

Executive Producer: Matt Nix	<u>REVISED</u>	
Executive Producer: Mikkel Bondesen	Studio/Network	6/23/08
Executive Producer: Jeff Freilich	PROD.	6/30/08
Co-Executive Producer: Alfredo Barrios, Jr.	BLUE	7/03/08
Producers: Craig O'Neill & Jason Tracey	PINK	7/07/08
Consulting Producer: Michael Wilson		
Producer: Terry Miller		
Director: Tim Matheson		

Burn Notice

5037-08-208/S208

'Double Booked'

Written by
Craig O'Neill & Jason Tracey

Pink Revisions: Pages 18-18A, 35

Full Locked Blue 7/3/08

TVM Productions, Inc.
10351 Santa Monica Blvd,
Los Angeles, CA 90025

Copyright © 2008 Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. All rights reserved.
No portion of this script may be performed, published, reproduced, sold or
distributed by any means, or quoted or published in any medium including on
any web site, without prior written consent of Fox Television Studios.
Disposal of this script does not alter any of the restrictions set forth
above.

BURN NOTICE - Ep. 208 "Double Booked" Full Locked Blue 7/3/08

BURN NOTICE

"Double Booked"

CAST LIST

MICHAEL WESTEN
SAM AXE
FIONA GLENANNE
MADELINE WESTEN

CAMPBELL
LARRY
JEANNIE ANDERSON
DREW ANDERSON
DOG LADY
SCARY GUY DRIVING DUMP TRUCK
BUSINESS MAN #1
THERAPIST (NEW)
REAL EMT
FEMALE EMT
BILL JOHNSON

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)

BURN NOTICE - Ep. 208 "Double Booked" Full Locked Blue 7/3/08

SET LIST

INTERIORS

MICHAEL'S LOFT

MADELINE'S HOUSE
LIVING ROOM
DINING ROOM

MADELINE'S GARAGE

RESTAURANTE CARLITO

ART MUSEUM
GALLERY
LADIES ROOM
LUNCHEON

ANDERSON MANSION
FOYER
DREW'S BEDROOM
HALLWAY
KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM

TIGRE RESTAURANT & BAR
DREW'S OFFICE
HALLWAY

BILL JOHNSON'S BEDROOM

MICHAEL'S CHARGER

JEANNIE'S PRIUS

STOLEN SUPERCAB TRUCK

DUMP TRUCK

AMBULANCE

DREW'S BMW

BILL JOHNSON'S FORD TAURUS

AMBULANCE VAN, FIRE TRUCK, COP CAR

EXTERIORS

MICHAEL'S LOFT

RESTAURANTE CARLITO

CLUB 360

BILL JOHNSON'S HOUSE
PORCH

ART MUSEUM
ALLEY DOWN THE BLOCK
PARKING LOT
ROOF

TIGER TAIL AVE, COCONUT GROVE

DESERTED ROAD
SCENE OF ACCIDENT

HIGH SECURITY BUILDING

TIGRE RESTAURANT & BAR

ANDERSON MANSION
OUTSIDE DREW'S WINDOW/ROOF

BEACH

BURN NOTICE - Ep. 208 "Double Booked" Full Locked Blue 7/3/08

DAY BREAK

DAY 1

Sc. 1-2

NIGHT 1

Sc. 3-5

DAY 2

Sc. 6-17

NIGHT 2

Sc. 18

DAY 3

Sc. 19-36

NIGHT 3

Sc. 37-38

DAY 4

Sc. 39-50

DAY 5

Sc. 51-52

TEASER

1 INT. CHARGER / EXT. TIGER TAIL AVENUE - COCONUT GROVE - DAY 1

MICHAEL and SAM drive up a residential street. A MAN waters his bushes, ANOTHER MAN cleans his gutters, a WOMAN comes home with groceries.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Spies make great neighbors. They're polite, they keep the lawn trimmed, and they never crank the music at night. They don't stand out because they don't want to be found...

Michael stops in front of a TWO-STORY HOUSE and checks the address on a list.

INSERT: 24 names and addresses... oddly, every name is "Bill Johnson." Nine entries have been crossed off.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

So if you're hunting for a covert operative, and all you've got to go on are the names of a few dozen suspects, you're out of luck... unless you know where to look.

Michael points to the house. GARBAGE CANS sit at the curb.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Bill Johnson lives in that one.

SAM

That gets funnier every time.
(off Michael's look)
Why couldn't the people who burned you have given that sniper rifle to someone named Tristan, or River, something a little more unique?

MICHAEL

That'd be too easy, Sam.

Michael pulls around the corner to find a place to park.

1A AT THE GARBAGE CANS - MOMENTS LATER

1A

Michael lifts the lid off of a garbage can.

SAM

What is this, the tenth Bill we've looked at? I need a break, man.

MICHAEL

You made me buy you a beer after
Bill number eight.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(off Sam's look)
Fine. I'll buy another round... if
you do the honors.

Sam considers for .02 seconds. Deal. He reaches in and snags
TWO TRASH BAGS. Michael frowns: one of the bags is leaking
all over Sam's pants.

SAM
Aw, man... Two rounds, Mike.

2 AT THE CHARGER - MOMENTS LATER

2

The trash bags sit in the trunk. Sam and Michael wear gloves
as they pick through the garbage.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
*The garbage someone leaves on the
curb can often tell you more than a
face-to-face conversation.*

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I'm not seeing much junk mail here.

SAM
That fits. I had a hard time
tracking this particular Bill down.
Keeps himself out of the system
pretty good...
(then, re: the trash)
And he buys a lot of prunes.

Michael squints at some shredded documents.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
*Shredded documents in the trash
used to be a strong indicator that
someone had a secret, but nowadays
everybody and their mother shreds
bills to prevent identity theft.*

Michael keeps digging. Sam hears BARKING, and looks up:

A sexy LADY (50s) has walked out of the house, a YAPPY DOG
under her arm. She collects her paper, and goes back in.

SAM
(groans)
This guy lives with his mom? I just
ruined my khakis for nothing.

MICHAEL
No, Sam, I think we've found
Carla's sniper.

Michael takes a bottle of LAUNDRY BLUING out of the bag.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Laundry bluing is a synthetic dye
 that dry cleaners use by the
 thimble, and covert operatives go
 through by the bottle.*

Michael holds up a HANDWRITTEN NOTE rendered illegible by
 BLUISH INK. It stains Michael's gloves.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*It blots out secrets, and works
 like a poor man's dye pack,
 staining anyone who digs through
 your trash.*

SAM
 Guy's pretty paranoid. They must be
 using him for something big.

MICHAEL
 Figure out what, I might finally
 have some leverage against Carla.
 (looks at the house)
 I need to know everything there is
 to know about this Bill.

SAM
 I'm on it, buddy.

3 EXT. CLUB 360 - NIGHT

3

Michael carries two bags of groceries, headed for his loft.
 He slips through the line of hot twenty-somethings...

ANGRY VOICE (O.S.)
 Hey, back of the line, pal.

Michael turns. The voice belongs to a good-looking man (50s).
 Michael does a double take. *Is that...?*

MICHAEL
 Larry?
 (Larry nods)
 Correct me if I'm wrong, but
 you're... dead.

LARRY
 OK. You're wrong. Just don't tell
 my ex-wife.

LARRY smiles. A title slides on: **LARRY.**

A beat. Michael sizes his old spy buddy up...

LARRY (CONT'D)

You gonna invite me up, or what?

Michael hands Larry a bag and leads him through his gate.

4 EXT. MICHAEL'S LOFT - CONTINUOUS

4

As the gate swings shut, Michael pins Larry against the wall, frisking him. Larry rolls his eyes.

LARRY

Michael, please. You really think I would hurt you? *That hurts me.*

MICHAEL

It's nothing personal, Larry. I pat down all the dead people who drop in on me unexpectedly.

LARRY

Fine. But if you're gonna frisk me, frisk me. That sweep on my right thigh was pretty half-assed.

Michael pulls back, satisfied he's clean.

MICHAEL

What are you doing here?

LARRY

I miss working with you, man.
(off Michael's look)
Ever since I, you know, 'retired,' I've been doing freelance stuff. Not so different from the old ops we used to run. I got more work than I can handle by myself, and I just landed a gig here in Miami. Thought you might be interested.

MICHAEL

You want to hire me?

LARRY

That's right, partner.
(big smile)
I wanna pay you a lot of money to kill a lady.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

5 INT. MICHAEL'S LOFT - NIGHT

5

Larry watches Michael put his groceries away. Club 360's lights and music are faint, but in evidence.

LARRY

Still a yogurt man, I see. I guess some things haven't changed.

MICHAEL

Some things have.

LARRY

No kidding. I heard you got burned.

MICHAEL

You sure that's all, Larry? You just... *heard* about it?

LARRY

What? You think I had something to do with it?

(laughs: *that's absurd*)

I know you're angry, Mike, but you gotta know who your friends are. It wasn't Larry, used you up and spit you out. It was the government.

MICHAEL

It's more complicated than that.

LARRY

Please. You went off the reservation, kid. Selling secrets, unauthorized kills... I read the Michael Westen dossier that's floating around out there. And you know what I thought?

(flips the heat on)

I thought *finally!* Finally, he woke up. Finally, the kid gets it. They put you out there on an island, and they tell you the ends justify the means, and sooner or later you realize... they're right! I'm a weapon, baby, and I don't need some government aiming me. You put some people down, you put a little money in your pocket? *So what!?* I'm on your side here, Michael. Believe that.

MICHAEL

What are we talking about? Murder-
for-hire? Civilians?

LARRY

Don't pretend you're still some
kind of Boy Scout. I know better.

MICHAEL

I don't know. That kind of thing...
it's a slippery slope.

Larry smiles, eases the tension. He has an edge, but he's
fun.

LARRY

Hey, slippery slopes can be fun.
Like water slides. Hear me out.

Larry hands Michael a FILE. Inside: A PHOTO of Jeannie Anderson (40s), a sweet-looking cancer nurse.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Jeannie Anderson is our dead-ee.
That's my term. That's trademarked.

MICHAEL

She looks dangerous.

LARRY

Oh, don't look so sad. Some people live and some people die. Pay attention. Jeannie's a cancer nurse, married one of her rich patients. He got better, then he got sick again. He's in a coma... but she's going to die first.

MICHAEL

So who doesn't want her to inherit his money?

LARRY

I can't tell you that. Engaging in conspiracy to commit murder makes people shy. All my deals are anonymous. Everything's e-mail. No mess that way.

MICHAEL

Except the killing.
(off Larry's look)
So you want me to help with--

LARRY

Michael. I don't need *help* killing someone. If all I wanted was this lady dead, she'd be dead. The idea here is that you'd handle this one solo. That way we can... re-establish some trust. Everything goes well, maybe we can start working together. Make some money. It's not like you couldn't use some cash for little luxuries like furniture, and... protein. This one pays twenty grand.

Larry raises his eyebrows, studies Michael...

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Work long enough in covert ops and you're bound to be offered some pretty nasty assignments. When a bad job comes along you have two choices, and neither is very appealing. You can pass and watch the op go down...

Michael looks at the PHOTO of Jeannie, weighing his options.

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

Or you can take the job and make sure the op gets blown.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Make it thirty.

Larry considers... then slaps Michael on the back.

LARRY

Deal. Go get 'em, killer.

Larry heads for the door, then turns around, dead serious. Larry's a lot scarier than we might've guessed...

LARRY (CONT'D)

Oh, and Michael? I'll tell you what I tell my clients: keep your nose clean. Cops come within a mile of this? I kill everybody. And you know me... I mean eeverybody.

A beat, then Larry winks. He exits. Michael's face falls.

6 EXT. RESTAURANTE CARLITO - MORNING

6

Michael leans against the Charger, the first patron of the day. He checks his watch, impatient. FIONA strolls up with CAMPBELL, 30s, very handsome, very bright... a little square.

FIONA

Michael. I want you to meet my brilliant, dashing, paramedic boyfriend. Campbell, meet Michael.

Michael shakes his hand, eyes Fiona - he's been ambushed.

CAMPBELL

Hey. Great to meet you, man.
(awkward silence)
Fiona tells me you're a soil scientist.

MICHAEL

Yes. Yes, I... love my dirt. I'm sorry, I didn't know you guys were... Fi, you should've told me it was a bad time.

FIONA

That's alright, Michael. You didn't wake us or anything. We were already up.

She smiles at Campbell. He looks a little embarrassed.

MICHAEL

Campbell, would you mind if I talked to Fiona alone. Just for a sec. I'm sorry, it's, um, it's about a family thing. Personal.

Campbell nods, forgiving. Fiona frowns at Michael's bullshit.

CAMPBELL

Oh. No problem. I'll just go order breakfast. I don't know about you but I am *starving*.

(to Fiona)

You've got to be starving too. You want some eggs, hon? Over easy?

Campbell winks. Fiona nods. Michael smiles tightly. Campbell leaves.

FIONA

Don't you just love him?

MICHAEL

I've been hired to kill a woman.

FIONA

Are you trying to change the subject?

MICHAEL

Yes. But I'm serious. I had to take the job or this woman was going to be killed. I have to find out who wants her dead. I need your help.

Fiona looks over at Campbell. He waves.

FIONA

Fine. But you're going to owe me.

7 EXT. ART MUSEUM - DAY

7

Michael and Fi next to the Charger, outside an art museum.

FIONA

So how do you know this guy who hired you?

MICHAEL

We did some jobs together in the Balkans, '91, '92. It was a volatile time. Larry seemed relatively sane by comparison.

FIONA

And now he kills for a living?

MICHAEL

Yeah, I guess he's made some poor choices since his death.

(Fiona arches an eyebrow)

Fifteen people watched Larry walk into an oil refinery right before it blew up. Apparently it was just his way of taking early retirement.

FIONA

Seems like an easy man to be rid of. Just threaten him with exposure. Look everybody, Larry's alive.

MICHAEL

That would just make him angry. Not something we want to do.

A Prius pulls up with JEANNIE ANDERSON behind the wheel. TWO FRIENDS in the car with her.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

There's Jeannie. Larry said she splits her time between the hospital and this museum. She's planning a charity thing here.

FIONA

Doesn't exactly sound like the kind of gal anybody should want dead. Who's bank-rolling this?

MICHAEL

That's what we have to find out.
Then we blackmail them, make them
pay Larry to walk away. Jeannie
lives.

FIONA

Or... we hide Jeannie until we can
put a bullet in this old friend of
yours and whoever's paying him.

MICHAEL

You sound like Larry. It's not what
I need right now, Fi.

FIONA

I use my powers for good, Michael.

MICHAEL

We're not killing anyone. Jeannie has to stay put or Larry'll know something's up. The man sees around corners as well as anybody. He... taught me some things.

(off Fiona's look)

I'm serious. He's dangerous. We need to stick with my plan.

Jeannie and her friends walk in to the museum together.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Jeannie's got to have some idea who wants her dead. We need to talk to her. Alone. Someplace quiet...

Fiona nods, pulls a PEN from her purse.

FIONA

I can put you in the same room with her. But I'm not breaking the news to that poor woman that she's been marked for death. That's your job.

MICHAEL

Fair enough. But I'm going to need you to keep an eye on her afterwards.

FIONA

Are you trying to keep me away from Campbell?

MICHAEL

Who?

8 INT. ART MUSEUM - GALLERY - MOMENTS LATER

8

A SIGN on an easel announces an upcoming Children's Cancer benefit. Fiona chats with Jeannie and her friends. Jeannie's a straight-shooter with a good heart.

FIONA

... I mean, what you're doing with this event, it's incredible.

JEANNIE

I don't know. This charity stuff's new to me.

(MORE)

JEANNIE (CONT'D)

I spend so much time at the hospital... you need an outlet, you know?

Jeannie smiles, brave. Fi hands her the pen, and a card to write on.

FIONA

You have to give me your e-mail. I want to get involved.

JEANNIE

Absolutely. We could really use you, Fiona. It's going to be-- oh.

The pen has leaked BLACK INK all over Jeannie's hands.

FIONA

Oh, I am so sorry! Here...

JEANNIE

No, don't worry about it. Excuse me, one sec, I'll be right back.

9 INT. ART MUSEUM - LADIES ROOM - SECONDS LATER

9

Jeannie walks in and turns on the water. She's alone in the room. Suddenly, Michael is in the mirror beside her.

MICHAEL

Jeannie...

Terrified, Jeannie turns and raises an ink-stained hand to slap him... a title slides on: **JEANNIE, THE CLIENT.**

Michael grabs her, covers her mouth. Her eyes are wide as she struggles against him, staining his shirt.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Listen! Listen to me. I'm not going to hurt you, but you have to be quiet. You don't want somebody running in here, you don't know who you can trust. I'm a friend. Do you understand?

(a beat, Jeannie nods)

Can I take my hand off your mouth?

He does. Jeannie takes a deep breath, wary...

JEANNIE

Who are you?

MICHAEL

I'm Michael. I'm here because
somebody was hired to kill you.

Jeannie absorbs this, freaked...

JEANNIE

Who?

Michael considers how to put this...

MICHAEL

Me.

(off Jeannie's look)

But I'm not going to. I don't do
that. I'm on your side, OK?

JEANNIE

Who hired you?

MICHAEL

I don't know. They stayed
anonymous. I thought you might have
some idea. Usually, this kind of
thing, there aren't a lot of
suspects. I need you to think. Who--

Jeannie leans against the sink, overwhelmed.

JEANNIE

Oh my God... Drew.

MICHAEL

Who's that?

JEANNIE

My husband's son. From his first
marriage. I can't believe this.

(beat, struggles)

Drew was so angry when I got
written into the will. He thinks
I'm some kind of gold digger. He's,
he's just nothing like his father.

MICHAEL

The only way to keep you safe is to
find out if you're right. We have
to be sure. Where is Drew now?

JEANNIE

He might be at the house. He moved
in when Robert got sick. He's been
so weird... I should have known.

(then, an idea)

(MORE)

JEANNIE (CONT'D)

What if I just give him the money?
I don't care, he can have it. Why
don't I just go home and say--

MICHAEL

Jeannie, you can't tell Drew you
know this. If he really wants you
dead, you'd be giving him a good
enough reason to do it himself.
Conspiracy is a serious crime.

JEANNIE

But what happens if I go to the police, and--

MICHAEL

You can't talk to the cops either. If you do, there are people involved in this who will make sure we all end up dead. Trust me.

JEANNIE

What do you expect me to do?

MICHAEL

Nothing. I'm going to handle this for you. You just met Fiona, right?

Jeannie looks at her ink-stained hands, realizing.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Fiona's your old friend from out of town. She's going to stay at the house for a few days. That way she can keep an eye on you... and Drew.
(Jeannie looks scared)
It's going to be alright.

10 INT. MICHAEL'S LOFT - DAY

10

Michael removes his ink-stained shirt. Hears FOOTSTEPS...

MADELINE (O.S.)

Michael? I've got some leftovers here, I thought you might...

Michael winces, tries to cover up... too late. MADELINE enters, with some tupperware and sees that Michael's torso is covered in bruises.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Oh, my God. Michael. What happened?

MICHAEL

Um, nothing, Mom. I'm fine.

MADELINE

You're not fine.

MICHAEL

I am. I'm fine. I just got banged up on a job last week. I... fell.

Madeline stares hard at Michael, annoyed.

MADELINE

This. This is what I can't deal with. This wall. Do you have any idea how hard it is to have an honest exchange when you're withholding like this?

MICHAEL

(wary)

Are you reading a book or something?

MADELINE

I'm working with a counselor, Michael... but he's pretty sure you're the one who needs help.

Michael sticks the tupperware in the fridge.

MICHAEL

So you're actually here to twist my arm until I go to counseling with you. *That's* honest.

Madeline lights a cigarette, shrugs, not embarrassed.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We tried this, remember? You quit.

MADELINE

I want to try again. The new counselor's going to ask better questions.

MICHAEL

Mom, now's not a great time.

MADELINE

Oh, when is it? I'm not asking much. All you have to do is come to the house. This new guy says the best place to 'facilitate a dialogue' is in the home. I've got a session with him tomorrow.

(off Michael's look)

If you won't do this for me... I don't know what to say.

Michael can see Madeline is serious. He takes a breath.

MICHAEL

No, no. I'll be there.

Madeline smiles, victorious.

MADLINE

Great then.

11 INT. RESTAURANTE CARLITO - DAY

11

A FILE drops on Michael's table. He looks up... Sam. Smiling.

SAM

I know, I know, I'm late. I'm
sorry. But I come bearing gifts.
That's the military jacket on our
favorite Bill Johnson.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

Buddy of mine pulled it in exchange
for a little "Sam time."
(off Michael, smiles)
Not all my buddies are guys.

MICHAEL

Your methods, your business, Sam.

Michael picks up the file and flips through it: A PHOTO of
Bill Johnson, MILITARY RECORDS.

SAM

Looks like Bill had a hell of a
career in the Marines. Big deal
sniper. Awful busy during Gulf One.
The fact that Carla put a Dragunov
in this guy's hands...

MICHAEL

Probably wasn't a birthday present.
(reads from the file)
He was dishonorably discharged...

SAM

Guy had twenty years in, model
Marine. Then bam, gets the boot.
Nothing in there on why.

MICHAEL

Carla's friends probably pulled the
same number on him they did to me.

Michael shuts the folder. Sam steals some of his fries.

SAM

I followed him a little. Poor guy's
down on his luck. Working as a
landscaper. Sublets a room from
that lady with the yappy dog. She's
his landlord, not his mom.

MICHAEL

We need to get a bug in there.

SAM

Yeah, about that. Dog lady is kind
of a shut-in. We're gonna have to
cook something up to get her out of
the house. You want to head over
now and take a crack at it?

MICHAEL

Tomorrow. Right now, I got a job.
Larry showed up.

SAM

Larry. Dead Larry?
(Michael nods)
Oh, man, I *hated* Larry.

MICHAEL

Well, he's back.

SAM

OK. I *hate* him. Present tense. He's a bad influence, Mike. Don't tell me you're working with...

MICHAEL

I'm not working with him. I'm working against him.

SAM

Well. In that case. Can I help?

12 INT. ANDERSON MANSION - FOYER - DAY

12

Jeannie shows Fiona into a stately residence. Jeannie has rebounded from her shock. She's a tough woman.

FIONA

You have a lovely home.

JEANNIE

That's the problem though, isn't it? All this... whatever. I just wanted Robert.

(smiles)

He was the strongest patient I ever had, that's what got me. Then I had to watch it come back... I want to be there for him to the end.

FIONA

You will be.
(then, heads for stairs)
How long do we have before Drew comes home?

JEANNIE

Twenty minutes? He runs a restaurant Robert bought him, but he's not much of a worker. Usually comes home early, showers, goes out with his friends.

FIONA

Give me a heads up if you hear him.

13 INT. ANDERSON MANSION - DREW'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 13

Fi sits at Drew's desk, sorting through his trash. She talks to Michael on her cell, unhappy.

FIONA

This is disgusting.

14 INT. MICHAEL'S LOFT - INTERCUT 14

Michael is on speakerphone with Fi. Sam drinks a beer.

SAM

It's one trashcan. You're getting off easy, trust me.

Fi smooths out a ball of paper: a PHOTOCOPY of Jeannie's datebook showing her meeting schedule for the fundraiser.

FIONA

Here's something interesting. Drew made a copy of Jeannie's date book.

MICHAEL

I guess we know where Larry got his information.

JEANNIE (O.S.)

Drew!? Is that you?

FIONA

That's my cue, gentlemen. Michael, keep the line open. You're going to owe me a new cell phone. I'm stashing this one.

Fiona sweeps the garbage back into the trash can.

MICHAEL

Hustle, Fi. If Drew catches you, and this gets back to Larry, the body count on this is going way up.

FIONA

That's not helpful, Michael.

Fiona lays down beside the bed, rips the fabric under the box spring, and slips her cell inside. A door slams downstairs.

DREW (O.S.)

Who's Saab is that out front?

JEANNIE (O.S.)

My friend from out of town is staying with us a few days. She's up in the guest room, sleeping.

FIONA

That's not helpful either, Jeannie.
(to Michael)
Alright, I'm getting out of here before the entitled punk catches me.

*
*
*
*

Footsteps on the stairs. Fi considers her options...

15 INT. ANDERSON MANSION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 15

Drew climbs the stairs into view. A title slides on: **DREW, ENTITLED PUNK**. He opens his bedroom door... Fiona is gone.

*

16 INT./EXT. ANDERSON MANSION - DREW'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 16

Drew sees his patio door is ajar. He walks over to it and looks out, then down... there's nobody there.

REVEAL: Fiona finishes pulling herself up onto the roof.

BACK IN THE ROOM: Drew closes the door and makes a call.

DREW

Hey, Roth, man, what's up... No. No, I'm straight. That last eight ball is holding me fine... I got a problem here. About the other thing. You gotta make a few calls. Nobody can hit her at the house...

Hidden in the bed, Fiona's phone transmits the call to...

17 INT. MICHAEL'S LOFT - CONTINUOUS 17

Michael and Sam share a look, listening to the speakerphone.

DREW (O.S.)

Yeah. She's got some other bitch staying here. If any of those boys were planning on getting to her here, they gotta find another way.

SAM

I don't want to hurt your feelings, Mike... but it sounds like you're not the only person Drew hired to kill Jeannie.

Michael grimaces: *shit*.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

18 INT. MICHAEL'S LOFT - NIGHT

18

Sam is animated. Michael watches him, calm.

SAM

You gotta rethink this, Mike. You know how Larry gets when a job goes wrong. Telling him about this, it's a mistake. That twinkle in his eye? That's the crazy. I'm serious. The man has serious psychopathic tendencies.

MICHAEL

You're right. He's not going to be happy his name is linked to a job a lot of people know about. But if he hears it from me, it doesn't have to be a bloodbath. I can convince him to walk away.

There's a knock. Michael gets up to answer it.

SAM

Great. Then all Jeannie'll have to worry about is the other guys Drew hired to kill her.

MICHAEL

One problem at a time, Sam.

Michael opens up. Larry waltzes in, patting Michael's shoulder, patronizing. He's not thrilled to see Sam.

LARRY

Are you hiding Sam Axe in here?
(whispers to Michael)
You told him?

Michael nods. Larry winces, walks over to Sam.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Wow. Been a while. Been. A. While.
You look... great.

SAM

You too, Larry. Very youthful.
Still drinking the blood of
children?

Larry gives Sam a weak smile and looks at Michael.

LARRY

I'm glad you called, kid. Got an e-mail from our client: Jeannie has a house guest, so you might want--

MICHAEL

We have a bigger problem. I looked into your client.

(off Larry's look)

I found out the job is double-booked. Drew put the word out through his coke dealer.

Larry's flippant facade breaks, he erupts...

LARRY

Dammit!

Sam shoots Michael a look: *see what I mean?* Larry takes a deep inhale. He picks up a screwdriver from the workbench, and twirls it with his fingers while he fumes. He's scary.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna get angry, I'm not. Alright... OK. I sense a cleansing rash of heart attacks coming.

SAM

There's no need to poison anyone.

LARRY

Yes there is! My name's in the mix! There's amateurs on this. Cops are gonna be all over it. We need to start putting people in the ground. Drew, dead. Jeannie, dead. The house-guest, dead. The dealer, anybody he hired... etcetera.

MICHAEL

That's a lot of bodies.

Larry steps right up to Michael, looking in his eyes.

LARRY

Are you honestly gonna stand there and tell me you don't have the same impulse? I remember how you used to look at people when they betrayed us, when their stupidity put us in danger, when they disappointed us. I know what that look means. You know how easy this would be.

Michael doesn't look away. Sam looks on, creeped out.

MICHAEL

It's not the smart play here. I'll get close to Drew and tell him to call off the job. You know how convincing I can be.

SAM

The cops will never hear your name if Jeannie lives.

Larry considers this for a moment, and drops the screwdriver, cooling down...

LARRY

Well... I guess the baby bird's gotta leave the nest sometime. Your call, kid. But if being a softy comes back to bite you in the ass? I'm gonna say 'I told you so.'

19 INT. ANDERSON MANSION - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY

19

Fiona and Jeannie share some coffee and bad news in the kitchen, keeping their voices low.

JEANNIE

I mean, what are we talking about? Five? Ten?

FIONA

Oh, I doubt it's that many. It's actually really hard to find people willing to kill for money.

JEANNIE

That doesn't make me feel better.

FIONA

I'm giving it to you straight because I know you can handle it. Everything's going to be fine.

Drew enters, grabs a water from the fridge. He eyes Fiona and Jeannie, unfriendly but oblivious. Jeannie tries to look natural. When Drew exits and leaves the house, Jeannie exhales. Fi goes to make sure he's gone. Jeannie follows.

FIONA (CONT'D)

We can't have him getting suspicious, we're going to have to get comfortable here.

Fi pulls a handgun from her waist, hides it in a cabinet.
They walk back to the living room.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Some new rules... This room? Too
many windows. It's off limits.
Obviously stay away from the stairs
when Drew is home. Avoid any
furniture that's been moved.

(MORE)

FIONA (CONT'D)

I don't want you touching anything
electrical. Stick to canned drinks.
And never be out of my sight.

JEANNIE

(head swimming)
How are you going to deal with
these other people Drew hired?

FIONA

Drew's going to fire them.
Michael's going to convince him
your death is not in his best
interest anymore.

JEANNIE

How's he going to do that?

Fiona just smiles.

20 EXT./INT. TIGRE RESTAURANT & BAR - DAY

20

Michael strolls into Drew's South Beach restaurant. It has a
rainforest motif but few patrons. Michael spots Drew talking
with two business men at a corner table. Michael walks over.

MICHAEL

Sorry to interrupt, fellas. But, I
gotta borrow this guy.

BUSINESS MAN #1

Who the hell are you?

MICHAEL

I'm Drew's friend. We met on the
internet. Facebook buddies.

Drew realizes who Michael is. He turns to the business men.

DREW

Guys, gimme a few minutes.

Confused, the business men clear out. Drew is uneasy, but
tries to remain calm. Michael sits and extends his hand.

DREW (CONT'D)

You're...

MICHAEL

Larry Sizemore.

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

*Covert operatives try to avoid
assuming other people's identities
whenever possible.*

Drew leaves Michael hanging, and casts a worried glance toward the business men who are settling in at the bar.

DREW

I thought we were never gonna meet.
You made it *clear* in your e-mails
we were never gonna meet.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

*There's just too many pitfalls when
you're dealing with someone your
new identity has corresponded with.
What've they said? What've they
been told? What've they agreed to?*

Michael smiles. His rhythms of speech mimic Larry's.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Oh, I didn't want to, kid. Believe
that. But you got sloppy.

DREW

Sloppy? No. No, I followed all of
your instructions.

MICHAEL

Noooo. You didn't. You are one
careless, stupid son of a bitch.

Michael grabs Drew's elbow and pulls him to his feet. He walks him toward the back of the restaurant.

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

*Of course, it helps if the person
you're deceiving is terrified of
the person you're pretending to be.*

DREW

I... I don't understand.

MICHAEL

No kidding.

21 INT. TIGRE RESTAURANT & BAR - DREW'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 21

Michael pushes Drew down onto the coffee table. Drew is terrified.

MICHAEL

We had a deal, Drew. I was gonna do
a job. And you were gonna keep your
nose clean.

DREW

I was, I mean I did.

Michael sits on the arm of the sofa, looming over Drew. He pulls a knife from his jacket and starts flipping it, catching it by the blade as he speaks...

MICHAEL

I don't think you understand what 'keep your nose clean' means. If you did, you wouldn't have told your coke dealer to hire other people to do *my* job.

DREW

Oh.

MICHAEL

Ohhh.

(cuts Drew off)

What's my rule, Drew? *No cops.*

DREW

I don't think Roth would ever--

MICHAEL

You don't think he would ever do what? Get arrested for selling cocaine? What happens then, chucklehead? He's gonna flip! I know a rich boy, wants his step-mom dead. That's conspiracy. And then we're aaalll in it.

DREW

Well, what if we got rid of Roth?

MICHAEL

You think *I'm* gonna clean up *your* mess? No. If I'm killing anyone...

Michael tosses the blade... but doesn't catch it. It sinks into the coffee table between Drew's legs.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm killing you. Some people live and some people die, Drew. Which do you think you're going to be?

(Drew is speechless)

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

One way you live. You call off this hit. That way there's no cops. That way you don't become my next dead-ee. Now, how many people did you hire?

DREW

Two. There's two.

Michael leans in to Drew, intimidating.

MICHAEL

Then you're gonna make two "sorry I have to let you go" phone calls. Right now.

DREW

I can't. I need some time. I gotta find Roth. You gotta give me until five so I can--

MICHAEL

I'll be back at four. And I'm gonna want to hear good news.

Michael yanks the knife out of the coffee table and walks out.

22 INT. MADELINE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

22

Michael and Madeline sit with her crunchy, new THERAPIST. Michael is exhausted from a long session.

THERAPIST

... which is why I like to say that trust is a bridge. It needs a strong foundation. You can't build a bridge on fear and pain, can you?

(Michael's not paying attention)

Can you, Michael?

MICHAEL

No. That would be... structurally unsound.

Madeline frowns at Michael.

THERAPIST

I'm detecting a lot of negativity
in this room.

MADELINE

You see what I'm dealing with.

THERAPIST

That's not helpful either.

Michael frowns back at Madeline.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

You both need to commit to this
work. You owe it to each other. I
want to remind you of that. So
there's something I want you both
to do for our next session.

MICHAEL

You're giving us homework?

THERAPIST

I call it lifework. Title of the
book I'm writing...
(off Michael's look)
Anyway, I want you each to make a
list. Five things you're grateful
to the other person for.

MADELINE

I think it's a great idea.

Madeline smiles at Michael. He forces a smile for her.

23 INT. MADELINE'S GARAGE - DAY

23

Michael walks out to the garage. Madeline trails in behind
him, smoking a cigarette.

MICHAEL

Mom, do you still have dad's old
Gas Company jacket?

MADELINE

Probably not. I threw out most of
his work stuff. Why do you need it?

MICHAEL

I just do.

He starts digging through old boxes. He opens one and pulls
out an exterminator's jumper.

MADLINE

Michael, you're supposed to trust
me. What happened to the bridge?

MICHAEL

(sighs)

I need to get a shut-in and her yappy dog out of her house. I was planning on telling her she had a gas leak. But, I guess I'll figure something else out.

Madeline points to the exterminator's jumper.

MADELINE

Why don't you just use that exterminator uniform? Tell her you sprayed her yard with a toxic chemical and now her little dog is in grave danger and needs to go the vet.

Michael blinks, surprised and impressed.

24 EXT. BILL JOHNSON'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

24

Michael wears the exterminator jumper, talking with the DOG LADY. She holds her dog, and looks at a business card from the extermination company.

MICHAEL

Yeah, you just send the bill to that address. Use the reference number I wrote down, and they'll pay for the visit.

DOG LADY

I don't understand how this could have happened.

MICHAEL

Yeah, I can't apologize enough. The spill was a total accident, but I had to own up. This stuff, it's so toxic. And with pets, I hear the pads on their feet just suck it up like a straw. I know you don't want to find this little guy keeled over next to his water bowl, right?

DOG LADY

Paco?

MICHAEL

Anyway, I'm sure he's fine. But have the vet look at him just to be safe. It's on us. Please.

Michael smiles. The dog lady does not.

25 EXT. BILL JOHNSON'S HOUSE - LATER

25

Down the block from the sniper's house, Michael and Sam keep watch from inside the Charger. Michael works on his "Grateful to Mom" list. He's got one entry: *1. Outfitted me with a cover I.D.*

Just then, the sniper's front door opens, and the dog lady hurries out with Paco. She gets into her car and drives off.

SAM

You're a wizard, Mike. I don't know where you come up with this stuff.

Michael winks, as if it was his idea. They hop out.

26 INT. BILL JOHNSON'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

26

Michael and Sam let themselves into a spotless, spartan room. Sam brandishes a bug.

SAM

Not many places to drop this bug.

Sam plants the bug in a lamp on the desk. Michael searches the closet... but only finds clothing, a sleeping bag, and an army duffle.

MICHAEL

Doesn't look like there's much to learn here, either.

SAM

If you find any khakis in there, I'm a 34... or a 36.

Michael circles the room, kicking the baseboards. A section is loose behind the desk. Michael pulls the section off, and finds a SOLVED CROSSWORD PUZZLE. In the margins: *SUITE FOUR HUNDRED CONFERENCE ROOM*. Michael holds it up.

MICHAEL

Sam. Look what our friend was hiding in the wall.

SAM

Guess Carla talks to him the same way she talks to you. She should really freshen things up, try the Jumble for a change.

Michael answers his buzzing cell: It's Larry.

MICHAEL

Hey, Lar. Not a great time. What do you need?

27 EXT. BEACH - INTERCUT

27

Larry walks the beach, shoes in hand, jacket slung over his shoulder. He eyes a few bikini-clad women walking by.

LARRY

Just checking in. How're things?

MICHAEL

You don't have to check in. I'm on it. I'm leaving the nest, remember?

LARRY

I know, but listen. I thought I'd re-pitch my idea. I don't know if you remember, but the basic outline is: Let's go kill everyone.

MICHAEL

Not necessary. Drew's already handing out pink slips. I'm headed over there now. It's under control.

LARRY

I hope so, kid. I really do.

Michael hangs up.

SAM

"Just checking in?" That guy's got a weird thing for you.

MICHAEL

He doesn't have a lot of friends.

SAM

That's because he's killed so many of them, Mike.

28 INT. TIGRE RESTAURANT & BAR - HALLWAY - DAY

28

Michael approaches Drew's office. Through the open door he can see it's empty, Drew isn't inside. He stops in the hall.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

When a pro plans an ambush, they capitalize on the element of surprise. They attack aggressively so their opponent has to react from a place of weakness.

Michael spots a shadow move between the door and the jam.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
An amateur, on the other hand, is more likely to take a defensive posture... which means they are the one acting from a place of weakness.

Michael boots the door, jamming it back into Drew... who was hidden behind it.

29 INT. TIGRE RESTAURANT & BAR - DREW'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 29

Michael rushes in. Drew is crumpled behind the door. Michael snatches the gun from his hand, drags Drew to his feet, and slams him against the wall. Drew is terrified.

MICHAEL
What the hell were you doing back there, buddy?

DREW
I'm sorry! I'm sorry, man!

MICHAEL
(laughs derisively)
You got a gun, what is this?

DREW
You said you would kill me if I didn't call off the hit.

MICHAEL
You didn't call it off?
(pulls out his knife)
Drew...

DREW
I tried to call it off! I tried!
But I could only get through to one of the guys. The other guy... I know he was gonna kill her today. So I thought you'd--

MICHAEL
Today!?

DREW
(nods, near tears)
It's happening right now.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

30 INT. TIGRE RESTAURANT & BAR - DREW'S OFFICE - DAY 30

Michael has Drew against the wall. Drew is nearly incoherent. He keeps stealing glances at Michael's knife.

MICHAEL

Right now? What do you mean right now?

DREW

A couple days ago I told this guy about Jeannie. He said it'd take him two days to put it together. He said... Jesus, man, you're not gonna... please don't--

Drew looks at the knife, terrified.

MICHAEL

Stop looking at the knife! Look at me. Talk.

DREW

OK. OK. The guy said he was gonna kill her with a dump truck when she's driving, on her way home.

MICHAEL

Pick up the phone. You're calling Jeannie right now. You're gonna warn her.

DREW

I already tried, man. I couldn't get through. She must be on the road already.

MICHAEL

What are you talking about?

DREW

The guy didn't want her calling for help if she survived the crash, so he put a cell phone jammer in her car to block her calls. It's too late...

Michael throws Drew over the desk.

DREW (CONT'D)

Please! Your name's not gonna get dragged into this.

(MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)

There aren't gonna be any cops.
It's gonna look like an accident.

MICHAEL

No cops? Who do you think
investigates *fatal car accidents*?

Michael twirls the knife, looming over Drew. He grabs Drew's shirt front, holding him up.

DREW

Please... You can't...

MICHAEL

Yes. I could. Do you have any idea
how easy you're making it on me?

DREW

I'll run! I could run! You'll never
see me again, man!

Drew looks up at Michael, sees him steeling himself to kill him. Drew begs, his voice barely a whisper:

DREW (CONT'D)

Please... just let me run.

Michael takes a breath, not sure he's been channeling Larry or becoming him. Makes a choice... Michael slices off the fistful of shirt he's holding. Drew falls to the ground.

MICHAEL

Run.

Drew nods. Michael slams the door on his way out.

31 INT. JEANNIE'S PRIUS - DAY

31

A small black transmitter sits undetected beneath the seat.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

*Cell phone jammers emit radio waves
at the same frequency as commercial
cell phones...*

Fi drives, Jeannie is her passenger. Unseen, in the cupholder, Jeannie's cell phone says: OUT OF RANGE.

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

*They're useful when you really want
to make sure someone stays out of
touch...*

Fi and Jeannie drive on, unaware.

32 EXT. TIGRE RESTAURANT & BAR - MOMENTS LATER 32

Michael rushes out into the parking lot, phone to his ear.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)

The caller you are trying to reach--

Michael hangs up and scans the lot. He runs to a Supercab pickup truck with a tailgate net, and "DIEGO BROTHERS CONSTRUCTION" written on the side. Michael grabs a pipe from the bed of the truck and smashes the driver's side window.

33 EXT. DESERTED ROAD / INT. STOLEN SUPERCAB TRUCK - DAY 33

The Prius turns onto the road, headed north.

On the same road, a DUMP TRUCK barrels south.

Michael swings the stolen pickup onto the road. Up ahead, he spots the back of the dump truck, traveling in the same direction.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

It doesn't matter if you're trying to take out a moped or a dump truck, every vehicle has three areas of vulnerability... the driver, the engine, and the tires.

Michael jams on the accelerator... gaining on the dump truck. Beyond the dump truck, the lone Prius is approaching.

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

A can of paint across the windshield could blind the driver. A 50-mm canon could kill the engine... but neither will guarantee the truck won't swerve into oncoming traffic.

INSIDE JEANNIE'S PRIUS: Fi and Jeannie see the dump truck headed their way... but are unaware of the danger.

BACK WITH MICHAEL: He passes the dump truck and cuts it off.

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

But if you force a vehicle's front tires off the road, you drastically diminish it's maneuverability... that way it can't swerve.

Michael centers the Supercab's bed in front of the dump truck's right front tire... and slams on the brakes. The dump truck barrels into the back of the pickup.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Of course, getting a dump truck's
tires off the ground is even more
difficult than it sounds... and a
hell of a lot more dangerous.*

The force of the impact lifts the front of the dump truck off the road. It lands in the pickup's bed. The two trucks come to a grinding, squealing halt but *stay in their lane*.

The Prius zips safely past the accident, and continues north.

34 EXT. DESERTED ROAD - SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT - CONTINUOUS 34

Michael shakes it off, wipes blood from his mouth. Behind him, the would-be killer, a SCARY GUY, climbs out of the dump truck. Michael exits his truck as the guy angrily approaches.

SCARY GUY
Come here you son of a bitch!

The scary guy rushes Michael. Michael clocks him in the face, lays him out cold.

Michael hog-ties the scary guy with the guy's belt as the Prius pulls up. Fi jumps out and rushes to Michael.

FIONA
Are you hurt?

MICHAEL
I'm fine.

Fi takes his head in her hands, checks him for a concussion. Staring at each other, it's almost a moment, then...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
We should get going. I'd rather not
be here when the cops show up.

Fi lets go of Michael's head.

JEANNIE
He was gonna hit me?

Fi and Michael turn to Jeannie, wandering over from the Prius. She's shaken, staring at the bound scary guy.

MICHAEL
Yeah. So I... stopped him.

JEANNIE
Is that your truck?

They look at the crumpled Supercab.

MICHAEL

No. Do me a favor. Send some cash to...

(looks at the truck)

...the Diego Brothers. Unmarked envelope, Jeannie.

(then)

Come on.

Michael ushers her back to the Prius, and they all get in. Fi hits the gas and they drive off.

35 INT. MICHAEL'S LOFT - DAY

35

Michael and Larry. Michael is upbeat. Larry isn't as pleased.

MICHAEL

So it's over. Drew's on the run, Jeannie's none-the-wiser, and there aren't any homicide detectives looking for a guy named Larry. It was a mess, but it's over.

LARRY

You know, kid, the last person who cost me a bunch of money didn't tell me about it with a smile on his face.

MICHAEL

Laaarry. Come on. You're looking at it all wrong. I didn't cost you a bunch of money, I saved you a giant hassle. This way you didn't have to kill four or five people.

LARRY

Four or five people? What's that?

MICHAEL

It's... something.

LARRY

If you say so, kid.

(Larry stands, then)

A dump truck. Wow. I wish I'd seen that. I gotta admit, Michael, I'm a fan.

*

*

MICHAEL

You were always very supportive.

LARRY

Who knows... maybe we'll get another chance to work together someday.

MICHAEL

Yeah... maybe not.

LARRY

Well, I gotta go. I got a job. I gotta shuffle off to Buffalo. See you 'round, kid.

MICHAEL

See you, Lar.

Michael smiles. Larry leaves.

36 EXT. RESTAURANTE CARLITO - DAY

36

Michael, Fi, and Jeannie finish up a round of iced teas.

JEANNIE

So it's really over?

MICHAEL

Yeah. It really is.

JEANNIE

And you're sure Drew...

MICHAEL

I don't think you'll have any more trouble with Drew. When I left him he was... thinking about moving.

JEANNIE

What you did... I wish I could pay you. I told the lawyers to put all the money into the cancer center. But if Robert knew what you did for me, he'd want you to have something.

Jeannie stands and takes off her DIAMOND TENNIS BRACELET. She holds it out.

JEANNIE (CONT'D)

This is from him. It's from both of us.

MICHAEL

You don't have to--

JEANNIE

I insist. It's yours. Thank you.

Michael takes the bracelet, nods his thanks.

FIONA

Take care of yourself, Jeannie.

Jeannie smiles and walks away. When she's gone, Michael gives Fi the bracelet.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Uh, Michael...

MICHAEL

Yeah, Fi, I know.

FIONA

You think that Jeannie knew her husband gave her a...

MICHAEL

No.

FIONA

(smiles)

Who else but Michael Westen could save a millionaire's wife and walk away with about... three grand in cubic zirconia?

Michael manages a small smile.

37 INT. MICHAEL'S LOFT - NIGHT

37

Michael and Sam are listening to the bug in the sniper's house. Bill Johnson is on the phone, he sounds unhappy and on edge...

BILL JOHNSON (O.S.)

Yeah, I got your message. Saturday. I'll be there at fifteen hundred.

(listens)

When are you going to give me the name of the target?

(listens)

And this is it, right? No more games, I get my pension back?

Bill Johnson hangs up. Michael and Sam share a look.

SAM

Sounds like another page from
Carla's "do what we say or we'll
ruin your life" playbook.

MICHAEL

At least she's consistent.
(then)
Bill Johnson's got himself a big
date. Guess I do too.

Sam nods and goes to get himself a beer. Michael's cell phone
rings. Michael checks the caller ID: *this can't be good.*

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Drew? For your sake I hope you're
calling me from someplace far.

38 INT. TIGRE RESTAURANT & BAR - DREW'S OFFICE - INTERCUT 38

Drew is panicked. He trips over his words. He's nervously
tracing the knife-slit in the coffee table with his finger.

DREW

I was, man, I mean I did. I was
trying to go away. I swear. But,
but this guy showed up. He just
showed up and he said the job was
still on. I tried to tell him--

MICHAEL

Wait, Drew, slow down.

DREW

OK, man. OK.
(inhales, still scared)
This guy, he knew I wanted Jeannie
killed. I tried to tell him the
job's off, but this guy said it's
on. He says he's gonna do it for me
and I gotta pay him or...

MICHAEL

What guy, Drew?

DREW

He's tall. He's an old guy...
He said his name's Michael Westen.

Michael squeezes his eyes shut: *shit.*

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

39 INT. ART MUSEUM - MORNING

39

Volunteers set up the museum for the luncheon. Jeannie oversees the prep. She talks with a caterer.

JEANNIE

Yeah we're adding four more, so--

Jeannie sees Fiona enter. She smiles. Fiona doesn't.

40 INT. ART MUSEUM - LADIES ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

40

Jeanne with Michael and Fi. They have just told her the news.

JEANNIE

But, you said it was over.

MICHAEL

We had one slip through the cracks.

JEANNIE

Who?

MICHAEL

It's... complicated.

Jeannie is upset. Fiona puts a hand on Jeannie's shoulder.

JEANNIE

I have to admit, this is kind of exhausting.

FIONA

I know it is. But at least this time we know who's coming.

Jeannie is not comforted.

JEANNIE

What am I supposed to do now? Hide?

MICHAEL

No. The guy would find you. You've got this charity lunch today. You're going to it. Fi will explain what you have to do. It might be a little outside your comfort zone, but we can keep you safe. OK?

Jeannie is scared, but she nods.

41 EXT. ART MUSEUM - MOMENTS LATER 41

Fi looks at Michael, bothered by something he's just asked...

FIONA

Michael, I've only had four dates
with the guy.

MICHAEL

I know.

FIONA

An ambulance is a big deal. It's
not like Campbell can just borrow
one.

MICHAEL

I know.

FIONA

He's gonna ask questions. We
haven't had... "the talk" yet.

MICHAEL

Fi, I'm not trying to ruin your
thing with Campbell. I'm not. But I
need this. This is Larry. When he
takes his shot, he doesn't miss.

FIONA

He's that good?

MICHAEL

Yes. Will you talk to Campbell?

Fiona can see that Michael is serious. She nods.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Fiona won't acknowledge that.

FIONA

I have to go get Jeannie ready.

Fiona goes back into the museum. Michael watches her go for a
beat, then heads to the Charger.

42 INT. MICHAEL'S LOFT - DAY 42

Michael flips through his Michael Westen dossier, pulling out
all of the photos. Sam enters with a Miami Herald, concerned.

SAM

Mike, come on. You wanna lock this?
That sociopath is out there.

MICHAEL

Larry's not coming after me. For
whatever reason, he thinks we're...
brothers in arms or something.

SAM

I don't know, man. He used your name, I think you pissed him off.

MICHAEL

That was just Larry's way of telling me to keep my hands off his operation. He thinks I'll sit this one out so it goes smoothly and my name won't get any dirtier.

Michael slides a dummied-up homicide warrant into his file.

SAM

Whoa, adding a few murders to your rap sheet? Doesn't look like you're too worried about your name.

MICHAEL

Larry always did underestimate me. I got a meeting with Drew. As soon as he learns a little about "Michael Westen"... I think I'll be able to count on his help.

Sam drops the paper in front of Michael. The headline reads:
Arson Suspected In Pharmacy Fire.

SAM

You were right about how Larry's gonna come after Jeannie. Drug store across the street from his hotel had a small fire last night. Enough to mask him swiping something nasty I'm sure.

MICHAEL

The man does love his poisons.

SAM

Any guesses on where and when he's gonna make his move?

MICHAEL

Drew was told to have his money ready by one o'clock. Poison, plus the time... no question about it. Larry's going to Jeannie's lunch today. As soon as she's dead, Drew goes to pay Larry...

Michael takes a RIFLE out of a case to clean it.

SAM

And that's where you're gonna...

Michael nods. Sam can see that this is weighing on Michael.

SAM (CONT'D)

You got no choice, Mike. And I'm not just saying that 'cause I don't like him. He's not a good guy. You shouldn't feel bad about it.

MICHAEL

Well, I don't feel great about it.

SAM

Good. If you did, that would be a bad sign.

(then, serious)

If you need me to do it--

MICHAEL

No. It should be me.

43 INT. TIGRE RESTAURANT & BAR - DREW'S OFFICE - DAY

43

Michael stands over Drew as he leafs through the Michael Westen dossier. Drew mutters, reading to himself.

DREW

...no teeth were left to identify--

Michael pulls the dossier away from Drew.

MICHAEL

Yeah, yeah. Michael Westen is a reeeally dangerous man. I don't need you to read me the file. We go way back. I just wanted you to see who you were dealing with.

DREW

You know him?

MICHAEL

Oh yeah. He's a scary sonofabitch... a real pro. That's the only reason my knife is staying in my pocket here.

Drew looks freaked, slowly pushes his chair back.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Westen'll make your stepmom's death look a lot more natural than a dump truck. No police investigation... no problem.

DREW

So this is gonna work out?

MICHAEL

Sure. Just not for you. The minute you pay him, you're dead.

DREW

Why, why would he kill me?

MICHAEL

You've seen his face.

DREW

Then I have to... I'll run.

Drew is about to puke. He stands and starts to leave. Michael pushes him back down.

MICHAEL

You *should* run. But you should make damn sure Michael Westen is dead before you do.

DREW

How?

MICHAEL

By serving him up for me. Do that, and I'll give you a pass.

(then)

You're paying him today, right? All I need to know is where.

DREW

He said he'd direct me to the handoff once the job was done. He said to be in my car, with the money, in the Gables, ready to go.

Michael laughs, genuinely amused by Larry's chutzpah.

MICHAEL

He's gonna do it walking distance from the hit. That's nice.

(then)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

OK. Here's what you're going to do. It is reeeally important that you not get cute with this. You're gonna go where he says, you're gonna hand him the cash, and you're gonna hit the deck when the bullets start flying. When he's dead? Then you can run. And Drew, if you ever come back, I'm going to--

DREW

I won't.

MICHAEL

Good. Because you've seen *my* face.
(smiles)
And I don't like you.

44 INT. ART MUSEUM - LUNCHEON - DAY

44

Wealthy people mingle between tables before the meal. Jeannie works the crowd. Fi, dressed to the nines, stands very close by her, on the phone with Sam, scanning the crowd for Larry.

FIONA

Well, unless you count a few really hideous dresses, there's nothing scary in here yet... and they're about to ask us to sit down.

INTERCUT WITH: Sam sits in an interior space, against a metal wall, on the phone with Fi.

SAM

He's gotta be there somewhere. Grey-hair. Tall. Evil vibe.

Fiona scans the crowd... then spots a man by Jeannie's seat. She does a double take. It's Larry, dressed like a guest.

FIONA

Wait. Where did he come from?

SAM

You got him?

FIONA

Yeah. He came out of nowhere. This guy's good. And he's good-looking. Michael didn't mention that.

SAM

He's alright, I guess. He's no Campbell though.

REVEAL: Campbell, dressed like an EMT, sits next to Sam. Sam winks at him. They're in the back of an AMBULANCE.

Back in the museum, Larry pulls a small bottle of what looks like Binaca from his jacket. He very casually spritzes Jeannie's silverware.

FIONA

He sprayed Jeannie's fork with something.

SAM

It's probably Atropine. You might wanna let Jeannie know she's about to have a heart attack.

A waiter walks through the room ringing the chimes.

FIONA

Lunchtime. I gotta go, Sam.

SAM

If anything goes wrong, Fi, don't be a hero. You let me know.

Sam adjusts a gun on his hip. Campbell looks at him, annoyed.

CAMPBELL

You a "soil scientist" too?

SAM

Oh yeah. Big time.

45 INT. ART MUSEUM - LUNCHEON - MOMENTS LATER

45

Fi and Jeannie sit down at their table. Fi casts a glance across the room to Larry. Once he looks away, she deftly swaps Jeannie's fork for her own. She whispers to Jeannie.

FIONA

Take a couple of bites, then excuse yourself to the ladies room. After a couple of minutes, I'll go discover your body, and call 9-1-1.

Jeannie nods, nervous.

46 EXT. ART MUSEUM - ALLEY DOWN THE BLOCK - MOMENTS LATER 46

An ambulance pulls out from the alley, lights and sirens blaring... Sam in the passenger seat.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Staging a fake death and a believable emergency response is almost impossible on a budget. One lone ambulance isn't going to sell it...

47 EXT. ART MUSEUM - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER 47

An AMBULANCE VAN and a FIRE TRUCK screech into the parking lot... and park next to Campbell's ambulance.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

So unless you happen to have a fleet of fire and rescue vehicles, uniforms, and a dozen actors you trust, you really do have to call 9-1-1...

A COP CAR pulls up as the real fire and rescue workers hop out, heading for the museum.

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

...you just have to have called your people first.

The door bursts open and Campbell rushes a gurney out. Jeannie lies motionless on the gurney. Fi is by her side, the concerned friend.

FIONA

Jeannie! Jeannie, hold on!

A real EMT rushes up to Campbell, urgent...

REAL EMT

How'd you guys get here so fast?

CAMPBELL

(wide-eyed)
We're losing her!

A dozen donors watch from the door as Campbell and a FEMALE EMT load Jeannie into Campbell's ambulance. Fi climbs in with Campbell and Jeannie's "body". Female EMT closes them in...

48 INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

48

Fi smiles at Campbell. He looks very uneasy. They share a stolen, whispered moment.

FIONA

You were great.

CAMPBELL

That was crazy! That was...awful!

How can you be so relaxed?

(stares at Fi,
overwhelmed)

Never again. OK?

Fi gives him a peck on the cheek. It doesn't help. Jeannie sits up. From the passenger seat, Sam turns around, smiles.

SAM

How do you feel, Jeannie?

JEANNIE

I'm not dead.

SAM

Well that's good, right?

The female EMT climbs in behind the wheel.

FEMALE EMT

Where to, Sam?

SAM

Anywhere you want, buddy.

Sam hits the lights and sirens. The ambulance takes off.

49 EXT. ART MUSEUM - ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

49

Michael watches as the last of the emergency vehicles drives off. He's on the phone with Drew who sounds nervous, excited.

DREW (O.S.)

Jesus, look at all these cops. He really got her didn't he?

MICHAEL

Focus, man. You can't worry about that, you gotta worry about you.

Michael walks to the back of the roof and takes his rifle out of its case. Michael looks through the scope: a BMW pulls into a parking lot of an adjacent building.

DREW (O.S.)

I'm pulling in, I don't see you.

MICHAEL

Yeah, that's the idea. I see you.
Hang up. Then get out of the car.
Leave the money in the trunk. Make
him to come to it.

He hangs up. THROUGH HIS SCOPE: Drew gets out of his BMW.

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

*Spend a career in covert ops and
you're going to know some bad
people. You'll work with them,
you'll live with them, you might
even trust your life to them. But
none of that makes them your
friend... it can't. Because one day
you might have to end them.*

Michael steadies himself, takes a breath. Tries to be ready.

50 EXT. ART MUSEUM - PARKING LOT - INTERCUT

50

Drew puts his hands up and turns around in a circle.

LARRY (O.S.)

Jesus, kid, put your hands down.

Larry shows himself, around a corner, but...

THROUGH MICHAEL'S SCOPE: Larry is still out of sight. Michael
can see Drew is talking to someone now.

DREW

OK. How do we do this?

LARRY

You give me the money, then... I
have the money.

DREW

It's in the trunk.

LARRY

Great. Go get it. Bring it to me.

(Drew hesitates)

Can we pick up the pace, buddy? I
just killed a lady in there and I
wanna get outta here.

Drew goes to the trunk and gets the bag.

MICHAEL
(to himself)
No, no, no. Drew, you have to get
him in the open.

THROUGH MICHAEL'S SCOPE: Larry is still out of sight. Drew
brings the bag over and drops it...

LARRY
What are you doing?

DREW
Don't you want your money?

Drew nervously glances in Michael's direction.

LARRY
Who are you looking for?
(realizing)
Oh, you brought a friend.

Lightning quick, Larry tackles Drew behind the BMW.

THROUGH MICHAEL'S SCOPE: Larry and Drew drop out of sight.

Michael grimaces, adjusts the rifle, trying to find a shot. A
moment later, Larry pops up holding Drew as a human shield.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Do you think he'll shoot you? I'd
shoot you.

Larry scoops the bag and disappears around the side the
building dragging Drew with him. A SICKENING CRACK is heard.

THROUGH MICHAEL'S SCOPE: Drew's lifeless body is pushed out
from behind the building, dropping to the ground.

Michael breathes hard. His cell rings... he answers.

MICHAEL
Larry.

LARRY (O.S.)
Pretty good for an old man, huh?
Two Andersons in one day.

Michael doesn't respond, hurriedly packing the rifle.

LARRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Or was it... just one?

MICHAEL

You got what you wanted, Larry.
Leave it alone.

LARRY (O.S.)

She's alive. Oh, that's beautiful.
Real good work, kid. Reeeally good.

Michael checks the perimeter, heads for the stairs.

MICHAEL

You need to shuffle off to Buffalo
now, Larry. You need to shuffle off
and never come back.

LARRY (O.S.)

Niiice. All the cops gonna be on
me, I guess I will hit the road.
But, tell me something. You had to
know he was dead anyway. Why didn't
you take the shot?

MICHAEL

I didn't have the shot.

LARRY (O.S.)

Thaaat's not it. Face it, you
couldn't bring yourself to kill
your old friend.

(then)

Some people live, and some people
die, kid. I'll see you 'round.

Michael smiles tightly and hangs up as he disappears through
the roof access door.

END OF ACT FOUR

BUTTON

51 INT. MADELINE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

51

Michael and Madeline sit with the therapist. Michael is reading his list. Madeline looks unhappy.

MICHAEL

And the last thing I'm grateful for, Mom, is that you passed on your great eye sight. I can't tell you how many times I've been... working, and I--

MADELINE

Jesus, Michael. Vision? Are you serious? You couldn't think of five real things?

MICHAEL

I did.

MADELINE

Five things. He doesn't think I ever did five things for him. In his life. No wonder you ran away. I'm a horrible mother.

THERAPIST

You ran away?

MICHAEL

No. I didn't. I joined the military when I was seventeen.

THERAPIST

That's young.

MICHAEL

My dad signed a form. He couldn't wait to have me out of the house.

Madeline scoffs, a little bitter.

MADELINE

That's not what happened.

MICHAEL

Please, don't defend him.

The therapist looks overwhelmed. He stays quiet.

MADELINE

I'm not. *I* signed the form. I forged his name. He never wanted you to join the military, Michael.

A beat. Michael takes this in, genuinely surprised.

MICHAEL

Why didn't you tell me?

MADELINE

Because I didn't want to take away the one thing you were grateful to your father for... But I would have if I'd known *my list* was so short.

MICHAEL

Why'd you do it?

MADELINE

Because I knew if you didn't leave you'd end up in jail. Or worse.
(off Michael's look)
There's always been a part of you, maybe it's from your father, I don't know. You could have turned out different. I let you go because you needed to go focus on something... good.

THERAPIST

This is what I'm talking about. This kind of trust, this bridge--

MADELINE

Oh, get out of my house.

Madeline stands to walk away. Michael grabs her arm.

MICHAEL

Mom... thank you.

52 EXT. HIGH SECURITY BUILDING / INT. MICHAEL'S CHARGER - DAY 52

An imposing five-story building overlooks the bay. Bill Johnson's Ford Taurus drives up and parks. Down the block, Michael and Sam park in the Charger. Sam checks his watch.

SAM

Fifteen hundred. This has got to be the place.

They watch through binoculars as the sniper heads for the building. A title slides on: **BILL JOHNSON, SNIPER.**

SAM (CONT'D)

He looks grumpier than you do when you're going to meet with Carla.

MICHAEL

Well, she hasn't made me shoot anyone yet.

Bill Johnson approaches a high security door. He pulls out a SECURITY BADGE. Michael recognizes it, surprised.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Sam... the badge.

Bill Johnson swipes himself into the building.

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

Black bag missions are often broken into separate parts. Operatives are given discreet tasks to ensure secrecy. They're like jigsaw pieces, and you never know if any of the ones you're given are from the same puzzle.

Michael pulls an IDENTICAL BADGE from his wallet (the duplicate he took from Nefzi in Ep. 202.)

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

But if you can get your hands on a corner piece, the part where the puzzle starts to take shape... sometimes you realize all your pieces fit together.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Same one Carla had me forge.

SAM

Damn, Mike. The badge, the rifle... Carla's turned you into this sniper's personal shopper.

MICHAEL

If everything I've done for her has been tactical support on one big op...

(starts the Charger)

I know how to find out what she's planning.

Sam smiles as they drive off.

END OF EPISODE