

NETWORK DRAFT

W/EP: Mike Daniels
W/EP: Wolfe Coleman
NW/EP: David Janollari
NW/EP: Michael Shamberg
NW/EP: Stacey Sher
NW/EP: Danny DeVito



Written by

Mike Daniels & Wolfe Coleman

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10/8/20



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ACT ONE

OVER BLACK, A TITLE CARD FADES IN: LOLA

INT. LOLA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM/BATHROOM - DAY

CHYRON: CLEVELAND, OHIO

In a sparsely furnished BEDROOM, a trans Brazilian woman, LOLA BATISTA (34), dresses in simple medical scrubs.

A beat later, in THE BATHROOM, she puts her hair up in a ponytail, picks up a tube of lipstick, and looks into the medicine cabinet mirror. She pauses.

On the mirror, REVEAL a photo of Lola and two FRIENDS, full-glam, wide grins, the neon of a WILD Miami club in the B.G. Lola almost smiles, wistful, but she sets down the lipstick. That's not who she is anymore. *Or who she's allowed to be.*

INT. LOLA'S APARTMENT BLDG. - HALLWAY - DAY

Lola exits her apartment, pulls a bobby pin from her hair and balances it against the base of her door: a silent alarm.

She stands, turns, and is SPOOKED by a squat, suspicious APARTMENT MANAGER holding a WHITE CAT. She covers --

LOLA

Morning.

Lola hurries off, hoping he didn't notice the bobby pin...

INT. NURSING HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Lola pushes a cart down a nursing home hallway. She gets a disapproving glance from A VISITING FAMILY, but when the youngest DAUGHTER (5) smiles at her. Lola waves discreetly.

INT. NURSING HOME - LUNCH ROOM - DAY

Lola sits at a table helping an OLD WOMAN with milky eyes eat. Lola looks down, the woman is holding her hand.

INT. NURSING HOME - NURSES STATION - NIGHT

End of shift, Lola shoves files in an outbox and grabs her purse from a cubby while other ORDERLIES discuss going out.

ORDERLY 1

I think it's still happy hour.

ORDERLY 2

You guys want to carpool?

A THIRD ORDERLY spots Lola packing up and invites her.

ORDERLY 3
Hey, you up for a drink?

Lola shakes her head, offers a shy, grateful smile --

LOLA
No thanks. I have to get home.

As she moves off, the other orderlies throw looks at the one who invited Lola -- *Seriously?*

INT. LOLA'S APARTMENT BLDG. - NIGHT

Lola climbs the stairs to her apartment after a twelve hour shift. As she reaches for the door handle, she freezes and sinks to her knee. She picks up the BOBBY PIN, no longer leaning upright against the door -- the silent alarm *tripped*.

As her eyes betray terror, Lola's own hand covers her mouth. She sinks back to the stairway and slowly starts backing down, her eyes locked on the apartment door with each step.

CREAK. A wooden step screams. Lola freezes, her heart pounding. The door remains closed. She turns, hurries to the lobby and STOPS. WIDER: The Manager's white cat looks up at her. When it turns we see BLOOD smeared on its white fur. Bloody cat footprints lead to the Manager's door -- *ajar*.

Lola reaches out slowly, opens the door, and reveals the Manager -- tied to a chair, a pool of blood beneath him, dead. Lola backs up, *RUNS*, and we... SMASH TO:

BLACK, A TITLE CARD FADES IN: KAREN

EXT. DIESEL DUKE'S BAR - ESTABLISHING

CHYRON: HIGHMORE, SOUTH DAKOTA

A Neon-sign illuminates the truck stop watering hole of a South Dakota fracking town. Inside --

INT. DIESEL DUKE'S BAR - DAY

KAREN SISCO (35) sits in a dim booth near the back of the honky-tonk. She eyes the LOCALS, spins ice in a few fingers of whiskey. She checks her watch -- been here a while. Then --

A DRINK lands on the table, followed by a lean trucker, RUSS.

RUSS
Bought you a drink.

KAREN
I've already got one.

RUSS
Thought it might need a friend.

KAREN
It doesn't. Neither do I.

Instead of taking the hint, Russ sits --

RUSS
Sass. I like that in a woman.
(offers a hand)
Name's Russ.

Karen glances up, sees that Russ's progress is being clocked by a couple GUYS at the bar. She smiles politely --

KAREN
Here's the deal Russ, I'm not here looking for a date, but if I was..? I wouldn't pick the guy who tries to double up my liquor, thinks no means yes, or seats himself without being asked. Now, I'm gonna do you the favor of smiling a little so it doesn't look like you struck out quite as badly as you did...but just so we're clear, Russ? *You did.*

As Russ returns to the bar, Karen's phone rings. She answers:

KAREN (on phone) (CONT'D)
Sisco...

Whatever gets said, Karen is urgently worried.

KAREN (on phone) (CONT'D)
Lola Batista's my witness, why?...
What the hell are you talking about?
When? Well, where *is* she..?

Suddenly, Karen spots the FUGITIVE she's been waiting for. *Damn.* Her eyes follow him as he slips through the crowded bar and into a back office. SLOW DANCERS block Karen's view of the office door's window. *Shit.*

KAREN (on phone) (CONT'D)
Look, I gotta go. You call me back
with *every single update.* Yeah.

Karen hangs up, is forced to compartmentalize in order to finish the task at hand. She covers her obvious worry and--

A beat later, Karen taps Russ on the shoulder. He turns, surprised. She smiles --

KAREN (CONT'D)
I feel like I was a little rough
back there. Been a day.
(nods at dance floor)
Let me make it up to you?

Karen leads Russ onto the dance floor where she positions herself so she can see the FUGITIVE speaking animatedly with a BAR MANAGER through the office door's small window.

RUSS
Guess you know a good thing when you
see it after all, huh?

KAREN
Guess so.

As Karen watches the MANAGER pull a duffel off a shelf and hand it to the fugitive, Russ's hand moves to her ass. When he squeezes it, her jaw clenches. She looks at him, smiles --

KAREN (CONT'D)
You lookin' for some action, Russ?
Try *here*...

Karen grabs Russ's hand and slides it *up her skirt*. He grins until his hand lands on cold steel in a thigh holster.

KAREN (CONT'D)
That's a sig938. Best action in it's
class.

Suddenly, the Fugitive exits the office with the DUFFEL. Karen shoves Russ off and pulls her gun. The fugitive clocks it and BOLTS. Karen follows.

EXT. DIESEL DUKE'S BAR - PARKING LOT - SUNSET

Karen explodes out of the bar, gun in hand, and STOPS SHORT as a BIG RIG honks and roars past, narrowly missing her.

Once it's gone, she surveys the lot. No fugitive. Until -- she spots him diving between two long rows of parked SEMI'S.

A beat later, Karen ducks between the two rows -- all quiet. He could be around any corner. She moves tactically, gun out -- high suspense. Where the hell did he go?

She ducks down, looking UNDER a truck and sees feet running on the far side of the lot. Shit.

Karen stands, climbs up to the driver's side door of an idling semi, looks *through* the cab windows to see the Fugitive *climbing into a car*. She looks down, keys are on the dash....

INT. FUGITIVE'S CAR - INTERCUT

The Fugitive reverses out of his spot, guns his car towards the highway entrance. Suddenly, there's a SEMI barreling towards him from the other direction. *Inside...*

IN THE BIG RIG - Karen tries to muscle the truck into third gear. It sticks, *GRINDS...* Her foot smashes the pedal...

KAREN

Come on...

It pops into gear, SURGES forward...

IN THE FUGITIVE'S CAR - Disbelief turns to panic as he sees Karen at the wheel of the semi. *He floors it.*

WIDER: The two vehicles enter the ON RAMP simultaneously.

IN THE BIG RIG - Karen YANKS the wheel hard, broadsiding the Fugitive. As he caroms off the ramp and rolls into a ditch...

EXT. SEMI TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Karen hops from the cab and walks down the ditch as the Fugitive pulls himself out the window of his car. As he collapses in the grass, Karen crouches, unzips the duffel he's dragging. Cash. Lots of it. He looks up, wild-eyed.

KAREN

Karen Sisco. U.S. Marshals. "A" for effort, pal. I actually broke a sweat.

Off Karen, slapping handcuffs on the fugitive. SMASH TO:

BLACK, A TITLE CARD FADES IN: JACK

INT. MIAMI PRISON - JACK AND BUDDY'S CELL - DAY

CHYRON: MIAMI, FLORIDA

CLOSE ON: A hand, habitually flicking open a ZIPPO LIGHTER.

BUDDY (V.O.)

Are they a man?

The Zippo snaps shut.

JACK (V.O.)

Yes.

WIDER: Serial bank robber and compulsive charmer JACK FOLEY (40) reclines on a top bunk playing twenty questions with his best friend, cellmate and former partner-in-crime, BUDDY BRAGG (43), who lies on the bunk below.

BUDDY
Is he fictional?

JACK
No.

BUDDY
Is he built, black and fine as hell?

JACK
Yes to the first two, fine as hell
is subjective.

BUDDY
It's me. Boom. Got it in six.

A muscled-up guard, GINO, bangs on the bars with a baton --

GINO
Foley. Time for your conjugal.

Jack slips off the top bunk...

JACK
Idris Elba.

As Jack heads out, Buddy calls after --

BUDDY
That's some bullshit. That man's
fineness is not subjective...

EXT. MIAMI PRISON - CONJUGAL TRAILERS - DAY

As Gino walks Jack across a PRISON YARD towards a CONJUGAL TRAILER, they hear muffled SHOUTING from inside. A muscled skinhead, WAYLON (29) exits, shooting Jack a hard look as he passes. Gino knocks and opens the trailer door for Jack --

GINO
Ten minutes.

JACK
I only need two.

GINO
Lucky girl.

INT. CONJUGAL TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Jack enters and sees TIFFANY (25), trailer park pretty, leaning against the bed, wind knocked out of her, in a tank top and jeans. She touches a swollen, freshly bloodied lip...

JACK

You okay?

Tiffany winces as she straightens up, tough enough to fight back emotion, ignores the question --

TIFFANY

My husband said you want to buy a phone?

As Jack pulls a roll of bills, Tiffany moves to a purse where she digs for a BURNER CELL PHONE in packaging.

JACK

You'd think he'd appreciate the risk you're taking, bringing this stuff in.

TIFFANY

Yeah, right. I'm half way to my pink Cadillac.

(holds out the phone)

Sixty bucks. You want cigarettes?

Jack shakes his head, takes the phone, holds out the cash. When she reaches out to take it, he hangs on for a beat --

JACK

You do realize he's the one in a cage.

TIFFANY

(a beat, no way out)

Waylon's got reach.

She pulls the cash away. Then --

JACK

What if I knew someone who could get you past it?

Off Tiffany, just the idea bringing tears to her eyes --

INT. MIAMI PRISON - WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

A GUARD pushes Jack into a chair. Across the desk sits a stoic female warden. Nameplate: WARDEN LOUISE BOCK. The Guard tosses the PACKAGED CELL PHONE onto the desk.

GUARD
Found it under his bunk.

The Guard exits. The Warden holds up the phone.

WARDEN
Where did you get it, Foley.

JACK
The conjugal trailer.

WARDEN
Last I checked, you were single.

Jack smiles, his trademark charm on full display --

JACK
Stolen everything but a heart.

The Warden doesn't blink, gonna be a little harder to crack.
Jack re-groups, back to business --

JACK (CONT'D)
(a beat, then)
Waylon Barstow makes his wife sneak
in contraband. Sells it to inmates
out of the trailer.

WARDEN
(considers, then)
Too easy. You're not a narc.

JACK
All due respect, I'm also not dumb
enough to hide a phone under my bunk.
(sincere)
I'm here because I could use a little
help with Waylon.

WARDEN
Poor customer service?

JACK
Poor wife. Looked like he worked her
over with a stick. I, uh, may have
convinced her life has more to offer
than Waylon Barstow...

WARDEN
How gallant. I'm surprised you're
not wearing your cape.

JACK
Rides up a little under my jumpsuit.
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

(leans in)

Waylon's gonna be a little upset. I was hoping you might see fit to reward one man's chivalry...

WARDEN

...With transferring another to Jacksonville?

She's still stoic, but Jack realizes he's won her --

JACK

Always knew we had a connection.

WARDEN

We don't.

JACK

Maybe a little one?

WARDEN

Is that all, Mr. Foley?

JACK

I mean...I would really like to keep that phone...

Off Jack's hopeful grin, CUE HOWLIN' WOLF'S KILLING FLOOR.

SMASH TO:

INT. MIAMI PRISON - LIBRARY - DAY

The BURNER PHONE lands on a table. WIDER: a LIBRARIAN PRISONER takes the phone and hands Jack a book. As Jack moves off, he opens the book, sees a stolen credit card inside.

INT. MIAMI PRISON - LAUNDRY - DAY

JACK drops the book next to a LAUNDRY PRISONER folding linens. Without a glance, the Prisoner hands Jack a folded hand towel.

EXT. MIAMI PRISON - YARD - DAY

A WEIGHTLIFTING PRISONER finishes a set of bench presses. He sits up and Jack offers him the HAND TOWEL. Tucked inside? Several SYRINGES of STEROIDS. The Prisoner nods towards an open SODA CAN nearby. Jack picks it up and heads off.

INT. MIAMI PRISON - MESS HALL - DAY

CLOSE ON: The SODA CAN. WIDER: Jack sits with his lunch and best friend BUDDY BRAGG (42) in a busy mess.

BUDDY

(re: the Warden)

...It didn't occur to the warden you
might be planning to take over
Waylon's territory after he's moved..?

JACK

Never came up.

A MESS HALL PRISONER approaches.

MESS HALL PRISONER

You get my pills?

Jack holds up the soda can, rattles it -- pills inside. The
Prisoner picks it up, drops a DVD of THE LONG GOOD-BYE --

MESS HALL PRISONER (CONT'D)

This one took some finding.

JACK

Appreciate the effort.

As the Mess hall Prisoner moves off, Jack opens the DVD case
and eyes the disc for scratches --

BUDDY

Any chance she told you *when* Waylon's
gettin' transferred?

JACK

It's usually Wednesdays, why?

BUDDY

Gonna be a bumpy 48 hours.

Jack follows Buddy's gaze to WAYLON, walking over with two
skinhead CRONIES. Everyone at Jack and Buddy's table splits
as Waylon lands, dangerous --

WAYLON

Where's my wife, Foley?

BUDDY

Hell of a thing to misplace, Waylon.

Waylon ignores Buddy, stares down Jack --

WAYLON

My neighbor said he saw her packing
up. Emptied my goddamn bank account.

JACK

The whole mattress?

Waylon's jaw sets, his body tenses, one last warning --

WAYLON
Where. Is. She?

JACK
(slowly stands)
I don't know what to tell you, Waylon.

BUDDY
Jack...

JACK
...Maybe you finally knocked some
sense into her.

WHAM. Waylon sucker punches Jack. His head SNAPS back, a
FULL-ON fight breaks out and we... SMASH TO:

EXT. PRISON YARD - MORNING

A beat-up Jack and Buddy stand in a line of prisoners, waiting
to board a BUS. Buddy keeps one eye on a similarly beat-up
Waylon and the skinheads, whispering at the back of the line.

A Guard named RAMON approaches. Jack discreetly holds out
the DVD of The Long Good-Bye with a few TWENTY DOLLAR BILLS.

JACK
RAMON. Need you to make another
special delivery.

RAMON
Not today. Buddy, you're on laundry
duty.

Jack and Buddy share a look. The Skinheads watch. A set-up.

BUDDY
Kinda need the fresh air today.

JACK
I'll double what they're paying you.

With two other GUARDS falling in, Ramon ignores the offer --

RAMON
Let's just do this, alright? C'mon --

Ramon grabs Buddy. When Buddy shoves him off, the other two
guards pull billy clubs... Jack gets between them --

JACK
That's enough! Enough. He'll go.

BUDDY

The hell I will.

JACK

It's fine, Buddy. Go on. It's my fault you're in here. Can't have a broken skull on my conscience too. I'll see you in a couple hours.

A beat. Buddy reluctantly allows himself to be dragged off. Jack looks down at the DVD: The Long Good-Bye. Ironic.

EXT. MIAMI HIGHWAY - ROADSIDE - DAY

Jack and his fellow prisoners work on the side of the highway near a swampy Florida lake. Jack wipes his brow. At the end of the row of men, an INMATE slips a SHIV into Waylon's palm.

The seriousness of the threat is undercut by the bizarre humor of a string of SPRING BREAKERS who continually drive by HONKING and TAUNTING the prisoners. As the Guards watch a pair of SORORITY GIRLS in one of the passing cars, Waylon uses the distraction to *start moving towards Jack*.

Jack spins, looking for an out. At the front of the chain gang, a GUARD sets his shotgun down to mop his brow. Jack keeps his head down, pretending to work, moves towards him.

Waylon picks up speed, gaining on Jack. Jack glances back, moves faster. Waylon runs. Jack runs. It's a race to the gun as Prisoners turn and watch. Will Jack make it?

Nope. Waylon tackles Jack, straddles him, lifts the shiv, and...*in a nod to the abrupt, darkly humorous, and sometimes violent way FATE changes fortunes in the original film...* A passing car full of FRAT BOYS lays on their horn, yelling --

FRAT BOY

Don't drop the soap, assho--

And then promptly SLAMS into the braking GASOLINE TANKER in front of them. Ka-boom. The chain gang is thrown from their feet as a FIREBALL rolls over them. In the smoke and chaos that follows, Guards grab at Prisoners --

GUARD

On your feet! Back to the bus! Now!

In the ensuing chaos, CAMERA finds an empty patch of swamp near the shore. As the smoke clears, Jack's head appears, his eyes just above the surface of the water like a Florida Correctional Alligator. He sinks back under -- *a free man*.

TITLE CARD: OUT OF SIGHTEND OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. KAREN & ADRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

On her cell, Karen walks from an UBER with her rolling travel bag, passing a TESLA parked in the driveway of a beautiful mid-century beach house -- all windows.

KAREN

I don't know where else she'd go.
I'll get a few hours sleep, call the
local detectives again first thing.

Light spills onto the lawn as Karen's handsome entrepreneur boyfriend, ADRIAN (39), opens the front door to greet her. He's handsome, fit, sweaty from working out...

INT. KAREN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Inside the sleek house, Adrian puts down Karen's bag, gives her a hug and a kiss. She leans into it, needs the hug and genuinely loves him. He pulls back, arms still around her --

ADRIAN

You hungry? I can whip something
up...

KAREN

I ate on the plane.

ADRIAN

Well, I was gonna hop in a shower if
you care to join...

KAREN

Raincheck?
(off Adrian)
Someone came after one of my
witnesses. They killed her apartment
manager looking for her.

ADRIAN

Jesus. Where is she now?

KAREN

Don't know.

ADRIAN

You'll find her.

KAREN

Question is whether she'll trust me
when I do. You mind if I just take a
beat?

ADRIAN

Of course not. I'll go take that shower.

A quick kiss and Adrian exits. Karen turns to look out glass patio doors onto the crashing waves of the Atlantic when, reflected in those doors, *Jack Foley's face appears*. WTF?

Karen turns from the windows to the TV they're reflecting, sees a muted NEWS REPORT in progress. She scrambles for the remote and turns up the volume as the screen shows smoking highway wreckage alongside a lake. An ANCHOR narrates --

ANCHOR

...The accident, which resulted in four fatalities, apparently served as cover for the serial bank robber to escape...

Karen sinks to a chair, staring at Jack on the TV. SMASH TO:

INT. SHOWER - INTERCUT

QUICK CUT: Karen and Jack kiss passionately in a shower.

BACK in the room: CAMERA PUSHES towards Karen until Jack's face on the TV is reflected in her eyes --

QUICK CUT: Karen and Jack make love in the shower. Water runs down skin in rivulets, hands slide everywhere --

BACK in the room: The PUSH continues until Karen's eye fills the screen, Jack *inside* --

INT. KAREN'S HOUSE - MASTER SHOWER - MOMENTS LATER

Karen pulls away from Jack panting, post sex. When we REVERSE... *it's not Jack*. It's Adrian. World-rocked. Adrian smiles at her, panting to catch his breath...

ADRIAN

Cashed that raincheck pretty fast.

Karen smiles, can't meet his eyes, guilty for imagining Jack.

KAREN

Needed a distraction.

ADRIAN

Pretty sure I gave you two. I'll get you a towel.

Adrian exits, thrilled with himself. Karen leans against the wall, her smile fading to concern. *Someone gave her two...*

EXT. MIAMI - ESTABLISHING

QUICK CUTS establish THE MIAMI SKYLINE, SOUTH BEACH, STREET ART, CULTURAL LANDMARKS -- Everything you can't enjoy in...

EXT. MIAMI PRISON - PRIVATE YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Karen sits outside in a small gated area as Buddy is led towards her by a guard.

KAREN

Buddy Bragg. How long's it been?

BUDDY

Since you busted me? Two years.

KAREN

Wasn't personal. It's just, you stole five million dollars in diamonds.

BUDDY

Jack stole them. I just drove away with them after you arrested him.

KAREN

For what it's worth, nobody's ever evaded me for a year before.

BUDDY

Game respects game. You making my sister fake cancer to get me out of hiding...that was next level.

KAREN

Hate to break it to you, but it was her idea. Thought you should "get right."

BUDDY

Kinda wish she'd called a preacher instead of you.

They share a genuine smile. Then --

BUDDY (CONT'D)

So. To what do I owe the pleasure..?

KAREN

I need a favor. Couple of bangers awaiting trial in here: Angel Figueroa and Hector Ortega...

BUDDY

What'd they do?

KAREN

Hate crime. Murdered two trans women and then sent some of their boys after my witness. I want to know how they found her and who went after her. Angel's hard, but I think Hector's scared. He might talk to the right person.

BUDDY

Every inmate in this prison and you think *I'm* the right person.

KAREN

I know you're well-liked. And I think I can return the favor.

(then)

And I also want you to tell me where Jack is.

BUDDY

Two birds, one stone, huh? Efficient.

KAREN

Look, it's better I find him than somebody who goes in guns blazing.

BUDDY

You were the one who shot him last time.

KAREN

Not without giving it some thought.

A beat. Buddy chuckles -- He can tell she's sincere, almost betraying her feelings for Jack...

BUDDY

As for Hector Ortega, I wouldn't mind having a favor owed me. See what I can do. But I can't help you with Jack. I wouldn't if I could.

KAREN

One out of two ain't bad. Talk soon.

Karen nods, starts to walk away --

BUDDY

How close were you? To running away with him instead of arresting him?

Buddy holds up his hand, his thumb and pointer nearly pinched.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

He swears it was *this* close.

KAREN

(a beat then)

You know what they say...close only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades.

Karen puts on her glasses. Heads out. Buddy smiles.

INT. U.S. MARSHALS MIAMI OFFICE - BULLPEN - MORNING

Karen steamrolls her way through a bustling bullpen alongside longtime supervisor VIVIAN, mid-conversation --

KAREN

Cleveland P.D. has nothing and the FBI has less. No prints, no security footage, and no idea how a local Miami gang had the reach to find a woman in witness protection.

VIVIAN

Let's loop in Miami PD, see who's shotcalling for the gang these days.

KAREN

I'm gonna talk to some of Lola's local family. Where we at on Foley?

FELIX (O.S.)

He's in Corpus Christi.

They turn to see a young hotshot Marshal and recent transfer, FELIX (28), hang up his phone excitedly and grab his keys --

FELIX (CONT'D)

Convenience store clerk recognized him from the news and called it in.

VIVIAN

He's going for the border.

FELIX

Sheriff's tracked him to some beat-up motel. Local Marshals are on standby. I told 'em to hang back 'til I get there.

KAREN

(to Vivian)

I want to go.

FELIX

I'm good.

KAREN

I'm better.

VIVIAN

Agent Karen Sisco, Felix Lee.

FELIX

The myth, the legend. Foley's mine.

KAREN

I'm the one who brought him in three years ago. I think you were at prom?

Vivian eyes them both, sighs...

EXT. CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS - AIRPORT - DAY

A small government jet lands in TEXAS, wheels spewing dust.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Multiple SHERIFF'S CRUISERS blow down a dusty road. Inside the LEAD CAR, Karen rides shotgun next to an OLDER SHERIFF, while Felix rides in back, clearly not thrilled. In the REARVIEW Karen sees him LOAD a second HANDGUN.

KAREN

You can go easy on the firepower. He doesn't carry a gun.

FELIX

You consult your psychic?

KAREN

I know the profile. It's a pride thing.

FELIX

Yeah, well if there was only a hundred and fifty miles between me and the border, I might check my pride.

KAREN

You're not Jack Foley.

Two RUSTY PICK-UPS full of weary MIGRANT WORKERS approach and pass in the other direction. Karen's gaze follows them past. She's lost in thought for a beat after they're gone.

EXT. SMALL MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

The cruisers slam into formation around a motel, where a SWAT team and several LOCAL MARSHALS fall into position. As Karen, Felix and the Sheriff join the TEAM behind a TACTICAL VEHICLE, Karen and Felix jockey for who's in charge --

FELIX
Anyone in or out?

SWAT TEAM LEADER
(shakes his head, no)
We got eyes on the back too.

KAREN
You try calling the room?

TEXAS MARSHAL
No answer.

KAREN
(protecting Jack)
We don't think he's armed; I don't
want anyone shooting without a reason.

FELIX
We don't *know* that...

Karen eyes a SWAT GUY with a battering ram.

KAREN
Gamble's on me. You take the door,
I'm first through.

FELIX
Hey, that was not the deal...

KAREN
First rule of field work? The deal
usually changes. Let's go.

The SWAT team scrambles at her order, Felix has to keep up --

INT. SMALL MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BOOM. The door SLAMS open on a tiny motel room. Karen leads Felix and two SWAT TACTICAL OFFICERS inside and... *It's empty.* A beat. A SWAT GUY looks into the bathroom --

SWAT GUY
Clear.

FELIX
Check the other rooms! *Now.*

As SWAT leaves to break down more doors, Felix follows, but Karen crosses to the bed where something has caught her eye. *The Long Good-Bye* DVD has been left on the pillow. As Karen moves towards it, a Mariachi's guitar strums the driving beat of *Jarocho el Cascabel*. She picks it up, almost smiles.

EXT./INT. RUSTY PICKUPS - DAY

As the triumphant mariachi MUSIC gets louder, the first of the two rusty migrant pick-ups BLOWS down a highway. When the second truck passes, CAMERA FINDS --

Mexican DAY LABORERS packing the bed. One of them strums a beat up guitar and sings to the rest. Amongst them? Jack -- baseball cap, sunglasses, and a twelve pack of cheap beer he's sharing. As they pass a MILEAGE MARKER we realize Jack's not headed for Mexico at all... *He's headed back to Florida.*

TRUMPETS join the solo Mariachi as he hammers the triumphant chords of the rapid-fire *Jarocho El Cascabel*.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. MIAMI MAGIC THEATRE - NIGHT

A NEON SIGN blinks over a quirky out-of-the-way theater.

INT. MIAMI MAGIC THEATRE - NIGHT

A MAGICIAN clad in a flashy vest paces a small stage at a quirky, out of the way THEATRE as a SPOTLIGHT chases him. This is THE GREAT BONELLI, a true showman --

GREAT BONELLI

Ladies and gentleman, in my lifelong quest to discover *true* magic, I spent three years apprenticed to a mystic in Marrakesh...

REVEAL a small audience of the NURSING HOME SET. A man slips into the back, stays in shadow, hat pulled low, wary --

REVEAL: It's Jack.

As Bonelli continues... ADELE (40), a beautiful assistant in an ornamental costume, gingerly lifts a giant velvet turban.

GREAT BONELLI (CONT'D)

Upon this swami's death, he bequeathed to me his turban. With it, I, The Great Bonelli, became the only human alive capable of this illusion...

ON ADELE as she smiles at the audience, holding up the turban. When her eyes meet Jack's she freezes... and *triggers some mechanism* which causes a shower of SPARKS and several DOVES to explode out of the hat. *Mistake*. Old people gasp. A PACEMAKER alarm goes off loudly. Bonelli tries to recover...

GREAT BONELLI (CONT'D)

...Which I promptly taught my lovely assistant.

EXT. MIAMI MAGIC THEATRE - ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

The door to a back alley EXPLODES open as Adele bursts out into the night, pissed, finds Jack waiting. She hisses --

ADELE

What the hell are you doing here?

JACK

Waiting for an autograph.

ADELE

The doves were the *finale*, Jack.

JACK
(way to go!)
And you got to perform it?!

ADELE
They're supposed to burst into flame.

JACK
Don't tell PETA.

ADELE
It's an *illusion*, asshole.

JACK
Yeah, well, that human fossil having
a heart attack was gonna upstage
whatever you did--

ADELE
Do you have any idea how close I
came to aiding and abetting charges
the *last* time you escaped?

JACK
Yes. Which is why I'm not asking you
to aid and abet. Adele. *I'm not.*
(off her look)
I only need the 'aiding' part.

Adele turns on her heel heads for the door.

JACK (CONT'D)
I don't even know what abet means!
Adele! *Please.*
(sincere, vulnerable)
I need somewhere to stay and I don't
have anyone else to ask.

A long beat. Adele turns, a swirl of mixed emotions --

ADELE
You know, some people, when they get
divorced? It's just...over.

Jack smiles at her, all the irresistible charm in the world.

JACK
Where's the fun in that?

EXT. MARINA / SAILBOAT - NIGHT

Jack follows Adele down a dock in a sleepy marina where she
climbs aboard an old sailboat named *The Great Boat-nelli*.

JACK
The Great Boat-nelli?

ADELE
I'll make sure he stays away.

JACK
Must have a lot of sway.

Adele pulls a key and works a padlock on the cabin door, annoyed by what he's insinuating. Fast, familiar banter --

ADELE
Yes, Jack. I'm dating him.

JACK
Nice. The boss. Hashtag notyoutoo--

ADELE
He is my friend. And mentor. And co-worker. Which I don't need to explain.

JACK
Hey, any man who can pull off a vest--

ADELE
--Is better than one who wears an orange jumpsuit. You want to stay somewhere else?

JACK
No. This is great. I am a big fan of confined spaces that lock from the outside.

ADELE
I oughtta throw away the key.

INT. JACK'S SAILBOAT - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Adele enter. The boat is cramped, but cozy. A comfortable cot, old radio, some blankets and fishing poles...

ADELE
It's a little rundown, but it's quiet.

JACK
It's perfect. Thank you.

A beat. Adele sighs, takes in Jack, sincere --

ADELE
When I saw your face on the news, I hoped I'd never see it again. That you'd just finally...get gone.

JACK

I ran all the way to the border. Had a convenience store clerk tip the feds and let'em think I crossed it.

ADELE

Why'd you come back?

JACK

Nobody thinks I'm dumb enough to.

ADELE

You decided to out-dumb the feds? That's your plan?

JACK

My *plan* is to break Buddy out. Which will be easier if the authorities think I'm in Mexico and there's no manhunt *here*.

ADELE

You're joking.

JACK

It's my fault he's in there. I dragged him into that diamond heist.

ADELE

And you made sure he got away. He got himself caught, Jack.
(Jack shrugs, no choice)
You're nothing if not loyal.

JACK

They often say that about heroes.

ADELE

Also German Shepherds.

She sets the key down on the table.

ADELE (CONT'D)

When you get caught? Don't be here.

Jack nods. Adele starts to leave. She stops, turns, worried --

ADELE (CONT'D)

Also, don't get caught.

INT. KAREN & ADRIAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

CHYRON: Two Weeks Later.

CAMERA FINDS The Long Good-bye DVD amongst a collection of CLASSIC FILMS on a shelf. Jack's been sending them for years. WIDER, Karen rifles a drawer, yells out for Adrian --

KAREN

Have you seen my keys?

Adrian's voice sounds from upstairs --

ADRIAN (O.S.)

You find fugitives for a living,
keys should be easy.

Karen opens a coat closet door, eyes Jackets, bags, etc --

KAREN

(sotto)

Fugitives are stupid and leave trails.

(calls out)

Where's your spare?

No answer. Karen sees Adrian's golf bag, unzips the miscellaneous pocket and reaches in. Her hand lands on a shape that clearly surprises her. She pulls out a ring box.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

EXT. GREYHOUND RACETRACK PARKING LOT / INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY

A slovenly BOOKIE, MURPH (50), walks to his car and nearly has a heart attack when Jack calls out from his own car --

JACK

How they running, Murph?

MURPH

Jesus Christ. What are you doing
here, Foley?

JACK

Appointments make me jumpy. You get
my message?

MURPH

I'm pretending I didn't. Helping you
bust someone out of prison is just
gonna put me back in.

JACK

So would placing illegal bets for
guards...if anyone found out.

(Off Murph, *shit*)

Any chance one of those guards is on
a cold streak?

Murph looks at Jack, sighs, resolve fading. Then --

MURPH

There's one who rides shotgun in the transfer van. In pretty deep.

JACK

That's perfect--

MURPH

No, that's *one piece*, Jack. Of *many*. If you even got him. You'd need someone in the infirmary to okay a trip out, a driver willing to get a flat, an extraction crew on the outside--

JACK

How much? All in.

MURPH

I dunno...two hundred? Three? You got access to that?

JACK

Only if you don't mean thousand.

MURPH

Look. I like you, Foley, but odds are my thing. This one's a longshot.

JACK

(a beat, then)

I got sprung by a flaming tanker truck, Murph. I'm a walking longshot.

(starts his car)

I'm also gonna be late. Talk soon.

MURPH

Late for what? You're a *fugitive*.

JACK

(backs out, winks)

...Hot date.

INT. BRAZILIAN CAFE - DAY

Karen sits at a table in a small Brazilian cafe. Her father and best friend, MARSHALL (65) sits across from her.

MARSHALL

I looked up the name of this place.

Inacio? It means 'internal fire.'

Let me tell you, that is very apt.

KAREN

Maybe you should stop ordering things that use the word 'diabo' as a descriptor.

MARSHALL

Fine, but six times in two weeks..?

KAREN

It's business, dad. You know why we're here.

Marshall glances at the Brazilian waitress, leans in, whispers --

MARSHALL

Next time you lose a witness, make sure they're Italian.

Karen offers a small, distracted smile.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

What's going on? You're not laughing at my jokes.

KAREN

I'm fine.

MARSHALL

And I'm a former detective. In fact, I'm the detective who taught you how to read people. Cough it up.

A beat. Karen looks at her father. He's not gonna let it go --

KAREN

I found an engagement ring in Adrian's golf bag.

MARSHALL

(a beat, then)

You sure it's for you?

KAREN

That's your *first* thought?

MARSHALL

There was this guy in Sarasota -- families up and down the whole damn seaboard.

KAREN

Not helpful.

MARSHALL

(a beat, then)
What are you gonna say?
(Karen shrugs)
Well...I *like* him.

KAREN

Really?

MARSHALL

Absolutely. He's a stable professional
with no criminal record.
(off her look)
It's a low bar, but let's face it,
you've had some trouble clearing it.

Karen smiles, "very funny," and glances up at a mirror over the counter that reflects PEDESTRIANS outside. Marshall intuits Karen's inner-conflict and changes his tenor, sincere --

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

I saw he escaped a few weeks back.

KAREN

Who?

MARSHALL

Foley. You weren't gonna mention it?

KAREN

Why would I?

MARSHALL

Um, because you didn't date for a
year after you put him away?
(off her look)
I'm not judging. Never did. But if
you're conflicted about marrying a
good man because a crooked one broke
out of jail--

KAREN

Jack Foley was a not-so-bad-boy crush
who is now drinking margaritas a
thousand miles away in some cantina...

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack sits in a dim booth near the back of a bar, sipping a margarita -- sunglasses, baseball cap...

KAREN (V.O.)

I've moved on. I'm sure he has too.

REVEAL Jack's "hot date" is WATCHING Karen eat with Marshall *from the bar across the street*. From his vantage, Jack sees her glance up to the mirror behind the counter again. He freezes, it looks like Karen is staring right at him...

JACK

(sotto)

No, no, no, no...

INT. BRAZILIAN CAFE - INTERCUT

Karen stares at the mirror. Her eyes narrow in recognition. She glances to the Waitress who is looking outside, giving the slightest head shake, as if to say: "Don't come in..."

MARSHALL

Karen?

Karen stands, moves for the door.

KAREN

I'll be right back.

IN THE BAR: Jack sees Karen leaving her father's table. It looks like she's staring STRAIGHT AT JACK as she exits. As Jack launches out of his booth he bangs his knee and spills his drink, drawing attention from fellow DRINKERS as he limps comically low, almost a crawl, towards the BACK DOOR.

EXT. BRAZILIAN NEIGHBORHOOD - MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

When Karen hits the street, she doesn't cross to the bar *because it wasn't Jack she saw in the mirror*. It was...

KAREN

Lola!

In the crowd of pedestrians, Lola spins, sees Karen and keeps moving. Karen quickly catches up.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Stop! please. *Lola*.

(Lola stops, anxious)

What the hell are you doing here?

LOLA

I don't know if you got the memo,
but someone tried to kill me.

KAREN

I know...

LOLA

Do you know how they found me?

KAREN

...Not yet.

LOLA

Well I'm not a fed, but if there's a secret only good guys know, and bad guys find it out? Seems like maybe someone from the good guy squad ran their goddamn mouth--

KAREN

It's possible.

(off Lola, surprised)

Someone in my office may have sold you out. And if that's true, I swear to God I'll find out who it was.

LOLA

(tears up, scared)

Witness protection my ass.

KAREN

Lola. Let me keep you safe.

LOLA

Until what? The trial? You think I'm still gonna be a witness..?

KAREN

Your friends were murdered--

LOLA

--*I can't trust you.* And I don't want to die. So please...

As Lola talks, Karen clocks a thick, European HITMAN type, moving down the street towards them.

LOLA (CONT'D)

...Please just let me go.

Karen lowers her voice and takes on a calm, urgent tone --

KAREN

Lola, you need to walk with me.

Karen puts one hand on Lola's, and reaches for the gun in her shoulder holster with the other. Lola yanks away...

LOLA

What did I *just* say--

When the Hitman sees a FLASH of Karen's gun, *he pulls his own* and FIRES. Karen tackles Lola out of the way. The WINDOW behind them EXPLODES --

EXT. BRAZILIAN NEIGHBORHOOD - SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Having run down a back street, Jack turns and heads back to Main Street in order to retrieve his car. BOOM. He hears the GUNSHOT and EXPLODING WINDOW followed by frightened screaming.

Jack crouches low and inches to the corner where, further down the street, he sees Karen taking cover behind a car. From his vantage, he also sees the Hitman closing in.

Jack glances at his own car, parked a short distance away. Freedom. Down the street, Karen stands, *fires several shots* to lay down cover and runs, pulling Lola with her. *Shit.*

Jack runs towards Karen.

He stops behind a BOX TRUCK in front of a small apartment building and is looking for some means of escape when a LOCAL WOMAN exits the building. The OUTER DOOR starts to close...

JACK

Karen!

Karen, crouched low and pulling a second gun, looks up at the sound of her name -- *spies Jack*. Holy shit.

Jack scrambles for the apartment, dives, and catches the door just before it closes. Seeing what Jack's suggesting --

Karen stands and fires at the Hitman, forcing him to retreat while she bolts with Lola behind the truck. As Jack holds the door, they all spill into the tiny vestibule.

The door closes just as the Hitman rounds the truck.

INT. APARTMENT VESTIBULE - INTERCUT

Crouched below the window in the door, Karen, Jack and Lola are crammed into the vestibule. Jack tugs at the inner door.

JACK

Locked.

LOLA

I think that's called fish in a barrel.

Jack's eyes meet a stunned Karen's --

JACK

Hi.

KAREN

You're under arrest.

JACK
If we survive, I was kind of hoping
we could call it even.

KAREN
No.

JACK
You do owe me.

KAREN
For what?

JACK
I don't know, shooting me?

KAREN
You begged me to do that.

JACK
I never beg.

LOLA
I'm gonna beg you both to shut the
hell up before this guy hears you.

ON THE STREET, the hitman stands on the sidewalk, turning.
He takes a step towards the vestibule. INSIDE, Karen sees
him reflected in the glass of the inner door. She grips her
gun -- suspense -- and then SIRENS. He jogs off.

Karen exhales, slides up, peeks through the glass as she
pops the clip out of her gun. She sees the Hitman run into a
neighboring PARKING STRUCTURE. He's getting away. Damn. She
glances at Jack, conflicted. *Not the immediate priority.*

KAREN
Keep her safe.

Jack nods. Karen bolts out the door. Lola looks at Jack.

LOLA
How come she said you're under arrest?

JACK
I'm a felon.

LOLA
(a beat, then)
That mean you got a place to hide?

Jack looks at her, questioning, as SIRENS get louder...

EXT. BRAZILIAN NEIGHBORHOOD - MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Karen runs across the street towards the garage --

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Karen runs into the dark parking garage, takes on a tactical stance and moves through cars. She hears FOOTFALLS and moves towards them. As she steps into an open lane a shot rings out. Karen's body snaps backwards, hits a parked car.

Karen slides to the ground, puts her hand to her shoulder and feels blood. Her gun was thrown on impact. From the shadows...the hitman approaches *determinedly*.

KAREN

Who are you?

HITMAN

(Eastern European)

The last man you'll ever see.

As he stops and raises his gun, a CADILLAC comes barreling through the entrance and CLIPS the hitman. He rolls off the front of the car, scrambles away.

Marshall leaps from his car and runs to Karen whose shirt is soaked with blood. He kneels, pulls her to his chest --

MARSHALL

Karen? I'm right here. I've got you.

As Karen slips into unconsciousness and the sound of emergency vehicles SCREAM from every direction...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. HOSPITAL - E.R. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Ambulance doors smash open and EMT'S unload Karen's gurney. Marshall follows. From the parking lot, Vivian hurries to intercept as they rush through the automatic doors --

INT. HOSPITAL - E.R. HALLWAY - DAY

SURGICAL NURSES take Karen's gurney from the EMT'S.

SURGICAL NURSE
We've got an O.R. waiting.

MARSHALL
It's gonna be okay, baby.

Marshall's hand intertwines with Karen's. As the medical team rushes for the hallway, Vivian intersects --

VIVIAN
I'm her supervisor. How she's doing?

MARSHALL
In and out.

VIVIAN
Karen? It's Vivian.

KAREN
(weakly)
Where's Lola?

VIVIAN
We're looking for her. We're also looking for the shooter. Is there anything you can tell us that might help? Did you recognize him?

Karen shakes her head, *no*, fighting to stay conscious --

MARSHALL
Is now really the time..?

VIVIAN
All due respect, I've got a gunman at large. Now is the *only* time.

Vivian turns her attention back to Karen --

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Is there anything else we should know. Anything you saw?

Karen's eyes meet Vivian's. Now is the moment to report seeing Jack. Instead, *she chooses to protect him.*

KAREN

No.

SURGICAL NURSE

Okay folks. We're here.

Karen is rolled into an O.R., leaving Marshall and Vivian alone in the hallway. The doors close.

MARSHALL

(sotto)

I love you.

INT. JACK'S CAR / EXT. MARINA - DAY

Jack parks in the Marina, turns off his car. He and Lola are both quiet for a moment, facing forward.

JACK

You okay?

(off Lola, no)

You drink tequila?

INT. JACK'S SAILBOAT - CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Safe in the cabin, Jack hands Lola a tequila.

LOLA

This your boat?

JACK

Ex-wife's magician boyfriend's.

LOLA

(sips tequila)

You gonna tell me what you did?

JACK

Broke out of a correctional facility where I was doing thirty years.

LOLA

For..?

JACK

...Pickpocketing.

LOLA

Seems a little steep.

JACK

Yeah, well, the pocket was a mansion in Detroit and what I picked was five million dollars worth of diamonds. I'm gonna make some tacos.

Jack turns to the stove, heats a frying pan and starts to gather ingredients.

LOLA

Why did you help us? You had your car. She never would have known.

JACK

Last time I broke out, I made the mistake of taking one Karen Sisco hostage in the trunk of a car. She finagled her way out and chased me to that mansion where she shot me in the act of picking that pocket.

LOLA

Must have been some chase.

He stops cooking, looks back at her --

LOLA (CONT'D)

I saw the way you looked at each other. You in love with her?

JACK

I've been in prison for three years. I could fall in love with a kidney bean.

LOLA

...Even after she shot you?

JACK

(shrugs)

It was only in the leg.

(then)

You want to tell me why someone was trying to blow your head off?

LOLA

Couple of Puerto Rican gangbangers killed two friends of mine. Hate crime. I got away. Cops arrested them, found me a few days later. Karen transported me to witness protection so I'd be safe until I testified. And then they found me. And now...they've found me again.

JACK

What are you gonna do?

LOLA

Disappear my ass back to Brazil.

JACK

You got the cash for that?

LOLA

No. But I know a house with some very expensive paintings... And now I know a thief.

(then)

You want to pick another pocket?

She looks up, meets Jack's eyes. Surprise, surprise...

INT. MIAMI HOSPITAL - LATE NIGHT - DAY

Karen sleeps in recovery. We hear the DOOR CLOSE, *ominous*. CLOSE ON: shoes crossing the floor. The shades crank shut. A shadow falls across sleeping Karen and a silent HAND covers her mouth. Her eyes open and go wide as...

Jack, in a doctor's coat, puts a finger to his lips. Shhh.

Karen scrambles to fight off the sleep and the pain-killer fog. She tries to sit up, but the pain wins. Shit.

JACK

Whoa. Easy. Karen, c'mon...

Karen grabs for the nurse BUTTON, but Jack beats her to it.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hey. I'm just here to talk.

KAREN

You're under arrest.

JACK

You keep saying that.

Karen falls back, in a fog, exhausted by the effort.

KAREN

Two minutes. Then I'm arresting you.

JACK

Perfect. That gives us a whole minute and fifty seconds to catch up.

KAREN

You don't want the whole two?

JACK

Of course I do. I just need the last ten seconds for a daring escape.

Karen is slowly focusing, waking, more direct --

KAREN

Where is she?

JACK

Somewhere safe.

KAREN

There's nowhere safe for her. Not in Miami. You don't know how important she is--

JACK

--I don't need to know. You asked me to keep her safe, so I did.

Off Karen, unexpectedly touched --

KAREN

I need to talk to her.

JACK

She doesn't trust you.

KAREN

I'm not asking.

JACK

You're also not in a position to demand. But I'll make you a deal...

KAREN

I don't make deals with fugitives.

JACK

Yeah, and the U.S. Marshals don't give killers the location of protected witnesses. Until, you know, they do.

KAREN

We don't know that's what happened.

JACK

Nobody knows where I am, which means nobody knows where she is. You keep me a secret, I'll keep Lola safe. Be your middleman until this trial.

KAREN

And then?

JACK

Daring escape number two. Or...you
put me back in jail.

KAREN

Why would I trust you?

JACK

Because you told me I'm the only man
you've ever loved at first sight.
And you're the only thing I think
about.

Karen's eyes meet his, at a loss for a comeback.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm gonna kiss you now.

KAREN

Don't you dare...

JACK

You want to stop me? Here.

Jack puts the call button in her hand. He leans forward and Karen's thumb hesitates over the button but she doesn't press it. Instead, she turns her head away. Jack gently touches her chin, turns her face back to his. Her eyes soften. It's a 'yes.' He kisses her. She gives in and kisses back. Karen's heart rate monitor starts RAPIDLY CHIMING...

And then the door opens. Jack pulls back, inches away from Karen's face, their eyes wild, concerned, locked...

ADRIAN

Oh. Hey Doc. Everything all right?

Jack turns to Adrian as he stands, bluffing --

JACK

All good. Heart rate's a little
elevated and her pupil's are pinned.

ADRIAN

What's that mean?

JACK

She had a hell of a dream? She's
fine. You'll keep an eye on her?

ADRIAN

Of course. Thanks, Doctor.

As a concerned Adrian takes Jack's place at the bedside, Jack heads for the door, throws back jokingly --

JACK

No fooling around in here, okay? No vigorous activity for six months.

ADRIAN

Six months?

JACK

Woman like her? I know men who would do a hard three to five.

Jack exits. Adrian turns back and takes Karen's hand.

ADRIAN

Must have been some dream. You remember what it was?

KAREN

Someone...tried to steal me away.

ADRIAN

Bet they didn't know who they were messing with.

KAREN

They had a pretty good idea.

Off the heart rate monitor: thumpathumpathumpa....

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. KAREN AND ADRIAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

A recuperating Karen wakes up in her bed, looks over and sees Marshall.

KAREN

Hey, Papi.

MARSHALL

(moving to the bed)

How you doing, Tiger?

KAREN

Depends, how long am I stuck here?

MARSHALL

In bed? Until you stop feeling like a truck hit you. On house arrest? Might be a minute.

Karen tries to sit up. Ouch. Marshall assists, puts a pillow behind her. She's exhausted by the effort.

KAREN

This is gonna kill me.

MARSHALL

I have an apology to make.

(off Karen, what?)

Teasing you about that ring.

KAREN

Dad...

MARSHALL

He's out. Getting food. Which I forced him to do because he hasn't left your side. Adrian's a good man. And I think he'd make a good son-in-law.

KAREN

He doesn't get what I do. Why I have to do it.

MARSHALL

I don't know any spouse who's thrilled about the person they love running into danger.

(then)

I get it.

Karen eyes him, loves him, trusts him --

KAREN

I think I'm gonna need your help
with something.

MARSHALL

Anything.

KAREN

Even if it's harboring a fugitive?

EXT. EXCLUSIVE MIAMI NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A MAID walks two DOBERMANS through the guard gate of a
beachfront compound that's as fortified as it is gaudy.

INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY

REVEAL Jack, eating a sandwich and surveilling the house
from a half-block away. Lola slips into the car wearing her
hair up in a scarf and big glasses. Without taking his eyes
off the house, he offers Lola half his sandwich.

JACK

You hungry?

LOLA

(shakes her head)

You don't think we're a little
exposed?

JACK

I think Karen wants you safe more
than she wants me in jail. If there's
no new APB, the only real risk is
being recognized.

(points at his ballcap)

That's why we have hats. Also, we're
out of the range of that camera.

Jack points to a camera mounted on one of the walls.

LOLA

Great.

JACK

Why this place?

LOLA

It belongs to Cletus Burnside. A
megachurch preacher and... former
client of mine.

JACK

If I asked what services you
offered...

LOLA

I would tell you I'm a fifth generation shaman, healer and mystic.

JACK

Glad I didn't guess.

LOLA

Reverend Burnside believed Jesus spoke to him while under the influence of ayahuasca I brewed for him.

JACK

What happened?

LOLA

His wife found out. Not before I got a look at his art collection.

Jack nods, considers, then hands Lola a rolled up magazine.

JACK

This one?

Lola opens the magazine to reveal a two-page glossy photo of a grinning preacher standing next to his wife in a living room filled with hokey, large scale, religious paintings.

JACK (CONT'D)

I did my homework. That art's not worth returning to Miami for, much less getting eaten by a doberman. What aren't you telling me?

(off Lola's look)

You also said Puerto Rican gangbangers killed your friends. But that guy who came after you was white. And professional.

(no response)

Well, I don't work with people I can't trust. Get out of the car.

Seeing her opportunity disappear, Lola tells her truth --

LOLA

The paintings we're after aren't on the wall. They're in the wine cellar. Because that's where I hid them.

(off Jack)

A couple months ago, I oversaw an ayahuasca ceremony for a group of wealthy Europeans on a yacht.

INT. MEGA-YACHT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK - INTERCUT

As Lola speaks, her memories are revealed in QUICK CUTS.

IN A SLEEK PARLOR: Someone vomits in a bucket. WIDER: A group of WEALTHY EUROPEANS in a circle trip on Ayahuasca. Some lie still while others writhe or rock back-and-forth.

LOLA (V.O.)
I went to the kitchen to rinse out a few buckets, and one of the men got aggressive...

IN THE KITCHEN: Lola is slammed up against a wall by a HIGH BUSINESSMAN, half out of his mind. She struggles, shoves him --

LOLA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He was high, easy enough to fight off, but it shook me. I locked myself in master bedroom closet --

IN A MASTER CLOSET: Lola locks the door and slinks to the floor, catching her breath and fighting emotion. She turns, taking in her surroundings. *Her eyes focus* --

LOLA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There was a safe. Wide open. Three packages inside.

Lola moves to the safe and pulls three meticulously bubble-wrapped packages out -- each the size of a painting.

BACK IN THE CAR, Lola turns to Jack.

JACK
You took them?

LOLA
Yeah. And they sent people to take them back.

INT. MIAMI APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK - INTERCUT

A door SMASHES inward. Two Latino Gangbangers shove past the splintered wood. In STYLIZED cuts, we see Lola's friends (from the photo on her mirror in the teaser) bravely step between Lola and the Gangbangers. Shouting. Commotion.

LOLA (V.O.)
Local muscle. Whoever wanted the paintings back, probably thought I was an easy mark.

As Lola flees down a hallway, one friend is shot in the B.G. Then the other. Arms flail. Blood. They fall.

BACK IN THE CAR: Lola fights emotion.

LOLA (CONT'D)

I made it to a fire escape, cops
picked me up a few days later. I
told them it was a hate crime. Next
thing I knew they had arrested 'em,
put me in witness protection. You
know what happened then.

JACK

They decided to skip the local muscle
and send a professional.

(she nods, then)

You have any idea what the paintings
are worth?

LOLA

I never opened them. But there was a
Picasso in the bathroom. If that's
what you keep in the shitter, you
gotta wonder what's in the safe.

Jack takes a deep breath, considers, suddenly very unsure.

LOLA (CONT'D)

I'll make you a deal. You help me
get my paintings and you can keep
every penny of what they're worth
except what it costs me to leave the
country.

(off Jack)

Must be some big ticket item you got
your eye on...

Off Jack, one big ticket in particular --

INT. FLORIDA STATE PRISON - VISITATION ROOM - DAY

Buddy sits across from Adele in prison visitation. His arm's
in a sling and he has some lingering bruises.

ADELE

Jesus, Buddy. What happened?

BUDDY

Jack made a couple of friends who
keep mistaking me for him. It's fine.

(rubs his knuckles)

I just mistake 'em right back. What's
new?

Adele glances at the Guard, probably out of earshot? She
lowers her voice anyway, speaking in code --

ADELE

I ran into my uncle "Abe" the other day.

BUDDY

Oh yeah? How is old uncle Abe?

ADELE

Thinking about finally taking that fishing trip to Mexico.

BUDDY

Now see, I figured he already would'a done that.

ADELE

I guess he can't bring himself to go without his best friend.

BUDDY

I imagine two tickets to Mexico would be awfully expensive. You tell Abe I said to get while the getting's good.

ADELE

That's sweet, but...he seems to think he can afford those tickets if his friend just sits tight.

Buddy leans in, suddenly hopeful. He raises an eyebrow --

BUDDY

Really. Who's old Abe hanging out with these days?

ADELE

He said something about...asking Glenn for help?

Buddy's face falls...

BUDDY

(sotto)

Ah, shit.

INT. UPSCALE MIAMI HOTEL ROOM - DAY

"Stoner" GLENN (32), lounges back on a pillow smoking a giant joint, scrolling his phone and wearing nothing but silk briefs. He exhales a cloud of smoke, calls out disinterestedly --

GLENN

Ready when you are, baby.

A WOMAN'S voice from the bathroom responds --

BATHROOM VOICE (O.S.)
Almost ready.

Somebody KNOCKS on the door. Glenn keeps scrolling.

GLENN
You order room service?

BATHROOM VOICE (O.S.)
I don't think so?

Another Knock. Glenn gets off the bed, walks to the door in nothing but underwear, opens it to find Jack.

JACK
Hi Glenn.

Glenn closes the door, panics.

GLENN
(sotto)
Shit. *Shit.*

Jack knocks again. Fuck. Glenn opens up.

GLENN (CONT'D)
Hi Jack--

Jack punches Glenn in the face. He spills backwards holding his nose as Jack enters, closes the door behind him.

GLENN (CONT'D)
Dude! *Son of a...my nose!*

JACK
Long time no see. You know why?

Glenn grabs a tissue from a bedside table and starts shoving it up his nose to stop the bleeding...

GLENN
Look, I know I kind of screwed you...

JACK
You didn't screw me, Glenn. You tried to beat me to the diamonds with a homicidal maniac that I had to stop from trying to rape and murder people.

GLENN
It was poor judgment, man. I get that now.

JACK

Is that what you get? Because I got shot and arrested...

GLENN

At least Buddy got away.

JACK

Buddy got busted a year after me.

MYRTLE (O.S.)

Glenn?

Jack and Buddy turn to see MYRTLE (75), a geriatric woman in VERY sexy bondage lingerie. She's holding a riding crop.

MYRTLE (CONT'D)

You brought a friend?

GLENN

Can you give me just one more second?

Myrtle walks back into the bathroom, closes the door --

GLENN (CONT'D)

Look. I'm gonna make it up to you, alright? I'm working this great racket...

JACK

Raising the dead?

GLENN

No. Dude, I'm a *conman* now. I bang these old widows for money.

JACK

That's not a con, Glenn. That's prostitution. And I've got something else in mind...

GLENN

I don't know, man, schedule's pretty packed right now-owowow...

Jack reaches out, grabs Glenn's broken nose between two knuckles, twists. He crouches face-to-face as Glenn writhes.

JACK

I need to get a preacher high enough to see Jesus so I can steal a few things from his basement. Unfortunately, I can't risk the exposure of finding a dealer who's less of a moron than you.

Jack pulls a slip of paper and shoves it into Glenn's pocket.

JACK (CONT'D)
You're gonna find this boat in the
marina and a woman there is gonna
give you a list of things she needs.

GLENN
Then what?

JACK
Jesus, Glenn, you get them. Everything
else is need to know.

GLENN
Right. Got it.

Jack lets go of Glenn's face, takes a tissue to wipe his
hand and exits. Glenn falls back on the bed. A beat. Then --

MYRTLE (O.S.)
The safe word is Manilow.

Glenn looks up and sees Myrtle prowling towards the bed.
Glenn groans, his day gone from bad to worse.

GLENN
You gotta keep the hearing aids in
this time.

Myrtle smacks the riding crop across his thighs. Hard.

GLENN (CONT'D)
Ow! Goddamn it.

She leans in, stone cold --

MYRTLE
I didn't say you could talk.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. JACK'S CAR / EXT. KAREN & ADRIAN'S HOUSE - INTERCUT

Jack slow rolls through an affluent beach neighborhood. He pulls to the curb. Nice digs. HUGE mid-century modern floor-to-ceiling windows make much of the interior visible from the street. A voyeur's dream. Jack turns off the car, watches as Adrian brings a recovering Karen a glass of wine on the couch. It's a picture of a life that's out of Jack's grasp.

INT. KAREN & ADRIAN'S HOUSE - INTERCUT

As Adrian heads back to the kitchen, Karen's phone rings next to her on the couch. UNKNOWN CALLER. She picks up.

KAREN (on phone)

Hello?

In the car, Jack settles back into his seat.

JACK (on phone)

It's me.

Karen looks up, surprised, glances at Adrian to make sure he's out of ear shot. We see her concern as she asks --

KAREN

Is Lola okay?

JACK

She's fine. How's the shoulder?

KAREN

There's a hole in it. Where are you?

JACK

Hotel room in Detroit. Snow falling.
I go there a lot.

Jack's enjoying the intimacy of the private conversation right under Adrian's nose, but it may be cut short -- Jack watches as a BLACK GOVERNMENT SUV pulls into Karen's driveway.

KAREN

(sotto)

Jack--

JACK

Don't say something that ruins it. I don't have much, but I have that night.

Jack watches Karen through the window, her eyes search the room as she tries to come up with a response... Meanwhile, Vivian and Felix -- two obvious FEDS -- step from the SUV and head for the house.

ADRIAN
You expecting someone?

Jack watches as Karen moves to the window. He's out of her line of sight, but slinks down instinctively... no time left --

JACK (on the phone)
I need to know we've got a deal: I
keep Lola safe, you keep me secret.

Karen looks out the window, sees Vivian and Felix approaching.

KAREN
The problem with that deal is it
feels a bit like you hold all the
cards.

JACK
I'm not opposed to a few rules, but
I need an answer. *Karen*.

THE DOORBELL RINGS. Karen moves to open the door.

KAREN
Call me back.

On Jack's end, Karen hangs up. *Shit*.

EXT. JACK'S SAILBOAT - NIGHT

Glenn limps along the dock, boards. He looks over his shoulder, nervously, goes to knock but Lola answers --

LOLA
You Glenn?

GLENN
Yeah. Jack said you got a list?

Lola hands him a slip of paper. He eyes it, suddenly confused --

GLENN (CONT'D)
(sounding out)
Dip-lo-p-ter--

LOLA
Diplopterys Cabrerana, mimosa
tenuiflora, Banisteriopsos--

GLENN

--Yeah, right. Look, unless this is Latin for coke and oxy--

LOLA

This is what I need to brew ayahuasca. And I would gather it myself but someone's trying to murder me.

GLENN

Okay, well, that blows...but I'm a *drug* guy. You want to knock out a preacher, I'll get you some ketamine, but I don't do witchy shit.

LOLA

We'll never get close enough to spike a drink. He's surrounded by handlers. No. We have to offer him something that's worth him slipping away for.

GLENN

...Witchy shit.

LOLA

Don't knock it 'til you've tried it.

A beat, Glenn sighs, starts to limp off, pissed --

LOLA (CONT'D)

Hey. Why are you limping?

GLENN

I said Iglesias instead of Manilow.

INT. KAREN & ADRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A SECURITY CAM photo of the HITMAN. WIDER, photos are laid out across a dining room table -- a patchwork of photos that tracks Karen and Lola's retreat from the Hitman.

FELIX

...We lose him on the other side of the delivery truck and pick you both up again inside the parking garage.

VIVIAN

We just want to make sure there was no accomplice. No one else pertinent we're missing on scene.

Karen scans the photos -- dozens of PEDESTRIANS and scared SHOP OWNERS. And then... her eyes land on one photo that catches a piece of Jack disappearing behind the box truck. In his baseball cap and sunglasses he's unrecognizable.

Or is he? Do they know? Is this a test? Karen bluffs...

KAREN

I don't recognize anyone. Pretty sure it was just the shooter.

Karen picks up a photo of the Hitman, changes tack --

KAREN (CONT'D)

(shakes her head)

You run facial recognition?

EXT. JACK'S CAR - INTERCUT

From Jack's car, he's watching Vivian and Felix holding up 8x10 photos. Could those be of him? He pulls his phone and ZOOMS on Karen, trying to read her expression. Too far away. But she's beautiful. He snaps a picture. ZOOMS in on that.

VIVIAN (V.O.)

No domestic hits.

KAREN (V.O.)

He had an accent. Like Russian but a little different. Maybe Georgian or something.

VIVIAN (V.O.)

We'll ask Interpol.

KAREN (V.O.)

I've got some sources I can talk to.

BACK IN THE HOUSE:

VIVIAN

Send their names to Felix. He's gonna run point on Lola while you're down.

KAREN

No offense, but they're *sources*. Like, not-great-people who only-kind-of-trust-me, but definitely aren't going to trust him.

FELIX

I'll wear a tank top and some fake tattoos.

KAREN

You have clothes that aren't from Fed-mart?

VIVIAN

Karen...

KAREN

Lola's mine. Somebody in our office may have narced her out and nearly got her killed, so I'm not trusting her to anyone else.

VIVIAN

You were shot, Karen. That means mandatory time off and therapy.

KAREN

Therapy? I got sucker-shot by some gangster, not broken-up with.

VIVIAN

Send the names of your sources over. I promise we'll keep the circle small.

INT. JACK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jack watches as Vivian and Felix climb into their SUV. He ducks low as they drive past, clearly in conversation. Jack starts the car, having stayed too long, but then he sees Karen *move for the door*. Adrian follows. Jack waits to leave.

INT. KAREN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Karen winces as she shoves a wallet in her purse and grabs car keys. Adrian follows --

ADRIAN

Babe? What are you doing?

KAREN

Going to talk to a few people.

ADRIAN

You're not even supposed to be moving. If that wound opens up--

KAREN

--This is what I *do*, Adrian.

(then, softer)

If you want me? You need to understand that sometimes you're gonna get a friend and sometimes you're gonna get a lover...

ADRIAN

...But I'm always gonna get a cop.

KAREN

(a beat, then)

A woman's life is in danger.

ADRIAN

Come home safe, yeah?

A beat, she kisses him on the cheek, exits --

EXT. KAREN & ADRIAN'S HOUSE / INT. JACK'S CAR - NIGHT

Karen's car pulls from the driveway, peels down the street. Jack looks down at his phone -- *Lola calling*. He considers his next move and pushes the call. Fuck it. He bangs the car into gear, pulls out... *And follows Karen.*

INT. KAREN'S CAR / EXT. BIKER BAR - NIGHT

Karen pulls her car to the curb across from a rough looking Biker Bar. She slowly lets her wounded arm out of its sling in order to hide her weakness. It hurts like hell. She closes her eyes, takes a breath, opens her eyes again. Game face.

INT. JACK'S CAR / EXT. BIKER BAR - NIGHT

From half a block down, Jack pulls to the curb and watches as Karen crosses the street, walks past TOUGH CUSTOMERS gathered at the entrance to the pool hall.

Jack turns the car off, glances around. Two WHITE TRASH BIKERS walk towards him on the sidewalk, lock eyes... Jack glances up, his face illuminated by a streetlamp, *not incognito*. He looks away. They keep walking. He checks his REARVIEW, sees one of them pull a phone, glance back towards Jack. *Fuck.*

Paranoia sets in, but now Jack's worried about Karen. He looks back in the rearview, the Bikers keep moving. Phew.

INT. BIKER BAR - DAY

Karen walks towards a striking Russian woman with a full neck tattoo, ZASHA (26), lining up a shot at the pool table. Zasha sees her, misses her shot. The SCARY DUDE she's playing against grins. Zasha looks up at Karen.

ZASHA

You just cost me a hundred dollars.

KAREN

I didn't do anything.

ZASHA

You did in my imagination.

Karen smiles, genuinely likes this criminal informant despite the relentless flirting she has to suffer to get any help.

KAREN

Only place it's gonna happen. I need a favor, Zasha.

ZASHA

I can think of several I'd be happy to offer...

Karen pulls one of the photos of the Hitman from her pocket.

KAREN

I'm looking for someone.

ZASHA

...That wasn't one of them.

Zasha takes the picture, looks at it.

KAREN

He's got an accent like yours.

ZASHA

You think I can find every vodka drinker in Miami?

KAREN

You don't need to. Just *that* one.

Zasha cocks her head, *reaches towards Karen's chest*. Karen catches her wrist. Zasha nods at what she was reaching for.

ZASHA

You're bleeding.

Karen looks down, sees blood coming through her shirt. She lets go of Zasha's hand. Zasha reaches up and pushes Karen's lapel aside to reveal her bandaging.

KAREN

Had a run in with a bullet.

Zasha's flirtatious smile fades as she realizes this is personal for Karen. She nods.

ZASHA

I'll see what I can find.

INT. JACK'S CAR / EXT. POOL HALL - DAY

Jack watches Karen exit the pool hall and hurry to her car. He breathes a sigh of relief. A BEAT LATER, Karen pulls away from the curb, then REVERSES straight towards Jack. *Fuck*. She pulls alongside him, lowers her window --

KAREN

Get in.

EXT. POOL HALL / INT. KAREN'S CAR - DAY

Jack obediently rounds his own car and slides into the passenger seat of Karen's. She drives down the block, the eyes of the TOUGH CUSTOMERS following them as she turns the corner, pulls over within view of THE OCEAN. She parks, turns the car off, turns to look at Jack. *A long beat of silence.*

In their looks, we sense the three years of longing these two have experienced for each other - and also the tragedy between them. A crook and a Fed who can never be together.

JACK

You should probably get that looked at.

Karen glances down and sees blood spreading from where her wound has opened up. She ignores the question --

KAREN

Why "The Long Good-Bye?" I mean it's Chandler, but 1973? The others were all classics.

JACK

(shrugs)
One good line.

Karen looks at him, almost smiles, she knows which one --

KAREN

'To say good-bye is to die a little.'

JACK

(so good)
I mean come on.

KAREN

You think that's true?

JACK

Not always. Sometimes you die a lot.

Karen nods, inhales, speaks the hard truth --

KAREN

You know I'm gonna have to arrest you.

JACK

Know who we're like? Ralph and Sam.

KAREN

Ralph and Sam.

JACK

That cartoon. The wolf and the
sheepdog? They clock in, chase each
other all day, and then end of day
they punch out, walk home together.
'Evening Ralph.' 'Evening, Sam.'

(he looks at her)

Who's to say this time we don't just
walk home together?

Karen considers, changes the subject, priorities --

KAREN

You really have her somewhere safe?

JACK

Yeah. And I think she wants to
testify, she's just scared.

KAREN

She should be. The guy who came after
her doesn't fit the motive of the
bangers who killed her friends.
There's something bigger going on.

JACK

And if somebody in your own office
gave Lola up--

KAREN

--Why are you doing this, Jack?

JACK

I already told you that.

KAREN

Love. Right.

JACK

From where I'm sitting? You've got a
pretty short list of people you can
trust. And believe me, I'd be sitting
anywhere but here if I wasn't one of
them.

Karen looks at him again, still weighing his honesty --

KAREN

I need a number for you. When I call
it, you pick up or I get a call back
within five minutes. Day or night.

JACK

I can do that.

KAREN

Good. Because if you don't I will immediately initiate a manhunt.

JACK

Understood.

KAREN

If you see any perceived threat to Lola's safety, if her location is compromised, you do not handle it yourself. I am your call.

JACK

What about kissing?

KAREN

Try it again and so help me I will shoot you a second time.

JACK

I'll take that as a maybe.

KAREN

It's not a maybe.

Jack opens the door.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Jack. It's not a maybe.

JACK

Evening, Ralph.

Jack steps out of the car. Under her breath --

KAREN

Maybe I'll just shoot you now...

Jack turns back, having overheard --

JACK

You won't.

KAREN

Why not?

JACK

Because you're having too much fun.

EXT./INT. KAREN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack grins, loves getting the last word, turns and... gets PUNCHED full in the face. He drops.

KAREN

Jack!

Karen turns to exit and help and... *she's PUNCHED through the open window -- SMASHING US TO BLACK.*

INT. KAREN'S CAR - TRUNK - MOMENTS LATER

FROM BLACK -- the sound of a car starting. A RED BRAKE light casts an eery glow that REVEALS Karen, waking up in the trunk of her own car, dazed. Jack is out cold, next to her.

KAREN

Jack. Jack, wake up.

Jack's eyes open. He works his aching jaw. His tongue tastes blood. Ouch. The car lurches forward. Karen tries to kick the drunk door. BAM. BAM. No good. Jack, still dazed, says --

JACK

I remember this being more romantic.

KAREN

I remember wanting you dead.

JACK

(smiles, ouch)

Here's to making new memories.

EXT. MIAMI STREET - CONTINUOUS

Karen's car SQUEALS down the street with our two wounded heroes, fate up in the air, lives in jeopardy... *Out of Sight.*

END OF PILOT