

T h e N e e d t o K n o w
(US)

By

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Based on the Novel: The Need to Know
By
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FADE IN:

EXT. WATERFRONT SHIPYARD - (WINTER) - NIGHT

Super: *Seattle 1975*

A massive shipyard of freight containers and plywood goods with Puget Sound and the Olympic mountains painting the background.

In the f.g. a sign; *SeaCorp Shipping*.

A BLACK '75 CADILLAC races through the yards heading for the docks and a rustic...

EXT. WAREHOUSE - 1975 - CONTINUOUS

Two BLINDFOLDED YOUNG MEN in suits are hauled out of the Cadillac by a couple of eager THUGS.

INT. WAREHOUSE - 1975 - CONTINUOUS

The young men slammed into two chairs, blindfolds ripped off, facing the open darkness of the massive warehouse. Suddenly an overhead light flicks on beyond them, illuminating ANOTHER HOSTAGE stripped down to HIS underwear, arms and legs taped to a chair, mouth gagged with a sock, utter terror in his eyes.

The young men WATCH, horrified to the core. Then...

The hostage is blocked out of view by a STALKY MAN's silhouette. An arm raises, a switchblade glistens in the light before the vicious stroke. The sound of skin slicing, gurgling. The stalky figure steps back into the dark. The hostage thrashes against dying, the reddest blood pouring from his slashed throat.

Out of the darkness steps a man of distinction and corrupted power. This is MARIO MORELATTO. He walks casually over to the two young men while they witness death take the victim. A few more thrashes, the head bobs back. It's over.

The STALKY MAN steps into the light again, wiping off his SWITCH BLADE between his fingers. This is ALEC GARVA.

Morelatto leans to the nervous young men, his face dark and menacing.

MORELATTO

I hear there are three.

WE HEAR; *Bing Crosby singing White Christmas...*

INT. SAFE HOUSE - 1975 - NIGHT

Where twenty-five year old ROGER MCMILLAN is checking his watch with a pensive thought as he loads a FRESH REEL TO REEL TAPE TO A RECORDING MACHINE ON A DESK. Around him the living room is severely decorated, a Christmas tree barely fitting under the ceiling with Bing Crosby singing in the b.g. It's yule tide overdone.

Roger checks his WATCH again, his young SON gushing up at him.

SON
Like the watch, Daddy?

ROGER
Love it, buddy.

He scoops the boy into the air, the screech pulling MOM AND DAUGHTER out of the kitchen. Roger spins, his son giggling hysterically.

SON (CONT'D)
One more!!

WIFE
The Turkey's on the table.

And Mom shoos the kids for the kitchen. Roger casts a look out the window, another to his WATCH.

WIFE
Roger?

ROGER
Something's wrong, Peggy.
(to himself)
Where are you Murphy?

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN PUGET SOUND - 1975 - SUNSET

THE KALAKALA FERRY chugs for Seattle's gleaming ports, the Space Needle glittering high into the evening sky. On the Ferry's sloped prow a mid-twenties MURPHY HENDERSON is smoking a cigarette in the cold wind, amused by a father and son's excitement with a regatta of KILLER WHALE DORSAL'S slicing the water. The wide eyed boy smiles at him.

BOY
Merry Christmas, mister.

MURPHY
Merry Christmas.

Murphy flicks his cigarette then checks his watch as ANOTHER MAN ambles topside and claims a spot at the railing just down from him. JAKE MUNROE is young and trim with a military style brush cut - a soldier. Murphy tightens at the sight of him.

MURPHY
Munroe.

MUNROE
(accusing)
I hear you three have been pretty busy, Murphy.

Then opposite Murphy...Alec Garva leans against the railing, watching the Killer Whales. His narrow eyes darken with a chilling grin.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SEATTLE WATERFRONT - BEACH - 1975 - NIGHT

Where Murphy hits the slushy sand on all fours, gagging blood, his face a mess of pistol whip gashes. It's cold, the air icy, a few tankers chug out of Puget Sound. Munroe stands over him, his eyes burning with a hatred we don't understand. Suddenly he forces a .38 into Murphy's mouth. Murphy fights against a power greater than his own - against dying on a cold beach. His legs thrash in the slush, but Munroe is too strong. The hammer cocked.

BANG!

INT. A CHRISTMAS DINNER PARTY - 1975 - NIGHT

Super: *Minneapolis 1975*

Amid the drunken singing of *Away in a Manger*, a strapping LARRY HUDD, no more than twenty-five, pushes his way through party guests of military brush cuts and Farrah Fawcett hairdos to get a tall glass of ice water to...

EVELYN HUDD, sitting on the couch, her bulging tummy revealing an overdue birth, her face fresh and effervescent. She's flanked by two girlfriends, MAGGIE and LILY, singing along. The moment Larry reaches her, Evelyn tugs his hand to her tummy in just the right spot. And Larry feels it.

LARRY
 (shocked)
 Whoa, it moved!

The joyous caroling quells, attention on them.

EVELYN
The baby moved, Larry. Not it.

LARRY
 Yeah - right - he moved.
 (to everyone)
He moved!

A drunken DOCTOR pushes through the brawny and beautiful guests, drink in one hand, stethoscope in the other, kneeling to Evelyn's tummy. After several fumbles the prongs find his ears, stethoscope on Evelyn's belly.

DOCTOR
 Yes! Yes! I concur. Something is
 in there!

Amid laughter Larry kisses Evelyn's tummy, preening at the thought of fatherhood. Evelyn pulls his face up to hers.

EVELYN
 (gushing)
 So it's a boy then?

SMASH TO BLACK:

FADE IN ON:

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS - DAY

Super: *Minneapolis 2008*

SERIES OF SHOTS:

MINNEAPOLIS soaked in SUMMER heat, sweat practically dripping from the air. Downtown sky scrapers thrive. BUSY INTERSECTIONS clogged. Buses roar, the city facing the day.

The classic MISSISSIPPI QUEEN cruise ship chugging south down the MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

Then...A STAR TRIBUNE newspaper bundle hits the streets with the headline; *Coastal Holding Scandal ignites for Senator Graham!* with a picture of a fifty something, smiling SENATOR ROY GRAHAM. *By-line; Michael Spencer.*

A gruff looking MAN with a press badge clipped to his belt tugs the morning edition free. RALPH FORBES is none to happy with the article. He curses and heads into MINNESOTA TWINS BALLPARK.

EXT. A RIVER SIDE STREET - MORNING

Where the classic MISSISSIPPI QUEEN riverboat now chugs by the river trail where TWO JOGGERS sprint. One is large and chiselled, the consummate athlete, running backwards to taunt a lean and sweaty MICHAEL SPENCER. Michael grits his teeth, digs deep and runs full bore...the race is on. They hammer down for...

EXT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The quintessential family home overlooking the mighty Mississippi where fourteen year old KATIE SPENCER leans out the door to happily greet a teenaged boy walking up, the MISSISSIPPI QUEEN passing in the b.g. He's DANNY GREGORY and he's one of those pubescent boys with a major crush.

KATIE
(coquettish)
Hey, Danny.

DANNY
Hey, Katie.

Thirty something Michael and his chiselled jogging buddy, MILT SMITH, run up to the door, panting and out of breath.

MILT
I beat you.

MICHAEL
Did not.

MILT
Yeah, I did. Look at me, I'm a machine and you're a wimpy writer. It's all physics.
(eyes the boy)
Who's this?

Katie twists her best frown with the eye roll only teenaged girls can give.

KATIE
(annoyed)
Uncle Milt.

Michael still panting - getting breath.

MICHAEL

(to boy)

Don't mind him, Danny. He's crazy.

Milt hovers over Danny like the grand protector.

MILT

(grinning)

You making time with my girl here?

Danny's jaw drops.

DANNY

(to Katie)

I'll catch up with you later.

He eases around Milt.

MILT

Sure, yeah, come by later. You can
flirt some more and I'll show you
my gun.

Danny just waves with an unsure look, gauging whether the threat is real or not. Milt is pleased with himself but Katie not so much, she struts off into the house.

MILT

(to Katie)

I'm kidding.

(to Michael)

Teenagers and hormones.

He follows Michael into...

INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

JASMINE SPENCER is watching GOOD MORNING AMERICA on the counter TV. She's an early thirties tour de force in her doctor's casual. She just shakes her head at her sweaty joggers.

JASMINE

How far?

MICHAEL

Ten.

JASMINE

(eyeing Milt)

He dies, I'm blaming you.

MILT
I'll split the life insurance with
you.

JASMINE
(leans in to kiss Michael)
Hmmm...tempting.

MICHAEL
(kisses her)
What life insurance.

MILT
Hey, what about me.
(kisses her cheek)
Happy birthday.

JASMINE
(eyeing Michael-playing)
Well, someone remembered.
(to Milt)
You and Claudette coming over
around six tomorrow, right.

Milt deadpans her.

JASMINE (cont'd)
I'll call Claudette.

MILT
There ya go.

JASMINE
(to Michael)
I have to get to the hospital. I'm
late.
(remembering)
Oh, Lance called. Said John wants
to see you in his office right
away.

MICHAEL
I feel a raise coming on.

JASMINE
Go baby. Paper is on the table.

Jasmine kisses Michael again on her way out.

JASMINE
Bye, guys.

MILT
See ya.
(to Michael)
Raise?

Michael snaps the morning edition of the STAR TRIBUNE off the kitchen table, holds it up and points out his by-line under Senator Roy Graham's smiling face.

MICHAEL
(proud)
Front page.

MILT
You are the man.

Suddenly Hip Hop volume punches up...

DOWN THE HALL

MICHAEL
(yelling)
Katie!

Katie cracks open her door.

KATIE
(annoyed)
What?

MICHAEL
Turn it down to human level,
please.

KATIE
Whatever, Dad.

Her door slams.

MICHAEL
(to Milt)
I'd like to know what I did wrong.

MILT
Messed up hormones. I'm telling
you. I just know that my daughter
doesn't dis me like that.

MICHAEL
What are you talking about,
Samantha is six.

MILT
(defensive)
Iron fist, buddy. Iron fist.

MICHAEL
(chuckles)
You're in for a rude awakening.

Michael flops the paper onto the counter and Milt eyes SENATOR GRAHAM'S photo on the front page.

MILT
So, how does it feel to be the star reporter?

MICHAEL
When they pay me star money, I'll let you know.
(checks the coffee maker)
When do we have the court?

MILT
We've got an hour.

MICHAEL
Pass me a cup.

Milt snaps a coffee cup out of the cupboard and tosses it to Michael.

MILT
You know coffee stunts your growth.

Michael pours while Milt fetches a juice carton out of the fridge like it's his own.

MICHAEL
I'm over thirty. Whatever grows now is bad.

MILT
I'm just saying.

Michael takes a long, relaxing sip with a smug smirk.

MILT
You're going to regret not listening to me one day, smartass.

MICHAEL
I regret listening to you everyday.
But you know what I wouldn't regret
hearing. You telling me Claudette
found something?

MILT
(groans)
Oh, I was waiting for that.

Michael suddenly interested.

MICHAEL
What, did she?

MILT
Can't tell you.

MICHAEL
You can't tell me!

MILT
Ah, apparently my sex life depends
on it. Exact words and somehow
very, very scary.

MICHAEL
(dumbfounded)
So what, you're not going to tell
me.

MILT
If you think you're more important
than my sex life then you need to
be drinking stronger coffee. Which
I can't imagine cause you drink
that stuff black to begin with. How
do you do that to yourself?

Michael just rolls his eyes as Milt grabs an apple out of the
fridge like it's his.

MICHAEL
I've been waiting two weeks, Milt.

The kitchen phone rings... Milt picks it up like it's his
own.

MILT
You know what she's like.
(to phone)
Hello.

It's...

MILT
 (to Michael)
 For Katie. What's with all the
 boys?

Michael wanders down THE HALL.

MICHAEL
 She's fourteen...man, you really
 have your head in the sand, don't
 ya.

He knocks and Katie whips open her door, the rebellious
 teenager at large.

KATIE
 It's down, dad.

MICHAEL
 (extending phone)
 It's Danny.

She snaps the phone out of his hand. Michael watches her
 relish the call for a beat, then closes her door to Milt's
 finger beckoning him back into THE KITCHEN.

MILT
 You're gonna wanna see this.

ON KITCHEN TV

A gaggle of reporters hound TWO MEN as they push their way
 into SEATTLE DISTRICT COURT. The first an older, yet
 stylishly dressed COLEMAN DRESHER. Behind him the very
 nervous, fifty something Senator Graham, no where near as
 happy as the FRONT PAGE PHOTO captures him. They cower from
 boom microphones and prodding cameras - the scrum pushing in
 on them.

WOMAN ANCHOR (O.S.)
 This morning Washington Senator Roy
 Graham, whose political career is
 mired in the COASTAL HOLDING
 scandal, struggled past reporters
 to appear in Seattle district
 court.

Then...

A family shot of Roy Graham, his young WIFE and twelve year old DAUGHTER fill a frame in frame on the TV while reporter TABITHA REYNOLDS addresses her audience with that eager gleam in her eye and a CNN microphone in her hand. She's model beautiful with a perfect smile.

MICHAEL

Tab's.

MILT

(surprised)

You know her?

MICHAEL

(finger to his lips)

Shussssh.

TABITHA REYNOLDS

(on TV)

And, as the Senator's lawyer, Coleman Dresher, pointed out this morning, they will present evidence to counter the conflict of interest allegations brought against Graham involving SeaCorp CEO Mario Morelatto and now speculated, even the President. This is Tabitha Reynolds - CNN.

Michael has that 'I told you so' visage and Milt just stands there with tongue in cheek.

MILT

(joking)

Maybe the President will bribe you.

MICHAEL

I could be bought.

MILT

Yeah...how much?

INT. RACQUET BALL COURT - LATER

MICHAEL

Cool million.

Michael and Milt locked in fierce battle. Sweating, sneakers squeaking, the racquet ball pinging around in a blue haze, both of them panting because they're not twenty anymore.

MILT

That's it. One million.

MICHAEL

Okay, two. That's enough for a new car. A boat. Bigger life. Maybe take Jazz on a trip.

MILT

Uh huh. Two's a cliché. Go for three.

Milt's serve, but Michael's racket eases to his side.

MICHAEL

What did Claudette find out?

MILT

(whacks the ball)
Can't tell you...

The ball sails past Michael unreturned. Milt watches it - annoyed.

MILT

(sighs)
Michael...

Michael just stares - waiting. That competitive edge gone, Milt leans against the wall. This is something he didn't want to talk about.

MILT

Claudette didn't want to upset you.

MICHAEL

With what?

MILT

(sensitively)
Your birthmother is...is...well
dead, Mike.

EVELYN (V.O.)

(screaming)
AGHHH!!!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM - 1975 - NIGHT

Young Evelyn SCREAMING through childbirth, surrounded by smocks and masks. Between her legs, her baby's head pops out. Another scream, the overhead lights OVERWHELMING US.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. RACQUET BALL COURT - CONTINUOUS

Michael digests his disappointment.

MILT

Sorry.

MICHAEL

It's okay...I was just...curious,
y'know. How long ago?

MILT

(winces)

When you were born.

MICHAEL

Ouch.

MILT

Yeah...there's more.

MICHAEL

More..than that?

MILT

Your file is pretty...weird.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

MILT

No, I'm not kidding.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - 1975 - NIGHT

Garva and Munroe advance the snowy walk with silenced rifles hanging by their sides. Bing's singing seeping from inside the house. Children are giggling.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

What kind of weird are we talking
about?

IN THE CADILLAC

Morelatto sits patiently with his young hostages. They're trembling, scared while watching...

POV - THE CHILDREN DANCING AROUND A CHRISTMAS TREE INSIDE

MILT (V.O.)
Conspiracy theory weird.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. RACQUET BALL COURT - CONTINUOUS

MILT
There's no death certificate for
your birth mother at all...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM - 1975 - CONTINUOUS

The only recognizable face around Evelyn is the drunken
Doctor now sober and delivering. He lifts the newborn, smacks
his bottom.

MILT (V.O.)
...the doctor who delivered you,
he's dead from some car crash only
a month after you were born...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MATERNITY WAITING ROOM - 1975 - NIGHT

As the Doctor shuffles in and sits with Maggie, their hands
locking, her weary head tipped into his shoulder.

MILT (V.O.)
...The counselor who handled your
file, Maggie something or other,
who turns out to be the doctor's
wife, died a year later.

Larry can only stare, pain etched into his soul.

DOCTOR
It's a boy.

MILT (V.O.)
It was a suicide.

