

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING, STAIRWELL/HALLWAY -- DAY

Mills moves from the stairwell, driven, his nose still bleeding, heading for apartment 6A. Somerset takes Mills arm, but Mills pulls away and keeps going.

SOMERSET
Wait... just wait.

MILLS
It was him.

SOMERSET
You can't go in there.

Somerset grabs Mills again and Mills shoves him off.

MILLS
The hell I can't! We get in there and we can stop him.

SOMERSET
We need a warrant.

MILLS
We have probable cause now.

Somerset grabs Mills and shoves him against the wall.

SOMERSET
Think about it...

MILLS
What the fuck is wrong with you?

SOMERSET
Think about how we got here!

Somerset holds the computer paper, now crumpled in his hand. He waves it in Mills' face as Mills struggles.

SOMERSET
We can't tell anyone about this. We can't tell them about the Bureau, so we have no reason for being here.

Mills stops struggling, breathing hard, seething, trembling.

MILLS
By the time we clear a warrant someone else is going to be dead.

SOMERSET
Think it through. If we leave a hole like this, we'll never prosecute. He'll walk.
(pause)
We have to come up with some excuse for knocking on this door.

MILLS

Okay... okay... get off.

Somerset releases Mills. Mills looks around the hall, then goes right to door 6A and KICKS IT IN -- the door jam splinters and the door swings open to darkness for a moment before swinging back, half-shut.

SOMERSET

You stupid son of a...

MILLS

No point in arguing anymore...

Mills strides down the short end of the hall, towards a window.

MILLS

(pointing back)

Unless you can fix that.

Mills stops, looking out the window. It overlooks a weedy, overgrown courtyard where a THIN VAGRANT lies asleep on the concrete. Mills turns, looking back to Somerset.

MILLS

How much money do we have left?