

TALONS

Written by

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Based on

the Novel "Talons"

by

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The CREAK of an old row boat as its oars gently lap through a sawgrass marsh.

EXT. SWAMP - NIGHT

The thin line of a searchlight stretches across muddy water and catches ripples from unseen startled water life.

At the oars is JILLY REACH (60s) a true swamp rat: fierce eyes, weather-beaten face. Born and raised here, the water's in his blood.

He pulls the oars, lets the boat glide and turns the searchlight to illuminate the swampy channel: bald cypress trees and hardwood hammocks dominate the banks.

Hanging vines dangle snake-like over the water.

A flock of Roseate Spoonbills streaks through the dusky light, their unified SHRIEKS break the silence.

The searchlight lands on the dead black eyes of a croc a few oar-lengths away.

JILLY
Hello, Lucille. Where you been
hidin'? Don't give me that eyeball,
darlin'.

Jilly smirks as Lucille ducks under the water. He steers the boat into an open area.

Small MARKERS show him where his nets and traps are.

He drifts alongside a marker, pulls in one of his traps. It's stuck. He heaves on it. No luck.

JILLY (CONT'D)
Jesus H. Come on you goddam--

The top of the trap emerges before a black BODY BAG bursts the surface, entangled in the rope.

Jilly recoils, loses his balance, scrambles to get the searchlight on it. A second BODY BAG surfaces behind him.

JILLY (CONT'D)
Shitsakes.

A *Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission* (FWC) helicopter buzzes overhead. Jilly kills the light.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY

It's a small ranch-style home. Not fancy, not shabby.

A police cruiser glides down the lane toward the house.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

A MAN'S hand slowly pulls back a curtain to watch the cruiser pull up 20 yards from the front porch.

The Man picks up a handgun from a kitchen table.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY

Two DEPUTY OFFICERS sit in the cruiser.

DEPUTY #1
Time?

DEPUTY #2
Two minutes. And it's your turn.

DEPUTY #1
You know it's the anniversary.

DEPUTY #2
You don't have to tell me.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - LIVING AREA - DAY

Faded wallpaper, sparse second-hand furniture.

From an aging bookcase the Man's hands cradle a picture of a smiling Man and a Woman wearing matching Boston Red Sox hats.

He checks his watch: 6:29 am. He replaces the photograph on a bookshelf then moves back into

THE FRONT ROOM where he stops in front of a full length mirror. He holsters the pistol and fixes a police shield into position on his uniform.

CHIEF JACK KENNEDY (65) surveys his current condition in a full-length mirror while he fastens on the badge.

He's not entirely in love with what he sees but he's developed the capacity for keeping expectations low.

JACK
Best I can do.

He watches the clock numbers roll over to 6:30 and moves to a wall phone.

The phone RINGS. Jack answers.

JACK (CONT'D)
Morning, Billy.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Jack steps out onto the sunlit porch.

DEPUTY LUKE CASWELL (a wiry 20s ginger) leans against the police cruiser, arms crossed. Not the smiling type, a walking bolt of energy who kicks asses first, take names later.

His unlikely fraternal twin DEPUTY BILLY CASWELL (blonde, 6'5") thoroughly fills the space behind the wheel. His muscles have muscles. He settles things mostly with his size.

JACK
Morning, Luke. Breakfast delivery?

LUKE
No, sir. Nothing's open.

JACK
Christ, it's already a hundred degrees.

LUKE
Eighty-two in the shade, chief.

JACK
Well then, if you're not here with breakfast, I guess I'll take the bad news first.

Billy steps out of the cruiser.

BILLY
Ain't no good news. But nothing we can't handle, chief, if you wanna take it a little slower. Well, today, I mean.

JACK
Appreciate the sentiment, Billy. But I don't need my hand held. Today or any other day. So... the bad news... big fight at the Temple Club last night?

LUKE
Nope. A body.

JACK
Where?

LUKE
'Glades.

JACK
I'm not from around here, remember?

BILLY
That's why we came out. Bit of a drive. Couple of tricky turns. Forty-five minutes, chief.

LUKE
Fish and Game's already out there. They're talking to Jilly Reach.

JACK
Who the hell's he?

LUKE
Oh, he's a beauty, chief. You'll love him.

JACK
Let me get my hat.

Jack disappears back inside.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - LIVING AREA - DAY

Jack retrieves his hat, stops to glance at the bookshelf picture of him and his wife SARAH.

A shelf below: *A Beginner's Guide to the Florida Everglades*.

He holds up the picture.

JACK
Only took six months. Something finally happened.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Jack marches toward his pick-up truck.

JACK
Lead the way, Billy. Luke, jump in with me.

Jack and Luke get in Jack's pick-up truck and follow Billy's cruiser down the lane.

INT. JACK'S PICK-UP (MOVING) - DAY

The truck passes the town sign: *BICHENO BAY 12*.

JACK
Did you call Rosie?

LUKE
She knows where we're going.

JACK
Still can't get used to this heat.

LUKE
No heat in Boston?

JACK
Once in a while. Not this kind.

LUKE
You'll take to it. Turn here.

They leave the main highway for an unpaved County Road.

JACK
So... this Jilly... what?

LUKE
Reach.

JACK
You know him?

LUKE
Yeah. Older fella. Swamp rat.

JACK
Huh?

LUKE
Family's been there generations.
He's not much trouble. Fish and
Game boys snag him once in a while.

JACK
For?

LUKE
Gator traps, fishing nets.

JACK
Legal?

LUKE
Mostly. He's the one called this
in. 'Course he didn't have much
choice. FWC chopper saw him out
there just about dark.

Billy's cruiser vanishes in front of them.

JACK
Where the hell did Billy get to?

LUKE
No sweat, chief. You'll learn your
way around yet. Left at the pole.

A dirt road appears out of nowhere. They turn.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

The truck and cruiser bump and roll slowly over the rough road. Sawgrass on either side gets thicker and taller.

EXT. WATER'S EDGE - DAY

The truck and cruiser pull up next to two FWC trucks.

Game Warden REDD KNIGHT (50's, service tattoos) watches the vehicles park. He's friendly but doesn't advertise it.

Jilly's boat rests tied at the edge of the marsh. FWC AGENTS are scattered around the site, awaiting instructions.

REDD
(to his Men)
Step lively, boys. Local PD.

Jack, Billie and Luke get there. Handshakes.

REDD (CONT'D)
The brothers Caswell.

JACK
Jack Kennedy.

REDD
Redd Knight.

JACK
This your operation?

REDD
At the moment.

LUKE
That's Jilly over there.

Jilly Reach violently smokes a home-rolled cig, scowls back.

JACK
Looks friendly.

REDD
He's a charmer. Don't judge a book.

FWC OFFICER TORCUATO (35) makes notes next to Jilly.

JILLY
Don't got all day, Redd.

REDD
(to Jack)
Busy man.
(to Jilly)
Smoke 'em if you got 'em, Jilly.
I'm in a meeting here.
(to Torcuato)
Let's have a look at what old Jilly
dragged up.

JACK
What time did he call it in?

TORCUATO
After midnight.

REDD
Torks, you got some gloves for the
chief here?

Torcuato nods, goes to his vehicle. Redd, Jack and the
Deputies move down to the water's edge.

Torcuato returns, hands Jack some latex gloves. Jilly wanders
toward them but keeps his distance.

Jack scrutinizes two black BODY BAGS, no markings.

JACK
Where'd he find them?

REDD
Near his traps. Somehow dragged
them both in.

JACK
You know exactly where they were
found?

REDD
He knows. He'll show us. You want
to do the honors?

Jack is about to open the bag, hesitates.

REDD (CONT'D)
What is it?

JACK
This is military.

REDD
You served?

JACK
Rangers. Desert Storm.

Jack cautiously unzips the bag. A desiccated face gapes up at them. Everyone flinches and steps back.

BILLY
Christ!

Jack continues to unzip the bag to reveal a naked corpse in a mummified state.

JACK
Billy, open that one.

Billy reluctantly opens the second BAG. It's contents are identical to the first one.

JILLY
What'd'ya find, Redd?

REDD
Your last girlfriend, Jilly.
(to Jack)
What the hell is this?

JACK
Couldn't say just yet.

REDD
What do you want to do?

JACK
Call State in, I guess. Drag it.

REDD
You want to drag a swamp? For?

JACK
More of these. *If* these kids are soldier, someone might be looking for them. How soon for divers?

REDD
Tomorrow if we're lucky.

JACK
(to Luke)
Can you call the State team? See what they wanna do.

Luke hustles to the cruiser. Jack turns to Jilly.

JACK (CONT'D)
Mr. Reach, a few questions.

REDD
I wouldn't ask him anything too complicated.

JILLY
I already told everythin' I know.

JACK
I'm Chief Kennedy, Mr. Reach.

JILLY
I heard of you.

JACK
What time did you discover the bag?

JILLY
Nine or ten.

JACK
Little late for fishing.

JILLY
Fish don't keep time.

JACK
FWC chopper puts you there round dinnertime.

JILLY
Not my dinnertime.

JACK
So why'd you wait three hours to call it in?

JILLY
Ain't no phones out there, chief.

JACK
Why'd you drag them here?

JILLY
Know what the Spanish called the 'Glades when they found em'? Laguna Del Espiritu Santo. The Lake of the Holy Spirit.

REDD
That's beautiful. Chief just asked you a question.

JILLY
Didn't want to take them through Lucille's neck of the woods. She's always hungry.

JACK
(to Redd)
What the hell's he talking about?

REDD
Straighten it out, Jilly. Who's
Lucille? She live around here?

JILLY
You could say.

REDD
Special lady friend?

JILLY
Yep. And you can't charge a man for
poaching no bodies! I know my
rights!

JACK
Simmer down, Mr. Reach. But we'll
need you to take us out there.

JILLY
Oh, I'll take ya. Wouldn't want you
boys to get lost, maybe wind up in
Alligator Alley. Ever heard of
that, chief? I could introduce you
to Lucille.

JACK
That's all for now, Mr. Reach.

Redd hands Jilly his card.

REDD
'Case you have a revelation.

Redd signals Torcuato to take Jilly away. Jack swats bugs.

JACK
Jesus Christ, every insect known to
mankind live out here?

Luke jogs over. Jack signals Billy.

LUKE
State divers at the crack of dawn.

REDD
Feds'll be here in no time. I'd say
get these bodies on a slab fast,
let the Doc have a peek inside. The
more you know, the less they can

JACK
Ya. Okay, let's make that happen
and when we get back to town, it's
radio silence. No press. Redd?

REDD
Town reporters don't even know me.

EXT. BICHENO BAY POLICE STATION - DAY

Billy parks his cruiser, he and Luke hustle into the building. Jack parks his truck as a little OLD LADY waves him down from the sidewalk.

INT. BICHENO BAY POLICE STATION - DAY

ROSIE (50's, mother hen who runs the station) watches Jack from a second-story window while she knits.

Luke and Billy dash in behind her.

ROSIE
Have any fun in the swamp, lads?

LUKE
Dead body.

Rosie's eyebrows raise a quarter inch. She watches the little Old Lady hold her cat up to Jack and smother him with a hug.

ROSIE
Reporter's on line one.

BILLY
Jesus Christ, how the hell do they--

ROSIE
--they know, Billy. They just know.
Chief ain't gonna be impressed.

Jack is there.

JACK
Am I ever? What is it?

ROSIE
Press. Line one.

JACK
Son of a bitch.

BILLY
Chief, you want me to take it?

Jack stomps into his office. Billy picks up the phone.

ROSIE
Lads, let's calm our knickers. We
knew this day might come. Actual
police work. We can do this.

INT. WASHINGTON - DIRKSEN BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

SENATOR ROBERT BRADLEY (70), polishes the top of one shiny
Cap Toe Oxford on a pantleg, watches a sound-muted wall-
mounted television.

He's got playful, serene eyes, a suit you can't afford, an
ability to make almost anyone believe almost anything.

ON SCREEN HEADLINE: *BODY FOUND IN FLORIDA EVERGLADES.*

A REPORTER mouths words into the camera. BRADLEY's Personal
Assistant BETH (50s) knocks, enters.

BETH
Sorry, Senator. You wanted me to
remind you.

BRADLEY
Yes. Please remind me.

BETH
Ten minutes, the committee meeting.

BRADLEY
Thank you, Beth. What would I do
without you?

BETH
Be late for your meetings, I guess.

A phone RINGS behind her. She disappears.

BRADLEY goes to his desk. His personal cell RINGS.

BRADLEY
(into phone)
I just saw it.

He rolls a mammoth, unlit cigar in his daintily-manicured
fingers. Puts the call on speakerphone.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RICHMOND, VA - FBI OFFICE - DAY

MR. PHOENIX--whose face is never seen--watches the same
newsfeed as Sen. Bradley. His office says *Big decisions are
made here by an important man.*

MR. PHOENIX

(into phone)

Two of them. For now. Some local hooked it with a gator trap.

BRADLEY

Okay. Seems harmless.

MR. PHOENIX

Till they start poking around.

BRADLEY

How many units are we talking about?

MR. PHOENIX

Twelve or so. Could be ten more.

BRADLEY

And we don't know where the rest of them are.

MR. PHOENIX

We never did. But they can't be far. This goes sideways, we're fucked, Robert.

BRADLEY

Two bodies. No ID. Nothing to trace. And forty years. I think we're clear. Who's in charge?

MR. PHOENIX

Local PD. Shouldn't be a problem...

BRADLEY

But it sounds like it is.

MR. PHOENIX

Local chief's former Boston homicide.

BRADLEY

What the Christ is he doing down there?

MR. PHOENIX

Running. Dead wife, drank himself near to death, killed a kid.

BRADLEY

Sounds like he's having a lovely life. You're sending someone?

MR. PHOENIX

Soon. Got a keener here, looking for her first taste of it. She won't ask a lot of questions.

BRADLEY

And if it gets away from her?

MR. PHOENIX

A team's on standby.

BRADLEY

Well, let's hope it doesn't come to that and little Miss...

MR. PHOENIX

Burke.

BRADLEY

... And little Miss Burke knows how to follow instructions.

He ends the call, peers placidly at his TV screen.

EXT. RICHMOND, VA - STREET - DAY

At dawn, FBI AGENT KATHRYN BURKE (30) jogs along a suburban street. Earbuds supply peaceful MUSIC.

A MAN walks a dog, recognizes her and waves. She waves back, stops at a deserted intersection for a red light.

Her phone BLINKS. The screen says: *OFFICE*.

The traffic light goes green, she reads the text, spins and sprints back the way she came. No music.

INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Wall clock reads 6:45 am. On a small night table: fresh flowers, her phone, keys. Kate's firearm hangs on a chair.

She strips out of her running gear, pitches it into a basket, goes into a bathroom. Her movement style: elegant darting.

Sound of a SHOWER RUNNING.

INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

She's dressed: a very professional power suit. She applies "work" lipstick in a mirror, a spritz of hairspray, grabs her firearm, dumps water into the flowers, exits.

INT. RICHMOND, VA - FBI OFFICE - DAY

Kate takes a deep breath outside of the Deputy Director's office door. Tries to achieve a poised look, enters.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR JAMISON (63) has kind features but oddly robotic expressions. He gives off a waxy aspect. Entrenched behind a huge desk, he reads her file.

JAMISON
Agent Burke.
(indicates a chair)
Please.

KATE
Thank you, sir.

JAMISON
I do regret... well, it's been a while since we've been able to get together. Probably...

KATE
Around two years, sir.

JAMISON
Very much my fault, Agent Burke. We all get so wrapped up in our day to day. But you're here now. How has...
(consults her file)
"Organized Crime - Behavioral Science Unit"--that's quite a mouthful--how's that been going?

KATE
Very well, sir.

JAMISON
Profiling mostly, I'd imagine.

KATE
Mostly, sir.

JAMISON
Well, this old boys' club, I'm afraid, moves just about as slow as molasses in January.

KATE
That's what I've heard, sir.

JAMISON
Yes. But it seems you've turned a few heads.
(reads from the file)
(MORE)

JAMISON (CONT'D)

"Agent Burke demonstrates a natural leadership ability. She shows initiative and above-average instinctual tendencies."

Also quite a mouthful, that.

(reads)

"She will be an asset to any team with which she is placed."

KATE

Thank you, sir.

He summons a waxen smile. It appears sincere.

JAMISON

Relax, Kate. I'll be brief since you'll be on a plane to Florida in two hours. A place called Bicheno Bay. We have a situation. Couple of bodies, maybe more. I need eyes down there and a full report. The Miami field office is swamped--no pun intended--so we're the cavalry. You are, more specifically.

KATE

Who's running the show now?

JAMISON

Local yokels. It'll be your's when you get there. Play nice but you're a federal agent so call your own shots. You're flying solo for now. You okay with that?

KATE

Definitely, sir.

Jamison abruptly rises.

JAMISON

That's what I like to hear. The future's bright, Kate. Show me what you got.

KATE

Absolutely, sir. Thank you.

JAMISON

Daily reports to me. The file's on your desk.

She leaves. Jamison dials a cell phone.

JAMISON (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Good morning, Senator. How are you
this fine day?

He flicks on a wall-mounted TV.

INT. RICHMOND, VA - KATE'S OFFICE - DAY

Kate gathers the file on her desk. Deep breaths.

AGENT VINCENT DUDERIDGE (30s) arrives with two coffees, notes her upscale fashion. Small beating hearts in his pining eyes.

VINCENT
Va-voom! Special occasion?

KATE
Yeah, kinda. I think I just got put
on an actual case.

Shock and envy from her lovestruck co-worker.

VINCENT
You get to leave the office? Like,
during the day and everything?

KATE
I'm going to Florida.

VINCENT
The Holy Land! Let me help you. I
can, uh, look stuff up for you,
plan your agenda, pass you the
sunscreen, help you catch the bad
guys. You don't seem excited.

KATE
Maybe I've been down here so long I
forgot this is what I've been
waiting for. Anyway, thanks
Vincent. Stay by the phone.

VINCENT
With bated breath...

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - PARKING LOT - DAY

Jack scowls and brushes past a group of REPORTERS and a TV
News Truck.

JACK
Fucksakes.

He bounds up the stairs to the front entrance.

Reporters crowd him with shouts for information:

"Hey, Chief, how many bodies were found?" - "Chief, what was the cause of death?" - "Have you ID'ed the bodies?"

Luke dashes out to help him through the scrum.

JACK (CONT'D)
Nothing yet. You'll know when I
know. Be patient, folks.

Luke and Jack squeeze through the horde to the door.

JACK (CONT'D)
What the fuck are they doing here?

LUKE
Sorry, Chief. I'll--

JACK
--yeah, you do that.

Jack stomps into the Funeral Home. Luke deals with the Press.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Jack stops. A chapel off to his left. A moment hits him.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY - FLASHBACK

Jack stares stoically at an open casket wherein lies his wife SARAH (45), the same Woman from the pictures at home.

END FLASHBACK

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Jack steadies himself on a handrail. As the FUNERAL HOME DIRECTOR appears, Jack takes a moment to ground himself in the present.

FUNERAL HOME DIRECTOR
Chief? I was saying Dr. Howe is
waiting for you downstairs.
Everything okay, chief?

JACK
Which way?

INT. FUNERAL HOME - BASEMENT - DAY

The Director leads Jack through dimly-lit hallways.

Jack stops as they go by a side-room where he sees the two metallic containers they brought up from the swamp.

JACK
They brought them here?

FUNERAL HOME DIRECTOR
One stop shopping. Chapel,
visitation rooms, examination rooms
and, apparently, evidence room.
Just through here.

They go down an even more dimly-lit hallway.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Two BODIES lie on examination tables. Two black body bags are piled on a table across the room.

CORONER DR. HOWE (70's), bends over a body, scrapes and prods it, cuts into the dark, leathery skin. Without looking up:

DR. HOWE
Morning, chief. How's your day?
Mine, perfectly splendid. The cat's
meow. The bee's knees, as they say.

Jack approaches, studies the bizarre appearance of the body.

JACK
Jesus.

DR. HOWE
Mummified. Thought you'd seen this?

JACK
Yeah, it's just...

DR. HOWE
Ain't your typical lunch buffet.

JACK
What do you got?

DR. HOWE
Early twenties. That body bag he
came in didn't do it so I'm
guessing those Chicago Overcoats
did the trick.

JACK
Doc?

DR. HOWE

The metal containers. Air tight.
That's how you end up looking like
you're just catching a few zzz's.
Sometimes the curse of the mummy is
the natural result of staying very
dry for a very long time.

JACK

COD? Or a guess how long they've
been in the swamp?

DR. HOWE

Too early for a COD. The bags might
be military but they're from the
days of yore. I seen a bunch come
home from the Gulf. Best guess:
twenty, twenty-five years. Any
case, I suspect you find out whose
box it is, that's whose kid this
is. Here, have a slant at this one.

They go to the second body which is also mummified but shows
obvious upper body trauma. Dry, decayed internal organs rest
grotesquely in various examination dishes.

DR. HOWE (CONT'D)

This is where things get hard to
crab. Four broken ribs, bruising
around the peepers there. He took a
couple of healthy knocks on the old
bean. Like he was in a fight maybe.

Jack bends for a closer look.

DR. HOWE (CONT'D)

Gets worse.

He opens the corpse's toothless mouth.

DR. HOWE (CONT'D)

Took his chompers. And...

He lifts the sheet: no fingers on either hand.

JACK

Fucking marvelous.

DR. HOWE

I'm just the local croaker, Chief
Kennedy, and maybe I'm just bumping
my gums but I'll bet you a sawbuck
these boys won't turn up in any
data banks.

Luke appears at the door.

LUKE

Chief, FBI just hit town. She wants to know where she can meet you.

JACK

She? Christ on a pogo stick. This day just keeps getting better.

LUKE

Billy's been on the horn, looking for military records. Nothing yet.

Luke steps over, gets a peek at the corpse.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Fucking hell! What happened here?

DR. HOWE

Hard to know, Luke, my boy.

JACK

We don't know shit. Not a clue.

DR. HOWE

Not true, gumshoes. We have one.

He points at the corpse's unsightly stomach remains.

DR. HOWE (CONT'D)

Know what that is, fellas? That's where all your cheeseburgers go to die and whatever else you shove down your pie-hole. And since I'm from the school they burned down to *build* the old school, that's the first place I take a peek at when I get a new customer.

JACK

Gonna tell us what he had for lunch before they packed him up?

DR. HOWE

I could. Or I could show you this.

From a small bowl he fishes out a GOLD SIGNET RING.

DR. HOWE (CONT'D)

He wasn't wearing it...

JACK

He swallowed it?

DR. HOWE

See that? Piece of cake. You practically got this thing cracked.

He hands Jack the ring, who notes a prominent V and an N.

DR. HOWE (CONT'D)
I'll know more tomorrow. I sent
some samples to Miami.

JACK
Doc, for now just...

DR. HOWE
Keep it under my hat?

JACK
Yeah, thanks.
(to Luke)
See what you can find.
(gives him the ring)
Tell Miss FBI to meet me at the
station in an hour.

LUKE
What are you gonna do?

JACK
Go tell the press to piss up a rope
but in a nice Florida kind of way.

LUKE
Maybe you should tell them more in
a Boston kind of way.

EXT. BICHENO BAY POLICE STATION - DAY

Inside Kate's parked SUV, she jabs at buttons trying to
unlock the door, put the windows up, turn the ignition off.
The trunk pops up.

She gets out, surveys the small-town Main Street. Two LOCALS
stroll by, eyeball her closely. She's overdressed to the
nines in the sweltering heat, feels the stares.

KATE
Morning.

LOCAL #1
Lost, ma'am?

KATE
No. Thanks.

LOCAL #2
(looks at open trunk)
Ma'am, you want me to close that
for you?

KATE
Oh, thank you. No... new car.

She shuts it and enters the station with her briefcase.

INT. BICHENO BAY POLICE STATION - DAY

Rosie turns on a smile from her desk when Kate comes through the door. Billy's on the PC at his desk.

ROSIE
Morning. Agent Burke?

Billy's head turns faster than it's used to.

KATE
Hi. Hi there.

ROSIE
Rosie. I run the place. That's
Billy. Deputy number 1. One of two.

Billy tips a cap he's not wearing. Luke rushes in.

LUKE
Rosie, we got a break. Billy, fire
up the screen.

He holds up the signet ring. Billy sits at a PC.

ROSIE
Luke, this is--

LUKE
(notices Kate)
--Wow!

KATE
Agent Kathryn Burke.

LUKE
Miss FBI.

KATE
Pardon me?

ROSIE
He means welcome, nice to meet you.
In his own way.

BILLY
Smooth move, ex-lax.
(to Kate)
My brother's not used to talking
with humans yet. The training's
going well, though.

KATE
Brothers?

BILLY
Twins.

ROSIE
Isn't it obvious?
(to Kate)
So now you've met the whole team.
Except for the chief. He'll be here
in an hour.

KATE
This is it?

ROSIE
This is it. Whatchya got, Lukas?

LUKE
Ring from one of the bodies. All
it's got is this V and an N on it.
Billy, we got to research this
thing and--

ROSIE
--manners, boys. Agent Burke, do
you require use of the computer
here? I can send the deputies down
to the library. It's got *two*
computers.

KATE
Thanks, no. I have my laptop. Maybe
I'll just...

She glances around for a place to work.

ROSIE
Sure. That's Chief Kennedy's
office. He wouldn't mind one bit.
Make yourself at home.

Kate goes into Jack's office. There's a doorway but no door.

Rosie, Luke and Billy gather around the PC.

In Jack's office: Kate inspects the space before setting up.
It's neat, spare. Few personal items.

On a bookshelf: *My Life* by Bill Clinton, *Florida For Dummies*.

On the desk: a framed photo of Jack and Sarah smiling,
sitting in one of Boston's iconic Swan Boats.

Kate sets up her laptop, arranges files on the desk. Rosie
appears with a cup of coffee.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
Come a long way?

KATE
Thanks. From Virginia.

Kate observes the Deputies' symbiotic family/work style.

ROSIE
They're good boys. If there's
something to find, they'll find it.

KATE
They really twins?

ROSIE
Fraternal.

KATE
Rosie, Chief Kennedy, he's only
been here...

Kate consults a file.

ROSIE
Six months, four days.

Kate regards the picture on his desk. It seems lonely. It's
the same picture as the one on Jack's bookshelf.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
His wife, Sarah.

Kate searches for proper response.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
She died a two years ago. Today.

KATE
Oh, okay. Thanks. Good to know.

ROSIE
Don't sweat it, Agent Burke. He
keeps 'em close to the vest so
you'll meet the same Jack we do
everyday. Most he's had to do
around here is pull cats out of
trees and break up a couple of
donnybrooks down to the Temple
Club. That's our local drinking and
fighting establishment. It's pretty
sleepy here, which, my guess, was
the big attraction for him.

KATE
Still. I can't imagine.

ROSIE
He won't miss a beat. Can I get you anything else?

KATE
I didn't see a motel on the way in.

ROSIE
Nothing around for 30 miles. I'd put you up but it's a one-bedroom with five cats.

KATE
I'll figure something out.

A phone RINGS behind Rosie in the main office.

ROSIE
Duty calls.

Rosie departs. Kate glances back at the picture.

INT. DARK SEDAN - DAY

Two WELL-DRESSED MEN sit in a parked car across from the police station. One flosses his teeth, one dials a cell.

INT. WASHINGTON - DIRKSEN BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

Senator BRADLEY takes in a glorious sunset from his office view. He smokes a log of a cigar, a whisky glass on his desk.

His phone RINGS. He answers but says nothing.

WELL-DRESSED MAN #1 (V.O.)
She just got here. There's a witness. We'll visit.

BRADLEY hangs up. Beth pokes her head in.

BETH
I was just going to head home, Senator. Would there be anything else, sir?

BRADLEY
Yes, Beth. Come here, please.

He produces a bouquet of flowers and a senator's smile.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Happy Birthday, my dear. I won't have you stay a minute longer. Best to Matthew and the kids.

Beth beams, sometimes can't believe she works for this saint.

INT. JILLY'S SHACK - NIGHT

The décor is Swamp-Poacher/Hoarder Mod. Jilly half-watches TV, slurps beer. Swears at the tube.

He hears a SOUND outside, turns the volume on the set down. He gets up, pulls a curtain, detects movement in the shadows.

He fishes out Redd's card, dials a cordless phone.

EXT. JILLY'S SHACK - NIGHT

Two DARK FIGURES glide around the shack.

INT. JILLY'S SHACK - NIGHT

Jilly puts the phone receiver down on a table. He stands with a shotgun pointed at the door.

A KNOCK on the door. Jilly readies to fire.

Silence. Then another KNOCK.

JILLY
Whoever the fuck that is just come
on in. The water's fine.

Jilly spots a shadow passing a window.

He FIRES the shotgun, blows out the window. Silence.

Jilly sneaks to the shattered window frame, peeks out.

Another KNOCK on the door.

Jilly FIRES again, this time through the door. Silence.

The door swings open to the darkness of the night.

The sounds of Jilly reloading bring in Well-Dressed Man #1 and #2. They dart inside and separate. Each has a gun pointed at Jilly, who has managed to reload and rack.

WELL-DRESSED MAN #2
Keep 'er calm, old-timer. We just
want to ask you a few questions. So
far, your hospitality has been--

JILLY
 --I just called the swamp cops,
 assholes, so you better just
 fucking turn around--

Jilly levels his shotgun. A barrage of bullets rips into him.

WELL-DRESSED MAN #2
 Well, that wasn't the plan.

The two Agents take a quick tour around the shack. #1 picks up the open receiver with a gloved hand. He can't resist:

WELL-DRESSED MAN #1
 (into phone)
 Send flowers, mom.

He places the receiver down, leaves it off the hook.

INT. REDD'S FWC TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Redd's truck flies down the highway, lights flashing.

REDD
 (into phone)
 Jack, I just got a call from Jilly Reach. Said he's got quote-unquote, two motherfuckers about to get dead, stomping around outside. Left the call open. Sounded like the OK Coral after that. Meet you there.

INT. BICHENO BAY POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The Deputies research the signet ring. Kate joins them.

JACK (O.S.)
 Jesus-H-Christ.

Just ending the call from Redd, Jack stomps in, a grimace full of darkness and exhaustion.

ROSIE
 Hey, chief. What is it?

JACK
 That her?

ROSIE
 Yeah, she's real--

JACK
 --Agent Burke? Chief Kennedy.
 Saddle up.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
Possible 10-31 on our primary
witness. Our only goddamned
witness.

BILLY
You know where you're going, chief?

JACK
Got it. Let's go, Agent Burke. And
welcome to Florida.

Jack spins back out the door. Kate quickly follows.

INT. JACK'S PICK-UP (MOVING) - NIGHT

Jack drives through the darkest night Kate's ever seen.

JACK
Not too far. Sorry about the...
this day won't win any awards.

KATE
I get it. Things happen fast.

JACK
Not down here they don't. They
treat you okay at the station?

KATE
Yeah, great.

JACK
Good, good. We're not used to all
the excitement around here.

KATE
I heard. This case more like
Boston, maybe?

Jack reacts, then remembers: goddamned FBI knows all.

KATE (CONT'D)
There's a file on everybody, Chief
Kennedy. So, this Jilly Reach?

JACK
He found the bodies. Called the
Fish and Game about some intruders.
It got loud after that. If he's got
a bunch of holes in him... we're
out of witnesses.

EXT. JILLY'S SHACK - NIGHT

Jack drives to an open area. Redd's FWC vehicle's siren lights bathe Jilly's dilapidated property in an eerie wash.

JACK
Here we go.

EXT. JILLY'S SHACK - NIGHT

Jack and Kate approach the decrepit shack. The yard is a riot of fishing nets and traps, firewood, old boats, decoys, etc. FWC Officer Torcuato waits outside the door.

TORCUATO
He's inside.

INT. JILLY'S SHACK - NIGHT

Jack and Kate enter. Redd and FWC OFFICERS examine the scene. Jilly Reach lies dead. It's messy.

REDD
Have any trouble finding the place?

Jack ignores the joke.

JACK
This is Agent Burke. She's from the Bureau. This is Game Warden--

REDD
--Redd Knight. And this very recently-deceased gentleman is Jilly Reach. If we do the math, it was either one man with two guns or two men, each with one gun.

KATE
Fancy detective work there, Warden.

REDD
We may be a backwater hick-town but we all went to police school. Or something like that.

Kate notes the phone receiver lying off the hook as she bends over Jilly. She goes to the window Jilly shot out.

KATE
We'll need a team to sweep for prints, get this place photographed.

REDD
On their way.

KATE
Good. Let's get a head start...

Jack doesn't move.

KATE (CONT'D)
Chief? Sorry, you wanna--

JACK
--Nope, you're hitting it out of
the park, Agent Burke. Redd?

They step outside. Kate gives instructions to the other FWC
Officers. She pulls a camera out of her case, snaps photos.

EXT. JILLY'S SHACK - NIGHT

Redd and Jack move out of the light. Redd sparks a cigarette,
offers one to Jack. He takes it, accepts a light.

JACK
Tried to give up some bad habits
when I left Boston.

REDD
Bad habits don't go away, Jack.
They just hang around, keeping an
eye out for a comeback.

JACK
What the hell's going on here,
Redd? Bodies in a swamp, fucking
mummies, no less. No idea how they
got there, or how long or who put
them there.

REDD
A conundrum.

JACK
And why would anyone take Jilly
out? He didn't know much.

REDD
Headscratcher, that one. My guess
is he didn't roll out the welcome
mat when they showed. What did the
army boys say?

Jack shakes his head.

REDD (CONT'D)
You call anyone else?

JACK
No.

REDD
Where's your partner from?

JACK
Who knows? She got here awful fast.

REDD
I like her shoes. Very practical.

JACK
You got a hard-on for her?

REDD
Nah, she's a little young for me.

Torcuato signals from the yard.

TORCUATO
Sir, there's tracks.

REDD
Truck?

TORCUATO
Car.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack parks his truck. Kate follows in her SUV, parks. They meet on the lawn.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

They eat sandwiches, two open beers.

JACK
Long day?

KATE
You could say. I run most mornings, early. Got a call from the Deputy Director, on a plane by noon and here I am.

JACK
Not your typical.

KATE
Chief--

JACK
--Jack.

KATE

Jack, to tell you the truth, one of the big mysteries of the day is why I'm here at all.

JACK

Federal land. Need a federal agent. Where'd you say you're from?

KATE

Richmond. Originally Lake Placid.

JACK

Skier?

KATE

Wouldn't know how to put them on.

Jack collects her empty plate, goes to the fridge.

JACK

I don't know much around here but I know the Bureau's got a field office in Miami.

KATE

Your guess is as good as mine.

He collects two beers from the fridge.

JACK

What is it you do back up in Richmond?

KATE

I'm a profiler. Psychology major.

JACK

Interesting. You won't need a degree to figure me out. I drink a lot. I swear a lot. I regret a lot.

He returns with the beers.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm guessing profilers don't get out and about much. This your first field assignment, Agent Burke?

KATE

Could you maybe not "Agent Burke" me so much? Is it that obvious?

Jack smiles.

KATE (CONT'D)
Look, I haven't been up past 11
o'clock in about ten years and I
think I'm delirious from the heat
and... Oh, shit! I'm supposed to
send a report. Off to a great
start.

She hustles over to her case, yanks out a laptop, logs in.

KATE (CONT'D)
We found a ring. The witness is
dead. What else?

JACK
Tell him the weather's nice.

Kate types. Jack gazes out into the darkness.

INT. BICHENO BAY POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Luke scans the street. No cars. He locks the front door. Goes
back to his desk. The office is eerily silent.

He holds up the signet ring, conducts research on the office
PC, makes a discovery.

LUKE
Seek and ye shall find.

A SOFT SOUND from somewhere. Luke stops typing. His eyes
shift around the darkened office. He puts the ring on the
keyboard, gets up, takes a few measured steps.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Billy? You forget your head again?

Silence. Another SOUND like a chair moving. He tours deeper
into the office, peers out the window.

He takes stock of a parked car across the street. He returns
to his desk. The signet ring is gone.

Another SOUND. Luke draws his weapon, spins to the door and
confronts a SILHOUETTED FIGURE in the distance.

LUKE (CONT'D)
We're closed, asshole. Hands in the
air. And don't fucking move.

The Figure takes two steps forward. A SOUND behind Luke.

He turns and is struck with force. In a second, both Well-
Dressed Men are on him. They work him over hard.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Kate emerges from a guest room in time to see Jack's pick up truck tear out of his front lane.

KATE
Now what? Pretty sleepy here, my
ass.

She wanders a few steps toward a darkened corner, flicks on a light: On the wall a framed portrait of a YOUNG MAN in military uniform. Beside it, one of Sarah and the soldier.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Jack stares into Luke's room. Billy and a DOCTOR speak inside the room. Luke is hooked up to a tangle of cables.

Billy comes out. His eyes are hard.

BILLY
All he said was the ring's gone. It
was two guys. He found something.

Jack is stone-faced, eyes glued to Luke.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jack's home phone RINGS. Kate emerges from the Guest Room, grabs the phone on its final ring.

KATE
(into phone)
Agent Burke. Jack... Oh, hi
Rosie... okay, thanks... no, not
yet. Hey, Rosie, did Jack serve
when he was younger?... no, there's
this picture... shit, really?...
Christ... I'm not sure... I'll see
what he wants to do, see you soon.

She hangs up and returns to the young soldier's portrait on the wall. From behind her:

JACK
Miss me?

KATE
How is he?

JACK
He's got a helluva headache. He'll
be there a few days.

KATE
And Billy?

JACK
Not a happy boy.

KATE
Did you get a description?

JACK
No. Luke didn't see it coming. But
someone's gonna see me coming.

He glances at the wall pictures.

JACK (CONT'D)
Her name's Sarah. The kid's Carl.
Come on, let's eat.

Kate sits at the table. Jack pulls two coffees and a couple of muffins from a paper bag. He brings two small plates over and sits across from Kate.

KATE
I'm so sorry, I shouldn't have been
over there...

JACK
No sweat. I don't make it over
there very often myself... so...
it's okay, nice of you to keep them
company... Carl was born in '67.
Red Sox were in the World Series if
you can believe it. Didn't win, of
course... year after that, Carl
didn't make it home from the
Persian Gulf.

KATE
I can't imagine--

JACK
--And that's his mom, Sarah, over
there keeping an eye on him. She
was the strong one, kept me from
going over the falls. Tell ya the
truth, Agent Burke--Kate--she's the
reason I'm down here... gone a year
now... and a day, I guess.

KATE
I saw her picture in your office.

JACK
Dark days after that. Found my way
to bottom of a lot of bottles.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Then Boston felt like it had its hand around my neck every day. So, I took some advice from a good friend. Came down here to... I don't know... hide... heal. Figured it'd just be paint by numbers. One sleepy day after another. Close my eyes, wake up, look at the sun. Repeat. You ever feel lost, Kate?

KATE

Not that kind of lost.

JACK

Good. We had 40 great years.

They eat in silence.

JACK (CONT'D)

Seeing Luke last night, all busted up. He's just around Carl's age. Got me a little shook up, don't mind saying. Well, now my turn to apologize... dropping this load of cheery breakfast banter on you... You sleep okay?

KATE

Yeah. And don't apologize. My father told me profilers are halfway to being a shrink. People open right up to us.

JACK

I don't follow.

KATE

Me neither. But he was halfway to being crazy.

Jack retrieves two file folders.

JACK

Here. Coroner's report.

She reads. Jack clears the table.

KATE

Mummies?

JACK

Yep, and a dead witness. Missing evidence. It's like someone's keeping a real close eye on things. Billy said Luke found something. We'll swing by later, see if can tell us what it was.

Kate moves toward her room.

KATE
Ready in ten.

INT. JACK'S PICK-UP (MOVING) - DAY

Jack drives, Kate studies files. In the rear view mirror, Jack spots a dark sedan. Pretty rare in Bicheno.

JACK
Those boys on your team?

Kate checks the side view. Jack slows down.

KATE
Don't recognize them.

The two Well-Dressed Men pull out to pass after being spotted. Jack eyeballs them closely as they speed by.

JACK
In their Sunday best. But it's not
Sunday. Maybe just lost.

Jack turns on the radio. Country MUSIC plays.

INT. BICHENO BAY POLICE STATION - DAY

Kate watches Billy at the PC. Jack examines an enlarged photograph of the signet ring.

BILLY
It's a coat of arms. Swedish. The
family name is Van Newson. I found
twelve. Luke did, actually.

JACK
Okay, keep on it.

ROSIE
Chief, Doc's on the blower.

Jack takes the phone in his office. Billy searches data banks. Kate keeps eyes on Jack.

BILLY
He must like you.

KATE
How so?

BILLY

No one's ever actually been inside that place and, boom, first night sleepover for you.

KATE

He's had a rough ride.

BILLY

You heard about Boston?

KATE

A little about his wife and son.

BILLY

And the junkie kid?

KATE

He didn't mention that.

BILLY

Story goes, he killed her. Seventeen years old. Pushed him over the edge. Then a demon dance with Mr. Jack Daniels. It's probably some kind of miracle he's still with us.

KATE

We all have a dance partner, Billy.

Billy finds something.

BILLY

Hello. This is a weird one.

(reads)

Dr. Harold Van Newson. Retired. A virologist. Taught at Harvard till 1968 then ended up at the Centre for Disease Control in 1972.

KATE

What's weird about it?

BILLY

Nothing from 1968-1972. Was he on vacation for five years?

(reads further)

Had a wife and a son...

(he clicks around)

... here we go. Wife dead. Son went missing in 1970 after a car accident. Unusual.

KATE

Where does he live?

BILLY
Doesn't say.

KATE
Okay. Nice work. Keep digging.

Jack ends his call, comes out of his office.

JACK
A few more pieces from the lab. We
got a COD: a lot of gobbledygook
later it boils down to a
(consults a notepad)
"massive cellular rupture of the
brain."

KATE
Trauma?

JACK
No. Pathogen. These boys had their
brains liquefied. Virus, likely,
caused hemorrhaging. Doc didn't
have a bunch of answers. Said they
could have been dead twenty-five
years or more.

BILLY
Hello, Doctor Van Newson.

KATE
You found him?

BILLY
He lives in Boston.

All eyes turn to Jack.

JACK
Who lives in Boston?

INT. THE TEMPLE CLUB - NIGHT

The local tavern. Beer on every table, peanut shells cover
the floor and old blood stains you don't need a map to find.

A huge red neon sign behind the bar boasts:

THE TEMPLE CLUB ~ Hearing Confessions Nightly

Kate and Jack chat at a table. Redd gets there, sits.

REDD
We got a possible match on the
tracks out at Jilly's. New model
Crown Vic.

Waitress KAYZIE KAY (30s) drops a beer in front of Redd.

REDD (CONT'D)
I swear this place is magical.
Thank you Kayzie, my dear.

The two Well-Dressed Men (now casually dressed) enter, sit within sight of Jack's table.

Kayzie Kay is there in a flash to take their order. As she heads back to the bar, Jack signals her.

JACK
Know those boys, Kay?

KAZIE KAY
New in town, I'd say.

Jack nods, she continues toward the bar.

JACK
They sure as shit aren't tourists.
Co-workers of yours?

KATE
Never seen them before.

JACK
Yeah, you've seen them before.
(to Redd)
Crown Vic, you said?

REDD
Want me to go have a look?

JACK
No, let's just sit and try to solve
a mystery. One sec.

He dials his cell phone.

JACK (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Billy? How's Luke?
(listens)
Well, that's something. I got a
little errand for you.

He steps away from the table, never takes his eyes off the Two Well-Dressed Men.

KATE
He's right. They passed us this
morning on the way in. Think they
took Jilly out?

REDD
Possible. You dig anything up?

KATE
Some kind of virus killed those boys. Turned their brains to mush. The ring maybe belonged to a scientist. Could be nothing. We lost it, anyway.

Jack returns to the table.

REDD
Well, someone wanted that ring back. I still can't figure how the Christ those boxes got into that swamp? They have to weigh three hundred pounds apiece.

JACK
Air. They got dumped. It's the only thing makes sense. Couldn't drive them out. Boat ride's too risky.

A couple of LOCAL LADS pass the table.

LOCAL LAD #1
Keepin' an eye on things, chief?

JACK
At least one.

LOCAL LAD #2
Luke gonna be okay?

JACK
You know how hard his head is.

They do. They chuckle and keep moving.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Down the street from the Temple Club, Billy--in civvies--locates the Well-Dressed Men's car: a dark Crown Vic.

He expertly jimmies the lock, searches through the backseat, the glove box.

He discovers an envelope, opens it, pulls out the stolen signet RING. He slides it onto his pinkie finger.

BILLY
Child's play.

He leaves the car, jogs toward the Temple Club.

INT. THE TEMPLE CLUB - NIGHT

Jack's attention is diverted as Well-Dressed Man #1 snakes through the bar toward the Men's Room.

JACK
Gotta tinkle. Be right back.

REDD
Do I gotta tinkle, too?

JACK
No, no, this will be a friendly little chat. Probably need some privacy, though.

Jack and Redd rise and head toward the Men's Room.

REDD
I'll be just outside if he needs any help shaking it.

Jack follows Well-Dressed Man #1 into the Men's Room. Redd plants himself in front of the door after they go in.

INT. THE TEMPLE CLUB - MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Well-Dressed Man #1 claims a urinal. Jack enters, takes the urinal next to him. Just two buddies taking a leak.

The Agent zips up, goes to the sink. Jack follows. They wash their hands, look furtively at each other.

JACK
New in town?

WELL-DRESSED MAN #1
Just passing through.

JACK
Know why they call this place The Temple Club?

WELL-DRESSED MAN #1
Can't say I do.

JACK
It's where people come to confess.

WELL-DRESSED MAN #1
That so?

JACK
It is. Got anything you need to get off your chest?

WELL-DRESSED MAN #1
Can't think of a single thing.

JACK
I believe you passed me on the road
this morning.

WELL-DRESSED MAN #1
Probably not.

JACK
Staying long?

WELL-DRESSED MAN #1
You got a lot of questions.

JACK
I don't know if you noticed, I'm a
police officer.

They lock eyes. Jack notices a ring on the Agent's hand.

JACK (CONT'D)
A sharp ring there. I lost one
recently. It meant a lot to me,
too. I do hope it turns up.

WELL-DRESSED MAN #1
Nice talking to you, Chief.

JACK
It's been delightful. Try the
burgers here, they're killer good.

The Agent exits. Jack follows.

INT. THE TEMPLE CLUB - NIGHT

Jack spies Billy at the bar.

JACK
Anything?

Billy takes a long sip of beer, extends his pinkie finger.
Jack pockets the ring.

JACK (CONT'D)
Outstanding work, deputy.

Billy turns toward the two Well-Dressed Men. Fire in his eyes
and payback in his scowl.

BILLY
Was it them?

JACK
Looks like it but we can't say for
sure yet, Billy.

Billy's eyes say *uh-huh... for now*. Jack returns to his
table, sits. Redd and Kate laugh about something.

JACK (CONT'D)
I miss the comedian?

REDD
This young lady's a bit of a card.
You two get along in there?

JACK
A little tension in the air. My
tone, perhaps.

KATE
What's Billy doing here?

JACK
He's thirsty.

AT THE BAR

Well-Dressed Man #2, squeezes in beside Billy, who stares
straight ahead. Jack and Redd track it.

WELL-DRESSED MAN #2
(to Kayzie Kay)
Hey, doll, what do I owe you?

He waves a few bills in his hand. Billy reaches over and
squeezes the Agent's fingers in his powerful mitt.

BILLY
Be cool, friend.

WELL-DRESSED MAN #2
Ah! Hey, what's your--

Billy rises from his stool. His massive frame towers over the
Agent. Jack and Redd are out of their seats.

JACK
(to himself)
Steady, Billy boy.

Jack instinctively strides to

THE AGENTS'S TABLE

Well-Dressed Man #1 has noticed what's happening at the bar.
Kate's just a step behind Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
(to the Agent)
Hold on, partner. We're just gonna cool our jets here a minute. That little parley won't take long... if you're friend is smart about it.

WELL-DRESSED MAN #2
You don't know who--

KATE
--No, I don't know who you are. Or who you're working for. But I'm going to find out who sent you. And when I do--

Redd's been lasered in on Billy and the Agent at the bar.

REDD
--Jack.

Jack turns to see Billy move tight to the Agent, still ready to break all of his fingers in his vice grip.

AT THE BAR

BILLY
My *problem*? It's the same as your problem, sunshine. So you better hope my brother gets well soon.

Billy stabs a lethal glare into the Agent's eyes long enough to make himself understood before releasing his hand.

AT THE AGENTS' TABLE

JACK
See? Told you. And like the lady said: we'll find out who sent you. And when we do, I hope to hell we meet again.

Jack and Kate go back to their table.

JACK (CONT'D)
They say you can never go home again. Who the fuck said that, anyway? Boston had my number, Agent Burke. But let's go see if that old bitch still has it.

KATE
You okay, Jack?

JACK
It's debatable.

Kate turns to the Agents' table. They're gone.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Kate types on her laptop with a furrowed brow. The signet ring perches on the edge of her keyboard. Jack brings two glasses of wine over.

JACK
The good stuff. To go with our
outstanding police work today.
Cheers. What?

KATE
We went from zero to a hundred just
like that. There's got to be more
to it than this.

JACK
There's still a lot of holes, Kate.
We got a virologist and a ring.
Boston might just be a fishing
trip. Here's to Beantown.

He slides her wine glass over.

INT. DARK SEDAN - NIGHT

The two Well-Dressed Men park in shadows in sight of Jack's house. Jack and Kate are visible through a window.

WELL-DRESSED MAN #1
And what if it's not in there?

WELL-DRESSED MAN #2
Call him.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Kate holds up her wine glass.

KATE
To a fishing trip in Beantown.

They clink and drink. Jack's home phone RINGS.

JACK
(into phone)
Thanks for getting back you old
dogfucker.
(to Kate)
A dear friend.
(listens)
Looks like day after tomorrow.
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
Did you find Van Newson?
(listens)
Of course. Tell Gail you'll have a
real man over for dinner for a
change. Table for four.
(listens)
No. I got me a real bona fide FBI
Agent to protect me.
(listens)
Tell Lieutenant Ballbuster I won't
have the time to stop in and talk
about the good old days. Text me
the address. Thanks, Cal.

He hangs up.

KATE
Lieutenant Ballbuster?

JACK
Long story.

Kate sifts through a file.

KATE
1968 to 1972. Where were you, Dr.
Van Newson?

Jack's cell phone BEEPS with the text.

JACK
Old Calvin's good. He found the
doc. Did you file your report?

Kate types.

INT. RICHMOND, VA - FBI OFFICE - NIGHT

Deputy Director Jamison smiles at his computer.

JAMISON
Excellent work, Katy, my girl.
We'll meet you in Boston then.

His cell phone RINGS.

INT. DARK SEDAN - NIGHT

Well-Dressed Man #1 speaks into his bluetooth.

WELL-DRESSED MAN #1
Sir, the ring is no longer in our
possession. We know where it is.

INT. RICHMOND, VA - FBI OFFICE - NIGHT

Jamison steams. He bolts from his chair.

JAMISON

(into phone)

No you do *not* have permission to retrieve it. You've already made a clusterfuck of it down there. Get home. I'll send some professionals.

INT. WASHINGTON - FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Senator Bradley sits alone. Gracefully sips a cocktail.

His eyes light up when he sees a devastatingly handsome TALL MAN approach. The Tall Man sits uninvited.

BRADLEY

I like you already. What's on your mind, honey?

TALL MAN

Mr. Phoenix.

BRADLEY

How is our good friend?

TALL MAN

An update.

BRADLEY

Buy you a drink, sailor?

Silence. He's all business.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

C'est dommage... proceed.

TALL MAN

The girl and the cop. On their way to Boston. They found the doctor. The kid must have had a ring. What will they find?

BRADLEY

The wild conspiracies of a lonely old man. Tell our friend the only files left are in a very safe place. And might I add--

TALL MAN

--We're already watching the doctor and moving a new Team into place.

The Tall Man rises abruptly.

BRADLEY
I was merely going to point out,
the Tuscan butter scampi here is to
die for.

The Tall Man is gone. Bradley sips his wine less gracefully.

EXT. WELLESLEY, MA - VAN NEWSON'S HOME - NIGHT

A suburban street. Big trees, big homes, big driveways.

DR. HAROLD VAN NEWSON (80) sits on his front porch. He's probably seen enough of this world. Not fond of movement. A dog at his feet. Whiskey glass in his hand.

His Support Worker GRACE (50s) slips out of the house.

GRACE
If that's all, doctor, I'll be
calling it a night. Hey, what's
with the face?

VAN NEWSON
Sorry, Grace. Tomorrow's Erik's
birthday. Would have been.

GRACE
Well, in my family we *celebrate*
birthdays. Even when the guest of
honour ain't coming to the party.
We'll have us a little function.
How's that sound, doc?

VAN NEWSON
My guardian angel.

GRACE
See you before noon. We'll have a
fine day, you watch.

She leaves. Van Newson struggles to his feet.

VAN NEWSON
(to his dog)
Hear that? Big party tomorrow.

His dubious eyes follow a dark sedan down the street.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

COOPER RHYS (30s, heavy tats, bald) sits at the bar chatting
up a PRETTY GIRL. He's a suave bastard but obviously bad
news. A wicked boy for good girls, but he knows the game.

Pretty Girl gets up, wobbles, steadies herself on the bar.

RHYS
Everything okay, darling?

PRETTY GIRL
I'm just a little...

Rhys surveys the room to see if she is drawing attention.

RHYS
You want me to take you home? I
mean, if you're not feeling well.

She sways, almost falls. He holds her up, hero that he is.

PRETTY GIRL
I just need to, um... I just...
where's the bathroom?

RHYS
This way.

She steps unsteadily toward the Ladies' Room.

He pours the rest of her drink into an empty glass on the bar, pushes it away, follows her.

She pushes into the Ladies' Room. He's about to follow her when his phone RINGS.

RHYS (CONT'D)
Fucking kidding me?

He answers. Two GIRLS brush by him into the Ladies' Room.

INT. RICHMOND, VA - JAMISON'S HOME - NIGHT

Jamison lounges in a high back chair.

JAMISON
(into phone)
Get to Boston. Tonight.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Rhys turns in disgust and beats it out of the club.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

SUMMER LANG (20s, neck tattoo, a persistent fuck-you expression) twirls the chamber of a handgun.

She's a frigid killer with bewitching charisma--just short of glamour--and daddy issues.

Two handguns, cigarettes, etc., litter a night table. Luggage and beer cans compete for space. The room's not too fresh.

Rhys stalks in, still burning from his lost conquest.

SUMMER

And where the fuck did you get to?

RHYS

Met some friends. Get packed. We're on the clock.

SUMMER

About time. Nothing personal but another night here with you...

He jams things into duffle bags.

RHYS

Let's go, white trash.

SUMMER

I told you, stop calling me that. The name's Summer, fuckwit. Where we going?

RHYS

Beantown.

He scowls at the night table.

RHYS (CONT'D)

Who told you to pull these out? Fuckin' rookie.

He stuffs the weapons into a black bag.

INT. WELLESLEY, MA - VAN NEWSON'S HOME - NIGHT

Van Newson turns out the lights in his Study. His home phone RINGS. He answers.

BRADLEY (V.O.)

Hello, Harold. Big day tomorrow.

Van Newson freezes. Bradley's voice is a living nightmare.

He puts the phone down, slowly moves to a bookshelf, pulls down a thick edition of *A Tale of Two Cities*.

Bradley's voice faintly drifts over from the phone.

BRADLEY (V.O.)

Harold? Harold...

Van Newson peers out at the darkened street, goes back to the phone, holds the receiver up to his ear.

BRADLEY (V.O.)
Harold? You're going to get some
visitors. It's quite important you
follow my instructions--

Van Newson hangs up, drops into a chair, focuses on the book.

INT. DARK NAVY VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Rhys drives. The van sails down the highway. Summer flips coldly through a magazine. A harsh silence. Finally:

RHYS
I'm no babysitter. Just want you to
know that. I work alone.

SUMMER
Last babysitter I had has a
cigarette burn right here.
(points to her forehead)
I thought you were just my driver.

RHYS
Sassy little dollie, aren't ya?

SUMMER
I'm not just along for the ride.

He glares at her idiotic neck tattoo: a GREEN SEAHORSE.

RHYS
Not the brightest idea in this
business.

SUMMER
You mean like a bald head? And I
got it long before I got into "this
business." What's in Boston?

RHYS
Some old geezer. A cop. FBI chick.

SUMMER
We taking them out?

RHYS
Just watching for now.

SUMMER
Sounds like a scream. Why the fuck
do they need two of us?

RHYS
Oh, there'll be more to it.

He lights a cigarette. It'll be a long drive.

EXT. BOSTON - LOGAN AIRPORT - NIGHT

CALVIN LEE (40s), Jack's former partner (and the voice of reason in the partnership), watches Jack and Kate emerge with luggage. A smile is his default expression.

CALVIN
You haven't missed any meals.

Calvin and Jack warmly embrace.

INT. POLICE CRUISER (MOVING) - NIGHT

Calvin drives, switches on the SIREN and flashing lights.

CALVIN
Got a VIP here! Official police business!

Jack surveys the inside of the car.

JACK
Is this the same one?

CALVIN
Can't you tell?

Jack tries to open the glove compartment. It's jammed.

JACK
Nice.

KATE
What's the joke?

CALVIN
This was our ride. Jack used to do all the driving. But it had to be this car. Every day. Same car. He didn't tell you?

KATE
Tell me what?

CALVIN
Jacky boy here, he's a superstitious kind of cat. He pushes elevator buttons exactly twice. One slow, one long.

(MORE)

CALVIN (CONT'D)
 Opens doors only with his left
 hand, wears his watch only on his
 right.

Jack holds up his right arm. It's true.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
 Oh, and he loves Motown. I admit,
 that's not very superstitious but
 you get to know a guy by--

JACK
 --Agent Burke's an *actual* profiler,
 Detective Lee, but thanks for the--

CALVIN
 --Sergeant Lee to you.

JACK
 Who'd you blow? Fucking Sergeant.
 What's this world coming to?

Jack switches off the siren and the lights.

JACK (CONT'D)
 You can just drive. Sarge.

Calvin winks into the rear view at Kate.

CALVIN
 He misses me. He ever tell you
 about the time I saved his life?

EXT. BOSTON - HOTEL - DAY

Calvin parks. They unload the trunk. Calvin tosses Jack some
 car keys and indicates an unmarked patrol car parked nearby.

CALVIN
 Your wheels. Compliments of Boston
 PD. Dinner tonight, cool? Gail's
 Famous Alfredo.
 (to Kate)
 He only eats pasta on Thursdays.

JACK
 That one's actually not true.

CALVIN
 Hey, I found a bit more on Van
 Newson. Wife died about ten years
 ago. His son, Erik, he was engaged
 to a SoCal girl when he
 disappeared. Well, died, I should
 say. A car accident, but no record
 of a funeral, no obit. Loose ends.

JACK
Just a few.

CALVIN
Fun fact: Erik would have turned
fifty-nine tomorrow. Don't know
what you'll find here but as I
always say--

JACK
--Don't forget to look in the
bathroom.

CALVIN
Yeah. See you tonight.

INT. DARK NAVY VAN - DAY

At dawn, Rhys parks his van across the street and down from
Van Newson's house.

Summer sleeps. Rhys's hungry eyes roam over her.

RHYS
Little Miss Muffet.

INT. VAN NEWSON'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Van Newson awakes abruptly. He listens to the silence.

INT. VAN NEWSON'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Daylight inches through the windows.

A kettle screams to a boil, startles Van Newson. His dog
BOGGS pads in. Van Newson prepares coffee, shuffles into the
Front Room.

INT. DARK NAVY VAN - DAY

Rhys watches Van Newson pull the front curtains back. Summer
awakes, squints through the window.

SUMMER
What are you watching?

RHYS
That house.

He hands her a coffee.

RHYS (CONT'D)

Wake up.

He turns the radio on.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)

*... another beautiful day here. A
sweltering 64 degrees,
chowderheads. Here's something to
warm you up from Boston's own...*

A classic rock banger assaults the morning air.

SUMMER

I hate this fucking song.

INT. UNMARKED PATROL CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Kate drives. Jack inhabits his own world.

KATE

Gail's Famous Alfredo deserves its
name. Calvin's a lucky man.

(silence)

Let me know where to turn.

(silence)

Hey, look, that building's on fire.

JACK

Sorry.

They cruise past the Boston Police Department. COPS stream in
and out of the building.

KATE

Ghosts?

JACK

Too many.

KATE

How long to Van Newson's?

JACK

Half an hour or so.

KATE

Don't forget to look in the
bathroom. What's that mean?

A faraway look in Jack's eyes. Doesn't answer right away.

JACK

Six months after I lost Sarah...
it's all a blur. Wake up, take a
drink. Go to work, take a drink.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
Go home, take a drink. Rinse and repeat. And don't forget to look in the fucking bathroom.

The Police Station recedes behind them.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - FLASHBACK

SUPER: Sixteen months ago.

Jack and Calvin stalk through a seedy hallway. They stop in front of a scraped and peeling door.

Jack looks like he's been on an all-night bender. Bad color.

CALVIN
You good for this, partner?

JACK
You already asked me that.

Weapons come out. They KNOCK, identify themselves ("*Boston PD!*") then quickly execute a Knock-and-Announce forced entry.

Calvin kicks the door open, they storm in.

INT. DEALER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Two groggy DRUG DEALERS, who were sleeping, scramble for their weapons but Calvin freezes them with his.

CALVIN
Steady now. We all alone here?

Jack braces himself against a wall, looks like he'll pass out. Hands on his knees, breathes heavily.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
(to the Dealers)
Let's keep a cool tool, fellas. I asked you a question.

Jack sees a spaced-out SKINNY GIRL creep unsteadily out from a bathroom down a hallway waving a shotgun.

Calvin can't see her but notices Jack's expression change.

The barrel of the shotgun inches into Calvin's view from behind a wall. The unstable Skinny Girl weaves her way out, the barrel bobs erratically.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
You got that, Jack? Jack!

Jack hasn't moved. Calvin can't wait for him. He levels his weapon at the girl.

Jack's foggy eyes start to focus.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
Drop it!

She whirls the barrel up at Calvin.

EXPLOSION of a gun and bullet into her forehead.

CLOSE ON Jack's wide eyes and then his fired pistol.

END FLASHBACK

INT. UNMARKED PATROL CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Kate drives onto Van Newson's street, passes Rhys's van.

JACK
Always look in the bathroom. It
seems like a lifetime ago.

Kate parks in front of Van Newson's home. Jack's eyes are glassy, blank.

INT. UNMARKED PATROL CAR - DAY

KATE
You up for this, Jack?

JACK
It's doubtful. But this feels like
the first real police work I've
done since then.

KATE
We can take a breath here.

JACK
When I lost Sarah... and then
putting a bullet in that kid's
head... I told Calvin I was done. I
was gonna just drink my way to
wherever Sarah went. Tossed him my
badge. That's when he saved my
life. I got some help. Took a trip.
Waited for a lifeline. When I saw
the job in Florida, I thought:
perfect, small town, quiet, maybe I
can ride off into the sunset. It
just hit me: coming back here, I've
got a chance to...

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
Christ, I'm sorry, Kate, you don't
need to hear this shit.

KATE
Let's do some real police work.

Kate takes stock of Van Newson's home.

KATE (CONT'D)
I'm sure the bathrooms are clear
here. No car.

JACK
Maybe he's on a Mediterranean
cruise.

KATE
An 80-year old man? Let's see.

They exit the car, head toward the front door.

INT. DARK NAVY VAN - DAY

Rhys and Summer track Kate and Jack.

RHYS
Little Miss FBI. Like a Bond girl.

He dials a cell phone.

RHYS (CONT'D)
(into phone)
They're here.

EXT. VAN NEWSON'S HOME - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Kate pushes the doorbell. Van Newson answers the door.

KATE
Dr. Van Newson?

She produces her credentials.

INT. VAN NEWSON'S HOME - STUDY - DAY

They sit. Van Newson serves coffee. He's a bit shaky.

VAN NEWSON
I'm afraid my coffee skills have
fallen off a bit. My support worker
Grace takes care of it. She'll be
here at 11.

JACK
Thanks, doctor.

VAN NEWSON
I'm just Harold now.

His dog wanders in.

VAN NEWSON (CONT'D)
This is Boggs.

Jack grins at the reference.

INT. WASHINGTON - DIRSKEN BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

Senator Bradley sits tranquilly with his back to his computer screen, from which the conversation in Van Newson's home comes in crystal clear.

VAN NEWSON (V.O.)
Is this about my work at Harvard?
It's all on the record.

KATE (V.O.)
Not exactly, sir.

JACK (V.O.)
Do you recognize this?

Bradley spins toward the computer screen.

INT. VAN NEWSON'S HOME - STUDY - DAY

Jack produces the signet ring. Van Newson pales. His hands tremble when he accepts the ring.

JACK
Is it yours?

VAN NEWSON
No. My son's. Erik was his name.

KATE
When did you see it last?

VAN NEWSON
1970.

KATE
That's very specific.

VAN NEWSON
I could never forget. It was his
nineteenth birthday. You must tell
me how you got it.

JACK

We will.

Jack consults a small notebook.

JACK (CONT'D)

Your son was at Stanford in 1971.
There was a car accident?

VAN NEWSON

Yes.

KATE

There doesn't appear to be a record
of his death. No obituary.

VAN NEWSON

And you won't find one. He didn't
die in any car accident.

Van Newson rises slowly, moves gingerly to a bookcase.

VAN NEWSON (CONT'D)

I'm an old man now. They can do
whatever they want to me. That
ring, Agent Burke, has been in the
Van Newson family for two hundred
years. Did you find his body, too?

Kate and Jack exchange a look of indecision.

INT. RICHMOND, VA - FBI OFFICE - DAY

Jamison listens on his computer. A long silence. Finally:

JACK (V.O.)

Yes. I believe we did.

Jamison stares hard into the distance, his face a tight mask.

INT. VAN NEWSON'S HOME - STUDY - DAY

Van Newson smiles for the first time.

VAN NEWSON

I always hoped this day might come.

KATE

Sir, why did you never file a
Missing Persons for your son?

VAN NEWSON

Because I knew where he was. The
accident was real but it was just a
cover for them to take him.

KATE
And where was he taken?

VAN NEWSON
They brought him right to me.

KATE
I don't understand. Who took him?
And where?

Van Newson picks *A Tale of Two Cities* from the bookshelf.

VAN NEWSON
Have you ever read Dickens?

INT. THE COTTAGE - OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

SUPER: 1970. The Cottage. Bolivia.

The Cottage is a clandestine Military compound secluded in the Bolivian Rainforest.

Dr. HAROLD VAN NEWSON (45) argues with Operations Director ROBERT BRADLEY (30). Several fans hum and whirl.

BRADLEY
I'm afraid it's not that easy,
Harold. Unforeseen circumstances.

VAN NEWSON
Two years. That was the deal.

BRADLEY
But the job's not finished.
Southeast Asia is a mess. Your work
here is more important than ever.

VAN NEWSON
I came here to save lives, Robert.

BRADLEY
You came here because your funding
dried up at Harvard and you needed
a job. And your research, by the
way, *is* saving lives. It's a
numbers game, Doctor. Less of them
to kill our boys... that adds up to
saving lives.

VAN NEWSON
Not this way. I've had it, Robert.
I quit.

BRADLEY
No. You don't.

Bradley lights a colossal cigar.

END FLASHBACK

INT. VAN NEWSON'S HOME - STUDY - DAY

Van Newson holds the book like it's a holy relic.

VAN NEWSON
Psychochemical warfare. Viruses,
pathogens and, of course, vaccines.
The Cottage was just another
classified murder machine. They
already had Edgewood, Project 112,
MK Ultra. The vaccines were the big
payoff. Lots of customers.

JACK
So you got out.

VAN NEWSON
Eventually. My freedom came but I
paid for it with my son's life.

He stares vacantly out the window.

INT. WASHINGTON - DIRKSEN BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

Bradley pours a drink, listens to the story he knows so well.

VAN NEWSON (V.O.)
When they took Erik, they took away
my choice.

INT. THE COTTAGE - HALLWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Bradley and a sinister-looking DOCTOR LEETCH watch two
ORDERLIES wheel an unconscious YOUNG MAN on a gurney.

Van Newson emerges from a lab room. As the Young Man goes by,
Van Newson spots the signet ring. Then he sees Erik's face.

He rushes toward Erik. Two large ARMED GUARDS intercept him.

BRADLEY
Don't worry, Harold. We'll take
good care of him.

Bradley signals to his protégé JAMISON (25).

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
(to Van Newson)
This is Mr. Phoenix.
(MORE)

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
He'd like to discuss the terms of
your relocation.

The two Guards pull Van Newson the opposite way down the
hall. Dr. Leetch follows Erik and the Orderlies.

VAN NEWSON
Erik! Erik!

He grapples with the Guards as they drag him away.

BRADLEY
(to Jamison)
Make sure he understands: silence
is golden.

Jamison obediently follows the two Guards and Van Newson.

INT. THE COTTAGE - VAN NEWSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dim lights. Van Newson sits at his desk with file folders
laid out. Written on the top file: TALONS.

He stows them into a black case and leaves the office.

INT. THE COTTAGE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Van Newson tries not to hurry past two Armed Guards, who
cover separate doors. They monitor him closely.

Van Newson turns a corner, quickly enters

ANOTHER OFFICE

Van Newson photocopies notes from his black case.

He hears voices, freezes, holds his breath. Someone RATTLES
the door. It seems like forever until:

VOICE (O.S.)
All good here.

Van Newson exhales.

INT. THE COTTAGE - VAN NEWSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Van Newson stashes the photocopied notes into a hollowed out
edition of *A Tale of Two Cities*, places it onto a bookshelf.
He opens the door to leave. Jamison looms there.

JAMISON
Working overtime, doc?

END FLASHBACK

INT. VAN NEWSON'S HOME - STUDY - DAY

Van Newson turns from the window. He's never told that story.

KATE

Talons?

VAN NEWSON

The boys at the Cottage were young men adrift in life. Some came from broken families. Most had no families. People no one would ever miss. The offer sounded good: Join the fight against the commies, stay clear of Vietnam. And Uncle Sam's undying gratitude.

JACK

The experiments?

VAN NEWSON

I never saw them. But it was my work they used. A transport plane left once a month. Flew the bodies to God-knows-where. You see, Chief Kennedy, none of those boys ever left the Cottage alive.

JACK

There could still be justice for your son, Dr. Van Newson.

VAN NEWSON

I don't see how.

KATE

Can you tell us anything else about the Cottage?

VAN NEWSON

It was CIA. The military ran it. Robert was a 30-year old sociopath. Ambitious. Persuasive. He could make you believe anything, a talent he's used so well since then.

KATE

Where is he now? Can we find him?

INT. WASHINGTON - DIRKSEN BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

Bradley scowls at the sun through his office window, still listening. He stubs out his cigar.

VAN NEWSON (V.O.)
Easily. The north wing of the
Capitol Building.

KATE (V.O.)
A senator?

VAN NEWSON (V.O.)
The Honorable Robert Bradley.

Bradley reacts. Things are getting messy.

INT. RICHMOND, VA - FBI OFFICE - DAY

Jamison watches the same sun, stiffens to hear Bradley's name. Wonders what else this crazy old fucker remembers.

INT. VAN NEWSON'S HOME - STUDY - DAY

Van Newson moves less gingerly back to his chair, sits.

VAN NEWSON
He had a deputy. A sadistic son of
a bitch who handled the dirty work.
Bradley called him Mr. Phoenix. I
don't know what became of him. But
I found out his name. Jamison.

Kate masks the shock of hearing the Deputy Director's name.

JACK
Okay. How do we tie a sitting
senator to the Talons project?

FLASH TO - Bradley, then Jamison--each waits on edge.

BACK TO VAN NEWSON'S STUDY - Van Newson hands Kate the book.

VAN NEWSON
You read this.

Kate opens the novel. The hollowed out center is jammed with Van Newson's photocopied notes and diagrams.

VAN NEWSON (CONT'D)
It's all there. My research. Dates.
The experiments. Those boys didn't
die for their country, Agent Burke.
They died excruciating deaths in
the name of some twisted, deluded
ideology. The weapons we cooked up
at the Cottage could kill an army
before they knew they were dead.
When you own the disease and the
cure, you become a very rich man.

Kate's hands are unsteady as she clutches the notes.

INT. WASHINGTON - DIRKSEN BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

Bradley sits. He smolders, along with his cigar.

BRADLEY
Well played, Harold.

He stares at his cell phone, expects it to ring.

INT. VAN NEWSON'S HOME - STUDY - DAY

Kate leafs through the notes.

KATE
You'll testify to this?

VAN NEWSON
Yes. It's Erik's birthday today.

Memories of Erik overwhelm Van Newson.

INT. THE COTTAGE - ERIK'S ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Erik and his roommate JASON (20s) sit on bunks. Erik pulls the signet ring out of his mouth.

JASON
Dude, you still got that?

ERIK
Jason, how long you think I've been here? Haven't seen a fucking clock or a calendar.

JASON
I'd say about a month.

ERIK
What are we doing here?

JASON
Moving boxes.

ERIK
Do you even know where we are?

JASON
Somewhere warm. Lotsa trees.

ERIK
We gotta do something.

JASON

Erik, there's something I need to tell you.

A HEAVY BOLT sound. The door opens. Two ARMED GUARDS enter.

ARMED GUARD #1

Move! Personnel transfer.

JASON

(whispers to Erik)

I haven't seen a couple of the guys in a few days.

ARMED GUARD #1

Van Newson! Let's go!

ERIK

(to Jason)

I'm coming back for you. Be ready.

Erik puts the ring in his mouth, leaves with the Guards.

INT. THE COTTAGE - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Erik and the Guards approach the sadistic-looking Dr. Leetch, who lurks beside a room sign for *YYZ WARD*.

Leetch opens the door in a way that says *this might sting a just a little bit*.

ERIK

I'm not fucking going in there.

Erik has a glimpse inside *YYZ WARD*: a row of dentists' style chairs. Dim greenish lights. Small silver tables. Mirrors.

Erik unexpectedly swings at one of the Guards. As they wrestle, Erik swipes the Guard's weapon. He pins them.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Hit the deck, motherfuckers!

(to Leetch)

You, too! What do you do in there?

What the fuck goes on in there?

Leetch is still, emotionless, silent.

Erik backs away, takes off running. He skirts down hallways, up a staircase and gets to a door:

OFFICE OF ROBERT BRADLEY, Head of Administration.

Erik bursts in. Bradley sits behind his desk. He nonchalantly scans monitors which show the Guards on their way.

BRADLEY
Nothing like your father.

Erik, taking in lots of oxygen, points the weapon at BRADLEY.

ERIK
I want some answers and I fucking
want them now.

BRADLEY
Of course you do.

The two Guards arrive, weapons drawn.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
(to Guards)
Thank you. We'll be okay.

The Guards withdraw.

Bradley pours two drinks, calmly sits behind his desk. He sips his drink gracefully, slides one across for Erik.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Please, sit. Let me tell you about
your father. Do you mind?

Erik lowers the handgun. The future senator's smile appears.

END FLASHBACK

INT. VAN NEWSON'S HOME - STUDY - DAY

Kate and Jack move toward the front door. Van Newson stays seated. Kate notices his distress.

KATE
Doctor?

VAN NEWSON
Agent Burke, will I be able to bury
my son?

Kate glances at Jack. They aren't sure.

KATE
I'll do what I can. Oh, just before
I go...

She pulls out her phone, approaches Van Newson.

KATE (CONT'D)
You mentioned a Jamison. You knew
him as Mr. Phoenix. Any chance you
recognize this man?

She shows him a picture of her boss.

VAN NEWSON
Forty years, but I'd know him
anywhere.

KATE
Okay. We know where he is.

Jack and Kate leave. Van Newson seems *younger* somehow.

INT. UNMARKED PATROL CAR - DAY

Kate slides into the driver's seat. Jack hands her the keys.

JACK
Now we know why you're here.

KATE
I've been feeding him every move
we've made. That son of a bitch...

JACK
But he doesn't know Van Newson
spilled it.
(taps the notes)
And he doesn't know we have these.
We got a step on him. For now.

KATE
You think the doc's in trouble.

JACK
They'll be coming for him. Just
like they took Jilly out.

KATE
I'll try and get a team over.

JACK
We don't know who's on your team
anymore, Kate. Let Calvin take it.

INT. DARK NAVY VAN - DAY

Summer and Rhys prepare to follow Jack and Kate.

SUMMER
What are they doing? Why are they
just sitting there?

Rhys's phone BUZZES.

INT. RICHMOND, VA - FBI OFFICE - DAY

Bradley's bitter face fills Jamison's computer screen while the Deputy Director gives Rhys instructions.

JAMISON
(into phone)
They have some notes. I'll need
them. And one more thing...

INT. DARK NAVY VAN - DAY

Rhys ends the call, watch Kate's car pull away.

RHYS
He wants some kind of notes and
I'll come back for the doctor.

Summer rolls her eyes. Rhys pulls out, follows Kate and Jack.

INT. UNMARKED PATROL CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Kate drives through downtown Boston. Jack scans store fronts.

JACK
Here. Right here.

They pass a *Printing Services* Shop and a pub. She parks.

KATE
What is it?

JACK
Lunch. Aren't you hungry?

Well behind them, Rhys parks his van. He and Summer watch Kate and Jack enter the pub.

INT. DARK NAVY VAN - DAY

Rhys signals her to get out.

RHYS
This is your stop. Get the notes.
I'll be back in an hour.

SUMMER
How am I supposed to get the notes?
I don't even know what they are.

RHYS
Get it done, white trash.

She gets out.

RHYS (CONT'D)
Hey! You gonna cover that up?

He indicates her seahorse neck tattoo.

SUMMER
Fuck you, dad!

INT. BOSTON - KENMORE SQUARE - DAY

Summer struts into the pub. Rhys drives off.

INT. KENMORE SQUARE PUB - DAY

At a table, Kate flips through the notes, amped at their progress. Jack arrives with two foaming pints of ale.

Summer cruises by, glances down, instantly knows her goal.

KATE
Shit, I don't know what all this means but it's good stuff. They won't be happy we have it.

Summer plants herself at the bar, keeps eyes on the table.

KATE (CONT'D)
We'll have to assume everything Jamison knows, Bradley knows.

Jack gulps ale, glances around the pub, indifferently. His scan passes across Summer but she makes no impression.

KATE (CONT'D)
And when we get to Washington--

JACK
--We might not make it to Washington. Just a hunch. We're playing this game with a blindfold on. They'll be coming for us, too.

KATE
For Christ's sake, Jack. We got these assholes by the balls here.

JACK
You think they're just gonna sit back and wait for you to waltz in there and wave these notes around? Always more to it, Kate. Always.

KATE

Well, can we--just for a minute--
 imagine we're on the right track?
 Would that be too much to ask?

In frustration, she storms from the table. Jack scribbles a note onto a napkin, grabs Van Newson's book and notes. He leaves the pub. Summer follows.

INT. DARK NAVY VAN - DAY

Rhys parks on Van Newson's street. He loads and conceals a handgun, gets out of the van, moves briskly up the street.

INT. VAN NEWSON'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

PSW Grace arranges candles on a birthday cake which says *Happy Birthday Erik*. She calls to Van Newson in the Study.

GRACE

Supposed to be a happy day, Dr. Van
 Newson! Don't know what got you so
 down. But this cake, this cake's
 gonna make you see stars!

She fiddles with the cake, lights the candles.

INT. KENMORE SQUARE PUB - DAY

Kate returns to the table, reads the napkin: *Back soon, J*

INT. VAN NEWSON'S HOME - STUDY - DAY

Van Newson sits with a glass of scotch, stares out a window.

GRACE (O.C.)

This is my famous triple-chocolate
 and ice cream Velvet cake.

SOUNDS of Grace working in the kitchen. Then, odd silence.
 Van Newson treads slowly into the kitchen.

EXT. KENMORE SQUARE - DAY

Jack crosses the busy intersection, goes into the *Printing Services Shop* they passed earlier. Summer keeps her distance but lingers near the door.

INT. VAN NEWSON'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

The tiny flames of the cake's candles grab Van Newson's eyes. No Grace. He notices the patio door slightly open.

VAN NEWSON

Grace? Are we doing this in here?

He spots a cake knife on the floor. It's odd, unnerving. He quickly leaves the kitchen.

INT. VAN NEWSON'S HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Van Newson moves apprehensively through the hall.

VAN NEWSON

Grace? Grace!

A SHUFFLE NOISE from somewhere.

INT. VAN NEWSON'S HOME - STUDY - DAY

Van Newson returns to the study, darker than when he left it. The drapes have been closed. His dog Boggs enters, whimpers.

VAN NEWSON

Boggs?

Van Newson goes uncertainly back to the kitchen.

EXT. KENMORE SQUARE - DAY

Jack exits the *Printing Services Shop*. Summer nimbly spins to face the opposite direction. She tracks Jack back to the pub.

Jack stops at the door, snaps a glance in both directions, hesitates briefly, enters.

INT. VAN NEWSON'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

The phone RINGS. Van Newson puts his scotch glass down and picks up the receiver.

BRADLEY (V.O.)

Good afternoon, Harold? How old would he have been today?

Van Newson trembles with rage.

BRADLEY (V.O.)

Don't be like that, Harold. I've let you live such a wonderful life.

(MORE)

BRADLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And you've been so splendidly *quiet*
 all these years. Points for you.

INT. WASHINGTON - DIRKSEN BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

Bradley lights a cigar.

BRADLEY
 (into phone)
 Did you ever know Erik was one of
 the most--

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. VAN NEWSON'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

VAN NEWSON
 (into phone)
 --Don't you talk about him!

BRADLEY
 Have it your way, Harold. I want
 you to know: your work, it lives
 on. Patents. Anti-virals. They all
 made me a very rich man, doctor.
 And you could have cashed in, too.
 I just wanted you to know that,
 Harold. Today, especially.

VAN NEWSON
 At what price, Robert? My soul? My
 son's life?

BRADLEY
 Haven't changed. But you've been a
 naughty boy today, Harold. Buried
 secrets are supposed to stay
 buried. Old friend.

Silence... who will fill it?

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
 Goodbye, Dr. Van Newson.

Bradley hangs up. Van Newson feebly replaces the receiver and
 stoops to pick up the cake knife.

When he straightens back up, Rhys comes into view. Van Newson
 holds the knife up in some sort of defensive posture.

RHYS
 And there's the phone call. Step
 one.
 (teasing)
 Um... knife?

Shakes his head, waves his handgun.

RHYS (CONT'D)
It's an old joke.

VAN NEWSON
Who are you?

RHYS
Hint. Not the paper boy.

VAN NEWSON
Where's Grace?

RHYS
Dead. Very dead.

Rhys glances at the cake with curiosity.

RHYS (CONT'D)
I knew a guy who died on his
birthday once. Well, he could
hardly have done it twice.

VAN NEWSON
You're from Bradley?

RHYS
Can't confirm that, exactly. But
I'm definitely from somebody.

VAN NEWSON
They already have the notes.

RHYS
I heard about that. More work for
us. But one thing at a time.

He goes over to the skillfully decorated cake.

RHYS (CONT'D)
Now this is really something. Old
Gracey, she had real talent.

He gleefully blows out all of the candles.

RHYS (CONT'D)
I do love a metaphor. No singing,
though. I always hated birthdays.

Rhys levels his weapon at Van Newson. The DOORBELL RINGS.

EXT. VAN NEWSON'S HOME - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Two BOSTON PD UNIFORMED OFFICERS wait at the front door.

OFFICER #1
Doctor Van Newson?

One of them KNOCKS on the door.

INT. VAN NEWSON'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Rhys's eyes dart in the direction of the front door.

Van Newson grabs his glass, heaves it through the patio window which loudly SHATTERS.

EXT. VAN NEWSON'S HOME - FRONT DOOR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The two Officers hear the shattering CRASH and burst through the door, guns drawn. It all happens fast:

Officer #1 spots Rhys, who FIRES toward the front door. Both Officers RETURN FIRE.

OFFICER #1
(into his body radio)
Three-twelve Charlie. Forty-two
Bearbrook Road. Shots fired. Send
back-up.

A SHOOTOUT: Rhys and the Officers swing through the home's lower level exchanging GUNFIRE. The house gets shredded.

OFFICER #2
Dr. Van Newson!

Bullets BUZZ from anywhere. Officer #2 is wounded. Officer #1 comes to his fallen colleague. Into his body radio:

OFFICER #1
Three-twelve Charlie, same
location. Officer shot. Send
ambulance. Suspect still
outstanding.

Rhys charges back to the kitchen. Van Newson is gone.

RHYS
Fucking fuck!

He bolts out through the patio door just as Officer #1 reaches the kitchen and FIRES off a few rounds as Rhys escapes and ducks through the shattering glass.

Van Newson stumbles into the kitchen with a gunshot wound.

INT. KENMORE SQUARE PUB - DAY

Kate types on her laptop, transfers her feelings toward Jamison into her fingertips. She's laser-focused.

Jack gets to the table empty-handed. Kate's still pissed.

JACK
Careful what you tell him.

KATE
Where are the notes?

EXT. KENMORE SQUARE - PRINTING SERVICES SHOP - DAY

Summer lets her hair down, pulls off her sweater.

INT. KENMORE SQUARE - PRINTING SERVICES SHOP - DAY

A CLERK (22) slouches behind the counter. His eyeballs pop when Summer trots in. Too much skin for his developing mind.

SUMMER
Hey, handsome. My father was in here a few minutes back. I think he had some copying to do.

The tongue-tied Clerk ogles her.

SUMMER (CONT'D)
Hey, Romeo. Eyes up here, tongue back in. I'm just here to pick up daddy's package. And I'd like to do that today.

CLERK
Uh, yeah. It's in the back. It'll be a couple of minutes.

SUMMER
Great. Shake a leg, junior, so I don't have to, you know, shoot you in the forehead.

She smiles brightly but he's scared shitless now and dashes into the back room to get the notes.

INT. KENMORE SQUARE PUB - DAY

Kate finishes her report to Jamison. Slams her laptop closed.

JACK
 Kate, this is your show. But I've
 seen shit go sideways, stuff you'd
 have sworn you had locked up. I
 know you want to storm the Bastille
 and roll those heads but--

KATE
 --Where are the notes?

JACK
 Safe.

He checks his watch, downs the bottom half of his pint.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Meet out front. Five minutes.

EXT. KENMORE SQUARE - DAY

Summer exits the *Printing Services Shop* with Van Newson's notes. She stuffs them into her purse when she sees Jack exit the pub and head straight toward her.

At the street corner Jack passes behind her. Summer's cell phone BUZZES. Jack enters the *Printing Services Shop*.

Summer reads a TEXT: *Pick up 2 mins*

Kate emerges from the pub, goes to her car. Jack exits the Shop, hustles past Summer toward the car.

Rhys burns around the corner in the van, squeals to a stop near Summer. She hops in.

INT. DARK NAVY VAN - DAY

Summer triumphantly holds up the notes.

SUMMER
 Magical.

EXT. KENMORE SQUARE - DAY

Jack meets Kate at the car.

JACK
 We gotta go. Now.

INT. DARK NAVY VAN - DAY

Rhys keeps eyes glued to Kate and Jack.

SUMMER
Hey, did you hear me? Did you get
the old man?

Rhys broods, not used to failure, snatches the notes, lights them on fire, tosses them into the empty back of the van.

EXT. KENMORE SQUARE - DAY

Kate's car darts into traffic. Rhys pulls the van out behind them, follows at a distance.

INT. UNMARKED PATROL CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Jack checks the sideview mirror for a tail.

KATE
Gonna tell me?

JACK
They're not coming, they're here.

KATE
And the notes?

Jack shakes his head. Kate's hands dig into the steering wheel, storm clouds in her eyes.

INT. DARK NAVY VAN (MOVING) - DAY

Rhys drives, sulks, still hot about missing Van Newson.

SUMMER
Okay, we follow. Then what?

RHYS
Then we wait till he tells us.

SUMMER
Don't get pissy with me cuz you
fucked up.

Ahead, Kate's car makes a turn. Rhys follows.

INT. UNMARKED PATROL CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Kate drives aggressively. Jack has Calvin on speaker phone.

CALVIN (V.O.)
Jack, I got an officer down at Van
Newson's. They got the doc, too.

JACK

Dead?

CALVIN (V.O.)

They're both hanging on.

JACK

Calvin... I'm sorry about dragging your guys into it.

CALVIN (V.O.)

What the fuck's really going on?

JACK

We're still putting the pieces together. Listen, I need you to meet me at the airport, partner. No cherries. Bring some friends. Plain clothes. Twenty minutes.

He hangs up.

INT. WASHINGTON - DIRKSEN BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

Bradley gets an update from Jamison.

BRADLEY

(into phone)

... well, that's a pity. You did say she showed enormous potential. But, it's the right decision. And we have the notes? That's key.

(listens)

I hope this Team has more success than your last Team.

(listens)

Capital, as we like to say here, Deputy Director Jamison.

He lights a victory cigar, pours a drink. It seems settled.

INT. DARK NAVY VAN (MOVING) - DAY

Summer opens a case holding the pieces of a porcelain gun.

EXT. BOSTON - LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY

Kate parks at *DEPARTURES*.

From the curb, Calvin speaks discretely into a two-way com to four UNDERCOVER OFFICERS (UCO).

Two of them disperse into the airport (UCO#1, UCO#2). The other two (UCO#3, UCO#4) take up posts outside the doors.

Kate shows her badge to an AIRPORT TRAFFIC OFFICER.

CALVIN
Were you followed?

JACK
Saw a dark navy van a couple of
times but nothing definite.

Well back of *DEPARTURES*, Rhys slows, veers to the curb.

INT. DARK NAVY VAN - DAY

Rhys idles the van, dials Jamison.

RHYS
(into phone)
They're at the airport.
(listens)
Just the two of them.
(listens)
Okay.

He hangs up.

RHYS (CONT'D)
This is your big moment. He says
they won't be expecting a girl.
Take them out.

SUMMER
Oooh, fun times. How many points
for a federal agent at an airport?
Thanks for the lift, chauffeur, I
doubt we'll be--

RHYS
--just keep your head in the game.

Summer shoots him a severe look. She pulls a dark wig and a
zip hoodie out of a knapsack, puts them on.

She twists a final piece onto her gun.

RHYS (CONT'D)
What the fuck is that, anyway?

SUMMER
Porcelain. Doesn't make the
machines go beep.

RHYS
Don't be all day, sugartits. I'll
pick you up here. Twenty minutes.

SUMMER
Try not to miss me too much.

EXT. BOSTON - LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY

She swaggers into the airport with her knapsack like a teenager off to find herself in Europe. He drives off.

Calvin turns to go in. Summer sails right by him.

INT. BOSTON - LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY

Inside the doors, Calvin goes his own way. The Undercover Officers keep distance but travel with Kate and Jack.

Summer surveils Jack and Kate from a second floor vantage.

They stop at a kiosk. Jack reads a headline from a Boston paper: *FBI REPORT: TEN RUSSIAN SPIES ARRESTED IN U.S.*

Calvin steps over, picks up the newspaper. Says to no one:

CALVIN
Would you look at that? Good old
FBI, always keeping us safe.

Kate studies people, alert but not uptight.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
(to no one)
Description from Van Newson's: the
guy's bald. Heavy tats, not
friendly-looking.

JACK
(to no one)
The kid at the shop said the girl's
blonde. Neck tattoo. An S or maybe
a snake.

CALVIN
(into his bluetooth)
Hear that, boys and girls?

UCO#1 and UCO#2 reply: lips move imperceptibly.

EXT. BOSTON - LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY

UCO#3 and UCO#4 outside the doors respond the same way and scan the traffic closely.

INT. BOSTON - LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY

CALVIN
Okay. Eyes open.
(to Jack)
Where to?

KATE
I need caffeine.

Summer watches Jack and Kate enter a coffee shop. She checks her watch, evaluates the layout of the floor below.

Summer boards an escalator going down.

Calvin boards an escalator going up, eyes sharp.

As Summer descends, her hair covers her tattoo but as she and Calvin pass, she swivels her head.

Her hair swings away and reveals the seahorse tattoo.

Calvin almost misses it, takes a moment for it to register.

He spins back to confirm it, marks the tattoo again at the same moment Summer gets off the escalator below.

CALVIN
Fucking seahorse.
(into his bluetooth)
Dark hair! Black hoodie! Just got
off the escalator. See her?

UCO#1 and UCO#2 are on the move. UCO#1 ID's Summer...

UCO#1
(into her bluetooth)
I got her!

... but Summer vanishes into the bustling crowd. UCO#1 sprints to the last spot she saw Summer.

Calvin leaps onto the down escalator, bounds down through people, races to the coffee shop. Jack and Kate are gone.

CALVIN
(into his bluetooth)
Mickey, you got them?

UCO#2 trails Jack and Kate through the crowd.

UCO#2
(into his bluetooth)
I got 'em. Headed to check-in.

CALVIN
 (into his bluetooth)
 Where is she? Gabby?

UCO#1
 (into her bluetooth)
 Lost her.

Calvin tears frantically through the crowd. UCO#1 scans madly, rushes to where she last saw Summer.

Summer has Jack and Kate in her sights, about 50m behind.

Out of a purse, Summer draws the porcelain gun, keeps it low, concealed. She quickly shortens the distance to her targets.

UCO#1 picks Summer out of the crowd.

UCO#1 (CONT'D)
 Got her!

A boisterous sports team of TEENAGERS obscures her visual path. She loses sight of Summer.

UCO#1 (CONT'D)
 Shit!

She speeds in the direction where Summer was. Calvin closes in on Jack and Kate.

Summer positions her pistol to shoot. She has a clear shot. Calvin finally sees her with *almost* a clear shot.

CALVIN
 Jack!

Jack spins, sees Summer, knows he's in her sights.

THREE DEAFENING GUNSHOTS.

Summer crashes down.

Calvin holds a GLOCK 19 and thrusts his Boston PD badge high in the air. Pandemonium in the airport.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
 Boston PD!

Jack, Kate and Calvin converge on Summer's lifeless body. Drops of blood give the seahorse tattoo a sinister aspect.

INT. BOSTON - LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY

Later: Jack and Calvin confer near the security screening checkpoint. Cops, security, everywhere. It's still chaotic.

CALVIN
I'll take care of it. They don't
know she was looking for you.

JACK
Still one real bad boy out there.

CALVIN
I'll take care of that, too. Or do
I have to come to Washington and
save your ass a third time?

JACK
Probably. Some of them senators are
dangerous. How's your man?

CALVIN
Not out of the woods yet. Jack, if
they can see you coming a mile
away, maybe you don't get on that
plane. Disappear. Give them little
stutter step.

Kate appears. Jack considers Calvin's advice.

JACK
(to Kate)
Change of plans. If you approve.

CALVIN
When you *do* get there, you pin that
motherfucker's ears.

JACK
Bet on it. Take care of yourself.

CALVIN
Coming from you.

They shake hands, a conversation in their eyes.

KATE
Calvin, you ever want to join the
FBI...

CALVIN
Get the fuck out of here, you two.

Kate's phone RINGS.

KATE
It's Jamison.

JACK
Up to you.

She hesitates, then answers.

KATE
(into phone)
Deputy Director. You missed.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RICHMOND, VA - FBI OFFICE - DAY

Jamison gazes grimly over the city from his window.

JAMISON
(into phone)
Kate. Such a disappointment.

KATE
You turned those boys' brains to
mush and dumped them in a fucking
swamp. Sir.

JAMISON
You're way out of your league,
Agent Burke.

KATE
Agreed.

JAMISON
I guess we'll let the cards fall
where they may. You won't enjoy
Washington. Goodbye, Agent Burke.

KATE
Be seeing you, Mr. Phoenix.

Jamison hangs up, squints into the city lights.

INT. BOSTON - LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY

Jack and Kate approach the exit with their bags.

JACK
Did he wish us luck?

KATE
Said Washington's no fun.

JACK
I've heard that.

They vanish into the still-buzzing horde.

EXT./INT. LOGAN AIRPORT/ DARK NAVY VAN - DAY

Rhys pulls up in the van to collect Summer. A blizzard of flashing lights and multiple police cars impede his way.

His frantic eyes search for an escape route. Then he gapes straight through the windshield... and into his future.

Rhys locks eyes with Calvin--who appears as a marble statue in front of the van--Glock 19 leveled straight back at him.

CALVIN
Hello dark navy van.

UCO#3 and UCO#4 materialize at the driver's side and passenger's side window simultaneously, guns trained on Rhys.

INT. RICHMOND, VA - FBI OFFICE - DAY

Vincent Duderidge searches for pen at his desk.

VINCENT
(into phone)
Are you okay? Where are you?
(listens)
Christ, you're serious.
(listens, makes a note)
Got it. Senator Robert Bradley.
(listens)
I'll be there. With friends.

INT. WHITE CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Jack drives the rental down 1-95. Kate sleeps.

JACK
Kate?

No answer. He cruises by an exit sign for Philadelphia.

JACK (CONT'D)
Fun starts in three hours.

She doesn't move.

JACK (CONT'D)
I was a coward, Kate. I just ran away. I should have stayed and fought. Even if you know you're gonna lose, you fight. There's honor in it. So, on to Washington. See if we can win one.

Kate shifts a bit in her sleep. He dials his cell phone.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hey, Billy.
(listens)
How is he?
(listens)
Thanks, big boy. I'll be home soon.

Kate's eyes crack open.

KATE
Is Luke okay?

JACK
Knows his name, what day it is. But
he got his bell rung. Think those
two guys were Jamison's?

KATE
They had to be.

JACK
Maybe I'll get lucky and we'll meet
again.

INT. RICHMOND, VA - FBI OFFICE - DAY

Vincent hastily puts on his jacket. He's startled when he
spins for the door. Jamison looms there.

VINCENT
Sir.

JAMISON
Going somewhere?

VINCENT
Toxicology reports are ready, sir.

JAMISON
Heard from Agent Burke recently?

VINCENT
No, sir. I thought she went to
Florida.

JAMISON
Oh, she gets around. I haven't
heard from her in three days. Just
thought you might have.

VINCENT
No, sir.

JAMISON
Let me know if you do.

INT. WHITE CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Kate now drives, well over the limit.

JACK
Never took you for a lead foot.

KATE
They never took me for anything.

JACK
So when we get there--

KATE
--All along I'm thinking *here you go, Kate, this is your big shot, your ticket out of the basement.* Turns out, I'm just a fucking pawn.

JACK
Kate, they sent you down to Florida to keep your lipstick on straight and your eyes closed. Find nothing. Report back.

KATE
I didn't earn this.

JACK
But you did find something. You found *them*. And, for what it's worth, you helped me find a little bit of myself. So, if you're not the same person you were ten days ago--ah, what the fuck do I know?

KATE
Jack, if this goes sideways, I know you've got a lot to lose...

JACK
Watch the road. Drive us to the Capitol, Agent Burke.

INT. BLACK CROWN VICTORIA - NIGHT

Vincent watches three other FBI AGENTS linger on the sidewalk outside the Capitol while he speaks with Kate.

VINCENT
(into phone)
He's still in his office.
(listens)
Yes, I've got some friends with me.
What are you driving?
(MORE)

VINCENT (CONT'D)
(listens)
How far are you?

He ends the call, speaks into a bluetooth.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
About ten minutes. Pick them up
just off the 295.

INT. WHITE CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Kate drives toward the Capitol Building.

JACK
Know which way you're going?

KATE
I've been here a few times. I don't
know if I'm ready for this.

JACK
Look on the bright side. They
haven't once tried to kill us since
we hit town.

KATE
You are aware we're being followed?

JACK
Hard to miss.

EXT./INT. WASHINGTON STREETS/WHITE CAR - NIGHT

Two BLACK SUV's follow Kate's car. One pulls up beside, one stays behind. Dark tinted windows on both.

Kate and Jack each instinctively lay a hand on their weapon. Kate turns a corner, pulls up to the Dirksen Building.

EXT. WASHINGTON - DIRKSEN BUILDING - NIGHT

Kate's car nears the building. A black Crown Vic drives toward it, stops, blocks the way.

The two black SUV's park on either side of her.

INT. WHITE CAR - NIGHT

Kate and Jack both have weapons out.

KATE
Didn't see that coming.

Jack pulls two mini-bar bottles of JD out of a pocket. Opens them, passes one to Kate.

JACK
Thirsty? I been saving these.
Special occasion. Seems like the
right time.

She takes it with a smile. They drink them down.

They wait. High tension. Could be curtains.

Vincent exits the black Crown Vic, approaches Kate's car.

Kate cracks her window less than half way. A tense moment.
Jack monitors the SUVs for the slightest movement.

VINCENT
Thought you'd come back with a tan.

He signals to the two SUV's. Four FBI AGENTS file out.

Kate lets out a huge held breath, laughs crazily.

KATE
I'm guessing the boss doesn't know
you're here.

Three more Agents turn out near the door to the building.

INT. WASHINGTON - DIRKSEN BUILDING, 20TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Kate, Jack, Vincent and the Agents step off two elevators.

The reception area is deserted, dimly-lit. A sign on the wall points the direction to *SENATOR ROBERT BRADLEY'S OFFICE*.

As they approach the door, Well-Dressed Men #1 and #2 issue out of the shadows to block their way.

JACK
Oh, hello, assholes.

KATE
Jack, let me--

Jack gets right up into the face of Well-Dressed Man #1. All Agents tense up. Jack and the Agent might throw down.

WELL-DRESSED MAN #1
How's Lucky Luke?

JACK
Not as lucky as you are in this
very moment.
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
Because if we were anywhere else...
you know, I found that ring I was
looking for.

He produces the signet ring, gives the Agent a close-up.

KATE
Step aside Agents. We're here to
see the Senator.

The Well-Dressed Men glance at each other. They have orders.

JACK
Do the math, sunshine. Now get the
fuck out of the way.

Jack goes to step around the Agent, who moves to prevent it.
In a flash, Jack has the Agent's arm twisted behind him and
smashes him down onto a desk.

Well-Dressed Man #2 springs to intervene but NINE GUNS snap
out. He decides not to move.

Jack gets down close to Well-Dressed Man #1's grimacing face
on the desk. He whispers something into the Agent's ear then
yanks him upright and heaves him through an office window.

Vincent and other FBI Agents move quickly to disarm and take
custody of both Well-Dressed Men.

Kate and Jack stride confidently toward Bradley's door.

KATE
(to Jack)
I didn't know you had such a way
with words.

The door is ajar. Bradley's pleasant voice floats out.

BRADLEY (O.S.)
It's open, Agent Burke.

INT. WASHINGTON - DIRKSEN BUILDING - OFFICE - NIGHT

Jack and Kate step in, alert for the next surprise. Bradley
gazes into the night sky. He puffs a cigar of unholy length.

BRADLEY
I was beginning to think maybe you
got lost.

He turns, flashes his dazzling senator's smile.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
The doctor yet lives?

KATE

He's hanging on. He told us quite a story.

BRADLEY

So I heard. But a story's just a story from an 80-year old man in failing health, failing memory...

JACK

He remembers his dead son. The kid you held like a poker chip.

BRADLEY

Would you like to sit down, Chief? You seem a tad edgy. What the doctor left out of his recollection is that our work down there saved American lives. Soldiers, patriots, fighters for the freedoms you live by today, Chief Kennedy. Does that sound like a poker game?

JACK

But no one saved those kids.

BRADLEY

They were the saviors. And I wouldn't expect a third-generation Southie from a town they named after a fucking *bean* to comprehend this but science and business have always kept close company, Jack.

Jack draws closer to Bradley.

JACK

Just like greed and pride. But those kids didn't die protecting the free world. That would have been honorable. You murdered them to line your pockets.

BRADLEY

You bleeding hearts! There's always a bigger picture, Chief Kennedy. But this world is woefully short on men with vision, men who see that bigger picture, Jack, and aren't afraid to paint it. There's men who hope things work out and there's men who make sure they do. Our work down there kept us safe then and still does to this *very fucking day*. In places you don't even know exist. Against enemies you've never even heard of.

Jack's fury slow burns. Bradley dials his down. He taps his cigar into an ashtray, leaves it hanging there.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
And what would you know about
sacrifice or keeping someone safe?
You couldn't even save your wife.

Jack loses it, rips his gun out, levels it at Bradley.

KATE
Jack!

The next five seconds can't be measured in time. They are infinite. They are now. They are forever. They exist nowhere but in Jack's shattered spirit.

BRADLEY
Would this end the pain for you?

Kate's gentle hand on Jack's shoulder.

KATE
Chief Kennedy...

After a soul-searching moment, Jack lowers his weapon.

Bradley moves not so casually over to a wall painting.

BRADLEY
Your namesake, Jack, he said once,
"Those who dare to fail miserably
can achieve greatly." Inspiration
for a tired old world. We took a
few young men no one was going to
miss to gain a little extra
ammunition in the bigger fight. You
know all about the bigger fight.

He coolly returns to his desk, sits. Relights his cigar.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Well, here we are. *If* old Harold
pulls through, I imagine his
unsubstantiated fantasies about
what happened in some jungle forty
years ago would be disbelieved.
Ridiculed, even. Then I guess we're
through--

KATE
--*if* that's all we had.

Jack plants the signet ring on the desk.

KATE (CONT'D)
 It isn't. We've got his notes, his diaries, it's all in there. Your name, Jamison's name and all the ways you destroyed those boys for "a little extra ammunition."

Bradley tries to appear unruffled. Barely notes the ring.

BRADLEY
 Don't bullshit a bullshitter, Agent Burke. You don't have the notes. Perished in a fire, I understand.

JACK
 The originals, maybe.

INT. FLORIDA FWC OFFICE - NIGHT

FWC Officer Torcuato drops papers onto Redd's desk.

TORCUATO
 Fax for you. Been here a couple of days. Bunch of pages.

REDD
 Who the hell sends faxes?

TORCUATO
 Something called "Talons."

Redd analyzes the documents, not even mildly surprised.

REDD
 Jack Kennedy, that's who.

INT. WASHINGTON - DIRKSEN BUILDING - OFFICE - NIGHT

Bradley stiffens, bitterly crushes out his cigar.

JACK
 You want to call and verify?

KATE
 And they picked up Jamison's boy. Bald head. Lots of guns and tattoos. Quite the talker. He wants to cut a deal.

Bradley's mind races into the future.

KATE (CONT'D)
 Why'd you call it "Talons"?

No answer.

KATE (CONT'D)
Doesn't matter, Senator. I can see
you're looking for a way out. There
isn't one. In the morning, I'll
deliver a federal warrant for your
arrest. Murder, for starters.
Conspiracy to commit murder. We'll
get Jamison, too, just to put a bow
on it. Call your lawyer but you've
go no play, Senator Bradley.

On their way to the door, Kate stops at the wall TV.

KATE (CONT'D)
Morning headlines, they're going to
be a bitch.

Bradley glares at her from sunken, caustic eyes, his
senator's smile long wiped away. Kate and Jack leave.

Bradley picks up his cell, dials Jamison. A few RINGS...

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)
The number you are trying to reach
is not in service. Please check--

He hangs up. His office seems darker. He calmly opens a
drawer in his desk, pulls out a fancy jewel box.

INT. WASHINGTON - DIRKSEN BUILDING, 20TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Kate, Jack and three FBI Agents wait at the elevators.

A GUN SHOT resounds from Bradley's office. Kate, Jack and the
Agents turn and storm in, guns drawn. Bradley is dead.

EXT. WASHINGTON - DIRKSEN BUILDING - NIGHT

A busy scene: police cars, ambulance, FBI Agents, flashing
lights. Well-Dressed Man #1 and #2 get shoved into an SUV.

Jack and Kate find a quiet spot amid the bustle.

KATE
It'll be a long night.

JACK
Need me to hang around?

KATE
We know how to find you. We're the
FBI, you know.

She offers her hand. Jack raises an eyebrow.

KATE (CONT'D)
I didn't get one when we met.

He grasps her hand firmly, a whole speech in the gesture.

JACK
Bureau doesn't know what they have
here, Agent Burke. Call me when
you're running the place.

Kate permits herself a proud half-grin.

KATE
Gotta clean this mess up first.

JACK
Better you than me. Go take the
piss out of them, Kate.

KATE
Hey, did you find what you were
looking for?

JACK
I'll give it a think, let you know.

KATE
Always close to the vest. Jack,
thanks for--

JACK
--yep. You ever get back down to
Florida, give me a holler. I'll
take you fishing on my boat?

KATE
You have a boat?

JACK
Not yet. Not yet.

They're unsure if there's more to say.

Vincent appears at the entrance to the building.

VINCENT
Kate, they need you inside.

When Kate turns back, she catches Jack's last few steps
before he vanishes into the flashing lights.

KATE
(to herself)
Safe home.

INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Jack lumbers toward an exit. He's been up all night. He sees a TV screen: Kate conducts a press conference.

ON SCREEN: *FBI UNCOVERS SECRET PSYCHOCHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS, SENATOR BRADLEY DEAD, PRESIDENT TO SPEAK TODAY*

Jack smiles through his bone-weary old eyes, lurches out.

EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Blinding sun. Redd Knight leans against an FWC vehicle, smokes, notes the rumpled Police Chief's heavy tread.

REDD
Must have been a good party.

He grabs Jack's duffle bag, slings it into the back seat.

INT. RICHMOND, VA - FBI OFFICE - DAY

FBI Agents, Police Officers crowd into Jamison's office.

Kate strides in, slams a document onto Jamison's desk. The Deputy Director rises wearily.

INT. REDD'S FWC TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

Redd drives. Jack squints at the blazing early morning sun.

JACK
What day is it?

Redd chuckles. Two coffees in the cupholders. Jack takes one.

JACK (CONT'D)
You bring the sweetener?

REDD
In there.

He indicates the glove compartment.

REDD (CONT'D)
And it's Saturday. Morning.

Jack digs out two small bottles of Bush Mills, double pours them into his coffee, swigs generously... old habits... it's a work in progress.

JACK
Happy hour somewhere. Your fax
machine worked okay?

REDD
Considering it's a hundred years
old, not too bad.

A patrol car's SIREN and flashing lights jolt the peaceful
morning air. Jack sits up, peers into the sideview mirror.

Redd jiggles with laughter but keeps his eyes straight ahead.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The patrol car pulls up alongside Redd's truck.

At the wheel is Deputy Billy Caswell. Riding shotgun: Deputy
Luke Caswell, who glances over to Jack and tips his hat.

Billy drops the pedal, pulls out in front.

INT. REDD'S FWC TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

Jack pours the rest of the whiskey into his coffee.

REDD
Your escort.

They drive. Jack tracks a hawk slicing through the sky.

REDD (CONT'D)
How was it going home again?

JACK
It's not home anymore.

Jack takes a tall sip and gazes at the sun with open eyes.

FADE OUT.

THE END