

INSIDE MAN

White is spread-eagled on the floor. face down. Dalton holds her jacket. Steve finishes frisking her. Both are masked.

DALTON- So what can I do for you?

White stands. Composes herself, and quickly looks around.

WHITE – We can help each other

DALTON – What makes you think I need your help?

WHITE - The hundred cops outside for starters.

DALTON – Not a problem.

WHITE - Right. They're fueling your jet now.

Your not that stupid. So here's what I think. You give up now.

I can ensure that you'll serve the minimum. I'm thinking three years. Four at the most.

DALTON – You can arrange that?

WHITE – You haven't stolen anything and you haven't hurt anyone.

Not yet anyway.

DALTON – Not good enough.

WHITE - I wasn't finished. When you get out you'll have two million dollars.

DALTON – Will I? How so?

White produces a safe deposit box key.

WHITE – We'll go get it and put it in a safe deposit box. It will be there waiting for you when you get out.

DALTON – Won't anybody miss it?

WHITE – That’s not a problem. I’ll make it go away. Or I can wire it into a numbered account offshore, if you prefer.

DALTON – What about the key?

WHITE – That’s up to you. I can keep it for you, or you can swallow it. Or you can shove it up your ass if you want.

Dalton ponders this for a moment.

DALTON – You can shove that key up your ass.

WHITE- What? I’m making you a very sweet offer. I really don’t think you have much in the way of alternatives.

DALTON - Why don’t you tell me about those interest you’re here to protect.

WHITE- I can’t do that.

DALTON – I can.

Dalton and White stare at each other for a long moment.

DALTON (CONT’D) – Let me tell you a story. During World War two there was an American working for a bank in Switzerland. Now I don’t need to tell you that when you lift up a rock, you find a bunch of slime getting fucked over by a Swiss banker. And I’m a thief. They’ve been profiting of the world’s misery for centuries, and they’re proud of it. And certainly, this period in history was rife with opportunity people of such low morals. People like this one American. He used his position to enrich himself while all around him, people were being stripped of everything they owned, tortured, starved, murdered, and burnt in ovens or buried alive. Then he used some of his blood money to start a bank. Now in the case of the Swiss, hey that’s just who they are. But the idea that an American would do that, collaborate with the enemy for financial gain, that offends me personally.

WHITE – So you're a patriotic bank robber.

DALTON – I'm just saying I can live with myself. I'm not really hurting anyone.

WHITE – What about all these innocent people?

DALTON – What about 'em? When this is over they'll go home and hug their families and be better people. And they'll have a great story to tell at parties. Maybe one of them will write a book about it, sell the movie rights, and get richer than me.

I'm doing them a favor. As long as the cops don't force me to blow them to pieces.

(a beat)

Anyway, does this sound anything like the interest you came here to protect?

Or was I just whistling the Star Spangled Banner out of my ass?

WHITE - I believe we understand each other.

DALTON - Good. So what the hell can you do for me? Since I clearly know more than you do, and I've planned this to perfection.

WHITE – You thought you had. 'Till I showed up. Believe me, if I need to, I can change your entire program. So the sooner you stop being my problem and start being my solution, the better of you're going to be.

DALTON – Meaning what, exactly?

WHITE – Meaning that if I push a few buttons I can fill this place with more laughing gas than a Moscow theatre.

DALTON – And what about all these innocent people?

WHITE (REPEATING CYNICALLY) – I'm as concerned about them as you are.

DALTON – Stay here.

Dalton stands, exits and returns with the old envelope.

DALTON (CONT'D) – This envelope could be very embarrassing to a certain gentleman who considers himself a man of honor. He should've destroyed it a long time ago, but he didn't. So now it's mine. And as long as I'm safe, so is this. If the day ever comes where I have to stand before a judge and account for what I did here, you and your boss will do whatever it takes to help me. And if you have to move Heaven and Earth. I suggest you do so.

WHITE – That's all?

DALTON – You think I should've asked for more?

WHITE – I would've thought you might want some more help getting out of here.

DALTON – I think I can handle that.

Dalton motions White out of the bank., and they begin to walk.

WHITE – I'm starting to believe you. Look, if you make it out of here with that envelope, we'll pay you a lot of money for it.

DALTON – I'll keep that in mind. Tell me one thing. How the hell did you get them to

let you in here?

WHITE – You're not going to tell me how you plan to get out. Are you?

DALTON – I'm gonna walk right out the front door.

WHITE – One thing I would like to know.

DALTON- What's that?

WHITE- How did you find out about all of this?

DALTON- That doesn't matter. The fact is that all lies, evil deeds, they stink. You can cover them up for a while, but they don't go away. Governments fail, wars end, wealth changes hands, books are opened. Whatever. And things that were once dead

DALTON (CON'T)

and buried find their way to the surface. In all of this turmoil someone adds two plus two and gets four. I just happened to be there when this rotten little carcass poked its head out.

WHITE- Murder will out.

We see a rapid fire shot of Daltons tattoo from his first scene: "Murder will out certain, it will not fail, Chaucer.

DALTON- Precisely. Lies are very complex. They shift over time. They need maintenance. The truth is exceedingly simple. It never changes, and it always comes out. One day we'll find out who really killed Kennedy.

WHITE- I still don't get what you're doing.

DALTON- Good.

White begins to exit.

WHITE- You're not going to shoot me in the back as I leave, are you?

DALTON - Hadn't thought about it.

WHITE- One last thing.

DALTON- (anticipating her question) How do I know you'll hold up your end, and not just have me killed?

WHITE- Well I wasn't going to put it that...

DALTON- Well, it such a horrible cliché, but...anything happens to me...you know....letter to the New York Times...blah blah blah

WHITE- Bullshit.

DALTON- Maybe. Thank you for banking with Manhattan Trust.

Dalton closes the door and begins to lock it. White knocks. Dalton reopens it slightly and looks at White.

WHITE - The Watergate Burglars.

Dalton's expression goes from "What are you talking about?" to "oh my God, are you serious?"

WHITE (cont)-That's what was on the missing eighteen minutes of tape.

DALTON- Unbelievable.

WHITE- Don't tell anyone.

White backs away and the door closes.