



THE **LAST**  

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**GOOD** MAN

Written and Directed by  
Julio Aguilera

FADE IN:

EXT. MIAMI - COASTAL ROAD - DAY

A dark blue Triumph Spitfire moves down a two-lane road between the water and a line of royal palms. Nothing about it hurries.

INT. TRIUMPH SPITFIRE - CONTINUOUS

JACK LANDON, late thirties, drives with the window down. There's a cigarette going in the ashtray that he lit and mostly forgot about.

EXT. CORAL GABLES - RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

He parks half a block down from a gate, cuts the engine, waits. He's brought a newspaper he doesn't read.

A gate opens across the street. EVELYN GRANT, late twenties, comes out in sunglasses, gets into a cream convertible, backs out without looking his way.

Jack folds the paper, starts the car.

EXT. MIAMI - VARIOUS - DAY

Her car moves through the city; his follows, not close, not far. She stops at a market, comes out with oranges and a paper. She stops at a dress shop, buys nothing. She sits alone at a hotel bar with a book and a drink she doesn't finish.

Jack watches all of it the way a man watches weather.

INT. HARROW'S OFFICE - DAY

Big office, dark wood, curtains half-drawn against the glare. CHARLES HARROW, sixties, sits behind a nearly bare desk. Jack sits across from him.

HARROW

Four days now. Tell me what four days gets me, because so far all I've heard is that you're thorough, and thorough isn't the same as finished.

JACK

Coffee at nine most mornings. Swims in the afternoon when it's not too hot. Reads at the Roney on Thursdays, same corner stool, same drink she never finishes.

HARROW

That's not really what I'm asking you.

JACK

It's what I've got so far.

Harrow slides a folder an inch across the desk. Doesn't open it.

HARROW

She has some paperwork of mine. Copies, we think, though God knows how many or where she's keeping them – that's rather the whole problem, isn't it. I'd like the paperwork back. I'd like the situation to stop being a situation, and I'd like it handled the way you've always handled things for me, which is to say quietly, and without my name coming up in it afterward.

A pause.

JACK

When.

HARROW

When you're satisfied it can be done that way.

JACK

That's not really an answer.

HARROW

(unbothered)

It's the one I've got. I find specifics tend to age badly in this business, Mr. Landon – better to leave the timing to the man actually doing the work.

Jack picks up the folder, doesn't open it yet.

JACK

Anybody else looking for her right now?

HARROW

Not that I'm aware of.

JACK

That's not an answer either.

HARROW

No. Suppose it isn't.

Jack stands to go.

HARROW (CONT'D)

Mr. Landon.

Jack stops at the door, doesn't turn around.

HARROW (CONT'D)

You've got a reputation for being careful about this kind of thing. I'd like it to stay that way.

JACK  
It usually does.

He leaves.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Small, mostly bare — a bed, a chair, a record player he doesn't use much. Jack sits at the table with the folder open. Photographs. A typed sheet of addresses.

He looks at one photo a while — Evelyn laughing at something off camera. Sets it face down.

EXT. RONEY BAR - DAY

Evelyn's at the same stool as always, book open, drink sweating next to it. Jack's two seats down with a newspaper he isn't reading either.

She finishes her page, doesn't turn her head.

EVELYN  
You're going to want a different  
bar eventually. This one's small.

Jack lowers the paper.

EVELYN (CONT'D)  
Four days. I noticed you the first  
afternoon, gave you the benefit of  
the doubt the second, and by the  
third I was fairly sure. Today you  
sat where you could watch the door  
instead of the water. Nobody comes  
here for the door.

JACK  
Is that right.

EVELYN  
That's right.

She turns to look at him.

EVELYN (CONT'D)  
You've been following me three  
days.

JACK  
Four.

EVELYN  
I suppose I ought to be flattered,  
or I would be, if I thought for a  
second you'd done it because you  
found me interesting rather than  
because somebody's paying you to.

JACK  
I wouldn't be flattered either way.

EVELYN  
No?

JACK  
No.

A beat.

EVELYN  
You're not very reassuring, you  
know that. Most men in your  
position, whatever that position  
is, would at least try to talk  
their way out of it by now.

JACK  
Wasn't going for reassuring.

EVELYN  
Well. At least you're consistent.

She picks her book back up, doesn't open it.

EVELYN (CONT'D)  
Who hired you, then. If you don't

mind my asking.

JACK  
Can't tell you that.

EVELYN  
Can't or won't.

JACK  
Does it matter which.

EVELYN  
Might, to me.

He doesn't answer. She nods slowly.

EVELYN (CONT'D)  
Alright. You know I have coffee at  
nine and read here on Thursdays and  
don't finish my gin, so it only  
seems fair I get a name.

JACK  
Jack.

EVELYN  
Just Jack.

JACK  
For now.

EVELYN  
(standing, gathering her  
things)  
Alright, Just Jack. I expect I'll  
see you tomorrow, then.

She leaves money on the bar and goes without hurrying. Jack  
watches her go a beat too long.

EXT. CORAL GABLES - EVELYN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Spitfire's parked across the street again. Jack sits with  
the engine off, watching a light move from window to window

inside. He just watches.

FADE OUT.

INT. DINER - DAY

A cheap place, a few regulars scattered around. Jack sits in a booth across from FRANK OKAFOR, forties, a former Marine, heavier than he used to be, a coffee in front of him he keeps adding sugar to without drinking.

FRANK

You gonna eat that or just look at it.

JACK

I'll eat it.

FRANK

'Cause I could eat it.

JACK

I said I'll eat it, Frank.

Frank goes back to his coffee.

FRANK

Sheila wants to know if you're coming to the thing.

JACK

What thing.

FRANK

The thing. For her sister. Twenty-five years, they're doing it at the VFW off Flagler.

JACK

When is it.

FRANK

I don't know, she'd know. Sometime

next month probably.

JACK  
Tell her I'll try.

FRANK  
That's what you said about the last one.

JACK  
And I tried.

FRANK  
(not really arguing)  
Yeah, alright.

He stirs his coffee some more, doesn't drink it.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Twenty-five years. Feels like a long time to be married to anybody, even Sheila's sister, and I like her sister.

JACK  
It's a long time.

FRANK  
You ever think about it. Getting married, I mean, settling down proper.

JACK  
Not really had the occasion to.

FRANK  
That's not the same as not thinking about it.

JACK  
No. Suppose it isn't.

He doesn't say anything else on the subject, and Frank, sensing he's pushed as far as he's going to get today, lets it go.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Tommy says you're dragging your feet on something.

JACK

Tommy talks.

FRANK

Tommy always talks. Doesn't mean he's wrong.

Jack doesn't answer that.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You remember Delgado? From the unit?

JACK

Delgado who couldn't drive stick.

FRANK

That's the one. Selling insurance now, out in Boca. Got three kids.

JACK

Good for him.

FRANK

You say that like it's sad.

JACK

I don't think it's sad.

FRANK

You said it kind of like it's sad.

JACK

(almost smiling)

Eat your eggs, Frank.

FRANK

I don't have eggs. You've got the eggs.

They sit there a while longer, not talking about much of anything.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
You alright, Jack.

JACK  
Why wouldn't I be.

FRANK  
No reason. You just got a look on you lately.

JACK  
What look.

FRANK  
I don't know. The look you get.  
Like you're doing math.

JACK  
I'm always doing math.

FRANK  
Not this kind. This is a different kind.

Jack doesn't answer that either, and Frank, wisely, lets it sit.

INT. HARROW'S OFFICE - OUTER ROOM - DAY

A waiting area outside Harrow's office. TOMMY REYES, forties, heavyset, sits with two other men — DELACROIX, lean, a good suit, does something with real estate on paper, and STROUD, big, quiet, doesn't do anything on paper at all.

DELACROIX  
He say what this is about.

TOMMY  
Didn't say.

STROUD

It's about the woman. It's been  
about the woman for two weeks.

DELACROIX  
(checking his watch)  
I've got a closing at three.

TOMMY  
Then you should've told him that  
instead of me. I'm not the one who  
schedules his meetings, Ray.

A buzzer sounds and they file in.

INT. HARROW'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Harrow doesn't get up. He looks at the three of them like a  
man taking inventory.

HARROW  
Landon's slower than I'd like on  
the Grant matter.

DELACROIX  
He's good, though. Careful.

HARROW  
Careful and slow aren't the same  
word, Ray, whatever you tell  
yourself when you're behind on a  
closing.

DELACROIX  
(a little stung)  
No. I suppose they're not.

HARROW  
I want eyes on him. Not obvious  
ones. Just -- know where he is,  
mostly.

TOMMY  
I can do that.

HARROW

I know you can. That's why I'm asking you and not him.

He nods at Stroud, who doesn't react to being talked about like furniture – he's used to it.

HARROW (CONT'D)

That'll be all for now.

They file back out. In the outer room, Stroud mutters something to Delacroix we don't quite hear, and Delacroix laughs despite himself before catching Tommy's look and going quiet.

FADE OUT.

INT. HARROW'S OFFICE - DAY

A different visitor this time – COUNCILMAN PRESCOTT, fifties, nervous in a way he's trying hard to hide. Harrow pours two drinks without asking if Prescott wants one.

HARROW

You look thin, Walt. Everything alright at home.

PRESCOTT

Everything's fine. I just don't love these meetings, Charles, if I'm honest with you.

HARROW

Nobody loves them. That's not really the point of them.

He hands Prescott a glass, sits back down.

HARROW (CONT'D)

The Bayshore permits. They've been sitting on my desk – or rather, sitting on somebody's desk that isn't mine – for eleven weeks now.

PRESCOTT

The commission's been thorough this cycle. There's been some — attention. Press attention, that sort of thing. People asking why things move as fast as they do sometimes.

HARROW

What people.

PRESCOTT

I don't know exactly. Just — talk. You know how it is.

Harrow studies him a long moment.

HARROW

Walt. I've known you eleven years. I got you elected the first time and I've kept you elected every time since, and in that eleven years I've never once asked you to do anything that wasn't, at the end of the day, just paperwork moving a little faster than it otherwise might.

PRESCOTT

I know that.

HARROW

So when you come in here looking like a man about to be sick, I have to wonder what exactly has changed.

PRESCOTT

(a long breath)

Nothing's changed, Charles. I'm just tired. It's been a long cycle.

HARROW

Then go home and rest, and get me those permits by Friday.

Prescott nods, finishes the drink faster than he probably meant to, and leaves without much more conversation. Harrow watches him go, unconvinced, and makes a small note on a pad before setting it aside.

FADE OUT.

INT. HARROW'S HOUSE - STUDY - EVENING

A different room than the office – warmer, lived-in, books instead of ledgers. Harrow pours two glasses of something old and expensive, hands one to Jack, who looks slightly out of place here too, though less so than at the ballroom.

HARROW

Sit, Jack. You've been standing at attention in my doorways for three years now, it's exhausting to watch.

Jack sits, tentatively. Harrow settles into a worn leather chair across from him, entirely at ease.

HARROW (CONT'D)

You know I was your age once, doing exactly the kind of work you do now. Different city, worse pay, but the same instinct – watch everything, say nothing, let other men think they're the ones deciding things.

JACK

Didn't figure you started this way.

HARROW

Nobody starts any other way, if they're any good at where they end up. My father had nothing. Less than nothing, some years. I used to watch him get talked out of things he was owed by men who smiled the

whole time they did it. I promised myself I'd learn to be the one smiling.

He laughs, genuinely, at some private memory.

HARROW (CONT'D)

I once talked a bank president out of foreclosing on my mother's house by bringing him a bottle of his own favorite scotch and letting him believe the delay was his idea. I was twenty-three. Best afternoon's work I ever did, and I didn't have to raise my voice once.

JACK

That's not really the reputation you've got now.

HARROW

(unbothered, almost pleased)

No. It isn't. Reputations are for people who've stopped needing to be liked. I stopped needing that a long time ago. Doesn't mean I don't remember how.

He tops off Jack's glass without asking.

HARROW (CONT'D)

I'll tell you something, and you can take it as flattery or not, I don't much care which. You're the only man who's worked for me in fifteen years I've never once had to repeat an instruction to. That's rarer than you'd think, in this line of work.

JACK

I just do what's asked.

HARROW

Everyone says that. Almost none of them mean it the way you do.

A comfortable silence, the kind that exists between two men who understand each other, or believe they do. Harrow raises his glass slightly.

HARROW (CONT'D)

To quiet work, then. The kind nobody has to talk about afterward.

Jack drinks to that, and for this one evening, in this warm room, it's almost possible to forget exactly what the quiet work is going to cost somebody.

FADE OUT.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - BULLPEN - DAY

Cluttered desks, typewriters going, a low haze of smoke near the ceiling. DAVID MERCER, thirties, tie loose, sits across from Evelyn, a folder in her lap she hasn't opened yet.

MERCER

You said this was worth my afternoon.

EVELYN

I think it might be worth more than that.

MERCER

You said that about the zoning thing too.

EVELYN

The zoning thing got two councilmen fired.

MERCER

Got one reassigned. Don't oversell it.

EVELYN  
Fine. One reassigned.

He waits. She doesn't open the folder right away.

MERCER  
You gonna show me or are we just  
gonna sit here.

EVELYN  
I'm getting to it.

MERCER  
Take your time, I've got a deadline  
in two hours, no rush.

She opens it enough to show him one page. His face changes –  
not dramatic, just attention sharpening.

MERCER (CONT'D)  
Where'd you get this.

EVELYN  
Doesn't matter yet.

MERCER  
It kind of does.

EVELYN  
Can you verify it or not.

MERCER  
(still reading)  
Give me some time.

EVELYN  
That's the thing I'm not sure I  
have a lot of.

He looks up, notices for the first time she's scared under  
the composure.

MERCER  
Who else knows you've got this.

EVELYN  
I'd rather not get into that yet.

MERCER  
Evelyn.

EVELYN  
I said not yet, David.

A beat. He backs off, hands the folder back.

MERCER  
Alright. Not yet. But you're gonna  
have to get into it eventually.

EVELYN  
I understand that.

She stands, tucks the folder under her arm.

EVELYN (CONT'D)  
I'll call you.

MERCER  
You always say that.

EVELYN  
And I always call.

She goes. Mercer watches the door, then goes back to his typewriter, though he doesn't type anything for a while.

EXT. MIAMI - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

An older, unglamorous building downtown. Evelyn climbs a narrow stairwell and knocks at a frosted-glass door that reads WALTER PRUITT, ACCOUNTANT.

INT. PRUITT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Small, papers everywhere, a ceiling fan turning slow. WALTER PRUITT, sixties, thin, looks like a man who hasn't slept well in a decade. He doesn't seem happy to see her, but he lets

her in.

PRUITT

You shouldn't come here.

EVELYN

You said that last time too.

PRUITT

I meant it more this time.

He closes the blind partway, sits back down at a desk covered in ledgers.

PRUITT (CONT'D)

I did the accounts for three of those shell companies for eleven years and never once asked a question I already half knew the answer to. That's not something I'm proud to tell you, but it's the truth, and it's the only reason I know what I know.

EVELYN

I need the third one. The transfers from sixty-eight, the ones that don't match what's in the copies I already have.

PRUITT

(hesitating)

That ledger doesn't exist anymore, as far as anyone's concerned. I made sure of that myself, a long time ago, before I understood what I was actually protecting.

EVELYN

But it does exist.

PRUITT

(a long pause)

Your father asked me the same question, sitting in that same

chair. I gave him a different answer than I gave you the first three times you asked.

EVELYN

Why.

PRUITT

Because he died about four months after I told him where it was, and I've had a long time to think about whether that was a coincidence. The papers said his heart. I did his taxes for twenty years, Evelyn, I saw his physicals. There was nothing wrong with that man's heart.

EVELYN

Then what was it.

PRUITT

A car, on a road he drove five nights a week for a decade and never once had trouble on. I don't have proof. I want to be clear about that — I have a feeling, and thirty years of watching how these things get arranged when they need arranging, and that's not the same as proof. But it's not nothing either.

The fan turns. Neither of them says anything for a moment.

EVELYN

I'm not going to pretend that isn't frightening to hear.

PRUITT

I'm not saying it to frighten you. I'm saying it because I think you should know exactly what you're asking for before I tell you again.

EVELYN  
I already know.

PRUITT  
(quietly)  
Alright, then.

He writes something on a small piece of paper, slides it across without looking at her.

PRUITT (CONT'D)  
I'd burn that after you memorize it, if I were you. And I'd stop coming to this office. I'm an old man, Evelyn, I don't have your father's stomach for this, and I'm not going to pretend otherwise.

EVELYN  
(taking the paper, quiet)  
Thank you, Walter.

PRUITT  
Don't thank me. Just be careful with it.

She goes. He sits there a long moment after she leaves, looking at the door, then gets up and checks that it's locked, which it already was.

FADE OUT.

EXT. RONEY BAR - DAY

Another afternoon. Evelyn arrives to find Jack already there, two drinks in front of him. He slides one down without much ceremony.

EVELYN  
Is that for me or are you expecting somebody else.

JACK

You're late.

EVELYN

I wasn't aware I had an appointment.

She sits anyway, takes the drink, doesn't drink it yet.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

My aunt's asked about you twice now, and I've told her you're a friend from out of town, which is at least half true, and she keeps looking at me like she knows exactly which half is the lie.

JACK

Which half do you figure she thinks it is.

EVELYN

Doesn't matter. She'll believe whatever I let her believe.

She finally drinks, makes a face, sets it down.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

This is terrible, by the way. I keep ordering it hoping it'll get better.

JACK

It won't.

EVELYN

No, I don't imagine it will. Where are you from, actually – a real answer this time, not the here-and-there thing you gave me before.

JACK

Georgia. Sumter County, near Americus. Little town, you wouldn't know it.

EVELYN

Try me.

JACK

You're right, you don't know it.

EVELYN

What was it like.

JACK

Hot. Small. My mother worked at a laundry. I don't know what else there is to tell you, it wasn't much of anything.

EVELYN

Everywhere's something.

JACK

Not everywhere.

She lets that sit instead of pushing on it.

EVELYN

I have to go, actually. Dinner with my aunt, and she keeps a schedule like it's a military operation.

She stands, hesitates.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

That car outside my house every night. Is that really necessary or do you just not have anywhere else to be?

JACK

Bit of both, probably.

EVELYN

(almost a smile)

Goodnight, Jack.

She goes. He looks at his drink, finally picks it up.

EXT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Spitfire in its usual spot. Evelyn comes out in a light coat and just gets in the passenger side before Jack can say anything about it.

INT. TRIUMPH SPITFIRE - CONTINUOUS

EVELYN  
Since you're going to be sitting  
out here anyway.

JACK  
This isn't a taxi service.

EVELYN  
I'm not asking you to take me  
anywhere. I'd just like an hour  
where I'm not in that house.

He looks at her. There's something tired under the joke that makes him not argue about it.

He starts the car.

EXT. MIAMI - COASTAL ROAD - NIGHT

The Spitfire moves along the water. Streetlights slide over the hood. Evelyn's got her head back, eyes half shut.

EVELYN  
Faster.

JACK  
No. If something happens to you in  
this car, a lot of people are going  
to want to know why, starting with  
me.

EVELYN  
Is that the only reason.

He doesn't answer, which she seems to find funny. She looks around the cramped interior, unimpressed.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

This car's ridiculous, you know.  
There's no room for anything. What  
if I wanted to bring a suitcase.

JACK

Then you'd leave it behind.

EVELYN

And two?

JACK

Then I'd leave you behind.

She looks at him, mock-offended for about a second, then just smiles and looks back out the window. They drive a while without talking, a quiet that's more comfortable than either of them probably expected.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Can I ask you something and  
actually get an answer. Have you  
ever done this before – not the  
following part, the rest of it.

JACK

No. Never.

EVELYN

Why me, then.

He doesn't say anything for a stretch. The road keeps going, water on one side, dark houses on the other.

JACK

I don't know yet.

FADE OUT.

INT. EVELYN'S AUNT'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A formal but not stiff dinner. AUNT CLAIRE, sixties, presides over the table. Evelyn picks at her food. Claire watches her more than she eats her own.

CLAIRE  
You've been distracted all week.

EVELYN  
I've had a lot going on.

CLAIRE  
Rosa mentioned a man's been coming around.

EVELYN  
Rosa talks too much.

CLAIRE  
She's earned the right, thirty years with this family. Who is he.

EVELYN  
Someone I met at the Roney.

CLAIRE  
That's not really an answer, is it.

EVELYN  
(a small smile despite herself)  
No. I suppose it isn't.

Claire studies her a second, decides not to push further tonight.

CLAIRE  
Your father used to do that. Answer a question without answering it.  
Drove your mother up a wall.

A silence. Evelyn looks down at her plate.

EVELYN  
Do you ever think about how he

died.

CLAIRE  
(carefully)  
Not if I can help it. It was his heart, Evelyn. It happens to men his age, men who worked like he worked.

EVELYN  
That's what everybody says.

CLAIRE  
Because it's what happened.

Evelyn doesn't argue the point, but she doesn't look convinced either.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
(gentler)  
I miss him too, you know. Every day, if you want the truth of it. I just don't want you spending your whole life digging around in it. Some things stay buried because that's where they belong.

EVELYN  
And some things stay buried because somebody wants them to.

CLAIRE  
(a long look at her)  
You sound just like him when you say things like that.

She doesn't mean it entirely as a compliment, and Evelyn isn't sure how to take it either. They finish the rest of dinner without saying much else.

FADE OUT.

EXT. MIAMI - RESTAURANT PATIO - NIGHT

A quiet place on the water. Jack and Evelyn at a corner table, candle between them mostly for the waiter's benefit.

