

THE PLATFORM
by
D. Ross Kellett

mrkellett@hotmail.com
425-923-3923

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

You couldn't ask for a more perfect day. Moms and dads supervise little ones as they clamor over colorful playground equipment. Smiles all around.

A man sits on a nearby bench and watches with a blank expression. Bald. Pale. Dressed in black with silver John Lennon glasses. His friends call him VANCE. His enemies... well, they're dead long before they learn his name.

Vance opens a long, wooden box on the bench next to him. He removes a scope from a sniper's rifle and holds it to one eye.

INSERT VANCE'S POV

Through cross-hairs, he scans the playground. A mom with a ponytail. A dad pushes his daughter in a swing. A boy throws sand at another boy. He places the cross-hairs over their foreheads with steady skill.

VANCE
(whisper)
Bang...

The boy who received the face-full of sand begins to cry. The other boy (the culprit) laughs.

Vance leans forward with an eager smile.

Crying boy stands and charges at laughing boy. Laughing boy ain't laughing now. One hit-- THWACK!-- and it's laughing boy's turn to cry.

Vance is beside himself, clapping with glee at the miniature boxing match.

THWACK! THWACK! The punches sound too strong to be coming from two little boys.

INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

THWACK! HARRIS FREEMAN takes a glove to the face. Early 30's. Built like an ox with layers of muscle from years in the ring... but a crooked nose from one too many.

A cut bursts above his eye. He grins. Loves this shit. He dodges. Weaves. He's strong, but not quick enough to avoid--

--the younger, faster LATINO fighter. The boxers keep at it, bobbing around the middle of a gym that's seen better days. Harris connects with a brutal right hook. Latino shakes it off and lands a quick left.

The jab opens Harris's lip. Raging Bull shakes it off and plows ahead.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Harris tosses gloves into a locker. He looks like he went twelve rounds with Tyson. Forehead bandaged. Lip sealed with Crazy Glue.

Latino saunters by, gym bag over one shoulder.

LATINO

You up for round two next week?

HARRIS

Same Bat-time, same Bat-channel.

They clasp hands with bulging muscles.

LATINO

You look like shit.

HARRIS

As fucked-up as I look, I'm still prettier than you.

LATINO

That's not what your mom said.

Harris rears back, playfully, ready to punch him.

HARRIS

I'd kick your ass, if you hadn't already kicked mine.

LATINO

A few of those punches nearly took my head off, old man.

HARRIS

Old man?! What are ya, like five years younger than me?

LATINO

Wear your dentures next time, hermano.

Latino scoots out the door with a laugh as Harris flings a roll of medical tape his direction.

INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

Harris jogs to catch up with JIMMY, elderly and cranky.

HARRIS
Jimmy! Hey, Jimmy... hold up.

Jimmy shuffles along, picks up towels, and can't be bothered to slow down.

JIMMY
I ain't got time for you, Freeman,
unless you got my money.

HARRIS
When have I ever let you down?

JIMMY
I dunno. Why don't ya go grab me my
fucking diary?

HARRIS
I'm a man of my word.

JIMMY
Bullshit.

HARRIS
Just give me another week.

JIMMY
Does that include the two I already
gave ya?

HARRIS
Come on, Jimmy... we're family.

Jimmy jabs his chest with an angry finger.

JIMMY
Don't ya pull that family shit,
Freeman.

HARRIS
I just thought--

JIMMY
--You don't pay, you don't step in
the ring. Them's the rules.

HARRIS
How am I s'pposed to train?

JIMMY
Make like Rocky and find yo'self a
meat locker.

HARRIS
Money's tight. You know we got a
baby on the way.

Jimmy pushes Harris to the door.

JIMMY
First smart thing you've said: save
your money for Emily and that
future kid of yours, and stop
wasting it on your weekly ass
kicking.

HARRIS
Jimmy--

JIMMY
--Enough.

He doesn't want to say it. Finally... must.

JIMMY
Pay up...or I'm gonna toss your
gloves out on the street.

EXT. BOXING GYM - NIGHT

Harris exits and jogs to the parking lot. An old woman shares
the sidewalk. She looks at his wounded face and gasps.

HARRIS
I'm Batman.

She hustles away as fast as her wrinkled legs will carry her.

INT. HARRIS'S CAR - NIGHT

Harris climbs in a beat-up relic from the days of Reagan and
hair metal. He puts the key in and turns as the ignition
whines in protest.

HARRIS
Come on come on... don't do this to
me...

A mournful shimmy, and it starts. He pets the dashboard like a puppy.

HARRIS
That's it, baby. Good girl.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET - SAME

Vance lurks in the shadows of a filthy alley. He watches Harris through the sniper stock.

With a thousand creaks, Harris drives away. Vance stares with eerie calm until the car rounds a corner.

Vance retreats into the darkness like a ghost.

EXT. HARRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Harris steers into the driveway. The engine backfires before dying.

He exits, slams the door, and kicks the rear tire.

HARRIS
(each word gets a kick for
emphasis)
I. Hate. You. Piece. Of. Shit.

He heads inside his small house. Lower class. In great need of paint. Anything but the American Dream.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

EMILY FREEMAN, cute and very pregnant, sleeps soundly. Harris, rocking the T-shirt and boxers look, tip-toes to the bed. He tries to slip in, until:

EMILY
Harris?

HARRIS
Shh. You're dreamin.

She opens her eyes.

EMILY
Did you win?

HARRIS
Don't I always?

She tenderly touches the bandage on his forehead.

EMILY

No.

HARRIS

Thanks for the vote of confidence,
babe.

EMILY

At least you're safe.

She turns him into a body pillow and drifts back to sleep.
Harris stares at the ceiling.

Sleep won't come.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAWN

Working class folk head off to make a meager buck.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Harris enters. Emily works at the counter. The kitchen is barely big enough for the two of them. She winces at the sight of his bruised face.

EMILY

I was hoping I just imagined...
that.

HARRIS

Love you too, babe.

He dives in for a kiss as he places a gentle hand on her belly.

EMILY

I still think you're sexy... in a
bruised palooka kinda way.

HARRIS

Rocky Balboa never gives up.

Emily butters some toast. Harris snatches a piece with tough
guy bravado.

EMILY

Is Rocky pulling a double today?

HARRIS

Mmm. Toast.

EMILY

Rocky needs to listen to Adrian.

HARRIS

I have to work. You know that.

EMILY

You don't HAVE to. It's a free country.

Harris spots a letter on the counter with big red letters that spell out "PAST DUE."

HARRIS

That another notice from the bank?

Emily slices an orange way too hard.

HARRIS

Careful. You're gonna piss-off
People for the Ethical Treatment of
Oranges.

EMILY

I thought we were paid up.

HARRIS

We were... until I had to keep the
lights on this month.

Emily confronts him, hands on her belly.

EMILY

How we gonna survive, huh? How we
gonna make it?

HARRIS

Double shifts are a start.

EMILY

Is that the kinda life we want for
the baby? For him to never see his
father?

Harris's anger disappears and he grins from ear to ear.

HARRIS

HIS father? He's a... he?

EMILY
I didn't say that.

HARRIS
You said he! I heard ya! I'm having
a son?!

EMILY
Alright, bub... don't forget who's
doin all the pushin.

Harris whoops with joy and lifts Emily into a bear hug.

EMILY
Careful! Don't crush him!

HARRIS
Oh, baby... football! Fishing!
Boxing!

EMILY
Don't you dare!

HARRIS
Come on! A little punching bag,
hanging right in his crib!

EMILY
I will kill you.

Harris pumps his fist. He's never been happier.

HARRIS
Baby, I love you. I love you I love
you I love you.

Emily hands him a thermos.

EMILY
I love guys that are on time for
work.

Harris smooches her belly.

HARRIS
(bad Darth Vader)
I am your father!

He laughs and skips out the door. Emily rolls her eyes.

INT. HARRIS'S CAR - DAY

Harris turns on the radio as he backs out of the driveway. Motley Crue blares.

HARRIS
(off-key singing)
HE'S THE ONE THEY CALL DOCTOR FEEL-
GOOD! HE'S THE ONE THAT MAKES YOU
FEEL ALL RIGHT!

He accelerates down the street, drumming on the steering wheel like Tommy Lee. He ignores the road, lowering the visor mirror to check his bandages when suddenly--

HONK!

Harris reacts. A black van heads right for him. Harris steers right.

HARRIS
Shit!

The van screeches past. Harris looks in the rear-view.

HARRIS
Asshole!

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Morning rush hour. Harris's car is stuck just like the rest. The skyscrapers of downtown loom ahead.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - DAY

The 40-story building stands like a gleaming monument to piles and piles of money. Morning sun bounces off the sheer glass facade.

Harris's clunker turns into the underground parking garage.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Harris whistles "Dr. Feel-Good" and watches the floor numbers climb with steady rhythm. He zips up work coveralls and latches a safety belt around his waist.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Harris emerges from the service door. He gets a face-full of morning light and puts on sunglasses. Wind tears at his clothes. The city spreads out below in every direction.

DOMINICK (O.S.)
'Bout damn time.

DOMINICK WASHINGTON loads supplies onto a window-washing platform at the roof's edge. He's twenty-something, black, and thinks of himself as quite the stand-up comedian.

Harris heads over.

DOMINICK
I was worried I'd have to clock in
for your white ass. Again.

HARRIS
What you talkin about? I always
show up on time. I ain't the one
that needs affirmative action.

DOMINICK
It's my time, Harris. Obama's gonna
make sure of that.

HARRIS
He's half-white, you know.

DOMINICK
Not the good half.

They bump fists.

DOMINICK
You look like shit.

HARRIS
Thanks. You keep that up, I'm gonna
start callin you my work wife.
(re: the loading)
You almost done?

DOMINICK
Almost.

Dominick hands him two buckets with a side of smirk.

DOMINICK
Just need the water.

HARRIS
Gee, Dominick. Water? For washing
windows? You sure?

DOMINICK
I would punch your white ass, but
it looks like someone beat me to
it.

With a laugh, Harris heads for the door, buckets in hand.

INT. PENTHOUSE SERVICE AREA - DAY

Harris stands between racks of cleaning supplies as he tops
off the buckets with water from a sink.

GENTRY (O.S.)
Excuse me?

MARCUS GENTRY stands in the open doorway. Hair slicked back
with too much product. Necktie a perfect double Windsor. Face
like a rich weasel.

HARRIS
Yeah?

GENTRY
Your face... are you alright?

HARRIS
I'm Batman.

GENTRY
Indeed. Well, Batman, I hate to be
a bother but the waste paper basket
in my office wasn't emptied last
night.

HARRIS
Yeah? Which office is your's?

GENTRY
The big one in the corner.

HARRIS
(whistles, impressed)
You a big-wig or somethin?

GENTRY
You could say that.

Gentry offers a handshake. Harris turns off the water and returns the favor.

GENTRY
Marcus Gentry.

HARRIS
Harris Freeman.

GENTRY
Wow... quite the grip you've got there, Mr. Freeman.

HARRIS
I'm a boxer... when I'm not fighting the Joker.

GENTRY
Ah... boxing. That explains the, uh...
(nods at his face)
I caught Fredrickson-Martinez at the MGM last year.

HARRIS
Hell of a fight.

Gentry glances at Harris's wedding band.

GENTRY
An epic battle. I'm surprised your wife lets you fight.

HARRIS
She figures I get my stress out in the ring, it keeps me from getting in trouble on the streets.

GENTRY
Your wife is a smart woman.

HARRIS
She's definitely got the brains in the family.

GENTRY
It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Freeman.

HARRIS
You too, Mr. Gentry...
(his face sinks)
...shit. Sorry-- pardon my French.
(MORE)

HARRIS(cont'd)

You're the name on the bottom of my paycheck.

GENTRY

Actually, that Gentry is my father. I am not running things... yet.

Harris wipes off his hands and straightens his coveralls.

GENTRY

Relax. I'm not Elvis.

HARRIS

Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.

GENTRY

Now... about that waste paper basket?

HARRIS

Right. Let me call someone in janitorial.

Harris points at the word "windows" stitched on his chest.

HARRIS

I'm windows.

GENTRY

Here at First National, if something needs to be done, we all pitch in.

Harris gets the hint and leaves the buckets in the sink.

HARRIS

Right. Of course, sir.

INT. GENTRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Gentry enters, Harris at his heels. The office is luxury personified. Wall-to-wall mahogany. Huge fish tank. Breathtaking view of the city from 41 stories up.

HARRIS

I always wanted to know how the other half lived.

GENTRY

Don't buy into the class warfare propaganda, Mr. Freeman. Every man has a chance to make his mark in life.

Gentry hands Harris the trash can.

GENTRY
Perhaps you will have an office
like this someday.

HARRIS
No offense, sir, but we didn't
exactly start with an even playing
field.

GENTRY
If we measured a man by the
elevation of his office, you would
be king...
(he looks up)
...would you not?

Harris likes that and puffs up his chest.

HARRIS
I guess I would.

Harris spots an unrolled blue print on Gentry's desk.

HARRIS
New construction?

GENTRY
Not quite. You are standing on it.

HARRIS
(confused)
New carpet?

GENTRY
Not quite. First National has owned
this building for years, but
several floors remain empty.

HARRIS
Thirty one through thirty nine. I
noticed they were empty the last
time we did that section.

GENTRY
The mortgage collapse hit everyone,
especially First National. Bad
investments, bundled mortgage-
backed securities. It is all above
your pay scale... no offense.

HARRIS

None taken. If you saw my bank account, you'd know I ain't a money guy.

GENTRY

When the economy recovers, we will move back onto those floors. Until then, they sit empty.

Harris nods. An awkward moment of silence as Gentry clears his throat and glances at the trash can in Harris's hand.

HARRIS

Sorry. Be right back.

Harris rushes out. Gentry pulls a bottle of pills from his pocket and fumbles with the cap with shaky hands.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Harris loads the buckets onto the window washing platform. Dominick checks his watch.

DOMINICK

What the fuck, man? You stop for a latte?

HARRIS

Ran into your mom. Who knew she liked white boys?

DOMINICK

That reminds me... I fucked your sister.

Harris laughs as he steps onto the platform.

HARRIS

Nice comeback.

DOMINICK

You put a brother on the spot.

They both latch their safety harness to the platform railing.

HARRIS

You ever meet Marcus Gentry?

DOMINICK

Why does that name sound familiar?

HARRIS
His daddy signs your tiny
paychecks.

DOMINICK
You threaten to punch him unless he
gave you a promotion?

Harris removes his cell phone from his pocket and puts it
inside a supply satchel hanging from the railing.

HARRIS
Guy got all motivational.
(Gentry impression)
If something needs to be done, we
all pitch in!
(back to normal)
Then he made ME empty his trash.

DOMINICK
Richie Rich don't wanna get his
hands dirty.

HARRIS
Probably never even brushed his own
teeth.

DOMINICK
You ready?

HARRIS
Ready.

Dominick works the controls. The platform (30 feet long by 3
feet wide) is attached by metal cables to pulleys on either
side with one in the middle.

HARRIS
Gotta make sure Mr. Gentry has
clean windows so he can look down
on everyone worse off than him.

EXT. PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

The platform descends. 500 feet to the pavement below.

INSERT ANOTHER POV

Familiar cross-hairs watch the platform, no more than a speck
on the side of the glass building. It descends slowly until
stopping at the 41st floor. They zoom in to watch Harris for
a few seconds, then Dominick.

The guys go to work with fast, practiced skill. They apply soapy liquid to the windows. Then, large squeegees scrape the liquid away. The glass shines like new.

DOMINICK

I thought you promised to take Em to Olive Garden before she popped.

HARRIS

Plans fell through.

DOMINICK

That code for "my ass is broke"?

HARRIS

Story of my life.

DOMINICK

If I was your wife, I'd at least want some flowers.

HARRIS

Thank God you ain't. Imagine waking up to your piss-ugly face every morning.

DOMINICK

You would be lucky to wake up to my piss-ugly face.

Harris keeps working, but his mood sours.

HARRIS

I work two jobs. She understands. Only way to keep the house.

DOMINICK

Ah... the night gig.

HARRIS

You say it like it's a fucking prison sentence.

DOMINICK

Hey, I'm impressed, man. Security guard fits you better than this window-washing shit anyway.

HARRIS

If you compliment me on my muscles one more time, I'm going straight to HR.

DOMINICK

I'm just saying... you gotta use what God gave ya. If I had your fists, I'd go back to ring, full time. You ever think about that?

HARRIS

Every minute of every day.

DOMINICK

That's your ticket to the high life, man.

HARRIS

Em and I made a deal when we got married. No more fights. I just spar, ya know. Keeps me in shape.

DOMINICK

That's real nice of ya... letting young fighters bounce their fists off your face.

HARRIS

He was fast, but I was stronger. Another round, I woulda had him.

DOMINICK

And brothers make good hockey players.

INT. GENTRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Gentry is on the phone. He ignores Harris and Dominick working on the window behind him.

GENTRY

Are we on schedule? Good. See that you do.

EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

Soap flies like rain.

HARRIS

Punching guys ain't no way to make a living. Especially with a baby on the way.

DOMINICK

You know what's a shit way to make a living? Hanging off the side of a perfectly good building. What the fuck are we thinking?

HARRIS

The money's good. A man's gotta provide for his family, not that you'd know anything about that, Mr. Three Girls Every Night.

Dominick laughs and jumps up and down. The platform shakes something fierce. Harris drops to the floor and holds on with white knuckles.

HARRIS

Jesus! Stop!

DOMINICK

Whassa matter, man? Afraid of heights?

Harris looks down, terrified. The street below goes in and out of focus.

HARRIS

You know I am! Stop that shit!

DOMINICK

You know I'm just playin.

HARRIS

Asshole.

Harris takes a deep breath and stands on legs of jelly. Dominick snickers and gets back to work.

DOMINICK

(Harris impression)

I'm afraid of heights. Let me find the worst job ever. Hmm... this looks fun! High-rise window washer!

HARRIS

My side's done. Can we go down now?

DOMINICK

(Marilyn Monroe)

I'd go down on you anytime...

The platform shakes and descends. Harris grabs the railing and closes his eyes.

INT. MONICA'S OFFICE - DAY

MONICA JACKSON checks email in her 40th floor corner office. She's a young, adorable, Black American Princess with no time for making babies when there are corporate ladders to climb... but her biological clock is ticking.

AMANDA, her plump and goofy co-worker, pokes her head in.

AMANDA
Monica... he's coming.

MONICA
I thought I asked you for the Nakamura file.

AMANDA
Your hair looks hot but please do something about the cleavage situation.

MONICA
Goodbye, Amanda.

Heather slips out with a shit-eating grin. Behind Monica, the platform descends into view.

She spots the platform in the reflection of her computer screen. She uses it like a mirror and fixes her hair and lipstick.

The platform stops. Harris and Dominick go to work. Monica hears the muffled sounds of squeegees against glass.

She walks across the office... and glances back at Dominick. He stares right back, big with the flirty grin.

EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

Dominick gives Monica a little wave.

DOMINICK
Damn, that girl is slamming.

HARRIS
That "girl" is Senior VP of Asian Markets. Translation: out of your league, brother.

DOMINICK
How the hell do you know--

HARRIS
--the crystal paperweight on her desk.

DOMINICK
(squints)
You got some fucking eagle eyes.

HARRIS
Her name, by the way...
(squints)
...is Monica Jackson.

DOMINICK
Miss Jackson if you're nasty.

HARRIS
You certainly are.

INT. MONICA'S OFFICE - DAY

Monica can't help smiling, and waves back. Dominick shouts something but his voice is muffled. Monica frowns and points to her ear.

MONICA
I'm sorry... I can't hear you.

EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

Harris taps angrily on the glass.

HARRIS
Thank God the glass is sound proof.
You kiss your mama with that mouth?

DOMINICK
Girls appreciate a man who cuts
right to the chase.

HARRIS
Dude, you told her you were
circumcised!

INT. 40TH FLOOR - OUTSIDE MONICA'S OFFICE - DAY

Monica exits and nearly runs Amanda over... Amanda who was clearly snooping by the door.

AMANDA
You pregnant yet?

MONICA
He was shouting something but I
couldn't hear him.

AMANDA
Well, go on then. Write your number
on a piece of paper and hold it
against the glass. You'll have a
great story to tell Beyonce and Lil
Wayne.

Monica shoots daggers while Amanda simply shrugs.

AMANDA
I already named your kids.

EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

Dominick finishes squeegee action.

DOMINICK
Thick glass between us. Like
strangers in the night, destined
never to bump and grind.

HARRIS
She's a senior VP. You wash her
windows. What makes you think she
gives a shit?

DOMINICK
She's not Mr. Gentry. She
appreciates the little people...
especially the handsome window
washer who wants to bone her.

HARRIS
You should write greeting cards.

Dominick scans the empty office.

DOMINICK
Where'd she go?

HARRIS
Come on, man. Thirty nine.

Dominick pouts as he works the control panel. The platform
descends.

INT. 40TH FLOOR - OUTSIDE MONICA'S OFFICE - DAY

Amanda scribbles Monica's phone number on a legal pad.

MONICA
This is crazy.

AMANDA
This is genius.

MONICA
I never make the first move.

AMANDA
You're a modern woman. You know
what you want and you take it. By
that, I mean his penis.

Amanda pops the first two buttons on Monica's blouse,
exposing cleavage.

MONICA
Hey!

AMANDA
Modern woman... with boobs! Go! Go!

INT. MONICA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Monica runs in, legal pad in hand. Dominick's head disappears
as they drop to the lower floor.

MONICA
Damn damn damn.

She doesn't notice Harris crane up and catch the phone number
on the pad.

Amanda leans in.

AMANDA
Let's catch him on thirty nine.

MONICA
Thirty nine's empty. Mr. Gentry has
it locked up.

AMANDA
But they don't clean this side
again for another month.

Monica tosses the legal pad on her desk.

MONICA
Story of my life.

EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

The platform stops on 39 as the guys go to work.

DOMINICK
I'm still not convinced the kid's
your's. You work so damn much,
don't be surprised if he comes out
lookin like a brotha.

