

Production BLUE
2/23/24

PARADISE CITY

Ep. 101

PILOT

Written by
Dan Fogelman

Directed by
Glenn Ficarra & John Requa

1PTV01

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Production WHITE 1/30/24

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PARADISE CITY

EP 101

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2/23/24

CAST LIST

XAVIER - Sterling K. Brown
SINATRA - Julianne Nicholson
CAL BRADFORD - James Marsden
BILLY - Jon Beavers
JANE - Nicole Brydon Bloom
ROBINSON - Krys Marshall
PRESLEY - Aliyah Mastin
JAMES - Percy Daggs IV
KANE BRADFORD - Gerald McRaney
BROOKS - Verlon Roberts
RAINEY - Darin Toonder
GARCIA - Eddie Diaz
JESSICA BRADFORD -
TERI COLLINS -
CARL - Richard Robichaux
MALONE - Rafael Cabrera
SYMANSKI - Laith Wallischleger
BOOM OPERATOR - Ian Merrigan
REPORTER - Betsy Zajko
MARINE GUARD - Roberto Portales
AGENT - Christopher Sanders
GENERAL CURTLEIGH -

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

XAVIER'S HOUSE (PRESENT DAY)
BEDROOM (PRESENT DAY)
CLOSET (PRESENT DAY)
KITCHEN (PRESENT DAY)

CAL'S MANSION (PRESENT DAY)
FOYER (PRESENT DAY)
LIVING ROOM (PRESENT DAY)
HALLWAY (PRESENT DAY)
BEDROOM (PRESENT DAY)
CLOSET (PRESENT DAY)
CAMERA BAY (PRESENT DAY)
GYM (PRESENT DAY)
KITCHEN (PRESENT DAY)
SITTING ROOM (PRESENT DAY)

WHITE HOUSE (FOUR YEARS AGO)
OVAL OFFICE (FOUR YEARS AGO)

BILLY'S HOUSE (PRESENT DAY)
BATHROOM (PRESENT DAY)

HOSPITAL ROOM (FOUR YEARS AGO)

BOOKSTORE (TEN YEARS AGO)

EXTERIORS

XAVIER'S HOUSE (PRESENT DAY)

XAVIER'S NEIGHBORHOOD (PRESENT DAY)

STREET (PRESENT DAY)

OLD TOWN (PRESENT DAY)

WEALTHY NEIGHBORHOOD (PRESENT DAY)
**Includes CAL'S MANSION EXTERIOR in Scene 8*

CAL'S MANSION (PRESENT DAY)
**Called SECURED HOME in Scene 10*

COURTYARD (PRESENT DAY)
PATIO (PRESENT DAY)
GARDEN (PRESENT DAY)

WHITE HOUSE (FOUR YEARS AGO)
ROSE GARDEN (FOUR YEARS AGO)
WHITE HOUSE LAWN (FOUR YEARS AGO)

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DAY/NIGHT BREAKDOWN: PRESENT DAY

SCENES	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24, 26, 29, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 35A, 35B, 35C, 35D, 35E, 36, 40, 41, 43, 44, 47, 48, 49, 50,	DAY 1
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SCENES	22A, 22B, 22C, 22D, 23	DAY 0
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SCENES	24A, 24B, 24C, 24D, 24E, 25, 34A, 34B, 34C, 34D, 34E, 34F, 34G, 34H, 37, 39, 42	NIGHT 0
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DAY/NIGHT BREAKDOWN: FOUR YEARS AGO

SCENES	15	DAY 1
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SCENES	18	NIGHT 2
--------	----	---------

SCENES	27, 28	DAY 3
--------	--------	-------

SCENES	30, 38, 45,	NIGHT 4
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DAY/NIGHT BREAKDOWN: 10 YEARS AGO

SCENES	42A, 42B	DAY 1
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1 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING - DAY 1 (PRESENT DAY)

A man lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. He is mid 40's, handsome, chiseled, Black.

His name is XAVIER COLLINS. His friends call him X.

But he doesn't have many friends.

Xavier looks next to him: at the empty side of his bed.

He kisses his hand, touches it to the empty pillow next to him, and stares back at the ceiling.

Just waiting.

ON HIS WRIST: a FITBIT type wristband vibrates.

Without looking, he turns off his device's silenced alarm. He looks at the time on a nearby clock.

It's 5:15 AM. He rises.

2 INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1

Xavier's closet looks like Marie Kondo had a field day. Sparse and perfectly ordered.

One rack holds his workout clothing.

The other, a line of almost identical black suits, white shirts, black ties.

He chooses his workout gear. Starts dressing.

We can't help but notice a nasty scar on his RIGHT SHOULDER when he takes off his shirt.

3 INT. XAVIER'S KITCHEN - LATER - DAY 1

Xavier makes two school lunches. Each goes in a brown bag.

He puts post-it notes on each piece of food. On an apple he sticks a note that reads:

"Eat me first. I'm fruit."

On a sandwich:

"Peanut Butter and Banana. Cause some kids are too special for jelly."

Xavier approaches a kitchen white board, writes:

"Out for run. Back for breakfast. Please be brushed for school with your teeth dressed. Wait, that's not right."

He smiles, proud of his fatherly wit.

But then he catches himself, stops smiling.

As if guilty for smiling.

Xavier EXITS.

4 EXT. XAVIER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1

Xavier steps outside of his modest, well-maintained home.

He frowns and picks up a little boy's bike, lying on its side on the small front lawn. He places the bike on his front porch.

He waves to his neighbor, CARL (40's), who is heading out to work himself:

XAVIER
Hey, Carl. Little chilly this morning huh?

CARL
It'll warm up soon.

XAVIER
Always does.

Xavier nods and takes off, jogging.

5 EXT. XAVIER'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY 1

Xavier runs. The streets near his home are lined with almost identical, modest, well-kept homes.

As he jogs, we see other NEIGHBORS starting their mornings: a JOGGING WOMAN waves to Xavier near a BUS STOP with signage for an upcoming carnival in Heroes' Park.

Birds chirp away happily as the sun continues to rise. Flowers blow in the breeze. It's a truly beautiful day.

Xavier passes a lovely little duck pond, where a duck drifts aimlessly. Even the duck seems to know how good he has it. Xavier crosses a bridge over the pond.

A MAINTENANCE MAN trims bushes near the pond. He nods at Xavier who salutes back.

The sun begins to rise. Xavier looks up at the sun, blinding himself, as it rises above the horizon.

6 EXT. STREET - DAY 1

Xavier jogs on. He passes through a different neighborhood of townhomes.

A NURSE gets onto her bike to commute. Nods at Xavier.

As Xavier jogs on, more workers begin their days: construction workers and janitors and those who start early.

They all nod or wave at Xavier. He nods or waves back.

There seems to be a weight on all of them. A heaviness. A sadness.

Or maybe it's just the early hour. Maybe we're imagining it.

Xavier jogs on, into...

7 EXT. OLD TOWN - DAY 1

The center of town is a snapshot of the bucolic American town of our dreams. Xavier jogs past:

An ICE CREAM CART parked at the side of a street, a mouth-watering sight but not yet open for business. A few cars parked here and there. There's a coffee shop, a diner, a local bar. You want to visit all these places, instantly.

8 EXT. WEALTHY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY 1

Eventually Xavier's jog takes him into a new residential part of town.

The homes start to get bigger. The morning activity eases. People aren't getting up as early here.

And eventually... the houses get massive, more opulent.

This is a level of wealth that goes well beyond "upper class." This is where Tom Brady and Tiger Woods types live beside Bill Gates and Mark Cuban types.

Xavier jogs on. He pushes his run now. Faster. Faster.

As if running towards something.

Or away from it.

He's in a full sprint now, positively dripping. Finally he jogs into a gated community, waving to a GUARD as he passes. He slows when he arrives at...

THE BIGGEST HOME. Or so you'd imagine. The property is almost entirely hidden by hedges.

There's a SECURITY CAR in front. A MAN in a black suit and tie (identical to those in Xavier's closet) stands there.

This is Xavier's lone friend: BILLY PACE (30's, muscled, white, buzzcut).

BILLY

Breathing pretty heavy there, old man.

XAVIER

Breathing just fine.

BILLY

You sure? Left arm isn't going numb? You smellin' toast? I've got some baby aspirin, we can get you right over to the hospital--

XAVIER

You talk a lot of shit for someone who runs a fourteen-minute mile.

BILLY

Cause I lift. When the bad guys come you can run away. But I can choke 'em out.

XAVIER

Gym muscle ain't real muscle, Billy.

Billy flexes.

BILLY

Guess we're both just imagining this then, huh?

Xavier feigns a squint at Billy's muscles, then:

XAVIER

Quiet night?

BILLY

Pin drop. Brooks and Rainey had
the perimeter overnight.

(then)

I'm clocking out early, Garcia gave
me some nasty soup yesterday and
I've gotta see a man about a horse.
Woke Jane, she's coming to cover
for me.

XAVIER

You woke that poor girl and told
her to come in early so you could
go home and take a shit?

BILLY

Hey, they're the ones who wanted
equality.

XAVIER

Billy.

BILLY

She was cool.

XAVIER

I'll see you.

Xavier takes off running.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

(calling back)

World's biggest bicep can't make up
for the world's smallest dick,
Billy.

BILLY

No, it can't. But it sure doesn't
hurt!

Xavier shakes his head, jogs on towards that blinding sun.

CUT TO:

9

INT. XAVIER'S KITCHEN - LATER - DAY 1

Freshly showered, and wearing his black suit, Xavier ENTERS.

His TWO KIDS sit at the kitchen table, dressed for school and
already eating breakfast. They are his daughter PRESLEY (15
going on 45) and his son JAMES (10, glasses, reading as he
eats).

XAVIER

I was gonna make you guys pancakes,
Presley.

PRESLEY

Yeah well, you snooze you lose.
We're having eggs.
(then)
You're having egg whites.

XAVIER

Egg whites aren't food. They're
air.

PRESLEY

Yeah, well, you should have thought
about that before you finished all
the ice cream last night.

XAVIER

Oh, c'mon, there was hardly any
left--

PRESLEY

You ate half a pint. And your
metabolism isn't what it was.

XAVIER

Are you trying to tell me I'm
getting old?

PRESLEY

No. I'm trying to tell you you're
getting chubby.

XAVIER

Pft. You know I look good.

PRESLEY

(not convinced)
Eat some egg whites.

Xavier turns to his son.

XAVIER

You hear this?

JAMES

(shrugs, keeps reading)
I got yellow eggs.

XAVIER

Gimme some.

James slaps his father's hand away without looking up.

Xavier smiles, sits. He looks to his daughter:

XAVIER (CONT'D)
Thanks for making breakfast, Baby.

PRESLEY
You're welcome.

Xavier makes a point of holding his nose as he eats a forkful. Presley laughs, then turns serious.

PRESLEY (CONT'D)
Didn't sleep?

XAVIER
Stop worrying about me.

PRESLEY
I'll stop worrying about you when you sleep.

XAVIER
I'll sleep when you stop worrying about me.

PRESLEY
And around we go.

Xavier smiles, eats. As he chews:

XAVIER
Your brother's bike got left out on the front lawn again.

PRESLEY
Take it out of my paycheck.

XAVIER
Hey.

PRESLEY
Sorry.

JAMES
I don't want to go to school.

Xavier looks up.

XAVIER
Why not?

James looks to big sister. She answers for him.

PRESLEY

Andrew Bloch is giving him a hard time again.

XAVIER

Again?

James nods.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Want me to casually run into his parents after school today?

(making a muscle)

Give 'em tickets to the gun show? Remind them who's boss?

JAMES

(adoring smile)

Yeah.

PRESLEY

And don't forget I have my debate final at three--

XAVIER

Wouldn't miss it. I'll clock out early.

Xavier stands, steals a fork of Presley's eggs.

PRESLEY

Hey, those were mine.

XAVIER

My house, my eggs. Remember: you may be all grown but I still just see a skinny little thing who squeals like a baby when I tickle her in that one spot--

PRESLEY

Don't--

XAVIER

Just under her right armpit--

PRESLEY

(squealing)

Stop!

They laugh, wrestle. Eventually they stop and Presley catches her breath. Xavier kisses the top of her head.

Xavier looks over to James, still absorbed in his book.

XAVIER

Boy: what on Earth are you reading?

He holds up the book. It's an old copy of "*James and the Giant Peach*." Xavier stops in his tracks.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Where'd you get that?

JAMES

Presley gave it to me. It's about a little boy and--

XAVIER

(hardened)

I know what it's about.

As Xavier stares at the book, everything goes quiet. The kids are talking, but he's not hearing it. Finally...

PRESLEY

Hey? Dad?

He looks up. Presley is grabbing his arm.

PRESLEY (CONT'D)

We good?

XAVIER

Yeah. Sorry.

(then, to Presley)

Sorry, J. Dad didn't sleep well.

You like the book?

JAMES

Yeah, it's about a little boy who goes into this giant, magic peach...

As James starts describing the book, we push on Xavier.

His son's book description is adorable.

He hears none of it.

10

EXT. SECURED HOME - LATER - DAY 1

Xavier approaches the mansion from earlier. A new guard stands watch... this is JANE DRISCOLL (27, youthful, works hard to seem older), the person Billy called to relieve him.

XAVIER

Jane.

JANE

Boss.

XAVIER

You're in early.

JANE

Billy had something to take care of at home.

XAVIER

He had to take a dump.

JANE

Yeah, well.

XAVIER

You're allowed to tell him no.

JANE

I'm aware.

Xavier nods, presses no further.

XAVIER

Brooks and Rainey inside?

JANE

Waiting on you.

Xavier nods, punches in a code at the gate, enters.

11 EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1

Ho. Ly. Shit.

This is a place built for Kings. Wait, no, not for Kings.
For the people who control the Kings.

The people with the real access and power.

12 INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1

Xavier enters the foyer. It makes the lobby of the Bellagio look like a shithole.

At the bottom of the stairs stand two guards in those same black tie uniforms, BROOKS and RAINEY (50's, no nonsense, lifers).

RAINEY

Boss.

XAVIER
Quiet night I hear.

RAINEY
Yes, Sir. Bedroom door was sealed
by ten, he's still not up.

Xavier looks at his watch. Hmm.

XAVIER
Late for him.

BROOKS
Sure it won't be long.

XAVIER
Very good. I'm on.

RAINEY
We're off.

BROOKS
We've got perimeter for another
hour if you need anything.

Xavier looks at his watch again.

13 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER - DAY 1

Xavier patrols the living room... a grand room dominated by a massive piano and incredible art on every wall.

He stares at a large painting on the rear wall.

It's a massive Raymond Pettibon painting, one of Pettibon's famous giant paintings of a cresting ocean wave.

Pettibon's block text on the top of the painting reads:

"IT SOUNDS POWERFUL, BUT IT IS VERY, VERY POWERFUL."

Xavier considers this, turns towards the piano. On it:

Photos of a HANDSOME MAN abound. He's late 40-50 here, it's hard to tell. Tall, slim, extremely handsome.

This is CAL BRADFORD. In one of the pictures he's shaking hands with the Pope.

In another he's laughing with Bruce Springsteen and Bono.

In another he's being sworn in as President of the United States.

Because he once was.

Xavier looks at his watch again. Heads upstairs.

14 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1

Xavier knocks on the door.

XAVIER

Sir?

(then, again)

Sir, it's almost 8 AM. Just checking in.

Nothing. Xavier looks up at the ceiling where hallway cameras record everything.

Xavier knocks again, enters.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Sir? I'm coming in.

Xavier stops in his tracks.

There, beside the bed, bludgeoned, covered in blood via a nasty head wound, lies...

Cal Bradford. Dead. Murdered.

On XAVIER, a moment before springing into action, we hear...

MAN (O.S.)

Agent Collins, come on in.

FLASHBACK TO:

15 INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY 1 (FOUR YEARS AGO)

A younger, clean-shaven, Xavier ENTERS THE OVAL OFFICE.

CHYRON: Four years earlier.

We reveal PRESIDENT CAL BRADFORD, very much alive, finishing up some paperwork at the Resolute Desk.

CAL

(head in paperwork)

Shoes off, please.

Xavier stops in his tracks, then moves for his shoes:

CAL (CONT'D)
I'm just fucking with you. I like
to see what people will do. Got
the last guy to sit on the floor.

The President motions for Xavier to sit on the couch, sits
opposite him.

CAL (CONT'D)
Sit, sit, I assume you know why
you're here?

XAVIER
I have a sense, Sir, yes.

A beat.

CAL
Can I get you a water, soda,
anything?

XAVIER
I'm fine, Sir.

CAL
Booze? We've got it all.

XAVIER
No thank you.

CAL
That was a test.

XAVIER
Yes.

CAL
You passed.

XAVIER
Yes, Sir.

CAL
Can't have a potential new lead
agent drinking on the job.

XAVIER
Of course.

A beat. President Bradford claps his hands, stands.

CAL
Well I'm gonna have a drink.

The President stands, heads to a table, and pours himself a bourbon, neat.

CAL (CONT'D)

Little hair of the dog. This isn't an every day thing, don't worry. We had quite a night last night.

XAVIER

Congratulations, Sir.

President Bradford waves him off.

CAL

Eh, the other guy literally had the IQ of a Goldendoodle. An incumbent President barely beat a Goldendoodle. And not by very much. I don't know that it was exactly my "one shining moment."

Xavier smiles politely.

CAL (CONT'D)

College basketball reference. "One Shining Moment." The song they play at the end of the tournament.

XAVIER

Yes.

A long beat. The President claps his hands on his knees, tries again.

CAL

Okay, cards on table. I beat a Goldendoodle so it seems I've got the gig for four more years until I get to retire somewhere beautiful and lie on a pool float for the rest of my days. Keep in mind, I'll be an ex-President in just my early 50's. So I'm gonna find the biggest mansion I can, fill it with the best art and booze that's available, and spend four to five decades on that pool float. Unless, of course, someone shoots me first. I'm looking for someone new to make sure I don't get shot. So I can make it to that pool float. You follow?

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

XAVIER
I follow.

CAL
Any questions?

XAVIER
No, Sir.

Another beat.

CAL

Jesus, this is like the worst first date I've ever had. Ask me a question, would you?

Xavier considers the man in front of him.

XAVIER

Why the change, Sir? I know Agent Monroe. He's as good as it gets--

CAL

He's a bore. And he's old. If my lead agent isn't going to be fun to be around, I'd at least like to know that he can lift heavy stuff.

(then)

I'm looking for someone to be by my side for the next four years and potentially well into my pool float years. As you know, they let us keep light protection after we leave the big house. They gave me a list and a batch of pictures. I looked at that list and batch of pictures. I asked to meet with you.

A beat. Xavier says nothing.

CAL (CONT'D)

(doing Xavier)

"Why, Sir? Why did you ask to meet with me?"

(back to himself)

Fair question Agent Collins, thanks for asking.

President Bradford finishes off his drink, heads for a refill.

CAL (CONT'D)

(re: the second drink)

I promise this isn't a regular thing.

(then)

Anyway, in answer to the question you didn't ask: they tell me you're the best of the best. I feel confident you can lift heavy stuff. And it doesn't hurt that you're Black.

Xavier's face registers surprise at the bluntness.

CAL (CONT'D)

I'm supposed to be a Southern
progressive but I've got a bunch of
white guys surrounding me
everywhere I go.

XAVIER

So I'm here because I'm Black?

CAL

You're here because you're good.
And because the last guy was boring
and old. It just doesn't *hurt* that
you're Black.

(then)

Does my directness bother you?

Xavier considers the question, then answers honestly:

XAVIER

No, Sir. But...

(then, pulling back)

No, Sir.

CAL

There was a but.

XAVIER

(beat, then)

I just wonder if a Black man
guarding you is really the
progressive visual you think it is.

President Bradford nods.

CAL

Fair enough. My Secretary of State
and Secretary of Defense are also
Black but they don't stand next to
me when I kiss babies so you're
what I've got.

(then)

Agent Collins, I went from being
one of the richest men in the world
to a one-term and now two-term
President, almost overnight. I
drink whiskey in the middle of the
Oval Office and I'm upfront telling
a potential lead agent that part of
the reason he's appealing to me is
the color of his skin. I didn't
get here doing things by the book.

(MORE)

CAL (CONT'D)

I can't tell you who the eighth Vice President of the United States was, and I'm still not exactly sure where Syria is, but people seem to like me and the leaders of other countries seem to trust me. The world is nineteen times more fucked than anyone really knows, and if someone has to sit in this chair and do the unthinkable, I consider myself a reasonable and decent human being who will try to do the right thing. Hopefully that's someone you wouldn't mind taking a bullet for, if this thing goes your way.

XAVIER

Yes, Sir.

President Bradford considers Xavier, who offers no more. The President seems almost disappointed. He stands.

CAL

Okay, thanks for coming in. We'll be in touch.

Xavier stands, shakes his hand. As he walks out he stops, considering something. Then:

XAVIER

Southwestern Asia.

CAL

(turning)

I'm sorry?

XAVIER

Syria. It's in Southwest Asia, on the Eastern coast of the Mediterranean Sea.

CAL

No shit.

(then)

And the eighth Vice President?

XAVIER

(a beat, then)

Martin Van Buren.

The President nods.

CAL
I knew all of that, obviously. It was just a test. Like with the whiskey.

XAVIER
Of course, Sir.

President Bradford hits a button on his phone.

CAL
(into phone)
Marsha, let the cabinet know that Syria is NOT near Canada, we've been getting it wrong this whole time.

As Xavier finally laughs, and the President makes a silent decision that Xavier is his guy, we go...

BACK TO:

16 INT. CAL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1 (PRESENT DAY)

Present day.

Xavier takes in Cal Bradford's body: his lifeless eyes frozen wide open as if...

As if Cal Bradford died trying to figure something out.

Xavier checks the body for a pulse that he knows doesn't exist...

The former President is dead.

Xavier thinks for a moment. Everything slows.

He looks around the room:

The bay door is open. The drapes are blowing in the breeze revealing the balcony outside.

A faint trail of blood creates a path from the outside in.

A dresser off to the side paints the picture of a complicated man. Heavy-duty history books sit side-by-side with an old-school stereo and racks of old school CDs of bad rock music.

Xavier looks back down at Cal's body. He notices something on the bedside table.

A pack of cigarettes, a smear of blood on them, seemingly pushed to the side.

And a pair of GOLD HOOP EARRINGS.

Xavier's face drops, as he thinks of something. He races into...

17 INT. CAL'S CLOSET / CAL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1

A large walk-in closet. Xavier heads directly to a shelf in the back.

There is a SAFE with the door open. Inside of it, is a METAL CASE.

The case has been left wide open. It's empty.

Xavier's face drops.

Whatever was in that box was important. And now it's gone. And that's not good.

His WALKIE-TALKIE BEEPS, startling him:

JANE (O.S.)
(via walkie)
All good up there, Boss?

XAVIER
(dazed)
Yeah, no. Hang on, I need a second.

Xavier breathes. Thinks. He looks around the closet.

One side is clearly Cal's. Men's clothing, watches, all carefully organized.

The "her" side of the closet is strangely empty. There's one single PHOTO on the wall there.

It's a family portrait: a younger Cal with a PRETTY RED-HEADED WOMAN and a young SON.

Cal has drawn HORNS on the woman's head.

However this marriage ended, it did not end well.

JANE (O.S.)
Sir?

XAVIER

Jane, I need you to lock down and sweep the residence. No one in, no one out.

JANE (O.S.)

What's going on?

(then)

Sir?

XAVIER

(processing)

Give me a minute.

Xavier races out of the closet, back into the bedroom.

Note: He is moving quickly now, and will do so from here on.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Jane: who's in the bay right now?

JANE (O.S.)

(confused)

Garcia.

XAVIER

Garcia. Okay, good.

JANE (O.S.)

Sir? If we're locking down, shouldn't I be alerting Robinson--

XAVIER

No.

(then)

Not yet.

JANE (O.S.)

But protocol says--

XAVIER

Jane. I promoted you, I got you this detail, in the past two years I've fed you more meals and listened to more of your Sleepless in Seattle theories than I care to count and I've never asked you for anything. I'm asking you for something now. I need you to quietly lock this place down for the next thirty minutes without asking any more questions.

(then)

(MORE)

XAVIER (CONT'D)

The only person who gets upstairs
is Billy.

JANE (O.S.)

Billy's not here, remember?

XAVIER

He will be.

JANE (O.S.)

Copy that.
(then, reminding)
You're freaking me out a little
bit, Boss.

XAVIER

Copy that. Thirty minutes.

Xavier looks back at Cal, then to the bedside table.

He looks down at that pack of blood-smearred cigarettes.

It takes him back...

FLASHBACK TO:

18 EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROSE GARDEN - NIGHT 2 (FOUR YEARS AGO)

Four years earlier, again.

President Cal Bradford sits outside the Oval Office, smoking
a cigarette and watching the rain fall over the Rose Garden.

He is sipping a brown drink on the rocks, lost in thought.

TWENTY FEET AWAY, Xavier stands post/keeps an eye on him.

CAL

(knows he's there)
Agent Collins.

Xavier approaches.

XAVIER

Yes, Sir.

CAL

You enjoying your first week with
us so far?

XAVIER

Yes, Sir. Thank you.

Cal nods, sucks on his cigarette.

CAL
(lost in thought)
That's good to hear. That's very
good to hear.

The President seems a little sad. And more than a little
drunk.

Xavier waits a beat, then starts to retreat when...

CAL (CONT'D)
You're married, yeah? I noticed a
ring.

Xavier nods.

CAL (CONT'D)
Kids?

XAVIER
Yes, Sir. A girl named Presley and
a boy named James.

CAL
Presley?

XAVIER
My wife's from Memphis. There was
no stopping it.

Cal smiles.

CAL
You gonna have more? Kids?

XAVIER
No, Sir. I would love to, but...
(then)
No, Sir.

Cal nods, sips.

CAL
I'm relatively confident the First
Lady voted for the other guy last
week. If true, I imagine it's the
first time in history that a
sitting First Lady voted against
her own husband.
(then)
Not a big fan of mine of late, my
wife.

Cal lights a new cigarette with the end of the current one.
Xavier watches him.

CAL (CONT'D)
(re: cigarettes)
You don't approve?

XAVIER
Those things will kill you.

CAL
Yeah, well. They can get in line.
(another sip)
She'll take the kid and leave me
the second I'm out of office. I
will pack up my desk, leave a cute
note for the next guy, and be
served divorce papers within
minutes. Sure as rain.
(then, looking out)
Sure as rain.

Cal stares out at the rain. Smokes. Sips.

CAL (CONT'D)
This makes you uneasy? My speaking
to you like a friend?

XAVIER
It's not... common, Sir. It's not
protocol.

CAL
(shrugs)
Yeah, well.
(then)
Oops.

A beat.

CAL (CONT'D)
Why doesn't your wife want more
kids, Xavier? Were the first two
lemons? You a shit father? What's
the story? C'mon man, I'm sad and
I'm tipsy and I could use a story.

Xavier considers the question.

CAL (CONT'D)
Your Commander-in-Chief asked for a
story, Agent Collins.

Xavier smiles.

XAVIER

Not much of a story to tell, Sir.
My wife - Teri - she's a scientist.
We met when I was at the Academy
and she wants to focus on her
career now. She's starting a new
project in Atlanta and she'll need
to travel, so...

(then)

We're stopping at two. They keep
us plenty busy as is.

Cal nods. He offers Xavier his drink. Xavier waves him off.

Cal SHRUGS, sips his own offering.

CAL

Well, Xavier. For what it's worth,
you're probably better off not
having more kids. A smart move
right now.

(then, to himself)

Yeah. Definitely a very smart move
right now.

This hangs there.

XAVIER

Not sure I understand, Sir.

Cal looks up at him, suddenly sober.

CAL

If you knew what I knew, you'd
understand. I assure you, Xavier,
you'd understand.

(then, looking back out)

Sure as rain.

Cal stares forward at the Rose Garden, lost in thought again.

XAVIER

Sir, maybe you want to head back in-

CAL

That will be all, Agent Collins.

And like that, the friendly conversation is over. The
President wants to be alone now.

Xavier nods and returns to his post. He watches the dejected
President smoke, and we head...

BACK TO:

19 INT. CAL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1 (PRESENT DAY)

We're back at the murder scene.

Xavier takes a final glance back at Cal's body, then opens the master bedroom door.

He peeks out in the hallway, takes a quick check of the hallway ceiling:

MULTIPLE CAMERAS are mounted here. Small lights underneath them indicate that they are all working. Xavier notes this.

He closes the door, considers what to do next.

20 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1

Xavier's co-worker BILLY (muscled, funny, we met him earlier) sits on the toilet, reading an old Maxim magazine.

His phone BUZZES. He looks at it, answers:

BILLY
(answering)
Better be good, Boss. Garcia's
soup's doing a number on me.

We intercut:

XAVIER
I need you at the residence, now.

BILLY
X, I'm in a pretty precarious
position at the moment--

XAVIER
Billy?
(then, a secret code)
Christian Laettner.

Billy stops, stiffens.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
I'm buying thirty minutes from Jane
before I call it in, but once I
do... Robinson won't let me within
a mile of this place.
(then)
Something about this, Billy...
Something's not right. I feel it in
my bones, and I need you here five
minutes ago.

BILLY

Copy that. I'm on my way.

XAVIER

Billy.

A beat.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

You step into this with me you
could be entering a world of hurt.

BILLY

You promise?

XAVIER

(ignoring him)

Five minutes ago. Move.

Xavier straightens himself up, smooths his jacket, and
calmly (but briskly) walks out the door.

21 INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1

Xavier walks quickly through the mansion's foyer passing
Jane.

JANE

House all clear. All non-
essentials are out.

XAVIER

Basement? Guest house?

JANE

Secured.

(then)

Sir--

Xavier waves her off ("not yet").

XAVIER

I need five with Garcia.

He crosses into a new room...

22 INT. CAMERA BAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1

A SECURITY CAMERA HUB: a small room filled with monitors
displaying various camera angles of the property.

A handsome agent named MIKE GARCIA (40, muscle turning into fat) sips coffee in front of the monitors. He turns when Xavier enters.

XAVIER

Mike.

GARCIA

What's good, Boss? Jane says we're in a lockdown that's not a lockdown? What's the deal?

XAVIER

I need you to take me through yesterday's log.

GARCIA

(bit confused)

Oh, yeah, sure thing. Gimme a sec.

Garcia enters some data on a nearby computer. As he does:

GARCIA (CONT'D)

By the way, don't know what you heard but I didn't make "soup" I made pozole and my stuff is legit. If Billy has the stomach of a fourteen-year-old Amish girl, that's his problem--

XAVIER

Mike, I need you to focus.

Garcia looks up, sees Xavier's face, nods.

GARCIA

Okay, we're up.

XAVIER

Take me through Wildcat's day. Anything irregular?

Garcia shakes his head "no," then scrolls through footage as he narrates (*we see what he describes*).

GARCIA

Abnormally early wakeup and workout. Long workout, actually.

22A *SECURITY FOOTAGE: in his home gym, we watch Cal work out at a fever pitch. He's really punishing himself with weights and, later, on a treadmill.*

GARCIA (CONT'D)

Then he actually got out of his bathrobe for the first time in a week. Spent the morning making pasta for his son for dinner. Made the pasta by hand, by the way. Whistling the entire time.

22B *SECURITY FOOTAGE: Shows Cal cooking, enjoying himself.*

GARCIA (CONT'D)

He had coffee with Sinatra in the afternoon, back patio.

22C *SECURITY FOOTAGE: We watch Cal sit with a powerful woman in a hat who we will come to know as SINATRA (40's) - we'll meet her later.*

GARCIA (CONT'D)

You were agent on duty, you know all this.

22D *SECURITY FOOTAGE: Distanced from the table, Xavier watches the two sip coffee.*

As Xavier spots himself, he remembers watching:

QUICK FLASH:

23 EXT. PATIO - DAY 0 (PRESENT DAY)

Cal Bradford leans in towards Sinatra. He's heated.

CAL

Don't you ever fucking tell me what I can and can't do. If I decide I want to tell--

SINATRA

(calmly threatening)

What? Say it to my face. I dare you, say it one time. I want to see what it looks like when you have balls.

(then, pointed)

Sir.

Cal pauses, then slams his hand down on the table in frustration. Xavier steps forward, concerned.

CAL

(waving him off)

It's fine.

(MORE)

CAL (CONT'D)

(then)

We're fine.

BACK TO:

24 INT. CAMERA BAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1

Xavier snaps out of it.

XAVIER

And that's it, no one out of the ordinary on the premises?

GARCIA

24A Nope. Gardeners, us, the usual. The kid bailed on him for dinner and stayed home with his Mom. Poor guy had to scarf down dinner for two by himself -- I know, pretty heartbreaking. But on the bright side...

(then)

You-know-who made her daily happy hour appearance.

24B *FOOTAGE: Cal Bradford leads a STUNNING WOMAN (30's) down the hallway outside his bedroom. They're holding wine glasses. He takes her hand and they go into the bedroom.*

XAVIER

Wait, freeze that for me.

Garcia freezes the footage. Xavier leans in and we see the woman up close. Brunette. Slim. A total knockout.

But that's not what Xavier is looking at:

24C The video is grainy, but she is clearly wearing GOLD HOOP EARRINGS here, identical to the one Xavier saw in Cal's room.

Xavier motions to Garcia, who continues the footage. Cal leads the mystery woman into the bedroom.

GARCIA

As you know, Wildcat made us take down the camera inside his bedroom. Which I'm only interested in as a security concern, of course.

(then)

Anyway, she left and he brought two long pours downstairs for a drink with the old man.

*
*
*

24D *FOOTAGE: An OLDER MAN (Cal's father, KANE BRADFORD, 80) exits the residence out the back.*

GARCIA (CONT'D)

Daddy Warbucks returned to the guest house at 9:30 and our hero took a third long pour up to bed. Door was sealed by 10:04. Last to see him was... well...

24E *FOOTAGE: Xavier stands in Cal's doorway. It's hard to see from the overhead hallway cameras, but he seems to be conversing from there with Cal (inside the room).*

GARCIA (CONT'D)

You guys actually shot the shit for a while there, huh?

Xavier thinks, remembers:

QUICK FLASHBACK:

25 INT. CAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 0 (PRESENT DAY)

Xavier remembers a snippet of that moment.

Xavier stands in the doorway. Cal stands near the bed, looking tired and sad. He speaks to Xavier:

CAL

Well then, I don't know what else there is to say.

Cal goes to the balcony doors, opens them, removes a cigarette from his pack and lights it.

CAL (CONT'D)

(re: cigarette pack)

I know, I know. You're not wrong, Xavier. What's in here will definitely kill me.

Xavier says nothing.

CAL (CONT'D)

That will be all, Agent Collins.

And before we continue the memory, Garcia's voice snaps him to reality:

BACK TO:

26 INT. CAMERA BAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1

Garcia keeps talking:

GARCIA

Damn, look at you two gabbing like
a couple of sorority sisters. That
dude has said four words to me
since we got down here.

(then)

Well, I guess you earned it.

Xavier thinks, touches his shoulder reflexively, and we...

FLASHBACK TO:

27 EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - DAY 3 (FOUR YEARS AGO)

Four years earlier again.

President Cal Bradford speaks to a GAGGLE OF REPORTERS on the
lawn as he readies to board his awaiting chopper.

REPORTER

Mr. President: regarding
yesterday's explosive New York
Times report about the recent
revelations in Colorado--

CAL

I have no comment on that--

REPORTER

Due respect, but isn't some comment
required, Sir? There's wild
speculation about what people are
seeing there, and protests are
already forming across the country--

CAL

Yes, and I've no doubt the internet
is doing a fine job feeding itself
without me adding fuel to that
fire. What I would like to speak
about is the latest jobs report.
In just one month since my re-
election--

As the President continues, Xavier watches the nearby press.

Just a small, harmless gaggle of familiar reporters and
camera people. A few boom mics pointed at the President,
covered in Zeppelins for the windy day.

But then... he sees something.

A BOOM OPERATOR is lowering his mic behind the crowd. Xavier glances and sees the Boom Op is removing the Zeppelin...

On its own, it's nothing that should attract attention. Just a sound guy adjusting his equipment.

But Xavier notices. It's a windy day. Hmm.

Suddenly, the Boom Op pulls the mic back up, but he's taken it off the pole, and he's holding it by the handle. A strange, white, plastic handle. A handle with a trigger.

Acting without hesitation, Xavier calls out:

XAVIER
WEAPON!

Xavier races to the President as the BOOM OP begins rushing forward and takes aim with his makeshift weapon.

BANG!

He fires just as Xavier tackles the President.

The weapon EXPLODES in his hand. Other agents swarm the gunman and pin him down as he screams, maniacally:

BOOM OPERATOR
THE WORLD DESERVES TO KNOW!
EVERYONE DESERVES TO KNOW!

Meanwhile, Xavier lies on top of the President. He begins to frantically check him for wounds.

XAVIER
Are you hit? Sir, are you hit?

CAL
No, I'm fine--

Xavier notices blood on the President's shirt, reacts:

XAVIER
You're hit. Sir, let me see.

CAL
I'm fine. Xavier, look at me, I'm fine. It's you. It's your blood.

Xavier realizes. His own shirt is quickly becoming soaked with blood. Suddenly, he gets light-headed.

CAL (CONT'D)
Agent Collins?

Xavier's world has started to spin. Dazed, he repeats (almost boyish):

XAVIER
You're not hit?

And, just like that, everything goes black.

CUT TO:

28 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER - DAY 3 (FOUR YEARS AGO)

Beep. Beep. Beep.

Hospital monitors are the first thing Xavier hears as he starts to wake.

But the first thing he sees is:

President Cal Bradford, keeping a bedside vigil.

XAVIER
(sitting up)
Sir?

Sitting up makes Xavier gasp in pain.

CAL
Whoa whoa, easy now. You just got out of surgery. Your wife's on the way, they had trouble reaching her.

XAVIER
Are you--

CAL
I'm fine. You tackle like a high school sophomore by the way.

The President stands.

CAL (CONT'D)
Though I'll admit: for a second, when I saw all that blood, I thought I'd been Christian Laettner'd.

Xavier looks at him, confused.

CAL (CONT'D)

Christian Laettner? Duke? He made the most famous college basketball shot of all time against us in the tournament. He single handedly killed me and every Kentucky Wildcat fan that day.

(then)

Yeah, I thought I got Laettner'd today. But then...

(then, emotional)

It was a hell of a blocked shot, Agent Collins.

(then)

Is there anything I can do for you?

Xavier thinks, then:

XAVIER

I dunno. Maybe cool it with the basketball metaphors?

The President stares at him for a long beat, then bursts out LAUGHING.

CAL

Well look at you! Good for you, Xavier. You're kinda funny when you're wounded.

XAVIER

(small smile)

Who knew?

CAL

Not me! Would have had you shot weeks ago.

Xavier LAUGHS. It's a rare moment of levity, when:

A knock at the door. It opens and AN ASSISTANT nods at the President. It's time to go.

CAL (CONT'D)

(to Xavier)

Duty calls.

(then)

They got the rest of the bullet out in surgery by the way. Your career as a shoulder model is probably over, but they tell me you'll make a full recovery.

*

XAVIER

Well, I'll be back to work as soon
as I clear--

CAL

Take a few weeks. Paid leave.

(off Xavier)

It's an order, Agent. Don't make
me do the whole Commander-in-Chief
routine, okay? It's been a long
day.

Xavier nods, relenting. The President starts to leave, then:

CAL (CONT'D)

But when you come back, maybe...

He stops, considering his words, then:

CAL (CONT'D)

I'd like to talk with you when you
get back. About the future.

XAVIER

(bit confused)

Yes, Sir. Of course.

A beat. The President looks at the man who saved his life,
goes serious.

CAL

Saying "thank you" seems kinda
insufficient.

XAVIER

Saying "just doing my job" seems
kinda lame.

CAL

So we'll just leave it there, then?

Xavier nods. The President smiles, nods back, EXITS.

Off Xavier, stretching that painful shoulder, we...

CUT BACK TO:

29

INT. CAL'S BEDROOM - DAY 1 (PRESENT DAY)

Present day.

Xavier rubs that bum shoulder, remembering.

He is once again standing to the side of Cal Bradford's bed.
But next to him now:

Billy is staring slack-jawed at Cal Bradford's dead body.

BILLY

Holy fuck.

(then)

X, you need to call this in.

Xavier looks at his watch. He makes a gesture ("follow me")
and walks over to...

THE MASTER CLOSET

Billy follows him in. Xavier motions at the open METAL CASE.

XAVIER

It's gone.

BILLY

("wtf")

No.

XAVIER

(again)

Gone.

(then)

Someone had to know a LOT. Someone
had to have a LOT of access.

(then, looking at watch)

In a few minutes I have to tell
Jane to call this in and we'll lose
control of the whole scene.

(then)

I want you to walk the entire
property, right now. The balcony
door was open, see the blood?
Check the yard below - no photos or
notes, mental snapshots of
everything.

(then)

The little things will matter here
Billy. You copy?

BILLY

I copy.

XAVIER

Go.

Billy races out.

Xavier takes a breath, feels that shoulder again. He looks at that empty metal case.

And with that, we hear...

CAL (O.S.)
Come on in.

FLASHBACK TO:

30 INT. OVAL OFFICE - EVENING - NIGHT 4 (FOUR YEARS AGO)

Four years earlier again.

Xavier enters the Oval, wearing a fresh sling on his arm. He's returning to duty.

The President sits at his desk, writing. He doesn't look up.

If they were informal and light in the hospital two weeks ago, that energy is long, long gone here.

CAL
(not looking up)
Welcome back. One second.

Xavier just stands there, waits. Finally, the President pages his secretary.

CAL (CONT'D)
Marsha? Get them in here.

XAVIER
Sir, should I wait...?

CAL
(not playing)
Don't speak if you don't need to.

A GUARD enters the room, then stalls at the sight of Xavier.

CAL (CONT'D)
(to Guard)
He's clear.

GUARD
Yes, Sir.
(then, greeting)
Agent Collins.

Xavier looks confused.

The Guard opens the door, and in file four people in SUITS and one GENERAL. Behind them comes SINATRA (the powerful woman he argued with over coffee on his final day).

CAL
Everyone, please, have a seat.

People sit.

The President motions for Xavier to take a seat in an empty chair. He does. He looks at all the people, then at the coffee table in front of him.

ON THE TABLE:

The same metal box from the safe.

BACK TO XAVIER

Who looks at the President, confused.

31 INT. CAL'S BEDROOM / HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1 (PRESENT DAY)

Back in the present, Xavier continues to stare at the empty box.

His phone vibrates, startling him. He reads, steps into the hallway.

IN THE HALLWAY: Xavier answers.

XAVIER
What's wrong?

We INTERCUT with his daughter, Presley, at school.

PRESLEY
Wow, make a girl feel special why don't you?

XAVIER
Presley, c'mon, I'm at work.

PRESLEY
I just wanted to let you know that I'm going first. My debate. So you'll want to get here closer to the beginning than the end.

Xavier sinks.

XAVIER
Something's come up at work, Hon'.

PRESLEY
Oh yeah? What?

XAVIER
Just the usual. But I'm not gonna
make it.

PRESLEY
Oh. Okay.
(then, covering)
That's fine.

XAVIER
I was really looking forward to it.
And I'll want to hear all about it
later. Every single detail.
(then)
Crap, your brother--

PRESLEY
I'll scare the living shit out of
Andrew Bloch at lunch. He won't
mess with him again.

Xavier smiles, then:

XAVIER
You shouldn't have to carry the
load like this, Kiddo. It's not
your job.

PRESLEY
I know. But it's a nice little
hobby.

He smiles. Presley sits in the silence, then:

PRESLEY (CONT'D)
You okay?

XAVIER
Don't you worry about me.

PRESLEY
I'll stop worrying about you when
you're okay.

XAVIER
I'll be okay when you stop worrying
about me.

PRESLEY
And round and round we go.

XAVIER
(small smile)
I'll see you at home, Angel.

He hangs up, wanders back into the bedroom.

He looks at the bloodied cigarettes on the bedside table.

At the gold hoop earrings.

His WALKIE interrupts his train of thought:

GARCIA (O.S.)
Garcia for Collins.

XAVIER
Go ahead.

GARCIA (O.S.)
I've got something, Sir.

XAVIER
On my way.

Xavier rushes out.

CUT TO:

32 INT. CAL'S KITCHEN - DAY 1

Billy looks around the kitchen.

He spots a bottle of EXPENSIVE BOURBON near the sink, from the night before. He notices that the bottle is still open.

Jane enters behind him.

JANE
What the hell is going on?

Billy puts up a hand.

BILLY
Hang on.

Billy looks at the rest of the kitchen island:

The President's two dinner plates are still there, unwashed.

Billy makes a mental note, moves on. Jane follows.

JANE
Billy.

But he waves her off, walks through a french door to...

33 EXT. GARDEN - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1

Billy steps out into the garden.

He looks up at the open window above. He's directly below Cal Bradford's balcony.

He looks at the ground. There is a BUSH with an indentation in it, as if someone crashed/fell into it.

His eye follows some trampled/muddy grass leading away from the house... and his gaze lands on...

Agents BROOKS AND RAINEY standing directly in the path.

They're talking in hushed voices, but stop when they notice Billy.

RAINEY

Hey.

BILLY

Hey.

BROOKS

What's going on, we're in lockdown?

BILLY

(shrugs, casual)

Beats me. No one tells me shit.

Billy takes a final look, casually re-enters the house.

CUT TO:

34 INT. CAMERA BAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1

Xavier ENTERS. Garcia looks closely at the monitors.

XAVIER

What do you got?

GARCIA

Check it out.

As Garcia narrates, once again we see security footage that he describes.

34A *FOOTAGE: Xavier chats with the President at his bedroom doorway, eventually takes his leave.*

GARCIA (CONT'D)

You chat with the President until just after 10PM. Bedroom door closes at 10:04. You secure the downstairs and are relieved by Billy at 10:32.

34B *FOOTAGE: Billy replaces Xavier. They chat, shake hands, Xavier departs.*

GARCIA (CONT'D)

A night of top notch Billy Pace security ensues. Brace yourself, Boss.

34C *FOOTAGE: Billy raids the fridge. Eats directly out of a bowl with a spoon.*

GARCIA (CONT'D)

Yeah, the problem is my food, not that he eats like a filthy animal--

XAVIER

Mike.

GARCIA

Yeah.

(then)

Anyway, Billy does his rounds but mainly...

34D *FOOTAGE: Billy sits on the couch, grabs a remote, turns on the TV.*

XAVIER

(cringing)

Jesus.

GARCIA

Dude even took an hour and a half power nap.

34E *FOOTAGE: Billy pulls a nearby blanket over him. Lies down on the sofa.*

GARCIA (CONT'D)

Look at him: dead to the world.

XAVIER

This is what you wanted to show me?

GARCIA

Hang on. Watch the large glass picture frame behind him.

34F Xavier looks closer. *The glass frame of the Pettibon painting we saw earlier shows the reflection of television.*

GARCIA (CONT'D)

You see the reflection from the TV?

XAVIER

(squinting)

Yeah.

GARCIA

You can see the movement from the screen. But watch....

(then)

Now.

34G *FOOTAGE: The movement on the painting stops.*

GARCIA (CONT'D)

It freezes. Like someone has paused the TV. But he didn't pause the TV. So I checked the other cameras. And that's when I realized: from 10:42 until 12:13, all security cameras were off-line, frozen on the last image. But no one noticed because...

XAVIER

No one else was in the house except Billy, and he was dead to the world on that couch.

GARCIA

34H Exactly. At 12:13, cameras come back on-line. See that? The TV reflection shows movement again. A minute later Billy wakes up, an hour later I showed up for my shift with fresh coffee. But for all we know...

XAVIER

Anyone could have entered or exited during that window?

GARCIA

Yeah. I mean, hypothetically Billy could have gotten up and lied back down in the same position fifteen minutes later. And no one in control would have noticed.

(then)

(MORE)

GARCIA (CONT'D)

Especially if they were a little
young and a little inexperienced.

Xavier considers this. He asks the question even though he
already knows the answer:

XAVIER

Who was in here last night at the
time?

Garcia looks up at him.

GARCIA

Jane.

Xavier processes this, and we...

CUT TO:

35 INT. CAL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 1

Billy looks around the room, at the very couch he dozed on
the night before. He looks lost in thought.

Jane approaches, with heat.

JANE

Billy: I'm serious, what the fuck
is going on?

BILLY

Leave it be. Please.

JANE

But--

BILLY

(nodding to cameras)

Jane: you need to be really calm
right now. Everything is going to
be looked at from here on.

(then)

I need you to trust me, okay?

She looks at him, settles.

JANE

Okay.

As she walks past him, they ever so carefully brush hands
with one another.

Oh, wow. There's something romantic happening between these two.

Just then: Xavier ENTERS the room.

XAVIER

Jane: we're officially under
lockdown. Call it in.

(then)

Wildcat is down. It's a Code Red.

Jane barely moves, stunned.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Call it in, Jane. Our people only.
Now.

As Jane reacts...

WE CUE SCORE, which covers the next few hours.

35A - People begin to arrive: several more SECRET SERVICE AGENTS, who don't enter the house. Not yet.

35B - SINATRA arrives (backed by a forensics TECH with a CASE and two bodyguards in tactical military-style clothing. We'll come to know them as MALONE and SYMANSKI). The crowd parts for her. She, too, looks stunned. At her go-ahead, the scene comes alive.

35C - At one point, Cal Bradford's EX-WIFE shows (JESSICA). Someone gives her the bad news. She looks shocked, then covers her face and begins to cry. Cal's father Kane wanders into the house, confused:

KANE

Where is he? Cal? WHERE IS MY
SON.

Sinatra nods and a PAIR OF AGENTS escort Kane and Jessica out of the house.

35D - MEN IN SUITS pull the secret service agents away, into an adjacent room, for interviews. Brooks, Rainey, and Garcia. Billy and Jane.

35E - Xavier watches it all, from a distance. Observing. Worrying. Finally one of those suited men motions towards him. It's Xavier's turn.

END SCORE.

36 INT. SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1

Xavier sits opposite TWO AGENTS in similar suits.

AGENT
... and again, for the record, you
noticed nothing unusual when he
turned in last night.

XAVIER
No. Just another night.

FEMALE (O.S.)
Did you speak to him?

Xavier looks up.

A FEMALE AGENT has entered the room. And by the way everyone
straightens, it's clear she's in charge.

*It also clear that this is Cal's earlier video love interest -
the one with the hoop earrings.*

XAVIER
Was wondering where you were, Agent
Robinson.

ROBINSON
Oh I'm right here, Agent Collins.

They stare each other down, then she tries again:

ROBINSON (CONT'D)
What did you speak to him about
last night?

Xavier remembers...

FLASHBACK:

37 INT. CAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 0 (PRESENT DAY)

The night before.

Xavier follows Cal into his bedroom.

Cal is once again a bit tipsy, carrying that second bourbon
with him from the kitchen.

Xavier stands at the door threshold.

We've seen this already, just in soundless security footage.

CAL
(undressing, drunk)
And so concludes another day in
paradise.
(then, singing)
*Take me down to Paradise City,
where the grass is green and the
girls are pretty, oh won't you
please take me home...*
(then)
Oh, I'm feeling that.

Cal goes over to his CD collection. He looks through his
CD's, chooses one...

CAL (CONT'D)
Listening party?

XAVIER
(not having it)
Will that be all?

CAL
Your loss.

Cal puts the CD back and, humming to himself, dances into his
closet. Xavier watches as he approaches the safe, enters the
code, and opens the safe revealing the metal box.

Inside of the box: a heavily padded IPAD type device.

CAL (CONT'D)
Some light bedtime reading.

Cal picks up the TABLET, talks like an old time newspaper
man.

CAL (CONT'D)
Got the news of the world here,
step right up, the news of the
world here!

Xavier looks at the device, swaying in Cal's hands:

FLASHBACK TO:

38 INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT 4 (FOUR YEARS AGO)

Four years ago again.

Xavier sits in The Oval Office, staring at that same metal
box.

A MILITARY LEADER named GENERAL CURTLEIGH in full dress speaks, formally:

GENERAL CURTLEIGH

Agent Collins, you are about to be entrusted with top secret national security information. The President has cleared you at the highest level. Should you wish to proceed, you will be one the few hundred people in the world privy to this information at this stage.

(then)

Agent Collins: do you wish to proceed?

Xavier hesitates, confused. To everyone's surprise, it's SINATRA who speaks next:

SINATRA

The President tells me you have children?

XAVIER

Yes, Ma'am. That's correct.

SINATRA

Then you'll want to hear this.

Xavier looks at the President. The President nods.

XAVIER

Okay.

The President shares a look with his military team, dives in.

CAL

I assume you've heard what's been going on in Colorado?

Xavier nods.

CUT BACK TO:

39

INT. CAL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 0 (PRESENT DAY)

We're back in Cal's bedroom, the night before his murder.

Cal places the TABLET on his nightstand, next to his bourbon.

CAL

Have a drink with me, Xavier? We don't talk anymore, not like we used to.

XAVIER

No thank you.

CAL

(correcting him)

Sir.

(then)

I don't remember exactly when it was that you stopped calling me Sir. Do you?

Xavier says nothing.

CAL (CONT'D)

Oh for Christ Sake, speak your mind.

XAVIER

You don't want me to speak my mind.

(then, pointed)

Sir.

Cal SIGHS.

CAL

Well then, I don't know what else there is to say.

Cal goes to the balcony doors, opens them, removes a cigarette from his pack and lights it.

CAL (CONT'D)

(re: cigarette pack)

I know, I know. You're not wrong, Xavier. What's in here will definitely kill me.

Xavier says nothing.

CAL (CONT'D)

That will be all, Agent Collins.

Xavier looks irritated but covers, turns to go.

CAL (CONT'D)

(stopping him)

Xavier.

Xavier stops, but doesn't turn around.

CAL (CONT'D)
(genuine)
Will you ever be able to forgive
me? For what I did?

Xavier thinks.

CUE SONG: A haunting acoustic cover of "Paradise City."

40 INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY 1

Xavier's interview has finished. He shakes hands with the agents, directs a frosty nod at Robinson, and takes his leave.

The song continues...

41 EXT. CAL'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1

Xavier steps outside. A few more agents have arrived and it's a bit more chaotic.

Xavier walks past it all, out into the street.

He takes off his jacket, and - as before - he starts to jog, directly into the blinding sun.

The song continues as we flashback again...

42 INT. CAL'S BEDROOM - EVENING - NIGHT 0

Back in Cal Bradford's bedroom.

Xavier considers the question he's been asked.

XAVIER
Will I ever be able to forgive you?
For what you did?

Xavier turns around, facing him. He thinks, then:

XAVIER (CONT'D)
(reflective)
Our kid's names were a big deal for
my wife. Presley was set in stone
from go, but for our second? Our
son?
(then)
Every night of that pregnancy my
wife tried out a new name.
Benjamin. Otis. Ryan.
(MORE)

XAVIER (CONT'D)

It was exhausting. But names were a big deal to her, and she was big deal to me, so I went along with it. And then one day - she was eight months pregnant, could barely walk anymore - we were at a bookstore together... and she saw it.

42A A QUICK FLASH: Xavier and a BEAUTIFUL PREGNANT WOMAN at a bookstore, spotting something:

XAVIER (CONT'D)

James and the Giant Peach. You remember the book? A little boy enters a giant, magical peach?

(then)

And that was it. She had found our son's name. She bought the book on the spot, asked the clerk for a pen, wrote a note in it for him. Right there in the bookstore.

42B FLASH: His pregnant wife signs a book at a counter. Xavier watches her, adoring.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

(reflective)

She read the book to her belly, every night for the rest of her pregnancy. She became obsessed with that damn book. And then... after...

(a beat, then)

Well, I guess, I became obsessed with it, too.

Cal looks on, curious.

The song continues: "Take me down to Paradise City..."

43 EXT. OLD TOWN - DAY 1

Xavier jogs, faster and faster. The sun blazes. He sweats through his dress shirt. He doesn't care.

He passes through the middle of town.

The ICE CREAM TRUCK from earlier is now open for business and positively mobbed by kids. The kids all pay for their treats with... their identical FitBit-styled wristbands.

A WOMAN WITH GROCERIES opens a car using her wristband as well. In fact... all the cars along the street here are identical, like Zipcars.

Hmmm. Odd.

44 EXT. STREET - DAY 1

Xavier passes through that townhouse-lined neighborhood.

THE NURSE we met on the morning jog is arriving back at her house after work. She gets off of her bike.

She nods at Xavier. Xavier nods back.

It almost seems conspiratorial.

He passes those flowers, blowing in the breeze. But we REVEAL that the wind is actually being created by large mechanical fans, hidden out of sight.

And those bird noises we hear all around us? As we push towards the ambient noise, we see the sound is actually coming from... large speakers buried in nearby foliage.

Strangest of all, that duck? The one floating in the pond? As we get closer we see... it's a mechanical duck. And it has stopped moving.

Where the grass is green and the girls are pretty...

The maintenance worker from earlier notices the stationary duck. He casually walks on top of the water (which isn't a pond at all, it's just a shallow shelf). He picks up the duck, unscrews the bottom with a screwdriver, and adjusts something. He replaces the now-functional duck back in the water and it continues chugging along.

Oh won't you please take me home...

FLASHBACK TO:

45 INT. OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 4 (FOUR YEARS AGO)

As the song covers... GENERAL CURTLEIGH speaks to Xavier.

Everyone watches Xavier's reaction to what is, clearly, shocking information.

46 INT. CAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 0 (PRESENT DAY)

Xavier continues telling Cal about his wife's favorite book:

XAVIER

Yeah, I'm pretty much a *James and the Giant Peach* expert now. Roald Dahl wrote it. And originally, it wasn't going to be about a peach. It was going to be about a cherry. But Dahl changed it to a peach because he thought peaches were squishier. Strange, isn't it? The book could have been *James and the Giant Cherry*.

(then)

Sometimes I lie in bed, staring at the ceiling, wondering if my wife would have wanted to name our son James if that book was about a giant cherry and not a giant peach. But I'll never know. Obviously, I can't ask her.

CAL

I know, and I--

XAVIER

(louder)

Stop.

(then)

I will never forgive you. But I will never forgive myself either. So there's that.

Off Cal Bradford's stunned face...

47 EXT. STREET - DAY 1

Xavier runs. Harder. Faster. The sun blazes.

BACK TO:

48 INT. CAL'S BEDROOM - DAY 1

Agent Robinson enters Cal's bedroom.

She looks at Cal's lifeless body. Her demeanor betrays nothing.

She looks to the bedside table.

All that's there now is that pair of gold earrings.

49 INT. XAVIER'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1

The kids are home from school. Presley makes James a snack.

James is reading, once again. He looks up at his big sister.

JAMES

This book makes dad sad.

PRESLEY

Yeah. It does.

(then)

It's because it reminds him of mom.

James nods. He looks inside the front cover, where his mother has inscribed:

"For James. My Peach. I love you already. Mom."

JAMES

I think it makes me sad, too.

PRESLEY

I know. But it shouldn't.

(then, pointing at sky)

Mom's just up there, J. And she's okay. I can feel it.

James nods.

50 EXT. XAVIER'S NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1

Xavier finishes his run, catches his breath. He's back in his neighborhood now.

He stands in the middle of the street, reaches into his pocket, and pulls out...

THE BLOOD-STAINED PACK OF CIGARETTES. And for the first time, we can see: drawn in blood on one side, there's an **X**.

He opens the pack and pulls out... A LONE REMAINING CIGARETTE. There's something written on it, by hand.

He reads it. We don't know what it says, but it clearly jolts Xavier.

He collects himself, puts the cigarette back in the box.

He's near that bus stop with the announcement about the Carnival, and we see-- it changes-- it's not a static poster at all, it's like a Kindle screen, and it reads: *DAWN WILL BE DELAYED BY TWO HOURS TOMORROW FOR SCHEDULED MAINTENANCE.*

Xavier looks up at the sun. As he does, the camera begins to rise...

Up into the sky, until we actually approach that "sun."

But it's not the sun.

It's just a MASSIVE LIGHT, surrounded by mechanical equipment, vents, and topped by - essentially - a roof made of giant curved plasma screens.

The top of this underground world.

We reverse, looking back down on the underground city, this man-made paradise.

Xavier is just a speck down below now. A speck, looking up at a sun, that isn't really the sun.

The camera dives back down now, and we land tight on Xavier's face.

He's breathing heavy from the run, but his expression betrays nothing.

Xavier simply turns and heads up his front lawn, towards his house. His neighbor Carl is also heading up his lawn.

CARL

Told you it would warm up.

Xavier nods, repeats:

XAVIER

Always does.

Xavier continues up his front lawn. He stops only to pick up his son's bike, once again lying on its side on the lawn.

BLACK.