EVELYN

My aunt asked about you again, and I gave her the same answer as last time, and I don't think either of us believed it any more the second time around, but we both let it go, the way you do.

JACK

What'd you tell her.

EVELYN

Friend from out of town. Met at the Roney. It's not even really a lie, it's just – missing a few things.

A waiter comes, refills water nobody's finished, goes away again. Evelyn watches him go, then looks around the room a second before her eyes settle back on the table.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

My father used to like this place. This exact table, actually – he'd request it, every time, and the maître d' got so used to it he'd just seat other people somewhere else if we called ahead. Said it was because you could see the kitchen door and the front door both. Something about a man always knowing his way out of a room. I used to think that was just something fathers said. Now I'm not so sure it wasn't literal.

JACK

Sounds like a careful man.

EVELYN

He was. Didn't help him in the end.

She says it plainly, looks back at the water a second, and for a moment seems about to say more, then visibly decides against it.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

I don't want to get into the rest of that tonight, if that's alright. Ask me some other night. Or don't ask, and I'll tell you anyway eventually, that's usually how it goes with me.

JACK

Alright.

EVELYN

You're not even curious.

JACK

Didn't say that. Said you asked me not to ask.

EVELYN

Most people would ask anyway. Push a little. See if I crack.

JACK

I'm not most people, I guess.

EVELYN

No. I'm starting to notice that. It's either the most restful thing about you or the most frustrating, and some nights I honestly can't decide which.

She reaches over, doesn't quite take his hand, just rests hers near it, and for a while neither of them says anything, the quiet stretching longer than either seems to mind.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Whoever hired you. Are they going to be unhappy we're doing this instead of whatever you're supposed to be doing.

JACK  
Probably.

EVELYN  
Does that worry you.

A longer pause than the question needed.

JACK  
Yeah. It does.

She looks at him a second, doesn't press it, just nods slowly, like she'd rather have the honest answer sit there unexamined than pick it apart tonight.

EVELYN  
Take me home.

INT. TRIUMPH SPITFIRE - CORAL GABLES - NIGHT

Parked outside her gate. Neither one moves to end it. Engine ticking as it cools.

EVELYN  
Well.

JACK  
Well.

EVELYN  
You going to sit out here again tonight.

JACK  
Probably.

EVELYN  
You could come inside instead.

JACK  
Don't think that's a good idea.

EVELYN

No. Probably isn't.

Neither one moves anyway. She leans over, kisses him – quick, more a question than a statement – pulls back, watches his face.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Was that a mistake.

JACK

Ask me in a month.

She almost laughs, touches his jaw once, gets out. Doesn't look back going through the gate. He sits there a while before he starts the car.

FADE OUT.

INT. HARROW'S OFFICE - DAY

Harrow at his desk, going through papers. Tommy stands nearby.

TOMMY

He's seeing her most nights now.  
Not just watching. Dinners. Drives.

HARROW

I'm aware.

TOMMY

You want me to say something to  
him.

HARROW

Not yet. Let him think it's  
working.

TOMMY

And if it's not working.

HARROW

Then I'll know soon enough, and so

will he.

He goes back to his papers. Tommy waits a beat, unsure if he's dismissed, then leaves when it becomes clear he is.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack at the table again, the folder open. He looks at the photograph of Evelyn laughing, still face-down from before. He turns it over. Looks at it a long time.

He takes out a pen. Starts to write something on a blank page – stops. Crumples it. Starts again. Stops.

He puts the folder away instead, unfinished, and pours a drink he doesn't really want.

There's a knock at the door. He goes still a second, then answers it. It's Frank, holding a paper bag.

FRANK

Sheila made too much of something,  
I don't even know what it's called,  
some kind of casserole thing.

JACK

You didn't have to bring me  
casserole, Frank.

FRANK

I didn't have to do a lot of  
things. Let me in, it's hot out  
here.

Jack lets him in. Frank sets the bag down, looks around the apartment like he always does, like he's checking for something that isn't usually there.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You got a woman's perfume in here  
or is that just me.

JACK

It's not just you.

FRANK  
(grinning)  
Well. Look at you.

JACK  
It's not like that.

FRANK  
It's exactly like that, Jack, I've  
known you eleven years, I know what  
it smells like when it's exactly  
like that.

Jack doesn't argue the point, which is its own kind of  
confirmation. Frank sits down at the table, uninvited,  
comfortable.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Tommy still asking around about  
you.

JACK  
Some.

FRANK  
You gonna tell me what's going on,  
or am I gonna keep hearing pieces  
of it from other people.

JACK  
There's nothing to tell yet.

FRANK  
(not buying it, but  
letting it go)  
Alright. Eat the casserole before  
it gets cold.

They sit there, and for once Jack doesn't seem to mind the  
company, though he still doesn't tell Frank anything real.

FADE OUT.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

Boats knocking gently against their slips. Evelyn waves Jack down the dock toward a catamaran where CAROLINE, thirties, and her husband PETER are loading a cooler.

They climb aboard. Caroline shakes Jack's hand, sizing him up without being rude about it.

CAROLINE  
So you're the one.

JACK  
The one what.

CAROLINE  
The one she won't stop asking me if I've heard anything about, which of course I haven't, because apparently nobody's supposed to have heard anything.

EVELYN  
Caroline.

CAROLINE  
I'm just saying.

PETER  
(handing Jack a beer, by way of greeting)  
Don't mind her. She does this to everybody I bring around.

They cast off, the boat pulling away from the dock into open water.

INT./EXT. CATAMARAN - OPEN WATER - DAY

The boat cuts across flat water, sails full. Peter's still complaining about the cheese, mostly for Caroline's benefit now, an old married bit. Jack sits near the stern, not quite comfortable, watching the horizon out of habit.

Evelyn drops down next to him, hands him a beer.

EVELYN

You look like you're waiting for something to go wrong.

JACK

Habit.

EVELYN

Try not doing that for one afternoon.

JACK

I don't really know how to not do that.

EVELYN

Then just – I don't know, fake it. I'll do the watching.

He almost smiles, looks back out at the water instead of answering.

LATER

Anchored off a sandbar, sails down. Caroline and Peter have gone off toward the beach with the cooler, still bickering, their voices carrying faintly. Jack and Evelyn are alone on deck with sandwiches gone a little soft in the heat and a bottle of wine that's mostly gone.

EVELYN

He brought the wrong cheese again. He always brings the wrong cheese.

JACK

Is there a right cheese.

EVELYN

There absolutely is a right cheese and he knows exactly what it is and he brings this instead every single time. It's not even that this one's bad, it's just – it's not the right

one.

JACK

Maybe he likes it better.

EVELYN

Nobody likes it better. I think he does it to see if Caroline'll notice.

JACK

Does she.

EVELYN

Every time. That's kind of the whole marriage, honestly, from what I can tell.

Jack laughs – actual laugh, not much of one, but real. Evelyn notices.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

There it is.

JACK

There what is.

EVELYN

You laughing like that. I wasn't sure you actually did it.

JACK

I laugh.

EVELYN

Not like that you don't.

A long easy quiet. Water against the hull. Somewhere a gull complaining about something.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Do you ever get tired of Miami.

JACK

Sometimes.

EVELYN

I don't think I could. I complain about it, but every time I leave I end up missing it within a week.

JACK

What do you miss.

EVELYN

The water, mostly. And the evenings – it's different here at night than anywhere else I've been. Even when it's an unpleasant night there's always something going on somewhere.

JACK

You like that part.

EVELYN

I think I do, yeah.

She opens her eyes, looks over at him.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

You don't.

JACK

Not particularly.

EVELYN

I could tell.

JACK

How.

EVELYN

You don't look at anything very long. You look, and then you're already looking at the next thing.

He smiles a little, looks at the water, then back at her.

JACK

I look at you.

EVELYN  
(smiling, looking back  
out at the water)  
Yeah. You do.

Quiet again, warmer than before.

EVELYN (CONT'D)  
I keep saying I want to see Europe.  
Not the way my mother did it,  
hotels and museums on a list. I  
want to go somewhere and not know  
anybody there and just be a person  
for a while, not – this.

JACK  
This being what.

EVELYN  
I don't know. All of it. The name,  
the family, people knowing who I am  
before I say a word.

JACK  
Sounds lonely, going somewhere  
nobody knows you.

EVELYN  
Sounds peaceful.

JACK  
Those aren't always different, I  
guess.

EVELYN  
No. Probably not.

She looks over at him again.

EVELYN (CONT'D)  
Would you ever leave. Miami.  
Everything.

JACK  
Never had a reason to before.

EVELYN  
And now?

He doesn't answer that. Doesn't have to. She takes his hand and he lets her and they sit there a while not saying anything else.

LATER – GOLDEN HOUR  
Caroline and Peter are back, sunburned, half asleep near the bow, still occasionally muttering about the cheese. The boat moves slow toward the mainland under a dying wind.

Evelyn's leaned back against Jack, watching the light change. Neither of them says much. Miami comes up out of the water ahead of them, ordinary and lit gold, not knowing yet what it's about to cost them.

CAROLINE  
(half asleep, not opening  
her eyes)  
You two are disgustingly cute, by  
the way. I don't know if anyone's  
told you that yet.

PETER  
Somebody should've told them.

EVELYN  
Go back to sleep, both of you.

CAROLINE  
I'm awake. I'm just resting my eyes  
and being right about things.

Nobody argues with her. The boat keeps moving.

FADE OUT.

INT. DINER - DAY (LATER)

Frank again, same booth, having come by unasked this time. Jack looks like he hasn't slept well.

FRANK

You look terrible.

JACK

Thanks.

FRANK

I mean it as information, not an insult.

He waits, drinks his coffee this time, actually drinks it, which is new.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You remember Khe Sanh. The second week, when we were pinned down by the tree line and Sarge kept telling us reinforcements were an hour out.

JACK

I remember.

FRANK

You remember what you did.

JACK

Frank, I don't need the story right now.

FRANK

I'm not telling you the story to tell you the story. I'm telling you because you didn't wait for orders that day. You made a call nobody told you to make, and it turned out to be the right one, and it cost you something to make it, and you never once talked about it after, like it embarrassed you that you'd cared enough about the rest of us to do it.

JACK

What's your point.

FRANK

My point is you've spent eleven years since then making sure you never have to care about anybody enough to make that kind of call again. And now here you are, not sleeping, looking like a man who's about to make it anyway.

Jack doesn't say anything to that for a while.

JACK

It's not the same thing.

FRANK

No. It's probably worse, honestly, 'cause this time nobody's gonna hand you a medal for it after.

JACK

I don't want a medal.

FRANK

I know you don't. I'm just saying – whatever you're about to do, you already know how to do the hard thing. You've done it before. You just usually pretend you haven't.

He finishes his coffee, sets some money on the table, more than the bill probably comes to.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Go take care of your business,  
Jack. I'll see you when I see you.

He leaves. Jack sits there a moment longer, something in what Frank said settling into him slower than he'd like.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A quiet, well-kept cemetery, old oaks, Spanish moss. Evelyn stands alone at a headstone – her father's, plain, dignified, nothing showy about it despite the family's money. She's brought no flowers, just herself.

She doesn't say anything for a long while. Just stands there.

EVELYN

(finally, quiet)

I found the rest of it. Took me  
three years longer than it should  
have, but I found it.

She crouches down, brushes some leaves off the base of the stone, an ordinary small gesture.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

I don't know if it's going to fix  
anything. I used to think it would.  
Now I mostly just think it's true,  
and that maybe that has to be  
enough on its own, whether or not  
it fixes anything.

A pause. Somewhere behind her, unseen, a groundskeeper's mower starts up, ordinary sound intruding on the moment the way ordinary sounds do.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

There's a man. You'd probably have  
opinions about him. He was hired to  
do something terrible, and he  
didn't do it, and I don't fully  
understand why except that I think  
he got tired of being the kind of  
man who could.

She almost smiles.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

You'd have opinions. I know you

would. I think you'd like him  
anyway, eventually, the way you  
liked people who surprised you.

She stands back up, looks at the stone a moment longer.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

I miss you. That part hasn't  
changed and I don't expect it to.

She stays a minute more, then turns and walks back down the  
path between the graves, the mower still going somewhere off  
in the distance, the day continuing around her the way days  
do.

FADE OUT.

INT. HARROW'S OFFICE - DAY

Harrow doesn't stand when Jack comes in this time. Tommy's  
off to the side, quiet.

HARROW

Two weeks was already more than  
generous.

JACK

I need a little more time.

HARROW

You've had time. You've had — from  
what I hear — dinners. More than  
dinners.

Jack doesn't answer that. Tommy shifts a little, doesn't say  
anything either.

HARROW (CONT'D)

I don't care what you've been doing  
with the woman, Mr. Landon. I care  
that my paperwork hasn't come back  
and the situation hasn't stopped  
being a situation. That was the

arrangement.

JACK

Let me see the file again. The original.

HARROW

Why.

JACK

Because if I'm gonna finish this the way you want it finished, I'd like to actually know what I'm finishing.

Harrow looks at him a second, weighing something, then nods to Tommy, who gets up and leaves the room.

HARROW

Three days, Jack. That's what's left. I've been patient because you're good and good men aren't easy to come by. Don't go finding out what happens after the patience runs out.

JACK

I won't.

Tommy comes back in with the folder. Jack takes it and leaves without saying anything else.

INT. HARROW'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Harrow watches the door after Jack's gone. Tommy waits, reading his mood.

TOMMY

You believe him.

HARROW

Not entirely.

TOMMY

So what do we do about it.

HARROW

Nothing, for three more days. If he hasn't moved by then, we stop waiting on him and I find out how serious this has gotten.

TOMMY

And if it's gotten serious.

HARROW

(a beat)

Then it's not really about the woman anymore, is it. It's about Jack.

He goes back to his papers. Tommy leaves, troubled by something in the way Harrow said that, though he can't quite name what.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack spreads it all out on the table properly this time, not just the photos. Contracts. Shipping manifests. Names circled in handwriting that isn't his. He's reading closely now, going back and forth between pages.

He stops on one. Reads it twice. A name lines up with a date that lines up with something else three pages back.

He sits back. Something's dawning on him, and it isn't good.

He goes through the rest more carefully, cross-referencing, writing things down now, the process taking most of the night. Outside the window, the sky starts to lighten before he's finished.

EXT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Spitfire pulls up too fast, none of the usual patience. Jack's out before it's fully stopped, up the walk, knocking instead of sitting in the dark like he usually does.

Evelyn opens the door in a robe, startled by the knock, then by his face.

EVELYN  
Jack, what —

JACK  
Your father. How'd he die.

EVELYN  
Why are you asking me that right now.

JACK  
Evelyn.

EVELYN  
(quiet, guarded)  
Come inside. You can't just stand out here yelling that at my door.

INT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She shuts the door, doesn't turn on more lights than she needs to. Sits down finally, hands in her lap.

EVELYN  
Heart attack. That's what it said on the report. Fifty-four years old, worked too hard, heart attack.

JACK  
You don't believe that.

EVELYN  
(long pause)  
No. I don't.

JACK  
Why not.

EVELYN  
Why does it matter to you all of a

sudden.

JACK

Because I think I've been carrying his file around in my car for two weeks and I didn't understand what I was looking at until about an hour ago.

She goes very still.

EVELYN

What'd you find.

JACK

Contracts. A highway spur out past Hialeah that got approved twice, once on paper and once for real, at two different prices, with the difference routed through three companies that don't exist anywhere except on letterhead. Six years of it, near as I can tell. Millions, not thousands. And Harrow's name is on every single one, sometimes twice, like he wasn't even bothering to hide it from whoever might eventually look.

EVELYN

(barely audible)

That's what he found. Exactly that — the spur, the double invoicing, all of it. He used to say it out loud sometimes, not to me, just to the air, like saying it made it more real. "They billed it twice." I didn't understand it then. I understand it now.

JACK

Your father.

EVELYN

Eighteen months before he died he

came to me. Didn't trust anybody else by that point – not his partners, not his own lawyer, he'd started to suspect the lawyer too, though he never said why. Told me if anything happened to him I should already know where to start looking, and he wrote down three names on the back of a grocery receipt, if you can believe that, and made me memorize them before he'd let me throw it away.

JACK

And you kept at it.

EVELYN

Three years. Quiet about it, mostly through Pruitt – his old accountant, the one who did the books for two of the shell companies and never asked why the numbers never quite matched what he was told to write down. Until I had enough that even Harrow's friends couldn't just make it go away.

JACK

That's what you gave the journalist. That's what this whole thing's been.

EVELYN

Yes.

A silence. Jack sits down across from her, heavy.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Jack. Why does Harrow's name mean something to you.

He doesn't answer right away. She reads it on his face before he says anything.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

(very quiet)  
He's the one who hired you.

JACK  
Yeah.

EVELYN  
To find the papers.

JACK  
To find you.

That word sits there a second, heavier than anything else  
said tonight.

EVELYN  
(carefully)  
Say the rest of it, Jack.

JACK  
He hired me to kill you.

She doesn't move. Doesn't cry out, doesn't gasp. Just looks  
at him, and something in her face closes up slow, like a door  
easing shut on its own weight.

EVELYN  
(finally)  
I think you should go.

JACK  
Evelyn —

EVELYN  
I think you should go, Jack.

He stands. Stops at the door.

JACK  
I'm not going to do it.

EVELYN  
That's supposed to make me feel  
better.

JACK  
It's supposed to be true.

EVELYN  
You've had two weeks and you didn't  
do it. Was that mercy or just bad  
timing?

He doesn't have an answer that'll land right tonight. He  
leaves without trying one. She sits there a long time after  
the door shuts, one hand pressed over her mouth.

FADE OUT.

INT. HARROW'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Harrow at the window, looking down at the street. Tommy's in  
the room, along with Stroud, quiet in the corner.

HARROW  
He went to her house last night.  
Stayed about an hour. Left angry,  
from what I hear, and she hasn't  
left since.

TOMMY  
Could mean he did it.

HARROW  
Could also mean he told her.

A silence. Harrow turns from the window.

HARROW (CONT'D)  
Find out which one it is. If it's  
the first, we've lost nothing. If  
it's the second —

He doesn't finish it.

TOMMY  
And Jack.

HARROW

(quiet)

Jack made a choice a long time ago  
about what kind of life he wanted.  
If he's changed his mind about  
that, that's its own problem, and  
I'll deal with it as its own  
problem.

STROUD

You want me on the house.

HARROW

Not yet. I want to know what we're  
dealing with before I put anybody  
on anything.

Tommy and Stroud exchange a look, the kind that says neither  
of them fully believes that's the whole plan, but neither  
says so out loud.

EXT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Spitfire pulls up. Jack gets out slower this time, checks  
the street before he heads for the door. Knocks. Rosa opens  
it, scared.

ROSA

Two men came by an hour ago. She  
sent them off but their car's still  
down the block, just moved is all.

JACK

Where is she.

ROSA

Upstairs. Won't come down.

INT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn's by the window in the dark, watching a parked sedan  
across the street through a gap in the curtain. Jack appears  
in the doorway. She doesn't turn.

EVELYN

I take it you saw the car out front.

JACK

I did.

EVELYN

Come to finish the job, or warn me about whoever else is going to.

JACK

Came to get you out of this house.

EVELYN

(turning finally)

And go where.

JACK

Somewhere they haven't thought to look yet.

EVELYN

You understand what happens if you help me with this. There's no going back to whatever you were before.

JACK

Understood that last night. I'm still here.

She studies him. Not quite trust yet, but closer to it than the anger from before.

EVELYN

What about Rosa.

JACK

She stays. If she's not with us, she's not a target, she's just an old woman who doesn't know anything, and that has to be true, so don't tell her where we're going.

EVELYN  
She'll worry.

JACK  
Better she worries than she knows  
something worth hurting her over.

Evelyn looks toward the door, where Rosa is hovering just out of sight, clearly having heard some of that.

EVELYN  
(calling out)  
Rosa, it's alright.

ROSA  
(from the hall)  
It is not alright, but I heard you,  
I won't ask.

EVELYN  
(back to Jack, quieter)  
Give me ten minutes.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND EVELYN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They move fast along a back wall, through a gate. Headlights sweep the far end of the alley. Jack pulls her back into shadow.

The car passes slow, doesn't stop. They wait till the taillights are gone before moving again.

EXT. STREET / INT. TRIUMPH SPITFIRE - MOVING - NIGHT

They get in fast. Jack pulls out with the headlights off for the first block, switches them on once they're clear.

Evelyn's turned around watching behind them.

EVELYN  
Nothing.

JACK  
Keep watching anyway.

EVELYN  
(facing front)  
Where are we going.

JACK  
The Keys. Old client's place, sits  
empty most of the year. Nobody's  
going to think to look there for a  
while.

EVELYN  
How long's a while.

JACK  
Long enough to figure out the rest  
of it.

She looks at him in the dash light – this man she's known  
less than three weeks who just gave up everything he had,  
apparently for her.

EVELYN  
Jack.

JACK  
Not now. When we're somewhere  
quiet.

She nods, looks back out at the road, the causeways starting  
to unspool ahead toward the Keys.

FADE OUT.

EXT. OVERSEAS HIGHWAY - CHECKPOINT - NIGHT

A police cruiser sits at a gas station near a junction,  
lights off, just parked, an officer leaning against the hood  
drinking coffee. Nothing official about it yet, just a cop  
killing time.

INT. TRIUMPH SPITFIRE - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Jack clocks it well before they're close.

JACK  
Get down. Just for a second.

EVELYN  
What —

JACK  
Now, please.

She slides down in the seat. Jack slows to an ordinary speed, nothing suspicious, lifts a hand in a small wave as they pass the cruiser. The officer barely looks up from his coffee.

They keep going. After a stretch, Jack exhales.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Alright. You can sit up.

EVELYN  
(sitting up, a little  
shaken)  
That wasn't for us. Was it.

JACK  
Probably not. But I don't like  
guessing wrong about that  
particular thing.

EVELYN  
How many times have you had to  
guess about it before.

JACK  
Enough that I don't like doing it  
wrong.

She doesn't ask anything else for a while, just watches the road, understanding a little more clearly now what kind of life he's actually been living all this time.

EXT. FLORIDA KEYS - HOUSE ON STILTS - DAY

Plain wooden house on a quiet stretch of water, no other houses close by. The Spitfire's tucked underneath it, half hidden.

INT. KEYS HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Sun-bleached, simple. Evelyn's at the window with a cold cup of coffee. Jack comes in from checking the perimeter, an old habit he can't quite turn off.

JACK

Nothing. No boats slowing down, no cars that don't belong to the two other houses up the road.

EVELYN

You say that like you expect it to change.

JACK

Just telling you it hasn't yet.

She turns from the window.

EVELYN

I keep waiting to be scared. I think I used it all up in the car last night. And I still haven't decided if I've forgiven you, for what it's worth, though I notice I keep standing closer to you instead of further away, so make of that what you will.

JACK

I haven't asked you to forgive me.

EVELYN

I know. That's almost worse, somehow.

A quiet between them, easier than before.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Tell me something about Georgia.  
Something you didn't already tell  
me at the bar.

JACK

Told you it wasn't much.

EVELYN

Try anyway. We've got time for  
once.

JACK

There was a dog. Old dog, half  
blind, used to follow me to school  
and then just sit outside till it  
was over. Wasn't even our dog.  
Belonged to a neighbor two houses  
down, but he liked me better I  
guess, or the walk was shorter.

EVELYN

What happened to him.

JACK

Same thing that happens to old  
dogs.

EVELYN

Oh.

JACK

It's not a sad story, I don't  
think. He had a long time to sit  
outside a school he didn't have to  
go to. Wasn't a bad life for a dog.

Evelyn almost laughs, sits down at the table across from him.

EVELYN

That's the most you've ever told me  
at once.

JACK  
Guess I had it stored up.

EVELYN  
What else do you have stored up.

JACK  
Not sure yet. I'll let you know  
when I find it.

FADE OUT.

EXT. FLORIDA KEYS - SMALL FISHING TOWN - DAY

A few blocks of a modest coastal town – a hardware store, a market, a bait shop. Jack and Evelyn walk in, unremarkable, a cap pulled low on Jack, sunglasses on Evelyn.

INT. MARKET - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn picks through produce that isn't very good. At the register, the CLERK, sixties, sun-worn, makes idle conversation while ringing them up.

CLERK  
You two renting the Halloran place?

EVELYN  
(a beat, careful)  
Just visiting a friend.

CLERK  
Didn't figure you for locals. Not  
enough sunburn yet.

He says it kindly, not suspiciously, just a man filling silence. Evelyn manages a smile. Jack pays quickly, and they leave without lingering.

EXT. FISHING TOWN - STREET - CONTINUOUS

They walk back toward where the car's hidden, a little tense from the exchange even though nothing was actually wrong with it.

EVELYN

That was nothing.

JACK

I know it was nothing. I still don't love it, though. Small towns notice things – not a criticism, just how they work. We can buy groceries, just not at the same place twice.

EVELYN

(a tired half-laugh)

That's a strange way to live, Jack.

JACK

Got used to it a long time ago. You'll get used to it faster than you'd think.

She doesn't ask what happens after that, and he doesn't offer more, and they walk the rest of the way back in a quiet that isn't quite comfortable and isn't quite strained either.

FADE OUT.

EXT. KEYS HOUSE - DOCK - DAY

They're on the small dock behind the house, feet in the water, sun starting to go down. A bottle of wine passed back and forth, no glasses.

EVELYN

My mother used to bring us down here when I was little. Different house, further south. My father hated it – said the mosquitoes were the size of the fish.

JACK

He wasn't wrong, probably.

EVELYN

No, he really wasn't.

She takes the bottle, drinks, passes it back.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Do you think we could actually do this. Not – she gestures at the house – this exactly. But something like it. Somewhere else, once it's over.

JACK

I don't usually let myself think that far out. Not a habit I've got.

EVELYN

Could you learn it.

JACK

(long pause)

Might already be trying.

She leans her head on his shoulder. Neither says much else. Water moves. Light goes gold, then gray.

EVELYN

(after a while)

If we did go somewhere. Not saying we're deciding right now. But if.

JACK

Alright.

EVELYN

What would you call yourself. You can't very well go around being Jack Landon anymore, once this is out.

JACK

Never thought about it.

EVELYN

Think about it now. Humor me.

JACK

(considering)

I don't know. Something plain.  
Doesn't matter much to me.

EVELYN

That's not an answer, that's a  
shrug with words in it.

JACK

Fine. Robert, maybe. Never liked  
anybody named Robert giving me  
trouble, seemed like a safe one.

EVELYN

Robert.

JACK

What's wrong with Robert.

EVELYN

Nothing's wrong with Robert. I just  
can't picture it. You don't look  
like a Robert.

JACK

What do I look like.

EVELYN

I don't know yet. Give me time,  
I'll find one that fits.

JACK

And you. What would you be.

EVELYN

(without hesitation)

Anne. Something short. I've always  
wanted a short name. Grant's too  
much of a mouthful for a woman  
trying not to be noticed.

JACK  
Anne and Robert.

EVELYN  
It's terrible. Say it again.

JACK  
Anne and Robert.

EVELYN  
(laughing, despite  
everything)  
It really is terrible. We'll think  
of something better once we're  
actually there.

For a moment, laughing about names on a dock, it's almost possible to forget what they're actually running from.

INT. KEYS HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Evelyn's awake next to Jack, staring at the ceiling. He's still but not asleep.

EVELYN  
Jack.

JACK  
Mm.

EVELYN  
How long. Since you started, I  
mean, till you decided you couldn't  
go through with it.

JACK  
Honestly? I don't know exactly. It  
wasn't one day.

EVELYN  
There must've been a day where you  
knew for sure.

JACK

There were a few opportunities. Early on. I keep going back over them trying to figure out when it stopped being possible and I can't find the exact one. It just — wasn't possible anymore, at some point, and I noticed after the fact.

EVELYN

That's not really an answer.

JACK

It's the honest one. I wish I had a cleaner version for you.

She turns onto her side to look at him.

EVELYN

Why didn't you just tell me. At the start of all this, once you knew you weren't going to do it.

JACK

Didn't know how to say it without you running, or without you thinking I was saying it just to keep you close so I could still do it later.

EVELYN

Were you.

JACK

No. But you'd have had every reason to think that, so I don't blame you if part of you still does.

EVELYN

Part of me still does, a little.

JACK

That's fair.

A silence. Not a bad one.

EVELYN

I keep trying to stay angrier than  
I actually am about it. It's not  
really working.

JACK

I'm not going to try and talk you  
into staying mad.

EVELYN

No, I don't think you would.

She rests a hand on his chest, like she's checking  
something's still there.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

What happens now.

JACK

We wait on Mercer, or I find some  
other way to make Harrow more  
scared of what happens if you're  
alive than if you're not. Then we  
go.

EVELYN

Go where.

JACK

Wherever you said before, on the  
boat. Europe. Somewhere you don't  
know anybody.

EVELYN

(quietly, almost hopeful)  
You'd actually do that.

JACK

Not much keeping me here. A car. An  
apartment I don't much care for.  
Couple people who'd probably be  
relieved not to see me for a while.

EVELYN

That's a short list, Jack.

JACK

Shorter than it used to be. You're  
on it now. That part's new.

She smiles, presses in closer. For a while the whole rest of  
it feels far away, even though it isn't.

FADE OUT.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - MERCER'S DESK - DAY

Mercer at his desk, phone to his ear, voice down low so the  
desks around him don't catch it.

MERCER

(into phone)

I need a few more days. Editor  
won't run it on one source, I've  
told you that twice now.

He listens.

MERCER (CONT'D)

I know what's riding on it, Evelyn,  
that's exactly why I'm not gonna  
rush it and have the whole thing  
thrown out on some technicality.

He listens again, longer this time.

MERCER (CONT'D)

Where are you now — no, don't tell  
me. Better I don't know if somebody  
asks.

He hangs up. Sits there a second, looks toward the newsroom  
door like he half expects somebody to already be listening,  
though nobody is.

His EDITOR, gray-haired, unimpressed by most things, drops by

his desk with a proof sheet.

EDITOR

That the corruption thing you keep chasing.

MERCER

It's close.

EDITOR

You've said close for two weeks.

MERCER

It's closer now than it was two weeks ago.

EDITOR

I need something I can run, David, not something that's always about to be ready. This paper's not in the business of almost-stories.

MERCER

Give me till Thursday.

EDITOR

(a long look)

Thursday. And it better not fall apart on me the way the harbor commission thing did.

MERCER

It won't.

EDITOR

That's what you said about the harbor commission thing.

He walks off. Mercer sits there a moment, the pressure of it settling on him, then goes back to the pages in front of him.

INT. HARROW'S OFFICE - DAY

Harrow reading a report. Tommy across from him.

TOMMY

Nothing new on where they went.  
Car's gone, house is empty, aunt  
says she hasn't heard from her.

HARROW

You believe the aunt.

TOMMY

I believe the aunt believes what  
she's saying.

HARROW

That's not quite the same thing.

TOMMY

No. It's not.

Harrow sets the report down.

HARROW

Put somebody on the aunt. Not  
obvious, just – nearby. She'll slip  
eventually, people like that always  
do, they don't think of themselves  
as involved in anything.

TOMMY

And the reporter.

HARROW

(a beat)

Him too. Quietly. I want to know  
what he's sitting on before he  
decides to print it.

Tommy nods, makes a note, leaves. Harrow sits alone a moment,  
something tightening in his patience that wasn't there a few  
weeks ago.

EXT. AUNT CLAIRE'S HOUSE - DAY

A quiet, wealthy street. A nondescript car sits parked a

short way down, a MAN inside reading a newspaper, not particularly hiding that he's there, just being unremarkable about it.

Claire comes out to get her mail, glances at the car without much reaction, goes back inside. It's the kind of thing that would look like nothing to anybody who wasn't already afraid of something.

FADE OUT.

EXT. AUNT CLAIRE'S HOUSE - LATER - DAY

Claire comes out again, this time to see off a FRIEND who's visited for lunch. They talk on the porch, unaware of the car still parked down the street.

CLAIRE

You didn't have to come all this way just for lunch.

FRIEND

I wanted the excuse, honestly. It's been too long.

CLAIRE

How's your sister doing, out in the Keys?

FRIEND

Better, I think. Enjoying the quiet.

CLAIRE

(a small, private smile)

Evelyn's out that way too, at the moment. Staying at a little place on stilts, if you can believe it, with a friend of hers. I keep telling her to come stay somewhere with proper plumbing.

FRIEND

(laughing)  
Some people like it rough for a  
while.

CLAIRE  
Apparently.

They say their goodbyes. Neither of them notices the man in  
the car, who has, in fact, noticed everything.

EXT. FLORIDA KEYS - ROAD NEAR THE HOUSE - DAY

A dusty sedan sits at the head of the road. Two of Harrow's  
men — MAN 1 and MAN 2 — watch the house through binoculars.

MAN 1  
That the car under the house.

MAN 2  
Triumph. Dark blue. That's him  
alright.

MAN 1  
Call it in, then.

MAN 2  
Gimme a second, I want to see if  
she comes out first.

MAN 1  
Just call it in.

MAN 2  
I'm calling it in, hang on.

INT. KEYS HOUSE - DAY

Jack's at the window, gone very still. He hasn't needed the  
binoculars to notice what they noticed.

JACK  
(not turning)  
Evelyn. Pack what you need, leave

the rest.

EVELYN  
(alarmed)  
Already?

JACK  
Now.

EXT. FLORIDA KEYS - HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They move fast, bag in hand, down to the car under the house. Jack scans the road – the sedan hasn't moved, but there's a second car behind it now.

JACK  
Get in.

They pull out along a side lane Jack's clearly already had mapped out in his head before this morning.

INT. TRIUMPH SPITFIRE - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn's watching behind them.

EVELYN  
They're not following.

JACK  
Not yet. They'll radio ahead  
instead, try to box us in before  
the next bridge.

EVELYN  
How do you know that's what they'll  
do.

JACK  
Because it's what I'd do.

She looks at him a second, unsettled by how easily that came out, doesn't say anything about it.

EXT. OVERSEAS HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Spitfire moving fast, water on both sides. Behind them, far off, a car appears, gaining slow.

INT. TRIUMPH SPITFIRE - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

JACK

Hold on to something.

He cuts onto a turn that barely looks like a road – a service lane toward a marina. The car behind sails right past it.

EVELYN

(breathless)

That won't last.

JACK

No. Buys us the mainland, though.

EXT. MARINA - CONTINUOUS

Pulled in among trailers and fishing boats. Jack cuts the engine. For a second they just sit there, breathing.

EVELYN

We can't keep doing this. Running town to town till they finally catch up.

JACK

I know it.

EVELYN

So what, then.

JACK

Then we stop running and go somewhere they already expect us to be. Sometimes that's safer than a hiding spot they haven't found yet.

EVELYN

Miami.

JACK

Miami.

She breathes, steadies herself, nods.

EVELYN

Mercer needs the last of it anyway,  
in person. He won't run it off a  
payphone call.

JACK

Then that's where we're headed.

She's quiet a moment, looking back the way they came.

EVELYN

Do you think it was Rosa. Who told  
them where we were.

JACK

No. Rosa didn't know where we were.

EVELYN

Then who.

JACK

I don't know yet. Doesn't much  
matter right now. Matters more that  
we keep moving.

She nods, though it clearly does matter to her, and files the  
question away for later.

FADE OUT.

INT. HARROW'S OFFICE - DAY

Harrow's very still behind the desk. Tommy stands, delivering  
bad news he clearly doesn't want to deliver.

TOMMY

Lost them on the causeway.

HARROW

(controlled, furious  
underneath)

Jack Landon lost two of my men on a two-lane road, in the middle of the day.

TOMMY

He taught half of them most of what they know, Charles. That's the problem with using his own tricks against him.

HARROW

Then find people who know different tricks.

He stands, goes to the window.

HARROW (CONT'D)

Call the Chief's office. Tell them a former employee of mine, unstable, possibly dangerous, may have taken a young woman against her will and headed south. Give them the car.

TOMMY

That's a lot of exposure for you. Cops start asking one question, sometimes they end up asking three more you didn't want asked.

HARROW

The alternative's worse. If Jack hands what he knows to a reporter, or worse, to the police himself, exposure's not the problem anymore. Prison is.

He turns back into the room.

HARROW (CONT'D)

Find the ledger. The original.  
Copies are a headache, the ledger's  
a good deal more than that, and  
she's the only one who can point to  
where it's kept.

TOMMY

And if we find her before we find  
it.

HARROW

(a beat, cold)

Then Jack's problem solves itself,  
one way or the other.

Tommy leaves. A moment later, MR. VANCE, sixties, precise,  
lets himself in without knocking, a lawyer's habit, papers  
already in hand.

VANCE

If the police do find him with her,  
willingly or not, the story he  
tells matters more than anything  
else in this. You want the story to  
be that he was already unstable  
before any of this started.

HARROW

He wasn't unstable a month ago. He  
was the most stable man I employed.

VANCE

That's not the story we want,  
Charles.

HARROW

(a thin, humorless look)

No. I imagine it isn't.

VANCE

There'll be records, if we need  
them. A doctor who'll say certain  
things, if it comes to testimony.  
Not difficult to build.

HARROW

It won't come to that. I intend to have this handled well before it needs a doctor's signature.

VANCE

You always say that, and it's usually true. I'd still rather have it ready.

HARROW

Have it ready, then. Just don't let me hear about it again unless we need it.

Vance nods, gathers his papers, leaves without further comment. Harrow sits alone, looking at nothing in particular, the machinery of his own protection quietly assembling itself around him whether he watches it happen or not.

FADE OUT.

EXT. MARINA - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Jack in a phone booth, Evelyn waiting in the car nearby, watching the lot. He dials, waits.

JACK

(into phone)

Frank. Need a favor, and it's not a small one.

FRANK (V.O.)

(filtered)

You're on the radio, Jack. They're saying you took some woman.

JACK

It's not like that.

FRANK (V.O.)

(filtered)

Didn't figure it was. Doesn't change what they're saying.

JACK

I need a car. Something that isn't mine, isn't traced to me. Just for a day or two.

A pause on the line.

FRANK (V.O.)

(filtered)

You're asking me to stick my neck out for something the cops think is a kidnapping.

JACK

I know what I'm asking.

FRANK (V.O.)

(filtered)

(a long breath)

Alright. There's a lot behind the shop on Eighth, blue Ford, keys under the wheel well. It's not much to look at but it runs. Leave the Spitfire somewhere it won't get found for a couple days, would you. I like that car.

JACK

Thanks, Frank.

FRANK (V.O.)

(filtered)

Don't thank me yet. Just don't get me arrested, and for God's sake, be careful, whatever this actually is.

He hangs up. Jack stands there a second in the booth, then goes back to the car.

INT. TRIUMPH SPITFIRE - CONTINUOUS

He gets in. Evelyn's watching him.

EVELYN

Well?

JACK

We've got a car. Not this one.

EVELYN

You're leaving the Spitfire?

JACK

Have to. Everybody who might be looking for us knows exactly what it looks like.

EVELYN

(a small, sad note in it)

It suits you, that car.

JACK

It'll be here when this is over. Or it won't. Either way, it's not worth what it'd cost us to keep driving it around.

She nods, understanding, though something in her face suggests the car's absence will feel like one more small loss layered onto everything else.

FADE OUT.

INT. TOMMY'S CAR - DAY

Tommy drives, Stroud in the passenger seat, both of them looking rougher than usual, days of this grinding on them.

STROUD

You ever think about just telling him we can't find them and letting it drop.

TOMMY

Every day since Tuesday. He'd know I was lying, though, and then we'd be having a different kind of conversation.

STROUD

I always liked Jack. Wouldn't have guessed he had this in him.

TOMMY

(a short, humorless  
laugh)

Nobody ever guesses it. I think I understand it better than I'd like to admit, honestly, and that scares me more than anything else about this whole thing.

Neither says anything else for a while. The car keeps moving through streets that don't hold any answers for them yet.

FADE OUT.

EXT. MIAMI - BACK STREET - NIGHT

An unremarkable blue Ford parked in shadow behind some shops. Jack and Evelyn move to a service door. Mercer opens it before they knock, pulls them in fast.

INT. MERCER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Small, cluttered with papers, a typewriter still warm. Mercer locks up, checks the blind on the window.

MERCER

You two look like hell.

EVELYN

Been a rough few days.

MERCER

Your name's on the radio, Jack. Not

the good kind of on the radio.

JACK  
Figured as much.

MERCER  
(to Evelyn)  
Second source held up. I can run it  
tomorrow morning if I push, day  
after at the outside.

EVELYN  
That's not fast enough to help us,  
but it's fast enough to matter.  
Once it's printed, doesn't matter  
what happens to me after, the  
story's already out there.

MERCER  
That's a hell of a thing to say so  
calmly.

EVELYN  
Wasn't for your benefit.

She sets a wrapped parcel on his desk.

EVELYN (CONT'D)  
Everything I hadn't given you yet.  
Except the ledger.

MERCER  
Where's the ledger.

EVELYN  
Somewhere Harrow can't get to  
without going through me first.

JACK  
(quiet, to her)  
Evelyn.

EVELYN  
He needs to hear this part, Jack.  
It's the only leverage I've got

left, if it comes down to that.

She turns back to Mercer.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

I want you to have something else too. A letter, I wrote it a few nights ago in case — in case this doesn't go the way I want it to. It names everything, all of it, in my own hand, dated, and it says if anything happens to me before the story runs, you're to take it straight to the DA's office, not just print it. Copies are already with my lawyer and with my aunt, sealed, not to be opened unless I tell them to open it or unless I don't come back.

MERCER

(taking it, quiet)

You planned this out pretty carefully.

EVELYN

I've had three years to plan it. This part's not new, I just didn't think I'd need to actually hand it to you this soon.

Mercer looks at the letter, then at her, then at Jack.

MERCER

You two should find somewhere the cops and Harrow's people are both unlikely to think of. I'd offer this place but it won't stay quiet long once the story's out.

EVELYN

There isn't really anywhere left that's safe, not properly. There's just somewhere familiar enough that I can think straight. My apartment.

JACK

That's the first place they'll look.

EVELYN

It's also the one place I can actually prove where the ledger is, if it comes to that. I'm not running again tonight, Jack.

He looks at her a long moment, understands he's not going to win this one, isn't entirely sure he wants to.

MERCER

For what it's worth, I think you're both out of your minds.

EVELYN

Probably.

MERCER

Thursday, then. That's the print date, that's a promise, not a maybe.

EVELYN

Thursday.

They shake on it, a strange formality given everything else happening, and slip back out into the night.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CORAL GABLES - EVELYN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Smaller building, quieter, tucked behind some banyan trees. The Ford's hidden two streets over. Jack and Evelyn go up an outside stair.

INT. EVELYN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Half-furnished, a place she keeps separate from the family house. Evelyn locks the door, breathes out like she's setting something down for the first time in days.

EVELYN

Haven't been here in months.

JACK

Anybody know you keep it.

EVELYN

My aunt. Rosa. That's it.

Jack moves through the rooms checking windows, the fire escape, sightlines from the street – old habits, useful tonight.

JACK

Two ways out. Fire escape and the stairs we came up.

EVELYN

Good or bad.

JACK

Good if we need it. Bad if they figure out which one to watch first.

She sits down heavy on the sofa, tired in a way that isn't just about the hour.

EVELYN

Come sit for a minute. You've been on your feet checking windows since the Keys.

He does, finally. She leans into him.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

I keep thinking about the boat.  
Peter and his cheese.

JACK

That's what you're thinking about.

Right now.

EVELYN

It's easier than thinking about the rest of it.

JACK

Fair enough.

EVELYN

Do you think he still brings the wrong cheese, or does he think we're both dead by now and feel bad about it.

JACK

(almost smiling)

I don't know Peter well enough to guess that.

EVELYN

He'd feel bad. Then he'd bring the wrong cheese to whoever comes next.

They sit there a while, not really talking about much, which under the circumstances feels like its own kind of luxury.

EVELYN

I want to call Caroline.

JACK

That's not a great idea right now.

EVELYN

I know it's not a great idea. I want to do it anyway. Just to hear something normal for five minutes.

He doesn't love it, but he doesn't stop her either. She goes to the phone, dials, waits.

INTERCUT WITH CAROLINE'S APARTMENT

Caroline answers, surprised, delighted.

CAROLINE

(filtered)

Where on God's earth have you been,  
I've been calling the house for a  
week –

EVELYN

It's a long story. I can't really  
get into it right now.

CAROLINE

(filtered)

Are you alright? You sound strange.

EVELYN

I'm fine. I just wanted to hear  
your voice. Is that alright.

CAROLINE

(filtered)

Of course it's alright, you strange  
creature. Peter says hello. He also  
says, and I quote, he found the  
right cheese this time, and nobody  
was there to appreciate it, which  
he considers a great injustice.

EVELYN

(a real laugh, the first  
one in a while)

Tell him I'm sorry I missed it.

CAROLINE

(filtered)

I will. Evelyn – is everything  
actually alright? You can tell me  
if it's not.

EVELYN

(a pause)

I don't know yet. I think it might  
not be. But I didn't call to worry  
you, I just wanted to hear about  
the cheese.

CAROLINE

(filtered, softer now)  
Alright. Well. Call me properly  
when you can. Promise me.

EVELYN  
I promise.

She hangs up before she has to promise anything else, stands there a second with her hand still on the receiver.

JACK  
You alright.

EVELYN  
Yeah. That helped, actually. More  
than I thought it would.

She comes back and sits, and for a moment the ordinary sound of Caroline's voice seems to have done something for her that nothing else tonight has managed.

FADE OUT.

INT. EVELYN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dishes cleared, or at least stacked. Jack sits with the gun broken down on a cloth on the coffee table, cleaning it out of habit more than necessity. Evelyn watches from the sofa.

EVELYN  
Does it bother you. Doing that.

JACK  
Cleaning it?

EVELYN  
Having it. Using it. All of it.

He doesn't answer right away, working a cloth through part of the mechanism.

JACK  
Didn't used to.

EVELYN

And now?

JACK

Now I think about what happens if I  
have to use it in front of you.  
That didn't used to be a thought I  
had.

EVELYN

Is that a bad thought to have.

JACK

Feels like a normal one, actually.  
I think it's the first normal  
thought I've had about any of this  
in a long time.

She doesn't say anything to that, just watches him finish,  
put it back together with the same unhurried care he's shown  
all night, and set it down within reach but out of sight, the  
way you'd set down a phone you're expecting to ring.

FADE OUT.

INT. HARROW'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Delacroix in the room this time, along with Tommy. Harrow  
looks older tonight than he has all film, though he'd never  
say so.

DELACROIX

Word is the paper's running  
something Thursday. Nobody's seen  
the pages yet but the pressroom's  
been told to clear space.

HARROW

Thursday.

DELACROIX

That's what I'm hearing.

HARROW  
(to Tommy)  
Any word on where they are.

TOMMY  
Aunt mentioned an apartment once,  
to a friend on the porch, our man  
happened to catch it. Coral Gables,  
small building, we're working on  
the exact address now.

HARROW  
Work faster.

TOMMY  
We're working as fast as we can  
without knocking on every door in  
Coral Gables and making it obvious  
what we're doing.

Harrow doesn't respond to the tone, just stares at the middle  
distance a moment.

HARROW  
(quietly, almost to  
himself)  
Thirty years. I built thirty years  
of this, carefully, and it comes  
apart over a woman a fixer decided  
he liked too much.

DELACROIX  
It's not over yet, Charles.

HARROW  
No. Not yet.

He looks at Tommy.

HARROW (CONT'D)  
Find the address tonight. Whatever  
it costs, whoever you have to lean  
on.

Tommy nods, leaves. Delacroix lingers a moment.

DELACROIX

You alright.

HARROW

(a long pause)

I built something. I intend to keep it. That's the whole of it, Ray, there's nothing more complicated going on in my head than that.

Delacroix isn't sure he believes that's the whole of it, but he doesn't say so, and leaves Harrow alone with the dark window and the city he still, for a few more hours, controls.

INT. HARROW'S OFFICE - LATER - NIGHT

Tommy back, quicker this time.

TOMMY

Got it. Small building off Alhambra, third floor, back stair and a fire escape.

HARROW

(standing)

How many can you have there inside the hour.

TOMMY

Six. Maybe eight if I pull a couple off the docks.

HARROW

Do it quiet. I don't need gunfire in Coral Gables making tomorrow's paper right next to whatever Mercer's about to run.

TOMMY

And if it can't stay quiet.

Harrow thinks about that longer than Tommy expects him to.

HARROW

Then it can't. Get the ledger if you can. Get her able to talk about the ledger, if you can manage that without more mess than you can clean up after. Jack doesn't need to come back in one piece anymore.

Tommy nods, goes. Harrow stands alone at the window a moment, something crossing his face that might be doubt, gone again before it settles into anything.

INT. HARROW'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Delacroix, who has lingered near the door this whole time, finally speaks up.

DELACROIX

Charles. This is further than the real estate stuff. Further than the permits.

HARROW

I'm aware of the distance, Ray.

DELACROIX

I've got a family. I don't know that I signed on for whatever tonight's going to be.

HARROW

Nobody's asking you to be in the room, Ray. You've never been in the room for that part and you're not going to start now. Go home to your family.

DELACROIX

(not quite relieved)  
And if it goes wrong.

HARROW

Then it goes wrong for people who

were already in the room, and you were never one of them. That's the arrangement we've always had. I'd think that would be worth something to you by now.

Delacroix nods slowly, still uneasy, and leaves without further argument, though something in his face suggests he knows exactly what he's choosing to look away from.

EXT. NEAR EVELYN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Stroud sits in a car with a younger man, WHITFIELD, twenties, clearly new to this particular kind of work, checking a revolver with hands that aren't quite steady.

WHITFIELD

Tommy said there's a woman in there.

STROUD

That's what Tommy said.

WHITFIELD

We're not supposed to – I mean, that's not the job tonight, is it. Not her.

STROUD

(not looking at him)

Job's whatever it turns into once we're through that door. That's how it always goes. You don't plan for a particular thing, you just plan to handle whatever's there.

WHITFIELD

I don't love that answer.

STROUD

Didn't figure you would. Wasn't really built to be loved, it's just the truth of it.

Whitfield sits with that a moment, the gun heavier in his hands than it was a minute ago.

STROUD (CONT'D)

You want out, now's the time to say so. Nobody's gonna think less of you.

WHITFIELD

(a long pause)

No. I'm alright.

STROUD

Alright, then.

He starts the car, pulls it slow into position down the block, neither of them saying anything else for the rest of the drive.

EXT. EVELYN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Cars pull up quiet on both ends of the street, engines cut. Men move into position along the tree line, near the stair, near the fire escape. Done without much noise at all.

INT. EVELYN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack's up before anything's obviously wrong, some old instinct pulling him to the window. He looks down at the street a long moment, not yet sure what he's seeing.

EVELYN

(from the sofa, half-asleep)

What is it.

JACK

Not sure yet.

She's up now too, coming to stand near him, not touching the curtain.

EVELYN

Is it them.

JACK

Give me a second.

He watches a shape move between two parked cars, then another, further down. Not random. Not nothing.

JACK (CONT'D)

Yeah. It's them.

EVELYN

How many.

JACK

Enough I can't just walk you out the front.

EVELYN

Fire escape.

JACK

(shaking his head)

They'll have that covered too if they're smart, and Harrow doesn't hire the other kind.

He crosses quickly to the back window anyway, checks it despite what he just said, needing to see for himself. A shape below, near the base of the fire escape, confirms it. He steps back.

JACK (CONT'D)

Told you.

EVELYN

You checked anyway.

JACK

Habit. Told you that too, once.

EVELYN

What about the roof.

JACK

There's no way up to the roof from inside this apartment. I checked that the first night, before you ever asked.

EVELYN  
Of course you did.

He steps back from the window, thinking, and for a second we see exactly how many rooms like this he's been in before – except this time it isn't just a job.

EVELYN (CONT'D)  
Jack.

JACK  
Give me a second.

EVELYN  
Jack, look at me.

He does.

EVELYN (CONT'D)  
I keep thinking about what happens after tonight. Even if we get out of this room. There's another room after it, isn't there. Another building.

JACK  
Don't do this right now.

EVELYN  
I'm not doing anything, I'm just saying it out loud because I haven't said it out loud yet and I think I need to before – before whatever happens next happens.

JACK  
We'll talk about it once we're clear.

EVELYN

That's what you keep saying and there hasn't been a "once we're clear" yet. There's just been the next thing and the next thing.

Downstairs, quiet, a door handle being tried and found locked. Footsteps on the stairs, unhurried.

JACK

(low)

Stay back from the door.

EVELYN

(not moving, quiet, more to herself than him)

I don't know what I want you to do.  
I want to say something and I don't actually know what it is.

JACK

Then don't say anything. Just get back.

The footsteps reach the landing. A pause. A knock – not a demand, more an invitation to make it easy. A voice, muffled: "Miss Grant. Doesn't have to be difficult."

Jack raises the gun. The lock starts to give.

The door bursts open.

Two men come through fast. Jack's already moving, and what happens is fast and ugly, without any style to it at all – two shots, close, and it's over before either man gets a second one off. A third man in the stairwell retreats, calling out for the others, buying them, for the moment, a strange kind of quiet.

Jack drags the door shut, wedges a chair under the handle, breathing hard. Below and outside, muffled, radio chatter – more men being called in, not a question of if but how soon.

EVELYN

How many more.

JACK

Enough.

EVELYN

So this was never going to be the last room.

JACK

(not answering that directly)

Fire escape's still an option. I go first, draw them off, you go the other way.

EVELYN

And then what. I run for how long, Jack. A day. A week. You run for the rest of your life, doing exactly this, every few months, in some other city, until one night you're not fast enough, or I'm not.

JACK

That's not – we don't know that's how it goes.

EVELYN

We know exactly how it goes. You told me yourself, on the causeway. It's what you'd do, so it's what he'll do, and it never stops being what he'd do, not while I'm alive to be found.

He doesn't have an answer for that. She crosses to him, quieter now.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

The ledger's not here, by the way. Hasn't been for two days – I mailed it to Hendricks the morning after we came back to Miami. Whatever they're about to do to this door, it buys them nothing. I wanted you to know that. It matters to me that

you know that.

JACK

Doesn't change what I'm about to lose either way.

EVELYN

No. It doesn't.

A silence. Downstairs, more car doors.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

I want you to be the one, Jack. Not them. I've thought about it more than you'd probably like to know, and I keep landing in the same place.

JACK

Don't ask me that.

EVELYN

I'm not asking you to want it. I'm asking you to do it anyway, because I can't, and because I trust you more than I trust anything that's about to come through that door.

JACK

(his voice not quite holding)

I didn't stop being the man they hired so I could still end up being that man.

EVELYN

I know. I know exactly what I'm asking, and I know what it costs you to do it, and I'm asking anyway, because the alternative costs both of us more, over a longer time, and I don't want that version of it.

He doesn't say anything for a long moment. Outside, footsteps

again, more of them this time, no longer bothering to be quiet about it.

JACK  
(barely audible)  
Okay.

EVELYN  
Okay.

JACK  
I love you. I don't think I've said  
that plainly enough, this whole  
time.

EVELYN  
You didn't have to. I knew anyway.  
I love you too, Jack. That part was  
never really in question.

She doesn't close her eyes. She keeps looking at him, steady, the way she's looked at him since the first afternoon at the bar. He raises the gun. His hand is not steady, and he does it anyway.

A single shot.

INT. EVELYN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jack lowers himself to the floor beside her, gathers her against him, doesn't say anything, because there isn't anything left that would fit.

The chair wedged under the door handle gives. More men coming through.

What happens next is fast and ugly, without any style to it at all. It isn't the kind of thing that plays well described afterward. Jack doesn't so much fight as simply refuse to stop, and when it's over, under a minute later, he's the only one left standing, and he doesn't seem to notice that part yet.

## EXT. EVELYN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Outside, the remaining men are pulling back fast, the operation gone wrong in a way none of them anticipated. Tommy, who stayed by the cars the whole time, watches Whitfield stumble out first, pale, saying nothing. Stroud doesn't come out at all.

TOMMY

Where's Stroud.

WHITFIELD

(barely getting the words  
out)

He's not coming out, Tommy.

Tommy looks up at the dark windows of the third floor a long moment, understanding exactly what that means without needing it spelled out further.

TOMMY

(quiet)

Get in the car.

WHITFIELD

What do we tell Harrow.

TOMMY

We tell him the truth. That it went  
the way these things go when you  
send men after somebody like Jack  
Landon.

They get in, pull away fast but not recklessly, the street going quiet again behind them, nothing left to mark what happened except a few cars sitting a little too long in places cars don't usually sit.

## INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - PRESSROOM - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

Presses running, the floor shaking faintly with it. Mercer stands watching the first copies come off the line, exhausted, holding one in his hands, the headline visible only to him. He doesn't look triumphant. He looks like a man

who knows what it cost.

EDITOR  
(beside him)  
You did it. Thursday, like you  
said.

MERCER  
Yeah.

EDITOR  
You don't look happy about it.

MERCER  
(quiet)  
I keep thinking about her on the  
phone the other night. Something  
about how she said it. Like she  
already knew Thursday might be too  
late for her, even if it wasn't too  
late for the story.

EDITOR  
You did your part, David. That's  
all any of us can do.

Mercer doesn't answer that. He just watches the papers stack  
up, one after another, indifferent to the hour or to anything  
that happened tonight in a small apartment in Coral Gables.

INT. HARROW'S OFFICE - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

Harrow alone, a copy of the early edition already on his desk  
— someone got it to him fast, the way things always got to  
him fast. He reads it without much expression.

The phone rings. He picks it up.

HARROW  
(into phone)  
Yes.

He listens. Whatever he's told, his face doesn't change much,  
though his hand tightens slightly on the receiver.

HARROW (CONT'D)

Say that again.

He listens once more, longer this time, and something in his posture changes, almost imperceptibly, a man absorbing a cost he hadn't priced in.

HARROW (CONT'D)

And the girl.

A pause.

HARROW (CONT'D)

(very quiet)

I see.

He sets the phone down slowly, not slamming it, just setting it down the way you'd set down something you suddenly weren't sure how to hold. He looks at the newspaper again, at nothing in particular on the page.

HARROW (CONT'D)

(to the empty room)

I never asked for that part of it.

Nobody's there to hear him say it, which seems to be exactly the point.

HARROW (CONT'D)

I understand.

He hangs up. Sits there a moment in the quiet office he's occupied for thirty years, looking at the newspaper, at his own name somewhere in it that we don't need to read.

Downstairs, faintly, we hear car doors. More than one. Unhurried, the way people move when they know there's no rush left in the situation.

Harrow doesn't get up to look out the window this time. He just waits, hands folded on the desk, for whatever's coming up those stairs.

FADE OUT.

INT. EVELYN'S APARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT

Quiet again. Sirens somewhere far off, not close yet. Jack's sitting on the floor next to her, having moved her gently, her head against his knee. He hasn't called anyone. Doesn't look like he's planning to, not yet.

He's not saying anything. There isn't really anything to say that would fit the size of it. He just sits there, one hand resting on her arm, not doing much of anything, because there isn't much left to do.

Outside, Miami keeps being Miami – a car somewhere, a dog barking twice and stopping, the ordinary sound of a city that doesn't know yet what happened in this room and wouldn't much change its evening if it did.

EXT. STREET BELOW - CONTINUOUS

A patrol car finally rolls up slow, no lights yet, an officer getting out unhurried, having no particular reason yet to think anything urgent is happening. He looks up at the building a moment before heading for the stairs.

INT. EVELYN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jack hears the footsteps starting up the stairs below. He doesn't move to hide anything, doesn't reach for the gun again. He just looks down at her a while longer.

Jack looks down at her a while. His face doesn't do anything dramatic. It just slowly stops holding itself together the way it's held together for years, a little at a time, the way a wall gives before it actually falls.

A single tear, nothing more theatrical than that. He doesn't wipe it away. Doesn't seem to notice it, particularly.

The gun sits on the floor a few feet off, forgotten, a thin curl of smoke still coming off the barrel, unhurried, the

only thing in the room still moving at all.

We hold on him a long time. Longer than feels comfortable.  
Nothing else happens. That's the point.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK - SEVERAL WEEKS LATER

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

A modest, orderly office. MR. HENDRICKS, sixties, Evelyn's family lawyer, sits across from a YOUNG ASSISTANT DA, thirties. Two things sit on the desk between them: a sealed envelope, and a plain, worn ledger book, mailed days before anyone knew it would matter this much.

HENDRICKS

She sent me the ledger by post, of all things. No note, just a return address I didn't recognize and instructions taped to the inside cover. The letter came separately, about a year ago — told me to hold it and not open it unless she told me to or unless she didn't come back to tell me otherwise.

ASSISTANT DA

And you're satisfied that condition's been met.

HENDRICKS

(quietly)

I read the obituary same as everyone else. I'd say the condition's been met.

The Assistant DA opens the ledger first, pages through it slowly, then turns to the letter, unfolding several pages of handwriting. His expression shifts as he goes, the weight of what's in front of him becoming clear.

ASSISTANT DA

This corroborates most of what ran in the paper, and the ledger goes considerably further. Names, dates that don't appear anywhere in the copies Mercer had.

HENDRICKS

She always did more work than anybody gave her credit for. People saw a wealthy young woman with a hobby. She was never that.

ASSISTANT DA

No. Doesn't look like she was.

He sets the ledger down carefully, like it might still matter to someone even now, which of course it does.

ASSISTANT DA (CONT'D)

This'll help. More than help, honestly. Whatever they were hoping to find that night, it wasn't going to be there anyway. This might be the thing that actually closes it out for good — not just Harrow, but the rest of it underneath him.

HENDRICKS

(a long pause)

She'd have liked hearing that. For whatever that's worth now.

ASSISTANT DA

For what it's worth, I met her once. Years back, some fundraiser, I doubt she'd remember it. She asked sharper questions than anyone else in the room that night, and I remember thinking somebody ought to give her a job instead of a cocktail.

HENDRICKS

(a small, tired smile)

She'd have liked hearing that too.

Neither of them says anything else for a moment. The Assistant DA gathers the pages into a folder, careful with them, and the office goes quiet except for a ceiling fan turning somewhere overhead, indifferent, the way rooms like this always are to what's just passed through them.

FADE OUT.

INT. AUNT CLAIRE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Claire and Rosa sit at the kitchen table, a pot of tea between them neither has touched much. The house feels different, quieter than it used to, in a way that isn't just about the volume.

ROSA

I keep making up her room. I don't know why I keep doing it. Nobody's sleeping in it.

CLAIRE

I think you keep doing it because stopping feels like agreeing to something.

ROSA

Maybe that's it.

CLAIRE

(after a moment)

Did you ever meet him. Properly, I mean. Not just seeing his car outside.

ROSA

Once. He came to the door in the middle of the night, looking like a man who hadn't slept in a week. I didn't like him, that night. I like him a little more now, knowing what I know, though I don't suppose that matters to anybody.

CLAIRE

It matters to me, a little.

ROSA

Why.

CLAIRE

Because I keep trying to decide whether to be angry at him or grateful to him, and it would help to know which one you've settled on.

ROSA

(a long pause)

Both, I think. I don't imagine that's a very satisfying answer.

CLAIRE

No. But it's probably the honest one.

They sit with their cold tea a while longer, neither of them in any hurry to clear the table or say anything else, the quiet between them not entirely uncomfortable, just heavy in the particular way that grief settles into ordinary rooms.

FADE OUT.

INT. DINER - DAY

The same booth as before. Frank sits alone this time, coffee going cold, a folded copy of an old newspaper on the table in front of him, worn at the creases from having been read more than once.

The waitress comes by, refills his cup without asking. He nods thanks, doesn't look up right away.

WAITRESS

You want anything else, hon.

FRANK

No. Thank you.

WAITRESS

You've been staring at that same  
page a while now.

FRANK

(a small, tired smile)

Guess I have.

She moves off. Frank looks at the paper a moment longer, then folds it over so the headline's no longer showing, like that might help.

After a moment he looks toward the door, like he's still half expecting somebody to walk through it and sit down across from him and tell him not to worry about the eggs. Nobody does.

He sits there a while longer, then folds the newspaper smaller, tucks it into his jacket, and leaves some money on the table for a meal he mostly didn't eat.

On his way out, he pauses at the door, looks back at the empty booth once, the way you'd look at a room you don't expect to sit in the same way again.

Then he goes, the bell over the door ringing once, ordinary, behind him.

FADE OUT.

THE END.