HARRIS
You'll understand when you're
older. When you've got a mortgage.

DOMINICK
A strong wind could send you off
this platform at any moment, man.
Is she gonna remember the
paychecks... or that you were never
home?

HARRIS
Why don't ya wash that window and
leave the relationship advice to
people that don't have to pay for
sex.

DOMINICK
Wine, dine, and bone. My mantra.

HARRIS
Beer, Ramen, and polite missionary
sex. The mantra of the married man.

They laugh.

HARRIS
You know, your ugly ass might
actually have a shot with that
Monica girl. I think she wrote her
phone number--

POP! Dominick's forehead explodes all over the glass.
Harris's face is splattered with blood. A fresh bullet hole
penetrates the window. Dominick drops to the platform, dead.

HARRIS
 FUCK! Oh Jesus oh Jesus oh Jesus...

Harris goes to him. Searches for signs of life. Nothing.

HARRIS
 Dom... no no no... what the fuck?!

Harris looks across the street at an old office building. He scans the upper floors. The roof. Where the hell did the shot come from?

HARRIS
 Help! Somebody help!

People on the sidewalk below look like ants.

HARRIS
 Help! Up here! Call the police!

No one looks up... no one can hear him. Harris slams his fist on the platform.

HARRIS
 Dammit!

Harris crawls to the supply satchel, digs inside and pulls out his cell phone. He dials. Nine... one...

The phone RINGS. The display reads "Emily calling."

He answers.

HARRIS
 Oh my God, Em, you'll never belie--

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE - SAME

Vance holds a cell phone to his ear.

VANCE
 --Harris Freeman... calm yourself.
 Now is not the time for panic.

Harris looks like he's seen a ghost.

HARRIS
 Who the fuck is this? Where's
 Emily?

Vance wanders across the dark, abandoned office floor. He arrives at a makeshift command center with a series of laptop computers, one of which displays a real-time view of Harris on the platform.

VANCE
Emily, your white knight wishes to
speak with you.

REVEAL Emily bound to a chair with duct tape. Terrified. A bloody gash on her forehead.

Hostage.

Vance puts the phone on speaker and holds it up.

EMILY
Harris?

HARRIS
Emily! What's--

EMILY
--He took me, Harris.
(here come the tears)
He won't tell me what he wants.

HARRIS
I don't under--

EMILY
--He came to the house just after
you left. I couldn't get away.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. HARRIS'S CAR - DAY - BEGIN FLASHBACK

HONK!

Harris reacts. A black van heads right for him. Harris steers right.

HARRIS
Shit!

The van screeches past. Harris looks in the rear-view.

HARRIS
Asshole!

END FLASHBACK

EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

Harris covers his mouth in disbelief.

HARRIS

The van... I was there... I was
fucking there... Emily, where are
you?

EMILY (V.O.)

I don't know. Somewhere downtown. A
skyscraper... I'm not sure.

SMACK! Someone on the phone gets slapped. It sounds like a
gun shot. Harris winces.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE - SAME

Emily's cheek burns red as she whimpers. Vance rubs his palm.

HARRIS

Let her go you sonofabitch!

VANCE

Me again. Sorry for the screaming.
Women, right? Can't live with
them...

He strokes Emily's hair.

VANCE

...Can't toss them off a window
washing platform.

HARRIS

If you touch one hair on her head--

VANCE

--Been there, done that, bought the
T-shirt. When was the last time you
touched your wife's hair, Mr.
Freeman? It's soft and smells like
lavender. Delicious.

Harris squeezes the phone so hard it might break.

HARRIS

Why are you doing this?

VANCE

I need you to do a job for me, Mr. Freeman. Details-- at this stage-- are pointless. Let's make one thing clear: I have your wife. She appears to be with child. Do we have an understanding?

Vance runs his hand seductively across Emily's belly. She cringes.

HARRIS

Of course. Anything. Just don't hurt her.

VANCE

Wouldn't dream of it. How's your friend?

HARRIS

(through clenched teeth)
Still. Dead. Mother. Fucker.

INSERT ANOTHER POV

Harris stands in the cross-hairs of a sniper rifle.

VANCE

The first casualty. Regretful, but necessary. I need you to fully understand that I have a second bullet with your name on it should you fail to follow my instructions.

Harris scans the office building across the street. Nothing but empty windows.

VANCE

I see you... looking for me...
looking for a way out.

HARRIS

Pretty big talk for someone so far away. Why don't you come over here... settle this man to man?

VANCE

Shame. We don't have time for fisticuffs. Not with half a billion dollars at stake.

Vance peers closely at a computer monitor.

HARRIS
You're nothing but a simple thief.

VANCE
Ah... extending the conversation
while you devise a plan. You're
smarter than your time in the ring
gives you credit for.

HARRIS
You followed my career?

VANCE
Short as it was. Slow as an ox...
but quite the right hook.

HARRIS
I'd be happy to give you a
demonstration.

VANCE
First things first: in the supply
bag, you'll find a Bluetooth
headset. Put it on.

Harris digs in the satchel and finds the ear piece. He slips
it on.

VANCE
Can you hear me?

Harris holds up his middle finger.

VANCE
Classy.

HARRIS
Why me? Why go to all this trouble?

VANCE
The platform you stand on is
integral to the operation.
Therefore, it came down to a choice
between you and Mr. Washington. He
danced through life with no
connections save for a father who
abandoned him when he was a boy.
You, on the other hand...

HARRIS
A wife. Baby on the way.

VANCE
So much to live for.

HARRIS
You forgot the third thing.

VANCE
That is?

Harris looks ready to rip shirt and turn into the Hulk.

HARRIS
Seeing you, face to face... and
killing you with my bare hands.

Vance's mouth quivers. His icy facade is starting to crack.

VANCE
That... wasn't very nice. Take off
your safety harness.

HARRIS
Fuck you!

Vance pulls out a .45 and presses it against Emily's skull.
She cries out.

VANCE
Take off your safety harness or I
shoot your wife in the head.

HARRIS
Okay, okay... please. I'm doing it.

EMILY (V.O.)
Harris!

HARRIS
Baby! It's okay!

Harris unbuckles the safety harness, literally shaking with
fear.

HARRIS
This is crazy... thirty nine
stories up. Holy shit... holy
shit...

VANCE
Give it to Mr. Washington so he has
two.

HARRIS
He's dead!

Vance cocks the gun. Harris hears.

HARRIS
Okay! Alright... whatever you want,
man.

Harris looks at the ground going in and out of focus. He grips the rail, takes a deep breath, and carefully crawls to Dominick.

VANCE
All done?

Harris attaches the harness to Dominick's belt.

HARRIS
Done. Don't suppose you give a shit
that I'm afraid of heights?

Vance releases the hammer and lowers the gun. Emily sobs quietly.

VANCE
Terrible career choice, don't you
think?

HARRIS
You ain't the first asshole to tell
me that today.

Vance works a laptop keyboard.

EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

One side of the platform suddenly gives way! Cables unwind. The entire structure falls at a 45-degree angle.

Harris screams and grabs for the rail.

HARRIS
Help!

His fingers slip, sending him down the platform like a slide. The platform's end comes up fast. At the last second, Harris finds the railing and grabs hold, his legs dangling over thin air.

HARRIS
Oh, Jesus. Help! HELP!

Dominick's body slides down the platform... right for him!

HARRIS

No no no no...

The safety harnesses catch, holding the body in place. Dominick's bloody head wound comes to a stop inches from Harris's face.

HARRIS

Let me up! PLEASE!

The platform elevates. Harris pulls himself up. Seconds later, the platform is level again. Shaking with fear, Harris pushes Dominick's body away.

HARRIS

(hyperventilating)

Why... why would you do that?

VANCE (V.O.)

I need you to understand that I can drop the entire platform to the ground with the push of a button... but I won't. As long as you follow my instructions.

HARRIS

Okay... fuck... I get it.

Harris stands and presses "ascend" on the control panel. Nothing happens. He looks up at the roof, three stories away.

HARRIS

How are you doing this?

VANCE (V.O.)

That does not concern you, Mr. Freeman. If you call the police... if you reattach your safety harness... if you fail to follow my instructions... I will kill your wife, then you.

HARRIS

All true... except for one part.

VANCE (V.O.)

Yes?

HARRIS

You won't kill me.

VANCE (V.O.)
Do you not remember hanging on for
dear life not thirty seconds ago?

HARRIS
You need me. I don't know why, but
you can't do this without me.

Vance doesn't answer. Harris smirks.

VANCE (V.O.)
You ARE smart! I like you.
(aside)
Emily! I really like him!

EMILY (V.O.)
Fuck you.

HARRIS
(to himself)
That's my girl.

VANCE (V.O.)
Play nice, and you will both be
home tonight watching terrible
sitcoms on your ugly couch.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE - SAME

Vance checks the monitors.

HARRIS
Alright. I'm playin nice. You mind
tellin me how a window washer is
supposed to help you steal half a
billion dollars?

VANCE
Where are you, right now?

HARRIS
Stuck on a platform--
(realizing)
--at the headquarters for First
National Bank.

VANCE
And first place goes to--

HARRIS

--Jesus, man. There's gotta be an easier way to pull off a bank robbery.

Blood pools under Dominick's head wound. A trickle flows, reaching the edge and building until it... drips.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

A HOT DOG VENDOR slathers ketchup on a dog.

HOT DOG VENDOR

You want onions on that?

Drip. Drip. The Vendor notices two drops of blood on his yellow umbrella. He leans back and looks... at the window washing platform 39 stories up.

GUY BUYING HOT DOG

What?

HOT DOG VENDOR

Somebody just dripped paint on my fucking umbrella.

GUY BUYING HOT DOG

It's bird crap. Alert CNN. Sauerkraut, man. No onions.

HOT DOG VENDOR

Bird crap is white. I work outside... I knows my bird crap.

He spots a TOURIST taking a photo of nearby buildings.

HOT DOG VENDOR

Hey! Gimme that.

TOURIST

What the-- THIEF!

The Vendor grabs the camera.

HOT DOG VENDOR

I ain't stealing it. Untwist your panties, wouldya?

THROUGH THE LENS: Harris paces back and forth. Small, almost invisible... Dominick's HAND sticks over the side.

The Vendor lowers the camera, stunned.

HOT DOG VENDOR
What the hell?

EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

Harris tries not to look down.

VANCE (V.O.)
Your position is crucial to the
operation... that is all you need
to know.

Radio chatter in the phone's background.

VANCE (V.O.)
Hold on.

HARRIS
Easy for you to say...

Harris tightens his grip on the railing. He hears a screech.
Looks down.

A police car stops in front of the building. A COP gets out
and looks up. The excited Hot Dog Vendor runs over and
directs the cop's attention to the platform.

VANCE (V.O.)
It seems your friend with the hole
in his head has attracted some
unwanted attention.

HARRIS
Even dead, he's a pain in the ass.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE - SAME

Vance stares at the monitors, completely focused.

VANCE
Mr. Washington's blood has
apparently dripped on the sidewalk
below. The police have been alerted
that something less than wholesome
may have happened on the platform.
Do you understand?

Harris stands with a relieved smile.

HARRIS
Three cheers for the boys in blue.

