

LAUNDRY

Written by

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Pilot

"The Plunge"

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FADE IN:

EXT. HELI PAD OF YACHT SOMEWHERE OFF OF THE CALIFORNIA COAST - NIGHT

A black executive helicopter approaches a large white yacht. The helicopter lands successfully and the rotors begin to slow. SECURITY MAN 1 dressed in a black turtleneck, sweater, and slacks runs over to the helicopter and opens the back door. A middle aged overweight man in a fine suit named TED THOMPSON exits the helicopter and follows the security guard off the deck.

INT. OFFICE IN YACHT - NIGHT

The muffled sound of the helicopter above can be heard in the room as DANIEL LEARY, a slender man in his late fifties dressed in casual boat attire works at his desk. A gentle knock is heard. The door opens and we hear the soft voice of NATHAN BERKSON, a tall athletic Jewish man in his late thirties.

NATHAN

Are we proceeding as planned sir?

Daniel looks up from his work.

DANIEL

Yes Nathan, we are proceeding.

The door shuts as Daniel returns to his work.

INT. SALON AREA OF THE YACHT - NIGHT

Nathan enters the yacht's main salon through the large open glass doors of the aft entrance followed by Ted Thompson and SECURITY MAN 1. Nathan is dressed the same as the other security personnel. The salon is lavishly furnished in a manner consistent with luxury yachts complete with wet bar. Nathan stops in the center of the salon and turns to Ted who looks irritated.

NATHAN

Please wait here Mr. Thompson.

Nathan walks out of the salon. A moment later he returns with Daniel following him. Upon seeing Ted, Daniel cracks a big caring smile. He walks over to Ted and shakes his hand.

DANIEL

Thank you for coming on such short notice Ted. How are Dianne and the kids?

TED

Fine Daniel. Do you mind telling me what was so urgent that it required me to give up my tickets for tonight?

Daniel motions to Nathan who walks over to the wet bar.

DANIEL

Would you like something to drink?

TED

No I'm good.

Daniel nods at Ted and looks back towards Nathan to see how his drink is coming. Ted gives an irritating look towards his watch and Daniel smiles. Nathan returns with Daniel's drink and hands it to him.

DANIEL

Thank you Nathan.

Nathan politely smiles and nods and then takes several steps back behind Daniel. Daniel takes a sip of his drink and savors it.

TED

Daniel.

Daniel looks up.

DANIEL

Hmm?

TED

Why am I here?

DANIEL

Oh yes. Sorry.

Daniel begins to walk towards the aft deck and Ted follows.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

We have a problem.

TED

A problem? And it had to be dealt with tonight?

DANIEL
Yes I'm afraid so.

EXT. AFT DECK OF YACHT - NIGHT

Daniel and Ted walk through the large open glass doors and onto the aft deck of the yacht. SECURITY MAN 2 and SECURITY MAN 3 work together to pull up a large rope from off of the far aft of the boat. Daniel stares at the night sky and takes a deep breath of the night air. Ted looks down at his watch again and, irritated, throws up his hands.

TED
Well are you going to tell me what the problem is?

Daniel takes another sip of his drink.

DANIEL
Well my old friend its not so much of a what as it is a who.

TED
Fine. Who is the problem?

Daniel looks Ted in the eyes and Nathan appears behind Ted holding a tazer.

DANIEL
You are.

Nathan tazers Ted in the side of the neck and he falls to the ground. He then bends down and tazers Ted once more on the shoulder blade. Nathan nods to Security Man 1 who comes over and helps him pick up Ted. Security Man 2 wheels out a large consumer appliance hand truck to the aft deck edge. Nathan and Security Man 1 lift Ted up against the hand truck so his back faces the ocean as Security Man 2 & Security Man 3 take several ratchet ties and secure him to it. Security Man 2 then attaches the thick rope that was pulled up on to the ship using a large metal hook to the back of the hand truck. Ted begins to regain consciousness and briefly struggles to get out of the ratchet ties. Nathan motions to Daniel that Ted is secure and Daniel walks over towards him.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Ted look at me.

Ted raises his head and angrily looks at Daniel.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Is it as simple as greed? Hmm? Or was there some other more profound reason?

TED

What are you talking about? You've lost it.

DANIEL

Maybe.

TED

Why are you doing this?

DANIEL

(Smiling)

Always the litigator. Shame, you had such potential as a protege.

Daniel walks several paces back from Ted and takes another drink.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You may have been a great attorney in your day but I'm afraid old friend that in this matter you have already been judged.

TED

Listen Daniel I don't know -

Daniel gives Nathan a nod and Nathan smacks Ted across the face silencing him.

DANIEL

Please. The last thing I want is for our final discussion to be one of lies. We must begin again.

Daniel nods to Nathan who lets out a loud whistle. We hear the deep grumbling of a large boat engine start. Security Guard 1 walks over to Nathan and hands him a flashlight. Nathan faces the flashlight off of the aft deck and turns it on and off quickly. The large pile of rope on the deck that is secured on one end to Ted's pole begins to slowly be pulled off the deck by the speed boat in the water.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Ted.

Daniel motions to Ted to take a look at the rope. Ted looks down and takes a big breath and begins to break down.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
It's allocution time my friend and
I'm sure you would agree with me
that we don't have much time.

Ted struggles and the hand truck begins to fall over towards
the water. Ted freezes in terror as Nathan and Security
Guard 2 stabilize it.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Whoa careful Ted. No need to play
this out prematurely.

TED
Why are you doing this?

DANIEL
I hate to answer a question with a
question, but instead perhaps you
can tell me why? Why you purchased
narcotics from our client's main
competitor using funds you stole
from this firm?

TED
How did you?

DANIEL
Find out? Please. I'm sure you
realize that if this purchase was
ever discovered by our client it
would put us in a rather awkward
position. You're the last person I
need to define conflict of interest
to.

TED
Daniel please you have to believe
me. I was going to return the money
after I sold the shipment. We are
clean on this, no one can trace it.
We're in the clear!

Daniel looks down at the rope that continues to slowly fall
off of the deck.

DANIEL
You're starting to make me angry Ted.
You contracted Malcolm Kraft to
help you move the shipment and
while historically he has proven to
be a very competent distributor he
has never handled volume of this
magnitude.

(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)

And like most corporations that attempt to expand too rapidly often times the quality of their work suffers.

Daniel shakes his head at Ted.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Your greed has place into jeopardy not only our reputation with our clients but potentially our anonymity with various agencies. I want you to ask for my forgiveness.

TED

You're going to kill me. You want my forgiveness? You're insane!

Nathan smacks Ted across the face. Daniel shakes his head at Ted who stares down at the rope.

DANIEL

Before I approached you, you were a two bit attorney hustling gang bangers. I gave you everything; your mansion, that vacation home in Tuscany, even your wife and kids. And Ted, right now there is a team headed to your house to take it all away.

Ted looks up from the rope.

TED

Please! They had nothing to do with it!

DANIEL

You know as well as I do that in our industry those we love are more often than not held accountable for our mistakes. A message must be sent.

TED

No!

DANIEL

They will shoot the kids in front of Diane and only after they are done raping her will they hang her next to your kids bodies and burn her alive.

TED
(Crying)
Please, don't!

Daniel motions to Nathan who holds the flashlight up and flashes it on and off twice. We hear the engine become louder and the rope begins to disappear off of the deck at a faster pace. Daniel gently lifts Ted's chin up and smiles at him.

DANIEL
My friend. You know me. I'm not a savage. I love Diane and the kids like they were my own. Help me Ted. Help me save your family, my family.

Ted shakes his head up and down.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Tell me what I need to know and I promise you no one will ever harm them. They will be under my protection and never want for anything.

TED
What do you want to know?

DANIEL
I need the password for your account at the Bank of Moscow and I need the address of the warehouse where the narcotics are being stored.

Ted looks surprised.

TED
And you'll keep your promise?

DANIEL
I, unlike you, have never viewed loyalty as a perishable virtue. My word is and always will be beyond question.

Ted nods and then looks down at the rope which is dwindling. He looks back at Daniel

TED
5564158. 2350 Atlantic Ave.

Security Man 1 brings a laptop over to Nathan and holds it for him. Nathan types in some information and after a few moments looks up to Daniel.

NATHAN

The account is ours Mr. Leary.

DANIEL

Thank you Nathan.

(Looking back at Ted)

I'll take your word on the address.

Daniel finishes his drink and holds up the empty glass. Security Man 2 grabs the glass and then heads back into the salon. The rope continues to run out with only a few seconds left. Ted nods at Daniel, takes a deep breath, and then looks down towards the ground.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Ted?

Ted looks up at Daniel.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I forgive you.

Ted gives Daniel a confused look as the last foot of rope falls off the yacht. The hand truck and Ted are yanked into the air and into the ocean below. The sound of the boat engine heading off in the distance gets softer and softer until it is gone completely and all we hear is the gentle listing of the ship. Daniel walks over to the side of the yacht, places his hands on the rail, and stares into the night. A few moments later Nathan walks over to him.

NATHAN

Can I get you another drink sir?

DANIEL

No thank you Nathan.

NATHAN

The modifications to Mr. Thompson's plane at the air strip have been completed. Should I instruct his pilot to take off?

DANIEL

Please.

NATHAN

Very good sir.

DANIEL

Recover the narcotics and continue to compile intel on Ted's side deal. If he has left any bread crumbs I want to know who is following them.

NATHAN

Yes sir. Should I also recall the team?

DANIEL

(As if an afterthought)
Oh yes please.

Nathan begins to walk back into the salon. Daniel turns towards him.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Oh and would you mind instructing KATHLEEN to bring the candidate files to my study?

NATHAN

Not at all sir.

Daniel smiles and Nathan heads back into the Salon.

EXT. PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

A private jet soars through the night sky.

INT. PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

A small device with a receiver blinks red. We hear a signal and it turns solid green.

EXT. PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

The private jet explodes in the night sky.

INT. BEDROOM OF MESSY LA STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

A dog barks outside. A scruffy half naked JASON REED slowly emerges from the covers. He slowly gets up scratches his head and walks to the bathroom passing his framed law degree from Stanford which hangs on the wall.

INT. BATHROOM OF STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Jason washes his face and stares at himself in the mirror for a moment before ducking his head down and splashing his face with water. He reaches up and grabs a hand towel hanging on the wall and dries his face. He stares back into the mirror before shaking his head.

INT. KITCHEN OF STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Jason stares into his fridge looking for something. Not finding it he shuts the door and pours himself a glass of water. He chugs the water and then looks around his dumpy apartment shaking his head. He takes a deep breath then walks over and grabs some clothes off of his bed and begins to get dressed.

EXT. FRONT STEP OF STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Jason emerges from his apartment wearing an old white T-shirt and faded jeans. On his porch sits a nine year old boy named MATHEW KEITH. His head is looking down into a comic book. Jason sees him and smiles.

JASON

Hey it's the Matt Man!

Mathew does not look up but continues to stare into the comic book. Jason walks down the steps.

JASON (CONT'D)

What's the good word little man?

Mathew continues to stare at the comic.

MATHEW

(Softly)

I don't know.

Jason looks at him and gives an uneasy smile.

JASON

You don't know?

Mathew doesn't say anything. Jason lets out a deep breath and slowly leans down to Matt. He gently places his hand under Matt's chin and lifts it up, revealing a black eye.

JASON (CONT'D)

(Trying to joke)

Who'd you piss off?

MATHEW
(softly)
Who else.

Jason sits down on the porch next to him.

JASON
You okay?

MATHEW
Yeah I guess.

Mathew looks back down at his comic and Jason shakes his head in anger without Matt seeing.

JASON
Listen Matt your foster dad is,
well he's, he's sort of, he's an
asshole.

Mathew chuckles.

MATHEW
Yeah he is.

Jason smiles at him.

MATHEW (CONT'D)
Did it ever get better for you?

Jason looks up at the sky for a moment before looking back at him.

JASON
Eventually I guess once I was on my
own.

MATHEW
I wish I was on my own.

JASON
Not yet Matt Man, not yet.

Jason turns to him and begins to talk softly.

JASON (CONT'D)
Your strong Matt, strong like me.
You see that's what assholes like
your foster father don't get. They
do this stuff to try to break us,
but they can't. Everytime they beat
us down they're making us stronger.
And eventually we become so strong
that no one can hurt us. You know?

MATHEW

Yeah I know.

JASON

Right now you just got to survive.
He asks you to do something you get
up and do it right away. Not
because you have to but because
that's the way you can play him.
Make him think he's broke you and
use him for food and a roof over
your head.

Mathew looks up at Jason.

MATHEW

Is that what you did?

Jason nods his head.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

Okay Jason, I'll do it.

JASON

Your a good man Charlie Brown.

Mathew smiles and the two of them stand up.

MATHEW

Who's Charlie Brown?

JASON

Never mind. You want to throw the
football tomorrow?

MATHEW

Yeah!

JASON

Cool.

Jason high fives Mathew and then turns and walks towards the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF APARTMENTS - DAY

Jason fires up his Harley Davidson and gives a nod to Mathew who has followed him down to the edge of the parking lot. Mathew waives and Jason drives out of the apartments and down the street.

EXT. DESERT MOTORCYCLE BAR - DAY

Jason pulls his bike into the dusty parking lot and parks it next to a row of other bikes, backing it in.

INT. DESERT MOTORCYCLE BAR - DAY

Jason walks through the crowd of bikers and sits down at the bar. Jason motions to the bartender named PETE.

PETE

What do you say legal eagle?

JASON

Another day in paradise.

Pete smiles.

PETE

What can I get you?

JASON

Herradura and a Pacifico.

PETE

You want training wheels with that?

Jason shakes his head no. Pete goes to get Jason's drinks and Jason looks around the bar. At the end of the bar a SEXY BLONDE BIKER GIRL in her 20's sits down on a stool. She wears a pink shirt with rhinestone wording that says "Bitch" and a leather mini skirt. She looks at Jason and flashes him a smile. Jason smiles back as Pete sets down a shot of tequila and a Pacifico beer. Pete notices the exchange and looks at Jason and shakes his head no. Jason motions to Pete that it is okay.

PETE (CONT'D)

Well who wants to live forever
right?

Pete walks away and Jason flashes a smile back at the girl who is still staring at him. The girl's BOYFRIEND, a big, tattooed biker walks up from behind her. He is wearing a biker vest for the local 1% biker gang The Mohaves, named after the highly aggressive rattlesnake whose likeness appears on their cut. The Boyfriend looks over at Jason and gives him a glare. Jason flashes a smile and gives the Boyfriend a nod before taking his shot of tequila.

INT. DESERT MOTORCYCLE BAR - LATER

Jason downs another shot of tequila and stacks the empty shot glass next to the three other ones he has taken. The bar is filled with different people and several more MOHAVE BIKERS. The Boyfriend and Sexy Blonde Biker Girl are arguing at the end of the bar. The Boyfriend gets up from his bar stool and heads outside. A moment later the Sexy Blonde Biker Girl gets up and walks past Jason on her way to the bathroom. She gently touches his shoulder with her hand as she passes. Jason looks at her as she continues to walk towards the bathroom. She looks back at Jason and motions for him to follow her. Jason looks back toward the bar and then towards the front door looking to see if her Boyfriend is around. Jason takes another drink of his beer.

JASON
What the hell.

Jason gets up from his bar stool and heads towards the girl's bathroom.

INT. DESERT MOTORCYCLE BAR BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Jason slams the Sexy Blonde Biker Girl up against the wall in a kissing frenzy. The girl hops up on Jason and wraps her legs around him and they begin undressing each other. Just then the bathroom door is flung open by the Boyfriend. He throws Jason away from the girl and then slaps her. The Sexy Biker Girl runs out of the bathroom and the Boyfriend pulls out a hunting knife.

BOYFRIEND
Bad move asshole!

JASON
(Sarcastically)
Yeah, I probably should have took her back to your place.

The Boyfriend lunges at Jason with his knife. Jason and him struggle until Jason is able to knock it out of his hands. Jason and the Boyfriend exchange blows for several moments and Jason appears to be getting the better of him. Eventually Jason grabs some liquid soap off of the counter and rubs it in the Boyfriend's eyes. He slams the Boyfriend's head into the wall and the Boyfriend falls down to the ground. Jason begins to laugh and goes to walk out of the stall when several other Mohave Bikers enter the bathroom. Jason shakes his head knowing he is screwed.

JASON (CONT'D)
Dammit.

EXT. DESERT MOTORCYCLE BAR - AFTERNOON

The back door of the bar fly's open and Jason is thrown out of it. Mohave Bikers pour out of the bar and begin kicking and punching Jason. Jason manages to pick a bottle up from the ground, breaks it, and stabs it into the foot of one of the bikers just as three police cars pull around the corner with their lights flashing. POLICE OFFICERS quickly exit the car with shotguns.

EXT. DESERT MOTORCYCLE BAR FRONT - AFTERNOON

Jason and the Mohave Bikers are handcuffed and kneeling on the dirt in front of one of the police cars. Jason is beat up. The police officers begin to search the motorcycles. OFFICER 1 walks over from the bikes to where Jason and the Mohave Bikers are.

OFFICER 1

We're gonna be searching your bikes boys. I hope you don't have anything illegal on them.

Jason looks up at the officer.

JASON

Officer, need I remind you of the California Statute relating to search and seizure. Since the only crime here is a fight, and since the fight occurred more than a hundred yards from the vehicles they cannot be considered a relevant component of the crime.

The officer raises his eyebrows at Jason and the bikers look at him.

JASON (CONT'D)

They're clearly outside the definition of searchable jurisdiction.

Jason realizes the Mohave Bikers are looking at him. He briefly looks over at them and clears his throat before looking back at the Officer.

JASON (CONT'D)

Or do I need to quote United States vs. Jacobsen?

The officer stares at Jason. One of the officers searching the bikes pulls out several large plastic bags filled with meth amphetamine. The bikers look at Jason and give him a death glare. Jason looks at them and then down to the ground. He takes a deep breath.

JASON (CONT'D)
I hate Mondays.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Jason is lying on a bench in a holding cell with TWO SLEEPING DETAINEES. A POLICE OFFICER walks up in front of the cell.

POLICE OFFICER
Reed! Jason Reed!

Jason lifts up his head surprised they are calling him. He slowly walks over to the Police Officer who unlocks the cell door.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
You're free to go.

JASON
Really? Why?

POLICE OFFICER
Don't know, don't care. Let's go.

The Police Officer opens the cell door and Jason walks out. The officer shuts and locks the cell door and Jason follows him down the hall.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Jason emerges from the police station tattered, tired, and dirty. A black limousine is parked out front. A large Samoan driver named STAN is waiting in front of the sedan. Jason begins to walk away from the limousine.

STAN
Mr. Reed?

Stan opens up the limousine door. Jason hesitantly walks towards the limousine and Stan.

JASON
I take it you're the reason I made bail?

STAN
Not me sir, my employer.

JASON
And who would that be?

STAN
At this point he wishes to remain anonymous.

JASON
Anonymous huh? See you around.

Jason begins walking away.

STAN
Mr. Reed? Sir if you don't mind there are a couple of things I would like to mention before you depart.

Jason walks back a couple of steps towards the limousine.

JASON
Look, tell your boss thanks for the bail but I'm not interested.

STAN
For an educated man you seem to be determined to make a very uneducated decision. Please allow me a moment of your time to explain your current situation.

JASON
My situation? My situation is I'm tired, dirty and just want to go get some sleep.

STAN
I'm afraid it is a bit more complicated than that sir.

JASON
Fine. Make it quick.

STAN
Most kind of you sir. First your bike has been impounded and will not be available until morning. Second you are out in the middle of the desert with no immediate transportation back to town.

(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)

Third I would like to point out the bikers that are locked up as a direct result of your altercation are part of the 1% motorcycle gang known as the Mohave's and while this club is one of the minor teams, they are in fact, particularly violent. Furthermore, at the time of their arrest they were operating in a courier capacity for one of the major teams. To be blunt sir they were transporting a large quantity of Meth Amphetamine for one of the largest outlaw biker clubs in the world. Now with their narcotics seized and their members most likely facing a rather lengthy sentence what conclusion would you come to as to where the blame will fall.

JASON

Hmm, I see your point.

STAN

Mr. Reed at this very moment several members from both the major and the minor league teams are riding out from LA to ensure you never inconvenience them again.

Jason looks around at the desolate town.

JASON

How do you know all this?

STAN

My employer is very well informed.

JASON

I see.

STAN

Might I add that my employer also has the appropriate connections and clout to help you with this problem.

JASON

Really?

STAN

Yes sir. My name is Stan. I have been instructed to take you to one of our private villas in Palm Springs. There you will receive further details.

Jason looks around again.

JASON

Well Stan you make a compelling argument.

STAN

Thank you sir.

Jason begins to get into the limo.

JASON

Oh and Stan?

STAN

Yes sir.

JASON

Perhaps we should take the back road out of town.

STAN

Very good sir.

Stan shuts Jason's door, gets into the limo and drives off into the night.

EXT. PALM SPRINGS VILLA - NIGHT

The limousine pulls through the gates of a large private villa in Palm Springs and stops in front of the walkway. a Villa STAFF MEMBER walks up to the limousine and opens the door for Jason. The Staff Member motions for Jason to head up to the house.

INT. PALM SPRINGS VILLA FOYER - NIGHT

A Butler opens the front door

BUTLER

Good Evening.

Jason nods and enters the large foyer. The butler shuts the door and begins to walk past Jason.

BUTLER (CONT'D)
Please follow me sir.

The butler leaves the foyer and walks down the hall and Jason follows.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The butler walks into the living room and motions for Jason to have a seat in on the couch in front of a large flat screen TV.

BUTLER
Would you care for a drink?

JASON
Sure. Tequila on the rocks.

BUTLER
Of course.

The butler walks over to a wet bar at the edge of the room and begins getting Jason's drink. As he does Jason admires the room. The butler returns with Jason's drink.

JASON
Thanks.

The butler nods.

BUTLER
Someone will be with you in a moment.

The butler picks up a remote control off of the coffee table and turns on the TV before walking out of the living room. The TV shows "No Signal". Jason takes a sip of his tequila. An image appears on the television. It is Daniel though his head is off screen and we can only see him from the neck down. His hands are folded and resting on a desk.

DANIEL
Hello Jason how are you?

JASON
I've had better days.

DANIEL
I'd Imagine.

JASON
What happened to your head?

DANIEL

Oh, I apologize for my appearance, or rather, lack of. Right now anonymity is mutually beneficial to both of us.

JASON

I see sort of a I could tell you but then I'd have to kill you sort of thing.

DANIEL

Correct.

JASON

Who are you?

DANIEL

Someone who has taken an interest in you. For now you may call me Mr. D.

JASON

Very Cloak & Dagger. You took an interest in me?

DANIEL

Yes for quite some time however timing is everything as they say and now I think there is an opportunity for us to help each other.

JASON

How?

DANIEL

I operate an organization that some may traditionally view as morally questionable. A very powerful organization that was able to not only expedite your release from Jail but could also very easily ensure that there are no repercussions from your latest biking adventure.

JASON

In exchange for?

DANIEL

In exchange for what any business desires.

(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)

A employee that positively contributes to the success of the organization.

JASON

A job? That's what this is all about? Your offering me a job?

DANIEL

I'm thinking about it.

JASON

Doing what?

DANIEL

I will be happy to go over the particulars of the position in a little bit. But first, I have some questions if that's alright with you?

JASON

I'm an open book.

DANIEL

Excellent. Up until a year ago you were a rising star over at Schumacher and Burke. You graduated from the Stanford School of Law and scored in the top 1% on the bar exam.

JASON

Correct. And judging by your information I am sure you know as well that I was disbarred.

DANIEL

Yes, but I am more curious in the cause rather than the effect. The case that caused your disbarment involved a man considered to have ties to organized crime. Your firm was defending him on several counts of money laundering; is that correct?

JASON

Yes.

DANIEL

The case hinged on the testimony of a male vice president at one of the shell companies?

JASON

It did.

DANIEL

According to the file you arranged a high end call girl, prostitute, to seduce this man over a six month period prior to the trial date?

JASON

Allegedly.

DANIEL

(Hint of humor)

My apologies. You are correct, allegedly. Your plan almost worked the VP initially changed his testimony in favor of your client. But for some reason he eventually came clean and exposed your blackmail scheme.

JASON

Mm hmm.

DANIEL

Most of the evidence was circumstantial and they could not prove you had direct contact with the witness and therefore could not formally charge you. Unfortunately the evidence was strong enough to warrant a disbarment for unethical conduct and witness tampering. You are currently disbarred from ever practicing law in California again.

JASON

Life can sure be a bitch.

DANIEL

It certainly can. Jason, why did you pay the prostitute to sleep with the man for six months? Why not just take some pictures of them screwing and be done with it?

JASON

No, you see that's not a strong enough hold.

DANIEL

What do you mean?

Jason sits up on the edge of his seat.

JASON

It's human psychology. Or more specifically the psychology of love.

DANIEL

Go on.

JASON

It is my experience that a woman will forgive a moment of infidelity, especially if she believes that her man loves her and merely had a moment of weakness. No, using a one night stand as leverage is risky. The mark, or man, may decide that the magnitude of what you are asking him to do is greater than the probability of his wife leaving him. He may just fall on his knees and ask for forgiveness.

DANIEL

(Skeptical)

But if they have sex for six months that makes it different?

JASON

Not just having sex, making love. You see if you can get him on tape telling the other woman he loves her then you have him.

DANIEL

I see, so at that point he has no chance of convincing his wife it was just a harmless one night stand.

JASON

Exactly. But that's not all. Once he finds out that the woman he loved was a hooker and he was nothing but a mark you crush his ego. He becomes humiliated, scared, and utterly alone. At that point he will do almost anything to preserve his marriage.

DANIEL

Clever.

JASON

I thought so. Fear is a powerful motivator but there is one much better

DANIEL

What's that?

JASON

Greed. The blackmail is the stick but then you entice him with the carrot.

DANIEL

How so?

JASON

You promise him that not only will his wife never find out as thanks for his revised testimony he will receive fifty thousand dollars in cash.

DANIEL

Interesting.

JASON

At that point you become his new best friend. You walk him through what he has to say. Show him how to revise his testimony without looking suspicious. Ensure him that it will be alright and that he is making some very powerful new friends.

DANIEL

Sounds like you have done this on more than one occasion.

JASON

Well, hypothetically speaking let's just say it has served me well in the past.

DANIEL

So what happened?

JASON

(Taking a deep breath)

Poor intel. The wife was actually having an affair of her own and ended up filing for divorce shortly after we made our proposition.

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

The whole thing collapsed and he went to the feds.

DANIEL

Good intel is worth its weight in gold.

JASON

You got that right.

DANIEL

Jason my firm looks for talent that is smart, tough, and has a somewhat flexible moral code. I think you fit this profile, would you agree?

JASON

I guess you could say I believe the lines between right and wrong are often blurred.

DANIEL

Well said. Unfortunately you had to face that at a rather young age huh?

Jason does an irritated uneasy shift on the couch.

JASON

You've done your homework.

DANIEL

Like I said good intel is worth its weight.

JASON

So what are you, a drug dealer?

Daniel chuckles

DANIEL

A drug dealer is someone selling smack in his neighborhood. No, I am not a drug dealer. However some of our clients are manufacturers and importers of illegal narcotics.

JASON

Your clients? So what do you do?

DANIEL

I like to think of ourselves as facilitators.

(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)

We perform various services depending on the needs of our clients. You mentioned where the lines blur. Well Jason that is exactly the area that my firm operates and profits in. Consider us a one stop back office solution for those engaged in illegal activity.

JASON

Sounds risky.

DANIEL

It is very risky Jason. Many competitors try to enter the market only to find themselves forced into liquidation. I started my organization in 1979 and have operated successfully for over thirty years in a market segment that does not tolerate mistakes. What that should tell you is we are very very good at what we do.

JASON

And how would I contribute?

DANIEL

You would be working directly with me in a sort of management training program. The end goal will be for you to run the day-to-day operations of one of my divisions.

JASON

I don't know. This isn't exactly the career path I had in mind when I graduated Stanford.

DANIEL

But banging sluts in bathrooms and making biker hit lists is?

Jason cocks his head to say good point.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Jason it is rare where a career is tailor made for someone. I believe with all my heart this one is tailored for you. You know as well as I do there are only a few arcs in ones life. This is one of yours, don't discount it.

JASON

Salary?

DANIEL

We can discuss salary in person but what I will tell you is your earning potential with my firm far exceeds any law firm in the world.

JASON

High risk, high reward. I am guessing there is a lifelong commitment if I choose this employment.

DANIEL

There is indeed.

JASON

I'm intrigued although I never accept a position without sleeping on it. Can I have twenty four hours to think about it?

DANIEL

I will do you one better. My driver will take you back to your apartment. There he will hand you a number and information for a private jet that will be departing from LAX in two days time. If you are on the flight we will meet in person and finalize the details. If not I will know that you have chosen another path. You mentioned commitment, you are correct. Once you board that flight there is no turning back. You are either with us to retirement or you will be retired early. May I give you some parting words to think about?

JASON

Please.

DANIEL

If you come with me you will have money and power that exceeds any ambition you have ever had, but, it will come with a price.

Jason slowly nods while pondering what was said.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I look forward to speaking with you
Jason. Good night.

The flat screen returns to "No Signal". A moment later the butler opens the door and walks in.

BUTLER
Mr. Reed? The car is ready to take
you home.

Jason gets up off of the couch and follows the butler.

EXT. FRONT STEP OF STUDIO APARTMENT - MORNING

Mathew sits on the porch in front of Jason's apartment throwing a football in the air as Jason walks up from being dropped off by the limousine. He is wearing the same clothes from the night before, his face still beat up. Mathew looks at Jason

MATHEW
Wow, who'd you piss off?

Jason touches his lip and gives a tired chuckle.

JASON
What's up Matt Man?

MATHEW
You said we were going to play
catch today.

JASON
Listen Matt I have had one hell of
a night. Let's do it another time
okay?

Mathew looks very disappointed.

MATHEW
(Softly)
I get it. Hey no problem, we'll
just do it another time.

Jason walks up his step past Mathew.

JASON
Thanks Matt.

Jason goes up to his apartment and begins to open the door as Mathew gets up and begins to slowly walk away, his head down.

Jason grimaces showing disappointment in himself. Jason turns back towards Mathew.

JASON (CONT'D)
Yo Matt Man!

Mathew turns back around.

JASON (CONT'D)
Give me a minute to change okay?

Mathew tries to contain unsuccessfully his excitement

MATHEW
(getting excited)
Really?

Jason smiles

JASON
You know it buddy!

Jason opens his door and walks in as Mathew gives an enthusiastic throw of the football.

EXT. GENTLEMANS CLUB NEAR THE AIRPORT - EARLY MORNING

A black sedan pulls into the parking lot of a strip club. The sound of overhead jets passing above is heard. The trunk pops open and the driver, Special Agent JACK LEHMAN exits the vehicle wearing a business shirt and tie. Jack is a fit handsome early forties male. He shuts the front door, opens up the back door, and pulls out a suit jacket. He casually puts on the jacket and adjusts his tie and cuffs. He walks to the back of the vehicle and pulls a carry-on size suitcase out of the trunk. He extends the handles and walks into the club.

INT. GENTLEMANS CLUB NEAR THE AIRPORT - EARLY MORNING

Jack Lehman enters the club and is greeted by a SEXY HOSTESS who smiles as he enters.

SEXY HOSTESS
Welcome to Teasers.

JACK LEHMAN
How you doing gorgeous?

SEXY HOSTESS
I do just fine sweetie.

Jack smiles.

JACK LEHMAN

Listen darling, I'm supposed to meet a colleague of mine, I don't suppose he is here yet, his name is STYLES?

SEXY HOSTESS

Mr. Styles is already here and he has requested a private room. Please follow me.

JACK LEHMAN

Thank you.

The Hostess leads Jack pass several stages where pole dancers are applying their craft. They walk down a hallway to a private room in the back. The Hostess pulls back the curtain for Jack who walks in.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM STRIP BAR - EARLY MORNING

The Hostess pulls the curtain shut as she leaves. A man with blond hair and stylishly dressed in a business suit named Styles sits on one end of the large red u-shaped couch. Style's would look like a Wall Street professional if not for his neck tatoo that peeks up over his collar. A bottle of tequila and several shot glasses sit on the small table in front of him. Next to Styles is a skinny man with a shaved head nicknamed SHAKES. He wears a short sleeved business shirt and ugly tie, looking more like a used car salesman than a business professional. He has meth scars on his face and his hands twitch. A pretty YOUNG STRIPPER is giving Shakes a lap dance. Jack sets his suit case at the edge of the couch and sits down across from Styles. Styles leans forward and extends his hand to shake Jack's.

STYLES

Good to see you again.

Styles motions to Shakes to have the dancer leave.

SHAKES

(Trying to act important)
Time to go, daddy's got business.

The Young Stripper rolls her eyes as she gets off of Shakes and then leaves the room.

STYLES

We good?

Jack looks around the room for Style's bag which he does not see. He motions to his bag.

JACK LEHMAN

I'm all packed. Did you forget your bags?

Styles smiles and then pours two shots of tequila from a bottle on the table. He pushes the shot towards Jack and then pulls out a vile of cocaine. He dumps a large amount of coke onto the table and separates it into two large lines. Shakes holds his gaze on Jack in an attempt to stare him down. Jack stares back expressionless until Shakes twitches and breaks off his gaze, looking down. Styles does one of the lines of cocaine and then holds up his tooter for Jack.

STYLES

Being this is our first time doing business and all I think it is only right we celebrate.

JACK LEHMAN

I don't use. You know don't get high on your own supply and such.

Styles looks at Shakes and then back at Jack.

STYLES

Look when Dez introduced you to me that carried some weight. Without Dez's introduction you wouldn't be here. But introductions only get you so far. You need to convince me you're cool.

Jack chuckles a little but remains cool. He leans in closer to Styles.

JACK LEHMAN

(Looking at Shakes)

Well like Dez said, I'm a business man not a dooper. Users get pinched. Doing business with junkies and speed freaks is a bad practice.

STYLES

I'm afraid this is non-negotiable. If you want to do business with me you prove to me your not heat. You want to see my product you need to taste my product.

JACK LEHMAN

Heat? You think I'm heat? I'm the furthest thing from heat and I avoid it like the plague. Listen your right, I don't think you and I are going to be doing business. Dez said you were a player but I can tell your strictly bush league. Meeting indoors in a public place with limited exits and lots of witnesses; rookie move. On top of that you bring your speed freak monkey with you. Heat is probably the least of your worries.

STYLES

Is that a fact?

JACK LEHMAN

That's a fact. You're a distributor? Please. If you guys really are holding weight, and right now that's a big if, you had to jack someone for it. And if that's the case there's someone out there smarter and tougher than you looking for payback. That's bad for business and bad for my reputation. See you around.

Jack looks at Shakes and nods.

JASON

Twitch.

Styles leans forward on the couch and motions for Jack to stay.

STYLES

Wait a minute, okay? Sit down please.

Jack sits back down on the couch.

STYLES (CONT'D)

Look we didn't rip the stuff off. Our supplier is guaranteeing us a steady stream and we are looking for good professionals like you to help us move it. I promise in the future you will deal only with me, no more tweakers, no more strip bars.

Shakes looks at Styles offended.

STYLES (CONT'D)

You can name the time and place of future meetings. But if we're going to do business we have to trust each other. When there's no trust people and trigger fingers get itchy.

Styles sits back and taps the handle of his 9mm pistol tucked in his waist. He then leans forward, picks the toot off the table, and goes to hand it to Jack.

STYLES (CONT'D)

Come on one hit. This is the only time I'll ask. Show me you're not five O.

Jack looks one more time around the room for Style's suitcase. Seeing it is not there he reaches in and takes the tooter from him. Jack leans over and does the whole line of coke. He then places the tooter down and sits back sniffing the coke further up his nose.

JACK LEHMAN

Satisfied?

Styles claps his hands together excited.

STYLES

That's what I'm talking about!
Shakes go get my bag.

Shakes gets up and leaves the room. Jack takes his shot of tequila. A moment later Shakes returns with a carry-on size suitcase similar to Jack's. Shakes hands the suitcase to Styles.

JACK LEHMAN

I hope you remembered to pack your whites.

Styles smiles and then places the suitcase on the table. He unzips the bag and turns it towards Jack. Jack opens the suitcase which is filled with 15 kilos of cocaine. Jack pulls a random kilo out of the bag and takes out a purity tester kit from his suit pocket. He tests the cocaine which comes up good. Jack gives Styles his nod of approval.

STYLES

Your turn.

Jack grabs his carry-on and gives it to Styles who in turn hands it to Shakes. Shakes opens the suitcase and begins flipping through the money inside. Shakes stares at the money.

STYLES (CONT'D)
(To Shakes)
We good?

Shakes continues to stare at the money.

STYLES (CONT'D)
You Shakes! Hey! We good!

Shakes looks up at Styles with a big smile.

SHAKES
Oh yeah we're good man! We're clear
for takeoff!

Shakes zips back up the suitcase and sets it down. Styles refills Jack's shot glass and then his with tequila.

STYLES
Here's to a long and profitable
business relationship.

Jack and Styles raise their shots and swig them down. Jack then stands up and grabs the suitcase full of coke.

JACK LEHMAN
Hate to buy and run but I have
another appointment. Styles until
next time.

Jack exits the room. Styles goes to pour another shot as an excited Shakes goes to high five him. Styles ignores him until Shakes puts down his hand. A moment later Jack comes back into the room.

STYLES
You forget something?

JACK LEHMAN
Yeah. It must be that line I did,
boy this is really quality stuff.

All three men begin to laugh.

JACK LEHMAN (CONT'D)
Any ways It must be because I'm a
little high but I forgot to tell
you.

Jack pulls out a badge with one hand and slides his suit coat to the side with his other, exposing his gun.

JACK LEHMAN (CONT'D)
Federal Bureau of Investigation.
You're under arrest.

Styles throws the bottle of tequila he is holding at Jack and Shakes runs out of the room. Styles and Jack both go for their guns at the same time but Jack is quicker and shoots Styles in the chest twice. Styles falls back into the couch dead. Jack then darts out of the room in pursuit of Shakes.

INT. GENTLEMANS CLUB MAIN DANCE AREA - EARLY MORNING

Shakes runs across the main stage knocking over a dancer on his way to the exit. Jack runs from the other side of the room in pursuit jumping over chairs.

EXT. GENTLEMANS CLUB NEAR THE AIRPORT - EARLY MORNING

Shakes runs out of the bar. Several yards away AGENTS wait with guns drawn behind unmarked vehicles. Shakes pulls out his gun and begins shooting at the agents. Jack exits the bar as the agents begin shooting back at Shakes. Jack tackles Shakes from behind saving him from being shot.

JACK LEHMAN
Hold your fire!

Agents rush him and handcuff Shakes as Jack gets up to his feet and picks up his gun.

INT. FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION LA DIVISION, OFFICE BULLPEN - MORNING

Jack walks through a room filled with desks and FBI AGENTS that are working. He walks across the room waiving hello to several of the Agents as he goes. He walks to an office at the far end of the room and taps on the glass.

INT. FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION LA DIVISION, GLASS OFFICE

Special Agent in Charge of Organized Crime STEVE FORNEY is on the phone and motions for Jack to come in. Steve is a balding late forties man. Jack enters the office and sits down in front of Steve's desk

STEVE FORNEY
(Talking on phone)
I know, I know, but pull it anyway.
It was run in the Miami Herald.
Thanks.

Steve hangs up the phone and looks down at this morning's news paper. The front page shows a picture of plane wreckage floating in the ocean with a story tag line of "Rescuers Still Searching for Body of Father and Philanthropist"

STEVE FORNEY (CONT'D)
This smells.

JACK LEHMAN
New Case?

STEVE FORNEY
No, well, not yet. Hey do you remember about ten years ago when that private jet went down off the Miami coast?

JACK LEHMAN
No not off the top of my head, why?

STEVE FORNEY
Well it's just odd they never found the body of that man either. He was also a rich philanthropist.

JACK LEHMAN
So? Bodies aren't recovered all the time. The oceans a big place especially with the currents.

STEVE FORNEY
Yeah I agree. But does it make sense that in both instances the pilot, copilot, and flight attendants bodies were all found yet neither one of the passengers?

JACK LEHMAN
That's a little odd? Did the two missing bodies have anything in common?

STEVE FORNEY
None that I can find.

Steve points to the news paper.

STEVE FORNEY (CONT'D)

This guy was a large real estate developer, while in the other case the deceased owned several manufacturing entities. The only similarity is that they were both heavily involved with charities.

JACK LEHMAN

Well aren't most rich people?

Steve shrugs his shoulders.

STEVE FORNEY

I'm having records pull up the old newspapers to see if there is any possible connection with their philanthropy work.

Steve looks down at the paper one last time and then places it in a file in his desk drawer.

STEVE FORNEY (CONT'D)

Okay, on to real business - Where are we?

JACK LEHMAN

Kyle Hanson, AKA Shakes is in room four. So get this, according to Shakes Styles was approached a couple of months ago by Malcolm Kraft.

STEVE FORNEY

Descent size player.

JACK LEHMAN

Yeah. Well Malcolm told Styles that he had hooked up with a new source and that this source was going to be bringing in half ton loads every other month.

Steve whistles.

STEVE FORNEY

Does Shakes know who Malcolm's new connection is?

JACK LEHMAN

I was getting ready to ask him but thought it was time to bring you in.

STEVE FORNEY

Let's go.

The two men get up and Jack opens the door for Steve. As Steve passes Jack looks at his head.

JACK LEHMAN

Still using the Rogaine?

STEVE FORNEY

Asshole.

INT. FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION LA DIVISION, INTERVIEW ROOM 4 - MORNING

An agitated Shakes sits fidgeting in a chair with his hands cuffed and folded on a table in the interview room. On the table is a notepad and pen. Jack and Steve walk into the room, Jack is holding a cup of coffee which he places in front of Shakes on the table. Jack sits down in the chair across from Shakes while Steve stands in the corner. Jack stares at Shakes for a moment.

JACK LEHMAN

Who is Malcolm's new supplier?

SHAKES

I don't know.

Jack casually gets up from his chair and walks around to Shakes. He leans over and places his head right next to Shakes. Shakes becomes nervous and moves his head away.

JACK LEHMAN

Shakes. You shot at federal agents. The only reason you're not fertilizer is because I saved your worthless butt. The only reason I saved your worthless butt is so you can help me get to someone who actually freaking matters. Shooting at the agents with your record alone will get you twelve years. However your dumb ass was also attempting to sell fifteen kilos of cocaine. Your going to be twitching in a cell for most of your natural born life.

Jack walks back over and sits down in his chair.

JACK LEHMAN (CONT'D)

(Raising his voice)

Listen moron, you need to start using what ever brain cells you have left to ponder this. No matter how good an attorney a piece of white trash like you can afford, which by the looks of it, isn't much, you are screwed for life!

SHAKES

It was entrapment!

JACK LEHMAN

Shakes.

SHAKES

I saw you snort flake!

Steve raises his eyebrows.

JACK LEHMAN

Shakes, come on Shakes.

SHAKES

(Talking over each other)

They should take your badge!

JACK LEHMAN

(Talking over each other)

Shakes stop screwing around! You want to take that BS story somewhere go ahead. But you better buy a big old jug of KY cause you are going to rot in prison for the rest of your life

SHAKES

(Nervous)

Maybe, maybe not.

Jack smacks the coffee off of the table.

JACK LEHMAN

I've had enough of your crap! Either you help us or I promise I will make it my personal hobby to set you up with a new boyfriend every night in Chino. Last time, who is Malcolm's new supplier!

SHAKES

I don't know him! Malcolm's the only one who meets with the facilitator!

Jack sits back down in his chair and becomes calm.

JACK LEHMAN

Facilitator? What do you mean facilitator?

SHAKES

That's what Styles called him, the facilitator. Can I get a smoke, my skins starting to crawl?

JACK LEHMAN

In a minute, stay focused, your doing good. What else can you tell me?

SHAKES

All I know is what Styles told me. He said Malcolm's partner was more dangerous than the cartels. He said Malcolm was doing us a favor by not letting us meet him.

Jack looks at Shakes for a moment. Steve walks towards the door and opens it up. Jack gets up from his chair.

JACK LEHMAN

Well Shakes, it seems you're no use to us. You never met the new connection, heck, you don't even meet with Malcolm. You can't lead us to Malcolm or the coke. We'll notify the public defenders office for you.

Shakes puts his head down but then raises it quickly as Jack and Steve begin to head out of the room

SHAKES

I, I know where the coke is.

Jack looks at Steve and the both crack a smile. The two come back in the room and shut the door.

JACK LEHMAN

That's a good start Shakes. But in order to have leverage to cut you a deal we need to place Malcolm with the coke.

SHAKES

What are you offering?

Jack sits down across from Shakes and his demeanor becomes almost friendly.

JACK LEHMAN

Well, we can't throw out you shooting at agents. You're gonna have to do some time on that. However we can drop all of the charges related to the possession with intent to distribute. Plus I promise to tell the federal prosecutor that you have cooperated and need to do your time in protective custody.

Shakes takes a deep breath and nods okay.

SHAKES

Tonight at midnight.

JACK LEHMAN

What happens at midnight?

SHAKES

Malcolm and Styles were scheduled to meet at the warehouse to exchange the cash from our deal.

STEVE FORNEY

How can you be sure Malcolm doesn't know what went down today?

SHAKES

He's out of town. That's why the meeting was set for tonight. He gets back around ten.

Jack hands the pen and paper to Shakes.

JACK LEHMAN

Write down the address of the warehouse.

Shakes grabs the pen and with his hands still cuffed writes down the address. He pushes it towards Jack who picks it up and looks at the address.

JACK LEHMAN (CONT'D)

Give us a moment. I'll go find you that smoke.

SHAKES

Thanks.

Jack opens the door and he and Steve exit the interview room.

INT. FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION LA DIVISION, HALLWAY
OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOM 4 - MORNING

Steve shuts the door.

STEVE FORNEY

Facilitator, have you ever heard
that reference on the street?

JACK LEHMAN

No, but when we get Malcolm we'll
know more.

Steve nods.

STEVE FORNEY

I'm going to place Mr. Hanson under
lock and key until tonight. It
doesn't sound like he deals with
Malcolm so he's no good as a
witness unless we can place Malcolm
with the coke.

JACK LEHMAN

I'll get a surveillance team at the
warehouse ASAP.

STEVE FORNEY

Good idea. Okay if all goes as
planned get your team up to speed
and meet back here at nineteen
hundred hours.

Jack nods and begins to walk away.

STEVE FORNEY (CONT'D)

Oh and Jack, why did Shakes say you
did coke?

Jack stops and walks back to Steve.

JACK LEHMAN

I thought you and I had agreed to a
don't ask don't tell arrangement on
these things.

STEVE FORNEY
(looking concerned)
I'm fine with you cutting the
occasional corner but it seems to
be becoming a regular habit.

Jack gets close to Steve to talk softly.

JACK LEHMAN
What was I supposed to do. The
product wasn't there and he
wouldn't call it in until he was
comfortable I wasn't an agent.
Besides like you said Shakes would
never make it as a witness.

STEVE FORNEY
Just don't go so far out I can't
bring you back.

Jack pats Steve on his shoulder.

JACK LEHMAN
I hear you.

Steve smiles and shakes his head. Jack smiles back and then
turns and walks down the hall.

EXT. PALENCIA AIRPORT, PALENCIA BELIZE - AFTERNOON

A private jet pulls up to two black suburbans parked outside
the hanger area at the airport. Nathan is standing next to
one of the Suburbans along with TWO ARMED GUARDS. The jet
door opens and a FLIGHT CREW MEMBER lets down the stairs.
Jason emerges and walks down the steps in a power suit. He is
clean shaven and looks like a new man. He sees the vehicles
and heads towards them. He approaches Nathan as the Flight
Crew Member puts his luggage in the back of one of the
suburbans.

NATHAN
Mr. Reed. My name is Nathan,
welcome to Belize.

Nathan and Jason shake hands.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Please this way.

Nathan opens the door to the nearest suburban and Jason
climbs in. Nathan shuts the door then proceeds to the
passenger seat of the suburban. The two suburbans quickly
drive off.

EXT. PALENCIA BELIZE BEACH HWY - AFTERNOON

The suburbans drive through several small beach towns crowded with the local people and culture, steel drums play with the Caribbean ocean in the backdrop as the vehicles drive down the highway.

EXT. BEACHFRONT VILLA OUTSIDE PALENCIA - AFTERNOON

The suburbans pull off the road and drive through a large private gate complete with ARMED SECURITY. They pull up and park next in the large parking area. Nathan hops out along with the other ARMED GUARDS. Nathan opens Jason's door who emerges taking in the lush property.

NATHAN

This way please.

Nathan leads Jason into the house as one of the HOUSE STAFF dressed in a white jacket removes Jason's luggage from the suburban.

INT. BEACHFRONT VILLA OUTSIDE PALENCIA, LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Nathan and Jason enter a large open air living room with a panoramic view of the ocean. The room is decorated with expensive Caribbean art. Jason walks towards the edge of the living room staring at the ocean view. Daniel enters the living room, he is dressed in casual beach attire. He sees Jason and smiles extending his hand to Jason as he approaches.

DANIEL

Jason, it's a pleasure to meet you in person, I'm Daniel.

JASON

Hello Daniel. This is quite a place you have here.

DANIEL

Thank you. There's something about the ocean. It is the only place I truly feel at peace. I feel drawn to it, like it's a part of me.

Daniel Chuckles.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Sorry, I must sound like an old hippy. I didn't mean to get all spiritual on you.

JASON
No, not at all. Oddly enough I know exactly what you mean.

Daniel smiles.

DANIEL
I trust your flight was okay?

JASON
Yes, thank you.

DANIEL
Excellent. Well, we have much to discuss. I have arranged dinner for us a little later but perhaps before hand you and I can chat.

JASON
Absolutely.

Daniel walks out of the living room towards the pool area and Jason follows.

EXT. BEACHFRONT VILLA, POOL AREA - AFTERNOON

The two men exit the home and walk in front of the large negative edge pool which is framed in by the ocean behind it. They sit down at a circular table with a white table cloth and two glasses of ice water. Daniel walks to the other side and motions for Jason to sit down.

DANIEL
Please have a seat.

JASON
Thank you.

Daniel sits quietly for a moment looking at Jason.

DANIEL
Bravado y mente.

JASON
Excuse me?

DANIEL
Bravery and brains.

Jason nods not quite understanding.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

That's what I see in you. The majority of individuals either possess none or one of these qualities. When you find an individual with both it is, truly, a rarity.

JASON

Well thank you.

DANIEL

(Sarcastically)

Of course the two can easily be negated by that all too familiar trait, arrogance.

Jason smiles and nods. Daniel leans forward, placing his hands on the table.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

What do you want out of life?

Jason laughs,

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You think that's a funny question?

Jason shakes his head.

JASON

No, it's just that the answer to that question used to be much simpler.

DANIEL

Why did you become a lawyer?

JASON

To never be a victim.

DANIEL

A victim? Of the system?

JASON

Yes.

DANIEL

But you were a lawyer. Do you mean to tell me you don't have faith in our system of justice?

JASON

It's because I don't have any faith that I became a lawyer. Listen, I don't believe in a lot of things I did as a kid. I don't believe that good kids get adopted, I don't believe in Santa Clause, and I don't believe in a system of innocent until proven guilty. In my experience its just the opposite. Those claiming to be fighting for justice are more ambitious, narcissistic and deceitful than the criminals they are trying to put away.

DANIEL

You know I could not agree with you more. They think because they have the law on their side it somehow justifies their actions. The truth is Jason in one way or another we are all criminals.

JASON

That's why I chose the law, to beat them at their own game.

DANIEL

I understand. But the problem with being a lawyer is that you are still forced to play by the rules rather than making them. Jason, what if I told you I believe you becoming an attorney was merely a stepping stone.

JASON

How so?

DANIEL

You and I are cut from the same cloth. I endured a family tragedy growing up like you. After that I made a decision never to be a victim again.

Daniel takes a sip of water.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

If you come to work with me you will have more power than you ever imagined.

(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)

And I'm not talking about the ability to defend yourself in a courtroom. I'm talking about real power. The ability to have problems disappear with one phone call. Or with that same phone call make serious problems for others.

JASON

I'm listening.

DANIEL

Good. Let me explain in detail what my firm does.

Jason nods.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

My firm performs various high risk services for a very unique client base. These services typically fall outside the ordinary rule of law. This makes are job very risky but also very lucrative. Like any large organization we operate within several market verticals. Roughly forty percent of our revenue is derived by facilitating the conversion of hard cash into electronic currency and investments for our clients, money laundering. Or second vertical is best described as government. We work with various agencies both within the U.S. and abroad to facilitate the movement of weapons and other items to areas where our clients have a vested interest. And finally our third vertical is the enterprise sector. We work with several global corporations to facilitate outcomes advantageous to their shareholders.

JASON

Sort of a jack of all trades.

DANIEL

Quite the contrary. To say my department heads are experts in their field would be a gross understatement. They are masters of their trade.

JASON
And what would be my capacity?

DANIEL
I want to train you to head up my
laundry division.

Jason nods.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Initially you and I will be working
closely together and processing any
incoming RFS from our Latin America
clients.

JASON
RFS?

DANIEL
Request for service. You will
facilitate these requests through a
network of assets that you will
develop.

JASON
Your going to teach me how to
launder money for the drug cartels?

DANIEL
No Jason, I am going to teach you
how to get other people to launder
money for you and the drug cartels.

Jason cracks a smile.

JASON
Salary?

DANIEL
Well that's the easy part.
Initially your salary will be four
hundred thousand dollars a year
plus one and a half percent of all
profits earned from your division.

JASON
One and half percent? That sounds
like a pretty low percentage.

Daniel smiles.

DANIEL

Jason, last year we laundered over seven hundred million for our clients with a gross profit of just under a hundred ninety-six million dollars.

Jason thinks for a second.

JASON

Whew.

DANIEL

Precisely. And that's just the beginning.

JASON

What do you mean?

DANIEL

I have been doing this a very long time and know that at some point I will need to retire. I am very proud of the organization I have built and would like a successor, someone to continue my legacy with the same pride and devotion I have.

JASON

And you think that's me?

DANIEL

Possibly. I've been following you and researching you for longer than you know. I know your loyal, smart and tough but whether or not you have the intestinal fortitude for this career, well, that remains to be seen.

JASON

Intestinal fortitude?

DANIEL

Yes, remember when we spoke last I told you this life comes with a price?

JASON

I assumed you meant the risk of an untimely death.

DANIEL

There is that of course but I'm talking about something else entirely. If you endure in this business it will mean you have destroyed lives. And I'm not talking about merely taking someone's life. I am talking about taking everything away they love. Their spouse, their kids, their freedom. I promise you, you will have morning where you look in the mirror and swear the devil is looking back. You must move past those moments to survive in this industry and unfortunately, neither of us can predict how you will handle this. You will become stronger or it will utterly destroy you.

Jason takes a deep breath and stares out at the ocean contemplating what Daniel has said.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I have been as up-front and honest as I can with you. What is your decision?

A small smile comes across Jason's face. He turns and extends his hand to Daniel.

JASON

I look forward to working with you Daniel.

They shake hands and Daniel smiles. Daniel then raises his hand and a SERVER in white promptly brings over an open bottle of champagne with two glasses. He pours the champagne and hands a glass to Daniel and Jason. The house servant leaves. Daniel stands up as does Jason. The two men grab their glasses and raise them up in a toast.

DANIEL

Welcome to our family.

JASON

Cheers.

The two men take a ceremonial drink then sit back down.

DANIEL

Let me start your training by giving you some advice.

JASON

Sure.

DANIEL

My department heads very rarely make mistakes; however, the dynamics of life preclude any possibility of an organization being truly flawless.

JASON

I understand.

DANIEL

Good. The way we survive mistakes is with quick action and communication. I need you to always be honest with me. Our loyalty to each other is our biggest asset. Do you understand?

JASON

Yes.

DANIEL

If there is ever a time, be it tomorrow, or ten years from now when you need to talk to someone you come to me. There is nothing I have not seen, dealt with, or felt in this business. When your soul is tested, and it will be, we should talk.

JASON

How do you deal with those times, the tests?

Daniel gives a slight smile.

DANIEL

I like to remember a famous quote I once read. It goes "I do not see why man should not be as cruel as nature."

JASON

Tsun Su?

Daniel shakes his head.

DANIEL

Adolph Hitler. Remember by being efficient and diligent we minimize casualties. If we don't do what we do than someone else will, and I promise you this. Those individuals that would fill the void would be less competent and get many innocent people hurt. We are the lesser of two evils so to speak.

Jason nods. Nathan walks over to Daniel carrying a file in his hand.

NATHAN

Sir. I have the information on Katsur telecommunications you requested

Daniel reaches up and takes the file from Nathan and places it on the table.

DANIEL

Thank you. Jason why don't you go freshen up before dinner. Nathan will show you to your room.

Daniel stands up and then Jason.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I am very excited to have you on board. I think you are going to make an excellent addition to our team.

Jason shakes Daniels hand one more time.

JASON

I'm looking forward to it.

Jason turns and begins to walk away. Daniel sits down and opens up the file on Katsur Telecommunications. After several steps Jason stops and turns back towards Daniel.

JASON (CONT'D)

Just out of curiosity what would you have done had I turned you down?

Daniel does not look up from the file.

DANIEL

Nathan would have put a bullet in
the back of your head.

Daniel lifts his head up and looks at Jason.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

But then you knew that, didn't you?

Daniel gives a devilish smile and Jason chuckles before turning and following Nathan. Daniel goes back to reviewing his file.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET SEVERAL BLOCKS FROM MALCOLM'S
WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

FBI AGENT 1 in a blue jacket with the letters FBI in yellow on the back finalizes taping a wireless listening device to the inside of Shake's clothes. Jack and Steve, both holding walkie talkie's, oversee the taping of the device.

JACK LEHMAN

(To Shakes)

Remember he is not expecting to see
you there without Styles so what do
you say?

A nervous Shakes rubs his hands together.

SHAKES

I tell him Styles got pinched
leaving the parking lot and that
the buyer was a cop.

JACK LEHMAN

Good, then what?

SHAKES

Styles told me if something ever
happened to come here and tell you.

JACK LEHMAN

Perfect. At that point you don't
say or do anything. Wait for him
to speak next.

Shakes nods.

STEVE FORNEY

(To Shakes)

As soon as you see the coke you say
"What if Styles talks." When we
hear that, we come running.

SHAKES

What if he doesn't show me the stuff?

JACK LEHMAN

Don't worry, he will.

STEVE FORNEY

He's not gonna want to take the chance Styles gave up the warehouse. No He'll want to move it quick and he'll need your help.

SHAKES

Okay.

JACK LEHMAN

Don't worry your going to do great.

EXT. WAREHOUSE GARAGE DOOR - NIGHT

A black Mercedes with tinted windows pulls up outside the warehouse. The garage door opens and the Mercedes enters. The Garage door shuts behind the car.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET SEVERAL BLOCKS FROM MALCOLM'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A call comes in over the radio Jack is holding.

RADIO

Agent Lehman?

JACK LEHMAN

(Talking into radio)
Go ahead.

RADIO

A black mercedes just entered the warehouse.

Jack looks at Shakes who nods.

SHAKES

That's Malcolm.

JACK LEHMAN

(Talking into radio)
Okay, keep monitoring. Our guy on your location in five.

RADIO

Roger.

Jack stands in front of Shakes.

JACK LEHMAN

Testing testing.

FBI Agent 1 listens to a headset and gives a thumbs up.

FBI AGENT 1

We are five by five.

Jack looks back at Shakes who takes a deep breath.

JACK LEHMAN

Show time.

FBI Agent 1 walks Shakes over to a Dodge Charger and Steve and Jack stand outside their vehicle

STEVE FORNEY

Think he'll hold up?

JACK LEHMAN

A tweaker like that, fifty fifty.

Steve gives a disappointed shake of his head.

JACK LEHMAN (CONT'D)

Look at the bright side. If Malcolm kills him we got him for murder.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The Dodge Charger drives up to the warehouse with Shakes behind the wheel. Jack and Steve follow in their unmarked car and pull over to the side with their lights off.

EXT. WAREHOUSE GARAGE DOOR - NIGHT

Shakes car pulls up in front of the garage door. Shakes honks the horn twice and moments later the garage door lifts up. Shakes drives his car into the warehouse and the door closes behind him.

INT. JACK AND STEVE'S UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

STEVE FORNEY

Here we go.

Jack grabs his radio off of the dash.

JACK LEHMAN
(Into radio)
Patch us in.

We hear the audio from Shakes hidden microphone. We hear Shakes car shut off, the car door open and shut followed by Shake's footsteps on the warehouse floor. Jack and Steve intently look at the radio listening.

SHAKES
(Over the radio)
Malcolm!, Yo Malcolm!

We hear more walking and the creek of a door open.

SHAKES (CONT'D)
(Over the radio)
Oh no!

BOOM! A loud explosion is hear over the radio.

STEVE FORNEY
What the hell was that?

JACK LEHMAN
All units roll in, roll in!

Jack turns on the car and it speeds towards the warehouse.

EXT. WAREHOUSE GARAGE DOOR - NIGHT

Jack and Steve's car reaches the garage door and crashes through it.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The unmarked car comes screeching to a halt. Jack and Steve quickly exit the vehicle with their weapons drawn and raised in to combat position. They quickly scan the room and see a door marked with a large letter "B" that leads into another section of the warehouse. Silently Jack motions to Steve and the two quickly head towards the door scanning the warehouse with their guns as they move. They reach the door and take positions on each side of it. Steve motions to Jack to go on three and on three Jack kicks the door open and enters the room.

INT. WAREHOUSE, SECTION B - NIGHT

Jack and Steve bust into the room scanning with their guns. They both slowly drop their guns as they see Shakes, just a few feet away on the floor, blown to pieces. Several yards past Shakes hangs a deceased Malcolm Kraft. He is upside down with his hands bound behind his back. His body is bloody and burned and his throat is cut. Jack runs towards an exit on the opposite side of the warehouse, but stops when he sees other AGENTS entering from the door. The warehouse fills with AGENTS as Jack and Steve stare in shock at the scene.

INT. WAREHOUSE, SECTION B - LATER

Agents take photos and zip up Shake's body in a coroners bag. FBI Agent 1 and FBI AGENT 3 is inspecting Malcolm's body as FBI AGENT 2 approaches.

STEVE FORNEY

Anything?

FBI AGENT 2

Nothing, no coke, no suspects.

JACK LEHMAN

(Rasing his voice)

Well the freaking Mercedes didn't drive itself. Someone had to be in it. You sure all the exits were covered?

FBI AGENT 2

Yeah.

JACK LEHMAN

Well there has to be another way out.

FBI Agent 1 approaches holding a small electronic device.

FBI AGENT 1

Check this out. This is how they blew shakes up.

JACK LEHMAN

What is that?

It's a wireless radio, it was wired to the explosives. We found another one attached to a camera in the corner.

STEVE FORNEY

What are you saying, they blew him up by Skype?

FBI AGENT 1

Well essentially yes. They probably watched on a laptop for Shakes to come in. When he entered the blast radius they push a button and boom, no more Shakes.

JACK LEHMAN

What's the range of that thing?

FBI AGENT 1

This is high tech stuff, with line of site, maybe ten kilometers.

JACK LEHMAN

Crap.

FBI AGENT 3

Come here guys.

FBI Agent 3 leans down by the still upside down Malcolm. Jack, Steve, and FBI Agent 1 walk over.

STEVE FORNEY

What do you got?

FBI AGENT 3

You're not going to believe this.

He points to something in Malcolm's mouth.

FBI AGENT 3 (CONT'D)

They placed a high def wireless camera in his mouth.

JACK LEHMAN

What the hell?

STEVE FORNEY

Well that doesn't make any sense. If they used the other camera to track Shakes why have this one? It's not even at the right angle. What the hell were they looking at?

Jack kneels down and looks at the mouth and the direction the camera is pointing. He stands up and a smile comes over his face.

JACK LEHMAN
Scary thought - us.

INT. BEACHFRONT VILLA OUTSIDE PALENCIA, OFFICE - MORNING

Daniel sits at his desk working on a laptop. Nathan walks in and hands him a memory stick and exits the room. Daniel takes a drink of his coffee before connecting it to his laptop. a high def video of the warehouse via Malcolm's mouth comes on screen. Daniel uses his mouse to fast forward the video until Special Agents Jack Lehman and Steve Forney are nicely framed. He zooms into the picture and analyses their faces for a moment. He sits back, takes another drink of his coffee and smiles.

DANIEL
Morning gentleman.

FADE OUT.