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## ***Burn Notice***

5037-09-301/S302

'Question and Answer'

Written by  
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Studio/Network Draft 2/24/09

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BURN NOTICE Ep 302 "Question and Answer" Studio/Net Draft 2/24/09

BURN NOTICE

"Question and Answer"

CAST LIST

MICHAEL WESTEN  
SAM AXE  
FIONA GLENANNE  
MADELINE WESTEN

DETECTIVE MICHELLE PAXSON  
SANTORA  
HOWARD  
PATRICIA  
JIMMY  
BUD  
MS. REYNOLDS

DETECTIVE KEN OLSON (NON-SPEAK)  
BRANDON (NON-SPEAK)  
HENCHMAN (NON-SPEAK)  
UNIFORMED COPS (MULTIPLE, NON-SPEAK)

SET LIST

INTERIORS

MICHAEL'S LOFT

MADELINE'S HOUSE  
KITCHEN  
DINING ROOM

WAREHOUSE

HOWARD'S HOUSE

HIBISCUS ISLAND HOUSE

HIBISCUS ISLAND GARDEN SHED

VEHICLES

MICHAEL'S CHARGER

FIONA'S SAAE

VINTAGE CADILLAC

SANTORA'S BMW

CROWN VICTORIA

JIMMY'S SUV

U-HAUL TRUCK

PATROL CAR

UNMARKED COP CAR

EXTERIORS

MICHAEL'S LOFT

RESTAURANTE CARLITO  
STREET

WAREHOUSE

HOWARD'S HOUSE

HIBISCUS ISLAND HOUSE  
BACKYARD

HIBISCUS ISLAND STREET

PUBLIC STORAGE

POLICE STATION

MARINA (MULTIPLE - 2)

NORM'S DINER

MACARTHUR CAUSEWAY

SOUTH BEACH STREET

STREET (MULTIPLE)

ROAD

BURN NOTICE Ep 302 "Question and Answer" Studio/Net Draft 2/24/09

DAY BREAK

DAY 1

Sc. 1 - 4

DAY 2

Sc. 5 - 50

NIGHT 2

Sc. 51 - 53

DAY 3

Sc. 54

NIGHT 3

Sc. 55

TEASER

1 EXT. MARINA - DAY

1

Early morning. MICHAEL is running in shorts and a t-shirt... moving at a fast clip, his eyes focused.

MICHAEL (V.O.)  
*Whether you're hunting down  
Mujahideen in the mountains of  
Kashmir, or tracking an arms deal  
through the streets of Belarus, the  
life of a spy takes a toll.*

He picks up his pace to a flat out sprint...

2 EXT. MICHAEL'S LOFT - DAY

2

Michael reaches the gate, exhausted... He checks his heart rate as he heads up the stairs...

MICHAEL (V.O.)  
*So during downtimes, you catch up  
on sleep, eat right, and try to  
recharge your batteries.*

He unlocks the door...

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Because you never know what's  
around the next corner...*

3 INT. MICHAEL'S LOFT - CONTINUOUS

3

Michael walks in, stripping off his shirt... THWACK! FIONA has thrown a knife against a wall...

FIONA  
(smiles)  
Hello, Michael.

Michael notices a BURLY BIKER, 30s, sitting on a stool, his hands cable-tied to a pole...

FIONA (CONT'D)  
That's Bud. We just got back from a  
lovely time in the Everglades.

She goes to retrieve her throwing knife... Bud scowls at Michael... not happy to be there.

BUD  
You got a real chair in this dump?

Michael frowns at Fi... walks to the kitchen for a yogurt.

FIONA

Bud's in a bad mood. He has a date with a very angry judge.

MICHAEL

Bail jumper. Great. Why's he here?

She sends the knife flying... THWACK!

FIONA

Bail bonds office hasn't opened yet. Just killing time. You know, I've been picking up lots of work, Michael. I could use a partner.

MICHAEL

Trudging through swamps looking for guys like Bud? I'm not hurting for money that bad, Fi.

BUD

Coulda fooled me.

FIONA

Think about it. Your strategic know-how, my expertise in the field.

MICHAEL

My brains, your brawn?

Bud snorts... Fi slaps him in the back of the head. Hard.

FIONA

Excuse me. We're trying to have a conversation, here.

(to Michael)

Michael, think about it. Your burn notice isn't going away any time soon, and this is something we could do... together.

She smiles. He smiles back. A moment between them...

BUD

So she calls the shots around here?

Michael launches his yogurt into the trash.

MICHAEL

Time for you to go, Bud.

4 EXT. MICHAEL'S LOFT - DAY

4

Michael leads Fi and Bud (hands cable-tied) to the gate as an unmarked cop car pulls up. DETECTIVE MICHELLE PAXSON (30's, attractive) and her partner, KEN OLSON (20s), get out.

DETECTIVE PAXSON

Mr. Westen? Detective Paxson, Miami Police department. This is Detective Olson. Can I speak with you for a moment, please?

MICHAEL

I was just in the middle of something, actually...

Michael looks at Fiona and Bud. Detective Paxson smiles...

DETECTIVE PAXSON

I understand you're a bounty hunter, Ms... Glenanne, is it?

FIONA

Yes.

DETECTIVE PAXSON

You're aware that bail enforcers in Florida must be licensed with the state?

FIONA

(smiles sweetly)  
I'm freelancing, actually...

DETECTIVE PAXSON

(smiles sweetly back)  
Actually, you're harboring a fugitive. Consider this a warning.

Detective Paxson hands Bud off to Detective Olson, who puts him in the car. Fiona looks at Michael, dismayed...

DETECTIVE PAXSON (CONT'D)

Now, Mr. Westen...

MICHAEL

(smiles, friendly)  
I spoke to some officers at the station recently, Detective, and I think we cleared up any questions-

DETECTIVE PAXSON

Actually, I had a few more questions. About a...

(MORE)

DETECTIVE PAXSON (CONT'D)  
*traffic incident.* Three cars blew up, three more totaled. Apparently we have a one-man wrecking-crew on our hands.

FIONA  
What makes you so sure it's a man?

DETECTIVE PAXSON  
I'm as progressive as the next gal, Ms. Glenanne, but someone matching *Mr. Westen's* description was seen driving away from the scene.

MICHAEL  
White male with medium build and dark hair? That's maybe six hundred thousand people in Miami. I hope the department pays overtime.

DETECTIVE PAXSON  
The explosives matched those used in other *incidents*. The funny thing is: they all began around when you arrived in Miami... I verified it with your landlord. So. Do you answer my questions? Or do I take your life apart? Starting with your loft perhaps...

MICHAEL  
You'll find a weight bench, six power tools and four yogurts... Make that three yogurts. I just had one. Lemon.

DETECTIVE PAXSON  
You can tell me all about it at the station.

Detective Paxson throws Michael in the car with Bud.

BUD  
(smiles, to Michael)  
You got lady problems, brother.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

5 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

5

Fi walks out with a haggard Michael, still in his running shorts and t-shirt.

FIONA

You look horrible, Michael. I thought spies were trained to withstand interrogation.

MICHAEL

No training can prepare you for 35 hours in the drunk tank.

FIONA

That sounds more like harassment than questioning.

MICHAEL

There's more to it than that, I think. This is serious, Fi.

FIONA

I know. She cost me my bounty.

MICHAEL

I'll make it up to you.

They arrive at Fiona's Saab...

FIONA

Yes, you will make it up to me.  
(off his look)

I lined up a new gig. I'll fill you in on the details over lunch.

MICHAEL

Fi... Another bail jumper?

FIONA

No. But one of my old bail jumpers got me the job. It's a *referral*.

She smiles as she gets in the car.

FIONA (CONT'D)

I'm just that good, Michael.

6 EXT. RESTAURANTE CARLITO - DAY

6

Michael and Fiona sit with PATRICIA, 30s, pretty, neatly dressed, a typical suburban mom. But underneath this mild-mannered exterior resides a fierce fighting spirit...

FIONA  
So... How's Stevie?

PATRICIA  
Doing time up in Alachua. He says hi, by the way, and thanks for helping me with this.

FIONA  
(to Michael, smiles)  
Her brother jumped bail on a forgery charge. I chased him to Boca... had to hit him with a brick to get him in the car, but we bonded on the way back. Sweet guy.

PATRICIA  
(to Fiona, re: Michael)  
Is he your partner?

FIONA  
(smiles)  
You'd have to ask him...

Michael tries to quickly change the subject with Patricia...

MICHAEL  
What can we help you with?

PATRICIA  
This is my son, Brandon...

She shows them a photo of a SIX-YEAR-OLD BOY.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)  
He's been staying with his father, Howard. We're separated... he hasn't let me see or talk to Brandon for three days. I've gone over to the house. Knocked on the door. He won't even come out.

MICHAEL  
Maybe you should talk to a lawyer about this.

PATRICIA

I did. It takes weeks... Howard just needs someone to knock some sense into him.

MICHAEL

I'm not sure we can do anything...

Fiona cracks her knuckles, relishing this.

FIONA

Nonsense. Of course we can.

PATRICIA

(smiles)

My brother *said* you'd be perfect. This whole thing is hard enough without Howard playing games... I just want to know where my son is.

FIONA

Everything will be fine. Right, Michael?

Michael nods, forcing a smile. He looks out to see SAM pulling up in a vintage Cadillac...

MICHAEL

Excuse me.

7 EXT. RESTAURANTE CARLITO - STREET - DAY

7

Michael joins Sam near the Cadillac.

MICHAEL

Nice ride. This new girlfriend's working out well for you.

SAM

(lights up)

She's something else. You know she rebuilt the engine on this baby? I'm telling you, put a nice sturdy tool in that woman's hand --

MICHAEL

I get it, Sam.

SAM

So I asked around about that lady detective for you... Turns out she's got something on you. She found some video from a storage place downtown.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

(voice low)

You got something stashed there?

MICHAEL

Some C-4 and detonators Fi gave me... How did she find it?

SAM

Ready for this? She checked video from every storage place for 50 miles. Mikey, you got a stalker with a badge.

MICHAEL

Did she do any searching yet?

SAM

She's working on a warrant. There's a hearing in a few days... better clear out your stash before then.

Fiona walks out with Patricia...

FIONA

Coming, Michael?

SAM

Uh, Mike? I was kind of thinking you'd buy me lunch, what with the helping you avoid felony charges...

MICHAEL

Next time, Sam.

Michael walks off with Fi and Patricia. Sam frowns after him.

8 INT. FIONA'S SAAB/EXT. HOWARD'S HOUSE - DAY

8

Michael, Fi and Patricia pull up in front of a modest house in a middle-class neighborhood. The yard is in shambles.

PATRICIA

Typical. Howard puts in eighty hours a week at the office and can't find an hour to mow his lawn.

Michael's phone rings. He looks at the call I.D. - it's Madeline.

FIONA

Go ahead and answer. Just keep an eye on the street... This should be pretty straightforward.

She gets out of the car with Patricia... Michael answers the phone, watching the street.

MICHAEL

Yeah, Ma.

9 INT. MADELINE'S HOUSE - INTERCUT

9

MADELINE is on the phone, smoking a cigarette as she flips through take-out menus, excited.

MADELINE

It's somebody's birthday tomorrow.  
I thought you could come for a nice  
dinner with Sam and Fiona.

MICHAEL (ON THE PHONE)

Birthday dinner. I remember those.

(sighs)

So where are we getting the take-  
out from this year?

Madeline eyes a few menus on the kitchen counter. Sweeps them into the trash, annoyed.

MADELINE

Who said anything about take-out?  
It's a surprise. Are you coming or  
not?

MICHAEL

I'll try, all right?

Michael peers out the window at Fiona and Patricia, who are banging on the door of the house, now... at the SIDE OF THE HOUSE a man, HOWARD, 30s, climbs out of a window and RUNS AWAY.

MADELINE

I don't want to hear you'll "try,"  
Michael, I want you to promise.

MICHAEL

Fine. I promise I'll try.

Michael hangs up, starting the car... it ROARS FORWARD.  
Michael steers expertly up the street, rolling up alongside Howard in the Saab...

10 INT. FIONA'S SAAB - CONTINUOUS

10

Michael drives beside Howard, who looks over, terrified, as he keeps running...

MICHAEL

You can stop now.

But Howard doesn't stop and instead tries to pick up his pace... Michael rolls his eyes... throws open his door and knocks Howard forward... Howard goes tumbling to the ground.

11 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

11

Michael gets out of the Saab, looking down at Howard. He rolls over...

MICHAEL

Howard? We just want to see your son.

HOWARD

You don't understand-

MICHAEL

I'm sure whatever the issue is, you can work it out with your ex. Just-

HOWARD

NO! That's not what I mean.  
(near tears)  
He's... he's been kidnapped.

Michael looks at Howard, sighs. Great.

12 INT. HOWARD'S HOUSE - DAY

12

Michael and Fi with Howard and Patricia, who paces angry.

HOWARD

Brandon didn't come home from school one day. I got a call... I don't even know the guy's name-

FIONA

Is he asking for money?

Howard shakes his head...

HOWARD

I work at a diamond wholesaler - we bring in millions in stones every month. He wanted information about an upcoming shipment-

PATRICIA

(incensed)  
So this is about your job?  
(MORE)

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

The marriage wasn't enough? Your  
career had to take our son too?

FIONA

Patricia...

Patricia quiets, but still simmers. Howard continues:

HOWARD

He said not to contact the police,  
or... or I wouldn't see Brandon  
again. He's calling today with  
instructions.

Patricia looks at Howard, furious...

PATRICIA

How could you not tell me?

HOWARD

I didn't want you calling the  
police! I was trying to protect-

PATRICIA

That wasn't your decision to make!  
He's my son, too!

She's fighting back tears. Despite their animosity, Howard  
tries to assuage his wife...

HOWARD

Look, if he wants diamonds, fine.  
I'll give him whatever he wants...

Michael and Fi exchange a look.

MICHAEL

Howard... it's not quite that  
simple. If this is a one-time  
thing, it might not be in his  
interests to return your son.

HOWARD

What? What are you saying?

PATRICIA

You know what he's saying, Howard!  
We may not get Brandon back alive!  
We should call the police!

HOWARD

No... No cops! He said he'd kill  
him-

FIONA

Enough.

Fiona steps between them. Turns to Patricia...

FIONA (CONT'D)

Michael and I will handle this...

(to Howard)

Without involving the police...

(to both of them)

If you two play nice. Understood?

Howard and Patricia look at Fiona.... **A TITLE CARD SLIDES ON:  
HOWARD AND PATRICIA - THE CLIENTS.**

MICHAEL

When the kidnapper calls again, you need to ask to meet face to face.

Say you need him to prove that your son is alive, and unhurt, before you do anything.

HOWARD

You think he'll come? I mean...

MICHAEL

If he wants the diamonds, he will. If we're lucky, we follow him back to Brandon. If we're not lucky... at least we'll have a better idea of what we're dealing with. It could be dangerous, but it's our best bet-

Howard considers this. He catches eyes with Patricia...

HOWARD

I'll do it. Whatever it takes to get him back. I'm ready.

13 EXT. MARINA - DAY

13

Michael, Fi, and Patricia sit in the Charger. They're watching Howard, who stands across the marina, waiting for the kidnapper to arrive... Nearby, Sam leans up against the Caddie, eating ice cream...

14 INT. MICHAEL'S CHARGER - CONTINUOUS

14

Michael and Fiona sit up front. Patricia's in the back, upset...

PATRICIA

I told Howard not to take this stupid job. Sales manager... We were doing just fine as reps.

FIONA

You work together?

PATRICIA

We did. But when he became the boss, things changed... the long hours, the travel... and now *this*.

MICHAEL

I'm pretty sure "target of kidnapping" wasn't in the job description when he took the gig.

PATRICIA

He should have *known* the risk-

Michael shoots Fiona a look - deal with this, please?

FIONA

Patricia, I want you to try something. It's a relaxation exercise I do in situations like this. I want you to close your eyes and breathe deep...

Patricia hesitates, then closes her eyes...

FIONA (CONT'D)

Now picture a peaceful mountain stream. Can you do that? Good... Now, picture yourself drowning the kidnapper in the stream. You're taking a rock from the stream, raising it over your head, and-

Michael peers out the window...

MICHAEL

Fi. Looks like we've got something.

Michael watches as a MAN (30's) in a suit walks toward Howard. He walks casually, with a bit of swagger. Calm, conscious of his surroundings...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

He's passed by twice. Scouting for cops, probably...

15 EXT. MARINA - CONTINUOUS

15

The man walks up to Howard, smiling...

MICHAEL (V.O.)  
*Smart criminals have a variety of ways to find out if a meeting is under police surveillance. Some are more subtle than others...*

SANTORA  
You must be Howard, right? I'm Santora, nice to meetcha.

Santora PUNCHES Howard in the gut. Howard crumples. **A TITLE CARD SLIDES ON: SANTORA - THE KIDNAPPER.**

MICHAEL (V.O.)  
*Throw a few punches, and any cops in the area have to come running.*

Santora KICKS Howard in the ribs... again... and again.

16 INT. MICHAEL'S CHARGER - CONTINUOUS

16

Michael watches Santora. Patricia turns to Fiona, horrified.

PATRICIA  
Oh my God! Do something!

FIONA  
We can't, Patricia-

Patricia goes for the door handle. Michael grabs her, holding the struggling woman back.

MICHAEL  
No. He's testing us...

PATRICIA  
He's killing him! He's-

MICHAEL  
Patricia, if you want your son back, you can't go out there.

17 EXT. MARINA - CONTINUOUS

17

Santora looks around the marina, hauls Howard to his feet.

SANTORA  
You got any friends around here I should know about?

Santora punches Howard in the nose.

SANTORA (CONT'D)

You tell **anybody** about our little arrangement? Look at me, Howard-

Howard staggers, gasping for breath.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

*Behavior in a combat situation is unpredictable. A trained soldier may go screaming for the hills, while a guy who's never fired anything bigger than a cap gun may turn out to have ice in his veins.*

Howard gathers himself. He looks Santora dead in the eyes.

HOWARD

Nobody knows. Let me see my son.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

*You never know until it happens.*

A beat as Santora studies Howard's face... and smiles. He hands an envelope to Howard. Howard looks at a PHOTO: it shows Brandon holding up a newspaper, looking scared.

SANTORA

Today's headline, see? Kid's fine.

Santora takes the photo back, glaring.

SANTORA (CONT'D)

Now... just so we're clear: no more games. And in case you got any cute ideas, forget 'em. If anyone touches me? If I'm a minute late checking in with my guys? You never see the kid again. Got it?

HOWARD

Yeah...

SANTORA

Oh, and just so you don't forget.

Santora HITS Howard one more time, looms over him as he says -

SANTORA (CONT'D)

Now, let's talk about my diamonds.

18 INT. MICHAEL'S CHARGER - CONTINUOUS

18

Michael watches, as Santora gives some instructions to Howard, then walks toward the parking lot. Michael looks over at Sam, who nods back as he gets into the Cadillac.

IN BOXES, we see Santora drive away, as Sam pulls onto the road to follow. IN THE CAR Michael turns to Patricia.

MICHAEL  
(getting out)  
Stay here.

19 EXT. MARINA - DAY

19

Michael hurries over to Howard, who lies on the ground, in pain, a bloody gash above his forehead. Michael helps Howard up...

HOWARD  
He kept hitting me - I didn't know  
what to do...

MICHAEL  
You did everything right, Howard.

HOWARD  
He said he wants the stones in 24  
hours or Brandon dies.

MICHAEL  
That's not going to happen... We're  
going to get your son back.

Off Michael's look... this isn't going to be easy.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

20 INT. MICHAEL'S LOFT - DAY

20

Michael looks over the diamond shipment information while Patricia sits in a chair, anxious... The door bangs open as Sam enters. Michael looks up, hopeful, but Sam doesn't look too happy.

MICHAEL

How'd we do?

SAM

Not so great. He didn't go near the kid. He's hanging out at a bar, sipping mojitos. This guy's not worried about being seen, Mike.

PATRICIA

I thought you said you could follow him to Brandon. I thought-

MICHAEL

These guys are smart. They're keeping the job compartmentalized.

Patricia's face falls...

PATRICIA

They're smart. What does that mean?

MICHAEL

It means we have to be smarter.

Patricia shakes her head in frustration...

PATRICIA

Howard's at the hospital getting stitches. That was all for nothing?

Sam comes over to the fridge, grabs a beer...

SAM

We'll know when he moves, at least. I slipped the valet across the street \$50 bucks to keep me posted.

Patricia turns to Michael, desperate...

PATRICIA

Can't you just grab him and... waterboard him or something? *Make* him tell us where Brandon is-

MICHAEL

Trust me. There are more reliable ways to get information.

Michael thinks for a moment, then turns to Sam:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Sam... You up for some reverse interrogation?

Sam chokes on his beer, alarmed. He puts it down, concerned.

SAM

Uh... Mike? Reverse interrogation? Don't you think that's a little dangerous?

MICHAEL

Not a lot of options, here. We've got less than a day to get him to tell us where Brandon is...

Patricia looks at Michael, alarmed.

PATRICIA

Wait... I thought you said you couldn't question him-

MICHAEL

We can't. We're going to let *him* question *me*.

Patricia looks at Sam, baffled...

SAM

Uh... thing is, you can learn as much from the questions someone asks as you can from the answers they give. We used to do it back in the Cold War. You send a guy in to get interrogated, so you can see what the bad guys are asking.

MICHAEL

You play your cards right, you find out all about him.

SAM

You play your cards wrong, everybody dies.

MICHAEL

I'm feeling lucky. Sam, how soon could you set it up?

SAM

A car. A building. Couple hours.

Michael checks his watch....

MICHAEL

Let's do it. I'm going to check on our cop problem with Fiona... Call me when we're ready to go.

Michael grabs his keys, walking to the door. Sam watches him go, not happy...

SAM

Glad you feel lucky...

21 EXT. PUBLIC STORAGE - DAY

21

Michael's Charger pulls up in front of a public storage place. Michael and Fiona get out; Fiona starts toward the entrance. She looks back at Michael...

FIONA

I think this is a valuable lesson for you, Michael. Explosives are meant to be *used*, not *stored*. Leaving things lying around only leads to problems.

MICHAEL

I'll keep it in mind.  
(then:)  
Fi... Hang on.

Michael stops Fiona a few yards shy of the entrance. He looks around, wary.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*When you're concerned you might be walking into a police stake-out, there are a number of things to look out for...*

IN BOXES, we see what Michael's checking out. The street... the Public Storage office with a clerk inside, glancing up...

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Parked cars or vans... workers that seem unusually preoccupied...*

ANGLE ON a couple of kids playing in a yard up the street. They glance across the street at something behind one of the storage containers as they play, obviously curious...

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*And curious kids. No matter where  
you go in the world, little boys  
like candy, puppies, and cops.*

Michael catches a reflection in the window of a building across the street: there are UNIFORMED COPS behind the container, waiting...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Fi... I think our detective friend  
has a surprise planned.

She raises an eyebrow at him, turns, and together they head back to the Charger. They are just getting in when Detective Paxson emerges from the Public Storage office with Detective Olson...

DETECTIVE PAXSON  
Mr. Westen.

MICHAEL  
Detective Paxson. Nice to see you.

DETECTIVE PAXSON  
You know, I've been thinking about  
renting a storage unit. You mind if  
I take a look at yours?

MICHAEL  
Storage unit?

DETECTIVE PAXSON  
Yes. Or let us know the fake name  
you used when you rented it. Or go  
in and clear it out... don't let us  
stop you.

Michael smiles, pulling out his wallet and taking out some receipts and handing them to her...

MICHAEL  
There's been a misunderstanding. I  
heard you were in the neighborhood,  
so I came by to give you some  
receipts. Give you a better sense  
of where I've been going, what I've  
been doing...

(points at a receipt)  
That one was breakfast. Fi had a  
Spanish omelet.

FIONA  
Egg whites only.

Detective Paxson frowns at the receipts.

DETECTIVE PAXSON

Thanks. Well... if you get the urge to destroy some evidence, come on by. We'll be waiting.

She smiles as she walks away with Detective Olson... Michael looks concerned.

FIONA

Was that flirting or does she hate you?

MICHAEL

She's not my type, Fi.

Michael's phone rings... he answers.

SAM (ON THE PHONE)

You ready to do this, Mike? I'm all set up. Seriously, though, I think this might be a little risky-

MICHAEL

I'll be right there, Sam.

22 EXT. SOUTH BEACH STREET - DAY

22

Santora drives along a beach road in his BMW... He looks in his rear view mirror and sees a CROWN VICTORIA with a flashing siren behind him...

Frowning, Santora pulls over. Sam gets out of the Crown Vic and approaches the passenger side of Santora's car...

23 INT. SANTORA'S BMW - CONTINUOUS

23

Sam slides into the passenger seat, flashing a badge.

SAM

Hi there. I'm Detective Finley...  
(checks out the interior)  
Wow, nice seats. Indigo leather?

Santora stares at Sam...

SANTORA

Lemme call my lawyer. He can tell you all about them.

Santora reaches for his phone. Sam grabs his arm...

SAM

Relax. I'm here *unofficially*.

(smiles)

Think of this as... a business meeting.

SANTORA

You want to do a business meeting, how 'bout you make an appointment --

SAM

Fine... When's a good time to talk about how someone's trying to move in on one of your scores?

SANTORA

I don't know what you're talking about. I'm in the commodities business.

SAM

Right. I'm into commodities, too.

Sam pulls out a bullet and unscrews it...

SAM (CONT'D)

I do big drug cases, mostly.

Sam pours a line of white powder on the dashboard.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

*In the criminal world, selling yourself as a colleague often means doing something illegal... So while snorting powdered milk isn't pleasant, it may put people's minds at ease.*

Santora watches Sam snort the line... Sam's eyes open wide from the "high..."

SAM

90% pure. Puts hair on your chest.

SANTORA

(frowns)

What's this you heard about a score?

SAM

Right, so... I busted this junkie, Shep, on a coke buy down in Overtown.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

He tries to get me to lay off him,  
says he knows something about a  
plan to rip you off...

SANTORA

Rip me off how?

SAM

I don't know the details.

SANTORA

(dubious)

Some junkie told you this?

SAM

He's a snitch. Guy's a mess, but  
his intel is usually pretty good.

SANTORA

So why'd you bust him?

SAM

Helps to keep him in line every  
once in a while. I'm taking him to  
the station, but for a few grand,  
you can question him first. You  
interested?

Santora hesitates, not sold yet... Sam shrugs.

SAM (CONT'D)

He mentioned something about a kid  
if that means anything.

SANTORA

(alarmed)

A kid?

SAM

Yeah... He didn't get into it much  
more than that.

(checks out the leather)

Love the leather on these seats.  
Hand tooled, right?

SANTORA

Where is this guy?

24 INT. MADELINE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

24

Fi with Madeline, who tends to various pots and pans on the  
stove while puffing on a cigarette, annoyed...

MADELINE

So what you're telling me is,  
Michael's missing his own birthday  
party?

FIONA

He's... busy.

MADELINE

Busy. Busy being shot at or blown  
up or whatever? Doesn't he ever  
take a day off?

She opens the oven and tries to pull a pan out, but she keeps  
burning her hand on it... Finally, Fi grabs an oven mitt from  
the counter and tosses it to Madeline.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

A little consideration is all I'm  
asking for. I'm making an effort.  
(pulls the pan out)  
He should, too.

FIONA

He's getting better at it.

Madeline puffs on her cigarette...

MADELINE

Don't fool yourself, honey. Loving  
Michael is always trench warfare.  
(then, dead serious:)  
Tell him to come to the party.

25 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

25

Sam's Crown Vic drives up to a secluded warehouse near a  
canal... Santora's BMW pulls up next to Sam as he gets out...  
Santora emerges from the BMW, looking around, cautious.

SAM

Don't worry. No one comes around.  
Place is condemned. It's where I do  
my... *freelance* work.

Sam moves to a window...

SAM (CONT'D)

That's Shep in there. Sad, really.  
Guy had a future once...

Santora joins Sam... sees Michael inside the warehouse,  
handcuffed to a chair, dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, his  
hair disheveled... playing the role of a twitchy junkie.

SAM (CONT'D)

So... you have my money?

Santora hands Sam a roll of bills... Sam smiles.

SANTORA

You can go. I'll take it from here.

SAM

(laughs)

No, my friend. Not how it works. We question the guy together.

SANTORA

No offense, but I don't want you getting into my business.

SAM

No offense, but I don't care. Your business is no concern of mine. My concern is nobody touches my prisoner but me.

SANTORA

Yeah, that may be a problem. I got my own way of asking questions.

SAM

And I've got to explain every scratch and bruise on that guy when I turn him in at the station. So unless you wanna come to the station *with* me, that's how it's gonna work.

He moves to unlock the door...

SANTORA

What about later? This Shep guy gets to mouth off?

SAM

(laughs)

Don't worry about that. I got enough on this guy to send him to prison on the moon. He'll keep his mouth shut.

Santora smiles at Sam, menacingly...

SANTORA

You got all the answers, don't you?

SAM

Don't get any ideas... As far as my supervisor's concerned, I'm working a case right now. Officially, I'm in the middle of *interviewing* you.

(then, smiles)

So if any thing happens to me, he knows who to come looking for.

He opens the door...

26 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

26

Michael is tied to a chair as Santora and Sam circle.

SANTORA

So. I don't know you, but I hear you know me. And my business.

Michael ignores Santora, glaring at Sam.

MICHAEL

You're a real prince, you know that, Finley? A real stand-up guy. After all I've done for you, this is what I get. Son of a bitch.

SAM

Nothing personal. Just business.

Michael shakes his head in sad disbelief. Santora appraises him, walking around...

MICHAEL (V.O.)

*In interrogation training, you learn not to ask questions directly. You learn to hide what you know and don't know. Untrained interrogators tend to ask for exactly what they want... it's a little like playing poker with your cards showing.*

Michael scowls, a canny hustler with attitude. Santora crouches down, eye to eye with Michael, face close...

SANTORA

Who told you about the kid?

MICHAEL

You trying to kiss me? Hey Finley, I think your buddy here is trying to kiss me. I'm not like that, pal-

Sam BACKHANDS Michael. BAM! Michael CRIES OUT IN PAIN, ANGRY:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

HEY!

SAM

Answer the question. Who told you?

MICHAEL

(glares at Sam)

A friend of a friend. I didn't know his name. I didn't get details, and I didn't ask for them.

SANTORA

All right. So tell me about this job.

MICHAEL

They were gonna move a kid. They needed a safe place, off the street. For a few days. I found it. Can I go?

Santora glares at Michael, fuming...

SANTORA

You can go when I FIND OUT WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON!

(a beat, then:)

The guy who hired you... They say what they were doing? When?

MICHAEL

Come on... They're gonna tell me *when*? After they tell me their vacation plans? Maybe their social security numbers? I. Don't. Know.

Santora grabs Michael by the face...

SANTORA

You got a smart mouth, you know that? Maybe you should use it to save your ass...

Michael rolls his eyes, talks as if talking to a child:

MICHAEL

*They told me... to find a place... in the neighborhood... where they could stash the kid. You want me to say it slower? Will that help?*

Santora jumps on this... finally, a lead.

SANTORA

What neighborhood? Where?

MICHAEL

C'mon, it was a while ago. You think I'm writing this stuff down? This isn't the only job-

Sam HITS MICHAEL AGAIN...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

ALL RIGHT! ENOUGH!

(a beat, then:)

I met the guy at a restaurant, right near the place...

SAM

What restaurant? You remember that?

MICHAEL

It was a diner. By the road, there. I don't know the name-

Santora hesitates, thinking...

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*When people are desperate for information, they start filling in the blanks, often without realizing it. It's something fortune tellers rely on. It works pretty much the same way for spies...*

SMACK! Sam hits Michael again.

SAM

Think harder.

Michael glares at Sam - that last smack had some extra pop to it. Sam frowns apologetically, mouthing... "Sorry, Mike."

MICHAEL (V.O.)

*...although fortune tellers usually don't get smacked around as much.*

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It was a diner! American place! I gotta remember the name of every restaurant in Miami?

SANTORA  
(frustrated)  
Norm's? Was it Norm's, off the  
causeway?

MICHAEL  
Yes! Thank you. I met the guy at  
Norms.

SANTORA  
What's this guy look like?

Michael looks at Santora, weary. In pain...

MICHAEL  
He was just a guy. White, I think.  
They knew him there. He was a  
regular. The waitress called him  
Flowers. I don't know if that was a  
nickname, or what.  
(groans)  
That's it. That's all I know.

Santora scowls at Michael. A beat, then he dials his phone,  
talks to someone on the other line:

SANTORA  
Hey. Get over to Norm's, now. Ask  
around for a guy named Flowers.

Michael and Sam share a look... they just identified the area  
where Brandon is being held. As Santora hangs up, Sam turns  
to him, chuckling...

SAM  
Surprising how much they remember  
when you help 'em out a little.

Sam checks his watch, as he walks to the door...

SAM (CONT'D)  
This is taking a little longer than  
I thought. I gotta make a call...  
You two play nice.

27 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

27

Sam stands a distance away from the warehouse while talking  
on the phone...

SAM  
Fi, get over to Norm's Diner off  
MacArthur Causeway.  
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

Santora's sending a guy - you might be able to tail him back to Brandon.

(glances back at Michael)  
Stay out of sight, all right?

FIONA (ON THE PHONE)

Stay out of sight. You're seriously telling me that?

SAM

Nothing personal. Things are a little tense, here.

FIONA (ON THE PHONE)

Why don't you tell me not to accidentally shoot myself?

SAM

Fi-

28 INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

28

Santora walks over to Michael, pulling a switchblade from his pocket... He is seething, on the edge...

SANTORA

So, you and your friends thought you could rip me off? That right? What was the plan with the kid?

MICHAEL

I don't know what the plan was! I was just supposed to get-

SANTORA

WHAT WAS THE PLAN?!

He flicks the knife blade open... Michael laughs...

MICHAEL

I got paid 150 bucks for this lousy job. YOU THINK I DON'T WANT TO TELL YOU!? PUT THE KNIFE AWAY!

29 EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

29

Sam hears Michael yelling... He turns, alarmed.

SAM

Fi, just GO! NOW!

He hangs up and starts RUNNING back to the warehouse.

30 INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

30

Santora slides the blade down the side of Michael's face... A small cut opens on Michael's cheek; Michael stalls for time-

MICHAEL

Fine! You wanna know the plan?

SANTORA

Yeah, I do...

MICHAEL

Well, you're not gonna get it with the knife. 'Cause I... don't... know.

Santora grabs Michael by the ear; he's about to do some serious cutting when he hears a gun cock... PAN TO REVEAL Sam, with a .38 pistol pointed at him.

SAM

Whoa there, friend. My prisoner. My rules. Remember?

Santora lets go of Michael's ear.

SAM (CONT'D)

If you need me to lean on him, all you have to do is ask.

Sam hits Michael - BAM! Then turns to Santora, with a menacing smile...

SAM (CONT'D)

Are we clear? Now put it away.

A long, tense moment... and reluctantly, Santora puts the knife away. Michael shoots Sam a look... that was close.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

31 INT. MICHAEL'S LOFT - DAY

31

Fiona hurriedly packs a duffel bag with guns as she updates Howard and Patricia...

FIONA

We may have a lead on Brandon's location.

PATRICIA

You're going to get him now?

FIONA

If things go according to plan.

HOWARD

I'll come with you.

(off Fiona)

I can help. Whatever you need.

FIONA

Howard, you're very sweet, and very brave. But you're going to get yourself shot.

HOWARD

If that's what it takes to get our son back... I'll do it.

FIONA

I'm sure you would. But Brandon's going to need his father alive. And for future reference, getting shot sounds very noble until it actually happens to you. Don't volunteer for it unless it's really necessary.

Howard nods, eyes welling up, beginning to break down... The kidnapping is taking a toll. Patricia goes to comfort him...

PATRICIA

Brandon will be fine.

(hoping)

I know it.

Fiona looks at the couple holding each other...

FIONA

You want to do something for your son? Never forget this moment... and don't ever work together. Not all couples can handle it.

A long moment... then Fiona hoists her guns and goes.

32 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

32

Sam and Santora continue to interrogate Michael...

SANTORA

Okay, so this "Flowers." He show you where the kid is?

MICHAEL

He took me through the neighborhood, the route they were gonna take. I don't remember-

SANTORA

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF "YOU DON'T REMEMBER!"

Santora HITS Michael. BAM! Sam shoves Santora aside, his gun out and trained on Santora...

SAM

No more warnings... One more stunt like that, and I will shoot you dead, paperwork and departmental review be damned.

Santora is fuming... He turns to Sam, then back to Michael.

MICHAEL

I answered your questions. I told you what I know. Now let me go-

SANTORA

I want ANSWERS! I want you to tell me who is trying to rip me off-

MICHAEL

And I want a place on Star Island filled with strippers in bikinis. Wishing don't make it so, buddy-

Santora is about to throttle Michael when Sam steps in.

SAM

I don't have time for this.

Sam puts his gun to Michael's head.

SAM (CONT'D)

Time to focus.

(to Santora)

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

Now, I assume this place doesn't have a sign on it that says you're keeping the kid there. How's he gonna know if he saw it?

Santora hesitates...

SAM (CONT'D)

Look, it's getting late. We gotta wrap this up. You got guys at the house? Maybe he saw *them*.

SANTORA

Yeah. Yeah, I got two guys at the house.

MICHAEL

Okay, yeah. There was a house, a couple guys there. I didn't talk to them, I didn't get their names-

Santora scowls, furious... he slams his fist into the wall with alarming force...

SAM

You see the kid?

MICHAEL

No.

SAM

He didn't see the kid. You think it's the same-

SANTORA

The kid's behind the house, in the shed! Now shut up! Shut up and let me think!

Michael and Sam share a look...

33 EXT. NORM'S DINER - DAY

33

A diner off the MacArthur Causeway. CAMERA PANS from the restaurant sign to A BUFF, CURLY-HAIRED GUY IN A MUSCLE SHIRT, 30s, coming out of the diner, looking unhappy.

He dials a phone...

MICHAEL (V.O.)

*In war, disinformation is the art of spreading false intelligence to mislead and manipulate an enemy.*

(MORE)

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*It can serve many functions,  
 including getting an enemy to  
 reveal his position...*

Curly-haired guy approaches an SUV...

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Getting an enemy to reveal his  
 identity...*

CURLY-HAIRED GUY  
 (into phone)  
 Yeah, it's Jimmy. Nobody's heard of  
 Flowers at the diner.

Fiona emerges from the diner, pretending to dial her phone...  
 and snaps a photo of him as she passes on her way to the  
 Saab.

**A TITLE CARD SLIDES ON: JIMMY - SANTORA'S GUY.**

Jimmy winces, looking miserable as Santora yells on the other  
 end of the phone.

MICHAEL (V.O.)  
*And, of course, destroying the  
 enemy's morale.*

IN BOXES: Jimmy climbs into the SUV, still on the phone... Fi  
 climbs into the Saab at the other side of the parking lot.

JIMMY  
 What's going on? Is there something  
 I should know about?

34 INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 34

Santora glares at Michael... beginning to doubt him.

SANTORA  
 (into the phone)  
 Don't worry about it. Just get back  
 to the house and watch the kid.

35 EXT. MACARTHUR CAUSEWAY/INT. FIONA'S SAAB - DAY 35

Fiona tails Jimmy's SUV...

MICHAEL (V.O.)  
*Staying concealed as a tail means  
 trusting your gut. Every turn,  
 every lane change, every bridge  
 increases the chance you'll be  
 seen...*

Jimmy slows for a turnoff... The turnoff sign reads: "PALM AND HIBISCUS ISLANDS." Jimmy gets off the causeway.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Anyone can be trained to follow a car; but it takes experience and skill to know when it's time to stop following.*

Fiona grits her teeth, wanting to turn... then keeps driving straight, cursing to herself as she pulls over.

FIONA  
Dammit.

Quickly, she pulls out her phone, texting Sam...

36 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

36

Sam stands at the far end of the room, checking his phone - there is a photo of Jimmy - CURLY HAIR, MUSCLE SHIRT, WELL BUILT. Along with the photo is text: "Lost him on Palm/Hibiscus Islands." He frowns... fuck. Santora RANTS:

SANTORA  
No one at that restaurant ever heard of anyone named Flowers!

MICHAEL  
That's my fault? Maybe your guy went to the wrong place-

SANTORA  
HE WENT TO NORM'S, you lying son of a bitch-

MICHAEL  
WHY WOULD I LIE TO YOU!?

Santora stares at Michael in silent, cold fury, thinking...

SANTORA  
That's it. I'm shutting this whole thing down.

MICHAEL  
Shut it down? Wait, so... You're gonna kill the kid?

SANTORA  
I'm gonna do what I gotta do.

Santora starts to dial his phone. Sam looks at Michael... something passes between them.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

*When you work with someone long enough, you learn to trust them. When things go bad, that trust is the difference between life and death. Of course, knowing that doesn't make it less terrifying to back a play you know nothing about.*

Michael nods slightly - whatever you do, I'm in. Sam takes Santora aside, his voice low...

SAM

Listen, I know this guy. He's a pain in the ass, but his information is good.

SANTORA

Yeah? Cause he told me some story about a guy who doesn't exist-

SAM

I'm just saying, *maybe he does exist*. He could be one of your own guys... Listen, I'm just saying, you gotta be careful.

Santora considers this... turns to Michael.

SANTORA

So. One more time. This "Flowers" guy... What did he look like?

Sam STANDS BEHIND SANTORA... He subtly pantomimes a curl... giving JIMMY'S DESCRIPTION TO MICHAEL.

MICHAEL

All I know is he's got curly hair-

Sam flexes his bicep slightly...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Kind of a big guy. Muscular.

Santora looks at Michael with growing horror. Behind him, Sam runs a hand along his shoulder to indicate a sleeveless shirt-

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

He wears those muscle shirts, to show off his arms. That's it. That's the best I can do.

SANTORA

That's Flowers? You're sure?

MICHAEL

Yeah... he told me about the kid.

Out of nowhere, Santora ROARS and kicks over Michael's chair in a rage... he kicks Michael, hard, as Sam pulls him off, dragging him outside...

37 EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

37

Sam and Santora come out of the warehouse... Santora stalks around, trying to calm himself...

SAM

What's wrong with you?

SANTORA

That's my guy. Like you said. My own guy is trying to rip me off.

SAM

What guy?

SANTORA

Jimmy. The guy I got watching the kid. The guy I sent to the diner to look for Flowers... It turns out the son of a bitch is Flowers! He's trying to take the kid for himself.

SAM

Listen, things are hot. You can call it off. Let the kid go --

SANTORA

No. No, it's too late for that.

Santora reaches through the window of his car, taking a gun from the glove compartment and checking the clip.

SAM

Whoa, whoa... What's that for?

SANTORA

Listen, you've been a stand-up guy. I respect that, and I don't want to cause you problems... but that guy in there? Shep?

(chambers a round)

He's gotta die. Now.

Off Sam's look...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

38 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

38

Moments later, Santora starts toward the warehouse, gun in hand.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

*Every profession has occupational hazards. Butchers cut themselves, house painters fall off ladders, and operatives get asked to help kill their friends.*

Sam grabs his arm. Santora turns the gun on Sam, a warning in his eyes...

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*It's just something you have to deal with the best you can.*

SANTORA

Back off.

SAM

No. We talked about this. He's my snitch. I have to explain-

SANTORA

My own guys are turning on me. If he's part of that, he's gotta go. They all do.

SAM

Wait -- You're taking everyone out? What the hell are you getting me into?! I'M A COP!

SANTORA

Don't worry. I've done this a few times.

Sam looks at Santora... this guy's not budging.

SAM

And I'm just supposed to sit back and hope this won't blow back on me? No, that's **not** the way this is going down.

Sam looks out at the road in the distance, forming a plan...

SANTORA

You got any ideas, I'm listening.

SAM

Shut up! I'm thinking...

(then)

All right. I can say I stopped on the road to let the guy out... say he was sick from the dope. I'll tell 'em he attacked me and tried to escape-

SANTORA

Wait, you?

SAM

Yeah, he's supposed to be *my prisoner*, remember? How am I gonna explain a suspect that shows up with a couple random bullets in him? We'll have the damn FBI here-

Santora frowns, considering this...

SAM (CONT'D)

It's better this way. Put two in his chest with *my gun*. But you do it by the road. Understand?

SANTORA

Won't you take a hit for this?

SAM

I've got thirty years on the job. It'll take some explaining, and I'll probably get suspended... ten grand and we'll call it even.

Santora thinks about it, nods. Sam hands him his .38, takes Santora's pistol...

SAM (CONT'D)

I'll go get Shep... You call your guy, make sure he stays put. I don't want this situation getting any worse than it already is.

Santora hesitates, then starts dialing his phone. Sam turns toward the warehouse, exhaling a sigh of relief...

39 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

39

Sam undoes Michael's handcuffs as he glances out the window, watching Santora talk on his phone outside...

SAM

You okay, Mike?

MICHAEL

Yeah, Sam... you still pack a pretty good punch.

Sam looks back in Santora's direction, nervous.

SAM

Good news is Santora's planning to go back to the kid. Fi tracked their safe house to one of the islands off the causeway.

MICHAEL

And the bad news?

SAM

Santora wants to kill you first. I convinced him to do it with my gun, out by the road... make it look like you were escaping.

MICHAEL

How far is the road?

SAM

50 yards, give or take.

MICHAEL

Guess it'll have to do.

SAM

If there was any other way, Mike...

MICHAEL

There isn't, Sam.

SAM

Once you get free, take his car and head for the causeway... I'll work on getting you the address.

Sam pulls Michael's phone from his pocket and hands it to Michael and pulls him up... He whispers:

SAM (CONT'D)

Good luck, Mikey.

Santora walks in behind them...

SANTORA

You ready to take a walk?

Off Michael's look, we CUT TO:

40 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

40

Michael quick-talks while Santora walks him to the road at gunpoint, using Sam's .38...

MICHAEL

Listen, you don't want to do this.  
I could tell you more. About the  
plan, about Flowers... Whatever you  
want to know-

SANTORA

I know plenty already.

Michael can see the road up ahead... they're getting close.

MICHAEL

Listen, why shut this down now?  
There's a lot of money to be made,  
here. I could help you, we could  
split the score-

SANTORA

(laughs)  
Oh, yeah?

Michael slows... he turns, pleading, desperate:

MICHAEL

I don't wanna die. Please, man.  
Please, don't kill me. I'm begging-

Suddenly, Michael GRABS the pistol and SNAPS Santora's wrist... the gun goes flying during the scuffle and lands a few yards away.

Santora's shocked, but recovers and lands a couple of PUNCHES... he's good. Michael responds with a vicious HEAD BUTT to Santora's face, sending him tumbling back... toward the gun. Santora scrambles to retrieve it.

Michael TACKLES him from behind and puts him in a ONE-ARM CHOKE HOLD... While Santora fights to remove Michael's arm from around his neck, Michael reaches into Santora's pocket with his free hand and grabs car keys...

As Santora begins to black out, Michael rolls off of him and picks up the gun. He runs to the BMW...

Behind him, Santora struggles to his feet, watching as Michael drives off in the car.

41 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

41

Santora bursts in. Sam reclines in the chair, snorting from his bullet...

SANTORA

He got away!

SAM

What the hell are you talking about? Where's my gun?

SANTORA

He took it! He came out of nowhere-

SAM

He's got my gun?!

Sam is on his feet. He ROARS at Santora-

SAM (CONT'D)

WE HAVE TO FIND HIM!! NOW!!

They race out.

42 EXT. ROAD/INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

42

Sam and Santora tear down the road in the Crown Vic. Sam is screaming at Santora...

SAM

Could he be going after the kid?!

SANTORA

I don't know! Maybe!

SAM

Did you call Jimmy?

SANTORA

Yeah, I called him.

SAM

You told him to stay put with the kid?

SANTORA

Yes. He's there, with the kid.

SAM

Where's the house?

Santora hesitates... Sam screams:

SAM (CONT'D)  
WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS!  
WHERE'S THE HOUSE?!

SANTORA  
Hibiscus Island.

SAM  
What's the address?!

Santora is still reluctant...

SAM (CONT'D)  
I NEED TO KNOW!

SANTORA  
1313 Palm Way.

Sam pulls out a cell phone... Santora looks over, alarmed...

SANTORA (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

SAM  
There's a security guard booth on  
the island. I'll call, see if they  
saw him-

INTERCUT WITH:

43 EXT. MACARTHUR CAUSEWAY/INT. SANTORA'S BMW - DAY 43

Michael is approaching the turnoff toward the islands. His  
phone rings... checks caller i.d... answers...

MICHAEL  
Yeah, Sam?

SAM (ON THE PHONE)  
Yeah, this is officer Finley, Miami  
PD. I need to know if you saw  
anyone going to 1313 Palm Way.

Michael smiles through the pain...

MICHAEL  
There's someone going there now.

Michael hangs up and speed-dials...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Fi? I got the address.

44 EXT. HIBISCUS ISLAND HOUSE - DAY

44

A nice waterfront house on Hibiscus island. Through a window, we see Jimmy and another HENCHMAN watching TV...

MICHAEL (V.O.)

*People underestimate the tactical importance of television in urban warfare. Guard duty is boring, and reruns pass the time better than, say, looking for intruders...*

Michael and Fiona hustle around the side of the house, heading toward the backyard...

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*More battles have been decided by "Baywatch" than people imagine.*

45 EXT. HIBISCUS ISLAND HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

45

Michael and Fiona run to a wooden garden shed... Fi kicks in the door...

46 INT. HIBISCUS ISLAND GARDEN SHED - CONTINUOUS

46

Michael and Fiona enter to find BRANDON, huddled in the corner, terrified...

FIONA

Brandon, you're going to be fine.  
We're here to take you back to your mom and dad... Okay?

Michael picks up the little boy in his arms...

47 EXT. HIBISCUS ISLAND STREET - DAY

47

IN BOXES, Michael and Fi carry Brandon out back to the Saab, which is parked behind some trees. BACK ON THE STREET, Sam and Santora arrive in the Crown Vic. They get out. Santora spots his BMW parked in front of the house, pulls his gun...

SANTORA

The guy's here... We do him and Jimmy first. Then the kid.

Sam pulls a gun from an ankle holster...

SAM

You go through the backyard. I'll cover you from the front.

Santora runs off as Sam glares after him...

SAM (CONT'D)

Have fun in there, you son of a bitch.

48 INT. HIBISCUS ISLAND HOUSE - DAY

48

Santora runs in through the back door and catches Jimmy and the henchman by surprise... He holds his gun on them...

SANTORA

Look who's here.

(furious, to Jimmy)

You thought you could steal from me?

Jimmy and the henchman share a look...

JIMMY

What the hell are you saying?

SANTORA

Where's the kid?

Jimmy looks out the back and sees the busted shed door...

SANTORA (CONT'D)

I SAID WHERE'S THE KID?

JIMMY

I don't know! He was just there!

Santora waves his gun at Jimmy...

SANTORA

I know what you did, Jimmy! I know you're Flowers, I know *everything*-

JIMMY

Get that thing out of my face!

The henchman seizes the opportunity to raise his gun at Santora. As Santora quickly turns his gun on the henchman, Jimmy draws his own gun... All three are screaming...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?!

SANTORA

Put it down! NOW!

MICHAEL (V.O.)

*It's always best to have business arguments unarmed. When tempers are high and everyone's got a gun-*

49 EXT. HIBISCUS ISLAND HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

49

Sam pulls out his gun, standing at the back of the house.

MICHAEL (V.O.)  
*You never know what's going to set  
someone off.*

BANG! Sam fires the gun into the ground, triggering a BARRAGE OF GUNFIRE INSIDE... He walks away, satisfied.

50 EXT. RESTAURANTE CARLITO - DAY

50

Howard and Patricia hold Brandon, thanking Michael and Fi.

HOWARD  
I don't know what to say.

FIONA  
You don't have to say anything.

MICHAEL  
Think about leaving Miami. You  
don't want to be around if  
Santora's friends come looking.

HOWARD  
We weren't planning to be.  
(smiles at Patricia)  
We've talked about making a fresh  
start somewhere else... together.

PATRICIA  
Thank you. For everything.

They leave... Fi looks over at Michael.

FIONA  
Making a fresh start... together.  
Kind of inspiring. Don't you think?

Michael checks his watch.

MICHAEL  
I'll settle for staying out of  
jail, Fi... C'mon, we've got a date  
with a storage unit.

He walks away. Fi rolls her eyes and follows him...

END OF ACT FOUR

BUTTON

51 EXT. PUBLIC STORAGE - NIGHT

51

A U-Haul truck pulls up to the back of Michael's public storage unit, out of view from the street... An ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, 39, gets out of the truck cab and opens the door to the trailer. Sam pops out and nuzzles her...

SAM

All this sneaking around is kinda turning me on, Ms. Reynolds...

The woman squeals with laughter...

MS. REYNOLDS

Are you ever going to call me by my first name?

SAM

Wouldn't be respectful.

He nuzzles her again...

Michael and Fi pop out of the trailer, too, revealing a portable, high-pressure water jet cutter.

INTERCUT WITH:

52 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

52

A uniformed cop sits in a patrol car, watching the front of Michael's storage unit. He yawns, bored...

MICHAEL (V.O.)

*When an entrance is being watched, it's often easier to make a new entrance than it is to deal with security...*

53 EXT. PUBLIC STORAGE - NIGHT

53

Back to Michael and Fi, who cut through the back wall of the storage unit with the water cutter.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

*If you don't mind getting damp, a water saw is a great tool for the job. It will cut through a wall much more quietly than a metal saw, and won't ignite anything flammable that happens to be lying around...*

In quick shots, Michael and Fi empty the storage unit, piling the detonators and C-4 into the truck.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Like a few bricks of C-4, for  
example.*

They all climb into the back as THE TRUCK DOOR SLIDES CLOSED and we FADE TO BLACK.

54 EXT. MICHAEL'S LOFT - DAY

54

Michael steps out to go for a run... sees Detective Paxson leaning up against her unmarked police car, parked just outside the gate. He smiles as he approaches her...

MICHAEL  
Detective. Want to come in? I've got a few more receipts for you up in the loft.

DETECTIVE PAXSON  
Cute. I finally got a look at that storage unit that didn't belong to you.

MICHAEL  
Oh? You find anything interesting?

DETECTIVE PAXSON  
I did. A hole in the back wall and a puddle of water inside.

MICHAEL  
(shrugs)  
That big rain the other night... must've done funny things.

She smiles...

DETECTIVE PAXSON  
This isn't over.

She gets in her car and drives off. Michael watches her go...

55 INT. MADELINE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

55

Michael, Madeline, Fi and Sam at the birthday dinner. Michael takes a bite of cake and nearly gags... it's horrible.

MICHAEL  
Mom, did you make this?

MADELINE

(smiles)

You like it? I wanted this year to be special... So I cooked.

Michael forces himself to swallow...

MICHAEL

It's great.

SAM

Mike, happy birthday.

He hands Michael a six-pack of beer with a big red bow on top.

MICHAEL

Beer... thanks, Sam.

SAM

Yeah, it's imported. Supposed to be brewed by some monks in Belgium. Really good, Mike... or at least that's what I hear...

Sam eyes the bottles, hungrily. Michael slides the beer toward Sam...

MICHAEL

Would you like some?

SAM

(smiles)

Love some, Mike.

He takes a bottle, grateful... Madeline notices Fiona sitting off to the side, waiting to give Michael her gift, a long wrapped box... She looks at Sam with his beer, oblivious.

MADELINE

Sam, you need a bottle opener?

SAM

Oh, no. I've got one...

He holds up an mini bottle opener on a key chain, grinning...

SAM (CONT'D)

Never leave home without it --

MADELINE

(don't argue with me)

You need a bottle opener, Sam. Why don't I just show you where it is?

SAM  
(confused)  
Yeah, sure... okay.

Sam follows Madeline into the kitchen... Fiona hands Michael the box... He opens it and pulls out a bayonet...

MICHAEL  
A bayonet...

FIONA  
The Epee Baionnette. Used during the First World War. For close fighting.

MICHAEL  
Fi... thanks?

FIONA  
Someone once told me that... caring about you was trench warfare.

MICHAEL  
Really? That's... sweet.

FIONA  
I thought you should arm yourself.

She kisses him softly on the lips... then walks to kitchen. Michael watches her go... and looks at the bayonet... wondering.

END OF EPISODE