

WHITE COLLAR

2x04: By the Book

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Thank you to Elrhiorhodan for help with “dénouement”!

[Cut to: Neal and Mozzie walking down the street.]

Neal: You're wearing an ascot.

Mozzie: You know, the Duke of Windsor considered an ascot to be elegant morning wear.

Neal: Great. If this were 1874. Or are you about to open that Shackleton brandy you intercepted?

Mozzie: I'm not allowed to look debonair?

Neal: You on your way to undercut that antiques dealer? Making your bookie pay for tea at the Carlisle.

Mozzie: You know, this, what you're doing, projecting your boredom with your humdrum nine-to-five existence onto my day where I am free to color outside the lines as I chose.

Neal: Don't let me stop you, Picasso.

Mozzie: If you'll excuse me, I have somewhere important to be.

[Cut to: Mozzie in a diner.]

Gina: A. B. Tattersall. Read his last one in a day and then couldn't sleep. The way the murderer tips off the detective and then gets caught in his own double cross!

Mozzie: He's a master of dénouement. I'll lend it to you.

Gina: I will try not to drop it in the bath tub this time.

Mozzie: Good morning, Gina.

Gina: Good morning, Mozzie. I like your tie thing. You know orange is my favorite color.

Mozzie: Really? I had no idea.

Gina: Whole wheat toast, half grapefruit, and soft-boiled egg coming right up.

Mozzie: So which of our fair city's bounties did you explore this weekend?

Gina: I just picked up shifts. You'll have to tell me about your adventures.

Mozzie: No, no, I can't say.

Gina: Mozzie, do you really have friends at the FBI?

Mozzie: You know I'm not able to speak to that.

Gina: I'm serious, do you?

Mozzie: That's a definite maybe.

Gina: Hi, Vince, Mike. Do you guys need a table?

Vince: You got a break coming up?

Gina: I'll just close out. Mozzie, I'm going to take my break a little early today. Um, do you need a refill?

Mozzie: Gina, is everything okay?

Gina: You know what you should really read? Snap of a Twig. I got really caught up in it.

[Cut to: The FBI conference room.]

Peter: Good work, everyone, we're closing in. Whoever cracks this identity theft ring on the Upper East Side wins this. My Quantico pen. Don't make them like this anymore.

Diana: The victims all used their credit cards at a silent auction last month. Check the list of people who worked the event.

Jones: Organic produce, dry cleaning, gyms, all set up on monthly accounts. Maybe someone got in this way.

Neal: It's written all over their faces. They share a dermatologist. Someone from the office is selling patient information. I want that pen.

Peter: Blake, run indices on all these, starting with Dr. Botox and his office staff. When I get back from lunch with Elizabeth, let's see who gets the pen.

[Neal gets a text: UNKNOWN NUMBER 20th floor. Mozzie gets on the elevator.]

Neal: Moz, what are you-?

Mozzie: No names.

Neal: What are you doing in a federal building dressed like Truman Capote?

[Cut to: Agents milling in the elevator lobby. Cut to: Inside the elevator.]

Neal: You want to explain why you're here?

Mozzie: I have a friend in need.

Neal: Girl from the diner?

Mozzie: You know about Gina?

Neal: Of course I-

Mozzie: [To people waiting to get on the elevator:] No no. No.

Neal: Sorry. Yes, I know about the girl from the diner. What I don't know is why you wore an ascot to meet with her.

Mozzie: Oh, Gina likes orange. And she's in trouble.

Neal: What kind of trouble?

Mozzie: The serious kind. These two guys came into the diner, Gina got really nervous, and she told me to read a book.

Neal: Wow, that's definitely cause for alarm.

Mozzie: Neal, it was Snap of the Twig and she knows I already read it.

Neal: That's your proof?

Mozzie: You sound like the suit! Right before she walked out the door of the diner, she asked me if I knew anyone in the FBI. [To people waiting to get on the elevator:] Oh. Oh, my friend is very claustrophobic. He could get violent. [To Neal:] It's okay, it's okay.

Neal: Don't get near me, don't get near me.

[Cut to: Agents waiting for the elevator.]

Peter: At this rate I'm going to have to kiss my wife, put her in a cab and grab a hot dog on my way back here.

Diana: Finally!

Water cooler man: [Gets off the elevator.] Excuse me. Watch your back.

Peter: Obviously, the universe is trying to rob me of my lunch hour.

[Cut to: The elevator]

Neal: Okay, look, let's give it twenty-four hours, if she-

Mozzie: We might not have twenty-four hours! Do you know what the plot of Snap of the Twig is? It's about a girl who gets in too deep and ends up getting kidnapped. She says she really got caught up in it. [To people trying to get on the elevator:] Do you guys smell that?

