

NIGHT AND DAY

Written by

Todd Robinson and Joel Surnow

July 10, 2008

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. PHOENIX ARIZONA - DAWN

A desert sunrise. Long saguaro shadows stretch across a golden sandscape.

In the distance a city begins to stir. Freeways begins to hum. The Metropolis awakes fueled on Starbucks, breakfast burritos and gasoline. Streets fill with commuters, cabs and school buses.

Highway arteries begin to clog. Another day in the urban desert begins.

DAY

INT/EXT. SPECIAL THREAT INTERVENTIONS - PARKING LOT - LATER

DAN HOLLISTER (42) rolls in to find a car in his parking spot. GRRR. He prowls the asphalt until he finds a space over in East Jesus. He shuts it down, climbs out... runs into pal and colleague BOBBY KOHL - early 40's, a hothead, also a parking lot orphan.

KOHL

Day one, they already jacked our spots...

Hollister rolls with it.

HOLLISTER

Little walk won't kill us.

KOHL

That's not the point...

The guys peruse the rides in their parking spaces. Mustangs, a Trans Am, even an aging 911.

HOLLISTER

Well, they've got balls, anyway.

KOHL

Or they're stupid.

(re/new cars)

We're gonna be baby-sitting a bunch of frat-boys. Young, dumb and full of...

HOLLISTER

Don't go there, Bobby. It's still our show, we call the shots.

A final glance at the hot-rods.

KOHL

Yeah? Then I'm gonna start by calling
a tow truck...

They enter...

INT. SPECIAL THREAT INTERVENTIONS (S.T.I.) HQ - MORNING

Bullpen, frill-less, government issue. Faces of the hunted
pepper the walls. A blue crest that reads:

"Special Threat Intervention Unit." A federal law enforcement
task force.

Hollister and Kohl enter and greet DAVID PRESTON, 41, an
amusing, sardonic, natural pessimist. These guys go to the
cradle.

HOLLISTER

Morning, D.P. What's happening?

PRESTON

These guys marched in like they own
us.

Hollister look across the room as SWAGGERING YOUNG MEN take
over a set of work spaces. He's not sure, yet, what this
emerging new-world-order means. He tries to convince
himself...

HOLLISTER

Quantico. It's the culture.

PRESTON

(unconvinced)

Greer wants us in the Bat-Cave.

KOHL

I'm sure he's in a fine mood.

PRESTON

We're getting hosed, you realize
that?

HOLLISTER

Easy, Dave, you'll start blowing
corpuscles. It's gonna be alright.

They cross the floor... pass some of the new guys... tense
looks. As Hollister passes a NEW GUY:

HOLLISTER (CONT'D)

Morning.

The New Guy just grunts.

KOHL
 (gets into his face)
 Hey, rock star, it's customary around here to exchange salutations when greeted.

The guy takes zero notice. Kohl steams.

HOLLISTER
 (to Kohl)
 Come on, Bobby... they're just puppies.

INT. GREER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

BILL GREER, (45) G-man good looks, arms contemplatively folded over a mid-life paunch, stares at his desk. Hollister strides directly to Greer's personal coffee pot.

HOLLISTER
 There a clean cup around here?

GREER
 Close the door.

Greer meets their eyes, grim. Preston pushes the door closed and glances to Hollister.

PRESTON
 (bracing)
 What's up?

It starts to dawn on them. Boxes. Greer is packing up.

KOHL (CONT'D)
 These assholes taking your office?

GREER
 It's not my office, anymore.

HOLLISTER
 What are you talking about?

GREER
 Jim Pollard and his DEA guys are running the task force, effective immediately.

KOHL
 I thought you said these foreskins were just coming in to cross-train??!

GREER

Division says they "want to take the unit in a different direction." Pollard's star is rising. They're grooming him for big things.

HOLLISTER

(concerned for his friend)

So, what happens to you?

GREER

I'm being promoted.

PRESTON

To what?

GREER

Enforcement Programs and Services Chief in Biloxi.

KOHL

They're sending you back to Regional?!!

Greer's eyes dart out to the bullpen where the new boys are gathered. They look young, fit and confident.

GREER

I've run a field office eighteen years. I'm sure as hell not gonna ride it out in a swamp. I quit.

HOLLISTER

What do you mean, you quit? You can't quit!

GREER

I raised my family here, I'm vested... they're gonna be paying me for the rest of my life and I'm going to enjoy every check.

The room goes quiet, as the three men consider their own fates... then:

HOLLISTER

Every man in the office will follow you out, Bill. You built this unit.

GREER

Listen to me: You three are the best brick agents I've ever had. You're all a couple years from your pensions.

(MORE)

GREER (CONT'D)

(beat)

Besides, there's a hundred open cases
you're going to need to administrate.
Just suck it up and do your time.
You've all done your share of heavy
lifting. You've got nothing to prove.
Those youngsters out there do. My
advice is...let 'em.

An awkward beat.

PRESTON

I told you we were hosed.

Hollister ignores, turns to Greer:

HOLLISTER

Anything you need, Bill?

GREER

Thanks, Dan. I'll be fine.

Reflexively, Hollister gives him a hug: Greer pushes back
his emotion:

GREER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Pollard's team is good. This isn't
their fault.

The three share a glance.

GREER (CONT'D)

(beat)

Stay safe.

OUTSIDE GREER'S OFFICE

Hollister, Kohl and Preston walk out, disoriented.

PRESTON

I can't do this, I can't answer to a
bunch of boy scouts.

HOLLISTER

Yes, you can. Just suck it up and
do you job.

KOHL

Riding the pine, that's our job now.
Splinter collecting.

HOLLISTER

You don't know that.

JIM POLLARD, young, formidable swings by.

POLLARD
Dan?

HOLLISTER
Yeah.

POLLARD
Jim Pollard.

They shake hands.

POLLARD (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
(to the others)
You must be Bobby Kohl, which makes
you Dave Preston...

They acknowledge, stiffly.

POLLARD (CONT'D)
Look, we're moving fast this morning,
we're about to pick up a tweaker
who's connected to Antone Bello.

PRESTON
Bello's ours, we've been working him
for six months.

POLLARD
Then you probably know he's coming
to town this afternoon.

Our three guys share a look of surprise. BILL TALBOT (30),
one of Pollard's guys - confident and steady with a marine
brush cut, steps over:

TALBOT
You probably also know about the six
FIM '92 stinger missiles that walked
away from the U.S. Army proving ground
at Yuma.

The silence between them seems to answer the question.

POLLARD
Bello's here to buy 'em.

KOHL
How do we know that?

TALBOT
Picked up an intercept about an hour
ago.

POLLARD
Check your PDAs for assignments,
we're moving out in five.

They watch as Pollard and Talbot walk away.

KOHL
PDAs? What the hell's wrong with a
white-board?

HOLLISTER
It's two-thousand eight, Bobby.

KOHL
Yeah, well, nobody ever hacked into
a white-board.

The three work their Blackberrys for their assignments.
Seeing his, Hollister reacts.

HOLLISTER
(under)
Surveillance.

He tries to cover his disappointment.

KOHL
Perimeter?!

Preston just throws his Blackberry on his desk:

PRESTON
This is bullshit!
(off their look)
I haven't had to work Communications
in six years!

HOLLISTER
... this is the way it is, guys. We
don't have to like, we just have to
do it.

Hollister moves off with a forced sense of purpose. Preston
and Kohl watch as he goes.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

ND cars pull casually into available parking spaces. Talbot (team leader) and his FIELD AGENTS file out quietly, unnoticed and head toward a rundown, multi-story apartment building.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME

Hollister, kevlar vest over the back of a chair, looks over the shoulder of ED SPARKS (26), a tech nerd, always juiced on a cocktail of coffee and Nicorette.

In front of them, a bank of television monitors displaying camera angles from body cams of the agents.

Hollister's irritated by being stuck on surveillance.

SPARKS
(keying mic)
Cougar com check?

A speaker crackles back as they each check in...

COUGAR TEAM(OS)
Cougar One. Two. Three. Four.
Five.

SPARKS
Cougar you're five by five.

Hollister wants to see if they're on it.

HOLLISTER
(curve ball)
They gonna go element breach with
flash-bangs?

SPARKS
No way. Straight breach, no pyro.
If he's cooking crank in there we
could level the whole building.

HOLLISTER
(reluctantly impressed)
Good answer.

Through the two-way speaker:

POLLARD (O.S.)
Hey, do us a favor, Sparky, cut the
chatter. Your mic's open.

IN HQ

Pollard oversees the action from an STI workstation:

RESUME - Van

Sparks had his mic keyed inadvertently.

SPARKS

Sorry, Boss.

Sparks checks his switch.

SPARKS (CONT'D)

Shit.

HOLLISTER

Little prickly isn't he?

SPARKS

Pollard has more arrests and convictions than anybody in the entire division. He's just being himself and that's kept everybody alive for the last six years, so if he wants to be "prickly" that's fine with me.

Hollister would love to hate these guys, but so far, he can't. They'll all business. They're good.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ENTRANCE/INTERCUT

Simultaneous on Sparks' screen. Talbot and his team enter an ND apartment building. The team goes tactical and fans out. Talbot motions to his team. The group splits up. Each group of three takes an opposing stairway.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

On the screens each group reveals the other with their body cams as they emerge from the opposing stairwells. Hollister keys the mic.

HOLLISTER

(points)

You see that?

SPARKS

What?

HOLLISTER

In the corner

(point to screen)

Up there.

In the upper corners of the hallway, cameras.

INT HQ - SAME

Pollard sees it on his scene too:

POLLARD

I see it.

RESUME - VAN

Sparks sees it too.

SPARKS

Shit.

(over mic)

Cougar Flight. Eyes in the hallway.

Repeat, eyes in the hallway.

(to Hollister)

Good call.

HALLWAY - SAME

Talbot sees cameras, reacts... gives the signal to GO, GO, GO!! The element stacks up on one side of the door.

TALBOT

FEDERAL OFFICERS. OPEN UP!!

The team starts to SMASH the door with a sledge... when, a SHOTGUN BLAST BLOWS THROUGH from inside, injures one of the team members, his vest taking most of the pellets, but he's hurt.

The team persists, firing rounds through the door. They take down the door and smash into the small apartment.

INSIDE THE APARTMENT

Security monitors, lab glass and chemicals abound as they enter the room. WALTER LONGBOW, 30, wiry, 6'2" runs to the back of the apartment. His shotgun roars again. Fed guns blaze. The sound of a WINDOW SHATTERING!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING/ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

A CHAIR flies into the alley followed by Longbow, who hits the ground in a shower of glass and is off like a track star. As the team appears in the window he peppers them with a .09 mm Glock.

AT THE WINDOW

Talbot keys his mic:

TALBOT
He's going down the south alley.

VAN - SAME

Hollister explodes from the van.

OUTSIDE

He races to intercept Longbow:

HOLLISTER
Federal agent, stop!!

Longbow turns his weapon on Hollister then ducks behind a two-foot brick wall.

Hollister doesn't flinch, races balls-out toward the wall, his own Baretta belching...driving Longbow down.

Hollister launches over the wall and tackles Longbow. Guns scatter. The two go hand-to-hand in a hellish, brutal fist-fight, beating the shit out of each other.

Finally, Longbow finds himself within reach of a pistol. As he grabs it, a BURST RINGS OUT shredding Longbow before he can get a shot off.

Longbow's body tumbles, lifeless, to the ground.

Hollister gathers himself, sucking wind, heart screaming... gets to his feet. Splattered with blood, he looks over and sees Talbot approach, smoking XM8 assault rifle in hand.

He stares down Talbot, disapproving of his actions.

HOLLISTER (CONT'D)
We kind of needed him...

TALBOT
If you wanted him alive, you should've held onto your weapon.

HOLLISTER
If you'd put a man in the alley, I wouldn't have needed my weapon. That's S.O.P. in my world.

TALBOT
(a little defensive)
Hey, the guy jumped out of second storey window.

HOLLISTER
Yeah, he sure did.

Hollister look down at Longbow who is crumpled like a paper bag, blood pooling around him, dead. Then, as he moves off:

HOLLISTER (CONT'D)
Enjoy the paperwork.

INT. S.T.I. HQ - DAY

Hollister stands in front of the sink pressing a wet paper towel to his face... not happy about the way things went down. Kohl approaches.

KOHL
You okay?

HOLLISTER
Longbow was our only lead, it shouldn't have come to that.

KOHL
Yeah, well, he's dead, you win. I wouldn't feel so bad about it.

HOLLISTER
(snaps)
There's six stinger missiles out there that can down commercial jets, Bobby. We've been working Bello for six months. I want him.

KOHL
Hey, I'm on your side.

There's a beat, as Hollister composes.

HOLLISTER
Sorry...

KOHL
(reading him)
Crazy day, man. It's cool.

As they sort out the uncertainty... they see:

PRESTON

... who is heading out, carrying a box of personal effects.

HOLLISTER
Where are you going?

PRESTON
I made a call, I'm going to Treasury.

KOHL

Treasury?

PRESTON

I can keep my GS-11 pay grade and not have to deal with these FNG's.

HOLLISTER

What are you talking about?

PRESTON

I talked to Gary Grimes, in the Phoenix office, he said I could still be a field agent.

KOHL

Chasing counterfeiters...?

PRESTON

Better than answering phones or sitting inside a surveillance van.

(off Hollister's look)

We're getting pushed out, guys, the writing's on the wall.

HOLLISTER

Dave, come on... we've been together for twelve years.

Preston is resolved.

PRESTON

Sorry guys. I'm out. If you want me to hook you up...it's a phone call.

They watch their friend walk away. The moment settles... then, Hollister glances over, sees Pollard and his team planning the next move. He and Kohl are on the outside looking in.

KOHL

So, what's our play?

Something begins to form in Hollister's mind. An idea. Clarity. Hollister grabs his jacket, starts to walk off:

HOLLISTER

... I'll be back in a while.

KOHL

Where you going?

But, Hollister's gone.

THE FACE OF A MAN

Across it, the scars of a pugnacious life. The Man is framed by steel bars. Are we in a prison?

REVERSE

Hollister stands on the other side of a security gate, badge in hand. The Guard is unimpressed. Widen to reveal:

A MEDITERRANEAN OASIS

A multi-acre estate overlooking the velvet fairways of a Scottsdale country club.

HOLLISTER

Tell him it's Hollister.

Hollister hears an electronic sound, glances up at a security camera that irises in. After a beat, the gates open, remotely... forcing the Man to step out of the way.

Hollister smiles, thinly... then, crosses to the house.

ANGLE

As he moves across the courtyard Hollister notices an OLDER MAN, 50's, fruity, creepy, parked in a Lincoln Town car. The Older Man smiles at Hollister.

Jesus, did he just get cruised?!

EXT. BACK YARD

In a lush, expansive garden, DARRYL LENIX, 58, a little too tan, a little too soft, is receiving a haircut from a SHIRTLESS ASIAN BOY, MIHN. In b.g., another speedo-clad boy skims the pool.

A small exchange of small talk, in Vietnamese. Minh laughs at something... then, Lenix looks over and sees Hollister approach: Lenix stiffens.

LENIX

You said you were never coming back.

HOLLISTER

I was in the neighborhood.

LENIX

That wasn't our arrangement.

HOLLISTER

I'm changing the arrangement.

LENIX

I don't see a warrant.

HOLLISTER

I don't need one. The dude from
"The Village People" let me in.

LENIX

(sizing him)

In what universe, would I ever help
you?

HOLLISTER

The one where you trade confidential
intelligence for immunity.

LENIX

Immunity from what?

The two stare each other down, icy. Suddenly from O.S.:
noise, chatter and hysteria in an Asian language. Hollister
looks over:

WHAT HE SEES

A young ASIAN WOMAN with a BABY in her arms is arguing
desperately with her handsome, young husband, LI. Li has a
distinctive blonde streak through his dark hair. His wife
tries to stop him from leaving.

RESUME

Hollister turns back to Lenix:

HOLLISTER

There's enough probable cause around
here to keep INS busy for a year.

Lenix measures him... then:

LENIX

It didn't end well last time.

HOLLISTER

I was careless.

LENIX

If you had anything on me you'd have
used it long ago.

HOLLISTER

I can end you with a phone call.

Before Lenix can react the young woman starts SHRIEKING.
Lenix rises from his chair, measuring Hollister:

LENIX

I do this for you, you're gonna have
to let an awful lot slide.

Hollister stares back... then, watches as Lenix crosses to the family. Calmly, he coldcocks the woman, full-fisted, in the face. She falls the floor, KO'd. The baby tumbles to the ground, wailing.

Li reaches for his child, but Lenix blocks his path, barks something at him, harshly, in Chinese. Li backs off, defeated. Lenix pushes Li toward the front and the waiting Town car.

As Lenix coolly returns to Hollister, a BODYGUARD picks up the crying baby and drags the woman away by an arm. Hollister has to push down his rage, as:

LENIX (CONT'D)

So, what do you want?

Off Hollister...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. HOLLISTER'S CAR - MOVING

Hollister drives, energized, cell pinned to his ear. For the first time today, the tide is turning.

Intercut:

S.T.I. HQ

Pollard is on the phone with Hollister.

HOLLISTER
I have the location of the transaction.

POLLARD
What are you talking about?

HOLLISTER
Bello. He's going to be at the Fortuna River Reservation at four-thirty.

POLLARD
Fortuna River? That's Indian land, sovereign territory. We have no jurisdiction.

HOLLISTER
I know. What do you want to do?

POLLARD
(beat)
How's your source?

HOLLISTER
Solid.

POLLARD
Percentage?

HOLLISTER
I wouldn't bet my house on it, but I'd bet yours.

POLLARD
I have a big mortgage.

HOLLISTER

Then you don't have much to lose.

POLLARD

(beat)

Connect the dots for me.

EXT. S.T.I. HQ - DAY

The strike team preps and rolls... as over Hollister fills in Pollard. (Note: images to follow Hollister's dialogue).

HOLLISTER (O.S.)

Private first class Hernando Felix Perez...

Flash. Formal Army portrait...

HOLLISTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...Is a long time member of Barrios Azteca in - El Paso. They recruit guys like Perez who have relatives or friends who are nationals or ex-pats of Venezuela to enlist in the military giving them tactical training and access to intelligence...

Perez on security duty at the Army's Yuma Proving Ground facility. Barracks-like structures filled with weapons stockpiles.

INT. CRASH VEHICLE - ROLLING

The strike team gears up as they race to the rally point.

HOLLISTER (O.S.)

Barrios Azteca has a relationship with the government of Venezuela through an intermediary, Antone Bello.

INT. BARRIO/JUAREZ - DAY

Meetings, money, handshakes. Snap! ANTONE BELLO, slick, European, an official government photo with Hugo Chavez.

HOLLISTER (O.S.)

Hugo Chavez wants American weapons. Bello has developed the relationships to get them.

POLLARD

Then what?

Hollister drives straight ahead, intense... as he completes the tale:

HOLLISTER

Perez heisted the stingers then paid off his girlfriend's brother, an *ice supplier* to the Fortuna reservation, Walter Longbow...

OVERCRANK REPLAY of Walter Longbow, swinging a gun towards Hollister's face, then crumbling in a hail of gunfire.

HOLLISTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Longbow greases the reservation with dope and cash in exchange for safe transactions on the reservation.

POLLARD

Like for stolen next-gen Stinger Missiles.

HOLLISTER (O.S.)

That's pretty much it.

ON POLLARD

He considers...the responsibility weighing heavily on him.

POLLARD

Alright, I'll put a perimeter around the reservation - we'll set up surveillance, grab 'em coming out.

HOLLISTER

The reservation borders Mexico...

INT. S.T.I. HQ - SAME

POLLARD

Best I can do. I'll meet you.

Pollard hangs up. Across the room, Kohl catches his eye.

EXT. FORTUNA RIVER RESERVATION - DAY

Hollister, Talbot, Sparks and the S.T.I. team are positioned around a remote boundary fence looking out across the barren landscape.

Dust rises from the West. Through the scope of Talbot's Barret M-107 .50 Sniper rifle, we see a caravan of THREE AGING TRUCKS as they rumble along a dirt road.

TALBOT

Movers from the west. I count three trucks.

Hollister keys up.

HOLLISTER
Bandits moving in from the west...

Then...Another, more ominous RUMBLE approaches in the distance. Hollister swings up field glasses.

Rising from the heat, a twin-engine 414 aircraft hugs the desert floor.

HOLLISTER (CONT'D)
Shit, they've got an airstrip out there!
(realizes)
We have to get in...

Hollister pulls out wire cutters, is about to work the fence:

TALBOT
We're not authorized.
(off Hollister's look)
This is my show.

HOLLISTER
(sharp)
If you knew one of those stingers were going to take down a 737 out of El Paso six months from now with your sister's kids on it, would you be quoting me regs right now?

This stops Talbot.

HOLLISTER (CONT'D)
They didn't steal those missiles to go fishing with.

Talbot weighs it one more beat... then:

TALBOT
Alright...shit...
(to team)
We're going!

EXT. RESERVATION/HILL - DAY

On a rise, Talbot hits the ground in a Ghillie Suit, with his rifle... digs in with a commanding view of an improvised airstrip.

EXT. DRAINAGE DITCH/AIRSTRIP - DAY

The group of five strike team members drive their crash vehicles along a gravelly ditch that runs along an airstrip. Hollister and the others insert their ear pieces.

HOLLISTER (O.S.)
(to Talbot)
Put everything you see in my ear.

EXT. RESERVATION/HILL - SAME

CU - Through Talbot's scope...

...Tracking the three aging Trucks though the scope of his rifle.

TALBOT
(over radio)
Three bogies rolling up.

EXT. DITCH - SAME

Hollister and the other hit the dirt taking up positions in the ditch.

WHIP PAN through Talbot's scope to find:

THE AIRPLANE

As it rips down the runway at 200 miles per hour, gear up, screaming.

Seven men exit the three aging trucks, armed with rifles and shot guns. They seem at ease and casual.

The plane pitches steeply up and breaks hard to the left, flying directly over Talbot.

POV - from inside the airplane all below is a blur. Talbot, Hollister and the team blend into the terrain.

The plane makes a sweeping turn and returns, this time to land. The plane touches down and taxis to a stop in front of the trucks.

HOLLISTER
I count seven.

TALBOT
That's affirm.

Hernando Perez is identified by his taut military looks and coifed hair. Hollister keys up.

HOLLISTER
Keep "buzz-cut" (Perez) In your
hairs.

EXT. HILLTOP - SAME

From a thousand meters, Perez' head appears as big as a basketball in the cross hairs of Talbot's scope.

TALBOT
He's in the pumpkin.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - SAME

ANTONE BELLO exits the plane but the propellers keep turning. Perez signals one of the pick-ups to pull up next to the plane.

Hollister keys his mic.

HOLLISTER
This is gonna be a quick turn. On my mark disable the plane and vehicles.

TALBOT
Rog.

HOLLISTER
(to others)
I want to see a transaction before we move.

THROUGH TALBOT'S SCOPE

As if on cue, a tarp is removed from the pick-up revealing weapons canisters. Inside them, S.T.I.NGER MISSILES.

After a brief inspection, Bello signals for someone inside the plane to bring out large, clear plastic bags full of bundles of cash.

HOLLISTER (CONT'D)
(to Talbot)
Take your shot.

BANG!! The main landing gear collapses without warning and folds. The spinning propellers hit the ground. The SMUGGLERS jump back, stunned, confused.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!! .50 rounds blow the blocks out of each truck. The fire draws the Smugglers' attention to the hills.

From behind them...

HOLLISTER (CONT'D)
FEDERAL OFFICERS!!

They whip around. Perez hits the ground and goes tactical. Guns blaze!! S.T.I. returns fire.

Three of the smugglers are hit. A round from Talbot eviscerates Perez's weapon blowing it to pieces in his hands. He rolls over SCREAMING.

The rest lay down and as quickly as that, it's over. The S.T.I. team emerges, guns ready.

TALBOT (O.S.)

Got a runner.

THROUGH TALBOT'S SCOPE

Bello sprints away.

Talbot squeezes the trigger.

EXT. AIRSTRIP

A .50 round explodes into the ground knocking Bello off his feet. When he looks up it's right into the guns of the S.T.I. team.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AIRSTRIP - LATER

TRIBAL POLICE have arrived, face off with Hollister, Talbot and the rest of the S.T.I. team. The Smugglers have been cuffed, are parked on the ground. The TRIBAL SHERIFF steps forward.

TRIBAL SHERIFF

Who the hell are you?

HOLLISTER

Federal officers.

Hollister and the strike team raise their shields. Under this, Pollard rolls up. Kohl exits the car with him:

TRIBAL SHERIFF

You have no jurisdiction here.

Pollard and Kohl walk up:

POLLARD

There's been a misunderstanding.

I'm Jim Pollard, STI Phoenix --

(flashes his badge)

-- these are my men.

Kohl and Hollister share a glance.

TRIBAL SHERIFF

I don't care who you are, I can have
you all arrested for trespassing!
Not to mention weapons charges.

Hollister steps forward and takes over the situation.

HOLLISTER

(to Tribal sheriff)

Let me tell you why that's not going
to happen.

(re/ stinger missiles)

These are classified, gen-two American
surface to air stinger missiles.
They were being trafficked to a known
enemy of the state from tribal land.
Not good.

The Tribal Policemen exchange glances without answering.

TRIBAL SHERIFF

The weapons will stay here while we
investigate this matter.

HOLLISTER

No. We're taking the missiles.

(off his look)

Now, one of two things can happen.
You can shoot us or we can start a
joint task force right here, right
now and you can take all the credit
you want.

TRIBAL SHERRIF

Why shouldn't we take everything?

Hollister keys his mic, as he speaks:

HOLLISTER

Oh, because there's a guy on the
other end of my radio who can put a
.50 Caliber round through a wedding
ring from a mile away.

Suddenly, the rotating beacon on the top of the airplane
(about the size of an orange) explodes. Everyone ducks.
The Tribal Police exchange nervous glances to the wasted
airplane and trucks.

Pollard turns to the Tribal Sheriff:

POLLARD

Your call...

The Tribal Sheriff sags, beaten. Hollister manages a distant smile of satisfaction with Kohl. Off the moment...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. PHOENIX ARIZONA - DUSK

Desert metropolis winding down. In the distance, city lights begin to twinkle, as golf course sprinklers begin to fire up signaling another days end.

Freeways are jammed again for the slog home as the saguaros tip their shadows to the coming night.

NIGHT

CAR - SAME

Hollister flips on his headlights, driving in a haze as he rolls into...

EXT. SUBDIVISION - CONTINUOUS

The houses are relatively new but jammed together. Bigger than condos but smaller than the suburban dream home, this is a transitional community for most. But Hollister knows that for him... this is forever.

EXT. HOLLISTER'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hollister pulls into the driveway next to his wife's Kia Sedona Minivan and rests his hands on the steering wheel.

As he tries to shift modes from the real world to home life, he notices blood spattered on his shirt sleeve. He pulls on his jacket to cover the evidence of his day.

As he gets out, heads to the front door...a VOICE.

LARRY'S VOICE

Hey, Dan.

Hollister looks over to see his neighbor, LARRY CARL, rolling trash cans down the drive.

HOLLISTER

Larry...

Hollister looks spent enough for Larry to notice.

LARRY

You've looked better.

HOLLISTER

Some days you ride the bull, some days...

LARRY

... the bull rides you. I know exactly what you mean. I just came back from that Homeowner's Association meeting. Have you ever been to one of those...?

HOLLISTER

One or two.

LARRY

All I want to do is put in a hot tub, they got me jumpin' through a thousand hoops. Sign this, notarize that. It's ridiculous. And it's the same if you want a new mailbox, gutters, shingles, the color paint you use... you name it!

Hollister starts to back away toward the house:

HOLLISTER

Yeah, bylaws are a bitch. I gotta go, Lar... good luck.

INT. HOLLISTER'S HOUSE - DAY

Hollister enters the kitchen, where the fur is flying. DANTE, a lumbering Lab, is chowing down cat food on the Kitchen floor. His son JACKSON, 14 and a born negotiator, sounds the alarm.

JACKSON

Mom!!! Dante ate the cat food!!

ELIZABETH, Hollister's wife calls down from upstairs.

ELIZABETH

What do you want me to do about it from up here?!

HOLLISTER

Put him outside.

JACKSON

Hi, dad. Can I go on the computer?

HOLLISTER

Let the dog out and put the cat food in the pantry.

JACKSON

Then can I go on the computer?

HOLLISTER
... okay... but no IMing.

ALISON 16, enters, cute and feeling it.

ALISON
He's going to play Grand Theft Auto.

JACKSON
No, I'm not. I don't even have it.

ALISON
Yes, he does.

JACKSON
Just the demo.

HOLLISTER
It's a vile game. Get rid of it.

JACKSON
It's the same stuff you see at work.
What's the big deal?

HOLLISTER
Good-bye.

As Jackson walks out with the dog...

JACKSON
(trailing to Alison)
Hate you.

ALISON
Hate you back.

Dan looks around the kitchen, notices the counters are filled with prepared food. Adjacent dining room table has been set.

HOLLISTER
What's all this?

ALISON
You guys are meeting David's parents tonight, remember? They're coming for dinner.

HOLLISTER
That's tonight?

ALISON
Since we're not invited, can I drive Jackson to Pizza Hut? Mom said I could if it's okay with you.

HOLLISTER

Mom said you can drive with him in
the car?

ALISON

It's only a half a mile. Come on,
dad...for once please be cool.

Before he can respond, she grabs the keys off the counter:

ALISON (CONT'D)

Can I have some money?

INT. BEDROOM

Hollister enters his bedroom from the hallway. His wife of 23 years, ELIZABETH, fit, beautiful, soulful, is on her knees in a slip, a few curlers dangling, pinning up a seam in their oldest daughter, Sara's dress.

SARA, 22, is a beauty but at this moment is wrapped tighter than a spring.

HOLLISTER

Hey.

ELIZABETH

Hi, sweetheart.

HOLLISTER

What's going on here?

SARA

I just destroyed my dress.

ELIZABETH

Don't be theatrical. You pulled a
seam. Take it off. It'll take me
five minutes to stitch up.

SARA

(to Dan)

You have to promise me you'll be
nice to David's father... even if
you don't like him.

HOLLISTER

Why wouldn't I like him?

SARA

He's a college professor.

Hollister looks confused.

ELIZABETH

(re/ Sara)

We're just a little on edge right now.

SARA

I just don't want dad to start telling stories about "cracking heads" and "kicking in doors." David's father's not into that kind of stuff.

HOLLISTER

Got it, Sara. I'll only talk about wine and poetry and stuff...

SARA

That's not funny.

She exits.

ELIZABETH

(kisses him)

And how was your day?

Hollister grunts, starts to empty his pockets. Wallet, badge, gun...

HOLLISTER

It was a little... ah... the usual.

Outside, the sound of the car engine turning over.

ELIZABETH

Is that my car?

HOLLISTER

What? Oh, yeah the kids are going to Pizza Hut....

ELIZABETH

You told Alison she could drive with Jackson in the car?

HOLLISTER

She told me that you said...

ELIZABETH

That I said "what?!"

Hollister sags, realizing he's been duped.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I don't like it when she lies, Dan.

HOLLISTER

I hear you.

He drifts over to...

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dan enters and turns on the shower.

HOLLISTER

David's parents are divorced, right?

Suddenly, he sees something on the counter, reacts.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elizabeth continues to sew.

ELIZABETH

Yeah. The Mom's in San Francisco.
He's bringing his *lady friend*.

Hollister walks back in the room, holding up an unopened
HOME PREGNANCY TEST. She looks up. He waits for an answer.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(hesitating)
...I'm late.

HOLLISTER

How late?

ELIZABETH

(beat)
A week.

HOLLISTER

You're never late.

ELIZABETH

Tell me about it...

HOLLISTER

What are you waiting for? Take the
test.

ELIZABETH

After dinner.

HOLLISTER

Why? Take it now.

ELIZABETH

This is an important night for Sara.
I don't want to be distracted.

Hollister stands there, stunned.

HOLLISTER

Wow...

They look at each other. Shower's running. The dog starts barking outside.

ELIZABETH

You're upset.

HOLLISTER

It's just a lot to get my head around.

ELIZABETH

I never meant to be a mom again after all this time... but, if it happens, it could be wonderful. Couldn't it, Dan...?

HOLLISTER

Sure... guess, I'll keep my day job, for a while longer.

She fills with emotion.

ELIZABETH

Please don't be upset...

He holds up the pregnancy test again, puts on a good face.

HOLLISTER

After dinner then... we'll raise a glass.

Elizabeth feels a little better, reassured. Hollister begins to strip out of his clothes. Elizabeth returns to Sara's dress.

ELIZABETH

Better throw the shirt away.

She doesn't miss anything.

HOLLISTER

Hmm?

ELIZABETH

Blood doesn't come out.

He looks down. The blood splatter.

HOLLISTER

Yeah, okay...

He turns to walk into the bathroom.

ELIZABETH

Love you.

HOLLISTER

(off her look)

Love you, too.

INT. SHOWER

Hollister lets the water run over him. He leans against the wall and closes his eyes, the weight of the world on his shoulders.

The ritual of cleaning.

He grabs a washcloth and scrubs, as if the soap can somehow wash away the experience of his schizophrenic day.

EXT. FOYER - NIGHT

Entering the house is DAVID GRAHAM, 23, lean, tall with a mop of sandy hair. He smiles down shyly at his girlfriend, Sara. Her anxiety melted away at seeing him.

SARA

Hey.

DAVID

Hey.

He gives her a gentle kiss.

SARA

You're early.

DAVID

Thought you might need some help.

They hug. As they part David's eyes drift behind Sara to a Spanish ornamental Crucifix on the wall.

SARA

What?

He motions to the wall.

DAVID

It'd be a lot easier if that wasn't the first thing my old man saw when he walked through the door.

SARA
It's an artifact. My mom got it
when she was in Mexico.

DAVID
I know. It's just that anything
religious is a hot button with him.

SARA
Would it offend him to know we go to
church?

DAVID
You go to church?

SARA
Christmas and Easter. My mom even
goes on the odd Sunday. Should she
not mention it?

DAVID
No, it's just --

SARA
Why do you care what he thinks?

DAVID
(touch of defensiveness)
You don't care what your parents
think?

SARA
Of course I do. That's why we're
having this dinner. But that doesn't
mean I agree with them on everything.

DAVID
I learned a long time ago the path
of least resistance is the easiest
way to deal with him, that's all.

SARA
I see.

DAVID
He's a professor. Life's a lecture
for him, not a conversation.

She takes his hand.

SARA
Come on, help me in the kitchen...

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - SAME

Elizabeth enters brushing her hair. The shower runs in b.g.

ELIZABETH
Dan...you better hurry...

No response. She checks herself in the mirror.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Danny, they're going to be here any
minute...

Still, no response. She looks through the shower door. The water is running but no Hollister.

A flash of confusion, then she opens the door, sees her husband sitting on the floor, water raining on him. He looks up, exhausted.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Dan!

HOLLISTER
I'm okay.

ELIZABETH
You're not okay. What happened?

The doorbell RINGS. She reacts.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
I'm calling this dinner off.

HOLLISTER
Elizabeth, no! I'm just tired. I
swear, that's all this is.
(off her skeptical
look)
Go down and let 'em in. I'll be
there in a few minutes, I'm fine.
(she lingers, unsure)
Go.

She leaves, concerned, reluctant. She peers through the door as she closes it finally leaving him alone.

PUSH IN ON HOLLISTER AS...

He sits back, wasted, sweat beading on his face as, by force of will, he pushes the unnamed monster back into the emotional dungeon of his unconscious mind. And off this...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. HOLLISTER LIVING ROOM

JAY GRAHAM, 48, with a salt and pepper goatee is in the middle of a story:

JAY
... so, when I walk in there's David
talking to Skye.

Widen to include: A twenty-eight-year-old pale beauty, SKYE, emphasis on the "E." She has that "a little too thin," poetic look. A slightly nervous Sara and David and Elizabeth politely listen to Jay holding court:

JAY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
And believe me I could tell from the
body language that it was very clear
David approved of my favorite grad
student.

DAVID
Dad...

JAY
I'm not saying you were trying to
steal my girl, son, it was just an
interesting moment...

SKYE
(to Sara)
David was a complete gentleman.

Sara smiles tightly back at her.

ELIZABETH
Who'd like an adult beverage?

JAY
... just some bottled water, if you
have it. Flat, no ice. Skye will
have the same.

ELIZABETH
Sure.

Jay's eyes fall on the crucifix. David catches it. As Elizabeth walks behind the bar to pour:

SKYE
So, Liz, what do you do?

ELIZABETH
What do I do?

SKYE
For a living?

ELIZABETH
(re/ the house)
You're pretty much looking at it.

SKYE
What do you mean?

ELIZABETH
(cool as can be)
Mother and a wife. Toughest job in
America. That pretty much fills
every waking moment.

Skye doesn't know what to say... dumbfounded.

SKYE
Oh.

She takes the water from Elizabeth, hands one to Jay, trades a look with him that says "we're in the twilight zone." Jay takes the glass, then:

JAY
(to Elizabeth)
So, where's your husband?

Off this...

IN THE MASTER BATHROOM

Dan is now dressed, pulls a comb through his hair - looks in the mirror. The years are adding up. He stares down at the home pregnancy test... just can't believe it.

INT. DINING ROOM/HOLLISTER'S HOUSE - LATER

The table is beautifully set. Candles, wine and Elizabeth's best china. Hollister, now seated, drains half a bottle of beer with one pull as Sara enters with the main course - a beautifully sliced prime rib roast.

SARA
Ta da!

ELIZABETH

I want you to know that all this is Sara. The entire meal.

Dan smiles, on his best behavior.

DAN

Looks amazing, sweetheart.

Jay and Skye share a look. Sara notices.

SARA

Is something wrong?

JAY

Sara, I'm really embarrassed about this. I guess David didn't tell you.

DAVID

Tell her what?

JAY

Skye and I don't eat meat, anymore. We're vegans.

DAVID

Since when?

JAY

We had this conversation.

DAVID

No, we didn't.

Hollister intercedes:

HOLLISTER

Come on, Jay, have a taste. It's already dead.

SARA

It's okay, dad. I'll find something for them...

SKYE

(dramatic; relieved)

Thank you, Sara. That would be wonderful...

Hollister holds his look on Jay, not happy that his daughter's been embarrassed.

THE DINNER - LATER

Hollister helps himself to the fourth piece of prime rib... trades a look with Elizabeth... as they both look over to Skye and Jay who chew on carrot sticks.

ELIZABETH

(to Jay)

You must be very proud of David getting into medical school.

JAY

David's always had a mind of his own.

HOLLISTER

What do you mean...?

DAVID

Dad wanted me to go into academia.

JAY

David's a wonderful writer, he could have been one of the great ones.

DAVID

(smiling)

Parental hyperbole.

JAY

Instead he's going for the bucks...

HOLLISTER

Nothing wrong with making money. How do you think we fill the potholes? (winks at David)
Not to mention, pay my salary.

DAVID

Believe me, between the HMOs, medical malpractice insurance and paying back my student loans, it'll be about twenty years before I see any "bucks."

HOLLISTER

(a little too pointed)

Well, we're proud of you, David.

Jay bristles.

DAVID

Thanks, Mr. Hollister.

An awkward moment settles in.

JAY

Dan, David tells me you're a decorated
FBI agent?

HOLLISTER

AFT actually... and I'm not all
that decorated. But, thank you,
David.

David nods, nervously.

JAY

What exactly do you do?

HOLLISTER

Oh, I'm just a civil servant.

JAY

I have a feeling you're being modest.

Hollister thinks, his day washing back over him...then decides
to forge ahead:

HOLLISTER

I work for a special threat
intervention task force. We answer
to the federal government. Gun
running, drugs, interstate kidnapping,
terrorism... You name it, it's
probably come across my desk over
the past twenty years.

Jay leans back in his chair and folds his arms.

JAY

And you got your Medal of Valor,
how?

HOLLISTER

(downplays)

I just did my job. Somebody was
there to see it so... so yeah, they
stuck a ribbon on me.

JAY

Waco, wasn't it?

This lands with a clunk.

DAVID

Dad, please...

JAY

I'm just asking.

HOLLISTER

It's okay, David.

(then to Jay)

Yes, Jay. It was from Waco.

JAY

Wow. How'd you feel about that?

All those innocent people killed...

Burned alive?

HOLLISTER

"Innocent" is subjective.

SARA

Is anybody ready for dessert?

Jay and Hollister ignore this. A tome of mutual antipathy rising.

JAY

Did you have to discharge your weapon?

HOLLISTER

When people are shooting at me I generally shoot back, yes.

JAY

There were women and children in the building. Must be tricky to live with that...

Reactions from everyone.

HOLLISTER

You want to know about Waco? It was four hours in a twenty-two year career but if that's all you want to hear about, fine.

ELIZABETH

Dan, don't --

HOLLISTER

(grinds on)

Waco was the biggest monkey fuck I've ever seen. My partner was shot setting up a radio repeater. I ran twenty meters and pulled him behind a truck. His vest saved him from a 9 millimeter burst but a single fragment got under his Kevlar and tore a hole through his aorta. He bled to death in my arms. He was twenty-five years old.

(MORE)

HOLLISTER (CONT'D)
Wife was pregnant with twins. He never got to see 'em.

JAY
Yeah, I guess there were a lot of victims that day.

HOLLISTER
Koresh was not coming out of that building.

JAY
So, you trampled on the Constitution.

HOLLISTER
Have you ever read the Constitution?

JAY
Sure. Have you?

HOLLISTER
I'm sworn to defend it so yeah, I've looked it over once or twice.

JAY
I'll bet the second amendment's your favorite.

HOLLISTER
Sure, so I can protect your first amendment right to spin mindless bullshit without fear of being arrested or slapped in the head with this roast beef you won't eat.

SARA
Dad!!!

JAY
And what about Habeas Corpus??

David stands up.

DAVID
Dad!!!

Hollister becomes calm, looks at Jay, evenly:

HOLLISTER
You're out of line.

JAY
Do you have a gun in this house?
I'm just curious.

HOLLISTER
I have a gun at this table.

Everyone's eyes dart to Hollister.

JAY
What?!!

Hollister reaches for his ankle holster and pulls out his back up snub .38 and puts it on the table. Jay looks mortified, shocked and frightened.

HOLLISTER
Tell you what, Professor, why don't you get the hell outta my house...

SARA
Dad, you promised!

HOLLISTER
Sorry, Sara. This man is no longer welcome here.

As Jay and Skye head for the door:

SARA
(to Elizabeth)
Mom...?

But, the horse it out of the barn. Elizabeth just shakes her head. Jay stops at the door, turns to David:

JAY
Let's go! These are not our people...

David, stricken, hesitates... looks from his father to Sara, knowing he has to make a choice:

JAY (CONT'D)
Are you coming?!

DAVID
... I'm going to stay here with Sara.

JAY
(disgusted)
I'm not surprised.

Jay and Skye exit. A long, uncomfortable silence.

SARA
(to David)
I'm sorry, sweetheart, I don't know what to say.

But, David turns to Hollister:

DAVID
Mr. Hollister --

HOLLISTER
I apologize, David. I should've
kept my cool --

DAVID
That was the first time in my life
that I ever saw anyone stand up to
my old man. He's a bully.

Hollister admits a small grin.

HOLLISTER
World's full of 'em.

David nods, then turns to Sara:

DAVID
Your dad did the right thing, Sara.

Sara hugs David, relieved. As she does, she looks over his
shoulder and trades a look with her dad. All is well.

INT. HOLLISTER'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

The home pregnancy box sits open on the counter next to the
sink. Pull back to reveal Elizabeth in her bathrobe holding
the test wand in her hand.

ELIZABETH
Two pink lines, I'm pregnant. One
pink line, I'm drying up.

HOLLISTER
What do you mean?

ELIZABETH
Menopause.

HOLLISTER
That's impossible.

ELIZABETH
Unfortunately, it's not. Jennifer
Harcourt started getting hot flashes
a year ago and she's younger than I
am...

HOLLISTER
Well, I guess we'll find out.

ELIZABETH
Still love me?

HOLLISTER
Like crazy.

ELIZABETH
Here we go.

She opens her hands and stares at the little window. Hollister watches her face to gauge her reaction. Tears well up in her eyes. Hollister waits, puzzled, anticipating the outcome.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
... I guess we're getting old.

She slips deeply into his arms. He holds on tight.

IN BED - A LITTLE LATER

They're both in bed. Elizabeth slumbers, Dan's winding down, TV remote in hand. He numbly flips through the channels until lands on the news. One story ends, another begins.

NEWS ANCHOR
(on tv)
Officials are looking for clues in what police are calling "a suspicious death." An unidentified Chinese immigrant was found sexually assaulted and beaten to death in a drainage ravine near West Tempe Avenue...

Hollister sits up, watches as the report continues. The News Anchor's voice fades in Hollister's mind. On tv, images from the crime scene and the victim comes up.

PUSH IN on the victim's face. Young, handsome Asian man, a streak of blonde hair.

ON HOLLISTER'S FACE

As he realizes that the victim is Li, the young husband...the new father that he saw at Lenix's house.

He reels.

HOLLISTER
Jesus...

For Dan Hollister, there is no escape.

END OF ACT FIVE