

By Virtue Fall

by

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Vendetta Films

"Some Rise By Sin, Some By Virtue Fall"

-Measure for Measure

DARKNESS

SOUND: Something RATTLING beneath the surface.

CUT IN:

INT. BEDROOM - - APARTMENT - - NIGHT

Two BlackBerrys on a nightstand. One rumbles against the wood, flashing in the dark.

A hand. Grapples for it.

WIDER to see MATTHEW LYNCH(33). Newly awakened, he spies caller ID("Sloane/Home"). Answers before it can buzz again.

His back to us, hunched over, he talks softly(os). Tics a glance at the blinking digital clock(POV): It's 1:33 a.m.

Behind him, asleep in a nightshirt, his girlfriend, HALEY(30).

Matt hangs up. Stands. Clicks the TV off(he fell asleep with it on). Grabs a pair of jeans off the floor(amidst a pile of discarded clothes). Quietly dresses.

Fully assembled, he steps over a dog slumbering on the carpet. Gently kisses Haley's forehead.

HALEY

(groggy)

I hate you...

MATT

I hate you more.

She motions him back. Folds his collar down.

HALEY

(re: phone call)

Danny?

MATT

(yes)

Go back to sleep, baby.

He exits. She stares after him, vexed.

INT. TRUCK - - MOVING(NIGHT)

Matt blasts hard rock music(White Zombie's "Thunder Kiss 65")as he drives. At a stoplight, he hits redial:

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(filtered via Bluetooth)

It's Agent Daniel Sloane. Leave a message --

Matt clicks off. Loud rock resumes.

INT. BEDROOM - - APARTMENT - - CONTINUOUS

A BUZZING BlackBerry. One of two placed on a nightstand.
PAN TO: TINA STILES(39)wakes, none too happy.

STILES
(answers phone)
Seriously?

MATT (V.O.)
I wake you?

STILES
(into phone)
No, I always stay up 'til 2 in the
morning in case the phone rings.
(clicks a light on)
What's up?

Intercut as necessary with Matt driving in his truck:

MATT
Danny didn't go home tonight.

STILES
He left when I did. Where were you?

MATT
Date night. RDO.

(NOTE: RDO: "Regular Day Off" in ATF vernacular.)

STILES
"Date night"? You're not supposed to
have date night 'til you're married.

A little girl, 6 years old, Stiles' daughter, in the doorway.

STILES (CONT'D)
(to daughter)
It's okay, coconut. Mommy's just
talking to a friend.

MATT
Sorry, T'.

STILES
You want some help?

MATT
Go back to sleep.

She hangs up. Tells her daughter:

STILES

Come here, baby...you can sleep in
the big bed tonight...

She throws the covers open, as we match to...

INT. ROOM - - MOTEL - - NIGHT

...A TITANIUM BRIEFCASE tossed atop a bedspread. It opens
to reveal an FN-P90 Submachine gun.

IGGY TILMAN (O.S.)

She's a straight brick house, right?

TILT UP to see IGGY TILMAN(21, black). He wears a SANTA CLAUS
CAP and a toothy smile.

IGGY TILMAN (CONT'D)

I can get you ammo. As much as you
need. Cases, man. *Crates*.

This said to...DOUG VINSON(35)and ROB CAUFIELD(28)standing
on the other side of the bed. Vinson turns to Caufield:

VINSON

Margaret Thatcher. Or Angela
Lansbury.

Iggy squints at Vinson and Caufield. *Huh?*

CAUFIELD

Lansbury. I've always dug "Murder
She Wrote".
(a shrug)
Reruns.

IGGY TILMAN

What's happening right now? You
bring the cash or what?

VINSON

(to Caufield)
Cash? You hear cash? I heard cash.

With that, his Sig Sauer .40 and Caufield's FEDERAL SHIELD
are thrust into Iggy's face.

CAUFIELD

Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and --

IGGY TILMAN

-- Fuck.

Vinson spins Iggy around, bounding his wrists in flex-cuffs.

VINSON

If you got needles, speak up, homey.

He frisks Iggy. Finds a money clip in his pocket. Tosses it to Caufield - who removes A BUSINESS CARD from the clip.

IGGY TILMAN
Y'all gotta read me my rights...

VINSON
(to Caufield)
What do you got?

INSERT BUSINESS CARD - "Jericho Trower Antiques."

Vinson examines the card. Asks Iggy:

VINSON (CONT'D)
You work for Trower?

IGGY TILMAN
Y'all need probable cause, man...

VINSON
Judge Judy, answer the fucking question...

He spins Iggy around to face him.

IGGY TILMAN
I'm not saying shi --

BAM! Vinson's fist meets Iggy's nose. Propels him back onto the bed, hands covering his face, howling in pain.

VINSON
(to Caufield)
Call.

Caufield hits a number on his flip phone. Goes to a corner. Vinson shakes his hand out from the punch.

IGGY TILMAN
(nasally)
What'd you do that for?

VINSON
'Cus despite technological advances,
there's still nothing in this world
as persuasive as a punch to the nose.

Caufield's off the phone. NODS pointedly to Vinson - who flicks a switchblade open...Iggy spiders nervously back...

But Vinson only CLIPS the flex-cuffs off his wrists.

Caufield tears the BUSINESS CARD up. Tosses it on the bed.

VINSON (CONT'D)
Say "hi" to Jerry for us.

CAUFIELD
Merry Christmas.

A confused Iggy watches as they exit into the warm night...

INT. TRUCK - - MOVING

Matt enters the packed parking lot of a NIGHTCLUB. Drives past security waving him to the side. Right to the front. Parking haphazardly before cutting the engine and --

EXT. PARKING LOT - - TRUCK - - CONTINUOUS

- hopping out...a douchebag bouncer in a skull-cap missiles over before realizing --

BOUNCER #1
Didn't recognize you without the G-Ride, bro...

MATT
(tosses him the keys)
Be quick. I'm looking for somebody.

BOUNCER #1
S'like Soldier Field in there tonight.

MATT
He'll stand out.

INT. ENTRANCE - - CLUB - - SOUND UP

FOLLOW MATT as he pulls a badge from inside his shirt(on a nylon cord)and angles to the back - where a rail provides a vaunted view of the populous dance floor below(POV).

Amidst the overwhelmingly black and Hispanic revelers, we see a white man. The only white man in the joint. *Dancing.*

INT. DANCE FLOOR - - CLUB - - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSER. Even louder down here. Daunting decibels.

A drunk DANIEL SLOANE(40)finds himself between three Rubinesque black women, grinding and dancing as...

...Matt barrels closer, unamused.

DANNY
Mattie! I want you to meet some of my new friends. This is Loquecia --

MATT
We're leaving.

DANNY
Don't be a racist.

MATT
Don't be an asshole. Come on.

DANNY
We're having a good time, man.

But Matt gives him a look that cuts to the bone, and...

DANNY (CONT'D)
Alright. Take it easy.
(to girls)
We're on the move, ladies.

Matt guides Danny by the elbow, glancing back to see one of the women trailing after them. Matt stops, barks:

MATT
Not you, tiny dancer.

INT. 24 HOUR DINER - - CONTINUOUS

Matt and Danny at a table. Come in on their laughter, a sobered up Danny relaying a story...

DANNY
...Loveridge thinks he's got an FEL clearance so he's wearing his bucket for two days straight.

MATT
What a village idiot.

DANNY
He's a hand-job. What was his sister's name? Evelyn.

MATT
Why do you remember this stuff better than I do?

DANNY
Because I'm married. I need to cling to whatever memories I can...

The laughter wanes. Then:

DANNY (CONT'D)
I hate when Anna calls you --

MATT
Fuck you. I'd be offended if she *didn't* call. What happened?

DANNY
What happened? Vicodin and vodka. It's not quantum physics.

MATT

Here's a crazy idea: Don't drink
when you take pain pills.

(then)

You call Dr. Ting?

DANNY

I'm gonna pay someone to stick needles
in me?

MATT

He can help your back, idiot.

Matt slides Dr. Ting's CARD across the table.

DANNY

What're you guys, dating?

MATT

Just call him.

DANNY

(takes the card)

I will.

MATT

No, you won't.

He notices Danny still has his wedding band on. *Good.* He
looks at a TV in the corner. Then:

MATT (CONT'D)

Maybe, you and Anna need to go back
and see that counselor or something...

For the first time, Danny idles. Goes completely still.
All levity drains from him as he looks out the window.

DANNY

Not everything can be fixed. Not
everything deserves to be.

INT. TRUCK - - MOVING

Matt drives, deep in thought. Half-asleep, Danny leans
against the passenger window, taking note of a street sign...

DANNY

Office.

MATT

It's four in the morning.

DANNY

You talk to Anna?

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

(Matt nods)

And how would you generally describe her disposition?

(off Matt)

Office, please.

Matt takes a reluctant right turn.

MATT

Any word on the internal investigation?

Danny shrugs . *I dunno.* Closes his eyes in search of sleep.

MATT (CONT'D)

You don't find it fucked up?

DANNY

I'm 40 years old, I find everything fucked up.

MATT

Firearms. Stolen. From the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. See where I'm going with this?

Danny abandons sleep. Waves him off.

MATT (CONT'D)

I'm serious. Trower's got somebody...

DANNY

...Stop.

MATT

...Inside. Somebody working for him - -

DANNY

Stop.

MATT

You think I like saying it? OPR's watching us like the Zapruder film - -

DANNY

You're being paranoid - -

MATT

It's only paranoid if - -

DANNY

You're wrong.

Matt hooks a left, descending into a GARAGE.

DANNY (CONT'D)

What do you wanna do? Should we follow him, harass him?

MATT

I don't "harass" him. We happen to frequent some of the same establishments.

The truck parks in a reserved slot by the elevators.

DANNY

This is my group. That means, it's on me. If OPR wants to look at us, fine...I'll give 'em a futon and a front row seat.

He disgorges. Matt turns the engine off. Exits...

INT. GARAGE - - FEDERAL BUILDING - - CONTINUOUS

...Follows after Danny. Stopping by the elevators.

MATT

Nobody wants to talk about this but it's there. In neon. Our SAIC thinks the answer is a fucking dress code...

DANNY

Gort's a good guy...

MATT

Gort is a good guy. And a smart guy. He knows that shining too bright a light on this makes the division look corrupt.

DANNY

So why do it?

MATT

Because the division looks corrupt.

A car screeches by. Startles Danny. He turns back. Realizes he has yet to press the "UP" button. He does. Then:

MATT (CONT'D)

Talk to me, man...what's going on?

Danny presses the button again. Can't get here fast enough.

DANNY

I don't know if we make any difference. We piece together small victories...tell ourselves that's enough. And someday, I dunno, maybe, it is.

The elevator arrives. Danny embarks. Looks back.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Just not today.

The elevator doors close, leaving Matt to stare at his reflection off the shiny silver doors.

INT. DANNY'S CUBICLE - - ATF DIVISION - - FEDERAL BUILDING

Lights dim, Danny slumps at his desk, only the phosphorescent glow of his computer illuminating him. He stares at the Treasury(ATF)insignia on his screen saver as we notice the dearth of personal items around him.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Didn't your mother teach you not to read in the dark?

Find LES GORTOWSKI(GORT)behind him. A Brooklyn bear of a man. Danny's boss and friend.

GORT

...You go blind.

DANNY

I think that's masturbation.

(then)

You're in early...

GORT

You were out late. When I said wear a suit I didn't mean the same suit.

DANNY

Look at you. Like a real detective.

(then; knows him well)

What's up?

Gort sits across from Danny.

GORT

OPR's taken over the 28th floor for the investigation. They want you to come in. *Voluntarily*.

DANNY

..."Voluntarily"?

GORT

Means you come in on your own or they make you. They're not looking at you, Danny. They're calling in all the ATSAICs on this.

(stands)

We good?

DANNY

Lovely.

He watches Gort go as the timed lights simultaneously turn on in the entire bullpen. Makes Danny squint.

A moment later, his BlackBerry buzzes. A call.

INSERT: Caller ID: "HOME".

He lets it ring, staring at the ATF logo on the wall: "VIGILANCE IN THE FACE OF ADVERSITY"

HALEY (V.O.)

Deep breaths, sweetheart...

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - - HOSPITAL - - CONTINUOUS

HALEY, Matt's girlfriend, examines a little girl.

HALEY

(with a stethoscope)

...There you go...that's it...

(then)

I'm gonna go get your mommy, okay?

The little girl nods, terrified.

HALEY (CONT'D)

She'll stay with you the rest of the time, I promise.

The little girl allows a small smile before Haley exits into THE HALL, yelping when she's grabbed from behind by...Matt.

She playfully hits him and they fall into a kiss. Haley pulls back when she notices nurses looking over at them.

MATT

Don't mean to tarnish your reputation.

HALEY

Too late. Gimme five minutes.

She smacks him on the ass, moving down the corridor. Matt watches her go with a smile as a brash doctor sidles up.

DOCTOR

You know how many guys would like to be in your shoes, man...?

MATT

(only half-kidding)

You know I carry a gun, right?

INT. BURGER JOINT - - DAY

Haley devours a burger beside Matt at the counter.

HALEY

How's Danny?

MATT

He'll be alright.

HALEY

You mean, apart from being addicted to pain-killers...

Matt edges off the stool. Grabs napkins from a dispenser.

MATT

Just 'cus someone takes pain pills doesn't mean they're addicted.

HALEY

It does when they've been taking 'em for three years.

He doesn't want to fight. Switches gears:

MATT

What was going on at work before?

She finishes her burger. Finally:

HALEY

This little girl, seven years old, comes in by herself. Having a hard time breathing. Says her mom's parking the car. But mom's MIA. She shows up as I'm leaving, half an hour late...all twitchy...

MATT

Shit...

HALEY

You wanna know the solution...?

MATT

"The solution"? - To what?

HALEY

Good people, loving people, need to have babies. It's that simple.

MATT

Social engineering, nice...

HALEY

I'm serious. It's our obligation.

A new song comes on. Reo Speedwagon's "Keep on Loving You".

MATT

I love this song...
(off Haley)

What, should we just hop up here and procreate?

HALEY

You get nervous when I talk about having babies...that's original...

MATT

No, I don't get nervous. I get excited. I mean, I'm gonna need a little kid to throw the ball around with when you drive me crazy like this.

A smile develops on her face. She leans in for a kiss, knocking a glass over, giggling, as we --

MATCH CUT TO:

A CONCAVE BATHTUB

SLUSH! Two bags of ICE dumped in running water. COLD water. We're in a BATHROOM.

DANNY. Clad only in boxers, steps gingerly into the ice bath. We note the ghastly scar stretched across his lower back.

He closes his eyes. Settles into numbing nirvana.

EXT. STRIP MALL - - EVANSTON, ILLINOIS - - MORNING

A tinted Lincoln Towncar idles in front of donut shop.

INT. DONUT SHOP - - CONTINUOUS

The face of JERICHO TROWER(40's, imperious, fastidiously dressed, a BlueTooth perpetually in)is reflected in a case of donuts. He studies the pastries with Talmudic intensity.

CLERK (O.S.)

The orange spice are fresh today,
Mr. Trower.

Trower rises like a serpent summoned by a flute.

JERIHCO TROWER

(admonishing)

Derrick...

(call me)

Jerry.

CLERK

Jerry. Sorry.

JERIHCO TROWER

Orange spice?

CLERK

They're better than you think.

JERIHCO TROWER

Well, they can't be worse, can they?

He sees an impoverished mom and her young son in the corner.

JERIHCO TROWER (CONT'D)

The usual for me - sans orange spice.
No offense. And let's get them a
dozen. Whatever they'd like.

Hear the door CHIME as the clerk tends to the mother and
child. Trower admires the donuts with orgasmic intensity.

YOUNG MOTHER (O.S.)

Thank you, mister, thank you.

Trower beams. Waves back like an exalted Roman emperor.

YOUNG MOTHER (CONT'D)

(to her little boy)

What do you say to the nice man?

The kid sticks his tongue out. And BLOWS.

Trower doesn't find this at all amusing. Even less amused
when he spots MATT through the mirror behind him.

MATT

Kids. They have tremendous instincts,
don't they?

Matt, in a baseball cap and jeans, steps next to Trower.
He's got his dog with him on a leash.

MATT (CONT'D)

Freud said charity was about making
ourselves feel better. Like you
could buy enough donuts to make up
for all the guns you sell gang-bangers
and cop killers. Guess contrition
comes cheap these days.

JERIHCO TROWER

Not nearly as cheap as federal agents.

He studies Matt like a frog he's about to dissect.

JERIHCO TROWER (CONT'D)
 You a big donut fan, are you, agent?

MATT
 Something about this place just draws
 me in...

JERIHCO TROWER
 My mom left us when I was six. Just
 left. No note, nothing. My dad -
 not the strongest man to ever exist -
 didn't know what to do. He goes
 out, gets us a box of donuts. No
 joke.

MATT
 ...This gonna be a long story?

JERIHCO TROWER
 ...I love these little encounters we
 have.
 (then)
 I always made fun of my dad for the
 donuts. But you know what? They
 always made me feel better.

MATT
 It's the sugar.

Trower watches him go.

INT. BATHROOM - - DANNY'S HOUSE - - CONTINUOUS

In the tub where we left him, Danny feels nothing. And
 everything. In his right hand, he holds...

INSERT - A PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE: "VICODIN SE."

He transfers little white pills into a Vitamin C bottle,
 inadvertently knocking the Vicodin bottle over, watching as
 it rolls across the tile, finally stopping.

Unconcerned, he pops pills like Pez. Chews like Chiclets.

A KNOCK. His son, SCOTT(8, lanky)opens the door.

SCOTT
 Mom says someone's on the phone for
 you. From work.

DANNY
 Okay.

And Scott's about to exit before he inadvertently kicks THE
 PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE. Picks it up. Puts it on the sink.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Can I have some fucking privacy?!

The boy hastily exits...Danny, hit with a wave of guilt...

DANNY (CONT'D)

Scott...

Too late. He's gone. And Danny defuses; a man with the good sense to hate himself. Numb. Not nearly numb enough.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - - DANNY'S HOME - - MOMENTS LATER

Hustling down the hall, Danny slips a pre-fastened tie on as his wife, ANNA(36, fierce and feminine)approaches.

DANNY

I'm late, babe...

He buzzes by her.

ANNA

Hey.

(he stops)

I get that you're going through something - and I get that you don't wanna let me in. And that's fine. I can deal with you being an asshole...but he's eight.

DANNY

I know...I'll talk to him...

He resumes walking...she backs up with him...

ANNA

You used to talk about not wanting to be like your father, remember that?

DANNY

Fuck. I got it. I'll make it up to him...

ANNA

The Science Fair Fund Raiser's Friday night.

DANNY

I'll be there. I'll try and make it...

ANNA

Try?

He stops by the stairs.

DANNY

You wanna make a war outta' this?

ANNA

This isn't war, this is *surrender*.

He goes down the steps, exiting. STAY WITH ANNA, continuing down to see Scott in the kitchen working on a SCIENCE PROJECT(a small pen-sized device).

SCOTT

It's okay, mom.

She smiles at him. Steps out of view. Holds back tears.

EXT. PARKING LOT - - FEDERAL BUILDING - - DAY

A tinted Mercedes pulls in, Danny disgorging, met by Vinson. They walk and talk, Vinson briefing him...

VINSON

Local PD popped him for a suspended license. Impounded the car...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - - FEDERAL BUILDING - - CONTINUOUS

Iggy Tilman, nose busted up, sits at a table.

VINSON (V.O.)

They found a loaded PN-90 magazine in the trunk. No weapon recovered but it qualifies as a 922G1. Boy Wonder got the call...

Matt enters frame, pacing the room as he talks to Iggy(os).

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

I told you we should'a cut him in...

INT. STAIRWELL - - FEDERAL BUILDING - - CONTINUOUS

They take the stairs...

DANNY

This doesn't touch him, understood? He's not a part of this.

VINSON

I don't know if you're being noble or greedy.

DANNY

That's 'cus you don't know the difference.

They exit the stairwell, bounding down a...

INT. HALLWAY - - FEDERAL BUILDING - - CONTINUOUS

Vinson beelines to an unmarked door. Stops. Turns to Danny.

VINSON

Take care of it. Or I will.

He opens the door, leading into...

INT. THE BOX - - FEDERAL BUILDING - - CONTINUOUS

Behind the glass, in "the box", we see Matt and Iggy. On this side, Danny and Vinson join Caufield and Stiles.

VINSON

(re: Iggy Tilman)

This guy really needs to think about a new line of work...

STILES

I know the feeling...

Disgusted, she exits. Danny watches her go. Takes a deep breath. Enters "the Box". We STAY with Vinson and Caufield as Danny pulls Matt to a corner, conferring(os).

EXT. ROOFTOP - - FEDERAL BUILDING - - DAY(LATER)

Danny approaches Stiles - who studies the city, smokes.

DANNY

Y'alright?

STILES

Some days...I think too much.

Danny stands beside her. Admires the view.

DANNY

I'll never let this touch Matt.

STILES

Does that make up for us doing it in the first place?

She exhales through her nostrils. Flicks the cigarette down.

STILES (CONT'D)

My brother-in-law, he's a religious freak. For Christmas every year he buys a birthday cake for Jesus. Church every Sunday. Can cite Bible chapter and verse. A *righteous* man.

(beat)

He beats the shit out of my sister, religiously.

(MORE)

STILES (CONT'D)

But come Sunday, he's front and center in church, "thank you, Lord Jesus"...

DANNY

I'm not trying to make up for anything. I chose to do this. We all did.

A beat.

STILES

What'd you tell Matt?

INT. MATT'S CUBICLE - - ATF DIVISION - - CONTINUOUS

Danny talks to Matt as he unlocks his desk drawer and removes his .40 and two BlackBerrys...

DANNY

...What d'you want? - Guy's my source of information.

MATT

He works for Trower - and we let him walk.

DANNY

He works for us. Tell me how him pulling weight does us any good. Trower's day will come.

MATT

Yeah. When will ours?

He slams the drawer closed.

INT. HALLWAY - ELEVATORS - FEDERAL BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

They wait by the elevator banks.

DANNY

What're you doing tomorrow night? Dinner?

MATT

Can't. I'm going up to the cabin to see my dad. How 'bout tonight?

DANNY

I got Scott's hockey game.

MATT

What time?

DANNY

...Seriously?

MATT

Yeah, be fun. I haven't seen Scott and Anna for a while anyways.

PING. The elevator arrives.

DANNY

I'll text you time and place.

Danny waits until Matt enters the elevator, the doors closed, to hit the "UP" button.

INT. GARAGE - - FEDERAL BUILDING - - CONTINUOUS

Matt walks to his GOV(government owned vehicle), a Chevy.

CAUFIELD (O.S.)

'Yo, Matt.

AGENT CAUFIELD. Motions Matt over to his silver Mustang.

CAUFIELD (CONT'D)

Check this out...

He flips a SUBMACHINE GUN to Matt.

MATT

Tossing loaded guns...smart...

CAUFIELD

You got good hands. I'm going to the range. You interested?

MATT

(hands gun back)
No, thank you.

CAUFIELD

You're the only ATF agent I know who hates guns.

MATT

Isn't that the point?

Caufield holds the SUBMACHINE GUN with a towel as he watches Matt enter and leave in his truck.

INT. HALLWAY - - OPR - - 28TH FLOOR - - CONTINUOUS

Office of Professional Responsibility. Danny sits in a chair in the hallway, crossing and uncrossing his legs as INSPECTOR MARK WYATT(40's, boyish, working class) enters frame...

INSPECTOR WYATT

Thanks for coming in.

They stride down the hall...awkward silence...finally...

DANNY

First off, I wanna welcome you here.
I'm here to help. I know you guys
have a tough job and you don't get a
lot of respect from guys like me...

Wyatt holds the door open for Danny...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - - OPR - - CONTINUOUS

Wyatt settles in at the head of a long table...

DANNY

Truth is, we should be thanking --

He sits - the rear leg of the rickety chair breaks, sending
Danny sprawling to the floor.

INSPECTOR WYATT

Shit. Sorry. Y'alright?

He pulls a new chair over. Danny stews. Sits. Reassembles.

DANNY

You worked with Randy Alexander in
the Counterfeit Division, right?

INSPECTOR WYATT

You know Randy?

DANNY

No.

INSPECTOR WYATT

(a beat)

You checked me out. I'm flattered.

DANNY

Goes both ways, right? What happened,
you get sick of busting bad guys?

INSPECTOR WYATT

No.

(then)

You know why you're here, I'm
assuming...

Danny's silence serves as consent.

INSPECTOR WYATT (CONT'D)

This is off the record. This is off
the reservation. No audio. No video.
I want you to speak freely. You
give us something, anything, we
protect you...this never boomerangs
back, you have my word.

(MORE)

INSPECTOR WYATT (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Is there anything you wanna share?

DANNY

I made a mistake today.

He lets that inhabit the ether.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I, uh, I opted for the beef and bean burrito and, man, that thing is just coming back in a big way...

Wyatt smiles. Leans back, hands propped behind his head.

INSPECTOR WYATT

When I was in high school, I worked in a shoe store. Fuckin' brutal. People don't talk about it but women's feet, there's an odor, a distinct smell that will never be mistaken for Air Freshener. Anyway. After about two months a' shit sales, my job on the line, I realize the hard sell's getting me nowhere. I realize I need to pick women who want to buy shoes.

DANNY

(instantly gets it)

What're you selling today?

INSPECTOR WYATT

Absolution. Shit sells itself.

Danny stares back. We see his resolve weaken. Then:

DANNY

(stands)

No sale.

INSPECTOR WYATT

We're open all week but these prices aren't gonna last forever...

Danny's at the door, his hand on the knob --

INSPECTOR WYATT (CONT'D)

Sloane. Your jacket...you got a tear in the back...

Indeed, we see a split in Danny's suit jacket. He makes a point of not looking at it as he exits into...

...THE HALLWAY. Once outside, he shimmies out of it to see the prominent split down the middle. He looks stressed.

EXT/INT. HOCKEY RINK - - NIGHT

BAM! A center gets slammed into the boards as we PULLBACK to see we're watching a junior hockey league game. Danny's son, Scott, is among the players(he's less than skilled).

CONCESSION STAND. Matt waits for a hot cocoa with Anna.

MATT

For me, it was always baseball,
basketball, football.

ANNA

Scott wants to play lacrosse in the
Spring...

MATT

Lacrosse? I thought they made shirts.
Sorry, that was bad.
(shouts to rink)
Come on, Scotty! Get back on D!
(off Anna)
...What?

ANNA

Nothing. Just nice to have someone
else cheering him on.

Her gaze goes to Danny in the stands, talking on his cell.
And there's an implicit question that Danny heeds.

MATT

So you know, there's been a lotta'
pressure at work and --

ANNA

I don't expect you to tell me, Matt.
I get it. But you're his closest
friend so...I just wanna know he's
alright. Is he alright?

Matt pauses. Before he can speak --

DANNY (O.S.)

I gotta go.

Danny. Behind Matt and Anna. Jacket in hand. To Matt:

DANNY (CONT'D)

...Can you take them home?

MATT

Where you going?

DANNY

I gotta be somewhere. Can you take
them home or not...?

MATT

Sure.

Danny walks off...Matt looks at Anna...follows after
Danny...catching up to him...

MATT (CONT'D)

We're keeping secrets now?

Danny looks behind Matt to see Anna. Back to Matt. Again,
for a moment, he looks like he wants to purge. Finally:

DANNY

Gort wants to talk about the OPR
thing. Once this bullshit blows
over, everything'll be fine.

(walks; calls back)

Thanks for taking them home.

Matt watches Danny stride off. Turns back to face Anna.

EXT. ARMOUR SQUARE - - SOUTH SIDE - - NIGHT

Danny's Audi pulls in, settling in beside a Towncar.

INT. AUDI - - STATIONARY

Danny removes the battery from his BlackBerry. Leaves both
device and battery in the car before exiting...

INT. TOWNCAR - - STATIONARY

AN ENVELOPE. Lands on a lap. BOOM UP to Danny - who regards
it with palpable dread. TROWER sits beside him.

DANNY

I got OPR looking at my unit, doing
a high-colonic - all thanks to your
idiots swiping guns out of evidence.

(hands envelope back)

So thank you but..."no".

Trower puts a finger to his lips. *Shhhh*.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - - OUTSIDE TOWNCAR - - MOMENTS LATER

Slam! Danny's thrown against the car and frisked by Trower's
two unassuming associates. Once they're done...

JERIHCO TROWER

I understand, Daniel. I do. I hear
sirens now and I think they're coming
for me. Not sure if that makes me
narcissistic or paranoid. But it
helps keep me safe.

(MORE)

JERIHCO TROWER (CONT'D)

It's encoded in our DNA; as primal and primary as anything we do. As for these people, these "OPR" people, they're vultures...vultures looking for meat. They don't care who's it is. So we'll give them something to chew on...

DANNY

I don't wanna live like this anymore...

JERIHCO TROWER

Like what? *Well? Prosperous?*

DANNY

...I strike you as "prosperous"?

JERIHCO TROWER

You strike me as practical. As a father with a kid in private school. A man with certain proclivities, pills and what not. Those needs require *means*. And let's not forget about the information I provide you with.

DANNY

...The information that conveniently eliminates your competition...

JERIHCO TROWER

You don't benefit from it? It's part of the reason people still think you're good at your job - if I may speak freely. See, our relationship, Daniel, it's symbiotic. That means - -

DANNY

I know what it means.

JERIHCO TROWER

Good. Show me that you do.

Once again, he dangles the envelope, an apple to Eve.

INT. AUDI - - STATIONARY

Danny sits behind the wheel, placing the battery back in his BlackBerry. On the passenger seat, we see the envelope.

He steadfastly averts his gaze from it.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - - SOUTH SIDE - - TOP SHOT

Look down to reveal Danny's car faces a wall. A dead end.

EXT. BACKWOODS - - WESTMORELAND, VIRGINIA - - DAY

Matt's pick-up truck snakes through Edenic acreage. An older woman, JANE, exits a cabin as MATT unfolds from his vehicle...

MATT
Hey, beautiful.
(they hug)
Where you going?

JANE
Three brothers, I know when to leave
the boys alone. Your daddy's inside.

MATT
Drive safe.

He waves as she drives off, a tubercular COUGH hacking from behind him. Turning to see his dad...

WALT LYNCH(60, ample belly and a crown of silver hair).

MATT (CONT'D)
(re: cough)
That sounds healthy...

WALT LYNCH
Allergies.

MATT
Only thing you're allergic to is
medical advice.
(then)
Jane didn't have to bail...

WALT LYNCH
She was driving me fucking nuts with
the marriage thing again.

MATT
Yeah, you guys have only been going
out for, what, fourteen-fifteen years
now? Don't wanna rush in to things.

WALT LYNCH
Come here, smart mouth...

He gets his son in a playful choke-hold, laughing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - - DANNY'S HOUSE - - DAY

Danny enters, walking past the kitchen before he notices Anna sitting at the table, alone. He drifts in...

DANNY
What's going on, babe?

ANNA

You know what Scott was looking up
on the computer when I came home?
"Vicodin."

(looks up at him)

You can take me down with you...but
I won't let you infect him.

She wipes at stubborn tears, her voice soft and wounded:

ANNA (CONT'D)

I'm done, Danny.

She kisses him gently on the cheek. Exits. Danny's frozen.

INT. CABIN - - DAY

Father and son at the table, half-eaten sandwiches on plates.

WALT LYNCH

I was thinkin' a' driving back with
you tomorrow for work...

MATT

Work? I thought you...

WALT LYNCH

What?

MATT

Retired. You're 64 years old...

WALT LYNCH

Fuck you, 63...

MATT

...You've had three heart attacks in
two years, dad.

WALT LYNCH

They're called "procedures" in the
medical community.

(then)

It's not about what's gonna kill me,
it's about what's gonna keep me alive.
Watching you grow up, the things you
done with yourself - after your mother
passed, the Marines, on the
job...well, you'll only understand
when you have a son a' your own. So
stop bustin' balls, okay?

MATT

(a smile)

Okay...

He stands. Paces.

MATT (CONT'D)

I'm heading back tonight, though...

WALT LYNCH

What are you talking about, you just got here...

MATT

I'm gonna ask Haley to marry me.

Walt studies his son, inscrutable. He stands. Goes to a MUSIC BOX from which he pulls...another box. A RING BOX.

WALT LYNCH

Your mother's.

Matt opens the box to see...a stunning WEDDING RING.

MATT

Dad, I --

WALT LYNCH

It would make me very proud.

Tears well in his eyes. Matt hugs him tight.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - - DANNY'S HOME - - EVENING

WIDE: Scott's bicycle is sprawled on the grass as Danny tosses duffel bags in his car, closing the trunk(TRUNK POV).

INT. AUDI - - STATIONARY(MOMENTS LATER)

Danny stares down at 3 pills in his palm, deliberating.

TAP-TAP(OS) Scott. Outside. Danny peels the window down.

SCOTT

-- I won! Somebody bought my science project for the most money...

We see the FIRST PLACE SCIENCE FAIR RIBBON on Scott's shirt.

DANNY

That's awesome, pal...really awesome.

Behind Scott, Danny sees Anna on the porch, watching.

SCOTT

Mom says you're going on a work trip.

DANNY

Just for a little while.

SCOTT

You can keep this if you want. 'Til you get back...

DANNY

It's okay, buddy. It's yours. Put it in your room. You deserve it...

But he sees the look in Scott's eyes...

DANNY (CONT'D)

Just 'til I get back, okay?

Scott gives him the ribbon before going back into the house. Anna takes one last glance at him before closing the door.

Danny looks down: Pills in one hand. Ribbon in the other.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM - - FEDERAL BUILDING - - NIGHT

The only one here at this hour, Matt does incline presses. He's surprisingly strong for his size.

INT. BULLPEN - - ATF DIVISION - - LATER

Matt sits at his desk, tinkering with the drawer.

DANNY (O.S.)

What's wrong?

Danny stands behind Matt.

MATT

The lock's fucked up.

DANNY

Anything missing?

MATT

No. It's all here.

Two BlackBerries and his .40 inside.

DANNY

You and Haley have a fight or something?

MATT

What, I can't come in and catch up on the Management Log?

DANNY

'Course you can. You didn't. But you can.

(then; grave)

I need to talk to you, bro...

He's going to tell him. He's going to tell him everything.

...But he sees THE RING BOX on Matt's desk. And Matt follows his gaze. Feels the need to explain. Opens the box...

DANNY (CONT'D)

Matt. I love you. But I'm not *in*
love with you.

(then)

Haley...?

MATT

Perceptive.

DANNY

Congratulations.

MATT

Try to contain your enthusiasm...

DANNY

You didn't catch me at my most
romantic. Anna threw me out. She
should'a done it a long time ago...

MATT

You guys'll work it out...

He pulls KEYS from his desk. Tosses them to Danny.

MATT (CONT'D)

Crash on the couch. Just not tonight.

DANNY

You're gonna ask her *tonight*?

MATT

I was supposed to be home a half
hour ago. Working up the courage.

(then)

You got somewhere to stay tonight?

DANNY

Yeah, absolutely. No worries.

(gives him a hug)

You deserve all good things, brother.

INT. 27TH FLOOR - - ATF DIVISION - - MOMENTS LATER

Matt waits for the elevator. PING. The doors open to
reveal...VINSON. They trade eyes.

VINSON

You're going down.

The doors close, Matt looking up to see the elevator stops
on the 28th floor. The Office of Professional Responsibility.

INT. LOBBY - - MOTEL - - CONTINUOUS

Three bags of ice in hand, Danny walks past the puff pastry
of a MANAGER behind the desk.

MANAGER
 (Russian accent)
 Be considerate to others, please.

Danny stops. *Huh?*

MANAGER (CONT'D)
 The ice, for party, yes?

Danny offers a rueful chuckle before moving on.

INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - - NIGHT

Lights low, Matt enters, tossing his workout bag aside and sliding the ring into his pocket. He takes a look at himself in the mirror, mustering courage before wading into the...

INT. BEDROOM - - CONTINUOUS

Haley. Fast asleep. Matt quietly disrobes.

HALEY
Shhh...my boyfriend'll be home soon...

MATT
 You didn't wait up...

HALEY
 Early rounds tomorrow...

Ring in hand, he lays beside her. Kisses her neck.

HALEY (CONT'D)
 Baby...I'm exhausted...
 (barely audible)
Love you...

MATT
 Love you, too.

He places the ring in the top drawer of the bedside bureau. And lays beside her. Listening to the sound of her breathing.

INT. BATHROOM - - MOTEL - - CONTINUOUS

Danny sits in the tub, staring dead ahead, numb to the ice and cold water enveloping him.

He raises his right hand. Only now do we see the .40 in it. He scratches his temple with the barrel.

INT. BEDROOM - - MATT'S APARTMENT - - CONTINUOUS

Matt and Haley entangled in each other, asleep.

INT. BATHROOM - - MOTEL - - CONTINUOUS

WIDE: Danny places the gun in his mouth, hand steady. Sweat and tears trickle onto the gun barrel. Hammer cocked. Thumb tensed on the trigger.

He's gonna do it...he's actually gonna do it...

Just as his thumb pulls --

INT. BEDROOM - - MATT'S APARTMENT - - CONTINUOUS

BAM! The front door. Rocks open. SEVEN HEAVILY-ARMED AGENTS barrel in, MP-5's in hand.

Matt bolts up, discerning the FBI insignias emblazoned on their flak-jackets. Only now heeding(SOUND UP) - -

AGENTS

FEDERAL AGENTS! ON THE FLOOR! DOWN!
DOWN! DOWN!

Haley's ear-shattering SCREAM doesn't help matters...nor does the BARKING dog...HYSTERIA...

MATT

(pure reflex)

I'm on the job! I'm on the job!

He's pulled violently off the bed, foot catching on the leg of the bedside bureau, taking it down with him...

Where he sees...the wedding ring.

He reaches for it before an agent's heavy boot stomps on it and - everything goes silent.

MATT POV: *A semiautomatic barrel in our face...boots barreling past...Haley restrained on the bed...Two agents retrieving GUNS from the walk-in closet. One of which is - -*

A SUBMACHINE GUN. The same gun Caufield showed Matt.

Matt's propped to his feet. Left to watch Haley's muted screams(os)as agents coax her off the bed, and we see...

A TELEVISION:

LOCAL NEWSCASTER

In a just developing story...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - - MORNING(WIDER)

A DM Zone. The TV runs, Danny on the bed, tiny liqueur bottles scattered atop the sheets. A thousand-yard stare.

LOCAL NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
*...Several firearms stolen from a
 federal evidence room have been
 recovered...*

Instantly sober, he sits up, eyes engaged(POV)on the...

LOCAL NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)
*...And an agent with the Bureau of
 Alcohol and Firearms is in custody
 today, accused of stealing them.*

Danny reacts.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - - MORNING

A black SUV lurches to a stop, reporters and cameramen surging forward as a cuffed Matt's led out by federal agents.

INT. OFFICE - - TROWER ANTIQUES - - CONTINUOUS

Same image. A newscast. Trower at his desk, watching a flat screen TV. He's stoic. This is business. Just business.

INT. KITCHEN - - STILES' APARTMENT - - CONTINUOUS

Stiles eats breakfast with her daughter, a small TV playing. When Matt's picture comes on the muted screen, she drops her cereal spoon, covers her mouth as if to suppress a scream.

Both her BlackBerrys light up on the counter.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - - SOTHEBY'S - - CONTINUOUS

An art auction. A packed floor. Trower sits in the back. Paddle in hand, he occasionally registers a bid. Bored, he walks to the back. To his two associates:

JERIHCO TROWER
 Little boy's room.

He holds up a peace sign("number two"). Exits.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - - SOTHEBY'S - - CONTINUOUS

Trower strolls through the well-appointed lobby, smiling affably to staffers before entering the...

INT. MEN'S ROOM - - SOTHEBY'S - - CONTINUOUS

Alone in here, he approaches the stall when he's suddenly grabbed from behind and slammed into a wall.

DANNY (O.S.)
 You think I was gonna stand by and
 do nothing...?

Danny. Behind him. .40 pressed into Trower's ear.

JERIHCO TROWER
This is not the gratitude I hoped
for, Daniel.

He catches sight of Danny through a mirror to his right.

JERIHCO TROWER (CONT'D)
Let's talk...come on...let's be smart
about this...let me explain...

Slowly, Danny pulls the gun back. Lets Trower turn around.

JERIHCO TROWER (CONT'D)
Don't blame me, Daniel. Blame Walt
Disney. Blame Hollywood and every
other purveyor of fable and fantasy.
Life is not fair. Life is not equal.
It's a zero sum game. It's a roll
of the fucking dice.

DANNY
I'm gonna tell them, I'm gonna tell
them everything...

JERIHCO TROWER
The sacrificial lamb...admirable...

Determined, Danny tucks the gun away and makes for the door.
Trower goes to the mirror. Adjusts his tie. Pats his hair.

JERIHCO TROWER (CONT'D)
Let's assume you do confess...

Hand on the door, Danny stops.

JERIHCO TROWER (CONT'D)
And you do go away, And, maybe, you
take me with you. There are other
people to consider. Like Scott and
Anna. Maybe, they go away, too.

He's got Danny's undivided attention.

JERIHCO TROWER (CONT'D)
Come back in...come on...

Danny stays frozen. Trower shrugs. *Have it your way.*

JERIHCO TROWER (CONT'D)
Science was never my subject in
school. I was more a History guy
but this little gizmo here is
something...

He removes a familiar pen-like device from his pocket.

JERIHCO TROWER (CONT'D)
 I think I overpaid but I like to
 think of it as a long-term investment.

He holds Scott's Science project in his hand.

JERIHCO TROWER (CONT'D)
 It's all gonna be fine, Daniel. I
 promise.

Danny's gut-punched, shrinking before our eyes.

INT. ATTORNEY/CLIENT ROOM - - FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER

Matt confers with his nebbish attorney, STEVE LEVITT(40's).

MATT
 ...Where's Haley, is she okay?

LEVITT
 She's fine. She got released.
 (jumps right in)
 The AUSA's a buddy so you're gonna
 get arraigned tonight. Lemme tell
 you what they have...

He flips through a hastily arranged file...

MATT
 Where's Danny? - -

LEVITT
 Matt. I need you to understand where
you are right now.

MATT
 ...Which is where?

LEVITT
 Against the wall. Do you know a
 Keith Duvall...?

A flips a photo of a man with a mustache across the table.

MATT
 No...

LEVITT
 He was arrested two nights ago.
 He's claiming he purchased guns from
 you. Guns that have been confirmed
 as stolen out of the evidence vault.

MATT
Bullshit.

LEVITT

Unfortunately that's not a viable defense in the state.

(then)

They have text-messages and calls from your personal BlackBerry to his.

Matt thinks about the broken lock on his drawer.

LEVITT (CONT'D)

They have photos.

ON PHOTO(B&W): Matt confers with Trower in the donut shop.

LEVITT (CONT'D)

And they have semiautomatic guns found in your apartment. With your prints on them. What they're calling...

(off sheet of paper)

..."Conversion kits".

MATT

Agents in my division - Doug Vinson, Robert Caufield, they're both degenerate gamblers - you gonna write this down?

LEVITT

I already have their names. They're witnesses for the prosecution...

Matt's out of breath. The room's spinning.

LEVITT (CONT'D)

Matt, I need you to listen to me. I need you to listen carefully...if this goes to trial, in this climate, they're gonna go for life. And based on the evidence, you fight, they'll get it.

On Matt, sinking inside his skin, we PRE-LAP:

INSPECTOR WYATT (V.O.)

Your partner says he was framed.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - - FEDERAL BUILDING - - START ON DANNY

At a table, disheveled, hands a steeple before him.

DANNY

I think he's right.

He sits across from Office of Professional Responsibility(OPR)inspectors Wyatt and KAYHILL.

DANNY (CONT'D)

You got a No-Knock warrant on a federal agent? You could'a arrested him here, no fucking drama.

INSPECTOR WYATT

We needed the house.

DANNY

Fuck you. You needed the spectacle. Then you do the perp walk when you could'a brought him in through the garage...

INSPECTOR WYATT

Regardless: Do you have any knowledge of your partner's involvement with the theft or sale of --

DANNY

Matt wouldn't do that.

INSPECTOR WYATT

Do you have any knowledge - -

DANNY

(snaps)

How could I have knowledge of something that never happened?

He looks at the digital tape recorder on the table. Calms:

DANNY (CONT'D)

No. I have no knowledge of him being involved with *anything* illegal.

INSPECTOR KAYHILL

Do you have proof of any kind to support your partner's innocence?

Danny stares back. SILENCE.

INT. FEDERAL COURT - - FEDERAL BUILDING - - NO SOUND

A stern judge, a white lion, settles behind the podium, Matt and Levitt sitting as he does.

In the pews behind them, we see Gort, Walt Lynch and Jane(Walt's girlfriend)as well as Vinson and Caufield.

VINSON (V.O.)

You hear the news?

Matt and Levitt stand, addressing the judge(os).

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

I'm talking to you, man.

Jane cries. Walt shakes.

VINSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Your boyfriend entered a "no contest"
plea. Cut a deal.

INT. HALLS - - FEDERAL BUILDING - - CONTINUOUS

Vinson trails after Danny...

VINSON
Shit, with the evidence they had
against that fucker - -

Danny spins, grabs a fistful of Vinson's shirt, slamming him
against the wall. Breathing fire.

VINSON (CONT'D)
Easy...easy...

He leads Danny's gaze down the hall - Inspector Wyatt
approaching. Danny relinquishes his grip.

INSPECTOR WYATT
Until you're officially cleared,
you're not to have any contact with
your former partner...

DANNY
I need to ask you something.

INSPECTOR WYATT
Do you understand me?

DANNY
I got it. I need to ask you
something...a favor, if you wanna
call it that.

INSPECTOR WYATT
Alright.

DANNY
Can you help with the venue?

INSPECTOR WYATT
That's BOP territory. They'll do
the right thing. Keep Lynch close
to his family.

DANNY
Close means he's in with guys he's
locked up. Close means he's fucked.

INSPECTOR WYATT
He's fucked either way.

INT. VISITATION ROOM - - FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER

Matt conceals his wrist shackles, his dad across from him.

WALT LYNCH

I bought you some food, some things
Jane made. Those crunch bars you
like...they only let the books
through.

Matt nods "thanks". Keeps his head bowed.

WALT LYNCH (CONT'D)

When you get in there, there's a
guard who worked with me in the
Sheriff's office. Kitridge. Good
people. And I put that lawyer on
retainer. We're gonna need 'im.

MATT

How can you afford that?

WALT LYNCH

Don't worry about that...

MATT

Oh, pop...

WALT LYNCH

What?

MATT

Not the cabin...

WALT LYNCH

I don't need a fucking cabin...

Seeing his son softening, Walt leans closer. Fierce:

WALT LYNCH (CONT'D)

You're strong, Matthew John Lynch.
The Marines, the academy, *me*. You
been training your whole life for
this. This will not break you.

Matt stares back, not so sure.

INT. GORT'S OFFICE - - ATF DIVISION - - CONTINUOUS

Danny leans in the doorway...

DANNY

I need something from you.

GORT

I told you, the hand-job was a one
time thing, man...

(MORE)

GORT (CONT'D)

(a beat)
What's going on?

DANNY

Matt's jacket. I don't want it to mention him being an agent.

GORT

There is a poetic justice to it, you gotta admit.

DANNY

This doesn't have anything to do with poetry or justice.

GORT

They watch the news in prison, too, you know.

(then)

I'll do what I can.

Before Danny can exit - -

GORT (CONT'D)

Hey. You're a good man.

Danny looks like he wants to tear his teeth out.

INT. HOLDING CELL - - FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER

Matt sits on a slab of granite, encased in glass. He reads a book his dad gave him. Unable to focus, he reads the same sentence over and over again. His hand trembles.

EXT. FRONT YARD - - STILES' HOME - - DAY

A lower middle-class neighborhood, Stiles builds a swing-set for her little girl. Tries to conceal her frustration.

STILES

We're gonna get it, coconut. Don't worry.

Her daughter's fixated behind her(os). Stiles follows her gaze to see Danny standing outside the gated fence.

INT. LIVING ROOM - - STILES' HOME - - MOMENTS LATER

Danny sits on the couch. Toys litter the floor. He picks up a fluffy TEDDY BEAR. Asks Stiles' daughter:

DANNY

Who's this guy, sweetheart?

The little girl hides behind her mommy's leg.

STILES

That's "Bobby". That's her favorite.
 (to daughter)
 Honey, give us a sec, okay? We're
 gonna be right here.

The little girl skittishly goes to her room.

STILES (CONT'D)

They want her to take some tests at
 school. For autism.

DANNY

She's shy. Scott was the same when
 he was little.

STILES

They're saying she might need a
 special school, special teachers...

Her voice trails off. She picks toys up off the floor.

DANNY

You don't have to do that. *Tina*.

She sees his vulnerability. Stares. Then:

STILES

Do I look like I molest little boys?

DANNY

What the hell you talking about?

STILES

When did I become your priest, Danny?

DANNY

(a beat)
 Tell Trace I said "bye", okay?

He stands. She sinks.

STILES

Stay. That was...stupid. I'm sorry.

A beat. He sits back down. Picks that teddy bear up again.

DANNY

I don't know if I can do this...

STILES

What d'you wanna hear? That it's
 fucked up? It's fucked up. That it --

DANNY

(blurts out)
 What kind of people are we?

STILES

Don't be melodramatic. We're people.
Just people. What, you think it's
greed?

(gestures to her home)

This look like greed to you?

DANNY

It's not greed. It's weakness. And
look who's rationalizing now...

STILES

That's right. 'Cus I have a little
girl who I will do anything to
protect. If that's rationalization
then put me at the head of the line.
Keep your mouth shut, Danny. Go
home. Hug your wife and kid. And
thank your personal god that it's
Matt and not you.

DANNY

Is that how justice works these days?

STILES

Who said it worked.

INT. FORD EXPLORER - - STATIONARY

A sun-visor mirror. Haley's red-rimmed eyes in them. She
puts eye drops in. Blinks back the residue of tears.

INT. VISITATION ROOM - - DETENTION CENTER - - CONTINUOUS

She enters, forcing a smile. Matt beams. Jokes:

MATT

How's your day going?

She sits. Can't help but laugh. It takes us a moment to
realize she's not laughing anymore. She's crying.

MATT (CONT'D)

*Don't do that, baby...it's okay...it's
gonna be okay...*

He reaches out to comfort her - a guard BANGING on the glass
outside. Shaking his head "no". Matt glowers at him.

MATT (CONT'D)

Yeah, they're not big on PDA here.

He focuses on her. *She's so goddamn beautiful.*

MATT (CONT'D)

You know I love you. So much.

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

You're my angel. But I understand -
listen to me - I understand if you
don't wanna go through this and --

HALEY

(through tears; angry)
Don't you do that. Don't you push
me away. I'm not going anywhere.
I'm here.

Touched, he reaches out to her. The guard bangs on the glass.

MATT

This guy's killing my groove...

She laughs through the tears. Then:

HALEY

What did the attorney say, baby?

MATT

I could serve two years with good
behavior. But we're gonna appeal.
You don't frame somebody like this
and not leave loose ends...

His voice trails off. Knows how that sounds.

HALEY

We're gonna get through this.
Together. I'm not going anywhere.

Fuck it. He kisses her. The guard storms in, Haley and Matt
laugh like defiant school kids as they're separated, and...

EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE - - NIGHT

Like a zombie, Danny ambles towards his home. Nothing heard
but the CHUT-CHUT of the sprinkler system. He lifts Scott's
perpetually felled bicycle. Sets it upright.

And he deposits himself on the front steps, elbows on knees.
And he stays there. Looks like he can sit there forever.

The porch light clicks on, Anna peeling the drape back to
look out. A moment later, we hear bolts being unlocked.

She steps out, clad in her nightshirt, arms crossed to protect
from the night chill. She sits beside him. And waits.

DANNY

Help me...please...

He's quietly crying. Covering his eyes and face in a way
that makes it even more poignant. She takes his hand.

And they sit like this, listening to the CHUT-CHUT-CHUT of the sprinkler system, as we...

FADE TO BLACK:

SOUND: BREATHING. In your ear. Growing heavier...

CUT IN:

CU ON MATT(LIP-STICK CAM), walking unsteadily closer as we **WIDEN** to see he's in a single-file line, boarding the bus that will ferry him to federal prison.

His fellow cons size him up. An imposter in their ranks.

Intercut the following:

INT. GARAGE - - DANNY'S HOUSE - - DAY

Anna sweeps through the cluttered space, finding a bottle of Vitamin C in a cabinet. *Bingo*. She tosses the white pills(Vicodin)in a garbage bag. Keeps going...

INT. PRISON BUS - - MOVING

Matt looks through the barred windows(POV). A pretty girl in a convertible...a billboard for a vacation getaway...

He looks back to see a tatted-up Latino squat on the open toilet. Unconcerned with the public display.

A brother with dreads catches Matt's eye towards the front. Blows Matt a kiss.

INT. BATHROOM - - DANNY'S HOUSE - - CONTINUOUS

Danny sits in an ice bath, shivering. No more pills to dull the pain. He grits his teeth. Holds the tub tight.

EXT. PRISON BUS - - MARION PRISON - - DAY

Matt steps off the bus, shackled feet shuffling along the dirt until he looks at...MARION PRISON. A federal fuck you.

INT. CUBICLE - - ATF - - CONTINUOUS

Back at work, Danny's unable to focus, gaze continually shifting to the empty work space across from him.

INT. PROCESSING - - MARION FEDERAL PRISON - - CONTINUOUS

Another line of cons, Matt steps forward to receive sandals, a towel and an orange jumpsuit. He looks at no one.

INT. BATHROOM - - DANNY'S HOUSE - - CONTINUOUS

A disaster zone, the contents of the cabinets cleaned out, Danny searches for a tiny white pill.

INT. CELL BLOCK D - - MARION - - CONTINUOUS

Matt steps from the light of the corridor into the all-consuming DARKNESS of his cell. End intercuts.

THE CLANG OF THE CLOSED CELL DOOR MORPHS INTO -

INT. HALLWAY - - SECOND FLOOR - - CONTINUOUS

Knock-knock. Scott taps on the bathroom door.

INT. BATHROOM - - DANNY'S HOUSE - - CONTINUOUS

Danny sits on the floor, items sprawled around him. *No pills.* He snuffles in emotion, voice measured when he says:

DANNY

Just gimme a minute, Scott...

But he only sits there, bereft, on the cold tile.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

You're Walt's kid so I'll spare you the bullshit...

INT. MATT'S CELL - - BLOCK D - - CONTINUOUS

CAROL "KITTY" KITRIDGE. The prison guard Matt's dad mentioned.

KITT

There is no rehabilitation here. No redemption. No rebirth. There's survival. That's it.

Matt listens through the prism of prison bars.

KITT (CONT'D)

But in order to do that you got to rid yourself of all that would do you harm...

INT. BATHROOM - - DANNY'S HOUSE - - CONTINUOUS

Danny lifts the lid off the commode cover, a dozen pain pills taped to the inner wall. *Hallelujah.*

KITT (V.O.)

Emotion. Anger. *Hope.* They're not your friends here...

Danny stares at the pill-lined strip of tape. He crumples it up. Tosses it into the toilet. FLUSHES.

INT. MATT'S CELL - - BLOCK D - - CONTINUOUS

KITT

This is the animal kingdom. This is the jungle. This is Social Darwinism. I'll do what I can. But you oughta' know that ain't much.

Matt's silent. And Kitt leans closer, emphatic:

KITT (CONT'D)

You do whatever you have to do. Whatever. You have. To do.
(an afterthought)
The first night's always the worst.

INT. MATT'S CELL - - D BLOCK - - NIGHT

Lights out. Matt lays on his cot, staring up at the ceiling, screams echoing off the walls. A vulgar lullaby.

A pillow over his head, he turns to face the wall, eyes closed tight as fists but...THE SCREAMS WILL NOT CEASE.

INT. GARAGE - - FEDERAL BUILDING - - MORNING

Danny's Audi pulls into its reserved spot, a noticeably empty space beside it. Workmen perambulate.

INT. DANNY'S AUDI - - STATIONARY

Danny watches as the workmen scrape the vestiges of Matt's name off the parking spot.

INT. TOYOTA PATHFINDER - - STATIONARY

A sun-visor mirror. Haley studies herself. Her hair done up. Her makeup flawless. She looks stunning.

EXT. PARKING LOT - - MARION FEDERAL PRISON - - DAY

In her best dress, she walks towards the hulking grey whale.

INT. LIBRARY - - MARION - - CONTINUOUS

Alone at a table, Matt reads legal text books, taking copious notes. A guard says something(os). Matt smiles. Exits.

INT. VISITOR PROCESSING AREA - - MARION - - CONTINUOUS

Haley stands in a windowless room with a dozen other men and women waiting to visit loved ones.

Teenage girls with screaming babies. Obese moms waiting to see their sons. Everyone's black or Hispanic.

Haley's self-conscious. Feels every eye on her.

GUARD
Counselor, you're processed in another
room.

HALEY
Pardon me?

GUARD
What's your client's name?

He thinks she's a lawyer.

INT. ENTRY WAY TO VISITATION GALLEY - - MARION - - CONTINUOUS

Matt stands in line with other cons.

INT. PROCESSING ROOM #3 - - MARION - - CONTINUOUS

Stripped down, blouse and bra removed, her back to us, Haley
spreads her arms so a female guard can search her.

She turns to face us, arms wide like an airplane. We see
tears streaming down her cheeks.

INT. VISITORS GALLEY - - MARION - - CONTINUOUS

Matt waits at a station, foot tapping with excitement.

EXT. PARKING LOT - - MARION FEDERAL PRISON - - DAY

Stay outside the Explorer, the engine running, Haley's head
on the steering wheel, sobbing.

INT. TOYOTA PATHFINDER - - STATIONARY

In tears, she puts the truck in reverse. Leaves this place.

INT. VISITORS GALLEY - - MARION - - CONTINUOUS

A guard approaches Matt. Gruffly:

PRISON GUARD
Your visitor left.

MATT
What?

PRISON GUARD
Go back to your fucking cell.

Matt stares back as if confounded.

INT. LIVING ROOM - - DANNY'S HOUSE - - MORNING

Danny wakes on the pull-out couch. He rises gingerly.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - - DANNY'S HOUSE - - CONTINUOUS

In business attire, Anna trundles down the steps, stopping on sight of her husband below...

Danny. Crawls out of bed. Literally crawls.

Anna. Watches in utter agony. Not wanting to embarrass him, she stays back, out of sight.

Danny. Uses the couch to grapple to his feet, in palpable pain. Slowly he begins to make the bed.

Anna. Collects herself. Passing him with a smile...

ANNA

Morning.

DANNY

Good morning.

He proceeds to make the bed as she enters the kitchen.

INT. MESS HALL - - MARION - - CONTINUOUS

Your high school cafeteria. In hell.

Matt snags a rice pudding cup, convening to an empty table...

He studies his food, deliberating as a shadow eclipses him.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Bad decision.

He looks up to see a crew of well-muscled and manicured men.

MATT

You thinkin' Jell-O would'a been the way to go?

The leader, WESTON(40, bald), leans closer, dark lipstick to match his obsidian eyes, a baritone burr to belie it all.

WESTON

Let's see how long that sense of humor lasts, buttercup.

MATT

Sorry, I didn't know there was assigned seating...

He grabs his tray. Looks for another table. Finds a spot beside an innocuous looking man. Let's call him STAN.

Matt samples the pudding, spotting a table of Aryans. Of Muslims. Of Hispanics. More segregation than 1958 Alabama.

Stan HUMS a cheerful tune, Matt glancing over, annoyance masked as amusement.

The humming gets louder. Cons glance over, looking to Matt to silence the strange little man.

Matt clears his throat. Scoots closer. Finally:

MATT (CONT'D)
Hey, man. Hey.

The humming. Louder still.

MATT (CONT'D)
Bro, you gotta do me a favor and --

Whack! Stan explodes, swinging his tray across Matt's jaw, pouncing, reigning blows down on him. Positively primal.

INMATES hop on chairs, growing atavistic, howling approval.

PRISON GUARDS crash in, wielding shields and truncheons, pulling Stan off the battered Matt.

Curled into a fetal ball, Matt flinches from invisible blows as guards remove Stan from the hall(he's begun to hum anew).

And inmates circle Matt, jeering as he lies on the floor.

INT. RECREATION ROOM - - ATF - - CONTINUOUS

Danny lounges, smoking, watching TV as Gort enters. Pours coffee. Studies Danny. Finally:

GORT
How you doing?

Danny doesn't answer. Stares at the soap on the muted TV.

GORT (CONT'D)
I got some good news...

DANNY
Can I watch my show, man?
(re: show)
This guy's apparently banging her...and that dude - who might or might not be gay - is upset about it for some reason.

GORT
There's not enough drama in your life already?
(then; the good news)
OPR cleared you. Cleared the whole division. Final ruling is Lynch acted alone.

Danny's stoic. Not the reaction Gort expected. Never takes his eyes off the TV. Intense and unblinking.

GORT (CONT'D)

You thought about taking some time.
You got the days --

DANNY

I'm good.

GORT

You need to talk to someone.

DANNY

Not interested.

GORT

Not up to you.

He hands a mandatory Psych Consult Form to Danny.

INT. INFIRMARY - - MARION - - CONTINUOUS

Matt, a human bruise, lies on a gurney. Kitt close by.

KITT

The doctors, they'll keep you here a week. More, if you want.

Fine by Matt. He struggles to lean up. It hurts to breathe.

KITT (CONT'D)

But it's ghetto Gomorrah here. And you already made your first impression. You already been labelled a lamb. You seek shelter here, you're reinforcing that theory.

MATT

I got two cracked ribs...

Kitt: Furniture has more empathy.

MATT (CONT'D)

What do you recommend?

KITT

Make a *second* impression.

Before Matt can respond --

DOCTOR (O.S.)

How we feelin'?

The elfin doctor stands over Matt, flipping through charts.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 We'd like to keep you another six,
 seven days for general observation.
 How's that sound?

Matt looks at Kitt. Edges gingerly off the gurney, slipping painfully into his shirt before hobbling out.

The doctor turns to Kitt, perplexed. Kitt shrugs.

INT. STAIRWELL - - APARTMENT BUILDING - - NIGHT

Danny labors up steps, carrying a brown bag of delivered food. He stops. Clutches his back. Resumes...

INT. THIRD FLOOR - - APARTMENT BUILDING - - MOMENTS LATER

A flimsy front door that doesn't match the other doors in the hallway. Danny knocks. The door opens to reveal...

HALEY
 ...Danny...hey.

Not who she expected.

HALEY (CONT'D)
 I thought it was --

DANNY
 I caught him on the way up.

He pulls a DELIVERY FOOD BAG from behind his back. Chinese.

DANNY (CONT'D)
 On me.

He hands the bag over...

HALEY
 You didn't have to do that. Let me --

DANNY
 My pleasure. 'Least I can do.

A beat.

HALEY
 ...Come in.

Danny enters...sees boxes piled high...Matt's dog trundles in...the only evidence left of his existence.

HALEY (CONT'D)
 I'm moving out. Next week.

She's a dervish, going into the kitchen, unloading the food as Danny squats to play with the dog.

DANNY

Sorry to just show up like this. I wanted to give you these...

The APARTMENT KEYS Matt gave him.

HALEY

Oh...thanks...

DANNY

You been to see him?

HALEY

What?

(heard him just fine)

Gee, that feels like a leading question...

She's on the move again. Can't keep still.

DANNY

Maybe, rhetorical but not leading. You haven't returned his calls, either.

She stops, unnerved. Charges back in.

HALEY

How do you know?

(he doesn't answer)

Have you been to see him?

DANNY

The investigation prohibits me --

HALEY

That was rhetorical.

(then)

Matt thought you walked on water. I knew better. I work in Pediatrics, Danny. I have ten year-old's trying to lie to me all day; I know the signs. You abandoned him a long time before I did.

DANNY

He needs to know that somebody still cares about him, Haley.

A chink in her armor develops. A tremor on her lip.

HALEY

I thought I could do it...I can't...I was there half an hour and it changed me...what's it gonna do to *him*?

INT. MATT'S CELL - - D BLOCK - - NIGHT

Another night in hell. Screaming. Cat calls. Every vulgarity imaginable. Another sleepless night for Matt.

He stares up at the ceiling. Tries to endure it.

EXT. STARBUCKS - - OFFICE BUILDING - - MORNING

Danny sits at an outdoor table, sipping black coffee. DR. ALAN REBECK(34), specialty coffee drink in hand, approaches.

DR. REBECK

I prefer meeting here. Have a coffee, look at the pretty girls. I don't ever wanna be one of those shrinks --

DANNY

Does this work?
(off Rebeck)
Your *shtick*. The jeans. The hoodie. The baseball cap.

DR. REBECK

Shtick. That's a word of my people. You Jewish?

DANNY

Only in spirit.

DR. REBECK

Which part appeals to you? - The chosen people part, or the neurotic, guilty part?

DANNY

Take a wild guess.

DR. REBECK

Y'ever been in therapy before?

DANNY

Couples therapy.

DR. REBECK

It help?

DANNY

Yeah. It helped clarify that there was someone who knew less about my marriage than me
(then)
Lemme ask you something:
Psychotherapy's grown the last decade or so - your practice included, right?

DR. REBECK

It's become an accepted part of society...

DANNY

So why are there so many fucking crazy people?

Rebeck grins at that. Doesn't disagree. Moves on:

DR. REBECK

What's *your* schtick, agent?

DANNY

I'm a con-man. I coast by on a reputation that hasn't been true for a long time. And I feel guilty about that - among other things.

DR. REBECK

You feel guilty about your partner...?

Danny's silent.

DR. REBECK (CONT'D)

Maybe, you think you could'a helped him more...could'a set him on the right path.

Danny removes a cigarette from his pocket. Lights it up.

DANNY

My dad used to say the key to life was choosing the right vice. 'Course he died of alcohol poisoning.

DR. REBECK

I find that outlets can be effective substitutes for vices. Like sports. Or cooking. Or religion.

DANNY

You a religious man, doctor?

DR. REBECK

I'm Jew-*ish*.

DANNY

You ever read the Bible?

DR. REBECK

Sure.

DANNY

What kind a' masochistic God murders children so his followers obey Him?

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)
 It's there. Old Testament. Abraham.
 What's it say about us when that's
 our first lesson on fairness?

He dumps the cigarette into his cup.

DANNY (CONT'D)
 Enjoy your Frappuccino.

With that, the session over, he strides off.

EXT. THE YARD - - MARION - - DAY

Cons lift, run, loiter. Matt bench presses, wincing when he racks the weight(broken ribs will do that).

And he sits up, catching his breath. He scans the penal parade(POV), finally locking focus on an Alpha Wolf...

POV: DRAKE(30's). A pony-tailed python, he saunters through like a prison-yard Patton.

ALTERO (O.S.)
 Chew need a spot, man?

Behind him, ALTERO(45)materializes. Anemic and acne-addled, he speaks with a throaty Cuban accent.

MATT
 No, thank you.

ALTERO
 Good. 'Cus I don't think I can lift
 it.
 (then)
 Never say "thank you". The animals
 think it's a weakness.

Matt studies Altero. Realizes he's being sincere.

MATT
 I'd say "thank you" but...

Matt grabs barbells, doing bicep curls as he clocks Drake.

ALTERO
 Mi Altero.

Matt just keeps curling...keeps watching...

ALTERO (CONT'D)
 You don't mind me saying, you look
 like you're about to do something
 stupid.

And he keeps talking(os)but we're fixed on Matt - who's fixed on Drake. He puts the barbells down, grabs something(os). And walks up to the fence, ticking glances at Drake - who drifts towards him.

DRAKE

Only two occasions for the look you givin' me. Either you wanna fuck. Or you wanna fight. And me, I'm not opposed to either.

Matt faces him. Still as stone. Summoning strength.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

You one of them slow dudes, huh?
That's alright --

Without word or warning, he punches Matt in the jugular.

Matt buckles over, hacking...coughing...spitting...

Drake guffaws. About to club down on Matt's head when - -

- - Matt looks up, playing possum, a five-pound barbell revealed in his hand. It soon finds Drake's teeth.

Drake lurches back in a mist of blood and enamel, struggling to recover but Matt's already barreling towards him, EXPLODING -

Cons watch Matt kick the living shit out of Drake, all the rage in him pouring out as - -

Sirens croon...guards storm...snipers target...

Kitt yanks Matt off the unconscious Drake, holding him back before Matt's body deflates...shepherds him away with:

KITT

You should'a consulted me first...

Matt's dazed, scarlet specs dotting his face and hands; he watches Kitt order another guard, RILEY, to...

KITT (CONT'D)

(re: Drake)

Take him to the Infirmary. Tell 'em he ran into a wall...

As Riley drags Drake, a busted pinata, past Altero...

ALTERO

This wall, how many times he run into it?

INT. KITCHEN - - DANNY'S HOUSE - - MORNING

Back from a run, drenched in sweat, Danny swigs from a container of orange juice, gandering out the window.

POV: Scott stands on the driveway asphalt with a tennis ball and hockey stick working on his skills.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - - DANNY'S HOUSE - - MORNING

Danny approaches as Scott takes shots on the net. Misses consecutively. Self-conscious in the presence of his dad.

SCOTT

I suck.

DANNY

No, you don't. You're missing to the left, right?

SCOTT

I'm missing everywhere but, yeah, pretty much.

DANNY

Can I show you something?

SCOTT

Sure...

DANNY

Hold it for me, real quick.
(Scott grips the hockey stick)
Put your left hand down a bit...right there...try that...

INT. BEDROOM - - DANNY'S HOUSE - - CONTINUOUS

Anna puts earrings on, readying for work. She looks outside the second story window. Sees father and son below.

DANNY (V.O.)

Can I ask you something?

EXT. DRIVEWAY - - DANNY'S HOUSE - - MORNING

Scott takes another shot on goal - misses but is improved.

DANNY

You like hockey?

SCOTT

Yeah. I mean, it's okay.

DANNY

I don't want you to just think it's okay. I want you to love it.

SCOTT

You played when you were in school...

DANNY

That's not why you should do it. Doesn't matter to me, okay? When I was a kid, my dad, I didn't have anything to talk to him about but sports. That's not how it is with you and me...that's not how it's ever gonna be...

He looks up. Sees Anna watching them.

INT. WORK STUDIO - - MARION - - MORNING

WIDE: Twenty or so cons man sewing machines on work detail.

Matt struggles, pulling denim through the machine. He looks up to see his supervisor conferring with the guard we saw in the yard, Riley. The supervisor motions Matt over.

SUPERVISOR

Go with Officer Riley.

INT. HALLWAY - - MARION - - CONTINUOUS

Riley leads Matt down an interminable corridor.

MATT

...Am I in trouble or something?

Riley doesn't answer. Just whisks Matt around a corner where we see a tall, bald inmate waiting. This is...

KENDRIX

(offers hand)

I'm Paul.

Matt doesn't shake his hand. Kendrix gestures for Riley to beat it as Matt realizes they're outside the window of...

INT. INFIRMARY - - MARION - - MORNING

Inside we see DRAKE. Splayed on a cot. Jaw wired shut.

KENDRIX

Know what he was in for? Life. Know what he did? Transported a minor across state lines...

MATT

He got life for that?

KENDRIX

The minor was in plastic bags. Maybe, he got what he deserved...guess you can say that about all of us.

Matt stares at Drake through the glass.

KENDRIX (CONT'D)

'Cept for you, maybe. Putting you in here? That's not fair at all.

He's got Matt's strict attention.

KENDRIX (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Agent. No one keeps a secret better than a convict.

Matt notices several men at the end of the hall. Staring at him. The guards are nowhere to be found.

KENDRIX (CONT'D)

But the thing is, you are here. And in war you need friends. It's us...

He nods to a black man mopping floors inside the infirmary.

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

...Versus them.

Matt notices the tat on Kendrix's wrist: A SHAMROCK.

KENDRIX (CONT'D)

Drake? - The guy you put there. He's one of us. He was...

The bulky men down the hall glare at Matt. Aryan soldiers.

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

Way I see it: You owe us.

INT. BULLPEN - - ATF DIVISION - - MORNING

Danny at his desk, typing. Vinson's on his cell. Caufield tosses a football in the air close by.

VINSON

(into cell)

Go 25 on Ohio State. Done.

He disconnects the call.

CAUFIELD

25 hundred?

Vinson makes a face. *Don't be an idiot. 25 thousand.*

CAUFIELD (CONT'D)
Joan Rivers or Barbara Walters?

VINSON
Rivers.

CAUFIELD
Why?

VINSON
'Cus she looks like she can take it.

Danny rises. Goes into the...

INT. MAIL ROOM - - ATF DIVISION - - MORNING

He snags a pile of memos from his in-box, sifting through with disinterest until his gaze goes to...

The in-box beside his. Nameless now, it used to be Matt's. There's an envelope inside. A KODAK ENVELOPE.

Danny opens it to see...PHOTOS: *Matt holding Haley, laughing...Matt and his dad at the cabin...Matt and Danny mock wrestling, mugging for the camera at an event --*

INT. DANNY'S CUBICLE - - ATF DIVISION - - CONTINUOUS

...He tacks the photo of him and Matt onto his wall. A reminder. He puts the envelope in his desk drawer. Among the assorted items inside, he sees...a BUSINESS CARD.

INSERT CARD: "STANLEY TING. L.Ac LICENSED ACUPUNCTURIST."

INT. A DIMLY-LIT ROOM - - DAY

A stark shot. Look down on Danny(CEILING POV)on a treatment bed, a million tiny needles in his face, hands and neck.

INT. OFFICE - - WELLNESS CENTER - - LATER

Danny stands across from DR. TING(40's).

DR. TING
(off calendar)
Can you come in on Thursday? Same time?

DANNY
Okay.

DR. TING
(writes up receipt)
How's he doing, by the way?
(off Danny)
Matthew. He made me promise to take care of you when you came in.

A beat.

DANNY

He's good. He's good. I'll tell him
you said "hi".

DR. TING

(slides receipt over)
I gave you a discount since you're
Matt's friend.

DANNY

I'd like the regular rate.

The doctor laughs. Thinks he's joking.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I'd like to pay full. Please.

Ting looks at him. Shrugs. Writes up a new receipt.

INT. MESS HALL - - MARION - - CONTINUOUS

Tray in hand, Matt angles for the table of drag queens.

WESTON

Look who's back. Cock of the walk.
I help you, handsome?

MATT

I need to borrow some makeup.

WESTON

What's the big occasion?

INT. HALLWAY - - VISITORS GALLEY - - CONTINUOUS

Makeup speckled on his face to conceal the cuts and
contusions, Matt bounds through with a synthetic strut,
flanked by a black prison guard(WALFORD).

We stay behind the muted glass as he enters the visitor's
galley to see...JANE(his father's girlfriend).

We don't hear anything. We don't need to. We see a teary-
eyed Jane talking to Matt...he goes wobbly. Nearly catatonic,
he shakes his head over and over again. No...no...no...no...

INT. TOWNCAR - - MOVING

In his best black suit, Danny sits beside Anna - clad in
equally funereal garb. They ride in silence.

INT. VAN - - MOVING

In shackles and an ill-fitting suit, Matt sits between two
federal marshals. He's inert. Frozen with despair.

EXT. CEMETERY - - EVANSTON - - MORNING

A sunny day, cops, sheriffs and agents in formal attire amass around a headstone.

Danny nods to familiar faces as he and Anna walk through.

But everything expires on sight of Matt. Head bowed, flanked by the marshals, he does his best to conceal his restraints.

Danny and Anna can't take their eyes off him - no one can. Matt looks utterly decimated.

Matt locks on Danny. As if staring into the sun...Danny looks away. When he looks back up...Matt's moving closer.

His truncated gait makes him appear both mechanical and monstrous. He reaches Danny. Inches away. And they stare at each other for what feels like an eternity.

DANNY

I'm sorry...I'm so sorry...

Matt stays still, trying to contain emotion.

And Danny, not sure what else to do, hugs him(awkward due to Matt's restraints). A marshal grabs Danny's shoulder --

DANNY (CONT'D)

*You gotta put him in chains? Here?
What the fuck's a matter with you?*

Which draws every eye that wasn't already there. Anna grabs his elbow. Danny calms. Matt steps closer.

MATT

*You know it's not true, right? You
know I could never do those things...*

DANNY

I know. I know...

Anna turns her back, lest Matt see the tears in her eyes.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Tell me what I can do...please...

But the marshals are tugging Matt back like a caged animal.

MATT

Bury me next to my dad.

Their eyes stay locked as Matt's led away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - - DANNY'S HOUSE - - LATE NIGHT

Danny lays on the couch. Another restive night. The TV plays in a futile attempt to block his thoughts out.

INT. MATT'S CELL - - D BLOCK - - LATE NIGHT

Matt lays on his cot, heeding the chorus of screams and cat calls that haunt this place at night.

He removes the pillow from his ear and HOWLS with barbaric rage, joining in the madness.

EXT. MARION FEDERAL PRISON - - THE NEXT MORNING

A grey and gutted wasteland.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - - MARION - - CONTINUOUS

New work detail. Matt listlessly folds towel after towel, a doleful, resigned glaze as Altero approaches...

ALTERO

Sorry about your poppa. Anything you need - -

MATT

I need a razor.

A beat.

ALTERO

Whatchew need that for? You gonna shave your legs, join the caverones?

A prison guard steps forward, inspiring Matt to return to folding the endless supply of towels.

ALTERO (CONT'D)

I cannot.

Matt doesn't react. Keeps his head down.

ALTERO (CONT'D)

This razor, whatchew plan to do with it?

Matt doesn't answer. Just keeps folding.

INT. LIVING ROOM - - DANNY'S HOUSE - - MORNING

Danny wakes on the couch, rousing onto his feet without his usual crawl. He moves gingerly but more steadily. Improving.

DANNY

Morning.

Behind him, sensing her presence, stands Anna.

ANNA

Hey.

She stays there. Watching him. His scar.

DANNY

Scottie up?

ANNA

He has practice early this week...

Self-conscious, Danny slips into a shirt. Starts to make the bed. She watches. Then:

ANNA (CONT'D)

Does it still hurt?

DANNY

The acupuncture helps.

She assists with making the bed.

ANNA

You miss the pills?

DANNY

I miss the pain sometimes. Amazing what you can get used to.

They fold the cot back into the couch.

ANNA

You never told me about the day it happened...

DANNY

I told you...

...She wants to know more than what he's told her. And he looks at her. And simply walks into the kitchen(os).

Anna stands there. Stunned. Then angry. Follows him into...

INT. KITCHEN - - DANNY'S HOUSE - - CONTINUOUS

Her anger defuses on sight of Danny at the kitchen table.

DANNY

I had a CI, a kid named Lendell. Good kid - as good as a wayward snap can be. I'd help him out sometimes. Give him cash, breaking rules to do it.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

So when he gets popped on a gun possession and bails, everybody looks to me. Two hours into his flight, I get a tip that he's at his mom's place. Weird 'cus he hates his mom - she gave him up as an infant then gave him up again as an adult; reported him to us a bunch a' times...doesn't sound right...

He averts his eyes from her. Studies his hands.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I call Matt, leave a message. I go to the mom's place. Haven't heard from Matt so I go ahead and talk to the mom. She invites me in. "Haven't seen him, I'm a crack head", blah-blah-blah...

(a beat)

They say you only know how brave you are the moment before you die...I'm not one for premonitions but...this wave came over me. I hear this boom behind me. Lendell. My pal.

(a beat)

These things are supposed to give you a second lease on life but I feel like I've just been stuck ever --

She stops him. A finger to his lips. Soon replaced by her lips. And they trade a soulful kiss - the likes of which they haven't for a while...growing more passionate, as we...

INT. LIBRARY - - MARION - - CONTINUOUS

Matt, a goatee growing in, flips through Machiaveli's "*The Prince*" when an issue of *Redbook* slides across the table.

Matt looks up to see Kendrix hovering.

KENDRIX

You find a *Playboy* in here and that's real currency. Dudes like to tape the centerfold to a guy's back while they're fuckin' 'em. No one can master self-delusion like a convict.

He comes around the table. Sits next to Matt. *Close.*

KENDRIX (CONT'D)

The leader of the Rolling 8's is a big coon named Marcus. You send him into the next life and we're square.

MATT
I'm not a killer.

KENDRIX
Don't underestimate yourself.
(leans closer)
There's a simple math here: You don't
kill him...I kill you.

Matt gestures to Guards Riley and Walford by the entrance.

KENDRIX (CONT'D)
They pay these motherfuckers 38 grand
a year and they wonder why they're
corrupt. Human nature, *that's* fuckin'
why. That nigger guard made over
100K selling burners to my crew last
year. That's the American dream, you
ask me.
(stands)
Tomorrow. General population.

He exits. Matt opens the magazine to find...a razor blade.

INT. CAFETERIA - - SPORTS CLUB - - LATER

Post racquetball game, Danny and Gort walk to the lockers.

GORT
I liked playing you better when your
back was fucked up...

Danny's in his own world. Ponderous. Finally, blurts:

DANNY
I wanna transfer out.

GORT
Come on, I didn't beat you that bad.
(Danny's serious)
Where's this coming from?

DANNY
Where do you think?

GORT
I get it but...you looking to move
up? Or you looking to move *on*?

DANNY
I don't care about being a 15. I
just wanna start somewhere new...I
just wanna start over...

GORT
It'll take some doing but, perfect
world, where would you wanna go?

DANNY
Perfect world...I wouldn't need to.

INT. MATT'S CELL - - D BLOCK - - CONTINUOUS

From behind, Matt's hands brace the sink, staring down(0s).

PUSH IN, over his shoulder to see the apple of his eye: That razor blade. Perched invitingly on the lip of the sink.

He turns the water on. Picks the razor blade up. *Salvation?*

GUARD WALFORD (O.S.)
Lynch.

He turns to see guard WALFORD outside his cell.

GUARD WALFORD (CONT'D)
You got a visitor coming today.

INT. HALLWAY - - VISITORS GALLEY - - CONTINUOUS

Two guards escort Matt to a door - where he's buzzed in. Matt hesitates before entering. Bad memories inside there.

INT. VISITORS GALLEY - - MARION - - CONTINUOUS

Anna behind the glass. Matt sits. Picks up the phone.

ANNA
(re: glass)
When was the last time they cleaned this? *Jesus.*

She quietly takes note of him. The goatee. The slicked back hair. The bruises. The Matt she remembers is fading.

MATT
They frisk you when you come in?

ANNA
Nothing I can't take...

He's studying his hands. Fleeting eye contact.

MATT
How is he?

ANNA
He misses you. We both do.
(elephant in the room)
He wants to see you, Matt. He's just...it's tough right now.

A thousand-yard stare from Matt. She's losing him.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Is there anything you need?

MATT
I think it's too late...

ANNA
What?

MATT
I think it's too late for me.

He hangs up the phone. She stays on. Adamantly indicates for him to pick up. After a beat, he does.

MATT (CONT'D)
Thank you for coming to see me.

He hangs up again. Recedes. Anna stays there, crushed.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - - ATF DIVISION - - CONTINUOUS

Gort presides over casually clad agents - Danny, Vinson, Caufield and Stiles among them.

GORT
Due to local media, the US Attorney's office doesn't wanna wait. This has been a 3 month undercover operation led by Agent Stiles with assistance from Agent Sloane...

Vinson leans into Stiles as Gort continues(os)...

VINSON
Stiles. Larry King. Or Hugh Hefner.

STILES
Larry King. But only if he keeps the suspenders on.

Danny ignores them. Focuses on...

GORT
...Military grade Mark IV's are out there in the hands of liars and buyers. Let's go get some back.
(to Danny)
Anything to add?
(Danny shakes his head "no")
Good. Stiles, go with Caufield and do the street briefing...

Danny looks over at Vinson. They're driving together.

DANNY
Arrest signal?

GORT
Arrest signal is "Eureka".

INT. CAVALIER - - MOVING

Danny drives, Vinson riding shotgun, incessantly ejecting and inserting a mag into his .40.

VINSON
"Eureka"? How the fuck you gonna use that in a sentence?

He jacks the mag in with a hard WHACK, leaving the barrel pointed at Danny. Clicks the safety off. And on. And off.

VINSON (CONT'D)
T-Man's worried.

DANNY
Why? - You not using protection?

VINSON
You're not picking up your monthly stipend. Your kid's in public school...your wife's working more...

DANNY
Tell Trower I'm keeping my end of the bargain.

VINSON
Hang on, I got it. "So I'm fucking this fat girl and I think to myself, 'Eureka, has it come to this?' Nah, that's not it..."

Danny stops at a red light.

VINSON (CONT'D)
Hmm. "So I'm in prison, getting ass-raped everyday in the shower and I think to myself 'Eureka, how the fuck did I get here?' - -

- - Danny grabs the .40. Pauses. Puts the gun in his face.

DANNY
One more time and I'll blow your fucking head off. You understand me?

Vinson's calm for a man fellating a firearm. He nods.

Danny pops the mag out of the .40, tossing it back to Vinson before he resumes driving.

Vinson flips the vanity mirror down, checks his hair as they pull into a public school parking lot(the set-up area).

VINSON

You're no better than any of us,
Sloane. You're worse. 'Cus ya' think
you're better.

He puts the mirror back up. Takes note of Stiles outside in her undercover gear as they ease to a stop.

VINSON (CONT'D)

She looks like a Puerto Rican Nazi.

EXT. D BLOCK - - MARION - - CONTINUOUS

Altero bounds down the empty corridor, cell doors open, inmates expelled into the yard.

ALTERO

Matthew...recess...

Concerned, he picks up the pace, angling for Matt's cell at the end of the walkway.

ALTERO (CONT'D)

Matthew - -

We don't see what he sees - only his reaction. He's aghast.

EXT. YARD - - GENERAL POPULATION - - MARION - - DAY

Cons loiter about. A hush ripples through. Every eye on...

Matt. Barely recognizable with his head shaved. Due to the absence of shaving cream, his skull bears many nicks and cuts, enhancing the monstrous image. And it's clear...

THE TRANSFORMATION HAS BEGUN

He struts past the Aryans - who nod in quiet countenance...past the ROLLING 8'S(blacks, Hispanics and Samoans) - who are decidedly less impressed.

Matt beelines for the fenced-in walkway leading to...

INT. SHOWER STALLS - - MARION - - CONTINUOUS

The incessant drip-drip-drip of showers, Matt paces in concentric circles, his fearsome facade gone.

EXT. YARD - - DAY

The Rolling 8's congregate, sensing something amiss. Twenty strong, they defer to the aforementioned MARCUS(28, thin).

INT. SHOWER STALLS - - MARION - - CONTINUOUS

Matt breathes deeply and deliberately. Psyching himself up.

KENDRIX (O.S.)
Dig the new do, man...

Kendrix enters.

KENDRIX (CONT'D)
You know which one Marcus is? He's
the skinny little nigger out there.

That word echoes off the walls. Inside Matt's skull.

Nigger. Nigger. Nigger.

Kendrix walks closer, his steps resonating off the walls...

Nigger-Nigger-Nigger.

See the glint of the razor, firmly in Matt's grip.

Niggerniggerniggerniggerniggerniggerniggerniggernigger --

Matt's trembling, muttering, seething:

MATT
*I don't belong here...I don't belong
here...*

In a brutal blur, he slashes wide across his body, scarlet splattering the walls...

Kendrix grabs his throat, gagging, gurgling, gasping. A moment before...blood spurts and curtains down his torso...he topples like a felled tree, tumbling to the tile...

Kendrix looks like he's swimming on land, arms sweeping...trying to grab Matt...until he stops. Dead.

Matt stares down at what he's done, his whole body trembling...*I'm not a killer...I'm not a killer...*

He looks up to see several of the Rolling 8's in the doorway.

CLANG. He drops the razor, his body going slack.

EXT. ROCKPORT CONVENTION CENTER - - ROCKPORT, ILL. - DAY

A marquee: *WELCOME TO THE ROCKPORT GUN CONVENTION.* A packed parking lot, a nondescript Chevy among the cars.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - - CONTINUOUS

Danny and Stiles walk through the firearm equivalent of Comic-Con. Bee-lining for a TWEAKER in a vending booth.

TWEAKER
What's up, bro?

Danny and the tweaker clasp hands.

TWEAKER (CONT'D)
You got it, we good?

Danny shows a thick roll of 20's. Stiles does the same.

TWEAKER (CONT'D)
Gimme thirty minutes...

EXT. CAVALIER - - STATIONARY

Vinson reads a horse racing form as Caufield listens in via audio equipment.

TWEAKER (V.O.)
(filtered)
We'll do it out in the parking lot...

EXT. PARKING LOT - - CONVENTION CENTER - - DAY(LATER)

Danny drags off a cigarette, leaning on a rusty Camaro. Stiles talks to the tweaker close by, waiting.

INT. CAVALIER - - STATIONARY

Vinson sits up straight as he notices a SILVER DELIVERY TRUCK rolls past, driving towards Danny and Stiles.

CAUFIELD
What's wrong?

Vinson hastily grabs his cell. Hits a number.

EXT. PARKING LOT - - CONVENTION CENTER - - DAY

Danny checks caller ID on his cell as the truck approaches.

DANNY
(answers cell)
Hey, honey...

VINSON (V.O.)
...Abort. The truck's one of
Trower's. That's his guy.

The truck stops. TROWER'S GUY hops out. He nods to the tweaker. Goes to roll the truck's back door up.

And this is it: Fight or flight for Danny. He can call it off. But instead.

DANNY
 (into cell)
 Honey, I'm kinda' in the middle of
 something. Lemme call you back.

INT. CAVALIER - - STATIONARY

Danny hangs up on Vinson - who immediately pops the glove compartment and takes a .38 out.

VINSON
 He's gonna fuck us.

They vault from the car.

EXT/INT. DELIVERY TRUCK - - STATIONARY

Trower's guy opens a crate, revealing five M-IV's (a machine gun with a grenade launcher).

TROWER'S GUY
 We good?

DANNY
 You a football fan, bro?

TROWER'S GUY
 Sure.

DANNY
 Check this out. This jerk-off at my
 work, he bets 25K on Ohio State.

TROWER'S GUY
 They'll never cover.

EXT. PARKING LOT - - ROCKPORT CONVENTION HALL - - DAY

Vinson and Caufield sprint towards the truck...

DANNY (V.O.)
 (in Vinson's ear piece)
Eureka that's gonna hurt...

EXT. MINI-VAN - - ROCKPORT CONVENTION HALL - - DAY

Bam! Back doors slap open, five ATF agents ("the take down team") hopping down and sprinting towards the...

EXT/INT. DELIVERY TRUCK - - STATIONARY

Tweaker sees the cavalry approaching and bails. Stiles runs after him. One of the five TAC agents joins the pursuit.

The tweaker runs right past Vinson and Caufield...Stiles gestures: *Thanks for the help.* Keeps running.

INSIDE THE TRUCK: Danny pulls his .40 on Trower's guy...

DANNY
HANDS! HANDS!

He tics a glance outside before - three TAC Agents hop aboard, firearms flexed. Everyone's stunned to see --

Vinson step on, too, frisking Trower's guy as he gives him a pointed glance. It's clear they know each other.

Danny watches, glimpsing Vinson slip something into Trower's guy's hand: The .38. Before Danny can register it - -

VINSON
GUN! GUN!

Danny pulls his piece, spinning to see Vinson step back, Trower's guy passively holding the gun, befuddled --

DANNY
NO - -

The TAC agents open fire...Trower's guy torn to shreds.

Danny takes cover from the fusillade until...the gunfire stops, nothing heard but the clatter of shells hitting the floor. He squints through the smoke to see...

Trower's guy's body sprawled at an angle reserved for the dead, .38 in hand. Vinson looks back to Danny.

VINSON
Close call...

Danny catches his breath as the TAC agents swarm in.

INT. MESS HALL - - MARION - - DAY

Matt with Altero, looking at the Rolling 8's at another table

ALTERO
No eat?

Before Matt can answer, a heavily-bandaged Stan(the inmate who attacked him earlier)delivers Matt's food tray. We follow Stan as he retreats past the Aryan Brigade.

ALTERO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
If I were smarter I would find someone else to eat with...

Matt's focused on the Rolling 8's.

MATT
...Why aren't they eating?

ALTERO
 Muslims... the pork...they - how you
 say? - Don't eat it?.

MATT
 Can you get me a burner?

ALTERO
 Only thing easier to get in here
 than a burner is a blowjob.

Matt studies the pork chop on his plate, an idea taking root.
 He slides the plate over to Altero.

INT. BEDROOM - - STILES' HOUSE - - CONTINUOUS

Stiles sits on the floor, playing with her daughter and
 "Bobby" the teddy bear. The little girl stares blankly.

STILES
 Come on, coconut...it's Bobby Bear...

The phone rings. Her daughter barely reacts. Stiles puts
 the teddy bear at her little girl's feet. Answers the phone:

MATT (V.O.)
 Hey, Tina.

She knows that voice. Has to sit down.

EXT. MATT'S CELL - - D BLOCK - - MARION - - DAY

Matt paces in his cell. On "a burner"(cell phone):

MATT
 Tina...

STILES (V.O.)
 ...I'm here.

MATT
 You know who this is?

STILES (V.O.)
 ...how are you? Matt...

Intercut as necessary:

She winces at the stupidity of her question.

MATT
 I need a favor. Some information.
 Can you do that for me?

STILES
 Tell me what you need.
 (MORE)

STILES (CONT'D)
 (he's silent)
 Matt? You there?

He's sitting against the wall now, more moved than he expected to be by the sound of her voice. Finally:

MATT
 How's Danny?

INT. AUDITORIUM - - CITY HALL - - CONTINUOUS

The Chicago U.S. ATTORNEY presides behind a podium, a fleet of agents, spectators and media before him.

U.S. ATTORNEY
 ...His efforts led to the seizure of military-grade weapons destined for inner city distribution. For this we honor...

Danny. In the front row beside Scott and Anna. Reposed in a sharp blue suit.

U.S. ATTORNEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 ...Agent Daniel Sloane.

APPLAUSE as Danny walks to the podium, accepting a silver plaque from the U.S. Attorney as his gaze goes to...

Vinson. In the back. Clapping loudest of all.

INT. ANNA'S CAR - - MOVING

Anna drives, Danny riding shotgun, plaque in his lap. Thoughts hanging heavy. Silence. Anna pulls over...

DANNY
 ...What's wrong?

ANNA
 I have to tell you something...something I should'a told you weeks ago.
 (a beat)
 I went to see Matt.

DANNY
 I know.

ANNA
 You know...how do you know...?

DANNY
 The prison logs. I monitor Matt's. You were the first person to see him in a long time...

Cars whiz past on the highway outside.

ANNA
Are you upset?

DANNY
No. I'm glad you went.

A beat. She wants to ask him something. Has to.

ANNA
Why haven't you gone to see him...?

He studies the cars as they blur by. Then:

DANNY
Will you give me a little time to
answer that one?

She looks in his eyes. Looks deep. NODS patiently.

EXT. HIGHWAY - - DAY(WIDE)

Anna's car on the periphery, the world passing them by.

INT. MESS HALL - - MARION - - DAY

Matt and Altero at their usual table...

ALTERO
They're wondering how you got porky
pig off the menu...

Matt doesn't answer. He now has profound moments of silence
and solitude. Somewhere else. Somewhere far away.

ALTERO (CONT'D)
Matthew...

Matt's reverie is broken.

MATT
See Chef Boyardee over there...?

The cook behind the serving counter.

MATT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Caesar Juan Ramirez. Former resident
of 133 Kings Lane - where his wife
and three kids still reside.

He waves to Caesar - who looks like he's seen El Diablo.

MATT (CONT'D)
You just have to know how to motivate
people...

He moves to the Rolling 8's table, as we HEAR:

STILES (V.O.)
 Congratulations. I'm happy for you...

INT. DANNY'S CUBICLE - - ATF DIVISION - - CONTINUOUS

The framed photo of Danny and Matt in a box as we PULLBACK to see Danny cleaning his desk out, Stiles behind him.

DANNY (V.O.)
 I thought Vinson was Trower's errand boy...

Danny turns to look at her.

STILES (V.O.)
 Not all of us have the weight to get transferred out. Go easy.

EXT. ROOF - - FEDERAL BUILDING - - MORNING

Snow freckles the pavement as Stiles and Danny confer.

STILES
 Trower's willing to let you go.
 (before Danny can
 rage)
 - - His words, not mine. He says
 you'll owe him later.

Danny's already moving for the stairwell...

STILES (CONT'D)
 ...Which is better than the
 alternative, Danny.

...Owing him now.

STILES (CONT'D)
 Lynch called me.

Danny stops. Remember that snow? You can hear it fall.

DANNY
 How'd he sound?

STILES
 Like a convict.

Danny takes that in before exiting, the stairwell door closing behind and sending us to - - **DARKNESS.**

Super: **One Year Later.**

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - - TRACKING SHOT - - DAY

Soaring over sun-drenched landmarks that need no introduction. The Lincoln Monument...the Old Executive Building...the National History Museum, finally SETTLING ON:

EXT/INT. THE SENATE - - SUBCOMMITTEE HEARING - - CONTINUOUS

Danny stands, resplendent in a 3-piece suit and fashionable spectacles. Right hand raised, he's administered an oath.

DANNY

...I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Be seated, please.

When he sits we notice the plaque in front of him: "DEPUTY ASSISTANT DIRECTOR DANIEL SLOANE."

DANNY

First off, let me say what an honor it is to come before this committee today...

INT. HALLWAY - - SUBCOMMITTEE ROOM - - LATER

Danny spills out with several senators and aides. Looks in the corner to see...

Anna. The year's been kind to her. He walks towards her.

ANNA

Nice tie...

She slides her arm through his elbow, walking the corridor.

DANNY

My wife picked it out...

They exit double doors, the D.C. sun baring down as they trundling formidable steps to the street.

DANNY (CONT'D)

...She did, however, want me to wear a tan suit.

ANNA

Great suit.

DANNY

I would've sweat right through it.

He opens his jacket to reveal prominent sweat stains as they reach the street, a Towncar waiting for them.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Since we have the car...let's go
somewhere nice for lunch.

He holds the car door open for her.

EXT. MARION - - DAY

WIDE SHOT: Vast and dismal. A torrential storm.

CLOSER: A sheriff's transport bus expels new residents, cons disembarking in single file fashion. Orientation day.

Marcus and his Rolling 8's watch from an elevated spot, studying the fresh fish.

INT. D BLOCK - - MARION - - CONTINUOUS

Altero passes Matt's old cell, now vacant, continuing down the corridor. Sounds of grunting heard.

Altero stops. Outside Matt's new cell. We peek over his shoulder, getting a glimpse of Matt. One thing clear:

The transformation's complete.

Shaved head. Bushy goatee. Torso tattooed with ink. Ten pounds of additional muscle. Ripped to shreds.

EXT. MAIN YARD - - MARION - - DAY

Oblivious to the rain, coffee cup in hand, Matt takes his place beside Marcus, gazing through the fence at the arrivals.

MARCUS

Sad bunch...

MATT

They'll fit right in...

A plane flies overhead, catching the eye of nearly every con. A momentary reminder of the free world.

Everyone but Matt. Who's focused on something else.

POV: A black inmate at the end of the line. A scarecrow with skin. IGGY TILMAN.

MARCUS

You see something you like?

Matt stares at Iggy. Can't look away.

INT. OFFICE - - TROWER ANTIQUES - - CONTINUOUS

A computer screen. An E-mail popping up as Jericho Trower's reflection comes into view.

The e-mail opens to reveal an article forwarded from *the Washington Post*. "*ATF Promises to Crack Down on Corruption in Senate Testimony.*"

And there, in the accompanying photo, we see Danny testifying before the subcommittee.

Trower zooms in, the grainy photo of Danny filling frame.

MATT (V.O.)

You remember me?

INT. MATT'S OLD CELL - - MARION - - CONTINUOUS

Iggy sits on a rusty cot. Matt leans against a wall. Marcus and several of the Rolling 8's outside the cage, looking in.

IGGY TILMAN

No, man.

He won't look at him.

MATT

Sure you do...

IGGY TILMAN

No offense but I think I'd remember...

MATT

People change.

He leans closer. Inches from Iggy. And he looks at Matt. Looks close. And we see the realization wash over him.

MATT (CONT'D)

There you go...

IGGY TILMAN

Look, I didn't have nothing to do with that mess...

MATT

But you know about it, don't you...

IGGY TILMAN

(to the Rolling 8's)

Help a brother out, man.

(to Matt)

I just wanna do my time in peace, you know?

MATT

That's why you should tell me. Trower set me up, that's easy enough. But he didn't do it alone. Vinson, that's a given. Who else?

IGGY TILMAN
I dunno, man...come on...

Matt sits next to him. Completely calm. And terrifying.

MATT
Who else.

IGGY TILMAN
Everybody. Everybody. That fine Puerto Rican piece a' ass. I mean, shit, don't hurt when your partner's the ring leader.

MATT
...What?

IGGY TILMAN
Why you think Sloane wouldn't let you arrest me that time? That motherfucker was in it. *Deep* in it.

Matts stands, his face slack with disbelief.

IGGY TILMAN (CONT'D)
Think about it. How else they frame you? He was one a' Trower's bitches...he was motherfucking Judas.

FAVOR MATT as the betrayal sinks in, Iggy still talking. Nothing heard but the THUMP of Matt's heart. SOUND RESUMES --

IGGY TILMAN (CONT'D)
...That's all I know. That's it. I swear. I swear to God. We cool?

Gobsmacked, Matt wanders out into the corridor...Iggy watches him go, uncertain...he stands...*Is he free to go?*

Matt. In the hallway. Runs his hands over his smooth head. Devastated. All at once, a human cruise missile, he returns, bee-lining for Iggy. The punches come fast. Knuckle on bone, an angry avalanche, as we --

INT. FORD EXPLORER - - MOVING

Scott plays a video game on his hand-held PSP, Danny glancing over at him with paternal affection.

DANNY
That the one mom said not to play?

SCOTT
No.

Sounds of gunfire and explosions belie his assurance.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Come on, dad...

DANNY
If you tell your mom...

SCOTT
Why would I tell mom? - I know how
to keep a secret.

Danny's smile slowly fades.

EXT. ST. ALBANS - - WASHINGTON, D.C. - - MORNING

A posh private school. Danny's Explorer idles.

INT. FORD EXPLORER - - STATIONARY

DANNY
You got everything, buddy?

Scott nods. Sorts through his backpack.

SCOTT
When is Uncle Matt gonna get out of
prison?

DANNY
What made you think of him?

SCOTT
You don't like him anymore?

DANNY
No. He'll always be my partner.
He'll always be my friend.
(off Scott's confusion)
Sometimes when you get older, things
happen...people drift apart. Make
sense, buddy?

SCOTT
No.

A cluster of kids wait for Scott outside...

SCOTT (CONT'D)
See ya', dad.

He watches his son run into the schoolyard, forlorn.

INT. VISITORS GALLEY - - MARION - - CONTINUOUS

Matt sits across from his attorney, STEVE LEVITT. Dressed
casually, he's a little fatter, a lot balder.

MATT

Would it have killed you to wear a tie? I'm kidding.

Levitt forces a laugh. Takes stock of Matt.

LEVITT

You're looking...healthy.

MATT

I guess rehabilitation agrees with me. You believe that, Steve?

LEVITT

What?

MATT

That rehabilitation works...

LEVITT

I, uh...sometimes, yeah.

Levitt can't take his eyes off Matt. Refocuses:

LEVITT (CONT'D)

I'm, uh, actually glad you reached out, I was actually planning to come down and tell you personally. I've taken a spot with Fox, Laudell and Ewing - it's a corporate firm. Pretty prestigious, really, a lot of Pro Bono work and very viable for the partnership track...

(back on track)

The point being, I don't want you to feel neglected. I've filed the paperwork for new counsel and I'm sure, you know, a very capable attorney will be appointed.

MATT

Congratulations.

LEVITT

Thank you. Thanks.

MATT

Great news. Really. Seems like everybody's moving up in the world.

LEVITT

I don't want you to feel abandoned - -

MATT

You're gonna make it up to me.

LEVITT
How can I do that?

MATT
You're gonna get me out of here.

LEVITT
Well...you know, we've appealed but,
your conduct disqualified you from
early parole. And, you know, you're
looking at only six-seven months
left...

Matt leans closer. Levitt spots his scabbed knuckles.

MATT
My father, God rest his soul, died
to finance your fucking incompetence.

LEVITT
I beg your pardon, I - -

MATT
Don't beg. Not yet. File motions,
grease wheels, suck dick, I don't
care...just get me out of here. You
got two days, Levitt. You and Julie.

He reaches across the table. Taps Levitt's wedding band.

MATT (CONT'D)
Let me tell you, Steve, and on this
I consider myself a bit of an
authority...you have no idea how
quickly someone's life can fall apart.

INT. OFFICE - - ATF DIVISION - - WASHINGTON, D.C.

Danny taps away on his computer when the phone rings. And rings. No one at his assistant's desk. Finally:

DANNY
(a baritone)
Daniel Sloane's office...

ANNA (V.O.)
What voice is *that*?

DANNY
(into phone)
I told Chris he could leave early.

ANNA (V.O.)
Are you picking me up or are we
meeting at the restaurant?

DANNY
 (into phone)
 I'll pick you up. Gimme ten minutes.
 I gotta finish this email.

ANNA (V.O.)
 Love you.

He hangs up. Goes back to his email. The phone rings.
 Again, he hesitates. Lets it ring. Finally:

DANNY
 Sloane...

JERIHCO TROWER (V.O.)
Assistant Deputy Director Sloane?

DANNY
 (into phone)
 Who's this?

Intercut as necessary with:

INT. OFFICE - - TROWER ANTIQUES - - CONTINUOUS

Trower admires the Michigan River from his window.

JERIHCO TROWER
 How quickly they forget...

DANNY
 This is an open line.

JERIHCO TROWER
 You've gone on to accomplish so many
 wonderful things...I thought we might
 work together again.

Danny's silent. Trying to figure out how to play this.

JERIHCO TROWER (CONT'D)
 I'm calling in the debt, Danny.

DANNY
 Don't call here again.

Shaken, he hangs up.

INT. CORRIDOR - - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - - CONTINUOUS

Levitt walks beside a shackled Matt, two courthouse guards
 staggered behind them.

LEVITT
 ...I went over every legal precedent.
 To be honest with you, I don't even
 know how we got this hearing --

MATT

Safe to assume it wasn't your legal prowess...

LEVITT

I just want you to have realistic expectations.

MATT

That's kind of you. So what's your expert assessment?

LEVITT

It...doesn't look good.

Matt nods as if processing. Walking ahead with...

MATT

Not for any of us, I guess...

INT. COURTROOM - - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - - CONTINUOUS

A parole hearing, Matt and Levitt rise as JUDGE COLEMAN, a distinguished black man, enters. Gets right to it.

JUDGE COLEMAN

Let it be noted that the assembly of this parole hearing is in itself extraordinary. To say nothing of the fact that the applicant...

A pointed and unkind glance Matt's way...

JUDGE COLEMAN (CONT'D)

...Has been anything but a model prisoner for his 27 months of incarceration.

The judge stops. Breathes deeply.

JUDGE COLEMAN (CONT'D)

But due to Mr. Lynch's time served, his former ties to the community and several cogent recommendations...this committee is, impossibly enough, prepared to recommend the applicant's release.

As Coleman continues(os), we see the look of utter relief cross Levitt's face. Matt's stoic and determined.

INT. AUDITORIUM - - FEDERAL BUILDING - - CONTINUOUS

New ATF agents are indoctrinated via oath, Danny watching from the back when his BlackBerry vibrates. Off caller ID...

INT. HALLWAY - - OUTSIDE AUDITORIUM - - CONTINUOUS

Exiting the auditorium, he answers the call...

DANNY
How'd it go...?

JUDGE COLEMAN (V.O.)
Our debt's paid.

Intercut with:

EXT. COURTYARD - - COURTHOUSE - - DAY

A beleaguered Coleman paces, on his cell:

JUDGE COLEMAN
I don't owe you anymore favors, you
hear me?

DANNY
It's done?

JUDGE COLEMAN
Say it, I need to hear you say it.

DANNY
You don't owe me anymore favors,
Reggie. Tell me what happened...

JUDGE COLEMAN
He's a free man. And let me be the
first to thank you for giving society
yet another reason to lock our doors
at night.

Coleman hangs up, leaving Danny confounded. He goes back into the auditorium, APPLAUSE echoing from inside.

INT. MATT'S CELL - - BLOCK D - - CONTINUOUS

Matt puts books from a shelf into a box. Altero watches.

ALTERO
You start over, yes? You start
clean...

MATT
There's a writer who said, "there
are no second acts in America".

ALTERO
This writer, he is full of bullshit.
America is nothing but second acts.
There is much for you out there, I
believe.

The box fully packed with books and personals, Matt places it pointedly down in front of Altero. We notice he takes a PHOTO of Haley from the box. Puts it in his pocket.

ALTERO (CONT'D)

That's what got you through.

MATT

Now, maybe, they get you through.

(then)

I never asked you why you were here...

ALTERO

It's not important why any of us are here. This day will never come for me. Make no mistake about it, this is a gift, my friend.

INT. PROCESSING - - MARION - - CONTINUOUS

Matt's reissued his clothes in clear plastic bags, tearing them open to retrieve jeans, shoes, a jacket, a shirt.

QUICK CUTS: The jeans are three inches too big/The shirt's three inches too tight/Not even his Marine ring fits anymore.

INT. RELEASE GATE - - MARION - - CONTINUOUS

From behind Matt, we watch the gate slowly ascend, looking out at the vast plains before the sun blinds our view.

INT. BEDROOM - - DANNY'S HOUSE - - MORNING

The alarm clock blares. Anna slaps it off. Looks over to see...no sign of Danny.

INT. KITCHEN - - DANNY'S HOUSE - - CONTINUOUS

Danny sits, coffee cup in hand, pensive as Anna enters.

ANNA

You couldn't sleep?

He shakes his head "no".

DANNY

I need to tell you something...

Hearing the gravity in his voice, she sits.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Matt gets out today.

ANNA

I thought he had more time...

DANNY

I made calls...did what I could...I got him early release...

ANNA

And you don't know how to deal with him...

DANNY

Before he died, my dad, I didn't talk to him for six years. Everyday away from him got easier. Sometimes I try to forget about Matt. Sometimes I do.

ANNA

What happened to him is awful. But it's not your fault. We'll be there for him...but he's gotta come to us. He'll let us know when he's ready.

EXT. STREET - - CHICAGO - - NIGHT

Matt walks down a busy downtown block, suddenly aware of his place in the universe. No one will meet eyes with him.

He looks down the street to see a woman quietly but pointedly cross the street to avoid him.

The woman ahead of him pulls her purse close to her side, glancing periodically back at him.

Matt stops, turning to catch his reflection off a building's glass. It's as if he's seeing himself for the first time.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - - DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - - NIGHT

Matt sits in a dentist's chair, an emaciated and older TATTOO ARTIST standing close by. Music plays.

TATTOO ARTIST

What're we doin' today, brother?

MATT

Not adding, subtracting.

TATTOO ARTIST

Let's take a look.

Matt peels off his coat, exposing the mosaic of tattoos. As the guy appraises his sleeves, Matt heeds the music...

Reo Speedwagon's "Keep on Loving You". Memories bombard him.

MATT

Can you change the station?

TATTOO ARTIST

What?

MATT

The music. Can you turn it off.

Whatever rebellion lingers in the tattoo artist fades on sight of Matt. He motions for the girl behind the desk to change the music. Focuses back on Matt.

TATTOO ARTIST

Where'd you do your time?

Matt stares back. He's not here for small talk.

TATTOO ARTIST (CONT'D)

Well, then tell me what you used?

MATT

Beard trimmer. Tooth brush. And a Bic pen.

TATTOO ARTIST

The thing is, makes for fine work but the ink's harder. Thicker.

(the bottom-line)

This shit's not coming off.

Matt processes that for a long time. Finally:

MATT

Then let's do one more.

EXT. PARKING LOT - - GROCERY STORE - - NIGHT

Grocery bags in hand, Danny and Anna walk to his Ford Explorer. Anna slides into the passenger-seat as Danny puts the bags in the back. About to get on the driver's side - -

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Nice ride.

A wood-panelled stationwagon pulls up, an OLD MAN in a Chicago Cubs cap behind the wheel.

DANNY

Thank you...

OLD MAN

You get one more chance...

DANNY

Excuse me?

OLD MAN

You get one more chance. Then Trower starts taking things from you.

He waves "bye" as the car recedes. A beat. Danny gets into...

INT. FORD EXPLORER - - STATIONARY

ANNA

What was that about?

DANNY

Just asking for directions...

He starts the car, gaze skittishly going to the rear-view.

EXT. STARBUCKS - - CHICAGO - - DAY

Matt sits at a corner table, a bandage covering the new tattoo on his neck. With wrap-around shades and a skull-cap, he stands out, engendering glances.

His gaze is fixed across the street(REVERSE)where we now see a hospital. He looks at his watch. Looks back up to see...

Haley. As she exits in a dress and high-heels. Striding towards him with a big smile on her face.

And for a moment, so idyllic is the vision, that we think we're in Matt's dreams...

Matt. Removes his shades, a smile consuming his face. He stands. Moves towards her with palpable excitement until he tracks Haley into the arms of...

...Another man. They hug. Kiss. Then, even worse, she turns and we see that she's pregnant.

Matt stops, gut-punched. Left to watch Haley and this man(who looks a bit like Matt)walk off...

He stands there. Crushed. And angry.

INT. ROOM - - CHEAP MOTEL - - NIGHT

Dark. Matt sits on a couch, watching *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?*

(NOTE: This is the same motel where Danny went earlier.)

ROGER RABBIT

(on TV)

...So you thought you could get away with it, didn't you? Ha! We toons may act idiotic, but we're not stupid. We demand justice.

INT. BUS - - MOVING(THE NEXT MORNING)

Packed. Matt sits in the back, his hoodie up, taking up two seats. Several woman are forced to stand.

The women look to a good-sized man in a suit for tacit assistance. The suit looks at Matt. Studies his shoes.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - - CHICAGO - - MORNING

Matt walks towards a car from which JANE(his dad's girlfriend)skittishly emerges.

JANE

Mattie...?

She's still not sure as he gets closer. Finally, inches away, she removes his sunglasses. Sees his eyes. Hugs him. Matt barely reciprocates.

JANE (CONT'D)

(fighting back tears)

So good to see you...

EXT/INT. STORAGE SPACE - - FACILITY - - MOMENTS LATER

A gate rises, revealing several boxes.

JANE (CONT'D)

I didn't know where else to put all his stuff. And these are for you.

Car keys. Matt takes them. Doesn't even say "thank you".

MATT

You alright to get home?

JANE

Yeah, sure.

She exits. This is not the Matt she remembers.

Matt enters, sorting through the boxes. Pictures of him as a boy. Pictures of his dad as a boy.

Another box...and another...until: *Bingo*. He finds a .45 in a frame with several mags around it. Smashes the frame. Takes the gun. In another box, a sawed-off shotgun.

Matt stares at the boy he was...the man he's become.

INT. LOBBY - - CONDO COMPLEX - - CONTINUOUS

A sexy brunette bounds down the hall into the --

INT. ELEVATOR - - CONDO COMPLEX - - ASCENDANT

None too happy to see -- Vinson already on board. She hits "2". Stares dead ahead. Elevator can't move fast enough.

VINSON

Wow. You look *fan-tas-tic*.

PING. The elevator thankfully arrives on "2".

VINSON (CONT'D)
 So how's this gonna work? Am I coming
 to your place, or you gonna come up
 to mine?

She disgorges. He pokes his head out. Calls after her:

VINSON (CONT'D)
 Apartment 3B. I'll make us dinner.
 (doors close)
Whore.

He primps and preens in the elevator's mirrored doors.

PING. The elevator stops on "3", his mirrored image splitting
 down the middle, giving way to another image...Matt.

MATT
 Going down?

CRACK - Matt slams the sawed-off shotgun barrel into his
 sternum...Vinson staggers back...

Matt steps forward, his foot holding the elevator door open.

VINSON
 I'm a federal agent, you fuck...

The doors open too long, the alarm begins to howl. Over it:

MATT
 Who else framed me?

VINSON
 (realizing it's Matt)
Sonofabitch...

MATT
 Who else in our group?

VINSON
 Ask your boyfriend, it was his idea...

Dazed, Matt lowers the shotgun a bit. Seizing on the
 opportunity, Vinson lurches out to attack but --

BA-BOOM! He's launched back against the elevator wall, a
 hole where his stomach used to be.

The elevator alarm persists...Vinson wheezes for air...pawing
 for his firearm, looking up at Matt...

Matt hits the "B" button("Going Down").The next shotgun blast
 takes us to - -

INT. KITCHEN - - DANNY'S HOUSE - - MORNING

Breakfast. Danny and Scott shovel cereal, father reading the paper, son reviewing homework.

DANNY
Quiz today?

SCOTT
Test. History.

DANNY
You ready for it?

The phone rings, Scott hopping up to answer it as Anna enters.

ANNA
You taking him to school?

DANNY
Sure.

SCOTT
(re: phone)
Dad, it's for you.
(before he can ask)
They didn't say who it was...

DANNY
(to Anna)
Hang on. You may be on driving duty,
after all...
(into phone)
Hello...

JERIHCO TROWER (V.O.)
(filtered)
Scott sounds good. What's he, ten,
eleven, now?

He gestures to his wife. Takes the phone into the next room.

Intercut with:

INT. OFFICE - - TROWER ANTIQUES - - CONTINUOUS

Trower leans on his desk, ever-present BlueTooth in.

JERIHCO TROWER
I'm feeling neglected, Daniel.

DANNY
I gave you a fucking pass. You keep
pushing, maybe, I come after you.

JERIHCO TROWER

Daniel. Please don't mistake my
patience for weakness.

Danny hangs up as Trower disconnects the call on his BlueTooth

JERIHCO TROWER (CONT'D)

Looks like you gentlemen are going
on a trip...

REVERSE to see the two associates (IVAN and YURI) across from
him. They speak Ukrainian. We never translate.

JERIHCO TROWER (CONT'D)

No matter what, money will be wired
to you via my associate when the
job's complete. Are we clear?

Ivan translates to Yuri. Yuri nods.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - - ROCKPORT, ILL. - - MORNING

Skull cap pulled low, head bowed, Matt faces the camera,
stirring milk in a cup. We only hear the CLINK of the spoon.

Behind him, someone walks past. We don't see who it is but
notice that Matt angles his head with interest. After a
moment, he turns around, waiting before we RACK FOCUS TO:

ROB CAUFIELD. Behind protective glass. At a shooting range
station, unloading on a target.

RETURN TO: Matt tears a piece of a napkin off. Crumples it
up. Puts it in his ears. He waits until Caufield's magazine
expires to...

...Move to the range area, entering through a door. SOUND
UP. He goes to the station next to Caufield's. There's
already an Uzi there (he's been here a while). Casually:

MATT

Still wearing the sunglasses, huh,
Rob?

Caufield turns to face Matt - who removes his goggles. Lets
his former colleague take him in.

CAUFIELD

Hang on now. Lemme explain - -

MATT

(opens bolt on Uzi)
Me first.

Before he can open fire, THE CAMERA PANS AWAY to see two
people (one employee, one customer) at the check-in desk...

Reacting to GUNFIRE. Ducking. Cowering. STAY HERE with them as a shadow enters frame. Matt(os)puts the uzi on the counter. Rips a page out of the sign-in log. Walks out.

INT. DOMESTIC ARRIVALS - - DULLES NATIONAL AIRPORT - - DAY

Travelers flood past baggage claim, two men standing out. YURI and IVAN.

EXT. STREET - - SKOKIE, ILLINOIS - - MORNING

Stiles plays with her daughter in the front yard. Glancing up on instinct...nothing there. No one.

She tries to get her daughter to use the swing. Demonstrates. Gets off. Turns around to see...

Matt. Standing behind the fence. The barrel of his shotgun protruding slightly from his right sleeve.

Stiles pushes her daughter behind her. Maybe, she's carrying, maybe, she's not, but her momma bear instincts rise up.

And they trade eyes for what feels like an eternity.

But Matt can't. One last look at her before he turns around and walks calmly back to the Jeep across the street.

Stiles squats down, pulling her daughter close. Kissing her. Knowing full well that Matt spared her.

She watches as the Jeep drives past three police cars as they pull up, sirens silently aswirl.

EXT. VINSON'S APARTMENT - - MORNING

A crime scene, FBI and ATF agents confer with local PD as Gort perambulates, on a cell:

GORT

...We got a neighbor who says she saw a skinhead type with a bandage on his neck...

INT. "WAR ROOM" - - ATF DIVISION - - CONTINUOUS

Danny on the phone, everyone abuzz behind him.

GORT (V.O.)

Other than that, we don't have much to go on. Hang on, I got another call.

Danny paces until Gort clicks back over:

GORT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Caufield just got killed. I'll call
 you back.

Danny reacts. *Is it Trower?*

INT. LOADING DOCK - - OFFICE BUILDING - - CONTINUOUS

A door. Hear a BEEP-BEEP from a swipe card and see a delivery
 guy enter with a dolly...

As the door opens a bit more, we ZOOM outside across the
 street to see MATT standing in a hoodie.

Delivery men flood in and out, the door moving...when it
 opens fully...Matt's no longer visible across the street.

A delivery guy closes the door before something slips in.
 Preventing the door from closing. Wait. Matt steps through.

(NOTE: The acute eye will notice that Matt holds the door
 open with HALEY'S PHOTO. He lets it drop to the ground and
 moves on. We make little note of it.)

INT. RECEPTION OFFICE - - TROWER ANTIQUES - - CONTINUOUS

Start on a desk as a BOX OF DONUTS are placed down. An ID
 card tossed on top of it.

JERICHO TROWER (O.S.)
 (over speaker phone)
 Nikki? Nikki? Pick up, please.

PULLBACK from the donuts and the desk. Hear a door open --

JERICHO TROWER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Nikki --

PAN to door where we see TROWER. He looks at the desk. No
 assistant. Looks at the couch: sees Matt sitting on it.

MATT
 I brought you some donuts.

He stands from the couch. Tucks the .45 in his waist. As
 he walks closer, we see Trower realize who it is.

Sense of irony intact, he looks asunder. Chuckles.

JERICHO TROWER
 God does have a wonderful sense of
 humor, doesn't he?

MATT
 Depends who He's laughing at.

SOUND ADVANCE the blare of a car alarm, and --

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE - - CHICAGO - - DAY

Two minutes later. Matt exits the office building through swivel-doors, slipping his wrap-around shades on as he walks down what Chicagoans call "the Magnificent Mile".

BACK TO:

INT. OFFICE - - TROWER ANTIQUES - - CONTINUOUS

CRUNCH. Tower's flung into a wall --

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE - - CHICAGO - - DAY

Two minutes twenty seconds later. Matt's further down the block, the car alarm getting louder - -

BACK TO:

INT. OFFICE - - TROWER ANTIQUES - - CONTINUOUS

CRACK. Matt slams a chair over Trower's head, a blur of teeth and testosterone - -

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE - - CHICAGO - - DAY

Two minutes thirty-five seconds later. Matt approaches a crowd assembled around a parked car - its alarm BELLOWING - -

BACK TO:

INT. OFFICE - - TROWER ANTIQUES - - CONTINUOUS

Matt grabs Trower by the lapels, driving him back towards the ambient glass separating gravity from eternity.

The window spiders on impact and we FREEZE-FRAME on the image of Trower splayed against it as if imbedded on a cross.

CUT TO:

EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE - - CHICAGO - - DAY

Pedestrians and policemen gather around a clump indenting the roof of a taxi, every eye cast asunder as...

...Matt passes, never breaking stride. Staring dead ahead.

Only the car alarm mourns Trower's passing.

EXT. STREET - - ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA - - DAY

Danny's Explorer pulls up alongside a Ford Taurus.

DANNY

Anything?

Two casually-clad agents inside the Taurus, entrusted with watching Anna and Scott.

SURVEILLANCE AGENT #1

Crickets. We're all good.

Danny nods. Pulls into the driveway of his home.

EXT. DOMESTIC ARRIVALS - - DULLES AIRPORT - - DAY

No luggage in hand, Matt exits onto the airport curb. Looks left, looks right. Stops. Taking note of...a petite female AIRPORT COP on the periphery.

He looks at the line of cabs. Thinks. Beelines to the cop, moving fast. Matt's pointing back towards the airport...

MATT

That guy over there has a gun...

She unholsters her Glock with her right hand, about to speak into the radio on her left shoulder when --

-- Matt disarms her and drops her with an elbow to the face. It takes all of 2.3 seconds. So fast no one notices.

He leaves her in a crumpled heap in the corner, removing the TASER from her belt and blending in with the crowd.

INT. KITCHEN - - DANNY'S HOUSE - - CONTINUOUS

Danny enters to find Scott playing his hand-held PSP.

DANNY

Hey, pal...

SCOTT

What're you doing home?

DANNY

How'd the quiz go?

SCOTT

Test.

Anna enters as Danny peeks in the fridge...

ANNA

What're you doing home?

DANNY
Jesus, is it that rare?

As Danny reaches for a Diet Coke, she notices the .40 in his waist band holster. She sidles up to him.

ANNA
I thought you didn't wear that anymore...

DANNY
New policy.

She knows he's lying. To their son:

ANNA
Scott, go get ready...

Scott hustles out.

ANNA (CONT'D)
I'm taking Scott to Lacrosse practice, tell me what's wrong...

DANNY
Vinson and Caufield were killed.

ANNA
Oh, my God...

His phone vibrates.

DANNY
(off caller ID)
I gotta get this...

He goes into the LIVING ROOM, answering his BlackBerry...

INT. OFFICE - - ATF DIVISION - - CHICAGO - - CONTINUOUS

Gort sits on his desk, looking outside the glass to see agents in mourning. Stiles walks freely about.

GORT
Stiles is fine...no threats...she's here now...

INT. LIVING ROOM - - DANNY'S HOUSE - - CONTINUOUS

GORT (V.O.)
Something else: Jericho Trower just got thrown out his office window. We got video from the service entrance a' the building.

INT. OFFICE - - DANNY'S HOUSE - - MOMENTS LATER

Danny sits at his desk on the computer, a grainy B&W security camera shot filling the screen. CAMERA PUSHES IN over his shoulder until only Matt's intense eyes fill frame.

INT. TAURUS - - MOVING

The surveillance agents trail Anna and Scott through traffic.

SURVEILLANCE AGENT #1
(into cell)
They're dropping your son off at
practice right now...

INT. EXPLORER - - MOVING

Danny rockets around traffic, blowing through a red light.

DANNY
(into cell)
No! You need to get out of the car
and you need to get them right now.

INT. TAURUS - - MOVING

SURVEILLANCE AGENT #1 (V.O.)
Roger that.

He puts the strobe in the window, siren flashing, speeding ahead of Anna's BMW, through the intersection and angling in front of the vehicle. The driver reaches for the door when --

VROOOOOOOOOOOM! - A Yukon truck harpoons the driver's side. A cataclysmic collision - -

EXT. WISCONSIN AVENUE - - ST. ALBANS SCHOOL - - MORNING

- - The Taurus crumples, pushed towards the street.

Everyone - children and adults - stand in quiet awe. The passenger manages to open the door and stumble out, dazed.

A good samaritan hustles over to help him...

GOOD SAMARITAN
Hey, man, you alright?

Not a good samaritan. Matt. He zaps the passenger with the taser he got off the airport cop. The agent goes limp.

INT. EXPLORER - - MOVING

Danny punches through a red light.

INT. BMW - - STATIONARY

Scott looks at the crash through the window...

SCOTT
Mom, are they alright?

ANNA
Answer me, are you okay?!

SCOTT
Mom, I'm fine.

The BlueTooth rings in the car. She picks up:

ANNA
We're fine but there was a horrible
accident by the school --

DANNY (V.O.)
Anna, you're not fine. Listen to
me: Is there a cop around?

ANNA
No, it just happened. What is it? -
You're scaring us.

DANNY (V.O.)
Leave. Get out of there. Drive
away.

Scott's staring across his mom, looking out the window(os).
Anna turns to Scott when --

TAP-TAP. Something knocks on the driver's side glass. Anna
turns to see a GLOCK 19 in Matt's(os) hand.

ANNA
I can't.

DANNY (V.O.)
Anna! Tell me what's going on...

She leans over, reflexively protecting Scott, looking back
to see the barrel now pressed against the window.

She unlocks the door. Matt slides into the back seat,
reaching over Anna's right shoulder, disconnecting the call
before grabbing the wheel and pointing it on a new route...

MATT (O.S.)
Drive.

INT. EXPLORER - - MOVING

Disconnected phone buzzing in his ear, Danny lays on the
horn as he blasts through another stop sign.

INT. BMW - - DRIVING

Matt's behind the wheel now, Anna riding shotgun, Scott in the back seat. Matt's quietly sobbing.

Anna reaches over to comfort him - he pushes her away.

MATT

Danny took this from me...

ANNA

Matt, what's going on? Talk to me...

MATT

Don't look at me...

He looks in the rear-view: Scott's staring and scared.

MATT (CONT'D)

DON'T FUCKING LOOK AT ME!

Scott looks away. Matt powers ahead.

EXT. WISCONSIN AVENUE - - ST. ALBANS - - MORNING

Danny vaults from his Explorer, bee-lining for three cops around the crash. Surveillance agent #2 is conscious. Agent #1 is on a stretcher.

DANNY

Those are my guys...

To the just arriving cops on the scene...

DANNY (CONT'D)

Where's the white BMW???

COP

There's no white BMW...

DANNY

Get it on the radio. White BMW.
It's got a woman and a kid in it, a
little boy.

COP

Plate?

Danny gestures: *I don't fucking know* as his BlackBerry rings.

DANNY

(into cell)

Anna.

MATT (V.O.)

Hey, Danny.

DANNY
 (into cell)
 Where are they?
 (silence)
Matt. This is about you and me...

He's running back to his Explorer...

INT. BMW - - MOVING

Matt. On Anna's cell(not the BlueTooth):

MATT
 I thought so, too. But then you
 took everything from me. Maybe, it's
 time you lost something, too...

INT. EXPLORER - - ST. ALBANS - - STATIONARY

A Fire Department van blocks Danny in. He motions frantically for it to move. No time to spare, stepping on the gas and...

...Smashing into the Fire van, pushing it aside before continuing down the road. Emboldened. Angry.

DANNY
 (into cell)
 How 'bout we stop fucking around...

INT. BMW - - MOVING

DANNY (V.O.)
 ...And just tell me where to go.

Matt grins. Remembers what he loved about Danny.

EXT. CABIN - - ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA - - NIGHT

Matt's father's cabin. Surprisingly well preserved. Distant headlights pierce the fog.

INT. EXPLORER - - MOVING

Danny settles to a stop, the fog blanketing everything.

He removes his watch. Takes a deep breath.

EXT. ROAD - - EXPLORER - - DAY

Danny opens the back trunk, grabbing a shotgun(Scott's hockey equipment is nearby).

He closes the truck, squinting through the fog to see the cabin 100 yards away. A lake to its immediate left.

Shotgun in hand, he wades towards the lake, discovering Anna's BMW sinking in it.

He slips on the dirty ice, sent tumbling down the incline. On his feet fast, guided by moonlight, he can now see that no one's inside the BMW.

Heartbeat hammering, he sets his sight on the cabin before - -
CLICK-CLICK. The indelible sound of a Remington 700 rifle.

MATT (O.S.)
...How's your back, Danny?

The rifle barrel's pressed to the small of Danny's spine.

MATT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Drop it.

Danny places the shotgun on the dirt floor.

MATT (CONT'D)
Throw the Sig in the lake.

Danny tosses the .40 in the water. Matt steps back, allowing him to slowly turn and see what's become of him.

Danny regards him with an amalgamation of terror, guilt and pity. All he can muster is...

DANNY
Oh, Matt...

Matt keeps the rifle on him.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Listen to me, Matt...I need you to
listen to me...I need you to
understand...

MATT
See, that's just it; I'm not an
understanding man. Not anymore.

He's calm. Like wet dynamite.

MATT (CONT'D)
I trusted you...

DANNY
Trower was gonna kill Scott and Anna.
He was gonna kill 'em if I said
anything. You don't know what it
did to me...

MATT
Did to you? - yeah, that must've
been hard. But it all worked out in
the end, didn't it?

DANNY

Matt...

MATT

Turn around.

DANNY

Matt, please - -

MATT

TURN THE FUCK AROUND.

Danny complies, hands raised when - -

Crack. Matt slams the rifle into his back, sending Danny to his knees, writhing in the mud.

MATT (CONT'D)

Get up.

When Danny doesn't adhere, he yanks him roughly to his feet.

MATT (CONT'D)

We got some people to see.

Danny moves ahead, Matt slinging the rifle around his torso before picking up the shotgun.

EXT. WOODS - - CABIN - - NIGHT

The fog obscures as Matt leads Danny through the marsh...

DANNY

I bought it, the cabin. I bought it for you. So when you got out you'd have somewhere to go...

At the edifice, Matt shoves Danny inside...

INT. CABIN - - CONTINUOUS

Perched against the wall, bound and gagged, Scott and Anna.

DANNY

I'm begging you not to do this. Let them go, please...

Matt puts another shell in the shotgun. Topped off.

MATT

They're all lies, you know that? "Everything happens for a reason." That's one of my favorites. Nothing happens for a reason. There's no order. There's no architecture.

A beat.

DANNY

I'm not who I used to be...

MATT

Neither am I. I have thoughts now.
Bad thoughts. Things that would
make you wanna tear your brain out...

DANNY

It's not too late - -

MATT

To what? Live a normal life? Have
a family? I'm a fucking monster. I
haunt this world. This darkness in
me...I acknowledge mine. Can you,
Danny? Can you acknowledge what
you've done?

In tears, Scott and Anna shiver in the corner.

DANNY

Take me, not them. Take me. *Please*.

Matt studies Danny before raising the shotgun. Planting it
firmly against his forehead.

Anna and Scott squirm, protesting desperately.

MATT

Tell them. Tell them what you did.
Go ahead.

Danny turns to face his wife and son. About to speak when --

BRRRRRRRRPPPPPPPPP! Automatic gunfire rattles the room,
spraying everything. Not from Matt. From outside.

Matt yanks Danny down, grabbing carpet as the fusillade
rages...Danny crawls across the floor to Scott and Anna...

Matt turns and shoots at the front door, returning fire
through the windows. He hits the lights. Turns back - -

MATT (CONT'D)

Danny.

Remembering the drill, Danny smacks a lamp off a table.
Lights out. Darkness.

Matt perches beneath the shattered glass of a window, looking:

POV: An interior light is on in the car next to the gunmen.
Firearms flexed, IVAN and YURI stand beside it. HEADLIGHTS
turn on, shedding light on the cabin.

Another burst of gunfire, Trower's cronies dashing closer...

Danny shields his wife and son. And Matt sees this. Danny stares back, defiant as he blankets Anna and Scott.

As soon as the gunfire ceases, Danny unties Anna and Scott.

MATT (CONT'D)

Get 'em outta' here!

He bails. Danny stays.

EXT. WOODS - - CABIN - - DAY

Matt takes fire before diving behind a tree. Yuri and Ivan turn the car headlights off. Thick fog pervades.

Matt catches his breath, shoving his last shotguns shells into the barrel.

INT. CABIN - - CONTINUOUS

Danny implores his family to...

DANNY

Find a closet. Stay low.

ANNA

What're you gonna do?

DANNY

Go. Don't move until I come for you.

Danny crawls across the floor. No gun, no weapon of any kind. *Fuck it*. He takes a deep breath. Runs out.

EXT. WOODS - - CABIN - - DAY

Darkness punctuated by gunfire, providing sporadic glimpses before we're plunged back into the fog.

Danny sprints across the field, taking fire before he dives behind several trees. He catches his breath. Looks across the way to see...

Matt. Sixty yards away. On his feet. Shotgun raised. He meets eyes with Danny.

Matt steps from behind the protective tree and walks calmly, fearlessly, towards Ivan beside the car.

The gunfire's immediate. The first shot tags Matt's shoulder. The next his hip. Neither slow him down.

He moves with measure, purpose and precision.

Racking the shotgun and firing in one fluid motion. It even sounds rhythmic. Cha-cha - boom. Cha-cha - boom. He drops the shotgun, out of shells.

Ivan ducks, dumping a mag and reloading. He rises to meet -- BAM! Matt. Rifle in hand. Inches away.

Danny watches from a distance, Yuri moving closer to him...

Seeing this, Matt beelines for Yuri - who turns and fires, tagging Matt's ear.

Matt grunts. Gathers himself. Staggers to a stand. Resigned, he turns to face the field. Firing endlessly.

Round after round. A death march, he never slows.

Another shot tags him. In the neck. Right near the bandage previously covering his tattoo.

But still, he persists.

Yuri fires again, his handgun running dry. Frantic, he dumps the clip, fishes for another.

Too late. Matt emerges through the fog like an apparition, rifle run dry, he drops it. Pulls the Glock from his waist.

And, oddly, he looks at peace when he sends Yuri to oblivion with successive gunshots.

And he stands there, legs suddenly gelatinous. Staring at Yuri's body by his feet.

Danny steps into frame behind him, seeing Matt's state.

Matt turns to face Danny, dropping the gun. Falling to his knees. Barely audible:

MATT

I'd never hurt Anna and Scott...

Danny runs closer, desperate. *It can't end like this...*

And Matt tumbles to the grass, staring up at the sky.

In death's throes, he's cold. And content.

Only now do we see the blood splattered TATTOO on his neck: A HEADSTONE. With his initials on it.

DANNY

I'm sorry...I'm so sorry...

Like a wayward child lost in a supermarket.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Tell me what to do...tell me what to do...please...

Matt looks up at him, his breaths coming in slow, increasingly distant, puffs of air.

MATT

Bury me...next to my dad...

With that, eyes left to stare in endless judgment, his breaths get more spare until...they cease. Matt ceases with them.

And Danny bows his head, racked with regret. And he stays here for what feels like an eternity.

Finally: He rises to his feet. And slogs back to the cabin, Anna and Scott in the doorway, clinging to each other like broken magnets, unable to see Matt's body in the BG.

SCOTT

Where's Uncle Matt...?

Danny stares back, not sure how to answer.

And off this image and all the questions that come with it, we PULLBACK, slowly ascending from the bullet-pocked edifice, Matt's body visible in the marsh as the fog cedes to encroaching nightfall.

The sun's subsumed into the sky, as we slowly...

FADE OUT: