

AN EYE FOR THE GAME

Written by

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Based on his novel with the same title

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An Eye for the Game

FADE IN:

EXT. MEDICAL CLINIC - NIGHT

SUPER: Twenty Years Ago, Reykjavik, Iceland

A short, stocky, African American businessman, MR. OKEKE (38) guides his exceedingly tall, frightened son, TOMAL (7) to the steps of a medical building, like a lamb to the slaughter. The boy removes Coke-bottle-thick eyeglasses to read the sign: Reykjavik Erfafraei (Reykjavik Genetics).

MR. OKEKE

Wanna be the best basketball player
in the world, don't you son?

TOMAL OKEKE

(unsure)
Yeah, Dad. But, I'm only seven.

MR. OKEKE

Every parent wants what's best for
their child, don't they son?

INT. PRO BASKETBALL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

SUPER: Present Day

Ever-smiling TV reporter, JASMINE "JAZZ" RIVERA (25), an Aztec beauty in a tight-fitting, buttoned-up white satin blouse and black pants plans a post-game interview with cameraman/boyfriend, CHRIS GLEASON (28, ruggedly handsome).

JAZZ

Tomal should be out any minute.
Hey, Chris, zoom in on the owner's
box. I heard screaming.

Chris aims his camera and dish-microphone toward the owner's box. They see a short, fat man, LENNY ANDERSON (60) dressed in a Hawaiian shirt YELLING at a petit Asian woman, DR. HUAN LI (50s) dressed in a pantsuit. Dr. Li races out toward the clubhouse.

CHRIS

Out of range, and Frank is buzzing
you from the studio.

Jazz covers her microphone as a gruff voice YELLS into her EARPIECE.

FRANK (O.S.)

Sixty seconds of fluff from that loser Okeke for the late news. Got it, Rivera? And show some cleavage!

JAZZ

They got ousted from the playoffs. Tomal was gracious to talk to us. Had a bad night and his team was crushed by the largest margin since the Minneapolis Lakers lost to St. Louis Hawks in fifty-six. And no on the cleavage.

FRANK (O.S.)

Are you gaining weight? You look chunky.

JAZZ

Your men in the booth are chunky, Frank. Shall we compare waistlines?

FRANK (O.S.)

Now, that weather girl, Abby Kirkland...

Chris smiles at Jazz as he cups his hands under his chest.

JAZZ

(Interrupting)

Hold on, Frank! Interrupted from national.

Chris covers his microphone and chuckles, as Jazz listens carefully to the voice of a REPORTER (40) in her earpiece.

REPORTER (O.S.)

FBI agents raided the home of Dr. Magnus Olsen, the physician linked to steroid labs across the country.

Jazz COVERS her microphone again.

JAZZ

Oh boy, another steroids story. Let's get over it.

REPORTER (O.S.)

High-profile sports agent, Lenny Anderson, was questioned and released early this morning.

CHRIS

Okeke's here, Frank. Gotta go.

FRANK (O.S.)
One minute of fluff. Then you can
get that vacation, Rivera.

JAZZ
After three years, Frank?
(sarcastically)
I don't know what to say.

Jazz waves to TOMAL OKEKE, now 28; a 6'10", who grudgingly
walks towards her with Dr. Li protectively at his side.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
Thanks for doing this, Tomal.
Sorry about the loss.

TOMAL OKEKE
Urrrg.

DR. LI
No medical questions.

CHRIS
We understand. Don't we, Jazz?

JAZZ
Entirely. What could go wrong in
one minute?

CHRIS
We're live in five, four...

Chris counts down with his fingers, three, two, one. Six
HECKLERS (mixed ages, drunk) from the crowd gather around to
pester them.

JAZZ
Jazz Rivera live with Denver team
captain Tomal Okeke. Tomal, thanks
for joining us after a
disappointing loss, but the young
players provide hope for next year.

TOMAL OKEKE
The younger players did a better
job than we old-timers. We're all
sorry about the loss. Next year...

HECKLER #1
Better take more performance-
enhancing drugs, Okeke!

JAZZ

(politely)

Excuse us, please, we're trying to finish this interview.

(pauses)

And, I'm sorry to hear about your father, Tomal. He loved the game.

HECKLER #2

You suck, Okeke. You too, lady. Admit it, Okeke, you took 'roids.

DR. LI

Let's go, Tomal. We're done here.

JAZZ

I'm sorry, Tomal. One more question.

CHRIS

We're interrupted from national. Someone abducted the President of the International Olympic Committee at the Denver Airport.

As Tomal and Dr. Li begin to walk away, one heckler throws a beer at Tomal's back. Jazz in a rage, drops her microphone and chases the drunk HECKLER #1 over many rows of seats and tackles him until two Security Guards (60) and a POLICEMAN (45) finally arrive.

POLICEMAN

Channel 8. Jazz Rivera. Thanks for apprehending this sore loser. We'll need your statement and that video at the station.

CHRIS

Great!

HECKLER #1

He missed wide open shots. Can't see worth a damn. Dude needs help.

JAZZ

You need help. Asshole's Anonymous.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

DETECTIVE GORDON (50, sloppy) is pulled away from a frantic CHIEF DETECTIVE (60, neat) and team of FOUR DETECTIVES (mixed ages). He TRUDGES to Jazz and Chris at his desk.

DETECTIVE GORDON
I get pulled off an abduction case
for a disgruntled beer-throwing
fan? Give me a minute to start a
report.

Jazz doesn't look up from her SAMSUNG iPad. Chris nods O.K.

JAZZ
Only two NBA players have ever
tested positive for steroids.
Drunken fool.

DETECTIVE GORDON
Not as bad as in baseball?

JAZZ
Records fell faster than respect
for the game. Don't get me started.

DETECTIVE GORDON
Got quite a temper.

CHRIS
Tell me about it.

Jazz gives Chris an evil eye.

JAZZ
The idiot insults my hero, throws a
beer at us, and I tackle him.

CHIEF DETECTIVE (O.S.)
Somebody find out what the
President of the IOC was doing in
Denver before the damn FBI gets
here.

JAZZ
Poor Tomal. I should apologize for
not arranging better security.

CHRIS
Frank is really pissed.

DETECTIVE GORDON
Mr. Okeke checked into Saint
Anthony's Hospital. I sent an
officer to ward off vicious fans.
He's three floors up. You gonna
climb?

EXT. ROCK CLIMBING CLIFF - DAY

Chris helps Jazz get into a rock climbing harness, fondling her gorgeous legs. She playfully resists.

JAZZ

Just teach me that rappelling stuff.

CHRIS

Gotta climb before you can fall. Crazy idea.

JAZZ

I'm just going to hold a sign outside his window that says, "I'm sorry."

CHRIS

Can't you send him a card? Flowers? You're afraid of heights, remember?

Chris LEADS the way up a thirty-foot rock face. Jazz follows with GREAT DIFFICULTY. She SLIPS several times. Half-way up, things look shaky.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You fall, you'll pull me down too.

JAZZ

Sorry. No depth perception. Bad left eye.

Jazz LOOKS DOWN and is FRIGHTENED.

CHRIS

Since when?

JAZZ

Snowboarding accident when I was fourteen. No tennis or golf college scholarships for me.

CHRIS

Fine time to tell me. I'll get to the top and rope in. Don't move!

Chris expertly CLIMBS to the top, wraps the rope around him, and pulls the rope tight. JAZZ remains FRIGHTENED.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Jazz, climb slowly keeping three points of contact at all times.

Jazz FUMBLES near the top, but SLIPS down a step, almost pulling Chris over the top. Jazz GRUNTS to the top and goes to HUG Chris, who SHUNS her.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Working, dating three years. Why didn't you tell me about your eye?

JAZZ

I don't elicit pity, and it doesn't hold me back. Nothing does.

CHRIS

(mumbling)

Could've hurt us on that rock wall.

JAZZ

How do I get down?

CHRIS

I taught you to climb up. Now you want me to show you how to go down?

JAZZ

(giving in)

Isn't that extortion?

Jazz RUSHES to Chris to KISS his neck.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Tonight. After I buy you dinner.

CHRIS

Not fair. Delayed gratification.

JAZZ

(laughing)

You'll get your rocks off. Now get me off this damn rock.

But Jazz OBSERVES a crowd of climbers down below watching an EXPERT CLIMBER, (ANTHONY BENEDETTI) 28, tall and lanky, on a much steeper cliff. She STARES at the graceful climber.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Sorry. Who's that?

CHRIS

That's a class five-point-one-two cliff. Only one guy climbs like that: Anthony Benedetti, "The Spider".

JAZZ

Anthony Benedetti, the Olympic cyclist and Tour de France cyclist, kicked out for blood doping?

CHRIS

A better climber, and nobody tests climbers.

(beat)

Uh oh, the Spider's in trouble.

JAZZ

Oh my God. I can't look.

Jazz FREEZES as she turns to watch 'The Spider' get stuck on a very steep cliff. Her fear of heights returns.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Now, teach me how to rappel. Please, Sweetie? For that nice dinner?

CHRIS

And a sleepover?

JAZZ

More extortion? Okay.

CHRIS

But hanging off a hospital roof outside Tomal's room was just a joke, right?

JAZZ

Flowers and a card. You're right. Get me down, and pick me up tonight at eight.

(beat)

If I don't die getting down.

Jazz CHUCKLES nervously. Chris slowly BELAYS Jazz.

EXT. DENVER STREETS - EVENING

Chris, nicely dressed, MUMBLES to himself as he crosses town in a decked out black Jeep Wrangler. We NOTICE his CLIMBING GEAR is still in the back.

CHRIS

Maybe tonight.

Chris TAPS a small jewelry box in his coat pocket.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 Don't know after today. She holds
 things back. See how it goes.

He PULLS UP to her apartment as she ENTERS the lobby in her
 best short black dinner dress and carrying a BOUQUET of
 flowers and a HUGE CARD. Chris TAPS the jewelry box as he
 LEAPS out to open her door.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 Wow!

JAZZ
 One quick stop at St. Anthony's,
 then the night is yours.

They drive to the hospital in SILENCE.

EXT./INT. ST. ANTHONY'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Chris PARKS the car and FOLLOWS Jazz into the hospital.

JAZZ
 Don't trust me? Quick delivery,
 and straight to dinner.

CHRIS
 The detective said you'll never get
 into his room. It's guarded.

JAZZ
 Do I look dangerous to you?

CHRIS
 Very.

Inside the lobby, Jazz MOTIONS for Chris to sit and wait,
 while she takes the flowers and card to the INFORMATION DESK,
 where a CLERK (40) awaits.

CLERK
 May I help you?

JAZZ
 (whispering)
 Jazz Rivera. Perhaps you've seen me
 on TV. May I deliver flowers for
 my dear friend, Tomal Okeke?
 Second floor, right?

CLERK
 No, and no. I'll see the flowers
 get to him.

The clerk GRABS the flowers, but Jazz WRESTLES them back. Jazz and Chris exchange an awkward GLANCE. Jazz WATCHES the clerk dial a number on the phone (#6001).

CLERK (CONT'D)
 (into the phone)
 Send down a volunteer to deliver
 flowers to Mr. Okeke?

JAZZ
 (whispering)
 I'll just take the flowers to my
 sick Auntie on the third floor.

Jazz takes the elevator to the sixth floor and SEES a rookie POLICEMAN (24) outside the room that is four doors from the elevator. She steps out of the elevator and walks down the opposite hallway to the STAIRCASE. Inside the staircase, she NOTICES a SIGN to the rooftop heliport. Jazz races down the stairs to the bottom floor, uses the flowers to prop the door open, races to Chris's car, GRABS the climbing gear, then SNEAKS back into the stairwell and up to the roof. She paces from the elevator to the spot above Tomal's room, ROPES UP (in her tight black dress), KICKS OFF her heals, and TUCKS the folded card in the climbing harness. Although FRIGHTENED of heights, she lowers herself over the side of the hospital.

Jazz is outside Tomal's window and EYES him, Dr. Li, and a diminutive OPHTHALMOLOGIST (55) EXAMINING Tomal's eyes.

Jazz clumsily unfolds her card that reads "Sorry Tomal, from Jazz" and prepares to tap on the window. Suddenly, Tomal's door opens, and Anthony Benedetti, DISGUISED in a surgical mask and scrubs, races in HOLDING a SYRINGE. He pushes the ophthalmologist to the floor, kicks Dr. Li, and prepares to inject Tomal, when Jazz POUNDS on the window from outside. Everyone LOOKS surprised. Benedetti FLEES the room.

Jazz is STUCK HANGING when two police cars arrive, SIRENS BLARING.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The police station is LIT UP like Judgment Day. Phones are RINGING wildly. The same group of detectives exchange PHOTOGRAPHS of EINAR STEFÁNSSON, (65) silver-haired president of the International Olympic Committee. The Chief Detective is out of view and yelling.

CHIEF DETECTIVE (O.S.)
 The FBI may have the case, but
 we're going to find Mr. Einar
 Stefansen. Gordon, your friends are
 back!

Detective Gordon TRUDGES to his desk to see an ANGRY Chris
 and a SMILING Jazz with her HANDS behind her back.

DETECTIVE GORDON
 Welcome back, Ms. Rivera and Mr.
 Gleason. Let me cut off those riot
 cuffs. The You Tube video is
 punishment enough.

Jazz TURNS HER BACK to Detective Gordon, and he CUTS OFF the
 plastic riot cuffs. Chris ROLLS HIS EYES in disgust.

JAZZ
 Thanks, Detective Gordon. You Tube?

DETECTIVE GORDON
 Bearded bum with an iPhone called
 you the human piñata he's going to
 marry.

CHRIS
 It wasn't me.

DETECTIVE GORDON
 We're getting his statement now.
 Your TV station aired it.
 Hilarious. No one's pressing
 charges. Rookie cop on guard says
 you frightened off the assailant.

Jazz's iPhone RINGS a text message from her boss, Frank.

JAZZ
 (reading her phone)
 Bastard fired me.

CHRIS
 We'll get your job back when Frank
 cools off.

ADAM MAGNUSSON (28, handsome, but disguised as a bum with a
 LONG BROWN BEARD and THICK EYEGLASSES, is led by Detective #1
 (45) past Detective Gordon's desk. Detective #1 STOPS and
 Adam GAWKS at Jazz.

DETECTIVE #1
 This bum who posted the video. Says
 he saw legs and nothing else.

Adam WINKS at Jazz as Detective #1 LEADS him away.

CHIEF DETECTIVE (O.S.)
Clear your desks, people. We still
have the IOC snatcher on the loose.

DETECTIVE GORDON
Guess you're free to go.

Jazz wastes no time exiting with Chris in tow.

JAZZ
They haven't found the president of
the Olympic Committee?

CHRIS
Might be too busy with fan-tacklers
and human piñatas.

JAZZ
Sorry, Chris. Got carried away.
(laughs)
In handcuffs.

Chris shakes his head in disgust.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
I'm going to hang here. I'll catch
a cab back to your place. We'll
have pizza and snuggle. I promise.

Chris snarls and exits. Jazz CIRCLES back to Detective
Gordon's desk.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
Do you think the attacker was after
Tomal, Dr. Li, or the eye doctor?

DETECTIVE GORDON
Mr. Okeke and Dr. Li are giving
statements down the hall. Wait for
them outside and ask them yourself.

Jazz races toward the exit.

JAZZ
I'll be in the parking lot.

EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jazz SPOTS Tomal's Cadillac limo and races to it. The
driver, a dapper Latino, HECTOR REYES (35), hops out to shake
Jazz's hand.

HECTOR REYES
 Jazz Rivera. I'm Hector Reyes.
 Love your TV work, and that You
 Tube video tonight. Nice...

JAZZ
 Nice to meet you, Hector. When is
 Tomal coming out?

HECTOR REYES
 Five minutes. Just texted me.

JAZZ
 That'll give me time to research
 eye surgery.

Jazz GOOGLES "athlete's eye surgery" and her IPAD LIGHTS UP
 with webpages.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
 Hector, get this. Hundreds of pro
 athletes get laser surgery each
 year.

HECTOR REYES
 For 20-20 vision? Nothing new.

JAZZ
 For 15-20 vision. To get an
 advantage on their competitors.

HECTOR REYES
 Perfectly legal, Miss Jazz.

JAZZ
 (mumbles)
 But is it fair?

Jazz GOOGLES "athlete's elective surgery," and again her IPAD
 LIGHTS UP. She scans several stories quickly.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
 High-school pitchers get Tommy John
 surgery, and the doctors double-
 wrap the elbow.

HECTOR REYES
 Double wrap?

JAZZ
 Doctors replace one tendon with
 two. Could add a few miles per hour
 on the heater, and earn a kid a
 scholarship, or get him drafted.

HECTOR REYES
Everybody wins.

JAZZ
Not the batters he faces. Doesn't
seem like a level playing field.

HECTOR REYES
Here comes Mr. Okeke. Please don't
upset him, Miss Jazz.

Tomal Okeke LIMPS and Dr. Li SCURRIES to the limo. Hector
OPENS the doors.

JAZZ
Mr. Okeke, I'm so sorry for
everything that has happened.

TOMAL OKEKE
Grrrrr. But, glad you're here.

DR. LI
Saves us from hunting you down.

TOMAL OKEKE
Hop in. We'll drive you home.

JAZZ
Heading to my boyfriend's house for
a late dinner. This is great.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

The streets of Denver glimmer in the rear window between
Tomal and Dr. Li.

JAZZ
I was a little overzealous.

TOMAL OKEKE
Your boss, Frank, called to
apologize. Said you're a loose
cannon. Fired your ass.

DR. LI
But that crazy window stunt may
have saved Tomal's life.

TOMAL OKEKE
(weakened tone)
So we have a job for you. We
admire your tenacity.
(MORE)

TOMAL OKEKE (CONT'D)
 You know sports. And it's highly
 confidential.

JAZZ
 Couple of questions first. Off the
 record. What's with the eye doctor?

TOMAL OKEKE
 Vision deteriorated to 20-30.

JAZZ
 Just get laser surgery.

TOMAL OKEKE
 Won't touch me. Kidney issue.

DR. LI
 It's complicated.

JAZZ
 'Cause of the steroids you took
 earlier in your career?

Jazz SEES Chris's house.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
 You can let me out here.

Hector SLAMS on the breaks, hops out, and opens the door.

TOMAL OKEKE
 (sad and annoyed)
 Those weren't the most important
 questions you should be asking!
 Hector, shut the door.

JAZZ
 Why is Dr. Li so guarded about your
 health? I'll tell you why. She
 feels responsible, you're in love,
 and frightened. Are you sick?

Tomal reaches in his coat pocket and HANDS Jazz a small BLACK
 AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH of his short father and tall Tomal at
 age seven. Jazz turns it over to see a SMUDGED note.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
 (reading)
 My Dearest Tomal, I'm sorry for the
 choices I made. Leggard, Reagan,
 and Macina: all dead. Find Doctor.
 (beat)
 It's smudged here. Can't read it.

TOMAL OKEKE

The doctor's name is smudged.
You'll have to go to the Reykjavik
Fertility Clinic in Iceland.

JAZZ

Fertility clinic in Iceland?

TOMAL OKEKE

They said my dad died of natural
causes, because I was a basketball
star. I'm not so sure.

JAZZ

Leggard, Reagan, and Macina.
Sports names. Leggard played
cricket in South Africa. Reagan was
on the LPGA. And Dirk Macina, the
quarterback for Miami.

DR. LI

We want you to be our private
investigator.

TOMAL OKEKE

You won't give up. Thousand dollars
a day plus expenses.

DR. LI

Will you help us, Ms. Rivera?

JAZZ

(to Dr. Li)

What was your argument about in the
owner's box with the guy dressed in
a Hawaiian shirt?

DR. LI

That's privileged information.

JAZZ

The deal's off.

Tomal grunts at Dr. Li.

DR. LI

Sports agent argued that the L.A.
players took what they had to win.
I disagreed and was asked to leave.
You satisfied?

JAZZ

No more secrets, or I'm out.

TOMAL OKEKE

No more secrets. You can't tell anyone about this. Is that clear?

JAZZ

I'll think about it. I need to see Chris. We were supposed to be on vacation this week.

TOMAL OKEKE

We'll wait down the block.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Jazz KNOCKS on Chris's door rather than using her KEY. Chris answers the door talking into his phone. He's annoyed.

CHRIS

Yes, Frank. But think this over. Jazz was right to take the risk. Train Abigail?

JAZZ

(whispering, annoyed)
Abby Kirkland? The weather girl?

CHRIS

Impossible this week. I'm on vacation, remember?

Chris listens and ROLLS his eyes.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

No. Can't afford to lose my job.

Chris HANGS UP.

JAZZ

So sorry, Chris.

CHRIS

No vacation for me. Training Abby all week. Our pizza is cold.

JAZZ

Bad time for me, too. Be a dear and find out why the I.O.C. president went missing. He was from Iceland. I'll call you later.

Jazz kisses Chris quickly and walks away. Chris shuts the door with a PUZZLED LOOK. Hector rolls up the limo.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
When's the next plane to Iceland?

EXT. BRIDGE IN DENVER - NIGHT

Anthony Benedetti STOPS his FOCUS ROAD-RACING BICYCLE to make a phone call.

ANTHONY BENEDITTI
I tripped. That's all. Wasn't our guy anyway. Different doctor.
(listens)
Yes, I'm sure. Besides, working on something bigger.
(listens)
Cayman Islands? If you say so. What about the TV reporter?
(listens)
Okay. Later. Better be worth it!

Benedetti TOSSES his iPhone and a SYRINGE in the river.

INT. AIRPORT - MORNING

Jazz SITS on the floor in grubby sweat clothes conducting research on her IPAD in a secluded corner of the terminal. She SPOTS a tall handsome man with a trimmed gray beard and eyeglasses whispering into a phone. The man, Adam Magnusson, tries to avoid eye contact. Tomal RINGS Jazz on her IPHONE.

TOMAL OKEKE (O.S.)
What have you found?

JAZZ
Still in New York. Seven-hour layover. But I have a few facts.

TOMAL OKEKE (O.S.)
Go on.

JAZZ
Called Dirk Macina's widow. He never took P-E-Ds. Religious fanatic. He even refused Cortisone shots. God's gifts were his.

TOMAL OKEKE (O.S.)
So, how'd he die?

JAZZ

Chopping wood at his cabin near
Aspen. Black widow bit him.
Coroner's report matches.

DR. LI (O.S.)

God's gift was a black widow?

Jazz is STUNNED that Dr. Li is listening in.

JAZZ

Macina's wife never joined him at
the cabin. Said he complained of a
limp before he died.

There is a long SILENCE on the phone.

TOMAL OKEKE (O.S.)

What about Reagan and Leggard?

JAZZ

I'll let you know. Boarding for
Iceland. Gotta go.

Jazz ends the call, and gets a text message. It reads: "never
upset Tomal with negative info. Macina's limp greatly
saddened him. positive news with him. other news with me. got
it?"

Jazz texts back: "got it."

Dr. Li TEXTs back: "keep up the good work. call me, Huan."

Jazz SMILES at the first sign of warmth from Dr. Li. She
mumbles and reads her IPAD, as Adam stands behind her.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

(reading)

Eleven thousand out of four-hundred
thousand college athletes tested
for P-E-Ds? Most for marijuana and
cocaine, not steroids. Huh. Only
ten percent of major leaguers were
tested for steroids in the off-
season two years ago? Huh?

ADAM

Excuse me, Ms.

JAZZ

(startled)

What do you want? Leave me alone.

ADAM

Can't see too well, but I noticed
that your boarding pass fell out of
your sweatshirt pocket.

Jazz SEES her BOARDING PASS behind her on the floor. Adam
GIGGLES like a school boy.

JAZZ

Thanks so much. Would be in big
trouble if I missed my flight. My
butt couldn't take it.

Adam GIGGLES wildly again, and SMILES genuinely.

ADAM

It won't work, ya know.

JAZZ

What won't work?

Jazz SEES the stranger's soft, young skin doesn't match the
gray beard of an older man.

ADAM

Wearing old clothes and mumbling
won't stop goofy guys from trying
to pick up a beautiful woman.

Adam smiles and SAUNTERS away.

JAZZ

Thanks for finding my boarding
pass. Safe travels.

Adam glances back and LAUGHS.

ADAM

'Til we meet again.

Adam JUMPS and CLICKS HIS HEELS before disappearing in a
crowd.

INT. JET - DAY

Jazz is the last to BOARD the plane. She PASSES the gray-
bearded stranger lounging across two First-Class seats, on to
her seat in the back row. TWO obese men (50) sit on either
side of her assigned seat. Jazz CRIES on the shoulder of a
male FLIGHT ATTENDANT (22).

JAZZ

Excuse me, I've been assigned the
'man-wich' seat.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Those are your flotation devices in
the event of a water landing.

JAZZ

Wonder if you could ask my good
friend with the trim gray beard in
First Class if I might join him.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Could lose my job.

JAZZ

Got fired yesterday. It's not that
bad, really.

The flight attendant returns with a SMILE.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

You're in luck, Sweetie. He took
three sleeping pills before
boarding. He's out for the count.
Walk up there like you own it.

Jazz KISSES the flight attendant on the cheek and STRUTS up
to First Class. She SQUEEZES next to Adam.

JAZZ

Saved my life twice today, and I
don't even know your name.

ADAM

(very drowsy)

Name's Adam, like the bomb. Pills
kicked my butt. Boarding pass,
remember? You're Jasmine, but you
smell like sweet lavender.

Adam falls asleep with a smile on his face. Jazz studies him.

JAZZ

Nice to meet you Adam-like-the-
bomb. Call me Jazz, like the music.
The lavender is an organic perfume
from a small place in Oregon.

The lights DIM in the cabin.

Six hours later, the sun BLASTS through the plane's window,
as the cabin lights up, and we hear the flight attendant.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
 Welcome to Reykjavik, Iceland,
 where the local time is 8:05 A.M.

Adam SHAKES Jazz, and LEANS toward her.

ADAM
 Jazz, like the music?

She STRUGGLES to awaken.

JAZZ
 Iceland? My hotel?

ADAM
 I'll have my driver drop you off,
 if you promise...

JAZZ
 Not to ask you any more questions?

Adam giggles as he leads Jazz from the plane.

ADAM
 Not to fall in love with me.

INT./EXT. AIRPORT - MORNING

An old Icelandic limo-driver, SIGGY (65) holds a SIGN,
 "Magnusson, Adam". Adam guides Jazz to his driver.

SIGGY
 Mr. Magnusson. I'm Sigbjörn, but
 you call me, Siggy, já?

ADAM
 Siggy, like the cigarette. I'm
 Adam, this is Jasmine Rivera,
 famous American TV personality.

JAZZ
 Call me, Jazz.

Adam and Jazz shake hands with Siggy, then Adam shakes hands
 endlessly with Jazz. Siggy laughs and grabs the luggage.

Siggy guides them to a 1980-era, heavy Volvo sedan.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

SIGGY

My sedan used when President Reagan
and Secretary-General Gorbachev met
here. Bulletproof, já?

JAZZ

Which leader did you drive?

Adam opens the door for Jazz and Siggy opens a door for Adam.
They drive off.

SIGGY

Duck!

Jazz and Adam see a giant ORANGE TOW TRUCK CHARGING toward
them.

Siggy JUMPS the curb as the tow truck CRASHES into the side
of Siggy's car by Adam, then CRASHES into a row of other
cars.

Siggy SPEEDS down a sidewalk, with traveler's DIVING out of
his path.

The tow truck PURSUES, CRASHES, and STOPS with its HOOD UP.
Siggy and crew ESCAPE unharmed.

ADAM

Awful drivers.

JAZZ

That was no accident.

SIGGY

I don't think so, too, Miss Jazz.
Now, which hotel downtown?

Jazz LOOKS out the back window and SEES the tow truck CHASING
them again.

JAZZ

Step on it, Siggy.

The CHASE continues. Siggy SWERVES back and forth to evade
the tow truck.

He SPOTS a roundabout and speeds up to get the truck to match
his speed. It works.

The tow truck ROLLS and CRASHES.

ADAM

Good work, Siggy. Should we call him a tow truck?

JAZZ

(angry)

Who are you Adam Magnusson? And why is someone trying to kill you? Let me out of this car.

ADAM

No one's after me. Maybe it's you. What are you after in Iceland?

JAZZ

A story. Steroid use by athletes. All I can tell you.

ADAM

Old news. But I know one out of sixteen high school athletes uses 'roids. Who else knows you're here?

Jazz PULLS OUT her iPhone, and tries to call 9-1-1.

JAZZ

None of your business. I've seen two violent attacks in two days.

ADAM

No international card. Use mine.

Adam hands her his new-looking iPhone.

JAZZ

So why were you using a pay phone at Kennedy? Let me out of this car.

ADAM

Wait.

(pouting)

Wanted to be near you.

JAZZ

Your pouting is as sincere as your snoring on the plane.

ADAM

I was born here. I can help you. I know a safe place until the dust settles, and you find out what's going on. The Blue Lagoon, Siggy.

JAZZ

(acquiesces)

Okay. A safe place to make a few phone calls would we welcomed.

Siggy slams on the brakes and does a one-eighty. The tires screech as Jazz studies Adam's face, and turns angry.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

It was you in the fake beard at the police station. And below me at the hospital. You're stalking me.

Siggy SPEEDS up and LOOKS in the rearview mirror.

ADAM

Trying to warn you. Somebody doesn't want you to finish your steroid story. Why not drop it?

Jazz confronts him.

JAZZ

Magnus, not Magnusson. Adam Magnus from the Dodgers. Flash in the L.A. Pan. They said you quit the game because of money.

Adam turns away.

ADAM

I know what they said.

JAZZ

Why'd you quit?

ADAM

Players, my friends, trainers, too many were cheating. Couldn't do it.

JAZZ

Why were you following me?

Adam turns slowly to face her. Siggy SPEEDS up and watches.

ADAM

Need your help. Lot in common. I know.

JAZZ

How?

ADAM

Paid a guy to tap your phone.

Her eyes spit fire.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Like that London Newspaper. Guy gets your message access code and sets your phone to three-way conference.

JAZZ

Can't tap a personal phone. That's it. Let me out, Siggy. You're crazy. Worse. I don't trust you!

ADAM

Had to get your help in Iceland. And I did tap your phone. Check your recent calls.

Jazz checks her outgoing phone record.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You never call your own number. Look around ten o'clock.

JAZZ

I see it. Wait. I see two calls from me to me. That's wrong.

ADAM

Two calls? Someone else knows your schedule.

SIGGY

Explains the tow truck.

JAZZ

Gotta warn someone. Need a phone when I get to that lagoon. I'll deal with you later.

EXT. BLUE LAGOON SPA - DAY

Siggy PULLS UP at the world-famous spa. Adam flips out a large wad of Icelandic Kronas to pay Siggy for the car damage, while Siggy unloads the luggage.

ADAM

This should cover it. Secluded private lounges and pools available, my brochure says.

Siggy SMILES and chugs away.

JAZZ
Brochure? And, you were born here?

ADAM
Dad took me to L.A. when I was
three-years-old, after mom died.

JAZZ
Sorry to hear that.

Jazz surveys the spectacular scenery.

ADAM
Dad disappeared after I left
baseball.

JAZZ
Disappeared?

ADAM
We can discuss my parents later.
Let's get inside.

JAZZ
Appointment is at midnight. Looks
like a fine place to hide out.

ADAM
Great. I'll rent you a thong.

Adam LAUGHS as he STRIDES happily to the spa doors.

JAZZ
I hate water. A one-piece and
lounge chair will do.

ADAM
Saw you at the playoff game the
other night with Tomal Okeke and
the woman who ruined my life.

JAZZ
Wait. Who was the trainer for L.A.
when you were playing ball?

ADAM
Dr. Huan Li. Hated her and her
designer drug kit.

Jazz pauses before following Adam.

INT. SPA - DAY

Jazz DIPS her toes in the hot springs, glimpsing at Adam as he bounces toward her from a yoga class.

He laughs in his tiny European swimsuit and without his thick eyeglasses. His fake beard is gone. Jazz is temporarily smitten with the handsome screwball.

ADAM

How's this?

JAZZ

Nice after a long flight and car wreck. Where'd you get your money?

Adam ignores her and enters the pool with a cannonball.

He surfaces coughing and hacking for air.

ADAM

Only way I can enter a pool. Hate water, too. Can you see my glasses?

Jazz sees his eyeglasses beside the pool and fetches them. She notices how thick they are.

JAZZ

Didn't answer me. Where'd you get all that money?

ADAM

Invested my signing bonus in Google, Apple, and Priceline years ago, I didn't touch it. Why?

JAZZ

All stocks?

ADAM

Dad used to send me checks too, from his blood chemistry lab, but I never cashed them. When I quit baseball, he was gone.

JAZZ

Five years ago?

ADAM

Why can't players be like Mays, Mantle, and Robinson?

JAZZ

The age of booze, pain killers, and
sloppy knee surgeries?

Adam looks away sadly.

ADAM

I'm why my dad fled the country.
(beat)
Going for a coffee. Want anything?

JAZZ

I'm fine. I'll wait here.

Adam STROLLS away as a middle-aged, heavy-set American couple, HANK and BETTY ROBERTS, 65, joins Jazz. Betty puts down her cell phone before entering the pool.

BETTY

You look American, Dearie.

JAZZ

My name is...Mary Garcia, from
Colorado.

HANK

Hank and Betty Roberts from
Wyoming. Small world.

BETTY

We Americans should stick together.

JAZZ

I'm sorry. We just met, but may I
use your phone to call my boyfriend
at home? Don't have an
international card.

BETTY

Sure, Dearie. You mean that hunk in
the Speedo is on-the-side? You
devil!

Jazz smiles, walks a few feet away, and dials Chris.

BETTY (CONT'D)

That walk of yours just made my
husband's vacation.

HANK

Remember, it's five A.M. back home.

Chris answers, half-asleep.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Who the hell is Betty Roberts?

JAZZ
It's me, Jazz, in Iceland. No time to explain. Did you find anything on the missing IOC president?

CHRIS (O.S.)
Iceland? Nothing new here.

JAZZ
Hunt down everything you can on ex-ballplayer, Adam Magnus or Magnusson, and his father, Magnus Olsen. Call you tomorrow. Bye.

Jazz returns the PHONE, as Adam RETURNS with two cappuccinos. Jazz WINKS at Betty and Hank, who love the hot springs.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
(to Adam)
Sorry about the dig on old ballplayers.

ADAM
Guess we're all human.

JAZZ
I'm not the only reason you came to Iceland.

ADAM
No. You're smart. I was hoping you could help me find my mom's grave in town, so I could say goodbye.

BETTY
I'd keep this one, Dearie.

JAZZ
In town? How would we get there?

BETTY
We'd be happy to drop you off, wouldn't we, Hank? We're at the Hilton Nordica.

HANK
We Americans gotta stick together.

ADAM
Great!

Adam performs another cannonball into the pool as Jazz laughs and shakes her head in wonder.

EXT. CEMETERY, REYKJAVIK - DAY

Adam and Jazz are disguised in baseball caps and sunglasses as they exit Betty and Hank's rental car.

BETTY

Remember, Hilton Nordica if you need us, Mary and Sven.

Betty and Hank wave as they drive off.

ADAM

Really? Sven Svenson?

JAZZ

New at this disguise stuff. Unlike you. Let's find the office.

Jazz leads Adam to the office, where a CEMETERY WORKER (70, male, dirty overalls) eyes Adam's Dodgers cap.

CEMETERY WORKER

Can't find grave? Fodder's name?

ADAM

Magnus Olsen. Son, Adam is me. We're looking for my Mudder.

Adam hands him a very long name scribbled on an airplane napkin, and 1000-Krona bill. The man checks in old books.

CEMETERY WORKER

She not here.

JAZZ

What do you mean?

CEMETERY WORKER

Mudder not dead. Home four blocks, past church, on right.

ADAM

(shocked)

Yes. Já. Yes. Yes.

The cemetery worker scribbles an address on a piece of paper, but is reluctant to give it to Adam. Jazz SWIPES the Dodgers cap off Adam and bargains with the man, who SMILES.

JAZZ

Keep the cap, if we can keep our
bags out back behind your office.

EXT./INT. OLD HOUSE - DAY

Jazz drags Adam up the stairs to the front door.

JAZZ

Why didn't your father tell you she
was alive?

ADAM

Don't know, but I'll find out.

Adam knocks. An old man, INGOLF PEDDERSON (70) answers.

ADAM (CONT'D)

My father is Magnus Olsen. I'm his
son, Adam. Is my mom, Lara, here?

INGOLF PEDDERSON

Knew you return someday.

Ingolf LEADS Adam and Jazz into the house. LARA (60) wearing
a shabby housecoat, sits oblivious to a loud TV and a
crackling fire. She is severely mentally disabled.

Adam drops to his knees.

INGOLF PEDDERSON (CONT'D)

Lara, no love Magnus. Love me. Run
away from you too.

ADAM

How could she?

Jazz holds Adam's shoulder.

INGOLF PEDDERSON

She lose mind. Leave fire in your
stove many days. Cause many fires.
You almost die. Not safe. I watch
her since.

Adam sobs. Jazz comforts him.

ADAM

Did my father try to help her?

INGOLF PEDDERSON

Send checks all months. For best
doctors. Not open. Nibelungs.

Ingolf fetches a box of uncashed checks. Jazz examines them.

JAZZ
Nibelungs? Bank of Cayman Islands?

ADAM
He thinks the money is cursed. Old Norse legend.

JAZZ
Each is five grand U.S. This one's dated May first, nineteen-ninety.

INGOLF PEDDERSON
Many more boxes. All nibelungs.

EXT. CEMETERY AND STREETS - DAY

Jazz and Adam TRUDGE to the cemetery for their luggage.

They see the cemetery worker with a Dodger's cap hauled away on an ambulance stretcher.

Jazz and Adam SNEAK around to retrieve their luggage.

ADAM
Poor man. Glad he's alive.

JAZZ
Somebody's looking for us. Let's hide in that church we passed.

INT./EXT. OLD CHURCH - DAY

They HUDDLE in the back pew of the church.

JAZZ
They may know about your mom. Give me your phone.

Jazz takes Adam's phone and calls for an ambulance.

She drags Adam up to the bell tower. Jazz trips on the bell rope, and Adam steadies her.

ADAM
Careful. Didn't you see that rope?

JAZZ
Poor vision. Like you.

They both focus well enough to see Ingolf's house in FLAMES. Adam collapses in grief.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

You saw the place. Could have been an accident. Or they could have done it to protect you.

ADAM

Viking farewell. Either way, we have to go to the police.

JAZZ

You go. I've got my meeting at midnight. I'll meet you at the police station afterward. Then home to Colorado. Honest.

ADAM

Doesn't sound safe. Come with me.

JAZZ

Got a job to do. Can't let Tomal down.

ADAM

Keep my phone for your safety. I'll take your luggage. Don't want anything to happen to you.

Adam hugs Jazz in a way that warms her. She smiles as Adam runs off.

Jazz returns to the church pew.

Later, Adam's dad, Dr. MAGNUS OLSEN (60, tall, thick eyeglasses) disguised as a priest, STORMS IN from the front of the church. Jazz PRETENDS to pray.

MAGNUS OLSEN

Adam. I know you're here.

The priest checks at his smartphone GPS APP. He races near Jazz who acts like a deaf-mute. The priest turns angry.

MAGNUS OLSEN (CONT'D)

Adam. We have to talk.

The priest runs to look out the front of the church.

Jazz slides Adam's smartphone all the way down the center aisle toward the front of the church, and she crawls between pews to the stairway, then runs up to the bell tower.

The priest yells and runs toward the front of the church following his GPS.

Jazz tosses the rope down the side of the church and, afraid of heights, climbs to safety and runs away.

EXT./INT. HILTON NORDICA - EVENING

Jazz WANDERS the streets of Reykjavik until she finds the Hilton Nordica, where a male DESK CLERK (30) greets her.

DESK CLERK
Must be American. May I help you?

JAZZ
Here for Betty and Hank Roberts.

DESK CLERK
I'll call their room. Whom should I say is here.

Jazz pauses an uncomfortably long time.

JAZZ
Mary
(beat)
Garcia.

The suspicious clerk complies, and hands Jazz the phone.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
Hi Betty. Sorry to bother you, but I'm in a pickle.

BETTY
It's that handsome man in the Speedo, I bet. Men! They're all the same. Hop up to room eight-twelve.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Betty greets Jazz with open arms. It's a huge suite.

BETTY
Stole your luggage, your wallet, and your dignity, didn't he?

JAZZ
I could use a place to rest until my red-eye flight back home.

BETTY

Hank's napping. We'll get you room service and you can tell me all about him. Was the sex great?

JAZZ

You are so kind! And I need to call my real boyfriend in Colorado.

BETTY

A glutton for punishment. Why, of course. Phone's right there.

Betty SHUTS the door. Jazz races to the phone.

BETTY (CONT'D)

I'll just powder my nose and check on Hank.

Betty heads to the bedroom.

JAZZ

Probably worried sick about me.

(beat)

Hello, Chris. It's Jazz, still in Iceland.

CHRIS (O.S.)

I'm training Abby. She's awful. Frank is blaming me. She's flashing her tits and flubbing her lines.

JAZZ

That bad, huh?

CHRIS (O.S.)

The worst. And she's paranoid you'll come after her.

JAZZ

Things could be better here, too. I'll head home after a meeting tonight and a visit with the police. Adam Magnus's mom's house caught fire...

CHRIS (O.S.)

(interrupting)

Adam Magnus is trouble. Heard he was a drug-runner. Ex-coaches think he's crazy.

JAZZ

He's a little wild.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Father ran a steroid-testing lab until the FBI shut him down. Whole family is nuts.

JAZZ

Where does his father live now?

CHRIS (O.S.)

Nobody knows. Stay away from them and get home.

JAZZ

Right after my meeting. I promise. Gotta go.

Jazz hangs up as Betty returns.

BETTY

Hank's still out. We'll order up some grub and watch TV.

JAZZ

How will I ever repay you?

BETTY

There's a channel devoted to Icelandic history.

JAZZ

Sounds lovely.

BETTY

Tell me more about that wild man in the Speedo. I want all the dirt.

Betty and Jazz dine, drink wine, talk, and watch TV. In the b.g., we hear the British TV ANNOUNCER.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

They have careful genealogy records for everyone here over the past seven-hundred years. Every athlete is given special consideration.

DISSOLVE TO:

Hours later, Betty and Hank are fast asleep as Jazz writes a thank-you note, and lets herself out at 11:30 P.M.

EXT. /INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - NIGHT

At midnight, Jazz KNOCKS on the side door of the Reykjavik Fertility Clinic. Before her second knock, an elderly, uniformed SECURITY GUARD (70) opens the door.

JAZZ

Dr. Huan Li and Tomal Okeke sent me. I'm Jasmine Rivera.

SECURITY GUARD

Passport?

Jazz furnishes the passport. The guard takes his time. He GRUNTS as he lets her in. A well-dressed doctor, HANS REINHOLD (70; medium build, heavy accent) joins them.

DR. REINHOLD

Don't mind Mr. Ellenson. Come this way. I've been expecting you.

JAZZ

I'm...

DR. REINHOLD

Yes, I know. Dr. Li was quite thorough, though I told her I don't know anything.

Dr. Reinhold LEADS Jazz to a cluttered office.

JAZZ

This was once a genetics clinic?

DR. REINHOLD

Yes. Yes. Been here my entire career. Fertility clinic now.

JAZZ

I'm investigating your connection to Tomal Okeke, Dirk Macina, Sally Reagan, and Phil Leggard.

DR. REINHOLD

Dr. Li offered money for information, but I can't help.

JAZZ

Then tell me about Dr. Magnus Olsen, Ingolf Pederson, and Lara.

DR. REINHOLD

(stunned)
 Lover's triangle.
 (MORE)

DR. REINHOLD (CONT'D)

Ingolf was my boss and the best eye surgeon in the world. Magnus was my top chemist.

JAZZ

What happened to them?

DR. REINHOLD

Lara married Magnus, but loved Ingolf. She was dangerously unstable, and Magnus feared for his son's life. Took him to America, and Lara...

JAZZ

(interrupting)

Went crazy mad.

DR. REINHOLD

Heard her house finally burnt down today. Expected as much.

JAZZ

What did you all work on back then?

DR. REINHOLD

(defensive)

I told you. Ingolf and I improved vision. Magnus looked for abnormalities in blood chemistry.

JAZZ

Any steroids? Work on athletes?

DR. REINHOLD

Steroids long ago to speed up recovery after surgery. Genetic traits of athletes. I told all this to Dr. Li. When we played with blood, the Olympic Committee closed us down. We do fertility now.

JAZZ

I see. Blood doping and eye surgery for athletes. You never saw Dirk Macina, Sally Reagan, or Phil Leggard?

DR. REINHOLD

That information is confidential. You can ask them yourself.

JAZZ

I'd love to, but they're dead.

Dr. Reinhold is STUNNED again.

DR. REINHOLD
It's time for you to go. Mr.
Ellison and I will show you out.

JAZZ
Have you heard from Dr. Olsen?

DR. REINHOLD
Warning you, Ms. Rivera. Let it go!

The elderly security guard escorts Jazz out of the building. On the way out, he TUCKS three pages of a notebook in Jazz's coat pocket without Dr. Reinhold noticing.

EXT./INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A lone female POLICE OFFICER (30) awaits Jazz holding out her PASSPORT. A near-empty box of pastries lays on her desk.

JAZZ
Excuse me. Do you speak English?

POLICE OFFICER
English I speak. Jes.

JAZZ
I'm Jasmine Rivera. I'm supposed to
meet Adam Magnusson here.

POLICE OFFICER
(laughing)
We like Adam. Bring boxes of
pastries. Funny jokes, Jes.

An Icelandic DETECTIVE (40, well-dressed) joins them.

JAZZ
Did Adam report a tow truck
accident at the airport, and a fire
at his mother's house?

ICELANDIC DETECTIVE
Accidents. Two. Yes, we know. Sad,
but Lara Pederson light many fire.

JAZZ
And the tow truck driver?

ICELANDIC DETECTIVE
Man steal tow truck. Hit many car.
We not catch him. Maybe wild sons.

JAZZ

What about the cemetery worker?

ICELANDIC DETECTIVE

Man fall on his shovel.

JAZZ

On his face? And I'd like to report
a wild priest...

ICELANDIC DETECTIVE

No need. All priests wild.

JAZZ

Where is Adam now?

POLICE OFFICER

He leave you bags and note.

ICELANDIC DETECTIVE

You see. We have lowest crime rate
of major cities here. We keep it
that way. No report.

The police officer retrieves Jazz's luggage and hands her a
note. Jazz reads the note as she leaves.

JAZZ

(reading aloud)

Off to Grand Cayman to find dad.
Chartered a plane to take you home.
Siggy is waiting. Macina and Reagan
both had eye surgery a week before
they died. Both died at twenty-six.
Odd? My dad may know more but it
could get dangerous. You're safer
at home. Trust in me. Adam.

Siggy appears outside the police station.

SIGGY

I take you to airport. Adam paid.
You go home to Colorado?

JAZZ

Yes. Siggy. Guess so.

(beat)

Siggy, do you happen to have a cell
phone for international calls?

SIGGY

A daughter in France, son in
Canada. Here, you make calls.

Siggy HANDS the phone back to Jazz. She DIALS Tomal.

JAZZ

Thanks, Siggy. You're a life saver.
(beat)
Tomal, it's Jazz. I'm coming home.

TOMAL OKEKE (O.S.)

You can't quit. I'm dying. Only
twenty-seven and I'm dying.

JAZZ

What? Where's Dr. Li?

TOMAL OKEKE (O.S.)

She's getting me an acupuncture
specialist and a blood doctor.

JAZZ

Hold off on the blood doctor. I'm
investigating Dr. Magnus Olsen,
whose son I met on the plane.

TOMAL OKEKE (O.S.)

(outraged)

That's him! That damn lab of his
has a lot of my blood and money.
Where is he?

JAZZ

He may be in the Cayman Islands
with his goofy son. Both dangerous.
(beat)
You were never involved with blood
doping, where you?

TOMAL OKEKE (O.S.)

(sobbing)

You have to find him for me.

JAZZ

I'll find him.

EXT. AIRPORT - EVENING

A FEMALE PILOT (40) meets Jazz at the steps to a sleek jet on
a secluded runway.

FEMALE PILOT

Jasmine Rivera? Mr. Magnusson
described you well. Passport?

JAZZ

Does Mr. Magnusson own this thing?

FEMALE PILOT

It's a charter. He took an earlier commercial flight. Economy.

JAZZ

Did you file a flight plan for Colorado or the Cayman Islands?

FEMALE PILOT

Cayman Islands, of course. He's cute, funny, rich if he can afford me, and smart.

JAZZ

Smart, huh? How long can I sleep?

FEMALE PILOT

About ten hours if you have the right drugs. If you don't, I do.

JAZZ

To the Caymans, then!

INT. /EXT. CAYMAN ISLAND AIRPORT - DAY

Jazz AWAKENS breathtakingly to a VIEW of blue sky, white sand, palm trees, and turquoise water.

Upon landing, the plane is met by a short, mixed-race gentleman in a white cotton suit, ROBERTO INEZ (40), who speaks with a British accent.

ROBERTO

Miss Jasmine Rivera? Mr. Magnusson sent me. I am Roberto Inez, Head Concierge of the Ritz Carlton, the finest hotel in the Caribbean.

JAZZ

Nice to meet you, Roberto. Call me Jazz.

ROBERTO

Ah. Miss Jazz. Follow me. Your bags will go through customs.
(beat)
You have timeless Spanish beauty. I see why Mr. Magnusson is so in love.

JAZZ
 (laughing)
 That's a forced English accent.

ROBERTO
 Tourists eat it up. You're smart.

They SMILE to his awaiting Cadillac limo. A young smiling man (16) hands Roberto Jazz's bags.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
 Gracias, Pedro. My nephew knows how to beat the customs officials.

Jazz SEARCHES her purse for a tip.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
 Mr. Magnusson has taken care of everything, Ms. Jazz.

JAZZ
 I'll bet he has.

ROBERTO
 Even adjoining suites.

JAZZ
 I'll need to talk to him.

ROBERTO
 Mr. Magnusson has a four-hour appointment. I'll page your room when he returns.

The DRIVE to the hotel is magnificent. Jazz looks out at the spectacularly rich surroundings.

JAZZ
 Who is this guy?

INT. RITZ-CARTLON HOTEL - DAY

Roberto LEADS Jazz through the lobby of the hotel as if he owns it. Three eager BELL HOPS (late teens) RACE to him.

ROBERTO
 Leandro, take Miss Jazz to the top floor. Here is her key.

Jazz FUMBLES for her purse.

JAZZ

Thank you, Roberto. You've been so kind.

ROBERTO

Generous Mr. Magnusson has taken care of all gratuities in advance.

Roberto SNAPS his fingers, and Jazz is whisked away. Leandro OPENS the door to her suite and Jazz GASPS. The suite and balcony OCEAN VIEW are magnificent.

JAZZ

Twice the size of my apartment.

She HEARS her door shut. Leandro is gone. On the king-sized bed, Jazz EXAMINES three new white-cotton, loose-fitting sundresses; three designer one-piece swimsuits; and three pairs of Jamaican sandals.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

My size, and one on either side.
Huh. One-piece suits. He's eccentric and goofy, but careful.

Jazz INVESTIGATES the suite, and finds a massive bathroom and shower with three shower heads.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Three shower heads. Too scary. But one will do nicely now.

Jazz STRIPS and SOAKS in the shower, careful not to get her eyes wet. She SMILES until she HEARS a KNOCK at the door, then fumbles for a towel and races to the door to LOCK the DEAD BOLT. On the other side of the door is a cute, young, Cayman Island maid, AVA (19).

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Who is it?

AVA (O.S.)

Miss Rivera, it is I, Ava. Roberto sent me with coffee.

JAZZ

Thank you, Ava. Just set it down. I'll tip you when I come to the lobby, okay?

AVA (O.S.)

(disappointed)
Yes, Miss Rivera.

(MORE)

AVA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It is only my second week working,
and I've never met a famous Latina
star on Denver, Colorado TV station
number eight.

Jazz PAUSES, then SMILES.

JAZZ

I'm not dressed. Give me five
minutes.

AVA (O.S.)

Oh, thank you, Miss Rivera. I will
stand guard against the paparazzi.

JAZZ

Paparazzi? Five minutes, Ava.

Jazz races to the travel bag, but finds no clean clothes.
She grabs the middle bathing suit off the bed, tries it on,
LOOKS in the mirror, and is AMAZED it fits. She throws on
the middle sundress and it too fits. Her HAIR is a mess, as
she races to the door.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Ava, are you still there?

AVA (O.S.)

No paparazzi. All clear.

Jazz opens the door and Ava is star struck. She brings in the
coffee and talks a mile-per-minute.

AVA (CONT'D)

Oh, Miss Rivera, I must brush your
hair. Your new clothes fit bueno.
All ladies here dress like this.

JAZZ

Good. I could blend in and hide out
from the paparazzi.

Ava DRAGS Jazz to a deck chair on the patio, and begins to
slowly BRUSH Jazz's hair.

AVA

Roberto and I Google you after Mr.
Magnusson's describe you. He is a
handsome, intelligent, funny man,
but no taste in clothes. No?

JAZZ

That's him.

AVA

His eyes not so good. I shop at the finest stores. He pay cash.

JAZZ

He does. How much is this suite?

AVA

Adjoining suites, full service. Four thousand each per night.

Jazz HOPS UP angry.

JAZZ

Ava, you take the other new clothes.

AVA

But I couldn't.

JAZZ

Do it. Then go down and book me the cheapest room they have under a fake name.

AVA

Paparazzi. I understand.

JAZZ

I need to get my clothes washed. And I need to find Mr. Magnusson right away. Will you help me?

AVA

I can do it all. Those damn paparazzi. Need dark sunglasses and a low sun hat. A disguise.

Ava takes all of Jazz's clothes and WINKS as she races out. Jazz uses the hotel phone to call Tomal, but Dr. Li answers.

DR. LI (O.S.)

We're not paying you for a Caribbean vacation.

JAZZ

I'm here to extract information from Adam Magnusson. You were his trainer in L.A. before your job in Denver?

DR. LI (O.S.)

I was the trainer for many athletes.

TOMAL OKEKE (O.S.)
 What have you found out?

JAZZ
 Hi Tomal. I'm a guest of Adam Magnus, now Magnusson. He has info on Macina and Reagan. And don't get eye surgery. It may harm you.

TOMAL OKEKE (O.S.)
 But I need it.

JAZZ
 I don't know the connection. Just hold off. Trust me. I gotta go.

Jazz ends the call, and paces.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
 Need to find that weirdo, Adam, get my information, and go home.

Jazz storms out of the room.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Jazz races to the gift shop to buy dark sunglasses and a sun hat.

She puts them on and finds Roberto, who doesn't recognize Jazz in her stunning beach clothes.

ROBERTO
 May I help you, Miss?

JAZZ
 It's me, Jazz. I need to see Adam Magnusson, now!

ROBERTO
 He will be back in two more hours, Miss Jazz. Four hours total.

JAZZ
 Now!

Roberto tactfully takes Jazz by the arm and GUIDES her outside. Jazz is EMBARRASSED to be outside in beach clothes.

ROBERTO
 He is at the hospital. He will be angry I told you. Mr. Mendoza will drive you, yes?

JAZZ
The hospital?

EXT. HOTEL TO HOSPITAL - DAY

MR. MENDOZA, 30, handsome, OPENS the door to the limo with an approving smile. Mendoza sneaks glances at Jazz's legs in the rearview mirror.

Jazz HOPS out at the hospital and races in.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Jazz races to the information desk, where a Spanish female HOSPITAL CLERK (50) enviously eyes Jazz's beach wear.

JAZZ
I need to see Adam Magnusson, a patient here.

HOSPITAL CLERK
Family members only. He's the tall, handsome white boy.

JAZZ
My brother.
(beat)
I was adopted.

HOSPITAL CLERK
Poor boy. Dialysis. One hour left.
Down the hall and to the left.

JAZZ
Dialysis?

Jazz races down the hall to the Dialysis Ward. A NURSE (40) has Jazz put on scrubs and a surgical mask. Jazz is worried.

NURSE
No food, no drinks, no loud talking. Understand?

Jazz ambles past FOUR dialysis patients (mixed ages) before reaching ADAM. Her poignant eyes express pity. The nurse watches closely from behind a window.

JAZZ
It's me, Jazz.

ADAM

Jazz? I hoped you wouldn't see me like this.

JAZZ

(quickly)

Kidney failure is nothing to be ashamed of. Was it steroids? I think I met your father disguised as a mad priest. Why did you abandon me at the police station in Iceland? Thanks for the charter plane. And the clothes.

The nurse KNOCKS on the window to warn Jazz to settle down.

ADAM

Ahhh! You're worried about me.

JAZZ

Your mom's house burns down. She dies. Then your crazy dad yells and screams and chases me off the bell tower. You're all nuts.

The nurse KNOCKS HARDER on the window. She glares at Jazz.

ADAM

Slow down. My dad was looking for me after five years? I shouldn't have dragged you into this.

JAZZ

Your father dangerous?

ADAM

He was okay while I was growing up, but I thinks a lot of people might be after him or his blood data.

Their discussion gets louder.

JAZZ

His blood data? Did you ever take steroids?

ADAM

No. But the golfer, Sally Reagan, did. Her nickname was "balls."

JAZZ

Did you do any blood-doping?

ADAM

Not me. But Dirk Macina did it all the time, with 'roids and HGH.

JAZZ

Did you have elective surgeries?

ADAM

New eyes would have kept me in the game, like Macina and Reagan.

The nurse is angry. She storms in to Jazz and Adam.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Dirk Macina and Sally Reagan, dead at age twenty-six. My dad had photos of them in his office. Next to my photo. Both dead.

The nurse rips off the dialysis tubes from Adam's arms and the dialysis machine.

NURSE

That's it. You two are out of here.

JAZZ

Wait. You'll kill him.

NURSE

Not over a poison game bird!

Jazz looks PUZZLED.

ADAM

I went to dinner in Iceland. Ate bad quail. They're cleaning me out.

JAZZ

I thought you had kidney failure!

NURSE

Security!

Adam is weak from the treatment. Jazz helps him limp away, while she strips out of her scrubs. Adam smiles.

JAZZ

Why did your dad have photos of Macina and Reagan next to yours?

ADAM

Don't know. You have to help me find my dad. We could be partners.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Jazz rolls her eyes as she helps Adam to the waiting limo.
Mendoza opens the door for Adam and Jazz.

JAZZ

Rest up, Adam. We'll find your
dad's bank, and maybe they'll tell
us where he lives.

(sarcastically)

Partner.

INT. RITZ-CARTLON HOTEL - DAY

Roberto greets Adam and Jazz and observes Adam needs to rest.
He snaps his fingers, and two bellhops (16-19) race to help
Adam to his room.

Ava winks at Jazz from across the lobby.

JAZZ

(seductively)

Roberto, please cancel my adjoining
suite to Mr. Magnusson's. I won't
be needing it. Know what I mean?

ROBERTO

I see, Miss Jazz.

JAZZ

Ava will help me move my things.
What time do the banks close?

ROBERTO

Four P.M.

JAZZ

We'll need a cab at three.

ROBERTO

Yes, Miss Jazz. Banking is very
discreet here. You will see.

Ava meets Jazz by the elevators, then whisks her down the
hall to a tiny room displaying a "Do Not Disturb" sign.

JAZZ

Ava, you think of everything.

AVA

No paparazzi will find you here.
Your clothes ready in one hour.
You will go rest at the beach.

JAZZ

Will you fetch me when Mr.
Magnusson wakes from his nap?

AVA

I will consider it an honor.

JAZZ

You are a true friend, Ava. I won't
forget you. I need one more thing.

AVA

Anything, Jazz.

Ava giggles at the informality.

JAZZ

Will I get the hotel Wi-Fi from the
beach? I need it for research.

AVA

Oh, yes. The hotel has Wi-Fi at the
beach bar. Sit close.

JAZZ

Great, Ava. And please let me know
if anyone tries to visit Mr.
Magnusson. He mustn't be disturbed.

AVA

Mr. Magnusson is very rich,
handsome, and funny. People never
grow tired of funny, but I worry
about him.

JAZZ

He can take care of himself.

AVA

Rich people are often the targets
of kidnappers and extortionists.
They could be worse than paparazzi.

Jazz hugs Ava and heads to a payphone in the lobby, as Ava
exits. Jazz makes a collect call to Chris.

JAZZ

Hi, Chris. What have you found out
about Dr. Magnus Olsen?

CHRIS (O.S.)

I miss you, too.

JAZZ

I'm sorry. I'm tired, cranky, and babysitting the doctor's son in the Cayman Islands.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Cayman Islands?

JAZZ

Adam Magnusson has information I need for Tomal.

CHRIS (O.S.)

His father, Dr. Magnus Olsen, is wanted by the IRS for tax evasion, and the FBI for questioning.

JAZZ

Why?

CHRIS

Don't know. Ask his son, who everybody says is a lunatic.

JAZZ

He's a little wild and odd, but I don't think he's crazy. Get anything on Phil Leggard?

CHRIS (O.S.)

Been busy training Abby. But Leggard jumped off Table Mountain. Suicide at age twenty-six.

JAZZ

Did he leave a suicide note?

CHRIS (O.S.)

Nope. I miss you. When are you coming home? I love you.

JAZZ

I'll be home tomorrow. Thanks for all the information, Chris. I miss you, too.

Jazz hangs up and exits to the beach mumbling.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

I'm such an idiot. He said 'I love you.' I said 'I miss you'. Geez!

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Jazz lays on a lounge chair near the beach bar. She types "CLUES" into her iPad, while mumbling them aloud.

JAZZ

One. Tomal is in poor health.
Driven to find out what killed
Macina, Reagan, and Leggard, two of
whom had laser eye surgery weeks
before dying.

She ponders.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

All used performance-enhancing
drugs. Dr. Huan Li helped some of
them. Some did blood-doping. Some
didn't. Missing something.

She ponders more. The HEAT becomes unbearable, and she gets up, walks to the water, and carefully up to her waist. She palms water up to her shoulders, and mumbles.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Why did Tomal's dad write that
note? How did Adam's dad, a blood
tester, get lots of money and off-
shore accounts? Why are the IRS and
FBI after him? Why is Adam, the
spoiled ex-ballplayer, such an...

Adam surprises Jazz by running past her in the water and doing a cannonball a few feet away.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Idiot?

Jazz trudges toward shore as Adam splashes around her.

Jazz SLIPS, falls forward, struggles to keep her head above water, and panics, as Adam races to her aid.

ADAM

So sorry. I forgot. You're
breathtakingly beautiful.

He helps her up and guides her to her beach chair.

JAZZ

I get nervous in water. My fault.

ADAM
 So graceful and confident on land.
 So clumsy and insecure in water.

Jazz stares at Adam's buffed body. She's speechless.

ADAM (CONT'D)
 Vitamin D. Two sandwiches and O.J.,
 and I bounced right back.

Adam shakes like a dog, puts on his thick eyeglasses, and grabs Jazz's iPad, while she faces the sea and dries off.

ADAM (CONT'D)
 Checked out of the adjoining suite?

Jazz turns to see him reading her iPad notes.

JAZZ
 That's private!

ADAM
 We're partners. Remember? And
 you're working for Tomal Okeke?

JAZZ
 Hand over the iPad.

Adam hands her the iPad as his eyes devour her.

ADAM
 More in common than you think.

JAZZ
 Like what?

ADAM
 Tomal needs your help. I need your
 help to find my dad. And you need
 my help to find out about Phil
 Leggard and the others.

JAZZ
 The others?

ADAM
 See the morning paper?

JAZZ
 Been a little busy.

ADAM
 Olympic Committee President
 abducted before report on P-E-Ds.

JAZZ

I think it's bigger than that.

ADAM

Bigger?

JAZZ

Steroids are already banned. I'll bet they want to ban everything doctors do to improve a performer: every prescription, elective surgeries, everything.

ADAM

Would your boss, who needs laser eye surgery, go for that?

JAZZ

That's a private matter. What does you dad have to do with all this?

Adam turns away.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Illicit dealings with athletes and sports agents? Blood chemistry data? Off-shore banks? On the run?

Adam turns to face Jazz with a worried look.

ADAM

That's absurd.

JAZZ

All those uncashed checks at your mother's place? The fire? Why don't we go to the Cayman Bank and find out where your dad is hiding?

ADAM

I'll cry if I have to. They'll tell me where my dad is.

INT. BANK - DAY

Adam SMILES, while Jazz FROWNS at the Bank's Vice-President, RICO CHAVEZ, (55) wearing a pressed white-cotton suit and thin black necktie. The BANK VP (50) stands and growls.

RICO CHAVEZ

That is highly confidential information. I cannot say.

ADAM

I'm his lone heir. Hate to change banks. So, take an interest.

Adam smiles at his pun. Jazz glares at him.

RICO CHAVEZ

His lone heir. Why didn't you tell me that before? The answer is 'no'.

JAZZ

Could you see who the beneficiary is on the account?

ADAM

Heir today, gone to Maui. All off-shore who's banking off-shore.

Rico finally recognizes Adam.

RICO CHAVEZ

Wait. You said your name was Magnusson! It was Magnus when you played for my Dodgers!

JAZZ

Told you that when we walked in.

RICO CHAVEZ

But I was looking, not listening.

ADAM

Played under the name Magnus, but my surname is Magnusson. Son of Magnus. From Iceland. That's what we do.

Adam hands Rico his PASSPORT.

RICO CHAVEZ

Welcome then. I have some papers for you to sign. Your father said you would be coming in someday.

JAZZ

So, Adam was listed as beneficiary?

RICO CHAVEZ

I cannot say.

JAZZ & RICO CHAVEZ

It's highly confidential.

ADAM

I'll sign.

Rico hands Adam papers to fingerprint and sign.

RICO CHAVEZ

After we check your fingerprints and ID, you will have access to your joint account information.

JAZZ

Joint account? Not just beneficiary?

RICO CHAVEZ

Half of Mr. Magnusson's money now, all of his money if something happens to his father.

ADAM

What if something happens to me?

RICO CHAVEZ

You may name a beneficiary too, but...

ADAM

I name Jasmine Rivera, here.

JAZZ

What? You hardly know me.

RICO CHAVEZ

Both joint account holders must agree. Three forms of ID, please.

ADAM

He'll agree. I'll hunt him down.

Jazz reluctantly hands Rico her passport, driver's license, and press pass.

JAZZ

We're no closer to finding your father.

RICO CHAVEZ

(whispering)

Ms. Rivera, I can tell you joint accounts sometimes include a local electricity bill.

Rico winks at Jazz. Adam doesn't get it. Moments later, Jazz drags Adam out of the bank.

ADAM

What was that all about?

JAZZ

Your dad owns a place on the island. Quick. To the electric company before they close.

EXT./INT. ELECTRIC COMPANY - DAY

Just at closing, Jazz pushes through the door and lunges to the counter, where an unsympathetic, obese, DESK CLERK #2 (40) has nine customers in front of Jazz.

ADAM

We'll never get to the front of the line before closing.

JAZZ

(loudly)

Yes, Adam. Strict work regulations. Authorities check everyone's work permits and passports.

Like magic, several people abandon the line.

DESK CLERK #2

Next.

JAZZ

My husband needs to pay his dad's electric bill. Magnus Olsen.

DESK CLERK

O-L-S-E-N, Magnus. He's paid up.

ADAM

There must be some mistake. Are you sure you have the right address?

DESK CLERK #2

Twenty-seven Sea View Drive. We don't make mistakes.

JAZZ

Of course you don't.

She pulls Adam toward the door.

ADAM

Your husband?

JAZZ
Beneficiary. Same difference.

ADAM
Not entirely. I'd have to be dead.

JAZZ
Entirely. Let's go find your dad.

They race out to hail a cab.

EXT./INT. BEACH ESTATE - NIGHT

The African CAB DRIVER (50) is wary as they pull up to a row of huge estates lining the beach. Jazz and Adam gawk.

ADAM
How can he afford this place?

Adam pays the driver who speeds away.

JAZZ
No lights on.

Adam tries to wave back the cab.

ADAM
Okay. Let's go.

JAZZ
We're going in. I need information
for Tomal.

Sneaking around the house, a large green iguana startles them. Adam squeals like a frightened pig.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
Bathroom window's open. Boost me.

Adam giggles as he boosts her in. She sees a ritzy bathroom.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
Bathroom's bigger than my
apartment.

Adam PULLS himself up and in.

ADAM
Where did he get the dough?

Jazz weaves through the estate to find the study. Adam is stunned. The computer and photos on the wall are gone. Small nails remain.

JAZZ

Whose photos were hanging here?

ADAM

If it was like our home in L.A.,
two were of me, Dirk Macina was
here. Sally Reagan, and...

The phone in the kitchen RINGS and STARTLES them.

JAZZ

You may as well answer it. I bet
your dad knows you're here.

Adam and Jazz RACE to the kitchen. Adam answers the portable
receiver of the phone.

ADAM

Hello.

MAGNUS OLSEN (O.S.)

You found the house. Now get out of
there fast. They're after me.

Adam and Jazz hear a helicopter and see searchlights.

MAGNUS OLSEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Take the tunnel in the garage.
Under the work bench.

Adam leads Jazz to the garage. He feels for a secret door,
while they hear boots running through the estate.

JAZZ

What the hell is this about?

MAGNUS OLSEN (O.S.)

I'll explain later, at the baseball
field of the four-home-run game.

ADAM

You always worried about robbers in
L.A. The tunnel to the neighbors.

The footsteps are louder. Adam finally finds the door and
opens it to discover a wood-walled tunnel. He pulls Jazz
behind him and shuts the door.

They crawl quickly and hear a bullhorn calling them, as Adam
clings to the remote phone.

ANTHONY BENEDITTI (O.S.)

We just want to talk to you.

JAZZ

Why didn't they call or make an appointment?

MAGNUS OLSEN (O.S.)

Right. They can't be trusted.

JAZZ

I'm having trouble trusting anyone.

ADAM

I love your lavender perfume. A small shop in Oregon, you say?

JAZZ

Just get us out of here.

Adam's phone is barely audible.

MAGNUS OLSEN (O.S.)

Take the WV. Plane waiting for you. Four-home-run park. Tomorrow.

They crawl through a similar secret door in the neighbor's garage. An old Volkswagen Bug awaits them with the keys in it.

Adam OPENS the garage manually to be quiet. They PUSH the car down the dark street, while Magnus's house is searched. They hop in, start the car, and drive away without headlights on.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN BUG - NIGHT

Jazz is angry.

ADAM

I don't know what Dad's gotten himself into.

JAZZ

The photos in the den. Who else was there?

ADAM

Phil Leggard. My dad can tell you all about him tomorrow at the Little League park.

JAZZ

The Little League park?

ADAM

I had one four-home-run game in my life. The park's in L.A. He has a plane waiting for us.

JAZZ

There were nine nails on the study wall. We've accounted for only five. Two of you, Macina, Reagan, and Leggard. Who else was up there?

ADAM

I don't remember.

JAZZ

Think!

ADAM

Ask my dad tomorrow.

JAZZ

Have him call me at home. You were all successful, rich athletes. The others never reached thirty. Why?

ADAM

Now, you've got me worried, too.

JAZZ

There must be some connection. Who was your sports agent?

ADAM

Lenny Anderson, like Macina, Reagan, and Leggard.

JAZZ

Where did your dad get his money?

ADAM

Wish I knew. Ask him.

JAZZ

I guess one more day with you won't kill me. L.A. huh?

EXT. BURBANK AIRPORT - MORNING

Clearing customs is easy. Adam is chipper. Jazz is tired.

ADAM

Seven o'clock, Cow-ifornia time. Get moo-ving, Cowgirl.

JAZZ

Burbank? Seven A.M.? Why are you
always so chipper?

ADAM

I treat every day like a toy!

JAZZ

I've noticed.

Jazz TYPES a text message to Chris. The message reads: "In California. Home tomorrow. Jazz."

ADAM

Steroid story of yours seems like
old news.

Jazz READS the reply from Chris on her SMARTPHONE: "Olympic Pres. still missing. Rumor is some doctor has lab data on hundreds of pro athletes and he's blackmailing them." Jazz texts back: "Thanks, bye" to Chris.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I'll get us a cab.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The Lenny Anderson Agency is ritzy, dark, and cold. Large photos of famous sports figures are everywhere.

JAZZ

So dark and cold in here.

ADAM

Lenny controls everything, like his
negotiations.

A huge 10-foot-tall PHOTO OF LENNY comes into view. Two SECURITY GUARDS (45; ex-football players with night sticks) watch the front desk where three, young, cute RECEPTIONISTS greet 15 huge CLIENTS (mixed races and aged college players). Jazz pushes her way to a receptionist.

JAZZ

Excuse me. Excuse me. I've got Adam
Magnus here. Pro ballplayer to see
Mr. Anderson.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry. Mr. Anderson sees
nobody.

ADAM
 (pleads, flirts)
 I'm a nobody, now. Call him, will
 ya, gorgeous? For me?

RECEPTIONIST
 Mr. Magnus! I'd be honored, after
 your security search, of course.

Adam and Jazz are frisked like mobsters.

ADAM
 Last time I was here, after my
 strip search, I sent the guard
 flowers.

Jazz ROLLS her eyes. The receptionist listens to her ear
 piece.

RECEPTIONIST
 Mr. Anderson says you don't need a
 search, but you must take the north
 hallway elevators.

The two Security Guards escort them down a hallway. Jazz sees
 life-sized posters of Olympic athlete, Anthony Benedetti, in
 tight black bodysuit, and many other top athletes.

JAZZ
 All the sports legends are here.

ADAM
 Lenny's hands in their pockets.

The guards push them into a glass elevator. Lenny's PERSONAL
 ASSISTANT (60; Debbie Reynold's-type lady) remembers Adam.

PERSONAL ASSISTANT
 Mr. Magnus. Handsome as ever. It's
 been five years, I believe.

ADAM
 I've missed ya, Darling.

PERSONAL ASSISTANT
 Boss hasn't forgiven you. Careful
 in there.

ADAM
 My wife's comin' in with me.

PERSONAL ASSISTANT
 Our face-recognition security
 suggests otherwise.

(MORE)

PERSONAL ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
Opinionated, unmarried, unemployed
reporter from Denver. Ms. Jasmine
Rivera, born...

JAZZ
I'll wait here.

A chime sounds.

PERSONAL ASSISTANT
You have five minutes. No more.

Adam enters two enormous doors. Jazz looks at her iPad.

PERSONAL ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
Put that iPad away, or I'll have it
thrown into the street.

JAZZ
I don't suppose you know anything
about Dirk Macina, Sally Reagan, or
Phil Leggard?

The personal assistant ignores Jazz.

Adam WHISTLES and smiles as he leaves Lenny's office. The
doors do not shut immediately.

ADAM
Still has anger issues.

Jazz races past Adam into Lenny's office. She recognizes him.

PERSONAL ASSISTANT
You can't go in there! Security!

JAZZ
I recognize you. What were you
screaming about with Dr. Li at that
basketball game in Denver?

Lenny doesn't speak. The security alarm sounds.

ADAM
We'll show ourselves out.

Adam takes Jazz's hand and runs toward the NORTH HALLWAY
elevators, but Jazz PULLS him to the SOUTH HALLWAY elevators.

JAZZ
There's something he didn't want us
to see. What did Lenny say?

ADAM
Wanted to know where my dad was.

Guards chase them, but they escape into the elevator.

JAZZ
Why?

ADAM
Don't know. When I mentioned the
Cayman Islands, he went ballistic.

The elevators open to a hallway labeled "In Memorium". Jazz sees POSTERS of Dirk Macina and Sally Reagan. She is stunned to also see Phil Leggard.

Guards CHASE them through the lobby. On the way out of a fire exit, Adam looks back to see a life-size poster of Tomal Okeke.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Hey, isn't that...

JAZZ
Goddamn him. Why didn't he tell me
Lenny was his agent?

They race out the door and run down the street to safety.

EXT./INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

A cab drops Adam and Jazz at a dilapidated house with broken windows, yet Adam acts like a tour guide at a Universal Studios. Adam hides his sadness at seeing his old home in disrepair.

ADAM
Studio City is home to many reality
TV stars.

JAZZ
Shouldn't you be in a car seat?

Jazz sees the sadness in Adam's eyes.

ADAM
What happened to my home?

Jazz pushes open the door. Adam reluctantly follows her. Graffiti and trash fill the home.

JAZZ
Wonder why he moved to the Caymans?

ADAM
Did better without me.

JAZZ
Sorry I dragged you here, but I
have to see the den.

Adam TRUDGES to the den. Jazz insects the walls.

ADAM
It was always locked. Hardly ever
came in here.

JAZZ
Think. Whose photos were on the
wall? Leggard? Tomal Okeke?

ADAM
Don't know. He used nicknames.

Adam trudges out of the house, mumbling sadly.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Don't remember. A cyclist, maybe.
Don't know. Leave me alone.

Jazz chases after him.

JAZZ
Cyclist?

Adam is already in the car. Jazz hops in.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
What did he call the cyclist?

ADAM
Spider?

JAZZ
The Spider? Get us out of here!

Adam calls for a cab.

EXT. URBAN BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

The cab stops only for a second in an unsafe neighborhood.
Adam smiles. We see a dilapidated field and broken fences.

ADAM
Was the most beautiful place in the
world. Better than Disneyland.

Jazz CLINGS to Adam.

JAZZ
Nothing bothers you very long.

ADAM
Leaving the show did. Sports
medicine did.

JAZZ
Four homers in one game, huh?

Adam RUNS to home plate. He SWINGS a pretend bat.

ADAM
Baseball scouts came to see the
pitcher. He only gave up four hits
the whole game. All to me.

JAZZ
Was your dad watching?

ADAM
How'd ya know? He missed almost
every game, but he made that one.

JAZZ
Had a hunch.

Adam takes one last swing.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
Where did your dad get the money?

ADAM
I'm broke, you know?

Jazz is stunned.

JAZZ
What? Roll of bills? Chartered jet.
Hotel? Clothes for me?

ADAM
Tried to compete with your
boyfriend, Chris. I'm sorry.

JAZZ
You've endangered my life several
times.

ADAM
Sorry about that. That's two
strikes against me, right?

Jazz stomps away and pulls out her iPhone. She calls Chris, but a sexy female voice answers. It's ABBY KIRKLAND, (26).

ABBY (O.S.)

Hi, Jazz. Guess what? I got the job 'cause of Chris's training. Frank, I mean, Mr. Gannon, gave me your old job. Isn't that great?

Jazz recognizes her voice. Jazz FROWNS sadly.

JAZZ

Abby, may I talk to Chris. It's important.

ABBY (O.S.)

I can take a message. He's in the shower, but nothing funny is going on. Honest. I respect you two.

JAZZ

Have him call Detective Gordon and hunt for Anthony Benedetti regarding Tomal Okeke.

ABBY (O.S.)

Frank is having me and Chris interview Mr. Okeke in Aspen tomorrow morning.

JAZZ

That's Chris and I.

Adam HEARS that last line.

ABBY (O.S.)

No, it's me and Chris. Really.

Jazz hangs up, ANGRY. She sends a text message to Chris: "tell detective gordon to look for anthony benedetti, connected to lenny anderson. See you tonight?" Jazz turns to see Adam on one knee.

ADAM

Most exciting week of my life. Will you marry me?

Jazz looks angry, when a Mercedes-Benz limo pulls up to the baseball field. A tall, gray-haired man, Dr. Magnus Olsen, steps out.

MAGNUS OLSEN

Adam, I'm so sorry.

Adam squints through his thick glasses.

ADAM

Dad? That you?

MAGNUS OLSEN

You must be Ms. Jasmine Rivera.
Sorry about that church in Iceland.

JAZZ

Did you start that fire?

MAGNUS OLSEN

Heaven's no! I loved my wife very
much. Half of me died that day. I
wanted to protect the other half.

Magnus POINTS at Adam.

MAGNUS OLSEN (CONT'D)

But I messed that up too. I have
the information you need.

(beat)

And more. Much more.

Lenny Anderson steps out of the limo.

LENNY ANDERSON

I want that information now. Let's
all take a flight to Aspen to see
Tomal Okeke, shall we?

MAGNUS OLSEN

This is where the happiest day in
your life was. I'm so sorry, son.

ADAM

No, Dad. The happiest day in my
life was when I met Jazz.

LENNY ANDERSON

Just get in the limo, you idiot.

Jazz ROLLS her eyes, but they all get into the limo. Jazz
sends a quick text message to Chris: "Aspen. Tonight."

INT. JET - DAY

Swivel chairs allow Lenny, Magnus, Adam, and Jazz to talk on
the jet, although Lenny is tight-lipped.

MAGNUS OLSEN

It's simple. A few athletes sent me blood and urine to test.

JAZZ

To see if they were below detection limits before league testing occurred.

MAGNUS OLSEN

They have their own reasons. I didn't ask.

ADAM

How could you, Dad?

MAGNUS OLSEN

They paid huge sums of money. Far more than I asked for.

LENNY ANDERSON

None of this is getting out.

ADAM

Why didn't you look for me in Colorado, Dad?

MAGNUS OLSEN

Once I had the athletes' data, and samples, I became a target. You too, maybe. I'm so sorry.

JAZZ

I get it. People would pay big bucks for the data and samples to keep quiet or expose others.

MAGNUS OLSEN

Exactly.

JAZZ

Players, agents, teams, ad agencies, and tabloids would pay dearly. Isn't that right, Mr. Anderson?

ADAM

Dad, by keeping quiet, the cheating goes on.

MAGNUS OLSEN

If I speak out, I break doctor-client confidentiality and I might be killed.

LENNY ANDERSON
I didn't say it. You did.

JAZZ
Macina, Reagan, Leggard. Who else
in on your list?
(beat)
Tomal Okeke?

LENNY ANDERSON
That's enough, Dr. Olsen. If you
value your son, you'll shut up.

JAZZ
Sure. When Adam got a passport, he
needed an address.

ADAM
How does it help athletes or
athletics, Dad?

JAZZ
That's how so many athletes pass
their mandatory drug tests.

ADAM
And, there are lots of ways to
flush a body clean before testing.

MAGNUS OLSEN
I hid the data for safe keeping.

JAZZ
To keep your son safe.

MAGNUS OLSEN
And you, Ms. Rivera. If anything
happens to any of us, it all gets
automatically released to the
press.

LENNY ANDERSON
What a fool. Others will want that
data. It's not a life insurance
policy, it's a death warrant.

ADAM
I'll go back to my cabin and live
off the grid, with Jazz as my wife.

JAZZ
You are all a bunch of lunatics.
I'm turning you all into the cops.

LENNY ANDERSON

No you won't. You have aunts,
uncles, and cousins to protect. I
know where they all live. That's my
insurance policy.

They all STARE at each other. Only Adam is smiling.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Lenny's jet lands in Aspen. It's met by two black SUVs with
lights FLASHING and sirens BLARING. The cars read "DEA".

LENNY ANDERSON

Stay calm. This must be a mistake.

JAZZ

The Drug Enforcement Agency may be
looking for steroids and H-G-H.

LENNY ANDERSON

Don't say a word.

ADAM

You mean, play dumb?

LENNY ANDERSON

What an idiot.

Four DEA agents (one female, 35; three large males, 40-50)
and a drug-sniffing DOG board Lenny's jet and search
everywhere for drugs. The lead agent, REGGIE NETHERTON, 55,
POINTS his fingers to assign a DEA agent to each passenger.

AGENT REGGIE

Go with these agents. You'll be
searched and questioned in separate
rooms at the police station.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The Aspen Police Station is LIT UP with activity. Five
uniformed officers (mixed ages) field phone calls as Jazz,
Lenny, Magnus, and Adam are led to separate rooms.

Jazz is led to a room by the female agent. Jazz is surprised
to see Chris. She bear-hugs him, as the agent exits.

JAZZ

What are you doing here?

CHRIS

Following orders. Called Detective Gordon in Denver and gave him the two names you told me.

JAZZ

Lenny Anderson and Anthony Benedetti.

CHRIS

Gordon said the FBI is interested.

JAZZ

They must have tracked our flight.

CHRIS

Gordon told me you'd be taken here, but he didn't mention the DEA.

Agent Reggie steps in with three quart-sized plastic bags filled with pills labeled, "P-S", "T-B", and "E-B".

AGENT REGGIE

You're Jasmine Rivera. Detective Gordon warned me about you. And you're Chris. Thanks for the tip. Agent Reggie Netherton, FBI.

Agent Reggie shows his badge, laughs, and shakes their hands.

AGENT REGGIE (CONT'D)

Wanted to get close to Mr. Anderson without tipping him off.

CHRIS

All her idea.

JAZZ

What's this about?

AGENT REGGIE

First, what are these? From the plane? Looks bad if we don't know.

Jazz INSPECTS the pill bags.

JAZZ

P-S is probably a protein supplement. T-B, I'm guessing, is a testosterone booster. Legal performance-enhancing drugs.

AGENT REGGIE

And this last one, E-B?

JAZZ

Probably just an energy booster. B-vitamins and caffeine. Also legal.

AGENT REGGIE

Explains the quiet dog.

JAZZ

Lenny's too smart to carry steroids. He probably hands these out like candy to prospective clients and school children.

AGENT REGGIE

Are you sure they're not yours?

JAZZ

Do I look like a body builder who needs a hard on?

AGENT REGGIE

I'll leave you two alone. But stay put, and mums the word on the FBI. We're DEA. Got it?

Jazz and Chris NOD O.K. as Reggie exits the room.

CHRIS

Frank will give you your old job back if you drop the story.

Jazz isn't listening.

JAZZ

Maybe it's more than a handful of cheaters like your dad said.

CHRIS

Frank said steroids are old news. Bad for business and TV revenue.

JAZZ

I can't let it go. I've got more to dig to give Tomal the truth.

Chris twitches in anger.

CHRIS

If Abby does well with Tomal's interview tomorrow, you may never get your job back.

JAZZ

Let me guess. It's at a pool.
She'll be in a tiny bikini.

CHRIS

Sun dress. How's that Adam fellow
and his wanted Dad?

Agent Reggie barges in.

AGENT REGGIE

You, your fiancé in the next room,
and the others are free to go.

JAZZ

My fiancé? Damn him.

Reggie pops out and shuts the door.

ADAM

Fiancé?

JAZZ

Adam's a little childish, and a
little crazy, but I'm sure he's not
a dangerous drug runner.

CHRIS

And his wanted Dad?

JAZZ

He's a chemist, whose done nothing
illegal as far as I can tell.

CHRIS

I guess the FBI did let him go.

JAZZ

Shhhh on the FBI. I'll talk to
Tomal tonight and see you after
your ten A.M. interview.

CHRIS

Where are you staying?

JAZZ

Lenny has us all booked at the St.
Regis. On separate floors.

CHRIS

That's where Abby is staying. I'm
at the cut-rate Limelight Hotel.
I'll see you tomorrow.

JAZZ

I've got to find Tomal, but I don't have much to tell him. We'll be home tomorrow night and all this will be behind us.

CHRIS

Yes. Behind us. See you tomorrow.

They KISS briefly. Neither look satisfied. Chris leaves. Jazz takes out her iPhone and sends a text enters in.

ADAM

Hey, beautiful, how was your strip search? Reggie's a great guy, huh?

Jazz is too busy and stunned by the message to notice Adam. The message reads: "Aspen Hospital. Come quick. Huan."

ADAM (CONT'D)

Huan Li? Can I go?

JAZZ

Don't you see? I've got nothing. Your dad has private medical records, which he can't share. I have stories, not worth sharing.

ADAM

What if I can get Dad's records?

JAZZ

That would be Unethical. Invasion of privacy. I'm a failure. I'll go it alone.

Jazz and Adam EXIT into the hall and see Lenny and Magnus.

LENNY ANDERSON

Be my guest at the St. Regis before we part company tomorrow morning.

ADAM

Jazz and I could share a room to keep costs low.

JAZZ

Thank you, no! I'll find my own accommodations! Nice to meet you all.

As Jazz storms out, Lenny yells.

LENNY ANDERSON

Your boss, Frank Gannon, has the interview set up with Tomal at the indoor pool tomorrow! One word from me and you can have your job back!

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Adam follows Jazz to a waiting cab. The cabby, B.D. (65), a balding ancient hippie, rolls down his window to listen in.

ADAM

Jazz, you can trust me. I won't let you down. I'll never let you down.

JAZZ

Trust you? A juvenile, disguise-wearing, spoiled ex-ballplayer who tells people we're engaged?

ADAM

We might get engaged, someday. Honest.

Jazz hops into the cab with her bags.

B.D.

I believe him, lady.

JAZZ

Take me to the hospital, please.

B.D. pauses to let Adam try again. Adam speaks to Jazz's rolled-up window.

ADAM

You've had thousands of admirers, hundred who've loved you, and dozens of boyfriends. But you've never had anyone who understands and adores you completely and unconditionally like I do.

JAZZ

Don't say it, driver, just go.

B.D. pulls away painfully, SLOWLY looking in his rearview mirror. Magnus JOINS his son and sees his torment.

MAGNUS OLSEN

I'm so sorry, Son.

ADAM

Dad, I need your help, more than
any time in my life. I need it now.

EXT. /INT. ASPEN HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The cab rolls up to a quiet hospital. B.D. BLASTS a George
Carlin comedy tape on the radio.

B.D.

Hey, lady, want me to wait?

JAZZ

Is it tough to get a cab?

B.D.

Off-season. There's two of us, but
only one of us is less-stoned.

JAZZ

If you don't mind. Thanks, call me
Jazz.

B.D.

I'm B.D. Short for Black Diamond.
I'll wait. Not like that nice man
at the cop station, but I'll wait.

Jazz shakes her head in disgust as she enters the hospital to
an awaiting over-weight security GUARD (45) in uniform.

GUARD

Visiting hours are over. Hey, I
know you from Channel Eight sports.

JAZZ

I'm here to see Tomal Okeke. It's
an emergency.

GUARD

Your replacement called John Elway,
John Egg-way. We laughed like hell.

JAZZ

I'm in kind of a hurry.

GUARD

He don't look so good.

JAZZ

I'm so sorry.

GUARD

But he gave me an autograph. Love the guy. Room twenty-seven. Some oriental doctor is with him.

Jazz ponders what to say, while she walks. She knocks, then enters a small dark room.

JAZZ

Tomal? Huan? It's me, Jazz.

Tomal is on oxygen. Huan holds his hand, sobbing. An I.V. drips into his arm.

DR. LI

Cushing's Syndrome. Possibly a rare side effect of steroid use.

JAZZ

You did this to him?

Tomal comes alive with angry eyes directed at Jazz.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

DR. LI

Totally unpredictable. His body reacted to glucocorticoids used to promote healing after injuries.

Tomal removes his oxygen mask to comfort Huan.

TOMAL OKEKE

You couldn't have known.

DR. LI

His adrenal gland reacted so fast. I should have seen the weight gain, puffy face, and slight limp.

Jazz races to Tomal's side.

TOMAL OKEKE

I need the strength to say I'm retiring at the interview tomorrow.

DR. LI

What did you find about the others?

Jazz sulks as she READS from her iPad.

JAZZ

Not much. Macina may have died from a black widow bite, but the coroner said he was weakened by acute adrenal failure after blood-doping.

Huan and Tomal stare at each other, as they grip hands.

DR. LI

Go on.

JAZZ

His red blood cell count was off the charts. The same way they catch Tour de France cheaters.

TOMAL OKEKE

Sally Reagan?

JAZZ

Nicknamed "Sally Balls" because she used so much testosterone and steroids. Died at twenty-eight.

DR. LI

Phil Leggard?

JAZZ

Used the steroid cream like Bonds. Rumored he was HIV-positive when he jumped from a cliff at twenty-six.

Jazz pauses and paces in the room. Huan replaces Tomal's oxygen mask and squeezes his hands, forcing a smile.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

But why does Dr. Magnus Olsen have photos of all of just these pros and a few more in his den?

DR. LI

That's enough.

JAZZ

Adam's picture was there too. Magnus knew their blood chemistry.

DR. LI

(louder)

Enough. You're upsetting Tomal.

JAZZ

Tomal's father wanted me meet Dr. Reinhold in Iceland. Why?

Tomal looks away. There is a TEAR in his eye.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Did you ever go to Iceland, Tomal?

TOMAL OKEKE

I don't want to know anymore. Huan loves me. You wouldn't understand.

JAZZ

I'm beginning to. You're a cheater like the others. Huan may forgive you. Your fans might forgive. But I won't. You lied to your teammates, the league, and the world.

Huan presses the security button on the wall. Tomal closes his eyes. Huan yells.

DR. LI

Security! Security!

JAZZ

Don't bother. I'm leaving.

EXT. ASPEN HOSPITAL AND STREETS - NIGHT

Jazz finds the cabby, B.D., SINGING in his cab. Jazz's mood is sour as she hops in the cab.

JAZZ

Limelight Hotel, B.D.

B.D.

It ain't the Ritz. You sure know how to pick 'em, lady.

JAZZ

Have a friend there.

(beat)

A real friend. Where can I pick up a nice bottle of wine?

B.D.

Convenience store has a dazzling display of boxed wines. I'm fond of the Chablis imported from Arkansas.

B.D. races off.

EXT. LIMELIGHT HOTEL - NIGHT

B.D. parks in front of the Limelight Hotel, a place that has seen better days. Jazz TUCKS the box of wine under her arm as B.D. gets her bags from the trunk. Jazz tips B.D. generously.

JAZZ

Sorry I was grumpy, B.D.

B.D.

You miss the handsome, funny guy?

JAZZ

No, I...

B.D.

Here's a matchbook with my number,
case you need me.

Jazz marches past the front desk reading a text message from Chris: "Room 204." She climbs the stairs and sees Chris in the hallway.

CHRIS

Box of wine. You weren't kidding.

JAZZ

Sorry I've been self-absorbed.
Make it up to you, after a shower.

Jazz enters the room, STRIPS, and HEADS to the shower.

CHRIS

I'll chill the box of wine in the
window sill, and put Hillbilly Hand-
fishing on the T.V.

The shower drowns out Jazz's response, as Chris pulls out a bucket of ice and a bottle of champagne.

Jazz re-enters the room in a small towel.

JAZZ

Where did that come from?

CHRIS

Abby sent it over from the St.
Regis. Just to be nice.

JAZZ

But she didn't know I'd be here.

Jazz leaves the towel on. Chris sees she is upset.

CHRIS

Stop being a detective, and enjoy the champagne. Tomal is going to play next year, isn't he?

He rubs her legs and she closes her eyes and moans softly.

JAZZ

He cheated, and his body caught him, but I'm missing something.

CHRIS

Everybody cheats a little. Nothing new. Maybe Adam cheated too.

Chris REMOVES her towel. She PULLS IT back.

JAZZ

You might be right. Maybe he's holding back. Protecting his dad. Let's go ask him.

Jazz HOPS up and dresses quickly in very seductive tight BLACK jeans and PINK V-neck sweater.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

My only clean clothes. We'll be back in an hour. I'll make it up to you. Promise.

CHRIS

One hour? The van's out back.

JAZZ

Greatest night of your life. Box of Arkansas Chablis won't spoil, but I may need to borrow your champagne.

She rips the champagne bottle out and races out, as Chris runs behind her moaning.

EXT./INT. ST. REGIS HOTEL - NIGHT

The five-story, five-star hotel caters to the very rich. Chris and Jazz pull up in the TV van.

JAZZ

I'll find Adam's room. Then, I'll call you to join us.

CHRIS

Can't wait to meet the competition.

JAZZ

Handsome, but crazy. You got nothing to worry about.

Jazz storms into the hotel with the champagne. Two female DESK CLERKS (24) eye Jazz's tight pants and V-neck sweater.

REGIS DESK CLERK #1

May we help you?

JAZZ

Adam Magnusson's room number, please.

The clerk GLANCES at her computer.

REGIS DESK CLERK #1

No one by that name is registered.

JAZZ

May be under Adam Magnus.

REGIS DESK CLERK #2

Will anyone do?

JAZZ

I have a room here also. Jasmine Rivera. Under Lenny Anderson.

REGIS DESK CLERK #1

You haven't checked in yet. If we could see some I.D.?

REGIS DESK CLERK #2

Busy night?

Jazz HANDS the clerk her driver's license with a cold stare.

REGIS DESK CLERK #1

You're in room one-zero-five-two.

JAZZ

Could you ring Adam's room for me? Maybe you forgot he checked in. Handsome former-baseball player.

Jazz secretly watches the clerk dial.

REGIS DESK CLERK #1

Afraid he hasn't registered, so I don't expect him to pick up.

JAZZ

Try Lenny Anderson.

REGIS DESK CLERK #2
Anybody will do.

Jazz watches one clerk begin to dial, as the other clerk hands Jazz her key-cards and a map to her room.

JAZZ
Never mind. I'll drink the
champagne in the hot tub myself.

REGIS DESK CLERK #2
The pool area closed at ten.

Jazz walks out talking.

JAZZ
I'll just skinny dip in the dark.

Jazz races to the TV van. Chris is almost asleep.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
Grab both cameras with microphones.
Follow me.

Chris grabs the camera gear as Jazz leads him to the dark pool area looking up to the hotel.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
Lenny booked us on different
floors. All the rooms ended in zero-
five-two. Lenny must be on top.

CHRIS
Cameras?

Jazz stares at the map the clerk gave her.

JAZZ
Look, Lenny's room is that one,
with the lights on. Zoom in.

Chris sets up the camera and zooms in.

CHRIS
No good. We need audio.

JAZZ
Can get it with your other camera
if you can get to the top floor.

CHRIS
Me?

JAZZ

He knows me. Never seen you. Put the mike under his door. Night of your life later. I promise.

Jazz hands Chris a key-card and he trudges away.

Soon, Chris is up there recording muffled audio, while Jazz records fuzzy video.

Up in Lenny's suite, loud footsteps race to the door.

CHRIS

Room service tray pick-up?

Dr. Olsen chases Chris down the hall, but he trips on room service trays.

Chris flies down the stairwell and out to the pool area, where he and Jazz are met by Agent Reggie of the FBI and his three agents (previous DEA agents).

AGENT REGGIE

Freeze! You're in a world of hurt.

JAZZ

Lenny Anderson and Dr. Olsen hate each other. What were they doing in the same hotel room?

AGENT REGGIE

We may never know. Been tracking them for days. You two idiots just set us back months.

The three agents scan Chris's audio and Jazz's video.

JAZZ

We had no idea. And where's Adam?

CHRIS

Where's the night of my life?

AGENT REGGIE

Will you two quit it? You've ruined our hunt for Einar Stefánsson of the IOC. We don't give a shit about Mr. Anderson or Dr. Olson or your job working for Tomal Okeke.

JAZZ

You know?

AGENT REGGIE

You've used a phone, haven't you?

Reggie reads from his iPhone.

AGENT REGGIE (CONT'D)

You're at the Limelight Hotel, Room two-zero-four.

CHRIS

All her idea. I need my job.

AGENT REGGIE

Einar Stefánsson is still missing. We think he's in the area. Dr. Olsen is also from Iceland. We did search your van and your room.

JAZZ

We free to go?

AGENT REGGIE

Eager to get back to that box of Arkansas Chablis?

JAZZ

We have nothing to do with Einar Stefánsson.

AGENT REGGIE

The connection is Iceland. You were there. Adam Magnusson and Dr. Olsen were there. Now you're all here.

The three agents, shaking their heads, 'No', return the video cameras to Chris.

AGENT REGGIE (CONT'D)

Apparently, your camera and audio work are useless. Mr. Okeke reports that you wasted his time and money too. Go home, Ms. Rivera.

Reggie and the agents slip away into the darkness.

CHRIS

What happens now? Night of my life?

Jazz stomps towards the TV van.

JAZZ

After we find Adam's cabin. It's up here somewhere. Woody Creek! Dan Macina's cabin is in Woody Creek.

CHRIS
I need my sleep for the interview
with Tomal. It's midnight.

JAZZ
I'll tuck you in bed in an hour.

CHRIS
Right.

EXT./INT. WOODY CREEK TAVERN - NIGHT

A DARK road leads Jazz and Chris to the infamous Woody Creek Tavern, a small bar and restaurant once frequented by gonzo writer, Hunter S. Thompson. A neon sign reads: "Closed."

CHRIS
Just your luck.

JAZZ
There's a light on in the back.

Chris reluctantly drives around back, where the kitchen door is propped open by an old wooden chair. Jazz leaps from the van before it stops, and peeks into the kitchen.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
Hello in there?

The COOK, a 60-year-old hippie with a long gray beard, tie-dyed T-shirt, and greasy apron comes to the door.

COOK
Closed. Want scraps for your dog?

JAZZ
No, I'm Jazz Rivera from...

COOK
Channel eight. So?

Chris joins them.

CHRIS
I'm Chris, her cameraman.

COOK
So?

JAZZ
We're looking for Adam Magnus.
Also goes by Magnusson.

COOK

I know him. But do you?

Jazz fumbles for her iPhone.

JAZZ

Photos from this week.

Jazz shows Adam in a swimsuit at the spa in Iceland, and on the beach at the Cayman Islands, also in a swimsuit.

CHRIS

Doesn't he own any clothes?

COOK

He in trouble? I'm changing the oil in the deep-fryer. Kinda busy.

JAZZ

Disappeared tonight.

COOK

He's good at that.

JAZZ

What do you mean?

COOK

People are wild here. Like Hunter Thompson, don't like to be found.

CHRIS

Or found out. Is he into in drugs?

COOK

Adam-Mag is the nicest, smartest, kindest guy in the county. Travels a lot. He ain't never here.

JAZZ

Former baseball player? He lives here? Cabin in the woods?

COOK

Weekender. Fishing cabin, not his home. Don't nobody know where his real home is.

CHRIS

Imaging that?

COOK

Private, quiet person. You wouldn't understand.

JAZZ

His life's in danger. Where's his
cabin?

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

Another dark dirt road leads to a one-room shack. Chris and
Jazz have large flashlights.

JAZZ

Who is this guy?

CHRIS

What a dump.

Chris looks around. Jazz SHINES her light into a window.

JAZZ

One couch, a small table, a wood
stove, and fishing poles.

CHRIS

Outhouse in back. Weekends only.

Jazz looks at the dirt road, and sees different tire tracks.

JAZZ

Busy place. Wonder if the door's
open.

Jazz stands at the front door until Chris joins her. She
pushes the door open and a small EXPLOSION knocks them off
their feet. They're scared but okay.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

I'm okay. Are you?

They get up and shake off the debris.

CHRIS

Told you Adam was dangerous.

JAZZ

They could have set a larger
charge, if they wanted, but I'm
still calling nine-one-one.

CHRIS

No phone service for thirty
minutes. And, who are 'they'?

JAZZ

Wasn't Adam. But someone wanted to scare him.

Chris shakes his head in disgust.

CHRIS

Maybe Adam wanted to scare you?

JAZZ

Well, it worked.

CHRIS

He's gone. Let's get outta here.
Call nine-one-one from my hotel.

EXT. ROAD TO ASPEN - NIGHT

Jazz stares out the passenger-side window. Chris is silent.
They hear sirens on the other side of the divided road.

CHRIS

Somebody knows what happened.

JAZZ

I texted Reggie, the FBI agent.
I'll call the police after we make
one quick stop.

CHRIS

Where's that?

JAZZ

The St. Regis. We saw three shadows
in Lenny's room. Lenny and Adam's
dad. Who was the third?

CHRIS

Let it go.

JAZZ

Medium-height and weight, may have
been Icelandic too. What if it was
the I.O.C. president?

CHRIS

Let the FBI handle it.

JAZZ

Must be in the adjoining suite. One
stop. I'll make it up to you.

CHRIS

One A.M. and the night of my life.

JAZZ

I'll just knock on the door and see who answers. What could go wrong?

INT. ST. REGIS HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Jazz steps into the lobby of the St. Regis to see the same two female clerks ARGUING with DRUNK Dr. Magnus Olsen.

MAGNUS OLSEN

Where ish my son? You look.

REGIS DESK CLERK #1

He never registered.

Jazz RUSHES to steady Adam's dad.

MAGNUS OLSEN

His cabin shploded? Já?

REGIS DESK CLERK #1

That's all we were told.

JAZZ

I was there when the small charge went off. Adam wasn't there.

REGIS DESK CLERK #2

He's not here either.

Magnus Olsen COLLAPSES on the floor in a FETAL position.

JAZZ

Call nine-one-one.

Jazz checks his breathing. He is breathing. Tears fill Dr. Olsen's eyes. He whispers to Jazz.

MAGNUS OLSEN

My big mistake. Put my shun in danger. Worse than you will ever know. My poor shunnnnnnn.

JAZZ

How did you put your son in danger?

MAGNUS OLSEN

Belllllllt.

Jazz sees Dr. Magnus has both of his hands on his belt buckle, so she flips him on his back as his hands fall limp.

Jazz checks for breathing and pulse with two fingers to his neck, as both clerks are on emergency phones.

Jazz inspects Magnus's belt and finds a photo memory chip taped to the back of his buckle.

She removed the chip and slips it into her bra.

JAZZ

You had a few too many drinks.

You'll be okay, relax.

(beat)

Oh my God. No breathing. No pulse.

Beginning C-P-R.

Jazz continues CPR. We hear SIRENS.

Two EMTs (late 30s) take over the scene as Reggie STORMS in with three FBI agents.

AGENT REGGIE

Agents, check those three rooms.

(beat)

Ms. Rivera. I should have known.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The clock reads 2 A.M. Reggie interrogates Jazz as Chris tries to sleep in an uncomfortable chair.

AGENT REGGIE

I agree. You weren't the target at Adam's cabin, and it wasn't enough to kill anyone. But you were there.

JAZZ

To find Adam. That's all.

AGENT REGGIE

Dr. Olsen has a heart attack thirty minutes later, and you were there.

JAZZ

To find Adam. And I have a room reserved there.

AGENT REGGIE

By Lenny Anderson, who wasn't there.

JAZZ

Yeah. Where'd he go?

Reggie cringes in anger.

AGENT REGGIE

Guantanamo Bay.

JAZZ

Where?

CHRIS

Guantanamo Bay. Can I sleep there?

AGENT REGGIE

No. Guantanamo Bay is where I'll send you if you don't go home and stay out of our business.

JAZZ

(comfortingly)

What's the matter, Reggie?

AGENT REGGIE

Thought Lenny and Dr. Olsen would lead me to Einar Stefánsson. Damn!

JAZZ

You mean, Einar Stefánsson wasn't in the room next to Lenny?

AGENT REGGIE

No. It was an Icelandic gentleman named Hans Reinhold.

Jazz leaps up from her chair.

JAZZ

I met the doctor in Iceland. Dr. Olsen's old partner at a fertility clinic. They hate each other.

One of Reggie's three FBI agents runs in.

FBI AGENT #1

Found the old hippie cab driver. Dropped Anderson off at a diner at nine P.M., before both deaths.

AGENT REGGIE

I wanna talk to him.

JAZZ

Can we go?

AGENT REGGIE
Stay in that hotel room all night.

CHRIS
Yes!

AGENT REGGIE
I may have further questions.

Jazz and Chris walk sleepily out the door, but once in the hallway, Jazz pulls Chris's arm along quickly.

JAZZ
Quick. Back to your hotel room.

CHRIS
Not what I think it's for, is it?

INT./EXT. LIMELIGHT HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Once in the room, Jazz pulls off her sweater and Chris's eyes light up. He RIPS OFF his shirt. But Jazz LEAPS to her computer and pulls the photo memory card from her bra.

JAZZ
In a minute. Let me check this out.

CHRIS
Fine. I'll catch up on sleep!

Chris flops exhausted on the bed.

Jazz scans pages of spreadsheets that make no sense.

JAZZ
Blood chemistry data. No client names. Couple dozen entries. Not worth a heart attack.

Jazz paces angrily in the small room.

CHRIS
Let it go. Come to bed.

JAZZ
What's Dr. Reinhold doing here?
Two Icelanders with medical issues
at the same time? What are the
odds?

She strips slowly as Chris watches. Then, she stops.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

And Lenny, Adam, and the Olympics' president are missing.

Across the room, Jazz's iPhone rings loudly.

CHRIS

Let it go.

JAZZ

It'll wake everyone.

She races over and answers her phone.

ADAM (O.S.)

Hi, Jazz. Guess where I landed?

JAZZ

Adam?

CHRIS

Goddamn him.

JAZZ

It's three A.M., the FBI and police want you, and your father is...

Jazz pauses, and Adam understands.

ADAM (O.S.)

Dead? How?

JAZZ

Heart attack.

There is a long, sad, silence.

ADAM (O.S.)

Dad knew his days were numbered.
Sent me a text earlier tonight.
Said I should get the USB memory
stick from his safe deposit box.

JAZZ

Landed? You're in the Caymans?

ADAM (O.S.)

Dad's text also said S-I-R-I-U-S.

JAZZ

Satellite radio?

ADAM (O.S.)
His favorite brand of chocolate
from Iceland. Don't know why.
Maybe it's in his safe deposit box.

JAZZ
Are you coming back to Aspen?

ADAM (O.S.)
Unless I find a million bucks in
the safe deposit box. Ha!

JAZZ
Not funny.

ADAM (O.S.)
Kidding. Got to clear my dad.
Trust me. But you should hide
better. I found you. Others will. I
love you.

Adam hangs up. Chris HEARS that 'I love you'.

JAZZ
He's delusional. He didn't mean
anything by it. But we'd better get
out of here to be safe.

CHRIS
And go where?

JAZZ
I know an old cab driver.

Jazz calls B.D. and she whispers into the phone.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
Got it. Thanks, B.D.

Jazz and Chris grab their things, and head out down the hall.
They see an FBI agent in the lobby.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
B.D. was right. Follow me.

Jazz leads Chris out the back way and down a dark alley. The
FBI agent chases them. B.D. has the cab doors open and they
narrowly escape. The FBI agent takes out his phone.

EXT. ASPEN STREETS AND OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

JAZZ

Thanks, B.D. Can you take us to another hotel?

B.D.

Wanna find that fat dude in the Hawaiian shirt like the F.B.I.?

CHRIS

Just want to sleep.

JAZZ

Don't want to get you in trouble, but I want to find that slime-ball.

B.D.

Habib's the only other night driver. I trade him weed for hash. Anyway. He told me he picked a dude like that up at about nine tonight.

JAZZ

Where'd he take him?

B.D.

He don't remember. Maybe Castle Creek Road, but it's like twenty miles long.

CHRIS

Maybe we can knock on every door.

JAZZ

Did he remember the address?

B.D.

Nope.

JAZZ

Did he tell you the fare?

B.D.

Yeah. We always compare fares and tips. Fair was twenty-seven-fifty, and the dude didn't tip a penny. No-tip bastard.

JAZZ

If you drove twenty-seven-fifty worth from the diner up the road, maybe we could get close.

B.D.

I can give it a try. Pretty big mansions up there. All of 'em got big-ass dogs with razors for teeth.

CHRIS

Four A.M.? Dogs? Razor teeth?

JAZZ

Gotta find out what Lenny knows about Adam's dad, Dr. Reinhold and Tomal. Five minutes. Then I'm done.

The cab slowly drives past the St. Regis Hotel with Jazz and Chris ducking in the back seat. B.D. passes the diner and starts the fare over.

B.D.

Gonna have to charge ya. Rules.

JAZZ

I understand, B.D., and it's greatly appreciated.

B.D.

Let's find that no-tip bastard.

The cab turns onto a dark road with mansions spaced apart on both sides of the mountain road. The meter slowly increases to twenty-seven-fifty at the driveway to a huge mansion.

JAZZ

Got to be it. Other mansions are too close or too far.

B.D.

Smart lady. Bet the F.B.I. didn't think of that.

EXT./INT. ASPEN MANSION - NIGHT

Jazz looks up the driveway to the MANSION. It has one light on behind a huge picture window.

JAZZ

Somebody's up. Let's get video.

CHRIS

(reluctantly)
Great. I'll get the gear.

JAZZ

Five minutes. That's all I ask.

B.D.
Get Habib's tip, will ya?

CHRIS
What if Lenny's armed?

JAZZ
He is a bully, but won't be armed.
Uses money and lawyers as weapons.

Chris reluctantly hooks Jazz up with a microphone, and sets up the tripod and camera to peek into the picture window. Jazz bravely walks up to the huge front door and knocks.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
Anybody home?

LENNY ANDERSON
(yells, hurting)
Gotta be you, Ms. Rivera. I'm in
the living room. Door's open.

JAZZ
I'm coming in.

Jazz gives a thumbs up to Chris and enters a dark mansion. A single light is on, and she follows Lenny's voice.

LENNY ANDERSON
How'd you find me?

JAZZ
You didn't tip your cabbie.

Jazz finds Lenny slumped in a leather recliner in the living room filled with sports art and collectables.

LENNY ANDERSON
Help me.

JAZZ
After I get some answers. What
happened at your hotel?

LENNY ANDERSON
Call an ambulance.

JAZZ
What brought you out here?

LENNY ANDERSON
Same as you.

JAZZ

Why rent rooms at the St. Regis
when you own a place like this?

Lenny looks away toward a bottle of Scotch on a marble end table. He has trouble breathing.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

You, Adam's dad, and Dr. Reinhold
were partners.

Lenny SLUMPS further in the chair.

Chris is outside filming, but it's dark and fuzzy. Jazz's microphone is barely audible. He looks behind him to see a black SUV pull up next to B.D.'s cab. Agent Reggie and three agents HOP out. Reggie races up to Chris.

B.D.

Dudes, I was just about to call. My
buddy got stiffed his tip.

The agents leave B.D. and surround Chris.

AGENT REGGIE

What's this about?

CHRIS

Jazz is in there with Lenny
Anderson, I think. Too far away.

AGENT REGGIE

Anybody else in there?

CHRIS

Don't know, but I promised her five
minutes.

Reggie uses signals for his agents, who surround the house.

AGENT REGGIE

On my signal. Tasers only. We want
'em alive.

CHRIS

She thinks Lenny holds the key. I
doubt it.

AGENT REGGIE

Why?

CHRIS

He's just doing his job. I'm done.

Chris starts to fold up his camera gear.

AGENT REGGIE

Keep rolling. That's an order. And
let me hear the audio.

Chris hands over his earphones as his camera zooms in. Jazz
is still asking questions.

JAZZ

Are you alone? It's a big house.
Who else is on your payroll?

LENNY ANDERSON

I'm alone. No idea what you're
talking about. Call nine-one-one,
will you?

Jazz gets in Lenny's face.

JAZZ

Dr. Olsen is dead! Heart attack.

LENNY ANDERSON

Was fine when I left him at nine.

JAZZ

Did you eat the same food or drink?

LENNY ANDERSON

No. We all had chocolates delivered
from the hotel. I paid a fortune
for the rooms.

JAZZ

What kind of chocolates? Did you
eat any?

LENNY ANDERSON

Sirius chocolates. I can't eat
them. Borderline diabetic. Damn
you, I got bit by a spider in the
neck. Anthony knocked it off.

Lenny FAINTS.

JAZZ

Anthony Benedetti?

Outside, Reggie hears the name and signals his agents to move
in.

Inside, Jazz sees an assailant behind her in a black bodysuit
and holding his hands up in the air.

Despite the low light, Jazz clearly sees a shiny object with two short needles on her attacker's index finger. He strikes at Jazz's head.

Jazz instinctively kicks the man's crotch, which buckles him for a moment.

Jazz grabs the bottle of scotch from Lenny's end table and breaks the bottle on a marble top. She chases her attacker like a swordsman.

The assailant hears the FBI agents enter the house, and he escapes to the garage as Reggie races in from the front door.

AGENT REGGIE

After him! You okay, Ms. Rivera?

Chris hobbles in.

JAZZ

I'm fine. Lenny needs an ambulance.

CHRIS

I saw a man in black ride off on a mountain bike.

AGENT REGGIE

He should be easy to catch.

JAZZ

Doubt it. He was an Olympian.

(beat)

What's that tapping?

AGENT REGGIE

I don't hear...

Jazz races down stairs to a finished basement.

She follows the tapping behind the bar, pushes on a wall and it opens to a wine cellar. Tied to a chair is Einar Stefánsson, gagged and bound.

Reggie races in as Jazz removes the gag.

EINAR STEFÁNSSON

Anthony Benedetti. Bad for sport.
Kidnap so I can't ban drugs, eye
doctor, knee doctor, vitamin, herb,
aspirin, everything. Crazy man.

JAZZ

I'm glad you're okay. Was Lenny
Anderson in on this?

EINAR STEFÁNSSON

Never meet him or hear his name.

Reggie calls in the good news as an ambulance arrives. Two emergency technicians (40) take Lenny out on a stretcher.

JAZZ

Check Lenny for spider poison. Dr. Reinhold too. Reggie, have them check the chocolates in their rooms at the St. Regis, and in Dr. Olson.

Reggie makes another phone call.

AGENT REGGIE

We'll need statements.

CHRIS

Figures.

AGENT REGGIE

You can go, Mr. Gleason. I saw everything you did.

JAZZ

Go ahead, Chris. B.D. can take you. See you at the pool at eleven A.M., after your interview with Tomal.

CHRIS

Fine. Eleven it is.

JAZZ

(to Reggie)

Dirk Macina was killed by a spider bite. I need to warn Tomal.

AGENT REGGIE

He's at the St. Regis now. I'll send two agents. If your hunch is right, that's where Beneditti will strike next.

EXT. /INT. ASPEN POOL AND RECREATION CENTER - MORNING

Two cabs arrive outside the indoor pool center. Jazz is in one cab, driven by B.D. Lenny is in the cab driven by HABIB (50; Arabian). Two serious SECURITY GUARDS (40) meet them.

JAZZ

Mr. Anderson? Are you okay?

LENNY ANDERSON

The hospital cleaned my blood and I was fine. Never better. But I'll die if Tomal retires today.

Lenny pays Habib with no tip. When Lenny turns his back, Habib flips him off and speeds away. Jazz pays B.D., winks at him, and tips big. B.D. drives a little ways, stops his cab, and waits.

ASPEN SECURITY GUARD #1

Sorry. No admittance. They're filming two TV things in there.

LENNY ANDERSON

I'm Tomal Okeke's agent, and I'm on the list. Ms. Rivera is with me.

JAZZ

Two TV things?

ASPEN SECURITY GUARD #2

Mr. Okeke is on for thirty minutes. They're filming a really cool aqua-suit guy now, flying underwater.

ASPEN SECURITY GUARD #1

Be extra quiet. The director for the aqua suit commercial is a dick.

Lenny walks in towards the Men's locker room, while Jazz walks into the women's locker room. A clock reads: 9:30 A.M.

JAZZ

Way early. That's good. Gotta tell Tomal everything.

Jazz walks through the deserted women's locker room, passes the showers, and to the archway leading out to the pool. She freezes.

Peeking through the archway and across the pool is ABBY KIRKLAND (24; gorgeous, buxom) in a skin-tight sun dress kissing Chris (in a swimsuit). Then Chris kisses her back.

Jazz backs up in shock. On the concrete walkway she sees two sets of footprints leading to Chris and Abby.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

That son of a bitch.

The tunnel to the pool acts like a megaphone and everyone hears Jazz.

The aqua-suit infomercial TV DIRECTOR (60, professional) screams to two videographers (35, one male, one female) filming a man in a winged, full-body aqua-suit, snorkel mask, and small breathing apparatus. No one knows that the man in the aqua-suit is Anthony Benedetti.

Beneath the surface we see he has a shiny finger-tip syringe unit on each hand. The TV Director yells.

TV DIRECTOR
Quiet on the set!

Jazz's analytical mind reviews events of the past week.

BEGIN MONTAGE

-- Abby is at Chris's house when she calls and he's in the shower.

-- Chris's phone call claims Adam is a drug smuggler.

-- Chris tells her to drop the steroids story.

-- Chris's video and audio at the St. Regis and Lenny's mansion is fuzzy and inaudible.

END MONTAGE

JAZZ
That son of a bitch. But, I still
have to tell Tomal about Lenny, Dr.
Reinhold, and Adam's dad.

Jazz's iPhone RINGS and the tunnel makes it LOUDER.

TV DIRECTOR
(yells)
I said, quiet on the set!

Jazz answers the phone with a whisper.

ADAM (O.S.)
It's Adam. Hi, beautiful.

JAZZ
Adam, it's not a good time.

ADAM (O.S.)
I have the information you need for
Tomal. Tell these security guards
to let me in.

Adam is outside the building holding his phone up to the two security guards.

ASPEN SECURITY GUARD #1
Whatever you say, Ms. Rivera.

Adam races in the building and directly into the women's locker room. He hugs Jazz and smiles.

Through the air vent, they hear Lenny arguing with Tomal.

LENNY ANDERSON (O.S.)
You're damn lucky to get a one-year extension after the way you played in the playoffs.

TOMAL OKEKE (O.S.)
I'm done. Huan and I are retiring.

LENNY ANDERSON (O.S.)
That's lunacy. Giving up eleven mil and five mil in endorsements.

TOMAL OKEKE (O.S.)
I'll announce it on TV from the pool. I promised. It's over.

Tomal exits the locker room in a bathing suit and stands by Abby and Chris.

Dr. Huan Li joins them and HUGS Tomal, as Lenny storms out of the men's locker room.

TV DIRECTOR
Please, quiet for five minutes and we'll be out of your hair.

The videographers film Anthony Benedetti gliding underwater effortlessly, while Adam shows Jazz a memory stick.

Then Adam shows her an identification badge from the Federal Drugs in Sports Administration. He whispers in her ear as they walk out to the pool.

ADAM
My boss said I couldn't tell you
Been undercover since I left
baseball. Cleaning up sports now.

JAZZ
So they flew you to the Caymans to
retrieve the file. I have to see
it. And don't ever lie to me again.

All eyes are on Jazz and Adam as Adam pulls out an iPad and shows Jazz a spreadsheet.

Lenny is angry and curious, as Chris steps back from Abby.

ADAM

Must be corrupted. Keeps asking me to enter another file name.

JAZZ

Has to be the one on the chip your father gave me before he died. I put it on my phone.

Jazz fumbles with her phone and pulls up a long file name.

ADAM

My mom's name in Icelandic.

Adam enters the file name at the top of the spreadsheet, and suddenly thousands of athlete's names, medical histories, and blood and urine chemistry data scroll by.

Jazz and Adam's faces light up.

JAZZ

This is it. Dietrich `Dirk' Macina, B-D, B-D, P, B-D, P, S-C.

ADAM

Below detection three times, testing positive twice. What's S-C?

JAZZ

It has to be stem cells. On Lenny's plane, your dad said that Dr. Reinhold could fix my bad eye with stem cells.

ADAM

They must be using the cells from the world's greatest athletes.

JAZZ

Genetic engineering? For better hand-eye coordination. It all makes sense.

ADAM

Just a slight improvement could make you a champion in any sport.

JAZZ

Not many names have an SC by them: Dirk Macina, Sally Reagan, Phil Leggard, and...

Tomal looks up sadly from the pool. His eyes say it all.

Lenny knows his story is out. He whispers to Huan.

LENNY ANDERSON

This is partly your fault.

DR. LI

No. It's all yours. And you're fired. Tomal and I retire today.

Lenny stomps over to Jazz and Adam.

LENNY ANDERSON

Illegally obtained private medical records? You're going to jail. If you live long enough.

TV DIRECTOR

That's a wrap!

Chris has a shoulder camera held high as he and Tomal enter the pool. Tomal holds a basketball. Abby is on the walkway behind them. Abby puts her hand to her earphone.

ABBY

Frank wants us to get rolling.

She begins the interview looking into Chris's camera, then faces Tomal.

ABBY (CONT'D)

This is Abby Kirkland, live from the Aspen Pool and Recreation Center with basketball star, Tomal Okeke, making an important Ann... Ann... Ann...

LENNY ANDERSON

Don't do it, Tomal. One more year. Athletes are our greatest heroes.

JAZZ

Your dad would want this, Tomal. To come clean and move on.

In a fit of anger and relief, Tomal tosses the basketball with all his remaining strength at Lenny's crotch.

Lenny and Tomal collapse in pain moments apart.

Jazz points at the man in the aqua suit gliding underwater.

TOMAL OKEKE
My leg! Something bit my leg.

JAZZ
The Aquaman! He's turning around.

The man in the aqua suit turns around in the deep end of the pool coming back toward Tomal and Chris. Chris races to get out of the pool, as Lenny uses all his strength to run and tackle Jazz into the pool.

ABBY
You're ruining my interview.

Frank yells obscenities into Abby's earpiece.

To save Jazz, Adam enters the pool the only way he knows how.

ADAM
Cannonball!

Jazz submerges with Lenny atop her, but she spins and surfaces pointing and yelling.

JAZZ
The Aquaman!

Adam surfaces and punches Lenny right across the jaw.

ADAM
Asshole!

ABBY
You're ruining my...

JAZZ
Here he comes. Get him!

Aquaman swims toward Tomal, when Jazz and Adam throw Lenny into his path. Lenny screams.

LENNY ANDERSON
Ahhhhh!

Tomal, grimacing in pain, pulls Aquaman out of the water by the neck and punches him in the face (mask). He goes limp.

Jazz grabs his dangerous hands and rips off his mask.

JAZZ
It's Anthony Benedetti. The Spider.
Tomal, we have to get you to a
hospital.

TOMAL OKEKE
He scratched me. I'm okay.

LENNY ANDERSON
I'm hurt. Call nine-one-one.

Everyone ignores Lenny. Tomal grabs Anthony's torso, and Adam grabs his fins as they lift him out of the water.

Tomal then lifts him high overhead to throw into to concrete walkway, but he hesitates.

ANTHONY BENEDITTI
You were dirty, Okeke. Like that cameraman who kept the story from the TV.

All eyes turn to Chris. Chris looks down in shame.

ANTHONY BENEDITTI (CONT'D)
TV reporters and agents like Lenny, all you care about is the money.

LENNY ANDERSON
Shut up, you fool.

Tomal begins to throw Anthony.

DR. LI
Don't do it, Tomal.

TOMAL OKEKE
I'm going to die anyway. We all die young. The price we pay.

JAZZ
Tomal, don't do it. Please.

TOMAL OKEKE
No more juice, shots, pills, creams, or eye surgeries. You got that?

Huan breaks down crying.

JAZZ
We got it, Tomal. We got it.

Reggie and the three FBI agents RACE in the door.

AGENT REGGIE
Would someone explain what the hell happened here? Adam?

LENNY ANDERSON

They stole private medical records.
Shut up, Anthony. You too, Chris.

Jazz climbs out of the pool.

JAZZ

Get this on tape, Chris. Or, I'll
make your life a living hell.

Chris loads the camera on his shoulder as Abby becomes
speechless in shock. Jazz laughs.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

How do I look?

ADAM

You look great!

JAZZ

I'm Jazz Rivera, live from Aspen.
Tomal Okeke gracefully retired from
Basketball today, and we're all
going to miss him.

TOMAL OKEKE

Thanks, Jazz. You're the best.

JAZZ

In an unrelated story, former major
league baseball player, Adam
Magnusson, and I teamed up to track
down several thousand missing
medical records of steroid tests,
blood tests, and elective surgeries
on thousands of professional,
Olympic, college, and even high
school athletes. The records were
being used by a respected sports
agent, Leonard Anderson, and an
accomplice, former Olympic cyclist,
Anthony Benedetti, to extort money
from athletes in return for their
silence.

LENNY ANDERSON

(in pain)

I want to see my lawyers.

JAZZ

Meanwhile, Anthony Benedetti took it a step further by stalking and killing super-athletes known to have received banned substances, elective eye surgery, and blood-doping in the form of optical nerve stem cells from the world's top athletes.

TOMAL OKEKE

Real heroes don't cheat.

JAZZ

But Mr. Anderson and Mr. Benedetti got sloppy. They abducted Einar Stefánsson, the President of the International Olympic Committee, who was about to release a report calling for full disclosure of everything athletes have done to gain an advantage on the sports field, or they would not be allowed to compete.

Adam steps up and puts his arm around Jazz.

ADAM

Anderson and Benedetti were tripped up by my dad, Dr. Magnus Olson, who gathered all the medical evidence he could on every athlete who ever had a blood or urine test.

JAZZ

We have his data. So we're asking all athletes to come forward on their own before we expose them.

ADAM

Jazz Rivera and I are crazy enough to do it.

JAZZ

Tomal, is there something you'd like to say to young athletes everywhere.

TOMAL OKEKE

Kids of all ages, play clean or don't play at all. Keep the playing field level, so everyone gets a fair shake.

(MORE)

TOMAL OKEKE (CONT'D)
 Don't play ball with your doctor,
 play ball with your heart!

JAZZ
 Thanks, Tomal. Thanks for
 everything.

Jazz gives Tomal a giant hug. Then she walks by Abby and gently pushes her into the pool, as Chris films it all.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
 Get that, Frank?

EXT. CAYMAN ISLAND BEACH - DAY

SUPER: "Unnamed Beach, Two weeks later"

Jazz and Adam, in bathing suits and thick eyeglasses, sip tall tropical drinks in comfortable lounge chairs. They are both reading iPads. Ava, B.D., Siggy, and Betty and Hank Roberts are wading in the water behind them.

JAZZ
 Tomal says 'hi'. Says the judge
 won't release Lenny. Flight risk.

ADAM
 Huan and Chris say they are fully
 cooperating. Lenny is screwed.
 Even The Spider is turning on him.

JAZZ
 That should bring a few more
 ballplayers out. But...

ADAM
 But, what?

JAZZ
 We still have three unknown
 genetically modified ballplayers
 out there.

ADAM
 Look for the record-breakers?

JAZZ
 (seductively)
 They could be anywhere? We should
 hunt them down.

ADAM

My dad left us quite a bit of
money. And my cover is blown at the
Federal Drugs in Sports
Administration, so...

JAZZ

We're partners again?

ADAM

I'll just have to follow you with
unconditional love to every corner
of the globe looking for cheaters.

JAZZ

(pleased)

We do have an eye for this game.

FADE OUT:

THE END