

EXT. SECRET SERVICE BUILDING -- DAY

Truman strides up the steps and into the very government-looking building in Washington, DC.

SECRET SERVICE OFFICE.

Agents move through the well-kept office, doing their everyday tasks. On the wall is a large emblem - *U.S. Secret Service* - wraps around the design.

Secret Service Agent Truman nods to a few agents as he enters.

TRUMAN'S OFFICE.

He tosses his jacket onto his desk, not closing the door. More Orioles' baseball stuff hangs on the office walls - a computer and a couple of filing cabinets are stuck in the corner.

A knock turns Truman around. ART FURLONG, a 53-year-old, friendly-looking guy, is in the doorway. He slowly closes the door.

FURLONG

How did it go?

TRUMAN

Great. He said I'm dying.

FURLONG

Shit. Why are you here? Just go home.

TRUMAN

I hate home.

FURLONG

Then hit that bar of yours. Your home away from home.

TRUMAN

You know, Art, you can be a real pain in the ass. I'm not going anywhere.

Furlong opens the door and exits the office.

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL -- DAY

New York City is alive on this summer day - people scuttling about, cars barely moving, a typical Big Apple day.

The Plaza shines in the sun, the grand hotel across the street from Central Park.

King steps from Central Park, emerging from a group of tourists. He heads towards the Plaza, always aware of his surroundings.

INSIDE THE PLAZA - LOBBY.

King walks past some bellhops, scanning the lobby as he moves. He notices -

Two men, RANDALL BOBBITT and MIKE TULLY. Bobbitt, a shorter, serious man is standing next to the seated Tully. Tully is a good looking guy with one brown eye and one blue.

BOBBITT

Stand up. Keep your eyes peeled.

King heads right to the front desk. The woman behind the desk, KRISTEN, steps up to him. She's an attractive 21-year-old.

KRISTEN

May I help you, sir? Hopefully.

KING

(reads her name tag)

Many ways, Kristen. Do you see those two serious men standing in your lobby, just over my shoulder?

KRISTEN

Yes.

KING

(touching her hand)

I would owe you one if you tell them that the man they are waiting for is in that elevator right over there.

KRISTEN

That elevator?

KING

Just give me a head start.

KRISTEN

What do I get for this accommodation?

King reaches into his pocket, removes his money clip, and peels a 100 dollar bill from it. He hands her the bill.

KING

Riches beyond your wildest dreams.

KRISTEN

Money's only paper.

KING

Couldn't have said it better myself.
What time do you get off?

KRISTEN

Six o'clock.

KING

Six. Got it.

They share a smile and King heads towards the bank of elevators. Kristen goes to Bobbitt and Tully and points towards the elevator. The men move.

ELEVATOR.

Bobbitt and Tully look inside the elevator. King is there, alone, his back against the rear wall of the elevator.

KING (CONT'D)

I'm the guy, gentlemen.

Bobbitt and Tully step inside. Once the doors close -

King grabs Tully, shoves him against the wall of the elevator, and holds a knife against his face. Bobbitt's slow to react.

KING (CONT'D)

I'm betting you two are armed. I
need you to hand over the guns.
Now.

Tully quickly obeys and hands over his 9mm. King masterfully lets the gun's clip fall to the floor and unchambers the last round - all with one hand. He pockets the gun.

BOBBITT

And if I'm reluctant?

KING

He'll taste my knife - through his
cheek. Then I'll leave. I'm positive
your bosses won't appreciate me
missing the big meeting.

Bobbitt reaches inside his jacket, takes out his gun, and hands it to King. King puts it in his waistband. He lets go of Tully.

KING (CONT'D)

Sorry. I'm not a people person.

TOP FLOOR, PLAZA HOTEL.

The three step from the elevator - King always keeping Bobbitt and Tully in front of him. Bobbitt opens the door at the end of the hall.

PENTHOUSE, PLAZA HOTEL.

The penthouse is stylishly decorated and postcard perfect. Once King enters, Bobbitt closes the door behind him and he and Tully lean against it.

Standing ram-rod straight in the center of the penthouse is DAN BAILEY. 49 years old, his hair is slicked back above his round face. HOLLIE WELLS, 36, leans against the bar in the corner. She's tall, slender, with a very serious-beautiful face.

WELLS
(to Bobbitt)
This him?

Bobbitt barely nods. King places the two guns he took from Bobbitt and Tully on a table in the room.

KING
Had to lighten them up a bit.

BAILEY
Welcome, sir. Drink? Something to eat?

KING
You have 15 minutes.

Bailey steps to the penthouse bar as Wells pours him a drink.

WELLS
We paid you \$100,000 just for this meeting.

KING
And that buys 15 minutes.

BAILEY
A 'down to business' kind of guy.

KING
Fifteen and counting.

BAILEY
Very well. Our group needs 500 million dollars.

KING
Group? The Citizens' Militia. You're domestic terrorists.

WELLS
Patriots.

KING
Sure.

BAILEY

You've heard of us?

KING

It's no secret that you all aren't too fond of the government. Like to bump off federal agents whenever you get the chance. Blow up federal buildings. Basically piss off the feds.

WELLS

The Government ravages the hard-working citizens of this country everyday. Taxing us to death, taking away our freedoms one law at a time. Leaders pandering to everyone from illegal immigrants to lobbyists and...

KING

(interrupts the rant)
What's the 500 long for?

BAILEY

To satisfy an order we placed.

KING

Weapons.

BAILEY

We're a finely-tuned organization preparing for the ultimate revolution. Weapons are needed.

KING

So fine-tuned that you're short on cash?

WELLS

(proud)
We were able to raise 200 million dollars.

BAILEY

Which we will give to you, as a fee, in exchange for 500 million in counterfeit money.

KING

You think I'll just run off 500 million in fake cash? Forget it.

BAILEY

Can I ask why?

KING

You can ask. Just cancel the order.

WELLS

The people we've placed the order with expect to be paid. Negotiation is not an option.

BAILEY

The risk is ours, not yours. No risk and 200 million. Seems like an easy decision.

KING

There's always risk, especially when they discover the money is fake.

WELLS

I thought you were good.

KING

I'm the best, actually, but not perfect. Nothing's perfect. And I could care less about your revolution. I do care that these suppliers of yours will come after me.

BAILEY

It took us six months to find you. We don't even know your name. And you'll be hiding with 200 million in your pocket.

KING

But these people will have a gripe.

BAILEY

It's 200 million dollars for 500 million in counterfeit currency. That's our more than generous offer.

WELLS

It's a job only the master counterfeiter can pull off. Do you want this deal?

KING

Very good, appealing to my vanity. What's the time frame?

BAILEY

Three months. And the money has to stand up to scrutiny.

KING

Three months is tight. I always need a good foundation.

The others don't understand. King notices.

KING (CONT'D)

Most counterfeiters get tripped up because of the paper. I need proper rag and that's the tough part.

BAILEY

Where do you get this paper?

KING

The United States Government.

TULLY

What?

KING

Big irony, huh? It'll be years before they notice that the money isn't really money. More than enough time for me to fade away.

WELLS

How will you get it?

KING

That's all my risk.

BAILEY

And ours.

King walks to the bar ...

KING

You don't have a choice. One hundred million in diamonds, up front, to be left in this safe deposit box in Zurich. The bank manager's a friend. The second 100 will be on delivery, again in diamonds.

... and writes the deposit box number on a bar napkin.

KING (CONT'D)

Once it's there I'll begin. You won't hear from me until the job is completed. Agreed?

BAILEY

Agreed.

King and Bailey shake hands. Wells steps up to King.

WELLS

Screw us out of our money and those guns will be put to use.

KING

I guess the wedding's off, huh?

King studies Wells' face before walking away. He passes Tully and Bobbitt and exits the penthouse.

EXT. WALDORF ASTORIA -- NIGHT

Another great hotel in New York City. Art Deco to the max.

HOTEL ROOM - WALDORF ASTORIA.

King is on the phone in the semi-dark Waldorf room. He is naked, walking through the room.

KING
(into phone)
Is it there?

ZACH
(filtered)
I just received a deposit.

INSIDE BANK.

The bank is large: marble floors, the pillars, the metal gates, the works. ZACH, a razor-thin man, is on the phone.

ZACH (CONT'D)
Nice stones.

KING
(filtered)
Amount?

INTERCUT:

ZACH
Worth one hundred. They're in your box.

KING
I would like a line of credit.

ZACH
That won't be a problem.

HOTEL ROOM - WALDORF ASTORIA.

King hangs up the phone and heads back to the large bedroom.

BEDROOM - WALDORF ASTORIA.

In the lake-sized bed, sheets over her body, is Kristen, the desk woman from the Plaza Hotel.

KRISTEN
Great room. Awesome bed. Nice hotel.
I approve.

KING

But the employees at the Plaza are
much more "friendly".

He gets back into bed and they press against each other.

KRISTEN

You're approved, too.

They kiss deeply.

EXT. GRANT'S TOMB -- DAY

Riverside Drive and 122nd Street in New York City, along the Hudson River. The rotunda dome of President Grant's crypt stands above all the visitors to the tomb.

King is walking with groups of people. He stops just outside the main structure. A man, MICHAEL LAPITINO, a.k.a "Lap," stops next to King. A larger, jolly man, he has a welcoming 64-year-old face.

LAP

Grant was a drunk.

KING

They did put his face on the fifty
dollar bill, Mr. Lapitino.

LAP

Drink is good, I guess.

King and Lap begin to walk, weaving through some tourists. Lap sees a hot-dog vendor cart and leads King towards it.

LAP (CONT'D)

One with everything.

He pays and gets his dog - the works on it. Lap and King begin to walk again.

LAP (CONT'D)

There's nothing like a good New York
hot dog.

He takes a bite. Not all that good.

LAP (CONT'D)

And this is *nothing* like a good New
York hot dog.

He tosses the rest in a trash can.

LAP (CONT'D)

How come we don't ever meet at my
house?

(MORE)

LAP (CONT'D)

I can cook something - pasta, fish,
some sausage. Grill up some veal,
some nice steaks ...

KING

I don't go to anyone's house.

LAP

Not even your mother's?

KING

Don't have a mother.

LAP

She's not proud of her counterfeiter
son?

KING

I was found in an alley.

LAP

Next to the Louvre, like the true
artist you are. So what's it to be
this time?

KING

Information first, then equipment
based on it.

LAP

What's the job?

KING

I need all the specs on U.S. Mint
paper and where to get it.
Everything.

Lap slows.

LAP

It'll take a couple of weeks.

KING

No good, Lap. Get all your people
on it. A-S-A-P. Can you get it?

LAP

Of course.

KING

I'll also need equipment based on
it. And some pros.

LAP

What have you got going here?

KING
My final job. Has to be.

LAP
Ah, retirement. A time of relaxation,
wine, women, and the finest foods
available.

KING
In that order?

LAP
I'll ship out the information once I
get it. Obviously the money should
be added to my retirement account by
the end of business today.

KING
Already done.

LAP
Plus another 10 percent.

KING
You're a thief.

LAP
Guilty as charged. A-S-A-P, as you
say.

Lap laughs as the two men part company.

EXT. J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING, FBI -- DAY

The building in D.C., FBI sign and symbol prominent.

INSIDE HOOVER BUILDING.

We MOVE through the office, past agents who are in their
cubicles and at their desks. A name plate on one of the
cubicle walls reads *AGENT ALEXANDRA WEAVER*.

Lex scrutinizes her computer screen while she plays with the
ID badge dangling from the chain around her neck. Her eye
catches something on screen.

LEX
What's this?

HOOVER BUILDING HALLWAY.

Mark is walking down the hall. He is carrying a cup of coffee
and eating a plain doughnut as he moves.

LEX (CONT'D)
Mark. Hey, Mark.