

ENCROACHMENT

by

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. SUPER DOME, NEW ORLEANS, LA - CIRCA 1999 - EVENING

Cold night. BEGGARS looking for handouts. PEOPLE edging past them.

VOICE (V.O.)
November 17th. The day I died...

A MAN elbows his way through the cheering crowd. He sees his family waiting on the curb.

MAN
Looks like we won.
(beat)
Sorry I'm late. My meeting ran overtime.

He kisses his wife, purposely avoiding his son.

MAN (CONT'D)
Damned traffic. I can't believe I missed the game.

The BOY, age 8, eyes him suspiciously. We see a lifetime of pain behind his strained silence.

MAN (CONT'D)
Here, gimme your hand.

The boy reluctantly accepts as they make their way toward the parking lot. Suddenly, everyone around them is SCREAMING.

POW -- sounds like a firecracker.

2 BOY'S POV - MOVING

We look up and see people whipping past us in a panicked fury.

We're on the move. Running with the crowd. Shelter just ahead. It's terrifying, exhilarating. *Faster.*

We finally get a glimpse of our ATTACKER --

Short-cropped hair, young, maybe 18, his Chevy pickup playing tag with the moving targets. He's looking for someone and doesn't care who he has to kill to find him.

He presses the throttle aiming for a group of students running in close proximity.

They dive like birds -- the pavement breaking their free fall. The attacker laughs enjoying this. He whips his head around and spots --

THE BOY

-- running for his life. The attacker slams the truck in reverse and spins a one-eighty. *Drive.*

The boy breaks free of his father's grasp and runs faster. He glances backwards to see a chrome bumper approaching. *A breath away.* He picks up his frantic pace. *Closer.*

SCREECH of brakes. Heavy FOOTSTEPS treading fast. The boy's heart pounding.

A hard yank from behind and he's down. He looks up to see --

The barrel of a Remington sniper. POW!

DARKNESS that fades to WHITE LIGHT. HOLD ON WHITE.

VOICE (V.O.)

They say you never know what you
have until you lose it. But I
knew.

3 Out of the LIGHT steps ISABEL KINDLE, her eyes squinted in resistance. She shields her milky white face from the sun.

The view comes into focus and we realize we're inside a football stadium.

4 ABOVE MATADOR FIELD, AUSTIN, TX (AERIAL SHOT) - CURRENT DAY

We SWEEP OVER the packed stadium -- east dotted green and white -- west inundated blue and gold. *AUSTIN CENTRAL MAVERICKS* marks the home team.

SWEEP DOWN, we get an bird's eye view of the scoreboard. Home 10 -- Visitors 14. Fourth quarter-ten seconds on the clock -- no time outs.

LOWER -- HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS and FANS -- NOISE factor off the scale.

SILENT SNAP

MICK JACKSON arches the ball and throws a hail-Mary pass. It spins thirty feet in mid air and lands in the hands of --

ADAM NORTH, Mick's teammate and best friend.

Complete. CHEERS.

5 ADAM'S POV - WEAVING

Adam wets his lips and runs --

Past two LINEBACKERS. He picks up speed dodging a maze of green jerseys with unnatural agility. Thirty yard line -- twenty -- ten. Almost home except for --

Two MUSCLES blocking the end zone. No time to think. He plows forward and pirouettes over the shoulders of his opponents and lands head first -- THUMP --

-- dead even with the goal line. STILLED SILENCE as he awaits the call.

TOUCHDOWN. The home side ROARS.

6 INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

MICK regards himself in the mirror. Tan, lean muscle, well put together. He smiles pleased with the reflection.

ADAM walks up fresh from the shower. He's not as prominent as Mick but that doesn't seem to bother him.

MICK

I'd keep watering it if I were you.

ADAM

(looks down)

You're just jealous. Me and Harry are doin' just fine, aren't we pal?

MICK

Harry?

Adam rubs his palms together and smiles.

ADAM

You know Coach said with these hands, I can name my own price. I got every scout from here to Miami tryin' to sign me. Is it okay if I put you down as a reference?

MICK

Why don't you ask Harry? I'm sure he knows your hands better than anyone.

7

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Loud whooplas and turning heads as Mick and Adam make their way toward the exit. All eyes are upon them, except two --

Izzie brushes back a strand of dark hair caressing her face. She's elusive, sexy, indifferent. She pops in an earbud and turns up the IPOD's volume.

She notes the cause of the disruption walking toward her. She leans in to get a better view, grunts and goes back to her reading.

ADAM

We totally saved Coach Riley's ass.
He loses this season he's history.
We're fricken heroes.

MICK

I doubt if Coach sees it that way.

ADAM

I'm gonna do it.

MICK

Do what?

ADAM

I'm gonna ask Kristi Fletcher to
the prom.

MICK

Home coming queen, head
cheerleader, not to mention drop
dead gorgeous? You hit your head
harder than I thought.

ADAM

What about you?

MICK

I'm keepin' my options open.

Mick notices Izzie on the bleachers.

MICK (CONT'D)

Speakin' of options?

ADAM

I can't believe she's still sitting
there. It's been three hours.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)
 (regarding Mick's
 question)
 Izzie Kindle, next door neighbor.
 Moved here from New Orleans two
 weeks ago.

MICK
 And you didn't bother to introduce
 us?

ADAM
 She's kinda weird. Not your type.

MICK
 I like weird.
 (to Izzie as they pass)
 Great game, huh?

Izzie's eyes never leave her book.

IZZIE
 I didn't see it.

8 INT. AUSTIN CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL - A SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

-- Mick and Adam virtually joined at the hip as they trod
 down the halls. Constant stares and attention from their
 peers.

-- A group of FRESHMEN storm them for autographs.

-- MICHELLE RAY, attractive Biology teacher, takes note as
 they stroll past the teacher's lounge. She lifts her
 eyebrows and smiles.

SERIES ENDS when Mick spots Izzie standing by her locker
 unloading a pile of books.

MICK
 I don't think we've met. I'm Mick
 Jackson.

IZZIE
 I know who you are.

ADAM
 You need help findin' your class?
 First day can be a nightmare.

IZZIE
 No thanks. I can manage.

MICK

Adam tells me you moved here from
New Orleans.

(suddenly uneasy)

Interesting town.

IZZIE

I wouldn't know.

She slams her locker shut and proceeds to 10-C, Mick's
Biology class. He is both bothered and intrigued.

9

INT. BIOLOGY CLASS - DAY

A room less clinical that exemplifies new blood. Ms. Ray
sits on the edge of her desk. Her eyes travel to Mick who is
busy studying the back of Izzie's head.

MS. RAY

Mr. Jackson. Can you can tell us
the name of a relationship in which
two organisms benefit from their
association?

She crosses her legs to draw Mick's attention.

MICK

Besides sex?
(class laughs)
That would be symbiosis.

MS. RAY

(coy smile)

Class, this is Isabel Kindle, Izzie
to her friends. Please welcome her
to our class.

(forced hellos)

Miss Kindle, do you agree with Mr.
Jackson's answer?

IZZIE

No on both counts.

Mick's smirk fades.

MICHELLE

I see. And, what would your answer
be?

IZZIE

Mutualism. Symbiosis refers to a number of different relationships between organisms, including a mutually beneficial one. Mutualism refers specifically to that sort of relationship.

MICK

(challenged)

And what about sex?

Izzie flips around unyielding.

IZZIE

Pure theory I would imagine.

10 EXT. GATES TO JACKSON HOME - LATE AFTERNOON

Mick punches in his security code. The moving CAMERA stops and looks right at him. He sticks out his tongue and laughs.

He revs up his black Harley Davidson and maneuvers through the open gate.

11 INT. JACKSON HOME - LATE AFTERNOON

Modern, stylish, rich. Mick tosses his backpack on the couch. He hears a LOUD VOICE coming from the study.

VOICE (O.S.)

I don't give a damn who you are.

(beat)

Yeah, you do that, pal? And, don't call me at this number again.

SLAMS PHONE.

12 INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Everything shiny, new, unused. Mick stares at his father. Cold, suspicious.

GARRET JACKSON, good looking, serene, untouchable. His face says he's happy, his balled fists indicate something else.

GARRET

Telemarketers.

(eases)

(MORE)

GARRET (CONT'D)
Come in. Come in. How was
practice?

MICK
The usual. Coach says I got a good
shot for a full scholarship.

GARRET
That's great. Saves me major bucks
on tuition.

He laughs a second too long.

MICK
Where's Mom? I didn't see her car
outside.

GARRET
You know your mother. Always off
doing something for somebody. She
saved you some dinner in the oven
if you're hungry.

MICK
No thanks. I grabbed a burger on
the way home.

Garret rises from the desk. Pushing forty, he looks years
younger.

GARRET
Probably a good thing.
(burps)
Enchiladas. A bit too much for the
old system to handle.

Garret feathers his rock hard abs. Far from old. He walks
toward Mick.

Both reach to close the office door, awkwardly bumping into
each other. Garret backs off and lets Mick take the lead.

GARRET (CONT'D)
Offsides.

He wraps Mick's shoulder and smiles.

13 INT. SHOWER - EVENING

It's a man's room. Unkempt, inessential.

Mick is soaping up in the shower. His HAND veers over a
puckered scar dead center his sternum.

MEMORY SEQUENCE MICK'S POV - WHITE LIGHT

SCREAMS -- SHADOWS MOVING IN AND OUT.

Suddenly --

He's running from something -- someone. It's after him.
Closer. He's going to die and he knows it. BANG.

He feels cold, numb...dead --

SMASH TO:

14 INT. SHOWER - EVENING

-- as he bolts upright and realizes he subconsciously flipped the lever to C. Routine, wakening. He shakes his head and expels a cold breath.

We watch his unnerved demeanor change - steady - confident - normal. He looks down.

MICK
Theory my ass.

15 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Modern, spacious, organized.

Mick wolfs down his scrambled eggs. The side door opens --

-- enters KARA JACKSON. Suited for jogging, fresh, no sweat. She's a pretty blonde, 30's, fit, plastic smile.

KARA
Mick, sweetie. I didn't think
anyone would be up this early.
(notices eggs)
And, you fixed your own breakfast.

MICK
No problem.

KARA
Trouble sleeping again?

MICK
Some.

KARA
Girl trouble?

She read his mind.

MICK
No.

KARA
You know you can tell me anything.

He won't.

MICK
Just restless. Got mid-terms
comin' up.

KARA
Which you will ace as usual. Got a
date for the prom yet?

MICK
Not yet.

KARA
I'll bet you got every girl in
school holding her breath.

A measured pause.

MICK
Not all of 'em.

16 EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - DAY

Mick walks up and sees Adam talking to KRISTI. Even in baggy
gym shorts she's model perfect.

ADAM
Mick, my man, you remember Kristi.

MICK
Sure. Hi.

KRISTI
Hi. How'd Old Lady Sims talk you
into this?

ADAM
We volunteered.

KRISTI

I like it. Jocks teachin' females
how to hold their sticks.

ADAM

Bats.

A step closer.

KRISTI

Bats. And, you expect us to
concentrate on our swing?

ADAM

For now.

A burst of attention from the other girls. COACH SIMS,
manly, unattractive, storms up appalled by the display.

COACH SIMS

Knock it off. We're hear to learn,
not gallivant around. Mr. Jackson -
Mr. North, if you may.

The girls line up --

17 SOFTBALL SEQUENCE - MICK AND ADAM'S POV

Endless missed balls -- giggles -- flirting.

Suddenly --

IZZIE takes her place in line.

Long legs, slim hips. Mick's eyes venture to the soft rise of
her breasts beneath a scooped tee.

Adam notices and takes the reign, enjoying the extra
attention.

Izzie steps up to the plate. Adam fakes a charley horse and
hands Mick the bat.

MICK

You ready?

IZZIE

If you are.

Mick circles from behind and positions her hands midway on
the bat. He leans into her, intoxicated by her soft scent.

MICK

It's called choking up. Makes it easier for girls to hit the ball.

He steps away. Izzie shoots him a defiant look and grips the bat at the end.

PITCH. CRACK. OUTFIELD.

IZZIE

You were sayin'?

18 EXT. CAFETERIA - LUNCH

All EYES are on the arriving cheerleaders. Except Mick's. He's looking for --

IZZIE enters and sits alone. Mick watches her over the rim of his glass.

CLICK. A nerdy-jock named WILLIE aims his Iphone.

WILLIE

I can see the headlines now. Mick Jackson, high school virtuoso, gaga over the new chick.

MICK

I'm not gaga. Just observant. It's tough being the new kid. I should know. Seven schools in twelve years.

OX, fullback built like a German tank, chimes in.

OX

What's the matter, Jackson? Teachers kept kickin' you out?

MICK

No, dufas, my parents travel a lot. This is the longest we've stayed in one spot.

OX

Big house, rich parents. I'm bleeding.

MICK

That can be arranged.

Ox's smile lessens perceptibly.

ADAM
You want her, right?

MICK
Maybe.

ADAM
Then what are you waitin' for?
Now's your chance.

OX
Ten bucks says she rips him.

He and Mick exchange cold looks.

MICK
Get your wallet out, shit-face.

FOLLOW Mick as he carries his tray to Izzie's table.

MICK'S POV - APPROACH

Mick glances at Izzie's profile and sits.

MICK
You don't mind, do ya?

IZZIE
Last I heard it was a free country.

MICK
I know it's hard livin' in a
strange town. Trust me, I been
there. I'd be happy to show you
around if you'd like.
(nothing)
I lived in New Orleans once myself.
A couple years before Katrina.
(uncertain)
Didn't like it much though. Did
you grow up there?

He waits for her answer which is slow to come.

IZZIE
Look, you're obviously interested
in me. Class starts in ten
minutes, so I'll save you some
time. I hate sports.

MICK
All sports?

IZZIE
Pretty much.

 MICK
But softball practice? You hit a
home run first try.

 IZZIE
Isaac Newton. All I did was
undercut the ball to put backspin
on it. Ball stays in the air
longer and travels farther. But
you knew that right?

Mick turns away embarrassed. Suddenly their proximity is
overwhelming. He picks up his tray --

-- and tosses it untouched. He pulls a ten from his wallet
and slam-dunks it in Ox's chili.

19 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Mick picks up his gate, his eyes straight ahead. Adam lags a
step behind.

 ADAM
She's one fish in a big ocean. I
say forget her.

 MICK
Who asked you?

Michelle steps out of her office.

 MICHELLE
Mick, just the guy I need.

 MICK
Ms. Ray.

 MICHELLE
Can you help me? The light in my
office is out and it's drivin' me
crazy.

 MICK
Uh...sure.

 MICHELLE
(regarding Adam)
Ten minutes tops.

Adam smiles knowingly.

ADAM
(under his breath)
Shouldn't take 'em that long.

20 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON MICK sleeping, a tortured look on his face. His breath is short, disturbed.

21 DREAM SEQUENCE - MICK'S POV

Izzie winds up and throws a curve ball.

POP... LINE DRIVE.

Mick takes off like a marathon runner. FIRST BASE -- SECOND -
- THIRD. Izzie homes the ball.

The wind is in his face. *Harder*. Her scent invades his nostrils. He can't breathe. All he can do is --

-- RUN. All of a sudden --

-- his legs lock and he falls. Something is pulling him down. *Lower*. He panics and tries to free himself. Dead weight.

He is sinking. He can't breathe. He SCREAMS. Everything is DARK --

In steps Michelle holding a light bulb. She's dressed in a scanty outfit.

CRASH. The bulb splinters on the hardwood floor.

She leans closer and pulls Mick's mouth to hers. He is confused. Excited. He kisses her back. Hard, eager.

She rips open his shirt and kisses his chest. *Lower*. He can't breathe --

SMASH TO:

Mick GROANS and pops open his eyes. His is irreparably shaken.

22 INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

ON KARA'S FACE as she stands in the doorway, dismay filling her.

Garret downs a double shot of bourbon. His eyes are glassy, lethal. He glances at a photo of MICK on his desk as he --
-- punches #2 on the speed dial.

INTERCUT WITH:

23 INT. STUDY - LOCATION UNKNOWN

A well-dressed MAN sits in a wheelchair. We can't see his face, but we know he's a man of substance. His commanding voice fills the room.

MAN

This better be important.

Garret looks at Kara, who nods reluctantly.

GARRET

He's starting to remember.

A long beat.

MAN

Are you certain?

GARRET

Kara heard him last night. He called out your name.

MAN

I see. We have no choice then. Let me know when it's done.

DISCONNECT.

Garret reaches inside the desk drawer and pulls out a 45mm GLOCK.

GARRET

Yes sir.

CUT AWAY TO:

24 INT. MURRAY'S DINER - AFTERNOON

Fifties motif, paraphernalia more fake than real. We scan the FACES --

JOCKS, CHEERLEADERS, the IN-CROWD.

ON MICK oblivious to the noise -- his face drawn, haggard. He pinches his tired eyes.

ADAM
Dreams again?

MICK
Yeah. And if that wasn't bad enough, I caught this white van following me the other day.

ADAM
What? You think somebody's tryin' to kill you?

MICK
Crazy, huh?

ADAM
Maybe you should talk to someone.

MICK
What a shrink? Forget it. I don't need some White Coat pokin' around in my head.

ADAM
Agreed. God knows what they might find.

Mick chokes back a smile.

MICK
You're such a prick. Why do I put up with you?

ADAM
Misery loves company.
(smiles)
Speakin' of company.

He whistles to a group of girls gossiping nearby.

ADAM (CONT'D)
 Ladies. My friend is in desperate
 need of a little TLC Anyone
 interested?

A full rush of FEMALE BODIES. Adam grins mischievously.
 Mick shakes his head and laughs.

25 INT. DINER - MICK'S POV

Beautiful girls vie for his and Adam's attention. Avid,
 virginal.

His eyes linger on JOSIE, Sophomore, movie star looks. She
 offers him an inviting smile.

He starts to feel relaxed, tempted, until --

Another rush -- this time half the FOOTBALL TEAM.

WILLIE
 What's with you, Jackson? You're
 not watchin' the game.

Willie points center wall -- giant flat-screen TV -- JETS
 charging a COWBOYS KICKER --

BALL'S IN THE AIR -- TIPS THE GOALPOST -- IN

A round of high fives.

OX
 And that's the way it's done.

LENNY, offensive guard, abundant ears, gullibility to match,
 slaps Mick's back.

LENNY
 What do you say, Mickey Mouse? Big
 game's comin' up. You ready to
 kick some Aussie tail?

MICK
 First man touches me and I'll kick
 yours.

Lenny's wide smile crumbles.

ADAM

Don't you know by now? He doesn't like to be touched unless you're beautiful...which, by the way, you're not.

LENNY

Sorry, man. I didn't know. I'll watch it from now on.

MICK

Make sure you do. Nobody comes near me. That's the rule. You got it?

LENNY

(shrinks)
Got it.

MICK

My ass is still sore from the last sack.

Mick winks at Josie who slowly smiles. Lenny releases a held breath.

26

EXT. BACK ROADS - NIGHT

Adam is riding behind Mick. Not a car for miles. The air is crisp, electrifying.

ADAM

You mind keepin' it under ninety.

Faster.

Adam signs a cross over his heart and holds on. Bump. Top of a hill --

EXT. BACK ROADS - MICK'S POV

HEADLIGHTS coming at them.

Mick makes a hard swerve nearly unseating Adam. SCREECH of brakes behind.

Suddenly WHITE LIGHTS coming up fast. He arcs a quick right down a side road. Dim clearing, overgrown brush.

Adam grips his waste triggering an overpowering sense of deja vu. He panics momentarily. Can't breathe.

ON MICK zooming around obstacles at lightning speed. No time to reason -- this is his hell.

WHIP. SCRAP. The lights still behind them. *Speeding up.* A fallen limb --

The HARLEY is airborne. Up...Over...Solid landing.

CRUNCH of gravel behind. CRASH. Mick flies like the wind distancing them.

27 EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Adam looks nauseous as he slides off the Harley while Mick appears unshaken.

ADAM

I just want you to know. Next time I'm takin' the bus.

MICK

I should do something about this.

ADAM

Right. We should call the cops.

MICK

No, I meant I should ask Izzie to the prom.

Adam stares at him unbelieving.

28 EXT. BIOLOGY CLASS - DAY

MICK waiting for Izzie outside class. He spots her walking down the hall. Blocks her path determined.

MICK

Would you like to go to prom with me?

ON IZZIE caught off-guard.

IZZIE

I told you...

MICK

I know. You don't do sports. I'm not askin' you to angle Hulk Hogan. It's a dance.

Izzie takes a moment to think.

IZZIE

I can't.

MICK

Can't or won't.

IZZIE

Both.

(off Mick's letdown)

Look, it's nothing personal. I'd have to buy a dress and all, and I'm not familiar with the shops around here. You should ask someone else.

She walks off leaving Mick tongue-tied.

29

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Neat, sports apparatus dominant. MICK running a treadmill - ADAM pumping iron.

MICK

I'm Mick Jackson, Football Captain, all round athlete, and she turns *me* down.

ADAM

You don't think much of yourself do you? I'm just glad to be alive.

MICK

You know what I think it is?

ADAM

Bad breath?

MICK

She's playin' hard to get.

ADAM

We almost get killed and you're pining away over some chick.

MICK

I'm not pining.

ADAM
 Fine. Randomly obsessing. Could we talk about what happened the other night?

MICK
 I got that figured out too. It's Ambrose Zahn.

ADAM
 Austin High's quarterback?

MICK
 He's tryin' to freak us out so we play bad.

ADAM
 I'd say it's workin'.

KNOCK. Enters SAM NORTH, Adam's father. Medial looks, exalted intellect.

SAM
 Are I interrupting something?

ADAM
 Not really. We were just talkin' about the new neighbor.

SAM
 I don't blame you. She's very pretty. Shame about her parents though.

MICK
 What about her parents?

SAM
 You didn't know? Both were killed in a freak accident a few months back.

Adam swallows hard.

ADAM
 What kind of accident?

SAM
 Bright sunny day. Roads are dry. Car flips over for no apparent reason.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

The girl was shoved off on an older brother, ex-mental patient who can barely take care of himself.

MICK

That's why she turned me down. She didn't want anyone to know.

30 EXT. OUTSIDE SCHOOL - DAY

Steady TRAFFIC in and out. MICK watching for --

KRISTI and JOSIE giggling as they exit the school's double doors. Mick strolls up casually.

MICK

Nice day.

JOSIE

It is now.

MICK

I need to ask you something.

Josie holds her breath.

MICK (CONT'D)

This may sound weird, but I was wonderin'... What size dress do you wear?

JOSIE

Four why?

MICK

No reason. Thanks.

He walks off smiling. Both girls shrug their shoulders.

31 EXT. HALLWAY/LOCKERS - DAY

CLOSE ON WILLIE twisting the combination lock. Listening --
LEFT. CLICK. RIGHT. CLICK. OPEN.

Mick pulls out a pair of tennis shoes and checks the size.

MICK

Six and a half. Gotcha.

32 EXT. HALLWAY/LOCKERS - PROM DAY

JOSIE opening her locker and finding --

-- a black formal dress, expensive, tasteful. Stylish heels to match. She smiles -- her first in a long time.

She flips around excited and bumps into --

MICK standing right behind her. He whispers in her ear.

MICK

Pick you up at seven.

33 INT. STRETCH LIMO - NIGHT

MICK dressed in a black tux, ADAM charcoal gray. They look good.

Izzie's house first --

34 EXT. IZZIE'S HOUSE - PROM NIGHT

Not much to speak of. Low rent for a ritzy neighborhood.

Izzie opens the door before Mick can knock. The limo's lights capture the silky sheen of the dress, making it sparkle like black diamonds.

Snug waist, daring neckline. Very provocative. Mick's breath catches in his throat.

MICK

My God, you're beautiful.

He offers her a single red rose and his hand. Chivalrous, romantic. She accepts both.

35 INT. RITZ HOTEL BALLROOM - PROM NIGHT

Grand ballroom. Tactfully decorated blue and gold.

FOLLOW MICK, IZZIE, ADAM, KRISTI as the search for an empty table.

TIGHT ON A BAND setting up center stage.

BACK TO:

MICK at the bar ordering a pitcher of margaritas. He joins the others.

KRISTI
That's a great dress.

Izzie smiles at Mick.

IZZIE
Yes it is.

KRISTI
How's school workin' out?

IZZIE
Not bad. Everyone's been really nice.

MICK
(drawls)
That's Texans for ya. Down home and friendly.

Kristi's eyes follow Mick as he pours the drinks, without a doubt attracted. Adam regards it. Nothing unusual. He's busy eyeing the band.

IZZIE
Not at all what I expected.

ADAM
Yep. I hear that a lot.

Adam cocks his brow. Kristi smiles, getting it. He rises, making his move.

ADAM (CONT'D)
You wanna dance?

KRISTI
But there's no music.

ADAM
You sure about that?

He SNAPS his fingers. On cue the band cranks up with *Unchained Melody*. Adam smiles, pleased with himself.

36 INT. DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

FOLLOW ADAM as he impresses Kristi with his moves. He's got her full attention.

MICK watching, nods his approval. He smiles and pulls Izzie closer.

MICK
You're a great dancer.

IZZIE
Ballet, tap and erotic.

MICK
You got my attention.

IZZIE
Good. You know, I never had a date buy me clothes before.

MICK
You never had a date like me before.

IZZIE
And what makes you so special?

MICK
The shoes fit.

They both laugh.

37 EXT. VERANDA - NIGHT

The sky clear, air chilled. A perfect night.

MICK
You cold?

IZZIE
A little.

He takes off his jacket and wraps her shoulders.

MICK
Better?

IZZIE
Yes.

He tilts her chin upward and gently slides his lips across hers. She wraps her arms around his neck --

-- as he kisses harder, passionately. He's aroused, control spinning like his head.

Izzie softly moans. He pulls away while he still can.

38 EXT. IZZIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The limo drives up. Mick takes Izzie's hand and walks up the driveway. Something catches his eye --

A rusty CHEVY PICKUP parked on the street, dented in front, left light broken.

A stretch of silence. He brushes off the eerie feeling.

MICK

I'd like to meet your brother.

IZZIE

That might not be a good idea.
Conner's in a bad place right now.

MICK

I don't care. He's got a right to
know who's datin' his sister.

IZZIE

Dating? So, tonight wasn't about
your ego?

MICK

(smiles)
Of course it was.

He kisses her.

MICK (CONT'D)

But it's about you to. I've never
met a girl like you before. Call
it old fashion, but I'd like your
brother's approval.

IZZIE

All right. You can come in.

Mick gives the limo driver a thumbs up.

39 INT. IZZIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Simple design, cozy. Mick examining pictures of young IZZIE on the mantel. Innocent, naive, beautiful even then. He runs his index finger across her lips. Suddenly --

He feels a catch in the pit of his stomach.

A VOICE behind him --

VOICE
You wanted to meet me.

Mick flips around and stares.

FLASH POP SUPERDOME --

FLASH POP CHEVY PICKUP --

FLASH POP ATTACKER'S FACE --

FLASH POP GUN --

FLASH POP IZZIE'S BROTHER --

BACK ON MICK as he clears his throat and head. He steadies his outstretched hand.

MICK
Conner, is it?

CONNER
Yeah.

A closer look --

Short-cropped hair, thinner, raw muscle, deadly.

MICK
I'm Mick...

CONNER
Jackson. I know. Quarterback,
Austin Central.

MICK
You know the team.

CONNER
I know everything bad and everyone
who does it.

ON MICK taking a step forward, challenged. Izzie steps in.

IZZIE
Want a beer?

MICK
Sure.

She pecks Mick's cheek and flashes Conner a warning look.

CONNER
Losing season. You and North pull
it off. Bet you got Coach bendin'
over backwards to kiss your rich
ass.

Mick controls himself with effort.

MICK
You follow the team?

CONNER
I follow you.

A filtered silence hangs between them.

Conner steps to the left and casually scoops up a football
lying on the couch.

CONNER (CONT'D)
Seven letters by your senior year.
Bet you got every bitch in school
tossin' her panties.

He launches it at Mick who nails the catch.

CONNER (CONT'D)
My sister's not one of 'em. Clear?

MICK
Clear. I respect Izzie. I'd never
do anything to hurt her.

CONNER
Good. Then we'll get along just
fine.

Izzie returns and hands Mick the beer. He sits on the couch
and nurses it, mindful of Conner's every move.

40 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

KARA flipping pancakes. She shovels one in Mick's plate. He stares at it. Food is the last thing on his mind.

MICK
I don't have time.

KARA
They're whole wheat.
(off Mick's look)
You don't sleep. You barely eat.
Are you taking your vitamins?

MICK
Every day.

KARA
Good. An athlete's immune system
is important you know.

MICK
I'm fine. Really.

KARA
I worry about you. Football,
baseball, basketball. I suppose
you'll be skydiving next.

MICK
Not really a sport, Mom.

KARA
You know what I mean.

Mick takes a hurried bite and rushes toward the door.

MICK
I hear you. I'll eat better I
promise. Just not today.

KARA
(calls after him)
Your vitamins.

She rolls two pills from her hand to his. Mick accedes and dutifully pops them in his mouth.

41 EXT. BEACH - JOGGING - DAY

ON MICK - eyes fixated, feet pounding the pavement, his mind exploding in a thousand directions. Adam pushes to stay even.

MICK
Keep up, will ya. You're gettin'
soft on me.

Adam wipes a trail of sweat from his face.

ADAM
Soft? You call this soft.

MICK
How much do you know about Conner
Kindle

ADAM
Izzie's brother. Not much. Can we
break now?

Adam stops short, his breath labored. He gulps half a bottle water and bathes in the rest.

MICK
He tried to kill me.

ADAM
You're shittin' me. Because you're
datin' his sister?

MICK
A long time ago. He's the one who
shot me.

ADAM
Whoa...whoa...whoa. Slow down
here. You told me it was a hunting
accident.

MICK
That's what my father told me. I'm
not so sure now. Conner drives an
old pickup just like the one in my
dream. And get this... The left
side is dented, one of the
headlights busted. I think he's
the guy who was chasin' us.

Adam takes a moment to process.

ADAM

You have no proof, right?

MICK

Not yet, but I will. I asked them both to dinner after the game.

ADAM

Lemme get this straight. You like Izzie, she likes you, the brother wants you dead and you invite them out for a casual meal?

MICK

You can come too if you want.

Adam regards him levelly.

ADAM

What the hell. Talk around the dinner table has got to be interesting.

42 EXT. AUSTIN HIGH STADIUM - EVENING

OVER Austin High Stadium as the CAMERA SPIRALS DOWNWARD ONTO the field --

-- we hear marching BANDS, CHEERS. The noise is deafening.

43 INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - EVENING

The BROADCAST TEAM attempt to be heard. LOU, retired football coach, and GIBBS, former NFL player, bellow into their headsets.

GIBBS

Welcome to Austin High Stadium, where tonight the Austin High Panthers take on the Central Mavericks for the championship game.

LOU

This is Lou Everett and Gibbs Brown. As you can hear, the crowd is wild. Both teams tied at seven-two, this win is crucial.

GIBBS

Mick Jackson led his Austin Central squad to three consecutive 5A championships, scoring 16 touchdowns in those title games; first high school athlete to appear on the cover of *Sports Illustrated* his junior year.

LOU

And Ambrose Zahn, Pathers quarterback, is widely considered the best in Texas history. These two young athletes should make for one exciting game.

44 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - FOURTH QUARTER

MICK'S eyes glazed, his face bathed in sweat. The huddle breaks. He shakes his head and tries to focus. The rest of the OFFENSIVE LINE sprints to the line of scrimmage.

He checks the scoreboard. Home 10 - Visitors 7. He's got ten seconds to get in.

SNAP. The clock is ticking. Ten - nine - eight...

-- Adam is in the clear. Waiting, anxious. DEFENSIVE TACKLE coming at Mick. He hangs a right and dodges the blow. He tucks the ball in his arm and takes it on the run --

FIFTY YARD LINE -- FORTY -- THIRTY --

Mick's breath is shallow. A DEFENSIVE BACK straight ahead. Left fake, then right. Between two BACKS. He is running for his life. *Faster.*

Goal line ahead. Blurred, distorted. High on adrenaline and gut instinct, he dives forward.

TOUCHDOWN. FANS go crazy. All hell breaks lose.

Mick lies on the cold ground, oblivious, stoned.

45 INT. SHOWER - MICK'S POV

Water rolls off MICK'S face. He spreads his hands. Looks like he's been in there a while.

MICK
 Water is wet. Girl's are wet.
 You're a hero. What the fuck's
 wrong with you?

The shower door opens.

MICK (CONT'D)
 Taken.

IZZIE
 Not yet.

Mick spins back to see Izzie standing there with only a towel covering her.

MICK
 Izzie, what are you doin' here?

She lets the towel DROP and steps in the shower. Water cascades down her hair, face and bounces off her breasts. Mick is dazed, speechless, excited.

IZZIE
 I'm suddenly into sports.

She kisses his lips, chest, stomach --

-- lower. He sucks in a jagged breath. His mind and control faltering. Is this real?

He slams her back against the shower wall and presses his lips on hers. Hard, demanding. *No escape*. He wraps her leg around his waist.

OUTSIDE SHOWER - MICK'S POV

The door opens. Caught in the act. Mick pivots around embarrassed. He locks eyes with --

ADAM
 Are you okay? You been in here
 over an hour.

Mick looks at him puzzled. He stumbles toward Adam, attempting to focus. He steps back and searches the shower. He is ALONE.

46 INT. MURRAY'S DINER - NIGHT

ON MICK watching the diner's door - ADAM watching him.

ADAM

You wanna tell me what's goin' on?
You were totally out of when I
found you. Please tell me it's not
drugs. You couldn't possibly be
that dumb.

MICK

You know me by now. I don't do
drugs.

ADAM

Then what? You get some earlier
and now your bummed?

Mick covers well.

MICK

It's nothing. Just something I
ate.

ADAM

I rest my case. Better not let the
brother know or you'll be takin' a
dirt nap real soon.

In walks --

CONNER and IZZIE.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Feelin' sleepy?

Mick rises to greet them. A forced handshake, a quick kiss.
Silence.

CONNER

So this is Murray's Diner. Social
suicide capital of the world.
Where the poor and perverted dare
not go.

ADAM

They got great burgers.

CONNER

So I hear. You jocks eat a lotta
meat, don't ya? Nothin' like pure
protein. Save it up for the big
one.

Mick clinches his jaw ready to deck him.

IZZIE
That was some game.

MICK
You actually watched it.

IZZIE
I'm getting into sports.

Mick shrinks as guilt fills him.

MICK
How 'bout a beer?

CONNER
How 'bout several beers? I been
savin' up.

47 INT. MURRAY'S DINER - SEVERAL BEERS LATER

STACKS OF DOLLARS ON THE TABLE. Mick slides his credit card
in his back pocket.

ON CONNER feeling no pain, relaxed.

CONNER
Go ahead and ask me.

MICK
Ask you what?

CONNER
Why I got locked away for six
years.

IZZIE
Conner!

CONNER
It's okay. These are your friends.
They got a right to know.

Adam stretches his mouth into a grimace.

ADAM
So, what'd you do?

CONNER
I tried to kill somebody.

Adam chokes on his beer.

ADAM
Did you succeed?

CONNER
I didn't kill anybody. I wanted to
but I didn't. Funny, I don't even
remember why. He was just a kid
for Christ sake.

ADAM
You go around killin' kids often,
Con...Conner?

ADAM preparing to die while MICK smolders.

CONNER
Only high schoolers.

48 EXT. MURRAY'S DINER - NIGHT

CLOSE ON MICK - a live time bomb ready to explode. He looks
at Izzie, unfledged, trusting, and incredibly beautiful. He
makes the effort to stay level.

Suddenly --

Three armed THUGS appear from nowhere. The first one grabs
Izzie and presses a knife to her throat.

THUG
Gimme your wallet or the girl gets
it.

Izzie is petrified.

ADAM
Hold on. We're all people here.
Maybe we can work something out.

CONNER
Don't you know by now, North. You
can't reason with scum.

THUG
Watch your mouth, Jack, or watch
her bleed.
(feels Izzie's breast)
After we have our fill of her.

Mick's voice is ice cold.

MICK
 Go ahead. I'm tired of her anyway.
 You wanna see my wallet.

He spreads his palms face out. One remains, the other pulls his wallet from his pants pocket.

MICK (CONT'D)
 Nothing left, man. The bitch bled me totally dry.

Pain enters Izzie's eyes.

MICK (CONT'D)
 You want her. Fine by me. She ain't worth gettin' killed over. What'd you say? The girl stays - we go. You have a good time and everybody's happy.

The robbers are stunned, confused.

In happens in a second --

MICK whips around and kicks the first guy in the groin, second in the chest. He slaps the knife from the first guy's hand and lays a brutal punch to his jaw. The robber reels backwards giving Izzie a chance to escape.

MICK (CONT'D)
 Run!

She does.

Conner thrusts his fist against the second guy's nose, breaking it. A loud HOWL.

Adam scoops up the gun and shoots, mostly at feet. Bodies scatter.

49 EXT. MURRAY'S DINER - NIGHT

Mick wraps his jacket around Izzie's shoulders. She's obviously shaken.

CONNER
 Quick thinkin', Jackson.

MICK
 (off Izzie's look)
 You do realize I didn't mean any of that back there.

IZZIE

I know. You saved my life. Thank you.

ADAM

You were something else, man. I didn't know you studied marshal arts.

Mick thinks for a second, unsure.

MICK

I didn't.

50 INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Door partially open. Mick enters unnoticed. Garret is on he phone with his back turned.

GARRET

The shipment's two days late. Do you know what two days does to me? I'll tell you what it does, pal. Half a mill gone and my life turns to shit.

(listens)

Don't worry. He's out with some friends.

Mick eases a step back and listens at the door.

INTERCUT TO:

51 INT. HUT - LOCATION UNKNOWN

Tropical setting, remote, rustic.

The MAN on the phone paces. African American, floppy hat, stained undershirt.

MAN

It won't happen again.

GARRET

Make damned sure it doesn't. The kid falls apart, we lose everything.

MAN

I'll take care of it.

GARRET

You do that. Next time I won't be so understanding.

We look around and see the entire place TRASHED. Papers and possessions strewn everywhere.

GARRET (CONT'D)

Sorry about the mess. Call it an anger management problem. Losing money really pisses me off.

SLAMS PHONE.

Mick covers his mouth, nauseated.

52 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

ON MICK -- perspiration beading on his forehead. He splashes cold water on his face. Nothing changes. He repeats the ritual.

He catches his reflection in the mirror. It stares back at him. Cold, drawn, eye sockets hollow. A *STRANGER*.

MICK

No more beers for you, *pal*.

53 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Everything quiet, mundane. Mick is ravenous, normal. He spoons down another bite of cereal.

He flip closes his Biology book and heads toward the door. He stops short and remembers --

-- his vitamins on the counter. He pops the lid off and downs the last two.

54 INT. BIOLOGY CLASS - DAY

We scan the class. Wrinkled FOREHEADS, worried FACES, mediocre STUDENTS.

ON IZZIE as she struggles momentarily, rereads the question, then answers.

CLOSE ON MICK as his eyes rotate from questions to answers. He darkens the circles at record pace. Effortless, robotic.

He stops on number fifteen: *What is mutualism?* He glances up at Izzie who is absorbed, unaware. He reads his choices and quickly marks "c". He smiles.

55 INT. BASKETBALL COURT - A SERIES OF ACTION SHOTS

-- Both sides run the court, exchanging baskets.

-- ADAM on the move, attempts a vertical jump. Flagrant foul. His backside skims the court. WHISTLE.

-- Free throw, BOUNCE, aim, sweat. Repeat. Both shots IN.

-- The ball tipped to Adam who backs it to Mick.

-- MICK traveling past two guards. Cornered mid-court. HOLLOW TAP TAP TAP as he ops an escape. Impossible shot. Time running out --

-- He aims high and releases --

-- SLOW MOTION as the ball spins. *UP, OVER, ON TARGET.* It spirals downward. SWISH...acing the basket.

CUT ON THE BUZZER.

56 EXT. SHOWER - DAY

Mick pops Adam's butt with a towel. He seems his old self, confident, happy. Adam is at a loss.

ADAM

So, you're cool with the brother
tryin' to kill you and the Dad gone
whack thing?

MICK

(laughs)
I'm mad as hell.

Adam strokes his rear.

ADAM

With my ass maybe? Which I'd
really like to stay attached to my
body. It goes, shit flies
everywhere.

MICK

You worry too much.

ADAM
You're up to something.

MICK
I'm always up to something.

ADAM
You mind cluing me in. You're forgetting, me and my essence were both riding shotgun that night.

Mick takes a breath as if trying to calm himself.

MICK
You remember your first bike and how it felt to ride it? Feels good, right? Wind in your face, everything right with the world. And, then you hit a bump and fall.

ADAM
Hell yeah. I got scars to prove it.

MICK
Well, I *don't* remember. So, if I'm gonna fall, I'm sure as hell gonna enjoy the ride.

BEGIN A SERIES OF SHOTS OVER SEVERAL HOURS:

57 INT. OUTSIDE BIOLOGY CLASS - DAY

Anxious students gather to check their test scores. MICK JACKSON #1 -- perfect score; ISABEL KINDLE #2.

58 EXT. OUTSIDE BENCHES - LUNCH

ON MICK the center of attention. Izzie next to him, accepted, invisible.

59 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

Bases loaded. MICK cracks a home run first swing. IZZIE in the bleachers, smiling.

60 EXT. UNDER BLEACHERS - NIGHT

Mick and Izzie under the bleachers making out, hot, heavy.

61 EXT. IZZIE'S HOUSE - ANOTHER DAY

Mick with his head under the hood of Conner's truck. Conner grabs a screwdriver. Adam stiffens. He looks at Mick, confused by the whole concept.

ADAM

You run over a Freshman?

CONNER

Not yet. But, there's always hope.

ADAM

Bet she pumps, what fifty?

Adam waits, girdling himself.

CONNER

In first gear. When she's runnin' that is. Been broke down awhile.

Mick straightens and says --

MICK

How long?

CONNER

Last summer. Hit a deer on fifty-four. Both died the same day.

Mick takes a moment to think, knowing he just heard something important.

MICK

Start 'er up.

Key in the ignition --

POW! BACKFIRE. Adam grabs his chest, his head, his genitals. All intact to his relief.

62 INT. IZZIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Conner and Adam choking beers, Mick diet coke. It's obvious their relationship has changed.

CONNER
You shit in your pants. Admit it.

ADAM
I did not.
(concedes)
Maybe a little.

CONNER
(to Mick)
Truth. Where'd you learn to handle
yourself like that?

MICK
Honestly, I don't know.

CONNER
Fine. Have it your way.
(crushes empty can)
I was like you once. Played every
sport there was. Had all the girls
after me.

Adam studies him. Unkempt, unshaven. He raises his brows
questionably.

ADAM
Really?

CONNER
I could kick ass too. Still can.

Adam cowers a step backwards.

CONNER (CONT'D)
Until they came along.

MICK
They?

CONNER
Pills. My parents got me suckered
into a drug study senior year.
Claimed this new pill would make me
play better.

A darkness enters Mick's eyes.

MICK
Your parents?

CONNER

Both biochemists for this big drug conglomerate.

CONNER (CONT'D)

And it worked. I could run five miles straight without breakin' a sweat. For six weeks I was king of Fairmont High. Had every bitch in town sniffin' after me. Until the study ended.

Mick searches Adam's face. A moment passes between them.

MICK

What happened?

CONNER

Everything turned to shit, or so I'm told. I don't remember much back then. All I know is I ended up in the nut house for tryin' to kill this kid.

Conner looks at Mick, direct, precise.

CONNER (CONT'D)

You were eight years old and I wanted you dead.

An eerie chill enters Mick's spine.

63 EXT. NORTH HOME - DAY

SAM washing his car. Mick taps his shoulder surprising him.

MICK

Mr. North.

SAM

Mick. You scared me.

MICK

Imagine how I feel.

Sam looks confused.

SAM

Adam's not here.

MICK

I'm not here to see Adam. I've got a job for you.

SAM

You need a credit check or something?

MICK

I want you to investigate someone. I need to know everything about this guy, good and bad.

SAM

Let's go inside.

Sam eases his arm on Mick's shoulder.

64 INT. NORTH STUDY - CONTINUOUS

An unorganized disaster. Endless files, stacks of papers, newspaper clippings. Nameplate reads: *Sam North, Private Investigator.*

SAM

You know what they say about a messy desk.

(thumps temple)

A sign of intelligence.

MICK

I'll have to remember that.

SAM

Used to drive Adam's mother crazy. She was a real neat freak.

A hint of sadness enters Sam's eyes. He glances at a picture planted adjacent to his computer. Chestnut hair, caring smile, pretty face.

SAM (CONT'D)

It was my fault you know.

An awkward silence before he digs through the desk and retrieves a yellow pad and pen.

SAM (CONT'D)

Now tell me everything you know about this guy. Name, residence, date of birth, anything you can think of that might help.

MICK
 Residence, 1832 Willow Drive,
 Austin. DOB, November 17, 1991.
 His father's name is Garret, owns a
 oil drilling company; mother's name
 Kara, does charity work.

SAM
 A local. That should make this
 easier. What's the son's name?

Mick hesitates a second.

MICK
 Mick. Mick Jackson.

65 INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Kara enters the door as Mick is leaving.

KARA
 Going out?

MICK
 Yeah.

KARA
 Did you eat lunch?

MICK
 Not yet. I'll grab something
 later.
 (off Kara's look)
 I promise.

KARA
 You skipped your vitamins this
 morning.

Mick tenses.

MICK
 You countin' 'em now?

KARA
 No, silly, I noticed the bottle
 hasn't been opened.

Kara unscrews the cap and retrieves two pills. She force
 opens Mick's fist and drops them in his palm.

KARA (CONT'D)

For me.

He dutifully pops them in his mouth. She smiles.

KARA (CONT'D)

Have a good time.

Mick nods.

66 EXT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

No sooner he's out the door --

-- half dissolved pills hit the pavement. Mick crushes them with his shoe.

MICK

I will now.

67 EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE - BASKETBALL COURT

Adams dribbles and passes Mick the ball. Easy shot. Missed. Another. Off the rim. Missed.

ADAM

You okay?

MICK

Of course I'm okay.

ADAM

What's wrong? Kindle again?

MICK

(snaps)

Why does something always have to be wrong? Can't I have an off day for Christ sake?

ADAM

Chill. Just concerned, that's all. This guy follows you here from New Orleans. He admits he wants you dead. I don't know about you, but that doesn't set the basis for a lasting friendship.

MICK

Actually, he wants to help.

ADAM
 Help do what? String up a couple
 first graders?

MICK
 He sees himself in me. If he
 wanted to hurt me, he'd have done
 it by now.

ADAM
 Maybe he's tryin' to catch you off
 guard.

MICK
 He wants answers as much as I do.

Mick bounces the ball and throws. IN.

MICK (CONT'D)
 You know, you really shouldn't be
 so goddamn judgmental.

Adam stares at him, dumbstruck.

68 EXT. IZZIE'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Typical girl's room, neat, bright, commemorative. Desk
 filled with family pictures.

Izzie and Mick lying on the bed. Their kissing has gone past
 the innocent stage. Mick runs his hand up her blouse.

IZZIE
 Whoa. Slow down a bit.

MICK
 Don't worry. I'll take my time.

IZZIE
 No I meant can we slow down a bit?
 We need to talk about Conner and
 what he told you. I knew and I
 didn't say anything. I'm sorry.

Mick pulls away hurt.

MICK
 No problem.

He bolts to his feet and storms out the door. Izzie is
 heartbroken.

69 EXT. STREETS - LATE AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON MICK zooming down the street, pushing his Harley to its limit. He passes a phone booth, curves a wide turn, and pulls to a screeching stop.

He rips open the door and starts flipping through the yellow pages. Determined, angry.

MICK
Wagner, Walker, Williams.

He memorizes the address.

70 EXT. JOSIE'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Mick rings the doorbell. REGGIE WILLIAMS, bald, late 40's, answers.

REGGIE
Yes?

MICK
Excuse me, sir. I'm Mick Jackson,
Josie's friend. Is she home?

REGGIE
Mick Jackson? Quarterback Austin
Central?

MICK
Yessir.

REGGIE
I'll be damned. Come in. Come in.
I didn't realize you two knew each
other. She's in the kitchen.

Josie hears Mick's voice and enters.

JOSIE
Mick, what a surprise.

MICK
I was wonderin' if you'd like to go
grab a burger or something.
(regarding Reggie)
That is, if it's okay with your
dad.

REGGIE

Reggie.

MICK

Reggie. I'll have her back by ten.
Promise.

REGGIE sizing Mick up. Neat, clean shaven, acceptable.

REGGIE

It's okay with me. Jo?

She nods, definitely okay.

71 INT. MURRAY'S DINER - EVENING

Same CROWD, only louder. Josie polishes off her burger while Mick's sits untouched.

JOSIE

I was surprised to see you.

MICK

Are you complaining?

JOSIE

Not at all. I just thought you and Izzie were an item.

Mick stiffens.

MICK

Not anymore.

Josie smiles.

Up walks Ox, Willie, and MAX, second stringer. All three plastered.

MICK (CONT'D)

You all know Josie.

An exchange of hellos. Ox eyes Mick's burger, then JOSIE in her tight tee.

OX

What's the matter, Jackson? Meat not fresh enough?

Mick balls his fists.

MICK
Watch you mouth, Greene.

WILLIE
Where's you better half? I don't
see him around anywhere.

MICK
Adam's not here.

MAX
I thought you two were inseparable.

MICK
Not into threesomes.

Josie catches Mick's drift. She covers his hand, excited.

WILLIE
Agree. One flavor at a time like
ice cream.

OX
Not me. Why settle for vanilla...
(pushes)
When you can have rocky road.

Mick lunges from his chair and slams Ox against the wall.
His eyes are smoldering, dangerous.

MICK
I guess you didn't hear me before.
What I do or don't do is my
business. Got that?

A good fifty pounds heavier, Ox is scared shitless. Josie
intercedes.

JOSIE
It's okay, Mick. Let 'em go.
Please.

Mick finally releases. He picks up his jacket and walks off.
Josie follows.

72 EXT. WHITE ROSE MOTEL - NIGHT

Silence as they ride. Josie slides off the Harley, nervous,
confused.

MICK
You wanna do this or not?

He opens the motel door and enters first.

73 INT. WHITE ROSE MOTEL - NIGHT

MICK and JOSIE getting it on full speed. Josie suddenly has second thoughts and pulls back.

JOSIE
Stop, Mick.

MICK
What's the matter?

JOSIE
I've never done this before.

He releases her and dresses in silence. She sits on the bed crying. One last look.

BAM --

-- he punches his fist through the wall and slams the door behind him.

74 EXT. JOSIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MICK slowly riding past Josie's house. Takes a sip of beer and speeds off disconcerted.

75 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

MICK losing it fast. Grabs a plate of cold chicken from the refrigerator. Tears into it like a hungry animal. Halfway through, his hands begin to shake. Plate and chicken CRASH to the floor.

CLOSE ON MICK staring into space, lost, confused. Finds the vitamin bottle and shakes out a handful of pills. Pops them in his mouth and downs the last sip of beer.

76 HALLUCINATION SERIES OF SCENES - MICK'S POV

MICK running in the sun. A punishing pace. Effortless, strong. He passes Izzie's house. She's outside, cleaning muck from the sidewalk. He paces slower and stops.

She smiles, relieved to see him. No words needed. He rushes to her. A forgiving kiss.

IZZIE
I've been waiting.

Mick smiles.

MICK
How'd you know?

IZZIE
I know everything bad and everyone
who does it.

Izzie leans into him, sexy, seductive.

IZZIE (CONT'D)
Conner's at work.

Mick looks at her, wavering.

MICK
Are you sure?

IZZIE
I've never been more sure of
anything in my life. I love you,
Mick.

Her words touch him. He sniffs back a tear.

MICK
I love you too.

77 INT. IZZIE'S BEDROOM

ON MICK exploring Izzie's body. Beautiful, perfect. He searches her face. Loving, ardent. He takes in the moment, holds it there.

CLOSE ON MICK'S FACE: WIND from the overhead fan stroking it. Riding high, uninhibited. One with the world -- with her. It's real.

SMASH TO:

-- CONNER thunders in, drunk, reckless.

-- MICK bolts upright, naked, vulnerable. Knows what's coming.

BACK TO:

CONNER -- eyes crazed, venomous. He levels the gun.

CONNER
Time to finish what we started,
Jackson.

BAM! BAM! --

HALLUCINATION SERIES ENDS WITH:

BLOOD oozing from Mick's chest. He LAUGHS, ironic, relieved even. Darkness engulfs him...

DARKNESS tunnels to BRIGHT LIGHT. HOLD ON LIGHT.

VOICE (V.O.)
November 17th, the day I died.

78 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

DOCTORS hovering over Mick. Heart monitor flat lined.

DOCTOR
Clear.

Paddles against skin. Shock -- jerk -- nothing. Again.

The doctor looks up relieved --

A HEARTBEAT, slow but steady.

79 INT. PSYCH WARD - DAY

MICK squints, sunlight streaming in from the barred windows. He is disoriented, confused. He shakes his head and looks around.

Cold, no furniture, empty space. He's alone, spread-eagle, hands and feet cuffed. He struggles to free himself. Useless, trapped. He panics.

MICK
Hello?

No answer. He YELLS louder.

MICK (CONT'D)
Is anybody out there?

Nothing.

MICK (CONT'D)

You got ten seconds before I piss
all over myself *and* your bed. Not
pretty.

In walks GRETA, a young nurse, nerdy, plain-Jane. She
uncuffs Mick's right arm and hands him a urinal. He releases
a nervous laugh.

MICK (CONT'D)

Got a bigger size?

She staunchly flips off the sheet.

MICK (CONT'D)

What's your name?

GRETA

Greta.

Nobody ever asks. Her eyes linger a second too long.

MICK

Greta, pretty name.

He keenly observes the meltdown.

MICK (CONT'D)

I'm not accustomed to havin' a
beautiful woman watch me pee.
Can I have some privacy please?

Greta turns her back to him, intrigued, enchanted.

MICK (CONT'D)

Done.

She flips around and takes the filled urinal. A moment of
hesitation before she covers him.

MICK (CONT'D)

You mind tellin' me why I'm in
here?

GRETA

You killed a fellow student, then
downed half a bottle of sleeping
pills.

Immediate denial.

MICK

There must be some mistake.

GRETA

No mistake. You got into a fight with this big guy. Ox something or other. He ends up dead, you end up here. End of story.

The news is riveting. Mick grips the bed shaken.

ECU ON MICK'S FACE

MICK

(staggered)
How'd he die?

GRETA

Stangulation.

Mick stares at his bruised knuckles.

FLASH POP - OX'S FACE, GASPING, DYING

SLOW MOTION as the room begins to spin. The blood drains from Mick's face.

80

INT. PSYCH WARD - NIGHT

MICK, dressed in gray stretch pants and matching tee, free to walk the room. Pale, his mind clouded. He hears --

-- GARRET'S VOICE then GRETA'S. MUFFLED through the padded walls.

Enters Garret, calm and collected. Mick can't decide if he's relieved or frightened.

MICK

Before you lay into me. I didn't do it.

GARRET

Which part? End Greene's life or yours?

MICK

We had a fight, but he was fine when Josie and I left the diner.

Garret is suddenly disturbed.

GARRET

You had a girl with you?

MICK
Yeah, Josie Williams.

Garret paces unsettled.

GARRET
Where'd you two go?

Mick instinctively holds back.

MICK
Nowhere in particular.

GARRET
But she can vouch for you, right?

More a problem than a solution.

MICK
Not sure. She was pretty upset
when I left her.

Garret turns and takes a step closer. Intimidating as hell.

GARRET
Leave the girl to me.

More pacing as he thinks.

GARRET (CONT'D)
That still doesn't explain the
sleeping pills.

MICK
I must've gotten the bottles mixed
up. They were right there on the
counter where I keep my vitamins.
(off Garret's look)
I made a mistake.

GARRET
Half a bottle mistake?

Again more a problem.

MICK
It was you and Mom who kept pushin'
them at me.

GARRET
So this is our fault.

MICK
How's she holdin' up?

GARRET
She wanted to come, but I talked
her out of it.

Mick turns away emotional.

MICK
Her son, a homicidal maniac. She
must be proud.

A stagnant silence.

MICK (CONT'D)
Can you please just get me outta
here?

GARRET
I need some time.

MICK
How much time?

GARRET
As long as it takes to convince the
doctors and the police you're not.

Garrets thumps the padded door. Open. He exits in silence.

81 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

A long and sterile hallway. Greta and Garret walking briskly
together. They descend into --

82 INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - DAY

-- a different hallway leading to who knows where. They pass
a door that reads:

OPERATION CONTROL

Garret swipes his badge and enters.

83 INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - DAY

Cold, drab that leads to a heavy wooden door. Garret knocks
this time. The door swings open on its own.

84 INT. OPERATION CONTROL - DAY

Elaborate room, more like an apartment. We scan the left wall and see --

ACTION SHOTS, BASEBALL - FOOTBALL - BASKETBALL - ALL OF MICK.

In the corner sits --

-- the WHEELCHAIR MAN, gazing out the window.

Garret stands at attention, knowing exactly who and what he is. He nervously clears his throat.

MAN

How long have you worked for me?

GARRET

Ten years, sir.

MAN

Ten years, half a billion dollars,
and this is what you bring me.

The man turns and confronts Garret.

ECU ON MAN'S FACE

Same face we saw earlier in New Orleans. His name is MORGAN ELLIS. Ruthless, dangerous even now.

MORGAN

How is he?

GARRET

He's stronger than we thought.

Morgan smiles, proud almost.

MORGAN

Push harder. If he's goin' to
break, we find out now.

Garret hesitates, skeptical. He nods.

85 INT. AUSTIN CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL - A SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

SMASH CUT:

ADAM ON THE MOVE searching hallways, classrooms, grilling fellow students. He's in charge, unstoppable.

86 INT. BIOLOGY CLASS

Michelle grading papers at her desk. A firm denial. Adam checks the broom closet on the way out. He shrugs his shoulders excusably.

87 EXT. OUTSIDE SCHOOL

Josie recruiting support from friends. Adam interrupts, ambivalent, unwelcome. If looks could kill.

He chokes back the question, turns tail and runs.

88 INT. CAFETERIA

ADAM scanning the busy crowd --

JOSIE sitting alone, searching too. No Mick.

Their eyes connect. A moment of panic passes between them.

89 EXT. HALLWAY

ADAM interrogating Willie in the hall. He hears the facts and storms off.

90 INT. SHOWER

Huffed breath, tight face, ADAM thunders through the showers.

JOKES, LAUGHTER. Half-dressed JOCKS compete for attention. None of it matters. He's a man on a mission.

He rounds the corner and finds --

OX, wet from the shower. He draws back a fist and targets the grin on Ox's face.

POW! Ox stumbles backwards surprised.

91 SERIES ENDS - ADAM OUTSIDE CONNER'S DOOR

ON ADAM starting to panic. He bangs his fists on Conner's door. Again and again. Conner finally answers. He looks like hell. He eyeballs Adam and instinctively steps aside.

BAM! Adam slams the door behind him.

92 EXT. GATES JACKSON HOME - DAY

ADAM driving his father's SUV. He stretches out his arm and punches the call button.

VOICE (V.O.)
Yes.

ADAM
I need to see Mr. Jackson.

VOICE (V.O.)
He's in a meeting.

ADAM
Please. It's about Mick.

A long beat.

VOICE (V.O.)
Enter.

93 EXT. JACKSON HOME - DAY

We get a good idea how rich the owners are. Grand mansion, plush landscape, well tended.

Adam hops out the SUV and rings the doorbell. A middle-aged butler we'll call SIMS answers.

SIMS
Come in.

94 INT. JACKSON HOME - CONTINUOUS

Adam steps inside. He's been there a million times, yet he's still awe struck. Sims leads the way to the study.

Garret bounds from the desk to shake Adam's hand. He's alone.

GARRET
Adam? What's goin' on? Where's Mick?

ADAM
That's what I wanna know. He wasn't in school today.

Garret plays it well.

GARRET

What do you mean he wasn't in school? He spent the night at your house, didn't he? Said you two were working on a project together.

ADAM

I haven't seen him since practice yesterday. All I know is he was at Murray's last night with this chick from school. He got into a fight with some ass on the team. Him and his date left. Nobody's seen him since.

Garret snaps to focus. He stares Adam right in the eye.

GARRET

Something's not right. Mick's never lied to me before. Lemme make a few calls, see what I can find out. I'll be in touch.

And just like that Adam is dismissed.

95 EXT. JACKSON HOME - DAY

Something's up and Adam knows it. He scopes the grounds as he drives. A glimmer of CHROME catches his eye. He slows to investigate.

A WHITE VAN discretely parked behind the pool house. He squints trying to read the logo on the side.

ADAM

E-V-E-R...

Can't make out the rest. He jots down the letters on his arm.

96 INT. NORTH STUDY - DAY

SAM scanning newspaper articles. His eyes barrel left to right across the computer screen. He stops on --

SHOOTING SPREE OUTSIDE SUPERDOME

He scribbles down facts on his yellow pad. Date, location, victim's names. One in particular until he reads --

MICK JACKSON, age 8, GUNSHOT WOUND TO CHEST, HOSPITALIZED IN CRITICAL CONDITION

Something connects.

97 INT. NORTH HOME - ON THE MOVE

FOLLOW ADAM, IZZIE, CONNER as they storm through the house.

ADAM

Dad?

(louder)

Dad?

SAM (V.O.)

In here.

98 INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Sam glances over his shoulder as they enter.

ADAM

Dad, this is Izzie, Mick's girlfriend, and Conner, her brother.

SAM looks like he's seen a ghost.

SAM

Conner Kindle?

CONNER

That's right. Do I know you?

Sam looks the other way unable to face him.

SAM

Fairmont High, 1973?

Conner clinches his jaw.

CONNER

That's right. Are you a cop or something?

SAM

Not anymore.

Sam glances at the picture of his wife. It's obvious he still carries the pain of her loss.

He picks up a group snapshot from the desk -- white shirts and ties.

PAN LEFT TO RIGHT

A younger SAM front row center.

We continue to scan, third from right --

CLOSE ON MORGAN ELLIS

PAN UPWARD

-- all standing in front of the WHITE HOUSE.

ADAM

Mick's in trouble, Dad. We need your help.

A moment where Sam's mind circles, analyzing data before it strikes. His face is stern, his eyes filled with rage.

SAM

Sonofabitch!

CRACK. He snaps his pencil between two fingers.

CUT AWAY TO:

99 INT. PSYCH WARD - DAY

MICK --

-- slamming the wall, trying to hurt himself. He is thin, face ashen. He shoves his bed next to the window and climbs on top. Aims for the lock, freedom inches away. Looks around. Nothing else to stand on.

He squeezes his eyes shut, defeated. A frustrated TEAR escapes down his cheek.

MICK

I'm sorry.

He jumps off the bed and starts to pace. Symmetrical steps, disciplined. He knows the routine.

He yells through the door.

MICK (CONT'D)

I said I'm sorry.

Nothing.

He stands over the basin and splashes cold water on his face. Looks up to a blank wall. A long stare where he tries to remember his face.

FOLLOW MICK'S FINGER NAIL as it etches a new tic mark. Then methodically counts them. Fourteen.

He sucks in a breath, not knowing for sure if he wants it. He's coming unglued, dangerous.

MICK (CONT'D)

I'll do anything you want. Please.

CLICK. In walks Greta, victorious, gloating even. She looks different now. Hair down, makeup. She motions to the guard who locks the door behind her.

GRETA

No need to yell.

MICK

Greta, thank God. You gotta get me outta here. I'm goin' nuts.

GRETA

Oops, too late.

Mick fights back the urge to strangle her.

GRETA (CONT'D)

Does this mean you'll take your medicine?

MICK

I'll do anything. Just get me outta here.

Greta smiles, enjoying her newfound power. She reaches in her pocket and hands him two pills.

Mick rolls them around in his jaw before swallowing. He opens wide and sticks out his tongue. Empty.

MICK (CONT'D)

Now get me outta here.

She inches closer and runs her hand over his chest.

GRETA

Soon.

100 INT. PSYCH WARD - NIGHT

Greta eases the door open and locks it behind her. He drops her robe and looks around --

MICK lying on the floor motionless. Not breathing. She leans over him and starts CPR.

Big mistake --

A lightning move, Mick scissor grips her neck. One hand muffles her SCREAM while the other whip wraps her face with the bed sheet.

ON GRETA thrashing about, gasping for air. Takes all Mick's strength to hold her. One final jerk and she stops fighting. Mick pulls back and checks her neck pulse. Alive.

He stands there, looks at her. Too late to change things. He snatches her badge and loops it around his neck.

MICK up on the bed in a toe-stand. A firm yank and the camera back is off. Yellow wire, then red. He bites off the plastic tips and jump starts the naked ends.

SMOKE. Lots of it. Enough to set off --

-- the FIRE ALARM. He hops down and waits.

101 INT. PSYCH WARD - NIGHT

Crouched low, ready. The GUARD charges in, gun leveled.

Mick springs upward. The heel of his hand drives into the guard's windpipe. One fluid move of his weight -- spinning -- a series of savage kicks -- the guard tries to fight back.

Mick still moving -- a round of jackhammer punches -- blood flies -- the guard falls, his gun with him.

102 EXT. PSYCH WARD - NIGHT

MICK on the move. Willing to die. Kill if he has to.

Another GUARD springs from nowhere. Mick back shoves him against the wall, hard. Three quick moves and the guard finds --

A gun to his face --

Mick stands unbridled, eyes cold, dead.

GUARD

Don't do it. Please. I got a family.

Mick's finger taps the trigger. A decisive moment. He slams the gun against the guard's skull.

APPROACH - MICK'S POV

One blank corridor after another. He looks around. He's been here before. But how? He moves quickly, each step orchestrated.

He passes a door:

OPERATIONS CONTROL

He pauses, feeling the other side. He panics -- starts to run -- exit just ahead. He swipes Greta's badge and slams open the door. He's free.

103 EXT. PSYCH WARD - NIGHT

ON MICK running. Where -- he doesn't know. Anywhere but here.

105 EXT. HIGHWAY - MICK'S POV

We're running -- stumbling -- BREATHING heavy. LIGHTS behind us -- strobing. Sirens HOWL -- bearing down -- closer -- zooming past us. Tires SCREECH.

Mick dart behinds a tree and watches --

Four armed MEN on foot. No time to plan. He takes off --

106 EXT. WOODS - MICK'S POV

-- whipping around trees. Limbs BREAKING - FOOTSTEPS - coming up fast. And then he stops --

A FIFTY FOOT DROP -- WATER racing below -- suicidal. FOOTSTEPS closer. Mick looks around -- no way out.

SLOW MOTION

Arms locked -- bulleting downward -- SPLASH.

107 INT. ADAM'S ROOM - DAY

Adam and Conner take turns pacing. Looks like neither has slept in weeks.

SAM
I'm glad you're both here.

ADAM
Dad, thank God you're back. What'd you find out?

Sam takes a calming breath. He pulls a snapshot from his pocket. Modern three-story facility. Sign out front reads:

GRAYSON LABS

CONNER
Grayson. Sounds familiar.

SAM
It should. They're the people who fried your brain.
(off Conner's look)
Or tried to.

Conner comes alive, antsy, defensive.

SAM (CONT'D)
Not just you. They conducted a series of drug studies back in the 70's, mostly high school kids.

ADAM
What were they after?

SAM
To prove their pill did it all - brains, brawn, even beauty. Once you got past the side effects that is. Four out of five students developed psychological disorders.

Conner now pacing. Sweating, paranoid.

CONNER
My parents knew about this.

SAM
Not sure. FDA shut 'em down the first year.

ADAM

What's this got to do with Mick?

SAM

Two years ago Jackson buys controlling interest in a company called Everett Pharmaceuticals.

ADAM

Everett. The white van.

SAM

Exactly. Just the beginning. A chain of lies connecting Everett to Grayson and to a drug trafficking operation in Haiti called SIN. Stands for National Intelligence Service.

ADAM

CIA?

Sam shifts positions, uneasy.

SAM

Yes. A group of corrupt agents abetted by the Haitian military and political leaders.

Suddenly --

THUMP. Something pounds the door. Sam grabs a gun from his desk.

SAM (CONT'D)

Stay here.

108 EXT. NORTH HOME - CONTINUOUS

Outside the door -- a BODY lying face down on the ground -- MALE -- clothes ragged -- bleeding.

Sam bends down and flips him over. He sucks in a surprised breath --

CLOSE ON MICK -- unconscious, barely alive.

109 INT. LOCATION UNKNOWN - MICK'S POV

Mick cracks open his eyes. SOMEONE is hovering over him. He springs back against the pillow. Coiled, ready to strike.

A HAND on his face. It brushes back a strand of hair.

IZZIE
Shhhh. You're safe now.

The room comes into focus.

ON IZZIE'S FACE. Mick reaches up to touch it. Make sure it's real. He smiles relieved.

MICK
Who needs a GPS?

She smiles back, also relieved.

110 INT. JACKSON STUDY - DAY

A cell RINGS. Again and again. Garret reluctantly answers.

GARRET
Yessir.

INTERCUT TO:

111 INT. EVERETT - DAY

CLOSE ON ELLIS, his face enraged.

ELLIS
I hear North's been pokin' around
in my business.

GARRET
He's no threat, sir. Not after New
Orleans.

ELLIS
I know him. He doesn't give up
easy.

GARRET
The operation's clean. He's got
nothin'.

ELLIS
He's got Mick.

GARRET standing there, staring off into space. Something ominous about his thoughts.

GARRET

Maybe we should remind him what's
at stake.

A long pause.

ELLIS

Maybe we should.

112 EXT. AUSTIN CENTRAL - DAY

Storm clouds gather on the horizon. A sign of something sinister about to happen. Izzie is walking close to Adam -- maybe too close. EYES are watching, whispering.

Another set of EYES hidden in the shadows. A BREATH tense, guttural.

A deep RUMBLE of thunder shakes the skies.

IZZIE

Let's get outta here.

ADAM

Best idea you had all day.

They walk toward Sam's SUV. Adam reaches in his pocket and clicks the unlock button --

BOOM! The blast smashes them to the ground.

CUT TO:

113 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

IZZIE, sitting on the gurney, while a young doctor examines her. He's obviously interested.

IZZIE

Where's the guy who was brought in
with me?

DOCTOR

Boyfriend?

IZZIE

Friend friend.

DOCTOR

He's in 3-D.

The doctor smiles realizing what he just said.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 Could've been a lot worse. You
 both got some nasty scrapes and
 bruises but nothin' that won't heal
 in a couple days.

IZZIE
 Can I see him now?

The doctor scribbles a prescription.

DOCTOR
 If you promise to take two every
 night until they're gone.

IZZIE
 I thought all I had was a couple
 bruises.

DOCTOR
 Just a little something to help you
 sleep.

IZZIE
 I don't like pills.

DOCTOR
 Trust me. You'll like these.

Izzie reluctantly accepts. As soon as the doctor leaves she
 wads up the prescription and tosses it in the garbage.

114 INT. EXAMINING ROOM - 3-D

ADAM playing drums with the tongue depressors. Sporting a
 square bandage over his left eye. In walks --

-- a good-looking NURSE carrying a syringe. He straightens.

ADAM
 Want me to drop 'em.

The nurse looks up, disarmed.

NURSE
 Maybe later.

He cocks his brow and smiles.

115 INT. SAFEHOUSE - NEW ORLEANS - DAY

Simple, sparse furniture. Mick is walking around with a slight limp. He's stronger, together.

Adam and Conner burst through the door. Adam takes a moment, unsure, before he rushes over to hug Mick.

ADAM
Damn, Jackson. You scared me.

Mick savors the moment before pulling away.

MICK
You look like hell.

Adam laughs.

ADAM
I love you too.

MICK
I hear you punched out Greene.
Saves me the trouble.

ADAM
He's lucky that's all he got.

Mick shakes Conner's hand.

CONNER
How ya feelin'?

MICK
Confused.

CONNER
Welcome to the club.

Mick looks around.

MICK
What is this place?

Sam enters from the bedroom.

SAM
CIA Safehouse, New Orleans. The
guy who lived here died.
(off Mick's look)
Old age.

MICK

Izzie?

SAM

She's okay. Just shaken up a bit.

ADAM

Dad figured it would be best if we went back to school. Make believe everything's normal.

(ironic laugh)

Yeah right.

Mick's face is solemn.

MICK

This is my fault. You could've both been killed.

He sits down, unsteady.

MICK (CONT'D)

I've got to do something. My parents left me in that place. Now they're after my friends. I can't let them get away with this.

Sam looks away, unable to face any of them.

SAM

First things first. You get better. Leave your parents to me.

116 EXT. GATES TO JACKSON HOME - DAY

Sam slams the Chrysler rental to a screeching halt. A Probe silencer in his lap. He extends his arm and punches in a code. The gait opens.

117 EXT. JACKSON HOME - CONTINUOUS

Sam clips the gun in place. Conceals it with his jacket. Rings the bell, impatient. Again.

He swipes his security badge and enters. Meets Kara in the hall.

KARA

(gasps)

Sam. It's been a long time.

SAM
Not long enough.

He charges toward the study.

118 INT. JACKSON STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Garret springs from his chair. Isn't sure what his next move is.

GARRET
I see you remember your code.

Sam leaps across the desk and grips Garret's throat.

SAM
You ever come near me or my son
again and I swear I'll kill you
both.

GARRET
(forced whisper)
So, you expect me to sit back and
watch everything we worked for be
destroyed.

Sam explodes. He squeezes tighter.

SAM
There is no we. Not anymore. You
got that.

He releases as Kara enters.

KARA
How's Mick?

SAM
How the hell you think he is? He
loved you like parents and you fed
him to the wolves.

KARA
You more than anyone should
understand. You can't just walk
away from these people.

WATCHING SAM, as if suddenly he's looking in a mirror at his old self.

119 FLASHBACK - NEW ORLEANS 1999

Terror in the streets. CONNER, out of it -- trying to run Mick down. GUNFIRE strafes the truck.

CONNER'S POV: He lunges out the door. Face presses the sidewalk. He looks up. An armed MAN approaching. He takes off in a panic, veering through the crowd at lightning speed.

BACK ON MICK running. CONNER running. Both terrified.

POW! Someone's hit. Mick crumbles, buried beneath a body.

SAM'S POV: He pivots and shoots. Direct hit. TARGET down. He's numb. Tries to take it all in. He looks down --

CLOSE ON FEMALE.

Her eyes open, dead. Sam's wife SARAH.

120 INT. JACKSON STUDY - DAY

Sam shakes his head, trying to erase the memory. He storms out.

121 INT. SAFEHOUSE - A SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

-- Sam watching Mick struggle with his exercises. Doesn't know what to say to him. Knows it won't matter anyway.

-- Mick staring out the window, lost, alone.

-- Mick on the computer, soaking up information on Everett.

SERIES ENDS with Mick exercising at a grueling pace. Something different about him. Harder - now with purpose.

A CREAK of the door interrupts his thoughts. He spins around, ready for anything. He finds --

IZZIE who falls in his arms. Adam and Conner follow toting overnights. Sam last, fully armed.

IZZIE

I was so worried about you.

Mick runs his thumb across her scratched hand.

MICK

You're worried about me?

A long LOOK between friends. Mick singles out Sam. No words needed.

MICK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I got you into this.

IZZIE
The only thing that matters is you're okay.

MICK
Not true. This is all that matters.

He kisses her. CLOSE ON SAM feeling lost.

MICK (CONT'D)
I'm gonna make damned sure nobody ever hurts you again.

IZZIE
This is crazy. You've been through enough.

Mick shakes his head, determined.

MICK
Ellis wants games. I'm gonna give him one.

Izzie shivers as she fills with emotion.

122 INT. SAFEHOUSE - MORNING

SAM prepping guns with MICK. Izzie tosses her satchel in Mick's lap. He pierces her with a look.

MICK
No way.

The bedroom door flies open. Adam and Conner carrying the same overnights.

ADAM
Way.

MICK
I can't let you do this. You've lost enough because of me.

CONNER
Get over yourself, Jackson. We're
in.

MICK
These people are dangerous.

CLOSE ON CONNER mentally summing their IQs. He flashes a
slow smile.

CONNER
But not as smart.

SAM
This is suicidal. Half of Interpol
is after Ellis.

ADAM
Gotta go sometime.

Adam eyes his father. A long beat. Sam finally nods, proud.

IZZIE
Is Ellis the one who did this to
Conner?

SAM
Yes. He headed up MK Ultra - CIA's
off the grid project. Very hard
core. Drugs, mind control.
(regarding Mick)
Only the strong survive.

Sam takes a breath, hating what he is about to say.

SAM (CONT'D)
Its purpose - to create an army of
assassins. Fearless, unscrupulous.
When the volunteers stopped, Ellis
and his men took them.

A pensive moment where Mick stares into space.

123 INT. BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

A BOY sleeps peacefully. We scan the room --

EARLY CHILDHOOD STAGE: bright colors, cartoon wallpaper. A
picture on the dresser --

FAMILY OF FIVE at Disney Land, smiling, happy.

ON THE BED we find Batman pajamas poking out from under the covers. Arms curled around a brown teddy bear.

PAN UP to reveal the BOY'S face. MICK, AGE 3.

Suddenly --

A SHADOW falls over the bed. It lingers a second before slipping a gloved hand over Mick's mouth.

His eyes pop open. Ripped from sleep, confused, terrified. He puts up a good fight.

The Shadow bite the top off a syringe. Holds Mick down and pokes a needle in his neck.

A tear slides down Mick's cheek then freezes. The room spins a second before fading to BLACK.

125 INT. SAFEHOUSE - CURRENT MORNING

Mick jerks out of the memory, his face tight and distraught. His body sags as truth fills him.

126 EXT. EVERETT - SECURITY CHECK - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT. Same facility where Mick was held.

A WHITE VAN pulls up to the gate. EVERETT LOGO.

SMITH, Security Guard, shines the flashlight downward and checks the driver's credentials. He gives the driver an unimpressed look and lets him through.

127 INT. EVERETT - NIGHT

A MAN shoving a dolly loaded with crates. Past two checkpoints before anyone notices.

GUARD

Hey you.

The GUARD draws his gun. The man stops cold --

TIGHT ON SAM'S FACE -- coffee colored, credible. He offers a strained smile.

GUARD (CONT'D)
 (in Creole)
 Kisa ou ap fe Ia?
 (What are you doing there?)

SAM
 (also in Creole)
 Ki kote twalet?
 (Where's the bathroom?)

GUARD
 Eske ou pale angle?
 (Do you speak English?)

SAM
 Wi - yes.

GUARD
 Your ID please.

Sam pulls out his security badge. A tense beat.

GUARD (CONT'D)
 It must be visible at all times.

Sam clips it to his shirt pocket. Lower body shift.

SAM
 Mwengendjare.
 (I got diarrhea.)

The guard wrinkles his nose disgustingly.

GUARD
 Down the hall. Second door on the
 right.

SAM
 Thanks.

Sam breathes and enters.

128 EXT. EVERETT - NIGHT

We see one of the guards shining a light on the van.

129 INT. HALLWAY - EVERETT

BACK ON SAM scoping the place as he walks. One blank wall
 after another. He comes upon --

OPERATIONS CONTROL

He swipes his badge and enters.

130 EXT. EVERETT - NIGHT

The guard checks the van's security sticker. He punches in the number on his handheld.

We see NO MATCH flash across the screen. He calls to another guard, who comes running over.

131 INT. OPERATIONS CONTROL - NIGHT

Rows of computers, data specific. Sam crosses to a core connecting the dots. He pulls out a flat metal box and hooks it to the modem port. Enter.

Silence. Sam scans the room collecting data. He retrieves a satchel from the delivery case -- guns, ammo, explosives.

He moves window-to-window attaching devices. He stands back, wheels turning. On to the next room...

132 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Looks like a coroner's lab except the gurney has strap downs.

ON SAM as he fishes through a cabinet. There it is --

-- a VILE of brownish liquid.

He slips it in his pocket. Needs more evidence. He scopes the room and spots a supply closet. He opens the door and --

133 EXT. SECURITY GATE - NIGHT

-- an ALARM BLARES outside. A team of SECURITY GUARDS gather in a rush.

134 INT. SUPPLY CLOSET - NIGHT

ON SAM in survival mode. A moment of panic. Needs more time. He starts to rip open cases bare handed. Random, desperate. He hears --

FOOTSTEPS down the hall. He digs faster. Last case --

VITAMINS. He grabs a bottle and tucks it the satchel.

135 EXT. EVERETT - NIGHT

An Army of guards swarming. Dogs, lights. Total chaos.

136 INT. EVERETT - NIGHT

SAM scanning for options -- the hall empty. He pulls out another explosive and pats it on the door. Another peek --

Guards down the hall -- turning knobs. He secures the collector and waits.

HERE THEY COME -- through the door -- guns ready.

KABOOM! The door splinters in a fiery explosion. Sam leaps through the rubble before the guards can recover.

137 SAM POV - MOVING

SAM whipping in and out of halls. He knows the place. A NOISE behind him.

A unbelievably fast pivot -- spinning -- catching GUARD #1 completely off guard -- the heel of his hand driving up into the guy's throat and -- GUARD #2 -- behind him -- going for his pistol. A sweeping kick and the guard falls.

He's like a machine, punching, jabbing, kicking. Both guards bested. Sam cocks his brow actually surprised.

138 INT. EVERETT - NIGHT

SAM still on the move. Emergency exit ahead. He rips open the door. More ALARMS.

139 EXT. EVERETT - NIGHT

The second alarm catches a young GUARD'S attention. He's just outside the door, gun aimed. He squeezes the trigger --

-- BOOM - BOOM - BOOM!

The first floor windows explode, giving Sam his diversion. He slams his fist against the guard's face. Another round of brutal punches. Blood flies as the guard hits the ground.

Sam sprints across the lawn. Two steps ahead of the dogs. Almost home free except for --

A BACK SECURITY GATE. No way out. Sam looks around desperate.

KABOOM! Fire and metal spinning. Sam curls his arm over his face. He peeks through the crack and sees --

His CHRYSLER RENTAL as it slams through the ashes and SCREECHES to a stop.

Mick pokes his head out the window.

MICK
Need a ride?

140 INT. RENTAL - CONTINUOUS

SAM jumps in on a roll. Takes a moment to breathe.

Mick looks at him and smiles.

MICK
Honey, you're home.

SAM
(smiles back)
Not yet.

Mick peels out at breakneck speed. SIRENS, LIGHTS, GUARDS gearing up.

ADAM
They look pissed.

CONNER
You think?

Sam whips his head around. Three FACES pop up, guilty as sin.

SAM
I told you to stay put.

Adam does a double take. His eyes travel from Sam's black face to Harry down below.

ADAM
I knew it!

SHOTS shatter the side mirror and bounce off Adam's door --

PING - PING - PING. Adam's eyes widen.

ADAM (CONT'D)
 What are you waitin' for, Jackson?
 Dinner's getting cold.

Mick glances over his shoulder and smiles. He stomps the accelerator.

141 ON THE MOVE:

CARS -- at least three -- coming up fast.

ON MICK calm, focused. He skids around a series of sharp curves. Speeding up.

Adam scanning behind them, adrenaline pumping.

ADAM
 They're still back there.

142 FOUR LANE HIGHWAY:

Mick merging into traffic - veering left trying to pass. No where to go. FLASHING LIGHTS behind moving closer.

MICK
 Hold on.

He swings a wide turn, scoring the median. Heads back in --
 -- the WRONG direction.

ONCOMING CARS straight ahead. Mick zig-zags around them like a pro.

He bears down -- clips another vehicle -- eats the side mirror.

18-WHEELER COMING AT THEM -- pulls back just in time.

ADAM
 Jesus!

EXIT just ahead. Almost there. He whips across four lanes, scaling the on ramp.

Front fender tearing through the guard rail -- airborne -- bounces down on all fours.

Mick gives the others a quick smile -- jams it in gear and takes off.

143 INT. JACKSON HOME - NIGHT

GARRET jolted from his thoughts by the phone. There's hell to pay and he knows it. He hesitantly picks it up.

GARRET

Yessir.

ELLIS (V.O.)

Have you ever gutted a bad fish, Garret?

GARRET

No sir.

ELLIS

Just when you think things can't smell any worse, you open it up.

Ellis pauses allowing the image to sink in.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

North must be stopped. Is that clear?

GARRET

Yessir.

ELLIS

Fail me again and you're next.

CLICK. Garret sags deep in his chair, sick. He hears --

A NOISE upstairs. He grabs his gun.

GARRET'S POV -- Up the stairs, on edge, ready. Halfway up, the lights flicker and die.

He bolts upright, feeling his way to the top. He listens. The house is still.

Last step up -- same NOISE -- only closer. Garret blinks against the darkness, gun leveled. He moves a step at a time until he finds the bedroom.

144 INT. JACKSON HOME - BEDROOM

Moonlight streaks in from the veranda, shedding light in the room. Garret looks around, nervous. Nothing out of place. Suddenly --

A SHADOW crosses the window. In motion. Again. Swinging to and fro outside the double doors. Garret strains his eyes --

A BODY suspended from the roof by a rope. He jumps back scared shitless. He looks again. Something's not right. He holds his breath and moves closer --

A DUMMY with Kara's face. He clinches his jaw, stunned.

Across to the bathroom. He leans up against the basin and splashes cold water on his face.

LIGHTS ON. He looks up in the mirror and sees --

KARA'S EYES WILD AND DYING. Her body impaled to the door by a whaling spear. Garret spins around frozen. Takes him a moment to process. He finally looks at her.

GARRET

I'm sorry.

She closes her eyes. Garret goes quiet, just staring at her blood as it drips onto the floor.

145 INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Pizza, beer. Looks like a frat party.

CONNER

Did you see the look on that guard's face right before you decked him?

ADAM

Not really. I was too busy prayin'.

MICK

I think you finally found your callin', North.

(looks at Sam)

Like father, like son.

ADAM

Mom would've been proud.

Adam looks at Sam - his nod saying it's okay to mention her.
A silent moment between them.

SAM

She was a special lady.

CONNER

What happens if the drugs pan out?
We got enough for an arrest?

SAM

Not yet. We need to tie the two
together. Everett's tape shows
recent activity between Haiti and a
port in Galveston.

MICK

So, we catch 'em in the act. It's
the only way to put this whole,
ugly mess behind us.
(regarding Izzie)
Then maybe we can concentrate on
more pleasant things.

Izzie brushes her hand across his cheek.

IZZIE

I'm all for that.

SAM

Ellis is a clever man. It's not
gonna be easy.

MICK

Not much in life is.
(back to Izzie)
But some things are worth the
fight.

Sam smiles at Adam.

SAM

Agreed. I still can't get over it.
How'd you know where to find me?

Mick looks around, reminiscent, content. This is his family
now.

MICK

Luck.

146 INT. GATES TO JACKSON HOME - DAY

ON A SILVER BMW as it exits the gates. Out of nowhere --
CARS blocking its retreat.

ECU ON GARRET'S FACE -- Ashen, pupils wide. No where to hide.
He bullets from the car, ready.

A black limo pulls to a stop. Back window opens.

ELLIS

Get in.

Garret looks around. No choices. He climbs in.

147 INT. LIMO - DAY

ELLIS calmly sipping bourbon. Nothing worth his attention.

GARRET

You didn't have to kill her.

ELLIS

She was unnecessary.

GARRET

And what about me? I've been your
goddamn legs for ten years. Is
that necessary enough for you?

Ellis takes a moment to rethink his decision.

ELLIS

I want North and his kid dead. The
girl and her brother too. They're
staying at North's old safehouse in
New Orleans.

GARRET

How do you know this?

ELLIS

Because North knew it was the first
place I would look.

GARRET

So he's usin' them? His own son?

ELLIS

Clever. But not clever enough.

GARRET

These are Mick's friends.

ELLIS

Mick has no friends. He's come too far.

GARRET

So that's it. We kill off everybody he's close to?

GARRET slouched in the seat, waiting.

ELLIS

No, we stay clean.

GARRET

I don't understand.

ELLIS

Kindle was off the drug two weeks before he crumbled.

GARRET

What's that got to do with anything?

ELLIS

We don't have to kill anyone. Mick does it for us.

148 EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT

MICK running down the sidewalk. Past a flower shop, jogs in place as he thinks.

149 EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT

MICK carrying roses, still jogging. A white van catches his eye. Goes where he goes. No mistake.

He dog legs down a side street --

Through a dark alley, fast, calm. Light just ahead. He moves out onto a busy street --

TOURISTS, LOCALS drinking, checking out the clubs. He melts into the crowd. Suddenly --

MICK'S POV: Two MEN on foot. Looks suspicious. He's seen them before. He takes off sprinting, breath coming hard. Ducks into a strip club. Just inside the door watching -- -- the men stop in front. He pulls a gun from his jacket. On alert.

MAN#1

It was him all right. North was right.

MAN#2

He's not gonna like this. What do we tell 'em?

MAN#1

That we never saw Jackson.

MAN#2

North won't buy that. He wants him dead.

MAN#1

We got no choice then. We keep lookin' till we find him.

TIGHT ON MICK'S FACE watching from his hiding place -- taking in every word.

The men look around -- finally give up.

Mick pokes his head out -- watches them round the curve -- junks the roses. He takes off in the opposite direction.

150 EXT. JACKSON GATES - DAY

CLOSE ON MICK as he slides out the 18-wheeler. Face aged, drawn. He staggers trying to steady his legs.

MICK

Thanks.

DRIVER

You okay?

A look that says he isn't. He punches in his code and waits for the gate to swing open. He turns to the driver, solemn.

MICK

I will be.

151 INT. JACKSON HOME - DAY

MICK marching ahead, no doubts. He pulls the gun from his jacket. Straight to --

152 INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

GARRET and ELLIS in the study waiting. A ruminative moment as Mick teeters the gun between the two.

GARRET
Put the gun down, Mick.

MICK
Why? You fucked up my life. Why not end yours?

Two BODYGUARDS behind him, their guns stamped against Mick's spine.

ELLIS
You give us far too much credit, Mick. North was the one who got you into this. You're nothin' more than a lab rat to him.

MICK
I don't believe that.

GARRET
Think about it, Mick. Sam was the one who invited you over after practice that day, not Adam. He wanted the two of you to be close so he could keep an eye on you.

MICK
That doesn't make any sense. Why?

ELLIS
Because you were his future. And mine.

(a long breath)
Sam and I were part of this research project called MK Ultra. Together we destroyed hundreds of innocent lives. Mostly your age.

ON MICK searching Ellis's face.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

You were different, Mick. The only one who didn't fall apart. I stood back and watched North torture you time and time again. Determined to break you. But, you never gave up. Finally, I couldn't take it anymore, so I walked. That's when North tried to kill me.

Mick stares off in space.

SMASH TO:

153 MICK'S POV - FLASHBACK - SUPERDOME

ON MICK in shock, bleeding. He's under someone. He peeks out and sees --

A MAN with a gun. BANG! He shoots, taking another MAN down.

Off MICK'S FACE, struggling to make sense of it all.

MATCH CUT:

154 INT. JACKSON STUDY - DAY

Mick reeling with disbelief. STAY ON HIS FACE, TIME SUSPENDED AS:

His eyes fill with emotion. He looks at Ellis. Knows it's true. He lowers the gun, defeated.

ELLIS

You remember.

Mick nods.

GARRET

North is dangerous. He has to be stopped.

Garret pulls a set of prints from his desk.

CLOSE ON PHOTOS: IZZIE AND ADAM in bed together.

GARRET (CONT'D)

They were playin' you, Mick. All four of 'em.

MICK comin down off the shock. He slumps against the wall.

SWEEPING INTERCUT:

155 EXT. POLICE SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

ON CONNER firing off a round -- strikes target's chest.

156 EXT. JACKSON BACK YARD - DAY

CLOSE ON MICK firing -- misses.

157 SHOOTING RANGE:

ON IZZIE calculating distance -- firing -- scores heart.

158 BACK YARD:

ON MICK pivoting neck -- steadies -- squeezes trigger -- TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT -- all five dead center.

159 SHOOTING RANGE:

ON ADAM -- taking time -- levels arm -- fires -- strikes between target's legs.

CLOSE: ADAM shrugging shoulders, satisfied.

160 SERIES ENDS IN BACK YARD:

GARRET watching, impressed.

GARRET

You're pretty good at that.

MICK

Every parent's dream.

GARRET

You gotta believe me. I had nothin' to do with that.

MICK

All this time you knew I wasn't your son, and you didn't bother to tell me.

GARRET

That was a mistake. I should have trusted you with the truth.

MICK

And, what is the truth, *Dad*? My whole life's a fuckin' lie.

GARRET

You're Mick Jackson. That's the truth. I was afraid if I told you the rest, I'd lose you.

Another round of shots -- TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT shredding the heart.

MICK

I'm all choked up.
(another clip)
Is that why Mom...Kara left? She couldn't face me.

GARRET

Yes.

GARRET'S POV: FLASH POP KARA'S FACE --

BACK ON GARRET as he shifts positions, uneasy.

161 INT. JACKSON STUDY - NIGHT

MICK'S finger stabbing down on the desk. Gun resting in his lap. One eye on Ellis, the other on his back.

ELLIS

What's North's plan?

MICK

You tell me.

ELLIS

If you want this over, you're gonna have to trust me.

MICK

Why should I trust you?

A measured beat.

ELLIS
Because I know where your real
parents are. North told me right
after he took you.

TIGHT SHOT on Mick's face. FAST TILT to TIGHT on his other
hand, tapping the gun.

BACK TO ELLIS: Knows he's got the advantage.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
You have two sisters.

TIGHT on Mick's hand again, still tapping.

MICK
He's headed to Galveston. He knows
about the shipment from Haiti.

GARRET not liking this.

GARRET
He's tryin' to trap us.

MICK
Yes. He's got Federal agents
waiting to seize the ship.

ELLIS
Which ties back to Everett.

MICK
Exactly. We can use this to our
advantage.

ELLIS checking for signs he's being double-crossed.

GARRET
Do you know what you're getting
into?

MICK
I have some idea. But, first I
need to know if North is who you
say he is?

Ellis pulls a snapshot from his coat. Hands it to Mick.

ELLIS
I have no reason to lie.

TIGHT ON PHOTO: Same one we saw on young Mick's dresser.

ON MICK'S FACE - eyes angry - vengeful.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
So what are your plans now that you
know the truth?

Mick reaches for his gun and lays it on the desk.

MICK
Revenge.

PUSH in on the smile that develops on Ellis's face.

DISSOLVE TO:

162 EXT. BOAT DOCKS - GALVESTON, TX - DAY

ON LABORERS in blue work shirts and red bandanas unloading
crates.

OFFICERS and AGENTS dipping down, eager for the go-ahead. An
agent signals Sam.

AGENT
FBI freeze!

Bodies scatter in all directions.

ON SAM caught off-guard -- jumped from behind.

SLOW MOTION: bodies crashing to a walkway below. No time to
recover. Sam finds --

A knife at his throat. He braces. Knows it's over.

BLAMM! Blood explodes across Sam's face. The knife falls...
then the man.

Sam looks up and sees --

MICK'S EYES, cold and deadly, on the other side of the gun.
A long moment passes.

SAM shedding the dead body -- up on his feet -- looks at
Mick.

SAM
Remind me to thank you later.

163 INT. SHIP - GALVESTON - DAY

AGENTS searching, finding nothing. Frustrated, angry.

SAM watching a young agent. So serious, he's casual. No one would notice.

SAM
Somebody tipped them off.

MICK
Who?

SAM
Sherlock over there.

And just like that, Sam swoops next to him. Gun in the agent's ribs.

SAM (CONT'D)
Don't move.

AGENT
What?

SAM
You're one of Ellis's men.

The agent looks at him like he's crazy. He tries to pull free. Sam presses the barrel harder.

SAM (CONT'D)
Where's the drugs?

AGENT
I don't know what you're talkin' about.

SAM
Everett, Haiti. Ring a bell?

AGENT
No.

MICK
Maybe this will help you remember.

MICK raising his gun - eyes gone dead. He presses the barrel into the agent's nostrils. A long beat.

AGENT
It's on Ellis's boat.

MICK
Where's he headed?

AGENT
Matagorda Island.

Mick releases.

MICK
(to Sam)
Let's go.

Sam looks over his shoulder. Agents huddled in an angry conversation. This was clearly a mistake.

SAM
Looks like it's just us.

MICK
No problem.

Off MICK and the AGENT exchanging subtle looks.

164 EXT/INT BOAT - NEAR MATAGORDA ISLAND - DAY

MICK'S POV: His eyes watching the others --

ADAM/SAM prepping guns. Father -- son -- the way it should be.

CONNER/IZZIE laughing -- reminiscing -- a family.

Mick takes in the moment.

MICK
Time to go.

We see Mick's wearing a wet suit. Izzie goes to him.

IZZIE
Please be careful.

MICK
That's the plan.

IZZIE
I love you, Mick.

MICK
I love you too.

He looks at her and means it.

CONNER
 (shakes Mick's hand)
 Maybe after today, we can put this
 all behind us. Start over.

MICK
 I'd like that.

On ADAM struggling with his emotions.

ADAM
 I just want you to know. Something
 happens to you, I'm takin' the
 Harley.

MICK
 It's yours.

Adam swallows hard. He turns away, emotional.

ON MICK's hands shaking. Sam squeezes his shoulder.

SAM
 You don't have to do this.

MICK gearing up. Then standing there taking it in.

MICK
 Yes, I do.

He climbs on the rail and jumps.

165 BINOCULARS POV - UNDERWATER

On MICK attaching explosives beneath a boat. He gives the
 diver a thumbs up.

166 EXT. ELLIS'S YACHT - LATE AFTERNOON

MICK pulls himself up the ladder. Face tight - hands shaking
 bad now. GARRET waiting with a towel.

GARRET
 You're in no shape to be down
 there.

MICK
 I'm touched by your concern.

GARRET

Dammit, Mick. I didn't want it to end this way.

Mick steadies himself on the rail.

MICK

And how exactly should it end?

ON ELLIS rolling up.

ELLIS

It ends when they do.

MICK

So killin' my friends is the solution.

ELLIS

These people are not your friends. You know that.

MICK

That still doesn't make it right.

GARRET

Nothing's right in this world, Mick, unless we make it right. Everything's a game. You gotta know that. You don't play hard enough, you lose.

Garret goes quiet. This is about him.

ELLIS

Only you can make the nightmares go away. Do this and you're finally free. Then we find your family.

Up walks one of Ellis's MEN.

MAN

North's boat up ahead.

Ellis turns to Mick.

ELLIS

They have to pay for what they did to you.

Ellis feels his dead legs.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
And the rest of us.

MICK with his hand on the detonator. As if he can feel it happening.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Do it!

MICK shaking hard. Trapped. He steadies one hand with the other.

FINGER on the red button. He stares out over the rail.

FLASH POP

ADAM AND HIM RUNNING -- LAUGHING -- BEST FRIENDS

SAM TEACHING HIM TO SHOOT -- CARING -- LIKE A FATHER

CONNER SHARING A BEER -- HEALING OLD WOUNDS

IZZIE AND HIM KISSING -- IN LOVE -- REAL

BACK ON MICK as his finger presses the button.

KABOOM! -- Sam's boat splinters to bits.

167 EXT. MATAGORDA ISLAND - LATE AFTERNOON

FBI, LOCALS, all doing their jobs. CARGO ship seized. CREW in custody.

168 EXT. ELLIS'S YACHT - LATE AFTERNOON

BACK ON MICK still reeling. He opens his eyes. Ellis looks at him, proud.

ELLIS
You did what you had to do.

Beads of perspiration crop on Mick's forehead. He leans into the rail, trying to steady himself. Looks out over the water --

Bits of debris washing up. All of a sudden --

Mick pulls a GUN from the sack. Holds it to his head.

GARRET
Mick, no!

MICK tapping his finger on the trigger.

GARRET (CONT'D)
(to Ellis)
He needs the drug.

ELLIS
It's too risky.

GARRET
He dies, you got nothin'.

GARRET digging through an ice chest. Pulls out a vile. He walks toward Mick.

MICK
Leave me alone.

GARRET
This will make you feel better.

Garret grabs a syringe from his jacket.

MICK
Like you?

CLOSE on Garret, resistance folding.

GARRET
Yes.

MICK
Truth or dare.
(ON MICK tapping trigger)
Kara's dead, isn't she?

GARRET
(looks at Ellis)
Yes.

MICK
Izzie's parents?

GARRET
They were threatening to turn us
in.

MICK
So he got you to kill them.

GARRET
Yes.

MICK

It was you chasin' me and Adam that night.

Garret takes a moment.

GARRET

Yes.

CLOSE ON MICK -- truth sinking in. Garret hands over the vile and syringe.

GARRET (CONT'D)

I had no choice.

Mick looks to Garret. He curls his hand around the vile.

MICK

You always have a choice. This is mine.

It happens in a second --

MICK grabs the detonator and jumps.

SLOW MOTION as he pushes the button on the way down.

A frozen moment. ELLIS and GARRET both stunned. Knows what's coming.

KABOOM! MICK slams forward. Crashes into the water.

169

EXT. MATAGORDA ISLAND - LATE AFTERNOON

ON SAM, ADAM, CONNER, AND IZZIE watching the water. Waiting. Been there a long time.

IZZIE

Something's wrong.

ADAM

Mick's tough. He'll make it.

IZZIE

How can you be so sure?

ADAM

Because I know Mick. He doesn't know how to lose.

On cue --

CLOSE ON MICK'S FACE as it breaks the surface. All four rush to help him.

SAM
(smiles)
Honey, you're home.

MICK pushes himself to his feet. A round of handshakes. He turns to Izzie.

MICK
Not yet.

He pulls her to him. Afraid to let go.

ADAM
I guess this means I don't get to
keep the bike?

Mick smiles.

MICK
You can always take the bus.

Adam smiles back.

CONNER
Did you get it?

Mick hands him the vile.

MICK
Was there ever a doubt?

CONNER
Not anymore.

Conner stares at the drug. Knows what it cost him. He releases it to Sam.

SAM
We finally got enough to shut
Everett down.

MICK
(regarding Conner)
Thanks for letting me know what to
expect. Ellis really had me goin'
there for awhile.

ON MICK as he pulls out the picture of Adam and Izzie.

CLOSE ON ADAM scrutinizing it. Smiles.

ADAM
Can I keep this instead?

MICK
No way.

Mick looks over his shoulder at Izzie and smiles. Rips the picture into.

MICK (CONT'D)
For my eyes only.

Izzie lifts her brows, getting it.

SAM
I don't know about you guys, but
I'm starved. How about a pizza?

ADAM
Pizza! Again. Are you ever gonna
learn how to cook?

SAM
(smiles)
I'm on it. Let's go home.

170 EXT. EVERETT - DAY

BODIES shuffled out the door. GRETA one of them.

Off SAM giving orders. In charge. Back in his element.

171 INT. AUSTIN CENTRAL GYM - DAY

CLOSE ON MICK standing mid-court. Strong, healthy. He pulls the Disney Land photo from his jacket. Studies it.

Up walks Izzie who circles his waist.

MICK
I have a family out there
somewhere.

IZZIE
And we'll find them.

One last look before he tucks the picture away.

MICK
It's finally over.

IZZIE

Maybe now we can get around to the more pleasant stuff.

He finds his most charming smile.

MICK

What'd you have in mind.

Izzie leans closer and pulls his mouth to hers.

IZZIE

For starters.

MICK

I'm not the same man I was before.

IZZIE

That's right, you're not. You're better.

(smiles)

Wanna grab a burger later?

MICK

Sure.

Long moment taking each other in. Off IZZIE looking over her shoulder and smiling as she walks away.

A change in MICK as we study him. He beat the odds and knows it. He bounces the basketball -- aims high -- releases. Moment of truth.

-- SLOW MOTION as the ball spins high and spirals downward. SWISH...acing the basket.

FADE TO BLACK