

BORDER JUSTICE

S1E1 - The Awakening

**TEASER**

FADE IN

INT. JUSTICE'S MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elegant. Expensive. Controlled.

The door SLAMS open.

A black woman, KENZIE BAIRD (early 30's), stumbles in.

JUSTICE BAIRD (mid 40's), trimmed facial hair, dressed Texas chic...all hat and no cattle, follows her in.

The two lock eyes. Kenzie laughs nervously.

KENZIE

You're making too much of this,  
Justice--

Justice throws her into the wall. She drops to knees.

JUSTICE

Wrong answer.  
(raising his voice)  
Samantha. Get in here.

A bi-racial girl, SAMANTHA BAIRD (13), Goth, slinks in.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)

Samantha, baby. You get one chance  
to tell me where you were going.

Samantha can barely stay nonchalant through sparkling tears.

SAMANTHA

Shopping.

A beat.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Shopping, Dad.

Justice pulls two receipts from his pocket.

JUSTICE

Airline receipts.

Samantha clenches her fists. Terror. A touch of defiance.

Justice grabs Kenzie's hair. Forces her to stay down.

He watches Samantha as he rips them in two. Then smiles.  
She shakes her head.

SAMANTHA  
Please, Dad...

KENZIE  
You bastard. Leave her alone. Your  
fight is with me.

Justice pulls his belt off.

Kenzie scrambles away like she knows what's coming.

Samantha charges. Trying to take the belt.

SAMANTHA  
No.

Justice knocks Samantha to the floor.

Kenzie launches herself. Fists pummel Justice.

KENZIE  
You touch her again and I'll kill  
you.

Justice secures Kenzie's wrists with his belt. Whirls as  
Samantha scrambles up.

JUSTICE  
Think about what you do next.

She stops. Shaking but not backing down.

SAMANTHA  
I hate you.

KENZIE  
Get back, Samantha--Please Justice.  
I'm the one who bought the tickets.

JUSTICE  
(to Samantha)  
You see how your mom makes me  
crazy?

Justice's cellphone rings. He glances at the number.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
This is Baird.

Justice listens. His eyes pin his family into place.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Of course, Commander. On my way.

Justice hangs up.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
I can be very nice...

He leans in.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
...if you follow the rules.

Justice unstraps Kenzie's wrists. Full eye contact.

Kenzie's nod is barely perceptible.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
I don't think you heard me, Kenzie.

Justice punctuates his words by punching her brutally in the ribs.

She collapses. Clutching her ribs.

KENZIE  
I heard you.

JUSTICE  
Good. An understanding.

Justice dials a number.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Get your ass out of there.

He ends the call. Nudges Kenzie lightly with his foot.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
I'd like steak for dinner.

Justice strides out.

They listen as he stomps down the stairs. The outer door slams.

Samantha crawls to her mom.

SAMANTHA  
Mom?

KENZIE

We'll get away somehow, Sweetheart.

The roar of a souped up truck squeals away. A beat.

SAMANTHA

He'll kill you.

KENZIE

He might anyway.

Kenzie uses Samantha's shoulder to get one knee up. Her face contorts in pain. She clutches her ribs.

KENZIE (CONT'D)

I think he broke something this time.

INT. SAMANTHA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Samantha enters. Slams the door to a normal teenage room. She kicks at the clutter, ferociously.

SAMANTHA

Fucker.

She looks at her computer. She wipes her eyes and sits down.

She pulls up--GOOGLE--and slowly types in, 'POISON'.

She studies the screen. Frozen.

Types: 'How much to kill a person?'

Deletes it quickly. Types it again. Slower this time.

**END OF TEASER**

**ACT ONE**

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

A MAN, makes out with a WOMAN on the couch.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

A FIGURE, dark clothing and hoodie, crouches. Watching.

The Figure dials a cell phone. Man rejects the call. Caresses the woman again.

The Figure's phone goes dark. Then...a text comes through.

The Figure drags keys down a SPORTY RED CAR. Runs down the sidewalk and slides into a jeep.

MILEY (28), pushes back her hoodie, her face a mask of fury.

She bites into a donut like it's the answer to her pain.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A narrow alley. Trash cans. Dim light.

JEWEL (31), skimpy clothing, kneels beside a DEAD MAN.

Calm. Focused.

She grabs him under the arms and drags him behind a dumpster. Like she's done it before. Routine.

She pauses to read a text message.

She pulls off a blond wig to reveal dark hair, pulled tight.

She shakes it loose. A different woman now.

A nearby trench coat covers wig and clothing. She strides away.

INT. GYM - NIGHT

MASON (35) watches his triceps flex during a cable press.

His phone dings. He reads the text.

Exits the gym with a final look in the mirror.

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

Boarded up. Surrounded by sagging, buildings. One old tree stands near the road.

BORTAC OPERATIVES gather behind BORTAC vehicles. Tactical gear, helmets, and body armor.

Justice and Mason squat. Communicate in quiet voices.

JUSTICE

Faulty intel? Looks quiet. We may be in the wrong place.

MASON

Too quiet. No lookout. No activity. They're ready for us.

Jewel and Miley approach stealthily. Squat next to the men.

JEWEL

Listen up. You know the plan. I'll take point with the first team.

JUSTICE

I'll take the other team.

JEWEL

No. Mason, you take the other team-- Miley, cover his rear.

She hands Justice a megaphone.

JEWEL (CONT'D)

Justice, I want you to initiate contact when we're in place.

MILEY

Ready to move.

Jewel notes Justice's surly face.

JEWEL

Any issues Baird?

JUSTICE

No issues. You're in charge.

JEWEL

Then let's get through this. We're not here to babysit egos. Stay tight.

Jewel raises her hand. Teams move into position.

Jewel runs toward the building, followed by operatives.  
Mason scuttles toward the alley with the second team.  
Justice watches Jewel.

JUSTICE  
(under his breath)  
Bitch.

He picks up the megaphone.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
This is the Border Patrol Tactical  
Unit. We need you to drop your  
weapons and come out.

Jewel flashes an irritated glare toward Justice.

JEWEL  
(under her breath)  
Prick. We're not in position yet.

Two vans BURST from the alley.

MEXICAN CARTEL spray bullets at the agents who return fire  
and dive for cover.

Justice has his gun trained on the van.

He tracks the driver--

--and deliberately MISSES.

He looks around. Catches Jewel's eye.

He steps back. Catches his heel on a rock--

--falls backward and hits his head on another rock.

Justice looks into the leaves of the old tree. His eyes lose  
focus and HE DIES.

An unexplained SPARK OF LIGHT illuminates, for a moment, over  
his body.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: TEXAS, 1908

FADE IN:

EXT. WESTERN TOWN - NIGHT

HANK BAMER, a mirror image of Justice. But longer hair and a three-day beard. Rides his horse down the main drag.

The WINK of a star glints on his coat.

He leads another horse with a DEAD BODY draped across.

Hank stops at the stable. A STABLE BOY (15), runs out.

Hank throws the dead man's reins at the boy.

STABLE BOY

You got him.

Hank nods. Tosses the kid some coins.

HANK

Let Mrs. Miller know I'm back. In one piece.

Beat.

HANK (CONT'D)

Mostly. I'm anxious to see my boy.

STABLE BOY

Yes sir, Mr. Bamer.

Hank rides onward. Stops at a quaint church.

A MOUNTED BANDIT sits behind the church. Holding the reins of two other horses.

Hank, unaware, removes his hat. Looks out over the graves.

HANK

I'm back, Elizabeth... Appreciate you looking after Henry while I was away.

Hank jams his hat on. Moves a few steps. Stops again.

HANK (CONT'D)

Truth is, I've not been around much for our boy.

He holds his hat over his heart, choosing his words.

HANK (CONT'D)

I aim to hire a deputy. Take some time to teach our son the ways of a man.

Hank settles his hat. Tips it toward the silent grave.

He sends his horse down the street to the saloon. Ties his horse. Glances at the bank across the street, and enters--

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

A bartender, BILL, looks up at Hank's approach.

BILL

Hank.

He puts a glass on the bar and pours a drink.

BILL (CONT'D)

Redeye?

Hank nods, takes a satisfying swig, and rubs his hand across the stubble on his chin.

BARTENDER

Figured it would take longer. He was a nasty character.

HANK

Can you rustle me some grub, Bill?  
My boy will be here in a jiffy.

Hank takes his drink and the bottle. He settles at a table.

TOM HENKES (40's), whiskers, intense, joins Hank.

Hank puts up his hand.

HANK (CONT'D)

No stringing a whizzer tonight,  
Tom. I'm tired.

Tom ignores Hank and sits down.

TOM

You ain't gonna like what's comin,  
Hank.

Bill sets a plate of food down. Hank digs in. Ignores Tom.

A red-headed whore, KATHLEEN (19) approaches. Pauses to kiss Hank on the cheek. Drapes a caressing hand on his shoulder.

KATHLEEN

Leave him be, Tom. Can't you see he  
needs his ease?

TOM  
Back off, Kathleen.

Hank tucks Kathleen in a chair next to him. Refills his glass and puts it in front of Tom. Resumes his own seat and begins eating, wearily.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Don't blow me off, Hank. I know...

Tom rises to his feet, knocking his drink over. Hank jerks backward. His food falls into his lap.

Everyone stops.

Hank signals Bill. Begins scraping food off his lap.

KATHLEEN  
Oh, my God. Let me help, Honey.

Kathleen rushes to help Hank. A triumphant smile at Tom.

EXT. BOARDING HOME - NIGHT

The boarding home sits behind a fence with a sign, 'ROOMS'.

HENRY (4), spills down the stairs. Drags Stable Boy with him. Anxiously pulls the older boy onto the boardwalk.

HENRY  
Daddy said he'd take me fishin'  
when he came home.

Mounted Bandit trails the boys, keeping his horses in the shadows of the street.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

Hank's empty plate is pushed to the side. He puffs on a hand-rolled cigarette. Lets the chatter flow around him.

Bill places an extra glass on the table for Hank.

TOM  
Those guns can shoot twenty to  
thirty rounds at a time.

Hank tips his bottle, filling both his and Tom's glass.

Kathleen puts a hand on Hank's knee.

KATHLEEN  
Come on, baby. Let's go upstairs.

TOM  
Not now, you damn whore. Get out of here.

Justice leans forward, his eyes suddenly steely.

HANK  
That ain't how you talk to a lady, Tom. Apologize.

Tom looks from Kathleen to Justice, eyes pleading.

TOM  
Sorry. This isn't nonsense.

Hank gently pushes away Kathleen's hand.

HANK  
Not tonight, Kathleen.

Kathleen pouts.

HANK (CONT'D)  
My lad is two hoops and a holler away. I'm headin' home soon as he arrives.

KATHLEEN  
It's been years. You could use a woman around the house.

Hank stands.

HANK  
I don't want you gettin' the wrong impression.

Beat.

HANK (CONT'D)  
My boy is my focus now.

Hank tosses a coin on the table.

HANK (CONT'D)  
(to Tom)  
Get yourself somethin' to eat. You got a helluva imagination.

Henry sprints in and launches himself at Hank.

Hank swings him around, hugging him fiercely.

HANK (CONT'D)  
By god, I missed you boy.

A BLAST echoes around the room. A startled exchange of eye contact. Hank pulls his gun and sets Henry down.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Stay here.

He runs past Stable Boy and--

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

--outside. Smoke rolls from the blown bank.

Mounted Bandit's horses plunge around. He waves a pistol. His GANG spills from the bank.

Hank steps in the street. Swaps bullets with the gang.

Mounted Bandit and SECOND BANDIT fall in the street. The THIRD jumps on a horse and spurs away.

Henry stands in the doorway.

Hank reaches Henry and scoops him up. He turns as--

--Second Bandit in the street rises, his side gushing blood.

Hank throws Henry to safety. Shoots.

The bandit spins and falls. Dead.

Hank steps back--

--catches his heel on a rock. Tumbles backward. Hits his head on another rock.

Hank looks into the leaves of a tree. His eyes lose focus--

--and HE DIES.

An unexplained SPARK OF LIGHT that illuminates, for a moment, over his body.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Hank tumbles. Through space and time toward a light that radiates in the distance.

He bursts through the light and back into night--

PRESENT DAY

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Hank's POV. This is the view of falling from an airplane.

The current, dilapidated bank rushes closer from below. Until Hank falls--

--through Miley and into the body of Justice. Who is surrounded by PARAMEDICS and agents.

Miley looks up, her attention drawn to the front of the bank where she sees--

--the ghostly, faint image of a bandit staggering up and shooting. He is shot in return. Spins and falls. Fades away.

Miley blinks. She shivers and shakes her head in confusion.

She peers at the bank.

Then her eyes flick to the onlookers. No one else saw it.

PARAMEDIC ONE holds a syringe. PARAMEDIC TWO holds an AED.

PARAMEDIC ONE

We have to call it. He's gone.

MILEY

No. You can't give up.

Miley pushes past the paramedics, pumping on Justice's chest.

MILEY (CONT'D)

This team is family.

She glances at Justice and for a moment a MAN WHO LOOKS LIKE JUSTICE, with longer hair, superimposes above Justice.

Miley falls back, freaked out.

MILEY (CONT'D)

Did you see that?

PARAMEDIC ONE

See what?

Justice's eyes snap open. His body jerks. A GASP of air.

He looks around the group. Then fades out.

INT. LAB - NIGHT

A dark room. Monitors. The hum of machinery.

A tech, ADAM, (25), playing on his phone.

One monitor flickers. Then another.

Then ALL OF THEM.

Adam Freezes. Slowly lowers his phone.

Equipment starts spitting out information in a frantic series of squiggles.

The room fills with an unnatural hum.

Adam's feet hit the floor. One screen locks on a waveform. Spikes. And then--

FLATLINES.

Silence. Adam steps closer. The system resets.

Adam dials.

ADAM  
(into phone)  
...yeah.

Listens.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
No. It's not a glitch.

A beat.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
It's the same pattern.

Listens.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Yeah.

He hangs up. Stands in the dark staring at the monitors. Hands clenched.

Afraid.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Kenzie and Samantha huddle, heads tilted together.

SAMANTHA

I wish he would've died. I don't want to be here.

KENZIE

Sshhhh....

She looks furtively around. Goes back to her phone.

Samantha fidgets.

Kenzie sits back with a smile and puts her phone away.

KENZIE (CONT'D)

Done. Two more plane tickets to Seattle.

Samantha sucks in her breath.

SAMANTHA

We can go now?

Kenzie smiles and nods at a passing nurse.

KENZIE

Not until tonight. We need to stick around and make sure he doesn't get suspicious.

SAMANTHA

You know what will happen if he catches us.

KENZIE

Then don't let him.

A NURSE opens a door.

NURSE

He just woke up.

They follow her into Critical Care.

INT. CRITICAL CARE UNIT - DAY

Justice stands by the hospital bed. Monitor beeping.

JUSTICE

I ain't got any clothes on.

He rips his IV out.

A spot of blood drips. Stops. Disappears back into his arm.

DR. RACHEL MANNING (35ish), smart and observant, notices.

She and Justice lock eyes. Both startled. She waves the flustered NURSE back a step.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
What in God's name...

Kenzie and Samantha freeze in the doorway.

Justice glares, his eyes flicking to Kenzie and Samantha.

Rachel sends a quick smile their way. Turns to Justice.

DR. RACHEL MANNING  
If you lie back down, I'd like to  
look at...

JUSTICE  
...ain't no woman doctor gonna  
examine me.

She stops. Then steps back.

DR. RACHEL MANNING  
Looks like your family is here.  
I'll check back in shortly.

She turns to the nurse.

DR. RACHEL MANNING (CONT'D)  
(undertone)  
I'm going to order a few tests  
before we think about sending him  
home.

Justice's head comes around.

JUSTICE  
Tests? I'm fit as a fiddle, Ma'am.  
No need for that.

Rachel smiles reassuringly.

DR. RACHEL MANNING  
Just a few things I'd like to check  
out. I'll have the nurse return and  
put the IV back in shortly.

Rachel ushers the Nurse out.

Quiet. Justice studies Kenzie.

Then Samantha. His eyes linger on her Goth, short skirt, and black boots. He shakes his head.

Samantha crosses her arms.

JUSTICE  
I don't know where I am.

KENZIE  
What're you talking about, Justice?

JUSTICE  
That's not my name.

Kenzie looks at Samantha, standing with her mouth open.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
Name's Hank Bamer.

A beat.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
...Hank...Bamer.

Kenzie's eyes flick to Samantha. Then to the door--  
--Samantha slowly backs up.

KENZIE  
Hank Bamer was your grandfather.

JUSTICE  
What're y'all tryin to pull?

Kenzie steps between Samantha and Justice.

KENZIE  
Samantha. Tell the nurse that she  
should come back. Now.

Samantha scrambles out.

Justice glares at Kenzie.

JUSTICE  
I need my clothes.

She motions toward a nearby chair. BORTAC gear.

He pulls the pants on.

Then roams. Stops at the mirror. Touches his shaven face.

KENZIE

Do you remember what happened?

JUSTICE

I remember being shot at.

He pulls the boots on. Takes the gown off. Kenzie relaxes.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)

Except you ain't my wife.

He slides the shirt on. Jerks his thumb toward the door.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)

And that weren't my daughter.

KENZIE

Something's wrong with your head.

Samantha returns with the nurse who holds pills and water.

NURSE

Let's get you back into bed, Mr. Baird. The doctor prescribed something to help you relax.

The nurse attempts to lead Justice to the bed. He pulls free.

JUSTICE

I don't belong here.

NURSE

You hit your head pretty hard. It's important that we monitor that.

JUSTICE

I ain't stayin'.

NURSE

You can't leave. Dr. Manning has ordered tests...

Justice puts up his hand. A warning.

JUSTICE

The lady doctor knows I'm not in the business of bein' prodded and poked.

A sidelong glance at Kenzie.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)

My...missus...can fetch me home.

Justice walks out the door. Nurse bustles after him.

NURSE  
You can't just walk out.

JUSTICE (O.S.)  
Yes, Ma'am, I can.

Samantha stands in silent dismay. Kenzie shrugs helplessly.

SUPER - MEXICO

INT. RANCH HOUSE DINING ROOM - DAY

LOUISA CUERVO (60), Mexican, elegant. Smoking a cigar as she stares out the window.

A SERVANT places dishes on a table. Two GUARDS stand.

JUAN (late 20's), two days stubble on his face, walks in.

CUERVO  
Ah...Juan.

She gestures toward the table.

CUERVO (CONT'D)  
Sit.

Cuervo lifts a cover to reveal steaks.

JUAN  
Looks good. Thank you, Ms. Cuervo.

CUERVO  
You had some trouble getting the women across?

She joins Juan. A salad is set in front of her.

JUAN  
(around a mouthful)  
Luck of the draw. We barely got the shipment through.

Cuervo takes a drag. Stubs her cigar out. Blows smoke upward.

MIGUEL (30), arrogant and ANTONIO (28), spoiled younger brother, enter. Each drops a kiss on Cuervo's cheek.

MIGUEL  
Hola, Mama.

CUERVO  
Miguel...Antonio...

The men seat themselves and fill their plates.

Cuervo turns back to Juan. Her smile turns cold.

CUERVO (CONT'D)  
The Americans didn't stumble across  
our men.

She leans forward. Staring Juan in the face.

CUERVO (CONT'D)  
They were tipped off.

He freezes. His eyes shift to each of the others.

She sits back, smiling. Sinister.

CUERVO (CONT'D)  
Only three people knew the last  
minute route change.

Juan seems to have trouble swallowing.

CUERVO (CONT'D)  
My boys...and you.

Juan slowly lowers his fork. Alert. Miguel doesn't even look up from his mouthful of food.

MIGUEL  
Damn near caught us.

JUAN  
Hey. It wasn't me...

Cuervo pulls a revolver. SHOOTS Juan. No emotion.

The two guards grab Juan. Antonio smiles. Miguel nods in approval.

Juan's expression freezes. His head falls forward. Dead.

Cuervo waves her hand. Guards drag Juan away.

CUERVO  
Agent Baird saved your skin. Make  
sure he gets a bonus.

**END ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

INT. KENZIE'S VAN - DAY

Justice gets in the passenger seat.

Kenzie starts the van. The radio blares.

He grabs the door handle and slams back.

Kenzie turns down the radio. Exchanges a look with Samantha.

Justice takes a steadying breath. Everyone sits quietly.

JUSTICE

Ma'am?

KENZIE

Seatbelt?

Justice looks around, confused. Kenzie touches her own belt.

He fumbles. Looks at Kenzie's belt. Gets his own clicked. Kenzie and Samantha exchange another look.

Kenzie accelerates from the parking lot. Justice grips the door handle.

Kenzie doesn't see--

DR. RACHEL MANNING running from the hospital. Trying to wave them down.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Justice watches traffic stream past.

JUSTICE

I'd like to take a gander at the place I was shot.

KENZIE

That's in the old part of town. We should get you home and settled.

JUSTICE

I'd be obliged to go there now, Ma'am.

Kenzie's mouth tightens. She whips around a corner.

Justice's knuckles go white.

EXT. LOCATION OF ACCIDENT - DAY

Kenzie slides her vehicle up next to the bank.

Justice steps out.

Studies the area.

Stands in front of the tree. It's much bigger.

He kicks the rock that tripped him.

JUSTICE  
It ain't possible.

He sees the tiny church standing down the block--

--and bolts into a run.

INT. KENZIE'S VAN - DAY

Samantha leans forward, trying to see out the window.

SAMANTHA  
What's he doing, Mom?

Kenzie follows Justice with the van.

KENZIE  
Whatever he wants. As usual.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The church is still cared for. Boarded windows. The graveyard, neatly mowed behind a wood fence.

Justice tries the gate.

JUSTICE  
Ohmygod. The hitchin' post.

He crawls over the fence. Peers through the door.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
I tied the knot here.

Swivels.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)

Elizabeth.

Justice runs through the graveyard.

He slows at a simple marker. Drops to his knees. Cleans the stone. Leans forward to read--

ELIZABETH BAMER

1882-1904

Beloved wife and mother

Justice rests his forehead on the stone.

His attention is caught by stones on either side.

Justice cleans one. He sits back and absorbs the words.

HENRY BAMER

1904-1944

Beloved son.

Father of two.

Texas Ranger to many.

Shock. Realization. Sorrow.

JUSTICE

Sweet Jesus...

A tear slips down.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)

...my boy.

Grief racks him.

His eyes raise to the other stone next to Elizabeth's. His hands shake as he cleans the stone.

HANK BAMER

1878-1908

Texas Ranger. Beloved father.

Justice struggles to understand. He starts to speak. Can't.

He bows his head.

JUSTICE

If this is punishment...I accept  
it.

After a moment he staggers to his feet and straightens his hat.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
If not...show me the way home.

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS - DAY

AGENT DAVIS (50ish, greying) sits behind the desk sipping a cup of coffee.

AGENT JOHNSON (40ish) pushes open the door and plops a file on the desk.

Davis studies the file.

AGENT DAVIS  
When did this happen?

AGENT JOHNSON  
They fished him from the river  
after the raid.

AGENT DAVIS  
Crap. He was a good undercover.

Beat.

AGENT DAVIS (CONT'D)  
Has somebody talked to his family?

Agent Johnson nods.

AGENT DAVIS (CONT'D)  
What about our other agent? Justice  
Baird?

AGENT JOHNSON  
He's in the hospital now.

Agent Davis taps the desk thinking.

AGENT DAVIS  
That doesn't make sense. If he's  
the mole, why would they shoot him?  
Maybe we're looking at the wrong  
guy.

AGENT JOHNSON  
Nobody shot him. He fell and hit  
his head. The paramedics had  
trouble saving him.

AGENT DAVIS

Then it doesn't change anything.  
There's bound to be evidence  
somewhere. Stay on those back  
cases.

INT. JUSTICE'S HOUSE - DAY

The family enters. Kenzie heads for the stairs.

KENZIE

I need to change my clothes.

Justice puts his hand on Kenzie's arm.

JUSTICE

Mind if we jaw a spell? Figure you  
might hold the key to a heap of  
questions.

Kenzie freezes. She looks at Justice's hand on her arm.

KENZIE

Can you give me a minute?

Justice steps back. Kenzie rushes up the stairs. He turns a  
colorless smile toward Samantha.

Samantha steps back. Clearly wary and anxious.

SAMANTHA

Can I go to my room?

Justice sighs. Samantha scuttles up the stairs.

INT. JUSTICE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kenzie pushes a suitcase under the bed.

Samantha rushes in. Clutches at her mom.

SAMANTHA

He's acting weird.

KENZIE

We're still leaving.

She pushes Samantha toward the door.

KENZIE (CONT'D)

Get out of here before he comes in.

SAMANTHA  
I'm afraid.

Kenzie kisses her forehead and gazes into her eyes.

KENZIE  
We'll be fine. Now, go.

INT. SAMANTHA'S ROOM - DAY

Samantha throws herself through the door.

She paces.

She looks at her computer. She looks at the door. She looks at the computer again.

Samantha slides out her window and creeps across the roof.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Justice roams, opening doors. In the study he sees-

-a pair of COLT FORTY-FIVES. Hanging in a worn holster. Above a row of pictures. He enters--

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

--to look at pictures of people who look like him. He sees himself, ranger Hank Bamer with his bride.

JUSTICE  
My Elizabeth.

His eyes drift from the guns, in the picture, to the same guns on the wall.

Next is a young man, who looks identical to him, in a ranger uniform with his blond bride.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
My Henry? Grown up?

Justice's proud smile fades to sadness.

He studies the last picture of his current self with Kenzie and a baby Samantha. He touches the picture of Samantha.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
My...grandbaby?

He glances from the line of photos to a framed picture of Samantha on the desk.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
That's my blood.

He takes down the holster and guns. He checks the cylinder of one of the guns. Notes that it's empty.

Justice straps the holster and guns to his hips.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
I still have a duty.

INT. LAB - DAY

Rachel sits at a monitor, reading blood samples. She puts her head in her hands.

DR. RACHEL MANNING  
(to herself)  
No radiation. No magnetic particles  
in the blood.

The door opens behind her. A voice.

VOICE (O.S.)  
You're not going to find answers  
there.

Rachel turns toward the door. RICHARD (65), authoritative, humorless, stands watching her.

Silence. She clocks him.

DR. RACHEL MANNING  
Explain why.

RICHARD  
You already know it doesn't make  
sense.

DR. RACHEL MANNING  
I know what I saw.

A beat

DR. RACHEL MANNING (CONT'D)  
And that it shouldn't be possible.

Richard steps into the room. Closes the door quietly.

RICHARD

He died.

Rachel doesn't react. No fear. Just focus.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

And then he didn't.

That lands.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

There are people who track things  
like this.

DR. RACHEL MANNING

Take me to them.

He considers her. She doesn't blink.

DR. RACHEL MANNING (CONT'D)

I won't let it go.

RICHARD

You sure about that?

Rachel steps closer. Unflinching.

DR. RACHEL MANNING

I saw blood run back into...

Richard nods.

DR. RACHEL MANNING (CONT'D)

...a dead man? I'm past sure.

RICHARD

Once you're in, there's no going  
back.

DR. RACHEL MANNING

He broke the rules of humanity...I  
want to know why.

**END ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

INT. JUSTICE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Justice taps the door frame. Kenzie has her back to him.

Justice studies the scars striping Kenzie's back and the tape wrapped around her ribs. He steps in.

JUSTICE  
Some scoundrel done a number on  
you, Ma'am.

Kenzie turns, smoothing the fabric down. No emotion.

KENZIE  
You would know.

Justice starts toward Kenzie, holding his hand up.

JUSTICE  
What? Whoa, Ma'am. I never laid a  
hand on a woman.

Kenzie flinches back. He stops, frustrated.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
Whatever he did...that wasn't me.

A beat.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
I can't rightly explain how it all  
transpired, but I woke up wearin'  
this skin.

Kenzie's eyes flash.

KENZIE  
I'm so sick of your head games.

JUSTICE  
No game. It seems that I've been  
dropped into the morrow.

Justice gentles his voice, stepping closer.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
Can't you see I'm not your man?

She stares at him in icy silence.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
I need help getting back to my  
world.

KENZIE  
Are you through?

She picks up her jacket and heads for the door.

KENZIE (CONT'D)  
I'll be in my greenhouse.

She exits leaving Justice to steep in frustration.

He wanders, touching things. In the night stand he finds--  
--a wallet with hundreds of dollars. A handgun. A phone.

Justice whistles silently.

He studies the word 'BORTAC', across the top of a badge. And  
his picture on a Driver's License.

He balances the gun in his hand. Sights down the barrel.  
Can't get the clip out.

He rummages in the drawers again.

INT. DRUG STORE - DAY

Samantha walks in, hoodie pulled over her hair, head down.

She locates the rat poison. She looks to either side. No one.  
She stuffs boxes of poison into her hoodie pocket.

A little GIRL rounds the corner holding her MOM'S hand.

Samantha freezes.

Then stuffs another box in her hoodie--

--unaware that a store EMPLOYEE enters the opposite end of  
the aisle.

Samantha drops a box of rat poison. She snatches the box up.  
Pushes it in with the rest.

Employee starts toward Samantha.

EMPLOYEE  
Hey.

Startled, Samantha looks up. Freaks out. She holds her pocket shut. Bolts down the isle, head down.

Samantha explodes from the isle. She slams into a WOMAN, who stumbles against the end display.

CUSTOMERS pause and stare. Samantha sprints out the door.

INT. JUSTICE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Justice enters from the stairwell. BORTAC clothes swapped for a t-shirt, worn boots, and simple hat. And the Colts.

He carries the phone, license, and badge.

Unsure. He sits on the sofa just as the door opens quietly.

Samantha steps in. A look of panic. She whirls to go out.

JUSTICE  
Whoa. Easy, girl.

She stares at him. Frozen.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
I won't harm you. I just wanna jaw.

Justice points to the sofa.

Samantha slinks around him. Perches on the sofa arm. Stares anxiously at the floor.

Justice squats to eye level.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
I need your help, Miss. Folks don't seem to take me at my word.

Samantha shrinks back. Justice backs away.

She clutches her hoodie pocket, relaxing.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
I got a notion that I'm your granddaddy...and somehow found myself stirred awake in this body.

Samantha hunches her shoulders. She steals a glance at his hat and boots, lingering on his holster. She shrugs.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
Any wisdom on the subject could be my salvation.

She chews on her lip nervously. Her eyes flick to the stairs.

SAMANTHA

I don't know. Can I go?

The cellphone rings. They both jump.

Justice looks it over. Hands it to Samantha.

She swipes the phone. Hands it back.

He's lost. She pushes it to his ear.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Say something.

JUSTICE

What?

His eyes widen at a voice on the other end. He presses it closer.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)

Howdy. Is someone trying to jaw at me?

He smiles at Samantha. She scurries toward the stairs.

A box of poison falls from her pocket. She freezes.

Justice has turned away. She snatches up the box and flees.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)

I know that draw. Sounds likely that you're at ole Ben Jamison's farm...A shipment?...Of women?...Hold your horses...

Justice listens. He looks at his phone. Shakes it.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)

Howdy? Are you done jawin'?

Justice paces.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)

There ain't nothin' righteous about peddlin' women.

He stares into a small mirror next to the door.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
You been danglin in some activities  
that you ain't s'posed to. Am I  
here to set things straight?

Justice flings himself onto the couch.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
Keep talkin' like that and I'm  
gonna have to lock my ownself up.

He leans his head back against the couch cushion.

FADE OUT

FLASHBACK

EXT. CLUSTER OF TREES - DAY

Hank approaches a stand of trees. On horseback. Tracking.  
He scans the area. A glimpse of something through the trees.  
He dismounts and creeps forward, gun drawn.  
He stops at the sight of two women. Dresses torn. Eyes  
sightless. Dead.

FADE OUT.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. JUSTICE'S HOUSE - DAY

Justice runs his hand through his hair.

JUSTICE  
Dagnabit. This ain't the same.

He paces again, stopping at the mirror.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
Nah...I ain't here to fix this  
gent's problems.

He looks skyward.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
Are you puttin' me to the test? I'm  
not the one to mend things in this  
age.

He pauses expectantly. Nothing.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
By Gawd, I ain't gonna' let a  
repeat happen.

He jams his hat firmly on his head..

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
If I'm meant to be here...then  
there's a reason.

He strides toward the door.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
And I'm bettin' I just found it.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Justice strides briskly past suburban houses.

A sedan pulls up. The window rolls down. BEN (82), smiles.

BEN  
Howdy, Neighbor. Is your truck  
broke down?

JUSTICE  
I'm bound to pick up some  
ammunition. Could I trouble you for  
a lift to the Mercantile?

INT. GUN SHOP - DAY

Justice enters, tailed by Ben. Lays his Colts on the case.

The SHOPKEEPER picks up one of the guns.

SHOPKEEPER  
Those are beaubs. Interested in  
selling?

JUSTICE  
Ammunition.

The Shopkeeper slides into the back. Returns with a box.

BEN  
You aren't going to shoot those old  
things, are you?

Justice sights down the barrel. Feels the weight.

JUSTICE  
Got a place to tune my aim?

EXT. BACK OF SHOP - DAY

The Shopkeeper steps in the yard, followed by the two men.

A bedraggled scarecrow hangs from a cross. In front of a concrete wall.

The Shopkeeper steps to the side.

Justice whips his right gun out. Fans the trigger. Blasts six rounds. The scarecrow's body explodes.

Before the two bystanders can draw a breath, Justice palms the left gun. Repeats the performance. Blows the scarecrow's head apart.

Both bystanders gaze blankly at the floating fluff.

Justice holsters his gun. Turns to Ben.

JUSTICE  
Can you give me passage to old  
Jamison's farm? Down in Dry Springs  
Gully?

Ben drags his eyes back to Justice.

BEN  
That place burned down fifty years  
ago.

JUSTICE  
Are there any spreads still up and  
running near there? Got the coin to  
wrangle me a horse.

EXT. HOMESTEAD - DAY

Justice sits his horse, overlooking an overgrown, burned-out homestead.

He points his horse toward a dilapidated bunk house.

RAMON (45), heavily armed, rounds the corner.

Freezes. Recognizes his visitor. Motions him forward.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - DAY

Miguel, Antonio, and EMANUEL (25), play cards at a table. Six WOMEN, hands bound, huddle on the floor.

Emanuel pushes back his chair and stands.

EMANUEL

I'm tired of losing my money--I think I'll break in one of the packages.

He strides over and grabs the arm of one of the girls. Yanks her to her feet. Drags her to one of few unbroken bunks.

Antonio stubs his cigarette out. Spits on the floor.

ANTONIO

You break her, you buy her.

Ramon enters with Justice.

Miguel saunters over.

MIGUEL

I didn't hear your truck.

Justice studies the situation. His eyes return to Miguel.

RAMON

He was on a horse.

Miguel and the other men look at the guns strapped to Justice's hips. They grin at each other.

ANTONIO

Do you think you're in the wild west, Gringo?

Miguel hands Justice a roll of bills.

Justice ruffles through the bills. Tucks them into his pants. His eyes return to Miguel.

Miguel folds his arms. Cocky. Smug. Important.

Justice doesn't move.

Miguel fidgets. Loses eye contact. Raises his chin.

MIGUEL

We were almost caught last time.

Justice's eyes narrow.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)  
You're lucky we even waited around.  
You're late. Next time you're late,  
you won't get paid at all.

Justice mashes Miguel in the face. Sends him reeling.

Miguel lunges forward, fists clenched. He freezes when he finds himself staring down the muzzle of a Colt.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)  
You got balls, messing with me.  
You're walking a real thin line.

The Colt never waivers.

JUSTICE  
We won't be cooperating' down the  
trail. You might be the ruckus I'm  
meant to settle.

MIGUEL  
You seem to forget who I am.

JUSTICE  
I aim to figure out what my callin'  
is in this place.

MIGUEL  
Why didn't you say so?

Miguel relaxes. Smiles at his companions.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)  
He wants a bigger piece of the pie.

His smile extends to Justice.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)  
You'll have to talk to Cuervo about  
that. Our next shipment goes out in  
a couple of days. I'll pass the  
word that you want more action.

Miguel waves expansively toward the girls.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)  
You're welcome to take your pick.

JUSTICE  
That ain't gonna happen.

The gun doesn't budge.

MIGUEL

Come on, Man. Put the damn gun  
down.

JUSTICE

Better that you set your own  
weapons down. Slow. Then lay down  
on your bellies.

A beat. An exchange of outraged looks.

MIGUEL

You fucking double crosser. This  
better be a joke or you're signing  
your own death warrant.

Justice cocks his gun.

JUSTICE

I never jest with a gun in my grip.

The men toss their weapons and lay face down.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)

If you ladies would untie each  
other, I'd appreciate a bit of  
rope.

They scramble to comply.

Justice hogties Emanuel and then Ramon.

Miguel and Antonio share a look. Leap to their feet. Sprint  
out the door.

Justice sighs. His eyes flick to the women.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)

Y'all better skedaddle, too.

Justice strides--

EXT. BUNKHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

--outside. Miguel races into the trees. Antonio sprints  
across a field.

Justice gallops after Antonio. Tackles him.

Antonio pulls a knife from his boot. Slashing and fighting  
Justice in the tall grass.

Justice smacks his gun across Antonio's head. Knocks him out.

Justice glances at his arm. A jagged slash drips blood--  
--which pulls back into the wound.

Justice sighs.

The last of the women disappear down the driveway.

Justice drags Antonio behind his horse. Back to the  
bunkhouse.

Antonio stirs. Justice squats beside him.

JUSTICE

When would that next consignment of  
ladies be expected?

ANTONIO

Go to hell.

Justice canters around the field as Antonio bounces and  
screams.

He stops at the bunkhouse again.

JUSTICE

Perchance you may have remembered?

ANTONIO

Miguel and Cuervo are going to kill  
you for this.

Justice moves the horse forward.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Wait.

Justice pauses.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Two days. Dark. The abandoned  
warehouse on Canyon Drive.

Justice nods. Dismounts. Drags Antonio under a nearby tree.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

You're a dead man.

JUSTICE

I am.

ANTONIO

My lawyer will have us out by noon tomorrow. And we'll be coming for you.

Justice drops his lasso over Antonio's neck. He throws the end of the rope over a limb.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Who the fuck do you think you are?  
You can't treat us like this.

Justice ties the rope to his horse's saddle.

JUSTICE

You made your choices and had your chances to do better,

Justice moves the horse to take the slack from the rope.

ANTONIO

Wait. We can figure this out.

Justice shakes his head. Unmoved.

JUSTICE

You don't walk away from this. It ends here.

He smacks his horse.

**END ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

INT. JUSTICE'S GARAGE - DAY

Samantha holds her hoodie over her nose. Blends poison into a powder.

She dumps the poison into a baggie.

Sweeps the blender mess under the workbench.

Exits through the side door into--

INT. JUSTICE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

--the kitchen. Samantha pours juice into a glass.

Looks around nervously and pulls the baggie out.

She stirs the poison into the glass.

Hides the juice behind everything else in the fridge.

EXT. OUTSIDE BUNKHOUSE - DAY

Ramon, Emanuel, and Antonio hang from the tree. All dead.

Justice takes his hat off and looks skyward.

JUSTICE

The deed is done. I'd like to go  
home now.

He puts his hat back on and sits.

Nothing happens.

He takes his hat back off. Looks up again.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)

Lord?

Nothing.

He looks at the swinging bodies. Doubt.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)

This ain't...how it used to feel.

Justice turns his mount as two BORTAC vehicles arrive.

TOM emerges from the first vehicle. Hair clipped short, demeanor authoritative, the town crazy from Justice's past.

Jewel, Mason, and Miley spill from the second vehicle.

Justice animates.

He dismounts and reaches for Tom's hand.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
Why, I'll be damned. How did you  
find me, Tom?

TOM  
Shit.

Tom runs past Justice and pulls a knife. He slashes a rope.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Help me get these men down.

A body falls. Tom saws at the next rope.

Jewel rushes to roll the body. Checks for a pulse.

JEWEL  
Check the others.

Another body falls. Tom saws again.

TOM  
They're warm. Anyone around when  
you found them?

Justice taps his guns.

JUSTICE  
These hombres were peddlin women. I  
handled what needed handling.

The final body hits the ground.

Jewel sees Antonio's face and backs up abruptly. Her eyes widen in recognition.

Justice folds his arms over his chest.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
You're wastin' time if y'all think  
you can bring those scoundrels  
back.

Tom and the team gathers around Justice. Accusing glares.

TOM  
Care to explain three dead men?

JUSTICE  
I was cleanin' up this here mess of  
Justice's.

MASON  
Justice's? Why are you talking in  
the third person.

JUSTICE  
I was sure this would send me back  
home. Seein's you're here, Tom, I  
expect you know the way.

TOM  
I'm here because your neighbor  
called and said you were going to  
get yourself in trouble.

Justice grins, understanding hitting him.

JUSTICE  
You don't recognize me.

He jerks his thumb toward himself.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
Hank.

TOM  
Hank?

Justice glances at the others. Moves closer to Tom.

JUSTICE  
You knew me before. Did me showin'  
up in the future muddle your  
memory?

JEWEL  
You hang three men and that's what  
you're going with?

MASON  
We aren't vigilantes. You violated  
a dozen rules.

JUSTICE  
If you won't stop men like  
that...then what are you?

Mason backs up, shaking his head.

MASON

He doesn't even know how bad he  
fucked up here.

MILEY

Cut him some slack. He just got out  
of the hospital...

Tom holds up his hand. Silence.

TOM

We have to figure out how to move  
forward.

JUSTICE

I'm tryin' to go back. You don't  
remember nothin', do ya, Tom?

He holds out his hand.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)

Lemme borrow your knife, and I'll  
give you proof.

Tom hands his knife to Justice.

Justice drags the knife up his forearm, drawing blood.

Everyone sucks in their breath.

Their eyes widen as the dripping blood reverses its path.

The skin closes as though it had never been sliced.

A beat.

TOM

What the hell?

Justice sets down the knife and places his arm on the hood of  
the vehicle. Everyone crowds in to stare.

JUSTICE

Now you see what I'm up against.

JEWEL

How is this possible?

JUSTICE

I was in a gunfight and woke up in  
this body.

Miley gasps.

MILEY  
I thought I was seeing things.

Mason snatches up the knife.

MASON  
Hold still.

He plunges it into Justice's palm.

JUSTICE  
Owww.

Mason. MILEY Mason. JEWEL

Justice grabs Mason by the throat.

JUSTICE  
Hellfire and damnation. Are you  
loco?

Tom and the girls drag Justice back.

Mason struggles for breath.

MASON  
Show us.

Everyone holds their breath as--

--the wound closes over and heals.

Silence. Exchanged looks. A struggle to understand.

MILEY  
I believe him.

She studies Justice.

MILEY (CONT'D)  
Maybe if you died again, you'd go  
back.

JUSTICE  
And what if I end up just...dead?

JEWEL  
How do we even know you're who you  
say you are? You might be Jack the  
Ripper.

JUSTICE

Dunno this Jack sort. I'm a Texas Ranger. My word is my bond.

JEWEL

Says you.

MASON

Can you even shoot a gun?

JUSTICE

I can shoot a rabbit in the eye at a hundred feet.

JEWEL

That'll come in handy.

TOM

He found them already dead. That's the story.

MASON

Fine. They should've been hung a long time ago.

JUSTICE

Shall we focus on findin' a way to send me back?

TOM

You're not off the hook.

Tom paces. Thinking. Whirls to Justice.

TOM (CONT'D)

You're going to take this horse back to...wherever he came from...and then I'm going to have Miley take you home--And you damn well better stay there until we have a game plan. Understand?

Justice nods.

TOM (CONT'D)

And don't talk to anyone about what you did here. Understand?

JUSTICE

I ain't in knickers. I understand.

TOM

Not even your family.

JUSTICE

My family...

TOM

To anyone. Do you understand?

Justice's mouth firms. A curt nod. He swings on his horse and trots down the driveway.

TOM (CONT'D)

Jewel. I'll call this in, but you'll need to stay until border patrol arrives.

Jewel nods. Moves to the downed men.

TOM (CONT'D)

Miley. You can drop Mason and I at BORTAC before you take Justice home.

The team jumps in the larger rig. Speeds after Justice.

Jewel waits until they're gone. Leans over to look in Antonio's lifeless eyes.

JEWEL

Burn in hell you son of a bitch.

She kicks him.

Then drops to her knees. Tears come. She breaks.

**END ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

INT. CUERVO'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Cuervo sits at the table, a glass of wine in her hand.

A scantily dressed Mexican Woman, SOPHIA (18), rotates slowly in front of her. Walks up and down the room.

CUERVO

Your shoulders are too high. And  
you look stiff. Drop your  
shoulders.

Sophia tries to comply.

Cuervo's countenance tightens in annoyance as Servant enters.

CUERVO (CONT'D)

I told you...

Miguel steps into the room behind the Servant.

Cuervo brightens, waving Servant back out.

CUERVO (CONT'D)

Ahhh. My son.

Miguel stomps past her.

MIGUEL

He fuckin' double crossed us.

Cuervo catches Sophia's eye. Nods toward a nearby couch.

Sophia arranges herself seductively. Belied by an awkward smile.

Miguel brightens. Sits. Drapes his arm over her shoulders.

Cuervo watches, smiling benevolently.

CUERVO

As soon as we figure out where  
Agent Baird took your brother,  
we'll have our lawyer get him  
released. I expect this was a show  
to cover his tracks.

MIGUEL

His team wasn't there. This was his  
own agenda.

Cuervo moves to gaze outside.

CUERVO

Then he crossed a line. Does he know there's another shipment going out?

MIGUEL

I mentioned it. He doesn't know where. After we get the women across, I'm going to go back and kill the prick.

Cuervo turns. A charming smile.

CUERVO

We'll pick up Agent Baird's family. He needs a taste of what happens when you mess with a Cuervo.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The door opens and Jewel pauses when she sees Tom talking on the phone. His back is to her.

TOM

(into phone)

You should have seen him heal. It gave me goosebumps.

He listens.

TOM (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I understand. But you better understand I'm in a hell of a position. If it gets out that he's the one who hung...

He listens again

TOM (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Fine. I'll get him up to speed. You better cover my ass. I don't care how classified this is. He thinks he's John Wayne.

Jewel steps back from the room. The door closes quietly.

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS - NIGHT

A female hand pushes open the door labeled INTERNAL AFFAIRS.

Agent Davis looks up, his face animating.

AGENT DAVIS

You found something on Agent Baird?

JEWEL

Nothing specific. I have a feeling something will come to light soon.

AGENT DAVIS

I know that son of a bitch is in deep. Keep your eye on him.

INT. JUSTICE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Justice walks through the door. Takes off his hat, holding it respectfully in front of him.

Samantha and Kenzie clean up. Covered food sits on the stove.

An awkward silence. Justice looks around.

JUSTICE

Ma'am?

Kenzie wipes her hands on a towel and grabs a plate.

KENZIE

Everything's still hot. Sit down and I'll get you served.

She smiles at Samantha.

KENZIE (CONT'D)

I've got this.

Kenzie hands a plate of steak and potatoes to Justice.

JUSTICE

Thanky, Ma'am. You didn't have to.

No response. Except a sarcastic smile. He turns to Samantha.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)

I'd appreciate it if you lingered. I'd relish spendin' time with you.

KENZIE

Samantha needs to...

SAMANTHA

It's okay, Mom.

Kenzie's eyes narrow.

KENZIE

I'll go watch TV. Unless you need anything else?

Justice shakes his head.

Justice adds gravy to his potatoes. Turns to Samantha.

JUSTICE

Eatin' utensils?

Samantha hands Justice a fork, studiously helpful.

SAMANTHA

I'll get you some juice.

Samantha sets the poisoned juice on the counter. Watches Justice take a bite. Casually moves the juice closer.

JUSTICE

I got myself in a spot of trouble with my partners today. Adjusting an' all.

Justice steals a glance at her. She fidgets anxiously.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)

Same trail, but everything's changed a bit.

Samantha leans her hip nonchalantly against the counter. Flashes Justice a strained, fake smile.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)

How 'bout you? I'd be happy to lend an ear to your day.

Justice takes another bite.

Doesn't see her expression of fear, which is instantly covered with a smile and shrug.

Justice sets the plate down.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)

Look. This ain't easy for me neither. I'm trying to know my granddaughter.

He leans against the counter. Crosses his arms.

She's silent.

His eyes lose focus and sadness enters his voice.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
 So...I'll reminisce first. Them  
 pictures upstairs tells me Henry  
 grew up real nice.

FADE OUT

MEMORY

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

Henry dances with excitement. Hank helps him push a worm onto a hook. They launch the hook into the water.

Hank sits on the river bank. Pulls Henry down in front of him, feet dangling in the water. Together, they fish.

FADE OUT

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. JUSTICE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Justice's face reflects the animation of his story.

JUSTICE  
 And when we snagged a fish...lordy,  
 lordy...Henry would leap up and  
 down. So thrilled that he'd durn  
 near lose that fish.

Justice's shoulders sag. He sighs. Picks up the glass.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
 Your turn. Share somethin' 'bout  
 yourself.

Samantha shifts uncomfortably. Conflicted silence.

Justice raises the glass. Samantha holds her breath.

Justice begins to drink. Pauses.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
Truth is...you and your mama have  
been mighty kind. Taking me in and  
all.

Justice toasts Samantha. Starts to drink again.

Samantha almost moves--

--stops herself.

SAMANTHA  
Wait...

The juice sloshes. Justice stops most from spilling.

Samantha's face closes over. She shrinks back.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
Sorry. Nothing.

Justice smiles. Quizzical.

Then downs the juice. His face freezes.

JUSTICE  
That juice has a kick to it.

Samantha's gaze flicks from Justice to the glass.

Justice wipes the drops of juice off the floor. He turns to  
Samantha.

She's still frozen in place. He puts his hand on her  
shoulder.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
You alright?

Samantha shakes her head. Terror seems to be growing in her.

Justice lowers himself to her level.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
You can speak plain with me.

His smile freezes when his belly lurches.

He stills, waiting for it to pass.

Samantha's eyes widen. They shift to the door. She edges that  
way.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
I was hopin' we could be friends...

His face tenses. He wraps both arms around his belly and doubles over. Then straightens painfully.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
...on account of you being my  
granddaughter.

Justice supports himself against the counter, face contorted.  
He looks at Samantha.

She can't hold his gaze.

His eyes narrow.

His gaze shifts to the juice. Then back to Samantha.

A beat.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
You tryin' to poison me?

She breaks and runs from the room.

He staggers after--

INT. JUSTICE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--throws a traumatized glance at Kenzie, holding Samantha protectively.

Then he weaves out the door--

EXT. JUSTICE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

--and across the lawn where he sways.

Clutches his belly.

Drops to his knees.

Topples onto his side.

A white froth slides from his mouth and onto the grass.

All movement ceases.

On the porch Samantha fairly jiggles with anguish.

SAMANTHA  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Kenzie pulls Samantha around to her.

KENZIE  
What did you do?

A gurgle on the lawn.

They whirl.

Justice staggers upright. Slobber sliding down his chin. Hair wild. Mad.

Kenzie steps in front of Samantha instinctively.

He starts toward them.

**FADE TO BLACK**