A tear drips down Larry's cheek while down the hall "Happy
New Year" sings out from staff. It's stark irony.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. RACQUET BALL COURT - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL

Don't sugar coat it or anything.

Milt just shakes his head and retrieves the ball, going back to serve position.

MILT

Hey, I didn't want to tell you.
Let's finish this.

MICHAEL

(knowing)
There's more. C'mon, what?

MILT

(reluctantly)
She found another counselor who was listed in your file.

MICHAEL

(hopeful)
She's still alive?

MILT

(suspicious)
Yeah.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTMAS DINNER PARTY - 1975 - NIGHT

Back when Evelyn was flanked on the couch by Maggie and Lily. They place their hands on her bulging tummy. A kick. They giggle then Lily flirtatiously eyes a handsome young man who smiles back.

LILY

(to Evelyn-playfully)
Maybe he can give me one.

EVELYN

Would you like to meet Archie.

MILT (V.O.)

She lives right across the river from you, man.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY OUTSIDE EVELYN'S ROOM - 1975 - LATER

Larry eases open the door, guilt ripping at him while watching Evelyn whimper in her bed. Lily has the SWADDLED BABY in her arms, and her and Maggie push past, but Larry suddenly grabs Lily's arm. He pulls back the baby blanket and looks upon HIS SON, tears welling up.

MILT (V.O.)

Now that's more than a little weird to me.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. RACQUET BALL COURT - CONTINUOUS

Milt getting ready to serve a hummer. Michael baffled by what he's just heard.

MILT

Anyway Claudette's going to meet her today.

Michael heads off the court.

MICHAEL

Not without me she isn't.

MILT

(sudden panic)

What! No, no, no, you can't go!

Milt fanning his hands, the threat real.

MILT

Hey, don't play with this. She's serious She'll cut me off.

MICHAEL

How can she resist you, you're a machine.

Micheal steps through the acrylic door, waving with that smug grin as he heads for the lockers.

MILT

(calling after)

Funny! Really funny!

(to himself)

I'm in so much shit.

EXT. BAY SIDE ESTATE - DAY

Super: *San Diego*

Where we see a healthy, sixty something SAM MITCHELL sitting on his dock overlooking the serene SILVER STRAND WATERWAY, his expansive estate looming among Palm trees behind him, and a luxurious yacht tagged *The Chameleon* tethered to the slip. It's the good life. His cell phone rings. He sips a cocktail and flips it open.

SAM
(to cell)
Hello.

MAN
(over cell)
Hi, Sam.

His contentment slips away.

SAM
(to cell)
Larry..?

EXT. LILY ATKINSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Michael and CLAUDETTE SMITH step on the stoop, the door bell chimes melodically inside. Claudette is a statuesque woman, a professional dressed for summer. She eyes Michael seriously.

CLAUDETTE
And Milt didn't tell you anything?

MICHAEL
Not a word.

CLAUDETTE
Liar.

MICHAEL
Well something about his sex life.

CLAUDETTE
(mouth dropping open)
Oh, he's in shit now.

Michael grins - a win - as the door swings open to reveal the vibrant, fifty something LILY ATKINSON, the very woman we recognize from all those years ago. She looks like she's only aged twenty years at the most, her smile infectious as hell.

LILY

Hello.

CLAUDETTE

Hello, Lily. I'm Claudette Smith,
we talked on the phone.

ARCHIE (O.S.)

Lily, don't keep them out in the
heat.

LILY

(yells inside)

Oh, Arch, get the ice tea.

She takes their hands, easing them...INSIDE

LILY

You two will have to forgive my
Archie. Lord knows I do.

EXT. THE PORCH - LATER

Ice teas are poured and Lily and ARCHIE ATKINSON are seated
around a table with Michael and Claudette. There is
something about Archie - *tense*.

The view off the porch overlooks the MISSISSIPPI on the
opposite shore from Michael's house. They're all a bit awed
by the coincidence.

LILY

(looking)

And where's your house, Michael?

MICHAEL

(pointing across)

Right on the other side.

LILY

Mississippi Blvd?

MICHAEL

Yeah.

LILY

Well, isn't that something. We're
practically neighbors.

Archie isn't so impressed. Claudette politely smiles and...

CLAUDETTE

Well, as I said when I called, I'm an attorney and Michael is a close friend, so he asked me to start a search for his birth parents a couple weeks ago. And I found a match but ____.

ARCHIE

(rudely)
You did?

LILY

Oh, Archie.
(to Michael)
Congratulations, dear.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

CLAUDETTE

Yes, but there's some history in his adoption file that doesn't make a lot of sense. And since you were a supervisor for social services on the case we're hoping you can clear up a few things.

LILY

Well, let's see. What was the mother's name?

ARCHIE

You heard them ok, Lil? They said nineteen seventy-five.

LILY

Arch, hush. What's her name, Claudette?

CLAUDETTE

Well, that's just it. She was listed as a Jane Doe.

LILY

Oh...
(to Michael)
Well, perhaps you're last name, dear?

MICHAEL

Spencer.

Instantly Lily's wonderful smile disintegrates. The moment catches Michael and Claudette - *what?* Lily exchanges a deep look with Archie - something unsaid between them. She glances at Michael's stomach for a beat.

LILY

Do you have a scar, Michael? A surgery?

Michael is dumbstruck - *Holy?!*. Claudette can't speak as Michael lifts his shirt - a small scar on the left side of his abdomen.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM - 1976

A SURGEON operates on a tiny baby, the INCISION just over the tummy. And in the GALLERY, young parents worried for their child. THE SPENCERS.

LILY (V.O.)

Pyloric Stenosis. Only shows up in first born males. It's very rare.

SMASH BACK TO:

EXT. THE PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Michael and Claudette are completely shell-shocked.

MICHAEL

How do you know that?

Lily checks with Archie - a subtle nod saying 'no.'

MICHAEL

(realizing)
You knew her, didn't you?

LILY

Yes, I did.

Archie's eyes roll.

LILY

(to Michael tenderly)
Maggie must've overlooked the death certificate. She was supposed to do one.

Michael and Claudette suddenly perplexed. Archie decidedly stiff. A long beat then...

CLAUDETTE
Overlooked?

MICHAEL
What are you saying..?

Lily's wispy smile says it all. A small secret revealed.
Archie only huffs.

MICHAEL
(realizing)
She's not dead? Why would they do
that?

LILY
To protect you.

MICHAEL
Protect me from what? From who?

Lily eyes Archie again, who twists his tumbler, every gesture
hinting this is a bad idea. Michael exchanges a look with
Claudette, the reporter in him piqued.

MICHAEL
What happened to Maggie Gunthier?

Lily draws back - more apprehension.

LILY
She was your mother's sister.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - 1976 - NIGHT

Where she sleeps, her youthful beauty sapped prematurely. A
BLACK GLOVED HAND places an empty BOTTLE OF PILLS on the
nightstand. It's Alec Garva.

LILY (V.O.)
They said it was a suicide.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. THE PORCH - CONTINUOUS

The loss still hard for Lily.

MICHAEL
 Only months after her husband dies
 in a car accident.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GIRDER BRIDGE - 1976 - DAY

Where a demolished '75 CORVETTE RAGTOP is crumpled around THE BRIDGE GIRDER during rush hour traffic, steam spewing, the doctor slumped over the wheel, well into heaven.

And standing amongst ONLOOKERS cloaked in Parkas and scarves is...Alec Garva and Munroe.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
 The doctor who delivered me.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. THE PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Michael looks across the river at his house then at Archie with a different eye - suspicious. Lily does as well, as if she just found a piece to a puzzle.

MICHAEL
 What was her name?

Claudette is speechless. Archie leans back into his chair, the conflict strained across his face. Then...

ARCHIE
 We can't risk telling you that.

MICHAEL
 It's just an adoption search.

Suddenly Lily slaps the table with her delicate hand.

LILY
 (to Archie)
 It's enough of this.
 (to Michael)
 I can give you the name of someone
 who can help you find them.

MICHAEL
 Who?

Archie sighs heavily as Lily gets up and goes in the house.

LILY

I have his name written somewhere.

EXT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - BAHAMAS - NIGHT

On the ocean front deck of their modest beach house, fifty - seven year old LARRY HUDD sits by the bonfire watching...

EVELYN on the beach, looking out over the ocean, arms wrapped over her chest, hair brushed by warm, tropical breeze while soft breakers thrush the sand. Her aged face streaked with tears. Then she abruptly heads back inside, sliding the GLASS PATIO DOORS shut, leaving Larry by himself, the bonfire dancing in his deep, blue eyes as we hear...

LARRY (V.O.)

You have to watch him.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY OUTSIDE EVELYN'S ROOM - 1975 - NIGHT

As Larry fights that dread, looking at his new born son swaddled in Lily's arms with ANOTHER YOUNG MAN behind him, a military build and more controlled than the rest.

THE MAN

Count on it.

Then Archie and the man escort Lily and Maggie and the baby into the darkness consuming the hallway. Over Larry's shoulder we see another TRIM MAN IN FEDORA AND OVERCOAT standing in the shadows. Larry turns to him.

LARRY

Tell me they're good people, Sam?
And that he'll have a good life.

A thirty something SAM MITCHELL steps under the overhead light.

SAM

The Spencers check out.

Larry's wet eyes seek out Evelyn in the room. Words can't convey what she's feeling. The injustice of it all tormenting. Her crying echoes the corridor, echoing forever...

EVELYN (O.S.)
 (crying)
 My baby...

SMASH BACK TO:

EXT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - BAHAMAS - NIGHT

Larry remembering all those years ago while we hear the gentle waves breaking the beach. He flips open a cell phone. Dials a number.

MAN
 (over cell)
 Hello.

LARRY
 (to cell)
 Hi, Sam.

MAN
 (over cell)
 Larry..?

INT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Evelyn sits on their bed and slowly opens her palm, revealing a crumpled email printout with a number and *the name "Micheal Spencer"* below. She eyes the phone on the night stand, her lips trembling, another tear spilling.

EXT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - BACK STEP - NIGHT

Michael sitting in the heat - it's been a lot to take in for one day. Salsa music seeps from the RIVER. It's the MISSISSIPPI QUEEN on it's late night run, virtually a dance club on water as it drifts by. We hear a car door slam, and Michael wonders around to the front of the house to find...

Katie and Danny arm in arm on the front walk. They snap apart the instant they see Michael.

KATIE
 (surprised)
 Dad!

DANNY
 (nervous)
 Mr. Spencer..., sir.

MICHAEL
 (displeased)
 Maybe a gun is the answer. Do you
 know what time it is?

KATIE
 (defiant)
 Dad...

MICHAEL
 Fourteen, Kat. Fourteen! Not
 sixteen, or even fifteen.
 Fourteen.
 (pointing at the house)
 Not another word.

She stomps off, miffed again, leaving Danny to stand there
 with his hands in his pockets, waiting for the boom to drop.

MICHAEL
 (disappointed)
 Go home, Danny.

Danny shuffles off for his car when the phone rings inside...

INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael steps inside to Katie holding the phone out to him
 with her sour face.

KATIE
 (defiant)
 It's for you.

MICHAEL
 (to phone)
 Hello.

Nothing...

MICHAEL
 Hello.

He points for Katie to go to her room when A GASP bleeds over
 the phone - someone's crying - a woman. He sits slowly as if
 sensing seriousness when Jasmine wonders in, silenced with
 Michael's finger over his lips.

WOMAN CALLER
 (sobs over phone)
 I thought I'd never hear your
 voice.

MICHAEL
Who is this?

WOMAN CALLER
(over phone)
Don't go see Lily again. Please.
You don't know what you've done.

Michael draws a deep breath. Jasmine intrigued.

WOMAN CALLER
These are dangerous people, very
dangerous and...

Suddenly...

MAN
(b.g. over phone)
Evelyn.

The name hits Michael hard - *Holy!*

WOMAN CALLER
(over phone)
I love you.

Click - dial tone...Michael rattled - all in one day!

JASMINE
Sweetie..?

MICHAEL
Her name is Evelyn.

INT. COLEMAN DRESHER'S LAW OFFICE - SEATTLE - NIGHT

Fifty five year old Coleman Dresher gulps the last of his drink then goes to a large portrait of himself hanging on the mahogany panelled wall. It's hinged, hiding a wall safe. He punches the lock code and pulls an envelope out. He grabs THAT REEL TO REEL TAPE FROM '75 out of the envelope and holds it like it's key to his survival. He pours another drink, slumps behind his expensive desk, and LOOKS out over Puget Sound. His phone rings.

COLEMAN
Yeah.

MAN
(over phone)
We've got a problem.

EXT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - RIVER DOCK - NIGHT

Micheal on his dock pacing, the Mississippi calm and serene, the moon full. A beautiful night. He looks across the river at Lily and Archie Atkinson's. The lights are still on, yet it's 2AM and every other house along the bank is asleep. He flips open his cell and scrolls through his contacts until WE SEE *Ralph*. He presses *Talk*. A moment later a groggy voice answers...

MICHAEL

It's me.

RALPH

(annoyed)

Do you know what time it is?

MICHAEL

I need you to check on a name.

RALPH

You're kidding. The star reporter needs my help.

MICHAEL

Are you done?

RALPH

You owe me for this one. Who?

MICHAEL

A guy named Sam Mitchell.

RALPH

You wanna narrow that down a bit.

The lights finally go out in the Atkinson house.

MICHAEL

Check CIA, NSA, Military. Try police departments. Maybe he was a reporter back then.

RALPH

Back when?

MICHAEL

Nineteen seventy-five. And look into a suicide in '76 here in Minneapolis. A woman named Maggie Gunthier.

RALPH

Why?

MICHAEL

Gut feeling. Her husband died in a car accident shortly before. A doctor.

RALPH

And what do I get for this generous deed?

MICHAEL

I'll cut you in on the Graham story.

RALPH

How 'bout I get your source.

Michael contemplates - it's the brass ring to his career.

MICHAEL

Done.

RALPH

You'll know where I'll be tomorrow.

MICHAEL

Ralph, ...be sober.

RALPH

Don't be a jerk.

Michael flips his phone closed, the Atkinson house holding his interest.

WE HEAR; high powered rifle fire and...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. POLICE ACADEMY TARGET RANGE - DAY

Where Milt, decked out in SWAT gear, goggles and ear muffs, fires an AK47 at a MOVING MANNEQUIN TARGET. It's a townsite mock up, and he runs through to the next building. ANOTHER MANNEQUIN dressed as a terrorist clutching a hostage slides out of a door. Milt aims, fires point blank with alarming precision. Then he sees...

MICHAEL

standing in the safety zone way across the range. Milt locks off the rifle and meets up with Michael midway across the field.

MILT
I've got a bone to pick with you.

MICHAEL
(handing a note)
Need you to do this today.

Milt opens the note. A heavy frown follows.

MILT
Are you kidding me?

MICHAEL
I'll pay the court fees next month
okay.

Michael runs back off the range like he's late for something.

MILT
(yelling across the range)
Court fees! You know I have a
career here. I have more important
things to do than follow old people
around.

MICHAEL
(yelling back)
You're a great friend.

Milt's look could kill.

MILT
(yelling)
I hate the day I met you.

Michael waves him off - *no you don't* - and climbs into his SUV in the parking lot. Milt re-reads the note.

MILT
(yells even louder)
I have to get the cake!!

EXT. BAINBRIDGE ISLAND MARINA - SEATTLE - DAY

A beautiful, scenic bay with STATE AND VICTORIA CLIPPER FERRY'S departing and arriving. And on the marina pier Senator Roy Graham, his WIFE and DAUGHTER ascend their slip and board their cruiser, RACHEL'S DREAM. Hounded as usual by eager reporters.

And watching from the promontory overlooking the harbour is...

THE JAVLIN, spying on them through binoculars. He's streamlined and fit, dressed in dark fatigues with slick, pony-tailed black hair. An aberration void of emotion and empathy - an assassin. He retreats to A CAR on the promontory's edge where none other than an older ALEC GARVA is waiting inside.

GARVA

It has to happen before July 5th.

The Javlin nods and turns the key.

INT. STAR TRIBUNE NEWSROOM - MICHAEL'S DESK - MORNING

Michael plunks down at his desk in the middle of the hectic newsroom, looking like insomnia won out all night. He fires up his computer, grabs a BLACK COFFEE and before he can log on, LANCE NUEWERTH, a post teen copyboy scoots over.

LANCE

You better go in.

Michael pecks away, glancing at a closed office door with the name plate *John Lund - Executive Editor*.

MICHAEL

(grins)

Let him brew a bit.

There's a problem on his screen. His email access blocked.

MICHAEL

Lance..?

Lance knows all, sticking his face right down to the monitor, pushing thick glasses back up the bridge of his nose.

LANCE

You didn't change your password,
did you.

(sighs)

I'll have to reset it.

Michael slides his keyboard over.

MICHAEL

Now, Lance.

LANCE

Okay, okay.

Lance's fingers dance over the keys and...access. The world back at Michael's fingertips. An unread email in his *inbox*. Lance surprised to find the sender is...

LANCE

Ralph Forbes?

Michael eases Lance off with a gentle push.

LANCE

Okay, okay.

(glances at Lund's office)

I think the White House phoned him.

MICHAEL

Good. Means I'm right.

Lance heads off for other duties and Michael pops open the email. We read along...Something about Senator Graham's case going before Grand Jury July 5th, and how Ralph wants the source before then. Further down we read...*Maggie Gunthier. Worked for Minnesota State adoption board in 1975. Husband, Doctor Carl Gunthier, perished January '76.* Michael clicks on a link and WE SEE a adoption website photo of the same Maggie and Doctor Carl we recognize from the Christmas party in 1975. Beside her is...a young Lily Atkinson and a smiling Archie. And beside them is THE MAN FROM THE HOSPITAL with the military build. We PAN TO LARRY IN THE PICTURE with his big smile and deep blue eyes. And finally a very pregnant Evelyn. Michael sighs, caught by the definite resemblances impossible to miss.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - LAST NIGHT

Michael clutching the phone to his ear, that moment when he hears...

MAN

(b.g. over phone)

Evelyn.

The name hitting Michael and then we...

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. STAR TRIBUNE NEWSROOM - MICHAEL'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Michael realizing he's looking at...his birth parents.

MICHAEL
 (to himself)
 But who are you?

And then we read...*Sam Mitchell - DEA director of operations - Retired - San Diego, CA.* We SEE Mitchell's recent thumbnail agency picture then...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BAINBRIDGE ISLAND FERRY TERMINAL - 1975 - EVENING

As young Murphy Henderson hands Sam Mitchell a manila envelop at the top of the ferry embankment. Mitchell pulls out a document with BLACK STRIPE MARGINS, labeled "DEA - TOP SECURITY - OPERATION SCARLET."

And beyond them WE SEE the *Kalakala Ferry*, the loading ramp whining down into place where inside WE SEE Morelatto's BLACK '75 CADILLAC. WE CRUSH RIGHT TO THE TRUNK where just before Alec Garva closes the lid WE SEE the victim from the warehouse with the slashed throat.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. STAR TRIBUNE NEWSROOM - MICHAEL'S DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Michael Googles *Sam Mitchell-DEA*. The search returns several links. He clicks on a link labeled *Operation Scarlet* and WE SEE an archived Associated Press article with the STAR TRIBUNE banner and the Military Academy photos of Murphy Henderson and Roger McMillan, both murdered December, 1975.

He looks at the closed door to...

INT. JOHN LUND'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Michael ambles in to find JOHN LUND behind his desk. Lund is crouching sixty, short and portly and addicted to coffee. A working man's reporter whose decidedly pissed off.

LUND
 I ought to fire your ass. Where
 the hell were you yesterday?

MICHAEL

You had a follow up article from me.

LUND

Right, more of the Graham scandal implicating the President. An idiot wouldn't even print that without corroboration. Who's your source, Michael?

MICHAEL

You know I have a reliable source.

LUND

No I don't. I damn sure didn't know that when I had the President's press secretary up my ass. Who?

Michael just collapses into a chair.

MICHAEL

This is lame, John, even for you.

Lund snaps up his coffee.

LUND

Lame or not, without the source you have no story anymore. Either way I expect a column from you by the time we go to press. Something newsworthy.

MICHAEL

How 'bout I'm adopted.

LUND

(blank)
Excuse me.

MICHAEL

Might be a story.

LUND

Have you lost your mind?

Michael takes a beat, eyeing up his boss, then the journalism awards clattering the walls - maybe...

MICHAEL

Know anything about an Operation Scarlet?

Lund's coffee stops at mid sip, he eyes Michael hard.

LUND
Something newsworthy.

INT. STAR TRIBUNE NEWSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Michael steps out of Lund's office, his mind racing and then an idea. He walks straight for Lance tinkering with another workstation computer.

MICHAEL
Lance, let's go to archives.

INT. NEWS ARCHIVE AND MICROFILM ROOM - LATER

Where in a vacuum sealed room, tucked amongst reels and reels of microfilm, is a lone workstation. Lance rapidly pecks at the computer with Michael watching intently.

LANCE
What am I searching on?

MICHAEL
Operation Scarlet.

LANCE
What's this for?

MICHAEL
Don't ask.

Lance stops typing when two DEA AGENCY PHOTOS pop up on the monitor.

LANCE
Who are these guys?

MICHAEL
I'm guessing Murphy Henderson and Roger McMillan.

Meanwhile...

INT. NSA COMPUTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A covert enclave of LCD screens and computer technicians. It's as high tech as it gets. One technician has the same two photos of McMillan and Henderson on HIS screen. On his SECOND MONITOR a trace program plots a location on a digital map of Minnesota. The technician moves A DIAL and...

IN THE HEAVENS a SATELLITE rotates in orbit, zeroing on...

Minneapolis till finally a digital schematic of the STAR TRIBUNE BUILDING, and then two thermal figures sitting together in a sealed vault. A mouse click and...

MICHAEL
(over speaker)
See if there's anymore.

An NSA COMMANDER is lured to the technician's station.

COMMANDER
Spike and identify.

TECHNICIAN
Yes, sir.

INT. NEWS ARCHIVE AND MICROFILM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LANCE
(reading)
Says here Henderson's body was discovered at Clarke beach on Mercer Island by the Seattle Polar Bear club. Wow...

INT. NSA CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

That same COMMANDER walks diligently with a memo and jumps into the back seat of a government car.

LANCE (V.O.)
...McMillan and his two kids were found at a separate scene, but there was evidence to suggest someone else died in the house as well.

The car peels off.

INT. NEWS ARCHIVE AND MICROFILM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL
They murdered the kids? Jesus.

More typing then...

LANCE
Wow. Look at this.

A posed photo of the VICTIM we recognize from the warehouse pops up on the monitor.

INT. NSID COMPUTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

With the same picture on the Technician's screen as well.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
(over speaker)
Francis Laval.

INT. NEWS ARCHIVE AND MICROFILM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LANCE
Wasn't he killed over Christmas in
'75?

Michael thinks back a beat.

MICHAEL
Yeah. He was the Attorney-General
for Washington state. But he was
also pretty vocal about the
President becoming Senator back in
'75

Lance pushes his glasses back up his nose - wow.

INT. NSA DIRECTOR MACDUFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Commander hands off the memo to sixty - five year old NSA
DIRECTOR BRADEN MACDUFF. The office as patriotic yet
unremarkable as MacDuff's persona suggests. He reads the
names "Michael Spencer" and "Lance Nuewerth."

LANCE (V.O.)
President Petersen?

INT. NEWS ARCHIVE AND MICROFILM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL
One and the same.
(reading)
Here's something to wow about.
Laval was openly criticizing large
contributions to Senator Petersen's
campaign from SeaCorp CEO Mario
Morelatto...

LANCE
Hey, he's in your article about the
Coastal Holding case.

MICHAEL
Yes, he is.
(still reading)

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Although the newly formed DEA would not comment, it was suspected that Operation Scarlet was an investigation into Morelatto, triggered by leaked documents associating him in the CIA assassination attempts on Castro in the mid sixties.

LANCE

Whoa. Cool.
(reading)
Who's the missing Agent?

MICHAEL

What?

LANCE

(pointing at the monitor)
Say's down here, the DEA is still searching for a third agent not yet found.

MICHAEL

That must be him.

LANCE

Who?

MICHAEL

My birthfather.

LANCE

Your what?

MICHAEL

I'm adopted, Lance. I started a search a couple of weeks ago. I think he has something to do with this.

LANCE

Wow. No way.

MICHAEL

(reading desperately)
What was his name?

INT. NSA COMPUTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The technician calls up a picture of Michael, ear marking the file - "Missing baby - Hudd." Over encrypted LAN he sends it to *Office of the Director of National Security Agency*.

LANCE (V.O.)
Doesn't say.

INT. NSA DIRECTOR MACDUFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MacDuff watches Michael's photo labeled "Missing baby - Hudd" spill out of his printer.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Try searching for "missing DEA agent."

INT. NEWS ARCHIVE AND MICROFILM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lance types - waits...

LANCE
Nothing for '75.

MICHAEL
Try '76.

More typing.

LANCE
Nothing.

Michael sighs and flops back in his chair - *dammit!* And then a thought.

INT. NSA DIRECTOR MACDUFF'S OFFICE - DAY

MacDuff is now joined by FLOYD WEBBER, a fifty-five year old, tough as nails looking agent in the shape of a forty year old with a military build, rugged face and harsh black eyes.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Ralph might know something about this.

Webber opens a FOLDER with BLACK STRIPED MARGIN FORMS labeled; DEA - TOP SECURITY - OPERATION SCARLET.

LANCE (V.O.)
Ralph Forbes. Why'd he get fired from the Tribune anyway?

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Cause he wouldn't reveal his source.

He fingers through the pages and finds Larry Hudd's picture from '75. He lays it next to Michael's, the father/son resemblance unmistakable.

LANCE (V.O.)

That's why he covers Twin's games now?

Webber and Macduff share a common concern - *this is bad*.

INT. NEWS ARCHIVE AND MICROFILM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Michael bolts out of his chair.

MICHAEL

Yep. And hates it. Thanks.

EXT/INT. LIMOUSENE - DAY

PRESIDENT SETH PETERSEN rides in the back watching THE LINCOLN MONUMENT pass by. His hair has gone completely white over the years, his skin tanned by one tropical vacation too many, yet distinguished in a smart blazer and tie. He seems pre-occupied, concerned about something. While beside him...

ALLISON McKAY, his mid thirties press secretary, multi-tasks between CELL PHONE and PALM HELD, her world frenetic at the moment. Her cell call ends. She looks relieved.

ALLISON

(quietly)

Graham's trying to get to the Supreme Court.

PETERSEN

Dresher can try. It still won't happen before July 5th.

ALLISON

Why July 5th?

PETERSEN

Just worry about the press, Allison.

The limousene passes through...

THE WHITE HOUSE GATES

Where HORDES OF TOURISTS congregate for a peak of their commander and chief. The President waves perfunctorily.

PETERSEN
I'll take care of the rest.

INT. MINNESOTA TWINS BALLPARK - DAY

The ball park majestically sweeps around the field, the green ready for the game with fresh white lines, the mound raked for the opening pitch. We can almost smell the excitement and the hotdogs even though the immense park is empty and barren. In a row of seats directly behind home plate sits...

A tired looking, forty something Ralph Forbes, chomping a greasy hamburger chased with a coffee. He's that gruff reporter who cursed the morning edition in front of the Ballpark. Forbes is aged beyond his years with five o'clock shadow long overdue of a razor. Michael shuffles along the row and sits.

MICHAEL
Little early isn't it, Ralph?

RALPH
(“smiling” it off)
Caffeine my last true sin.
(chomps the hamburger)
Your faith is touching.

They don't notice a young women way across right field, standing out of view BEHIND A METAL GIRDER in the MASSIVE, GLASS WALLED...

PARKBALL PLAZA ANNEX

Where she aims a MINI HD CAMERA with LASER DIRECTIONAL MICROPHONE right through the glass, way across the field at Ralph and Michael. In her ear a tiny TRANSMITTER crackles...

MAN
(over ear transmitter)
Tighten the visual, Candace.

CANDACE RIEMER dials the mini lens while...WE CRUSH BACK ACROSS THE FIELD TO...

MICHAEL AND RALPH

RALPH
You want to tell me what this is all about?

MICHAEL
You're not going to believe me.

RALPH

(pondering)

You're right. I don't care. Just need the name of your source and I'll take it from here.

(cocky)

That was nice writing by the way.

MICHAEL

You read the front page?

RALPH

(sipping coffee)

I used to be the front page. Now I just pay attention to how you're going to mess it up.

MICHAEL

Well, that's easy. I just won't do what you did.

Ralph's glare says *Fuck off*.

RALPH

The source.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

Floyd Webber sits shotgun with a young GREG REDEKOP behind the wheel. Both wearing MINNESOTA TWINS BASEBALL CAPS, they'd look like a couple of average Joe's SWEATING IN THE HEAT if not for EAR TRANSMITTERS of their own while watching Candace's video signal on a dash mounted laptop. She's framed Michael and Ralph into a fairly tight two-shot.

WEBBER

Deacon, you getting this?

INT. NSA RECON LAB - CONTINUOUS

A high tech enclave where computer wiz kid DEACON GARRICK watches the same video signal, his feet up on the desk, pop in one hand, keyboard in his lap. As comfortable with spying as if home watching a movie.

GARRICK

(Speaks to computer mic)

Got it, Chief. Gimme one sec and we'll all hear what they've got to say.

Garrick trains his Satellite Intel over the two men sitting behind homeplate in the ball park.

Two thermal images that gradually dissolve into vivid video capture from above, with voice recognition graphs oscillating with the dialogue grabbed from Candace's laser mic. A keystroke later...

MICHAEL
(over speakers)
I need one more favor first.

RALPH
(over speakers)
Cut the crap, Michael.

INT. MINNESOTA TWINS BALLPARK - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL
This is personal. You know you owe me that.

RALPH
I knew you weren't going to give that source to me.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL
(over ear transmitters)
Ever hear of Operation Scarlet?

Webber's face tightens when he hears 'Scarlet.'

INT. MINNESOTA TWINS BALLPARK - CONTINUOUS

RAPLH
Should I?

MICHAEL
Your contact might.

RAPLH
(quips)
Oh that's a bit too big of a favor, Mike.

Ralph leans into Michael, serious as hell.

RALPH
I'd do this why?

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

Webber nods at Redekop, then up MISSISSIPPI BLVD at...

POV - SPENCER'S HOUSE

They check THE RIVER - nothing. Sidewalk - nothing.

MICHAEL
 (over ear transmitters)
 Cause this story can get you back
 on the front page.

WEBBER
 Neighbors, Deacon?

INT. NSA RECON LAB - CONTINUOUS

Garrick thermal scans houses on either side of the SPENCER'S HOUSE - nothing.

MICHAEL
 (over speakers)
 I think it goes pretty high up in
 Washington.

GARRICK
 (to mic)
 Clear on neighbors, Chief.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

Webber still watching video. Redekop glancing behind them - all clear.

WEBBER
 Kyle, Simon, move it.

EXT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - RIVERFRONT - CONTINUOUS

Two sly and well-trained agents hop out of a HIGH-POWERED BOAT and descend on the back door, moving covertly as hell. SIMON JOHNSON and KYLE LENNING defeat the lock without breaking a sweat.

RALPH
 (over ear transmitters)
 And my contact ties in how?

They breach the door and quickly fan out through the house, planting VIDEO AND AUDIO TAPS.

MICHAEL
 (over ear transmitters)
 I need a meet with Sam Mitchell.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

Webber blanches hearing Mitchell's name, his harsh eyes trained on the video.

RAPLH
 (over ear transmitters)
 Never happen. He's too deep.

EXT. MINNESOTA TWINS BALLPARK - CONTINUOUS

CANDACE AIMING THE CAMERA AND MIC

RALPH
 (over ear transmitters)
 He was black ops before he was DEA,
 Michael.

WE CRUSH BACK across the field to...

MICHAEL AND RALPH

RALPH
 They called him the Chameleon for
 christsake.

MICHAEL
 He's the only lead I have on this.

Ralph is just shaking his head.

RALPH
 What is this all about?

MICHAEL
 I think HE knows where my birth
 parents are.

RALPH
 (surprise)
 That's what this is all about.
 Where did you even get his name
 from?

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL
 (over ear transmitters)
 Archie Atkinson.

Webber glances through the trees and across the river at the Atkinson's house.

WEBBER
Deacon? No eyes?

EXT. MINNESOTA TWINS BALLPARK - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL
Ever heard of him?

Ralph's eyes drop, he sips his coffee.

RALPH
Nope.
(long sip)
This sounds like a wild goose
chase, Mike.

MICHAEL
Can you do it?

INT. NSA RECON LAB - CONTINUOUS

Garrick searching for thermal life forms in neighbor's houses.

GARRICK
No eyes, Chief.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

WEBBER
Move, guys.

INT. MINNESOTA TWINS BALLPARK - CONTINUOUS

Forbes sours.

RALPH
Okay, but no bullshit.

EXT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - RIVERFRONT - CONTINUOUS

Lenning and Johnson hustle for the river.

MICHAEL
(over ear transmitters)
No bullshit...

EXT. MINNESOTA TWINS BALLPARK - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL
 ...You help me with this, Ralph,
 I'll give you everything on the
 Coastal Holding story. Including
 my source. Good?

RALPH
 It's a start.

Michael slides out of the seats.

MICHAEL
 I'll be in touch.

RALPH
 I know you will.

CANDACE

Packs her mini camera and mic into a back pack, tosses it
 over her shoulder and ambles for the ANNEX EXIT like any
 tourist would. She's cool and confident.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

Redekop sparks up the truck, pops it into drive.

REDEKOP
 Where to, Chief?

Webber looks across the river.

WEBBER
 (to Redekop)
 We have to make a stop.

INT. MINNESOTA TWINS BALLPARK - COMMISSARY - CONTINUOUS

Ralph walks past the closed beer kiosks, and heads straight
 for a PAY PHONE outside the MEN'S WASHROOMS. There isn't a
 soul to be seen as he dials. Two rings later someone
 answers.

RALPH
 (to phone)
 We need to meet.

We HEAR all too familiar melodic door chimes and...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LILY ATKINSON'S HOUSE - DAY

And Lily opens the door to Floyd Webber!!! Her beautiful smile fades and she leads him through the house and out onto...

THE PORCH

Where Archie is sipping lemonade in the sun, reclined on one of those folding lounge chairs anyone could buy at Walmart. Floyd admires the view across the river.

WEBBER
(pointing across)
You give him Sam's name?

ARCHIE
Thought that's what you wanted.

WEBBER
It was.

ARCHIE
You still think it'll work?

WEBBER
If I was a mole, it would flush me out.

Webber heads off the porch.

LILY
You don't want any lemonade, Floyd?

WEBBER
(walking for the front door)
No thanks, Lil. Have to watch my sugar I'm told. You look great though.

And he's gone.

Lily's smile doesn't return, she just stares off across the river at the Spencer's house.

LILY
You should've told me.

ARCHIE
(firm)
Lily...

WE HEAR A bad chorus of "Happy Birthday" sung as DAY TURNS TO NIGHT and...

OUR POV - PUSHES ACROSS THE RIVER FOR THE SPENCER'S HOUSE

INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As Katie carries a beautiful BIRTHDAY CAKE into the livingroom where Jasmine's 33th birthday party is in full swing. Of course the loudest one singing is Milt, with Claudette and their four year old son, WYATT, and six year old daughter, SAMANTHA, tucked into him. Michael leans on the arm of the sofa, Jasmine's smile dazzling him.

MICHAEL
Happy birthday, babe.

A long kiss - long enough for Katie to roll her eyes.

JASMINE
(to Michael)
I can't believe you did this!
(to Milt)
And you.

MILT
I know, I know. I'm amazing.
(eyeing Michael)
Found the cake all by myself.

Michael eyes him back - *knock it off* - as Jasmine nestles little Wyatt on her lap, his eyes wide on the cake.

WYATT
Lot's candles.

JASMINE
(ruefully)
I know.

MILT
C'mon huff and puff and...

Together Jazz and Wyatt suck air and blow the candles -
YEA!!!!

INT. NSA RECON LAB - CONTINUOUS

Garrick with his feet up on the desk, watching the split screen views of all the rooms in the SPENCER HOUSE. The livingroom; Jasmine cutting cake and passing it around. The kitchen; Michael and Milt on wine detail. A keystroke and...

MICHAEL
 (over speakers)
 You get the wine, I'll get the
 glasses.

INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Milt pops another cork. Michael gets glasses.

MILT
 So...you're not going to believe
 this.

Michael freezes.

MILT
 I checked out the Atkinson's like
 you wanted. Unbelievable...

INT. SSET RECON LAB - GARRICK - CONTINUOUS

Garrick with his feet up, pop in one hand, captivated.

MILT
 (over speakers)
 They're retired.

He chuckles while

ON A SECONDARY MONITOR

Another program is running, sending Milt and Michael's
 conversation over encrypted SATELITE LINK to...

INT. MACDUFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Where Braden Macduff watches the video conversation in
 Spencer's kitchen on a laptop, his forefinger and thumb
 rubbing apprehensively.

MICHAEL
 (on laptop)
 Funny.

Over computer speakers: the sound of POURING WINE...

INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Milt pouring wine...Michael handing glasses over.

MICHAEL
 The Atkinson's are the only people
 who would've known.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

They know where I live. You can't even trace me through the paper. That's the only way she got my number. And what about their house?

MILT

Yeah, yeah, you were right, Sherlock. The Atkinson's bought their house two months after you bought yours. It's beyond weird.

Michael suddenly lost in thought.

MILT

What?

MICHAEL

(concerned)

You should've heard her voice. She was scared. I mean...scared.

Milt pauses, a question on his mind.

MILT

Tell me something, okay, cause I'm curious. I've known you a long time and you've never really talked about all this adoption stuff before three weeks ago. I mean your dad lives in Hawaii now, I know, but you guys have always been really close.

Milt hands over a full glass, they both sip.

MILT

I mean besides all this cloak and dagger stuff, and you being all intrigued cause you're a star reporter now, I just don't get it. Why is this so important?

Suddenly Michael's a million miles away. Milt stops drinking.

MICHAEL

Come with me.

And we follow them to...

INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where Michael pulls a letter out of his dresser drawer and hands it to Milt.

INT. NSA RECON LAB - CONTINUOUS

Garrick watching the bedroom intently as Milt unfolds the note and...

INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

MILT

(reading)

Dear Michael, the diagnosis came back today. They're going to send me for a mammogram and do all that they can, but I feel it won't change what's coming. I just wanted you to know how proud I am of you and what a joyous gift in my life you have been. Before you came, your dad and I were sure we would not be able to have a family. But God smiled on us and brought us you. I don't know anything about your birth-mother, but if I had the chance I would like to thank her for giving us a beautiful son and this family that has been the greatest joy in my life. Mom.

The moment hangs deeply a beat. Milt hands the note back.

MICHAEL

I'm going to find her and give her this letter.

MILT

Okay. Whatever you need.

MICHAEL

(glancing down the hall)

I'm going to San Diego tomorrow. I could use a ride to the airport.

MILT

I can do that.

MICHAEL

And Jazz doesn't know, so I need you to cover for me.

MILT

(blank)

Do you not care that I don't get sex anymore.

Michael steps out of the room.

MICHAEL
Yeah, a little.

Milt follows.

MILT
A little. Oh no, you'll care huge
when I tell Jazz tomorrow...

INT. NSA RECON LAB - CONTINUOUS

MILT
(over speakers)
You'll be on a longer dryspell than
I am, buddy.

Garrick laughing as the birthday party continues on his monitors then...Webber leans on the desk, watching the frivolity.

WEBBER
What's so funny?

GARRICK
You mean besides us spending
millions to spy on an adoption
search.

WEBBER
Routine surveillance, Deacon.

Garrick has a puzzled look - curious.

GARRICK
Routine? You knew about this
Operation Scarlet didn't you?

Webber pushes off for his office.

GARRICK
You mean to tell me this Larry Hudd
is 'need to know' stuff.

WEBBER
Let's just find him, Deacon.

GARRICK
Yeah, okay. What's in San Diego?

Webber's face stoic.

WEBBER

Nothing.

He closes himself in his office.

INT. WEBBER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

And collapses into his chair and sighs heavily. He picks up the phone and dials. A moment later.

WEBBER

(to phone)

He'll be there tomorrow.

He hangs up.

INT. SAM MITCHELL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As Mitchell hangs up the phone pensively. This isn't good. He takes his drink and...

EXT. SAM MITCHELL'S HOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Sits looking out over the SILVER STRAND. As he tips his drink back WE SEE A RED TELESCOPIC LIGHT GLITTER THROUGH THE ICE IN HIS GLASS. He follows the RED DOT seeking THE SPOT over his heart. The end upon him, he looks out at the DOCK and we see...

POV - DARK FIGURE IN THE WATER AIMING A LASER SCOPE RIFLE

The bullet tears through him silently, somersaulting him over the chair. The glass tumbles through the air and WE FALL WITH IT TILL IT SMASHES ON THE PORCH STONE.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN ON:

EXT. GLASS WINDOW BRIDGE ROAD - BAHAMAS - SUNRISE

A vintage '65 Meteor station wagon with *Nippy's Taxi* SPRAY PAINTED on the doors, roars down a gravel road. It speeds along where the island narrows to a strip, barely separating the Atlantic from the Caribbean. Directly ahead is...

THE GLASS WINDOW BRIDGE

traversing a vicious gorge where Atlantic breakers violently push through to the turquoise Caribbean.

INT. NIPPY'S TAXI - CONTINUOUS

NIPPY is a native islander, long past retirement age with dread locks that would make Bob Marley proud. And that's what's on the radio as he aims his vintage Meteor for the narrow bridge ahead. He smiles into the rear view mirror at his fare.

NIPPY

So, Mr. Hudd. Where you be headin'
at six in de morning, mon?

Larry punches a number into his cell phone.

LARRY

Watch the bridge, Nippy.

NIPPY

Oh, I got dat, mon. Don't you be
worryin'.

POV - GLASS WINDOW BRIDGE

Dead ahead, the bridge off center of the highway a good foot. As if God had moved it off kilter himself, making it even more harrowing to cross.

NIPPY

Da hurricanes barely moved 'er dis
year, mon.

And the Meteor races over the narrow bridge without Nippy even touching the brakes, the back bumper sparking the cement abutment. Nippy glances the rear view.

NIPPY

Okaaay, maybe an inch or two more.
Mon, when are dey goin' to fix dat
bridge?

Larry puts his cell to his ear as he tosses an AMERICAN TWENTY DOLLAR BILL over the front seat.

LARRY

The airport in one piece.

Nippy rubs the dash.

NIPPY

(smiling)
Like eh baby carriage, mon.

Larry's call is answered.

LARRY
 (to cell)
 Did you find her?

MAN
 (over cell)
 Yeah. Her name is Rita Halbern
 now.

LARRY
 (to cell)
 Where is she?

INT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - BAHAMAS - NIGHT

The phone taunts Evelyn while she sits in a PURPLE BEAN BAG CHAIR, flipping through a photo album of those happy days back in '75, pregnant and surrounded by Maggie, Lily, Archie and all their friends. Each page brings more memories, more regrets, more loss and a glance at the phone. Something conflicts in her. And then...

She turns another page and finds...

A BABY'S BLUE KNITTED SLIPPER

A reminder of what was taken - a mother's love. Nervous or not she musters the courage to..PICK UP THE PHONE and dial.

EXT/INT. WHITE KNIGHT - PUGET SOUND - NIGHT

The WHITE KNIGHT is a majestic yacht, the kind only billionaires own. The kind MARIO MORELATTO owns. An untouchable with infinite wealth who has not aged so remarkably well over the years.

He's lured onto the deck by ROTOR BLADES hacking air with a growing whump. Then out of the night sky comes...

A HELICOPTER

It hovers momentarily, moonlight catching the *SeaCorp* logo blazoned on it's fuselage as it negotiates the helipad. The instant it touches down the side bay door slides open and FIFTY-FOUR YEAR OLD JAKE MUNROE steps out. His baneful eyes meeting Morelatto's.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

President Seth Petersen enters the rotunda amid a blitz of security and media. Allison follows and the moment they're past the throng her PDA beckons. She reads the LED display. *Restricted number.*

ALLISON
 (to PDA)
 Hello?

She hands the phone to Petersen curiously.

PETERSEN
 (to PDA)
 Yeah.

Something dreadfully wrong.

PETERSEN
 (listening - concerned)
 When? Right.

He hands it back to her.

PETERSEN
 Get Braden MacDuff in my office.
 Now!

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Petersen walks briskly in to find the unremarkable Braden MacDuff already reclined in one of the fine BLUE SOFAS facing the PRESIDENT'S DESK.

PETERSEN
 (directly)
 What does NSA know about Sam Mitchell, Braden?

MACDUFF
 He was killed last night.

PETERSEN
 That I know. Who's behind it?

MACDUFF
 We don't know.

PETERSEN
 What do we think?

MACDUFF
 We've begun surveillance on a Michael Spencer. It may be related.

PETERSEN
 And who is this?

MACDUFF

A reporter in Minneapolis.

PETERSEN

Wait a minute. He's with the Star Tribune. What the hell has he got to do with Mitchell?

MACDUFF

He began an adoption search two weeks ago.

PETERSEN

A what?

MACDUFF

It would appear Michael Spencer is Larry Hudd's natural son.

Petersen looks like he just got whacked with a sledge hammer. He takes a long beat to soak it in.

MACDUFF

(standing)

We've put Floyd Webber's team on it.

PETERSEN

(sighs)

Jesus. Is Larry Hudd even alive?

MACDUFF

Well, we don't know he's dead.

PETERSEN

I can't emphasize how important it would be to know that.

MacDuff slides a document across the desk to his President.

MACDUFF

I understand. We'll need your authorization to continue.

PETERSEN

(signing)

Has this reporter made contact with Hudd?

Macduff holds his answer as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. NSA RECON LAB - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Garrick pushes through the glass doors where the whole team is masterminding.

GARRICK
Chief, you gotta hear this!

They file out and all huddle around...

GARRICK'S COMPUTER

The hacker's fingers fly over his keyboard in a blur, showing a GPS dot blinking over a digital map.

GARRICK
Spencer's on the move, and fast. I think he's heading for the airport.

Another keystroke - another oscillating voice recognition screen - digital playback. They listen to...A phone ringing - a pick up...

MICHAEL
(over playback)
Hello.

WOMAN
(over playback-emotional)
Michael?

Webber's team doesn't even breathe.

EXT/INT. MICHAEL'S SUV - DAY

And he's driving like a mad man, narrowly making a yellow light. Horns chiding him. And while Michael Indy drives...

MICHAEL (V.O.)
(playback)
Who's this?

WOMAN (V.O.)
(playback)
I'd rather not say over the phone.
They could be listening.

INT. NSA RECON LAB - CONTINUOUS

WOMAN
(playback)
For now you'll have to trust me.
You're in grave danger.

MICHAEL
(playback)
I don't understand.

WOMAN
(playback)
You will. Go to the airport...

INT. AIRPORT KIOSK - CONTINUOUS

Michael grabbing his ticket.

WOMAN (V.O.)
(playback)
There'll be a ticket for you at the
American Airlines desk.

INT. NSA RECON LAB - CONTINUOUS

The team watches Garrick hack into the AMERICAN AIRLINES
SECURE WEBSITE, combing the outgoing passenger list.

WEBBER
Don't bother, Deacon. He's going
to Seattle.

They all look at Webber - *what?*

WEBBER
Trust me. Seattle.

INT. AIRPORT - LOCKER BAY - CONTINUOUS

Michael goes straight for a locker, opens it with a key
and...

WOMAN (V.O.)
(playback)
There will be a locker key for you
when you arrive. You'll find an
envelope. Take it with you.

Pulls out the envelope and dashes for...

EXT. AIRPORT - TAXI STAND - CONTINUOUS

Michael rushes out and hails a cab.

WOMAN (V.O.)
(playback)
Take a taxi and make sure you're
not followed.

Right behind him is...Candace hailing her own cab.

INT. THE CAB - CONTINUOUS

Something is vibrating. Michael takes the envelope and...

WOMAN (V.O.)
(over playback)
You'll be contacted.

...pulls out a VIBRATING CELL PHONE.

MICHAEL
(to cell)
Hello..?

Then looks out the cab window at THE SPACE NEEDLE in the distance.

EXT/INT. SPACE NEEDLE - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Michael packed in with everyday tourists as they ride up to the MAIN POD.

WOMAN (V.O.)
(over playback-
emotionally)
Remember, that no matter what
happens. We did do this for you.

And then...

INT. SPACE NEEDLE - O DECK - CONTINUOUS

Michael steps out of the elevator, the view of Seattle and Puget sound bordered by Olympic Mountains enthralling hundreds of tourists, all squeezing for space along the railing.

Michael doesn't recognize anyone. Not even...Candace loitering along the railing.

INT. NSA RECON LAB - WEBBERS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Webber at his desk, phone to his ear.

WEBBER
(to phone)
He's in Seattle.
(pauses - listening)
Coming here! You're sure about
this?

INT. MACDUFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MacDuff on his phone, looking out his massive window at the WASHINGTON MONUMENT looming against a clear blue sky - a patriot's view.

MACDUFF

(to phone)

We picked up the private jet leaving SeaTac a half hour ago. We have to control this situation, Floyd. Contain this. Understand.

FLOYD

(over phone)

I understand.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

A private jet taxis to a secluded end of the airport, engines whining down. Alec Garva and The Javlin disembark, climbing into a waiting SUV. They peel off...

EXT. AIRPORT ENTRANCE GATE - MOMENTS LATER

The SUV races through the gates, passing the MINNEAPOLIS/ST.PAUL INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT sign, heading for the city.

INT. NSA RECON LAB - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Webber walking in, determined, face taunt. Simon, Kyle and Redekop suited up in KEVLAR VESTS, AK47's and EAR TRANSMITTERS, ready for battle.

WEBBER

They're on the ground. Remember who this is. Nobody in this room dies today.

EXT. MILT'S BACKYARD - DAY

Where a platoon of six year old bikini girls have taken over the yard. Claudette and Jasmine having the time of their lives, sipping cocktails while Katie watches from afar - bored.

CLAUDETTE

So what's he doing in Seattle?

JASMINE

After the big story. What else.

And then...

CLAUDETTE
 (calling across the yard)
 Milt...don't...

Milt is up to no good. He harnesses the GARDEN HOSE around his waist, creeps up on the girls and let's fly. Bekinis running in all directions, giggling hysterically. Claudette and Jasmine belly over but Katie just rolls her eyes - again. And of course little Wyatt loves it.

EXT/INT. REDEKOP'S 4X4 - BACKLANE - CONTINUOUS

Redekop, Kyle and Simon are parked a few blocks down the lane from Milt's backyard - ear transmitters in place - hysterical giggling in their ears.

Redekop sees the same SUV from the airport coming up the lane in his rearview mirror.

REDEKOP
 (to radio)
 We've got a visual, Chief.

And aims TRANSMITTER BINOCULARS at the SUV licence plate.

INT. NSA RECON LAB - CONTINUOUS

Webber watching the bikini melee in Smith's backyard on Garrick's satellite intel monitors. On another grid, the licence plate.

GARRICK
 (typing)
 It's a rental.

WEBBER
 (to Garrick)
 To who?

GARRICK
 (reading the monitor)
 Chief, the truck's rented in Larry Hudd's name.

WEBBER
 What!
 (to mic)
 Redekop, get an ID!

INT. REDEKOP'S 4X4 - BACKLANE - CONTINUOUS

REDEKOP
(to radio)
Copy that.

POV - THE SUV

Coming to a stop just short of Smith's backyard.

SIMON
They're stopping.

Redekop aims the binoculars inside the SUV.

INT. NSA RECON LAB - CONTINUOUS

Webber and Garrick eye the monitor.

GARRICK
Who is that?

Garrick works magic, cleaning up the video signal, focusing on two men inside the SUV. One has a black pony tail. The other...Webber squints, trying to see.

GARRICK
I'm not getting a good feeling
here, Chief.

INT. SPACE NEEDLE - O DECK - DAY

Michael scans over the crowd, no recognizable faces, he stays back of the railing, uneasy with the height and sense of tower sway, but peers out over Puget Sound. It's postcard beautiful.

MAN (O.S.)
Quite a view, isn't it.

Michael startles - what the hell! Suddenly, beside him is - LARRY!! The similarity defining.

LARRY
Hello, Michael.

MICHAEL
(shocked)
Where'd you come from?!

The two men soak each other in for a beat. A rush of emotions under control. For Larry a lifetime, but...he sees Candace hovering along the railing.

LARRY
 There's lots to say, Michael. But
 right now isn't the time.
 (nods to the left)
 You've triggered more than you can
 imagine.

Michael whips around, noticing Candace preoccupying herself
 with Seattle below - just another tourist.

LARRY
 She's NSA.

Oh shit!

MICHAEL
 (looking around)
 Why are they following me?

LARRY
 Because they know you're trying to
 find me.

MICHAEL
 What did you do?

LARRY
 I lived.

When a TOURIST FAMILY abandons their spot at the railing,
 Larry sees...Jake Munroe, a malevolent grin when their eyes
 meet. Larry firmly leads Michael for the elevator.

MICHAEL
 (sees Munroe)
 What the hell.

LARRY
 Do as I say and we may get out of
 here alive.

MICHAEL
 Alive!?

Larry punches the elevator button. Munroe heading straight
 for them with vigor startling for his age. Candace sees
 Munroe and tries to dig through the crowd but...The elevator
 opens and Larry pushes Michael inside just in time. The
 doors closing Munroe off.

MICHAEL
 Who was that?

LARRY
A dangerous person.

Michael's blank - shocked again.

MICHAEL
What happened to Sam Mitchell?

LARRY
They killed him.

MICHAEL
Why?

LARRY
Because you were going to meet him.

It's too much, even for a reporter like Michael. He can't help but stare at Larry.

MICHAEL
What is your name?

LARRY
Larry Hudd.

Another name to soak in for Michael. Larry watches the elevator lights above, but he's wrestling with something, something he doesn't want to say.

LARRY
I'm sorry.

He glances around at the riders packed in with them.

LARRY
Events have been set in motion,
Michael. I wish I could've stopped
it in time.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MILT'S BACKYARD - DAY

Milt runs around chasing bikinis in a 'tag your it' contest. Jasmine, Claudette, and Katie watch from the patio. And then Samantha finally digs herself free of Milt's playful hold when he notices...

A RED LASER DOT finding it's mark over his heart. He twists but the bullet silently HITS, blood exploding from his chest. His lifeless body collapses.

CLAUDETTE
 (screaming)
 Milt!!!!!!

Pandemonium.

EXT. BACKLANE - SUV - DAY

Where the Javlin retracts his silenced rifle and the truck squeals off, right past...

REDEKOP'S 4X4

Redekop, Simon and Kyle stunned, they jump out and run for...

EXT. MILT'S BACKYARD - DAY

Where they see Bikini girls screaming and running for cover. Jasmine and Claudette crawl past Milt's body lying face down in the bloodied grass to reach Samantha. Katie so terrified she can't move - in shock. And Wyatt just cries for his 'daddee!!'

INT. NSA RECON LAB - DAY

Garrick and Webber stare at the satellite images of the chaotic backyard on the computer screen. Milt's body motionless. Anger explodes out of Webber and he kicks an office chair clean across the lab.

WEBBER
 Sonofabitch!

GARRICK
 Chief, what the fuck is going on!

INT. SPACE NEEDLE - ELEVATOR - DAY

Michael can't speak, getting sicker by the second - nearly hyperventilating. Larry leans close - concerned it will reveal them.

MICHAEL
 Oh my God...why Milt...why...!!

LARRY
 He was a warning. They want you to know how close they can get to you.

Michael completely blown away. It's too much. He has to get out, has to get out now! Riders leery of him. Suddenly his eyes go wide - pure fear.

MICHAEL
I have to get home!

Larry seizes Michael's arm firmly.

LARRY
First we have to get out of here.

MICHAEL
How do we do that?

Larry eyes the tourists packed in with them.

LARRY
Never underestimate a crowd.

They get off on...

INT. SPACE NEEDLE - STAFF CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Walking briskly for a CONTROL ROOM DOOR. Larry checks if they're followed - so far so good - then PUNCHES THE ACCESS CODE and...

INT. SPACE NEEDLE - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

heads straight for a LOCKED PANEL as if he knew the CONTROL ROOM blueprint intimately. It's a security system access portal and a keyboard slides out automatically when he opens the panel. Larry punches in another code and...

SECURITY ALARMS RING OUT

LARRY
Especially a panicked crowd.

INT. SPACE NEEDLE - ALL LEVELS - CONTINUOUS

is a mass of panicked tourists heading for the elevators.

INT. SPACE NEEDLE - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Candace can only shake her head - impressive. Meanwhile...

INT. SPACE NEEDLE - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Larry and Michael ascend two stairs at a time...

EXT. SPACE NEEDLE - BASE ARCHWAY EXIT - CONTINUOUS

And file out with the crowds spilling into the parking lot with the ALARMS STILL SQUEALING. POLICE CRUISERS and FIRE TRUCKS race for the entrance arch, it's mayhem EVERYWHERE.

Larry and Michael climb onto A CITY BUS just in time.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Michael in awe of what Larry just did. The entire SPACE NEEDLE evacuating as the bus pulls out of THE BUS EXPRESS LANE.

MICHAEL
My family?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - BAHAMAS - DAY

As a military helicopter lands on the beach and a crack DELTA brigade deposits Jasmine and Katie to Evelyn. Strangers bound with an inseparable bond. Evelyn touches Jazz's face with the most reassuring smile.

LARRY (V.O.)
They're safe.

Then Evelyn takes Katie's hand. A granddaughter.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

LARRY
Trust me, Michael. I'm not about to let my son die.

"Son" doesn't sit well with Michael.

MICHAEL
I have a dad.

LARRY
Doesn't change the fact I have a son.

Michael can only look at the man seated next to him - overwhelmed.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Ralph's battered up Ford station wagon rumbles over neglected gravel road, the shocks banging so hard they sound like they're about to punch right through the hood. He's racing for an..

EXT. ABANDON HOUSE - NIGHT

THE HOUSE ravaged by the unforgiving climate of the open prairie. The night sky choking with dark overcast. A STORM rolling in as Ralph's Ford swings into the yard. A moment later he's running into...

INT. ABANDON HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

The screen door creaking behind him. A DARK FIGURE stands at the far end of the porch, silhouetted by what little moon light washes through the overcast.

RALPH
Storm's brewing.

MAN
It's already here, Ralph.

RALPH
How bad?

The man steps into the moonlight, his ominous shadow melting into...ARCHIE ATKINSON!

ARCHIE
Michael Spencer is in the middle of a real shit storm here.

Ralph parks himself on the screen ledge, sighing.

RALPH
Is what happened to Milt Smith connected?

ARCHIE
More than you know.

Archie leans on the ledge himself.

ARCHIE
Night before last an old colleague from DEA was murdered in San Diego only hours after Michael told Milt Smith he was going down there. Guess what that means.

RALPH
All this because of an adoption search? I need names, Arch?

ARCHIE

Names won't do you any good on this one. These are serious fucking people with serious fucking power.

RALPH

Who gave the order to move on Michael?

ARCHIE

Oh, who knows. Who cares. Someone has the keys and enough power to turn the engine on without asking if it's okay. Do you understand what I'm telling you?

RALPH

(confounded)

You know who, don't you, Arch?

ARCHIE

This is beyond even me, Ralph. This one has always been beyond me.

RALPH

(deducing)

Wait a minute you live across the river from Michael...you know who Michael's father is.

(realizing)

You've been watching his son.

No answer. Archie glances at the looming clouds. More of the puzzle fits for Ralph.

ARCHIE

(stands)

They know about you to, Ralph. No more calls. Do not get caught in this one. I won't help you. Understand?

RALPH

So they're still after his father. Why?

ARCHIE

Why else. He's a threat.

RALPH

To who?

ARCHIE
Not even you can ask that.

Archie heads for his car parked on the other side of the house while above the storm has brewed - *rain*.

INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Floyd and Kyle search the house by flashlight. As Webber checks out family pictures on the walls his CELL PHONE RINGS.

WEBBER
(on cell)
Webber...

INT. ARCHIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Archie negotiates that shitty gravel road in the rain, cell phone pressed to his ear.

ARCHIE
(on cell)
Your cell scrambled?

WEBBER
(over cell)
What do you think.

INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Webber wanders down the hall, looking at more pictures.

ARCHIE
(over cell)
Have you heard from him at all?

Then Webber sees something in KATIE'S ROOM - a picture.

WEBBER
No.

ARCHIE
(over cell)
Where would he be go, Floyd?

Webber picks up a photo of Danny Gregory and hands it to Kyle indicating - *who is he?*

WEBBER
(on cell)
I wish I knew.

He picks up a picture of the Spencer's - the happy family.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

On the front seat we see a pick up tray of two *Starbuck's coffees and a bagel bag*. We also see a BLACKBERRY PDA with folding KEYPAD and a MINI-DISC RECORDER.

A stylish woman drives. She is...CNN reporter Tabitha Reynolds. And she's driving a vintage...

EXT. 72' YELLOW PINTO - CONTINUOUS

the little car racing over...

SPOKANE STREET SWING BRIDGE

During mid-morning rush hour.

EXT. SEATTLE - METROPOLITAN TRACT - MORNING

With the SPACE NEEDLE dangling majestically in the sundrenched b.g., Tabitha creeps the PINTO to a free parking space in front of THE FAIRMONT OLYMPIC HOTEL.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tabitha ambles along, *Starbucks's tray and blackberry* bundled in her hands, searching room numbers. She finds the one she wants, knocks on a door to find...Michael, more haggard than usual.

TABITHA
Room service.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael leads Tabitha in, taking the coffee tray. Tabitha looks around the room impressed with the expensive decor.

MICHAEL
(taking the coffees)
Yeah, it's not exactly
inconspicuous.
(noticing the blackberry)
You brought it.

TABITHA
As ordered.

She hands the blackberry and MINI-DISC over.

MICHAEL
Thanks. I owe you.

TABITHA
Yes you do. Is there anything else
you need?

Suddenly the bathroom door opens and Larry steps out. Tabitha completely star struck.

LARRY
You must be Tabitha.

Tabitha is almost flustered, as if in the presence of
celebrity.

MICHAEL
Tabs...Tabs.

TABITHA
What...oh sorry.

MICHAEL
We need a car, remember.

She smiles - *got it covered.*

EXT. HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

The three of them standing on the curb looking at...

MICHAEL
(concerned)
A Pinto.

The vintage, yellow car sticking out like a sore thumb
between high end imports.

TABITHA
It's my mothers. It runs great
and...well, there it is.
Registration is in the glovebox.

Larry goes to jump behind the wheel.

LARRY
Beggars can't be choosers. Thank
you, Tabitha.

As Michael goes to climb in...

TABITHA
Michael...

MICHAEL
I'll give you my source as soon as
we find what we need.

TABITHA
(glancing at Larry)
Be careful.

And with that, she watches the PINTO drive off down the
TRACT.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

The Pinto driving along coastal highways hugging the JUAN DE
FUCA STRAIT until,

They pull into the long line at the...

US/CANADA BORDER GATES

They're waved through and we follow the yellow car to...

EXT. TRANS CANADA HIGHWAY - NORTH OF VANCOUVER - LATER

The PINTO in the traffic flow as it passes under an overpass
sign: *Horseshoe Bay - Next right.*

LARRY (V.O.)
Connecting?

EXT/INT. PINTO - CONTINUOUS

Larry behind the wheel, negotiating the CLOVER LEAF TURN OFF
while Michael plays with the blackberry.

MICHAEL
Yeah, this'll work. As long as
their not tapping into Lance's
emails too.

Michael sends an email and sighs - *overwhelmed.*

LARRY
Won't be long.

MICHAEL
Right. So whatever it is we need
to basically save ourselves, this
Rita woman has it.

LARRY
Yes.

MICHAEL

And how is she connected to all this?

LARRY

She lived.

MICHAEL

You don't like telling a lot do you?

LARRY

Habit.

INT. JOHN LUND'S OFFICE - DAY

As geeky Lance pushes through the door, shock all over him. John Lund isn't amused.

LUND

What is it, Lance?

Lance looks dumbstruck AS...Ralph Forbes saunters through the newsroom and anchors himself on Lund's door frame.

LUND

(annoyed)

What the hell are you doing here?

Ralph grins, looking at Lance who places an email printout on Lund's desk. The header reads: *from CNN - TABITHA REYNOLDS (blackberry) to LANCE.NUEWERTH@GMAIL.COM*

RALPH

I have his source.

Lund reads, impressed and piqued.

LUND

Well, I'll be damned. Lance, get Ralph a coffee. Straight...coffee.

EXT. RITA HALBERN'S HOUSE - NAINAMO, BC - DAY

RITA HALBERN has not aged well. She is a tired and haggard woman with an old housecoat draped around her widening mid-section as she shuffles into the kitchen of her ramshackle mobile home. She makes coffee, looks out the window at Nanaimo's Departure Bay, the post-card view lost on her.

The only remnant of a past life is a single picture of ROGER MCMILLAN AND HIS TWO KIDS from 1975 on a vintage stereo. No computer, the decor even stuck in the past. Then...

A knock. She opens the door to find...

MICHAEL AND LARRY

She squints past the screen door, trying to place him.

LARRY
Hello...,Rita.

For the longest beat Rita just stares, as if years of tattered memory are repairing. Then she gasps as if the past suddenly collided with the present.

RITA
(disbelief)
Larry?

INT. RITA HALBERN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Now Michael and Larry are seated around Rita's table, letting her play the host, making tea, fussing over guests. She constantly double takes Larry, a shake of the head. Larry sees...

LARRY
That's a nice picture of Roger and the kids.

She sits, exhausted already.

RITA
Yes. He and the kids come to visit once in a while.
(eyes glazing)
Some days are better than others.

Suddenly the tea pot whistles on the stove and Rita lifts wearily. She pours Larry's then Michael's. As she leans over the table to reach Michael's cup, her nightgown falls open enough to reveal...

TWO ROUND SCARS JUST BELOW HER NECK.

Wounds healed over a lifetime ago.

Larry's fleeting glance at Michael suggests what we suspect.
Rita is not who she seems.

LARRY
I'm sorry to ask this after so long. And I know it's not easy, but we really don't have much time.

RITA
 (disappointed)
 Oh, well, that's too bad.
 (to Michael)
 It's nice to have company.

LARRY
 (to Rita)
 I need to ask you about that night.

Rita suddenly vacant - fear transcending her as she glances between them.

RITA
 I don't remember much.

LARRY
 I was actually wondering if you
 still had something of Roger's.

And then...Rita is still, her body rigid - remembering.

INT. RITA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Michael and Larry watch Rita sift through her clutter. It's like a grandmother's room, with every little artifact and memory tucked into a drawer or box somewhere.

MICHAEL
 (to Larry)
 This is going to take forever.

And then...She sees a familiar box on the top shelf of her closet.

RITA
 (to Michael)
 Would you mind?

Michael obliges and puts the box on her bed. The instant Rita opens it she freezes. Pictures and news clippings of a painful past. Gerald Ford's candidacy photo gracing the front page with Roger MacMillan's and Murphy Henderson's Agency portraits - *Slain DEA Agents honored*.

And four unopened Christmas presents. The wrapping faded and aged - a memento from all those Christmas's ago.

Michael and Larry see the pain that has festered through Rita's tortured life. And then she pulls something from the box...

RITA
I helped the kids bye this that
Christmas.

She hands Larry...ROGER'S WATCH.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE - SEATTLE - 1975 - NIGHT

When Roger was standing beside that Christmas tree, checking the NEW WATCH, his young son smiling up at him proudly. Bing Crosby singing from the stereo.

SON
Like the watch, Daddy?

ROGER
Love it, buddy.

And then the airplane spin, the boy's giggling carrying back over time to...

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. RITA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lost in her grief as if it's all playing like a projector behind her eyes. Her worn fingers clutch at the presents as...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE - SEATTLE - 1975 - NIGHT

The instant we hear a rifle hammer cocking beyond the front door. Roger sitting there with the phone to his ear, looking at...

HIS WIFE

Bing Crosby serenades *White Christmas* and THAT REEL TO REEL TAPE turns as the door smashes open and Garva and Munroe storm the house, rifle fire with barely any sound. The kids are screaming in the kitchen. She sees Roger hit twice in the chest and crumble. And then Garva aims his rifle and a bullet punctures her just below her neck and then another. She hits the floor, blood oozing from her wounds, can't scream, her eyes frozen open watching her children scurry from Munroe, rifle flashes blinding her eyes from the kitchen...

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. RITA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rita fighting emotion, those same eyes frozen open. *We now understand Rita was Roger's wife.*

Larry leans down to her - empathy pouring out of him.

LARRY
I'm sorry.

Michael is mortified watching her eyes flood.

RITA
I watched them kill my babies and I
couldn't save them. I couldn't do
anything.

Michael looks at Larry in disbelief - *understanding*. Larry struggles with his own memories, kneeling down to her. He rubs her arm softly as...

RITA
For a long time I actually thought
I was going to lose my mind. And
then one day this man brought me
this box. He said it was in a
storage room with my name on it all
these years.

Michael glances at the box and nearly falls over. The name on it: *Peggy McMillan*.

PEGGY
I saw all this again and..and..I.
(crying)
Who could do such a thing? Who!?

Her eyes dance around the room as if looking for the ghosts that have haunted her since that night. And then...

RITA
(realizing)
Pregnant..? Evelyn was overdue. I
remember.

Her wet eyes glinting back and forth between Larry and Michael, putting two and two together.

RITA
They didn't get your baby, did
they.
(sobbing)

RITA (cont'd)
 You get those bastards, Larry. You
 get them.

Larry holds her while Peggy McMillan cries for her babies.

EXT/INT. PINTO - DAY

Michael driving silently along as Larry watches trees pass
 by. It's a solemn moment for both of them.

MICHAEL
 Roger McMillan was on the phone
 when it happened.
 (delicately)
 You heard them die, didn't you?

Larry nods and WE HEAR A RINGING PHONE and...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE - 1975 - CONTINUOUS

Roger McMillan picks up the phone, the call he's been waiting
 for. He flicks on that REEL TO REEL TAPE RECORDER on a desk
 then...

ROGER
 (to phone)
 Murphy!

INT. THE CHRISTMAS DINNER PARTY - 1975 - CONTINUOUS

Larry tucked into a corner, the phone to one ear, his finger
 jammed in the other trying to filter out all the chatter and
 good cheer.

LARRY
 (to phone)
 Roger, it's me Larry.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - 1975 - CONTINUOUS

INTERCUT: LARRY/ROGER

ROGER
 (to phone)
 Larry? So, how's Evelyn fairing?

LARRY
 Well, we're thinking of driving
 over railway tracks at sixty miles
 hour.

ROGER
 (laughing)
 Overdue still, huh.
 (glances at Peggy)
 I remember that feeling.

LARRY
 Yeah, I can't wait. Murphy back yet?

ROGER
 (concern)
 No. He called me from the island. He met with Sam, but Laval was a no show so he was coming straight back. I don't like this. The Ferry docked over an hour___.

Roger hears something...foot steps. Peggy freezes, halted by his suspended gaze.

LARRY
 (over phone)
 Roger..?

Then...

A RIFLE HAMMER COCKED beyond the front door. They both hear it. The children calling for them from the kitchen. Fate upon them.

LARRY
 (over phone - serious)
 Roger!

Roger stares at the REEL TO REEL TAPE TURNING when suddenly the door crashes open...

INT. CHRISTMAS DINNER PARTY - 1975 - CONTINUOUS

Larry hears the screaming over the phone - silenced rifle fire. Another pop. Then another and another. PEGGY CRYING for her life, her babies - another pop. Larry suspended in horror. His knuckles white around the phone.

LARRY
 (screaming)
 ROGER!!!

The party screeches to a halt, Evelyn lifting off the couch with Maggie and Lily's help. Archie locked on him.

LARRY
 (screaming)
 NO!!!!

And then, Evelyn buckles over, clutching her tummy.

EVELYN
 (screaming)
 AGHHH!!!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MATERNITY WAITING ROOM - 1975 - NIGHT

The usual joy lost on Larry, sitting silently, something ruptured. Archie and Sam Mitchell sit quietly while Maggie and Lily comfort each other, tears streaming, mascara blotching their faces. And then the MAN with the military build and harsh eyes brings a coffee to Larry - an offering.

THE MAN
 Black, right?

LARRY
 (numb)
 No thanks, Floyd.

The man is young Floyd Webber!!!

Archie turns on A BLACK AND WHITE TV broadcasting a New Year's special with President Gerald Ford leading the cheer of *Ole Langsyne*. It lures all eyes to THE TV where a reporter has found twenty-nine year old SETH PETERSEN, a prestigious man of notable importance with a beautiful WIFE anchored to his arm.

REPORTER
 (on TV)
 And here we have young Senator hopeful Seth Petersen and his lovely wife.

PETERSEN
 (on TV)
 Happy New Year, Bob.

REPORTER
 (on TV)
 Happy New Year. It's been said you're the voice of the young generation. Any wise words for them?

PETERSEN

(to the camera)

Well, who knows about that, but as far as wise words, all I can think is...

(laughs)

Don't vote Republican.

Larry watches with a seething scowl. The others do as well. And then A CBS BREAKING STORY cuts in. A frame in frame picture of FRANCIS LAVAL pops on screen. Larry is suddenly breathless, afraid of what he'll hear.

ANCHORMAN

(on TV)

Good evening. This just in. Washington state Attorney General Francis Lavel has been found slain in Pugot Sound. He has been in the news recently, condemning shipping mogul Mario Morelatto's dealings in Central America and___.

Larry kicks the TV, knocking it right off it's stand.

LARRY

(angry)

FUCK!!

WE HEAR: A FERRY HORN sound off and...

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. PINTO - CONTINUOUS

Michael glancing between the road and Larry as they VEER INTO the VICTORIA FERRY TERMINAL ENTRANCE.

LARRY

Maybe hiding wasn't the right choice.

Michael slows and...

EXT. FERRY TERMINAL - VICTORIA, BC - CONTINUOUS

The PINTO pulls up to the terminal ramp, taking place in line.

EXT. BAINBRIDGE ISLAND MARINA - DAY

It's a beautiful sunny day and the bay is a throng of summer activity with boaters and fisherman heading for Pugot Sound.

The Ferries chugging along, air horns announcing arrivals and departures.

And on the promontory above the marina...

EXT/INT. CNN NEWS VAN - DAY

Parked for perfect vantage over picturesque Pugot Sound. Directly below is the maze of marina docks. It is the yacht 'Rachel's Dream' that has Tabitha Reynold's attention.

Her cameraman, BRAD, sits dozing, catching up on his down time. He looks like one of those hiking/surfing types.

BRAD

You know, Tabs, were wasting our time.

TABITHA

(looking over the bay)
Michael will come through.

And behind the CNN van is another news van. And another and another. The entire parking lot a convoy of news vans, mingling crews and mini-dishes.

POV - FAR SIDE OF MARINA

A security sedan pulls up, stopping short of the gang planks leading down to the marina docks. And out of the car steps...The Javlin donning security uniform and shades.

POV - THE DOCKS

He walks along totting a tackle box, heading directly for...

RACHEL'S DREAM moored in her slip.

Tabitha piqued when the security man boards the yacht.

TABITHA

What's he doing?

Brad hoists his Beta Cam on his shoulder.

BRAD

Beats me.

EXT/INT. FERRY - SOMEWHERE IN THE JUAN DE FUCA - DAY

Michael leaning on the railing of the VICTORIA CLIPPER FERRY, watching a father and son enjoying a regatta of Killer Whale dorsal's slicing the surface. Their blowholes misting sunlight into rainbows.

The boy screeches. The flukes the most amazing thing ever. Michael doleful - remembering...A hand on his shoulder and an offered cup of coffee.

LARRY

It's hot.

Michael stares at Larry's cup.

MICHAEL

You take it black.

LARRY

Never understood why you put sugar and cream in a perfectly good cup of coffee.

Michael just stares at the man - a *father*.

LARRY

You alright?

Michael takes a beat, watches the whales.

MICHAEL

We came to Seattle once when I was twelve. Was the first time I saw Killer Whales. My Dad loved the ocean. So much that he retired to Hawaii. He's living his days playing poker and watching sunsets.

LARRY

Oahu is nice.

Michael speechless. Larry dodges having to explain by watching the boy and his father enjoy the whales.

LARRY

Sounds like he is a good dad.

MICHAEL

I wish he was here right now.
(glancing ruefully at
Larry)
Sorry. It's just...he's always been there.

LARRY

It's okay. I'm happy for that actually.

They smile, sharing the understanding.

LARRY

Sorry about your mom though.

He knows that too...

MICHAEL

Yeah, that was tough. Dad wasn't the same after she was gone.

Larry watches the whales - a memory.

LARRY

They found a lump in Evelyn's breast a couple years back. Turned out to be nothing but the thought of her... It was the second time in my life I remember being that scared.

MICHAEL

What was the first?

LARRY

When you were born.

MICHAEL

(awkward)

Oh...right.

LARRY

Sorry...I didn't mean...

MICHAEL

Look, Larry, I need to know where my family is. I'm losing my mind here.

LARRY

I can't tell you that right now. Not here.

This is too much for Michael. He looks out over the Juan De Fuca.

MICHAEL

It's just us, Larry.

But Larry looks to the skies.

LARRY

No it's not.

MICHAEL

What's that suppose to mean?

LARRY

Oh c'mon, Michael. Don't under estimate this. They got Sam in San Diego and your friend Milt. Nothing is coincidence, Michael. And there's nothing they can't hear or anybody they can't get to.

Michael can't believe it - he's trapped.

MICHAEL

I just wanted to find my birth mother and give her...just let her know she made the right choice.

Larry rallies a beat while regret and guilt roll in on him.

LARRY

(rueful)

The right choice. She would like to hear that.

(building nerve)

It wasn't her decision to give you up. It was mine. Right or wrong I just didn't know what else to do to keep you alive. I knew they'd track the hospitals, they'd find us...

Larry sighs and watches the boy whale watching - a child.

LARRY

At least I could change your name and hide you. Whenever I imagined meeting you, I guess I hoped you'd understand that.

MICHAEL

I think I do. You know, my daughter's been driving me crazy lately, but the thought of Katie not being in my life...or Jazz...I can't even...imagine having to make that choice.

LARRY

Every New Years Eve Evelyn takes a long walk on the beach and I wait for her to come back, half expecting her not too.

LARRY (cont'd)
 After all this time I still don't
 know how to make it up to her.
 Knowing about your parents helped.
 Knowing you didn't have to hide
 with us.

Larry takes a beat - regains.

Suddenly the young boy screeches as an entire pod of killer whales break the surface - a majestic display of nature and beauty.

MICHAEL
 Why is this happening now? Because
 I looked for you?

LARRY
 They didn't figure on you.

Michael is speechless again.

MICHAEL
 I just want this over.

LARRY
 Very soon now. They're running out
 of time.

Larry holds up ROGER'S WATCH.

LARRY
 Literally.

EXT. BAINBRIDGE ISLAND MARINA - MARINA DOCKS - DAY

Roy Graham, wife and daughter, scuttle the gang plank as quickly as possible, as if sensing their getaway. But it's futile.

EXT. BAINBRIDGE ISLAND MARINA - NEWS ENCAMPMENT - CONTINUOUS

Tabitha sees...

TABITHA
 It's Graham.

She bolts with Brad dogging after. The rest of the camp sparking to life, reporters and cameramen exploding for...

EXT. BAINBRIDGE ISLAND MARINA - MARINA DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

The Graham's brace for the media onslaught rushing for them. The first microphone pushed into the Senator's face is...Tabitha's, Brad behind her, camera on his shoulder, diffused lamps blinding. The yacht was only a few slips away.

TABITHA

Senator Graham, do you have any comment on your upcoming indictment?

Graham pushes through the boom mics and camera flashes.

GRAHAM

No comment.

TABITHA

Do you have anything you want to say to the voters who put you in office?

GRAHAM

No comment.

They're almost there! Graham's daughter and wife jump aboard then...

TABITHA

Do you not feel any responsibility to the voters, Senator?

Graham suddenly stops and turns to face the music but...

DRESHER (O.S.)

No comment, Tabitha.

Coleman Dresher advances the slip and Graham's wife heaves her husband aboard as the throng swarms the lawyer. The Graham's cast off like there's no tomorrow.

DAUGHTER

(to Graham)

Let's go, dad. Please, let's just go.

GRAHAM

Ok, Rachel. Ok.

And in the b.g...

EXT. FERRY - CONTINUOUS

The VICTORIA CLIPPER'S air horn sounding it's arrival to the BAINBRIDGE ISLAND TERMINAL, tourists and commuters rallying for their cars.

But Michael and Larry are held at the railing, seeing the commotion down at the marina. And Michael sees Tabitha among the reporters as...

POV - THE MARINA DOCKS

RACHEL'S DREAM lifts off, water thrashing it's chines, accelerating for freedom.

EXT. RACHEL'S DREAM - CONTINUOUS

Graham steers the boat for the open water, looking back at Dresher rallying the scrum on the docks. The escape complete Graham heaves the throttle forward.

B O O M !!!

Rachel's Dream explodes, the craft reduced to a massive fireball, debris raining down all around the bay. It's as if time suddenly stood still.

EXT. THE MARINA - TABITHA AND BRAD - CONTINUOUS

The whump from the explosion nearly knocking them and other reporters off their feet. Dresher's face drawn in horror, sudden and complete fear.

EXT. FERRY - MICHAEL AND LARRY - CONTINUOUS

The explosion slamming them from the railing. Fellow passengers screaming as burning fiberglass singes the air, hitting the deck.

POV - THE BAY

It's sudden pandemonium. Boats list to a stop, all eyes on the fire ravaging Rachel's Dream.

Michael and Larry regain themselves to the railing.

LARRY
They got Graham.

MICHAEL
(shock)
Senator Graham!

And now Michael looks at the burning yacht with a different eye.

POV - RACHEL'S DREAM

As a second explosion rips what's left of the boat apart. Coast Guard cutters sound alarms and make for the blazing craft.

INT. NSA RECON LAB - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The team seated around the table, watching the news of Graham's explosion.

ON TV

The scene ghastly, the remnants of a boat still smoldering as it's towed into the docks. The marina a mingling of onlookers, fire trucks and ambulances. And the reporter is...

TABITHA

(on TV)

As you can see they're now towing the remains of Senator Roy Graham's boat in. The sense of dread and loss is catastrophic here.

ON TV

The video footage of the Javlin boarding Rachel's Dream as a security officer.

TABITHA

(on TV)

You can see by this footage we had earlier witnessed an unidentified man boarding the Senator's yacht. Police are investigating as we speak.

Webber touches Garrick's shoulder.

WEBBER

Freeze that.

REDEKOP

Who is that?

WEBBER

That's our wetboy.

REDEKOP

Our what?

SIMON
Assassin. Read the manual, dude.

CANDACE
(to Redekop)
Used to one of ours.

WEBBER
Now he's one of theirs. Deacon, I
need to know where the Javlin is
right now.

Garrick pecks at his laptop, doing his magic.

GARRICK
I'm on it.

INT. STAR TRIBUNE NEWSROOM - NIGHT

Lund, Lance and Forbes with news staff gathered around a TV -
the same broadcast of Tabitha.

TABITHA
(on TV)
...And President Petersen was
shocked by the news.

ON TV

A clip of Petersen leaving THE WHITE HOUSE with Allison
trailing faithfully.

PETERSEN
(on TV)
I'm sorry, I've just heard the news
myself.

Lund takes Lance and Forbes aside.

LUND
(pointing at the TV)
And you're sure it's her.

RALPH
(eyeing the TV)
She's the one we want.

LUND
(to Lance)
Check your email, now.

INT. NSA RECON LAB - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The team still watching...

TV

The newscast shifting back to Tabitha addressing her audience, the pandemonium in Pugot Sound playing behind her.

TABITHA

(on TV)

And there you have it. It's an understatement to say this country is not in complete shock over this tragedy here at Bainsbridge Island today.

And then the camera frame captures someone in the b.g. It's...Michael with a CELL PHONE TO HIS EAR.

CANDACE

Chief, is that..?

WEBBER

(to Garrick)

Deacon, get me a damn plane.

GARRICK

(typing faster)

You got it.

EXT. VOLUNTEER PARK - WATER TOWER LOOKOUT - NIGHT

A brown bricked WATER TOWER sits atop a lush promontory overlooking Volunteer Park, Seattle's Space Needle in the distance and Pugot Sound stretching out for the Pacific. It's quiet, too quiet. And like most evenings in Seattle, it's drizzling.

Michael and Larry walk up the hill to the Tower, and enter...

INT. WATER TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Climbing the circular staircase, following it around till they come to the LOOKOUT LEVEL and stop cold. Beyond them in the dark, between open window ports bleeding drizzle, is a MAN, his face masked in shadow.

Michael and Larry take a weary step but...

Suddenly a gun extends, the trembling barrel glistening in meager moonlight - the face still in the dark.

MAN
 (nervous)
 That's far enough!

MICHAEL
 (quietly)
 Larry.

LARRY
 (to Man)
 You don't need the gun.

A very scared Coleman Dresher steps out of the shadows, surveilling the park beyond the window port - afraid for his life.

DRESHER
 We're you followed?

Larry and Michael advance cautiously.

LARRY
 No. Do you have it?

Dresher rescinds the gun and produces THE ENVELOPE from his pocket. Larry slowly takes it, relieved to find...The REEL TO REEL TAPE from '75.

DRESHER
 It's all you need.

LARRY
 And what do you want?

DRESHER
 You know how to hide. You're gonna hide me.

Dresher looks at Michael with eerie wonderment.

DRESHER
 So you're the prodigal son.
 (chuckles - nervous)
 An adoption search. How ironic is that.

He steps into the drizzle raining through the window port, washing his face.

DRESHER
 You really didn't tell anybody, did you? I'm impressed, Larry.

Larry just stares at Dresher with a lifetime of contempt as...

MICHAEL
 (to Dresher)
 Why did you and Graham do it?

DRESHER
 Well, since we're asking. Money.

MICHAEL
 (disgusted)
 Just for money. All this.

DRESHER
 (quips)
 It was more like an obscene amount
 of money.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SHIPYARDS - 1975 - NIGHT

That BLACK CADILLAC racing through the SeaCorp shipyards for the Warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - 1975 - NIGHT

As the two young men are slammed in those chairs and the light deep in the warehouse reveals Attorney-General Francis Lavall taped to the chair, sock gagged mouth.

DRESHER (V.O.)
 Of course the motivation got a
 little more intense.

And then that moment when the switchblade glistens in the light - the vicious stroke - Laval's throat cut.

LARRY (V.O.)
 You set up Lavel, didn't you,
 Dresher?

The two young men watching death claim Laval. They were were young Dresher and Graham.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. WATER TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Dresher steps back - a past catching up to him.

DRESHER
Actually, it was Roy who set it up.

MICHAEL
Graham was gay?

DRESHER
Wrong lawyer, Mr. Spencer.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GALA PARTY - 1975 - NIGHT

Among suits and dinner dresses a younger Seth Petersen and his lovely wife mingle.

DRESHER (V.O.)
Roy invited me to a party for Petersen when he got voted in for Senator. He knew I was vying for a position in the Attorney-General's office.

The young Roy Graham rushes up to Petersen, whispers something in his ear.

DRESHER (V.O.)
Of course it wasn't too hard to convince Laval to hire me. He liked it all the time.

Quickly Petersen excuses himself and heads for...

INT. PARLOUR ROOM - 1975 - NIGHT

In the dark, masculine moaning when...The door crashes open, light pouring in to reveal Laval bent over the couch, Dresher behind him - caught in the act. Petersen and Graham in the doorway. Onlookers with mouths hanging open.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. WATER TOWER - CONTINUOUS

DRESHER
You seem surprised, Mr. Spencer.

MICHAEL
(to Larry)
Why were they on Morelatto?

DRESHER

(angry)

Why? Cause it was fucking 1975 and some arrogant ass released documents connecting the mob to CIA assassination plots back in the sixties. Morelatto was on that list. But you don't fuck with that kind of power. Look what they did to Roy today! Fuck!

Dresher is pacing now.

MICHAEL

Larry..?

LARRY

Operation Scarlet was setup to stop Morelatto supplying guns to terrorist regimes in Nicaragua and central America. He was bartering them to guarantee safe passage for his ships through the Panama Canal. Heroin smuggling. But we found something we didn't expect. He was still under CIA contract. He was part of a plan to take out Castro.

MICHAEL

In '75?

Larry holds up Roger's watch.

LARRY

(glares at Dresher)
And it's all on Microfilm.

Dresher suddenly blank.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE - SEATTLE - 1975

Peggy McMillan bleeding on the floor, looking as dead as possible as the young COLEMAN DRESHER runs into the house, horrified at the massacre before him.

YOUNG COLEMAN

What have you done!

We can hear Larry's young voice screaming for Roger over the phone. Munroe picks it up and...

MUNROE
 (to phone)
 Larry, how is that pregnant wife of
 yours?

Young Coleman simply stares at the dead wife on the floor,
 her face cranked towards the kitchen where the little bodies
 lie. And then he sees...

THE REEL TO REEL RECORDER TURNING

MUNROE
 (to phone)
 We want the microfilm, Hudd!

Suddenly a moan from Roger. With natural impulse Munroe
 points his silenced rifle and plugs Roger McMillan again.
 Larry screaming 'NOOO!!!' over the phone as Munroe hangs it
 up, Alec Garva eyeing suspiciously.

GARVA
 You can find him?

MUNROE
 What the fuck do you think.

They leave but Coleman hangs there, his eyes still
 disbelieving the scene before him. Then...

GARVA (O.S.)
 (from outside)
 Dresher!

Young Coleman snaps the REEL TO REEL TAPE off the machine,
 PULLS OFF THE HEATER GRATE AND TOSSES IT DOWN INTO THE VENTS,
 and runs out.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. WATER TOWER - CONTINUOUS

DRESHER
 I didn't want those children to
 die.
 (to Michael)
 That wasn't suppose to happen.

MICHAEL
 (instantly angry)
 Neither was my friend, you
 sonofabitch!

Michael goes to grab Dresher but the gun is quickly pointed. Dresher coming apart.

DRESHER
Don't you fucking get it! They
killed a fucking Senator and his
whole fucking family!

Larry eases Michael back.

MICHAEL
(realizing more)
Graham? That's why Coastal Holding.
President Petersen was a share
holder in Coastal Holdings. Graham
was screwing himself.

DRESHER
All we had to do was show the
connection between Morelatto and
Petersen and you fucking reporters
would put it together.

MICHAEL
(threatening)
Who killed Milt Smith?

DRESHER
Who killed him? You have no idea
how they've tapped into your life
do you?

MICHAEL
Who killed him!

DRESHER
You mean who had him killed. Who
do you think!
(pointing to the tape in
Larry's hand)
The same person who's on that tape
suggesting Laval should disappear.
Who the fuck do you think we've
been talking about! Who it's
always...

Suddenly Dresher hears...Helicopter blades hacking the night,
approaching quickly.

DRESHER
(points the gun)
Who did you tell!

MICHAEL

Larry.

LARRY

Easy, Dresher.

DRESHER

(looking above)

I'm dead. Jesus Christ, you've
fucking killed me!

(eyes Larry hard)

Jake Munroe is a untouchable now.
He heads up a whole fucking
division of DND. You can't hide.
And neither can I.

Dresher steps into the drizzle spraying through the open window port as...THE HELICOPTER breaks over the promontory trees, it's search beacon swathing over the park, searching out the TOWER. Then the LIGHT BLINDS THE WINDOW PORT, like the light of heaven flooding the tower.

Dresher starts shooting at the helicopter like a mad man. The beacon whips around and the craft lunges over them. They see the *Seacorp* logo emblazoned on the fuselage.

But Larry watches Dresher step back into the shadows. The glistening barrel to his head.

LARRY

Dresher!

A shot and Dresher's shadow crumples. A salvo from the copter rains through the window ports. Michael and Larry run for their lives.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Alec Garva watches Larry and Michael run around inside the tower.

GARVA

(to pilot)

Get them!

The pilot squeezes the gun button...

EXT. WATER TOWER - CONTINUOUS

High Caliber bullets chase Michael and Larry over the railing, tumbling down the promontory. Larry lands hard, twisting his ankle.

Above them the helicopter whirls around, it's beam searching them out when suddenly...a HIGH-PITCHED SONIC BANG...A MISSILE streaks through the drizzle, impacting the helicopter.

B O O M!!!

It seems to hang their for a beat, engulfed in flames, it's blades whirling pathetically, then falls on the WATER TOWER like a wounded bird.

C R A S H!!

The helicopter explodes into a massive fireball.

EXT. WATER TOWER PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Floyd Webber!!

Crouched down with a MANPADS portable missile launcher perched on his shoulder, the barrel steaming. He tosses it and runs for...

EXT. WATER TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Michael helps Larry up and they run from the burning CARNAGE on the TOWER above them. Suddenly...

Webber is blocking their escape. Larry looks back at the BLAZING TOWER.

LARRY

We gotta get out of here, Floyd!

Webber flops Larry's arm over his shoulder and they hustle for....

EXT. WATER TOWER PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

They bolt for Webber's sedan, but Michael pauses.

LARRY

Michael, we have to move!

Michael is looking at...Tabitha's YELLOW PINTO.

MICHAEL

Gimme that tape.

EXT/INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - NIGHT

Webber drives as fast as possible from Volunteer Park and the burning dome on the hill.

Michael watching through the back window, the YELLOW PINTO alone in the parking lot. He leans forward over the back seat.

MICHAEL
(to Webber)
Who are you?

LARRY
Meet the CIA point man on Operation Scarlet. Floyd Webber. He heads up the NSA's clandestine unit.

MICHAEL
You've been protecting me.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. WEBBER'S OFFICE - DAY

Webber on his phone.

LARRY
(over phone)
Did you find her?

WEBBER
Yeah. Her name is Rita Halbern now.

LARRY
(over phone)
Where is she?

WEBBER
Nanaimo, BC.

LARRY
(over phone)
Keep watching him for me.

WEBBER
You can still count on it.

SMASH BACK TO:

EXT/INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

FLOYD
(gestures to Larry)
I was doing an old friend a favor.

MICHAEL
How did you find us?

Webber grins, touching a DASH MOUNTED MINI LAPTOP. A screen generates and Webber touches a quick launch icon. Instantly a thermal image of a beach front house captured by spy satellite materializes. Someone is sitting in a chair in the corner - THE BEAN BAG CHAIR. Webber points at the image.

WEBBER

That's your daughter.

MICHAEL

(to Larry)

Where?

LARRY

(to Michael)

The Bahamas

(to Floyd)

How quick can you get us there?

WEBBER

(grinning)

Got a plane waiting.

They stop at a lighted intersection as a CONVOY OF FIRE TRUCKS WHIZ PAST, sirens blaring, horns chiding for a clear path.

EXT. WATER TOWER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

An army of fire fighters battle the blazing tower. The parking lot a war zone, countless fire trucks and endless hose snaking for the promontory above.

And Tabitha and Brad linger by her YELLOW FORD PINTO. Brad looking at the back bumper.

BRAD

I don't see it.

TABITHA

It's there.

Quickly Brad kneels down, runs his hand under the bumper and finds...The envelope. Tabitha checks. Her MINI-DISC RECORDER, THE REEL TO REEL TAPE from '75 and ROGER McMILLAN'S WATCH. A scribbled note - *Jackpot!*

INT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - BAHAMAS - NIGHT

Katie flopped in the bean bag chair - laptop open, MSNing with Danny Gregory.

INT. DANNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Danny MSNing with Katie.

EXT. DECK PORCH - NIGHT

The Javlin sitting at a patio table with a LAPTOP open, a park and river in the b.g. Watching over his shoulder is...
JAKE MUNROE!!

ON THE LAPTOP

Katie and Danny's MSNing.

Munroe flips open his cell phone.

INT. NSA RECON LAB - NIGHT

Garrick watching the MSNing when a call comes in. He clicks an icon and...

GARRICK
(to ceiling mic)
Yeah.

CALLER
Floyd Webber.

GARRICK
(suspicious)
Who is this?

CALLER
Assistant Director for Military
intelligence Jake Munroe. Get your
fucking boss on the phone.

GARRICK
(surprised)
One moment, sir.

INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - NIGHT

Still driving as Webber's cell phone pings. He answers.

WEBBER
(to phone)
Yeah, Deacon.

Webber glances at Larry and Michael.

WEBBER
 It's ok. I'll put him on speaker.
 (to Larry)
 You're not going to believe this.

Webber sets the phone in it's cradle, Garrick suddenly alive in the car.

GARRICK
 (over speaker phone)
 Go ahead, sir.

MUNROE
 (over speaker phone)
 Floyd, you there?

WEBBER
 I'm here.

MUNROE
 (over speaker phone)
 Larry with you?

LARRY
 (indifferent)
 Hello, Jake.

INT. DECK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Munroe looking out over the river - *a view we've seen before.*

MUNROE
 (to phone)
 Well, I'll be Goddamned. Larry
 Hudd. Thought you were dead.

INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

MUNROE
 (over speaker phone)
 I hear you've met your son. I've
 been hearing a lot about him
 lately.

Michael leans forward, staring at the phone.

MUNROE
 (over speaker phone)
 Did you find what you were looking
 for, Larry?

INT. DECK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

INTERCUT: LARRY/MUNROE

MUNROE

(to phone)

How is Miss Halbern? Haven't seen her since I dropped off her box.

LARRY

I'm surprised after all these years you guys are still trying to find it.

Then...SALSA MUSIC commingled with a DIESEL HUM echoes from the river below.

INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Michael's face tightens as...HE HEARS THE SALSA MUSIC and diesel hum bleed through the call. It's getting louder as...

INT. DECK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

MUNROE

(to phone)

Cut the bullshit, Larry. Wouldn't it be nice to put this behind you.

A MAN'S HAND taps Munroe's shoulder pointing at...

POV - THE RIVER BELOW

We see the MISSISSIPPI QUEEN!!!

On it's evening run - the night club on water. And behind Munroe is...Archie Atkinson!!

INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

They're listening when they hear A DOOR OPEN over the phone - *someone coming home.*

EXT. DECK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Munroe hears the door open inside the house...

LILY (O.S.)

Archie.

INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

They heard Lily. Frozen in disbelief

INT. NSA RECON LAB - GARRICK - CONTINUOUS

Listening in - mouth hanging open.

EXT. DECK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Munroe eyes Archie then the Javlin. Without a word the SILENCED AUTOMATIC is in the assassin's hand.

ARCHIE

No!!

Lily doesn't see it coming. The Javlin aims through the patio doors - one shot. And then Archie. He crumbles like he meant nothing.

INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Michael scarred, looking to Larry to make sense of it. But Larry is commingled shock and betrayal.

MUNROE

(over speaker phone)

You're turn is coming, Hudd. I want that microfilm!

Abruptly the call hangs up. Floyd and Larry exchange a long look - *a life long mystery solved*. They drive, all three of them utterly defeated for the moment. Then...

GARRICK

(over speaker phone)

Chief.

WEBBER

Need that plane, Deacon.

GARRICK

(over speaker phone)

We have a problem. I think we've been hacked.

INT. NSA RECON LAB - CONTINUOUS

Garrick's hands flying over the keyboard, eyes all over the screen.

GARRICK

(to ceiling speaker)

I'm patching back into you.

INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

GARRICK
(over speaker phone)
Can you see it?

As the dash mounted laptop screen changes to the thermal image of Katie in the beach house with two pop up MSN windows. It's a SCREENSHOT of Garrick's computer.

GARRICK
See the MSN windows?

They see the MSN talk with Danny. The word 'Bahamas' standing out.

MICHAEL
(suddenly scared)
Oh my God.

EXT. THOMAS JEFFERSON MEMORIAL - NIGHT

The MASSIVE PARTHENON DOME lit with ornate lamps along the promenade. A perfect evening. Ralph Forbes stands under a COLUMN ARCHWAY, waiting for...A PERSON walking around the COLUMNS, the silhouette casting a WOMAN'S FIGURE. She steps under a LIGHT. It's...

RALPH
Allison McKay.

She's nervous, eyes shooting in all directions.

ALLISON
(suspicious)
Mr. Spencer assured me anonymity.

RALPH
Don't worry. We protect our sources.

ALLISON
Don't worry. They killed Graham y'know.

Tabitha Reynolds steps out of the DOME ENTRANCE behind Ralph.

RALPH
We know.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BAHAMAS - ELEUTHERA ISLAND - DAY

MONTAGE:

Island scenery, post card paradise. Deep blue water, white sand beaches, steel drums pounding out clave music. Lush vistas jutting out into the wild blue sea. Opulent estates built on sand dunes and hill sides - the rich and famous playground.

EXT. GOVENOR'S HARBOUR AIRPORT - BAHAMAS - DAY

Michael and Larry hustle out of the airport and dash for...

NIPPY'S TAXI

Where the islander is snoring away when both back doors slam, the beat up ole Meteor station wagon rocking on it's wheels.

NIPPY

(annoyed)

Hey, mon, she's vintage y'know.

But he's elated to see in the rear view mirror...

NIPPY

Mr. Hudd, welcome home.

(pointing to Michael)

Who's dis, mon?

LARRY

Nippy, my house, double time.

A Twenty is tossed over the front seat. The biggest of smiles lights Nippy's face. He sparks the engine.

NIPPY

Ok, mon, you'd better be hangin' on.

They peel off.

EXT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - DAY

Nippy veers into the driveway, barely stopping before Michael and Larry jump out, running for the front of the house. Nippy watches with a tsk.

NIPPY

(to himself)

Main landers.

INT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Larry and Micheal rush through the patio doors to find...No one. The house empty, clean. Michael watches Larry dash up the circular stairs to the loft. No one there either.

And then were TIGHT ON Michael, barely breathing, eyes wide.

MICHAEL
(worried)
Larry.

And PULL BACK to reveal Munroe's gun pressed to his cheek.

MUNROE
(controlled)
Hello, Larry.

Larry freezes, gauging the situation when the sleek Javlin breezes into the house through the back door, his silenced automatic trained on Larry.

LARRY
Let him go, Munroe.

Munroe's gun moves to Michael's temple.

MUNROE
Not your call.
(to Javlin)
Make sure the beach is clear.

The Javlin slides through the patio doors and heads for the beach as Larry comes back down.

LARRY
It's over, Jake. The press has everything.

MUNROE
And I have you. Long overdue I might add.
(to Michael)
Your kid was a great help.

Michael's temper ignites and he pushes backwards against Munroe, pressing him into the wall. Larry goes to make a move, but Munroe is a soldier and holds Michael's neck firm, gun barrel pressed deep into his eye. Larry freezes, a father's concern for a son written all over him.

MUNROE
 (hissing into Michael's
 ear)
 You'll be dead soon enough, Mr.
 Spencer.

MICHAEL
 (angry)
 Where's my family you sonofabitch!

MUNROE
 In due time. In due time.
 (to Larry)
 Isn't that right, Larry.

LARRY
 You were one of us, Jake.

MUNROE
 Funny, that's what Henderson said
 right before he died. But I'm not
 like you.
 (to Michael)
 Did daddy here tell you why he
 betrayed his country.

LARRY
 It was wrong, Jake.

MUNROE
 (fanatical anger)
 It was for democracy, you fucking
 traitor!

Michael stops thrashing, staring at Larry with the dread of
 hearing something unforgivable.

MUNROE
 Tell him, Larry. Tell your boy
 what you gave him up for. How you
 cost soldiers lives.

LARRY
 They weren't soldiers.

A guilt seeps out of Larry, reluctant to speak. Munroe
 presses the gun into Michael's temple.

MUNROE
 Tell him!!

Michael truly scared now.

MICHAEL
(pleading)
Larry.

LARRY
(reluctant)
Roger, Murphy and I were recruited into Munroe's unit and sent into Nicaragua where we were suppose to train freedom fighters, but it was all a smoke screen to stage another assassination attempt on Castro. They were using Morelatto's ships to bring in the guns and in return they'd let him run his Heroin just like I said.

MICHAEL
(confused)
But you were there?

LARRY
Yes.

MICHAEL
You were in the CIA?

LARRY
(more reluctant)
Not for long.

MUNROE
(hissing)
He was supposed to be a soldier.
Not a bleeding heart!

LARRY
(insensed)
Vietnam was over, Jake!
(to Michael)
But we were mixed up in some radical cell in the CIA who still wanted a dictator murdered. And they were willing to poison the kids - our kids - in the streets back home to do it.

Munroe twists the barrel into Michael's neck.

MUNROE
(disgust)
You had mission! Tell him! Tell him what you did!

Larry looks at Michael, his son held at gun point, a profound emotion.

LARRY

(delicately)

It wasn't long before Munroe here found out we were really DEA under Sam Mitchell. And that we leaked the story to the press core and got out of there.

MICHAEL

That's how those documents got out.

MUNROE

And my unit was wiped out!

LARRY

They were fanatics.

Munroe cocks the hammer, jamming the gun into Michael's temple.

MUNROE

They were patriots!

MICHAEL

(pleading)

Larry.

MUNROE

(to Michael)

He's a traitor. Even his own skin was more important than his kid.

LARRY

(emotional)

That's...not...true. We thought if we could stop the guns, if we could stop Morelatto, the operation would fall apart. We could stop the drugs.

(pleading-to Michael)

I was right. We were doing the right thing. I know it cost me you, Michael, but we did the right thing.

MUNROE

You're a fucking traitor!!

Suddenly the .38 swings at Larry but Michael lashes Munroe across the face, the gun discharging into Larry's shoulder, knocking him into the BEAN BAG CHAIR. Munroe retaliates with a backhand to Michael's jaw as Larry rolls off the bag, sliding onto the floor, blood gushing from his shoulder. He sees the Javlin running for the house beyond the patio door.

Michael and Munroe scuffle, the .38 falling to the floor and kicked under the BEAN BAG CHAIR. Michael winds up and drops Munroe to his ass.

LARRY
Run, Michael!!

Michael sees the Javlin aiming right at him. The patio window shatters, the bullet narrowly missing.

LARRY
Run!!!

Michael reluctant - Larry wounded.

LARRY
Run!!

And Michael hustles for the back door as the Javlin jumps through the shattered patio door like a machine, straight for the back door.

Munroe groggily stirs. Larry's good arm digging under THE BEAN BAG CHAIR.

INT. NIPPY'S TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Michael dives into the front seat. Nippy is stirring, rubbing the back of his neck.

MICHAEL
Move!!

NIPPY
Mon, somebodee whacked me.

MICHAEL
MOVE!!!

POV - THE JAVLIN

Aiming right at them, running for the taxi. He fires. The windshield pops a new hole. Nippy really awake.

NIPPY
 (yelling)
 Hey, mon!!

He cranks the key over and peels out of the drive. Another shot. Another. Micheal ducking below the dash. Nippy throws it in drive, the Meteor spitting gravel as another bullet takes out the back window.

NIPPY
 Jeez, mon!
 (to Michael)
 You bring da bad spirit.

MICHAEL
 Just drive!

NIPPY
 (tromping the gas)
 Wha'd you call dis, mon.

Michael gawks over his shoulder...

POV - THROUGH THE SHATTERED BACK WINDOW

The Javlin jumps into a mini-sport truck, spins around. The chase is on.

INT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Larry still squirming his arm around under the bean bag chair when Munroe steps up to him. A new revolver brandished.

MUNROE
 Always carry a back up.
 (cocks hammer)
 Time to die.

BANG!!

BEANS EXPLODE out of the bean bag chair. For a moment Munroe's stunned, looking at the bleeding hole in his chest. He crumples to one knee. No strength in his arm to even lift his gun. One more breath. Death claiming him.

MUNROE
 You sonofabit...

He drops dead to the floor. Larry manages to sit up - wincing, the gun grasped in his good hand. Then...a helicopter hovers over the beach beyond the broken patio window.

POV - THE HELICOPTER

Floyd Webber hopping out of the side door, running for the house.

EXT. BAHAMAS - ISLAND HIGHWAY - DAY

Nippy's Meteor racing along that narrow gravel highway where the island is nothing but a sliver of land separating the Atlantic from the Caribbean. The mini-sport truck right on his tail. Ahead is...

EXT. GLASS WINDOW BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The swelled Atlantic breakers crash through the narrow gorge and spill into the calm Caribbean. In the b.g. the taxi racing for the bridge, a thick dust cloud trailing behind.

INT. JAVLIN'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

He drives through the blinding dust cloud, aiming his automatic out the window...POP!

INT. NIPPY'S TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Another bullet pings off the bumper.

MICHAEL

He's going for the tires.

NIPPY

Righteous.

Ahead of them THE GLASS WINDOW BRIDGE is off center a good foot.

MICHAEL

Oh shit!

NIPPY

You'd better be hangin' on, mon.

Nippy punches the gas, the dust cloud thickening. And then he tromps the break and spins the wheel a hard left.

INT. JAVLIN'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

He can't see anything but dust, his truck too far to the right, too late to correct. His hands cover his face as the front bumper SLAMS THE CEMENT ABUTMENT.

EXT. GLASS WINDOW BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The mini sport truck crashing end over end, banging between the abutments like a bowling ball in the gutter. Finally the truck lands on it's roof mid way down the bridge and bursts into flames.

NIPPY'S TAXI

Skids to a stop just short of the cliff.

MICHAEL
(panicked)
Don't be dead! Dont' be dead!

Michael jumps out and runs for the Bridge as Nippy staggers to the edge of the gorge and watches...

THE BURNING TRUCK ON THE BRIDGE

Michael as close as he can get, trying to see the Javlin. But then a cut up and wounded Javlin springs up behind him like the machine he is, locking Michael in a full nelson, silencer pressed to his ear. Michael resists but it's useless.

MICHAEL
Where is my family! Where are they!

And suddenly THE HELICOPTER swerves into the gorge, level with the bridge. Floyd Webber crouched in the open loading door. The Javlin tightens his grip on Michael, the barrel digging into his ear. A standoff.

Then the copter rotates around and in the other loading door, aiming a high powered, laser scope rifle is...

MILT!!!

Michael suspended in disbelief. Even the Javlin surprised for a beat. But then Milt tilts his face in full view - a BIG EYE WINK and Michael kicks up his feet and drops like a rock, the Javlin an open target. Milt's salvo slams the Javlin over the bridge, lost in the breakers gushing through the gorge.

The helicopter swings up and lands on the highway near Nippy's prized taxi, the Bahamian swooping frantically for the copter to shut down.

Michael runs up. Milt steps out with an arm brace, arms open wide. They hug like brothers with Webber crouched in the open door.

MICHAEL
 (elated)
 How? How?

MILT
 Can't kill a machine, baby.

MICHAEL
 Where's Jazz and Katie?

WEBBER
 We've got them.

MILT
 (grinning)
 That was pretty good shootin'
 though, huh.

Webber does a 'not so bad' gesture to Michael's rolling eyes as they climb into the helicopter. Michael pauses a beat - a wave to the taxi man that saved his life.

Nippy throws his peace sign in the air as the helicopter lifts off.

EXT. WHITE KNIGHT - PUGOT SOUND - DAY

A COAST GUARD helicopter hovers over the great yacht, tether lines dangling down to it's deck. With stealth precision a SPECIAL FORCES unit rapidly descend and scatter throughout the abandon ship.

INT. WHITE KNIGHT - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

They storm the cabin and find Morelatto with a clean tap to the head. The Godfather gone.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The President busy with matters of state behind that impressive desk when Braden MacDuff enters, his face carved in harsher stone than usual. The President's patent smile melts when Braden holds up ROGER'S WATCH.

MACDUFF
 I believe you're looking for this.

EXT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - DAY

The helicopter lands on the beach and Michael runs for Larry already on a gurney, SPECIAL FORCES tending to him.

MICHAEL
Are you ok?

LARRY
I'm fine.

Then Michael sees Jasmine and Katie clinging to each other by the shattered patio doors. They run across the beach and pour into him, their arms squeezing for all their worth.

KATIE
I love you, dad.

MICHAEL
I love you too. Are you two ok?

JASMINE
We're fine. Milt is...

MICHAEL
I know.

They look back and see Milt slip out of the helicopter with Webber's help. Then Michael takes Katie's hand and leads her and Jasmine to...Larry, who looks upon them with pure wonderment.

MICHAEL
(to Larry)
So this is the better half.

Jasmine touches Larry's arm affectionately, his smile beaming. Then...

MICHAEL
And this is Katie.

KATIE
Hi.

Larry does his best to be strong, but what man truly could. Katie's smile lights up his life.

LARRY
Hello.

Then Michael sees...Evelyn standing near the house.

JASMINE
She's waited a long time, Michael.

A walk across the beach that lasts forever, Evelyn comes to finally meet her son. Her hands over her mouth, trembling uncontrollably.

MICHAEL

Hi.

EVELYN

(tearing)

Hi.

Mother and son embrace, Evelyn finally holding the baby she surrendered. Her gasp heard and felt by everyone on the beach. But none more than Larry.

INT. HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - DUSK

The Bahamian sunset burns orange through the port windows, but everyone is too haggard and exhausted to enjoy the view. Michael watches Evelyn patch up Larry's shoulder triage style. He has Jasmine tucked under his arm and Katie is propped against good ole Uncle Milt.

Larry's had enough care and attention.

LARRY

It's fine, Eve.

EVELYN

Stop your whining. I'm not finished.

LARRY

(to Michael)

Apparently I whine.

MICHAEL

Apparently.

JASMINE

(to Michael)

So that's where you get it from.

MICHAEL

(chuckling)

Any other bad habits I can attribute to you, Larry?

But Larry can't laugh, the raw emotion filling his face, looking upon a Granddaughter, then Jasmine, then finally his son. The words won't come out, but those deep blue eyes tell Michael everything about a father's love for his son - *I'm proud of you.*

They all feel the moment as Michael leans out of Jasmine's embrace, his face close to Larry.

MICHAEL

You did the right thing for me.

Absolution.

LARRY

Thank you.

Michael takes both their hands.

MICHAEL

(grins)

So, what's the plan for New Years?

EXT. HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT -

Flying into the sunset.

THE END