

LOST CASTLE

Ep 101 - Jack Be Quick

Written by

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"Some one has remarked that there is but one pleasure in life greater than winning, that is, in making the hazard."

- S.W. Erdnase

TEASER

A MAN, 50's, is fly fishing in a wide river. His serene setting is disturbed by bending branches as YOUNG JACK, 10, and his dog, Lucy, emerge from the trees.

Young Jack starts throwing rocks into the river. His dog charges into the water to retrieve. The man walks over to recover his peace.

MAN

Hey son, you're muckin' up my water. How's bout' you head...
(then)
...that dog fetchin' rocks?

YOUNG JACK

Yes sir. The same rock.

MAN

Bull sh...no way.

YOUNG JACK

Yup.

Jack tosses the rock back in. The dog takes off.

We hear a narration now of a man in his 40's, Irish accent.

V.O.

There are three important parts to a great con.

YOUNG JACK

Lucy's a Chesapeake, she'll bring back anything.

MAN

Son I hate to break it to you, but there's a thousand rocks look just like that in this river. I been fishing here for years. She just brings back whichever one she stops at.

YOUNG JACK

It's the same rock. I'll bet you.

MAN

Bet me?!...What you got to bet?

YOUNG JACK

I got Lucy.

MAN

Son, I can't part a boy with his dog.

YOUNG JACK

You're not gonna. You're gonna part with all that trout in your cooler.
(then)
...and your pole.

MAN

Oh really?! ...Fine. I ain't takin' your dog kid but when I win, you gotta take Lucy south to throw your rocks. Deal?

YOUNG JACK

Deal.

Jack reaches his hand out for a shake. The Man obliges.

Jack picks up a rock.

V.O.

First, it presents you as the loser of an impossible situation.

YOUNG JACK

Take your knife and carve your initials real big right in the middle of this rock. I'll throw it out there and that's the one she'll get.

The man carves his initials into the rock

"JW"

...and hands it to young Jack. He waves it at Lucy and chucks it into the middle of the river.

Lucy charges in. She goes underwater. She emerges with a rock in her mouth. She brings it to Jack.

YOUNG JACK

Drop it. C'mon give it.

Jack pulls the rock and hands it to the man with a big grin.

V.O.
Second, it distracts with
amazement.

MAN
Fuck me.

V.O.
And the last part... well that's
always the part that only the
conman knows about.

EXT. RIVERBED - DUSK

SUPER:

"ONE WEEK BEFORE"

Young Jack is watching through trees as the same man fishes
in the same river.

The man packs up his truck for the day. Jack follows him home
on his bike.

The man pulls into his driveway and walks into his house.
Young Jack, very short of breath, pulls up to the driveway
and sees the man's mailbox... J. Wilkins.

EXT. RIVERBED - EVENING

Young Jack is back at the river. Hundreds of rocks piled next
to him. They all look alike. He carves "JW" in a generic way
into one and tosses it into the river.

He does it again...and again...and again. The camera pulls up
to the sky as Young Jack continues throwing.

TITLE SCREEN : "LOST CASTLE"

START MONTAGE:

EXTREME CLOSE UP of Cards being shuffled. Spread. Flourished.
Thrown. Tossed in the air. a Dealer shuffle.

The same voice over from before is heard.

V.O.
The cards are where it all starts.
Only two types of people would
master a deck of cards...
Mr. Professional... and
Mr. Magician.

END MONTAGE

**INT. PARLOUR ROOM - MAGIC SHOW / INT. SALOON - POKER TABLE
(1800'S) - SPLIT SCREEN - NIGHT**

Mr Magician is performing for a modest crowd. Mr Professional is dealing cards with a wandering eye at a poker game.

Palming, sleight of hand, stocking
the deck. Two lives that started
from the very same moves... from
the very same two dollar book.
Erdnase was the author but he
wasn't the artist. We'll never know
the artist's name. You know why?...

INT. SALOON - POKER TABLE (1800'S)

An old man in a saloon poker game in the 1800's deals an ace from the bottom of the deck to his partner.

V.O.

Cause they either never got
caught...

Another player grabs the old mans wrist who saw him deal the bottom card. The player draws his pistol and fires at him.

FREEZE FRAME - MUZZLE FLASH

V.O. (CONT'D)

...or they did

**INT. PARLOUR ROOM - MAGIC SHOW / INT. SALOON - POKER TABLE
(1800'S) - SPLIT SCREEN - NIGHT**

The Magician in the Parlour room bows to his standing ovation. The saloon poker player humbly rakes in a pot.

V.O.

But the two lives... they split.
One decides they will take the
attention and leave the glory on
the table every time.
The other wants all the glory, but
to them, attention is death. Make
no mistake, both are masters of
their craft.

INT. GOTHIC CASTLE - HALL

Mr. Magician sits on a grand decorative velvet chair.

V.O.

In fact, I would call Mr. Magician
a more impressive beast.
He tells you he is about to take
you for a ride...

With a flick of the wrist he changes a card from a six of
clubs to an ace of hearts.

V.O. (CONT'D)

...and you still don't see it.
But there's no risk for Mr.
Magician... other than an unsavory
moment.

INT. BACK OF A BAR - POKER TABLE (PRESENT DAY)

DOLLY IN to a shadowy man, Mr. Professional, sitting at a
poker game. Around him...chaos. Two men are pointing at each
other yelling. Fists beat the table, chips fly into the air.

There is a mound of cash in the middle. Mr. Professional just
looks forward into the camera. No movement, no reaction.

V.O.

While Mr. Professional, at all
times... lives in the barrel of
a gun. He lives in there because he
wants to get used to the sound.
Bang. Bang. Bang...

So after a while it means nothin'
to him. Nothin'. The smell of lead,
a twitching eye, nothin'. You gotta
have nerve. You gotta stay quiet.
You gotta be a gentleman. People
pay no mind to that. And that's
exactly what you want. But the show
doesn't end when the doves flap
out. Your show never ends. It
never...ends...so...

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN TABLE - NIGHT - 90'S

JOHN, 40, Irishman, Pressed oxford shirt, suspenders, wing-tipped shoes, a tweed flat cap on the table, sits across from his son Young Jack. Remnants of a poker game are strewn about. Young Jack's face is covered by the book The Expert at the Card Table by S.W. Erdnase.

JOHN
...which one will you be?

Jack flops the book down.

YOUNG JACK
What do you mean lives in a gun?
Like a big gun? Like the lady who
lived in a shoe?

JOHN
No. It's just a saying.

YOUNG JACK
Can I be both?

JOHN
No.

YOUNG JACK
Why not?

JOHN
I told ya. It's two different
lives... and one kills the other.

Jack thinks about it.

YOUNG JACK
I'm going to be a professional.
Like you.

JOHN
Why?

YOUNG JACK
Because...I like hiding in plain
sight.

John smiles.

YOUNG JACK (CONT'D)
Are you a bad guy Dad?

JOHN
Do I seem like a bad guy to you?

YOUNG JACK
No.

JOHN
Then I'm not.

INT. MR ABAGNALE'S CLASSROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

John and Jack's Mom, JOAN, are in a parent-teacher meeting at young Jack's school with his 5th grade teacher MR ABAGNALE.

MR. ABAGNALE
I'm sorry, Mr. Kelly you can't smoke in a school.

JOHN
Can't smoke anywhere anymore.

John puts the cigarette out on the desk.

MR. ABAGNALE
So. We do our physical testing as you know and...according to the nurse, Jack's scores are something to note.

JOAN
He's not healthy?

MR. ABAGNALE
No. Just the opposite, very healthy. Quite the athlete. He'll race the kids at recess, he always wins... backwards.

JOAN
Backwards?

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

Jack taunts a kid as he runs backwards faster than him.

JACK
You're sweatin' Jim. You suck!

INT. MR ABAGNALE'S CLASSROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Mr. Abagnale hands Joan a paper.

MR. ABAGNALE
 These are his hearing and sight
 scores.

INT. NURSES OFFICE - DAY

Jack is standing in front of an eye chart with a plastic eye cover over one eye. The nurse stands next to the chart as he starts to read out loud.