Neal: Is it burning the insulation?

Mozzie: Oh, sometimes these things can just-

Neal: [Makes a whistling noise.]

Mozzie: Gina was trying to send me a message. It was a cry for help.

Neal: This isn't the kind of case that Peter normally handles, if it's even a case.

Mozzie: They owe me, Neal. I've never even asked for one favor before.

Neal: Okay. I'll look into it. Can you give me Gina's last name?

Mozzie: Oh, and then some. [He hands Neal a file.]

Neal: This is a little creepy.

Mozzie: Oh, that's nothing.

[Cut to: Elevator lobby.]

Diana: Took long enough.

Neal: You guys do know we have stairs, right?

[Cut to: Intro. Cut to: Floor of White Collar unit.]

Neal: [To Blake:] How's the first week day going?

Blake: Better than Harvard and Quantico combined. I'm psyched to be on Agent Burke's team, and guy's a legend.

Neal: He is. By the way, I got a name to add to that list he gave you. Gina De Stefano.

Blake: I'll run it right after lunch.

Neal: Any way you could run it now? Turns out to be the one, you get that pen.

Blake: I get the pen?

Neal: Yeah. Come on.

Blake: Here's her phone records.

Neal: Interesting. Gina makes a couple calls from the cell phone every day. Texts too, not today. It all stops at nine fifteen.

Blake: Bank and credit cards.

Neal: No ATM withdrawals, cards are quiet.

Blake: Does this woman work for the dermatologist?

Neal: I like the way you think.

[Cut to: Neal and Mozzie on the sidewalk.]

Mozzie: Gina's been taken, I just know it.

Neal: Maybe she's sick in bed.

Mozzie: No one goes off the grid like this.

Neal: How'd you make a file on her and not get her address?

Mozzie: You know, I don't just go around looking up people; I'm not some kind of a stalker. She's unlisted. There is a line, Neal.

Neal: Well, the FBI crossed it for you.

Mozzie: Now what do we do?

Neal: You could knock.

Mozzie: I can't knock. She's unlisted. How do I explain how I found her?

Neal: All right, I'll do it. I'll tell her I'm looking for the last tenant.

Mozzie: Oh, don't!

Neal: She doesn't know who I am.

Mozzie: You ever wonder why you've never been introduced? She meets you and suddenly I become the quirky friend.

Neal: What do you suggest, Moz? [Mozzie runs up, bangs on the door, and runs back.] There you go- what are you- oh my God. This is really mature. Anything?

Mozzie: This does not bode well. Peep hole reverser. Her place is trashed. Oh, God, we got to get in there.

Neal: All right, you better starting thinking of ways to convince Peter this falls under exigent circumstances.

[Cut to: Peter and Elizabeth eating.]

Elizabeth: Bite, chew three times, swallow. Think. Honey, you're either having a gastronomic epiphany or it's a case.

Peter: It's Neal. There was this thing with the elevator.

Elizabeth: Thing?

Peter: When he stepped off, he was shifty.

Elizabeth: Uh-oh. I know how you are with shifty.

Peter: You know what you're right, you're right. Enough about Neal. This is our last lunch together for a week.

Elizabeth: You gonna survive without me?

Peter: Did you forget I did a lot of the cooking when we first met?

Elizabeth: Yeah, I have all of the takeout menus in the top drawer.

Peter: That's what I love about you. [Peter's phone rings.] Oh, sorry, hon.

Elizabeth: That's okay.

Peter: Agent Blake, don't you eat lunch?

Blake: Yes sir. But I wanted to let you know Caffrey was right about the dermatologist, but there's no connection with that other name he had me run.

Peter: Oh, right. The name Neal had you run. What was that again?

Blake: Gina De Stefano.

Peter: Gina De Stefano. Well, hold on Blake.

Elizabeth: When Mozzie was over sweeping the house, he mentioned some waitress he was bonding with over mystery novels. I think that's her.

Peter: Yeah, Blake. Keep monitoring. I'll be back soon. Mozzie has a crush.

Elizabeth: Happens.

[Cut to: Gina's apartment.]

Mozzie: Coffee table askew, clothes put back upside down, work of an amateur.

Neal: You're right, someone was looking for something.

Mozzie: Hey, look at this. I made this for Gina.

Napkin:

AYE CUT EURO
you are cute

Neal: Word play. Hope you used protection.

Mozzie: She likes codes. And she kept it.

Neal: To use when she files the restraining order? Uh, Moz.

Mozzie: Boyfriend. He's folicly and vertically challenged like me, only... better.

Neal: Hey, hey, he's a version of you. Prints. If we find any, I can run them back at the office. Gloves?

Mozzie: Always. You know, I bet you a first edition Faulkner that those two goons have a rap sheet from here to New Jersey.

Neal: Here.

Mozzie: Brush. Drawers?

Neal: Yep. Ah, come on. No prints. Looks like this place has been wiped. Someone left a message in fingerprints.

Dresser: SAL'S

Mozzie: Gina. That's from the Harpist's Revenge! Call in the cavalry.

Neal: Wait. Wait a second, Moz. Sal's. That's a cigar bar down by your chess club.

Mozzie: Well, so, what are we waiting for? This is a kidnapping. Time is of the essence! Uh, Patty Hearst!

Neal: Yeah.

[Cut to: FBI conference room.]

Diana: This little guy gets on at 19, but works the camera angles to avoid detection.

Jones: And of course we know this little guy.

Peter: Yes we do. I'm surprised he got this close to the office. What do we know about Gina De Stefano?

Diana: Thirty-four years old, U.S. citizen.

Peter: She still a waitress?

Diana: At Margo's diner.

Jones: [To someone handing him a file:] Thanks.

Diana: Good girl, no record. Today's pattern of cell use was unusually silent until she made a call about a half hour ago.

Jones: We traced that number back to Tommy Barnes.

Diana: Multiple incoming and outgoing calls, probably a boyfriend.

Peter: Tommy's not so squeaky clean. Priors for B and E, selling stolen merch.

Diana: Works as a limo driver.

Peter: Could be an errand boy for one of those numbers rings we've been keeping an eye on the East Side.

Jones: Peter, look at this.

Peter: Where are Neal and Mozzie?

Diana: What's the problem?

Peter: Pull Caffrey's tracking detail!

Jones: Already on it!

Diana: Peter, What's going on?

Peter: Tommy's linked to him. [He slides a profile across the table.]

Diana: Christopher Navarro.

Peter: I need someone to find out where Caffrey is right now!

[Cut to: Sal's.]

Mozzie: I'll keep watch.

Neal: All right.

Mozzie: Hurry up!

Neal: I'm hurrying, Moz.

Navarro: Enough! I don't care about a girl. I care about my money. Our driver drops off a package, walks out a hundred thousand cash. My cash. In Columbia, we all go for a walk in the jungle right about now.

Vince: So that's what we do.

Navarro: Really, Vince? We go for a walk in the jungle to get my money back?

Vince: Yeah. But it's a park.

[Cut to: Peter and Diana in the car.]

Neal's voicemail: You've reached Neal. Big brother's watching, so leave a message at your own risk.

Peter: [To Diana:] Text him. Neal and Mozzie better not get involved in Navarro's business. He has a low tolerance for outsiders.

[Cut to: Neal, hiding, his phone vibrating loudly.]

Neal's phone:

Diana (Mobile)
Contact Burke ASAP

Navarro: Someone's in here.

[Cut to: A car pulling up in front of Sal's.]

[Cut to: Neal getting another text.]

Neal's phone:

Mozzie (Mobile)
GUNS!

[Cut to: Neal scrambling behind a door.]

Navarro: [To Vince:] Open it. Let's do this face to face.

Vince: He's going for the roof.

Peter: Everything all right in here? Hey.

Navarro: We're closed for business.

Peter: Special Agent Burke, FBI. Got a report someone broke in here. Thought I'd do my duty and stop a crime in progress, but I see... you men are already on that. If this man entered your place of business illegally, you have every right to press charges.

Navarro: I care deeply about the trees. I don't want to waste paper on this guy. And don't worry, officer. We all have permits for these guns.

Peter: I'll be back another time to check those permits. I can understand why the proprietor of a cigar lounge is so heavily armed. You never know who you're going to find in your humidor. [To Neal:] Where's the little guy?

Neal: Moz! Come on out.

Mozzie: Suit, I must say your timing is impeccable.

Peter: You two can fill me in from the beginning back at the bureau.

Mozzie: He wants me to go to the bureau!?

Neal: Yeah, Moz. If you want the FBI's help, you got to go the bureau. Just do it for Gina.

Mozzie: You know what they do to guys like me at the bureau?

Neal: I do, Moz. I do.

[Cut to: Mozzie and Neal getting off the elevator.]

Neal: One foot in front of the other. Come on, Moz.

[In the Hall of the Mountain King plays.]

Neal: Moz? Do you need some coffee? Hello. Rain Man. Come on, let's go. You're okay.

[Cut to: Peter's office.]

Peter: Thanks. All right.

Mozzie: [Switches his and Peter's cups.] That's what you'd expect me to do. [He switches them back.]

Peter: All right, this is not a game. That guy that you walked in on. Christopher Navarro. Columbian. Washed his hands of drugs, moved onto weapons and racketeering. Knows his way around a machete and a hand gun. He's been on our radar for a long time. How'd he get on yours?

Mozzie: An acquaintance of mine left Margo's diner this morning and has not been seen since.

Neal: He was worried about her, so we stopped by her apartment.

Mozzie: Where we found a clue.

Neal: We dusted for prints.

Peter: You dusted for prints?

Neal: That's what led us to Sal's.

Peter: Where on half a hunch you walked in on Navarro. If you'd come to me, we could have done this right. Now Navarro's spooked. What exactly is the nature of your relationship with Gina?

Mozzie: Intellectual. Literal. Ongoing.

Peter: Is he stalking her?

Neal: I'd have to look up the legal definition.

Peter: I hate to break it to you guys, but your girl Gina has a boyfriend, Tommy Barnes.

Mozzie: A version of me.

Peter: If you were a low end criminal and drove limos as a part time job.

Mozzie: Yeah. If.

Neal: Wait a minute. I overheard Navarro say that a driver stole a hundred thousand dollars from him. Tommy rips him off, he goes after the girlfriend.

Diana: Got another ping on Gina.

Peter: Well, so much for being off the grid. Twenty minutes ago she used her credit card to buy nuts from a shop in Tompkins Square Park.

Neal: One of Navarro's guys said something about a park.

Mozzie: This is a clue. Gina is allergic to nuts. She told me she was hospitalized for it when- check her file.

Diana: In oh seven. Anaphylactic shock.

Peter: A nut allergy?

Neal: It could work.

Peter: I'll take Navarro down any way I can.

[Cut to: Tompkins Square Park]

Peter: The cashier remembers her. She was here an hour ago. She sat right here on that bench.

Neal: She with anyone?

Peter: She didn't notice. She said she looked scared.

Mozzie: No traffic or security cams. The only place in the city big brother isn't watching!

Mom: Smile! I got it.

Kid: I got it!

Mom: Ready?

Peter: [Dials Jones.] Jones, I need credit card receipts from every shop in this area for all purchases made in the last two hours.

Neal: You don't care how many I heart New York key chains sold; you want to know who bought them.

Peter: We get names, find out where they're staying-

Neal: Welcome them to our fine city by confiscating their camcorders.

Peter: We'll give 'em back.

[Cut to: FBI conference room.]

Peter: Ugh. Do they know what birds do on that statue?

Neal: That's like licking the Eiffel tower.

Mozzie: Are you even looking for Gina?

Peter: Yes, we're looking for Gina. We've been looking for Gina in eight different languages and we'll keep looking for Gina. [To agent handing out sandwiches:] Thank you.

Mozzie: Uh, there's provolone on my smoked turkey ciabatta. Did you tell them I wanted provolone?

Blake: What? No?

Neal: You want half of mine?

Peter: Can't you just take it off?

Mozzie: Do you have any idea what happens if I ingest even the slightest essence of dairy?

Peter: Please, tell me. Don't spare any details. What right do I have enjoying my delicious deviled ham sandwich after spending my day looking for your girlfriend?

Neal: Look, Peter, you got on board.

Peter: We- I was dragged on board, you dragged me on board.

Neal: I dragged you-

Mozzie: THERE SHE IS!

Peter: All right, play it again. Slow it down. Zoom in there, right there on the park bench.

Neal: Her eyes, she looks to the right. Moves her hand a little too.

Peter: We've been looking at this park from all angles, if we combine all the footage, we can put together coverage of this entire area, get a look at who she's communicating with.

Mozzie: Takes three, seven, twelve, and fifteen have everything we need. Plus this one, of course.

Neal: He has perfect recall.

[Cut to: Mozzie, Peter, and Neal watching the videos.]

Peter: She's waiting for something.

Mozzie: Oh! Vince and Mike. From the diner.

Neal: They're dropping back, don't want to be seen.

Peter: That's what the call was. She told Tommy to meet her. They used her to draw him out.

Neal: Classic move. She warns him. She can't let him walk into it.

Mozzie: He's leaving her there? Class act, this Tommy.

Peter: There. Rewind it, blow it up.

[Tommy throws something out.]

Neal: What was that?

Peter: Let's go find out.

[Cut to: Tompkins Square Park.]

Peter: Tommy dumped his phone.

Neal: He doesn't want to be tracked. Can I see it? He has an unchecked message. Must have come in after he ditched it.

Peter: Put it on speaker.

Phone: Five PM tomorrow. East corner of Houston and Norfolk. Just you and the money or you'll never see the girl again.

Neal: Navarro has no idea Tommy didn't get this.

Peter: And we have no idea where Tommy is. If he doesn't show up tomorrow-

Mozzie: Then Gina's dead.

[Cut to: FBI conference room.]

Peter: Navarro's going to a lot of trouble over a hundred grand. Why not put a hit on Tommy, sit back, and wait?

Diana: Okay, Navarro's after you, you've got a briefcase full of cash, and you need to disappear. What do you do?

All agents: [Turn to Neal.]

Neal: You guys. Well, the first thing I'd do is get rid of my phone and credit cards.

Peter: Which he did.

Jones: Hop on a plane.

Neal: Airport security is tight. You pay cash for a ticket, that's a red flag. Bus is risky, you sit in one place too long, people remember you.

Mozzie: Oh, and bus stations are the first place you people always put wanted posters.

Peter: Trains are no good. You get on one, you're stuck.

Neal: Unless you're a fan of the jump and roll, which I'm not.

Diana: I'd just drive, but Tommy doesn't have a car.

Jones: And all the limos from his company are in his lot.

Mozzie: You could boost one, but that's risky.

Neal: You can't get a rental with cash anymore.

Peter: Cash. What about a taxi?

Neal: Couple grand will get you across a few state lines.

Peter: Diana, get eyes on the airports, bus, and train stations. Start with the cab companies. I'll prep tactical.

Diana: Come on.

Peter: Jones, you're on audio.

Jones: Yeah.

Mozzie: Hey, what team am I on?

Peter: You're not. Neal's taking you home.

Neal: [Quietly:] Hey, you're sidelining me now? Disappearing is what I do. Did. But I am a wealth of information.

Peter: Mozzie is too close to handle a ransom situation. I'll call if I need anything. That's it.

Neal: Come on, Moz.

Mozzie: Suit.

Peter: [To Jones:] Keep an eye on those two.

Jones: Pleasure.

[Cut to: Mozzie pacing Neal's apartment.]

Mozzie: I knew something was wrong at the diner. I should've done something.

Neal: Don't blame yourself, Moz. Peter will find Tommy. He found me. Twice.

Mozzie: He knew you. He knew where you'd go.

Neal: When he found me, I wasn't running away.

Mozzie: Yeah, you were running towards something.

Neal: Towards *someone*. Kate. You think Tommy's the kind of guy who'd stick around for a girl?

Mozzie: All I know is that Gina's the kind of girl worth sticking around for.

Neal: Peter works one side, we'll work the other. Let's say Tommy is a version of you. You decide to wait around, when things cool off, you find Gina and take off together.

Mozzie: All I'd need is one thing.

Neal: A new identity.

Mozzie: In times of crisis, people tend to go where they feel safe. Tommy grew up in Tudor city.

Neal: You got a look at his file.

Mozzie: With one eye. The only decent ID guy left in the East forties is Devlin.

Neal: Devlin. You two go way back.

Mozzie: Ever since that Spanish Harlem job went bad, he secretly hates me. If he wasn't so jumpy. I mean, if you can't handle stress, try needle point.

Neal: Right, so Devlin won't just hand over a name. Is Jones still outside?

Mozzie: Apparently, we're deserving of round the clock supervision.

[Cut to: Neal outside, calling Jones.]

Jones: What do you want, Caffrey?

Neal: Need you to do me a favor.

Jones: I'm not doing anything illegal.

Neal: Did you ever see Scarface?

[Cut to: Devlin getting something from a vendor.]

Vendor: It's nothing. Thanks.

Devlin: Yeah. Neal Caffrey! Man, it's been a long time. Hey, Moz, you're looking good.

Mozzie: Devlin. See you haven't lost your penchant for shameless self-promotion.

Devlin's shirt: **I DO ID**

Devlin: You guys are a long way from home.

Neal: Yeah, we're just in the neighborhood, thought we'd grab some coffee.

Devlin: What's with him?

Neal: This guy over there, he's-

Mozzie: Neal.

Neal: He's a fed. Noticed him following us a while back.

Devlin: You serious?

Mozzie: Powdered sugar. [To Neal:] What are you doing, man? A fed!

Neal: He believed me. As if I'm going to tell Devlin that guy works for Navarro.

Devlin: What? That guy works for Navarro! What are you guys into?

Neal: Nothing, okay? Guy from around here named Tommy Barnes stole a hundred grand from Navarro. Word is somebody made him a fake ID.

Devlin: Ah, crap, man.

Mozzie: Navarro thinks I did it.

Devlin: Holy crap.

Mozzie: Here he comes. Vouch for me, all right, Devlin? You owe me from that Spanish Harlem debacle.

Devlin: Moz, I got your back man.

Jones: You.

Mozzie: You got the wrong guy, I swear!

Devlin: Look, man, hi. I know who you are, okay, I don't want any trouble. That guy there, he was just bragging about an ID he made for a guy named Tommy Barnes.

Mozzie: I did no such thing! I don't have a death wish!

Devlin: Hey, he told me Tommy's new name is Sam Brennan, okay? Sam Brennan. That's what he said.

Jones: Both of you better come with me.

Mozzie: I won't forget this, Devlin!

Jones: Oh, you guys have more fun than we do.

Neal: Whatever, Travolta.

[Cut to: The conference room.]

Peter: Surveillance outposts are being set up a block from the drop site. Cameras and mics and exterior. Tactical is on the move. Any questions? We will bring Tommy in. There will be a drop.

Diana: I have good news.

Peter: I need good news.

Diana: A taxi driver came forward. A man matching Tommy's description caught a cab near the park yesterday. Said he'd give him five thousand dollars to drive him to Chicago without calling it in.

Peter: Why's the driver talking?

Diana: Because Tommy only gave him four hundred. Made him turn around at the Jersey turnpike. But look at what he paid with.

Peter: These are sequential bills.

Diana: Tommy hasn't made any withdrawals, so he's using the money he took from Sal's.

Peter: Navarro's laundering money through Sal's.

Diana: That's why he wants that particular hundred grand back.

Peter: Because it could be traced. This could blow up Navarro's entire enterprise.
[Peter's phone rings.] Yeah, Jones.

Jones: Peter. I'm with Caffrey and the little guy. We got a tip that Tommy Barnes has a new ID. Sam Brennan.

Peter: Thanks, Jones. [To the room full of agents:] All right, run the name Sam Brennan. Hit the hotels and motels. He'll be the one paying cash.

[Cut to: Tommy walking.]

Peter: Tommy! [Tommy turns.] Your name's Sam now, remember? Special Agent Burke, FBI.

Diana: [Takes Tommy's wallet.] Same sequence as the bills from the cab. Rest of it safe in the hotel?

Tommy: Yeah.

Peter: Get ERT on it. Let Neal and Mozzie know we've got Tommy. [To Tommy:] We need to talk. Come on.

[Cut to: The FBI office]

Peter: How'd you get your hands on this money?

Tommy: A few nights ago, I did a drop at Sal's. There were some brief cases. Nobody was looking.

Peter: Navarro has Gina. We don't know where. He's threatening to kill her. There's a way to make this right.

[Cut to: The FBI's outpost for the drop.]

Peter: Snipers on the North and South rooftops. Mobile and foot units around the perimeter. We'll have undercover agents placed as vendors, but watch this area. It's a blind spot, access to the subways. We don't have enough man power to cover the trains. I want you ready to move in when we get Gina's coordinates. Remember the color of the day is orange.

Mozzie: Gina's favorite!

Neal: He'll stay out of the way.

Peter: He'd better. All right, let's move out.

Neal: [To Mozzie:] Stay here.

Diana: This lets us hear everything you say and track your location.

Mozzie: Just in case Navarro tries to take you.

Tommy: What!

Diana: It's a precaution, that's all.

Mozzie: I don't want to scare you with statistics 'cause you don't look to me like much of a math guy. If this goes wrong- and these things go wrong a lot- then he's going to take you. If not then- [He holds a hand curved like a gun to his head.]

Diana: NEAL!

Mozzie: You do realize Navarro's going to think he bought that flashy watch with the money, right?

Neal: What are you doing, Moz?

Mozzie: I'm explaining the risks when he's out there, Gina's life in his hands, he doesn't screw it up!

Diana: Get him out of here.

Peter: No, I want him where I can see him. That chair. Don't move, don't speak, sit. Read a book.

Jones: Okay folks, Navarro's here with two guards. And they brought artillery. It looks like MP5s and ACPs.

Peter: This it! Everyone in position, everyone in a vest. Tommy, you ready?

Diana: We got you covered from every angle.

Tommy: I can't go out there.

Peter: Look, if Navarro sees anyone but you out there, we risk losing Gina.

Mozzie: I'm confounded by what Gina sees in you! You ran away once, but you turned around and came back. Man up!

Peter: Tommy, get back here!

Agent: Hold up.

Peter: [To Mozzie:] You're three seconds away from being arrested. Tommy, if you love her, then you have to go and I mean now.

Neal: Just walk out there and give him the money.

Tommy: He's-he's gonna kill me.

Jones: Uh, guys. We got a problem at the drop point.

Peter: What do you mean a problem?

Agent: All right, stand down. Stand down. Hold position.

Neal: Where's Mozzie?

Navarro: Not another step.

Peter: He just walked into the drop.

[Cut to: Mozzie holding bills up.]

Navarro: Who the hell are you? Search him.

Mozzie: I work for Tommy. I'm his intermediary. Hands! I can get you the rest.

[Cut to: The agents and Neal.]

Peter: Where's he going with this?

Diana: Let's hope he gets there fast.

[Cut to: Navarro handing the cash to Mike.]

Navarro: Tell Tommy I can guarantee quick. But not painless. He'll know what I mean.

Mozzie: You're an idiot!

[Cut to: Agents watching in horror.]

[Cut to: Mozzie.]

Mozzie: You think Tommy's phone was encrypted? Your message was intercepted by the feds!

[Cut to: Jones glancing at Peter. Cut to: Mozzie ranting.]

Mozzie: You think this is a secure spot.

[Cut to: Mozzie.]

Mozzie: Look up. There's a sniper. There's another one. Guy tying his shoe? Agent. Lady with the fruit cart? Agent. We're surrounded. They've been on to you since Sal's.

Navarro: How'd you know about that?

Mozzie: Oh, please. This is right out of the book. Page seventy-three. Paragraph two, line five. And paragraph four, line seven. Right out of the book!

[Cut to: Agents glancing at each other.]

[Cut to: Navarro putting a hand on Mozzie's shoulder.]

Navarro: Where's Tommy? Where's my money?

[Cut to: Peter.]

Peter: This is not blowing up under my watch. [Into the radio:] We gotta move! Go, go!

[Cut to: Agents running towards Navarro and Mozzie.]

Navarro: You know so much, you know a way out?

Mozzie: Subway was the only place they couldn't cover. Lucky for you, I got a Metro card.

[Cut to: Peter throwing the radio.]

Peter: He knows that is our blind spot. What is he thinking!?

Neal: Page seventy-three, paragraph two, line five. Is that from the FBI field manual?

Peter: No. [The phone rings.] It's Hughes. Yes, Sir. I know that. Yes. Well, I wanted that...

Someone (in background): Neal. Can you hear me? You hear me?

Neal: [Picks up Mozzie's book.] Perfect... exchange.

[Cut to: Navarro's men and Mozzie getting off an elevator.]

Navarro: I want this done.

Mozzie: First things first. Let me see the girl.

Vince: [Walks to a door.] Come on.

Gina: Where's Tommy?

Mozzie: Tommy's fine. I'm here instead. Call me the broker.

Navarro: Call Tommy. Get me my money.

Mozzie: I see the girl is unharmed. Good for you. I want a chair and I want coffee, no milk, no cream. That's right; lactose. Then I'm going to tell you how this is going to go down.

[Cut to: Neal opening his door to leave. Peter is standing there holding Mozzie's book.]

Peter: What's the perfect exchange?

[Cut to: A few seconds later.]

Neal: Whatever it is, money for a painting, drugs, or a person. The handoff's always a problem. It all comes down to trust.

Peter: How do you know the bad guy won't shoot you, keep the money and the valuable jewels slash masterpiece slash bond certificate?

Neal: Exactly. So one night, over a bottle of Armagnac, Mozzie and I figured out the perfect way to do it.

Peter: That why you're wearing your cat burglar outfit?

Neal: I'm a New Yorker. We like black.

Peter: Mmm-hmmm.

Neal: Let's start with the where.

[Cut to: Mozzie switching the coffee mugs.]

Navarro: Where?

Mozzie: A neutral location. Tommy comes unarmed, so do you. Guns won't make it past security.

[Cut to: Neal.]

Neal: Security is key. You need metal detectors, but not scanners. You want to get a bag of money and a canvas in.

Peter: Just so I'm clear, Gina's the canvas?

Neal: Right. You also need a building with a public space on the roof. We decided on the Sutherland.

[Cut to: Mozzie.]

Mozzie: You'll meet tomorrow. At the Sutherland Library. On the rooftop. Don't worry, there's no books up there.

Navarro: What time is this elaborate meeting?

[Cut to: Neal.]

Neal: The meet has to happen during business hours. You want people around to distract from the handoff. The Sutherland's book collection's valuable enough to warrant guards.

[Cut to: Mozzie.]

Mozzie: No funny stuff. Tommy hands you anything other than a brief case, you make a stink, the guards come in and detain him. You decide to make him pay for stepping out, same thing happens.

[Cut to: Neal.]

Neal: It's designed to keep both sides in check and on task. It's about the exchange, nothing else.

[Cut to: Mozzie.]

Mozzie: Everybody wins.

[Cut to: Peter.]

Peter: I like it. Except for one thing.

Neal: What's that?

Peter: Nothing's perfect.

[Cut to: Navarro.]

Navarro: You just brokered yourself a deal.

[Cut to: Neal.]

Neal: It's perfect because one side will always try to outsmart the other. Navarro knows that Tommy can't walk in with a weapon.

Peter: So Navarro's going to make sure there's one waiting for him when he gets there.

Neal: We stake out the library.

Peter: Wait until one of Navarro's guys show up.

Neal: He'll keep an eye on the place, make sure Tommy doesn't have the same idea, then he'll plant the gun. Just follow Navarro's guy back to Mozzie.

[Cut to: Peter's car.]

Peter: I know this is boring, but stay awake.

Neal: I haven't slept since this whole thing started.

Peter: Stomach hurt?

Neal: Little bit.

Peter: Got that parched thing happening?

Neal: Yeah, my mouth's a little dry.

Peter: Hold onto that feeling. Remember it next time to infiltrate the den of mobster on a whim or something equally cockeyed.

Neal: Thanks for sharing your feelings, Peter. I know that's sometimes difficult for you.

Peter: You're welcome. That looks like Navarro's guy.

Neal: He's here to plant the gun.

Peter: We follow him back to Mozzie, it will all be over.

Neal: I hope so. [Looking at Peter's expression:] Oh, that's reassuring.

Peter: The perfect exchange. When did you pull it off?

Neal: A certain FBI agent came into my life. I didn't get the chance.

Peter: So it's hypothetical.

Neal: Yeah.

Peter: What happens to the middle man?

Neal: We didn't have one.

Peter: When Vince tells Navarro that the gun's in place, he's got his meeting time, location, and a stashed weapon.

Neal: Mozzie's about to become irrelevant. [Peter pins Neal to his seat.] I want to go in there.

Peter: Hold on. [He holds a gun to Vince's head.] Take me to Navarro.

[Cut to: Mozzie.]

Gina: Mozzie. Mozzie. How did you end up here alone?

Mozzie: I followed your clues. You did leave them for me?

Gina: Yes, yes, from our talks and our books, but I was hoping you would share them with the FBI or the cops.

Navarro: Cut the talking. [To his men:] Sal's is done. Set up some new place. We got to find a new place for the money.

Mike: I'll make some calls.

Navarro: Stay with them.

Gina: Tommy wouldn't come for me, would he?

Mozzie: Let's not think about that now.

Navarro: Good. Vince is back.

Mozzie: This is it, get ready.

Gina: What's happening?

Mozzie: Something big, I hope.

Navarro: Mr. Broker. Seems I don't need you anymore. [He pulls a gun.]

Mozzie: Oh, damn it. There is no middle man.

Gina: What does that mean?

Peter: FBI, drop your weapon! DROP IT! Stay where you are. Put your gun down.

Navarro: You keep showing up. I don't like surprises. And I don't like feds.

Peter: You know what else you're not going to like? Prison. Drop your weapon.

Navarro: Oh, I don't plan to go to prison.

FBI agents: Drop your weapons, drop your weapons now!

Peter: Looks like your plans just changed.

FBI agent: Weapons- NOW! Weapons down, right there.

Neal: Moz. Hey, you okay?

Neal and Mozzie: Middle man.

Neal: Yep. Might want to rename the perfect exchange. [Neal holds out the gun like it's diseased.]

Peter: I got it, I got it.

Gina: Thank you.

Neal: Look at you. All right.

[Cut to: The diner.]

Mozzie: So, have you... talked to Tommy?

Gina: We broke up. Today's my last day at the diner, though. I've been saving and I think it's time for an adventure of my own. I'm going to go to California.

Mozzie: It's good-bye, but we lean forward to the next crazy venture beneath the skies.

Gina: Kerouac.

Mozzie: He also went to California. I wouldn't do well there. I like my shoes to cover my toes.

[Gina hands Mozzie a napkin.]

Napkin: AUTO COYOTE RUE ☺

Mozzie: You're cute too.

[Cut to: Peter and Neal on the sidewalk.]

Neal: How many dinners with Elizabeth have you missed because of me?

Peter: I don't keep count. Or I've lost count. So Mozzie had you worried. How's it feel to walk a mile in my shoes?

Neal: I prefer Italian leather. How's Gina?

Mozzie: She's showing signs of a... bodyguard complex. I told her some distance between us would be good.

Neal: Yeah, guy like you needs his space.

Mozzie: So we heading to the bureau?

Peter: I got the FBI on board with Caffrey, but you? I don't even know your real name. And I've looked.

Neal: Thanks for the pen, by the way.

Peter: What pen, I got-

Neal: Earned it.

Peter: Let me-

Neal: It's mine now.

Peter: No.

Neal: Mine.

Peter: Not yours, no. Gonna keep it there-

Neal: Peter.

Peter: You got to give me the pen.