THE DEAD ZONE

"NO QUESTIONS ASKED"
(f.k.a. "The Gun")

Production #2-3006

Written by
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Directed by
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THE DEAD ZONE

“NO QUESTIONS ASKED”

CAST

JOHNNY SMITH
SARAH BANNERMAN
WALT BANNERMAN

YOUNG WALT (HIGH SCHOOL AGE)
ALISON ROBERTS
YOUNG ALISON (HIGH SCHOOL AGE)
JEREMY ROBERTS
YOUNG JEREMY (HIGH SCHOOL AGE)
FRANKIE CANTRELL
YOUNG FRANKIE (HIGH SCHOOL AGE)
LINDA CANTRELL
VICTOR RUSSELL
DEPUTY ROSCOE
BAR OWNER
COURTHOUSE REPORTER #1
COURTHOUSE REPORTER #2

NON-SPEAKING

PEOPLE IN SHERIFF’S DEPT.
SHERIFF’S DEPUTIES
WALT’S LAWYER
CRUSH OF REPORTERS
BAR CUSTOMERS
# The Dead Zone

**“No Questions Asked”**

## Sets

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Interiors</th>
<th>Exteriors</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Smith House</td>
<td>Bannerman House</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foyer</td>
<td>Sheriff’s Department</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kitchen</td>
<td>Parking Lot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bannerman House</td>
<td>Cantrell House w/ Garage Apartment</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Living Room</td>
<td>Sheriff’s Department</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kitchen</td>
<td>Parking Lot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cantrell House</td>
<td>Baseball Field</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garage Apartment</td>
<td>Dugout</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Living Room</td>
<td>Bleachers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alison’s House</td>
<td>Cantrell House Living Room</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Used Car Dealership</td>
<td>Bar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Office</td>
<td>Courthouse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bar</td>
<td>Highway</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## Vehicles

- Walt’s Private Car
- Johnny’s Rental Car
- Used Cars at Dealership
DEAD ZONE: NO QUESTIONS ASKED - TEASER - 12/9/03 YELLOW 1.

THE DEAD ZONE
"NO QUESTIONS ASKED"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1  INT. JOHNNY'S FOYER - DAY

Bleary-eyed and bed-headed, Johnny hurries down the stairs in his pajamas as we hear the doorbell CHIME (O.S.).

JOHNNY
I'm coming. Hang on...

He tightens the belt on his robe as he pulls open the door to find --

SARAH

standing on the stoop. She's holding a Venti Starbucks in each hand and smiling perkily.

SARAH
Latte?

Off Johnny, squinting at her like a mole in the rising sun --

2  INT. JOHNNY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Johnny and Sarah enter. She's embarrassed to have woken him, but whatever's on her mind is too important to hold until a civilized hour. Of course, she can't come right out and say that...

SARAH
So I was dropping J.J. off at his six thirty soccer practice --

JOHNNY
Six thirty am?

SARAH
Uh-huh.
(Johnny shudders)
When I suddenly got this craving for a sinfully delicious, outrageously fattening coffee beverage.

(CONTINUED)
JOHNNY
And you... didn't want to drink alone?

SARAH
I'm sorry I woke you.

JOHNNY
It's okay. I had to get up anyway. You know, in an hour or two.
(reaching for a Starbucks)
Gimme one of them bad boys.

He takes a sip of the coffee as Sarah shifts nervously. Her worry is showing through her chipper facade, clearly enough for even a half-awake Johnny to see that something is on her mind.

JOHNNY
Hey, not that I don't appreciate the early morning sugar rush and all, but is something bothering you?

SARAH
Am I that obvious?

JOHNNY
You're very subtle. I'm just highly intuitive. Share.

SARAH
It's Walt. Last couple of days he's been... not himself.

Johnny takes a seat, ready to hear the story.

JOHNNY
Not himself how?

SARAH
Short tempered. Evasive. I feel... I don't know, like he's keeping something from me.

JOHNNY
Maybe he's just in a bad mood. Happens to the best of us.

SARAH
(shakes her head)
After I dropped J.J. off I went over to his place.
(MORE)
SARAH (CONT'D)
There are these insurance papers
he needs to sign and I told him
I'd bring them by this morning.

Johnny takes a second look at the cup in his hand.

JOHNNY
Let me guess. You stopped first
and got him coffee.

SARAH
(nods guiltily)
It's like a little tradition we
have.

JOHNNY
I'm drinking a hand-me-down mocha?

SARAH
Well, yes, but only because he
wasn't there. At seven am, Johnny.
Where could he be at seven am?

JOHNNY
The gym. Work. Breakfast. It
probably just slipped his mind
you were coming over.

SARAH
No, it's more than that.

JOHNNY
I don't get it. More like what?
(off her look)
What, like another woman? Walt?
Our Walt? Come on...

SARAH
I've never seen him like this. I
just... I have to know what's
going on.

JOHNNY
So ask him. He'll tell you the
truth.

SARAH
That's what I'm afraid of.
(off his look)
My dad always said, never ask a
question you don't want the answer
to. I was hoping you could talk
to him.
JOHNNY
I don't know.

SARAH
He trusts you, Johnny. If he's got a problem, you could help. And if there's something I should know...

JOHNNY
I get the added thrill of breaking it to you gently. Sarah...

SARAH
Please.

JOHNNY
(after a moment)
Alright. I'll go see what I can find out from Walt. Just as soon as I'm done drinking his coffee.

Off Sarah's relief and Johnny's ambivalence --

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION BULLPEN - DAY

Johnny enters the bustling precinct. Glances at Walt's door, which is closed. ROSCOE sees Johnny and greets him.

ROSCOE
Hey Johnny.

JOHNNY
Roscoe. Walt around?

ROSCOE
Got somebody in his office, but if you want to wait --

Which is when the door opens and WALT emerges with a pretty blonde. He's guiding her along, his hand at the small of her back, but he drops back when he spots Johnny in the bullpen. For the record, the woman's name is ALISON.

ROSCOE
Perfect timing.

JOHNNY
(looking at Alison)
Guess so.

Walt and Johnny nod a greeting.

(CONTINUED)
Johnny nods as Walt and the woman say a quiet goodbye. He keeps his voice low so they don't overhear --

**JOHNNY**
Roscoe, that woman looks kind of familiar.

**ROSCOE**
You mean Alison? She's Jeremy Roberts' widow.

**JOHNNY**
Jeremy Roberts?

**ROSCOE**
Cop from over in Newport. Killed about ten years ago. Real shame.

Alison leaves as Johnny heads for Walt's office.

**INT. WALT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Walt is standing behind his desk, rifling papers. As advertised, he's somewhat abrupt and distracted through the following. We may even get the impression that he's taking care not to let Johnny touch him.

**WALT**
What's up?

Johnny takes a seat in the guest chair. Goes for casual.

**JOHNNY**
Not much. Just wondering if you wanted to grab some lunch later.

**WALT**
Something on your mind?

**JOHNNY**
No, just felt like catching up with you. Friend-like. How's it going?

**WALT**
(tense)
Good, except that I'm kind of underwater here, so do you think maybe we could do lunch another time?

(CONTINUED)
JOHNNY
Right. Yeah, I'll let you get back to it.

Disappointed, Johnny stands as Roscoe enters with a clipboard.

ROSCOE
Boss, can you sign these overtime vouchers?

Walt steps across the threshold to sign the paperwork. Johnny looks down at --
THE PAPERS

Walt had been shuffling. They're actually part of a file, and the name on the front reads: CANTRELL, FRANCIS. The audience may register this information, but Johnny doesn't as he lays a hand on the papers, triggering --

A VISION - BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Walt is arguing with a DARK-HAIRED MAN. Walt shoves him back, pinning him against a chain link fence.

WALT
Leave Alison alone! She's got nothing to do with this!

DARK-HAIRED MAN
You think I don't know what's going on?

Dark-Haired Man throws a bottle onto the ground, smashing it.

DARK-HAIRED MAN
Sonofabitch!


RESUME SCENE

Walt comes back in, ripping Johnny out of the vision.

WALT
You alright?

JOHNNY
Sure... Yeah...

WALT
Because you've got that "look." (glances at the paperwork) You see something?

Johnny suddenly feels like a kid caught stealing.

JOHNNY
I saw you get into a fight with some guy.

WALT
Yeah?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JOHNNY
On a baseball field. He had dark hair. Kind of erratic...

WALT
Anything else?

JOHNNY
That was it.

WALT
Okay, thanks for the heads up. Listen, I've got to be in court in an hour. Testifying in a robbery case. We done here?

Johnny blinks. Walt's never been so dismissive of one of his visions before.

JOHNNY
Yeah, we're done. Just be careful, okay?

WALT
I'm always careful. You know me.

Walt closes the door behind him. Leaving Johnny wondering if he really does know Walt.
EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION PARKING LOT - DAY

Walt, having changed out of his uniform, hurriedly pulling on a blazer as he exits the building and climbs into his personal car as we reveal --

JOHNNY

hunkered down in the driver's seat of a RENTAL CAR parked several spaces away. Johnny registers Walt's change in wardrobe. Not exactly court appropriate attire.

INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

As Walt pulls out, Johnny follows from a safe distance.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Walt's car is sailing along in the right lane. Passes --

A SIGN

which reads: Newport - 10 miles. A moment later, we see Johnny cruising right behind him.

EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE - DAY

We're in a poorer area -- a poorer town -- than the one we just left. Small houses all very close to each other. Postage stamp yards. A neighborhood on the edge. Walt's car is parked at the curb.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Johnny pulls into a spot further up the street. Turns to look out the rear view window as Walt exits his car and heads up the walk.

JOHNNY'S POV

Walt knocks on the door of a small, well-kept house. Alison opens the door. She and Walt hug. Off Johnny, who doesn't know what the hell to think --

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER
FADE IN:

15A INT. RENTAL CAR - SHORT TIME LATER

Johnny is in his car, still parked in front of Alison's house. His CELL PHONE rings. He checks the ID and answers it.

JOHNNY
Hey, Sarah.

INTERCUT WITH:

16 INT. BANNERMAN KITCHEN - DAY

Sarah is unpacking groceries, still worried but trying not to sound it. What she really wants is reassurance, and for Johnny to tell her that she's just overreacting.

SARAH
Hey, I thought maybe I'd hear from you by now. Did you see Walt?

JOHNNY
Uh yeah, I saw him.

SARAH
And...?

JOHNNY'S POV

As the front door opens again and Walt and Alison emerge. She seems upset. Walt smoothes her hair and she gives him a hug goodbye. It could be a tender moment between friends, or it could be something more.

SARAH
Johnny? Are you there?

JOHNNY
Yeah. Listen, don't worry. I'm sure everything's okay.

This palliative statement alone is enough to provisionally relax Sarah, since it's what she wants to believe anyway.

SARAH
Really?

But we understand as Johnny watches Walt walk back to his own car and start the engine that he's trying to reassure himself as well.

(CONTINUED)
JOHNNY

Sure. I mean, this is Walt Bannerman we're talking about, right? Upstanding. Forthright. Foursquare, whatever that means. The guy makes boy scouts look reckless.
SARAH
(smiles sadly)
That's him. Thanks Johnny, you're a good friend.

JOHNNY
I do my best.

Walt's car drives by him. Johnny hunkers down.

JOHNNY
I'll call you later.

And they hang up. Johnny starts the car --

Johnny pulls up to a large plot of neglected land. A RUNDOWN HOUSE sits at one edge of the property, and in the back is a freestanding GARAGE which has been converted into an apartment.

At the door, Walt removes a CREDIT CARD from his wallet and slips the lock. Then he enters, closing the door behind him.

A moment later, Johnny creeps up to the garage door. We hear NOISE coming from inside. Sounds like Walt is tossing the place. Then the noise abruptly STOPS. Johnny moves past the front door and along the side of the building toward --

A SMALL WINDOW

He pauses, his back pressed against the wall. Then he cautiously leans forward and takes a look inside.

The interior is a cluttered mess. Old furniture, a couple of tattered Vargas posters, a television with an antenna. Johnny strains to see further inside without revealing himself, but Walt is not there.

Suddenly --
CONTINUED:

A HAND comes down onto Johnny's shoulder, triggering --

A VISION - EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Walt, in a suit and tie, is being hustled downstairs by his LAWYER. A CRUSH OF REPORTERS shove microphones toward him.

REPORTER #1
Will you step down as Sheriff?

WALT
I have no intention of stepping down.

REPORTER #2
What if the jury finds you guilty?

Walt moves forward, stoic, but clearly devastated by what's happening to him.

BACK TO SCENE

Johnny turns. Walt is standing behind him, and he does not look happy.

WALT
What the hell do you think you're doing?

JOHNNY
I could ask you the same question.

WALT
The situation is under control.

JOHNNY
The hell it is.

Walt turns and heads toward the main house. Johnny follows.

JOHNNY
I'm getting visions of you on trial. Losing your job. Now what's going on?

Walt stops. Absorbs what Johnny is telling him. This is exactly what he was afraid of, but he's still unwilling to ask for help.
WALT
Since when do your visions give you the right to spy on me?

JOHNNY
Sarah came to see me this morning. (Walt throws him a look)
She's worried about you. So am I.

WALT
Do me a favor, Johnny, and for once stay out of our lives. I can handle my own problems, you know. Did it for a lot of years before you showed up.

Walt starts to walk away but Johnny grabs his arm.

JOHNNY
Listen, I know we've been through a lot together. Maybe too much. (then) But don't be stupid. Let me help you.


WALT
That vision you had. The fight on the baseball field? That was from last night.

JOHNNY
Who was the guy?

WALT
An ex-con named Frankie Cantrell. We had words. Frankie got in a lucky punch... took my service weapon.

JOHNNY
Did you report it?
WALT
I'm trying to avoid that particular humiliation. Sheriff loses his gun? That's a page one story.

JOHNNY
So you figured if you could just track down this Frankie, you could get your gun back before anyone finds out.

WALT
And before he does something crazy. Only according to your visions I'm not doing such a great job of it.

JOHNNY
(re: the garage)
What's this place?

WALT
Frankie's crash pad. His mom lives in the house. But it looks like he hasn't been home since yesterday morning. I've got no leads on where he could be.

JOHNNY
That's usually about the time you call me. I don't get it. Why all the secrecy?

WALT
Frankie and I have got a history. If I bring you into this there's a chance you'll see some things from my past. Things I thought I'd put behind me a long time ago.

JOHNNY
I can't control what I see.

WALT
I know that.

Walt takes a moment. Chooses his words carefully.

WALT
There've been times, Johnny, when you asked me to ignore the law, ignore my own instincts, and just trust you. I guess I'm asking for a little of that trust back.

(Continued)
21 CONTINUED: (3) 21

JOHNNY
What do you need me to do?

WALT
Help me find my gun. But as far as anything else you might see, no questions asked.

Johnny's not altogether comfortable with this, but Walt isn't giving him much of a choice. He nods, accepting the conditions.

JOHNNY
No questions asked.

Walt heads off. Johnny watches him, troubled, then follows as we --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
Walt and Johnny stand at the front door. Walt KNOCKS and a moment later the door is opened by LINDA CANTRELL, 60. Linda is a former beauty who's been beaten down by life. She's fairly certain things weren't supposed to end up like this, and she spends a goodly amount of her time looking for someone to blame. Today, it's going to be Walt.

LINDA
Well well, little Walter Bannerman.

Johnny reacts -- little?

WALT
Hello, Mrs. Cantrell.

LINDA
(eying Johnny)
Who's your friend?

WALT
This is Johnny Smith.

LINDA
The psychic boy?

JOHNNY
Nice to meet you.

WALT
We're looking for Frankie.

LINDA
Join the club. Haven't seen him for days. You'd think after being locked up in prison for ten years, he'd want to spend a little quality time with his mother, wouldn't you?

The men don't answer, until she pointedly makes it clear to Johnny that the question wasn't rhetorical.

LINDA
Wouldn't you?

JOHNNY
Yes ma'am, I would.
CONTINUED:

WALT
I need to ask you to let me come
in and look around anyway.

LINDA
Got a warrant?

WALT
No.

A look between Walt and Linda, and then Linda steps aside.

LINDA
Suit yourself. He ain't here.

Walt and Johnny enter --

INT. LINDA CANTRELL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The interior has that well-worn look of a place that's
been lived in for many years with only the bare minimum
of care shown to it. Linda lights a cigarette.

LINDA
So, what's Frankie done now?

WALT
I just need to talk to him.

Linda heaves the sigh of the relentlessly persecuted.

LINDA
When I picked him up at the prison
he was full of big plans. "Ma,
I'm gonna buy me a lobster boat.
I'm gonna get us a new house.
I'm gonna go straight." A week
later, I got cops and psychics at
my door. What's next, bloodhounds?

WALT
(to Johnny)
I'll start upstairs.

Walt and Linda move off as Johnny steps into --

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Johnny's eyes take in the decor. Orange carpet. Ragged
sofa and chair. And a chrome and glass DISPLAY CASE
against one wall. Here's where Linda keeps her dolls
from the Richard Simmons Collection, and her "Precious
Moments" figurines. And something else.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

A BASEBALL TROPHY

It seems out of place among the breakables. Plus, upon closer inspection we'll see it's small and plastic and not even a real trophy at all. It's something you'd buy at a gift shop. Johnny bends down to read the plaque: MOST VALUABLE PLAYER. He picks up the trophy, triggering --

A VISION - CANTRELL LIVING ROOM - DAY

Johnny turns to see four high school age kids enter the room. They are: YOUNG WALT, a bit of a street tough. YOUNG FRANKIE, thin and hyperactive. YOUNG ALISON, pretty and shy. She can't quite believe that her boyfriend is YOUNG JEREMY. He's handsome and charismatic. A born leader.

The boys are all wearing BASEBALL UNIFORMS and carrying gym bags, having just come from a game. Young Jeremy carries the CHEAP TROPHY. He and Walt toss it back and forth, keeping it away from Frankie through the following --

YOUNG FRANKIE
Give it back, Walt.

YOUNG WALT
It's just a cheap piece of plastic.

Johnny reacts. Can't help but grin seeing his friend as a jock teenager.

YOUNG FRANKIE
Yeah, but still, they gave it to me.

YOUNG JEREMY
As a joke, Frankie.
(to Walt and Alison)
He really believes the girls think he's MVP? Dude, you got more errors than RBIs.

YOUNG FRANKIE
Shut up, Jeremy, what do you know? Walt, the game against Portland, didn't I catch that line drive up the center to shut down their rally?

Jeremy just rolls his eyes, but Walt feels a pull of sympathy for Frankie, who wears his need for approval like a scratchy sweater.

YOUNG WALT
Yeah, I guess you did.

(CONTINUED)
YOUNG FRANKIE
That's why they gave the trophy
to me. It wasn't a joke. Right,
Alison?

Walt and Alison's eyes meet, both feeling guilty.

YOUNG ALISON
Of course not.

YOUNG JEREMY
What are you gonna do with it
anyway? Sleep with it? Put it
in a place of honor or something?

YOUNG FRANKIE
What do you care?

YOUNG WALT
Ah forget it. Here.

Walt tosses it to Frankie, as Jeremy catches the smaller
boy in a headlock and playfully chokes him. Despite the
teasing, there's an underlying affection that cannot be
denied.

YOUNG JEREMY
God Frankie, you're just lucky we
hang with you, you know that?

YOUNG FRANKIE
I know that.

Frankie happily tightens his grip on his trophy as Jeremy
lets him go to grab Alison up for a kiss. Johnny watches
Walt, who looks at Jeremy and Alison, then looks away,
feeling very much alone. Looks like Walt had a thing for
Alison in high school. Is he following through on it
now?

BACK TO SCENE

Linda enters and sees Johnny holding the trophy. She
reaches over and SNATCHES it out of Johnny's hand. SMACKS
it back onto the display shelf, rattling the bric-a-brac.

LINDA
Didn't your mother teach you not
to touch other people's treasures?

JOHNNY
Yes, ma'am. I apologize.

(CONTINUED)
LINDA
You sure are a suck up. I bet
Uri Geller never sucked up like
you do.

Walt appears in the doorway. Gives Johnny a shake of the
head to indicate Frankie is not on the premises.

WALT
Ready to go, John?

Johnny nods -- oh, yeah -- and they head out as Linda
opens the door wide.

WALT
Sorry to have disturbed you, Mrs.
Cantrell

The men step out onto the porch --

WALT
But if you do see Frankie --

EXT. LINDA CANTRELL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- and Linda SLAMS the door behind them. Johnny and Walt
just look at each other.

JOHNNY
She's a breath of fresh air, huh?

WALT
You should have seen her when she
was young and full of pep.
   (then; almost reluctant)
You get anything in there?

JOHNNY
Nothing about your gun... But
Frankie's more than just some ex-
con. You guys were friends,
weren't you?

Walt gives him a look.

JOHNNY
Right. No questions.
   (then)
Where to now?

WALT
Scene of the crime.

They head down the steps.
EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

For this poor town, the field is rather spiffy. A new SCOREBOARD hangs behind the outfield, and the bleachers are a shiny chrome. Johnny and Walt walk along the grass.

JOHNNY
Not a bad place to play ball.

WALT
Believe me, it didn't look like this when we were kids. I heard the City Council voted to fix it up a couple years ago, but when I was playing? We had to bring our own cement bags or we didn't have any bases.

Walt stops at the old DUGOUT and climbs inside. Johnny follows.

INT. DUGOUT - CONTINUOUS

Walt takes a seat on the bench, smiles at the memories.

WALT
Had my first kiss in here. Maria Hemmings. Fifth grade. She was something...

Along a WOODEN SUPPORT POST Johnny sees --

NAMES CARVED

all the way up the sides, including Walt, Jeremy, and Frankie's (except Frankie's name isn't finished, just FRA). Must have been a rite of passage for the players.

JOHNNY
(re: Walt's name)
This you?

Johnny runs his hand along it, and as his fingers touch Walt's name it triggers --

A VISION - BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

The younger Walt, standing on the bench and carving his name on the post. Frankie and Jeremy are rough-housing below, banging into Walt's legs nearly knocking him over.

YOUNG WALT
Watch it will ya? Geeze. What you guys been smokin'?

(CONTINUED)
Johnny watches as Walt finishes and hands the pen knife to Frankie.

YOUNG WALT
You're up.

YOUNG JEREMY
(to Walt)
Bet ya ten bucks he misspells his own name.

FRANKIE
Shut up.

Still laughing, Frankie stands, teetering precariously as he carves F-R-A-N before Jeremy bulls into him, knocking Frankie on his ass.

YOUNG JEREMY
You're done, "Fran."

YOUNG WALT
Let him finish!

YOUNG JEREMY
Later, I'm thirsty. C'mon "Fran," let's go get some beer.

RESUME SCENE

Johnny comes out of the vision. Sees Walt watching him with a questioning look.

JOHNNY
Nothing.

WALT
Tell me. I want to know.

JOHNNY
I saw you, Jeremy and Frankie carving your names. Having fun.

WALT
(nods)
We were tight back then. Best friends I ever had.
(lets out a sigh)
When I got back from Desert Storm, Jeremy Roberts was the first person I called. Hearing his voice, that's when I really knew I was home. He'd just joined the Newport Police Department.
(MORE)
I didn't even have to ask him for the favor. He put in a good word and they took me on.

So Jeremy's the reason you became a cop.

Yeah, only I was never supposed to be Sheriff -- he was. Everybody knew it. Jeremy was going places, getting out of this town. They'd been saying it since we were kids.

But then he was killed.
(off Walt's look)
It was Frankie, wasn't it? Is that why he was in prison?

(nods)
See why I don't wanna talk about it?

Walt stands and climbs out of the dugout.

Come on, I'll show you where we were last night.
EXT. BLEACHERS - DAY

Johnny wanders the first row of seats, but is getting nothing. Walt watches him from an upper row. Johnny jumps back down to the field. Looks down and sees --

A BROKEN BEER BOTTLE

in the dirt. He reaches down and touches one of the shards, triggering --

A VISION - BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT

As the bottle reforms itself and flies back into Frankie's hand. Johnny turns to look behind him as day oozes into night. Walt and Frankie are facing off. It's the same vision as in the teaser, but it's longer and more coherent.

WALT
I don't know anything about your damn money! I never even saw it.

Johnny reacts -- what money?

FRANKIE
Don't lie to me! We had a deal! I did my ten years, you got what you wanted, now I want what's mine.

WALT
I don't have it!

FRANKIE
Maybe I'll ask Alison, huh? Maybe we'll have a little talk.

Walt shoves Frankie back, pinning him against the chain link fence. Johnny takes a step toward them. This is a side of Walt he hasn't seen before.

WALT
Leave Alison alone! She's got nothing to do with this!

FRANKIE
You think I don't know what's going on?

Frankie pushes Walt off and throws the bottle onto the ground, smashing it.

FRANKIE
Sonofabitch!

(CONTINUED)
Frankie lunges for Walt, and they struggle. Bam! Frankie throws an uppercut into Walt's ribcage and Walt hits his knees. Frankie jumps to his feet and drops a forearm onto the back of Walt's neck. He pitches forward.
CONTINUED: (2)

Frankie comes up with Walt's gun and aims it at Walt's head, but can't bring himself to pull the trigger.

FRANKIE
Sorry Walt, but I need my money. When I get it, you can have this back.

And he hightails it out of there.

BACK TO SCENE

Johnny comes out of the vision. Walt is watching him. Already knows the visions are more revealing than he'd like. Asks the question for which he doesn't really want an answer:

WALT
What did you see?

JOHNNY
Saw Frankie get the gun.

Walt looks away.

WALT
What else?

JOHNNY
The fight. It was about money.

WALT
Doesn't matter what it was about. Did you see where he went?

JOHNNY
No.

WALT
Guess it's too much to hope you'd get a vision of Frankie hanging out at the Newport Diner, showing my gun off to some pretty waitress, just waiting for me to grab him up.

JOHNNY
It's never that simple.

(then)
Walt, if Alison Roberts has something to do with this --
Johnny and Walt lock eyes. Walt isn't budging on this one. Alison is as much off limits for Johnny as she was for Frankie the night before. The stand off is broken only when Walt's cell phone rings, and he answers it.

WALT
Bannerman. Okay. I'm on my way.
(hangs up; to Johnny)
Shots fired at a bar about an hour ago, just a couple blocks north of here. Description sounds like Frankie.

JOHNNY
Think it's him?

WALT
I hope not.

They head off.

INT. BAR - DAY

Johnny and Walt enter. The lights are up and the few customers are being interviewed at various tables by two deputies. The owner, a grizzled man of about sixty, is wiping down the counter. Walt and Johnny approach.

WALT
I'm Sheriff Bannerman, I'm gonna need to ask you a couple questions.

OWNER
(gesturing to the deputy)
Already gave my statement to that deputy.

WALT
And now you can give it to me.

OWNER
Not much to tell.

WALT
Then let's start with the basics.

Walt pulls Frankie's mug shot from his pocket and flashes it to the owner.

(CONTINUED)
WALT
This the guy?

OWNER
Yeah, that's him. I was unloading a case of Jagermeister back here, he comes in and heads right for the table by the window. Starts a beef with two fellas...

WALT
Regulars?

OWNER
Yeah, but I don't know their names. They come in sometimes and conduct a little business.

WALT
Drugs.

OWNER
I don't ask. Anyway, next thing I know your guy has pulled out a gun, and he keeps hollering "Where is he? He stole my money. Tell me where he is."

JOHNNY
Where who is?

OWNER
Dick? Mick? Didn't really catch the name. Don't think they knew him either. I told him to put away the gun, said I was calling the cops. One of the guys made a move and the thing went off. Scared the crap out of him. Don't think he was trying to hurt nobody.

WALT
And the "businessmen" he was talking to?

OWNER
They ran. Every customer in the place ran. I'm losing money hand over fist till you guys clear out.

JOHNNY
Where's the slug?

(CONTINUED)
Johnny nods to Walt that he's going to go and check it out, and moves off. We follow Johnny to the back of the room.

The slug is embedded in the wall. Johnny looks around. No one's watching him. Then he opens a small penknife and digs the slug out. Holds it in his fist. Nothing. He pockets the slug and heads back to Walt.

Walt
Anything?

Johnny shakes his head. They start to leave. Walt pulls open the door. Johnny catches it, and it triggers --
Johnny is shaken by the vision as Walt turns.

    WALT
    What?

Johnny doesn't answer.

    WALT
    Johnny, you okay?

Off Johnny, looking at Walt like he's a stranger, and a dangerous one at that --

    FADE TO BLACK.

    END OF ACT TWO
FADE IN:

38 EXT. BAR - DAY

Johnny and Walt exit and head for Walt's car. They're in mid-conversation, and Johnny is finally giving in to the frustration of not being able to ask questions about his visions.

JOHNNY
Walt, you can't keep stonewalling me like this.

Walt gives Johnny a look -- let's discuss this in the car. They both climb in and Walt pulls out into the street.

39 INT. WALT'S CAR - DAY

WALT
We had a deal. You were gonna help me find my gun --

JOHNNY
This isn't just about the gun and you know it. I'm seeing visions of the past for a reason.
(beat)
You need to tell me what happened the night Jeremy Roberts was killed.

WALT
I don't need to tell you anything. You agreed --

WALT
-- to do this no questions asked! JOHNNY
And I'm trying. But I can't work in the dark like this!

They both look away. Don't want this to get any more heated than it already has.
JOHNNY
I'm trying to help you, but I can't if you keep everything a secret from me. Just tell me the truth.

WALT
You've got a nerve. What about your secrets, huh? I'm not the only one with something to hide.

JOHNNY
What are you talking about?

WALT
You want me to spell it out? I'm talking about you and Sarah.

Johnny doesn't answer.

WALT
I could ask a few questions of my own, couldn't I, John? Feel like giving me some answers?

Johnny is floored. Walt's never confronted him like this before. He doesn't answer as Walt pulls the car over beside Johnny's rental. Walt nods. Johnny's silence has given him the answer he already knew in his heart.

WALT
That's what I thought.

Johnny and Walt look at each other, and then look away. No more needs to be said about this.

WALT
Not so easy talking about your own mistakes. Now you know what it's like for the rest of us to be around you. One touch and your life is ripped wide open. No privacy. Nowhere to hide.

JOHNNY
You think that's a good thing for me? I didn't ask for this.

WALT
You didn't ask for it, but you've got it, and it gives you power over the rest of us. I'm sick of you having power over me. And my wife.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
WALT (CONT'D)
(pointed)
And my son.
CONTINUED: (3)

JOHNNY

Walt --

WALT
So I think it's time you went home, and let me handle my own life my own way. Because it is my future, right?

Nothing more to say. Johnny gets out of the car.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Johnny watches Walt drive away. He weighs his options. After a moment he gets into his car.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Johnny's deep in thought. What more can he do? Then he comes to a decision. Grabs his cell phone and dials.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BANNERMAN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sarah enters and grabs the phone.

SARAH
Hello?

JOHNNY
It's me. Listen, do you have anything from Walt's days as a cop in Newport?

Sarah reacts -- that's an odd request.

SARAH
I'm not sure. Maybe in the attic.

JOHNNY
Do me a favor and get out whatever you have, alright?

SARAH
Okay, but what --

JOHNNY
I'm on my way over.

He hangs up. Off Sarah --
INT. BANNERMAN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Johnny and Sarah enter. Walt's uniform and badge are draped over the sofa.

SARAH
I found it in the back of the guest room closet.

Sarah steps aside as Johnny moves toward the uniform. He touches it. Nothing. Tries the holster. Nothing.

SARAH
Johnny, what's going on?

He shakes his head, ready to give up when he sees the BADGE, oxidized and worn. He touches it and it triggers --

A VISION - GARAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Fractured and chaotic. The vision almost seems to be tied in to the pumping adrenaline of the participants. Everything is bright and confusing, much as someone who was frightened and panicked might experience it. This is a continuation of Johnny's vision in the bar. We ZOOM OUT from Walt's badge, which hangs on his uniform pocket. Clean and sparkling here in the past. Hardly been used.

Johnny watches as a scared Walt takes in the scene before him. There's an OPEN GYM BAG full of cash. Another GYM BAG has spilled BAGS OF WHITE POWDER out onto the couch.

Walt makes a decision. He starts shoving the drugs into an empty bag.

FRANKIE
What're you doing?

WALT
I'm taking it with me. I'm taking everything with me.

Frankie puts a hand on his arm, but Walt flings him off.

WALT
This was never here, you got it?

FRANKIE
But --

Walt grabs him by the shirt with one hand.
CONTINUED:

WALT
Listen to me!
(Frankie holds it together)
You need to do exactly as I say.

Walt releases him. Turns and ZIPS UP the gym bag full of cash.

BACK TO SCENE

Johnny shakes off the vision. Disturbed. Sarah is watching his reaction, and she doesn't like it a bit.

SARAH
Johnny?

JOHNNY
Did Walt ever talk to you about Jeremy Roberts' shooting?

Sarah blinks at hearing the name -- it's been a long time.

SARAH
Not really. It happened before I met him. When he still lived in Newport.

JOHNNY
What did he say about it?

SARAH
Just that one of his friends had shot the other one in a fight.
(then)
But what does that have to do with anything that's happening now?

JOHNNY
That advice your dad gave you, about not asking questions you don't want to know the answers to...
(she nods)
Now's a good time to follow it.

He starts to move past her but she grabs his arm.
CONTINUED:

SARAH
Wait a minute. We're talking about my husband.

JOHNNY
No, we're talking about a man you've never met.

SARAH
Johnny --

Johnny starts to back away, heading for the door.

JOHNNY
And I can't be in the middle anymore. You asked me to help Walt, okay. But if there's something you want to know, talk to him yourself. You're his wife.

Sarah knows he's right, much as she hates being in this position. She also knows what's important right now.

SARAH
But... you are helping him?

JOHNNY
I'm trying.

Sarah nods, grateful. That's good enough for her. Johnny turns and heads out.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Johnny pulls his rental car in front of Linda Cantrell's house.

THE GARAGE APARTMENT
stands empty and, thanks to Walt's B&E earlier, unlocked.

INT. GARAGE APARTMENT - DAY

Johnny pushes open the door and enters. Looks around. No one here. The place is a mess. Johnny moves aside A THROW RUG to find underneath --

A FADED BLOOD STAIN

This is where Jeremy Roberts bled to death. The cement has been scrubbed, but the sin remains. Johnny lays a hand over it, triggering --
Again, it feels chaotic and hyper-real -- subject to different interpretations. This is the middle part of the fight between Frankie and Jeremy that led to the shooting. Jeremy is aggressive, angry at Frankie for some perceived betrayal. Frankie is incredulous, self-righteously innocent, but his twitchy demeanor and shifty aspect make him look guilty regardless.

FRANKIE
Jeremy, I would never do that! You can't think I would do something like that to you!

JEREMY
You want me to trust you? You're a drug dealer!

FRANKIE
With all due respect my friend, so are you.

Johnny reacts -- this is new information.

JEREMY
Not anymore. This partnership is over. I'm taking what's mine and forgetting I even know you.

Frankie grabs a small gym bag full of cash and practically flings it at Jeremy.

FRANKIE
Here. Twenty-five grand. That's your half.

JEREMY
You're a loser, Frankie. You always were a loser, even when we were kids!

FRANKIE
At least I'm not a hypocrite, dealing drugs from behind a badge. What do you think the people in this town would say if they found out who you really are?

Jeremy pulls a gun from the back of his waistband. Holds it on Frankie.

JEREMY
You threatening me?
(scared, Frankie shakes his head)
You know what? I want it all.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
JEREMY (CONT'D)
I'm taking your cut too. And the drugs. You're out of business, Frankie.

FRANKIE
This isn't right, man. I'm gonna buy a lobster boat with that money. You can't take my ticket outta here --

JEREMY
After what you did to me!

FRANKIE
I'm telling you, you got it wrong!

Johnny reacts -- what did Frankie do to Jeremy?

Jeremy advances on Frankie, who winces as the gun touches his stomach. Jeremy is calm. Deadly calm. But his eyes are wild. Johnny almost wants to put a hand out to stop it; knows this going to go very wrong.

JEREMY
Give me that money. Or I'll beat your ass, and tear this place apart until I find it.

FRANKIE
No way.

JEREMY
Who's gonna stop me? You?

FRANKIE
Don't do this.

Jeremy pistol whips Frankie on the side of his head.

JEREMY
Now give me that money.
CONTINUED: (2)

Frankie lunges for the gun and tries to wrestle it from Jeremy's hand. They struggle. The gun GOES OFF. And then Jeremy drops to the floor. His eyes are wide. Dead.

BACK TO SCENE

As Johnny's vision abruptly ends and he snaps back to reality.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Who the hell are you?

Johnny puts his hands up. Turns. Comes face to face with Frankie, and he's pointing WALT'S GUN right at Johnny's head. Johnny and Frankie face each other. Johnny indicates the gun with a nod.

JOHNNY
Be careful with that. It belongs to a friend of mine.

Off Johnny and Frankie, at a stand-off --

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN:

INT. GARAGE APARTMENT - DAY

Frankie squints. Takes a good look at Johnny.

FRANKIE
Who are you?

JOHNNY
My name's Johnny Smith. I'm a friend of Walt's.

FRANKIE
Oh yeah. Walt told me about you. Said you came out of a coma and the next thing he knew his life was a mess.

JOHNNY
Yeah, that's pretty much what happened.

FRANKIE
He also said you were a good guy.

JOHNNY
I can be. I was hoping maybe you and I could talk...

FRANKIE
Talk about what?

JOHNNY
Well for starters, about you giving Walt back his gun.

Over the following Frankie paces, gestures often with the gun which makes Johnny more than a little nervous.

FRANKIE
In a day or two. I just need to get some business done first.

(Continued)
JOHNNY
Frankie, did Walt tell you anything about my... abilities? That I can see things?

FRANKIE
(cuts his eyes at Johnny)
He might've mentioned it. In passing. Why?

JOHNNY
Because I know you're not a bad guy. I saw the fight with Jeremy. You didn't mean to kill him. He tried to rob you. He threatened you. He was the bad guy.

FRANKIE
Shut up. He was my friend.

Frankie shoves Johnny back, knocking him into a BOOKCASE and triggering --
50A   A VISION - GARAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

The first part of the Frankie and Jeremy fight. Frankie is on his sofa, scooping cocaine into baggies when the door FLIES OPEN and Jeremy enters. He's furious, advances on Frankie who stands, his hands held out protectively in front of him.

FRANKIE
Jeez, you scared the crap out of me.

JEREMY
Just tell me, Frankie. How long has it been going on? Weeks? Months?

FRANKIE
What're you talking about?
50A CONTINUED:

JEREMY
How long have you been sleeping
with my wife?

FRANKIE
What? You crazy?

Jeremy grabs onto the BOOKCASE and PUSHES It to the floor.

JEREMY
Don't lie to me!

50B BACK TO SCENE

Johnny looks at Frankie --

JOHNNY
Jeremy thought you were sleeping
with Alison.

Frankie takes a step back.

FRANKIE
How did you know about that?

JOHNNY
Things got out of hand. Jeremy
was shot and you called Walt for
help. What did he do, flush the
drugs?

Jeremy nods, a little freaked that Johnny knows all this.

FRANKIE
Thanks to him I did ten years for
negligent homicide, instead of
fifty to life for murder and
possession.

JOHNNY
And Jeremy got to die a hero,
instead of a wrong cop in a drug
house.

(CONTINUED)
FRANKIE
Walt was just trying to help a friend.

Johnny extends his hand.

JOHNNY
Here's your chance to return the favor. Give me the gun, Frankie.

FRANKIE
Not till I get my cash back. I had twenty five grand hidden in this place. Now it's gone.

JOHNNY
Walt didn't take it. He didn't even know it was here.

FRANKIE
I know. But I need that money to go straight. I gotta get it back.

JOHNNY
Frankie, if you really want to go straight, you can't do it like this.

FRANKIE
Don't tell me what I can't do. Now sit down.
50B CONTINUED: (2)

Frankie steps forward and prods Johnny with the barrel of the gun, triggers --

51 OMITTED

51A A VISION - BLACK (FORMERLY SC. 36)

Our view PULLS BACK out of a dark tunnel to reveal we're actually pulling back out of the barrel of WALT'S GUN, held by a shaking, angry Frankie.

FRANKIE
All I want is what's mine!

The view opens further to reveal --

51B INT. CRAMPED OFFICE (FORMERLY SC. 36A)

No clue where this might be. Nothing distinguishing on the paneled walls. Although out the window, we will see a DISTINCT GLOW OF NEON. The letter "S" We now see that Frankie is holding Walt's gun to A MAN'S HEAD. He looks terrified.

MAN
(to someone O.S.)
Tell him. Tell him I don't have his money.

The view shifts again to reveal --

WALT AND JOHNNY

are here. Walt has his weapon aimed at Frankie.

WALT
Last warning.

FRANKIE
That money was my future, Vic!

WALT
Put the gun down, Frankie.

It's a standoff, when suddenly Frankie makes a move and Walt FIRES, hitting Frankie in the chest, sending him flying back against the wall.
Frankie is pushing Johnny back into the chair.

**FRANKIE**
What's wrong with you?

**JOHNNY**
Who's Vic?

Frankie blinks -- this is weird.

**FRANKIE**
My old supplier. I'm thinking he's got my cash. Why, did you see him with my cash?

**JOHNNY**
No. I saw you threaten Vic with a gun and then I saw Walt shoot you.

**FRANKIE**
Walt wouldn't do that.

**JOHNNY**
You of all people should know what happens when you push a friend too far.

Frankie opens the door, keeping the gun on Johnny until he's safely out.

**FRANKIE**
Not Walt. You're wrong.

And he's gone. Johnny grabs his cell phone and quickly dials.

**JOHNNY**
Come on Walt, pick up.

**JOHNNY**
BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. No service. Johnny thinks for a moment --

The door opens and Alison sees Johnny.

**JOHNNY**
Mrs. Roberts, I'm Johnny Smith. I'm here looking for Walt.

**ALISON**
(reluctant) He's on his way over...

(CONTINUED)
Johny

Do you mind if I come in and wait?

She hesitates, then nods --

INT. ALISON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Johnny and Alison enter.

Johny

Has Walt mentioned me, by any chance?

Alison

He told me you were friends.

Johny

Is that all he told you?

Alison

He said you can see things. Things from people's lives. Bad things...

Johny

Yes. Sometimes.

Alison glances away.

Johny

I'm trying to help Walt, but he won't tell me what I need to know in order to do that.

Alison

Maybe there's nothing left to tell.

Johny

I think there is.

(pointed)

I think Walt is keeping a secret in order to protect someone.

Alison

I don't know what you're talking about.

Johny

The fight between Frankie and your husband. It was about you.

Alison shakes her head. This is the first time she's heard this.
CONTINUED:

ALISON
Walt said it was about money.

JOHNNY
No. Jeremy knew you and Frankie
were having an affair. He went
over there to confront him and
things got out of hand.

ALISON
That can't be right. And Frankie
and I never...

Alison turns away, devastated by this news. Johnny looks
at her, piecing it together in his mind as we see --

FLASHCUTS

of Walt and Alison together. Johnny's memories of the
past few hours, watching them interact --

WALT'S OFFICE - as Walt leads her out;

AT HER DOOR - as she hugs him hello;

AT HER DOOR - as Walt says goodbye.

BACK TO SCENE

The penny drops for Johnny.

JOHNNY
Jeremy got it wrong, didn't he?
It wasn't Frankie. It was you
and Walt who were having the
affair.

ALISON
I really think you should leave.

He takes a step toward her --

(CONTINUED)
JOHNNY
Alison, I'm just trying to help.
If you know something, please
tell me.

Johnny takes her shoulder and pulls her around, making
eye contact and triggering --

A VISION - ALISON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Alison opens the door to find Walt on the stoop. Both are dressed in black for Jeremy's funeral. Alison throws herself into Walt's arms, and he carefully but firmly takes her by the wrists and disentangles. He comes inside and she closes the door. Walt hands Alison the GYM BAG of cash from Frankie's. She opens it.

JOHNNY
is watching them, still holding Alison's shoulders in the present.

ALISON
What is this?

WALT
Jeremy asked me to hold that for him a couple weeks ago. Said he won it gambling.

ALISON
(a sad smile)
Jeremy? He never wins.
(then)
I can't take this.

Walt smoothes her hair. Clearly in love with this woman.

WALT
You've got two boys to raise.
Just take it. Don't ask questions.

A long moment.

ALISON
What about you and me?

WALT
I don't know.

Alison nods. She knows what that means.

(CONTINUED)
ALISON
How did everything get so screwed up?

Walt just shakes his head, wishes he knew. Alison starts to cry and Walt pulls her close and they hold on to each other.

JOHNNY
(to Alison)
You were in love.

As Johnny lets go of Alison. She nods, starts to cry.

ALISON
My marriage was falling apart and Walt... he was there for me. He'd always been there, since we were kids.

JOHNNY
But then Jeremy was killed.

ALISON
And Walt broke it off. I guess he felt too guilty. But even after all these years, he looks after me and my sons...

JOHNNY
Are you still in love with him?

ALISON
(shakes her head) But sometimes I can't help thinking, "what if...", you know? If I could just go back and change one little thing, life might be so different...

(a sad smile)
Does that sound crazy?

JOHNNY
No, no it doesn't.
CONTINUED:

The doorbell CHIMES. Alison wipes her eyes.

ALISON
That's gonna be him.

(then)
Please don't tell him I told you.

JOHNNY
Don't worry. I can keep a secret.

Johnny waits as she opens the door, and talks quietly to Walt in the doorway, telling him that Johnny is there. Walt's voice is raised. Johnny looks up as Walt strides toward him --

WALT
You've crossed a line, Johnny --

ALISON
Walt, don't.

JOHNNY
I talked to Frankie. He thinks the money was stolen by his old supplier. Some guy named Vic.

WALT
His supplier?

JOHNNY
You have any idea who that might be?

WALT
Yeah, I know exactly who it is.

Off the two of them --

EXT. USED CAR DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

Johnny and Walt walk across the lot toward the office. Lots of cars, but no people to be seen.

JOHNNY
Frankie's old supplier is a used car dealer?

WALT
About five years ago he went straight. But not too straight.

Johnny looks over, sees a NEON SIGN that reads "USED CARS."

(CONTINUED)
The "S" covers a small window. Johnny grabs Walt's arm.

JOHNNY
Walt, this is the place from my vision. I saw you shoot Frankie inside.

They push open the door, and we hear YELLING from inside. Walt draws his weapon --

WALT
Stay back.

JOHNNY
Just be careful.

WALT
Always.

-- and they both head inside.

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP OFFICE - NIGHT

Walt enters with Johnny right behind him. Frankie is holding Walt's gun on Victor Russell. Let's just say Victor is proof of the fact that if you put a former drug dealer in a suit, he'll end up looking like a used car salesman. Frankie and Victor turn to see Johnny and Walt --

FRANKIE
Walt, stay out of this! Oh thank god! The cavalry!

VICTOR
Frankie, give me back my gun.

FRANKIE
He's got my money. He took my cash and he opened this business. That's all I want to do, Walt. I just wanna buy a lobster boat and start a business.
(to Victor; losing it)
You stole that from me!

VICTOR
I don't have it!

WALT
It's true, Frankie. Victor did three years for possession, and when he got out his dad staked him for the down payment on this place.

(CONTINUED)
VICTOR
I got loans flying out of my butt.
I'm serious. I owe every bank in
town. I wish I had stolen your
twenty-five grand, 'cus I could
use it.
   (then, to Walt)
You know what I mean, Sheriff.

WALT
I know what you mean. Now shut
up.
   (to Frankie)
Put the gun down.

FRANKIE
I don't believe any of you!
   (to Vic)
You've got my money and I want it
back!

Walt pulls his weapon. Aims it at Frankie.

JOHNNY
Walt, don't.

WALT
He's not gonna hurt anybody else.
Not over a bag of drug money that's
long gone.

VICTOR
   (to Walt)
Tell him. Tell him I don't have
his money.

WALT
   (to Frankie)
Last warning.

FRANKIE
That money was my future, Vic!

Johnny takes a look at Frankie's twitchy trigger finger.
Realizes this will play out just as he saw it happen in
the visions.

WALT
Put the gun down, Frankie.

Without even thinking Johnny STEPS BETWEEN Walt and
Frankie.

WALT
Get out of the way, John.

(CONTINUED)
JOHNNY
I'm not letting you do this.
Johnny turns to Frankie.

JOHNNY
Look, I know how you feel. It's like you had to go through so much bad stuff, you think there should be something good waiting for you on the other side to make up for it. But take it from me, life doesn't work like that.

FRANKIE
(weakening)
I just, for once, wanna come out on top. You know? I wanna be the guy buying a round of drinks. Or driving a nice car. I'd like to not be living in a garage.

JOHNNY
You can have all those things. They're all ahead of you. But you have to leave the past where it belongs.

WALT
Listen to him, Frankie.

JOHNNY
(re: Victor)
Anyway he doesn't have the money.
(off Frankie)
Trust me. I'm a psychic.

The fight begins to seep out of Frankie. He lowers the gun just slightly, and Walt is on him in a flash, disarms him and holsters both weapons. He turns to Victor.

WALT
You wanna press charges?

Sounds more like a threat than a question. Victor just shakes his head.

VICTOR
Nah, I had a little trouble readjusting my first week out too. But keep a leash on the guy, huh?

As Johnny and Walt share a look --
INT. GARAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Johnny, Walt and Frankie enter --

WALT
I'm not sure this is such a great idea.

FRANKIE
I'm over it. I swear. But I gotta know.
(to Johnny)
You understand, right?

JOHNNY
As long as we're all in agreement on this.

FRANKIE
Wherever that money is, that's where it stays. You have my word.

Johnny looks to Walt, who shrugs. Go ahead.

JOHNNY
Okay, where's the secret hiding place?

Frankie hesitates. Walt starts to lose his temper.

WALT
Frankie, for god's sake there's nothing in it. Show him where the hiding place is.

FRANKIE
Right, right okay.

He leads Johnny to the corner, and indicates a LOOSE FLOORBOARD.

FRANKIE
Under there.

Johnny kneels down and lifts up the floorboard. Puts his hand inside the space below. WE HEAR a Dead Zone WHOOSH.

A long moment. Frankie turns to Walt --

FRANKIE
Is he doing it? How do you know when he's doing it?

WALT
Quiet.

Johnny looks up at them. Smiles.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FRANKIE
What? You know where it is?

JOHNNY
Oh, yeah...

Off Johnny's amused grin --

INT. GARAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Johnny, Walt, Frankie and Linda are in the garage. Frankie
sits beside his mother on the sofa and holds her hand.

FRANKIE
Ma, when Johnny told me you'd
ripped me off, I couldn't believe
it.

Linda yanks her hand back. Offended.

LINDA
I didn't rip you off.
(to Walt and Johnny)
I was cleaning the apartment,
that's all. And the mop kept
running over a loose floorboard.
(shrugs)
I got curious and pulled it up.
Inside there was a bunch of money.

FRANKIE
My money.

LINDA
Nobody's money. That money was
cursed. It would have brought
nothing but pain to you, Frankie.
I knew that. First, I was gonna
burn it --

FRANKIE
Oh god, no...

(CONTINUED)
LINDA
But then I started thinking about you kids, and how happy you'd all been. Before everything went so wrong. I'd never seen better friends...

FRANKIE
Yeah yeah fine. Mom, what did you do with the money? Did you spend it? Please tell me you bought something that I can sell.

Walt shoots Frankie a look, and he quiets.

LINDA
You can't sell what I bought. Because you can't sell peace of mind. Besides, I didn't spend the money. It was more like... a donation.

Johnny looks over at Walt. Walt smiles. They know what she did with the money.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT

The three men walk the field, tossing a baseball back and forth between them.

FRANKIE
It is a pretty nice field.

JOHNNY
Enjoy it, Frankie, you paid for it.

WALT
Now a whole new generation of kids gets to use it.

FRANKIE
I never thought of myself as a philanthropist before. Maybe we could put up a plaque or something.

Walt throws the ball at him, hard.

WALT
Forget it. You're staying an anonymous donor.

JOHNNY
So what's your plan?
FRANKIE
Get a job, I guess. I'll start looking tomorrow.
(then)
But, it would really help if the County Sheriff was willing to give me a recommendation...

WALT
I'll see what I can do.

Walt tosses the ball to Johnny, triggering --

A VISION - BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

As Walt and Frankie continue walking down the field, Johnny turns and sees the younger versions of Walt, Frankie and Jeremy, rough-housing, heading in the opposite direction. Johnny just smiles as we PULL AWAY.

EXT. BANNERMAN HOUSE - DAY

It's early morning. Walt is standing at the front door, holding a Venti Starbucks in each fist as Sarah opens the door. Reacts.

WALT
Thought you might like some coffee.

She takes one. Smiles.

INT. BANNERMAN KITCHEN - DAY

Walt and Sarah enter, both a little nervous in each other's presence. There's an awkward moment, when they realize neither one knows how to start this conversation.

WALT
I just wanted to tell you that --

SARAH
I've been thinking and I really --

They smile and stop. Awkwardness acknowledged and now hopefully dispelled.

SARAH
You go ahead.

WALT
I wanted to apologize for the last couple of days. An old friend of mine got back into town...
SARAH  
A friend...?  

WALT  
This guy. We had to work some stuff out.  

Sarah doesn't say anything. Walt knows he's being evasive again.  

WALT  
It's just... There are things about me you don't know, Sarah. Things I've done in my life that I've been... ashamed to tell you about.  

Sarah moves toward him. Takes his hand.  

SARAH  
I love you. Nothing you could have done in the past will change that.  

WALT  
And I feel the same way about you.  

She looks away. Feels too guilty to meet his eye. He takes her chin and brings her gaze back to his.  

WALT  
I don't care what happened. Just tell me, is it over?  

She summons everything she has to make sure he understands and believes her.  

SARAH  
Yes, it's over.  

WALT  
Because I think it's time we left the past where it belongs, and start concentrating on our future.  

He pulls Sarah into his arms and they hold each other. Reunited. Off Sarah, happy, contented and forgiven --  

FADE OUT.  

END OF ACT FOUR  

THE END