TOMORROW

Written by

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TEASER

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO - MID-OCTOBER SUNSET

A GENTLE BREEZE caresses ‘America’s Finest City’, UNFURLING off the BLUE PACIFIC, WEAVING in and out of the TWINKLING SKYLINE.

The TRANQUIL SCENE is RIPPED APART as a NAVAL JET from Miramar Air Base - TOP GUN territory - BREAKS THE SOUND BARRIER - the roar disintegrates, ANOTHER SOUND EMERGES -

The GROWLING WHINE of a MOTORBIKE ENGINE, TEARING up the road, revealing the city’s major imperfection - CALIFORNIA RUSH HOUR TRAFFIC -

Closing in on the CLOGGED PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY that leads to PETCO STADIUM past the CONVENTION CENTER - we find a BLACK KAWASAKI breaking through the STANDSTILL TRAFFIC - ZIPPING in and out. Gripping a weathered PADRES BAT BAG, the EXPERT RIDER rips past a BRUISED BUICK, RADIO blaring -

MAN IN BUICK
(wildly excited)
Around the horn! Around the horn!

A DOUBLE PLAY is going down - from third to second to first - it’s WORLD SERIES time - the San Diego Padres HACKING AWAY at the Anaheim Angels -

SUPER: “WEDNESDAY - 6.00 PM”

THREE LANCES OVER and TEN CARS BACK an UNMARKED F.B.I. SEDAN struggles ineffectually against the GRIDLOCK, ITS CRACKLING SCANNER set to POLICE FREQUENCY -

Dispatcher
Suspect wearing a gray jacket, black helmet, black combat boots -

INT. F.B.I. CAR - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: PIERCING BLUE EYES in the rear-view mirror - shifting between the road - the other TRAPPED MOTORISTS - the seaside location - and back again. Safe to say these pretty peepers have seen things nice people don’t discuss at dinner -

Dispatcher
Vehicle’s a Kawasaki KLR - reported stolen 5/12/12 -

JAKE
Perfect.

Pulling back we get a good look at our man - F.B.I. AGENT JAKE REILLY (Mid-30s) - a HAIRLINE SCAR, barely visible, slashing a silvery path from forehead to crown of head - CELLPHONE EARBUD wedged in tight - HOT COFFEE hovering near lips -

JAKE (CONT’D)
(into cord mounted cell mic)
Listen, Roddy, we’re really in the
(MORE)
weeds out here and the bagman’s gone - no girl - any thoughts on getting outta this mess -?
(listening, then -)
Hey - how ‘bout connecting me to somebody useful -

Jake’s partner SENIOR OPERATIONS AGENT MICHAEL WHITE (mid 30s) - generous, affable, DIPLOMATIC exterior concealing a CALCULATING STATESMAN - glances over -

MICHAEL
Not going to win any points being snarky -

JAKE
(covering the microphone)
How many points for being stupid -?
(uncovering mic/chatty)
No, I’m still here -

The POLICE SCANNER ERUPTS -

NEW VOICE ON RADIO
138 to Dispatch -

DISPATCHER
138, go ahead -

NEW VOICE
Got a release site -

Jake’s EYES SHIFT - focusing -

JAKE
Spit it out already - what -? No, not you, Roddy -

Jake YANKS OUT the earbud.

NEW VOICE
Coronado Cays - 450 Island Road - Unit 114.

JAKE
(glancing at Michael)
Just has to be that kind of day, doesn’t it -

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO - CONTINUOUS

Without warning the sedan’s door RIPS OPEN - Jake LEAPS OUT - spilling hot coffee all down his front in the process -

MICHAEL
What the - Jake?!

Jake SHRUGS BOYISHLY before taking off in a DEAD RUN heading away from the Stadium - VAULTING ACROSS HOODS - TUMBLING into the moving NORTH-BOUND LANE - DODGING the oncoming traffic -

WHOOOOOOSH - the BLUR OF A LEXUS - the SCREECHING of BRAKES -
SCREAMING DRIVER
Off the road, a-hole!

JAKE
(waving his BADGE)
F.B.I, jackoff!

Metal credentials in hand, Jake tries to FLAG DOWN any of the many SPEEDING CARS — ARUURRRR!... Another ridiculously close call RIPS PAST —

JAKE (CONT'D)
Got an emergency here!

And with that Jake STEPS IN FRONT of a rinky-dink DODGE PICK-UP, roof-rack loaded with SURF BOARDS — the truck FISHTAILS WILDLY, stopping mere inches from Jake —

JAKE (CONT'D)
(tearing open the door)
Need this vehicle —

The FROZEN San Diego SURFER COUPLE stare at him, WIDE-EYED —

JAKE (CONT'D)
(smiling but deadpan)
Don’t make me search the car for weed —

No argument there as they hop to the passenger side —

CUT TO:

EXT. P.C.H. HARBOR-SIDE — MOMENTS LATER

Jake SPINS THE PICKUP into the SERVICE LANE — heading in the direction of the nearest SIDE STREET (which happens to be BEHIND THEM) — MORE HORDS SCREAM IN PROTEST — but Jake manages to back track —

CUT TO:

EXT. DODGE — MOMENTS LATER

JAKE
So — you both Padres Fans?

GIRLFRIEND
Look out!

With a slight adjustment of the wheel, Jake SAFELY GUIDES the truck BETWEEN TWO ONCOMING CARS.

BOYFRIEND
TOTAL Grand Theft Auto, Man!

CUT TO:
EXT. SIDE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Roughly pulling ONTO THE CURB - Jake deposits his passengers - then PEELS OUT -

BOYFRIEND
(yelling after Jake)
Hey, wait - take me with you!

He turns back to his girlfriend, who is FUMING now -

CUT TO:

EXT. 450 ISLAND ROAD - CORONADO - STORAGE COMPLEX - 7.30 PM

RACING through coastal Coronado Island, Jake WHIPS BY the sea
LASHING at the shore -

Hitting the LABYRINTH OF STORAGE UNITS he GUNS THE ENGINE,
urging his rusty ride forward to #114 -

Leaping from the Dodge, Jake pulls out TWO GUNS - takes a
BREATH, his back to the FRONT DOOR of the sagging building -

Just as Jake barrels HEAD FIRST into the DARKNESS - a ROOKIE
COP - HARRY DUNCAN (20s) - freckled, All-American, football
player - pulls up, CRUISER LIGHTS FLASHING -

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

- Jake TUCKS into a CORNER - ready to fire - SCANNING the
area - it's a large space, 20x20 yards, with SCATTERED TARPS
and PAINT CANS - nothing substantive. And -

NO ONE ELSE IS THERE - except for A SINGLE LIGHTBULB that
dangles from a cord - Jake pulls the chain, and it lights -
in the middle of the floor - a PILE OF DIRT -

He DIVES FOR IT - tearing at it like AN ANIMAL - CLAWING and
SCOOPING and THROWING soil off as fast as he can - until he
reaches AN UNCONSCIOUS GIRL - mouth and nose PULL OF SOIL -

JAKE
(quickly untying her)
No no no no no -

Brushing debris from her porcelain skin, Jake SEARCHES HER
FACE FOR LIFE - and finds none - but our hero is no
quitter...

JAKE (CONT'D)
(PUMPING her chest)
Come on, kid - breathe - breathe!

Jake's own BREATHING BECOMES ERRATIC - his CHEST TIGHTENING
WITH EMOTION - his HEAD starting to POUND -
JAKE (CONT'D)
(increasingly desperate
CPR counts)
21, 22, 23, 24... Come on!

Sorry to say folks, but this lovely young woman - KATIE
MITCHELL (20s) - has definitely shot on through. Jake,
however, REFUSES TO GIVE UP.

JAKE (CONT'D)

BREATHE!

A strange WHITE FLASH - then, a WHOOSHING SOUND starts to
creep in - Jake SQUEEZES HIS EYES SHUT. He wills his
breathing to SLOW and REGULATE - wills the WHOOSHING SOUND to
go away - wills for this awfulness to end...

DUNCAN (O.C.)

Sir? Sir -?

Jake SNAPS BACK, the sound FADING OUT - what was that? He
shakes it off, the rookie officer standing in the entrance
calling to him again -

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

You alright?

JAKE

Yeah -
(rising)
Can’t say the same for her -

F.B.I. Agents and other police SWARM THROUGH THE DOOR -
revealing the UTTER CHAOS in the parking lot outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. STORAGE COMPLEX - LATER

POLICE TAPE and COP CRUISERS surround the scene -

Jake’s partner from the car, Agent White, is talking to some
other agents and cops, some of whom look concerned as they
NOD AT JAKE.

Jake’s FRUSTRATED EYES won’t meet theirs as his hand
unconsciously rubs at his SILVERY SCAR -

MAN’S VOICE

Agent Reilly.

Jake looks over - CRINGING at who he sees approaching - AGENT
DEAN TORRES (40s), handsome, fair, PROBING -

JAKE

Not now.

TORRES

Unfortunately, now is when I do
what I do -

JAKE

Didn’t get enough outta me this
morning -?
TORRES
Want to tell me how you managed to break at least 4 different regulations tonight?

JAKE
Lucky streak?

TORRES
You think this is funny.

JAKE
No -

TORRES (interrupts)
So was your behavior possibly a reaction to-

JAKE
Reaction? Are you kidding me? While you were all stuck in traffic I was trying to save her life -

Agent White has seen what is starting, and INTENTIONALLY INTERRUPTS -

MICHAEL
Torres - last I checked procedure was for these de-briefings to happen at the Bureau, not on-site -

Torres glances between the two men - then acquiesces -

TORRES
Office tomorrow - say 9 a.m. again?

JAKE
Terrific.

Torres excuses himself leaving Michael alone with Jake. Standing SIDE BY SIDE, these two could almost be mistaken for BROTHERS.

MICHAEL
Gotta take it easy Jake - he's doing his job -

Jake SNORTS.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Can't say you didn't go all "Lethal Weapon" -

JAKE
Blast from the past -

MICHAEL
Yeah, but now I get in more trouble for it.

Jake's eyes flick away -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Look - I know you were doing everything you could; our leads

(MORE)
MICHAEL (CONT'D)
were a bust, and you got here
before the rest of us -

JAKE
Wasn’t really good enough. Not for
her at least.

Jake dry swallows TWO ASPIRIN, head still POUNDING -

MICHAEL
You OK?

JAKE
Never better, boss.

Lots of subtext with that “boss” line - Michael’s eyes FLASH -
(competitive friends?)

MICHAEL
(lowering his voice)
Listen, Jake. We both know they
didn’t want you back in the field
right away - but I told them the
sooner I put you on a case, the
better you’d be. If I’m wrong about
that -

JAKE
(interrupting)
It bother you there were no signs
of a struggle? Bruising? Abrasions?
Nada. Family describes Katie as
feisty - strange she didn’t put up
a fight -

MICHAEL
Taken in her sleep -?

JAKE
Or drugged. Bet the tox report
proves interesting -

Michael is NODDING IN AGREEMENT, his partner is still sharp,
just as a cab pulls cautiously into the scene -

JAKE (CONT'D)
My ride’s here -

Michael eyes the other Agents - do they notice this somewhat
unusual withdrawal from a crime scene?

MICHAEL
We’re not driving back together?

JAKE
Relax, Mike. You’re not gonna lose
your promotion over me taking a
cab.

CUT TO:
EXT. PACIFIC BEACH - STREET - 11:30 PM

Surfer’s Paradise, the Pacific Ocean spraying in the background, while in front of us the OVERFLOWING BARS of PACIFIC BEACH - PEOPLE CELEBRATING the Padres victory -

MAN
Biggest comeback EVER - aww, yeahhhh!!!!

Jake, sending the cab away, alone in the CROWD, accidentally BODY CHECKS a smaller guy -

JAKE
(helping the man up)
What is it with you people?

GUY
Are you kidding? Pads just won 8-3 on a double Grand Slam, bottom of the 9th - Game 7 - this is historic!

The guy puts his hand up for a HIGH-FIVE - Jake just leaves him hanging - like a lot of people in his life right now.

WOMAN’S VOICE (O.C.)
Jake -? Jake!

Jake turns to see -

CASEY LONG (late 20s) - smart, sassy, SMILING - in the doorway of a busy bar - ”THE TIDEPOOL” -

CASEY
What are you doing down here?

Jake is immediately awkward - the BRAVADO from his day job melting away into boyish SHEEPISHNESS -

JAKE
Taking a walk.

CASEY
A walk? Sure this isn’t about last night?

JAKE
(busted)
Yeah - about that...

Casey’s EYES TWINKLE as she grins - and we feel the force of her magnetism - she’s an effortlessly ELECTRIC girl.

CASEY
You did sneak out pretty early this morning. What was it - like 5 A.M.?

JAKE
(blurting out)
I think last night was a mistake.

Zero shift in Casey’s smile - this girl is TOUGH. But Jake knows that his chance at honestly connecting with another human being has just slipped away -
JAKE (CONT'D)
Sorry - long day - I should go.

But he doesn’t move. Neither does she.

CASEY
I don’t get it. I see you at the funeral for what -? Five minutes? Then nothing for months... until last night, out of the blue - "whoohoo! upside-down shots" in my living room ‘cause a kidnapping case is stressing you out. I mean, Christ, Jake, we never even had a conversation about -

JAKE
I’m still messed up.

CASEY
Join the club.

JAKE
There wouldn’t be a club if -

CASEY
It’s not your fault -

JAKE
How do you know? I can’t even remember - I’m gonna go now.

Again, he doesn’t move. Finally Casey turns away with a SIGH...

CASEY
(over her shoulder)
So go already...

She heads back in, too soon to catch Jake’s look of REGRET -

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE’S HOUSE - MIDNIGHT

A BACHELOR PAD, and not a nice, SLICK one - more like a MAN CAVE/SECOND-OFFICE; tacked to the kitchen wall with lines leading out to various ‘LEADS’ - a MEMORIAL SERVICE PROGRAM with a PHOTO of Jake’s BROTHER, RYAN REILLY.

Rounding the corner, Jake finds the SWEET/SAD FACE of an overweight DOG - “BURGER” - peering up at him from his favorite chair.

JAKE
(pointing to dog crate)

Burger remains planted - big EYES PINNED on Jake.

JAKE (CONT'D)
You give Ryan this kind of crap when he came home?

(MORE)
Cracking into his QUADRUPLE Glenlivet, Jake pushes Burger OFF THE CHAIR, making room for himself. But Burger comes back, clamoring up. Jake doesn’t have the energy for this -

JAKE (CONT'D) (wedging a pillow between them)
Your side - my side.

Unbuttoning his COFFEE-STAINED shirt, Jake hits the remote - the PADRES VICTORY is on every channel - the incredible GRAND SLAM that seals the deal.

NEWSCASTER (ON T.V.)
...that’s right Larry, it’s the kind of day that you’re glad to just see happen once, and you have that memory forever -

JAKE - let’s hope not...

NEWSCASTER (ON T.V)
Greatest DAY ever for Padres fans - one for the history books. We’ll never see anything like this again...

SINKING DEEPER into the chair, Jake AIMLESSLY FLIPS through the late night offerings - landing on CABLE NEWS - a GRADUATION PHOTO of Katie Mitchell - eyes bright, smile dazzling - the SCROLLER streaming LEFT to RIGHT - “woman kidnapped, buried alive…”

CLOSE ON JAKE: full-blown EMOTIONAL FIGHT or FLIGHT RESPONSE - accelerated heartbeat, piloerection, pupil dilation - he should just change the damn channel, BUT HE CAN’T -

On TV - Katie’s FATHER - the stoic son-of-a-gun WEEPING - it’s awful/gut-wrenching -

CLOSE ON JAKE: that TERRIBLE WHOOSHING SOUND filling his head - he squeezes his eyes shut - struggling to get a handle on his emotions - OPENS them -

The news scroller is now moving RIGHT TO LEFT - BACKWARDS - Jake shuts his eyes again - the WHOOSH BUILDING until he can’t stand it, falling on the floor.

His eyes FLY OPEN to find -

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING
...that apparently he’s been sleeping in a A BED WITH FRILLY SHEETS - WHAT?!

Jake’s eyes DART to the bedside table - the BLARING CLOCK RADIO - a FRAMED PHOTO of RYAN REILLY (20s), JAKE, CASEY and BURGER - (Ryan’s arm wrapped possessively around CASEY’S WAIST) -
SPORTSCASTER (ON RADIO)
Folks, lemme tell ya - if the Padres take it tonight we’re talking history!

Suddenly, Jake’s a LURCHING, STUMBLING fool - TUMBLING out of bed - SCRAMBLING around the room - LOCATING and BUTTONING UP his STAIN-FREE shirt - TRIPPING over discarded shoes -

CASEY (O.C.)
Hey, your phone won’t stop ringing -

WHIRLING AROUND, Jake CRASHES INTO CASEY, who’s holding out a STEAMING CUP OF COFFEE - it SPILLS everywhere, including DOWN HIS SHIRT -

CASEY (CONT’D)
Jesus, Jake -

JAKE (freaked)
How... How did I get here?

It’s a good question, because we are NOT IN JAKE’S anymore - but in CASEY’S.

CASEY (laughing, but tense)
Guess one less shot next time might be a good idea.

Her husky morning-voice and tussled hair are incredibly SEXY - and UNNERVING.

CASEY (CONT’D)
Next time you get the couch; my back’s killing me.

JAKE
So we didn’t – you and me - you slept on the couch. That’s good. That’s a good place to sleep.

Now both are feeling INCREDIBLY AWKWARD.

CASEY (stepping towards him)
Jake - this doesn’t have to be weird or...we’re friends, remember?

Jake’s eyes dart back to the clock-radio - 9 A.M. - the SPORTSCASTER RANTING on and on about how historic today, WEDNESDAY, could be, if only the Padres don’t choke -

CLOSE ON JAKE: none of this makes any sense.

CASEY (CONT’D)
Jake?

JAKE (unnerved)
I’m late.
He BOLTS - leaving Casey to plop on the bed, unsure of what just happened -

CUT TO:

EXT. F.B.I. OFFICE - DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO - STREET - 9:50 AM

Jake DASHES toward the San Diego Bureau - a SLEEK HIGH-RISE with a view of the IMMACULATE HARBOR a few blocks away. Snagging a NEWSPAPER from the VENDOR out front, he flips to the SPORTS SECTION - yup - tonight’s the big game -

JAKE
This is today’s -?

VENDOR
Don’t pay to sell yesterday’s -

Jake’s HEART STARTS POUNDING like a big bass drum - the body letting our tough guy know it’s AFRAID - and CONFUSED - and LOST - all at once!

VENDOR (CONT'D)
Hey, Agent Reilly. Thought you didn’t care about the Pads?

JAKE
I don’t. But...they already won - 8-3, Grand Slams bottom of the 9th.

VENDOR
Boy - you musta’ been dreaming. Maybe you really are a Padres fan! Me, I’m betting on the Angels.

Jake is SPinning - HE IS RE-LIVING THE SAME DAY.
ACT 1

INT. F.B.I. OFFICES - DAY - 10:00 AM

Jake is doing what humans do - FOLLOWING HIS ROUTINE - despite being TOTALLY FREAKED OUT - as he hits the office -

AGENT TORRES (O.C.)

Agent Reilly? Agent Torres - Dean Torres - Internal Affairs.

Jake swings around to a hand JUTTING OUT to greet him.

TORRES

Apparently I now belong to you - or you to me - however you want to look at it. I think we had a 9a.m.?

(*NOTE: Jake will soon realize that each time he 'repeats', his day gets shorter - he is losing time.)

TORRES (CONT'D)

Director Williams did tell you I would be following up with you for a few weeks -

Jake’s head THROBS -

JAKE

Didn’t we do this yesterday -

TORRES

This -?

JAKE

I belong to you, you belong to me -

CLOSE ON TORRES: Jake’s ODD RESPONSE making him comically uncomfortable.

TORRES (gesturing to a side office)

We’re in here - coffee?

Jake - STRUGGLING TO HOLD IT TOGETHER - shakes his head “no”.

INT. NONDESCRIPT SIDE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Torres sets his phone to AUDIO RECORD before placing it on the table between them.

TORRES

(noticing Jake staring)

Don’t mind, do you? I’m terrible at taking notes.

(sitting)

So - you’re two days back - how are you -

JAKE

"Coping"?
Out of sight, under the table, Jake GRIPS HIS HANDS TOGETHER — he literally knows how this conversation is going to play out — and that fact is RATTLING his brain.

TORRES
What -?

JAKE
"Coping." That’s what you were about to say, wasn’t it?

BEAT.

TORRES
You know what I see when I look at you, Agent Reilly? A miracle. To survive a bullet to the brain —

JAKE
Grazed — the bullet grazed my skull. If it had hit my brain I doubt we’d be sitting here talking —

TORRES
Right — but you were hospitalized for a month following the shooting —

JAKE
Three weeks. Three months of rehab. Then, another two months to clear the Bureau. And now I got you — and you got me. “However you want to look at it” —

Jake feels like his head is going to POP OFF...

TORRES
(changing tact)
I can’t imagine what losing your brother — Ryan — what you went through —

JAKE
The doctors cleared me. So did the shrink. And Senior Operations Agent White did, too — I only have memory issues about that night.

Jake RISES — desperately wanting to extricate himself.

TORRES
I’m not questioning that; but let’s not underestimate the stress you’ll be encountering — the effect of that stress —

Jake’s JAW GRINDS — does Torres notice?

TORRES (CONT’D)
(changing subject)
Your file mentions an undercover name — “Superman” —

JAKE
Undercover was a million miles back.
TORRES
And the name?

JAKE
Assigned, not chosen -

TORRES
Well I imagine whomever assigned it had their Reasons for the choice -

Testing the waters, Jake abruptly opens the door, to find Michael’s friendly face about to enter -

JAKE
(venturing)
‘Morning Brief?

MICHAEL
Took the words right out of my mouth.

Jake shakes his head - WTF?

TORRES
Since you were late, can we pick this up again later, for my report?

JAKE
Lemme see if the kidnappers can adjust their schedules -

Michael CRINGS - Jake shouldn’t be screwing around with Internal Affairs.

TORRES
(calling out)
Or tomorrow -

JAKE (O.C.)
You got it.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jake - ON EDGE - hustles down the hall - eyes darting around - ASSESSING EVERYONE who passes - is he the ONLY one experiencing this?

MICHAEL
Seems like an OK guy for I.A.

JAKE
Not my type -

MICHAEL
No one’s your type -

Michael waits for the snarky comeback - doesn’t get it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Department’s just covering their butts. Liability and all that -
JAKE
(waving his hands crazily)
"Damaged Agent goes bonkers in the field! Innocents sue -"
(off Michael’s look)
Joke.

CLOSE ON MICHAEL: not 100% sure.

CUT TO:

INT. F.B.I. BRIEFING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Michael and Jake SLIDE IN BACK as the DIRECTOR’S BRIEFER - a PETITE, FIRECRACKER of a woman - MAGGIE MERHEGE (think a young Holly Hunter) - holds her own in the room full of MALE AGENTS.

MAGGIE
In terms of “enemies,” Mr. Mitchell’s got his fair share - six reported cases of former employees threatening to harm him and/or the family in the past two years - half a dozen divorces, LOTS of girlfriends -

CLOSE ON JAKE: struggling to contain the woozies that come with wicked déjà vu -

MICHAEL
(whispering to agent on his left)
Where’s Williams?

AGENT FITCH
Some connection to the family, probably over there now -

MAGGIE
(sharp)
Agent Fitch - something you’d like to add?

AGENT
No, Ma'am.

MAGGIE
(picking up without missing a beat)
Gun-toting ex-wife pops up on the front lawn Memorial Day Weekend of this year. (flipping back a page to check fact) Kel-Tec P-32 automatic, with the optional 10-round magazine. Mr. Mitchell dropped the charges.

Jake’s eyes dart around the room - Agents are leaning in - taking notes - soaking up the juicy details for the very first time -

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
The latest Mrs. Mitchell seems to have taken control of all the

(MORE)
finances. - She’s in an ongoing battle with the zoning commission in regards to her planned expansion - she’s petitioning for another 2000 square feet on the garage... Apparently...

Jake MOUTHS ALONG with Maggie’ final words.

MAGGIE/JAKE
The Maserati needs some breathing space.

Mild (and for Jake, predicted) LAUGHTER in the room unnerves him even further. Maggie’s eyes smolder - mistaking his INTERNAL FREAK-OUT as not appreciating her joke - moving on:

MAGGIE
Our valuable partners in the Violent Crime Joint Task Force -

Indicating the SHERIFFS, POLICE, etc. in the room -

MAGGIE (CONT’D)
- have been coordinating with us since last night. The family’s ready to drop the cash and we believe the call will be coming in today -

MICHAEL
When?

MAGGIE
Caller said “Wednesday Afternoon” - an exact time was not specified. In the meantime, we’ve got some leads. Barker, Thompson - you’re on the hostiles watch. You’ve got the current list of probables; coordinate with P.D. to canvas them as fast as possible. White and Reilly, Director Williams wants you to work with the Sheriff’s Office and U.S.D. Security on all the peer leads.

Jake glances over to Michael - EXPECTING THE SAME REACTION AS YESTERDAY - and he gets it - Michael GRUMBLES to himself.

MAGGIE (CONT’D)
(brightly)
The quicker we wrap up this mess, the more likely Katie’ll come home with a smile on her face.

CLOSE ON JAKE: THUNDERSTRUCK by those last words - because IF this day REALLY IS playing out again it means...

JAKE
(softly)
She’s still alive -

MICHAEL
She better be - we just got stuck interviewing her sorority sisters.

(MORE)
MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Think Williams is keeping us away from the action or -

JAKE
Katie Mitchell is alive.

Michael flashes him a look.

JAKE (CONT'D)
We have to get to the warehouse before -

MICHAEL
The warehouse?

JAKE
Before she suffocates -

MICHAEL
What are you talking about? What about U.S.D?

JAKE
Goes nowhere. Roommates just tell us she hates her wicked step-mommy and worships the boyfriend - Psych 101.

Jake doesn’t give Michael time to argue or question, because he’s already on the MOVE -

EXT. CORONADO ISLAND - STORAGE COMPLEX - 1130 AM

Jake RACES into the building, this time in BROAD DAYLIGHT - Michael trails behind - BEWILDERED and a little pissed off.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE COMPLEX

- Heading directly for the center of the room, Jake stares at the EMPTY HOLE IN THE CEMENT FLOOR - no sign of SOIL, or anything where he saw the victim buried -

MICHAEL
Anytime you wanna tell me what the hell we’re doing out here -

JAKE
(mostly talking to himself)
It’s too early - he hasn’t moved her here yet -

MICHAEL
Who hasn’t moved who?

JAKE
(looking around the space)
Katie Mitchell. This is where she ends up -

Michael eyes his partner - WORRIED.
JAKE (CONT'D)
We need a unit to stand guard for the rest of the day - until tonight...

Jake’s eyes finally land on Michael - he sees the CONCERN -

JAKE (CONT'D)
(backtracking)
Listen, Michael. I have a feeling the kidnapper has a connection to this place. Maybe an employee?

MICHAEL
Of this place?

JAKE
Or the Mitchell’s. Think I saw something in the file -

MICHAEL
The file?

JAKE
Yeah - you know, got an eye for the details -

Michael runs his hands through his hair - is this “The Old Jake?” - or Jake pretending to be “The Old Jake”?

MICHAEL
We can call out a unit - but they’ll say it’s a drain on resources -

Jake allows himself a little grin - knowing he’s already halfway home to convincing his partner.

JAKE
I can stay here myself -

MICHAEL
That won’t look good -

JAKE
I don’t care how it looks. I’m not going anywhere unless you get a unit out here.

CUT TO:

EXT. MITCHELL HOUSE - RANCHO SANTA FE - 2 PM

An OPULENT MANSION in the midst of AMERICA’S WEALTHIEST PLAYGROUND - BILL GATES, and others have ESTATES here worthy of ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST -

CUT TO:

INT. MITCHELL HOUSE

Passing by an embarrassment of PRICELESS ANTIQUES and LOUIS XIV FURNITURE, Jake and Michael weave their way through the
‘MODERN RANCH HOUSE’ now OVERRUN WITH AGENTS and their HI-TECH GEAR.

MICHAEL  
(under his breath)  
No need to mention the unit hanging out at a random empty storage complex all morning - or that we didn’t go to U.S.D.

JAKE  
No problem - told you it goes nowhere anyway.

MICHAEL  
Why do you keep saying that?

Jake, still a little UNSTEADY, deciding if he can explain -

MAGGIE  
(interrupting)  
Something I should know about for the brief -?

MICHAEL  
(covering)  
Padres back-up pitcher blew out his shoulder.

Maggie just shakes her head and moves on. Out of the corner of his eye Jake catches sight of MR. MITCHELL (60s) silver fox, UNHINGED, heading upstairs - IMPULSIVELY - interest piqued - Jake pursues -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Party’s in the dining room -

JAKE  
(taking the stairs two at a time)  
Gimme a sec.

MICHAEL  
What are you -?

JAKE (O.C.)  
Trying somethin’ new.

INT. KATIE’S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake cracks open the door. Mr. Mitchell whirls around. The two men stare at each other, then Mr. Mitchell looks away.

MR. MITCHELL  
I’ve been... distracted. When you folks asked about Katie’s friends I... (he falters)  
I work a lot.

Picking up a PHOTO of his daughter -

MR. MITCHELL (CONT’D)  
What she does between classes, who she goes to the movies with - IF (MORE)
she goes to the movies - I... You have any kids?

JAKE
No.

MR. MITCHELL
Wife?

JAKE
No.

MR. MITCHELL
Probably easier. - One time when Katie was nine, she found this ugly little mutt wandering around the playground and insisted on bringing it home. I tried reasoning with her, but... I guess we're both pretty willful.

CLOSE ON JAKE: listening VERY CLOSELY - a clue could be anywhere.

MR. MITCHELL (CONT'D)
(anger rising)
That damn dog ended up nipping her in the cheek - blood everywhere - stitches. But see, that’s very Katie - willful. And wanting to do good even when it bites her in the face. The last six years Katie and me... there’s been a wall up between us ever since I left her mom.

JAKE
I’m - sorry.

A wave of sympathy hits Jake. This alienated, distracted, possibly a-hole father is really hurting - and going to hurt even more if Jake doesn’t figure things out.

MR. MITCHELL
Promise me you’re going to get her back.

JAKE {trying}
We will, sir.

INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jake rejoins the proceedings with a new emotional urgency - Scanning the room, he takes in the players -

Sitting with MRS. MITCHELL (30s) - lovely, bejeweled, TROPHY WIFE - is DIRECTOR WILLIAMS - (50s), SLEEK, pepper-haired, CHARMINGLY EFFECTIVE. He’s trying to keep things light while they wait for the call.

WILLIAMS (with compassion/rising)
Seat, Jack?
Mr. Mitchell - now PACING the perimeter - shakes his head no.

Bereft in the corner - being INTERVIEWED by TWO AGENTS - an emotional ANDREW MCCOY (21) - buttoned down, preppy, Honor Roll, GOLDEN BOY - Katie’s BOYFRIEND - it kills Jake, who knows what’s in store for this kid’s girlfriend.

The PHONE RINGS - and the room FLIES INTO ACTION - several agents and officers stationed around phones, computers, etc. - finally, Williams motions at Mr. Mitchell, who picks up the phone.

MR. MITCHELL
Hello -

VOICE (ON PHONE)
(digitally altered)
The number just doubled -

MR. MITCHELL
But we - we had a deal -

Williams CUTS HIM OFF with a gesture to ‘keep him talking’ - he goes back to script -

MR. MITCHELL (CONT’D)
I’m sorry - we’re sorry - fine -

VOICE ON PHONE
Didn’t think you could get away that cheap, did you, Mitchell?

MR. MITCHELL
Who is this? You sound - different?

Jake looks AT THE PHONE - and Mitchell - this stands out now.

VOICE ON PHONE
You’re going to sound ‘different’ if you blow this: 6 p.m. $200k, in a Padres bat bag, where the PCH hits Convention Center Drive -

MR. MITCHELL
The game tonight - all the traffic - how - ?

VOICE ON PHONE
DID I ASK YOU TO PLAN THIS?

The ANGER and VIOLENCE in the response halts him - again Williams motions for him to keep the conversation going -

MR. MITCHELL
Sorry - sorry, we’ll do it. Can I talk to Katie -

DIAL TONE - he’s gone -

Williams looks to a Tech - he shakes his head - NOT LONG ENOUGH. Jake can’t take it - if everyone plays along like they did the first time, things are going to go very wrong AGAIN -
MR. MITCHELL (CONT’D)
(shaken)
Now what?

WILLIAMS
You have to make the drop -

JAKE
(interrupting)
Sir - I think there may be a clue.

Everyone HALTS and looks at Jake - Williams looks to Michael, then to Jake - SKEPTICAL -

JAKE (CONT’D)
Why did Mr. Mitchell notice the change in voice? Probably because they were worried he would recognize it - or someone would.

WILLIAMS
Right - and?

JAKE
Is it possible Katie was familiar with her kidnapper -?

MR. MITCHELL
(erupting)
What do you mean was -?

Jake looks around - Michael GLARING, everyone STARING - is this guy OK? Quickly assessing, he realizes he needs to keep some information under wraps -

JAKE
(back-pedding)
Sorry, sir - nevermind.

He goes back to his corner, all eyes back on Williams -

WILLIAMS
(barking orders)
Alright, people, we got T-minus four - till then those of you not covering the drop site keep shaking the trees - maybe we can beat the clock on this thing -

CUT TO:

EXT. MITCHELL HOUSE

As everyone heads out, Michael eyes Jake - doubt creeping in -

MICHAEL
Why do you think there’s a personal connection?

JAKE
Why change the voice?

MICHAEL
Could be more than one kidnapper.
JAKE
(struggling with what he knows)
I don’t know, and there were no
signs of a struggle.

MICHAEL
At her dormroom, no. But we’re not
100% on that being her last known
location. And you didn’t let me go
back this morning.

JAKE
(shift ing gears)
We need to get to the drop site
early – see if we can do something
different this time –

MICHAEL
“This time”?

JAKE
(tight)
Just - thinking out loud.

Jake, almost FEVERISH, is trying to sort it out this time...

CLOSE ON MICHAEL: trying to convince himself that his partner
is making sense.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO – PCH – JUST BEFORE 6 PM

The GAME-TIME TRAFFIC is steadily building – fans SWARM THE
STREETS – the DESIGNATED INTERSECTION is in the heart of the
traffic en route to the stadium area.

Jake and Michael have been there for a TENSE 2 HOURS – sedan
wedged into a red-curbed space a few yards away from MR.
MITCHELL’S CAR, while the COPS and PLAIN-CLOTHED FBI AGENTS
try to figure out how to monitor the TRAFFIC ISLAND without
being obvious.

MICHAEL
(mulling something over)
Let me ask you something. When we
got here you said “look out for a
black Kawasaki” –

JAKE
Got a better way to get through
this mess –

MICHAEL
And black?

Jake SHRUGS noncommittally – Michael opens his mouth to
demand some real answers – but then ‘BABY LOVE’ by the
Supremes fills the car, BREAKING THE TENSION. Michael WINCES,
tries to wrestle his singing phone out of his jacket.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
She made me put that song on there.
Sure she did.

(answering)
Hey, babe. Listen, not the best -

He gets interrupted -

Right - I’ll take care of it. When? This weekend - I gotta go now.

Hanging up, Michael balls his fists into his eyes for a brief moment.

It’s hard explaining what we do.

Like why I can’t fix the window right now, or tonight, or -

At least you have someone to fix a window for.

Jake has not really made eye contact, RELENTLESSLY SCANNING the area - but that comment landed for Michael.

Jake’s eyes settle on MR. MITCHELL sitting nervously in his Porsche - checking his WATCH - opening the door -

6 on the dot - go time.

Mitchell takes the PADRES BAT BAG and puts it under the stoplight on the island - runs back to the Porsche.

Jake’s eyes dart around - no sign of the bag-grabbing Kawasaki driver - and the TRAFFIC IS GETTING INSANE -

Jake grabs the POLICE SCANNER -

Jake, you know we’re not supposed to -

This is Special Agent Reilly - just checking on the unit assigned to Coronado -

Had to pull that unit after the ransom call - needed more bodies downtown -

But - someone needs to be there - right now - send a unit back -

What is it with you and Coronado?
Jake looks at the traffic island - then at Mr. Mitchell and the Porsche - has an AWFUL FEELING - HAS TO DECIDE -

Without warning, Jake VIOLENTLY JAMS the car into REVERSE, hits the GAS, and spins AWAY from traffic -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Where are you going?!

RADIO
(crackling to life)
F.B.I. Agent Reilly - everyone is asking how you knew the location -
450 Island, Coronado Cays -
Kidnapper just called -

Michael looks at his partner - how in the world?!
- - Jake GUNS IT past standstill traffic, JUMPING on THE CURB - THE
KAWASAKI rips by -

MICHAEL
(craning around)
Isn’t that -?

JAKE
Let the Locals pick him up - we’re running out of time!

Jake wants to GET AHEAD OF THE CLOCK -

EXT. STORAGE COMPLEX - 7 PM

30 MINUTES EARLIER THAN THE TEASER -

The car SKIDS into the site, Jake LEAPS OUT - eyes landing briefly on the rookie cop HARRY DUNCAN, who arrived just MOMENTS EARLIER -

JAKE
(barking at Harry)
See anything?!

HARRY
No, sir -

JAKE
(assessing the complex)
You have to check all sides, kid, not just sit in your car - secure the site!

Jake SPRINTS for the building -

MICHAEL
(from the car)
I’m calling it in -

CUT TO:
INT. STORAGE COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

As Jake bursts in, GUNS DRAWN, he scans the space. But the room is eerily still - save for the FRESH DIRT in the middle of the floor - Jake DIVES for it, scraping away at the soil - THE GIRL IS BREATHING - barely, but KATIE MITCHELL is alive!

Collapsing, Jake gathers himself, turns to get help and radio it in - and there is a HOODED FIGURE with a QUIVERING GUN on him -

JAKE
(soft/intense)
You’re pointing at a Federal Agent pal - my advice is to put down the weapon -

Katie GASPS behind him, COMING TO, looking around - she sees the HOODED MAN - visibly SHAKING -

KATIE
(groggy/BEWILDERED)
Travis - what’s going on? Where are we?

Jake’s eyes shift from the girl to her kidnapper -

JAKE
You do know him -

KATIE
(foggy/fearful)
That guy - your friend - he put something in my drink I think - why am I in the ground?

HARRY (O.C.)
Drop the gun!

STARTLED - the kidnapper’s GUN doesn’t drop, but SWINGS WILDLY to the doorway -

BLAM BLAM - Harry’s mystified eyes CONNECT with Jake’s - and then he’s down. Dead.

JAKE
NO!

Jake stands FROZEN - immobilized by death -

This HESITATION is all the kidnapper needs, he’s gone in a flash, peeling out in a WHITE VAN with NO PLATES -

CUT TO:

EXT. STORAGE COMPLEX - LATER

A WAR ZONE of a crime scene - HELICOPTERS HOVERING - S.D.P.D. out in full force - Special Agents everywhere -

Michael corrals Jake off to one side.
JAKE
(hollowed out)
That kid’s dead because of me -

MICHAEL

Enough.

JAKE
I made the call - told him to get
out of the car -

MICHAEL
Will you knock it off? You saved
the girl for Christ’s sake - I
don’t know how you knew about this
place, but -

JAKE
You’re not getting it Michael - I
changed things, and -

MICHAEL
No, you’re not getting it.

JAKE
I -

MICHAEL
(sharp)
Do I need to tell you that Ryan’s
not dead because of you?

JAKE
Can you tell me he’s not?

MICHAEL
Jake, that’s ridiculous - you can’t
blame yourself for what you don’t
know.

Michael catches himself -

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Look, I’m your friend. You may not
want that since you got back, but
it doesn’t mean it goes away.
Friends call friends on their b.s.

BEAT.

Michael sees Torres off to the side, wanting to approach -
Michael’s protective instincts kick in, and he starts leading
Jake in the other direction -

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Go home - I’m relieving you for the
night. And get some sleep, you look
like sh...

JAKE
(shrugging him off)
Talk to the Mitchell girl. She knew
the killer. She knew him -
MICHAEL
(placating)
OK, Jake - I will.

Jake stares at him, his friend prodding him to leave the scene - something that NEVER would have happened before. Jake nods - exhausted, empty, SURRENDERING - and walks away.

SMASH CUT:

INT. THE TIDEPOOL BAR - NIGHT
Everyone is LOUDLY CELEBRATING the PADRES VICTORY - that is - everyone except the guy HIDING at the end of the bar DROWNING HIS SORROWS - feeling CRAZY and CRAPPY -

CASEY (O.C.)
Jake -? What are you...?

JAKE
Thought you might turn up, here.

CASEY
(duh)
Because I own the place.

JAKE
Exactly - so - how’s business?

Casey looks around her BURSTING BAR. Jake’s question is absurd. Business is great.

CASEY
You see the game?

JAKE
No - definitely not.

CASEY
You missed it - a no-hitter - first time in history.

JAKE
Thought they took it with a double Grand Slam -?

CASEY
Hunh?

JAKE
(snorting)
Cosmic joke. Or maybe the Universe is a fan.

Casey gives him an ODD LOOK.

CASEY
Are you here to talk about last night? Because -

JAKE
(tipsy, interrupting)
Lemme ask you something, Casey. Do you think I’m - crazy?
Casey tilts her head, but doesn’t respond -

JAKE (CONT'D)
I mean, I couldn’t even bring myself to walk in here last night - thinking of the 3 of us. ‘Member that time in Mexico - now that was insane...

CASEY
You weren’t in here last night, you showed up at my apartment - remember?

JAKE
(draining his drink)
‘Course, “crazy” would pretty much explain everything about today -

Casey eyes his empty glass and makes a judgment call -

CASEY
(to bartender)
Coffee down here - black.

JAKE
(touching stained shirt)
No thanks, I still got some.

CASEY
What’s going on, Jake?

JAKE
Mike thinks I can’t get over Ryan.

CASEY
What do you think?

JAKE
I know I can’t get over it.

BEAT.

CASEY
Me neither.

The coffee is delivered, interrupting their intimate moment -

JAKE
I really shouldn’t be here.

BEAT.

CASEY
(soft)
Ryan wouldn’t want us to drop everything about our lives - our past together.

JAKE
Our past together - Ryan’s no-good older brother tagging along with him and his girl.
CASEY
Ryan didn’t think that - I never thought that. And you were our best friend.

JAKE
You were his best friend. I was the past he was trying to get away from; and instead, I got him killed.

That sits for a moment -

CASEY
You’re not the ‘bad boy’ Jake - it’s just easier for you to think of yourself that way than try to - fix things.

Shifting the conversation -

CASEY (CONT’D)
(regarding the shirt)
I could’ve lent you a shirt this morning -

JAKE
(pointed)
One of Ryan’s?

CASEY
Always have to ask the difficult questions, don’t you - well here, I have one for you -

IT STARTS TO HAPPEN - his pupils dilate, the whooshing sound starts in - Jake abruptly rises, FLEEING (on some deep level, talking to Casey TERRIFIES Jake). There is an UNSPOKEN EMOTION as she watches Jake disappear into the crowd.

INT. BAR BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jake presses his forehead against the cool tile wall, struggling to STOP THE WHOOSHING SOUND and slow down HIS HEARTBEAT -

CASEY (O.C.)
You gonna hide in there all night?

Faced with fight-or-flight Jake WANTS to take flight - but he’s TRAPPED in the bathroom -

CASEY (O.C.) (CONT’D)
Gonna count to 3. 1. - 2. -

Hitting the TAP, Jake SPLASHES WATER on his face - watches the beads roll down his cheeks - then WATCHES CLOSER as the water REVERSES COURSE - tracking BACK UP his face!

CASEY (O.C.) (CONT’D)
3!

GRIPPING the sink - Jake tries to HOLD ON - tries to HOLD IT TOGETHER - SQUEEZING HIS EYES SHUT - useless - WHOOSH -
INT. BATHROOM - 10:30 AM

- and he is standing at a sink in a bathroom, GRIPPING it HARD. He catches himself in the mirror, dry-faced and DISORIENTED - we see THIS IS AN INDUSTRIAL BATHROOM. Jake just lurches for the door - slams out to -

CUT TO:

INT. F.B.I. HALLWAY

The hallway inside his office! He looks around - QUEASY -

AGENT TORRES (O.C.)
Agent Reilly? Agent Torres -
Internal Affairs.

Jake whips around - Torres’s HAND IS EXTENDED just as before -

JAKE
This can’t be happening -

TORRES
Pardon? Not sure if we had some kind of mix-up - I had us on the books for an hour and a half ago -

Jake’s eyes swing up to the LARGE OFFICE CLOCK.

JAKE
10:30 -? I’m losing time, too...

CLOSE ON JAKE: REELING - IT’S STILL WEDNESDAY - ONLY LATER in the day.

TORRES
Agent Reilly, I’m sorry, I’m not following -

JAKE
(squeezing his eyes shut)
What day is it?

TORRES
What?

JAKE
(unhinged)
The day! The day! What day is it!

People in the office turn toward the RAISED VOICE - and then - as if to answer - an overzealous colleague walks in the front door in SAN DIEGO PADRES GEAR -

PADRES FAN
Woohoo, people! Game 7 tonight - gotta bust the bad guys before then

The BLOOD DRAINS from Jake’s face - WHAT IS HAPPENING???

END ACT 1
INT. F.B.I. / NONDESCRIPT SIDE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Torres - UNSETTLED BY JAKE’S OUTBURST - carefully sets his phone to AUDIO RECORD -

TORRES
So - you’re two days back on active duty - how are you -

JAKE
(snapping at Torres)
I’m “coping” fine.

CLOSE ON JAKE: facing the prospect of having this conversation A THIRD TIME, he makes a BOLD DECISION -

JAKE (CONT'D)
Listen - I’m gonna make this super-easy for us both -

CLOSE ON TORRES: is this guy yanking my chain?

JAKE (CONT'D)
Everyone and their mother has already cleared me for duty, so what else do you need to know? This job is stressful, but what job isn’t - oh, and the “Superman” tag was assigned by my boss in undercover - he liked the funny pages.

Torres is totally taken off guard. He starts flipping through SOME FILES to cover.

JAKE (CONT'D)
We done?

TORRES
(trying to get back into the game)
That covers preliminaries. But, um -

Jake rises at the same time Torres flips open a NEW FOLDER -

TORRES (CONT'D)
Your first statement at the hospital, when you found out Ryan was dead -

JAKE
What about it?

TORRES
You kept saying, “They were after me.”

Jake FREEZES.

TORRES (CONT’D)
Who is “they?”
JAKE
You don’t want to know.

TORRES
I do actually; because you mentioned some sort of smuggling ring being run by San Diego PD -

JAKE
There’s no traction on that. And because I can’t remember that night, everyone told me I was being paranoid -

TORRES
Were you? Are you?

JAKE
(tight)
It’s all in the file. You decide.

The door FLIES OPEN -

MICHAEL
Jake - Maggie’s about to chew your head off for missing the briefing - we gotta go -

TORRES
We should set a time to continue -

But Jake is already out the door, leaving Michael and Torres behind.

TORRES (CONT’D)
Bureau’s letting him go pretty hard, pretty fast - don’t you think?

MICHAEL
That’s what he’s good at; excuse me.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER
Michael catches up -

MICHAEL
Got stuck with campus patrol until the ransom call comes in - I can only guess why.

Jake’s face shifts - remembering - he’s full of nerves and jittery, re-living this day again.

JAKE
(trying to get a grip)
Anyone named “Travis” pop up on the radar -

MICHAEL
Not that I know of.
JAKE
But yesterday Katie identified her killer at the warehouse - "Travis" - and she asked why she was buried -

Jake catches Michael looking at him like he’s an alien -

JAKE (CONT'D)
You think I’m nuts.

Michael glances around - there are a lot of AGENTS hurrying around -

MICHAEL
I don’t know what to think. You miss a briefing your first week back while we’re hours away from a ransom - not like the old Jake.

Jake is PALE, starting to lose it - can’t do this again -

JAKE
You’re right. I’m not feeling so well, Mike. I shouldn’t have come in - terrible timing. Bad Moo Shu last night -

MICHAEL

Jake -?

JAKE (backing away)
I need a sick day - might be better for the case anyway.

MICHAEL
What do you want me to tell Williams - that you ate a bad shrimp -?

JAKE
Just tell him what you really think - that I might be losing my mind.

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE’S HOUSE - LATER

An OPEN BEER - bags of chips - hamburger wrappers - and Jake, a pile of SWEATS and BLANKETS, STARING AT THE “RYAN COLD CASE BOARD” - the STRING LEADS shooting out to nowhere - we get the feeling Jake studies this board a lot -

Burger sits placidly next to the BLARING TV - treated to his own burger and fries -

Finding nothing new on the board, Jake shuffles to the couch -

JAKE
Ever have deja vu, Burger? Or are all dog-days pretty much the same?

Burger keeps happily chomping away -
JAKE (CONT'D)
Lucky you. Don’t do anything and it all turns out OK.
(sipping his beer)
That’s what I’m doing for the rest of the day - nothing - see how we like that -
(catching himself)
- probably am crazy if I’m talking to you.

On TV - the PRE-GAME CIRCUS building up to Game 7 - Jake cracks another beer - DOWNS HALF OF IT in one sip -

DING-DONG - the doorbell -

JAKE (CONT'D)
What now?

He goes to open it - CASEY stands there - looking sweet, holding some bags and a cup -

JAKE (CONT'D)
What are you doing here -?

CASEY
Mike called - said you came home “sick” - figured I owed you that hangover breakfast. You ran out pretty early this morning -

Jake SHUTS THE DOOR on her face.

JAKE
(to Burger)
Guess the day happens the same until I start over again...

He flops back down on the couch as the doorbell DING-DONGS again - and again - and again -

JAKE (CONT'D)
Nobody’s home!

But Casey is nothing if not persistent. DING-DONG, DING-DONG. Jake hauls himself back to the door - opening it wide -

SPLASH - she throws the coffee she was holding at him - STAINING HIS SHIRT - and the steaming takeout -

JAKE (CONT'D)
Ow - are you nuts?!

CASEY
(furious)
There’s only one person in the entire world who knows exactly what I’m going through right now -
(tearing up)
And he shuts the door in my face?!

Jake is struck silent by her PAIN and NEED.
Oh, forget it.
(re: spilled food)
Give the waffles to Burger.

She rushes off; Jake stands in the doorway - HEART SINKING.

INT. JAKE’S HOUSE - LATER - 9:30 PM

Jake - GLASS-EYED - watches as the Padres take the World Series - AGAIN - but this time because 'the Anaheim Angels relief pitcher BALKS at the Bottom of the 9th - never happened in history'.

Burger rests peacefully beside him on the couch - undisturbed by the historic win.

A NEWS FLASH interrupts the coverage - on the TV screen, a picture of KATIE MITCHELL, now flashing a headline that she has been FOUND DEAD - along with a CRITICALLY INJURED OFFICER - first on the scene - HARRY DUNCAN.

Jake’s eyes SHARPEN and FOCUS - he leaps to his feet - SLAM - Jake THROWS OVER the coffee table, SMASHING the beers, DUMPING everything on the floor - Burger leaps off the couch in ALARM.

JAKE
You gotta be kidding me - it got WORSE?! What the -

Full of piss and vinegar - realizing HE CAN’T CHANGE THINGS by just SITTING THERE - he stumbles around, pulling on clothes, grabbing at his BADGE and GUNS - heading out the door.

EXT. JAKE’S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Barreling down the stairs, Jake suddenly stops in his tracks. Across the street from his home, Torres sits in his car watching Jake’s house. He is talking on his phone, looking the other way -

JAKE
What the -?

CLOSE ON JAKE: making a decision - should he confront the surveillance? No - he SNEAKS AROUND THE BACK instead, pulling out his cellphone -

INT. TAXI - 11 PM

In the SAME CAB that picked him up the first time around, Jake, now sobered up, arrives ACROSS THE STREET from the Mitchell House -

Jake checks over his shoulder - Torres is nowhere in sight.
CABBIE
This is the address you gave me -

JAKE
Let’s just sit here for a second -

CABBIE
Your dime -

MAJOR ACTIVITY - the horrible AFTERMATH of a CRIME GONE WRONG...

INSIDE THE HOUSE - through the windows - the sounds of GRIEF and ANGER - Mr. Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell YELLING at each other - Police and a GRIEF COUNSELOR trying to console them.

Jake settles in, prepared to wait it out.

JAKE
Lemme ask you somethin’ - you remember me?

CABBIE
Scuze’?

JAKE
From yesterday - or - today - earlier, before -

CABBIE
Pardon?

JAKE
Never mind - trapped in Hell by myself.

Getting out, Jake makes his way up the drive. Michael is wrapping things up at the house -

He SEES JAKE wandering into the scene - looking around quickly, he intercepts Jake and rushes him to the side of the action.

MICHAEL
(tense/trying for casual)
Hey pally - what are you doing here?

JAKE
Saw it on the news -

MICHAEL
Nothing you can do, Jake - need you to get out of here. Williams was already on my ass about -

JAKE
(serious)
How do you know there’s nothing I can do? This time I didn’t even try...

Michael pulls him ROUGHLY ASIDE, even further from the others.
MICHAEL
Stepping out for a “sick-day”
didn’t play too well with everyone
wondering about you -

JAKE
I can help on this -

MICHAEL
No - you can’t.

BEAT.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
(rubbing at his temple)
Listen. Gimme a few to wrap up then
we’ll grab some dinner - I’m
starving -

Jake is DISTRACTED, notices ANDREW MCCOY, the boyfriend, as
he MEANDERS IN GRIEF, trundling to the tree-lined street, and
WALKING off -

JAKE
Sure - OK -

MICHAEL
Ten minutes. And stay up at the end
of the driveway.

Jake NODS, Michael heads back inside - Jake HUSTLES back to
the cab -

JAKE
(to cabbie)
OK, let’s go. Follow that kid -

CABBIE
I don’t wanna get into some kind of
deal here -

JAKE
You’re already in some kind of a
deal here -

Jake shoves two twenties at him.

CABBIE
It’s not about the money, mister -

THWACK - Jake’s BADGE SLAPS up against the glass -

JAKE
Drive.

OFF THE CABBIE’S REACTION TO THIS NUTS GUY -

CUT TO:
EXT. RANCHO SANTA FE ROAD - NIGHT

Jake looks sympathetically after Andrew, who seems lost, walking in BLIND GRIEF - a feeling Jake knows... until, SOMETHING ODD HAPPENS -

Thinking he’s alone now, Andrew BREAKS from his slow, MOURNFUL, meandering pace, into a PANICKED TROT, and then a FULL SPRINT -

Making it to a clump of trees, he pulls out in his RUSTED NISSAN - as he pulls away, the CAB pulls into FRAME -

JAKE
Where are you running to, big guy?

CUT TO:

EXT. DUSTY ADOBE HOUSE - EL CAJON - LATER

El Cajon 20 miles and the other end of the spectrum from Rancho Santa Fe -

A RUNDOWN HOUSE with ALUMINUM SHUTTERS and a CRUMBLING FACADE - Andrew McCoy hustles out of his vehicle, parked crookedly next to a WHITE CARGO VAN - he heads inside -

Across the street, Jake hands over the fare plus an extra twenty. When the cabbie sees him pull out his gun and turn towards the house - he peels out.

Jake checks out the BLACK KAWASAKI half-hidden in the bushes - hears YELLING - he looks around, all the SHUTTERS CLOSED - and then UP - a huge VENT, a PERFECT SPY-HOLE.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF

Jake HOISTS himself up - a little TOO heavy for the AGING ROOF - and gingerly gets himself near the VENT - where he can see into a FADED LIVING ROOM with BOTTLES and TRASH lying around - signs of a young man’s habitat -

ANDREW is FREAKING OUT, talking to ANOTHER YOUNG MAN - who bears a STRIKING RESEMBLANCE to Andrew -

ANDREW
Where is she Travis?

TRAVIS - the name Katie Mitchell knew when he rescued her last time around - Travis refuses to look up from the STACKS OF MONEY he is counting on the table before him.

TRAVIS
(jittery)
I’m - Andy sit down. We need to talk -

ANDREW
(frantic)
They said Katie’s dead - where is (MORE)
ANDREW (CONT’D)

she really? It’s just part of the plan, right?

TRAVIS

Listen, Buckley showed up in person said they needed more –

ANDREW

You said you only owed them 100 that he wasn’t going to get near Katie –

TRAVIS

They were going to kill me –

Travis starts to SHIVER and SWEAT at the same time – dangerously close to breaking down –

ANDREW

What about Katie?!

SCRAPE – Jake SLIPS a bit, a tin shingle GIVES WAY – Travis and Andrew LOOK UP – Jake holds his breath –

TRAVIS

(trembling/mumbling)
She should have just asked her dad for the money, not gone along with this.

CLOSE ON JAKE: so the victim is “in” on the crime!

ANDREW

Because she didn’t want to see my idiot brother getting hurt over a gambling debt! Why are you talking about her in the past tense?

Now it’s obvious that Andrew is another stray mutt biting Katie in the face...

TRAVIS

(suddenly looking up)
I’m so sorry – it wasn’t supposed to go down like this –

CLOSE ON ANDREW: everything is SPIRALING out of control.

TRAVIS (CONT’D)

They were supposed to get there sooner – but the World Series –

ANDREW

(howling)
THAT’S THE ONLY REASON SHE’S DEAD?!

Jake – having HEARD PLENTY – scrambles down the roof – half-jumps, HALF-FALLS off – lands next to Andrew’s car. Picking himself up – he CHECKS FOR HIS GUN –

BLAM – BLAM – Jake is SPUN AROUND by shots fired in the NIGHT – as he spirals to the ground he catches sight of the shooter – BUCKLEY SMITH (20s) – all MUSCLE, GOOD TEETH, reptilian eyes, SMOLDERING CIGARETTE.
JAKE
(weakly)
You a friend of Travis’?

Smirking, takes a drag off his cig.

BUCKLEY
(exhaling SMOKE)
Friends don’t lose your money on a pony...

Buckley raises his gun one final time - aiming at Jake’s head.

REVERSE ON JAKE: pupils dilate, adrenaline surging, heart pounding, WHOOSHING SOUND - Travis pulls the TRIGGER - BLAM -

And the bullet HITS JAKE - BARELY, before, IN REVERSE, it literally, PULLS BACK OUT from his head, as, WHOOSH -

CUT TO:

EXT. MITCHELL HOUSE - ROAD - 2PM

Jake stumbles into THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET - a CAR HORN - from a convertible heading STRAIGHT AT HIM - Jake DIVES towards the Mitchell’s pathway onto the Estate.

Michael looks back at him (they have been crossing together, like each time before) -

MICHAEL
(apparently mid-sentence)
...don’t need to say anything about U.S.D. - Jake....What was that?

JAKE
(spinning)
Nothing - sorry.

He tries to compose himself as FBI AGENTS and other COPS look at him SCRAMBLING IN...

MICHAEL
You look - pale.

JAKE
New beauty regime. Come on.

As the men enter, AGENT TORRES takes note of the odd maneuver that just occurred -

CUT TO:

INT. MITCHELL HOUSE - RANSOM CALL

Jake barely makes it to his place in the corner of the dining room as the call is ALREADY IN PROGRESS - Maggie shoots him a DIRTY LOOK -
VOICE ON PHONE
Didn’t think you could get away
with it that cheap, did you,
Mitchell?

JAKE
(blurting out)
Don’t do it, Travis!

The room FREEZES - Andrew TWITCHES - no one notices because
they are all SHOCKED by JAKE - TORRES is there, too, eyes
wide - what is he doing?! But the Caller DOESN’T HANG UP -

VOICE ON PHONE
What did you say?

JAKE
(to Andrew)
Andrew tell them - you can save
her!

Andrew looks SHOCKED - so is everyone else, because Jake
sounds CERTIFIABLY CRAZY -

JAKE (CONT’D)
(now yelling)
You all know each other!

Michael RESTRAINS Jake, dragging him away - SILENCING HIM for
his own good -

VOICE ON PHONE
Who the hell’s that?

MR. MITCHELL
My - friend -

VOICE ON PHONE
Tell him to shut up - and leave the
stupid boyfriend out of it.

Jake looks at Michael - “did you hear that?”

MR. MITCHELL
Sorry - sorry, we’ll do it.

VOICE ON PHONE
You better - or it’s OVER for her.

DEAD PHONE LINE - he has hung up - the room EXPLODES -

WILLIAMS
What the hell’s your problem,
Reilly?

JAKE
Ask him -
(pointing to Andrew)
- he’s in on it!

Jake is PISSED -

JAKE (CONT’D)
They’re brothers - Travis and
Andrew -
ANDREW
W- what?

MICHAEL
Come on, Jake - let’s take it outside -

JAKE
It’s a conspiracy, Mike!

Michael, trapped between his friend and what he saw, and his Superiors who PROMOTED HIM - freezes...

MR. MITCHELL
(livid)
Do you want to explain why you just jeopardized Katie’s life?!

JAKE
Katie’s helping them - but she’s in over her head; doesn’t know how dangerous they are....

MR. MITCHELL
She’d never -

JAKE
She’s running to another guy because she feels abandoned by you, and he’s not a good guy -

Agents GRAB JAKE, Michael right behind them - but this is like a SLAP to Mitchell’s face -

WILLIAMS
OUT!

JAKE
Get your hands off me!

WILLIAMS
Get him out of here - now!

Jake LUNGES FORWARD - right at Andrew -

JAKE
(fast harsh whisper)
Travis is going to bury her alive so no one sees her, but he doesn’t realize the drugs will make her suffocate on the dirt -

TEARING JAKE OFF, the agents literally have to DRAG HIM AWAY - BUMPING INTO an Agent holding a CUP OF COFFEE, which stains Jake’s shirt - AGAIN.

They throw him out the front door - he DESPERATELY holds the frame, calling to Andrew -

JAKE (CONT’D)
You can still save her, Andrew. If anyone dies, it’ll be your fault!

END ACT 2
ACT 3

INT. F.B.I. - SIDE OFFICE - 3PM

The two partners - and friends - sit in stone-cold SILENCE. Jake looks over to Michael, who FUMES -

MICHAEL
Are you crazy? You’re going to be put on suspension -

JAKE
You won’t believe me - I’m just going with it this time.

MICHAEL
Going with what, Jake? You’re off the case - I’m sending you home.
(taking it down a notch)
Torres is just looking for a reason to take you out of the field.

JAKE
I’m asking you to trust me - we can save her.

MICHAEL
Save her? Or save Ryan?

Michael has had enough - his ass is on the line.

JAKE
(stung)
Andrew’s brother. There’s a little house out in El Cajon -

MICHAEL
(sharply cutting him off)
We cleared the boyfriend - he was with a group of other students the night she disappeared -

JAKE
His brother, Mike -

MICHAEL
(snapping back)
We were working on this before you got back, you know?

JAKE
Then what about Travis -

MICHAEL
There is no “Travis” - alright?

TORRES arrives - again with his AUDIO RECORDER - Michael immediately shoots out of his chair - excusing himself.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
You two figure it out.

Torres sits as he leaves -
Agent Reilly - Jake - I think you
know there are some repercussions
for what just happened.

Jake doesn’t answer.

Torres sits back - EVALUATING - SHIFTS GEARS -

TORRES (CONT’D)
Let’s talk conspiracy -

JAKE
The girl’s gaming the parents -

TORRES
I was referring to Ryan -

Jake stops, FROZEN -

JAKE
What do you mean?

TORRES
I’m not going to be the one to
reprimand you - that will be
Williams.

Jake doesn’t know how to respond - is this happening? He
decides to go along -

JAKE
I’ve been saying the same thing
about that night: I can’t remember
how I got to the hospital or who
killed my brother; all I know is
that it happened two weeks after I
discovered the smuggling ring.

TORRES
Ok...

JAKE
I’ve been through the file a
hundred times trying to piece it
together - there was a bullet
lodged outside Ryan’s apartment -
gone now. It has to match a weapon.

TORRES
And?

JAKE
And if the weapon isn’t random,
then neither was the shooting. No
one has ever looked for it.

TORRES
Why are you telling me this?

JAKE
(grinning)
What the hell, right? You probably
won’t remember tomorrow anyway...
Torres glances down to check his phone, Jake’s eyes shift to the WALL CLOCK.

JAKE (CONT’D)
Look, I need to use the restroom.
Too much coffee.

TORRES
Sure.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUREAU - MOMENTS LATER

Jake - pursuing his OWN AGENDA - SNEAKS OUT of the office, narrowly avoiding a COLLISION with Maggie glued to her cell. DARTING RIGHT, he heads for MICHAEL’S SEDAN, passing by the Newspaper Vendor slipping some CASH to his BOOKIE -

JAKE
Better not be betting on the Angels - Padres take it.

The Vendor and the Bookie GLANCE OVER, then quickly discontinue their transaction.

JAKE (CONT’D)
(jumping in the car)
But if you keep making the same mistake, you shouldn’t expect a different outcome -

MICHAEL (O.C.)
Where are you going? Aren’t you supposed to stay at the office -

Jake looks up to Michael staring down at him from the steps - oh no!, Michael recognizes that look:

JAKE
(calling out)
If I don’t make it to the drop, look for a black Kawasaki - and take 2 vehicles - you can split up that way and get there in time, and catch the van and the bike - 450 Island Road in Coronado. Get someone there by 18:45.

And with that Jake HITS THE GAS - PEELING OUT - leaving Michael open-mouthed -

CUT TO:

EXT. EL CAJON HOUSE - 4:00 PM

WHITE VAN and BLACK KAWASAKI parked and READY TO GO -

Jake - CONSUMED BY HIS MISSION - pulls his GUNS out of the holsters - approaches the house -

All Jake, he KICKS IN THE DOOR -
INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- SLAMMING through it - finding TRAVIS in his boxers - GAMBLING FORMS all around him -

JAKE
Don’t move or I’ll shoot your dice off!

Travis has no defense but to throw a COUCH CUSHION at Jake -

TRAVIS
Who the hell are you?

JAKE
FBI! Where’s Buckley?!

WHIMPERING - behind a bathroom door, A GIRL -

JAKE (CONT’D)
(hopeful)
She’s still here - you haven’t taken her yet -

He goes to the bathroom door - opens it - SWOOSH, a SHOVEL SWINGS THROUGH THE AIR - KNOCKING Jake’s gun across the room -

Jake’s POV: BUCKLEY! He continues the FAKE WHIMPERING as -

WHAM - the shovel hits the side of Jake’s head, sending him REELING -

BUCKLEY
(crazy laugh)
Nice work fed - how’d you figure it out -

JAKE
(scrambling backwards)
You’re sloppy - units are surrounding this place now -

BUCKLEY
B.S.

JAKE
Tell Travis - you don’t care if she dies -

Fast as lightening, Buckley HANDCUFFS Jake to a stair bannister - pulls out Jake’s phone and SMASHES IT, then grabs JAKE’S CAR KEYS, and the KEYS TO THE KAWASAKI -

BUCKLEY
No one has to die if we all follow the plan -

JAKE
Your plan kills her - she’s not breathing well enough with the drugs.

TRAVIS
(freaking out)
How did he find us? How did he know about the pills?
BUCKLEY
Your stupid brother probably messed it up somehow -

TRAVIS
Or you coming here - this was never supposed to happen!

BUCKLEY
You got a problem with our arrangement?! Or would you rather take the other deal?

TRAVIS
(shrinking)
No - no, I -

BUCKLEY
(tossing him the shovel)
Good - now get your ass in line and get the girl to Coronado -

JAKE
Do what he says and you’ll be regretting it for the rest of your life -

BUCKLEY
SHUT UP!

JAKE
(spitting through the blood)
You’ll play it over and over in your head - praying for a different ending - but it always works out the same - someone you love is dead!

BUCKLEY
(kicking Jake in the mouth)
Shut it!

GLARING up at Buckley - Jake spits out BLOOD -

JAKE
(eyes square on Travis)
You can be better than this.

BUCKLEY
(to Travis)
You - go -

Travis - FREAKED - numbly obeys -

BUCKLEY (CONT'D)
Make sure nobody sees her!

JAKE
Just don’t bury her, she -

Buckley RAISES his big boot - STOMPING on Jake’s HEAD - cutting him off -
Through the SHOOTING STARS, Jake makes out the open door leading outside - the WHITE VAN - Travis clamoring inside - KATIE MITCHELL, UNCONSCIOUS, her LEGS DANGLING from a seat -

Jake SHAKES HIS HEAD CLEAR - once, twice... his eyes focus.

CUT TO:

INT. EL CAJON HOUSE - 445 PM

As the Kawasaki WHIRS OFF in the distance, Jake flies into ACTION - he backs off, and then SLAMS HIS SHOULDER into the stair bannister railing, literally trying to BREAK THROUGH IT. After a few whacks, howls, and BLOOD - he does it - but has to keep the cuffs on -

SPRINTING ACROSS THE STREET, he borrows a phone from a PETRIFIED DOG-WALKER -

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAFFIC - THE DROP SITE - 6PM

Michael is in position at the DROP SITE - in a BORROWED CAR, an unmarked FBI Crown Vic - when a CAB PULLS UP NEXT TO HIM obstructing his view. It’s the SAME CABBIE FROM BEFORE (for Jake) -

MICHAEL
(perturbed)
What the - ?

Jake hops out -

JAKE
I’m sorry Michael, I know I’m -

MICHAEL
Where the hell did you disappear to?! Williams has an APB out for you -

JAKE
We can stop them - they’re going to try and jam us at the drop, and then they have the only way out -

MICHAEL
What’s that?

JAKE
A motorcycle.

MICHAEL
(yanking him in the car)
How do you know?

JAKE
Because I know -
MICHAEL
They want your head on a platter -
you take off - and now you want me
to let you take lead?!

Michael notices the handcuffs now dangling from one arm -

JAKe
I’ll explain later -

MICHAEL
No - you’ll explain now -

JAKe
Please Mike - if I’m right about
the bike -

WHIRRrrrr - the sound of THE KAWASAKI in the distance - Jake
whips around to look - it’s weaving in and out of traffic -

JAKe (CONT’D)
(as fast as he can get the
words out)
Get that unit to 450 Island,
Coronado Cays for surveillance; but
absolutely no one goes inside
before I get there, OK - that’s
very important - observe only!

Jake LEAPS out of the car, towards the ISLAND near where Mr.
Mitchell is parked - where THE DROP will go down -

MICHAEL
(shouting)
Jake! You’re going to taint the
drop - they’ll make me abort.

JAKe
Don’t do it, Mike.

He reaches Mr. Mitchell’s Porsche, just as he is getting out
to drop the money bag (the way we saw it play out) - Jake
GRABS THE BAG, heads to the drop site himself -

The dirt bike blazes through traffic - right towards the
Island - when he is CLOTHES-LINED by Jake and the BAG before
he knows what hits him - CLATTERING to the ground as the bike
SKIDS OUT. The cracked helmet visor reveals BUCKLEY, one of
his good teeth KNOCKED OUT -

JAKe (CONT’D)
Now we’re even.

The COPS SWARM the island -

Michael and other COPS come running at Jake -

MICHAEL
(astonished)
Jake - you got him - and the money -

JAKe
(hopping on the dirt bike)
Call the McCoy Kid - tell him
you’ve got the bagman.
MICHAEL
Why?

JAKE
He’s going to give himself up -

Before Michael can ask more, Jake GUNS OFF on the Kawasaki - a MAN ON A MISSION -

A group of PADRES FANS has been watching, STUNNED and SHIRTLESS, painted chests in BLUE & WHITE -

CUT TO:

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - 6.30 PM

AN HOUR EARLIER than his arrival in the Teaser, Jake SKIDS IN on the dirt bike - finding THE VAN, as well as ANDREW’S CAR -

Just as ROOKIE OFFICER HARRY DUNCAN is getting out of his cruiser, putting the radio down and gun ready -

Jake leaps off his bike and runs at DUNCAN - he grabs the rookie and pushes him towards his car -

JAKE
This time you live -

HARRY
What are you -?

He heads straight for the backseat, and throws him in, LOCKING the door - of course, it’s a cop car, so he is TRAPPED in the back -

JAKE
You’ll thank me later -

He sprints for the building -

Reaching the FRONT DOOR where the rookie previously entered and DIED, Jake freezes - backtracks - and goes in the SIDE ENTRANCE -

INT. BUILDING - SAME

Travis and ANDREW face each other - Andrew circling him -

ANDREW
Travis they got Buckley, let’s get out of here and go get Katie.

TRAVIS
These are not nice people, Andrew. They’ll send someone else to kill me. We have to give them whatever they ask for -

ANDREW
Where’s Katie?

Travis HESITATES, not looking AT THE DIRT -
ANDREW (CONT’D)
Where is she?!

TRAVIS
We’re not in control of this anymore - these guys are serious. You have to get the money.

ANDREW
What? Are you crazy?

TRAVIS
(totally losing it)
Her family has the money - I need to know it’s coming! Come on, I always watched your back - 'Poindexter McCoy' - you think you would have survived back in those days without me -?!

ANDREW
Travis, it’s too late; they know your name. We’re screwed, let’s just tell Katie it’s over. Where is she?

He doesn’t know about the dirt square now OBSCURED INTENTIONALLY by Travis -

TRAVIS
She’s back at the house - Buckley gave her something to relax - she’ll be -

BLAM - a shot rings out between them, Travis points his gun towards the DARKNESS - can’t see.

JAKE
(from the dark)
You and I both know she’s about to die in that hole, Travis. Now put the gun down - or the next shot will end you.

Travis responds by BLASTING a few rounds all over the building -

BLAM - one precise shot takes out his HAND - the gun CLANKING to the floor - before he knows what has hit him, WHAM - he and Andrew are body-checked off their feet -

Both of them, wheezing in pain, Travis bleeding -

And Jake dives for the dirt - Andrew now SEES that Travis was HIDING it from him. Jake pulls Katie out, BARELY BREATHING - gives her CPR - as OUTSIDE, the sound of POLICE SIRENS -

Jake collapses - KATIE, coughing and coming to - sees ANDREW - rushing towards her - collapsing in her arms.

ANDREW
Katie - I’m sorry -

In rushes A FLOOD of FBI AGENTS - led by AGENT TORRES - who looks at Jake in AWE and CONFUSION - and SUSPICION -
Jake - breathing heavily on the ground - looks SATISFIED for the first time - Michael runs over to him, helps him up -

MICHAEL
I don’t know how you did it -

He PROPS HIM UP to find - A SEA OF EYES filled with RESPECT and GRATITUDE -

As Michael helps him out, Jake makes eye contact with Torres, who NODS, as Jake walks through the PARTING CROWD and outside.

END ACT 3
ACT 4

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Sitting on the middle of the table: a small digital audio recorder. TRAVIS - looking PALE and SWEATY - stares at the bars jumping at every rustle in the room -

On the other side of the table, Michael and Jake, like two old DOUBLES PARTNERS playing a match -

MICHAEL
Pretty clever, you using your middle name and an Arizona license - no wonder you didn’t show up as “Travis” when we cleared Andrew. Wanna tell us why you two are guilty of kidnapping and attempted murder?

TRAVIS
(shaken, but trying to hold it together)
I’m not talking without a lawyer -

MICHAEL
Burying Katie alive was a particularly stupid-ass idea - real easy for a hole to turn into a grave, you know. Now me personally? I would have stashed her in a dumpster - lots of air -

TRAVIS
Not. Without. A. Lawyer.

Jake - EYES LOCKING IN - stretches his neck, an OLD PRO -

JAKE
One’s on the way - I just wanted you to know: I know what it’s like being the Bad Brother - I’m him.

Travis shifts - trying to keep it together -

JAKE (CONT’D)
See, my Dad, he never thought much of me either; but my brother, Ryan? He was... Superman - Valedictorian - Captain of this and that - you name it.

TRAVIS
OK...

JAKE
Then, he got killed. And I’ve been thinking a lot about that - because, you know - I don’t know if it’s my fault or not.

Travis isn’t used to things being THIS PERSONAL - neither is Michael, who also seems enraptured -
But the truth is – he actually made me – makes me – want to be better, even if I’m not very good at it.

Jake lets that sit for a moment – Travis SIGHS – almost there – almost –

So – now’s your chance; you want to be better – for Andrew?

Travis looks up, and looks Jake in the eye for the first time:

I never meant to hurt her – or him. These people, they let you get up, then you get down, and they raise the rates...

He trails off –

JAKE (check mate)
It sucks feeling like you dragged your brother in – right?

And that BREAKS THE DAM –

He doesn’t owe me anything – please – don’t take it out on him. It was all me. They were going to kill me...

Katie’s family has so much money. And she’s so sweet. I didn’t think... a fake kidnapping, how could it go wrong, right? It was all my idea – she didn’t even know she was drinking the stuff I crushed up, Buckley made us do a shot –

Michael – JAW AGAPE – wonders how the F Jake dragged all of this out of this guy?

INT BUREAU – MINUTES LATER

Michael walks Jake through the halls, HAPPY GLANCES and VISUAL ‘HIGH-FIVES’ throughout –

Passing by another INTERVIEW ROOM Jake sees Mr. Mitchell and Katie EMBRACING – tears flowing – it may not be a total reconciliation, but it’s a start...

Rounding the corner by the DIRECTOR’S OFFICE, Jake catches the eye of Williams – who NODS at Jake before shutting the door. This acknowledgement causes Michael to practically STRUT –
Yup - the boy’s back and better than ever -

Michael watches as Jake wraps up at his desk - a group of other AGENTS and cops from the Task Force - including HARRY DUNCAN - lingering, as they wrap up their reports for the night -

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Today was good.

JAKE
Sure.

BEAT.

MICHAEL
What you said back there - you know Ryan loved you, right?

JAKE
Maybe he did, maybe he shouldn’t have. (attempt at lightly) Too late to matter now anyway.

MICHAEL
Grab a drink?

JAKE
Nah. Think I’ll skip it tonight. Why don’t you go fix your window, Mike - I’m cool.

MICHAEL
I know you are...

Jake heads out - Michael looks after him... seems as if his friend is starting to live life again.

ON HIS WAY TO THE DOOR, Agent Torres stops him -

JAKE
Torres.

TORRES
(very official) Agent Reilly, I’m requesting a meeting first thing tomorrow to discuss our concerns about today -

JAKE
The Department thinks I’m wild.

TORRES
You endangered the victim’s life, broke protocol, and would be sitting on reprimand right now if things hadn’t turned out the way they did -

JAKE
Lucky me it all worked out.
TORRES
 Luck doesn’t really explain how you knew about the storage unit -

JAKE
 How’s 9 a.m. sound?

Torres nods as Jake backs away.

TORRES
 Just one more thing - on your brother.

Jake’s interest is piqued - Torres takes a flitting look at the HALLWAY CAMERAS -

TORRES (CONT’D)
 (lower)
 I went to his apartment building, re-examined the site.

Jake is halted: Is this guy serious?

TORRES (CONT’D)
 Checked it out with S.D.P.D., and you’re right, they never found it - the bullet. The hole was empty, like someone collected it after the shooting. But that could only happen after an agent-related shooting by two kinds of people -

JAKE
 Cops -

TORRES
 Or Agents.

That was POINTED - Torres doesn’t break his stare - like, “I think you might be right; we can’t talk about it here.”

TORRES (CONT’D)
 So - 9 a.m. tomorrow?

Jake is GRATEFUL - maybe this is why all of this is happening...

JAKE
 Yeah. Tomorrow.

He nods to Torres, APPRECIATIVE, and heads out...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET / ACROSS FROM POLICE STATION -

As Jake heads away from HQ the ECSTATIC NEWS-VENDOR runs up and HUGS HIM -

JAKE
 What the -?

VENDOR
 Agent Reilly - boy I owe you big -
He pulls out a WAD OF CASH –

VENDOR (CONT’D)
Because of you I won! The odds on the Padres winning - can you believe it?! And with a homerun in every inning, that’s the first time in history!

JAKE
Every inning, huh? Ain’t that somethin’.

Yup - the Universe IS a fan –

VENDOR
Here - take some - take it!

JAKE
That’s illegal money from a sports booking transaction - I don’t think...

VENDOR
Please, it’s karma; you give, you get!

He stuffs a ROLL OF CASH in Jake’s hand and runs back to his stand to close it out -

CUT TO:

52 INT. TIDEPOOL BAR

Jake walks in, for the first time not hating the crowd, the familiar surroundings - not entirely.

He finds Casey, re-stocking -

CASEY
What are you doing here?

JAKE
Thought we could have a drink, and - talk.

CASEY
Talk?

JAKE
I think you’re right.

CASEY
About -

JAKE
Ryan. He’d want us to be friends.

CASEY
(looking him over)
I never said that to you.

JAKE
Not out loud - but you’re right.
CASEY

Jake -

JAKE

No - listen. Why I’m being so weird - sleeping at your place, breakfast - YOU. I don’t wanna spit on his grave because of how I feel. And I feel guilty - and I’m not sure how to - cope - when I see you - because...

There is SO much behind that ‘because...’ - Casey is FLABBERGASTED by his clumsy attempt at honesty and OPENNESS -

JAKE (CONT’D)

Maybe I should shut up, now -

CASEY

Yeah. Probably.

They look at each other a moment longer - UNDENIABLE YEARNING from both, not necessarily for SEX, for someone who SHARES YOUR PAIN -

Jake CAN’T HANDLE IT - breaks the moment by SLAPPING THE WAD OF CASH on the bar -

JAKE

(yelling LOUDLY to the crowd)
Drinks on me!

Casey smiles - this could be the START OF SOMETHING NEW...

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE’S APARTMENT - LATER

Stripping off his coffee-stained shirt, Jake takes his beer, and sits down in his chair with pen and paper. Burger hoists himself up, resting his head on Jake’s lap -

Shaking his head - at himself mostly - Jake PUTS DOWN HIS BEER and PETS BURGER, letting the dog stay where he is for the first time - Burger is in DOGGY HEAVEN - he kisses Jake with a SLOPPY LICK.

JAKE

(laughing)

Ugh - no offense, but I don’t kiss on a first date.

Burger licks him again, then settles in...

CUT TO:
INT. JAKE’S APARTMENT – MORNING

Jake shoots up in his chair, NOT SURE WHAT TIME IT IS – NOT SURE WHAT DAY IT IS EITHER – eyes landing on the COFFEE-STAINED shirt still BALLED UP on the floor where he threw it the night before.

Burger is there next to him, sitting in front of the TV, watching the coverage of the PADRES VICTORY –

NEWSCASTER
And to follow that glorious victory, we’re going to have a beautiful fall Thursday – weather after the commercial from Hal –

Jake looks at the time – ‘5AM’ – his normal time to start a day.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOFTS/RYAN’S OLD APARTMENT – DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO

Jake – feeling almost reborn – gets out of his car. Passing by a “FOR RENT” sign in the lower window, Jake climbs through some bushes, and examines a CORNER OF THE BUILDING.

And then he finds exactly what he’s looking for –

A PLASTERED-IN BULLET-HOLE.

Jake touches the WOUNDED BUILDING – the place where his brother lost his life. After a moment, he pulls away – and we see the fire in his eyes – somehow, someday, he is going to solve this crime.

ACROSS THE STREET –

An UNMARKED CAR sits IDLING –

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED CAR

POV watching Jake in the bushes – there are TWO MEN in the car, we see from the rear POV – one older, one younger –

OLDER MAN
We knew he wouldn’t give it up – now it’s your turn to repay your debt to us.

YOUNGER MAN
I will – but, he won’t trust me.

OLDER MAN
Yes, he will – after today.

CAMERA FLIPS AROUND – the two men are POLICE OFFICERS – and the younger man is the rookie cop, HARRY DUNCAN –

CUT TO BLACK: