BETRAYAL

"Pilot"

Fifth Network Draft

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ACT ONE

A BLURRY, TILTED ANGLE - SLOW-MO - SOUND FILTERED

A BODY on a floor. Shirt bloodied, people's legs running to and fro across frame, somebody bending down over the body to tend to it. Sound SWELLS TO VOLUME as the IMAGE RACKS INTO FOCUS and we come to FULL SPEED --

PARAMEDICS lift the body and place it onto a stretcher. It's a young, beautiful woman... her name is ***SARA HAYWARD*** *(32), but we don't know that yet. Swirling around the gurney, a barely-controlled chaos envelops the room - a crowd of people being cordoned off by police.*

A GUN on the ground - the makings of an evidence field. It's not clear where we are, or what has happened here. Only that this woman has been shot and is in trouble. -- THE GURNEY SPEEDS down a hallway. A MAN accompanies it. We can't quite see his face. -- AMBULANCE DOORS SLAM SHUT! We HEAR the crackle of:

A WALKIE-TALKIE (FILTERED)
...32 year old woman, multiple GSWs, sats dropping... conscious on scene...

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

SARA'S EYES dart back and forth, as the O2 mask is placed over her mouth. SIRENS BLARE; emergency lights flash. The Man by her side reaches over, wipes a spray of blood off her forehead. She looks in his eyes, then glances down at her hand. His fingers intertwine with hers. TWO WEDDING RINGS rub up against each other. As the rig screams away, A CARD RISES**: "6 MONTHS EARLIER."** Under which, the sirens become SCREAMING and PLAYING...

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

CHILDREN scurry across the courtyard as we FIND SARA, intact, in the classic parental limbo - waiting for her kid after school. A TAP on her shoulder turns her...

KENDRA
Sara!

KENDRA (38, make-up and slit skirt over-preparing for the big 4-0) stands there. She is a lot.

SARA
Kendra, hi. How are - ?

KENDRA
Raffle tickets. Did you bring them?

SARA
Oh, yeah, sure, I've got them right -

KENDRA
How many did you sell?

SARA
All of them.

KENDRA
Overachiever! Where have you been? I haven't spoken to you in weeks!

SARA
Been a little busy, I have a show going up at the Lakeshore. Getting ready for -

KENDRA
Ooh, I love artsy events - great for meeting younger men.

SARA
Come. It's tonight. I'm sorry I didn't -

KENDRA
Date. Hedge fund guy. The fancier the meal, the smaller the penis. He's taking me to *La Louche* - it does not bode well.

Sara's not sure how to respond to that.

SARA
Well, I hear the food is very good.

KENDRA
If it ever doesn't work out between you and Drew: just kill him. Save yourself the misery. And the legal fees. Of course, why worry? You have the perfect marriage. Which I hate you for.

OLIVER
Mommy! Mommy! Look!

Sara's son **OLIVER** (7) jumps into her arms.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
It's a dog - I made it out of clay.

SARA
Fantastic! What's his name?

OLIVER
Geronimo!

As she carries him off, waving bye to Kendra -

KENDRA
Friday is girls' night out! I expect you there this time!

OLIVER
Mommy - tomorrow's the school bake sale. I promised we'd bring cupcakes!

CUT TO:

A BAKING PAN OF CUPCAKES

removed from the oven by a mitted hand. WIDEN TO:

INT. HAYWARD APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sara, who looks smashing in a cocktail dress, studies her baking. A crinkled look of perplexedness on her face, as **JANEY** (17, babysitter) looks on. Oliver watches TV.

JANEY
Should they be smoking like that?

SARA
I can always scrape off the black part.

Walking through, in a loose dress shirt, is Sara's husband, **DREW HAYWARD** (35), on a cell phone.

DREW (TO PHONE)
We already dropped two charges and knocked a year off the damn sentence... -- What did you just say to me?!

OLIVER
The show's over, put on another one!

SARA
That's it for tonight!

Harshly, Drew waves for them to shut up. It's his way - slick on one hand, brusk on the other. As Sara reaches to pull a new necktie from a box, she addresses Janey:

SARA (CONT'D)
Have Oliver in bed by 8, don't let him talk you into more than one story.

Sara moves to Drew, starts to put on his tie - A LUSH BURGUNDY SILK with gold and azure accents. Masculine but romantic. The action of knotting his tie is one of those familiar moments married couples take for granted.

DREW (TO PHONE)
Listen, you tell your lowlife client if we don't have a deal by 8AM tomorrow, I'll make sure that jury hangs his ass!
(tosses the phone down)
...Sorry.
(then, re: the tie)
Where'd this come from?

SARA
I got you a tie. For tonight. I went to that place you like, talked to the lady --

DREW
Oh, right. Yeah, it's great. Just not for tonight. I gotta look on message. I got Mahoney coming, that new congresswoman, the Governor's guy...

He whips off her tie and quickly throws a BORING BLUE STRIPED TIE around his neck. Oblivious to her feelings being hurt. She does the tie for him.

DREW (CONT'D)
You okay?

SARA
A little nervous. - I saw Kendra today. I still can't believe they split up.

DREW
No big surprise there, that was bad from the get-go.

SARA
They seemed really in love back when we first met them.

DREW
Jeff was always a jerk. And she's no walk in the park either.

SARA
Still. After ten years. How does a marriage just blow up like that?

As she finishes with the tie, he kisses her forehead.

DREW
Someone lights a match.

ON SARA, glancing at THE DISCARDED TIE on the counter.

INT. LAKESHORE ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Fancy people meander through a modern gallery; cocktails and hors-d'oeuvres. There are multiple artists' works on display. Sara's is a series of portraits of prominent Chicagoans. CAMERA FINDS SARA greeting people, shyly. Drew is beside her, an adept schmoozer. FIND **JACK McCUTCHEN** (late 30s), looking at a photo of a dapper man, 60's - the wind blows his tie and jacket aside, as he stands strong, fists up in a boxer's pose. Underneath the photo, a card reads: ***TERENCE KARSTEN, entrepreneur: 'Anything worth having is worth fighting for.'*** JACK smiles to himself as his wife **ELAINE** (40s) steps up.

ELAINE
Where's Dad?

JACK
He went to thank the photographer.

ELAINE
Eating up all the attention, I'm sure. Dragging poor T.J. around like a pet.

JACK
Be nice.

ELAINE
I showed up, didn't I?
(re: the PHOTO)
It sure captures him. Smile on his face, fists raised to the world.

She says it with some disdain, but as much as she'd like to deny it, Elaine is a fighter - just like her dad. ON **TERENCE KARSTEN** and son **T.J.** (30s), with Sara now.

KARSTEN
You made me look tough!

SARA
It was your idea, Mister Karsten.

KARSTEN
Well, thank you, in any case. Very elegant event, best of luck with it.
- This is my son, Terence Junior.

He is a big guy, but sweet, a bit shy. It's not immediately noticeable that he is slightly brain-damaged.

T.J.
'T.J.' is good.

SARA
Nice to meet you, T.J.

KARSTEN
Come on, son, I see a bar over there.

He grabs his son and they go, as Drew steps up.

DREW
Wow, Terence Karsten came.

SARA
Why wouldn't he?

DREW
Busy man. Between all the mergers, the acquisitions, the impending lawsuits...

SARA
He seemed very nice on the shoot. He's a widower, we talked about his wife.

DREW
You don't get rich in Chicago real estate without throwing some sharp elbows.
(spots someone)
The alderman - I better go kiss the ring.

SARA
Please, stay. I don't know how much small talk I have in me.

It's charmingly self-effacing. But she really doesn't want him to leave her there, alone. He kisses her cheek -

DREW
Gotta work the room.

She stands alone. Someone passes - Sara ekes out a smile and a wave. She's a bit flushed. She walks away.

EXT. CHICAGO RIVERWALK - NIGHT

Out on the water, a boat glides by. Sara steps out to the railing - in BG, a man speaks on his cell phone... Jack.

Finishing, he puts the phone away, and for a moment, they both stand there looking out, unaware of each other, the same expression on their faces... TWO ROMANTIC DREAMERS. A passing cargo boat BLOWS its SIGNAL WHISTLE, causing Sara and Jack to simultaneously turn - so that they find themselves FACE TO FACE. Suddenly. A beat...

JACK
Pretty chilly without a coat.

SARA
I needed some air. Quite a crowd.

JACK
(removes his coat)
...Here.

SARA
Oh no, that's all right, really...

But he's already putting it around her shoulders.

JACK
You're shivering.
(as she pulls it around her)
Are you from the gallery?

SARA
Yes. What brings you to the opening?

JACK
My boss asked me to come.

SARA
Twisted your arm?

JACK
No, no, not at all...
(off her knowing smile)
Well, now that I'm here, it's kind of interesting.

SARA
You're 'kind of' unconvincing.

JACK
(shrugs, then)
I like fantasy, imagination. Not how things are, you know? How they *could* be.

SARA
You prefer abstract art.

JACK
Abstract art - and Will Ferrell movies. Guess I don't find literal reality so compelling.

SARA
Just because it's a portrait, doesn't mean what I do is literal.

JACK
Oh no - you're not... Are you the artist?

SARA
It's a group show - I'm one of them.

JACK
Should I eat my shoe now?

She smiles. Something intriguing about the way he teases.

INT. LAKESHORE GALLERY - SAME

Drew pats backs with the Alderman and moves on, looking around for Sara. He steps up to a bar.

DREW
Scotch and soda, twist.

He glances past the bar, out the window and sees: Sara outside, with a man - laughing. Drew thinks little of it, albeit being a bit curious. Someone he knows steps up.

DREW (CONT'D)
Kilner! Did you bring your checkbook?

EXT. CHICAGO RIVERWALK - NIGHT - AS BEFORE

SARA
You make choices. All kinds of choices. The angle, the exposure, the framing -

As she continues, there is a subtext that locks them into each other. She gets lost in what she's saying, and it's not just about photography - and he listens to what's underneath the words.

SARA (CONT'D)
...just trying to convey something powerful... beautiful. An image you see in your mind's eye. The way you dream it.

JACK
The way *you* do, you mean. 'Dream it.'

SARA
I meant in general.

JACK
But you're the artist.

SARA
Okay: the way I dream it.

They've fallen into one of those rabbit holes that happen between people drawn to each other, sudden and unwitting.

JACK
You're passionate about your work.

SARA
If not, what's the point? Aren't you?

JACK
I'm no artist.

Another SIGNAL WHISTLE unlocks them. They look out again, in silence. Start to speak at the same time...

SARA
I love the water.

JACK
I miss the water.

SARA
(laughs)
When that would happen, my sister and I used to say 'diamond rose.'

JACK
Diamond rose? Isn't it usually 'jinx?'

SARA
For us, it was 'diamond rose.' For luck.
(waves away the recollection)
Anyway, you were saying..?

JACK
I grew up on the water, imagining I'd end up a wreck diver. Searching for lost gold at the bottom of Lake Michigan. Crazy.

SARA
Not so crazy. - Did you ever find your treasure?

JACK
Still looking, I guess.

SARA
I grew up land-locked, central Illinois farmland. Now I live here, but you go through your daily life, rushing around, you forget how close it is... the water, the open space, the breeze... You lose sight of things.

JACK
You do, you mean.

He grins at her. Like he's known her forever.

SARA
It's just a way of talking.

JACK
It's also a way of thinking, isn't it?

SARA
Right, so what does it mean? That I'm 'outside' myself or something?

JACK
...Or something.

He fixes her with a warm look - penetrating in a way that catches her off guard. It's an unfamiliar sensation. She's thrilled and discomfited - removes the coat.

SARA
Thank you. I should get back in.

He reaches out for it - his hand accidentally brushes against hers. They linger there, touching, a millisecond longer than they should. A long look; he takes the coat.

JACK
Good luck with the show.

SARA
Good luck diving for wrecks.

He watches her walk away, wondering what just happened - thrown in the way that a quick jolt of joy can throw you.

INT. LAKESHORE ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Sara re-finds Drew in a group of people. He's jovial.

DREW
I've just convinced Kilner here to buy five pieces for his firm! We're rich!

He embraces her. Over his shoulder, Sara sees Jack re-join Elaine, who leads him towards the exit. Sara's eyes track him - he feels her gaze, looks up, finding her. Their eyes never leave each other's... an ineffable longing. A hunger. DISSOLVE TO A TITLE CARD: **"BETRAYAL."**

INT. MCCUTCHEN HOME - THE NEXT DAY

Morning routine. Jack gets coffee; Elaine makes eggs.

ELAINE
My meat guy is squawking again - haven't paid him in three weeks. Those food trucks are killing our lunch business.

JACK
Why don't you let me ask your dad for a little help? He won't mind.

ELAINE
Of course he won't mind. He loans me money to rescue the business he never wanted me to start, and then he controls me like he controls everybody else.
(catches herself)
Sorry, I didn't mean... -

JACK
No, I get it.

ELAINE
I just want the cafe to be mine. No strings attached.

JACK
He's your father - there are strings.

ELAINE
That doesn't mean I have to play his game. Dad makes his money in some very dubious ways, Jack - there's no escaping that. And if you think that stuff didn't contribute to my mother... -

JACK
Sofia died of a stroke - a decade ago..!

JACK (CONT'D)
Ease up on him already.

ELAINE
It was eight years.

ELAINE
Why? Why do you defend him like that?!

JACK
Because I work for HIM!
(calming himself)
...And because I allow myself to see what he's done for both of us in a way you never will.

It takes her aback - his REPRESSED FRUSTRATION. Their held look is interrupted when their twin children swoop in - **VALERIE** and **VICTOR**, 16. Val is pretty, straight and sharp-witted. Victor is rugged, edgy, works out too much.

VAL
Bye, Mom. Bye, Dad. Early band practice.

VICTOR
I need ten bucks for the team photo.

ELAINE
What about breakfast? I just made eggs!

VAL
I'm off protein.

VICTOR
I had a power shake.

Jack gives the money. They start off. Jack looks at Val.

JACK
Hey, how about a kiss?

VAL
(kisses him dramatically)
Have a good day, my dear Papa!

VICTOR
What a Daddy's girl - so lame.

Val smacks his arm as they go. Jack shrugs to Elaine...

JACK
I'll have the eggs.

It's an olive branch - and an evasion. She smiles, appreciative, both glad to give up on the interrupted argument. He glances down at the counter - a FLYER for the EXHIBITION - a HEADSHOT OF SARA. As Jack sips his coffee, eyes glued on her face, A BOAT HORN SOUNDS...

INT. HAYWARD APARTMENT - DAY

HONNNKKK! Oliver's toy cruise ship emits a horn noise. Sara packs his bag. Drew, in bathrobe, pours juice.

SARA
Lunch - check. Homework - check.

DREW
So Karsten seems nice to you?

The BUZZER rings. The kid SPRINTS for the door.

OLIVER
That's Teddy and his mom! Bye!

SARA
(sits with Drew, re: Karsten)
Nice? I don't know. He doesn't seem like a bad guy.

DREW
The really rich ones never do. - Oh, by the way, who was that guy last night? By the river? I saw you talking.

She's off balance - why? Why feel caught? Caught at what? She's rescued when his phone HUMS; he answers it. HEAR:

KARSTEN (PRE-LAP)
How's my favorite son-in-law?

INT. KARSTEN OFFICE - DAY

As Jack enters, Karsten stands at his desk, in a finely-appointed office overlooking Michigan Avenue.

JACK
Your *only* son-in-law, so far as I know.

KARSTEN
Have fun last night? I barely saw you.

JACK
It was good. Thanks for inviting us.

KARSTEN
Elaine okay? It was just 'hi' and 'bye' - we didn't get a chance to catch up.

T.J. enters with coffees, hands one to Jack.

JACK
Thanks, T.J. - She's been preoccupied, busy with the restaurant.

KARSTEN
Too busy to talk to her father?

He looks at Jack; the question was clearly not meant to be rhetorical. He looks away, a sad nostalgia.

KARSTEN (CONT'D)
When she was little, she never stopped talking, would tell me stories that went on for days. And I ate up every word.

T.J. puts down a coffee and creamer for his father.

T.J.
Yeah, she used to do that.

KARSTEN
Every evening before dinner... Sofia, T.J., me... we were her audience.

T.J.
Easy on the cream, pop - cholesterol.

KARSTEN
Now, I can't even get her on the phone.

JACK
She showed up, didn't she?

Karsten doesn't like that answer. His tone toughens -

KARSTEN
It's her mother's anniversary next week - eight years since she died. Tell Elaine I expect to see her at the cemetery.

Jack nods, point taken. **AN ASSISTANT** enters.

ASSISTANT
Mr. Karsten - Mr. Mrozek's in the lobby.

T.J.
Uncle Lou's here?

KARSTEN
For the meeting, T.J. - I told you that.

INT. HAYWARD APARTMENT - AS BEFORE

Sara's mind is still on Jack, as Drew finishes his call.

DREW (ON PHONE)
...They're sending over the plea agreement? Signed? Great, see you soon.
(hangs up; to Sara)
That loser caved. Gotta go. Love ya.

She catches his hand, holds it. Kisses it.

SARA
Hey... Remember when we first moved in? We had mornings like this all the time...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

LOU MROZEK (60's, slightly rumpled) sits with Karsten and Jack - blueprints and financials spread out on the table.

JACK
...Construction's on schedule for a 2014 completion. I had accounting break down material costs, we're a little over...

KARSTEN
But nothing too worrisome, right, Jack?

JACK
No. Nothing too worrisome.

UNCLE LOU
I'm glad it all seems in order.

KARSTEN
You always do a good job for me, Lou.

T.J.
Does that mean he gets Bears tickets? Because Uncle Lou always takes me with him when you give him Bears tickets!

Laughter. Lou rises to go, but Jack stops him -

JACK
Lou: there is one other thing - a small discrepancy.

INT. HAYWARD BEDROOM - DAY

Sara pulls the robe off Drew's shoulders - he undoes her silk pajama top. They fall into bed and MAKE LOVE.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - AS BEFORE

JACK
...Payments from a slush fund to a company called International Builders Corporation. What do we know about that?

UNCLE LOU
I'm... not familiar with it.

JACK
We haven't been able to track it down.

KARSTEN
Maybe that partner of yours can clarify it - what's his name? 'Perkins?'

Uncle Lou is uneasy, feeling under siege.

UNCLE LOU
I'm sure it's nothing... that it's easily explained. How much are we talking about?

KARSTEN
Let's not quibble over numbers. Just find out who this unknown recipient of our largesse happens to be.

UNCLE LOU
What's this all about, Terence? I mean, Jack, are you suggesting - ..?

KARSTEN
He's not suggesting anything, Lou. We're just taking care of business.

Karsten puts his arms on Lou's shoulders, peers into his eyes. Smiles, nods, then hugs him. A bit too tight.

UNCLE LOU
I'll talk to Perkins.

He goes, unnerved. Karsten's smile curdles. There's a drink tray there - he flips it up, SMASHING it against the wall - CRASH! It startles Jack and T.J. - the sudden burst of rage and violence from Karsten. Then, calmer...

KARSTEN
He's lying. I can see it in his eyes.

<u>INT. HAYWARD APARTMENT - BEDROOM</u>

SARA'S EYES as she and Drew make love. Tender, yet a disconnect; a dreamy longing in her look. His phone BUZZES; he hesitates, then ignores it. She looks up at...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - AS BEFORE - **INTERCUTTING**

JACK
Let's not get ahead of ourselves, Terence, Uncle Lou is family -

KARSTEN
Exactly! What's more sacred than that..?!

-- DREW AND SARA in bed, post-coital.

DREW
That was nice. I miss this.

SARA
Me too.

-- KARSTEN broods, to Jack - as T.J. looks on, fretful.

KARSTEN
When I was young on the Southside, I worked for a guy - Joey Malinsky - he had a rule to live by...

-- SARA lies on her side. DREW sits on the edge of the bed, getting dressed.

DREW
So... what were we talking about before..? Oh yeah, you never answered my question - about who he was. The man at the river.

SARA
(blindsided)
I... I never got his name.

-- KARSTEN stands, face to face with JACK - ominous.

KARSTEN
Malinsky used to say: 'After the first betrayal...'

-- SARA, alone now, stares at A WATERCOLOR on the wall - a beach, waves lapping in. Hear the surf in Sara's head. We know from the look in her eyes she's thinking of him.

KARSTEN (CONT'D)
'...there is no other...'

Karsten stares at JACK, meaningfully. SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. CHICAGO STREET/INT. A PHOTO SUPPLY STORE - DAY

Jack walks carrying an 11x14 cardboard envelope.

JACK (ON CELL)
...Almost a million dollars - yes, to 'International Builders' Corp.' Can you guys get into the forensics on that?
(as he enters the store)
I know it's a $200 million project, but gotta account for every penny. Thanks.

As he hangs up, a CLERK at the counter steps up to him.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hi, I was referred by Lakeshore Gallery --

VOICE (O.S.)
...Hello?

It spins him around - he sees her: Sara.

JACK
...Hey. Small world.

They smile at each other, a bit too happy to see each other again. The Clerk feels stuck in the middle -

CLERK
I'll give you two a minute.

JACK
What are you doing here?

SARA
Yeah, weird, right? A photographer in a photo store. - New camera body. And you?

JACK
I need to get something framed. A photo.

SARA
I thought you weren't into that stuff.

JACK
Well, I saw one that changed my mind.

He pulls the print out - a portrait of a naked woman looking in a mirror. It is more artistic than the celebrity/public figure shots we saw on display.

JACK (CONT'D)
Yours, in fact.

SARA
...Wow. You bought that?

JACK
No, actually I stole it. Cat burglar type thing, I snuck in late at night...

She laughs. Pleased, embarrassed.

SARA
It wasn't even in the show.

JACK
They showed me the secret artsy stash, in the back room.

SARA
The gallery marks it up so much.

JACK
Thanks for telling me - now!

SARA
Let me make it up to you. I have a framing guy - he's really good - I'll tell him how I want it matted, framed, all per the 'artist's' instructions. Best part is, it'll cost you exactly nothing.

JACK
Sounds like an offer I can't refuse.

SARA
Good. I'll let you know when it's done.

She's discombobulated by her inner giddiness. They both lean for the photo and - CONK! - their heads tap.

SARA (CONT'D) JACK
Oh... Ah, sorry...

They share an embarrassed smile, rubbing their heads.

SARA (CONT'D)
I'm nothing if not graceful.

JACK
...You're beautiful.

It blurts out most unexpectedly, awkwardly. She almost turns red - not sure what to make of it. He is aghast -

JACK (CONT'D)
Uh, the photo... *it's* beautiful....

He digs out a business card for her. She reads it.

JACK (CONT'D)
You might need this.

SARA
Right: 'Jack McCutchen.'

JACK
And you're Sara Hayward?

SARA
Nice to meet you.

They shake hands, sweetly formal. He's at a loss.

JACK
Yes. I... I hope it doesn't leave a lump.

He smiles and goes, a bit bumbling. She is lost in her strange feeling. Her phone BUZZES - she checks it: '*KENDRA: R u coming?*'

INT. RUSH STREET BAR - NIGHT

A noisy singles place with hook-ups happening all around. Not a place for Sara at all, but here we find her, with Kendra and two other moms, **LYNNE** and **CLAIRE** (both 30s).

CLAIRE
Oh my god, that new PE teacher - he's like a huge muscle with great hair!

KENDRA
Who knew dodgeball was a spectator sport?

Sara laughs and sips her Cosmo.

LYNNE
Have you seen him, Sara?

SARA
I'm taking the fifth.

KENDRA
There's no judge here! Fess up.

SARA
All right, I admit it - buns of steel.

They all laugh. A crush of BUSINESSMEN and YOUNG WOMEN presses in. Sara feels a bit suffocated, takes a big sip.

SARA (CONT'D)
Stuffy in here. Be right back.

INT. LADIES' ROOM - SAME

Sara leans down over the sink, as she rinses her face with her hands. When she leans up, Kendra is standing next to her, holding out a paper towel.

KENDRA
You okay?

SARA
...I get nervous in crowds. It's nothing.

Kendra digs in her purse, pulls out a vial.

KENDRA
Xanax?

SARA
Thanks, no, I'm good.

Kendra retouches her make-up. Sara looks over at her...

SARA (CONT'D)
You never really told me... what happened in your marriage? Is that okay to ask?

KENDRA
You know that spark you felt when you first met Drew - the one two people feel when they spot each other across a room - it's what everyone's out there looking for, hoping for. Even if only for a night. Well, when the spark is gone, you're in trouble.

SARA
Lots of people go through that, don't they? It doesn't end every marriage.

KENDRA
Some people, they learn to pretend they don't miss it. Or that they don't crave it every day. Maybe they wait around long enough to stumble across it again, years later. But in some marriages... well, maybe somebody's not patient. Maybe they find it somewhere else.

It surprises Sara, as she absorbs the lesson of the sparkless marriage - not so different from her own, though no one might be able to see it. Yet.

SARA
Jeffrey..? Had an affair?

KENDRA
Yes. And even though I want to kill him sixteen times a day, the truth is, he probably did us both a favor. We were never going to be happy again. And once it's over... it's over.

The sentiment lands heavy on Sara, even as she tries to ignore any relevance it has to her.

EXT. RIVERFRONT CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

ON A WEDDING RING being twirled around a finger. REVEAL Jack, in a golf cart beside Karsten, being driven across the site - T.J. at the wheel.

JACK
The forensic accountants have come up with nothing. It'll take some time before they can do a full assessment but -

KARSTEN
He's ripping me off, Jack, I know it.

JACK
I just don't think we want to raise any red flags that'll make it look like something's sideways with this development. We're still dealing with that bribery problem we had in the Wrigley project. So, let's be prudent.

T.J.
He's right, Pop. We should be prudent.

The cart stops outside a trailer office.

KARSTEN
Lou is Sofia's brother. You know how many times we bailed him out of trouble, gave him a chance to make something of himself? Everything he's got is from her loyalty to him - and mine to her. For him to do this now, betray me this way...

JACK
We don't know that.

T.J.
Maybe... maybe Uncle Lou can explain it, Pop - maybe after he looks into it...

KARSTEN
T.J., stay out of it.

They walk into -

INT. TRAILER/OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JACK
All I'm saying is, it doesn't help to keep obsessing over it, not until we...

He stops suddenly, trailing off when he sees - Sara's PORTRAIT of Karsten, framed, leaning against the wall.

JACK (CONT'D)
...Where'd you get that?

KARSTEN
The girl sent me a few copies. Not a bad photographer. - What were you saying?

JACK
I was saying... Let's wait until we know something for sure.

As Jack covers up his odd distraction, we CUT TO:

INT. RUSH STREET MAGAZINE STAFF OFFICE - DAY

Sara at a staff meeting for a hipper version of 'Chicago' magazine, led by features editor **ALISSA BARNES** (40s).

ALISSA
...And that covers everything, I think.

Alissa's assistant, PAUL (20s) pipes in to her.

PAUL
The sushi thing.

ALISSA
Oh right, the sushi thing. Food Reviews has a piece coming up on the Chicago area's top ten sushi joints, so we need some great fish shots. Sara?

SARA
(distracted, off guard)
...Sorry?

PAUL
Salmon, tuna, squid - go to town.

SARA
Raw fish? Really?

ALISSA
You don't have a mercury problem, do you? Then it's all yours. Okay, thanks, everybody, back at it.

As they all disperse, Sara lingers for Alissa, who is on her way out. Sara tails along with her.

SARA
Can we talk?

ALISSA
One of the places is in Dune Acres. Dune Acres is great, bring Drew -

SARA
I'm fine with the sushi piece, I am. But you mentioned the magazine branching out into features with a little more oomph - a little edge, danger. I'd like to do something like that photographically.

ALISSA
Okay, on what topic? What moves you?

It catches Sara unprepared.

SARA
I've got a few things I'm working on...

ALISSA
Look, Sara, we've known each other what four, five years..?

SARA
Almost six.

ALISSA
The point is: you want to advance beyond doing portrait assignments that end up pulling a few hundred bucks at the Lakeshore? You gotta find some fire, girl.
(MORE)

ALISSA (CONT'D)
I'm in your corner, I am, but for me to convince the boys upstairs to give you a photo-feature, that you're an artist ready for that - well, you'd have to present a vision - a *passion* - that'll make it impossible for them to say 'no.'

SARA
Okay. I'll figure out what 'moves' me.

ALISSA
Excellent. Have some hamachi for me.

MITCH (20s) comes by, holding the framed photo for Jack.

MITCH
I got your print. I didn't have the flat top in the graphite so I went with gun metal, I think it's just as good.

SARA
Thanks, Mitch, that looks great.

She finds Jack's card.

INT. KARSTEN TRAILER OFFICE/EXT. CONST. SITE - AS BEFORE

KARSTEN
I'm not 'obsessing.' I'm just not letting it go. Stay on those accountants - what the hell do I pay them for?

Jack's phone BUZZES. He checks it.

JACK
Excuse me, I have to take this.
(steps away, ON PHONE)
...Jack McCutchen.

We INTERCUT the phone call:

SARA
Oh, ah, hi. It's Sara Hayward.

JACK
Sara, yes. How are you?

He steps back outside into the Construction Site.

SARA
Good, thanks, your print is done. I work over at the old Tribune building on Michigan, if you'd like to pick it up...

JACK
Sure. Will you be there? I could, uh, buy you lunch as a thank-you.

SARA
Actually, I have to get to Union Station, I'm on my way out of town for a job...

JACK
Oh well, then, that's perfect. My office is right by Union Station -

SARA
Ah, I'm in a bit of a rush, so -

JACK
I'll meet you. And I will not delay you any longer than absolutely necessary.

SARA
Why would it be 'necessary?'

JACK
I, uh, don't know. It wouldn't, I guess.

She smiles but he can't see it. He shakes his head, ashamed of how goofy he sounds. Like teenagers.

INT. UNION STATION - DAY

Rushed and harried, Sara makes her way through a crowd, arriving near the Ticket Counter... he's standing there, holding a small white paper bag and looking at his watch. She looks about at the crowd; he sees she's out of sorts.

JACK
I hope it wasn't too much trouble.

SARA
No, it's just... I'm weird about crowds.

JACK
What's that called - agoraphobia?
...I heard it's a fear of connection.

SARA
Wow, you're just full of psycho-analytic observations.

He holds out his little white bag for her.

JACK
An expression of my thanks: donuts from Lou Mitchell's. Where you headed anyway?

SARA
Dune Acres. To shoot fish.

JACK
That's not very sportsmanlike - I think you're supposed to use a fishing rod.

SARA
(ha ha)
Sushi - I'm the 'artist,' right?

JACK
You'll have to fill me in on how it goes. I'm a major sushi fan.

She smiles at him - is he messing with her?

SARA
Why does so much of what you say seem to have a hidden meaning?

JACK
Maybe it's all those years I spent as a CIA assassin.

SARA
Or maybe you're used to hiding what you really want to say behind some charming, clever remark. And you know what that sounds like? ...A fear of connection.

Touché. He feels invigoratingly challenged; he likes it.

JACK
I think I've just been out-psyched.

A long beat as she studies him, fascinated, intrigued. And he's looking back at her the same way. An ANNOUNCEMENT comes on calling out her train departure.

SARA
There's my train. Enjoy the photo!

She walks away, laughing to herself. He calls after her:

JACK
Hey! Did you just call me charming?!

She rushes off. He looks down; HER SCARF is on the ground. When he looks up, she is gone. We HARD CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN TERMINAL- VARIOUS

JACK RUNNING... through an underpass, up a flight of stairs, coming out onto the platform, as the Conductor is hopping onto the train, which is starting to rev up.

JACK
Hold up! Sara!

He runs along the windows, searching the faces, until... he finds her. Seeing him from her window, she moves back along the car, until she arrives at the inter-car gangway connection - stands at the open-air landing, looking out at him, as he tries to keep up with the train.

JACK (CONT'D)
You, uh... you dropped this!

He's hyperventilating - she's mystified and flattered. He holds out the scarf.

SARA
It's only a scarf. You didn't need to...

JACK
(breathless)
Dune Acres... Can get... Cold.

He hands her the scarf. The train starts to speed off.

SARA
Well... thank you..?

JACK
Oh no... no problem.

The train goes; she smiles watching him, receding in the distance. ON JACK - bent over, hands on knees. Shaking his head and wondering: what the fuck am I doing?

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

CRACK! - a RACK OF POOL BALLS is broken. Cue in hand, T.J. leans over a pool table as Jack enters, surprised.

JACK
Table's a little warped.

T.J. sinks a long shot, pure and true.

T.J.
Seems fine to me.

JACK
So, what's this all about? One of your girlfriends having some problem again?

T.J. laughs, a bit incongruously. Jack picks up a cue.

T.J.
No. That was Brandy. You fixed that one. That guy's leaving her alone now. - It's Dad. He's not right, Jack.

JACK
You mean about Uncle Lou?

T.J.
I don't like to see him like this.

JACK
Me either. We'll take care of it.

T.J.
After the accident... he was the same way. Sad. And, like, mad at the same time. Like something was on fire in him.

JACK
That was different. He was worried about you.

T.J.
You too, right? You were worried, too?

JACK
We all were. That you wouldn't... get better.

T.J.
But I did. I got better. 'Cause you saved me. You pulled me outta the water.

JACK
Yeah... I got you out. I wish it hadn't taken me as long as it did. But... It could have been worse.

It's an enigmatic moment, and the relief in Jack's expression does not hide a hint of guilt - which is lost on T.J. as he waxes nostalgic.

T.J.
Man, we had some fun back then, didn't we, Jack? You and me, doing whatever we wanted. We were free then, right?

Jack nods, glances over at the photo from Sara.

INTERCUT WITH:

SARA - IN A RESTAURANT - taking shots of a sushi chef chopping fish. She's diligent, engaged.

JACK
We all grow up, buddy.

SARA - fiddles with her new camera body. Changes the lens. A confident professional, focused on her work.

JACK (CONT'D)
(checks his watch)
I... have to go. I have somewhere to be.

T.J.
Is it true, Jack? About Uncle Lou?

JACK
I don't know. What do you think?

T.J.
I don't think people betray their family. Unless they're, you know... desperate.

SARA - in a moment of respite, reaches down, then raises a bite of something to her lips - it's a donut.

JACK ponders as T.J. sinks another long, hard shot.

<u>EXT. DUNE ACRES TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - DAY</u>

Sara fiddles with her gear. A train lets off passengers - she looks the other way, for hers. Raises the camera and PANS across the tracks until... she is stopped by a figure leaning in - it's Jack. Instinctively, she CLICKS the shutter. He calls across the divide - sweet, funny.

JACK
We have to stop meeting like this!

SARA
Am I being stalked?!

A few passengers look over, then resume their iPads and newspapers.

JACK
Would you like to be?!

She glances away, tries to make her lips go flat - it's hard not to smile. Her palms sweaty like a schoolgirl's. They each step to the edge - so they don't have to shout.

JACK (CONT'D)
You whetted my appetite for some fresh Lakefront air. Reliving my days of yore.

SARA
Diving for buried treasure?

JACK
There's gold out there, I'm sure of it! If you'd like to join me, you're welcome. If not, I'll go alone. No pressure.

They remain there, frozen in a look. She is paralyzed into stillness, indecision freezing her. Down the tracks, her TRAIN RUMBLES IN. She looks at it, thinking, *I can be home in two hours. With my husband, my son.* On his side, he wonders: *will she be there when the train goes*?

The train SCREECHES to a stop - its doors SLIDE OPEN. She stares into the car - a dilemma, a crisis at her very core. Why does it feel this way? She doesn't know - she's not sure she cares. The train PULLS AWAY, grinding...

A LONG SHOT - FROM ACROSS THE TRACKS

The train pulls out - where is she? Still there? Gone? Only once the final car has clicked by do we see... SARA, still on the platform. She looks across to JACK - holding each other in a locked gaze for a long moment, like there's nothing - and no one - else in the world. Almost like they could stand there forever.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. DUNE ACRES BEACHFRONT - DAY

Sara and Jack walk along the quaint shoreline.

JACK
My family used to go out from that dock. Every Saturday. That was before my parents died.

SARA
How old were you?

JACK
11. Accident at a construction site. Dad was a foreman, my mother worked as a bookkeeper. They were having lunch together. A roof caved in.

SARA
That's terrible.

JACK
I was a kid. Kids are resilient.

SARA
So who raised you then?

JACK
My father's boss and his wife. They were very generous, took me in, raised me. Like one of their own. Sent me to college, grad school. I was unlucky when I lost my parents. And then I got lucky.

SARA
And your wife? How'd you meet her?

JACK
Elaine is their daughter. We sort of grew up together. She's a little older, so she was off to college before long. Then when she came back... well, she's 22, I'm 18, working for the family company. One thing led to another. You know how that goes.

He could use a change of subject; she picks up a stone, SKIMS it across the water with surprising dexterity.

SARA
Five... six... seven. Seven skips, bet you can't beat that.

He picks one up, skims it. After it stops -

JACK
Eight...? Nine..?

SARA
That was six! You cheat!

JACK
All right, all right, you win.

SARA
Know what that means? Dinner's on you.

They find themselves looking at each other. Deeply.

SARA (CONT'D)
But one thing..? We're not having sushi.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Jack leans against a tree, talking on his cell phone.

JACK (INTO PHONE)
...You don't have to wait up for me. I'll be late.

INTERCUT WITH:

She sits on bench, speaking into her cell phone.

SARA (INTO PHONE)
...I got held up. There's an event here I should shoot, it starts at 8.

JACK (INTO PHONE)
Dinner. ...Out in Dune Acres. A client? Not yet, no... No, not Hermanson, somebody else. Yeah, I'll catch the late train back. 'Night, babe.

SARA (INTO PHONE)
...You don't mind? Thanks, that'd be great. ...Make sure you watch him brush his teeth. And he needs to do ten minutes of piano. ...Yeah. Love ya.

INT. KARSTEN MANSION - NIGHT

T.J. comes downstairs, dressed to go out. He notices Karsten sitting alone in the living room, the lights out.

T.J.
Pop..?

KARSTEN
You going to the club?

T.J.
Yeah, Brandy's on tonight. What are you doing?

KARSTEN
I was supposed to go to that dinner at Dario's with your uncle. And then I thought - why? Why go?

T.J.
Why not?

KARSTEN
Don't be so dense!

T.J., sweetly, just wants to mollify his father.

T.J.
I could stay home too. Keep you company.

KARSTEN
No, go out, go to the club, have fun.

T.J.
I got that new xBox game - Raccoon City. And 'Ted' is on pay-per-view - that's the one with the guy and the teddy bear...

KARSTEN
Just go, I'm not a goddamn child!

T.J. is hurt, looks down.

KARSTEN (CONT'D)
Come here.

T.J. goes over, sits beside his father, who hugs him, runs fingers through his hair, like he's a child.

KARSTEN (CONT'D)
You're a good boy, T.J. A good son.

T.J.
Even now, pop?

KARSTEN
Even now. Always.

T.J.
Would mom be proud?

KARSTEN
Yes. Your mom would be proud.

T.J. jumps up, invigorated.

T.J.
I want to help, Dad. Can I help? Like Jack does? I could find out about Uncle Lou, I could fix everything -

KARSTEN
You can't, you can't.

T.J.
But you said -

KARSTEN
I know what I said -

T.J.
I can do it, Dad, I swear -

KARSTEN
T.J., stop!
(then, gentler)
There are some things you can't handle. Don't try. Know your limits.

Karsten pats his shoulder and leaves him there, on the couch, in the dark. T.J. is wounded.

CUT TO:

A BOTTLE OF WINE empties into two glasses.

JACK (O.S.)
So you said you have a sister?

INT. BEACHCOMBER B & B - NIGHT

Jack and Sara eat at a romantic little place on the back waterfront porch of a homey B & B.

SARA
I did. She died. A long... oh, it was fifteen years ago.

JACK
I'm sorry. Older or younger?

SARA
Older. She was 19, I was 14. It wrecked my parents.
(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)
So I kind of held down the fort - tried to do everything right, not cause any trouble, any more pain.

JACK
You were a good girl.

SARA
Never drank, never smoked, never dated really. I went to college, met Drew... Everybody loved him. It seemed perfect.
(then, a fond memory)
My dad finally got to dance at a wedding.

She's smiling, and yet there's a sadness there. He's looking at her deeply. She returns the gaze.

JACK
Let's get the check.

SARA
We should get a check.

JACK
What was it - diamond rose?

SARA
Yes. Diamond rose.

A sweet sadness. He reaches out, touches her cheek - she's surprised but doesn't recoil. Allows it; enjoys it.

JACK
The river that night. The photo shop. Just coincidences, right? A quirk of fate, it doesn't mean anything. That's what I keep telling myself. Trying to talk myself into it, or *out* of it, but --

SARA
You find yourself unconvincing.

She's had the conversation in her own head.

JACK
What you said at the train station, about connecting... It's true. It's never been an easy thing for me... But you make me want to... *connect*. When I see you, there's this feeling, this spark, that...

SARA
You don't know if you've felt before...

She's speaking for herself too. He reaches over and brushes her hair away from her face.

JACK
I want... I want to... Do you..?

An unfinished question... She takes long to answer, an imagined lifetime flitting across her eyes.

SARA
...Yes.

INT. JAGUAR CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)

T.J. drives, THRASH MUSIC BLARING. He doesn't seem to hear it, his eyes fixed ahead, focused and determined.

EXT. BEACHCOMBER B & B - NIGHT

Sara leans against the wall, a million thoughts racing through her head. Jack comes back out from inside, holds up a room key. She says it plainly, with no judgment.

SARA
It seems easy for you.

JACK
Would you like me to cancel it?

He turns back; she reaches out for his arm. Pulls him into her. Tenderly and slowly, they KISS. The kiss persists, starts to unfold, the way a kiss will...

EXT. DARIO'S RIVER CAFE - NIGHT

Uncle Lou and his wife **MARGARET** (60s) exit a hired car and start to walk towards a restaurant: 'Dario's.' As they get near it, they are stopped by a voice -

T.J.
Uncle Lou! Aunt Meg!

They see him approaching from a bench where he's been waiting. They are surprised.

MARGARET
(to Lou)
What's he doing here?

UNCLE LOU
Beats me. I thought Terence was coming.

INT. BEACHCOMBER B & B HALLWAY - NIGHT

Somewhat timidly, Jack and Sara walk down a hall, to a room. They arrive at a door. He opens it and they enter. The door swings closed slowly behind them. They look around, scanning the room, until their eyes inevitably find each other... and then it hits like a tsunami, they can't keep their hands off one another.

EXT. DARIO'S RIVER CAFE - AS BEFORE

T.J.
I just... Pop's sad, he's not the same. And I want you to fix it, Uncle Lou.

UNCLE LOU
It'll all work out, T.J.. Don't you worry.

T.J.
I am worried! I'm goddamn worried!

It's a sudden flare-up. People nearby look at them.

UNCLE LOU
(to Margaret)
Go inside, I'll be there in a minute.

MARGARET
Lou.

UNCLE LOU
Go.

As she starts off, reluctantly -

T.J.
Bye, Aunt Meg.

MARGARET
...Bye, T.J..

She goes. Uncle Lou leads T.J. away.

UNCLE LOU
Let's talk over here, son.

INT. BEACHCOMBER B & B ROOM - NIGHT

As they kiss, Jack unbuttons Sara's blouse. She undoes his belt. Full steam ahead... but then, her cell phone rings. She reaches out for it - he takes her hand.

JACK
..Don't...

But she can't NOT look and when she sees the ID: "HOME" -

SARA
Sorry, I... sorry.

She answers the phone. Clothes half torn off, she sinks onto the edge of the bed.

SARA (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
...Hey.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HAYWARD APARTMENT - OLIVER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Drew searches the room; Oliver sits in bed, in pajamas.

DREW
Is this a bad time?

SARA
Uh, no. Not too bad.

DREW
We can't find the book. He says there's a book he wants...

SARA
Yeah, it's the... the one about the giraffe that can't dance. It's on the shelf. Or, if not, then it fell behind the chair. It always falls behind the...

DREW
There it is. Thanks. See you later.

SARA
Okay. Good.

OLIVER
(leans into phone)
...Mommy?

SARA
Yes, baby?

OLIVER
'Night, Mommy! I love you!

HOLD ON SARA - an excruciating look in her eyes.

SARA
Me too, baby. Love you too.

They hang up. Her eyes are damp; Jack looks at the floor.

EXT. DARIO'S RIVER CAFE - NIGHT

From inside, Margaret comes out looking for Lou, but can't find him. Both he and T.J. are gone, not where she left them ten minutes ago. She is worried, checks her watch, and tries calling him again on her cell phone.

EXT. LAKE SHORE DRIVE/T.J.'S JAGUAR - NIGHT

The car ZOOMS along, speeding away from the towering skyscrapers of central Chicago. Inside the car, we find T.J. driving - looking freaked out, panicky, sopping wet.

INT. BEACHCOMBER B & B ROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Sara lie on the bed side by side - solemn, chaste, fully-clothed. Staring up at the ceiling.

SARA
...and it's not until the giraffe hears his own song - in the trees, in the sky - that he's finally able to dance...

JACK
So it wasn't just his freakishly long legs that were the problem?

A small smile from her. He looks back up at the ceiling.

JACK (CONT'D)
I don't know what's harder, being married or being a parent. Probably a dead heat.

SARA
When I met Drew, I saw all these things in him - qualities that I didn't have. We had stuff in common, too, but what really drew me were the ways we were different. And then... you're a couple, and you grow up and who you are changes... maybe you become somebody else, or maybe just more of who you always were. But there you are, walking on this one path, right next to each other... only suddenly, his face doesn't look so familiar anymore, and the touch of his hand doesn't...
(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)
(searches for words)
...move me.

JACK
You grow together, or you grow apart.

She's in turmoil, fully aware of what she needs, but without the courage (or abandon?) to go for it.

SARA
Have you... Have you done this before?

JACK
Done what? We didn't *do* anything.

He means it to be charming, funny. But it comes out wrong. He regrets it, then turns thoughtful, internal...

JACK (CONT'D)
No. I've never even thought about it.

He's got a secret tear forming in his eye. This is ripping him up too. They both exhale, study the ceiling.

EXT. CHICAGO RIVER/LOWER WACKER DRIVE - NIGHT

A Search and Rescue Scene. FIND a disconsolate Margaret being comforted by police. EMERGENCY VEHICLES assemble by the river. A CHOPPER hovers overhead; a POLICE RESCUE BOAT trolls out in the water.

A searchlight crosses over something floating... loses it, and then finds it again... the boat and chopper join in spotlighting the floating object...

Margaret notices the action and rises, moving to the railing. She knows what it is, starts to crumble.

And we finally FOCUS ON IT - a body floating in the river - it's Uncle Lou, with two bullet holes in his head.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT (MOVING)

Sara and Jack sit facing each other as lights flit by the window. A beat of silence. She forces herself to speak...

SARA
This was a mistake. A momentary lapse. We both have reasons not to let this happen.

JACK
It was a nice afternoon. We'll leave it at that. A pleasant memory.

He seems unconvinced, in turmoil. His phone buzzes. He checks the text, from 'TERENCE:' "*Need you here. ASAP.*"

SARA
Is it your wife?

JACK
No. It's work.

EXT. UNION STATION - NIGHT

LONG SHOT - in the grand hall, they embrace, hold on an extra few seconds. Then, she turns and walks away. He lingers a moment before heading in a different direction.

INT. KARSTEN MANSION - NIGHT

CAMERA FOLLOWS JACK IN as he hears shouting --

KARSTEN
You imbecile! Why did you go there? Why didn't you go to the club? Are you so hopelessly stupid?!

As Jack enters the living room, T.J. is wrapped in a blanket on the couch as his father looms over him.

JACK
Terence! Terence, easy.
(as Karsten paces, fuming)
What happened?

T.J. looks up at him, helplessly.

KARSTEN
Tell him. Tell him!

T.J. rambles a little - confused, fuzzy, distraught.

T.J.
I went to see Uncle Lou. I wanted to... I wanted to...

KARSTEN
Spit it out! What did you want to do?

T.J.
...help fix it...

JACK
It's okay, T.J.. It's okay.

KARSTEN
It's not okay. Lou's dead!

Jack takes that in. Shit. It sinks in on Jack.

T.J.
I asked if he betrayed us. He got mad. Pushed me. We... fought. He fell down. Into the water. I climbed down and pulled him out. He was yelling at me. Mean things. He called me stupid; he called me a retard. And then... I ran away.

KARSTEN
He was shot, Jack. He was found in the river with two bullets in him.

JACK
Where's the gun, T.J.?

T.J.
I didn't do anything bad. I just...

He's zoned out, traumatized.

KARSTEN
Go clean up. Go to bed. Leave us alone.

T.J.
I didn't kill Uncle Lou. I only wanted to help. Like you help, Jack. Like a son's supposed to.

He starts off, but Karsten grabs him by the arm...

KARSTEN
Say nothing. To anyone. Understand?

T.J. nods, then as he moves, Karsten pulls him into a hug. They hold it a long moment, tender. T.J. goes.

JACK
Who saw him there?

KARSTEN
Margaret. I don't know who else. She didn't answer her phone. You go see her tomorrow.

JACK
She may have already told the police.

KARSTEN
She can amend her statement. She's old, she can tell them she was confused.

JACK
What if they find a gun?

KARSTEN
I checked the car, there's nothing. Let's hope it's at the bottom of the river.
(then, as Jack moves to go)
Don't tell anyone T.J.'s involved, even Elaine. We have to make it all go away. If he goes to jail, even for a little time, Jack - he'll never survive.

INT. DREW'S OFFICE - DAY

Sara waits at Drew's desk - she looks around: wedding photos, pregnancy photos, baby photos of Oliver... She pulls out her camera, flips through her work - and then: Jack on the platform. Leaning in - dashing, dangerous. She HIGHLIGHTS the DELETE button... sits there, stuck. She hears Drew approach with his boss, **BOB ABRAMS** (60s).

DREW
We made a deal on the Hutcherson case, and I've got a stay on my corruption hearing, so if you need me to jump in...

ABRAMS
I think we'll be okay.

DREW
(seeing Sara)
Hey, honey, I didn't know you were here.

ABRAMS
Sara, nice to see you.

SARA
When's the big day, Bob?

ABRAMS
December 31st. You coming to the retirement party?

SARA
We wouldn't miss it.

ABRAMS
Guess I'm gonna have to find a hobby.

He goes. She tries to be casual, but underneath that is an urgency - to reconnect.

SARA
It was spur of the moment. I thought we might have coffee.

DREW
Can't. I have a meeting and an early lunch with the Alderman. He wants to discuss my 'political future.'

SARA
How about now - for five minutes..? I feel bad I got home so late last night...

She's looking at him intently, desperate for him to meet her halfway. Help her help their marriage. He's oblivious.

DREW
Sorry, babe, they're waiting for me.
(grabs a file)
I'll be home for Ollie's bedtime. We can talk then.

He kisses her on the forehead and goes. She looks at a photo of Oliver - her kid, the most important thing. Nothing compares. Then at her camera - the image of Jack... After a brief hesitation, she PRESSES 'DELETE.'

INT. MCCUTCHEN HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

TIGHT ON ELAINE at the refrigerator, a gravity in her manner. Behind her, Victor and Val are eating.

VICTOR
What time did the old man roll in?

VAL
Out pretty late. That's not like Dad.

VICTOR
What's he get for breaking curfew?

JACK (O.S.)
The 'old man' has no curfew.

They turn to see Jack has just come down the stairs.

ELAINE
Your father has something to tell you.

JACK
Yeah, um... we got some bad news. Uncle Lou died. He was found shot to death.

VICTOR
What? Shot to death? Man...

ELAINE
We don't know exactly what happened yet.

JACK
A mugging maybe, it's not clear.

VAL
That's so terrible.

VICTOR
Yeah, there goes my summer job.

Val swats him; Jack glares.

VAL
Is Aunt Meg okay?

JACK
I'm going to see her today. Let me drop you two off at school and we can talk -

VAL
Kyle's already waiting outside.

VICTOR
Did Lou die right away, or was it like, slow and painful? Because if the bullet goes through the brain, you know, then -

JACK
I don't know, Vic. Does it matter?

VAL
(to Victor)
You're emotionally stunted, you know.

She kisses her parents; the kids go.

JACK
Teenagers are such models of empathy.

ELAINE
You didn't tell me how Dad took it.

JACK
He was upset.

ELAINE
Just upset?

JACK
What do you want me to say? He was upset. It's his brother-in-law.

His phone BUZZES - he rushes to check it, shrugs it off.

ELAINE
Who was that?

JACK
Nobody. I thought it might be your dad.

But he's lying - he was hoping it was Sara. Elaine goes. Jack, frustrated, drops a plate and glass into the sink. CRASH! The GLASS BREAKS - slices his finger - it BLEEDS. He runs cold water, squeezing out blood.

JACK (CONT'D)
Shit. Shit shit shit.

INT. MAGAZINE OFFICE - DAY

Alissa is on the move, wriggling into her coat, as Sara catches up, with a full head of steam.

ALISSA
How was Dune Acres?

SARA
Good, it went well. You have a minute?

ALISSA
I have 45 seconds. Or until I get to the elevator, whichever comes first.

SARA
You asked me what moves me? What gets me going? Well, how's this..: obsession.

ALISSA
Obsession?

SARA
(reading)
'The domination of one's thoughts by a persistent preoccupation with an often unreasonable idea or feeling.'

ALISSA
I'm aware of the term. I think I may have mentioned a certain editor we both know who was driving me to distraction.

SARA
I remember. Well, this is about that, but not only - I want to get underneath the whole idea. Anything that gets in your head and won't get out, changes how you live your life or who fundamentally you are. The obsessions that drive you - and the ones that tear you down.

ALISSA
It won't look like a perfume ad, will it?

SARA
Let me take some shots. Proof of concept.

Alissa nods as the elevator slides shut. Sara smiles. Hear a KNOCKING on a door, as we cut to:

EXT. MROZEK HOME - DAY

Jack on a doorstep. His hand is bandaged. Slowly, the door opens... Lou's wife, Margaret. She looks wrecked.

JACK
Meg. I'm so sorry. We all are.

MARGARET
Lou was good. He didn't deserve this.

JACK
Can I come in?

MARGARET
Not right now, my sister's here. I'm... I'm trying to process everything.

JACK
Terence will take care of it - the funeral expenses, whatever you need.

MARGARET
Did he send you to tell me that?

JACK
He said he called you but...
(then)
T.J. says he saw you both last night. Did you tell the police that?

MARGARET
(stares daggers, beat)
No. I was a mess, and I was worried how it would seem. I'm supposed to talk to them today. I've always loved that boy, Jack. We both did. I can't imagine he'd do something like this...

JACK
He didn't. I'm sure he didn't.

MARGARET
Are you so sure? Terence accuses Lou of ripping him off, then sends T.J....

JACK
He didn't send him. T.J. came on his own. He wanted to fix it.

MARGARET
'Fix' it? Is that what you call it?

JACK
Be patient. I'm sure the police will find a gun and a suspect. In the meantime, you don't have to mention T.J.

MARGARET
You know, Jack, Lou and I would never think of betraying this family. Never. Unless they betrayed us first. So let me ask you this - did they, Jack? Did Terence turn on my husband?

JACK
It was a business situation that was getting worked out. Terence loved Lou. He loves you. So please -

MARGARET
If you were me, Jack, what would you do? What am I supposed to believe?

JACK
Don't punish T.J. because you're angry at Terence.

She looks at him, judgmental. Aloof. Hurting.

MARGARET
Like I said, I'm processing things. Thank you for your condolences.

She shuts the door. Jack remains, troubled over the situation, conflicted about his task. MUSIC RISES...

A MONTAGE

Sara taking stolen shots of people in the grips of obsession: TWO JUNKIES on a corner, aim for a fix. - TEENAGERS do crazy/amazing parkour stunts in Millennium Park. - A CHEF studies a truckload of truffles at a farmer's market. - A FAT MAN savors a brandy and a cigar. - A TRANSGENDER HOOKER leans into an open car window. - A LITTLE GIRL stares wide-eyed into the window of a chocolate store. - A COUPLE MAKES OUT furiously on the Michigan Avenue Bridge, unable to stop or even slow it down. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

INT. MCCUTCHEN HOME - NIGHT

Weary, Jack comes home to a quiet, dark house. Sits on the couch - only to find himself face to face with... SARA'S PHOTO, hung on the wall. He's taken aback. Looking at it, the naked woman in a mirror, covering her face... it could almost be a self-portrait..? Peering at it, he's not sure. Elaine enters in her robe, sleepy, surprised -

ELAINE
I didn't hear you come in.

JACK
What's that doing here?

ELAINE
Your assistant messengered it over. I like the frame. Whoever you got to do it, did a good job.

JACK
I was thinking I'd hang it at the office.

ELAINE
Oh. It looks good here.

JACK
That's not what I got it for. I got it for my office, okay? Why'd you just hang it without even asking me?

His tone is intense - disproportionate.

ELAINE
I'm sorry. ...Bad day?

He nods. She sits beside him, her head on his shoulder.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
Any more word on Lou?

JACK
They haven't found out anything yet. No murder weapon, no suspect. Nothing.

ELAINE
I was thinking about Dad. You can't get involved in some of the things he's gotten into, with those kinds of people, and not expect it to come back on you.

JACK
You think it's Terence's fault?

ELAINE
Yes, I do. Don't you..?

He's unsure what to say. She sits beside him.

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

JACK
Nothing. I cut it.

She leans her head on his shoulder.

ELAINE
Margaret and Lou... they loved each other so much. I feel so sad for her. It makes me realize how much I need you. You're the only one I can talk to anymore. Vent to. Sometimes, I get so mad, I just want everything else to go away. You know I'd do anything for you, Jack? Anything.
(fingers through his hair)
...Coming to bed?

We can see affection and guilt mix on his face. He loves her - or loved her once - and it's hard to fail that.

JACK
...Soon.

She goes. PUSH IN ON HIM, staring at his bandaged hand, and then, slowly, looking up at the photo... beautiful. He reaches up with the bandaged hand and rubs his temples - a gesture of helplessness and angst.

INT. HAYWARD BEDROOM - NIGHT

SARA'S EYES - she's lying on her side, looking at the painting of the beach - only now, slightly different. It looks a lot like Dune Acres. We don't know Drew is there with her until his hand reaches over, strokes her arm....

DREW
Baby, you awake?

She closes her eyes, feigning sleep.

DREW (CONT'D)
...Baby..?

INT. MROZEK HOME - NIGHT

Red-eyed, Margaret sits, leafing through a wedding album. HER wedding album. She comes across a PHOTO of Terence and Lou in tuxedos - young, robust, arms around each other. She touches Lou's face; then the softness in her look settles into a grim resolve. FADE TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE LOFT BUILDING - DAY

A scenic spot; a view of the towering downtown. MUSIC - let's say it's an Adele song, one you aren't sick of...

INT. SARA'S STUDIO - DAY

Music plays - Sara works. She hears a tapping on the door - through the glass she sees... Jack. She's surprised; goes to let him in. They stand a long beat before...

SARA
Are you... all right?

JACK
Can we just... Can we just stand here?

It's tense, the air thick. He's strange, standing there, still. She's not sure what to do, what's come over him.

JACK (CONT'D)
I... I've called you a million times without ever dialing. And... I've never wanted anything more. *Anything*. My life... it seems so small sometimes, everything in it. With you, I started to feel this kind of... I don't know the word... 'magnitude?' The magnitude of things in a way I never did before. I started to feel like I could imagine my life, not how it is, but...

SARA
The way you dream it.

He's moved she knew what he was getting at.

JACK
But this can't happen.

SARA
No, it can't.

JACK
I have to get you out of my head. I have to. I know that. But I couldn't leave it like we did at the station. It... it didn't seem right. So I came here.

SARA
I'm glad. I've been wondering if you were feeling what I was. Or anything like it. Because then maybe I wouldn't feel so... out of control. Crazy.

That seems to be what he needed. That resolves it.

JACK
It was great getting to know you. Spending time with you.

SARA
I won't forget it.

It's hard. She lowers her head, like she might cry.

JACK
Don't. That might kill me.

She nods, fortified against the emotion.

JACK (CONT'D)
I should go.

Beat. Nothing happens; no one moves.

WOMAN'S VOICE (PRELAP)
There's a detective I spoke to yesterday.

INT. CHICAGO HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT - DAY

A DESK COP looks up to find Margaret standing before him -

MARGARET
I need to see him again. There's something I didn't tell him.

INT. SARA'S STUDIO - DAY

Jack and Sara stuck in the same position. But finally -

JACK
Take care. Good luck.

He starts past her; she gently reaches out, takes HIS HAND. Fingers intertwine - ring against ring. It's impulsive, a parting gesture - chaste, tender - but it has an electrifying effect. Their hands lock together; the eyes proceed to follow that example. And now he reaches to touch her face - their LIPS meet. And then it's A BLUR: his jacket is thrown off - he unbuttons her blouse - she rips off his shirt - he slips off her bra. They fall onto a daybed, rolling, BODIES PRESSED against each other. Frantic and intense, filled with passion. There's no stopping it - there never was. From the very first moment, it was inevitable.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. DREW'S OFFICE - DAY

He breezes in, trailed by his assistant, LIZ, who proceeds to dial a number on his phone.

DREW
Will you make a reservation at the Colonial, see if the babysitter can stay late and clear my day tomorrow?

LIZ
It's ringing.

DREW
Great, thanks.

She goes. On speaker, we HEAR the phone ringing. It keeps ringing as he waits expectantly. And waits.

INT. SARA'S STUDIO - DAY

ON A PHONE AND ANSWERING MACHINE big in the foreground:

SARA'S VOICE (ON MACHINE)
...Please leave a message after the tone.

BEEP. And then we HEAR:

DREW (THROUGH MACHINE)
Hi, baby. You there? No? I wanted to see about us eating out tonight. Had a good day, tell you later. Okay, call me.

And CAMERA MOVES to REVEAL Sara and Jack quite oblivious, in BG, naked and still making love. Moving in CLOSER we can see that the floodgates have opened. Everything we didn't see in her eyes with Drew, we see now. Nothing feels empty anymore. On the floor, Jack's phone VIBRATES.

INT. KARSTEN MANSION - DAY

An annoyed Karsten is leaving a hushed, panicky message.

KARSTEN (TO PHONE)
Jack, dammit, where the hell are you? The cops are on their way over. I sent T.J. to the club to give us a stall. But we need to figure this out. Right now!

His Assistant enters; Karsten angrily hangs up the phone.

ASSISTANT
They're here, sir.

He nods, throwing on his jacket, tightening his tie.

KARSTEN
Show them in.

Witness the transformation of Karsten from angry, scared father into comfortable, relaxed businessman - the consummate dealer. The powerful mogul who fears no one. He adjusts his cuffs, summons a wide warm smile as two detectives enter: **BIRNBAUM** (40s) and **LOPEZ** (20s).

BIRNBAUM
Mister Karsten, I'm Detective Birnbaum, this is my partner, Detective Lopez.

KARSTEN
Please. Come in. May I get you a Scotch?

LOPEZ
Yeah, we can't drink on the job.

KARSTEN
I have some pull at City Hall, I'm sure I could get you special dispensation.

BIRNBAUM
Yeah... No. But thanks.

LOPEZ
Do you know why we're here, sir?

KARSTEN
I presume it's about Lou. Terrible news.

BIRNBAUM
Mister Mrozek's murder is now officially a State's Attorney case. Your son has been identified as a person of interest.

KARSTEN
That's ridiculous. T.J. loved his uncle.

BIRNBAUM
We'd like to speak to him. Is he here?

KARSTEN
Not at the moment. I'm sure we could track him down, if it's really necessary.

BIRNBAUM
It's necessary.

LOPEZ
Why don't you call him?

As Karsten's look flattens out, we CUT TO:

INT. PINK MONKEY MEN'S CLUB - DAY

A posh men's club; ample numbers of young women in small dresses and fuck-me heels. At the bar, a **MANAGER** puts down a phone and looks over to some hot girl - MONIQUE.

MANAGER
Where's the kid?

MONIQUE
Cleopatra room with Brandy.

The Manager walks through the place - smoky, sultry, tawdry... up a flight of stairs, through a pseudo-elegant portal into a faux-expensive hallway with cheap tapestries and gilt-frame mirrors. He approaches a door marked 'Cleopatra' in bad hieroglyphs. Knocks gently...

MANAGER
T.J. - your father called.

As he slides open the door, we PUSH inside -

THE CLEOPATRA ROOM

...Egyptian-themed. A couple of girls (**NICOLE** and **GEORGIA**) sit in states of undress around a hot tub. In the tub, a Man sits with a Woman astride him, heaving in a way that, from afar, gives the appearance that they are having sex. As we get closer, we see it is T.J., that he is weeping and the girl, **BRANDY**, is consoling him.

BRANDY
Shh, you didn't do nothing wrong.

GEORGIA
Even if you did, the old man will fix it.

The Manager, from the doorway, catches Brandy's eye.

MANAGER
(hushed)
Don't let him leave. And don't tell anyone he's here.

Brandy nods to him, curiosity piqued. The Manager goes.

BRANDY
Everything's gonna be all right, baby.
Tell Brandy what happened...

She strokes T.J.'s face, as he tries to gather himself - still moaning in misery, an animal already in a cage.

INT. HALLWAY/HAYWARD APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nervous, reeling, Sara fumbles for her keys at the door. Takes a breath for composure, but before she can really gather herself - the door opens. It's Oliver.

OLIVER
You're late, Mommy.

SARA
Yes, I uh... where's Janey?

OLIVER
She left. Daddy's here.

She looks at her son. Bends down and kisses him, hugs him, with a little extra vigor.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
He's happy. He brought wine.

A fancy bottle of French Bordeaux on the counter.

SARA
...Where is he?

EXT. CHICAGO/INT. EL TRAIN - NIGHT

Against the city lights, Jack rocks with the sway of the train, reeling a bit - a strange mix of exhilaration and dread playing out on his face. On one hand, what an amazing experience. On the other... oh shit, what now? He checks his cell phone: "VOICE MESSAGES: 11" and "TEXTS: 4." Damn. He activates the message retrieval and we hear:

KARSTEN (V.O./PHONE)
Jack, goddammit, where the hell are you?
This thing is blowing up on us...

Any exhilaration subsides. Only dread on Jack's face now.

INT. HAYWARD APARTMENT - STUDY - NIGHT

Drew is busy at the computer as Sara walks in.

SARA
Hey...

DREW
Hey. Where were you?

SARA
At my studio.

DREW
There was no answer.

SARA
I must have left the ringer off.

She notices a box identical to the one in which the burgundy tie was - only now it holds a BORING BLUE TIE.

DREW
Oh yeah, I exchanged it. Went back and found something even better. Nice, right?

SARA
(nods vaguely)
...Is something going on?

DREW
Yes! I was going to take you out to dinner, but it was getting late so I sent Janey home. We'll celebrate as a family.

SARA
Celebrate what?

DREW
The case that will get me on every front page in Illinois. I nail this one, I get bumped up to State's Attorney after Abrams retires, and then we're off and running. Mayor? Senator? Obama did it, Rahm Emmanuel did it. We can do it too.

SARA
What kind of case?

DREW
Murder. It actually involves your favorite photo subject...

And out spews a PHOTO of KARSTEN.

DREW (CONT'D)
His brother-in-law was murdered last night. Found floating in the river with two bullets in him. Karsten's son is the prime suspect.

SARA
Really? I met him. He was at the opening.

DREW
Abrams is hoping this'll open up a can of worms - the family's got ties to bribery schemes, corruption, organized crime... More than I even realized.

As he's talking, the printer spews out ANOTHER PHOTO. Of a man. And... it's him. It's Jack. She's stunned.

SARA
Who... who is that?

DREW
His name's McCutchen. Jack McCutchen. He's the Karstens' in-house counsel. He'll be the defense lawyer against me.

She swallows. It's almost impossible for her to process.

DREW (CONT'D)
(with a winning grin)
I'm gonna crucify him.

She stands there, as Drew continues to cull materials, information, etc., leaving Jack's picture sitting on the desk. Staring at her, upside-down. She's numb.

SARA
I'll go make dinner. I think we have some chicken in the freezer.

INT. HAYWARD KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sara heads to the kitchen. In BG, Oliver plays with trucks. Singing a sweet little song. Sara grabs the bottle of Bordeaux. Gets a corkscrew, but her hand is trembling, and the bottle slips - SMASH! - it shatters. Oliver plays on, benignly unaware. Sara leans against the cabinet, slumps to the floor. Sitting there, she watches the red wine spread across the linoleum, like blood.

END OF PILOT