

# The Barracuda



by

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*After being kidnapped and imprisoned for fifteen years by a corrupt businessman, a tenacious prosecutor returns to a world where his family has moved on and sets out to find the bastard that locked him up, forcing him to straddle the line of justice and revenge.*

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FADE IN:

ON A FORTUNE TELLER'S FACE

The elderly clairvoyant's eyes glow like diamonds under her rose-colored headscarf.

INT. FORTUNE TELLER TENT - NIGHT

In the crimson draped tent, candles illuminate and dark violet blankets surround a low profile table.

On a rug, she sits confidently staring at the voile curtained entrance awaiting her next patron.

JONATHON "JACK" HARRISON (30s), in a stylish black tux, enters through the opening.

Hair slicked back, parted to the side, the suburban Bond, approaches the table, unbuttons his jacket and sits.

The fortune teller holds out her hand. Jack obliges her.

She runs her finger along his palm as he curiously watches.

INT. BALLROOM - BLACK TIE CHRISTMAS PARTY - NIGHT

Jack exits the tent which sits in the corner of an upscale ballroom. A line of PEOPLE in black tie wait for their turn.

Dressed in an elegant short black cocktail dress, COLLEEN HARRISON (30), Jack's wife, awaits him with an anxious grin.

She holds out one of two cocktails.

As he takes a glass, he squints and shakes his head.

JACK

My future looks grim...What about yours? Gonna meet the man of your dreams soon?

COLLEEN

Yes. She told me I would soon meet a man named "Victor."

Jack's eyebrow raises. He takes a sip of his Old Fashioned and they begin to meander through the ballroom crowd.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

I'm sure we'll fall madly in love--

JACK  
What man wouldn't?--

COLLEEN  
We'll spend the next seventy years  
together--

JACK  
(shaking his head)  
Poor Victor.

Colleen's mouth gapes. She lightly hits him. He flinches.  
LAUGHS as he puts his arm around her. Kisses her cheek.

INT. BALLROOM - BLACK TIE CHRISTMAS PARTY - LATER

Holding hands, the couple mingles through Jack's lavish office Christmas party. ATTENDEES, holding champagne or cocktails, CONVERSE as a STRING TRIO PLAYS CHRISTMAS MUSIC on the ballroom stage.

Jack and Colleen stroll through the red and green glow of the party lights. They approach the ballroom dance floor.

Colleen smiles as they start to dance. DETECTIVE HAROLD PETERSON (mid 30s) quickly approaches and grabs Jack's arm.

DET. PETERSON  
Jack, Vasquez wants to talk to us.

Jack reluctantly follows. Shrugs at Colleen. Her mouth flattens as she shakes her head in disappointment.

INT. BALLROOM - CHRISTMAS PARTY OPEN BAR - LATER

Jack CONVERSES with Det. Peterson in a circle of COLLEAGUES. Ties are untied. Glasses of scotch all around. Colleen CHATS with a similar circle of WIVES not far away.

As other colleagues TALK, he glances over at her. She adoringly smiles. He half-smiles back. She makes a goofy face. He rolls his eyes and quietly laughs. Shakes his head.

His boss, U.S. ATTORNEY RAYMOND VASQUEZ (late 50's) addresses him and Jack quickly turns his attention to him.

VASQUEZ  
Impressive prosecution in the  
Redgrave case, Jack. Masterful.  
Keep going the way you're going,  
you'll be a U.S. Attorney one day.

JACK

Wow, thanks, Raymond. Means a lot.  
You're a legend. A mentor for me.  
So, those words sink deep.

Colleen approaches and leans on Jack. She wraps her arm around his. Whispers in his ear...

COLLEEN

I'm so proud of you, but...Can we  
finally dance? Please?

Jack nods as he CHUCKLES.

ON DANCE FLOOR

Jack and Colleen start to dance. After half a step, Raymond, and wife, KATHLEEN, dance by them. Raymond motions to swap.

Acting slightly reluctant, Jack and Colleen smile and switch.

Colleen dances with Raymond. Jack with Kathleen.

INT. HARRISON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Late night. The Harrison's enter their upper-middle class residence. Colleen is cloaked in Jack's tux jacket.

Jack and Colleen's kids, EMILY (6) and CHRISTOPHER (8), sleep on the couch as MORGAN, a babysitter, watches TV.

COLLEEN

Hi, Morgan. How were they?

MORGAN

Sweetest kids to watch. I sometimes  
feel guilty taking your money--

JACK

(joking)

Don't. We know they can be little  
shits.

He grins as he hands her some cash. She smiles back.

INT. KID'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Colleen covers up Christopher and kisses his cheek. Jack tucks Emily into her bed. Groggy, she asks her dad...

EMILY

Daddy?...Chris said penguins can't fly.

JACK

That's true, sweetie. They can't.

EMILY

But...but how did they get all the way up to the North Pole?

JACK

I-I think penguins are in the South Pole, sweetie.

EMILY

Cause Santa's at the North Pole?

Jack pulls her covers up to her chin. Pats them.

JACK

Bingo...We'll talk more about penguins in the morning.

Jack kisses her head. She smiles. Closes her eyes.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Jack pulls off his bow tie. Unbuttons his shirt as he sits on their bed. Kicks off his shoes.

JACK

I...am...exhausted...Can't we just skip the next fifty office parties?

Colleen slips out of her dress. With Colleen now in black lacy underwear and bra, her husband ogles.

JACK (CONT'D)

Maybe I'm not...that exhausted yet.

In only his black slacks, he steps behind her. Wraps his arms around her and kisses her neck. She smiles as she glances up at their reflection in the dresser mirror.

COLLEEN

(whispers)

I never got my dance tonight.

Jack steps to the night stand. Turns on an alarm radio. Hits the scan button. A twangy country song PLAYS.

She scrunches her nose. Shakes her head.

He hits it again. A Tejano song PLAYS. She shakes her head.

Hits it again. A romantic, but cheesy song PLAYS (ex. Careless Whisper).

Not waiting, he steps over to her. Grabs her hands.

She smiles as they slow dance. She lays her head on his chest. They dance a few beats.

The moment gets heated. She unzips his pants. He follows by undoing her bra. Takes it off.

She pushes him on the bed. On his back, he smiles up at her.

SMASH CUT:

INT. COLOMBIA - JACK'S JUNGLE CELL - DAY - CURRENT

Same position, on his back, eyes closed, Jack lays on a cot in a small dark room. His eyes open as he hears a

BANGING ON THE DOOR FROM OUTSIDE.

He GASPS as he awakens. Raises up. He has longer, matted hair and an unkept beard. He's shirtless, thinner, and in ragged pants.

The only light comes from cracks in the single wooden door of this standalone jungle shack.

He sits up as the BANGING continues.

Suddenly, the door opens, sunlight fills the room. Three GUARDS, younger, Colombian, storm in.

Two of them grab Jack's arms and make him stand. The third gut-punches him. Jack doubles over.

The lead guard, IVAN (50), in a guerrilla-style military uniform, enters. Steps in front of Jack.

A guard kicks the back of Jack's legs. He drops to his knees.

IVAN  
(in Spanish, subtitles)  
It's the end...  
("hijueputa")  
son of a bitch.

Ivan pulls out a large straight razor from his pocket. Flips it open as he steps closer.

IVAN (CONT'D)  
 Well? Stand up. Stand like a man,  
 ("cuca")  
 pussy.

Jack stands. The guards grab him by the arms. Ivan steps closer. Jack just stares into his eyes. Ivan stares back.

The third guard steps behind Jack. Injects him in the neck with a syringe. The guards let go.

Jack grabs his neck. Turns to grab the guard who injected him. He staggers then falls forward to the ground.

ON JACK'S FACE

Jack flips on his back. His eye's glaze over. A guard stands over him holding a FLORAL-PRINT SHIRT. Jack's eyes close.

EXT. PALM BEACH, FLORIDA - EMERSON'S HOME - DAY - FLASHBACK

On a sunny day, Jack, his wife, and kids sit on a blanket on the beach in front of Colleen's beautiful family estate.

All in swimsuits. Jack wears a similar floral pattern shirt. Colleen's in a linen coverup. *Looks like a J-Crew commercial.*

The kids play in the surf. Jack and Colleen sit and watch.

Jack puts his arm around her. She leans on him. He squeezes her. Kisses her cheek. The kids play in the water.

With their pant legs rolled up, Colleen's parents, SENATOR CHARLES EMERSON and wife, VIVIAN, stroll over to the kids.

Jack and Colleen watch as the grandparents and kids interact.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - FRONT DESK - DAY

RANDOLPH "RAND" REDGRAVE (mid 40s) stands at a caged front desk. A JAILOR sits behind it and slides a bag of his belongings to him through a slat under the caged wiring.

Rand, with slicked back hair and wearing a wrinkled suit with an untied tie around his neck, smirks at the jailor.

RAND  
 Been a real pleasure.

The jailor frowns. Looks unimpressed. *Hates his job.*

He nods to Rand. Pushes a clipboard through the slats.

As Rand signs the checkout form, he quips...

RAND (CONT'D)

Over fifteen years ago, you were  
here on my first day...When you up  
for parole?

JAILOR

Fuck you.

Rand grins. The jailor takes the clipboard and turns around as Rand puts on his EXPENSIVE WATCH. Rand grabs his bag.

The jailor hits the unlock button. Door BUZZES. Rand exits.

EXT. CURAÇAO - CRUISE SHIP DOCK - DUSK

The sun sets as a large cruise liner sits docked with the pastel-colored, colonial buildings of Willemstad behind.

A line of VACATIONERS wait to enter the ship.

Two muscular CARTEL THUGS prop a clean shaven Jack up as he staggers wearing the FLORAL-PRINT SHIRT, sunglasses, and a hat over his newly short, choppy haircut.

The travelers in front scan their badges as they board.

As the thugs approach, they scan three entry badges.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

The male ship CREW MEMBER stares at Jack. Looks at the thugs.

THUG 1

Too much cerveza.

The crew member flirts at the muscular thug with a smile as they walk Jack onto the ship.

CREW MEMBER

Oh! Been there, done that.

INT. CRUISE SHIP - INTERIOR DECK HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

They walk him to the door of room 5415. Open it. Take him in.



INT. INTERIOR CABIN - CONTINUOUS

They throw him on the bed. Close the door as they exit.

INT. CORRIDOR TO DOCK - CONTINUOUS

As others scan, the thugs walk back to the front of the line.

THUG 2

Left wallet.

CREW MEMBER

You gentlemen better hurry. We're leaving in fifteen. You aren't back? We will leave your asses.

They nod. The crew member grins as they exit the ship.

INT. INTERIOR CABIN - NIGHT

In the cabin, hardly big enough for the queen size bed, Jack lies face down on the bed. All lights are out except the light of the small TV.

His head raises briefly. He looks at the TV.

PLAYING ON THE TV

is a ship info channel showing the breakfast buffet.

ON SCENE

He watches briefly then passes back out.

INT. HARRISON'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY - FLASHBACK

Morning light shines through the kitchen windows as Colleen dishes up the kids eggs as they sit at the breakfast table.

Jack, longer hair and in jogging attire, enters. He kisses Colleen's cheek. She smiles.

JACK

(to Colleen)

I'm going for a run.

Jack approaches the table. Emily plays with stickers.

JACK (CONT'D)

You kids have a great day at school. Love you.

He kisses each of them on the head.

He picks up his IPOD and headphones on the table by Emily. He squints as he looks at it. *Sees something.*

ON IPOD

A big red heart sticker is on his gen-one style WHITE IPOD.

ON SCENE

He stares lovingly at Emily.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Sweetie, no more putting stickers  
on daddy's things.

She's focused on putting stickers on the back of her hands.

EMILY  
(without looking up)  
Ok, daddy.

Emily puts a small heart sticker on the back of Jack's hand. He smiles as he shakes his head.

Jack glances at Colleen. She GIGGLES.

INT. LIVING ROOM

He hurries through the living room toward the front door. A TV news report about his recent case stops him. He watches.

LOCAL NEWS ON TV SCREEN

Next to the NEWS ANCHOR on the broadcast, an image of Rand Redgrave in an orange prison jumpsuit. The attractive Redgrave has a short dark buzzcut. Looks a bit younger.

NEWS ANCHOR  
...Redgrave will begin serving his  
twenty year sentence today as he  
has reported to authorities.

An interview starts of GARY MOORE (50), a man the Redgrave's bankrupted. He's angry and emotional. Jack stands beside him.

GARY MOORE  
(on the TV)  
I'm broke. My retirement's gone. My  
life fell apart all due to the  
greed of these...son's of...  
(MORE)

GARY MOORE (CONT'D)  
 (bleeped)  
 ...bitches.

The next clip Jack with Gary beside him. Jack puts his hand on an emotional Gary's shoulder as he states...

JACK  
 (on the TV)  
 Justice was done, but unfortunately  
 Redgrave's victims will never see  
 full restitution.

Last clip is of Rand being led away in handcuffs by police.

NEWS ANCHOR  
 Redgrave will serve at least  
 fifteen of a twenty-year sentence.

An image of his brother, RICHARD "RICH" REDGRAVE (40) appears. He's a rougher version of his attractive little brother. Dark hair, distinct mustache.

MALE NEWS ANCHOR  
 His brother, Richard, who was also  
 indicted, committed suicide a week  
 after the trial began. The families  
 who were defrauded by the brothers  
 have a class-action suit against  
 the now-bankrupt, Redgrave Capital.

ON SCENE

Jack stares at the TV as the ANCHORS begin to BANTER about the local weather.

He puts on his headphones, clips on the IPOD and heads to the front door. Grabs the door handle...

END FLASHBACK.

INT. CRUISE SHIP - INTERIOR DECK HALLWAY - NIGHT - CURRENT

The door of cabin 5415 opens. Disheveled and slightly disoriented, Jack walks the hall in his FLORAL-PRINT SHIRT.

He hears TALKING from the deck above. Goes up a staircase.

INT. BALLROOM

In the above deck, he walks into the Captain's gala party. PASSENGERS, in upscale attire, mingle, dance and hold glasses of wine.

Many gawk as he awkwardly meanders with bare feet and short-sleeved FLORAL-PRINT SHIRT.

He stops in the middle of the dance floor. Looks up at the high ceiling that spans the decks above.

He tears up. *Happy tears, but mixed with fear of going home.*

The SHIP'S BAND BEGINS TO PLAY a mediocre version of the song he and Colleen danced to that night in their bedroom.

Jack sits on the floor in the middle of the dancing. Some of the passengers stare. He puts his head in his hands.

INT. LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

Rand sits in the limo reading some documents. Drinking a scotch. His two SECURITY PERSONNEL sit across from him.

RAND

So, has my package arrived yet?

SECURITY

Was told it was placed on a ship earlier and should be here in the morning.

Rand nods. Goes back to reading.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MIAMI - HIGH-RISE CONDO BUILDING - NIGHT

Rand's black limo pulls up to a high-dollar high-rise condo building. Rand Redgrave gets out of the rear passenger-side holding an overnight bag.

His security gets out. Flanks him as he walks to the front.

Gary Moore, in a BLUE BALL CAP, appears. He appears weathered by the fifteen years that haven't been good to him.

GARY MOORE

Redgrave!

Rand turns to him. His security steps in front of him.

GARY MOORE (CONT'D)

Fifteen years wasn't near enough for what you did. And yet, you, you get to come back to this?

(motions to the building)

(MORE)

GARY MOORE (CONT'D)

I-I had to sell my family's home of thirty years and move em' to an apartment.

Rand's face looks unmoved, slightly annoyed. He motions to his security to step back as he steps forward.

RAND

Feel better?

GARY MOORE

I-I--

RAND

Come on, spit it out--

GARY MOORE

You're a piece of shit--

RAND

Yeah, yeah, I can see that. Least I'm not a poor piece of shit.

GARY MOORE

I-I don't know how you did it. How you stayed rich after being convicted, but you're gonna pay. You should'a done us all a favor and killed yourself like your coward brother--

Rand CHUCKLES. Checks the time on his shiny EXPENSIVE WATCH.

RAND

Anything else?

Gary is taken aback.

GARY MOORE

Well...I-I--

Rand steps closer. Looks him in the eye.

RAND

You know, if someone had taken everything from me? Ruined my life? I wouldn't just walk up to them and bark like a fucking dog--

GARY MOORE

You godless son-of-a--

RAND

But, go ahead. Continue to yelp.  
Like a little scared dog. You know,  
one of those fucking annoying ones  
that piss when they get scared?  
Yelp, little poodle. Yelp!

Rand mimics a dog bark with his hand. Gary forcefully steps closer. His security steps forward and pushes him back.

RAND (CONT'D)

No, no, no. Let him.

Rand steps closer as his security detail retreats. Beat.

Gary looks down at the sidewalk and says...

GARY MOORE

You...you burn in hell.

He backs up and leaves as Rand stands and stares.

RAND

(to his security)

I'm a little disappointed. Figured  
there'd be more pitiful  
motherfuckers like him here to  
welcome me home.

Rand shrugs and turns to the entrance.

RAND (CONT'D)

Guess they all had to work today.

EXT. MIAMI - CRUISE SHIP DOCK - DAY

Late afternoon, PASSENGERS disembark the cruise ship with rolling bags in tow. Jack and two IMMIGRATION AGENTS stride down the ramp side by side.

INT. MIAMI - U.S. CUSTOMS AND BORDER PATROL - OFFICE - DAY

Jack sits alone at a table in a small interrogation room. CBP AGENT MARK MASON enters reading a report on top of a notepad.

CBP AGENT MASON

Harrison, former Assistant U.S.  
Attorney? Florida, right?

JACK

Southern District. Yeah, I, I guess  
former is the right word.

Agent Mason flippantly points to Jack's FLORAL-PRINT SHIRT.

CBP AGENT MASON  
Nice shirt...Lost your passport,  
huh?...Bummer.

JACK  
Like I told the Captain on the  
ship, I was kidnapped--

Jack sits stone-faced as Agent Mason stares. Beat.

CBP AGENT MASON  
(sarcastic)  
Right, right. You were kidnapped.  
And, what? Spent fifteen years in a  
hidden jungle prison? And now, your  
captors released you?

Jack frowns. Shakes his head in disbelief. Agent Mason grins.

CBP AGENT MASON (CONT'D)  
How much did you have to drink on  
that cruise?

JACK  
Any second someone's gonna come  
through that door and verify my--

CBP AGENT MASON  
Have to say, this is a new excuse.  
Never heard this one before--

The door OPENS. A younger AGENT enters. As he hands Agent Mason a folder, he whispers into his ear.

As Agent Mason listens, he looks over at Jack. Sets his yellow notepad on the table.

Jack SIGHS as he stares down at the notepad on the table.

EXT. MIAMI - FEDERAL DISTRICT COURTROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Jack, in a two-piece suit, sits at a table in a courtroom doodling on his yellow legal notepad. ASSISTANT PROSECUTORS sit with him.

The Redgrave's in expensive custom suits sit confidently with their LEGAL TEAM at the defense table.

A JUDGE, in black robe, sits behind the bench. The seal behind him reads "United States District Court - Southern District of Florida."

A STENOGRAPHER types as Jack paces in front of the bench.

JACK

Your honor, during this trial, the government will prove the defendants through the use of unregistered securities and illegal accounting methods, defrauded their investors out of millions. All of this was purely to increase the bank accounts of the family who owns the firm, Redgrave Capital...

(points to defense table)

The Redgrave brothers. COO Richard Redgrave and CEO Randolph Redgrave.

ON JACK

JACK (CONT'D)

In the end, it wasn't much more than a "Ponzi" scheme. These con men took advantage of so many. Ruining lives with their greed. And, this man, Randolph Redgrave was the top of that pyramid.

ON SCENE

Jack turns and walks toward the defense table.

JACK (CONT'D)

They took--stole--from hardworking employees. Bankrupted retirement funds. Destroyed families...Because of these crimes, they should be brought to justice...

Jack stares at Rand *and his shiny "Gordon Gekko" haircut.*

JACK (CONT'D)

...and, we plan to do just that.

ON THE REDGRAVE BROTHERS

Rand's jaw locks as he glares back.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. MIAMI - POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY - CURRENT

An OFFICER escorts Jack through the station. Some of the older DETECTIVES stand, wide-eyed, as they recognize the former AUSA.



INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

Jack sits in an office by the captain's desk.

Captain Harold Peterson (now 50), from the Christmas party years ago, enters. Stops. Stares at Jack. Shakes his head.

CAPTAIN PETERSON  
What the fuck, Jack?

Captain Peterson sits on the corner of his desk.

CAPTAIN PETERSON (CONT'D)  
Been a minute.

JACK  
In that minute, you made it to  
Captain's desk, huh?

CAPTAIN PETERSON  
(nods)  
Glad your back...We looked for you  
a long time. Was painful having to  
close that case.

Captain Peterson walks behind his desk and sits.

CAPTAIN PETERSON (CONT'D)  
Have you talked to your family yet?

JACK  
No...They don't know yet. I-I want  
to see them. I don't want to just  
talk to them on a phone.

Jack, emotional, looks at the floor then back up to Peterson.  
He sees fear in Jack's eyes.

CAPTAIN PETERSON  
Somewhat apprehensive I guess?

Jack hesitates and then slowly nods.

JACK  
So, how are they?

Captain Peterson leans forward.

CAPTAIN PETERSON  
Well...I believe your parent's are  
still in Texas. Your dad still  
works the ranch. Hasn't retired  
last I saw them.

Jack nods.

JACK  
And...my kids?

CAPTAIN PETERSON  
Grown. Your daughter, Emily, is married--I had the privilege of going to her wedding. I believe she lives in New York now...Chris, following in your footsteps, is at Stanford Law...I-I think I heard he got engaged recently.

Jack's jaw locks as he holds back tears.

CAPTAIN PETERSON (CONT'D)  
And...Colleen, uh. Jack, she did remarry. I guess it was about five years after you disappeared--

Jack's mouth tightens as he nods.

JACK  
I-I expected she would--

CAPTAIN PETERSON  
She and her husband have a little girl. They live over in Naples. He--he worked for her father's campaign--It's how they met. Nice guy.

Room goes silent. Beat.

CAPTAIN PETERSON (CONT'D)  
But, she--she waited. For a long time...But, after you were declared dead, I-I think your funeral was closure for her.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY [VOICE-OVER SEQUENCE]

Colleen, in black, stands with her kids by the gravesite before they lower the empty casket. She gently weeps. *Almost as if she's near out of tears.*

She has a hand on each child as they watch with solemn faces.

CAPTAIN PETERSON (V.O.)  
It was a tough day. I don't think they were ready to give up the search for you.  
(MORE)

CAPTAIN PETERSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 But--it had been years. There was  
 nothing any of us could do.

Captain Peterson approaches Colleen. Hugs her. Beat.

CAPTAIN PETERSON (V.O.)  
 I felt like I failed her, your  
 kids, your parents and--and you.

He kneels down in front of the kids. Hugs them. As he stands,  
 Colleen mouths "Thank you". He hugs her once more.

CAPTAIN PETERSON (V.O.)  
 I couldn't find you. The empty  
 casket was a stake to the heart--to  
 them--to me.

The casket is lowered into the ground.

INT. MIAMI - POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack stares off. SIGHS.

CAPTAIN PETERSON  
 They loved you so much, Jack. You  
 were never forgotten...If you would  
 let me, I'd like to be the one to  
 call them.

Jack half-smiles. Nods.

INT. NAPLES, FLORIDA - COLLEEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Colleen, at her kitchen island, makes lunch for her daughter,  
 HALEY (7) who colors at the breakfast table.

COLLEEN  
 Do you want peanut butter and jelly  
 or--

HALEY  
 Yes, please.

Colleen smiles.

COLLEEN  
 Why you're welcome, my princess.

Haley smiles and continues to color. Colleen licks the peanut  
 butter knife as she says...

COLLEEN (CONT'D)  
 We need to go in a bit and get you  
 a new outfit--

HALEY  
 Mommy, I want purple.

COLLEEN  
 A purple outfit?

HALEY  
 No, purple jelly.

Colleen smiles. A phone vibrates on the counter. She answers.

COLLEEN  
 (into phone)  
 Hello?  
 (listens)  
 Oh, Harold, it's so good to hear  
 from you. I was thinking about you  
 and--

Colleen freezes. Her chest heaves as she breathes harder.  
 Shocked. She drops the knife.

HALEY  
 Mommy?

Colleen covers her mouth with her hand. Her eyes close.

INT. MIAMI - POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - LATER

Jack drinks coffee alone and reads his file in Peterson's  
 office. Captain Peterson returns. Sits.

CAPTAIN PETERSON  
 Ok, it's done. She--uh--she's gonna  
 talk to your kids.

Jack frozen. Stares. Nods.

JACK  
 Thanks--

DETECTIVE LOUISE RENFRO (late 20s) enters. The young, black  
 detective eagerly strides to the Captain in her navy blazer  
 with her MPD shield proudly displayed on her belt.

RENFRO  
 Captain?

CAPTAIN PETERSON  
 Detective Lou Renfro? Meet Jonathon-  
 -Jack Harrison. Former Assistant  
 U.S. Attorney.

She shakes Jack's hand. Nods.

CAPTAIN PETERSON (CONT'D)  
 I need you to escort Jack wherever  
 he needs to go. Wherever.

RENFRO  
 Escort, sir?

CAPTAIN PETERSON  
 Yes...Years ago--you were barely  
 off your mama's tit--a young man  
 about your age went missing. No one  
 could find him. Case went cold...  
 But, hey...good news...  
 (nods to Jack)  
 ...we found him.

Renfro's brow furrows as she eyes Jack.

RENFRO  
 So, do you have any details that--

JACK  
 (to Renfro)  
 It was Randolph Redgrave. No doubt.

RENFRO  
 How do you--

JACK  
 I successfully prosecuted him. We  
 had a tenuous relationship to say  
 the least.

INT. MIAMI - U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Jack and Raymond Vasquez, the U.S. Attorney for Southern  
 Florida, sit at a conference room table in their offices.

Rand's attorneys enter the conference room followed by Rand  
 in a dark two-piece suit. They sit across from Jack.

VASQUEZ  
 So, have you had time to--

Rand leans forward in his chair.

LAWYER #1  
Our client has--

RAND  
No deal.

The room is silent. Rand's attorney's fidget a bit.

VASQUEZ  
Well, Mr. Redgrave, you must--

RAND  
No deal.

Jack's annoyance is clear. Raymond shifts in his seat.

LAWYER #1  
We believe--

RAND  
You boys have nothing. It'll end up  
a slap on the wrist...if that.

Rand leans back in his seat. So, does Raymond.

VASQUEZ  
I, I guess this was a waste--

JACK  
(annoyed)  
You really think we'd be pursuing  
you if we didn't have anything?

Rand stands. Doesn't acknowledge Jack at all.

RAND  
(to Vasquez)  
Anything else?

Rand checks his shiny watch. Jack quickly stands.

JACK  
Look at me. Look at the face that's  
gonna throw you in a tiny cell.

Rand's eyes shift to Jack. He buttons his suit coat.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I spent hours interviewing the  
victims of your greed--innocent  
families. Better go enjoy your life  
while you still have it.

Jack puts his hands on the table. Leans toward Rand. Raymond puts his hand up to Jack.

VASQUEZ

Jack?--

JACK

Get ready to buzzcut that hundred dollar haircut--

RAND

(holds two fingers up)  
Two-hundred--

JACK

--and exchange your custom suit for a cheap-ass orange one.

Rand smirks. Glares. Beat.

VASQUEZ

(standing up)

Jack, that's enough--

Rand's lawyers step up. Rand focuses down at the table.

ON JACK'S HANDS

Leaning on the table, Jack's wedding ring is on display.

ON SCENE

RAND

Odd that you have no idea who you're talking to--

JACK

I'm talking to the piece of shit whose destroyed people's lives--

Jack stands straight. Rand turns to Raymond.

RAND

This how you run your shitty office?

VASQUEZ

Mr. Redgrave, I may not share Jack's passionate tone, but just about everything he said's true.  
(points to lawyers)  
Better listen to them or you'll spend a decade or two behind bars.

RAND  
 (to Jack)  
 I'm already dreaming of your look  
 of disappointment when you lose--

JACK  
 I'm gonna take everything from you.

RAND  
 Careful, Mr. Prosecutor. I'll bring  
 hell down on you--

JACK  
 I'm ready. Let's go.

Rand gives one last glare with a smirk. Turns to his lawyers.

RAND  
 The fuck am I paying you guys for?

Jack and Raymond watch as Rand and his attorneys exit.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. MIAMI POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - CURRENT

At her desk, Renfro rifles through her drawer. Her cell  
 rings. She answers it.

RENFRO  
 (into phone)  
 Hey.  
 (listens)  
 I-I'll be home as soon as I can.

She continues to listen. She SIGHS.

RENFRO (CONT'D)  
 I-I have to work.

Captain Peterson approaches. She turns to him.

RENFRO (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 I gotta go.

She hangs up and sets the cell down.

CAPTAIN PETERSON  
 One last thing before you head out.

Renfro nods.



CAPTAIN PETERSON (CONT'D)  
 Keep him away from Redgrave...I  
 know my friend probably wouldn't do  
 anything rash, but...I don't know.  
 Fifteen years is a long time. He's  
 lost a lot in that time--

RENFRO  
 I understand, sir.

He nods and walks away.

EXT./INT. RENFRO'S CROWN VIC - MOVING - DAY

Renfro drives. Passenger side, Jack reads his own case file.

JACK  
 Suicide, huh?

RENFRO  
 Sounds like they didn't have shit  
 to go on.

Jack closes it. Stares out the window. Beat.

RENFRO (CONT'D)  
 You could--

JACK  
 He knew my routine. It was all  
 planned.

EXT. MIAMI - CITY SUBURB - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The sun sets as Jack jogs through a nice neighborhood wearing  
 his headphones.

JACK (V.O.)  
 I'd jog in the mornings and  
 sometimes at night--

He stops at a corner. Panting, he leans forward and puts his  
 hands on his knees. Catches his breath. Beat.

Jack adjusts his WHITE IPOD on his side then continues.

JACK (V.O.)  
 I-I never--ever--thought anything  
 like that would happen--

He jogs down the sidewalk. *No-one around.*

JACK (V.O.)  
And, then, it happened--

ON JACK

As he passes a driveway, behind him, the rear doors of a van opens. Two HOODS jump out. Run to him, tase and grab him.

JACK (V.O.)  
I guess no one saw anything. Poof,  
I was gone.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT./INT. RENFRO'S CROWN VIC - MOVING - DAY - CURRENT

Renfro continues to drive while intently listening to Jack.

JACK  
He must have blamed me for  
everything. The conviction,  
bankruptcy, his brother's death--

Renfro's cell DINGS. She glances at the text. Sets it down.

RENFRO  
What happened after that?

JACK  
Next thing I remember was waking...  
tied up and gagged in a crate.

RENFRO  
Shit.

JACK  
Because of the sounds, I-I knew it  
was some sort of boat--ship. And,  
when the crate finally opened--it  
had been days--I knew I was in  
another country. Stabbed with a  
syringe...Then, found myself where  
I'd spend the next fifteen years.

INT. MIAMI - HIGH-RISE CONDO - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The city lights sparkle through the large windows of Rand's luxurious bedroom. In his oversized bed, three figures intertwine under the white duvet.

Rand sits up as two BEAUTIES slumber on either side of him.  
*Not a stitch of clothing among the three.*

Without waking them, he slithers out of the bed.

INT. KITCHEN

In a lavish chef's style kitchen, Rand struts his naked, prison-chiseled physique through the darkness.

He rounds the marble-slabbed island. A kitten follows him.

He opens his Sub-Zero. It's light illuminates long stab wound scars on his side and abdomen. He grabs a fancy bottle of water and carton of milk.

He pours the milk into a bowl. Picks up the kitten and sets it at the bowl. It laps it up.

He picks up headphones from the counter.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Only wearing headphones, CLASSICAL MUSIC SERENADES him as he holds Jack's WHITE IPOD. *Heart sticker still attached.*

He sips his water as he struts into the living area with the little kitten prancing behind.

He victoriously stands in front of the floor to ceiling windows, exposed to the metropolis beneath. *The music crescendoes.*

INT. MIAMI - JACK'S HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jack showers in a modest hotel bathroom. He lingers in the shower steam as the water pours over his head.

Long scars run from his shoulder blades to his buttocks.

INT. BEDROOM

Wearing a white bathrobe, he enters the bedroom, which isn't much bigger than his jungle cell. He grabs his cocktail off a room service tray.

ON THE BED

Jack sips his drink. Opens the file. Inside is printed photos of his family. He flips through them. Beat.

He takes the paperclip from the photos. Bends it in half until it breaks.

He takes pictures of his grown kids. Puts them on the wall and sticks the broken paperclip in each to hold.

He SIGHS as he looks at them. Downs the rest of his drink then turns off the light.

INT. COLOMBIA - JACK'S JUNGLE CELL - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jack, using a small rock, carves on the wall inside his cell. In the wood, he has carved some rough drawings of his kids and wife with their names underneath. A heart next to them.

As he carves, two GUARDS quickly enter. They grab him.

INT. SMALL HUT

Shirtless and hands bound behind him, the guards drag Jack into the jungle hut.

As they enter the small room, Ivan, on a wooden folding chair, increases the light of a lantern.

They drag Jack onto a chair across from him. Tie him to the chair then step behind Ivan.

IVAN

Congratulations, Mr. Jack. Ten years. You have been with us for ten years...I thought a celebration was in order.

The guards pick up thick sticks. Walk passed Jack and together pick up a small wooden crate with their empty hands.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Ten years...If you were my wife, I would bring you ten roses. Since you are not, I have a gift just as special...

The guards lift the crate above Jack and turn it over. The top flips open. Thirty...

BANANA SPIDERS

fall from the crate and drop onto Jack's chest, shoulders, and arms. Some fall to the ground and scatter.

IVAN (CONT'D)

...I give you ten spiders.

The guards start poking the spiders on Jack with the sticks. He SCREAMS as they bite him all over.

Ivan shakes his head. Smirks.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Some of my men cannot count. Might be more like twenty or thirty... Many call these banana spiders because they hide in our crates... They are really called wandering spiders. Very, very venomous.

Jack continues to SCREAM as the spiders crawl all over him. The guards continue poking them.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Painful. They will not kill you though...But, over the next few hours, you will want to die.

Jack slumps over from the pain. Many of the spiders fall off and scatter to the walls.

Ivan LAUGHS. Stands. Takes a stick and approaches Jack.

IVAN (CONT'D)

I do not know. Maybe you will like.

He pokes another spider on Jack. Ivan and his men CHUCKLE.

IVAN (CONT'D)

I hear their bite makes your blood flow...

Jack HYPERVENTILATES. Ivan pokes Jack's groin with the stick.

IVAN (CONT'D)

...Even makes some men aroused. But, painfully aroused. For hours.

He kicks Jack's chair over. Jack on his side on the ground. The spiders scatter away from him.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Happy anniversary.

Ivan steps on a spider close to Jack's face.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. MIAMI - JACK'S HOTEL - BEDROOM - NIGHT - CURRENT

In bed, Jack wakes. Post-trauma. BREATHING HEAVY. He sits up. Staring into the darkness.

He quivers aggressively from the thought of the spiders that were once on him.

His BREATHING SLOWS as he sits on the side of the bed.

EXT. NAPLES, FLORIDA - COLLEEN'S HOUSE - DAY

A unmarked police sedan pulls up in front of an elegant home.

VINCENT LAWSON (50s), a handsome, distinguished man with graying hair stands on the porch.

INT. RENFRO'S CROWN VIC - PARKED

Renfro puts her hand on Jack's arm.

RENFRO  
You ready for this?

ON JACK

Jack looks out the window. Takes a second to nod.

EXT. COLLEEN'S HOUSE

Colleen emerges through the front door. Stands next to Vincent and watches anxiously.

Jack and Renfro stroll up to the porch.

There's an uncomfortable silence briefly after they arrive. Jack breaks the silence.

JACK  
Colleen, you, uh...you look wonderful.

Colleen shyly gestures to Vincent.

COLLEEN  
Um, Jack, this is, this is Vincent.  
(beat)  
Oh, an-and, thank you. You do too.

Vincent shakes Jack's hand.

JACK  
Vincent, nice to meet you.

VINCENT  
Same to you, Jack. Obviously, I've heard a lot about you. Especially, lately. All good things though.

Vincent smiles at Jack then shakes Renfro's hand.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Nice to meet you too, detective.

RENFRO  
You as well. Thank you.

Renfro shakes Colleen's hand. Nods to her. Beat.

Colleen stands frozen. Eyes wide with the shock of the moment. *Another uncomfortable pause.*

VINCENT  
Detective, uh, would you like a cup of coffee?

RENFRO  
Sure, Vincent, that sounds great.

Vincent and Renfro enter the house.

Alone now, Jack gives Colleen a modest grin, but she won't look him in the eye. A couple beats.

JACK  
So--is...is this as awkward for you as it is for me?

Jack CHUCKLES softly. Colleen half-smiles while staring a hole in the porch slats. *Hard to look at him.*

COLLEEN  
Yeah, I-I guess it is. I never--

Silence. A couple beats.

COLLEEN (CONT'D) JACK  
So, how-- How are--

They both stop and smile. Silence. Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)  
How are you doing? You look great.

Colleen glances at him, then off to the side and back down.

COLLEEN  
Thanks.  
(smiles)  
You, you said that already.

JACK  
(jokingly)  
Oh, sorry. I guess after all these years my memory's finally going.

Jack LAUGHS. Colleen's smile flattens.

JACK (CONT'D)

Vincent seems nice. Like someone I'd be friends with. Happy for you both...I was so--I was so worried about you and the kids...I-I know things are different now--I've heard you've added to your family.

Colleen stares away as tears begin to fill her eyes. She unsuccessfully tries to hide them and puts her hand over her mouth. Some tears sneak down her cheeks and onto her hands.

JACK (CONT'D)

Colleen?

She slowly tugs at his shirt to motion for him to move. They step out of view of the front windows.

She stands close and puts one hand on his chest. The other hand covers her crying eyes. She softly SOBS.

Jack places his hand on hers. Pulls her close. She buries her face in his chest as she CRIES.

Tears well up in Jack's eyes too, but he remains composed.

Still crying, she straightens up. Wipes her eyes.

She feels his broad shoulders, then arms, chest, and abdomen. Not romantically. *As if she doesn't believe he's real.*

COLLEEN

(crying)

This isn't fair, Jack. What happened to us, to our family.

JACK

Colleen, I--

COLLEEN

You're supposed to call me honey, not Colleen. You never called me that...This isn't right--

JACK

I-I know it's not ideal--

COLLEEN

Ideal? It's wrong...I love Vince. I love him so much. He's been so understanding through all of this. This has to be ripping him apart...

(MORE)



COLLEEN (CONT'D)

And, we-we have a little girl,  
Haley. She's seven--

JACK

That's great. I'm so happy for--

Colleen, still crying, lightly hits him on the chest.

COLLEEN

No, stop. Just stop. Don't be  
happy. I want you to be sad. I  
don't want you to tell me Vincent's  
a nice guy--I don't want you to  
tell me how glad you are I found  
someone. I-I want--

Jack glances down. Colleen begins to SOB again--

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

What I wanna know is...is that how  
you really feel? Are you, are you  
really glad I found someone?

She looks him in the eyes. Waits for an answer.

JACK

I, I don't--

Jack stops. SIGHS.

COLLEEN

Because ever since I heard the news  
that, that you were alive, I've  
been torn up inside. I was happy,  
but heartbroken at the same time. I  
missed you. I lost you. I stopped  
hoping--

JACK

My time there was--I knew this  
would happen. I-I prepared for it.  
They never told me I was going  
home, but since they didn't kill  
me, I-I knew it was a possibility  
that they would let me go or that I  
could be rescued...I knew you would  
have moved on. I knew you weren't  
mine anymore. But...but, I...

COLLEEN

What?

Jack looks into her eyes. Wipes her tears with his thumb.

He looks toward the window then puts his hand on her cheek. Kisses her lightly. She kisses him then steps back.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)  
My, my little girl. She's my world...and I do love Vince.

JACK  
(nods, smiles)  
I know you do...Let's go inside.

COLLEEN  
Wait, just a minute...I need my face to lighten up a bit.

She starts rubbing her eyes. He holds her hand.

JACK  
I...really am glad you're happy.

Colleen nods. Turns to go inside. Stops. Turns back to him.

COLLEEN  
Jack? Find out who did this to us?...and, make them pay.

Jack's jaw sets as he nods.

JACK  
I promise.

She goes inside. He stands frozen. Tears try to build in his eyes, but a quiet anger holds them in.

EXT. NAPLES, FLORIDA - COLLEEN'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - LATER

Jack and Renfro exit onto the porch. Vincent and Colleen stand in the front doorway. He has his arm around her.

COLLEEN  
Jack, we'll see you at my parent's house Friday? The kids will be there early. They're so excited--

JACK  
I am too. I'll be there--What about my parents? I was thinking about going to Texas to see them, but, might be nice to see them at the same time?

Colleen hesitates slightly.

COLLEEN

Sure. Of course, Jack. I'll take care of everything.

Colleen smiles. Grabs Jack's hand. Squeezes it then lets go.

JACK

Ok, you're the boss--

VINCENT

She really is, isn't she?

JACK

You know it by now, right?

They all LAUGH.

VINCENT

It was nice meeting you both.

(to Jack)

See you this weekend.

Vincent and Colleen enter the house as Jack and Renfro leave. Colleen turns and watches them from the front window.

INT. DOWNTOWN MIAMI - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Rand enters his office. It's small and dark, but nice.

His secretary, JANET (60s), sits at a desk outside his office. There is a beautiful bouquet of flowers on her desk.

When he walks in, she stands.

JANET

Mr. Redgrave--

Rand is slightly annoyed at her using his last name.

RAND

Janet?

JANET

I'm sorry...Randolph.

RAND

Rand?

JANET

Thank you so much for the flowers. They're beautiful...It's so good to see you. You look wonderful.

RAND

You're welcome. And, I look wonderful? Look at you. It's been fifteen years and you haven't aged a day...I hope your accommodations while I was away were sufficient?

JANET

Of course, they were. Thank you. I don't know how you did it, but--

Rand smiles.

RAND

I had plans in place. I was never unprepared.

He motions with his hand to the office space.

RAND (CONT'D)

But...I know the office space is much smaller than our previous building, but we'll make it work. I have big things in the works.

JANET

Absolutely, sir.

She looks down. Gets somber.

JANET (CONT'D)

I-I didn't get to see you after Richard's funeral, but I thought it was a beautiful ceremony for your brother--

RAND

(nods)

I-I miss him every day--

JANET

I do too, sir. He was such a fun, vibrant person. He lit up every room he was in--

Rand's mouth flattens as he interrupts her...

RAND

Oh, Janet, I need to go to the Caribbean...this weekend. Can you set that up for me?

JANET

Why sure, sir...You really need a vacation after what you've--

RAND

No. It's not a vacation--

JANET

Oh? Where are you going?--

RAND

Curaçao. Just a quick trip.

JANET

Right away, sir--Rand.

Rand smiles. Retreats into his office.

INT. PALM BEACH, FLORIDA - EMERSON'S HOME - EVENING

The Emerson's host a party for Jack in their home.

Colleen, Vincent and Haley are there. Jack's kids, Chris and Emily, now much older, are there as well.

Chris is there with his fiancée, REBECCA (20). Emily is there with her husband, TIMOTHY DAVIS (mid 20s).

The family mingles and CONVERSES in the front living area. Jack walks through the front door with Renfro.

Emily notices her dad enter. Her mouth quivers as she watches him. Tears fill her eyes as she runs to him SOBBING.

Chris slowly approaches. Half-smile. Apprehensive.

He kisses Emily on the top of her head. Looks at Chris.

JACK

I missed you two rug rats...You went and got big on me.

Chris hugs him, but he's a bit uncomfortable. Beat.

The rest of the family approaches them. Emily, introduces her husband. He has tears in his eyes as well.

EMILY

Dad, this is Timothy, my husband.

JACK

(shakes his hand)  
Timothy, nice to meet you.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

I never got to say it so I'll say  
it now. You treat her bad, I'll  
kill you.

Jack grins. Timothy smiles and nods as everyone LAUGHS.

He grabs Timothy and gives him a hug. Jack turns to Chris.

JACK (CONT'D)

So, who do we have here, did you go  
and get married too?

Chris still seems a bit apprehensive. Pauses.

CHRIS

No, not yet. This, uh--this is  
Rebecca, my fiancée.

JACK

Ah, so not married yet, but close.  
Well, it's nice to meet you  
Rebecca.

He shakes her hand. With teary eyes, she smiles wide.

JACK (CONT'D)

I won't be as crude with you, but  
please treat my son right too.

REBECCA

I will, sir. It's nice to meet--

He grabs her and hugs her. Other family members start shaking  
his hand and patting his back.

INT. MIAMI - RESTAURANT - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

In a large banquet room, Rand throws himself a "welcome home"  
party.

He mingles among the POSH CROWD. All are dressed to the  
nines. Holding cocktails. CONVERSING, but none with him.

As party host, he walks around shaking hands.

A male PARTY GUEST greets Rand.

PARTY GUEST

Mr. Redgrave, great to see you. Uh,  
welcome back...

The guest doesn't know what else to say. Silence.

RAND

What, uh, what was your name again?

PARTY GUEST

Connor. Connor Edwards. I-I was a close friend of your brother--

Rand nods. Takes a drink.

PARTY GUEST (CONT'D)

He was such a great--So sorry that--  
Wow, still can't believe he's gone--

RAND

(sarcastic)

It's been over fifteen years so...

The party guest takes a drink. Rand walks away.

EXT. PALM BEACH, FLORIDA - EMERSON'S HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

In the backyard, overlooking the ocean, there's a barbecue set up for Jack's party. Family and FRIENDS mingle.

Jack peruses the food. A FRIEND finishes TALKING and walks away. Colleen's daughter, Haley, picks food next to Jack.

HALEY

Hi. So...you're my big sister and brother's daddy?

JACK

Yes, I am. You must be Haley? Do I have that right?

HALEY

Yes, sir.

JACK

Whoa, sir huh? You don't have to call me sir. You can call me Jack.

HALEY

Ok...Jack.

Haley smiles.

HALEY (CONT'D)

My mom said you were lost, but we found you?

JACK

Yeah, you could say that. Sure.

Jack helps Haley dip some cheese onto her plate.

HALEY

Since Chris is my half-brother and Em is my half-sister, does that mean you're my half-daddy? ...My whole-daddy's name is Vince.

Jack kneels down next to her. Grins. He looks her in the eye.

JACK

Ha ha. Well, Haley, I haven't known your dad very long, but he seems like a wonderful whole dad. I could never replace him. But...I love Chris and Em very much, and since you're their sister, that means you mean a lot to me too. So, if you wanna think of me as a half-dad then that's just fine by me.

She smiles at him and Jack smiles back at her.

HALEY

I have friends with two daddies, but I'm the only one with one and a half daddies.

He pats her on the back, then grabs a chocolate brownie and puts it on her plate. He winks at her and she smiles.

EXT. PARTY DINING TABLES

Colleen sits and eats with no one by her. Jack sits down.

JACK

Ma'am, is this seat taken?

COLLEEN

Well, ok, but you better watch out, one of my husbands will probably want to sit there.

She takes a bite of food. Smiles at him. He grins back.

JACK

So...that little Haley is a pistol. She wants me to be her half-dad.

COLLEEN

Oh really? What'd you say?



JACK

Well, of course, I told her that was ok. Chris and Em are mine so, you know, I don't mind.

COLLEEN

That's, uh, that's really sweet, Jack. I know it has to be hard--

JACK

Actually, it's not. She's a sweet girl...And, she looks like you.

Colleen gets quiet and takes a bite. Beat.

Jack looks over at Emily and Timothy in the distance.

ON EMILY AND TIMOTHY

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

So, Emily's wedding--

ON SCENE

COLLEEN

It was a hard day for her. She missed you so much. She cried and cried that morning. But...it was a beautiful ceremony.

JACK

When I was alone in the darkness, I had moments when...I would think of times like that. I wondered if special moments in their lives were happening right then...I guess sometimes they were.

Vincent walks up with his plate of food and a drink. Jack smiles at him as he stands.

Colleen smiles as she points to someone.

COLLEEN

Oh, Jack...your Dad.

Jack's dad, JACK HARRISON SR. (mid 70s), dons a cowboy hat, dark jeans and a nice starched shirt. Jack approaches.

JACK

Hey, Dad.

Jack Sr grabs Jack and gives him a tight hug. He holds Jack's shoulders and looks him up and down.

JACK SR

Son, my God, it's good to see you.  
You're a sight for sore eyes, boy.

Jack notices his mother is not there. Nervously looks at his dad.

Jack Sr. SIGHS. Beat. Before his son can ask...

JACK SR (CONT'D)

Son, I...I don't know what to say.

Jack closes his eyes tight. Shakes his head.

JACK SR (CONT'D)

She passed...less than a year ago...cancer...Your wife didn't have the heart to tell you.

Jack holds back tears. Jack Sr puts his arm around him.

JACK SR (CONT'D)

Your mother thought about you... night and day. Never once thought you was gone. She knew you'd be back. Don't know how in the world she knew, but she did. She tried to hold on as long as she could, but...she just couldn't hold on any longer. I held her hand and...she went peaceful-like. She told me to tell you she loved you...Told her I would.

Jack Sr tears up. But, Jack bottles it up. Stays composed.

JACK SR (CONT'D)

So, I'm doing that right now...And, I love you too, boy...I'm glad to have you back.

Jack walks toward the ocean. As he scans, he grits his teeth.

INT. MIAMI - RESTAURANT - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Rand's party has reduced in size. He drinks at a table alone. A PARTYGOER approaches him.

PARTYGOER

Great party...man. And, happy birthday--

Rand shoots him a dirty look. Takes a drink. Partygoer exits.

INT. PALM BEACH, FLORIDA - EMERSON'S HOME - FOYER - NIGHT

The party is over. Most have left. Jack wanders around the Emerson's large home alone.

He looks at photos in the foyer. His kid's graduations. Vacations. *Missed moments.*

He picks up a photo album on small table. It's his daughter's wedding. He flips pages.

His brow furrows a bit. *Emotional.*

ON ALBUM

A picture of Vincent walking Emily down the aisle in a beautiful ceremony in the Emerson's beachfront back yard.

Flips to next page. A family photo surrounding the newly weds. Jack's mother stands by his father.

ON SCENE

Emily puts her arm around him as he stares down at the photos. She leans her head on his shoulder. Jack smiles.

JACK

Looks like everyone was there.

She grabs the album. Sets it down. Tugs at his arm.

EXT. BACKYARD

In the moonlight, waves fold onto the beach as Emily leads Jack into the backyard, site of her wedding ceremony. They're alone.

She holds his arm. Scans for where she walked the aisle.

Her eyes sparkling with tears, she positions him in the right spot. His eyes glisten as he proudly smiles.

They lock arms and stroll down the path toward the beach.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - LATER

In front of the house, Jack and Renfro say goodbye to Charles and Vivian Emerson. Emily approaches quickly.

EMILY

Dad, before you go. We got something for you.

Emily hands Jack a small black box. He takes it. Looks at it.

ON BLACK BOX

It's an iPhone box.

ON SCENE

Jack opens it and takes out the IPHONE.

JACK

So, I guess this is a cell phone?

Emily CHUCKLES. Everyone grins.

Jack flips it over. Stares at it as his smile disappears.

ON IPHONE

On the back of the IPHONE is a red heart sticker. Just like the one from his WHITE IPOD years ago.

ON SCENE

Jack gets a bit emotional. He smiles at Emily.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's--It's perfect. Thank you.

Emily nods. Hugs him tight and walks back in the house.

Jack turns to his former in-laws. Hugs his mother-in-law.

JACK (CONT'D)

Senator, thank you both so much.

VIVIAN

You're family, Jack.

Former Senator Emerson shakes Jack's hand. Smiles wide.

CHARLES

Jack, let us know if you need  
anything.

(to Renfro)

Detective, it was a pleasure  
meeting you.

RENFRO

Oh, Senator, call me Lou.

She shakes his hand.

CHARLES

Ok...if you call me Charles.

She nods. Charles puts his arm around his wife. Jack and Renfro walk to the car.

INT./EXT. RENFRO'S CROWN VIC - NIGHT

Renfro starts up the car. Jack stares out the window.  
*Pensive.* Beat.

RENFRO

Jack...there's something I need to tell you.

Jack seems in his own world.

RENFRO (CONT'D)

Jack?

Jack turns to her.

RENFRO (CONT'D)

Someone at the station. Someone leaked to the press...Tomorrow, things are gonna change...again. The world's gonna know your story.

Jack SIGHS then nods.

Renfro's phone VIBRATES. She answers it.

RENFRO (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I'll be home in an hour.

(listens)

I-I'm sorry. I should have--

She SIGHS. Hangs up. Jack notices, but stays quiet.

INT./EXT. RENFRO'S CROWN VIC - MOVING - LATER

In the passenger seat, Jack scans his hotel entry as they approach. Some press has gathered.

JACK

Goddamn it...Do we know who leaked?

RENFRO

No. We probably never will. I'll call and ask the front desk to meet us at the rear entry.

Renfro picks up her cell phone. Jack sits back in his seat.

INT. MIAMI - HIGH-RISE CONDO - RAND'S BEDROOM - MORNING

At his mirrored vanity next to his hanging suits, Rand ties his shiny silk tie as he dresses.

On another wall, cable news PLAYS on a flatscreen. The story of Jack's miraculous return draws his attention.

ON RAND

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)  
...and was found on a cruise ship  
returning from a week-long cruise  
of the southern Caribbean islands.

ON FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)  
Last night, Harrison met with his  
family--including his now ex-wife,  
her new husband--and our sources  
tell us he met his two children--  
now in their twenties--for the  
first time in over fifteen years.

ON SCENE

Rand smirks at the TV. Finishes tying his tie.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Harrison is denying all interview  
requests at this time. We'll bring  
you more about this story in an  
hour-long special report tonight.

INT. MIAMI - JACK'S HOTEL - RESTAURANT - MORNING

Jack and Renfro eat breakfast in a back corner of the hotel restaurant. Jack sips on coffee. Renfro stirs hers.

RENFRO  
You're a little quiet this morning.

JACK  
I'm fine.

A short silence at the table, then Jack breaks it.

JACK (CONT'D)  
So, law enforcement...What made Louise Renfro interested in wearing a badge and a gun?

RENFRO  
My mom--

Renfro smiles at her memory.

JACK  
Was she an officer?

Renfro's smile fades.

RENFRO  
No...I, uh, grew up here in Miami in Little Haiti...Just me and my mom--I didn't know my dad. She did everything she could to keep me safe and a roof over my head. But--

Renfro continues to stir her coffee.

RENFRO (CONT'D)  
Sometimes, she had to do things that weren't safe for her. One thing I know for sure, she didn't want the same life for me. She wanted me to be a...doctor--lawyer.

She gets a bit emotional.

RENFRO (CONT'D)  
She was killed one night--In with the wrong people...But, she was a good person. With a good heart.

JACK  
I'm...so sorry.

Renfro nods.

RENFRO  
After that, I knew what I wanted to do. I wanted to make sure no other little girl would have to go through that pain.

JACK  
Peterson couldn't have put me with a better detective--

RENFRO  
 (chuckling)  
 I'm still learning the ropes, but  
 he continues to give me the shit  
 jobs...no offense.

The corner of Jack's mouth raises.

JACK  
 None taken.

RENFRO  
 So...how did you make it? I mean,  
 keep hope?...I just can't imagine--

JACK  
 Hope's an amazingly frustrating  
 feeling. You don't just lose it  
 once. You lose it over and over  
 after it teases you again and  
again.

RENFRO  
 But, how did--

JACK  
 There were moments that--You'd  
 think losing my wife, losing my  
 kids, that I'd want to end it all.  
 Stop the pain. Escaping on my own  
 terms I guess?

RENFRO  
 Glad you didn't.

JACK  
 (nodding)  
 There was a couple times I got  
 close to actually escaping.

INT. COLOMBIA - JACK'S JUNGLE CELL - DAY - FLASHBACK

Jack sits up on his cot. There's KNOCKING on his cell door.

JACK (V.O.)  
 (from present)  
 The closest was a few years ago,  
 but it started years before that.

With a stern expression, MANUEL "MANNY" (25) enters with a  
 dirty tray of food. He sets it on a small table next to  
 Jack's cell. He smiles at Jack. Kneels down. Whispers.



MANNY  
 (broken english)  
 Hey. How's it going today?

Jack eats what looks like meat, a tortilla, and banana.

JACK  
 Fine.

Manny points at the meat on the tray.

MANNY  
 Capybara. What we had for dinner.  
 (grins)  
 My son...he, he walked last night.

Jack, still eating, half-smiles.

JACK  
 I remember when my son took his  
 first steps.

Jack freezes. Recalls. Sadness creeps in. Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 Congrats.

Jack sets the tray on the cot. *Done.* Manny picks it up.

MANNY  
 I'll try to sneak you some more.

Jack grins at him. *Thankful.* Manny takes the tray and exits.

JACK (V.O.)  
 Manny and I became close over the  
 years. My only friend there.  
 (beat)  
 I don't know. Part of me might have  
 been manipulating him...but...it  
felt like a real friendship.

INT. COLOMBIA - JACK'S JUNGLE CELL - NIGHT

Moonlight glows through the wall cracks as Jack lays on his cot. Beat.

Suddenly, the cell door opens. Jack sits up. Manny quickly sets a bucket of water, soap, and a small towel in his cell.

MANNY  
 My son started fútbol. I think he  
 will be next Valderrama.

Manny smiles as he closes the door. Jack CHUCKLES to himself.

JACK (V.O.)  
He was good to me. The only person  
there with some good in them.

INT. COLOMBIA - JACK'S JUNGLE CELL - NIGHT

Manny kneels next to Jack as Jack eats off his tray.

MANNY  
Javier's wife had a baby. We are  
celebrating tonight.

JACK  
Poor kid...Javier's a dick.

Manny LAUGHS quietly. Nods. Whispers...

MANNY  
There will be lots of drinking.

Manny looks over his shoulder.

MANNY (CONT'D)  
(in Spanish)  
Lots of guaro.

Manny hands Jack a couple greenish banana's and slyly drops a small knife next to Jack's foot. Winks.

ON JACK'S FOOT

Jack slides the knife under the bed with his foot.

MANNY (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
I'm so forgetful, my friend.  
Sometimes I leave keys in the  
middle truck.

Manny gets up. Backs to the door, grins and exits.

JACK (V.O.)  
I had hope that day. I thought for  
sure that'd be the day I would get  
out. All because of my friend. The  
goodness of my friend.

EXT. COLOMBIA - JUNGLE CAMP - NIGHT

Lightning flashing in the dusk sky. Jack watches through a couple cracks in his cell wall.

JACK'S POV - THROUGH CRACKS

Five GUARDS eat dinner under a large open-air tent lit by lanterns. Smoking cigars. Heavily drinking.

INT. COLOMBIA - JACK'S JUNGLE CELL - CONTINUOUS

Jack jams the knife into a crack by the door.

He forcefully pulls one of the wooden slats back. One of the nails loosens. Pulls the wood back.

He scans through the opening. Reaches through with the knife and uses it to lift the lock on the door.

EXT. COLOMBIA - JUNGLE CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Crouched, Jack exits with knife in hand. Two guards are passed out on the ground near the tables. Another sits in a chair. Half awake, fully drunk. A PROSTITUTE sits at the table with him. Drinking.

Ivan staggers. Shoves a PROSTITUTE into his quarters.

Jack slinks along in the darkness. Eyes on the guards.

ON TABLE

The prostitute at the table makes eye contact with Jack. He freezes. She stands. Jack's eyes dart around.

She grabs the hand of the half-awake guard. He smiles as she leads him away into the darkness.

Jack bolts past the tent. *Takes advantage of the opportunity.*

ON TRUCK

Jack climbs into a large truck. Quietly closes the door.

He explores for keys. Looks behind the sun visors. *Nothing.*

Opens the glove box. *Nothing.*

He gets a bit frantic. Feels under seats. *Nothing.*

Jack hears LAUGHING. Ivan appears at the driver's window jingling the keys.

Jack slides to passenger seat. Ivan opens the door.

Jack points the knife. From behind, the passenger door opens and a guard tases Jack.

EXT. COLOMBIA - COURTYARD OF JUNGLE CAMP - LATER

Jack, hands restrained, awakes near the dining tent.

Ivan and the guard grab Jack's chains and drag him into an open area close to his cell. Jack is on his knees.

A guard holds a bottle of guaro. Ivan snatches it from him. Swigs. Pours some on top of Jack's head.

Jack tries to stand. Ivan kicks his legs and causes him to fall back down. He leans over Jack.

IVAN

You will never leave. Never see your family. I get report from America. Your wife fucks another man. Your kids, they call him papi now. They all forget you.

Ivan kicks Jack in the back. Jack falls forward to the ground. Ivan steps away as Jack drags himself.

Ivan returns with a two by four. Raises it up. Hits Jack in the back of the head. Jack loses consciousness.

FADE OUT.

OVER BLACK:

A man SCREAMS.

FADE IN:

EXT. COLOMBIA - COURTYARD OF JUNGLE CAMP - MORNING

In the bright morning sunlight, Jack wakes. Hears the SCREAMING.

Arms still chained, he scans his surroundings. Sits up.

ON JACK

As the SCREAMING continues, Jack's eyes grow big at a sight. His mouth opens. Jaw drops.

ON SCENE

A hispanic WOMAN (20s) and BOY (6) hang by rope on a nearby tree. Their dead, naked bodies gently sway in the breeze.

Manny kneels in front of his wife and son's hanging bodies. As Manny WAILS, Jack puts his head in his chained hands.

Manny turns. Spots Jack. Angrily runs toward him.

As he CRIES, Manny grabs Jack by the chains and drags him into the cell. Ivan watches.

INT. COLOMBIA - JACK'S JUNGLE CELL - CONTINUOUS

Jack on his back, Manny SCREAMS in a mix of anger and grief.

JACK  
Manny!...No...Please.

Manny pulls a small knife from his belt. He jumps on top of Jack. Starts stabbing Jack.

Quick stabs to Jack's shoulder then chest. Shoulder again.

Jack holds his hands up. SCREAMS. His hand is stabbed.

Manny raises the knife higher.

BOOM!

Manny's head explodes like a melon. Blood and chunks spatters onto Jack. The knife falls to the ground.

As Manny's body falls on top of Jack, Ivan stands behind holding a smoking pistol. He glares at Jack. Smirks.

Ivan exits. Guards enter Jack's cell. They begin stripping down Manny's body of its clothes.

JACK (V.O.)  
My friend. My only friend...They  
left him in there for over a week.  
Might have been two. Reminder of  
what might happen to me if I tried  
that again.

Carrying the knife and clothes, the guards exit leaving the near-headless, naked corpse of their former colleague.

JACK (V.O.)

In the hot, humid jungle it didn't take long for the smell to attract flies and insects. At night, I'd hear a gunshot outside the cell as the guards would kill a scavenger.

INT. COLOMBIA - JACK'S JUNGLE CELL - DAY

Jack sits slumped in his cell surrounded by flies not far from the rotting corpse.

Outside, guards wear bandanas over their nose and mouths.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. MIAMI - JACK'S HOTEL - RESTAURANT - DAY - CURRENT

Renfro sits mesmerized by the story. Jack sips his coffee.

JACK

I thought about...trying to escape so they would kill me. I-I thought about digging a femur or some kind of bone out of the corpse to use as a weapon...or to slit my wrists--

RENFRO

Jesus.

JACK

I had my suspicions, but...Ivan always toyed with me just enough that I wouldn't die.

(beat)

Manny's punishment for his betrayal was losing his wife and son. Ivan didn't intend to kill him that day. But, he was protecting me.

Renfro nods. *Light bulb.*

RENFRO

He was paid to keep you there. You die, he stops getting paid.

Jack nods. Drinks his coffee.

RENFRO (CONT'D)

We have to find the connection--

JACK  
Why is this so important to you?

RENFRO  
I-I don't know. I just hate  
injustice. The thought of your kids  
growing up not knowing what  
happened to their dad--It, it just--

Jack nods.

RENFRO (CONT'D)  
I guess losing my mom, I know how  
they felt...I want to lock him up.  
We have to find something to go on.

Jack observes something on the table. He stares at it.

ON RENFRO'S BREAKFAST PLATE

A half-eaten slightly green banana rests on her plate.

EXT. CURAÇAO - BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Rand, in a white linen shirt carrying a bag, approaches an  
exquisite beach home surrounded by tropical plants.

He KNOCKS on the front door. Beat.

The door opens. A MAID answers the door. Before she can  
speak, he walks in without saying a word. Beat.

INT. CURAÇAO - BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He wanders through the bachelor pad-style living room as the  
maid cleans after an obvious late night party.

Rand TAPS the bars of a large cage housing a NOISY PARROT.

He paces further. On the wall, he spots a...

MOUNTED BARRACUDA

It's large, silver, striped, and has long menacing teeth.

There's a photo of the catch next to it.

ON RAND REDGRAVE

FOOTSTEPS from behind Rand. He turns. His smile grows.

ON SCENE

Richard, with his distinct mustache and floral shirt half buttoned, hugs his brother. They CHUCKLE.

RAND  
Back from the dead, big brother?

RICH  
It's a fucking miracle.

They LAUGH. Rand sets his bag down. The maid takes it.

Rand grins. Points to the MOUNTED BARRACUDA.

RAND  
Great day. It looks good here.

Rich smiles and nods.

RAND (CONT'D)  
How's our project?

RICH  
Very profitable.

RAND  
After fifteen years, I'm ready to take over.

RICH  
And, I'm ready for a break.

Rand nods. Richard smiles.

RICH (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna do a little fishing, some gambling, partying. It's all yours, little brother--

Glass door to the pool in back SLIDES OPEN.

ON RAND AND RICH

They both look at the door. Beat.

ON SCENE

Ivan confidently enters. Walks toward the brothers. The maid freezes in fear.

RICH (CONT'D)  
Ivan?



Ivan pulls a silenced pistol from his lower back. Aims.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

Shoots Rich twice in the chest and once in the eye. The maid SCREAMS as Rich's body falls to the floor.

Ivan turns to the maid.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

Ivan shoots her in the chest and head. She drops. Beat.

ON RICH'S BODY

Blood pools under Rich's dead body.

ON SCENE

Rand SIGHS. Steps over his brother's body.

RAND  
(under his breath)  
You're goddamn right it's all mine.

Ivan drags the maid's body by her feet. Blood trails behind.

Rand watches. Points at the blood trail.

RAND (CONT'D)  
Little ironic, huh?

Ivan pauses. Looks confused. Rand smirks at him.

RAND (CONT'D)  
No maid to clean it up.

Rand CHUCKLES. Walks to the doors that look out over a pool.

ON POOL

A topless woman's body floats face down in the pool.

INT. MIAMI - POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Captain Peterson leans back in his chair behind his desk.

CAPTAIN PETERSON  
There's just nothing to go on,  
Jack. Do you have something that  
can give us a lead?

Renfro and Jack sit in front of him. Jack SIGHS.

JACK

I've had time to think through it for years. I-I haven't made a connection other than the timing.

RENFRO

Captain, we can't let Redgrave get away with this--

CAPTAIN PETERSON

But, we have to have something we can prove. Jack knows that.

Jack frowns from frustration.

JACK

What about security footage from the cruise ship?

Captain Peterson shakes his head.

CAPTAIN PETERSON

Jack, I checked. Nothing there. I also called the police station in Curaçao. They had nothing to go on.

Jack shifts in his seat. *Anxious*. Beat.

CAPTAIN PETERSON (CONT'D)

Focus on your family. Spend time with them. That's what's important right now...And, if we find something, we'll investigate.

Jack, slightly annoyed, stands. Captain Peterson stands.

CAPTAIN PETERSON (CONT'D)

Jack? You probably haven't had a home-cooked meal in a while. Vick would love to see you. Why don't you come by for dinner tonight?

Jack half-smiles.

JACK

Thanks, but I'm having dinner with the family. Another night?

Captain Peterson nods. Smiles.

CAPTAIN PETERSON

Enjoy the evening with your family.

INT. PRIVATE PLANE - FLYING - EVENING

Rand sits in his leather seat staring out the plane window and sipping on a cocktail. His phone VIBRATES.

He sets his cocktail down. Answers his phone.

RAND

I'll be back in the morning, Janet.

Rand listens.

RAND (CONT'D)

Just tell them no comment.

He hangs up. A bit frustrated.

INT. MIAMI - POLICE STATION - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Renfro and Jack approach her car. They pass an electric charging station with some cars plugged in. Jack stares.

JACK

Gone fifteen years and now we have to plug in our cars?

Renfro LAUGHS. They open the doors to her car.

INT. RENFRO'S CROWN VIC - DAY - CONTINUOUS

JACK

So, you guys fixed the whole global warming thing right?

RENFRO

Uh, about that--

JACK

You didn't fix global warming and elected a reality star President?

RENFRO

Damn, when you say it like that--

Jack playfully EXHALES. She smiles. Starts the car. Drives.

RENFRO (CONT'D)

Ok, Jack. What our next move?

JACK

(shakes his head)  
I don't know--

RENFRO

He's spending money all over town. How does he have the money after being bankrupt and Redgrave Cap shut down?

JACK

He must have hidden money somehow. Feds and bankruptcy should have taken everything.

RENFRO

I'll look into his source of income? At the very least, maybe we can cut off his funds.

JACK

I, I was thinking the other day, when we were at breakfast. While I was there I ate a lot of bananas.

Renfro looks confused.

JACK (CONT'D)

I think it was a banana plantation. Colombia...It's not far from Curacao where they put me on the ship. And...the guards were all in military style uniforms. With Colombian flags. Paramilitary group. Drug runners.

RENFRO

Wow--

JACK

We gotta find out who they are and how Redgrave is connected to them.

RENFRO

Ok, Mister former AUSA, how would you handle investigating this guy?

Jack briefly squeezes his eyes shut.

JACK

I wonder if we can get satellite images of banana farms in northern Colombia. I remember the layout of the buildings, tents, trucks--

RENFRO

MPD doesn't have that kind of--

JACK  
I think I know who does.

Jack looks at Renfro.

JACK (CONT'D)  
The Senator was on the Armed  
Services Committee. He said if I  
need anything?...Hope this counts.

Renfro nods. Beat.

Jack pulls out his IPHONE from his pocket. Renfro smiles.

RENFRO  
You, uh, you gonna need some help  
with that?

Jack sarcastically squints at her. Smirks. Beat.

He stares down at the screen. Smirk disappears.

JACK  
Uh, actually, yeah. I think I do.  
Where the hell's the power button?

She grins. Leans over and turns it on.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Last cell I had was a flip phone...  
(starts tapping screen)  
These are pretty incredible though.

Renfro GIGGLES.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Jack walks into a crowded restaurant. He sees his family sitting at a long table - Colleen and Vincent, Haley, Chris and his fiancée, Emily and her husband.

One chair sits empty at the end for him, *but the happiness at the table looks full* as they all LAUGH and CHAT.

As he begins to round the corner to their table. No one spots him yet. He hears Chris...

CHRIS  
Dad? Look at this picture from our  
trip.

Jack freezes. Watches as Chris leans over to Vincent and shows him his phone. Vincent CHUCKLES as he looks at it.

Jack lightly SIGHS. His smile fades as he stares toward the empty chair. Beat.

He turns and leaves.

INT. MIAMI - JACK'S HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Jack enters his hotel room. Tosses his phone on the bed.

He grabs up the folder of family photos. Starts to look through them.

RING. RING.

He reaches over and answers his phone.

JACK  
 (into phone)  
 Hey, Colleen...yeah, sorry--I, uh--  
 (listens)  
 No, I got caught up at the police  
 station--

He shuts his eyes as he listens. Pinches between his brows.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 I-I think I'm just gonna rest  
 tonight.  
 (listens)  
 No, no, I'm--I'm fine...Just tired.  
 (listens)  
 Really, I'm fine.  
 (listens)  
 Yeah, it was great to see them too.  
 All of you. Tell them...I love em'.

He pauses. Hangs up the phone. Tosses it back on the bed.

EXT. MIAMI - OFFICE BUILDING - SIDEWALK - MORNING

Jack sips coffee. Hovers around Rand's office building.

He tosses his coffee into a trash bin. As he heads to the entrance, he passes Gary Moore, in his BLUE BALL CAP, loitering outside the building.

INT. MIAMI - OFFICE BUILDING - RAND'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack storms into Redgrave's office. Rand's assistant, Janet is at her desk. He passes her and approaches the doors to Rand's office.

JANET  
Excuse me, who are you?

JACK  
The guy your boss fucked over--

JANET  
Who? Mr. Redgrave is not available--

JACK  
I don't give a fuck.

He pushes the office doors OPEN. Rand sits behind his desk, but turned looking out the windows. When he hears the doors open, he spins around.

JANET  
Sir, I am so sorry. I tried to stop him.

RAND  
No, it's ok, Janet. Thank you.

Janet shoots Jack a frown. Jack stares at Rand. Jaw locked.

RAND (CONT'D)  
Jack?...Long time no see.

Jack's unamused. Rand leans back in his chair with the back of his head in his laced fingers.

RAND (CONT'D)  
I hope your accommodations were suitable?

JACK  
So, you admit it?

RAND  
Admit what?

Rand smiles ear to ear.

JACK  
You son-of-a-bitch.

RAND  
I don't know what you're talking about Jack. I saw on the news--

JACK  
Fuck you. You know exactly what I'm talking about.

Jack's mad. *Looks like he wants to jump across the desk.*

JANET

Mr. Redgrave, would you like me to call security?

Rand sits up straight.

RAND

No, no, not at all, Janet. Don't be silly. Jack is an old friend. We go back years. Over fifteen years to be exact. One-hundred eighty months. Five-thousand days. Take your pick.

Rand looks at Jack. Janet exits.

RAND (CONT'D)

Why are you here, Jack? What the fuck do you want?

JACK

You know what I want--

RAND

No, Mr. Prosecutor, I really don't. Explain it to me. Explain it to me in your eloquent prosecutorial manner.

JACK

I'm here to make you pay--

RAND

Goddamn it, Jack. I'm not hearing anything very convincing...

Rand casually slides a desk drawer by his leg open.

ON DESK DRAWER

A handgun rests out of Jack's sight.

ON SCENE

RAND (CONT'D)

What are you really here for? Do you think I did something? Do you think I had something to do with your little hundred eighty month excursion?



JACK

I know you did. And, you know you did.

Rand LAUGHS and leans forward. Puts his elbows on the desk.

RAND

Jesus Christ, Jack. You're a fucking prosecutor. Whether I did anything or not is irrelevant. You know that.

Rand stands up and starts to walk around his desk.

RAND (CONT'D)

It's what you can fucking prove that matters. Jesus, I can't believe I have to tell you that. Did you forget your years in law school?...Or did they beat it out of you over the past fifteen years?

Jack stares at him, grits his teeth, and clinches his fist. Rand smirks and gets closer to him. Whispers...

RAND (CONT'D)

Have a good time on your little tropical vacation?

Jack's anger grows. *Looks like a pot about to boil over.*

RAND (CONT'D)

Go ahead Jack, beat the shit out of me. Go right back to a small, dark jail cell.

Jack looks down then locks eye contact again.

JACK

I'm going to find proof. I will prove to everyone what happened. I want everyone to know you did it. Then, you aren't going to prison, Rand. I'm gonna put you in the fucking ground.

Rand spots the seriousness in his eyes. *Slight worry.* Beat.

Rand LAUGHS as he walks back behind his desk.

RAND

Mr. Prosecutor! Look at the big balls on him. You're from Texas, right?

(MORE)

RAND (CONT'D)

Think I saw that on the news.  
Dallas or a ranch right outside of  
there?

(beat)

I like Texas. It's so unapologetic  
about what it is. We love our guns  
and our death penalty. We're the  
greatest State! The Lone Star  
State. How 'bout them Cowboys! It's  
such a big show down there. It's  
such a spectacle. But, it's so far  
from reality, Jack. Did you know  
that the term "ten gallon" hat was  
simply a linguistic  
misinterpretation from a "ten  
galón" sombrero? Even that was  
fake. It was from Mexico...Do you  
think you're a fucking cowboy,  
Jack?

JACK

What's your fucking point?

RAND

Jack, you should actually be here  
thanking me. Thanking me for my  
restraint. For not doing anything.

JACK

How's that? My hearing in this ear  
is still not fully back from the  
beatings. A little louder please?

RAND

(louder)

My point is that you should be here  
thanking me. You should be thanking  
me for my benevolence. You should  
have come here on your knees,  
Jack...

Rand points toward the door.

RAND (CONT'D)

You should have come here on your  
fucking knees. Because Jack, I told  
you what I was going to do if you  
proceeded with prosecuting me, did  
I not? I told you that I would  
bring hell down on you and your  
family. Did I not?

Rand shrugs.

RAND (CONT'D)

You see, Mr. Prosecutor, I could have had you killed at any moment. I didn't. I could have had your family killed. I didn't. I could have bankrupted you're parent's fucking ranch and made them destitute, homeless. I didn't. So...you should be on your knees, your motherfucking knees, thanking me for my kindness. For my, huge, fucking heart for all the things I've done for you...

Rand smirks.

RAND (CONT'D)

Or haven't done to you.

JACK

You are seriously unstable. Someone must have fucked you really good when you were inside.

Rand LAUGHS, looks up and shakes his head.

RAND

Go ahead, Jack, come at me with everything you got. Come at me and just see what happens. See what happens to your kids. To your ex-wife and her new family. Her new kid and the new man who is giving it to her every night. Just see what I'll do to them. I'll bring hell down on their lives. Come on, Mr. Prosecutor, round two. Let's go.

JACK

You think this is over, but it's not.

RAND

No, it is over. These were the last whimpers of a dying dog. Now, get out of my fucking office you stray dog. Get out before I have you put down.

Jack smirks and turns to leave. Rand turns around, his back is to Jack, and he looks out the window.

EXT. MIAMI - OFFICE BUILDING - SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Jack shoves the office door as he exits. He freezes on the side-walk. *Frustration.*

In a downtown area, he is surrounded by COMMUTERS. He looks around. Large CROWD.

ON COMMUTERS

MANY walk, stare at their phones as they pace. Some have white earbuds in their ears.

A couple COMMUTERS zip passed him on electric scooters.

ON SCENE

He jumps back from scooters. Backs up against the wall. *Possibly a panic attack. Post-traumatic stress maybe?*

ON TOURISTS

He sees some TOURISTS taking selfies with a selfie stick.

ON SCENE

He looks around. Starts BREATHING HEAVY. *Tunnel vision.* Beat.

Jack hears a voice...

RENFRO (O.S.)  
Hey! Jack?

ON RENFRO IN HER SEDAN

Renfro's sedan is parked close to him.

RENFRO (CONT'D)  
Get in.

ON SCENE

Jack regains his senses. Approaches the car.

He pauses before opening the car door. Scans.

INT./EXT. RENFRO'S CROWN VIC - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Jack, looking exhausted, slumps in the passenger seat.

RENFRO  
You weren't at the hotel. Thought  
you might be here.

Renfro glances over at Jack as she drives.

RENFRO (CONT'D)  
What the fuck are you doing?

Jack shakes his head.

RENFRO (CONT'D)  
You aren't thinking--

Jack stares out the window.

JACK  
I see now why he didn't kill me--  
This is so much fucking worse.

INT. MIAMI - JACK'S HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

In his room, Jack approaches the nightstand. Picks up a glass. Downs what's left in the cocktail. Beat.

Seething. Frustrated. He hurls the glass at the mirror on the wall. The glass SMASHES and the mirror SHATTERS.

Breathing heavy, he glances at the cracked mirror.

ON CRACKED MIRROR

His breathing slows as he stares at his distorted reflection.

ON SCENE

His eyes drop as he SIGHS. *Calms down.* Beat.

He grabs the empty ice bucket from off the table. Leans down under the mirror and starts picking up the shards of glass.

CHIRP. CHIRP.

He gets a text. Grabs his phone. He looks at it briefly like he doesn't know what to do. Then, taps the notification.

ON PHONE

It says "Hope this helps" with a link under. He touches it.

A web folder opens. Image icons. He touches one and a satellite photo opens fullscreen.

ON SCENE

He stares as he swipes on the phone. Sits on the bed.

INT. MIAMI - JACK'S HOTEL - HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

At his hotel, Jack sits at the bar as a few PATRONS are scattered about on stools and at tables. He's accompanied by a few empty shot glasses.

A female bartender, JAMIE (30s), steps over to him.

JAMIE

How we doing over here?

Jack looks at the photos on his phone and writes on a napkin. He doesn't look up.

JACK

Fine.

JAMIE

You want another round?

JACK

Not right now. I'm good.

JAMIE

You seem distracted. You doing alright? Need another napkin? Name's Jamie by the way.

Jack looks up. He takes a look at Jamie. She gives him a seductive smile. *He nearly forgets what he was writing.*

JACK

Oh, sorry, I-I don't need another napkin. I'm just, just doodling. I'm, I'm Jack. Sorry.

Jamie flirtatiously leans over. Looks down at his phone.

JAMIE

Ok...doodling words, Jack? I've never heard of that.

Jack quickly puts it in his pocket.

JACK

Well, I--

JAMIE

Hey, you're that guy--the one that came back after all those years--the lawyer guy? It's you, right?

Jack gets a bit uncomfortable, but nods.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I saw you on the news.

She points up at the TV above the bar. Headline news is on.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

What a story...You were gone for like fifteen years?

JACK

Yeah, yeah.

Jack drinks the rest of his Old Fashioned. Tips the glass up.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'll take another.

JAMIE

Sure.

She takes his glass. Starts making his drink in front of him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

What you gonna do now, Jacky boy?

JACK

I don't know what's next.

JAMIE

You get a lot of money from your old job?

JACK

Surprisingly, they gave me a years salary. They didn't have to do that.

JAMIE

How come? Wasn't your fault you got nabbed.

She finishes the drink. Hands it to him. Flirtatiously leans on the bar toward him again.

JACK

Well, my family got my salary up until I was declared dead. They got some insurance money after that. Glad it took care of them while I was gone...Don't worry though, I'll leave you a nice tip.

JAMIE

Oh, don't worry about that. I just like hearing your story.

JACK

No, no. I don't mind.

JAMIE

Most nights are boring. It's a hotel, so usually the bar just has some random Tinder rendezvous. All swipe-lefts in my opinion, but--

JACK

No idea what any of that means.

Jamie LAUGHS. Nods.

JAMIE

You're cute...Besides that, it's usually just married executives here on a business trying to get into my Levi's.

JACK

Ah, that I understand.

She CHUCKLES. As she leans on the counter, she puts her elbow on the bar and hand under her chin to listen.

JAMIE

So will you be a lawyer again? How you gonna make a living?

Jack leans forward. He scratches his head a bit.

JACK

I don't know yet. Maybe.

Jamie looks him in the eye and leans forward a little more.

JAMIE

I know these hotel beds are the shit, but...

(whispers)

Want to sleep somewhere else tonight?

Jack freezes.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I...don't get off for a couple more hours, but if you can wait, you can give me your tip then?



Jack's smile grows wide.

JACK  
I'm, uh, flattered...Don't think  
I'm ready for that just yet.

JAMIE  
Even after fifteen years? No women?

JACK  
I-I have an early flight. Is that a  
better excuse?

Jack LAUGHS. She smirks at him. Starts wiping down the bar.

INT. MIAMI - POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Jack and Renfro sit in front of Peterson's desk drinking coffee. Captain Peterson flips through printed photos.

CAPTAIN PETERSON  
Jack, you really should have  
checked with me about this--

JACK  
This is it. This is the place.

Captain Peterson picks it up.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Same layout. I recognize the  
positions of the main tent and the  
cell buildings, parked trucks--

RENFRO  
And, you're sure?--

JACK  
Yes. That's it--

CAPTAIN PETERSON  
What the fuck you want me to do  
with this, Jack?

Captain Peterson tosses the photo on his desk. Jack SIGHS.  
Sits back in his chair.

CAPTAIN PETERSON (CONT'D)  
Want me to send a SWAT team to  
Colombia?...This doesn't tie  
Redgrave to shit--

JACK

But, we know where to start. If we could only--

Peterson leans forward.

CAPTAIN PETERSON

Jack...Get your life back. This is a black hole. Don't fall in it. If it was Redgrave, he wanted to take your life away. Don't let him win. Get it back.

JACK

This coming from the man who spent the last fifteen years raising his three beautiful daughters. How old are they now?

Captain Peterson EXHALES. Stares at Jack.

CAPTAIN PETERSON

Sometimes raising daughters, a jail cell at a north Colombian banana plantation sounds like a vacation.

He smiles as Jack flashes an unamused half-smile.

CAPTAIN PETERSON (CONT'D)

Renfro, escort only. No more investigating.

(to Jack)

I mean it. This is a dead end.

EXT. MIAMI - POLICE STATION - SIDEWALK

Renfro and Jack exit the station. As they walk...

JACK

I'm going to Curaçao--

Renfro shakes her head.

RENFRO

You're running...I-I can't imagine how hard all of this is, but--

JACK

Maybe I am...But...this is all I can do. I-I have to take back some control of my life.

Renfro looks around. She SIGHS.

RENFRO

Ok...If you need anything, I'll investigate here...Just be safe.

Jack nods. Smiles.

INT. AIRPLANE - MOVING - MORNING

Sitting in a commercial airliner, Jack reads paperwork and looks at photos under the book light of his seat.

INT. MIAMI - POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - SAME TIME

Renfro sits at her desk. As she stands and turns to leave, Captain Peterson is there with arms crossed.

CAPTAIN PETERSON

Where's Jack?

(beat)

I'm serious. No help. Get back to your other cases. Now.

Renfro nods.

INT. CURAÇAO - CENTRAL BANK OF CURAÇAO - DAY

Jack enters the bank. A female BANK CLERK (20s) greets him.

BANK CLERK

(Papiamento)

Bondia.

Jack, having done some homework, grins and thanks her.

JACK

Masha danki.

She smiles. *Somewhat flirtatiously.*

BANK CLERK

Oh! Dushi. How may I be of service?

JACK

Are you the bank manager?

BANK CLERK

No, no. Let me see if she's busy.

She walks away toward an office. Jack scans the bank. Beat.

The BANK MANAGER approaches Jack.

BANK MANAGER  
How can we help you today?

JACK  
Bon dia hallo. I-I wonder if I can  
ask you a few questions?

She motions to her office.

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE

The bank manager sits at her desk. Jack sits in front of her.

BANK MANAGER  
I cannot answer questions about our  
clients. So very sorry.

Jack slides closer to the desk. Lays a folder on it.

JACK  
I, I know. I don't mean to cause  
trouble.

Her mouth flattens as he talks.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Full disclosure. I was kidnapped  
and put on a ship here in  
Willemstad to return to the United  
States--

Her mouth gapes slightly.

BANK MANAGER  
I read about this. You are that  
man?

Jack pulls out an article along with his passport. Shows her.

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)  
I am so sorry for your troubles.

JACK  
I am trying to find the man who did  
this. He took everything from me.  
My wife, my family, my career. He  
stole--

BANK MANAGER  
I'll help as much as I can, but I  
cannot give you personal details.

Jack slides out a picture of Rand.

JACK

This man. I believe this man is the person who kidnapped me. You see...

She takes the picture and scans it.

JACK (CONT'D)

...I helped prosecute him--

BANK MANAGER

I am sorry. I have never seen this man.

JACK

You're sure? Would anyone else here have possibly seen him?

BANK MANAGER

No. If he was doing business in this bank, I would have known him.

Jack nods. SIGHS.

After a pause, he pulls out another photo.

JACK

What about this man?

He shows her a photo of Rand's brother. Younger, but still donning the dark mustache.

JACK (CONT'D)

This would have been over fifteen years ago--

BANK MANAGER

Ah, yes. I have seen this man.

Jack lights up.

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)

But, it was not fifteen years ago. This man comes in here many times. Just last week.

Jack looks confused.

JACK

Are, are you sure?

Taps the photo on the desk.

JACK (CONT'D)

This man? He was here recently?

She nods. Jack sits back in his chair. Looks down. *Thinking.*

BANK MANAGER

Everyone knows this man. He, he has a dark mustache and wears bright color shirts, big sunglasses. Uh, uh, like...Miami Vice.

Jack leans forward again.

JACK

What's his name?

BANK MANAGER

Everyone knows him. It's Mr. Cashman.

Jack's eyes get big.

JACK

Seriously? Cashman?

She nods. Turns and takes a file from a cabinet. Reads it.

BANK MANAGER

Yes, yes, he was here last Tuesday.

She closes the folder and sets it on the desk.

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)

I really have said too much though. I cannot say more...I hope that helps you.

JACK

Of course...Thank you.

He stands. Shakes her hand. She smiles then he exits.

EXT. CURAÇAO - RENTAL CAR ACROSS FROM BANK - DAY - LATER

On his phone, Jack watches the door of the bank from the car.

JACK

His brother is alive. Suicide must have been faked--

RENFRO (O.S.)

(on phone)

But, how?

JACK

He was in the bank last week. Look  
for information about a Cashman.  
That's the name he is going by.

RENFRO

I'll see what I can dig up--

ON CENTRAL BANK ENTRANCE

The bank manager exits the bank.

ON SCENE

When she leaves, Jack gets out and walks toward the entrance.

JACK

Gotta go.

He hangs up the phone. Enters the bank.

INT. CURAÇAO - CENTRAL BANK OF CURAÇAO - CONTINUOUS

BANK CLERK

Hallo again.

JACK

I-I forgot my notes in her office.

She shakes her head.

BANK CLERK

I am sorry. I cannot let you go in  
there. She will be back after her  
lunch.

Jack motions and walks toward the office.

JACK

Please, please come with me.

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE

She follows as he enters the office with his phone in hand.

BANK CLERK

Sir, sir. You really--

JACK

I, I have to catch a flight this  
afternoon. It can't wait. She gave  
me the address of a business  
associate. I just left the note...

He flips open the file on her desk. Quickly snaps a picture.

BANK CLERK  
No, no, sir! I--

JACK  
 This will help.

Jack turns to leave. She has a worried expression.

BANK CLERK  
 Please. I-I...

JACK  
 That's all. I really appreciate--

BANK CLERK  
 Please...I-I could get into a lot  
 of trouble. Just go.

Jack smiles compassionately. Touches her hand.

JACK  
 Masha danki.

She politely smiles, but it disappears as he exits.

EXT. CURAÇAO - PARKING LOT - RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack, with his phone on speaker, looks at the picture.

JACK  
 I just sent you a picture of the  
 document. I think I did that right.

Puts it back to his ear.

RENFRO (O.S.)  
 (on phone)  
 Yeah, got it.

JACK  
 There's a business address, but  
 that's about it. The business name  
 is...Koldish Holdings.  
 (spells it for her)  
 KOLDISH.

RENFRO (O.S.)  
 That doesn't sound familiar--

Jack quickly looks forward. His mouth flattens. *Light bulb.*



JACK  
 (chuckles)  
 Revenge.

RENFRO (O.S.)  
 What?

JACK  
 A dish best served cold. Koldish.

Jack SIGHS. Starts the car.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 I'm going to this address.

RENFRO (O.S.)  
 I'll see what I can find...Jack,  
 watch yourself.

EXT. CURAÇAO - PARKING LOT - RENTAL CAR - DAY

Parked a short distance away, Jack watches Richard's beach home. He scans for cars, people. *No-one*. He gets out.

EXT. CURAÇAO - BEACH HOUSE - REAR PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Jack hides behind some plants as he scans. He snoops around the rear of the house looking for signs of occupants.

INT. CURAÇAO - BEACH HOUSE - LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Jack peeks through the rear glass sliding door. *No-one*.

He opens it. Quietly enters. Looks around.

The parrot SQUAWKS.

Startles Jack and he ducks down, scans again. *No-one*. Beat.

He wanders around. More confident as he progresses. He spots the MOUNTED BARRACUDA. Focuses on the photo beside it.

ON PHOTO

Richard Redgrave holds up the barracuda after catching it. Rand stands next to him. Both with big smiles.

INT. KITCHEN

He opens cabinets. Junk food. Liquor. Drawers. Silverware.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

He slowly enters the master bedroom. Scans. Opens drawers.

He freezes. Looks down. SIGHS. Beat.

ON DRAWER

A silver 38 Special, a baggie of coke, and some casino chips. There's a napkin with the name "Maria" and a phone number.

ON SCENE

Jack picks up the gun. Puts it in his pants. Picks up a chip.

ON CHIP IN JACK'S HAND

The \$100 chip has "Fire Coral Casino" labeled on it.

ON SCENE

He takes the chips and napkin. Heads for the exit.

Before exiting, he hears the parrot SQUAWK in the other room.

JACK POV OF LIVING AREA

He quietly approaches the doorway. He spots Ivan in the living area. *Shit.*

ON SCENE

He rushes back into the bedroom. Hides in the closet closing the door quietly.

Jack pulls out the gun. Breathing harder. Aims at the door.

JACK POV OF BEDROOM

Through the door slats, he watches as Ivan walks into the bedroom. Toward the closet. Getting closer. Closer.

Right in front of the door. Jack clutches the gun tighter.

RING. RING.

Ivan answers his cellphone. As he leaves the bedroom...

JACK POV OF BEDROOM

IVAN  
(in Spanish)  
On my way.

Ivan exits. Beat.

Down beside him in the corner, lays a black bodybag. Jack stares at it. His brow furrows.

He sets the gun down. UNZIPS the bag partially.

ON BODY BAG

Wrapped in plastic cellophane is a man's body. The bloody, purplish-colored face has a dark mustache. Rand's brother.

ON SCENE

Jack breathes a little harder. Picks up the gun.

INT. MIAMI - HIGH-RISE CONDO - RAND'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

With his phone to his ear, Rand watches a video monitor.

ON SCREEN

Jack exits the closet in the beach house bedroom.

ON SCENE

Rand leans back in his chair.

RAND  
(into phone)  
I wanna see where this goes. If he  
digs too far, I'll let you know.

Rand hangs up his cellphone.

INT. RENTAL CAR - MOVING - DAY

Jack drives as he talks to Renfro on his cell.

JACK  
(into phone)  
His brother's dead. Richard...is  
dead--

RENFRO (O.S.)  
(on phone)  
What? But, I thought--

JACK  
He must have been killed within the  
past week or so. I found his body  
in his beach house.

RENFRO (O.S.)  
You found what?--

JACK  
Ivan was there. This is all clearer  
now. It's all connected--

RENFRO (O.S.)  
I found some info on Koldish. They  
are a partial owner of a seaport  
here in Miami...Guess one of the  
imports through that port?

JACK  
Bananas?

RENFRO  
From Colombia...Jack? There's  
something else.

JACK  
What?

RENFRO (O.S.)  
When Richard Redgrave committed--  
er, supposedly committed suicide--  
the lead on that investigation was  
Peterson.

Jack's eyes dart about as he digests the info.

RENFRO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
He signed off on the finger prints.  
The only way is, is I guess he  
swapped out the prints they took  
from Redgrave when he was indicted.

JACK  
Shit. Peterson was the lead on my  
case--

RENFRO (O.S.)  
What do you want to do, Jack?

JACK  
Keep digging. Keep Peterson out of  
the loop for now.

Renfro SIGHS.

RENFRO (O.S.)  
I-I don't know how I'm gonna do  
that. He's my boss--

JACK  
Do what you can--

RENFRO (O.S.)  
I'll go check out the port...Now  
that we have more to go on, I'll  
see what I can find out about your  
friend, Ivan too.

JACK  
Thanks.

Jack hangs up the phone.

EXT. MIAMI - SEAPORT - PIER 12 - DAY

Parked at the port, Renfro gets out. Walks toward the  
shipping containers.

INT. MIAMI - HIGH-RISE CONDO - RAND'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Rand watches his video monitor. Watches Renfro snooping  
around his port. He picks up his cell. Beat.

RAND  
(into phone)  
Take care of it. Use an outbound  
shipping container.

Rand hangs up. Walks away.

His eyes dart about. *Thinking*. Beat.

He speed dials another number. Phone to his ear.

RAND (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Ivan, this is gone on long  
enough...The hole Jack's digging is  
getting deeper. Bury em' in it  
before they bury us.

IVAN (O.S.)  
We've gotten threats--

RAND  
Threats? What do you mean?

IVAN (O.S.)  
Curaçao is not our territory. If we  
stay, we will have more problems  
than Harrison.

RAND

Do your fucking job. Take care of  
it then get back to Colombia.

Rand starts to hang up. Puts phone back to his ear.

RAND (CONT'D)

And make those inept cops down  
there think it's drug related.

Rand turns. Watches the video feed again.

EXT. CURAÇAO - FIRE CORAL CASINO - NIGHT

The casino lights of the extravagant Fire Coral Casino blaze  
in the moonlight.

INT. CURAÇAO - FIRE CORAL CASINO - CASINO FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Jack waltzes into the casino. Scans the people as he enters.  
GUESTS and DEALERS dress a bit more formal than daytime.

He walks past PLAYERS at poker tables, roulette and then  
black jack. He spots a FLOORMAN watching the tables.

JACK

Hi, uh, can I bother you a minute?

FLOORMAN

No.

Jack drops a chip in his pocket. The floorman pulls it out.  
Looks at it. Puts it back. Keeps watching the floor.

FLOORMAN (CONT'D)

That'll get you one minute.

JACK

Know a man named Cashman? Dark  
mustache. Floral shirts. Loud  
mouth.

The floorman hesitates. Beat.

FLOORMAN

Yeah. I know Mr. Cashman. Why?

JACK

I was looking for him. Just  
wondering when you saw him last?

FLOORMAN  
Can't say. Maybe a week. Two.

Floorman shrugs.

JACK  
Is there someone here named Maria?

FLOORMAN  
Yeah, he only plays twenty-one. And  
always at Maria's table when she's  
working. Over there. Table four.

Floorman motions to the table.

FLOORMAN (CONT'D)  
Your minute's up...If you bother  
Maria with questions, you better  
have cards in front of you.

Jack nods. Walks toward table four.

EXT. CURAÇAO - FIRE CORAL CASINO - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Ivan walks with THREE MEN behind him. He has his silenced  
pistol. The others have silenced mini-Uzi's with long mags.  
They hide them under jackets as they walk toward the casino.

When they reach the casino door, a DOORMAN greets them.

Ivan takes a few \$100 chips gives them to him via a  
handshake. The doorman slides them into his pocket. Picks up  
his security wand.

He flips off the power with his thumb before he wands each of  
them. *No beeps.* They all enter.

The doorman returns to his station. Glances inside then flips  
open a cellphone. Makes a call.

INT. CURAÇAO - FIRE CORAL CASINO - TABLE FOUR - CONTINUOUS

Jack takes a seat at table four. MARIA, the dealer, finishes  
a hand with two PLAYERS.

Jack slides a couple \$100 chips to her. She gives him change.  
He places a bet. She deals the cards.

EXT. MIAMI - SEAPORT - PIER 12 - CONTINUOUS

Two PORT GOONS head for Renfro as she makes her way through the maze of shipping containers.

She stops. Hears their FOOTSTEPS in the distance behind her.

She SWINGS OPEN a container door next to her. Jumps behind it just as a shot RICOCHETS off the door.

Gun drawn, she tightly rounds the corner away from them.

INT. CURAÇAO - FIRE CORAL CASINO - TABLE FOUR - CONTINUOUS

First game, Jack wins. He smiles. Places another bet along with a chip for the dealer.

MARIA

Thank you. Good luck.

She deals the next hand. Jack grimaces at his hand.

JACK

Uh, Maria, right?

She nods.

JACK (CONT'D)

We have a friend. Floral shirts.  
Dark handle-bar mustache--

MARIA

Oh, yes, Richard.

Dealer busts. The table CLAPS.

JACK

Yes, exactly...I'm in town and  
wanted to catch up with him. But,  
damn if I can't seem to find him.

MARIA

I haven't seen him since last week.

They continue to play as they chat.

JACK

Really? You're sure it was last  
week?

MARIA

Yes, I was off the past four days.  
I saw him, uh, middle of last week.



Jack wins again. Places another bet for her. She smiles.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Ooooh, you are spoiling me.

JACK  
Did you know him well?

Maria grins.

MARIA  
Some.

JACK  
Did he ever say anything about his  
brother? Maybe named Randolph?

INT. CASINO FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Ivan and his men walk the floor looking for Jack.

INT. TABLE FOUR - CONTINUOUS

MARIA  
Yes, uh, he said he had a brother  
coming into town. But, never said a  
name--

JACK  
Did he ever come in with him? A  
white man with dark hair--

As she deals, she shakes her head.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Did he ever come in with anyone  
else? Maybe a tall, scary-looking  
Colombian? Mid-forties? Fifty?

Jack's phone in his pocket vibrates. He pulls it out.

ON IPHONE

Colleen's name is displayed as she is calling.

ON SCENE

MARIA  
Hmmm. I think so. Colombian? Thick  
build?

Jack nods. Dismisses the call. Maria looks to the main floor.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Yes, he did. That man over there.

She points at Ivan. As Jack puts his phone back in his pocket, he spins around.

INT. CASINO FLOOR

Ivan makes eye contact with Jack. They double-time to him.

ON JACK

JACK

Fuck.

Jack drops another chip for her. He gets up and bolts.

EXT. MIAMI - SEAPORT - PIER 12 - CONTINUOUS

Renfro, back against a container, spins and FIRES at the port goons. They FIRE back.

RENFRO

(into her phone)

Shots fired. Pier Twelve, Biscayne  
Port. Officer needs assistance.

Close to her, she spots an empty container open on both ends. She FIRES a shot around the corner then sprints through it.

She exits the other end, flanking the port goons. They turn to fire. Falling to her side, she SHOOTS one. Drops him.

The other FIRES back. Misses. Takes cover.

In the distance, She sees the port office.

ON OFFICE

Two more GOONS, with shotguns, make their way down the ramp.

ON RENFRO

She SIGHS. Backs away. Sprints back through the container.

INT. CURAÇAO - FIRE CORAL CASINO - CASINO FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Ivan and his men continue toward Jack. He bumps into people as he tries to get to an exit.

EXT. CURAÇAO - FIRE CORAL CASINO - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

FIVE GUNMEN in suits approach the guard who called them.

Carrying sub-machine guns, the rival gang walks right into the casino as the security guard points toward Ivan.

ON SCENE

Ivan and his men get closer to Jack. Suddenly...

RATTA-TATTA-TAT. RATTA-TATTA-TAT.

The gunmen open fire on Ivan's crew. People scatter. Dive to the floor. Jack takes cover. One of Ivan's men is hit. Drops.

RATTA-TATTA-TAT. RATTA-TATTA-TAT.

ON IVAN

Ivan and his men take cover. FIRE back. People SCREAM.

BOOM. BOOM.

ON SCENE

Bullets fly. Holes in walls. Some PEOPLE are hit in the crossfire.

One of the gunmen firing at Ivan is hit. Headshot. Falls.

Ivan and his two remaining men move. Flip a table for cover.

BOOM. BOOM.

Repeated GUNFIRE. It's raining playing cards and bullet hulls. More SCREAMING. More GUNFIRE.

ON JACK

Defenseless, Jack scans for an exit. Finds one. He turns and checks the gun battle.

EXT. MIAMI - SEAPORT - PIER 12 - CONTINUOUS

Renfro sits up against a container. Out of bullets. She looks at her belt. One magazine left. She grabs it. Reloads.

She glances around the container.

ON GOONS

The three of them spread out to flank her.

ON SCENE

Renfro FIRES two more shots. Yells...

RENFRO

I'm with Miami PD. Backup is on  
it's way. Drop your weapons.

Shots RICOCHET off the container. Sparks next to her. She covers her head.

Using the cover fire, one of the GOONS rounds the corner. SHOOTs. Hits her shoulder as she FIRES. She drops him.

She BREATHES HARD as she grabs her shoulder.

INT. CURAÇAO - FIRE CORAL CASINO - CASINO FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Ivan and his men SHOOT another one of the gunmen. *Three left.*

The remaining three scatter. Take positions behind tables and change machines.

ON IVAN

Ivan reloads as his two men cover FIRE.

BOOM. BOOM.

One of Ivan's men falls in his lap. Shot in the face. Ivan shoves the body away, stands, and spins to FIRE.

ON SCENE

One the of the gunmen tries to flank Ivan. SHOOTs. Hits Ivan's side. Ivan drops to the ground. On his back, FIRES. Kills the gunman. *Two on two now.*

ON JACK

Jack makes some progress toward the exit. He finds Maria. Shot. Dead on the floor.

Ducking down, he runs to another table closer to the exit.

ON IVAN

Ivan spots Jack heading for the exit. He FIRES twice in that direction. Hits the table providing Jack cover.

EXT. MIAMI - SEAPORT - PIER 12 - CONTINUOUS

Renfro sits with two GOONS FIRING at her. Beat.

In the distance, SIRENS ROAR. Getting closer and closer.

Their firing stops. She hears them RUNNING.

ON OFFICE

She spots them headed for the office.

ON RENFRO

She holds her shoulder. GRIMACES.

ON SCENE

She looks again. The goons peel away in a truck. She SIGHS.

INT. CURAÇAO - FIRE CORAL CASINO - CASINO FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Many CASINO SECURITY GUARDS storm in from a back room. They FIRE at the gunmen and at Ivan. More hulls everywhere.

ON IVAN

Ivan finds an exit. Takes off for it. His last man COVER FIRES for him, but is HIT as Ivan gets to an exit.

ON JACK

Jack exits.

ON IVAN

Ivan slips out a different exit.

ON SCENE

The gun battle BLAZES with casino security taking casualties, but finishing off the rival gang gunmen.

EXT. CURAÇAO - FIRE CORAL CASINO - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jack runs for his car.

ON IVAN

Ivan spots him in the distance. FIRES. Misses. Runs.

ON SCENE

At the car, Jack opens the door. Reaches in.

ON IVAN

Ivan tries to get closer as...

BOOM. BOOM.

ON SCENE

Jack shoots at him with the silver .38 in the car.

Ivan takes cover as Jack gets in the car. Drives away.

Holding his wound, Ivan FROWNS. Runs from the casino.

EXT. MIAMI - SEAPORT - PIER PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Renfro sits in the back of an ambulance with an EMT.

Captain Peterson approaches her. *Angry.*

CAPTAIN PETERSON  
Where's Jack?

RENFRO  
Willemstad.

CAPTAIN PETERSON  
Goddamn it, Renfro. I swear you'll  
be answering dispatch after this.  
You disobeyed--

Renfro cringes from the EMT patching her shoulder.

RENFRO  
Richard Redgrave didn't commit  
suicide.

Peterson freezes. Grins.

CAPTAIN PETERSON  
What are you talking about?

RENFRO  
Jack found his body in Curaçao.

Peterson's bottom lip covers the top as he thinks.

RENFRO (CONT'D)  
 Didn't you work that case? How  
 could this happen?

CAPTAIN PETERSON  
 What are you trying to imply?

RENFRO  
 I had archival pull the prints from  
 both Redgrave's indictment and also  
 his suicide. Oddly, one was a  
 document that matched the other  
 exactly. With only your signature  
 on it.

Captain Peterson stares. Beat.

CAPTAIN PETERSON  
 You trying to blackmail me, Renfro?

RENFRO  
 Of course not, sir.  
 (smiles)  
 I already sent everything to IAU.

The EMT, still patching Renfro, grits his teeth and gives  
 Peterson a shocked "holy shit" look.

INT. CURAÇAO - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Jack sits by a desk. A local DETECTIVE interviews him.

DETECTIVE  
 What happened next?

JACK  
 I had just won a hand and...all of  
 a sudden, I hear yelling. Then,  
 gunshots.

The detective writes in a report.

DETECTIVE  
 And the girl, Maria, you don't know  
 her?

JACK  
 No. She was the dealer at my table.

The detective pulls out some pictures. Puts them on the desk.

ON MUGSHOTS AND FACE PHOTOS

Multiple photos. One of them is Ivan.

ON SCENE

Jack points to Ivan's photo.

JACK (CONT'D)

I-I think this man was there.

DETECTIVE

You're sure?

Jack nods.

JACK

Who is he?

DETECTIVE

We think this was a drug hit. We aren't sure who the target was. But...there's a lot of these rival gangs around here. Venezuela, Colombia, Bolivia--These incidents happen every so often here.

JACK

Drug smugglers?

DETECTIVE

Right. His name's Ivan. He heads up a paramilitary group. We think Colombian. Don't know if he's among the dead yet. We haven't finished ID'ing all the bodies...I think that's all my questions for now.

JACK

Look, my flight is first thing in the morning. I'm, uh, a little rattled by all this--

DETECTIVE

I understand, Mr. Harrison. You've been through enough here. I'll have someone drive you to your hotel and also to the airport.

JACK

Thank you.



DETECTIVE

If we have any more questions, we  
have your contact information.

Jack stands. They shake hands.

INT. CURAÇAO - HOTEL - JACK'S ROOM - MORNING

Jack packs his small suitcase as he holds his cellphone to  
his ear.

JACK

(into phone)

Shit, I would have loved to see the  
look on his face...Great work.

RENFRO (O.S.)

(on phone)

You sure you're ok?

JACK

Yeah, yeah. I'm fine. I feel like  
we're making progress.

RENFRO (O.S.)

We still need a search warrant for  
the port offices. But, obviously,  
should be easy to get. I'll head  
over to get it now--

JACK

No, no, wait. I'll be there in a  
few hours and go with you. I know  
just who to go to.

RENFRO

Be careful, Jack.

With his other hand, Jack picks up the 38 Special.

JACK

Of course.

He hangs up the phone. Sets it down.

He unloads the gun. Tosses it into his bag. He puts the  
bullets in a sock and puts them in the bag.

INT. MIAMI - COURTHOUSE - JUDGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Raymond Vasquez, Jack's former boss now a district judge,  
sits behind a desk with Jack and Renfro in front of it.

VASQUEZ

Jack, I can't tell you how great it is to see you.

JACK

Well, it's great to be back.

VASQUEZ

Those bastards over at the Attorney's office should have hired you back.

JACK

Well, I've kept myself busy.

VASQUEZ

Let me make a call over there--

JACK

No, no. Thanks for that, but I'm not ready to go back yet anyway.

VASQUEZ

So, I hear you have a request.

JACK

Yes, we--

VASQUEZ

Absolutely, whatever warrant you need, you got it. I heard about what happened.

RENFRO

We want a warrant to search all the offices of the seaport associated with Redgrave's shell company, Koldish Holdings.

Renfro hands Raymond the warrant. He looks it over as she lays the file of papers and photos on his desk.

RENFRO (CONT'D)

We've made the connection between Koldish Holdings and the port where drugs are being smuggled in from this banana plantation in Colombia.

Raymond pulls the photos out of the file.

ON PHOTOS

He swaps between the photo of the banana plantation and then the photo of Ivan in his paramilitary uniform.

RENFRO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 This is where we believe Jack was  
 being held. And, this was who led  
 the guard.

ON SCENE

JACK  
 They're a right-wing paramilitary  
 unit. Using the plantation, they  
 smuggle drugs to pay for their war.  
 We think this is the source or a  
source of Redgrave's funds.

Raymond nods. Signs the warrant.

VASQUEZ  
 After you were kidnapped, Jack, I  
 told Peterson that I thought  
 Redgrave had done it. He never  
 found any evidence. I guess I  
 understand why now.

RENFRO  
 Sir, at this point, we still don't  
 have direct evidence to support a  
 charge against Redgrave.

JACK  
 That's what we hope to find with  
 the warrant.

Raymond nods.

VASQUEZ  
 Well, I sure hope you nail that son-  
 of-a-bitch. And, I wish I could be  
 the judge to sentence him...What  
 about Peterson?

RENFRO  
 Today, we are investigating his  
 financials. We already found large  
 transactions. Not to mention full  
 payment for two of his three  
 daughter's ivy league educations.

VASQUEZ  
 (shaking his head)  
 Wow. Unbelievable. You know someone  
 for years and--

Raymond SIGHS. Stands. Jack and Renfro stand as well. They  
 all shake hands.

VASQUEZ (CONT'D)  
 Good luck to you both.  
 (to Renfro)  
 And to you, young lady, great work.  
 You're an asset to law enforcement.  
 I hope your shoulder heals soon.

Renfro smiles. Nods. They exit.

EXT. MIAMI - CRUISE SHIP DOCK - DAY

PASSENGERS disembark from a large cruise liner.

ON CRUISE SHIP EXIT

In a tourist hat and Miami Heat t-shirt, Ivan exits the ship.

The male ship crew member, who saw Jack get on the ship, approaches Ivan as he leaves.

CREW MEMBER  
 Bon Voyage! I'm sure it feels good  
 to be back home.

The crew member smiles at him. Ivan nods and makes his way down the ramp.

EXT. MIAMI - SEAPORT - PIER 12 - DAY

Renfro and other AGENTS search shipping containers. Some PORT EMPLOYEES are cuffed and on the ground.

In a refrigerated container, she digs through crates of bananas. She pulls out one. It's a baggie of cocaine wrapped in greenish-yellow tape to look like a unripe banana.

RENFRO  
 Got it!

She shows it to Jack. He smiles as another agent approaches.

AGENT  
 Renfro? I think we found something.

RENFRO  
 Yep, I just found it too.

She holds up the taped baggie of coke.

AGENT  
 No, it-it's not what you think.

Renfro and Jack bolt to the shipping container.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
Unbelievable.

In a shipping container, YOUNG TEENS, boys and girls, are chained. Most have almost no clothes. Gallon jugs of water and open bagged loaves of bread are scattered.

Renfro's jaw drops. She looks at Jack.

EXT. MIAMI - SEAPORT - PIER 12 - DAY - LATER

Jack watches as the agents assist the teens. His phone is to his ear as he listen to his voicemail.

COLLEEN (O.S.)  
(on voicemail)  
Jack, just checking in on you.  
Please call me back?

He hangs up the phone as Renfro exits the office and makes her way to Jack.

JACK  
Well? We got him?

RENFRO  
Jack...We're making progress.

Jack frowns.

JACK  
But?

RENFRO  
We still don't have a direct link to Randolph Redgrave. We have the link between his brother and the shell company that owns this port, but--

Jack SIGHS.

JACK  
Goddamn it.

RENFRO  
We're doing good work here. It's only a matter of time--

JACK

I don't think we have time. He knows the heat's on him. He'll be off to a non-extradition country and be out of our reach soon.

RENFRO

I'm sorry, Jack. We're going as fast as we can--

JACK

It doesn't matter. All of this. Everything we've done. Everything was a fucking waste of time if he gets away--

RENFRO

But, you've proven who did this to you. Who's at fault--

JACK

Not enough to put him away--

Jack EXHALES. *Calms down.*

JACK (CONT'D)

I promised her. I-I promised her that I would make him pay. For what he did. For what he took.

Jack shakes his head.

JACK (CONT'D)

I can't let him get away with this.

RENFRO

You need to rest. Let's get you back to the hotel.

Jack nods.

INT. MIAMI - JACKS'S HOTEL - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Renfro enter the room. Jack's a little depressed...

JACK

Wanna go down to the hotel bar and grab a beer?

Renfro smiles. Pulls out her phone.

RENFRO

Sure...let me just--

She starts to type a text.

JACK  
Actually...go home.

RENFRO  
No, it's ok. I just--

Jack gently pushes her phone down.

JACK  
Go home. I learned the hard way  
that some love stories are short.

Renfro tilts her head. *Slightly emotional.*

JACK (CONT'D)  
You have someone special at home?

RENFRO  
He--he just doesn't understand my  
job sometimes.

JACK  
You don't need to make him  
understand your job. Just make him  
understand he is more important.

RENFRO  
He is.

JACK  
I haven't thanked you enough--

RENFRO  
No, no--

Jack gingerly hugs her.

JACK  
Go home.

He smiles at her. She grins back.

RENFRO  
(nodding)  
Good night.

Renfro exits. Closes the door.

INT. MIAMI - JACK'S HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Renfro makes her way through the lobby.

Just as she makes her way passed the front desk, Ivan, tourist hat and Miami Heat t-shirt, passes behind her and ambles to the front desk.

She doesn't see him and keeps walking to the exit.

ON RENFRO

Just as she makes her way to the door, she pulls out her keys. Tries to put them in the hand of her injured arm.

She drops them.

She leans over to pick them up. As she stands, she sees Ivan's reflection in a mirror by the exit door.

ON MIRROR

Ivan's at the front desk.

ON SCENE

She focuses on the mirror. Confirms it's him.

She exits. Grabs her phone.

INT. MIAMI - JACK'S HOTEL - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack's phone vibrates on the bed. *He isn't there.*

SHOWER NOISE emanates from the bathroom as he showers.

EXT. MIAMI - JACK'S HOTEL - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Renfro's on her cell.

RENFRO  
(into phone)  
Jack, Ivan's here. In the hotel  
lobby. Call me back!

Renfro hangs up. Looks through the door into the lobby. She doesn't see him anymore. Enters the hotel.

INT. MIAMI - JACK'S HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Renfro paces through the lobby to the front desk. Looking for Ivan as she moves.

She approaches the front desk clerk.



RENFRO

The man in the hat and t-shirt who  
was just here, where did he--

HOTEL CLERK

Oh, Captain Peterson?

Renfro bolts from the desk to the elevators. YELLING.

RENFRO

Call 911, tell them an officer  
needs assistance.

She pulls her revolver as she runs to the elevator. Hits the  
up button as she arrives.

ON ELEVATOR

One is on floor 4 and the other is on floor 7. She SIGHS.

ON SCENE

She finds a stairway entrance. Disappears into it.

INT. MIAMI - JACK'S HOTEL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ivan strolls down the hallway toward Jack's room. He's alone  
in the hallway. He pulls out a silenced pistol.

He searches for Jack's room number. Beat.

Finds it. KNOCKS. No answer. Beat.

Ivan looks to each side of the hallway. Beat.

KNOCKS again.

JACK (O.S.)

(from inside room)

Just a minute. Be right there.

Ivan raises his gun, but suddenly...

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

Three shots shred through Jack's door and hit Ivan in the  
chest knocking him back to the ground.

Hidden by the foyer wall, Jack opens the splintered door.

He aims his gun out the door.

Once he sees Ivan on the floor, Jack, in his white bathrobe, steps out and aims at Ivan with the 38 Special.

He kicks Ivan's gun away from him.

Ivan, t-shirt drenched in blood by the three holes in his chest, glances up at Jack.

Jack stands over him. *A fuck you look.*

JACK (CONT'D)  
 Now, it's the end...  
 ("hijueputa")  
 son of a bitch.

Ivan, eyes half open and blood running out his nose, snarls then falls over on his side. Beat.

ON STAIRWAY DOOR

The door OPENS. Renfro, gun raised, runs down the hallway.

RENFRO  
Jack!

ON SCENE

JACK  
 I'm fine. I'm fine.

She scans the surroundings then looks down at Ivan.

RENFRO  
 Shit. I think you got him.

She smiles at Jack. Jack dials his cell phone.

JACK  
 I need to call my family. Make sure they're ok.

RENFRO  
 I'll call and have officers go check on them asap.

INT. MIAMI - JACK'S HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

OFFICERS wander the hallway around Ivan's body.

INT. JACK'S HOTEL ROOM

Renfro enters Jack's room. Now dressed, Jack sits on the bed.

JACK  
Family's fine--

RENFRO  
Great. Officers should be on their way now just in case.

Jack stands. Gives her a sincere smile.

JACK  
Thank you...And, thanks for the heads up.

She puts her hand on his shoulder. Smiles.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I'm...gonna go check on my family anyway.

Renfro nods.

RENFRO  
Sure. I'll handle things here.

When Renfro turns back, Jack picks up his pistol off the dresser. Hides it in his pants.

EXT. MIAMI - HIGH-RISE CONDO BUILDING - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

In a hurry, Rand exits the building with one of his security detail carrying his luggage.

They walk toward a loading zone on the side of the building. The guard sets down the luggage.

SECURITY  
Car is pulling around, sir.

Rand nods. Face down on his iPhone. Beat.

Jack rounds the corner. Rand looks up from his phone.

RAND  
Why hello, Jack. So nice of you to come see me off.

The security guard walks toward Jack. Rand motions him back.

RAND (CONT'D)  
Well, this might be the last time we ever see each other. Can't say it's been a pleasure, but it's been fun.

Jack hesitates. Draws his pistol. Rand glances at the gun.  
The security guard freezes.

RAND (CONT'D)  
Jack, Jack, Jack. What do you  
intend to do with that? You're a  
prosecutor, Jack...Not an  
executioner.

Rand shakes his head.

RAND (CONT'D)  
I really don't think so.

Rand steps closer.

JACK  
You take a step closer and--

RAND  
And, what?...You aren't cold  
blooded, Jack. Us cold blooded  
reptiles can sense each other.

JACK  
I already killed one tonight.  
(beat)  
Ivan's dead.

Rand freezes for a second then shakes his head.

RAND  
(smirks)  
Who's Ivan?

JACK  
Don't--

Jack cocks the gun. Rand's smirk disappears.

JACK (CONT'D)  
What you took? I'll never get back.

RAND  
That's kinda the point. When those  
kind of things are gone, they're  
gone for good--

JACK  
But, why?

RAND

I don't know, Jack. Seems to me whoever did this must have wanted you to experience your life being taken from you. They probably thought death was too good for you.

Jack grits his teeth. *Silence.*

RAND (CONT'D)

Do it, Jack...Spend the rest of your life behind bars. Hell, it'll probably be easier than your jungle prison.

ON JACK

Jack EXHALES. Stares at Rand. Beat.

Jack glances down at Rand's luggage.

ON RAND'S LUGGAGE

The luggage sits on the sidewalk behind the security guard.

ON JACK

Jack looks around. *Thinking.*

RAND (CONT'D)

Well?

Jack de-cocks the revolver. Closes his eyes as he lowers it.

ON RAND

Rand smirks. Motions to his guard.

ON SECURITY GUARD

The security guard picks up Rand's luggage.

ON RAND

RAND (CONT'D)

Predictable...Jack, You'll never--

BOOM. BOOM.

Blood sprays as two holes explode from Rand's chest.

BOOM. BOOM.

ON SCENE

Rand's security guard falls after being shot.

ON RAND

Still standing, Rand grabs his chest wounds. Blood all over his hands. He stares at Jack. *Confused.*

ON JACK

Jack, gun still lowered, has a surprised expression.

ON RAND

The life in Rand's eyes fades.

When he drops to the ground, a short distance behind, Gary Moore, in his BLUE BALL CAP, holds an aimed pistol.

He walks toward Rand.

ON SCENE

Jack raises the gun at him. He starts BREATHING hard.

Gary lowers his gun. Approaches. Looks down at Rand.

ON RAND

Rand, barely alive, COUGHS up blood. It spews a bit from his mouth and trickles out the sides.

ON SCENE

Gary stands over Rand. CRIES. Jack holds his aim.

GARY MOORE

(to Rand)

You...you took everything--

Gary, crying, looks at Jack who's still aiming at him.

GARY MOORE (CONT'D)

He, he took everything from me. My, my job, my money, my family. I, I have nothing...nothing.

Along with the gun, Jack holds his other hand up.

JACK

Gary, I know...but...put the gun down...Please.

Gary stares down at Rand. Rand's eyes are frozen open. *Dead.*  
After glancing at Jack, Gary puts his gun under his chin.  
BOOM.

Shoots himself. His body falls on top of Rand's.  
Jack steps closer to the three bodies. Lowers his gun. Beat.  
SIRENS ring in the distance as Jack looks down at the bodies.  
Blue and red lights radiate in the night as cops arrive.

FADE OUT.

OVER BLACK:

CLASSICAL MUSIC PLAYED by a string trio.

FADE IN:

INT. 5-STAR HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The MUSIC CONTINUES, but heard from outside the bathroom.

Jack's in a sharp black suit with a black silk tie.

HIS REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR

His hair is longer. Clean-shaven. *Looks good. Healthy.*

He adjusts his tie. Exits the bathroom.

INT. GRAND BALLROOM

Jack enters the large ballroom where the MUSIC PLAYS for

A WEDDING RECEPTION.

GUESTS are seated at tables, mingling, and getting plates of  
food from a long buffet table at the back.

ON DANCE FLOOR

Chris and his new bride dance with other couples dancing  
nearby.

ON SCENE

Jack, the proud father of the groom, smiles as he watches.

ON DANCE FLOOR

He spots Colleen and Vincent dancing. They look happy. Laughing. Chatting. Smiling as they dance. He spins her.

ON JACK

He sees their strong connection - *like they once had.*

ON DANCE FLOOR

Colleen lays her head on Vincent's shoulder as they dance.

ON JACK

Tears build as he stares. A smile begins to grow. Sadness - *but actually glad she's happy. Letting her go.*

ON SCENE

He begins to walk toward the bar. Turns to look at her once more, but stops himself. Walks away.

INT. 5-STAR HOTEL - GRAND BALLROOM - MINUTES LATER

Close to the dance floor, Colleen, alone, watches the newlyweds dance. Jack, holding an Old Fashioned, approaches.

JACK

So, this parenting stuff? Have to admit...I found it rather easy.

He sips his drink. Colleen turns. Smirks as she jokes...

COLLEEN

Sure, sure, this coming from the dad...who walked out one night... and didn't return.

JACK

Ouch. That stings.

Jack sets his glass down on a tray next to them.

ON DANCE FLOOR

Chris and his bride dance. A faster song. Lots of couples dancing. Emily and her husband are out there too.

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

Whenever I see them, I still see them as six and eight.



ON SCENE

COLLEEN  
We always will.

JACK  
I-I've never thanked you.

COLLEEN  
For what?

JACK  
For...for being there for them when  
I wasn't--Taking care of them--

COLLEEN  
Jack, stop. You--

JACK  
No, no. It doesn't matter what  
happened. I wasn't there. You were.

COLLEEN  
That's not fair--

JACK  
It's not. But it's true. I couldn't  
have done a better job by myself.

Colleen sheepishly grins. Takes the compliment.

JACK (CONT'D)  
But, I do have to give myself some  
credit...  
(takes her hand)  
The best decision I ever made...was  
asking their mother to marry me.

Colleen's lips purse together. She tears up. Nods. Smiles. He raises her hand. Kisses it. Pats it then walks away.

ON DANCE FLOOR

As he walks by the STRING TRIO, he leans over. Asks their VIOLINIST a question. She nods. He smiles. Walks away.

ON GROOM'S TABLE

He walks to the groom's table. Vincent, Jack Sr., Renfro and the rest of their family, minus Emily, sit CONVERSING.

Renfro's husband, WILLIAM, sitting next to her, stands. Holds out his hand to Jack.

RENFRO  
Jack, this is Will.

WILL  
Pleasure to meet you, sir.

Jack shakes his hand. Smiles at him as he nods toward Renfro.

JACK  
You have a good one here, Will.

WILL  
I really do.

As Jack sits, the string trio BEGINS TO PLAY the cheesy song he and Colleen danced to years ago.

Colleen and Emily approach the table. His daughter holds a NEWBORN. Everyone looks up. Smiles.

Jack gives Emily his seat. Colleen grins at Jack and his song choice as she sits by Vincent. Jack slightly shrugs.

EMILY  
Whew, this one's wearing me out.

Jack holds his hands out.

JACK  
Let me? I'll take her.

EMILY  
Thanks, Dad. I need a break.

Everyone smiles as Jack takes his granddaughter. Emily SIGHS as she sits.

Jack kisses Emily on the head as he holds her baby close then starts to walk the floor again.

As he meanders, the proud grandfather SINGS to her. Caresses her. Lovingly bounces her occasionally.

CORNER OF BALLROOM

He passes a line of people waiting to have their fortunes told. Same tent from his office Christmas party years ago.

He stops. Looks at the tent. Beat.

He kisses the baby on the head. Keeps SINGING. Walks on past the tent without another look. *His future is his own.*

FADE TO BLACK.