VANCE
May I remind you of rule number
one?

HARRIS
Don't call the police. I didn't.

VANCE
It does not matter. They find a
dead body on the platform, the
operation is terminated. I think
you know what that means for your
beautiful wife.

Harris's smile goes the way of the Dodo.

HARRIS
What the hell am I supposed to do?

VANCE
The police man is on his way up.
Improvise.

CLICK. The line goes dead. Harris stares at Dominick's body.

HARRIS
Shit.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - DAY

The cop enters the building.

EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

Harris strains every muscle lifting Dominick's body.

HARRIS
Damn, son.

He looks at the bullet hole in the window.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

A bank SECURITY GUARD meets the cop with a handshake as they
enter an elevator.

EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

Harris swings the metal squeegee handle into the window pane. CRACK! Again. CRACK! The glass cracks in spider-web pattern.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The cop whistles along with the sappy elevator muzak. The security guard reads from a clipboard.

SECURITY GUARD

Harris Freeman. Dominick Washington. Operations Manager says they're washing the east side today.

COP

What do you think of this song?

SECURITY GUARD

It's okay.

COP

Are you kidding? It's fucking genius. Just listen to that chord change.

They listen. The security guard bobs his head.

SECURITY GUARD

I ain't no fruit... but you're right.

EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

Another hit... CRACK! SMASH! Harris breaks through. Glass flies into the empty office.

INSERT ANOTHER POV: Through cross-hairs, someone watches Harris scramble.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

The Vendor peers at Harris through the tourist's camera.

HOT DOG VENDOR

What the hell is he doing?

TOURIST
Give me back my camera!

GUY BUYING HOT DOG
Hey buddy, kinda hungry here!

HOT DOG VENDOR
Both of you: SHUT UP!

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The cop and security both whistle to the music as they pass floor 30.

EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

Harris lifts the body, hands around his chest.

HARRIS
(Emily impression)
Sell the weights, Harris. You ain't
a boxer anymore. When you gonna
need all those muscles?

He props the body over the rail with the upper half inside the broken window.

INT. ROOF SERVICE AREA - DAY

The cop and security guard exit the elevator and start up the final stairs to the roof.

SECURITY GUARD
...I wish we could. Mr. Gentry's
got those floors locked up until
construction is finished. Even I
don't have the key.

COP
The roof'll be fine.
(gulps)
How high up did you say we were?

EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

Harris pushes Dominick's legs through the broken window.

HARRIS
Stay.

He puts squeegee to glass... just as the cop and security guard peek over the edge.

COP
Good morning!

Harris looks up with a smile big as day.

HARRIS
How ya doing?

INSERT ANOTHER POV: The cross-hairs follow the action. From Harris... to the cop's forehead... then back to Harris.

Harris glances at the platform... at a small puddle of blood next to his shoe.

COP
Thought I'd ask you the same question. Everything okay down there?

Harris quickly shuffles left, covering the blood with his shoe.

HARRIS
Can't complain. At least it ain't raining.

COP
They make you do this when it rains?

HARRIS
I don't mind. It's the wind that can kiss my ass.

The security guard glances at his clipboard.

SECURITY GUARD
Freeman or Washington?

HARRIS
I'm Freeman.

SECURITY GUARD
Where's Mr. Washington?

Harris pauses just a moment too long.

HARRIS

(shrugs)

Never came in. I called his house.
No answer.

SECURITY GUARD

That's weird. According to the
computer... he clocked in.

Harris thinks fast.

HARRIS

Look... my wife was sick a few
months ago. She was pregnant--
still is-- anyway, I was running
late. Dominick clocked me in.
Thought I'd return the favor, ya
know?

SECURITY GUARD

That's against regs.

HARRIS

I know. I figured he just got stuck
in traffic. Help your fellow man,
right?

SECURITY GUARD

I'm gonna have to report this to
the Operations Manager. You'll
probably get a verbal warning.

HARRIS

Come on, man. I was just looking
out for a friend. It won't happen
again... I promise.

The cop and security look at each other and shrug.

SECURITY GUARD

Just don't do it again, okay?

Harris mock salutes.

HARRIS

Aye, aye Captain!

Harris looks down at the giant blood stain on his uniform. He
quickly lowers his hands, covering the stain with his
squeegee.

COP

A hot dog vendor reported something dripped on his cart. Might have been paint or something. You know anything about that?

HARRIS

Hey, don't look at me. When I piss, I use a bucket.

No one laughs.

HARRIS

Just a little... window-washer humor.

(clears his throat)

Nothing but soap and water up here. The wind's blowin pretty good... who's to say where it came from?

With perfect timing, the wind nearly blow the cop's hat off.

COP

You got a point. There was one more thing, though. The guy said he was looking through a camera... and swore he could see someone's hand hanging over the side.

Harris holds up a glove.

HARRIS

Always droppin 'em.

COP

Be careful up here.

HARRIS

Have a good day, officer... and watch your step.

COP

You too, Mr. Freeman.

The cop and security guard step back from the roof. Harris sighs with relief.

Suddenly, the security guard pokes back over.

SECURITY GUARD

Remind me again... what's rule number three?

A tense beat. The security guard smirks as if he knows something.

HARRIS

Excuse me?

SECURITY GUARD

Number three... in your employee manual?

HARRIS

Oh, shit... uh, it's the one about always having a partner on the platform.

SECURITY GUARD

You're just racking up the violations today, aren't ya?

HARRIS

Look, if Dom doesn't show, I don't work. I don't work, I don't get paid. I got a baby on the way, man.

SECURITY GUARD

I ain't gonna squeal on you. Just watch yourself, Mr. Freeman.

HARRIS

You got it, sir.

The security guard disappears from the edge. Harris sits down, seconds from a panic attack.

The phone rings. Harris turns on the Bluetooth.

HARRIS

They're gone.

VANCE (V.O.)

That was a magnificent display of improvisation. I'm impressed.

HARRIS

Who knew I was so good at hiding a dead body?

VANCE (V.O.)

Without even being told, you've completed the next task: gain access to the thirty-ninth floor.

Harris peers in to the dark and empty floor.

HARRIS
What's so special about thirty-nine?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE - SAME

Vance rubs Emily's shoulder as she whimpers with fear.

VANCE
On the fortieth floor, there is a woman with a corner office named Monica Jackson.

HARRIS
I know her.

VANCE
Good. Then this will be easy.

HARRIS
I don't KNOW her, know her. I've never met her... I just know who she is.

VANCE
Perfect.

HARRIS
What do I have to do?

VANCE
The time is... ten forty-three.

Harris glances at his watch.

VANCE
You have until ten FIFTY-three to get Miss Jackson onto the platform.

HARRIS
Wait... what? Onto THIS platform? How the hell am I supposed to do that?

Vance punches buttons on the keyboard.

VANCE
I'm turning control of the platform over to you.

(MORE)

VANCE(cont'd)

Consider it a gesture of trust.
Remember, follow my instructions,
or--

HARRIS

--You'll kill Emily.

VANCE

Nine minutes, forty seconds.

Emily gives Vance a look: this guy really is nuts.

EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

Harris checks his watch as Vance hangs up.

HARRIS

Fucking great.

Harris scoots to the platform controls and presses ASCEND.
The platform rises.

HARRIS

Rise faster you narrow, rickety
piece of sh--

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE - DAY

An ELECTRICIAN in unflattering blue coveralls runs a
flashlight along wires that snake across the ceiling. His
radio crackles to life.

CONTROL (V.O.)

Jim, you there?

ELECTRICIAN

(into radio)

Affirmative.

CONTROL (V.O.)

Greg wants you back downstairs at
the relay.

ELECTRICIAN

(into radio)

I'm looking for the short. Be there
in five.

He hears voices in the distance. He forgets about the wires
and turns his flashlight on the space ahead.

ELECTRICIAN

Who's there?

The voices stop. The sound of duct-tape being ripped. The Electrician moves toward the sound.

ELECTRICIAN

No one's supposed to be up here.

The light illuminates: the base of a chair. Hands bound with duct tape. Emily's tear-stained face. Her mouth covered with tape.

ELECTRICIAN

Oh my God... what happened?

He goes to her. She looks over his shoulder... and tries to scream a muffled warning.

ELECTRICIAN

Who did this to you?

Vance appears out of the darkness behind him, puts a hand on either side of his head... and twists. SNAP! The Electrician falls at Emily's feet.

Vance angrily rips the tape off Emily's mouth.

VANCE

Now, be a good girl and sit quietly while Uncle Vance figures out how this man with the broken neck breached my perimeter.

Vance heads away as Emily quietly seethes.

EMILY

What kind of girl's name is Vance?

He runs at her, spitting with rage, his deadly cool long gone.

VANCE

My mother gave me that name!

He slaps her.

EMILY

Your mother played a joke on you.

Another slap. He boils with anger. Emily smiles through the pain.

INT. MONICA'S OFFICE - DAY

Empty. Dark. Outside the window, Harris rises from the 39th floor.

EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

Harris looks in.

HARRIS
Of course NOW she takes a break.

Inside the office, light are off and the door is closed. He checks his watch.

HARRIS
Jesus.

He looks at her desk. There: the note-pad with her phone number. Harris pulls out his phone and dials.

INT. GENTRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Monica stands before Gentry at his giant desk. He leans back, feet up. Takes out his bottle of pills and pops one.

MONICA
...the numbers from Asia are promising. We're improving our market penetration.

GENTRY
Promising isn't good enough, Monica. You don't rest until every slanty-eyed motherfucker is holding their money with us.

Monica's phone rings.

MONICA
Excuse me.

She takes the phone from her pocket. Glances at the Caller ID. It rings again.

GENTRY
(annoyed)
Do you need to take that?

MONICA
I don't recognize the number... but
my mom's in the hospital. It could
be the doc--

GENTRY
--Go ahead, then. I'm not a
monster.

MONICA
Of course not, sir.

She exits, phone to her ear.

MONICA
This is Monica Jackson.

EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

Harris nearly jumps for joy.

HARRIS
Monica... hi. Miss Jackson. Uh, you
don't know me. I mean, you've seen
me plenty of times. Um...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GENTRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Monica looks puzzled.

Amanda is waiting for her. She mouths "What is it?"

MONICA
Can I help you?

Gentry looks up from his desk. Checks his watch. Suspicious.

Monica closes the door.

HARRIS
My name is Harris Freeman. I'm one
of the window washers.

Monica blushes red.

MONICA
Hi.

AMANDA
Whoa... a man?

HARRIS
I'm not who you... I'm the white
guy.

MONICA
(bummer)
Oh.

AMANDA
Not a man or not the one you
wanted?

HARRIS
Look, I got your number off the
note-pad on your desk. I ain't a
stalker or anything. I know you
meant to give it to Dominick...
the, uh, black guy.

MONICA
Is he there?

HARRIS
This is gonna sound crazy, but... I
need your help.

MONICA
I don't wash windows, Mr. Freeman.

AMANDA
The window washer? Holy shit
snacks!

HARRIS
Please... can you just come to the
roof?

MONICA
(with a laugh)
Excuse me?

HARRIS
I've only got six minutes--

MONICA
--If your friend wants to have a
drink, tell him he'll have to call
me himself.

AMANDA
That's it! Play hard to get, girl!

INT. GENTRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Gentry types away at his computer. Behind him, the platform rises into view. Harris on the phone.

Gentry is oblivious.

EXT. PLATFORM/INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GENTRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Harris presses ascend so hard it might break.

HARRIS
Please, go to the roof. I'll
explain when you get there.

MONICA
I have a lot of work to do, Mr.
Freeman.

Harris thinks.

HARRIS
Dominick would REALLY like to speak
with you... but he's shy.

Monica bites her bottom lip. She looks down the hallway at the door leading to the stairwell. The moment of choice...

HARRIS
Please hurry.

MONICA
Alright... tell Dominick I'm on my
way.
(off Amanda's look)
He wants me on the roof.

AMANDA
I might pee myself that's so
romantic.

Monica hangs up. Heads for the stairwell. One look back at Amanda--

MONICA
You wanna come?

AMANDA
Hell, no. Afraid of heights. This
one's all yours.

As Monica reaches the door--

AMANDA
But while you're out there, find
out if his rough-looking friend is
single.

EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

Harris ascends. The platform reaches the roof. A quick check
of his watch.

HARRIS
Come on. Where are you?

INT. UPPER STAIRWELL - DAY

Monica climbs the stairs with careful, high-heeled steps. She
reaches the roof door--

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

--and steps into morning light.

Harris waits on the window washing platform with a forced
smile.

She approaches, cautiously.

MONICA
Mr. Freeman?

HARRIS
Look, don't freak out--

MONICA
--Where's Dominick?

Monica steps to the edge of the roof.

HARRIS
He's down on thirty-nine.

MONICA
Inside the building? How did he get
off the platform?

HARRIS
 Um... funny story, actually.
 (trying to not sound like
 a stalker but it's
 impossible)
 If you could climb onto the
 platform. Just for a second.

MONICA
 Excuse me?

Another glance at his watch.

HARRIS
 (to himself)
 Damn.
 (forced smile)
 Come on... it'll be fun.

MONICA
 I'm sure that's against all kinds
 of regulations. You don't want to
 lose your job, do you?

HARRIS
 It's okay. Really. I'm sorta the
 manager or something.

She takes a step back.

MONICA
 I'm getting a serious "killer in
 the woods with a machete" kinda
 vibe.

HARRIS
 Please.

Another step back.

MONICA
 And I'm afraid of heights.

HARRIS
 So am I. But it's safe. Really.
 Look.

He jumps up and down. The safety cables GROAN. Harris
 freezes. Hands on the rail.

MONICA
 Have a nice day, Mr. Freeman.

She notices his coveralls.

MONICA
Wait... is that blood?

HARRIS
This? No, no. It's paint.

MONICA
You ARE the creepy killer in the woods!

HARRIS
Awe... fuck it.

Harris climbs onto the roof. She backs away.

MONICA
What are you doing?

She makes a run for it, but he's faster.

HARRIS
I'm sorry.

MONICA
Stop! Stay back!

Monica screams. Harris wraps his powerful arms around her waist and hoists her over his shoulder.

MONICA
What the fuck?! Put me down!

HARRIS
Stop thrashing!

He carries her to the platform. She looks down... at the blurry sidewalk below.

MONICA
Shit! HELP! HELP!

He tries to put her down gently but she twists out his grip and falls backwards... onto the platform... and hits her head.

The blow knocks her out. Harris just stares at the unconscious woman on his platform.

HARRIS
Fuck.

EXT. PLATFORM - LATER

INSERT MONICA'S POV: Everything in and out of focus. Harris paces up and down the platform, talking on the Blue Tooth.

HARRIS

No! I followed your instructions. I got her on the platform under ten minutes. You didn't say anything about her being conscious.

(beat)

I dunno. Soon. I don't have any smelling salts.

Monica groans. Eyes close.

EXT. PLATFORM - LATER

They hang at the 39th floor. Harris lifts Monica into a sitting position on the far end of the platform. He gently brushes hair from her face.

She wakes up. Takes one look at Harris and screams.

HARRIS

I already tried that. No one can hear you up here... except for me, and you're kinda loud.

Monica looks down. The street goes in and out of focus. She screams again. Grabs the rail with white knuckles. She feels the back of her head. Winces.

MONICA

You kidnapped me, you psycho!

She tries to stand. Harris forces her down. Tries to calm her with hands on her shoulders but she fights to get away.

HARRIS

You don't wanna stand up. Believe me. Just calm down.

MONICA

Calm down? You kidnapped me! Help!
HELP!

HARRIS

I already told you--

MONICA
--I'm calling the police!
(fumbles through pockets)
Where's my goddamn phone?

HARRIS
On the goddamn roof.

Monica stops fighting. Resigned to her fate.

MONICA
Get it over with.

HARRIS
What?

MONICA
Whatever you want to do to me.
(small, afraid)
Just make it quick.

Harris backs up. Takes a seat several feet away.

HARRIS
It's not like that.

MONICA
I'll have you know, I'm very
desirable.

HARRIS
I had to get you onto this platform
in ten minutes... or he was gonna
kill my wife.

Monica goes quiet. Does she buy it? Her smile gives her away.

MONICA
Yeah, right.

HARRIS
You don't believe me?

MONICA
News flash: your face is all beaten
up and you just abducted a woman.

HARRIS
I had no choice.

MONICA

I'm warning you... black women can be feisty. I won't hesitate to claw your eyes out.

Harris goes to his pocket. Pulls out his wallet. Holds up a PICTURE: Him and Emily, all smiles.

MONICA

You abduct her too?

HARRIS

That's my wife, Emily. She's eight months pregnant.

MONICA

Convenient.

HARRIS

It's a boy. I'm gonna...
(breaks)
...have a son.

MONICA

You're very skilled at Photoshop.

Harris can't help it. The tears fall. Monica watches him carefully. She's starting to buy it.

HARRIS

He has her, probably in one of those buildings across the street.

MONICA

Who?

HARRIS

I don't know. A man... I think it's just one.

MONICA

Are you sure?

HARRIS

I dunno. He's making me play all these games. I'm supposed to help him with some kind of robbery, but he won't tell me any more than that. If I didn't get you on this platform, he woulda killed Emily.

MONICA

Why me?

HARRIS

Not sure. But you have to believe me. I'm not gonna hurt you. I'm not the bad guy. I'm sorry I grabbed you like that... I didn't know what else to do.

MONICA

What about the police?

HARRIS

He's watching... right now. If I call the police, that's it.

MONICA

Game over.

Harris notices her clinging to the rail.

HARRIS

I know you're scared.

MONICA

You don't know the half of it. I may throw up at any moment.

Harris smiles. Finally, a moment of levity.

HARRIS

The people on the sidewalk would appreciate if ya didn't.

MONICA

Assuming you're telling the truth... what do we do?

HARRIS

We have to enter floor thirty nine through the window. The guy on the phone... he'll tell us what to do once we're in.

MONICA

Okay. Let's do it.

HARRIS

You believe me?

MONICA

No... but anything's better than staying out here.

Harris wipes away the tears. Gives her a genuine look of thanks.

MONICA
What happened to Dominick?

INT. GENTRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Gentry is on the phone. Looks pissed.

GENTRY
Tell them to move. They're behind
schedule. We won't get another shot
at this.

He slams the phone down and pops another pill.

EXT. PLATFORM/INT. 39TH FLOOR - DAY

Monica and Harris stare into the broken window on the 39th floor. Dominick's body lies just inside.

HARRIS
He was a good guy. You woulda liked
him.

MONICA
I'm a Vice President at a giant
international bank... he washed my
windows. It wouldn't have gone
anywhere... but it would have been
fun.

HARRIS
I got your number off that note-
pad. I know you meant for Dominick
to see it.

Monica wipes away a tear and inspects Dominick's gaping head wound.

HARRIS
Stop looking for signs that I
killed him. I already told you--

MONICA
--Sniper bullet in the head. Just
making sure. A girl can't be too
careful.

HARRIS
She said dangling off the side of a
building.

Harris looks at the office building across the street.

HARRIS
The angle of entry, and the hole in
the glass... the shot must've come
from that building there. Hell of a
shot. Guy must have some kind of
military training.

MONICA
You said he could see us?

HARRIS
I've looked. I can't find a gun...
or camera... or person over there.
Nothing.

MONICA
Your wife?

HARRIS
She's over there... but I can't get
to her. Can't save her.

MONICA
It's okay. We'll find a way. I
promise.

HARRIS
Pretty confident, aren't ya?

MONICA
She said dangling off the side of a
building.

Monica leans in the broken window. One foot on the rail.

MONICA
Here we go.

HARRIS
Careful.

He helps her as she hoists herself up. Crawls inside. Careful
steps over Dominick's body. Harris follows. She helps him up.

MONICA
I don't know how you work out there
every day. I'd be scared shitless.

HARRIS

You gotta provide for your family. Sometimes life hands you a cushy office on the fortieth floor... and sometimes it hands you a squeegee.

The phone rings. Harris taps the Blue Tooth.

HARRIS

Harris.

VANCE (V.O.)

Just because you find yourself inside the building, does not mean you are free to roam about unsupervised.

HARRIS

I'm listening.

VANCE (V.O.)

Look to your right, in the corner of the ceiling. The floor may be vacant, but First National has installed quite the elaborate camera system.

Harris spots a tiny security camera pointed right at them.

VANCE (V.O.)

I'm tapped in. Wave to the camera.

Harris flips the camera off.

VANCE (V.O.)

Charming. Now, here comes the fun part. In the center of the floor, you'll find the elevators. I need you on thirty-seven.

HARRIS

Why thirty-seven?

Monica shrugs.

VANCE (V.O.)

The elevators are programmed to skip thirty-one through thirty-nine. Despite my technological genius, I am unable to override that particular quirk. You must get to floor thirty-seven by any means necessary.

(MORE)

VANCE(cont'd)

That is where the adorable Miss Jackson will reveal her purpose.

HARRIS

This is ridiculous.

MONICA

Harris, what are you--

HARRIS

--I'm through figuring things out. I'm through being your puppet. Obviously, we're important to your operation. So... what is it? Huh? Why all this for a simple robbery?

Harris breathes hard. Veins pulse with frustration. Monica stays back, alarmed by the outburst. He puts the cell phone on speaker so she can hear.

VANCE (V.O.)

I suppose you deserve a few answers after all you've been through.

HARRIS

Damn right.

PULL BACK from the 39th floor, out the broken window--

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - DAY

--to FOCUS on the entire building. Shiny glass and steel.

VANCE (V.O.)

First National is one of the most powerful banks in the world. During the economic collapse of 2008, they single-handedly kept the world from going bankrupt.

FOCUS on the top floors.

VANCE (V.O.)

Marcus Gentry would have you believe floors thirty-one through thirty-nine are under construction. The truth is far more interesting. You are standing in a vast security network, encompassing these floors, where all First National's financial assets are funneled.

ZOOM in--

INT. 39TH FLOOR - DAY

--PAST Harris and Monica, to the stairwell. An intricate laser grid covers the door.

VANCE (V.O.)

The entrance to each floor is blocked by motion detectors. The controls for this system are off site... and unbreakable. Even the windows are blocked by the same motion technology. All except for thirty-nine... the floor you're on now. Now you see why entry through that window was the only way in, and why we chose you, Harris Freeman. A man with something to live for.

HARRIS (V.O.)

Lucky me.

VANCE (V.O.)

I could have easily used the platform to descend from the roof at night, but timing is critical. An upgrade to First National's core system is scheduled within the hour. The core is two floors down... on thirty-seven.

PULL BACK from the stairwell and enter--

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

--And DESCEND two floors--

VANCE (V.O.)

The only way to thirty-seven, without triggering the alarms, is through the elevator shaft.

INT. 37TH FLOOR - DAY

--where a massive computer network HUMS with energy in the middle of the otherwise empty office floor.

VANCE (V.O.)

There you will find the core.
There, Miss Jackson has the
knowledge required to break through
the fire-walls during the upgrade
and transfer five hundred million
dollars to an off-shore account.
The upgrade begins... in fifty-
three minutes.

INT. 39TH FLOOR - DAY

Harris and Monica exchange a look.

VANCE (V.O.)

Better get moving. Your wife really
wants to go home.

CLICK. The phone goes dead.

HARRIS

Guess we have our orders. You still
game?

MONICA

I have a choice?

HARRIS

Welcome to my nightmare.

They jog to the elevator shaft. Harris surveys the closed
doors. Monica checks out the control panel: a digital touch-
pad requiring an access code.

MONICA

What are you thinking?

HARRIS

You ain't gonna like it.

MONICA

My horoscope said I should try new
things.

HARRIS

I think I can pry the doors open.
You're gonna have to stop the
elevators long enough... for us to
climb down.

MONICA

Climb down?

HARRIS

Two floors. We have to be on thirty-seven.

MONICA

In case you haven't noticed, I have the arm strength of a baby.

HARRIS

I thought you were a feisty, strong black woman.

MONICA

Racist.

HARRIS

Well, I ain't carrying ya. We take the stairs, the alarms go off, security comes running, and Emily takes a bullet to the head.

Monica sighs. Harris nods at the display.

HARRIS

Better get cracking.

Harris spots a pile of construction supplies. Grabs a rebar pipe. Struggles to pry the doors open.

MONICA

How do they expect me to get in? It's a four digit code. Could be anything.

HARRIS

Try your PIN. Or your birthday.

MONICA

Could be the number of my condo. The last four numbers on my driver's license.

HARRIS

He made it clear: there's a reason you're here.

Monica bites her lip. Thinks.

Harris pries the doors open about six inches. He squeezes his arm in and pushes. Harder. Muscles strain. The doors give way to a two foot gap. Harris places the rebar between the doors, propping them open.

Suddenly, an elevator ROARS past, ascending to the upper floors. Harris jumps back as it nearly takes off his arm.

HARRIS

Holy shit.

(to Monica)

We ain't going anywhere unless you find a way to shut this down.

MONICA

Crushed by an elevator. Best day ever.

Monica's finger hovers over the display.

MONICA

Let me try my birthday.

She presses the number two. The display reacts. Scans her fingerprint, then goes blank.

MONICA

What the hell?

HARRIS

Didya break it?

Display comes to life. Reads "WELCOME MONICA JACKSON. FINGERPRINT VERIFIED."

MONICA

Ah... fingerprint scanner. The number pad was just a cover.

The display shows a menu screen titled "ELEVATOR CONTROL."

HARRIS

--What next?

MONICA

"Pause Operation?"

HARRIS

Do it.

Monica presses "PAUSE OPERATION." Above them, a CLANG as the emergency brakes engage.

HARRIS

How long did you stop it for?

MONICA

I don't know. Should we wait?

HARRIS
No. Let's move.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

Squeezing through the open doors, Harris uses the service ladder to begin climbing down.

Monica peers down from 39.

MONICA
Thirty-nine floors to certain death. Yippee.

HARRIS
Less complaining, more climbing.

Monica gingerly steps down.

MONICA
Shit shit shit.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Gentry enters in a rush. Glances at his watch. He presses his finger against a digital display on the elevator wall. The display scans his print and reads "WELCOME MARCUS GENTRY."

Gentry waits. The screen seems to be frozen. Another press of his finger, and the screen displays "ELEVATOR FUNCTION CURRENTLY PAUSED."

GENTRY
What the hell?

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

Harris and Monica descend. Almost at the 38th floor.

HARRIS
Mind telling me how the VP of Business Loans and Foreign Investments knows so much about elevator controls?

MONICA
I started out at First National in the IT Department. I actually designed most of the security systems in this building.

HARRIS

No chance you could've opened up the stairs?

MONICA

Sorry. Laser grids over doors and other insanity were installed after I moved up.

HARRIS

From the IT department to the fortieth floor? That's quite the promotion.

MONICA

Mr. Gentry, senior, knew my father. They were best friends... back in the day when black and whites didn't exactly get along.

HARRIS

IT and international banking are pretty different skill sets.

MONICA

The money stuff came easy. I'm a genius, of sorts.

HARRIS

Says the woman who came to the roof to meet a stranger.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Gentry pounds the intercom.

GENTRY

Hello? Anybody there?

SECURITY GUARD (V.O.)

This is Operations. May I help you?

GENTRY

Why isn't this elevator moving?

SECURITY GUARD (V.O.)

It seems to be stuck.

Gentry sighs.

GENTRY

This is Marcus Gentry.

SECURITY GUARD (V.O.)
Gentry! Shit... Uh, good morning,
sir. I'll get it working as soon as
possible.

GENTRY
See that you do.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

Harris climbs down to 38. Above him, Monica continues her
painfully slow descent.

HARRIS
You're doin' great.

MONICA
The next time you kidnap me, remind
me to wear flats.

SHUDDER! Up on 41, the elevator shakes.

HARRIS
What the hell was that?

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Gentry holds on as the elevator vibrates.

SECURITY GUARD (V.O.)
The emergency brakes have been
activated. That's weird...

GENTRY
Define weird.

SECURITY GUARD (V.O.)
The only way to do that outside of
the control room would be to hack
into the system.

GENTRY
Hack?

SECURITY GUARD (V.O.)
Sir, Mr. Gentry, this is a serious
breach of security. Should I call
the police?

GENTRY
No.

SECURITY GUARD (V.O.)
Sir?

GENTRY
Just get the damn thing working.
I'll have IT take a look.

SECURITY GUARD (V.O.)
But sir, someone could be--

GENTRY
--You heard me.

Gentry pops another pill.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

Monica carefully steps down.

HARRIS
Faster is better.

MONICA
Quiet you.

SCREECH! The elevator begins descending.

HARRIS
Move! NOW!

MONICA
Oh my God oh my God...

Harris looks down at the doors to 37, still one floor away.
He grips the ladder, closes his eyes, and prays.

HARRIS
I'm not afraid of heights... I'm
not afraid of heights...

He drops, sliding down the ladder to the 37th floor in two
seconds! He lands safely and immediately tries to pry the
doors open.

HARRIS
Hurry!

MONICA
There's no time! I'm not gonna make
it!

HARRIS
Did you see what I just did?

MONICA
You're crazy.

HARRIS
Just do it!

The elevator drops past 40.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Gentry listens to elevator muzak.

GENTRY
God, I hate this shit.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

The elevator hits 39 and keeps coming!

Monica makes it to 38.

Harris pries the doors open on 37.

HARRIS
Come on!

MONICA
Stop yelling! You'll make me fall!

Lightbulb!

HARRIS
That's it.

MONICA
That's what?

HARRIS
Fall.

MONICA
You really ARE crazy.

HARRIS
I'll catch you!

The elevator is almost on top of her.

MONICA
You promise?

HARRIS
Trust me.

MONICA
If I die, I'm coming back to haunt
you.

HARRIS
I swear, on the life of my son... I
will catch you.

They lock eyes. This is the moment. She makes her choice.

MONICA
Son of a--

She drops! From 38 to 37-- where Harris grabs her wrist at
the last second! Her momentum swings her into the shaft wall.
She hits with a cringe-worthy THUD.

MONICA (cont'd)
--bitch!

The elevator keeps coming.

Harris lifts. Every muscle strains. Monica screams.

The elevator is almost on them.

He pulls her through the doors--

INT. 37TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

--where they tumble to the floor just as the elevator RUMBLES
past.

HARRIS
You OK?

Monica sits up. Winces.

MONICA
My shoulder hurts.

Her shoulder hangs at a strange angle. Dislocated.

HARRIS
Shit.

MONICA
Shit? Why shit? What's wrong?

HARRIS
Your shoulder... it's dislocated.

She looks. Her face goes white.

MONICA
What did you do to me?

HARRIS
You would rather I dropped ya?

She fights back the urge to ball like a baby.

MONICA
Put it back.

HARRIS
That's the plan.

But he's frozen.

MONICA
How, exactly?

HARRIS
How are ya with pain?

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE - DAY

Vance watches the security feed.

VANCE
Miss Jackson will feel that in the morning.

Emily sniffs through tears. Remains defiant.

Vance steps back.

Emily gets a view of the security feed. Harris and Monica sit close together, talking.

VANCE
They say life-threatening situations bring people closer together. Who knows? She is pretty cute.

Emily looks away.

VANCE
Has he ever cheated on you?

EMILY
Of course not.

VANCE
He will. Give him time.

EMILY
Never.

She spits at him, landing a big ole glob that hits him between the eye. He wipes it off with a bemused smile.

Emily shudders.

VANCE
He's a man. It's in our nature.

EMILY
Not in a million years.

VANCE
There's a first time for everything. Ooh, look... see what I mean? They're holding hands.

INT. 37TH FLOOR - DAY

Monica stands behind a support column. Harris stands on the near side, holding the hand of her dislocated arm. She looks a second away from passing out.

MONICA
Are you sure this is the only way?

HARRIS
No. We can call 911, get you to the hospital--

MONICA
--but then Emily dies.
(nods)
What are we waiting for?

Monica braces her chest against the column. Closes her eyes.

HARRIS
I'm going to pull. Then twist. Then it should just... pop back in.

MONICA
Pull, twist and pop.

Harris puts one foot against the column for leverage.
Tightens his grip on her hand.

HARRIS
This is going to hurt.

MONICA
Awesome.

HARRIS
One. Two.

Monica whimpers.

HARRIS
Three!

Harris pulls. Monica screams.

HARRIS
Almost there!

He twists. The screaming gets louder.

HARRIS
It's not working!

MONICA
WHAT!?!

HARRIS
Shit... I'm twisting the wrong way.

Harris twists the other direction. Monica screams louder than
any human ever.

HARRIS
I got it!

POP!

Monica passes out.

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE - DAY

Vance stares at the security feed and laughs with disbelief.
He dials his phone.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. 37TH FLOOR - DAY

Harris tends to poor, still-unconscious Monica. His phone rings. He activates the Blue Tooth.

HARRIS
Enjoy the show?

VANCE
Will she live?

HARRIS
Yeah, but she needs a doctor--

VANCE
--Now now now--

HARRIS
--I know. AFTER we get you your
money.
(looks at Monica)
She's gonna kick my ass. That's the
second time this morning I've made
her unconscious.

VANCE
Speaking of that... the time for
the system upgrade is close at
hand. I will contact you soon. In
the mean time, please wake Miss
Jackson.

Harris hangs up. He picks up a nearby janitorial bucket filled with soapy water and stands over her.

HARRIS
Forgive me.

SPLASH! Harris drenches her with the disgusting water. She wakes up coughing.

MONICA
WHAT THE HELL?!?

Harris backs up. Holds the bucket in front of him like a shield.

HARRIS
It's all I could find.

MONICA
What was that?

HARRIS
Water. Warm soapy... mop water.

MONICA
In my hair?!

Monica wails with disgust.

Harris looks across the floor... at the vast computer network spread out before them. Dozens of servers HUM with activity. In the center, a simple desk, chair, and computer workstation. Command Central.

Monica continues shaking the water out of her hair.

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE - DAY

Vance watches the monitors.

VANCE
It won't be long now.

GENTRY (O.S.)
Are the pieces in place?

Vance and Emily look. Gentry steps toward them, but his face remains hidden in shadows.

VANCE
Take a look. He's leading her to the control terminal now.

GENTRY
I can see from here, thank you very much. Unlike you, I'm not thrilled with our abductee seeing my face.

Vance joins Gentry in the darkness. They speak in whispers.

VANCE
It doesn't matter, Gentry.

GENTRY
Don't use my name!

VANCE

As I said, it doesn't matter. You don't actually think I'm going to let her live, do you?

GENTRY

Killing her was not part of the plan.

VANCE

You know who I was when you hired me.

(deadly serious)

Don't you dare deny me the blood that is rightfully mine.

INT. 37TH FLOOR - DAY

Harris helps Monica into the workstation chair. She stares at the screen. Dazed. Her hair a dirty mess. Makeup streaked.

HARRIS

Now we just need the offshore account.

MONICA

My shoulder hurts.

HARRIS

It will, for awhile. Try to just use your other arm.

MONICA

My hair is a mess. My clothes are ruined.

(near tears)

And I wanna go home.

Harris pats her good shoulder. He's clearly not comfortable with the gesture.

HARRIS

You look... fine.

MONICA

I look like a drowned rat.

HARRIS

Look... I don't say this very often. Lord knows I should say it more to Emily.

(MORE)

HARRIS(cont'd)
(like pulling teeth)
I think... you look... really--

The phone rings. Harris hits the Blue Tooth.

HARRIS
Yeah?

MONICA
I look really what?

VANCE (V.O.)
The moment has arrived. The system's automatic upgrade will begin... in fifteen seconds. Monica will transfer the funds from the Foreign Investments Account to the following account number...

Harris fumbles in his coveralls for a pen and paper. He writes frantically.

HARRIS
...four four seven. Got it.
(beat)
Yeah, I got it.

He hangs up.

HARRIS
Blow me.

MONICA
I look really what?

Harris hands her the paper with a long string of numbers.

HARRIS
Half a billion, from the Foreign Investments Account to this number. He said you'd know how to do it.

MONICA
I look really... what?

HARRIS
We ain't got time for this.

MONICA
Please.

She looks about to cry. Harris sighs.

HARRIS

You look... really... pretty. OK?
You're pretty. Happy now?

She wipes muddy hair away from her face. Looks like shit.

MONICA

Yes, thank you.

With a happy smile, she gets to work.

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE - DAY

Vance watches the monitors. Keeps one eye on a computer screen that shows an empty offshore account.

Gentry observes from the shadows.

EMILY

You're gonna get caught.

GENTRY

Kindly keep your thoughts to yourself.

EMILY

I've seen the movies. They can track stuff like this. Five hundred million dollars goes missing, someone's gonna figure it out.

GENTRY

Not this time.

EMILY

You ain't as smart as you think you are.

(to Vance)

Neither of you.

Gentry pops a pill.

GENTRY

Young lady, let me give you a quick lesson in worldwide banking. The Foreign Investments Account includes the retirement funds of almost fifty million people all over the world. In a few minutes, Miss Nakamura is going to raid each of those accounts for, roughly, ten dollars.

(MORE)

GENTRY(cont'd)

Or, in language you might understand, a couple o' beers and a scratch ticket.

EMILY

You can't see it, but I'm flipping you off.

GENTRY

Ten times fifty million is...

EMILY

Five hundred million.

VANCE

I told you she was the smart one in the family.

EMILY

Any amount, no matter how small, can be tracked.

GENTRY

The stock market goes up and down all the time. People watch their retirement funds rise and fall because some obscure Greek bank no one has ever heard of goes belly up. Who cares about ten measly dollars?

Vance laughs.

GENTRY

When the funds are secure, I'm going to tender my resignation and live out the rest of my life like a Saudi prince.

EMILY

I hope you get VD from all the sluts in your harem.

GENTRY

If you're lucky, maybe I'll invite you to join them.

INT. 37TH FLOOR - DAY

Monica works the keyboard with one hand. Every so often, she winces with pain. Harris watches over her shoulder.

HARRIS
How you doin'?

MONICA
Thirty percent transferred.

HARRIS
I meant you. Not the fucking money.

MONICA
Shoulder's on fire... but I'll
live.

Harris paces. Clearly agitated.

MONICA
You don't like people with money,
do you?

HARRIS
I got no beef with people that make
it the old fashioned way.

MONICA
That's me. Old fashioned.
(stink face)
That came out wrong.

HARRIS
I just get frustrated sometimes, ya
know? A man works his ass off. Two
full-time jobs, just to feed his
family, and what? Nasty letters
from the bank threatening to take
the man's home. That ain't the
American dream.

MONICA
I'm sorry.

HARRIS
It ain't your fault.

Monica works in silence. Harris paces.

MONICA
Which bank?

HARRIS
Which bank what?

MONICA
Which bank... wants to take your
house?

HARRIS
Why does it matter?

MONICA
I'm just asking.

Harris nearly chokes on his words.

HARRIS
My friends... at First National.

Monica stares at him. Is he serious? Before she can speak--

HARRIS
What's that?

Harris points at the screen. At a button marked SECURITY.

MONICA
This terminal is command central
for the whole building. It makes
sense that security is routed
through here.

HARRIS
Open it.

She does. They stare at one of the options: VIDEO NETWORK.
From the button, flashing lines route through a 3D schematic
of the building.

HARRIS
What's all that?

MONICA
The digital signals from every
camera in the building.

HARRIS
Maybe we can disrupt the signal...
you know, so sniper guy can't see
us anymore.

MONICA
Good idea... if I can just figure
out where he's tapping in I should
be able to see the wireless signal.

She looks closely at the screen.

HARRIS

Well?

MONICA

Nothing. That's weird.

HARRIS

What?

MONICA

The signals are being routed to two locations. The security office on the main level-- makes sense-- and... floor thirty six.

They look down.

HARRIS

Ain't thirty six supposed to be empty?

MONICA

Like thirty seven was supposed to be?

She goes to work. As swiftly as one-armed typing will allow.

HARRIS

What are you doing?

MONICA

Thirty six has cameras... just like every other floor. I'm trying to tap into the signal... find out what's on that floor.

A few more keystrokes.

MONICA

That should do it.

HARRIS

Oh. My. God.

They stare at footage from the 36th floor: Emily tied to a chair. Vance working at his computer. The body of the Electrician on the floor. And Gentry standing half-hidden in the shadows.

MONICA

What the--

HARRIS
--That's Emily!

The image is fuzzy. Hard to make out.

MONICA
Are you sure?

HARRIS
I'd know that giant belly a mile
away!

Harris whoops with joy. Throws his arms around Monica. She
winces with pain.

HARRIS
Sorry. Shoulder.

MONICA
But that means...

HARRIS
...They're one floor down. They've
been on thirty six the whole time.

MONICA
That's impossible. How did he shoot
Dominick?

INT. EMPTY OFFICE - DAY

Out the window: a clear view of the First National building
and the window washing platform from across the street.

A sniper rifle is bolted to a moveable platform. It moves
back and forth with remote-controlled movements.

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE - DAY

Vance works a tiny remote control. On a monitor, he watches
the view through the sniper scope.

INT. 37TH FLOOR - DAY

Harris gets it.

HARRIS

A sniper rifle across the street controlled by remote, just like elevators and the platform. It's the only explanation.

MONICA

You sure he's not just working with someone else?

HARRIS

He works alone. You've seen what he can do. Hack into the building's security. Orchestrate the whole damn thing from his laptop. He's a genius... and now I know where he is.

MONICA

Should I stop the money transfer?

HARRIS

No. Keep it going. We can't tip our hand.

She points at the screen.

MONICA

That's Emily. That must be the guy on the phone.

(beat)

Who's the third guy?

HARRIS

Someone new. It doesn't matter... I'm going for her.

MONICA

Are you crazy? They have guns! With bullets!

HARRIS

One gun.

MONICA

That you know of!

HARRIS

I can't just stay here. Not when I know she's one floor away.

MONICA

They're watching us... remember?

Harris thinks. Looks up at the nearby security camera. He grips the crescent wrench hanging from his tool-belt.

HARRIS
Wait for it. Wait for it.

MONICA
What are you doing?

HARRIS
Trust me.

On the screen: Vance looks away.

Harris throws the wrench at the security camera. It hits. Sparks fly.

HARRIS
Yes!
(smile fades)
And five, four, three, two...

His cell phone rings. He taps the Bluetooth.

HARRIS
Yeah?

VANCE (V.O.)
What's your progress?

HARRIS
Forty percent transferred. Hey, we just experienced a power surge in here. I think I saw some sparks flying from the security camera.

Harris flips the camera off.

HARRIS
Can you see us?

Vance pauses, a second too long.

VANCE (V.O.)
Of course. I can always see you. Just keep an eye on the transfer. I'll contact you in five minutes.

Harris grabs his balls in the direction of the camera.

HARRIS
Fantastic.

He hangs up.

MONICA
He's blind.

Harris heads for the elevator.

HARRIS
Wish me luck.

MONICA
Where are you going?

HARRIS
To get my wife.

MONICA
You're unarmed!

HARRIS
A boxer is quick on his feet.

A nice moment between them. A shared smile. Harris winks at her.

HARRIS
Time for the final round, Monica.

MONICA
Knock him out, Harris.

And with that, he disappears into the elevator shaft.

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE - DAY

Gentry takes out his bottle of pills.

GENTRY
I trust you can take care of the rest.

VANCE
My payment?

GENTRY
The funds will be in your account by morning.

Vance extends his hand to shake.

VANCE
It's been a pleasure.

GENTRY
Don't touch me.

INT. 37TH FLOOR - DAY

Monica watches the security feed. Watches as Vance pulls his hand back. Watches as the shadow man opens a bottle and pops a pill.

MONICA
Mr. Gentry?!

Monica's shock turns to anger. She types fast, on a mission.

MONICA
Hell no...

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE - DAY

Gentry arrives at the elevator, leaving Vance and Emily behind. At the control panel he presses his thumb against the pad. A laser reads his print. The display reads: "WELCOME MARCUS GENTRY. FINGERPRINT VERIFIED."

DING! The elevator doors open.

Gentry steps forward... and gets two boots to the face as Harris swings down from the elevator's ceiling!

Gentry goes flying. Harris swings through.

EMILY
Harris!

HARRIS
Hey, baby.

Vance trains his gun... FIRES!

POP POP POP! Harris dives away. Bullets explode plaster.

Gentry rolls around on the floor, blood streaming from his broken nose.

VANCE
Hold still!

Harris ducks behind a column.

Vance FIRES! The shot grazes Harris's arm. Blood flies. Harris drops to the floor, crying out in pain.

EMILY

Harris! No!

Vance is on him like an animal. He grabs Harris by the wounded arm, drags him across the floor and throws him in front of Emily.

HARRIS

Emily--

Vance kicks him hard in the ribs, followed by a wicked punch to his bloody arm.

VANCE

Watch, Emily. Watch your husband beg for mercy.

Harris lashes out and nails Vance between the legs. That shuts him up.

HARRIS

You talk too much.

Another punch-- slow but powerful-- drops Vance to his knees. Harris knocks the gun away.

Vance answers with a chop to Harris's throat. It stuns our hero for a moment, long enough for Vance to move behind Harris, both hands on either side of his head.

Emily knows this deadly move.

EMILY

No!

Harris shoves his elbow back, right into Vance's sternum!

Harris has the upper hand. One punch... then another. He works Vance's torso like raw meat.

VANCE

Stop! Please!

HARRIS

I'm just getting started...

(punch!)

...Mother...

(punch!)

...Fucker!

Harris holds Vance by the shirt. Readies a final, devastating punch.

HARRIS
This is for my wife!

WHAM! Vance's nose breaks like a cracker.

HARRIS
And this... is for Dominick!

EMILY
Look out!

Gentry lunges from the darkness. Tackles Harris at the knees.

Vance seizes the opening. Jumps on Harris, arm around his neck.

VANCE
Your friend was an easy kill...
feel free to join him.

Vance squeezes with all his strength. Harris goes limp. Vance drops him to the floor.

Emily weeps, helpless.

VANCE
Pathetic.

GENTRY
Time for us to go.

VANCE
What about the money?

They rush to the computer.

VANCE
Wait... what is this?

GENTRY
(seething)
Monica.

VANCE
She stopped the transfer?

GENTRY
Worse.

INT. 37TH FLOOR - DAY

Monica works the keyboard with a satisfied smile.

MONICA
Suck. On. That.

INSERT EMAIL ON THE SCREEN: "Monica, thanks for the warning. Police are on the way. Where the hell have you been? Can I go home early? Hugs, Amanda"

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE - DAY

Vance flips through security feeds. Exterior cameras show POLICE rushing in, full force.

VANCE
You are right. We should go.

GENTRY
The cops have the exits blocked.

Vance looks out the window.

VANCE
Not all of them.

He goes to Emily, rips the tape off her wrists and pulls her up.

EMILY
What are you doing?

GENTRY
We don't need her anymore. Let her go.

VANCE
She's our... insurance.

Vance drags her to the elevator. Gentry follows.

Harris awakens.

Gentry walks by. Harris reaches out. Trips Gentry with his hand.

Gentry stumbles forward. Pushes Vance and Emily into the elevator before falling to the floor.

EMILY
Harris!

Vance frantically pushes a floor button.

GENTRY
Wait for me!

Vance shrugs.

The doors close.

Gentry reaches out. Too late.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Vance grips Emily on the arm. She struggles to get away but he holds tight.

VANCE
Please do not struggle... would be
a shame to damage that pretty face.

He listens to the sappy elevator muzak.

VANCE
I love this song.

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE - DAY

Gentry and Harris face off. Harris is woozy, but manages to stand.

GENTRY
Please... please, don't hurt me.

HARRIS
Where is he taking her?

GENTRY
I don't know. All the exits are
blocked.

HARRIS
Then you're no good to me. I might
as well just kill you.

Gentry falls to his knees.

GENTRY
What do you want? Money? Name it...
it's yours!

Harris gets close. Gentry looks like he might piss his pants.

HARRIS

I want you to know what it's like to be one of the little people. To scrape by for every paycheck. To not know if you're gonna be able to pay all your bills this month.

GENTRY

You want me... to switch jobs with you?

Harris bursts out laughing.

HARRIS

Holy shit, could you imagine? Me, running this bank. We'd go bankrupt in two hours!

Gentry laughs with him.

Harris gets serious. Gentry stops laughing.

HARRIS

Here's what you're going to do, otherwise not only will I give your rich ass the beating of a lifetime, but Monica and I will call CNN and give them a taste of your dirty laundry.

GENTRY

Anything.

HARRIS

You're going to resign. And-- you guessed it-- Monica Jackson gets your job.

GENTRY

What?!

(off his look)

Okay... alright...

HARRIS

And you're going to issue a decree on your way out... that every retirement account with First National be issued a bonus of, say, ten percent.

GENTRY

TEN?! That's...

HARRIS

...I dunno much about numbers and money, Mr. Gentry. But ten sounds like a nice round number, dontcha think?

Gentry nods, sadly. Suddenly, his eyes go wide. He looks past Harris to--

--the window.

Harris follows his gaze. The platform lowers into view! Vance at the controls. One hand on Emily's arm.

Harris spots Vance's gun still lying on the floor. He picks it up.

HARRIS

Get started on that resignation letter, Mr. Gentry.

He cocks the gun.

HARRIS

I'm gonna get my wife back.

Harris runs for the window... as the platform lowers out of view. He fires at the glass. One bullet hole, then CLICK CLICK. Empty!

Harris tosses the gun aside and charges like a bull!

EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

Harris bursts through the window! Emily screams! Glass rains down.

Harris flies into nothingness... and grabs the middle cable at the last moment. His hand slips! He falls... but manages to grab the rail!

He dangles 35 stories above the ground!

Vance tosses Emily aside and rushes at Harris.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Hot Dog Vendor slathers a dog with ketchup.

HOT DOG VENDOR

You want mustard with that?

A shower of glass hits his umbrella. Tears it to pieces! Hot Dog Vendor throws down his hat with anger.

HOT DOG VENDOR
Really? REALLY!?

EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

Vance mercilessly punches Harris. Blood pours. Harris takes a beating and barely hangs on.

Emily punches the back of Vance's head.

VANCE
Ow!

Emily cradles her hand.

EMILY
Ow!

Vance slaps Emily.

Harris seizes the moment and pulls himself onto the platform.

Vance raises his hand, about to punch Emily... but he senses an angry presence behind him.

HARRIS
Don't. Fucking. Touch. Her.

Vance smirks. Turns around.

HARRIS
It's over. Two against one.

VANCE
An injured window washer and his pregnant wife? Watch me shake with fear.

Harris makes eye contact with Emily. Nods at her belt loop and the safety harness attached to the railing.

She nods.

VANCE
What do you say we finish this on the ground? I know how you feel about heights.

HARRIS

Do you?

Behind his back, Harris quietly locks the other safety harness into his tool belt.

VANCE

This was a job, Harris. Nothing personal.

HARRIS

I get it.

VANCE

You do?

HARRIS

Sure. We're both blue collar working guys. Man hug?

Vance doesn't have time to react as--

--Harris gives Vance a hug, holds tight, and leaps off the platform!

Emily screams and holds tight as the platform rocks backs and forth.

Harris and Vance dangle four feet below the platform with only Harris's safety harness saving them from certain death.

VANCE

Are you crazy?!

HARRIS

After today? Probably.

VANCE

Please, don't let me fall!!

HARRIS

I've been shot. Lost a lot of blood. Feelin weak.

Vance's eyes widen. He spits with anger.

VANCE

I'll see you in Hell!

HARRIS

You first.

Harris opens his arms. Vance slips through. Scrambles to find hold, any hold, as gravity takes him.

He screams all the way down.

Commotion and horrified screams from the sidewalk.

Emily peers over the side. Sees Harris just dangling there looking totally content.

EMILY

Hi.

HARRIS

Hey.

EMILY

You found me.

HARRIS

I always do. I love you.

EMILY

Where's the down button?

HARRIS

Did ya hear me?

(yells)

I said I love you!

EMILY

That's nice... but where's the goddamn down button?

HARRIS

Why?

EMILY

I'm pretty sure my water just broke.

INT. GENTRY'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: "The next day"

Gentry-- all fucked up-- loads personal items into a cardboard box.

MONICA (O.S.)

Leave the letter opener with the pearl handle. I always liked that one.

Monica leans against the doorway. One arm in a sling.

Gentry looks at her and sighs.

GENTRY
Come to gloat?

MONICA
And decide how I'm going to
decorate my new office.

GENTRY
I thank you and Mr. Freeman for
your discretion... and for not
telling my father.

MONICA
Harris was right. Stripping you of
your power is worse than any jail
cell. I'm also quite fond of his
retirement plan bonuses, something
we never would have gotten had you
just gone to jail.

GENTRY
He's quite the original thinker.

Gentry picks up the box. Heads for the door. Monica steps out
of the way.

GENTRY
Well... good luck, Miss Jackson.

MONICA
There is one more thing.

He rolls his eyes.

GENTRY
Yes?

Monica punches him square in the nose.

EXT. PARK - DAY

SUPER: "One month later."

Harris and Emily walk through the city park, arm in arm.
Harris pushes a stroller with a one-month-old BABY BOY.

HARRIS
 Jimmy's gonna keep me on. All I
 gotta do is train the new fighters.

EMILY
 And you don't have to fight?

HARRIS
 Only training, hand to God. I'm
 more scared of you than a busted
 lip in the ring.

EMILY
 I'm proud of you.

HARRIS
 I don't care about the pay or the
 hours... it's all about spending
 time with you and little Dominick.

Harris kneels in front of his son. Gently strokes the
 infant's cheek with his finger.

EMILY
 Your wife and child would like some
 ice cream...
 (to Little Dominick)
 ...wouldn't we? Yes, we would!

He salutes.

HARRIS
 Yes, ma'am.

He jogs to a nearby ice cream vendor. Pulls out his wallet.
 Empty.

Right nearby: an ATM. He puts his bank card in and enters the
 PIN code.

INT. MONICA'S OFFICE - DAY

Monica works at her computer. Amanda pokes her head in.

AMANDA
 Hey, girl.

Monica frowns.

AMANDA
 Sorry... Miss Jackson. Uh, Gerry
 called from accounting.
 (MORE)

AMANDA(cont'd)

He's finished crunching the numbers from the robbery... and there's still two million dollars he can't find.

MONICA

That's such a small percentage of the total... some of it was bound to be unaccounted for.

AMANDA

Gerry wants to know if you want to continue searching.

MONICA

We'll just write it off. Time to move on, don't you think?

AMANDA

Yes, Ma'am.

Amands nods. Exits.

Monica goes back to work... as a sly smile creeps over her lips.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Harris staggers back to Emily and little Dominick.

EMILY

Where's the ice cream?

HARRIS

When was the last time you checked the bank account?

EMILY

I try not to. It's always empty.

He hands her the receipt.

HARRIS

Are you sure?

Emily looks at the receipt, then Harris. They stare at each other. Not sure whether to laugh or cry.

Little Dominick blows spit bubbles.

FADE OUT.