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Burn Notice

5037-07-102/S101

'Identity'

Written by
Matt Nix

Buff Revisions: Pages XXX

Full Pink 5/2/07

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Building 41/ Room 204
Los Angeles, CA 90035

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BURN NOTICE - Ep. 101 "Identity" Full Pink 5/2/07

BURN NOTICE

"Identity"

CAST LIST

MICHAEL WESTEN
SAM AXE
FIONA GLENANNE
MADELINE WESTEN

QUENTIN KING
GREG
BONNIE
LAURA
PRINTER
CLUB GIRL

ROCKER KID (NON-SPEAK)
HOT CLUB GIRLS (NON-SPEAK)
HOT BLONDE MODEL (NON-SPEAK)
AGENT HARRIS (NON-SPEAK)
AGENT LANE (NON-SPEAK)

BURN NOTICE - Ep. 101 "Identity" Rev. Green 5/8/07

BURN NOTICE

"Identity"

SET LIST

INTERIORS

MADELINE'S HOUSE
LIVING ROOM
DINING ROOM

MICHAEL'S LOFT

SAM'S CAR

RESTAURANTE CARLITO

EMPTY HOUSE
LIVING ROOM
BEDROOM

LAURA'S HOUSE

INDUSTRIAL PRINTING HOUSE

ONYX NIGHTCLUB

QUENTIN'S YACHT

SEEDY MOTEL ROOM

EXTERIORS

MADELINE'S HOUSE
PORCH
STREET

RESTAURANTE CARLITO

SOUTH BEACH

REAR OF THE PRINTING HOUSE

DOCKS

MARINA
PARKING LOT

QUENTIN'S YACHT

ONYX NIGHTCLUB
ALLEY

UNDERNEATH QUENTIN'S CAR

PEDESTRIAN BRIDGE

MARINA RESTAURANT [OMIT]

BEACHFRONT CAFE

SEEDY MOTEL
PARKING LOT

BANK

**BEACH
PARKING LOT**

BRIDGE

LAURA'S HOUSE

TEASER

1 EXT. MADELINE'S HOUSE - DAY 1

MICHAEL stands in front of his Mom's house, holding some of the surveillance photos left in his apartment at the end of the pilot. He examines a photo of himself on the porch, holding it up to compare it to his view of the house...

MICHAEL (V.O.)
A surveillance photo can tell you a lot about the photographer.

Michael turns, calculating the angle of the photo... where it was taken from...

ANGLE ON: a small group of trees and a telephone pole. He flips through a couple more photos...

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Surveillance takes planning. You have to scout the area. You need a place to sit and wait for the target for an hour...or ten. You need to take a leak now and then. Lots of chances to get seen.

ANGLE ON: sites around the house where surveillance might hide. Another house...a garage...a broken car... Finally, Michael sighs and walks up the stairs to Madeline's place. He knocks on the door.

2 INT. MADELINE'S HOUSE - DAY 2

Almost instantly, the door swings open. MADELINE stands there with a cigarette in her mouth.

MADELINE
Michael. Nice to see you. I was beginning to wonder whether you were going to stand on the lawn all day or come in for a visit.

Madeline takes a drag on her cigarette and walks inside.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
You can't choose your intelligence sources. Might be a heroin smuggler, a dictator, or your Mom. You go where the information is.

Michael follows her in. She takes a seat at the table and looks up at him as he stands by, uncomfortable.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Listen, Mom. I need to ask... Have you seen anyone unusual around the house in the last few months? Unfamiliar people on the street. Maybe a repair truck that just seemed to be sitting there...

*
*
*

MADELINE

I don't know, Michael. I don't really notice that kind of-

MICHAEL

You notice if the neighbors haven't vacuumed their car. *If* the postman isn't wearing his wedding ring. Just tell me.

*

MADELINE

Now that you mention it, a few months ago there were two men around, taking pictures... They were nice enough.

*
*

MICHAEL

You *met* them?

MADELINE

They came in for coffee. I made egg salad sandwiches. They were with some government something.

MICHAEL

Wait, wait. "Government something?" Who did they work for, exactly?

MADELINE

How would I know? All these years, I still don't know who you work for. You *run around the world...* saying 'I can't talk about it.'

*

MICHAEL

Well, stop worrying. I don't have a job anymore. What did these guys talk about? What did they ask?

MADELINE

I don't know. I showed one the garden...

MICHAEL

The garden. The other one stayed in
the house alone? How long?

MADELINE

I don't remember. You know, the doctor thinks whatever's wrong with me could be affecting my memory...

MICHAEL

Your memory's fine. If there was ever someone who could use a little memory loss, it's you.

Michael walks into the next room.

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

My mother's understanding of my career changes with what she wants from me. One day she can name everyone on the national security council, the next day she thinks I work for the post office.

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

3

Michael searches the living room, looking for something. He looks behind the furniture, scans the baseboards, and checks under lamps and various decorations ...

MADELINE (O.S.)

You know, Donna from my bridge group had memory problems. Which reminds me, I want to talk to you about a friend of mine-

*
*
*

MICHAEL

In a sec, Mom.

ANGLE ON: a wall outlet. He pulls out a pocketknife and unscrews the outlet faceplate, feeling inside. Michael pulls a small listening device from behind the outlet. It's a tiny microphone attached to a transmitter...

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

Not all bugs are the same. If it's got a battery, it's disposable - short term. If it's wired into house power, it's a longer-term thing. If it has a transmitter, you can figure out how close the listener is...

*
*

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

4

Michael hurries into the dining room. Madeline looks up. He smiles, trying to look casual...

MICHAEL

Are there any houses nearby that
have been empty for a few months?
Within, say... 350 meters?

5 EXT. MADELINE'S HOUSE - STREET - DAY 5

Michael runs toward a pleasant two-story house with a real estate sign in front of it. He bounds up the steps and examines the lock... then reconsiders and KICKS THE DOOR IN.

6 INT. EMPTY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 6

Michael walks into an empty living room with an expanse of pristine carpet. He looks around... a small device is attached to the doorjamb. A wire that had been stretched across the door is snapped, and an LED is flashing. From upstairs, there is a WHOOMP and the crackle of a fire...

7 INT. EMPTY HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 7

Michael bursts into a room filled with BURNING EQUIPMENT. There's an antenna, some computers, a camera... He grabs a burning computer. Too late - it's white-hot slag. Coughing, he runs to the window and looks outside. ANGLE ON a car with no license plates. Tires squeal as it tears up the street...

END OF TEASER

8

INT. MADELINE'S HOUSE - DAY

8

Fire department sirens wail outside as Michael stands in Madeline's living room...

*

MADELINE

What happened to you? You smell like burnt plastic.

MICHAEL

I just... I think there's a fire up the street. You know, the smoke... Mom, the men who came to the house? I need to know what they asked, and what you told them. It's important. For my job.

*
*
*
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*

MADELINE

I thought you didn't have a job.

MICHAEL

Yeah... It's hard to explain.

*

MADELINE

I can't remember. This thing with my friend has me so upset. It's hard to think of anything else.

*
*
*

Madeline looks away...she's not talking. Michael sighs.

MICHAEL

Fine. Tell me about your friend.

*

MADELINE

My neighbor, Laura. Some people came to her house with some kind of scam. Got her bank account numbers, took everything she had...they beat her up, Michael. She's terrified.

*
*

MICHAEL

Mom, what am I supposed to do-

*

MADELINE

You'll think of something. Her place is right across the street. You can go over now.

Michael looks at her in disbelief.

MICHAEL

I do this, and we can talk about
the men who came to the house?

Madeline smiles.

9

INT. LAURA'S HOUSE - DAY

9

The porch of a small Miami house, decorated with a mishmash
of stuff from the 70's to the 90's.

Michael talks to LAURA (late 60's), Madeline's friend. She's
older than Madeline, and she's in bad shape. A large bruise
covers the side of her face, and her wrist is in a cast.

LAURA

Thank you so much for coming...
When Madeline said you could help,
I was so relieved.

A title slides onscreen...LAURA: THE CLIENT.

MICHAEL

We'll see. What happened, exactly?

*

LAURA

I got a letter about a month ago.
It said I'd won a prize. One of
those magazine things... My son
tells me not to **enter them**, but...

*

She breathes a ragged breath, then goes on.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I called, and they congratulated
me... **They said they had to send**
some people over **for the** tax forms.

*

*

She begins to sob... Michael sits there, uncomfortable.

MICHAEL

So...they came over, and?

LAURA

It seemed... wrong. There were two
men, and a woman. They were in such
a hurry to get my information.
Credit cards, account numbers...I
got nervous **and asked** them to
leave. I **tried** to call the police,
and they hit me. Broke my arm...

*

*

*

*

*

*

She points at the bruise, the arm...

LAURA (CONT'D)

I checked my bank accounts. It's all gone. The police sent someone to interview me, but they said the money's gone. It's all I had.

*

MICHAEL

Right. So...do you have anything? A description, or...

LAURA

I'm not good at that kind of thing. The main one was good-looking. Blonde. The other two were just...regular. With brown hair.

*

MICHAEL

Ah. Regular with brown hair.

LAURA

I have the prize letter...

*

Laura goes to her desk, and returns with an official-looking "Publisher Prizehouse Winner's Notification" on foil-embossed paper. Michael looks at it, thinking...

LAURA (CONT'D)

My son wants to put me in a home, now...thinks I can't be trusted...

She begins to sob again. Michael pats her, hesitant.

MICHAEL

I'll see what I can do, okay?
(holds up the prize form)
I'm going to need to borrow this.

She keeps crying. He sits there, awkward.

*

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I...should go.

10

EXT. RESTAURANTE CARLITO - DAY

10

A small, colorful Cuban restaurant/bar - Sam's favorite hangout. Michael picks at a plate of chicken and rice. SAM laughs, nursing a mojito...

SAM

Helping old ladies, now? Good for you, Mike. You know, I saw a kitten in a tree on my way in here-

MICHAEL

They beat her up. Took her life savings. You in or not?

SAM

You put it that way, what can I say, Mike? What's the plan?

Michael smooths out the Publisher's Prizehouse Form.

MICHAEL

The address and phone number are fake, but the printing, the foil embossing... there **can't** be more than one place in Miami that **does** that.

*
*

SAM

Sounds good.

MICHAEL

Listen, I think the money is going to be a little thin on this one...

SAM

It's a public service. How about a trade? I had a little disagreement with the lady friend I was staying with. Need a place to crash.

Michael eyes him, wary.

MICHAEL

Three days.

SAM

I was thinking a week.
(off Michael's look)
I can sweeten the pot with this... if I'm staying at your place, you'll have the Feds off your back. I'll tell 'em I'm babysitting you.

MICHAEL

Five days. You bring a sleeping bag, and you're out by the weekend.

SAM

Done.

12

INT. MICHAEL'S LOFT - LATER

12 *

Michael enters the loft. He stops short as he opens the door. *

ANGLE ON: FIONA, sitting on Michael's bed. She's in Miami drag - bright colors, sunglasses... She looks up, smiles.

FIONA
Hello, Michael.

MICHAEL
Fiona. You're... here.

FIONA
I came by for a visit. The door was locked, so I broke in.

MICHAEL
New accent? New clothes?

FIONA
I'm in Miami, now.
(Irish accent)
I can't very well go around talking like this, now can I?
(back to American)
It's the new me, Michael. For now.

MICHAEL
Ah. You're staying in town, then.
(she smiles)
Listen, Fi... this isn't a great-

Michael glances at the door just as Sam walks in. Fiona and Sam look at each other...these two don't like each other. *

SAM
Ah, Jesus, Mike. You could have told me she was here.

Fiona jumps up, instantly furious.

FIONA
I've been waiting a long time to talk to you. You cost me a lot of money, you son of a bitch-

SAM
I cost you-
(catches himself)
First of all, what you're talking about never officially happened.
(MORE)

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But unofficially, even if it had
happened, SAM (CONT'D) deserved a hell of a
lot worse than you got-

Fiona grabs an empty beer bottle from Michael's workbench and *
HURLS it at Sam. He ducks, and the bottle SMASHES ON THE *
WALL...

FIONA
That was a legitimate purchase! The
US government had no business-

SAM
Yeah? Legitimate? From a Libyan
arms dealer? How you figure?

MICHAEL (V.O.)
*There's a reason spies don't have a
lot of parties. Everybody's got a
history with everyone else.* *

Michael steps in, calming the situation down...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Whoah, whoah, guys. Listen, Fi. I'm
thrilled you came by. But Sam and I
were going to talk about a job, and-

Fiona smiles and flops down on the bed.

FIONA
A job? Sounds like fun. I'm in.

Fiona glares at Sam. Sam glares at Fiona. Michael sighs.

13 OMITTED 13

14 INT. INDUSTRIAL PRINTING HOUSE - DAY 14

Machines whir and stamp, making a racket; some workers run
the machines on the shop floor.

Fiona **talks to** a PRINTER (45). She shows him the Publisher's *
Prizehouse letter. Through one of the **back** windows, we see *
Michael outside leaning on Sam's car, waiting.

PRINTER
...I do work like that, yeah. I
don't remember **this** piece, but we
do a lot of volume. You need more
like this? Embossed and die-cut? *

FIONA

Yes. I don't know a lot about printing, but something like this. You've got some big machines.

She smiles, flirty; the Printer smiles back...

*

PRINTER

State of the art. Just upgraded. You want me to show you around?

He leads her onto the shop floor. She holds up the letter, running her finger over the foil-embossing...

FIONA

Now which machine does this?

Fiona saunters through the printing floor, earning looks from the workers, careful to show off the letter as she goes.

ANGLE ON: a press operator, a greasy ROCKER KID (20). His eyes linger on the Publisher's Prizehouse Letter...

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Often, the best way to get intel is to provoke action. Set people in motion. Pros know better, but they usually have to work with a few amateurs... and they panic.

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*

The Rocker Kid shuts down the press, looking nervously at Fiona and the printer.

*
*

15 EXT. REAR OF THE PRINTING HOUSE - DAY 15

From a distance, Michael watches the Rocker Kid emerge from the back door and run to a Honda Civic with modified rims and a spoiler. Michael smiles as he slides into Sam's car...

*

MICHAEL (V.O.)

So you beat the bushes a little, and see what flies out.

*
*
*

16 OMITTED 16

*

17 EXT. QUENTIN'S YACHT - LATER 17

Michael stands in a Marina parking lot, watching from a distance as the Rocker Kid gets out of his car and hurries along the dock to a 60-foot yacht.

*
*
*

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The Rocker Kid steps onto the bow, interrupting a meeting
between QUENTIN (35), a smooth, good-looking con artist, and
his associates, GREG (27) and BONNIE (24). The Rocker kid
complains, agitated...

*
*

MICHAEL (V.O.)

*Once your frightened amateur leads
you to the pros, the work begins.*

Michael watches Quentin yell at the Rocker Kid; GREG leads him off the boat and sends him back to his car...

Quentin continues his business, going over a stack of financial documents... on him we FREEZE FRAME. A title slides onscreen identifying him as "QUENTIN - CON ARTIST."

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

*Con artists and spies are both
professional liars. Cons do it for
the money and spies do it for the
flag, but it's mostly the same gig.*

Greg returns to the boat. He's smaller than Quentin, a little weasely. His girlfriend, Bonnie is pretty, but you wouldn't call her innocent. Quentin hands them a stack of mail, giving them instructions... It's clear he's the boss. *

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

*They run operations. They follow
security procedures. They recruit
support staff and issue orders.*

A title slides onto the screen, identifying the associates as GREG AND BONNIE - APPRENTICE CON ARTISTS.

Michael snaps a couple of photos with a small digital camera and returns to Sam's car.

18-21 OMITTED

18-21

22 INT. MICHAEL'S LOFT - DAY

22

Michael flips through a file, sipping a cup of coffee. We see photos of Quentin that Michael shot, along with some discarded mail, a few receipts, some court records...

Sam sits on a cot in a tee-shirt and underwear, drinking a beer as he sorts through computer printouts.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

*When you go after a spy, you send
another spy. The same goes for con
artists...to catch one, you've got
to beat him at his own game. Be a
better liar than he is.*

SAM

This guy Quentin, your con artist?
He hangs out at a club down on
South Beach called Onyx. Nice. I
can go down there, do a little more
surveillance if you want...

MICHAEL

I think we're fine.

Sam shrugs, flips through some papers.

SAM

Got a cover I.D. for you, Mikey.
You like the name Peter Jordan?

MICHAEL

Can you put on some pants, please?

SAM

Nahh. I work better when I can
breathe down there.
(holds up the printouts)
You want to hear this or not?

MICHAEL

Fine. Tell me about Pete Jordan.

SAM

Cell-mates with an old partner of
Quentin's. He jumped parole a month
back. Got caught, but he's in a
Phoenix holding cell and he's not
back into the system yet. Looks
like you, too. More or less.

*
*
*

Sam hands Michael the computer printout. There is a mug shot
of a convict who does, indeed, look something like Michael.

SAM (CONT'D)

I got an old Navy buddy who works
in corrections. Ran a social
network analysis in the police
computers, pulled up a few arrest
and incarceration records...

*
*
*
*

MICHAEL

Not bad for a man in his underwear.

Sam grins, as he pulls another beer from Michael's fridge. He
toasts Michael with the beer...

SAM

You think this is good, you should
see me without the shorts.

Michael makes his way to the VIP area, where Quentin sits with a couple of HOT CLUB GIRLS (20's) enjoying a bottle of champagne... Michael greases the guy working velvet rope with a few bills and walks into the VIP area.

BACK TO Quentin, who is nibbling on a girl's neck...Michael slides into the booth. Quentin looks over at him coolly.

QUENTIN

Can I help you?

Michael leans in, smooth. The con artist's con artist.

MICHAEL

Quentin King, right? We've got a mutual friend in New York - Paco? Few weeks ago, I'm freezing my nuts off at a dog track in Newark, and I remember Paco said I should look you up if I get down to Miami. So I think 'hell, anywhere's better than Newark.' And I get my ass down to Miami. Pete Jordan. Hi.

Michael puts out his hand, grinning...Quentin looks at him for a long moment, stone-faced:

QUENTIN

You've got the wrong guy, Pete.

MICHAEL

Don't think so. I was "roommates" with your buddy for a year... He told me about the thing you guys pulled up in Tampa. I got a business opportunity to discuss.

Quentin turns to the girls and whispers something to one of them. Both girls clear out in a hurry. He smiles at Michael; the smile couldn't be less friendly.

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

No matter how good your cover identity is, you've got to sell it. And that's not always easy.

QUENTIN

I said, you've got the wrong guy. I don't know you, I don't know this "Paco." We don't have business.

MICHAEL

Hey, hey. I went to a lot of trouble to find you...and I got a warrant out on my ass. Hear me out.

QUENTIN

Sorry. I'm in water filter sales. You want a water filter, maybe I-

Michael laughs a little too loud, leans in.

MICHAEL

I don't mean to argue, but why's a guy in water filter sales carry a .45 in a shoulder holster?

QUENTIN

That's not your business. But I'll tell you what is. There's a couple cops up by the bar, talking to the manager. Been here a while... probably the liquor license. (smiles, ice cold) How about we bring them over? Talk to them about the terms of your parole... Pete.

Quentin nods at the door. There are, indeed a couple of uniformed police talking to a manager type.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Sometimes you have to decide just how committed you are to pretending you are who you say you are.

Michael turns back to Quentin with a smile. Quentin starts to get up, gesturing to the cops... LIGHTNING FAST, Michael grabs Quentin and pulls him down grabbing the gun out of his jacket.

They get some looks, but it's too fast to see well in the dim club. Michael sticks the gun in Quentin's ribs, hard.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Anyone ever tell you you're bad at making friends? Paco said you had issues, but I like to give people a chance. Just how I am.

Michael jabs Quentin in the ribs; he gasps in pain.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What happens now is you get us out
of here. Because I like Miami. I'm
not going back to jail. So if those
cops even look at me, we'll see how
many slugs I can put through your
liver before they take me down.

(MORE)

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*

I got twenty bucks on four. You
want to take MICHAEL (CONT'D) over the under?

QUENTIN

All right. We'll go out the back.

MICHAEL

Smile. Make it look like we're the
friends I wanted us to be.

Together they get up. Michael laughs, arm around Quentin...
A BOUNCER moves their way. Quentin smiles, waving him off.

24 OMITTED

24

25 EXT. ONYX NIGHTCLUB - ALLEY - NIGHT

25

Michael and Quentin emerge into an alley through a side door.
A cop car sits empty at the mouth of the alley...

QUENTIN

Here we are. You want to get that
thing out of my ribs?

Michael looks at the cop car, as if weighing whether to shoot
Quentin... he shakes his head, pissed.

MICHAEL

I go, you send the cops after me?
Uh uh.

MICHAEL SHOOTS OUT A TIRE on the cop car.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'll be in touch.

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

*I don't like running from cops, but
it has its advantages. It builds
your credibility with a criminal
when you flee a crime scene.*

There are screams from the street. People run past... Michael
shoots another tire, then RUNS the other way down the alley.
Quentin watches Michael go. He wipes some blood from the
corner of his mouth, thinking...

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

*Sometimes you have to use
everything you got.*

Michael smiles as he vaults a car and runs up the street.

END OF ACT ONE

26 OMITTED 26
27 INT. MICHAEL'S LOFT - NIGHT 27

As Sam snores on his cot, Michael assembles a piece of bugging equipment. We move across the equipment...

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Eavesdropping and field work go hand in hand. You want to know what your target is saying, what he's typing into his computer...

Michael carefully places a series of bugs in a foam-lined carrying case..

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But technology can't work miracles. Bugs don't plant themselves. Fact is, even the fanciest equipment usually needs help from a good old-fashioned crowbar.

A28 INT. MADELINE'S HOUSE - MORNING A28 *

Michael sits in his Mom's living room. *

MADELINE
Laura called me. The bank is threatening to take her home... did you get the money back? *

MICHAEL
I'm working on it. *

Madeline smiles, proud. *

MADELINE
I told her, if anyone could do it, you could. *

MICHAEL
Yeah. About that? We had a deal. How about we talk about the guys that came to the house? *

MADELINE
Maybe you could come for dinner, and I'll see what I remember. You could bring your friend. Fiona. *

MICHAEL

For dinner? Mom, it's not like that-

MADELINE

Well, you two can come over and
tell me how it is, then. Tomorrow.

Madeline lights up. The discussion is over.

28

EXT. BEACH - PARKING LOT - MORNING

28

Michael gets out of Sam's car at a beachfront parking lot.
He hands Fiona a bag of equipment through the window. Fiona
pulls out a crowbar...

MICHAEL

Get into the boat, bug the place,
and get out quick.

SAM

Yeah, yeah... Mike. What's the
crowbar for?

Fiona lifts it, hefting it in her hand. She smiles at Sam.

FIONA

Oh...I can think of something.

Fiona pulls a USB keystroke tracker from the bag.

MICHAEL

Crowbar's for the lock, if you have
trouble.

SAM

Give me some credit, Mike. I can
handle a lock.

MICHAEL

Quentin had a **Colt** .45 with
extended controls and a beveled mag
well. **He's** serious. Be careful.

*
*
*

Sam nods... sounds serious enough. Michael hands Fiona a
cheap cell phone and some wire...

*
*

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Fi...I want you to fix Quentin's
car so we can disable it if
anything happens. Can you do that?

*

FIONA

I'm not even going to answer that.

Michael takes a stack of brochures featuring an elderly
couple... A title reads "Financial Security...for an
Uncertain Future."

*

MICHAEL

Well, I'm off to make **some** friends.

*

29

EXT. SOUTH BEACH - DAY

29

The strip of coastline by the swanky South Beach hotels. HOT
GIRLS, RICH GUYS, and lots of blue sky.

Quentin **sits drinking with a** hot MODEL in a **swimsuit at a**
table on the beach. Michael **slides into** a chair out of
nowhere. **If** Quentin's surprised, he doesn't show it.

*
*
*

MICHAEL

Me again.

Quentin turns to the girl, smiles...

*

QUENTIN

Go swim, babe. Water's great.
(to Michael)
You want something to drink?

*
*

MICHAEL

Depends. **Am** I talking to Quentin
King or some water filter salesman?

*

Quentin cracks a slight smile.

QUENTIN

You know how it is. You could be a
cop, a fed...you could be anyone.

MICHAEL

I'm not just anyone.

QUENTIN

You can handle yourself, I'll give
you that.

(leans in)

So. You say you've got something?

*

MICHAEL

You burn me-

QUENTIN

Let's hear your proposal. You'll
meet my team. We'll see.

Michael thinks about it, nods. He smiles, pleased, as he
slides Quentin's Colt .45 across the table.

*

*

MICHAEL

Here's your gun back.

*

DISSOLVE TO:

*

30

OMITTED

30

*

Michael strolls along South Beach with Quentin, Greg, and Bonnie, making his pitch. He talks fast, smooth...

MICHAEL (V.O.)

A good cover identity keeps the target feeling in control. You talk too much, drink too much...just to let him know he's got the edge.

Michael hands them the brochures...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I respect what you're doing. Going after checking accounts, consumer credit. It's easy. Picking up coconuts on the beach. And I like coconuts as much as the next guy. But I'm talking something bigger-

*
*
*

QUENTIN

Enough coconuts. What's the scam?

MICHAEL

Annuities. You sell someone an annuity, they dig deep. Home equity. Major assets. The money they saved for the grandkids. You give 'em a piece of paper, walk off with everything they own.

*
*
*

QUENTIN

Why do you need us?

MICHAEL

You got leads. What was the hit rate on your scam? One in fifty? We can go back to everyone you missed. Nail one in five, for 50, 100 grand. I got marketing stuff, tax paperwork, and a bottle of Johnny Walker Blue for when we're done.

*
*

Greg and Bonnie are excited...Quentin shakes his head...

*

QUENTIN

We're making money. This forged crap? The feds are all over that.

*
*

GREG

But a hundred grand per? Dude,
that's millions-
(off Quentin's glare)
You said he was cool, with the
cops...

Quentin stares Greg down, furious. Greg shuts up.

QUENTIN

Get out of here. We'll talk this
over, and I'll discuss it with you
later.

Michael and Quentin watch Greg and Bonnie go...

MICHAEL (V.O.)

*When reeling in an intelligence
asset, you need a little push and
pull. You can't seem too eager...*

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You know what? Forget it. I don't
need this. If you don't want in-

Quentin grabs Michael by the arm...

QUENTIN

I said we're going to talk about
it, we're going to talk about it.

A beat...Michael smiles.

MICHAEL

Okay, then. Let's talk.

Quentin leads Michael over to a beachfront cafe.

32

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

32

Fiona is underneath Quentin's car, wiring a hunk of something
wrapped in duct tape to a small device wired into a cell
phone. We see bits of the device as we hear Michael in VO.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

*It's always useful to be able to
disable a car remotely. A cell
phone, some wire... you can ground
the circuit on the electrical
system with a phone call.*

*
*
*

SAM

You done under there?

FIONA (O.S.)

In a second. This is an art.

SAM

Wiring crap into a car isn't art.
It's about as subtle as hitting
someone with a brick.

*
*

FIONA

Hitting someone with a brick takes
a lot of skill. Try it sometime.
It's all in the wrist.

SAM

Not my style.

FIONA

Right, I forgot. You do what the
suits tell you to do.

Sam marches toward the boat. Fiona follows behind him.

33 EXT. BEACHFRONT CAFE - DAY

33

Michael sits with Quentin, drinking and laughing... IN SPLIT
SCREEN, we see Michael typing a text message under the table.
It reads: "GREG AND BONNIE COMING. GET OUT."

*
*

34 INT. QUENTIN'S YACHT - DAY

34

Sam sits on the floor of the boat with Quentin's computer
open, installing the keystroke tracker from a USB drive. In
Fiona's bag, we see her cell phone turn on silently.

*
*

FIONA

...you boys and your computers.

*

SAM

Quit riding me. They beat up an old
lady and took everything she had.
You got a better way to get
encrypted passwords and account
numbers, I'm all ears.

*
*

Sam hands her a microphone hooked up to some wire...

SAM (CONT'D)

Stick this in the lamp. And hurry
it up. We would have been out of
here ten minutes ago if you didn't
argue about every little thing-

FIONA

I wouldn't argue if you knew what you were doing. Like this bug. This is crap. No directionality.

SAM

Oh, you're an expert? You want to pick up the room, or just whoever happens to stand under the light?

35 EXT. BEACHFRONT CAFE - SPLIT SCREEN 35

Michael at the bar, buying a couple of shots. He waves to Quentin as he types another text message...

36 INT. QUENTIN'S YACHT - CONTINUOUS 36

Fiona's cell silently displays another text message: "GET OUT. ARE YOU THERE?" Fiona is oblivious as she climbs up on the table, installing the microphone.

FIONA

I've heard surveillance from these. Sounds like everyone's underwater.

SAM

You got a way to put a recording studio in a lamp, let's hear it-

*
*

Fiona turns, alarmed. Sam shuts up. From outside, voices...

37 EXT. MARINA - CONTINUOUS 37

Bonnie and Greg walk up the marina, talking.

GREG

That's *millions* of dollars. And Quentin acts like I'm a goddamn kid, tells me to go home...

BONNIE

We could talk to him ourselves...

GREG

Maybe. I don't know. I don't want to piss off Q if I don't have to. That dude... I don't know.

*

Greg and Bonnie climb the stairs onto the boat...

Sam and Fiona look at each other. They're stuck.

END OF ACT TWO

39

INT. QUENTIN'S YACHT - DAY

39

Greg and Bonnie descend the steps into the cabin to find SAM AND FIONA, clothes half off and locked in a passionate embrace. Bonnie looks at Greg, freaked...

GREG

What the hell are you doing here?

Fiona looks up from under Sam. She is flushed, breathless...

FIONA

What? What are you doing here?

GREG

We live here. What-

Fiona looks up, shocked. Everyone looks at each other for a long moment. Finally, Fiona speaks...

FIONA

You live here? What-

Fiona looks at Sam, who looks back, sheepish.

FIONA (CONT'D)

LIAR! You son of a BITCH!

SAM

I can explain...

FIONA

Explain what? That you said you had a yacht so you could get in my pants? Is that about right?

She SLAPS HIM, hard, across the face.

SAM

I'm sorry. I just-

She SLAPS HIM again...she turns to Greg and Bonnie as she gathers her clothes. She squeezes out a couple of tears, looking at Bonnie for sympathy.

FIONA

I can't believe this... It's our third date. He said this was his boat. Can I have my shoe?

BONNIE

Here.

Bonnie hands Fiona her shoe. Fiona turns around and HITS SAM WITH THE SHOE.

SAM

Ow! Jesus!

FIONA

We're leaving.

(to Sam)

You are taking me home RIGHT NOW!

She goes to slap him again. He catches her hand, picks her up, and walks out... He turns back to them, sheepish.

SAM

I'm really sorry-

They climb out of the cabin. Fiona struggles to get free...

FIONA (O.S.)

Put me down!

Greg slams the door after them. He looks at Bonnie and shrugs as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

40 INT. RESTAURANTE CARLITO - DAY

40

Sam, now sporting a small bandage on his face, sits with Fiona. Everyone but Michael eats lunch...

*

SAM

...and we got out of there. Anyway, it's all good. It was a little painful at the end...

Sam glares at Fiona, who smiles back.

SAM (CONT'D)

Wouldn't have been a problem if I didn't have someone second guessing me and slowing the whole thing down. But we got it done.

FIONA

It's fine, Michael. It was fun. Next time I'll check my phone.

SAM

How'd it go. Quentin your new best friend?

MICHAEL

Hardly. I've cracked ex-KGB officers easier than this guy. We need to push these guys, drive his little team apart.

*
*
*

Sam grins as he gets up from the table.

SAM

Old school. I like it. You want the full-on disinformation campaign?

MICHAEL

Keep it small. Just enough to nudge him in my direction.

SAM

Can do. Who wants another beer?

Michael shakes his head. Sam head off to the bar...Michael turns to Fiona.

MICHAEL

Fi...

FIONA

Yes?

MICHAEL

I need a favor. I need some information from my Mom, and she's not going to talk about it unless-

FIONA

Unless we come to dinner. I talked to her yesterday.

MICHAEL

You talked to her. Of course.

FIONA

I accepted. I'm bringing a vegetable. Beets, I thought, unless you prefer something else.

Michael shakes his head. Fiona pats his hand.

FIONA (CONT'D)

I can't wait.

41

INT. ONYX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

41

Michael sits in the nightclub with Quentin. There are no girls this time. Quentin sips a drink, cool.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

*Go after a group of people directly
and they pull together. They get
stronger. Taking out a tight-knit
group is about making them turn on
each other. You plant the seeds of
distrust and watch them grow.*

*
*
*
*

QUENTIN

I'm still thinking about it.

*

MICHAEL

I talked to Greg and Bonnie. They-

Quentin snaps at Michael. Clearly a sore subject.

QUENTIN

Enough about Greg and Bonnie. They
aren't in charge, here.

MICHAEL

Fine. Just saying, we can't delay
this much longer. Tax season's
coming - if people are going to buy
in, they do it before April.

*
*

Quentin looks out at the crowd, then turns to Michael.

QUENTIN

So you were cell-mates with Paco
for what...a year?

MICHAEL

There are worse ways to do time.

QUENTIN

(laughs)

Paco, man... Does he still make
that pruno? I did a couple months
with him in county, and he made the
best prison wine...

Michael looks at Quentin, laughing along with him...

MICHAEL (V.O.)

*Of course, sowing seeds of distrust
is harder when nobody trusts **you**.*

A beat, and Michael stops laughing.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Paco doesn't drink. What are you
trying to pull?

QUENTIN

Yeah... of course. I forgot.

Quentin smiles, conciliatory, as he knocks back his drink and waves for another. DISSOLVE TO:

A42 EXT. MADELINES HOUSE - STREET - LATE IN THE DAY A42

Michael walks up to Madeline's house with Fiona, talking on the phone with Sam.

SAM (O.S.)

So you just guessed?

INTERCUT WITH:

42 INT. MICHAEL'S LOFT - LATE IN THE DAY 42

Sam assembles documents at a table in Michael's loft. He talks on the phone with Michael, laughing...

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Either he drank or he didn't. 50-50 shot, and I guessed right. Good thing...I think he was planning to shoot me if I got it wrong.

SAM

Nice work, Mike.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

How's the betrayal paper trail coming along.

There are bank statements...plane tickets...a hotel reservation in the "fabulous Seychelles tax haven!" Sam puts the finishing touches on the documents, which we see are all in Greg and Bonnie's names.

SAM

Great, Mike. Some of my best work. I'll get over there tonight, plant it... You seriously going to take Fiona to your Mom's?

MICHAEL

Not like I have a choice.

SAM

Good luck with that, brother.

43

EXT. MADELINE'S HOUSE - LATE IN THE DAY

43

Michael and Fiona arrive at Madeline's door. Fiona looks lovely, much more conservative than usual in a modest but flattering dress. She carries a covered dish. Michael is clearly dreading this...

MICHAEL

Do me a favor, Fi. Tonight, go easy-

Fiona knocks. The door opens instantly. Madeline smiles...

FIONA

So good to finally meet you.

*

She leans in and kisses Madeline warmly on the cheek, glancing back at Michael as she follows Madeline inside.

44

INT. MADELINE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

44

Madeline leads them into the living room. Laura is there. She smiles at Michael and Fiona. She's nervous, worried... trying to smile and put a good face on it.

MADELINE

Laura came over from across the street. She wanted to say hi, find out how things were going...

*

*

MICHAEL

I'll know more in a few days.

LAURA

Madeline said she was sure you could take care of it...

Michael shoots a look at his Mom. Fiona catches it and leans in close to Laura.

FIONA

Everything's going to be fine. He was a secret agent, you know.

*

*

Michael frowns. Laura smiles, reassured...

*

LAURA

Well, I don't want to intrude on your supper. I brought a peach cobbler. For dessert.

(to Fiona)

So, are you two getting married?

Fiona smiles at Michael, who looks alarmed. She takes Michael's hand, enjoying torturing him.

FIONA

We're thinking about it. I'd like
to be a June bride.

45 INT. MADELINE'S HOUSE - LATER

45

Michael, Fiona, and Madeline sit at dinner. Fiona takes a
bite of some sort of casserole.

FIONA

It's delicious.

MADELINE

Thank you. So Fiona... You live in
Miami now? *

FIONA

We'll see. I like it here. *

MADELINE

Do you have a job, or...?

FIONA

I'm in between things. A bit like
Michael. *

Madeline smiles. Michael gives Fi a significant look... he's
got business to discuss; she takes the hint.

FIONA (CONT'D)

I'll get the dishes.

Fiona starts to clear the dishes. Michael turns to Madeline.

MICHAEL

Mom. The men who came to the house.
We had an agreement-

Madeline nods as she lights a cigarette, thinking...

MADELINE

They asked about you. How often you
were in Miami. Whether you had
friends down here. And...they
wanted to know if we were close. *

MICHAEL

You and me? What did you tell them?

Madeline stubs out her cigarette, leaning in...

MADELINE

I said you were the perfect son. I
said you called all the time, wrote
letters... I said there was nothing
more important to you than family.
I told them and they wrote it down.

*
*

Michael looks at her, stunned. Touched is not the word,
but...it gets to him.

MICHAEL

Mom...why would you say that?

MADELINE

I don't know, Michael. It seemed
nicer than the truth.

They sit there for a moment, as this sinks in. Suddenly
Michael's cell phone rings...Michael looks at it.

MICHAEL

Sorry, uh...I have to take this.

46

EXT. MADELINE'S PORCH - EARLY EVENING

46

Michael stands on Madeline's porch, talking to Quentin.

QUENTIN (O.S.)

Were you in on this?

MICHAEL

Quentin, calm down. What are you
talking about-

*
*

QUENTIN (O.S.)

ANSWER ME!

MICHAEL

I don't know-

QUENTIN (O.S.)

I've got bank statements, a plane
ticket...looks like Greg and Bonnie
had plans. Maybe you thought you
could go around me?

Michael closes his eyes...this is a nightmare.

47

INT. QUENTIN'S YACHT - CONTINUOUS

47

Quentin paces in the yacht, furious. He has torn the place
apart, and he is staring at a bank statement and carrying an
unopened bottle of champagne.

MICHAEL (O.C.)

Why would I do that? Think about it. I need *your* leads...without that I've got nothing. Greg and Bonnie? Two stupid kids I'd have to share my score with.

QUENTIN

If I find out you're lying to me-

48

EXT. MADELINE'S PORCH - CONTINUOUS

48

Michael rubs his head, frustrated. He tries to sound calm...

MICHAEL

I'm telling the truth. But Quentin, it might not be what it looks like-

*
*

QUENTIN (O.S.)

They got a Goddamn bottle of champagne! They were going to rip me off and go to the Caymans or the Seychelles or something...

MICHAEL

Quentin. Don't do anything without me. I can be there in 20 minutes-

QUENTIN (O.S.)

This'll be over in twenty minutes.

On the other end of the line, Michael hears a pistol cock.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

You've been in the business too long when you recognize the sound of the action on a .45 over the phone.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Quentin! DON'T DO ANYTHING STUPID-

A click, and the line goes dead.

END OF ACT THREE

49 EXT. MARINA - PARKING LOT - NIGHT 49

Sam lies asleep in the front seat of his car in the parking lot of the marina. A phone rings...he turns over. It rings again...he opens his eyes. *

He feels for the phone and flips it open.

SAM
Yeah. Sam here.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
We've got a problem.

SAM
I'm on it. What is it?

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Quentin discovered your little set-up early. He's on his way to kill his partners.

Sam rubs his eyes, fighting off sleep.

SAM
That's not good. How'd that happen-

50 EXT. MADELINE'S PORCH - NIGHT 50

Michael paces on the porch.

MICHAEL
Never mind that now. If he starts killing people, this will never get resolved, and I'll hear about it from my Mom for the rest of my life- *

51 INT. SAM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 51

Sam looks out the window of the car...

SAM
Calm down, Mike. I said I'm on it.

ANGLE ON: Quentin, walking up the marina with deadly intent.

SAM (CONT'D)
He's coming out now. You want me to use Fiona's gizmo? Zap the car?

52 EXT. MADELINE'S PORCH - CONTINUOUS 52

Michael nods...

MICHAEL

Yeah. Call me if there's a problem.

Michael flips his phone shut as the front door opens. Fiona looks out, holding a plate of peach cobbler.

FIONA

Are you going to have some dessert?

Fiona smiles at him, and feeds him a forkful of cobbler.

MICHAEL

I don't...

FIONA

Come on...try it.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

In my work, covert ops, you don't have an agenda beyond the job. No emotional involvement. You get in and out quietly.

ANGLE ON: Fiona. She smiles, licking the fork.

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

Fiona's background, on the other hand, is more...political operations. It's all about emotional involvement.

53 INT. SAM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 53

Sam fumbles with the cell phone, dialing a number on a piece of paper... ANGLE ON THE PHONE, which reads "Connecting..."

54 EXT. UNDERNEATH QUENTIN'S CAR - NIGHT 54

ANGLE ON: the phone under Quentin's car, wired to the duct-taped package. The display lights up - "Incoming call."

MICHAEL (V.O.)

It's all about dramatic gestures.

55 EXT. MARINA - NIGHT 55

Quentin is maybe 20 feet from the car when suddenly it EXPLODES IN A SHOWER OF FIRE, flipping end over end. He falls to the ground, blown back by the blast...

He looks at the car, wide-eyed...first time we've seen him rattled.

56 INT. SAM'S CAR - NIGHT

56

Sam looks at the explosion, wide-eyed. He fumbles for the keys, jamming them in the ignition.

ANGLE ON: the flaming car:

MICHAEL (V.O.)

That's what happens when you wire a cell phone to a blasting cap in the gas tank instead of to the electrical system.

Sam pulls out and drives off up the street.

57 INT. MICHAEL'S LOFT - LATER

57

Sam and Fiona sit in Michael's loft. Michael is furious.

MICHAEL

You were supposed to STOP THE CAR!
Not blow it into the Everglades!
What happened to shorting the ignition?

FIONA

You said "disable." Well, it's not going anywhere.

MICHAEL

You know what I meant...I almost had him, too. I was this close.

Michael looks out the window at the FBI CAR on the street..

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

FBI's back, I see. I'm under surveillance again? I thought you were handling that, Sam-

SAM

Mike, I can only do so much. I gotta tell the suits why we're hanging at the marina, keep 'em off our backs. But if someone starts *blowing cars up at the marina...*

FIONA

Remind me why you're friends with someone who put the FBI onto you?

SAM

Now come on! That's not fair-

MICHAEL

Sam, what happened with Quentin? I told you to *nudge* him. Not send him into a homicidal frenzy.

SAM

You two were off doing your thing, and I signed Greg and Bonnie up for the Jetroute Airlines Executive Service to the Cayman Islands. As part of the setup?

MICHAEL

Yeah?

SAM

They got this new thing where they overnight a bottle of champagne to new members. Quentin started poking around... **Found** everything I set up inside of an hour. **Bunch** of little things, but put it together...

*
*
*

Michael watches, annoyed, as Fiona goes over to the refrigerator and pokes around inside.

FIONA

So go turn him around. Make him trust you.

MICHAEL

He's not in a trusting mood.

Fiona opens a yogurt from Michael's fridge and takes a bite.

FIONA

I know you're angry, Michael, but I know from experience that an exploding car throws a man off balance. You'll thank me.

MICHAEL

The guy won't talk to me, Fi. He won't return my calls.

FIONA

You'll have to be extra charming.

Michael talks to a couple of girls at Quentin's nightclub. He grins, looking extra charming...

MICHAEL (V.O.)

*Whether you're in Moscow, Tehran,
or Miami, club girls are a good
source of information.*

ANGLE ON: one of the girls... she's stunning, A SIX-FOOT BLONDE in a tiny dress. We move up her figure...

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

*Men say things to beautiful women.
They give out phone numbers, hotel
keys... They let down their guard.*

Michael and the girls laugh...he walks over to the bar, orders drinks, pulling the last bills from his wallet.

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

*Getting information from a club
girl means buying drinks. It's no
problem with an operational slush
fund. It's a big problem if you're
spending cash scrounged from your
Mom's purse.*

*
*
*

Michael gets a couple of drinks and hands them to the girls. He's talking fast, really selling "club guy..."

CLUB GIRL

Thanks...

MICHAEL

You gotta help me. We're doing a night at this club out in Hollywood beach - amazing. We've got a DJ from Berlin, it's crazy. Quentin reserved a VIP table a week ago, four thousand bucks... Now I gotta tell him the date changed. He'll be pissed, and you know how he is-

*
*
*
*

CLUB GIRL

How about us? Are we on the list?

MICHAEL

You kidding? Hundred percent. Just help me out on this, please-

The club girl shrugs, and checks her phone.

CLUB GIRL

I think he only uses this number
for girls, but...

Michael grins, relieved, as he copies down the number on a
napkin. He leans in and kisses her on the cheek...

59 EXT. ONYX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 59

Michael walks up the street...he glances back at the FBI
Ford, where AGENT HARRIS is sitting on the hood, watching. He *
takes out his phone and the club napkin and dials Quentin.

QUENTIN (O.S.)

Yeah?

MICHAEL

You're a hard man to reach.

60 INT. SEEDY MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 60

A low-end motel room. Quentin sits on the bed. He looks bad,
like he hasn't slept in a while. He checks the window in
classic paranoid style...

QUENTIN

I've been busy. What do you want?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Same thing as always. Make some
money. When can we get together?

QUENTIN

That's not a good idea right now.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Quentin, buddy... I'm the only guy
you can trust right now. Your
partners just tried to kill you.
You need a friend.

61 EXT. ONYX NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS 61

Michael walks up the street...

MICHAEL

Quentin...you gotta learn to reach
out. We can help each other.

Quentin considers this.

QUENTIN (O.S.)

Fine. Where?

A small pedestrian bridge. Quentin paces, looking around, thoroughly spooked. After a few moments, Michael walks onto the bridge. Quentin turns, his gun raised. *

MICHAEL

Whoah, there. Just me.

QUENTIN

I've been waiting.

MICHAEL

We said nine, it's nine. I'm right on time.

Quentin looks out over the river at a 40-foot yacht, furious. He turns on Michael, brandishing his pistol. *

QUENTIN

You know they're back on *my* yacht? I'm going down there.. *

MICHAEL

Quentin, buddy... two bodies? A murder weapon? And you're suspect number one. Listen, you know my style. I'm not afraid to pull a trigger if that's what has to happen, but... be smart. *

QUENTIN

You got a better idea? *

MICHAEL

I know a guy, all right? Someone who can deal with this. It'll cost some money, but we can make this go away. Quiet. No connection to you. One wire transfer, they're gone. We get on with our business. *

Quentin considers this, looking out over the water.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*A hit man is like a plumber, a
dentist, or a mechanic. Everybody's
always looking for a good one...*

Quentin nods...

QUENTIN
Let's set it up. He can do both of
them? How much?

MICHAEL
\$50,000.

QUENTIN
And they're both dead? No
connection to me?

Michael smiles, pats Quentin on the back.

MICHAEL
I'll be in touch.

Michael leaves Quentin on the bridge... as he walks away, he
flips open his phone, dials... *
*

MICHAEL (CONT'D) *
Sam... Quentin bit. I need you and *
Fi to deal with Bonnie and Greg. *
It's time for them to leave town. *

63 OMITTED 63 *

64 INT. MICHAEL'S LOFT - CONTINUOUS 64

Sam dries his hair, looking in Michael's fridge. He frowns.

SAM
Can do, Mike. You know you're out
of orange juice?

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Sam...

SAM
C'mon, Mike. I'm making nice with
your nutso girlfriend, I'm helping
out every way I can... I just want
some O.J. The pulpy kind.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Fine. I'll get some. But deal with
this Greg and Bonnie thing.

Sam hangs up, pleased as we DISSOLVE TO:

Bonnie and Greg are talking. Greg is agitated, pacing...

GREG

I don't know, all right? How many times have we been over this? Maybe he just skipped town.

BONNIE

That was our money. You can't let Quentin just-

GREG

What am I supposed to do? You tell me. His car blew up. He's gone. I don't know. Maybe he's got enemies he didn't tell us about-

From O.S., there is a KNOCK. Greg looks over...

GREG (CONT'D)

That better be him.

Greg opens the door to reveal SAM AND FIONA, both in suits. Sam smiles, holding up a badge.

SAM

Miami PD. I'm Detective Nydam, this is Detective Walton.

Fiona takes off her sunglasses...

FIONA

We'd like to talk to you.

Sam and Fiona talk to Greg and Bonnie. Greg is stone-faced; Bonnie looks a little frightened, but she's not talking either.

SAM

I'm not going to **lie to** you. You two are in a lot of trouble. We need to know where your partner is.

*

GREG

You tell me.

SAM

You might want to be a little more cooperative. We've been monitoring you guys for a while...

*
*

Sam holds up the little USB keystroke tracker.

*

SAM (CONT'D)

You may recall walking in on us while we were planting this. We got all of your financial transactions off your computer. So. Your partner?

*
*
*

BONNIE

We don't know, okay? He's just gone-

*

FIONA

Too bad. There's no deal for you if he doesn't show up... You go down for the whole show. And Miami juries don't like people who rob retirees and beat up Grandmas.

*
*
*

BONNIE

That wasn't us! That was Quentin. We never touched them. Quentin was the one smacking them around-

GREG

Shut up, Bonnie-

BONNIE

We don't even have the money. Quentin transferred it all to his own account before-

GREG

SHUT UP!

SAM

You help us find him, you testify, for a reduced sentence. You might only do five to ten...

GREG

I want to talk to a lawyer.

FIONA

Go ahead. Don't take too long. And don't go anywhere.

68

EXT. BRIDGE - LATER

68

*

Sam and Fiona stand on a bridge near the marina. Sam has a pair of binoculars...he smiles at Fiona.

*

SAM

You know, for all your anti-government speechifying, you do "lady cop" pretty well.

FIONA

Thanks.

*

Sam picks up the binoculars. He looks out across the water; from HIS POV, we see the yacht. Through a window, we can see Greg and Bonnie arguing.

Sam checks his watch...

SAM

You've got another couple minutes.

FIONA

I'll win. Greg comes on strong, but you can tell he's scared of prison. He's selling her on the sandy beaches of Cancun right now.

*

SAM

Mexico, you think?

FIONA

Or the Caribbean.

Sam picks up the binoculars... FROM HIS POV, we see the yacht pulling out of harbor. He sighs.

*

SAM

There they go.

Sam pulls out his wallet, hands Fi a \$20. Fiona smiles.

*

SAM (CONT'D)

Don't look so smug.

69

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - DAY

69

*

Quentin emerges from his motel room. He looks around, wary. He looks like he hasn't slept much...

*

*

MICHAEL (V.O.)

*I don't much like dealing with
paranoids. They get erratic, make
bad decisions. Of course, that can
be a help when you need them to
make a bad decision.*

*

As he rounds the corner of the motel going into the parking
lot Michael grabs him...

*

*

70

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

70

*

Michael throws Quentin up against a wall. Quentin sees it's
Michael, relieved...

*

QUENTIN

Jesus, man, you scared the-

MICHAEL

What the hell do you think you're
doing?

QUENTIN

Going to the bank. Like we said.

MICHAEL

With the Goddamn FBI watching you?

*

QUENTIN

FBI? What are you talking about-

Michael shakes his head...

MICHAEL

Look out there. Look. Half a block
up, a Ford...

*

Quentin peeks out. ANGLE ON: Michael's FBI tail. Quentin
ducks back around the corner, rattled.

*

QUENTIN

FBI? How-

MICHAEL

I don't know. You tell me.

Quentin shakes his head, fuming.

QUENTIN

Greg and Bonnie. I took the cash.
They must have gone to the Feds-

MICHAEL

How could you be so careless?!
You're going to get us caught! And
I am NOT going back to prison! I-

QUENTIN

SHUT UP! Shut up and let me THINK!

MICHAEL

There's no time for that! Listen,
you need Greg and Bonnie gone more
than ever. They're your only
witnesses. They know me...this is a
total disaster.

QUENTIN

Fine. I'll go to the bank. I'll
wire the money to your guy, like we
talked about-

MICHAEL

Wire the money. With an FBI tail?

Michael pulls out a pistol, puts it in Quentin's face...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Fine. But when those Feds pick you
up, my name better not come up or
you will wish I put a bullet in you
right here. Have a nice life.

Michael turns to go. Quentin's mind is racing...

QUENTIN

Wait. Just wait. We could get
someone else to do the transfer-

Michael looks back. Quentin looks at him, desperate.

MICHAEL

It has to happen now. You gonna
grab someone off the street? 'Hey,
buddy, I need you to wire some
money to Aruba?' Nice try.

QUENTIN

You do it.

Michael stops. Me? He looks at Quentin like he's crazy...

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

They don't know you. I'll give you
my account number. You send the
money. We meet later-

MICHAEL

You're the boss. Just make sure the
Feds follow you, because I don't
need them on *my* ass.

Quentin walks up the street, sweating, glancing back at the
FBI agents as he goes. DISSOLVE TO:

71 EXT. BANK - LATER 71 *

Michael walks into a bank, smiling... *

We see a quick MONTAGE of documents on a desk: a driver's
licence with Michael's face and the name "Quentin King." A
series of fund transfer documents. Quentin's list of scam
targets. *

MICHAEL (V.O.)

*Truth is, identity theft isn't
hard. A number and an I.D. is all
you need to drain a bank account...
and return a lot of money to some
very surprised retirees.*

72 EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - DAY 72 *

A low-end motel. Michael watches from Sam's car up the street
as some cops break down a door... *

MICHAEL

*But why stop there? As long as
you're stealing someone's identity,
why not use it to contact some
known terrorist organizations on un-
secure phone lines? Why not use it
to threaten some federal judges and
insult the local drug cartel?*

Four cops drag Quentin out in cuffs. Michael smiles.

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

Most fun I've had in Miami.

END OF ACT FOUR

73 INT. LAURA'S HOUSE - DAY 73 *

Michael sits in Laura's house with Laura and his mother. *

LAURA

It was all there. I looked at my
bank statement, and there it was.
All the money.

MICHAEL

I'm glad it worked out.

MADELINE

I told you. Didn't I tell you?

LAURA

How did you do it? How did you get
it back?

MICHAEL

You don't want to know.
(off Laura's look)
No, really. You don't.

LAURA

Well. How much do I owe you?

Michael shoots a look at his Mom...

MICHAEL

I didn't do it for the money. I
think it was \$500 for expenses...

Laura looks at him. Clearly, more than she was expecting.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Call it \$300. If you promise not to
enter any more contests.

74 EXT. LAURA'S HOUSE/MADELINE'S HOUSE - LATER 74 *

Michael is walking down Laura's front walk; Madeline comes
out of the house. *

MADELINE

Michael...

MICHAEL

Yeah, ma?

MADELINE

Thank you.

Michael nods, starts to walk off...

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Wait. There's one more thing.

She comes down the stairs. There is a beat, as she and Michael look at each other. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a slip of paper; on it is a phone number.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

The men, who came to the house, asking questions? They gave me this. They said to call if you came to town, or contacted me.

Michael looks at the phone number, his mind racing.

MICHAEL

Did you call?

MADELINE

No, I didn't, Michael. Family comes first.

She lights a cigarette and goes inside. Michael stands there for a beat, then takes out his phone. He flips it open and dials the number. The phone connects...

He listens without saying anything. There is breathing at the other end of the line, then:

VOICE (O.S.)

Good to hear from you, Michael.
You're turning out to be just as
clever as we'd hoped.

MICHAEL

Good to know I'm appreciated. Who
is this?

He listens. More breathing... Michael snaps:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

WHO IS THIS!!?

VOICE (O.S.)

(laughs softly)
We'll be in touch.

Click. Michael looks at the phone... ANGLE ON THE DISPLAY, which reads "Disconnected," as we FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE