

TAKING STOCK

By:

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FADE IN:

INT. MALIBU ESTATE/LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Opulent and richly decorated. The home of a wealthy man.

In the center of the room, an unconscious man's ankles and wrists are bound with rope to the frame of a wooden chair. He is DAMIAN CLARKE (30), smooth boyish face, slight build.

Damian's eye lids flutter as he comes to. A man leaning against a wet bar holding a bottle of beer comes into focus.

This is STEVE RUSSO (45). He's muscular with biceps that strain the sleeves of his shirt, thick dark hair combed straight back - several facial scars.

RUSSO

I think the short timer is back
amongst us.

Russo motions towards Damian with his beer bottle.

RUSSO (CONT'D)

Hey, Jake - he's awake.

JAROSLAV ("JAKE") IVANOV (60), trimmed white hair, sits on a sofa reading Russian literature. He wears a business suit and bifocals. A gangster with the looks of a banker.

JAKE

(Russian accent)

I know.

Jake speaks with a deliberate, thick, Russian accent throughout.

Jake removes his glasses, stands and approaches Damian. Damian's eyes bounce back and forth - frantic.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(to Russo)

Bring me water.

(to Damian)

Your throat is dry - yes?

Damian nods. Russo walks behind the wet bar, opens a small refrigerator, returns with a bottle of water.

Jake extends his hand. Russo gives Jake the water.

Jake grabs a nearby chair, slides it close to Damian and sits. Their knees nearly touch. Jake gives Damian a reassuring pat on the knee.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Is Damian, yes?

DAMIAN
Yes. Please don't - don't....

JAKE
Sssh, sssh, relax. Water first.

Jake puts the bottle up to Damian's lips, tips it. Despite his trembling, Damian manages to take several gulps.

JAKE (CONT'D)
The chemical they gave you causes,
how you say...
(searching for the word)
Ah. Dehydration. Better now?

DAMIAN
Yes.

Jake leans back in his chair, crosses his legs. He notices the wedding ring on Damian's left hand.

JAKE
Your wife, what's her name?

Damian doesn't respond, not sure where this is going.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I asked you question.

DAMIAN
Amanda.

JAKE
Ah, lovely name.
(tapping Damian's knee)
So, you must be wondering why
you're here rather than with her.

An ugly pause.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Matthew Clarke is your brother -
yes?

Damian nods.

JAKE (CONT'D)
That bastard robbed me of one
hundred thousand dollars. Several
men, now dead, as result.

DAMIAN
I d-d-didn't know --

Jake holds his hand up.

JAKE
I need information. You must
provide it.
(leans in)
Where is Matthew?

DAMIAN
I don't know.

JAKE
(exhales)
A shame. You were doing well.

Jake removes Damian's wedding band from the ring finger of
Damian's bound left hand, slips in his own pocket.

JAKE (CONT'D)
It will be in way.
(to Russo)
One finger.

Russo removes a gag from his pocket as he approaches Damian.

JAKE (CONT'D)
No sudden movement, Damian. Steven
will break your neck.

Russo stuffs the gag in Damian's mouth. Then firmly grabs
Damian's left ring finger.

DAMIAN
(muffled)
No! No! No!

Russo violently SNAPS Damian's left ring finger back almost
to the point where it touches the top of Damian's hand.

Damian's grotesque SCREAM is muffled by the gag. He bounces
up and down in the chair. His face becomes beet red.

JAKE
Barbaric, I know. But you not pay
attention.

Jake returns, removes Damian's gag.

DAMIAN
Oh, God! Oh, God!

JAKE

Please, you can whimper but no screaming. It annoys my ears.

Damian closes his jaw tight to prevent a scream from escaping, writhes in pain.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You know, as young man in Russia I watched many of your American gangster movies. They always cut finger off, with knife or something. And I think no - better to cause enough pain to make the poor bastard wish finger was cut off. More effective - yes?

Damian doesn't respond.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Suit yourself. Nine fingers to go.
(leaning in)
Where is Matthew?

Damian, jaw clenched, face reddened, weakly shakes his head as a tear streaks down his cheek.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Steven, another finger.

INT. DAMIAN'S TOWNHOME/KITCHEN - MORNING

Damian, dressed in a business suit, sips coffee at a dinette table as he studies the screen on his notebook computer.

SUPER: LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA: ONE WEEK EARLIER

AMANDA CLARKE (29), long auburn hair, perfect face, toned figure, enters. She wears work out/fitness clothes.

AMANDA

You forgot your pills.

Amanda places a prescription pill bottle on the table next to Damian, goes to the refrigerator.

DAMIAN

(not looking up)
Um, yeah. I know. I'm trying not to take them anymore.

Amanda removes a juice from the refrigerator.

AMANDA

So the panic attacks are gone?

DAMIAN

No. It's just that the pills make me feel weak.

AMANDA

Well, you know you don't get enough sleep or exercise for that matter.

DAMIAN

I didn't mean physically weak.

A look of confusion crosses Amanda's face.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

Mentally.

AMANDA

Take them with you just in case. It'll make me feel better.

Amanda pulls her hair back into a pony tail, secures it with a hair band.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

So dinner tonight?

DAMIAN

Wouldn't miss it.

AMANDA

Great. My last class ends at five.
(pointing at the pills)
So?

Damian reluctantly grabs the pill bottle, checks his watch.

DAMIAN

I gotta go.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

Jammed with cars. Large office buildings climb to the sky on both sides of the street. Pedestrians fill the sidewalks.

A tall, glass framed, office building shimmers in the morning light. A gold sign on the building reads: "PRIME TRUST."

INT. PRIME TRUST BUILDING/LOBBY - DAY

Men and women in business attire walk in and out, the hustle and bustle of a workday.

Damian enters through double glass doors, checks his watch as he hustles towards the elevator.

INT. PRIME TRUST BUILDING/CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

An opulent, Wall Street style conference room.

Two dozen STAFF, various ages, all dressed in expensive business attire, sit around a large cherry wood conference table. They chat, check their cell phones as they wait.

Damian enters, takes a seat next to DANIEL TRAVERS (45), impeccably dressed, distinguished beyond his years.

TRAVERS

Traffic?

DAMIAN

Yeah, it was horrible.

TRAVERS

You're lucky he wasn't here yet.

A door opens. WARREN CARLSON (46), marches in. He's dressed in an Armani suit, has the squared-jaw face of a leading man and the body of a linebacker.

The murmurs among the Staff stop. An uncomfortable silence takes over as Carlson takes a seat at the head of the table.

Travers slides an agenda towards Carlson.

CARLSON

Let's skip that for a moment.

TRAVERS

Of course.

Carlson drums his fingers on the table.

CARLSON

What did we net last quarter?

TRAVERS

I gave you the report last --
(off Carlson's look)
We were down two percent.

CARLSON

Ah, so our worst quarter ever.
(at Staff)
Anyone know why?

No answer. Staff members avert their eyes.

CARLSON (CONT'D)
Really? No one? What happened to
all the financial wizards I pay so
handsomely?

Carlson points at TONY WILLIAMS (35) at the end of the table.

CARLSON (CONT'D)
You know why, don't you?

Williams points at his own chest.

WILLIAMS
(silent mouthing)
Me?

Carlson waves for Williams to stand. Williams shakes like a
dead leaf on a tree as he rises from his chair.

CARLSON
Last quarter you recommended that
Prime Trust increase its position
in the Airlines.

WILLIAMS
Yes, I did but --

CARLSON
How did that turn out?

WILLIAMS
Um, well, Sir - as you know, their
margins were crushed by the run-up
in fuel cost. No one expected that.

CARLSON
I don't pay you for expectations,
Mr. Williams. I pay you for
predictions. I trust you understand
the difference.

WILLIAMS
I do, but --

CARLSON
Please stay standing.
(scanning the Staff)
There are basically two types of
jobs at Prime Trust. Little risk,
little reward. Big risk, big
reward.

Carlson points at Damian.

CARLSON (CONT'D)

Damian here is in the former class. He's just an analyst. He merely provides numbers. In return, he receives an average but predictable salary. Little risk, little reward.

Damian's face reddens, feels eyes on him.

CARLSON (CONT'D)

(points at Williams)

Mr. Williams, on the other hand, receives rather large commissions when his recommended investments hit and very little when they don't. Big risk, big reward.

(raps his knuckles)

It just struck me that we need a new job category. Risk - punishment. Do you agree, Mr. Williams?

WILLIAMS

Sir?

CARLSON

Please keep up. The question is should we include punishment as part of our compensation package. Would it be motivating?

WILLIAMS

(trembling)

Um - yes, I suppose.

CARLSON

I agree. You're fired.

WILLIAMS

But, Mr. Carlson. I couldn't have known that --

CARLSON

Please, no begging. It's a horrible way to go.

Carlson motions towards the door.

Some Staff keep their eyes down. Others watch as Williams clumsily makes his way around the table towards the door. A final SLAM of the door signals his final exit.

CARLSON (CONT'D)
(after a moment)
I hope you all found that
motivating.

Carlson picks up the agenda.

CARLSON (CONT'D)
Let's see, where were we...?

INT. LAS VEGAS/GOLDEN NUGGET CASINO - DAY

A bluish-gray haze of cigarette smoke permeates the room. The BELLS and BUZZERS of slot machines create an electronic din.

MATTHEW CLARKE (32), rugged, unshaven face is the lone player at a blackjack table. A cigarette hangs from his lip. He has pale skin, weary eyes from the lack of sleep and sunshine.

MEL, the dealer, (60) fat, bald as a cue ball, slides a stack of black chips towards Matthew.

MEL
You're on quite the roll.

MATTHEW
You should know better than anyone
that all rolls are temporary.

As Matthew pulls the chips in, an ARMY RANGER TATTOO is visible on his forearm.

Mel scans the room to makes sure the Pit Boss in not near.

MEL
Why not just walk away?

Matthew places a large stack of chips on the betting circle.

MATTHEW
I'm just killing time.

Matthew picks up a beer bottle, takes a gulp.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
You know, before it kills me.

Mel deals the hand. It's a BLACK-JACK for Matthew.

MEL
Another winner.

Matthew stares at the cards - stoic, joyless.

INT. DAMIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

A modest, modern business office. Damian enters data into an Excel spreadsheet on his computer.

JOEL WINDSOR (30), wavy, dyed blonde hair, green eyes, casually dressed, sits atop a small metal filing cabinet.

JOEL
...I knew I shouldn't have let
Nathan move in. It's the surest way
to kill a relationship.

DAMIAN
(glued to his computer)
Aren't there some system issues you
should be working on?

JOEL
Naw, the systems practically take
care of themselves. So on Nathan,
what do you think?

Damian doesn't react - buried in his work. Joel bangs his heels against the front of the cabinet like a bored child.

DAMIAN
Really?

JOEL
You weren't listening.

DAMIAN
(points at computer)
Yeah, I know - sorry. I'm just
trying to get out of here on time
tonight. I promised Amanda dinner.

Joel slips off the cabinet.

JOEL
Fine.

DAMIAN
Sorry. You know you're still my
best friend.

JOEL
No, I'm your only friend.

DAMIAN
(cocks his head, thinks)
Hmm. You may be right.

The phone BUZZES. Damian picks up the receiver.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Damian Clarke.
(listening)
Yes, of course.

Damian grabs a leather portfolio folder from his desk top and his suit coat from a coat rack.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
Gotta go. We'll talk later.

INT. BUILDING ELEVATOR - DAY

The doors close. As the elevator ascends, Damian wipes sweat from his brow, checks the pulse on his neck.

Damian's breathing becomes labored. He fumbles in his pocket, removes a pill bottle. He opens it, removes two pills.

DAMIAN
Damn it.

Damian pops the pills in his mouth, swallows them dry. He takes several deep, calming breaths.

The number 25 illuminates on the elevator panel. The doors glide open. One last deep breath and Damian steps into the

PRIME TRUST EXECUTIVE SUITE

Walnut paneling adorned with artwork. Damian's heels echo on the marble tiled floors as he walks towards a secretarial station that guards the last office in the suite.

It's manned by KAREN (28) - kind face, Wall Street clothes.

DAMIAN
Hi, Karen. He wanted to see me.

KAREN
Yes, of course. It'll just be a minute. He's on the phone.

Karen points to a chair.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Why don't you have a seat?

DAMIAN
Thanks, but I prefer to stand.

Damian paces back and forth. Checks his pulse again.

KAREN
Are you okay?

DAMIAN
Yeah, fine. Thanks.

The BUZZ of an office intercom.

KAREN
He's ready.

Damian nods, then approaches two large, closed, walnut doors. He lightly taps on one and enters

CARLSON'S OFFICE

A large, luxurious office - ornately furnished. One wall is a floor to ceiling window providing a view of the city skyline.

Carlson, at his desk, closes a file on his computer as he motions for Damian to take a seat. Damian complies.

Carlson removes a manila folder from the desk drawer. As he stands, he slides the folder towards Damian.

CARLSON
You're going to be working late.

Carlson walks to the window, looks out over the city lights just starting to come on.

Damian nervously fumbles through the contents of the folder.

CARLSON (CONT'D)
Those are the last three years financial statements for Eden Bio-Medical. They're in the third phase of trials for a new hepatitis drug. Basically, it's sink or swim time.

DAMIAN
What do you need from me?

CARLSON
A comprehensive financial overview. Basically, I need you to determine how long they can stay afloat.

Damian wipes a bead of sweat from his brow.

DAMIAN
When do you need it by?

CARLSON

I'm having a late dinner with a client at Fitzgerald's at nine o'clock. Bring me what you have there. No later than ten.

Damian looks at his watch, disappointed.

CARLSON (CONT'D)

I assume that this will not be a problem for you.

DAMIAN

No. I mean, well, it's just that I promised Amanda that --

CARLSON

It wasn't a question.
(turning around)
It was merely a polite way of saying just fucking do it.

Damian clears his throat.

DAMIAN

Ten o'clock?

CARLSON

No later.
(motions towards the door)
You need to get on it.

Damian stands, heads towards the door.

CARLSON (CONT'D)

And do give my apologies to Amanda. She deserves better.

Damian stops, turns around.

CARLSON (CONT'D)

More of your time that is.

INT. FITNESS CENTER/WORK OUT ROOM - DUSK

Rhythmic MUSIC beats out as a mixed group of men and women, young and old, engage in an aerobics class.

Leading them is AMANDA CLARKE (29), perfect face, toned figure, her long auburn hair tied back in a ponytail.

The music stops. Amanda takes a towel from a railing, wipes sweat from her face.

AMANDA
 Alright. Great workout everyone.
 Drive home safely.

The class attendants exchange small pleasantries with Amanda as they make their way out of the room.

Amanda removes her cell phone from her duffel bag. "MISSED CALL" is displayed on the screen. She hits the call button.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
 (into cell phone)
 Hey, you called?

INT. DAMIAN'S OFFICE - DUSK

Damian at his desk, cell phone to his ear as she stares at financial information on his computer screen.

DAMIAN
 (into phone)
 Yeah. Look, I know that I promised
 we'd go out, but I just got an
 assignment that --

INTERCUT BETWEEN DAMIAN AND AMANDA

AMANDA
 Again?

DAMIAN
 I'm really sorry.

AMANDA
 (exhales - frustrated)
 No - no. I understand.

DAMIAN
 It's going to be quite awhile.
 Don't wait for me to eat.
 (listening)
 Love you too.

Damian runs his hands through his hair, cracks his knuckles behind his head, taps the computer keyboard and gets to work.

INT. FITZGERALD'S RESTAURANT - LATER THAT NIGHT

A fancy restaurant. Carlson and DOCTOR JOHN SAUNDERS (60), at a corner table. Doctor Saunders raises an empty glass.

DOCTOR SAUNDERS
 I think another toast is order.

CARLSON

I'm fine.

DOCTOR SAUNDERS

Well, hope you don't mind if I do.

Saunders raises his hand to catch the attention of a server just as Damian, carrying a folder, arrives at the table.

DAMIAN

Excuse me. Sorry for the interruption.

Saunders, obviously buzzed, extends his hand towards Damian.

DOCTOR SAUNDERS

Doctor John Saunders.

Damian takes Doctor Saunder's hand.

DAMIAN

Damian Clarke. Nice to meet you.

DOCTOR SAUNDERS

I do medical research for --

CARLSON

Not appropriate, John.

Damian hands Carlson the folder.

DAMIAN

It's all done.

Carlson looks at his watch. It reads:"10:05".

CARLSON

I said no later than ten.

INT. LAS VEGAS/GOLDEN NUGGET CASINO - NIGHT

Matthew, haggard and drunk, leans on the rail of a CRAPS TABLE. He draws on his cigarette as he stares at his chips.

The STICK MAN pushes red dice towards a giddy NEWLYWED COUPLE at the other end of the table.

STICK MAN

Come out roll.

The BRIDE leans forward to grab the dice.

MATTHEW

Just a sec.

Matthew removes a wad of crumpled bills from his shirt pocket, counts the total - not much.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

With both hands, Matthew clumsily gathers his chips from the table rail and places them on all on the PASS LINE.

STICK MAN

You're sure?

Matthew points the bottom of his beer bottle at the dice.

MATTHEW

No. But does that matter?

The Stick Man looks at the Bride, nods.

STICK MAN

Coming out.

The Bride grabs the dice, tosses them towards Matthew's end of the table. They tumble before settling on ONE and THREE.

STICK MAN (CONT'D)

Craps, a loser.

The Stick Man slides Matthew's chip towards the dealer rack.

Matthew wobbles. His hands shake as he gulps down the remainder of his beer. He shoots the Bride a wink.

MATTHEW

So, that's what a ten thousand dollar beer tastes like.

INT. GOLDEN NUGGET CASINO/HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A drunk Matthew stumbles in, nearly falling as he closes the door behind him. He makes his way to the corner of the bed.

He slides open a drawer on the nightstand next to the bed, removes a semi-automatic pistol and an ammo clip.

Matthew SLAMS in the clip, lays back on a pillow. His chest heaves up and down as he wraps his lips around the barrel.

A tear trickles down Matthew's stubble-laden cheek. He clenches his eyes closed, puts both hands on the gun. His hands tremble as the gun barrel rattles against his teeth.

Matthew removes the gun from his mouth, tosses it on the bed.

MATTHEW

Fuck.

Matthew's hand falls to his side. His breathing slowly returns to normal. His eyes blink a few times, then close.

BEGIN DREAM:

EXT. AFGHANISTAN, MOUNTAINS OF KUNAR PROVINCE - DAY

Matthew dressed in Army camouflage and a fellow soldier, THOMAS (23), huddle behind a large rock shielding themselves from incoming mortars. Forty feet away from them a stranded Army radio emits STATIC transmissions.

MATTHEW

We've got to get the radio.

Another mortar round WHISTLES over their heads.

THOMAS

I dropped it. It's my job.

Matthew removes a coin from the pocket of his fatigues.

MATTHEW

Heads or tails.

THOMAS

Heads.

Matthew flips the coin in the air, grabs it and slaps it on top of his wrist. He removes his hand to reveal the result.

MATTHEW

Heads. I lose.

THOMAS

Let me go. I fucked up.

Matthew bolts out from the rock, darts towards the radio.

Just as he reaches the radio, a mortar round hits the rock where Thomas sat, vaporizing him in an instant.

END DREAM:

HOTEL ROOM

Matthew bolts up in bed, trembling and sweaty.

INT. DAMIAN'S HOME/LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Damian, clad in a T-shirt and sweatpants sits on a sofa, sips coffee as he works the newspaper crossword puzzle.

Amanda, wearing running clothes and a bit sweaty, enters through the front door.

DAMIAN
Well, there you are.

Amanda gives Damian a kiss on the back of his head on her way towards the kitchen.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
(calling out)
I was going to run with you.

AMANDA (O.C.)
I didn't want to wake you. You needed the sleep.

Amanda re-enters with a bottle of water, takes a seat on the sofa by Damian.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
What time did you finally get in?

DAMIAN
A little after eleven. Um, look, I'm sorry about dinner. I'll make it up to you.

AMANDA
Don't worry about it.

Amanda turns sideways on the sofa, leans against Damian.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
So, you going to Andy's today?

DAMIAN
Yeah. I'm going to pick up some burgers, have lunch at the park. Wanna come?

Amanda reaches back with her hand, caresses Damian's hair.

AMANDA
No. I got things to do. Besides, you know Andy loves brother time.

INT. GOLDEN NUGGET CASINO/HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Matthew, duffel bag in hand, takes one last scan of the room to make sure he has everything, opens the door.

WHACK! A fist lands on his chin knocking him to the floor. Steve Russo enters.

RUSSO
Checking out?

Russo and RAY (40), obese with meaty hands, enter.

Russo hovers over Matthew, places his cowboy boot on the side of Matthew's head, starts pressing.

RUSSO (CONT'D)
You got my ten grand you worthless
little prick?

MATTHEW
(grimacing)
Fuck you.

RUSSO
(pressing his boot harder)
I'll take that as a no.

Russo pulls up a chair, takes a seat. He lights a cigarette, tosses the burnt match on top of Matthew.

RUSSO (CONT'D)
Get the fuck up.

Matthew stands, wobbly but still defiant.

RUSSO (CONT'D)
What am I going to do with you? Oh,
shit, I'm being rude.
(points towards Ray)
This is Ray.

Matthew gives Ray a weary glance. Ray remains stoic.

RUSSO (CONT'D)
Ray, I forget. What did I do to the
last loser that tried to fuck me
out of money?

RAY
Cracked their skull.

RUSSO

Yeah, that was a bit messy as I recall. Too much debris.

(to Matthew)

How do you prefer to die?

Matthew removes a cigarette from his shirt pocket.

MATTHEW

Standing.

Russo nods at Ray. In a flash, Ray releases a fierce JAB to Matthew's rib cage. Matthew falls to his knees.

RUSSO

Sorry. I had kneeling in mind.

Russo removes a GUN from inside his jacket.

MATTHEW

Just fucking do it already.

RUSSO

(to Ray)

How many pickups today?

RAY

Five in all. And then we got the warehouse tonight.

Russo presses the gun barrel firmly against Matthew's forehead. Matthew closes his eyes.

RUSSO

And you're sure you need him?
Because I really want to blow a
fucking hole in his head.

RAY

I need him, boss.

RUSSO

Damn, such a shame.

Russo taps the barrel of his gun on Matthew's head.

RUSSO (CONT'D)

Looks like it's your lucky day,
Matty boy. You're going to be Ray's
wing man on his rounds.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Damian and ANDY CLARKE (26), physically fit, mentally challenged, eat burgers and fries on a worn picnic table.

DAMIAN
You need to wipe your mouth, buddy.
You're dripping sauce.

Damian hands Andy a napkin. Andy wipes his face, then moves it from side to side for Damian's inspection.

ANDY
Did I get it?

DAMIAN
Good.

As Andy sucks out the last drops of his chocolate shake from a mangled straw, Damian collects the trash from their lunch.

ANDY
Can we go to the store?

DAMIAN
Sure. What for?

ANDY
I met a girl - Jeannie, in the
complex. She's just like me.
(blushing)
I want to buy her a necklace.

DAMIAN
Who? Never mind. Why do you want to
buy her a necklace?

ANDY
Because she has a neck and there's
nothing on it I think.

Damian nods - can't beat that logic.

DAMIAN
Okay. Finish your burger. It's
getting late.

Andy takes an enormous bite.

INT. ANDY'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Damian, carrying a small shopping bag, and Andy enter. Damian reaches inside the bag, hands the necklace to Andy.

DAMIAN
There you go.

As Andy places the necklace on an end table, he knocks over a framed picture of Matthew in an Army Ranger uniform.

ANDY
Oh crap.

Andy picks up the photo from the floor, returns it to the table. He stares at it a moment.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Have you heard from him?

DAMIAN
No - no I haven't. I think he's still out in Nevada.

ANDY
On one of his special Army jobs?

DAMIAN
I'm not sure. Probably.

ANDY
Cause he said when he got out he was going to come see. Get on a big jet and fly right here. Remember?

DAMIAN
Yeah. Yeah, I do.

INT/EXT. BLACK SEDAN/DESERT HIGHWAY (TRAVELLING) - NIGHT

Ray drives. Matthew, in the passenger seat, stares with dead eyes, out the passenger window at the desert as it rolls by.

RAY
What the fuck are you staring at?

MATTHEW
Nothing.
(beat)
It looks like Afghanistan.

RAY
Hey, I need you to be focused. You remember the plan?

MATTHEW
Yeah. What's not to remember?

RAY

Tell it back to me.

MATTHEW

I knock on the door. I tell them that we got the stuff in the car --

RAY

The package. Tell them we have the package in the car. Not the fucking stuff.

MATTHEW

Christ - the package. Then I tell them I got to see the money first. I go in, make sure they have it all. If they do, I walk them out, give you a thumbs up. You pop the trunk open. They drop the cash in the trunk and take the coke out. We drive away. Close enough, cowboy?

Ray nods. Matthew returns his gaze to the desert.

INT. DAMIAN'S TOWNHOME/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Amanda removes forks and knives from a kitchen drawer, grabs two plates from the cupboard.

Damian enters. He has Chinese take out food.

AMANDA

Oh good, just in time.

Damian gives Amanda a peck on the lips.

DAMIAN

Aren't I always?

AMANDA

(laughing)

No, almost never.

Damian gives Amanda a playful slap on the butt. Amanda opens the food containers, starts filling the plates.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

So, how was the park?

DAMIAN

Fine. Andy had a good time.

(beat)

(MORE)

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

Although he asked about Matthew again. I really don't know what to tell him anymore.

Amanda rolls her eyes as she puts two plates on the table.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

What?

AMANDA

Why don't you just tell him the truth? Maybe he'll miss him less.

DAMIAN

I know the truth. I still miss him.

EXT. SMALL WAREHOUSE BUILDING - NIGHT

Ray's sedan pulls up on a gravel driveway adjacent to a metal warehouse. Dust fills the air as it comes to a stop.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT

Ray winces, taps the center of his chest with his fist.

MATTHEW

You alright?

RAY

Yeah, I'm fine. Just pay attention to your job.

(strained breathing)

You ready?

Matthew nods.

RAY (CONT'D)

Okay, it's right there.

Ray points at an entry door on the side of the warehouse. Matthew takes a large breath. Exits the car.

EXT. SMALL WAREHOUSE BUILDING - NIGHT

A security light turns as Matthew approaches the warehouse. He KNOCKS on the door. A few moments pass. He KNOCKS again.

DRUG DEALER ONE, (25), skinhead, opens the door. He and Matthew exchange a few words. He waves Matthew inside.

Ray exits the sedan, taps his chest again. Something's wrong.

Ray removes plastic gloves from his suit pocket, puts them on as he creeps towards the side of the warehouse.

Ray crouches down in the shadows.

Matthew, Drug Dealer One and DRUG DEALER TWO, (20), Hispanic, carrying a METALLIC BRIEFCASE, exit the warehouse.

Matthew gives a thumbs up sign towards the sedan. The trunk pops open as Matthew and the two Drug Dealers approach.

BANG - BANG - BANG - shots fired from behind. Matthew spins around. Drug Dealer One and Two lie on the gravel, blood oozing from their torsos.

MATTHEW

What the fuck!

Ray lumbers towards Matthew from the side of the warehouse. A gun in one glove covered hand. The car remote in the other.

BANG - BANG - A bullet in each of the drug dealers heads.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ! What's going on?

RAY

How much did they say was in there?

MATTHEW

All of it. A hundred thousand.

RAY

Good. Put it in the trunk.

Matthew picks up the metallic suitcase, walks towards the trunk of the sedan. Ray breathes heavy, struggles a bit.

Matthew looks in the open trunk. His eyes narrow. Not a sign of cocaine anywhere.

MATTHEW

What happened to the deal?

RAY

There was no deal. These dumb fucks were skimming money from us.

(points at the bodies)

That was the penalty.

Ray, still wearing gloves, bends over, searches the bodies.

Ray pulls a semi-automatic PISTOL from the waistband of Drug Dealer One. He pulls back the slide, loads a bullet.

Ray winces again, taps his chest with a closed fist. Starts to cough as he points the pistol at Matthew.

RAY (CONT'D)
 Sorry, kid. You shouldn't have
 fucked with Russo.

An odd calmness consumes Matthew's eyes. No fear.

Matthew extends his arms upwards as far as they can go,
 exposing his chest. He looks to the sky, takes in the stars.

Ray extends his arm. Just as the pistol reaches firing
 position, Ray wobbles, clutches his chest.

MATTHEW
 Just shoot me you fat fuck!

Ray's knees buckle, he hits the ground. As he keels over on
 his side, he keeps the pistol pointed at Matthew.

Ray clutches his chest. BANG - he fires and misses. Matthew's
 chest heaves up and down as the adrenalin rushes through him.

Ray takes a gasp, passes out. The pistol falls to the ground.
 Matthew falls to his knees, mentally spent.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL DESERT COMPOUND/LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

A fortified mansion surrounded by desert landscape.

Security lights and cameras pepper the perimeter. Large
 security gates surround the compound.

INT. RESIDENTIAL DESERT COMPOUND/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Expensive furniture, state of the art electronics, artwork on
 the walls. Russo paces back and forth as he checks his watch.

Jake sits at an antique desk, reading Russian literature.

JAKE
 The pacing, it's annoying.

RUSSO
 Sorry, boss.

JAKE
 You have not heard from Ray?

RUSSO
 No, he ain't answering the phone.

JAKE
 Time for you to check.

RUSSO
Yeah, I could --

JAKE
Details not required. Just do it.

Jake returns to his book. Russo heads for the door.

EXT. SMALL WAREHOUSE BUILDING - NIGHT

Matthew stands over Ray, alive but unconscious. Matthew surveys the area. Two dead dealers and no one else in sight.

Matthew bends over, removes the car keys from Ray's hand. He runs towards the sedan. Gets in and roars away.

INT. GOLDEN NUGGET CASINO/HOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Matthew frantically stuffs clothes into a duffel bag.

INT. GOLDEN NUGGET CASINO/PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Matthew, carrying a duffel bag, hits the key remote as he approaches Ray's sedan. The sedan trunk pops open revealing the METALLIC BRIEFCASE.

Matthew grabs the briefcase, closes the sedan trunk then tosses the sedan keys into a nearby trash bin.

Matthew opens the door of the beat up CHEVY TAHOE parked next to the sedan, tosses the duffel bag and briefcase inside.

EXT. SMALL WAREHOUSE BUILDING - SAME TIME

The warehouse light casts a shadow on the corpses of the two drug dealers and Ray, laying on the desert floor.

A WHITE VAN pulls up. The driver door opens. It's Russo.

Russo carefully scans the area. A COUGH from Ray disturbs the silence. Russo walks towards Ray, bends down in a crouch.

RUSSO
Ray, did you get yourself shot?

RAY
(weakly)
No. Heart attack.

RUSSO
Where's Clarke?

RAY
 (struggling)
 Got - got away. With the car... the
 money.

RUSSO
 You have no idea where he went?

Ray COUGHS as he shakes his head. Russo walks to the corpses
 of the drug dealers, kicks them with his boot. They're gone.

RAY
 I need a Doctor.

Russo removes his cell phone from his pocket, hits call.

RUSSO
 (into the phone)
 Jake, it's me. I found Ray. He's in
 bad shape. Looks like a heart
 attack or something.
 (listening)
 Clarke got away...With the money.
 (Listening/staring at Ray)
 Got it.

Russo pockets his phone, returns to Ray. He spots the Drug
 Dealer's gun that Ray fired at Matthew earlier.

RAY
 You got to get me to a hospital.

Russo removes a glove from his pocket and puts it on his
 right hand. He picks up the Dealer's gun and hovers over Ray.

RUSSO
 Sorry, Ray. Jake's a little pissed.

Ray's eyes widen as Russo aims the gun at Ray's head. BANG -
 a bullet through Ray's forehead.

INT. MOTEL SIX/ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

A cheap hotel off the beaten path. The opened metallic
 briefcase, stuffed with bundles of cash, sits on the bed.

Matthew, slumped in a chair, stares at the cash as he holds a
 cell phone to his ear.

MATTHEW
 (into cell phone)
 ...That's pretty much it, Casey. I
 think I'm finally ready.
 (listening)
 (MORE)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
 I know. I know. Promise. I'm
 leaving town first thing in the
 morning. Gotta sleep first.
 (listening)
 I'll see you in a few days.

Matthew hangs up. He stares at the cash - transfixed.

INT. CARLSON'S OFFICE - MORNING

Carlson at his desk, reading financial data. Damian and Travers sit on the other side of the desk.

Carlson looks up, points at the material.

CARLSON
 (to Travers)
 You concur with this?

TRAVERS
 Yes. The numbers are solid.

CARLSON
 (to Damian)
 I'm going to need a buyout
 analysis.

Damian raises his eyebrows.

CARLSON (CONT'D)
 Is there an issue?

DAMIAN
 Um, no - no, of course not. Just
 surprised that you wanted to
 acquire them. They're at a forty
 week low and burning through cash.

CARLSON
 Ah, I see. You think we make money
 by purchasing companies at the top.

A CHUCKLE from Travers. Damian's face reddens.

DAMIAN
 No, - um, it was just that - um -

CARLSON
 Run your work through Travers.

Travers stands. Damian follows suit.

CARLSON (CONT'D)

And remember, not a word on this to anyone. Hold it close to the vest.

INT/EXT - CHEVY TAHOE/DESERT HIGHWAY (TRAVELLING) - DAY

Matthew squints at the sun-baked road through a bug-splattered windshield.

His cell phone RINGS. He removes it from his shirt pocket. Looks at the Caller ID screen: "RUSSO." He hits END CALL.

A moment passes. It RINGS again. Matthew answers.

MATTHEW

Fuck you.

Matthew rolls down the passenger window as he checks his rear view mirror - confirms that no one is behind him.

With a flick of the wrist, Matthew tosses the phone out the window. It shatters as it hits the asphalt shoulder.

INT. GOLDEN NUGGET CASINO/POKER BAR - SAME TIME

Russo at the bar, cell phone to his ear. A BARTENDER stands attention behind the bar. Russo takes the phone away from his ear - stares at it.

RUSSO

(screaming at the phone)

You are so fucking dead!

Russo drops a a hundred dollar bill on the bar.

RUSSO (CONT'D)

(to the Bartender)

Call me if he shows up.

The Bartender nods as he scoops up the bill.

INT. DAMIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Damian at his desk working the computer keyboard as he looks at a spreadsheet on his computer screen.

Joel enters with a pizza box in one hand, two cans of soda in the other. He places them on the desk, pulls up a chair.

DAMIAN

Thanks, you're a life saver.

Joel snaps open a soda, takes a slice of pizza from the box.

JOEL
Can't believe you're working
through lunch again.

Damian takes a slice and a can of soda. Joel points at the
computer as he takes a large bite.

JOEL (CONT'D)
So what's the urgent assignment?

Damian quickly closes the file on the computer screen.

JOEL (CONT'D)
Geez, must be top secret.

DAMIAN
I'm doing a buyout analysis.

JOEL
In English.

DAMIAN
Hmm, let me think.
(takes a bite of pizza)
So, sometimes Prime Trust decides
to buy a large portion of a
company's stock.

JOEL
Uh-huh.

DAMIAN
Sometimes that's done all at once.
You know, like a hostile takeover.

JOEL
(with mouth full)
Wow, sounds violent. Go on.

DAMIAN
But if you buy it all at once, you
have to offer all the existing
shareholders a huge premium.

JOEL
Okay.

DAMIAN
So what I do, is estimate what
smaller bites we should take over a
period of time. You know, spread
the purchases out.

(MORE)

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

That way we get the first lot of shares at market, the second at maybe a small premium, the third --
--

JOEL

So whoever holds onto their shares now is going to make a huge windfall if they wait to sell.

Damian takes a bit of pizza, nods in agreement.

DAMIAN

That's why I can't tell you who we're buying. You could go buy the shares now for yourself. Although, technically that would be illegal.

JOEL

Technically, you forget that I manage the systems. If I wanted to know what's on your computer, I'd just hack in.

(off Damian's look)

But of course, I wouldn't.

(beat)

Or would I?

EXT. CHASE BANK/PARKING LOT - DAY

The Chevy Tahoe, covered in desert dust, pulls in, parks.

Matthew exits, stretches - been a long drive. He grabs the metallic suitcase from the back seat, heads for the bank.

INT. CHASE BANK/SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX ROOM - DUSK

At a table, Matthew transfers the stacks of hundred dollar bills from the metallic briefcase into a SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX.

INT. TOWNHOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Damian enters, hangs his suit coat on the closet door knob.

DAMIAN

I'm home.

There's no answer. Damian walks into the

KITCHEN

And spots Amanda feverishly chopping celery on the counter.

Damian walks over, kisses Amanda on the cheek. He notices three place settings on the dinette table.

DAMIAN
Do we have company?

AMANDA
(sarcastically)
Oh yes, just a wonderful surprise.
The prodigal brother has returned.

DAMIAN
What are you talking about?

AMANDA
Matthew is here. Out on the patio.

Amanda angrily chops up the last of the celery and tosses them into a salad bowl.

DAMIAN
Do you know what he wants?

AMANDA
Well, so far, only dinner.
But you know there's always more.

Amanda removes three glasses from the cabinet, takes them to the dinette table. Damian heads towards the patio.

EXT. TOWNHOME/OUTDOOR PATIO - NIGHT

An eight-foot by ten-foot slab of concrete encased by a redwood fence.

Matthew looks at the night sky over the back of the fence as he watches his cigarette smoke cascade away in the breeze.

Damian enters through a sliding glass door, pauses for a moment as he stares at Matthew's back.

MATTHEW
Well, say something.

Matthew crushes his cigarette butt underneath his heel.

DAMIAN
Sorry. I'm just surprised is all.

Matthew turns around.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
You look --

MATTHEW
Like shit?

DAMIAN
Older.

Damian walks over, gives him Matthew a hug. He points to two lawn chairs in the corner. He and Matthew both take a seat.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
It's been a long time.

MATTHEW
Yeah, it has. Don't worry, I don't want anything.

DAMIAN
I wasn't worried.
(of Matthew's look)
Maybe a little.

MATTHEW
You're certainly entitled to that.

DAMIAN
How long are you in town for?

Matthew takes out another cigarette, lights it.

MATTHEW
Just passing through.

Matthew removes a small piece of paper from his shirt pocket, hands it to Damian.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
I'll be up at Big Bear for awhile.
If there's an emergency, call that number. His name's Casey. He'll know how to get a hold of me.

DAMIAN
Are you going there to get help?

Matthew turns his face away and takes a deep drag on his cigarette. He exhales it into the night air.

Damian stares at Matthew. A moment passes.

MATTHEW
Are you going to feed me or what?

Damian stands.

DAMIAN
I believe that we are.

Damian heads towards the door. Matthew follows.

MATTHEW
A beer wouldn't hurt either.

INT. TOWNHOME/KITCHEN - LATER

Damian, Amanda and Matthew at the dinette table, empty plates in front of them. Amanda drinks the last of her wine.

MATTHEW
So Damian couldn't have been no more than thirteen. Just a scrawny little shit.

Amanda stands, clears the dirty dishes from the table, starts to rinse them in the sink.

DAMIAN
I was fourteen.

MATTHEW
Whatever. Anyway, these punks had him and Andy circled. I sneak up from behind and take the biggest guys legs out with a baseball bat. They all fucking scramble like I was Rambo or something.
(to Damian)
They never bothered you again did they?

DAMIAN
No, they kept their distance after that. I'm pretty sure they thought you were insane.

Matthew gulps back some beer.

MATTHEW
They were probably right.

Amanda finishes her rinsing.

AMANDA
Well, I'm going to bed. I didn't sleep well last night.

Damian starts to rise.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
 No, you stay here and chat with
 your brother. I'm sure you have a
 lot more to talk about.

Amanda leans over, kisses Damian on his cheek.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
 (to Matthew)
 It was nice seeing you.

MATTHEW
 I know better. But thanks for
 saying so anyway.

Amanda heads up the stairs. A moment passes. Matthew points
 the bottom of his beer bottle towards the stairs.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
 You guys still doing good?

DAMIAN
 Yeah, we are. I think she thought
 we'd be in our own house by now.
 You know, further along.

Matthew scans the room.

MATTHEW
 Looks to me like you're doing fine.

DAMIAN
 Not as fine as I promised. I mean,
 the job's okay, but between regular
 bills and Andy --

MATTHEW
 How's he doing?

DAMIAN
 He's doing good, Matthew...You need
 to see him.

Matthew shakes his head, takes a sip of beer.

MATTHEW
 Not yet. Not before I get
 straightened out.
 (beat)
 I don't want to have to lie to him
 again.

DAMIAN
 So you are getting help.

Matthew gives Damian a - don't go there - look. Then gets up and walks into the

LIVING ROOM

Where he drops to his knees, then sprawls outstretched on the carpet, stares at the ceiling. Damian enters.

MATTHEW

Man, I'm so God damn tired.

Matthew closes his eyes, losing the battle to stay awake.

Damian locks the deadbolt on the front door, opens a closet door, removes a blanket and pillow, tosses them on the sofa.

DAMIAN

There you go.

Damian heads towards the stairs.

MATTHEW

You know, Mom would have been proud of you. How you've tended to Andy.

Damian pauses, flicks off the light.

DAMIAN

Get some sleep.

INT. RESIDENTIAL COMPOUND/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jake sits in a recliner, sips a drink as he watches TV.

INSERT TELEVISION SCREEN

A REPORTER stands with a microphone. In the background, the warehouse, a police cruiser and crime scene tape. Policemen mill about. Black tarp covers three bodies.

REPORTER

...In an apparent drug deal gone wrong, three men were shot to death at a warehouse fifteen miles off the Strip. At this time, police have not released the identities of the dead men.

BACK TO SCENE

Russo enters through the front door. Jake mutes the television.

JAKE
You find Clarke?

RUSSO
Not yet.

Jake swirls the ice in his glass.

JAKE
So you let him slip away.
(takes a sip)
Like rat with cheese.

RUSSO
Don't worry, he's a gambler loaded
with cash. He'll show up somewhere
and I got people everywhere.

JAKE
Hmm. Maybe time to look for rat's
family.

Jake picks up his cellphone, hits call.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
I have research need. Come here.
First thing tomorrow.

INT. TOWNHOME/LIVING ROOM - MORNING

As Damian descends the stairs, he spots the pillow and the blanket, neatly folded, on the sofa.

A note has been left on the coffee table. Damian picks it up.

INSERT NOTE:

"I'm going to get help. I just need some time. Matthew."

BACK TO SCENE

As Damian stares at the note, Amanda descends the stairs, notices the folded blanket and pillow.

AMANDA
He left?

Damian nods.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Where do you think he's headed to?

Damian folds the note, pockets it.

DAMIAN
Hopefully, towards a fresh start.

EXT. BIG BEAR LAKE/CABIN - DAY

The tires of the Chevy Tahoe CRUNCH the loose gravel as it climbs a steep driveway leading to a cedar cabin.

Matthew exits the car, stretches as he surveys the tall pine trees. He inhales deeply, taking in the scent of the forest.

He grabs his duffel bag from the Tahoe, walks to the cabin's front door. He bends over, grabs a key from under a door mat.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Cedar walls. Worn and rustic furniture. One large room serves as the kitchen, dining and living area.

Matthew enters, tosses his duffel bag in the middle of a beat up dining table. He spots a land line phone on the kitchen counter. He picks up the receiver, taps in a number.

MATTHEW
(into the phone)
Hey, Casey. It's me. I made it.
(scanning the cabin)
No, it's perfect, man. Don't know
how to thank you.
(listening)
Yeah, tonight. I'll be there.

INT. RESIDENTIAL COMPOUND/LIBRARY ROOM - DAY

AARON DAVIS (45), rail thin, pale, taps the keyboard of a notebook computer as Russo looks over his shoulder.

Jake, legs crossed, sits on a sofa in the corner of the room.

JAKE
How long this take?

DAVIS
(turns around)
Matthew Clarke is a fairly common
name. I need to narrow it down.

Davis turns the computer towards Russo. The screen displays an ARMY RANGER tattoo, same as the one on Matthew's arm.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Did it look something like that?

RUSSO
Yeah, that's it.

DAVIS
How old do you think he is?

RUSSO
Thirty - ish. Maybe a little older.

Davis rapidly taps on the keyboard.

DAVIS
Hmm. That puts him in Iraq or
Afghanistan. That helps.
(to Jake)
Give me till tomorrow?

JAKE
(as he stands)
Have it done by tonight.

INT. SANDRA'S CAFE - DAY

A small coffee shop. Damian sits in a corner booth, reading work material. Joel enters, takes a seat.

JOEL
How come I never get to pick where
we eat?

DAMIAN
Cause this place is close to the
office. Unlike you, I get called.

A WAITRESS drops off two menus.

WAITRESS
Here you go.

DAMIAN
Thanks.

The Waitress walks off. Joel peruses the menu as if his choice was between dog food and cat food.

JOEL
Eeeesssh.

Joel puts the menu down then removes a glossy brochure from the inside pocket of his jacket, tosses it on the table.

DAMIAN
What's that?

JOEL

One of my guys had it. The University of Michigan is looking for teachers. Mostly systems stuff, but they're looking for business teachers too.

Damian picks up the brochure, opens it.

DAMIAN

And you brought it to me because?

JOEL

You're the one that says you should have always been a teacher.

DAMIAN

It's a little late for that now.

JOEL

Why?

Damian thinks - there's not really a good answer. The Waitress approaches saving him for the moment.

WAITRESS

You boys know what you want?

DAMIAN

I'll have the club sandwich.

JOEL

(to Waitress)

What kind of salads do you have?

WAITRESS

Garden.

JOEL

And?

WAITRESS

Garden.

JOEL

I think I'll have the garden salad.

The Waitress gives Joel a sneer, walks away.

JOEL (CONT'D)

You know, it's probably why you have panic attacks.

(MORE)

JOEL (CONT'D)

Wasting your life doing something other than what you were meant to do - causes inner conflict. I read that.

DAMIAN

It's not why I have panic --

JOEL

You know, Benjamin Franklin said doing the same thing, over and over again and somehow expecting different results was the very definition of insanity.

DAMIAN

That was Albert Einstein.

JOEL

Ah - yeah.
(takes a sip of tea)
He was gay you know.

DAMIAN

(laughing)
No he wasn't! He was married.

JOEL

Okay, how about this? Socrates said we are what we repeatedly do.

DAMIAN

That was Aristotle, not Socrates.

JOEL

Now Aristotle was gay. I am fairly certain of that.
(scooting out of booth)
You know, I think I'm going to tell her to bring me the club.

EXT. MEETING HALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Matthew leans against his Chevy Tahoe, smokes a cigarette.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Hooah!

CASEY (late 40), full sleeve tattoos on both arms wearing a camouflage baseball cap approaches with his arms extended.

Casey gives Matthew a bro-hug and a rugged slap on the back.

CASEY

When was the last time I saw your
sorry ass? Kunar Province - right?

MATTHEW

You're memory still sucks. It was
Korangal Valley.

CASEY

Ah yeah, that fucking nightmare.

Matthew tosses his cigarette onto the asphalt.

MATTHEW

Weren't they all?

Casey nods.

CASEY

Great to see you, Matthew. I wasn't
sure you were going to come.

Matthew tilts his head towards the meeting hall.

MATTHEW

So, how many in there?

CASEY

Well, it ain't exactly nuts to
butts - a couple of dozen.

Matthew kicks some gravel with his boot.

MATTHEW

What, um - um, kind of problems
they got?

CASEY

We got the whole nine yards. Some
got drug problems. Some alcohol.
Some gambling. Some depression.
Some got all of them.

(putting arm around
Matthew's shoulder)

Come on inside, soldier. You got
more friends than you think.

INT. MEETING HALL - LATER

A group of twenty or so men sit in metal fold up chairs.
Several of them wear Army fatigues and paraphernalia.

Matthew sits in the last row, fidgeting. Casey stands at a
rickety podium at the front of the room.

CASEY

...Alright, we still got four hundred in the treasury. If someone hits a rough patch, let me know.

Casey checks his watch.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Shit, meeting's almost over.

Casey looks up, catches Matthew's eye.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Okay, time to meet a new member.

Matthew shakes his head.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Just introduce yourself, soldier. We all know you've done harder things than that.

Matthew hesitates, then stands, approaches the front.

MATTHEW

I'm Matthew Clarke.

THE CROWD

(in unison)
Hooah!

MATTHEW

And I got problems.

INT. RESIDENTIAL COMPOUND/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jake, in a red velvet antique chair, sips coffee as he reviews computer printouts. Davis and Russo stand nearby.

JAKE

You are certain this is brother?

DAVIS

I am.

JAKE

(reviewing printouts)
Lives in Los Angeles. Married, no children. What does he do?

DAVIS

It's on the next page. He works for an investment firm.

JAKE
(flipping the page)
Prime Trust.
(reading)
What about younger brother?

DAVIS
Couldn't find anything. No address,
no work history.

JAKE
Like ghost. Odd.

Jake removes his glasses, puts the printouts down.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Parents?

DAVIS
Both dead - years ago.

Jake rubs his chin, contemplates.

JAKE
Okay.

Jake stands, walks over to a wall safe, spins the dial. He removes a small bundle of cash, hands it to Davis.

JAKE (CONT'D)
You may go.

Davis nods in appreciation, exits the room.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(to Russo)
Leave for Los Angeles, first thing
tomorrow. Take Lee with you.

RUSSO
Got it.

JAKE
I will be at Malibu home this
weekend. Call me when ready.

RUSSO
Lee and I can handle it, boss. No
need for you to --

JAKE
It is my favorite part.

EXT. MEETING HALL/PARKING LOT - LATER

Men mill about saying their good-byes. Matthew and Casey stand in the corner of the lot, smoking.

Casey spots JACKSON (50), screams grease monkey, walking towards a tow truck.

CASEY
Hey, Jackson.

Jackson stops, turns towards Casey.

JACKSON
What up, Casey?

Casey waves Jackson over.

CASEY
Matthew here is pretty handy with a wrench. You still got that opening at the station?

Jackson extends his hand. Matthew takes it.

JACKSON
Come by tomorrow morning. I could use a hand.

INT. CARLSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Carlson, his desk, phone to his ear.

CARLSON
(into phone)
You're sure this time?

INT. EDEN COMPANY RESEARCH LAB/HALLWAY - DAY

Doctor Saunders, dressed in a white lab coat, cell phone to his ear, peers through a glass wall watching lab staff go about their work.

DOCTOR SAUNDERS
(into phone)
Positive. The trial results will probably be announced at the end of next week. We're just buttoning things up.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CARLSON AND DOCTOR SAUNDERS

CARLSON
 (into phone)
 Excellent. I'll be in New York over
 the weekend. Call my cell if
 anything changes.

Carlson ends the call, presses a button on the desk phone.

KAREN (V.O.)
 (from phone speaker)
 Yes, Mr. Carlson.

CARLSON
 Get me Travers and Clarke in here.

INT. CARLSON'S OFFICE - LATER

Carlson, Travers, and Damian sit around a conference table filled with spreadsheets and laptop computers.

CARLSON
 Give me the plan.

TRAVERS
 We could drive down the price now
 by accumulating sell options,
 liquidate them all just before we
 start the buy process.

CARLSON
 Good.

TRAVERS
 When you give me the word, I'll
 start placing buy orders. We'll
 start small at first in order to
 get a solid read on price
 volatility.
 (points at laptop screen)
 If Damian's analysis is correct,
 the sweet spot is to buy at two
 percent blocks until we get a
 controlling interest.
 (to Damian)
 This was top notch analysis.

Damian nods in appreciation.

A TAP on the door jam. It's Karen.

CARLSON
 What?

KAREN

Sorry for the interruption. But your flight leaves in a little over two hours.

CARLSON

(checking his watch)
Fine. Make sure the limo is waiting.

Karen nods, exits.

CARLSON (CONT'D)

(to Travers)
Okay, place the short orders today. We'll plan the buy for sometime late next week.

TRAVERS

That soon? We don't have word on the trial results yet.

CARLSON

Let me worry about the timing.

Carlson stands, heads for his desk.

CARLSON (CONT'D)

Enjoy your weekend, gentleman. Next week is going to be a ball buster.

INT. TOWNHOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Damian propped up in bed, watching TV.

Amanda, clad in sweats and a nightshirt, closes a suitcase on the corner of the bed. She scans the room.

AMANDA

That should do it.

Amanda places the suitcase on the floor.

DAMIAN

That's a pretty big suitcase for a weekend seminar.

Amanda places the suitcase on the floor, goes to the other side of the bed.

AMANDA
(removing sweat pants)
Well, there's work out clothes -
casual clothes, something for
dinner with the girls --

DAMIAN
I was kidding.

Amanda slides into bed, cozies up to Damian.

AMANDA
Ah, you're going to miss me aren't
you?

Damian takes hold of Amanda's hand.

DAMIAN
I will. But I'm glad you're getting
your certificate.

AMANDA
It's only a couple of days. I'll
call you when I can. And don't you
have any women here while I'm gone.

DAMIAN
Damn - really?

Amanda playfully slaps Damian on the leg.

AMANDA
Watch it, mister.

DAMIAN
Ouch.

AMANDA
So, what are you going to do when
I'm gone?

DAMIAN
Probably just hang with, Joel.

AMANDA
You really need more friends.

Amanda leans over, turns off the lamp on her side of the bed.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Oh, before I forget, you wanted me
to remind you that you got the
meeting with Andy's case worker
tomorrow.

DAMIAN
Yep, I remember.

Amanda pulls the covers to her shoulder, rolls over.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
You tired?

AMANDA
Exhausted.

Amanda doesn't see the disappointment on Damian's face as he picks up the remote, turns off the TV.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MORNING

A dark, overcast morning - threatening rain. Several cars parked on the curb, including a WHITE VAN with tinted windows.

INT. WHITE VAN - MORNING

Russo in the driver seat, binoculars on his lap. LEE (30), African-American, muscular in the passenger seat.

LEE
There they are.

Russo puts the binoculars to his eyes.

RUSSO'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS - TOWNHOME DRIVEWAY

Damian, with Amanda by his side, places a suitcase in the trunk of a car, closes it.

Amanda embraces Damian, kisses him on the lip, then enters the driver side of her car. The tail lights flash on.

Damian watches as Amanda's car pulls out of the driveway. He gives her a final wave as she drives down the street.

Damian enters his car, pulls it out of the driveway.

INT. WHITE VAN - MORNING

Russo puts the binoculars down.

RUSSO
Perfect.

EXT. JACKSON AUTO REPAIR - MORNING

A black PICK-UP TRUCK pulls into an old two pump gas station with a small repair garage. Casey, carrying a cooler, exits the truck, walks towards the shop door.

INT. JACKSON AUTO REPAIR/COUNTER - MORNING

Casey enters the small lobby area. Jackson's at the counter, on the phone.

JACKSON
 (into phone)
 ...Should be able to get it done by
 tomorrow afternoon.
 (listening)
 Okay, see you then.

Casey opens the cooler, removes a COLA, cracks it open and hands it to Jackson. Jackson gives Casey an appreciative nod.

CASEY
 So, how's he doing?

JACKSON
 (takes a gulp)
 Actually, pretty damn good. The boy
 knows his way around an engine.

Casey exits the lobby and enters the

SHOP AREA

And pulls up an old chair, removes two Colas from his cooler.

Matthew lays on a dolly, underneath the carriage of a car.

CASEY
 I see that the job's working out.

MATTHEW
 Yeah. It helps pass the time. Keeps
 the mind busy.

CASEY
 Have you called your brother yet?

MATTHEW
 (grunting)
 Fucking wrench. No, I haven't.

CASEY

I don't want to preach, but part of
the program involves the family.
Healing wounds, that kind of stuff.

Matthew slides out from under the car, stands. Casey hands
him a Cola.

MATTHEW

All of my wounds are self
inflicted.

Matthew gulps some Cola, wipes his mouth with his sleeve.

CASEY

Wasn't talking about your wounds.
(takes a gulp)
I was talking about theirs.

INT. ANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Damian and Andy eat pizza at the dinette table.

DAMIAN

So, what did you think of your new
case worker?

ANDY

(mouth full)
Kind of fat.

DAMIAN

That's not very nice.

ANDY

I don't think she means to be.

DAMIAN

(laughing)
No, I meant it's not nice to call
people fat?

ANDY

Oh.

Andy chugs some soda. Damian stands, grabs his jacket from
the back of the chair. He looks out the window.

DAMIAN

Still raining pretty hard.

Damian walks to Andy, pats him on the shoulder.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
Okay, I need to get going.

ANDY
Want my umbrella?

DAMIAN
No, I'll use my coat.

ANDY
That's retarded.

DAMIAN
(chuckles)
It is. But don't use that word.

EXT. TOWNHOME/DRIVEWAY - DAY

Raining hard. Damian exits his car, dashes towards the door.

INT. TOWNHOME/FRONT FOYER - DAY

Damian closes the front door, hangs his jacket in a closet. He drops his keys on a table and enters the

LIVING ROOM

And jumps back - startled.

Russo sits in a recliner, a gun in his right hand. Damian raises his hands in the air.

DAMIAN
Oh my God. Don't shoot. Please, you can take anything you want.

RUSSO
Yeah, I already know that.

Russo points his gun at a chair.

RUSSO (CONT'D)
Sit.

Damian, legs trembling, complies.

RUSSO (CONT'D)
You're Damian Clarke?

DAMIAN
Ye-ye-yes.

Russo walks over to an end table and picks up a framed portrait of Damian and Amanda on their wedding day?

RUSSO
This your wife?

Damian nods. Russo looks at Damian, then back at the picture.

RUSSO (CONT'D)
How did a scrawny fuck like you end
up with a looker like this?

DAMIAN
I d-d-d don't know.

RUSSO
Yeah, I suppose you wouldn't.
Where did she go?

Damian doesn't respond. Russo approaches Damian, presses the barrel of the gun on his forehead.

RUSSO (CONT'D)
Where the fuck did she go?

DAMIAN
She's gone. On a work retreat.
Please, we can work something out.

The CREAK and SLAM of a back door opening followed by the echo of footsteps. Damian flinches as Lee appears behind him.

LEE
(to Russo)
Ready?

Damian's face reddens as he starts to hyperventilate.

DAMIAN
(gasping)
I need my pills.

RUSSO
You need medication?

Damian nods at Russo. Russo nods at Lee.

Lee throws his forearm around Damian's neck, removes a syringe from his pocket and jabs it in Damian arm. Damian's arms and legs flail as he struggles against Lee's grip.

RUSSO (CONT'D)
There's some medication for you.

Damian's head falls to the side - out cold. Russo removes his phone from his pocket, presses call.

RUSSO (CONT'D)
We're on our way.

INT. MALIBU ESTATE/LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Damian bound to the chair. His finger purple and grotesquely misshapen from Russo's attack.

SUPER: PRESENT DAY

JAKE
Suit yourself. Nine fingers to go.
(leaning in)
Where is Matthew?

Damian, jaw clenched, face reddened, weakly shakes his head as a tear streaks down his cheek.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Steven, another finger.

Jake stands and clears the way as Russo approaches.

DAMIAN
No please! I beg you. I can get you
the money.

JAKE
I don't look for money. I look for
vengeance.

Russo firmly grabs Damian's middle finger, looks back towards Jake for the go ahead.

DAMIAN
Wait! I can get you ten times what
he owes you.

JAKE
(laughing)
A million dollars?
(to Russo)
A moment.

Russo, disappointed, steps aside. Jake approaches Damian and once again takes a seat close to him.

JAKE (CONT'D)
You have one million dollars in
your pocket? In your home?

DAMIAN

(shakes his head)

No. But I can get it. I know a way that it can be made - easy.

JAKE

A way it can be made?

(to Russo)

Can you believe this?

(back to Damian)

Okay. I listen. A last request.

Jake sits back in the chair, taps Damian on the knee.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Now tell me, how you get me one million dollars?

Damian takes the deepest breath of his life.

DAMIAN

I work for a large hedge fund in Los Angeles - Prime Trust. A hedge fund is --

JAKE

(insulted)

I know what hedge fund is. Go on.

DAMIAN

Prime Trust is going to acquire a large share of a certain company's stock - soon. Only a few people know about it.

JAKE

You being one?

Damian nods.

DAMIAN

We're going to buy over several days. They'll be a gradual run up in price, but by the end, the share prices will be up at least fifty percent. Maybe more.

JAKE

And?

DAMIAN

If you buy enough shares before we start the buyout, you could easily clear a million.

JAKE
(interested)
Hmm. So, what is name of company?

DAMIAN
I can't tell you now.

JAKE
Why is that?

DAMIAN
Because I th-th-think you might,
um. You might...

JAKE
Calm down.

DAMIAN
(swallows hard)
Kill me if I told you now.

JAKE
Good point. I would.
(rubbing his chin)
Interesting deal. Would bring clean
money.

Jake stands, removes Damian's wedding ring from his vest pocket - examines it.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Won't fit anymore. At least for
awhile.

Jake slides the ring in Damian's shirt pocket, walks towards a credenza, opens a drawer and removes a small vial and a syringed needle.

Jake inserts the needle into the vial, draws up the fluid, taps the needle, returns to Damian.

Damian's eyes widen as Jake takes a seat.

JAKE (CONT'D)
A nerve blocker, for pain. Until
you see Doctor.

Jake rests the tip of the needle on Damian's hand, just above his contorted finger.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Think. What would you tell Doctor?

Damian closes his eyes - concentrates.

DAMIAN

Um, a door. Someone burst open a door when I was reaching for it.

Jake presses the syringe plunger.

JAKE

Work on it. Make more convincing.
(shouting)
Lee.

Lee enters from another room. Jake stands, clears the way.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You need to take boy for medical attention. After that, home.

LEE

Got it, boss.

Lee flips open a jackknife as he approaches Damian, starts to cut through the rope that binds him to the chair.

JAKE

(to Damian)
You must be blindfolded on way home
- understand?

Damian nods as he starts to feel the pain relief.

JAKE (CONT'D)

We will give you burner phone to contact us with information. If plan works, Matthew is forgiven.
(menacing look)
But if you tell anyone. Your wife, your boss, a friend, I will kill them just before I kill you. I will hunt Matthew down like dog.
(points to his forehead)
And put bullet in his head. So do not betray. We are clear?

Damian's chest rises up and down as he tries to control his breathing. He finally nods.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Very good.
(to Russo)
Come with me.

Jake and Lee exit the room and enter the

DEN

Jake goes to a wet bar, pours himself a glass of vodka.

RUSSO

I'm not sure this is a good idea.

JAKE

I did not ask.

Jake turns around.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I return to Las Vegas tomorrow morning. I want the boy tracked at all times. His wife as well.

(takes a sip of vodka)

No more mistakes.

INT/EXT. WHITE VAN/DAMIAN'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Lee puts the Van in park. Damian's in the passenger seat, his hand now in a cast, just the tips of his fingers exposed.

Lee removes a BURNER PHONE from his pocket.

LEE

Here's the phone. Don't fuck it up, man. They aren't playing.

Damian manages a nod, takes the phone with his right hand, tucks it in his shirt pocket, exits the Van.

INT. TOWNHOME/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Damian stumbles in, opens the medicine cabinet, removes a prescription bottle. Struggling with only one good hand, he clumsily opens the bottle, taps out some pills.

Damian puts his face under the faucet, laps in some water. He places the pills in his mouth, swallows.

INT. TOWNHOME/BEDROOM - LATER

Damian in bed, still fully dressed. He stares at a note in his hand.

INSERT NOTE:

"I'm going to get help. I just need some time. Matthew."

BACK TO SCENE

Damian folds the note, pockets it. He picks up his cell phone, scrolls through the contacts, hits call.

DAMIAN
 (into phone)
 Hey, it's me.
 (listening)
 Yeah, I know it's late...I need to talk to you.

INT. CABIN - SAME TIME

Matthew, at the dining table, smokes a cigarette, as he stares at an old photograph of him, Damian and Andy.

There is an ENVELOPE, a small SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX KEY and a handwritten letter on the table.

Matthew puts the picture down. He stuffs the key and the letter in the envelope, seals it. Matthew turns the envelope over and starts to address it: "DAMIAN CLARKE."

INT. JOEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clean and modern. Damian sits on a white sofa, his damaged hand rests in his lap. The ugly purplish tip of his finger protrudes out the top of the cast.

Across from him on another sofa Joel, holds a glass of wine.

DAMIAN
 ...So I need you say that at when I was coming out of the rest room, a man slammed open the door catching my finger.

JOEL
 At what restaurant?

DAMIAN
 It doesn't matter.

Joel takes a sip of wine, thinks.

JOEL
 Not unless you tell me what's really going on.

DAMIAN
 Joel, please. I told you. I can't. Now, will you cover for me or not?
 (MORE)

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

I need an answer. Amanda will be home Monday.

JOEL

Are you having an affair?

DAMIAN

No, of course not.

JOEL

Then it has to have something to do with Matthew.

Damian averts his eyes.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Ah, it is.

(leans back)

Damian, You've been bailing him out of some kind of trouble or another for years. You don't owe him anything.

DAMIAN

I owe him everything.

JOEL

Why?

Damian runs his hands through his hair, closes his eyes - remembers.

BEGIN FLASHBACK: SMALL TOWN MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

The dead of winter. Light snow falls.

SARAH CLARKE (36) and her sons, MATTHEW (17), DAMIAN (15) and ANDY (11), bundled in winter clothes, wait under the marquee.

Sarah looks up and down the street.

DAMIAN (V.O.)

My Dad was supposed to pick us up from the movie. As usual, he didn't show - drunk somewhere. So, we decided to walk home.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Sarah holds Andy's hand as they walk down the sidewalk. Damian keeps pace alongside. Matthew trails behind.

As the lights from downtown fade in the distance they reach a

STREET CORNER

A sign reads: "MASON CREEK CANAL BRIDGE - TWO MILES."

DAMIAN (V.O.)
The canal's frozen over solid
during winter - always. It's a good
shortcut home.

Sarah tugs on Andy's hand as she leaves the sidewalk and trudges through the snow covered ground towards the canal bank. Damian follows. Matthew remains behind.

YOUNG MATTHEW
It's too dark!

Without turning around, Damian waves for Matthew to follow.

YOUNG MATTHEW (CONT'D)
Hey!

Sarah, Andy and Damian reach the edge of the

CANAL

And walk onto the ice. It seems solid as a rock.

YOUNG MATTHEW
God damn it, stop! We should go to
the bridge.

Sarah wraps her arms around Andy's and Damian's shoulders as they pretend to skate.

Their laughter's interrupted by the sound of CRACKING ice.

DAMIAN (V.O.)
He was right.

Sarah grabs Andy's hand, turns and looks towards Matthew on the canal bank. Her face says it all. This was a mistake.

In an instant, the ice breaks. Sarah, Andy and Damian are swallowed up by the icy water.

CANAL/UNDERWATER

Dark, icy waters.

Damian frantically pounds his fist on the ice shelf above him, searching for the opening.

DAMIAN (V.O.)
It was dark. Almost black.

A WHOOSH of water signals Matthew's plunge into the dark water. He swirls his arms, trying to locate anyone.

CANAL/ABOVE WATER

Matthew, with his right arm around Damian's torso, emerges.

He makes his way to the edge of the ice. A weakened Damian crawls onto the ice shelf.

DAMIAN (V.O.)
He got me out first.

Damian rolls on his back. The frost from his heavy breath fills the air. Matthew goes back into the water.

Matthew emerges from the ice with an unconscious Andy. His face blue - the look of death.

DAMIAN (V.O.)
He got Andy next.

Damian slides towards the opening, grabs Andy's arm and pulls him from the water.

YOUNG MATTHEW
Give him some air!

Matthew returns to the water. Damian starts mouth to mouth resuscitation on Andy. After a moment, Andy spurts up water.

DAMIAN (V.O.)
He made it. But not without brain damage. He lost too much oxygen.

Matthew emerges once again, inhales a lung full of air and goes back into the icy water.

DAMIAN (V.O.)
Mom died.

BACK TO SCENE: JOEL'S APARTMENT

DAMIAN
A week later, after my Mom's funeral, my father nearly beat Matthew to death. Broke most of the bones in his face.

JOEL
Jesus Christ. Why?

DAMIAN
Because he didn't save my Mom.

JOEL
Your father told you that?

DAMIAN
Not exactly. He left it for Matthew
in his suicide note. A week later.
Andy and I went to live with my
Grandpa. Once he healed up enough,
Matthew joined the Army.

Joel sits, mouth open.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
So yeah, I owe him.

Damian stands.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
I need to know. Are you going to
cover for me or not?

Joel nods.

INT. PRIME TRUST BUILDING/COFFEE ROOM - DAY

Damian at the coffee machine, fills a cup. Travers enters.

TRAVERS
Morning.

DAMIAN
Good morning.

Damian moves aside to let Travers fill his cup.

TRAVERS
(noticing the cast)
Jesus, what you do to your hand?

Travers grabs a cup, starts pouring.

DAMIAN
Lost a battle with a door. So, is
there anything else you need on
Eden?

TRAVERS
(with his back to Damian)
No. I'm good. Carlson called in. He
wants us to start the buyout early.
First thing tomorrow morning.

As Travers puts creamer in his cup, Damian scurries out.
Travers turns around.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)
 So I'm ...
 (notices Damian's gone)
 Good.

INT. DAMIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

The office door is closed.

Damian's at his desk. A screen containing stock information for EDEN CORPORATION is displayed on the screen.

DAMIAN
 (mutters to himself)
 Ask price of eleven-fifty.

Damian grabs his briefcase from the floor, places it on his desk, opens it, removes the burner phone Russo gave him.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
 (into phone - nervous)
 It's me.
 (listening)
 The company is Eden Bio-Medical.
 The stock symbol is EDN. The
 current price is eleven fifty. Buy
 one hundred and fifty thousand
 shares.
 (listening)
 Yes - now!
 (listening)
 I'll call you when it's time to
 sell.

Damian hangs up. His hand trembles as he places the burner phone back in the briefcase. His breathing becomes labored, he starts to sweat.

Damian frantically reaches in his pocket for his pill box - not there. He rifles through the briefcase - not there either. He opens his top desk drawer, fumble through the contents - no luck.

Damian bolts towards the door.

INT. PRIME TRUST LOBBY - DAY

Damian, still fighting the panic attack, bursts out of the elevator. He doesn't notice Joel talking to a WORKER as heads towards through the lobby towards the Parking Garage door.

JOEL
 Damian?

Damian exits the lobby. Joel follows.

INT. PRIME TRUST BUILDING/PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Filled with cars. Damian walks rapidly towards his.

JOEL

Damian!

Damian stops, turns around.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Jesus, you're as white as a ghost.
Are you okay?

DAMIAN

No - no. Please, tell them I went
home sick.

Joel watches as Damian reaches his car, enters it.

INT. TOWNHOME/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Damian enters through the front door, closes it behind him.
He takes a deep breath.

DAMIAN

(calling out)

I'm home.

AMANDA (O.S.)

I'm upstairs. Could you please
bring a towel up? I need one for my
hair.

Damian opens the downstairs linen closet and removes a white
terry cloth bath towel and then starts up the

STAIRS

Then enters the

BEDROOM

From Damian's vantage point he sees Amanda in the

BATHROOM

Her torso wrapped in a large white bath towel. Water drops
slowly slide down her tanned calves as she leans forward,
stares at the mirror, applies lotion to her face.

Damian, taken in, just stares at her.

AMANDA
(calling out)
Damian, I need the towel.

Damian enters the bathroom, tosses the towel on the counter.

DAMIAN
I got it.

AMANDA
(startled)
Jesus! You scared me. I thought you
were still downstairs.

Amanda takes the towel, wraps it over her wet hair.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
You're home early.
(notices cast)
My God! What happened?

DAMIAN
Stupid accident. I had lunch with
Joel yesterday. When I was coming
out of the restroom, some goon
swung the door open, caught my
finger.

Amanda cradles Damian's cast in her hands, examines the tip
of the damaged finger.

AMANDA
It's got to hurt.

DAMIAN
Yeah, it does. It's why I came home
early - forgot my pain meds.

AMANDA
You've got to be more careful.

Amanda gives Damian a kiss on the cheek. Damian hugs her
tightly, seeking comfort.

DAMIAN
I'm glad you're home.

INT. DAMIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Damian at his desk, frozen, as he stares at his computer
terminal. CNBC's Stock Market Report is streaming.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN

A CNBC ANCHOR (50) distinguished looking talks to a ROBERT MEADOWS (40), bald, looks like your Dad's boss.

CNBC ANCHOR

Prime Trust's move on Eden Bio Medical has the stock rocketing to new highs today. Currently trading at a shade over twenty two dollars a share, up more than ninety percent over the last two days.

A chart appears on the screen behind the anchor showing the rise in the stock price.

CNBC ANCHOR (CONT'D)

With me is Robert Meadows, Health Sector analyst for Goldman Sachs. Robert, are you surprised?

MEADOWS

Very. The stock had been on a forty week slide. It's been a relatively small player in the field and hasn't issued a new drug in several years.

BACK TO SCENE

Damian mutes the computer, stands and closes the office door. He removes the burner phone from his briefcase, hits call.

DAMIAN

(into the phone)

If you sell your shares now, you'll clear nearly one and a half a million. It's up to you. I'm done.

INT. RESIDENTIAL DESERT COMPOUND/DEN - DAY

Jake sits behind a mahogany desk. He's on the speaker phone. Russo stands at attention in the corner of the room.

JAKE

How much?

MAN ON PHONE SPEAKER (V.O.)

One million, four hundred and twenty-two thousand.

JAKE

Very good.

Jake ends the call, leans back in his chair. A pleased smile crosses his face.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 (to Russo)
 A gold mine - yes?.
 (off Russo's nod)
 Get a hold of Clarke. Make sure he
 knows we are not done.

INT. TOWNHOME/KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Damian, dressed in a business suit and Amanda, dressed in workout clothes, sit quietly as they eat breakfast. Their forks scraping against their plates is the only sound.

AMANDA
 You're awful quiet. Something on
 your mind?

DAMIAN
 It's nothing.

AMANDA
 Damian.

Damian puts down his fork - hesitates.

DAMIAN
 I really hate my job. I hate
 California.

AMANDA
 When did all this...?

DAMIAN
 Joel gave me a brochure the other
 day from the University of
 Michigan. They're looking for
 finance --

AMANDA
 No.

Amanda goes to the sink, starts rinsing her plate, cup and utensils, scrubbing much more furiously than needed.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
 (with back to Damian)
 This isn't just about you. I have a
 life here - a job.

DAMIAN
You're a fitness trainer. There are
plenty of jobs back there.

Amanda snaps around.

AMANDA
I'm not going back to Michigan and
neither are you. You promised me a
better life than the one we left.

Amanda turns back around, faces the sink, cries. Damian walks
over, puts his hands around her waist.

DAMIAN
Ssssh, okay, okay.

Amanda knocks Damian's hands away.

AMANDA
It's not fair. You promised.

Amanda wipes a tear from her eye.

DAMIAN
I know I did.

Damian goes to the dinette table, grabs his jacket from one
of the chairs.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
I need to get to work.

Amanda continues her furious scrubbing of the dishes. Damian
heads to the door.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
I love you.

Damian pauses for a moment and then leaves. The door SLAMS
shut behind him. Amanda hurls a plate against the wall.

INT. DAMIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Damian at his desk, staring aimlessly at the wall. He clearly
doesn't give a shit anymore.

The muffled RING of the burner phone inside the briefcase
next to his desk is heard. Damian's eyes narrow.

The RINGING stops. A moment passes and it RINGS again.

Damian grabs his briefcase from the floor, opens it on the
desk, removes the burner phone.

DAMIAN
 (into phone)
 Hello.
 (going white as a ghost)
 No, no. We had a deal. One time.
 (listening)
 Tell him I said no! I'm done!

Damian, breathing heavily and rapidly, ends the call.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

- Damian and Amanda at dinner table, eating in silence.
- Damian in office, working.
- Matthew at podium in Big Bear meeting hall, addressing fellow group members.
- Damian in conference room, doodles on a notepad as Carlson speaks to STAFF.
- Damian and Amanda at breakfast table, eating in silence.

INT. DAMIAN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Damian at his desk, reading financial papers. The daily CNBC stock television show streams on his computer monitor. The sound is on mute.

Something on the monitor catches Damian's eye. He taps a key on the computer keyboard to activate the sound.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN

An ANCHOR for CNBC's Market Watch show talks. On the upper corner of the screen a framed insert that reads: "EDEN BIO-MEDICAL DRUG TRIAL."

ANCHOR
 ...The Eden Corporation announced that their drug trials for the treatment of hepatitis have been successful and that they are fast tracking FDA approval...

BACK TO SCENE

Damian taps the mute button, leans back in his chair.

DAMIAN
 How did he know?

Damian removes a manila folder from his desk drawer. The outside label reads: "EDEN CORPORATION."

He opens the folder. On the inside cover, in Damian's handwriting a note: "FITZGERALD'S RESTAURANT - 10:00."

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
What was his name?

Damian closes his eyes, thinks.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
C'mom, c'mon - what was it?.

Damian opens his eyes, places his good hand on the keyboard.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN

The main GOOGLE SEARCH PAGE.

The slow TAPS of the keys as the search dialogue box fills with: "JOHN SAUNDERS, EDEN CORPORATION."

Another TAP signals enter.

The screen fills with several blue links to articles and information about Doctor John Saunders.

A CLICK and an article opens. The first paragraph reads: "...Doctor John Saunders has joined Eden Bio-Medical Corporation to head up their research team...."

The CURSOR moves to the IMAGES tab. A CLICK and then several IMAGES of Doctor Saunders appear.

BACK TO SCENE

Damian leans back his chair as he stares at the images.

DAMIAN
My God.

INT. PRIME TRUST SYSTEMS ROOM - DAY

Computers, servers and an array of modern computer equipment everywhere. A half dozen cubicles along one wall of the room.

Various WORKERS, mill about tending to the equipment. Damian enters the room, hustles towards an office in the corner and bursts into

JOEL'S OFFICE

JOEL
(at his desk)
Jesus Christ. You could have given
me a heart attack.

Damian stares at the Systems Room through the glass window of
the office. He closes the blind.

JOEL (CONT'D)
What the -- ?

DAMIAN
You remember the buy on Eden
Corporation?

JOEL
The violent takeover?

DAMIAN
Hostile.

JOEL
Whatever.

DAMIAN
I never thought the company looked
all that good. But Carlson was hell
bent on buying.

JOEL
And?

DAMIAN
Today, out of nowhere, they
announce a successful drug trial -
hepatitis treatment. The timing is
just too good. Carlson had to have
inside information.
(turning towards Joel)
Remember that night I had that
assignment. The one where I had to
meet Carlson at Fitzgeralds?

JOEL
Yeah. You had to cancel with
Amanda.

DAMIAN
He was having dinner with a Doctor
John Saunders.

JOEL

Jesus.

DAMIAN

Karen keeps a pretty meticulous calendar. If only I could get access to her computer - to Carlson's.

A moment passes.

JOEL

I could. I mean, if it's that important.

Damian lets this sink in.

DAMIAN

No. I don't want you in the middle of this.

JOEL

Then why are you here.

Damian opens the door.

DAMIAN

I don't know. I'm just kind of lost.

(opening door)

I'll call you this weekend. After I see Andy.

Damian exits.

INT. ANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Damian enters, immediately freezes as he spots Russo leaning against the kitchen counter.

Jake sits at a dinette table directly across from Andy, deep in concentration as he studies two playing cards in his hand.

DAMIAN

What are you doing here?

ANDY

Damian!

Andy starts to get up. Jake gently grabs his forearm.

JAKE

Finish your hand, Andy. Do not lose your concentration.

ANDY

Mr. Jake is teaching me to play -
to uh, play - uh, what was the name
of the game?

JAKE

I know you remember.

ANDY

Um - blackjack?

JAKE

Very good. Now study your cards.

Andy pulls the cards close to his face.

DAMIAN

You shouldn't be here.

JAKE

There will be time for all of that.
(to Andy)
What have you decided?

Andy raises both eyebrows, sucks in his lower lip.

ANDY

I will - um, stay.

JAKE

Very well.

Jake turns over his cards exposing a ten and an eight.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I have eighteen. Can you beat me?

Andy turns over his two Kings.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You win. Impressive.

ANDY

Can we play again?

JAKE

No, not now. Your brother and I
have business to discuss.

DAMIAN

Andy, why don't you go to Jeannie's
for a little while - watch some TV.

ANDY

Okay.

(to Jake)

Thank you for teaching me to play.

JAKE

You were very good student.

Andy lumbers away. Jake motions towards Damian.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Sit.

Damian keeps his eyes on Russo as he takes a seat.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You stopped answering calls.

DAMIAN

The deal was done.

JAKE

I have decided that deal is not done. No reason to stop.

DAMIAN

It was a one time thing. There's not going to be another Eden.

JAKE

But you still know what your firm plans to buy or sell - yes?

Damian nods.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I want advanced notification of trades. You will not be punished for results. I am fair man.

DAMIAN

No. I'm done. I can't --

JAKE

You will.

Jake leans back in his chair, scans the apartment.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You have too much to lose - no?

Damian's eyes widen.

JAKE (CONT'D)
How would Andy handle pain?

Damian lets the question hang as he stares hard at Jake.

JAKE (CONT'D)
You haven't asked how I knew you
would be here today. You are not
curious?
(off Damian's look)
You've been watched. Your wife has
been watched. Andy has been --

DAMIAN
You had no right to do that. I paid
you back.

JAKE
This is new arrangement. You
continue our business dealings or I
have Andy killed.
(taps Damian's cast)
You know that I would do that.

Jake reaches in his inside suit jacket pocket and removes a
burner cell phone, spins it on the table.

JAKE (CONT'D)
New phone. Destroy old one. I
expect to hear from you soon.

Jake stands, straightens his suit jacket. He looks at Damian,
hunched over the table, desperate.

JAKE (CONT'D)
There is one more thing. About your
wife.

Damian raises his head, his eyes narrow.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Apologize for bluntness.
(buttons suit jacket)
She's fucking your boss.

Damian's blinks his eyes rapidly, as if he were recovering
from a punch.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(To Russo)
What was his name again?

RUSSO
Carlson.

JAKE
Ah, yes. Warren Carlson.

DAMIAN
That's not possible.

JAKE
Steven tracked her everywhere she went. She sees him often. I thought you should know. You owe him no loyalty. We are partners now.
(motioning to Russo)
We should leave boy alone.

Jake and Russo exit.

Damian stands, looks out the window, watches Jake and Russo walk down the sidewalk.

He opens his wallet, removes a folded piece of paper - the contact information Matthew had left. He calls the number.

DAMIAN
(into phone)
Is this Casey?
(listening)
Matthew Clarke is my brother.
(listening)
I need to see him.

INT. DAMIAN'S TOWNHOME/LIVING ROOM - LATER

Andy's on the sofa. He sips a soda as he watches TV.

TOWNHOME/BEDROOM

Amanda watches as Damian stuffs clothes into a duffel bag.

AMANDA
This is kind of sudden. It's not like you.

DAMIAN
Um - yeah. I know. But Matthew just wanted to spend some time with Andy. Fishing, hiking - that kind of stuff. Thought I'd take advantage of it.

Damian exits into the bathroom.

AMANDA
Doesn't sound like Matthew.

DAMIAN (O.C.)

I know.

Damian emerges from the bathroom with toiletries, tosses them in the duffel bag. Damian pecks Amanda on the cheek.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

I gotta go.

Damian, duffel bag over his shoulder, hustles down the stairs into the

LIVING ROOM

Damian picks up the remote, turns off the TV.

DAMIAN

Okay, buddy. We're hitting the road.

Andy bolts up from the sofa.

ANDY

Yes!

Damian and Andy go to the

FRONT DOOR

Damian grabs his briefcase next to a small table. As he grabs his car keys from the top of the table, he spots an ENVELOPE, addressed to him, amongst the bills and junk mail.

AMANDA (O.C.)

(from upstairs)

Damian.

Damian opens the door, hands Andy his briefcase.

DAMIAN

Take that to the car. Be careful, my laptop's in there.

Andy nods, grabs the briefcase, heads out. Damian picks up the envelope - no return address. He opens it.

There's a SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX INSTRUCTION CARD, a KEY and a folded NOTE. Damian opens the note.

INSERT NOTE:

A little something to help out with Andy. All the information is on the card - Matthew.

BACK TO SCENE

Damian stares at the note. Amanda's at the top of the stairs, a prescription bottle in her hand.

AMANDA (O.C.)
Did you hear me?

This breaks Damian's focus.

DAMIAN
Huh?

AMANDA
You forgot your pills.

Amanda tosses the bottle towards Damian. He catches it.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
And be careful with your hand. I
don't want you hurting it worse up
there.

Damian stares at Amanda, takes in the moment.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
You okay?

Damian pockets the pills and the envelope from Matthew.

DAMIAN
Yeah, I'm fine.
(forced smile)
Goodbye.

INT/EXT. DAMIAN'S CAR/CHASE BANK PARKING LOT - DAY

Damian's car pulls into a spot.

DAMIAN
You wait here. I'll be right back.

Andy nods.

INT. CHASE BANK/SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX ROOM - DAY

At a small table, Damian stares at an opened SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX, filled with stacks of cash.

DAMIAN
(to himself)
What have you done, Matthew?

EXT. BIG BEAR LAKE/CABIN - DUSK

Damian's car creeps up the gravel driveway. The car stops. Andy exits the passenger side door, bursts towards the cabin.

DAMIAN
(as he exits car)
Andy - wait.

ANDY
Matthew, we're here!

Just as Matthew opens the front door, Andy stumbles, falls spread eagle in the pine needles that surround the cabin.

Matthew hustles over to help Andy off the ground.

MATTHEW
You alright?

ANDY
I'm fine - really fine.

Andy gets back on his feet, gives Matthew a huge bear hug.

ANDY (CONT'D)
I missed you so much.

Matthew watches as Damian opens the trunk and, with his good hand, removes Andy's suitcase, his duffel bag and briefcase.

Matthew notices Damian's cast.

MATTHEW
Me too Andy. Now go on inside.
There are sodas in the fridge.

Andy hustles off. Matthew approaches Damian, grabs the duffel bag and suitcase from him.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
What happened to your hand?

DAMIAN
Broken finger.

MATTHEW
No shit. I mean how?

DAMIAN
I'm starved. You got something to
make for dinner in there?

Matthew eyes Damian suspiciously.

MATTHEW

How?

DAMIAN

It's been a long day, Matthew.
We'll talk tonight - okay?

INT. LEE'S APARTMENT/LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

Lee, asleep on the sofa. His cell phone is on the adjacent coffee table. It RINGS, waking him up. Lee grabs the phone.

LEE

(groggy - into phone)
Yeah, I'll be right out.

Lee stands, stretches. He walks towards a kitchen counter and picks up an IPAD, taps the screen.

INSERT IPAD SCREEN

A GPS map display. A BLUE DOT, flashes over a location: "Big Bear Lake."

BACK TO SCENE

LEE

Fuck!

Lee, IPAD in hand, grabs a jacket and hustles out the door.

INT. RUSSO'S CAR/PARKED OUTSIDE LEE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Russo in the driver seat. Lee opens the passenger door, enters. He hands the IPAD to Russo.

LEE

He's gone to Big Bear.

Russo stares at the screen. Then - WHACK, a vicious backhand to Lee's face.

RUSSO

You lazy black fuck. You were
supposed to keep an eye on this.

Lee instinctively reaches for a gun, tucked inside his jacket. Russo beats him to the punch, has his gun out first.

RUSSO (CONT'D)

Just give me a reason.

Lee relaxes his hand, places it on his lap.

RUSSO (CONT'D)
Thought so.

Russo puts his gun on the console, puts the car in gear. The tires SQUEAL as he pulls into the street.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Dark other than the light emanating from a television. Andy is fast asleep on the sofa.

EXT. CABIN PORCH - NIGHT

Damian sits in a metal patio chair. Matthew stands.

 MATTHEW
God damn it, Damian! What the fuck
were you thinking?

 DAMIAN
You're going to wake Andy.

 MATTHEW
This was my mess to clean up!

Matthew walks off the porch and down the driveway twenty paces, lights a cigarette. Damian follows.

 DAMIAN
What did you want me to do?

 MATTHEW
To tell them where I was.

 DAMIAN
They would have killed you.

 MATTHEW
Christ, you can be so fucking naive
sometimes. They'll fucking kill me
anyway. You don't know these guys.

Damian raises his cast in the air.

 DAMIAN
I don't? Really?

Matthew eyes the cast, gets the point.

 DAMIAN (CONT'D)
Fuck you, Matthew! We're even.

 MATTHEW
Even?

DAMIAN

(screams)

For the canal! For the shit that
Dad did to you! We're even!

Damian turns, heads back to the porch.

MATTHEW

That's bull shit. I never put that
on you and it ain't my fault you've
been hanging on to it.

Damian turns, darts towards Matthew, shoves him in the chest
with both hands. Matthew stumbles backwards.

DAMIAN

(clasping his cast)

Ah, fuck.

MATTHEW

Easy.

DAMIAN

You didn't put it on me. But you
sure as hell could have helped take
it off. We've never talked about
it. You ran off to the army. And
the only time you fucking ever
showed up was to --

MATTHEW

I know.

Matthew takes a deep drag. Damian starts to calm.

DAMIAN

You must know you did exactly what
Mom would have wanted you to do.

Matthew tosses his cigarette on the ground, grinds it into
the ground with his shoe.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

You got to let it go!

MATTHEW

Really. Have you?

Damian's expression freezes - thinking - has he?

Matthew points to the patio.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Want a beer?

DAMIAN
I don't drink.

Matthew nods.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
But it's probably time I did.

INT. RESIDENTIAL DESERT COMPOUND/BILLIARDS ROOM - NIGHT

Jake stretches over the rail of a pool table to reach a cue ball. Russo and Lee stand at attention nearby.

Jake strokes the pool cue. WHACK - eight ball in the pocket.

JAKE
Perfection can be boring.
(beat)
So, what do you think he is up to?

Jake places his cue stick in a rack.

RUSSO
Maybe it's just a weekend trip.

JAKE
When is he due to call in again?

RUSSO
Tomorrow.

JAKE
See if he lies. If he does, you know what to do.

Russo nods.

EXT. CABIN PORCH - NIGHT

Damian and Matthew sit in metal chairs, both holding a beer.

MATTHEW
...So he just keels over - heart attack I think. But not before getting a round off. It missed.

Matthew rubs the barrel of his beer bottle with the palm of his hand - remembering that night.

DAMIAN
What?

MATTHEW

I didn't really want him to miss...
(clears throat)
Thought it was finally all over.

DAMIAN

And now?

Matthew takes a long sip of beer.

MATTHEW

And now is now. One day at a time.
That's what they say - right?

Matthew stands, grabs the porch railing, takes in the moon.

DAMIAN

Why did you take money?

MATTHEW

Instinct. Pure instinct.
(deep exhale)
But that wouldn't have changed
anything anyway. They could give a
shit about the money. They're
worried about loose ends.

DAMIAN

Loose ends?

Matthew turns, looks at Damian - how does he not get it?

MATTHEW

I'm a witness to a murder. The only
one.

DAMIAN

Couldn't have you just gone to the
police?

MATTHEW

Couldn't have you?

Damian nods - fair enough. Matthew stands, stretches, checks
his watch.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

It's getting late. You should call
Amanda.
(no response)
What?

DAMIAN

I think we need another beer.

INT. CABIN - MORNING

Damian at the dining table, drinking coffee as he stares at photos of Amanda on his laptop computer.

Matthew enters from a bedroom - wears jeans, no shirt.

MATTHEW
(yawning)
Morning.

DAMIAN
Morning.

MATTHEW
Where's Andy?

DAMIAN
Outside, in the back. He's trying
to catch a squirrel.

Matthew walks to the kitchen counter, pours himself a cup of coffee, takes a seat opposite Damian.

MATTHEW
Looking at those ain't going to do
you any good. Don't torture
yourself.

Damian doesn't look up. Matthew, cup in hand, takes a seat.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
So, what are you going to do?

DAMIAN
I have no idea.

Matthew gulps back some coffee.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
Is there a chance that it's not
true? That Jake was just messing
with my head?

MATTHEW
How did they say they knew?

DAMIAN
They said that they were tracking
her.

MATTHEW
 (concerned)
 Tracking? Are you sure they said
 tracking - not following?

DAMIAN
 Yeah, tracking. What difference
 does it make?

MATTHEW
 Fuck.

Matthew bolts out the cabin.

EXT. CABIN - MORNING

Matthew heads towards Damian's parked car. Damian follows.

Matthew gets down on his hands and knees, slides his hands on
 the undercarriage of the car.

DAMIAN
 What?

Matthew removes a GPS tracking device from the cars'
 undercarriage, shows it to Damian.

MATTHEW
 They know you're here.

Damian breathes heavy, his face reddens.

DAMIAN
 What was I thinking? Jesus Christ,
 how could I've been so stupid?

Damian paces back and forth, rubs his hands through his hair.

ANDY (O.C.)
 I almost got the squirrel!

Andy comes barreling around the corner.

ANDY (CONT'D)
 I think I need to give him some
 food.
 (off Damian's look)
 What's wrong?

Matthew stands.

MATTHEW
 (to Andy)
 Everything's fine.
 (MORE)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

(to Damian)

Relax, this may turn out to be a good thing.

DAMIAN

How could it possibly be a -- ?

MATTHEW

I got a plan.

Matthew slaps Damian on the shoulder, heads towards the cabin.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

But I'm going to need your help.

INT. CASEY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

The home of a hunter. Cedar paneling, the head of a fourteen point buck on the wall next to a rifle rack.

Casey, Jackson and a half dozen other MEN from the meetings sit in sofas and chairs. Matthew's in a kitchen chair in the center of the room.

JACKSON

I got no problem taking Andy.

Matthew nods in appreciation.

MATTHEW

Okay, so, who's in? A thousand dollars a man.

Casey stands.

CASEY

I'm in, soldier. And keep your God damn money.

MATTHEW

Thanks, brother. But I'm going to give you --

A YOUNGER MAN wearing a U.S Marines cap stands.

YOUNGER MAN

I'm in. And keep your God damn money.

Another man stands, then another, then all. Matthew nods, tears up.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Damian, with one good hand, clumsily places his laptop computer on an empty pantry shelf.

He stacks cereal boxes, can beans and other items around the computer so that only a small space is left for the computer's camera lens. The rest of the computer is hidden.

Damian goes to the dining table, takes a seat, puts his cell phone to his ear.

DAMIAN
(into phone)
How's the picture?

INT. JOEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Joel, on the sofa, looks at the screen of a laptop computer on the coffee table.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN

A live feed of Damian from the cabin. Damian waves.

JOEL (O.C.)
I got the whole room.

DAMIAN (ON SCREEN)
The sound okay?

JOEL (O.C.)
Loud and clear.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Damian at the table, phone to his ear.

DAMIAN
Can't thank you enough, Joel.
(listening)
Yeah, I will.

Damian ends the call, stares at the pantry.

EXT. CABIN PORCH - DAY

Damian leans against the porch rail, phone to his ear.

DAMIAN
(into phone)
...We just decided to stay up here
a few more days is all.

INT. TOWNHOME/BEDROOM - DAY

Amanda paces back and forth, cell phone to her ear.

AMANDA

That's really not like you, Damian.
I mean, you generally plan these
type of things.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DAMIAN AND AMANDA

DAMIAN

Planning hasn't really paid off for
me, has it?

AMANDA

What are you talking about?

DAMIAN

Look, call into work for me. I
won't be back until at least
Wednesday.

AMANDA

Warren's not going to like that.

A pause.

DAMIAN

You mean, Mr. Carlson.

AMANDA

(closing her eyes)
Yes - yes, of course. I meant Mr.
Carlson.

DAMIAN

I got to go.

Damian ends the call, grabs the rail of the porch, slides
down to his knees, gently taps his head against the rail.

INT. CABIN - LATER

Damian, Matthew and Andy at the dining table. The burner
phone lays in the center of it.

MATTHEW

(to Andy)
You ready?

ANDY

Born ready!

Matthew laughs, Damian smiles. A moment passes. Matthew gives Damian a nod. Damian picks up the burner phone, hits call.

DAMIAN
(into phone)
It's me.

INT. RUSSO'S CAR/PARKED - DAY

Lee in the passenger seat with the IPAD. The flashing blue dot still shows a location of Big Bear.

Russo in the driver seat, phone to his ear.

RUSSO
(into phone)
I'm listening.

INTERCUT BETWEEN RUSSO IN CAR AND DAMIAN IN CABIN

DAMIAN
(into phone)
I don't have anything for you yet.
We won't be placing any trades
until the end of the week.

RUSSO
(into phone)
Where are you?

DAMIAN
(into phone)
Um - um, in my office.

Matthew points at Andy, nods.

ANDY
(shouting)
Damian, did Matthew go outside?

DAMIAN
(into phone)
Shit.

Damian ends the call.

RUSSO
(into phone)
Hello...?

Russo ends the call, pockets the phone.

RUSSO (CONT'D)
You stupid mother fuckers.

INT. CABIN - DAY

ANDY
Did I do good?

Damian stands, tousles Andy's hair.

DAMIAN
You did great, buddy.

The sound of a car door crawling up the gravel driveway is heard. Then a HONK. Matthew stands, looks out the window.

MATTHEW
Andy, grab your things. He's here.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Jackson stands by a large pickup truck with a "JACKSON AUTO" decal. The tips of fishing rods peek out above the truck bed.

Damian, Andy and Matthew, carrying a duffle bag, approach. Matthew tosses the duffle bag in the truck bed, extends his hand towards Jackson. Jackson takes it.

MATTHEW
I appreciate this. Two days max.
I'll call you.

JACKSON
Not a problem.
(to Andy)
So, what kind of fish you like to catch?

ANDY
Big ones.

Matthew and Damian smile.

JACKSON
Me too.

Damian gives Andy a hug.

DAMIAN
Okay, you're going on a big adventure. You're going to stay with Jackson for a few days. You need to do everything he tells you to.

ANDY
I will - promise.

Andy breaks the embrace, gives Matthew a hug.

ANDY (CONT'D)
You better be here when I get back.

Andy hustles towards the passenger side of the truck. Jackson gets in, rolls down the window as he revs the engine.

JACKSON
(through the window)
Don't worry. He'll be fine.

Matthew nods. Jackson drives off.

DAMIAN
Now what?

MATTHEW
(points towards cabin)
Now, we wait.

INT. PRIME TRUST EXECUTIVE SUITE - DAY

Amanda, arms folded and tense waits in a chair by the secretarial station.

KAREN
He shouldn't be much longer.

AMANDA
Thank you.

The walnut doors open. Travers exits, gives Amanda a friendly nod. Carlson appears in the door frame.

CARLSON
Mrs. Clarke, what a pleasant surprise. Please, come in.
(to Karen)
Hold my calls.

KAREN
Of course, sir.

Carlson, followed by Amanda enter

CARLSON'S OFFICE

Closing the door behind them. Carlson takes a seat at a small conference table. Amanda frantically paces back and forth.

AMANDA
I think he knows.

CARLSON

And you thought the most discreet place to tell me was my office?

Amanda's eyes go angry.

CARLSON (CONT'D)

Look, you may be overreacting. Damian's not exactly a perceptive person.

AMANDA

I don't know what to do. I'll have nothing from the last ten years. I work at a fitness center for Christ sakes!

(accusing tone)

He should have moved up faster.

CARLSON

Did you think you were sleeping his way to the top?

Amanda face reddens with anger.

AMANDA

How could you say such a thing?

Amanda starts for the door. Carlson stands, grabs her arm.

CARLSON

I'm sorry. That was out of line.

(beat)

Look. I've done everything I can for him. You know him. He's risk averse, lacks self-confidence, stammers like a nervous child. Despite that, I promoted him to where he is now. He would not even be where he's at without me. That was for you.

AMANDA

I need to know where we are at.

CARLSON

Where we're at?

Carlson releases Amanda's arm, walks to a wet bar, pours himself a scotch.

AMANDA

Answer me!

Carlson takes a sip.

CARLSON

We're exactly at the same place we
were before you came here today.

Amanda's eyes tear up.

CARLSON (CONT'D)

I never mislead you. I was always
very clear on --

AMANDA

Fuck you!

Amanda storms out the office.

INT/EXT. WHITE VAN/DESERT HIGHWAY - (TRAVELLING) - DAY

Russo at the wheel, a cigarette dangling from his lip. Lee in
the passenger seat, monitoring the IPAD in his lap.

LEE

Still no movement.

Lee spots a small dirt road leading off the Highway. He
points at it as they pass.

LEE (CONT'D)

That would be a good spot.

Russo nods, tosses his cigarette out the window.

RUSSO

You sure we got everything?

Lee looks towards the back of the Van.

LEES' POV - BACK OF VAN

Two shovels, a pick ax, coils of rope.

BACK TO SCENE

LEE

All set.

EXT. CABIN PORCH - DAY

Damian, coffee in hand sits in a metal chair. Matthew, beer
in his hand, feet resting on the railing, sits in another.

DAMIAN

Being up here - it's helped you?

MATTHEW
Yeah, yeah. It has.

A pause.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
What time you got?

DAMIAN
(checks his watch)
A little after five.

MATTHEW
Should be soon.

INT/EXT. WHITE VAN/MOUNTAIN ROAD - (TRAVELLING) - DUSK

Russo at the wheel. Lee in the passenger seat.

They pass a freeway sign: "BIG BEAR LAKE 18 MILES." Russo removes a cell phone, hits call.

INT. CABIN - DUSK

Damian and Matthew at the dining table. Damian's burner phone RINGS several times then stops. Matthew checks his watch.

MATTHEW
They're getting close.

Matthew pulls out his cell phone, hits call.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Get the boys in position. It won't be long.

Matthew hangs up.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
(to Damian)
Joel's all set?

DAMIAN
Yeah.

MATTHEW
What about you?

Damian nods, stands and exits into the

BATHROOM

Damian, breathing heavily, stares at himself in the bathroom mirror. Sweat beads on his forehead. He tries to control his breathing through deep inhales and exhales - no luck.

Damian falls to his knees, hugs the toilet. His shoulders heave up and down as he vomits violently.

Damian grabs the top of the vanity with his right hand, pulls himself upright. He taps out four pills from a prescription bottle on the vanity, chases them down with a glass of water.

He turns on the faucet, gathers water the best he can with one damaged hand, splashes his face.

CABIN - LATER

Matthew stares out at the driveway through a slit in the cabin drapes. Damian stands guard at the back window.

MATTHEW

Anything?

DAMIAN

No.

INT/EXT. WHITE VAN/CABIN ROADSIDE - NIGHT

A bright moon rises in the horizon.

Russo pulls up White Van along the road beneath the cabin. Lee monitors the GPS application on his IPAD.

LEE

(pointing up the hill)

Up there.

Russo and Lee exit, scan the area. Russo points to a row of pine trees to the right of the gravel driveway.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

From Matthew's POV at the window: the silhouettes of Russo and Lee making their way through the pine trees.

MATTHEW

They're here.

Damian turns from his perch at the back window, nods.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Russo and Lee reach the side of the cabin, guns drawn. Russo goes to one side of the front door, Lee stays at the other.

Russo gives Lee the go ahead nod, pivots and forcefully kicks the door open. Russo bursts into the

CABIN

Followed by Lee. Russo points his gun at Damian and Matthew at the dining table, both facing the door.

DAMIAN
(hands in air)
Jesus Christ! Don't shoot.

RUSSO
Well, if it ain't the Clarke brothers.

Russo taps the barrel of his gun on Matthew's forehead.

RUSSO (CONT'D)
(as he taps)
Our paths just seem to keep crossing, Matty boy. Why do you think that is?

MATTHEW
I seem to attract rodents.

WHACK - Russo delivers a vicious slap to Matthew's head. Damian instinctively rises. Slowly sits back down as Lee trains his gun on him.

Russo pulls up a chair, takes a seat, puts his feet up on another. He slowly spins his gun on the table.

RUSSO
(to Damian)
You fucked with Jake.

DAMIAN
I kept my end of the deal. Jake cleared more than a million and a half on the Eden trade.

RUSSO
And he wants more. I thought he made that clear.
(menacing)
And you agreed.

DAMIAN

That was before I found out Matthew had nothing to do with those people killed at the warehouse. Jake ordered that.

RUSSO

Of course he fucking ordered it, you idiot. But that don't change shit on our end.

Russo stands.

RUSSO (CONT'D)

You boys are going on a little road trip.

Russo grabs Matthew by the collar.

DAMIAN

Wait. I have a deal.

MATTHEW

Damian, what the fuck are you doing? I told you, that's my money.

Damian looks at Lee, then back at Russo.

DAMIAN

But we need to talk alone.

RUSSO

Fuck you, runt.

DAMIAN

What do you have to lose?

MATTHEW

(to Damian)

Don't be stupid!

Russo looks towards Lee, points at Matthew.

RUSSO

Take him outside. I'll be right there.

Lee grabs the back of Matthew's collar, pulls upward. Matthew stands. Lee keeps the barrel of his gun pressed against Matthew's back as he marches him towards the door.

MATTHEW

(calling back)

That's my fucking money!

The door SLAMS shut as Lee and Matthew exit.

RUSSO
This better be good.

Russo gives him the go ahead nod. Damian removes a small SILVER KEY from his shirt pocket, places it on the table.

DAMIAN
That's a key to a safety deposit box in Los Angeles.

Russo picks up the key, examines it.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
It contains the hundred thousand dollars that Matthew took.

RUSSO
And?

DAMIAN
You let Matthew go, just say you never found him here. I'll take you to the box and give you the money.

RUSSO
That's Jake's money.

DAMIAN
He'll have plenty. I'll continue my end of the deal. He'll get his stock picks. You get a hundred thousand and never bother again.
(beat)
Why should Jake get everything?

Russo looks to the front door, thinks.

RUSSO
And what about Lee?

DAMIAN
That's a problem you need to solve.

Russo stares at Damian - the wheels are spinning.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Russo and Damian exit. The White Van is in the driveway. Next to it, Matthew holds a gun to Lee's head.

RUSSO
What the fuck?

Russo starts to raise his gun.

CASEY (O.C.)
Hold it right there.

Russo turns to his left, spots Casey holding a rifle pointed right at him. Russo starts to raise his gun.

YOUNGER MAN (O.C.)
Don't think about it.

Russo turns to his right. The YOUNGER MAN with the U.S Marines cap and another MAN stand, rifles pointed.

Casey points towards some men dressed in fatigues in the pine trees that line the driveway.

CASEY
We're all around you.

Damian falls to his knees, starts to hyperventilate. The ruse took all he had.

Casey escorts Russo towards the Van. Matthew approaches Damian, puts his arms around his shoulder.

MATTHEW
You did good.

Damian just nods his head.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
I'll take care of them. Go make sure Joel got it.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Damian walks towards the pantry, removes the boxes of cereals and cans that were concealing the laptop computer.

DAMIAN
(directly at computer)
Did you get it?

INT. JOEL'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Joel sits on a sofa with a glass of wine in his hand. A laptop computer, with a streaming image of Damian, is on the coffee table in front of him.

JOEL
I got it all.
(beat)
(MORE)

JOEL (CONT'D)
I'll have the Eden information for
you by the time you get back.

A nod from Damian on the screen. It goes black.

Joel places his wine glass down and rubs his palms together.

Joel taps several keys on the keyboard. A blue screen appears
with: "PRIME TRUST - SYSTEM ADMINISTRATOR."

JOEL (CONT'D)
Okay, Mr. Carlson. Let's see what
you've been up to.

INT/EXT. WHITE VAN PARKED/RESIDENTIAL COMPOUND - NIGHT

Matthew in the driver seat. Damian in the passenger seat.

Russo and Lee, feet bound together with rope, hands bound
together behind their back in the rear of the van.

Matthew checks his watch: "2:00 A.M."

MATTHEW
(to Damian)
Ready?

Damian nods, opens his door. Matthew exits his.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL COMPOUND/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Russo stands underneath a camera. Matthew and Damian to the
side out of the camera's view.

Matthew points his gun at an electronic security keypad.

MATTHEW
Do it.

Russo hesitates.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
I got no problem putting a bullet
in your head and having Lee open it
instead.

Russo enters numbers on a keypad. CLICK - the doors unlock.

INT. RESIDENTIAL COMPOUND/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Matthew and Russo, with Matthew's gun to his head, enter the
darkened room. Matthew flicks on the light.

Startled, Jake sits up in bed, shakes the cobwebs.

JAKE
 (if looks could kill)
 You brought them here?

RUSSO
 Jake, I'm sorry. I didn't have a
 choice.

JAKE
 You had choice. You chose wrong.

LIVING ROOM

Matthew, with his gun at their backs, marches Russo and Jake into the room. Damian's there waiting, his laptop computer on top of a credenza to the right of the front door.

JAKE
 (at Damian)
 A pleasant surprise.

MATTHEW
 (shoving Jake forward)
 Shut the fuck up.
 (points at two chairs)
 Both of you - sit.

Jake and Russo comply.

JAKE
 Have you killed civilian before or
 will I be your first? Much
 different than war.

MATTHEW
 Shut - the - fuck - up!

Jake raises his hands, feigning apology.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
 (turns to Damian)
 Are you ready?

Damian turns the laptop so that the screen is visible to Jake and Russo.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
 (to Jake)
 There's something you need to see.

Damian taps a key on the laptop keyboard.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN/THE VIDEO FROM CABIN PLAYING

RUSSO

...You fucked with Jake.

DAMIAN

I kept my end of the deal. Jake cleared more than a million and a half on the Eden trade.

RUSSO

And he wants more. I thought he made that clear. And you agreed.

DAMIAN

That's a key to a safety deposit box in Los Angeles...

INT. WHITE VAN - SAME TIME

Lee, with his feet and hands bound, scoots towards the pick ax. There's a sharp metal shard protruding from the end of the metal head. Lee presses the ropes that bind his hand up and down against the metal shard, taking a fray of rope at a time.

INT. RESIDENTIAL COMPOUND/LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Jake glowers at the laptop as the video plays. Russo fidgets.

DAMIAN (O.C - FROM VIDEO)

...Why should Jake get everything?

RUSSO (O.C - FROM VIDEO)

And what about Lee?

DAMIAN (O.C - FROM VIDEO)

That's a problem you need to solve.

RUSSO (O.C. FROM VIDEO)

Okay, Clarke. We got a deal.

Damian taps the keyboard, closes the lid of the laptop.

RUSSO (CONT'D)

Boss, I was never going to --

JAKE

This, I know. Relax.

(to Matthew/Damian)

What is plan?

DAMIAN
The video isn't...
(points at laptop)
Just on this machine. It's been
uploaded to a secured file server.
You understand what that means?

JAKE
I do.

DAMIAN
A press of a key and it's forwarded
to Las Vegas Police and the SEC.

Jake nods.

MATTHEW
And that key will be pressed should
any harm ever, and I mean ever,
come to me, Damian or Andy. Now you
made...

Matthew looks towards Damian.

DAMIAN
A million and a half.

MATTHEW
So we're keeping the hundred. I
think that's a bargain.

JAKE
I accept deal. Anything else?

MATTHEW
Yeah, one more thing.

Matthew hands Damian his gun.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
(to Damian)
Don't hesitate to shoot the
fuckers.

Matthew approaches Jake, firmly presses Jake's left hand
against the arm of the chair.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
I'm going to need a finger. You
know, to completely square things.

DAMIAN
Matthew, no.

Matthew presses his weight harder, grabs Jake's left index finger. Jake clenches his jaw, ready for the inevitable.

MATTHEW

He deserves this. You know that.

Matthew starts to raise Jake's finger.

DAMIAN

No!

Matthew wants to do it so bad, you can see the pleading in his eyes.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

It's not who we are.

MATTHEW

It's who I am!

DAMIAN

Not anymore. You know better. Let's just go home.

Matthew glowers at Jake.

MATTHEW

Lucky for you he's the better man.

Just as Matthew releases Jake's finger:

LEE BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR

And knocks Damian to the ground. The gun falls to the floor. Russo lunges at Matthew, tackles him. In the midst of the melee, Jake calmly stands, picks up the gun from the floor.

BANG - Jake fires a round into the ceiling. The action stops.

A wicked smile crosses Russo's face as he stands. Gives Matthew one quick kick from his boot. Matthew buckles.

Jake points towards the same chair that Russo sat in. He points the gun at Matthew.

JAKE

Now you sit.

Matthew takes a seat.

Damian has only made it to his knees. Jake extends his hand. Damian takes it. Jake pulls him upright.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Go sit by your brother.

Damian, legs wobbling, complies.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(to Damian)
You know, your brother was right
about my finger.
(Jake says a sentence in
Russian)
It means, to achieve justice, the
lamb must become the wolf. You
Americans might say an eye for an
eye.

RUSSO
You fucks thought you had it all
figured out, didn't you?

JAKE
(to Damian)
I still accept deal.

Jake moves his arm to the right. BANG - a shot.

Russo's knocked back to the wall, a dime sized red hole is in
the center of his forehead. A swath of blood streaks the
white wall as Russo slides to the floor.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(to Lee)
Congratulations on promotion.

Jake shows the gun to Matthew.

JAKE (CONT'D)
This gun is registered to you -
yes?

MATTHEW
Yeah.

JAKE
Now it is murder weapon. You may
want to dispose of it.

Jake hands the gun to Matthew as a stunned Damian stares at
Russo's corpse.

JAKE (CONT'D)
If I see either of you in my town
again, you will die. Deal or not.
Understood?

Damian unable to speak, just nods.

MATTHEW

Understood. But, we're going to need to take your Van.

An odd smile crosses Jake's face.

JAKE

But of course.

Matthew takes Damian's arm. They head for the door.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Damian.

Damian stops, turns.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Say hello to Andy for me. He's a good boy.

INT/EXT. WHITE VAN - MOUNTAIN ROAD - (TRAVELLING) - DAWN

Matthew smokes as he drives. Country MUSIC on the radio.

Damian looks out the passenger window, takes in the pines.

DAMIAN

You know you could buy a pretty nice auto shop for a hundred thousand.

MATTHEW

That ain't near enough, brother.

DAMIAN

It is in Michigan.

EXT. CABIN - DAWN

The White Van crawls up the gravel driveway. Parks behind Jackson's Auto Repair Truck.

Andy bolts out of the cabin, followed by Jackson.

Andy reaches the Van just as Damian exits and nearly tackles Damian with a bear hug.

ANDY

You're here!

Matthew exits from the driver side of the Van.

MATTHEW

See, you were always his favorite.

Andy rushes to Matthew's side of the Van. Gives him a hug.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

(to Damian)

He'll be fine.

ANDY

Come in the back and see the fish
we caught.

MATTHEW

Go ahead, Andy. I'll be right
there.

Andy hustles off. Damian removes his car keys from his
pocket.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

You're sure you don't need help?

DAMIAN

Yeah. I need to take care of this
one on my own.

(heading towards his car)

See you in a few days.

INT. JOEL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Damian on one sofa, Joel on the other. Joel is dressed for
work. Damian still has the same clothes from the cabin and a
day's beard growth.

A USB MEMORY STICK is on the coffee table between them. Joel
points at it.

JOEL

It's all there. Carlson's calendar
had seven separate appointments to
meet Saunders, including the one
you went to at Fitzgeralds. There's
also several e-mails to Saunders.
He uses cooking terms.

DAMIAN

What?

JOEL

For example, there's an e-mail that
says - *we still need a few
ingredients.*

(MORE)

JOEL (CONT'D)

Another one that says something like - *it's still in the oven*. All in all, not that hard for someone to connect the dots.

Damian picks up the USB stick, rolls it in his hand.

JOEL (CONT'D)

It also has all the Eden trades Prime Trust made.

DAMIAN

Thanks, Joel. I'll keep you out of this. I promise.

JOEL

Doesn't matter. I'm sure I got to be protected by some kind of whistle blower program.

DAMIAN

Joel...

JOEL

Go already. You got a lot to take care of.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - SEC/OFFICE - DAY

A modest office - basic government issued.

Damian, unshaven, disheveled and haggard from lack of sleep, sits in a chair as he watches Inspector CHARLES NELSON (55).

Nelson has his back to Damian as he scrolls through pages on his computer screen that sits atop a credenza.

Nelson points to an image of a calendar screen on his computer.

NELSON

Is this the night you saw Saunders with him at the restaurant?

DAMIAN

Yes.

NELSON

And you'll testify to that?

DAMIAN

Yes.

Nelson continues to scroll through contents on the screen.

NELSON

Got to be a dozen or so contacts
between them before the buy.

(beat)

We've been trying to nail this
prick forever.

Nelson removes a USB stick from the side of his computer then
swivels around in his chair - faces Damian.

NELSON (CONT'D)

How did you get this?

DAMIAN

I can't tell you that. But all of
the data on that USB drive is on
the company's servers.

Nelson contemplates.

NELSON

Alright. I'll have a warrant by
tonight. We'll serve it tomorrow.

DAMIAN

I have a favor.

Damian takes a piece of paper off of Nelson's desk - jots
something down.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

That's my number. I need you to
call me before you come. I need to
see it happen.

NELSON

I can't do that.

DAMIAN

Then I can't testify.

Nelson leans back in his chair - tired of the mystery.

NELSON

I'll bite. Why?

INT. TOWNHOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Amanda on the sofa. Damian enters.

AMANDA

You're home.

Amanda stands, walks over, gives Damian a hug.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
 Good God. When was the last time
 you showered?

DAMIAN
 Um - you know - mountain life.

AMANDA
 Well, did you have a good time?

DAMIAN
 Not really. Wasn't what I expected.
 (pointing up stairs)
 I should shower.

Amanda gives him a peck on the cheek.

AMANDA
 I'll get dinner ready.

INT. TOWNHOME/BATHROOM SHOWER - NIGHT

Damian, weeping, leans his head against the tile shower wall
 as the hot water cascades off his shoulder.

INT. SEC OFFICE BUILDING/OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Charles Nelson sits at his desk, phone to his ear.

NELSON
 (into the phone)
 We'll be there at exactly three
 o'clock this afternoon.
 (beat)
 I'm trusting you on this.

INT. DAMIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Damian's at his desk, phone to his ear

DAMIAN
 Thanks.

INT. JOEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Joel at his desk. Damian leans up against the office door,
 checks his watch.

DAMIAN
 I gotta go. I don't - don't know
 how to thank you everything that...

Joel stands, walks towards Damian, embraces him.

JOEL

Be good. Call me when you get there.

Damian nods, exits.

INT. PRIME TRUST BUILDING/ELEVATOR - DAY

The elevator ascends. Damian checks his watch: "2:45." The elevator stops. The doors open and Damian enters the

PRIME TRUST EXECUTIVE SUITE

And marches down the corridor towards Karen's desk. As she spots Damian, Karen checks the calendar.

KAREN

Good morning, Damian. Did you have an appointment?

Damian blows past her, swings open the doors of

CARLSON'S OFFICE

Carlson's at his desk reviewing a document. Damian enters.

CARLSON

(annoyed)

Did we have an appointment?

A frantic Karen enters.

KAREN

I'm sorry, Sir. He just walked in.

CARLSON

(to Damian)

Speak up!

DAMIAN

You've been sleeping with my wife.

Karen, wide-eyed, places her hand over her mouth.

CARLSON

(to Karen)

Please close the door behind you.

Karen backs out of the room, shuts the door. Carlson leans back in his chair. A smirk crosses his face.

CARLSON (CONT'D)

Well, well, Mr. Clarke. Look at you.

(MORE)

CARLSON (CONT'D)

All proud of yourself with your discovery. You're not even stammering like you normally do.

(stands)

It certainly took you a long time to find out. Did she tell you?

DAMIAN

No.

Carlson goes to a small bar behind his desk. Removes a bottle of scotch, pours himself a glass.

CARLSON

Hmm. Hard for me to believe that you discovered it on your own. I mean, you are a relatively stupid little man.

(swirling his drink)

I'm trying to remember, exactly how many times did I fuck her. Hmm.

Well, there were dozens of occasions when I did her while I had you working late. And of course we fucked all weekend during her...

(makes air quotes)

Work retreat. As a note, she really enjoyed New York. You ought to take her there yourself.

To Carlson's surprise, Damian's not rattled. Carlson drinks back his scotch.

CARLSON (CONT'D)

So, how did you find out? I'm dying from curiosity.

DAMIAN

From your calendar and your e-mails.

CARLSON

My calendar and e-mails?

Damian checks his watch. It reads: "2:55."

CARLSON (CONT'D)

You little bastard. You broke into the system?

DAMIAN

Yes.

(sarcastically)

Was that wrong of me?

Carlson picks up the phone. Hits a call button.

CARLSON
(into the phone)
Karen, get me security.
(to Damian)
I'm not just going to fire you. I'm
going to have you arrested. I
wonder, is Amanda worth all that?

DAMIAN
Ironically, that is exactly the
question you'll have to answer.

Carlson puts the phone receiver back down, storms towards
Damian, gets in his face.

CARLSON
Listen you aggravating, little
shit. Yeah, I fucked your wife.
Hard and often. I would even bet,
that on some nights she came home
and fucked you - while my cum was
still in her. You know, like having
an after dinner mint.

Damian looks at his watch again - "2:58." Carlson gets in
Damian's face.

CARLSON (CONT'D)
Did you really think that you could
hold on to someone like her? You're
a weak, whimpering little boy. How
can you blame anyone but yourself?
(pointing at the door)
Now get the fuck out of my office.
Get the fuck out of my building!

The doors to Carlson's office burst open. Charles Nelson and
two other men, MCDONALD and DOMBROWSKI enter.

Nelson shows Carlson a badge.

NELSON
Charles Nelson, United States
Security and Exchange Commission.

Nelson points at the two other men.

NELSON (CONT'D)
This is Agent McDonald and
Dombrowski. Several other field
agents are also currently in your
systems department.

Nelson points at Carlson's computer.

NELSON (CONT'D)
 (to McDonald)
 Get that first.

CARLSON
 What the hell do you think you're
 doing?

NELSON
 Mr. Carlson, I have a warrant to
 confiscate your records. I also
 have a warrant for your arrest. I'm
 going to have Agent Dombrowski read
 you your rights.

CARLSON
 That's outrageous! I'll have your
 job. Yours and the little shits
 that are with you.

Damian leans over to Carlson's ear.

DAMIAN
 (whispers)
 Doctor Saunders.

Carlson's face freezes. The realization hits him.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
 I just heard an old Russian saying.
 To achieve justice, the lamb must
 become the wolf.

Carlson looks at Damian as if he has lost his mind.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
 I am the fucking wolf.

Damian turns, exits.

INT. TOWNHOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Amanda stands frozen as she stares at the television.

ON THE TV

REPORTER
 Warren Carlson, the manager of the
 Prime Trust hedge fund was arrested
 today, accused of insider trading
 in his firm's acquisition of Eden
 stock.

(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)
SEC agents have seized company
computers along with several
personal items from Warren
Carlson's executive office.

Amanda plops down on the sofa - dumbfounded.

INT. TOWNHOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Damian enters - Amanda mutes the TV.

AMANDA
Where on earth have you been? I've
been calling you for hours.

Amanda points at the television. We see several agents
standing outside the Prime Trust building earlier that day.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Do you even know what's going on?

DAMIAN
I do.

Damian walks up the

STAIRS

And then into the

BEDROOM.

He grabs a suitcase from the closet, tosses it on the bed.
Goes to his dresser, starts moving contents from the drawers
to the suitcase. Amanda enters.

AMANDA
What in God's name is going on? Why
won't you talk to me?

DAMIAN
Apparently I was always plan B.

AMANDA
No.

DAMIAN
Unfortunately for you, plan A is
going to prison.

Damian starts towards the bathroom. Amanda grabs him.

AMANDA

I'm sorry. Damian, please. I was going to end it.

Damian gently places his hands on either side of Amanda's head and kisses her forehead. His eyes fill with tears.

DAMIAN

That doesn't matter. Because I can't forgive you for starting it.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY IN MICHIGAN - DAY

A late model sedan glides down the highway. It passes a sign that reads: WELCOME TO MASON CREEK MICHIGAN.

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

The sedan pulls into a driveway that leads to a

CEMETERY

Damian lays flowers at a HEADSTONE with the markings: "SARAH CLARKE, 1957 - 1999." He presses his fingers to his lips, then to the headstone.

DAMIAN

Andy's fine.
(reflecting)
Matthew too.

Damian looks at the adjacent headstone. It has the markings: "ALLEN CLARKE - 1954 - 1999."

Damian removes a prescription pill bottle from his pocket. He pops the cap, slowly pours the pills out watching them as they cascade off the top of his father's headstone.

INT. GAS STATION AND FOOD MART - DAY

A bell JINGLES as Damian enters. Damian grabs a soda from the small refrigerated container, walks towards the front counter. It's manned by Matthew.

DAMIAN

Thought I would grab a coke.

MATTHEW

They ain't free you know.

Andy barrels in from a side door, crushes Damian with a hug.

DAMIAN

Hey, Andy.

ANDY
You staying?

DAMIAN
No, on my way to work. It's my
first day - remember?

ANDY
Matthew and I are working too. He's
kind of a tough boss though.

DAMIAN
Yeah, but a good one.

Damian gives Matthew a wink - exits.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

A medium sized room crowded with students. Damian, with his
back to the class, write his name on a dry board.

DAMIAN
I'm Damian Clarke. I'll be your
instructor.
(turns to class, smiles)
Welcome to business ethics 101.

FADE OUT.