

WHATEVER GETS YOU THROUGH THE NIGHT

by

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IN DARKNESS--

JACK (V.O.)
*It was Jimmy who taught me how to
clean a fish.*

A KNIFE--

glinting red from nearby firelight SLICES into the underbelly
of a dead salmon. Bloody brackish water POURING out.

A GLASSY DEAD EYE--

reflects the scythe-like blade as it SWINGS DOWN, beheading
the catch.

GLOWING RED EMBERS--

float skyward from a pit-fire covered by a metal grate. The
scaley flesh of the salmon SLAPPED across the grill...

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Dark waves gently lap at the shore of Bainbridge Island near
Seattle. YOUNG JACK (9, wiry and inquisitive) watches JIMMY
(44, stocky, imposing yet avuncular) turn his catch over the
coals. Jack's arm is in a cast.

TITLE: PUGET SOUND, 1985.

MINUTES LATER

A picnic table near the shore. A paper plate of Jimmy's
entirely unappetizing entrée slammed down. Seated around the
table: Jimmy, Jack, MILTON (30, trim, businesslike and Jack's
father) and YOUNG TODD (11, a portly bully, Jimmy's son).

JIMMY
Let's give thanks.

Jimmy and Todd bow their heads, close their eyes. Jack looks
nervously to Milton who nods. As Jack begins to lower his
own head, Jimmy suddenly SLAMS HIS FIST on the table.

JIMMY
Alright. Time to fucking eat.

JACK (V.O.)
*We spent a lot of time at the beach
house that summer.*

REVEAL THE STATELY HOME up a hill from the table. Cedar
shingles, an expansive wrap-around porch. Warm tungsten
light spills from great bay windows onto the immaculate lawn.

High atop a cupola on the roof, a WROUGHT IRON WEATHERVANE
begins to spin wildly in the evening breeze.

JACK (V.O.)
The summer my mom passed.

The weathervane suddenly stops, pointing due south.

INT. JACKIE'S CAR (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Beaded raindrops cling to the passenger window of a mid-80s Mercedes sedan. Jack stares out at the lush Pacific Northwest forest as it rolls by. Driving the car is JACKIE (29, brunette beauty).

JACK (V.O.)
I was with her when it happened.

YOUNG JACK
How much longer?

JACKIE
Hard to say with the rain. Why don't you take a nap?

IN BLACK.

JACK (V.O.)
So I did.

Hold in darkness for a moment. The sound of RAIN on a CAR'S ROOFTOP. WIND DRIFTING BY. An eerie stillness. And then--

CRASH. THE CACOPHONY OF BUCKLING METAL, SHATTERING GLASS.

INT. JACKIE'S CAR (MOVING) - EARLY EVENING

Inside the cabin of the car as it SLAMS THROUGH A GUARD RAIL and begins SOMERSAULTING DOWN A WOODED INCLINE. Jack awakens. Jackie SCREAMS. And the world spins around them, end over end.

Jack's eyes widen as he sees it coming-- a huge REDWOOD TREE TRUNK closing in fast on his mother's side. He braces...

YOUNG JACK
MOM!!!

She turns to look as THE CAR COLLIDES WITH THE TREE. Her neck SNAPS as her body WHIPS BACK, HEAD FLYING DOWN DOWN DOWN into the HARD POLISHED WOOD of the steering wheel. HER NOSE HITS SQUARE, BUCKLES.

A spray of BLOOD. The sound cuts out. SILENCE.

Jack SCREAMS in anguish --- UNHEARD.

EXT. FOREST - TWILIGHT

Red and blue emergency lights echo off the great branches of pine. Two EMTs attend to Jack, removed from the car wreckage and staring curiously silent at a compound fracture jutting sanguine from his wrist.

Fifteen feet away, two more EMTs load Jackie's body onto a waiting stretcher. And the rain continues to fall.

JACK (V.O.)
A week after the funeral, we cashed out.

INSURANCE DOCUMENTS--

A rapid-fire medley of typewritten legalese: "indemnity... claimant... beneficiary... to pay not more than... liability after death..." A blank line appears: "Signature." A GOLD TIPPED PEN SWOOPS in and SIGNS in meticulous script:

"Milton Grant"

A MONEY COUNTER--

whips through a stack of \$100s.

JACK (V.O.)
Dad said cash was king.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - MORNING

A gorgeous early spring day. The beach house picturesque in the sunlight as a REALTOR leads Milton and Jack to the front door, opening it and ushering them inside.

JACK (V.O.)
It was the first place the agent showed us. The beach house...

INSIDE THE HOUSE--

A dizzyingly fast MONTAGE, images spinning past blurry and half-seen:

- A cathedral-ceiling'd LIVING ROOM
- A yawning immense FIREPLACE
- A gleaming stainless steel SHOWER HEAD
- Brushed metal in the MODERN KITCHEN
- The view of the sound from a BEDROOM WINDOW

JACK (V.O.)
So we took it. Our new beginning.

EXT. PUGET SOUND - NIGHT

The rippling glow of a FULL MOON reflected on the water.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - JACK'S ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Jack sits on his bed staring out at the sound. Milton appears in the doorway, briefcase in hand.

MILTON (O.C.)
We got a meeting. Come on.

JACK (V.O.)
With Mom gone, Dad started taking me everywhere he went. His new partner, he called me.

ALFA ROMEO MONTAGE

- CAR KEYS snatched off an end table.
- THE IGNITION as the key is inserted. An ENGINE ROARS.
- AN '84 SPYDER behind a rising garage door. HEADLIGHTS UP.

JACK (V.O.)
He was a lawyer. That much I knew.

INT. MILTON'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

The Alfa Romeo speeds down a deserted street. Jack, in his cast, attempts to play a mercury maze game as Milton drives.

YOUNG JACK
 Why are all your meetings at night?

MILTON
 People pay a premium to reach me
 whenever they have a problem.

JACK (V.O.)
*"People" might've been an
 overstatement.*

I/E. MILTON'S CAR / ALLEYWAY - THAT MOMENT

The Alfa Romeo pulls into a trash-filled alley. Stops.

JACK (V.O.)
Dad only ever had one client.

MILTON
 You wait here a minute. I'll be
 right back.

YOUNG JACK
 I don't feel safe.

MILTON
 I'll just be a minute. You're
 safer here than home alone, OK?

YOUNG JACK
 Why am I safer here?

MILTON
 Just wait in the car, Jack.

And with that, Milton's gone. Jack watches as he walks through the alley to an unmarked door. Milton KNOCKS on the door. It swings open and Milton passes inside but before the door shuts, Jack spies--

A TOPLESS WOMAN smoking a worn-down cigarette in need of ashing staring out into the alley. She makes eye contact with Jack who stares back wide-eyed.

Suddenly, JIMMY appears next to the woman, pushes her out of view, smiling menacingly at Jack before slamming the door.

JACK (V.O.)
*Jimmy Shay. "Uncle Jimmy" he said
 I should call him. We saw a lot of
 Uncle Jimmy that summer at the
 beach house. Dad said it was
 because they had work to do.
 Jimmy's son Todd had his own
 explanation.*

TIGHT ON TODD--

by the shore of the beach house staring DIRECT TO CAMERA:

YOUNG TODD
 Mom caught him fucking some whore
 so now we've got nowhere else to
 go.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON (A FEW DAYS EARLIER)

Creeping down a hallway comes CHRISTINE (30s, dragon lady in a pantsuit). She hears:

MISTRESS (O.S.)
 Oh yeah. That's right. Uh-huh.
 Give it to me, Jimmy...

Christine reaches the bedroom door. Pushes it open. Inside stands Jimmy screwing his MISTRESS from behind. They freeze.

JIMMY
 You can have the house and the car,
 but I'm keeping Todd.

CHRISTINE
 I want both cars. And the vacation
 condo.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - SHORELINE - DAY

Todd, as above, with Jack by the beach house.

YOUNG TODD
 She sold me for a timeshare in
 Miami.

Jack doesn't know what to say. He turns to look away up the shore where Jimmy and Milton sit drinking beers.

JACK (V.O.)
*I started to wonder if Dad bought
 the house for us or for Jimmy...*

FATHERS & SONS MONTAGE

- SWIMMING in the sound, Jack sits dockside with his arm in a cast. Jimmy leans on the dock talking with him.
- FISHING as Jimmy shows Jack how to use a reel.
- A PICKUP GAME of baseball in the backyard, Jimmy teaching Jack to pitch with his good arm.

JACK (V.O.)
*Everything we did that summer was
 at Jimmy's urging. Whatever Todd
 said, Jimmy seemed happy to be
 there. And I was happy to have
 him. Happy to learn how to clean a
 fish.*

THAT KNIFE--

slicing through the salmon, bloody water spilling out.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - JACK'S ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Jack lies awake in his bed. Todd on the floor in a sleeping bag. The sound of a MOTORBOAT approaching fills the room. Suddenly, a BRIGHT SPOTLIGHT cuts through the windows. Then darkness. Jack sits up.

YOUNG JACK
 You hear that?

YOUNG TODD
 You think I'm deaf?

Getting out of bed, Jack goes to his window followed by Todd. They watch as a motorboat pulls up to the dock, TWO MEN inside. Jimmy and Milton walk down the dock toward the boat.

DOCK

WIDE from JACK'S POV-- The two BOAT MEN climb up to the dock. One of them carrying a BRIEFCASE.

JACK'S ROOM

YOUNG JACK
 You know those guys?

YOUNG TODD
 Shhh.

DOCK

The first man gives the briefcase to Jimmy. Jimmy sets it by his side. Extends his right arm to shake hands. The man from the boat reciprocates. Then, a flurry of motion:

- With his right hand, Jimmy PULLS THE FIRST MAN CLOSE.
- With his left, Jimmy draws a PISTOL from his belt.
- Jimmy PRESSES THE GUN TO THE MAN'S HEAD and FIRES.
- A SPRAY OF GORE floats into the night air.
- The man COLLAPSES to the dock.
- The second man TURNS TO RUN.
- Jimmy spins and SHOTS THE SECOND MAN IN THE BACK.

JACK'S ROOM

Jack and Todd watch in horror.

DOCK

UP CLOSE & PART OF THE ACTION. The second man lies face down on the dock, bleeding from his mouth, GASPING FOR BREATH.

JIMMY
You think you can skim from me? Is
that what you thought?

DYING MAN
Jimmy... please...

Jimmy leans in close, presses the pistol to the man's temple.

JIMMY
Please what, you stupid fuck?

Milton stands back, tense, sweating.

DYING MAN
...don't...do it...

A long beat.

JIMMY
Fine.

Jimmy pulls the pistol away. The dying man exhales. Slowly, he turns to face Jimmy.

DYING MAN
Thank you, Jimmy. Thank you...

And now all at once, Jimmy SWINGS THE GUN BACK AROUND and FIRES INTO THE MAN'S FACE.

JACK'S ROOM

Jack and Todd frozen with panic. From the dock, a blood-stained Jimmy turns toward the house. LOOKS RIGHT AT THEM.

DOCK

Milton also looks up at the house. The silhouettes of the boys vanishing from the window.

JIMMY
Let's clean this up.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - BATHROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Daylight through the bathroom window. Milton alone. Stares into the mirror. He's covered in DRIED BLOOD and CAKED IN DIRT. His hand shaking, he reaches down to TURN ON THE TAP.

The water begins to FLOW, running across his hands and sinking STAINED AND DARK INTO THE DRAIN.

Slowly, the BATHROOM DOOR SWINGS OPEN. Jack stands there staring at his father. They take each other in for a moment.

YOUNG JACK
Dad. What happened?

MILTON
Go to your room, Jack.

YOUNG JACK
What happened last night?

MILTON
Go to your room.

And he SLAMS THE DOOR in his son's face.

JACK (V.O.)
And that's how you clean a fish.

MAIN TITLES.

WHATEVER GETS YOU THROUGH THE NIGHT

EXT. BERING SEA - DUSK

A BUOY dances in choppy, frigid ocean waters. Ominous grey clouds overhead. The low rumble of a BOAT ENGINE becomes audible as the prow of the 150-foot *Delano* thrusts her way forward, long STALKS OF ICE hanging from her rails.

DELANO DECK

Clad in orange all-weather suits, the crew of FOUR DECKHANDS guide the movement of THE BLOCK-- a hydraulic crane swinging out over the edge of the ship.

TITLE: BERING SEA, 2008.

HUGE SPRAYS OF WATER crash across the deck as the crew works together wordlessly, their boots crunching through thick masses of ice, the *Delano* pitching wildly.

Closest to the starboard rail: JACK GRANT (here 32, wiry and hardened, knowing eyes) and ARMAND POWERS (49, stocky, bearded). Jack SWINGS A GRAPPLING HOOK out toward the buoy, trying to snag the line for the block.

ARMAND
You got it. You got it.

Jack PULLS his line taut as the block winch veers down, the hook inching slowly toward the buoy, closer, closer, swaying in the chop. Finally, it CATCHES. Armand turns to face the block operator: A THUMBS UP GESTURE.

All at once, his face goes pale. He freezes...

THE WAVE--

Twenty feet high, cresting just off the port side, a wall of white foam. Just enough time to SCREAM--

ARMAND

PORT!

Jack turns as the WAVE HITS, THE *DELANO* ROLLING. And then

INSIDE THE SURGE--

A disorienting roar of water as Jack FLIES BACK, CRACKING into the RAIL, FALLING, SLIDING ACROSS THE ICE FLOWS, his hand GRASPING FOR ANYTHING, finally clasping firm to a ledge, spitting water, opening his eyes to see

ARMAND--

An orange blur, twisting, trying to right himself and then SLAMMING waist-high into the RAIL as another SURGE washes OVER HIM, his body LOST IN THE DARK RUSH OF WATER. The moment passes. The water clears.

The deck rail is empty.

Jack spins, looks out toward the buoy off the starboard side. There, bobbing up and then disappearing below the surface drifts ARMAND, a BLOODY GASH visible across his forehead.

JACK

MAN OVER!

He races across the deck, the ship still ROLLING in the waves, grabbing another LINE attached to a FLOAT and HEAVING IT OUT INTO THE SEA.

IT SPLASHES DOWN near Armand. He chokes, struggling to keep his eyes open, watching it warily. Shakily reaching out, he pulls his body toward the float. Gets pushed back by a wave.

JACK

GRAB THE LINE, POWERS!

Armand reaches out once more, eyes heavy as his body seems to SHUT OFF, his arms limp, beginning to sink.

Jack watches stonefaced. And then-- HE HURRIEDLY TIES OFF the float line to the DECK RAIL. THE KNOT GOES TIGHT.

IN THE BLOCK, the crane OPERATOR sees what's happening...

BLOCK OPERATOR

JACK! STOP!

Jack turns to the operator then back to the roiling sea. And now he hoists himself up onto the rail and JUMPS OVERBOARD.

A long arcing plummet DOWN DOWN DOWN--

UNDERWATER--

In a storm of froth, Jack's body SLICES into the water, the FLOAT and ARMAND bobbing about above him. HIS EYES GO WIDE, THE SHOCK OF THE COLD, and then he begins to RISE...

BERING SEA--

Bursting through a CRESTING WAVE, Jack grabs Armand's lifeless body, bringing his head up above the water, pushing off, trying to make his way to the float--

JACK
Come on, Powers.

Jack grasps for it once, twice, the tide each time pushing the float just out of reach. Breathing heavy, straining, he sinks lower in the water, fighting to stay above the surface.

Another WAVE CRESTS, the float drifting into his hands. JACK GRABS ON TIGHTLY, Armand limp in his arms. And the BLOCK ARM swings in overhead, the hook LOWERING DOWN...

INT. DELANO - DECKHANDS QUARTERS - NIGHT

Armand lies in a bunk, face bandaged, skin faintly blue. He breathes shallowly, thin, ASLEEP. Jack's next to him, sipping a cup of steaming coffee. The ship's CAPTAIN (50s, balding & sternfaced) stands nearby.

CAPTAIN
How 'bout a drink then?

A DIRTY GLASS--

golden whiskey poured in, not sitting level but tipping to-and-fro with the boat's rock.

EXT. STONE HARBOR - THE NEXT DAY

ICE MELTS ON THE RAILS as the *Delano* sails into port. The sun bright behind thin high stratus clouds. GULLS CALL.

A mid-sized industrial fishing town. Docks and warehouses line the waterfront. Rolling green hills. A church steeple.

EXT. PIER SEVEN - MOMENTS LATER

The crew of the *Delano* disembark, walking tired along a wooden pier toward the street above. Jack ambles head down, a backpack slung over his shoulder wearing torn blue jeans and a corduroy construction worker's jacket.

He looks up. MOLLY (27, dark-haired with a trace of Inuit blood) leans against a rusted blue 80s Ford pickup. She smiles at him wanly, raises a hand. Jack waves back.

INT. MOLLY'S TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

Molly drives. Jack in the passenger seat.

JACK
You didn't have to come down.

MOLLY
I know.

JACK
How'd you even--?

MOLLY
I called Harlan and told him to let
me know when you were headed back.

JACK
You miss me that much?

Beat.

MOLLY
Jack. Someone called yesterday.
Looking for you. Said you guys
grew up together. Said his name
was Todd Shay.

Jack's suddenly silent. Serious.

JACK
What'd he want?

MOLLY
You know him?

JACK
Knew him. What'd he want, Molly?

Molly presses the brake. Stops. A long beat.

MOLLY
He said he didn't think anyone else
would call you. So he wanted to
call because... I--
(beat)
Your father, Jack. Your father had
a heart attack. He's dead.

COUNTRY ROAD - THAT MOMENT

Dwarfed by the immense wild landscape, the pickup idles.
From the opposite direction, a SEMI-TRUCK lumbers past.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY (2007)

CLOSE ON a mound of MOTTLED WET DIRT, clumps breaking apart,
drifting away as though in a strong wind. A CHALKY WHITE
OBJECT slowly becomes visible underneath, still not quite
discernible.

JACK (V.O.)
*I'd known it was coming a year ago.
When they found the first body.*

More dirt separates and now it's apparent: A DECAYING SKULL
caked in mud, eye sockets hollow, mouth agape. Wisps of
strawlike hair still there on the scalp. A FLASH OF LIGHT.

WIDE-- a team of COPS cases a marshy field. A PHOTOGRAPHER leans over the pit taking photos. A yellow backhoe nearby.

JACK (V.O.)
*I saw it in the papers over
 breakfast...*

INT. ALASKAN DINER - MORNING (2007)

In a booth, Jack scans the paper while Molly talks happily (unheard). He focuses on a headline on the inside page:

"POLICE DIG FOR GANGLAND SLAYING VICTIMS:
 PROBE TIED TO SEATTLE BOSS JAMES SHAY"

Jack puzzles over the article as a waitress arrives.

JACK (V.O.)
*Twenty years they'd been trying.
 Cops, FBI. Twenty years with
 nothing. And now there was a body
 a week.*

INT. BOOKING ROOM - DAY (2007)

FLUORESCENT LIGHTS beat down as Jimmy (here 66) poses for mugshots. QUICK CUTS: dead-on and profile.

INT. STRIP JOINT - NIGHT (1970)

BACK TO THE 70s-- all orange & pastel. Jimmy (here 29) watches while a STRIPPER in pasties takes the stage.

JACK (V.O.)
*Things had started for Jimmy in the
 skin business. At first, he ran
 the girls himself. Small time
 shit.*

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON (1971)

A showy El Dorado parked on a street corner. Jimmy and the stripper inside. He points at a house across the way...

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON (1971)

The stripper in front of her JOHN in his brown-and-gold bedroom. He hands her a wad of cash. Kisses her neck.

JACK (V.O.)
*From there it was onto bookmaking.
 Loansharking. Narcotics...*

HOSTILE TAKEOVER MONTAGE (1972-1974)

QUICK CUTS as Jimmy and TWO THUGS bust in on:

- A WOODPANNELED OFFICE: A nervous BOOKIE looks on.
- A SEEDY BASEMENT: A LOANSHARK counting bills.
- A WAREHOUSE: An Asian DRUG LORD overseeing his operation.

EXT. SEATTLE DOCKS - NIGHT (1974)

A rundown pier. FISHING BOATS line the wharf as a TEAM OF MEN load unmarked cargo vans with cardboard boxes.

JACK (V.O.)
As a teenager, Jimmy had worked hard labor. A longshoreman on the docks. After the consolidation, he made the waterfront his base of operations.

INT. FISHING BOAT HOLD - NIGHT (1974)

HUNDREDS OF POUNDS OF FISH ON ICE in a ship's hold hoisted up to reveal bricks of cocaine underneath.

JACK (V.O.)
Before Jimmy, there'd been no organization. He brought it all together. One roof, he liked to say. Truth was, it was the only roof.

KILLING MONTAGE (1974)

- THE BOOKIE shot in the head.
- THE LOANSHARK's neck slit.
- THE DRUG LORD held underwater, drowning.

INT. MILTON'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY (1986)

Milton drives the Romeo with Jack in the passenger seat.

JACK (V.O.)
It was Dad's job to make sure nothing stuck. And nothing did.

INT. ALASKAN DINER - MORNING (2007)

Molly and Jack eat their breakfast, Jack still staring at the newspaper. Molly places her hand on top of Jack's, drawing him out of his daze. He looks up, feigning a smile.

JACK (V.O.)
But now it was different. Someone was talking.

NEWSPAPER ARTICLE

TIGHT FLASHES of TEXT-- "Missing persons... two decades... excavation revealed... stemming from an anonymous tip..."

INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT (2007)

A sleepy Seattle police station. A SERGEANT plays solitaire. The DESK PHONE RINGS...

JACK (V.O.)
*They said the calls always came in
 at night. Each time to a different
 precinct, direct. No time for a
 trace. No recordings.*

DESK SERGEANT
 Ninth precinct, McClaskey speaking.

A MAN'S VOICE-- distorted, altered, ominous.

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)
*Write this down. Foster Island,
 under the base of the 520 East on-
 ramp. Two bodies in limestone...*

EXT. FOSTER ISLAND - DAY (2007)

Another dig. A CHUNK OF LIMESTONE JACKHAMMERED AWAY revealing MORE GARISH REMAINS-- DRIED OUT, NEARLY MUMMIFIED, TWO CORPSES INTERTWINED in death.

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)
*An abandoned house. 11032 Highland
 in Kerry Park. Check the basement.*

INT. HIGHLAND BASEMENT - DAY (2007)

DARK, DANK, MUSTY. A BARE OVERHEAD BULB hangs from the ceiling as a crew EXCAVATES A DIRT BASEMENT FLOOR, A SKELETAL HAND reaching up frozen from the depths.

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)
*The industrial park north of
 Garfield by the piers...*

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - AFTERNOON (2007)

ANOTHER SKELETON loaded into a body bag ZIPPED SHUT.

JACK (V.O.)
*So they had the bodies. Not enough
 to press charges, mind you.
 Because who's going to come into
 court and say Jimmy Shay had done
this. Jimmy Shay had killed these
 men.*

INT. GAMBLING PARLOR - NIGHT (2007)

A BACKROOM OPERATION. SHADY CHARACTERS smoking, drinking whiskey. Card tables. Craps. And ROULETTE-- the white ball bouncing through the wheel as it spins, slowing down, slowing down, coming to a stop. BLACK 22.

JACK (V.O.)
*But then something else happened.
 The town got scared.*

Suddenly, a TEAM OF COPS BUSTS INTO THE JOINT, GUNS DRAWN.

JACK (V.O.)
*No one was going to cop to murder.
 Sure. But someone was talking and
 everyone else was on edge. Waiting
 for the crackdown.*

ARRESTS MONTAGE (2007)

- THE ROULETTE CROUPIER anxiously talking to police.
- A PARKED CAR, a hooker services her John as cops swarm in.
- THE PROSTITUTE in the interrogation room.
- A DRUG WAREHOUSE raided by a SWAT team.
- THE NARCOTICS BOSS being questioned.

JACK (V.O.)
*So I guess you'd say the bodies had
 served their purpose. The caller
 had done his civic goddamned duty.*

INT. BOOKING ROOM - DAY (2007)

REPLAY Jimmy's mugshots from above, QUICK CUTS, now including his FINGERPRINTS BEING INKED.

JACK (V.O.)
*Racketeering. Loansharking.
 Prostitution. Intent to
 distribute. Sure, they didn't have
 the murders, but maybe this was
 better. The indictment was ninety-
 seven counts long. And I knew
 then. I knew it was ending.
 Because how much can one man take?*

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY (2008)

Milton (here 53) and Jimmy push their way through a throng of reporters, trying to make their way into an imposing courthouse. FLASHBULBS BURSTING.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY (2008)

PUSHING IN FAST to Jimmy and Milton at the defense table as Milton rises and says--

MILTON
 Not guilty, your honor.

Now CLOSE ON A JUDGE (60s, white-haired patriarch).

JUDGE
 Bail is set at one million dollars.

Jimmy SMIRKS. Hold on Milton's conflicted, pained face.

JACK (V.O.)
*I read it in the paper. And I knew
 one way or another.*

INT. BEACH HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (2008)

TIGHT ON A CRYSTAL TUMBLER as it CRASHES TO THE FLOOR, ice cubes and bourbon spilling out in a glorious SLOW-MO FLOOD.

Milton lies collapsed on the floor, panting for breath, right arm grasping his left, eyes wide as THE LIFE LEAVES HIM.

JACK (V.O.)
I knew it was over.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (2008)

The blue pickup idling motionless.

MOLLY (O.S.)
Jack. Please say something.

MOLLY'S TRUCK (PARKED) - THAT MOMENT

Jack silent. Molly concerned. Then, eerily calm:

JACK
When we get home I need you to pack a bag. Anything you don't want to leave behind, you pack it and we'll head east, maybe Canada for a while...

MOLLY
Anything I don't want to leave--?

JACK
If he's called, he knows where we are. So we need to go. Tonight.

MOLLY
Your father died. And you--

JACK
I haven't talked to him since I was seventeen. You understand? This man that called-- These aren't good people. And if they've found me... They've found you, Mol. Looking to collect on an old debt I can't repay. So we go, together, maybe just a few months--

MOLLY
I'm telling you you just lost your father and you've got us vanishing in the night? No. I'm not leaving, Jack. Not like that.

Jack's quiet. Molly looks off out the window.

MOLLY

You remember where you were a year ago? I'd heard there's a new greenhorn working the Strait, best fisherman anyone'd seen in ages. Not scared of anything, they said. Except he didn't talk much. No one even knew where he lived. But one night he shows up in the Black Horse and the room dies like they can't believe this guy is out in public. Turns out he's picking up food to go. Takeout from a rundown bar. So I'm not one for bullshit. I say hello and he's shy, surprised, like he's being put on. And I tell him, we got empty tables here, why don't you eat your meal while it's still hot? We sit down and whaddya know, he's this total gentleman, funny and charming and warm. So I'm thinking everyone's wrong, some recluse story got spun and grew on its own. But then I ask him where he's from and that's the first time I see it. He goes cold, doesn't wanna answer. And I decided, OK. That's the trade-off. You can't win 'em all.

(beat)

No questions asked. That was our deal. And I said yes, because-- Maybe I like to mend things. Or maybe it just seemed dangerous when nothing else did. So no questions. You can't change the rules in the middle of the game. But I'm not leaving. Not without being told why.

JACK

This isn't some stoic bullshit. The things you don't know-- I want to tell you. I think about it every day, I rehearse it, how I'm gonna say it so you'll know. Just you. And for what? So I'll feel better? And you'll feel worse.

(beat)

This is the first time I've kept at a job more than a year. First time I've stayed. Because I need to know you're safe, Mol. That I've kept you safe.

MOLLY

Then make things safe for us here. In our home.

(beat)

What's gonna happen? If you go down there.

JACK

I don't know. These people aren't the kind that forget things.

MOLLY

Then I'll come with you. To Seattle. We'll go down and we'll talk to this Todd Shay or--

JACK

I don't want you near them. They touch you, they don't let go.

MOLLY

Jack. Whatever this is-- If the only thing that's gonna make you safe is to run, to disappear, then that's what you have to do. And I won't like it, but-- I told you. I went off as a kid, I saw the world and I came right back here. And it's where I want us to be. If that sea hasn't gotten you yet--

JACK

Let's go home, Mol.

Molly puts the truck in gear. It kicks up a small cloud of dust in its wake, the lone vehicle travelling the worn road to the horizon.

The OPENING STRAINS of the Allman Bros. "ONE WAY OUT" play...

INT. THE POST - AFTERNOON

A hole-in-the-wall bar in Seattle. Allmans on the JUKE. An assorted crowd of mean-looking MOTHERFUCKERS. The kind of place you don't go into uninvited.

Behind the bar, a middle-aged BARTENDER washes glasses. An old-school wall-mounted ROTARY PHONE begins to RING. For the longest time the bartender ignores it, the BELL rattling away until a BIKER at the pool table SCREAMS--

BIKER

Christ's Cunt, Lester! You gonna answer that or am I gonna listen to it all goddamned afternoon?

BARTENDER

I was just getting to it, princess. Now you've interrupted my concentration.

BIKER

Eat shit and die, will you?

BARTENDER

I would, but then who'd fuck your mother?

BIKER
She's dead, you stupid prick.

The bartender finally turns and picks up the phone.

BARTENDER
Post, this is Ed.
(beat)
Yeah, hold on a second.

Setting the phone down, he BANGS ON THE WALL behind the bar and then returns to washing glasses. An instant passes before TODD SHAY (now 34, trimmer and a decidedly cocksure S.O.B.) appears from the back wearing a track suit.

The bartender points to the phone. Todd answers.

TODD
Hello?

JACK (V.O.)
Todd.

TODD
Who's this?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JACK & MOLLY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

A little one-bedroom on the outskirts of town. Sparse. Jack stuffs clothes into a duffel bag on the bed. He waits, considers his answer to the question--

JACK
The recently bereaved.

TODD (V.O.)
Jackie? You got my message. Who's the broad answering your phone? She sounded like a hot piece of ass. I can tell, you know, just from the voice, the in-fleck-shuns. By the by, how'd you know I'd be here?

JACK
It was my second guess after the state pen.

TODD (V.O.)
Still a smartass, huh?

JACK
You know, I actually wanted to ask you the same question--

TODD (V.O.)
If I'm a smartass?

JACK
How you found me, Todd.

TODD (V.O.)
Some secrets I gotta keep to
myself, you know?

Jack shifts.

JACK
He's dead.

TODD (V.O.)
Yeah.

JACK
I want to hear it from you.

TODD (V.O.)
You just did.

JACK
Straight from you, Todd.

TODD (V.O.)
Hey, man, what is this?

JACK
Don't screw with me--

TODD (V.O.)
Jesus Christ, Jackie Boy. What do
you think this is? You think--
Now, look. We've had our
differences but you listen to me,
this thing *happened*, right? This
thing happened not three days ago.
The man was alone in his kitchen
and no one was there with him and
his heart stopped and he dropped
dead, all alone in that big house.
Found him the next morning when he
didn't show for court, right? You
can read it in the papers if you
don't believe me. The obits and
the news. Cause the big trial's a
fucking mess now. You know about
the trial, don't you? --Of course
you do. So. Sure, things aren't
maybe going as well as we'd like
down here, alright, but the old man
drops dead and I figure you oughta
know. No matter what's happened in
the past, you oughta know because
you're his son and I'd want you to
do the same for me. You'd do the
same for me, wouldn't you, Jack?

JACK
Yeah. Sure, Todd.

TODD (V.O.)
The funeral's tomorrow if you're coming. We took care of the arrangements.

JACK
And if I do come--

TODD (V.O.)
Is that what this is? You think something's gonna happen to you? Jesus, Jack. How many years? Thirteen?

JACK
Fourteen.

TODD (V.O.)
Fourteen years and your father's passed and you think we're gonna throw you in the sound? It's a funeral for god's sake. You come, you pay your respects. You need money for a ticket? I'll buy you a fucking ticket.

JACK
I don't need money for a ticket.

TODD (V.O.)
Fine. Saint James. Three o'clock tomorrow.

Jack looks up to see Molly standing in the doorway.

JACK
I come there, I want to talk to you. To Jimmy. Settle things.

TODD (V.O.)
Things are settled, Jack. But if it's gonna make you feel better, we'll have a regular old sitdown, just the three of us. How's that?

JACK
Alright. I'll see you tomorrow.

INT. THE POST - THAT MOMENT

Todd on the phone, eating olives straight from a jar.

TODD
Good. He was your goddamn father.

And the line CLICKS OFF. Todd scoops another handful of olives from the jar, tossing them into his mouth.

INT. JACK & MOLLY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

Jack on the edge of the bed. Molly crosses into the room. She walks to the dresser, picks up an antique music box, winding it. It begins to play GOLDBERG VARIATION No. 25, melancholy chimes, a minor key.

JACK
I gotta-- You're right. I'll work this out. One way or another. And then I'll be home and it'll be like it was.

MOLLY
You leave to do this, I need to know you're coming back to me.

JACK
I'm coming back to you.

MOLLY
I meant it when I said I'd go with you.

JACK
I know you did.

EXT. JACK & MOLLY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

The sun sinking low behind the horizon of the white stucco building, the light burning yellow in Jack's bedroom.

JACK (V.O.)
*I found out when I was seventeen.
I found out because Todd told me...*

A GULL perched on Jack's roof alights into the reddening afternoon sky as--

FLASHBACK:

EXT. DOVER PREP - MORNING (1994)

A CRISP BACKLIT AMERICAN FLAG flapping in the breeze.

REVEAL-- The flag sits atop a pole in front of a brick-and-ivy private school. RICH KIDS in uniforms strolling casually across the front lawn, perfect Aryan faces. A BELL RINGS.

JACK (V.O.)
Dover was the sort of place that claimed it was all about rigorous academics when it was really all about rigorous breeding. Everyone there knew what Todd's father did. It gave him a sort of dangerous credibility.

INT. DOVER PREP - HALLWAY - DAY (1994)

TEENAGE TODD (19) parades down a sunstreaked hall with a small cadre of LAUGHING GIRLS and other hangers-on. He's the only one whose uniform isn't quite perfect-- the shirt's untucked, there's a RAMONES PATCH on his sleeve. He wears SUNGLASSES INDOORS.

WHIPPING TO THE RIGHT-- TEENAGE JACK (17) pushes books into his locker, eyeing Todd with disdain.

JACK (V.O.)
*As for myself, I just wanted to get
 out. Out of Dover, out of Seattle.
 Out of the goddamn racket.*

Jack's locker SLAMS SHUT as Todd passes on by.

JACK (V.O.)
*Of course, all the money Jimmy had
 wasn't enough to keep Todd from
 becoming a second-year senior.*

TODD'S REPORT CARD

SCANNING QUICKLY through text, a rapid-fire series of course names ("Geometry II, Intro to Psych, Biology, U.S. History") and their respective grades ("F, C-, D, F, F").

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (1993)

Jimmy (here 52) stares at the above REPORT CARD while Todd lurks nearby, head-down. The cocksure bullshit gone. He's messed up, he knows it and he's WORRIED.

Jimmy looks up from the report card. His eyes meet his son's. A beat and then JIMMY EXPLODES, pushing the contents of an entire countertop to the floor: plates, silverware, glasses, a potted vase of flowers.

HOLD ON Todd's blank face as Jimmy rages off-camera, seen only as a reflection in Todd's sunglasses.

JACK (V.O.)
*I guess that's when Jimmy asked
 him...*

TIGHT ON TODD (1993)

finishing Jack's thought, staring direct-to-camera.

TEENAGE TODD
*"Why can't you be more like Jack?"
 That's what he says to me. Fucking
 cocksucking motherfucker.
 (beat)
 What the fuck's so great about you
 anyway?*

INT. DOVER PREP - GYMNASIUM - DAY (1994)

A stream of manicured girls SHOOT BASKETS in P.E.

JACK (V.O.)
Of course, Todd finally found a way to come up with his own answer to that question. To make the old man shut up. Because what if I wasn't the dutiful son after all? What then?

A BASKETBALL sinks perfectly through the net.

INT. DOVER PREP - BOYS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY (1994)

Rows of lockers as a crowd of boys change for class. Jack pulls off his shirt. Todd appears from around the corner.

TEENAGE TODD
 Hey. Jackie Boy. Check this shit out. Pretty killer, right?

Jack looks up as Todd pulls up his own shirt, revealing a HUGE GASH across his abdomen, dozens of black sutures.

TEENAGE JACK
 How'd you manage that?

TEENAGE TODD
 "How'd I manage that?" Ain't no *managing*, Jackie Boy. I *earned* it. Running a little errand for the old man, right? Showing me *the ropes*. Going to collect up from some fucking junkie, he don't wanna pay, things got ugly and he tries to shiv me.

TEENAGE JACK
 Looks like he succeeded.

TEENAGE TODD
 I know, right? But I made him pay up. He ain't gonna try this shit again 'cause he's not around no more, you get what I'm saying?

And Todd does a ridiculous KARATE MOVE.

TEENAGE JACK
 That's great, Todd. I'm real happy for you.

Jack's shirt is on. He shuts his locker. Turns to go.

TEENAGE TODD
 So I guess you're not the only one that took one for the team, huh?

Jack's eyes narrow. He turns around.

TEENAGE TODD
I'm just saying. You're not the
only one that put his life on the
line for old Jimmy Shay and lived
to tell the tale.

TEENAGE JACK
What the hell are you talking
about?

TEENAGE TODD
"What the hell am I talking about?"
Oh. Oh. You're serious. You're
fucking serious. You don't *know*.

TEENAGE JACK
Know what?

TEENAGE TODD
(laughing)
No. I thought you *knew*. Forget
about it.

Jack begins to TURN. A contained RAGE.

TEENAGE JACK
Knew what?

Todd stops laughing. Looks deadly serious.

TEENAGE TODD
The accident, Jackie Boy.

And now Jack KNOWS even if he doesn't want to.

TEENAGE JACK
The accident--

TEENAGE TODD
The *car* accident, dummy. No, no, I
gotta-- Forget about it, OK?

SMASH TO:

INT. JACKIE'S CAR (MOVING) - AFTERNOON (1985)

A NEAR-SUBLIMINAL FLASH-CUT. INSIDE THE CAR-- tumbling
toward that REDWOOD. Just before IMPACT.

BACK TO:

THE LOCKER ROOM (1994)

JACK SNAPS. GRABS TODD-- SLAMS HIM INTO A LOCKER.

TEENAGE TODD
Woah, woah! HEY, MAN.

TEENAGE JACK
The car accident.

Jack TWISTS TODD'S ARM BACK. HARD.

TEENAGE TODD
Christ, Jackie. Ease up.

A beat. Jack puts MORE PRESSURE on the arm. A crowd of other Dover boys gathers in the distance.

TEENAGE JACK
What about the car accident, Todd?

TEENAGE TODD
Listen, man, if you don't *know*...

A whole new level of RAGE. Jack opens a LOCKER DOOR, PUSHES TODD'S HAND INSIDE and SLAMS THE LOCKER SHUT. A BONE SNAPS. TODD SCREAMS, FALLS TO THE FLOOR AND JACK'S ON TOP OF HIM--

TEENAGE JACK
KNOW WHAT?!

Todd WAILS over his hand as Jack PUNCHES HIM SQUARE IN THE FACE, BREAKING HIS NOSE.

TEENAGE TODD
OH CHRIST.

As the BLOOD BUBBLES OUT:

TEENAGE TODD
Jesus-- It was the brakes. The brakes were cut. Some fucking Vietnamese heavies that Dad used your old man to muscle out of the city, right? Took away their action. So they wanted to send a message only they got the wrong car. They did hers instead of his. It was supposed to be your dad's. That stupid fucking Romeo. It was an accident, Jack, that's all. A fucking *slip-up*, man. FUCK.

Todd spits blood from his mouth, wipes it away. Jack tries to breathe, covered himself in blood, sweat.

TEENAGE JACK
"A fucking accident."

TEENAGE TODD
Yeah, man.

And Jack GRABS TODD'S HEAD by the EARS and SLAMS IT INTO THE CONCRETE ONE LAST TIME. A SICK CRUNCH.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (1994)

TIGHT ON MILTON-- eating dinner in silence. The clink of silverware against plates.

REVEAL JACK-- the other end of the table, staring silent, accusatory, still wearing his BLOOD-STAINED DOVER GYM SHIRT.

They hold. They hold. They hold. Taciturn.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - JACK'S ROOM - NIGHT (1994)

Jack lies awake in bed, staring at the ceiling.

JACK (V.O.)
It was a Monday. First Monday of the month. If it hadn't been-- Funny how things can turn on a little detail like that. Maybe I'd have calmed down. Maybe I'd have stayed.

(beat)
Dad had a schedule. Set. Certain things happened on certain days. And the first Tuesday of every month, Dad put the fix in with the local cops for Jimmy-- Keeping them on the payroll too. Cash money, every week, crisp white envelopes. To look the other way. To shut up. To take it. Like we all took it.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - MORNING (1994)

BRILLIANT GLOWING MARBLE. A WHITE ENVELOPE PASSING from one hand to another, SURREPTITIOUS.

JACK (V.O.)
Tuesday, he put in the fix. So Monday, Jimmy drew the money and gave it to Dad for the night.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT (1994)

Milton's home office. Darkness. Still. And then Jack appears in the doorway, hesitating.

JACK (V.O.)
Monday night there was fifty thousand dollars in my house. Fifty grand, sitting in a cheap satchel. A goddamned bookbag.

A WALL SAFE-- The dial turns. The safe door opens.

THE SATCHEL-- Unzipped. Loaded with currency, ominous.

JACK (V.O.)
So it was a Monday. And I took it.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - NIGHT (1994)

Jack stares at the forboding structure. His own home.

JACK (V.O.)
*I took what was mine. And nothing
 else.*

EXT. ISLAND ROAD - NIGHT (1994)

A tree-lined road. Jack ambles down the moonlit path.

JACK (V.O.)
That's what I told myself anyhow.

INT. KING STREET STATION - NIGHT (1994)

A TICKER BOARD SHUFFLES, updating a list of DEPARTURES.

A stack of bills pushed under the window at a ticket booth. The TICKET TAKER, an old man, stares back sadly at Jack.

INT. TRAIN (MOVING) - DAWN (1994)

Faint hints of pink in the sky outside the train. Jack rests his head against the window, clutching the black bag with the take to his chest.

JACK (V.O.)
What was mine. And nothing else.

INT. AIRPLANE (FLYING) - DAWN (2008)

PRESENT DAY. Exactly as above, Jack alone in a seat, now on an aircraft and fourteen years older. He stares out the window bleary-eyed.

The HUM of the PLANE'S DRONE broken by a TOLLING BELL...

JACK (V.O.)
The prodigal son.

FLASHBACK:

INT. SAINT JAMES CATHEDRAL - AFTERNOON (1984)

JESUS ON THE CROSS in wooden relief, BLOOD-RED OIL PAINT glistening, seemingly wet, garish. The CROWN OF THORNS, THE RUDDY NAILS. His eyes, tortured, rolling up to Heaven.

JACK (V.O.)
That old Sunday School story.

Young Jack's First Communion. He stands shakily holding a CANDLE, the flame flickering, surrounded by a group of a dozen other SEVEN- and EIGHT-YEAR-OLDS, girls in white dresses, boys in suits. PUSHING IN SLOWLY TO YOUNG JACK--

YOUNG JACK

"What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness and go after that which is lost until he find it?"

FORWARD TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON (2008)

A GLOOMY CEMETERY. Gray clouds overhead. A CHAPEL in the distance-- the source of the TOLLING BELL. A small crowd of MOURNERS surround an open grave. Young Jack continues the Parable of the Lost Sheep:

YOUNG JACK (V.O.)

"And when he hath found the sheep, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing."

A group of six PALLBEARERS brings Milton's casket toward the grave, led by JIMMY and TODD.

YOUNG JACK (V.O.)

"And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me..."

Jack watches the procession, conspicuously separated from the rest of the small crowd.

YOUNG JACK (V.O.)

"...for I have found my sheep which was lost."

The casket reaches the grave. Jimmy and Todd produce THE PALL. Jimmy stops, STARING HARD at JACK. Jack stares back, cold, uncertain.

JACK (V.O.)

So, Jimmy. Are we going to kill the fatted calf?

The PRIEST (50s) stands before the gathering. A beat.

PRIEST

Milton Edward Grant. Called to God aged fifty-three. Let us pray.

And the crowd of mourners bow their heads. Save Jack.

INT. SAINT JAMES CATHEDRAL - DAY (1984)

First Communion, continued. CLOSE ON AN ELDERLY PRIEST (late 70s), staring down, direct-to-camera, Young Jack's POV:

ELDERLY PRIEST

The body of Christ.

The WAFER placed on Jack's tongue. And then, otherworldly, HIS CANDLE BLOWS OUT. An eerie DARKNESS.

EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON (2008)

A black CROWN VIC parked a hundred feet away from the grave as the funeral service ends. TWO PLAIN-CLOTHES COPS (40s, buzz-cuts, big sunglasses) in the car eyeing Jimmy and Todd.

Jimmy talks with an ELDERLY MOURNER, gesturing at the cops.

JIMMY

Can you believe this bullshit? I'm burying a friend of mine. A close personal fucking friend and these two boy scouts sitting over there like I'm gonna hop a goddamned plane to Argentina.

ELDERLY MOURNER

It was a lovely service, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Thanks, Frank.
(beat, looking back to the Crown Vic)
Those motherfucking *cunts*.

ELDERLY MOURNER

What's that?

JIMMY

Nothing. Not you. Thanks for coming.

Nearby, Jack half-watches while standing at Jackie's grave--

JACQUELINE MAY GRANT - BELOVED WIFE & MOTHER - 1956-1985

Jimmy approaches him. Stops about ten feet off.

JIMMY

I hear you're a fisherman now-- At least I taught you how to do something right.
(gestures to the grave)
It's not done, but I ordered his to match. "Husband and father," I told them. And the dates.

JACK

I'm sure he'd've loved it.

JIMMY

I kinda figured all this time, how many years, the kid wouldn't show. But here he is. A man, some big man or whatever the fuck. Look. I can't speak to your *reasons*. Who the hell can?

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Whatever's happened, it's a long time gone and the past is a book they sent to print. What do they say? It's what we do with the time we got left or some such bullshit. So you're late, so what? It was the right thing to do. So. Look, we're having a thing at the house, a wake or whatever the fuck they call it-- fucking drinks and finger sandwiches. We're just having some people over that knew your dad and I'd like it if you'd come back this afternoon. So that's it. I've said my peace.

JACK

You wanna know why I came? After all this time? To bury him? I wake up every morning and the first thing I think is, "Is this the day it catches up with me?" And I won't do it anymore. I get a phone call from Todd saying he's dead and I don't give a shit about him or you or the goddamned trial but I am not gonna sit up there and wait for you to come find me knowing that you know whatever it is you know. I'm not gonna pack it up again. I need this to be over. So whatever we have to do. One way or another.

JIMMY

It's been over since the morning you left.

JACK

Bullshit.

He waits. Jimmy doesn't reply.

JACK

Indiana.

(beat)

Did he know about Indiana?

JIMMY

Did he know--?

JACK

Don't play stupid with me, Jimmy. The doddering old shit that wants me to come by for a drink-- I'm not buying what you're selling and I'm standing here and I'm asking you did he know about Indiana?

JIMMY

No.

JACK (V.O.)
Indiana. I was five years gone.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - SUNSET (1999)

THE FLATTEST SWATH OF LAND you've ever seen, a strong WIND rolling through a section of wheat running clear to the horizon as the sun sets crimson in the distance.

The serenity broken by a RUMBLING ENGINE-- a COMBINE cutting into frame, pushing through the field. Suddenly, a flock of HUNDREDS OF SPARROWS takes off, previously hidden by the crop, now a seething blast of movement heading skyward. And the combine pushes on. Driven by JACK (here 22).

JACK (V.O.)
*At first I'd gone east. A laborer.
 Working mining, logging, farms.
 Seasonal jobs where no one asked
 about your resumé. I wanted to be
 tired, exhausted. Because then I
 didn't have to think. I'd just
 work till there was no more work
 and then I'd move on. And I was
 starting to wonder if maybe this
 was it. This was OK.*

EXT. RUNDOWN MOTEL - EVENING (1999)

A one-story motor court that hasn't seen much business since the interstate moved away. And the neon sign flashes "WEEKLY RATES." A beaten 80s Oldsmobile pulls into the lot. Jack gets out, crosses to his door. Inserts a key in the lock.

INT. RUNDOWN MOTEL - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER (1999)

Jack showers enveloped in steam. From outside, he hears a NOISE-- a THUD, indistinct but there and then it's gone. He shuts off the shower, standing naked, the water dripping. Holding. Holding. Grabs a towel, walking out into his

MOTEL ROOM (1999)

There, seated in the room's one careworn chair is THE GUNMAN (40s, ex-military type), a pistol trained on Jack who stands frozen, wrapped in his towel.

THE GUNMAN
*Get dressed. Unless the money's
 here and then you can just give it
 to me. But you're too smart for
 that, aren't you?*

JACK
The money's not here.

THE GUNMAN
So get dressed.

Jack moves slowly to his dresser, pulling out a t-shirt, boxers. He PAUSES. There, sitting in the dresser bottom--

A BOWIE KNIFE. EIGHT-INCH BLADE IN A SHEATH.

Jack holds. Scoops up the bowie knife inside the boxer shorts, turns for the bathroom--

THE GUNMAN

Hey. Where are you going? Get dressed here.

A heated beat. What can he do? Jack lets the towel fall, standing naked, shaking. He drops the t-shirt to the floor, eyeing the gunman and shifting the knife to the rear of his boxers, trying to figure out some maneuver that'll work...

THE GUNMAN

Do I look like a queer? A fucking fag? You think I enjoy staring at you? GET. FUCKING. DRESSED.

Quickly, Jack hooks the BELT CLIP of the SHEATH over the edge of the boxer's elastic, pulling the underwear up, the knife inside pressed against his ass, clipped on precariously.

He reaches for his t-shirt. Pulls it on. And grabs a pair of jeans that had been slung on the bed.

THE GUNMAN

Alright. You're driving.

INT. BEATER OLDSMOBILE (PARKED/MOVING) - NIGHT (1999)

Jack's in the driver's seat. The gunman sits directly behind him. They both go for their seatbelts.

THE GUNMAN

No. You don't wear a seatbelt. I wear a seatbelt and you wear jackshit.

Jack lets go of his seatbelt. The gunman pushes the pistol into the back of Jack's seat.

THE GUNMAN

OK. Where is it?

JACK

The bus terminal in Ossian.

EXT. BUS TERMINAL - LATER THAT NIGHT (1999)

A little depot. Wrecked cars parked behind it. Old, busted-up soda machines out front. A man in a Stetson sits waiting on a bench as the Oldsmobile pulls in. Jack and the gunman get out of the car, walking toward the entrance, the gunman's pistol in his jacket pocket now--

THE GUNMAN
You just go real slow and
everything's gonna be fine. I'm
right behind you.

JACK
That's reassuring.

INT. BUS TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS (1999)

Jack and the gunman enter the terminal. An OVERWEIGHT WOMAN with a bouffant reads PEOPLE behind the counter. A TV is tuned to RICKI LAKE. Peeling vinyl seats. Trash on the floor. No other customers.

And a row of lockers at the back.

THE GUNMAN
How much is left?

JACK
A little over forty.

Jack's got his keys in his hands. Goes to the locker. Opens it. That black satchel inside. He hands it to the gunman.

THE GUNMAN
I'm gonna look.

The gunman looks. And in the instant his head is down, Jack FINGERS THE BOWIE KNIFE. Sweating, but--

The gunman's head is back up. Staring at Jack. Eyes narrow.

INT. BEATER OLDSMOBILE (MOVING) - NIGHT (1999)

Back in the car. Jack drives.

THE GUNMAN
Just head north.

JACK
Where we going?

THE GUNMAN
To drop you off.

EXT. DIRT FRONTAGE ROAD - NIGHT (1999)

The Oldsmobile's headlights cut bright down a dirt road. Cornfields on either side. CRICKETS CHIRPING. A DOG BARKS IN THE DISTANCE. The car comes to a stop.

THE GUNMAN (O.C.)
Get out.

Jack does as he's told. The gunman gets out behind him.

THE GUNMAN
Over to the shoulder.

Again, Jack complies. The gunman still standing by the Olds.

THE GUNMAN
Kneel down.

JACK
You said you were gonna drop me
off.

And the gun is raised.

THE GUNMAN
KNEEL DOWN.

Jack finally does. The gunman walks up to him. Pistol to Jack's forehead. Inches away. Staring at one another.

This is an execution in progress.

THE GUNMAN
You got anything you want me to
tell them?

JACK
Who?

THE GUNMAN
Who do you think?

JACK
Yeah, actually--
(re: the gun)
Is the safety on?

And it only takes that HALF INSTANT. His eyes off Jack for a flicker, checking the pistol as Jack DRAWS THE KNIFE, SWINGING, LUNGING, WRAPPING HIS ARMS AROUND THE GUNMAN'S KNEES. THE GUN FIRES into the air and now--

Jack SWINGS the blade-- The back of THE GUNMAN'S LEGS. SLICING. SLICING.

His ACLs both SNAP. BLOOD SPRAYS. The muscle ROLLING UP like a window shade pulled too hard.

The gunman GOES DOWN WRITHING, tries to STEADY THE PISTOL--

He FIRES at JACK. MISSES. JACK MOVES. ON TOP OF HIM. Holding his gun arm down. STRUGGLING.

And here comes THE BLADE. ARCING. Into THE BASE OF THE GUNMAN'S CHIN, straight up through THE ROOF OF HIS MOUTH. CRACKING. The point stopping somewhere behind his nose, unseen. BLOOD SEEPS out of the ENTRANCE WOUND.

Jack TWISTS THE KNIFE HANDLE a quarter-turn.

Everything is still. And then. The gunman begins CONVULSING. BLOOD POURING FROM HIS MOUTH. HIS NOSE. His eyes twitching.

Jack rolls off of him, removing the blade. Shaking. Drops the bloody knife. Panting for breath. Holding. ALONE.

JACK (V.O.)
*Indiana. All that I'd tried to
 leave behind had found me anyhow.
 And I'd killed a man and I felt
 glad. That it was him and not me.
 Dead in some forsaken cornfield.*

Jack picks up the satchel. The knife. Walking, limping back to the car. Gets inside. The RUMBLE of the ENGINE as the car heads off, vanishing into the gloaming.

BACK TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON (2008)

A mound of dirt near the casket, floral arrangements already seeming discarded. Adrift. Drops of rain begin to fall. Nearby, Jimmy and Jack facing each other, silent. Jimmy looks up to the sky as the rain moves in, rueful.

JIMMY
 What'd I tell you, Jack? Things we did are done. We can't take them back.

(beat)
 Fucking rain. Each day I get older, I wonder why I stayed in this city so long. A cold front moves in off the sound and my joints feel like I took a beating, you know that?

JACK
 What's it going to take to close this book, Jimmy?

JIMMY
 Come over. Have a drink.

JACK
 How much is it going to take to forget about me?

JIMMY
 I won't ever forget about you, Jackie Boy. I gotta get outta this rain. Come to the house. You see these guys...
 (he gestures to the cops)
 They'll make sure nothing happens to you, alright? Alright. I'll see you at the house and we'll talk. Catch up. Wouldn't you like to catch up?

He doesn't wait for an answer, shuffling away to a waiting Town Car. Jack stands alone in the rain watching him go.

MINUTES LATER

IT'S BECOME A DOWNPOUR. Rain pounds on everything in sight: the tops of gravestones, veritable streams running down the cemetery pathways. And now, a cascade on top of a large black umbrella.

The umbrella in question is being held by DAVID BANNION (40s, clean-cut in a dark suit and overcoat). He leans against a Chrysler Sebring parked near the cemetery entrance watching bemused as Jack treks toward him through the storm.

BANNION
Some weather, huh?

Jack looks up: is this guy talking to him?

JACK
Who are you?

Jack pulls out a KEY FOB. The Sebring's doors unlock: Jack's rental. Bannion blocks Jack's path to the driver's door.

BANNION
Should've packed an umbrella, Jack.
Jack Grant, am I right? I'm
working off an old yearbook photo
because let me tell you, there's
not a lot to go by when it comes to
you, friend.

Jack's getting soaked. And pissed.

JACK
Let me rephrase my question. Who
the fuck are you? Friend.

BANNION
You'll have to excuse my manners.
David Bannion.

Bannion quickly FLASHES A BADGE--

JACK
I don't talk to cops.

BANNION
I wouldn't either. I'm with the
FBI. You come with me now, this
stays off the record. If not, I
got no problem bringing you in so
the whole city hears about it--
Have you eaten?

INT. SEATTLE DINER - DUSK

A GREASY SPOON somewhere downtown, traffic roaring by in the background. Bannion and Jack seated together in a booth, Jack toweling his hair dry with a hand cloth. He hands the towel back to the WAITER (50s, portly, disagreeable).

BANNION

I'm telling you, you should've ordered the onion rings. Best goddamned onion rings I've ever had.

JACK

I stay away from fried foods.

BANNION

My cardiologist would love you.

JACK

You tell him I said hello next time you're in for a bypass.

And the waiter's back, SLAMMING DOWN TWO CUPS OF COFFEE, both of which SPILL SLIGHTLY, a mess on the linoleum tabletop.

JACK

Terrific service, by the way.

BANNION

When the onion rings come, you taste one. Just a bite. Then you complain about the service. Deal?

JACK

Sure.

Bannion stirs sugar into his coffee. SLURPS off the spoon.

BANNION

I'm sorry about your father.

JACK

I bet you're heart broken.

BANNION

Let me ask you something. You find you have difficulty making friends?

JACK

When you're not trying, nothing's difficult.

BANNION

I had a brother like you. Mad at the world, never a straight answer. So he packs up shop, heads off into the wild, we didn't hear from him for two years. Some hunters found him. You're not gonna believe this but it's the truth. Motherfucker got eaten by a bear. No shit. Eaten by a goddamned bear.

JACK

I'll remember to stay out of the forest.

BANNION

Let's cut the bullshit, Jack. You left home at seventeen and you come back now. Why?

JACK

My father died. We covered that.

BANNION

Right. But what I hear is you don't talk to the old man for the past fourteen years. You up and leave and then it's goddamned radio silence, so why bother--

JACK

Are you telling me I didn't love my father? Because you don't know shit about me or my family--

BANNION

I know your mom died when you were a kid. Brakes failed on a turn. I know you stole fifty thousand dollars from Jimmy Shay.

JACK

What the hell is this?

(Bannion's quiet)

No. I want an answer from you. I never seen you before in my life and I come home and I bury my father and you show up and you ask me these questions and you play your game of chess pushing me into mate and for what? For what, Special Agent David Bannion? So now I'm asking you. WHAT IS THIS?

The whole diner quiet. Staring at Jack and Bannion. The waiter appears with the onion rings. Sets them down. Awkward. Bannion picks one up. Starts chewing away happily.

BANNION

You promised me you'd have a bite.

Jack can't believe this is where the conversation has turned. Pauses. Picks up an onion ring. Is about to bite into it--

BANNION

And have some of the dressing. The ranch. They make it here.

Jack's FURIOUS. He slams the onion ring into the plate of ranch, scooping some up, the dressing dribbling across the table. Bites down. Chews. A beat. And the corners of his lips turn into a smile against his better judgment.

BANNION

I fucking told you. Right?

JACK
It's a good onion ring.

BANNION
Good. Good onion ring. The best
onion ring you've ever had.

JACK
I'm having another one.

BANNION
Thought you didn't eat fried foods,
cowboy.

Jack ignores him, eating another onion ring. Smirking now.

BANNION
You want me to lay my hand on the
table? Here it is. We've been
casing Shay since before you were
weaned. Trying to build something
against him. Going on twenty-five
years of goddamned nothing.
Because no one would talk. *No one.*
I mean, we had ideas. We knew that
some rival strip club operators
from the Viaduct go missing,
they're probably not on a vacation.
But this is a guy that just *did not*
make mistakes.

JACK
A veritable machine.

BANNION
A year-and-a-half ago, these calls
come in. Directing us to these
bodies. Shit going back fifteen,
twenty years. The town gets
nervous and some of the middle-
management start to crack and here
we are. Jimmy's in court, your dad
has a coronary and I'm treating you
to the best goddamned onion rings
in America.

JACK
You know all this. I know all
this. What's the angle?

BANNION
1994, you take fifty thousand
dollars of Shay's money. You don't
even finish high school. But
there's how many years prior to
that you're living in that beach
house with the venerable Milton
Shay. Your own personal high life.
So I'm asking you. Is there shit
you saw that maybe I'd like to know
about?

JACK
"Shit I saw"?

BANNION
Since those calls came in this town's been drawing sides. With Shay or against him. And you're back now so you're gonna have to pick one. You can't run down the middle no more because he won't let you. This isn't Alaska and it sure as hell ain't Switzerland. So you need to decide. Are you with him or are you with me? Those are your choices. The inevitable can be delayed but there's no stopping it, Jack. I'm telling you things are gonna be a lot easier down the road if you make the right choice right now. You go state's.

JACK
I might not be a friend of Jimmy Shay's. But I told you at the cemetery. I don't talk to cops. And that goes for special agents too. How's that work for you, detective?

And Jack stands to go. Bannion GRABS HIS WRIST.

BANNION
Hey. If you change your mind--

And he extends a business card. Jack stares at it. An unspoken beat between the two men. Jack finally takes the card. And he walks out of the restaurant.

BANNION
Can I get another order of onion rings over here?

INT. JACK'S RENTAL CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

THE RED GLOW OF A TRAFFIC LIGHT refracted a hundred-fold in rain drops against the windshield. A wiper blade slices into frame. The light turns green.

Jack accelerates, staring forward blankfaced, anxious.

JACK (V.O.)
They were the old guard. Guys who had come to the house two, three, four at a time when I was a kid. "Business meetings," they said.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT (1986)

SLO-MO-- A WISPING CURL OF SMOKE rises in front of an outdoor lamp on the porch at night.

JACK (V.O.)
*They wore too much Aqua Velva and
 Brut and smoked Cohibas Jimmy had
 lifted from some other wiseguy with
 Cuban connections.*

Jimmy, Milton and FOUR TOUGH GUYS are seated around a card table playing poker.

JACK (V.O.)
*Muscle types with gold chains and
 stolen Rolexes. Satisfied to be
 the big fish in their own little
 pond. And I thought this was what
 it meant to be a man.*

THE RED TIP OF A CIGAR snuffed out in an ashtray.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY (1986)

ANOTHER DAY. A MEETING of THUGS visible through the window in the living room talking to JIMMY and MILTON.

Leaning against the wall outside, two more toughs, FISHER (30s, slick-haired, hulking) and LARRY (20s, jumpy greaser) are on a smoke break.

Fisher pulls cigarettes and a Zippo from his pocket, lighting up. He looks over to see Young Jack watching him, sitting on the porch with a pile of action figures.

LARRY
 (to Fisher)
 Looks like you got an admirer.

FISHER
 (to Jack re: the Zippo)
 Pretty badass, right?

Fisher clicks it open, lights it and shuts it again in one smooth motion. Jack's silent. Fisher tosses him the Zippo.

FISHER
 Fucking keep it. I got too many of
 'em anyhow. Just don't burn
 anything down, alright?

INT. BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (1986)

Young Jack lies awake in bed lighting and extinguishing the Zippo over and over. Finally, he shuts it for good. BLACK.

JACK (V.O.)
*The old guard. That's what I
 wanted to be.*

BACK TO:

INT. JACK'S RENTAL CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT (2008)

TIGHT ON THE ORANGE FLASH of a turn signal blinking. Jack heads down a driveway, the rain slowing to a mist.

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The rental car pulls up the drive to a Tudor-style brick house. Cars abound outside.

JACK (V.O.)
*Even now, it wasn't them that was
 talking-- they were busy circling
 the wagons. No, it was the new
 kids, guys who'd been in the
 operation five, ten years. Punks
 who didn't understand the code.
 Kids who grew up in those
 shimmering Regan years. Always
 looking out for themselves first.*

Jack parks his car. Gets out. Stares at the house.

JACK (V.O.)
*You ask the old guard, they
 might've said kids like me.*

Reaching into his pocket, Jack pulls out the Zippo Fisher gave so long ago, lighting it and flicking it closed.

JACK (V.O.)
Funny the shit you take with you.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - FOYER/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A LODGE FEEL to the place: animal heads on the walls, a huge fireplace, high ceilings supported by dark crossbeams. A hushed gathering of MIDDLE-AGED MEN in dark suits fills the space drinking, reminiscing. Jack walks tentatively through the door eyeing the crowd warily.

Finally, one of the men turns to look. Says nothing. Watching Jack. The conversation in the room slowly grinds to a halt until everyone is silent and staring at him. One of the OLDER GUYS, stocky, bald--

OLD MAN
 Sorry for your loss, Jack.

Again, stony silence. Then, from somewhere behind Jack--

TODD (O.C.)
 Jackie Boy, you made it. Let's go.
 Dad wants to talk.

STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

EVEN DARKER HERE. Jimmy sits behind an oak desk rifling through a pack of playing cards. EARL HOWSER (47, pencil-necked, wearing wire-rim glasses) stands behind him.

TODD
Look who I found.

JIMMY
You're late.

JACK
I got lost.

JIMMY
I'll bet. Sit down. You want a drink?

JACK
No.

Jack sits in a chair opposite Jimmy's desk. Todd collapses onto a leather sofa at the back of the room.

JACK
(re: Earl)
Who's the auditor?

JIMMY
Funny. Earl Howser. He worked with your father.

Earl doesn't say anything. Jack staring at him. Tension.

JACK
He know how to talk?

JIMMY
Why don't you ask him?

JACK
I'm asking you.

JIMMY
The older I get, the less I want to deal with business. Don't have the taste for it anymore, Jack.

JACK
That's a shame.

JIMMY
So fuck it. You don't wanna chat, let's get to it. Earl's got something for you. Earl?

Earl reaches into his coat pocket. Pulls out a white envelope. Hands it to Jack.

JACK
What's this?

JIMMY
Fucking open it.

TODD
Yeah, fucking open it, Jackie Boy.

JIMMY
(to Todd)
Shut the fuck up, Todd.
(to Jack)
Fucking open it.

Jack rifles the envelope open. Pulls out a document. Stares at it. Eyes back up to Jimmy.

JIMMY
His will. If he'd asked me, I
woulda told him not to do it, but
he didn't ask me, did he, Jack?
It's all yours. Every fucking
thing. So. Congratulations. You
found another way to take my money.

JACK
(simmering)
I didn't come here looking to
collect, Jimmy.

JIMMY
No. Because you already beat the
goddamn house.

JACK
Are we through?

JIMMY
What do you think, Jack? You asked
me yourself. Didn't you? You want
to make things right. Settle the
books. So. You're going to do
some things for us and we'll close
the fucking ledger. How's that
sound?

JACK
How much do you want, Jimmy?

JIMMY
How much do you think I want?

JACK
Fifty grand at twenty percent over
fourteen years. Six hundred fifty
thousand.

JIMMY
You been working on that number?

JACK
Take it out of his estate.

JIMMY
Is this what you think? You think
what I want, all this time later,
you think what's going to make this
right is money?

TODD
He doesn't want fucking *money*,
Jackie Boy.

Jimmy suddenly ERUPTS--

JIMMY
SHUT. THE FUCK. UP. You stupid
fucking *cunt*. I'm having a
conversation here. Can you not see
that? FUCK.

Jimmy turns back to Jack.

JIMMY
You follow the news, Jack? Because
I follow the news and what I heard
is that some shit-faced rat sent
this town into a goddamned frenzy
uncovering the graves of a few long-
forgotten *fucks* that ain't no one
grieving over anymore. And I gotta
wonder. Is this the reason I don't
take no pleasure in doing business
anymore? I provide services people
pay for. Reputable fucking
services. I stand behind my
products. How many businesses you
know that stand behind their
products? Really *stand*. No one's
got a gun to anyone's head. These
people come to me because they want
a service that *I provide better*
than anyone in this fucking town,
alright, and no one, NO ONE misses
these dead fucks they're dredging
up like my dirty fucking laundry.
The cost of doing business, right,
Jack?

JACK
Helluva cost.

JIMMY
"Helluva cost," he says to me.
Jesus Fucking Christ, Jack. If you
hadn't left-- No. You left, but
if you hadn't-- Man, you got brass
fucking balls on you, kid. Brass
fucking balls. I coulda taught a
kid like you to run this town.
Discipline.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

No one's got any discipline, Jack. So here I am prattling on and you're wondering, "So. What's the point?" OK. OK. I'll tell you the fucking point, Jack.

(beat)

Todd and me here, we can't leave the house without a goddamn tail, twenty-four fucking seven. How am I supposed to get work done-- How am I supposed to *run an operation* with these guys breathing down my goddamn neck? I can't even jerk off without some G-man writing down whether I used my fucking left or my right. But I need to know. *Who the fuck's been talking?* And who can I get to find out? Take old Earl here. Say I tell Earl, "Earl, you find out who's been squealing." Well maybe *Earl's* been fucking squealing, Jack. You ever think of that? But you-- You can provide me with a real service I can't get nowhere else. Cause you been gone a long time. People know what you done to me. Right? The original fucking insurgent.

(beat)

You're gonna find the rat for me, Jack. That's what you're gonna do. Then we're square. So how's that?

JACK

I don't think so, Jimmy.

JIMMY

You don't *think so*? BRASS FUCKING BALLS, AM I RIGHT? YOU CAME TO ME. YOU REMEMBER THIS? YOU FUCKING CAME TO ME AND YOU SAID, "WHAT DO I DO TO MAKE THIS RIGHT?"

JACK

I won't do this, Jimmy. I can't.

JIMMY

You can't. Yes, you fucking can. Cause I know something else, Jack. Ask me what else I know.

(silence)

C'mon. Ask me. FUCKING ASK ME!!!

Jack looks away.

JIMMY

I'll tell you what else I know, you ungrateful cocksucking leech.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I know a man's been gone as long as you comes back and suddenly says to me that he wants the cloud over his head blown out to sea, I know a guy says that to me, something's *changed*. Am I right, Jack? What's got you so tired now? Indiana? That was nine years ago.

JACK

I'm offering you his estate, Jimmy. Every goddamned cent.

JIMMY

AND I'M TELLING YOU I DON'T WANT IT. You wanna know what's changed, Jack? You think you can sit there and play it cool and I can't look at you, I can't just look into the black fucking pits of your eyes and *not see it*? Because I can see it, Jack, I can see right through you, back to front, you get me?

While Jimmy sputters on he rifles through his top desk drawer. As he finishes the speech, he SLAMS SOMETHING DOWN ON HIS DESK. Leans back. Triumphant.

Jack looks down. It's an 8x10 BLACK & WHITE TELEPHOTO GLOSSY OF MOLLY CROSSING A STREET.

JIMMY

You wanna know when that was taken? I'll tell you, I can tell from the outfit she's wearing that was today. Because yesterday, the day you left, then she was wearing those blue jeans with the rip above the knee and that tight little black number that makes her tits look *oh so good*. You think I didn't know, Jack? This is what you're gonna do for me. You're gonna go home to the beach house and you're gonna get some sleep because tomorrow we got work to do.

Jack still looking at the photo.

JIMMY

No smartass retort now, huh, Jack? Let me tell you something else. You call her and you tell her you got some business with Dear Old Dad's estate that's gonna take a few days. Because my man up there sees anything unusual, sees her maybe heading outta town to parts unknown, I'll have him slit her fucking throat. So. We understand each other?

JACK

Yeah.

JIMMY

Meet Todd at the Post, two tomorrow. I'm sure you boys'll make a great team.

JACK

I'm looking forward to it.

JIMMY

Good. Oh. You'll probably want the key to the house.

He reaches into the desk drawer and tosses a key to Jack.

JIMMY

The alarm code's zero-six-one-eight. Have a pleasant evening, Jack. I'll be in touch.

INT. JACK & MOLLY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

OUT OF THE PAST runs on a tiny TV perched on a dresser. Idyllic B&W as JEFF BAILEY (Robert Mitchum) sits next to pretty blonde ANN MILLER (Virginia Huston) packing up his fly-fishing gear.

ANN MILLER (V.O.)

They say the day you die, your name is written on a cloud.

JEFF BAILEY (V.O.)

Who says?

ANN MILLER (V.O.)

They.

JEFF BAILEY (V.O.)

Never heard of 'em. Nothing in that one but rain. Think we oughta go home?

Molly watches the movie bundled up in a sweatshirt and eating popcorn out of a bowl. The PHONE on the bedside table RINGS. Molly answers it--

MOLLY

Hello?

JACK (V.O.)

Hey. It's me.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JACK'S RENTAL CAR (MOVING) - THAT MOMENT

Jack drives, talking on his cell.

MOLLY (V.O.)
 Jesus Jack, I hadn't heard from you
 and I--

JACK
 I'm fine. Everything's fine. I'm
 sorry it's so late. But listen--
 Something's come up. A lawyer came
 to see me after the funeral.
 (beat)
 He kept me in his will, Mol. The
 old man. You won't believe it.
 Left me the whole goddamn estate.

MOLLY (V.O.)
 Jack.

JACK
 This could be good for us. Get
 some money. Some security.

MOLLY (V.O.)
 That's not what I'm worried about.
 Just tell me you're alright.

JACK
 I'm alright.

BACK TO:

INT. JACK & MOLLY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

Molly on the phone.

MOLLY
 You say the words, I'll believe
 you.

JACK (V.O.)
 I said the words, Molly. I'm
 alright. I just gotta deal with
 all these lawyers and... I'm
 coming home. Soon as I can.

As Jack speaks THE SHOT TRACKS BACK through the bedroom,
 WIDER AND WIDER until IT PASSES CLEAN THROUGH THE WINDOW...

EXT. JACK & MOLLY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

...OUTSIDE LOOKING IN NOW, still MOVING BACK, STILL GROWING
 WIDER and SWOOPING DOWN, Molly becoming a speck in the
 bedroom, the flickering light of the television an eerie
 blue...

MOLLY (O.C.)
 And what about Todd Shay?

JACK (V.O.)
 I'm working on it. We're working
 things out.

...DROPPING DOWN TO STREET LEVEL, passing over the BLACK HOOD OF A 1969 PONTIAC GTO near the base of a STREET LAMP...

MOLLY (O.C.)
You call me again tomorrow, OK? I
love you.

JACK (V.O.)
Love you too...

...REVEAL A FIGURE standing by the GTO, his back to camera, taking a drag on a cigarette, its end GLOWING RED...

JACK (V.O.)
And, Molly? You be safe up there.

...and the man DROPS THE CIGARETTE into a THIN PUDDLE OF WATER ON THE PAVEMENT, his BOOT ENTERING FRAME, stamping it out...

MOLLY (O.C.)
I will, Jack. I promise.

And the line CLICKS OFF.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

A VAST PANORAMA of the shoreline. The lights from Jack's rental play through spindly tree branches. The beach house looms in shadow, seen in fragments, unlit.

JACK (V.O.)
*They say when you revisit the
places from your childhood, they're
bound to seem smaller. Less,
somehow, than you remembered.*

The rental comes to a stop. Jack steps out, looking up at the beach house, the key clutched in his hand. His breath hangs thick on the air. Waves lapping against the shoreline.

Jack's on the porch. Inserting the key in the lock, the door CREAKING OPEN. The warning tone of the ALARM SOUNDS.

JACK (V.O.)
I wish I could say they were right.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - FOYER - THAT MOMENT

THE ALARM PANEL backlit as Jack punches in the code. The tone goes silent.

WIDE NOW as the overhead track lights strike up. An uncanny quiet. Jack stands alone in this enormous space before him. Stark. Cavernous. Staring up past the second floor balcony, into the reaches of the cathedral ceiling. Holding.

JACK (V.O.)
*That I'd lived in a place like
 this... But not a place like this.
This place.*

Jack finally takes a tentative step forward.

JACK (V.O.)
*It didn't seem real. And now, for
 the first time I knew it.*

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Evidence of a life interrupted: dirty dishes piled near the sink. A newspaper neatly folded in quarters left on the counter. A half-filled water glass.

JACK (V.O.)
He was gone.

Jack picks up the dirty plates, scraping the now-rank food into the trash.

BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Darkness ended as an overhead light turns on. Jack pours over years of discarded detritus. A bicycle from his childhood leaning rusted near a workbench.

OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Milton's home office. Enormous piles of paperwork. French doors open onto a balcony with another expansive view of the water. Fingerlike tree limbs tapping uneasily at the glass.

Jack sits down in the chair behind the desk. Leaning back. Staring around the room. His eyes stop. On the opposite wall stands a cherry & glass gun cabinet filled with mostly antique firearms.

Jack crosses to the cabinet. Opens it. Selects a SHOTGUN, pulling it out, holding the stock in his hands as if weighing it. Moving quickly now he kneels down, checking the bottom cabinets for AMMO. Spots a RED BOX OF SHELLS.

He snaps the shotgun open. Loads both barrels. Tips the box of shells out into his cupped hands, stuffing his pockets.

Kneeling alone for a beat. Staring at the gun.

FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

TIGHT ON THE ALARM PANEL-- Jack punches the code in again. Presses ARM. The panel BEEPS.

WIDE as Jack surveys his territory, the shotgun cradled in his arms. He reaches for the light switches by his side, turning off the overhead track lights one by one until he's standing bathed only in the cold winter's moonlight.

JACK'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Finally visiting his own bedroom. The door swinging open slowly, revealing that it might as well be 1994--

Posters for NICK CAVE and PRIMAL SCREAM on the walls. BASEBALL TROPHIES on the desk. A dried BOUTONNIERE pinned to a corkboard. A model of a BATTLESHIP on the dresser.

JACK (V.O.)
*The bastard hadn't touched a thing.
 Not a goddamn thing.*

HOURS LATER

Jack lies in bed on top of the comforter staring up at the ceiling. The shotgun resting on his chest, his hands curled tight around the stock.

JACK (V.O.)
Had he been waiting for me?

INT. BEACH HOUSE - JACK'S ROOM - MORNING

Somewhere, a PHONE RINGING. Loud, insistent.

Jack's asleep still fully dressed, the shotgun at his side. White sunlight streaming through the windows. The PHONE KEEPS RINGING. Jack opens his eyes, tired.

OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

The phone on Milton's desk the source of the incessant noise. Jack crosses to the handset. Looks down at the backlit LED: "UNKNOWN CALLER." Answers.

JACK
 Hello?

A long pause. Some NOISE on the other end of the line.

JACK
 Hello--

It's THAT VOICE. Altered, deep, inhuman.

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)
 Jack Grant.

JACK
 Who's this?

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)
 Check the top drawer on your left.

Jack turns to the windows, peering out at the sound...

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)
 You won't see me. Open the drawer,
 Jack.

Spinning around slowly, uneasy. Sliding the drawer open.

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)
There's a wallet of keys inside.

There is. A buttoned leather pouch.

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)
You'll find a small key etched with
the numbers oh-five-three-oh-nine-
six.

Jack rifles through the keys, sees the one in question.

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)
It'll open a safe deposit box of
the same number. Washington Mutual
at Fifth and Union. Your name is
on the account.

JACK
And if I don't--

CLICK. The line goes dead. Jack lets the receiver drop to his side, stepping toward the glass, looking out at the sound, the wilderness. And then he looks to the key, small and silver, turning it over and over in his hands.

EXT. BAINBRIDGE ISLAND FERRY (MOVING) - DAY

Railside on the enormous vessel. The choppy wake of the water passing by below. Jack watches as the Seattle skyline becomes faintly visible through the fog. Seagulls fly alongside the boat.

EXT. WASHINGTON MUTUAL - LATER THAT DAY

ESTABLISHING. A big branch downtown. Skyscrapers.

INT. WASHINGTON MUTUAL - LOBBY - THAT MOMENT

The beaming face of a too-cheerful TELLER (20s).

TELLER
How can I help you today, sir?

Jack lays the key down on a counter.

SAFE DEPOSIT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A tan cinder-block room with a long wooden table straight out of 1974. Jack sits at the table fidgeting anxiously. A SECURITY GUARD appears carrying a safe deposit box into the room. He sets it down on the table. Exits.

Jack sits alone. Holding. Waiting. Looks up at the security camera perched in the corner. And then he opens the box. Stares inside for a long beat.

The box is empty save for one item: A GLISTENING BLACK IPOD.

LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Back at the teller window.

TELLER
Did you find everything alright?

JACK
Yeah, I was wondering-- If I
wanted to add another name to my
account--

TELLER
You'll just need to fill out some
paperwork...
(looks at her computer)
And since this is a joint account,
you and...
(reading from the monitor)
Milton will both need to sign off
on the change.

JACK
Milton.

EXT. WASHINGTON MUTUAL - SECONDS LATER

Jack exits the bank head down, lost in thought. Then, from
somewhere off-screen...

BANNION (O.S.)
Deposit or withdrawal?

Jack looks up to see Bannion leaning against a Crown Vic
outside the bank.

JACK
You tailing me, Special Agent?

BANNION
I was in the neighborhood.

JACK
I'll bet.

BANNION
So, deposit or withdrawal?

JACK
I'm late for a meeting.

BANNION
I wasn't kidding, Jack. You're
gonna have to pick a side in this
one.

JACK
Yeah, well. I'm still considering
all my offers.

INT. JACK'S RENTAL CAR (PARKED) - MOMENTS LATER

Jack sits alone in the midst of the cavernous parking garage. The iPod in hand. He presses the MENU button. Selects MUSIC. Scrolls down to ARTISTS. Hits select again.

On the ARTISTS screen, he sees a list of names, not musicians but names he knows, among them: EARL HOWSER, JAMES SHAY and TODD SHAY.

Jack looks down at the car stereo. An 1/8" cable dangling off the dash. He hooks it into the iPod. Turns on engine. Sets the stereo to AUX. Now back to the iPod menus.

Scrolls to JAMES SHAY. Presses select. He's presented with a long list of dates beginning "2005-02-12." He presses select again.

A momentary CRACKLE from the stereo followed by the sound of A PHONE RINGING OVER A LINE. Then JIMMY'S VOICE, tinny:

JIMMY (V.O.)

Hello?

And now, Milton's voice, clear, as if he's in the car:

MILTON (V.O.)

Jimmy. Milton.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Fuck man. I've been trying to get a hold of you. We need to talk about Bianco. I'm hearing he's causing problems on the supply side.

MILTON (V.O.)

Since when?

JIMMY (V.O.)

What does it matter? Low tide's at nine tonight. I want him taken off the operation.

MILTON (V.O.)

Low tide?

JIMMY (V.O.)

Don't get smart with me. We both know this is overdue--

Jack leans in, listening when suddenly his CELL PHONE RINGS, piercing the cabin. He jumps, hits PAUSE on the iPod. Takes his phone from his pocket.

The screen reads "UNKNOWN CALLER." He flips open the phone. Raises it to his ear without saying a word. And then--

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)

You've been to the bank.

JACK
I've been to the bank.

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)
You wanna make Jimmy Shay go away,
you take that to someone who cares.

JACK
I'd like to talk to you--

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)
You just did.

CLICK. The line's dead. Jack looks at his watch. 12:47pm.

EXT. KING STREET STATION - DAY

AN ORNATE, ROMAN-NUMERAL CLOCK FACE high atop a brick tower,
clouds passing by overhead. The time now-- 1:03.

JACK (V.O.)
*What's that saying about old
habits?*

INT. KING STREET STATION - THAT MOMENT

A TRAIN HORN SOUNDS. BRONZE DOORS and MARBLE WAINSCOTTING.
A long ARCHED CORRIDOR with YAWNING GLASS SKYLIGHTS. Jack
makes his way through the heavy crowds, heading toward a row
of storage lockers.

JUMP CUTS:

- QUARTERS inserted into the locker.
- THE DOOR swinging open.
- THE KEY snatched up by Jack.
- THE IPOD placed inside.
- THE DOOR swings shut.

INT. JACK'S RENTAL CAR (PARKED) - MOMENTS LATER

Jack in the Sebring outside the train station. The keys to
the storage locker and safe deposit box in his hand. He
palms them, thinking. Then he opens the glove box, puts both
keys inside.

JACK (V.O.)
*And if my anonymous patron decided
to call again while I was with the
Shays--*

Jack takes out his cell phone. Sets it to SILENT.

JACK (V.O.)
*Better to not hand over ammunition
when you're going in unarmed.*

The SYNTH-HEAVY opening of The Who's "WON'T GET FOOLED AGAIN"
begins to play...

INT. THE POST - AFTERNOON

THAT DIVE BAR. A frothy beer poured out from the tap. Jack walks in, standing in the doorway. All eyes on him.

JACK
Looking for Todd.

The bartender SMACKS THE WALL. Todd enters from the back.

TODD
Jackie Boy. You made it. Fucking-
a, right? You want something to
drink?
(without waiting for Jack)
Fuck that. Two Bushmills on the
rocks, Ed.
(back to Jack)
We're back in business, Jackie.
Gotta have a drink. Gotta have a
fucking drink. Let's sit down.

Todd leads Jack to a booth. They slide in. Ed's at the bar pouring the second drink--

TODD
How 'bout some fucking service
around here, Ed? TWO FUCKING
BUSHMILLS.

Ed looks up, finishing the drinks, anger contained. He carries them to the table. SLAMS THEM DOWN, whiskey spilling over the edges. Turns to go. Todd GRABS HIS WRIST.

TODD
Hey. Hey, you stupid fuck. You
know who this is? You know who
you're serving here? This is Jack
Grant, Ed. Jack Fucking Grant.
Show some respect, alright? King
of Bainbridge right here in our
goddamn little dive.

Ed stares at them for a moment, disgusted. He leaves.

TODD
How you like that, Jackie Boy?
Can't get any good service anymore,
huh? Fuck, man. Well. *Slainte*.

He raises his glass. Jack hesitates. Raises his. They toast. Todd proceeds to CHUG about half his whiskey. Wipes his mouth. Pounds the table.

TODD
FUCK. Good shit. Good shit. So.
How've you been? How's your day?
See any old friends?

Jack holds, trying to parse Todd's question.

JACK
Just you.

TODD
You excited to do this shit?

JACK
I haven't heard what it is we're doing.

Todd reaches for a basket of silverware on the table. Pulls out a STEAK KNIFE, running it across his fingertips...

TODD
Well I'm gonna tell you, Jackie. You gotta pay attention here. You gotta keep up with me because I'm gonna tell you and then you'll know, right, man? What we're gonna do, what we're gonna do is we are gonna *find the fucking rat*.

He stops. Eyes up at Jack. Locked in. Threatening.

TODD
Like so.

Suddenly SPINNING, he turns and TOSSES THE STEAK KNIFE at a DART BOARD CLEAR ACROSS THE BAR, the knife BUZZING BY some lowlifes playing a game, landing not far off the BULL'S-EYE.

DARTS PLAYER
What the Christ, Todd?

TODD
YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP. I'm having a fucking meeting.

Todd reaches for his whiskey, downs the rest of the Bushmills. CHEWING ON AN ICE CUBE. Glaring at the entire bar. And then he TOSSES his empty drink toward the dart board, the GLASS SHATTERING on the wall. Silence.

TODD
This is my place. MY FUCKING PLACE. You get me? Fucking animals. All of you.

Ed shakes his head from behind the bar, comes out with a dust tray and small broom.

TODD
That's right. Clean it up. Clean it up, you stupid *shit*.

JACK
What're we doing, Todd?

TODD
I'm getting to it.

JACK

No. You're dragging your dick across the table so everyone in here knows what you're packing. You're wasting my time and you're embarrassing yourself. So I'm asking you. *What are we doing, Todd?*

TODD

You're lucky. Lucky I threw that fucking knife already. Lucky the old man wants you in on this.

JACK

I thank Christ each morning I live to see.

TODD

A *blessing*, right, Jackie? You wanna know what we're doing. I'll tell you what we're doing. Cause I *know*, man. I know, because I've got the goddamn *plan*.

(beat)

Aldrich. You remember him?

Yeah. Jack remembers...

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT (1986)

Jimmy, Milton and the wiseguys playing poker on the front porch as before.

TRACKING IN FAST TOWARD ONE TOUGH: this is ALDRICH (here 30s), block-headed, hulking. He looks up from his poker hand DIRECT TO CAMERA, smiling, REVEALING ONE GOLD TOOTH...

INT. THE POST - AFTERNOON (2008)

Jack and Todd in their booth.

JACK

Used to come around in the summers. With the tooth.

TODD

That's him, Jackie. Mind like that, man, you shoulda been a *cop*.

JACK

Missed my calling.

TODD

So here's the thing. And I'm telling you this, right, but this goes no further.

JACK

Who am I gonna tell, Todd?

TODD
I'm just saying. I'm expressing
this in confidence. In *confidence*,
Jackie.

(beat)
The bodies. The bodies they dug
up. All of 'em were put to rest by
our man with the gold crown...

BURIALS MONTAGE

QUICK FLASH CUTS of Aldrich ALL AT NIGHT:

- OPENING A CAR TRUNK to reveal two bodies.
- DIGGING IN THE SOFT EARTH down in a dank basement.
- POURING LIMESTONE at a construction site.
- THE HAUNTING FACE OF A CORPSE covered in that limestone...

INT. THE POST - AFTERNOON (2008)

Todd leans in, beaming, conspiratorial.

JACK
A dozen guys knew about those
bodies, Todd.

TODD
Right. Right. But here's the
other thing. Aldrich don't work
for us anymore. About three years
ago, he injured himself on the
job...

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (2005)

Aldrich (here 50s) LIFTS another corpse up over his shoulder.
He grimaces. Then, a horrible CRACK. He drops to his knees.

ALDRICH
My fucking back!

INT. THE POST - AFTERNOON (2008)

Todd continues.

TODD
Now look. We don't got no
workman's comp, Jackie Boy. That's
just the nature of the business.
Motherfucker's laid up in a
hospital for a week...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (2005)

Aldrich's in bed drinking APPLE JUICE through a straw and
watching JERRY SPRINGER.

TODD (V.O.)
*Even when he got out, fucker
couldn't lift a goddamned thing.*
(MORE)

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*So what're we supposed to do? We
 didn't use the son of a bitch for
 his brains, right?*

EXT. ALDRICH HOME - AFTERNOON (2005)

A TAXI pulls up in front a dilapidated two-story house. Aldrich gets out on crutches. An 81-year-old woman, ALDRICH'S MOTHER, watches from the porch.

TODD (V.O.)
*Poor bastard had to move back in
 with his mother. You believe that?*

INT. THE POST - AFTERNOON (2008)

Jack shakes his head.

JACK
 You're telling me some guy throws
 his back out and decides, "I'm
 turning state's."

TODD
 We haven't gotten to the best part,
 Jackie. You ready?

So here it is--

INT. ALDRICH HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (2006)

Aldrich and his mother eat TV dinners watching WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

ALDRICH'S MOTHER
 An "M," Pat!

TODD (V.O.)
*Six months later, Aldrich's home
 enjoying a meal with Mom when he
 hears something outside...*

And on cue, TIRES SQUEALING.

ALDRICH'S MOTHER
 It's those joy riders again! I'm
 calling the police.

She reaches for her BIG BUTTON TRIMLINE PHONE. Aldrich rises from his chair, hobbles over to the window. Drawing the curtain back, he looks out into the DARKNESS--

A BLACK SEDAN SCREECHES to a stop in front of Aldrich's. The window rolling down. And then, THE FIRST MUZZLE FLASH.

It's a DRIVE BY.

ALDRICH'S SHOULDER is HIT. He FALLS to the floor, the GLASS SHATTERING around him. DOZENS OF SHOTS, POTTERY and DRYWALL bursting, THE TV EXPLODING in a RAIN OF SPARKS.

Aldrich lifts his head. Looks to the recliner. HIS MOTHER SITS HEAD DOWN, EYES CLOSED, BLOOD SEEPING FROM HER ABDOMEN. The big button phone dangling near the floor bouncing up and down, up and down, up and down.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
(faintly from handset)
911 Emergency. Hello? 911
Emergency...

INT. THE POST - AFTERNOON (2008)

Todd leans back triumphant.

TODD
Shot the old broad clean through the spine. She's in a wheelchair now. Has to shit into a plastic bag.

JACK
Who ordered the guns?

TODD
Fuck if I know. You got any idea how many people that old son of a bitch buried? I mean *fucking buried*. How many hoods with a grudge without the muscle to go after Dad? Aldrich was the next best thing. And this is where you come in, Jackie-- You're gonna get him to talk. You're gonna hear his motherfucking confession.

JACK
We gotta get something straight right now. I do this for you, we're done.

TODD
We call off our man. You go back to fucking the Girl from the North Country.

JACK
Not a hair on her goddamn head.

TODD
Scout's honor, Jackie.

JACK
And Aldrich-- if he sings. Whatever happens. You don't touch him until I'm gone.

TODD
A hard fucking bargain, Jack Grant. You got a car?

EXT. THE POST - BACK ALLEY - AFTERNOON

Dark and trash filled. Jack pulls his rental up to a door by a dumpster. The door opens. Todd comes out...

INT. JACK'S RENTAL CAR (PARKED/MOVING) - THAT MOMENT

Todd get in, LIES DOWN in the back, out of sight.

JACK
You taking a nap?

TODD
Drive around the front again.
Slowly. But not so it looks like
you're casing the place or nothing.

Jack puts the car in gear. Pulls away. Turns right.

TODD
Check out the plain wrapper.

EXT. THE POST - FRONT ENTRANCE - THAT MOMENT

Jack cruises the strip in front of the bar. An UNMARKED CAR with the TWO COPS from the funeral parked across the street. Jack's heading straight toward them--

INT. JACK'S RENTAL CAR (MOVING) - THAT MOMENT

Jack WATCHES the COPS out of the corner of his eye.

TODD
They make you?

EXT. THE POST - FRONT ENTRANCE - THAT MOMENT

ACHING SLO-MO as JACK PASSES the cop car, side-by-side. The cops looking away at the bar, oblivious.

INT. JACK'S RENTAL CAR (MOVING) - THAT MOMENT

Jack looks over his shoulder to Todd.

JACK
No.

TODD
I gotta keep you around. I don't
remember the last time I was out
without a fucking tail.
(creeping up, looking at
the cops)
Alright. Fucking hit it, man.

And just then, it STARTS TO RAIN. A fine mist.

TODD
Tut tut. It looks like rain.

Meanwhile in the driver's cupholder, JACK'S PHONE LIGHTS UP, UNSEEN AND STILL ON SILENT. The caller is MOLLY.

JACK (V.O.)
*If I'd seen the call, would I have
 answered it?*

INT. JACK & MOLLY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

MOLLY PACES THE BEDROOM FRANTIC holding a portable phone as it RINGS over the line.

MOLLY
 Come on, come on...

She moves hurriedly to the closet. Opens it. Pulls down a couple of old hatboxes from the top shelf. Stops as the PHONE CLICKS--

JACK (V.O.)
 (over phone-- voicemail)
 Hey, it's Jack. Leave a message.

BEEP. She holds in silence. Hangs up. FREEZE FRAME.

JACK (V.O.)
*And I wonder. Even now. If I had.
 Would I have been able to help?
 Would I have been able to change
 things?
 (beat)
 She'd been to the grocery store.
 Because when they finally checked
 the apartment, they found all the
 bags. Laid out on the table.
 Never put away.*

FLASHBACK:

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DUSK - EARLIER THAT DAY

The unnatural GREENISH GLOW of fluorescents spills onto the pavement at this well-worn grocery store in Alaska. Seagulls roost on the power lines.

Molly exits the store pushing a cart toward her pickup. As she moves through the parking lot, she looks cautiously over her right shoulder, sees it there: that '69 GTO, parked under a burnt-out streetlight. She watches it warily.

JACK (V.O.)
*So she'd seen him. She must've
 seen him.*

INT. MOLLY'S TRUCK (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

A deserted rural road, the suspension CREAKING and MOANING uneasily with each bump she hits. Molly looks up into her rearview mirror. The GTO is there, hanging back, its headlights fixed behind her.

EXT. JACK & MOLLY'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Molly's pickup pulls up outside the apartment. She waits for a beat as the muscle car appears at the end of the street, rumbling in closer, closer. Finally, it PASSES BY and drives off toward the other end of the street, its taillights glowing red and then vanishing around a bend.

INT. JACK & MOLLY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Molly moves quickly through the apartment carrying a grocery bag, turning on the lights as she goes, entering the

KITCHEN

Setting the bag on the table and crossing to a tiny window above the sink. Pulling the curtains back gingerly. Looking outside at the pickup parked by the curb, alone for the moment.

And then that RUMBLING ENGINE audible in the distance. Moving in, closer, closer...

HEADLIGHTS APPEAR from around the bend. The GTO returns, idling slowly down the street, stopping about a block and half away. The headlights cut. The red ember of a cigarette GLOWING behind the windshield, foreboding.

JACK (V.O.)
But I missed the call.

BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

Molly on the phone, replayed exactly as above.

MOLLY
Come on, come on...

Going to the closet. Taking down those hatboxes.

JACK (V.O.)
(over phone-- voicemail)
Hey, it's Jack. Leave a message.

BEEP. She hangs up.

And now she reaches back onto the top shelf, the closet light bulb swinging precariously, shadows crossing back and forth, back and forth.

JACK (V.O.)
*Groceries on the table and the case
for my 941 open on the bed. Empty.*

She pulls down a small black Pelican case. Brings it over to the bed. Opens it. Inside--

The gleaming nickel of a Jericho 941 9mm automatic pistol, laid carefully into custom cut foam padding. A separate insert for the clip. She holds, staring at the case.

MOLLY
Where are you, Jack?

She sighs. Waiting. Picks the phone back up and DIALS THREE DIGITS. The LINE RINGS again. She walks to the window as she waits, looks at that black GTO, still outside.

ALASKAN 911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
911. Please state your emergency.

Molly silent for a moment, mouth open.

MOLLY
I'm sorry, I hit the speed dial. I
didn't mean to. I'm sorry.

EXT. JACK & MOLLY'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Just moments later. The black GTO parked near a streetlamp, the cigarette ember GLOWING inside, THE DRIVER's face still obscured in darkness. He rolls down his window, tosses the cigarette out onto the curb, rolling the window back up.

CLOSE ON THE CIGARETTE-- the end glowing fainter and fainter until turning to white ash, extinguishing itself. A beat. Then, faintly, the sound of FOOTSTEPS ON THE PAVEMENT.

REVEAL MOLLY walking up from behind the muscle car, the gun tucked down in one hand at her side. She winces, trying not to shake. Approaches the driver's door. KNOCKS QUICKLY at the window.

A tense beat.

The driver turns to look at her-- his face revealed now for the first time: 40s, square with deep-set eyes, a long scar on his cheek, two days stubble. He stares menacing. Rolls down his window.

THE DRIVER
Can I help you?

MOLLY
I wanted to ask you the same thing.

THE DRIVER
What's that?

MOLLY
Yeah. Yeah. I wanted to-- I
think you know. I think you know,
OK?

THE DRIVER
Know what?

MOLLY
I know. You've been following me.
You been parked out here and I-- I
want it to stop.
(MORE)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I want you to get in your car and I want you to leave.

THE DRIVER

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

And he turns away from her, his face falling back into shadow, seemingly ending his side of the conversation.

MOLLY

I said, I want you to leave.

Quickly, she draws the 941, levels it square at his face.

MOLLY

I want you to leave and I don't want you to come back.

The moment passes. The driver back toward her, eyes narrowing. A long beat. Too long.

And it happens then. His arm moving up, FAST, TOO FAST TO REGISTER and he CHOPS Molly's wrist into the side of the door, the gun FALLING from her hand.

She SCREAMS, jumps back, reaching down to pick up the 9mm when he SWINGS HIS DOOR OPEN, BLINDSIDING HER. She TUMBLES BACK, collapsing, a cut across her face, spitting, trying to gain her bearings as he steps out of the car, his heavy steel-toed boot coming down hard on the pistol.

She scrambles, starts to run toward the back of the car--

BUT HE'S FASTER, picking up the 941 now by the barrel, holding it club-like and racing up behind her, GRABBING HER, TACKLING HER to the ground. As they fall, Molly SLAMS into the trunk of the car, one of the TAILLIGHTS CRACKING, red plastic raining down into the dirt.

THE DRIVER

That was vintage.

She tries to SCREAM AGAIN as his hand covers her mouth--

She BITES DOWN HARD, drawing blood.

And that's it. He PISTOL WHIPS her with the 941. She SHUTS DOWN, goes limp in his arms...

INT. JACK'S RENTAL CAR (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

REPLAY: TIGHT ON JACK'S CELL in the cupholder, lighting up as Molly's call comes up. And then the phone goes dark.

JACK (V.O.)

I missed her call. And I think it was then, in that moment, that all hell broke loose. I just hadn't gotten the message yet.

EXT. ALDRICH HOME - FRONT PORCH - DUSK

RAIN FALLS at a steady clip now. Back at that two-story disaster, even worse for wear if such a thing is possible. The FRONT WINDOW covered in PLYWOOD-- never fixed from the drive-by.

Jack on the porch shaking off the rain. He presses the DOORBELL. A long beat. He looks off over his shoulder, his rental parked out of sight two blocks away.

CREAKING as the door opens. Aldrich standing in a bathrobe.

ALDRICH
Can I help you?

JACK
Aldrich.

Aldrich's eyes narrow. Remembering.

ALDRICH
No. It can't be-- Milton's Jack
all grown up.

In the background a KETTLE begins to WHISTLE.

INT. ALDRICH HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

FILTH & POVERTY. Dishes piled in the sink. A huge stack of NEWSPAPERS propping open a door leading down into the BASEMENT. Jack pausing there by the stairs, looking away into darkness as Aldrich fusses over a KETTLE by the stove.

Aldrich's mother at the vinyl kitchen table, doddering in her wheelchair. Jack hesitantly sits next to her.

ALDRICH
Just in time for tea, Jack. Every
afternoon, rain or shine, we've
gotta have our tea.

ALDRICH'S MOTHER
Hello.

JACK
Hello, Mrs. Aldrich.

ALDRICH'S MOTHER
Hello.

ALDRICH
She can go on like that for hours.

ALDRICH'S MOTHER
Hello.

ALDRICH
Just ignore her.

ALDRICH'S MOTHER
Just ignore her.

Aldrich brings over THREE MUGS of tea. Sets one down in front of his mother, one in front of Jack.

ALDRICH
Jack, you'll want a little pick-me-up with that, yes?

JACK
Oh, I think I'm--

But Aldrich's already got a SILVER FLASK out of his robe pocket, uncapping it, POURING A GENEROUS TILT OF WHISKEY into Jack's tea. STILL POURING.

JACK
When.

ALDRICH'S MOTHER
Hello!

ALDRICH
Mom. Enough. For Christ's sake.

And he turns to his mug now, pouring even more whiskey in than he gave Jack and taking an extra nip off the flask.

ALDRICH
I gotta tell you. We don't get a lot of company around here.

ALDRICH'S MOTHER
(leans into Jack, hushed)
Hello. *You're handsome.*

ALDRICH
MOM. JESUS.

He SLAMS the table. His mother staring off into space, scooping up her tea cup in both hands, taking a long sip.

ALDRICH
I heard about your dad. My condolences. He was always good to me. Always treated me right.
(beat)
Christ. Look at you, Jack. I remember-- You didn't come up to my thigh. Skinny little motherfucker.

ALDRICH'S MOTHER
Language!

ALDRICH
Alright, mom. Skinny little S.O.B. and look at you now. Those summers at the beach house. Jesus.
(MORE)

ALDRICH (CONT'D)
 Time goes by, Jack. Where's it go
 to? I look up, I can't stand
 straight anymore and I don't even
 know why. Can't read the Mariners
 box score without goddamned
 glasses, can't piss in a straight
 line. This-- This is what you've
 got ahead of you and don't think it
 won't come. It'll come to you too,
 Jack, and there's nothing you can
 do.

JACK
 I been gone a long time.

ALDRICH
 You should hear the stories, Jack.
 The stories they tell about you.
 Grows like a fucking fish, the
 money you took off the old man.
 Like robbing Fort Knox--

Jack looks away.

ALDRICH
 I'm sorry, I didn't mean--

JACK
 It's fine, Aldrich. I-- If I
 could take back what I did.

ALDRICH
 If we could take back what we done,
 Jack, I wouldn't be living with my
 mother in a fucking slum on Capitol
 Hill. Right?

JACK
 That's kind of why I'm here.

The two men make eye contact. Sussing out the unspoken.

ALDRICH'S MOTHER
He's handsome.

ALDRICH
 Why are you here, Jack?

JACK
 Dad-- Milton. He... Listen. I
 heard what happened to you. How
 they crossed you out, right? And I
 know Dad never had a bad word to
 say about you. Never. And I know
 what it's like to have things taken
 away by Jimmy Shay.

Aldrich's eyes glistening. Like someone gets him.

JACK

I've come home, Aldrich and I--
I've come into some money I never
expected to get, you understand?
This is company money. Jimmy
Shay's money. I took it once. You
know it, everyone knows it and what
the hell, it didn't solve my
problems. Didn't bring anyone
back, in fact they keep going.
They keep passing away.

He looks at Aldrich's mom. How much of this is genuine?

JACK

So this is what I'm telling you.
You understand? I want to right
some of the wrongs that've been
done in this godforsaken city.
Only what's fair. So what do you
think would be fair, Aldrich?

Is he really saying this? Aldrich stares down into his cup.

ALDRICH

Most days, I drink until I can't
drink no more. Then I go to sleep.
And then I get up and do it all
over again.

JACK

What they've done to you isn't
right. So what would make it
right? Ten thousand dollars?

ALDRICH

Ten thou--- You're--

JACK

Fifteen. This isn't *my* money.
This is Jimmy's money and I want to
make things right.

ALDRICH

Fifteen. Jack...

JACK

Fifteen. It's done. It's yours.

ALDRICH

Jack...

ALDRICH'S MOTHER

Jackpot!

ALDRICH

You don't have to do this.

JACK

I want to do this. OK? I want to.
But I-- I need to ask you
something. I... I been away and I
come back. And Jimmy's on trial
and maybe it's finally...

(beat)

A cop's been by. Showed up at the
funeral, Aldrich. Comes to me.
Asking me to talk. To turn
state's... But I can't. Right? I
can't.

ALDRICH

They'd kill you, Jack.

JACK

But that's not even it, is it?

ALDRICH

They'd kill you. Ten years ago,
I'd've killed you. Wouldn't have
batted a fucking eye.

Jack looks around the kitchen. The squalor of all it all.

ALDRICH

My father told me. When I was a
kid. We were living back east
then, Pittsburgh. He said to me, I
remember this... It's funny the
shit that *sticks* when so much else
is gone. He says to me. He says.
"Kid, you gotta know, a man don't
say nothing to nobody about *his*
business." His business, he said.
A *man*. That's about right, ain't
it? Cause no matter what we done,
no matter what Jimmy's done to us---
I ain't no pig and I ain't no
fucking stoolie. I know what I
done. I know the choices I made.
And a man don't talk to nobody
about his business.

JACK

You're right.

Aldrich half-laughs.

ALDRICH

I'm right. I'm a dinosaur. A
fucking relic.

ALDRICH'S MOTHER

Fucking relic.

JACK

Aldrich. I gotta ask you something
else.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
And I want you to look at me. Look
at me and I just need you to answer
me. Honestly.

Aldrich anxious. Senses the turn.

JACK
We haven't-- When's the last time
we spoke? You and I. Before
today.

ALDRICH
Christ, Jack. I dunno. Jesus,
that's going back, what? Gotta be
fifteen years or more, right? I'd
come over to house, you were so
busy with school--

JACK
School.

ALDRICH
Yeah, Jack. School. You remember
school. You were good at it.

JACK
I remember. So. We haven't spoken
on the phone.

ALDRICH
What the hell are you talking
about, Jack?

JACK
This morning. Or this afternoon.

ALDRICH
Is this a joke? Cause I don't get
it, alright?

ALDRICH'S MOTHER
Knock knock!

A long silence.

JACK
Aldrich, I'm-- I'm sorry for what
they've done.

EXT. ALDRICH HOME - EVENING

The rain has stopped. Todd leans against Jack's rental
smoking a cigarette. Watches as Jack walks down the block
from Aldrich's, hands in his pockets. Head down.

TODD
So?

Jack walks up to the car. A little shaken. Taciturn.

TODD
SO?

JACK
It wasn't him, Todd.

TODD
Whaddya you mean it wasn't him?

JACK
Listen to me. I talked to him. I know.

TODD
You know? What the *fuck* do you know, Jackie Boy?

JACK
I know it wasn't him.

Todd FLICKS HIS CIGARETTE to the curb staring deadly at Jack.

FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Todd's FUMING at the front door, RINGING ALDRICH'S DOORBELL over and over and over and over. Jack jogs up the front steps, still twenty paces behind--

JACK
Todd--

TODD
SHUT THE FUCK UP, JACK.

Back to ringing the doorbell. Again. Again. Again. Jack's there now, just as the DOOR OPENS--- Aldrich stands stunned.

ALDRICH
Todd?

Suddenly, Todd draws a PISTOL.

TODD
(to Aldrich)
You double-crossing *shit*.

And he SMACKS ALDRICH SQUARE IN THE FACE with the muzzle of the gun. Pushing his way into the house...

INT. ALDRICH HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Aldrich bleeds from his nose...

ALDRICH
Jack? What the fuck?!

TODD
What the fuck? WHAT THE FUCK?
YOU'RE ASKING ME, BUDDY?

Jack enters the house as Todd raises the gun again, marching forward, Aldrich retreating as they continue on to the

KITCHEN

Aldrich's mother in her wheelchair, confused. Aldrich stumbles in, knocking over dishes, CRASHING TO THE FLOOR.

TODD

You think you can get away with it?

ALDRICH

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

JACK

Todd. What're you doing?

TODD

SHUT THE FUCK UP, JACKIE.

JACK

We had a deal--

ALDRICH

A deal? What's he-- What're you--

TODD

SHUT UP. SHUT UP. SHUT. THE
FUCK. UP. BOTH OF YOU.

ALDRICH'S MOTHER

(to Todd)

You're not handsome.

TODD

What?

ALDRICH'S MOTHER

You're not handsome.

Todd spins, point the gun at Aldrich's mother and FIRES INTO HER KNEECAP. A SPRAY OF BLOOD. She SCREAMS. *All at once--*

JACK

TODD. WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?

TODD

Shut the fuck up, Jack.

(back to Aldrich)

You think you can fucking talk?
You think you can fucking rat on
the fucking family?!? IS THAT WHAT
YOU FUCKING THINK?!?

Aldrich's mother SCREAMS, clutching her BLEEDING KNEE.

ALDRICH

It wasn't me, Todd. I didn't--
Jack-- Jack knows. JACK!

Todd's inches away from Aldrich now. The gun to his temple.

JACK
Todd. Don't. He didn't--

TODD
Open your mouth. Open your mouth
to talk.

JACK
Todd. Stop it.

TODD
OPEN YOUR FUCKING MOUTH.

Aldrich's CRYING NOW. Trembling. Slowly opens his mouth.
Todd PUSHES the barrel of the pistol in, CLACKING against his
teeth. Aldrich GAGS.

JACK
TODD--

Jack begins to RUSH toward TODD, who turns, glancing over his
shoulder and then back to Aldrich, makes eye contact.

TODD
Say goodnight, sweet prince.

And Todd PULLS THE TRIGGER. The back of Aldrich's head
EXPLODES in a JET of BLOOD AND GORE.

Todd spins. Gun trained on Jack.

JACK
We had a deal.

TODD
A deal? A FUCKING DEAL?!?

In the distance, an unmistakable sound. SIRENS.

ALDRICH'S MOTHER
Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus
tecum. Benedicta tu in mulieribus,
et benedictus fructus...

TODD
You hear that, Jack? YOU HEAR
THAT?

ALDRICH'S MOTHER
...ventris tui, Iesus. Sancta
Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis
peccatoribus, nun, et in hora
mortis nostrae...

Todd grabs her wheelchair, pushing her toward to the
basement.

JACK
JESUS, TODD.

ALDRICH'S MOTHER
Amen.

And with a final HEAVE, Todd sends the wheelchair RATTLING DOWN the STAIRS, a CACOPHONY OF METAL against WOOD. Aldrich's mother SCREAMING. And then. SILENT.

The SIRENS in the distance growing louder.

JACK
We had a deal--

Todd raises his gun. Aims it squarely at Jack's head.

TODD
And I fucking broke it. You're driving.

INT. JACK'S RENTAL CAR (PARKED/MOVING) - SECONDS LATER

Jack's hand shaking, he INSERTS THE KEY into the ignition. Todd's GUN TO HIS HEAD. And A POLICE CRUISER on the HORIZON MOVING IN FROM THE SOUTH. FOUR BLOCKS OUT. THREE.

TODD
COME ON, COME ON.

The Sebring turns over. The black & white TWO BLOCKS OUT--

JACK
Where am I going?

ONE BLOCK--

TODD
FUCK. REVERSE IT.

And Jack JAMS THE GEARSHIFT DOWN, TIRES SPINNING...

EXT. ALDRICH HOME - THAT MOMENT

The Sebring LURCHES BACKWARDS as the CRUISER ARRIVES, now REDIRECTING, CHASING the Sebring as it HURTLES IN REVERSE up the street HEADING NORTH. The noses of the cars touching.

The cruiser ACCELERATES, RAMMING the Sebring.

INT. JACK'S RENTAL CAR (MOVING) - THAT MOMENT

Jack struggles to MAINTAIN CONTROL as the cops RAM them again.

MORE SIRENS SOUND behind them.

TODD
You hear that?

EXT. CAPITOL HILL - THAT MOMENT

OVERHEAD as Jack's car speeds uphill, the cops still nose-to-nose. And as they near a FOUR-WAY INTERSECTION, a SECOND CRUISER ROARS IN from the WEST, PERPENDICULAR, forming the top of a "T." CLOSING OFF Jack's escape route--

INT. JACK'S RENTAL CAR (MOVING) - THAT MOMENT

Jack SPINS THE WHEEL, trying to slice past the new squad car. And then, EVEN MORE SIRENS...

EXT. CAPITOL HILL - THAT MOMENT

A third black & white SCREAMS IN from the EAST heading dead-on toward the SECOND CRUISER, CLOSING FAST, the GAP NARROWING BETWEEN THEM and THREATENING TO CLOSE JACK'S EXIT.

INT. JACK'S RENTAL CAR (MOVING) - THAT MOMENT

Jack GRINDS THE WHEEL back, the Sebring SQUEEZING BETWEEN THE HOODS of these two latest responders. SPARKS in the air. He reaches for the EMERGENCY BRAKE, PULLS IT---

EXT. CAPITOL HILL - THAT MOMENT

The Sebring SPINS 180° as the FIRST CRUISER T-BONES the THIRD, SIDE IMPACT, the cars FUSED and SLIDING across the PAVEMENT toward a STREETLIGHT, hitting it, the fixture TOPPLING as the ENTIRE LIGHT POLE ARCS TOWARD THE GROUND---

INT. JACK'S RENTAL CAR (MOVING) - THAT MOMENT

HAND ON THE GEARSHIFT, Jack punches it from REVERSE to DRIVE. Foot to the gas, SPEEDING FORWARD.

TODD
LIGHT, LIGHT, LIGHT!

He looks, sees the LIGHT TUMBLING DOWN. TOO LATE---

EXT. CAPITOL HILL - THAT MOMENT

The street lamp LANDS HARD on the hood of the Sebring, the LIGHT BREAKING OFF and CRASHING THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD---

INT. JACK'S RENTAL CAR (MOVING) - THAT MOMENT

The light SHOOTS into the Sebring, GLOWING YELLOW MERCURY, landing between Jack and Todd, FLICKERING and then dark.

JACK
Clear the windshield.

Todd PUNCHES OUT the hanging spiderworks of glass blocking Jack's view with the butt of his pistol.

Jack's eyes to the rearview. LIGHTS strike up from behind, RED & BLUE, that patriotic strobe.

EXT. CAPITOL HILL - THAT MOMENT

The remaining cruiser PUNCHES HARD into a turn, chasing Jack's Sebring nose-to-tail.

I/E. JACK'S RENTAL CAR (MOVING) / CAPITOL HILL - THAT MOMENT

Jack SPEEDS down the street, IN AND OUT of traffic, narrowly missing cars, pedestrians. The cops hot on his tail.

Todd looks over his shoulder wide-eyed.

TODD
Fuck, Jackie. FUCK. This is some
big-time, shit. You get me?

Jack doesn't answer, STEERING, SWERVING. HORNS sound.

TODD
You know what we need? You know
what we need? *Some fucking music,*
man. Check it.

And Todd leans down, turns on the car stereo, channel surfing: NPR, RAP, A HAND SOAP COMMERCIAL and then...

"GIMME SHELTER" by the Stones. Mick launches into the vocal.

TODD
This is what I'm talking about!

Jack's eyes on the rearview. On the road. SWERVING. MISSING. And Todd begins to drum along on the dashboard with the barrel of his gun.

TODD
(singing)
...if I don't get some shelter/
Ooh, yeah/ I'm gonna fade away/
War, children, it's just a shot
away!

Jack looks over. Angry. Goes for the VOLUME knob. Todd GRABS his wrist.

TODD
Don't. Fucking. Touch it. Sing
it with me, Jackie.
(singing)
Rape, murder/ It's just a shot
away/ It's just a shot away!

Jack's not singing, focussed on driving, on the cops just a car length behind. Todd presses the gun to Jack's temple.

TODD
FUCKING SING.

And they do.

JACK & TODD
 Rape, murder/ It's just a shot
 away/ It's just a shot away!

Looming overhead, a BLOCK OUT-- a traffic light turns yellow.

TODD
 HIT IT, JACKIE.

Jack looks back at the cops, ahead as the LIGHT TURNS RED.
 His foot to the gas. And they burst into the intersection as

A CARGO VAN--

enters from the right, SLAMMING into the Sebring's quarter-panel. The side of the car crumpling, the car fishtailing.

THE PURSUING CRUISER--

HITTING THE BRAKES, screeching to a halt. SMOKE IN THE AIR.

THE SEBRING'S TIRES--

SPINNING FUTILELY on the wet pavement as Jack hits the gas again. More RANCID SMOKE in the air. The tread on the right rear tire wearing down, WEARING THIN.

The tires finally find traction. Jack GUNS IT, grabs the EMERGENCY BRAKE, swinging, turning, heading down a hill.

TODD
 THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!!!

Jack looks into the rearview as the cop car GIVES CHASE.

OUTSIDE, THE RIGHT REAR TIRE--

Parts of the tread PEELING OFF, beginning to SEPARATE.

JACK'S EYES--

up to the rearview, watching the sirens, watching the smoke.

TODD
 Gimme, gimme shelter/ Or I'm gonna
 fade away...

THAT TREAD--

SPLITS OPEN, the black peels of rubber flying out as the car SLAMS DOWN ONTO THE RIM, SPARKS INTO THE AIR. A rain of embers like the Fourth of July.

TODD LOOKS BACK--

worried now. Sees the sparks. Feels the heat.

TODD
 JACKIE!

JACK

I see it.

Still WEAVING IN AND OUT OF TRAFFIC, OTHER CARS COLLIDING to avoid JACK'S WINDING ROUTE as he SPEEDS DOWNHILL on three tires, SPARKS FLYING, THE CAR SHAKING, SHAKING...

INT. POLICE CRUISER (MOVING) - THAT MOMENT

Two silhouetted FACELESS COPS watch the RAIN OF SPARKS as Jack races down the hill.

COP ON THE RADIO

Suspect has lost his right rear
tire...

I/E. JACK'S RENTAL CAR (MOVING) / CAPITOL HILL - THAT MOMENT

Jack SPEEDS THROUGH another red light. Todd muttering under his breath, nearly unintelligible...

TODD

...come on come on motherfuckers
motherfucking cocksucking cunts...

THE WHEEL WELL--

more sparks airborne as the rim spins round and round, the WORST GRINDING NOISE, METAL on ASPHALT going 60 MPH, like a HUNDRED NAILS DOWN A CHALKBOARD. And then, suddenly, the heat, the embers, ALL TOO MUCH---

The passenger side of the car ERUPTS IN THE FLAMES.

JACK & TODD LOOK BACK--

eyes wide as the FLAMES GROW, LICKING UP in the night sky.

TODD

The car's on fire. The fucking
car's on fire.

He turns to look out the windshield as Jack peers back still staring at the FLAMES, at the COPS--

TODD

JACK!!!

Jack's head snaps forward. Sees it TOO LATE--

A LUMBERING CITY BUS--

crawling across the next intersection. No way to avoid it, seconds from impact.

THE EMERGENCY BRAKE--

Jack GRABS IT AGAIN, spinning the wheel, another 180° turn in the night as the COPS COME SCREAMING IN.

Jack hitting the accelerator, the rim SCRAPING THE PAVEMENT as the FIRE GROWS, FLAMES AGAINST THE REAR WINDSHIELD NOW.

THE GLASS--

of the windshield WARPING, BUBBLING in the heat, EXPLODING INWARD as Jack heads back up the hill, the way they'd come. And the STONES STILL ROCKING OUT ON THE STEREO.

JACK

What now?

The POLICE CRUISER KICKS INTO GEAR behind them. The FLAMES growing ever LARGER.

JACK

THIS THING'S GONNA FUCKING BLOW.

TODD

OK! OK! Right, right, right, the fucking sidestreet!!!

Jack BANGS A HARD TURN, A NARROW STREET, missing a JOGGER. People SCREAMING. The police closing in. Then another set of SIRENS. And another. THREE CRUISERS IN THE CHASE NOW.

JACK

We gotta stop, Todd.

Todd's gun to Jack's head.

TODD

No, Jackie.

JACK

You wanna die in this car?!

TODD

THERE. THAT ALLEY. LEFT.

Jack sees it. Even narrower than the street they're on...

THE ALLEYWAY--

unlit, a festering heap of trash and filth. The Sebring turns in HARD, the FLAMES now SCORCHING the brick buildings on either side. The alleyway not more than a CAR WIDTH wide.

The police cars STREAM IN behind them, an orderly line.

A DUMPSTER--

filled to capacity, blocking their path. Jack looks back at the flames, forward at the dumpster. The opening not quite wide enough. HE FLOORS IT, RAMMING THE DUMPSTER, the TRASH IGNITING IN FLAMES, the driver's side of the car SHEARED OFF.

THE POLICE CARS--

stopping short at the BURNING DUMPSTER blocking their path.

TODD & JACK LOOK BACK--

sees the cops have stopped their pursuit. Eyes wide.

TODD
WE DID IT! WE FUCKING DID IT!

And Todd turns around. SURPRISED TO SEE...

A BRICK WALL--

looming ahead. The alley DEAD ENDS. No way out.

TODD
JAC-----

THE SEBRING SLAMS INTO THE BRICK WALL AT FULL BLAST, the nose crumpling, METAL AND GLASS COMPACTING DOWN TO NOTHING as Todd and Jack both FLY FORWARD, Jack's head CRACKING against the steering wheel, a SPRAY OF BLOOD.

NEW FLAMES. The Sebring's engine on fire.

BY THE DUMPSTER--

the cops begin to exit their cruisers on foot. Guns drawn. Radios on. The SQUAWK of the police band.

AT THE SEBRING--

Todd stirs first. Jack's head still against the steering wheel. Blood pouring out, dripping down, an endless stream.

TODD
Jack?

MEANWHILE, DOWN THE ALLEY--

the cops inch forward, guns ready, taking cover behind the dumpster. See the flames ahead but can't quite make out the crashed Sebring.

TODD--

leans over Jack, looking at the blood. The unfocussed eyes.

TODD
What can I say? You gave it your
all, Jackie. God bless.

And with a RATTLING OF GLASS, he's out of the car, rushing toward a fire escape, scaling up up up over the brick wall, disappearing into the night.

JACK LIES BLEEDING--

head down. Eyes wincing from the heat. From the FIRE ROARING AROUND HIM. His hand shaking, he reaches for his seatbelt. Unbuckles it. A long beat. The FIRE RAGING. Jack's breathing LABORED.

His hand to the DOOR HANDLE. CLASPS IT. HOT FROM THE FIRE. HIS FLESH SIZZLES. HE SCREAMS. PULLS THE DOOR OPEN. Falling out into the alley, bleeding, turning down to his hand, a WELTED BLISTERING BURN FRESH ACROSS HIS PALM.

THE POLICE RUSHING IN--

guns drawn. Trained on him. Stopping fifty feet away.

Jack, bloodied, drags himself down the alley. The gash on his forehead still bleeding. Glass riddling his face.

Shaking, he begins to right himself. Pushing himself onto his knees. Looking at the cops. At the guns.

Slowly he bring his hands behind his head. Surrendering. Opens his mouth as if to speak. Says nothing. Instead, flashes a rueful ruddy grin, his teeth DARK WITH BLOOD.

One of the cops NODS to another. He lowers his gun, takes a PAIR OF HANDCUFFS from his belt. And then...

THE SEBRING EXPLODES--

the shell of the rental flying ten feet off the pavement, a rain of glass and metal showering down into the alley as Jack waits hands behind his head for arrest. For capture.

The cops shielding their eyes from the heat of the blast. And now, finally, they MOVE IN--

ARRESTING COP
GET DOWN! DOWN ON THE PAVEMENT!
ARMS BEHIND YOUR BACK!

And what else can he do? So he falls as they swarm him, cuffs out, cuffs on, the satisfying METAL CLICK as they lock down, the flames still glowing orange and ominous...

TIGHT ON THE WRECKAGE--

There on the pavement. The keys for the safe deposit box and the storage locker WARPING and MELTING in the fire.

INT. JACK'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

DETECTIVE FRANK ENLEY (40s, paunchy, bad mustache) flips through gory crime scene photos of Aldrich and his mother, showing them to Jack who lies in a hospital bed bandaged, cornered. A beat cop standing guard in the doorway.

ENLEY
This looking familiar? Any of this looking fucking familiar? We got you leaving the scene, Jack. So look. You wanna help yourself, you gotta help me. Help me understand what was going on in that house.
(beat)
I'm gonna make a bet with you.
(MORE)

ENLEY (CONT'D)
 (points to the photos)
 A mess like this, I'll bet even
 money we get your clothes back from
 the lab, we get that shirt back,
 have ourselves a look, whaddya
 think the chances are that yours is
 the only blood I find on there?
 Not too good, killer. Am I right?
 OF COURSE I'M FUCKING RIGHT.

JACK
 Dave Bannion.

ENLEY
 Excuse me?

JACK
 Dave Bannion. With the FBI.
 Working the Shay case.

ENLEY
 And I fucking care...?

JACK
 I wanna talk to him.
 (beat)
 I'll only talk to him.

IN DARKNESS--

A faint BLUE LIGHT visible somewhere overhead.

JACK (V.O.)
*As things turned out, it was the
 wrong call to make. But I couldn't
 see it. I had gone for the bait.
 Blind. All that was left was for
 them to haul the goddamned line.*

REVEAL the craggy bottom of the Bering Strait sea floor.
 Underwater. And looming in the distance: a CRAB TRAP, filled
 with dozens of Alaskan King Crabs, claws lunging, snapping,
 writhing, trying to find their way out...

INT. SEATTLE DINER - NIGHT

A half-eaten plate of very greasy steak & eggs. A newspaper
 crossword puzzle. A brown mug filled with coffee.

Bannion sits at the diner counter. He picks up the coffee,
 sips it. To the WAITER clearing plates nearby--

BANNION
 Hey. Nine letters. "Oedipal
 offense."

WAITER
 Patricide.

Bannion snaps his fingers. Begins to pencil it in. Then his CELL PHONE RINGS. He pulls it out of his jacket pocket.

BANNION
Bannion speaking.
(a long beat)
Slow down. Slow down. Where is
he?

EXT. STREET CORNER PHONE BOOTH - MINUTES LATER

QUARTERS INSERTED into a slot in a phone booth. Bannion stands inside, dials a number. A street-sweeper lumbers by in the darkness. The line RINGING. RINGING. Finally...

JIMMY (V.O.)
Yeah.

BANNION
What the fuck is this?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - THAT MOMENT

Jimmy in an expansive modern kitchen: stainless steel and marble counters. He watches CNBC on a tiny countertop TV, drinking a glass of red wine and eating a fish-and-rice dish. Earl Howser with him, eating an identical meal, wordless.

JIMMY
Bannion?

BANNION (V.O.)
He's in the hospital?

JIMMY
I'm eating. You always call me
with this fucking bullshit when I'm
trying to sit down--

BANNION (V.O.)
The fucking hospital and they've
got him under armed fucking guard--

JIMMY
This shit I eat, Dave, all lean
protein and none of the stuff I
like, no potatoes, no bread, no
pasta. They say, "You can have
rice. You can have couscous."
What the fuck is *couscous*? I can't
taste a fucking thing. What I
wouldn't give for a porterhouse and
a shaker of goddamn salt.

BANNION (V.O.)
What're you-- You're telling me
about your goddamned diet?

JIMMY

Yeah. I'm telling you about my
goddamned motherfucking diet. And
you're telling me--

He pulls a slender FISH BONE from his mouth.

BANNION (V.O.)

I'm telling you I got a call that
Grant's in the hospital and they're
holding him on a murder rap.

JIMMY

Sounds serious.

BANNION (V.O.)

This wasn't the plan, Jimmy. We
said scare him a little. Shake him
up.

JIMMY

He called you, didn't he?

BANNION (V.O.)

Yeah. He fucking called me. But I
gotta-- Look. This changes
things. It's gonna be harder to
get him out of there. I'm gonna
have to-- I'm gonna have to take
him into custody and...

JIMMY

These are details. You talk to me
about details. I don't know
details from Adam. Am I a cop? A
fucking pig? This is your
operation, boy-o. So the call's
come in, right? So it's tonight.
Because Little Jack wants to spill
his guts. So it's fucking *tonight*.

BACK TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER PHONE BOOTH - THAT MOMENT

Bannion fussing in the phone booth, looking out into the
night, unwrapping a roll of Tums, chewing on a handful.

BANNION

I want double what we agreed on.

Silence from the other end. Is Jimmy still there?

JIMMY (V.O.)

We'll talk about it when it's done.
Tonight.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - THAT MOMENT

Jimmy HANGS UP the phone, disgusted. A KNOCK at the door.

JIMMY
WHAT?!!?

The door swings open ever so slowly. REVEAL TODD standing there bloodied and sweating, his clothes torn and ragged.

JIMMY
What happened to you?

TODD
Aldrich's dead.

JIMMY
And our other problem?

TODD
I dunno. Things got a little out of hand.

JIMMY
Out of hand? Fuck you, Todd. FUCK YOU. You don't know, you don't know fucking *shit*. You find out, you got me? You find out and then you come to me so I'm not asking you these goddamned questions. A fucking child would know better.

TODD
I'll find out. I'm--

JIMMY
Don't fucking say it. Be a fucking man. Do your fucking job.

Jimmy goes back to his meal.

JACK (V.O.)
Jimmy had turned the screws down for good. Turned them down on all of us. So we only had one play left. And Bannion's was a goddamned opera.

INT. HOSPITAL - NURSES STATION - NIGHT

Three young FBI agents outside the nurses station: RALPH DEMORY, GEORGE BRIGGS and GENE CORDELL (all 30s, trim, crew-cuts, very green). Detective Enley stands with a couple other PLAINCLOTHES COPS and two beat cops. Everyone anxious, waiting...

Demory reads a copy of REDBOOK from a stack of magazines.

CORDELL
What the hell is that?

DEMORY
I read it for the sex tips. It's like being behind enemy lines.

CORDELL
Faggot. Let me see.

He snatches the Redbook away from Demory.

DING. A chime from the elevators. Bannion steps out.

BANNION
(to Cordell)
What are you doing?

CORDELL
It was his.

INT. HOSPITAL - CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER

A small chapel in the hospital. Overhead lights strike up as the men file in. Bannion up to the front of the space. Piped in SOFT ORGAN MUSIC on a loop. Enley, the FBI agents and the cops all fill the pews.

BANNION
So here's the situation. Seattle PD, courtesy of Detective Enley, brings in Jack Grant, son of Milton, tonight after a shootout and car chase on Capitol Hill. Robert Aldrich -- the old Shay crony -- he's shot dead along with his mother. Grant's in here and won't say word one.

(beat)
Now. I've been working Grant on the side, reaching out to see if he might come in, provide some info on Shay. Grant's in a jam, looks like he's ready to crack but he wants a known quantity and he's stonewalling, says he's only providing to me. But I got a problem.

The room's quiet. Bannion suddenly turns, looks up at the overhead speaker.

BANNION
Can we turn this fucking music off?

Everyone stares at him, silent.

BANNION
No? Great. OK. Fuck it. So. Ten minutes after Enley briefs me on Grant's request, I get another call-- My man on the inside with Shay says he's heard they've got word on Grant being cooped up here. Says they want him quiet. That they're gonna make a play on him tonight.

ENLEY

Says the mysterious contact you
still refuse to turn over to SPD.

BANNION

Yeah. That's right. My contact.
You wanna start some departmental
bullshit with me? You wanna know
why I won't turn over my source?
*How does Shay's crew know Grant's
here in the first place?*

ENLEY

Are you fucking--

BANNION

ENOUGH. Grant's wanted on the
homicides, that's yours and if the
facts bear out, you'll get him soon
enough. But I'm telling you we
look into this, the facts aren't
gonna bear out. And no one's gonna
be looking into anything if Grant's
not around come tomorrow. He's my
witness and I've got a credible
threat against his life. So are we
done with the pissing contest?

Enley looks away, disgusted.

BANNION

Here's how this is gonna work...

INT. HOSPITAL - NURSES STATION - LATER THAT NIGHT

A nurse typing away at a keyboard. A printout spitting out
of a dot-matrix machine nearby. Bannion's speech continues
over a QUICK MEDLEY OF PAPERWORK BEING SIGNED, DATED,
INITIALED AND STAMPED---

BANNION (V.O.)

*We discharge Grant. As far as the
paper trail goes, he's handed into
SPD custody. And that's the only
word that comes out of this room.*

EXT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

An AMBULANCE and TWO SQUAD CARS parked outside the ER, lights
flashing. Uniformed cops by the doors.

BANNION (V.O.)

*A big production. So we go out the
front, motorcade style-- Only it's
not Grant we load up. It's Agent
Briggs.*

Nurses appear PUSHING A GURNEY out the hospital doors.
Briggs lies FAUX-BANDAGED on the stretcher.

EXT. SEATTLE STREETS - NIGHT

The POLICE MOTORCADE and AMBULANCE SCREAM down deserted streets.

BANNION (V.O.)
Assuming the leak to Shay's not coming from in here, word gets back to his crew that Grant's being brought into protective custody.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Agent Briggs sits handcuffed in an interrogation room staring at his reflection in the mirror.

BANNION (V.O.)
So we treat Briggs as Grant the whole way down the line. You bring him in for questioning, leave him in the sweatbox and it gets around SPD that he's in a tight spot. Shay doesn't have a fucking play.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Cardboard boxes and dumpsters. Two Crown Vics sit idling.

BANNION (V.O.)
Meanwhile, I take Agents Demory and Cordell and we move the real Grant off-site. Quietly. So it doesn't look like a fucking operation.

And here comes Bannion, Demory and Cordell escorting Jack out the back door. Jack's still bandaged up, limping to the car.

BANNION (V.O.)
For reasons I've gone over, I'm not publicizing our planned route to anyone in SPD. I get Grant for the night and see what he's got for us. Ten AM tomorrow, we hand him back over to Detective Enley as the situation warrants. That leaves us with about eleven hours.

BACK TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - CHAPEL - NIGHT

Bannion waits for any questions.

ENLEY
And what if the leak is coming from inside the room?

BANNION
Then you can kiss your fucking pensions goodbye.

INT. BANNION'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Later. Jack and Bannion in the backseat. Demory drives.

BANNION
You wanted to talk.

JACK
Where are we going?

BANNION
Someplace safe.

Jack holds. Distant. Thinking.

JACK (V.O.)
*They had me. After that,
everything else became superfluous.
A liability. So they would've sent
word then. That it was over. To
clear out. To clean up.*

EXT. ALASKAN SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

A forboding stretch of flat ice-covered land. Stands of trees surround a small single story dwelling that would barely qualify as a house. A light on inside. Smoke pouring out the chimney. And the GTO parked in front.

INT. ALASKAN SAFE HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

A one-room fiasco. A dirty unkempt bed. A tiny kitchenette. A rotting sofa. A small, wood-panelled TV tuned to a COOKING SHOW on the Food Network-- A KNIFE DICING TOMATOES.

Molly sits tied to a kitchen chair, bound and gagged. She's still passed out.

Over at a tiny grease-pit of a stove, the driver cooks a ground beef patty in a frying pan. A wall-mounted PHONE rings. The driver answers.

THE DRIVER
Yeah?

JIMMY (V.O.)
Your contract's been filled. Don't
leave a paper trail.

The line CLICKS OFF. The driver turns off the gas, the blue flame extinguishing. He tosses the blackened burger patty onto a plate, viscous grease seeping out brownish yellow.

He looks at Molly.

THE DRIVER
I'm gonna let that cool down.
(cocks his head)
I'm sorry about this, sweetheart.
But you shouldn't've come outside.

And then somewhere in the room, a CELL PHONE starts to RING.

JACK (V.O.)
*So I missed her call. And she
 missed mine.*

EXT. BAINBRIDGE ISLAND FERRY - NIGHT

DARK WATER crashes by in the night. Jack and Bannion standing on the deck of the ferry, Seattle receding into darkness behind them. Jack's on his cell. The line RINGING.

MOLLY (V.O.)
 (voicemail)
 Hi, it's Molly. Leave your name
 and number after the tone, I'll get
 back to you as soon as I can.

Jack eyes Bannion, wary, embarrassed. Looks away. Hesitates before HANGING UP. Turning to Bannion:

JACK
 He's got keys. He's got the alarm
 code for Christ's sake--

BANNION
 You've gotta trust me.

Jack looks out at the chop of the dark water.

BANNION
 I can help you, Jack. I know you
 didn't kill Aldrich. You're not a
 murderer.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

SWIRLING CHIAROSCURO LIGHT as the Crown Vics pulls up outside the beach house, their highbeams playing through the trees.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

DARKNESS. The track lights strike up. Jack and Bannion enter Milton's home office. Jack stands at the window looking out at the sound, his back to the room.

BANNION
 Time to tell me what happened this
 afternoon.

JACK
 Don't you already know?
 (he turns to face Bannion)
 At the bank this morning. You knew
 I'd gotten a call. Just like
 tonight you knew Shay was planning
 to make a move at the hospital.
 Smoke and mirrors, right Special
 Agent?

Bannion hesitates. How much has Jack got figured out?

BANNION

So I've got a man inside.

JACK

You've got a man inside. You know who started all of this. You know who placed those calls. You know who tipped the cops off to those bodies and you knew where I was going this afternoon. You knew about it before I did and that's what this is all about. That's what it's been about since before you even showed up at the goddamn funeral. Your man knew I could get you something that'd put Shay away for good, isn't that right?

BANNION

And what if it is?

JACK

Todd killed Aldrich. Todd Shay. Walked in and shot him in the mouth. Thought he was your man. But Aldrich wasn't your man, was he?

BANNION

Aldrich was a grunt. He carried the weight they handed him till he couldn't carry no more.

JACK

Yeah. That's right. So I've got something you want and I'm the only one that knows where it is now, cause it's not in a bank downtown anymore.

BANNION

But it's safe.

JACK

It's safe.

BANNION

Well you tell me where it is--

JACK

You're not hearing me, are you? You're not listening. I've come in. I'm talking. *I'll go on the record.* Isn't this what you wanted? Todd Shay killed Aldrich. You bring him in, I'll come into court and swear to that on the King James.

BANNION
I'm working on it, Jack. I got you
this far, didn't I? This is what
we're doing. You and me. You've
gotta give me something here.

A beat.

JACK
Was my father trying to get out?

BANNION
He was trying to protect himself.
He set the whole thing up. Not us.
A civilian fucking operation.

JACK
Wearing a wire. And for what?

BANNION
Whose name was on the account,
Jack?
(beat)
His leverage. So you could come
home. So he could see you. And
they couldn't touch you anymore.
Because of what he had.

JACK
But things ended before he was
ready to play his hand.

This floats in the air for a moment.

JACK
You want the recordings, get the
cops to bring in Todd Shay.

Bannion pulls a yellow legal pad and a pen from Milton's
desk. Sets them down in front of Jack.

BANNION
Let's start by you writing down
what happened today with Aldrich.
In fucking detail, OK? You write
it down for me here and then we'll
take a looksee together. In the
meantime, I'm gonna see if there's
something to eat in this
godforsaken house.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Bannion turns on the lights in the kitchen. Opens the
fridge. Recoils at the smell, boxes of weeks-old Chinese,
noodles slopped over the edges. Grimacing, he looks inside
the vegetable drawer: a small stack of red delicious apples.

CLEANING AN APPLE

- THE FRUIT rinsed under the faucet.
- PAPER TOWELS polishing it clean. Shining it up.
- THE SILVERWARE DRAWER opened.
- A PARING KNIFE sinks into the gleaming red skin.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

Bannion walks outside eating the apple. Demory on watch.

BANNION
Nice night.

DEMORY
Fucking cold. Where's Grant?

BANNION
Inside writing a statement. I
wanted to see if you needed
anything. Maybe another Redbook?
Cosmo?

DEMORY
Fuck you, Bannion.

BANNION
Where's Cordell?

DEMORY
Around the other side by the water.
Watching for boats, he says.

BANNION
Watching for boats. That's good.

DEMORY
Yeah, he----

But before he can finish his sentence, Bannion grabs him,
DRIVES THE PARING KNIFE INTO THE BASE OF HIS NECK.

Demory STRUGGLES. GURGLING. PARALYZED.

And Bannion SNAPS HIS FUCKING NECK.

Demory DROPS HARD to the ground. DEAD.

Bannion leans down over his body, pulls Demory's pistol from
a shoulder holster. Tosses the apple out into the woods.
Holds before WIPING THE KNIFE BLADE DRY on Demory's collar.

SHORELINE - MOMENTS LATER

Cordell digs a toe into the sand here outside the beach
house. Turns around to look as he hears Bannion approaching
from behind him--

And Bannion RAISES DEMORY'S GUN. SHOOTS CORDELL POINT BLANK
IN THE FOREHEAD.

An OWL ALIGHTS from a nearby tree flying off into the night.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

Jack jumps up surprised by the sound of the shot. Puts down his pad and paper. Rushes to the window, looking out into darkness. Sees nothing. Sprints from the room into the

HALLWAY

Running toward his bedroom, crossing inside

JACK'S ROOM

Scooping up the shotgun from the side of his bed and then jogging back into the

HALLWAY

Jack races full-bore toward the balcony overlooking the first floor. Shotgun raised and pointing down. All the lights here turned off. Peering into the darkness.

He holds as the front door opens, Bannion walking inside, super casual, looking up surprised to see Jack there--

JACK
What the hell was that?

BANNION
Woah, woah, what're you doing?

JACK
I heard a shot.

Bannion raises his hands. Walking up the stairs slowly toward Jack at the top of the landing.

BANNION
It was Cordell. Alright? Got spooked by something in the woods. His gun went off. Fucking greenhorn, right? It's cool. We're good. We're good, Jack.

Bannion's near the top of the staircase. Jack lowering the shotgun to his side now.

BANNION
Alright?

Jack lets the barrel of the gun swing south to the floor.

JACK
Christ, I swear I thought--

BANNION
I know.

And Bannion's side-by-side with Jack now.

BANNION
How's that statement coming?

But Jack doesn't answer. Something amiss. STARING DOWN HARD. Bannion follows Jack's gaze down, down to HIS OWN SLEEVE. A small splatter of blood staining the cuff.

JACK
What's that on your wrist?

All at once, Bannion DRAWS HIS PISTOL, LEVELS IT AT JACK.

BANNION
Drop the gun, Jack.

JACK
What are you doing?

BANNION
DROP THE FUCKING GUN.

Jack holds. Nervous. Lets the shotgun fall to the floor.

BANNION
Back to the office.

JACK
What was that shot?

BANNION
Don't make this difficult.

JACK
You killed them. Your own men.

BANNION
What'd I tell you about government salaries?
(beat)
And I didn't kill anybody. You did. You went crazy. Stabbed Demory. Shot Cordell with Demory's gun. Trying to escape. *Who do you think they're gonna believe, Jack?*
(beat)
You're gonna tell me where I can get those fucking recordings or I'm gonna kill you too.

JACK
You're on those tapes.

BANNION
Bright boy wins a medal. Back to the office.

Just then, in the distance, the sound of a CAR APPROACHING ON GRAVEL. HEADLIGHTS PLAY THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOWS, an eerie white glow hot on Jack's face. Bannion hesitates.

JACK
Who's that?

Bannion sweats, turns for a beat to LOOK OVER HIS SHOULDER and Jack takes his opening, CHARGING BANNION like a DEFENSIVE LINEMAN, head into his stomach and THEY TUMBLE--

FALLING END OVER END down the staircase. LANDING in the

FOYER

JACK ON TOP of Bannion as Bannion's gun slips from his hand, sliding across the hardwood out of reach.

Jack PUNCHES BANNION hard. His nose BREAKS. BLOOD.

Jack's up now. RUSHING FOR THE GUN as Bannion rights himself. Standing. TACKLES JACK TO THE FLOOR.

The two men STRUGGLE FOR POSITION. Trying to CHOKE EACH OTHER. SCRAPING. LEGS FLAILING.

And outside the sound of the CAR APPROACHING GROWS LOUDER. LOUDER. THE HEADLIGHTS cutting into the room HARD, BLINDING.

BRAKES whine as the car seems to come to a stop outdoors. The headlights cut. The room goes dark.

Jack struggles, crawls on top of Bannion, smothering him with his bare hands, BLOOD BUBBLING UP through Jack's fingers. Bannion gasping for breath.

OUTSIDE, a CAR DOOR OPENS and then SHUTS. FOOTSTEPS in the gravel. BANNION GASPING. GURGLING.

JACK
Shhhhhhhhh.

And he SLAMS BANNION'S HEAD to the ground, jumps off of him, picks up the pistol, DRAWING IT FAST ON BANNION.

Bannion sits up. Dizzy. Disoriented. And then his CELL PHONE RINGS. He reaches for his pocket, the blue glow of the LCD display uncanny in the darkness. Jack walks over, close. All of this IN WHISPERS--

JACK
Who is it?

Bannion, panting for breath.

BANNION
Todd Shay.

JACK
Answer it.

The phone still ringing. Bannion hesitates.

Jack presses the gun to his head. Bannion opens the phone.

BANNION

I told you not to call this number.

As Todd replies, Jack LEANS IN CLOSE to the earpiece, the gun to Bannion's head. And Todd's voice comes to them twice, in a delayed echo-- once through the phone and once from the other side of the front door. An unsettling SLAPBACK.

TODD (O.C. & V.O.)

Yeah, well. I'm outside.

BANNION

This was my operation. Alone.

TODD (O.C. & V.O.)

I wanted to make sure everything went OK, you know?

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - THAT MOMENT

Continuous as Todd looks over Demory's dead body.

TODD

I see you took care of Dear Old Demory.

Behind Todd, standing by a Lexus parked in the driveway are two thugs he's brought along for the ride: FISHER (now 50s, the original owner of Jack's Zippo) and LARRY (now 40s, Fisher's smoking buddy).

INT. BEACH HOUSE - FOYER - THAT MOMENT

Bannion struggling to catch his breath. Jack leaning in.

BANNION

Yeah. Collateral damage.

TODD (O.C. & V.O.)

And Jackie Boy?

Bannion pauses. Looks up at Jack. Jack turns to the door. Back to Bannion. With his free hand, he gestures A SLIT THROAT ACROSS HIS NECK.

Bannion closes his eyes. Defeated.

BANNION

He's dead.

TODD (O.C. & V.O.)

And I fucking missed it. Come down. Let me in. We'll talk.

Bannion turns to Jack. Jack nods.

BANNION

Alright. I'll be there in a minute.

FRONT LAWN

Todd hangs up his phone. Looks back to the car. Gestures to Fisher and Larry.

AT THE LEXUS, SLOW-MO as the thugs step out drawing pistols.

FOYER

Jack DRAGS Bannion to his feet. THE GUN to his temple.

JACK
You're my shield. You got me?

FRONT LAWN

SLOW-MO, CONT'D as Todd and his two henchmen walk to the front door, all three of them WITH GUNS DRAWN...

FOYER

Jack and Bannion edging toward the door, Bannion in front as the aforementioned human shield.

FRONT LAWN

SLOW-MO, PT. III: Todd and the thugs climb the front steps. Todd nods to them. READY?

Yeah. We're fucking ready.

FOYER

Jack and Bannion reach the door. Bannion trembling.

JACK
Open it, beautiful.

And Bannion reaches for the handle, PULLS DOWN, the DOOR SWINGING INWARD....

I/E. BEACH HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

It's THREE on TWO: TODD, FISHER & LARRY vs. BANNION & JACK--

Every single man's EYES WIDE IN SHOCK at what's looking back at him from the other side of that doorway. A moment of SCATTERED CONFUSION. PANIC. Then:

TODD
GUN!!!

And he RAISES HIS PISTOL AND FIRES, FIRES, FIRES, FIRES.

BANNION'S HEAD and CHEST ERUPTING IN AN EXPLOSION OF GORE, A HAIL OF BLOOD like YOU'VE NEVER SEEN IN THIS WORLD.

Jack DIVING for the floor. Trying TO SWING the door shut.

TODD
YOU MOTHERFUCKERS!!!

Bannion's corpse FALLS LIMP. THE TIP OF HIS FINGER caught in the THE DOOR. JACK FURIOUSLY TRYING TO SLAM IT CLOSED.

And now TODD & CO. RAM THE DOOR, nearly sending Jack flying back into the room. He redoubles his efforts, CROUCHING, PUSHING as a SPRAY OF BULLETS RIP THROUGH THE NARROW OPENING.

TODD
SHOOT THIS FUCKING CUNT.

More SHOTS. And Bannion's FINGER STILL IN THE WAY. Jack can't get the door closed. But he can't hold up much longer.

QUICKLY NOW, he BRINGS THE PISTOL DOWN onto Bannion's FINGERTIP and FIRES-- blowing that lifeless digit to pieces.

The obstruction gone.

Jack SLAMS the door. DEADBOLTS the locks.

TODD (O.S.)
JACK! COME OUTSIDE. WE'LL TALK.

Jack rushes to the ALARM PANEL. Punches in the code. HITS ARM. The digital clock on the panel reads 12:03AM. Jack holds as suddenly the readout FLICKERS and then goes dead.

JACK (V.O.)
Midnight they cut the alarm. I found out later that's when things ended up north too. Just an estimate, mind you. Because that cold air makes it so hard to be certain.

EXT. ALASKAN SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

The driver's BREATH hangs thick in the night air. He carries a large object wrapped in plastic sheeting toward the GTO. The trunk yawning open. He drops the dead weight inside.

Moonlight reveals Molly's lifeless face staring up through translucent acrylic.

The trunk SLAMMED SHUT. Darkness.

INT. GTO (MOVING) - MINUTES LATER

The driver heads down a deserted Alaskan road smoking a cigarette and listening to AM talk radio.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)
This guy says he's a Christian, I say he's a heathen with no respect for Jesus Christ. And it's people like this that're ruining our great nation--

In the rearview, RED & BLUE police lights strike up. The driver looks up. Calm. Turns off the radio. Slows down.

EXT. ALASKAN ROAD - THAT MOMENT

The GTO pulls to the shoulder. A STATE TROOPER (30s) directly behind. The trooper gets out of his cruiser brandishing a FLASHLIGHT. Walks toward the GTO. The driver rolls down his window.

STATE TROOPER
License and registration.

The driver hands the documents over.

STATE TROOPER
You know why I stopped you?

THE DRIVER
I don't.

INSIDE THE CAR, UNSEEN, the driver fingers a SNUB-NOSED .38 SPECIAL by his side.

STATE TROOPER
You got a broken taillight.

THE DRIVER
Really?

STATE TROOPER
That kind of thing can cause some serious safety problems.

The driver relaxes a little, loosening his grip on the gun.

THE DRIVER
I'll get it fixed right away.

STATE TROOPER
I'm still gonna have to give you a warning...

He trails off as his FLASHLIGHT BEAM cuts across the driver's body. The bite marks on his right hand. A still-wet smear of blood visible on his chest.

STATE TROOPER
Sir. Have you been injured?

The driver looks down, innocent, and DRAWS the .38, FIRES. The shot GRAZES THE TROOPER'S FACE, A GASH down his left cheek, HIS EAR TORN CLEAN OFF.

He SCREAMS. FALLS to the pavement. His hand RACING toward his holster. REACHING FOR HIS SERVICE REVOLVER as the DRIVER FIRES AGAIN, hitting him in the gut.

The trooper writhing, DRAWING as the driver SHIFTS THE GTO into DRIVE. The TROOPER FIRES.

A CLEAN HEAD SHOT-- the DRIVER'S FOREHEAD EXPLODING, a spray of gore onto the windshield as he collapses onto the wheel.

The HORN ECHOES infinite into the night.

The trooper lies bleeding, the red & blue sirens flashing...

INT. BEACH HOUSE - FOYER / UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jack's at the top of the stairwell with the shotgun. Lying prone. Waiting. The only sound his shallow breathing.

A THUD from somewhere outside. Silence.

Jack's eyes darting around the space below him-- THUD.

Bannion's corpse lying twisted in a pool of blood-- THUD.

Jack's PULSE thick in his TEMPLES.

Suddenly the WINDOW to the LEFT of the door SHATTERS. Jack SPINS and FIRES THE SHOTGUN only to realize that it's not an intruder-- A rock lies in the center of the shattered glass.

He holds. Finger tense on the trigger. And then--

The BAY WINDOW to the RIGHT of the door EXPLODES, Larry jumping through the opening and SLIDING INTO A TUCK & ROLL. Jack TURNS, FIRES THE SHOTGUN.

A SHORT SCREAM as Larry RETURNS FIRE. The balustrade by Jack's head EXPLODING.

Larry QUICKLY VANISHES from sight.

The room quiet. No time to think-- The shotgun's empty. Jack cracks the barrel, reloading. Meanwhile in the

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Larry writhes down the hall, his mouth open in a half scream but not making any noise. He clutches his LEFT ARM and now it becomes apparent...

A DARK STREAK OF BLOOD trailing down the hardwood.

HIS HAND swollen, bleeding, riddled with buckshot.

HIS FACE scarred through and through. A gaping hole in his cheek. Hundreds of tiny puncture wounds.

He limps forward, silent as can be, crossing under immaculate framed B&W photographs, end tables filled with expensive imported antiques. Finally moving into

THE KITCHEN

Limping forward, Larry walks to the backdoor. Opens it. Todd and Fisher are there, crouched, waiting. They enter.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Leaning into the balcony, Jack hears the SCRAPE of FEET against LINOLEUM below him. Knows they're in the kitchen. He looks over his shoulder into Milton's office.

Spies A GIANT 1.75 LITRE BOTTLE OF SCOTCH on a console table glinting in the moonlight. Some other small bottles of booze nearby. Holds, thinking.

THE KITCHEN

The three intruders together, huddled. Larry still HOBbled OVER in pain, trying to communicate the situation in gestures without speaking. Pointing upstairs and then MIMING HOLDING A SHOTGUN.

Todd looks at him confused. Not getting it. Gesturing "What?" Larry can't take it anymore. Finally SCREAMS:

LARRY
A FUCKING SHOTGUN, NUMBNUTS!

MILTON'S OFFICE

Jack hears Larry shouting as he GRABS all the booze from the table. Racing back to the

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Returning to his position by the balcony. Lying down. Uncorking the Scotch. Takes a LONG, LONG PULL. Starts unscrewing each bottle top. Waiting.

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Fisher ON POINT as he, Todd and Larry line up one-two-three at the edge of the hall. Holding there single file.

REVEAL WIDE

Fisher & Co. stand directly below Jack. Todd nods to Fisher.

FISHER
Jack? Jack Grant?

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Jack concentrates. Trying to place the voice. Who is it?

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Fisher hesitates. Choosing his words. Todd urges him on.

FISHER
Jack, it's Fisher. You remember me? I worked with your dad. You remember. So whaddya say? I just want to talk to you. Can we do that? Can we talk to each other?

Nothing. Fisher tries to edge out from the lip of the hall, see if he can make out anything at all...

JACK (O.C.)
Fisher? Yeah... You gave me that lighter. The Zippo.

FISHER
Right, right, the fucking Zippo.
Told you not to burn anything down.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Jack's torn a piece of cloth off his shirt, stuffing it into the bottle of Scotch. He has the Zippo out, the flame dancing in the darkness. Hesitates.

He LIGHTS his whiskey-based MOLOTOV. The flame brighter now.

JACK
How you been, Fish?

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Fisher confused by the conversation's turn.

FISHER
Me? I've been good. How about you, Jack?

REVEAL WIDE

Jack watching the flame licking the neck of the bottle.

JACK
I've been better.

All at once, HE STANDS, HOOKS THE MOLOTOV over the rail, ARCING DOWN and then EXPLODING right at Fisher's feet.

BLAM.

A huge FIREBALL ERUPTS. Fisher ENGULFED. And Jack now POURS THE OTHER BOTTLES over the ledge, FUEL ON THE FIRE. Fisher SCREAMS, FLAILING, IGNITING the WALL NEARBY as Todd and Larry recoil in horror, the FLAMES GROWING EXPONENTIALLY.

Fisher turns toward Todd, his face CONTORTED in AGONY, SCREAMING, the FLAMES dancing near Todd's face.

FISHER
FUCK. TODD. HELP ME. PLEASE.

Todd holds and THEN KICKS FISHER in the gut, the BURNING MAN FALLING BACKWARD, CRASHING OVER an end table before sliding onto the hardwood floor. Trying to roll, to extinguish himself but the flames keep growing as he WRITHES HIS WAY onto a large AREA RUG. The rug IGNITES. Fisher SCREAMING.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Jack watches from above as Fisher flails on the floor. He waits, the fire spreading quickly. A curtain CATCHES. Jack levels his shotgun, aims square at Fisher, about to put him out of his misery but then--

Fisher GOES INTO HORRIFYING SPASMS as THE FLAMES CHAR HIS SKIN. His legs kicking. Kicking. His right hand grabbing his chest. Flailing. Then still. The house burning.

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Todd and Larry stand horrified. A beat. Then Larry turns to HIGH-TAIL IT DOWN THE HALLWAY. Todd spins, furious. He grabs Larry by the COLLAR, SLAMS him to the floor.

TODD

Thought you were good with a piece,
you fucking punk.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Jack looks out at the wreckage below. Two corpses now. And the fire spreading out. Flames licking up into the cavernous cathedral ceiling. Smoke beginning to collect above.

Coughing, Jack covers his nose and mouth with the top of his t-shirt. Looking around for his next move.

TODD (O.C.)

JACK!?!?

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Larry cowers. Todd edges forward into the heat of the fire.

TODD

That was clever, Jack. I gotta hand it to you. Some fucking commando shit, huh? But here's the problem. Heat fucking rises, pal.
(trying to spy Jack)
It's not too late to work this out. Not too late to come down and talk to me. I don't wanna kill you. That was Bannion's job. All I want are the wires. So how about it? Where are they?

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

The flames climbing the walls. Moving in. Jack sinking lower to the ground. Struggling to breathe. Tucking the pistol into his belt. Clutching the shotgun.

TODD (O.C.)

The fucking wires, Jack. I know you've got them. Let's talk. Like old times. You and me.

Jack hesitates and then STANDS UP, CHARGING out from his position at the balcony and running toward the

OFFICE

Racing through Milton's den. VAULTING OVER the desk, his FOOTSTEPS HEAVY on the HARDWOOD.

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Todd breaks off his pleas for peace, looking up, realizing...

TODD
He's moving. He's fucking moving.

He grabs Larry as they race in the direction of Jack's footsteps, down the hallway toward the

KITCHEN

Todd and Larry rush forward, Jack's steps overhead suddenly cutting out, silent as...

OFFICE BALCONY

Jack waits on the balcony, perched on the ledge. Looks back at the FIRE RAGING behind him. At the ground below.

Stops as he sees Cordell's corpse in a dark pool of blood.

But there's no where else to go. He JUMPS, falling DOWN...

KITCHEN

Todd and Larry peering out from behind a countertop, crouched in cover as they see Jack's body SLICE through the air, landing out of sight in the backyard.

TODD
FUCK. He's outside. The cars, you
go to the fucking cars.

Larry turns, runs out of the room as Todd scrambles forward toward the backdoor. RIPPING IT OPEN and FIRING a couple of times into the night. BLIND.

BACKYARD

Jack rolls down an embankment, crouching behind a large bush. Looks up at the house. At the open kitchen door, the glow of the fire. He levels the shotgun. Holds.

Todd's shoulder becomes visible in the doorway. His hand reaching out, BLIND FIRING. Jack FIRES BACK with the shotgun, SCRAPS OF THE WOOD FRAME BURSTING...

KITCHEN

Todd recoils as a BLAST of BUCKSHOT tears through his shoulder. Blood seeping out onto his shirt.

TODD
YOU FUCKING CUNT!

BACKYARD

No time to waste. Jack busts out from the bush, RUNNING FULL TILT around the side of the house toward the parked cars...

KITCHEN

Todd staunches the bleeding, looks out to see Jack running...

TODD
(screaming to Larry)
THE CARS!!! HE'S HEADED FOR THE
FUCKING CARS!!!

SIDE YARD

Jack races around the side of the house, crouching, suddenly hears Todd screaming from inside. PULLS UP SHORT as he reaches the corner. Holding. Inches forward in cover.

He looks out at the cars. Quiet. Edging farther when suddenly LARRY APPEARS FROM BEHIND THE LEXUS, FIRING AT JACK.

Jack raises the shotgun, RETURNS FIRE, rolling back into cover, SCREAMS as the TOE OF SNEAKER BURSTS, a spray of blood. He's been shot. Looking over his wound when--

BLAM.

The siding above his head EXPLODES. He turns to see Todd tearing around the side of the house, fifty feet out and pistol raised.

The shotgun empty. Jack tosses it to the ground, unholsters his pistol and FIRES BACK----

Todd gets HIT IN THE SHIN. Collapses. Rolls back out of sight behind the back corner.

TODD (O.C.)
LARRY! WE GOT HIM BOXED!

And Jack turns, pokes his head around the corner of the house to see Larry racing out from behind the car. Jack levels his pistol, FIRES, but he's TOO SHAKY from this range.

Larry closing in. Todd at the back corner.

Flames climbing into the night.

Jack looks to his side. SEES IT ALL AT ONCE. There it is set in the CONCRETE FOUNDATION--

A basement window.

He grabs the shotgun, uses the STOCK to KNOCK OUT the glass.

Larry still moving in fast. No more time.

Jack DIVES into the shattered window, falling down headfirst as Larry reaches the corner.

Larry LUNGES, GRABS JACK'S SHOE. Jack's fall stopped...

BASEMENT

Jack hangs, his ankle sinking into spikes of broken glass...

SIDE YARD

Larry tries to pull Jack back outside. Calling to Todd:

LARRY
I got him! I FUCKING GOT HIM!

And Todd appears from the corner. Larry brings his gun hand up, about to fire when JACK'S FOOT SLIPS OUT OF THE SHOE--

BASEMENT

Jack TUMBLES DOWN, falling ten feet to solid concrete. His cheek CRACKS against the floor. He SPITS out a BLOODY TOOTH.

SIDE YARD

Larry dumbfounded holding an empty shoe. Todd races up.

TODD
I thought you said you had him!

LARRY
He-- He fell.

TODD
Shut the fuck up. Let me think.

BASEMENT

Jack crawls through basement, looking out the window while searching for cover. BUMPS INTO A WORKBENCH. A wrench falls to the floor. He stares at it.

TODD (O.S.)
You go inside. Flush him out.
I'll take him from here.

SIDE YARD

Larry can't believe what he's hearing...

LARRY
Flush him out? FLUSH HIM OUT?
He'll pick me off like fucking
skeet. The guy's fucking crazy!

Todd raises his pistol at Larry's forehead.

TODD
 So am I. In the house or I drop
 you right here and now. I swear to
 Christ.

FOYER

A regular RAGING INFERNO. TWO QUICK GUNSHOTS as the
 DEADBOLTS EXPLODE.

Larry steps through the front door. Wary. His pistol drawn.
 Trying to avoid the flames, the smoke.

SIDE YARD

Todd leans into the window. Shouts--

TODD
 Hey, Jackie. When's the last time
 you talked to your woman? 'Cause I
 heard she might be *tied up* at the
 moment.

BASEMENT

JACK'S EYES-- Narrowing. Enraged. Waiting.

SIDE YARD

Todd still leaning in...

TODD
 Maybe you should give her a call,
 you think? Make sure she's OK.

BASEMENT

The basement door CREAKS open. Larry standing at the top. A
 pit of fucking blackness before him.

Larry takes a first step down the basement stairs. A second.
 All Quiet on the Western Front. His pistol sweeping the
 space from side to side. Can't see a god damned thing.
 Breathing. Sweating. Another step. Near the bottom of the
 stairs now when...

ZZZZZZZZZ!

A CIRCULAR SAW strikes up. Jack crouched by the bottom of
 the stairs SPINS AND PLUNGES THE BLADE INTO LARRY'S ANKLE.
 PUSHING HARD. The SAW GRINDING, GRINDING.

Larry SCREAMS, an UNGODLY HOWL, COLLAPSING to the bottom of
 the staircase.

His foot hanging on to his leg by a thread, nearly TORN CLEAN
 OFF. BLOOD GUSHING.

And Jack's on top of him with the CIRCULAR SAW, raising his
 arms and then HEAVING THE SAW DOWN when suddenly...

AT THE ELECTRIC SOCKET-- the plug rips out of the wall.

The saw goes dead.

Jack holds. Considers. And Larry's literally in tears.

LARRY

Oh Christ. Thank Christ. Listen
to me. Please, just listen--

But Jack doesn't give a fuck. He SLAMS THE SAW DOWN into
LARRY'S NECK. A sick WET POP. A FOUNTAIN OF BLOOD. Jack
drops the saw. Stands up.

JACK

WHERE'S MOLLY, TODD?

SIDE YARD

Todd peers through the window. Can't see what's happened but
knows it's bad. He sits down, close to the opening.

TODD

Is that your *girl*? Your *lady*? How
should I know where she's got to if
you can't keep track, Jackie? I'm
just telling you things I heard.
Rumors. That she might be stepping
out with another man. A real.
Bad. Dude. She like bad boys,
Jack? Maybe they'll *hit it off*.

BASEMENT

Jack sits down too. Listens to the FIRE RANGING OVERHEAD.

JACK

If she's been hurt. I'll bleed you
and Jimmy and this whole fucking
city till you're dry.

TODD (O.S.)

I'll make a note of that. And I
gotta tell you, you brought your A-
game to this one. Brought your
fucking A-game, killer. But you
missed something. You missed it
and it was right there it front of
you and *that's why I'm gonna win*
the war, Jackie. You know why?

Jack QUIETLY ENRAGED. Those eyes. The wheels turning.

TODD (O.S.)

I'll tell you why. Because it's *my*
time. It's my motherfucking time
and you are not gonna stand between
me and *what's mine*. So. You wanna
know what's mine? You want me to
fucking tell you?

SIDE YARD

Todd reaches into his pocket. Takes out a small BLACK PLASTIC CUP shaped like the cone of a gas mask. FLIPS A SWITCH. A RED LIGHT GLOWS. He places the piece over his mouth. Takes a long, deep breath.

And now when he speaks, it's THAT VOICE. IT'S ANONYMOUS.

TODD
THE WHOLE FUCKING OPERATION.

BASEMENT

Chills down Jack's spine. It can't be. But it is. Todd's VOICE STILL ALTERED, DEEP THROUGHOUT--

TODD (O.S.)
Didn't know it was me on the phone
this morning, did you, Jackie boy?
Because you thought just like all
the rest, you thought, Todd's a
dumb fucking goon. Well who's the
dumb fucking goon now?
(beat)
I'm not a *child*. A fucking *kid*. I
muscle up. I work harder than
anyone in this fucking racket.
Harder than anyone. And I'm smart.
I see things. I see openings, *I*
take them. Jimmy... Jimmy didn't
want to cut me in. So I decided to
cut myself in. By cutting. Him.
THE FUCK. OUT.
(does the routine)
Two bodies in limestone. Foster
Motherfucking Island.
(beat)
I'm gonna get those wires from you
and then I'm gonna fucking kill you
and watch you die. *The fucking*
orphan that you are.

SIDE YARD

Todd turns off the voice box. Waiting.

BASEMENT

Jack reels. Pieces of the ceiling cracking. Falling.
FLAMES visible above.

TODD (O.S.)
So whaddya say, Jackie? I'm out
here, I'm out here and I'm looking
at this fucking fire and it's not
looking good. You don't wanna burn
up in there, there's two ways you
can come out. The front. Or the
back. So I'm thinking.
(MORE)

TODD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 You know what I'm thinking? You
 remember the old Westerns? You
 remember those? The fucking
serials? Two guys had a problem, a
 little *dispute*, you remember how
 they settled it? They settled it
 at High Noon in the middle of the
 road. Quick motherfucking draw.
 (beat)
 So which is it gonna be, Jackie?
 The front. Or the back.

More of the ceiling BREAKS UP over Jack's head. Caving in.
 He really does have to move. And now.

JACK
 The front. I'm coming out the
 front.

Jack stands up. Looks at the flames. Larry's corpse.

TODD (O.S.)
 No fucking parlor tricks now.

SIDE YARD

Todd rises. Walking toward the front door.

BASEMENT

Jack climbs the basement stairs.

FRONT YARD

Todd reaches the base of the porch. The TOWERING INFERNO
 looming overhead. He looks into the fire. Waiting. Raising
 his pistol. Ready for Jack's exit. Ready for ONE ON ONE.

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Jack at the top of the steps. The FLAMES AROUND HIM UNREAL.
 He moves forward. Stops where the Molotov exploded.

PARTS OF THE HOUSE COLLAPSING around him. A wall of fire
 before him. If he wants to get out of here, he's literally
going to have to walk through flames.

FRONT YARD

Todd licks his lips, his eyes cold, his gun steady.

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

MORE DEBRIS FALLS. When Jack moves, this is it. On the
 other side of those flames, he'll be in the open. His last
 moment. He holds. And finally--

RUSHES FORWARD, PISTOL RAISED HIGH and FIRING.

FRONT YARD & FOYER

Todd SEES IT NOW-- Jack BURSTING THROUGH A WALL OF FIRE, the muzzle FLASHING. He FIRES back.

Jack opens his eyes, out of the FLAMES NOW, sees TODD FIRING. Suddenly, JACK'S CHEST EXPLODES JUST BELOW HIS RIGHT SHOULDER. HE'S BEEN SHOT. COLLAPSING TO THE FLOOR.

Todd hesitates. Lowers his gun half an inch. Stops firing. Can't believe it. He got Jack. He got him.

JACK CRUMBLES. A beat. And then-- LIGHTNING FAST AS HE RAISES HIS PISTOL and FUCKING UNLOADS.

Todd's mouth open in shock as JACK'S ARM COMES UP and now it's all over, isn't it? No time to react-- TODD'S HIT.

CHEST SHOT. CHEST SHOT. HEAD SHOT. HEAD SHOT.

A RED RAIN OF BLOOD AND GORE AS TODD FALLS DOWN INTO THE WET GRASS, RIDDLED WITH BULLETS, DYING, DYING, DYING.

And the flames crawl up up up up up toward the sky.

And Jack drags himself bloodied along the hardwood.

Todd on the grass. Gasping. His last breath.

Jack pushing onward. Further. Onto the porch. Rolling down the steps. Landing...

FACE UP NEXT TO TODD WHO LIES FACE DOWN, HIS EYES FLUTTERING IN HIS LAST MOMENTS OF LIFE.

The two men make eye contact. And now. Finally.

TODD IS DEAD.

Jack looks into the fiery Heavens above. From the distance, he hears SIRENS. Looks to the road. The RED STROBES of approaching FIRE TRUCKS.

THE SOUND CUTS. Silence as the house BURNS, the porch collapsing, a RAIN OF GLASS AND WOOD THROUGH THE AIR as Jack lies alone and bleeding. Alive.

INT. AMBULANCE (MOVING) - DAWN

STILL DEAD SILENT. Jack on a gurney as two EMTs hover over him, an oxygen mask strapped to his face. Struggling to keep his eyes open. And then finally, he closes them.

IN BLACK.

A WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
I want you to understand the
magnitude of what we're asking you
to do.

(MORE)

A WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Guys that have done what you're
 doing, some of them don't make it.
 Afterwards. And it's not all foul
 play. Some of them, it's not even
 a guy with a gun in the middle of
 the night. It's that they go home
 and it doesn't feel like home
 anymore. Because they feel like...
 Well, I guess they feel like they
 did something wrong.*

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

The voice belongs to the DISTRICT ATTORNEY (40s, polished, professional). Her office adorned with American flags. A heavily bandaged Jack across from her. And Seattle behind.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
*So what I'm saying to you is you've
 gotta feel like you're doing
 something right.*

Jack passes the BLACK IPOD across the desk to the DA.

JACK
*You'll have to forgive me. The
 distinction's a little hazy.*

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

A gleaming courthouse. NEWS VANS & REPORTERS. A MOB SCENE.

JACK (V.O.)
*A shill. That's the word they
 used. Appearing for the
 prosecution in the case my father
 started for the defense. A
 turncoat. A goddamn traitor.*

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

SUPER WIDE all the way from the back of the room as Jack, now suited up, walks up to the WITNESS STAND. As he crosses, THE SHOT BEGINS TRACKING IN, IN, IN...

JACK (V.O.)
*And bearing witness to what? A
 mile high stack of small change.
 Racketeering. Loansharking.
 Narcotics. Because those were the
 charges. And no more. So no one
 was going to hear about Aldrich.
 About Bannion. About Fisher and
 Larry and Todd and a house up in
 smoke. About my mother, my father.
 About Molly. All of them gone.
 Buried. To die again with me.*

Still TRACKING IN past JIMMY and EARL at the defense table. Turning to FOCUS ON JACK as he enters the stand...

JACK (V.O.)
*But they admitted the wires. It's
 the little shit that gets you.*

BAILIFF (O.C.)
 Raise your right hand. Do you
 swear to tell the truth, the whole
 truth and nothing but the truth?

CLOSE ON JACK'S FACE. He turns to look DIRECT TO CAMERA--

EXT. STONE HARBOR - DAY

A beautiful day in Alaska. Spring's moving in. Somewhere
 far away, a MUSIC BOX plays GOLDBERG VARIATION No. 25.

INT. MOLLY'S TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

Jack drives the truck, stoic. MUSIC CONTINUES...

EXT. MOLLY'S PARENTS HOUSE - DAY

Jack at the front door of a tiny one-story home. The music
 box clutched in his hands. The door opens. MOLLY'S MOTHER,
 (50s with a stronger trace of Inuit, sad eyes) looks back.

Jack hands her the music box. And MUSIC CONTINUES...

INT. JACK & MOLLY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack lies awake in bed staring up at the ceiling. The Zippo
 in his hand. Lighting and extinguishing it over and over.

INT. ALASKAN DINER - MORNING

Jack sits in the Alaskan diner he ate at with Molly so long
 ago picking at a plate of eggs. Cable news on a TV mounted
 over the bar. Jack's ears perk up as...

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
*Breaking news coming to you live
 from Seattle in the Federal
 Government's case against reputed
 mob boss James Shay. After ten
 days of deliberation, the jury has
 reportedly come back hopelessly
 deadlocked and unable to reach a
 verdict. We're being told Judge
 McDonough will convene the court to
 officially declare a hung jury in
 just a few moments. Mary Troy is
 in Seattle with more. Mary?*

THE SHOT ON THE TV cuts to a LIVE REPORTER on the scene...

REPORTER (V.O.)
*Thanks, Roger. The unconfirmed
 reports I've received point to one
 lone juror as the holdout here...*

The SOUND FADES, replaced by AN IRONICALLY HOPEFUL PIANO RUN. "RAZOR FACE" by Elton John...

INT. BLACK HORSE BAR - DAY

"Razor Face" plays on the juke in this small fisherman's bar. TIGHT ON A TUMBLER of WHISKEY filled to the brim. Jack picks it up, staring at the drink. He knocks it back.

The front door to the bar swings open. Blinding white light. Jack shields his eyes. Looks up to see Armand, the deckhand from the fishing boat, enter.

Armand saunters over to the bar. Gestures two fingers to the bartender who promptly lines up two more shot glasses.

JACK
You've taken to drinking at noon or
is this a social visit?

ARMAND
Harlan told me you'd be here.

JACK
(downing his shot)
Harlan was right.

ARMAND
It wasn't your fault.

JACK
Yeah. Yeah, it was.

ARMAND
Jack. You can't do this. Come
back to work. The *Delano* goes out
day after tomorrow. Come back with
us. Get some air, OK?

They hold, the two men staring at each other. Finally, Armand downs his shot, SLAMS the glass onto the bar.

EXT. DELANO - DAY

A brilliant day. The Bering Sea looks raw, beautiful. Deckhands go about their work. Jack securing lines.

JACK (V.O.)
*I started to wonder. It'd been two
months. Two months and I thought
for sure, one night, I'd come home
and there'd be the guy with the
gun. Or the knife. Or the
garrote. Or I get in my truck and
turn the key and-- He had to be
coming for me. He had to. Because
he might've gotten off, but I'd
turned. Turned for sure. This
wasn't fifty grand. This was a
man's life. How many men's lives?*
(MORE)

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*So I started to dream about it.
 Day and night. Waiting for that
 stranger I'd never met. This time
 wouldn't be like Indiana. This
 time I wouldn't fight. Wouldn't
 say a word. And that would be it.
 But he didn't come. Why didn't he
 fucking come?*

Jack stares out at the sea, his hand tight on the rail. And now he HOISTS HIMSELF UP and JUMPS out into the WILD WATERS.

UNDERWATER - THAT MOMENT

It's glorious as JACK'S BODY sinks beneath the surf, the sun SHINING ABOVE. A SLOW MOTION DEATH to be PROUD OF...

IN BLACK.

JACK (V.O.)
*They put it in the ship's log that
 I'd slipped. Slipped on some ice
 on a beautiful day.*

INT. DELANO - DECKHANDS QUARTERS - DAY

Jack wrapped in a blanket, shivering, sipping coffee surrounded by Armand, the captain, the deckhands.

JACK (V.O.)
*I wasn't asked back to work after
 that. Didn't ask me for anything
 at all. So what was there to do?*

INT. AIRPORT - TICKET COUNTER - DAY

A beaming TICKET AGENT (20s) smiles at Jack.

JACK
 Anything going to Seattle today?

TICKET AGENT
 Let's see... I've got a 1:45 if
 that works.

JACK
 Perfect.

TICKET AGENT
 And when will you be returning?

JACK
 Just the one way, please.

EXT. SEATTLE SKYLINE - NIGHT

DOWNTOWN TOWERS glowing in the night. Mountains in the distance. A THUNDERSTORM moving in. A CLAP OF LIGHTNING.

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - SIDE GATE - NIGHT

A DOWNPOUR tears across the sidewalk, a gutter overflowing. A hedged fence on the side of Jimmy's house. Jack stands dressed in all black, a backpack slung over his shoulder.

He reaches into the pack, pulls out a FISHING LINE and GRAPPLING HOOK. Slings it up over the wall. It catches.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A well-furnished bedroom. Dark. Jimmy asleep. Suddenly a hand REACHES INTO FRAME, GRABS JIMMY'S WRISTS, PULLING THEM TOGETHER and then TYING THEM TIGHT WITH A LINE.

Jimmy wakes with a start to see Jack standing over him moving fast, so fast, already securing the line to the BED POST. There's nowhere to go and Jimmy knows it.

JIMMY

Jack.

JACK

I thought you'd come for me. I waited for you to come for me.

JIMMY

I'm too old, Jack. Too old to care anymore.

JACK

I'm not.

JIMMY

But you will be.

JACK

Will I?

Jimmy stares him down.

JACK

How much did your freedom cost you?

JIMMY

The jury?

JACK

What do you think?

JIMMY

Ah, but what do you think, Jack?

JACK

I think it doesn't really matter, does it?

JIMMY

Right.

Jack pulls a Bowie knife from his bag. Looks at the blade: twelve inches of gleaming steel.

JACK
The coroner's report said she'd
been bound. Bound and stabbed.
Was that just business, Jimmy?

JIMMY
Jack...

Jack hesitates. Turns away. And then, spinning back, DRIVES THE BOWIE KNIFE DOWN INTO JIMMY'S CHEST. Blood bubbles from the old man's mouth.

JIMMY
Jack-- I want to ask you
something.

Jack stares at him, grasping the knife. Waiting.

JIMMY
Is this--
(he coughs up blood)
Will this make you feel better?

Jack holds. Cold. Considering. He PULLS THE KNIFE out of Jimmy's chest. Blood dripping down the blade to the floor.

JACK
No.

And here it comes. The knife down down down one more time, hard fast glacial brutal lethal--

The final fucking act.

JACK (V.O.)
*It was Jimmy who taught me how to
clean a fish.*

END TITLES.

WHATEVER GETS YOU THROUGH THE NIGHT