

BLIND CURVE

An Original Screenplay

Story by

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FADE IN:

THE OCEAN BLUE

Tranquil, endless, beneath a cloudless sky. Pull back to:

A SUN-DRENCHED BEACH dotted with swaying palms.

BUILDINGS appear, crowding the picture. Expensive cars glide by. Tanned locals stroll well-kept boulevards.

We're in Southern California. Santa Barbra splendor. The American Riviera. A MAN'S VOICE cuts in--

VOICE (REARDON)
Where's my call? It's one o'clock.
Where is Ron?

REARDON, 50's, pot-bellied, edgy, blocks our ocean view--

INT. NINE PALMS COFFEE BAR - DAY

A posh beachside place. Reardon slurps espresso, talks to--

REID TAYLOR, 28, a streetfighter's body pressed into Armani. Reid eyes the surf, the passing women -- he'd rather be outside, but he plays it cool. This is business.

REARDON
I'm pulling the fuck out.

REID
Burt. Development this size, you got to expect delays.

REARDON
Two kids in private school, another at an Ivy. Market's sinking and the wife's pushing for a summer home in Maine. I'm stretched here.

REID
Vermont's better. We'll get there, Burt, trust me...

Reid's cell phone chirps. He makes a show of answering--

REID (IN PHONE) (CONT'D)
Ron...yeah, he's right here...drove by the site this morning and he's upset...where's your boys?

Reardon yanks the cellphone from Reid. As he talks, a young Latino WOMAN enters -- athletic build, power heels, a chic Versace number, blue-tooth in ear. This is MARIA VELEZ.

REARDON (IN PHONE)
A hole in the ground. Six weeks
in, all I see is a fucking hole.
No crew, no trucks, nothing, Ron...
(beat)
How the hell would I know? I look
like a geologist?
(beat)
A survey?...thirty thousand?

Reardon eyes Maria as she conspicuously whispers to Reid--

REARDON (IN PHONE) (CONT'D)
Not a fucking chance...I'm not
pissing away one more penny on this
shithole...talk to GQ here, bleed
it out of him.

REID
(to Maria)
How much?

--just enough so Reardon heard. Maria whispers back to Reid.

REARDON
Hold on, Ron...
(cupping phone)
What is it?

REID
Nothing...you want to pull out,
it's your decision.

REARDON
What is it?

MARIA
Another investor. They want in.

REARDON
On what? A hole? There's no
fucking foundation--

MARIA
Speculators out of New York. They
see something in the property.
(beat)
Maybe they'll offer a buy-out.

REID

It'd be low-ball, pennies on the dollar. Might cover some of your costs -- materials, the permits.

For Reardon, the wheels are turning.

REID (CONT'D)

You remember my attorney, Maria Velez?

REARDON

These people, they're legit?

MARIA

The market's coming back. They think the time is right.

REARDON

Market's shit.

MARIA

They want to write today before the rate changes.

REID

(pauses)

Call them back. Tell them we'll look at the offer sheet.

REARDON

Wait...

Reid and Maria eye Reardon like fresh kill. It's what they wanted to hear Reardon say all along.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE NINE PALMS COFFEE BAR - MINUTES LATER

Near his spotless Porsche, Reardon hands a check to Reid.

REARDON

Get Ron and his fucking crew back on schedule.

REID

You're right to stay at the table, Burt. Easiest money you'll ever make.

REARDON

No more fucking surprises, okay?

REID

Telling you -- Vermont's nice.
Maria knows people up there.

REARDON

Always turning a buck, huh, hot
shot?

Reardon's cell rings. He takes the call and goes. As Reid and Maria walk, Reid slips her the check, speaking in a hush--

REID

Thirty grand? Your boy Tico was
supposed to stall, not pile on.

MARIA

Mi hermano thinks big.

REID

He could've blown it for us.

MARIA

You check Reardon's ride?
Guarantee he rolled it off a lot
couple weeks ago. He's got 30
grand in change in his sofa.

REID

This check clears today.

MARIA

There's the Western National on
Fifth. Tommy can't say no to me.

REID

Who can?

Maria stops, she spotted an ANGRY MAN approaching fast--

ANGRY MAN (DRYER)

Taylor!

Reid sees a red-faced MATT DRYER, 35, built like a fire
hydrant, marching towards him. Maria recognizes him--

MARIA

(sotto, to Reid)

Glen Oaks deal. Old Man Dryer's
son--

REID

(to Maria)

Reardon.

Maria turns on a dime, beelines to Reardon, calling to him.

MARIA
Mr. Reardon, one more thing--

REID
(approaching Dryer)
Dryer, right? I worked a deal for
your father? How's he doing?

Dryer surprises Reid, grabbing him by the collar--

DRYER
Didn't think I'd find you, huh,
asshole? I know you hang out here.

REID
How about telling me what's got you
so hot?

DRYER
Let's start with the fifty thousand
you stole from my Dad. Glen Oaks
is shit. And two other investors
are claiming they hold title.

REID
Property's seriously undervalued.

Reid steers Dryer around a corner, out of Reardon's sight.

DRYER
You're a goddamn thief.

REID
Market's volatile. Couple years,
things'll pick up--

DRYER
How about I kick your ass now.

REID
One call to the title company and
we can straighten this out--

Dryer slaps Reid's cellphone away. Reid stays cool -- he's
used to hotheads.

Dryer jumps him, but Reid's quick. He expertly puts Dryer in
a head-lock, watching for Maria on the street.

The Porsche passes -- Maria sitting with Reardon, signaling
"a-okay" to Reid. Reardon is oblivious as they drive off.

REID (CONT'D)
I don't want anybody getting hurt.

DRYER
Gimme my money and nobody'll get
hurt.

REID
That's gonna' be a problem.

Dryer breaks free, lunges for Reid again, who fends him off without a sweat.

They're next to an outdoor cafe. Lunchgoers gawk. Then Dryer surprises Reid with a hard left--

Reid reacts, throwing two blows, dropping Dryer. A black and white SQUAD CAR pulls up behind Reid. Cops come running--

CUT TO:

ALLIGATOR SKIN COWBOY BOOTS

--stamping on marble flooring. Reveal FBI AGENT LARRY WOLF, handlebar mustache, big shiny belt buckle, eating a bag of caramel popcorn, ambling through--

INT. SANTA BARBRA POLICE STATION - DAY

Wolf lays down a clunky six-shooter and passes through a metal detector. He re-holsters the beast and continues on--

INT. VIEWING/INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Wolf enters -- two plainclothes DETECTIVES greet him: DET. MIKE GETZ, 37, and DET. GINA ROSS, 34, seated at a two-way mirror. Getz and Wolf slap and shake, old buddy-style.

GETZ
Big Guy, been a while...meet my partner, Gina Ross.

WOLF
Mmmmm, when'd they start hiring 'em young and pretty?

ROSS
Soon as the Department got rid of all the Cro-Magnon assholes.

WOLF
Feisty. I like it.

Getz points to the two-way mirror. Reid Taylor sits in an adjoining interrogation room with an ice bag on his eye.

GETZ
Hauled him in for an A&B. His "client" says he stole fifty thousand in some real estate deal. I saw the FBI flag on his sheet. Thought you'd want the call.

WOLF
I know him. Punk runs scams up and down the coast.

Wolf licks his sticky fingers. Ross is disgusted.

GETZ
Your punk knows enough to call a lawyer.

WOLF
I need a one-on-one.

ROSS
Maybe you didn't hear. Kid asked for a lawyer. Q&A is over.

Wolf crumples up the bag and stuffs it in Ross' pocket.

WOLF
Just be a friendly chat.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Wolf slams Reid into a wall. Gets in his face, menacing--

WOLF
Are you playing me, you fuck?

REID
I don't know what you're talking about.

WOLF
Fresno, San Diego, Bakersfield--

REID
Never been.

WOLF

You can lie better than that. Two years you been shitting in my back yard.

Wolf punches Reid in the stomach. Reid appears different now -- unsteady, nervous, no longer the smooth operator.

WOLF (CONT'D)

I'm crawling up your ass, setting up shop, and watching every move you make. You forget to leave a tip, I'm going to know.

Getz and Ross burst into the room--

GETZ

Larry--

WOLF

We go back, Mike.
(to Reid)
Pack up and get out of my state.

ROSS

You're letting him go?

WOLF

He stays here, he's losing teeth.

GETZ

You can't let him walk, Larry.

WOLF

FBI jurisdiction, FBI call.
(to Reid)
Go on. Get the fuck out.

Reid takes his suit jacket and hustles out. Getz and Ross look at Wolf, dismayed. Wolf starts to leave--

WOLF (CONT'D)

Hey, Mike, pick a night, let's have a beer. And bring Sweetie-Pie along. The more, the merrier.

ROSS

Fuck you.

WOLF

Nice offer, but you ain't my type, darlin'.

Ross seethes as Wolf brushes past her on his way out.

INT. DEEP BLUE BAR - NIGHT

Dark wood, plush seats. A sparse crowd sits in booths, leaving Reid and Maria alone at the end of the bar. Maria grins, slams back a vodka, and fingers cash in an envelope.

REID

You left me high and dry.

MARIA

Really wanted to stay, but, y'know -
- business...

Maria slides a stack of bills to Reid, who eyes a pretty waitress, DONNA. She smiles at Maria, stops for Reid--

REID

Whiskey neat.
(to Maria)
Reardon happy?

MARIA

For a minute. Rich as he is, man's
got problems.

(to Waitress)
I'll have another. You're new
here.

WAITRESS

Two weeks.

Donna takes Maria's empty and goes. Maria turns to Reid.

MARIA

Cheer up. We did our thing, walked
away clean. It's all good.

REID

Sure.

MARIA

A few years ago, we were boosting
wheels in Fresno. Now we got ten
G's pocket change. We're young,
good-looking.

REID

Yeah...

MARIA

We're living the life. There's no
shortage of Reardons any time soon.

REID

Got to figure, soon enough, all
this'll catch up to us.

MARIA

Not going to happen.

Donna drops off drinks. Reid puts down a C-note.

MARIA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I think it's time we stepped up.

Maria lays a "Fortune" magazine in front of Reid.

Coverboy is 28-year-old CK YOUNG, the wrap-around eyeglasses
and hip-hop clothes can't disguise the Bill Gates nerdiness.

REID

CK Young? That whack-job? Let's
stick to divorcees and day traders
playing with their pensions.

MARIA

Not him. Him--

Maria moves the magazine off a newspaper opened to an
obituary for "Robert Marsh."

REID

Robert Marsh. Rest in peace. How
do you propose we scam a dead guy?

MARIA

Overheard some blue-blood in here
yesterday talking him up. Marsh
was Young's family attorney since
forever. Connected as they come.
The local Who's Who will be there
to pay respects.

REID

You want to work a funeral?

MARIA

A wake. Fish in a barrel, baby.

Maria dumps a file in front of Reid. It's a glossy real
estate brochure for "Blue Skies Industry Suites."

MARIA (CONT'D)

Sitting on this bad boy long
enough. Ready for a test drive.

REID

This isn't the Rotary Club. These folks kick the tires.

MARIA

Let them. We showcase plans, permits. And Guillermo with 20 of his boys bulldozing dirt. And when they find out their 20 million dollar development is a landfill, we'll be in Cabo.

Reid doesn't seem enthused. Maria eyes him.

MARIA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

The fuck is this?

REID

What?

MARIA

This. Since when are you not about the money?

(beat)

It's that bullshit Breakers deal?

Maria's look says she won't let him off the hook.

REID

They want retainers from interested bidders. I'm going for it.

MARIA

The fuck are you talking about retainers? What bank gives you money? What'll you tell them you do? Hustle widows? No way they hand over title to a guy like you.

REID

I want this to be legit.

MARIA

Legit ain't your thing. Don't forget who you are. A street hustler, Ese. Straight up.

Larry Wolf enters. Slaps his badge on the bar, sets a styrofoam cup down. Stoned, he eyes Reid and Maria.

WOLF

How about some Jack to go?

As the Bartender pours, Wolf nods to the back. Maria and Reid get up and go to--

INT. POOL ROOM BEHIND BAR - NIGHT

Reid closes the blinds. Wolf sips from his cup, grabs a pool cue, and breaks. CLACK! Maria tosses him an envelope.

WOLF
All small bills?

MARIA
Like you like.

Wolf thumbs the contents.

WOLF
I want fifteen.

REID
Ten. We have a deal.

WOLF
We had a deal. Shit you put me in today's gonna' cost.
(to Reid)
Shiner's free to you.

MARIA
Reardon was going to walk. Wanted his money back. We turned him around. We earned this.

Wolf rockets the cue ball, it bangs off the edge, heading at Reid. He reacts like a cat, grabs it mid-air. Wolf smiles.

WOLF
Remember Bakersfield? Course you do. I'm still sitting on that shit. Put you both away for a long time. Ever see a con with grey hair and a walker? Not pretty.

MARIA
We had a deal.

WOLF
Price went up.

REID
Give it to him.

MARIA
He's fucking with us.

REID
Give it to him.

Maria takes out some bills. Wolf stuffs it in his jacket.

WOLF
Smart move. More than I can say for how you're flashing your shit in public back there. That's amateur hour, fellas.

REID
You let us worry about that.

WOLF
Kinda' how we got into that little mess today, isn't it?

Wolf puts down the stick. Hands Maria his styrofoam cup.

WOLF (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
You two lay low for a while. I'm getting more blowback than I need.

REID
What're we supposed to do?

WOLF
You want spending money, act like real crooks and rob a bank.

Reid watches Wolf go as Maria throws the cup at the wall--

INT. REID'S COTTAGE HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Reid wakes up to a blinking message on his cellphone. Donna, naked and sound asleep, is in bed next to him. Maria is next to her -- it's a cozy triangle.

Reid sits up, swipes the phone, and retrieves the message--

WOMAN'S VOICE (IN PHONE)
Been trying to reach you, but you don't make it easy. We need to talk. In person, okay? Call me.

Click. Reid wrestles with this.

Donna rolls over, kissing Reid's back.

DONNA

Do you ever stop? What's her name?

Maria sits up, nibbling Donna's ear.

MARIA

Sweetie, he's not exclusive.

DONNA

To you?

MARIA

To anybody.

Maria kisses Donna, who draws Reid to their bodies.

EXT. THE BREAKERS - DAY

A boarded-up building by the ocean. It's a prime beachfront property, but the peeling paint and splintered siding make this former hotel an eye-sore.

Reid approaches a contractor, DAN, clipboard in hand.

REID

Dan, right? Reid Taylor, we spoke on the phone.

DAN

You're late.

REID

Meeting at the bank. Nailing down the financing.

DAN

Kid, I'll save you the aggravation--

REID

I know, there's still inspections to schedule, but when they review my plan--

DAN

The owners accepted a bid.

REID

You said I'd be able to present.

DAN

They wanted this off their books. Buyer just came by with the fee. They were first in line.

REID

This buyer, where is he?

DAN

She.

Dan points to a red BMW on the road above. A BRUNETTE -- long wavy hair, sunglasses -- gets behind the wheel.

Reid watches the Brunette drive off. He runs to his two-seater Porsche and peels away in pursuit.

EXT. SANTA BARBRA HILLS - DAY

Reid trails the BMW through lush hills, past flowing estates.

The BMW shifts into high gear and takes off, burning through tight curves, zooming past traffic lights.

Reid can barely keep up, blowing lights, escaping a near-collision as...

EXT. FOUR SEASONS BILTMORE HOTEL - DAY

A sprawling hacienda-style manor. A Valet takes the Brunette's car keys and she saunters inside.

The Porsche glides by, Reid eyeing the Brunette as she goes.

INT. FRONT DESK - BILTMORE HOTEL - DAY

ON JEREMY, 20's, African-American, the hotel's geeky, jumpy Asst. Security Director. The phone rings. He answers.

JEREMY

Security, Jeremy speaking.

(listens)

I'm sorry, what?...I don't know any Jennifer...your daughter? Okay, maybe I've met a Jennifer, but that doesn't mean she and I...sir?

Reid steps out from behind a potted plant, surprising Jeremy.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

The fuck are you doing?

REID

Getting your attention. I paged you three times.

JEREMY

Right. Your mystery girl. I'll get to it when my shift's over--

REID

I thought Jennifer dumped you.

Reid pulls Jeremy away from the front desk. As they walk--

JEREMY

Like used Kleenex. Am I pimping for you? I need a girl, not you.

REID

Strictly business. Valet just checked her Beamer. A red convertible, a rental.

JEREMY

(indignant)

Guest information is privileged.

Reid sticks some bills inside his jacket pocket.

JEREMY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

The Brunette?

EXT. HOTEL POOL - CANOPY BAR - DAY

Reid finishes an umbrella drink, stares up at something O.S. Jeremy approaches with another umbrella drink on a tray.

JEREMY

Name's Alison Voss. Swiss passport. Loaded. Just your type.

REID

She check in with somebody?

JEREMY

All by her lonesome, dawg.

REID

I told you, it's business.

JEREMY

I'd be all up in her business. Sent room service to snoop around.

(beat)

But don't ask me to scam any financials. My boss is on my ass for accessing Homeland Security portal every time a VIP checks in.

(MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Going to have to score your own
marks for a while.

Reid is eyeing a fifth floor suite. The shades are drawn.

REID
I don't see anybody up there.

JEREMY
So go up and knock.

REID
I'm keeping a low profile.

Jeremy pulls up a chair. Sips on the drink. Reid eyes him.

JEREMY
What? I'm on a break.

REID
I'll take things from here, okay?

JEREMY
If you say so. Y'know, these
drinks ain't for free.

Reid slips him cash and Jeremy leaves. Reid scans the pool area. The rich and beautiful lap up the sun. He moves to--

A CORNER OF THE POOL AREA

Secluded under a canopy. A good spot to keep an eye on the suite above. And stay out of sight.

A WOMAN in a sun-dress, floppy hat, sunglasses sits nearby.

She has short, spiky blonde hair, and tattoos. There's an un-rushed, casual confidence about her. She flags a passing server, points to Reid's drink.

WOMAN
One of those.

Reid glances at her. She smiles for him. It's ALISON VOSS.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Looking for me?

Alison takes off her hat and sunglasses. Reid stammers--

REID
Have we met?

ALISON
You followed me from the Breakers.
Or did you come for the fruity
drinks?

REID
Your hair.

Alison opens her bag a little - a dark wig stuffed inside.

ALISON
I'm keeping a low profile.

Reid is unnerved - did she overhear him talking to Jeremy?

REID
I'm not a stalker, if that's what--

ALISON
Stalkers don't wear Brioni.

REID
Just sizing up my competition. I
was in on the Breaker's. Name's-

ALISON
Reid Taylor. I've been sizing you
up, too.
(beat)
Why the Breakers?

REID
Hoping to turn it into a hotel and
spa.

ALISON
Competition's stiff.

REID
I don't mind. You?

ALISON
Fix it. Flip it. Hope the
timing's right.

REID
Pretty young to be dabbling in real
estate.

ALISON
I know enough to get in early on a
bid.

REID

Here I'm thinking you're just
another pretty face.

ALISON

That isn't all you're thinking.

REID

Play it right, you'll make money.

ALISON

But...you know how I could make
more, is that right?

Alison grabs her hat and glasses, sashays off, then turns--

ALISON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

It's hot. Let's go cool off.

Reid isn't sure how to take this -- a come-on? All business?

INT. ALISON'S ROOM - HOTEL - DAY

Alison enters her posh luxury suite, pops the mini-bar open.

ALISON

Help yourself.

REID

Been in town long?
(Alison is silent)
Lot of my clients stay here.

ALISON

What do you do for these clients?

REID

I make them money. I decided now
it's my turn.

Alison motions to Reid, points to the zipper of her top.

ALISON

You mind?

Reid unzips, Alison pops off her top, and lays face down on a lounge chair on the adjacent patio. The sun warms her skin.

ALISON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Make yourself useful.

Reid picks up a bottle of lotion and spreads it on her back.

REID

That beachfront is primed for development. The Breakers could be the centerpiece. I have a development plan, connections on the city board--

ALISON

Had. You had a plan.

REID

I could show it to you.

ALISON

Partners? That what I'm hearing?

REID

I've been working on this a while.

ALISON

Here I'm thinking you're just another pretty face.

REID

This could be a money-maker. For you. For both of us.

Alison sits up -- her naked torso brushes against Reid. She plays it very cool, enjoying making Reid uncomfortable.

ALISON (CONT'D)

How do I know you're not out to screw me?

REID'S POV -- on a balcony above, a WOMAN, 20's, dark hair swept back, one side shaved, mirrored sunglasses, looks down on them. She's a hundred feet away, seems to be enjoying the show.

Alison notices Reid noticing.

REID

We have company.

ALISON

The reason I keep a low profile.

Alison rises, leading Reid back into the hotel room. She puts her top back on.

REID

Maybe I could bring you my proposal. We could talk--

ALISON

I'm not sure how long I'll be in town.

REID

Here's my card.

She takes Reid's card--

ALISON

It was good talking business with you, Reid.

Reid backs out of the room, glancing at the Woman on the patio far away. Reid can't decipher her expression.

INT. REID'S COTTAGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Reid enters, kicks over a stack of mail dumped through his door-slot. He picks it up -- many are letters with lots of red ink marked "collection." He dumps them in the trash as--

He glances at his cell. Text message flashing. He opens it.

TEXT: "from Dana" -- I know you're busy, but at least reply, let me know you're alive. You can do that, right?

Reid dumps the cell, shedding clothes, stepping into the bathroom to shower. An O.S. noise rattles him. He goes--

EXT. FRONT DOOR - COTTAGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Reid cracks open the door, a four-iron in hand. He spots--

A BEAR OF A MAN leaning inside Reid's Porsche.

Reid rushes him, but the Man-Bear pivots, swinging a construction rebar, hitting Reid, dropping him.

The Man-Bear stands over him, food speckled in his Fu Manchu moustache.

MAN-BEAR

Allied Repo, pal. This baby's ours.

The Man-Bear drops a paper on Reid, who tries to stand. The Man-Bear waves the rebar.

REID

Let's be reasonable, okay? What do you need to walk away from this?

MAN-BEAR

The look on your pretty boy face
when I drive away? Money can't buy
that.

Helpless, Reid watches the Man-Bear drive the Porsche away.

INT. COTTAGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Boxing gloves on, Reid pounds away on a punching bag hanging in a corner of the cottage. One last flurry and Reid throws off the gloves, collapsing on a sofa, sweating.

Reid eyes a folder on a table -- the Breakers business proposal. Feels like it's never going to happen.

Reid swipes cellphone, dials--

REID

Maria.....the wake tomorrow for
that rich dude. What time is
it?...one thing, you're going to
have to drive...

DISSOLVE TO:

A COBALT BLUE STINGRAY

Maria at the wheel, Reid riding shotgun. They're both dressed upscale, ready to mingle with rich clientele.

Rose bushes and magnolia trees line the sides of the road. Passing endless manicured lawn. It looks like the most expensive golf course in the world until--

AN IMMENSE GATED MANSION

--looming like Valhalla on a hill. The estate of the Young family. In the Stingray, Reid turns to Maria.

REID (CONT'D)

How're we getting past the gate?

MARIA

Friend of mine.

REID

What friend of yours mixes with
these high rollers?

MARIA

The kind that wears a name-badge
and a security uniform.

The Stingray zooms past the greenery towards a gilded gate.

EXT. OUTDOOR GARDEN - YOUNG MANSION - DAY

Large tented areas featuring catered dining and drinks.

A wreathed portrait of the late Bob Marsh is front and center. This may be a somber affair for Santa Barbra's finest, but these movers and shakers are also here to mingle.

So are Reid and Maria. At a chafing dish of baked lobster, they scan the botoxed blue-bloods.

MARIA

This place is a gold mine.

REID

Where do we start?

MARIA

(looking around)

That blue-hair owns half the city.
The tanned giraffe owns the other
half.

REID

Been there. Smelled our shit the
second we walked in.

MARIA

I'll talk to the Viagra crowd. You
find the divorcees. They could use
your sound financial input.

Reid turns, bumps into an ELDERLY MAN.

ELDERLY MAN (DRYER)

You...the Glen Oaks project...

REID

Got to be talking about my brother,
the real estate guy--

Sensing doom, Maria escapes towards the buffet table.

Hothead Matt Dryer approaches, handing a plate of food to the Elderly Man, his father, NELSON.

DRYER

Dad, try the prosciutto..

(spots Reid)

The fuck are you doing...leave my dad alone, you low-life..

REID

We went through this. The market's cyclical. It'll come around--

Dryer shoves Reid into a chafing dish. It CLANGS to the ground, drawing stares.

NELSON DRYER

How'd you get in here?

DRYER

He's a criminal, dad. That's how. Son-of-a-bitch--

It's Dryer and Reid, Round II. The two tussle, bumping into tables, clearing the tent. It's an embarrassing spectacle.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - YOUNG MANSION - DAY

We see Reid sitting next to Matt Dryer, silently stewing. The sounds of distant GUN-SHOTS and SCREAMING play O.S.

A hulking African-American, GANT, approaches.

GANT

He'll see you two.

Gant leads them towards huge Oak doors. The GUN-SHOTS and SCREAMING grow louder. Dryer is nervous as they enter--

INT. GAME ROOM - YOUNG MANSION

A big screen displays videogame mayhem -- a shooter game a la Grand Theft Auto with gunfire, blood-spattered crashes, screaming victims, fire, grenades, etc.

A ring of TV's chatter with business news, sports, and Kardashians. A financial ticker lines the wall. Below, a bank of computers glow with streaming data.

A lounge chair sits in the center, its back to us. Gant sits Reid and Dryer like trained dogs.

On the big screen, a Driver is gunned down by a Motorcycle Cop. Game over. From the couch, the Player howls-

PLAYER (CK YOUNG)
Fucking pig!

A game console smashes against the wall, crashing into bits.

CK YOUNG, 29, Fortune 500 cover-boy, leaps up in a silk warm-up suit and wrap-around glasses. He's the demon child of hip-hop and Wall St.

CK YOUNG
I can't shake that Cop. There's
got to be some bullshit code or
secret weapon or defense shield--
(to Gant)
Who makes this game?

GANT
Start-up out of San Jose.

CK YOUNG
Let's buy them. Must be a million
twitch-heads who want to take that
pig's head off.
(re: Reid and Dryer)
These are the two?

GANT
Reid Taylor. You know Matt Dryer.

As CK talks, he periodically glances at his iPhone--

CK YOUNG
Starting shit at a wake? At my
place? Do you know what Bob Marsh
meant to my family?

DRYER
I'm sorry, CK. This scum ripped
off my father and--

CK YOUNG
Who hasn't ripped off your Old Man?
Lost his shirt on ImClone, ran his
company's pension into the ground,
got raped by Icahn in a stock swap.
I'd say Daddy was asking for it.

REID
Nobody "ripped off" anybody. It
was a sound real estate investment-

DRYER
It was fraud. He's a crook.
Instead of grilling me, you should--

CK smacks Dryer with a bloody back-hander. His iPhone cracks. CK tosses it as Dryer recovers.

CK YOUNG
Nobody tells me what I should do.
Got it? Got it?

DRYER
Yes.

Another cell on a nearby table rings. CK answers it--

CK YOUNG (INTO PHONE)
Where is she?...I'm paying you good
money not lose her. The town isn't
that big...do your fucking job.
(to Gant)
Clean him up and take him home.

GANT
Do I call the attorney?

CK YOUNG
We won't need that because he won't
sue -- will you, Matt?

Blood trickling down his chin, Dryer just glares and nods.
Gant leads Dryer out the door. Reid stands--

CK YOUNG (CONT'D)
You don't get off that easy.

An Asian Woman, NONA, enters, hands a file to CK.

REID
I came here to pay my respects--

CK YOUNG
Bullshit. Everyone hated Bob
Marsh. People are here to kiss my
ass.
(thumbing the file)
Reid Taylor. You've been a bad
boy. Wire fraud. Embezzlement.
Felony theft.

REID
Not a single conviction.

CK YOUNG
Not yet. Why are you here?

REID
To drum up business.

CK is amused. He tosses a console to Reid, motions him to the couch.

CK YOUNG
Matt Dryer's an old friend. You should see how I treat people I don't like.

CK sits, turns on the shooter game. Reid sits, uneasy.

CK YOUNG (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Get past that Cop.

REID
And then?

CK YOUNG
You walk out of here. On your own.

REID
I don't know this game.

CK YOUNG
Gant!

Gant re-enters with two other suited MEN. They stand over Reid on the couch. CK's cell rings.

CK YOUNG (CONT'D)
Get past the Cop.

CK takes the call as Gant presses play on the console.

ON SCREEN -- the Cop tails behind the Driver. Reid wiggles the joy-stick, maneuvering down a demolished street.

The Cop fires a machine gun -- RATA-TAT-TAT. Reid swerves, hitting people on the sidewalk, out of control. Reid panics -- the Driver's "life score" is dwindling.

The Driver veers down a blind alley, running over people. Suddenly, a Motorcycle Cop appears at the end of the alley firing directly at the Driver.

Reid works the joystick frantically -- he's in over his head. He tries steering the car away from the Cop's oncoming fire.

The car scrapes against a 3-D building. There's no escaping the Cop's barrage. Reid keeps pressing the knob -- it breaks off. A silent panic grips Reid.

The onscreen car begins to fishtail and flips over and over, rolling right into the digital Cop, killing him instantly.

BOOM! Reid is transported to the game's next level. CK is awed. Nobody but Reid knows the joystick broke.

CK YOUNG (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Let me call you back.
(to Reid)
How'd you do that?

REID
I don't know.
(hiding the console)
It's getting late--

Reid starts for the door.

CK YOUNG
We're not done.

REID
Look, I hear you. You won't see my face again.

CK YOUNG
Don't be a drama queen. You're not a complete fuck-up like Dryer.
Come for dinner tomorrow.

REID
Dinner?

CK YOUNG
Yeah. There's a new restaurant I want to try.

CK approaches Reid, sizing him up. He smooths Reid's suit jacket, pawing his shoulders. Reid is creeped out.

CK YOUNG (CONT'D)
Gant'll take you out the back way.
You've upset my guests enough.

Gant leads Reid out the door.

INT. ORTEGA'S BOXING GYM - NIGHT

Reid and Maria spar in full headgear and gloves. Punches fly in Reid's face -- SMACK! SMACK! They talk as they punch--

MARIA
He lets you walk because of a video game?

REID
What I'm saying.

MARIA
You're lucky his muscle didn't light you up.

REID
No thanks to you.

SMACK! Reid's right hook lands. Maria doesn't like it.

REID (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Walk on me again and the gloves come off.

MARIA
The scene was getting dangerous, bro. I had to book.

REID
There's a plus.

MARIA
A plus?

REID
He wants me back for dinner.

A muscled GYM RAT watching ring-side calls out--

GYM RAT
Hey -- you chatting or boxing?

Reid and Maria ignore him--

MARIA
Dinner? Young's looking to get his freak on. Lucky you.

REID
Dude's a creep, but this is all business.

MARIA

Yeah, well, the wake was a bust, so
maybe business could be Blue Skies.

REID

Or maybe he gets behind my plan.

SMACK! Maria lands a jab.

MARIA

Snap out of it.

SMACK! Maria lands another jab.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Becoming buds with that whacko?
Picked the wrong time to go legit.

REID

You don't fuck with people like CK
Young.

MARIA

Maybe it's time we did.

GYM RAT (O.S.)

Hey, save the chit-chat for the
bedroom. We're waiting here.

Reid lunges, misses. Maria throws him in the ropes. They
stop, standing there panting.

MARIA

We go for a mil, maybe two. Be in
Mexico before he knows what hit
him. One score, we're set for
life.

Maria starts taking off his gloves.

REID

Maybe.

MARIA

Maybe? Your whole life, you ain't
earned shit. You wanted something,
you stole it. It's what you're
good at. Don't fuck that up.

Maria goes. The Gym Rat hops into the ring, gloves on.

GYM RAT

About time.

REID
I didn't hear "please."

GYM RAT
Fuck you. Please.

Something comes over Reid. He re-inserts his mouth-piece, turns, raises his fists.

The Gym Rat laughs, slides in his mouth-piece. He's ready.

In one motion, Reid throws a combination -- BAM-BAM -- and the Gym Rat falls flat on the canvass, limp and bloodied.

Reid spits his mouth-piece at him and exits the ring.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN SPLIT-LEVEL HOME - OXNARD, CA - DAY

Reid sitting in a rented Ford Taurus watching:

A BLOND-ISH MOM, DANA, 30, lugs groceries from her Mini-van. TWO KIDS hop out of the van, helping Dana with bags: HENRY (6) and LULU (5), mixed Asian and African-American. The bags are almost as big as they are.

A WOMAN emerges from the house -- SALLY, 30's, trim, Dana's partner. She takes bags from Dana.

Reid takes a breath and steps out of the car. The kids see him first and, dropping their bags, happily run to him.

Dana stands there taking this in. Sally watches, unhappy.

HENRY
Uncle Reid!

LULU
Ready for trouble?

The kids playfully attack Reid with fake karate chops and air-punches. Reid scoops them up, squirming, and walks to Dana.

DANA
I was going to call missing persons. Thought you were gone for good.

REID
Sorry, Dee.
(to Henry)
(MORE)

REID (CONT'D)
You want me to pile-drive you,
tough guy?

Henry screams with delight in Reid's arm.

LULU
Me, too!

Sally picks up dropped groceries and walks away wordlessly.

REID
I'll never win her over.

DANA
Give it a decade or two.

Reid helps gather spilled groceries, picking up a cereal box.

REID
You're eating this now?

DANA
Fiber. Trying to get healthy.

REID
That what people do here in
Normalville?

DANA
We didn't grow up with normal, so
who knows?

She quiets quickly. Reid releases the kids, they run off.

REID
What is it?

DANA
He's dead, Reid. The people from
the prison called. That's why I
was trying to get a hold of you.

They look at each other darkly.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Through the window, the kids ride bikes and play in the front. Dana sits with Reid drinking coffee.

DANA
You knew Dad was sick...

REID

Dana--

DANA

I refuse to feel guilty about that bastard. He was never there for us. So fuck him.

(looking to the kids)
But what will I tell them?

REID

Tell them they've got a great Mom.
All they need to know.

DANA

What do I tell them about you?

REID

Remember that place in Santa Barbara
-- the Breakers?

DANA

Dad used to take you there.

REID

We'd sit on a bench outside. He couldn't steal enough cash for the brunch, so he'd buy me an ice cream and talk about what we'd order.

(beat)

I'm going to develop it. They took a bid, but there might be a way I--

Dana looks away -- she doesn't like where this is going.

DANA

Reid, I don't have money for--

REID

I'm not scamming you, Dana.

DANA

Who are you scamming?

REID

This is legit.

DANA

And Maria?

REID

This is my thing. It's for real.

DANA

I want to believe you...

SALLY (O.S.)

I don't have to.

Sally's standing there, implacable. She glares at Reid.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I've seen the number your dad did on her. I won't take the chance you'll do the same. Not her. Or the kids.

DANA

He says it's legit.

SALLY

We'll look for Reid's name in the news.

Tense moment. Henry and Lulu run into the room.

HENRY

Uncle Reid! Right cross me!

Reid gives Sally a wary look and then crouches down.

REID

Assume the position.

Henry puts up his dukes. Reid widens his stance.

REID (CONT'D)

Now the noise.

HENRY

Grrr, grrr...

Lulu joins in so they're all doing it: grrr, grrr. The kids play-fight with Reid. Dana looks on, worried, holding her tongue for now.

EXT. THE BREAKERS - NIGHT

Reid on a bluff overlooking the building. A sign is stationed in plain view -- "IN ESCROW."

Reid can feel his dream drifting away.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE GATE - YOUNG MANSION - DAY

Reid pulls up in the Taurus. Waves at a security camera. The gates automatically open and Reid drives through.

EXT. CIRCULAR DRIVEWAY - YOUNG MANSION - DAY

Nona and Gant wait for Reid, who hands Gant his car keys. Nona leads Reid down a walkway. Security cameras turn while--

INT. HALLWAY - YOUNG MANSION - DAY

Reid keeps going, peaking at the roving cameras.

REID

Likes his toys, huh?

NONA

Mr. Young demands a high level of security. He's received several death threats.

REID

You haven't frisked me yet.

Nona doesn't laugh. She opens a door for Reid -- he enters:

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - YOUNG MANSION - CONTINUOUS

CK sits at a bank of computers churning streams of data. Another set of monitors show video feeds of random people in everyday routines from all angles. CK waves Reid in.

REID

This how the rich make money?

CK YOUNG

Pilot project for my social platform. Light years ahead of that Chinese Big Brother network.

REID

Who are they?

CK YOUNG

All you need to know is when I'm done, there's nothing my cameras won't see.

REID

And if you don't want to be seen?

CK YOUNG
(moving on)
I'm hungry.

CK leads Reid outside to--

EXT. ARBORETUM - DAY

Passing rose bushes and ivy covered structures.

CK YOUNG
Sushi's so fresh at this place it's
practically swimming when you
swallow it. But it's an hour away.
You mind?

Reid shrugs "no big deal." CK doesn't give a shit anyway--

EXT. HELIPORT - DAY

A luxury class twin-prop HELICOPTER fires up. Gant opens the door and they all get on. The Helicopter swooshes away.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The interior is plush, hi-tech, expensive.

There are MEN and WOMEN here - beautiful, androgynous, sipping drinks, enjoying the travelling party.

A MAN in a Hugo Boss suit with no shirt and a WOMAN in a dress barely covering anything flank CK at his seat. Their hands rove all over him. He just looks at Reid humorously.

A MAN and WOMAN sit next to Reid, making close contact, enjoying the heat. Reid plays along. CK leans in to him--

CK YOUNG
24 hours ago I was going to have
your balls ripped off. Funny,
isn't it?

Reid is served a drink. He takes it warily--

MATCH CUT TO:

REID THROWING BACK A DRINK -- We're in:

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A Sushi Chef slices and dices. Vegas lights flash in the b.g. The helicopter crowd is here slamming shots, eating sushi, laughing along with CK.

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

Reid at the craps table. CK pushes a stack of chips forward, going all in on Reid.

Reid throws the dice and loses with CK howling in mock anger. CK pushes another stack of chips onto the betting area and Reid rolls again--

INT. LIMOUSINE - LAS VEGAS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Helicopter crowd is jammed in a stretch limo. Reid is being groped by the Man and Woman. He's unsure, doesn't respond.

Sitting across from him, CK has his own grope-fest happening. He gives Reid a look - "enjoy yourself."

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Reid and CK relax as the boys and girls cozy up to them.

REID

You don't do anything half-assed.

CK YOUNG

I'm too rich to give a shit if
you're impressed.

REID

What do you give a shit about?

CK drops the act. Turns to the party-people.

CK YOUNG

Go play and let the big kids talk.

They scram.

CK YOUNG (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I got a situation. My nutso sister
came into town unexpectedly. I had
eyes and ears on her until a few
days ago. She disappeared.

(beat)

I need someone to track her down.

REID

You want me to find your sister?

CK YOUNG

I hired good people. The best.
But she's off their radar now.
Maybe she got tipped.

REID

Maybe somebody working for you.

CK YOUNG

That's why I need you. You're an
unknown. A wild card. And if a
few laws get broken, I'm guessing
that won't be a problem for you.

REID

What'll you do when you find her?

CK YOUNG

Get her help. She's bi-polar.
Judgment's warped. I'm afraid she
might hurt herself.

(beat)

I'm not interested in family drama
blowing deals I've got set up. You
feel me?

CK takes out a photo, shows it to Reid. It's a younger
version of Alison -- short dark hair, pale skin, no makeup.

REID

I play fetch -- what's my bone?

CK YOUNG

You make a guy with a ton of money
very happy. When I'm happy, you
can be happy.

Reid plays along and takes the photo.

REID

Thanks for dinner.

CK YOUNG

Nona will send you a file.

(beat)

My pilot'll take you home. Stay in
touch. Toodles.

Reid rises from the table, goes--

EXT. ENTRANCE - BILTMORE HOTEL - DAY

The Taurus pulls into the Biltmore drive-up. A Valet stink-eyes the car, taking keys from Reid exiting the car.

INT. HOTEL - OUTSIDE ALISON'S ROOM - DAY

Reid sees the room door open. Hears a vacuum buzzing -- a maid cleaning the room. Alison is long gone from here.

SERIES OF SHOTS--

AT THE VALET STAND, Reid talks to a Valet, who shrugs -- he doesn't know anything. Reid hands him some cash.

AT A POSH RESTAURANT, Reid talks to a handsome Waiter -- again, a "don't know anything" shrug. Reid tips him and goes-

AT AN UPSCALE SPA, Reid shows Alison's photo to a manicurist. She shakes her head. As Reid is about to leave, she holds out her hand. Reid coughs up some cash.

INT. DEEP BLUE BAR - NIGHT

Weary, Reid enters, sits at the bar. Bartender slides over a whiskey sour out of habit. Reid glances at a closed door.

It's the pool room -- there's a light on in there. Reid eyes the Bartender, who shrugs. He doesn't know anything.

INT. POOL ROOM - NIGHT

Reid enters. In the half-light in the corner of the room, Alison sits with a drink.

ALISON

I met your partner earlier. Pretty girl. She said this is where you do business.

REID

Only the best for my clients.

ALISON

Your partner's...friendly.

REID

She can't help herself...you weren't at the hotel.

ALISON

I got tired of waiting. So I came to you.

REID

I thought you'd left town.

ALISON

Probably should have.

Alison goes to Reid. In the full light, we see that she's pale, drawn, upset. She looks suddenly fragile now.

REID

You okay?

ALISON

It's my brother. He's looking for me. More like hunting me. Charles Young. Heard of him?

REID

Lives on billionaire's row.

ALISON

I'm afraid.

REID

Of what?

ALISON

His people have been following me. I managed to lose them, but...it's only a matter of time.

REID

Why come to me?

ALISON

You're not in his world. You don't travel in his circles. I thought I might be safe here.

REID

But you've got money--

ALISON

My brother has the money. Family money. All of it. When my father died, Charles screwed me out of the inheritance. Left me with a tiny trust fund. I cashed most of it to buy the Breakers.

Alison gets close to Reid. She's a raw wound.

REID
What'll happen if he finds you?

ALISON
He'll kill me.

Alison holds back tears, barely keeping it together.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Unadorned no-tell motel. Reid rolls a bag of luggage, entering with Alison. She looks exhausted, unsteady.

REID
You'll be safe here.

ALISON
(looking around)
I'll hand it to you, Reid. Got to
be the last place anybody'd think
to look for me.

REID
No eating out. No phone calls.
Not for a couple days. Not until
it's safe.

ALISON
This isn't your mess. You can walk
away.

Reid can't do that. Alison tries lifting the bag onto the dresser. Reid reaches for it, notices her wrist. There's deep scars on it.

Reid backs off. Alison looks him in the eye.

ALISON (CONT'D)
I was seventeen--

REID
You don't have to tell me...

ALISON
I was seventeen. At the priciest
spa in Switzerland. But it wasn't
really a spa. It was a five-star
nut-house. My brother put me there
a year after our father died. They
said I was borderline.

REID

When did you get out?

ALISON

Three days ago.

(beat)

Charles had me committed. Bob Marsh's legal trick to shut me out of the estate.

REID

You won your freedom. He can't take that away.

ALISON

I wasn't released from the spa. I escaped.

Reid hears something outside the window. Spots a small glowing ember in the darkness. Reid switches off the lights.

ALISON (CONT'D)

What is it?

Reid puts finger to lips. Hush. He cautiously exits--

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

--and jumps, grabbing the overhang. With a heave-ho, hoisting himself onto the roof, scrambling to his feet, tip-toeing across the roof-tiles, Reid comes to--

THE ROOF LEDGE

He looks to the rear of the motel. Spots a FIGURE smoking behind a bush. Perfectly position to see inside the room. Reid flips his hoodie to cover himself and--

LEAPS OFF THE ROOF

--landing in the bushes, running after the Figure.

Fumbling blindly in the dark, Reid grabs an ankle and the Figure falls hard to the ground.

A gun clatters on a rocky mound -- the Figure takes off, clambering up the hillside.

Reid slips on the incline, chasing the Figure, who stays one step ahead. The Figure reaches a clearing and runs, then--

A car starts, tires screeching. Reid reaches the clearing, watching the sportscar speed away into the night.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Reid enters, nerves firing.

REID

They found you. Get your things.

ALISON

What did they look like?

REID

Didn't get a good look. A man, I think. Strong. Not too tall.

(beat)

He had this.

Reid shows her the gun. Reid grabs her bag.

REID (CONT'D)

I don't know where we can--

ALISON

I do.

Off Reid's look--

EXT. PERIMETER FENCE - THE BREAKERS - NIGHT

Steelcutters pop fence-links. Reid and Alison shimmy through the opening--

INT. ROTUNDA - BREAKERS - NIGHT

It's barren in here, except for a few leftover furniture pieces covered in canvass. Windows are boarded up, but one remains untouched: a huge window looking out over the beach.

Alison stops to admire the endless starry night. Reid throws off a cover on a couch. Lays down a blanket.

REID

Sleep here. I'll stay by the door.

Reid stuffs the gun in a jacket pocket. Alison lays on the couch. Looks at Reid.

ALISON

Have you ever used a gun?

Reid nods. His look says "don't ask more questions."

ALISON (CONT'D)

Okay.

She draws the blanket close. Reid looks around, unsure of what to do next.

INT. ROTUNDA - BREAKERS - MORNING

Reid sits up. He's perched by the door. Stiff, he rises awkwardly. Looks at a sleeping Alison -- she's peaceful, radiant. Reid is anything but.

EXT. COFFEE PLACE - MORNING

Reid carries coffee and bagels. Crosses the street as a Chevy Tahoe speeds at him, stops inches before hitting him.

Larry Wolf looks at him from behind the wheel. Nods at Reid to get in. Reid reluctantly opens the passenger door--

INSIDE TAHOE MOVING THROUGH SANTA BARBRA STREETS

Wolf pilfers a coffee cup from Reid.

WOLF

I like mine black, thanks.

REID

You've got nothing better to do than stakeout my coffee runs?

WOLF

You weren't home. I know your routine. Two cups -- you even remember her name?

REID

I'm kinda busy this morning.

WOLF

Why're you messing with CK Young?

REID

He invited me to dinner.

WOLF

Who the fuck are you? The Prom king? You and Miss Hoochie were at Young's mansion. You're running a game.

REID

We went there to--

WOLF

Don't lie to me. Two of you figure, let's up our game and see if we win the lottery.

REID

I'm not running game.

WOLF

(re: the coffee)

Here. Hold this.

Reid takes the cup of coffee as Wolf BRAKES HARD -- Reid flies into the dashboard, hitting his head, spilling the hot coffee all over his shirt. It's ugly. Wolf leans in.

WOLF (CONT'D)

I told you to lay low.

REID

What I'm doing's legit.

WOLF

Bullshit.

REID

Young's got work for me.

WOLF

I don't care if you're folding his laundry. Back the fuck off.

Wolf rams Reid into the dashboard. Reid hooks Wolf's arm, elbows his face. Blood trickles down his nose. He chuckles.

WOLF (CONT'D)

My boy's all grown up. I think I'm going to cry.

Reid blows out of the car. Wolf shifts into reverse, zooming at him. People on the sidewalk scatter. Reid stops as Wolf opens the door, showing just enough of his gun.

WOLF (CONT'D)

Shut it down.

Wolf slams the door and the Tahoe speeds away as--

EXT. THE BREAKERS - DAY

Reid squeezes through the hole in the fence.

EXT. OUTSIDE ROTUNDA - THE BREAKERS - CONTINUOUS

Through the large glass window, Reid spots Alison arranging chairs around a table. She's on a stool rummaging through a cabinet. Takes down old plates and stray cups.

Reid is struck by the picture - a quiet, uncomplicated moment. Rare for him. His cellphone BUZZES. He answers--

REID

Hey...

INTERCUT REID ON PHONE WITH:

INT. YOUNG MANSION - BREAKFAST ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

CK Young shoveling breakfast while talking--

CK YOUNG

I'm hurt, bro. You never call.
Thought you might be trying to step
out on me.

REID

Wouldn't think of it.

CK YOUNG

My guy's been ringing your doorbell
for two days. What gives?

REID

Got to make a living.

CK YOUNG

Dude, you've got a job.
(beat)
Where is she?

Reid watches Alison place cups and plates on the table.

REID

Yeah. About Alison...

CK YOUNG

Before you answer, remember -- I'm
not one of your street hustles.

REID
I saw her last night.

CK YOUNG
And...?

REID
Maid tipped me. She was at a
motel. With somebody. Coulda'
been a boyfriend.

CK YOUNG
Where was my heads-up?

REID
They were leaving when I got there.
I tried to follow them, but--

CK YOUNG
They got away. My sister's a
slippery gal. You get a license
plate?

REID
It was dark.

CK YOUNG
I was counting on you, Reid. What
are we going to do now?

REID
I'll keep looking.

CK YOUNG
My cell's charged.

CK hangs up. Reid enters the Rotunda as--

BACK ON CHARLES--

In his breakfast room. An O.S. MAN speaks.

MAN (HIRSCH)
I told you.

CK looks at the MAN -- muscular, bald, jagged features, 45,
squeezed into a suit. This is HIRSCH. He smokes a thin
cigar. And bears a noticeable welt on the side of his head.

CK YOUNG
So he's not fucking her. Who's the
Loverboy then?

HIRSCH

I didn't see a face. It was dark.

CK YOUNG

So I heard.

(angry)

When you find her, I don't care if it's downtown in broad daylight, I want a hole in her head.

HIRSCH

No reason to act impulsively.

CK YOUNG

There's 300 million fucking reasons. That bitch gets nothing.

HIRSCH

We first make sure our Fresno con man appears desperate. Someone who could commit violence. With his criminal record--

CK YOUNG

Whatever. You've got all the fucking angles covered. Meantime, she could've left the country.

HIRSCH

She came here with a plan. I'm certain she's around.

INT. ROTUNDA - BREAKERS - DAY

Reid enters, finds the set table, but no Alison. He puts down the coffee and bagels.

Cautious, Reid scans the room, listening, looking for something out of place.

He spots a nearby door cracked open, pushing on it -- Alison jumps him with a butcher knife to his throat, breathing hard.

Reid is motionless, hands raised, unthreatening.

REID

It's me.

ALISON

I heard somebody and freaked.

(beat)

Don't. Do. That.

Alison hands Reid the butcher knife. Snags coffee and goes.

EXT. LAGOON - BREAKERS - DAY

Alison looks over a crumbling man-made lagoon now over-run by the waves. This place is sealed-off by high stone walls, a private beach forgotten for years. It's quiet, secluded.

REID

I didn't mean to scare you.

Alison smiles at Reid. Takes off her clothes and dives into the pool below.

ALISON

I get jumpy. I'm okay.

(beat)

Water feels good.

Reid sheds his clothes, jumps in. He's shocked by the cold.

REID

It's freezing.

ALISON

My body runs cooler.

REID

Back in the day, my dad would bring me here. We'd hang out all day.

He thought movie stars still hung out sipping Mai-Thai's. Nobody told him Cary Grant wasn't around to discover me.

(beat)

I think he was hoping some rich couple would take me off his hands.

ALISON

This place meant a lot to you.

REID

Dad ended up a jailbird. I grew up on the streets. It's no mystery why I wanted this.

(beat)

But you -- I don't figure it.

Alison doesn't respond. Reid holds his gaze.

REID (CONT'D)
CK wants you dead. Why buy a fixer-upper in his back yard? Why come back at all?

Alison climbs out, throwing on clothes. Dripping wet, she's both vulnerable and sexy. She leaves Reid in the pool.

INT. ROTUNDA - BREAKERS - DAY

Reid enters, dressed, but still wet from the lagoon.

ALISON
Found this in the kitchen.

She has a dusty bottle of wine. Reid sits with her. He uncorks the bottle and pours into the empty coffee cups.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Everything I could scrape together,
I put into the bid.
(beat)
I won't go back, Reid. I won't let
Charles do it to me again.

REID
There's other places. Safer
places.

ALISON
I want him to wake up every day and
see my place. Know I'm here. I
won't be some damaged little girl.
(beat)
When I open this, he won't dare try
something foolish.

REID
It'll take serious money to fix it
up.

ALISON
You're the man with the plan...

Alison moves to Reid, getting close. Reid is thinking.

REID
Charles.

ALISON
You're serious.

REID

We set up a dummy corporation off-shore. Offer an unbeatable ROI.

ALISON

When he finds out I'm behind it?

REID

I'll be the front man. We'll make it the hottest destination on the coast. He'll never know you own it. Until you want him to.

ALISON

My brother won't cough up money because you make nice with him. We need somebody who looks like money.

(beat)

What about your friend...?

REID

He's on to her.

(beat)

Does CK like Blondes?

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTDOOR KIDS PARK - DAY

Lulu runs up, out of breath to Dana who's sitting at a picnic table with Reid and Alison.

LULU

The ice cream man, Mommy, the ice cream man.

DANA

After dinner, sweetie, okay?

Lulu kicks the ground and stomps off. Dana turns to Reid.

REID

It's not a scam. Alison owns the property. But we need some juice to make it into a first-class spa and hotel.

DANA

(to Alison)

It's your own brother.

ALISON

We're not on good terms. If it was anybody but me, he'd go for it.

REID

Dana, I'm her partner on this.
This business is my chance.

DANA

If it's such a slam-dunk proposal,
why do you need me pretending to be
some investment partner? Won't he
see through this.

REID

I'll do the talking.

Lulu, now with Henry, runs up to Dana, desperate--

LULU

The ice cream man's leaving, Mommy--

ALISON

Let me treat them.

Dana waves her hands -- "go ahead." Alison runs off with the kids. Reid moves closer.

DANA

What's her story, Reid?

REID

Brother screwed her over to get
Dad's estate. She wants to stand
up to him. Prove herself.

DANA

Are you two together?

Reid shrugs.

DANA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

It's not complicated enough?

REID

Alison knows how he thinks. He sees
something he likes, he goes for it.
(Dana's thinking)
I wouldn't ask you to do this if I
thought there was any risk.
(beat)
You used to love this shit.

She smiles, devilishly.

REID (CONT'D)
You were good at it, too.

DANA
Fuck you. I was the best.

REID
You'd get a nice cut.

He smiles, knowing she's in.

DANA
Is there a plan?

REID
There's always a plan...

INT. GAME ROOM - YOUNG MANSION - DAY - IN THE FUTURE

Nona hands CK an opened overnight package. He glances at a sleek magazine-sized presentation.

REID (V.O.)
We send him a glossy prospectus.
Attach a note. It'll look like
another beach front investment. He
won't care.

CK dumps the prospectus in a trash can.

INT. YOUNG'S HUMMER LIMO - DAY - IN THE FUTURE

CK thumbs a blog on his cellphone screen.

REID (V.O.)
Then we plant a puff piece in the
investment blog he reads. How the
beach front's up and coming, ya-da
ya-da. He still won't care.

CK dumps his phone, bored.

EXT. SANTA BARBRA BEACH FRONT - DAY - IN THE FUTURE

CK drives a convertible muscle car munching on pastry.

REID (V.O.)
When he's out grabbing Sunday
brunch, we give him a nudge towards
the Breakers. And put on a little
show.

Red pylons and a road crew block the street. CK turns, heading towards the Breakers where--

Reid in a hoody and hard-hat among thirty construction workers, bull-dozers, trucks, etc. Looks like a big project. CK slows, eyeing a sign on a fence -- "CORSAIR.COM."

REID (V.O.)

He won't miss it. We'll have a web site with the development plan. Big splashies, lots of goodies for him to see. And a picture of you.

INT. GAME ROOM - YOUNG MANSION - DAY - IN THE FUTURE

At a computer monitor, CK researches Corsair.com, the Breakers prospectus, and designs. He flips to another page -- Corsair's financial chief, SUE WILTERN. It's Dana, looking professional and stunning. CK dials his iPhone.

REID (V.O.)

Mr. Control Freak calls you himself. You tell him you're busy.

INT. KITCHEN - DANA'S HOME - DAY - IN THE FUTURE

Reid and Alison hover as Dana is on a phone hooked up to a listening device. She's about to hang up.

Reid and Alison race to stop her.

REID (V.O.)

Then you feel him out, see if he's serious. He'll be feeling you out to see if you're legit.

Lulu enters calling for Dana, who panics. Reid and Alison shush her. Dana goes back to the call with a cheery smile.

REID (V.O.)

You mention you'll be in California, would love to meet, discuss things personally. He'll want to know if you look as good as the picture online.

On the phone, Dana rolls her eyes, disgusted.

REID (V.O.)

By then, he's hooked. We just need to close the deal, you and me...

Dana hangs up, eyes Reid.

BACK WITH DANA AND REID AT THE PARK - THE PRESENT

DANA

Who's footing the bill for this?

REID

You'll get it all back within the first week. I promise.

Dana can't resist Reid. Reid has a wide smile, hugging Dana.

INT. ROTUNDA - THE BREAKERS - NIGHT

Alison is on the couch eyeing Reid, who looks out at the moonlight shimmering on the dark ocean.

REID

She's a good mom.

ALISON

She was a mom to you growing up.

REID

I took after our old man. Dragged her into the life for a bit, but...

(beat)

Could be a mistake. Bringing her in.

ALISON

She'll be fine. She's doing this for the right reasons.

REID

There's too many ways this could go wrong.

ALISON

Crazy as he is, Charles is predictable. He's a child. A big spoiled child. We give him a sniff of something, he'll want it.

Alison rises from the couch, goes to Reid, hovering over him. She starts taking off her clothes as we hear her VOICE--

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY - IN THE FUTURE

Reid tries on a slick Hugo Boss suit. Alison likes it.

ALISON (V.O.)

Charles needs a bro in this deal,
so dress like you're in his posse.

INT. BEDROOM - DANA'S HOUSE - DAY - IN THE FUTURE

Dana wears a tight-fitting expensive pin-stripe suit. Alison lifts Dana's breasts so they're popping out.

ALISON (V.O.)

Charles'll need eye-candy. We'll make sure and give it to him.

INT. ROTUNDA - THE BREAKERS - NIGHT - IN THE PRESENT

Alison and Reid are naked, kissing, making love in rough spasms.

REID (V.O.)

We need something else. Something to push it over the top.

ALISON (V.O.)

Charles is a child and children like their toys...

EXT. MAIN STRIP - SANTA BARBRA - DAY - IN THE FUTURE

Reid parks outside a GAME STORE. He goes in with Dana.

REID (V.O.)

The latest game. Whatever's cutting edge, hardcore.

ALISON (V.O.)

He'll know you're kissing his ass, but he'll like it anyway.

The heavy-lidded CLERK brings out a cube-like game console. Reid pays and goes.

INT. ROTUNDA - REID AND ALISON - IN THE PRESENT

Their bodies entwined, writhing, quivering.

ALISON (V.O.)

Whatever happens, it'll happen quick. You'll know if he's in or out by the time you sit down.

EXT. YOUNG'S MANSION - DAY - IN THE FUTURE

Reid and Dana drive up, get out. Reid tosses keys to Gant, who doesn't appreciate it.

Nona leads them inside. As Gant gets in the car, we see the prospectus folder left behind.

INT. ROTUNDA - REID AND ALISON - IN THE PRESENT

Laying in each other's arms, staring at the night sky.

ALISON

I want him to suffer, Reid.

REID

He will.

Alison looks Reid in the eye. She believes him.

INT. BALL ROOM - YOUNG MANSION - DAY - HERE AND NOW

CK has on a hockey jersey and in-line skates. He uses a hockey stick to club pucks into a net.

He skates over to Reid and Dana as they enter. CK takes a long look at Dana. He winks at Reid.

CK YOUNG

You moved up to a better class of people.

REID

Always hustling.

DANA

That's a good thing, right?

(extends hand)

Sue Wiltern. I've always wanted to meet the man of a thousand covers.

CK laughs a little too hard, takes them to some puffy chairs.

CK YOUNG

Architectural Digest did an entire issue about this place.

DANA

Two years ago, March. Tell me you haven't touched the game room.

CK YOUNG
Wait 'til you get the tour.
(re: game cube)
You going to make me ask?

REID
Z-Cube. Biggest, baddest mother on
the block. Just came out.

CK takes the Cube, thrilled. He puts it on a table.

CK YOUNG
Fuck me. I thought it was still in
beta.

DANA
Thank my nephew. It's the only
thing on his brain.

CK YOUNG
I doubt that.
(beat)
So, wanna show me how you're going
to make me a lot more money?

CK plops in a chair. As they sit, Dana and Reid exchange a quick glance -- they door is open for them.

REID
We brought a more detailed
prospectus. We can use that as a
starting point.

DANA
I, uh...left it in the car.

CK YOUNG
Have Reid get it. You and I can
get to know each other.

Reid is embarrassed. This might blow the deal. He gets up.

REID
I'll be right back.

CK YOUNG
Don't rush.

CK smiles at Dana. Reid goes to the door. Dana gives him one last, worried look as he exits--

INT. HALLWAY - YOUNG MANSION

Reid starts down the hallway, his mind on Dana as--

BOOOOM!!! A thunderous explosion blasts away the wall behind Reid. The impact flattens him to the floor.

A THROBBING SILENCE drowns everything. It's as if Reid's gone deaf.

Reid staggers to his feet, limping to--

Smoldering wreckage and charred remains. The entire Ball Room is a torn apart.

Reid feels his way to where the game cube had been sitting on the table. It's a blackened crater now.

He sees Dana's lifeless body. Or what's left of her.

CK slowly crawls in pain, severely wounded. Reid blinks, stunned. Security lights flash and he runs out of the room.

EXT. BALCONY - YOUNG MANSION - DAY

Through a window, we see Gant and security running through smoke into the blast site.

Pull back to reveal Reid hobbling away, jumping down onto the mansion grounds and taking off--

CUT TO:

STEAKS THROWN ON A GRILL

Maria marinates them with sauce as TEJANO MUSIC plays--

EXT. VELEZ FAMILY HOME - DAY

A family cookout -- aunts, uncles, brothers, sisters, cousins. It's a festive barbecue.

ROMAN, 45, Maria's uncle, approaches. Whispers in Maria's ear. Through a window into the kitchen, she spots Reid. His face is bandaged. He looks shaken.

INT. GARAGE - VELEZ HOME - DAY

Roman and a few muscled, tattooed older Uncles are huddled with Maria and Reid. A soccer game on tv plays in the b.g.

MARIA
Are you hurt?

REID
('no')
I need cash.

ROMAN
You need a doctor.

MARIA
I got some walking around money.

REID
I gotta leave town. For a while.

MARIA
Mind telling me about this bomb
before you take off?

REID
I was there. With my sister...

ROMAN
At Young's? The two of you?

REID
Meeting with CK.

MARIA
About what?

REID
Investing in the Breakers.

Maria shakes his head. She moves close to speak with Reid.

MARIA
You going straight is really
fucking things up.

REID
She was in the room.

Maria can see Reid is broken up, scared, confused.

MARIA
I'm sorry.
(beat)
What about CK?

REID
Alive, maybe. I got out of there.

ROMAN

How could it have been a bomb?
He's got security covering every
square inch.

REID

I brought him a gift. A gaming
console. CK put it on a table.
It's where the blast happened.

Reid is thinking through what happened. He eyes Maria--

REID (CONT'D)

It was Alison's idea. She thought
the game cube would cinch the deal.

MARIA

Where's your rich girl now?

Reid doesn't answer -- he's too shaken.

MARIA (CONT'D)

I can get you ten.

ROMAN

Maybe more.

REID

Thanks.

MARIA

You be in touch. Me or Roman only,
okay? You got a place?

REID

I'll find one.

MARIA

Then what?

No answer. On TV, breaking news interrupts the game. It's
video from a copter over Young's mansion. There's a mugshot
of Reid. Everybody looks at Reid. He's in deep shit.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Detective Larry Wolf strolls past a NURSE at an ICU station.
The Nurse rushes to cut him off--

NURSE

This is a Priority Unit. Visitors
need clearance to enter.

Wolf holds up his badge.

WOLF
Here's my fucking clearance.

Wolf leaves the Nurse fuming and enters--

INT. YOUNG'S ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY

Gant, Nona, and three other MEN surround CK Young in bed, bandaged and quietly raging.

His arm is in a cast and he's hooked up to an i.v. It isn't pretty, but he'll survive.

Gant and the Men bristle as Wolf enters, brushes past them, badge in hand. He stands over CK's bedside.

NONA
He's talked to the police.

WOLF
He hasn't talked to me.
(to CK)
Name's Wolf. I'm with the FBI.

GANT.
It's not a good time. Mr. Young is still recovering--

WOLF
Who did this?

CK YOUNG
I pissed off a lot of people. You know who I am, right?

WOLF
You're already pissing me off.
Tell me about Reid Taylor.

CK YOUNG
We had a meeting.

WOLF
Right. With his sister.
(CK is surprised)
Didn't know that, did you? Mom with two kids. From Oxnard. Poor lady.
(beat)
Only thing worse than being conned is admitting it.

CK YOUNG
This was business.

WOLF
Sure. I need all security video
from that country club you live in.

NONA
We told the police -- the explosion
compromised our system. The data's
been lost.

WOLF
Dead mom makes this a homicide.
Until we determine if she was or
wasn't a part of planting the bomb.
(beat)
If you're obstructing justice, only
makes it worse for yourself.

CK raises a finger, motioning for Wolf to come closer. Wolf
leans in. CK spits in his face.

Wolf abruptly exits. CK grabs Gant, pulls him close--

CK YOUNG
Where the fuck is Hirsch?

INT. ROTUNDA - BREAKERS - DAY

Reid wears sunglasses and a jacket. He spots the wine
glasses he and Alison shared. Looks out the window at--

The lagoon where they swam. The shimmering ocean and endless
blue sky. Reid collects the glasses, bottles, blankets, puts
them in a bag, and goes--

EXT. BREAKERS - DAY

Reid shimmies through the fence. Turns away as a passing
POLICE PATROL CAR slows. Out of sight, Reid dumps the bag in
a trash bin and, step by painful step, disappears--

INT. CK YOUNG'S ROOM - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Gant pushes CK in a wheelchair. A DOCTOR and a NURSE trail
behind as they blow out the ICU's door.

DOCTOR
Mr. Young, I strongly advise you to
stay at least overnight.

CK YOUNG
I've flown in my own doctors.

NURSE
Sir, we have to process you out.
There's forms to sign.

CK just laughs. Gant hands him a cellphone.

GANT
It's Hirsch.

CK YOUNG (INTO PHONE)
The fuck've you been?

HIRSCH (O.S.)
I've found her.

CK YOUNG (INTO PHONE)
Some good news, finally. Bring
that bitch home. And get me Reid.

CK clicks off as his entourage steams by security--

EXT. SECLUDED HOTEL - GATED POOL AREA - NIGHT

Hirsch slides his cellphone off. He's standing out of sight
near large dumpsters looking at--

ALISON ON A LOUNGE CHAIR

Near a pool. Checking her phone, sipping a drink. Not a
care in the world.

Hirsch turns to go when--

A Butcher Knife chops into his neck, blood spurting, Hirsch
agonizing.

A WOMAN wearing surgical gloves wields the knife. She chops
again and, as Hirsch teeters, she opens a dumpster lid and
shoves him, sending him end over end into it.

We get a good look at her - dark-haired, one side shaved,
pale, sinewy. She's the woman who watched Alison and Reid
from the hotel balcony.

She tosses the Butcher Knife and surgical gloves into the
dumpster and goes.

CUT TO:

INT. GAME STORE - DAY

Reid enters, shrouded in a hooded jacket and sunglasses. Faces a PIMPLY GEEK at the counter.

PIMPLY GEEK
Looking for something?

REID
The other day. Another guy helped me. Big guy, older--

PIMPLY GEEK
Nobody like that works here.

REID
He sold me a Z-Cube.

PIMPLY GEEK
Z-Cube? That doesn't come out until fall.
(beat)
What day were you here?

REID
Monday.

PIMPLY GEEK
Dude, we're not even open Mondays.

The Pimply Geek leaves Reid to help a customer.

EXT. COTTAGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Chevy Tahoe's headlights shine, the engine idling. Wolf is at Reid's front door, peeking inside. Nobody around.

Wolf grabs a mail bundle stuck in the drop-slot. He scans the red-letter collection notices and dumps them.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Endless green fields and shade trees. Reid sits in the Taurus near a stand of trees. Looking at a gathering below. It is a funeral for Dana.

He sees Sally, distraught, and Henry and Lulu in tears.

Reid watches a wreath being placed on a coffin. Mourners in black watch as Dana is lowered into a grave.

ON REID

Tears rolling down his cheeks.

INT. JEREMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jeremy opens his door. Reid, exhausted, haggard, enters--

JEREMY

Dude, it's a manhunt. You're all over the news.

REID

I'm not a bomber, J.

JEREMY

Bomb's just the warm-up. They're saying you took a Butcher Knife to some Swiss dude and dumped him in the trash.

Jeremy uses his iPad to show Reid the story.

REID

Anybody come by here?

JEREMY

No.

(beat)

We go way back, but I got to know if you're going psycho on me.

REID

Like I said, no bomb. And I didn't kill anyone.

JEREMY

I wasn't saying nothing to Five-Oh.

REID

I'm not worried about the cops.

JEREMY

True dat. Young could shoot you in broad daylight and get away with it.

Reid shoots Jeremy a look.

JEREMY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Not that that's going to happen.

REID

You got anything for me?

JEREMY

Yeah. How 'bout that bitch Alison
was trouble from the get-go.

REID

Anything else?

Jeremy goes to his massive computer station.

JEREMY

Shit you want is putting me in red
flag, risking-my-job territory.
You know the perks I'd lose if--

REID

What did you find?

JEREMY

Chill, okay? I accessed Homeland's
server through the hotel's network.
Probably gonna get waterboarded or
something.

REID

Has she left the country?

JEREMY

Not according to them.
(beat)
There's other stuff.

REID

Like?

JEREMY

Like that Swiss resort. Three
people died while she was locked up
there.

REID

How?

JEREMY

Nurse fell down a flight of stairs.
Roommate OD'd on sleeping pills.
And this dude Dr. Schmidt was
killed in a car crash. Says Alison
was with him.

REID

Thanks.

JEREMY

Tell me you're not going to track her down. I mean, this lady's bad luck. Like Tupac at a red light kind of bad luck.

REID

Let me worry about it.

JEREMY

I were you, I'd be worrying about saving my own ass.

REID

Look, J, I need your place. I got to crash here for the night.

Jeremy looks at Reid, incredulous.

JEREMY

Dude, not only are you America's Most Wanted, but my crew's coming over for an Overwatch tournament.

REID

If there was any other way.

Jeremy grabs his jacket.

JEREMY

I'll do you a solid, but I ain't hanging around for my luck to run out.

(re: computer)

Stuff I found online about CK Young is on there. Guy's freaky-deaky.

REID

I'll call, okay?

JEREMY

All the same to you, don't.

Jeremy goes. Reid sits at the computer, clicking on sites--

INT. BULLPEN - FBI BRANCH OFFICE

Wolf eats a drippy Roast Beef sandwich, feet on his desk. RUIZ, a baby-faced rookie, approaches with a thick file.

RUIZ

You wanted me to bring you all I could on Young?

Wolf waves him in, shoving a chair at Ruiz with his boot.

RUIZ (CONT'D)
I wasn't sure where to start.

WOLF
How about the guy's a fruitcake.

RUIZ
Endless lawsuits, countersuits, a
complaint from the Chinese
government over a software deal. A
lot of people could've wanted him
dead.

(beat)
Shouldn't we be talking about this
guy Taylor?

WOLF
We'll get there.

RUIZ
(offers file)
Background on Young. Once you get
past the hype, he's a closed book.
Man's obsessed with recording his
every waking moment. Mansion's
wired wall to wall.

WOLF
All that security. What good did
it do him?

RUIZ
Made his money the old-fashioned
way -- inherited it. When he was
18, his father was killed in an
home invasion robbery. Killer was
never caught.

Ruiz holds up another file.

WOLF
Reid Taylor.

RUIZ
You know his rap sheet, so I got
everything I could on his family,
school, financial records.

WOLF
Financial records? Guy's strictly
cash and carry.

RUIZ

There's a trail of bank accounts.
Short-term commercial accounts.

WOLF

Business?

RUIZ

Leasing companies. Dozens of them.
Name keeps popping up -- Palomino,
Inc. I can't find Taylor's name
anywhere except in these bank
statements.

WOLF

Shell corp, probably.

(beat)

You still tracking down his
partner?

RUIZ

Maria Velez. I sent out a team.

Ruiz stands to leave. Wolf motions to him--

WOLF

The financial stuff on Reid. Let
me take a look.

Ruiz gives him the file and goes. Wolf dumps it in a box.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

Wolf lugs the box to his Tahoe. He opens the back, puts it
next to a golf bag with a horse emblem and lettering --
"Palomino, Inc." Wolf slams the back door shut.

INT. VELEZ FAMILY HOME - MORNING

Police break into the house, rousing LAURA VELEZ, Maria's
mother, from her bed, along with his teenage sister, UNA.

There's Cops, guns, screaming, mayhem, but no Maria.

EXT. MUSTANG - CITY STREET - DAY

Maria driving her Uncle Ramon to work.

RAMON

Nothing from Reid?

MARIA
He'll be fine.

RAMON
He was in bad shape at the party.
I'm worried, Maria. He's like a
son to me.

MARIA
I'll take care of him. Trust me.

RAMON
Who'll take care of you?

Maria stops outside a machine shop and Ramon gets out. He waves goodbye and Maria pulls away--

She turns a corner and Gant stands in the middle of the street. SCREECH -- Maria brakes, stops. Gun in hand, Gant motions slowly for Maria to come with him.

INT. JEREMY'S PLACE - DAY

Reid at Jeremy's computer, nursing a cup of coffee.

WE SEE IMAGES on the computer screen -- news headlines from years ago: "Industry Titan Young Killed"; "Young Dead, Suspect at Large"; "Young, Jr. Named CEO."

Reid stops at a photo of the elder Young -- late 50's, patrician, a life spent making money.

Another photo with Charles, 20, and Alison, 17. Alison barely smiles, looking wounded, vacant.

Reid moves in on the photo -- something is off. Is it the hairstyle? Clothes? Quality of the photo?

Reid clicks through stories of the deaths at Alison's Swiss "spa." Spots a photo of Alison helped by a dark-haired NURSE, her body turned from the camera.

Reid zooms in -- Alison's face is obscured by her long hair.

Reid toggles between the Nurse and Alison, zooming, looking for something.

INT. FRONT DESK - FOUR SEASONS BILTMORE - DAY

On the phone, Jeremy greets someone O.S. A bag is placed on the counter. Jeremy's "Have a Nice Day" smile vanishes--

The someone is Gant -- he holds a gun hidden under the bag. Hirsch nods to the doors and Jeremy goes.

INT. JEREMY'S PLACE - NIGHT

Reid sits alone, bleary from reading up on the Youngs.

He sits up, peeking through drawn shades. At the edge of the horizon, distant flames glow in the night sky.

EXT. THE BREAKERS - NIGHT

Reid, in flip-flops and hoody, scrambles down an alley and stops. His face glows orange and red. He's looking at--

The Breakers burning to the ground -- all ashes and cinders.

Reid pushes through a crowd that has formed. Firefighters work hoses, Police control the crowd, a news van arrives.

Reid turns away from the spectacle, passing a blockade and heading up a street.

A Hummer is parked in his path. Gant gets out, calmly approaching Reid, gun held low. Reid won't fight.

EXT. FRONT GATES - YOUNG MANSION - NIGHT

The Hummer speeds through the open gates and--

INT. HALLWAY - YOUNG MANSION

Hands bound, Reid is flanked by Gant and Nona. He notices the swivelling cameras are motionless.

Staff has disappeared. The mansion is deserted.

They pass the bombed-out ball room, its charred remains still roped off with crime scene tape.

Reid hears GUNSHOTS and EXPLOSIONS coming from a room ahead--

INT. GAME ROOM - YOUNG MANSION

In a wheelchair, CK plays a videogame on the big screen. Security monitors above are dark. There's no incoming feed.

Gant and Nona enter with Reid. He sits. And waits. As CK curses at the videogame, Gant clears her throat.

CK YOUNG
Almost finished--

The game's high-speed chase ends as the on-screen Cop blows CK away. He throws the game player. It shatters.

Gant goes to CK, leans in close, whispering. In a spasm of rage, CK backhands Gant. He steps back.

CK YOUNG (CONT'D)
When I'm ready, got it?

Gant nearly pops from restraining herself. CK grabs two new game consoles, plugs them in, tossing one to Reid.

Reid takes the console, sits next to CK, tentative--

CK YOUNG (CONT'D)
I must be pretty fucking stupid. C-
4 plastique. High-frequency relay.
Went right through my screener.
Fucking put it in my hand.

REID
It was her. All her.

CK YOUNG
Pig at two o'clock.

Reid reacts, jerks the joystick. CRASH--BANG--goes the game.

REID
Game cube was a plant. The store
was a set up. The whole thing was
rigged.

CK YOUNG
You must be pretty fucking stupid,
too.

REID
I get nothing killing you.

CK YOUNG
You get her. She gets my money.

REID
She set me up.

CK YOUNG
Just heard the same thing from
somebody else.
(beat)
Gant!

Gant disappears. Rattled, Reid can't focus on the game -- he crashes his car and the onscreen Cop guns him down.

CK YOUNG (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Blowing up your own sister. I
thought I was a heartless prick.

REID
She was innocent--

Gant brings Alison inside, bound by restraints. If she's surprised to see Reid, she hides it well.

Alison is different now -- the damaged little girl is replaced by an ice queen. She ignores Reid's glare.

CK YOUNG
Hey, killer. You done pretending
to be my sister?

ALISON
Mr. Young...

CK YOUNG
Mister?! No need to be so formal.
We're practically related. You do
have a resemblance, I'll give you
that. You're prettier.

(beat)
Aren't you going to say hello to
your boyfriend? Awkward I guess,
seeing how he doesn't know your
real name.

(to Reid)
Meet Helen Strauss. Say hi, Helen.

ALISON/HELEN
Your sister is sick. I did
everything I could to--

CK YOUNG
(mocking her)
'She made me come to America. She
used me so Pretty Boy could get to
you. It was all her fault, it was
the Russians' fault, Colombian hit
men, space aliens, Sasquatch.'
Maybe I planted the bomb myself.
Now that's a twist. Nobody'd see
that one coming.

CK rises from his wheelchair, hobbling with a cane. The EXPLOSIONS and GUNFIRE play on the screen.

CK YOUNG (CONT'D)
One last time -- where is she?

ALISON/HELEN
I don't know. Are you going to
kill me?

CK YOUNG
I need you to do pretty boy here
first. Then I'll kill you.
(beat)
Murder-suicide is so much more
believable.

REID
Charles...

CK unstraps Alison/Helen's restraints. She stands.

CK YOUNG
But first, let's take care of some
loose threads, huh?

CK nods to Nona, who opens doors leading to a outside deck. Jeremy is there, gagged, tied to a chair. Scared, jittery.

Next to him is a Woman slumped in a chair, her back to us --
it's Maria, beaten, bloody, lifeless. Reid is stricken.

CK YOUNG (CONT'D)
Got to hand it to her. She never
gave you up, Reid.

REID
Maria--

CK YOUNG
Turning the hotel into a candle was
the only way of flushing you out.

REID
You're sick.

CK YOUNG
What I'm going to do to JLo here,
that's sick.

ALISON/HELEN
And what'll that prove, you shit.

CK shuffles close to Alison/Helen, shaking with rage.
THWACK! He brings her down with his cane.

CK YOUNG
That I'm the one in control.

CK takes the gun, uses his cane to get Alison/Helen to stand.

CK YOUNG (CONT'D)
Him first.

CK moves her to Jeremy, whose scream is muffled by the gag.

CK guides Alison/Helen to point the gun at him. She's shaking, then takes a breath. The moment hangs in the air.

Alison/Helen rips her hand free, points the muzzle at CK, and fires. Two pops in the chest.

CK is shocked. Another shot to the forehead drops him dead.

In the doorway, Reid leaps to Jeremy on the deck, knocking him to the ground. Jeremy spazzes, trying to break free.

INSIDE THE GAME ROOM

Real gunfire erupts. Rips through walls, doors, furniture.
It's a shooting match between Gant and Alison/Helen.

ON THE DECK

Bullets spray past Jeremy, tearing up his chair. He slips out of the leftover pieces. Reid hides behind a planter.

Another hail of gunfire disintegrates the planter. Jeremy panics, jumps over the railing, landing with a painful thud. He runs off, disappearing.

A last burst of shots, then it's quiet. Eerily quiet.

Reid surveys the scene. Through the doorway, he can see Gant face down in a pool of blood.

Alison/Helen steps into view. Reid backs up against a railing -- rage, humiliation, confusion all swirl inside him.

Alison/Helen fires twice at Reid.

He falls over the railing, landing in a heap below.

Alison/Helen disappears--

ON THE GROUND BELOW -- Reid's body lies motionless, bleeding.

A GARDENER, Latino, 18, approaches cautiously. He eyes Reid's body. He looks around, not knowing what to do as--

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. BAJA DESERT - MEXICO - DAY

An old, dingy PICKUP motors along a dirt road.

Behind the wheel is RAMON, Maria's older uncle, squinting through the dust. Next to him is a SKINNY MAN in a rumpled suit, bouncing like a rag doll on the rough road.

EXT. SHACK - MEXICAN VILLAGE - DAY

Ramon goes to the front door. The Skinny Man follows.

INT. SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Ramon passes another of Maria's Uncles, JAVIER, watching a telenovela. Ramon nods to him. Javier eyes the Skinny Man.

JAVIER

Es el mejor que usted puede conseguir?

Ramon leads the Skinny Man to a door in the back. He opens it, revealing a bandaged, barely alive Reid in a bed.

The Skinny Man takes a stethoscope from a bag and goes to him as Ramon closes the door.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. SHACK - DAY

An OLD VILLAGE WOMAN sets food on a table. She uncovers a bowl of steaming soup and tortilla.

Ramon and Javier carry a bandaged, groggy Reid to a chair. The Woman feeds him by the spoonful. Reid revives a little.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. ROAD LEADING TO SHACK - DAY

Javier leads a slowly-recovering Reid on a walk. Sporting a beard, Reid leans on Javier. They reach the shack and--

INT. SHACK - MEXICAN VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

--entering, find the Old Woman browsing a Spanish language newspaper. Reid's picture is front page news -- "FUGITIVO."

Javier approaches and takes the paper. He gives the Old Woman a tabloid-y magazine and sends her away. Reid eyes his picture in the newspaper as Javier tosses it in the trash.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. SHACK - REID'S BED - NIGHT

Reid, grimacing, turns to a nightstand and takes out a picture. It's Dana with her kids. He's tormented.

Reid gets up, grabbing crutches, pushing away from the bed. He takes a step, then dumps the crutches on the floor and continues. He's going to do this on his own...

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. BAJA DESERT - MEXICO - DAY

Ramon drives the beat-up TRUCK on the dirt road.

INT. SHACK - DAY

Reid is in the back doing sit-ups. Shirt off, we see the ugly scars of bullet wounds. He's in much better shape now. It's been months since the incident.

He's a different man -- long hair, a full beard, an intensity we haven't seen. Reid is a man possessed.

Ramon enters with an envelope and a black case. He tosses the envelope on a table -- cash and a passport spill out.

REID

I'll never forget this.

RAMON

I may not have friends around to help you out again.

(moves to Reid)

Losing Maria was like losing a part of me. I don't want to lose another.

REID

I can't let this go.

RAMON

She's vanished without a trace.
She could be anywhere on Earth.

REID

Then I'd better get started.

RAMON

(re: envelope)

You'll get through Monterrey
security, but there's no guarantees
after you land in Italy. That
passport isn't a hundred percent.

(beat)

If you come back--

REID

When I come back--

RAMON

You need help with that hotel of
yours, me and my boys'll be there.

REID

The site's nothing but ashes.

Ramon hands Reid a paper -- it's real estate listings.

RAMON

It's going up for auction. You get
it for a song, build on it. Answer
to nobody but yourself.

REID

Thanks. For everything. Maria'd
be proud.

Reid grabs a bag, envelope and black case, and goes.

CUT TO:

A GIANT LCD DISPLAY--

Showing arrivals, departures, dates, times. We're at--

INT. MILAN MALPENSA AIRPORT, ITALY - DAY

Bearded, scruffy Reid scans the long line at a customs
checkpoint. Uniformed OFFICERS inspect bags and scrutinize
passports. Other OFFICERS carry machine guns as they stroll.

Crowds of travellers come and go to their assigned gates. Reid spots a BALD MAN with a briefcase, follows him to--

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM

The Bald Man sets his briefcase down and turns to a urinal. Reid enters, casually moving his way--

CU -- TICKETS, PAPERS, AND PASSPORT -- sticking out of a side pocket of the briefcase.

Reid washes his hands in a sink opposite the urinals. The Bald Man approaches, washes his hands. He nods at Reid, dries off, and grabs his briefcase to leave.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - INSIDE A STALL - MOMENTS LATER

Reid closes the stall door. Dumps the Bald Man's passport on top of the toilet. Takes an electric trimmer out of the black case he brought. BUZZ...

INT. CUSTOMS CHECKPOINT - MILAN AIRPORT - LATER

A CUSTOMS OFFICIAL takes the Bald Man's passport, looks up--
It's Reid, clean-shaven and hair shorn, smiling at him. The Official stamps the passport and sends Reid on his way.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - FBI BRANCH OFFICE - DAY

FBI Agent Ruiz walks briskly with Jr. Agent WEBBER, 30, geeky, carrying a file box. They arrive at a closed door--

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - FBI OFFICE

Larry Wolf is with other Agents at a debriefing with Bureau Chief GLENN MORTON. Ruiz enters--

RUIZ
Interpol has a hit on Taylor.

MORTON
(to other Agents)
We'll wrap this up tomorrow.

The Agents exit. Ruiz and Webber huddle with Wolf and Morton. Ruiz produces a grainy photo of the baggy, bearded Reid at the Milan airport.

RUIZ

Somebody reported a stolen passport at a customs check in Milan. They sent us some images--

Ruiz throws down a photo of the clean-shaven, buzz-cut Reid.

MORTON

So he's alive. What the hell is he doing in Milan?

WOLF

Mexico was too close for comfort.

MORTON

Send Interpol whatever they need.

WOLF

He'll be armed. And lethal.

RUIZ

That kid Jeremy swears he isn't violent. Says he wasn't our shooter.

WOLF

Three people are dead because of him. Guy's a con for life. Like his Dad. Got caught running game and panicked. End of story.

MORTON

Wolf will follow up.

(re: box)

What's this?

WEBBER

Agent Ruiz asked me to look into Reid's financials.

WOLF

The hell you do that for?

RUIZ

You never got back to me. Is there a problem?

WOLF

Yeah, I got a problem with you letting me do my fucking job.

MORTON

How about we listen to what Agent
Webber's found?

WEBBER

Reid ran a shell game, taking money
from investors, moving it between
shell accounts, then cashing out
later. There were over fifty
accounts, but all linked to one off
shore company -- Palomino Corp.

RUIZ

Each account was linked to separate
proprietors.

MORTON

Aliases?

WEBBER

Possibly.

RUIZ

Here is a Palomino Sporting Goods
with a Fresno p.o. box. Traced it
to a Shirley Beck, an old lady
retired for fifteen years.
Deceased for five.

WEBBER

Thousands are still laundered
through this account each month.

MORTON

It's a front. Reid's working with
someone. Find him.

Ruiz glares at Wolf, leaves with Webber. Wolf turns to
Morton--

WOLF

Taylor situation is dangerous. We
need our own people over there.

MORTON

Let Interpol handle it. We don't
need to blow holes in our budget.

WOLF

He walked through Italian customs
like it was Disneyland.

MORTON

Who do you propose sending?

WOLF

Me. You want the job done right,
let me finish it. Five days. All
I need. I strike out, you pull
the plug.

MORTON

(thinking it over)
I don't want to hear you went
cowboy on me, okay?

Morton gives in, waving his hand and Wolf lumbers away--

CUT TO:

C.U. -- REID UPSIDE DOWN--

He disappears O.S., then appears again, then disappears--

INT. HOTEL ROOM - ITALIAN ALPS - DAY

Reid hangs by his feet from a bar doing inverted sit-ups.
It's a painful workout, but he muscles through.

Reid drops down, grabs a bottle, pops pain pills. Eyes
himself in a mirror. Restless, angry, an animal unleashed.

A KNOCK at the door startles Reid. He cautiously opens.

REID

Prego?

An OLDER WOMAN smiles for him, handing over a small package.

WOMAN

Graze.

REID

Graze.

Reid tips her and she goes. He opens the package. It's five
cell phones with earpieces and batteries. One cellphone
rings. Reid answers it.

REID (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
This isn't funny.

INTERCUT WITH--

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Jeremy sits at his computer in shorts and t-shirt.

JEREMY

Dude, I tracked the package right to your door. Those bad boys I sent you are the latest in global satellite technology. Courtesy of the Biltmore. How's Italy?

REID

You got my message.

JEREMY

Ramon's super-cool. I figured you'd need a way to reach me.

REID

Jeremy--

JEREMY

Don't worry, the Feds aren't listening. Even if they are, just ditch one and use the next.

(beat)

Chill, bro. I mean, up until a few weeks ago I thought you were dead. It's all good.

REID

Ramon asked you to do me a favor.

JEREMY

Oh, yeah, that. Look, your girl's been ghost for months. FBI, Homeland, Interpol. No Helen Strauss on anyone's radar.

REID

And the real Alison?

JEREMY

First rule you taught me -- follow the money. And there's a lot of cash to follow, dude.

REID

Her brother's estate. It hasn't been transferred yet?

JEREMY

I hacked into servers at Young's estate lawyers.

(MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)

There's emails about a sit-down
with attorneys out of Switzerland.
Looks like the real Alison's alive
and itching to get her money. Do
you know where Lausanne is?

REID

When?

JEREMY

Couple days.

REID

Can you send the info over this
connection?

JEREMY

I can send you anything. Music,
porn, episodes of Westworld--

REID

How about an address.

(beat)

Anything else?

JEREMY

Yeah, you're still on the FBI's
most wanted list.

(beat)

My advice -- if you ever see that
bitch again, wear a Kevlar vest.

REID

I'll remember that. Later.

Reid clicks off. He's looking out a balcony window. In the
distance, the mountainous Alps loom.

EXT. BECK FAMILY HOME - FRESNO, CA

Wolf jumps out of his Tahoe, passes a mailbox -- "Neal and
Shirley Beck" -- and heads to a decaying split-level.

INT. LIVING ROOM - BECK HOME - DAY

Wolf enters, passing a beer-drinking OLD MAN in a Lazy-Boy,
eyes glued to FOX news on t.v.

Lit cigarette in hand, the Old Man's grey pallor makes him
look like the living dead. This is NEAL BECK.

BECK
That you, Larry? Been a while--

Wolf grumbles something from an adjacent bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - BECK HOME - CONTINUOUS

Wolf opens a closet door, there's a bank-safe inside. He spins the tumblers, opens the door exposing stacks of cash.

Wolf grabs the cash along with a thick accordion file marked "Palomino."

BECK (O.S.)
You want lunch? I'll make you a sandwich.

WOLF
I'm not staying, Neal.

Wolf shuts the safe, fishes out a rifle case from the closet.

He takes out a SHOTGUN, inspects it, puts it back in the case. He checks a pouch for ammo and zips up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - BECK HOME - CONTINUOUS

Wolf enters, sits next to Beck. His head rests on a pillow.

BECK
You put on a few...going somewhere?

WOLF
Business trip.

BECK
Take a load off, have a beer.
(beat)
Y'know, I got a call from a fella
at the FBI the other day.

WOLF
What'd he want?

BECK
Asking about some business your
mother was running. Something
called Palomino. Got to do with a
murder investigation, he says --
some rich guy got killed in L.A.

WOLF

Santa Barbra. What'd you say?

BECK

Told him your mom didn't have a business. Ever. Five years since she passed, but he says they're sending somebody to talk to me.

(beat, wistful)

Last week woulda' been 20 years with your mother.

Wolf casually takes the pillow from behind Beck's head. He puts it over old man's face, clamping down, smothering him. It's a brief, pathetic struggle.

The lit cigarette dangles in Beck's lifeless hand. Wolf takes the cigarette, drops it on the thick Palomino file and leaves.

EXT. BECK FAMILY HOME - FRESNO, CA

Wolf getting into his Tahoe as flames appear in the house.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND - DAY

A portly, Swiss CONCIERGE leads Reid into the room. Reid goes to a window balcony, looks out--

REID'S POV -- SUISSE CREDIT BANK BUILDING

It's an adorned, museum-like building at the end of a cobblestone street. The Concierge clears his throat.

CONCIERGE

Is this room satisfactory?

REID

It'll do.

CONCIERGE

May I ask, what brings you to Lausanne?

REID

Seeing an old friend.

Reid tips the Concierge and he goes.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

The phone rings. Henry runs up and picks it up.

HENRY

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

REID IN HIS HOTEL ROOM

REID

Hey, Henry, it's me. How are the moves coming?

HENRY

Uncle Reid?

REID

Don't tell Sally or your grandparents. Don't say anything okay? I just wanted you to know I'm thinking about you.

As Reid talks SALLY notices Henry on the phone.

REID (CONT'D)

Give me a sign that you're okay.

HENRY

Grrr...

REID

That works. I'll talk to you soon, kiddo. I love you...

He hangs up. Sally goes to him.

SALLY

Who was that?

HENRY

Somebody wanting me to buy insurance. Can we get some?

Off Sally's look--

EXT. VIEWING DECK - MOUNTAIN CHALET - DAY

Overlooking an expansive and sprawling estate. There is a huge reconstruction project underway. It will be the grandest mountain retreat in Europe.

Helen Strauss -- tanned, rested, impeccably dressed -- carries two drinks. Her hair is long and dark, her demeanor composed. She's now a steely force of nature.

Helen offers a drink to -- ALISON VOSS, herself dressed fashionably, her dark hair cascading. The two closely resemble each other. Voss takes the drink.

VOSS

How long will this take?

HELEN

We arrive for dinner tonight. Sign papers in the morning.

VOSS

The agreements are finalized?

HELEN

All the lawyers need is your signature.

VOSS

I want to sign the thing tonight.

HELEN

But the meeting's been arranged--

VOSS

I've waited long enough. Call the attorneys and get the car. Now.

Helen doesn't argue, dialing her cellphone.

INT. SECURITY AREA - GENEVA AIRPORT - DAY

Looking out of place in his cowboy boots and shiny buckle, Wolf walks with Interpol Officer, LIEUTENANT KLEIN.

LT. KLEIN

We welcome the FBI's help, Agent Wolf, but we're already working with the Swiss and Italian police.

WOLF

I don't need a red carpet.

LT. KLEIN

I'm saying, sir, the FBI didn't clear your trip with me. I know you came a long way, but it's unnecessary. We will track down your suspect.

WOLF

All the same, Lieutenant, I've got
a job to do.

LT. KLEIN

If there was some function for you--

Wolf turns to Lt. Klein.

WOLF

Get this straight. I don't need a
function to be here.

Wolf stops at a security check-in. His rifle case is being
inspected by Officials.

LT. KLEIN

Does this have proper clearance?

Wolf holds up his badge. Lt. Klein allows him through.

LT. KLEIN (CONT'D)

Is there anything else I can do for
you, Agent Wolf?

WOLF

Yeah. How about running a check on
this woman. See what comes up.

Wolf throws down a file. In it, there's a picture of Helen
Strauss.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Voss in the back seat staring at the passing mountains.
Helen glances at her.

VOSS

Have we seen the last of him?

HELEN

Do you mean, is he alive?

VOSS

I want to know he won't be a
problem.

HELEN

We're on the other side of the
world. He's a fugitive. And
alone. If he's alive.

VOSS

Do you think of him?

HELEN

Why would I? I have everything I want right here.

VOSS

I want some Dom waiting for me when we get there.

Helen taps her cellphone as we--

ANGLE ON THE LIMOUSINE

Gliding down the winding road, followed by a caravan of cars.

INT. REID'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Rumbling vehicles O.S. wake up Reid. He goes to the balcony--

REID'S POV -- A LIMO PULLS UP TO THE BANK

Followed by the caravan. A squad of BODYGUARDS emerge, surrounding the limo and scouring the street, alleys, etc.

Voss and Helen get out and dart inside the bank.

BACK ON REID -- as he throws on a shirt and goes...

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE BANK - NIGHT

Reid looks inside the bank windows. Voss and Helen are with a bevy of SUITS. As they walk down a corridor, Reid keeps pace outside.

Voss, Helen, and the Suits disappear inside a room. Reid surveys the exterior for a way inside the building.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - BANK BUILDING - NIGHT

A tweedy attorney, ALTAIRE, sits with Voss and Helen. They face a Doberman in pinstripes, KISSEL. He slides a multi-page document across the table.

VOSS

When will the funds be transferred?

ALTAIRE

Immediately upon signature.

VOSS
(shut the fuck up)
I'm asking him.

KISSEL
Immediately upon signature, Ma'am.

EXT. SUISSE CREDIT BANK - FRONT ENTRANCE

Wolf approaches two plainclothes GUARDS. He flashes a badge.

WOLF
Is Alison Voss inside? I need to
see her about a police matter.

GUARD
The bank is closed.

WOLF
(chuckles)
That right?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - BANK

Voss picks up a pen and starts signing the document. Sounds
of a SCUFFLE come from O.S.

Heads turn -- Wolf bursts inside the room with a Guard in a
headlock, laughing.

ALTAIRE
Who are you?

Wolf shoves the Guard aside. Guns are drawn. Wolf raises
his hands. Slowly pulls out his badge.

WOLF
Agent Larry Wolf. FBI. USA.

KISSEL
This is a private meeting, sir. We
will have you arrested.

WOLF
Not a chance. 'Cuz the little
lady'll want to hear what I got to
say.

VOSS
I will?

WOLF
Reid Taylor.

ALTAIRE
Take him to the Embassy.

HELEN
Wait.

WOLF
Didn't think you were stupid.

VOSS
Clear the room. Now.

WOLF
Listen to the lady.

The attorneys and Guards reluctantly leave. Wolf enters the room and sits. Helen whispers to Voss.

HELEN
It's a ruse.

VOSS
You, too.

Stung, Helen reluctantly goes. Wolf smiles at Voss.

EXT. BANK BUILDING - NIGHT

Reid comes around the back of the building. He jiggles the handle of a service door, looking for a way inside.

VOICE (O.S.)
Arretez!

Reid stays cool as a muscled GUARD approaches.

GUARD
Où allez-vous?

Reid plays dumb, but the Guard is in his face...

In a flash, Reid jams a fist in the Guard's solar plexus.

The Guard recovers, throws Reid down, taps his blue-tooth to signal back-up. But Reid's on him, ripping out the blue-tooth.

It's a street-brawl -- messy, brutal, ugly. The Guard pulls a gun and Reid knocks it away. Strictly hand-to-hand.

Reid counters the Guard's muscle with a boxer's quick hooks and jabs. But the Guard is too big, the blows glancing off of him. The Guard corners Reid, pushing him towards--

EXT. BRIDGE - OVER TRAIN TRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Two hundred feet drop. The Guard has Reid on his heels. He grapples with Reid, trying to send him over a railing.

Reid deftly leans backward, pivoting as he sends the Guard over--

But the Guard clings to Reid's shirt for dear life. He seems to be pleading with Reid, who relents, pulling him up.

The Guard uses the opening, jerking Reid's arm, trying to pull him over the rail. He'd rather they both die.

Reid resists, his shirt tearing, his fingers bleeding in the Guard's vice-like grip, as he strains to push back--

The Guard's hold is gone and he drops quickly, landing in a pile on the train tracks below.

Reid looks down at the Guard's body. Scans the streets -- no back-up arriving.

He finds the Guard's gun, picks it up, and goes.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - BANK BUILDING

Wolf leers at Voss' legs. She eyes him like a bug.

VOSS

Why should I believe any of this?

WOLF

Besides having a gun and a badge.
Let's just say, I'm a good guy.

Wolf drops the FBI photo of Reid in the Milan airport.

WOLF (CONT'D)

And this. Got through airport security in Milan. Tracked him here.

(beat)

Thought he was dead, huh?

VOSS

So do your job and find him.

WOLF

Well, sweetheart, you could say we both have a problem. Wouldn't it be nice if that problem were gone?

VOSS

In a few moments, I'll be the seventeenth richest woman on the planet. What makes you think I need you to handle my problems?

WOLF

All your paid muscle, I got ten feet from you without breaking a sweat.

VOSS

For all I know, you could be working with Reid.

WOLF

I wouldn't lie to you, Sugar. I'm a gentleman.

VOSS

I'll be fine on my own. Thanks.

Wolf shakes his head.

WOLF

Rich and stupid. Bad combination.

Voss signs the last page of the document, goes out the door, and shoves the pages in Kissel's chest.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BANK - LAUSANNE - NIGHT

Voss and Helen emerge with lawyers in tow.

Guards shuttle them to the limo and climb into nearby vehicles.

AT A GROUP OF PARKED CARS

One Guard waits for a response on his Bluetooth headset.

He calls to other Guards in French -- he's looking for the missing colleague. He throws up his hands and waves the vehicles on.

Wolf strolls outside. As Voss gets in the limo--

WOLF
You take care, Missy.

Voss tries to ignore him, closes the door. Wolf lights a cigarette and heads off in another direction.

INT. BANK BUILDING - NIGHT

Kissel walks to his car. He gets in and is suddenly met with a wire around his neck -- it's Reid in the back seat.

REID
The papers from the meeting.

KISSEL
They are only copies. They are worthless.

Reid tightens the wire.

REID
Give me the folder.

Kissel reaches in his bag and hands the file to Reid.

REID (CONT'D)
If any calls go to Voss or Helen or their people, I'll know it was you.

He gives the wire another tug -

REID (CONT'D)
Understand?

KISSEL
Yes.

Reid lets go of the wire. Kissel breathes heavy, massaging his neck. He turns around. Reid is gone.

CUT TO:

A TRAIN HURTLING DOWN THE TRACKS. We are inside--

INT. TRAIN - DAY

At a window seat, Reid eyes the picture of Dana and the kids.

A Swiss OFFICER walks the aisle, scanning passengers.

He's a few rows ahead, staring at Reid, who notices but does not react. The Officer glances at a clipboard in his hand.

INSERT: PHOTOS with descriptions in French -- A YOUNG NEO-NAZI in prison garb. A WOMAN with a baby. A MUSLIM dressed in the robes. The last photo is Reid, long haired, bearded.

The Officer eyes Reid closely. Motions to Reid -- "Get up."

The Officer unlatches his holster, enough for Reid to see. He motions for Reid to move toward the rear of the train.

Reid silently goes -- he doesn't want a shoot-out in here.

EXT. TRAIN - PLATFORM BETWEEN CARS - CONTINUOUS

Reid waits. The Officer emerges through a sliding door--

OFFICER
Put your hands in the air.

Reid turns his back to the Officer, who produces cuffs. Before he cuff him, Reid pivots, throwing a sharp jab, breaking the Officer's nose.

The Officer is stunned. Reid lets loose lefts and rights, leaving the Officer's face bloody.

As the train rounds a turn, Reid spots TWO POLICEMEN entering the far side of the cabin. He hasn't been spotted yet.

Struggling with the Officer, Reid looks to his left -- it's a sheer drop-off. On his right, the same. Nowhere to jump.

The two fight in this tiny platform, teetering over a rail.

The Two Policemen inside the cabin make their way down the aisle, only feet away--

Reid sees them. Grappling with the Officer, he spots an approaching icy patch of land ahead. The Officer has Reid's arm bent in a painful hold.

Reid spins, grabs the Officer in a bear-hug, and pushes off the platform, holding on as the two fall--

EXT. MOUNTAININSIDE - NEAR TRAIN TRACKS - CONTINUOUS

The Officer lands painfully on the icy patch, Reid on top of him, clinging fast.

They slide into a gulch. Reid jumps up, ready to continue the fight, panting in the cold air.

The Officer lies motionless on the ice. Reid realizes he's dead. He strips off his coat, gun, handcuffs, badge.

Reid stops, grimaces in pain. He discovers an ice shard has pierced his hand. It's gone completely through.

He grits his teeth, pulls the ice shard out, blood oozing. He rips off part of the Officer's shirt and wraps the wound.

Reid looks around -- he's in the middle of nowhere. It's freezing. He spots a trail alongside the tracks and goes--

EXT. TRAIL - SWISS MOUNTAININSIDE - LATER

Reid trudges through the wind and cold. Looking up--

REID'S POV - ABANDONED RAILROAD CABIN hidden in a snowbank.

INT. RAILROAD CABIN - LATER

Searching the cabin, Reid finds stacks of wood -- but no stove and no way to make a fire.

He removes the cloth bandaging his hand now soaked in blood. He washes the wound with snow and tears his shirt into strips, wrapping them around his hand.

Reid tries his cellphone. No signal. He wraps the Officer's jacket over him. Lost, cold, hungry -- as tough as Reid is, he's scared. It's going to be a long night.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - MORNING

Reid approaches a switch where the railroad tracks cross. He looks around for any trains. Nothing.

DISSOLVE TO:

Finally, he sees a train in the distance. It slows down where it switches tracks. Reid runs along with the train, throwing off the Officer's jacket, and jumping on board.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Reid takes a seat, breathing hard, trying to control it to not look out of place. AN OFFICER passes down the aisle.

In Reid's pocket, an earpiece rings. He puts it on--

REID

Yeah--

INTERCUT WITH: JEREMY IN HIS APARTMENT

JEREMY

Where you been?

Reid looks out the window of the train. He sees the dead half-frozen body of the Train Officer in a gully below.

REID

Bad reception.

JEREMY

You all right?

REID

I've had better days. You got something?

JEREMY

Not just something. I've got it, okay? I figured if the real Alison's getting her payday, she'd be doing some big-time shopping. Found a construction company doing major work on a colossal residence in the mountains near you. You want the location?

REID

I'm a step ahead of you.

(beat)

What's the company?

JEREMY

Blue Angel Construction.

REID

Thanks. One more thing, J...

JEREMY

Give it to me, RT.

REID

Where the hell I am?

The train enters a tunnel and the cabin goes dark as--

INT. MOUNTAIN CHALET - DAY

Voss watches WORKERS install a security camera in the main living area. She instructs them in French. A loud CRASH comes from O.S. Voss storms outside--

EXT. VIEWING DECK - CHALET

WORKERS have dropped a load of construction materials. Voss is rattled -- she descends steps to the grounds and fumes at the Workers in French.

Helen appears, trailing after Voss--

HELEN

Alison--

VOSS

I can't stand the incompetence.

HELEN

Come inside. Have a drink.

VOSS

How long before this security system is completely functional?

HELEN

The interior is operational. It won't be long before the outside--

VOSS

I want it running today.

(to the Workers)

Vous m'avez entendu? Aujourd'hui.

Voss storms back to the Chalet. Helen goes after her--

INT. CHALET - DAY

Voss throws open a cabinet door, pops some meds, and pours a drink. Helen treads lightly.

HELEN

You believe this FBI agent?

(beat)

I can add more security if it will make you happy.

VOSS

More men like Bruno? Were you ever going to tell me about his death?

HELEN

He was drunk and sloppy. He may have fallen over the railing.

VOSS

I don't believe it.

(beat)

He's coming after me. After us.

HELEN

How can you be sure?

VOSS

Because it's what I would do.

(beat)

I'm paying for the best system in the world. Finish it.

Helen gives Voss a look.

VOSS (CONT'D)

What?

HELEN

I killed your brother. So you could have this. And now--

VOSS

So we could have this.

HELEN

And now you order me about like the workmen.

VOSS

A year ago you were a nurse cleaning up vomit. Don't forget that. Get that system running.

Helen goes as Voss tosses back her drink.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN CONSTRUCTION - SWITZERLAND - MORNING

WORKERS file through a gate to sitting trucks. It's a mixed crew of immigrants and blue collar laborers.

REID IS WITH A GROUP OF WORKERS

Slips through a security fence unnoticed. Goes to Workers lingering by a truck. We recognize a few scolded by Voss.

Reid snoops around a workbench where security equipment is stored.

He finds a binder detailing the hi-tech security company. Thumbs a work manifest. The name "ALISON VOSS" is listed.

A VOICE calls out, the trucks start up.

Reid mixes in with Workers climbing aboard. As he steps on, a HAND stops him. It's an angry FOREMAN speaking in French.

Reid freezes. The Foreman speaks quickly, doesn't like Reid being here. Reid shrugs, playing it coolly, but it's not working.

EXT. FRONT GATE - TOOL YARD - DAY

Reid is thrown out by the Foreman, who curses at him. Reid watches trucks with Workers blow past him.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD -- NEAR CHALET - DAY

A Swiss Police Car parked at the shoulder. Wolf is looking over a guard rail -- nestled below is Voss' Chalet.

WOLF
This is it?

A prickly Swiss Interpol Officer waits by the car.

SWISS OFFICER
They keep a low profile. I hear the young lady's come into some money.

WOLF
You could say that.

SWISS OFFICER
Do you believe the suspect is close?

WOLF
He will be.

SWISS OFFICER
We must report back soon.

WOLF
Go ahead. Just leave me the car.

SWISS OFFICER
I have no orders to let you--

WOLF
Get on your blower. Bill the FBI,
do whatever you have to.
(beat)
I'm going to be here a while.

Seething, the Officer reaches for his radio as Wolf watches the Chalet below.

INT. OUTDOOR CAFE - SWITZERLAND - DAY

Reid sips espresso eyeing the surveillance/security brochure. His cell rings. He swipes--

REID
You're late. Again.

INTERCUT WITH-- JEREMY AT HIS COMPUTER

JEREMY
If you know somebody else who'll
spend all-nighters hacking level
one servers -- a felony I might add
-- then you go ahead and call them.

REID
I'll kiss your ass when I get back.
Talk to me.

JEREMY
Your girl's security is the best
money can buy.
(beat)
But yours truly can tap into the
company's main-frame no problem.

REID
And once you're in?

JEREMY
I'll hack a customer code. Be like
having the key to the front door.
Cracking game cheats is harder.
(beat)
Once you're in, what then? Reid?

REID
I'm going to kill them.

This stops Jeremy cold. He cups the phone, speaks in a hush.

JEREMY

That's straight gangster, bro.

(beat)

Before you go postal, you need to see something. I did data-mining on Young's creep-cam platform.

Dude's got surveillance going back fifteen years. There's a video.

REID

This isn't the time for Youtube.

JEREMY

It's the real Alison. I'm sending a file.

(beat)

Just remember, bro -- you owe me big time.

Click. Reid looks at his phone display. A tiny file pops up. He opens the file.

WE SEE GRAINY FOOTAGE OF A MUCH YOUNGER ALISON

Reid watches, his reaction growing as we--

MATCH CUT TO:

ALISON VOSS - THE PRESENT

She looks out over her estate under the moonlight. We're at--

EXT. VIEWING DECK - CHALET - NIGHT

Helen moves in behind her.

VOSS

The system is activated?

HELEN

I'll keep the men here. Until you're comfortable.

VOSS

Get rid of them. I don't trust them anyway.

Helen kisses her.

VOSS (CONT'D)

Let's celebrate.

HELEN
We're out of Dom.

VOSS
It's a nice night. The town's not
far away.

Voss smiles at Helen.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD -- NIGHT

Wolf sits in the Swiss Patrol Car with binoculars. He pops sunflower seeds -- a mound of shells is on the dashboard.

WOLF'S POV -- BMW LEAVING THE CHALET GROUNDS

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE CHALET - NIGHT

The BMW zooms past a stand of fir trees. Reid ducks out of sight. Taps the Bluetooth in his ear.

REID (IN PHONE)
Somebody just left. I think it was
Strauss.

INTERCUT WITH -- JEREMY ON HEADSET

JEREMY
Dude, I tapped into the mainframe,
but there's trapdoors and firewalls
and a million other things that
could set this mother off.

REID
Get me past the perimeter. I'll do
the rest.

JEREMY
I'm going to do an emergency shut-
down. The system will re-boot.
It'll give you 15 seconds. Ready?

Reid moves near an outer fence out of sight of the cameras.

REID
Your call.

JEREMY
Go.

Jeremy taps his keyboard.

AT THE CHALET'S GATED ENTRANCE

The perimeter lights flicker and then shut down. Swiveling cameras stop in motion, their tiny red lights turn off.

Reid sprints from behind trees and scrambles over the fence.

INT. BEDROOM - CHALET - NIGHT

Total darkness. A security monitor on a nightstand goes dead.

EXT. GATED ENTRANCE - CHALET - NIGHT

Reid drops down from the fence. He speaks with Jeremy--

REID

I'm in.

JEREMY

You've got three seconds. Drop.

Reid throws himself behind a bush. The lights come up full. The cameras turn on, start swivelling, scanning the grounds.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD -- NEAR CHALET

Wolf sits up, binoculars trained on the Chalet. He sees the lights turn on.

WOLF'S POV -- REID HIDING BEHIND THE BUSH

Wolf spits out seeds, returns to the Patrol Car. Grabs the shotgun. Starts walking down the road...

EXT. CHALET GROUNDS - NIGHT

Reid remains still in the patch of darkness behind the bush.

REID

Go again?

JEREMY

Three-two-one -- Now!

Outside lights flicker and fade. Cameras die. Reid runs towards the viewing deck.

AT HIS COMPUTER

Jeremy makes a face. It's not good.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Uh-oh.

REID

Uh-oh what?

JEREMY

There's an alert.

Reid hops on a support beam, climbs onto the deck.

REID

What alert?

JEREMY

I think it means the system's in
backup mode.

REID

So?

JEREMY (IN PHONE)

That enables the default trigger.

REID (IN PHONE)

What's that mean?

JEREMY (IN PHONE)

It means I'm sorry, bro--

The Chalet's alarm sounds--

INT. CHALET - NIGHT

The beeping alarm is accompanied by flashing lights.

A FIGURE emerges from the bedroom in the dark and stops--

On the deck in strobing flashes of light, REID IS EXPOSED.

In the pulsating light, Reid looks into the Chalet -- is it Voss? Is it Helen?

Helen/Voss runs, charging through the expansive living area.

Outside, Reid keeps pace, running along the deck. He approaches the deck's edge, then jumps through a window -- CRASH!

Landing in a spray of glass, Reid slams into her, rolling--
They're face to face. It's Helen. A moment passes between them.

Helen scrambles to a nearby cabinet, reaches in and pulls--

AN UZZI

Reid kicks it away. He stands over Helen, pointing his pistol at her. A lethal pause.

REID

You took my sister...from me, from
her kids...Maria...

HELEN

How much do you want?

Reid is stunned. The offer is a slap in the face.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Don't look shocked. Everything
comes with a price. I've got
enough to make you forget a lot.

Enraged, Reid slides a round in the gun's chamber.

EXT. GATED ENTRANCE - CHALET - NIGHT

Wolf climbs over the fence, hops down. It's pitch black in the chalet. He looks through a window, spots shadows. He cocks his shotgun and moves towards the deck.

INT. CHALET - NIGHT

Helen rises slowly, facing Reid.

HELEN

(re: Chalet)

What would you give for this?

(beat)

Or do you always want to be the
small-time crook from Fresno? The
Breakers was nothing compared to
what you can have.

REID

What you did to me...

HELEN

I've been through worse and made it work. You can, too. You and me, Reid -- we're the same.

Distant sirens cut through the silence.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - CHALET - NIGHT

The BMW stops. Voss gets out with the champagne. Sees what's happening and runs inside the Chalet.

INT. CHALET - NIGHT

Helen moves to Reid, keeping her cool.

HELEN

What'll take? Tell me, Reid.

Reid shows his cellphone, presses a button. A video plays on the tiny screen -- it's the younger Alison Voss.

OLD RECORDING: Inside the family mansion, Alison looks past the hand-held camera.

YOUNG ALISON (ON VIDEO)

Why's that thing always on?

YOUNG CHARLES (ON VIDEO)

It's not on. I turned it off.

YOUNG ALISON (ON VIDEO)

C'mon -- seriously...

YOUNG CHARLES (ON VIDEO)

Seriously.

HERE AND NOW -- Voss is standing nearby. She heard it all.

VOSS

What are you doing?

REID

CK's social spying platform is embedded in 500 million accounts worldwide. This has been playing since 5 o'clock. Already has a hundred million hits. You should see some of the headlines.

ON THE VIDEO -- a much younger CK enters frame.

YOUNG CHARLES (ON VIDEO)
You know what the deal is...

YOUNG ALISON (ON VIDEO)
You're making me work for this?

YOUNG CHARLES (ON VIDEO)
You're the one who wanted to
convince me.

ON THE VIDEO -- Young Alison takes down the straps to her top.

YOUNG ALISON (ON VIDEO)
The way it works is, I do for you
and you do for me...

ON THE VIDEO -- Young Alison cozies up to her brother, who is awkward and jittery. But he likes what's happening. She kisses him, taking off his clothes. As the video plays--

EXT. VIEWING DECK - CHALET

Wolf climbs the steps, shotgun at the ready. He hears Reid and Voss' VOICES inside.

INT. CHALET - NIGHT

Voss is fuming. Reid notices the red light of the security camera flicker on. It begins to swivel and scan.

VOSS
You think you're going to ruin me.

REID
I already have.

VOSS
Charles was a monster.

REID
But he got the money.

VOSS
I wasn't going to let Charles keep
me in that prison wasting away.
I'll never go back.

From outside, approaching SIRENS are heard.

Voss lurches for the Uzzi, Reid jumps at her.

A SHOTGUN BLAST shatters the window. Wolf stands ready.

Voss sprays the Chalet interior with rapid fire.

Wolf steps inside, finds Helen in a corner, and blasts, just missing her. Wolf hides out of sight, reloading.

Voss sprays fire at Reid scrambling behind furniture. She scans the darkness for Reid's movements.

VOSS (CONT'D)
Where are you, Helen?

EXT. CHALET GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

POLICE now arrive, taking cover, drawing weapons. An OFFICER at a squad car calls out over a bullhorn--

SECURITY (O.S.)
This is the police. You are surrounded. Throw your weapons outside.

Wolf spots Reid inside, raises his shotgun and fires--

The blast disintegrates a chair. Voss hides behind an overturned table.

WOLF
It's bad for you, kid.

REID
That's nothing new.

WOLF
I can make it so you won't have to spend the rest of your life locked up. Like your Dad.
(cocking the shotgun)
Rest of you are on your own.

REID
No more deals.

Wolf peeks, spots Reid, fires--

The Uzzi peppers the room with bullets, tearing up furniture, shattering windows. A pause--

SECURITY (O.S.)
Lay down your weapons! Exit the building with your hands up!

STUMBLING ONTO THE VIEWING DECK, Wolf is bleeding. He spots a Beefy Security Officer sneaking in from a side entrance.

WOLF
No, you don't...

Wolf fires, killing the Officer quickly. Return fire ricochets near Wolf's head.

Reid crawls beside the Beefy Officer's body.

Wolf spots Police rushing towards the deck. He fires and misses, but a hail of bullets shred the deck.

Wolf sees Voss scurrying across the Chalet, he sights the shotgun and fires, missing. A hail of bullets from Police rip into him.

After a tense moment, Wolf holds up his badge.

WOLF (CONT'D)
FBI...suspect is on the run.

Wolf hobbles down stairs on the deck, crumpling at the bottom, bloody with gunshot wounds.

INSIDE THE CHALET

Voss spots Reid. She points the Uzzi. A SHOT IS FIRED.

Voss drops dead - Helen standing behind her with a smoking gun.

A quiet descends. The Police rush the Chalet, descending on Wolf's body. They climb stairs, run through the front door.

INSIDE THE CHALET

Police enter, backs against walls, weapons ready. There's a FIGURE on the floor. He's half-naked, not moving.

Police yell commands in a mix of English and French -- toss your weapon, spread your arms and legs, don't move, etc.

A Policeman approaches, kicking away a weapon from the Figure. It's the dead body of the Beefy Guard.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHALET - SAME TIME

A Security Guard backs away from the security detail surrounding the perimeter. He turns to us -- it's Reid in the Beefy Guard's uniform.

He quietly slides by arriving Police and EMT streaming into the Chalet. He pulls his cap down and keeps going.

INT. CHALET - SAME TIME

Police approach a shell-shocked Helen, sitting on the floor. She doesn't move, a vacant look, her eyes straight ahead.

The video of her confession to Charles' murder plays over and over on the cellphone.

SMASH CUT TO:

BALMY BLUE SKIES

Framed by palm trees and cascading ocean waves.

A LEGEND APPEARS -- SIX MONTHS LATER. We're at--

INT. THE BREAKERS - DAY

A well-dressed and put-together Reid looks out over the picture postcard beach scene.

All around the room are signs of reconstruction -- HAMMERING and SAWING are heard nearby. Reid addresses his audience:

REID

Individual accounts you can access any time. Of course, your monthly dues would be subtracted. You can check your balance online. And a third party accountant will always be available. Everything's transparent.

Reid is facing a room of silver-haired retirees in a newly-built ball room. An OLD LADY sitting in front speaks up--

OLD LADY

I'm not ready for an old folks home. What if I just want to invest in this place?

REID

Our financial advisor would be
happy to speak to you about that.

Reid turns to Jeremy, looking out of place in suit and tie,
sitting next to him.

JEREMY

Yeah, sure, I can help you out.

REID

Now, I'm sure most of you are
hungry. We've got Alaskan King
crab and Baked cod. The dining
room is down the hallway--

Reid directs the seniors as they troop out of the room.

Ramon approaches with Javier. They're covered in sawdust and
dirt from the construction job on the Breakers.

REID (CONT'D)

Ramon, what's the word?

RAMON

We'll be done with the East Wing by
Tuesday. We're ahead of schedule.

(beat)

How'd it go?

REID

We've got some takers.

RAMON

They can't say no to you.

REID

A lot easier since the Feds dropped
the charges.

JEREMY

Wasn't much of a choice. They gave
a badge to a really bad dude.

RAMON

Are you coming with us?

REID

What's up?

JEREMY

Ramon has tickets to the game.
Celebrating the launch.

REID
Wish I could. I've got a date.

Jeremy gives Reid an amused look. Kid's VOICES call out--

KIDS (O.S.)
Uncle Reid! Uncle Reid!

It's Lulu and Henry running at Reid. Sally is in the distance in her car. She nods at Reid and drives off. They've made their peace.

JEREMY
I'll do the wrap-up with the group.
Don't want you to miss your date.

REID
Thanks.

Reid picks up Henry and leads Lulu out the door.

INT. UPSCALE OFFICE - SWISS BANK

Helen, looking smashing and composed, sits across a team of lawyers. A previous bank attorney, Kissel, offers a pen.

KISSEL
Ms. Voss, this document would provide Helen Strauss' family with the relief you requested. Are you sure?

HELEN
She helped me get out of that awful place. And back to my family.

KISSEL
But what she did to your brother.

HELEN
We all have our regrets.

Alison's face betrays no trace of play-acting. She's very convincing, as she glances at the open window.

THE END