

BOUNTY

Written by

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TEASER

EXT. STARRY SKY - NIGHT

A brightly lit sky filled with countless stars and a huge full moon. We TILT down to find--

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO -- NIGHT

The reflection of the moon on the black waters. It's only there for a second, because--

A NINETY FOOT PLEASURE YACHT cuts through the optic. A lone figure stands on the aft deck:

ROCKY MURDOCH. John Wayne reincarnated as a sixty-two year old deep-sea explorer. He holds an empty glass as he stares into the yacht's wake.

Behind him, INGE SVENSEN, 35, the yacht's first mate, appears and hands Rocky a fresh drink.

INGE

Your drink, Mr. Murdoch.

Rocky accepts the new drink, and hands her his empty glass. He's transfixed by the Gulf waters.

INGE (CONT'D)

Is everything okay, sir?

ROCKY

Been sailing these waters since before you were even born. Sailed with my father, and before that, his father.

Inge is clearly oblivious where Rocky's headed with this, but okay. Like any good bartender, she'll lend an ear.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Something about the Gulf still fascinates me. So much life - so many stories - lie below these waters...

He takes a long drink from the glass, turns to Inge.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Stories for another time, Inge. I'll be turning in soon. Wake me once we get to Galveston.

INGE
Yes, sir. Good evening.

INT. YACHT BRIDGE - LATER

Inge enters the bridge. The yacht's captain, PETR SVENSEN, 37, leans over the control panel as he studies numerous computer screens.

PETR
The old man still awake?

INGE
For the moment. Seemed a bit melancholy.

PETR
Yeah? How so?

INGE
I don't know. Just... reflective, I guess. Wanted to be wakened when we get to port.

Petr punches numbers into a computer keyboard.

INSERT - a computer screen shows an ETA in Galveston of 6 hours, 38 minutes.

BACK TO SCENE

PETR
Why don't you go to bed? We still have a few hours to go.

INGE
I don't mind keeping you company.

PETR
I'm good. Get some rest and I'll see you in the morning.

Inge gives Petr a kiss and heads below deck.

As she leaves, Petr hears a PING, and turns his attention back to a radar screen.

INSERT -- The radar screen, where a small BLIP appears. Then again. Now more rapidly.

EXT. YACHT -- CONTINUOUS

Rocky finishes his drink, places it on a table. He searches the water, then looks back to see if anyone is around.

INT. YACHT BRIDGE -- MOMENTS LATER

Petr, concerned, looks out the bridge windows but sees nothing in the darkness.

PETR

Inge!

He leaves the bridge and steps out onto the stern deck.

EXT. YACHT -- CONTINUOUS

Petr frantically searches the dark waters. After a few moments, his eyes grow wide.

PETR

Jesus!

He dashes back towards the bridge.

PETR (CONT'D)

INGE!! GET OUT!! GET OUT NOW!!

But it's too late. A huge EXPLOSION rocks the yacht and rips it in half. Pieces of fiberglass, wood and steel descend from the sky and slowly cascade into the water.

The two remaining portions of the ship slowly sink into the fiery waters and disappear.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE**EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - PARKING LOT - MORNING**

A beat-up pickup sits in the parking lot. The neighborhood is less than desirable and the motel and truck fit right in.

INT. TRUCK - MORNING

JAKE MURDOCH, 38, handsome and fit with some well-worn stubble -- His face is utterly fucking perplexed.

His hands work a Rubik's Cube like it's a time bomb. With each rotation he gets more irritated.

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - PARKING LOT - MORNING

CLAUDIA (21), a Hispanic woman in jeans and a tank top, approaches a room. She carelessly swings a bag of take-out in her hand.

Jake tosses the Cube aside and watches Claudia with interest.

JAKE

An awfully big bag for such a skinny little girl. You going to see Luis?

INT. BAIL BOND OFFICE - MORNING

SHADY TYPES sit against a wall and wait. It's a well-worn office with low-rent decor.

CATHERINE 'CAT' MAYWEATHER, a short-haired, long-legged all-American girl pushing thirty, picks up a ringing phone.

CAT

Buck's Bail Bonds...

As Cat listens, she shuffles through paperwork.

CAT (CONT'D)

No ma'am. Your son hasn't been released yet... well, we don't post the bail until you pay us... hello?

She hangs up as BUCK HENDERSON (40s), African-American and a brute of man, moves past her desk.

BUCK
What's the word on Luis Castillo?

CAT
Jake's on it.

Buck muses on this news. Shakes his head.

BUCK
He's had two days. I can't wait
much longer. If he doesn't have
Luis by this afternoon, I'm
bringing Selena in.

As Buck walks away, Cat hangs her head in frustration.

CAT
Jake, what the hell are you up to?

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - MORNING

It's all quiet on the seedy front.

INT. TRUCK - MORNING

The Rubik's Cube sits unsolved on the passenger seat next to the previous night's sack of fast food. Jake struggles to keep his eyes open, and he's growing perturbed...

JAKE
(to himself)
Damn, Luis. For a guy on the run,
you sure seem to have a lot of time
on your hands to be hittin' that...

In the distance, the BANSHEE WHINE of a fire engine approaches. Jake barely registers the noise, but as it grows louder, an idea hits. He exits the truck with a self-satisfied grin.

He tucks a pistol in the back of his jeans, yanks his shirt over it. Takes a look around. The parking lot is deserted.

With self-confidence, he approaches the motel door he's been watching for hours.

The fire engine closes in on him... the siren grows louder.

He times his arrival to the room so the fire engine is close enough to be heard through the door.

And he KNOCKS --

JAKE (CONT'D)
Hotel manager.

Jake listens at the door. Sound of rustling.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Folks, we gotta fire alarm in the
building... can you please...

The sirens WAIL as the fire engine ZOOMS by -- The door flies open -- Jake steps back ready to take down Luis --

And then Claudia streaks by... topless and SCREAMING. It's pretty damn impressive.

Jake is distracted for the briefest of moments as he drinks in the sight of the topless woman --

Only to find a pistol pinned to his temple.

LUIS
Nice job, baby.

CLAUDIA
(to Jake)
If you want to see the show you
have to buy a ticket.

LUIS CASTILLO, 29, a burly Hispanic, tosses Claudia a shirt and takes Jake's weapon from him.

LUIS
(to Jake)
Think you smart, huh, jefe?

Jake holds up his hands. Not scared. Just pissed at himself.

JAKE
I did til about ten seconds ago...

Luis grins -- a gleaming row of precious metal.

LUIS
Inside bro...

Jake obeys. Sweeps his eyes around... the lot's still empty. No witnesses. Shit.

All three step into the motel room.