JACK
 P, O, B, O, X, 4, 8, 7

NURSE
 No. Looks like your ears are better
 than your eyes.

JACK
 That's what it says.

The nurse looks at the bottom row of the eye chart, she reads aloud.

NURSE
 L, E, F, O, D, ... Nope it doesn't.

JACK
 You said read the little ones.

NURSE
 Yes I di...

The nurse squints at the chart, she steps over to it. She puts her nose right up to the bottom of the chart and reads where the sign was printed. "PO BOX 487 , PEORIA, IL." She turns around and looks at Jack perplexed.

INT. MR ABAGNALE'S CLASSROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

JOAN
 These numbers look like they are
 good.

MR. ABAGNALE
 They are Mrs. Kelly. They are very
 good. Mrs. Kelly, Air force Pilots
 don't score like that. You're son
 has incredible physical attributes,
 his hand-eye coordination and
 reflexes are just as impressive.

(MORE)

MR. ABAGNALE (CONT'D)

There's more...Jack has an astounding ability to recall.

JOHN

Recall what?

MR. ABAGNALE

Anything Mr Kelly. Anything at all. If you give Jack any date on the calendar that he was alive for, he will tell you what day of the week it was, he will tell you what he ate for breakfast and every conversation he had that day. (beat) the school psychologist has some connections at UC Davis where this sort of thing has been researched. They don't really have a name for it, but basically, your son has an unparalleled memory.

JOAN

I don't understand. He forgets to make his bed every morning.

MR. ABAGNALE

The nurse demanded that I let you two know about all this, but it's not why I asked you to come in tonight. Jack has been...well, gambling.

JOAN

Gambling?

JOHN

Gambling?

MR. ABAGNALE

Yes. He has been making bets using these ... advantages...that he has.

John attempts to feign concern but his interest is showing.

JOHN

So he's taken some lunch money, the kids aren't gonna starve in fact it's a good lesson--

MR. ABAGNALE

Mr. Kelly he's not betting the students.

JOHN

What?

MR. ABAGNALE

He took 50 dollars from the Janitor. The fathers picking up the kids from school. Mr. Kelly he took the principals mon... I...I wasn't supposed to mention that, please don't repeat it. The point is, we cannot have Jack gambling at school it's not setting a good example.

JOHN

What kind of bets?

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - HALLWAY

Jack a parent and another classmate are standing 30 feet from a closed classroom door. Young Jack has the room key in his hand. He winds up and launches a heater. The key plunges right into the lock. The Dad coughs up a twenty-dollar bill to young Jack.

DAD

You gotta be shittin' me.

CHILD

Dad can we go?

DAD

Double or nothing.

Young Jack runs for the key.

INT. MR ABAGNALE'S CLASSROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

JOHN

Wow. And... how much did you say he took off the principal?

MR. ABAGNALE

I didn't.

JOHN

Well I can't pay it back if you don't tell me how much.

After a beat...

MR. ABAGNALE

120 Dollars.

John, takes the number in and his concerned face slowly is overcome with eruptive laughter. Joan tries to quiet him.

JOAN

John.

INT. YOUNG JACK'S HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

John is sitting at the table with Jack who is slumped in a guilty posture. Joan is behind them in the kitchen with a cigarette by the window.

JOHN

Where's the money?

JACK

I spent it.

JOHN

On what?

JACK

Me and the boys had a night out.

INT. MOVIE THEATER

Jack is in the middle of a row of his friends. They are sitting in piles of an absurd amount of popcorn, candy and soda. They are all laughing hysterically looking at each other.

From the sounds, clearly this is an R rated film. Someone off screen yells "Shut up!" As a kid on the end of the row pukes on himself.

INT. YOUNG JACK'S HOME - KITCHEN

JOHN

Son...look. I know you were just--

JACK

Bettin' dad. Just like you do.
What's wrong with that?

Joan gives John a "Fix this shit" look.

JOHN

I know you were bettin'

JACK

...and winning.

JOHN

The point is you got in trouble.
You did it wrong.

JACK

How was it wrong? I won.

JOHN

Because people noticed. People who
say whether you're in trouble or
not noticed.

(then)

...If you'd done it right your
teacher, your mom and I would have
never found out about it.

JACK

I would have told you about it,
Dad.

JOHN

You got caught Jackie. That's the
lesson. You did everything right
but you were too loud. You were too
good.

JACK

Too good?

JOHN

Do you know what the word
deportment means?

JACK

No.

JOHN

It means how people see you. You
can't be the best. No one will bet
with the best. You took money from
the principal. You think anyone is
going to bet you ever again at that
school? They're not. You're done.

JOAN

This is not the conversation I was
hoping for.

JOHN

(to Joan)

If you wanna have another
conversation when I'm gone be my
guest!

JACK
Where you goin?

John sighs.

JOHN
Jack I'm leaving... for a little
while.

JACK
For how long?

JOHN
...I have to go do some work.

JACK
You're gonna bet! Take me.

JOHN
No.

JACK
I can help I am good Dad, real
fucking good.

JOAN
Jack!

JACK
Watch! Give me your key. Dad I can
throw! See that lock?

JOHN
Jack...

Jack runs over to a hook and grabs a door key.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Jack you're staying here... You're
staying.

Jack pauses with anger. He winds up and chucks the key at the door. It doesn't go in the lock, it sticks in to the wood next to it.

CAMERA FOLLOWS young Jack as he runs out of the room screen right...

START SLOW MOTION

CROSS DISSOLVE TO MATCH FRAME OF:

INT. POOL BAR - NIGHT

JACK, now 35, sprinting towards screen right. He's flying towards a pool table he plants and jumps fully horizontal over the length of the pool table. He collapses on the other side of it onto the floor.

UP ANGLE ON Bar patron who throws the cash he just lost onto Jack's face.

BAR

The attractive but weathered female bartender brings Jack his usual. A Gin and tonic.

BARTENDER
Jumpin' Jack Flash.

JACK
Did you just ask me to flash you
Lena? He wants to come out anyways!
Lena! Come back.

Jack notices the news story playing on the television above the bar.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
Beloved Actor and Master Magician
Porter Domingo has died at the age
of 72. Once called "The most gifted
sleight of hand artist alive." He
was known...

Jack's face says it all. He knew this man.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON DC - MORNING

SUPER: CIA Headquarters, Langley, VA.

In an office in the CIA on a TV, the same story from the bar is running from a different news station.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
Porter had the ability to hit a
target with a playing card from
100ft away. He dedicated his life
to perfecting his craft and was a
frequent parlour room performer at
the Magic Castle in Hollywood,
CA...

Two field agents are in the room watching in dismay. JAKE CORREN and BEN SERRANO.

CORREN

Shit.

Corren looks over from his desk at a whiteboard. On it is what looks to be pictures and names of people in a pyramid-style Mob-organization structure.

THE OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS - LATER

Corren and Serrano sit at the desk of their boss DIRECTOR SPENCER.

DIRECTOR SPENCER

Magic Lessons?

CORREN

Not magic lessons sir, Porter was teaching us sleight of hand, misdirection, observation. As you know all very important tools in the field.

SERRANO

Also mind reading!

Corren shoots Serrano a "You're an idiot" look.

CORREN

Sir, I know you are new here...

Director Spencer squints.

CORREN (CONT'D)

Not new... new to the department. The partnership between covert ops and magicians dates back to the 1800's. Handcuffs and prison cells would not be nearly as efficient had it not been for Houdini. You know he worked with Mi-5 before the Secret Service. That's right we used him as an agent in the field. When coin counterfeits were flooding the west coast he would find these hustlers and palm the coins from their street gambling. Then they would track...

Director Spencer looks at his computer screen.

(MORE)

CORREN (CONT'D)

Think about it Sir. They are the perfect partners. Complete rationale for traveling all over the world. Ability to hide in plain site. They can take things, keep secrets, escape confinements. It has proven extremely beneficial...

DIRECTOR SPENCER

So you need a new Magic teacher.

CORREN

(reluctantly)

Yes.

SERRANO

(excited)

Yes!

DIRECTOR SPENCER

And where do you need to go again to recruit? Magic land?

SERRANO

(excited)

The Magic Castle!

CORREN

The Magic Castle sir.

FADE IN APPLAUSE:

INT. MAGIC CASTLE - PARLOUR ROOM - EVENING

Jack is sitting in the middle row of a crowd, watching a Magician's performance.

MAGIC CASTLE BAR LOUNGE - (LATER)

GABRIEL finds Jack waiting for him after his show.

GABRIEL

Ah. The greatest lost cause who ever lived.

JACK

That screaming belt is a lost cause.

GABRIEL

Glad to see you Jack.

They cheers.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

So, tonight you've come to ask me for guidance on how to make the pivot.

JACK

Pivot? Is that what you're calling that garbage palm shift you did out there?

GABRIEL

The pivot from a common matchstick man to a famed wonder of the stage.

JACK

Ah, yes. Still considering. I just don't know what I would do with all of that money and all of that pussy. Just so much money... and so, so much magic pussy. I fear I would be swallowed whole.

GABRIEL

Better than a life that chew's you up.

JACK

Is it?

GABRIEL

Jack. I am an old man--

JACK

Very old...and fat.

GABRIEL

I have met many, many professional conmen and women. But I don't know any old ones. Sooner or later--

JACK

I think they take your club card at 60. Then you have to learn Mahjong.

GABRIEL

Sooner or later that life catches up to you... and it only goes one of two ways. Just depends on who catches up to you first.

Jack smiles and takes a drink.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

There is not a magician in this place who has the abilities you do Jack. Including me. You could really give something to people.

JACK

I don't like bow ties. Or people.

GABRIEL

Yes. You would look like a penis in one.

Jack laughs.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

(solemnly)

Have you found anything on your father?

JACK

Dear ol' Dad. Probably on a Riverboat somewhere, if those still exist. I got a phone number from a pool hall I heard he was making rounds at a few years ago. It's a landline, just keeps ringing. Probably a dead end. I don't imagine he would have given his number out to anyone.

GABRIEL

I'm sure he'll turn up.

JACK

I just have this feeling.

GABRIEL

What?

JACK

Nothing.

GABRIEL

Tell me. What?

JACK

It's weird I just have this feeling that he...that he wants me to find him. That he's been leading me to something. I know its dumb.

GABRIEL

No. It's not. Do you think he's in some kind of trouble?

JACK

There's no trouble he couldn't get himself out of.

GABRIEL

Jack I don't mean to pry. So feel free not to answer this. But why are you looking for him at all?

JACK

What do you mean?

GABRIEL

I mean, he left...he left your family, he left your Mother. He chose a hustler's life over you. Why would you want someone like that in your life still?

JACK

He wouldn't have done that if something didn't happen. He did what he had to do.

GABRIEL

How do you know that?

JACK

I know!

Gabriel yields.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about Porter. I saw on the news. What a legend.

They both look to a painting of the late magician Porter on the wall of the lounge.

GABRIEL

He was the last of a breed. A gentlemen performer. I don't suspect we'll see that again.

JACK

He brought a lot to this place.

GABRIEL

More than you'll ever know.

A cocktail waitress VEE walks in.

VEE
Another Manhattan Gabe?

GABRIEL
No. Thank you Vee, I have to go.

JACK
Oh come on. One more, I'll show you
a new force I'm playin' with.

Jack pulls out a deck of cards.

GABRIEL
Got another show. Apparently I have
to improve upon my palm-shift.

JACK
Fat chance.

GABRIEL
I don't get you Jack.

JACK
Fat people don't get skinny people.

GABRIEL
You risk everything for nothing.
What.. money?

JACK
I don't care about money.

GABRIEL
What then?

JACK
It's just that... The risk. That
feeling you get in that parlour
when you pull something off and
they cheer. I risk it all for that.
But the hit is so much more
intense... because of the risk.

GABRIEL
Always good to see you Jack.

JACK
Gabe.

GABRIEL
Yea.

JACK

Do you think I'm a good guy or a bad guy?

GABRIEL

You're not a conman Jack.

JACK

There are some would disagree with you.

GABRIEL

I know it.

JACK

How's that?

GABRIEL

Because, you keep coming here. To a place that's good. To have a look around at what you think you can't have.

Jack raises his glass.

JACK

Give 'em a show. I'll take one for the road Vee.

Gabriel exits and Jack takes in the remark. THE CAMERA DOLLYS IN ON the painting of Porter.

INT. JACK'S CAR - EVENING.

Jack is driving. He has a rocks glass full of whiskey in his hand. He finishes it and realizes he's out. He sees a familiar watering hole and slams on the brakes almost causing an accident.

He backs up and calmly pulls into the parking lot.

INT. BAR - RUNNING SPRINGS, CA - NIGHT

Jack sits awkwardly over a gin and tonic at the bar. The bartender is the only other one there. Jack is drunk.

JACK

Roger.

ROGER

Yeah.

JACK
How about one on the house?

ROGER
How bout one on the customer?

JACK
Less ice this time. You can't sink
this Titanic.

ROGER
I think you're good Jack. Go home.

JACK
I do not respect you enough to
consider your considerations Roger.

ROGER
Well this is something. The
legendary con man can't even sweet
talk a lowly bartender into a free
drink. How sad.

JACK
How's about a bet then?

ROGER
Do I look like an idiot?

JACK
Very much so.

The door jingles and a man in a perfectly tailored suit walks
in. RAF, late 30's, too much gel in his hair.

ROGER
Hi there.

RAF
A cognac.

CLOSE ON Jack's eyes. They are sharply gazed forward. We hear
a BUZZING SOUND.

ROGER
We have a raspberry brandy?

RAF
What? Do you have Hennessy? Or
Remy?

ROGER
No, none of that.

RAF
(annoyed)
Ok.

The sound of the room falls into REVERB and the BUZZ SOUND RISES until...

Raf notices Jack, who is staring.

RAF (CONT'D)
Can I...

JACK
That is an A. Lange and Sohne.

Jack references Raf's watch. Jack now has a deep southern drawl that was not there before, his animated posture is certainly new.

He sits straight up and seems taller, younger and somehow sober. Like another person altogether. Roger notices this and turns away from the conversation concerned.

RAF
Yes it is actually.

JACK
1815 Silver Dial. Looks like white gold?

RAF
Good eye.

JACK
Now that watch is unique... in that it has a very delicate filigree you can see on the movement from the rear crystal. My father was an horologist. Best in Tennessee.

RAF
I see.

JACK
He would let me wear his loupe as a kid. You know those eye pieces? I loved to see the mechanisms working together inside. A perfect tiny universe of gears and barrels. Just one thing out of place and a glorious machine became junk.

Raf turns back to his drink.

JACK (CONT'D)

Did you know that watches advertised on displays in stores, or magazines are always and only set to one of two times. Ten past ten or ten before two. You know why? Because it is only at those two times that a watch will smile back at ya. People are drawn to faces and subconsciously a smiling face will sell much faster than no face at all. People are often attracted to, and then distracted by... a smile.

Jack smiles at Raf who reluctantly smiles back.

JACK (CONT'D)

Passing through town?

RAF

A much needed vacation. It's a wonderful place to collect your thoughts.

JACK

That it is. Something about being in the woods, I feel like I'm hiding in plain sight.

RAF

What's to hide from?

JACK

Everyone's hiding from something. Right?

RAF

What are you hiding?

Roger is nervously listening and washing glasses.

JACK

My intentions.

Raf shows concerned.

JACK (CONT'D)

...I guess I haven't found my calling. So for now, I'll stick to selling watches instead of building works of art... like Pops.

Raf's phone vibrates.

RAF
I have to catch a flight.

Raf leaves a few bills on the counter.

RAF (CONT'D)
Have a good evening.

JACK
Names Teddy.

RAF
Teddy.

Jack smiles at Raf and they have a small but curious moment whilst shaking hands.

In a WIDE PROFILE Jack slips off the watch while shaking Raf's hand. It is a fluid, single and oh so subtle motion.

Raf heads out the door. Roger washes Raf's glass.

Jack dangles something in the foreground.

JACK
Roger.

ROGER
Yeah.

JACK
How's about one on the house?

Roger turns and notices the watch Jack is holding.

ROGER
(sotto)
You piece of shit.

Roger comes over.

JACK
Worth twenty-thousand. You could sell it in a week for twelve.

ROGER
You giving it to me?

JACK
How's about that drink?

Roger gets another gin and tonic for Jack. He puts it in front of him. Jack dangles the watch over his tip jar and drops it in, Roger smiles.

Jack downs the gin and tonic in one go. He even chews and swallows the muddled lime.

ROGER

You stole a twenty-thousand dollar watch for a free drink?

JACK

You insulted me.

ROGER

You're fucked.

Roger turns to the tip jar, Jack grabs his attention again.

JACK

You know what we will never rid of Rog?

ROGER

What's that?

JACK

Excess. It's human nature to over harvest our branches. Fear of the unknown, what to do if I am left wanting. That fearful void is infinite.

As roger is trying to reach the watch in his tip jar.

ROGER

Sober up Jack.

JACK

Sobriety brings a thousand forms of fear. I get way more mental serenity from a cold gin.

ROGER

Sounds like a gross justification.

JACK

(laughs)

Justification?! Everyone has a god-damned saint's shadow. But as soon as they are alone, as soon as their busy little mind has just one second to justify it's way into the grand hall of excess... they will prance through the arches in a golden fucking Pope hat. You think that suit earned everything he's got?

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

You can not reach that level of wealth without being a thief. Information, clients, entire businesses. They took first Rog. They always take it first. By the time they meet me I'm just skimming off the bottom. They deserve to lose it all.

Roger almost can reach the watch band with his fingers.

You didn't lift that watch Rog. But you also didn't stop me from dropping it in your jar, full of quarters.

Roger hears this and stops reaching. Jack grabs his jacket and searches for his keys.

JACK (CONT'D)

Justification... Do you know who you are Roger? You don't have a clue. I'll let you in on the secret to self-discovery. You ready?... You are who you are... when nobody's looking.

Jack heads for the door.

ROGER

Hey, how'd you know all that about watches?

JACK

Read it once.

Jack leaves. Roger stares at the watch in the jar.

ROGER

Fuck that.

Roger dumps the jar on its side carefully and reaches for the leather band of the watch and gets it out. He inspects it with dismay. It says Timex.

He throws it against the wall and it shatters.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Piece of fucking shit!

We hear a car pull up and slide to a halting stop in snow. Someone yells "Just wait!" A car door slams.

The door flies open and the jingle bells on the handle fly across the bar. It's Raf.

INT. JACK'S CAR - RUNNING SPRINGS - EVENING

Jack is driving emotionless. He is wearing Raf's watch.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - LATER

At the end of a long private dirt road sits Jack's cabin on a cliff overlooking the San Bernardino Valley. Modest but very well constructed. He pulls up to the front door.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE

Jack takes off his jacket and hangs it up. He takes a few steps and flips his keys behind his back, they find a familiar hook effortlessly.

He walks by a room with decks of cards stacked by the hundreds. Cards are stuck in the walls of his house randomly.

He opens the door to a library. Leather chairs, an attractive chess board in the center of the room. At the window a cage with a hawk, Jack's cohort, Hannibal. The cage is open, as is the window.

JACK

Hello sir. Have you eaten?

Jack looks in the cage and sees a gopher dead on the floor. Jack scratches under the birds chin.

He walks over to a full and elegant bookcase. All books on deception or magic. His eye hits The Expert at the Card Table by S.W. Erdnase. He stares at it for a moment then he turns to Hannibal

JACK (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

I'm waiting.

Hannibal scoots over to the corner of his cage and pulls down on an owl ornament attached to a string.

The Large bookcase starts to slide to the right. Jack picks something from his teeth while he waits.

JACK (CONT'D)

(sarcastically)

Thank you.

SECRET TREASURE ROOM

Jack is in between the two rooms we saw before in a small converted crawl space. Inside are paintings, they look expensive and old. Jewelry hanging from everywhere. He opens a large combination safe. Inside is cash, stacks of it. He places the watch on top of a stack. Stares for a moment. He picks the watch back up and looks at the back of the face. The camera does not see what he is looking at.

KITCHEN

Jack sits down at his kitchen table. He's holding a piece of note paper

INSERT - PAPER

"555-909-1323 ???"

Jack thinks. He dials. Endless ringings. He hangs up.

LOUNGE

Back in the lounge with Hannibal. Jack throws cards across the room into a hat. We hear Jack's fathers voice.

JOHN (V.O.)
Less movement, keep your arm still.

FLASHBACK - INT. JACK'S CHILDHOOD HOME, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

John is teaching Jack how to throw cards.

JOHN
Look, just a flick. The less
movement you use, the easier it is
for your body to repeat it over and
over and over and over.

Each time John says "over" he successfully tosses a card in the hat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Try again.

Jack tries, he hits the hat square in the middle.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Good. Now practice that until you
get 300 in a row.

JACK
There's only 52 cards.

John dumps a pile of decks on the floor.

JACK (CONT'D)
But why that many?

JOHN
You'll bet people you can hit 30 of
the 52. You could easily hit all
52, but you will be able to hit 300
in a row...Always be 10 times
better than the bet.

Understanding hits Jack's face. He starts throwing cards.
John leaves.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - EVENING (BACK TO PRESENT)

The hat is full of cards, none stray on the carpet. Jack is spinning the last card on his middle finger staring at the hat. He throws it hard this time and sticks it into the side of the hat.

LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Jack sits down at his computer. He logs into what seems to be a criminal arrest profile site. Jack clicks through page after page, only spending a couple seconds on each.

What seems like hundreds of pages flash before Jack as we SLOW ZOOM into his eyes.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - EVENING

SUPER: LONDON

A limousine drives through the streets.

INT. LIMOUSINE - EVENING

Raf is in the back of a limousine with TAYLER WILLHEIM, 50, A large white man in an expensive suit drinking Scotch. Another Regional Director of the organization they both work for. Raf is lost in thought, rubbing the empty space now on his wrist where his watch was. Tayler clears his throat.

RAF
Sorry. What?

TAYLER
Everyone had to fly in for this.

RAF
Why?

TAYLER
I don't fucking know. Reports. We
might be moving forward with Assad.

Tayler tops off his scotch.

RAF
How does she do it?

TAYLER
What? Brunch with terrorists? She
is the most powerful woman on earth
Raf. Haven't you discovered that
yet? She controls what happens in
the dark.

RAF
She's a cunt.

TAYLER
No debate there. But she's a cunt
with a list.

RAF
What list?

TAYLER
Her Golden List. Every dark federal
agent, every politician, Governor,
judge, union leader, cop,
stenographer, garbage men that have
access...she has every entry point
from Langley to Aleppo in an excel
sheet on her phone. That is how she
does it. She has a body in every
room.

RAF
And who gave it to her.

TAYLER
Who do you think?

RAF
She runs this organization like a
hipster startup.

TAYLER

I was going to ask for a VR room.

RAF

She is wasting our time. With an army like that at your fingertips, why are we holding meetings about whether or not to fake religious allegiance to a powerless ego-maniac? We don't need him.

TAYLER

I don't disagree.

RAF

She doesn't deserve the power that she has.

TAYLER

Careful now.

RAF

Do you enjoy meetings?

TAYLER

No, but I have seen what happens to those unsatisfied with their position... and it is not Regina who you should worry about then.

RAF

She is navigating an ideation driven course through an interest driven world. You cannot get what you want if you don't know what your enemies want.

TAYLER

I think I know what you want.

RAF

...And now that you have that knowledge. What will you do with it?

Raf and Tayler share a very serious stare at each other as the limousine pulls to a stop. No words are spoken until the driver opens the door. And then...

TAYLER

Org shake-ups can be a healthy thing for a company. I heard a consultant say that once.

Tayler raises his glass and finishes the drink.

EXT. MANDARIN ORIENTAL HOTEL - EVENING

Raf and Tayler exit the Limo. They walk in to the hotel.

INT. MANDARIN ORIENTAL HOTEL - MEETING ROOM - EVENING

Men in suits sit around a black table. More people sit on the perimeter of the room. Guards by the door.

They are being addressed by REGINA TURRO, 45, stoic, intense, Italian. Nothing rattles her.

REGINA

...we will churn the complexity out of the system and under a unified and tighter brand canopy. Our marketing execution will be more aligned and streamlined, it will be easier for us to acquire more customers when we have all of this working in concert. This year needs to be laser-focused. Evolutionary not transformational. Does everyone understand. Are there any questions?

She looks around the room.

REGINA (CONT'D)

Good. Now I would like to ask the Senior team to stay and discuss next quarters initiatives, everyone else please head to the courtyard where we will make an announcement.

Everyone not seated at the table promptly exits.

The guards shut and lock the door.

One guard walks around the table with what looks like a small safe. One by one each member of the table places their phone in the safe.

The phones look like small obelisks. Jet Black. Shiny. Regina keeps hers.

Regina looks at MAZEN MARZOUK, 45, The Director of Operations in the United Emirates.

REGINA

Syria.

MAZEN

The Post-War charter has convened.
It's an illusion not a reality. The
Russians and the Americans are
still coordinating.

REGINA

I assume we are aligned with those
that matter.

MAZEN

We are.

REGINA

Good. Then we move forward.

MAZEN

Um.

REGINA

What?

MAZEN

We have been unsuccessful in
acquiring the necessary permits to
build our towers close enough to
the oil fields. The landscape is a
bit... unorganized.

Regina picks up her phone. She thumbs through it a little and writes down a contact. Raf is eyeballing her.

REGINA

Here is your contact. Get it done.
Immediately.

MAZEN

Yes. Thank You.

RAF

Forgive me Regina, but why are we
here?

The room looks at Raf.

REGINA

Excuse me?

RAF

I mean, why bring everyone here to London? I'm sure it wasn't to discuss Marketing initiatives and towers in oil fields. Perhaps we could have Skype'd?

REGINA

No. That isn't why you are all here tonight.

Regina nods to the guards. They wheel a large monitor to the head of the table. Regina makes an online call.

It is answered by SAMUEL BRONSON (70's) The owner of Saxon. He wears an expensive suit and is tube-tethered to an oxygen tank.

SAMUEL

Salutations.

Everyone sits up in their chairs.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Thank you Regina. I hope you all will forgive me for not traveling, as you know my health has not been at it's best recently. Have no fear, for I have none. When I founded Saxon it was with the intention of expanding communications around the globe, giving access to those without it and to grow an empire that would be poised to contribute real change where needed. To fill the gaps that the government inevitably always provided. I have done all of that. We have done all of that. The first cell phone was born in 1983. It was \$4,000 and lasted 30 minutes before dying. At the time no communications company had the wherewithal to offer both service and product. This was my vision. A unified infrastructure all the way down to the fingertips. And today, we stand alone.

(MORE)

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

We own an industry of customers and have touch points in every single city and country. 90% of the information in this world, passes through this.

He holds up his OBX Phone.

This is not a phone, it is a key. It is our key... to a stronger and more perfect world. All of you who sit at this table. All of you who bear the symbol of our assembly on your wristwatch...

Raf's eyes dart. He pulls down his jacket sleeve.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

You especially, have become a stone, in a new stream of consciousness. Our society continues to give this world what it is incapable of giving itself. Stability through balance. Brothers and sisters, as of tonight, I am retiring as the head of Saxon.

The room gasps.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I will turn my attention to this annoyance of a disease and continue to serve as council for both company and assembly. As for Saxon. I am resolute in announcing that Regina, will become your new CEO.

Raf looks down.

Regina's efforts have extended our arms and tightened our hold. The helm is in very good hands. I know you all will continue the respect and urgency you have always given me. Now, if you will all join the rest of the management team, who should be waiting in the courtyard at this very moment. They all will receive a message informing them of this change shortly. I have planned a little celebration for you all. I will be there in spirit. Enjoy many of those as well. Saluti.

Samuel holds a drink up to the camera just before it cuts out. CHATTER starts to RISE and people start moving towards the door. Raf sits still, he glances at Regina who is being congratulated by her peers.

EXT. MANDARIN ORIENTAL HOTEL - COURTYARD BAR

Raf joins the extremely posh party. All of the successful corporate party tropes. A Champagne tower, caviar and cigars. Raf heads for the bar.

RAF

Remy.

An affirmative nod from the bartender. Regina emerges from the crowd behind Raf.

REGINA

I feel, it's a little outdated to become emasculated from a woman's success. Do you feel that I deprive you of something?

RAF

Nothing. No Regina, I wish you the best in you're new role.

They cheers.

RAF (CONT'D)

Tell me. What will we become?

REGINA

Become?

RAF

What will this company become? We are done with the infrastructure. We have built an information empire. We should be leveraging the things we know but instead we are still bartering with murderers for more towers? We shouldn't have to barter. We shouldn't even have to ask. I want to know why we wait for anything at all.

REGINA

Ah men, always running towards a war.

RAF
And women hiding from it under
floorboards.

Regina collects her thoughts.

REGINA
A company is just the sum of a
million tiny decisions. One makes a
decision at the top, and then
trickles it down to the people that
need to know, and it becomes like a
game of telephone. You know this
game?

RAF
Yes.

REGINA
Mistakes are made and ego's flare.
It is very hard to move a ship that
is as large as this. So one does
their best to put the right people
in the right place with the right
limitations. You make sure to only
give them enough information to
work within a tight degree of
parameters so that the best they
can do, is what you asked them to
do. And the worst they can do is
fuck up what you asked them to
do...You understand? You don't
shovel coal on this ship Raf. But
you are not on the bridge yet. You
cannot see the horizons. Perhaps
you will be patient and wait until
you are called in.

RAF
Perhaps.

Regina steps closer to Raf.

REGINA
Don't forget the oath you took to
be here. Don't forget the blade you
ran across your palm where a scar
should be. You want more
responsibility yet you can't even
keep track of a watch.

Raf pulls down his sleeve. Regina's OBX phone dings and she
reads a text. Raf eyes her.

REGINA (CONT'D)
You'll excuse me. Raf do me a
favor.

RAF
Of course.

REGINA
Make some fucking friends.

EXT. MAGIC CASTLE - DRIVEWAY

Agents Corren and Serrano pull up to the main entrance of the
Castle and valet.

INT. MAGIC CASTLE - PARLOUR ROOM

The agents are sitting in the middle of the audience watching
Gabriel perform.

BAR LOUNGE

The agents are chatting with Gabriel in the lounge under the
painting of the late magician Porter. Serrano is playing with
a card trying to make it vanish behind his hand.

CORREN
You were close to him?

GABRIEL
He was my teacher.

CORREN
He was incredible at that. Had a
way of making something so complex
seem... approachable. We owe our
lives to him. Many agents do.

GABRIEL
Between the first and fourth
fingers, hold the card there.

Gabriel corrects Serrano and it helps him.

SERRANO
Thanks!

CORREN
You seem to have his--

GABRIEL
I can't help you.

CORREN
You can't?

GABRIEL
I can't be your teacher. I'm not as good as he was and I am not built for your world. It's why I chose this one. It's safe and I know it always will be. I have my family and my art. That's where I'll stay.

Corren sits forward in his chair.

CORREN
There are more than just agents lives at stake. The better we are at this the more civilian lives we can help.

GABRIEL
I'm sorry, I'm not your guy. And there isn't a person here that would take this job. I promise. Porter was different. He was in Nam. He took a bullet in his head and lived. He was your guy--

CORREN
And he's gone.

GABRIEL
...I know he's gone.

CORREN
Sorry.

GABRIEL
There is someone.

Corren looks up.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
He's more talented than anyone you'd find in here. More talented than Porter ever was.

CORREN
More talented than Porter? Where does he perform?

GABRIEL
 ...Mostly Pool halls.

SERIES OF SHOTS - INT. GREENROOMS POOL HALL - GLENDALE

Crack. Balls flying into every corner. A two-wall bank shot. A Split shot. The 9-ball runs the length of the table and into the corner.

POOL TABLE

Jack reaches for money on the ledge of the table. His opponent, LARRY, a large hairy man in his 40's lands his hand on top of Jack's clamping it to the table.

LARRY
 You hustled me. You're a hustler.

JACK
 What does that mean?

LARRY
 What does what mean?

JACK
 You said I hustled you. What does that mean?

LARRY
 It means you...you..you were playing like shit before. You let me win.

JACK
 Let you win? I had no control over your ability to sink the ball. You could have lost if you wanted to.

LARRY
 I'm not satisfied with you walking away from this table with \$800 of my money.

JACK
 Few people would be satisfied with that.

LARRY
We aren't satisfied.

Larry's three large friends stand up from their stools behind him.

JACK

I tell you what. I don't often do this. In fact I never do this. But I'll give you a chance to win your money back.

LARRY

Win it back how?

JACK

A bet.

LARRY

What bet?

JACK

I'll bet you this sixteen hundred dollars, that you will match--

LARRY

No way I'm putting more money into a hustlers' trap.

JACK

You need to stop calling me that.

After a beat.

JACK (CONT'D)

You will. Because you will have all the control in this bet.

LARRY

Then tell me.

JACK

I'll bet you that I can name five true facts about you. Now I've only met you tonight. These five facts will be about your personal life and things that have happened to you. Nothing I have observed from this evening. Five facts about you, that barely anyone would know and there's no way I could have known it. Only you will be able to confirm whether or not they are true and rare. You are in complete control of the outcome of this bet.

Intrigue sets in on Larry. He confers with his cohorts.

LARRY

Trey, we ever seen this guy before?

Trey shakes his head no.

LARRY (CONT'D)
 Anyone else, you ever seen this guy
 around Duarte? The shop? He been
 following me? Asking around?

The rest of the guys shake there head no.

LARRY (CONT'D)
 If this is some cold reading
 psychic bull shit--

JACK
 Facts. Indisputable.

LARRY
 ...You got a bet.

Hands shake.

Jack takes a step to the bar and leans his stick up against a stool and turns around. He rubs his hands together and looks up. Graphical information start to pop up around Larry. This looks similar to the police report website he was looking at before. Only Jack can see this information, he is pulling it from his memory.

INT. MAGIC CASTLE - BAR LOUNGE - EVENING

CORREN
 What is H.S.A.M?

GABRIEL
 Highly Superior Autobiographical
 Memory.

CORREN
 You mean he has total recall?

GABRIEL
 Yes.

SERRANO
 That chick had three tits.

Gabriel and Corren look at Serrano.

GABRIEL
 Um. Jack could recite you a cities
 phone book at any moment as long as
 he has seen it once.

CORREN
Incredible.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - INT. JACK'S HOUSE - TIMELAPSE

A time-lapse of Jack night after night sitting at a computer looking at profiles of people.

GABRIEL (V.O.)
For decades now, since the internet began, every night he clicks through page after page. Looking at social profiles, arrest reports, news, blueprints, city maps. He remembers every detail of everything he sees. He has more information in his head than you're entire agency will ever dream of...

INT. MAGIC CASTLE - BAR LOUNGE - EVENING (BACK TO PRESENT)

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
Jack never gets lost, never walks into a room he doesn't know and more importantly he knows everything about every person in it.

SERRANO
(excited)
Holy shit!

INT. GREENROOMS POOL HALL - GLENDALE

JACK
Number 1. You're full name is Lawrence Michael Anderson Jr.

Larry looks stunned. He turns to his friends.

LARRY
One of you must have said my fucking name earlier.

JACK

Number 2. You served in the Military. Army Private first class thank you for your service.

LARRY

Holy shit!

JACK

Number 3. Oh... you were dishonorably discharged for... ugh sexual assault. A waitress at a ... a Hooters really? In Columbus, Georgia.

Larry's friends laugh at him.

JACK (CONT'D)

Number 4. You're the hustler not me.

Larry looks around.

LARRY

What? What the hell does that mean?

JACK

This is your second auto-shop. You're first was in Marina Del Rey. Joe's Garage. You worked there for years and then bought it from the owner. It was a highly respected shop until you got your hands on it. Selling unsuspecting customers on flushes they don't need. Using counterfeit parts. Making sure they come back to you in a few months where you're just overcharging them anyways. But you flushed one too many old lady's and the local news did a story on it. You had to sell the place. Start over. Poor people in Duarte, I wonder if they are befalling the same greedy auto work from a corrupt piece of dog shit.

Larry fumes. He steps towards Jack. They stand nose to nose.

LARRY

What's the fifth one then?

JACK

Fact number five? Well fact number five...is that you we're never going to pay up for this bet. You were always planning on man punching your way out of this one. Isn't that right Lawrence?

LARRY

(sotto)

Yup.

Larry cocks back...

FRED

Jack!

FRED, the bartender and owner of the pool-hall inserts himself.

FRED (CONT'D)

No! No fucking way. See those tables? They just got redone from your last fist-party. That is worsted wool, that material is like a woven suit. You will be in here overnight cleaning up the blood if you get one drop--

JACK

No Fred. You're right. We won't--

FRED

I'm serious!--

JACK

Yeah Fred. Nope we're... we'll take it outside.

EXT. GREENROOMS POOL HALL PARKING LOT - EVENING

Jack leads the four men outside into a wide parking lot. Jack hangs his jacket up on a post nearby.

They settle into fighting stances. We start to hear Jack's Fathers voice.

JOHN (V.O.)

You ever been punched in the face?

FLASHBACK - EXT. BACK OF A BARN - DAY

Jack stands opposite a slightly larger boy. Jack's father stands between them.

JACK

No.

John nods at the slightly larger boy. He punches Jack in the face.

JACK (CONT'D)

Shit!

JOHN

You ok? Hurts but it didn't kill you right?

JACK

Yeah it hurts.

JOHN

But you're ok right?

JACK

Yeah I am.

JOHN

You see most men go their whole lives without getting punched in the face. So that one time they have to fight, only thing they can focus on is that fear of getting hit. And they end up fighting like a man who is afraid to get hit in the face. And when you fight like that, well it's not only ineffective but you look like a daisy in the wind. Remember--

JACK

The barrel of the gun.

JOHN

Right.

John takes Jack over to the outside wall of the nearby barn. He places Jack against the wall. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out some brass knuckles and puts them on.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Now... don't flinch.

JACK

What?

John punches hard into the wood right next to Jack's face splintering the wood. Jack ducks and yells.

JOHN

Stand up.

Jack stands.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Don't flinch.

John punches again. Jack squints and whimpers but doesn't duck.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Don't flinch.

John punches again. A slight movement from Jack but that's it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Don't... flinch. Don't move one muscle. This time I want you to watch my knuckle. Watch right here the whole way through, ok?

JACK

Ok.

John winds up. BAM! Jack doesn't move a muscle.

JOHN

Good. Keep looking right here.

In slow motion John keeps slashing at the wood around Jack's head against the barn, wood pieces flying all around him, each time Jack calmly looks forward at the braced fist flying at him.

EXT. POOL HALL PARKING LOT - EVENING (BACK TO PRESENT)

In slow motion.

Jack is calmly walking backwards as the four men take turns advancing against him. Each time a tempered dodge and return hit knocks the men down.

The men swing chaotically and are unorganized. Jack is still, and moves efficiently. After many attempts, all the men now lay unconscious on the pavement.

Jack walks over them back to his jacket.

INT. PHILLIPE'S LOUNGE AND BAR - CLAREMONT - EVENING

Samantha Appleton (Apple), 25, a cocktail dress and a messy ponytail, is having a drink at a far end of a bar with a young business man. Apple is much too attractive for this lad.

APPLE

Most people are assholes. So an infrastructure of laws and rules have been created around a collection of greed and ego and bullshit fraud. So the rest of us have to live under a subset of rules. Just because of a small number of assholes can't seem to add anything to this world.

BUSINESSMAN

Wow. You think about this a lot then.

APPLE

(fawning)

Yes, I do I guess. But you seem like you get it. You didn't become a lawyer just because your father was. You have your own drum, what was it, a budget analyst?

She puts her left arm on his leg. He looks down and back up at her.

BUSINESSMAN

Y...you could say that. I don't really take shit from anyone. Even my boss. He's a salesman really, talked himself into his position. But he doesn't know shit about management. He respects me so he kind of lets me do my own thing you know?

APPLE

(hanging on his words)

I get it.

BUSINESSMAN

I know we just met, but... I dunno, I feel like we're really getting somewhere over here.

APPLE

I feel the same way.

In s WIDESHOT Apple is holding a long device behind her back with the hand out of view from the businessman.

It is a long metal pickpocketing device, that she is slowly moving towards his back pocket.

BUSINESSMAN

Come back to my place I have a high-rise with a view of the mountains--

He starts to reach for his wallet to pay and signals the bartender.

APPLE

No...I mean yes. But I never leave a martini unfinished.

She picks up her glass cheers's him and slugs the last few sips down.

IN A WIDE SHOT she is simultaneously trying to finish the lift of his wallet.

She slams the glass down and catches some vodka out of the corner of her mouth.

BUSINESSMAN

My kind of woman. Bartender can you close me out?

The businessman reaches for his wallet which isn't there. He checks his coat pocket. His surroundings. Now the bartender is here holding the check. He starts to freak out embarrassingly.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

Uh. Shit. Shit. I think...I may have... Shit.

EXT. STREET - CLAREMONT - EVENING

Apple is walking down the street in heels she can't walk in smoking a cigarette. She yanks them off in frustration. Her phone rings. She searches through a bag of wallets that aren't hers to grab her phone. She answers.

INT. GARY'S DINER - FONTANA - SAME TIME

JACK

Where are you I thought we were meeting.

INTERCUT phone conversation.

APPLE

Sorry had to work late.

JACK

Come to Gary's.

APPLE

I'm not really dressed for Gary's.

JACK

I'll buy you a Reuben.

APPLE

Ugh. Fine.

INT. GARY'S DINER - FONTANA - EVENING

Jack is staring at his cell phone on the table. It's ringing on an outgoing call. It just keeps ringing. Apple walks up. He hangs up.

APPLE

Still no answer?...Maybe he died?
(then)

...Just saying.

Apple starts pulling wallets out of her bag and piling them up on the table. She starts pulling the cash out.

One of them is a purple velcro wallet with the Powerpuff girls on it.

JACK

Are you robbing kids now?

APPLE

This ones mine.

JACK

Great. My manager is a Powerpuff girl.

APPLE

That reminds me, I have a gig for you.

Jack puts his sandwich down.

JACK

Good or bad?

APPLE

Depends on how you look at it?

JACK

Apple.

APPLE

Magic.

JACK

God damnit.

APPLE

Dude be grateful. It pays well and it's at a Mansion. The guy is loaded. You can go for a "walk" and shop around a little.

Jack stares at his sandwich.

APPLE (CONT'D)

Oh Bull shit.

JACK

What?

APPLE

This is such bullshit. You act like you hate performing magic. Like it's some sort of sell out for you. If you really didn't want to do it you would pull the site down and you sure as shit wouldn't pay me 15% for it.

JACK

15?

APPLE

You are maybe the best performer anyone has ever seen. And it is the perfect cover for you. It's like hiding in plain sight.

Jack looks up.

APPLE (CONT'D)
 Sometimes I'm not even sure which
 one you are anyways.

The waiter drops the Ruebens on the table.

APPLE (CONT'D)
 Fuck yes. Russian dressing right?

JACK
 Of course.

APPLE
 Fuck yes.

Agents Corren and Serrano walk up to the table.

CORREN
 Jack Kelly. Hi. Sorry to interrupt.
 Im Agent Jake Corren this is Agent
 Ben Serrano we we're hoping to
 speak with you.

APPLE
 Agents?

CORREN
 CIA.

APPLE
 Nuts to that. Don't you fuckers
 need a warrant or some shit?

JACK
 Apple. She's not a fan of cops.

CORREN
 Jack we're just here as civilians.

APPLE
 Yeah I know how this goes, friendly
 friends right? Then all of a sudden
 were getting butt-fucked in a
 holding cell--

SERRANO
 Whoaaa.

CORREN
 Uh. No.

JACK
 Apple!? She doesn't get out much,
 just stays at home watching too
 much Killing Eve. Apple it's fine,
 maybe just give us a few ok?

APPLE

You sure?

Her eyes don't leave the agents.

JACK

Absolutely positive.

Apple takes her Reuben and slowly edges by the cops never looking away. She comes back for her butter knife. Then she comes back for her side of Russian dressing. The agents sit down.

JACK (CONT'D)

(to the waiter)

George? Will you bring her some chamomile maybe?

CORREN

Jack. We have a mutual friend. Gabriel Watts.

JACK

And he told you where to get a Rueben. God he's so fat.

CORREN

No. Jack. We were working with Porter Domingo.

JACK

Porter?

CORREN

He was an educator. He trained us. Jack, magic and the work we do have a lot in common--

JACK

The CIA does magic?

CORREN

Field work requires misdirection, sleight of hand, confidence. Magicians have been working with our agency, well since it started.

JACK

Wait. Are you about to ask me to take Porters place and teach the CIA magic? There has to be someone better for this.

SERRANO

Jack, Gabriel told us there was no one better than you. He told us about your...what you can do.

CORREN

It is a very lucrative opportunity but more importantly you would be directly involved in the safety of many agents and human lives...

CORREN (CONT'D)

Both me and Ben owe Porter our lives and because of the work he did--

MEMORY FLASH

Jack's secret ornate bookcase.

BACK TO SCENE

JACK

No.

CORREN

Jack you--

JACK

I can't help you I'm sorry. I just...I have a job and I am too busy at the moment.

CORREN

What is your job?

JACK

I'm a performer, in fact Apple was just briefing me on my next gig.

CORREN

A performer.

JACK

Yes.

Corren looks at Serrano, then back to Jack.

CORREN

Jack look, we aren't interested in any other part of your life, we just would want to learn--.

JACK
Really I'm sorry.

CORREN
Hey, I get it. We sprung a pretty intense thing on you while you were eating with your girlfriend.

JACK
Not my girlfriend.

APPLE - DIFFERENT TABLE

Apple sneezes a mouthful of Rubeen food all over herself.

JACK'S TABLE

CORREN
Think about it and if you want to talk or anything please.

Corren pulls out a card and hands it to Jack. Jack stands up. Serrano pulls out a playing card. The ace of hearts. He hands it to Jack.

JACK
What is this?

CORREN
The helmet wants you to make it disappear.

Serrano has a shit eating grin on his face. Jack looks at the card, he looks back up and throws it into the wall next to Serrano's head.

Jack starts to walk away then...

CORREN (CONT'D)
Oh wait I almost forgot. Wanted to ask you about a man we are investigating. We tracked him to your area.

Corren pulls out a photo from an envelope and places it on the table in front of Jack. It is a photo of Raf.

CORREN (CONT'D)
Ever seen him?

Jack looks at the photo intently.

MEMORY FLASH

Jack's secret ornate bookcase.

BACK TO SCENE

JACK

No.

CORREN

Ok. Well if you do, maybe you'll let us know. He is a very dangerous. Connected to high level white collar crimes and we suspect an underground society that may or may not be trying to take over the world. So...

JACK

Can I go?

CORREN

Of course.

Jack leaves...after a few moments.

SERRANO

He lied.

CORREN

Of course he lied. Hey can you do me a favor?

SERRANO

What?

CORREN

Can you not be a fanboy of the people we are investigating? That's like a huge conflict of interest.

Serrano pulls the playing card out of the wall.

The ace of hearts is gone and it is now blank.

SERRANO

Holy fuck! Disappeared. Jake look!

CORREN

Ok, glad you're having fun.

INT. SAMUEL BRONSON'S OFFICE - LONDON - EVENING

Samuel sits at his giant oak desk in a marble covered room. Regina Turro is let in by a steward. Her heels click the long walk to his desk.

REGINA

You look well.

Samuel doesn't look up from his paperwork. He is signing paper after paper.

SAMUEL

You acquire all these things, over time. Property, land, businesses, crap really, all of it. It just all becomes more of a nuisance. But you think it adds value to your entity. And that is just how you will be viewed in the end. As an entity... and what you have... assets. In the eyes of the government who touts their humanistic values to gain their positions. All you are to them are an entity with assets. Who gets what? It's a lot of work...dying.

REGINA

You aren't dying. They would never let you.

SAMUEL

Of course I won't. I don't have the time.

REGINA

Still, I think that it's time we spoke about next steps.

SAMUEL

Whatever you think is the best for the company--

REGINA

I'm not here to talk about Saxon.

Samuel stops his pen. He sits back in his seat.

SAMUEL

Do you know why I gave the company to you Regina? Because of your shoulder. Right there. That chip... I can see it. No one else can see it but I can. I don't know why it's there, maybe because you're a woman leading a bunch of heathen men. Perhaps somebody hurt you. I don't know. But it's there. And because it's there it has taught you how fear works and how to gather it. If you can gather fear you can control many, many people. It's happening here and in the U.S. Right now. The rest of those incompetents don't understand that. They understand aggression or how to survive as a Beta fish. That's it. But you...you understand how to use fear.

REGINA

Submit me for advancement, make me a minister and share the vision with me. I am ready.

SAMUEL

You know how this works. There is an order to things.

REGINA

Who? Who stands before me?

Samuel Smiles.

REGINA (CONT'D)

Why give me the power and not the path? Why did you give me this list?

SAMUEL

Perhaps I wanted to see what you would do with it?

REGINA

You're testing me?

Samuel stands up, it takes some energy.

He walks around to the front of the desk.

SAMUEL

It is annoying when someone else has a hold of your fate.

(MORE)

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

That's why I became what I am today. Because I hated that very feeling. I can see that you do too. I would wager that you have never been in a room with me, where I am not the most powerful person in it?

REGINA

Never.

SAMUEL

Well, even this, is out of my realm of control.

Samuel picks up her arm.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

You earned this watch Regina. No one can take it from you. Let it be your reminder.

REGINA

Reminder of what?

Samuel places his hand over the candle on his desk. The flame slows down to a complete stop. Regina's eyes widen.

SAMUEL

That time is just an accessory...and nothing more.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - RUNNING SPRINGS - EVENING

Jack pulls up to his cabin on the cliff. He walks up to his front door. He stops. The key lock. A small scrape.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - LOUNGE

Legs calmly seated in a leather arm chair. Jack walks slowly around the corner into frame.

JACK

Hello intruder.

Raf is startled.

JACK (CONT'D)

Shit.

RAF

Christ! You got me to jump

RAF (CONT'D)

God! You are a ghost man! And those are some creaky floorboards, seriously I heard nothing...you're a Ninja...pew...hello Teddy.

JACK

You can have your watch back.

RAF

We'll get to that.

Raf's right hand raises from the side of the arm chair, he is holding a gun. He walks over to Jack's hawk and closes Hannibal's cage.

RAF (CONT'D)

He's gorgeous. I Hope you don't mind, he just... he looks like he could rip my ears off if he wanted to.

JACK

He could.

Raf walks over to Jack's ornate bookcase.

Jack looks at Hannibal and shakes his head no, as in "don't open it."

RAF

You know what I learned from your bartender friend? Besides where you live...you are a talented guy Jack. I said to myself "This guy must have voracious input". It sounds like you are a master. Master's study.

Raf pulls a book out and looks at the back.

JACK

Can I get you anything? Some juice or an unsafe Uber?

RAF

Jack, right? Now that I am meeting... the real you. I am enthralled. Truly. What you did to me was so...so...controlled. Something as complex as taking a watch off of another persons wrist without them noticing.

(MORE)

RAF (CONT'D)

The things that could have gone wrong, the amount of variables for something like that...But you had it in control from the beginning. From the second I walked in there, you knew exactly how it would go down. That is...Masterful.

JACK

Why are you here?

RAF

You knew how to get me in a vulnerable place. You knew exactly how to distract me. Not to mention knowing that much about watches to sell the character--

JACK

You want an acting lesson?

Raf walks over to Jack.

RAF

I want to know who you are. Jack... And I want you to know who I am.

JACK

I know who you are, you're the limp wristed gopher who picked my lock.

RAF

H.S.A.M. I had to look it up. It makes sense. That is how you happened to know that much about my watch on a moments notice.

Concern washes over Jack's face.

Raf sits down at the chess table in the middle of the room.

RAF (CONT'D)

You want to know who I really am Jack? I am the Golden Orb spider, who has woven the most monumental web. My silk connects Businessmen to the Mob. Gangsters to the government. Royalty to ruthless armies. I have the world's information at my fingertips. I can get anything, at anytime, for anyone.

JACK

Then why do you need me?

RAF

Because you remember everything you've ever seen. You can transform into different people. You can navigate in, out, through any situation. Any situation.

JACK

You can tell all that from me lifting your watch once.

Raf storms up from his seat right up to Jack's face.

RAF

Yes Jack. Yes I can... Well I had to learn more about you once I discovered what you really were. Roger was a good start. But I dug deeper.

Raf paces.

RAF (CONT'D)

Jack I have men. I have strong men, stupid brave men with guns and no family that are slaves to the money I give them. But you...you are something special. Those men. Those are the pawns Jack. I need...

JACK

If you call me a queen right now without bowing...

RAF

I need a soldier.

JACK

We've left the metaphor.

RAF

I need a warrior that can talk his way into a nuns panties.

(then)

I would bring us all the information. And you would... you would be you. You want to really hustle Jack? Not 401k money from forgotten men. This is the big game. The only game. This is what you have always wanted.

JACK

Listen, Mr. Ocean. I really appreciate it. Something funny is going on this week I think I blacked out at a job fair or something, but I like where I'm at. I think if I stay the course I could maybe run my own yogurt world someday. You think you pegged me in one night but trust me you have no idea what I want...so if you don't mind...

Jack turns to start to lead Raf to the door.

RAF

I can find your father.

Jack is frozen. He doesn't even turn around.

RAF (CONT'D)

Yes Jack. I can find your whole family. That is what you want right? You think if you become as good a hustler as he was he'll let you find him. Your brother left after he did. Disappeared. Then just a couple years ago you went to visit your mother in Tennessee. Gone. It's like they just fucking vanished. I can't imagine what that's like. Although sometimes I wish my Mother would just vanish.

Raf walks close behind Jack.

RAF (CONT'D)

I can find them Jack. I can bring you what you've been dying inside for. That is what I do.

Jack turns to Raf.

RAF (CONT'D)

I found you.

JACK

So what do you want?

RAF

I want you to steal something for me. It's someone's phone. A very important persons phone.

(MORE)

RAF (CONT'D)

You do that...and I will find you
your family.

JACK

And what if I refuse you shoot me
in the face?

RAF

This is for my protection Jack.
Besides. You won't refuse. You
can't. Because you believe me. And
if I walk out that door, you won't
sleep for one more night of your
life thinking that you missed out
on getting them back. So... while
you mull it over, I figure we will
chat, play a game of chess and
after that you and I will have no
more secrets left.

Raf puts his gun down and starts moving pieces on the board.
Jack doesn't move or speak. Raf looks up and says...

RAF (CONT'D)

I'm waiting...

Jack winces. Hannibal hears this signal and pulls on his
string which opens the ornate bookcase into Jack's secret
treasure den.

JACK

(to hannibal)
Dickhead.

CAMERA MOVES in towards the blackness of the treasure den. An
arpeggiated analog synth crescendos. Through the darkness
passed the jewelry and art, towards the safe. Into the safe.
To the watch laying on top of the cash. Around the back of
it. We see what Jack saw before. An ominous symbol of a swan
is engraved on the back.

the arpeggiated synth rises until a cut to...

BLACK.