

THE SOUL OF JAVIER

An Original Screenplay

Written by Shar Martin

THE SOUL OF JAVIER

WGA/w

CONTACT INFO:
shar.martin2013@gmail.com
832-602-5795
www.BigRoost.com

FADE IN:

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--(DREAM SEQUENCE) - NIGHT

Surrounding elegance reveals imposing Spanish antiques. Dim lights and elongated shadows add a hint of the macabre.

Above the burning fireplace an ornate mantel clock chimes twice.

JAY (JASON) JAVIER, age 30, enters drenched in sweat and looking a tad winded. Thick dark hair, his eyes disarmingly intense, Jay's running gear clings to his lean muscular frame.

He slows to a stroll, more bemused than spooked by the eeriness. Something causes him surprise.

JAY

Hija, why aren't you in bed?

SHANNON, cute, age three, with short dark hair and wearing pajamas, turns to him cradling a large gun.

Jay's expression erodes to horror. He eases toward the child, gestures for her not to move.

Gay laughter escapes Shannon, who scampers inside a room.

JAY (CONT'D)

Shannon!

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jay stops in the doorway and stares through a dark moonlit hue.

CHRISTINA, age 29, sleeps partially covered. A tall, oddly-shaped silhouette looms over her. Something tattered hangs from the apparition, moving as if stirred by a mellow breeze.

Jay appears unsure about what he's looking at. His hand slowly feels for the light switch.

JAY

Christina, wake up.

Christina only stirs, but the figure veers toward him then charges for Jay with outstretched arms. Scrolling moonlight reveals a skeleton clothed in rags.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

Jay opens his eyes and rolls his head toward Christina, who sleeps peacefully beside him. He pulls the covers up around her then turns back to stare at the ceiling. An anxious frown creases his expression. Jay darts from the bed.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--SHANNON'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jay quickly enters, his concern replaced by awe. He watches Shannon sleep then pivots and looks down.

JAY

Hey, Bojo. Wanna go for a run
with me?

The happy little dog stares up at him.

JAY (CONT'D)

Maybe next time little fella.

Jay scoops him up and places him on the bed. He kisses Shannon's forehead and walks out, closing the door behind him.

EXT. UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD--ESTABLISHING - SAME NIGHT

Large homes and scenic yards under a dewy night. A door opens and Jay walks out in hooded sweats. He jogs away.

EXT. NATURE PRESERVE - CONTINUOUS

Jay emerges and slows to scan the secured area, then he scales the high chainlink fence. He vanishes inside the foliage.

WOODS

Moonlight guides Jay, who jogs through a low-foggy haze. A faint rustle stops him. Silence. He's about to resume when closer rustling bares a growl.

Two large dogs barrel toward him.

Running, Jay slams the fence climbing and is quickly on the other side. Exhilarated, he gestures farewell to the barking dogs and jogs away.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--OFFICE - SAME NIGHT

TV News awards declare Jay's profession. Above them is a wall of pictures of a handsome latin man and happy 10-year-old boy, some in a political setting. There's also a framed newspaper clipping that heralds --Councilman Javier Still Missing.

Jay enters shower-wet and wearing a robe. He glances at the pictured wall only to be hit with a MENTAL FLASH of blood. Jay shakes it off by grabbing up the TV remote.

He sits to watch the ACTION FLICK, but mounting anxiety draws his attention to a narrow, closed door...

STORAGE ROOM

There's a file cabinet, neatly stacked storage boxes, and organized shelves of various items. Jay enters, his strained gaze on a lone box, its contents in disarray.

A FLASH of blood, then of a WOMAN'S red hair, makes him hurry to the box. He touches a child's trinkets, some photos and crumpled papers. The feel of each eases his fretful state...

EXT. ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE - SAME NIGHT

The facility looks abandoned, but around back is activity. Inside the shielded ten-foot fence are federal agents and black SUVs, which indicates a black-ops site.

INT. ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE--STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Old equipment, dated ice cream signs, and armed FBI AGENTS peek out of dark places. A MAN, 50s, who sits in its midst, looks to have been badly beaten.

AGENT HOGAN, late-30s, slowly paces. Less stern than his fellow agents, Hogan appears upset.

AGENT HOGAN

You should see yourself!

(pauses to calm down)

If we hadn't gotten there you'd be dead. Now who's in charge of Breed?

BATTERED MAN

(terrified)

They know, they know I talked, they know...he'll kill my family...

The man starts to cry, his attention on the writing pad and pencil. He indicates he wants them. The seated AGENT slides them over.

The man picks up the pencil, snaps it in half then drives the jagged ends into both sides of his neck.

Hogan goes for him, but the man pulls them out. Hogan and nearby agents are being showered in blood.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--OFFICE - SAME NIGHT

Jay has regained his cool. He locks the narrow door, clicks off the TV then exits the room.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

Throughout the lamp-lit, bedroom suite are colorful paintings and elegant sculptures, all with a North American-Latin theme.

Jay exits the bathroom in his bedclothes and retrieves his robe from a chair. There's a paint-stained shirt in the seat.

A door opens to a closet full of haphazardly-hung woman's apparel. Purses, scarves and hats infest shelves in equal disorder. Jay hangs the shirt on a hook and closes the door.

He steps over and opens his walk-in to absolute coordinated order. Jay hangs his robe on a hook then goes to bed.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--BEDROOM - DAY

Jay steps out of his closet wearing dark slacks and a sleeveless tee-shirt. He looks good. He also appears annoyed.

JAY

Christina, where are my pin-striped shirts?

Christina zips about taking down paintings. A pretty and shapely latina, she sometimes projects a street-tough edge that contrasts Jay's conservative, anal nature.

CHRISTINA

I forgot to go by cleaners.

Jay stomps over and grabs her to a stop, then he shakes her.

JAY

I told you to pick up my shirts, woman. And why are you taking down my paintings?

She pushes him away with a scowl that makes him grin.

CHRISTINA

You better stop playing with me.

JAY

You say that like you can take me.

CHRISTINA
Let's just say you damn sure will
know you been in a fight.

Jay laughs. Christina removes a nearby painting.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
I need them for the exhibit. I
sold more pieces than anticipated.

JAY
(no longer amused)
You painted them for me. What
if they sell?

CHRISTINA
Then I'll paint you something else.
Just finish getting dressed.

She's pricked by a splinter.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Ow, shit!

Jay gestures 'that's what you get' and heads back to the closet.

JAY
You go to church with that mouth.

CHRISTINA
Shut-up.
(starts packing paintings)
What's your calendar like?

JAY (O.S.)
Full. I'm covering three stories
before the five o'clock segment.

CHRISTINA
Ah-huh. Jay, you are coming?

He emerges with a shirt.

JAY
To your exhibit? I'll be there.

He walks over, pecks her a kiss then exits with a "Good morning" to the entering HOUSEKEEPER.

INT. JAVIER' HOME--FAMILY ROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jay breezes into the large room off from the opened gourmet kitchen. He spots Shannon feeding Bojo sliced sandwich ham.

JAY

Hey!

SHANNON

(startled)

Daddyyy, why do you do that?

He kisses her on the head then enters the kitchen. Toast, scrambled eggs, salsa and fresh fruit are on the counter. He bites into a piece of toast while opening a cabinet.

Christina walks upon him organizing the shelf.

CHRISTINA

(exasperated)

What are you doing?

JAY

You've got spices mixed in with canned foods, look at this. Where's the honey?

She reaches in and pulls out the plastic container.

CHRISTINA

OCD and idiosyncratic. I'm sure that makes you certifiably.

JAY

Only you would associate being organized with OCD. And I-di-o-syn... hey, that's actually a word.

Jay springs out his hand in the nick of time before she slams the cabinet.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Asshole, we met in college. At the very least I'm as smart as you.

JAY

Oh, I doubt that, and if memory serves me you weren't exactly the innocent type.

CHRISTINA

Like you were a virgin, stud-booty.

JAY
 You promised you would stop calling
 me that.

Christina's amused touché vanishes when she spots something.

CHRISTINA
 Shannon?!

She dashes over and grabs away the ham. Bojo yaps at her.

CHRISTINA (Cont'd)
 Quiet! You lit'l free-loader.

Laughing, Jay drizzles honey on his toast.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--FOYER - SAME DAY

Jay and Christina reach the door and kiss. When they part he
 touches her face.

CHRISTINA
 Baby, something's bothering you.
 What is it?

JAY
 This old house. How many people
 you think died here?

CHRISTINA
 Why, did you see a ghost?

JAY
 No.

Now she's on slow burn.

CHRISTINA
 We compromised, Jay. I chose the
 house and you got to keep all that
 ol' Spanish crap.

JAY
 Crap? The Queen of Spain gifted
 that furniture to my ancestors,
 it's priceless. What do you know?

CHRISTINA
 I know you can spare me your
 friends-of-the-queen bullshit.
 (two beats)
 Okay, I'm sorry.

She kisses him, but she's surprised when he engulfs her. She pulls away and studies his face.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Jay, what's wrong?

JAY
This weird dream I had. Guess it creeped me out more than I realized.

CHRISTINA
You wanna talk about it?

Jay opens the door.

JAY
Later, I have to go. Today's gonna be crazy, I can smell it.

CHRISTINA
No, crazy is me going off on you if you miss --

JAY
Your exhibit, I know. I promise, I'll be there.

He pecks her a kiss on the forehead and exits. Christina closes the door and appears to listen for something.

CHRISTINA
Shannon? You're too quiet, what are you up to?

SHANNON (O.S.)
Nothing!

CHRISTINA
(walks fast)
Yeah, right. Where are you?

EXT. METROPOLITAN HOUSTON--TO ESTABLISH - SAME DAY

An AERIAL VIEW from downtown to the Galleria, then onto Reliant Stadium. Stop several streets over at an upscale gentlemen's club...

INT. GENTLEMAN'S SOCIAL CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The room is elegant with large paintings of period-era American and Latin gentlemen.

The corporate dressed MALE CLIENTELE are served drinks by semi-nude BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMEN, who move sensually among them to low b.g. music (Barry White or Teddy Pendergrass).

INT. GENTLEMEN'S SOCIAL CLUB--OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The large room is richly decorated and mannish. TEN ASSOCIATES, late-40s and business-dressed, are meeting. All look like spruced-up gangsters.

SALLES, a chilling American latin, 50s, is obscenely checking out the SKIMPY-CLOTHED WOMAN, age 21, bringing their drinks.

The woman has bruises, and her smile doesn't veil her fear. She finishes and hurries from the room.

DREW ALLISTER, age 60 and a little overweight, walks in on his cell phone. Severely polished, he looks like a politician.

SALLES

Drew's here, we're done.

The associates quickly leave.

ALLISTER

Yes, love....Look, I have to meet with Salles, I'll call you later.

(ends call)

Rachel and her tea parties.

SALLES

That building Camp owned on Ellis Road, they're tearing it down.

ALLISTER

Ahh, yes, the Magenta. DeBola ran his entire operation out of those apartments. So, it's coming down? Too bad Camp's not here to see it.

SALLES

Naw, cause I'd just blow his brains out.

Laughing, Allister takes a seat. His cell phone chimes.

ALLISTER

It's Rachel, again -- What now, love....

(thrown)

Oh, Juanita....What?!....

He hangs up in shock.

ALLISTER (CONT'D)
Salles, that was the maid. She
said some woman shot Rachel.

SALLES
(confused)
Just now, at her tea party?

EXT. HOUSTON'S CHAMPIONS AREA--TO ESTABLISH - SAME DAY

Vintage Park Plaza is infested with SHOPPERS. A few blocks
over is a neighborhood of spectacular homes...

EXT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Jay, fellow REPORTERS, and PHOTO JOURNALISTS are behind the
tape. All clamor for information. COPS shine them on.

Jay spots DETECTIVE BILL ROSS, 40s, climbing out of a car. He
hurries over. KELLY, his tomboyish photo-journalist, follows.

JAY
Two questions, Bill, that's it.

Jay brings up his mike.

JAY (CONT'D)
Detective Ross, I understand it was a
tea party. What went down for it to
end in murder?

DETECTIVE ROSS
We're looking into it. Excuse me.

Ross walks on, but Jay maneuvers and stops him.

JAY
Are the murderess and victim related?

ALLISTER'S PORCH

THREE LADIES, 40s and elegant, walk out carrying fancy sun-
hats. A YOUNGER WOMAN, of equal dress, soon follows.

TWO DETECTIVES, #1 mid-50s and #2 late-30s, walk out and watch
them descend the steps.

DETECTIVE #1
Lady Sif of Asgard laid out Fletcher
with one blow.

DETECTIVE #2
 She's former Marine, and you know
 what they say.

DETECTIVE #1
 Never bring a gun to a fist fight?

DETECTIVE #2
 Look whose got Bill cornered.

POV of Jay and the agitated-looking detective.

DETECTIVE #1
 I was on the beat when his father
 vanished. Strange case.

The detectives re-enter the house.

BACK TO JAY & ROSS

DETECTIVE ROSS
 Look, call me in an hour at the
 station.

JAY
 Thanks, Bill.

DETECTIVE ROSS
 Don't thank me. I don't wanna hear
 you bangin' on my door in the middle
 of the night.

JAY
 Aw, and your wife always seems so
 happy to see me.

The detective can't hold back an annoyed grin. He walks away.

There's a commotion. The provocatively clothed 22-year-old
 suspect (BETH FLETCHER) has been brought out. Reporters break
 the tape running to get to her while skillfully dodging cops.

Jay finds her staring at him. She smiles with recognition.
 Jay's cell phone chimes.

JAY
 Thanks, Karen -- Kelly, let's go!

He takes off. Kelly catches up.

KELLY
 What 'n where?

JAY
Hostage situation, Max's Supermarket.

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME DAY

A striking blue-eyed blond (named MONICA) sits inside a luxury car gazing at a faded sign that reads Magenta Apartments.

The Channel 12 News SUV parks alongside the property.

Jay climbs out and takes in the massive structure that's on overgrown land. He frowns when he spies TWO VAGRANTS crawling through a partially-boarded window.

KELLY (O.S.)
Jason?!

BACK TO THE WOMAN

who's surprised to see him. She turns to her handsome female passenger (named LEE, 40s), who gestures "no." The beautiful woman withers and drives away.

BACK TO JAY AND KELLY

who briskly walk toward a CROWD of BYSTANDERS.

KELLY
Colt's slated to cover the demolition.

JAY
What demolition?

KELLY
The Magenta Apartments. They're tearing it down.

JAY
I hadn't heard...

KELLY
Then why were you staring at it?

JAY
My father owned it some years back.
Think Colt'll let me have it?

KELLY
Gladly, he's worse than Bunky
about getting dirty.

JAY
 Bunky, yeah...we'll bring him
 with us.

Kelly expresses amused suspicion.

INT. GENTLEMEN'S SOCIAL CLUB--OFFICE - LATER, NIGHT

Drew Allister, who is hampered in his dress-shirt and suit pants, ambles about like a burdened man.

Salles is on his cell phone. Beside him, Jay's image is on the large flat screen with footage of the hostage situation.

SALLES
 Blum says to lay low.

ALLISTER
 They're going to investigate me.

SALLES
 Drew, they ain't gonna find nothing.

ALLISTER
 I should've strangled the life out
 of that clingy, worn-out leech.
 My wife would still be alive.

SALLES
 You want her gone? She's behind
 bars, it'll be easy.

ALLISTER
 Oh yes, and make it painful.

Salles spots TV footage of Allister and a BEAUTIFUL SOCIALITE, mid-30s, attending a classy event. He turns-up the volume...

INT. NEWSROOM--NEWS DESK - CONTINUOUS

Image of Allister and the socialite changes to the arrested woman. Jay, and his FEMALE CO-ANCHOR, 30s, flank the monitor.

JAY
 Beth Fletcher's involvement
 with Rachel Allister remains a
 mystery, and Mister Allister is
 said to be in Europe on business.

CO-ANCHOR
 Has he been notified?

JAY

So far, that hasn't been confirmed,
but witnesses claim the suspect was
upset over the victim's pregnancy.

INT. GENTLEMEN'S SOCIAL CLUB--OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Salles turns Allister an incredulous look.

SALLES

You told that crazy bitch Rachel
was pregnant?

Embarrassed and angry, Allister glares at Jay's TV image.

ALLISTER

Reporters are worse than cops.
(sips his drink)
You need to fix this.

Exasperated, Salles clicks off the TV.

INT. NEWSROOM--JAY'S WORKSTATION - SAME NIGHT

Jay pockets his cell phone and grabs his jacket. BUNKY, age 40, walks up. A business-casual dresser, Bunky is the typical highly stressed producer. He hands Jay a document.

BUNKY

What have you turned up on Allister?

Jay indicates a negative while he reads. He frowns.

JAY

The dock workers' strike? Sorry,
Bunky.
(hands back the document)
I have to be downtown in the morning.

BUNKY

Jason, I need you on this.

JAY

I can't cancel this late -- Oh!
Ride along tomorrow night.

BUNKY

Wait!

JAY

Christina's exhibit, I'm late!

BUNKY
 (dryly to himself)
 Goodnight to you, too.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--FOYER - LATER, SAME NIGHT

Christina enters looking fabulous. Jay closes the door behind them. Both look annoyed. They head for the stairs.

JAY
 I couldn't help it, he kept flirting
 with you like I wasn't there.

CHRISTINA
 Jay, it wasn't cool, and I don't shut-
 down women who flirt with you -- I'm
 through talking about this, finish
 telling me about the hostages.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jay and Christina stroll along.

JAY
 ...He hustled out a woman, who
 elbowed him and ran. So there
 he stands pointing a gun with no
 cover.
 (beat)
 He's dead, by the way.

Christina's chuckle is laced with irony.

JAY (CONT'D)
 Fortunately, none of the hostages
 were hurt.

Jay trances into worried thought.

CHRISTINA
 Give.

JAY
 What?

CHRISTINA
 I know more than that dream is
 bothering you, talk to me.

JAY
 My father's been on my mind a
 lot lately.

They disappear inside their bedroom.

JAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I know, it's been years.

CHRISTINA (O.S.)
Baby, I understand.

At the end of the hall a sudden gust blows the curtains, then they fall still. It's strange, because the window is closed.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAGENTA APARTMENTS - NIGHT

URBAN SPECTATORS outline the perimeter. WORKERS, and loud equipment, are throughout the lit-up site.

Jay, who's wearing a leather jacket and denims, appears with Bunky. The angry producer is dodging debris.

BUNKY
This suit is Armani, you could've told me you took Colt's assignment.

JAY
You said you wanted to get out in the field. You should be thanking me.

BUNKY
Ah-huh...snagging the Tea Party Banger is what's saving your ass. How did you get her?

JAY
Same way I get most of them, she called me. Fans love my eyebrows.

He graces an unimpressed Bunky with several Groucho eyebrow-lifts, then he pivots.

JAY (CONT'D)
Kelly, see if anyone'll go on camera!

They continue on, soon passing the harassed-looking FOREMAN.

FOREMAN
Those two, get 'em hard hats or get 'em the hell off my site!

A worker is rushing over with hard hats when he stops. Up flies his arms, sending the hats into the air --

WORKER

LOOK OUT!

Jay and Bunky turn as the worker dives to the ground. They spin back. Instant panic.

A huge old freezer swings toward them. Jay and Bunky hit the ground in the nick of time.

The CRANE DRIVER hoists the freezer while fighting with gears.

The freezer bobs about then loosens from the cable.

Jay lays face-down in dirt. He rolls over and finds the freezer falling towards him.

The freezer's door flies open then snaps off. From inner darkness, a rag-clad skeleton emerges with outstretched arms.

Jay's scream is cut-off when the freezer engulfs him.

The foreman and workers anxiously surround it.

BUNKY

JAY!

(kicks the freezer)

Get this thing off him!

FOREMAN

Don't just stand there, get it off him! Somebody call an ambulance!

There's a weird hum as workers lift the heavy freezer on its side. The hum is Jay hollering like crazy; the skeleton straddles him.

BUNKY

What the...

Everyone else springs back.

Challenging Jay's vocals, a terrified worker bolts.

The foreman kicks the skeleton. It disassemble while spewing contents from its rags, all settling a few feet away.

Bunky helps a shaken Jay to his feet.

BUNKY (CONT'D)

You're all right, calm down.

Jay looks at the skull. A hole is in its temple. He scans to a wedding band then a gold Rolex watch. His scan stops on an opened wallet with a picture of a young boy and girl.

JAY

Nooo!

Jay runs over and drops to his knees. He picks up the skull.

JAY (CONT'D)

Oh, dad, no...

Some appear confused while others are horrified.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--FAMILY ROOM - SAME NIGHT

Christina's workroom is through an archway, where paintings and sculptures are on display in a sunroom setting. A large pottery oven can be seen outside.

Shannon and Bojo look like art themselves while they sleep in an old overstuffed, paint-stained chair.

Christina is paused over a serving-sized bowl she's painting. A sound makes her turn and gaze out into the shadowy hall.

A shadow moves then Jay enters. He looks miserable, his face and clothes smudged with dirt.

JAY

They're going to compare the dentals,
but I already know it's him.

CHRISTINA

Jay, oh baby, I'm so sorry.

Jay scoops Shannon into his arms and guides Christina from the room. Bojo follows.

INT. MANSION--LIVING ROOM - SAME NIGHT

Allister enters looking moody and wearing a robe. He finds Salles at the bar downing a drink. Salles pours another.

ALLISTER

It's two in the morning, what
do you want?

SALLES
Camp's son, he found his remains.
They literally fell on top of him.

ALLISTER
(puzzled)
At Case Point?

SALLES
Tuck forgot to move him outta the
freezer we kept behind the trap/wall.
(disgust)
Of all people to find the bastard,
it had to be his son.

Riddled, Allister just stares at him.

SALLES (CONT'D)
Dammit, Drew, Jason Javier, that
TV reporter.

Allister's shock transforms to rage.

ALLISTER
Tuck, you lazy sonofabitch!

SALLES
Decide fast how you wanna handle him,
cause I'm sure he's asking questions.

ALLISTER
(ponders)
No, let's see what he comes up with.

SALLES
Drew, he might compromise DeBola's
operation.

ALLISTER
Breed can take care of itself, and
Camp Junior just might help us
firm up an old loose end. When
will Tuck return from Amsterdam?

SALLES
Thursday.

ALLISTER
(sinister)
Good. Tell him about the meeting
at the warehouse.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Jay places two roses, one white one red, on the coffin. Behind him, Christina and FORTY GUESTS watch in silence.

JAY
(near-whisper)
These are from Rena and me. I miss
you both.

He looks up and locks stares with Agent Hogan. Jay then spot someone who hardens his expression.

Monica (the mysterious blond) is ageless and elegant in her black suit and sheer-head scarf. She catches Jay glaring at her.

Christina observes the lady in wonder.

Monica looks at her and smiles, then she graces Jay with an apologetic gestures.

Some guests hurry to Monica. It's a warm reunion.

LATER....

Jay and Christina walk toward the limousine.

CHRISTINA
Who was that lady?

JAY
(brash)
What lady?

Christina makes him stop.

CHRISTINA
The Grace Kelly blond. You looked
right at her, and your father's
friends sure know her. Who is she?

JAY
(evasive)
Her name's Monica, and she's Spanish.

CHRISTINA
She's Spanish...Jay, who is Monica?

JAY
Christina, she's my mother.

He walks on, leaving Christina stunned. She catches up.

CHRISTINA
I don't understand. You told me
your mother died years ago.

JAY
She did, as far as I'm concerned.

A crow squawks. Jay looks up as the large bird takes flight.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is lit by moonlight. In bed, Jay's gaze is locked on the ceiling. Beside him, Christina also lays awake.

CHRISTINA
I'm waiting for you to tell me
why you lied about your mother.

Jay sits up and throws his feet out onto the floor. Christina turns on the lamp then engulfs him from behind.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Baby, you're shroud in too much
mystery. It's time to let some of
those skeletons out of the closet.

Jay jerks away and stands.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
That was such a bad choice of words.

He touches her face then moves away from the bed.

JAY
I last saw her at Rena's funeral.
(pauses in embarrassment)
I, I never told you I had a sister.
She died from a drug overdose.

CHRISTINA
So did two of my brothers.
(hops out of bed)
I don't like how they died, but
they existed. I shared their
memory with you!

JAY
That wasn't suppose to be my life!

CHRISTINA

Dammit, Jay, crawl your ass off that pedestal and help me understand this!

Jay projects anger and shame, and an unwillingness to share. He drops into a chair and takes his time.

JAY

Mother became a drunk after dad disappeared. I was a kid taking care of everything, including her. But Rena's death was my fault.

CHRISTINA

How could it be your fault?

JAY

I purposely chose an out-of-state college.

(three beats)

Seven years of going to bars looking for her. Mother would let men pick her up, use her, then I'd get her home and have to wash their filth from her body. That's what I left my sister.

CHRISTINA

Aw, Jay.

JAY

Christina, I was so sick of it.

She sits beside him and pulls him to her.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS--MEETING ROOM - DAY

Jay, well-dressed and tired looking, sits at the metal table.

An OFFICER enters with Beth. Her wrists in handcuffs, she wears a worried scowl. She takes a seat across from Jay.

JAY

Miss Fletcher, I really appreciate you waiting for me.

BETH

I heard about your father. Sad.

Jay activates a small recording device.

BETH (CONT'D)

No.

JAY

I beg your pardon?

BETH

(desperate)

I killed her so he could be free.
I love Drew, I need to see him.
Please tell him for me.

JAY

I've tried to reach Mister Allister --

BETH

You want my story? Get him to come
see me!

She springs up, hurries to the door and slams her fist against it. The door opens. She's out of there.

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME DAY

Jay walks toward an office building with Starbucks coffee in hand. Hogan blocks him off and flashes his credentials.

JAY

Special Agent Hogan -- I figured
you for a fed. Why were you at
my father's funeral?

AGENT HOGAN

The councilman was a well respected
official. Under the circumstances
it's the least I could do.

JAY

No, the least you could do is find
out who put a bullet in his skull.

AGENT HOGAN

Mister Javier, your father's case
was never closed.

JAY

Ah, yes, the ol' fallback line.
I'm on the clock, have a nice day.

Hogan watches him enter the building then walks away.

INT. NEWSROOM--JAY'S WORKSTATION - SAME DAY

Jay slams the phone into the cradle. Bunky walks up.

BUNKY

Easy on the hardware. Are you okay?
You can take-off a few more days.

JAY

Thanks, I'm fine.

BUNKY

How'd the interview go?

JAY

She wants me to make Allister come see her before giving me the exclusive, but it wasn't a total waste of time. She said she killed his wife to free him up.

BUNKY

Whao, that's great. It's more than anyone else's got -- What's the story on the Nelson trial?

JAY

I'll have it ready to go at five.

Pleased, Bunky walks away.

EXT. CITY STREET--COCKTAIL LOUNGE - NIGHT

A few PEOPLE loiter outside the bar. A DRUG BUY happens.

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - NIGHT

The CLIENTELE matches the average bar, so Salles strutting in dressed-for-success turns a few heads. He takes a fat envelope from the BARTENDER then enters a side door.

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE--OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

In sharp contrast to the outer lounge is an executive suite, which include an oval boardroom table and posh sitting area.

RANSON, 20s with deep acne-scars, sits nursing a drink.
BIPPY, age 38, blond, pudgy and stupid-looking, sits adjacent grinning (loudly) while pawing a sleazy looking HOOKER.

SALLES
Bippy, what I tell you about bringing
these nasty bitches in here?

HOOKER
Hey, fuck you!

Ranson slaps her, then he turns his annoyance on Salles.

RANSON
I'm sick of babysittin' your brother.

SALLES
You're paid very well to keep this
idiot outta trouble.
(to Bippy)
I don't know what mama screwed to
spawn your dumb ass. Let's go.

He walks away. Ranson quickly follows. Wanting the
prostitute, Bippy reluctantly leaves her.

HOOKER
What about my money! Damn retard.

She sashay's out.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--STORAGE ROOM - SAME NIGHT

Jay is looking inside organized boxes, taking care to return
everything to its place.

A FLASH of the rag-clad skeleton pulls his attention to his
box of chaos, but he fights the urge and picks up the
organized box...

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The sound of high wind adds a spooky edge to the dim lamp-lit
room. Near the burning fireplace, Jay stands at an ornate
writing desk going through the box. He retrieve a document.

The words are faded and a corner has been burned. Curious, he
sits it aside, neatly places items back inside the box then
carries it out.

The sound of hissing reveals a weakness in the seams. A sheer
curtain flags out in the shape of a hand that's quickly gone.

The document lifts up and floats toward the fireplace.

Jay returns, spots the document and runs to retrieve it. He's tripped. Reaching, he grabs it before it touches the flames.

Jay stands and looks for what tripped him. Nothing is there.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME NIGHT

The sound of thunder as rain pounds the tin roof. TUCKER "TUCK" DRUSEN, 50s and heavy-set, is on the floor dazed and bloody. He stumbles to his feet away from Ranson and Bippy.

Allister walks over with Salles--who's holding a gun.

ALLISTER
Camp Javier, remember him?

Tuck appears to be in a struggle with consciousness.

TUCK
I don't...Camp's dead. Salles did him.

ALLISTER
You didn't plant him at Case Point.

TUCK
That's what this is about?

ALLISTER
They found his remains, Tuck!

TUCK
Look, cops was crawlin' all over the place! A lotta shit was goin' down back then, I forgot. Salles, please, that was one mistake.

Allister gives the signal. Salles leers then fires three silent shots.

INT. ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE--BROKOFF'S OFFICE - DAY

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR BROKOFF, 50s, studies an Organizational Chart dated May 12, 1993. It is titled BREED and Percy DeBola's name tops the list. He scans down to Tuck Drusen's name at the bottom.

Brokoff spots Hogan heading his way. He folds the chart, places it in a TOP SECRET file and puts it in the drawer.

AGENT HOGAN

Our witness is a vagrant who got the bright idea to yell *stop police* when he saw two men lugging Drusen's body from a car. They fired on him and ran off.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF

How is he?

AGENT HOGAN

He'll live -- The car's stolen and lifted prints belong to the owner and her kids.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF

Of course, they wore gloves.

(he muses a few beats)

I don't think our long lost councilman was suppose to resurface.

AGENT HOGAN

You believe they're related?

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF

I do.

AGENT HOGAN

Well, the councilman's son has started his own investigation.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF

You don't seem concerned.

AGENT HOGAN

Sir, the agency has spent countless resources trying to ferret out Breed. Nobody'll talk to us.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF

(interested)

Whereas he's a celebrated investigative reporter.

AGENT HOGAN

Yeah, people flock to him to spill their guts, we can use that.

(weary)

Getting him to work with us may be a problem. He's a bit of an asshole.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
We can do assholes.

Hogan grins and walks out.

INT. NEWSROOM--NEWS DESK - DAY

Jay is on camera.

JAY
Tucker Drusen had a shadowy past...

SOMETIMES LATER...

Jay has the desk phone to his ear. He jots down a note.

JAY
Got it, thanks.

He hangs up and hurries over to Bunky.

JAY (CONT'D)
He frequented Trellises, a private gentlemen's club on the eastside.

BUNKY
Have it ready by five.

Jay goes back for his jacket.

EXT. PARKING DECK - CONTINUOUS

The POV from inside of a car indicates Jay is being watched when he climbs inside his Infinity SUV and drives away...

EXT. GENTLEMEN'S SOCIAL CLUB - SAME DAY

Jay tries the door then knocks, waits, then pounds on the door. Nothing. He's walking away when the door opens.

MARVA, mid-50s with big hair and a raspy drawl, looks like a used-up sex pot. Her annoyance changes to excitement.

MARVA
Jason Javier?! I'm sorry, I'm Marva.
Wow, you're the last -- Hi.

JAY
Marva, it's nice to meet you.

INT. GENTLEMEN'S SOCIAL CLUB--OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jay and Marva are seated at the conference table. Jay places the recorder between them.

Marva frowns in concern about the recorder, but she brushes her worries aside and smiles.

MARVA

You're even more handsome in person.

JAY

Thank you. So you knew Tucker Drusen?

MARVA

Tuck? Yeah, he stuck out like a big slimy sore, who could miss him. Tuck was a jackass; we wanted him banned for trying to rape one of the girls. The boss yelled at us for askin', he don't give a shit about us.

She lights a cigarette and releases a plume of smoke.

Jay surreptitiously maneuvers out of its range.

MARVA (CONT'D)

And Beth, now there's another one. Kills the man's wife cause she wouldn't give him a divorce, like she can have him now. Just plain stupid.

JAY

(contained excitement)

To clarify, you're talking about Beth Fletcher, correct?

MARVA

Yeah, she use to work here, real sexy walk. Allister plucked her up right away and gave her a taste of the good life. Rich ol' dogs, they love to sniff young tail. If only I'd been smarter back then.

Jay notes her bitterness.

JAY

Allister, how well do you know him?

MARVA

He's too snooty to talk to me. Him and the boss are close, though, they're always together --

She stops.

JAY
Marva?

MARVA
(nervous)
My boss is real secretive. Maybe
I shouldn't've said anything.

She's really scared, and it has Jay concerned.

JAY
Your name will never come up.

MARVA
I'd appreciate that.

EXT. GENTLEMEN'S SOCIAL CLUB - SAME DAY

Jay bids Marva goodbye and walks on.

EXT. GENTLEMEN'S SOCIAL CLUB--PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Salles is parking when he spots Jay getting in his vehicle.
Salles climbs out and hurries toward the back of the club.

INT. JAY'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Jay starts the vehicle, but he hesitates.

JAY
How long were they involved?

Torn, he puts the car in gear.

INT. GENTLEMEN'S SOCIAL CLUB--VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

Salles grabs Marva by the hair and slings her away. Marva
manages not to fall.

MARVA
I didn't open the door, I swear.

SALLES
What did you tell him!

MARVA
Nothing! I came in early to set--

Salles punches her. She slams to the floor. He looks down,
his scary gaze haunting and sad.

SALLES

Lying ol' cunts, you're all the same.

Salles grabs her by the throat, but his madness hints confusion over the persistent sound of pounding. Marva gags when released.

EXT. GENTLEMEN'S SOCIAL CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Salles opens the door, his gaze piercing.

Jay's words freeze in his mouth. He darts his gaze to Marva whose bruised face is marred in terror. She shakes her head.

JAY

Oh! someone was here. I was about to leave when I saw you drive up.

Salles just stares at him.

JAY (CONT'D)

I'm Jason Javier, investigative reporter for Channel Twelve News. Are you the owner?

Salles coolly indicates that he is.

JAY (CONT'D)

Great! -- Tucker Drusen was murdered.

Jay pauses for Salles' reaction. None is forthcoming.

JAY (CONT'D)

I understand Mister Drusen frequented your club. What can you tell me about him?

SALLES

Nothing.

JAY

No?

Jay looks at Marva. She mouths thank you.

SALLES

Anything else?

JAY

Do you know anyone who knew him?

SALLES

No.

Jay studies Marva's bruised throat. An undercurrent of rage surfaces when he reverts his attention back to Salles.

Salles eyes Jay strangely then closes the door in his face.

INT. GENTLEMEN'S SOCIAL CLUB--VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

Salles looks at Marva like he forgot she was there.

SALLES
Who's on the schedule?

MARVA
I have to check and see.

Salles signals 'Go'--she does so quickly. He opens the door.

INT./EXT. GENTLEMEN'S SOCIAL CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Salles watches Jay drive away then closes the door as Marva runs from the back of the building. Clinching her overstuffed purse, she hops in an old car and speeds off.

EXT./INT. JAY'S SUV--CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Angry, Jay stops and removes the recorder. He pounds it against the steering wheel then erases the interview.

His cell phone chimes.

JAY
Hi, Karen....
(disenchanted)
Beth Fletcher. Yeah, I'll go
see her now.

INT. GENTLEMEN'S SOCIAL CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Salles sits at the well-stocked bar on the phone.

SALLES
The sonofabitch just left....Got
it, I'll get back with you.

He hangs up.

Ranson and Bippy enter.

RANSON
Looks like Marva's skipped with
the money in the safe. There's
still time to find her.

Salles, who shields his guilt from them, indicates no.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS--MEETING ROOM - SAME DAY

Jay enters and sits across from Beth, who glares at him.

JAY
Are you gonna talk to me this
time?

BETH
Yeah, let's talk about how you
never came back. Did you even
try to reach Drew?

Jay's annoyed reaction says he's not doing this again. He starts packing it in.

Beth's defiance quickly vanishes.

BETH (CONT'D)
Rachel thought she was too good to
please him. Drew's needs are special,
his appetite is not like most men.

She fidgets as if shaking off something disgusting.

BETH (CONT'D)
Why won't he come see me?

Jay just stares at her.

BETH (CONT'D)
He told her about me. Yeah, and
she came onto him. That high-nose
conniving bitch, she got pregnant
so he wouldn't leave her.

JAY
If that was true, you'd be charged
with double-murder. The coroner
confirms his wife was not pregnant.

Beth registers this doubtfully while growing irritated.

BETH
The doctor told Drew, himself.

Jay gives her a look that forces her to absorb the truth. Her hurt quickly ramps up to rage.

Jay looks surprised when Beth dives across the table with clawed fingers. He grabs her wrists before they crash to the floor, with him still in the chair.

Jay rolls on top of her.

JAY
SOMEBODY GET IN HERE!

The officer pulls Beth up from under him--she kicks Jay in the jaw before being carted away. Pissed, Jay fan away an OFFICER trying to help him up--he stands and touches blood on his lip.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--OFFICE - LATER, SAME DAY

Jay favors his sore cheek in aggravation while scrolling through political promos of Camp.

Christina walks in with a cold drink.

CHRISTINA
Agent Hogan called, again. Why
won't you work with him?

JAY
Why should I? The feds have had
my father's case for two decades
and they haven't turned up squat,
they're useless.

CHRISTINA
So, in essence, you're avoiding
him out of spite.

Jay gives her a mean look.

She returns a patronizing smirk and walks out.

Jay ponders in shame, then he navigates to an entry --Frank Langi, Campaign Manager. Jay clicks on Frank's name.

EXT. CITY STREET--COMMERCIAL BUILDING - SAME DAY

The sign reads Langi and Associates, Mechanical Engineers. Jay walks out with FRANK, mid-50s and weather-aged.

FRANK
I'm surprised you remember me.

JAY
There were always people around my
father, but you I remember the most.
You helped him win the election.

FRANK
I'm flattered. And you're right,
Camp always drew a crowd.
(sadly, more to himself)
Then DeBola and his --

Frank stops short, looks like he has said too much.

Jay's attention intensifies.

JAY
Who's DeBola?

FRANK
Nobody important. I'm sorry, Jason,
but I'm working on a project --

Jay surprises Frank by grabbing him with a probing stare.

JAY
You're scared, why? You know
something, Frank.

Frank yanks free.

FRANK
Are you crazy?

JAY
Likely. DeBola, who is he?

FRANK
He's long dead.

JAY
But --

FRANK
No!

Jay's desperation eases Frank's tension.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Look, it's no secret. Percy DeBola
was the incumbent. He wasn't happy
about losing to Camp, we all knew it.

JAY
You think he killed my father?

FRANK
This is America, we don't kill each
other over an election. I have to
go, nice seeing you again.

Perplexed, Jay stares after him.

INT. NEWSROOM--NEWS DESK - LATER, NIGHT

On camera, Jay struggles to stay focused.

JAY
 ...learned that Fletcher murdered
 Rachel Allister over a lie....

Bunky, who's wearing a headset, stands beside the CAMERAMAN.
 He moves the tiny mike closer to his mouth.

BUNKY
 Wait til camera two's on Deena,
 then come off the desk.

CAMERAMAN
 Why's his delivery so dry?

Bunky indicates that he doesn't know.

MOMENTS LATER...

Jay has come off the news desk. Bunky walks over.

BUNKY
 What gives with you? You were
 tone-dead up there.

JAY
 I'm tired, I really need to call
 it a night.

Bunky gestures understanding. Jay walks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--OFFICE - DAY

The sound of morning flows in through the opened window. Jay
 looks like he just crawled out of bed. At his desk with a
 magnifying glass, he studies the faded contract.

CHRISTINA (O.S.)
 What's that?

Christina, sexy in her bedclothes and her hair all askew,
 makes hampered look good.

JAY
 Something Monica had boxed up.

CHRISTINA
 Jay, you need to talk to her.

Jay's tightens with a glare.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
 Okay, I'll leave it along.

Jay catches sight of her flagging derriere as she heads out.

Christina is about to exit when Jay is suddenly on her. With his hands all over her ass, it's hot and heavy out the door.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--BEDROOM - SAME DAY

Dozing, Jay and Christina look blissful while snuggled up.

SHANNON (O.S.)
Why are you naked?!

They scurry to get under the covers.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--FOYER - SAME DAY

Jay and Christina look amused while en route to the door, with Shannon in tow. (NOTE: Jay is dressed business casual.)

SHANNON
But it's not that hot in here?

CHRISTINA
It was to us, go play.

Shannon runs off.

JAY
We have to remember to lock the door -- I shouldn't be at the precinct more than a few hours.

He pecks her a kiss and walks out.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS--FILE ROOM - SAME DAY

Jay is at the records counter. LENA, sexy, age 40, lays a file before him and walks away. Jay is checking her out. Ross walks up and joins him in Lena watching.

DETECTIVE ROSS
Makes going home to the wife all the more fun -- I feel bad about how you found your father. He was a good man, he didn't deserve that.

Jay gestures appreciation and takes the document Ross hands him.

DETECTIVE ROSS (CONT'D)
Not much came up. He said it was an arrangement between your father and Percy DeBola, but the details were too faded to clarify.

Jay has slipped into anxious thought.

DETECTIVE ROSS (CONT'D)
Jason, did you hear me?

JAY
Yes, sorry. Thanks.

DETECTIVE ROSS
Look, ol' timers in that neighborhood, they don't reveal much to us, but they might talk to you. Maybe someone'll recall something from back then, but if you learn anything don't try to play cop, you hear me?

Jay sparks with interest, gestures okay and heads out.

JAY
Lena, please hold the file for me!

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME DAY

Jay is with THREE ELDERLY LATIN MEN, who are obviously enjoying his company. He bids them goodbye and jogs across the street to his vehicle. Jay doesn't look satisfied.

An OLD BUM approaches him.

OLD BUM
I hear you ask about DeBola. I know this woman, she was married to his friend. For a twenty I'll tell you where she lives.

JAY
Twenty for some bogus address?

He hands the bum a dollar and opens the car door.

OLD BUM
I'm for real. Her husband worked for Councilman Javier.

He now has Jay's full attention.

EXT. URBAN NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - SAME DAY

Jay parks, climbs out then activates the car alarm. He hurries across the street to an old apartment building.

INT. APARTMENT--LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jay sips lemonade. His hostess, a THIN WOMAN with an endearing quality, age 60, sits adjacent to him. She's almost dressed like a soothsayer.

THIN WOMAN

My Bennie was a charmer like your father. Camp, he was special.

Jay indicates agreement. His manner says he likes her.

THIN WOMAN (CONT'D)

You look like him. I saw on the news how you found him.

She takes Jay's hands, studies them and frowns.

THIN WOMAN (CONT'D)

(distracted)

That had to be just awful for you.

JAY

It's not a good memory.

She continues to study his palms in frowned wonder. He gently pulls away and eyes her strangely. She smiles, he relaxes.

JAY (CONT'D)

I did a little research on your husband. He was quite wealthy. How did you end up here?

THIN WOMAN

You reporters are so direct.

JAY

I apologize if -

THIN WOMAN

Oh stop, you're fine -- When Bennie sided with Camp, Percy destroyed him. We loss everything.

JAY

Please, tell me what you know about DeBola.

THIN WOMAN

I don't really know anything, and so much time has passed.

(thinking)

There was a reporter...

JAY
(impatient)
Who?

THIN WOMAN
What was his name?...Scholinski!
Gordon Scholinski, he was very
knowledgeable about political
matters -- More lemonade?

Jay hands her his glass then keys Gordon's name into his cell phone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--OFFICE - DAY

Jay is on the phone. Dressed in at-home casuals, he appears disappointed and stressed out. Stacks of documents, and three coffee cups, litter the desk.

JAY
No, I'll go by the precinct.

He hangs up and heads for the door. Shannon enters.

SHANNON
Daddy, play with me 'n Bojo.

JAY
Not now.

He's gone, leaving Shannon looking hurt. Christina walks in to the sound of a closing door.

CHRISTINA
I wanna play with Bojo.

Happy, Shannon dashes out.

Christina's smile erodes to a troubled pout.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - SAME DAY

Jay, who's still wearing at-home casuals, looks unkept. Ross frowns while giving him the once over.

DETECTIVE ROSS
Gordon Scholinski?

JAY
Yes.

DETECTIVE ROSS

Suarez?!

One of the detectives (from the tea party murder) swaggers over.

DETECTIVE ROSS (CONT'D)

Gordon Scholinski.

DETECTIVE #1

A name from the past -- Jason Javier.

They shake hands.

JAY

You knew Scholinski?

DETECTIVE #1

Yeah, he wrote a piece on a politician the feds had on their radar.

JAY

Percy DeBola?

DETECTIVE #1

That's him, corrupt sonofabitch. Gordon went to jail for refusing to give-up his source.

The detective seems troubled.

JAY

There's more, what is it?

DETECTIVE #1

We were alerted to a hit-order on Scholinski's family. We got there in time to witness a lowlife named Pêpe Deza butchering the last child, a toddler. You don't forget something like that.

Jay has to take a few beats.

JAY

What about Scholinski?

DETECTIVE #1

He was placed in witness protection. Gotta go, it was nice meeting you.

Jay anxiously watches after him.

DETECTIVE ROSS

Jason? You're obsessed. I've been there, I know what it looks like. Find the balance because your family's a lot more important than this.

He walks away.

Jay turns and finds Lena watching him. He forces a smile and walks over.

JAY

Lena, Lena, you still be rockin' it in all the right spots.

LENA

You do that way too good.

JAY

Weeks of practice bullshitting Melendez and his band of minions.

LENA

You got 'em out of my neighborhood, saved my parents' store. Thank you.

JAY

My pleasure -- Pèpe Deza, can you check if he's still in the system?

LENA

Sure, but I'll have to get back with you.

JAY

Thanks, and Gordon Scholinski.

LENA

Him I remember.

JAY

Any suggestions on how I can find him?

She's hesitant, but Jay's desperate stare makes her falter.

LENA

I know a kid, he loves my caldo. If Scholinski is still in the program, he can find him.

JAY

A hacker? Lena, I don't want to get anybody in trouble.

He follows her behind the counter to her desk.

LENA

What trouble, his vocation kept him outta prison. He now gets legal government paychecks.

She looks about, then keys into the computer. Pictures of three cute latin children appear on her monitor.

LENA (CONT'D)

Lean down like you're looking at the screen.

Jay complies.

LENA (CONT'D)

He was hacking into the WPP database to troll for elderly witnesses -- most are loners. Anyway, he tracked them til they died, then he went in and changed their address and bank information. Payments from the program went into accounts he controlled.

JAY

And he got away with that?

LENA

For nine years -- You'll love my caldo, keep a bowl handy.

Jay is thrown until Ross walks up with a suspicious glare.

DETECTIVE ROSS

What's he doing back here?

LENA

I wanted to show him my grandkids.

Ross looks at the screen, but his gaze soon travels to Lena's impressive cleavage. Satisfied, he walks away.

She and Jay share quiet amusement, then Jay's grin vanishes.

JAY

Seriously? I also love caldo, and I will be keeping a bowl handy.

He does a hand gesture that says 'call me' and heads out.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--SHANNON'S BEDROOM - SAME DAY

Shannon plays with building blocks. Jay walks in and joins her.

JAY
Hey, sweetpea. I'm sorry I didn't
play with you earlier.

Christina appears in the doorway with folded arms.

Shannon hands Jay blocks. Christina soon joins them, then Bojo nestles inside Jay's folded legs.

Off Christina, who cast Jay troubled glances.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--HOME OFFICE - LATER, NIGHT

Jay is on the computer. He appears to sense something and looks up to find Christina's in the doorway, watching him.

CHRISTINA
You need to talk to your mother.

JAY
I guess this is you leaving it alone.
Christina, she may be the reason my
dad was murdered.

CHRISTINA
(annoyed)
Yeah, she's the monster inside your
head. Jay, you need closure.

Angry, Jay walks from behind the desk.

JAY
If you had a father you'd under-
stand. But you didn't, did you?

CHRISTINA
Wow, you sonofabitch.

The hurt seeping in overshadows her anger.

JAY
(hurries to her)
Christina, I'm so sorry --

She shoves him away and is about to walk out, but she stops and turns on him.

CHRISTINA

My father was a fifteen year-old crackheads so, no, I wasn't on his radar of interests.

JAY

Please, baby, please forgive me.

Jay is beside himself with sorrow.

Compassion draws Christina closer, but when he tries to touch her she shoves away his hand.

CHRISTINA

(in earnest)

You are so selfish. Lots of people live with painful childhood secrets, it's not exclusive.

(beat)

My mother was the worst kind of addict, piss poor and raising kids. Growing up in filthy crack houses, being molested while she laid passed out beside me, that was my childhood.

Horrified, Jay takes her in his arms but she pushes off him.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

No!

She walks out of his reach.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

You don't get to take on my pain. And, unlike you, I know the world doesn't revolve around me.

(compelling beat)

It's just life, Jay, we're all living it, and the shit that happens don't play favorites.

(beat)

Look, you've gotta toughen up, and proof of doing that is facing your mother.

Stung, Jay withers. She gently cups his face.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Baby, I know you're not ready.

JAY

Christina, I love you, I never want to hurt you.

CHRISTINA
I know, and I'm sorry I pushed.

Jay hugs her. Two beats later his cell phone chimes. He looks at a text from (sexy) Lena that says "found him."

INT. PARKING DECK--INT'L AIRPORT HOUSTON - NIGHT

Jay climbs out of his luxury SUV with a large computer bag. He hurries toward the terminal...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HARTSFIELD AIRPORT--TO ESTABLISH - NIGHT

A commercial jet lands to a hint of sunrise in the distance.

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE--LIVING ROOM - DAY

The furniture is old, the room a hoarders paradise. Newspapers and magazines litter the floor like carpet. Jay sits in its midst attempting to hide his discomfort.

GORDON, late-60s, is nestled in a high-back chair. Without breaking his stare, Gordon grabs up a beer and downs it.

GORDON
I've seen your reports. Those that made national news, anyway.

JAY
I'm sorry, I'm trying to gauge whether or not you like me.

GORDON
I like you. How'd you find me?

JAY
I've got my sources.

GORDON
Let's hope DeBola never finds out.

JAY
DeBola's long dead.

GORDON
Yeah, but Breed is very much alive.
(notes Jay's puzzled look)
The covert name for DeBola's masterpiece; syndicates within syndicates.

JAY
I don't follow you.

GORDON
Breed is a sophisticated ruse, son.
Tell me, what do street gangs battle
to maintain?

JAY
Territory.

GORDON
Correct! DeBola recruited gang
leaders from various ethnic group
and mentored them.

He hands Jay a business magazine with three men on the cover.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Today, they're businessmen, their
unsavory past long forgotten.
They control worldwide territories,
all covertly operating under
Breed's umbrella.

Jay looks astonished.

JAY
Operating independently, they
wouldn't be perceived as a threat.

GORDON
Exactly. Serious competition is
erased, new players monitored then
eliminated when deemed necessary.

JAY
What about the major syndicates?

GORDON
Italian and Asian mafias, they've
been in the game longer. They
don't share power outside the group.
If they ever get wind of Breed,
we'll have street-wars worldwide.

JAY
Still, they'd have to be feeling the
squeeze...Who controls Breed?

GORDON
The government, who knows? As far
as anyone's concerned Breed doesn't
exist.

Gordon sinks into sadness. He opens another beer.

JAY
 I'm sorry, I know my being here
 reminds you of...I'm just trying
 to find answers to old questions.

Jay stands to leave.

JAY (CONT'D)
 Who else knew about DeBola?

GORDON
 The caliber of officials on the take?
 No one'll talk about him or Breed.

JAY
 I understand you had a source.

GORDON
 It was your father. I got the impres-
 sion there was nothing Camp wanted
 more than to bring down DeBola. I
 suspected it involved a woman. I
 heard rumors about a redhead they --

He's cut-off by the faint sound of glass and a thump. Blood
 drools down Gordon's face.

Jay drops to the floor and crawls behind stacks of boxes.
 Fretful, he starts handling the disorder around him. Bullets
 seeking him out snaps Jay out of his crazy.

KITCHEN

Jay dashes in and spots a shotgun by the door. He grabs it on
 the way out.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

The shotgun sails over the fence, followed by Jay then bullets
 that bust the fence, sending him crashing to the ground. Jay
 grabs the shotgun and fires.

The surprised GOON-in-a-suit stumbles back and trips.

Jay hides in some foliage. The sound of sirens then a car is
 heard speeding away. Jay's fear transforms to anguish.

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE - LATER, SAME DAY

ATLANTA COPS are on the scene.

Jay is at the window looking grave as Gordon's bagged body is
 rolled outside. Surprise seeps in when Agent Hogan ascends
 the steps and enters the house.

JAY
Isn't this out of your jurisdiction?

AGENT HOGAN
I can ask you the same question.
Why'd you come here?

JAY
Let's just say I go where the story
takes me. Now you tell me how I
led a dead man to someone he
tried to kill two decades ago?

AGENT HOGAN
Again, why are you here?

Jay studies him, note the tension Hogan can't hide.

JAY
There's something else going on
here.

AGENT HOGAN
Why can't I get a straight answer
outta you?

JAY (CONT'D)
All I know is, because of me, a
man is dead.
(heads out)
I've gotta plane to catch.

EXT. INT'L AIRPORT HOUSTON--TO ESTABLISH - SAME DAY

A plane is descending.

INT. PARKING DECK--INT'L AIRPORT HOUSTON - SAME DAY

Jay finds Hogan leaning against his SUV. He raises the remote
and auto-starts the vehicle. Hogan doesn't budge.

JAY
Get off my car.

Hogan complies.

AGENT HOGAN
We need to talk.

JAY
Not now we don't.

Jay slings the computer bag into the passenger seat and hops
behind the wheel. He quickly backs out and screeches away.

EXT. URBAN NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - SAME DAY

It's now nightfall. Jay parks then hops out of the vehicle.

EXT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jay rings the buzzer. Nothing. He buzzes the manager.

AGENT HOGAN (O.S.)

Booty call?

Jay spins around to Hogan ascending the steps.

AGENT HOGAN (CONT'D)

Your wife is a slap-happy fox, this can't be worth it.

JAY

Look, I'm following up on a lead.

AGENT HOGAN

A lead, huh? I don't believe you.

The door buzzes. Jay rushes inside and tries to close the door. Hogan pushes through nearly knocking Jay on his butt.

JAY

Damn!

INT. APARTMENT--LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The LATINA MANAGER, who has the appearance of a fat aging chola, turns on the light.

Jay enters looking angry to have Hogan's in tow, and more so when he spots the unfurnished room.

JAY

I hate this cloak 'n dagger crap!

SUPER: English sub-titles:

APARTMENT MANAGER

I told you, no one has lived in this unit for two months.

JAY

There was a middle-aged white woman living here a few days ago.

APARTMENT MANAGER

Look, no white people live in this building, woman or man.

END SUB-TITLES.

Jay is beside himself with frustration. Hogan comes over.

AGENT HOGAN
Talk to me, what's going on?

JAY
She used me, she dropped Scholinski's name. Somebody went through a lot of trouble to put me on his trail.

Hogan gestures understanding and walks over to the manager.

AGENT HOGAN
How much were you paid?

MANAGER
Mi no comprende Eng --

AGENT HOGAN
I'm taking you downtown.

MANAGER
(scared/distraught)
She say they' kill mi familia!

Jay slowly walks over.

MANAGER
Senior Javier, I only let her move in 'n out so she go away, I swear!

Jay consoles the woman while staring daggers at Hogan.

INT. APARTMENT--HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Walking, Hogan throws Jay annoyed glances.

AGENT HOGAN
How can you be so gullible? I'm telling you, I've seen that show. I need to bring her in.

Jay spots a scared-looking BOY, age 10, peering out at them.

Hogan's quizzical gaze is followed up by revealing his badge.

The relieved boy nervously hold up a cell phone --a snapshot reveals TWO GOONS dragging a WOMAN's body. The boy points to the unit two doors across. The sign says Manager.

Hogan signals the boy to get inside then he hurries Jay away.

EXT. URBAN NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - LATER, NIGHT

Hidden, Jay uses his cell phone to record FEDERAL AGENTS forcing the door open and entering the apartment building. He grows antsy when the sound of semi-automatic gunfire and screams draw closer.

The entrance glass blasts out then silence. Moments later, the manager and TWO wounded GOONS are hustled out.

Jay spots Hogan and hurries to him.

Hogan, who's livid, roughly pulls Jay aside.

AGENT HOGAN
Why the hell are you still here?

JAY
(worried)
The real manager, is she...

AGENT HOGAN
We found her and her husband's
body in a closet.

JAY
(despair)
All this is my fault.

Hogan's compassion appears to be getting the best of him.

AGENT HOGAN
Look, there's a lot more going
on then you know.

JAY
(intrigued)
Really, like what?

AGENT HOGAN
Let's talk before you report what
happened here. Now, go home.

Disgusted, Jay walks away, but stops and turns back.

JAY (CONT'D)
A slap-happy fox? How do you
know my wife?

AGENT HOGAN
I saw her at an art function.

Jay doubtfully sizes him up.

AGENT HOGAN (CONT'D)
(insulted)
What? I like art. Snotty fuck.

Unfazed, Jay walks on.

Hogan waits until Jay drives off then walks away.

INT. MANSION--LIVING ROOM - SAME NIGHT

Allister is reading. He looks up when Salles struts in and pours himself a drink. Allister impatiently waits.

SALLES
We finally got the bastard.

ALLISTER
I knew Camp Junior would find him.
Using Loraine was a wise choice.

SALLES
I'm just glad she didn't try to give him a reading, you know how she is -- Jason's still alive, want Ranson to do him?

ALLISTER
Take out a high profile reporter without the cover of a collateral hit? No, he'll eventually wear down. After all, DeBola's dead.

SALLES
I know. We killed the sonofa-bitch.

Allister laughs and walks out. Salles downs his drink and pours another.

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

NEWS STAFF are tending to various task when Jay walks in. He looks exhausted. Bunky hurries over.

BUNKY
Where've you been? You dropped the ball on the Drusen murder, I had to pass it to Colt.
(worried)
Come back to me, Jason.

Bunky walks away.

EXT. CITY STREET--CAFE - SAME DAY

Jay sits among follow PATRONS. A WAITRESS serves him coffee and leaves moments before Hogan joins him.

HOGAN
You look like crap.

Jay gestures "whatever."

The waitress appears. Hogan signals no and waits for her to leave.

AGENT HOGAN
What did Scholinski tell you?

Jay finally looks at him.

JAY
Quit pro quo?

Beat.

AGENT HOGAN
We'll see.

Jay gives him a defiant look.

AGENT HOGAN (CONT'D)
Either you start talking or I'll embarrass your ass by cuffing you and hauling you off. I see lots of camera phones.

JAY
(unfazed)
You don't have cause to do that.

AGENT HOGAN
Which is why I won't be able to hold you.

Torn, Jay relents because Hogan doesn't appear to be kidding.

JAY
DeBola headed up a dangerous syndicate. And you already know that. Okay...he said my father was his source and that he wanted to sink the corrupt bastard. Ahh, that you didn't know.

Hogan sits back and stares at him.

JAY (CONT'D)
That's all I've got, your turn.

Hogan sends mug shots of the fat chola and two latin thugs to Jays cell phone.

AGENT HOGAN
Here's the script for your broadcast.

Jay looks at the sheets in amazement.

JAY
No way, and I report the truth.

AGENT HOGAN
The truth makes you a part of
the story.

INT. NEWSROOM--NEWS DESK - SAME DAY

Jay's on camera with his footage and the mug shots on display.

JAY
...Bebe Morales. One of her accom-
plishes was a resident at the
apartment. They murdered the couple
so she could pose as the new manager
to collect rent payments. Officials
believe this is an isolated incident...

Hogan stands off to the side looking smugly pleased.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Salles' burning hatred is on Jay's TV image. Allister sits adjacent looking impressed.

ALLISTER
You hear that bullshit? The boy
just bought himself an interview.

SALLES
What? Why?

ALLISTER
I'm curious. I want to see how
he handles himself.

Salles looks more concerned than annoyed. He walks out.

INT. NEWSROOM--JAY'S WORKSTATION - CONTINUOUS

Jay comes off the news desk and walks up to Hogan.

AGENT HOGAN

Thanks for sticking to the script.

JAY

It was still an exclusive. Good writing, by the way.

A young FEMALE STAFF MEMBER walks over with a note, so Hogan takes the opportunity to leave.

Jay matches Hogan's goodbye gesture then takes the note.

JAY

Thanks, Karen.

He reads it then hurries over to Bunky.

JAY (CONT'D)

Allister has agreed to an interview.

BUNKY

Yes! The other outlets are salivating like dogs -- Feel my foot up your ass Channel Five!

JAY

Dag, Hoss, cool-off them jets.

BUNKY

Screw 'em, the bastards fired me.

JAY

Yes, well, revenge aside, let's hope he opens up about the affair. I'm heading there now.

BUNKY

Kelly's with Deena, but Chip --

JAY

Allister insists, no cameras.

AT THE ELEVATOR

Hogan steps inside, but as the doors are closing he spots Jay hurriedly gathering his things to leave.

EXT. MANSION - SAME DAY

There are reporters out front who watch in (AD LIB) annoyance when Jay's SUV is given access. He grins and waves, pissing them off even more.

INT. MANSION--LIVING ROOM - SAME DAY

Jay interviews Drew Allister, who's a tad amused.

ALLISTER

She killed my wife. Why would I go see her?

JAY

I'm just the messenger. Please tell me about your relationship with Miss Fletcher, why she felt your wife was keeping you in a bad marriage?

Jay is surprised when Allister leans and clicks off the recorder, his gaze pools of evil.

ALLISTER

My wife was a lady, but Beth? She's the purest form of human gutter trash, she did anything I asked, I even had her suck-off my dog. Guess I...ran out of hoops for her to jump through.

Allister clicks back on the recorder, his evil veiled. Speechless, Jay stares at him.

ALLISTER (CONT'D)

Beth knew I loved my wife. She was upset when I ended our affair. Killing Rachel was her way of getting revenge. It's all so devastating.

JAY

Uhh, you told her your wife was pregnant.

ALLISTER

Lame, I know. It was a last resort when she wouldn't let go.

Jay indicates that he's got enough and turns off the recorder.

JAY

Thank you, Mister Allister.

ALLISTER

(sneers)

I knew your father. It's almost a shame what happened to him.

Jay quickly sucks up the sting and stares at him in scowled wonder.

JAY
I understand you and Miss Fletcher
met at Trellises. She was a hostess,
real sexy walk.

He watches Allister stiffen.

JAY (CONT'D)
She mentioned that you knew the late
Tucker Drusen.

Allister flashes surprise.

JAY (CONT'D)
I got the impression she didn't like
him much, because she called him a
(empathic, with a glare)
jackass.

Livid, Allister abruptly stands.

JAY (CONT'D)
What's your impression. Of Mister
Drusen, of course?

ALLISTER
We spoke at the club on occasions.
I trust you can find your way out.

Allister leaves the room.

EXT. MANSION--PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Jay walk out looking pleased with himself.

EXT. MANSION--CURBSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Agent Hogan sits inside of a parked car. He watches Jay's
vehicle as it passes then curiously looks at Allister's house.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--FAMILY ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jay is playing with Shannon and Bojo near Christina, who's
painting a clay plate. Three finished ones are nearby.

Jay rolls Bojo and vigorously rubs the growling dog's belly.

SHANNON
Daddyyy, stop doing that.

CHRISTINA

Done, ready for the oven. What do you think?

Jay walks over. Bojo's teeth are clamped to his pant leg. Jay picks him up and gently strokes the little dog's back.

JAY

Looks great. Hungry?

EXT. JAVIER'S HOME--PATIO - SAME NIGHT

Jay and Christina dine while Shannon and Bojo play in the b.g.

CHRISTINA

Shannon, wash your hands and come finish your dinner -- What was Allister like?

JAY

Let's see...he's the type of man who would stab his young while cooing *awww, does that hurt?*

Christina laughs.

JAY (CONT'D)

Hogan's asked me twice if I've had any unusual contact with anyone.

CHRISTINA

Whoa, what's that about?

JAY

He's not saying.

Off Christina, who resumes her meal in worry.

EXT. GENTLEMEN'S SOCIAL CLUB - SAME NIGHT

VALETS help CLIENTELE out of fancy cars. Most are older men, with beautiful women in clothes that show off their assets.

INT. GENTLEMEN'S SOCIAL CLUB--OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Salles walks in on THREE YOUNG CRONIES socializing with SCANTILY-CLAD YOUNG WOMEN. He beckons for them all to get out. While they comply, he grabs up the phone.

SALLES

Okay, Ranson, let's hear it....

(surprise)

The Miami Carbolonis? It's Camp's son, his meddling's got people looking for us....Yeah, get him and take him to the warehouse....No, dumbass, alive. A dead man can't talk.

He slams down the phone.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--OFFICE - LATER, SAME NIGHT

Jay is on the computer. Christina enters dressed in bedclothes and carrying a mug of coffee. She looks at the clock --11:28 p.m. Concerned, she sits the coffee beside him.

JAY

Thanks, baby.

He takes a sip and continues his review.

Christina appears torn. She eventually walks out.

LATER...

The clock says 1:10 a.m. and Jay looks to be on the decline. He springs from the chair and walks out...

EXT. NATURE PRESERVE - SAME NIGHT

Jay, in hooded sweats, runs along the fence. He glances back at a car on approach and moves closer to the curb.

EXT. CAR--NATURE PRESERVE - CONTINUOUS

Bippy, Salles' mentally-challenged brother, is driving while acne-scared Ranson hangs out the window with his gun.

Bippy grins (loudly) as he veers the car towards Jay.

RANSON

Bippy, don't run him over. Salles wants him alive.

Bippy is too caught-up to care.

Jay looks back then leaps away to avoid being hit.

The car skids to a stop. The tail pipe is smoking, the rear lights flaring.

Jay is on all fours staring at the car. He spots Ranson's gun a split second before the car skids backwards.

Jay leaps to his feet running and scales the high fence. Ranson quickly follows.

Bippy runs up, considers the fence then struggles to climb it.

WOODS

Jay is running fast. Ranson appears in the distance.

Bippy runs like he's spent, then he get's Jay in his line of sight. He stops, aims and shoots.

Jay leaps over a log--the bullet nicks him in the side. He falls tumbling, crying out when he back-slams into a tree.

 RANSON

 Bippy, you fuckin' idiot!

Dazed, Jay watches Ranson closing in. The sound of rustling. Relieved, and fighting pain, Jay crawls into some nearby foliage.

Bippy spots dogs and aimlessly shoots while screaming and running in the opposite direction.

Ranson stops in horror. Dogs are chasing Bippy, then rustling appears to come from everywhere. Ranson dashes away.

Bippy is at the fence when a dog attacks. Crying like a terrified child, he fights it off and grabs the fence, but two more dogs join in the attack.

Ranson appears down the way. He runs over and aims his gun. There's too much movement, he can't get a fix on the dogs.

 RANSON

 BIPPYYYY?! BIPPY, CLIMB UP!

Bippy starts to climb, the dogs hang from him. Bloody, in pain and sobbing, he gives his all. Dogs fall away barking.

Bippy teeters on the top rail then falls outside.

Jay is perched on a low tree-trunk near the car, shielded by leaves. He watches Ranson hustle Bippy his way.

 RANSON (CONT'D)

 The Carbolonis are crawlin' all over us, he wanna question the sonofabitch first. Now he'll get protection.

BIPPY
I, I'm sorry, Ranson.

Off Jay, who watches the car cruise off then speed away.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--OFFICE - SAME NIGHT

Jay stands by the window where daybreak appears over the tree-line. He's shirtless with a patch-bandage affixed on his left side, and a gun in his hand. Angry, he begins to pace.

Christina enters, her anxiety, and annoyance, apparent.

CHRISTINA
I'm not leaving you alone.

JAY
Baby, please, just for a few days.

CHRISTINA
If you want me to go you come too,
and the doctor told you to rest.

Jay goes back to pacing.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Someone tried to kill you. Why?

Agent Hogan enters and immediately spots the gun.

THREE FEDS linger outside the door.

AGENT HOGAN
Two units will be on patrol.

Jay glares at him.

JAY
Who are they?

Hogan walks out.

Jay hurries after him with raised gun--Alarmed, Christina blocks his path.

JAY (CONT'D)
Damn you, Hogan!

CHRISTINA
(emotional)
Stop it!

Jay comforts her while anxiously gazing at the narrow door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT--RECORDS ROOM - DAY

Sexy Lena is on the phone.

LENA

Pèpe Deza. He turned state's evidence against Emilio Melendez to avoid the death penalty.

INTERCUT WITH: INT. NEWSROOM

Jay is business dressed above and tattered jeans and sneakers below. Slowly pacing, he's on his cell phone. Busy news staff are in the b.g.

JAY

Juan's father?

LENA

Yeah, and two years in Emilio got shanked by a rival gang leader. Juan was twelve at the time.

She reads more in surprised.

LENA (CONT'D)

Deza's out. He had a stroke, it debilitated him, so they released him into the care of an old folks home in the Fifth Ward. The Haven, you ready for the address?

JAY

(writes)

Got it. Thanks, Lena.

Jay hangs up and heads out, rushing pass Bunky.

BUNKY

Jay?

JAY

Big lead, I'll call you!

BUNKY

You better!

INT. CONVALESCENT HOME--GUEST ROOM - DAY

PÉPE DEZA is a life-torn man in his late-60s. He lays gazing out at PEOPLE getting off the bus. One looks like a gang-banger with a scary demeanor. Deza curiously takes him in.

INT. CONVALESCENT HOME - CONTINUOUS

Backview of the gang-banger as he walks along the corridor. His dark hair is slicked back and his tattoos are ominous. OLD FOLKS and a NURSE give him a wide berth.

His cell phone chimes. The gang-banger is Jay in disguise.

JAY

Yo, run it.

INTERCUT WITH: INT. POLICE PRECINCT

Detective Ross holds the phone to his ear in confusion.

DETECTIVE ROSS

Jason, is that you?

JAY

(low voice)

Hey, yes, I'm role playing. You have something for me?

Ross' ferreted brow says he's stressed.

DETECTIVE ROSS

Beth Fletcher was murdered in her cell. Somebody lit her up.

JAY

She was set on fire?

DETECTIVE ROSS

It's under investigation. Congratulation, you get the exclusive.

He hangs up.

INT. CONVALESCENT HOME--CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jay goes to a secluded spot and keys into his phone.

JAY

Hi, put me through to Bunky.

GUEST ROOM

Fear encompasses Deza when gang-banger Jay enters.

DEZA

Wh-what do you want?

JAY

I brought you a present.

Deza looks ready to cry out then he spots the tequila.

JAY (CONT'D)

Deza, right?

DEZA

Who, who are you?

Jay saunters over pulling a chair with him.

JAY

Name's Jay.

(admiration)

My ol' man use to talk about yo' gangstah ass. Yo' cojones musta hung like a fuckin' bull back in the day.

Deza wanes a smile, but his suspicion remains evident. He continues to watch Jay while pressing the remote to sit-up.

Jay hands him the bottle. Deza guzzles in expressed pleasure.

DEZA

Did somebody send you?

Jay sits down.

JAY

Send me? Naw, I had to check-in with my probation officer. That's where I overheard you was here. Tough break, hom'.

Deza relaxes.

DEZA

I'll be outta here when these stupid fucks can get my legs to move.

JAY

I heard that, cause I know bein' laid up in here is borin' as shit.

(serious)

I'm ready to up my game, ese. I got plans, big plans, but I need to learn some thangs? That's where you can come in.

Deza swallows tequila and seems happy that Jay is there.

SOMETIMES LATER...

Deza is mellow.

DEZA

Emilio was one bad-ass mother-fucker, he knew how to handle it. Yeah...

Deza appears to struggle with guilt. He looks at the bottle.

Jay, who's watching him closely, hands it to him.

JAY

Daddy, maybe, but his son ain't handlin' squat. Juan be wide open out there, that's why half of his crew is dead or in prison.

Deza eyes him coldly while finishing off the bottle.

JAY (CONT'D)

Man, you can't be gettin' mad at the truth. Now, me, I'mo be like Percy DeBola. That dude, he knew how to handled his shit. That's the level I'm gonna operate.

Deza takes in Jay like he's a joke.

DEZA

Ah-huh...I knew DeBola, did some hits for him back in the day.

Jay expresses disbelief that's heavily laden with admiration.

JAY

You' for real.

Deza pridefully glances at the comatose OLD MAN a bed over.

DEZA

I just saw him.

JAY

Who?

DEZA

DeBola.

JAY

Aw, see? Now you tryin' to play me, I know DeBola died years --

The man's smugness causes Jay to freeze. His gaze intensifies, his gangster persona gone.

JAY

What do you mean you saw him?

Deza's tipsy grin displays tarnished teeth.

DEZA

He's in the news, some bitch shot his wife at a tea party.

(giggles)

Tea party...he loss some weight 'n got rid of that big ass nose. Yeah, he fooled all them fed motherfuckers.

Jay stands and walks out.

DEZA

Hey, you comin' back?!

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A WORKER is on the digger, TWO HELPERS back him up with shovels. DeBola's body is being exhumed.

It's a media event with REPORTERS lining the taped-off area. Jay is on the front line watching AGENTS lurk around the grave. They are obviously bothered by the media being there.

Standing beside Jay, Kelly films the concrete block as it's hoisted out of the ground.

Hogan indicates that he wants Jay to join him. They meet-up away from everyone. Everything about Hogan says he's upset.

REPORTER

How come he gets an exclusive?!

Hogan aggressively encourages Jay to stroll with him.

AGENT HOGAN

You alerted the media without talking to us. That wasn't smart.

Jay stops to watch the coffin being settled above ground. Hogan taps him (not so gently) in the chest to get his attention.

JAY

He's out there and he's fucking with me, I want him to know I know it. And I didn't get any flack when I requested his body be exhumed, which tells me you already suspected as much.

He notes tension in Hogan's manner.

JAY (CONT'D)

What have I stumbled onto?

Hogan walks away. Jay follows him to the grave site. In the b.g., reporters can be seen pitching a fit.

Several feds draw guns, but they do not point them. Still, looking in their direction encourage reporters to tone down.

Jay and Hogan remain rooted when the lid is pried open, but the terrified grave diggers back off, fast.

Inside the coffin, fully intact, lays a hefty Percy DeBola. His big nose is cracked, his face and hands pale white.

Hogan tries block Jay--who moves away and frowns in surprise.

JAY

Allister.

Jay hurries away. Hogan is fast behind him.

Kelly rushes to catch up with Jay.

Hogan signals feds to stop her. In the b.g. aggressive agents prevent photo journalists from filming this obstruction.

JAY (CONT'D)

Let her go! DO IT!

Hogan indicates that it's okay, so they release her. Shaken, Kelly hurries over. Jay guides her to the news vehicle.

AGENT HOGAN

What are you gonna do?!

JAY

My job!

Hogan catches up and pulls him away from Kelly.

AGENT HOGAN

DeBola? Fine, but you are not to go public about Allister.

JAY
I want some answers.

AGENT HOGAN
Please, just let us handle it.

Jay watches him walk away then he grows alarmed. Reporters are dashing toward him. Jay and Kelly run to their vehicle.

INT. GENTLEMEN'S SOCIAL CLUB--OFFICE - SAME DAY

Allister walks in with a worried-looking associate. Salles enters and closes the door on club noises.

ASSOCIATE #1
The Carbolonis are everywhere askin'
questions about Breed.

ALLISTER
(surprised)
You know anything about this?

Salles just stares at him.

ASSOCIATE #1
I smell a war. I'm too old for
this shit.

Allister indicates he concurs.

INT. ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE--BROKOFF'S OFFICE - LATER, NIGHT

Jay is hustled in with a black bag over his head. When it's removed, Hogan points to a chair. Jay begrudgingly sits.

JAY
(brief moment of intrigue)
This is a black site -- Who is
Brokoff to force me here? You
feds are a piece of work, you
were just waiting for some
patsy to give you cause to
exhume DeBola's body.

Brokoff walks in and takes a seat behind the desk.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
I had you brought here because I
want you to stop poking around.

JAY
I'm paid to poke around.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
Not on this, not anymore.

JAY
I don't work for you. Oh, and
by the way, I really hate being
used.

Brokoff looks at a sheepish Hogan with a hint of amusement.

AGENT HOGAN
Shall I read him in, sir?

Brokoff indicates approval.

AGENT HOGAN (CONT'D)
Drew Allister controls a very dan-
gerous organization.

JAY
Breed, the king of syndicates with a
worldwide network of unsavory pricks.
Why haven't you arrested him?

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
For what?

JAY
What do mean for--he killed my father!
And he faked his death.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
Do you have any proof? Witnesses?

Jay turns his frustration on Hogan.

AGENT HOGAN
The man's life has been masterfully
fabricated. Birth and fingerprint
records, schools, all are legit.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
There are friends he grew up with,
neighbors who remember him. Old
college friends sing him praises,
all with acute consistency.

JAY
How could he pull that off?

AGENT HOGAN
He has, that's why we want you
to tread lightly.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
True news stories panic men like
him, and innocent people die.

JAY
(weary)
I get it. I...I got it.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
Look, Breed is about to implode
and your father is at the center
of it.

Jay and Hogan exchange quick glances.

AGENT HOGAN
Sir?

JAY
Wait, what exactly does that mean?

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
DeBola had a girlfriend, a cute
redhead he shared with his buddies.

Hogan signals a warning that Brokoff ignores.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF (CONT'D)
She may've heard sometime about the
plot to kill your father.

JAY
(anxious ponder)
Yes, she was mentioned.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
Is that right? Tell us who --

JAY
I'll ask and get back with you.

Jay springs to his feet and walks over to the glass wall. Below is a sophisticated operation -- busy agents and high-tech computer equipment. Jay is blown away then he spots a Bow Boy's Ice Cream sign before a black bag covers his face.

JAY
Hey!

Two agents hustle him out.

AGENT HOGAN
Sir, you're gonna make him get
himself killed.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
 You saw how fast he jumped back in bed with us, and using him was your idea. If she's still alive he might help us find her. Besides, we're watching him.

INT. MONICA'S HOME--FAMILY ROOM - SAME NIGHT

The spacious room is elegantly furnished. Lee sits on the sofa with Monica nestled in her arms. They're watching Jay's stern TV image.

JAY
 ...Unearthed a wax dummy instead of his remains. Authorities now believe DeBola faked his death --

Lee is surprised when Monica sits up, grabs the remote and clicks off the television. Monica fidgets in terror.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A POMPOUS MAN, mid-50s, exits an upscale restaurant with his fancy YOUNG WIFE, and TWO CRONIES wearing suits.

A VALET approaches the pompous man only to be shoved away by one of the cronies.

A tint windowed Escalade pulls up. When the (same) crony reaches for the door the windows roll down. All, except the screaming young wife and valet, are shot multiple times.

A MAN'S BODY is pushed from the vehicle before it speeds away.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SAME NIGHT

-- To Establish.

INT HOUSE--FOYER- SAME NIGHT

A WOMAN, mid-forties and corporate in appearance, enters the large foyer.

WOMAN
 Senator Roberts, I have the files!

She waits a few beats then proceeds into the

DRAWING ROOM

and stops. She looks confused, then she screams. The SENATOR'S face has been skinned, and his body positioned in a high-back chair with a cigar between his gritted teeth.

INT. MANSION - SAME NIGHT

Salles walks in looking worried. It doesn't help that Allister is on the couch romancing a SEXY YOUNG WOMAN. She spots Salles and leaves the room.

ALLISTER

(mellow)

Nothing like a beautiful woman to help ease a man's pain.

SALLES

(drops into a chair)

They dug up your dummy, it's all over the news.

Shocked, Allister quizzically scowls at him.

SALLES (CONT'D)

Jason Javier. He convinced the feds to order the exhumation -- Philgren's been taken out, and our senator in New York. Slaten and his crew and the entire London base. The rest fought 'em off, but they're on us. We're at war.

Allister glares at him like it's his fault.

ALLISTER

What's going on, Salles, what the fuck's going on?! We built this machine, it was perfect!

Allister's on his feet pacing.

SALLES

What do you wanna do?

ALLISTER

I want everybody here by the end of the week. We'll put our heads together and come up with a plan to bring down Carboloni's empire.

SALLES

And Melendez?

ALLISTER

Keep the meeting, he needs to be reined in. And get rid of that mole the feds planted, he's worn-out his usefulness.

SALLES

What about Camp junior?

ALLISTER

After we find out who he's talking to, I want you to take care of him like you did his father.

He notes Salles' struggle with uncertainty.

ALLISTER (CONT'D)

Dammit, man, get your head out of the past.

He stomps out. Salles goes to the bar, pours a drink and downs it.

INT./EXT. JAY'S SUV - SAME NIGHT

Jay's phone beeps. He reads the screen then makes a u-turn.

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME NIGHT

Kelly and fellow photo journalists film PEDESTRIANS being interviewed by various outlets near a shot-up restaurant.

POLICE and a coroner vehicle are on the scene.

Jay walks up as a body bag is loaded. TWO COPS escort the distraught fancy young wife to a patrol car. She climbs in.

COP #1

Philgren and his lieutenants. Al's source may be right, the Carbolonis are moving in. This is bad.

JAY

The Carbolonis.

The cops turn.

JAY (CONT'D)

I need to ask her a few questions.

COP

Who are you?

JAY

Jason Javier, Channel Twelve--

That's enough for the cop, who climb into the squad car.

KELLY

Jason?!

Kelly's with the shaken valet. Jay hurries over and starts interviewing him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MYSTERY CAR - LATER, NIGHT

TWO OBSERVERS watch Jay turn into his driveway.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--SHANNON'S ROOM - SAME NIGHT

Jay quietly enters and watches Shannon sleep in concern.

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH (DREAM SEQUENCE) - DAY

An orange-yellow sky is the backdrop for Jay, who jogs along the boardwalk. Colors are acute, the peaceful surroundings enhanced by splashing waves and shrilling seagulls.

CAMP JAVIER runs alongside Jay, their strides as one. The two men could pass for brothers.

Camp looks about in confused wonder, then he spots Jay.

CAMP

Hijo...

JAY

I've always wanted us to share a sunset like this.

Camp's confusion transforms to happiness when he takes in the upscale coastline of Spanish-style shops and apartments.

CAMP

That my land.

JAY

Yes, I had it developed from the model in your office.

CAMP

It's amazing...Jason, I'm so proud you. Very proud, son.

Happy, they jog on, then Camp spots the ocean. His expression softens to awe.

CAMP (CONT'D)

(strange, hollowed voice)

The water, it looks so soothing...

Camp's body has an orange aura as he detours toward the ocean.

JAY

Dad?

Camp's aura progresses to flames that wrap around him, tormenting him as he stumbles on.

Jay stops to gawk in horror.

JAY (CONT'D)

Dad, what's happening to you?!

Camp is within an inch of the water when his burning flesh explodes away. Left is his inflamed soul that cries out in agony, and rage.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

Sweaty, Jay awakens with a start. He turns toward Christina, whose snores sound like the splashing waves in his dream. Jay sits up and stares into darkness.

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR--CITY STREET - DAY

Frank Langi--who had mentioned DeBola's name to Jay--casts nervous glances at the car beside him. Ring! Startled, Frank hits the gas and nearly crashes. He turns right and parks.

FRANK

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH: JAVIER'S HOME--OFFICE

Jay does not look like he's in the mood to be pleasant.

JAY

You haven't returned my calls.
I'm sure you heard about DeBola.

Frank recovers in anger.

FRANK

How'd you get this number?

JAY

Trade secret. You lied to me, Frank.
Now either you talk to me or the FBI.

FRANK

(alarmed)

FBI? But I don't know anything.

JAY

That's bullshit!

FRANK

I heard he was alive but I didn't believe it--I attended his funeral.

Frank nervously wipes his brow.

FRANK (CONT'D)

If Percy's really alive, we both could be targets for a bullet.

JAY

There was a girlfriend, a redhead. Two people mentioned her to me, she may know who killed my father.

FRANK

Just leave it alone! Just...this is not good. It's not good for either of us.

JAY

Tell me her name?

FRANK

I don't remember. He had lots of women, and he had a wife!

JAY

The redhead, Frank, who is she?

Frank delays in agony then appears to give up.

FRANK

Monica Javier. Your mother.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--HALLWAY - SAME DAY

Christina tries to stop Jay from leaving. He shoves her away.

CHRISTINA

What are you gonna do?!

JAY

Back-off!

She engulfs him from behind, but he pulls her with him.

FOYER

Christina chases Jay downstairs and grabs him before he reaches the door.

CHRISTINA

Jay please, baby, please don't
go see her when you're like this.

JAY

Dammit, let go of me!

He pries her off and slings her to the floor.

Christina scurries to the door and throws herself against it.
Jay tries to move her, but she hits at his hands.

Shannon runs up near tears.

SHANNON

Mommy, whas wronggg?!

FLASHBACK

A DARK-HAIRED BOY, age 8, weeps in fear. Monica, her long-
hair red, lays on the floor badly beaten and sobbing. Camp
kicks her, then he spots the boy and barks "Get out!"

BACK TO SCENE

Jay jerks like he's been slapped. Trembling, he has to force
himself to look down.

Christina's on her knees weeping and hugging Shannon.

Jay backs off in distress then turns and stumbles down the
hall. He vanishes inside a room. The door slams shut.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jay is tearing through the box while being plummeted with
MENTAL FLASHES --his father and DeBola socializing; Camp
dragging Monica by her hair; a bloody Monica cowered in a
corner. Jay cries out in anguish.

BACK IN THE FOYER

Christina looks horrified by her husband's cries. She picks
up Shannon and hurries upstairs.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--OFFICE - SAME DAY

Jay sits with his head in his hands.

Behind him the narrow door is wide open, and the contents from
the box are all over the floor.

Jay looks up at Frank Langi staring at him. Christina stands beside him frowning at the mess in the storage room. Mortified, Jay hurriedly closes and locks the door.

Christina reacts with uncertainty, but she quickly shakes it off and gestures for Frank to have a seat.

FRANK

Your wife called me. There's a lot more to what I told you.

Jay spots Christina's bruised arm and goes to her in grief.

CHRISTINA

Baby, I'm fine.

Jay sits adjacent to Frank and pulls Christina down on his lap. It takes a moment for him to look at Frank.

FRANK

Your father and DeBola were friends.

Jay expresses disbelief.

FRANK (CONT'D)

That's right. Then Camp ran for his council seat. It got messy. Percy's drug connections were leaked. He blamed Camp, but they stayed friends. I guess to keep tabs on each other.

Jay's demeanor says he doesn't like hearing this.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Camp wanted some coastal property, but he was overextended. So he borrowed the money from DeBola. At some point, Monica became payback for the debt.

JAY

What does that mean?

FRANK

Your father hired her out under the guise of an assistant. Camp prostituted her in lieu of debt payments.

Jay brings up Christina with him.

JAY

You lying bastard!

Scared, Frank leaps to his feet.

FRANK
Camp even drafted the contract!

Jay seems torn between shock and anger.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Monica didn't have it in her to stand up to the man Camp became.

CHRISTINA
Why didn't you say something?

FRANK
I did, he wouldn't listen. Camp envied DeBola, he wanted to be just like him.

JAY
No way, there's no way my dad could be anything like DeBola.

FRANK
(challenging)
No?

Devastated, Jay drops in the chair, his fight gone.

FRANK (CONT'D)
He made her sleep with men Camp looked up to. DeBola got his revenge by humiliating him. That's why Camp tried to sink him, only he got himself killed.

Christina eases down onto Jay's lap. He wraps his arms around her. Neither notice when Frank leaves.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER, SAME DAY

It's between day and night where city lights and the darkening sky promises a beautiful evening...

EXT. CITY STREET--CAFE - CONTINUOUS

PEDESTRIAN pass by Hogan, who sits waiting. He wanes a smile when Jay, who's business dressed, joins him.

JAY
Why the face-to-face?

AGENT HOGAN
I like looking at you, you're an easy read. I suggest you never play poker -- Frank Langi.

Jay looks surprised with a hint of concern.

AGENT HOGAN (CONT'D)
See, like that. We're watching
your house, remember?

JAY
He knows nothing about Breed.

Hogan just stares at him.

JAY (CONT'D)
(annoyed)
How is it you haven't gotten any
kind of lead on Allister?

AGENT HOGAN
No one'll talk. Breed has tentacles
in all branches of government, they
know when one of theirs get pinched.
Families are murdered just to send
a message.

JAY
My father, you knew he was corrupt.

Hogan studies him for several beats.

AGENT HOGAN
I'm told he and DeBola were partners.

JAY
How could he let himself get mixed
up in that? It's like they turned
him into some kind of monster.

AGENT HOGAN
You were a kid, maybe you didn't
know him.

Jay doesn't appear to like that. He rises, as does Hogan.

JAY
I have to go pay a long overdue
visit. Goodnight.

AGENT HOGAN
Night.

After Jay walks away, Hogan signals a vehicle to follow him.

INT. MONICA'S HOME--FOYER - SAME NIGHT

Lee greets Monica at the door.

LEE

Your son is in the family room.

She hugs Monica to ease her nerves. Monica walks on.

INT. MONICA'S HOME--FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Monica stops in the doorway then proceeds over to Jay, who stands by the fireplace. (NOTE: Her accent is Spanish.)

MONICA

Hello, Jason.

JAY

Mother. Lee and I had a long talk, she's highly accomplished. She loves you very much.

Monica just stares at him with a hint of suspicion.

JAY (CONT'D)

Would you sing me a song?

MONICA

I, I'm sorry, a song?

JAY

The sunshine song.

Monica's gaze is filled with hope and love.

MONICA

You are my sunshine, my only --

Budding emotions makes her stop. Jay hugs her.

MONTAGE:

INT. JAVIER'S HOME -- Scored-music only as Monica and Lee enters with Jay. A hug from Christina eases Monica's nerves.

Shannon holds up a painting. Happy, Monica caresses the girl's cheek, but she spots the furniture and goes grave.

Jay curiously witnesses her reaction.

INT. DINING ROOM -- FIVE FRIENDS (from Camp's funeral) have joined the dinner party. There's scrumptious-looking food, energetic conversation and laughter.

END MONTAGE.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--FAMILY ROOM - LATER, NIGHT

Jay and Monica enter.

JAY

...Hand-me-downs from long dead royals,
and Christina hates it. I've arranged
to have most of it auctioned off.

MONICA

Your father was very proud of his
heritage.

They sit on the sofa.

JAY

Hell has him now, none of that matters.
He destroyed you, mother.

(sad realization)

He destroyed our family, and you let
him. I...I just want to understand.

Monica touches his hand, but he pulls away causing her greater
pain. Jay takes her hand.

JAY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Monica forces composure.

MONICA

My father was very powerful. He was
also a cruel and deviant man. The
perversions we suffered, the beatings
mother received trying to protect us.
Then, one day, she stopped trying...

Pause while Jay absorbs this in horror.

MONICA (CONT'D)

I was sixteen when I married your
father. I thought that life was
behind me, but I was wrong.

JAY

You left one abuser for another,
it's all you've ever known. I was
wrong to blame you.

She stares at Jay in uncertainty and desperation.

MONICA

Can you ever forgive me?

JAY

Yes, mother, I forgive you.

Monica's breaks down in joyous relief. Jay engulfs her.

HALLWAY

Touched, Christina and Lee ease away.

EXT. JAVIER'S HOME - SAME NIGHT

Jay and Christina bid Monica and Lee goodnight, AD LIB.
Christina looks at her happy husband, and excels.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--LIVING ROOM - DAY

Only the ornate writing desk, and two overstuffed gold-framed chairs where Jay and Christina are sitting, remain.

Jay looks bewildered.

JAY

The blood of two sociopaths runs
through my veins. The times I've
gotten aggressive with you --

CHRISTINA

Never like that, you're nothing
them.

Jay rises, so she does likewise. He pulls her in for a kiss.
When they part he stare at Christina, whose smile eases his
strained expression.

JAY

I have a three hour break between
segments.

CHRISTINA

Good, I'll have dinner ready.

He hugs her then heads out.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--KITCHEN - LATER, NIGHT

Christina is fishing around inside the refrigerator.

CHRISTINA

Shannon?! Mommy's gotta go to
the store!

Shannon and Bojo run in. Christina hurries them out the door.

SOMETIMES LATER...

The door bust open. FOUR MENACING MEN rush in with drawn
guns. One has a photo of Christina in an art exhibit setting.

INT. JAY'S SUV - SAME NIGHT

Jay is in heavy traffic. His cell phone chimes.

JAY
Hey, Kelly, what's up?....
Good get, I'm on my way.

He maneuvers the vehicle over and turns right.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--KITCHEN - SAME NIGHT

The four gunmen reappear. One checks the stove.

MENACING MAN #1
She's close. That market, see
if you can find her.

Two men rush out, one with Christina's picture.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME NIGHT

Jay enters to Kelly's fear induced gestures at a closed door. He rushes to the phone, leans it off the cradle and dials 911.

Allister and Salles enter, with Ranson and Bippy fanning guns (Bippy still has wounds from the dog attack).

JAY
Drew Allister.

Salles hits him; Jay slams down on the bed.

ALLISTER
You're just like your father.

Salles pulls Jay up in his face then yields a smile that's almost friendly.

SALLES
I knew Camp.
(snarls)
And I know you. I'm Halo.

Jay ponders then quickly sparks recognition.

Salles witnesses it with pleasure. He roughly releases Jay.

SALLES (CONT'D)
Camp was master of the players cause I had his back. He wanted to run for office, so I paved the way. Then he wins and tells me he can't have a cholo lowlife hanging around.

Hurt, Salles glares at Jay.

SALLES (CONT'D)
He said that shit to my face!

Allister reacts disgusted with Salles.

ALLISTER
You know loyalty wasn't Camp's
strong suit, get a grip.

Embarrassed, Salles calm down with a scary grin.

SALLES
Yeah, it was all about Camp. He
especially didn't like me fuckin'
your mama.

ALLISTER
Monica.
(disgusted chuckle)
Get a fifth of bourbon down her
and she was anybody's side bitch.

BIPPY
Hey, why didn't I get to do her?!

An angry look from Allister silences him.

Jay's shameful expression is more about Kelly hearing this.

Kelly does look surprised, but she's more so scared. She
makes a run for the door.

Salles pulls his gun--Jay shoves his arm as he fires.

INT. POLICE STATION--DISPATCH -- CONTINUOUS

A FEMALE DISPATCH OFFICER beckons over TWO COPS, who puts on
headsets.

EXT. UPSCALE CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

From an UNSEEN OBSERVER'S POV:

Christina carries Shannon, and two wine bottles in a holder.
The observer steps away as if not wanting her to notice. She
turns her back. The observer closes in.

LUXURY CAR

Christina fiddles with her keys while Bojo gazes out at them.
Alerted, Bojo start yapping.

SHANNON

Mommy, some mens is come.

Christina spins around. Shannon is ripped from her arms and Christina snatched from view. A scream then two gunshots.

EXT MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

TWO COPS climb out of a cruiser. Another pulls up behind them.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Salles shoves Jay to the floor. Bippy roughly helps him up.

SALLES

Your father pleaded like a lit'l punk before I capped his skull.

BIPPY

Oh please don't kill me!

Bippy hoots.

Allister turns his aggravation on Salles.

ALLISTER

Why do you insist on having him around? He needs to be put away.

BIPPY

Don't send me back to that place!

SALLES

Shut-up, Bippy! -- Ranson keeps an eye on him. Drew, he's family.

Unsatisfied, Allister turns his annoyance on Jay.

ALLISTER

Camp wasn't as smart as he thought, and neither are you, newsman...

Allister has spotted the uncradled phone. He picks it up.

ALLISTER (CONT'D)

Hello? Is someone there?

INT. POLICE STATION--DISPATCH - CONTINUOUS

The dispatch officer looks at the engaged mute button.

INT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Allister slams the phone in the cradle then bitch slaps Jay. Jay's smug defiance causes Allister distress.

ALLISTER
The Carbolonis, is that who you called? -- It was him, he sicced those bastards on us.

Jay quizzically stares at him.

INT. ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE--OPS FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Hogan hurries over to Brokoff.

HOGAN
We have him for the councilman's murder, dispatch got it on tape.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
Go!

Hogan is out of there.

INT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Kelly attacks Ranson. She's tough, but she's no match for him. He knocks her out.

Jay jumps Salles and slips his hands in the man's jacket pockets. Salles shoves Jay off him. Ranson runs over, but Jay grabs him by the shirt twirling. He release Ranson.

While Ranson sails over the bed, Jay swings at Salles--who dodges the blow. Salles soon has him in a painful arm lock.

ALLISTER
Work him over, but don't kill him.
(to Jay)
Yet. When we get to Case Point, you will gladly tell me what I want to know.

Jay's glare remains on Allister as he brings his heel down hard on Salles' foot. Salles cries out while releasing him. Jay swings Allister a blood producing blow to the jaw that hurts his hand.

Bippy's meaty fist knocks Jay out cold.

RANSON
Please let me shoot this mother-fucker.

POLICE #3 (O.S.)

(bullhorn)

You folks in room five, yawl come
outside with your hands in the
air! Everybody else take cover!

Bippy (loudly) panics and shoots at the closed drapes. The
sound of shattering glass.

SALLES

Bippy you --

He's cut-off by shots coming back fast and furiously. They
all join Jay on the floor. Allister pulls his cell phone.

NEXT ROOM OVER

A terrified MAN in boxers, and a WOMAN wearing her
underclothes, have taken cover on the side of the bed.

Bang-bang-bang! A dresser explodes through the wall in a
cloud of plaster. Bippy is behind it. Salles follows.

The woman is about to scream, but Salles' aimed gun stops her.

Ranson drags an unconscious Jay through the hole.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

THREE COPS are crouched by the door. The next door opens.

Bippy uses the man in boxers as a shield, then Salles and
Ranson jump out behind them shooting, downing the three cops.

Allister dashes to his car and hops in the backseat.

Bippy, who's (loudly) excited, shoves the man in boxers to the
ground and shoots him multiple times.

The Feds arrive, followed by two cars of Allister's CRONIES.

The cronies hop out shooting. Two are quickly gunned down.

EXT. ALLISTER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Salles gets in the car with an angry Allister.

ALLISTER

He dialed nine-one-one, that's
why he said my name. I want the
sonofabitch erased from existence.

SALLES

Get him in here!

Bippy, who's (loudly) terrified having to duck bullets, drags Jay towards the car.

MOMENTS LATER

Allister and his cronies' vehicles tear out of the parking lot. Two grenades are slung at advancing feds.

Hogan and team run before they explode, injuring a few.

INT. CAR - SAME NIGHT

Jay comes to in the backseat. The sound of a door closing. He's frantic and in pain while turning onto his stomach.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jay slinks out on his belly. His upside down view reveals four pairs of panted legs in a huddle by another car.

His weight on the handle causes it to snap-off in his hand.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Jay cries out when the top of his head hits pavement. The rest of him flips out, sending him crash-landing on his back.

Jay fades in and out while watching four figures encircle him. One of them leans down. Jay looks confused.

JAY

Christina?

FADE TO WHITE...

CHRISTINA (V.O.)

Jay? Baby, wake up.

FADE IN:

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

Jay opens his eyes. He has bruises and scratches, but he looks okay. Christina smiles down at him.

AGENT HOGAN (O.S.)

Missus Javier?

Her smile vanishes. She stands with a chilly stare on Hogan.

AGENT HOGAN (CONT'D)

Please, ma'am, I really need to talk to your husband alone.

Something draws Hogan's attention downward. Bojo growls while going at his pant leg. Christina scoops up the dog and walks out.

Jay sits up holding his head.

AGENT HOGAN (CONT'D)

Your wife blames me for what happened. It's hard knowing someone that pretty hates my guts.

JAY

Ow...

AGENT HOGAN

I wanted to take you to the hospital, but she claims your head is too hard to crack. Why were you at the motel?

JAY

Kelly!

AGENT HOGAN

Paramedics treated her, she's fine.

Jay looks about.

JAY

Did Christina hang-up my jacket?

Hogan just stares at him.

Jay rises, studies himself then staggers to his closet with Hogan in tow. Jay turns and frowns.

JAY

Are you my shadow now?

AGENT HOGAN

You look like you're gonna fall over.

JAY

I'm fine, I just need something for the pain.

(beat)

Thanks for saving me.

Hogan grins.

AGENT HOGAN

I can tell that was hard.

Jay indicates he's right then opens the closet. Hogan takes it in in astonishment.

AGENT HOGAN
Damn, you're anal.

Jay grabs his jacket off the hook and closes the door.

JAY
Kelly called me with a lead they obviously fed her to get me there. How is it my wife was with you?

AGENT HOGAN
We have your house under surveillance. I'm afraid there's a few bullet holes here and there, and window panes to replace. You're gonna wanna new rug.

JAY
(shocked)
They were in my house?

AGENT HOGAN
The agents followed her to the market, then to the wine store where they spotted two goons sneaking up on her. They were neutralized. Two more were wounded in your game room.

He notes Jay's alarm.

AGENT HOGAN (CONT'D)
Your daughter's fine, and we'll have agents here around the clock.

Jay gestures appreciation, brushes at plaster on the jacket then retrieve a cell phone from the pocket.

JAY
I snaked this while I was getting my ass kicked.

Hogan tries to take the phone, but Jay shoves away his hand.

JAY (CONT'D)
I earned this, you can wait.
(scrolls through numbers)
Huh! Here's one I recognize.

Jay presses send. Hogan reaches for it, but Jay moves away.

AGENT HOGAN
What are you doing?

Jay holds up his hand to silence him.

JAY
Salles wants you there on time,
ese. You know the place?

Jay activates the speaker.

JUAN (O.S.)
...at the warehouse, and tell
him I don't need some piece
of shit lackey to remind me.

Jay cuts the connection then yells at the phone --

JAY
Melendez, tu fucking pendejo!
(calmly to Hogan)
My hunch paid off, we're leaving.

Jay slips into his shoes and heads out.

AGENT HOGAN
We who? Wait a minute!

JAY
(stops and turn)
Case Point. I suggest you find it.

AGENT HOGAN
Why?

JAY
Because that's where the bodies are
buried -- You got any pain pills?

Hogan follows him out.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hogan tails Jay down the stairs.

JAY
They admitted to killing my father.

AGENT HOGAN
We know, the nine-one-one dispatcher
got it all on tape.

Jay's expression leans toward not being happy to hear that.

JAY
What do you know about the warehouse?

AGENT HOGAN

I want that phone.

Jay holds it out then quickly pulls it back.

JAY

You know I can find out on my own.

Jay hands him the phone.

FOYER

TWO AGENTS are with Christina in the living room.

CHRISTINA

Jay, you can't leave. Jay?

She runs to him. He kisses her.

JAY

I love you.

He walks out. Hogan mouths "Me too" and closes the door behind them.

Christina's scowl is laced with worry.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SAME NIGHT

Hogan eases into position alongside Brokoff, with Jay in tow.

Jay spots FEDERAL AGENTS hidden throughout. He's stoked.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF

What's he doing here?

JAY

You forget, this is my party.

AGENT HOGAN

It's best he's here with us instead of showing up on his own.

A dark luxury vehicle pulls up. A stone-faced BLOND MAN steps out with his equally well-dressed CRONIES.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF

Kiev and his boys. Guess it's party time.

A fancy low-rider pulls up. MELENDEZ, age 35, and his CREW climb out looking like seasoned gang-bangers. Melendez and Kiev extend cool nods.

JAY (CONT'D)
You leaked information about
 Breed to the Carboloni crime
 family, you're trying to start
 a war. Aw, man, what a story.

Brokoff grabs Jay up in his face.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
 Do a story about this and I'll
 light-up your pesky ass myself.

He shoves Jay on his butt.

Ranson and the crony are punching the resisting agent mole when
 a shot is fired. The crony falls.

Salles and Ranson dash beside the van with guns drawn.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF (CONT'D)
 This is the FBI! Drop your --

Multiple gunfire come at them fast and furiously.

JAY
 (shaken/angry)
 That was brilliant.

Brokoff gives him a quick seething look and returns fire.

By the van, Salles takes aim at the agent mole--who pivots,
 missing the bullet. He takes off running. Pissed, Salles aims
 again, but Ranson pulls him toward the building next door.

Jay moves to a closer vantage point. He now has Salles in full
 view.

Salles looks back and flinches in shock. To him, it looks like
 Camp glaring at him, but it's Jay.

Ranson has to pull Salles through the door. It slams shut.

A fed hands the relieved agent mole a gun.

Jay watches feds run to the building and into the warehouse.
 The sound of a chopper. Jay looks up as it descends onto the
 roof of the eight-story structure.

JAY (CONT'D)
 Is that yours?

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
 No -- SEE WHAT THAT CHOPPER'S ABOUT,
 AND WATCH YOUR BACKS!

Agents bust open the door, but the chopper is ascending.

JAY

Damn!

Melendez, Kiev, and most of their cronies are gunned down. The others surrender.

Jay spies a shadow of an opening door in the back of the warehouse. He hurries away.

BACKSIDE OF WAREHOUSE

Allister, Bippy and four cronies run upon Jay. All come to an abrupt stop.

Allister grins.

Jay wilts.

ALLISTER

Kill him.

Multiple gunshots. Two cronies fall.

Allister cries out when hit in the stomach and shoulder.

Hogan latches onto Jay and slings the both of them behind a metal container before Bippy (loudly) opens fire.

Hogan lays fierce hands on Jay and body slams him. In pain, Jay rares back to punch Hogan, but he stops.

AGENT HOGAN

Go ahead, hit me.

JAY

So you can have me hauled off for hitting a federal agent? You won't get rid of me that easy.

AGENT HOGAN

What were you thinking?

JAY

I'm not gonna let DeBola slip away.

Jay pauses in despair.

JAY (CONT'D)

Yes, my father was corrupt, but they murdered him. I won't let DeBola slip away to create another new life for himself.

Agent Hogan studies Jay for several beats.

AGENT HOGAN
We'll get him, alright?

Jay is alerted by the sound of a car speeding by.

JAY
He's getting away!

Jay takes off after the car.

AGENT HOGAN
Wait!

Brokoff's unit screeches up alongside him.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
Get in here!

Jay hops in the back. Hogan climbs into the passenger seat. Brokoff speeds on.

INT. ALLISTER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Allister, who looks to be in severe pain, drift between reality and a scary place with lava-veined boulders and sounds of agony. Coming back, he spots the road block in a panic.

ALLISTER
Ra--ram it, bust through them!

The driver floors it.

INT. FED UNIT - CONTINUOUS

Jay hangs over the front seat, much to Hogan's annoyance. Alarmed, Jay grabs the radio away from Brokoff.

JAY
He's going for it, disable that car!

Hogan grabs the radio and shoves Jay against the backseat. They match glares.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

The alarmed Lead Officer turns to his team.

LEAD OFFICER
Disable the car, disable it!

They shoot at the rapidly approaching car. It sways and crashes into a parked rig, sparking a fire.

Bippy slinks out through the flames. He catches fire but rolls it out, then he crawls away unnoticed.

INT. ALLISTER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Allister recovers to flames growing outside his window. Suddenly, Camp's face folds out of the fire laughing at him. Allister hollers, then the door opens. He's yanked out.

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME NIGHT

Jay stands by the ambulance watching Allister, who's on a gurney.

Allister appears locked in a state of sheer terror.

Curious, Jay follows his gaze to the burning car only to stiffen in fright.

An inflamed soul beckons for Allister to come. Suddenly, it looks at Jay then lowers its head and vanishes into the fire.

Jay's fear erodes to anguish. He takes a moment to force composure then strolls over to Allister.

JAY

My father's waiting for you.

Allister looks at him trembling. The PARAMEDICS load him into the ambulance.

ALLISTER

I don't wanna die, please don't
let me die.

Jay walks away to Allister's continuous pleas, AD LIB.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME - SAME NIGHT

Jay pulls into the driveway and climbs out. His cell phone chimes. He looks at the screen. It's a blocked caller.

JAY

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH: INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE

Display lights are all that's on. Salles, who's drunk, is alone with the bar phone to his ear.

SALLES

You're nothin' like your father.
Breed was his baby, the syndicate
of a lifetime. He said nobody
would see it comin' and he was
right. Camp was a true visionary...

He stares into space with sad longing, then rage takes over.

SALLES (CONT'D)

You're not him! Just some pussy
ass púto wearin' his body.

He chuckles, pours a drink and picks up the glass.

SALLES (CONT'D)

If only I'd let him live to see
his biggest failure. You.

JAY

But you didn't let him live.

Salles throws the glass and withers in despair.

SALLES

No. I didn't wanna...we were like
brothers and he just...

(pauses in agony)

I lied, he didn't plead for his
life, he didn't even blink. Camp
was smooth to the end.

Salles hangs up and slowly walks out.

BACK TO JAY

who appears conflicted. He walks up to Christina, who's
waiting in the doorway. They hugs then enter the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JAVIER'S HOME--BACKYARD - NIGHT

Jay gazes into the large pottery oven where his 'box of
disorder' is burning. In the flames a face attempts to form,
but Jay shakes his head.

JAY

It's over.

The distortion burst into a cluster of embers that float out
into the sky and vanishes.

Jay walks away.

INT. MONICA'S HOME--FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Jay and Monica sit in a somber mood, his facial bruises minor.

JAY

He loved dad, I felt sorry for him.

MONICA

Halo envied Camp's love for you, that's why your father turned against him. He wanted him out of your life. Halo is dangerous, and he's still out there.

JAY

Yeah, well, whether they catch him or not, I'm done with this.

Off Monica, whose concern for him is evident.

EXT. JAVIER'S HOME - DAY

-- To Establish.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--SUN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Christina is painting. She looks up when Jay enters dressed for work. With Shannon in his arms, Bojo jumps up around them.

SHANNON

Daddy, pick Bojo up.

Jay, moving a tad stiffly, puts her down and picks up the dog.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Daddyyy? I wanna be pick' up, too.

JAY

(puts down Bojo)
How 'bout I not pick up neither?

Shannon pouts and runs out. The dog charges out after her.

JAY

(takes in the painting)
It looks great.

CHRISTINA

You always say that.

JAY

It's always true -- I have a month's worth of leave time. Mother spends summers at their house in Santa Barbara, she wants us to fly out.

CHRISTINA
Santa Barbara on canvas? I'm in.

He pecks her a kiss and heads out.

JAY
You now got Shannon duty.

CHRISTINA
Shannon, where are you?!

SHANNON (O.S.)
Me 'n Bojo playing hide and seek!
Come find us!

CHRISTINA
Okay, start counting to fifty!

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Shannon and Bojo hide under the desk. She starts to count...

INT. ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE--BROKOFF'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

Brokoff ends what appears to be a troubling phone call. He quickly recovers when Hogan enters dressed like a paramedic.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
His attorney knows we snatched him.

AGENT HOGAN
Then they shouldn't've tried that
ol' school breakout stunt. We let
'em load his heavy ass in the ambu-
lance before moving in.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
Where is he?

AGENT HOGAN
In the infirmary, he's talking
crazy. His accomplices can monitor
him; we'll take 'em to booking
later -- I gotta go, I have to
return the ambulance.

When he leaves Brokoff's concern resurfaces with a hint of fear.

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--OFFICE - SAME DAY

Shannon struggles to count her thirties. Through the door a scary silhouette of Salles, Ranson and Bippy drifts by.

Alerted, the dog tries to get away. Shannon grips him tighter.

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - SAME DAY

FIVE SEXY YOUNG WAITRESSES take CRONIES' drink orders. THREE BARTENDERS work the bar.

Ranson and Bippy manhandle Christina inside. She pulls away. A crony walks up and feels her tits. Christina jumps him, pouncing like a seasoned street-fighter.

Salles pulls her off the faltering crony and slings her aside. A point of his gun stops her attack on him.

CHRISTINA

Why did you bring me here?

SALLES

(leers, puts away gun)

Jason's mama was a good piece of ass in her day. You'll be even better.

Christina's wicked smirk surprises him.

CHRISTINA

I paid my way through college on fuzzy ol' farts like you.

Stunned, Salles attempts a quick recovery.

SALLES

You haven't seen what I got for you.

CHRISTINA

Don't try to mess with my head, limpy.

She grabs his crotch.

Startled, Salles jumps back and stares at her like she's crazy.

Christina spreads a cool grin.

CHRISTINA

You still gotta lit'l something down there.

Shaken, he beckons over TWO BRUTS to watch her and walks away.

Christina's fear peeks through. She spots ten associates (from the gentlemen's club). Nine proceed through the side door.

Associates #1 meet-up with Salles, who scowls at him.

ASSOCIATE #1

It wasn't me, Blum ordered the escape attempt.

SALLES

I'd already arranged for the charges to be dropped.

They head to the side door.

Salles looks back at Christina, who leers at him. He hurries through the door. Thrown, the associate follows.

Off Christina, whose power act erodes to fear.

INT. NEWSROOM--JAY'S WORKSTATION - SAME DAY

Jay is keying on the computer when his cell phone chimes.

JAY

Hey, Landy, did Bojo get out again?...No, Christina would never leave Shannon --

Jay stops in horror.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING--ELEVATORS - CONTINUOUS

Jay frantically waits for the elevator to open then hurries inside.

EXT. ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE - SAME DAY

Jay speeds up to the building and hops out running. He peers inside. It's empty. He dashes around to the covered fence.

JAY

Agent Hogan?!

INT. ICE CREAM WAREHOUSE---OPS FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

An agent stares at one of a bank of security monitors.

AGENT #1

Is that that reporter?

Brokoff walks over and glares at the monitor.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF

Idiot! He's gonna get himself shot.
(into the radio)

Bring him in.

AGENT #1

Sir, how did he find us?

Brokoff spots the Bow Boy's Ice Cream sign and looks up.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF

Why is that sign still in here?

Agents look ready to reply.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF (CONT'D)

Get it out!

He stomps away.

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - SAME DAY

Christina spots something interesting.

THREE FOREIGN MEN, ages 50 to 60, have entered. They project an air of power and wealth, their ethnicity, headdress, and clothes a depiction of their respective nations.

Christina appears spellbound. Suddenly, they look at her and extend a cool nod. A waitress comes over to escorts them to the side door. Christina continues to stare after them.

INT. ICE CREAM FACTORY--OPS FLOOR - SAME DAY

Hogan enters. Brokoff beckons him to follow him.

INT. ICE CREAM FACTORY--BROKOFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Hogan and Brokoff walk in on Jay, who's impatiently waiting.

AGENT HOGAN

We're gonna find your wife.

JAY

How?

AGENT HOGAN

I'll lean on BeBe and her goons.

JAY

There's no time for that -- You were already onto DeBola, you have information. Please, let me see it.

Brokoff considers the request then goes to his desk, unlocks a drawer and removes the TOP SECRET file.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF

There's nothing current that'll help.

While Jay opens the file, Hogan draws closer to Brokoff.

AGENT HOGAN
Why haven't I seen that file?

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
You don't have authorization to
see it, let alone him.

Jay is reviewing the organizational chart --below Percy's name is Halo Sifuentes with all other names tiered below him.

JAY
Salles, he's Salles.

Hogan and Brokoff look at the name. Brokoff quickly keys into his computer.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
It says he died in ninety-eight.

JAY
Oh, he's alive. I remember he
didn't like me much, and he
likes me a lot less now.

Stoked, Brokoff reads the screen.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
There was a trust. Salles was the
beneficiary and it included
several properties.

INT. ICE CREAM FACTORY--OPS FLOOR - SAME DAY

Jay, Hogan and Brokoff gaze at one of the large wall-mounted monitors with many heat signatures. Agent #1 brings up the next monitor, the back room with fifty-plus images.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
Looks like they're holding a summit.

Hogan studies the first monitor.

AGENT HOGAN
There. That has to be your wife.

Jay anxiously centers on three figures away from the others.

EXT. URBAN CITY STREET - LATER, NIGHT

High-end cars line the street. Limos pull up to drop off well-dressed BOSSES. All enter the bar. A sign reads PRIVATE PARTY closed to public.

ROOF

Jay takes in activity below, then he spies AGENTS gearing up. He spots more agents moving into position on adjacent roofs.

Brokoff ends his phone call.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
We have less than an hour to get
Missus Javier out of there.

Brokoff looks worried, a bad sign for Jay. He scans the street to THREE NEIGHBORHOOD GUYS hanging out down the way, then to a nearby tray of earpieces.

INT. CAR - SAME NIGHT

Sexy Lena's driving. Her cell phone chimes --Jason Javier's name is on the dash screen. She activates it.

INTERCUT: EXT. ROOFTOP

Jay speaks quietly while walking away from the agents.

JAY
I need your help.

LENA
What's going on?

JAY
It's risky. Look, I need you to help me play a role. Lena, these people have my wife, I'm sure they plan to kill her. Please help me.

Three beats.

LENA
Where are you?

SOMETIMES LATER...

Brokoff spots Jay--who slyly signals him from the bar entrance.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
Aw, hell.

He and Agent #1 watch Jay, Sexy Lena and the three neighborhood guys enter the bar.

AGENT #1
What's he up to?

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Jay slips on mirrored sunglasses, blending in well with the three guys in his company. One, like him, has slicked-back hair and wears a short-sleeve tee-shirt and sunglasses.

Sexy Lena is getting a good amount of attention while hanging all over Jay.

Christina spies them in strained disinterest.

JAY
These some big money rollers.

GUY #1
Yeah and you're buyin', so hurry up before they throw us outta here.

Jay hands him some greenbacks.

JAY
Crown 'n Coke for me, baby.

Lena and the guys head to the bar.

Jay maneuvers around cronies and spots Christina. He strolls over with a grin.

JAY (CONT'D)
Baby, your ol' man know he's gotta keep you under heavy guard. Call me Bojo 'n I'll be your lit'l puppy.

Christina's absent stare intensifies. Contained recognition.

JAY (CONT'D)
Girl, I can fall in love with you.

BRUT #1
Back off.

Jay coolly steps back and stares at Christina.

Brut #1 studies him suspiciously.

BRUT #1 (CONT'D)
Who's your boss?

Jay loudly kisses at Christina. Lena is on him.

LENA
What the fuck?! You flirtin' with that bitch with me here?!

She slaps him. Hard.

JAY
What the fuck?!

He shoves her. She comes back swinging. They fall into Christina--Jay slips an earpiece into her ear before Brut #1 slings Lena off him. The other roughly hustles up Jay.

LENA
Tu puto, I'll kill you and that bitch!

The bartender and Ranson rush in, followed by Salles.

SALLES
What the hell's goin' on?

BARTENDER
They're regulars -- We're closed, take that shit outside! Yawl, too, Derrick, get outta here!

GUY #1
What about all these fancy fucks?
We ain't good enough no more?

Two fancy fucks draw guns, prompting Jay-and-the-gang to flee.

BARTENDER
Shitheads.

Salles glances at Christina then returns to where he came.

EXT. URBAN CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

The neighborhood guys are furious.

GUY #1
You don't act like that in public!
To hell with yawl, and we keepin' the money.

They detour and walk on. Jay turns on Lena.

JAY
Ouch!

LENA
Sorry, just trying to keep it real.
Does it hurt?

JAY
Only when I breath.

Amused, she snuggles up against him as they head for the alley.

JAY (CONT'D)
You did great. Thank you.

EXT. URBAN CITY STREET--ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Jay appears. Brokoff and agents rush over.

JAY
Thanks to my very abusive accomplice,
I managed to slip my wife an ear
piece.

AGENT #1
That you took without permission.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
Unimportant -- Is she wearing it?

JAY
I put it in myself.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
Okay, give me the set-up.

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Christina's head is down.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF (V.O.)
Missus Javier, I'm Assisted Director
Brokoff. Your husband ran his own
Op coming in there -- I'll deal with
him later -- What's going down will
happen soon. Be ready, get low, and
find cover.

EXT. URBAN CITY STREET--COCKTAIL LOUNGE - SAME NIGHT

There are multiple cliques hanging outside when the CARBOLONI
convoy rolls up. GANGSTER MEN and WOMEN hop out shooting.

ROOFTOP

Sniper fire says agents are also downing Breed cronies.

Jay spots Hogan and team charging inside the bar. He attempts
to leave. Two agents grab him on the jump.

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

It's pandemonium. Ranson and Bippy are gunned down. The ten associates charge out shooting. They're quickly killed by advancing Carboloni gangsters working in tandem with agents.

Salles uses falling comrades as cover to get to Christina, who rapidly crawls toward the bathroom. He grabs her ankle.

Christina picks up a whisky bottle and flips over batting Salles' head. He's dazed, giving her time to get inside.

Salles spots the earpiece on the floor. Enraged, he kicks open the door and glares down. Christina's on her belly looking up at him. He takes aim.

Hogan fires on Salles, killing him.

Cronies surrender, then BUSINESSMEN start to stream in from the side door with their hands in the air.

EXT. URBAN STREET--ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Jay is still in the clutches of agents. He watches Carbolonis hurry out, hop into vehicles and tear out of there. Fives beats later, Christina exits flanked by two agents.

Jay is released. He takes off running.

EXT. URBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Christina spots Jay and runs to him.

CHRISTINA

Shannon?

JAY

She's with Landy.

Relieved, Christina kisses him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--OFFICE - LATER, SAME NIGHT

Jay and Hogan are kicked back with drinks in hand, and a bottle of Crown Royal nearby. Both look mellow.

JAY

What a day.

AGENT HOGAN

Yeah...and you're a bad influence,
I'm still on duty.

Pause for several beats while they enjoy their drink.

AGENT HOGAN (CONT'D)
Closure; it feels good, doesn't it?

JAY
Now you sound like my wife.

AGENT HOGAN
You mean your slap-happy-fine wife?

JAY
You should memorize the tenth
commandment. You know, the one
about not coveting another
man's ass.

Hogan chuckles.

JAY (CONT'D)
And what's the deal with Brokoff?

AGENT HOGAN
He's a damn good agent. Why?

JAY
Coordinating a takedown with the
Carbaloni crime family? That's
pretty dark.

His cell phone chimes. Jay shows the screen to Hogan--who gestures an emphatic "no." Jay grins and hits the speaker.

JAY
You made a deal with the devil.

INTERCUT WITH: INT. BROKOFF'S OFFICE

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF
The decision was made way above
the bureau.

JAY
Really?
(ponders)
It's somebody he nurtured up the
ranks, that would make sense.

ASST. DIR BROKOFF
What are you talking about?

JAY

Who would order an alliance with so many scary variables? A powerful political player who Allister still owns. Someone was desperate for an out, I can smell it.

Hogan gestures that it sounds logical then sips his drink.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF

And now he's under the Carbalonis' thumb, how does that make sense?

Jay frowns when Hogan indicates that that's a good question.

JAY

(more to Hogan)

It makes perfect sense. Carbaloni senior has fifteen-years left on his sentence, but he's old and his family's been trying to get him released.

Hogan considers this with interest.

Brokoff shift uncomfortably.

JAY (CONT'D)

A presidential pardon, and taking over Allister's vast network, that equals a trade-off. Learning how they all hooked up, now that's what would be interesting.

Brokoff's demeanor turns chilling.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF

Tell me, just how determined are you to prove your...hypotheses?

Jay stiffens like he knows he's stepped in it.

JAY

About as far as this conversation -- So, I hear Allister was released from the hospital.

Brokoff smiles knowingly.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF

Yes, and all charges were dropped.

JAY

What?

Hogan looks equally suprised.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF

I received the order for his release earlier today. Since his contacts were either dead or indisposed, the Carbolonis offered to send a driver to pick him up. He should be resting right about now -- We need to meet before you report on today's events.

JAY

I can come by in the morning before heading to the station.

ASST. DIR. BROKOFF

Perfect, see you then.

Jay hangs up and looks at Hogan. They pour another drink.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAVIER'S HOME--BEDROOM - DAY

Christina straightens an impressionist painting of the three foreign men, who intrigued her during her frightful ordeal.

When she leaves the CREDITS start to scroll, then more art is revealed throughout the room during Jay's final broadcast:

JAY (V.O.)

...Case Point was Allister's secret graveyard where, in a twist of irony, his own body was found bludgeoned and decapitated three years ago -- In other news, Vince Carbaloni celebrated the wedding of his granddaughter to Vice President Brokoff's eldest son. The couple was married this weekend in Rome...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.