EXT. RANCH - SOUTH TEXAS - MORNING

A palatial estate. BODYGUARDS patrol the grounds.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - DINING TABLE - CONTINUOUS

MORGAN PIERSALL (late 30's), lanky and perfectly coiffed, digs into his breakfast. Across from him sits his son CALEB (13), as handsome as a gangly teenager can be.

CALEB

You coming this afternoon?

MORGAN

Wouldn't miss it for anything, buddy. You starting?

CALEB

Yeah. Coach moved me from cornerback to safety.

MORGAN

Did he now? Important position. Last line of defense. You're going to do great.

Caleb smiles with pride as he gets up. The smile disappears when he notices a bodyguard, JEROD HIGHTOWER, 25, keeping watch outside a window.

CALEB

Can you leave those guys behind?

MORGAN

Don't worry about them, Caleb. They're my safeties.

CALEB

It's just... People keep asking questions. It's embarrassing and I don't know what to tell them.

Morgan considers his son for an awkward moment. He deflects the tension --

MORGAN

I get it. You don't need any distractions. I'll take care of it.

CALEB

Thanks, Dad.

Caleb grabs his backpack and leaves the room.

Morgan gets back to his breakfast as Caleb leaves. Scans an iPad. As he does, KWAME INGRAM (28), African-American, short-trimmed hair, comes into the room. Morgan ignores him.

KWAME
Mister Piersall.

MORGAN
Kwame, you know not to bother me
while I'm eating, right?

KWAME
Yes sir. I'm sorry. Just letting
you know that the transfer is
happening in Corpus tonight.

MORGAN
(uninterested)
Uh-huh.

Morgan takes a big bite of waffles. He deliberately stops
chewing and stares at Kwame, who hasn't moved.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Something else you want?

Kwame does his best not to cut loose an eye roll or anything
else remotely disrespectful.

KWAME
Word's out that Viktor Azarov is
trying to move in on our territory.

Morgan dismisses that with a wave and lectures Kwame with a
mouthful of waffles.

MORGAN
Who gives a good god damn about
that commie refugee? He's an
Eastern European serf that turned
on his master. Guys like that don't
last long in this business because
they don't understand a damn thing
about loyalty or the big picture.
He's nothing to worry about.

KWAME
This is serious shit, boss. We
don't want to get in a war with
this guy.

MORGAN
You let me deal with Azarov. Now,
I'd like to finish my--

KWAME
One last thing.

Morgan slams his utensils to the table.

KWAME (CONT'D)
Rocky Murdoch.

Well, hold on. Now Morgan is piqued.

MORGAN
What about him?

KWAME
Apparently his yacht exploded in the Gulf. No one's been found.

MORGAN
Is that right... Well, that's pretty damn unfortunate. For him and me.

(thinks)
Joaquin is in Houston. See if he can find out what's going on. There's a lot of my money at play here and I'm not going to be screwed over. Now get the hell out of here before you can think of anything else awful to tell me.

Kwame departs, discontented and not at all concerned if Morgan notices.

Morgan contemplates this news about Rocky as he shoves another helping of waffles in his mouth.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A two-bit BBQ joint. Deserted, except for Morgan, who sits alone at a table, and a couple of BODYGUARDS, who sit at a table in the corner.

The isolation is broken as Rocky saunters in. Takes a quick look around and then parks himself across from Morgan.

Without asking, he pulls Morgan's plate of ribs over and helps himself.

ROCKY
The ribs here take a little getting used to. Little tough, but damn flavorful. Worth the extra effort.

Rocky takes another bite, licks the sauce from his fingers.

MORGAN

You always take things from others
without asking?

Rocky smiles as he wipes his hands with a napkin.

ROCKY

It's a rib, not your wallet. And
you're the one who invited me here.
Besides, I don't take things unless
they're legitimately there for the
taking.

MORGAN

Like treasure on sunken ships?

ROCKY

Ships that aren't in the
territorial waters of a country.
Big difference. Those ships are
fair game.

MORGAN

And your take is one hundred
percent of what you find?

ROCKY

Less taxes.

MORGAN

To the extent you report everything
you recover.

ROCKY

You with the IRS?

MORGAN

Far from it, Mr. Murdoch...

ROCKY

Rocky.

MORGAN

Well, Rocky, I assume deep sea
recovery is not an inexpensive
proposition. You putting up all the
costs yourself?

Rocky throws the finished rib on a plate.

ROCKY

So that's why we're here. Morgan, I appreciate your invite, but I rarely take on investors in my projects. Less for me in the end.

MORGAN

You also assume all the risk. One bad expedition and you're what, twenty, thirty million in the hole? A miss or two and you're in a bad place if you ask me.

Rocky leans back in his chair. Morgan has struck a painful chord with his declaration.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Now I have thirty-five million not working for me at the moment and I'm willing to take all the risk on your next project. You get a free ride. We split the net profits.

ROCKY

Sounds to me like you need thirty-five mil cleaned.

Rocky gets up from the table.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

I'm not a money launderer.

Morgan leans back, looks around at his cohorts. He finds this all a little amusing.

MORGAN

No one's asking you to be. Let's call it a loan. Low interest rate. I get paid back first on anything you recover, then you get fifty percent of the net proceeds after.

ROCKY

And if we don't recover anything? What happens to the loan?

MORGAN

It accumulates until a project does hit. But I do expect to be paid back, of course. Regardless of how many times you come up empty.

Rocky muses the proposal over.

ROCKY
Sixty - forty.

Morgan smiles, picks up another rib. Gnaws on it.

MORGAN
I believe you're right. Well worth
the effort.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

A MAID pushes a cart from one room to the next. She knocks on the door to Luis' room. Waits.

MAID
Housekeeping.

A muffled sound from indoors. She knocks again.

MAID (CONT'D)
Housekeeping.

It's more like a question than a statement. Again, a muffled noise in response. She pulls out a key and opens the door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The maid GASPS as she sees Jake HANDCUFFED to the bed and stripped to his underwear. A gag in his mouth.

The maid isn't sure whether to run or help Jake out. He grunts through his gag, pleads with his eyes for the latter.

Hesitantly, she steps into the room and removes the gag. Jake coughs from a dry throat.

JAKE
Water, por favor. Agua?

The maid goes into the bathroom and comes back with a glass. Holds it to Jake's mouth and he alternates between gulping down the water and spilling it on the bed.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Gracias.

She just stares awkwardly at Jake.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Please. I need you to call someone.
 If I give you a number--

MAID
 No. Sorry. No Inglés.

JAKE
 Figures. Okay. Um... necesito
 teléfono para mi... shit. What's
 the word? Esposa?

Her eyebrows raise.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Look, don't judge me. It's been a
 rough few days. Comprende? No, of
 course you don't. Es número dos,
 ocho, uno...

She just stands there.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 You might want to write this down.
 Escribe? Dos, ocho, uno, dos...

EXT. MOTEL - LATER

An SUV pulls into the parking lot. Cat exits the vehicle and
 marches toward the motel room.

The maid unlocks the door and hurries away as Cat approaches.

JAKE (O.S.)
 (calls after the maid)
 Thanks, sweetheart! That was great.
 Let's do it again sometime.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cat considers the situation before her.

JAKE
 She's letting me have the room for
 another hour, so...

Cat rolls her eyes. She takes out her pick and works the
 handcuffs until they pop open.

CAT
 Where's Luis?

JAKE
Probably thirty miles outside of
Houston by now.

Cat flings the handcuffs at the wall --

CAT
Dammit, Jake, you had one job.

Jake stretches and rubs his wrists. He's humiliated.

JAKE
I can catch up with this guy. I
just need... uh...

CAT
Clothes? Car keys?

JAKE
He took my keys, didn't he?

CAT
Your truck's gone, so I'd say yeah.

Jake grimaces. A bad morning just got way worse.

Jake continues to stand there in his underwear. Cat can't look. It's just pitiful.

CAT (CONT'D)
Cover up and let's get the hell out
of here.

INT. BAIL BOND OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Cat walks in, followed by Jake, a sheet wrapped around him like a toga. The waiting room snickers at the sight.

JAKE
I'm just sayin', you drove past two
WalMart's and a Target...

Cat doesn't respond. Heads straight for her desk.

Buck spots the two and makes a bee line for Jake, who suddenly feels self-conscious.

BUCK
What the hell, Murdoch? I thought
you had this!

JAKE
I did right up until the moment he
pulled a gun on me.

BUCK
(to Cat)
Get Selena on this. Now.

Jake groans at this pronouncement.

JAKE
C'mon, Buck. Not her. Please.

Buck storms off. Not in a mood to argue. Jake pleads with Cat instead. There's obviously history here.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I can deal with this, Cat.

CAT
You may have just cost him fifty k.
I can't blame him if he wants to
use her. Oh, almost forgot...

She pulls out a package. Drops it on her desk.

CAT (CONT'D)
Weirdest thing. Got a Fed Ex
package for you this morning.

JAKE
That is weird. Who the hell is
sending me a package here?

Jake picks up the box and examines it. An Austin return address. While he examines it:

JAKE (CONT'D)
Can you call an Uber for me?

But Cat is on the phone. Talks as she types on her computer. Jake waits patiently.

As he does, the door opens and in enters:

NICK MURDOCH, 35, a less husky version of Jake, but still looks like he can hold his own in a bar fight. He's harried.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Nick. What's up, baby brother?

Nick does a double-take at Jake's outfit.

NICK

Okay...

Jake takes a seat, mindful to not give anyone an eyeful.

NICK (CONT'D)

Been trying to call you all morning.

JAKE

Had my phone stolen. And my truck.

NICK

Were your clothes in the truck?

JAKE

It's been a really bad fucking day so far. What's wrong?

Nick motions his brother to --

AN EMPTY OFFICE

Nick leans against the wall. Looks emotionally drained. Jake is perplexed.

JAKE (CONT'D)

What's happened?

NICK

It's Dad... he's missing.

JAKE

Missing?

NICK

His yacht exploded last night in the Gulf. Coast Guard called me just a little while ago. No survivors found so far.

Jake *thought* he was having a bad fucking day.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. DUFFY'S BAR - AFTERNOON**

It's a two-bit Irish joint with almost no connection to Ireland. Sparsely decorated and even more sparsely populated.

Nick and a now fully-clothed Jake enter and sidle up to the bar. Jake has the Fed Ex package under his arm.

A slim, red-haired bartender, BECCA, comes over.

BECCA
Hey, boys. Been awhile. The usual?

NICK
Yes, ma'am.

Becca gives Nick a flirtatious smile. She pours both of them a double-shot of whiskey.

JAKE
Thanks, darling.

BECCA
Sure.
(to Nick)
Still waiting on that invitation,
by the way.

NICK
Invitation?

BECCA
You were gonna take me dancing.
Among other things.

Nick nods, but his mood obviously doesn't match Becca's.

NICK
Don't worry. Haven't forgotten.
Just a lot going on right now.

Becca leans over the bar, shows Nick some ample cleavage. Jake tries to avoid staring.

BECCA
Anything I can do to help?

JAKE
Not a good time, Becca.

Jake grabs his drink, heads for a table. Nick follows, leaving Becca to wonder what the hell is going on.

NICK
(lifts his drink)
To dad.

JAKE
Yeah. To dad... The son of a bitch.

They down their drinks. After a moment:

JAKE (CONT'D)
Thanks for stopping by my place, by the way. Sorry for crying in my closet while I picked out clothes.

NICK
Couldn't stand seeing you look like an "Animal House" reject. And I cried like a baby myself.
(beat)
Still can't wrap my head around it. I talked to him yesterday before he left for Galveston. Seemed great. Had a new discovery he was working off the coast of Mississippi.

JAKE
Dad and his sunken treasure hunts. Figures it'd be the death of him.

NICK
Sort of ironic, isn't it?

JAKE
What's that?

NICK
Dad made his living looking for treasure in sunken ships. Ends up spending eternity in one.

JAKE
Don't know if it's ironic but it's damn sure poetic. What do you think happened?

NICK
No clue. Authorities will figure it all out, I guess... So what do we do in the meantime?

JAKE

Don't know about "we," but you have to keep the business running. That means we need to settle his estate.

NICK

Seems a little premature, don't you think? Hasn't even been declared--

JAKE

If they haven't found him by now, then he's dead, and that's all there is to it. We go over to Dad's this afternoon, find his Will, call up his attorney--

NICK

Just seems a little disrespectful, that's all. Body hasn't even been found and we're trying to cash in.

Jake resents the implication.

JAKE

Jesus, Nick. I don't need the company assets. You need them to run the goddamn business. The rest of his stuff gets split up in time.

NICK

Easy, bro. I'm just saying, you're awfully businesslike for someone finding out his dad is missing.

JAKE

Not Missing. Dead.

NICK

Yeah, you keep saying that.

JAKE

And I may look okay, but I'm a fuckin' mess on the inside. I'm sure when it sinks in you'll feel the same.

Nick manages a smile.

NICK

He'd appreciate your stoicism.

JAKE

Learned it from the master.

Becca brings over a couple of more drinks.

BECCA

On me.

She smiles at Nick and leaves. Nick downs his second round.

Jake picks up his shot glass next to the unopened Fed Ex package on the table. But then something clicks --

JAKE

Never answered the question I asked myself back at Cat's office.

(off Nick's blank look)

Why someone sent me a Fed Ex package to her place?

Nick shakes his head.

NICK

Like I should know?

Jake tears open one end of the package. Pulls out a black object and holds it up. Puzzled expressions on their faces.

NICK (CONT'D)

A cell phone?

JAKE

Yeah... but it looks... different. Liked a Blackberry on steroids.

Nick takes the phone from him and examines it.

NICK

Anything else in there?

Jake digs around in the box.

JAKE

Nada.

NICK

It's a satellite phone. Dad had one on the boat. Not much use for one of those here in the city.

JAKE

Maybe it came from him.

Nick picks up the box and checks out the label.

NICK

Don't think so. This package was sent from an Austin Fed Ex. And we both know he never went to Austin. Full of socialists, he said, like it was a disease he might catch.

JAKE

But why a sat phone?

NICK

Why you asking me? It's your phone.

Jake turns the phone on. Scrolls through the menu and finds the "Missed Calls" tab.

INSERT: Several missed calls from "PRIVATE CALLER"

Jake stares at the phone. Starting to hit his limit. He downs his drink.

JAKE

C'mon, let's get over to his place.

Nick and Jake head to the exit. Becca waves to Nick.

BECCA

Call me!

NICK

I will. Promise.

As they exit:

BECCA

You say that every time.

EXT. HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

A Jeep Wrangler zips along a highway in South Texas.

INT. JEEP WRANGLER - CONTINUOUS

SELENA GALLAGHER, 29, half Hispanic, half Irish, one hundred percent kick ass, drives.

She punches Cat's speed dial number on her phone and puts the call on speaker.

CAT (V.O.) (PHONE)

Hello?

SELENA

Where is he?

CAT (V.O.)(PHONE)

If this thing is accurate, he should be at a rest stop just outside of Victoria.

SELENA

Got it. Should be there shortly. I'll call you with an update.

CAT (V.O.)(PHONE)

Be safe, okay?

SELENA

Don't worry about me. I think I can handle this dumb ass. You have to be some kind of stupid to steal someone's iPhone and leave it turned on so it can be tracked.

The Jeep passes a road sign: "REST AREA - 1 MILE"

EXT. REST STOP - DAY

Claudia and Luis stand next to a car. Jake's stolen truck is in the space next to them.

Claudia hands a bag to Luis.

CLAUDIA

Some cash, your passport and whatever else we got off the gringo.

He throws the bag in the truck and embraces Claudia.

LUIS

See you in Juarez...

Selena pulls into a space a few slots over. As she exits her Jeep the two lovers pay no attention.

Selena stretches and canvasses the lot. Empty, except for Claudia and Luis.

She tucks a taser behind an iPad and pretends to look at it as she approaches them.

Luis and Claudia release their embrace and they give each other one last look.

But Claudia's expression switches from adoring and hopeful to confused and fearful as Selena approaches.

Selena moves fast. She tases Luis in the neck.

As he goes down Selena lunges over him and CRACKS a shocked Claudia square in the jaw. Her head snaps into the hood of the car and she's out.

In a moment both criminals' legs and wrists are hog tied.

Selena grabs her cell and dials.

SELENA
 (into phone)
 Hey, Cat. I got 'em. The dumb
 shits.
 (with a relishing grin)
 And tell Jake he can come on down
 and pick up his truck.

LATER

Luis is being led into the back of a Texas Highway Patrol car by a TEXAS STATE TROOPER. Claudia is already handcuffed and in the patrol car. Selena stands nearby.

As the back door shuts, she hands the Trooper some paperwork. He's less than interested.

He climbs in his vehicle, and as he does:

SELENA (CONT'D)
 Oh, and make sure you get my name
 right on your report. Selena
 Gallagher. G-A-L-L-

The Trooper shuts his door, cutting her off.

He drives Luis away as Selena leans nonchalantly against Jake's truck.

EXT. ROCKY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A stylish residence in west Houston. It's not ostentatious, but it's a home befitting an explorer such as Rocky Murdoch.

Nick parks his SUV in front of the home. As he kills the engine, Nick's phone PINGS. He looks down at the text message with a smirk.

NICK
 Oh, shit. Hey, buddy boy.

JAKE

What?

NICK

Cat says Selena got Luis.

If Jake is bothered by this news, he doesn't show it.

JAKE

Good. Saves Cat's ass after my screw up, I guess.

The phone PINGS again. Nick reads the next text.

NICK

And she got all your stuff back.
But you're going to have to drive
to Victoria to get it.

JAKE

It's just a banner day, isn't it?

As they get out of the truck Jake notices a black SUV, motor running, down the street. He continues on to the front door.

INT. ROCKY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Nick freeze when they enter.

Someone has been here and completely trashed the place.

NICK

(low)
What the--

Jake stops him. Puts a finger to his lips. *Shhhh*. He reaches into the back of his pants and produces a pistol.

The two brothers quietly pass through an expansive entryway into a room filled with more destruction. Jake is on edge.

They go from room to room. The same scene in each room.

Jake wanders into a hallway filled with numerous pictures of Rocky's family. Nick follows close behind.

Young Jake and Nick in high school sports gear. Rocky's wedding. The boys with their mom.

Jake stops, transfixed with a picture of himself with his daughter ALLIE, a pretty blonde-haired teenager. Nick prods him on.

They continue down the hall into the--

STUDY

Just like the others. Rocky's desk drawers and file cabinets opened. The room is littered with files, newspapers, crossword puzzle and logic problem books.

Satisfied they're alone, Jake secures the pistol.

NICK (CONT'D)

Guess the maid didn't make it in this week.

JAKE

What the fucking fuck? Dad's yacht... The sat-phone... now this. Any of this make sense to you?

Nick hangs his head at the reality of the situation.

NICK

Nope. You know who else it won't make sense to?

(beat; Jake gets the hint)

You need to talk with her before some lowlife reporter tries to get a reaction for the evening news.

JAKE

Shit. Yeah, you're right.

(beat)

Can I use your car?

NICK

It won't get stolen, will it?

Jake smirks and considers a response, but instead --

JAKE

Call the police, then see if you can find Dad's Will.

Nick stews as Jake leaves the house. He kicks at a pile of magazines and other papers.

The papers fly about the room, falling slowly to the floor, reminiscent of the pieces of Rocky's yacht falling to the Gulf after the explosion.

INT. RACHEL MURDOCH'S RESIDENCE - LATE AFTERNOON

A modest middle-class home. Not lavishly decorated.

RACHEL MURDOCH, 38, walks through the living room, her arms loaded with laundry. Fit. Looks like an MMA fighter.

ALLIE MURDOCH, 13, awkwardly cute, is spread out on the sofa as she watches television. Rachel passes by, annoyed.

RACHEL
Don't you have some homework to do?

ALLIE
Nope.

RACHEL
Really.

ALLIE
Yep.

RACHEL
Then you can help me fold clothes.

ALLIE
Can I do it later?

RACHEL
You can do it now.

Rachel picks up the remote, shuts off the television, then drops the load of laundry on her feet.

ALLIE
Jesus, Mom! Why couldn't I just finish the show? There was only like five minutes left!

The door bell CHIMES. Rachel, curious, goes to retrieve it.

RACHEL
Because five minutes suddenly turns into an hour, then two hours and--

She opens the front door. It's Jake. She rolls her eyes.

JAKE
Good to see you too.

Rachel steps outside, closes the door behind her.

EXT. RACHEL MURDOCH'S RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Rachel stands toe to toe with Jake. She doesn't back down to anyone, least of all her ex-husband.

RACHEL
Fourth time in the last two weeks
you've been over. Remind me again
why we got a divorce?

Jake holds his hands up in surrender mode.

JAKE
Cease fire for a couple of hours,
okay? I need to see Allie.

RACHEL
We've talked about this, Jake. She
needs her space. Hell, I need my
space.

JAKE
Understood. But this is urgent and
I need to just have a few minutes
with her. Please.

RACHEL
You always think it's urgent,
Helicopter Dad.

Jake reigns in all the tension and frustration eating at him.
He grits through his teeth.

Rachel almost relishes the chance to be a bitch --

RACHEL (CONT'D)
You tell me what's up and I'll
decide whether it's worth her time.

Jake has no choice.

JAKE
Dad's missing. Probably dead. His
yacht exploded last night down in
the Gulf.

Now she feels like an ass. Her tone softens.

RACHEL
Oh my God. Jake, I'm sorry...

JAKE
Now you know why I need to talk
with her. I want her to hear it
from me, not from some news report
and not from one of her friends.

RACHEL
Of course. But is there any chance--

ALLIE (O.S.)

Mom?

Rachel turns to see the door open and Allie standing in the opening. When she sees her father, Allie has no reaction.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Hey.

JAKE

Hey there, superstar.

ALLIE

Why are you here?

RACHEL

Your dad wants to talk with you.

Allie couldn't care less. Hands shoved in her jeans pockets. Stares indifferently past Jake. She could easily win a "Most Sullen Teen" award.

JAKE

It's important. Will only take a few minutes.

ALLIE

Whatever.

She turns and heads back inside. Rachel and Jake just look at each other.

RACHEL

Just so you know, I blame you for this new attitude.

JAKE

Really? I was about to say she sounds just like you.

Before they step into the house, Jake stops Rachel at the doorstep. Nods down the street. The black SUV that was outside of Rocky's house now sits a few doors down.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Dad's place was ransacked, by the way. Nick's still there going through everything.

RACHEL

What the hell. When it rains, huh?

JAKE
Yeah. Don't know if that dude's
involved, but he followed me here.

Rachel looks over Jake's shoulder.

RACHEL
I'll check it out.

JAKE
Don't take any chances.

RACHEL
Not my style, right?

Jake shakes his head and heads inside.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
(to herself)
We signed the paperwork. The judge
said we're divorced... sure as hell
doesn't feel like it.

INT. RACHEL MURDOCH'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Rachel grabs a holster and gun off an entry hall table and straps it on. She's obviously more than just a soccer mom.

She slips on a jacket and steps back outside.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DUSK

Morgan stands along a chain link fence surrounding the field, where two middle school teams, FOSTER and ST. PIUS, play.

Caleb, in a St. Pius uniform, knocks a Foster player out of bounds with a nice hit.

MORGAN
Thataboy, Caleb! Nice tackle!

Caleb looks in Morgan's direction. Flashes a big smile as he runs back to his position on defense.

Morgan's cell phone BUZZES. He looks at the caller ID: JOAQUIN, and answers.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Yeah.

JOAQUIN (V.O.)
Nothing so far. There were two men
at Mr. Murdoch's place, then one
left and drove to a different
house. I've followed him here.

Morgan steps away from the fence, out of earshot from other
spectators.

MORGAN
Have to be his sons. Find out whose
house he went to, and let me know.

Morgan hangs up. ON THE FIELD, Caleb breaks up a pass. Fans
around Morgan CHEER, and he beams.

INT. RACHEL MURDOCH'S RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DUSK

Jake rummages through Rachel's fridge.

JAKE
Want a water?

ALLIE
No.

Jake pulls out a water bottle for himself.

JAKE
Soft drink?

ALLIE
No. God, can you just go ahead and
give me my lecture?

Jake shuts the fridge. Looks confused.

JAKE
Lecture?

ALLIE
Isn't that why you're here?

JAKE
No. But why don't you tell me what
you did and save me from doing the
investigative work with your mom.

ALLIE
Ugh. Fine. I quit soccer. Happy?

Jake is somewhat annoyed with this news, but trudges on.

JAKE

Course not. You're a damn good player. But I ain't gonna give you a lecture about it. You don't wanna play, then that's your business. Hope you'll reconsider, though. You'll regret it later, I think.

Allie wasn't expecting that. Caught off guard.

ALLIE

Thanks for not razzing my ass about it. Mom went psycho when she found out. Trying to force me to go back.

JAKE

I'll talk with her.

ALLIE

Good luck. She's been Queen of the Bitches lately.

Jake's heard enough.

JAKE

Ok, you should just zip it before you go any further. You may talk that way with the other girls at school, but I'm not gonna let you sit here and badmouth your momma that way. I thought we taught you a little more respect than that.

ALLIE

You and mom talk to each other that way all the time.

JAKE

That's different.

Allie does the classic teenage eye roll and motions for Jake to get on with this lecture that's not a lecture.

JAKE (CONT'D)

What is with this attitude?

Allie stares back at him. Defiant and silent.

Jake's lost any chance of this being pleasant and knows it. He gets on with it.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 There's no nice way to say this so
 I'm just going to rip the band aid
 off. We think Pops died in an
 accident at sea.

The news shakes her a little more than she'd like to let on. She tries to show her toughness, but her face crumples and she falls into her father's arms.

Jake is relieved - his daughter came to him. But she's crying... and suddenly she pushes Jake away and runs down a--

HALLWAY

Where she darts into a bathroom.

Jake follows. Knocks on the door. Turns the handle. Locked.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Allie? You okay?

ALLIE (O.S.)
 (muffled)
 Go away!

EXT. RACHEL MURDOCH'S RESIDENCE - DUSK

Rachel studies the black Escalade. Makes an assessment of the situation, then walks in the vehicle's direction.

Her right hand slides her jacket back, revealing the gun.

INSIDE THE ESCALADE --

JOAQUIN NESTOR, 30, sits. Hair pulled back in a slick ponytail, but he's still a tough-looking dude.

He's surprised when he sees Rachel walking in his direction.

Joaquin instinctively reaches for a pistol inside his jacket, but then slides it out of sight as Rachel approaches.

As additional precaution, he quickly slips the vehicle into the "Drive" gear.

Rachel senses the change in the gear shift. Tenses up. She pulls out a thin wallet and flips it open.

The badge says FBI AGENT. If there was any doubt, now we know for sure that she's a bad ass.

Joaquin looks at the badge, but has no reaction to it.

Rachel knocks on the tinted window and it rolls down. She looks around inside the vehicle.

JOAQUIN

Can I help you?

RACHEL

Rachel Murdoch, FBI. You want to tell me what you're doing out here?

JOAQUIN

I'm just a realtor scouting out homes for a prospective buyer.

RACHEL

No shit? Big macho guy like you, dressed all nice and sharp with your pretty little ponytail and driving an Escalade, you must be quite the realtor. Gotta business card on you?

JOAQUIN

Sorry, fresh out.

RACHEL

What a shock.

INT. RACHEL MURDOCH'S RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Jake makes one last appeal to his daughter.

JAKE

Honey, I'm going to leave now, but I'll be in touch.

(beat)

Everything's going to be okay.

No response. Jake walks away, head down.

EXT. RACHEL MURDOCH'S RESIDENCE -- CONTINUOUS

Rachel steps back from the vehicle. Takes a precautionary position, ready to shoot if necessary.

RACHEL

I need you to put your hands where I can see them.

AT RACHEL'S FRONT DOOR --

Jake steps out the door and sees Rachel out by the Escalade in a defensive position.

His hand immediately goes to his pistol. Walks slowly towards a tree and positions himself behind it.

AT THE ESCALADE --

Joaquin puts his hands up by the steering wheel. Smiles dismissively at Rachel.

JOAQUIN

I apologize, ma'am, but you really do have the wrong impression of me.

RACHEL

Don't think so, but you can step out here and prove otherwise.

Joaquin hesitates and now Rachel is amped up.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Now, goddammit!!

He looks like he's going to comply, but his foot hits the accelerator.

The car lurches forward as Joaquin sticks his pistol out the window back at Rachel.

She instantly reacts. Fires off several rounds.

Joaquin returns in spades.

Bullets PING and SKIM off metal and pavement --

But when Joaquin turns his head back, he doesn't notice Jake just off the street to his left. BAM! BAM! BAM!

The bullets all reach their mark with deadly accuracy. Joaquin slumps against the driver's side window, and the Escalade CRASHES into the back of Nick's car.

JAKE

Are you fucking kidding me!!

INT. RACHEL MURDOCH'S RESIDENCE - BATHROOM

Allie hears the gunshots and rushes to a living room window.

She notices the car crash, and her parents with pistols approaching the vehicle. Allie opens the front door and steps outside.

EXT. RACHEL MURDOCH'S RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Jake spots her coming out.

JAKE
Stay there, Allie!

Allie freezes. Clearly frightened.

Rachel is immediately on her phone as Jake checks on Joaquin. Toast. He runs over to Rachel.

JAKE (CONT'D)
What the hell happened?

Rachel shushes him.

RACHEL
(into phone)
...Suspect was taken down. Only
one, yeah... I'll be here.

She launches into Jake as soon as the call is over.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
What the hell have you brought to
my house, huh? What?

JAKE
How should I know?

RACHEL
This is so typical.

Jake holsters his weapon and he squares on Rachel. It all comes to a head now.

JAKE
Rachel. My father's dead. I just
killed someone and I'm pretty
fucking sure my daughter hates me.
Back. Off.

Rachel still wants to go another round, but she remembers her job. Holds out her hand, expectant.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Are you serious?

RACHEL
You know the rules, Jake.

Infuriated, Jake hands over his pistol to the on-scene law enforcement officer.

Allie waits on the front porch.

ALLIE
Mom? What's going on?

Rachel checks his weapon and gives him a disgusted look as she goes back to her daughter.

Jake sits on the sidewalk curb. Spent.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

A run-down warehouse in a deserted part of town. Surrounded by a chain link fence, half of which has fallen over.

A U-Haul truck backs up to the building. Jerod, from Morgan's ranch, drives.

Two goons, MALIK and TERRENCE, 20s, pull up in a second vehicle and get out. They open the warehouse doors and the truck backs inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's eerie, quiet... Jerod looks concerned with the situation. He signals for Malik.

JEROD

Check the area.

MALIK

What am I supposed to be looking for? We're the only ones here, man.

JEROD

How would you know that unless you look around? Huh? Just do what I ask before I bust your ass! Jesus.

(to Terrence)

Keep an eye on the outside.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

Terrence paces the building's perimeter.

A set of headlights appear in the distance. Terrance watches them carefully, then yells inside the door.

TERRANCE

Someone's coming.

The headlights stop a few yards away.

Four tough-looking HISPANICS get out, loaded for bear. Two of the men carry large duffel bags.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

(to Jerod)

Those our boys?

Jerod appears in the doorway as the four men approach.

JEROD
Rafael. Que pasa?

RAFAEL MALDONADO, late 20's, bald and heavily tattooed, isn't amused with Jerod's greeting.

RAFAEL
Don't use your pigeon Spanish on me, bro.

JEROD
Whatever, man. Just trying to be hospitable.

RAFAEL
Got the shit?

JEROD
Would I be here if I didn't?

Rafael just stares. Jerod gives up.

JEROD (CONT'D)
Yeah. You?

Rafael nods to one of his goons, who unzips his duffel, revealing large stacks of cash.

JEROD (CONT'D)
Awesome. Let's do business.

They all step into the warehouse.

EXT. RACHEL MURDOCH'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Several Houston police squad cars sit in front of Rachel's house, along with an unmarked car.

NEIGHBORS stand outside their homes and gawk.

NOAH CATALON, 40's, a grizzled FBI agent, walks the street, sizing up the situation. Rachel and Jake follow.

NOAH
You shot first.

RACHEL
I did, but he flashed a weapon first as he was driving away.

NOAH
And he returned fire?

RACHEL
Maybe three times. Can't say for sure, to be honest.

NOAH
Mmm hmmm.
(to Jake)
But you stepped in and saved the day, cowboy?

JAKE
I shot the guy, yeah. You know I'm a licensed peace officer.

NOAH
A bounty hunter.

JAKE
Po-TAY-to, Po-TAH-to.

RACHEL
What's the problem here, Noah? It was a clean shooting.

NOAH
Seems like nothing is clean when it comes to the ex here.
(to Jake)
But let's recap, since it's such a fun little story: Your dad disappears yesterday. This morning you're found handcuffed in a motel room. After drinking in a bar, you go to your father's house to find it ransacked. Then you drive over here and shoot a man. That's a pretty impressive twenty-four hours you've had. I've read Tom Clancy novels with less action.

Rachel's eyes grow wider with each declaration of fact. Jake takes a deep breath. Gets in Noah's face.

JAKE
You think I murdered the guy?

NOAH
 Didn't say that. But if you were in my shoes, and you were given that play by play, you'd probably want to dig a little deeper as well, don't you think?

JAKE
 Be my guest.

NOAH
 Thanks, chief. I think I will.

As he walks off:

NOAH (CONT'D)
 I'll be in touch.

JAKE
 So I'm free to go, then?

NOAH
 Yeah. Try not to do anything else stupid before the day's up. I mean, if you can manage it.

JAKE
 (to Rachel)
 Isn't it a conflict of interest for the guy you're dating to be investigating me?

Noah sneers and starts to say something but before he can:

RACHEL
 Jake, go home. Allie and I will be okay. You need to get some rest.

JAKE
 You sure? I'm happy to stay and--

RACHEL
 Go. Now.

Jake gets the message. Raise his hands in surrender.

He walks to Nick's SUV and gets in. As he drives away from the scene, the back bumper FALLS OFF.

Jake curses under his breath. He can't buy a break today.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jerod does a quick count of the cash as Rafael and his cohorts double-check the U-Haul.

JEROD
Think we're good, señor.

Jerod nods to Terrance and Malik. They lift the duffel bags and walk them to their car. Jerod follows, then stops.

JEROD (CONT'D)
Almost forgot.

He tosses the keys for the U-Haul to Rafael.

JEROD (CONT'D)
Vaya con dios, brother.

They exit the warehouse. Car tires dig into gravel as the three pull away.

Rafael turns to his men inside the truck.

RAFAEL
Vamonos!

They hop out and shut the large U-Haul doors, only to find:

At the other end of the truck, two MEN with assault rifles. Both in ski masks and dark fatigues.

The sound of weapons being armed causes Rafael and the others to instinctively reach for their guns, but it's too late.

The bandits wave Rafael and his team away from the truck.

RAFAEL (CONT'D)
What the hell, bro? You know who you're dealing with? My boss is gonna fuck you --

He's cut short by a BURST OF FIRE from one of the men.

Rafael's men try to respond, but it's a blood bath. The assault weapons cut everyone down with brute force.

As the echoes of the weapons die down, one of the men looks around, makes sure all is clear, then pulls off his mask.

It's KWAME. Holy shit.

The other pulls off his mask as well. This is CURT LOWE, late 20's, a Navy Seal type with a buzz cut and a serious scowl.

Kwame dials on his cell phone.

KWAME
Start cleaning this shit up. I have
to make the call.

A female answers.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)(PHONE)
Hello.

KWAME
It's taken care of. We'll make the
drop tomorrow.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)(PHONE)
Excellent.

Kwame hangs up. He and Curt load bodies and bags of money
into the truck.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**EXT. RANCH BUNK HOUSE - NIGHT**

A small, nicely-built brick house isolated in a field. Morgan's palatial home sits far in the distance.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lights are low. Morgan enters the room, holding two wine glasses and dressed in a kimono. Opera music plays in the background.

On the couch sits KIMMIE, 20's, an exotic-looking Asian. Smokes a cigarette, her stiletto clad heels thrust on the coffee table. Also adorned in a kimono.

Morgan hums along with the opera tune until he spots Kimmie. The cigarette. And the heels on the table.

Death stare.

MORGAN

Honey? Two things. First, get your feet off the table. Second, put out that god damned cigarette!

Kimmie looks around. Confused.

KIMMIE

So what am I supposed to do? There's no ashtray.

MORGAN

Well there wouldn't be, would there? Because I don't let people smoke here. It's a filthy habit practiced by filthy people.

Kimmie looks more confused than hurt by the remark.

A chagrined Morgan takes her cigarette and drops it in her wine glass, where it fizzles out.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

A damn shame. That was a 2010 Domaine Bouchard Chardonnay. Over a thousand dollars per bottle.

KIMMIE

That's okay. I'm more into reds.

MORGAN

You would be.

KIMMIE

Can we put on some hip-hop? This music's boring.

MORGAN

Boring? "Madame Butterfly" is not boring. It is deep and textured and full of drama and passion. Christ, I try to bring some culture into your sad little life, and you'd rather wallow in the gutter with Drake or Jay Z.

KIMMIE

Drake's hot.

(off Morgan's disgust)

Are we gonna screw or are you gonna spend all night telling me what an awful person I am?

An awkward pause, then --

MORGAN

Fair enough.

Morgan takes a long sip from his wine, then sets it on the table. Sits on the couch next to her.

She climbs over and straddles Morgan. They kiss, and he eases the kimono off her. It starts to get real, until--

BUZZ, BUZZ.

Buzz kill indeed. Morgan GROANS, pushes Kimmie off of him.

KIMMIE

Hey!

He retrieves the vibrating cell phone and answers.

MORGAN

What?

INT. FBI STATION - CONTINUOUS

Noah sits at his desk. He's on Joaquin's phone.

INTERCUT BETWEEN NOAH AND MORGAN:

NOAH

Good evening... Morgan, is it? That was the name on the caller log.

MORGAN

Who the hell is this?

NOAH

Special Agent Noah Catalon, FBI. Houston Field Office. Sorry to bother you at this time of night.

Morgan's cool as a cucumber at this declaration. Won't give Noah the pleasure.

MORGAN

Something I can help you with, Agent Catalon?

NOAH

Perhaps. You know a gentleman by the name of Joaquin Nestor?

Morgan's face crinkles, but he still maintains his composure.

MORGAN

Doesn't ring a bell.

NOAH

Really? Because we took a phone off of him a little while ago and it looks like he called your number earlier this evening.

MORGAN

Sorry to disappoint, but don't know him. Why don't you just ask him?

NOAH

The thing is, I would, but he's not talking.

MORGAN

Sounds like a smart guy.

NOAH

More like a dead guy.

That gets Morgan's attention. But he's still unfazed.

MORGAN

What? You think I had something to do with it?

(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

That's pretty interesting, given that I'm twenty miles north of the Mexican border at the moment.

NOAH

Oh, we know who killed him. I'm just curious why he was calling you before it happened.

MORGAN

You boys at the FBI are pretty resourceful. I'm sure you'll figure it out. Now if you don't mind, I'm very busy.

Morgan hangs up before Noah can respond. Furious, he flings his wine glass into the nearby fireplace where it SHATTERS.

Kimmie flinches. She pulls her kimono back around her, ready to flee --

And as quickly as his temper flared up, it cools back down. He smiles over at his paramour.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Sorry, Kimmie. Where were we?

She grins nervously as he eases back to the couch and starts in with her again.

EXT. BAIL BOND OFFICE - MORNING

Jake stands in the parking lot next to his truck. Looks like he hasn't slept in days. Cat hands him the truck keys.

JAKE

Thanks for retrieving my truck.

CAT

Don't thank me. Thank Selena.

JAKE

Yeah, that's not gonna happen.

Cat stiffens up. Bows her neck at Jake.

CAT

Is this going to be a problem between us?

JAKE

Not for me.

Not that Cat believes him, but there's no time to argue.

CAT
Listen, I gotta get back to work...

JAKE
(sheepishly)
Speaking of which, you got anything
for me?

CAT
Not at the moment. We'll talk
later, okay?

She disappears into the building.

Jake pulls a piece of paper out of his pocket, then dials a
number on his cell phone.

INT. LAW FIRM - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

KING LANCASTER, 50'S, a distinguished-looking southern
gentleman, sifts through papers on his desk.

He hits the speaker button on his desk phone as it RINGS.

KING
Lancaster.

INTERCUT CALL BETWEEN JAKE AND KING:

JAKE
King, it's Jake Murdoch.

KING
Jake, my boy, been a long time.
Good to hear from you. Sorry it
isn't under better circumstances.
How you holding up?

JAKE
Not great. Been a roller coaster of
emotions the last couple of days.

KING
Understandable.

JAKE
Hoping we can count on you to help
us get dad's affairs in order. We
tried to find his Will, but no luck
so far.

KING

No problem, son. I can help. Sort of. But I'm about to add to the absurdity of your sad situation.

JAKE

Hell, I shouldn't expect much else right now.

KING

We'll see. Your dad executed a new Will about three months ago. Got the original right here.

Jake recoils at this news.

KING (CONT'D)

Jake? You there?

JAKE

Yeah. A little confused, I guess. Dad signed a new Will?

KING

Well, people do Will revisions all the time. But let's just say, you think you're confused now, wait until you see this version.

JAKE

Hold on. Are we still in his Will?

KING

Short answer: maybe. But it's too complicated to explain over the phone. You and Nick come in tomorrow afternoon and we'll go over it. Three work for you?

JAKE

Yeah. Three's fine. See you then.

Jake hangs up. The confusion is overwhelming.

EXT. FARM - DAY

Curt drives the U-Haul down a dirt road to a barn beside a large rice field. Parks it behind the barn.

He and Kwame get out and look around. Kwame checks inside the barn, but it's deserted. No chance of being surprised.

CURT
You certain we were supposed to
meet here?

KWAME
Yeah. Give him a couple of minutes.
He'll be here.

Curt pulls out his pistol, puts the safety to 'off.'

KWAME (CONT'D)
What the hell you doing?

CURT
Just in case.
(beat)
This is pretty damn strange if you
ask me. We just turn over the truck
to whomever shows up?

KWAME
That's the deal. We get our share
of the cash when we hand over the
goods.

CURT
And how do we know we can trust
them? What's our bargaining chip if
shit goes south?

Curt waves the pistol in a menacing manner in Kwame's face.

KWAME
Get that shit away from me.

CURT
This is our bargaining chip.

KWAME
Don't sweat it man. We're not going
to need it.

CURT
You say that, but I swear to God,
you fuck me on this, and I'm gonna
blow your brains out. And I mean
for real.

KWAME
You worry too much. See here? Look.

Kwame points down the road. In the distance, a Ford cargo van
approaches down the dirt road, kicking up dust in its path.

They wait patiently as the vehicle parks next to the U-Haul.

The door opens, and the last person in the world we would expect to see here steps out.

NICK

Gentlemen. I believe you have something for me?

END ACT FOUR

EPILOGUE**INT. JAKE'S RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - EVENING**

A wall-mounted TV is tuned to the local news, where an anchor drones on about a local gala.

Jake lies in bed. He holds the unsolved Rubik's Cube in his hands, which he rotates slowly without changing any colors. He looks like hell.

Suddenly on the TV screen--

NEWS ANCHOR

And in other local news, Houston native and famed deep-sea explorer Rocky Murdoch disappeared last night in the Gulf of Mexico.

Hearing that, CAT suddenly pokes her head out from the bathroom to watch the report, a toothbrush in her mouth. So there IS something going on between them.

A dated picture of Rocky is on the screen.

CLICK. The TV shuts off. Jake set the remote on a bedside table, next to the Sat Phone.

CAT

You don't want to see that?

JAKE

Already know the outcome.

CAT

Do you?

JAKE

Don't you start. Yeah, I know.

Cat backs into the bathroom and spits out the toothpaste.

Jake returns his focus to the Rubik's Cube. He twists the block's compartments around as he talks.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Did I ever tell you Dad was huge into puzzles?

Cat rinses then climbs into bed.

CAT

Yeah?

JAKE

He was really into logic and strategy games. Things that challenged his mind. Cryptograms were his favorite.

CAT

Cryptograms?

JAKE

Coded messages - where a letter or number is substituted for another. A equals F, G equals K, Da Vinci Code kind of thing. If he hadn't been so good at finding treasure on sunken ships, he would have made a helluva cryptologist.

Jake turns and faces Cat.

JAKE (CONT'D)

He got me hooked as well, although I sort of lost interest once I went off to college. Got obsessed with other things, I guess.

CAT

Like what? Sports? Booze? Sex?

JAKE

Not necessarily in that order.

(beat)

I feel like dad has left me one more puzzle to solve, but for the life of me, I can't figure out where to even begin.

CAT

You just need to start fresh. Clear your mind.

JAKE

Any suggestions on how to do that?

CAT

I can think of a couple.

Cat leans over and seductively kisses Jake, and all seems right in the world. The problem is that in Jake's world, nothing good ever seems to last.

The sat phone suddenly goes off.

The Caller ID says: PRIVATE. Jake bolts upright, and reaches for the phone.

JAKE
Hello?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)(PHONE)
Jake Murdoch?

JAKE
Yeah. Who is this?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)(PHONE)
The answer to what you seek is
within the four corners.

And the phone goes dead.

JAKE
Hello? Hey -- are you there?

No response. Jake drops the phone on the bed, confused.

Cat sits up, rubs Jake's arm.

CAT
Who the hell was that?

But Jake has no answer. He can only stare numbly at the phone as we--

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE