

THE LONGEST GOODBYE

by

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FADE IN:

PACIFIC OCEAN

The sun dips below the horizon, painting the sky with rays of pink and orange. Waves crash onto the shore of Silver Strand State Beach.

SAN DIEGO - CONTINUOUS

Sailboats sail through San Diego Bay.

Cars motor across Coronado Bridge. The San Diego skyline emerges in the background, reflecting off the tranquil water.

SUPER: "THE LONGEST GOODBYE"

SERIES OF SHOTS

Yachts docked in Embarcadero Marina.

A trolley trundles down East Harbour Drive.

People shop and dine in Seaport Village.

A crane unloads a cargo ship.

Murals in Chicano Park.

An impoverished neighborhood covered in graffiti.

EXT. STREET - BUS STOP - CONTINUOUS

A bus pulls up to a bus stop. Several people get off.

The bus idles, the front door staying open. Finally, an OLD MAN in a suit hobbles down the steps.

The door closes. The bus drives off.

The old man stands there, clearly lost. He looks both ways, then decides to cross.

EXT. CROSSWALK - CONTINUOUS

Traffic races by. The pedestrian signal counts down: "8, 7, 6, 5". The old man shuffles along.

About halfway across, the traffic lights change. The old man keeps walking, unaware.

Suddenly, a car at the intersection BLASTS its horn at the old man. He flinches, startled. The DRIVER gestures to the green traffic light, yelling at the old man --

DRIVER
What are you doing?! Get a move on!

The old man looks at the green traffic light, realizing. He picks up the pace, hurrying for the sidewalk. The driver hits the gas, TEARING down the street.

The car in the slow lane waits for the old man to cross, causing a traffic jam. Horns start HONKING.

Just then, a BIKER comes flying down the street, a full head of steam. Unexpectedly, the old man steps out from behind the car.

The biker's eyes widen.

BIKER
Oh, shit!

The biker swerves, clipping the old man. He flips over his handlebars, tumbling across the intersection.

The old man stumbles, crashing to the ground. He lies on the street, clutching his wrist, crying out in pain.

People get out of their cars, rushing over.

CONCERNED PERSON
Oh my god, is he okay?! Somebody call 911! He needs an ambulance.

Another concerned person pulls out his phone. The biker gingerly gets up, limping to his bike.

The COMMOTION begins to FADE as people tend to the old man.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

A guest carries a bucket of ice back to his room at a cheap motel.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

GRAHAM HALSTEAD, thirties, lies in bed, a vacant look in his eyes.

CAMILA (O.S.)
Are you married?

Graham looks to his left. CAMILA SANTOS, mid-twenties, stunning, sensitive, stares at him.

CAMILA (CONT'D)
Sorry, that's none of my business.

GRAHAM
No. I'm not really husband material.

Camila smiles.

CAMILA
Says who?

GRAHAM
Uh... me, I guess. Why?

CAMILA
I don't know. You just don't seem like the type.

GRAHAM
There's a type?

CAMILA
Yeah. You know it when you see it.

A beat.

GRAHAM
It's easier this way. No one gets hurt.

CAMILA
Is that why you called?

GRAHAM
Not exactly. It's hard to explain.

Just then, Graham's phone RINGS. A flicker of worry crosses his face. He answers it.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Hello.

A MUFFLED VOICE on the other end.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
(sits up)
What?

Graham listens, tense.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
... Uh, yeah, okay. Okay, I'm on my way.

He hangs up.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Uh... I gotta go.

CAMILA
What's wrong?

Graham quickly gets dressed.

GRAHAM
It's my dad. He's in the hospital.

CAMILA
What happened? Is he okay?

GRAHAM
I don't know.

He rushes out the door.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY DEPARTMENT - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

Patients wait to be examined as a panicked Graham runs over to the CLERK.

CLERK
Name.

GRAHAM
I'm looking for my dad. John Halstead.

The clerk types the name into the system.

CLERK
He's in the observation unit.
Follow the signs.

The clerk presses a button, opening the doors to the emergency department.

Graham dashes off.

INT. EMERGENCY DEPARTMENT - OBSERVATION UNIT - MOMENTS LATER

Fluorescent lights softly HUM above rows of hospital beds.
Monitors BEEP.

Graham hurries through the observation unit, his eyes darting from bed to bed. He spots his dad, JOHN HALSTEAD, eyes closed, hooked up to an IV bag, his right forearm in a cast. A NURSE adjusts his IV, checking his vitals.

GRAHAM

Dad.

The nurse turns around.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

What happened?

The nurse calmly pulls Graham to the side, lowering her voice.

NURSE

He was hit by a biker crossing the street. Doesn't remember how he got there. Just kept saying he was going to see somebody named Annie. Do you know who that is?

Graham exhales.

GRAHAM

He means the musical.

(beat)

Is he gonna be okay?

NURSE

He broke two small bones in his wrist and needed surgery.

GRAHAM

That's it?

NURSE

He's lucky. Could have been a lot worse.

Graham breathes a sigh of relief.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Are you the primary caregiver?

GRAHAM

Uh... Yeah.

NURSE

There's no one else?

GRAHAM

No... not really.

NURSE

I know this is difficult, but it might be time to consider other options. There are quite a few facilities in the area with dedicated memory care units.

Graham glances between the nurse and his dad, unsure how to respond.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Just something to think about.

The nurse carries on with her duties.

INT. EMERGENCY DEPARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Graham paces, on the phone.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

DANIELLE ATKINS, early forties, headstrong, Graham's older sister, runs around the kitchen packing two lunch boxes. At the kitchen island, two young boys eat breakfast.

A cell phone on the countertop RINGS. The older boy, DEREK (10), jumps up and checks the caller ID --

DEREK

Mom, it's Uncle Graham.

Derek takes the phone to his mom.

DANIELLE

Thanks, sweetie.

Danielle answers the phone, catching her breath.

INTERCUT - HOUSE/HALLWAY

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm glad you called. Change of plans -- Kyle's out of town and needs me to watch the boys. For someone who wants joint custody, he has a funny way of showing it.

GRAHAM

Look, um --

DANIELLE

Isaac, finish your cereal.

ISAAC (8), Danielle's younger boy, plays with his cereal, still in his pajamas.

ISAAC
But it's soggy.

DANIELLE
And whose fault is that?

Derek snickers.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
Derek, go brush your teeth. The bus will be here in ten minutes.

Derek does as he's told. Isaac looks at his soggy cereal, then at Danielle...

ISAAC
Can I just drink the milk?

Danielle exhales.

DANIELLE
Okay, fine.

Isaac drinks the milk. Danielle watches, making sure he drinks every last drop.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
All right. Now go get dressed.

Isaac scurries off.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
Sorry about that. What were you saying?

GRAHAM
Um... Dad was in an accident.

DANIELLE
What?! Graham, he's not supposed to be driving.

GRAHAM
He wasn't. A biker hit him while he was crossing the street.

DANIELLE
Jesus. Is he okay?

GRAHAM

He broke his wrist and was taken to the hospital. I came as soon as they called.

DANIELLE

What do you mean? Where were you?

GRAHAM

I... I was out.

DANIELLE

He was by himself?!?

GRAHAM

Danielle, I was gone for like an hour. What do you want me to do? Lock him in his room.

DANIELLE

You said you could take care of him.

GRAHAM

I'm trying. Think you can do better, be my guest. You're not here. You don't know what it's like.

Danielle takes a breath, calming down.

DANIELLE

You're right. I'm sorry.

(beat)

Promise me you'll never get married, okay? It's not worth it.

Graham tiredly rubs his eyes.

GRAHAM

I don't know how much longer I can do this, Danielle. It's only going to get worse.

DANIELLE

Graham, he's our dad. He needs us... now more than ever. No one said it was going to be easy.

GRAHAM

I know. It's just... never mind.

Graham drops it, fighting a losing battle.

DANIELLE

Can I talk to him?

GRAHAM

He's asleep.

DANIELLE

Okay. Well, call me when he wakes up.

GRAHAM

I will.

DANIELLE

Thanks.

Danielle hangs up.

INT. EMERGENCY DEPARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Graham stands there, needing a minute.

EXT. CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX - DAY

A MAILMAN hops into a mail truck, parked in front of a low-rise condominium complex, and drives off.

INT. GRAHAM'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS

Graham stands at the stove, watching two sunny-side-up eggs SIZZLE in a pan.

His condo is plain and sparse -- a typical bachelor's pad. A stack of unopened mail is piled on the counter.

In the living room, John sits in a recliner, mumbling to a spot on the floor --

JOHN

Billy, give your sister her doll back. She asked nicely.

-- POP. A toaster ejects a slice of toast. Graham plates it with the eggs.

GRAHAM

Dad, come eat.

John lumbers over, his steps slow and heavy.

JOHN
Where's your mom?

Graham takes the plate to the kitchen table.

GRAHAM
Uh... she's getting her nails done.

John sits down.

JOHN
She's cheating on me with the
mailman.

GRAHAM
What?

JOHN
I saw them leaving together.

Graham opens the fridge and pours a glass of orange juice.

GRAHAM
Dad, that's ridiculous. He's like
half her age.

JOHN
She's always had a thing for
younger guys.

GRAHAM
Maybe they're just friends.

John shoots Graham a look.

JOHN
Whose side are you on?

Graham brings the orange juice and a handful of pills over. In the background, the label on one of the prescription bottles reads: "MEMANTINE 15 MG" -- a common medication for Alzheimer's.

GRAHAM
I'm on your side. It just doesn't
sound like her, that's all.

JOHN
I know what I saw.

GRAHAM
(re: pills)
Here, take these.

John pushes Graham's hand away.

JOHN
No.

Graham puts down the orange juice, holding out the pills.

GRAHAM
Dad, please. Just take your pills.

JOHN
No, I don't want to.

GRAHAM
Well, too bad. You have to. Now
take them.

JOHN
I said no!

John swats Graham's hand. The pills scatter. The glass of
orange juice tips, SHATTERING on the floor.

John stands up, pointing an angry finger in Graham's face.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You can't tell me what to do! I'm a
grown-ass man.

He stomps off. Graham sighs, staring at the mess.

INT. OFFICE - GRAHAM'S CUBICLE - DAY

Graham sits at his desk, on the phone with a potential
customer --

GRAHAM
... And if something were to
happen, God forbid, who would pay
for that?

CUSTOMER (V.O.)
My daughter.

GRAHAM
Your daughter? So she'd be the
beneficiary?

CUSTOMER (V.O.)
Yes.

GRAHAM

And if you don't mind me asking,
Miss Dawson, could she afford to
pay for the burial... you know, if
you didn't have a plan?

CUSTOMER (V.O.)

I don't know.

Just then, BRAD, Graham's boss, gestures for him. Graham nods, signaling he'll be there in a minute.

CUSTOMER (V.O.)

We haven't really talked about it.

Graham looks off, apprehensive.

INT. BRAD'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Graham knocks on Brad's open door.

GRAHAM

Hey, Brad.

Brad looks up from his computer.

BRAD

Graham. Hey, have a seat. Close the door.

Graham closes the door and sits down.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Long time no see.

Graham laughs nervously.

GRAHAM

Yeah, sorry. It's been one of those weeks.

BRAD

Tell me about it. Some asshole scratched my car while I was at the gym. Took off before I could find out who.

Brad pulls out his phone and shows Graham a photo of his scratched sports car.

BRAD (CONT'D)
It's gonna cost me three grand to
get it fixed. Can you believe that?
Just bought the damn thing.

Graham nods, pretending to feel sorry for him.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Anyway, listen, Graham, here's the
deal: as much as I like you, I'm
not in the business of making
friends. This is the third month in
a row you haven't hit your sales
quota.

GRAHAM
I know. I'm sorry. My dad, he...

Graham stops himself, his pride getting in the way.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Brad, you don't understand. I need
this job.

A beat.

BRAD
Look, there's no easy way to say
this, but if things don't change
soon, you'll leave me no choice...
I'll have to let you go.

Graham looks down, disheartened.

INT. GRAHAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Graham lies in bed, sound asleep. His bedroom door CREAKS open.

JOHN
(whispering)
Graham. Wake up.

John scurries over, nudging Graham.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Graham.

GRAHAM
(stirring)
Dad --

JOHN

Shh. There's someone in the house.

Graham jerks awake.

GRAHAM

What?! Where?!

JOHN

Shh! The living room.

GRAHAM

(whispering)

You saw him?

JOHN

He looked right at me.

Graham's eyes dart around the room, searching for something to defend himself. He grabs the bedside lamp, yanking the plug out of the socket, and rips off the lampshade.

GRAHAM

Stay here.

INT. HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Graham creeps down the hall, clutching the lamp.

He reaches the end, takes a shallow breath, and peeks around the corner. No one's there.

Graham steps into the living room, lowering the lamp.

INT. GRAHAM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

John hovers by the door.

GRAHAM (O.S.)

Dad, there's no one here.

JOHN

He's gone?

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

John emerges from the bedroom.

JOHN

You must have scared him off.

Graham exhales, running a frustrated hand through his hair.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Graham --

John gasps, pointing behind Graham.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Behind you! There he is!

Graham spins around, raising the lamp. His heart sinks, seeing the intruder. Across the room, in the reflection of the mirror, is John -- pointing at his unrecognizable self.

EXT. CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX - PARKING LOT - DAY

An SUV pulls into a parking stall outside Graham's condo. The trunk pops open. Danielle gets out.

INT. GRAHAM'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS

It's unusually quiet. Graham sits on the couch, completely still.

A KNOCK at the door. Graham doesn't move, pretending he didn't hear it.

Another KNOCK. Graham lets out a heavy sigh and gets up. He places a hand on the doorknob, bracing himself, then opens it.

DANIELLE
Hey!

Danielle gives him a big smile and a hug.

GRAHAM
Hi.

She rolls her suitcase inside. Graham closes the door.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
How was the drive?

DANIELLE
Oh, don't even get me started. It took me forty-five minutes to get on the I-10. Kyle called -- Isaac forgot his inhaler. Then I got stuck at the border checkpoint outside Pine Valley for over an hour. They only had one lane open.

Danielle looks around.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
Where's Dad?

Graham avoids her gaze...

EXT. EMERALD GARDENS SENIOR LIVING - DAY

A picturesque senior living community nestled in a quiet neighborhood. At the entrance to the parking lot is a large stone with the words "Emerald Gardens Senior Living" engraved in it.

FACILITY DIRECTOR (PRE-LAP)
We pride ourselves on providing
personalized care programs for
every resident...

INT. COMMON ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The interior is just as beautiful. The FACILITY DIRECTOR gives Danielle and Graham a tour.

FACILITY DIRECTOR
... Our highly trained team is
committed to protecting the
identity of seniors dealing with
cognitive impairments like
Alzheimer's...

Graham glances at Danielle. She ignores him.

FACILITY DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
... ensuring they live with dignity
and comfort as their condition
progresses.

Danielle looks across the room. John sits at a table, participating in a group activity with several other seniors.

INT. DINING HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The facility director escorts Graham and Danielle into the dining hall, where residents eat lunch.

FACILITY DIRECTOR
Residents receive three gourmet
meals a day.
(MORE)

FACILITY DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Every meal is developed by a registered dietitian to deliver the highest quality and is tailored to their nutritional needs.

They carry on.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Graham and Danielle follow the facility director down a hallway. A CAREGIVER wheels a resident by them, smiling.

FACILITY DIRECTOR

Our resident caregivers are available to assist with personal grooming, bathing, and medication management.

Danielle peeks inside a room with the door open. It looks like a suite at a five-star hotel.

FACILITY DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

We also have nurses at the facility sixteen hours a day for any urgent medical issues.

The facility director stops --

FACILITY DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Oh, and the building's equipped with a 24-hour security system so no one wanders off.

The facility director chuckles. Danielle stares at him, unamused.

FACILITY DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

All of these services are included in your monthly fee, by the way.

Danielle finally speaks --

DANIELLE

And what might that be?

Graham nervously looks at the facility director.

FACILITY DIRECTOR

Twelve thousand dollars.

Danielle shoots Graham a stern look.

EXT. EMERALD GARDENS SENIOR LIVING - MAIN ENTRANCE/PARKING LOT - DAY

The front doors SLIDE open. Danielle storms out, heading straight to her car. Graham chases after her.

GRAHAM

Danielle, come on. Don't do this.
It's hard enough already.

Danielle keeps walking.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry. I should have told you sooner. I just didn't know how.

She spins around --

DANIELLE

Who the fuck do you think you are?

GRAHAM

I couldn't take care of him anymore. I tried to tell you, but you wouldn't listen.

DANIELLE

I heard you loud and clear, Graham. But you don't get to make this decision by yourself. He's my dad too.

GRAHAM

Really? Could've fooled me.

DANIELLE

I have two kids, asshole, whose parents are getting divorced. I don't expect you to understand.

GRAHAM

That's your problem, not mine. You got to live your life, so should I.

DANIELLE

Wow. Are you really that self-righteous? Where were you when Mom was sick? When she was dying? You abandoned her when she needed you the most. Just like you've abandoned Dad.

Danielle steps forward, unleashing years of suppressed resentment.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
Do you know why I'm getting
divorced...? We both had to make
sacrifices. Okay, so spare me the
sob story. You're still the same
selfish little boy I grew up with.
Always have been.

Graham stands there, his breath caught in his throat,
silenced by the sting of her words. Then --

GRAHAM
Well, it's too late now.

DANIELLE
Like hell it is. I'm getting him
out of there.

Danielle walks away, UNLOCKING her car.

GRAHAM
No, Danielle, you can't. I signed a
contract.

She stops, slowly turning around.

DANIELLE
What?

GRAHAM
I signed a six-month contract. It's
non-refundable.

DANIELLE
That's the last of Dad's savings.

GRAHAM
I'm sorry. I thought I was doing
the right thing.

Danielle stares at Graham, infuriated.

DANIELLE
(shoves Graham)
You fucking idiot! What were you
thinking? That he'd just die?

GRAHAM
No, of course not. They were going
to give his room to someone else. I
had no choice. This was the only
place that didn't have a waitlist.

DANIELLE
I wonder why?

Graham shamefully looks down.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
All right, Graham. So now what?

GRAHAM
I don't know, but we can figure it out. We've got time.

DANIELLE
No, I'll figure it out. You've done enough.

Danielle gets into her car.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
Find your own way home.

She wrenches the car door closed and SPEEDS out of the parking stall. Graham jumps out of the way, watching her race off.

INT. GRAHAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Graham lies awake. He turns over on his side and stares at the bedroom door. Reminded of his dad, he gets out of bed.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The same cheap motel.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Graham stares inward.

CAMILA (O.S.)
Do you regret it?

GRAHAM
I regret not telling her, but she never would have let me.

CAMILA
Why not?

GRAHAM
Because... she's in denial, I don't know.

(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

She doesn't want to face reality. But the truth is, he's losing his mind. The person he was, who she knew, is gone, and there's nothing we can do about it. It's like a little more of him dies every day. That's the hardest part -- watching it happen. Every time he doesn't recognize you. Or forgets his wife's been dead for three years, reminding you that she's gone over and over again.

(beat)

My mom, she, uh... she was a dancer on Broadway. This was in the seventies when no one was going to the theater and they were basically giving tickets away. For whatever reason, my dad hitchhiked to New York and got his hands on a ticket to Annie. Saw it five more times that week. And the rest is history.

CAMILA

Romantic.

GRAHAM

She thought so.

Camila smiles.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

She slipped and hit her head getting out of the shower. I mean, she seemed fine at first, you know? But then her headaches got worse, she stopped eating. Pretty soon, she could barely keep her eyes open. Finally, my sister took her to the hospital. They found a tumor the size of a softball in her brain. The doctor said the fall probably had something to do with it. She died six weeks later -- two days before her seventieth birthday.

Graham gazes off, recalling.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

The first time he forgot, I told him the truth. He didn't believe me. I had to take him to the cemetery.

(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Once he saw her grave, he remembered. He remembered everything.

A pained expression washes over his face.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I never said goodbye. I wanted to, but I couldn't. I didn't want to see her that way. And he's never forgiven me. He said he was ashamed to call me his son. The next day, it was like it never happened. Now whenever he asks, "Where's your mom?" I lie... because I don't think I can hear that again.

Camila stares at Graham, seeing the anguish in his eyes. She gently takes his hand, comforting him.

EXT. PABLO'S AUTO REPAIR - DAY

A beat-up car rolls into the garage of a grimy auto repair shop. Above the bay doors, a faded sign reads: "Pablo's Auto Repair".

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Latin hip hop BLASTS from a music player. JERRY, a grizzled mechanic, pops the hood.

Graham steps into the garage. Jerry glances up --

JERRY

Picking up or dropping off?

GRAHAM

Uh, neither. I'm looking for Miguel. Is he here?

Right on cue, MIGUEL VÁZQUEZ, early thirties, rebellious, appears --

MIGUEL

Jerry, have you seen my socket wrench?

Graham and Miguel lock eyes. A subtle smile spreads across Miguel's face.

INT. GARAGE - CAR - LATER

Miguel and Graham sit in the car Miguel's fixing, shooting the shit.

MIGUEL

Remember that time we got caught
watching porn in the computer lab?

GRAHAM

We?! That was you.

MIGUEL

It was your idea.

GRAHAM

No, it wasn't. I didn't even know
what porn was.

Miguel laughs.

MIGUEL

Oh, yeah. That's right.

GRAHAM

My parents grounded me for a week.
My dad and I had to have *the talk*.

MIGUEL

Yeah, well, at least you had one.
My dad was too drunk to care.

A tense beat.

GRAHAM

I got your letter. Sorry I never
wrote back. I was going to, but
then --

MIGUEL

Don't worry about it.

GRAHAM

When'd you get out?

MIGUEL

About six months ago. Decided to
behave for once. A lot easier than
I thought.

GRAHAM

Took you long enough.

Miguel cracks a smile.

MIGUEL

So, what's up, man? What the hell
are you doing here?

Graham hesitates, clearing his throat.

GRAHAM

I, uh... I need a favor.

MIGUEL

Sure, okay. Like what -- an oil
change or something?

GRAHAM

No. No, it's nothing like that.
Look, um... I need some money.

MIGUEL

Okay... How much money?

GRAHAM

A lot... Like two keys worth.

Miguel pauses, his face hardening.

MIGUEL

I don't do that shit anymore. I
learned my lesson.

GRAHAM

Oh, really? Then explain that?

Graham points to a shiny gold chain around Miguel's neck.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Did you steal it? I mean, you
couldn't have bought it... not
working at a dump like this.

Miguel tucks the chain into his shirt.

MIGUEL

Who do you think I am? El fucking
Chapo. I move the shit from point A
to point B. That's it.

GRAHAM

It's two fucking keys. No one will
even notice.

MIGUEL

This isn't fucking Grand Theft
Auto, dumbass. They track
everything.

(MORE)

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
Even if a gram of coke is missing,
they'll know. What you're asking me
to do is a death sentence.

GRAHAM
I'm not asking you to do it for me.
I'm asking you to do it for my dad.
You know, the guy who let you crash
on our couch when your dad kicked
you out. The guy who picked you up
from the police station when you
got busted trying to buy booze with
a fake ID. The guy who paid for
your lawyer so you didn't spend the
rest of your life rotting in a jail
cell. That guy.

(beat)

He has Alzheimer's. That's what the
money's for -- to take care of him.
The same way he took care of you.
So please, help me.

Miguel's expression softens slightly, torn. Then --

MIGUEL
Go home, Graham, before you do
something you'll regret.

Graham stares at Miguel, his frustration flaring.

GRAHAM
Too late.

With that, Graham gets out of the car, slamming the door shut.

EXT. PABLO'S AUTO REPAIR - NIGHT

Miguel rolls down his bay door. The garage lights turn off.

EXT. PABLO'S AUTO REPAIR - BACK - MOMENTS LATER

Miguel heads to his car, a rusty beater.

INT. MIGUEL'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Miguel drives home, jaw tight, Graham's plea weighing on his mind.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Miguel climbs the stairs to the second floor of a run-down apartment building, carrying a six-pack.

INT. MIGUEL'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Miguel enters, kicking the door closed. He drops the six-pack on the table with a dull THUD and CRACKS open a beer.

He takes a sip, scanning the room. It's a dump -- peeling wallpaper, stained carpet, and a torn couch.

Out of the corner of his eye, he catches his reflection in the mirror above the dresser. He steps toward it, taking another sip, resentment in his eyes.

His gaze lowers to the shiny gold chain hanging around his neck -- the only thing he has to show for himself. Disgusted, he rips the chain loose with a sharp tug, the clasp snapping.

EXT. BUSINESS PARK - DAY

Danielle's SUV parks in front of a commercial office unit.

INT. DANIELLE'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Danielle grabs her purse and reaches for the door.

-- RING. Danielle pulls out her phone and looks at the caller ID: "Graham".

She swiftly sends it to voicemail, gets out, and goes inside.

The sign on the office unit door reads: "Burke & Partners Family Law".

INT. GRAHAM'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Graham listens to the call go to voicemail --

DANIELLE
Hey, it's Danielle. Leave a
message.

BEEP. Graham tosses his phone onto the desk. Just as it lands --

RING. Graham jolts upright, snatching his phone.

GRAHAM
Danielle?

INTERCUT - GARAGE/GRAHAM'S CUBICLE

Miguel answers, sharp and cold --

MIGUEL
No. It's Miguel.

GRAHAM
Oh.

MIGUEL
Tomorrow night. Ten o'clock.

Miguel hangs up.

INT. GRAHAM'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Graham slowly puts down his phone, wondering what he's getting into.

EXT. TIJUANA, MEXICO - ROAD - NIGHT

SUPER: "TIJUANA, MEXICO"

A tractor-truck turns down a dusty dirt road. In the background is a tall metal fence: The Tortilla Wall -- a heavily fortified section of the US-Mexican Border.

The tractor-truck rumbles past a battered warehouse in an industrial lot full of construction equipment -- excavators, forklifts, bulldozers.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A MAN hauls a large duffel bag out of a van and into a small room at the back of the warehouse.

He drops the duffel bag beside a square hole in the floor slab, then heads back for another.

We DESCEND into the hole, DOWN a ladder to the bottom, over a hundred feet below.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

We ZOOM through a long, dimly lit tunnel with rail tracks. As we near the end, an empty cart at the bottom of another ladder comes into view.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Inside a warehouse on the US side of the border, two more MEN pack cocaine bricks into duffel bags beside an identical square hole and load them into the back of a pick-up truck.

EXT. OTAY MESA, SAN DIEGO - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Miguel and Graham sit in Miguel's car, across the street from the warehouse.

INT. MIGUEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Miguel watches the loading dock, waiting. Graham exhales --

GRAHAM

What are we waiting for, man? We've been here for almost two hours.

Miguel keeps his eyes on the loading dock.

MIGUEL

I don't want to be looking over my shoulder -- on the run for the rest of my life. So if we're going to do this, we're going to do it my way.

Miguel looks at Graham.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
Understood?

Graham holds Miguel's stare, unfazed.

GRAHAM

You didn't answer my question. What the fuck are we waiting for?

Just then, the loading dock door ROLLS UP.

MIGUEL
That's what we're waiting for.

The pick-up truck, now loaded with cocaine, drives out.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

There's a tunnel inside that warehouse -- like the one the Task Force found in Amistad Park. The Cartel smuggles fifty to a hundred kilos through it a week. That truck's probably carrying at least ten... and we're going to steal it.

The pick-up truck turns onto the street.

GRAHAM

Now?

MIGUEL

No, not now. I haven't even told you the plan.

Graham watches the pick-up truck drive away.

GRAHAM

Okay, genius. Then what's the plan?

MIGUEL

To move that much coke and not get busted, you need a lot of drivers. The kind that are disposable and less likely to raise suspicion. In other words, a middle-aged white guy who could use a little extra cash and has nothing to lose. Remind you of anyone?

Graham gives it some thought. Suddenly, it clicks --

GRAHAM

That mechanic. Jerry.

MIGUEL

Bingo.

GRAHAM

He's a mule.

MIGUEL

He is now. His first run is next Friday. And thanks to me, I know where he's going and how he's getting there...

EXT. PABLO'S AUTO REPAIR - NIGHT

Miguel's car turns into the parking lot and pulls up beside Graham's car.

INT. MIGUEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Miguel KILLS the engine. Graham unbuckles his seatbelt. A thick, uncomfortable silence hangs between them.

MIGUEL
Does he remember me?

GRAHAM
Sometimes.

MIGUEL
So he knows who I am?

GRAHAM
I don't know... Maybe. I haven't
asked.

Another uncomfortable silence.

MIGUEL
Does he know who you are?

GRAHAM
Yeah... for now.
(beat)
Look, um... thanks for doing this.

MIGUEL
You don't have to thank me. I
wanted to do it... I need to.

INT. EMERALD GARDENS SENIOR LIVING - LOBBY - DAY

Graham walks past the RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST
Can I help you?

He stops, turning around.

GRAHAM
No, I'm just visiting someone.

RECEPTIONIST
Oh, okay. Then you'll just need to
sign in.

The receptionist gestures to the sign-in sheet on the counter.

GRAHAM
Uh... Yeah. Sure.

Graham picks up the pen and starts writing. Suddenly, he pauses, staring at the sign-in sheet as if he's just been sucker-punched.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
Is everything all right?

Graham looks up.

GRAHAM
What?

The receptionist stares at him.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Yeah. Yeah, I'm fine.

Graham musters a smile, then stiffly grips the pen, forcing his hand to move. A few rows above, under the "Visitor's Name" and "Person Visiting" columns, are the names "Danielle Atkins" and "John Halstead".

INT. EMERALD GARDENS SENIOR LIVING - JOHN'S ROOM - LATER

Graham gazes at a wedding photo of his parents hanging on the wall. The SOUNDS of a baseball game play in the background.

JOHN (O.S.)
I want to go home.

Graham looks beside him. John sits in his chair, eyes on the TV, seemingly watching the game. Then, again, calm but firm --

JOHN (CONT'D)
I want to go home.

Graham's jaw tightens, his inner turmoil surfacing.

GRAHAM
You are home, Dad.

John turns, exploding --

JOHN
Goddammit, Graham! Did you hear
what I said? I want to go home.

GRAHAM

Dad, this is your home.

John's fist slams the coffee table.

JOHN

No, it's not. This is NOT my home!
I want to go home -- take me home
now!

Graham stands, urgency in his voice.

GRAHAM

Okay, okay. Let's go home.

John's clenched fist loosens.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Come on, let's go. We're gonna go
home.

Graham helps John up, guiding him to the door, the sound of
the baseball game FADING as they head out.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Graham leads John down the hall, the CLATTER of utensils
growing louder with each step.

John suddenly stops, tightening his grip on Graham's arm. A
caregiver briskly approaches, carrying a tray of food. Graham
gives her a faint smile as she passes, then starts patting
his pockets.

GRAHAM

Oh, you know what? I think I forgot
my keys. Wait in here. I'll go get
them.

Graham gently steers John into the dining hall.

INT. DINING HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Graham helps John into a chair by the window.

GRAHAM

(re: table)

How's this? Good?

John gives a slight nod.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Okay, I'll be right back.

Graham hurries off, back the way he came.

As John's gaze drifts out the window, a caregiver places a tray of food in front of him.

John hesitates, his eyes lingering on the tray. He picks up his fork and takes a tentative bite. Slowly, his tense shoulders relax, and he begins to eat.

From the hall, Graham watches. Relieved, he quietly slips away.

EXT. EMERALD GARDENS SENIOR LIVING - PARKING LOT - GRAHAM'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Graham gets into his car. Alone, he lets out a shaky breath, hanging on by a thread.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Camila traces a pattern on the blanket.

GRAHAM
Can I ask you something? It's kind of personal.

CAMILA
Yes... Raquel's my real name.

GRAHAM
Oh, um... that wasn't -- Is it actually?

Camila stops tracing, meeting Graham's gaze. She tilts her head slightly, playing the part, a faint sadness in her voice
--

CAMILA
Depends. Do you want it to be?

Graham pauses, reminded that he's paying her to be there. He fakes a smile, looking away.

Camila stares at him for a moment, seeing the disappointment in his eyes. Then --

CAMILA (CONT'D)
Camila. My real name's Camila.

Graham looks at her. She gives him a tiny smile, slowly letting her guard down.

INT. DANIELLE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Danielle sits at the dining room table, watching Derek and Isaac play in the backyard, a pen in her hand. She looks down at the document in front of her. The title reads: "Petition for Appointment of Probate Conservator".

SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

The city lights twinkle in the dead of night.

EXT. PABLO'S AUTO REPAIR - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Miguel and Graham stand by their cars, parked under a dim streetlight. The distant WAIL of sirens cuts through the stillness.

Miguel hands Graham a pistol. He stares at it, then at Miguel, a shadow of doubt in his eyes.

GRAHAM
You sure about this?

MIGUEL
Are you?

Graham nods, taking the gun. He tucks it into the back of his waistband and heads for his car, opening the door.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
Hey.

Graham pauses, glancing over his shoulder.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
Just so we're clear: if shit hits the fan and anyone asks, it was your idea.

Miguel's mouth curves into a sly grin. Graham smirks, then gets in.

EXT. OTAY MESA, SAN DIEGO - STREET - NIGHT

Miguel sits in his car, parked down the street from the warehouse he showed Graham. He's wearing earbuds and a black beanie.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The loading dock door ROLLS UP. A sedan slowly pulls out. As expected, Jerry is driving.

EXT. MIGUEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Miguel watches, hands on the wheel.

EXT. JERRY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jerry turns onto the street and drives off.

EXT. MIGUEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Miguel STARTS the car --

MIGUEL
(into earbuds)
He's on the move.

EXT. OTAY LAKE ROAD, SAN DIEGO COUNTY - CONTINUOUS

Miles away, parked behind a clump of trees along a narrow road, Graham's car hides in the shadows.

INT. GRAHAM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Graham, also wearing earbuds and a black beanie, stares at his phone mounted on the dash. A map displays two colored dots -- one labeled "Miguel". The dot starts to move...

EXT. OTAY LAKE ROAD, CHULA VISTA - LATER

Jerry's car cruises through the suburbs, heading east. Moments later, Miguel's car comes into view, tailing Jerry...

EXT. OTAY LAKE ROAD, LOWER OTAY LAKE - LATER

Across the lake, two headlights emerge around a bend in the road. Jerry's car motors along.

INT. MIGUEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Miguel weaves through a winding section of the road, shifting gears.

EXT. OTAY LAKE ROAD, LOWER OTAY LAKE - CONTINUOUS

As Jerry's car disappears into the darkness, a beam of light begins to shine on the lake, getting brighter. Miguel's car rounds the bend.

INT. GRAHAM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Graham restlessly taps the steering wheel, staring at his phone. Miguel's dot steadily moves closer.

EXT. OTAY LAKE ROAD, JOHN NICHOL'S FIELD AIRPORT - LATER

Jerry's car passes a private airfield...

EXT./INT. MIGUEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Miguel speeds over a hill, spotting the airfield.

MIGUEL

(into earbuds)

Okay, we're almost there. Get on
the road.

He pulls down the beanie, exposing a slit for his eyes, and ACCELERATES.

INT. GRAHAM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Graham pulls down the beanie, glancing at his phone. Miguel's dot is almost on top of his.

EXT. GRAHAM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Through the trees, Graham's car STARTS, pulling onto the road...

EXT. OTAY LAKE ROAD, SAN DIEGO COUNTY - CONTINUOUS

Graham checks the rearview mirror. Two headlights appear in the distance. He lets his foot off the gas...

JERRY

(to self)

What the hell is this guy doing?

Jerry HONKS his horn --

JERRY (CONT'D)
Move it!

Graham drifts into the middle of the road, zig-zagging.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Are you drunk?! Get out of the way!

Just then, as planned, Miguel comes CHARGING down the road, Jerry in his sights --

MIGUEL
(into earbuds)
Okay. Now!

Graham SLAMS on the brakes, forcing Jerry to stop. As he does, Miguel boxes Jerry in.

JERRY
What the fuck?!

Miguel jumps out of his car and rushes to Jerry's door, pointing a gun in his face --

MIGUEL
Get out of the car.

Jerry stares at him, the engine RUNNING.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
You deaf? I said, get out!

Jerry doesn't move. Miguel yanks on the locked door.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
Open it! Open the fucking door!

-- Graham's car door OPENS. Miguel looks, taking his eyes off Jerry for a split second. Jerry shifts into reverse, RAMMING into Miguel's bumper.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ!

Jerry STEPS on it, veering into the other lane. Miguel stumbles backward, FIRING shots at Jerry's tires.

A wide-eyed Graham dives back into his car as Jerry gets away, taking his door clean off.

Miguel runs over --

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
You all right?

Graham sits up, frantic --

GRAHAM
Fuck, man! What do we do now?!

MIGUEL
What do you think?!

Miguel runs back to his car. Graham grips the wheel, suddenly not so sure...

Miguel pulls up beside him --

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
Graham, come on! He's getting away!

Miguel TAKES OFF. Graham sits there, watching as Miguel's taillights begin to shrink, the ROAR of his engine fading.

GRAHAM
(hits wheel)
Fuck me!

In too deep, he STARTS the car and RACES after Miguel...

EXT. OTAY LAKE ROAD, SAN DIEGO COUNTY - MOMENTS LATER

Jerry TEARS down the road, Miguel hot on his tail.

Miguel swerves into the other lane. Jerry cuts across, blocking his path.

Miguel slams on the brakes, his tires SCREECHING as he falls back.

They hurtle around a corner, skimming the edge, then down a long straightaway.

Miguel PUNCHES the gas, feinting to the left. Jerry veers over, taking the bait. Miguel cuts back to the right, surging forward.

Graham blazes down the straightaway, catching up.

Miguel cranks the wheel. His car SMASHES into Jerry's with a thunderous CRUNCH. Jerry's hands tighten, absorbing the impact.

They race toward the end of the straightaway, neck and neck.

Miguel FLOORS IT, surging ahead as they round a sharp corner. Jerry, hugging the inner lane, BASHES into Miguel.

MIGUEL
Shit!

Miguel's car spins out.

Graham jerks the wheel, narrowly avoiding a collision, as Miguel SKIDS to a halt.

EXT. OTAY LAKE ROAD, THOUSAND TRAILS PIO PICO - MOMENTS LATER
Jerry and Graham's cars RACE through a sleeping RV
campground...

EXT. OTAY LAKE ROAD, SAN DIEGO COUNTY - CONTINUOUS

Jerry glances in the rearview mirror. Graham follows, breathing down his neck. He OPENS the throttle --

WHAM! Jerry jolts forward. The car swerves, teetering with disaster.

Jerry grips the wheel, holding on for dear life. He barrels toward a slight curve in the road. Just as he's about to turn, Graham PLOWS into him.

Jerry loses control. His car launches off the road, CRASHING into a steep dirt bank.

Graham throws the car into reverse, returning to the scene of the crash.

Smoke rises from the engine of Jerry's crumpled car.

VROOM. Miguel rolls up as Graham gets out. Graham puts his hands on his head, seeing the wreckage.

Miguel hurries over.

MIGUEL
He alive?

Graham shakes his head, unsure.

EXT./INT. JERRY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Blood trickles down Jerry's forehead, his body slumped against the deployed airbag, as Miguel approaches.

Miguel nudges Jerry with his gun. No response. He nudges him again, harder.

Jerry groans, stirring. Miguel raises his gun, calling over his shoulder --

MIGUEL
Yo, come here.

Graham hesitates.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
(assertively)
Now.

Graham reluctantly goes over.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
Watch him.

Miguel pops the trunk and heads to the back...

INT. JERRY'S CAR - TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

The trunk swings open. Miguel's eyes narrow.

EXT./INT. JERRY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Miguel stares into the empty trunk, his jaw tightening.

GRAHAM
What?

Miguel rips off the spare tire cover -- nothing. He slams the trunk shut and opens the rear door.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Miguel pulls out a knife and cuts into the back of Jerry's seat. Graham watches as chunks of cushion are tossed out the door.

Miguel shoves his hand inside the seat, feeling around -- nothing.

He stabs the knife into the next seat with a grunt. Piece by piece, he tears the car apart.

Graham glances at Jerry's bloodied face, his expression heavy with guilt.

Miguel crawls out of the car.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Find it?

Miguel grabs Jerry by the collar --

MIGUEL
Where is it? I know it's here!

Jerry glares at Miguel.

JERRY
Fuck you.

Miguel pistol-whips Jerry.

GRAHAM
Hey!

MIGUEL
(to Jerry)
Where the fuck is it?!

Graham pulls Miguel off Jerry.

GRAHAM
Are you out of your Goddamn mind?!

MIGUEL
It's here. It has to be. I watched
him leave.

Graham takes a measured step toward Jerry, then crouches, his
voice calm but threatening --

GRAHAM
Look, man. We know it's here. And
we're not leaving without it. So if
I were you, I'd tell us where it
is... because if you don't, it's
gonna be a long night.

Jerry stares at Graham for a moment, then resentfully presses
the defrost button.

CLICK. The rear quarter panel pops open.

MIGUEL
Motherfucker.

Miguel tears off the quarter panel, revealing bricks of
cocaine tightly wrapped in brown tape.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
Holy shit...

He hurries to his car. Graham stands there, transfixed by the amount of cocaine, completely forgetting about Jerry.

Jerry surreptitiously opens the center console, pulls out a 9-millimeter, and aims it at Graham --

BANG! Graham flinches. Jerry collapses.

Miguel lowers his gun, staring at Jerry's lifeless body lying at Graham's feet.

Graham drops to his knees, taking off his beanie.

GRAHAM

No, no, no, no.

(to Miguel)

What did you do? What the fuck did you do?!

Miguel rips off his beanie.

MIGUEL

I just saved your life, you dumb fuck! I told you to watch him...

Goddammit!

Graham looks at Jerry, noticing the gun in his hand.

Miguel angrily shakes his head, then stalks over to Jerry's car.

Graham stares into Jerry's dead eyes, breathing shakily as Miguel stuffs cocaine bricks into the bag...

MIGUEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Graham, get up.

Miguel stands over Graham, the bag now full of cocaine.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
Get up.

Graham doesn't move, frozen in shock. Miguel drops the bag, yanks Graham to his feet, and grabs him by the face.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
Look at me. Look at me.

Graham looks at Miguel.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
He's dead. You're not. So man the fuck up and do your job. I mean it. Do your fucking job.

Miguel shoves the bag into Graham's chest.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
I'll be right behind you.

Graham numbly takes the bag, walks to his car, and puts it in the trunk...

EXT. OTAY LAKE ROAD, SAN DIEGO COUNTY - CONTINUOUS

Miguel watches as Graham gets in and drives off. As soon as he's gone, Miguel props Jerry behind the wheel, then rushes to his car, grabs a gasoline canister out of the trunk, and douses the wreckage.

He lights a Zippo, the flame dancing as he stares at Jerry, a trace of remorse in his eyes.

Finally, he tosses the lighter into the car. It GOES UP in flames, engulfing Jerry and the vehicle.

Miguel heads to his car and drives away, the inferno fading in his rearview.

INT. GRAHAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Graham stares into his closet, hand on the doorknob.

INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

On the floor is the bag of cocaine. Graham's expression hardens. He slams the door SHUT.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. PABLO'S AUTO REPAIR - DAY

The garage bay doors are open. Jerry's bay is empty.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The THUMPING BEAT of Latin hip-hop fills the garage. A drill UNSCREWS bolts.

PABLO, the owner, peeks through the office window, phone to his ear.

Miguel lies on the floor, unscrewing his destroyed bumper. The Latin hip-hop STOPS playing. Miguel sits up. Pablo stands over him.

PABLO
You seen Jerry?

MIGUEL
No. You try calling him?

PABLO
Yeah. Went straight to voicemail.

Pablo scratches his chin, slightly concerned, then notices Miguel's bumper.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ. What the hell
happened?

MIGUEL
Oh, uh... some prick cut me off.

PABLO
Did he call the cops?

MIGUEL
Uh... No.

PABLO
No?

MIGUEL
No. I just, uh... you know, told
him I'd fix his car for free.

PABLO
(chuckles)
Can't argue with that.
(beat)
All right. Well, if you see Jerry,
let me know.

MIGUEL
Sure.

Pablo heads back to his office.

INT. GRAHAM'S CUBICLE - DAY

Graham stares at his computer screen, a disturbed look in his eyes. The office noise FADES. A gun FIRES.

QUICK FLASHBACK - JERRY'S DEATH (GRAHAM'S POV)

Jerry drops dead. A voice calls Graham's name --

BRAD (V.O.)
Graham... Graham.

BACK TO SCENE

Graham snaps out of it. Brad stands by his desk, waiting.

GRAHAM
What?

BRAD
Did you call those leads I sent
you?

GRAHAM
Uh... Yeah. A few.

BRAD
And?

GRAHAM
Nothing yet.

Brad sighs, disappointed.

-- RING. Graham looks at his phone. The caller ID reads: "Miguel". He stiffens, letting it ring.

BRAD
You gonna get that?

GRAHAM
... No. It's not important.

EXT. CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX - GRAHAM'S CONDO - DAY

Miguel pounds on Graham's door.

MIGUEL
Graham, it's Miguel. Open up.

No answer. He pounds on the door again, his frustration growing.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
Graham.

Still no answer.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
(to self)
Fucking piece of shit.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM - DAY

A live feed of an overcast downtown San Diego plays on the TV.

METEOROLOGIST (V.O.)
... Cloudy skies across the county,
with light showers expected in some
parts of the region.

John stares blankly at the screen.

METEOROLOGIST (V.O.)
The temperature in San Diego is a
muggy sixty-nine degrees. Feels
like seventy-two...

Graham listens to his voicemail --

MIGUEL
... I didn't ask you to do this.
You asked me. Remember? So quit
feeling sorry for yourself and call
me back. The job's not done.

Graham lowers the phone, conflicted. Then --

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)
... Earlier today, local
authorities responded to a burning
vehicle on Otay Lake Road near
Thousand Trails Pio Pico, a
campground located about fifteen
miles southeast of San Diego, where
skeletal remains were discovered
among the wreckage.

Graham's eyes flick to the TV.

INT. NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

The station's intro PLAYS.

ANCHORWOMAN
Good evening. I'm Lauren Robinson.

ANCHORMAN

And I'm Brett Gallagher. Kim Li is reporting live from the scene.

EXT. OTAY LAKE ROAD, SAN DIEGO COUNTY - CRIME SCENE -
CONTINUOUS

KIM LI stands in front of Jerry's torched car. Behind her, FORENSIC INVESTIGATORS sift through charred debris.

KIM LI

Thank you, Brett. According to the Sheriff's Office, they received a 911 call at approximately six-thirty this morning.

INSERT - INTERVIEW

The CAMPGROUND MANAGER speaks to Kim Li --

CAMPGROUND MANAGER

I saw smoke and thought it was a wildfire, so I called 911.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Graham watches, eyes glued to the screen.

KIM LI (V.O.)

... So far, foul play is not suspected. Initial reports suggest the vehicle crashed into the bank behind me, igniting the fire.

-- Tires SQUEAL.

QUICK FLASHBACK - JERRY CRASHING (GRAHAM'S POV)

Graham PILE-DRIVES Jerry into the bank.

BACK TO SCENE

Graham blinks.

EXT. OTAY LAKE ROAD, SAN DIEGO COUNTY - CRIME SCENE -
CONTINUOUS

Kim Li looks into the camera --

KIM LI

The victim's identity has not been confirmed, and the cause of death remains under investigation. For now, reporting live from San Diego County, Kim Li. KSDV News Five.

INT. NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

The anchorwoman shuffles her notes.

ANCHORWOMAN

Thank you, Kim. For ongoing updates visit KSDVNewsFive.com.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Graham looks out the window. Rain begins to FALL...

EXT. SAN DIEGO CENTRAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

The sun reflects off the glass facade.

INT. PROBATE BUSINESS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Danielle stands in line, a large paper envelope in her hands. The OFFICE CLERK calls her forward --

OFFICE CLERK

Next.

DANIELLE

Hi.

EXT. SAN DIEGO CENTRAL COURTHOUSE - MAIN ENTRANCE - LATER

Danielle leaves the courthouse. With a sigh, she pulls out her phone and calls Graham.

DANIELLE

... Hey.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Graham and Danielle sit at a table near the back of a quiet coffee shop.

DANIELLE
Thanks for coming.

GRAHAM
Thanks for calling me back.

A long pause.

DANIELLE
I'm sorry... you know, for what I
said. I --

GRAHAM
No, you were right. He's your dad
too. I should have talked to you
first. And I know it doesn't mean
much now, but I'm sorry I wasn't
there for Mom. If I had, maybe
things would be different.

(re: Danielle's marriage)
Maybe you'd still...

Graham doesn't go there.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
I wasn't ready to let her go, you
know. I still needed her... and I
didn't want to think about what
it'd be like without her.

(beat)
I guess what I'm trying to say is,
I know what you're going through.
But it's not about us, it's about
Dad, and what he needs.

DANIELLE
That's what I wanted to talk to you
about. I've filed a petition to
become Dad's conservator.

GRAHAM
What does that mean?

DANIELLE
It means I'll be legally
responsible for his personal care
and finances, like where he lives
and how he spends his money. And
once I am, he's going to live with
me.

Graham stares at Danielle, stunned.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

I should never have expected you to take care of him. Now you won't have to.

Graham's expression darkens.

GRAHAM

And what makes you think you can take care of him? He's practically a child, Danielle. You're a single mother with two kids. The last thing you need is a third.

DANIELLE

It's not that bad.

GRAHAM

Yes, it is. Pretty soon, he won't even know who you are. I'm sorry, but that's the truth. And if it's about the money, you don't have to worry. I've got it covered.

DANIELLE

You've got it covered?

GRAHAM

Yeah. I've got it covered.

DANIELLE

I find that hard to believe.

GRAHAM

Well, believe it.

A beat.

DANIELLE

Put yourself in his shoes. How would you feel if your children decided to make you somebody else's problem?

GRAHAM

What part of, "it's not about us," did you not understand? I wasn't trying to get rid of him. How many times do I have to tell you that?

Several customers look at Graham and Danielle. They simmer down.

DANIELLE

Look, I didn't come here to defend myself. If you don't like it, the hearing's on August 12th. I suggest you bring a lawyer.

Danielle gets up and marches out.

INT. GRAHAM'S CONDO - KITCHEN - DAY

An open envelope lies on the dinner table.

Graham stands in the kitchen, reading a letter. In large text are the words: "Notice of Hearing - Guardianship or Conservatorship". Below it, next to "Person Filing" and "Proposed Conservatee", are the names "Danielle Atkins" and "John Halstead".

Graham crumples the letter, tossing it in the trash.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Graham stares into space, lost in thought.

CAMILA (O.S.)

What did you want to ask me?

He looks at Camila. They're both fully dressed.

GRAHAM

What?

CAMILA

Last time. You wanted to ask me something. What was it?

GRAHAM

Uh... I don't remember.

CAMILA

Oh. Okay.

A long, awkward silence. Then --

CAMILA (CONT'D)

My dad was deported a year ago. And it's my fault. I opened the door. Next thing I knew, he was gone. They just took him away. Could have taken me too, but I guess they were feeling generous.

GRAHAM

How is that your fault?

CAMILA

They said they were the police, and I believed them. So now it's just me and my two little brothers. They were born here. I wasn't.

GRAHAM

Where's your mom?

CAMILA

She was killed when I was a kid. Wrong place, wrong time.

(beat)

I was going to be a teacher. Did you know that? I had two semesters left. But then, you know, plans changed, I guess.

Camila smiles weakly. Graham puts his arm around her. Suddenly his problems don't seem so bad.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Graham ties his shoe. The bathroom door OPENS.

Camila steps out, wrapped in a towel, and walks over.

CAMILA

Here.

Graham looks down. Camila holds out a couple of hundred-dollar bills.

CAMILA (CONT'D)

Maybe next time... we can go somewhere else?

A soft smile spreads across Camila's face. Graham takes the money.

GRAHAM

I'd like that.

EXT. PABLO'S AUTO REPAIR - DAY

Graham strides toward the garage, carrying the bag of cocaine.

INT. GARAGE - CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Miguel sits in the driver's seat, cleaning the dash.

-- THUNK.

Miguel looks up. Graham stares at him, the bag of cocaine on the hood...

EXT. PABLO'S AUTO REPAIR - BACK - MOMENTS LATER

Graham drops the bag on the ground.

MIGUEL

You're out?

GRAHAM

I'm out. It's yours. I don't need it anymore.

MIGUEL

What? What do you mean? What about your dad?

GRAHAM

He'll be fine.

(deflecting)

Look, just take it, all right? Sell it. I don't care.

Miguel stares at Graham, nonplussed.

MIGUEL

So that's it? That's all you have to say?

GRAHAM

You got what you wanted. You should be happy.

A beat.

MIGUEL

(shakes head)

No. No, fuck that. You can't walk away. Not after what we did.

GRAHAM

"We?"

MIGUEL

Yeah. We. None of this would have happened if you had done your job. Jerry would still be alive.

GRAHAM

Are you fucking serious, Miguel? I didn't kill him, you did.

MIGUEL

You think I wanted to?

GRAHAM

I don't know. Did you?

MIGUEL

Fuck you, Graham. You've always been a little bitch. You should be thanking me. If I hadn't pulled the trigger, you'd be in the fucking ground.

GRAHAM

(scoffs)

You are so full of shit. You know that? If you really cared about my dad, you would have just given me the two keys like I asked. But no, we had to do it your way. And now Jerry's dead. I hope it was worth it.

Graham starts to walk away, but stops, turning around --

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Oh, and by the way, I lied. My dad has no fucking clue who you are. And even if he did, he wouldn't care.

(re: Miguel's father)
Sound familiar?

That's the last straw. Miguel punches Graham -- hard.

Graham stumbles, then charges, locking his arms around Miguel's waist. Miguel elbows him in the back. Graham grunts, holding on.

Miguel twists, thrusting a knee into Graham's gut. Graham staggers, letting go.

Miguel marches forward, grabbing Graham by the collar. Graham drives a fist into his liver. Miguel grimaces, then grits his teeth, hurling Graham to the ground like a rag doll.

Graham starts to get up --

OOF! Miguel kicks him in the ribs. Graham crumples, gasping for air.

Miguel snatches the bag, then looks down at Graham --

MIGUEL

Don't come back here. If you do,
I'll kill you myself.

Miguel heads inside.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

THIAGO "T" RUIZ, a callous, local distributor, smokes a cigarette, on the phone. A diamond-encrusted chain with a letter T pendant hangs around his neck, his body covered in tattoos.

THIAGO

How much? ... Twenty kilos?!
Where'd he get it? ... You didn't
ask? Why the fuck not?

Thiago takes a slow drag of his cigarette.

THIAGO (CONT'D)

... All right, I'll meet him. You
better hope it's not a waste of my
time.

Thiago hangs up. Just then, the bathroom door OPENS. Camila steps out, dressed in lingerie, standing uncomfortably by the door.

THIAGO (CONT'D)

There she is. Ah, mi nенita.

Thiago's mouth twists into a malicious grin...

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

A shower RUNS. The bathroom light casts a faint glow, illuminating the dark hallway.

INT. BATHROOM - SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

Camila sits on the shower floor, curled up in a ball, trembling. There's a purple bruise around her left eye and her lip is split.

EXT./INT. GRAHAM'S CAR - DAY

Graham pulls up in front of a small house.

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Camila applies makeup to her bruised eye. The doorbell RINGS.

EXT./INT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Camila opens the door.

GRAHAM
(smiling)
Hey.

CAMILA
Hi.

Graham's smile disappears.

GRAHAM
Whoa, what happened?

Camila locks the door, hiding her face.

CAMILA
Nothing.

GRAHAM
Camila, what happened? Let me see.

CAMILA
It's nothing. I'm fine.

Graham steps closer, his voice soft but firm --

GRAHAM
Let me see.

Camila stops resisting. Graham gently caresses her cheek, turning it toward him. His eyes linger on her split lip, filling with sadness.

Camila bursts into tears as Graham pulls her into a tight hug.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Camila and Graham sit on the couch. Mascara streaks run down Camila's cheeks. The makeup covering her bruised eye is smudged from wiping away her tears.

CAMILA

I know it happens. I just didn't think it would happen to me. How stupid is that?

GRAHAM

That's not stupid. You were trying to survive.

Camila's eyes cloud with despair.

CAMILA

... Doesn't feel that way.

Graham sits there, watching as her spirit breaks.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

A line of people stands outside a club, waiting to get in.

INT. CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Lights flash and sparkle. Club-goers pack the dance floor, pumping their fists to EDM.

INT. CLUB - PRIVATE TABLE - CONTINUOUS

A HAND lines a bump of coke. A diamond T pendant dangles above it.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Thiago. He snorts the line, wiping his nose.

THIAGO

That's good blow. Where'd you get it?

Thiago looks across the table. Sitting there, staring back at him, is Miguel.

MIGUEL

I know a guy.

THIAGO
You know a guy?

Miguel nods.

THIAGO (CONT'D)
Who?

MIGUEL
We met inside.

THIAGO
You did time?

MIGUEL
Eight years.

THIAGO
For what?

MIGUEL
Trafficking.

THIAGO
No shit. How much are we talking?

MIGUEL
Twelve keys.

THIAGO
Damn, homie. And you're out
already?

MIGUEL
... I had a good lawyer.

Thiago chuckles.

THIAGO
"I had a good lawyer." That's
funny.

Miguel holds Thiago's gaze, expressionless.

THIAGO (CONT'D)
This guy, where's he now?

MIGUEL
Mexico.

THIAGO
Who's his supplier?

MIGUEL

No one you know.

THIAGO

How'd he get it here?

MIGUEL

Look, man. This isn't a fucking interrogation. Either you want it or not.

THIAGO

Whoa, relax, ese. I'm just curious, that's all. Twenty kilos is a lot of merchandise.

MIGUEL

For you, maybe.

Thiago smiles stiffly.

INT. MIGUEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Miguel stares at the bag of cocaine on top of his dresser, contemplating his next move.

A sharp KNOCK.

Miguel tenses, rising to his feet. He shoves the bag under his bed and steps cautiously toward the door.

He peers through the peephole, his hand reaching for the gun tucked in the back of his waistband.

Exhaling, he yanks the door open. Graham sheepishly stands there.

MIGUEL

You look like shit.

GRAHAM

Yeah. I got my ass kicked... I deserved it.

INT. MIGUEL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Miguel and Graham hash things out --

MIGUEL

(re: Danielle)

You can't stop her?

GRAHAM

Not without going to court.

MIGUEL

Would you?

GRAHAM

(shakes head)

He's been through enough. They both have.

A dismal beat.

MIGUEL

And this chick --

GRAHAM

Camila.

MIGUEL

Yeah. What's she got to do with this?

GRAHAM

Nothing. I just want to help her.

MIGUEL

Why?

GRAHAM

I don't know. Because I can.

MIGUEL

Yeah, but why? I mean, you barely know her.

GRAHAM

Because if I don't, I'll never forgive myself. And Jerry's death, everything I did, will have been for nothing.

INT. DEA REGIONAL CALL CENTER - NIGHT

OPERATORS take calls, recording information --

OPERATORS

Did he say where? ... Can you describe the individual? ... What type of drugs? ... Do you know where they're going?

An OPERATOR near the end of the row ANSWERS the phone --

OPERATOR
DEA Tip Line. Do you wish to remain anonymous?

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Camila bravely replies --

CAMILA
Yes.

INT. DEA SAN DIEGO DIVISION - DAY

PING. The elevator doors open. SPECIAL AGENT ERIC SAUNDERS, early thirties, tenacious, stalks across the office floor.

JACKSON
Ahoy, matey!

SPECIAL AGENT QUINCY JACKSON, mid-twenties, approaches Saunders. Saunders shoots him a steely-eyed look and keeps walking.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Okay, look, I'm sorry. I didn't know you'd be gone that long.

SAUNDERS
Three days, man. Three fucking days I was on that boat and we didn't find a goddamn thing. Your CI doesn't know what the hell he's talking about.

JACKSON
It's the fucking Cartel, Eric. They're not amateurs. I mean, for Christ's sake, the last sub we caught had a navigation system. It was a hundred and fifty miles offshore. There's only so much we can do.

SAUNDERS
You think I don't know that?

A beat.

JACKSON
If it makes you feel any better, she canceled.

Saunders stops --

SAUNDERS
Are you kidding me?

JACKSON
She wasn't feeling well.

Saunders rolls his eyes and heads into his office. Jackson follows him inside.

INT. SAUNDERS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Saunders takes a seat at his desk.

SAUNDERS
You really need to stop meeting
girls online.

Jackson sits down.

JACKSON
Where else am I supposed to meet
them?

SAUNDERS
Oh, I don't know, Quincy. The real
world.

Jackson scoffs.

JACKSON
Who has time for that?

Saunders exhales, leaning back.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Hey, man, don't be so hard on
yourself. There will always be
another load. You can count on it.

A TAP on the glass partition. A SPECIAL AGENT stands in the doorway.

SAUNDERS
Yeah, what is it?

SPECIAL AGENT
We just got a tip. Drug deal.
Twenty keys... Sounds legit.

Saunders looks at Jackson, reinvigorated.

INT. THIAGO'S CAR - DAY

Thiago cruises down the street of a rough neighborhood, Chicano rap THUMPING from the speakers.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Saunders and Jackson sit in an undercover vehicle, parked up the street.

The SOUND of Chicano rap grows louder. A flashy sports car rolls up --

JACKSON

I wonder who that could be.

The sports car pulls into a driveway. Thiago gets out.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Nice ride.

INT. THIAGO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Thiago sits on the couch, hunched over the coffee table, cutting cocaine with baking soda.

-- BANG! The front door bursts open. SAN DIEGO SWAT barges in, guns pointed --

SAN DIEGO SWAT

Police! Get on the ground! Get on the ground!

THIAGO

Oh, fuck!

Thiago makes a break for the back door...

INT. THIAGO'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Thiago sprints into the kitchen.

-- BANG! A SWAT OFFICER kicks in the back door and CRACKS Thiago over the head with the butt of his gun, knocking him to the floor.

SWAT officers swarm into the kitchen, surrounding Thiago.

SAN DIEGO SWAT

Stay down! Stay down, motherfucker!
Don't move!

Thiago surrenders.

THIAGO
I'm down! I'm down!

The SWAT officer handcuffs Thiago, dragging him to his feet as Saunders and Jackson stride through the back door.

Saunders approaches Thiago, sizing him up.

THIAGO (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you looking at?

SAUNDERS
Right now... not fucking much.
(to swat officer)
Get him out of here.

The SWAT officer pushes Thiago out the door.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Thiago sits at a table in a small, dimly lit room. His hands are cuffed and a giant hematoma has formed on the right side of his forehead.

The door OPENS. Jackson and Saunders enter. Jackson notices the hematoma.

JACKSON
Oh, shit. Damn, bro. I didn't know Megamind had a brother. Look at that thing. You need to put some ice on that. It's freaking me out.

THIAGO
Go fuck yourself.

SAUNDERS
Thiago Ruiz.

THIAGO
It's T.

SAUNDERS
Original.

Saunders and Jackson pull up a chair.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)
You're in a world of trouble, amigo. I mean, you would not believe what we found in your crib.
(MORE)

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

Honestly, I'm impressed. Eighty pounds of coke. That is some serious weight. Not to mention, seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars in cash and four unlicensed firearms.

JACKSON

Uh-oh. You know what that means, don't you? Twenty-five to life.

SAUNDERS

Hold on, Quincy. Let's not jump to conclusions. There's always the possibility of a reduced sentence... if he cooperates.

Thiago pipes up --

THIAGO

Do you think I'm stupid?

JACKSON

Is that a rhetorical question?

THIAGO

You want the name of my supplier. Well, fuck you. If I talk, I'm a dead man.

SAUNDERS

You're a dead man either way.

Thiago looks at Saunders. He opens a folder.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

We did a little digging. Turns out, you, my friend, are wanted for attempted rape and aggravated assault in New Mexico. And if there's one thing I know about prison, it's that scum like you, sex offenders, rarely survive. And those who do... make no mistake, their lives are a living hell --

JACKSON

I hope you like solitary confinement --

SAUNDERS

There are, however, ways to prevent this information from following you inside. But you don't want to talk, so I guess you're on your own.

Saunders closes the folder and heads for the door. Jackson follows his lead.

JACKSON

Nice knowing ya.

Thiago's face floods with worry.

THIAGO

Wait, wait, wait.

Saunders and Jackson sit back down. Thiago begrudgingly starts talking.

THIAGO (CONT'D)

All right, look, there's this guy --

SAUNDERS

Your supplier?

THIAGO

No... someone else.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Thiago stands by the trunk of his car in a deserted parking garage. Car doors OPEN.

Miguel and Graham get out. Saunders' voice CRACKLES through Thiago's earpiece --

SAUNDERS (V.O.)

(re: Graham)

Who's that?

INT. SURVEILLANCE CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Saunders and Jackson watch as Miguel and Graham approach Thiago.

INTERCUT - PARKING GARAGE/SURVEILLANCE CONTROL ROOM

Thiago points at Graham --

THIAGO
Who's this motherfucker? Your
parole officer.

MIGUEL
No. My lawyer.

Jackson zooms in on Graham and snaps a photo.

JACKSON
Say cheese, asshole.

Miguel gets down to business --

MIGUEL
You wanted to talk, let's talk.

THIAGO
I'll take it.

MIGUEL
You'll take it? Just like that.

THIAGO
Circumstances have changed.

MIGUEL
Changed how?

THIAGO
They just did.

Miguel stares at Thiago, skeptical. Then --

MIGUEL
No. No, that's not how this works.
You called me, *ese*. So tell me what
I need to know, or else we got
nothing to talk about.

Saunders intervenes --

SAUNDERS
(into radio)
Cut the shit.

Thiago bitterly complies.

THIAGO
... Customs seized my shipment.

Miguel snickers.

MIGUEL

Why am I not surprised.

THIAGO

Look, cocksucker. I got places to be. So hurry the fuck up and name your price.

Miguel smiles smugly.

EXT. NIGHT - SAN DIEGO BAY WALK - NIGHT

Graham and Camila walk along a quiet stretch of San Diego's waterfront.

CAMILA

What was your dad like? You know, before...

GRAHAM

Uh... to be honest, I didn't really know him that well.

CAMILA

How come?

GRAHAM

He just worked a lot. Money was tight, you know. And then Danielle went to college -- she was daddy's little girl. Most of the time, it was just me and my mom. I think that's why I took it so hard when she died. For a while, it felt like it was just the two of us.

Graham smiles faintly, reminiscing.

CAMILA

Did you go to college?

GRAHAM

(scoffs)

No. I barely scraped by. But if I could do it over again, I would. Selling life insurance sucks.

CAMILA

That's what you do? You sell life insurance.

GRAHAM

Yeah, it's totally depressing.

CAMILA

Why?

GRAHAM

Well, I mean, I don't know about you, but talking about kicking the bucket isn't exactly a conversation I'm dying to have.

Camila laughs, smitten.

CAMILA

Then why do you do it?

GRAHAM

It's flexible, which until recently, was absolutely necessary...

(charmingly)
... and last I checked, everybody dies.

Camila coyly tucks a strand of hair behind her ear.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

What about you? Would you go back to school... you know, if you could?

Camila stops walking. Her eyes cloud with sorrow, imagining the life she could have had.

CAMILA

Um... I guess. I mean, probably. I try not to think about it.

Graham gazes into Camila's eyes, convinced now more than ever that he should help her. Just then, hoping it might somehow ease her pain, if only for a fleeting moment, he kisses her -- deep and passionate.

Their lips slowly part. Camila opens her eyes, blown away.

GRAHAM

Sorry.

Camila's mouth curves into a tender smile.

CAMILA

I'm not.

INT. DEA SAN DIEGO DIVISION - SAUNDERS' OFFICE

Saunders CLICKS through surveillance photos of Graham: withdrawing cash from an ATM, getting gas, buying groceries, etc.

Jackson fills him in --

JACKSON

The guy's a fucking boy scout. His record's spotless. No prior arrests or convictions. No pending charges. No traffic violations. I mean, not even a parking ticket.

(beat)

I've been following him for almost a week, man. I'm ready to shoot myself.

SAUNDERS

Call it even.

Saunders clicks through more photos.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

Who's the girl?

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

A photo of Graham and Camila kissing on the bay walk.

JACKSON (O.S.)

Girlfriend, I think. They've hung out a few times. She seems harmless.

BACK TO SCENE

Saunders stares at the photo. They definitely look like a couple.

SAUNDERS

Does he have any family?

JACKSON

I'm glad you asked. Mother passed away a few years ago, but his father, that's where it gets interesting. I asked my buddy in the FBI to run his name through their database. Believe it or not, there's a hearing for his conservatorship in two days.

SAUNDERS
Who's the conservator?

JACKSON
His daughter. Talk about a family affair.

(beat)
Apparently, he has Alzheimer's. And right now, they've got him living in one of those fancy retirement homes. We took a look at his financial records -- the old man's broke. And as far as we know, neither of his kids can afford to pay the bills. So unless he's got a ton of cash hidden up his sleeve, he won't be living there much longer.

Saunders looks off.

SAUNDERS
(re: Graham)
Sounds like somebody took matters into his own hands.

JACKSON
Lucky us.

EXT. EMERALD GARDENS SENIOR LIVING - COURTYARD - DAY

It's a beautiful summer day. Graham and John sit on a bench at the edge of a small pond, watching koi fish swim beneath the surface.

Graham gazes off, his expression shadowed with grief. Just then, in a moment of clarity, John gently puts his hand on Graham's.

Graham looks at him. There's a brightness in his eyes -- something Graham hasn't seen in a long time.

JOHN
Your mother would be proud of you... I'm proud of you.

Graham stares at John, a lump forming in his throat. John gives Graham a heartfelt smile and shifts his attention back to the koi fish.

INT. DEA SAN DIEGO DIVISION - EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Saunders and Jackson watch as an EVIDENCE TECHNICIAN stuffs bundles of cash into a black duffel bag.

INT. SAN DIEGO CENTRAL COURTHOUSE - WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS
Danielle and her LAWYER sit outside a courtroom. The doors swing open. They stand.

INT. GRAHAM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Graham stares at the gun in his hand, placing his finger on the trigger. BANG!

QUICK FLASHBACK - JERRY'S DEATH (GRAHAM'S POV)

Blood oozes from the bullet hole in Jerry's forehead. A car horn HONKS.

BACK TO SCENE

Graham exhales sharply, tucking the gun into the back of his waistband as he heads out the door.

INT. JAIL CELL - CONTINUOUS

Thiago stares at the ceiling. The cell door UNLOCKS, SLIDING open.

A GUARD steps to the side, revealing Saunders.

INT. SAN DIEGO CENTRAL COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Danielle and her lawyer sit at the prosecution's table. Danielle glances at the clock above the judge's bench -- top of the hour.

She looks out the courtroom doors, expecting Graham to arrive any second.

COURT CLERK (O.S.)
All rise.

Danielle turns around, rising.

INT. MIGUEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Miguel and Graham head to the exchange location.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Thiago sits in the back of an undercover vehicle, wrists shackled, glaring at Saunders through the rearview mirror.

INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Danielle states her name --

DANIELLE
Danielle Atkins.

JUDGE
And would the proposed conservatee and their counsel, if present, please state their name for the record?

Danielle sits down. The defendant's table is empty. The COURT CLERK documents John's absence. The JUDGE begins the hearing

--

JUDGE (CONT'D)
We have before the court a petition filed by Danielle Atkins, requesting to be appointed as conservator for John Halstead, the proposed conservatee. Today's hearing will determine whether a conservatorship is necessary for Mr. Halstead, and, if so, whether Ms. Atkins is a suitable candidate. If appointed, the conservator will assume responsibility for managing Mr. Halstead's personal and financial affairs.

(beat)
Ms. Atkins, as the petitioner, the court understands you would like to present your own case.

DANIELLE
(stands)
Yes, your Honor.

JUDGE
You may proceed.

DANIELLE
Thank you. Um... John Halstead, the proposed conservatee, is my father. He was diagnosed with Alzheimer's six years ago.

(MORE)

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

I filed this petition because my brother signed a six-month, non-refundable contract and spent the last of our father's savings to place him in an assisted-living facility without telling me...

INT. MIGUEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Graham stares out the window, watching the streets pass.

DANIELLE (V.O.)

As you can probably imagine, I was furious. But in hindsight, I understand why he did it. He felt like he had no other choice... And truthfully, I'm the one to blame...

INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Danielle's lips tremble, her eyes beginning to well.

DANIELLE

I had just filed for divorce, and the only thing that mattered was my two little boys, whose worlds had been turned upside down. So when my brother tried to tell me how bad my father's condition had gotten, I couldn't handle it.

Danielle's voice breaks --

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

My life was falling apart...

EXT. EMERALD GARDENS SENIOR LIVING - COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

John watches the koi fish drift in slow, aimless circles, a shell of the man he once was.

DANIELLE (V.O.)

And the one person who had always been there whenever I needed him was being slowly consumed by this cruel disease...

INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Danielle swallows hard, fighting back tears.

DANIELLE

My father deserves to be taken care of by someone who knows him -- who knew the kind of man he was. Someone who loves him... Someone like me.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - SUPERMARKET - DAY

WHOOSH. A SHOPPER pushes a grocery cart through the exit, toward the crosswalk.

MIGUEL pulls up, lets the shopper cross, then turns down the drive aisle...

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Miguel passes an employee collecting grocery carts. The employee glances over his shoulder, revealing his face -- it's Jackson, undercover.

JACKSON

(into mic)

Targets have arrived.

A LANDSCAPER trimming a bush adjusts his sunglasses --

LANDSCAPER

(into mic)

Copy.

A CUSTOMER seated outside a café casually sips his coffee --

CUSTOMER

(into mic)

Copy that.

A LOT CLEANER emptying a trash bin glances up --

LOT CLEANER

(into mic)

Standing by.

EXT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

A RUNNER jogs past a delivery van parked at the corner of the parking lot.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Saunders and two agents, a SURVEILLANCE SPECIALIST and a COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER, operate the command center. Multiple screens display live feeds of the parking lot.

Saunders hovers over the surveillance specialist, watching Miguel's car loop around the aisle. He raises a radio to his mouth --

SAUNDERS
All right, T. Time to shine.

INT. THIAGO'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Thiago indignantly exhales and gets out.

INT./EXT. MIGUEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Through the windshield, Thiago closes his door and heads to the trunk.

Miguel pulls into the stall beside Thiago, TURNS OFF the engine, and looks at Graham. Graham holds his gaze for a moment, then firmly opens the door.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Graham and Miguel approach Thiago, empty-handed.

THIAGO
Where's the coke?

MIGUEL
Show us the cash.

THIAGO
Not until I see the coke.

MIGUEL
You'll see the coke when we see the cash.

Saunders' voice cuts through the tension, CRACKLING in Thiago's ear --

SAUNDERS (V.O.)
We need visual confirmation.
Without it, we've got nothing but intent.

Thiago's jaw tightens. He looks at Miguel, meeting his glare -

THIAGO

Listen, homie. This ain't my first fucking rodeo. How do I know you're not gonna shoot my ass and bounce?

Graham steps in, cold and deliberate --

GRAHAM

You want safety, call the cops. No cash, no coke. End of story.

He gives Thiago an unrelenting stare...

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The command team watches the standoff in silent anticipation.

JACKSON (V.O.)

What's the hold-up?

SAUNDERS

(into radio)

They're playing hardball.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jackson pushes a grocery cart into a cart corral, inching closer.

Miguel forces Thiago's hand --

MIGUEL

Have it your way.

He heads back to his car. Graham follows.

THIAGO

Wait. Wait.

Miguel and Graham stop.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Saunders grabs his radio --

SAUNDERS

Santos, do not open that fucking trunk. You hear me? *Do not* open the trunk. Not without a visual.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Thiago scratches his ear, then, disobeying Saunders, opens the trunk.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Saunders SLAMS the desk --

SAUNDERS

Fuck me!

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Thiago unzips the duffel bag, showing the cash.

INTERCUT - MOBILE COMMAND CENTER/PARKING LOT

Jackson's voice pierces through the radio --

JACKSON (V.O.)

Eric, what the hell? This motherfucker's gonna blow the whole operation --

SAUNDERS

(into radio)

Hold your position. Do not engage. We still don't have a visual.

Jackson holds his position.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Miguel sifts through the cash.

THIAGO

Five hundred grand. Happy?

Miguel gestures to Graham. He nods, heading across the parking lot.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Saunders watches Graham weave through parked cars.

SAUNDERS

Where the hell are you going?

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Graham pulls out a key and unlocks the trunk of a dusty sedan.

Thiago zips up the duffel bag. Just then, Miguel sees it -- a glimpse of Thiago's earpiece. His eyes narrow, sweeping the parking lot. They lock onto Jackson, watching from the cart corral.

Jackson freezes.

JACKSON

(into mic)

I've been made.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Saunders clutches his radio --

SAUNDERS

What?!

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jackson's hand drifts toward his gun.

Miguel inhales, adrenaline spiking. In the blink of an eye, he whips out his gun and FIRES two shots into Thiago's chest.

Graham spins around.

A WOMAN loading groceries into her car screams, dropping her bags.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Saunders' eyes widen --

SAUNDERS

Holy shit!

(into mic)

Shots fired! Move in! Move in!

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The undercover agents move in, drawing their weapons as the parking lot ERUPTS in pandemonium. Shoppers run for safety.

Miguel snatches the bag of cash, FIRING shots at Jackson.

Jackson returns FIRE, crouching low.

Miguel dashes across the drive aisle.

BANG! The landscaper shoots Miguel in the leg. He cries out in pain, crashing to the ground.

GRAHAM

Miguel!

Graham rushes over.

BANG! A bullet whizzes by Graham's head, SHATTERING a car window.

Miguel FIRES back, keeping the landscaper at bay as Graham helps him up. They take cover between two vehicles.

Miguel holds his thigh, breathing heavily.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

You all right?

Miguel lifts his hand, smeared with blood from the bullet hole in his thigh.

Graham stares at the wound, a grave look on his face. Miguel slings the bag of cash over to him.

MIGUEL

Take it. I'll hold them off.

GRAHAM

What? No.

Miguel peeks over the hood. Jackson darts toward a car parked down the aisle. Miguel FIRES a shot at him, narrowly missing.

BANG! A bullet SMASHES the headlight next to Miguel. He ducks, then looks at Graham sharply --

MIGUEL

God dammit, Graham! Get the fuck out of here! Go! Please... Let me do this.

Miguel stares at Graham, pain and resolve etched on his face. Graham nods, reading the words unspoken as the sound of WAILING sirens grows.

Miguel forces himself to his feet, grimacing.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
Run like hell.

Graham grips the bag tightly.

Miguel steps into the drive aisle, FIRING shots at the undercover agents. They scurry for cover.

Graham runs for it.

Miguel presses forward, FIRING at anything that moves. Suddenly, he turns to his left, gun pointed --

MOTHER
(frantically)
No! Please!

Miguel freezes. A mother shields her CHILD, terrified.

BANG! The mother screams. Miguel's body jerks. A sudden gasp escapes his lungs.

Graham turns around, horror spreading across his face.

A stunned Miguel looks down. Blood soaks through his shirt. He collapses, revealing Jackson, his weapon still aimed. Slowly, Jackson lowers his gun.

EXT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The rear doors fly open. Saunders jumps out --

SAUNDERS
Halstead!

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Graham turns.

SAUNDERS
(re: cash)
Drop it!

Graham looks at Saunders. Then, as if his life depends on it, he takes off, clutching the bag.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)
Halstead, stop!

Saunders chases after Graham.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - OPEN-AIR WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Graham barrels around the corner of an Outback Steakhouse, into a deserted walkway littered with dropped shopping bags, food trays, and plastic cups -- remnants of the chaos.

He races through a seating area, overturning chairs to slow Saunders down.

Saunders charges past the Outback Steakhouse, leaping over chairs as he relays information to backup --

SAUNDERS
(into radio)
Suspect's on foot. Heading east
toward Bloomingdale's.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Graham emerges from the open-air walkway and makes a beeline for the street.

Saunders draws his gun, gaining on him --

SAUNDERS
Drop the bag, Halstead!

WEE-OO-WEE-OO. Police cars speed down the street.

Frantic, Graham spins around, backpedaling toward the intersection, a gun aimed at Saunders.

GRAHAM
Get back!

Saunders stops, raising his gun.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
I said get back!

SAUNDERS
Halstead, it's over.

Graham glances down the street, his hand trembling.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)
Graham, toss the gun and give me
the bag. It's over.

Graham shakes his head, helpless.

GRAHAM
No. I can't... I won't.

Graham whirls back around, blindly running into the intersection.

SAUNDERS
Halstead!

WHAM! A biker slams into Graham, sending him and the bag tumbling.

Graham groans, his world SPINNING. The WAIL of sirens fills his ears. A hundred-dollar bill blows by, brushing his cheek.

The torn bag SHIFTS into focus, lying in the middle of the street. Cash flutters through the air, scattered across the pavement like fallen leaves.

A look of utter devastation floods Graham's face as police cars SCREECH to a halt. Doors fly open, and officers pour out, surrounding him...

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Graham sits across from Saunders and Jackson, staring at a spot on the table.

SAUNDERS
Where'd you get the coke, Graham?

Graham keeps his eyes on the table.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)
Graham, where'd you get the coke?

Silence.

JACKSON
Look, man, that much coke doesn't just fall out of the sky. Not since the nineties. And your passport's expired, so you couldn't have crossed the border -- not legally, anyway.

(MORE)

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Neither could your buddy, because
that would've violated his parole.
So you had to have gotten it some
other way. How?

Again, silence. Saunders exhales.

SAUNDERS
Graham, right now, you're facing
upwards of ten years in prison.
That's a long time, especially
where you'd be going. Tell us where
you got the coke and there's a
chance you could see your dad
again.

Graham looks at Saunders, his eyes sunken with heartache.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)
You're not a bad guy, Graham. Not
the kind we're after. So why don't
you do yourself a favor and tell
us?

Graham lowers his gaze.

GRAHAM
I don't deserve any favors. I just
want my phone call.

INT. EMERALD GARDENS SENIOR LIVING - JOHN'S ROOM - DAY

Danielle packs trinkets into a moving box. Her eyes catch the wedding photo of her parents hanging on the wall. A bittersweet smile crosses her face. She carefully takes the frame down, holding it in her hands.

JOHN (O.S.)
Dance with me, sweetheart.

Danielle gasps, spinning around.

DANIELLE
Oh, Dad. You scared me.

John steps closer, resting a hand on Danielle's hip.

JOHN
Dance with me... like we used to.

Danielle hesitates, then places the photo on a nearby table. Slowly, she takes John's hand and starts to sway with him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Oh, Catherine... it's been so long
since I held you.

Danielle stiffens, leaning back slightly to meet John's gaze.

DANIELLE
Dad... it's me, Danielle. Your
daughter. Mom's not here anymore.

John's smile briefly fades, his grip loosening. He presses his hand firmly into the small of Danielle's back, pulling her close --

JOHN
Don't be silly, darling. You're my
wife. Now, come here.

Suddenly, he leans in for a kiss.

DANIELLE
Dad!

Danielle breaks free, backing away. She stares at John, shocked.

JOHN
Catherine...?

John's expression darkens. He blinks rapidly as if trying to clear the fog from his mind.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Danielle...

A shiver runs through him, realizing what he's done. His shoulders collapse in shame.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry... I didn't mean...

John shuffles out of the room.

Danielle stands there, rooted to the floor, holding her breath.

RING. Danielle jumps, the sound of her phone disrupting the silence. She exhales shakily, steadying herself, then answers it.

DANIELLE
Hello.

INT. POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Saunders and Jackson stare through the one-way mirror. Beyond the glass, seated at the table in the interrogation room, are Graham and Danielle.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Graham rubs his wrist, handcuffed to the table.

GRAHAM

Does Dad know?

DANIELLE

Not yet. He was having a bad day.

GRAHAM

Good. He doesn't need to. He'll just forget, anyway.

DANIELLE

I have to tell him eventually, Graham. He's going to ask where you are.

GRAHAM

So lie.

DANIELLE

Lie? I can't lie about this.

GRAHAM

Danielle, please... He can't know. It could be one of the last things he remembers.

Danielle's gaze softens, her heart breaking.

DANIELLE

Graham, where'd you get the cocaine? They told me that if you tell them, you could get out sooner.

GRAHAM

Is that why you're here? To get me to talk.

DANIELLE

No. I'm here because you called. Because you're my brother and I don't want you to spend the next ten years behind bars.

GRAHAM

Miguel's dead because of me,
Danielle. His blood's on my hands.
And there's nothing you or I can
say that will change that.

A heavy beat.

DANIELLE

Maybe not. But punishing yourself
won't either. And I doubt it's what
Miguel would want you to do.

Danielle gets up, hesitating at the door.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

For what it's worth, you didn't
abandon Dad. I'm sorry it took me
so long to realize that. I guess I
was the one who needed to grow up.

Graham watches Danielle leave, her words lingering in the
air, slowly sinking in.

INT. POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Saunders and Jackson glance at each other, the faint HUM of
the fluorescent light filling the silence.

INT. POLICE STATION - LUNCH ROOM - LATER

Saunders tiredly pours himself a cup of coffee. Just as he's
about to take a sip, Jackson barges in --

JACKSON

Eric, get in here! You're not gonna
believe this.

Saunders puts down his coffee and hurries out.

MONTAGE - GRAHAM'S INFORMANT DEAL

EXT. EMERALD GARDENS SENIOR LIVING - DAY

A car turns into the parking lot on a sunny afternoon.

INT. DANIELLE'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Danielle wipes away her tears and gets out.

INT. EMERALD GARDENS SENIOR LIVING - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Danielle signs in and heads to John's room. The facility director spots her passing through --

FACILITY DIRECTOR
Oh, Danielle! Glad I caught you.

Danielle slows, turning back.

FACILITY DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
We're so happy John's decided to
stay. I hope you don't mind, but we
started unpacking.

Danielle frowns.

FACILITY DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Don't worry, everything's exactly
where he had it.

DANIELLE
Uh... I think there's been some
kind of mistake. He's not staying.
We can't afford it.

FACILITY DIRECTOR
But it's been paid for.

DANIELLE
What's been paid for?

FACILITY DIRECTOR
John's room. His living expenses --
they've been taken care of.

Danielle stares at the facility director, speechless.

INT. OTAY MESA, SAN DIEGO - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A MAN heaves a duffel bag into the back of a minivan and rolls up the overhead door.

A barrage of blinding light floods the warehouse.

SWAT officers swarm the minivan, yanking the DRIVER out and slamming him to the ground. More storm inside, tackling the men loading the drugs.

They fan out, sweeping the warehouse.

SWAT OFFICER (O.S.)
In here!

An officer rushes into the back room, where two others crouch beside a square hole in the floor -- the entrance to the tunnel.

The officer pulls down his mask to get a better look -- it's Saunders. He peers into the hole, satisfied.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The faint SIZZLE of a frying pan spills into the living room with the morning sun.

A KNOCK at the door.

CAMILA (O.S.)
Can somebody get that?

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Camila, dressed in a waitress uniform, hurriedly stirs a pan of scrambled eggs.

Another KNOCK. Camila exhales, muttering to herself --

CAMILA
(in Spanish)
Of course not.

She slides the pan off the burner and heads for the door.

EXT./INT. FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Camila opens the door. A middle-aged HISPANIC MAN stands in front of her. He smiles. Behind him, two ICE AGENTS stand by a black SUV parked on the street.

Camila stares at the man, frozen in shock, her breath catching.

CAMILA
Papí?

CAMILA'S FATHER
Hi, mija.

CAMILA
Papí?

Camila reaches out, lightly touching his arm, her eyes filling with tears of joy.

CAMILA'S FATHER

Si.

Camila jumps into her father's arms, tears flowing freely as she clings to him and whispers --

CAMILA

Papí.

END OF MONTAGE.

EXT. RICHARD H. DONOVAN CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY

Inmates roam the prison yard. The sound of CLANGING weights and BOUNCING balls echoes through the air.

INT. CELL BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

A GUARD makes his way down a narrow cell block, his boots HEAVY against the concrete floor.

INT. PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS

Graham lies on his cot, a distant look in his eyes. The guard stops at his cell --

GUARD

Halstead, you got a visitor.

INT. NON-CONTACT VISITING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

The guard escorts Graham past the non-contact visiting area, where inmates talk to family and friends through glass partitions.

INT. CONTACT VISITING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

The guard lets Graham into the contact visiting area, where more inmates visit with loved ones.

Suddenly, Graham's eyes brighten. Seated at one of the tables, smiling at him, is Camila.

A heartwarming grin slowly spreads across his face, softening the lines of self-contempt.

FADE OUT.

THE END