

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 of the Gulf. It's only there for a second, because--

A NINETY FOOT PLEASURE YACHT cuts through the optic. Despite its size, the yacht only carries one passenger:

ROCKY MURDOCH. John Wayne reincarnated as a sixty-two year old deep-sea explorer.

He stands at the back of the yacht, holding an empty drink 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 scotch, Mr. Murdoch.

Rocky accepts the new drink, and hands her his empty glass.

ROCKY
Thank you, Inge. That'll be all for the evening.

He takes a long drink from the glass, his gaze still fixed on the dark water.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
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 and Inge's husband, PETR SVENSEN, 37, is hunched over the control panel as he studies numerous computer screens.

PETR
The old man still awake?

INGE

For the moment. He was having one last drink before calling it a night. 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.

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. You 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 the bank of computer screens.

INSERT -- A 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. He dashes back towards the bridge.

PETR
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 - DAY**

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

JAKE MURDOCH, 38, sits in the truck and sucks down a Coke as he carefully watches the motel. Handsome. A week's worth of stubble. Bloodshot eyes.

A Hispanic woman, CLAUDIA, 20's, approaches a room. Jake pulls out his cell phone and dials.

INT. BAIL BOND OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

SHADY TYPES sit against the wall and wait. A brute of man, BUCK, keeps an eye on things.

ROBIN MAYWEATHER, 30's, picks up a ringing phone.

ROBIN
Hey, darlin'.

INTERCUT CALL BETWEEN ROBIN AND JAKE:

JAKE
You know it's not very business-like to answer the phone that way.

Robin eyes the clientele.

ROBIN
So? It's not like we deal with business-like people. Plus I saw your number on the caller ID. Got good news for me?

JAKE
Maybe. Flores have a girlfriend? Petite l'il thing?

Robin types into a computer.

ROBIN
Let's see... I hit on a few when doing my research on this guy, but recently I think he's been shacking up with one in particular. Name's Claudia Villareal. Hispanic. Long black hair. Tattoo behind her right ear. Skinny ass girl.

JAKE
Yeah, she's quite the looker. I may
have your man soon.

ROBIN
Be safe.

JAKE
Always am.

Jake hangs up as the door cracks and a burly Hispanic, LUIS, appears briefly in the opening. Claudia enters the room.

Jake exits his vehicle, tucks a pistol into the back of his blue jeans, then walks up to the room.

In the distance, a FIRE SIREN wails. Jake smiles at the sound, then KNOCKS.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Hotel manager.

Jake listens at the door. Sound of rustling.

JAKE (CONT'D)
We have to evacuate everyone.
There's a fire in the building.

The sirens get louder.

JAKE (CONT'D)
You need to get out now!

The door flies open and Claudia comes out just as a fire truck races by. She realizes something's up.

CLAUDIA
Luis! Wait!

But it's too late. Luis barrels out of the room, wearing only a T-shirt and boxer shorts. A gun appears next to his head.

LUIS
What the...

JAKE
Luis Flores. Surprised to see you here, buddy. Shouldn't a guy on the run be sipping on a cerveza somewhere down in Mexico?

LUIS
Shit. You police?

JAKE
 Nope. Just your friendly
 neighborhood bounty hunter. Now put
 your hands on the car where I can--

WHAP! Claudia's thrown purse hits Jake in the head.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Jesus!

Claudia holds a gun, but her hand shakes so much that she might just as easily hit Luis as she would Jake.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Missy, I don't mean to tell you
 your business, but if you don't put
 that gun down right now, something
 bad's gonna happen, and it ain't
 gonna be to me.

As Jake focuses on Claudia, Luis tries to reach for the gun, but Jake recovers just in time to pull it away and swing the gun's butt across Luis' face, and he falls to the ground.

BAM!!

The door frame behind Jake splinters as Claudia fires a gun at him. He returns fire, hitting her in the shoulder. She falls next to Luis, losing her weapon in the process.

Jake cuffs Luis and Claudia together.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Lucky for you I was in a hospitable
 mood. Usually don't take kindly to
 people trying to blow my head off.

CLAUDIA
 You wanna give me another chance? I
 won't miss this time.

Jake smiles as he dials his cell phone.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

SGT. RALPH LEJEUNE, 53, a marine drill sergeant dressed up as a police officer, answers the ringing phone.

RALPH
 Lejeune.

INTERCUT CALL BETWEEN RALPH AND JAKE:

JAKE
Sarge, it's Jake.

RALPH
What do you want, Murdoch?

JAKE
C'mon, Sarge. Why so grumpy? It's your lucky day. Got a present for you. Luis Flores. Jumped bail on assault with a deadly. I'm even throwing in a bonus bandida.

RALPH
You didn't shoot anyone's this time, did you?

JAKE
Why is that the first question you always ask whenever--

RALPH
Anyone shot?

JAKE
Okay, I shot a girl.

RALPH
Christ, Murdoch.

JAKE
Winged her more than anything. But the perp is fine.

LUIS
I thin' you bro' my ja...

JAKE
(under his breath)
Mostly.

RALPH
What was that?

JAKE
Nothing. You wanna send one of your guys over to the Preston Motel on South Main to collect your prize?

Jake hangs up and puts a stick of gum in his mouth. Waves the pack in front of Luis.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Gum?

Luis looks at Jake with contempt.

EXT. RANCH - SOUTH TEXAS - DAY

A palatial estate. The grounds are lined with BODYGUARDS armed with assault rifles.

Behind the home, on a large expanse of fields, MORGAN PIERSALL (35), eccentric, loads a shotgun.

Off to the side, KWAME INGRAM (28), a stocky African-American, talks on a cell phone. After a moment, he approaches Morgan.

KWAME
Mister Piersall.

MORGAN
What do you want, Kwame? I'm getting ready to shoot.

KWAME
Yes sir. Just letting you know that the shipment is arriving in Corpus tonight.

MORGAN
Value?

KWAME
Twelve million. Our buyers will move it to Houston and Austin.

Morgan seems disinterested. The news doesn't excite him.

KWAME (CONT'D)
But there's something else. Word from our supplier is that Viktor Azarov is trying to horn in on your territory.

Morgan waves his hand in a dismissive fashion.

MORGAN
Who gives a good god damn about a two-bit pecker like Azarov? He has a good thing going in Eastern Europe and he wants to make a play here in Texas? Well, let him come on down! We'll show him some of our Texas hospitality!

KWAME

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

MORGAN

Let me worry about Mr. Azarov.

KWAME

Yes, sir. One more thing. Also got a message about Murdoch.

Morgan lowers his weapon.

MORGAN

What about him?

KWAME

Was told he disappeared last night. Apparently his yacht exploded in the Gulf.

MORGAN

Is that right. Pretty convenient for him to 'disappear' like that, seeing how he owes me thirty-five million.

KWAME

Plus interest.

Morgan nods. Arms his shotgun. KA-KLACK.

MORGAN

Plus interest. We're talking about some major jack here. Now if you were me, Kwame, what would you do?

Morgan yells over to JEROD, 30's, tough-looking African American, who holds a rope connected to a box.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

J, you ready?

CARLOS

Yes sir.

Morgan turns his attention back to Kwame.

KWAME

I'd do whatever it takes to get my money back.

MORGAN

Exactly, mi amigo! That's not even a question. We do whatever it takes to get my money back.

(thinks)

Get Joaquin to Houston. See if he can find out what's going on.

Morgan turns his attention back to the field, where a young Hispanic male, RAUL, stands twenty yards away. Shakes with fear.

Morgan raises his shotgun.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

PULL!

Jerod yanks the string and a PITBULL DOG is released. It immediately heads in the direction of Raul.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

The trick is, you gotta lead 'em just a touch.

Raul zig zags away from the dog into the field. Morgan tracks the dog with his shotgun, then quickly turns the gun toward Raul. Morgan grins. FIRES twice.

Raul is hit squarely in the back and drops like a rock.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Oops.

Jerod and a BODYGUARD head into the field. Jerod carries a shovel, the bodyguard a pistol.

Morgan hands his rifle off to Kwame and walks toward the ranch house.

In the background, the bodyguard fires a SHOT into Raul as Morgan walks out of FRAME. Kwame watches him go.

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

Next time find me a runner who can provide more of a challenge.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO -- AFTERNOON

A helicopter circles a large amount of floating yacht debris. The wind generated by the helicopter blades whips the water.

A Coast Guard cutter rests near the area. A dinghy carrying divers from the cutter pulls to a stop near the wreckage and the divers enter the water.

EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER DECK -- CONTINUOUS

LIEUTENANT NELSON FISHER (31) and ENSIGN JOE RILEY (27), U.S. Coast Guard Investigators, stand along the bow railing of the Coast Guard Cutter CARSON, binoculars focused on the water.

FISHER

We know how many were on board?

RILEY

From what I have gathered, there were three. Two crew members and the yacht owner. Rocky Murdoch.

FISHER

The deep-sea explorer?

RILEY

Yes, sir.

Fisher lets out a low whistle.

FISHER

Make of the yacht?

RILEY

Eighty foot Lazzara. Built in Florida two years ago. Murdoch bought it new.

Fisher looks perplexed.

FISHER

So what do you think happened here?

Riley thinks.

RILEY

Perhaps an electrical issue in the engine caused some sort of combustibile explosion around the fuel tanks. Blew the boat apart.

FISHER

Maybe...

Fisher continues to train his binoculars on the debris. Suddenly he stops, then points to a large piece of fiberglass. A piece of railing is attached to its side.

FISHER (CONT'D)
Except... look at that large piece
of fiberglass over to the right,
Riley... the piece that has some
railing attached to it.

RILEY
Got it. What about it?

FISHER
Anything unusual to you about that?

RILEY
Not that I can think of.

Fisher puts down his binoculars. He walks away from the
railing, followed by Riley.

FISHER
Something's not right here. Get me
all the specifications, pictures,
deck plans, anything about this
yacht you can get your hands on.

RILEY
Aye aye, sir.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. BAIL BOND OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

Jake walks in and drops some papers on Robin's desk.

JAKE

I believe that's what you need regarding the capture of one Luis Flores. Check or cash will be fine.

Robin looks through the papers.

ROBIN

You know you don't get a bonus for shooting people that we didn't post bail on.

JAKE

That was just target practice.

ROBIN

Uh-huh... Oh, almost forgot...

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

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Weirdest thing. Got a Fed Ex package for you a little while ago.

JAKE

What the hell? Why would someone be sending a package to me here?

Robin's desk phone RINGS. And rings.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You do know how to answer that, don't you? You pick it up and speak into that--

ROBIN

--Don't you have some fugitives to beat up?

Jake reaches down to pick up the package as Robin goes for the phone.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Look, I'll be working late... okay if we just have something delivered later to the house?

Jake looks embarrassed at Robin blowing his cover.

JAKE
Yeah, sure.

Jake looks over to Buck, who smiles, suitably impressed.

Jake examines the package. An Austin return address. He tucks it under his arm and heads for the exit.

ROBIN (O.S.)
Jake! Your brother is on the phone.
Needs to speak with you now.

JAKE
Why is he calling here?
(as he pulls out his cell)
Why didn't he just call my--

Jake sees "8 missed calls" on his cell phone screen.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Guess that's why.

He walks back and takes the phone from Robin.

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

INT. NICK MURDOCH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jake's brother, NICK, 35, a less husky version of Jake, paces back and forth in the kitchen. Anxious.

INTERCUT BETWEEN NICK AND JAKE:

NICK
What the hell, Jake? I've been
trying to get ahold of you all
morning!

JAKE
I see that. Sorry -- was busy
picking up a skip. What's going on?

NICK
Dad... he's missing.

JAKE
Missing? What do you mean?

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

Jake can only stare, dumbfounded.

ROBIN
 Jake? What's wrong?

EXT. CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX - HOUSTON - LATE AFTERNOON

ESTABLISH - A large residential building along a tree-lined street in mid-town Houston.

INT. JAKE'S RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

A modest condominium. Sparsely decorated. Jake and Robin sit at a small dining table. She eats Chinese while he picks at his food and stares blankly at the plate.

ROBIN
 Do you want to call Nick back? See
 if he's heard anything?

Jake shakes his head.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
 Maybe there's a chance--

JAKE
 --he'd have called if he knew
 something. If they haven't found
 him by now, then he's dead, and
 that's all there is to it.

They continue to sit in silence. Robin takes notice of the Fed Ex package on a credenza behind Jake.

ROBIN
 You never opened the package?

JAKE
 What? Oh... no.

ROBIN
 You going to?

Jake doesn't answer. Something obviously is on his mind. Robin returns to eating.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
By the way, San Antonio police
caught up with that murder suspect
we bonded, so--

A hint of realization suddenly comes over Jake. He gets up
and throws his napkin on the table.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
What are you doing, babe?

He reaches over and grabs the package off the credenza.

JAKE
Never answered the question I asked
myself back at your office.

ROBIN
Which was?

JAKE
Why would someone send me a package
at your office? Why not here?

ROBIN
Maybe they didn't want to risk
someone taking it. But whoever sent
it knew you did a lot of work for
my office, obviously.

JAKE
Right. And who would know that?

ROBIN
At least one person, it appears.
Open it and find out.

JAKE
But what if...

ROBIN
Open it, for Christ's sake!

Jake tears open one end of the package. He looks inside,
pulls out a black object and holds it up. Puzzled expressions
on both their faces.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
A cell phone?

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

ROBIN
No manufacturer's box? Just was
mailed to you like that?

Jake nods. He examines the phone.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Anything else in there?

Jake digs around in the box. He pulls out bubble wraps that
was used to cushion the phone for shipping, and a piece of
paper falls out of the box. Jake picks it up, looks it over.

JAKE
A note.

ROBIN
To you?

JAKE
I suppose. It's not addressed. No
signature. Just a typed note.

ROBIN
So? What's it say?

JAKE
(reads)
"You'll need this. More to come."

Jake examines the phone closely.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I think it's a sat phone.

ROBIN
A sat phone? Why would someone send
you one of those?

Jake shrugs. Robin thinks for a moment.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Maybe it came from your dad.

Jake picks up the box and checks out the label.

JAKE
Don't think so -- this package was
sent from an Austin Fed Ex store.
Dad never went to Austin. Said it
was infested with communists.

ROBIN
Okay. But why a sat phone?

JAKE

Well, cell phones are limited in their range unless there's a tower nearby to bounce a signal off it to a satellite. Sat phones bypass cell towers and go right to the satellite, so they can pretty much be used anywhere in the world...

He shrugs his shoulders.

JAKE (CONT'D)

...I've got nothing.

ROBIN

Turn it on. See if there are any incoming phone numbers in the call log.

Jake powers the phone up, then maneuvers through the screens to get to the call log. His face drops when he gets there.

JAKE

Nope. Only one call and it's marked "private." This is pretty point--

The phone suddenly BUZZES. Jake almost drops the phone out of shock.

JAKE (CONT'D)

--Holy shit!

ROBIN

Well, answer it, for God's sake!

JAKE

Hello?

A lilting, mysterious FEMALE VOICE on the other end.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Jake Murdoch?

JAKE

Yes -- who is this?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

We've been trying to reach you.

JAKE

"We?" Who is "we?"

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Write this number down. You'll need
it very soon.

Jake looks incredulous.

JAKE
Hold on? A number? Like a--

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
1-1-4-4...

Jake is furiously searching for a pen on the credenza.

JAKE
Wait, wait, wait!!

He finally finds one.

JAKE (CONT'D)
1... 1...

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
9-9-9-5-8-7-2.

JAKE
Sorry, was that two or three
nine's? I don't know if--

The caller hangs up.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Hello?... Hello?

No response. The line is dead.

ROBIN
What in the world?

All Jake can do is stare at the phone, then at Robin. He is seriously freaked out.

EXT. ROCKY'S HOUSE - DAY

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

Jake parks his truck in front of the home. He and Nick get out and enter the home.

INT. ROCKY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The home is spotless, but not devoid of character. Filled with mementos and relics from their father's exploring days.

The two brothers pass through an expansive entryway.

NICK

...and there was no indication where the phone came from?

JAKE

Nope. Even tried to call the manufacturer using the phone's serial number, but you can buy these things right off of Amazon, so that didn't help.

Jake wanders into a hallway filled with numerous pictures of Rocky's family.

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

Jake stops and stares at a picture of Jake with his daughter ALLIE, a pretty blonde-haired teenager.

NICK (O.S.)

How's she doing?

JAKE

Hard to say. Haven't seen her in at least a couple of weeks... ain't from trying, but Rachel's got a hard-on of hate for me lately and isn't about to let me see Allie.

NICK

Maybe it has something to do with you shacking up with Robin.

JAKE

Hell, that's none of her business. Besides, Allie likes Robin.

Jake walks down the hall towards the study, followed by Nick.

NICK

As the Dixie Chicks sang: "There's your trouble." No mom wants to be compared to her ex-husband's hot as hell girlfriend. Or for her kid to like said hot girlfriend. Just makes her all the more insecure.

JAKE

Whatever. I didn't start dating Robin until after the divorce, so if Rachel has a problem with her, then that's on Rachel.

NICK

So get a court order. You've got rights as a dad.

JAKE

Yeah, I know. But honestly, it'd be easier to just work it out with Rachel than to haul her down to court and get her even more pissed off at me than she already is.

They continue down the hall into the--

STUDY

The one room in the house that isn't immaculate. Newspapers and magazines everywhere. The desk is littered with crossword puzzle and logic problem books.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Does the maid know this room exists?

NICK

You need to tell Allie about her Pops before she hears it from some jerk-off news reporter trying to get a reaction shot for the nightly news from the grief-stricken relatives.

Jake hangs his head at the reality of the situation.

JAKE

Shit. Didn't even think about that.

Jake makes a beeline for a file cabinet next to the desk. Bangs on the side of the cabinet.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You worked for dad. Think he'd keep his Will in here?

NICK

Suppose. Seems like the last time I talked to him about his estate planning he pulled the Will from one of these drawers.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

But that was years ago. And isn't it a little premature to be looking for a Will? Hasn't even been declared dead yet.

JAKE

You and I both know it's just a matter of time. Either he drowned while waiting for help or he's inside that yacht at the bottom of the Gulf. Either way, we're gonna need that Will.

Nick seems to acknowledge the reality.

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.

Nick pulls open a drawer on the cabinet.

NICK

So assuming I find it, what then? Call dad's attorney? Roy something or another? The one from that big law firm downtown.

JAKE

Royal Lancaster. I've dealt with him before. You find it, I'll call him. Right now, I'm off to talk with Allie. Or at least attempt to.

Jake leaves the study as Nick digs into the cabinet.

INT. COAST GUARD CUTTER - OFFICER'S QUARTERS - LATE AFTERNOON

Fisher and Riley huddle over a table where they study photos of the wreckage, along with blueprints, photos, and deck plans for a Lazzara class yacht.

Fisher points to a photo of the same wreckage they had viewed earlier.

FISHER

Okay. Here is the wreckage we looked at earlier. The one with the railing, remember?

RILEY

Yes, sir.

Fisher shows Riley another photo.

FISHER

Now, look at this side view of a fully intact Lazzara.

Riley studies the photo.

RILEY

Not sure I understand.

FISHER

On this model, there is no railing on the back of the boat. It doesn't begin until mid-ship.

RILEY

So? Wouldn't you expect to find fragments from all parts of the boat in the water?

FISHER

No. With an aft explosion, the back third is typically affected. Maybe some collateral damage to the rest of the yacht.

Fisher pulls into view some other photos. He points at two sets of debris scattered far apart from each other.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Here's something else. See how far apart these debris fields are from each other? An aft explosion would likely result in a single debris field, not two scattered ones.

Riley thinks about this.

RILEY

Think this was a mid-ship explosion?

FISHER
No other explanation in my mind.

RILEY
Eliminates a faulty fuel tank.

A KNOCK on the cabin door.

FISHER
Enter.

Chief Warrant Officer CARL JACKSON (38) enters.

JACKSON
Sir, we've recovered one of the bodies.

FISHER
Good. Any identification?

JAKE
One female. Most likely a crew member, based on clothing. Her body was loaded on the chopper and they're taking her in to Galveston.

RILEY
No luck on the yacht owner or captain?

JACKSON
No, sir. And I've pulled our divers. We've got a fierce wind whipping up out there and radar indicates a helluva storm approaching quickly from the southeast. Cap'n Mabry says to inform you to shut down the search and haul ass.

FISHER
(sighs)
Thank you, Jackson. Dismissed.

Jackson exits the quarters.

RILEY
Giving up on the others, sir?

FISHER
Captain's call. No chance they're still alive out there anyway.

EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER -- CONTINUOUS

A brutal wind rocks the cutter violently in the water. Large waves crash against the port side of the ship and inundate the crew.

Two choppers speed off in the distance.

INT. RACHEL MURDOCH'S RESIDENCE - LATE AFTERNOON

A well lived-in middle-class home.

RACHEL MURDOCH, 38, walks through the living room, her arms loaded with laundry.

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

Already done.

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

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

Rachel's cell phone CHIMES. She goes to retrieve it.

RACHEL

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

Rachel looks at the caller ID. It's Jake. She rolls her eyes and walk into the kitchen to take the call.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

What?

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Jake is stung by Rachel's tone.

INTERCUT BETWEEN RACHEL AND JAKE:

JAKE

Catching you at a bad time?

RACHEL

Pretty much anytime is a bad time when it comes to you.

JAKE

Normally I would have something nice to say in return, but can we call a cease fire for a couple of hours? I need to see Allie.

RACHEL

We've talked about this, Jake. You can't just pick and choose when you want to see your daughter. You don't see her for a month then on a whim you suddenly want to see her? That doesn't fly. It creates expectations and it's not fair to her.

JAKE

It's only been two weeks. Three at most.

RACHEL

Not helping your case.

JAKE

Rachel, I couldn't agree more. I need to be better. But this isn't on a whim. This is urgent and I need to just have an hour or two with her. Please.

RACHEL

What's so important that it can't wait until a time you're scheduled to have her?

JAKE

I'd rather talk to Allie about--

RACHEL

You can tell me and I'll decide whether it's worth her time.

Jake wants to say something pithy, but thinks better of it.

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

She didn't expect that. 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. Rachel adores him. Any chance he could still be--

Rachel freezes as she turns to see Allie standing in the doorway of the kitchen.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
You need something, honey?

JAKE
Shit. How long she been standing there?

RACHEL
Hold on, Jake.

ALLIE
Is that dad? What's going on?

RACHEL
Umm... He's coming by to see you. Wanted to know if he could take you to dinner.

Allie's face brightens.

ALLIE
Really? Can I go?

RACHEL
Yeah, sure.
(to Jake)
She's all yours.

JAKE
Thanks. See you in a bit.

INT. ROCKY'S HOUSE - STUDY - LATE AFTERNOON

Nick continues to rifle through the file cabinet. He's on the bottom drawer, and it's not exactly in the best of order.

Just as he's about to give up, he spots a folder titled "Estate Planning."

Curious, he pulls it out and places the contents on the desk.

One thick envelope and a legal pad.

Nick looks over the legal pad. Rows and rows of numbers and letters that make no sense to Nick.

He opens the envelope, and inside is Rocky's Last Will. He sits down and glances through the pages.

Satisfied, he stops reading and pulls out his cell. After he dials--

JAKE (V.O.)
This is Jake Murdoch. Leave me a message--

NICK
Do you ever answer your phone?

JAKE (V.O.)
--after the beep.

NICK
Jake, found the Will, along with something else I can't make heads or tails of. Takin' it all to my house. You can call the attorney tomorrow.

Nick hangs up, grabs the legal pad and Will, and leaves.

EXT. RACHEL MURDOCH'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Jake pulls into the driveway. As he does, Allie bursts out the front door and races in his direction.

Jake gets out of his truck just in time to get attacked by a huge bear hug from his daughter.

ALLIE
I'm so glad you're here!

JAKE
Me too, darlin'.

Rachel approaches as well. The welcome is cordial given the circumstances. She gives Jake a hug, rubs his facial stubble.

RACHEL
Looking clean cut as usual. Get you a razor for the road?

ALLIE
I like it. You look like a GQ model.

JAKE
Not even sure what that means, but thanks, I guess.
(to Rachel)
What time you need her back?

RACHEL
Take your time. Ten will be good.

JAKE
Appreciate it, Rachel. Really.

Jake swings around to the passenger side of the truck, opens the door for Allie. Rachel yells after Jake as he climbs behind the wheel.

RACHEL
Decent meal, hear? No fast food!

Jake shakes his head as he pulls away.

Rachel watches them leave, then spots a black Escalade sitting on the street nearby. She studies the vehicle.

INSIDE THE ESCALADE--

JOAQUIN NESTOR, 30, sits. Hair pulled back in a ponytail. Hard, striking features.

He watches Jake pull away, and is surprised when he sees Rachel walking in his direction.

His hand instinctively reaches for a pistol as Rachel approaches.

She knocks on the window and it rolls down.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Can I help you?

JOAQUIN
Why would I need your help?

RACHEL
It's just that it's dark, you're sitting outside my house, I've never seen you around this neighborhood, and I sure didn't invite you here. So I figure you're either a lousy Uber driver with no business, or maybe the business you've got concerns me.

JOAQUIN
They say everything is bigger in Texas. That must include your imagination. I'm just a realtor scouting out homes for a prospective buyer.

RACHEL
Are you now? Guy like you, dressed all nice and sharp, driving an Escalade, you must do pretty well. Gotta business card?

JOAQUIN
Sorry, not on me.

RACHEL
That's okay. Here's mine.

She pulls out a thin wallet and flips it open.

And now we know there's more to Rachel than first appeared, because the badge shows us she's an AGENT with the FBI.

If Joaquin's surprised, he doesn't show it.

JOAQUIN
I apologize, Ms. Murdoch. But you have the wrong impression of me.

RACHEL
Don't think it's wrong at all.

Joaquin sports an evil grin.

JOAQUIN
Despite what you think, I certainly don't mean to frighten you.
(MORE)

JOAQUIN (CONT'D)

In fact, I'd truly hate to see any harm come to you. And especially not to your daughter. 'Allie', I believe? Beautiful young girl.

Rachel's face hardens at Allie's mention.

She leans in, and at the same time surreptitiously reaches in her back pocket and slides out her cell phone.

RACHEL

Look, Rico Suave, I don't know who you are, but believe me, I'm going to make it my business to find out. And if I hear of another threat being made against me, my daughter, her father, or anyone else in my immediate universe for that matter, then you and I are going to have a problem. And I don't mean the 'throwing you in federal prison' kind of problem. I mean the 'rip your balls off and stuff them in your mouth' kind of problem. So my advice to you is to slink back to whomever sent you here and let them know who they're dealing with.

Joaquin scowls at Rachel as he puts the SUV into gear.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Oh, and one more thing... smile.

She takes a quick picture with her cell phone camera.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Just needed a pic to run through our database. Have a nice evening.

As he drives off, Rachel types the license plate number into her cell phone. She then dials a number.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Noah? It's Rachel. I need you to run something for me.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - EVENING**

Old-fashioned scoop shop. Umbrellas on picnic tables outside. Jake and Allie finish off ice cream cups.

ALLIE

Don't tell mom you took me here.
She'll have a cow.

JAKE

You aren't allowed ice cream? Since when? We always used to get ice cream together.

ALLIE

Well, that ended the day you left.
So, thanks for that.

JAKE

Sorry. I know your mom's a health nut, but I don't think she and I could have stayed together just so you could enjoy cookies and cream every once in awhile.

ALLIE

I'd settle for it just once a month, but I need someone to drive me here.

JAKE

That a hint?

ALLIE

I'd like to think of it as more of a favor, seeing how little I get to see you these days.

Allie throws her empty cup in the trash. Jake's shoulders slump. Not how he wanted the evening to end.

JAKE

I hear you and I'll take the blame for that. Work is pretty demanding and your mom's schedule and mine just never seem to coordinate. And you have soccer practice almost every night--

ALLIE

--Speaking of which, my club coach said I'm going to start at center mid for the team this fall.

JAKE

Seriously? That's awesome, Al. You need to get me a schedule. I promise to make some games this season.

ALLIE

That sounds great, dad, but honestly, don't promise me that if you don't mean it. I hate standing on the field before a game looking for you, and you never show up.

Another blow to Jake's gut.

JAKE

Ouch. How about I just show up and surprise you? Would that be okay?

ALLIE

Yeah, sure. We can see how it goes.

Jake sets down his cup. Searches for the right words.

JAKE

Allie, it's no surprise to either of us that I haven't been a great father lately. But I can certainly try to be a better one. And part of that is being there for you when you need me. And maybe you can be there for me as well. 'Cause I need you right now.

Allie looks curiously at Jake.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Something happened with Pops.

FROM A DISTANCE, we watch as Jake delivers the news to Allie about her grandfather. Allie's face crumples and she falls into her father's arms, crying.

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, and two goons, MALIK and TERRENCE, 20's, 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
Just do what I ask before I pop your ass! Jesus...
(to Terrence)
Keep an eye on the outside.

Terrence does as he told.

JEROD (CONT'D)
See? Brotha does what I ask, but you gotta give me this 'why I gotta look around here' shit.

MALIK
Man, I was just asking a question. You don't have to be such a bitch about it.

JEROD
No, I gotta be a bitch cuz that's how things get done round here. Piersall bitches at me, I bitch at you, and so on.

MALIK
I don't have anyone to bitch at. Why ain't I got someone to shit on?

JEROD
'Cuz you ain't earned that right yet, dumb ass. You do what you're told and maybe we get you a bitch. We clear?

A hard look from Jerod, and Malik pulls out a pistol. Looks ready to use it, but Jerod doesn't budge. He walks away.

MALIK
Yeah, we clear.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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. They look loaded for bear. Two of the men carry large duffel bags.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)
(to Jerod)
It's our boys.

Kwame 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. It's an insult to both of us.

JEROD
Whatever, man. Just trying to be hospitable.

RAFAEL
Got the shit?

JEROD
Would I be here if I didn't?

Rafael just stares at Jerod. Jerod gives up.

JEROD (CONT'D)
Yeah, man, we do. You?

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

JEROD (CONT'D)
Awesome. Then step inside and let's
do some business.

EXT. RACHEL MURDOCH'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Jake walks Allie up to the front door, where Rachel greets them. Allie still has tears in her eyes.

RACHEL
Sorry about Pops, sweetheart. Why
don't you get to bed and try to get
some rest?

Allie gives her father one last hug.

JAKE
Everything's going to be fine,
Allie. No matter what, I promise.
I'll see you, soon, okay?

Allie nods and heads inside. Rachel keeps Jake outside.

RACHEL
Need to tell you about what
happened after you left.

Jake immediately checks his phone.

JAKE
Shit. A missed call from Nick. You
hear from him?

RACHEL
No. Nothing like that. There was a
strange guy parked on the street
when you left. I think he was
keeping tabs on us.

JAKE
Was it a black Escalade?

RACHEL
Yeah - you saw it?

JAKE
I'm pretty sure he followed me here
after I left dad's place.

RACHEL
Thanks for the heads up, by the
way. I confronted him.

JAKE
Of course you did.

RACHEL
Even got a picture of the guy.

Rachel shows him the picture from the cell phone.

JAKE
Don't recognize him. Any clue who he is?

RACHEL
Had Noah run his plates and the pic through our facial recognition database. The plates turned out to be stolen.

JAKE
Not surprising.

RACHEL
But we got what we think is a hit on the facial profiling. If it's accurate, this guy is Joaquin Nestor. Has a couple of priors for drug smuggling and illegal weapons possession. Has some known associates with the Caliente drug cartel down in Mexico.

JAKE
Not a smart move on his part to be loitering outside the home of an FBI agent.

RACHEL
I wonder if there's a connection between him and your dad's death.

JAKE
You mean you think the explosion wasn't an accident?

RACHEL
Don't know that. Just seems unusual that your dad goes missing under unusual circumstances and then this guy shows up here a couple of days later. Maybe it's because of some other drug bust we initiated. Could be nothing.

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

But if it's okay with you, I'm just going to see if I can find anything else out about this guy.

JAKE

Be my guest. Do you think Allie needs to stay with me until you find out more?

RACHEL

She'll be fine here.

JAKE

You sure? Because if Robin is the reason you don't want there--

RACHEL

Said she'll be fine here.

Jake gets the message. Raise his hands in surrender and walks to his truck.

JAKE

Got it. But if you need me, I'm a phone call away.

Jake gets in the truck and drives away.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jerod, Rafael and their cohorts stand around the U-Haul. Jerod looks around.

JEROD

Where the hell is Malik?

Terrance shakes his head. Doesn't know.

Jerod signals to Terrance to open the U-Haul back door. Inside -- numerous bricks of COCAINE stacked on pallets.

JEROD (CONT'D)

Throw one down, Terrance.

Terrance tosses a brick to Jerod. He hands it over to Rafael, who does a quick test of the contents off his index finger.

JEROD (CONT'D)

Well?

RAFAEL

Okay.

JEROD

Okay, then.

Rafael looks to his men, who hand over the duffel bags to Jerod and Terrance.

JEROD (CONT'D)

Until next time...

And everything seems copacetic, but unfortunately:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

I don't think there's going to be a next time.

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

Six THUGS, armed with assault weapons, appear from all directions, surrounding the drug dealers.

JEROD

You best put that shit away. You don't know who the fuck you're dealing with.

A last figure steps out of the shadows. A gun pointed at Malik's head. He pushes Malik next to Jerod.

Jerod's face drops at the sight of the traitor amongst them.

KWAME

The thing is, I know exactly who I'm dealing with. A bunch of punk ass kids sent to do a man's job.

JEROD

What the hell, Kwame? Piersall will shit all over you when he finds out what you're doing.

Kwame smiles. Walks confidently up to Jerod.

KWAME

I don't think so. See, far as he knows, I'm still down at the ranch while he's wining and dining one of his bitches. I call him later, tell him you, the drugs and the money all disappeared.

(MORE)

KWAME (CONT'D)

I even prepped him with a story about another drug dealer looking to muscle in on his turf to send him down the wrong rabbit trail. So now, my new boss and I keep the money, sell the drugs to our new distributor and make some mad bank.

JEROD

New boss? Who the fuck you working for?

KWAME

That's the last thing you need to worry about. But by the time Piersall figures it all out, we'll be long gone, sitting on a beach far away from this shit hole.

JEROD

You're one crazy fucker if you think one of these assholes won't roll over on you. You'll be dead in less than a week.

Rafael takes a step forward, his palms upraised.

RAFAEL

Money can keep a lot of secrets, my friend. Let me and my guys go, and we'll make it worth your while. How does one million sound?

KWAME

Now, see, Jerod? There's a smart guy right there. He knows how the game is played. It's all about the bennies. Problem is I trust him about as much as I trust you.

Kwame steps back to his men.

KWAME (CONT'D)

Nice working with you, J.

Jerod and Rafael sense it's about to go down and they go for their weapons. The response is immediate and brutal from Kwame's team.

It's a blood bath. The assault weapons cut everyone down with brute force.

As the echoes of the weapons die down, Kwame directs his men to retrieve the money and secure the truck.

While they do, Kwame catches the attention of CURT, 20's, who holds back with Kwame.

KWAME (CONT'D)
Shame to lose so many good men in
one night.

At Kwame's cue, he and Curt open up their weapons on their unfortunate cohorts. The element of surprise means it's over very quickly.

KWAME (CONT'D)
Jerod was right. These fuckers
would have never kept their mouths
shut...

Kwame whips out his cell phone and dials.

KWAME (CONT'D)
Start cleaning this shit up. I have
to make the call.

It's a surprise when the voice that we hear is the same woman who spoke with Jake on the sat phone.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Hello.

KWAME
It's taken care of.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Excellent. Dispose of the bodies
and take the money to the drop
location tomorrow at noon. My
contact will meet you there.

KWAME
Who's the contact?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
You'll know when you get there.

She hangs up. Kwame shrugs as bodies and bags of money get loaded in the truck.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**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 an unsolved Rubek'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 deep-sea explorer Rocky Murdoch disappeared last night in the Gulf of Mexico.

Robin pokes her head out from the bathroom to watch the report, a toothbrush in her mouth.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

He was traveling on his yacht, heading to a private dock in Galveston, when the yacht apparently blew up sometime after midnight. And while wreckage from the explosion has been located, a day long search by the Coast Guard for survivors has been unsuccess--

CLICK. The TV shuts off. Jake throws the remote aside.

ROBIN

Don't you want to see the report?

JAKE

Already know what they're gonna say.

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?

Robin looks at him quizzically.

ROBIN

Hold on.

She spits and rinses, then gets in bed.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
You were saying?

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

ROBIN
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 Robin.

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.

ROBIN
Like sports, booze and sex.

JAKE
Not necessarily in that order. And now... I don't know, but I just can't help but feel that dad has left me one last code to crack. The only question I have is 'why?'

ROBIN
What about the number that woman left you? Surely it has something to do with all this.

JAKE
I'm sure it does.

Jake looks over at the sat phone, which sits on the night stand next to the bed.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Thanks a lot, dad.

INT. 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. A death stare ensues.

MORGAN

Uh, honey? Two things. First, get your feet off the fucking table. Second, put out that god dammed cigarette. I hate the smell of that shit and I won't have it contaminating my house.

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 disgusting habit.

He takes her cigarette and drops it in her wine glass, where it fizzes out. Morgan is chagrined.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

A damn shame. That was a glass of 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 something like hip-hop? This music's boring.

MORGAN

Boring? You call "Madame Butterfly" boring? Jesus.

(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I try to bring some culture into your sad little life, and you'd rather wallow in the gutter with Drake.

KIMMIE

He's hot.

MORGAN

You're impossible.

KIMMIE

C'mon, are we going to fuck or are you going to spend all night telling me what an awful person I am?

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

This better be good.

EXT. U-HAUL TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Kwame sits in the passenger seat as Curt drives.

INTERCUT BETWEEN KWAME AND MORGAN:

KWAME

Sorry to bother you, Mr. Piersall, but we got a problem. A big one.

MORGAN

The problem better not be that the shipment didn't make it. What's the word from Jerod?

KWAME

That's the thing, boss. None of the guys are answering their phones. They always call in after a deal goes down.

Morgan's blood pressure quickly escalates.

MORGAN

God damn it! What about the buyer?

KWAME

Tried Rafael as well. No answer from him either. I think some bad shit has gone down. Maybe Azarov was involved after all.

MORGAN

No. This was an inside job.

Kwame suddenly gets very nervous.

KWAME

What makes you think that?

MORGAN

Rafael wouldn't double cross us because he knows their distribution would immediately dry up. Would hurt themselves in the long run. Jerod was as loyal as the day is long. He wouldn't risk it. But someone who knew when the shipment was going to be there let the news leak to whoever did this. So someone from Rafael's camp or mine did something very, very bad. And when I find out who it is, I'm gonna make sure they know how badly they fucked up in doing so.

Morgan takes another sip from his wine.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Oh, and Kwame?

KWAME

Yes?

MORGAN

I sure hope I don't find out that it was you that gave out that information.

(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I would not be happy at all. And you know what happens with people I'm not happy with.

Morgan hangs up before Kwame can respond. Furious, he flings his wine glass into a nearby fireplace. Kimmie flinches, scared of this brooding megalomaniac.

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

INT. U-HAUL TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Kwame is visibly shaken. Curt takes notice.

CURT

What?

KWAME

Shit. He suspects something.

Curt shakes his head.

CURT

Man, I sure hope you know what you're doing.

Kwame isn't convinced himself. Not by a long shot.

INT. LAW FIRM - OFFICE - MORNING

ROYAL 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.

ROYAL

Lancaster.

EXT. BAIL BOND OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

INTERCUT CALL BETWEEN JAKE AND ROYAL:

JAKE
Royal, it's Jake Murdoch.

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

JAKE
I've been better. This has been a
bizarre last couple of days.

ROYAL
Understandable.

JAKE
We were hoping we could count on
you to help us get dad's affairs in
order. I scanned the Will we found
and emailed it to you.

ROYAL
I got it, Jake, and I hate to tell
you this, but I'm about to add to
the absurdity of your sad
situation.

JAKE
I don't understand.

ROYAL
What you sent me wasn't your
father's Last Will. He executed a
new Will about three months ago.
Got the original right here.

Needless to say, Jake is blind sided by this new development.

ROYAL (CONT'D)
Jake? You there?

JAKE
Yes. Just thrown by this. A little
confused, I guess.

ROYAL
It's not uncommon for changes to be
made to a Will. People do it all
the time. But let's just say, Jake,
you think you're confused now, just
wait until you see this version.

JAKE

Wait a second, Royal. Are we still in his Will?

ROYAL

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

JAKE

Yeah. Ten's fine. See you then.

Jake hangs up. The confusion is overwhelming.

EXT. FARM - MORNING

Curt drives the U-Haul down a dirt road to a barn next to a large wheat 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

Sure we were supposed to meet here?

KWAME

Yeah, I'm sure. Give him a couple of minutes. I'm sure he'll be here.

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

KWAME (CONT'D)

What the hell you doing?

CURT

Living by the Boy Scout motto: 'be prepared.' Not going to be caught off guard like Jerod was.

Kwame's cell phone goes off. He pulls it out and grimaces when he checks the caller I.D. MORGAN.

Kwame debates whether to answer, then gives in.

KWAME

Yeah, boss.

MORGAN (V.O.)

Any word from our guys?

KWAME

No, sir. What would you like for me
to do now?

Kwame looks at his phone. The call disconnects.

Curt slaps Kwame on the arm. Points down the road.

CURT

Hey. That him?

In the distance, an SUV approaches down the dirt road,
kicking up dust in its path.

The two 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 meet here steps out. Smiles broadly.

NICK

Gentlemen. I believe you have
something for me?

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE