

TOMORROW

Written by

Katherine Lindberg & Ted Cyr

Georgeville Television - GVTV  
7955 West 3rd Street  
Los Angeles CA 90048  
(323) 634 1560

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 LANES 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)

JAKE (CONT'D)  
 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 - **ARUURRR!**... 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 HORNS SCREAM IN PROTEST - but Jake manages to backtrack -

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 FULL 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. That's your bed. Bed, Burger.

Burger remains planted - big EYES PINNED on Jake.

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

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)  
 (pouring himself a drink)  
 I don't think so.

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 -

CUT TO:

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 CRINGES - 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)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
 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 -

24 EXT. CORONADO ISLAND - STORAGE COMPLEX - 1130 AM 24

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

CUT TO:

25 INT. STORAGE COMPLEX 25

- 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 half-  
 way 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:

26

EXT. MITCHELL HOUSE - RANCHO SANTA FE - 2 PM

26

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)

MR. MITCHELL (CONT'D)  
 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-peddling)  
 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:

27 EXT. MITCHELL HOUSE

27

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  
 (shifting 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.

JAKE  
Sure she did.

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

He gets interrupted -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
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.

JAKE  
It's hard explaining what we do.

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

JAKE  
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 -

JAKE (CONT'D)  
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 -

MICHAEL  
Jake, you know we're not supposed  
to -

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

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

JAKE  
(slow dread)  
But - someone needs to be there -  
right now - send a unit back -

MICHAEL  
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 -

CUT TO:

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 -



32

INT. BATHROOM - 10:30 AM

32

- 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  
(sick)  
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

ACT 2

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:

35 INT. JAKE'S HOUSE - LATER

35

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.

CASEY (CONT'D)  
 Oh, forget it.  
 (re: spilled food)  
 Give the waffles to Burger.

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

CUT TO:

36 INT. JAKE'S HOUSE - LATER - 9:30 PM 36

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 -

CUT TO:

37 INT. TAXI - 11 PM 37

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:

38 EXT. DUSTY ADOBE HOUSE - EL CAJON - LATER 38

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:

39 EXT. ROOF 39

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's 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:

40

INT. MITCHELL HOUSE - RANSOM CALL

40

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 -

TORRES  
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:

41 EXT. EL CAJON HOUSE - 4:00 PM

41

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 -



42 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

42

- 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'ed - 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 hasta' 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:

45

EXT. TRAFFIC - THE DROP SITE - 6PM

45

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.

46 The COPS SWARM the island -

46

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:

47 EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - 6.30 PM

47

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

49 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

49

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 -



JAKE (CONT'D)  
 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 -

JAKE (CONT'D)  
 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:

TRAVIS  
 (breaking down)  
 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 -

TRAVIS  
 (trembling, crying)  
 He doesn't owe me anything - please  
 - don't take it out on him. It was  
 all me. They were going to kill  
 me...  
 (looking down/ashamed)  
 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?

CUT TO:

**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 -

50

MICHAEL  
Yup - the boy's back and better  
than ever -

50

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:

51 EXT. STREET / ACROSS FROM POLICE STATION -

51

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 Pads 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

52

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:

58 INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

58

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: