

Untitled Jeff Eastin Project

by

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"UNTITLED JEFF EASTIN PROJECT"

FADE IN:

**INT. FBI ACADEMY AUDITORIUM, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA - NIGHT**

The fifty members of the FBI GRADUATING CLASS, resplendent in their best dark suits and dresses, are seated in the first four rows. The rest of the auditorium is filled with SPECTATORS - friends and family - here to witness the graduation.

Quantico Section Chief, Special Agent RAY CAMPBELL, speaks from the podium, the Shield of the Federal Bureau of Investigation hanging prominently above him. Campbell is 55, his features hardened by a quarter century of work as a field agent. Also on the dais are a number of dignitaries, including the FBI's Deputy Director. This is a big deal.

Campbell looks at the young faces as he begins:

CAMPBELL

We are here today to honor the fifty newest agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. I'm talking to you, ladies and gentlemen, because inside these walls you are the best of the best...

(pauses for effect)

Inside these walls. I want you to take a moment and think about what's going to happen outside those doors...

As Campbell continues his speech we begin to --

INTERCUT WITH:

**EXT. SAN PEDRO DOCKS - NIGHT**

The lonely sound of a BUOY BELL in the distance. Water slapping against a smooth, flat surface in rhythm. The Vincent Thomas Bridge rising in the background like the bones of some long-dead behemoth.

DONNIE MARTINEZ - 27, attractive - sits alone in a beat-to-shit Pontiac GTO. And to save time, every character in this script is pretty damn good looking unless you hear otherwise.

Donnie scans the dirt parking area ahead of him. No sign of anyone. Over this, Campbell continues:

CAMPBELL (V.O.)

You are walking out of one battlefield onto another...

Donnie casually plays with a flesh colored Super Ball - you know, those rubber balls you got out of a vending machine when you were a kid - he holds it in one hand, and passes

his other hand in front of it, making it disappear. He turns over his hand, revealing that it never moved. As far as magic tricks go, it's a good one.

CAMPBELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But the battlefield out there is real.

Donnie bounces the ball off the far window and catches it. He is a master of this particular skill set. He spins it on his fingertip like a miniature basketball.

CAMPBELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The dangers are real...

Suddenly headlight beams rake across Donnie's face as an aging Lincoln pulls in and parks across from him. The car flashes its lights. Donnie flashes his lights back.

CAMPBELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You die out there, it's game over.

Donnie reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a Drug Enforcement Agency badge identifying him as a special agent for the DEA. He opens the glove compartment, puts the badge inside, then slaps it closed.

CAMPBELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I want you to take a moment and think about that.

Donnie holds up his Super Ball, makes it do one final disappearing act, then gets out of the car to join the two MEXICAN MEN - members of the Gallardo Cartel - just stepping out of the Lincoln, the passenger carrying a briefcase. They greet each other in Spanish with friendly waves.

CAMPBELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Because I don't care who you are...

As Donnie and the Mexicans meet up and shake hands, another pair of headlights cuts the darkness, this time belonging to a newer model Mercedes. It parks, and three people get out. They are RUSSIAN MOBSTERS, members of the Vzakonye (pronounced Za-con-ya), or *The Brotherhood*.

CAMPBELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You're not going to live forever.

The Russian men look like ex-weightlifters. The third is a WOMAN, a real beauty. We will know her soon as LAUREN.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. FBI ACADEMY AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS**

Campbell continues with a slightly bemused grin.

CAMPBELL

Drop those worried faces. None of you accused me of being warm and fuzzy.

Light laughter from the cadets.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

For most of you - not all - that's a long way off. You're just starting this journey.

Campbell's gaze settles on one cadet in particular: MIKE WARREN - 27, clean cut - as perfect a boy scout as ever was. He winks at Mike. Mike can't help but break into a grin.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

If you have a dream, now is the time to pursue it. Because everything you have acquired of value in your very short time on this earth - with the exception of some piece of shit car and that one nice suit I know you bought just for today...

That gets some titters from the parents.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Everything you are worth is locked inside you.

INTERCUT WITH:

**EXT. SAN PEDRO DOCKS - CONTINUOUS**

The Russian passenger removes a suitcase from the back seat and opens it on the trunk of the car. Inside are 20 kilos of heroin. The Mexicans open their briefcase: in it are stacks of hundred dollar bills.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)

That means that at this moment you are in a unique position that you may never ever be in again...

Donnie takes out his heroin rig (utensils for shooting up).

DONNIE

Let's cook it up.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)

You have nothing to lose.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. FBI ACADEMY AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS**

Campbell takes in all the cadets.

CAMPBELL  
I will leave you with this...

INTERCUT WITH:

**EXT. SAN PEDRO DOCKS - CONTINUOUS**

TIME CUTS OF DONNIE:

As he cooks some of the heroin taken from a cut in one of the bags. The others watch him intently, especially the woman, as he loads the needle.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)  
Whatever you think success means in  
this life...

Donnie wraps a piece of surgical tubing around his upper arm, pokes the needle into the crook of his arm.

CAMPBELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I hope you will stay open to the  
possibility that you've got it all  
wrong.

EXTREME CLOSE UP - THE NEEDLE

We can see that Donnie hasn't injected his skin, but instead he's plunged the needle into the Super Ball that he's hidden from the crook of his arm. The trick has fooled both the Mexicans and the Russians.

CAMPBELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
That you have absolutely no idea  
what life has in store for you.

Only the woman (Lauren) knows what he is up to. Donnie catches her eye - a silent communication passes between them - she's impressed with this particular bit of magic as he pushes down the syringe's plunger.

CAMPBELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And when that day comes...

Donnie lets his eyes close and his body relax, mimicking the effects of the heroin. A thin smile traces across his lips.

DONNIE  
Esta es la buena.

Both the Mexicans and the Russians smile. The deal can proceed.

Donnie starts to pull out the needle and... the Super Ball slips. No reason. Just one of those terrible, shitty things that happen in life that change everything.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)  
And it will...

The ball drops from Donnie's arm, bounces twice and is caught by the larger of the two Russian men.

CAMPBELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Trust me. It will...

A moment of collective silence. The RUSSIAN squeezes the ball and the liquefied heroin drips out of the needle hole...

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. FBI ACADEMY AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS**

Campbell looks from cadet to cadet earnestly.

CAMPBELL

When that day comes... I hope you will have the brains, the guts - and just the straight up good luck - to survive it.

A long moment of anticipation as we CUT TO:

**EXT. SAN PEDRO DOCKS - CONTINUOUS**

Sudden and complete hell breaks loose. The big RUSSIAN cross-draws with lightning swiftness, pulling a Sig Sauer .45 from his shoulder holster and FIRES twice -- Donnie's body jerks as both slugs penetrate. He slumps to the ground.

The remaining Mexicans grab their briefcase full of money, yelling in Spanish as they stumble over themselves to get back to their Lincoln. The driver jams the car into gear, kicking up a hail of gravel as it tears out of the parking lot.

The Woman is screaming at the shooter in Russian as he steps up to the body, takes dead-aim at the center of Donnie's head--

She grabs his arm, imploring him to get in the car. Off in the distance we hear POLICE SIRENS.

The man considers... at last he re-holsters the gun, lets the woman drag him into the Mercedes. She throws a last long look at Donnie's body as the car tears into the night.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. FBI ACADEMY AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS**

Campbell, smiling at them now:

CAMPBELL

(a beat, then big)

Congratulations. You are now agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

The fifty newly minted agents rise, cheering themselves, then turn to wave to their audience as APPLAUSE mounts.

We stay with Mike. Campbell catches his eye. He smiles at him with quiet pride. Mike smiles back, his happiness contagious.

**INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, LOS ANGELES - MORNING**

This is the Los Angeles field Division of the DEA, the office of ELIZABETH O'CONNOR, Special Agent in Charge of Operations for the L.A. Division. She's 45, tough as nails.

Across from her is GERRY SILVO, a DEA group supervisor. He has a deeply lined face, making his thirty-odd years a good guess at best. There is no love lost between these two.

O'CONNOR

You have a room open in Graceland.

Silvo sits stone faced. He's genuinely surprised by this.

SILVO

I wasn't aware of that.

O'CONNOR

One of your DEA agents was shot twice in the chest.

SILVO

He's not dead.

O'CONNOR

Do you expect him back to work soon?

Silvo glares. This is harsh, even for her.

SILVO

His name is Donnie Martinez. He's critical but stable. Thanks for your concern.

The two stare at each other. Silvo has never liked politics. O'Connor thrives on it. She slides over a thin folder.

O'CONNOR

I'd like you to move this agent into his room. His name is Mike Warren. He's with the Bureau.

Silvo flips through the folder, stopping on a picture of Mike - our boy scout. Silvo flashes a wry grin.

SILVO

Top of his class at Quantico.

O'CONNOR

Yes. You're lucky to have him in the house.

SILVO

And having Quantico's number one in L.A. sure looks good for you.

(re: the file)

He requested D.C. He's not going to be happy.

O'CONNOR

He can learn to surf, work on his tan.

SILVO

He doesn't have the language skills for L.A. He can't speak Spanish.

O'CONNOR

We'll put him through linguistics training. I'd like this handled immediately.

SILVO

So this isn't a discussion?

O'CONNOR

No.

She turns her attention to some paperwork on her desk, summarily dismissing him. Off Silvo, not at all happy about the situation.

**INT. COMMAND POST PUB, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA - AFTERNOON**

The local watering hole for cadets and agents. It's LOUD - food, beer, dancing - as the new grads celebrate ferociously.

We focus on a table in the back: two new agents - they won't be with us long but I'll name them Steve and Terry to keep things simple (they are, of course, good-looking). They talk intently over a pitcher of beer and a bottle of tequila. They both have a healthy buzz going. They perk up as Mike enters and makes his way to them.

STEVE

Well?

TERRY

Did you get it?

Mike slaps down a piece of paper on the table.

MIKE

Gentlemen, you are looking at the bureau's newest D.C. undercover field agent. I report in the morning.

They backslap and high-five him. Steve pours him a beer and a shot.

TERRY

They don't waste any time.



STEVE

That's because they friggin' love him. They got him on the management track.

TERRY

You'll be running the Bureau before you're 30.

MIKE

Don't be ridiculous...  
(with unusual bravado)  
Before I'm 40.

Terry raises a shot glass. Mike and Steve raise theirs.

TERRY

To power, the ultimate aphrodisiac.

MIKE

If it got Kissinger laid it must be true.

STEVE

I'll drink to that.

They down their shots and chase it with the beer.

ANGLE: NEAR THE ENTRANCE AS CAMPBELL ENTERS

He surveys the celebration. He spots Mike and his friends sitting at the back table and starts over.

ANGLE: MIKE, TERRY AND STEVE

Steve reloads their shot glasses.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Here's to the slim chance of Mike finally landing a woman he deems worthy.

TERRY

To the abuse of power!

MIKE

The abuse of power! Here here!

Once again they down the shots. Mike chases it with a beer, this time chugging it, draining the glass. He slaps the empty onto the table just as Campbell arrives.

CAMPBELL

Gentlemen.

The guys stumble to stand up, Terry and Steve swaying slightly.

TERRY

Special Agent Campbell.

CAMPBELL

Are you men drunk?

They all exchange guilty looks.

TERRY / STEVE

Yes sir.

MIKE

Getting there sir.

Campbell pulls over a passing waitress.

CAMPBELL

Miss, how many drinks have these men had?

WAITRESS

Two pitchers of Tecate and half a bottle of Cuervo.

He glares intimidatingly at the guys, then...

CAMPBELL

That's not nearly enough.

Campbell pulls three twenties out of his wallet and drops the bills on her tray.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Bring 'em another round.

(he adds another \$20  
bill to the tray)

And get them some decent tequila.

(to the guys)

As you were.

TERRY

Thank you sir.

STEVE

Thank you sir.

The guys begin to sit, but Campbell stops Mike with a hand.

CAMPBELL

Agent Warren, walk with me.

Oh shit. The other guys flash him conciliatory looks as Campbell leads Mike away from the noise.

MIKE

If my behavior today has in any way reflected poorly on the Bureau...

CAMPBELL

Can it, Warren. If you weren't drunk tonight I'd put you in front of a disciplinary hearing.

MIKE

Then may I ask what you're doing here, sir?

Campbell hesitates for the briefest of moments; he knows how hard this is going to hit Mike.

CAMPBELL

There's been a change in your assignment. You're not going to D.C.

Mike's face falls.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

I know how much the D.C. post means to you.

MIKE

I don't understand. I'm supposed to report in the morning.

CAMPBELL

You're still shipping in the AM. Just not to Washington.

MIKE

Where am I going?

CAMPBELL

Los Angeles for an undercover assignment. They're putting you in Graceland.

MIKE

(confused)

Sir? Graceland?

CAMPBELL

In 2003, a Federal task force arrested a Columbian Drug Lord and seized his beach front mansion in LA. Somebody got the bright idea to stick agents from the FBI, DEA and Customs in it while they're on undercover assignments.

MIKE

Three agencies in one house?

CAMPBELL

We have trouble getting the top kids to work LA. High cost of living. Low pay. If you want fun in the sun you request Miami. Graceland solved that particular problem. All you pay is utilities.

Campbell forces a grin. Mike doesn't reciprocate.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

It's not that bad. Just getting into the house is tough. There's a waiting list. Hell, if I was your age I'd kill for an opportunity like this. Might loosen you up a little.

MIKE

Yes sir. Can I ask, why?

CAMPBELL

Why? Because you're too damn smart for your own good. You're a hot commodity and the LA section chief thought she'd pull a coup and drag your ass clear across the country.

Mike doesn't like it. Campbell sighs, says seriously:

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

I can fight this, Mike. I think I can get the deputy director on board. It's going to take time.

MIKE

(resigned)

Yes sir. Thank you, sir.

CAMPBELL

I know the guy who runs the house. Gerry Silvo, group supervisor with the DEA and a good man. He understands your situation. He had a suggestion that I think may make this whole thing a lot more palatable to you. He's arranged to have Agent Briggs as your training agent.

For the first time in this conversation Mike risks a smile.

MIKE

Paul Briggs?

CAMPBELL

Yeah. Silvo's going to have the discussion with him as soon as Briggs gets off his shift.

MIKE

What time did he go on duty?

CAMPBELL

(with a wry grin)

Tuesday.

**INT. BRIGGS'S ROOM - GRACELAND - MORNING**

PAUL BRIGGS is laid out face down on the bed. We don't see his face. An FBI jacket lays on the floor where he dropped it, along with a pair of muddy boots.

JOE "JOHNNY" TUTURRO, whom we will soon meet -- begins POUNDING on the door.

TUTURRO (O.S.)

Yo Briggs! Time to get up. We've got five foot sets comin' in.

Briggs does not get up. TUTURRO opens the door a cautious fraction, sticks his head in. He's wearing a wet suit.

TUTURRO (CONT'D)

Come on, man, let's go.

BRIGGS

(muffled by mattress)

Get out, Johnny. I've got a gun.

TUTURRO

Yeah, so do I. Get up.

Briggs fumbles for a muddy boot, throws it. Tuturro barely ducks out of the way.

TUTURRO (CONT'D)

That is not cool! You told me that no matter what you said or how ugly you got, not to let you sleep in.

BRIGGS

I'd been awake fifty-two hours when I said that.

TUTURRO

If I let you nod off then you're gonna yell at me because I didn't do what you said --

Briggs holds up another boot threateningly. Tuturro slams the door.

Briggs lowers the boot, relishing the silence, he rolls on his back and this is the first time we get a good look at him. Mid-30s, his body lean and hard. There's also a hardness in the face accented by long Comanche hair and four days of beard stubble. He does not look like your typical FBI agent.

Then... FORCEFUL KNOCKING. We MOVE UP to the door as Silvo enters. He catches the boot that comes hurtling up at him.

SILVO

I'm sorry. Were you sleeping? Should I come back later?

BRIGGS

You know boss, that would be swell.

Silvo rips open the shades, blasting the room with sunlight. Outside, ocean waves crash on the sand. Another beautiful morning in Manhattan Beach.

Silvo steps into...

**THE HALLWAY** - He moves down two doors, opens a third, revealing a very neat, but full, room (this is Donnie Martinez's room).

It's full of Donnie's things; clothes, a bike, a surfboard.

Silvo scowls. This is gonna be a pain in the ass. He goes next door, pounds on the door.

SILVO

Lauren!

From behind him we hear a familiar woman's voice:

LAUREN (O.S.)

What?

Silvo spins and we recognize the woman coming out of the bathroom as the woman we met in the open with the Russians. There is no trace of her earlier accent. This is DEA agent LAUREN MATLIN. Donnie was her partner.

SILVO

Need you to get Donnie's stuff out of his room.

Lauren looks stunned. She stands there, unbelieving.

LAUREN

Donnie's not dead.

SILVO

Didn't say he was dead. I said his stuff is in the way.

Lauren shoves past him toward the bathroom as Briggs comes out of his room in his boxers, hair a mess, rubbing his eyes.

SILVO (CONT'D)

(yelling after Lauren)

We've got a new agent coming in.  
You've got two hours!

BRIGGS

That's it? I'm going back to bed.

SILVO

No you're not. He's your new trainee.

He throws Briggs the folder on Mike Warren. Briggs hands it off to Tuturro without a glance. Tuturro opens it, scans the contents jealously -- being Briggs's trainee is something he has coveted for a long time. Why this kid?

TUTURRO

He got 1700 on his practicals? Is he like a savant or something?

SILVO

His name is Mike Warren. I want him treated with respect. He graduated top at Quantico.

Lauren is coming back.

LAUREN

So did Briggs and he can't even match his socks.

Briggs looks. His socks are mismatched.

BRIGGS

These aren't my socks.

Lauren confronts Silvo, hands on hips, giving him a dark look.

LAUREN

You're not giving away Donnie's room.

SILVO

I'll get Donnie back here as soon as I can. This came down from O'Connor. You want to argue, go argue with her.

Lauren doesn't register a reaction, but simply starts for the stairs. It occurs to Silvo what he's just suggested.

SILVO (CONT'D)

Lauren! Get back here! That was a figure of speech!

We hear the downstairs door open, slam closed.

SILVO (CONT'D)

Ah dammit.

Tuturro is still thumbing through Mike's file.

TUTURRO

He runs a six-thirty mile? I was doing that in fifth grade. He doesn't know Spanish!

SILVO

They're putting him through linguistics training as we speak.

Silvo snags the folder from Tuturro, throws it back to Briggs.

SILVO (CONT'D)  
His plane lands at ten-hundred.  
Briggs, you will be there to pick  
him up.

Briggs blinks a few times.

BRIGGS  
Okay.

Silvo looks at him suspiciously. That was too easy.

SILVO  
(restating)  
Ten-hundred.

Briggs gives him a grin. Silvo, still wary, starts out.

SILVO (CONT'D)  
Keep an eye on Lauren. I don't want  
her anywhere near O'Connor. No, I'll  
do that. You'll be at the airport.

BRIGGS  
Yes Sir.

A last cynical look at Briggs and Silvo exits. The moment  
he's gone, Briggs turns to Tuturro.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)  
Johnny, need you to go to the airport.

TUTURRO  
It's my day off. I don't want to  
spend all morning in a terminal.  
(re: folder)  
And there's no picture.

BRIGGS  
So? Make a sign or something.

TUTURRO  
He's an undercover agent. I can't  
make a sign.  
(beat)  
Can I?

BRIGGS  
I'm going back to bed.

TUTURRO  
How am I supposed to know this guy?

BRIGGS  
Be a problem solver, Johnny. Be  
Mexcellent.



Briggs heads back to his room, leaving Tuturro to figure it out.

**INT. AIRPLANE - DAY**

Mike is in his coach seat listening to his iPhone via earbuds. The phone screen shows that he's listening to SPANISH MADE EASY. He makes notes in a small notebook.

His tray table is down, a partially-eaten dinner in front of him.

MIKE  
(repeating from lesson)  
*La comida esta muy buena.*

The middle-aged HISPANIC WOMAN seated next to him looks surprised. She rattles off in Spanish:

HISPANIC WOMAN  
Te gusta mi rollo?

She offers him her roll. Mike throws a confused look at it, takes off his headphones.

MIKE  
I'm sorry. I don't speak Spanish.

HISPANIC WOMAN  
Oh. You said you like the food.

He shows her his iPhone screen.

HISPANIC WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Spanish Made Easy.

MIKE  
Sí.

He grins but she doesn't get the joke.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Job requirement. Thought I was going to D.C., then, last minute I'm headed to Los Angeles.

HISPANIC WOMAN  
What do you do?

After a beat:

MIKE  
I'm a teacher.

HISPANIC WOMAN  
Really? So is my brother. What school?

MIKE  
The one where all the Hollywood troublemakers go.

Mike's tone discourages further discussion of the subject.

HISPANIC WOMAN

Do you have family in D.C.?

MIKE

No. My family is in Boston. But I thought D.C. is where my life was going to be.

HISPANIC WOMAN

I'm sure that if you're good at what you do, you can go anywhere. Good teachers are hard to find.

A female FLIGHT ATTENDANT approaches.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Excuse me, sir. Are you Special Agent Mike Warren with the FBI?

This is an awkward moment. Mike nods.

MIKE

Yes.

The Hispanic woman raises an eyebrow but says nothing. The flight attendant pulls out a piece of paper with a handwritten note.

STEWARDESS

This message was patched to you over the cockpit phone: "Agent Warren, wait under the baggage claim sign in terminal C for your Field Training Agent to arrive. Do not leave the baggage area under any circumstances."

Mike takes the message. The Flight Attendant exits with a last look back. Mike and the woman exchange uneasy smiles.

WOMAN

*Manos arriba.*

MIKE

Excuse me?

WOMAN

It means, "hands up". It's probably not in your lesson.

Mike writes that down on his pad.

**INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM, TERMINAL C - 10 AM**

Mike pulls his bags off the luggage carousel. He looks up at the "BAGGAGE CLAIM" sign above him. He drops his bags down on a bench directly below it.

He sighs, takes out a steel-coiled grip flexer and starts squeezing it.

TRANSITION TO:

**INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM C - NOON**

The baggage claim is nearly empty as Tuturro strolls in. There is only one person there: Mike, with his bags, standing directly under the "BAGGAGE CLAIM" sign, still squeezing the grip flexer.

TUTURRO

Mike Warren, right?

MIKE

Yes.

TUTURRO

Wanna know how I knew that?

MIKE

Because I was told to wait under this sign and I am?

TUTURRO

No, because only a guy who got seventeen hundred on his practicals and was told to wait underneath a sign is still going to be waiting two hours later.

MIKE

Where's Agent Briggs?

Tuturro frowns a little at this.

TUTURRO

How do you know I'm not Briggs?

MIKE

Because you said "seventeen hundred" like you were impressed. Paul Briggs got a higher score than I did. From that, I would conclude you did not.

Tuturro stands there a beat. Extends a hand.

TUTURRO

I'm Tuturro. Everybody calls me Johnny.

They shake hands and start out.

TUTURRO (CONT'D)

What are you doing with that hand thing?

MIKE

One hundred reps, each hand, every day. Improves your gun control.

Tuturro lets out a long exhale. It's going to be a long day.

**EXT. MANHATTAN BEACH BOARDWALK - DAY**

They walk along the boardwalk. Mike is carrying his bags, trying to keep up with Tuturro. Tuturro throws a questioning thumb at Mike's earbuds.

TUTURRO

What are you listening to?

MIKE

Spanish. For the language requirement.

Tuturro laughs, shakes his head.

TUTURRO

It's a bitch. I can read Miranda in twelve different languages.

MIKE

(overwhelmed)

Twelve?

TUTURRO

LA's a melting pot.

A pair of girls pass in bikinis. Mike can't help but stare.

TUTURRO (CONT'D)

Yeah, it's like this all the time. Except during Spring Break. Then it gets really out of hand. Do you surf?

MIKE

No.

TUTURRO

You will. Do you have shorts? Sunscreen?

MIKE

No. No.

TUTURRO

Flip-flops?

MIKE

What?

TUTURRO

You've got to go shopping.

Mike takes out his notebook and writes down flip-flops. Another girl smiles at Mike as she passes.

MIKE

Do the people around here know?

TUTURRO

That we're feds? No way. We tell 'em different things. Briggs says he's a ski instructor. One girl I'm dating thinks I'm a Lear jet pilot.

MIKE

She believes that?

Tuturro takes out his keys, shows him a barrel shaped one.

TUTURRO

See this? It's a Lear jet key.

MIKE

It looks like the key to a bike lock.

TUTURRO

You're smarter than the girl I'm dating.

MIKE

Tell me about Briggs.

TUTURRO

He's the best agent I've ever seen. You're lucky you got in the house.

MIKE

That's what they keep telling me.

TUTURRO

This is it.

They stop in front of... GRACELAND. A sprawling, expensive villa nestled a hundred feet from the ocean. The kind of place I'll buy if this show is a huge hit.

TUTURRO (CONT'D)

Not bad, huh?

MIKE

Why do they call it Graceland?

TUTURRO

We seized it from this drug lord, Cardenez -- guy was a hard-core Elvis freak. When they turned it into a flop house for us no one wanted to pay to redecorate, so the name stuck.

Tuturro points to the letters "EP" wrought into the iron scrollwork on the door.

TUTURRO (CONT'D)

See that? When Elvis remodeled the real Graceland, Cardenez bought the old doors.

(off Mike's impressed look)

It gets better.

Tuturro opens the door and they step into...

**INT. GRACELAND - CONTINUOUS**

There's a big painting of young Elvis hanging in the foyer.

MIKE

Is the whole house like this?

TUTURRO

He was Colombian. We're lucky that thing's not velvet.

They walk into the huge open area. There's a bar to the left, a hot tub in the big bay window. Fortunately, the Elvis memorabilia is mostly relegated to the area behind the bar. Signed guitars, that photo with Nixon... The rest of the house; pure beach-front fantasy. Flat plasma screen TV, killer stereo system. Furniture designed to lounge. Mike is impressed. He takes notes as they go.

TUTURRO (CONT'D)

There are six of us here. You, me and Briggs are FBI. Charlie, Lauren and Donnie are with DEA. Jakes is Customs.

MIKE

Does that get weird, with other agencies in one house?

TUTURRO

You tell me.

(points as they walk)

Over here we got the bar and the hot tub. If you have civilians over, they stay down here. Nobody allowed past the stairs without a badge. That means no local girls upstairs.

They walk into the kitchen.

TUTURRO (CONT'D)

Here we've got the fridge, microwave.

Tuturro points to a color-coded chart on the fridge.

TUTURRO (CONT'D)

You know what this is?

MIKE

Looks like a chore wheel.

TUTURRO

You are smart. We take turns cleaning dishes, toilets, all that. I guess for now wherever it says "Donnie," write in your name.

MIKE

Donnie's the DEA guy who...

TUTURRO

Got popped. Yeah.

Tuturro pens in Mike's name.

TUTURRO (CONT'D)

Good news is he doesn't have to clean the bathrooms tomorrow. Mop's in the hall closet.

They go upstairs, first passing the...

**INT. GRACELAND - PHONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Tuturro and Mike stick their heads in. The walls are covered in acoustical foam. A couple of older, corded phones sit on tables, each with its own digital recorder. Every other available surface has a cell phone sitting on it or hanging from it, all connected to their chargers.

Instructions taped on each one say things like, "ANSWER WITH JAMAICAN ACCENT!"

TUTURRO

This is the phone room. This is where you'll make all your U.C. calls. Everything in here gets recorded so don't make personal calls.

One of the phone's marked "DEA - LAUREN" begins to RING. They stare at it. It RINGS again.

Lauren rushes in holding a tennis racket bag. She glares at Mike. He gives her a perfunctory nod.

LAUREN

Keep your mouth shut.

She answers the phone in flawless Russian. Tuturro motions Mike and they exit, closing the door behind them.

TUTURRO

That's Lauren. Donnie was her partner.

MIKE

She was there when he got shot?

TUTURRO

Yeah. You heard of the Vzakonye?

MIKE

The Russian mob.

TUTURRO

Lauren was into their heroin operation. She arranged cash pickups from Mexican and Colombian cartels.

MIKE

The cartels work together like that?

TUTURRO

Sure. It's all business. Donnie was under with the Gallardo Cartel out of Tijuana.

MIKE

What happened?

TUTURRO

He was doing a needle drop.

MIKE

What's that?

TUTURRO

They expect him to test the quality of the heroin by shooting up so he pretends to inject himself. What he's really doing is sticking the needle in a little rubber ball that he's got tucked into his arm. The ball popped out. They shot him.

MIKE

Damn.

TUTURRO

Yeah. Sometimes it just goes that way.

Mike digests that. They reach Briggs's room. Tuturro KNOCKS.

TUTURRO (CONT'D)

Briggs! Hey! I've got the new guy out here!

Tuturro cracks the door. THUNK. He snaps his head back as a boot hits the door.

TUTURRO (CONT'D)

You can meet him later. Let's check out your room.

They reach Donnie's room. It hasn't changed since we last saw it; still full of Donnie's stuff. A guitar.



Pictures and posters everywhere. Clothes packed in the closets. A mountain bike hanging in the corner. Mike looks in, wary of stepping inside.

Lauren exits the phone room, comes over. Mike offers a hand. She ignores it.

MIKE

Hi. I didn't have a chance to introduce myself. Mike Warren.

LAUREN

Hi Mike. This is my partner's room. Don't move anything. Don't get comfortable.

MIKE

Okay.  
(uncomfortable, then)  
You play tennis?

LAUREN

No.

She pulls a machine gun out of the wall safe, tucks it in the tennis bag. Exits.

TUTURRO

Don't worry about her... But maybe you shouldn't move a lot of Donnie's stuff.

Mike steps into the room.

TUTURRO (CONT'D)

Get unpacked. Find me later and we'll grab a bite.

MIKE

Thanks Johnny.

Tuturro exits. Mike sets his suitcase on the bed. Opens it. He takes his stack of clothes and sets them next to the suitcase. That's it. He's unpacked.

**EXT. VENICE BEACH BOARDWALK - DAY**

A pair of Jamaican men, dressed in traditional red, green and gold shemiz (shirts) and tams are standing around the liftgate of a truck that shields them from the view of customers walking along the boardwalk. STEEL DRUM RHYTHMS of Marley's "CHANT DOWN BABYLON" pump from the stereo of a half-restored Monte Carlo in the foreground.

The Jamaicans are involved in the illegal bird trade. From their heavily accented English you would guess they were from British Guiana.

The TALL JAMAICAN examines a parrot held by the SHORT JAMAICAN. Both cast cautious glances around as they talk.

SHORT JAMAICAN

I can get you two hundred of these little guys next week. Three hundred.

TALL JAMAICAN

Too much.

SHORT JAMAICAN

Come on, man. These are yellow-headed Amazon. Every rich white couple in the valley will pay you a thousand.

TALL JAMAICAN

Two hundred.

SHORT JAMAICAN

We split it. Two-fifty.

TALL JAMAICAN

Okay man. We have a deal. But they all better talk.

SHORT JAMAICAN

Like my wife. They will never shut up.

Both men laugh, hug and say good-byes. The tall Jamaican gets in the Monte Carlo and drives.

He turns a corner and we see an amazing transformation take place. The crocodile smile fades as he ejects the Marley CD, drops in Coltrane's "LUSH LIFE." He takes off the tam, pulls on a black leather Monty and a pair of Wayfarers.

He flips over a photograph sitting on his dashboard. It's of himself and a 10-year-old kid - his son. He kisses the picture and settles back, the smooth jazz soothes him as he drives.

Meet U.S. Customs Agent DALE JAKES.

**INT. GRACELAND - DAY**

Jakes peels off his shemiz, tosses it on the couch. He snags a beer from the bar and goes into the--

**KITCHEN** - Mike and Tutturro are there.

Mike has been shopping. He has a bag sitting beside him at the table full of shorts, shirts, sunscreen and a brand-new pair of flip-flops.

Mike is eating cereal and there's a glass of orange juice in front of him. Jakes' eyes narrow.

TUTURRO

Hey Jakes, this is Mike Warren, He's with the Bureau. He's taking Donnie's room.

MIKE

You're with Customs.

Jakes just glares. Mike plunges ahead, oblivious.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Johnny says you're working on cracking a bird smuggling operation.

Nothing. Just that glare. Now Mike is uncomfortable.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I didn't realize that was a big problem on the west coast.

JAKES

It is. Half a million birds a year.

TUTURRO

You also got to watch out for the bird flu, right Jakes?

JAKES

Yeah. Virus could take down the whole city.

(to Mike)

That's my juice.

MIKE

Excuse me?

JAKES

Do you see a D and a J on it?

Mike looks at the carton. There indeed is a handwritten "DJ" on it.

MIKE

That's a D? I thought it was an O. I thought someone labeled it O.J.

JAKES

O.J.? As in Orenthal James?

MIKE

No, I didn't mean...

JAKES

Dale Jakes. D. J. Just like this DJ.

He snatches the Cap'n Crunch box that is similarly marked. Tuturro, who of course has arranged this little faux pas, is trying hard not to bust a gut.

JAKES (CONT'D)

And you check the milk, guess what you're gonna find?

MIKE

D.J.?

JAKES

That's right. Like everything on this shelf here.

He points to a top shelf.

MIKE

Sorry.

JAKES

Do I look like your frat buddy?

MIKE

No.

JAKES

Do I look like one of your college pals?

MIKE

It won't happen again.

Jakes takes his Cap'n Crunch and stalks up to his room, passing Briggs who has just woken up.

JAKES

Your new boy ate my cereal.

Briggs can't think of a response to that, instead throws a look at Mike.

BRIGGS

You must be Warren.

MIKE

Yes sir. You're Agent Briggs.

Briggs goes to the refrigerator, takes out the milk carton marked "DJ" and drinks directly from it.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm honored to be training under you sir. I'm ready to begin.

BRIGGS

Now?

MIKE

Yes sir. Whenever you want.

Briggs is unshaven, in his boxers. Not exactly what Mike was expecting from this legend. Briggs looks around the kitchen.

BRIGGS

So... uh... are you familiar with the chore wheel?

MIKE

Yes sir.

BRIGGS

Good. So to get you started, wherever it says Briggs, I want you to substitute Mike. Help you with the undercover name association. Tonight where it says "Dishes, Briggs", I want you to think "Dishes, Mike."

Mike looks at the huge stack of dishes overflowing the sink.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

Think of it as a wax on, wax off sort of thing. I'm going to get drunk.

Briggs exits. Mike stares at the pile of dishes that's at least a week old. Mike shakes his head, disillusioned.

MIKE

That's Paul Briggs?

Tuturro grins, in awe of Briggs.

TUTURRO

Yeah.

**INT. HAWTHORNE CRACK HOUSE - EVENING**

This is not a nice place. Dozens of junkies -- young, old, mothers with their children -- all nodding in a heroin haze. The worst part: A ONE-YEAR-OLD GIRL has crawled out of her crib. Her mother oblivious, nodding in her own drug fog. The child wanders across the carpet, unaware of the needles and pipes on the filthy floor.

Across the room a pair of green eyes peer out from under ropes of limp, greasy hair. This is a woman, although it may take us a moment to guess her gender under the shapeless clothes and yellowed teeth, the track-marked arms... The JUNKIE stands, catches the little girl and puts her back in the crib. The mother swims up from her haze. Dull eyes uncomprehending. She offers up a needle.

JUNKIE

Nah. Gotta make rent.

The mother grins, slips back into her fog. But the child is safe. For now. The Junkie exits the house.

**INT. GRACELAND - NIGHT**

Mike is doing dishes. He's nearly finished. He is the only person downstairs. He hears a noise, someone outside the door. He looks: it's the Junkie. She tries the handle, puts a shoulder into it and the door pops open.

Mike drops behind the bar, fumbles his Beretta out of his waistband.

The Junkie spots a jacket hanging over a barstool, feels it up. Pulls out a wallet, peels some cash out of it.

That's enough for Mike. He leaps out. Gun drawn. Suds dripping from his hands.

MIKE

FBI. Don't move! Hands above your head.

The Junkie reacts instantly, twisting the gun out of Mike's hand and dropping him on the carpet.

JUNKIE

No guns downstairs.

Mike has just met DEA agent CATHERINE "CHARLIE" LOPEZ.

Drawn by the noise, Tuturro rushes downstairs, grins when he sees what's happened. Charlie flashes the money at him.

CHARLIE

Hey Johnny, I'm taking back my twenty bucks.

She goes upstairs. Mike stands there, rubbing his hand.

TUTURRO

No guns downstairs.

MIKE

I heard. Who's that?

TUTURRO

That's Charlie.

Mike watches her go, intrigued.

**INT. SHOWER - MINUTES LATER**

SERIES OF TIGHT SHOTS AS CHARLIE SHOWERS:

CLOSE ON her hair, as the grease washes out.

CLOSE ON her mouth. The yellow dye running off...

CLOSE ON the track marks as the water washes them away. They are only make-up. She leans against the wall, exhausted.

**INT. MIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Mike sits on the bed that is not his and bites the tag off his new flip-flops. He takes off his right sock and shoe, slips the flip-flop onto his foot. He wiggles his toes, it's an odd feeling.

Just then a girl passes the door in a robe. Here, boys and girls, is where we lose our breath, because this is CHARLIE all cleaned up. And she cleans up good.

She lingers at his doorway. And for a moment Mike forgets he's sitting there with only one shoe on.

CHARLIE

Did I hurt you?

MIKE

No. I'm double jointed. My arm can make two complete revolutions before it snaps off.

She laughs. A nice sound.

CHARLIE

You work with Donnie?

MIKE

No. I'm your new roommate.

This is news to her. She throws a curious look into the room that's still one-hundred percent Donnie.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Lauren suggested I shouldn't unpack.

Charlie nods, understanding. Mike extends a hand.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Mike Warren. FBI.

CHARLIE

Catherine Lopez. Ditto. Call me Charlie.

They shake. A beat.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Well Mike Warren, I've had a long day. Good-night.

She starts down the hall. Mike calls after her.

MIKE

I definitely like this look better.

She turns back. Smiles. Gorgeous. And in that moment their eyes lock. And there it is... a single, instant and undeniable attraction. She holds his eyes a second, then turns away, disappearing into her own room.

**EXT. MANHATTAN BEACH - DAWN**

A cloudy platinum morning. Glassy, blue walls of water beckoning from beyond the soup.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAWN**

Briggs enters. Every single dish and pan has been cleaned and put away. He nods to himself.

**INT. MIKE'S ROOM - MORNING**

Briggs opens the door, throws a wetsuit on Mike.

BRIGGS

Get up.

**EXT. MANHATTAN BEACH - MORNING**

Muted thunder as five-foot sets CRASH below a crimson sky. The sun is still beyond the horizon.

Briggs and Mike come out in wetsuits. Mike is carrying a big training board -- a rhino chaser they call it. Briggs has his short board. He is in instructor mode.

BRIGGS

This is a south swell with a five foot face. Manhattan breaks left so stay to this side of the pier or you're gonna get slammed...

MIKE

(trying to absorb it)  
Right. South swell.

As Briggs continues his lecture, Tuturro comes running out after them, pulling on his suit.

TUTURRO

Hey Briggs! You were supposed to wake me up!

Briggs ignores him, looks at Mike.

BRIGGS

Surfing is about balance and coordination. You got balance, right?

MIKE

(convincing himself)  
Yeah.

BRIGGS

Let's hit it, Poseidon.

**EXT. OCEAN - MINUTES LATER**

WHAAAAAM! Mike is CRUSHED by a wave.



He's flipped off his board and the roll churns him like a washing machine. Stunned, gasping for breath, he fights to pull himself up back onto his board.

Briggs and Tuturro watch from their boards, bobbing out beyond the break.

Mike bellyboards all the way onto shore. He staggers across the sand, drops onto his towel. Shivering. Miserable.

He goes to put on his new flip-flops, but the right one is missing. He looks around and spots a stray collie fifteen feet away, staring at him, his flip-flop in its mouth.

MIKE

Come on boy. Bring it back.

The dog continues to stare.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Drop it! Come on, drop it!

Mike gets to his feet and takes a few steps towards the collie. The dog moves a few steps back.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm not in the mood.

He rushes the dog. It takes off running across the sand, cuts inland and disappears onto the boardwalk along with Mike's flip-flop.

Mike stands there, wet, exhausted, with only one shoe. From behind him:

CHARLIE

Enjoying yourself yet?

Mike turns, perking up at her presence.

MIKE

No. I'm not.

He laughs, and drops back down on to his towel. Charlie sits next to him. They look out to the ocean. Briggs has just caught the front of a monster.

He moves like a dancer, in perfect harmony with the wave. Dipping, carving, slicing, making it look easy.

CHARLIE

So what do you think of Briggs?

MIKE

Look at him. He's amazing.

CHARLIE

I'm not talking about the surfing.

She eyes him, knowing Briggs is nothing like he expected.

MIKE

At Quantico they talk about him like he's some sort of God.

CHARLIE

Were they wrong?

Mike laughs.

MIKE

I wasn't expecting the long hair.

CHARLIE

You are expecting the perfect FBI agent. Button down. Suit and tie.

MIKE

Yeah.

CHARLIE

He was like that once.

MIKE

What happened?

CHARLIE

About eight years ago something went down. Briggs took a leave of absence. He came back all zenned out like that.

MIKE

You don't know what changed him?

CHARLIE

Nope. He never talks about it, and the case file was sealed.

MIKE

You tried to get the case file?

CHARLIE

Are you judging me? Don't go judging me.

MIKE

I'm not.

CHARLIE

(playful)

Yeah. You are.

(more serious)

The house is a tight fit. If one of us is jacked in the head then the others need to know about it.

(beat)

There are no secrets in Graceland.

MIKE  
Except for Briggs.

CHARLIE  
Yeah. Except for Briggs.

Mike considers that as he watches Briggs shred the ocean. Mike stands up, suddenly with new determination. He grabs his board and charges into the waves.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Kick that waves ass, Mike!

As he's swallowed up by the water we TRANSITION TO:

**INT. GRACELAND - LATE MORNING**

Briggs, Mike and Tuturro enter, peeling off their wetsuits. Mike is beat to hell, bloody, but euphoric. All three are chattering about *the sweet spot, the Zen of the wave...* They enter the kitchen. Lauren yells from upstairs:

LAUREN (O.S.)  
Briggs!

BRIGGS  
Kitchen!

Lauren comes down holding a message slip. Mike and Tuturro continue the surfing talk, not really paying attention to this conversation.

LAUREN  
You got a message from a guy named Felix Londono.

BRIGGS  
You're checking my messages now?

LAUREN  
He wants to make a buy this morning.

BRIGGS  
So? He's off our active list.

LAUREN  
I checked his two-oh-two. He works for Vzakonye.

Briggs chuckles, shakes his head.

BRIGGS  
He was a low-level dealer. We had him tapped and he dropped a few Russian names. That's it.

Lauren stands there. Arms crossed. Eyes like steel.

LAUREN

He works for Vzakonye.

BRIGGS

He probably does their gardening.

She's grasping for straws. They both know it. But Briggs also knows that look and she's not budging.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

Hell... Alright. Mike, how'd you like to do a reverse this morning?

Mike is abruptly swept into the conversation.

MIKE

Do what?

LAUREN

He wants to buy eight yards of indoor.

MIKE

(slightly panicked)  
Indoor? What's indoor?

BRIGGS

Indoor carpet. His code word for coke. A yard's a key.

MIKE

Kilo?

BRIGGS

Yeah.

TUTURRO

Every dealer's got his own lingo.

BRIGGS

Ready to start your first official day as an undercover agent?

Off Mike, not sure at all.

**INT. U.C. PHONE ROOM - MINUTES LATER**

Briggs checks a list and takes a dusty cell phone off the wall. He sets the phone on speaker and dials. On the second ring FELIX LONDONO answers. He has a jovial Mexican accent.

FELIX (V.O.)

Yo.

BRIGGS

Felix. It's Paul. Got your message.

FELIX (V.O.)

Hey! Paul. *Que pasa?*

BRIGGS  
*Nada mucho. Que tal?*

Mike whispers to Tutturro:

MIKE  
 I thought he was Russian.

Tutturro glances at Felix's 202, or personal history sheet.

TUTURRO  
 Nah. He's Mexican. He just works for them. His wife's Russian.

MIKE  
 God...

TUTURRO  
 Dude, I told you, melting pot.

Briggs motions for them to shut up.

FELIX (V.O.)  
 Can you hook me up with eight yards of the indoor? Twenty a yard?

BRIGGS  
 When do you need it?

FELIX (V.O.)  
 Right now, bro.

BRIGGS  
 No can do, compadre.

Lauren flashes him a look - *What the fuck?* Briggs motions her to calm down.

FELIX (V.O.)  
 Come on man, you said you could hook me up anytime I needed it. I got people counting on me.

A long beat. Briggs lets him hang.

BRIGGS  
 I've got a buddy who could bring it down.

FELIX (V.O.)  
 Your amigo, mi amigo!

BRIGGS  
 Your casa. Two hours.

FELIX (V.O.)  
*Orale!* See you soon!

Briggs hangs up, looks at Mike.

BRIGGS

You're up.

**INT./ EXT. BRIGGS CAR - DAY**

Briggs driving, Mike in the passenger seat. Tuturro in back leaning up between them as they cruise through Hollywood.

BRIGGS

This is a simple reverse. You walk in the apartment, make the deal, give us the bust signal.

Mike has his notebook out. He's nervous. Writing furiously.

MIKE

Okay. So what's my name?

Briggs and Tuturro swap looks.

BRIGGS

Your name's Mike.

MIKE

Yeah.

BRIGGS

Then go with Mike.

Mike writes that down.

MIKE

Last name?

BRIGGS

Don't give him a last name.

Mike writes that down. "No last name." Briggs gets annoyed. Throws the notebook out the window.

MIKE

What did you do that for?

BRIGGS

You can't take a crib sheet with you. Keep it simple. Where are you from?

MIKE

Boston.

BRIGGS

Then if he asks, you're from Boston. But bad guys don't ask a lot of questions because they don't want you asking a lot of questions.

They ride in silence.

MIKE  
What's our legend?

BRIGGS  
Our what?

MIKE  
Our backstory. How'd we meet?

BRIGGS  
Our legend? Is that what they're teaching at Quantico?

MIKE  
How do we know each other... if he asks?

BRIGGS  
If he asks just say "around".

TUTURRO  
Come on Briggs, make it interesting. Put him in the movie.

BRIGGS  
No way.

MIKE  
What movie?

BRIGGS  
It's nothing.

Briggs signals for Turturro to shut the fuck up. Too late, Mike turns to him.

MIKE  
What's the movie?

TUTURRO  
This is great. So we're on this three month undercover sting of the Colima Cartel. These guys are hard core -- shoot you just to see if the gun works. In the middle of this, Briggs gets some freakin' Bureau award, top seizure agent of the century or some thing. CNN sends a camera crew, so for a week they've got his face plastered all over the news.

(pauses for dramatic effect)

We're meeting with the heads of the family...

FLASH CUT TO:

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

We're in a hotel room with Briggs, Tutturro, and a third FBI agent we don't know standing across from the three heads of the Colima cartel.

TUTURRO (V.O.)

They know they've seen Briggs's face,  
but they can't place him.

The men shoot Briggs suspicious glances.

TUTURRO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They're getting spooked. They're  
about a second away from waxing us.  
Then Briggs throws out that he plays  
a cop in the movies.

FLASHBACK BRIGGS

... I'm an actor ...

**BACK TO THE CAR**

MIKE

They believed that?

TUTURRO

Hell No!

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Other Mexicans with M-16's have their gun barrels pressed into the necks of Briggs, Tutturro, and the third agent.

TUTURRO (V.O.)

Now we got gun barrels under our  
chins and Briggs starts talking out  
of his ass, how he's doing a movie  
about cops who are undercover as  
hookers and how the chick he married  
turns out to be a real hooker, and  
his sister...

We see and hear FLASHBACK BRIGGS grinning and saying these things:

FLASHBACK BRIGGS

... The best part... she's a real  
hooker...

**BACK TO CAR**

MIKE

Wait... you married your sister?

BRIGGS

Didn't say it was a good movie.



TUTURRO

Now this is the best part... They're still not buying it. We're all gonna die... And... you ready for this?

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Itchy fingers on triggers. Time to start sweating bullets kids...

TUTURRO (V.O.)

To prove he's not a cop... Briggs pulls out his badge and throws it down in front of them.

Briggs drops his FBI shield on the table.

TUTURRO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He says it's a prop from the movie.

The Mexicans, wary, pass the badge around. Tension, thick enough to walk on... a collectively held breath... then...

The Mexicans begin to LAUGH. So do Briggs, Tuturro and the other guy. All laughing their collective asses off...

**BACK TO THE CAR**

TUTURRO (CONT'D)

They say the prop guy should be fired because it looks like it came out of a cereal box.

MIKE

They went through with the buy?

TUTURRO

They made the buy. We nailed 'em. To this day one of the jerk-offs still has an autographed picture of Briggs hanging in his cell.

Tuturro and Briggs chuckle at this.

TUTURRO (CONT'D)

Come on Briggs, let him tell Felix you guys met on the movie. Give him a small part.

MIKE

You told Felix this same story?

Briggs realizes he's busted. He rolls his eyes, annoyed.

BRIGGS

Fine. If Felix asks, tell him you play my brother-in-law. But it ain't gonna matter because he ain't gonna ask.

MIKE

Okay... wait, so I'm married to the hooker?

BRIGGS

Why not.

**INT. RV COMMAND POST - DAY**

We're inside an RV parked a few blocks from Felix's apartment. An FBI command post has been set up here. It's packed with TECHNICIANS, radios, and everything else you'd expect. One Technician puts eight kilos of cocaine in a backpack while Briggs fits Mike with a transmitter disguised as a pen.

BRIGGS

This pen transmits everything back to us.

MIKE

No wires?

BRIGGS

Not since *Carlito's Way*.  
(into pen)  
Sibilance. Sibilance.

Briggs' voice BOOMS out of the receiver. Mike tucks the pen into his shirt pocket.

TECHNICIAN

Give me a level.

MIKE

(loudly)

PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS WITH YOU.

The Technician rips off his headphones.

BRIGGS

Mike. Talk normal.

MIKE

(normal voice)

Pleasure doing business with you.

As he says this, the RV door opens and Silvo enters with a pair of SUBORDINATES.

SILVO

I assume that's our bust signal.

BRIGGS

Yeah.

SILVO

We've got to start hiring writers.

(MORE)

SILVO (CONT'D)

So I'm in the middle of breakfast when I get a call from FBI Ops wanting to know why they weren't informed that we were running a reverse on a Vzakonye dealer. I didn't know we had a Vzakonye dealer.

BRIGGS

We don't. We pulled him off the sheet a month ago.

SILVO

So why are we doing this?

BRIGGS

Lauren's idea.

Silvo chuckles, rubs his eyes tiredly. He turns to Mike.

SILVO

Mike Warren. Gerry Silvo. I'm your GS.

MIKE

It's a pleasure, sir.

SILVO

Yeah, let me know how long that lasts.  
(checks watch)  
It's almost noon. Has Briggs' taught you everything he knows yet?

MIKE

Yes sir. Wax on, wax off.

SILVO

I'll assume that's an in-joke. I don't like in-jokes.

MIKE

Yes sir.

Silvo grabs the personal history sheet on Felix.

SILVO

Let's see... Felix Londono... he's got a family so he's not likely to rip you. He won't shoot with his wife and kids in there... Should be easy. Remember, we arrest you too, so make it look good in case his buddies are watching. You nervous?

MIKE

Yes sir.

SILVO

Good. Let's do this.

**EXT. FELIX'S STREET - DAY**

The area is surprisingly middle-class. Mike parks his car -- a used Chevy Malibu -- at the curb, walks up to the door with his backpack. KNOCKS.

A young kid, ALEX, 10, answers. Mike is taken aback by this.

MIKE

I'm looking for Felix.

ALEX

Dad!

FELIX, a jovial Mexican, appears at the door.

FELIX

Hey! You're Paul's friend?

(Mike nods)

Right on time. Come on in. You want some lemonade?

Mike follows him inside.

**INT. FELIX'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Felix's wife, an attractive Russian woman, IRINA, brings them some lemonade. Alex is playing with his sister, SOPHIA, in the other room.

FELIX

So you and Paul are friends, huh?

MIKE

Yeah. I met him, you know, around.

FELIX

Yeah. Around.

The men are both jumpy. In a slight panic, Mike plunges ahead:

MIKE

Yeah. I mean, he's my brother-in-law.

(then)

He married my sister.

(then)

She's a hooker.

**BACK TO THE RV COMMAND POST - SAME TIME**

Everyone is hearing this. Silvo throws a look at Briggs.

TUTURRO

Twenty bucks says he shows them his badge.

**BACK TO FELIX'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME**

Felix and his wife are staring at Mike.

MIKE

In the movie. I mean I play his  
brother-in-law in the movie.

IRINA

You're in the show with Paul?

MIKE

(huge relief)  
Yes.

FELIX

Ohhh... I was gonna say, my family  
is kinda messed up, but yours...  
*está loco*.

IRINA

Do you also play a cop?

MIKE

Yeah.  
(then)  
*Manos Ariba!*

Felix and his wife LAUGH, raise their hands.

FELIX

Hey honey, would you mind giving me  
and Mike a minute.

He motions for her to join the kids.

IRINA

Of course.

He takes a deep breath...

MIKE

So...

FELIX

So.  
(a beat)  
Here's the thing. You know how stuff  
gets stacked up? This guy doesn't  
show up, so now you can't pay that  
guy...

**BACK TO THE RV COMMAND POST - SAME TIME**

A group sigh passes through the RV.

TUTURRO

He doesn't have the money.

SILVO

Dammit. People, looks like we just  
wasted a morning.

Silvo drops his headset. A few of the techs start packing equipment.

**BACK TO FELIX'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME**

MIKE

You're short?

FELIX

No... I wish I was short. I'm out.  
The economy, you know? My other guy  
didn't show up for his stuff.

Mike knows this thing is going south... but he's not going to lose it... not his first one...

MIKE

What was this other guy buying?

**BACK TO THE RV COMMAND POST - SAME TIME**

This freezes Briggs.

BRIGGS

Hang on, I think the kid's trying to  
save it.

**BACK TO FELIX'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME**

Felix is looking at Mike, grinning.

FELIX

You're saying that maybe you'd be  
interested in some merchandise in  
exchange for the indoor?

MIKE

Possibly. What are we talking about?

FELIX

It's good quality. Come check it  
out. It's in the alley out back.

**BACK TO THE RV COMMAND POST - SAME TIME**

Silvo is glaring at Briggs.

SILVO

You told him not to change locations,  
right?

Briggs raises an eyebrow, looks hopefully at the radio...

MIKE (V.O.)

Sure. Let's go.

BRIGGS

Nope.

SILVO

Goddammit!

Briggs keys the hand mike:

BRIGGS

I need somebody on that alley, now!

**EXT. FELIX'S STREET - SAME TIME**

Four unmarked FBI takedown cars lurch forward from their stakeout positions, nearly colliding. Like something out of the Keystone Cops...

**BACK TO THE RV COMMAND POST - SAME TIME**

Briggs and Silvo, listening to confused radio chatter:

RADIO CHATTER (V.O.)

... I've lost 'em...

(and)

... Negative, negative, no visual...

(and)

Can't get in there without burning it!

Briggs runs a hand through his hair. Weighing options...

BRIGGS

I can get a guy in there on foot.

Briggs and Silvo simultaneously turn and look at Tuturro.

SILVO

You were running fast in fifth grade,  
right Tuturro?

Tuturro rips off his FBI jacket, mutters in indignation.

**EXT. STREET - SAME TIME**

Tuturro running like a madman toward the alley...

**EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

Mike and Felix come out. There's a big semitrailer taking up most of the alley. Felix opens the back.

FELIX

Check it out. Levi's finest.

MIKE

Jeans?

FELIX

Twelve-thousand pairs.

Mike lets out a low whistle.

MIKE

You want to trade straight across  
for the eight?

Felix clutches his chest, feigns a heart attack.

FELIX

Straight? Come on man, you can get  
fifteen-bucks a pair on the street.  
That's uh... uh...

MIKE

A hundred and eighty thousand.

FELIX

Yeah. That's a lot of money.

MIKE

And I bet your wife's chewing your  
ass to get this thing out of here.

Felix laughs, slaps a brotherly arm around Mike.

FELIX

Tell you what, bro, you make this  
thing disappear and we got a deal.

MIKE

I think I can make that happen.  
(offers his hand)  
Pleasure doing business with you,  
Felix.

The men shake hands. A beat. From way down the alley we hear  
someone SHOUTING. We can just make out Tutturro running and  
huffing toward them, holding up what must be a badge.

FELIX

What the hell is that guy yelling?

Distantly, we hear:

TUTURRO

... Federal... Bureau...

Suddenly the four takedown cars explode into the alley, dash  
lights and SIRENS blasting. Felix's face collapses.

The cars blow past Tutturro. AGENTS jumping out, screaming,  
"FBI! GET DOWN!" Felix raises his arms. Mike does the same.

Tutturro runs up, gun drawn, completely out of breath.

TUTURRO (CONT'D)

Federal... federal... screw it, you're  
both under arrest.

Tutturro drops Mike down next to Felix on the hood of a car  
and cuffs him.



FELIX  
Irina's gonna kill me. I knew these  
jeans were bad luck.

Mike registers the slightest moment of guilt as Tuturro yanks him away.

**ANGLE ON: SILVO - MINUTES LATER**

In the alley, mad as hell. Screaming into his hand radio and at anyone who will listen.

SILVO  
I need something that can haul a  
half-billion jeans... That's what I  
said!... Blue Jeans. No, I don't  
know where they're going.

He picks up a pair. Laughs ironically.

SILVO (CONT'D)  
And they're knock-offs! Hallelujah.

**INT. HUNTINGTON BEACH STATION - LATER**

Mike is in his FBI jacket as other agents slap his back and offer congratulations. Briggs and Tuturro are there, finishing up paperwork.

A pair of COPS turn the corner as they lead Felix toward a waiting interrogation room. All conversation in the room stops.

SILVO  
What the hell are you idiots doing?  
You're not supposed to bring him  
through here!

The cops immediately realize their mistake, but it's too late. Felix's face drops as he sees Mike in the FBI jacket.

FELIX  
Man, that's cold.

BRIGGS  
Get him out of here. Take him around  
the other way.

The cops scramble to take Felix back the way he came.

FELIX  
Hold on!

The cops stop. Felix turns back to Mike.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
Tell my wife I screwed up again,  
okay? Tell her I'm sorry.

The look in Felix's eyes is so beseeching that Mike can do anything but nod.

MIKE

I will.

The cops take Felix away, leaving the agents in uncomfortable silence.

TUTURRO

That wasn't supposed to happen.

Briggs slaps Mike on the back.

BRIGGS

It happened. It's over.

Mike forces a smile as we...

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

A serious game of beach volleyball is going down, the court rimmed by a dozen car HEADLIGHTS at the edge of the sand.

Briggs, Tuturro and a half dozen locals face off against Mike, Charlie and their locals.

MONTAGE STYLE - The competition is fierce. Killer serves. Devastating spikes. This is beach sport raised to mortal combat.

And Mike, caught up in all of it, having a great time.

The game ends when Mike digs one out of the sand and Charlie smashes it home. High fives all around.

Briggs shoots looks to the Graceland agents.

BRIGGS

Just us.

Charlie and Tuturro know what this means. Mike follows them as they stay by the locals and head farther down the beach.

TRANSITION TO:

**EXT. BEACH - LATER**

The Graceland Agents sit on the sand next to a blazing fire in a cement firepit. No locals this time. Someone has dragged out an old radio and music plays.

Four shot glasses raised. Mike, Briggs, Tuturro and Charlie -- salt on their wrists, each holding a slice of lime.

BRIGGS

Everybody here has bought dope as a rookie. Some of us even on the job.

A few laughs.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

This was one to remember.

They CLINK glasses, then everyone licks the salt off their wrists, downs the shots, then sucks the lime. Everyone but Mike who is hopelessly lost.

TUTURRO

Too much studying, not enough partying. You never done a shot?

MIKE

Back east we just drink it. We don't dance with it.

CHARLIE

Let me show you.

She pours him another shot. She licks her own hand and sprinkles salt on it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Okay, first you lick off the salt.

She holds out her hand. Mike sucks the salt off. It's a sexy move, no doubt about it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Now drink.

No problem. Mike pounds the shot.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Now suck.

Mike bites the lime, the sour twisting up his face.

Charlie busts up laughing, jumps over, cranks the stereo. SALSA. Pulsing and sexy. She begins to move, the music sweeping her into its rhythm. Her body tight... hot... Her eyes on Mike. She's pulling him up with her... their bodies pressing into each other... and Mike, finding he can't look away...

And at that moment - the worst possible moment - Mike's cell phone begins to RING. He can't help himself - he checks it. It's Campbell.

MIKE

I've got to take this.

Mike steps away from the party and takes the call.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Agent Campbell.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)  
Agent Warren. How are things on the  
other side of the world?

Mike looks toward the fire and Charlie dancing there.

MIKE  
Things are... getting better, sir.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)  
Good. I've got the deputy director  
convinced that taking you out of DC  
is a personal affront to the Bureau.

Mike is only partially listening because at that moment Briggs  
sweeps Charlie into his arms and she kisses him. This is no  
friendly peck on the cheek. This is passion.

CAMPBELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But I'm encountering an unusual level  
of resistance here. A lot of locked  
doors that have me concerned.

That pulls Mike out of it.

MIKE  
Locked doors?

CAMPBELL (V.O.)  
What I'm saying is that I have no  
idea what's going on. Some powerful  
forces have aligned to move you to  
L.A. This is more than just politics.  
Sit tight. We'll figure out how to  
get you back to D.C.

MIKE  
I would like that, sir.

Mike hangs up the phone, concerned about what Campbell has  
told him. He watches Briggs and Charlie dancing. Nothing in  
his life makes sense.

**INT. HUNTINGTON BEACH STATION - DUTY COUNTER - NIGHT**

An impeccably dressed man enters the reception area. He is  
Russian. A lawyer. The Sanitate suit, the Dominic loafers...  
this guy is no public defender. This is SERGEI NAYFELD.

**INT. FELIX'S JAIL CELL - NIGHT**

A night-duty COP comes over to the bars.

COP  
Londono, your lawyer's here.

We see confusion on Felix's face as he gets up.

**INT. BOOKING AREA - MOMENTS LATER**

The Cop leads Felix in. Felix spots Nayfeld in the waiting area. His face drops. He presses himself against the wall before Nayfeld can see him. A violent whisper to the cop:

FELIX

That man is not my lawyer. Whatever happens, do not let him bail me out.

**INT. GRACELAND - NIGHT**

The tequila has loosened everyone up. Charlie is dancing with Tutturro now. Briggs is laid out on the bar in a mild alcoholic daze. Mike is on the couch, perfecting his tequila shot technique. Charlie motions Mike toward her.

CHARLIE

Come here Levi.

Mike looks. Yeah, she's talking to him. She goes over, pulling him up. Come on you pussy, dance with me. Mike gives in. She puts his arms on her shoulders. Mike shoots a look at Briggs who doesn't seem at all concerned.

MIKE

*Levi?*

CHARLIE

Yeah, you need a nickname.

MIKE

I don't think I like Levi.

CHARLIE

Too bad. You don't get to choose your nickname. Do you Johnny?

MIKE

"Johnny" is a nickname?

CHARLIE

Yeah, tell him.

TUTURRO

No way.

BRIGGS

You tell it or I'm gonna tell it.

Tutturro drops down on the couch. Mike turns to listen to Briggs, but he doesn't let go of Charlie.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

Alright. It's Tutturro's final practical at Quantico. Brain trust here...

CHARLIE

Formally known as Joe Tutturro.

BRIGGS

Brain trust Turturro shoots Tony Marselo twice in the chest while he's sitting on the john.

MIKE

Marselo? As in Deputy Director Marselo?

TUTURRO

You're gonna tell it, tell the whole thing. This is three years ago. We're doing the final at a real house in Virginia. I'm looking for the suspect....

FLASH CUT TO:

**INT. VIRGINIA HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK, 2007)**

Turturro - in an FBI training shirt, gun out, nervous as hell. (Trust me, this one's going to pay off too. Just wait...)

TUTURRO (V.O.)

They didn't tell me that the upstairs was off limits. I opened the bathroom door. The guy surprised me.

Turturro kicks open the bathroom door. His face flashes pure panic. He UNLOADS his weapon...

TUTURRO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I shot him.

Turturro, eyes glazed over, in full-auto-panic mode now, still firing... SHOT after SHOT after SHOT...

BRIGGS (V.O.)

Not only that, Cool Hand Luke here fires off his full clip...

**ANGLE ON: AN OLDER MAN, MARSELO.**

Sitting on the toilet, pants around his ankles, reading a newspaper and glaring at Turturro like he could melt lead. The bathroom walls look as if they've been attacked by some crazed Jackson Pollock wannabee -- red paint splattered everywhere.

BRIGGS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... But only hits the guy twice.

Despite all the mayhem, there are only two small red paint splotches on Marselo's shirt.

**BACK TO GRACELAND**

Briggs and Charlie are losing it, laughing like crazy.

CHARLIE

Eight paint balls right over his wife's new French Vanilla wallpaper. They wouldn't let him graduate until he repainted.

Now even Tuturro is laughing. And so is Mike... he's becoming one of them.

**INT. HUNTINGTON BEACH STATION - ATTORNEY ROOM - LATER**

A small room, fluorescent-lighted. A cop leads Felix in. NAYFELD, the lawyer, is already there. His English is East Coast. Only a hint of his original Slovak accent remains.

NAYFELD

Thank you officers. I only have a brief message to deliver.

The cop throws a last look back at Felix, shuts the door.

FELIX

I didn't know I could afford a lawyer. Especially one with such a nice suit.

Felix is grinning. Nayfeld isn't.

NAYFELD

The police tell me you are a third striker and I cannot bail you out.

FELIX

Yeah, stolen jeans. It's crazy. What are you gonna do?

NAYFELD

This is unfortunate. You understand that the Vzakonye need assurance that you will not talk to the feds.

FELIX

I'm not tellin' these narcs nothing.

NAYFELD

Just the same, your family will be staying with us for awhile.

Felix goes white.

FELIX

Please, swear to god, I'll do anything.

NAYFELD

Why don't you start by telling me the truth?

(MORE)

NAYFELD (CONT'D)

(leans in)

What's this crap with the jeans? We don't take care of you?

(off Felix's shocked look)

We had a guy sitting on your apartment. We saw the bust.

Felix fidgets. Nayfeld presses him.

NAYFELD (CONT'D)

Who was this guy they pinched you with?

Felix thinks. What's he going to say, that Mike is an FBI agent? No way. In a panic, he throws out the first thing that pops into his head:

FELIX

He's my brother-in-law.

Nayfeld considers this.

NAYFELD

He's family?

Felix nods. A cunning grin spreads across the lawyer's face. Suddenly, he is very, very interested.

**INT. GRACELAND - SAME TIME**

Jakes walks in, takes in the party.

JAKES

What are we celebrating?

BRIGGS

Levi popped his cherry.

JAKES

Levi?

Briggs slides the tequila bottle the length of the bar. Jakes catches it, sits.

Mike pries himself away from Charlie, goes over to Jakes who is pouring the tequila over ice.

JAKES (CONT'D)

(mockingly)

Hey Levi.

MIKE

Sorry again about the cereal... and the orange juice... And the milk. Buy you a beer?

Mike pulls out a beer. Jakes holds up his glass.



JAKES

I'm good.

Mike takes a marker, writes "DJ" on the beer bottle.

MIKE

Later then.

Jakes's can see that Mike is being genuine. He's on the fence on this one. He tips it toward Mike in a small toast. Then... the MUSIC STOPS. Silvo has killed the stereo.

SILVO

Gee, Silvo turned off the music. He must have something important to say. Let's start with the good news. That semitrailer full of jeans got lifted off the port. That makes them Customs' problem, not mine.

He tosses a set of keys to Jakes.

SILVO (CONT'D)

You're now the proud owner of Twelve-thousand knock-off Levis courtesy of your new buddy Mike.

Jakes slams the beer down, exits. So much for Mike's reprieve.

SILVO (CONT'D)

Now the bad news...  
(points at Mike)  
... You just made bail.

**INT. HUNTINGTON BEACH STATION - NIGHT**

Briggs, Charlie, Tutturro and Mike have sobered up fast. They walk briskly in from the rear entrance along with Silvo and a few other FBI STAFFERS and TECHNICIANS.

BRIGGS

Are we sure they've got his family?

SILVO

Local PD found evidence of forced entry into the apartment, signs of a struggle, so yeah, they've got his family. Apparently your boy Felix was a lot deeper into the Vzakonye than we thought. They sent Nayfeld to bail him out.

Briggs lets out a soft whistle.

BRIGGS

Nayfeld. The big leagues.

SILVO

Yeah. Felix was smart enough to dodge that bullet but he panicked when Nayfeld asked about Mike. Said he was his brother-in-law.

(a beat)

Said he got the idea from a movie.

Silvo throws a look at Briggs, who, in turn, glares at Tuturro.

SILVO (CONT'D)

But we got lucky. Felix does have a brother-in-law who bears a passing resemblance to Mike. By that I mean he's white.

(looks at Mike)

We've got to do something about your eye color and height. And if it comes up, you lost a hell of a lot of weight.

Briggs sees that Mike is freaking out, overwhelmed by all of this. Briggs yells at everyone:

BRIGGS

I need two minutes. Mike, get in here.

Briggs pulls Mike into an empty office, shuts the door.

**INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Mike takes a seat, doing his best to stay calm.

BRIGGS

How's your first day going so far?

MIKE

Great. Cleaned some dishes, learned to surf.

Briggs grins. He genuinely likes this kid.

MIKE (CONT'D)

So what's going to happen?

BRIGGS

Kidnapping a wife and kids is messy... They're bailing you out because they want some assurance that Felix won't talk. They think you're family. They get you to do something illegal. Felix talks to us, they turn you in.

MIKE

Illegal?

Briggs -- a long exhale. No easy way to say this.

BRIGGS

They're gonna want you to kill somebody.

Mike takes a second to digest that. He nods.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

They'll give you a name. You come back to us and that's it. We've got a guy at the Times who will play ball with a homicide story and an obit. They think the guy's dead, they let the family go.

Mike nods, absorbing this.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

We send you in there unarmed. You'll have a transmitter, but that's all. These guys are good at spotting tails so you're on your own.

(then)

You don't have to do this.

MIKE

If I don't, what happens to the family?

Briggs just shakes his head. Mike considers a long moment.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Briggs walks out with Mike, nods to Silvo. Silvo starts walking rapidly, everyone else follows.

SILVO

Alright, we've gotta assume these Russian pricks have the same intel we do. Mike, you've got one hour to become this guy.

Silvo pulls out a file, reads.

SILVO (CONT'D)

Your name is Frankie Bout. Got that?

MIKE

Frankie Bout.

SILVO

Your wife's name is Laurenrina. Like the Laurenr. She's Felix' wife's sister. Her name is Irina.

MIKE

Wait, Laurenrina is my wife or Felix'?

SILVO

Yours.

Briggs grabs a pen and pad off a desk.

BRIGGS

Write it down!

Mike starts writing as Silvo continues.

SILVO

You ever been to Chicago?

MIKE

I drove up in college once.

SILVO

Well, now you're born there.

Mike continues writing as they walk...

**INT. COMMAND POST - MINUTES LATER**

Everything is happening fast. Technicians checking equipment. Rapid radio chatter like white noise in the background... Silvo, on a hand-held, coordinating everything.

Briggs has the file now, firing questions at Mike. Mike, doing his best to stay off his cheat-sheet...

BRIGGS

Arrest in oh-four?

MIKE

Uh... GTA. I boosted a Firebird.

BRIGGS

Good. Your wife?

MIKE

Laurenrina. A year younger than me.

BRIGGS

Kids?

MIKE

Nope.

BRIGGS

Your name?

Mike freezes... he can't remember...

MIKE

Dammit...

(peeks at his sheet)

Frankie Bout. Dammit, I know that.

BRIGGS

It's okay.

Briggs, rubs his eyes, just as frustrated. He flips a page in the file.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

Wait a minute... January of this year... suspicion narco possession... arresting officer noted TRACK MARKS! This guy's a junky?

Briggs explodes. Everyone in the room freezes.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

Why didn't we know this twenty minutes ago? Charlie, get in here.

Charlie steps forward, pulling out her makeup kit.

CHARLIE

When's the last time he could have had a hit?

BRIGGS

Eleven thirty.

Charlie nods, does quick math in her head. She takes Mike's left hand, starts painting track marks on his wrist.

CHARLIE

You shoot up here because your watch will cover these up. You haven't had a hit in fourteen hours. You're in withdrawal so you're going to be shaky.

Mike holds up his other hand. It's shaking on its own. She smiles.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

See? You're a natural.

OVER THIS: an FBI TECHNICIAN arrives.

TECHNICIAN

I've got a pair of ten-and-a-half boots with a three-inch lift?

Silvo nods. The technician drops the boots, pulls out a few more items that Silvo grabs.

SILVO

I've got blue contacts and a wallet for one Frankie Bout. We've got the usual - Visa, Starbucks card, Triple-A --

Silvo signs for the items, tosses the wallet to Briggs. Briggs flips through it, quickly throws out a few cards.

BRIGGS

This guy does not have a gold AMEX.  
He sure as hell doesn't have a library  
card.

Briggs looks disapprovingly at the shiny leather wallet.  
Turns to Tuturro.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

This thing is brand new. Johnny, go  
rub it in the sand.

Tuturro starts to complain. Briggs' look shuts him up. Briggs flips him the wallet and Tuturro heads outside.

Another technician hands Briggs a sports watch.

TECHNICIAN

This is your transmitter.

BRIGGS

We can hear you. You can't hear us.

Briggs demonstrates on the watch:

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

If they sweep you, press this button.  
It cuts your transmission. Press it  
again to restart.

CHARLIE

That's new.

TECH GUY

Yeah, we added it after that DEA guy  
got shot last week.

All the agents share a look at the mention of Donnie. Mike swallows hard. This doesn't make him feel any better.

Charlie looks at Mike, he's starting to drown under all this. Briggs is messing with the contact lens case. Charlie takes it from him. Leans in to Mike, very close.

CHARLIE

Mike. Look at me.

He stares into her eyes. Ever so delicately she puts the first contact in his eye. She talks softly as she does:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Felix came to you tonight and said  
"they took my kids, they took my  
wife. You've got to help me."

Now the second contact. She's very close now. Faces nearly touching...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

And they're gonna want you to do something bad. Okay? Really bad. But you can do it.

Mike is lost in her now. Everything else, all the chaos, seems to fade away. The contacts in, she smiles at him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You look good with blue eyes.

Now it's his turn to grin... and with that... Tuturro re-enters, bringing the chaos back with him. He's got the wallet, now thoroughly scuffed. Briggs looks at it, annoyed.

BRIGGS

He carries this thing in his pocket. He doesn't drag it behind his car.

TUTURRO

It's dark out there...

Charlie ignores the interruptions. Her eyes locked on Mike's. Deep enough, gentle enough to drown him.

CHARLIE

What's your name?

MIKE

Frankie Bout.

Charlie gives him a wink. He smiles.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Let's do this.

And with that he's up, moving toward the door...

**INT. BOOKING AREA - NIGHT**

A COP leads Mike out, hands cuffed behind his back. Nayfeld is waiting. The Cop un-cuffs him as the DESK GUARD pulls out a personal effects envelope.

DESK GUARD

Bout, Frankie.

Mike takes the envelope.

DESK GUARD (CONT'D)

Sign.

Mike signs for the envelope. He dumps the contents onto the desk: The sports watch. The wallet.

Mike puts on the watch -- Nayfeld not failing to notice the track marks it covers up. Mike picks up the wallet. Some sand falls out of it. Nayfeld gives him a look.

MIKE

Do you surf?

Nayfeld shakes his head.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You should. It kicks ass.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Mike follows Nayfeld out. A Mercedes waiting there with a DRIVER. They get in the back.

**INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS**

The Driver passes Nayfeld an electronic wand - a piece of cold-war technology that detects transmitters.

NAYFELD

Mister Bout, raise your arms please.

Mike covertly presses the button on his watch, then holds his arms out to the side.

**INT. COMMAND POST - SAME TIME**

TECH GUY

He just stopped transmitting.

Dead silence in the room. Pin-drop quiet. An incredibly long beat. These are people used to being in control. They are frustrated. Helpless. All they can do is wait. Then... a faint CRACKLE as the watch begins transmitting again.

TECH GUY (CONT'D)

Okay, we got him back.

NAYFELD (V.O.)

... Thank you, Mr. Bout. Do you speak Russian?

MIKE (V.O.)

That's my wife. The only thing I understand in Russian is "Not tonight."

Nayfeld and the Driver laugh. Silvo nods approvingly.

SILVO

Good boy.

TECH GUY

Okay, they're moving.



SILVO

Alright. I want air units standing  
by if we have to go mobile.

Lauren enters, Silvo sees her. And he knows that look on her  
face. He doesn't have patience. Not now.

LAUREN

I'm going in on this.

SILVO

No you're not. Get her out of here!

A pair of FBI agents come forward. Lauren stands her ground.

LAUREN

I've still got my cover.

SILVO

I don't care.

LAUREN

I can go over your head.

Her eyes, like cold steel. Full of rage and pain.

SILVO

Yeah, you could, but I don't want an  
agent out there looking for revenge,  
and neither does your boss.

A beat. She knows he's right. She seems to wither a little.  
She lets the men lead her toward the exit.

SILVO (CONT'D)

Wait.

The men stop.

SILVO (CONT'D)

You can stay here.

He's offering her this. He doesn't have to. She nods. She  
comes over to Silvo. He takes her hand. She holds it.

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT**

The Mercedes approaches a Russian restaurant, "PALICH", one  
of those neighborhood dives that never has a dinner rush and  
the regulars view any newcomer with suspicion.

The car turns into a side alley and glides into an underground  
parking structure.

**INT. PALICH'S BACK ROOM - NIGHT**

A dimly-lit office. Shabby elegance. From an inner doorway a  
large, rugged man watches as Nayfeld leads Mike in. This is  
SEMION MOGILEVICH and he is a very powerful man.

With him are the YAPONCHIK brothers, LUDWIG and BENJAMIN. Ludwig is the brains, Benjamin the muscle. (The following BOLD text is in Russian, subtitled:)

MOGILEVICH

**What do we know about him?**

Ludwig studies a file.

LUDWIG

**Petty theft convictions. Some stolen cars. He may have a heroin addiction.**

Mogilevich frowns. This isn't going to work. He and the brothers enter. Mogilevich flashes a Chesire grin.

MOGILEVICH

Frankie, right? Have a seat.

Mike sits. He's shaking. This isn't lost on Mogilevich.

MIKE

How are Irina and the kids?

MOGILEVICH

They're doing better than you. You need something? Coffee? Water?

MIKE

No. I'm fine.

MOGILEVICH

Benjamin, bring him some water.

Benjamin disappears. Mogilevich flips through the file. Looks at Mike critically.

MOGILEVICH (CONT'D)

You drop a few pounds recently?

MIKE

Yeah. South Beach. You should try it.

MOGILEVICH

Is that the one where you skip the carbs and shoot up on smack?

Nothing from Mike. Mogilevich's eyes shift to Nayfeld. He nods. He's seen the track marks. Benjamin reappears with a glass of water, sets it in front of Mike.

MIKE

Can we get on with this?

MOGILEVICH

You're right. This is business. The wife and kids staying with us.

(MORE)

MOGILEVICH (CONT'D)

You know how it is with family. It's a pain in the ass.

MIKE

What do you want me to do?

Mogilevich stares at him. A long beat. Mike is shaking. Badly. He reaches for the water, knocks the cup over, sending all the men standing, cursing in Russian.

MOGILEVICH

Forget it. Get this guy out of here.

Mogilevich walks away. Mike yells after him.

MIKE

Wait! Whatever you want me to do, I can do it.

MOGILEVICH

No you can't. You're a goddamn hype. I don't want you screwing up and blowing this back in my face.

MIKE

You want me to kill a guy? I've done it before.

This pauses Mogilevich. He turns back, laughs.

MOGILEVICH

You? You whacked somebody?

MIKE

Yes.

**INT. COMMAND POST - SAME TIME**

Everybody here is frozen too. Complete and utter shock.

SILVO

Where's he going with this?

BRIGGS

I wish I knew.

From over the transmitter:

MOGILEVICH (V.O.)

Who'd you kill?

MIKE (V.O.)

Are you recording this?

**BACK TO THE RESTAURANT**

Mogilevich is grinning.

MOGILEVICH

Whether I'm recording this is the least of your problems.

(a beat; he sits)

Now, I want you to think very carefully about what you're going to say to me, Frankie. I've got friends in law enforcement. I can check details, case files. If you're lying, I'm going to know about it.

**BACK TO THE COMMAND POST**

Silvo's face is ashen.

SILVO

Christ, they're gonna check this.

**BACK TO THE RESTAURANT**

Mike's mind racing... near panic. They're all staring at him. Mogilevich waiting.

MIKE

Alright... I shot a guy while he was sitting on the toilet.

The mobsters laugh.

**BACK TO THE COMMAND POST**

Silvo is in a panic. Briggs is suddenly grinning.

BRIGGS

Nice, Mikey. Nice.

SILVO

What's nice? Kid's gonna get himself killed.

Briggs isn't listening. He drags Tuturro over to a Tech guy.

BRIGGS

I need a cold case report entered into N.C.I.C.

Tech Guy starts typing.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

This is gonna be an unsolved homicide, in Virginia.... 2007. Johnny, give him every detail.

TUTURRO

He's ripping off my story!

BRIGGS

I know. Start talking.

TUTURRO

Okay, the guy's name was Marselo...

Tuturro continues as we hear OVER THE TRANSMITTER:

MOGILEVICH (V.O.)

Where did this go down?

MIKE (V.O.)

Virginia. This was back in oh-seven.

Silvo looks at Briggs like he just grew a third head.

SILVO

You a mind reader now? Somebody want to clue me in?

Briggs and Charlie are both grinning like crazy.

CHARLIE

Yeah chief, your new kid is pretty smart.

**INT. RESTAURANT - LATER**

Mike is telling the story. Embellishing, trying to buy as much time as possible. Benjamin, especially, is listening, actually enjoying himself.

MIKE (V.O.)

... I see him grab a couple of magazines, he goes into the john. He's a big guy so I figure he's gonna be in there awhile. I give him a couple of minutes to get settled. Then I kick in the door. Bam! Pop him right through the chest.

The Mobsters laugh. Even Mogilevich is grinning. He motions to Nayfeld who moves into a back room, picks up a phone.

BENJAMIN

Who's gonna fight with their pants around their ankles?

**ANGLE ON: NAYFELD**

He dials. A beat, then into the phone:

NAYFELD

I need a check on the national database. Unsolved homicide back in 2007...

**INT. COMMAND POST - SAME TIME**

Silvo has been clued in. He, along with everybody else, is gathered around Tuturro and the Tech Guy, who is typing like a madman.

TECH GUY

How am I supposed to write up "shot on the crapper?"

SILVO

Body found in upstairs bathroom.  
Partially clothed.

Tech Guy finishing typing.

TECH GUY

Okay. That's it.

BRIGGS

Submit it.

More rapid keystrokes. Tech guy stops, looks confused.

TECH GUY

They've got some kind of encryption block on the N.C.I.C. server...

Another tech guy slides in next to him.

TECH GUY #2

Just bypass their firewall.

SILVO

Get the goddamn thing in there!

**INT. RESTAURANT - SAME TIME**

Nayfeld on the phone, waiting... everyone else tense. Mogilevich making small talk, throwing looks at Nayfeld who shrugs; nothing yet.

A long beat... then Nayfeld cups the phone, yells in to Mogilevich.

NAYFELD

Virginia homicide shows they found this Marselo guy dead on his toilet.

Mogilevich looks at Mike, impressed.

MOGILEVICH

So you whacked a guy.

He slaps Mike's face in mock affection.

MOGILEVICH (CONT'D)

You high right now?

MIKE

I've been in lock-up fourteen hours.

Mogilevich stares into his eyes. They seem clear enough.

MOGILEVICH

Alright. You help us out, we let the woman and the kids go.

MIKE

You gonna give me a name?

MOGILEVICH

A pro like you... let's make it a surprise.

Mogilevich motions to Ludwig and Benjamin who stand.

MIKE

We're doing this now?

TONY

You got to be somewhere?

Mogilevich nods and Ludwig and Benjamin lead Mike out.

**INT. COMMAND POST - SAME TIME**

Silvo, Briggs, everybody is dripping sweat. And now this. Silvo slams his headphones down on the control panel.

**EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - LATER**

A BLACK MERCEDES SUV, with heavily tinted windows, glides to a stop at the curb.

**INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS**

Benjamin is driving. Mike is in the passenger seat. Ludwig is seated directly behind him.

LUDWIG

That is the house.

He points across the street to a nice, suburban home. As he looks, Mike also notes the address: 502 -- the street name on the corner: WORTHINGTON DRIVE.

Benjamin, who is wearing driving gloves, hands Mike a key and a slip of paper with a number written on it.

LUDWIG (CONT'D)

Open the front door. To your left will be a security keypad. Enter this code.

MIKE

How did you get this stuff?

LUDWIG

He has a Russian housekeeper. Go up the stairs. The door at the end of the hallway is a bedroom.

(MORE)

LUDWIG (CONT'D)

There will be a man and woman in bed. Kill them both. Be sure the man is dead. If we find out later that he is not, we will kill your nephew.

MIKE

And when you find out that he is?

LUDWIG

The family will be released.

Ludwig pulls out a .38 special wrapped in a towel. He wipes it down carefully, holds it out by the barrel. Mike takes it by the handle. The only prints on the gun are now his.

LUDWIG (CONT'D)

Bring this back to us.

Mike steps out of the car... heart pounding... as he walks to the house he whispers the address into his watch.

MIKE

Five-oh-two Worthington Drive...

**INT. COMMAND POST - SAME TIME**

The Tech Guy, hearing this, fingers flying over keys...

TECH GUY

I've got a Worthington Drive in Santa Monica. Five-oh-two. Residence. Belonging to a Peter J. Caldwell.

SILVO

What!

That freezes about half the room.

SILVO (CONT'D)

Caldwell is West Coast director of operations for the DEA.

Lauren comes forward.

LAUREN

He's my boss.

SILVO

Lauren, get your field division on the line. I need Peter's home number now.

Lauren grabs the handset and starts waking people up.

TUTURRO

Mike's not really gonna shoot him, right?



Silvo gives him a look.

SILVO

God, I'm glad you're not the one in there.

(to Briggs)

What would you do if you were Caldwell and some kid breaks into your house with a gun?

BRIGGS

Kill him.

**INT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

Mike enters quietly with the key. The security keypad is exactly where they said. He enters the code. Crosses the entrance hall.

He passes photos, we can assume, of Peter Caldwell. Mike doesn't notice them, but we do. Photos of Caldwell as a young Marine with an M-16... Caldwell as a young DEA agent with a sub-machine gun... Pictures that tell the same story: Peter Caldwell didn't rise up behind a desk. This guy is a operational player...

And Peter Caldwell likes to shoot things.

**INT. COMMAND POST - SAME TIME**

Lauren is screaming into the radio. She is talking to a DEA night-watch commander.

NIGHT-WATCH COMMANDER (V.O.)

I'm sorry ma'am, that information is restricted.

LAUREN

Listen to me you brain dead troglodyte... A murder is about to go down at this residence. We need to warn him -- and that him happens to be your commanding officer -- So deliver that number now or you can make the call to his widow!

A beat -- then.

NIGHTWATCH COMMANDER (V.O.)

I'll connect you.

Silvo and Briggs share a look.

SILVO

Troglodyte?

Briggs shrugs. He's not asking.

**INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME**

The doorknob turns and Mike silently enters the room. There is a couple in bed. PETER CALDWELL and his wife, JANET.

Suddenly... The PHONE begins to RING. The couple startles awake. The woman sees Mike first, starts to scream. He covers her mouth, points the gun at Caldwell who's arm is dangling off the bed... out of sight...

MIKE

Be quiet. I'm not here to hurt you.  
I'm a Federal Agent.

CALDWELL

If that's true then put the gun down.

The phone RINGS again, shifting Mike's concentration...

And Caldwell's hand, moving another inch... and now we see what for: The nightstand drawer is cracked open. A gun handle is visible -- a .38 police special in its shoulder holster. And Caldwell's hand... creeping...

MIKE

I know this seems crazy, but I promise  
this will make sense in the morning.

The PHONE again. And Mike... he can't take it. He rips the cord out of the wall. Janet jumps. But not Caldwell. His eyes are fixed on Mike. Eyes like a snake.

Then Mike notices a picture on the wall of Caldwell receiving an award from President Reagan in front of the DEA shield. It takes him about a half-second to process this.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Oh God. You're DEA.

CALDWELL

That's right son.

Mike is really losing it now. His eyes shift back to the picture...

Caldwell sees his chance. He lunges... in a split second he has his gun cocked and trained dead level on Mike... and Mike, stepping back, all this happening too fast... the men screaming at each other:

CALDWELL (CONT'D)

LOWER YOUR WEAPON!

MIKE

I CAN'T!

CALDWELL

DROP THE GUN OR I WILL FIRE!

Mike's gun wavers. Caldwell's is rock solid. If you had to put your money on somebody in this scene, it wouldn't be Mike.

MIKE

The Vzakonye -- the same cartel who shot Donnie Martinez -- they're outside your house now. They sent me here to kill you.

Caldwell's gaze on him. Predatory. Waiting for Mike's concentration to slip for just an instant...

MIKE (CONT'D)

I can't have you coming after me or turning on a light or looking out a window. When I leave they have to think you're dead.

CALDWELL

Who are you with?

MIKE

The Bureau, sir.

CALDWELL

Who's your supervisor?

MIKE

Paul Briggs... no, I mean... Silvo. Agent Silvo.

CALDWELL

Let me see some I.D.

MIKE

I don't have any.

Mike knows he's screwed. Then... sudden inspiration. He pulls up the watch band with his teeth, wipes off the needle marks.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Look. These are fake track marks. I'm undercover.

Nothing from Caldwell. Does he believe him? No way to tell. Mike looks at the wife.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Ma'am. Please. Believe me. This is my first day.

Maybe it's the fake track marks, or the sincerity in Mike's voice. Or maybe it's the fact that junkies don't say ma'am...

JANET

Put down your gun, Peter.

CALDWELL  
Stay out of this, Janet.

JANET  
Shut-up, Peter, and put down the  
damn gun.

Caldwell seems to wither a little under her glare. She pushes his gun hand down, turns to Mike.

JANET (CONT'D)  
What now?

MIKE  
What's below this room?

JANET  
The garage.

MIKE  
Cover your ears.

Mike unloads the revolver. The GUNSHOTS incredibly loud in the small room...

**EXT. STREET - SAME TIME**

Ludwig and Benjamin in the Mercedes. They can hear the MUFFLED SHOTS from inside the house. A quick series of two, followed by two more. The brothers exchange a nod. It looks like the kid pulled it off...

A long beat -- the front door opens, Mike comes out, walking quickly, gun hand tucked in his jacket pocket, throwing worried looks back at the house. He gets in the car, his breath coming in ragged gasps.

MIKE  
You didn't tell me he was a goddamn  
DEA agent!

LUDWIG  
Is he dead?

MIKE  
Yes.

LUDWIG  
Give me the gun.

Mike hands over the .38. Ludwig takes it with the cloth by the barrel, slips it into a Ziploc.

MIKE  
You'll let the family go?

LUDWIG  
Yes, but if Felix talks, the police  
get this gun in the mail.

MIKE

I get it. Just drive.

The car pulls away from the curb. Mike casts a last furtive glance back at the silent home as they speed into the night.

**INT. COMMAND POST - SAME TIME**

A group of shell-shocked agents. It's over. No one says anything for a long time.

Then Silvo starts to LAUGH. It's a tension release, but it's infectious. Soon the room is convulsing with LAUGHTER.

**INT. PRISON VISITATION ROOM - DAY**

Felix stands behind the glass in an orange prison jumpsuit. His face lights up as Mike and Briggs escort his family - IRINA, ALEX and SOPHIA - into the visitation room.

Tears well up in Felix' eyes as he tries to touch his children through the glass. He looks up at Mike and smiles.

**INT. GRACELAND - MORNING**

ON TV: HAND HELD NEWS FOOTAGE of an FBI raid on the Palich restaurant. Mogilevich and the Yaponchik brothers are led out in handcuffs.

CNN ANCHOR (V.O.)

... A morning raid by Federal Agents resulted in several arrests, including heads of the Russian Vzakonye cartel. Drug Enforcement Agency Spokesperson Elizabeth O'Connor called the arrests a "major victory" against organized crime on the West coast, citing major contributions by FBI and DEA undercover agents. The cartel leaders are being held on charges that include conspiracy to murder a federal agent and kidnapping with special circumstances...

Pull back to reveal Mike, watching this on the flat screen Sony, a big grin on his face.

Silvo enters, shakes his head.

SILVO

Look at this. It's already going to his head.

MIKE

Yes sir.

SILVO

I just got off the phone with Peter Caldwell. He wanted to know why some rookie broke into his house, threatened him and his wife at gunpoint, ripped his phone out of the wall and shot four holes through his new Range Rover. He's pissed.

Mike, unsure what to say. A deep breath...

MIKE

Yes sir. I understand whatever disciplinary--

SILVO

Screw that, I owe you a drink. I hate the son of a bitch.

MIKE

Yes sir.

SILVO

Good first case, Warren.

MIKE

Thank you, sir.

Mike hangs up. Opens the refrigerator. Inside is an orange juice carton with "LEVI" written on it. A note taped to it says "GOOD JOB - DJ" Mike smiles, drinks directly from the carton. He shuts the fridge. Lauren is there.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hi.

LAUREN

Hi.

MIKE

How's your partner?

LAUREN

He starts therapy next week.

Mike nods. She hands him a key.

MIKE

What's this?

LAUREN

The key to your room.

**EXT. BEACH - SUNSET**

Mike sits alone on the sand, watching the rhythm of the waves. His phone RINGS. It's Campbell.

MIKE  
Agent Campbell.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)  
Mike! What the hell are you doing  
out there, son? Less than a week and  
you're already a rock star.

MIKE  
Just doing my job, sir.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)  
Keep it up. Listen to me, Mike. The  
more I dig into this the more  
concerned I get.

MIKE  
What do you mean, sir?

CAMPBELL (V.O.)  
The order to move you to LA came  
down from the top. It has something  
to do with Briggs.

MIKE  
(Mike's face falls)  
Briggs?

CAMPBELL (V.O.)  
That's right. At first I thought it  
was just political dick swinging but  
it's not. I don't know who wants you  
there and I don't know why, but Briggs  
is involved. I'll keep digging. Hold  
tight, kid.

MIKE  
Yes sir.

The phone goes dead. Mike ponders everything Campbell said,  
not liking the implication. He looks up to see the stray  
dog/collie sitting a few yards away, staring at him. It's  
got his flip-flop in its mouth, but it's been chewed so  
heavily it barely resembles something you could put on your  
foot.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
You son of a bitch.

The dog brings the flip-flop over and drops it at his feet.  
Mike examines the chewed mess and pats the dog on the head.  
It lays down next to him and puts its head in his lap.

Mike and the dog sit, watching the sunset over the Pacific.

FADE OUT.

THE END