go
back in? How did you even find
that? You just got out.

BIRD
I ran into a guy...
(he tempts Julian with a
hit)
C'mon, we're celebrating.

Julian declines.

JULIAN
No, no. I'm... done.
(Bird does another hit)

BIRD
She's got you on a tight leash,
huh?

JULIAN
No, Bird. No leash. Just... done...

BIRD
With what?

JULIAN
All of it. Booze. *That*. Jobs. Done.

EXT. LUCKY'S STRIP CLUB/BAR - CONTINUOUS

Bird slows, then stops outside Lucky's. Julian's reluctant.
Bird smiles mischievously.

JULIAN
No, not here... Anywhere, but here.

BIRD
Come on, I've been dreamin' of this
place!... One drink. For ol times'
sake.

Julian's not biting. Beat. He caves. Bird swings the door
open, they enter.

BIRD (CONT'D)
One drink!

JULIAN
You drink, I'll watch.

INT. STRIP CLUB/BAR - NIGHT

The low-light, spiked with Neon feels like another world. They navigate through the seedy characters, to the bar.

Regretting it instantly, he orders as Bird splits off to greet someone off screen.

BAR.

JULIAN
A beer, and a Ginger-Ale.

Leaving Julian WE WIND through the dancers and patrons, find Deluca at his booth. DANTE and SNYDER (40s), his muscle, hover close.

DELUCA'S BACK BOOTH.

DELUCA
You see who's over there?

SNYDER
Julian and Bird. Guess they're out.

Snyder has a serpentine quality to him. Dante, a scar across his face. They're cold blooded and sadistic, have seen their share of violence, invite it even.

BAR.

Julian receives the drinks.

JULIAN
(sotto)
What the fuck am I doing here?

Dante approaches.

DANTE
Deluca would like a word.

JULIAN
I'm good...

DANTE
Go pay your respects...

Julian moves, passing Bird who chats with Clint, the bookie.

DELUCA'S BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Julian arrives, acknowledges Deluca but remains stoic.

DELUCA
Old friend... Good to see you,
Julian. Where you at these days?

JULIAN
Around. Just workin'.

DELUCA
Workin' where?

JULIAN
Regular nine to five. Nothing special.

DELUCA
Guys like you and me don't do 9 to 5, Jules.

JULIAN
People change.

DELUCA
(smiles)
No they don't.

Deluca sees Bird animatedly talking it up with Clint, across the room.

DELUCA (CONT'D)
I see you're still hangin' round with that loser. I never could understand why.

JULIAN
What can I say -- he's my friend.

DELUCA
I'm your friend.

JULIAN
But, he makes me laugh.

DELUCA
'Cause he's a clown.

Beat. The bodyguards eye Julian, who stays cool.

DELUCA (CONT'D)
Come back and work for me. I could use you. Your smart... Make some real money. Huh, what do ya say?

JULIAN
Thanks for the offer, but I'm good.

DELUCA
...You'll be back...

JULIAN
Good to see you, Vincent.

Julian nods, then walks away.

CORNER OF STRIP CLUB.

Bird and Curtis shake hands excitedly, Bird exits their conversation and they meet where Julian left their drinks.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Let's get the fuck outta here.

BIRD
Hold on. I gotta watch this fight.
(calls to Bartender)
Lemme get two shots!

DING, DING. On the TV, the boxers meet in the center of the ring, drawing Bird's immediate and full attention.

JULIAN
No, let's go.

BIRD
Wait... I got money on this.

JULIAN
Jesus. You didn't --

ANGLE, TV. Back to their corners, the fighters get last words from their trainers.

The shots arrive. Nervous, Bird takes his as Julian's remains on the table. He sees Bird and Clint exchange a furtive glance. Clint gives a THUMBS UP.

BIRD
Here we go! I got a good feeling.

Julian surveys the room, he doesn't, about any of this.
DING. And the fight begins and the Boxers come out attacking.

INT. REBECCA'S CAR - NIGHT

Rebecca leads Ben, they walk and chat.

BEN
You grew up around here?

REBECCA
We both did. In and out of foster homes. Julian had it kind of rough. Me too. But, he always looked out for me. If I ever needed anyone -- he was there for me. Always... You?

BEN
Outside of Brisbane. It was a sleepy town. Not much happening.

REBECCA
And your parents? Are they still there?...

Beat. Ben thinks.

BEN
... They are.

REBECCA
(notices his pause)
What is it?

BEN
I just realized I've not talked to
them in a while.

REBECCA
You're not close?

BEN
I mean, they're my parents. I love
them, of course. But, we were never
really *that close*. If you know what
I mean? Never felt an incredibly
strong connection to them... They
weren't cruel or strict or anything
like that, but -- It wasn't the
type of house where one said 'I
love you'. There wasn't lots of
affection going round. But, they're
good people.

Under Rebecca's guidance, they cross the street. She slows
under a street lamp, she watches him affectionately.

BEN (CONT'D)
I think they always wanted kids...
They got *me*. I wasn't your average
kid, I guess. Couldn't really play
sports and all that. I wasn't an
athlete. (I was different. I was
blind, and although I couldn't see
their faces... I could feel the
disappointment.

They walk again, loops her arm around his, leads.

REBECCA
Do you know anyone else in the
city, Ben?

BEN
Not a soul...

REBECCA
Well now you know me and Julian.

They arrive at Ben's address place. He feels for the gate.

BEN
Yes, this feel right.

Entering, he stops and turns to her.

BEN (CONT'D)
Thank you for dinner, and walking
me home.

REBECCA
Call me if you need anything.

Beat. She hugs him and he's momentarily surprised.

BEN
Good night.

Ben negotiates his way up the stairs, slowly, humming to himself. She watches for a moment, intrigued, then exits.

Ben makes his way up the stairs, holding the railing and humming to himself. She lingers, intrigued... then exits.

She watches him slowly negotiate the railing and stairs leading him to his door, humming to himself.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BOXING RING, VEGAS - NIGHT

Thwack. Boom. IN THE RING. The boxers trade blows, circling each other, WE SEE -- up close the brutality, the sweat fly off and blood drip from fresh cut faces.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LUCKY'S STRIP CLUB AND SPORTS BAR - CONTINUOUS

Bird's standing, close to a TV. He's engrossed, consumed.

BIRD
Two more shots!
(hushed to Julian)
Blue shorts is going down in the fourth.

The fight rages on, Julian watches. Around the room, so does Clint, and Deluca, calmly.

INTERCUT - RING and BAR.

A combo of punches, Red shorts and Blue trade. Then, RED SHORTS delivers an upper cut, and Blue shorts goes down.

The REFEREE counts it out. 7...8...9...DING. It's over.

BAR.

A swell from the room, reactions. The announcers LOUD, with their post fight color commentary bleeding in.

Bird, happily loses his shit, celebrates. Clint joins him, and Julian can't help but smile. Bird slams his shot, orders again.

BIRD (CONT'D)
Two more shots!

Bird does another BUMP on his way to collect from Clint.

The Bartender pours. Deluca belies no emotion as he watches Bird and Clint interaction from afar.

Bird returns to Julian, still excited... but *shifty*.

The Bartender delivers the shots, Julian goes to pay.

BARTENDER
On the house... From Vincent.

Julian looks back to Deluca, who raises a glass. He nods.

JULIAN
What'd you make?... Bird.... What
was the payout?...

Bird takes his shot. He pushes the other toward Jules. Bird finally meets his eye, smiles mischievously.

BIRD
I let it ride.

JULIAN
You're fucking kidding...

BIRD
Relax, bro. We're winning!
(off Julian's reaction)
Clint's helping me out. He knows I
just got out. C'mon, we know him!

As he talks WE DRIFT away, to where Deluca watches.

BIRD (CONT'D)
After this, we're done. One more.
Ok? We're out, paid and done...

Clint gets up and moves back to Deluca's booth. He whispers in his EAR, they shake and Clint heads for the exit.

Julian sees, but Bird does not. He's enthralled with the action in the ring.

INTERCUT. BAR AND BOXING RING - LIVE

The BOXERS bigger and stronger, HIT with greater ferocity. SNAPS of photogs and HOLLERS from the fans, ringside.

Bird watches, fully invested, nervous.

DING. Round over. Bird turns to Julian but he's gone.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Clint exits, walks away hastily. Julian emerges, calls after.

JULIAN
Clint! Hold up! Where you going?!

CLINT
I gotta go man. I can't hang
around.

Clint moves around, but Julian stops him.

JULIAN
Why?... Is your tip -- is it good?

CLINT
I don't know, man. I don't! It's
from Deluca. I-I gotta go.

Julian watches him go, uneasy. He looks up at the street
lamp, lights a cigarette.

INT. STRIP CLUB/BAR - CONTINUOUS

Deluca approaches Bird's table, hovers unsettlingly.

DELUCA
Bird... mind if I join you?
(Bird nods, sits)
I heard you were out. And, here you
are. Congratulations.

BIRD
Thanks.

Bird's uneasy, but accepts Deluca's hand, shakes. They watch
in silence for a beat.

DELUCA
Who you got?... Olivera's got eight
pounds on him. But Gentry's got the
wingspan. He's got at least eight
inches on him.
(stretches arms out)
Whoo! You seen that guy?

Deluca smiles like he knows a secret.

Snyder and Damien settle, closer. Their presence alone,
intimidates. Deluca continues, cool as a cucumber.

DELUCA (CONT'D)
In some ways, it's a brutal sport.
Pugilism. I say it's beautiful.

Bird's eyes remain fixed on the game, he flickers looks at
Deluca, then back to the game. Julian, still gone.

DELUCA (CONT'D)
Raw, unbridled.

SNYDER
What about MMA, boss?

DELUCA
It's all right. But, boxing. What
can I say? I'm a traditional guy.

His men smile. Bird watches the fight on TV, more nervous.

Deluca stares at Bird, watching the game, growing more tense.

DELUCA (CONT'D)
You know, if you have some
information, Bird? It would only be
neighborly to share...

BIRD
Olivera... I bet on Olivera.

Julian enters, surveys the situation, doesn't like it, sits.

DELUCA
Julian. The prodigal son returns.
Bird and I was just catching up.
Right, Bird?

No answer. On TV Olivera is now losing. He's pummeled around
the ring, but still standing.

DELUCA (CONT'D)
He bet on Olivera... But, I already
knew that didn't I... See, Clint
told me, when he passed me your
marker. Your bet's with me now...
Hope that's, ok...

Deluca studies him, looking vicious. Julian scans, sees
Snyder and Damian. Their GUN and KNIFE visible in their
holsters. He and Bird are outnumbered, and unarmed.

The fight continues, AUDIO of the ANNOUNCERS grows louder.

ANNOUNCER 1
Olivera came out so strong.

ANNOUNCER 2
You're right, Jim. But, oh, how the
tide has turned. He might have just
punched himself out.

ANNOUNCER 1
He's certainly on his heels now.
It's a marathon, not a race.

ANNOUNCER 2
Let's see if he can make it through
the round.

ANGLE, CLOSE on TV - The men trade blows, tired.

Julian reaches for his SHOT, he drinks it. Then, a flurry of
BLOWS in the ring. Bird tenses, on pins and needles.

BOXING RING - CONTINUOUS.

The BOXERS, battle it out. Olivera blocks a few, losing steam. Then, Gentry CONNECTS with a COMBO. EVERYTHING SLOWS. Olivera's HIT hard, and goes down to the mat. He struggles.

The Ref calls it. DING. Over. REGULAR-SPEED. Gentry celebrates. Olivera barely conscious, wobbling on his feet.

INT. STRIP CLUB/BAR - CONTINUOUS

Deluca claps mockingly, audio from the Match bleeds through.

DELUCA
They fought hard. But, I guess the
better man won... Now Bird... how
do you want to pay?

Julian calls out to the Bartender, gets up, goes to the bar.

JULIAN
Five shots... Now...

The Bartender pours them. Julian collects the shots.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
(to Deluca)
You bought us a round, we can at
least return the favor. Right?...

Passing them SHOTS to Deluca and his men. Then Bird. Julian raises the shot, looks to all of them, drinks his.

Deluca smiles calmly, indulges Julian. He takes his shot, his men follow suit and then Bird, who's visibly nervous.

DELUCA
Thanks, Jules... Now, Bird... How
do you want to pay what you owe me?
(beat, Deluca rises)
Tell you what, why don't you take a
walk with us?

Dante and Snyder, perch on the edge of their stools. Ready.

JULIAN
He's not going anywhere...
(Julian stands)
We'll get you the money.

A tense beat. Dante and Snyder, eager to make things ugly. Deluca raises a hand, keeps them at bay.

DELUCA
We?...This is between Bird and I...
You're not a part of this.

JULIAN
We'll get you the money. Ok?

DELUCA
You vouching for him then?...
You sure about this? Julian?

JULIAN
Give us a week.

DELUCA
Of course. You're a man of your
word. Right, Jules?...
(Julian nods)
A week is seven days...See ya then.
Friday.

Deluca moves toward Julian, extends his hand and smiles.
Julian shakes. Deluca moves away, turns.

DELUCA (CONT'D)
One of these days, your friend is
gonna get you in trouble... Say hi
to Rebecca for me. She's such a
sweet girl.

Deluca walks away, followed by his snickering henchmen.

DANTE
See you soon.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Drunk, they've almost finished a BOTTLE of JACK.

JULIAN
You didn't think something was up
when you won the first bet?!

BIRD
Seemed legit. I thought Clint --
I'm sorry.

JULIAN
You're sorry?! Oh, well, if you're
sorry! He's sorry!

BIRD
Brother...

JULIAN
Yeah, you and me both... I'm sorry
I'm friends with you.

Julian finishes off the bottle, throws it in the ocean. He
stumbles, drunk. Then trudges in, waves crashing on him. He
doesn't care.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JULIAN AND REBECCA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Julian's passed out on the couch, in his clothes, still wet.
His PHONE ALARM is going off.

REBECCA
Wake the fuck up!

He wakes, groggy, head killing him. She heads for the door.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Get your shit together... And, you
reek of alcohol. I'm not doing this
again.

She exits, slams the door. He read the time on his phone.

JULIAN
(springs to feet)
Shit!

INT. OPTOMETRIST OFFICE, EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

CLOSE, an EYE. LIGHT flickering and illuminating the IRIS.
DOCTOR OKINO (40s) Asian, kind, finishes his examination.

CLICKS his pen-light off; he rolls chair back. Deep breath.

INT. OPTOMETRIST OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Sitting across from Ben, who makes his case.

BEN
But, it *has* worked, Doc. I read
about it online.

DOCTOR
The success rate is low, Ben. Very
low. I don't want to get your hopes
up.

BEN
Well, nothing's guaranteed.

DOCTOR
It's new. Experimental, and
statistically speaking --

BEN
Only ten-percent. I know...

DOCTOR
You *have* been reading.

BEN
I can live with that. 10% is still
10%... If there's a chance I could
see again, I'd like to...

DOCTOR
 Of course... I can make a call.
 (Ben smiles, beat)
 You realize it's not covered by
 insurance, right?...
 (Ben deflates, slightly)
 How much is it?

EXT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Outside the room, Ben is delivered discouraging news. He rises, opens the door. The doctor offers...

DOCTOR
 I'm sorry, Ben. Maybe in the
 future, in a few years?

BEN
 Thank you, Doctor.

Ben walks away, down the hall, his CANE tapping lightly.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Lost and disoriented, Ben is overwhelmed. He retreats back from the intersection as CARS HONK and WHIP by. Momentarily safe, he folds his CANE, and calls.

He takes out his phone, makes a VOICE PROMPT to CALL.

BEN
 (to SIRI)
 Call Julian...

I/E. ELDERLY HOME - LATER

Julian's PHONE RINGS, but with his hands full he can't accept. He balances trays and an ELDERLY MAN is slow to make counter space for unloading them.

ELDERLY MAN
 Your phone is ringing.

JULIAN
 That's ok, I can call them back.

INT. JULIAN AND REBECCA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rebecca walks in the door and her phone rings. She answers.

REBECCA
 Hi, Ben...
 (now concerned)
 Where are you?

I/E. REBECCA'S CAR - DAY

REBECCA's car, she sees Ben. She pulls up, rolls down.

REBECCA

Ben!

She pops out. He folds up his cane and she helps him in.

BEN

Thank you, Rebecca... I got lost.

REBECCA

Not at all.

(they drive)

You really need a car to get
anywhere in this city anyway.

BEN

Not sure I'd be too good on the
road.

REBECCA

(amused)

Good point... So, where to? Home?

BEN

If you would.

REBECCA

(beat, thinking)

...Do you have anywhere to be right
now?

BEN

Not really. Why?

EXT. FARMER'S MARKET - DAY

As they peruse, Ben savors it all. In his curiosity, he
explores, touching the produce, smells deep, unabashedly.

She observes, endeared by his earnest curiosity. Ben's
fingers roll over the fine hairs of a KIWI.

BEN

(smells it)

Don't tell me... Kiwi?

(she affirms)

You know, you find different fruits
in different parts of the world.

REBECCA

Really?

BEN

Really. Some from climate of
course, but also seasons,
territories, tariffs. It all
affects the import-export business.

He collects more for his basket. Moving along, Ben picks up a Cranberry, rolls it his fingers - he can't place.

BEN (CONT'D)
What is it?

She looks at him like he's crazy.

REBECCA
Really? It's a cranberry... You've never had a cranberry?

He tastes it, his face squirms from the sour juice.

BEN
It's quite tart.

She attempts to stifle her laughter, can't. Beat.

EXT. FARMER'S MARKET - LATER

Sitting outside, sharing their finds.

REBECCA
... Do you have a girlfriend, Ben?

BEN
No... I've never been too lucky in that department.

REBECCA
Why not? You're a catch.

BEN
(self-deprecating)
Dunno. Maybe the whole *vision thing* -- might be a deal-breaker for most women...

REBECCA
Maybe you just haven't found the right girl.

BEN
Perhaps...

REBECCA
I feel so comfortable around you. I can't tell if it's because you look like Julian, or if it's just - you.

BEN
A bit of both, maybe.

REBECCA
Perhaps...

BEN
(switching gears)
Why don't you like Bird?

REBECCA
He was Julian's partner.

BEN
I know.

REBECCA
Did Julian tell you?

BEN
I read it online.
(she's surprised)
You can find almost anything online
these days. More than you would
believe... Why was Bird released
later -- if they committed the same
crime?

REBECCA
Julian didn't have a gun, so his
was a slightly lesser charge.
Bird's crime, attempted robbery
with a deadly weapon, carried a
different minimum...

BEN
We don't have to talk about this. I
was just curious.

REBECCA
It's ok... Did it say what they
did? Online?

BEN
No. Not in specifics.

Beat. This brings up hard memories, but she proceeds.

REBECCA
They'd stake out a bank, "case it".

SERIES OF SHOTS: (FLASHBACK)

- Julian and Bird enter bank, wait in line, angling away from
the cameras. Julian waits in line, then his turn to step up
to the teller.

Julian pulls down a BALACLAVA, Bird following suit. Julian
approaches and startles the FEMALE TELLER, her when she
raised her eyes.

REBECCA (V.O.)
They didn't just case the bank -
they cased the people that worked
at the bank.

Julian SNAPS PHOTOS, kids run on a playground. We FREEZE, on
CHILD -- then back to motion. The TELLER, fear in her eyes...

Julian's placed the PHOTO in front of her.

REBECCA
He instructed her to put the money
in a bag, and nothing bad would
happen...

- Julian's mouth moves, but we don't hear (MOS)

REBECCA (CONT'D)
He knew their name, school, where
they lived. It was an intimidation
tactic. And... God, I hate talking
about it. He's not like that, it
sounds so awful.

BEN (V.O.)
We don't have to.

REBECCA (V.O.)
No, it's ok. You should know.
They'd fill up the bag.

- KID gets off the bus, walks home, and is greeted by the
Teller. The Teller is PHOTO-SNAPPED.

- Julian stands across from her in the bank. She bags the
money, fearfully; hands shaking.

- (**JUMP CUTS**) TELLER #2, #3, #4 - **different days**, all follow
suit. They bag the money, exit in a hurry. They run outside,
jump in the getaway car, driven by Snyder.

REBECCA
And, Bird would stand guard. Then
they'd run; a getaway car waiting
outside.

- Later. They drop the loot in front of Deluca, who grins.

BACK TO SCENE.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
The last time, the teller froze.

BANK. FLASHBACK.

The FEMALE TELLER is frozen in fear. Paralyzed. Bird pulls
out his GUN from his waistband, to Julian's surprise. It
doesn't help.

ANGLE, BUTTON hit. The silent alarm, under the table.

Now, Frantic - they *hear sirens* - *RUN*.

BIRD
HURRY THE FUCK UP! PUT THE MONEY IN
THE BAG!

REBECCA (V.O.)
They ran out of time.

OUTSIDE BANK. FLASHBACK.

Snyder and Dante wait in Getaway Car, hear the sirens and flee, leaving them stranded.

Running, Julian and Bird, down streets, take corners; all met by cops and LOUDER SIRENS. They're fucked. The COPS close, and they give up.

SPINNING around them, Bird drops his gun, off come their masks. They fall to the ground -- taking forever. They're cuffed.

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Jack arrives, hands the stolen bag over. It's rushed away, not opened at the scene.

COURTROOM. FLASHBACK.

In courtroom: The SLAM of the GAVEL, and the CLINK of a jail cell heard -- as Julian turns back to see Rebecca, hopeless and dissolving into a crying mess.

A few rows back, Deluca rises, walks out, spinning his key.

BACK TO FARMERS MARKET. PRESENT.

REBECCA
Bird got more time because of the
gun. It wasn't even loaded.
(rolls her eyes)

BEN
Did you know?...

REBECCA
Yeah, I knew.... But, I loved
him... I guess I've not been too
lucky in that department, either.

INT. COURTROOM - FLASHBACK

The GAVEL is SMASHED down, and the judge looks at Julian, who looks back to see --

Rebecca looking hopeless, a few rows back Deluca rises, and walking out, spins his key. Rebecca dissolves into a sobbing mess.

I/E. REBECCA'S CAR - DUSK

Later, Rebecca walks Ben to his gate, again.

REBECCA
I hope I see you again, soon.

BEN
I'd say the same, *but...* I'll have
to settle for *hearing you...* The
pleasure was all mine.

He smiles. Her phone VIBRATES; she looks, then silences it.
Ben pulls out the flowers he bought.

BEN (CONT'D)
For you....

Rebecca takes the flowers. Then, she kisses him on the cheek.
Beat... She exits, they go their respective directions.

INT. JULIAN AND REBECCA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Julian waits, he's prepared/ordered dinner. Rebecca enters,
ignores him and walks out to the patio.

JULIAN
Hi...

He follows.

PATIO.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Where you been?...

REBECCA
Out.

Contrite, he's trying to patch up things, not getting far.

JULIAN
Are you hungry?... You're mad?...
I'm sorry. Ok, I messed up. Can we
move on?... What do you want me to
say, I'm sorry?

REBECCA
For what? Leaving your brother, to
hang out with your degenerate
friend? Getting drunk? Starting
this shit all over again --

JULIAN
Can we just calm down, a little
bit? I went out, ok? Nothing's
starting over. Jesus Christ. It's
not the end of the world.

REBECCA
It's not the end of the world,
Julian -- but you promised.
(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You promised me. That, apparently,
means nothing...

She exits, back into the house. He follows.

JULIAN

I'm not saying it means *nothing*.
Fuck! Does it have to mean
everything?! People fuck up, make
mistakes. I'm SORRY!

REBECCA

I'm glad we could have this talk...

JULIAN

(gathering to exit)
Fuck, I'm outta here. I don't need
a girlfriend who acts like a
fucking warden.

REBECCA

Thanks for reminding me.

JULIAN

I got bigger shit to worry about.

With that he slams the door on his way out.

I/E. BEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

KNOCK, KNOCK. Julian knocks on Ben's door. Beat. It opens.

JULIAN

Hey bro. It's me...

BEN

Julian. Is everything ok?...

JULIAN

Sorry to take off last night.

BEN

It's ok.

JULIAN

No. It's not... You busy? Take a
drive?...

INT. VAN - LATER

They drive.

BEN

Bird seems like an interesting
fellow.

Beat. Julian shakes his head, frustrated but not letting on.

JULIAN
You could say that... I'm hungry.

BEN
I could eat.

I/E. IN N OUT DRIVE-THROUGH - LATER

Julian drives, pulls into the drive through...

Moments later. They pull up to the second window. They wait.
Beat. Out of nowhere --a PLANE ROARS by, overhead.

Startled, momentarily - then the jet SOUNDS recede, landing
somewhere off-frame. Ben muses...

BEN
Airports... always intrigue me. I
hear people coming and going,
imagine them starting new lives...

He smiles to himself; Julian receives the BAG, pulls away
from the drive-thru.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY, EL SEGUNDO - DUSK

Planes from LAX take off over the ocean. Julian stares off,
worried and preoccupied. He has no appetite. Ben eats,
happily.

JULIAN
Is that what you did? Got on a
plane... started a new life?

BEN
(still munching on burger)
More or less.

JULIAN
That's pretty bold... especially,
with --

BEN
With my *condition* --

JULIAN
No, I mean --

BEN
It's ok, you can say it. It's a
reality. I *am blind*... It's *my*
reality. I guess it is bold...

JULIAN
What made you do it?

BEN
To be honest, I don't know... I think I was sick of *being the blind guy*. You know? So, I left... I didn't tell people, I didn't ask their permission. I felt like people felt sorry for me. I don't want pity.

JULIAN
Fuck that.

BEN
Exactly... I could have said bye.

JULIAN
You didn't. Why not?

BEN
My mind was made up. I was going. Then -- I was gone.

JULIAN
Can I ask you a philosophical question?

BEN
Are we getting *deep*, now?

Julian smirks, then poses.

BEN (CONT'D)
Are we getting *deep*, now?

Julian smirks, then poses.

JULIAN
Maybe... Do you think we're destined to be one way or another. Or do you decide? Each person, their own destiny?

BEN
Nature versus nurture, huh? Why do you ask?

JULIAN
Sometimes. I feel like I'm going in circle. Or, I can't get out of my own way...

BEN
The world will ask you who you are, and if you don't know, the world will tell you. Carl Jung, thought that.

JULIAN
What do you think?

BEN
I think you can be whoever you want, wherever you want... But, you have to *know*... *I'm made it here, somehow*. But, how we met -- maybe that is fate, at work...

Julian watches another plane take off. He thinks... *why not?*

JULIAN
I fucked up, Ben. Last night... I fucked up, and I don't know if I can fix it...

BEN
Sounds serious.

JULIAN
Bird bet on a boxing match, and he lost. Now we have to pay them back.

BEN
Sounds more like Bird's problem.

JULIAN
Yeah, but -- somehow I got mixed up in all of it. I'm on the hook, too. I can't walk it back, and these aren't gonna forget.

BEN
What are you gonna do?

JULIAN
That's what I'm tryin' to figure out.

BEN
Maybe you can pay them back in installments.

JULIAN
These guys don't work like that. And, it would take *forever*. It has crossed my mind that maybe, that's what this guy wants -- for us to be in his debt, and be forced to come back and work for him.

Ben listens, his responses are patient and measured.

BEN
What's this guy's name? The one you own money to?

JULIAN
Deluca. Vincent Deluca. He's not a good guy... I'm fucked.

BEN
How much do you owe?

JULIAN
We owe eight-five thousand dollars.

BEN
That's a lot...

JULIAN
Sorry, to tell you this. I don't
have any else...

BEN
Does Rebecca know?

JULIAN
God, no. I told her I was done.

BEN
Do you got a plan?...

Ben listens, his responses are measured.

JULIAN
The only thing I know -- that will
give me that kind of money, in this
kind of time.

BEN
A bank...

Another plane takes off, this one close and becomes
deafening, as it screams overhead.

INT. JULIAN AND REBECCA'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Julian enters, finds Rebecca on the patio. She rises, to
exit. He tries to calm the situation.

JULIAN
(softly)
Hang on a second... I'm sorry.

He moves to her, kisses her forehead.

REBECCA
I know... I've heard it before.

JULIAN
I didn't ask you to wait for me.

REBECCA
But, I did. Sometimes, people want
different things.

JULIAN
I love you.

REBECCA
I love you too, Julian. But maybe,
that's not enough.

JULIAN
What do you mean?

REBECCA
I won't wait again.

Rebecca retreats to the bedroom, leaving Julian alone with his thoughts.

I/E. VAN/PLAYGROUND - THE NEXT DAY

A safe distance away, and out of sight; Julian watches -- Rebecca emerges from the school, surrounded by her YOUNG STUDENTS for recess. They run and play, and some talk to her. She's a natural.

IN VAN. Julian's PHONE DINGS. He looks, then drives off.

I/E. BEN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Ben opens the door, he seems more business today.

JULIAN
Hey. You said you wanted to see me?

BEN
Yes. Come in...

Ben fills the tea kettle, puts it on, gets cups. But, he's more adept in his surroundings now.

JULIAN
What's up?

BEN
You know what we were talking about the other night?

JULIAN
Which part?

BEN
All of it. I was thinking -- Why don't you just leave, take Rebecca. Get on a plane, and start over. Go.

JULIAN
I can't.

BEN
Yes, you can. I did it.

JULIAN
I can't fly. My parole. She loves her job, the kids. I can't --

BEN
You can't or you won't?... Ok, then
-- What if I help you?

JULIAN
What do you mean?

Beat. The kettle whistles. Ben, much more adroitly now, turns off the stove and pours their tea.

BEN
Last night after you told me about your *predicament*, I did some research. Did you know that most robberies are now done, electronically?

JULIAN
No.

BEN
The last few years, that's how -- using computers, technology... Julian, The skill I have, why I can work from anywhere is I'm able to scour and source information - in ways that even people with vision, cannot. And, I'm quite adept.

JULIAN
What are you telling me?

BEN
I have an idea -- more of a proposal.

JULIAN
This isn't something you want to get mixed up in... Brother, these guys are dangerous.

BEN
Well, you're running out of time, and options. Let me tell you my idea, then decide. Just listen...

Julian is skeptical, but curious.

JULIAN
Ok... what you got?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Julian crosses with THREE CUPS of COFFEE. He gets in the Van, passes the cups around, Bird sits shotgun, and Ben in back.

JULIAN
Anything?

BIRD
Nothing yet.

Beat. They watch the people coming and going from the bank.

JULIAN
(to Ben)
Why do blind people always wear
sunglasses? Is it a fashion thing?

BIRD
No, it's cause they don't to weird
people out when they *almost look at*
you. You know when they're like --

Bird cartoonishly mimics a blind person. It's more of a
caricature.

BEN
Hang out with a lot of blind
people, do you Bird?... Not all
blind people are *completely* blind.
Many, like myself are what's called
low vision. We see some, shapes
mostly. Often, our eyes are overly
sensitive especially to Ultraviolet
rays. It's called photosensitivity.
That's why we wear sunglasses.

JULIAN
I see... I mean -- I understand.

BIRD
So, he *knows*... everything? Knows-
knows? Deluca, and everything --

JULIAN
Yes, Bird.

Julian nods. Ben jumps in.

BEN
Julian told me your situation Bird.
I also recognize that time is of
the essence. So why don't we --

BIRD
Look, I know Jules is normally the
brains of the operation, but I do
have some experience. We've done
this before. Granted, the last job,
didn't go so hot, my fault. And
it's not like I mind splitting it
three-ways. I'm not greedy, but...
(turns back, to Ben)
Bro. And, I'm not trying to be a
dick but -- I'm not sure what
you're bringing to the table, here.

JULIAN
Bird --

BIRD
Like, for example -- how you gonna
spot if they hit a silent alarm?

BEN
You're right, I can't.

JULIAN
Shut up, Bird --

BIRD
Or check for dye-backs --

BIRD (CONT'D)
Hold on, these are valid questions.
Or somebody runs out the door and
calls 911. Or if the guard is some
cowboy and pulls out a fucking
gun, and sticks to my fucking head!
You can't hear that!

BEN
No, I can't.

JULIAN
Shut up and listen.

BIRD
Listen?! Listen to yourself, Jules!

BEN
I'm here to help.

BIRD
How?! No offense, but apparently
I'm the only who hasn't forgotten
that he -- IS FUCKING BLIND!

JULIAN
Jesus Christ, shut the fuck up.

BIRD
No... This is stupid.

BEN
Bird, did you know that last year
there were 1,450 bank robberies,
and 87% we're done electronically,
online, using computers.

BIRD
So? What, you hack into their
emails?

BEN
It's a touch more complicated, but
you're on the right track. The
world is changing, Bird. It's not
done the old stick em up way, with
guns.

BIRD
Fine, they don't got guns, but you
know what they do got? FUCKING
EYES?! Look, Ben I don't know you,
but you seem cool.

(MORE)

BIRD (CONT'D)

And, you're Jules' brother so that practically makes you my brother, but this isn't fucking around time.

BEN

I understand.

BIRD

No, I don't think you understand. If we don't pay Deluca by Friday night. He's comin after us. Do you know what he does to guys that owe him this much money?

BEN

No.

BIRD

He's a sadistic fuck. He'll duct-tape you to a chair in your living room and he makes you watch as he kills everyone you love -- and then he'll gut you, and watch you bleed out.

JULIAN

Goddamn it! Just shut the fuck up for a second! We're running out of time!

BIRD

You're right, and this is a waste of it. Because, come Friday, I'm doing it. If I have to do it alone, so be it.

(getting out)

Ben, good to see you again. It might be the last time.

Frustrated, Bird exits the car, walks away. Julian exits, catches up to him as Ben stays, hears their muffled voices.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

On the street Bird and Jules continue.

BIRD

He's fucking blind, man. You need to get your head examined.

JULIAN

It's not like that... We need him. He can help. We don't have many choices here, man. If we don't come up with the money, we're done. We're dead. If we get caught, we're going back in and we're pretty much dead anyway, 'cause he'll have us killed inside.

BIRD
You trust him?

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

From inside, Ben can hear the men argue, muffled. Then, Bird reluctantly walks back, gets in the van.

BIRD
Ok, I'm listening. But, I have one question. Say, this "*plan*" of yours works. Knock on wood --
(Bird knocks on window)

BEN
That's glass.

BIRD
Whatever. What I wanna know is -- Why are you doing this? And don't say some out of the goodness of your heart, bullshit...

BEN
Fair enough, Bird. You're right. I'll admit, my motivation isn't purely altruistic. I'm blind, as you astutely pointed out. What I get is -- *my sight back. Possibly. There's a new procedure, might be a long shot, but -- it's worth it, to me. Maybe, it could restore my vision. But... it's expensive. So, now you know.*

BIRD
Ok... let's hear it.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- MITCH (40s) and JUSTIN (30s) leave their respective **homes**, in UNIFORM. They drive to work.

- VAN. Julian, Bird and Ben follow, a safe distance behind.

- BRINKS LOT. The men arrive, SCAN their KEYCARDS and enter the chainlink gate. BARBED WIRE trim all the way around.

BEN (V.O.)
They've been partners for 3 years.
They make forty-eight thousand dollars a year and have nine sick days, and twenty days of vacation,.

- Inside BANK. The guards approach the GLASS DOOR, are met by the manager, who lets them in. Bird and Julian sit in the lobby, discreetly casing the interaction.

- VAN. Julian, Bird and Ben follow. Watch as the guards exit with the BAG of money to deposit, following protocol. They return and drive away.

- BRINKS LOT. Mitch and Justin return. Gate opens. They drop off their Brinks Truck and drive off in their cars.

BEN (V.O.)
The same route, same routine, four
days a week, three banks a day...

EXT. ROOF OF BUILDING ADJACENT TO BRINK LOT - DAY

On roof, the men look down as the guards exit, leave work for the day. Julian lowers the BINOCULARS, looks to Bird and Ben.

BEN
Except not tomorrow. Tomorrow they
aren't going to walk into Wells
Fargo, you guys are.

BIRD
We're stealing the truck? Before?

BEN
That's right. Why steal the money --
when they'll give it to you.

BIRD
Bullshit. Won't work.

JULIAN
It could work.

BEN
It has worked. I read about it,
online.

BIRD
(sarcastic)
Oh, well if you read about it
online --

INT. UNIFORM STORE - DAY

Julian buys TWO BRINKS UNIFORMS, the same as the guards. He gets pants, and boots, pays in cash and exits.

BIRD (V.O.)
What about the guards that don't
show up for work?

JULIAN (V.O.)
We can deal with them.

BIRD (V.O.)
I dunno. I think we should do it
the old way.

BACK TO ROOF.

JULIAN
Bird, we don't have time... This is
a better shot... We cut in tonight.

EXT. BRINKS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Julian and Bird **cut** through the fences. They scuttle under, wait as the CCTV SECURITY CAMERAS PAN. They stay out of sight, hiding beneath the truck's undercarriage.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - TRANSITION TO MORNING

Downtown. The night recedes as day breaks in fast motion.

I/E. BRINKS PARKING LOT/OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The gate jerks open, Mitch, (Brinks Guard 1) careens in, parks. He enters the office, gets KEYS for the Truck outside.

Mitch greets DAVE (50s) the portly office manager, who lackadaisically watches the monitors. These monitors show the activity of the lot, and other monitors the activity in the cabs, when drivers are on route.

MITCH
Dave. How's it going?

DAVE
Mitch. Same shit.

MITCH
Different day.

Mitch waves, and WE SEE Justin (Brinks Guard 2) entering through the monitors. Mitch exits to meet him.

LOT.

Justin parks, exits. He passes Mitch on his way to SCAN in.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Hurry up, dipshit.

JUSTIN
Mornin' to you too, princess.

Mitch waits by the truck. Keys in hand, and before he knows it Julian is upon him. He gets him in a sleeper-hold. He's out. Quick ZIP-TIE'd, the chuck him in the back of the cab.

Moments later, Justin exits - goes to the van.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Where the fuck he go?

Bird tries the same, Justin fights him off. Luckily Dave doesn't see on the MONITORS. Julian helps, and Justin is ZIP-TIED, duct-taped, also thrown in back.

I/E. ARMORED BRINGS TRUCK/STREET - CONTINUOUS

They hop in the BRINKS TRUCK, replace NAME TAGS and KEYCARDS, start the engine and careen to the gate. It jerks open.

Hats low they drive out of the Brinks lot. The monitors show two drivers, all routine.

Julian speaks to Ben, live --

JULIAN
We're out of the lot.

They drive down the street, eyes scanning everything.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS

Ben sits in the meals on wheels van, monitoring the Truck on his computer. He speaks to Jules through an earpiece.

BEN
Good. Ok, the guard's name is Don,
the Manager's name is Mary.

I/E. ARMORED BRINGS TRUCK/STREET - CONTINUOUS

JULIAN
Got it.

BIRD
(to Bird)
Do you think this is going to work?

JULIAN
It better. Too late to turn back
now.

They pull up to the bank. Nervous Beat. Julian and Bird exchange a look. Deep breath.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Let's go.

They get out, walk into the bank.

INT. WELLS FARGO - DAY

They enter, bee-line to the glass door, three-inches thick, passing the BANK GUARD, DON (50s).

JULIAN
(warmly)
Don.

DON
Morning.

They arrive at the door, which separates the area for patrons and the interior bank office.

MARY (30s) black, and by-the-book. She meets them at the door, already skeptical, not recognizing them.

JULIAN
Morning, Mary.

Bird and Jules raise their IDs, she looks through the glass.

Mary
Where's Mitch and Justin?

JULIAN
Sick.

MARY
Both, of 'em?

She pauses, gives the ID's a once over, more skeptical.

JULIAN
Guess somethin's going around.

BIRD
(pushing it)
You know, makes sense. They do spend a lot of time together.

MARY
You're their replacements? I didn't get a call.

JULIAN
Yes, Ma'am. You can call it in if you like. We can wait. But --

Julian checks his watch nonchalantly, indicating he's on a schedule. Bird smiles.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Could you do it now -- we're kind of on a schedule.

Mary eyes them wearily, then TAPS in a CODE in, GREEN LIGHT, the door UNLOCKS. Julian opens it, they follow her inside. An ASSISTANT MANAGER, CLARA (30s) rises, walks with them.

The manager and assistant manager both insert keys and turn simultaneously. The door CLICKS and they open it.

INT. BANK VAULT - MOMENTS LATER

A stack of cash lays on the table three feet high, by two feet deep and two feet wide. They bank managers leave. Julian and Bird share a look and start to bag it, Bird moving fast.

JULIAN
Slow down... It's not a race.

Back at her desk Mary pauses, looks in the direction of the bank vault. She thinks for a moment, then picks up her phone.

INT. ROBBERY / HOMICIDE DIVISION - THAT MOMENT

Jack, in suit, sits at a desk full of paperwork and screens.

Outside his window a 'Pit', harboring the rest of the division buzzes with activity. MARIA, arrives at his door excitedly.

MARIA
We've got a 211, 'in-progress'.

Jack springs to life, out of his chair, they move to the pit.

JACK
(walking)
Where?

MARIA
Wells Fargo, Mid-Wilshire.

INT. WELLS FARGO BANK - CONTINUOUS

MARY
What are their names?

She jots down the information on a pad of paper.

MARIA
Can I have their ID numbers?
(listens)
Why wasn't I informed there was-

INT. VAN, PARKING STRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS

Ben has intercepted the call, speaks to Mary from a headset. His computer in front of him, reads with his fingers.

BEN
Oversight on our part. I apologize.
(listens)
Yes, this is Steven Parker. Would
you like my ID number?

A bird's eye view of the LA metropolitan area. RED DOTS of BANKS begin to pop up as he orchestrates KEYSTROKES.

INT. ROBBERY/HOMICIDE DIVISION, PIT - CONTINUOUS

Jack and the Maria hurry out with other agents in tow. Then, another agent PATRICK(30s), stands and yells out.

PATRICK
Another one. Palms. Silent alarm.

Jack looks at him incredulously. Starts to delegate.

JACK
Maria, take Frank, and Joe, alert --

A third field agent, BILL (40s) calls out.

3rd Field agent
Another one, Montana and Sixth.

Jack, Maria and the crew are momentarily befuddled.

JACK
What the fuck is going on?!...

INT. VAN, PARKING STRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS

BEN
Was there anything else I can help you with, Mary?... Then, you have a wonderful day. Bye, now.

INT. WELLS FARGO BANK, VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Mary arrives carrying a clipboard. They finish packing up. She hands Jules a clipboard.

MARY
How long have you been with Brinks?

JULIAN
About two years.
(re: Bird)
He's newer... our normal route is Mid-Wilshire.

Julian scans quickly, finding where to sign.

MARY
Mid-Wilshire, huh?... How's Jim Peterson doing over there?

Beat. She's testing him. Julian signs.

JULIAN
He's ok -- all things considered... We've met before. You don't remember?

Julian hands back the clipboard, smiles at her. She smiles back, politely.

MARY
Remind me your name?

JULIAN
(taps his badge)
Mark. Mark Johnson.

They walk to the glass door, she BUZZES them out. They proceed across the lobby.

BANK VAULT.

Mary retreats to the room they just left. She sees a POUCH that's fallen off the table, grabs it and goes after them.

BANK LOBBY.

MARY
Wait! Mark!

Nearly at the door, they freeze. Julian turns around.

MARY (CONT'D)
You dropped this...

She hands it to him, he secures it with the rest.

JULIAN
Close one. Somebody woulda been upset. Thanks, Mary...

He turns and walks back, they pass Don the security guard.

BIRD
See ya Dan.

DON
Don.

MARY'S DESK, BANK.

Mary's phone rings. She picks up.

MARY
Hi Rob. Thanks for returning... Oh, nothing, was just confirming the replacement Brinks team... What?...

She looks out the window as Julian and Bird pack up the truck. Panic spreads across her face. She knows. Mary hits the ALARM under her desk.

INT. ROBBERY / HOMICIDE DIVISION, PIT - DAY

Agent Patrick hangs up the phone.

PATRICK
Another a false alarm.

Agent Three hangs up also.

3RD FIELD AGENT
Same here.

Jack and Maria look at each other.

JACK
Jesus Christ! Somebody tell me what
the fuck is going on?! --

Then AGENT FOUR, still on the line.

AGENT FOUR
Hang on, this sounds real. Wells
Fargo, Washington Blvd. Confirmed.

The team moves, rushing now.

EXT. STREET/BRINKS'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Julian shuts the back, hurries to the cab. Bird's in, as Ben alerts them through the earpiece.

BEN (V.O.)
Umm, guys. Not to cause any panic,
but it appears they may be onto us.
So, get out of *there*... Now.

Mary follows Don, who's gun is unsheathed as they race out to stop them. Doors shut. Julian starts the engine, guns it.

DON/SECURITY GUARD MARY

Hold it! Stop!

They race by, with Mary and Don whipping past the window.

I/E. ARMORED BRINKS TRUCK/STREET - DAY

Julian drive picking up speed. He flies through the streets.

GO! GO! GO!! BIRD

They continues like a bat outta hell.

I/E. UNMARKED COP CAR/STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jack floors it, whips around a corner. Maria on the RADIO.

MARIA
 All units, robbery in progress.
 They're in a Brinks truck, leaving
 36th and Mayfair, heading south.

I/E. ARMORED BRINKS TRUCK/STREET - DAY

Julian flies through traffic, he pushes through red lights.
 They hear the SIRENS. He maneuvers into oncoming lanes,
 swerves to miss traffic.

BIRD
 I say we ditch it, Jules!

JULIAN
 No! We stick to the plan! We're
 almost there.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Ben's FINGERS move quickly. He executes moves, lightning
 fast. A STREET GRID shows he is orchestrating the RED LIGHTS.

INT. UNMARKED COP CAR/STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jack drives fast, but is frustrated.

JACK
 WHAT the FUCK?! *Why is every light*
 RED!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Julian rounds into an Alley. He CLIPS a parked car, rams
 right through it. Checking his mirrors, he speeds up.

BIRD
 They're comin', Jules! Not good!

JULIAN
 I KNOW, BIRD!

I/E. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Julian slows, pulls into a PARKING GARAGE. They wind up,
 scraping the ROOF, keep going - faster, winding up.

They park, exit fast; next to his VAN. The door slides open,
 revealing Ben, where he's been working on his computer.

Out comes the money, into the VAN. They strip off their
 clothes, douse the inside with BLEACH.

JULIAN
Let's go! LET'S GO!

BIRD
I'm goin'!
(pauses, looks at
GUN/BELT)
I'm gonna keep this.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
No! Stick to the plan! Let's go!

INT. BRINKS CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dave, the security at the Brinks location has rebooted his system. A light pops up on their location.

DAVE/BRINKS CONTROL ROOM GUARD
It's back up. Flower and Sixth.
Three blocks south. It's parked.

EXT. STREET/SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Maria hangs up. Jack drives, flying, SIREN ON.

MARIA
Flower and Sixth, parking garage.

JACK
They're dumping it.

MARIA
We can get there first.

Jack PUNCHES it. Through the street they fly, a caravan of POLICE CARS, marked and unmarked. Maria spots the garage.

MARIA (CONT'D)

THERE!

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Dragging the Guards out of the back, they **douse** the carriage with LIGHTER FLUID. Julian strikes a MATCH, tosses it.

CUT TO:

ENTRANCE to Garage. Jack flies in, winding up, faster and faster. The caravan SCREECHES to a halt, finding the truck, BURNING. They get out, GUNS drawn.

FLAMES lick the interior, as doused paper burns. The Guards propped outside the van, DUCT TAPED eyes, still Zip-tied.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Back side of garage. Julian pulls into traffic, SQUAD CARS SPEED by, SIRENS blaring. They drive in silence... Tense...

JULIAN
Holy shit...

BIRD
It worked...

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Above, Jack scours the traffic like a hawk. But they're gone. Pissed, he walks past the scene, the guards are cut free, the TAPE ripped off them.

Frustrated, Jack hits the open truck door, as the FIRE EXTINGUISHER, blasts out the rest of the fire.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - DAY

Packed inside their storage unit, Bird reattaches the original license plates to the van. The money sits on a table, counted, and divvied into three portions.

JULIAN
One-hundred forty-seven thousand.
We split three ways. in all. Forty-
nine thousand, each.

Jules steps back, he looks to Bird and Ben. Bird laughs.

BIRD
Not bad for a couple hours work.

They bag it, exit, locking the storage locker behind them.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Julian tosses the trash into a dumpster.

EXT. SECLUDED BEACH - DUSK

They arrive at a secluded beach. Bird strips to his underwear, dives in splashing around like a kid, free.

Ben and Jules take their time, disrobe and talk as they feel their way into the water.

BEN
Are we safe?

JULIAN
I think so...

BEN
We did it.

JULIAN
You did it... How do you feel?

BEN
Still nervous, actually.

JULIAN
That's normal. Give it a little
time. It'll go away...

Ben reaches for Julian, who offers a hand as they wade in.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
You gonna do it... the surgery?

Bird yells out to them, frolics about happily from afar.

BIRD
C'mon! Get in, Motherfuckers!
WOOHOO!!

BEN
Yeah...

JULIAN
I thought you'd be more excited...

BEN
I am excited... I've been blind so
long. I've almost forgotten what
it's like... almost. Seeing -- was
so busy, all the colors, and
activity; it feels overwhelming...
It's hard to explain -- but there's
a silence to it... I'm probably not
making much sense...

JULIAN
I think I know what you mean...
You're gonna be ok.

~~BEN~~
Hey, Julian... I'm glad we found
each other.

JULIAN
Me too, brother.

Ben takes a deep breath and dives under the water. Julian
watches him, then follows - he dives in. They frolic and
laugh, Julian dunks Bird.

E./I. JULIAN AND REBECCA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Louis KNOCKS on the door. REBECCA answers, but doesn't
recognize him.

LOUIS
You're Rebecca.

REBECCA
Who are you?

LOUIS
My name is Louis, I'm --

REBECCA
I know who you are...

LOUIS
Is Julian home?

REBECCA
He's at work... Is everything ok?

Louis
Yeah... Just -- Have him call me,
when he gets home.

REBECCA
Ok... I'll tell him.

LOUIS
Nice to meet you, Rebecca.

Louis exits, she shuts the door.

INT. DELUCA'S DIVE BAR - EVENING

Jules enters breezes past Dante and Snyder, carrying the bag of money. He plops it down on the table where Deluca eats..

JULIAN
It's all there. Everything you're
owed. Bird's done, and so am I...

Deluca puts down his fork, and unzips the bag.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
We're done. Ok?...

DELUCA
Where'd you get it?...

Julian heads for the door. Deluca calls after him.

DELUCA (CONT'D)
Jules, you better not be taking
scores and not givin' me a piece. I
get a piece of everything!... Hey!

Julian continues walking. Dante, seated, grabs Julian's sleeve. Julian FLICKS out a STILETTO BLADE, CLICK. He looks down at Dante, dead serious.

JULIAN
(to Dante)
You wanna keep that hand, you
better let go.

Dante releases his grip, surprised and fearful.

DELUCA
We haven't counted it yet!

Beat. Julian turns back to Deluca.

JULIAN
It's all there... Bird's not
betting with you any more. You
understand?

Julian FLICKS the KNIFE back in, then walks out.

EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE DIVE BAR - EVENING

Jules gets in the car.

BIRD
We good?

JULIAN
We're done.

They drive away.

INT. JULIAN AND REBECCA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

REBECCA watches the news, sips wine. A meal set, not eaten.

REPORTER (ON TV)
This morning at approximately
9:30am two men impersonating
Armored Truck Drivers robbed a
Wells Fargo --

E/I. JULIAN AND REBECCA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Julian ascends the stairs, enters with flowers in hand. He
kisses her cheek.

REBECCA
Thank you. What are these for?

JULIAN
Do I need a reason?... Smells
delicious.

She manages a subdued smile, puts the flowers in a vase.

REBECCA
Your parole officer came by.

JULIAN
...What did he want?

REBECCA
He wanted you to call him.

Puzzled, he sits. He notices she's not joining him.

Julian sits, Rebecca sets the remote down, picks up her wine and heads to the other room.

JULIAN
You're not eating?

Beat. Julian unmutes the tv, audio bleeds into the room, low.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jack watches the same news.

REPORTER
We've not seen this type of robbery
leaving local authorities and the
FBI scratching their heads as to
how the robbers were able to pull
off --

Jack turns of the set, throws the remote down. Pissed.

INT. ROBBERY/HOMICIDE DIVISION, PIT - THE NEXT DAY

A TEAM is assembled for debriefing. Jack and Maria up front.

Jack
What do we know?

She hits the lights, as he flips through SLIDES.

INTERCUT. SLIDES/STILLS in room & FLASHBACKS of the robbery.

FLASHBACK - the FENCE is CUT, Julian and Bird slide under, wearing black. Investigation STILLS of FENCE.

JACK (CONT'D)
They cut in, waited till morning,
then jumped the guards.

- Julian and Bird overpowering, then Zip-tie the guards. They exit the gate. The real guards inside the cab.

JACK (CONT'D)
Facial recognition hasn't got us
anything. The cameras are too far
away, and they kept their heads
down. They knew the guard and bank
manager by name.

FLASHBACK - Jules and Bird enter, hold up ID badges. She opens the door. Moments later, she calls to follow up, is intercepted by Ben.

MARIA

When she called it in to confirm about the substitute guards, she spoke with a "Male", who verified and had the correct security codes. So they were working with someone on the outside.

FLASHBACK - Ben orchestrating on his computer, from van. Jack and Maria, in pit confused. They hit red lights, find the van, after they've torched it.

JACK

This information isn't easy to come by -- so this means they are technically proficient. And, we all remember the false alarms and red lights jamming us all the way down. A nice touch.

CLICK. More SLIDES shown, CLOSER on Julian and Bird, hats on heads down, not clean enough shots.

Surveillance Video - Jules and Bird exit the bank with money.

FLASHBACK - Jules and Bird exiting Truck, bleaching, burning clothes, driving off with Ben.

MARIA

The Brinks truck was dropped seven blocks away in a parking garage, bleached, torched, the interior, uniforms any and everything else.

FLASHBACK - Stack of money in storage facility.

FLASHBACK Beach. Ben and Bird in the ocean, Jules watches smiling, before running in to join.

BACK TO SCENE.

Lights come up, Jack looks around the room. Dead serious.

JACK

In and out. They didn't use guns. They walked in and we essentially handed them one hundred and forty-six thousand dollars without any problems.... Now we go get it back.

MARIA

Look at recent robberies, recent parolees -- past six months. Flag anything that seems similar, from high-profile down to regular 211s.

JACK

The bank's surveillance footage, anybody coming and going the past few weeks. And, there are eleven CCTV cameras within a four block radius.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
 They must've cased the joint. So,
 they're in there somewhere in
 there... Guys, they did their
 homework, let's go do ours and go
 get these guys.

People rise, move. The pit starts buzzing with activity.

MARIA
 And remember, there's at least one
 more in their crew.

I/E. BEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ben feeds a Bird in it's cage, near the window. A KNOCK.
 Moments later, he opens the door. It's Bird, with a GIFT.

BIRD
 Hey Ben. It's me buddy.

BEN
 Bird. Come in.

Bird enters, shuts the door. Ben puts on the tea kettle.

BEN (CONT'D)
 Can I offer you something to drink?

BIRD
 Sure... I know Jules said we
 weren't supposed to buy anything,
 but -- I got you something... Here,
 open it.

Bird hands Ben his gift, Ben feels his way and opens it.

BIRD (CONT'D)
 It's a warm-up jacket, like the
 players wear.

Inside, a WARM-UP JACKET. Ben runs his hands over it.

BIRD (CONT'D)
 Cool, huh?... It's even engraved
 with your name. See?... Try it on.

Bird shows Ben, who feels his way across the stitching. Ben
 slips the jacket on, he looks ridiculous, but he smiles.

BEN
 Thanks, Bird. I love it.

BIRD
 Sorry if I gave you a hard time
 before. I just -- didn't know, if I
 could trust you...

Ben retreats into the kitchen. Bird slouches into a chair.

BIRD (CONT'D)

But, bro... that was amazing. What you did -- you got skills. This system is really gonna work out. I mean...it works! I say we go again, soon. Really soon...

The kettle whistles and Ben patiently pours, now enters with their tea. He sits down. Beat.

BEN

Bird, have you ever been to Vegas?

BIRD

Sure, lots of times.

BEN

Well, you know how the casinos are all lit up, and there are money machines ringing all over.

BIRD

Yeah?

BEN

Who do you think they pays for all that?

BIRD

What do you mean?

BEN

All those buildings, the lights, the grandeur - it's all paid for by those who don't know when to quit. People don't know when to walk away. We're up, Bird -- Leave it at that.

Beat. Bird's phone vibrates. He rises.

BIRD

Come on. We're late.

(rising)

We can talk about it in the car.

Ben puts down his tea, follows. They exit.

INT. CHAIN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Julian, Ben, Rebecca, and Bird sit around a table, all in high spirits. The WAITRESS (20s) arrives with two cupcakes, with single candles.

She sets in front of Julian and Ben. Rebecca claps, and Bird bangs on the table.

REBECCA
We know it's not for a couple days,
but this way we can celebrate Ben's
surgery too.

Ben smiles. Rebecca moves the cupcake a little closer to him.

BIRD
There's a candle. It's lit.

Ben's moves his hand closer, Julian guards him from burning himself.

BEN
Where?

JULIAN
Right in front of you.

REBECCA
Count of three? One, two, three...

Ben and Jules blow out their candles. They clap for them. Bird shakes Ben's shoulders. Rebecca kisses Jules, then Ben's cheek.

BIRD
Toasts!

Julian raises his glass, everyone follows suit. Beat.

JULIAN
To finding each other, after all
these years... And to Ben, best of
luck with the surgery tomorrow.

They cheers.

BEN
Thank you. I don't want to get my
hopes up, but I look forward to
seeing all of your faces.

JULIAN
Bird looks better blind.

They laugh.

BEN
To all of you. I'm so glad Julian
opened my door. It's not where you
are, but who you're with. I feel
blessed to know you, and call you
friends...

BIRD
We're family, bro.

BEN
To family.

To family. All

They cheers.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - NIGHT

Night to day transition.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Julian drives Ben to hospital. They arrive, enter.
- The DOCTOR SCRUBS IN.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Ben is prepped, in a hospital gown. Julian sits, nearby.

JULIAN
You got nothin' to lose, right?

BEN
Right...I know... If it doesn't
work -- I'll be *just the same*.

JULIAN
But, it's gonna work. Sometimes
things work out, ok?... You're
gonna see again. Have some faith.

Julian grips Ben's hand, reassuringly.

HOSPITAL. HALL - CONTINUOUS

The NURSE comes in, and they wheel his BED down the hall.
Julian walks with him, they approach swinging doors.

NURSE
Only patients beyond this point.

Julian grips Ben's hand, reassuringly.

JULIAN
Ok. I'll see you on the other side.

He lets go and Ben is wheeled through the doors.

INT. ROBBERY/HOMICIDE DIVISION, JACK'S DESK - DAY

Jack investigates the robbery footage, closely. ZOOMING IN, he tries to make out Julian's face. He clicks on a NEW FILE.

Inside it, Bird and Julian enter the bank and case it. It looks similar to the other footage.

A lightbulb goes off.

Jack scrambles through his desk, searching through MUGSHOTS. He finds Julian's, compares it to the footage.

Side-by-side, ZOOMED-IN FOOTAGE -- MUGSHOT, back, forth. His eyes narrow, grins slightly.

JACK
(calls out)
Maria!

She rushes in the room, he holds up the mugshot.

JACK (CONT'D)
Julian Knox -- What do we know?

MARIA
I'll find out.

She exits. He studies the photo.

INT. LOUIS'S PAROLE OFFICE - DAY

Julian walks in, Louis rises speaks curtly.

LOUIS
Come with me.

EXT. ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

Louis smokes.

JULIAN
Your smoking again. What's up?

LOUIS
(stressed)
What's going on with you?...

JULIAN
Nothin'. What do you mean?

LOUIS
Don't bullshit me, Jules... The day
you called in sick -- I went by
your place.

JULIAN
I heard.

LOUIS
I'm gonna ask you a question, and I
want you to be completely honest
with me... Whatever it is, we'll
figure it out. Tell me the truth...
Did you have anything to do with
that robbery?

JULIAN
... No.

LOUIS
Where the fuck where you, because
you sure as hell weren't home.

JULIAN
I was -- dealing with some shit.

LOUIS
(softening)
You were *hungover*... Well, just say
that, man! It's ok... I get it!

Julian feels like he's dodged a bullet and not about to blow
his own cover. So, he keeps mum.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
I can cover for you. Jesus, that's
what I'm here for -- How's it going
with the lady?

JULIAN
Not great.

LOUIS
Women, right?

JULIAN
What do you know about women?

LOUIS
Not much. I mean I was raised by
one, but... She's cute.
(keeps puffing)
Hey, slips are part of recovery. I
get it. I know. It's ok... You're
gonna be ok.

JULIAN
Yeah. Thanks.

Long beat. Louis puffs some more, he calms. Looking out over
the city, he changes tack, and asks...

LOUIS
What's it like? Robbing a bank...
(off Julian's incredulous
look)

JULIAN
Are you seriously asking me this
right now?

LOUIS
What?! I've always wanted to know,
yo know?!... I can't ask the other
guys.

JULIAN
Why can you ask me, and not the
other guys?

LOUIS
(earnest)
'Cause... we're friends. I just
wonder, ya know? I'm always gonna
be on the other side. Sorry, didn't
mean to make you uncomfortable --

JULIAN
No, it's fine. You're good. You
didn't...
(indulging him)
It's a rush, sure -- but, it's not
like you think. And, it certainly
isn't enjoyable. You want to get in
and out as fast as possible. Every
second feels like an eternity --
so, you go on autopilot. You move
quickly. You can't think -- you
just go. Stick to the plan. 'Cause
if you hang around -- you're done,
or your dead.

Louis is taking this all in, enjoying it while smoking.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Why, you thinkin' bout doin' a job?
I might know a couple guys?

LOUIS
I'll let you know... I don't mean
to get on your case. I just don't
want to see you get caught up... go
back in.

JULIAN
I'm never going back in... I'd
rather be dead.

LOUIS
You're a good guy, Jules... I'm
here for you. Anything at all.
I mean that.

Louis extends his hand, Julian shakes it. He exits.

INT. LUCKY'S BAR, BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dark room, with WELL DRESSED MEN play poker, Deluca among
them. Bird walks in, is obstructed by Dante at the door.

DANTE
Private game, Bird.

BIRD
I got money.

Bird flashes a WAD of CASH. Deluca sees from the table.

DELUCA
Let him through.

Bird smart-eyes Dante, limps past. He sits down, produces his stack of BILLS. The men eye him, curious.

BIRD
Room for one more?

DELUCA
Guys, this is Bird... He's from the neighborhood.

DEALER (60s) old-school, counts his money, pushes Bird's POKER CHIPS across the table to him.

DEALER
Five-thousand. Good luck.

DELUCA
Looks like both you and Jules came into some money.

BIRD
Guess we did.

The dealer shuffles, Bird and Deluca size each other up.

EXT. HOUSE / JULIAN'S VAN - DAY

Julian exits a home he's delivered to, heading to his van, he's intercepted by Jack and Maria, badges ready.

JACK
Julian... I'm Detective Jack Morris. This is Maria Lopez, with robbery/homicide. Can we have a word?

JULIAN
About what? I'm kind of busy.

JACK
It won't take long.

Julian opens his van door to exit. Jack shuts it. Maria's hand floats to the handcuffs on her belt. Beat.

MARIA
We just want to talk...

JULIAN
Do I have a choice?

JACK
You always have a choice, Julian.

Julian steps away from the van, goes willingly.

INT. HOSPITAL, OPERATING ROOM - DAY

The procedure is underway. The Doctor works meticulously. He concentrates, the NURSE dabs his brow.

DOCTOR TWO
Nice work, Doctor.

INT. LUCKY'S BAR, BACK ROOM - DAY

The Players still in, hold their cards close.

DEALER
(to Bird)
Your play, sir.

WELL DRESSED PLAYER
He's bluffing.

BIRD
Am I?... I guess I'll have to call.

The PLAYERS lay down their cards. Then, Bird, he wins and unabashedly smiles, and celebrates to their irritation.

BIRD (CONT'D)
What can I say?
(rakes in winnings)
When you're hot, you're hot.

BILL and DICK, well dressed regulars are getting annoyed. They look to Deluca.

BILL
Who the fuck is this guy?

DICK
He a pro? You plant him?

DELUCA
No. He ain't a pro.

The FEMALE SERVER (20S) attractive, approaches for drinks.

FEMALE SERVER
Would you like another drink, sir?

BIRD
Sure. I'll have -- same as Deluca.

Bird eyes Deluca, arrogantly; tips the waitress, she exits.

BIRD (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Maybe Poker's not your game, guys.
How bout Yahtzee! No, wait... I
know -- Chutes-n-ladders!

The players are not amused, least of all Deluca. Bird doesn't care, getting tipsy and arrogant. The dealer shuffles.

DICK
How many hands is that?

BIRD
I stopped counting.

DICK
What do you do if you aren't a pro?

BIRD
I rob banks.

BILL
Bullshit.

DELUCA
Thought you retired. Last one
didn't go so well.

Deluca smirks, the men enjoy taking Bird down a peg.

BIRD
A minor setback... Sometimes that's
just what you need to take a giant
leap forward.

DELUCA
Is that so...

BIRD
It is, in fact. You gotta upgrade.

BILL
On what -- robbing banks?

BIRD
Maybe. But, now I got a new
racket...

DICK
What's that?

BIRD
Same racket, better system... Oops,
almost said too much.... Raise.

Bird puts his chips in, a big raise. The men consider, most fold. Dick stays in, matches him.

DICK
Bank robber, my ass. This fuckin'
guy couldn't knock over a 7-11.

Some laughs, at Bird's expense. A CARD is FLOPPED. Dick eyes Bird, stays in. Bird raises.

BIRD
 Your opinion... But, you know what they say -- Opinions, are like assholes. Everybody's got one. But, facts. Facts are different... You know why Vegas looks the way it does? All the big buildings, lit up at night?

DICK
 No. Why?

BIRD
 Because people don't know when to walk away? They get cold and keep playin'. Take you for instance. When I walked in, you had a whole stack of chips in front of you...
 (Bird looks at his Chips)
 Now they're mine. That's a fact. Or, maybe you got a different opinion? Maybe... I'm robbing you. Right now.

Bird plays his cards, wins again. Dick slams the table. Bird's drink arrives. Bird looks at Deluca, smiles.

BIRD (CONT'D)
 Come on, I'm just playin' with you guys. Here, I'll give you a chance to win it back.

DELUCA
 (to dealer)
 Shuffle up and deal!

The men are growing more irritated by Bird.

BIRD
 Right... don't wanna get cold.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Julian is seated. Jack drops photos from the CCTV cameras of the robbery on the table in front of him.

JACK
 Recognize these?

JULIAN
 No.

Julian remains composed. More photos are dropped, cascading in succession; Bird also in them. Maria stands close.

JACK
 (referring to Bird)
 Who's that?

JULIAN
 How the fuck do I know?
 (more photos)
 Am I supposed to be seein'
 something here?

Julian belies no emotion. Then, Jack shows him his and Bird's mugshots.

JACK
 No resemblance?... You and Bird
 were convicted a year and a half
 ago. You're out six months, he's
 out *not days*... Then, two guys who
 look near-identical to you, knock
 over this bank Friday morning.

MARIA
 Quite the coincidence.

JACK
 Except, this time, you posed as
 Brinks security guards. Nice work.

He now shows the CCTV, better and clearer shots of Julian and Bird in the bank, when they cased it.

JACK (CONT'D)
 You were in there - *the day before*.

JULIAN
 So? Lots of people go into banks.

JACK
 Yeah, to open an account, make a
 deposit. Not you. No. You just sat
 there...
 (Julian stares blankly)
 You wanna tell me what you're doing
 there?

JULIAN
 Maybe, I was gonna open an account
 -- ran out of time... That a crime?

Jack drops more photos, CCTV camera from the street. Julian with coffee. Later, Jules and Bird talk outside the van.

JACK
 Here's you and your partner, Bird.
 A block away. What are you doing
 there? Julian?

JULIAN
 Looks to me like we're talkin'.
 Last I checked that's not illegal.

JACK
 You got three cups of coffee there.
 I see you, Bird -- who's else is in
 the van, Julian?

Jack points to the PHOTO where he holds THREE CUPS of COFFEE.

JULIAN
This what brought me in for?
Because, I gotta get back to work.

Julian stays cool, goes to rise. Jack barks at him.

JACK
Sit down! I'm not done...

JULIAN
No... I've been cooperative. You
got what -- Photographs? That's not
evidence.

JACK
What are you a lawyer?

JULIAN
I haven't passed the bar, but I
know enough to know that you don't
got jack shit. What you got?... a
couple photos -- me in a bank?
Holding a coffee?

Julian picks up a photo, tosses it on the desk.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
What is this? Is this your case,
detective?

MARIA
How do you know we don't got Bird?
Could be singing down the hall, as
we speak.

JULIAN
Oh do ya?... I'm assuming facial
recognition didn't give you
anything -- otherwise, you wouldn't
be tryin' to lean on me with this
bullshit. If I did do whatever
crime you're talkin' about - What
you think... This'll make me
break? I hate to tell you but I've
met people a lot scarier than you,
detective.

JACK
Pride comes before the fall.

JULIAN
You charging me with anything?...

JACK
Not yet.

JULIAN
That's what I thought. If you were
gonna arrest me by now, you woulda.
(Julian rises)
(MORE)

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Lemme know what Bird has to say...
I gotta get back to work...
(goes to door)
Open the fuckin door.

Beat. Maria meets him at it. Julian looks at Jack.

JACK
Who's the third cup of coffee for
Julian?

JULIAN
You're the detective... Figure it
out.

The door CLICKS open with a DEEP BANG. Julian walks out. Jack and Maria exchange looks, pissed and defeated.

INT. VAN - DAY

Julian calls on his phone as he drives.

JULIAN
Pick up. Pick up.

He hangs up, annoyed.

INT. LUCKY'S STRIP CLUB/BAR - DAY

The game is over. Bird gloats and cashes out. He rises, with the lion's share of the money. He heads for the door.

BIRD
Deluca. Always a pleasure.

DELUCA
Well played, Bird... Now, get the
fuck outta here.

Passing Snyder and Deluca.

BIRD
Fellas.

DANTE
How's the leg, Bird?

Beat. Bird walks out the door, into the sunlight.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Ben comes to, has bandages on his eyes. Rebeccas sits nearby, sees him rustle, feeling pain. She takes his hand.

REBECCA
Just rest... here, for the pain.

She hands him pills, water. He takes them, imbibes the water.

BEN
Where's Julian?

REBECCA
I don't know... he'll be here soon.

Ben swings his legs over the side of the bed.

BEN
Let's get out of here.

REBECCA
No, wait. You have to recover.

BEN
Not here. I hate hospitals.

He rises, she helps him up.

I/E. CAR/STREET - DAY

Ben is driven by Rebecca.

EXT. STREET/BIRD'S MOTEL - LATER

Bird limps down the street, smokes a cigarette. He's nearly to his Motel and WE SEE Deluca's escalade pull into view.

Bird is cut off by the car. Dante pops out, obstructing an escape. Deluca rolls down the window.

DELUCA
Get in, Bird...

Bird searches for an out.

DANTE
Don't think you can outrun me.

DELUCA
Get in.

Bird concedes, he gets in. Now afraid, he looks at Deluca.

BIRD
I won that money fair, man.

DELUCA
Life's not fair, Bird.

They drive off.

INT. BIRD'S MOTEL - LATER

SMACK, Bird's hit in the face, hard. He's bloody and tied up. They've been working on him for some time. Deluca oversees, lingers in the background; Dante and Snyder do the beating.

BIRD
Just take the money.

DELUCA
Oh, we will. Don't worry. But, you made me look bad. Embarrassed me.

Smack. Beat. Bird spits blood on the carpet.

BIRD
I'm sorry, ok?...

DELUCA
I want you to tell me about the score you got going on next.

BIRD
I was just talkin'. Messing around. We don't got nothin' --

Snyder hits him, knocks the wind out of him.

DELUCA
That's enough... Bird, how long we known each other.

Deluca takes off his jacket, rolls up his sleeves, takes off his rings. He moves very deliberately, no rush.

BIRD
Since you broke my leg.

DELUCA
Long before that. But, *why* did I break your leg?

BIRD
'Cause we lost a bet.

DELUCA
You lost a bet.

BIRD
I paid my debt.

Deluca
You're not afraid of me, are you Bird?

BIRD
No.

DELUCA
No. You're not. Other people are, and you know why?
(MORE)

DELUCA (CONT'D)

Because they should be. There's lots of things worse than a broken leg, Bird. Now, I want you to tell me about this score you was goin' on about.

BIRD

I told ya. There's nothin' to tell.

Deluca smashes him in the face; Bird's nose explodes.

DELUCA

Give him a towel.

Deluca goes to the sink, and wets a hand towel. He wipes the blood from Bird's face, gently. Bird moans in pain.

DELUCA (CONT'D)

You know why I've been around so long. Why I don't get knocked off?

Deluca sits down, smoke a cigarette.

BIRD

No. Why?

DELUCA

Because I'm good at what I do. I like it. I like rolling up my sleeves, getting down and dirty. I take pride in it.

BIRD

Must be lonely at the top.

DELUCA

If you slip up --

Deluca slams him in the face again, adds a few to the body. Bird's fading fast. Deluca pauses, collects his breath.

DELUCA (CONT'D)

If you slip up, just this much, let some piece of shit come in and have a lucky night at our friendly poker game... You look vulnerable, and the target on your back grows. You don't get to where I am, without snubbing out little fucking roaches like you.

Bird shakes his head, 'No'. Deluca smiles, changes. He strokes Bird's hair, affectionately. Almost like a father.

DELUCA (CONT'D)

Look at you Bird... Now, you're gonna tell me what your plan is for your next score. I know you don't do anything without your partner in crime. Tell me what you and Jules have lined up... And if you give me a piece of it... you get to live.

BIRD
There's nothing... Fuck you...

Deluca hits Bird again, wails on him for sport. Bird is barely conscious.

DELUCA
Untie his hands.

Dante gives him a questioning look.

DELUCA (CONT'D)
Untie his fucking hands!

Dante obeys the request. Deluca is gearing up to unleash hell. He's taken off his belt, wrapping it around his fist.

DELUCA (CONT'D)
Last chance, Bird-man...Tell me,
... or you, your buddy Jules, and
miss fancyface that he hangs out
with and everybody in your crew, is
gonna have a very painful rest of
their short lives!

Bird, musters enough energy to call him off.

BIRD
Ok, you win. I'll tell you...

Deluca relaxes momentarily, Bird beckons him closer. Beat. They all listen intently.

BIRD (CONT'D)
Ok... It's on Bundy. Huge take.
Ready?... It's a Chuck E. Cheese,
same place where you're mother
sucked my cock, and guzzled it all
down like the dirty whore she is.

Suddenly, Bird springs to life. He goes after Deluca with everything left in the tank.

His hand reaches into Deluca's POCKET, as he simultaneously **bites** Deluca's EAR. All are surprised, and Deluca screams.

DELUCA
AAAGGHHHH!!!... You're a dead man.

They re-tie him up, and back away as Bird spits Deluca's ear onto the carpet. Deluca's enraged -- pure evil in his eyes.

Fear spreads on Bird's face, and Deluca unleashes on him, blow after blow.

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - DUSK

The kettle WHISTLES. Rebecca take it off, prepares it.

BEN
Do you think Julian's ok?

REBECCA
I don't know. I never know...

Suddenly restless, Ben rises.

BEN
Let's go outside.

REBECCA
Are you sure?

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Rebecca guides Ben down to the beach. His eyes, still bandaged, they move gingerly. On a sand burn, alone. They sit on a blanket, a magical sunset taking shape on the horizon.

BEN (V.O.)
I'm worried it won't work -- the surgery.

REBECCA (V.O.)
I have a good feeling. And, the surgeon said it went very well...

BEN (V.O.)
I've seen before, you know. When I was young...

REBECCA (V.O.)
How old where you when...

BEN
Around 8 or 9, I think. I was diagnosed with Macular degeneracy -- It's slowly faded away, until one day... it was gone.
(she listens)
It's not like you think. You don't see black, like you imagine. You just see nothing.

BEN (CONT'D)
But, I have my four other senses. I've learned to appreciate them more, in some ways.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

WE SEE, CLOSE - as Ben imagines, and **vibrant**.

- A FLOWER blooms instantaneously. A NOSE smells it.
- A HAND moves slowly over FABRIC.
- A RIPE NECTARINE is held, then bitten into.

BEN (V.O.)
The smell of a flower, blooming...
The touch of something soft... The
taste of a fresh nectarine.

BACK TO SCENE.

Rebecca looks at her watch. She moves closer to help remove his bandages.

REBECCA
It's time. The doctor said it's ok,
now.

BEN
I can't have direct sunlight.

REBECCA
I know. The sun is almost set...

BEN
But, the sand. Are you sure?

REBECCA
It's calm. There's no wind. The sun
is about to set.

BEN
What does it look like?

She moves closer.

REBECCA
It's pink, and yellow, purple,
bouncing off the clouds. It's
beautiful.
(she holds his hand)
What do you want to see more than
anything?

BEN
If I'm being honest... You.

She kisses him. Short and sweet, then separates. Prepares.

REBECCA
It's gonna be ok, alright? Either
way...

He nods, concedes. She gently takes off the bandaging.

BEN POV: Blurry. With some color. Then, images begin to slowly take shape. He blinks. Slowly, Rebecca comes into focus.

He sees, and tears well and stream down his face, hers too. Ben smiles looks around, sees the sunset.

INT. BIRD'S MOTEL

Julian cracks the door, cautiously approaches. Finding Bird, on the ground and beaten to within an inch of his life.

The TV flickers in background. Julian crouches near. Upset, he takes Bird's hand.

JULIAN
Jesus, Bird... What did they do?

Increasingly, torn up. Julian takes his hand, Bird barely registering.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
I'm calling an ambulance.

Bird whispers, barely audible. He blinks. His head moves slightly.

BIRD
No...

JULIAN
Who did this?... Was it Deluca?...

BIRD
Yeah... Deluca... Don't leave me like this...

JULIAN
You're gonna be ok.

BIRD
I can't feel anything... Please, brother... I'm scared... I'm not gonna make it.

Tears well in their eyes. Anguished, Julian holds Bird's hand, tight as he breathes his last breath. Beat.

Julian pulls his hand away, inside is Deluca's KEY. Beat. Emotional, Julian closes Bird's eyes. He rises, takes a final look at his friend.

Julian collects himself, then wipes his fingerprints off the room, and exits.

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Ben at his birdcage by the window, he let's it fly out. He looks out, then at Rebecca. He sits by her.

REBECCA
What do you think, now that you've seen me?

BEN
True beauty is something a blind man can see, Rebecca.

She kisses him again.

REBECCA
I'm sorry... It's just, Jules never
says things like that to me... Am I
a horrible person?

BEN
Of course not.

REBECCA
I should get back.

She smiles at him, then rises and exits.

I/E. JULIAN AND REBECCA'S APARTMENT - DUSK

A KNOCK on the door, Rebecca opens it. They barge in and grab her. Snyder and Dante's strength overpowers her and Deluca carries on, overseeing.

DELUCA
She's a feisty one! I see why he
likes you!

She kicks and struggles but their strength, wins and they exit with her in tow. The door left ajar.

I/E. JULIAN AND REBECCA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Still reeling from Bird's death, Julian ascends his stairs, enters. He sees the signs of struggle, a knocked over chair.

Julian calls out, moves room to room, growing more concerned. Then, on his phone -- an incoming FaceTime *from* Rebecca.

Answering, he sees her -- tied up, a handkerchief muffles her angry and fearful yells.

The camera/phone pans to Deluca.

INTERCUT. DELUCA AND JULIAN, IN APARTMENT.

JULIAN
You do anything to her - you touch
her, and I'm gonna --

DELUCA
You're gonna what?! Your not gonna
do shit! - Except, exactly what I
tell you. You understand, Jules?!
Do you understand me?!... Say it!!

JULIAN
I understand...

DELUCA
I'm holding all the cards here.
So, shut the fuck up! Or miss fancy-
face here, ain't gonna be so pretty
for much longer.

JULIAN
What do you want?

DELUCA
Before was talking a big game --
before his untimely end. And, to
his credit, he didn't give up much.
But, I know you got a new score. I
don't want to get in the way.
Finish it -- Then give me what's
mine. That's it. That's all.

JULIAN
Ok, Vincent. How am I supposed to
do it if you just killed my crew?

DELUCA
That's not my problem, Jules.
Replace him. Get someone else.
You're the brains of the operation,
we all know that... I'm giving you
an opportunity to make this right.
But, you gotta know your place.

JULIAN
Ok. Promise not to hurt her, and
I'll give you what you want.

DELUCA
Now, you're sounding reasonable.

JULIAN
Promise me, Vincent...

DELUCA
Julian. You have my word... If you
deliver, she'll be just fine --
You got 24 hours...

Deluca spins the camera/phone back to Rebecca, who looks
fearfully at Julian, her eyes fearful and watery. She mumbles
through the handkerchief. Deluca hangs up.

Julian stands alone in the room, panicked and desperate.

EXT. VIEWPOINT - DAY

Julian's with Ben. He paces, stressed. Ben looks out at the
ocean. He's measured as they formulate, but both are stumped.

BEN
Pay unto Caesar, that which is
Caesar's... Do you think she's
ok?... They won't hurt her?

JULIAN
I don't know -- I don't think so...

BEN
Maybe we should go to the police?
This is kidnapping.

JULIAN
No. That'll piss him off. Then, he
will hurt her. He'll kill her.

BEN
Jesus. I can't believe Bird's dead.

JULIAN
This is all my fault!

BEN
No, don't think like that... But,
think... How are we supposed to do
this without Bird. We needed him.

JULIAN
I know! Fuck it. I'll do it. I'll
just go -- with a gun. Do it...
What choice do we have?...

BEN
What if it doesn't work?

An AMBULANCE begins to approach from the distance. It's
sirens grow louder and Julian starts zoning out, thinking.

BEN (CONT'D)
Is there anything he cares about?
Deluca. Maybe, something we could
trade?...There must be *something*...

Julian, thinks, starts to zones out. Ben's words trail off.

BEN (CONT'D)
Can you think of anyone else.
Someone you trust, who would help
us... Anyone?

Julian watches the AMBULANCE approach, the WAILING SIREN gets
closer, LOUDER.

Julian pulls the key Bird gave him out of his pocket. Holding
it, he thinks -- as the AMBULANCE speeds by deafeningly loud.

Julian watches it as if in a daze; and he gets an idea.

With renewed conviction, Julian pulls out his phone, dials.

JULIAN
(to Ben)
Hold on, I have an idea...
(into phone)
It's me... I need your help...

INT. UNIFORM SHOP - DAY

Julian enters, walks the aisles. He finds the UNIFORM, WHITE SHIRT he's looking for. Moments later, plops them down on the register. The CASHIER rings it up. He adds a BALACLAVA MASK.

Julian enters, walks the aisles of uniforms. Moments later, he plops down a nondescript UNIFORM, WHITE SHIRT. He adds a SKI MASK. The CASHIER rings him up.

I/E. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Julian looks at the GUNS under the display. The craggy MANAGER (50s) approaches.

MANAGER
See something you like?

Julian points to a GUN, under the GLASS COUNTER. The Manager gets it out. Julian inspects it, then puts it down.

JULIAN
I need it today...

MANAGER
That's gonna be a problem.

The men size each other up. Beat.

JULIAN
And, I'm on parole.

MANAGER
That's a bigger problem. There's rules. Sorry.

The Manager shakes his head, launches into a wrote response as he replaces it back under the glass.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
An individual on parole may not purchase, possess, or have in their custody any firearm...

Beat. A look shared. Manager looks around the empty store.

OUTSIDE PAWN SHOP, ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Julian's shirt is pulled up, he spins to show 'no wire', his legs are patted down. Beat. WIDER. The manager pulls a BAG from behind his back, they exchange, Julian hands him cash.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - LATER

An AMBULANCE arrives, kills the SIREN. They EMTs racing the victim on the gurney inside. Moving with the hospital STAFF, and relaying pertinent details as they enter.

HOSPITAL. PARKING LOT.

Julian watches. He POPS his door, moves toward the ambulance.

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Julian holds the KEY Bird gave him in his hand. He's pensive, then snaps out of it as Ben hands him tea.

JULIAN
Do you want to go over it again?

BEN
No. I got it.

Ben crosses to the window. He opens the Birdcage, gently takes it in his hands. Ben holds it up, and it flies off.

JULIAN
What's on your mind?

BEN
Rebecca.

JULIAN
Me too.

Ben lets the bird out. He watches it fly away. It soars over the trees, toward the glowing sunset. Julian joins Ben at the window.

BEN
You ever wonder what your life
would be like -- if we were
switched?

JULIAN
It's crossed my mind.

BEN
Now, here we are...

JULIAN
It's time. Let's go.

The put down their tea, walk out the door.

I/E. VAN - DAY

Parked outside the bank, they wait.

JULIAN
Whatever happens -- if I don't make
it out... Find her, ok? Make sure
she's ok...

BEN
I will.

Julian looks at his watch, readies himself.

JULIAN
Five minutes.

Deep breath. Julian grabs the handle to open the door.

BEN
Julian... Sometimes things work out.

JULIAN
I hope so... Good luck.

I/E. SAVINGS AND LOAN - DAY

Walking toward the bank, Julian stops. He FaceTime's
Rebecca's phone. Deluca answers.

DELUCA
Julian. ~~The man of the hour.~~

JULIAN
Put her on... If I'm going to walk
into a job and risk everything, I
want to know she's ok...

Deluca spins, and Rebecca is bound to a chair, terrified.

DELUCA
Fine, see? Your better half.

Snyder takes the handkerchief away.

REBECCA
Jules?

JULIAN
Are you ok? They haven't hurt you?

REBECCA
No. I'm ok...

JULIAN
Hang in there. I'm coming for you.

Deluca snatches the phone away from her.

DELUCA
There, you happy? Now, where are
you?

JULIAN
Savings and Loan. Third and Flower.
You know it...

DELUCA
...Why that bank?

JULIAN
When I'm done, if she's ok, you'll
get what you want... See you soon.

Julian hangs up. Beat. He pulls on his BALACLAVA, gets out
his gun, and walks into the bank.

INT. DELUCA'S - DAY

Snyder inquires as to what has Deluca puzzled, as Rebecca
lingers in the background, tied up.

SNYDER
What is it?

DELUCA
... Savings and loan... why that
bank?

SNYDER
Isn't that your bank, boss?

DELUCA
Get the car...
(Snyder stalls)
Get the fucking car!!!

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Julian enters and SHOOTs a round into the ceiling. People hit
the deck, and he moves on GUARD.

JULIAN
Don't do it.

The guard's hand twitches near his gun, Julian dispossess him
quickly, zip-ties and kicks down on his stomach.

People shriek and he SHOOTs another, to quiet them. It works.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Everybody down. Get THE FUCK DOWN!!

Behind the GLASS, BANK WORKERS hit *silent alarms* under their
desks. Julian lets another round fly, and approaches.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
 Stop what you're doing! Put the
 phones down! On the ground.

Patrons and bank workers, both sides of the glass comply.
 Julian grabs an OLDER MAN (60s) from off the ground, drags
 him to his feet. He violently pushes him forward.

Now, at the glass divider. He points his gun at him and
 addresses the meek MANAGER (50s), female, who he's summoned
 from her side of the glass. He waves her over with his gun.

She's fearful and approaches trepidatiously.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
 Hurry up! I don't got all day!!

She looks at them from behind the glass partition.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
 Come here! Closer!!!

She inches closer, terrified. Julian looks at the old man,
 who quakes in fear. His grip on him, strong.

He speaks calmly, then barks the command.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
 Open the door. Open it --
 OPEN THE DOOR!

MANAGER
 I can't.

Julian SHOOTS the ceiling again. To her surprise, he PULLS UP
 his mask, and reveals his face. He looks her dead in the eye.

Beat. He leans in, then turns to the Older man, and points
 the GUN at him. *The CCTV cameras mounted, pick it up.*

JULIAN
 Listen closely. You have a decision
 to make. Here's what's gonna
 happen... I'm going to count to
 ten. If you don't open this door by
 then...I'm going to shoot this man.
 ...Do you want that?

Terrified, she shakes her head. Beat.

MANAGER
 No...

JULIAN
 I don't either... Now, the money's
 insured. No one has to get hurt.
 But, if you don't open this door --
 this man will die... And it will be
 on you...

(MORE)

JULIAN (CONT'D)
 You can save him, or you can spend
 rest of your life wishing you had.
 Up to you... Ten... nine...

OLD MAN
 Please don't.

JULIAN
 Eight...

MANAGER
 I can't.

JULIAN
 Seven...

JULIAN (CONT'D) OLD MAN
 Six... five... Just do it. I don't want to
 die.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
 Open the door. Three...

JULIAN (CONT'D) OLD MAN
 Two... last chance. Please, miss! I have a
 family!!!

Julian cocks the hammer back.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry. One.

MANAGER
 OK! OK!!

Hands shaking, she punches in the CODE. POP, it unseals and
 opens. Julian pushes the Older Man, through. Yelling at the
 interior workers, he props open the door.

JULIAN
 Heads down!

At this moment, Ben walks through the door. Julian spots him.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
 You! Hands up! Come here.

Julian aggressively rushes toward Ben with his gun out.
 Grabbing Ben, he pushes him toward the bank's interior.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
 Move! Let's go!

BEN
 Ok! Ok! I'm going...

JULIAN
 Heads down!

Everyone on the ground, flinches as he moves past.

Julian pushes Ben into the interior of the bank. They move past the old man, terrified. Julian barks at the Manager.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
The safety deposit boxes. Where are
the keys?! Where?! Let's go!

She points. He grabs her pushing her that direction.

Moments later, it's opened. A BOX reveals the hanging KEYS. Quickly, he scours - finds the KEY. Satisfied, he commands.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
(to Manager)
On the ground! Face down!

INT. ROBBERY/HOMICIDE OFFICE - DAY

Maria springs into Jack's office.

MARIA
We got silent alarms hit, cell
phones from inside. This is real.

JACK
(rising, out the door)
Where?

They walk briskly.

MARIA
Savings and loan. Seventh and
Flower. Black and white's are en
route.

Pulled toward a monitor by Patrick (Junior agent).

PATRICK
Look at this --

They crowd at his MONITOR, momentarily. It's Julian caught on CCTV with his mask up, holding the Older Man at gunpoint.

JACK
That's...

MARIA
Julian Knox.

Jack rush out the door.

INT. BANK, ROWS OF SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES - DAY

Alone, and inside, Julian and Ben speak in hushed tones.

BEN
How are we doing?

JULIAN
We don't have much time. They'll be here soon.

They search the wall of SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES. Ben locates it.

BEN
Here it is.

Keys in hand, they insert them. Share a look, nod.

JULIAN
One. Two.

JULIAN (CONT'D) BEN
Three. Three.

They TURN their KEYS. It POPS open. Julian slides it out, places the BOX on the table. Opening the lid, they find a trove of CASH, and a velvet POUCH.

Quickly dumping the contents into his palm, DIAMONDS. Eyes wide, the hustle to pack up.

I/E. ROBBERY/HOMICIDE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

CRUISERS fly out of the building, SIRENS blaring. A MOUNTED iPad, Julian grabbing Ben inside the bank, as *hostage*.

JACK
Have LAPD hold the perimeter until we get there... I want this one.

The caravan of police cars trail, SIRENS wailing. Inside, teams check their weapons, pull on vests.

I/E. ESCALADE/STREET - DAY

Dante drives, Deluca in front. In back, Snyder sits next to Rebecca, with hands bound and handkerchief muzzling her.

They watch, as the police presence grown. More SQUAD-CARS arrives, take cover with guns drawn.

DANTE
They got the place surrounded.

DELUCA
...Why? Why here? What's he doing?

SNYDER
Well, he's not getting outta there.

STREET.

Jack and Maria arrive, confer with the cops on the scene.

COP 1
Single gunman, he's locked the
doors from the inside.

COP 2
We've secured the east and west
entrances. No one's come in or out.

JACK
Good.

Checking the iPad, CCTV from inside, everyone on the ground.

MARIA
What do you want to do, Jack?

JACK
We'll be wait. He's gotta come out
sometime.

A crowd is forming on the street, just beyond it Deluca's
escalade look on.

INT. BANK, SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES - DAY

Julian slides into his change of clothing, a UNIFORM. Ben
buttons the clothing Julian wore moments ago, Balaclava on
his head, but not yet pulled down.

BEN
How much time do we have?

JULIAN
Not much -- Hurry, 'cause if they
decide to come in, those locks
aren't gonna hold...
(beat)
Ready?

Ben nods. He pulls the mask down, Julian helps him sling the
DUFFEL BAG over his shoulder. Beat. Julian checks his watch.
Then, a MOAN from inside the bank; *someone in pain*.

BANK LOBBY, INTERIOR.

The MOANING continues, emanating from Older Man. The Manager
close, afraid and concerned tries to quiet him.

JULIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Heads down! This'll be over soon.

They reemerge, frightening the patrons and employees to
stillness, but now Ben dons the Mask and manhandles Julian.

They stop at the Older Man, inquire as to his condition from
the Manager as he clutches his arm.

BEN
What's wrong with him?

MANAGER
I think he's having a heart attack.

Ben looks at the Older Man who perspires, and looks sickly.

BEN
(to Manager)
Give me your phone. Your phone!
(takes it, dials, listens)
I need an ambulance. Seventh and
Flower, Savings and Loan... A man
is having a heart attack...

Ben hangs up, tosses the phone. Eyes peek out, and Ben SHOTS another round into the ceiling. More shrieks of fear, and everyone cowers, covers their eyes.

The Old Man continues to moan softly, Ben heads for the door, with his duffel bag slung around him.

The Manager tends to the Older Man and Julian is nowhere to be seen. Ben unlocks the door, and walks out slowly...

I/E. BANK - CONTINUOUS

All eyes are on the entrance, as Ben walks out, with the gun in his hand. It's quiet... a MEGAPHONE pierces the silence.

JACK (MEGAPHONE)
Drop your weapon. Get on the
ground!

Ben keeps walking, the gun pointing down, not at anyone.

ESCALADE.

Deluca and the men watch, with Rebecca.

DANTE
He's comin' out.

SNYDER
He's fucked...

DANTE
They're gonna shoot his ass...

Rebecca watches as it unfolds, and her screams are muffled. She starts to lose it, flail and kick.

EXT. BANK - DAY

The place is surrounded, Cops take cover behind their squad cars. Their guns pointed towards Ben, as he walks.

JACK (MEGAPHONE)
DROP YOUR WEAPON, NOW! Get on the
ground! Face down!...

Ben keeps walking. Slower...

JACK (MEGAPHONE) (CONT'D)
STOP, OR WE WILL SHOOT!

Ben stops, drops the gun. He looks around. People hold their
breath.

JACK (CONT'D)
Move in.

The OFFICERS converge and tackle Ben. They pin him down, he's
violently pulled up and CUFFED. Jack arrives, flanked by Maria.
He un.masks him.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hello, Julian... Not so cavalier
now.

Maria reads him his Miranda rights, as they walk. Ben doesn't
struggle being hauled away.

MARIA
You have the right to remain
silent, anything you say can and
will be used against you in a court
of law...

Jack leads him to a squad car. They pause, when presented with
his duffel bag.

JACK
Bring it downtown. Check it into
evidence.
(to Ben, leading away)
You're going away for a very long
time... how do you feel about that?

Ben remains light-lipped, walks.

In the background, bank patrons are exiting the bank,
relieved. They are met by police.

INT. ESCALADE - DAY

Deluca, Dante, and Snyder, all watch this unfold. Rebecca
loses it even more, fearing it's Julian who's been arrested,
again.

She wriggles one arm free, and swings at Dante, anyone in
reach. She goes for the handle and kicks the door open.

SNYDER
Control her! Goddamnit!

DANTE
I'm trying! This bitch is crazy!

Yelling, kicking and screaming she fights her way free and out the door. She runs off looking a mess, but away.

DELUCA
Let her go, it's not worth it.

SNYDER
You sure?! She could talk --

DELUCA
She's of no use. Jules just go
pinched... What's she gonna say?...

They drive away.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca runs to where the cops have formed a LINE. Police hold her back with the other onlookers. She watches Ben placed into the back of Jack's UNMARKED SQUAD CAR.

REBECCA
Julian!

Their eyes meet for a moment, then Jack shuts the door.

INT. BANK LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Jack walks onto the scene, now under control. People are relieved, give statements to the cops around.

TWO COPS, confer as an EMT works on the Older Man. Jack stops a few yards away and inquires.

JACK
What's going?

COP 1
Some guy, started havin' a heart
attack.

COP 2
The EMT's on it.

Beat. Jack responds, then continues on.

JACK
That was fast. If he doesn't make
it, add Murder Two...
(moving on)
Alright, make sure we get
statements from everybody.

Jack moves on WE MOVE, CLOSER to the Older Man. The EMT checks his pulse and asks him questions. His *back to us*.

JULIAN/EMT GUY
Are you having trouble breathing?

OLD MAN
A little.

JULIAN/EMT GUY
Are you taking any medications?
Have you had heart related problems
in the past?

OLD MAN
No.

The two COPS get a little closer, observing as to whether the
Older Man will pull through.

JULIAN/EMT GUY
Sir, what's your name?

OLDER MAN
Michael. Mike.

JULIAN/EMT GUY
Ok Mike, you hang in there.

COP 1 (O.C.)
Is he gonna be ok?

The EMT turns to the Cop, we recognize it's Julian. He wears
the uniform of an EMT worker, tends to the Older Man.

JULIAN
I don't know. But, I need your
help.
(surprised, the cops
exchange looks)
Outside in the ambulance, there's a
gurney. I need you to bring it
here. Now.

Julian looks up, the Cops are looking at him. WE now
recognize that Julian wears the Uniform an EMT WORKER.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Yeah. Think so... But, I need your
help... Outside, in the ambulance,
there's a gurney. Bring it here.
Now...

Surprised, they look at each other.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Guys. We need your help. *Can you do
it?*

COP 1
Yeah. Sure.

COP 2
Ok, we're on it.

JULIAN
Thank you. Go. Hurry.

EXT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Following the Cops out, we glimpse Jack and Maria heading to their police cruiser.

The COPS continue to the Ambulance. They POP the back doors OPEN, retrieve the GURNEY, head back in.

INT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER

The Cops hustle and arrive with the Gurney. Julian wraps up his STETHOSCOPE, keeps talking to the Older Man.

JULIAN/EMT GUY
 Good, steady breaths, in through
 the nose. That's it.
 (to the Cop)
 Grab his legs. On three.

He counts it out, and with the help of the Cops they hoist the Old Man onto the Gurney. Julian quickly stores his MEDICAL BAG under the gurney.

JULIAN
 Let's go!

With speed they wheel out. The Cops leading the way.

COP 1
 Comin' through.

COP 2
 Clear the way! Come on.

JULIAN/EMT GUY
 Thank you.

Pass the patrons giving their statements, Julian keeps his head down, and face hidden by his hat past the Manager.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Escorted to the Ambulance, they waste no time. The Cops help Julian load the gurney up. With the Old Man in, Julian hops out, and shuts the doors.

JULIAN/EMT GUY
 Good work, gentleman.

COP 1
 You're driving too?

COP 2
 Don't you got a partner, or
 anything?

JULIAN/EMT GUY
 Gotta go. Every second counts.

Puzzled but relieved, they step back. Starts the engine and turns on the lights. The Cops direct a clear path, quick to move their Patrol Cars.

An opening presents itself and Julian glides out, hits the SIREN and finds the open road. Accelerates away.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

Ben drinks in the sights out the window. The sunlight bounces off the windows of buildings, and he smiles. It's new to him.

Jack, driving, notices in the rear-view mirror.

JACK
What are you smiling about?

Ben drops his bemusement. They drive in silence.

I/E. AMBULANCE/STREET - DUSK

Driving away carefully, the SIRENS blaring. Julian checks his mirrors, turns them off. They wind away from busy streets.

In the back. The Old Man, takes off his glasses, prosthetic disguise. It's Louis.

JULIAN
Hello... Oh my God, you're ok. How
did you get away --

INTERCUT. JULIAN AND REBECCA.

Still a mess, Rebecca's upset, and confused. But, she's free from Deluca, and relieved to hear Julian's voice.

REBECCA
You answering? I don't understand.
I saw them -- they took you away.

I/E. ALLEY, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Julian pulls onto a deserted alley, then a covered garage. He continues as they get out.

JULIAN
That wasn't me --

REBECCA
Ben...

JULIAN
He's ok... Look. I'll explain
later... Where are you?
(listens)
Ok. I'm sending someone. Love you.

Julian pulls out the EMT bag, and in it the contents of the safety deposit box. He speaks to Louis who takes off his make-up and prosthetics.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
I need you to pick up Rebecca.

LOUIS
She's ok? Where are you going?

JULIAN
Yeah, she's ok... Lemme give you
your cut -- I gotta take care of
something...

Beat. Louis slows, he looks at Julian. Julian holds the bag
of cash and Deluca's loot.

LOUIS
I don't want it... What am I gonna
do with that?

JULIAN
Spend it.

Louis smiles. Julian hurries, puts on his regular clothes.

LOUIS
I can't do that.

JULIAN
So what, you gonna go back to work?

LOUIS
It's a bit hypocritical, but... A
man's gotta eat.

JULES
Well... you've been on the other
side now. How does it feel?

LOUIS
I see what you mean. It's *not* like
you think. It is a rush, though --
kinda like acting to be honest.
But, no way to make a living...

JULIAN
I gotta admit, you were good.

Louis smiles.

LOUIS
Told you.

Julian gives Louis the goods from the bank.

JULIAN
Give this to Rebecca. Tell her to
wait for Ben's call. I'll meet them
later...I gotta do something first.

LOUIS
You need any help?

JULIAN
Not this time... But, thank you.
For everything. I mean it, Louis...

Julian hugs Louis, goodbye. He climbs in the ambulance.

LOUIS
Be careful, ok?

Julian starts the ambulance and drives off, they wave.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Jack leans across the table from Ben, who feigns blindness.

BEN
I told you already.

JACK
Tell me again!

BEN
I walked into the bank and someone
grabbed me; he yelled for people to
keep their heads down. Then, shoved
me into a room.

JACK
For how long? Exactly.

BEN
I don't know exactly. Maybe fifteen
minutes, I was -- afraid.

JACK
Then?

BEN
He made me put on different
clothes.

JACK
(disbelieving)
Right. Then what?

BEN
I told you, he stuck a gun in my
hand, and said walk out the door.
Don't stop. If they say they'll
shoot you, they won't. If you turn
around -- I will.

JACK
That's it? That's your story.

BEN
Yes...

JACK
No one coached you? You're not
working with anyone?

BEN
No...

Jack walks out of the room.

INT. TWO-WAY GLASS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack enters, Maria holds a file.

MARIA
Listen to this. He might be telling
the truth.

JACK
You're not believing this. Look at
him! That's Julian Knox. You were
you in the room?! We questioned him
yesterday!

MARIA
(holding file)
This guy has a whole life --
documented.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

SNAPSHOTS. Ben brought into the station, booked, photographed
(Mug Shots). CLOSE, fingerprints rolled in ink.

MARIA (V.O.)
He doesn't have any tattoos. And
his fingerprints don't match, Jack.

JACK (V.O.)
I don't care. He's in on it!
Maria... he's bluffing.

MARIA (V.O.)
His I.D. checks out, he's from
Australia. He was adopted, and
had a twin. They're twins, Jack...

INT. TWO-WAY GLASS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maria lays out the information, and the theory that's
solidifying - to her, at least.

MARIA
Julian delivered him meals. That's
his parole job. He could have set
him up. *He knew* --
(points through the glass)
But, this guy -- he's blind. *Maybe*
he's not lying.

Jack studies Ben, through the glass.

JACK
No way, nuh-uh. Bullshit. He stayed
silent all the way to the station?

MARIA
He was held at gunpoint. He coulda
had PTSD. Fuck, if I know?!

Maria goes to the Monitor set up in the room. CCTV footage
from the interior of the bank.

FOOTAGE: Jack holding Louis/Older Man at gunpoint; he pulls
up his mask. WE SEE, Julian. She FAST-FORWARDS. Ben walks
into the lobby, and Julian grabs him, pushing him off screen.

She FREEZES it, and looks at Jack. They both look at Ben,
through the glass.

JACK
He's an accomplice. He's bluffing.

MARIA
Maybe. But, that's not all -- they
didn't steal anything.

Jack looks bewildered.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- The duffel bag is taken off him at the scene.
- Ben is booked, he's FINGERPRINTED. BOOKED, PHOTOGRAPHED.
- EVIDENCE ROOM. The Duffel bag is unzipped, unpacked,
revealing PAPER CLIPPINGS, PHONE BOOKS, TRASH from the Bank.
The Evidence Cops look at each other, incredulous, puzzled.

JACK
What?

MARIA
The bag -- the one we confiscated,
didn't have any money in it. It was
trash. Phone books, and paper
shredding. Nothing. No money.

JACK
They robbed the bank, and didn't
take anything.

MARIA
Not exactly. *One safety deposit box*
was emptied. Guess who it belonged
to?... Vincent Deluca... But, he
can't claim any of the contents...

JACK
Because, it's contraband. It's all
illegal.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Maria enters, the door remains ajar.

BEN
Am I being charged with anything?

MARIA
...No...

BEN
Do I get a phone call?

MARIA
You're free to go.

I/E. POLICE STATION - LATER

Jack watches Ben exit the police station, he's picked up by Rebecca. He gets in the van, glances back to see Louis, laying low, as they drive away.

MARIA
What I don't know is... If one is
here. Where did the other go?
Where's Julian?...

JACK
(it hits him)
The ambulance...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Julian drives the ambulance. He pulls over near Deluca's. He gets out, sneaks around the back, hops the fence.

INT. DELUCA'S HOUSE, OFFICE - DAY

Deluca turns just in time to miss Julian entering the premises. He looks out his window, on the phone.

DELUCA
How could my safety deposit box
have been the only one...

MANAGER (O.S.)(ON PHONE)
I don't know, sir... we're trying --

DELUCA
But, you caught him -- in plain
sight. This doesn't make any sense.

MANAGER (O.S.)(ON PHONE)
I'm truly sorry. We'll be working
with the team, investigating. If
you want I can give you Jack
Ambrose's number, he will be --

Deluca hangs up, squeezes his phone, with pent up rage -- thinks about throwing his phone. He doesn't. He pulls his chain out and spins it, habitually.

It spins around his index finger, wrapping around -- but without the KEY.

FLASHBACK: Bird bites his ear, CLOSE, his hand goes for Deluca's pocket. Later. Bird dying, his hand opens with key. Julian holds key (Ben's apartment). Bank, they turn the keys.

BACK to OFFICE. PRESENT.

Deluca's thoughts churn, anger rises, as he puts it together.

EXT. LAX - MOMENTS LATER

Ben and Rebecca are dropped off, curbside. They bid farewell.

BEN
Thank you, Louis.

LOUIS
Get going... he'll meet you at the gate.

INT. DELUCA'S DEN - DAY

Deluca stares out at his garden, WE CRANE down and IN, to find Dante and Snyder shooting billiards, a floor below.

They're guarded with the volume of their voices.

DANTE
That's why they hit *that* bank.

SNYDER
And the diamonds?...

DANTE
Everything... They cleaned him out.
He's been on the phone with the bank all day.

SNYDER
But, how did Julian know?

DANTE
Come on. Everybody knew...
(more hushed)
Vincent talks.

Dante sinks a ball, Snyder heads for the door.

DANTE (CONT'D)
Where you going?

SNYDER
Kitchen, I'm thirsty.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

With the refrigerator door open, Snyder drinks milk from the carton. The door slowly closed and Julian is waiting.

He slits his exposed throat, and the carton falls to the ground. Gurgling, Dante grabs his throat. With eyes bulging, and grasping for air, Dante falls to his knees.

Weakened, Dante goes for his gun, raises it; but Julian is faster and snatches it from his hand. Dante falls onto his back, blood spurts through is fingers.

Milk and blood spill together and pool on the tile. Julian retreats out of sight.

INT. DELUCA'S HOUSE, DEN - MOMENTS LATER

Back turned, leaning down to take another pool shot. Snyder hears the wood CREAK. He assumes Snyder's returned, carries on with their conversation.

DANTE
If he's smart he's already gone.
Vincent's not gonna forget. We'll
find him... Where's would you go?

JULIAN
Hard to tell...

Dante turns, surprised to see Julian, who holds his knife, blood still on it.

DANTE
Where's Sny --

JULIAN
Snyder? He's in the kitchen...
bleeding out...

Julian cleans the blood off his stiletto knife, as Dante pulls out his bigger KNIFE, ready to use it.

DANTE
Thought you were the brains of the
operation... You shouldn't have
show up here.

Dante steps closer, ready to use his knife. WE MOVE behind Julian and see the GUN tucked in his belt.

Closer, Dante steps -- ready to pounce. He lunges and BANG. BANG. BANG. Dante drops. Julian stands over him.

JULIAN
And, you shouldn't have brought a
knife to a gun fight.

Julian stands over him, points the gun between his eyes...

INT. DELUCA'S HOUSE, OFFICE - DAY

BANG. Deluca, hearing the gun shots; gets his gun out. He looks at the row of monitors, sees Dante and Snyder - dead, blood all over. He watches Julian for a moment, moves.

DELUCA'S HOUSE. GARDEN.

Deluca exits, looks up at the house, vigilant. He keeps low, with his gun extended. He moves around the tall bushes and statues with an eye on the house.

INT. DELUCA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Julian looks at the Monitors, sees Deluca in the garden. He ventures outside.

DELUCA'S HOUSE. GARDEN.

Julian ventures outside, he looks but it's quiet.

Moving slowly, he passes a roman sculpture, and BOOM. It's hit, nearly missing him. Stone fragment's off.

Deluca laughs, takes cover. They trade shots around the maze, cat and mouse inside the garden.

Julian tosses one gun, only the gun used in the bank left. He keeps pressing forward.

Tall sculptures, and bushes provide cover. Deluca knows the terrain, uses it to his advantage. He SHOOTS at Julian, wood splinters, close. Julian takes cover.

DELUCA
Thought they pinched you...

JULIAN
Don't believe everything you hear.

DELUCA
I saw it with my own eyes!... You
could have just disappeared.

JULIAN
No. I know you. You'd never stop
looking for me... That's why I'm
here.

BANG. Deluca shoots, Julian returns. They move.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
But, you can't send your goons,
anymore... They didn't make it.

DELUCA
Neither did Bird... He suffered,
Julian.

BANG. Another close shot. Julian shoots back. Deluca gone,
circling, somewhere. He keeps moving.

DELUCA (CONT'D)
Why don't we just talk... like old
friends.

JULIAN
We were never friends, Vincent.

Deluca calibrates Julian's location by his voice. BANG. Move.

DELUCA
Fine. Then, let's make a deal. You
gimme my diamonds, I let you walk.

JULIAN
Tempting, but...
(Julian returns fire)
I'm already here. We might as well
finish it.

DELUCA
If that's how you want to play it.
But, when I'm done with you, I'm
gonna go find Rebecca...
(Deluca fires more)
And, I'm gonna make sure she
suffers! You hear me?!

I/E. BIRD AVIARY - CONTINUOUS

Deluca retreats. He moves in the deep shadows of the aviary.
Julian runs to a clearing, and stops; ventures, searching...

Momentarily exposed, Deluca lines up a shot - FIRES. ~~Glass
shatters, and Julian is hit, in the side. He takes cover and
winces. Taking cover, he winces, feels his side. Blood seeps
from his shirt.~~

He moves, and Deluca goes on the offensive, tracking the
blood drops.

Deluca follows the trail. Moves slowly.

DELUCA
You're almost out of bullets.

JULIAN
So are you.

Julian posts up behind a pillar, above another statue. BANG. Part of it shatters off, he flinches.

He touches his side, bleeding more now. He checks his cartridge, TWO BULLET left. He takes them out, holds the bullets in his bloody palm, and thinks.

Julian retreats, quietly backs deeper into the Bird Aviary. The Birds flutter, Deluca notices and ventures further inside. Creeping in, he scours, gun pointed...

With the bullets removed from the chamber, Julian pulls the trigger. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. Deluca hears.

DELUCA
(getting excited)
You're out.

Deluca smiles, relaxes, moves closer and exposes himself. He moves to the back where Julian hides. Julian reloads. Deluca looks for him, moving back further into the Aviary.

Ready to shoot, inching forward. Then, a Bird flutters near, reflexively Deluca FIRES, but misses. Scared, the Birds fly nervously, scaring him. He shoots again, CLICK. He's out.

Julian emerges, and Deluca sees him, Julian FIRES. Deluca's hit. He stumbles back, and crashes through the glass.

The Birds flutter it, and make their way out of the opening. Fly free.

Julian approaches, looks down at Deluca. He's scared, and pulls his hand from his stomach, sees his blood.

DELUCA (CONT'D)
Call an ambulance... Julian...

JULIAN
This is for Bird.

He points the gun square between Deluca's eyes.

WIDER. The exterior of the Aviary. A BANG is heard, more birds take flight as the sound rings out.

Julian stumbles out, bleeding. He walks through the garden, past the pool. He tosses the gun. PLOP it sinks, and blood drips from his hand into the light blue water.

INT. AIRPORT - LATER

Rebecca and Ben wait, looks concerned. They're the last to hand over their BOARDING PASSES, and board.

REBECCA (V.O.)
Where are you? We're about to take off.

JULIAN (V.O.)
I'm not gonna make it...

EXT. AMBULANCE/ROAD - DAY

Julian drives, lights on (MOS). The Birds follow as he winds down PCH with the ambulance, near Dockweiler Beach.

INT. PLANE - MOMENTS LATER

Sitting down, Rebecca on the phone.

REBECCA
What do you mean?

EXT. AMBULANCE/DOCKWEILLER - DUSK

Julian struggles to get out, his breath labored. He sits down outside the ambulance. Looks out.

JULIAN
Rebecca, listen to me. I'm sorry...
for everything. I love you...

REBECCA
Wait. No, Jules. You're scaring me.
We'll wait...

JULIAN
No... don't wait for me... Let me
talk to Ben... Please.

INTERCUT. AIRPORT AND DOCKWEILLER BEACH.

BEN
Hello, Julian? Are you coming?
They've almost shut the doors --

JULIAN
I'm not gonna make it...

BEN
Why not?... What do you mean?

Julian sits bleeding in the parked Ambulance. He climbs out, wobbly and bleeding. He makes it to the sand.

JULIAN
I'm hurt, brother...

BEN
How bad?

JULIAN
...Take care of her. You take care
of each other, ok?...

DING. The flight attendant approaches, last call.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Sir, I need you to hang up now.

BEN
We'll call you when we land.

JULIAN
I wish we met sooner.

BEN
Julian?...

They both hang up.

I/E. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

The taxiing plane picks up speed. Quietly and covertly, Ben empties the small SATCHEL from the safety deposit box; the contents cascade into Rebecca's hand, filling it with small and large glittering DIAMONDS.

They pack them up. Then, Ben takes her hand.

Outside, wheels up, and the plane soars into the sky. Ben looks out the window. He looks closer...

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bloody and weak, Julian looks out at the vast ocean. He sees the birds fly close, out towards the horizon.

Then, a **plane** soars overhead, engines roaring. He watches it recede into the distance, as gold and magenta wisps lick the picturesque sky.

Julian smiles softly, tears welling. Then, his eyelids begin to droop, and Julian takes his last breath.

FADE OUT.