

REACHER - PILOT

Written by

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Based on KILLING FLOOR by Lee Child and his character, JACK REACHER

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* 2900 Olympic Blvd. * Santa Monica, CA 90404*

1 **EXT. DESOLATE GEORGIA RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY** 1

FADE IN TO: **DOWNPOUR**. Gray, sticky summer weather. RAIN angrily hammers asphalt. In the distance, BUS HEADLIGHTS cut through, approach camera as credits roll.

The GREYHOUND (destination flickers ATLANTA) stops close to lens. HISS OF BUS BRAKES as the door opens. A pair of sturdy, bench-made BLACK SHOE/BOOT HYBRIDS step down onto the road. *

PAN UP TO REVEAL: **JACK REACHER** (35). 6' 5", 250 lbs. of muscle. A body stronger than a reinforced brick shit-house. A mind sharper than porcupine ass. No watch, never wears one. *

He's our hero. Do yourself a favor - don't fuck with him.

No one else exits the bus. The bus groans off into the distance, leaving Reacher alone in the middle of nowhere.

Rain pelts him. He doesn't seem to notice. No bag. No knapsack. No suitcase. No umbrella. Beat, then crosses the highway toward a desolate COUNTY ROAD. TIME CUT TO:

2 **EXT. COUNTY ROAD - DAY - LATER** 2

CLOSE PAN along the road's profile. The RAIN falls only in sporadic drips into the water-filled potholes/pockmarks of a neglected municipal road.

The camera finds Reacher's shoes, walking. We follow until they stop at a DEMARCATION LINE - nothing official - just a change from **sun-baked, faded and cracked pavement** to **smooth, perfectly-maintained blacktop**. It happens ABRUPTLY.

Reacher looks down, notes the shift in condition, then continues to follow the road into town, passing a quaint, wooden sign: **WELCOME TO MARGRAVE, GEORGIA. EST. 1794**. The bottom of the sign reads: *Courtesy of the Kliner Foundation*.

2A **EXT. MARGRAVE - MOMENTS LATER** * 2A

Reacher walks through main street: quaint shops, clean, nice. *
An elderly, Black man cleans the insides of his BARBERSHOP *
WINDOW with a SQUEEGE and a RAG. He watches Reacher. *

3 **EXT. DINER PARKING LOT - A BIT LATER** * 3

BOYFRIEND (late 20s, strong) moves to his VAN agitated. He *
holds **GIRLFRIEND** (20s) roughly by her forearm as he berates. *

GIRLFRIEND
(nervous)
I'm sorry, I'm not good at math--

BOYFRIEND
No shit. That was like a 40% tip--

GIRLFRIEND
I messed up ok--

Boyfriend SLAMS his PALM hard into the van, right next to her head (her back is to the van). Girlfriend starts at the impact.

BOYFRIEND
How'm I s'posed to get ahead when
you're wasting my goddam money?!...
Just get your ass in the van...

She moves off. Boyfriend turns to get into the driver's side.
REVEAL: Reacher standing 15' away. Staring at him.

BOYFRIEND (CONT'D)
(full of adrenaline)
What the hell you want, asshole?

Reacher says nothing. Just stares at the guy. Beat, then--

BOYFRIEND (CONT'D)
I'm talking to you, stupid...

Reacher says nothing. Just stares. A longer beat, as
Boyfriend sees a seriousness and danger in Reacher's eyes
that he hasn't ever seen before. He swallows, a bit uneasy--

BOYFRIEND (CONT'D)
(a bit more plaintive)
Listen man, I'm just having a bad
day...

Reacher says nothing. ON: his tight jaw, his focused eyes,
his balled fists. Boyfriend gets it now - he has made a
serious miscalculation - all he can do is plead for mercy.

BOYFRIEND (CONT'D)
(repentant, softly...)
It won't happen again.

Reacher says nothing. Boyfriend slowly opens the door, gets
in. Reacher turns his head slightly, so his eye-line never
leaves the bastard. The van moves off. OFF Reacher, watching. *

4 INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER 4

ON: a PLATE OF PIE and a COFFEE placed on a booth table. *
REVEAL it's in front of Reacher. *

WAITRESS *
Coffee black and peach pie - best *
you're gonna find in Georgia. *

She winks, moves off. He lifts the cup, swallows coffee as he watches a **WALL-MOUNTED HD TV** play the NATIONAL NEWS: story of a COAST GUARD BLOCKADE off Florida that had been stopping smuggled drugs, illegal guns, etc. - but it's now ending due to budget cuts. *

Reacher isn't interested. He turns to scan the MUSIC SELECTION on an **I-PAD EMBEDDED IN THE WALL**. A small sign reads: *Free Tunes - Courtesy of The Margrave Diner*. *

As we get a look at the diner, we see, strangely, that it's kind of nice. Shiny chrome counter trim, stools with tan leather seats with no rips. Pristine. *

Empty save for an **OLD COUPLE** in a CORNER BOOTH and two **11 OR 12 YEAR OLDS** SHARING AN IPHONE, PLAYING GAMES at the COUNTER. *

Reacher lands on **SMOKESTACK LIGHTNIN'** by **HOWLIN' WOLF**. A small glint in his eye - he likes this song. Presses select. The song plays softly over CEILING EMBEDDED SPEAKERS as Reacher digs his fork into the PIE, he lifts the fork and is about to taste heaven when: *

TWO COP CARS ENTER THE DINER PARKING LOT WITH PURPOSE...

Reacher watches through the window as two **COPS** exit with HIGH-IMPACT REVOLVERS and TACTICAL MOSSBERG PUMP-ACTION SHOTGUNS! One motions to the other to take the side door - this is serious business.

Reacher calmly turns and looks at the old couple eating in the corner. Nope - cops ain't here for them. He looks at the kids at the counter. Nope - cops ain't here for them either.

As the cops RUN toward the diner, Reacher sighs, resigned, and puts down his fork; he didn't even get to taste the pie.

He casually puts down a \$10 bill (no wallet) for the Waitress, pushes the plate away, puts his hands palm-down on the table... and waits. **THEN, THE COPS BURST IN!** *

One (**STEVENSON**, fresh faced, small town, white) from a side exit! One from the front door! Guns pointed at Reacher! The head cop, **BAKER** (white, veteran cop, 40) shouts orders... *

BAKER

Don't movedon't movedon't move!!!

He BEELINES for Reacher, aiming a SHOTGUN at him, just 12 feet away! Stevenson's gun is aimed at Reacher as well - tense -- ready to fire if needed.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Now you're gonna slide out from
behind that booth, nice 'n slow!...
(Reacher doesn't move)
Do it.

Reacher slides out from behind the booth, nice and slow.

BAKER (CONT'D)
*Hands behind your head! Interlock
your fingers!*

Reacher does what he's told, slow and deliberate. Doesn't drop a single bead of sweat. Cooler than Eskimo balls.

Baker steps closer. Stevenson remains still, gun aimed. Baker no longer shouts. He speaks firmly, adrenaline still pumping.

BAKER (CONT'D)
Dessert's gonna have to wait...
'cause you're under arrest for
murder.

ON: Reacher's face. He takes in this information, unblinking.

HARD CUT TO: TITLE CARD: **REACHER**.

A5 **EXT. STATION HOUSE - DAY - LATER**

A5

HIGH/WIDE OVERHEAD - The two cop cars from the diner arrive, stop. Doors open, Reacher is led out and toward the door.

5 **INT. STATION HOUSE - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS**

5

Neat. Clean. For a small town station house, things are very high end: Each desk has a 27" MAC 5K DESKTOP COMPUTER MONITOR.

A HIGH DEF SCREEN on the wall shows a DIGITAL MAP of the town. Every street. Every traffic light. Quite advanced.

HOLDING CELL in the corner. CONFERENCE ROOM to the side. PRIVATE OFFICES off the bullpen.

POLICE CHIEF MORRISON (50's, husky, nasty) paces, checks his watch. He, like everyone in Margrave, has a Southern accent. But his ain't sweet as molasses. It's intimidating as hell.

ROSCOE (28, smart, resilient, proud) does paperwork. They're the only 2 cops there. She peeks out the window...

*
*

ROSCOE
They're here--
(whistles)
He's a big one.

As Roscoe calmly steps to the PROCESSING DESK, methodically lays out an INTAKE FORM, HAND WIPES, a STATE OF THE ART DIGITAL FINGERPRINT SCANNER, Reacher's led inside by BAKER and STEVENSON, who holds the door open as Baker gives Reacher a small shove.

*
*
*

BAKER

C'mon, you can move faster than that.

Reacher turns, stares down at Baker. He says nothing, but it's intimidating. Baker swallows hard, just a bit. It's tense. Reacher is huge. And he's not moving.

ROSCOE

Sir, if you could step over here, I can process you.

Reacher turns, sees Roscoe. Doesn't move toward her.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

(firm, calm, professional)

I'm not asking, sir; I'm telling.
But don't worry, I won't kick your
ass unless you make me.

Roscoe's smart. She weighs 135 pounds less than Reacher, and without smiling, said just the right thing to ease the tension just a bit. Reacher takes her in a 1/2 beat, then steps up to her work station.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

Thank you. I'll be doing your
intake. First things first - what's
your name?

BAKER

Sasquatch don't talk. Had a
passport on him, though...
(holds up PASSPORT)
Jack Reacher. No middle name.

Morrison checks out the CIVILIAN PASSPORT as Roscoe fills in a form. The PASSPORT has no stamps. *

MORRISON

No stamps. Newer than January
first. You plannin' on leavin' the
country soon? *

Reacher says nothing. *

BAKER

Everything else he was carrying...

Baker drops a TOOTHBRUSH, rubber-banded CASH FOLD and an OLD WAR MEDAL onto the desk. Morrison thumbs the cash.

MORRISON

What's this? About two hundred?

BAKER

Two-twelve.
(picks up the medal)
(MORE)

BAKER (CONT'D)
This looks like some kinda foreign
deal...

Tosses it onto the table. It clangs. Reacher takes note.

ROSCOE
(looks at it)
World War Two medal. French.

MORRISON
(eyeballs Reacher a beat)
You French or something?
(Reacher says nothing)
Where you from, son?

Reacher doesn't respond. Morrison steps closer, annoyed.

MORRISON (CONT'D)
Boy, I asked you a question. Where
you from?... Where you goin'?...
(more pointed)
What the hell're you doin' in my town?

STEVENSON
Maybe he doesn't speak English.

ROSCOE
Please put your hands on the
counter so I can print you.

Reacher does exactly that.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)
He speaks English.

Roscoe looks down at Reacher's wrists resting on the table.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)
Zip ties?

BAKER
Cuffs didn't fit his wrists.

Roscoe gently wipes off Reacher's fingers prior to printing.

MORRISON
No one moves 'round holding just this.
Where you keeping the rest of your
shit? Got a friend in town? A girl?

BAKER
(thinks he's smart/funny)
Maybe he's got a guy.

Morrison chuckles at the "joke". But Reacher still says
nothing as Roscoe rolls his fingers on the scanner.

MORRISON

Don't wanna talk? Maybe we put ya
in the holding cell, get you to
change your mind...

*
*

FINLAY (O.S.)

And how exactly would you do that?

They turn to find **CHIEF DETECTIVE FINLAY** (41, Black, a
Northerner, Harvard educated, 1/2 Reacher's size, glasses,
erudite, uptight, doesn't curse, and always wears a tweed
suit with a moleskin vest.)

*

FINLAY (CONT'D)

(rhetorical, adjusts his cuffs)
Explain to him his constitutional
rights under the 5th and 14th
amendments, then hope he waives
them of his own free will?

It's clear Finlay doesn't stand for going outside the law. A
beat, then Morrison answers, a bit confused...

MORRISON

Yes?

Morrison, and the other cops, don't like Finlay.

FINLAY

No need. I've got it from here.
(turns to Baker)
Take him to the conference room.
I'll be in in a moment.

Finlay heads toward his office. Baker prods Reacher.

BAKER

Move it, Bigfoot...

Finlay stops, turns, looks to Baker. Finlay is firm/direct.

FINLAY

Officer Baker. I assume that's not
this gentleman's name.
Professionalism and Courtesy are
not suggestions.

BAKER

(beat, hates Finlay)
Yessir.

FINLAY

Stevenson, take him in.

Finlay walks into his private office, closes the door.

BAKER
(seethes, under breath)
Beantown bitch.

Stevenson takes Reacher by the arm, leads him to...

6 INT. CONFERENCE (I.E. "INTERROGATION") ROOM - CONTINUOUS 6

Cherry-wood table. High end leather chairs. Nice. Only the *
soft, almost comforting rattle of an air conditioner vent *
high up on the wall. Stevenson and Reacher enter. Stevenson *
pulls out a chair...

STEVENSON
Have a seat. He'll be in soon.

Stevenson leaves. Reacher looks around, exhales. *How the fuck*
did this happen? The air conditioner hum continues... *

He sees out the window, two KIDS run toward the STATION
HOUSE. They mischievously climb through the bushes, peer into
the window. They're the kids from the counter at the diner.

They stare at the mysterious stranger in their town. He holds
up his zip-tied right hand, gives a small wave to the boys.

One boy, stunned, unsurely holds up his hand in return - just
as Finlay enters. The boys run off.

FINLAY
Mr. Reacher, I'm Chief Detective
Oscar Finlay; I'll be asking you *
some questions. I was informed you *
were read your rights, so you know *
you don't have to answer... do you *
understand you've been brought in
under suspicion of murder?

Said as Finlay sits. Reacher is silent. So Finlay continues.

FINLAY (CONT'D)
Body was found by the highway
embankment, near an overpass,
partially covered by flattened out
cardboard boxes -- two 9MM, 95-
grain close-range shots to the back
of the head. No casings found.
Victim was male, 30's, big guy -
not as big as you but who is?

Nothing from Reacher. Just air conditioner hum. So... *

FINLAY (CONT'D)
He was beaten badly post-mortem. No
ID yet - problem getting prints off
the body's swollen fingertips.
(MORE)

FINLAY (CONT'D)

You know who this man was? How he wound up dead? Anything you wanna share besides your riveting company?

(silence from Reacher)

Ok then. We'll I'm not about to waste the rest of my afternoon here on Easter Island.

As he stands and heads for the door...

FINLAY (CONT'D)

...maybe your court-appointed attorney will get you to open up--

REACHER

I don't need a lawyer.

Finlay stops at the door. Turns back toward Reacher.

FINLAY

He speaks.

REACHER

When he wants to.

As Finlay moves back to his chair, sits down...

FINLAY

And why don't you need a lawyer?

REACHER

Because I didn't kill anybody. At least not recently... and not in this town.

OFF Reacher, very matter-of-fact.

7 **INT. STATION HOUSE - BULLPEN - SAME**

7

Roscoe types away at her computer, a bit flummoxed.

ROSCOE

(almost to herself)

This is kinda impossible...

MORRISON

What's that?

ROSCOE

(still typing)

Reacher fella. Nothing comes up on him. No facebook, snapchat, instagram. No online profile at all.

MORRISON

So? I don't have any of that shit.

ROSCOE

Respectfully, sir, you're a dinosaur. He's 35. But you do have a driver's license, a mortgage, insurance claim you've made or been made against you. Reacher's got none of that either. Only proof Jack Reacher exists is the fact he's sitting in that room.

OFF Morrison, considering this.

8 INT. CONFERENCE (I.E. "INTERROGATION") ROOM - SAME

8

Finlay looks at his pad, full of notes, continues questions-- *

FINLAY

And you were honorably discharged? *

REACHER

That's why I get my pension. *

FINLAY

(looks at notes, runs down the facts he's learned) *
Jack Reacher. Parents deceased. One *
brother, Joe, older by 2 years. *
Retired Army. Commanded the 110th *
Special Investigations Unit of the *
Military Police. Took out a few men *
in the course of your duties. All *
ruled good kills.
(looks up to Reacher)
Taking someone's life, how did that
make you feel?

REACHER

Same as when I finish paperwork.
Like I completed an assignment.

FINLAY

So killing is transactional to you?

REACHER

I was paid to be military police.
If I was required to kill someone
in the line of duty, I did my job.

FINLAY

So I should trust you 'cause you're
a cop?

(MORE)

FINLAY (CONT'D)

What if I'm thinking I'm sitting
across from a man who doesn't mind
killing, and who has the knowledge
and training to murder someone and
cover it up so he doesn't get
caught?

REACHER

You'd be right.

Finlay is a bit taken-aback by Reacher's honesty. Beat, then:

REACHER (CONT'D)

But not *this* murder. *Three* men
dropped this body.

Finlay is amused by Reacher's straight forward confidence.

FINLAY

Really? Enlighten me.

REACHER

Shooter was someone who knows
firearms well. Bullets were small
caliber, 9MM - 95 grain, that's
subsonic - silencer was used. Also
knew enough to pick up his brass.
This wasn't a first-timer. It was
someone who knew how to conduct a
quiet, effective kill.

FINLAY

Ok. Go on.

REACHER

You're also looking for a psycho
who'd beat up a body post-mortem.
Someone completely unhinged.
Totally different profile from your
professional shooter.

Finlay takes this in, stares at Reacher who has a point.
Reacher looks down at his zip tied hands resting on the
table, calculating something we don't know yet, then he looks
up to Finlay...

*
*
*
*

REACHER (CONT'D)

Something wrong?

FINLAY

(plays it off)

No... you said there were three.

REACHER

The psycho isn't suddenly going to
be rational enough to know he has
to hide the body.

(MORE)

REACHER (CONT'D)

And a meticulous shooter isn't gonna do a sloppy job with roadside cardboard. No, the 3rd guy is so worried about getting outta there, he grabs nearby debris and just lays it over the corpse. You say the victim was big, so most likely his feet were sticking out. That's how he got spotted.

(knows from experience)

Tall people never have room for their feet.

The argument has merit, but Finlay can't let him know that.

FINLAY

Interesting theory. But you still match the description of someone seen walking the highway, earlier today, near where the body was found.

REACHER

That's 'cause it was me. I got off the Greyhound from Tampa and walked into town.

FINLAY

Greyhound doesn't have a stop in Margrave.

REACHER

Never said it did.

FINLAY

(getting frustrated)

You *just* said you got off in Margrave.

REACHER

Asked the driver to do me a favor.

FINLAY

Why?

REACHER

On account of Blind Blake.

FINLAY

(more frustrated)

Ok. Who's *that*?

REACHER

Blues singer. Legend has it he died in Margrave long time ago. Figured I'd do some research, learn a bit about him. I like music.

FINLAY

(*are you kidding me?*)

So you have no home, no phone. You get on a bus in Tampa with 212 dollars, a toothbrush and a French War Medal and travel over 500 miles so you could read up on a dead blues musician? That sum up your past 24 hours?

REACHER

No. I also went to a diner, ordered peach pie and never got to eat it because I was arrested for murder.

Reacher is on Finlay's last nerve. Always an answer, always a remark that is factual but frustrating.

FINLAY

Ok. Enough of this. Medical Examiner put the victim's time of death at around midnight last night--

REACHER

This morning. It's *last night* until 11:59 and 59 seconds. Then it becomes *this morning*. In an investigation, details matter.

FINLAY

(*wants to kill Reacher*)

12 A.M. this morning is the time of death. So if I can confirm you were on a Greyhound bus at that time, you're cleared. Until then, you're in the holding cell.

REACHER

For how long?

FINLAY

Long as it takes. We're running down a phone number found in the dead guy's shoe - was on a scrap of paper with *Pluribus* written on it. Wanna clear that up too before we let you go? That mean anything to you, that piece of paper?

Finlay takes the scrap of paper, shows it to Reacher.

REACHER

Means I'm gonna be locked up for a while. Phone companies are slow responding to warrants.

FINLAY
(as he stands)
Too bad. Law says we need a warrant.
C'mon, you're in the hold.

ON Reacher, fucked, as we PRE-LAP:

JOSEPHINE (PRE-LAP)
Reacher, why does trouble always
seems to find you?

9 INT. MILITARY BASE FAMILY HOUSING - OKINAWA - AFTERNOON 9

ON CARDBOARD MOVING BOX (a section blackened) in a sink being *
hosed down (with an extending sink hose). Reveal **JOSEPHINE** *
REACHER (42, French Accent, strong, boss of the family) at *
the helm as **YOUNG REACHER** (11) watches. SUPRA: 1997. *

JOSEPHINE *
My lord, Reacher, the whole moving *
truck could've burned down... *

REACHER *
Sorry. *

JOSEPHINE *
What were you thinking? You can't *
pack fireworks. *

REACHER *
They're from the 4th of July. *
They're still good... *

STAN (40s, Marine, Dad) enters carrying a BOX, puts it down *
at a table where Reacher's brother **JOE** (13) has been *
unpacking. Home is full of boxes everywhere. Move-In day. *

STAN *
This is the last of it. *

JOSEPHINE *
Next transfer, I want half the *
boxes. I don't know how 4 people *
accumulate all of this.

STAN
Ma'am, yes Ma'am.

Mom takes in the huge mess/undertaking.

JOSEPHINE
Ok. Father and I will unpack. You
two, go out and meet the base kids.

Reacher and Joe share a look. Josephine picks up on it.

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)
This is home now - hopefully for a
while - so put on jackets and go
make friends.

Resigned, the kids grab their jackets, put 'em on. The
sleeves ride up Reacher's forearms. He stands there like a
pre-teen mannequin dressed in elementary school clothes.

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)
My lord, Reacher. You grow out of
clothes before you've worn them
twice. You and Joe come back when
the street lights are on. *Allez, du*
balais.

*
*
*
*

The boys move out.

10 EXT. OKINAWA MILITARY BASE - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER

10

Reacher and Joe walk along...

REACHER
Think we'll like it here?

JOE
School lessons'll be the same. Army
issued furniture'll be the same.
Stuff we can buy in the PX is all
the same. It'll be just like
Cameroon and Belgium and Spain.

A few more steps and they come upon **FIVE 13-YEAR-OLD KIDS** by
a FENCE that gives access to a BEACH PATH. Their leader is
CURTIS BISHOP - a real piece-of-shit BULLY.

*
*
*

JOE (CONT'D)
Hey.

*
*

CURTIS
Hey... you the new guys that were
moving in today?
(Joe nods)
The ones with the French *maman*?

*
*
*
*
*

Some of the kids laugh a little. Joe points to the path.

*

JOE
This the way to the beach?

*
*

CURTIS (O.S.)
Yeah... but it's five bucks.

*
*
*

REACHER
What's 5 bucks?

CURTIS
From the looks of it, your jacket.

REACHER
I'm big for my age. Just like
you're ugly for *your* age.

Joe just shakes his head - *here we go.*

CURTIS
New guys think they're funny.

Reacher takes a step toward Curtis but Joe stops him.

JOE
Let's just go home.

Reacher wants to kick Curtis' ass, but he nods. They move to
go, but Curtis shoves Reacher hard. He falls.

CURTIS
I said, five dollars.

Reacher, from the ground, looks up and sighs, resigned - just
like he did when cops arrived at the Margrave diner.

REACHER
Have it your way.

Reacher moves to a tree, takes off his jacket, hangs it on a
branch. He sees Joe, next to him, hanging his jacket too.

REACHER (CONT'D)
You don't have to. It's my fight.

JOE
It's never just your fight...
(as they roll up their
sleeves to fight)
Mom was right. Trouble does kinda
seem to find you.

Reacher gives Joe a small smile. Appreciates him. Loves him.

HARD CUT FLASHOUT TO:

11 **INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY - LATER (BACK TO PRESENT DAY)**

11

Reacher lies on his back on the bench, his head propped up by
zip-tied wrists behind him, resting them on the arm-rest; he
observes the cops in the bullpen.

His feet hang off the end of the bench.

Morrison eyeballs Reacher from his desk. Roscoe pours coffee at a coffee station. Reacher watches her. She's interesting.

Reacher catches her eye. He points to the coffee station, makes a gesture that says "How 'bout it?". She considers, then pours a second cup, then heads over with a mug.

REACHER

Thanks.

ROSCOE

Could probably use a pick me up,
been in there a while now.

REACHER

Not my fault. Trouble just kinda
seems to find me.

She hands him the coffee through the bars. As he takes it--

REACHER (CONT'D)

What I could really use is getting
these ties off.

ROSCOE

Chief Morrison says they stay on.

As Reacher sips the coffee...

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

Assumed you liked it black.

REACHER

How do you figure?

ROSCOE

Seem like a no nonsense guy. Cream
and sugar are nonsense.

REACHER

(takes another sip)
So you know I'm innocent.

ROSCOE

(throws his line back at him)
How do you figure?

REACHER

Doubt it's procedure to bring
coffee to the guilty.

ROSCOE

Well, if you are guilty of
something, can't be much 'cause a
preliminary run on your prints
turned up nothing. Bad guys set off
bells and whistles right away...

REACHER
No bells or whistles?

ROSCOE
Quiet as church on Saturday...

FINLAY (O.S.)
Roscoe!

She turns to find Finlay moving quickly from his office.

FINLAY (CONT'D)
We're takin' a ride. Got a hit on
the phone number.

Roscoe nods, puts her hand back in through the bars for the
mug to be handed over. Reacher looks at her. She explains.

ROSCOE
Sorry. Ceramic.

REACHER
What about church on Saturday?

ROSCOE
(not taking any chances)
Sometimes there's a sermon on
Saturday. And they can get loud.

She takes the mug, moves off. Reacher watches her walk out
with Finlay, intrigued by her. Then, as Baker passes by...

REACHER
Hey. I have to use the bathroom.

BAKER
Hold it.

REACHER
Haven't used the head in 12 hours.
Now when it comes to that kind of
thing, some claim distance and some
claim accuracy. I can claim both...
(looks to Baker's desk)
Notice your desk's only 8' away.

Baker looks at Reacher, then begrudgingly opens the cell.

BAKER
Make it fast.

REACHER
(surprised)
You don't want to come in with me?

BAKER
Hold your own dick, sweetheart.

Reacher, confused by the casualness, crosses to the bathroom.

12 INT. FINLAY'S CAR - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

12

Finlay drives (Roscoe shotgun) through the NORMAN ROCKWELL-esque town. Green parks. White picket fences. A banner strung between lamp posts reads: **THE KLINER FOUNDATION PRESENTS: THE FALL FESTIVAL! - Sept 17th - TEALE PARK.**

ROSCOE

So what do you make of this guy?

FINLAY

Total weirdo. Since his retirement, he just wanders 'round the country - no bills, no house, no car - one town to the next, one state to the next. I mean, who in their right mind lives like that?

Roscoe stares out the window, thinking a beat, then...

ROSCOE

Apparently Jack Reacher.

OFF Roscoe, staring ahead, thinking about the stranger she's recently encountered.

13 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

13

Finlay's car drives through pristine countryside. Turns up a road toward PRICEY MANSIONS. These are multi-million dollar homes just outside Margrave -- 8-figure homes in L.A or N.Y.

14 EXT. HUBBLE'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER

14

They pull into a BIG CIRCULAR DRIVEWAY, exit, move to the door.

FINLAY

(look at this place)

Maybe the number in the victim's shoe was this guy's net worth...

LUCY (10) and **TALLY** (8, barefoot) [Despite their ages, **THEY'RE NEARLY IDENTICAL**. Tally **WEARS GLASSES**] race out the DOOR, past the cops, to their car. **CHARLIE** (30's, refined former debutante, Country Club life but tougher than she looks) hurries after, carrying a big BAG she's packing with TOWELS/SUNSCREEN/ETC. as she walks...

CHARLIE

Tally, you get your shoes on before your back porch touches that car seat!

She drops a SPRAY CAN OF SUNSCREEN. Finlay picks it up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Oh, hello, I'm sorry -- my children
are just heathens today...

FINLAY
That's alright, Mrs. Hubble. I'm--

CHARLIE
--Chief Detective Finlay. My
husband said you were coming.
(gossipy whisper)
Y'all really think someone's
embezzlin' the bank?

Finlay and Roscoe share a look, but cover...

FINLAY
(technically the truth)
At this stage, we're just
investigating a matter.

PAUL HUBBLE (30's, soft, glasses, think "accountant") steps
outside, a bit frazzled, but trying to hide it...

HUBBLE
'Mon, now, Charlie. These folks
can't talk about a pending case.
(shakes hands)
Detective. Officer.

ROSCOE
Good to see you again.
(off Paul's look)
Think the last time was the Church
bake sale-

CHARLIE
(remembers Roscoe made--)
Butterfinger cake!

ROSCOE
Me-ma's own recipe.

CHARLIE
Still dream about it. Well, you
gotta come by one day for a swim
and you can bring dessert! Well,
Kelly Mill's pool party awaits--

HUBBLE
(peck on the lips)
Have fun... and we'll all go out to
Jolene's tonight?

CHARLIE
Road-side barbecue? He *does* know
how to woo me. Nice seein' y'all.

FINLAY/ROSCOE
Ma'am.

And Charlie is off. As soon as she's out of earshot...

FINLAY
Embezzlement?

HUBBLE
(worried sick)
What'cha want me to tell 'er? That
you found my number at a crime
scene? C'mon in. I got sweet tea.

15 INT. HUBBLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

15

ON: Glass of TEA on a HUGE KITCHEN ISLAND. RACK to Finlay,
slowly stirs his drink, clatters the ice. This unnerves
Hubble who's already nervous. That's Finlay's goal.

NOTE: This house is SICK. From the marble to the smart-
fridge, it reeks of modern convenience/expensive.

FINLAY
So, Paul, when I called, I informed
you your cell number was found at the
situs of a crime. You invited me over
to chat, but you never asked *what*
crime? Found that strange.

HUBBLE
You scared the shit outta me. I
wasn't thinking. I just wanted to
get you over here so we could talk.

FINLAY
About what?

HUBBLE
You tell me.

ROSCOE
You have no idea what crime we
might be referring to?

HUBBLE
No.

FINLAY
(matter of fact, challenging)
Murder.

That hangs out there. Hubble swallows, begins to pace a bit. Finlay deliberately stirs the ice cubes some more. Then...

FINLAY (CONT'D)
You know anything about that?

Hubble doesn't answer, paces. Finlay and Roscoe share a look.

FINLAY (CONT'D)
Unidentified male, shot to death...

Hubble stops, eyes landing on something outside the front window. A **BLACK SEDAN** idles in front of his house. It's ominous; it unnerves Hubble further. The cops don't see it.

FINLAY (CONT'D)
He was found near a highway
overpass with your number written
on a paper scrap in his shoe--

HUBBLE
--I did it. I killed the guy. It
was me.

Hubble can't say the words fast enough. No one speaks. Finlay stops stirring the cubes. Silence. Stunned Roscoe puts her iphone on the island, presses RECORD.

ROSCOE
Mr. Hubble for your protection, and
ours, I'm going to record you
gettin' your rights--

HUBBLE
--I know my rights. I understand I
don't have to talk or anything and
that I get a lawyer and all that,
but I did it, ok? - I killed the
guy, by the highway. I was the one.

Finlay takes in Hubble. Isn't quite sure about him.

FINLAY
Ok. So this man you killed? What
was his name?

HUBBLE
I don't know.

FINLAY
You killed a man you don't know?

HUBBLE
That's right.

FINLAY
Why?

HUBBLE
I don't know. I didn't like him.

FINLAY
Well why didn't you like him?

HUBBLE
I don't know.

Finlay rubs his face - he's at the end of his rope.

FINLAY
Alright. You're my *second* annoying
interrogation today. Now you've
agreed to talk so I want *real* answers
to my questions. You understand?
(off Hubble's nod)
Good. So you expect me to believe
that you - a man with no criminal
record - 'cause I ran you down before
you got here - you expect me to
believe you just blew a man away? A
double-barrel shotgun blast right to
the face? Then burnt the body? You
did that?

Roscoe looks to Finlay - knows he's lying, setting up Hubble.

HUBBLE
(affected by the details)
Yes. I did. And that's all I'm
gonna say about it.

Said as Hubble sneaks a peek of the BLACK SEDAN driving away.

Finlay stares at Hubble who just admitted to shit that didn't
happen. Then he methodically stands, drinks his tea until it
is done, puts it down, looks at Hubble.

FINLAY
Your life's about to get very
complicated, Mr. Hubble.

16

INT. STATION HOUSE - HOLDING CELL - AFTERNOON - LATER

* 16

Reacher sits on the bench by the cell's back wall, drums his
fingers on the wood. A rhythm. Over and over.

BAKER
Hey. Knock off that shit.

REACHER
(stops his fingers)
It's not shit. It's *Chicago*
Breakdown by Dr. Ross.

BAKER

Don't care if it's the Chicago
Blackhawks by Dr. Seuss. Cut it out.

A stare down, then Baker returns to his work. A beat, then Reacher starts drumming his fingers again. Baker SLAMS down his pen, stands aggravated - this might escalate, except...

Everyone's attention is drawn to Finlay/Roscoe bringing Hubble in, cuffed. Stevenson shares a worried look with Hubble (Reacher notices this) as Finlay leads Hubble to the cell. Finlay opens the cell, looks to unmoving Hubble.

FINLAY

I'm not demonstrating how the
hinges work. Get in.

Hubble looks at massive Reacher, who just stares at him. Hubble hesitantly enters. One step. Gets nowhere near Reacher.

FINLAY (CONT'D)

Reacher, come with me.

REACHER

No.

FINLAY

Excuse me?

Reacher stands, walks to Finlay by the open door. Hubble scurries out of the way, moves to the back.

REACHER

Not until you let the zip ties come
off. We both know I didn't kill
anyone and they're uncomfortable.
Too small for me. Most things are
too small for me.
(takes in Finlay's size)
You wouldn't understand.

Roscoe hears this - a small smile/laugh from the slight dig at Finlay's size. No one else notices. Finlay acquiesces...

FINLAY

I'll get the box cutter--

REACHER

--That's ok. I got it.

He presses his wrists together, bears down a 1/4 beat and POPS his wrists apart, SNAPPING the ties. Plastic falls to the ground. Everyone's stunned. Reacher picks 'em up casually.

REACHER (CONT'D)

You guys recycle?

Reacher has made his points: 1) He's clearly not a bad guy 'cause he could've done this a while ago and 2) He could've done this a while ago. Finlay is in no mood.

FINLAY
Just follow me.

(NOTE: let's try a take where Finlay doesn't say "Just follow me." ... i.e., his annoyance is all done in a look.)

Reacher steps out. Finlay closes the cell door on a worried Hubble. Reacher, towering over Finlay, follows him outside. Reacher gives Roscoe a respectful nod in passing.

17

EXT. STATION HOUSE - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

* 17

Finlay and Reacher exit. Just them. As they walk...

REACHER
Outside. Uncuffed. Treating me like a person instead of a perp. I've done the same thing a million times with a suspect - when I want 'em to trust me even when they shouldn't.

They stop by a cruiser.

FINLAY
I have no ulterior motives. Just information. That other guy? Paul Hubble. Banker. Lives in Margrave. Works in Atlanta. No priors. He just confessed to the murder.

REACHER
(starts to move off...)
Thanks for the hospitality...
(but Finlay grabs his arm)
Hey, I was just cleared.

FINLAY
One guy lied about killing another guy. That doesn't clear you.

Reacher stares down at small Finlay grabbing his arm. Finlay notices.

FINLAY (CONT'D)
You wanna run? Go for it. But I doubt you're that fast or that bulletproof.

Reacher stares at Finlay who doesn't blink. Then, Reacher reluctantly leans against a police cruiser, resigned.

REACHER

Good town to murder in. Even if you confess, nothing happens to you.

FINLAY

You saw Hubble. He's a *citizen*. He can't shoot *pool* let alone shoot a guy. He admitted to things that didn't even happen; he just wants me to think he did it and not look into the matter any further...

REACHER

Why are you telling me all this?

FINLAY

Just making conversation.

REACHER

Or maybe you think I'm working with him? And now that he implicated *himself* I'm worried he might implicate *me*? So maybe I cut a deal? No ulterior motives? Bullshit.

FINLAY

(gestures to Reacher)

Maybe I'm just thinking the guy who was seen near the murder site, guilty or not, might still have information to share.

REACHER

I don't. But Stevenson does. He and Hubble were lookin' at each other.

FINLAY

They *looked* at each other?

REACHER

They held eye contact for a full 2 Mississippi. Either they're trying to communicate information or they want to have sex, and Hubble doesn't seem Stevenson's type.

FINLAY

Stevenson's married to Hubble's cousin - he's worried about family.

REACHER

It's more than that.

FINLAY

You always so confident in your theories?

REACHER

As confident as I am that you went to Harvard, you're recently divorced and you quit smoking the past 6 months.

Finlay thrown by Reacher's accuracy, but tries to hide it.

FINLAY

How'd you come up with that?

REACHER

My friend in there? Baker? He called you a Beantown Bitch. And from all appearances you're well-educated but you took a job in the middle of nowhere surrounded by people who look nothing like you. You're stubborn, chip on your shoulder, don't care if co-workers like you. Guy like that doesn't go to B.U. - he goes to *Harvard*, to show those blue-blood assholes what he's capable of. Am I right?

FINLAY

About going to Harvard? Yes.

REACHER

You're also about 40. Means you did your 20 in Boston PD and got your pension. So you can afford a proper Southern Suit but you still look like Black Sherlock Holmes. Means no woman in your life making sure you dress right. Death or divorce. At your age divorce is a higher probability. But you still wear the ring - from the wear on it, you play with it, obsess over it - like I said, you're stubborn. Still hoping to reconcile with your old lady.

FINLAY

(a bit pointed)

Her name's Sharon.

Finlay just stares back, doesn't say anything.

REACHER

Lovely name. As for smoking, when I broke down the 3 murderers, you started to think you had the wrong guy. Stressed you out. I felt the table vibrating just a little bit.

(MORE)

*
*
*

REACHER (CONT'D)

I wasn't moving and you were pretty
still north of the border, so that
means your leg was bouncing under
the table. I assume nicotine
withdrawal when combined with the
slight aroma of cigarettes in your
suit - hard to remove from tweed.
Studies show it takes 4-6 months to
fully break a habit. Keep up the
good work, though - those things
are killers.

*
*
*
*
*
*

Reacher likes showing off. Finlay is stunned, tries not to
show it. He marches toward the Station House...

FINLAY

Back inside.

Reacher shakes his head, reluctantly follows him in.

18 INT. STATION HOUSE - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

18

Finlay and Reacher enter.

FINLAY

Stevenson. My office.

Stevenson shares a look with Hubble, follows Finlay into..

19 INT. STATION HOUSE - FINLAY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

* 19

Finlay enters, sits at his desk. Reacher follows. By habit,
Finlay takes off his ring, pinches it between both pointers
and thumbs and is about to spin it but looks up at Reacher
who's staring at the ring. Reacher looks to Finlay, raises
his eyebrows. Finlay shoves the ring back on his finger. Man,
he hates this Reacher guy. Stevenson enters.

STEVENSON

Yes, boss?

FINLAY

(gestures to Reacher)

This man seems to think you know
something about Hubble that you
aren't sharing with me. That true?

(as Stevenson looks down)

Answer isn't on your shoes.

STEVENSON

(looks up)

Sir, there was a family party last
night - my wife's grandparents'
anniversary - their 50th--

FINLAY

--I don't care.

STEVENSON

Right. Well. Hubble was there. We stayed late, danced with our wives. Way past 2. I drove 'em home. I don't know why his number was in that guy's shoe and I don't know why he confessed. All I know is that at midnight, he was nowhere near that highway.

Finlay and Reacher share a look. Then...

REACHER

Hubble into drugs?

STEVENSON

No.

REACHER

He cheat on your cousin?

STEVENSON

No. He's a family man.

FINLAY

Don't answer his questions. He's not your boss.

STEVENSON

Yessir. Sorry.

REACHER

He having money problems?

Stevenson starts to answer. Catches himself. Not sure if he should shit or play pinochle. So he just looks at Finlay.

STEVENSON

I... I don't know what to do--

FINLAY

(at rope's end)

--*Just answer the question.*

STEVENSON

No. He's rich.

FINLAY

Ok. Get outta here.

Stevenson leaves.

REACHER
Drugs. Money. Infidelity. If
Stevenson's right, we've eliminated
the big 3. Which means odds are high
the only way you'll know why Hubble
confessed is if he tells you.

FINLAY
Yeah, well, maybe a weekend in Lock-
Up will motivate him. Let me know
what he says.

Said as Finlay stands. Reacher unfolds, rising...

*

REACHER
What the hell does that mean?

FINLAY
You figured out I quit smoking but
can't figure out what's happening
right now?

Said as Finlay walks out of his office to...

20 INT. STATION HOUSE - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

20

Reacher follows on his heels.

REACHER
This is bullshit. You have a
confession; I've helped with the
investigation--

*

Finlay turns back to Reacher. Everyone watches the conflict.

FINLAY
You "helped" me? You seem to be
confused about your role in this
situation. You are my detainee and
suspect, not my partner or equal. And
you're certainly not - by employment,
appearance or lifestyle choice - a
cop anymore.

Finlay motions to Morrison who watches from the corner...

FINLAY (CONT'D)
Now Chief Morrison wants you in
custody 'til we know for sure all 6
foot 4 of you was on that bus from
Tampa. So that's what's gonna happen.
Transpo's being arranged; you'll be
there by tonight.

REACHER
(steps to Finlay, towers)
6 foot 5. In an investigation,
details matter.

FINLAY
Here's a detail for you. We keep
extra-large cuffs in our lock-box.

Said as he pats Reacher's shoulder and walks off. Reacher
accepts he's going to jail. Exhales resignation.

REACHER
All I wanted was to learn about
Blind Blake.

FINLAY
(over his shoulder as he
keeps walking off)
Yeah, well maybe the prison library
has a book on him.

21 **EXT. STATION HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT**

21

Hubble and Reacher are cuffed by Baker and Roscoe,
respectively. Reacher looks to Baker.

REACHER
Inventory his watch. They'll steal
it first 5 minutes he's in there.

Baker looks to Morrison who nods approval. Baker removes the
watch. Roscoe picks up on the act of decency from Reacher.

REACHER (CONT'D)
(to Roscoe, means it)
It was nice talking to you.

Then Hubble and Reacher get onto the bus.

22 **INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

22

They are the only two on the bus. Seated across from each
other, cuffed to a bar on the seat in front of them.

HUBBLE
Thanks... for the watch thing.

REACHER
Shut up. You ruined my trip here.

And the bus pulls out.

23 **EXT./INT. COUNTY ROAD/BUS - NIGHT** 23

The bus rumbles through the rural south: peanut farms, shanties. Reacher stares out the window, into the dark - calmly waiting to go to jail for a murder he had nothing to do with.

24 **EXT. Warburton County Jail - Night** 24

Bus arrives. **TANNER SPIVEY** (guard/wiry/greasy, 30s) waits (lit by moonlight and floodlight) at a large FENCE ON ROLLERS.

Bus door opens. Hubble exits, then Reacher, who has to duck to exit. Spivey looks Reacher up from ankles to eyebrows.

SPIVEY
...Jesus... My name's Officer
Spivey. You can call me Boss. Now
follow the yellow brick road,
inmates.

Hubble/Reacher follow Spivey along a painted YELLOW LINE to the Fence. **BUZZ**. The Fence/Door slides open; the 3 men enter.

25 **INT. Warburton County Jail - Processing Room - Moments Later** 25

Spivey enters, points to the line that continues in the room.

SPIVEY
Up over there, toe the line.

The two men follow instructions, put their toes on the line, as Spivey gets a set of keys from a drawer. As he does...

SPIVEY (CONT'D)
I call you inmates instead of
convicts 'cause y'all haven't been
convicted of nothin'; haven't even
got to see no judge yet, so y'aint
gonna be treated like prisoners...
(as he uncuffs the men)
Y'all be housed on the top floor -
far 'way from the animal factory -
'til they can line up a weekend
arraignment for ya...

He searches cubbies, picks an ORANGE JUMPER, tosses it to Hubble. Hubble undresses while Spivey looks some more.

SPIVEY (CONT'D)
Ain't nothing gonna fit you, big
boy. But a Samoan fella came
through here last year - meth
dealer - had this made special--
(finds jumps, tosses it over)
(MORE)

SPIVEY (CONT'D)

It'll fit the shoulders but arms'll
be too short for sure.

Spivey grabs a COKE CAN from the desk, spits chaw juice in it, grabs a CLIPBOARD. Looks to Hubble who's about to step into his jumper.

SPIVEY (CONT'D)

Not so fast, son. Drop them
drawers, bend over and spread.

HUBBLE

(aghast)

What about not being treated like
prisoners?

SPIVEY

Guilty, Innocent or In-between - I
gotta make sure you ain't smugglin'.

HUBBLE

I assure you, I'm not.

SPIVEY

I assure you, one way or the other,
your stink-hole is openin' up. Now
you can do it, or I can get the
boys from Gen Pop to help ya out.

Hubble has no choice. He drops his boxers. Spreads 'em.
Spivey bends over, cursory look. Stands. Looks to Reacher.

SPIVEY (CONT'D)

Your turn.

REACHER

No.

SPIVEY

You just heard me say you gotta.

REACHER

(matter of fact)

No I don't. Blanket strip search
policies are unconstitutional
unless there's clear articulable
suspicion of criminal activity. The
victim I'm suspected of murdering
was shot by a handgun that would
measure 4 inches by 6. That
weapon's not fitting inside me or
any other human being without
sending them to a hospital. And
since that's the only contraband
related to this crime, your request
is unlawful.

SPIVEY
Not like I *wanna* do this.
Regulations say--

REACHER
--Only thing up my ass right now is
you. So I'll simplify things: if
you think you can perform the
inspection without getting
seriously injured, go for it.
Otherwise, check the box on your
clipboard.

Beat. Spivey takes in Reacher who clearly isn't bluffing. So,
fully intimidated, Spivey checks off the box on the clipboard.

26 **INT. Warburton County Jail - Cell - Continuous** 26

Dark. Quiet. Spivey moves them along a 2nd floor CATWALK, *
past cells, opens one. Reacher/Hubble enter. Spivey leaves. *
Reacher gets on the top bunk, lays down, keeps his shoes on; *
feet hang over the rail at the end of the bed. Hubble paces. *

HUBBLE
Really sorry I got you into this.
It wasn't my intention to involve--

REACHER
(eyes closed)
Remember when I said to shut up on
the bus? Same rule goes for jail.

OFF Reacher trying to sleep and Hubble pacing...

27 **INT. Warburton County Jail - Morning** 27

AUTOMATIC CEILING LIGHTS BLAST ON with a KA-CHUNK sound.

28 **INT. Warburton County Jail - Cell - Same** 28

THE CELL DOORS AUTOMATICALLY OPEN. Reacher wakes up, swings *
his feet over the side of the bed. Looks down at Hubble who *
is awake, using the toilet as a chair - he clearly hasn't *
slept. He looks like shit. Reacher hops down, steps to the *
bars, looks down into the common area. We don't see his POV. *

REACHER
Well, that's not good.

HUBBLE
What's going on?

Reacher's POV: SEVERAL TIERS OF CELLS and HUNDREDS OF INMATES *
exiting their cells. Realization washes over him. *

REACHER
We're not with guys waiting
arraignment... we're with the lifers.

Hubble stands, terrified. *

HUBBLE
What do you mean, *lifers*? *

As Reacher climbs back up on his bunk, casually lies down. *

REACHER
Mean people who were sentenced to
life. If I were you, I'd be less
worried about their sentences and
more concerned with their swaps. *

HUBBLE
Swaps? *

REACHER
Guys swapping smokes, desserts, tv
time, all for first crack at you.
You're not a human in here. You're
currency. So stop pacing and save
your strength; gonna need it.

Hubble's shitting little green apples. ON CUE: *

VOICE (V.O.)
There she is. *

Reveal: **4 LARGE BLACK GANGBANGERS** in the doorway. The leader,
JD (30, tank top, round belly) takes in Hubble. *

JD
She's pretty too. Pretty hair.
Pretty mouth. Look, she even got
pretty little shoes on. *

The others laugh a bit. JD points to Hubble's shoes. *

JD (CONT'D)
Hey, why you wearin' my shoes?
Gimme my shoes back to me. *

Hubble hesitates. Not sure what to do. Terrified. *

JD (CONT'D)
C'mon now, you heard me. Gimme my
shoes like a good little bitch. *

Hubble has no choice. He slowly undoes his shoes, steps to
JD, hands him his shoes. *

JD (CONT'D) *
Good girl... I like them glasses *
too. Gimme my glasses. *

Hubble looks to Reacher. Reacher stares back, expressionless. *
So Hubble nervously gives up the glasses. JD drops them, *
steps on them, grinds them into the floor. The others laugh. *

JD (CONT'D) *
Now there's one more thing I want *
from you. *
(unzips his pants) *
On your knees, girl. *

Hubble doesn't move, frozen with fear. That's when Reacher *
drops down from the top bunk. He approaches the gang the way *
only Reacher can - confident, factual, honest. *

JD (CONT'D) *
Look at this Redwood motha-fucka. *
What you want? *

REACHER *
To give you a choice. See, you're *
in my house, fatso. And you never *
asked permission. So you and your *
friends can leave now, or they can *
carry your fat ass out in a bucket. *

JD looks to his friends. They laugh at Reacher. *

JD *
Bitch, you know who you talkin' to? *

REACHER *
A nobody. Now I'll count to 3. One-- *

Reacher HEADBUTTS JD, collapsing his nose! JD falls against *
the wall; Reacher grabs his shirt and elbows him 3 more times *
in the face! It's over in 2 1/2 SECONDS! *

JD's pals are shocked. They don't dare move a muscle. Reacher *
firmly steps to Inmate #2, points to his SUNGLASSES. *

REACHER (CONT'D) *
You owe us a pair of glasses. *

Inmate #2 - now a total Beta - takes them off, holds them *
out. Reacher takes them. A beat, then... *

REACHER (CONT'D) *
Now get out of my cell. *

The Inmates grab JD, quickly exit. Hubble is stunned silent *
as Reacher climbs up onto the bunk, lies down, stares at the *
ceiling. Hubble gathers himself... *

HUBBLE *
Thank you. *

REACHER *
We're cellies. They punk you out, *
makes me a punk by association. *

OFF Reacher, in the sunglasses, cooler than snowman shit. *

29 OMITTED * 29

30 INT. MARGRAVE NURSING HOME - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY * 30

BLACK: PAN the BLACK BACK of a TV to find ME-MA, elderly, *
lies in bed, "watching" a game show with Roscoe. We HEAR the *
game show but don't see it because no studio will give us the *
right to use one of their shows in an old folks home. Jerks! *

The Announcer Says: *This 9th President barely served a month* *
in office before dying. *

ROSCOE *
William Henry Harrison. *

Contestant Voice: *William Henry Harrison.* *

ROSCOE (CONT'D) *
Easy. *

She MUTES the TV and turns to Me-Ma to playfully show off... *

ROSCOE (CONT'D) *
His grandson was Benjamin Harrison - *
the 23rd president - *his* vice *
president was Levi Morton, who *
lived to be 96 and was the first *
person to climb to the top of the *
Statue of Liberty. *
(to Me-Ma) *
They don't know all that, do they? *

No response from Me-Ma. She's not all there. *

ROSCOE (CONT'D) *
You *voted* for Harrison, didn't you, *
Me-Ma?... *
(off Me-Ma's silence) *
I know, low blow, but you don't *
have to yell at me... *

Roscoe's phone chimes an email. She looks at it. Opens it up. *
Scrolls. Reads. Her jaw drops a bit... *

ROSCOE (CONT'D) *
Oh shit. I gotta go! *

She jumps up, leans in, gives her a kiss. *

ROSCOE (CONT'D) *
Love ya. Lemme tuck you in... *

But as she tucks the blanket, she notices BLOOD on the sheet. *
She hikes Me-Ma's nightgown a bit - BIG BEDSORE ON HER LEG. *

She turns, livid, sees **LUKE** (22), an orderly passing by. *

ROSCOE (CONT'D) *
Luke! *

She steps to the door as Luke enters. She moves to him hard. *

ROSCOE (CONT'D) *
(measured, intimidating) *
You mind telling me why my *
grandmother has a bedsore so bad *
it's *bleeding*? *

LUKE *
I -- I'm not sure-- *

ROSCOE *
I am. Her position isn't being *
changed frequently and her skin *
isn't being kept clean and dry. Now *
I know you're new here, so maybe *
you're not familiar with Georgia's *
elder abuse laws-- *

LUKE *
--no ma'am-- *

ROSCOE *
They're tough. And I'm friends with *
the DA's office, me keeping them *
busy sending 'em criminals and all-- *

LUKE *
--yes ma'am-- *

ROSCOE *
--You know what they do to guys in *
prison who hurt old ladies? *
(off his head shake) *
Nothing nice. When I'm here *
tomorrow, I wanna see that wound *
cleaned and dressed or I will fuck *
you like a stallion on stud day. *
You know what that means? *

LUKE *
No ma'am. *

ROSCOE
From behind and with a lotta people
watchin'. Now fix her up. *

She moves out. Luke probably pees his pants a little. *

31 **EXT. Warburton County Jail - Prison Yard - Afternoon - Later** * 31

Cons lift weights, play dominoes, deal drugs. Reacher crosses
the yard, wearing his new SUNGLASSES. Hubble on his heels,
not letting him get too far ahead. They are eyeballed. *
Reacher sits on BLEACHERS. Hubble sits right next to him. *

REACHER
I'm not a ventriloquist. Get off my
lap.
(Hubble hesitates)
I won't let anyone touch you.

Beat, then Hubble shifts down a few inches.

HUBBLE
Thank you. *
(beat, then) *
You're the only thing keepin' me *
alive in here.
(beat, then, a confession)
I'm in big trouble.

REACHER
No shit.

HUBBLE
I'm not a criminal. I was just a
fuckin' currency manager.

REACHER
(beat, then...)
Until?

HUBBLE
Until they gave me no choice. These
guys, they forced me to help them
with their financial scheme, ok?
Huge. And I know everyone who's
ever caught says they were forced
into it, but I really was! And the
people I'm working for - they made
it clear if I ever jam them up--

REACHER
You'll be killed.

Hubble looks to Reacher - scared, honest eyes.

HUBBLE

I wish that were all. My bosses
promised if I disrupted their
operation in any way, they'd...
(he swallows, talks quietly)
They'd nail me to a wall, *literally*.
In front of my family. They'd cut my
balls off, make me eat 'em. Then
they'd bleed me and Charlie out slow
so we'd die knowing our kids were
left with those psychos, not knowing
what would be done to them.

Reacher takes this in. But he's noticing a group of **THUGS** on
the other side of the yard. 5 of them. They are eyeballing
Reacher and Hubble, talking about them. It's obvious. *

Reacher doesn't so much as sweat.

REACHER

That's why you confessed to a crime
you didn't commit.

HUBBLE

I'm hoping the fact that I was
willing to keep my mouth shut and
go to jail counts for something.
But I've already told you too much.

REACHER

Then keep quiet 'cause that means
I've already heard too much. Don't
need your problems becoming mine.
(he stands)
I'm gonna hit the head.

Reacher starts walking. As Hubble hurries after... *

HUBBLE

Think I'll go with you.

REACHER

Figured as much.

32

INT. Warburton County Jail - Bathroom/Shower Room - Day

* 32

Reacher/Hubble enter. Reacher grabs a CLOTH from a BIN marked
CLEAN. He wets it at the SINK, puts it on the back of his
neck. He looks up - in the mirror reflection, **5 BIG WHITE**
GANGBANGERS behind him. Their leader is **REDD** (big, scary). *

Redd takes in both Reacher & Hubble. Then points to Reacher. *

REDD

Him. *

*

Reacher turns to face them, takes off his glasses...

*

REACHER
Saw you guys checking us out in the
yard; assume you want to welcome us
to your prison, but the thing is--

*

*

BAM! Reacher nails Redd with a vicious punch! Redd stumbles as the others attack! It's 5 on 1! Brutal! Hubble tries to intervene but he's punched, sending him spinning to the ground! He's no help.

Reacher is merciless and violent! He eye-gouges a guy who grabs him from behind while kicking another in the crotch and then the throat! That guy falls, gagging on his own blood.

32A **INT. Warburton County Jail - Guard Station - Same**

*32A

2 GUARDS - both fucking around on their phones, not paying attention. Then **GUARD #1** looks up at a monitor, sees the **FIGHT** in the bathroom...

GUARD #1
Shit!

He's out of his chair, pressing a button and talking into a microphone --

GUARD #1 (CONT'D)
Code 9 in Gen Pop Shower A! Code 9
in Gen Pop Shower A!

32B **INT. Warburton County Jail - Bathroom/Shower Room - Fight Still in Progress!**

*32B

Reacher **SLAMS** a guy's head into the concrete wall! Reacher takes punches but they don't fella him! He cripples a guy with kicks to the ankle and knee! Both spots bend at 90 degree angles! End result: 5 guys beaten into submission.

ALARMS BLARE! Half a dozen guards run in! Guard #1 sees the carnage and Reacher and Hubble.

GUARD #1
Fuck me... what the hell're you two
doin' down here?! *C'mon! Let's go!*
Before the warden sees this!

He hurries them into...

33 **INT. Warburton County Jail - Stairwell - Continuous**

33

Guard #1 races them up the stairs...

GUARD #1
Move your asses! GoGoGo!

They run as the alarms blare! Total chaos!

34 **INT. WARBURTON COUNTY JAIL - CONCRETE & METAL ROOM -
CONTINUOUS**

* 34

Guard #1 ushers Reacher/Hubble in, all outta breath. This isn't a cell. It's bigger: sink, TV, radio panel embedded in the wall, toilet with curtain, separate beds. More civilized.

GUARD #1
You're the new guys? The ones my
report says came in last night?

HUBBLE
Yeah.

GUARD #1
What the hell you doin' in GenPop?!

REACHER
That's where the guy put us.

GUARD #1
(flustered)
Yeah, well, anyone asks, you've been
here the whole time. Understand?!

He races out, locks the door. Reacher sucks off the tap, spits some blood into the sink. Splashes water on his face as Hubble stands there silent and stunned. Then--

HUBBLE
You ok?

REACHER
Better than the guys in the showers.

*

He falls onto the bed. His feet hang over the foot-rail.
Reacher's POV: florescent lights above blur, then go dark, as Reacher closes his eyes. **BLACK.** MATCH CUT TO:

34A **OMITTED - NOW 30**

*34A

35 **INT. STATION HOUSE - FINLAY'S OFFICE - SAME**

* 35

Finlay at his desk, going through files. He rubs his eyes, stressed. He takes off his wedding ring, SPINS it. He watches it spin, contemplative. He looks to his phone, hesitates, then picks it up and dials. He waits. His wife's voicemail.

SHARON (OVER SPEAKER)
Hi. This is Sharon Finlay. Leave a message and I'll get ya back.

Beep. On Finlay. Heartbroken. Then...

FINLAY (INTO PHONE)
Hey. It's me. I'm just... I'm just dealin' with a tough case... alone in the middle of Georgia... and I just wish you would call me back...

Knock at the door. Finlay quickly hangs up. Composes himself.

FINLAY (CONT'D)
Come in.

ROSCOE
(enters with smart phone)
Boss. Got Reacher's military record from DC. Wanna hear the back of his baseball card?

FINLAY
I do.

ROSCOE
(reads from phone)
Silver Star, Defense Superior Service Medal, Legion of Merit, Soldier's Medal, Army Commendation Medal, Bronze Star, a *second* Silver Star and a Purple Heart for wounds sustained in the bombing of a Marines Barracks in Kandahar.

Finlay takes Roscoe's phone, reads from it verbatim.

FINLAY
Major Reacher ran into the inferno, carrying soldiers out 2 at a time. Witnesses report 6 separate trips, confirming 12 were saved. Major Reacher suffered severe smoke inhalation, but returned to active duty 32 hours later despite having shrapnel remains of a jawbone removed from his abdomen...

Finlay runs his hand over his forehead, puts down the phone, exhales stress. As Roscoe picks up/looks at the phone...

ROSCOE
Wanna hear his MP numbers?

FINLAY
No.

ROSCOE

Over 150 closed cases; all
successful prosecutions; more than
20 fugitives captured. Good
investigator. Considering how
little support you get around here,
might wanna consider keepin' him
around.

FINLAY

What in God's name is a guy like
that doing in Margrave?

ROSCOE

(pointed, busting chops)
What's a guy like that doing in
jail? Hate to be the one that put
him there.

FINLAY

(deadpan)
Get out of my office.

Roscoe leaves. Finlay, stressed, takes a MANILA ENVELOPE from
his drawer. On it, in BLACK MARKER: **DON'T DO IT**. He dumps out
a SOFT PACK OF PALL MALLS, pulls out a cigarette, lights a
match, waits... then throws the cigarette in the garbage.

He stares at the cell phone, picks it up, stares at his
wife's number in "RECENTS." Does he call her again? As we
PUSH IN on him contemplating the phone, we NEEDLEDROP:

***Baby, I'm amazed at the way you love me all the time, And
maybe I'm afraid of the way I love you.*** As we get close,
MATCH CUT TO:

36

INT. WARBURTON COUNTY JAIL - CONCRETE & METAL ROOM - LATER

* 36

OVERHEAD OF REACHER SLEEPING. He blinks awake: ***Maybe I'm
amazed at the way you pulled me out of time, You hung me on
the line, Maybe I'm amazed at the way I really need you...***

He sits up to find WINGS playing on the radio and Hubble
sitting in a chair, staring at Reacher - actually, more like
staring *through* Reacher as Hubble has the "1,000 yard stare".

REACHER

You always watch people sleep?

HUBBLE

Been hoping a Beatles song would
come on. They soothe me, ever since
momma'd sing me Rocky Raccoon when
I had a cold. Turned it up when
Wings came on; least it's
McCartney.... Sorry I woke you.

REACHER

It's ok.

Reacher swings his feet to the floor. He sees a food tray on the floor; slid through a slot. Two plates.

HUBBLE

Came a while ago. You can have mine. I don't have an appetite.

Reacher grabs the tray, sits, eats. Takes in Hubble.

REACHER

You should eat. You look like hell.

HUBBLE

That's 'cause I saw you gouge a guy's eyes out.

REACHER

(mouth full, casual)
He started it.

Hubble watches Reacher eat.

HUBBLE

I'm scared they might kill me as soon as I'm bailed out.

REACHER

You important to their operation?

HUBBLE

Real important.

REACHER

Then you're probably ok. But bodies are falling. Means someone's gettin' nervous. When that happens, things can change fast. I'm more curious why whoever you work for wants me dead.

HUBBLE

What do you mean?

Reacher breaks it down as he reaches for Hubble's sandwich.

REACHER

No accident we wound up in Gen Pop. That guard from last night, Spivey, he set us up. He would've played it off like some kinda innocent mistake, but it was intentional. Guys in the shower ID'd me as the person to take out.

(MORE)

REACHER (CONT'D)

So once I'm outta here, I'm gone,
'cause something bad's going down
in Margrave and I don't need to be
part of it.

Reacher lies back down. Hubble can't believe it.

HUBBLE

How can you go back to sleep?

REACHER

When you're asleep, you don't know
you're in jail.

HUBBLE

Someone just tried to kill you!

REACHER

Spivey's run at me was loud and
public. Another go-round would be
too suspicious. I'm ok for now...

HUBBLE

Then why're you keepin' your shoes on?

REACHER

Just in case.

OFF Reacher, cooler than a statue's brass ass.

37

EXT. WARBURTON COUNTY JAIL - NEXT AFTERNOON

37

The FENCE/DOOR ROLLS OPEN. Reacher exits with Hubble. Reacher stops, allows himself a small smile. REVEAL what he sees:

ROSCOE, leans against her CRUISER, waiting for him. About 100' away, a 2020 JAGUAR is parked with Charlie Hubble waiting. Hubble gives her a subdued wave, turns to Reacher.

HUBBLE

Thanks for everything...

But Reacher's already walking to Roscoe. As Charlie hurries to embrace her husband, Reacher lands at Roscoe. She flashes a little smile and holds up a bag with his personal effects.

ROSCOE

Figured a man with no ID, money or
car could use a lift.

She moves to the driver's side as Reacher takes the bag. The SLAM of Reacher's car door TIME CUTS US TO:

38 INT. CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

38

Roscoe drives. Reacher pockets his personal items.

ROSCOE
So I ran down surveillance video of
you buying a ticket at a Tampa
Greyhound Station 2 nights ago - no
way you could've been in Margrave
in time to kill anyone.

She hands Reacher her cellphone. A SURVEILLANCE VIDEO is cued
up. He plays it -- it's Reacher buying a ticket in a
Greyhound station (or getting on a bus - whatever works
creatively and is production friendly). Reacher is impressed.

REACHER
Common carriers are notoriously
uncooperative. Nothing without a
warrant - passenger privacy and all.
Gotta think a small-town cop
wouldn't be given much mind.

ROSCOE
Said I was looking for a Greyhound
employee suspected of usin' their
bus lines to transport OxyContin. If
they didn't cooperate I promised to
pull a civil forfeiture on
everything with wheels 'til the
investigation was over. Got the
video within the hour.

The corner of Reacher's mouth turns up a bit. He's impressed.
And quite intrigued by this smart, resourceful woman.

REACHER
So you cleared *me*, but how does the
guy who confessed walk out the door?

ROSCOE
Everyone knows Hubble's lyin', so
we're holdin' off on charges,
hopin' a nervous guy like him'll
eventually do something dumb that
leads us to the truth. Or maybe he
just cracks and spills what really
went down.

REACHER
Smart approach, Officer Roscoe.

ROSCOE
Actually, Roscoe's my first name.

REACHER
Never met a woman named Roscoe.

ROSCOE
Yeah you did. 2 days ago.

REACHER
(likes people who think
literally)
So what's your last name?

ROSCOE
Conklin.

CUT TO: EXTERIOR SHOT: Cruiser flies past a CROSS STREET that cuts into farmland. HOLD ON the SIGN: it READS **Conklin Ave.**

BACK IN THE CAR: Reacher checks out a cut/bruise above his eye in the visor mirror. Roscoe notices.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)
Caught a love tap inside? Unusual
for top floor residents.

REACHER
But not in GenPop.

ROSCOE
What the hell were you doin' there?

REACHER
Got set up.

ROSCOE
By who?

REACHER
Some guard - just the errand boy.
But whoever he took orders from
wanted me gone and they're gettin'
what they want. I'm on the next bus
outta here.

ROSCOE
(takes that info in)
Shame. I feel bad 'bout the
Margrave Welcome Wagon runnin' ya
over. Was gonna apologize with an
early dinner but if you're not
hangin' 'round--

REACHER
--Ok.

His eagerness to change plans is obvious. Roscoe smiles.

ROSCOE
Great.

REACHER
But let's hit a Salvation Army
first. Lock-up's made me a bit
gamey.

ROSCOE
We've got Merl's Mens Shop in town--

REACHER
Thrift store's fine. I travel
light.

ROSCOE
Finlay did say you were a weirdo.

Reacher looks to her, amused. But Roscoe just drives.

39 **EXT. THRIFT STORE - PARKING LOT - LATER**

39

As they exit Roscoe's cruiser, move toward the store...

ROSCOE
I don't get it; don't you want a
home base or something?

REACHER
Had a base my whole life. Grew up
in the military. Worked in the
military. Always told where to go,
when to be there. Now I see my
country on my own terms.

ROSCOE
What about money?

REACHER
Pension's wired to a Western Union
each month.

ROSCOE
Don't you miss your family?

REACHER
(takes her in, then...)
Guess so. They're dead. Except my
brother, Joe. He's a good guy.

ROSCOE
Where's he?

REACHER
No idea.

Said like it's a normal thing to say. Roscoe takes him in.
The more you learn about Reacher, the less you know.

40 INT. THRIFT STORE - MOMENTS LATER

40

JUMP CUTS as Reacher grabs a t-shirt, jeans, boxers, etc.
Roscoe leans against a CLOTHES RACK, watches the process.

ROSCOE
So I made another request for the
victim's fingerprints. We ID him,
that's the key to this thing.

REACHER
Stands to reason. Good luck with it.

ROSCOE
So since you weren't here to kill
anyone, what *really* brought you to
Margrave? Can't be some blues singer.

REACHER
I don't lie to people who get me
outta jail. I'm here 'cause of
Blind Blake, but it's really on
account of Chauncey.
(digs through rack)
They never have any Triple X's.

ROSCOE
Who's Chauncey?

REACHER
(as he keeps searching...)
Week ago, I went to Chauncey's Bar
& Grill in Tampa. Guy there was
playing *Police Dog Blues* by Blind
Blake. Remembered a conversation I
had with my brother Joe a while
back; he knows I love Blues and
he'd read some article about Blake,
said his last show was in Margrave,
and that's where he died. So I left
Chauncey's, got on a bus.

ROSCOE
So you just go wherever you want,
whenever you want.

REACHER
(playful)
Everyone's always jealous.

Said while Reacher ducks behind a CIRCULAR CLOTHING RACK that
covers him from the waist down and starts getting changed. He
removes his shirt. He's ripped, and Roscoe surely notices.

ROSCOE
(bit flustered)
Um, yeah, well, it's an interesting
approach to life.

She tries to casually look away.

REACHER
Works for me.
(he approaches)
Ok. Ready. You ok?

Said as he passes, on the move, chucking his old clothes in a *
DONATION HAMPER without slowing. Roscoe watches this odd man. *

ROSCOE
Yup.

She follows. *

41 **EXT. MARGRAVE - MAIN STREET - LATER** * 41

Roscoe drops off Reacher. He exits, bends down and talks to
her through the window.

REACHER
So I'll check out the town a bit
and come by the station in an hour
or so?

ROSCOE
Sounds good. Now don't go gettin'
yourself arrested for murder again.

She gives a wink and smile that hits Reacher hard. Damn, this
is a special woman. She drives off.

NEEDLEDROP *You Gotta Move* by MISSISSIPPI FRED MCDOWELL as
Reacher walks the town. He takes in the BRICK IN-LAY
SIDEWALKS. Makes note of VINTAGE, PERFECTLY RESTORED, GAS-
POWERED STREET LAMPS. FIRE HYDRANTS have brass signs hanging
from them: CITY OF MARGRAVE. Everything is nice and clean.

Townsfolk watch him pass, suspicious of the outsider. As
Reacher walks, he notices a **BRAND NEW BLACK PICK-UP TRUCK**
following him slowly. He doesn't sweat it. Just notes it.

He crosses to the VILLAGE GREEN with a STATUE of a guy named
CASPER TEALE. (Plaque reads: CASPER TEALE - MARGRAVE FOUNDER -
COURTESY OF THE KLINER FOUNDATION) Reacher runs his hands on
it, looks at his fingertips, rubs them together, quizzical.

The NEEDLEDROP shifts from SOUNDTRACK to SOURCE as we CUT TO:

42 INT. BARBER SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

42

MOSLEY (the barber, 85 but somehow older) makes himself a TOMATO AND MAYO SANDWICH. A BELL RINGS signaling Reacher's entrance. Mosley doesn't look up from his sandwich-making.

MOSLEY
If you want a trim, gotta wait.
It's Mosley's meal time.

REACHER
I was thinking a shave, Mr. Mosley.

MOSLEY
I can eat and shave.

Reacher climbs into the chair, looks at the NEWSPAPER that was on the seat as Mosley puts the cape on him.

REACHER
Heard Mississippi Fred McDowell
coming from your shop. Thought maybe
a blues fan would know a bit about
Blind Blake's time in Margrave.

MOSLEY
Surprised a White man your age
knows Fred McDowell; *more* surprised
you know Blind Blake, Mr. Reacher.

*

Reacher gives Mosley a look - you know my name.

REACHER
Small town.

As Mosley sharpens up the RAZOR on the STROP...

MOSLEY
Big *man*. When a giant stranger gets
arrested for murder, word gets
'round. But Ms. Roscoe cleared ya,
so I ain't scared of you none. My
age, ain't scared of nothin' much.

REACHER
Me neither. And everyone just calls
me Reacher. Even my mother did...

MOSLEY
Alexa, play *Blind Blake* for Reacher.

Alexa: *Shuffling Music by Blind Blake. Bad Feelin' Blues*
plays as Mosley presses the button on a box that dispenses
warm shaving cream into a bowl.

MOSLEY (CONT'D)
What's in the news?

REACHER

People lying. Nations posturing.
Coast Guard's ending a blockade off
the coast of Florida even though it
was working... government about as
effective as usual...

Mosley chuckles as he steps to the chair, takes the paper
from Reacher.

MOSLEY

Back ya go...

He tilts the chair back, lathers up Reacher's face with a
BADGER-BRISTLE BRUSH. As the music plays...

MOSLEY (CONT'D)

Mmmm... listen to that. Ya know, my
sister sang with Blake a few times,
back in the day. He'd come through
town each year, play the church or
some barn in the sticks...

REACHER

Heard he died here.

MOSLEY

That's the rumor. Boy, that man
could play the steel offa them
strings. People would come from all
over town hear - even white folks.

Mosley starts shaving Reacher's neck - slow and steady.

REACHER

And one hell of a town. Not a
sidewalk crack. Antique street
lamps. Statue freshly polished.
Gotta think it's more than civic
pride.

MOSLEY

(chuckles)

That it is. The Kliner Foundation
takes care of Margrave. Ever since
Mr. Kliner came to town 'bout 5
years back from St. Louis to set up
his company right here.

REACHER

What kind of company's that?

MOSLEY

You name it, Kliner do it. Real
estate, truckin', chemicals,
machine parts. Mayor Teale - that
statue out there is his kin.

(MORE)

MOSLEY (CONT'D)

Teale wanted business comin' to Margrave, so he gave Kliner a sweetheart land deal for his factory.

As Mosley turns Reacher's head to the side...

REACHER

And in return, Kliner pours money into the town. Win-win...

Reacher trails off. He's had a look out the front window. The **BLACK TRUCK** is parked across from the shop. **KJ** (30, big, broad, strong) leans on his TAILGATE, arms crossed, staring into the shop at Reacher. Getting out of the passenger seat of the truck is **DAWSON** (28, smaller, wiry, unhinged).

MOSLEY

That's for sure. Hell, music we're listenin' to's comin' from free wireless Mr. Kliner rigged up for Margrave. Any bell or whistle you can think of, we got it.

(follows Reacher's gaze out to the BLACK TRUCK)

That there's Kliner Jr and his bughouse cousin, Dawson. Everyone calls Junior, KJ. I call him trouble.

Reacher grabs a towel from a hook on the side of the chair, wipes SHAVING CREAM from his face as he stands...

REACHER

Keep my seat warm.

He exits the shop...

43 **EXT. MARGRAVE STREET - OUTSIDE BARBER - CONTINUOUS**

43

...walks with purpose right up to KJ who uncrosses his arms. Dawson eyeballs Reacher, ready for things to jump-off if need be. Reacher gets up real close and gets right to it.

REACHER

You lookin' for a dance partner? Because the last person who eyeballed me the way you've been was a woman in Panama when I was stationed at Fort Sherman. She wanted to dance the *tamborito* with me. *Do you want to dance the tamborito with me?*

KJ stares back, calculating. Dawson steps around the truck.

DAWSON
Hell, I'll dance...

REACHER
(never takes eyes off KJ)
Not talking to you, peewee. Talkin'
to the guy with the pricier boots,
better haircut and expensive truck
he lets you sit shotgun in.

Dawson looks down at his boots - ashamed Reacher is right -
and this PISSES DAWSON OFF. You can see it in his eyes.

REACHER (CONT'D)
So... you want me to lead?

KJ
Not much of a dancer. More of an
academic. A reader. In fact, I read
somethin' interesting just this
morning - 'bout some charges
brought against a Major Jack
Reacher in a small village outside
Baghdad; charges of a very serious
nature, charges that somehow...
disappeared... like grains of sand
in an unforgiving desert... but,
somehow, the desert seemed to
forgive you, didn't it?

Reacher looks back at KJ, taken aback he knew something about
Reacher that he should never be able to know - something very
few people know. Reacher just stares KJ down. KJ's eyes scan
Reacher, then he gives a self-satisfied smile...

KJ (CONT'D)
We don't forgive as easily in
Margrave... watch your back Mr.
Reacher.

Dawson eye-fucks Reacher - the guy has CRAZY eyes - as he
gets back in his truck. Reacher watches as the truck pulls
away. Then he crosses to the barber shop; Mosley out front...

MOSLEY
What about the word "trouble" don't
you understand? That man's a problem.

REACHER
Not for me. Now let's finish the
shave. I'm having dinner with a
beautiful lady.

And he walks in as we needle-drop *HAVE A GOOD TIME* by BIG
WALTER HORTON, a blues classic...

44 **EXT. MARGRAVE STREETS - LATER**

44

The song continues as Reacher, freshly shaven and sharp, walks, pep in his step, looking forward to seeing Roscoe.

He passes kids spraying a hose at each other; silently helps an old woman lift her wheeled shopping car onto a curb then moves on; spots Margrave Town workers painting a public bench that hardly needs new paint.

He also passes a **BIG DOG/MUTT** in a YARD, chained to a tree, a circle of WORN OUT LAWN around the tree, the RADIUS the chain allows. The dog barks friendly at Reacher. Reacher doesn't slow, but makes note of the dog, continues on to...

45 **EXT. STATION HOUSE PARKING LOT - EARLY EVENING - MOMENTS LATER**

45

Reacher walks into the lot: sees Roscoe, Baker, Stevenson, Morrison and a few other cops gathered outside talking in hushed tones... the fun, blues music stops on a dime.

He stops, takes it in. Something's wrong. Roscoe approaches.

ROSCOE

Hey. Sorry, but dinner's not gonna happen.

REACHER

What's going on?

ROSCOE

'Nother body was found. In the brush, 'bout 40 yards from the first one. Same caliber bullet. I gotta head out to the morgue.

REACHER

Can't say I'm not disappointed. Was looking forward to spending some time with you before leaving--

ROSCOE

Oh, I don't think you're leaving just yet.

REACHER

Why not?

ON CUE: Finlay storms over to Reacher...

FINLAY

Reacher!

(stops inches away)

What did Hubble say to you when you were locked up?!

REACHER
Nothing.

FINLAY
Baloney.

REACHER
(poking the bear)
Easy, Finlay. Watch your language.

FINLAY
You think this is funny?! I got a town of 1700 people and 2 homicides!

REACHER
He didn't say anything. He didn't talk whole time we were in there.

FINLAY
I don't believe you.

REACHER
I don't care.
(to Roscoe)
Dinner would've been nice.

Reacher starts walking off but Finlay blocks his way.

FINLAY
You're not going anywhere.

REACHER
My alibi cleared.

FINLAY
Just cause we know you weren't here when these bodies dropped, doesn't mean you might not have something to do with 'em. So I'm wondering if maybe it was some other 6 foot 5 gorilla on that grainy Greyhound tape. Maybe I need to bring in a forensic expert to confirm it was you. And maybe you need to cool your heels back in Warburton while we get that done over the next 2 or 3 weeks. Or, you get in the car and we go to the morgue. Perhaps the medical examiner will say something that "jars your memory" about Hubble and you can share it with me.

REACHER
You made it clear that I'm not a cop anymore. Now you want my help?

FINLAY

I don't want your *help*. I want you
to do what I say... Now.

Finlay ain't playin'. And Reacher knows it. And Reacher
doesn't want to go back to lock-up. As he stares at Finlay,
pre-lap SCORE...

A46 **EXT. MORGUE - LATER**

A46

Finlay's car arrives as SCORE FADES and we pre-lap...

JASPER (PRE-LAP)

Sometimes you're dead and you don't
even know it.

46 **INT. MORGUE - BACK OFFICE - LATER**

46

Reacher, Roscoe and Finlay with **JASPER** (MEDICAL EXAMINER,
Male, young, 28, nerdy/husky, in GEORGIA BULLDOGS WOMEN'S
LACROSSE T-SHIRT) who walks them through the 2nd victim as he
hands photos to them. He's clearly a bit scared and rattled
by having to handle a murder victim in a town that doesn't
get murder victims.

JASPER

This 2nd guy? - still no ID on him -
he was shot in the back of the head
while runnin' 'way, but based on the
blood splatter compared to where he
was found, *his legs kept pumpin' for
a few more feet 'fore his brain
told 'im he was dead and he fell
into the weeds*. He was shot from far
'nuff away and it was so dark he
couldn't be found - so the killer
just left 'im there.

Reacher/Roscoe peruse the crime scene photos.

FINLAY

Killers.

(looks to Reacher, a poke)

In an investigation, details matter.

(back to Jasper,

explaining)

Most likely more than one do-er.

What about our first John Doe? Any
luck?

JASPER

Nah, he's been harder to crack than
a steel walnut. Dental work was
inconsistent - some was done in the
U.S., the rest was foreign.

(MORE)

JASPER (CONT'D)

And his fingertips were compromised
by a dermatitis reaction -- so
swollen, prints wouldn't come out
clean 'til I drained some fluid.
Waitin' on the reports now...

All said while Jasper pulls up photos of dental works and the
dead man's hands on his laptop. A photo of the hands, palms
up, fingers swollen, gets Reacher's attention. Without asking
he picks up the laptop and stares at it intently...

JASPER (CONT'D)

Help yourself...
(turns to Roscoe, sotto)
He new on the force?

ROSCOE

No...
(then)
...kind of.

JASPER

(pretty freaked out)
These are my first murders. Please
tell me you know who did this and
they're gonna be caught post haste.

Roscoe just looks at him. Slightly shakes her head "no."
Jasper swallows a bit.

ON Reacher as he looks at the photos of the hand (and an
oblong scar on a palm) **AND PALES**. He is gobsmacked...

REACHER

First victim was allergic to latex.
Killers must've worn some kind of
polyvinyl protective suit to keep
blood DNA off themselves. The
victim grabbed it in the struggle,
causing his fingertips to swell
from a histaminic reaction.

Finlay takes Reacher in. Sees something has changed in
Reacher's voice, his manner. He listens as Reacher rattles off:

REACHER (CONT'D)

Dental work's off 'cause he had his
teeth fixed wherever he was living
at the time. Broke his right arm
when he was 8 and had it set in
Berlin; had his tonsils out at 10
in Seoul...

FINLAY

(confused, intrigued)
How'd you get all that from a photo
of a guy's hands?

OFF Reacher, stunned as we HARD CUT TO:

47 INT. MORGUE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 47

Reacher walks down the hall, Roscoe/Finlay a step behind - all 3 determined and concerned. Jasper brings up the rear.

48 INT. MORGUE - MORTUARY - CONTINUOUS * 48

All 4 enter. Jasper pulls a cadaver drawer open, looks to Reacher who nods. Jasper pulls back the sheet. We don't see what Reacher sees. He remains stoic, but deep in his eyes, where the soul resonates, we know he's affected. Then:

REACHER

We were wrestling in the kitchen. I pinned him against the stove; didn't know my mother'd just turned it off.

(turns over the dead man's hand to show oblong scar)

That's how Joe got this scar.

(looks up to Roscoe)

This is my brother.

49 EXT. COUNTY BUILDING - EARLY EVENING - MOMENTS LATER 49

Reacher steps outside, in a bit of a daze. Half a beat later a lit-up Finlay storms out after him, Roscoe on his heels.

FINLAY

You tell me right now what's going on! What was your brother doing in Margrave?!

REACHER

(stoic, quiet)

I don't know.

FINLAY

So it's just a *coincidence* you and he are passing through the exact same podunk town at the exact same moment in time?!

REACHER

I don't know.

FINLAY

When was the last time you saw Joe?!

REACHER

A minute ago in the morgue.

FINLAY
You being smart with me?!

REACHER
I'm being *straight* with you. Hell,
no wonder Sharon left you.

Beat. Then Finlay charges Reacher.

FINLAY
You keep my wife's name outta your
mouth!

Roscoe gets between them before punches are thrown.

ROSCOE
No! *Enough!* Reacher, you crossed a
line! Finlay, let it rest!
(turns, sotto to Finlay)
The man just lost his brother.

They separate. Testosterone down to "slow boil". Finlay rubs
his hand over his mouth, calmly/firmly points at Reacher.

FINLAY
One question. And I want the truth.
What're you doing here in Margrave?

REACHER
(fuck you)
Blind. Blake.

ROSCOE
(wrong answer)
Shit.

FINLAY
You're messin' with the wrong man;
I'll tell you that right now! I
swear, I'm gonna find any reason I
can to lock you up again...

REACHER
(small step to Finlay)
You won't even get the cuffs on me--

ROSCOE
This isn't gonna happen.
(ushers Reacher to the car)
Sit in the back. I know you're not
the kind of guy to beat on someone
half your size without good reason.

REACHER
He's giving me a reason... and you
don't know me that well...

ROSCOE

But I know people... and you've got kind eyes.

She's locked eyes with him - once again she said the exact right thing. He gives away nothing, but she's softened him.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

Do what I say, Reacher. Please.

A request from someone he likes and respects. So he gets in the car. Roscoe moves to Finlay.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

Look, I get this whole thing is fucked six different ways, but you coulda handled that better. 'Sides, my instincts are tellin' me Reacher isn't our guy on these homicides.

FINLAY

Your instincts? Think maybe your "instincts" are affected by a square chin and broad shoulders--

ROSCOE

--hold on a second--

FINLAY (CONT'D)

--No you hold on. My town's got two bodies--

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

Your town? My family's been in Margrave over 200 years; you've been here one. And I'm the only person that's given your snooty, Northerner ass the time of day. And if you ever insinuate again that I'm anything but professional, you're gonna find yourself with no friends in Margrave.

Face off. Neither backs down. Then a more vulnerable Finlay.

FINLAY

I apologize. I was out of line...

He moves off to the car. OFF Roscoe, taking him in.

50

INT. FINLAY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

50

Finlay drives. Roscoe shotgun. Reacher in back. Tense. Just the sound of the car. Reacher stares out the window, absorbing the loss of his brother. Roscoe looks at him via the sideview, then shares a concerned look with Finlay.

ROSCOE

You ok, Reacher?

REACHER

Just thinking maybe my brother told
me about Blind Blake for a reason.
Thinking about him lying in that
morgue. And I'm thinking I'm
supposed to do something about it.

Finlay hears the tone in Reacher's voice, doesn't like it.

FINLAY

Like what?

REACHER

I guess I'm gonna have to find
everyone responsible and kill every
last one of 'em.

Said like he had to go out to buy milk. Finlay shares a look
with Roscoe. Reacher stares outside - angry, determined,
planning. I said at the top of the script, don't fuck with
this guy. You were warned. OFF Reacher's resolute gaze.

END OF PILOT